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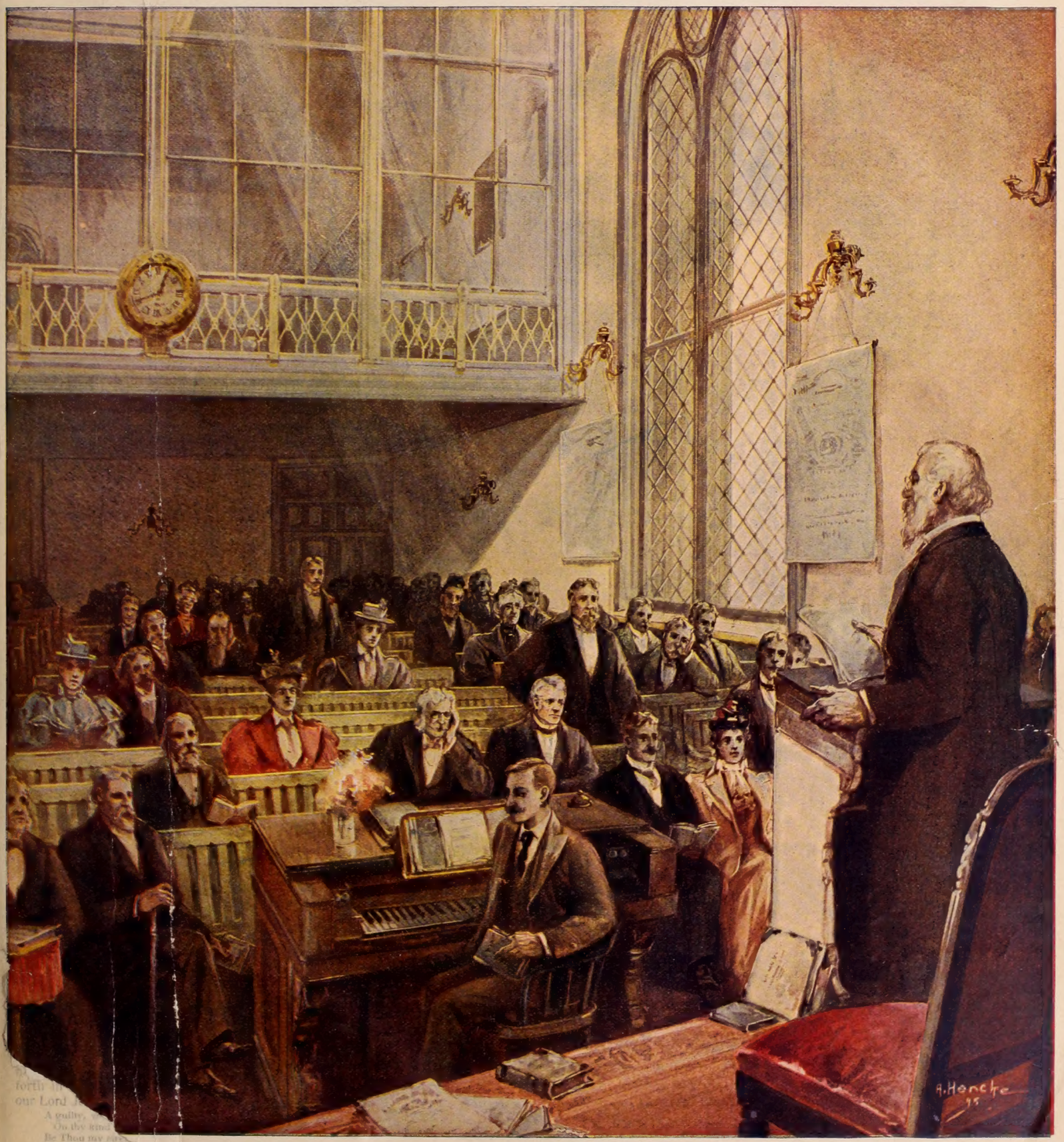


...ESTS FOR PRAYER AT THE FULTON STREET DAILY NOON PRAYER MEETING. (See Page 3.)

THE SHERIFF CONVERTED.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Acts 16:30: *"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"*

INCARCERATED in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unilluminied save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skilful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and the inscrutable, saying, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true how can that be true"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the Gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptistery is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor gardens of other people that we let our own dooryard go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts, disappear to-day. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land; and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans above the Alps and the Andes, clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the falling of a world.

Again, I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common-sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods sold, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should sweep all Washington into ashes, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side the grave with business on the other side the grave!

Oh, what a question, what an important question. Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at the Tuileries or Chiselhurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked out? while laying hold of every moment of the future, and burning in every splendor or every grief, and overarching or undergirding all time and all eternity will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah! no; you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like solferino, and crimson, and purple as well as once? Yes. But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you! Once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be sounding in the hall, and soon their voices would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in his bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother! O sister! the gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

But I remark again: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as hasty, urgent, and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is it on the run? Is it hasty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered. It is the urgent and the immediate question of the Gospel Christ answers. A great many are asking this question, but they draw it out, and there is indifference in their manner as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question and then you will have it answered before an hour passes, before a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds him, and finds him right away.

Oh, are there not in this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the one hundred death-bed repentances amount to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repented in the last hour? Of fifty? No. Of forty? No. Of thirty? No. Of twenty? No. Of ten? No. Of five? No. Of one—only one, barely one, as if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repenting in the last hour. But that is improbable, awfully improbable, terrifically improbable. One hundred to one against the man. If, my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very sad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man try to repent on a deathbed. There is not from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy, to the last gasp, such an unfavorable, completely unfavorable, hour for repentance as the death hour, the last hour. There are the doctors standing with the medicines. There is the lawyer standing with the half-written will. There is the family in consternation as to what is to become of them. All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before us and all the future. Oh, that man is a fool who procrastinates to the death-bed his repentance!

After my friend in Philadelphia died, his children gave his church Bible to me and I read it, looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin, written in lead pencil: "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remember saying it, but it is true, and I say it now, whether I said it then or not: the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Twelve gates
Have you not heard how C
sorrows, and how sym
all our woes! Have
that with all the
the agonies of

"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" By his feet blistered of the mountain way—by his back whipped until the skin came off, by his death-couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet—by his sepulchre, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruel world let him alone—and by the heavens from which he now bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace, and life eternal to all your souls, I beg of you put down your all at his feet.

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.

Oh, never till my latest breath,
Will I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

In the troubled times of Scotland, Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death-warrant was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizel at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the law is after me, and the death-warrant is on its way, and I must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mail-bags containing the death-warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who carried the mail-bags: "Dismount?" He felt for his arms, and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail-bags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane; and before those fourteen days had expired, pardon had come from the king. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admit him right away." The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters; read them, sir, and cast them into the fire." Sir John Cochrane read them. They were his two death-warrants, and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak, and the hat, and lo! it was Grizel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "my child, my saviour, my own Grizel!" But a more thrilling story. The death-warrant had come forth from the King of heaven and earth. The death-warrant read: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death-warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die! We must die! But breasting the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the on-coming doom and flung it back, and put his wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Meanwhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Go free! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free! And to-day your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguised wayfarer, and as he pulls of the disguise of his earthly humiliation and the disguise of his thorns, and the disguise of the seamless robe, you find he is bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, your Brother, your Christ, your Pardon, your Eternal Life. Let all earth and heaven break forth in vociferation of Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ who

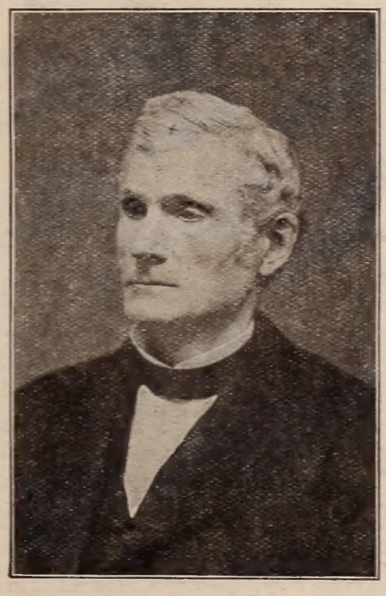
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

A MODERN PENIEL.

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York, where for Thirty-eight Years Christians from Every State Have Met Daily to Plead with God.

EVERY business day the year through, about noon, a number of people may be seen entering a building in Fulton street, New York. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, stock-brokers are often among the throng. Fulton street at that hour is a busy place, a steady stream of people going west, and another going east, with earnest, intent faces, evidently occupied with business concerns. In these days of severe competition, business in New York is no child's-play. It calls all the faculties into exercise, and the strain of the life is seen in the manner of these men, in their alert attitude, the quick step, and the absorption of their countenances. But though at the noon hour business is at its height, and within a stone's throw millions of dollars are changing hands, the men who are entering the building are not going to a business meeting. Enter with them and you find yourself in a spacious room, plainly furnished with a number of benches, a reading desk, and a small organ. Promptly as the clock strikes the hour of noon, the leader of the meeting—sometimes a neighboring minister, or a visitor from some distant city, or a business man of New York—rises and utters a few words of prayer. Then a short passage of Scripture is read and a hymn sung.

There is a pile of letters on the table which have been read and the contents summarized by Mr. C. F. Cutter, the permanent president of the meeting. From his summary which he reads, we learn



MR. J. C. LANPHIER.
(Founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.)

that a widow, in Vermont is distressed about the condition of a wayward son; that a family in Kansas are in trouble, the mortgage on their farm having been foreclosed; that a wife in Chicago is anxious about her husband who left her a week or two ago and has not returned; that a husband in Cleveland is fearful that his wife will die of a critical illness; that the pastor of some cold indifferent church is longing for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and so on through a list which shows how many and varied are the afflictions and anxieties of human life. As the list, which represents some one to two hundred letters that have come by mail, is exhausted, one person after another rises in the meeting and presents personally some urgent case of trouble, or worry.

Then the leader invites short prayers. They are limited to five minutes, and sometimes they are shorter than that. At a quarter of one the leader rises and asks any one present who may wish to give a word of testimony to speak, and then there are acknowledgements of answers to prayer and reports of blessing received. A final hymn and the benediction close the meeting precisely at one o'clock, and the people disperse to the stores and offices of the neighborhood. This is the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, the fame of which has gone out to every land in Christendom.

The meeting was commenced in 1857. The first meeting was held September 23. This was a year of business anxiety and distress. It was a year, too, of religious revival and aggressive spiritual work. The Old North Dutch Church in Fulton street was putting in operation several methods of reaching outsiders, and among others that of employing a missionary to go from house to house visiting the sick and the discouraged. The church had selected for this duty Mr. J. C. Lanphier, an earnest Christian business-man, who loved such work and had for years been devoting to it all the time his business duties left unoccupied. He was glad to quit business and give all his time to it, though in doing so he must resign a lucrative position and bright prospects. The church could not have made a wiser selection. Mr. Lanphier devoted himself heart and soul to the work and proved a blessing to all that section of the city. It became his habit to turn into the Consistory Room of the church every day and there "shut to the door and commune with his Father who is in secret," and gain fresh spiritual strength for his duties. They were delightful interludes in which he came very near to God and enjoyed sweet peace and rest. It occurred to him that there must be many, in that time of anxious concern, who would benefit by such seasons of prayer. He spoke of it to a few friends who agreed with him. The consent of the consistory to hold the meeting in their room was obtained and notices of the first meeting were issued. A picture of the room as it appeared on that day is published on this page. Mr. Lanphier was punctual at his post, but for nearly half-an-hour no one joined him. He remained, however, and presently one person came and afterwards four others. At the next meeting there were twenty present. A daily meeting was not contemplated at that time. It was thought that once a week would be as often as it would be possible to gather a company together. The meetings were held every Wednesday, but at the fourth, when there was a large attendance, one of the persons present spoke of the benefit he had derived from the meeting and urged that it be held daily. His proposal was put to the vote and carried unanimously. From that time to the present, a period of thirty-eight years, there has been no interruption. Regularly at noon on every business day, the voice of prayer and praise has gone up from the company of believers at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. It was necessary as the numbers grew, to transfer the meeting from the consistory room to the large hall on the lower floor, and when the church was pulled down to make room for the growing needs of that part of the city, the old hall, hallowed by so many prayers, was not disturbed.

Until September, 1893, the meeting continued under the charge of its founder, Mr. J. C. Lanphier. To his tact, uniform courtesy, and large, broaded-minded brotherliness much of its success was due, but he was then eighty-four years of age and he felt it necessary to transfer the duty to younger hands. On the thirty-sixth anniversary of the first meeting, he formally and solemnly committed the charge to Mr. C. F. Cutter, who had consented to become his successor. In a voice broken with emotion, he bade farewell to the meeting and solemnly commended his successor to the kindness and consideration of the friends of the Meeting and fervently implored the blessing of God upon him. "Dear Old Fulton Street," said the white-haired veteran, looking around the walls and raising his hands as if in affectionate embrace, "How I love you! Good-by! Good-by!"

It was stated at that meeting by Mr. Homer, who had been examining the records, which Mr. Lanphier had carefully kept, that in the course of its history there had been 11,232 meetings. The number of prayers offered had exceeded 56,000, and the number of requests for prayer received by mail from all the States and from beyond the sea, besides those verbally presented, was over 235,000. More than half-a-million persons had attended the meetings. During the war, and in times of national crisis, the attendance had been very large, and during the anxious weeks when President Garfield lay sick, the room was crowded day after day. The records, like the large number of requests for prayer sent every week to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for presentation at the Converts' Meeting of the Bowery Mission, are a significant evidence of the unshaken confidence of the people in the power and efficacy of prayer.

THE FIRST FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

A deeply interesting feature of these records is the list Mr. Lanphier made during the thirty-six years that he conducted the meeting, of the requests he received for thanks to be offered for the answers to prayer. Although, doubtless, many prayers were answered, of which no acknowledgment was publicly made, the number of persons who, like the one leper among the ten whom Christ healed, did return to offer thanks, is sufficient to show by what wonderful ways God does answer prayer. In one case a missionary submitted the case of a man who was being sued for money which he had held as trustee and had honestly expended, but could not recollect how he had expended it. Prayer was offered for him, and when the next day the case was tried, evidence was given by a person who happened to be in court, totally unknown to the accused man, which completely vindicated him. Another case was that of an immigrant girl in sore need, and vainly seeking employment, whose case was sent to the meeting. That day, the girl, too poor to purchase a newspaper, picked up a torn leaf in the street, and looking it over in the faint hope that some one might have advertised a vacant position that she could fill, saw a personal advertisement from relatives across the Atlantic, informing her that abundant means had been placed at her disposal. Of acknowledgments of prayers answered for money to be supplied in time to meet emergencies, there are an immense number. For recovery from sickness there have been many prayers offered which have been marvelously answered. But the largest number are for the conversion of relatives and friends. One, which Mr. Lanphier often quoted, was the prayer of a widow for the conversion of her two sons, grown to maturity in sinful life. They lived twelve miles apart and did not know that prayer was being offered for them, yet within twenty-four hours both of them were earnestly seeking Christ. The pages of these volumes of letters are full of proofs that God is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him

The Boy Jesus.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 12. Luke 2 : 40-52. Golden Text Luke 2 : 52. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER the presentation of the infant Jesus in the temple, where the Lord's two "remembrancers," the aged Simeon and Anna, had recognized and accepted with joy and thankfulness their new-born Messiah, all we are told of him is, "The Child grew and waxed strong [in spirit], filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." "The Word became flesh, and dwelt [or tabernacled] among us." (John 1: 14, R. V.) He "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men." (Phil. 2: 7, R. V.) The Apostle Paul, in another epistle, says that God sent his Son "in the likeness of sinful flesh." (Rom. 8: 3.) Again in the Epistle to the Hebrews we read, not only that he was "made a little lower than the angels," but also that "as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same;" for "in all things it behooved him to be made

Like Unto His Brethren"

(Heb. 2: 9, 14, 17). And yet, while still on earth, he could speak of himself as "the Son of God which is in heaven" (John 3: 13), and say, "I and my Father are one" (John 10: 30), he did not cease to be God, the Eternal Son. When the well-known Emperor of Russia, Peter the Great, found how inefficient was the navy of his country, he conceived and carried out the noble design of learning ship-building in the London dock-yards as a common ordinary mechanic. For this purpose he emptied himself, for the time, of all his royal glory, and labored incognito with English mechanics, at the same work, using the same tools, working the same number of hours, until he had accomplished his purpose, when he returned to Russia and resumed his authority and glory as emperor. While he was a workman his royal estate did nothing for him, and yet he did not for a moment cease to be emperor, and no one could take his place; yet his power as emperor was not that which wielded the hammer, worked the saw, drove the nails, or planed the wood. All this he did as a workman and not as an emperor.

There are many grown up people as well as children who imagine that it was no trouble or difficulty for Jesus to learn, and to become filled with wisdom; he was God, he had no lessons to master. As well might it have been said of Peter the Great that it was no trouble to him to work the long hours which working men then labored; that because he was an emperor it was easy to him! No; it behooved the Lord Jesus from his infancy to be made "in all things like unto his brethren;" like other men, like other children. The knowledge he gained as man he gained by patient, persevering study, just as any other schoolboy. "And the grace of God was upon him;" he needed grace for his earthly life, to meet temptation, to enable him willingly to obey, etc., just as every other child does. Just as Peter the Great

Put Himself on a Level

with the other workmen as fully as though he had not been an emperor, so the Lord Jesus, in his earthly life, put himself on the level of all the sons of men, needing the grace of God, the power of the Holy Spirit, the indwelling of God, as we do. "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." (John 14: 10). At twelve years of age, when he would enter upon the year of his majority, Jesus was taken up to Jerusalem by his parents, whose custom it was, as pious Jews, to be present at the feast every year. On such an occasion, probably the people who came up to the feast would camp out, as Eastern people do now, when they hold a great religious festival. In such warm climates it is perfectly easy, and much more agreeable to sleep out of doors. Thus, when the days were fulfilled, and Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, it was easy for his friends, if they were preoccupied, not to miss him as they would have done if they had lodged in one or two rooms. Then the journeys were undertaken as journeys in the East are now. From all the towns and villages contingents would come, meeting in the main road which led up to Jerusalem, and so some hundreds of friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens would arrive together. I have seen some fifty Indian gharries arrive at an idol feast in one long cavalcade. On the returning journey, too, those who took the same road would start together, dropping off at the branch roads those whose paths diverged.

In the excitement of family news, the state of the crops, or the political questions which the visit to the city would stir up, there was much that would make it an easy matter to be unaware of the absence of one lad. But Mary, at last, knew who it was that was missing, and without doubt her heart smote her, that she had allowed herself to be so absorbed as to be oblivious of his absence. They turned back to Jerusalem, for Jesus was not to be found in the traveling company. They had last seen him in the temple, and yet that was the last place in which they looked for him. It was the custom of the members of the Sanhedrim to come out upon Sabbath days and feast days, to teach and expound the Scriptures on the terrace of the temple. It was usual for perfect liberty to be given to such as would discuss, ask questions, or raise objections. This was the point of attraction for Jesus. No interest was so great to him as that which circled round the Word of God. It was the occasion of the Passover. The young Student of Scripture had probably as Man, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, discovered how his birth at Bethlehem, his pedigree from David, his going down to Egypt, etc., etc., had been foretold in the Scriptures, and it may be that this feast of the Passover had stirred up yet more within him the consciousness of his vocation. As he heard the Rabbis teaching, he would put to them questions of such an intensely real and startling nature, that the learned men listened in astonishment, that this so young, and with no mark of outward superiority of position, should give expression to such thoughts.

Thus occupied, his mother and Joseph came suddenly upon him and were surprised, and his mother said, "Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." The reply was characteristic: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be in that which is of my Father?" (free trans.) As though to say, "Joseph is not my Father, but while you and he were too occupied with your own things to miss me, I have been, as I am at Nazareth every available moment occupied with what concerns my real Father, God. They might have noticed how, at Nazareth, no interest with him came near that of Scripture study, but "they understood not the saying which he spake to them, but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart;" she knew from the message of the angel Gabriel who this wondrous Child was.

"AMONG THE DOCTORS HEARING THEM AND ASKING THEM QUESTIONS."

LESSON POINTS.

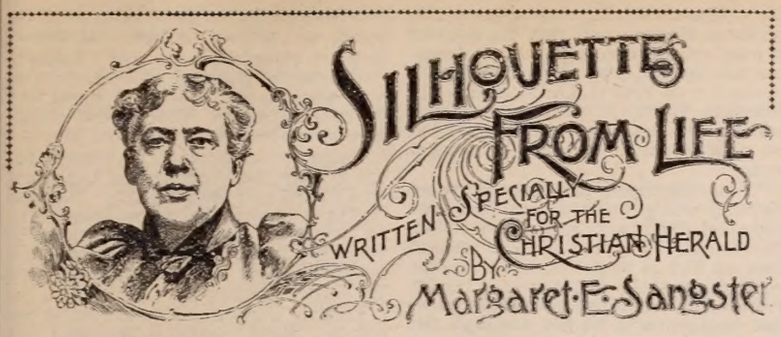
Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ONE glimpse of the childhood of Jesus is given us in the lesson, the only one we have of him between infancy and maturity. For some reason, possibly with a prevision of the disputes that were in later years to arise about the person of Jesus, the Evangelist records, and a little further on, reiterates, the fact of growth and development in him. He evidently wishes it clearly understood that Jesus was not an angel, or a spirit, but a man with a human nature like our own. Nor was this only as to his body. Luke says he increased in wisdom, showing that there was mental as well as physical growth. He was subject to Joseph and his mother, and doubtless acquired his learning from them and from the teachers in the school attached to the Synagogue of Nazareth. As Dr. Trumbull has shown, there were schools for Bible study throughout Palestine and it is little likely that Mary, with her knowledge of his wonderful origin would have allowed her son to miss this training. The visit to Jerusalem with which the lesson is concerned, was the ordinary annual visit which Joseph was required to make at the Passover as prescribed by law. Jesus, then twelve years old, was entitled to enrollment as a disciple of the law and went with him for the first time, to undergo the ceremony. Mary's presence was not necessary, but probably maternal solicitude accounts for her journey. That after all, she should have lost sight of her precious charge is the more remarkable. She does not appear to have been worried about his absence at first, concluding that he must be with friends somewhere among the crowd, which at that time would be leaving Jerusalem for the northern districts. Mary's equanimity incidentally shows that his conduct was such as to give his mother no anxiety. But at the close of the first day's march, probably not more than eight miles, when the whole procession would halt at the khan or the camping-place for the night, the mother's heart became troubled, as one party after another came in, and the boy was not with them. Then she and Joseph retrace their steps and seek Jesus in Jerusalem. The search must have been a time of sorrow and dreadful foreboding. But Mary's reproach when they find him is very tender. The reply Jesus gave her was one of surprise. It was an intimation that would startle Mary, that in some way he knew of his divine origin. She had said, "thy father and I." He speaks of the Temple as his Father's house. Why had they sought him? Did they not think he must be in his Father's house? He had simply availed himself of the opportunity of the visit to the capital to attend the school that the chief Rabbis held daily on the terrace of the temple. His inquiring mind had been eliciting from them their views of the sacred books. That was the system adopted in the schools of the time. The Rabbi would read a passage and the boys would ask him questions. His replies were often in the form of questions, too, compelling them to think and to show their reasons for their questions. Jesus had probably been too much absorbed in his study to notice the passage of time. But his mother's summons recalls him to a recollection of filial duty, and he goes submissively with them and resumes his home-life, setting an example of dutifulness for children of every generation.

Sought him among kinsfolk. A romantic story is told of the parentage of Thomas Beckett, the famous Archbishop. His father fought in the Crusades and was taken prisoner by the Saracens. During his captivity he was beloved and helped by a Turkish girl who, after he escaped, pined for him. She followed him to England and wandered about London seeking him. She knew no English, but with his name on her lips, went from street to street, calling out "Gilbert, Gilbert!" till, at last, the cry reached the right ears. She became the wife of Beckett and the mother of the Archbishop. Like her, many a soul has left home and kindred under the magnetism of a love, better than her's—the love of the Saviour, resolved to follow him at the sacrifice of all besides.

Found him in the Temple. Many have found Christ in the house of God who could not find him elsewhere. That is the right place to look for him and people who stay away from church are very apt not to find him at all. Yet it is important to remember that he is in the home, in the school and in the place of business, and our conduct should be governed by the consciousness of his presence. An eminent clergyman tells the story of an infidel who was very much provoked because some good people had impressed this fact on his little grand-daughter. He thought it would make her serious and dull. So he wrote in large letters on a card, "God is nowhere," and hung it up in her room. It did not have the desired effect, for the child was still more sober and thoughtful. Finally, he asked her about it and found that the child, who was learning to read; had followed her school habit of separating the words into syllables and had read his inscription as "God is now here," which was true but not the meaning he wanted to convey.

How is it that ye sought me? These are the first recorded words of Jesus. They practically told his mother that if she had understood his character, she would not have spent three days searching for him, but would have gone straight to the place where he was most likely to be found. This characteristic of concentration of purpose, the avoidance of distraction from all subjects but the main object of life, has been noticeable in the lives of all men who have accomplished great things. It was recorded of one of the most eminent triumvirs of Rome that during his year of office, he was never seen in any street of the city save the one that led from his house to the capitol. Of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, it was said, that though he had visited every European capital he knew less about them than many a man who stayed at home. He had not visited the picture galleries, nor the parks, nor the great buildings, nor places of amusement. One of his friends said that if he heard that Howard was in any city, he would have no difficulty in finding him, however populous it might be. He would go to the worst prison in the city and wait there, certain that Howard would come there. To look for him anywhere else would be to waste time.



A New Year's Change.

MR. HENRY PEMBERTON was a miser. A beggar or a spendthrift would either of them have been a more worthy member of the community, for a beggar opens other people's hearts and excites their sympathies, and a spendthrift sets money in circulation, even if he does it in foolish ways and unfortunate channels. But a miser is of no use at all under God's heaven.

"They say he has ten thousand dollars in the bank," little Harvey Jenner whispered to his brother Benjamin, as the rheumatic old man shuffled past in his rags and dirt, wheezing and puffing, and holding fast to the fence for fear of falling, for the pavement was icy. A sleety rain was coming down, but is was so near New Years that the boys could not think of staying indoors by bright fires. Their blood danced in their veins. What did they care for sleet and cold?

"There goes old Miser Pemberton!" shouted one of the lads, and the rest in a group on the sidewalk near his house took it up, and vociferated loudly and shrilly,

Old miser! Horrid old miser!
Got gold in bags full; see how he goes,
Stumbling along on his mean old toes.

This rhyme had been composed by Rex Peabody, and the boys had sung it at the miser many a time under their breath; never till now in his absolute face and hearing. The miser turned, his blear eyes and wizened old face gleaming with furious passion. He raised his stick to menace his tormentors, when, presto! he lost his balance and slipped to the pavement with a broken leg. All his tormentors took to their heels, afraid of the blue-coated policeman, who in the very nick of time came squarely looming around the corner, but Harvey and Benjamin Jenner did not run. They had taken no part in the jeers and cat-calls, and they were sorry for the poor, old man, who lay groaning and moaning on the pavements, conscious, and angry at having to go to the hospital.

"Take me to my own house," he said, angrily and obstinately.

"But," remonstrated a physician, who had opportunely appeared on the scene, "you will have better care and nursing at the hospital, Mr. Pemberton. There is no one to care for you at your house."

"My daughter will come. Her address is in my wallet. Give it to me. You, Benny Jenner, I can trust you to put your hand in my pocket. You are an honest boy."

The old gentleman had his way, though the doctor shook his head at the sight of the fireless room, the squalor and dirt of Mr. Pemberton's wretched home. Bare as it was, however, it was an ample mansion, needing only the expenditure of a little money to make it habitable. The old man's leg was set. Mrs. Jenner and her husband took charge of affairs, brought in a char-woman to clean, and sent in wood and coal, Mr. Pemberton groaning that he would be ruined, and finally working himself up into a fever, and talking in wild delirium.

"It was a great mistake to bring him home. The hospital was the only place where he could have had comfort," said the doctor to Mr. Jenner. "Did you ever see anything so dreadful as this rich man's living here, with rats and mice scampering through the walls, the wind whistling through cracks and crannies, and rags stuffed in the holes in the panes? I wonder what sort of person his daughter is."

Just then the door bell rang. It woke strange echoes in that quiet house, ghostly echoes from other days when children had played there, and brides had swept down the broad staircase in their white wedding splendor, and there had been gladness and gayety and kindness and good fellowship under the old roof.

Mr. Jenner opened the door. A tall, slender lady, wrapped from head to foot in a dark cloak of some thick fur, with a woolen material as its outer cover, advanced into the light of the candle in the gentleman's hand.

"I am Nancy Pemberton," she said. "I understand that my father has sent for me. Is it true?"

"If you are Mr. Pemberton's daughter, it is true that he needs you, and asked me to telegraph for you. He is hurt and ill."

The lady stared curiously at the cobwebbed ceilings and dusty rooms, "Poor, poor father!" she murmured; but there were no tears in her eyes, and her face was not tender. She did not at once forget that she had been driven from her father's door with blows and abuse, because she would not surrender to him her mother's small fortune, settled on her, in her own right. She had said in going away fingering a black bruise on her arm:

"I am Nancy Pemberton," she said.

"Father, if you ever need me, send for me, and I will come for my poor mother's sake, but I will not give up to your greed, nor let my spirit break under your harshness, as hers broke before she died."

That scene was six years back. In that time not once had Nancy Pemberton seen or heard from her father, nor had he made the least attempt to hold any communication with her. And he was a very old and feeble man, tottering under the burden of almost four-score years.

"You are his heir," friends had said. "You ought to seek a reconciliation, lest he leave his money away from you."

"I do not want a penny of his money, I fear there would be no blessing on it," was always Nancy's proud answer.

But she came swiftly when she was summoned. Her presence in her father's chamber made an immediate change for the better. In twenty-four hours the whole place was transformed.

The pitiful thing was to hear the ravings of the poor old man, sometimes muttering rapidly, sometimes shrieking, sometimes picking at the bed-clothes, always wretched and distraught.

"He is terribly run down," said the doctor. "Vitality is at a low ebb. Only good nursing, and that by a miracle, can bring him up."

Then, Nancy Pemberton, with womanly compassion, cast away the grudge and the almost bitter hate she had long carried against her father. She sent for a trained nurse to assist her, and together they gave the patient such care as makes a brave battle against death. The revelations of delirium showed Nancy that her father had been remorseful and unhappy. She fell on her knees and prayed with eager insistence that his life might be spared, that he might for a little while taste the joy of conquered self-hood and overcome the barriers that had hemmed him in.

And God listened, and granted her prayer. New Year's morning broke. "Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring out the false, ring in the true," clashed the bells from many a steeple. Henry Pemberton stirred on his pillow, looked about him, with a strange wistful gaze. No wonder he did not know the place. The bed was clean. White curtains draped the windows. A whitely covered table was beside his couch, and an easy chair. A fire burned on the hearth, and there was a shaded lamp.

"Where am I," said the sick man.

"You are at home, father," answered a gentle voice.

"Are you my little Nancy? Will you stay with me?" he pleaded.

"Yes, father, as long as you want me, I will."

"Nancy, I am a miser, I am an old, wicked skinflint of a miser. That's what I am, Nancy!"

"No, father, not if God has opened your eyes. You won't be that any more: Christ will help you to do better."

"Christ will help me to do better," said the old man, like a little child. "And Christ will let you stay. Kiss me, my daughter Nancy, please kiss your old daddy, for—love—has—come—back, love—has—come—back!"

Mr. Pemberton did not live till Spring. But the New Year's change was permanent. It had been a change wrought by hands Divine. "Ring out the false, ring in the true." God says this sometimes, and then the soul obeys, and arises new-clothed, and white as Naaman when his leprosy had departed, after he had bathed in the Jordan. Nancy, too, was happier, for she had learned that there is great peace in having a forgiving spirit.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

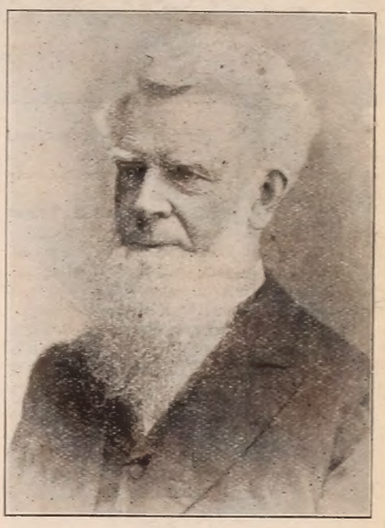
A Hall Converted.

It is announced by the Sydney (Australia) *Telegraph* that the Lyceum Freethought Hall in Campbell street, which cost $22,500, and was dedicated "to the destruction of Christianity and Godism in Sydney," has been bought for half the money by the Church of Christ. Strangest of all, one of the speakers at the opening of the hall for Christian work was a former vice-president of the Secularists' Society, and the first person to profess conversion was a gentleman who was formerly secretary of the Freethought party.

An Octogenarian Pastor.

Rev. John D. Wells' Life-time of Christian Service—A Loving Testimonial.

ONE evening, lately, a large and interested audience gathered in the South Third Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, for the purpose of celebrating the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the senior pastor of that church, Rev. John



REV. JOHN D. WELLS, D.D.

D. Wells, D.D. The services were under the auspices of the Young People's Association connected with the church, and were presided over by the President of the Association, Mr. George R. Valentine, who gave expression to the affection of the young people for Dr. Wells. Many of these were children of parents who had come into the cummunion of the church since their pastor's installation, nearly forty-six years ago.

A most affectionate address in behalf of the Church and congregation, was delivered by Mr. Davis S. Giffing, elder and trustee. Addresses were also made by Rev. George Alexander, Rev. Lewis R. Foote, Rev. John. E. Adams, Rev. S. M. Haskins, and several others, and a joint letter from four of the leading Presbyterian Churches in Brooklyn (all of which were, in a sense, the offspring of Dr. Well's own church and his forty-six years' pastorate there), was presented to the aged servant of the Master.

One of the many pleasant features of this remarkable and spontaneous testimonial to a preacher, was the reading of a poem by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, dedicated to the octogenarian. Among the verses are these:

Yours is the strong right hand
The eye undimmed and clear,
Around you children's children stand,
To hail each happy year.

In all your faithful life,
From ceaseless sun to sun,
Each year, with toils for others rife,
The Lord has sealed, well done!

Dr. Wells replied very feelingly to these numerous and varied expressions of love and good-will. In the course of his address he said:

"I have lately been reading the life of Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., who in his early manhood spent several years in Germany as a student. Impressed deeply by his intense desire to see his parents and other kindred in the home-land, it came very strongly home to my heart that I might reasonably cherish a strong desire to see my parents and many other kindred, and hundreds of friends, who have fallen asleep in Jesus, and are forever with him in the better country, and to be myself with them in his presence. This, it seems to me, is a normal Christian desire. Therefore, I ask a favor of my people. It may happen that I shall sometimes give expression to this desire from the pulpit. At the same time, and always, I would have it known that 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' Please do not think that I am becoming morbid and tired of life. I have much to live for, but there is much beyond, and above, that I wish to know, and share with those who have gone before."

BUSY RELIEF WORK AT VAN.

Miss Kimball's First Report — Good Results Already Achieved — "Half a Million Suffering," Says Dr. Dwight—The Baiburt Massacre.

THE DARDANELLES.

FIERCE winter comes, and we must die,
Western brothers, hear our cry!
In your ceiled houses warm,
Safe shut in from sleet and storm,
Help the houseless. Clothe the feet
That must freeze in storm and sleet.
Brothers! sisters! heed our cry,
Winter comes, we all must die!

Free America! afar,
Show the Kaiser and the Czar
What the heart of God can teach—
How the hand of man can reach!
Send the Red Cross! Murder reigns!
Pestilence walks through our plains!
Send your ships with corn and wheat,
Bid our starving thousands eat.

Such is the appeal of Armenia, as voiced by the sympathetic pen of Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin, the wife of the veteran missionary who, with her by his side, has spent almost a lifetime among the Armenians. It is no exaggeration to say that the condition so touchingly presented in the verses is literally true—indeed, less than the truth; for the winter has already set in, and doubtless hundreds whom help has failed to reach in time, have already perished. The following letter has been received from Dr. Grace N. Kimball at Van—the first in many months to pass the cordon of Turkish officialism:

VAN, TURKEY, Nov. 25, 1895.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 22d ult. was most agreeable reading to us; and I make haste to acknowledge, with cordial thanks, the remittance to our account, through Dr. Dwight, of $500 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. [This was the first remittance to Dr. Kimball.] It comes at a most opportune moment, when, on the one hand, our relief funds were low, and, on the other hand, when we were receiving the advance guard of the army of refugees that is bearing down on the city of Van.

During the first days of the month we were eagerly expecting the arrival of your commissioner, Mr. Howard; but for the past fifteen days, these hopes have been, to say the least, in abeyance. We imagine that he is across the border in Persia,—probably at Khoi, or Tabriz, and undoubtedly a very much disgusted man! The entire country between here and there, as well as the whole of Armenia, is in a state of complete anarchy, and at the mercy of the Kurds. A Christian stirs abroad at the peril of his life. There are 500 Armenian villages in the Province of Van, and more than three-quarters of them have been looted and their inhabitants driven forth naked and homeless to face the winter. The local Government simply says that it has no orders to act. All business in the city of Van, all schools, and all work of all kinds is absolutely suspended, and has been for three weeks. The Armenians are afraid even to go about freely in the town, except in distinctly Armenian quarters.

Under these conditions I am sure you will not censure your Commissioner if he does not succeed in getting here promptly or at all. Personally, we sincerely hope that he will succeed, by his American "push" in accomplishing the seemingly impossible. But as regards the relief work, there is some fear lest his presence should turn the suspicions of the Government toward this work and thus defeat the whole thing. You can easily see that when it is the deliberate policy of the Porte to blot out its Christian subjects, our work, unless done quietly, will be apt to meet with opposition in some indirect, but effective kind. I have had my Industrial Bureau working now for nearly six months, and whatever I may do in a quiet way towards enlarging it and adding other agencies is not so likely to attract attention as to have a stranger come in. I feel that my position in relation to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund is a somewhat delicate one; but common sense and the exigencies of the case, together with the confidence implied in your letter of remittance leads me to act as your self-constituted agent until such time as Mr. Howard arrives, or you send definite orders in the matter. The needs of the people brook no delay, and I believe you would wish the money to be put to immediate use. As you know, perhaps, I am acting as the Executive Agent for the English "Woman's Armenian Relief Fund," with H. B. M.'s Vice-consul, C. M. Hallward, Esq., as Auditor; and until otherwise advised I will administer what funds you put at my disposal in the same way.

Your letter came on Thursday. On the strength of that, on Friday I rented a bakery, put in a corps of men who, but for that work, would have seen their families go hungry, and Saturday morning we were ready to distribute over 500 pounds of excellent bread,—the first of many thousand pounds that I hope THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund will distribute to the famishing people. This is really the only source from which they have any hope of getting food, as the city people are both too poor and too distracted to carry on any public scheme of relief. Would that you and all contributors could see the crowds that have thronged our gates these two days! I enclose a photograph taken on the first day, before the people had really learned to come here for a definite purpose. It really gives no adequate idea of how ragged and miserable they are.

My modus operandi is to have registered the family according to the villages, making record of the amount of property of which they were robbed, how many killed or wounded, if any, etc. Then they are passed over to me and I supply them with clothing from the product of the Industrial Bureau, and give them a ticket for the proper amount of bread to be had daily at the bakery. On Friday and Saturday we thus registered ninety families. Can you imagine not only their gratitude, but our own gratitude to the generous people of America and England, who have thus made it possible to do so much towards relieving the unparalleled distress about us. The fact that we have on hand a large supply of all the kinds of coarse cotton and woolen goods and of heavy carpets which they need for clothing and bedding is one upon which we daily congratulate ourselves.

While THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bakery adds the second and most necessary part to the work of relief, the fact that there are estimated to be some 40,000 families turned out of their village homes in this province will give some idea of the need of aid. And to this must be added probably 10,000 in the greatest distress among the city people. Thanking you most cordially for all your efforts in behalf of this wretched, victimized people, I am,

Yours very truly,
G. W. KIMBALL.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD yesterday forwarded by cable $5,000 to Dr. Kimball through the Bible House Committee at Constantinople as a Christmas donation from Christian America for her relief work.

That THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund is accomplishing good results among the sufferers, notwithstanding many difficulties in the way, and that the avenues of relief are still open to our brave American missionaries, is also proved by a letter received from Rev. H. O. Dwight, of the American Board at Constantinople, in which he acknowledges receipt of the latest remittance from the Fund. Dr. Dwight writes:

"Your telegraphic remittance of $5,000 for relief will go on at once, although we find great difficulty in getting money into the interior. The Turkish Government does not like us to do this work, professing to distrust us. Destitution is fearful. Probably **half a million people are without food enough to get through the winter,** and no means of earning money. Hundreds have lost home, property, clothing, and are literally clad only in their shirts. Many others have been stripped naked and left to die in the snow.

"There is need of some great organization like the Red Cross Society, under international protection to do the work of distribution in this terrible emergency.

"Happily, Van has not yet been wrecked, and we hope will escape. There are numbers of cities more needy now. We are sending on clothing and other supplies from subscriptions here. Porters, muleteers and steamers can be found glad to carry the supplies without charge.

H. O. DWIGHT."

Private letters received in New York from reliable sources contain accounts of numerous Turkish atrocities in the interior towns and villages. A letter has been addressed to the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople by the Christians of Baiburt, survivors of the recent massacre, in which, after giving a list of the victims slain by the Moslem mob and the troops, the writer says:

"Only two now remain alive out of the group whose members used to correspond with your Excellency. When the massacres and plundering began on account of the prevailing terror and insecurity, the people were compelled to close all the churches, shops, and schools from Oct. 13 to 26, and take refuge in the houses. During that time letters were sent from our prelate to the commandant of the Fourth Army Corps, at Erzeroum and to the Armenian prelate at Erzeroum asking their assistance, but all our prayers have remained unanswered. After the massacres, the Turks advised us indirectly that the order was secretly given from the Imperial Palace, and was irrevocable! It was on Saturday, October 22, that the fatal hour struck. The frantic Turkish mob, assisted by regular troops, suddenly fell upon the innocent and unarmed Armenians. The bloody work began at 4 o'clock A. M., and lasted until 12 o'clock in the evening (Turkish time). Besides murdering our people, the mob plundered and fired the Armenian dwellings and stores, taking care that the Greeks should not be molested. On that frightful day the Armenian community of Baiburt was almost annihilated.

"Strong men, youths and women and even babes in their cradles, and unborn children in the wombs of their mothers, were butchered. Infants were stuck on bayonets and exposed to the view of their helpless and frantic mothers. Young brides and girls were subjected to a fate that need not be described. No resistance was possible on the part of the Armenians. All the native teachers, with a single exception, were murdered with most cruel tortures. The Turks killed the two young sons of Assout, a priest, and wounded the priest himself. In one day, Baiburt became a slaughter-house. Torrents of blood began to flow. The streets and the bazaars were filled with dead bodies. On the following day the Turks did all in their power to conceal the bodies of those who had been pierced by bayonets. Similar scenes were enacted on a smaller scale in the surrounding villages.

"Mourning and lamentation prevail throughout Armenia. The churches are closed; no more can the sound of worshippers be heard. The pealing of the bells is silent. We have no more teachers to teach the remnant of Armenians who still live. Rich and poor alike have perished, and the survivors are in the direst indigence. No bread, no covering for their nakedness; they are shivering in the cold. Baiburt, until lately so generous to help others, is now helpless, and in need of moral and material assistance. Unless such assistance is soon received, nobody can live.

"After the massacres the government began to arrest the few remaining Armenians who had escaped the slaughter. We hear that in the prisons the tortures have reached an extreme point of frightful cruelty. Thus the survivors of the massacre are now dying daily. Every moment we have the horrors of death."

Turkish duplicity is fertile in its resources. Many documents have been forwarded to the Grand Vizier at Constantinople from scenes of recent massacres, purporting to be signed by Armenian nobles, the signatures having been obtained by intimidation. One of the most remarkable is from Bitlis, and bears the signatures of thirty-one Armenian nobles. It proceeds to state that "some of our co-religionists have been deceived by instigators coming from certain parts, and have been the cause of deplorable events and have committed crimes contrary to the wishes of his Imperial Majesty, and against the government of his Imperial Majesty—a government to be whose subject had been for six hundred years a title of glory to us, and through whose benevolence we were enjoying religious liberty and a self-government, the like of which cannot be found under any administration. This being so there remains no hope for us but the mercy of our august sovereign, who deigns to accept all classes of his subjects with a benevolence worthy of the greatest of monarchs.

CHILD-VICTIMS OF THE ERZEROUM MASSACRES.

"On the other hand, everlasting happiness for us consists in preserving our national existence in the shadow of the imperial government. We dare to commend ourselves to the humanity and benevolence of our sovereign, who is an object of admiration for the whole world, and we implore his pardon, taking refuge in that heavenly power bestowed upon him for the pardon of criminals."

Such is an example of similar documents that have been drawn up by local Turkish officials, in fulsome praise of the Porte's humanity, and which the leading Armenians have been compelled to sign, under threats of imprisonment and torture. These spurious testimonials, like the manufactured reports of outrages by Armenians, are designed to influence public opinion in Turkey's favor.

Even the Porte, accustomed as it is to distort the facts, finds itself no longer able to conceal from the world the pitiable condition of the Armenians. In the district of Sivas many are clothed only with potato sacks, and many have perished of sheer starvation.

The American Red Cross Society has not yet perfected all its arrangements for entering Turkey and assuming charge of the relief work, but President Clara Barton and her associates are pushing matters forward as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile, our own missionaries, as Dr. Kimball's letter shows, are doing splendid service, all having remained at their posts, and each personally managing the relief work in the several districts. All contributions for the Armenian sufferers sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund will be duly acknowledged in these columns, and will be used most effectively under the present arrangement for sending weekly remittances from the Fund by cable to the American missionary workers in Armenia, who have uninterrupted communication with the most needy points. The latest contributions are acknowledged on page 18 of this issue.

A NATIONAL UNION OF CHURCHES.

Denominational Lines not Affected, but all can join in a General Organization for Public Morality, Social Reform and Christian Benevolence.

BY REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D.

EVER since the famous Chicago-Lambeth articles appeared, papers, pamphlets, books, magazines, clubs, and ecclesiastical bodies have kept up a discussion of Christian union, until the subject has become a good deal worn and the public a good deal weary. And what have we to show as the net result? Some growth of sentiment in the right direction, but the same number of denominations as before and as much competition between churches as ever. It may well be doubted whether denominations differing as widely as do some, can ever talk themselves together.

Differences in forms of worship are not a serious obstacle. Differences of polity are fit subjects of compromise, but differences of doctrine are not. A conscientious man cannot modify his creed any more than he can modify the multiplication table, simply to please himself or some one else. Discussion of doctrinal differences will not remove them. Discussion is divisive. Is there not some other way?

Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock said not long before his death, "If Christian union ever comes, it will come through co-operation." While we have been passing fraternal resolutions and exchanging friendly compliments, scores of needed reforms have halted and stumbled for lack of the strong support of united hands, and thousands of men, women, and children have gone to destruction for lack of united effort. I venture to predict that if the churches will try co-operation for ten years as earnestly as they have tried discussion for ten years, they will make vastly more progress toward the desired goal of Christian union, besides accomplishing an amount of Christian work simply incalculable.

The churches are beginning to see that they have a mission to society as well as to the individual. The social reforms which are needed, and for which the churches are responsible, are so vast that their accomplishment without co-operation is simply impossible. And here is a significant fact; the lines along which united work is most needed are the very lines along which the churches can most easily unite their efforts. In government and doctrine they have historical differences, and along these lines it will be very hard for them to unite; but they have no historical differences touching the purification of municipal government; there is no denominational treatment of the temperance question; there isn't any Presbyterian solution of the problem of pauperism, or any peculiar Methodist cure for crime. In the saving of society the churches can easily co-operate. This, then, is the field for united effort. What shall be the method?

Plans have been devised which are the outcome of years of study and of experience. These plans have received the unqualified approval of leaders among all denominations, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Methodist, Reformed, and Presbyterian. Conservatives and progressive alike commend them; and men like Bishop Vincent and Dr. F. E. Clark, who have a genius for organization, and are the originators of two of the most remarkable movements of modern times, declare that these plans are admirably adapted to accomplish the desired end. Says Bishop Vincent, the plan is "pre-eminently practical and wise;" and Dr. Clark, of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, pronounces it "entirely possible, and very admirably conceived." Dr. Parkhurst, writes: "Your plan has my most hearty indorsement, and I wish that circumstances were such that I could enlist under your standard in its prosecution." Dr. George Hedges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., says: "I have seen so much of the plan actually carried out with harmony and efficiency, that I have confidence to believe that it is all possible." President Andrews, of Brown University, thinks "the movement might easily prove a new Reformation, more important than the original one." Dr. Stoddard, of the *New York Observer*, declares it is "all good things in one;" and Washington Gladden, of Columbus, O., writes: "This is exactly right, I approve every word of it, and will do what I can to get a branch alliance organized here."

This plan of organizing Church Alliances originated with the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, and is commended by that organization to the churches. It is equally adapted to city and country, large towns and small. Leaflets giving the plan, together with definite lines of work, will be sent gratis on application to the General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, United Charities Building, New York. The following statement of objects is taken from the constitution suggested for local Alliances:

Believing that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of society as well as of the individual, it shall be the object of this Alliance to apply the principles of Christ's teachings to the solution of social problems with a view to aiding the churches in the accomplishment of their social mission.

This Alliance shall seek to prove the deep, practical interest of the allied churches in whatever concerns human welfare.

It shall aid such directly religious efforts as it may approve for united action, and further such moral and civic movements as it may deem to be of large importance.

Its objects shall include the aid, in all practical ways, of such existing organizations as, in its judgment, are wisely seeking the common well-being.

The Alliance shall stand in the name of Christ on the side of practical religion, good citizenship, the enforcement of law, the promotion of sobriety, the prevention of cruelty, the alleviation of suffering, the correction of injustice, the rescue of the unfortunate, the reformation of the depraved, and for such kindred ends as pertain to the true social mission of the church; it being understood that all activities of the Alliance shall be subservient to spiritual results, which must always be the supreme object of the churches.

All churches and individuals in sympathy with the above objects are welcome to its membership.

The sour soil in which the hateful root of sectarianism grows is the suspicion (rarely confessed but none the less real) that "our" denomination is a little more loyal to the Lord and a little dearer to Him than any other. When the churches know each other thoroughly this unworthy suspicion will die, and the bond of Christian fellowship will strengthen with the growth of mutual confidence until the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is perfected. And this bitter knowledge will come when the churches draw near enough to each other to join hands for the accomplishment of common objects.

A Brave Missionary Gone.

News has been received of the death at Sorai, Korea, of Rev. W. J. McKenzie, one of the brighest young missionaries who in recent years has labored for Christ's kingdom in that land. Mr. McKenzie was a native of Nova Scotia, and was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. He went to Chemulpo in 1893, and after studying the language moved to Sorai, where he adopted the Korean manner of living, both as to dress and diet. Under his ministrations the little body of Christians at Sorai largely increased. Throughout the late war and the Tong Hak rebellion, he remained at his post. It is related of him by a friend:

"I heard from a Korean of one of McKenzie's early encounters with a Tong Hak chief. The rebel delivered a tirade against Christianity and ended with a distinct threat against McKenzie's life. In reply McKenzie asked the man to please remember one thing, that Christianity might be foreign and bad, but Korea was in sad need of it just now, for Christianity did not permit its followers to murder the King's officers, destroy government property, rob defenceless country folk and force them into the ranks of insurrectionists. The Korean was nonplussed, and, as he saw McKenzie's six foot three of bone and brawn striding away, concluded he had better have nothing to do with him.

Mr. McKenzie died after a brief illness. His record in Korea is bright with the glory of a beautiful promise undimmed by one single failure. He fell at his post in the front. Heron, Davis, Hall and McKenzie; Paik of We-ju, Kang of Chemulpo, No of Sanddong,—they died on the field of battle and have gone to enrich heaven as Korea's treasures.

A Chinese Convert's Courage.

A missionary of the Scotch United Presbyterian Church has recently forwarded a letter from Liao Yang, China, the station at which Rev. Mr. Wylie was martyred a year ago. The letter speaks of the man by the name of Tang, of whom it says:—

"He was seized by a band of Kirin soldiers, stripped naked, and bound hands and feet. A sword was then held to his throat and he was asked: 'Are you a believer in Jesus?' 'Yes,' said he boldly, 'I am a Christian.' They then went to their officer and asked what they should do with the fellow. But the officer (no doubt remembering the consequence of offences last August) declared he would not interfere. They therefore released him and let him go. Next Sabbath, when he came in to worship, I asked him how it was that he, having so short an experience of the Christian life, and being as yet unbaptized, could speak out so boldly in the presence of death, and he answered that he had just been reading of how Peter had three times denied his Master, and that he afterwards went out and wept bitterly; 'and how,' said he, 'could I deny my Lord?' I shall baptize the man when I go back. Mr. Li adds that his daily walk and conversation are consistent with the profession of Christianity."

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSON AND WIFE.
(Murdered by a Mob of Natives in Madagascar.)

Jerusalem's Peace Manaced.

Mrs. David Jamal whose Training School, in Jerusalem, for poor Syrian girls is supported by the contributions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, writes that the ancient city is in a state of unrest, consequent upon the troubles in Armenia. She says: "The atmosphere of affairs at present is totally upset, owing to the present state of affairs in Turky. My class, I am glad to say, is going on very nicely, and the girls are very clever. Some of the Armenian girls of the class have not been able, for the last two weeks, to attend as the Armenian Patriarch officially announced that all Armenians, men and women, must stick as close as possible to their houses, and not go further than the Jaffa gate. That is all done to avoid contact with the Turkish military recruits who are in great number in Jerusalem, preparing for their journey to the Hauran to attack the Druzes who are said to have behaved very badly and ill-treated the neighboring villages—both Moslem and Christian. It is reputed that the Druzes have shown obstinacy against the Turkish Government. Last Thursday, however, I am glad to say, the Armenian girls attended the class. When work was over, my husband escorted them as far as the Armenian quarters. R. D. JAMAL."

Murdered Missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Martyred by the Malagasy at Arivonimamo.

SAD news has been received from Madagascar, of the murder of two esteemed and devoted Quaker missionaries by a mob of two thousand natives. Ever since the French began their campaign of conquest and landed troops to subjugate the patriotic Hovas, the country has been in a ferment and no white man or woman's life has been safe. Stung to madness by the injustice of the French claims and the cruelty of the French military leaders who were slaughtering peaceful and defenceless natives in all directions, the Malagasy became fiercely embittered against all foreigners. Especially has this been the case since the capture by the invading troops of Antananarivo, the capital. After that event, the country became infested with scattered marauding bands of native outlaws, composed of soldiers and runaway slaves. A mob of this character attacked the mission station of Arivonimamo, one day's journey from Antananarivo, on the day of the native feast of the "fandroana," and brutally massacred and mutilated Mr. Wm. Johnson and his devoted wife.

Mr. Johnson was a native of London, and went out to Madagascar in 1871, under the auspices of the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association. The next year he married Lucy Sewell, of Leicester, daughter of the founder of the Madagascar Mission of the Friends. Her sister was the wife of Mr. J. C. Thorne, the London Missionary Society's Superintendent of Education. She also died at Antananarivo. The Johnsons were both singularly quiet people, and, indeed, were beloved of everyone who knew them. Mr. Johnson, who was Head Master of the Friends' High School in Antananarivo, and subsequently took charge of a group of congregations in the country, had considerable architectural ability, and drew plans for many of the mission buildings in Imerina, including that of the present hospital near the capital. He was always ready to render practical help when called uppon; and his wife, Lucy, was a veritable Mother in Israel, going hither and thither nursing the sick and comforting the afflicted, both amongst the natives and her fellow-countrywomen, to the very best of her ability. Their loss under such distressing circumstances will be universally mourned. Associated with them was Miss Ethel Clark, daughter of H. E. Clark, of Antananarivo, who providentially escaped the massacre.

It is not as yet absolutely certain whether Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's child, Lucy, was killed with her mother. She was five years old. They had three older children who are now being educated abroad. The tragic death of the beloved missionaries has saddened a very large circle of friends in England and America.

Converts in Childhood.

Many of the brightest lights in the history of Christianity have been converted in early life. Adam Clarke, the commentator, was converted at four years of age. His influence will shine in the moral heavens while the sun shines in the natural heavens. Alfred Cookman, the great revivalist, was converted at ten years of age. He will shine in the kingdom of God as the stars in the firmament of heaven forever and ever, and thousands will rise in the judgment and call him blessed. Isaac Watts, the great poet, was converted at the age of nine years. His influence will be felt through the endless ages of eternity. Robert Hall was converted at twelve, Jonathan Edwards at seven, and William Penn at nine.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Eighteen Ninety-Six.

A CORDIAL New Year's greeting to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD! May the year 1896 be to one and all a year of peace, happiness, and growth in grace. The letters that have come during the past few weeks from thousands of readers, show that in a vast multitude of homes in all the States and in Canada, and in foreign lands, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a welcome and highly esteemed visitor. Its friends are kind enough to say that it helps them, cheers them, enlightens them, and stimulates them in every good word and work. For this we thank God, who gives no better blessing to any than the power to help his fellow-men. Travelers together through a world of mingled joy and sorrow, we are all children of the Heavenly Father in whose loving hands are the events of the year on which we now enter. May his blessing be upon all, and his wisdom guide us in every hour!

The Message on Venezuela.

PATRIOTIC in every line, the Message of the President to Congress on the Venezuelan boundary question has been received with enthusiasm by the whole country. Its tone leaves no room for doubt as to the determination of the Administration to uphold those vital principles that have become part of the nation's life and character, and which oppose any attempt on the part of a European power, to unduly interfere with affairs on this continent, or to aggrandize itself at the expense of a sister Republic. The effect of the Message on Congress has been electric. Political parties and factions have been sunk out of sight in the unanimous patriotic desire to stand by the Executive in upholding the dignity and honor of the American people.

Our Government having effectually demonstrated its position on the Monroe doctrine, the next and wisest step is to await, with patience and calmness, the result of the Commission's work in ascertaining the exact facts concerning the disputed boundary line. This task will doubtless require many weeks of careful labor. Meanwhile, and until that duty is accomplished and the result announced to the Congress, let our [illegible] as becomes a great nation, conscious of its power and of the [illegible] purposes. Congress will doubtless furnish the means necessary to preparation for all emergencies, and our people stand ready to do their part in defence of the national honor. It is, however, hardly conceivable that the two greatest Christian nations of the world to-day should fail to reach a peaceful solution of this difficulty. This is the age of arbitration. War at all times is an evil, and where it can be honorably averted, it is an evil absolutely without mitigation. There may be—there doubtless will be—many who, carried along by the current of impetuous feeling at present prevailing, do not recognize this; yet we do not apprehend that either government will be swayed by other than the most serious and most judicial view of this Venezuelan matter. The best element on both sides the Atlantic hopes for a pacific solution, and such a hope may be indulged by all Americans, without loss of self-respect.

Let us trust and pray that the Almighty, who holds in his hands the issues of war and peace, may so direct the counsels of the opposing Cabinets that the war-cloud may after a time be dispersed, and that the bright sun of peace and international friendship may again shine forth.

Warming Up.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the modern apparatus for heating buildings, nothing will ever have the sociability or cheer of the old-time country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, a big log was carried in with heavy strain and put on the hearth. Lighter wood was added, armful after armful. A shovel of living coals from another room was put amidst the dry pile. The kindling and crackling began, and rose toward the chimney in a great roar of flame that by nightfall filled all the room with pleasantness, and was reflected from the family pictures hanging all round the wall. Then the neighbors came in, one by one, and sat down with their faces to the fire, which was again and again stirred with tongs, and put aright on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee and story-telling and mirth as no blind stove or black register ever knew about. Well the Church of God is the warm fireplace for the great neighborhood of Christian disciples. The wood is from the forests of Lebanon. The fires are fires of love, and we stir them with the silver tongs of the altar, and the light is reflected from the old family picture on the wall of those who once sat here, but are all gone now. Come up to the fire! Let it transfigure your faces wizened with care! Put those feet, cold with the journey, close up by the heavenly conflagration. Chilled through with the neglect, and misjudgments, and troubles of life, come so near you can get warmed clear through.

Medical Triumphs.

WHAT an ingenious theory that was, only a few years ago started, out of which all the recent discoveries came, that much of the vegetation and much of animal life and much of human life is cursed with parasites. It is positively demonstrated by these modern doctors that disease is merely the attempt of other life to feed on human life, and when these parasites attack one part of the human frame it is consumption, and when they attack another part it is cancer, and another part it is diphtheria, and another part it is Russian grip. What a triumph of medical science to have found out these foes of our race, for now there will be more probability of extirpating these bandits of human life. Henceforth the whole system of treatment of disease has changed, and how great is the responsibility of our medical colleges that they now start their students in the new and right direction. The twentieth century will laugh to scorn ailments that terrify and confound the nineteenth century. There are soon to be no hospitals for incurables, for everything can be cured. The Bible says the leaves of the Tree of Life are for the healing of the nations, and there is a leaf for every wound, an antidote for every poison, a death blow to every parasite. If the influences which God has started for the improvement of the world's condition are as radical and potent as I believe them to be, the time is coming when there will be only two ways of dying,—by old age and by accident. All success to the doctors!

* * *

We call the attention of every reader of this journal to the communication from Rev. Dr. Strong, which appears on another page. Such a union of Christian churches for the attainment of objects that all Christian denominations are striving for, should command the earnest support of every thoughtful mind. With such an organization perfected throughout this country, a world of good might be accomplished in the direction of Christian progress, public morality, and far-reaching benevolences. The greatest need of the present day is effective organization on the lines indicated. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to receive an expression of opinion from its readers on the subject.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Missionaries and Christian workers in foreign lands, who are receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the kindness of subscribers are requested to write us concerning the progress of their missionary labors. Such communications, when of real interest, will be published

D. L. Hildreth, Newport Centre, Vt., writes: In renewing my subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I beg to say that I have found it so helpful and consoling in my life work for the past four or five years, that it is now considered a fixture with my family and a necessity to myself.

J. W., Maspeth, N. Y. Where can I find a full and intelligent review or condensation of the Monroe doctrine, which is the basis of our contention with Great Britain?

Probably the best exposition recently issued is to be found in the "American Citizen's Handbook," one of the ten volumes included in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library which is given as a premium with this journal for a year's subscription at three dollars.

Mr. E. W., Rochelle, Ill. The good book says believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Does that mean merely an intellectual or head belief?

By no means; it refers to a full, living belief in which head, heart and whole being alike share—a belief that so fills our being that it compels expression in thought and word and deed. Mere intellectual belief is a morally dead belief. The devil and his angels believe in that way. (See James 2: 19.)

J. H. E., Portland, Oreg. The only reliable and available method of sending relief funds to Armenia, we believe to be that now followed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through its arrangement with the American Board. Money sent direct to any missionary there in all probability would never reach its destination. Any sum sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund and specially intended for any particular missionary, would reach that missionary through this channel. The condition of affairs in Armenia would render it difficult for a missionary to enter into correspondence, beyond possibly, a simple grateful acknowledgment.

H. W. T., Gettysburg, Pa. 1. Is it right to ask children to believe in "Santa Claus?" 2. Is the offer you make to subscribers during Christmas still good?

1. If told to them as a myth or legend, common to many nations, which has its foundation in the gift of the Christ-child, they will not be led into a wrong belief. Many of the most beautiful customs of Christian countries are founded on ancient legends. As the child grows older he will understand the origin and significance of these customs. 2. Yes, the offer is still open.

A. B., East Greenwich, R. I. Did the steward mentioned in Luke 16: 9, do right? His conduct seems dishonest according to our standards. Why did Christ commend him?

Jesus did not commend the steward. It was the steward's lord who commended him, and that not for his dishonesty but for his astuteness. The man undoubtedly did wrong in defrauding his employer. Christ used the parable to show the foresight exercised by men of no moral principle. When they see that they are about to lose their position they make provision for the future, by rendering service to people then beneath them in rank who will be able to serve them when the need comes. If Christ's followers acted even on that mercenary motive, they would seek out the poor and needy of his people and provide for them, because God has promised to reward those who do so. But they do not show so much shrewdness as worldly people do. That is the apparent meaning of the parable.

M. B., Visalia, Cal. 1. What kind of anger is it that Paul enjoins, Ephesians 4: 26, as being without sin? 2. Does the statement 1 Timothy 4: 10, that God is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe, imply that all men will be saved in the end?

1. The kind that is aroused by wickedness and outrage and cruel wrong. The Christian who hears of such cruelties as those now being perpetrated in Armenia, naturally feels anger at the monster who sits on the Turkish throne, and the European potentates who suffer him to sit there, and there is no sin in such anger. It is righteous indignation. And in this country when we see the poor defrauded, simple people cheated and the innocent tempted into lives of shame, our anger is justifiable; there is no sin in it. But it is liable to lead us to commit sin, if it causes us to do violence or to be uncharitable and unforgiving. 2. No, the passage does not teach that. God is the benefactor of all; he "sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." All men are saved by him from innumerable ills that would come on a world without a God. He is also potentially their Saviour, inasmuch as he is ready to save every man who will come to him to be saved, but there is no encouragement in the passage for any man who does not avail himself of his offer of salvation from sin.

W. A., Limestoneville, Pa. Does the woe pronounced by Christ (Matt. 24: 19) imply a disapproval of marriage?

No, it refers to a time of terrible affliction when hurried flight would be the only means of saving life. The "woe" was not uttered in denunciation, but was a prediction that women in such condition would be great sufferers, not being able to endure the hardships of flight.

Mrs. J., Glen Arbor, Mich. Does the passage about property (Isa. 65: 21, 22) apply to the life in heaven?

No; it refers to the Millennial time of blessedness on earth when people will enjoy the fruit of their labors, and one man will not toil and live in poverty while another lives in idleness and luxury on the proceeds of the other's labor. It will be a time when justice will be done in social life on the earth.

J. M. J., Bradford, Tenn. Was Cornelius (Acts 10: 1 35), when Peter went to him, a man who would now be called a convered man?

From the description given and from Peter's commendation, we infer that he would be considered a strictly moral, but not a converted man. He was living up to the light he had, and striving to please God. Probably he had not heard the Gospel preached until Peter preached it to him, though we gather from verse 37 that he knew in a general way of the mission of Christ. His conversion appears to have occurred under Peter's preaching.

J. C. J., South Dakota. Several times since my conversion I have fallen into sin, knowing that it was sin, yet not deterred by the fact. Is there hope of my being forgiven, or do such passages as Heb. 10: 20, 31, 11. Peter 2: 20, 22 preclude hope?

Do not suffer despair to enter your heart. The mercy of God is infinite toward those who plead for it. The passages to which you refer are a warning to those who continue in sin. To those who loathe it and strive to avoid it, as your letter shows that you do, pardon will be freely granted. But do not forget that divine power to overcome is placed at your disposal and you must seek it earnestly. It is a grievous thing for one whom Christ has redeemed to fall into sin.

W. H. L., Seattle, Wash., H. H. Cockran and others. What are the exact words of the Didache giving directions as to baptism? Do you consider the Didache authoritative?

Chapter VII of the Didache, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, as translated from the Greek, reads: "Now concerning baptism, thus baptize ye: having first uttered all these things [the contents of previous chapters], baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, in living water. But if thou hast not living water, baptize in other water, and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm. But if thou hast neither, pour water on the head thrice into the name of the Father and Son and Holy Spirit." It is part of a manuscript found in a monastery at Constantinople, and is the only copy known to be in existence. Athanasius who died in 373 and other early writers refer to the existence of such a work, but until 1873 no copy of it had been found. The Teaching appears to have been composed about 120, but this particular copy was not made before 1056. It is authoritative only so far as it indicates the practice of the early church. Eusebius, who died in 340, appears to have entertained doubts about the work, as he speaks of it as "The So-called Teaching of the Apostles."

Cola Carter, Germantown, Pa. No; we believe it is not published in book form.——Reader, Mass We cannot undertake the work at present.——Geo. T., East Nanticoke, Ia. The only way we know of is to advertise.——Tracts, good books and religious literature can be used to great advantage in jail and hospital Christian work by the Mission Committee, care G. W. Gaines, drug store, Houston, Tex. Any reader who can send publications of this sort, after reading, will aid in a good work.——Constant Reader. We believe it to be reliable.——B. Gardiner, Wardsville, Can. We do not know the source.——G. H. Maxwell, Fort Keogh, Mont. Christians form about one third of the whole.——Subscriber, Fort Bragg, Colo. The Cyclopedic Dictionary gives what you want.——G. A. Frederick, No. the duty to country is the highest. "God and Country," is the motto of the true patriot.——Earnest Inquirer, Quincy, Ill. Yes, it is unchristian and unphilosophical to worry over matters over which we have no control.——A. J. Butterfield, Quincy, Mass. Who is the author of the verses beginning "If Peter stood at the golden gate?"——Alice H——, Lamar, Mo. You can find all the information you want on the subject in any good Cyclopedia of Biography.——C. T. P., Waterford, Mich. Write to Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.——W. E. McChesney, Pekin, N. Y. His address is Missionary Medical Training Institute, Chicago, Ill.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Preparing for War.

THE latent animosity toward England over the Venezuelan difficulty was brought to an acute stage on Dec. 17th, by President Cleveland's message to Congress. The President informed Congress that he had received the reply of the English Government to his last request that England submit her dispute with the Government of Venezuela to arbitration. Lord Salisbury's reply, the President considered, indicated no prospect of his yielding. He therefore suggested that Congress authorize him to appoint a Commission to investigate the English claim on Venezuela and to report on its merits. The basis of such a proposal was, of course, the Monroe doctrine, which makes the United States the champion of any State in this hemisphere, against the encroachment of a European power. Whether the proceedings of England constitute an encroachment is the question at issue between her and Venezuela. The territory in dispute is that part marked in the accompanying map with a dotted line. It has been the subject of controversy since the year 1840. England claims that the Dutch, from whom in 1814 she acquired by treaty the territory now known as British Guiana, held possession of the whole region as far as the part marked with a dark line in the map. Venezuela insists that all territory north and west of the river, Essequibo, belongs to her. In 1844 an attempt was made to settle the difficulty, and Sir Robert Schomburgk was employed by England to make a boundary line. He started from a point west of Point Barima, where the remains of an old Dutch fort showed that the Dutch had certainly been in possession, and drew his line in a southwesterly direction to the northern frontier of British Guiana, advising England to waive her claims to all territory west of that line. Lord Aberdeen, who was the British Foreign Minister at the time, agreed, and even consented to waive a part of the territory on the British side of Schomburgk's line, if Venezuela would accept that boundary and agree never to transfer the territory given up to her to any foreign power. Venezuela made no reply to this proposal, and in 1850 England notified her that it was withdrawn. Since then several attempts have been made to settle the boundary, but without success. Finally, in 1887, Venezuela offered to accept the proposal made to her in 1844, but in the inverval many British subjects had settled in the territory England had been willing to give up, and the British government replied that the concession could not then be made. They were willing, however, to submit all territory beyond the Schomburgk line to arbitration. Then Venezuela revived her claim to the Essequibo boundary and so the matter now stands. President Cleveland's proposal that a Commission be appointed to investigate the merits of this dispute, was cordially received by Congress and there was an enthusiastic outburst of approval of his declaration that it would be the duty of the United States to resist, "by every means in its power," any attempt on the part of England to retain possession of any territory which the Commission might decide did not rightly belong to her. Congress clearly apprehended the tendency of the President's proposal and not only voted money for the expenses of the Commission, but proceeded to make provision for the purchase of rifles, heavy guns and other munitions of war. It is most devoutly to be hoped that they will never be needed. A war between the United States and England would be an appalling calamity to both nations. The spectacle of such a conflict would also retard the progress of civilization and the propagation of the Gospel of Peace which both nations have been preaching to barbarous peoples. In this crisis it is the manifest duty of every Christian to pray that the statesmen of both nations may be kept from mistakes and be led to follow the Apostolic advice:

Let us therefore follow the things which make for peace. (Rom. 14: 19.)

A House Afloat.

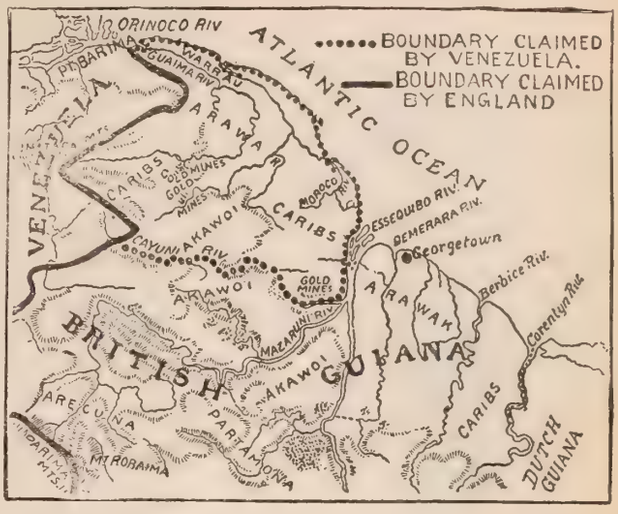
A remarkable feat of engineering has just been successfully accomplished in California. The owner of a large two-story house at Arcata had business reasons for wishing to have it in the neighborhood of Eureka. The most simple plan would have been to sell the house, and buy or build one at Eureka. But he found that the transaction would involve a heavy loss. He, therefore, determined to remove the house bodily. He arranged with a firm of San Francisco engineers to undertake the difficult work. The distance between the two places is twelve miles. The first difficulty was to transport the house over a morass to the river bank. This was satisfactorily accomplished, and the house was set securely on lighters lashed together. A tug took it safely to the bay opposite Eureka, where a large crowd assembled to witness its arrival. The dwelling was transferred to land again, and was easily conveyed to its new site. A slight cracking of the plaster in the ceilings of two rooms was the only indication of the house having made its journey from the one town to the other. This is probably the longest distance a house was ever conveyed bodily. The owner has a novel experience, for when a man removes from one town to another, he always expects to leave his house behind him. We may hope that when the time comes for the owner to make his last removal to the land beyond the grave, to which he cannot take his house nor even the dwelling in which his soul resides, he will not be distressed by the fear of being homeless. If he attains the faith of the Apostle, he will be assured of a better home, and be able to say with him:

I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. (II. Cor. 5: 1.)

The World's Greatest Dam.

A stupendous engineering enterprise has just been completed in India. It appears that the range of mountains known as the Western Ghauts, dividing at one part of their course the provinces of Travancore and Madura, mark a striking contrast of climate. On the Travancore side the rivers flow perennially, and there is abundance of rain; while on the Madura side, the monsoons that bring rain, often fail and the rivers become dry and the country arid. An officer who had charge of the district in 1808, conceived a plan for conveying water from Travancore through the hills to Madura. It was them pronounced chimerical, but at intervals since, it has been revived. In 1882, Major Pennycuick, a distinguished engineer examined the project, and suggested various modifications of it, which, he believed, would render it feasible. One feature of it was the construction of an enormous dam of solid masonry, one hundred and sixty-four feet high across the Periyar River. This structure was commenced at once and is now finished. It runs across the valley, confining the river and making an artificial lake 1,289 miles in area, from which the water flows through a tunnel in the hills into the arid provinces. The work was one of extreme difficulty. The district is a hundred miles away from any line of railroad and the stones and machinery had to be drawn to the place by primitive means. Months passed before the foundation of the dam could be laid. The cost of the dam, the works for distributing the water and for utilizing, for industrial purposes, the power derived from the fall of the river through a height of a thousand feet, has been enormous. Already over two million dollars have been spent, and several parts of the works are not yet completed. The benefit to the parched districts will, however, far outweigh the cost. The people who have suffered for lack of the precious water will now have an abundant supply. That they will avail themselves of it and bless the means that have brought it to them is certain. They will not be indifferent to it as many are to the invitation which through the sacrifice of Christ is made to the world:

Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely (Rev. 22: 17).



MAP OF VENEZUELA SHOWING THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

THE GREAT DAM RECENTLY BUILT ACROSS THE PERIYAR RIVER, INDIA.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Salvation Army in its Philanthropic Department now finds employment in its factories and workshops for 10,700 persons, men and women.

A Number of Stundist Preachers who are banished to Trans Caucasia, having served their sentences for preaching were required to sign an undertaking that they would not repeat the offence. On their refusal they were sentenced to a further term of five years.

Several Missionaries in the Neighborhood of Kan-suh, China, have been notified that they should hold themselves in readiness for flight to Hankow. A rebellion is being organized to overthrow the dynasty, and the lives of foreigners will be in peril when it breaks out.

Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., has been Appointed Corresponding Secretary to the Institutional Church League, the object of which is to promote the growing movement among the churches on behalf of the non-church-going classes. His address is 506 Madison avenue, New York.

The Presbyterian General Assemblies of Australia and Tasmania have accomplished a form of federation. The moneys for missions are brought together under one organization, and there is to be a uniform system of theological training with the same standard of qualification for the ministry.

A Wealthy New York Lady has Presented the Church Temperance Society with a handsome wagon for its work in the city. It is proposed to utilize it for the sale of tea, coffee, temperance drinks, and rolls at cost price. The wagon will be taken from one part of the city to another, stand in some open place for half an hour, and customers will be served from it. A poor man with only a few cents in his pocket will, it is hoped, prefer to spend them at the wagon instead of the saloon.

Herr Ahlwardt, the Anti-Semitic Agitator, has arrived in this country for the purpose of uniting the working-classes against the Jews. At his first meeting in New York, some indiscreet persons pelted him with rotten eggs. This is to be regretted. It may be hoped that in other cities less objectionable means will be taken to show him that he is unwelcome, but Ahlwardt, wherever he goes, ought not to be left in any doubt as to the fact. We do not want any man here stirring up rancor against any class or race.

Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D., Commences his ministry at Asbury Park, N. J., this week. His labors at the Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church in New York during the past six years have been greatly blessed to the church. Dr. Stryker was pastor of the same church from 1856 to 1868 and under his ministry it grew to a strong and aggressive organization. He left it to accept a call to Philadelphia returning to it in 1890 after an absence of twenty-two years. The church has now passed into the hands of the Collegiate Reformed Church.

There are now in Japan Twenty-nine Protestant missionary societies, with 226 male and 210 unmarried female missionaries. They occupy 134 stations and 750 out-stations. The organized churches number 364, with a membership of nearly 40,000. The native Japanese ministers number 794. The deputation recently sent to Japan by the American Board is now on its way home. Its report has not yet been presented, but it is understood that they found the native churches better prepared to carry on aggressive work than they had been led to expect, and the relations between the churches and the missionaries were cordial.

Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the Sunday School Union, had a most successful year's labor in Missouri. The work done by these devoted laborers is of inestimable value. In many country districts, where they have organized schools there were absolutely no religious privileges for miles around. It has happened in hundreds of instances that the school has developed into a church. Mr. Sharp writes that last year the missionaries of that department organized no less than six hundred and one schools. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have had a part in this good work, inasmuch as they have provided the funds, for five years past, with which Mr. Sharp has been kept in the field. We trust they will authorize us to continue his services next year. The work is undenominational.

THEY BLESS THE BOWERY MISSION.

A Multitude Who Have Found Spiritual Peace and Lasting Happiness Within Its Hospitable Gates—The Record of Nine Months' Earnest Work.

THOUGH only nine months have elapsed since the old Bowery Mission entered upon a new lease of life under its present management, these months embrace what is, in some respects, the most eventful period of its history. To the thousands who knew the old mission—the pioneer of its kind—its present aspect is that of an old friend with a new face. In no essential particular has it been changed from what it was under its founder and conductors in the old days, when it was a strong bulwark for righteousness in the centre of a vast population, including the very worst criminal and tramp element in the metropolis. In those days the Mission was a beacon-light to the wanderer and the storm-tossed sinner, a Gospel of welcome and helpfulness in all weathers and under all conditions. To-day, it is conducted on precisely similar lines, but it has broadened and deepened its religious channels and its ramifications embrace an area never reached before. Not only have its spiritual activities been re energized and quickened but it has taken hold of the hearts of a great multitude of God's people all over the Union, who are in the closest bonds of sympathy with it at every point and whose prayers ascend for it daily. And not a day passes in which earnest seekers after the better life do not write requesting the prayers of the Sunday Afternoon Converts' Meeting, either for themselves or for some dear one who is still out of Christ and whom they desire to bring into the Christian life. This spiritual kinship, reaching across a Continent, has been a great source of moral strength to the Mission during these nine months past.

Both in the nightly services and in the Sunday afternoon Prayer Meetings spiritual strength has developed. At these meetings and the services held on Sunday morning by Mrs. Bird, during the nine months, 5,112 souls have professed conversion. As many as one hundred and ten made such profession in one day. Out of the number of professed conversions there is always a very substantial percentage who remain firm and show that their pledges were not merely empty words but intended to be faithfully kept.

Located in the centre of the wickedest quarter of the city, a great thoroughfare where vice and crime are prevalent to an alarming degree, the Mission is a resting place for many who are wearied and tired with the excitements and allurements of sin, and it is in this place that their hearts are directed again to the teachings and early training of their childhood. The Sunday morning services, and the services on Thursday night, are conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, who feeds at her own expense about three hundred and fifty homeless men twice a week, and conducts her services the year round without intermission. Thus nearly forty thousand souls are nourished both temporally and spiritually out of the private funds of this [illegible].

Success has followed the establishment of a restaurant in connection with the [illegible] for the purpose of supplying plain substantial meals to those who have no regular home or dwelling-place, children of misfortune and sin, yet who, if a helping hand be extended to them, are ready to take courage and try to do better, with God s help. Many a poor young fellow—doubtless some "mother's boy" not many years ago—is stranded in the great city through dissipation or inadvertence, and his few pennies, if he be fortunate enough to have any, cannot buy him a meal at any ordinary restaurant. At the mission he can find wholesome food in abundance, and even though he cannot pay, he will not be turned hungry from its hospitable door. Its clean, freshly-aired dormitories, inviting, though plain, its large, comfortable reading-room, and its restaurant with seats to accommodate over 100 at once, in conjunction with the excellent spiritual influences that surround its inmates, make it really what it is: the model home for young men who, sick of sin and its surroundings, are glad to find such a haven of rest. In the Restaurant 381,572 meals were furnished, a goodly percentage being gratuitous. At the Free Dispensary, which was added to the work on August 20 last, 640 people have been treated, it being the only Free Dispensary on the Bowery. The lodgings of the Home have accommodated 28,860, of which many were free; and respectable employment has been secured for 704 idle men.

In the restaurant no applicant is turned away who applies for food. In the lodging house a similar rule is observed, though with some discrimination. It is intended that the Bowery Mission shall be a helping-hand to those who are in distress and in need, and who have, either through misfortune, or perhaps their own misconduct, reached a point where they are without friends or hope. No recommendations or letters of introduction are required as a basis upon which help is extended, it being part of the principle of the Mission that "he who cannot furnish character or recommendation, stands, perhaps, most in need of help." Every effort is made to turn the applicant's face toward God, and after this has been done, every effort is made to secure for him some means by which he can earn an honest livelihood. Instances are numerous, extending up into the hundreds, of those who have in the past nine months been redeemed not only from a fallen, vicious life, but raised from impecuniosity to positions of trust and confidence, making themselves self-supporting and self-respecting citizens. No mission in the city is so favorably located for dealing with the prodigal and the unfortunate as the Bowery Mission, for the neighborhood of the Bowery is a maelstrom that draws its victims from the four quarters of the earth.

Many who come there and fall into the snares of the East Side are strangers from other cities, who, finding themselves friendless, after a hard experience drift, all stranded and penniless, to the door of the Bowery Mission. Sons, fathers, husbands and relatives have thus been rescued, reclaimed and restored through the instrumentality of the Bowery Mission, whose gate is ever open to the friendless and the wanderer.

During the year the work of the Mission has been greatly helped and encouraged by the kindly sympathy of many friends who have written us, announcing their desire to become interested in the spiritnal and material progress of the work. Some few have already shown their patronage to be of the practical sort by contributing toward the expense of conducting the Mission, and others have intimated a similar purpose. Necessarily, the expansion of the work of the Mission has involved an outlay considerably in excess of that of previous years, but the record of the nine months just closed leaves room for the hope that another year may see the Mission in the position of a self-supporting Christian work, still expanding and able to do better and more effective service for the Master than at any time in its previous history.

THE READING-ROOM OF THE BOWERY MISSION, NEW YORK.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Mrs. P. K. Milligan.
Zella, Le Roy, N. Y.
Mrs. O. M. Warner.
Louis Robertson.
Miss Jennie Tibbals.
L. H. Andrews.
Friend
John S. Hughes.
Miss Madge Nesbitt.
Clara Monroe.
A Saint's Darling led by Jesus, Great Bend, Pa.
G. A. H., Putnam.
F. A. Flower.
——, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clara Jennings.
Cash, Paterson, N. J.
Perrington Church, Brooklyn.

Their Faith Lent Them Courage.

IN the narrative of the loss of the ship *Kent* (East Indiaman), it is recorded that when the vessel was on fire, several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after-cabins on the quarter deck, were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at that awful hour to impart to their own breasts.

The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by Christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of everyone who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down upon her knees and clasping her hands together, said, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" and immediately proposed to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her; and her sister, with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind, selected the forty-sixth and other appropriate Psalms, which were accordingly read with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately, to the assembled females.

Idols Rejected.

Miss Leggett, a missionary at She-k-i-lien, in China, relates the following: "Recently one of our girls was married. She is not quite sixteen years of age. The betrothal was made in her infancy, before the knowledge of the Gospel had penetrated into the town, and as the bridegroom-elect was still in 'nature's darkness,' there was no way of escaping from the heathen practices which are indulged in on such occasions. However, the bride had a plan whereby she hoped to avoid bowing down to worship the native idols, and when that point in the ceremonies was reached, and the bridegroom prostrated himself on the ground, she quietly sat down. But the eyes of her relatives were upon her, and five women rushed forward, and, applying their strength to her shoulders and limbs, forced her down on her face. The poor child was helpless in their hands, and a moment afterward, rose from the ground crying bitterly. When her husband asked her to join with him in worshipping Lao-tsie-ie (the kitchen god), she flatly refused, saying, 'You must worship the paper yourself; I shall never join you, even if you kill me.' A few days later she sent a message to us, saying, 'I am still trusting Jesus, and mean to do so till I die.' Now we hear that she is teaching her husband hymns, and that he, too, is learning to pray to Jesus. She is also allowed to worship on Sabbath."

The Missionary Civilizer.

The broad international effects of mission work are beginning to make themselves felt, and will do so more and more. In Central Africa for instance, where the German sphere embraces the work of some English missionaries, the representatives of German authority have shown themselves both considerate and just. They have shown an appreciation of the work done, and perceive that the missionary will make the native a kind of man whom it will be profitable for foreigners to rule and trade with.

The Family and Home Circle

MOTHER.

SHE was an angel in our home,
And God to her had given
Wisdom to lead our erring feet,
The narrow way to heaven.

Her prayers were heard, her teachings blest,
Her work on earth was done;
God called her—and how suddenly
Her heavenly life begun!

Can she, who loved so lavishly,
Now only out of sight,
Be colder, more forgetful grown,
There in God's full love-light?

No, mother dear, we feel thy love
Around us every day;
Thy sweet voice seems to cheer us on,
From o'er the starry way.

A little while, and oh! how sweet
Will that bright meeting be;
When gathered in our Father's house,
We'll love eternally.

—MRS. N. W. HINE.

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Little Princess Olga.

The Russian Royal Baby Baptized at the Tsarkoe-Selo Palace.

AMONG the many "mites of humanity" born into the world during the latter part of 1895, few have had a tithe of the attentions paid to them that were lavished upon the wee Russian maidn, who recently came to cheer the home f the young Czar and his royal consort. ll the royal Court was astir and there ere great rejoicings throughout the emire when the news came of the little aid's arrival. Within a few hours thereafter, as is the custom in the Russian Church, she received her name, and it is a emarkably pretty one, in Russian eyes at east. Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna, hey all declared, was a handsome baby, nd the old ladies of the Court predicted brilliant future for her, while the ounger ones almost envied her, for nany reasons. When she was eight ays old she was taken to Tsarkoe-Selo to e baptized. At the actual baptism of a hild, according to the Russian Church, he father and mother are not allowed to e present; so while this sacrament was eing administered, the Czar retired to an nner room of the palace and there waited ntil the ceremony was over. Afterward e entered the church, and, with the Czarina, followed by two pages, took the ittle princess to the place designated where he was to receive the first communion. The artist in illustration (from the London *Graphic*) has shown the baby in the arms of ts father just after the baptismal ceremony.

The Russian Church is one of the oldst Christian institutions in the world. According to a tradition, up to the ninth entury there was not a Christian church n the land, which was then ruled over by Ruric. The Apostle Andrew had long efore planted the first Christian cross at Kiev. It may be that there were converts here, even at that early period, but there are no authentic records. Strangely enough, he first recorded Christian baptism in Russia was that of a royal lady who bore the same name as the little grand-duchess who was carried to the front a few weeks ago. The convert was Olga, the widow of Igor, who ruled Russia early in the tenth century, and who was Regent during the minority of her son, Svatoslav. She visited the Patriarch Theophylact in Constantinople, and there was baptized. She afterward changed her name to Helena and returned to her own country; but to the close of her life she was compelled to worship in secret. It was the great desire of this royal lady that her son also should become a convert to Christianity, but in this she was disappointed. However, the triumph of the new faith came in the succeeding generation, for Olga's grandson, Vladimir I., not only embraced Christianity himself, but influenced multitudes of his people to follow his example. Vladimir was called by his contemporaries, "Isapostolos" (apostle-like), because of his missionary character. It was a bright day for Christianity, when, without active resistance, the people yielded to the wish of Vladimir to be baptized, and cast the images of Peroun and other heathen gods into the river Dnieper. His son, Yaroslav, in the eleventh century,

THE BAPTISM OF LITTLE PRINCESS OLGA AT TSARKOE-SELO.

completed the conversion of the Russian nation, who have ever since remained true to the Christian faith. Vladimir is the patron saint of the nation, and the memory of Olga, the first convert, is now revived by the recent baptism at the beautiful Tsarkoe-Selo Palace.

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Be Kind to the Brutes.

Abraham Lincoln, says a writer in *Our Dumb Animals*, would as soon have cut off his right arm as have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was Vice-President of the Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young. No Southern general, to our knowledge, ever rode a mutilated horse. Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. Bismarck's dog has been almost as well known in Germany as Bismarck, and the Queen of England is the head of humane work in that country. Herein is a good lesson for our girls and boys, of kindness and consideration to the dumb creation.

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Children and Money.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did you buy with your money?" and he answered: "I bought a cake and a candy, and some apples, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel, she said, "What did you buy with your money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "Daniel borrowed mine," which was true.

On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy happens to find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need some money, but not a superfluity. Freshets will wash away more cornfields than they culture.

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Home Altars.

The family altar is the bulwark of the home. Prayer is an essential part of the service of God. No Christian can suppose that family prayer is not more pleasing to God than the omission of it. We ought in all things to please God; thus we honor him. The practice of family prayer never distressed the Christian conscience; the omission has. Christians who apologize for the neglect of this duty presume on their inability. In this they dishonor God. They will receive assistance from God if they were to make a humble and faithful experiment. The apostle said that he could do all things through Christ assisting him. Certainly, all Christians secretly admit the obligations of family prayer. No man has ever died regretting that he has an altar in his house. How about the many who have died without the altar? There is no surer sign of religious deterioration than the neglect of the family altar. There ought to be a great revival on the line of family altars throughout the Church.

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A New Amusement.

WE are pleased with the spelling contests in which all villages and cities occasionally participate. Good will come from them, not only in the boisterous hilarities which have been created, but in the improved mental calibre of the people. Now we propose a new form of amusement, for these long winter evenings, namely, a grammar match. We sometimes positively enjoy the brawny smashing of the English language by some old Christian man who never saw a grammar in all his life, but whose heart is so full of holiness that he can sway a religious meeting and carry everything before him. But we consider it a positive shame, when a grammar will cost only fifty cents, and one hour's study a day for one year would make an ordinary mind capable of understanding the structure of our English language, that so many of our young men and middle-aged men go blundering through their prayers and exhortations, thus depleting their influence for good by one half. The little children of this day are having so many opportunities of perfecting themselves in the study of grammar, that when in our religious assemblages they hear men distorting and outraging the language at every step, putting "them" for "those," and "is" for "are," and "I seen" for "I saw," and "I done it" for "I did it," and "they was" for "they were," the young people turn their heads away and say within themselves: "That man cannot teach me anything, for I know more than he does now." It would be well for ministers of the Gospel to purchase fifty or a hundred English grammars and distribute them among those who take part in religious service. If the pastor has the confidence of the people they would gladly take his suggestion. Laymen go on from year to year with this little "dead fly in the ointment" of their public services, because the fly has never been pointed out to them. Suppose, then, we have a few grammar matches! Let us choose sides, and see who can parse a sentence without breaking down. What wonder if some little child should carry off the palm for being the best grammarian!

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Babies in Pastures Green.

A writer who has recently made a bicycle tour around the world told of a quaint and pretty sight he saw in an out-of-the-way part of China, where the people have many quaint customs: "I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of green sward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle, or kammer-bund around its waist, and the end of the tether string was tied to the back of this. Some of the Celestials were crawling about on all fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright, by steadying themselves against the stake they were tied to. What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the grass land like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect they did, indeed, resemble young calves; for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field, a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quietly contented with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several minutes, from pure amusement, at their unique position; but, although, they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them."

FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lifting the Fallen.

THE spring came and passed, and the summer began to wane.

To a great degree, Silvervale had fallen back into its own ways, and the winter's great revival was a thing of the past.

Summer boarders filled the place, amusements—sometimes of questionable nature—were in order every evening, and the two hotels greatly prospered, the Horse Head House holding its prestige of respectability.

Reuben Hilton had employed a young man to fill Will's place, and to all outward appearances the son was not greatly missed.

Will still remained with Deacon Barkmore.

His wages were paid over regularly to his father—in fact, the landlord had demanded it of the deacon, as another measure toward forcing Will's return; but the deacon provided Will with clothes besides.

He had found in Will a laborer worthy of his hire, and more. Never had he had a hand so faithful.

One day—it was then September—the deacon called on Hilton to pay him, as usual.

He had been prompt to the day in these settlements.

The amount he tendered this time was a little less than the usual ten dollars he had been paying, and Hilton quickly demanded:

"How is this, Barkmore? I want ten dollars."

"Well, you cannot get it out of me this time," was the answer. "William came of age a few days ago, and I have paid him the difference. This winds up the matter 'twixt you and me."

The landlord flushed.

"Well, you are right," he said. "I did not think of that."

"And I want to say further that you have got a son to be proud of," the deacon added. "I couldn't love him more if he was my own boy."

"Proud of him!" cried Hilton, for the deacon had touched his sorest spot. "Proud of him, after the fool he has made of himself? I guess not! I hope he will come to his senses, some day."

"Well, you and I have different ways of looking at the same thing, Hilton," the deacon rejoined. "In my opinion he came to his senses last winter when he took the step he did. I say, he is a son to be proud of; and I hope you will come to own it."

The deacon took his receipt and went away, leaving the proprietor of the Horse Head House in a thoughtful mood.

Yes, Will was now of age.

On the morning of his birthday the deacon had asked him if he wanted to stay on, and Will had decided to stay.

He knew he could not find a better place at that kind of work, and as he had no trade he could not do much better at anything else. He would look around, but while he did so he would remain where he was.

So another bargain was struck.

One day, a short time after, when the deacon had been to town, he came out to the field where Will was at work, on his return.

"William," he said, "I have got a bit of bad news."

"What is it, Mr. Barkmore?" Will asked, his heart beating quick with dread. He thought immediately of father, mother, and sister.

"Why, Fred Wilson has given over; he was drunk in town last night. He stouted it out well, and I really hoped he was going to stick to, but I s'pose the temptation was too strong."

Hardly any news could have pained Will more than this.

"It will kill his mother," he said.

"Nigh about, I reckon," the deacon agreed. "What I was going to say, William, you had better see him as soon as you can. You can do more with him than anybody else I know of."

"I will see him this very night," Will declared.

"You need not wait," said the deacon; "take the pony and go right in this afternoon."

And so he did.

Reaching town, he drove in by the church and tied under the church shed, and it was only a short walk to the widow's cottage.

He knocked at the kitchen door, his usual way, and when Mrs. Wilson opened the door he saw at once that she had been weeping. She seemed to have aged five years since he saw her last, only a short time before.

"You have heard?" she said, simply.

"Yes; where is he?" Will asked.

"He is in the sitting-room. Go right in."

There was no need to question or explain; each understood.

Will entered the sitting-room immediately, where he found Fred on the lounge.

"Don't scold, Billy," the young man said. "I didn't mean to do it, but here I am. I tried hard, you know I tried hard, Billy."

"Yes, you tried hard, Fred, and there was just where you failed, too," said Will. "I am not here to scold you, but to have a little chat with you. How did it happen, anyhow?"

"Just explain what you mean by what you say first. What would you have me do, if not try?"

"It was all try, Fred, and not enough trust, in your case. You began by saying you would try. I made up my mind that I would do—God helping me, and he has helped me, he is helping me."

"Yes, but you have got more will—"

"No, for I passed that right over to him; my will is now his will; that is all there is of it."

"Well, it is all up with me. I wouldn't care, only for mother—"

"One of the greatest reasons why you should care, Fred. You can make her happy in her old days, or you can send her to an early grave."

Fred covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

"But what is a fellow to do?" he demanded. "Take away the hotels, and what is there in Silvervale? A fellow can't stay in the house all the time, anyhow I can't, and there is no other place to go to of an evening. If you want to see anybody, you have got to go to the hotels. All the young fellows are there. If you want to know anything, you have got to be out among folks a little. And that was just how it happened; I was down before I knew it."

"But there are the meetings, and the reading-circle, and—"

"Don't mention them, they are not to my taste. They are just right for a few who like them, but I am one of the many who want something different—and can't find it outside of the hotels. Not that I like the hotel, but that is the nearest to what I do like; a place where a fellow can feel at home, hear what is going on, and have a little company. But, if that was all. The hotel is a place for business, and if you don't patronize the bar you soon feel that you are not wanted—anyhow, you think it is so whether it is or not. I don't go to Wheeler's either; that isn't respectable—"

"That! for the respectability," cried Will, snapping his fingers. "One is no better than another, or if it is, the 'respectable' place is the worst because it is the most alluring. A curse upon them all!"

Fred had never heard him speak so vehemently.

"Well, you are right, I guess," he admitted. "But, there is the case, just as it stands, and here I am, downed."

"And the same One will pick you up again, Fred. But I am here on business, too—that is business of another sort. Mr. Barkmore has been talking about putting up a new wagon-house, and I want to take you out there to look at the job."

"I promised to go to a ball to-night—"

"Well, you were not quite yourself, then, and they can get along without you. Get yourself ready and come along with me; we'll go spearing to-night, up the creek, if you feel like stirring yourself."

That decided him, for spearing was his favorite sport, as Will knew; and while Fred was getting ready Will had a talk with Mrs. Wilson.

The result was, the deacon had his wagon-house begun a little earlier than he had intended, that was all; and Fred remained at his place all the time he was building it.

And the result was, again, that when he returned home he had made a new resolve, and was better fortified to carry it out than he had been to "try" to remain steadfast. He had tried doing, and had failed; this time he began aright by yielding. And instead of saying he would try, he adopted Will's motto; he would do, God helping him!

But, for the direct and immediate cause of his fall—that was something for thought. Will Hilton found it so. It came as proof of a theory he had been framing in his mind for a long time. His father's barroom was the instrument, in the hands of Satan, for the ruin not only of body, but for the destruction of soul as well; and yet it was a "respectable" place, and was pointed out as such. Will's ambition was to make it respectable indeed!

His opportunity came.

CHAPTER IX.

"The Blind Shall See."

It was the day after Thanksgiving.

A horseman came dashing up to Deacon Barkmore's place from the direction of the village.

"Where is Will Hilton?" he asked eagerly. "His father has been stricken with paralysis and they think he is dying. Mrs. Hilton wants Will to come as soon as he can get there."

Will was called, the news was broken to him, and the deacon bade him take a horse and make all the haste he could.

Will's face was pale, and he did not attempt to speak at first. It was all he could do to keep back the tears, for he loved his father. On the way to the village he learned the particulars.

Reaching home, he turned up the carriage-way, secured his horse, and entered the house by the same door by which he had left it months before.

His sister met him, and led the way to his father.

Reuben Hilton was in bed, and Mrs. Hilton was sitting by his bedside. The doctor had just taken leave.

Mary had explained the situation on the way upstairs; that their father was blind, had lost the use of one side, but could still hear and talk; that there was hope that he might recover.

Will kissed his mother, and at once took his father's hand and spoke to him.

"Is it you, William?" was feebly asked.

"Yes, father, it is I."

"And you have come to stay?—tell me that you have come to stay. I have hoped so long that you would come back. Your mother will need you now."

"No, I have not come to stay, father," Will answered. "I have come to see you."

"But you must stay," drawing him nearer. "Your absence has killed me, and it will kill your mother, too. Can you forgive me Will?" in a whisper.

"I have never held anything to forgive, father," in the same low tone. "You know what I told you that morning; I knew you were not yourself at the time; you did not intend the blows for me."

He kissed his father on the forehead.

"Yes, yes; I know you said so; but I could not forgive myself, and never can. I have cursed myself a thousand times for that blow, Will, and I had to hear you say again that you forgive it. And then you said something else, Will, something that has been burning my heart out of my breast every waking moment of my life since—Martha, are you there?"

"Yes, husband."

"Please go out, you and Mary; I must talk with William alone."

They left the room quietly, and as soon as the door had closed, Reuben Hilton drew his boy yet closer to his breast.

"I wanted to talk freely, Will," he said. "It was hard work to whisper. I cannot see you, but I can feel of your face. Ha! why was my hand directed to touch that?"

In passing his hand over his son's face, his fingers had come in contact with the scar on his cheek, where a slight lump could be felt.

"Do not think of it, father; that is of the past."

"God was merciful not to take my life till I had again received your forgiveness, Will. Do you think he can forgive—that he would forgive me? But there is that thing between me and him—that accursed thing!"

"What thing, father?"

"That thing you named that morning—my license."

"Well, that can be removed, father, and he is even more willing to forgive than you are to ask."

"I hope so. I have ordered the bar-room closed, Will, and it shall never be opened again while I live. In health, I was too stubborn to yield, and I regard my affliction as my just punishment."

"If it will only prove a blessing, father."

"It will. As I was saying, those last words of yours have been ringing in my ears ever since you spoke them. Not a single waking moment have they been out of my mind, and only my foolish, stubborn pride has kept me from taking the decisive step. But, I must tell you my plans."

"What are they, father?"

"You will sell out the business, and with the proceeds buy a farm, where you can live nicely with your mother and Mary. The hotel will be yours to sell with your mother signing off her rights. I have otherwise provided for Mary—"

"Father, stop. The doctor says you may recover, and in that case—"

"If I do, it shall be sold anyhow. I have resolved never to sell another drop of liquor while I live."

"But, with the wealth gained with what you have sold you would retire in ease, or have me do so, while another hand takes hold here and carries on the same evil traffic—"

"True, true. I had not thought of that. God's curse is upon me, and there is no escape—"

"There is a way, father."

"What is it?"

"What has been a curse may be made to serve as a blessing. This devil's fort may be wrested from him and its guns turned upon himself. Father, dare you give the hotel into my hands, from this hour? you will do that, then I have come home to remain with you."

"But, what on earth can you do with it? It will not be worth the running without the bar."

Will, forthwith, revealed all that he had in mind; the theory that he had been framing for many a day. He believed that a temperance hotel could not only exist, but that it could be made to pay expenses and a little besides. He spoke of the need of the village of some popular resort, where the young men could assemble of an evening without harm to themselves; he cited the case of Fred Wilson as an instance. He talked for an hour or longer, and his argument prevailed.

When the word went forth that Will Hilton had come home to stay, there was excitement, and the old "I told you so!" was heard everywhere.

In the evening he rode back to Deacon Barkmore's, and told him of his plans for the future, and they were heartily approved. The deacon was sorry to part with him, declaring that he would never be able to fill his place, but bade him God speed.

On the following morning, as the bar-room of the Horse Head House still remained closed, it was rumored that Reuben Hilton was dead.

To be Concluded.

The Perils of Ambition.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 12. Luke 2 : 52 ; Deut. 8 : 11-20.

PROSPERITY is a severe test of character. Adversity tries it, too, but not with the subtle and insidious power that prosperity applies. It is well that this fact should be recognized at the outset of life, because the spirit of the age, and the principles of education instil ambition so strongly that the young are apt to be heedless and to regard prosperity as an unalloyed blessing. Ambition will have its place and we regard the man who has it not as dull, spiritless, or lazy. It is therefore important that young people should understand its perils.

One most important caution in respect to ambition is as to its object. There is need to take care that the goal aimed at is worthy of the effort to attain.

One of the saddest utterances in this world is that of an old man confessing that he has wasted his life. The Dead Sea apple is the bitterest of all fruit. To give time and labor and self-denial for some object, to win the battle and then find that the thing was not worth the effort, is heart-breaking. "I have succeeded, I have gained all I strove for and it yields me no satisfaction ;" that is a sorry end of life. Ecclesiastes utters some impressive warnings in this connection that every young man will do well to consider.

A second peril is that of sacrificing in the pursuit of worldly good, things that are too precious to be lost. There is no conceivable gain in the world that will compensate a man for the loss of character. If the object can be attained only by lying or chicanery, the cost is too heavy. It is too high a price to give for wealth or position. Yet the temptation is often very severe. When the prize seems near, or when a foothold on the ladder long sought, is just within reach and the only obstacle is some fact or truth, the whisper is sure to come that it is best to suppress it, to take the prize and not be squeamish. The struggle is often hard, but he is the strong, wise man who resists and who will not sully his soul with a lie to win the highest prize on earth. The sacrifice of spiritual health is another sacrifice too heavy to be made. If any pursuit becomes so engrossing that it absorbs all a man's time, leaving no space for prayer or for Bible study, it is costing too much. There is peril in it. No man can afford to lose his soul even to gain the whole world.

Then there is peril of pride and arrogance. An achievement which places a man ahead of others, stimulates exalted ideas of his own powers. He has succeeded where others have failed and he thinks of his success with self-complacency. He becomes haughty, despises his competitors and plumes himself on his superiority. The Old Testment passage, appointed for the Topic, gives emphatic warning of this.

Another peril is that of a hard and callous spirit. Wealth and power are trusts. He who has them is a steward. He is bound by the laws of humanity to use them for the benefit of his fellow-man. The selfishness that would use them to impoverish others, is the most despicable of all the products of worldly success.

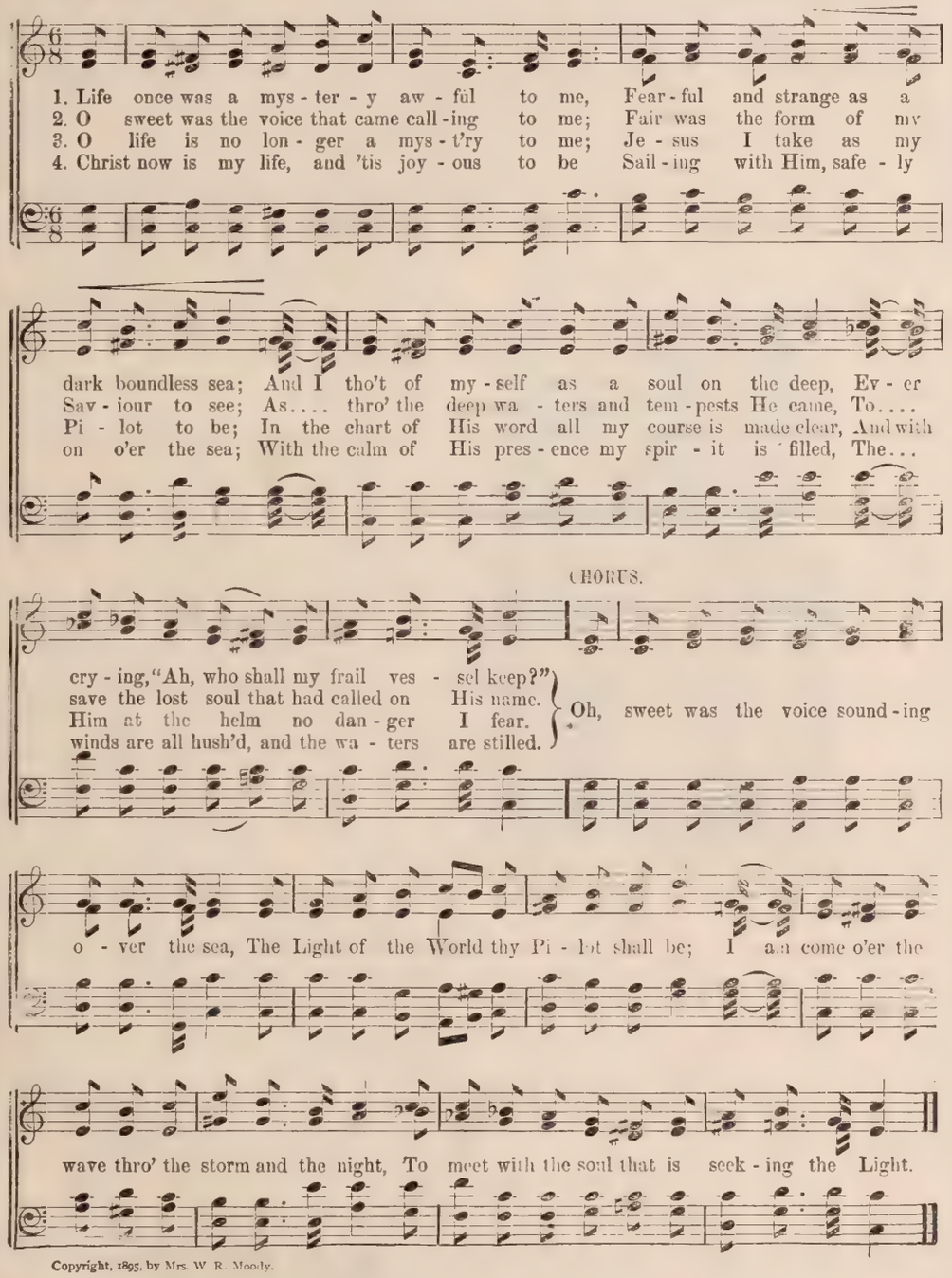
These are only a few of the perils that beset the path of worldly success. Blessed is the man who seeks first the kingdom of God, and makes that his supreme concern to which "other things" may be added.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

THE VOICE ON THE SEA.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."—*Matt. 14:27.*

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE MOODY.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers.

LOVED BY THEE.

THERE'S a light upon my road,
Light more perfect than the day!
Like to Christian, I can say:
"I am loved by thee, O God!"

Where the Master's feet have trod
Flow'rs a ten-fold sweetness yield.
Praise be thine! Thou has revealed
That I'm loved by thee, O God!

Like the swallow's homeward flight
Over lakelet, moor, and lea,
Be my soul's, when it to thee
Wings its passage through the night!

Loved by thee, thou new-born Son!
Loved by thee, whom angels praise!
Loved by thee, Ancient of Days!
Loved by thee, thou Three in One!

Prince of Bethlehem, thine abode
Once was but a cattle stall;
Now we "crown thee Lord of all,"
For thy love leads us to God!

Bright the city of our Rest
Gleams the sunset hills above!
"Jesus loves me. God is love."
Loved by thee! yea, I am blest!

—ARTHUR E. SMITH.

The Lord's Coming.

Its Prominence in the Scriptures and its Pertinence to Christian Life.

BY DR. GEO. F. PENTECOST.

THE fact of the coming of the Lord being so obvious on almost every page of the Scripture has compelled those expositors who have denied his pre-millennial coming in glory, to explain the hundreds of texts which refer to it to mean what they evidently cannot mean.

It must be borne in mind that his coming is not several different events. It is held forth in the Scriptures as one great event, toward which all other events are converging. It is the coming event in history, just as his first coming was the one specific great event toward which all eyes were turned under the former dispensation.

The outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost was not the second coming of Christ, as some have supposed and taught, for the reason that after this, most of the New Testament promises were given including the great prophecy of his coming in Revelation.

It is not conversion. For the reason that this is not one event, but a common, everyday occurrence the world over wherever the Gospel is preached, and in nowise synchronises with the great events which are to accompany the "Coming of the Lord."

It is not death. This is a favorite and popular explanation of that great warning text: "For in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." But every suggestion in connection with the coming of Christ is of life and not death. "When he who is our life shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory." Besides, his coming is to be the signal of the resurrection of the sleeping just, and not the burial of his saints.

It was not the destruction of Jerusalem. Besides many other reasons which render such an exposition impossible of adjustment with this coming event, the promise of his coming, and the warning concerning it continued long after that event.

It is not to be looked for in the world's conversion. Because that is not an event which could happen "as a thief in the night." Besides one of the synchronizing events in connection with the coming is the destruction of "them who have not obeyed the Gospel."

There can be no doubt but that the promise of his coming conveys and contains the second personal and visible bodily appearance of the Lord Jesus on the earth again, for so the promises plainly read. A good canon for the understanding of those Scriptures that point to our Lord's second coming is to be found in this fact: All those prophecies which pointed to his first advent were fulfilled literally, and not figuratively, even to the details of the parting of his garments by lots cast by those who crucified him. Why not expect the same literalness in connection with his second coming?

"This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Nothing could be more explicit and simple than this statement, and no ingenuity can make it mean that his coming is to be understood in a figurative sense.

We are told "every eye shall see him, and they, also, that pierced him." This is of a great visible event, apparent to the whole world. His appearance will be an astonishment for with him in the mid-heavens will appear the gathered Church, out of all the nations.

THE BOOK SHELF

An Indian Child-Waif.*

YOUNG INDIAN GIRL IN NATIVE DRESS.
(*By per A. S. S. Union.*)

DR. HOLLEY had passed a Comanche camp, and was two or three hundred yards beyond it, when his ear became conscious of a faint sound like the feeble wail of a child. He at once looked about him, but could see nothing. The grass was not very tall about this portion of the prairie, so he could see well in every direction. Again he heard the faint sound, and was not quite sure if was an infant's cry. Directly in front of him was a slight depression in the earth, which was almost bare of verdure. He recognized at once that it was a dry water hole. Very soon when the spring rains would begin to come in earnest, it would fill up and the cattle would gather here to drink. But now it was perfectly dry and there was a collection of sand at the bottom. A third time the cry was repeated, and the Doctor distinguished plainly now that it proceeded directly from this water hole. He took a few steps forward, descended to the bottom, and then stooped down, listening intently. There was no further noise.

The Doctor, thinking that he had assuredly been mistaken in the location of the sound, was on the point of rising, when a slight disturbance of the sand to the right of him attracted his attention. He at once made his way to the place, crawling on his hands and knees.

"I think I know what it is now!" he said aloud, as he began rapidly, but carefully to scoop up the sand with both hands. As he did so the stir became more and more perceptible. In a few seconds, he had removed the sand to the depth of about a foot and a half, and there, in full view, was the tiny body of a baby wrapped in an old piece of blanket. Though it had give utterance to such a distinct wail several moments before, the baby was now very nearly suffocated from the pressure of the sand, and the Doctor had all he could do to revive it.

"This is the work of some Comanche mother,' said he, as he sought vigorously to bring back life to the baby. "The poor woman has given birth to twins, and following the promptings of her mother-nature she has sought to put one of the way in order to save the other."

Among the Comanches the terrible custom of destroying twins is still prevalent, for it thought to be animal-like and unnatural to give birth to them. If the father is absent and the mother does not herself destroy them, then the father, on his return, will dash their brains out before her, or throw them as he would blind puppies into the river, never minding how piteously the mother may plead. Sometimes, when twins are born in the absence of the father, the mother will put one of them out of the way herself in order to save the other. More than one child has thus been unearthed by a kindly rescuing hand from the pit of sand where the mother had buried it. There is now among the Apaches, near to the Agency of Anadarko, a little Comanche girl of thirteen years who has been thus rescued. In a short while, the Doctor had so restored the baby that it could feebly open its eyes. Then he unbuttoned his coat, and throwing it off, took from beneath his warm flannel vest, and wrapped the little creature snugly therein. This done, he replaced his coat, and, sitting down upon the sand, took the tiny bundle in his arms, and gravely contemplated it.

To the right of the Agent's house, and only about a fourth of a mile away, there was a cluster of three or four tepees, much whiter and nicer looking than the majority of those that dotted the plains. In the largest tepee dwelt a Kiowan chieftain, Tohausin, with Unkama his wife, and three or four squaws who were either his nieces or hers. Unkama and Tohausin had no children of their own. Both their little ones had died years before. They loved children dearly, especially Unkama, and thus it was that the two papooses in their tepee had just the nicest time in the world. Dr. Holley, with his strange burden carefully concealed in his arms, skirted

INDIAN PAPOOSE IN HANGING CRADLE.
(*By per A. S. S. Union.*)

around the Agent's house and made his way direct to the tepee of Unkama. An Indian's wigwam has neither bell nor knocker. Literally, he keeps open house and is always prepared to see a visitor. So, without ceremony, Dr. Holley lifted the canvass curtain falling over the entrance, and stepped within the tepee; only his head went in first and then his feet followed. "Greeting to you, my friends," he said in Kiowan the moment he was inside.

As he spoke, he opened his coat and there, lying upon his broad chest, snugly wrapped in the folds of his vest and muffler, was the little Indian baby sound asleep.

Unkama threw the palms of her hands together and then outward in an expression of surprise. Then she moved nearer and held out her arms for the baby. The other Indian women, even more overcome with surprise, crowded around, squatting upon the ground at the Doctor's feet, each one gesticulating after her fashion, and murmuring words of astonishment. The noise aroused the baby and it began to cry lustily.

"It will be no trouble," said Unkama, "The little one is welcome. Tagano has a young papoose and can care for this one, too. Besides, I'd do this and much more for your sake," and he dark eyes were fixed gratefully upon his face.

So the little Matouchon, the abandoned waif found in the sand, the bud so mercilessly cast from the parent stem and left to perish, grew day by day into a fat, saucy and good-humored baby, winning her way to all hearts, but especially to that of Unkama, her adopted mother.

*From *Wayworden, a Series of Incidents and Conversations*, by Annie Murray Barbour. A description of Christian work in San Francisco, with numerous incidents and humorous bits of the American Indian character. Illustrated. Price, paper, twenty cents; cloth, fifty cents. Published by American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia publishers.

Christianity in the Family.*

PURITY and home, both words without meaning outside of Christian lands, are respectively the root and flower of the family, which is the primary social group, in the order both of time and importance. It is the fault of much current sociological discussion, as of current legislation, that it makes more of property than of purity, more of money than of morals, and so assumes that the shop rather than the home is the sociological point of departure, and that larger having rather than nobler being is the sociological end. It degrades sociology to make it a mere extension of economics.

But surely there is no need to prove that normal society is an association of families. The opening chapters of Genesis teach not only monotheism, but monogamy. Society is there shown to have originated in a holy family. Historically, nations are but families expanded to tribes, headed by a father-king. One reason why our modern cities are so abnormal morally is that they are abnormal socially, being largely composed of boarders, the fragments of broken families. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the most illustrious of municipal reformers, declares that "the sorest spot in our municipal condition—in national also—is the decadence of the home idea." The home has very largely given place to the boarding-house, especially in the case of the young men, who so madly rush to the cities at the very age of greatest moral peril. This causes the break up, if not the break down, of family life. It is hardly less than a wrong to society when a family takes to boarding.

Society being composed of families, can be no better than its families. A corrupt family is a poisoned drop of society's life blood. "Bad homes and heredity," if not, as claimed by Dr. S. W. Dike, "the most potent single cause of crime," constitute at least one of the most potent. The perils of the home are the most serious, because the most fundamental perils of society. The betterment of the homes is the most radical method of improving society.

Christian sociology, in discussing the family, first of all is bound to defend its Christian foundation, monogamy, against both Mormonism and unscriptural divorces, that is, against both contemporaneous and "consecutive polygamy." It is a curious fact that in 1877 these two evils were exhibited side by side in Utah, where there were among "the Gentiles" about half as many divorces as marriages during that year.

Some have cited against Christianity the polygamy of Old Testament believers. These accusers should consider, on the other hand, that God's original Edenic plan was monogamy; and that polygamy was never divinely sanctioned; and that Christ brought to men the strictest of monogamous laws. Especially is it important to note in this connection that wherever the Bible prevails, polygamy and impurity are both outlawed, while they are not so outlawed in any pagan or heathen code of morals. Stealing and killing are condemned in all codes. Natural morality forbids both. Purity (including monogamy) and Sabbath-keeping are the two distinctive features of Christian morality. In nothing is the superiority of Christianity more marked than in matters pertaining to women and children, and so to the problem of the family.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, in his most popular lecture, attempts to show that "Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," so far as secured, is an anti-Christian or at least a non-Christian achievement. It is only necessary to point in reply to the fact that the oldest and best of non-Christian civilizations, those that have tried long and thoroughly the agnostic ethical culture of Confucius and Buddha, have wholly failed, except as recently influenced by Christianity, to develop any "liberty" even for man, much less for woman or child. The World's Parliament of Religions—on the holding of which I raise no question—has shown us some of the pretty savings of heathen religions, a few gems gathered ont of much mire; but no educated man should forget, as the sufficient refutation of all their claims to rank with Christianity, that all these heathen religions not merely tolerate but consecrate impurity. None of them can stand the test, "How do you treat woman?" What we hide on back streets as a vice, they parade in their temples as virtue.

As to Mormonism, although the pretended "revelation" against polygamy which was promulgated by the Mormon chief was undoubtedly a trick to secure Statehood for Utah and so protection for polygamy, the anti-Mormon party has dissolved in the conviction that such an act can never be recalled.

*From *Practical Christian Sociology*, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. A series of lectures showing the application of Christianity to the problems of nineteenth century life. Pp. 524, price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, Lafayette Place, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Samantha in Europe, by Josiah Allen's Wife (Marietta Holley); illustrated by C. de Grimm. One of the most entertaining publications issued this season, compact with innocent amusement and information, and mirth-moving in every chapter. The engravings are both artistic and humorous. 727 pages, cloth binding, $2.50. Sold only by subscription. Funk & Wagnalls, New York Co., London, and Toronto, publishers.

Youthful Eccentricity a Precursor of Crime, by Forbes Winslow, Physician to the British Hospital for Mental Disorders. A very interesting treatise by a famous expert in nervous diseases. 120 pages, cloth, 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

A Library of Religious Poetry; being a collection of the best poems of all ages and tongues, with biographical and literary notes. Edited by the late Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Arthur Gilman, M.A. New edition, 1049 pp., beautifully illustrated, cloth binding with gold stamps. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London, and Toronto, publishers.

Memories of Childhood, and Other Poems, by John M. Morse, Passaic, N. J. A volume of pleasant verses, on a wide variety of topics, patriotic, religious and social. Published by the author.

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The Diary of a Japanese Convert, by Kanzo Uchimura, written in English by a native Japanese; it touches upon many vital questions connected with Christian missions in heathen lands. pp. 212, cloth, price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Notes from My Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, by D. L. Moody. A wonderful collection of "nuggets," helpful and suggestive, which the famous evangelist has gathered "by the way," the harvest of many years of Bible study. Pp. 236, cloth covers, price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, pulishers.

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Antipas, Son of Chuza, and Others whom Jesus Loved, by Louise Seymour Houghton. A delightful Bible story, showing the real nature of the Messianic hope held by the various classes from which our Lord's followers were drawn, pp. 246, cloth binding, illustrated price $1.50. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Fragrant Flowers of Truth, by Rev. R. Venting, pastor of the first Baptist Church at Denison, Ia. A casket of precious gems for religious reading. Pp. 176, cloth covers. Published by the author.

The Century Magazine (bound Vol., May to October, 1895), gilt cloth, 960 pages, price $3. This is the fiftieth volume of this famous magazine, in which history, biography, and science have adequate treatment, as well as fiction and lighter subjects. Among the many notable features in the volume are Prof. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," finely illustrated by American and European artists; Miss Bicknell's "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire," and contributions from such eminent writers as Prof. Lombroso, Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, Max Nordau, Marion Crawford, Julia Magruder, and others. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

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A Northern New England Home.

THE accompanying picture was taken by a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in northern New England, not far from the Canada line. We expect to see such homes on the frontier, but must not be surprised that they occur occasionally in New England. Of course, they are not to be understood as characteristic of New England life, and yet it is true that they are to be found more frequently than is imagined. Such homes are usually in the outlying rural districts, off from the main roads, in the back woods, and therefore where travel seldom goes.

The missionary who took this picture affirms that he has seen many such log cabins in the same State as he journeyed here and there at his work, and that in one settlement he had seen, he should think, not less than twenty-five. The fact is that the outlying rural districts in the States longest settled are suffering greatly from the movements of population to the cities. The country districts are becoming depleted in population, and those that are left are unable to keep up the Gospel privileges of a past generation. The churches are closed, the people cease attending church, the children grow up in ignorance of the Gospel, the Sabbath is desecrated and practical heathenism marks the neighborhood.

A CABIN HOME IN NEW ENGLAND.
(Recently Photographed by a Missionary of the A. S. S. Union.)

One of the leading clergymen of Vermont has stated that, in certain mountainous portions of the State, the inhabitants are rapidly sinking into a condition like that of the poor whites of the South. What is true of Vermont is equally true and probably more true of other States in New England. In fact everywhere in the remote districts of this land, east and west, north and south, there is crying need for the missionary of the American Sunday School Union. He goes from house to house and starts a Union Sunday School where nothing else would reach the people.

Palestine's Growing Industries.

Flour-milling has become an important industry in Jerusalem. The product is disposed of entirely for inland consumption, none being exported. During 1894, between 28,000 and 30,000 sacks of 191 pounds each were produced. The wheat is obtained from the Jordan Valley and Samaria. There are also in Jerusalem eleven mills driven by horse-power. In Jaffa are ten steam mills, but only a very small quantity of flour is imported into Palestine, and that only of the finest sort. There are now eight printing-offices in Jerusalem, five of which are in connection with monastic establishments. The largest is that of the local convent, which is fitted with up-to-date appliances. The work turned out consists largely of Latin and Arabic books. The three general printing-offices are those of the local Hebrew newspapers, respectively entitled the "Hoar" (Light), "Hacharazeleth" (the Flower), and "Jeruscholajim."

A Papal Dilemma.

A singular coincidence, almost ludicrous in its inconsistency is noted in the recent issue of the "Index Expurgatorius"—the book which notifies the members of the Roman Catholic Church what books they should not read. One of the books on the list of proscribed volumes is entitled "Del Sangue Sacratissimo di Maria," and it was written by no less a person than the present Pope. It was published three years before the elevation of Leo XIII. to the Chair of St. Peter, and was condemned at the time. Once a book is on the Index, there it must remain, for the Church that placed it there is infallible.

But the Pope has become infallible, too, so a curious dilemma has arisen. The absurdity of holding the infallibility of a man and yet condemning his book was so apparent that some explanation was necessary. Father Vaughan tries to explain it thus: "Infallibility does not extend to statements made by the Pope before his election to the Chair of Peter. Secondly, even after his consecration, infallibility does not cover books and treatises which he may write even while Pope, but as a private doctor or theologian. Thirdly, that infallibility in no way safeguards the 'Congregation of the Index' in their selection of books or other writings to be placed upon their 'black list,' known as the 'Index of Prohibited Books.'" The doctrine of infallibility seems to be a queer thing not easily understood by commonsense people.

Prayer in a Crisis.

At an evangelistic meeting an old sea-captain rose and said: "I can add my testimony to that of the other speaker as to the value of religion. It is from a different standpoint. They are business and professional men while all my life has been spent at sea, but my experience has been the same as theirs. My name is Hunt and I have been captain of a merchant vessel for the last twenty years. Before I got to be skipper it was my lot to sail under officers of all kinds, godly and ungodly. In every case I have found that the Christian skipper possesses a greater grip over his men, and most certainly commands a deeper respect from his officers. In time of danger the Christian sailor is, in nearly all cases, the cooler and braver man. I have only seen one mutiny on board ship, and that was just after a storm, in which our ship had been badly knocked about. Most of our provisions were spoilt by sea-water, and the crew, angry and ill, suddenly mutinied, and came forward in a menacing way, demanding of the captain that he put about and run for the nearest port. The captain refused, as in that heavy sea it would have been the act of a madman. At last, when he saw words were unavailing, and only making the men more dangerous, he doffed his oilskin hat, and, standing bare-headed in the driving rain, he prayed that God might guide his heart and the hearts of all the crew aright in this matter. When the prayer was over, the men, who had also uncovered, filed away without a word, prepared to leave everything to him who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand."

For Weak Women.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It [illegible] and feeds the nerves, helps digestion and imparts strength.

Rich and Poor Marriages.

Saddest of all domestic unions are those marriages wherein worldly obstacles bar the way to real happiness. Where both have health and strength, and "where love is," there should be ample opportunity for mutual sacrifices. Who has not seen the happiness that comes from the need of these sacrifices, the joy of little successes achieved together, the gradual building of a home? The happiest marriages, surely, are those which begin in this way, and not those which are postponed till the freshness of youth is passed—marriages which, in order to have something to live upon, forego the actual joy of living. The poet of the people, Riley, touched a chord well-nigh universal when he sang:

Let's go a-visitin' back to Grigsby's Station,
There where we used to be so happy and so poor.

The young man in love with the rich girl waits for years until he can "support her in the manner to which she is accustomed," and finds too late that she would have flung all away and lived with him in jubilant poverty, had he trusted her and himself a little more.

Two Cent Testament.

Mr. William Noble, whose temperance work is well known in this country has made an experiment in Shoreditch and Whitechapel, London, which seems to be worthy of imitation; he gave an address or a recitation on Saturday nights, and then offered the penny New Testament for sale; as many as thirteen hundred were sold one night in the heart of Whitechapel. The people in that district which is notoriously the poorest in London, could not spare two cents without feeling the pinch of self-denial, but they would not let the chance of getting a New Testament escape them.

An Active Missionary Church.

The Moravian Church has ever been famous for its missionary zeal and practical work. It has four hundred missionaries, occupying one hundred and fifty centres in various lands. More than thirty went out last year. The Moravian Church has thirty thousand members.

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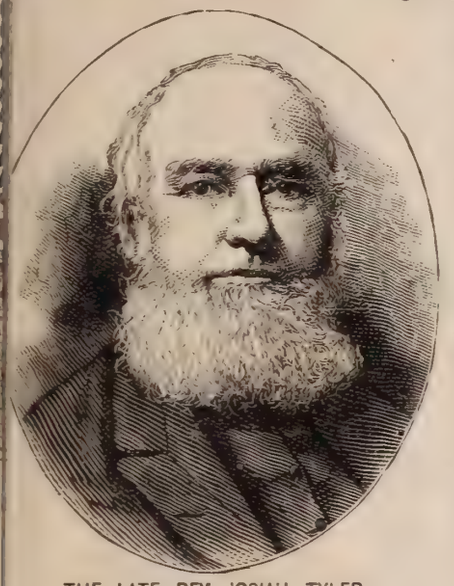
A Noble Life Ended.

. Josiah Tyler, For Forty Years a Missionary in Africa, Passed to His Reward.

NE of the most remarkable missionary careers known to the present generation has just closed in the death, last week, of Rev. Josiah Tyler, who for forty years had labored for Christ among the na- e tribes of South Africa. Mr. Tyler o was the son of a Connecticut clergyn, was led in early life to look toward ica as his future field of labor. He beged to a missionary society at East ndsor Hill, Conn., the members of



THE LATE REV. JOSIAH TYLER.

hich agreed to examine carefully the aims of foreign missions, confer with ch other, and ask the Lord to direct em as to their future fields of labor. f their number, one went to Syria, anher to Salonica, and three others, includg Mr. Tyler, to South Africa.

Before reaching this decision he had been fered a pastorate in Central Massachutts, but declined, although the offer was ite a tempting one for a young preacher. 1842, with his young bride to whom he d been married only a few weeks, he set il for Cape Town and soon thereafter ached Natal, where for the next forty ars he labored earnestly and successfulfor the salvation of souls. His work as conducted under the auspices of the merican Board. A few years ago, he was rced by ill-health to relinquish the mis- n field. Returning to the United States, he ssed the closing years of his life in writg the record of his labors in the "Dark ontinent," and in 1891 his book, "Forty ears Among the Zulus," appeared. It is most interesting and instructive record Christian activity and pioneer missiony experience, and was fully noticed in E CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time of appearance. On several occasions the aders of this journal have been favored ith contributions from Dr. Tyler's deriptive pen. He was a graceful writer d an authority not only on all matters lating to missionary work in Natal, but the history, languages, legends and lk-lore of the African tribes as well.

In 1871, after twenty-two years contin- ous labor at Esidumbini, Mr. and Mrs. yler paid a brief visit to their native nd. Six children had been born to them. native pastor was placed in charge of e little church of thirty members that ey had gathered at Esidumbini, near urban. After a short season they reirned to Africa. Their Esidumbini charge ad prospered so well under the native reacher, that, at the request of the Board Missions, Mr. Tyler consented to leave in his care, to open up new ground at nother place. The new station was at mzunduzi, fifteen miles away, and there the missionaries began again their teaching and preaching. After some sixteen years there, Mr. Tyler suffered the great affliction of his life in the death of his beloved wife. He struggled on alone for two years, and then turned his face homeward. He passed away in North Carolina last week at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

Building an African Church.

From Mr. Randall, who is one of the missionaries in connection with the Institute conducted by Dr. Grattan Guinness, comes the following incident of church building in Africa: "From the first the Ngombe people have shown a great desire to have the Gospel preached to them, and I suggested that they should build themselves a chapel for the worship of God. They took up the idea warmly, and the next day about twenty-four volunteers came and asked that their names might be written down to help in the work. When I had finished the list, off they went to the forest to get posts, singing and shouting. About 11 A. M. they returned, and worked so well that before sunset all the posts were up. I cannot attempt to give details of each day's work, but I endeavored to encourage them as much as possible, going with them one day to get bamboos, and another day to bring the mpete palm branches for thatching. About fifty young men altogether took part in the work, besides women and children, and each day as we finished there was general rejoicing. Of course, there were hindrances. There was as usual in Africa the question of wages. At the outset I was asked whether I would pay for the work. 'No,' I said, 'it is your chapel; if you don't want it, don't build.' Upon this, some drew back and would work no more, but the others took the greater pleasure in their labor. Then some of the lazy chiefs, who do nothing but lie about all day, laughed at the young men for building God's house and not making the white man pay them; and a few could not stand the jeers of their chief, but the majority did not care. To-morrow, Bro. Hayes and I are going over to finish off the seats, and on Saturday, Munro, Morrey, James and Wilson will join us for the opening services."

PALESTINE WILD FLOWERS.

Mr. T. P. Williams, Washington, D. C., sends these eulogistic verses on the Palestine Floral Album which he received as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premium:

The Rose of Sharon is the rose of love;
Its glory is in Paradise above.
All flowers must bow to this, their glorious king;
Its praise, will poets, saints and angels sing.
It shows "the standard red" of Calvary!
And yields perfumes of love to you and me.

Consider now "the lilies of the field"
They never toil and neither do they spin.
Yet, Solomon, adorn'd with robes, and shield
Of gold and gems and ornaments, to win
Applause and cheers, was ne'er array'd like these!
Sweet lilies! heavens of butterflies and bees.

Behold the "Passion Everlasting" flower;
And golden "Mustard," showing seeds of power.
See "Golden Clover" and bright "Pheasant's eye"
See "Cyclamen" and dear "Red Lentil" high
In sight. Behold the "Grass," the fluffy "Flax;"
And "Hyssop" giving air an income tax.

"Maiden-hair-fern;" so delicate and green!
Admire the tender, healthy, flowery "Bean."
How tiny, silky, soft, is that "Puff Ball;"
Deserving praise, though wild, and weak, and small!
Oh! find the "Cummin" and its great renown;
And last, but ah! not least—the floral "Crown."

From Plough to Pulpit.

The Career of a Poor Negro Boy who Became an Evangelist.

IN midsummer, twenty-four years ago, a negro farmer and his wife, who occupied a humble dwelling at McGehee's Switch, Ala., were gladdened by the birth of a son. The boy was named James Hinke McGehee. His parents, David and Alice McGehee, were simple, honest people, the mother being a devout Christian. The boy received a common school education such as falls to the lot of country lads usually, but from his eighth year he developed a passion for home study and a wonderful faculty of acquiring languages. Soon he was proficient in French, Latin, German, and even Greek, and his studies were as varied as his limited opportunities afforded. In his eighteenth year he was converted and connected himself with the A. M. E. Zion Church. Soon afterward he felt himself divinely called to the work of the Gospel and two years later received a license to preach. He had a natural eloquence and soon became well-known throughout a wide section. The pastors found him useful and he filled many of the leading pulpits. While still only a local preacher, he joined the A. M. E. Church at Montgomery in 1883, Rev. Wm. Bradwell, pastor. For eight years he served as pastor and was sent to Girard, Ala., in 1888. He afterwards filled several Columbus, Ga., pulpits, viz.: St. James, St. John, St. Marks, and others.

J. H. McGEHEE, Evangelist.

His fame as orator and preacher began to extend, and his labors as a revivalist were greatly blessed. He has preached in all the leading cities of Alabama. In 1887, he held a revival at Richmond, Ala., being associated with Rev. S. W. Shields. Several hundred persons were added to the A. M. E. Church at that time. In 1888, he conducted a protracted revival and many were brought into church membership.

Mr. McGehee has also conducted successful revivals at Salem Camp-meeting, Flat Rock, Lewisville Camp-meeting, Wilamas, Ridge Camp-meeting, and along the Gulf of Mexico. He has delivered the Word in court-houses, halls, on platforms, and in the open air, and at all times his labors have been rendered effective in Gospel work. Thus, a poor farmer boy has, under Divine Providence, been made instrumental in winning many souls.

The Progress of Medical Science.

CONSUMPTION.

A scientific discussion of this dread disease, its cause, treatment and cure, by Dr. Robert Hunter, the father of inhalation and most eminent lung specialist of the day. After a period of research extending over half a century, Dr. Hunter explains his perfected discovery of a specific remedy for consumption, and proves its success not only scientifically but through the grateful testimonials of his patients. Dr. Hunter was for forty years the *sole* advocate of the *germ theory* of consumption which is now accepted by the medical profession throughout the world as the *only* correct theory—thus establishing beyond doubt his superior knowledge of this disease. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HEARLD can obtain Dr. Hunter's book explaining his treatment without charge by addressing him at his residence, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

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(Mention this paper.)

45 *Harvest St.*, DORCHESTER, MASS., *January* 29, 1896.
Your invaluable remedy, Hyomei, has cured me of Catarrh that had defied the power of many so-called cures. I would not be without Hyomei and my Pocket Inhaler on any consideration. I am subject to colds, and I find that Hyomei breaks them up at once. It seems to penetrate the affected part like magic. I believe it to be the greatest preventitive of pneumonia ever discovered. Hyomei has also cured a friend, Miss Annie McMurty, of a most chronic case of Asthma. For three weeks she has sat in her chair day and night. She retired to her bed the evening of the day she began using Hoymei, and slept naturally. She has had no return of Asthma since using Hyomei last spring.
MRS. HATTIE DAVIS.

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause disease in the respiratory organs. The air, charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. Consultation and trial free at my office.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail, $1.00, consisting of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber (beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei**, a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** cures. Are you open to conviction?
R. T. BOOTH, 18 East 20th St., New York.

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

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Adams, Ira F	2 00
Adams, Mrs Ira P	1 00
Allen Class & friends	2 00
Anderson, Miss C	5 00
Anderson, Jas E	1 00
Andrus, Harriet	2 00
Baldwin, Miss May	1 00
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Bonner, Jas and wife	1 00
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Clark, Mrs M Hiram	6 00
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Compton, Viola	50
Conan, Jas	3 50
Craig, Robt	1 00
Crawford, Mary	1 00
Chester, Mrs S C	1 00
Cobb, Mrs H	1 00
Conant, S	5 00
Cummings, Daniel	50
Cummings, Samuel	1 00
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Chaffin, Mrs Laura A	2 00
Chandler, Wm E	5 00
Cloud, Mrs E R	3 00
Cotton, Mrs S M	1 00
Coulson, Mrs Wm	2 00
Coy, Miss Grace	1 00
Dresser, Mrs A A	5 00
Duncan, Mrs Annie & Mrs J C Simpson	2 00
Daly, Mrs J C	1 00
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Decker, Mrs J T	1 00
Dietz, E G	1 00
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Dunlap, Mrs Mary J	20 00
Daly, Mrs Lucy	1 00
Day, Mrs S P	1 00
Derrick, Emma	1 00
Evans, Geo H	50
Elliott, J H	50
Emnott, Mrs Jos	10
Earnest, G F	4 00
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Evans, Mrs R A	1 00
Feller, Julina S	1 50
Fleming, Levina	1 00
Ford, Miss Martha	1 00
Freeman, Wm	1 00
Funderburgh, Mrs S	1 00
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Fox, Geo F	1 00
Garrels, Mr & Mrs H	1 00
Godfrey, Mrs A	1 00
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Griswold, Mrs J D	5 00
Gause, A M	50
Hackett, Elder Wm	30
Hanes, L F	2 00
Haskell, Albert T	5 00
Hay, Elizabeth	50
Hill, D C	5 00
Hine, David W	1 00
Hopley, Sam'l	2 50
Howard, Jas	1 00
Hughes, Mrs Lizzie	25
Hudson, Jas	1 00
Hand, Henry C	10 00
Harris, Lizzie	2 00
Harris, Sarah	5 00
Hinshaw, Miss A A	1 00
Hyde, Frank	2 00
Harris, Howard S	1 00
Horton, S Bertha	2 00
Horton, Mrs Warren	2 00
Ireland, Georgia T	1 00
Ives, O B	1 00
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Johnson, Mrs Sam'l	1 00
Jackson, W H	1 00
Jefferies, A M	2 00
Johanning, Fred H	5 00
Johnson, Mrs C M	3 00
Johnson, Mrs E P	2 00
Janes, N L	3 00
Jones, C H	1 00
Kearly, B C	5 00
Kelly, L B	1 50
Kendall, C H	1 00
Koerber, Henry	10 00
Lawall, Mrs Ellen	50
Lawrence, Mrs H G	25
Lee, Mrs Graham	1 00
Lewis, Mrs E H	1 00
Lewis, Elizabeth	1 00
Lincoln, Mrs Geo	1 00
Loyd, Mrs Georgie	2 00
Lyndle, Martha	1 00
Lambert, Mrs E	1 00
McDonough, Mrs J	2 00
McKee, Jos	50
Masson, E A	2 00
Mason, Wm H	1 00
Meserve, Mrs John	50
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Morrell, Lyle I	25
McDermid, Mr	1 00
Maynard, L	50 00
Mucklee, Mrs D T	5 00
Moore, R L	2 00
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Morritt, Stephen	5 00
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May, Mrs E J	5 00
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Monllen, Mrs K	1 00
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Ogden, Dan'l	1 00
Parsons, Prof H S	1 00
Petersen, Mrs C	3 00
Pogue, Mrs S W	1 00
Pond, M B	1 00
Powers, E	50
Pyle, Mrs Lizzie	1 00
Pierce, M Calista	50
Powell, L	1 50
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Redgate, R N	2 00
Reel, Mrs H L	50
Rippey, M J	1 00
Ritter, Mr & Mrs C	1 00
Robertson, J W	5 00
Robinson, Mrs & son	5 00
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Racey, Lou E	1 00
Retnlum, Chas	1 00
Rear, Mrs Ann	1 00
Riner, M M	1 00
Rutland, Mrs S C	2 00
Remington, Mrs C B	1 00
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Root, Mrs Augusta H	1 00
Russell, Diana	1 00
Sale, Mrs B H	1 00
Schnurman, N J	50
Seavey, Mrs M C	5 00
Selleck, Lydia	1 00
Sharts, Mrs Eliza	10
Shaver, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Sheats, A R	1 00
Shipley, Mrs Jos	2 00
Smith, Martha A	1 00
Start, Mrs Eliza	2 00
Stewart, Jno O	2 00
Schutt, E M	5 00
Scutt, Mrs Geo S	2 00
Shafer, Mrs Sarah	1 00
Sheerer, Mrs J W	5 00
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Stitzinger, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Stoddard, M C	1 00
Schellhaas, J P	2 00
Scott, David	2 00
Shaw, Mrs J G	5 00
Simester, A	2 00
Stewart, Elizabeth	1 00
Stoddert, Mrs E F	1 00
Tabor, S O	3 00
Tallcott, T H L	1 00
Taylor, Geo	10 00
Thomas, D T & E	1 00
Thorp, John F	5 00
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Truskey, Miss Emma	2 00
Thomas, S D	1 00
Thorpe, Mrs W M	1 00
Tillman, Alfred D	5 00
Tomley, Mrs E M	2 00
Vaughn, Myrtle	1 00
Verrill, Elmer	20
Wadsworth, Wm	3 00
Walbert, Miss SK	1 00
Wales, R P	1 00
Weber, Mrs Nettie O	1 00
Wilcox, Mrs Emma	1 00
Wingate, Miss M E	2 00
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Weld, Sam'l	1 00
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Wilkenson, Mrs E	1 00
Wright, H L	50
Wagar, Mary E	1 00
Wales, Mrs Oliver	1 00
Walters, M S	1 00
Warner, W R	1 00
Sophia R, Montreal	5 00
Ned, Cedar Bluffs	1 00
Florence & Charlotte, Jersey City	3 00
H G M, Albany	1 00
M A P, Oakland	1 00
Mrs D A G, Richville	1 00
S V, Doylestown	1 00
C A G, Hazleton	5 00
Mrs C S, Newfoundl'd	1 00
R E T, Yardley	2 00
J H	2 00
L H, Vt	50
M D C, Pittsfield	5 00
X Y, Ont	2 00
S, The Sycamores	20
G D, Salem	1 00
H C W, Butler	5 00
J M A, Brownsville	10 00
C B H Jr, Chinchilla	1 00
A A H, Mass	2 00
M C, Matteawan	10 00
R A J, Summit	1 00
J S J, Deer Park	3 00
R E M, Cincinnati	1 00
N R B, Wash	5 00
H C S, Westphalia	1 00
Jack A	2 00
Laura, Jamestown	1 00
C V, Balto, Md	1 00
M S H, Orrtonville	2 00
I S K, Ann Arbor	10 00
S H A, Montreal	5 00
J D M, Dubuque, Ia	5 00
M C B, Buffalo, N Y	3 00
E K, Phila, Pa	1 00
W T S, Hudsonville	27 00
C, Urbana	1 00
J C G, So Holland	1 00
C, Mont	3 60
Friend, Brighton	1 00
" Gloversville	1 00
Friend, Pa	3 00
" Rolling Prairie	75
" So Woodstock	1 00
" Juneau, Alaska	5 00
" Toronto	2 00
" Haselton	1 00
" Providence	1 00
" Greenwich	50
" Bridgeton	5 00
" Monson	2 00
" Yeagertown	1 00
" Jamestown	1 00
" Gratton	2 25
" Puckwana	2 00
Friend, Bridgewater	1 00
" B——, Minn	30 00
" Chowan	1 00
" Flat Creek	1 00
Friends, Cedar Springs	1 00
Friends, Mayo	50 00
Friends, Escondido	1 50
" Scantic Hill	1 00
" Longville	3 00
" Troon	2 00
I H S, McKeesport	1 00
" Haselton	2 00
" Bessers	1 00
" New Ashford	1 00
In Jesus Name, Parker's Landing	24
For Jesus' sake, Tag, Tenn	2 00
Anonymous	1 00
Helper, Lachute Mills	50
In Jesus Name, Yorkshire	1 00
Reader, Mt Clemens	1 05
" Brighton	1 00
" Old Bridge	1 00
Reader	2 00
Reader, N Bever, y	1 00
" Lambertville	50
2 " Merrickville	2 00
2 " St Joseph	10 00
Sub'r, Vinalhaven	3 00
Subr	2 00
" Munroe's Mills	2 00
Sub'r, W Chester	5 00
A Sympathizer	5 00
Sympathizer, Bklyn	10 00
2 " Canon City, Colo	1 00
—, Blue Hill, Me	3 00
—, Milwaukee, Wis	10 00
—, Wooster, O	26
—, Brookfield, O	1 00
—, W Troy	1 00
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—, Esperance	2 00
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A R O C H, Sherbrooke, N D	2 00
Rev 6: 9-11, Wis	1 00
Mansfield Ctr S S	1 00
J D McEwen for Bklyn Cong't M S	8 00
2d Ref Ch Woman's Missy Prayer Meeting Circle	5 00
East Hood River Ch	10 00
Ladies Aid, Talbotville	1 00
Merrickville Mission Circle	15 00
A Poor woman, Owen Sound	25
Thank Offering, Crested Butte	5 00
A sister in Quincy	1 00
Hattie	1 15
Local Union YPSCE, Centre View	2 15
Mt Olivet C E Soc	5 00
Jr C E, Union S S, S I	3 00
C E Soc, Minto	5 00
C E Soc, Blawenburg	1 00
Bethlehem School	3 00
Orsburn Union S S	1 27
Cong'l Church, Rock Rapids	22 00
Knox Presb Church, Stratford	13 60
Calvary Bapt Ch, Ore	8 25
Cong'l Church, Stratford	18 00
Bapt Chu, Stratford	12 00
Waterloo St Meth Ch	3 00
Western New York	1 00
Prov 41: 1, Yolo Co	5 00
No Name	3 00
One who loves Jesus Brodhead	1 00
A sister in Christ, So Egremont	1 00
Citizens of La Rue	10 00
Some little boys, Woodhull	1 00
2 widows, W Stockbdg	2 00
2 sisters, Lindsay	10 00
Mother & daughter Hamilton	2 00
Manawife, Royersford	5 00
C E Trinity U, Ore	3 75
Col at Union Thanksgiving, Antioch	6 50
Alamitos Friends' Ch	4 00
Ladies' Home Miss'y Soc, Spartansburg	5 00
Boydton Inst Miss'y Soc	12 00
By Class I H NW	1 50
Christian Alliance, Ft Worth	2 00
W C T U, St Remy	5 00
St Charles C E Soc	4 00
Excelsior Y P S C E, Newburg	1 50
YPSCE, C P Church, Waynesburg	5 00
Fargo C E Society	5 00
Y P S C E, Belvidere	5 00
Pine Grove C E Soc	10 00
Y P S C E, 1st Christian Church, Ga	1 00
Church of the Strangers	30 00
Total	**$18,621.29**

And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week.

A Single Sermon's Blessing.

The Rev. Dr. Welsh, a well-known British divine, once asked the Rev. Mr. Bourne if he remembered preaching a sermon to young men in a certain chapel before an immense assembly. He said he remembered it very well. "Have you that sermon with you?" "Yes—here," said he, putting his finger up to his head. "Will you preach it in my own pulpit next Sunday?" He had no objection. On the next Sabbath morning, before a crowded congregation, he preached it according to announcement. At the close Dr. Welch rose and said, "My friends, the sermon which has just been preached by Mr. Bourne is substantially the same sermon under which, more than twenty years ago, your pastor was converted to God and brought to receive Jesus Christ as his Saviour." And then, turning to Mr. Bourne, he told him that when he preached that sermon in Sanson street, about twenty young men were brought to Christ, of which number he was one; and nearly all of them had become ministers of the Gospel. When Mr. Bourne heard this, he was deeply moved, and said aloud, "I never heard of it before. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

A Witnessing Life.

She was only a little old woman, worn and bent with suffering, wrinkled with cares and very poor, and one might have passed her without any thought save one of careless pity. And yet she was a faithful witness. Into a neighboring house, one summer, came a busy woman, forced by ill-health to rest from the strain of public duties. She found out the little old lady, and went often to the bare, small home.

"She was real good," the poor creature said afterward. "She said things that sounded as if they were out of some lovely book—so kind of comforting. I can't see why she should have said 'em to me, but they'll do me good to think of just as long as I live. Think of heaven being full of such lovely folks, and all of us getting the chance to see and hear 'em."

"You did her good, too," said the neighbor. "She says she will be a better, braver woman all her life, more grateful for the privilege of living and working in the world, more satisfied with the lot to which she is appointed, because she has known your patient, contented life."

"To think of it," said the little old woman, with tears shining in her faded old eyes. I don't deserve that!

But it was true. The faithful life cannot be so narrowed or so hidden, but it will witness for Jesus somewhere.

Mr. Spurgeon's Faith in Prayer.

It is related that on one occasion when the subject of prayer was being discussed, Mr. Spurgeon gave some remarkable proofs of its reality and power from his own experience. Once when the orphanage funds were low, he and his co-trustees prayed for help, after giving liberally themselves first of all; and within twenty-four hours over $4,000 came in unsolicited, except from God. A gentleman had withdrawn an annual gift of many pounds to one of Mr. Spurgeon's institutions, because a certain action of Mr. Spurgeon's had not pleased him. A lady traveled from England to Mentone especially to see him, just at the time notice was given that the gift would cease. She declared it had been laid upon her heart to come and see him and give him a contribution. She handed him exactly the amount withdrawn. "I was astounded," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I felt God to be so near and real."

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Antiseptic-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

"Do not Stammer."

Edwin S. Johnston, one of Phila.'s Specialists, succeeded in curing himself of this dreadful affliction, and has probably made more wonderful cures than any living practitioner. His system is endorsed by Hon. John Wanamaker, Ex-Postmaster-Gen., U. S., who in reply to a recent letter to an inquirer wrote: "Mr. Edwin S. Johnston, has been very successful in curing stammering, and to any one who is suffering with that affliction, I would recommend a trial of his system."

Prof. Horatio C. Wood, M.D., LL.D., University of Pa., says: "I believe Mr. E. S. Johnston to be honest and capable, and have seen some striking results of his work."

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, Phila, Pa., in a testimonial letter says: "It gives me pleasure to certify to my high confidence of Mr. E. S. Johnston's method of treatment of stammering."

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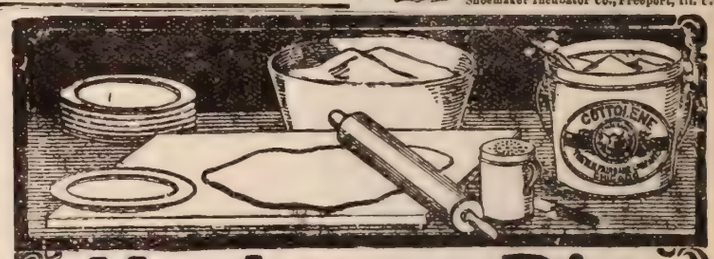

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Shorten it with Cottolene instead of lard and see what a crisp crust it will have; how delicious and wholesome it will be. Pie made with Cottolene will do a dyspeptic *good*. Do everybody good because it is good. There is only one secret in cooking with Cottolene—use but two-thirds as much as you would naturally use of lard. Follow this rule and Cottolene will do the rest. Genuine is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"*Cottolene*" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by

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You are suffering from indigestion. Take our Gastrine, a teaspoonful after each meal, three times a day.

L., Brooklyn.—Lately my skin has become rather "dingy" looking. Be kind enough to suggest a remedy.

Natrolithic Salts, a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of hot water, before breakfast, indefinitely.

Mrs. L., Richmond,—Had the Grip about two years ago, and have never fully recovered. Seem to now have malaria. What will benefit me?

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LEAVE ALL TO GOD.

EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
ou 'lt find him in the evil days
n all sufficient strength and guide;
o trusts in God's unchanging love,
uilds on the rock that nought can move.

at can these anxious cares avail:
hese never ceasing moans and sighs?
at can it help us to bewail
ach painful moment as it flies?
r cross and trials do but press
he harder for our bitterness!

ly our restless heart keep still,
nd wait in cheerful hope, content
take what e'er his gracious will,
lis all discerning love hath sent;
doubt our inmost wants are known,
o him who chose us for his own.

knows when joyful hours are best;
e sends them as he sees it meet.
en thou hast borne its fiery test,
nd now art freed from all deceit.
comes to thee all unaware,
nd makes thee own his loving care.

in the heat of pain and strife.
hink God hast cast thee off unheard,
that the man whose prosperous life
hou enviest, is of him preferred;
e passes, and much change doth bring
nd sees a bound to everything.

are alike before his face;
'Tis easy to our God most high
make the rich man poor and base,
o give the poor man wealth and joy.
e wonders still of him are wrought
Who sitteth up and brings to nought.

g, pray and swerve not from his ways,
ut do thine own part faithfully;
st his rich promises of grace,
o shall it be fulfilled in thee;
never yet forsook at need,
he soul that trusted him indeed.

—GEORGE NEUMARK.

Reclaimed from a Life of Sin.

Among the converts who have recently ndoned a career of sin for the Chris- n life, being influenced to the change ough the ministrations at Mrs. Josephine lliamson's Home for Outcast Women. Estelle L ——, who for many years was keeper of a notorious resort in New k City. In her confession, she says: 'I was brought up by Christian parents, sainted mother was a Quakeress. I e been a deep sinner for over twenty rs. In 1888 I was very ill and came r dying. I had a pastor come and pray h me, and promised him as soon as I s well that I would go to his church live a good life. Did I do it? No; I got all about it. I kept on serving the il! He pushed me ahead; it was so y to serve the devil, and so hard to ve God. The devil is a poor paymaster. gives us plenty, then takes it all away. at is got over the devil's back, goes ler his elbow. I cared nothing for God; been forward several times for prayer, soon forgot it all. Three weeks ago Tuesday evening God opened my eyes he wicked life I had been leading, and I e my heart to him in 125 Third street, s. Williamson's Mission and Rest. I do thank God for it, for if I had died when as so ill, I should surely have gone to l. I know my Saviour has forgiven my s. I intend to live the rest of my life r God, and do all I can to save others. how if God could save a vile sinner like he could save anyone. I hope this all experience will lead to save those o are on the downward road, as I was."

An Asthma Cure at Last.

edical Science at last reports a positive cure for ma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found in the Congo River, West Africa. ecures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of ma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. , of Greeley, Iowa, pronounces it a grand cure. ad to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable e down night or day from Asthma. The Kola cured him at once. To make the matter sure, e and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under before a notary public. So great is their faith s wonderful curative powers, the Kola Imporing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all rers from Asthma. Send them your name and ress on a postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing you should surely try it.

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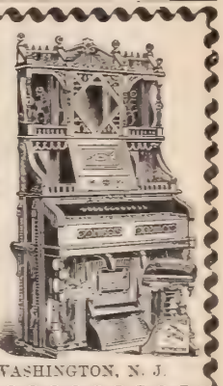

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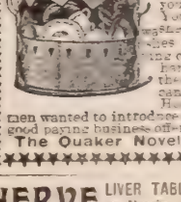

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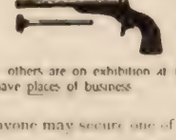

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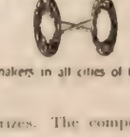

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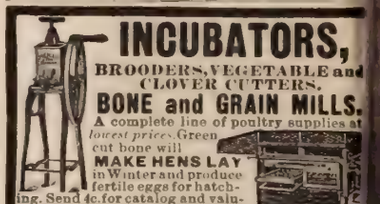

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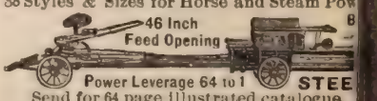

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VOLUME 19.

NUMBER 2.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1896.

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TOWER OF ANTONIA AND GATEWAY TO THE PRAETORIUM, JERUSALEM. (See Page 23.)

THE SEAL IS SET.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Luke 15: 22: *"Put a ring on his hand."*

I WILL not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farm-house. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter? What *is* the matter?' But before they quite arrive, the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine-trough. No more longing for the pods of the carob-tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and emerald rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roistering independence for an ecclesiastical strait-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down, he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is in infinity. It is not a blotting out—it is a polishing, it is an arborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love, he puts upon him the ring of adoption. While in my church in Philadelphia, there came the representative of the Howard Mission of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great-hearted wealthy man came up and said, "I'll take this little [illegible] girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children;" and he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage, and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering in garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "Here's an old dress, perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of his adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat-of-arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn-makers, and sing:

> Come, let us join our friends above
> Who have obtained the prize
> And on the eagle wings of love
> To joy celestial rise.
>
> Let all the saints terrestrial sing
> With those to glory gone
> For all the servants of our King
> In heaven and earth are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage-ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine: (Hosea 2: 19), "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding-altar the bride-groom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is that marriage-ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange-blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage-ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you without change to the end.

Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low-water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—a golden chain—if I might so describe it—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which sceptres are hammered out. Would you not like this hour to come up from the swine-feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at six o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank or the store, or the office, and you say "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be, if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

> Oh, when, thou city of my God,
> Shall I thy courts ascend?
> Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end.

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only

w more tears. Only a few more part-gs. And then — what an entrancing ectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

And so I approach you now with a gen-al invitation, not picking out here and ere a man, or here and there a woman, here and there a child; but giving you unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, r all things are now ready." We invite u to the warm heart of Christ, and the closure of the Christian Church. I know great many think that the church es not amount to much—that it is ob-lete; that it did its work and is gone w, so far as all usefulness is concerned. is the happiest place I have ever been except my own home.

I know there are some people who say ey are Christians who seem to get along ithout any help from others, and who lture solitary piety. They do not want y ordinances. I do not belong to that ass. I cannot get along without them. here are so many things in this world at take my attention from God, and hrist, and heaven, that I want all the lps of all the symbols and of all the hristian associations; and I want around out me a solid phalanx of men who love od and keep his commandments. Are ere any here who would like to enter to that association? Then by a simple, ild-like faith, apply for admission into the sible church, and you will be received. o questions asked about your past his-ry or present surroundings. Only one st—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, y a great many people, but the Lord Je-s declared, "He that believeth and is aptized shall be saved," putting baptism d faith side by side. And an apostle clares, "Repent and be baptized, every e of you." I do not stickle for any par-cular mode of baptism, but I put great mphasis on the fact that you ought to be aptized. Yet no more emphasis than the rd Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the hurch, puts upon it.

Some of you have been thinking on this ubject year after year. You have found ut that this world is a poor portion. You ant to be Christians. You have come lmost into the kingdom of God; but there ou stop, forgetful of the fact that to be lmost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, y brother, after having come so near to e door of mercy, if you turn back, you ill never come at all. After all you have eard of the goodness of God, if you turn way and die, it will not be because you id not have a good offer.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move up-n your soul and bring you back from the usks of the wilderness to the Father's ouse, and set you at the banquet, and put a ring on your hand."

Gospel Work in New Mexico.

Writing from Dulce, N. Mex., Miss Maria Clegg, a missionary of the M. E. Church, and a reader of this journal, says:

"I have been here since 1888. This year we have built a chapel with rooms over it for students who board themselves. The lower part is to be used for chapel and school. We also have taken children into our Mission Home, trusting the Lord for support. We have Mexicans, Apaches and Americans. Here any one can be prepared for college. God has wonderfully blessed his work. Miss Moore and I came here together. She teaches with two assistants. We are starting a circulating library and reading-room in chapel. Ours is the only Mission for many miles. We are sadly in need of books and newspapers for reading-matter. We are anxious to put into the hands of our people pure reading; there is plenty of the vile sort even but here, but oh, how scarce the good and elevating!"

Idol Worship in India.

A Festival to the Heathen God, Kantha-swamy Singular Rites Observed.

In a letter lately sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch (who have for many years past been engaged in missionary work in Ceylon and India), describe most interestingly a festival held in one of the Hindu temples — a temple to the god Kantha-swamy. Three native boys who had recently become converts to Christianity, were urged to attend at this festival, the temple being near their their house. All the people of the village "were going to attend in order to make offerings, enjoy the excitement, and listen to the music, and the other village boys asked these three boys to go along with them, but to the surprise of all these boys absolutely refused to go. The Manager of this Kantha-swamy temple is a rich Sivite, who, in order to gain popularity among the Hindus, employs priests, and has idolatrous worship carried on in the temple daily. In addition to this, once every year a great festival is held which lasts for twenty-one days. During these days, many worshippers come to the temple bringing offerings. Every night at midnight, during this festival time, the idol is securely tied upon the back of a huge wooden painted animal, as a horse, an ox, a rat, a peacock, a swan, &c., (each night a different animal), and in a torch-light procession the whole is carried around the temple borne on the shoulders of men. A band of native musicians lead the way, (as shown in the photograph), playing on flutes, drums, cymbals, &c. The sky is lit up with numerous fire rockets, and the shouts of great crowds of people rend the air.

HEATHEN WORSHIPPERS AT A TEMPLE FESTIVAL, INDIA.

"As the annual festival at the village temple is the great excitement of the year for the people of that village, it can be easily understood that, when the other village boys asked these three boys to go along with them, and they utterly refused, those who had asked them were very much astonished, and asked their reasons for such singular behavior. The three lads replied that they had come to believe that there was one true God who made heaven and earth, who loved us and who had sent his Son to save us from our sins, and that idols were only pieces of brass, wood or stone, that they had no power, and that it was not only useless but wrong to worship them.

"This conversation was reported by the village children to their parents, and they in turn reported it to the manager of the temple, who, when he heard it, was very angry indeed, for he saw that if people began to believe that idols had no power, they would soon cease to worship them, and then he and his priests would lose all the money and the offerings which now the poor people were giving so freely, and on which he and others were living in great comfort.

"So the manager of the temple went in a great rage to the father and mother of the lads, and gave expression to all sorts of threats, but while the parents were doubtless frightened, the lads themselves were not dismayed. As has already been stated in a former issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the whole family was "outcasted" on their account, but these events have proved a blessing, for not only have the youths steadfastly adhered to their new faith, but there is a strong likelihood of the parents, who were formerly idolaters, being saved by grace as well.

Preaching to Lepers.

Writing from the Sandwich Islands to friends in this country, Rev. C. H. Yatman gives an interesting account of his visit to and ministrations among the lepers at the receiving station for the Molokai leper settlement. He says:

Preaching to lepers is not an every-day experience, nor a matter of ordinary moment. I have met them, preached to them, and said good-bye to them, for there is no hope of ever meeting them again in this world. The sentence of banishment was passed upon them day before yesterday, and the steamer now due will carry them off to the leper settlement on the island of Molokai where they wait slow but sure death. The lepers try to hide their disease, but it will out, and they try to hide themselves, but are sooner or later found, for leprosy, like sin, will out. They are sent to a receiving station here at Honolulu, a place some two miles from the city and isolated from everything and everybody. Here they pass under the eye of a board of examining physicians, and when these men decide on a case he or she, for there are many women, is forever banished. Some twenty-five or more were thus declared unclean, and it was to them and a few others I preached the Gospel of Hope. It was a solemn time, full of awe and full of eternity, too. How they listened! On many you could see the awful sore spots; others told the tale of death in every feature. Here was another old man, his eyes and eyebrows told the fearful tale. Some young lads had but a spot or so, and to the casual observer would seem to be clean, but to the practiced eye there was no doubt of the death touch.

I can see their faces now. Last night, when all was dark and still, I could see them. They will ever be remembered. As I said my last word urging them all to save their souls by thorough repentance and full acceptance of Jesus Christ, many eyes, wet with tears, followed me to the throne of grace, and I poured out my soul in prayer for them. Then came the last "farewell till we meet where leprosy and sin are no more." On the island of Molokai is a settlement of over a thousand of them, where they all await death. To some it comes quickly, others wait many years. They never leave that spot. Only the blast of the resurrection trumpet will open an escape, for it is hemmed in one side by the sea and on the other by a high mountain.

Antonia's Tower.

The Citadel where Christ was Mocked and Paul was Imprisoned and where Jews and Romans met in Deadly Conflict.

ASSOCIATIONS of thrilling interest to the Christian, cluster about the old building, a picture of which appears on the first page. It stands on the north-west corner of the area once occupied by Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. The rough appearance of the stones in its lower part indicate that it was built on the ruins of a still older structure of which they formed a part. There is no difficulty in identifying those ruins. The minute description Josephus gives of Herod's Temple leaves no doubt that on this site stood the castle of Antonia, whose famous tower reared its head a hundred feet above the Temple buildings. When Herod undertook the rebuilding of the Temple, B.C. 21, he found at this corner a fortification, erected more than a hundred years before by Judas Maccabœus, called the Baris. Herod enlarged the work and strengthened and beautified it, making it not only a fortress, but a magnificent residence with baths and galleries and spacious halls and dormitories for the soldiers. Its tower overlooked the whole temple-area and a broad staircase within gave ready access to the gates and courtyard of the Temple, by which should a tumult occur, the soldiers could descend quickly to suppress it. The building extended along the entire length of the north wall of the Temple and at each of its four corners rose a tower. Three of these, says Josephus, were fifty cubics high, while the fourth rose to a height of seventy cubits. The magnificence of the Tetrarch ran riot in the construction of this palace. Josephus says that the kinds of stone used in its walls were countless. Whatever was rare abounded in it. The great dining hall had been constructed to supply table-couches for three hundred guests; others opened in all directions, each with a different style of pillar. The open space before the palace was laid out in broad walks planted with long avenues of different trees and bordered by canals flowing with clear cold water, the banks adorned by groups of statuary. The present meanness of the place is in striking contrast to all this magnificence. There is no need to inquire the cause. The land is in the hands of the Turk under whose sway everything goes to decay and repair is unknown.

But it is not of this departed magnificence that the Christian thinks as he gazes on the crumbling walls. His thoughts go back to the appalling outrage enacted within them in those early morning hours of the last day in the life of his Lord. The researches of the Palestine Exploration Society confirm the tradition that it was to Antonia that Christ was dragged when Pilate having delivered him to be crucified, the soldiers took him to "the common hall" and gathered unto him the whole band. Then there was the stripping and mocking and scourging—all the humiliation that would come when a gang of rough, brutal soldiers, had a meek, friendless prisoner at their mercy. The thought of it is agonizing. When it is over Jesus is conducted from those gloomy portals to the place of execution. This must have been the last roof that sheltered him during the last day of his earthly life.

One other scene hallows the place to the Christian heart. It was from this tower a few years later that the chief captain saw the Jews make their murderous assault on Paul in the Temple area and went to his rescue. It was to this safe place that he carried him to save him from being lynched and from the steps of this tower he made his memorable defence reported in Acts 22.

Only twelve years afterward the tower was the scene of an awful struggle. It was the last rallying place of the defenders of the city in the great siege; and there occurred that terrific hand-to-hand fight on which the ground was covered with the corpses of the slain, the Jews frantically trying to keep the Romans from entering the Temple. But they were overpowered and their holy and beautiful house was burned to ashes.

Ministry of John the Baptist.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 19. Luke 3 : 15-22. Golden Text John 1 : 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

CHRIST'S forerunner, John the Baptist, did not come in his own name, nor without a very distinct commission from on high. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John" (John 1: 6). Not only was he aware of the very special circumstances attending his birth, and that he was the child of many prayers made by his parents for his people, and as we see very strikingly, by the fact of his solitary life in the desert, he was preparing for his ministry by direct contact with God—but even then and there he must make sure that he was in God's time for the commencement of his ministry. So important was this time for the future of his own people that God speaks of it in his Word in the same terms as the most important public event would be spoken of by historians: "In the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrach of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrach of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrach of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests," what then? "The Word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." This was

The Event of the Day

in God's sight. "And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." No political event, no mighty power of man could do this work, could effect the remission of sins, the deliverance of mankind from sin, and ultimately from sickness, death and all the attendant evils which proceed from sin. The dignitaries mentioned, of State and Church could not appreciate the importance of this event, but in heaven above and in the hearts of all who have been born above, no political event whatsoever can approach the importance of this one. Salvation had been foretold (Isa. 53), but he who sees the end from the beginning did not foretell the centuries of the rejection of the Messiah. He leaves the lines open for the universal acceptance of the Messiah by men if they will. Quoting from Isa. 40: 3, Luke says of this ministry: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low: and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth and all flesh shall see the salvation of our God." No word about our earthly kingdom in the whole quotation! And this message of salvation was the burden of the Baptist's message. The temporal kingdom was all that the Jews of his day looked for, temporal power and glory and freedom from the humiliation of the Roman yoke. John, like his father Zacharias, entered into the thoughts of God, and went back to the causes of things; his country's shame and punishment were the result of the country's sin, and he prayed and waited for a deliverance from

The Root of the Evil.

And God showed him greater things than he looked for: a salvation which should not only touch the Jews, all flesh should see it together, for the mouth of God had spoken it. John believed in the future temporal prosperity of Israel, when his [illegible] nations, but only as a result of a national humbling and turning to God, and it was this which he lived and labored to bring about. John knew from many Scriptures that there must be a day of vengeance and of wrath, before the Lord should reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before his ancients gloriously, and seeing multitudes coming, swayed by the popular movement, to be baptized of him, and aware that things had not gone deep with the majority of his people, as they had with him, he preached them an incisive sermon on reality, in no measured terms. He saw the trail of the serpent in them, and said, "O generation of vipers! who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance; and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father, for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also, the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." It was a searching Word. No external baptism, no form or ceremony would do now. The Christ was at hand, and he came to seek for fruit. Words would not stand for deeds, the axe was already in hand, and the fruitless trees must fall; no quarter for hypocrisy; no quarter for unreality; fruit or the fire was the message of this second Elijah, this man of the desert and of God. Away with the flimsy refuge, "We have Abraham to our father;" it is now the time to deal with the living God, who can, from the very stones, raise up children unto Abraham.

The stirring appeal from this man who was full of the Holy Ghost, told upon the multitude, and inquirers began to ask him,

"What shall we do then?"

Very practical was the answer of God's messenger, "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none;" renounce your covetousness, "and he that hath meat let him do likewise." Publicans came also to be baptized, who had their own special questions, "Master, what shall we do?" They were the tax gatherers, and reformation was sorely needed amongst them: "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." But the awakening touched yet other classes; the soldiers also came with their questions and he answered them: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." Any repentance which did not work such practical changes in the life of the penitent was not a repentance which would issue in "the remission of sins."

All this was but preparatory work to prepare the way for Another. The preaching of the Baptist had been heard of throughout the land; Jerusalem had turned out into the desert to hear him, and all the population of Judea as far as, and even beyond Jordan, and a spirit of confession had come over the people (Matt. 3: 5, 6), and some might have thought they saw indications that Jer. 50: 4 and Zech 12: 10-14 were about to be fulfilled. Men "were in expectation, and mused in their hearts of John whether he were the Christ or not." And John perceived it, and answered their thoughts by saying, "I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."

The movement had so spread among the people that the authorities began to interfere, and the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to John to investigate the matter: "Who art thou?" Self had been renounced by this man; he only said who [illegible]; "I am not the Christ." "Who art thou, that we may give an answer to them that sent us, what sayest thou of thyself?" John had nothing to say of himself but what God had already said of him in his Word. O blessed man to have nothing to say of bimself but much to say of Jesus! This was the last of the preparation for his testimony to the Messiah. The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Up till now all had been preparatory, this was the real burden of the Baptist's message, this was the salvation which, sooner or later, "all flesh" should see. Is not this a great lesson for us to learn as witnesses to our God? Before all flesh shall see the salvation of God in the sense of the conversion of the world God would have all flesh that we come in contact with see Christ in us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"BAPTIZED OF HIM IN JORDAN."

JOHN the Baptist had a momentous commission committed to him. His duty was to prepare the way for one greater than himself. What his life had been from infancy to manhood, we are not told. It is inconceivable that he would grow up in ignorance of the strange circumstances attending his birth. There can be no doubt that his father and mother would be careful to communicate them to him as soon as he was capable of understanding them and that they would do all in their power to prepare him for fulfilling his mission. How long John remained under the care of his parents is not reported, but when the realization of his duty came upon him, when apparently he was about thirty years of age, he was not with them, but alone in the wilderness, the arid district of Judæa lying west of the Dead Sea. Yet he had kept in touch with current events as is shown by his answers to those who asked him about their duties. He clearly knew their circumstances and their faults. It was a time of national peace and of spiritual lethargy. There had been no voice from God for centuries. The spiritual teachers of the people had contented themselves with prescribing outward, formal, religious observances. Even the High Priesthood had fallen into so worldly a condition of compromise that two High Priests were holding office at the same time. The people had lost faith in the dry husk of their religion out of which all life had departed.

The religious stagnation of the time was suddenly stirred. John began to preach, and his discourses were not like those of the scribes, the authorized religious teachers of the day. Brushing contemptuously aside the idea of outward observance having any moral value, and of a man being necessarily good because of his descent from Abraham, which were the corner stones of the theology of the time, he declares boldly for moral and heart purity. Dependence on lineage and a trust in religious forms, even on his own rite of baptism, were alike delusive. Every man whose life was not right, though he were ten times a son of Abraham, and had kept all the ordinances, was in peril. This was the tone of his preaching, and, with it all, there was the dominant cry—the reason and essence of it all—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand." There must be preparation for it, and that preparation must be where the kingdom is to be—in the heart. The people came to be baptized. That was an easy matter. If a dip in the Jordan and some formula said over them, would secure safety, a man would be foolish to hold back. But when they came, they were received with a fiery torrent of denunciation. Baptism could do them no good, it was the Baptism of repentance they needed. This was a more serious matter. The voice of John was the voice of one of the old prophets. He was like Elijah in his fierce arraignment. It was scathing, and the people quailed as they listened. The alarm was necessary. So it is in these days. Before Christ comes into the heart with his message of peace, there must be a stirring-up of conviction. He is not appreciated until people feel that they need a Saviour.

I indeed baptize you with water. John spoke of his baptism as inferior to that which Christ would inaugurate. It was negative, merely the sign of morality and of repentance, but when Christ came he would baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. There would be power in that for purity and service. In Sidney's Life of Hill, the story is told of a Jesuit preaching baptismal regeneration to an Indian tribe. The chief listened till the talk was over and then said it was "nonsense talk." Pointing to one of his braves, he said "Beach-Tree gets mad with fire-water. He was baptized, but he gets mad with fire-water just the same. He get no good he old Beach-Tree still."

Descended in a bodily shape, like a dove upon him. That is, with the gentle, hovering motion peculiar to the alighting of the dove. The baptism of the Spirit must come upon him first before he baptized others. Julius Hare has a beautiful simile of the Spirit's work. He says that a man walking through a forest near sunset might be in some doubt whether the sun was still above the horizon. The trees and bushes might hide the face of the luminary from him. But when he approaches an opening of the forest, he would know without seeing the sun, by the appearance of distant objects, whether or not it had set. If it was still in the sky, some object would reflect its rays. So with the Spirit; we may not see him in bodily shape as he appeared at the baptism, but we know that he is at work, by the lives of God's people. They shine as lamps which none but he could have lighted.

Whose fan is in his hand. This is the implement referred to by Isaiah (30: 24). It was a kind of scoop or shovel, sometimes a fork, with which the grain, having been beaten by the flail, was tossed against the wind which blew away the broken straw and chaff. The floor of the barn was thus strewed with the grain, small stones, clods of earth, etc., which were too heavy to be blown away. These had to go through another process. The earth and stones must be got rid of by a sieve. When this was done, the floor was clear of impurities and nothing but grain was left. John's idea of his successor's work was like this. He would have a fan and a sieve and would thoroughly purge his floor. Into the kingdom of heaven, he would set up, nothing would enter but what was fit to enter.

Herod being reproved by him. This Herod was a son of Herod the Great, the Herod who murdered the children at the time of Christ's birth. He was a depraved man, guilty of innumerable crimes. The Herodias mentioned was a grand-daughter of Herod the Great, a daugher of Aristobulus, an elder brother of the Herod whom she married. She was consequently his niece, and before marrying him she was the wife of Philip, another brother of her father and Herod, whom she basely deserted to marry Herod. She was a wicked, unscrupulous woman, worse in nature than her husband. John must have known that he was making a dangerous enemy when he denounced Herod for marrying her. She was implacable, and when her husband contented himself with imprisoning the prophet, she could not rest till she had contrived his death. History records no other instance of a great man slain to please a relentless woman. This was Cicero, who died about seventy years before John. Cicero offended Fulvia, the wife of Antonius, and she instigated her husband to bargain for his death. Prompted by her he made it a condition of hoping Augustus, that Cicero should be slain. Augustus was under many obligations to Cicero, but he was not the man to allow the life of a friend to remain an obstacle in his way to supreme power. He gave his consent and Cicero was beheaded. The story runs that his head was sent to Fulvia, as John's was sent to Herodias, and Fulvia took the ghastly trophy and drawing out the tongue that had so bitterly denounced her and her husband, she thrust her hairpin through it.

FEEDING 1500 DAILY AT VAN.

ISS KIMBALL'S CHEERING REPORT OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FUND'S WORK AMONG THE DESTITUTE ARMENIANS.

ree Bakeries Employed—Clothing as well as Bread Supplied to the Starving Christians—The Great Army of Homeless Ones—Many More Martyrs for Christ Fall Beneath Turkish Swords—Help for other Centres of Suffering.

NE glimpse of cheer comes from unhappy Armenia. It is a letter from Dr. Grace W. Kimball, giving such a glorious account of the progress of the relief work which our readers have estab-hed in Van through THE CHRISTIAN RALD Fund, as will bring a thrill of isfaction to all who are aiding in this ristian cause. Dr. Kimball's letter is follows:

VAN, Dec. 4th, 1895.

DEAR SIR:—Yesterday Mr. Hallward, itish Vice-Consul, handed me your ca-gram announcing the thrice-welcome t that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund s reached $10.000. This news has given our real Thanksgiving Day. May God ss every one who has contributed to is noble work!

And yet, this sum even now begins to k small and inadequate before the daily reasing flood of utter ruin that sweeps wn on us. And the only help we see these immediate necessities is in the lp that may come from America and gland. The villages are devastated. ready the official report of one hundred d seventy-six ruined, plundered villages s been received; and only eight out of teen districts in the Province of n have been definitely reported. hile from the remaining districts me rumors of even more terrible ings than have taken place in the ss remote regions. Rumors come whole villages forcibly converted Islam; of the murder of many lpless people, especially of priests d other ecclesiastics, and of holesale pillaging.

The condition of this city, so far the daily bread of the people is ncerned, goes from bad to worse ily. Since the last of October, e shops and all business have en suspended. This throws arly the entire population out of nployment—a population already poor that its utmost exertions rely sufficed to keep the wolf from e door in ordinary times. Imag-e the condition of the people now, hen the villages, the great source the city trade, are ruined and eir inhabitants fleeing to the city r support; and what trade there ight be in and for the city itself entirely stopped.

The bakery which we opened on e strength of your first letter and mittance on the 23d of November taxed to its utmost capacity and yond; so that we have been giv-g orders on another bakery as a mporary thing, and are having a w bakery fitted up, to be ready in o or three days. We are **now feeding out 1500 people daily**, and are distribut-g clothing to these people and hundreds other villagers who are in greatest need. e have laid in 1,500 bushels of wheat d a considerable amount of wood at ry advantageous prices.

Just here, the man in charge of the kery comes and reports that the Gov-nor is giving out orders for bread to the llagers. This Governor is a good man, d we do not doubt his good intentions. ut as the treasury is entirely empty, we do not anticipate any very material as-stance from Turkish sources. However ttle it may be, it will doubtless be noised road, especially in English papers, as a roof of the tender feelings the Govern-ent entertains for its Christian subjects. he hand that smote will not long comfort.

I will administer to the best of my abil-y with the assistance and advice of Mr. allward and Rev. Mr. Allen of our Mis-on. Dr. Raynolds has not yet returned, ut we hope to see him soon, and to avail urselves of his ripe experience.

Please assure all contributors and helpers in this work of Armenian relief, of the deepest gratitude of the poor people, and of the hearty thanks of us who are witnesses of their misery. Thanking you especially for this noble service that you are rendering Christianity, I remain, etc.,

G. W. KIMBALL.

Rev. Herbert M. Allen, missionary of the American Board at Van, writes to Dr. Klopsch under date Dec. 4:

We were very much gratified to learn that already your Fund had reached ten thousand dollars. I can assure you that you could have undertaken no nobler work than this. Thousands of unhappy people will never cease to bless your readers. Dr. Raynolds and myself will be very glad to undertake our share in the work of relief. Please accept our hearty thanks in behalf of the suffering people for all that you are doing.

Rev. H. O. Dwight, of the American Board, writes from the Bible House, Constantinople, December 15th:

The destitute villagers are flocking into Van and they will need all you can send them before the winter is through.

During the past week the carnival of slaughter has been continued with tireless energy and terrible ferocity by the Turks and Kurds. The fall of Zeitoun is now denied and fighting is still going on there. From every side come reports of atrocities by Turks, Kurds, and Circassians—villages swept by fire, the men massacred, the women either slain or reserved for a fate worse than death. Thousands of women have been carried away captive to become inmates of some vile Moslem harem. An illustration of the Turkish method of extermination is found in the case of the village of Hoh, in the Sandjak district. At first the aghas (or local magistrates) promised to protect the Christians, but when they saw villages burning in every direction, they refused to keep their word. All the Christians were told that, under the pain of death, they must accept Islam. They were assembled at the Mosque, and there eighty young men were picked out and led outside the village—for slaughter. Eight escaped, sixty-two were killed, and ten wounded. The young women of the village were taken to Turkish harems, and the survivors of the Christian population were scattered among other villages.

In every district there is the same tragic story of massacre, outrage, pillage, and abduction; monasteries sacked, and Christian pastors and people butchered. In many villages the Armenian priests were among the number who laid down their lives as a testimony to the faith. In almost every village the strong men and youths were killed, and in nearly every case they met death with the fortitude of true martyrs. Many were killed with horrible tortures, because of their refusal to deny Christ. Among those who so perished were the Armenian pastors at Khizan, Halakeny, and Koh.

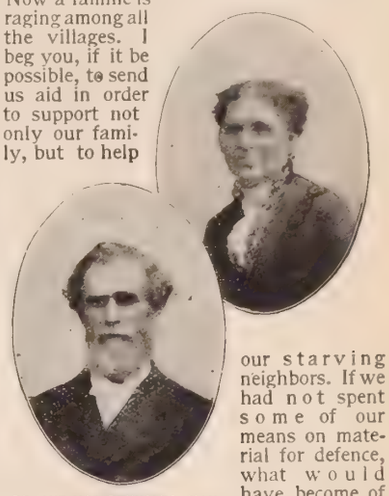
Although in official communications the atrocities are denied by the Turkish government, the statements issued by the Porte are nowhere credited. Denials of the massacres of Trebizond and Erzeroum were circulated, despite the statements of American and European Consular officials, missionaries, and Armenian survivors, supplemented by the photographs of the piles of dead in the streets and cemeteries (taken by a correspondent of the London *Graphic*). One of the illustrations on this page shows a number of Armenian prisoners who were arrested by the authorities after the Trebizond massacre, and who may sooner or later share the fate of their hapless fellow-countrymen. They were arrested on the pretext that they caused the riot, and six of them have already been condemned to death.

In a letter from the village of Gemarek, near Kæsarea, dated Nov. 25, written by a resident of that place to a relative in New York, the writer discloses a condition of affairs that is an illustration of what is going on everywhere throughout Asia Minor:

ARMENIANS HELD PRISONERS AFTER THE TREBIZOND MASSACRE.

"You can form no idea of the extent of the misery, by merely hearing of it. In our vicinity there are about twenty Armenian villages, all of which have been plundered by Circassians 'Karappapacks' and Turkish barbarians. Our village alone has been saved thus far. For eleven days, day and night, we have protected the village against attacks by the common enemy and many attacks we have repulsed. We gathered our forces together and surrounded the village with our young men, all fully armed. During these eleven days, the women and children were assembled in the churches for safety. Meanwhile, our eight hundred young defenders were set around the village. It was well that we had made these preparations. Soon a body of Circassian cavalry, perhaps 300 or 400 strong, swept down upon us, and behind them came thousands of foot-soldiers. Several times they attacked our village, but every time they were repulsed with loss. Thank God that we have thus far escaped the fate that has overtaken so many others!

"But the enemy did as much damage in another direction. Our winter stores of grain, flour, etc., were plundered, and the mill where much of the grain belonging to the villagers was kept, were destroyed by fire. In our own case, the family stock of grain, consisting of several large bins of wheat, etc., in the mills, was destroyed. Now a famine is raging among all the villages. I beg you, if it be possible, to send us aid in order to support not only our family, but to help our starving neighbors. If we had not spent some of our means on material for defence, what would have become of us all?



DR. AND MRS. REYNOLDS, VAN.

"Amid all this trouble and sorrow, it is pleasing to mention that our trials have brought to the front one good friend, an excellent and just Turk. Jadi Oghloo Ali-Agha has helped us a good deal. He united his friends with us and with arms in his hands resisted the attacks, showing his nobility and true humanity."

From the town of Mardin near Diarbeker, in Mesopotamia, comes a sad story of Kurdish massacre and pillage. Letters received in New York state that the Mesopotamia Christians of Mardin were suddenly attacked by a large body of Kurds, the town being surrounded. News had already been received of the burning of many villages and the massacre of thousands of peaceful peasants, but the Mardin attack came like a thunderbolt. Many hundreds were butchered in a few hours. The writer of the letter personally knew one hundred and twenty of the victims, most of them his close friends, some being near relatives. A number of native ministers of the Gospel were slain, including Revs. Hanousch, Aboosch and Georges Hadorshah. Another, Brother Georges, received two shots in his breast.

The town is a scene of terror and desolation; groups of weeping mothers and crying children shelter themselves in the houses, while all around, and even upon the floors are the tell-tale pools of blood that show where the martyrs fell under the Kurdish swords. Dead bodies, clotted with blood that had flowed from great gaping wounds, lay everywhere in sight. There were other horrors that added to the terror—the attacks on the native women and girls, who were subjected to nameless abuse."

Special appeals having been made by Armenians now in this country to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, to extend its operations to Mardin and Gemarek, an effort will be made to do so and to afford, through the American Board missionaries, such relief as may be needed, and also to other centres of distress. The principal field of the Relief Fund, as already explained, is at Van, where Dr. Kimball and her associates are doing an excellent work among the swarms of refugees from the destroyed villages of that and adjoining provinces. At the same time in view of the unprecedented destitution all over Armenia, the missionaries acting as distributors of the Fund are expected to give prompt attention to any specially urgent case that may come under their observation, in order that human life may be saved and suffering averted. All contributions to the Relief Fund will be acknowledged in these columns. Contributions during the past week are acknowledged on page 36 of this issue.

RICHMOND'S GOSPEL WAGON.

Missionary Williams' Work in the Streets of the Southern City—A Story of Spiritual Struggle.

ALL over the land, agencies are multiplying for the dissemination of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. On platform and in tent, on street corner and in dingy alley or foul slum, the worker for souls finds the means of carrying the message of love to other hearts. Not the least effective auxiliaries in the work are the gospel boat and gospel wagon, the first to ply on our lakes and rivers, dropping the Gospel seed wherever it finds an audience, the second to travel from town to town and village to village, along the dusty highways, frequently reaching places where there are no regular church services.

It was the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently to describe the gospel wagon of the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., where a band of earnest workers have made excellent use of it during the past season. Another Southern city—Richmond, Va.—now comes to the front with a gospel wagon that has also rendered effective service, although only a few months in commission. The wagon is shown in the illustration on this page.

Every Sunday afternoon the large vehicle can be seen in some section of the city, drawn by two stout gray horses, and the sweet tones of the organ and the singers can be heard upon the Sabbath breeze. So greatly has the work grown and interested non-church-going people, that it has been determined to take the wagon out on week-days as well as on Sundays, and so enlarge the scope of its usefulness, and make it possible for every man, woman and child among the non-church-going population in Richmond to hear the Gospel preached at least once a week.

Rev. Geo. F. Williams, a well-known Baptist minister, is in charge of the wagon and is enthusiastic over the success so far achieved. He had known for a long time what good results these Gospel wagons were accomplishing in other cities, and he made several efforts to start up the movement here. He finally got up an improvised conveyance in which he conducted his labors. This vehicle was furnished free of charge by Mr. W. D. Sutherland for the first meetings. It was then necessary to secure singers and workers to assist Mr. Williams. He had been so impressed with the great need for this kind of work in Richmond, that he determined that the wagon must be on the street at the time fixed, so he had to look around for assistants. Messrs. Wood, of the Grace Street Baptist Church, and Ernest Throckmorton, of the Fulton Baptist Church with whom Mr. Williams had previously talked about this work, were the only persons the preacher was sure he could depend upon for aid. Just about this time, however, Mr. Williams met a company of singers and workers from the Fulton Baptist Church, who agreed to accompany him with his wagon. Since that time most of his working force has come from this church, although others have assisted at one time or another. Services have been held every Sunday afternoon. As the work grew it became apparent that a more suitable conveyance would have to be procured. This required money, part of which was soon raised, and the vehicle was ordered. In fitting up the wagon Mr. Williams was the recipient of a number of donations. It was the plan of the pastor of the wagon that it should be driven every Sunday afternoon into sections where many people, owing to circumstances, cannot get out to church. The song-service soon attracts those upon the streets, and even many in the houses, and soon a large crowd assembles. There is a short sermon, prayer and [illegible] personal work among those in the audience, among whom tracts are distributed and personal appeals [illegible]. Many [illegible] ed and an encouraging number converted by these wagon meetings. As soon as a conversion is made the name of the person is [illegible] Sunday School [illegible].

The work is an innovation in Richmond, but it is a substantial one, which has already shown its good fruits. Rev. Mr. Williams, the originator of the movement, has given his life to mission work. He is an A.B. of Rochester University, and spent two years at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. On leaving he became a missionary in the Southern army, and after the close of the war went to the county and city of Mobile, Ala. He established the Marine Street Mission in that city, raising the money by personal appeal, and working with his own hands on the building. He became pastor of the new church which, under his faithful leadership, soon outgrew the frame building, and he then built, in the same manner, a large brick structure, which became the Palmetto Street Church. Soon after this church became self-sustaining, Mr. Williams removed to Richmond, and took charge of the Venable Street Mission, which was then only a Sunday School, worshipping on the corner of Venable and Eighteenth streets in a small frame building. In a few months afterward (April 26, 1874) he organized a church, which soon outgrew the small building, and by his efforts was enlarged and improved, and is now the Venable Street Baptist Church. This Church is now presided over by Rev. J. S. Dill, D.D.

Mr. Williams' arduous labors subsequently impaired his health, and by advice of physicians he was induced to try a Southern climate, and accepted a call to the Ridge Spring Church, South Carolina. There he did a fine work in his own church increasing the membership and developing in them the missionary spirit. He also found opportunity to preach for and hold meetings with feeble churches in the surrounding country. After a seven years' pastorate in South Carolina, he returned to Virginia, and became pastor of Bethel and Riverton Churches, preaching also regularly at mission stations in Boyce and Millwood. During a pastorate of eighteen months he organized a church at Millwood, Clarke County, which is now a flourishing church, worshipping in a neat building, and is presided over by Rev. W. S. Dorset. In December, 1888, he was called to be city missionary of Richmond, under the auspices of the Baptist City Missionary Society. Taking charge of this work in its infancy, when there were no plans, and only an experimental organization, he mapped out a system of his own, and set at work influences that were hitherto unfelt, thus enlisting interest in the work, so that the little band grew to a membership of over six hundred. At the end of four and a half years he resigned his position under the auspices of the Baptist City Missionary Society and undertook and has successfully carried on for two and a half years, volunteer mission work. God has greatly blessed his labors.

THE GOSPEL WAGON AT WORK IN RICHMOND, VA.

Bible Chronology.

There is no system of chronology specifically set forth in the Bible. What is commonly understood to be Bible chronology is in the main, Archbishop Usher's calculations, that have been given a place on the margin of the English Bible. The earlier portion of these calculations is based on the references to the ages of the patriarchs in the "Recensions" or critical revision of the Hebrew text from which the English version was translated; but these ages are given differently in the Septuagint, or ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament, in the Samaritan Pentateuch, and, again, in the Masoretic Hebrew text, from which the English Bible is translated. These differences amount in the aggregate to fourteen or fifteen centuries, as prior to the time Abraham's leaving Haran. Hence it is agreed by all scholars that there cannot be a common agreement on this point while we have no fuller information.

Church Union Sorely Needed.

Dr. Josiah Strong's Plan Further Explained —The Churches' Opportuity.

WIDESPREAD interest has been aroused by the publication of the remarkable article from the pen of Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. In that article Dr. Strong advocated a national union of Christian Churches in the interest of public morality, social reform, and Christian benevolence. Such an organization, it was explained, would not affect present denominational lines in any degree. The prime objects of the union would be to apply the principles of Christ's teachings to the solution of social problems, to ally the churches in all that concerns human welfare, to secure united action along all civil and moral movements affecting large communities and in brief "to stand in the name of Christ on the side of practical religion, good citizenship, the enforcement of law, the promulgation of sobriety, prevention of cruelty, alleviation of suffering, correction of injustice, rescue of the unfortunate, reformation of the depraved and kindred ends"—all the activities of such an alliance being made subservient to spiritual results.

With such a union as Dr. Strong has pictured in actual and widespread operation, it would be impossible to estimate the amount of good it might accomplish. Nothing on this continent could withstand the tremendous influence of the allied churches, presenting a solid and compact front in behalf of the highest interests of humanity and society. Discussing the need of such a Union, Dr. Strong writes in his book, *The New Era:*

Co-operation would not only afford the churches a means of educating public opinion, but also a medium for expressing it, which is hardly less needed. Not unfrequently there are bills before our state legislatures or the national Congress which do violence to the moral sense and the Christian conscience of the people. The obnoxious measure may arouse popular indignation, but before the storm can gather and break the bill becomes a law. The disgraceful New Jersey race-track legislation in the interest of gambling affords a good illustration.

And Christian men, if they will find each other out and co-operate, can make and unmake not only the laws spread on the statute-book of the state, but also the stronger, unwritten, and self-enforcing laws of society. The church might thus become what it ought always to have been—the controlling conscience of the social organism. This the church must become if it is to reconstruct society on Christian principles. There is a vast and important remedial work yet to be done, but there is another work still more important. It is more important to prevent pauperism than to cure it, more important to stop producing criminals than to reform them; and if our social system is to be so readjusted and reformed as to remove the causes of pauperism and crime, the churches must take large views of their relations to society, must recognize their obligation to teach the second great law of Christ, and as the social conscience, must hold all men and all corporations, all institutions, to a faithful observance of that law. All of which is impossible, without some form of organization and co-operation.

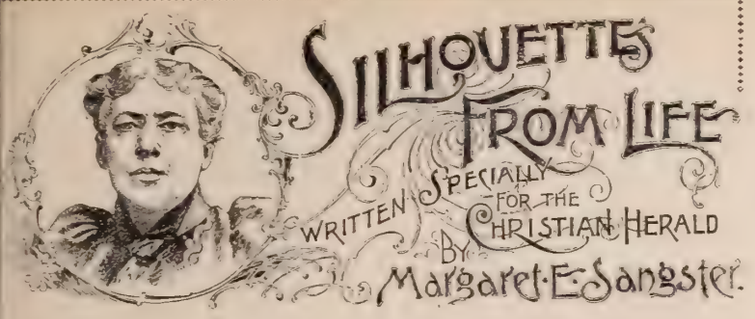
There are increasing indications that if the churches do not soon organize for the prosecution of social reforms they will lose their opportunity of leadership and with it their great opportunity to regain their lost hold on the masses and to shape the civilization of the future. For good men representing reforms and philanthropic interests which have sprung up outside the churches, are beginning to feel after some form of organization which will afford the advantages of co-operation. Some common centre is needed in the interest of economy and efficiency where efforts to improve the community may be co-ordinated and adjusted to each other in some comprehensive plan — a common centre to which information may be brought and to which suggestions and complaints may be made —a common centre, too, where the good citizens of the community will want a better state of things can find each other. Elijah was disheartened and God's chosen ones in Israel were weak because the seven thousand who feared God were known only to him and not to each other. In this city there are "seven thousand" men who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of the political machine or kissed the Mammon of utterly selfish living, but who are weak and disheartened because they are ignorant of each other. And they will remain weak and disheartened as long as they each one think, "I, even I only, am left." Doubtless there are enough good men in every community to save it, if they would only find each other and act together.

But the various Christian denominations have not come near enough to each other to see distinctly the image of the common Master. Let them join in co-operative work, and they will become acquainted.

Dr. John Henry Barrows writes: "The churches must first learn to co-operate, and then later they will achieve whatever unity deems desirable." And the lamented Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock said: "If ever organic union comes, it will come through co-operation." Certainly churches and denominations which cannot co-operate cannot coalesce.

All churches known as Evangelical hold the great essentials of Christianity in common; they differ only in non-essentials. Is it not evident that the churches of a community, which are united in the great essentials of Christian faith and experience, and which at the same time share the great responsibility of Christianizing that community, are in reality much more closely related to each other than the churches a hundred or a thousand miles away, with which the only distinction or bond is some non-essential of doctrine or common form of government or ritual?

All churches and individuals in sympathy with the objects outlined above are welcome to membership in this proposed national church alliance. It is adapted to large and small cities, towns and villages. All who are interested in the work can be furnished with full information on the subject, gratis, in the form of pamphlets and leaflets, on sending name and address to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



A New Year's Tale.

WE had drawn our chairs around the fire, and made the circle a close one, for the night was bitterly cold. The wind howled in the forest as if a pack of wolves were loose and famished for d. The sky had been low hung and y since early morning. At dusk the ite flakes began to fall, the thick heavy d in which several clusters cling to- her. By the time father came in from lking, and bedding the horses and cows nfortably for the night, you could not the fence, nor the bars at the end of e lane. Father was red with cold as he wound his great woolen comforter, that me up well above his ears, and hung his abby old overcoat on the nail in the entry.

"It's well for them tha- have no house go to this night," he said, quoting a mily proverb. It meant "well for those eady in the house."

"Yes, John, dear," said our sweet ther, adding "I've made oat scones and ed sausages for supper, I knew you'd ed something hot."

"And coffee, mamma, you'll have coffee, n't you?" cried Louis, "Tea is so slop- on a very cold night."

"Coffee, if you want it, my boy," said ther. "One's as little bother as the er, if Sadie will grind the coffe, or if u will, Louis, as you are the pleader in e case, and Sadie is busy with her fancy rk."

Well, we had supper and a jolly one it s, and then on the last night of the ar, we settled down to a quiet homely ening with fun, and songs and stories. hat cared we for a bitter storm, with r own all safe, and not a jar in the eet melody of our beautiful love-life as household, to whom God had been good r beyond all deserts.

We had just finished "Annie Laurie," d the echoes had hardly died away, when die declared she heard a call for help out ere in the snow. Nobody else heard any und except the twisting and whirling of e bending boughs, tormented with the ind, and the wail of the wind itself, ting like a fiend around the rattling nes and clattering like a dragoon on rseback against the eaves. There are ent snow-storms and angry snow-storms d this was one of the furious sort.

But whether Sadie heard anything or hether she did not, Leo, our old retriever as sure in his mind that somebody was tside. Leo sniffed under the mat by the or, and barked and whined. Then he me to father and tugged at his coat, and ther got up, lit the lantern, put on his t and muffler, and went into the storm, o at his heels.

Presently they returned. Father was agging what looked like a great bundle hind him. Leo rushed after it, barking ith the greatest excitement. The snow llowed them all in a white whirling cloud d the cold came in with the fierceness of invading army. We hurried to shut e door, and then mother and the girls ndid the bundle.

It was a slip of a maiden not much be- nd childhood. She was so pretty as she y unconscious before our eyes, that Louis eld his breath with wonder and pleasure. ather began to rub her cold hands, Sadie afed her temples, mother pulled off her aked and sodden shoes and stockings. on she opened her blue eyes and gasped vice, then, in a faint, flute-like voice, sked, "Where am I? Is this heaven?"

"No, my dear," said mother, holding a lass of warm milk to her lips, and putting er strong gentle arm under the girlish ead, "it isn't heaven. Its Flyaway Farm, at stands on the hill near Oakhurst."

"And its not so far from being a heaven-like place," said father, as he sat down beside the hearth again.

Who was this girl, and how came she to be alone in such a storm? None of our neighbors but would have known better than to venture forth, in such weather as had threatened since morning. But this was a stranger, and when she came to herself, she proved to be of a graceful bearing and of an air seldom seen in our plain country-side. As for her looks, she was not fashioned of common clay, but of the finest porcelain, the loveliest thing you ever dreamed of, and not past twenty years old.

"I am Dorothy Lester," she told us, "and I've come from Honolulu, where I lost my parents, to stay with my Uncle James Quincy. Uncle did not expect me so soon, but he knew I was on the way. I left the railroad at noon and came in the stage to the Corners. There, I got out, and the driver told me how to go on, but I lost my way in the snow."

"Abominable conduct in William Scott," said my father, "to let a girl, and a stranger, start on such a road, with such a storm brewing."

"Well," said mother soothingly, "You are here now, and God watched over you, dear child. Here you'll remain till the weather changes, and then we'll take you to your uncle's.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Louis, who was uncommonly pleased with the addition to our party.

"Well, we had Dorothy with us four splendid shut-in days, when the snow walled us away from the world, and nobody came in or went out. She shared our happy New Year festivities, and joined our family prayers, and we treated her as if she were Noah's dove that had fluttered out of the tempest into the ark. We all felt sorrowful when the time came that father harnessed the gray horses to the old sleigh, piled in the robes, put a glowing footstove in the bottom for Dorothy's small feet, and then glided away with a guest we had learned to love.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said Louis, as he turned mournfully from the door, "if her Aunt Miriam Quincy were like anybody else, like our dear mother, for instance, but she is so cross and hateful!"

"Oh! well," said Sadie cheerfully, "Dorothy won't have to stay there always. Girls marry and go to homes of their own."

Which was precisely what Dorothy did in another New Year. Ask Louis what he thinks of the wife God brought him from over the sea, and sent to his arms on the wings of the wind. "A prudent wife," however you find her, "is from the Lord."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Lepers of India.

There are in India thousands of lepers who are spiritually neglected by the native priests and to whom Christian missionaries have undertaken to teach the Word of Life. A lady missionary, Mrs. Osborne, treating on the subject says: "On all sides these poor lepers are begging to be taught reading. They see the improvement in the twenty now learning, and all long to share in it. Then, as if to meet that want, a young leper was admitted a few weeks ago. He had been remarkably well educated, and, I believe, is a Christian. He is about twenty-two years of age, and is almost broken-hearted at being banished to his living tomb, and begs most piteously for aid in some way. While thinking and praying about him it struck us that if we could employ him to teach the others, what he was paid for it would enable him to get the remedies he is so anxious to use for the alleviation of his own sufferings. They are praying to be taught, and here is one well qualified to teach them, and who must in any case live amongst them.

"Another need which is constantly pressing itself upon me is a little home, where the young children of lepers, who are as yet free from the taint of leprosy may be placed, and brought up amid healthy surroundings. I am assured by the European doctor that it is quite possible for these little ones to grow up quite healthy if properly cared for in early years. We are most anxious for these little ones to be removed from scenes of infection and danger to a place of safety."

To Work for Christ in Africa.

ABOUT fifteen years since, a young colored lad named Cornelius McKane, born and resident in Demarara, South America, worked his passage on a vessel coming from thence to New York. His grandmother was a daughter of a King of the Veys, a tribe near the coast of West Africa, then, and now well known for intelligence and energy. They are idolaters as no missionaries have been sent to them. Being brought early in her life to South America, and instructed by missionaries there, the grandmother of Cornelius became an earnest disciple of Jesus. She impressed the young mind and tender heart of her grandson with the strong belief that he was the chosen and called of God to go, when educated, to Africa, and give to her former people the precious Gospel of Christ. To this purpose as to the pole-star of his earthly hope, the young Cornelius has proved ever true.

MR. AND MRS. McKANE.

After graduating from a New York public school, he went, at the age of twenty, to Africa, made his way alone through forests and streams to the heathen tribe, was affectionately recognized by an aged sister of his grandmother, acknowledged by the people and entreated to become their king, but he soon explained to them his very different designs. After living for a few years in Africa and seeing the great need of medical missions, he decided to return to America and prepare himself for this life work. The expenses of his journey were paid by a person in Monrovia, Liberia. The earnest young student continued his studies at the University of Vermont from which he graduated with special honors. He was for a time employed as teacher of Anatomy. To obtain means to go to Africa he went to Savannah, Ga., and worked hard at his profession. There he married Dr. Alice Woodby, and together they founded and conducted in Savannah a "Training School for Nurses," and graduated their first class. Having acquired means sufficient to purchase their outfit for Africa, their school being well established, they left it in care of another physician and one of the trained nurses, and after spending a few days in New York they started, June 8th, 1895, in a small sailing vessel for Monrovia, Africa. Letters from them state that they have opened a Dispensary, and hope soon to open what will be the first hospital on all the coast of West Africa. They have no missionary society and no promises of assistance except those found in the Word of God, They are simply trusting and working for their own support and the establishment of the Gospel work they have undertaken. Any form of practical sympathy and help would doubtless be made available for the furtherance of their Gospel work in that unenlightened land.

Missions in Polar Lands.

MISSIONARY work in Alaska makes slow but substantial progress. The country has an area of 531,000 square miles, and a population of 32,052, composed of Indians, Eskimos, Thlingets, Aleuts, and some white traders, educators, etc. Most of the Aleuts are adherents of the Russian Greek Church. The other natives are barbarians, and many are fetish-worshipers, practicing polygamy, child marriage, infanticide, slavery, witchcraft, and sometimes cannibalism.

Greenland, with an inhabited area of about 47,000 square miles and a population of 10,516, has been evangelized by Lutherans from Denmark, and by Moravians. The western coast is practically Christianized. The Lutherans count 8,175 adherents at twelve stations, with three Danish and four native pastors. They have a seminary for the training of young native pastors and teachers at Godthaab. The Moravians number 1,591 communicants at six stations. They have within a year established the first station on the east coast among a people whose existence was unknown until 1883. The new station is on the Tessinyak Bay, near Cape Dan. There is a good harbor and a stream abounding with fish. The Moravians have also recently established a new station among the Eskimo seal fisheries on Blackwell's Island, Cumberland Sound. The work in Greenland is beset with difficulties due to the cold climate, with a winter temperature of twenty-six degrees below zero (New Herrnhut, 1894), and to the consequent scanty means of support, as well as to the dullness and lack of receptivity in spiritual things generally shown by Greenlanders. A great safeguard to the morals of the people has been, however, the treaty forbidding any but Danish traders to land in the harbors except by special permission. Through the enforcement of this treaty the natives have been largely shielded from contaminating influences which usually come from the immorality and intoxicants introduced by traders. Labrador's population is about 6,000 in winter and over 50,000 during the four months of the cod-fishing season, when fishermen and their families come to catch enough fish to pay their debts, which most of them have contracted during the winter months. The only Christian work among them is carried on by the Mission to the Deep-sea Fishermen. The Moravians have six stations, with about six hundred communicants and 1,400 church members, among the Eskimos of that region, and have been the means of establishing Christian law and order in northern Labrador.

Missionary Progress in Japan.

Dr. Amory Bradford, who went out to Japan to see whether the churches there were strong enough to stand alone, has come to the conclusion that they cannot yet do without missionaries, but that only men of ability, well trained, and with a special aptitude for languages, should seek Japan as a field of labor. The Japanese are often thinkers and readers, and can only be aided by able men. Dr. Bradford had reliable testimony that the labors of the missionaries have put new life into Buddhism and Shintoism, very much as they have revived the ancient religions of India, but only to slay them. The paganism of ancient Rome was quickened under Julian the Apostate into a spasmodic vigor, but its end was come. So will it be with the false religions of to-day.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

E. C. Bogert.
Miss M. Coe.
I., Memoriam Eden, Ont., Can.
S. Bruyere.
W. H. Astin.
M. G., Whitehall, N. Y.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons of the Bowery Mission should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The Weaponry of Death.

WHAT marvelous ingenuity our day has shown in the invention of weaponry of death. The old bullet did not kill sure enough, so we have the minie ball that will do its work with more precision and at longer range. We could not destroy a war ship soon enough, so we have the beautiful torpedo by which we can blow sky-high the general and all his troops. Ordinary powder is obsolete, and so we have dynamite which works so beautifully that it can kill a hundred people where the other could kill only ten. The Patent Office at Washington is ever and anon receiving some new style of weapon by which we can skilfully put out of the embarrassments of this life in quick time a great multitude of people. And if the art of invention should continue in this direction for a century, perhaps two armies confronting each other, if they understood their business well, could destroy each other, and none be left on either side to tell the story. But it seems now as if the glorification of missiles of death were going to be exchanged for appreciation of men who can save life instead of destroying it, and as if the doctor would be more honored than the major-general. God has ten the day. Our poor human race has had it hard enough. Man goes forth assaulted all through life. Indeed, the attack begins in infancy, and the cradle is bombarded with croups and scarlet fevers and whooping coughs, and the cradle that survives is in some respects like the ark of bulrushes in which the infant Moses rode safely out among the crocodiles. But because he has survived the infantile diseases let not the man think he is to escape further assault. Pneumonia takes after his lungs, and diphtheria after his throat, and ophthalmia after his eyes, and rheumatism after his muscles, and neuralgia after his nerves, and toothache after his jaws, and deafness after his ears, and all his life a man must be on his guard or positively in battle against physical ailments. But I thank God medical skill is now so marshaled that before many years have passed, the prospect is that diseases which have had full sweep all the ages will fall back or have nine-tenths of the horror of their attack withdrawn.

Among the ages this century will be remembered not only for the weaponry of death which it invented, but for the modes of conquering all manner of disease, which in its later hours it contrived to overcome. Meanwhile, as the doctors are combatting the physical disorders of the world, the Gospel of Christ will go on with its spiritual triumphs until the human race, extricated and disenthralled, will find itself in an Eden of which the original Paradise was a prophecy and an antetype. God never yet projected a failure, and he did not build this world to have it despoiled. Let owls and whip-poor-wills go back into the night while we listen for the morning lark at the opening gates of the rising day. Hail 1896 to be a brighter, a better, a grander year than any of its six thousand predecessors.

Storms and Telegraphy.

THE impression is abroad that in our time there are more accidents, worse cyclones, worse sicknesses, worse disasters of all sorts than in other days. All this is a mistake. There are no more of these devastations in proportion to the world's number of inhabitants than there always have been, but the telegraph and press associations gather them all up and put them before our eyes with all the particulars. Instead of knowing only that which goes on in our neighborhood, as in olden time, we have through wire and type a semi-omnipresence and we are informed of all the important things that happen within ten thousand miles. As to hurricanes, Satan was always the prince of the power of the air, and when he wishes to take a ride he gets astride a cyclone and with red spur of lightning urges on the wild courser until forests and villages are prostrated. But when vast regions of this country were uninhabited, a cyclone might caper around for a week and nobody hear of it. In the year 1776 a whole convention of blizzards met in Dakota and not one breath of their utterances was reported. In 1812 a hurricane flew a thousand miles through the Northwest, and only ruffled the fur of buffalo and sank an Indian's canoe and wrecked a bevy of wild pigeons. But now this country is getting so thoroughly peopled that tornadoes have no room to play without upsetting something. If some evening a whirlwind takes a little circuit after tea in Georgia, the next morning we all know about it. A cyclone can have no privacy, and its every move is reported. Every morning and evening we feel the sick pulse in a palace at Berlin, while the old German Emperors like Otho and Conrad and Arnulf might have been sick ten years, and except a handful of people, the world knew nothing about it. Now the harnessed lightning is by wire bridle and bit turned this way and that and compelled to carry all kinds of tidings. No wonder the overworked and tyrannized lightnings sometimes out of revenge strike and consume men and dwellings. Fame once meant being known by fifty thousand people. Fame now means being known by fifty million. Charlemagne was not as widely spoken of in his time as now is some pugilist. It is not because there are more accidents, or more sicknesses, or more deaths, or more occurrences, or more heroism, or more suicides, or more catastrophes, but because such things are immediately reported, telegraphed and published. All this is bringing the whole human family in sympathy.

American Art.

SOME have deplored the slowness of American art and the fact that we have no great art centre as may be found in other lands. The time has not come, but it will come. I see the dome of that great temple of art in the future. Into that vast structure shall be gathered many of the most famous canvasses and marbles of other lands, but in it American art will stand and hang its mightiest achievements. The Raphaels and the Titians of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries will come from the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Potomac and the Oregon, the Penobscot and the Alabama. God did not exhaust himself when he furnished the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He has not done his best. There are centuries to come that will eclipse any art centuries that are past. In that gallery will hang not so much the portraits of those who have destroyed life as of those who have saved it—pictures not of battlefields covered with corpses of men and carcases of cavalry horses, but of harvests of grain such as have never yet grown, and groups of children roseate and romping. In that temple of American art there shall be painted windows more wonderful than those of York cathedral, columns carved more exquisitely than those of St. Mark's at Venice, and ceilings surpassing those of the Sistine Chapel covered with Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Encourage our American artists, who, amid many disheartenments, are clearing the way for that brilliant century.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. Vernon Smith. Is there any truth in the discovery of a statement, in inscription or otherwise, by Pontius Pilate, denying complicity in the crucifixion of Christ.

We believe not. The story is one of a class devised by literary sensation-mongers, and is not supported by the confidence of a single authority. Biblical scholars and Orientalists repudiate it.

F. McL., Olney, Ill. What is the reason the U. S. Government will not demand the Sultan to stop the massacres and afford relief for the Armenians?

Any interference by this country would be resented by those European governments that signed the Treaty of Berlin. Those governments are responsible for the sufferings of Armenia being prolonged, because, the Sultan having violated the treaty agreement, they have the right under the treaty to take such action as would stop the massacres and persecutions.

W. R., Monroe, Mich. What is the meaning of the statement in Eccles. 10:2, that a wise man's heart is at his right hand and the fool's at his left?

It is not intended to be understood literally. The preacher was not teaching anatomy. He apparently meant that the wise man was in earnest in his work; as we sometimes say, he puts his heart into it. The right hand being the one used in work the figure is plain.

Mrs. D., Woburn, Ill. 1. Will God require it at the hands of the nations that fail to interfere between the Turks and Armenians? Would that be "going up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" 2. Would it be wrong for the Armenian Christians to defend themselves with the sword? 3. Can you supply the remaining two verses and give the author's name, of the hymn

Down the valley
Among the sweet lilies?

1. It is certainly a fearful responsibility they are incurring, having the name of Christian nations, yet doing nothing to save their fellow-Christians from untold persecution and suffering, when a bold stand by a single European power would have saved thousands of lives. 2. Decidedly not. 3. Some of our readers may supply the information wanted.

J. S. B., Miser, Tenn. What did Paul mean by delivering a man to Satan (1 Cor. 5:5)?

The man, a member of the Corinthian Church, had fallen into grievous sin, and was living a vicious life. Paul, hearing of it, decides that he must be excluded from the church. He was suspended, as the event proved, for in his second epistle Paul directs that he shall be tenderly received, lest he be swallowed up by over-much sorrow (II. Cor. 2:7). The exclusion was leaving the man without means of grace, and Paul tells the object of it, namely, that the flesh, that is the lusts and passions of his nature, might be purged from him, so that his soul might be saved. The casting of him out of the church meant, in Paul's mind, like giving him up to punishment and the will of the enemy, not for his eternal destruction, but for temporary chastisement. Some commentators have thought that Paul's sentence included the infliction of some malady, which he certainly did inflict in another case (Acts 13:11), but that is not directly stated. The words imply discipline that would render the man less under the influence of his fleshly appetites.

J. F. F. Beaulieu, Conn. 1. Was Methuselah the oldest man? 2. Is it right for persons not Christians to use the Lord's Prayer? 3. Can a person be a real Christian who has not clear evidence of his sins having been pardoned?

1. The record in Genesis appears to indicate that he was. We are not sure however whether the periods given refer to tribes or individuals. Biblical scholars are divided on the question. It was not uncommon to speak of a tribe by the name of its head (see Hosea 4:17 and other passages) and it may be so in the cases of these men whose lives seem to us so extraordinarily long. It has been suggested, but not proved, that in the record in Genesis ii the shorter period given in each case indicates the length of the life of the individual and the longer period that of his family. 2. Why not? He cannot use it with the depth of meaning that the Christian puts into it, but there is no reason why its petitions should not be used by him. 3. Yes, there are many real Christians who lack the assurance. It is strange that they should not have it, as God has promised to pardon those who come to him through Christ and they ought to believe he will do what he says but their faith is weak. It prevents them feeling peace and rest but will not affect their salvation.

J. R. R., Dayton, Wis. Did the Saviour give in his words to his disciples John 20:23 the power to forgive sins?

The words are generally understood in a declarative sense. They were authorized to give assurance of forgiveness to those who repented and exercised faith in Christ and to warn the impenitent of their doom. The gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost enabled them to see whether professions made were sincere.

C. H. H., Derry, N. H. Which of the two, wealth or poverty, is most provocative of crime?

It depends wholly on circumstances. Unquestionably wealth, or the struggle for the possession of it, is a great breeder of strife and envyings, but in the hands of a consecrated possessor, it becomes a widely-diffused blessing. Poverty, with the distress it entails, drives multitudes to crime; yet it may become a refiner and purifier of character in many cases. True happiness, even in the worldly sense, lies at neither extreme, but between the two (Prov. 30:8).

W. R., Truro, N. S. 1. Can conversion be separated from upbuilding? 2. Is it practically correct to consider the soul as the character? 3. Can it be proved, etc.?

1. Yes, it is the beginning of upbuilding. It is the turning again, the quitting of the old life and the starting of the new one. Upbuilding is more like sanctification than conversion. 2. The character is the combination of qualities distinguishing a person; the soul is a distinct entity. A man's character may change, but the soul is himself, his very life, incarnate. A violent, vicious man may become gentle and pure and we speak of his character being changed; but the soul grows, develops, yet does not change its identity. Character is practically the expression of the soul. 3. There are no data for answering the question and it is not worth considering.

C. W. Woodruff, Awada, Colo. Are the Baptist identified with the Anabaptists to whom reference was made in your journal some time ago?

The title is usually applied to a sect which arose in Germany in the sixteenth century. They baptized adults only and by immersion. The Baptists of our day agree with them so far, but have no sympathy with their ideas of government or with their excesses. The name also is inappropriate. It means baptizing again and the Baptists do not practise a second baptism except in case of a convert having been baptized in infancy by sprinkling the validity of which they do not recognize. They certainly believe in the divinity of Christ which the Anabaptists were disposed to question.

J. B. Brown, Cleveland, O. The population of Asia is about 350,000,000, estimated.——Mrs. C. A. Lobeer, Los Angeles, Cal. He is at Urumiah, Persia.——Mrs. C. R. W. M., Washington, Pa. The form you first suggest (Mrs. Roxana Blank) is the proper one.——T. Adams, Smithville, Ont. You will find it in the Apocrypha.——Israel Kuehule, Ann Arbor, Mich. The Red Cross is now arranging some such plan we believe. Meanwhile, the most direct way to send the Armenians relief is through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, which is distributed by the American Board missionaries in Armenia.—— Emma Wilcox, Greenwich, N. Y. Where can I find the poem on "Abel Entering Heaven?"——Mrs. M. I. Cottonwood Falls, Kan. He is an American.—— Minnie L., Eureka, Ind. Your conscientious scruples with respect to playing secular music on Sunday are perfectly right. It is clearly desecration to do so.——Subscriber, Glenn's Bay, Idaho. On general principles, he is better not to do so, although there is no Scriptural prohibition.——B. Cox, Lonoke, Ark. We cannot.——C. S. H., Battle Creek, Mich. Yes, it is wrong. Avow it openly and trust to the Lord for the result. (See Matt. 5:16 and 10:32.)——F. H. M., Fitchville, O. To answer your inquiry adequately would fill pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Consult a good cyclopædia and look up each topic in turn.——J. M. G., Jessup, Ind. He is simply mistaken, yet he may be honest in his belief. See 1 John 1:8.)——Reader, Prairie View, Ark. We know of none that is certain, except that brought about by the divine help and a good resolution.——Mrs. S. Ringer. Their belief is practically the same as that of the Greek Church—one of the oldest forms of organized Christianity, with multiplied signs, symbols, sacraments and other usages, but still Christian.—— Geo. R. F., Kirby, O. 1. Write to Harper Brothers, publishers, New York. 2. As far as we know.—— H. and F. Write to E. B. Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, New York for "Thoughts for the Occasion," a book that will suit you.——J. S. Coleman, Toronto. Thanks for kindly interest.——J. Austin, New York. It is a question of physiology, not of religion.——Mrs. Jessie A. T., Chandlersville, Ohio. It is the old religious warfare that has been waged by Turk against Christian for centuries, broken only afresh. The immediate object is to reduce the Armenian population of Kurdistan, and impoverish those who survive, and minimize Armenian influence throughout the empire.——The hospital of the National Military Home at Marion, Ind., is in need of good Christian literature. A few books would be greatly appreciated by the inmates.——D. J. K., Hickory Corners, Pa. We cannot do what you ask.—— Believer in Jesus. It is not right. Moderate drinking usually ends in confirmed tippling.—— Hattie Griffith, Centinela, Cal. There is no harm in it.——R. B. Putnam Co. It is impossible for any man to answer your question. Your sympathy for the Armenians is widely shared.——Mrs. Fleteh, Clay Mills, Ia. The Word Book, bound in with Teachers' Bible, is precisely what you want.—— Inquirer, Lisbon, La. Address her, care Salvation Army, N. Y. City.——Inquirer, Cove, Ore. It is decidedly wrong, unless it becomes absolutely a matter of necessity, without alternative.——Thomas M., Chapel Hill, N. C. We understand Jessie de Vic married, but still retains an interest in Rescue Work near her home in Ohio.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

New York's Defences.

WHILE there is on both sides the Atlantic increasing confidence that the difficulty between England and this country will be amicably adjusted, the fact of war being even a remote possi- lity has raised the question of our readi- ss to meet it. New York particularly is reason for solicitude on the subject, as the event of a conflict with a great val power like England, she would obably be an early object of attack. On is page we give pictures of the chief rts on which the city would have to rely r protection if our fleet should prove able to preent the enemy's ves- ls approaching the harbor. The outer d most important of these works is that Sandy Hook which is also the most odern. It is constructed on the princi- e which experts believe to be the only ne that is capable of rendering a fort able resist the attack of heavy guns—that a granite and concrete wall screened ith earthworks. Here is mounted the eat twelve inch gun, equipped with the w disappearing contrivance. In action e gun lies concealed behind the rampart, ntil the range-finder has calculated the sition of the enemy's ship and tele- aphed it to the man in charge of the n. Then the gun is suddenly elevated ove the bank, at the correct firing angle, fired, and its recoil brings it back behind e work, ready for reloading, having been sible to the enemy less than half a inute. Next to this fort comes Fort adsworth, a fine masonry work on the est shore of the Narrows. It was erected 1846 and was formidable at that time, t its guns are of the Rodman pattern hich are useless against armored vessels. he fort next in order is Fort Hamilton, ected in 1824, on New Utrecht Point, on e shore of Long Island. Its guns are of e same type as those on Fort Wads- orth, but a new steel gun is there, vaiting its carriage, which is to have the sappearing equipment. At present it s useless in the fort. Within the bay, Governor's Island, abreast of the attery is the old red stone fortress, Castle illiams, built in 1807. Its guns also are the antiquated type, which Secretary amont says would have no more effect on armored ship than hailstones on a roof. is obvious that, even with the aid of the rpedoes, which would be laid in the ent of a hostile fleet approaching our ast, the defences are utterly inadequate protect the city and the shipping in its cks. Boston, Philadelphia and other rts are still less prepared for defence. or would it be possible with the facilities our disposal to strengthen the defences d equip them with effective guns in the me left to us. Vulnerable at so many ints, it is evidently our wisest course to e every means available, consistent with ational honor, to avoid war, and happily ur negotiations will be with a government aving strong reasons on its own account r desiring a pacific solution of the diffi- lty. With ordinary tact and courtesy here should be no difficulty in securing to enezuela all her rights without our awing the sword to enforce them. mid all the clamor there is for war, the hristian cannot forget that

The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace by em that make peace (James 3:18).

illed in a Bear's Den.

The story of a shocking fatality comes om Sandstone, Minn. A farm was re- ntly established between that town and uperior, Wis., to raise bears and deer for arket. Only two men lived perma- ently on the farm. One of these arrived t Sandstone a few days ago in a deplor- ble condition. He was burned, and his esh in many places torn from the bones. e reported that his companion was dead. fire broke out in the log hut in which he men lived, and soon was beyond con- ol. After vainly endeavoring to extin- uish it, the men ran for their lives. Without waiting to secure any weapons, the men dashed through the bear-den, but no sooner were they among the frenzied animals than they were attacked. Both men were thrown to the ground and had to fight for their lives. Nine bears were in the enclosure, and they struggled with each other to get at the prostrate men. The man who escaped saw his companion killed, without being able to render any help, and it was almost by a miracle that he succeeded in crawling through the enclosure alive. The experience of some men in trying to escape from eternal destruction is almost as terrible. When they become alarmed and seek safety, their way is barred by enemies they have themselves nourished. Evil habits and associations hold them back, and many have lost their lives by suicide and murder in the struggle to get free. It still often happens with those who have left the path of honor and virtue, that

A man's foes are they of his own household. (Matt. 10: 36.)

THE DEFENCES OF THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

A Suit Over a Dime.

Chief-Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, pronounced judgment on December 23 in a suit that has gone through all the courts, and has cost over a hundred thousand dollars. The question at issue originally was only about a dime. Mr. James E. Morgan and his wife were on a surface car in Jersey City, N. J., some time ago, and tendered the conductor a dime in payment of their fare. The coin was an old one, a good deal worn with service, and the conductor refused to accept it. As the passengers insisted, and would not pay in any other way, the conductor put them off the car. Thereupon they sued the company for damages, and gained a verdict for a small sum. The company appealed, and the suit was carried from court to court with varying results, until it reached the highest court in the land. Chief-Justice Fuller confirmed the judgment of the original court, and said that there was no provision against the passage of silver coins which were abraded only by circulation, and they were a legal tender so long as they bore the semblance of a coin. We need to keep that principle in mind in dealing with men. There are some so defaced and battered by their own vices and the rough usage of the world, that they seem to have lost their manhood, but they must not be rejected by men on that account, while he who made them is ready to receive them into his kingdom.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (John 6: 37.)

Heroism at a Fire.

A young girl performed an act of heroism at a fire in New York a few days ago, which astonished even the firemen of the city. She and her widowed mother, who is an invalid, lived on the fourth story of a flat house in the upper part of the city. On the day of the fire, she had a little visitor in the person of a girl baby eighteen months old, the beloved daughter of a tenant of the floor below. An errand to a store in the neighborhood called the girl away from home for a short time in the afternoon. During her absence the fire broke out and the janitor rang the bells and alarmed the tenants. When the girl returned from her errand to the store she was horrified at seeing the fire-engines outside her home and flames shooting from the windows of the top floor. She knew her mother could not move from the couch and that the child, too, was helpless. She did not hesitate a moment, but ran through the smoke to their apartments and snatching up the child and covering its face with a towel, ran downstairs with it. At the door she placed it in the arms of its mother, who was almost frantic at the danger her darling was in and then ran back to help her mother. The stairs had caught fire by this time and there was no escape that way. The girl half carried, half dragged her mother to another apartment where there was a fire escape and, with a strength far beyond her years, lifted the almost unconscious woman through the window. The firemen saw her and climbed the escapes to her assistance and brought her and her mother safely down. But for the girl's heroic effort, both woman and babe would probably have perished. She knew that the alarm the firemen had given was not sufficient to ensure the safety of those helpless ones. They needed personal assistance. It is so with some who are in danger of perishing eternally. They can be saved only by those who know of their danger going to them and helping them to go to Christ for salvation.

Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. (Luke 14:23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Stephen Merritt will address the Sunday School of Sterling Place Church near Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, on January 12th, at 3.30 p.m.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Siloam Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, has an average attendance of five hundred members at its regular meetings.

One of the latest Christian Endeavor Societies regularly organized and enrolled is a society in the Penitentiary of Santa Fe, New Mexico. The members are prisoners serving their sentences,

Rev. W. Lindsay is Doing an Excellent Work in the Tombs prison of New York, by disseminating good literature among the prisoners. Mr. Lindsay regularly conducts the Episcopal service in the Tombs.

Evangelist C. H. Billings has been Holding services at Norfolk Junction, Neb. The meetings were held in a large hall used by railroad societies. There was a good attendance and a deep interest in the work.

Rev. Grant C. Fullar and Isaac H. Meredith have been conducting union meetings at Vineland, N. J. The Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches co-operating in the movement. Three hunred persons made profession of faith during the revival.

Fifteen French Priests Have Recently Left the Church of Rome. The Bishop of La Rochelle is much concerned, because one of his own priests, Frederic Bonhomme, had the audacity to preach from his own pulpit on this subject, "Why I leave, and why you ought to leave, the Church of Rome."

The Arrests in New York City last year numbered 112,800. Of the prisoners the males were 92,473, the females, 20,327. Those born in the United States were 49,535; in Ireland, 21,703; in Germany, 11,421; in Italy, 7,236; in Greece, 4,853; in England 2,663; in China, 992. The charges included among others intoxication, 24,820 arrests; assault and battery, 6,031; murder and manslaughter, 19.

A New Jersey Journal reports that Sunday, December 22d, was the first time in one hundred and forty-one years that there was no service in Trinity Episcopal Church, Woodbridge. The cause was a dispute between the Rector and the Vestry which has now been settled. The church was built in 1754.

Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, has finally decided after careful deliberation to accept the Bishopric of Washington to which he was unanimously elected at the Primary Convention of the diocese. Dr. Satterlee has been elected before this to other dioceses, but until now did not feel that Calvary parish was in a condition which would justify him in leaving it.

At the Recent Semi-Annual meeting of the Trustees of the Christian Endeavor Society held in Detroit, the Secretary stated that there are now 42,800 societies, with a membership of 2,568,000. The societies in this country number 34,392, and there are 3,185 in Canada, 3,000 in England, over 1,600 in Australia, and the remainder chiefly in missionary lands.

A series of Afternoon Services were commenced in Cooper Union, New York, on January 6th. Two years ago similar meetings were held there and there was a large attendance and many were converted. The meetings are to be held every Monday at 3.30 p.m. Christian workers are invited to attend and the prayers of God's people are asked for a blessing on the services. Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., Pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, conducted the service on January 6th. Mr. D. L. Moody has promised to take charge of one of the services.

A Chicago Journal States that this year the saloons of the city will not be so many by nearly two thousand as last year. This is not wholly due to temperance effort but to the fact that the brewers who have carried them find that the are losing by the arrangement.

The Work of Dr. T. J. Barnado in caring for the destitute children of London has received public acknowledgment. At a reception at Exeter Hall he was presented with an illuminated address and a check worth $17,085. This was a personal gift apart from the children's support. Dr. Barnardo now has eighty-four homes in which five thousand destitute children are clothed, fed and educated. The expenses are over $700 a day.

The Pope has Issued a Letter Warning Roman Catholics against attending the services of Murphy and Fitzgerald, the two Roman Catholic priests who refused to surrender their church when ordered to do so by the bishop of Nebraska. The Pope pronounces their adherents excommunicated from the church while living, and unworthy of Christian burial when they die.

The Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson is soon to Start on a preaching tour in Europe. Beginning at Liverpool, where he labored from January 1st to 5th, Dr. Pierson will visit Wales, the West of England and Ireland during the first three months; and during the next quarter he will travel in Scotland.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

Text: John 6 : 35 : *"And Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."*

THE fifth and sixth chapters of this Gospel are of thrilling interest. They bring us into the midst of those great conflicts which our Lord had with the Jews, and which finally resulted in their determination to put him te death. The Gospel as written by the Evangelist John shows more fully than the other Gospels the reason of their anger against Jesus Christ. Their rage reached the highest point in connection with the resurrection of Lazarus, and was satisfied only when they had crucified the Lord of glory. The miracles recorded in these chapters are given, not so much for their own sake, as because of the discourses to which they gave rise. The Evangelist John records chiefly the miracles which bore a direct relation to our Lord's vindication of his divine mission. The cure of the infirm man at Bethesda subjected Christ to the charge of having violated the Sabbath; and this charge gave him opportunity to declare his equality with the Father. The miraculous supply of bread which is recorded in the sixth chapter, gave our Lord the opportunity to discourse on himself as the Bread of Life.

We have in the immediate context both Christ's miracle and Christ's sermon thereon. The miracle of the feeding of the thousands prepares the way for the discourse on the Bread of Life. The text for this morning is a part of Christ's explanation of his great miracle. He himself is the teacher; let us sit at his feet and learn the words of wisdom which fall from his grace-anointed lips.

Significant Title.

We notice, in the first place, that Christ calls himself the Bread of Life. This is a significant title. It will well repay a few minutes examination. It is significant as related to the world's great need—bread. This is the cry that has come evermore from the world's troubled heart, and from its angry or beseeching lips. This cry has reddened streets with blood, has made thrones tremble and has changed the destiny of nations. It is the world's cry to-day. Men say that they must have bread for themselves and for their children. But this cry for the bread which perisheth is but a symbol of the world's need of the Bread of Life which satisfies the soul. Thousand of weary men and women are longing for the Bread of Life even though they have never rightly interpreted their own despairing cry. They have been perishing with hunger, while in their Father's house there was bread enough and to spare. They have tried to satisfy the soul's hunger by the things of this life, but it has refused the bribe, and has continued to utter its cry, The soul cries out for God, and will be satisfied with nothing short of himself. It is man's honor and glory that nothing short of God can satisfy his soul. Beasts are satisfied with things; but a living man needs the living God.

The title is significant also as related to Christ's preparation to supply that need. The manna in the wilderness was a prophecy of this true bread. The people to whom Christ was speaking designed to disparage the miracle which he had wrought. They compared it to its disadvantage with the manna which had been furnished to their fathers in the wilderness; but our Lord most skillfully turned their objection into an argument in support of his claims. The manna which their fathers had received was received from heaven. Can Christ substantiate his claim to be the Messiah by a greater miracle? That manna was supplied for the space of forty years; but, they seem to say, you have furnished but a single meal. The manna was from heaven; but the bread which you gave was only of the ordinary character. Your miracle, therefore, seems to be vastly less important than was the miracle of Moses. Our Lord's reply corrects two errors in their statement. It was not Moses who gave the bread in the wilderness, but God; and the bread then given was perishable, but the bread which Christ furnishes endures unto everlasting life. Our Lord then proceeds to affirm that he is the true bread. That he had come down from heaven to give his life unto the world; that his great mission was to restore men to the favor of God and to supply the wants of their nature.

The term is significant also, as illustrative of Christ's relation to creation in all its departments. Jesus Christ is the heart of the physical universe. It is he which gives it significance and glory. He is its Creator, Preserver, and Ordainer. He has distinctly taught us that, "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." He is

The Source of All Life

and light. Without him creation is meaningless, life is lifeless and heaven is charmless. Science has clearly taught us that life can come only from life; and beyond this statement science has not yet gone. Jesus Christ affirms that he is the source of all lite, that in him resides the vivifying power by which life is given to the universe. Sublimer statements than these were never uttered. The world has only begun to apprehend the glory there is in Jesus Christ. The man who is without God and without hope is an orphan in the great universe. To him the world is robbed of its significance.

Christ teaches us, in the second place, that as the Bread of Life he must be appropriated. Bread is nourishing only as it is eaten. It might be an interesting exercise for you to-day, when you go to your homes, to make a chemical analysis of the bread upon your tables. You might thus discover its constituent parts in their due proportions. Submitting a piece of bread to a microscopic examination would doubtless be an instructive exercise, but in the meantime you might starve with hunger. Bread, to be helpful, must be masticated, digested and incorporated. It must become a part of our bone, muscle and blood. It must become an element in our life by personal appropriation. Men are unspeakably foolish who would refuse to eat bread, because there are difficulties connected with the growth of grain, and its transformation into bread, which they cannot understand. Even if they could solve all these perplexing problems, as an intellectual exercise, the solution would be valueless, so far as the support of the body is concerned, if the bread were not appropriated. It is astonishing that men will act so stupidly regarding the bread of heaven, who act so sensibly regarding the bread of earth. Christ is to the sustenance of the soul, what ordinary bread is to the support of the body.

The appropriation of this bread is first represented in the text by the words, "Cometh to Me." Coming to Christ is appropriating Christ. We have been alienated from him by sin, but the Spirit draws us back to Christ by the cords of heavenly love. Christ himself said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The word "religion" is, according to some authorities, from a Latin word, meaning, to go through, to gather, to collect, or to go over again in thought, in reading, or in speech; but according to others, it is from a word meaning to "bind back, to bind fast." The thought in this last derivation is that the soul by sin has been separated from God and from men, and when divine grace comes into the heart, it is bound back and bound fast to God and to men. This is a blessed thought in connection with true religion. When we come to Christ the previous alienation ceases, reconciliation is completed, and heart and soul are bound again to God never to be separated from him. Coming to Christ is the motion of the heart toward its true centre. Many are near in body, but are remote in heart. True faith is not simply the assent of the head, but it is also the consent of the heart. Jesus Christ invites us to-day to draw near to him in humble confession and in

Holy Confidence.

He exhorts, beseeches, and commands us to give him our hearts, and to surrender to him the control of our lives. We never know true joy until we have come into this trustful relationship with Jesus Christ.

The appropriation of this bread of life is further taught in the words, "believeth on me." Coming to, and believing on, Christ are the personal reception of all the blessings of his salvation. "Believeth" is parallel with "Cometh" of which we have just spoken. In the 29th verse of this chapter we are taught that the work of God is believing on him whom he hath sent. Faith in Christ lies at the foundation of true Christian character. Faith is the root, out of which springs the plant of obedience and the fruit of service. Faith in Christ is a fundamental characteristic of of all his true disciples. Such disciples are rightly called believers, because of the dominant influence of faith in their Christian experience. This faith is not simply in Christ as the Saviour of the world at large, but it is an individual faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. It is the acceptance of him as Lord and Master, and the surrender to him in loving and loyal obedience of all our powers and possibilities.

Christ teaches us, in the third place, that this bread when appropriated gives full satisfaction. He distinctly affirms that "he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Only this bread can satisfy the wants of our immortal natures. Many men are hungry and thirsty for the honors of this world, even though they know that these honors cannot fully satisfy the wants of their deeper natures. Christ satisfies the mind of man—his intellectual nature. We cannot but sometimes utter the ancient plaint, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." Creation tells us much of God. But its voice is often silenced, and when heard is often misunderstood. Providence speaks in authoritative, but occasionally with vague meaning. Too often might makes right. Faith at times looses its footing amid the sifting sands of experience. The heart cries out as of old, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Jesus Christ comes at that point and reveals God as

A Father Who Pities Them

that fear him, and as a mother who comforts those who trust him. The mind reaches out after the infinite; it cannot be satisfied with the things of time and sense. It seeks perfection, infinity, eternity. Man is not a beast that perisheth. He is made in the image of God. Blessed be God, he completely fills the mind of the profoundest philosopher and the lowliest child who bows penitently in reverent worship. Intellect finds its highest joy when it prostrates itself in reverence at the feet of Jesus Christ. The Magi, bending low before the infant Christ, teach us one of the noblest uses of the highest intellect. The greatest scholars of to-day are worshippers of the lowly and the lofty Christ. The mind never finds its own highest possibilities until it finds God as the object of its noblest desires.

The appropriation of Christ as the Bread of Heaven satisfies the heart. We were made both to love and be loved. He is more or less than man who does not desire to give and to receive love. But nothing short of God can fill the heart of man. No other object is worthe the supreme affection of a human soul. It has been well said that if you give a man half the world, he would cry out for the other half; and it has been better said that if you gave him both halves, he would still be without complete satisfaction. You can never fill a circle with a triangle; no more can you fill the heart of man with anything human. A man may be burdened with the gifts of earth, but they never can entirely fill his soul. Apart from God, his heart will be continually desiring and never at rest.

Christ also satisfies the conscience. A wounded conscience who can bear. The sacrifices on ten thousand altars proclaim the conscience's need for forgiveness and peace. Men are conscious of sin and their need of an atonement that they may find acceptance with God. No words can too strongly express this deep need of the soul. It gives the only explanation to the efforts that men have been making in all ages and countries to find rest from their sense of guilt. Jesus Christ has furnished the satisfaction which the soul needs. He has died the Just for the unjust that we might be brought to God. He gives a peace so profound that no storm of earth can ever disturb its sweet repose. He keeps in perfect peace those whose minds are stayed on him. The rest which he gives to the conscience is like music which fills the soul with unutterable joy; it is like the calm sunset of a summer Sabbath: it is love reposing on the bosom of its Lord; it is the joy which is a foretaste of the glory and blessedness of heaven.

A Brahman Convert's Trials.

IN a letter from Poona, India, Rev. R. P. Wilder relates the story of a Govind Maryan Bhide, a young Brahman convert who was subjected to persecution by his fellows. After baptism Govind tore off his sacred thread—laying aside his caste. After a lecture Govind appeared and begged the privilege of addressing the Brahmans. He spoke with wonderful courage, "Christ has saved me. I am ready to die for him. You can do what you wish to me." It was like throwing a lighted match into a powder magazine. One kicked him and another went to the length of spitting in his face. Poor Govind was weeping, and on my asking him the reason, came the reply, "I do not mind their kicking me, but it was hard to have them spit in my face." I told him that our Lord was thus treated, "and they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head."

Two Brahman students delighted us. One said to Govind, "You did right." Another said to me, "You must be glad to see the fruit of your preaching. More may be converted. I am ready to be, if convinced." During singing in our room one cried out in honor of the god, "gumpati." He was promptly removed. There there was comparative quiet inside, but a large crowd gathered outside. I went down and spoke to them and quieted them somewhat.

A student brought me his Bible and said, "Keep it, please; the crowd down on the street is tearing up Bibles after snatching them from the membere of the class. They will tear mine unless you take charge of it." I put his Bible in my bag, the lights were extinguished, the door locked. As I was feeling my way down the stairs, a Brahman inquirer whispered, "Be careful, Mr. Wilder." It was sweet to have his friendship at such a trying time, even though he was so timid. On reaching she street I went up to the crowd, remarking that there was a larger number outside than in, and asking the meaning of the gathering. One said, "We are advising all students to keep away from your rooms. It is our duty to do so." I replied, "None need come if unwilling to come. At the beginning of our work we said so, did we not?" "Yes," was the reply. Then a student pushed another into me and something about the size of a croquet ball flew past my face. Then I spoke to the crowd. "You are doing nothing new. For 1800 years Christians have been persecuted. We rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer dishonor for Christ's sake. If your purpose is to persecute us, do so. We are ready and willing." The crowd was quiet while I spoke, and I believe one said, "We have nothing against you." Moorhead and I went to our tonga (carriage). One cried "Break the tonga;" another threw a stone against the tonga and we drove home. Of course we know not what will take place. Pray for us, that we may be constantly filled with the Holy Spirit and speak God's Word with boldness.

"LITTLE BOY, GOOD-NIGHT!"

LITTLE dead boy lying still—so still,
I shall meet you some day, where stars shine bright;
But now we must part, 'tis the dear Lord's will,
So my little dead boy, good-night, good-night.

ittle dead hands—so cold. Oh! so cold!
Was it yesterday that I held them tight,
lt their warm clasp with a love unfold?
nd now—O my dear boy, good-night, good-night.

ittle dead lips! With their happy song
hey are singing now, "Glory, honor, might
Him who died," and I know it is wrong
o cry, but it's so hard to say, good-night.

ny little dead boy, I loved you so,
our fun and your eyes of mischievous light;
! I cannot, I will not let you go!
O Father hear me, I can't say, good-night.

d then came a message, gentle and clear,
It is only good-night and not good-bye.
u will meet your boy in the morn, up here
n Heaven where the mansions are—on high.

n that glorious morn, when night is past,
When the saints will shout who have won the fight,
u will clasp those hands which you hold so fast—
And never again will you say, good-night."

little dead boy lying still—so still,
shall meet you some day, where stars shine bright;
t now we must part, 'tis the dear Lord's will,
My own little dead boy, good-night, good-night.

Hackensack, N. J. E. H.

Four-Footed Pets.

ttle Dorothy Drew and her Dog—A strange Choice of Pets—The Tiger and his Little Companion.

IT often happens that childhood derives a very large share of its happiness from the society of animal pets, of whom almost all children are very fond. Ponies, dogs, goats, cats, rabbits, pigeons, squirls. birds of many different sorts, are nong the most familiar of such pets, but me children have such a love for animals at they extend their acquaintance among e wild denizens of the wood and grove, ith wonderful success.

The love of animals is a great aid to the evelopment of the child-nature, its exerse bringing courage, kindness, generosity nd many other good qualities into conant play. It is not an uncommon sight witness a great, shaggy mastiff or Newundland, yielding ready obedience to the ill of a child, who may be little more han a baby. Attachments of this char:ter are often wonderfully strong.

Little Dorothy Drew, the granddaughter f ex-Premier Gladstone of England, has a pecial playmate—a black Pomeranian paniel, named "Petz." The two are almost inseparable. Dorothy, who is six ears old, runs about barefooted on the rpeted floors at Hawarden, where her lstinguished grandfather resides, and Petz," who now is eight years old but as vely and frisky as ever, trots by his little istress's side, as faithful as her shadow. Petz" shares her troubles and her deghts, barking and leaping with joy when orothy laughs and drooping his ears and ail in gloom when she mopes in the orner or has a pouting fit—which even he best children do have at times.

Very different from the tie of affection hat bound Dorothy and her spaniel was he singular companionship of a young iger and a terrier puppy, as shown in one f our illustrations. They romp, eat and sleep side by side. Thus the roughest and wildest nature may be made gentle and tender through sympathy and affection.

THE TIGER CUB AND PUPPY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GRAND-DAUGHTER AND HER DOG, "PETZ."

Truant Children Found Out.

A peculiar service was rendered to the London School Board by a pair of monkeys lately. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work: distributing candies to the youngsters, who watched the monkeys' antics. The police took their names and addresses. They found that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about two hundred boys and girls.

A Pretty Parlor Game.

In devising means for the amusement of the young folks during the winter evenings, a new game is suggested by a writer in the Toronto *Christian Guardian*. The game is called "Recognition." One is chosen to be the host, and sent into a room by himself. The others unite in dressing up and disguising one of their number. A broom, a pillow, and a sheet is used to help make taller or larger, and to cover the whole dress. The right hand alone is to be left exposed. The dressed-up guest then calls upon the host, who guesses his visitor, of course shaking him cordially by the hand. If he cannot recognize by the hand alone, the host might ask three questions, which the guest must answer, disguising his voice if he choose. The host has but one chance, and if he guesses correctly, the caller "becomes the host," the former host taking his place.

Another pleasant amusement is "an adjective letter party." The framework is a letter to be written by one of the number describing some recent event or familiar occurrence, possibly the entertainment in progress. As many names are introduced as is possible and each is preceded by a blank to be filled with an adjective. The writer asks for an adjective from each member of the circle in turn to fill the space. These are, of course, ludicrously inappropriate and when the whole is read aloud it calls forth peals of merriment.

Swiss Child Tobogganers.

In a pleasant article in Scribner's, W. R. Leigh describes the manner in which the hardy Swiss children enjoy winter sport in the snow at St. Moritz. He writes: Swiss tobogganing, when properly managed, can provide riding of every kind, for young and old, for strong and weak alike. And of what endless merriment have these same small runs at St. Moritz been the scene! Matches have there been decided upon rocking-horses; there clipper-sleds and double-rippers, pigstickers, and bobslays, feartul wildfowl of all sorts and kinds may be descried of a fine afternoon sliding round "Caspar's Corner" toward the shores of the frozen lake. Swiss nurses, carrying babies in their arms, career down the snowy road, hotly pursued by infants, hardly larger than the babies, and jauntily astride of tiny hand-sleighs no bigger than a biscuit box. Several ladies flash past on a Canadian, balanced by the swinging foot of their young guide, who sits behind them, leaning on his side and looking over all their shoulders as he steers. There is a perpetual swing and flash of movement and bright color; a ring of laughter in the frosty air; while the warning cry of "*Achtung*" echoes from every corner, as the rattling sleds go by, and more keep coming upward from below to start again.

Losing Friends.

One or the facts that most people wake up to when they are approaching middle age is, that they have lost a good many friends through their own carelessness. You receive an invitation to the wedding of one whom you knew well eight or ten years ago. He has quite passed out of your life; though, if you were living near each other, so that you would meet occasionall, he is the kind of a man in whose society you would find real pleasure. When the invitation comes, you express your pleasure that Dick or John is to be married, and hope that he may be happy. And that is the end of it. You do not send a present, or, what is better—and often costs more—a friendly note conveying your congratulations and good wishes. The occasion passes without any sign from you, and you have lost an opportunity of identifying yourself with your friend's happiness. He will not associate you with that epoch of his life, and very likely will resent your silence. It is the same when you neglect to take note of a friend's afflictions. It is a real effort to write a letter of sympathy. But such a note may mean much to one in trouble, and by it you can bind a heart to your own with a hook of steel.

Russian Home Life.

CUSTOMS and costumes change slowly in Russia. Old usages, some of them good and others bad, are maintained almost reverentially. Russian law considers a betrothal as valid as a marriage, and the breaking of an engagement is severely punished. "The Russian man," says the proverb, "does not love his wife if he does not beat her." "Love your wife as you love your your soul, and shake her like an apple-tree." "Beat your wife once before dinner and once before supper." The dog is more reasonable than a woman, for he never growls at his master." These sayings indicate a few of the usages that are now coming to be regarded as abuses, but which it will require many years to eliminate from Russian home life.

The Russian lower classes are not thrifty. They do not earn much; and their money is spent in the celebration of the numerous holidays and namesdays. On these occasions tea is drunk in such quantities that a looker-on might be alarmed. On holidays this article never leaves the table, and friends and relatives are invited "pitj tschai," to drink tea. The lower classes drink tea out of tumblers, and they drink it without sugar, mostly with jam and lemon. A person who has perhaps not tasted meat far weeks will not hesitate about spending the little money he has on tea of the best quality and dainties that go along with it.

Value of Home Music.

In bird life, one of the partners sings, but in the human family the gift of song is well-nigh universal. Music should play a much more important part in home life than it usually does. It certainly would promote health and happiness. Husband and wife, if they have musical talent, should cultivate it all their lives long, have teachers occasionally at least capable of keeping their voices well drilled to the later years of life. The time some men spend in idle talk, and which some women fritter away, if given to music, would produce good effects on the health, and be at the same time a very important means of education.

A Poet on Domestic Happiness.

The late Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that his idea of perfect happiness was when four feet were on the fender. During the later part of his life, a friend, coming in and finding him in a dejected state of mind, asked: "What is the matter, my friend?" Mr. Holmes looked up with a look of sorrow, and said: "Don't you see? There are only two feet on the fender now." How much of the happiness of the marriage relation is suggested by his idea, so touchingly expressed, and the pathos of the aftertime? It seems startling to think how much may be perhaps unheedingly done by ourselves to destroy our fireside happiness.

THE BOOK SHELF

The Beloved Physician.*

CONCERNING the life of St. Luke the facts are few. It has been thought by some that he was one of the "certain Greeks" who came to Jerusalem to worship; while others, again, suppose him to be the nameless one of the two Emmaus travelers. But both these suppositions are set aside by the fact that the Evangelist carefully separates himself from those who were "eye-witnesses," which he could not well have done had he taken part in the closing scenes of the Lord's life, or had he been honored with that "infallible proof" of the Lord's resurrection. That he was a Gentile is evident; his speech bewrayeth him; for he speaks with a Grecian accent, while Greek idioms are sprinkled over his pages. Indeed, St. Paul speaks of him as not being of the "circumcision" (Col. 4: 11, 14), and he himself, in Acts 1: 19, speaks of the dwellers at Jerusalem, and the Aceldama of "their" proper tongue. Tradition, with unanimous voice, represents him as a native of Antioch, in Syria.

Responding to the Divine Voice that bids him "write," St. Luke brings to the task new and special qualifications. Familiar with Old Testament Scriptures—at least in their Septuagint form, as his many qualifications show—intimately acquainted with the Hebrew faith and ritual, he yet brings to his work a mind unwarped by its traditions.

And so the Gospel of St. Luke is the Gospel of the world, greeting "all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues" with its "peace on earth." St. Matthew traces the genealogy of Christ back to Abraham; St. Luke goes farther back, to the fountain-head, where all the divergent streams meet and mingle, as he traces the descent to Adam, the Son of God. Matthew shows us the "wise men," lost in Jerusalem, and inquiring, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" But St. Luke gives, instead, the "good tidings" to "all people;" and then he repeats the angel song, which is the key-note of his Gospel, "Glory to God in the highest, . . . good-will toward men."

The only other fact of the Evangelist's life we will here notice is that of his profession; and we notice this simply because it enters as a factor into his work, reappearing there frequently. He was a physician; and from this fact some have supposed that he was a freedman, since many of the Roman physicians were of that class. But this by no means follows. All physicians were not freedmen; while the language and style of St. Luke show him to be an educated man, one, too, who walked in the upper classes of society. Where he speaks natively, as here in the introduction, he uses a pure Greek, somewhat rounded and ornate, in which there is a total absence of those rusticisms common in St. Mark.

The calling of a physician naturally develops certain powers of analysis and synthesis. It is the art of putting things together. From the seen or felt symptoms he traces out the unseen cause. Setting down the known quantities, by processes of comparison or of elimination he finds the unknown quantity, which is the disease, its nature, and its seat. And so on the pages of the third Gospel we frequently find the shadow of the physician. It appears even in his brief preface; for as he sits down with ample materials before him—on one side the first-hand testimony of "eye-witnesses," and on the other the many and somewhat garbled narratives of anony-

[illegible] we see the physician-Evangelist exercising a judicious selection, and thus compounding or distilling his pure elixir. We recognize the "physician" in St. Luke's habits of observation, his attention to detail, his fondness for grouping together resemblances and contrasts, his fuller reference to miracles of healing, and his psychological observations. We find in him a student of the humanities. Even in his portrayal of the Christ it is the human side of the Divine nature that he emphasizes; while all through his Gospel, his thought of humanity, like a wide-reaching sky, overlooks and embraces all such earthly distinctions as position, sex, or race.

* [illegible] by Henry Burton, M.A. Sunday School teachers, [illegible] Pp. [illegible] cloth binding, [illegible] Illustrations. Price [illegible] by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

Mountain Armenians.†

THE men are rugged and worn-out farmers. Some wear curious breeches of half-tanned sheepskin. The common shoe is the *charukh* or sandal, which each man manufactures for himself. A piece of leather is cut in oval shape, the edge is bent up all around, and holes are cut in the edges and loops inserted, through which the shoestring passes. The women are hardy and muscular, with the rosy flush of health. The men do the bulk of the hard work, yet the women do not shirk the spade or the heavy burden. Their dress, generally of red calico, ends above the ankle. The head-dress is sometimes a square of calico or silk, covering head and chin, and tied under the arms. At other times a tall wooden frame is placed on the crown of the head and covered with as many as twenty handkerchiefs similar to those in use by the Turkomen women. The head-dress is worn continually, but the face is not veiled, and social intercourse is unrestricted. Their love of ornaments is displayed in earrings of twenty or thirty silver coins, and in bangles and necklaces of coins also. The boys and girls are of a pure Caucasian type, fair and beautiful even in their homespun and untidiness.

There is a great lack of variety in their food. Wheat and barley bread, millet porridge, eggs, milk and its products, a few vegetables, and fewer fruits constitute their meagre bill of fare. The drudgery of dish-washing is unknown. Meat is rarely eaten, except when an animal is diseased or injured and must be killed, or when a sacrifice is offered.

In the course of a months we had meat only two or three times. The diet of bread and cheese or curd, bread and milk, etc., is interrupted only by frequent fasts, which exclude all animal products. A large part of the household occupation consists in attending to the milch cows, sheep and goats. Milking the latter is quite a comical sight. The gate of the goat-pen is so low that the goat must bend its head to enter. It is held in the gateway by one woman, while another milks it. All milk is heated immediately, and most of it is made into *matsoon* and cheese. The *matsoon* or *yogurt* is a curd made by putting rennet in the heated milk and letting it sour for several days. From the soured milk butter is made. There are several kinds of churns. One is a large jar. When filled a piece of leather is bound over its mouth, and it is then rolled back and forward on the ground. The other kind is the hollowed trunk of a tree. It is suspended by ropes and moves as a swing. Cheese is made by allowing the whey to flow off without pressure. It is preserved by salting, and is sometimes mixed with herbs and buried.

Spinning and weaving dress-goods, carpets, and other fabrics are universal household industries. Though Manchester prints adorn the wife, yet she still "layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Wool is carded by pulling it over a pair of long-toothed brass combs. Wool and silk are sometimes spun by a distaff whirled by hand. More frequently a spinning-wheel is used; the spinner sits on the floor and manages the thread partly with her feet. In many villages there are little shops where the silk is spun on a small machine. The cocoons are thrown into a caldron of boiling water mixed with sour milk. A man turns a wheel, about a yard in diameter, with a foot-treadle, and with one hand stirs the cocoons to loosen the fibers, while with the other hand he draws up the threads to be wound around the wheel. The refuse and loose fibers are spun by the women and made into head-dresses. In the mulberry orchards, where the leaves are gathered for feeding the worms, the trees are kept cut so that each one occupies but a square yard of ground. The seed-worms complete their work in three months, and are kept in the house during the winter. The weight of the annual silk crop of Persia, which is derived chiefly from the Caspian provinces, is six hundred thousand pounds, of which thirty-two thousand pounds come from Azerbijan.

† [illegible] Life and Customs. By Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A.; fifteen years a missionary in Persia. [illegible] illustrations. Pp. [illegible] cloth binding, price $1.75. A most excellent and thorough work, full of interesting and reliable information. Fleming H. Revell Co., N.Y., Chicago and Toronto, pub's.

Scenes in Constantinople.‡

THE women of the family all wear some bit of green silk or other stuff in their own homes, though rarely in the street, unless it be hidden beneath the yashmak or ferajeh—the clumsily cut overgarment which covers all women in the street from the throat to the tip of the inevitable patent leather shoes. But the yashmak is not what it was ten years ago, and has almost ceased to hide the face at all. Strict as the Sultan's ordinance is, there is not the slightest pretence at obeying it, and in the great majority of cases a thin white veil barely covers the forehead, and is but loosely drawn together under the chin. The cross-band which used to cover the nose above the eyes has entirely disappeared, or is worn only when ladies appear in public, or at such places as the Sweet Waters, or in their kaiks on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. It must be admitted that with the disuse of that old-fashioned veil, a great illusion has disappeared from the streets of Constantinople. There was something very mysterious about it. Black eyes never looked so black and deep and liquid as when seen by themselves, as it were between two broad bands of opaque whited. In those days every yashmak veiled an ideal beauty, very different from the ugliness of the pale and flaccid features which its absence now generally discloses. One is inclined to doubt whether the mirror is in common use in the harem of to-day.

But as you sit by the open window of the coffee-house, you have little time for analyzing the features or the dress of the hurrying crowd. What you see is a magnificent, inextricable confusion of moving light and sun and shade and color, a wild and almost dreamlike confusion of Eastern and Western life, a startling and almost horrible contrast of magnificence and squalor; the splendid gold-lace-bedizen adjutant on his Arab mare and the almost inconceivably wretched beggar, maimed and blind, perhaps, holding out his hand with his perpetual feeble cry, "On para," a penny; the solemn scion of the Prophet's race, green-turbaned, stately, calm; the deadly pale indifferent Turkish woman in all white and black, and closely followed by a bright-eyed African girl even less closely veiled than her mistress; the sanctimonious Dervish in soft brown, or softer green, or steely gray, his bent head and downcast eyes surmounted by his tall cylindrical felt cap; the little strutting military cadet in smart uniform and brand-new fez, not more than twelve years old, perhaps, and closely followed by a scowling African servant who cuffs him sharply without the slightest sign of respect, if he wanders to the right or the left. Then, suddenly, the rumble and clatter of a splendid equipage rolling fast through the dividing crowd, bearing, it may be, some solemn, frock-coated, white-bearded, scarlet-fezzed minister of state, on his way to Selamlik, or from Yildiz Kiosk to the Sublime Porte—if the carriage be a brougham, and if there be outriders, some delicate, pale-faced half consumptive prince, one of the innumerable offshoots of the imperial family. And it all surges back and forth, gleaming, glistening, and flashing, under the broad white sun against the background of blue water and pale sky and faintly outlined hills, poured out as a stream of liquid metal when the furnace is opened, and rushing, iridescent and sparkling, toward the mould, fascinating, inthralling, almost hypnotic in its effect upon the senses.

‡ From *Constantinople*, by F. Marion Crawford a pleasant description of the Turkish Capital, its people and its customs and occupations, beautifully illustrated and bound in artistic cloth covers, pp. 79, price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., pubrs.

The Roman Christians.§

IN contrast with the picture of extravagance and vice portrayed by writers of that day, the following description of the Christians of the first century, given in the words of another, is impressive:

"Not merely at church, but at home also, in their vocations, and on the streets, Christians desired to appear as Christians. They guarded with the greatest care against any connection with heathenism; they avoided with the utmost conscientiousness everything which could in any way be construed as a denial of their faith. Difficult indeed must have been the task, for their entire life was encompassed by a net-work of heathen customs, which a Christian must every moment rend, if he would remain true to his God. Every step and turn necessitated a confession of faith, and every confession involved danger. The symbols, and still more the spirit of heathenism, were everywhere. If a Christian went upon the street, he saw the images of gods standing there, and met processions in which they were solemnly carried about. All who passed by paid their homage; the Christian could not do this. If he entered the senate or a court of justice, there stood an altar with incense and wine. Custom required one in passing to offer a libation, and strew in cense. If he stepped into an inn, or stall or shop, to make a purchase, or leave an idols, often no longer than the thumb.

"Or perhaps he was invited by heathen friends or relatives to a family festival. If he did not go, he gave offence; if he went he still could not but incur their displeasure, by declining to participate in the festal sacrifices and in the libations which were offered from beginning to end of the meal, especially to the Cæsar-god, and by refusing to partake of this or that article of food. Frequently, on such occasions the heathen purposely tempted the Christians by setting before them food prepared with blood, from whiah they were accustomed to abstain. In such circumstance Christians esteemed it all the more their duty openly to acknowledge their faith.

"The heathen often sneered at the large number of women in the Christian churches; they called Christianity in contempt a religion for old women and children, but they were constrained to learn what Christianity made of these women and to acknowledge, against their will the difference between a heathen and a Christian woman. In the one case a passion for finery, vanity, coquetry beyond measure, in the other, simplicity and naturalness; there, immodesty and shamelessness, here, chastity and propriety; there, women who divided their time between making and displaying their toilet and who shone at the theatre and the circus, at dinner-parties and festivals, where brutal shows, or indecent plays, or gluttony and drunkenness was the rule; here wives who dressed to please their husbands, mothers who lived for their children; there, an enervated sex, painted and spoiled by art; here, heroines who paled not even at the sight of the lions.

§ From *The Doom of the Holy City: Christ at Cæsar*, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. A story of Jerusalem in the first century. Wonderful in interest and graphic description. A fit companion for the greatest of historical romances; pp. 486, cloth binding; price, $1.25. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Shepherd Psalm (Northfield Edition), by F. Meyer, B.A. Beautifully illustrated; artistic cloth covers; pp. 193; price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Uncle Tatterleigh, A Plantation Tragic, by Thomas Nelson Page. Handsomely illustrated by R. W. Clinedinst. Artistic cloth binding; pp. 53; price $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

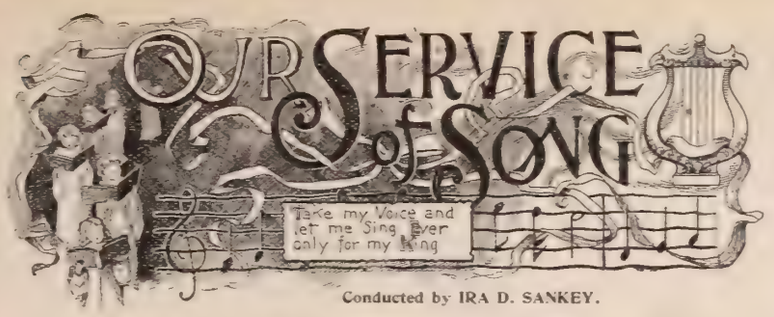
Bible Class Expositions, by Dr. Maclaren. Five volumes. Two volumes on the Gospel of Matthew, and one each on the other three Gospels. These volumes are specially prepared to assist the Bible class teacher in the Sunday School, and are helpful both in exposition and suggestion. About 250 pages in each volume. Sold separately at $1. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth street, New York.

The St. Nicholas Magazine, Vol. XXII, in two parts, Nov., 1894, to October, 1895, red and gilt cloth, 1000 pages, price $4. Quite up to the usual standard of this famous magazine. Some of the most popular books of the year for children have first seen the light in these pages. Travel, history, adventure, sea and land, fiction, and the best and most attractive quality of juvenile literature, make the pages of this standard magazine rarely entertaining. Among the authors who contribute are Palmer Cox, Howard Pyle, W. T. Hornaday, Brander Matthews, Rudyard Kipling, and others. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Secret of Strong Life.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 19 Luke 7 : 19-28.

IN trying to get the people to analyze their motives in going out into the wilderness to see and hear the Baptist, Christ incidentally suggested the qualities that go to make up a strong life. What was it made John an object of interest to the people? It is doubtful whether his hearers grasped Christ's meaning. Like much of his teaching, it was designed to set them thinking, rather than to enunciate dogmatic truth. He wanted them to ask themselves why John was sought and followed. He said nothing about him that was held in high esteem. If he had been a weak, wavering creature, graceful and yielding, moved by every new current of religious thought, they would not have gone a journey to see and hear him. There were plenty of teachers of that kind near home. It was the force and vigor of the man that attracted them. They had a great respect for wealth and luxury, yet they were going out to see a man who held both in contempt. Why did they want to see him? He was not a man of the popular type. Did they go because they thought he was a prophet? They were right; he was the greatest prophet who had ever appeared. Then he made the startling statement that the humblest member of the kingdom he had come to set up was greater than John. So we come upon a very weighty truth. Christ held that in his kingdom there was power and opportunity for development beyond any that John had attained. The difference brought about by Christ's revelation was so great that it placed the youngest beginner ahead of the finest product of the old dispensation. The statement has a pertinence for us that we may well consider. We know that such mighty changes are possible. Newton's discovery of gravitation so affected scientific research. The key he put in the hand of the youngest student, opened the door for him to treasuries of knowledge far more precious than had been accessible before. The invention of the telescope was another step of the same order. The student, equipped with the new instrument, was a greater power in research than the greatest astronomer who had passed away ignorant of it. So with the spiritual life, Christ puts within reach of his followers power that gives them a vantage ground above and beyond that accessible to all who had gone before. To every man desirous of living the higher life, this fact is full of meaning. The greatness of Socrates and Plato, of Elijah and Isaiah, may be surpassed. If they had possessed the knowledge and the life imparted by Christ, what would they have been! If the power placed in our hands can do so much, what may we become! The thought is full of stimulus. Here is the secret of true greatness. Emerson's notion of yoking the wagon to a star is frivolous compared with this idea of humanity in connection with divinity. We have seen it in operation, but we have never seen all that it is capable doing. There is not a poor drunkard emancipated from his chains, nor a vicious man become virtuous, who is not an example of this power. The result may not be much to boast of, but think of the material! What must that power be that can do so much with so little! We see the flaws in the statue, but what genius what must be that could produce it even as it is out of such clay!

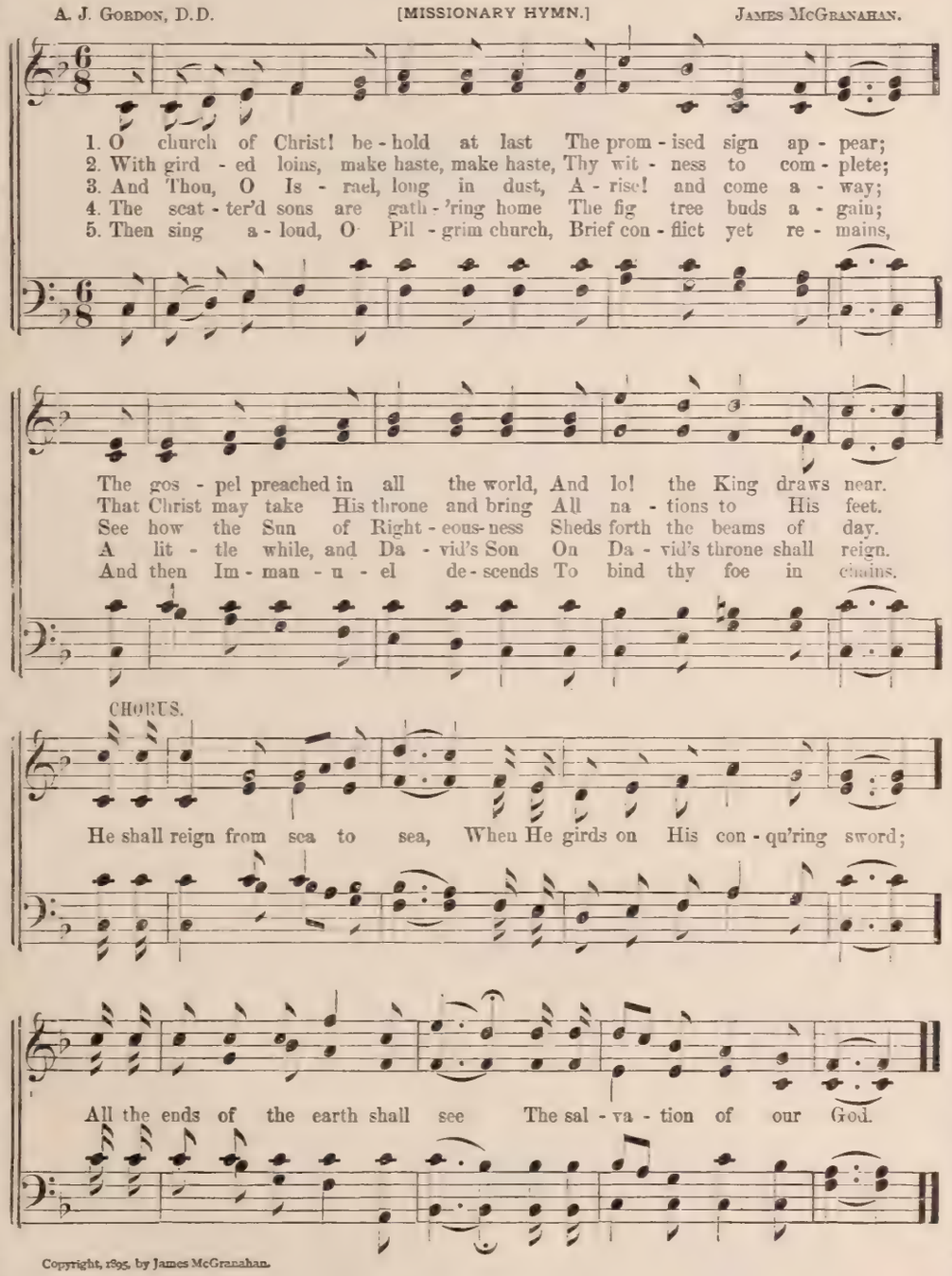


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA.

(*Psa. 72 : 8.*)

A. J. GORDON, D.D. [MISSIONARY HYMN.] JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
By per of the Publishers.

TO THE RESCUE.

ONWARD Christians, to the rescue!
Wherefore stand ye idly by?
Hear ye not the sound of conflict?
Hear ye not the battle-cry?
'Tis your Master who is calling,
Hasten, for the help is late.
'Tis your brothers who are falling,
Dying for the Christian faith.
Not to take a mighty city
In the battle's deadly glare,
But with hope, and love, and pity,
To your brothers in despair.
Oh, ye parents, tender-hearted,
With the loved ones round your hearth,
Think of those who now are parted
From the ones they love on earth.
Think of those by misery driven
Where the Turkish Crescent waves!
Hear the cry that goes to heaven
From Armenia's mountain caves!
'Tis a cry that must be heeded
By the Christians everywhere;
Oh, your help is sorely needed,
Give it with your love and prayer.

McPherson, Kan. N. PEARSON

"THE PURE SHALL SEE GOD."

None thy holy heaven may win
Stained with earthliness and sin;
They must in white robes appear.
Who thy whiteness venture near.
Cleanse us, fill us, Soul Divine,
With a purity like thine,
That within, without us, we
In clear vision, God may see!

The Prophecy on the Mount.

The Double Application of Our Lord's Predictions Recorded in Matt. 24.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER, A.B.

THIS memorable prophecy, spoken by him who "spake as never man spake"—who is himself the source and sum of all prophecy, to whom "give all the prophets witness" — cannot be otherwise than specially interesting and instructive; more so we may well believe, than any other which the sure Prophetic Word contains.

I take it for granted that this prophecy comprises predictions such as he alone "who knows the end from the beginning" could utter, both concerning the then future, but now long since accomplished, destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus, with preceding and attendant events; and that it also contains predictions most explicit and emphatic concerning the yet future Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. That we are justified in taking this view and rejecting the theory that the prophecy was fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem is evident from one passage in the prophecy (verses 30,31): "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather his elect together from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." To affirm that in any event which happened at, or in connection with, the destruction of Jerusalem there was a fulfilment of these words; or to affirm that any event other than the actual coming of the Lord from heaven could possibly fulfil them, is to invest this prophecy in particular, and all prophecy in general, and all the words, prophetic or otherwise, which the Lord Jesus Christ, the utterer of these words, has spoken, with a character of exaggeration, and of a consequent vagueness and uncertainty belonging rather to the fabled oracles of the heathen Sybil than to the Holy Oracles of the God of truth.

While thus maintaining the comprehensive and double character of this memorable series of predictions — features in which they resemble a large portion of Old Testament prophecy, I would desire altogether to disclaim the possibility of making anything like an exact division in it, and affirming, as some commentators have done, that so much belongs exclusively to the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the remainder belongs altogether to the Second Advent of our Lord. I have met with many attempts to establish such a division, and they each and all have seemed to me to be utterly unsuccessful.

The true, and therefore by far the easiest and simplest, mode of interpreting the strictly prophetic portion of Matthew 24, I believe to be this —that it refers in its entireness to two great events, the one of which is the type, the other the antitype; the general scope and tenor of the prophecy includes both, and refers to both, although in some instances more immediately to the one than to the other. The strictly prophetic portion of the chapter to which these remarks apply, terminates, it will be observed, at verse 35. The sequel of the chapter, with the entire chapter 25, belongs to the hortatory and practical, rather than to the exclusively prophetical, portion of the teaching of our Lord.

FATHER AGAINST SON

OR,

How the Curse of Horse-Head House was Lifted.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

BY J. C. COWDRICK.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

JOE MOSELEY came hurrying up from Wheeler's to get a verification of the report, and the first person he met was Will who happened to come out of the house just as Joe came up.

"Good-mornin', Billy," the "bummer" greeted. "Is it true that your father is dead?"

"No, it is not true, Joe," was the answer. "He appears to be a little better this morning. The doctor says he has about an even chance, now."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear that. Seein' the barroom closed, folks took it that he must be dead. I s'pose it was the noise that bothered him, and it's right; but a feller is lost without your barroom."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And, say, Billy, they do tell that you have come home to stay."

"Yes, that is true, Joe. Father needs me now, and my duty is right here. I am here to stay."

"Good for you, boy!" with a slap on the shoulder. "I knowed you would come out all right, yes, sir, I did! All they had to do was let you alone and let you run to the end of your rope; ha! ha! ha!"

"That was all, Joe."

"And you are goin' to run the house?"

"Yes; but I won't open right away. We are going to overhaul and do some repairs, soon as father gets better. It will take quite a little time."

"Then you think he will get well, eh? Well, now, that's good. I wish you the best of success, Billy, and I'll drop in and see how you get on, of course; seems like home to me here."

"Yes, you will be welcome, Joe."

So it was that Joe hastened back to Wheeler's fairly running over with news, and the report went out that Billy Hilton was going to take charge of the hotel and carry on the business. And those who were in the secret did not deny the report; in fact, they confirmed it—with mental reservation.

Reuben Hilton improved, slowly, though he still remained blind, and when he was able to sit up the work of repairs and alterations was begun. The enclosure was removed from under the piazza, plate glass windows were put in—barroom and poolroom alike, and these rooms were thoroughly renovated, refitted and refurnished. The house, meantime, was painted a clean, snowy white, with green shutters.

And then, finally, came the day of the re-opening.

CHAPTER X.

God Helping Him.

It was now winter.

Snow fell during the night, and on the morning of the opening day there was about a foot of snow on the ground.

The sky was heavy and threatening, and Will Hilton, rising early and looking out, was strongly reminded of that other winter's morning when he had gone forth to begin the new life.

It seemed like old times, to get up early and go down and open the house; but how different was everything below!

Instead of a bare floor with sawdust sprinkled over, there was a heavy marble-block oilcloth on the floor of the barroom; but the big stoves were still in their places, though standing no longer in boxes of sand, but upon zincs.

A few of the old chairs remained, and there was still the bar, if anything more showy than before. A handsome long plate mirror had been put in against the wall behind it, and on a shelf just in front of the glass was a splendid display of elegant glasses of different kinds. On the bar stood three large silvered urns, with lamps underneath. There were no bottles.

In the pool-room the alteration was even more marked. The pool-tables were gone, and in their places stood large, roomy reading-tables, well supplied with all the better class of periodicals of the day. Here the floor was carpeted, and there were two handsome book-cases on either side, each filled with the choicest literature. And then there were games; chess, checkers, parcheesi, etc., but no cards or dominoes. The chairs were all easy, large, and inviting. In the barroom, again, there were, some small tables where a meal could be served at short notice outside of regular hours. And last of all, because "the first shall be last," over the bar was this motto:

GOD HELPING ME.

Will hurried around, soon had the fires glowing with all their old-time cheerfulness, and the silvered urns upon the bar were presently steaming, and the grateful aroma of rich coffee pervaded the rooms.

He had just finished, and everything was in order, when the door opened and in shambled Joe Mosley, stamping the snow from his worn-out boots in his usual manner, and Will greeted him cheerily, much as he had heard his father greet him a hundreds times before.

"Hello, Joe; glad to see you! So you are my first caller on opening day, are you?"

"'Mornin', Billy. Yes; thought I would drop around and start you off."

"Well, got your dime for your morning dram?"

"Yes, I have got it, but I had to borrow it out of the old woman's pocket before she woke up. She got paid for some washin' yesterday, and I happened to know it, you see."

"Well, step up here and let me see if I can't tickle your palate."

Will went behind the bar and busied himself with something just under the bar where Joe could not see.

"You ain't quite as quick as you used to be," Joe complained; "but, I s'pose you have got your hand out. Hang it! but you are fixed up fancy here; looks like I had got into the wrong shop!"

"No, you are in the right place, Joe."

"And is that coffee I smell? It sort o' makes my mouth water."

In a few moments Will set before his surprised customer not a glass of rum! but a plate containing two pieces of nice toast, with a fresh poached egg on each, and a cup of steaming coffee.

"There, Joe," he said, "put that under your vest and see how it will make you feel."

"But, Billy, I—I can't pay for all this; I only—"

"It is only ten cents, Joe."

"Ten cents!"

"That is all; and you needn't pay me either; this is opening day, and this is my first treat. See how you like it."

He supplied a knife and fork and pepper and salt, while speaking, and the old toper fell to eating with a will, giving his stomach a surprise it had not had in many a day, at that hour of the morning.

And while he ate he comprehended the full meaning of Will's coming home to stay and his management of the hotel.

"Well, well! but that was good!" he exclaimed, when he had done, wiping his mouth upon his sleeve. "Much obliged to ye, Billy, I must go right down and tell Wheeler about this."

"Hold on, Joe, I have something to say to you, first," said Will, detaining him, "I want you to come here and work for me."

"Work for you—*me?*"

"Yes; I want you to keep this room clean, the chairs in order, and do other little chores around. Besides, I hear you are going to lose your little home next spring, and we can give your wife something to do, too. The fact of the whole matter is, you may both come here and make your home with us."

And they came.

Thus was the hotel opened anew, with God's blessing upon the endeavor. Lack of space precludes much more that might be told in detail. It was a success from the very first, and was soon the popular resort of all the young people of the village, of both sexes—for the parlors had been fitted for the use of ladies upon a similar plan, and Will's mother and sister presided over them.

In both the barroom and parlors refreshments suited to the seasons were served; in summer the house was filled with the better class of people who came out from the city to spend a few weeks or months in the country, and its fame became more than merely local. Reuben Hilton recovered his health, to a degree, but not his sight, although the physicians held out hopes that it might be restored as his health continued to improve. Perhaps it was as well; he could not see daily and hourly, that white scar upon his son's cheek.

Among the most constant patrons of the place were Fred Wilson and his widowed mother. It was just such a resort as Fred's soul had longed for. To him it was Eden without the serpent. Meanwhile, Wheeler's license having expired, and he being unable to get a renewal, so strong was public sentiment, the other hotel had been forced to shut its doors; and so was the curse of rum entirely removed from lovely Silvervale. And yet the village did not lack an excellent hotel where strangers could stop and feel at home. A few of its old patrons shunned it, of course; but their loss was more than made up by the increase of patronage. About the only thing that remained as formerly, was the sign, which still swings from the arm of the pole at the corner—

THE HORSE-HEAD HOUSE.

(THE END.)

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What a New Testament Did.

From a missionary in Russia comes an account of the wonderful way in which a copy of the Hebrew New Testament was used. An old Jew, eighty-two years of age, was found lying on a straw bed; he was visited by a Christian missionary, who, knowing him to be a Jew, kept repeating to him verses feom the Old Testament. After listening about an hour he said: "These are beautiful words from the Old Testament, but I know a medicine better than all these, one that heals all wounds. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.'" He was asked to explain how he came to know this truth, and he drew from the straw on which he lay a worn-out copy of the Hebrew New Testament. Two years before, while traveling, he had stayed over night in the hay-loft of an inn, and there he found the book, which had been left by a Hebrew traveler. His son had already been converted through it, and the whole family were rejoicing in the truth.

Mrs. Jamal's Syrian Class.

IN a letter from Jerusalem, dated Dec. 3, 1895, Mrs. Jamal gives the following interesting information regarding the progress of her Training School for Young Syrian Girls. She writes:

"Five of my girls have already begun to earn their own living, by what they have learned since they came to the class. One girl goes out once a week as a laundress, another for ironing two days, another for scrubbing and cleaning. In another house two girls go for cutting and sewing three days in the week, (of course not during the two days of the class). The ladies who hired them gave me favorable accounts of them, and have promised to recommend the girls to friends, for good behavior and honesty.

"One of the girls when she first came to the class, got from me some silk needle work to do at home. When finishing her work, she said no more silk threads remained. I believed what she said, but after a few weeks I found out that she had stolen some of the silk and worked with it a piece of lace and sold it to one of my friends. On discovering this I took the matter as the subject of our morning prayers (Matt. 16: 26), and explained to the girl the meaning of that passage. After prayers each girl took her work, but this girl did not move from her place. She then followed me to my room and knelt down and confessed that she had stolen the rest of the silk I gave her, and said she was very sorry for her great sin and ready to bring the money which she had received (which was not more than fifty cents). My heart was touched by the tears she shed and as she asked me to pray with her that God might forgive her, she promised to be honest in the future.

"I have watched her for several months and have confidently introduced her for work to the house of one of my intimate friends and am glad to say I have a very good account of her.

"My four Armenian girls are again attending the class. I was glad to hear that while they were kept at home lately at the Governor's suggestion they spent their time profitably. I am sure it will delight the hearts of our friends to hear their report. The eldest girl said, 'Although we were prevented from coming to the class but we gathered with our class-mates in spirit. We have not neglected our prayers, nor the reading of the chapters and verses, and sang the hymns. Then some of us took again the Scripture stories that we learn from you. Our mothers and the neighbors used to meet with us. The neighbors regretted our coming back to the class. They said, "you have been a great comfort to us, these bad days."

NEXT WEEK,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will begin the publication of a new and delightful Serial Story, entitled:

"IN HIS HANDS,"

Written expressly for this journal by

REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND,

Author of "A Drummer Boy of The Rappahannock," &c. The new story is full of encouragement for young Christians, teems with incidents, and will claim the attention of young and old everywhere.

Pains

Of rheumatism increase with wintry weather. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood. Cure rheumatism by purifying the blood and neutralizing the acid with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands have done this.

"My daughter was troubled with rheumatism, and I procured her five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has taken four bottles and does not complain any more with rheumatism." MRS. MARY J. SNODGRASS, Brink, W. Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c

Miss Wilkins' New Types Of a Quaint New England Village

A new series of "Neighborhood" sketches in which Miss Mary E. Wilkins is shown at her best in her marvelous portrayal of the six most striking characters of a supposed New England village. She depicts:

I. The Wise Man of the Town
II. The Village Runaway
III. The Man who was Born Unlucky
IV. The Good Woman of the Community
V. The Neat Woman of the Village
VI. The Woman Who Keeps Cats

Each in a separate sketch, beautifully illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, and published in

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

One Dollar for an Entire Year

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

Prev ack'd	$16,621.29
Adcock, Geo.	5 00
Ainsworth, G	1 00
Anderson, Lena	1 00
Atkins, Grenville	1 00
Anslie, J S, & Bro	3 00
Anslie, Roy	2 00
Allen, A H	2 00
Allsop, Miss Sadie	1 00
Bennett, Mrs Marvin	1 00
Beak, R N	5 00
Brahy, N J	1 00
Baron, D D	5 00
Bowes, Mrs M J	5 00
Bowes, Frances E	50
Bowes, Jas S	50
Banner, Geo	50
Bean, Mrs Julia E	10 00
Beach, Mamie & Ina	1 00
Booker, Mrs, & guests, Summit Hill House	7 00
Beebout, Will L	2 00
Beebout, Louis G	1 00
Bernard, Mrs & Mrs	2 00
Bettes, Fred	2 00
Bray, W A	1 00
Brooks, Mrs J A	1 25
Brown, Ben	5
Brown, Bessie	5
Brown, Glenn	5
Brownback, Maris	25
Brownback, Web P	25
Calhoun, Margaret	2 00
Cave, Mrs. & Mrs Hopkins	2 00
Christian, Alice E	25
Commons, Mrs Jane	1 00
Caldwell, Mrs Geo E	2 00
Callahan, Mrs Jane	2 00
Cayward, C & family	5 00
Chase, Eliza	2 00
Christopher, Mrs W B	1 00
Clancy, A	5 00
Clark, Chas D	1 00
Clark, Mrs F F	1 00
Clark, Fred'k H	3 00
Colvin, Mrs S B	5 00
Corless, Dr & Mrs	1 00
Crosby, Mrs J F	5 00
Daggett, H R	1 00
Devor, J D	3 00
Dewar, Maggie	1 00
Doe, Mrs H J	1 00
Duffy, John	1 00
De Jonge, F	5 00
Detwiler, John	25
Detwiler, J I	50
Devan, E A	1 00
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Eddy, Earl	5
Eddy, Geo	5
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Fuller, John	2 00
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Frances, Lewis	50
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Grubb, M P	1 00
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Hagerman, A	2 00
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Hancox, Miss E H	1 00
Harlow, Hattie J	1 00
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Hassock, Mrs W H	2 00
Hazzet, John	50
Hogg, Mrs J O	50
Hood, W	50
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Hall, S J	1 00
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Hoke, George	5
Hunsberger, A	5 00
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Jones, Mrs Rachel	2 00
Johnson, H W	25
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Kessler, Lucy A	2 00
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Lewis, Alice A	1 00
Lewis, Jas C	1 00
Lloyd, John	1 00
Lippincott, H D	25
Lyons, Jesse	25
Lyons, Wm	1 00
Lynds, Mrs Loraine	2 00
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McKee, M	1 00
McLeod, Mrs D B	1 00
McPherson, Mrs M A	1 00
Mabry, Mrs Della	1 00
Margetts, J M	25
Marcus, Mrs Frank	1 00
March, Frank	25
Mayer, Mrs C	1 00
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Miller, John R	25
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McBride, David	1 00
McEwen, Mrs R	5 00
McKee, Geo C	5 00
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Miller, Anna	1 00
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Pashby, Harry	5
Pennypacker, Sam'l	50
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Phaup, Mrs J	1 00
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Ponsford, Bertie	5
Prizer, Hannan	3 00
Prizer, W A	50
Raeder, Anna M	1 00
Raeder, Ernest D	25
Reed, J B	1 00
Remington, F	1 00
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Rinehart, H D	25
Rinehart, Lewis	25
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Reed, Mrs Edw	5 00
Rice, Mrs Sarah	1 00
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Rosser, W H	5 00
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Schloner, Lewis	10 00
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Smith, Sarah	25
Spiers Sr, Mrs Geo	1 00
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Shapleigh, Eugenie	5 00
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Sigler, Mrs A M	1 00
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Stallcup, H F	1 50
Stanfield, Eliza	40
Stauffer, A B	50
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Trinley, John	25
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Umstead, Harry	25
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Veite, Jacob I	2 00
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Whipple, Lucy A	25
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White, Thos H	1 00
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Winslow, L & Orrin	2 00
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Westendorf, Henry	5
Westendorf, Tena	5
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H D M, Newark	25 00
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J C K, Greenfield	1 00
Friend, Mexico	1 00
" Berlin	1 00
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" in Me	2 00
" Louisville	2 50
" Hallowell	2 00
" Dowagnac	2 00
" D, Brooklyn	10 00
" Concord	1 00
Friends, Groton	2 00
Friends, E Oakland	5 00
" Lattasburgh	2 00
" Balto	2 00
" Van Ormer	3 60
2 " Simpson	1 00
2 " Oxford	1 00
In Christ's Name, Lowell	10 00
I H N, Wauchula	1 00
"	5 00
" McArthur	1 00
" Evanston	3 00
" South River	1 00
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Reader, Webster City	5 00
Reader, Livingston	2 00
" Pawnee City	5 00
Old Sub'r, Sault de St Marie	2 00
Sub'r, Goshen Bridge	1 00
" Rushmore	3 00
" Wocester	1 00
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—, New Freeport	2 00
—, N Y Mills	1 00
—, So Boston	1 00
—, Cresaptown	2 00
—, Clinton	1 00
—, Warriors's Mark	5 00
—, Balto	10 00
—, Constable	1 00
—, E Charleston	2 00
—, No Chelmsford	25
—, Maquoketa	1 00
—, Greenville	1 00
—, Limestoneville	2 00
—, Balto	2 00
—, Westfield	1 00
—, Westfield	1 00
—, Bordeax	1 00
—, Vision	5 00
Mother & Daughter, Harmony	1 00
Widow R. Mason City	5 00
People of Cassville	5 80
A Shut-in, Worcester	1 00
King's D, Brownson	50
In Nomme Jesu, Londonville	5 00
Welsh C M Church, Randolph	26 65
Welsh C M Church, Cambria	11 01
Caersalem Welsh C M Church, Wild Rose	11 06
Soar Welsh C M Chu, Wild Rose	2 05
Welsh C M Church, Oshkosh	6 00
Peniel Welsh C M Ch, Oshkosh	5 30
Bethesda Welsh C M Church, Oshkosh	5 53
Welsh C M Church, Columbus	8 70
Bethesda Welsh C M Church, Columbus	14 00
Moriah Welsh C M Church, Columbus	12 80
Salem Welsh C M Church, Columbus	6 27
Carmel Welsh C M Ch, Welsh Prairie	2 50
Seion Welsh C M Ch, Welsh Prairie	4 50
Welsh C M Church, Lake Emily	8 50
Welsh C M Church, Engedi	18 50
Welsh C M Church, Caledonia	3 00
Welsh C M Church, Proscaeron	7 25
Welsh C M Church, Rock Hill	3 03
Welsh C M Ch, Berea	13 45
" " Neenah	10 50
" " Milwaukee	18 34
" " Dodgeville	5 50
" " Ixonia	3 75
" " Watertown	1 75
" " Racine	17 62
" " Lannon	2 25
" " Chicago	10 00
" " Fish Creek	3 35
" " Bangor	6 25
" " Barneveld	4 50
Bethesda Welsh C M Church, Waukesha	8 07
Moriah Welsh C M Church, Waukesha	9 45
Sion Welsh C M Chu, Waukesha	9 80
Jerusalem Welsh C M Church, Waukesha	7 65
South Side Welsh C M Church, Chicago	5 25
Salem Welsh C M Church, Dodgeville	2 55
Bethania Welsh C M Church, Waukesha	4 50
Bark River Welsh C M Chu, Waukesha	3 40
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Cong'l Chu, Howard	6 65
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Y P S C E, Van Ormer	2 00
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Primary Dept 1st Bap S S, Paterson	3 00
S S Class, Northfield	1 50
Blasdell S S	20 00
Zion Bloom Ref S S	5 50
S S, Ekonk	1 58
1st Bap S S, Natick	5 67
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Sweet dist S S, Ebenezer	2 00
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St Charles C E Soc	8 50
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Widow's Mite, Bklyn	1 00
Anon, Morrice	2 00
Sympathy, Toronto	5 00
E Putnam Y P S C E	1 00
Endeavorer, Mass	1 00
Total	**$12,837.19**

And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week.

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GOD knows it all, our pain and tears,
That by the world are all unknown.
What though the joys of life are flown,
What though we seem to be alone,
And bear it silent through the years?
God knows it all, our pain and tears.
God knows it all, O trust and rest,
He loves and watches over thee.
Thou cans't not in thy blindness see
How near the Lord must ever be;
Wait patiently and do thy best,
God knows it all, O trust and rest.

—J. S. JACKSON.

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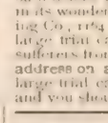

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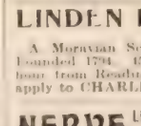

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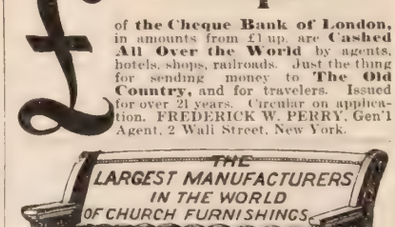

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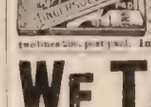

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The Italian Waldenses.

an interesting article on the Waldenses in Italy, published in *The Christian*, . O. Golia Mauro writes:

Turin was the town in which the densian Missions were first started, in , as soon as the Vaudois received reus liberty through Charles Albert. as through General Beckwith's help we were enabled to build our beautiurch here. Every Sunday morning 400 to 600 assemble to listen to the pel. In addition to these regular atants, the Gospel has been preached by two pastors there to more than 5,000 an Catholics in one year. We have urin nearly 400 communicants, ninety- scholars in the day-school, and 112 in Sunday-school; and the contributions he church have amounted to 3,500 cs in a year. One of the Waldensian ors who works in Turin is Signor tti. He was one of the three Protestpastors who, at the time of Pius IX., e chosen to sustain—against a commis- of cardinals in the Vatican—the dision as to whether St. Peter ever went Rome as first pope, as the Romish urch teaches. Pastor Ribetti is our t able lecturer against the errors of anism. Some little time ago, Trione of the most eloquent priests of Turin, llenged a public discussion with whatver pastor would accept it. Immediately tor Ribetti wrote soying he would do Seeing that things were thus becom serious, the priest, Trione, drew back refused; but Pastor Ribetti gave his ures all the same, and for several evenis our church contained more than 800 Roan Catholic listeners. In connection with church in Turin, we have a Y.W.C.A., ch is called the "Society of Sisters," have done work for the poor to the ount of 1,130 francs. Another society, ed the "Banner of the Gospel," is a y flourishing Y.M.C.A.

A Sceptic Enlightened.

occasionally happens that great talent enius stands in the way of the soul's ghtenment. It is related of Overbeck, celebrated painter, that he was an wed sceptic previous to his study of Bible, which was undertaken merely the sake of preparing himself for the cution of his famous painting, "Christ's umphal Entry into Jerusalem." When first read the story, there was no ten, reverent acknowledgment of the Mesship of Jesus, only a cold, critical sur- of his journey from Bethlehem to Jealem. And yet as he perused it, some- the beauty and grandeur of the simnarration grew upon him. Jesus was t returning from Bethany, where he raised Lazarus from the dead, and as erbeck pondered upon the event, the ne majesty and authority of the divine mand, "Lazarus, come forth!" im- ssed him with its awful power. oughts of the possible divinity of the ster came to his awakened conscience. d as they neared the city it was the of of the Holy Spirit to reveal to his lone- heart the melting tenderness of the Sa- ur. A simple recital of the majesty and pervading love of Jesus was sufficient ransom a soul. How intensely, how idly he worked, and how excited he ame as the eager faces of the multitude o followed Jesus, grew under the swift ches of his skilful brush.

Faithfully, nobly had Overbeck execut- his inspired task, and long did he gaze on the divine humanity he had so beauully painted, until the great heart of unerable love and meekness which he had truly depicted touched his soul, and he upon his face with the agonizing cry, Oh God, forgive!" That moment he s free and became a true believer.

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se Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

r. C. H. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have d it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, l have been very much pleased."

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

he new botanic discovery Alkavis, is an assured e for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church dney Cure Company, 41 Fourth Avenue, New k, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free ou send them your name and address. Alkavis certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we, ise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

"THERE'LL be no parting there." You can have a first-class ague in the vicinity of an earthquake—but the DeLONG PATENT HOOK AND EYE will not unfasten except at the will of the wearer. Why?

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Send two cents in stamps—with name and address for Mother Goose in new clothes, to Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

Florence Crochet Silk.

While extensively used for Crochet work of all kinds, this silk, on account of its "soft finish," strict purity, and durable colors, is also in high favor for Knitting. It is much used for Mittens, Stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel. One ball of size No. 300 (coarse) measures 150 yds. and a ball of No. 500 (fine) measures 250 yards. Look for the brand Florence if you want an economical silk at a popular price.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1895 is now ready. Subjects: Lace Embroidery, Mosaic Embroidery (new designs), Crochet and Correct Colors for Flowers, embroidered with **Corticelli Wash Silk.** Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book, 96 pages, 66 illustrations.

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For carrying music. Size of music, 1 1-4 inch thick. Keeps music straight. **Hand stitched, heavy leather.** Orange, black or maroon. Sent anywhere in U. S., prepaid, for **$3.00.** Smaller size $2.50.

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Mfg. of all styles of Music Rolls and leather goods.

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the best loved of all American composers always felt that the work of his life was **The Musical Curriculum,** the famous instruction book which he prepared for the Piano Forte. Its **Great Vitality** is shown in the ever increasing sales after having been in use long enough to see the rise and fall of many rivals in its own line. It is the best American Instructor that is on the market. **Price $2.75** by mail. Issued for either American or Foreign Fingering.

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REX BRAND **Extract of BEEF** **FLAVOR**

Sample, 4 cents. *Book free.* OUDAHY - - SO. OMAHA

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All dry goods stores. Three weights.

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CONSUMPTION.

A scientific discussion of this dread disease, its cause, treatment and cure, by Dr. Robert Hunter, the father of inhalation and most eminent lung specialist of the day. After a period of research extending over half a century, Dr. Hunter explains his perfected discovery of a specific remedy for consumption, and proves its success not only scientifically but through the grateful testimonials of his patients. Dr. Hunter was for forty years the *sole* advocate of the *germ theory* of consumption which is now accepted by the medical profession throughout the world as the *only* correct theory—thus establishing beyond doubt his superior knowledge of this disease. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HEARLD can obtain Dr. Hunter's book explaining his treatment without charge by addressing him at his residence, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 29, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. A. W——, Mich., for the reclamation of a wayward daughter now absent from her home and that her brother and sister might give them hearts to Christ.——Widowed Mother in Virginia, that her son may be delivered from the power of intoxicating drink and become the support of his wife and child; God's grace is given to every one that will.——S. E., Brooklyn, N. Y., that her husband might be converted.——Subscriber, Hennessee, Mass., That herself and her loved ones might be saved and feel that Christ has accepted them.——Subscriber, Garnam, N. H., for the conversion of a father and his three sons.——L. A. F., Fort Meade, S. D. That a whole family comprising father, mother, two sons and a daughter might be brought to Christ.——J. E., Swamp Mills, N. Y. For the quickening of a man and his son who have lost their interest in religion and have become indifferent; also for the conversion of two young men who are out of Christ.——"Constant Reader," Ladoga, Ind., that all his children may turn to God and give themselves to him.——W. F. P., Negaunee, Mich., for the conversion of a man helpless in the power of the drink habit, that God would deliver him and save his soul.——S. E. C., West Union, Iowa., for the conversion of a man who believes that the impenitent may be saved after death and who is postponing seeking the Lord. E. K., Youngtown, Iowa., for the conversion of an ungodly man.——Subscriber, Hagerstown, Md., for a man who is going down the hill of life yet is unsaved and in the grasp of the drink habit.——M. G., Whitehall, N. Y., for the salvation of a dear son whose love for drink and tobacco are keeping him out of the kingdom.——Anxious Wife, Springville, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband, a victim of the intoxicating cup, that he may be emancipated and become an example of good to his children.——M. P., Amherst, Wis., for a beloved grandson that Christ will have mercy upon him.——L. A. P., Tangerino, Fla., for a dear son that he may give his heart to God and trust in him for guidance through life.——Mrs. S., Chicago, Ill., for her husband and two sons, the latter married to women whose influence is opposed to religion, that all might be led to Christ.——Reader, Buffalo, N. Y. That an only brother, an unbeliever, now very sick might be brought to give his heart to God and trust in Christ for salvation.——A. N. H., Annville, Pa., for the conversion of a young man who is in the West and in connection with infidels and reads infidel literature, that God would manifest himself to him.——A Grandmother, that her two grandsons might be saved and kept from the evil that surrounds them.——H. S. P., Miller's Station, Pa., that God would mercifully look on her husband and save his soul. Many prayers have been offered for him.——I. E. I——, for the conversion of a noble man who is being dragged down by his love for intoxicating liquor and who will never be reclaimed without God's intervention.——S. W. C., for the rescue of a man from the power of drink and that his children might become children of God.——C. P., Springport, Mich., for the salvation of a beloved son.——Anxious Mother, Duluth, for the restoration of her son who is a backslider.——Mrs. C., that a son-in-law to whom she is sending, as a Christmas present, one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Bibles may read it and that God will bless it to his conversion.

For the Restoration of Health. Anxious Sister, New York, that God would recover a beloved brother, if it be his will, and if not, that he will cause him to seek salvation before it is too late.——E. M., Mich., for the recovery of her mother and herself from sickness.——G. E. M., Sault St. Marie, Mich., that a dear mother may be restored to former health and strength and become a follower of Christ.——"Constant Reader," Randolph, Va., for the recovery of a father and mother, that they may rear their children for God.——Reader, Boston, Mass., that a sufferer from rheumatism who has been helpless for five years may recover the use of her limbs.——M. E. J., Firth, Neb., that God would mercifully restore the sense of hearing.——M. H., Randolph, that a near relative now mentally afflicted may be restored to reason; also that an aged father and mother may be supported and their health renewed.——"Constant Reader," Averette, Va., that one who has suffered long may recover the sense of hearing.——O. L. C., Columbus, O., who feels that her cup of sorrow runs over, that God would restore her to health and strength to serve him.——V. H. S., Boonesville, Mo., that a sick mother with five young children may be spared to them and regain her health and strength; also that an afflicted friend may regain mental and physical health.——Anxious Mother, Tangerine, Fla., that God would do all that is needed, heal and bless.——M. G., Whitehall, N. Y., that she may be filled with faith and patience and submission to the will of God.

For Special Blessings. J. N. B., Maryland, that God's grace may be with some who need it to keep them steadfast, to be the means of leading others to Christ.——C. M., Pilot Mound, Ia., for strength, wisdom and grace to conduct meetings for Christ.——Reader, Falls, S. D., for God's blessing on a Sunday-school paper, that it may be the means of the conversion of many souls.——H. M. L., Pattonville, Mo., that to the honored some prosperity, none of it may fall into the hands of persons who will use it for the purpose of injuring the influence of the gospel in the community.——E. D. T., Baltimore, Md., that a severe bereavement may be borne in faith, that God will provide for the survivors, and will raise up friends to an institution now deprived of its best friend.——S. A. V. G., Milan, Mich., that God will give grace to bear poverty and loneliness, and to praise him in adversity.——Anxious Mother, Green Valley, that anxiety and distress may cease, and patience and faith may fill the weary hearts.——V. W., Baltimore, Md., for the renewal of a friendship and for opportunities of earning an honest livelihood.——"Believer in Prayer," Mansfield, that one who by breach of trust has defrauded another may see it his duty to make restitution and that God will open the way to an honest career.——A. A. M., Weil, La., for grace, patience and strength by one in urgent need of all.——J. Z. T., Deal's Island, Md., that God will fulfill to him the promise to make darkness light and crooked things straight.——K., Amityville, L. I., that God may give his Spirit to a church and people and cause the liquor curse to cease in the town.——L. W., Oswego, Kan., that God would care for a family in loneliness and sadness.

TO LIBBIE HETTMAN.*

WHAT have you done that men should call you great,—
You, who through years have not yet journeyed far,
Nor to life's deeps have yet shot o'er the bar,—
Have you subdued a kingdom or a State?
No; such is not your title to that name;
But it is this: love stirred your early blood
To urge your failing fellows toward the good,
And cure their moral ills which close in shame.
Great is he who creates from almost naught—
Worth; but than the Creator, more, earth feels
Is he, who, without power creative, heals
Those frames, which with some malady are fraught.
Not that you wrought, but that you ills did cure,
Are you called great, and shall you so endure.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD, B. C. L.

Toronto, Dec. 17, 1895.

*Miss Hettman is the child Superintendent of a Western Sunday School, the youngest Superintendent in the world, whose portrait and biography were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on December 4, last.

THE BOSTON C. E. CONVENTION.

The Total Expenses Connected with the convention of the Christian Endeavor Society in Boston last July were $22,586,65, and although this exceeded the estimated expenses, and although for the first time in the history of the society the local committee assumed all the expenses, there was left on hand after all bills were paid, a balance of nearly $200.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Prostration.
Mental Depression.
Nervous Dyspepsia.
Mental Failure.

Freligh's Tonic (*A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant*)

will cure when everything else has failed. Prescribed and endorsed now, and for ten years past, by over 40,000 Physicians. Sample by mail 25c., ten days' trial. Regular bottle $1 by mail. Small bottle, but 100 doses in each.

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Formula, descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., to any address.

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Formula on Every Bottle.

Words of Cheer.

To those who are suffering from disease and debility, to whom physicians have been able to give only temporary relief, we make the confident assertion that the Compound Oxygen treatment of DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, during the past twenty-five years, has cured many of the most obstinate cases, and that the good work is still going on.

The assertion is corroborated by the testimonials of patients who have tried it. If you write us, we will send, free of charge, our book of two hundred pages, giving history of Compound Oxygen, with testimonals and record of surprising cures of diseases and debility. Home Treatment is sent out by express, to be used at home. Office Treatment is administered here. Consultation Free.

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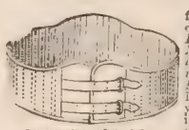

for men and women, quickly cures *Rheumatism, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney trouble, Nervous and General Debility, Gout, Indigestion, Pains in the Head, Hips, Back or Limbs*, and kindred complaints. If you cannot get our belt from your druggist, read the following plan, which we have adopted to introduce them quickly in your neighborhood.

PRICE, $3.00.

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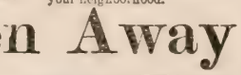

For a limited period we will make to every person who sends us $3 for one of our Standard Belts, a present of a pair of Dr. Scott's Celebrated Electric Insoles (Price 50c.), which will positively keep the feet warm and dry. Send for our circular giving information concerning all our goods. This offer is made for a short time only; do not delay; send at once; you may never have the chance again. *Agents wanted.*

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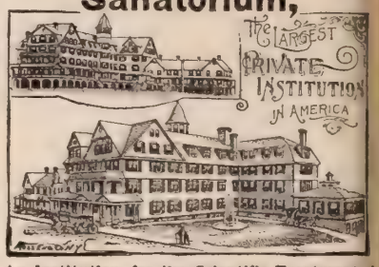

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Book and circulars giving description of Sanatorium, Treatment, Terms, and References, free.

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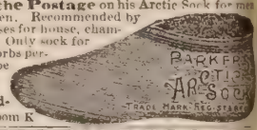

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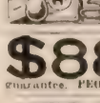

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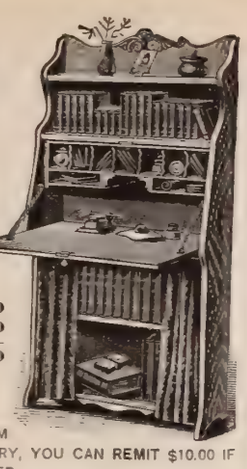

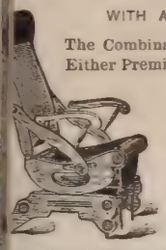

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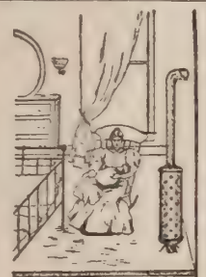

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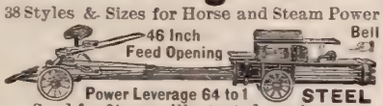

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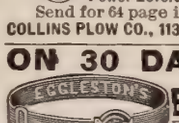

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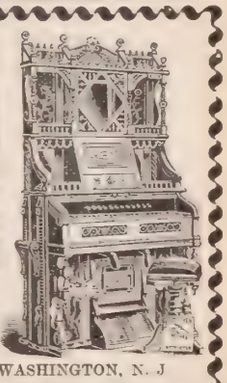

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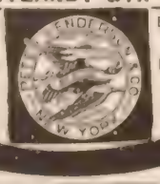

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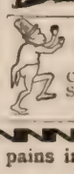

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 3.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

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OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER IN LOWER NEW YORK. (See Page 43.)

THE CRY OF ARMENIA.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: II. Kings 19: 37, "*They escaped into the land of Armenia.*"

IN Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a table-land, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birth-place of the rivers which fertilized the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof the crystal skies, and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they will not become followers of Mahomet, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and governmental reward. The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority, and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures? O Allah! Destroy the Infidels and Polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans and defile their bodies; cause their feet to slip; give them and their families, their households and their women, their children, and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect. The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohammedan government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish government had taken a new role or tragedy on the stage of nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish government slew 50,000 anti-Mo[illegible], and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000, and in 1876 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is [illegible] the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles, she has promised the civilized nations of the earth that she would stop her butcheries, and the international and hemispheric law has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put nations off the track and then resume the work of death. In 1820 Turkey [illegible] treaty with Russia, promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the then Sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and the promise was broken. In 1844, at the demand of an English minister plenipotentiary, the Sultan declared, after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople, that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign nations, the Turkish government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants, who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean war, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey promised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of Christianity from her borders.

Why, after all the national and continental and hemispheric lying on the part of the Turkish government, do not the warships of Europe ride up as close as is possible to the palaces of Constantinople and blow that accursed government to atoms? In the name of the Eternal God, let the nuisance of the ages be wiped off the face of the earth! Down to the perdition from which it smoked up, sink Mohammedanism! Between these outbreaks of massacre the Armenians suffer in silence wrongs that are seldom if ever reported. They are taxed heavily for the mere privilege of living, and the tax is called "the humiliation tax." They are compelled to give three days' entertainment to any Mohammedan tramp who may be passing that way. They must pay blackmail to the assessor, lest he report the value of their property too highly. Their evidence in court is of no worth, and if fifty Armenians saw a wrong committed and one Mohammedan was present, the testimony of the one Mohammedan would be taken and the testimony of the fifty Armenians rejected; in other words, the solemn oath of a thousand Armenians would not be strong enough to overthrow the perjury of one Mohammedan. A professor was condemned to death for translating the English Book of Common Prayer into Turkish. Seventeen Armenians were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride from the bandits. This is the way the Turkish government amuses itself in time of peace. These are the delights of Turkish civilization. But when the days of massacre come, then deeds are done which may not be unveiled in any refined assemblage, and if one speaks of the horrors, he must do so in well-poised and cautious vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed! Young men put in piles of brushwood, which are then saturated with kerosene and set on fire! Mothers, in the most solemn hour that ever comes in a woman's life, hurled out and bayonetted! Eyes gouged out, and dead and dying hurled into the same pit! The slaughter of Lucknow and Cawnpore, India, in 1857, eclipsed in ghastliness! The worst scenes of the French revolution in Paris made more tolerable in contrast! In many regions of Armenia the only undertakers to-day are the jackals and hyenas. Many of the chiefs of the massacres were sent straight from Constantinople to do their work, and having returned, were decorated by the Sultan. To four of the worst murderers the Sultan sent silk banners, in delicate appreciation of their services. Look at this picture. It is a copy of a private letter from Armenia: "Rev. Grigos Hachadoovian, a minister of the Gospel, whom I knew personally was the pastor of the 2d Congregational Church of Kharpoot, my native city. When the Turkish soldiers commenced shooting all over the city he took his wife and children and went to the church, soon about sixty of his congregation joined him. Naturally good and earnest Christians as they were they lifted their voices up to heaven for help. While in prayer the Turks rushed in and demanded of the minister to become a Mohammedan then and there, with his congregation. He refused promptly. The Turks removed the pulpit, made a butchering platform, cut off the head of the minister and actually cut him to pieces before his congregation. Mind you on the platform from which he had preached Christ for twenty years. This horrible spectacle seems to have had no effect upon the devout Christian Armenians, as they all refused to denounce Christ and pray to Mohammed and all were killed in the church to the last man, woman and child." What do you think of that picture, Christian people of America? That is the Mohammedanism some people would like to have introduced into our country.

Five hundred thousand Armenians put to death or dying of starvation! This moment, while I speak, all up and down Armenia sit many people, freezing in the ashes of their destroyed homes, bereft of most of their households, and awaiting the club or assassination to put them out of their misery. No wonder that the physicians of that region declared that among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care, not one wanted to get well. Remember that nearly all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outrages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told. None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that far-off land know the whole story, and it will not be known until, in the coronations of heaven, Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!" My Lord and my God! thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but thou, surely, Oh Christ! wilt not forget how much they have suffered for thee! I dare not deal in imprecation, but I never so much enjoyed the imprecatory Psalms of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is Turkey has got to be divided up among other nations. Of course the European nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American mission buildings and American school-houses she has destroyed, and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian bear put their paws on that Turkey the American eagle ought to put in its bill.

Who are these American and English and Scotch missionaries who are being hounded among the mountains of Armenia by the Mohammedans? The noblest men and women this side of heaven. Some of them, men who took the highest honors at Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Oxford and Edinburgh. Some of the women, gentlest and most Christlike, who to save people they never saw, turned their backs on luxurious homes to spend their days in self-expatriation, saying good-by to father and mother, and almost ward good-by to their own children. circumstances compel them to send little ones to England, Scotland or America. I have seen these foreign missionaries in their homes all around the world, and stamp with indignation upon the lies and blackguardism of foreign correspondents who have depreciated these heroes and heroines who are willing to live and die for Christ's sake. They will have the highest thrones in heaven, while their defamers will not get near enough to the shining gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the twelve pearls which make up the twelve gates. This defamation of missionaries is augmented by the dissolute English, American, and Scotch merchants who go to foreign cities, leaving their families behind them. Those dissolute merchants in foreign cities lead a life of such gross immorals that the pure households of the missionaries are a perpetual rebuke. Vultures never did believe in doves, and there is anything that nightshade has in the water lily. What the five hundred and fifty American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman Empire since it would leave the archangel to announce on the day of judgment. You will see it reasonable that I put so much emphasis on Armenianism in the Ottoman Empire when I tell you that America, notwithstanding all the disadvantages named, has now over 20,000 students in day-schools in that empire, and 35,000 children in her Sabbath Schools. The that America has expended in the Turkish Empire for its betterment over $10,000,000. Has not America a right to be heard? Yes, it will be heard! I am glad that the indignation meetings are being held all over this country. That poor, weak, cowardly Sultan, whom I saw a few years ago ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7,000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, will hear of the sympathetic meetings for the Armenians if not through American reporters, then through some of his 360 wives. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena to which he could be exiled, and the nations of Europe appoint a ruler their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. To-day this august assemblage in the capital of the United States, in the name of the Court of Nations, indicts the Turkish government for the wholesale assassination of Armenia, and invokes the interference of Almighty God and the protest of Eastern and Western hemispheres.

But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous; immediate! A religious paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers, and these are now being faithfully distributed by American missionaries in Turkey. But the Turkish government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before I had any idea of becoming a fellow-citizen with you Washingtonians, $50,000 for Armenian relief was offered me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the [illegible] *Paris*, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople, asking if the Turkish government would grant me protection on such a errand of mercy. A cablegram said the British government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with relief. In our reply, four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish g[illegible]

d's mixed commission, and they would stribute it. So a cobweb of spiders pro-ld a relief committee for unfortunate ld! Well, a man who would start up hugh the mountains of Armenia with 5000 and no governmental protection uld be guilty of monumental foolhardi-ss. The Turkish government has in ev-ry possible way hindered Armenian relief. d where is that angel of mercy, Clara rton, who appeared on the battlefields f Fredericksburg, Antietam, Falmouth, n Cedar Mountain, and under the blaze of rench and German guns at Metz and Paris n in Johnstown floods, and Charles-n earthquake, and Michigan fires, and Russian famine? It was comparatively of ttle importance that the German Emperor lebrated her with the Iron Cross, for God ad decorated her in the sight of all na-ons with a glory that neither time nor nity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts illage she came in her girlhood to this d to serve our government in the Patent ffice, but afterward went forth from the ors of that Patent office with a Divine mmission signed and sealed by God himself, o heal all the wounds she could touch, nd make the horrors of the flood, and re and plague, and hospital fly her pres-nce. God bless Clara Barton! Just as expected, she lifts the banner of the Red Cross. Turkey and all nations are pledged o respect and defend that Red Cross, al-though that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity. In my opinion it does stand for Christian-ty, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the Son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, red with the blood poured out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, oh, Red Cross! and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish gov-ernment is bound to protect her, and the patriots of God are twenty thousand, and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to ride over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. Only the five hundred thousand dollars she asks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by Him who trod into sapphire pavement be-calmed Galilee! Upon soil incarnadined with martyrdom let the Red Cross be planted, until every demolished village shall be rebuilded, and every pang of hunger be fed, and every wound of cruelty be healed, and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this the best land of all the earth, where the descendants of the Puritans and Hollanders, and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all nations free!

It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent, that will apply the right for other nations to inter-fere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all nations, that there is not one acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any trans-Atlantic government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall for-ever stand. But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awak-ened the shepherds. Wherever there is a wound it is our duty, whether as individ-uals or as nations, to balsam it. Wherever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to ward off the blade. Wherever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Protest-ant church or a Catholic cathedral or a Jewish synagogue or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute in-sulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about twenty tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience ap-plauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us, and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. The fact is that that persecu-tion of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indiffer-ence and apathy. But the trumpet of re-surrection is about to sound for Armenia. Did I say in opening that on one of the peaks of Armenia, this very Armenia of which we speak, in Noah's time the ark landed, according to the myth, as some think, but according to God's "say-so," as I know, and that it was after a long storm of forty days and forty nights, called the Deluge, and that afterward a dove went forth from that ark and returned with an olive leaf in her beak? Even so now, there is another ark being launched, but this one goes sailing, not over a deluge of of water, but a deluge of blood,—the ark of American sympathy,—and that ark, landing on Ararat, from its window shall fly the dove of kindness and peace, to find the olive leaf of returning prosperity, while all the mountains of Moslem prejudice, oppression, and cruelty shall stand fifteen cubits under. Meanwhile, we would like to gather all the dying groans of all the five hundred thousand victims of Moham-medan oppression, and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Chris-tians voices, American and European, cry-ing out, "O, God Most High! Spare thy children. With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquakes of thy wrath shake the foundations of the pal-aces of the Sultan. Move all the nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of civilized nations boom their indignation. Let the Crescent go down before the Cross, and the Mighty One who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, con-quering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Mission Work in Natal.

In Natal, South Africa, there are 477,000 Zulus, as well as 41,000 Indians. Many missionaries are doing and have done a good work, but these people have not, by any means, been all reached.

"In Zululand," says the *South African Pioneer*, "we have now facing us a popu-lation estimated at about 150,000 Zulus. In spite of missionary efforts, there are parts entirely unevangelised, where the Gospel has never been preached. Two districts north of our station on the Lucia Lake, have tens of thousands of Zulus and no missionary. In our missionary's (Mr. Olsen-Feyling) diary, we have a heart-stirring appeal to plant native Evangelists in this fever district where a white man can only reside during the winter. Our hearts yearn to enter these open doors. Join us in 'praying the Lord of the har-vest to send forth laborers into the har-vest.' Densely populated Amatongaland is still without a missionary; and we hear the white man's vices have already swept away or ruined a great many of this nation. Although a fever country, it can be reached; and we feel if traders can face this climate for the sake of gold, surely God's children can go forth to seek the precious souls of those who are in such dense heathen darkness."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Out-Door Work Among Italians.

Sunday Morning Open-Air Services in the Italian Quarter of New York City.

FEW more varied and picturesque experiences have fallen to the lot of a city missionary in the metropolis of a civilized nation, than those encountered by Agostino Dassori, who for a number of years has proclaimed the Gospel among the Italians of lower New York. There are in the great city altogether almost two hundred thousand Italians, of whom fully one-half are crowded together in dense masses in the tenements and alleys of the lower part of town. Almost all are intense, though ignorant, Catholics. Yet it is declared by those who have done missionary work among them, that no other class of emigrants yields such rich spiritual results in the same length of time.

Mr. Dassori relates his experiences among his fellow countrymen here as follows:

"Shortly after my conversion in 1882, I became impressed with the fact that I must present the Gospel of Jesus Christ

MISSIONARY AGOSTINO DASSORI.

to my fellow-countrymen. I commenced my Christian work as a Sabbath School teacher in the Mariner's Temple on Henry street, where I was led to seek Christ, and immediately began to take a deep in-terest in all kinds of religious work. I prayed earnestly during that period that God would open some way by which I could reach the Italian people, and some time in the year 1887 I was called by Mrs. M. B. Willard of New York to take charge of a little Italian mission in Crosby street. I began with a congregation numbering about ten people, and in less than four months had an attendance of about eighty. Until 1893 I continued holding services every Sunday, and spreading the Gospel among my people. In November, 1893, I received a call from the New York Baptist City Mission to assume charge of the Ital-ian work at Mariner's Temple, corner of Oliver and Henry streets, in lower New York, and in a district where over 25,000 of my people reside. We started this new mission with only thirteen in attendance at the first meeting. On the following meeting it was increased to seventy-five. At the first Sunday in January, 1894, there was an attendance of one hundred and forty. From the beginning until the pres-ent time, our people have manifested a great desire to have the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and at our principal meeting on Sunday afternoons at 4:30 we have a very large audience. Our Thursday even-ing service has an average from sixty to a hundred. The Sunday School session is well attended. The dear Lord not only gives us a good number of listeners, but we feel that his Spirit has also been with us. Forty-two of our countrymen have been baptized, and many are following Christ. People who worshipped images and saints are giving up their idols and confessing Christ, who alone can make in-tercession for all sinners. Many preju-dices against Protestanism are disappear-ing, and the outlook is most cheering, al-though we have to contend with great op-position from the Roman clergy. We need for the continual prosperity of this work, the prayers and sympathy of our American friends. Some, judging the Italians from the low class that come to these shores (al-though these people need the Gospel as much as any one else), have felt an ab-surd prejudice about my countrymen, and have thought it useless to evangelize them. We could easily prove that money and ef-fort in the Italian work pays the most. In lower New York we have about 100,000 Italians, and as they are going to stay here, it is the duty of every American Christian to care for the spiritual welfare of these people who have been kept in darkness, superstition and ignorance."

About four months after commencing his work at Mariner's Temple, and while passing through the Italian district, Mr. Dassori became strongly impressed with the idea that it was his duty to go into the highways and byways, and there preach Christ to his people. The first meeting was held in Cherry street with a good at-tendance. The people listened with deep reverence, removing their hats as a token of respect every time the name of Christ was mentioned. The next meeting was held on the corner of James and Oak streets, the Catholic quarter. In a few minutes over one hundred people were listening to the preached Word. These meetings (one of which is pictured in the illustration on the first page), have been kept up with unfailing regularity and have been productive of much spiritual good.

On many different occasions the out-door services have been interrupted by Catholic disturbers, who objected to the doctrine preached. Broken fruit and even stones have at times been thrown at the evangelist by those among his auditors who were bitterly opposed to Protestant-ism. But, even in the face of such obsta-cles, progress was noted and conversions recorded. Mr. Dassori tells of the follow-ing among many other interesting cases:

"About two months ago an Italian young man of intelligent appearance came to our meetings. He told us without be-ing asked that our religion was 'too sim-ple,' and therefore we could not expect to proselyte among people that were brought up in a religion that had so much attrac-tion like the Roman Church. The young man would not stop to argue, and as he was going out we invited him to come again, and perhaps he would be convinced of the truth of the 'too simple' religion of Christ. He came steadily to the meetings, and three weeks ago, after confessing his sins and the pardon received from Christ, he said he was 'astonished at the wonderful love of God.'"

Mr. Frank Dickerson, Vice-President of the New York City Baptist Mission, speak-ing recently of the work, said: "Our Italian Mission is two years old. Last month the attendance of the Italians at the services was 1420. While great care has been exercised in receiving candidates, yet nineteen recent conversions and baptisms are reported, and twelve now desire baptism.

"A remarkable fact in our membership is that in many cases those who made pub-lic confession of faith in Christ were, in one instance, four of one family, father, mother, and their two daughters; in an-other, father, mother, and one daughter; and in still another, father and son. An-other family, on account of some illness, vowed to St. Gennaro an amount for mass-es and candles. Before the sick man had thoroughly recovered from his sickness, he attended one of our services in the Temple, and after having listened, with rapt at-tention, to the Word of God, he was con-vinced that Christ is the only mediator, believed in him, and broke his vow to St. Gennaro. A poor old woman that used to keep, day and night, a lamp burning be-fore some image, when she heard the sec-ond commandment, she destroyed the lamp and broke the image and to-day she does worship Christ in spirit and in truth. In reaching the Italian, we reach people who have utterly no religious belief at all, or else those who have been educated as Ro-man Catholics, and yet it will be noted that the number of conversions among the Italians is greater than among either the English or the Hebrews."

Other work of a missionary character among the Italians includes a mission meeting at Franklin street and the Italian Mission at Five Points and several others of lesser magnitude but all laboring for the same glorious purpose—the bettering of humanity and winning souls for Christ.

The Early Ministry of Jesus.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 26. Luke 4 : 14-22. Golden Text Luke 4 : 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE have already seen how our beloved Lord went through a preparation for his ministry, as all true workers for God must, that they may be fitted for their vocation. His first and brief course of study was the Word of God, and in a former lesson we have seen what proficiency he had made in this, even as a boy of twelve. But having passed his impromptu examination in the Word of God in the temple at Jerusalem as a Child, the Lord Jesus, although he must have been filled with the Holy Ghost more than John the Baptist was from his birth, yet must have a special anointing for his ministry. When he was baptized by John the heaven was opened and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily form, as a dove upon him, and a voice came out of heaven, "Thou art my beloved Son ; in thee I am well pleased." But our Lord, even when full of the Word and full of the Spirit, was not yet ready for his ministry. Oh, how many fail just here! They have gained the knowledge of God's Word; they have consciously received the Holy Ghost, but they have been in such a hurry

To Do Something

in serving God, that they have hurried through times of testing with impatience at being thwarted, and have proved by this very thing, how little the Word of God, which they have learned, dwells in them richly in all wisdom, and how little root the Holy Spirit had taken in their being, seeing that the fruits of the Spirit are not manifest in them. Christ's obedience to his parents, after the incident at Jerusalem, was a proof of the power which the Word had in his life, his conquest of the devil in the temptation in the wilderness was a proof how the Spirit could use the Word in his circumstances and make him more than Conqueror.

We are only what we prove to be under a test. No blessing that we receive is permanent until it has been tested. The Lord Jesus went up full of the Holy Ghost into the wilderness, "led of the Spirit," to be tempted of the devil, but he returned in the power of the Spirit after he had passed through the testing. And then it was that he "began to preach, and to say the kingdom of heaven is at hand," he gathered disciples and "went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease, and all manner of sickness among the people" (Matt. 4: 17-25), and a great impression was made; "he was glorified of all" (Luke 4: 15). But this was not to continue. With him, our good Shepherd, who, when he putteth forth his own sheep goeth before them (John 10: 4), it must be as it should be after with his own which are in the world. (John 13: 1.) He went to Nazareth where he had been brought up, not by accident; he did not choose his own way, but let himself be guided. (Isa. 1: 4, 6.) There is no place so difficult to most of us as the place where we are best known, for there we are apt to meet the most with what is personal on the part of others. Here the Lord Jesus did just as at other places; he went into the synagogue, where as a child he had listened with intense attention to the Scripture. He stood up to read, and having found the 61st chapter of Isaiah, read only to the second verse: then he rolled up the parchment, gave it to the man in charge, and sat down. His heart was very full. Those who had learned and labored with him when a boy were present,

He Knew His Audience.

"And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." The report of his preaching and his wonderful works had reached Nazareth, but there was something in his reading of that Scripture just there, where he was born, which meant a tremendous decision on the part of all who were present. Often had he read those words: He knew they applied to him, but how bring others to believe it? Now, however, his ministry had commenced; he had preached good tidings to the poor, he had healed the broken-hearted, he had preached deliverance to the captives, the blind were receiving their sight, the sad ones, bruised by sin and sorrow, and sickness, were being set at liberty, the jubilee, the year of going free, was being preached—would any of his own fellow citizens believe on him and be blest?

"NAZARETH, WHERE HE WAS BROUGHT UP."

It was his first; and was to be his last appeal to Nazareth, and he spoke plainly, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," I am he who fulfills it, was the plain meaning. Such an appeal had not been made in any other place. The people of Nazareth knew him, his spotless life, his intense love for the Scriptures, and now they heard of what he had taught, and of the works he had wrought in the neighboring country. But instead of weighing the Scripture, they fell back on their prejudices and gave way to personal feeling. It was not the question with them: Does he, or does he not, fulfil this Scripture? That question would have easily been answered in the affirmative. But in their hearts was the thought, "Would such a Messiah suit us?" And so they said, "Is not this Joseph's son?" Had they pursued their own question farther they might have come to the knowledge of the truth. But prejudice gained the day, and the Lord saw that the people of his own city were the first to reject their Messiah: "He came unto his own and his own received him not." (John 1 : 2.)

He saw what was passing in their minds. Their curiosity was stirred; they would like to have seen him do works of healing amongst them, they would like to be able to glory in a remarkable fellow citizen, "Whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do here in thine own city!!" But to acknowledge him, so lowly-born, a mere mechanic, as the Anointed, the Lord's Christ,—this was asking too much. It went against the popular opinion of the day, it would not

Suit their Purpose!

Alas! alas! this is the real state of mind with many, the question is not with them, "Is this the truth of God?" but, "Does it suit my purpose?" A spiritual Messiah, did not flatter their pride; if they should receive him, they would be despised with him, this they could not accept, and so they rejected him! But Jesus must leave a testimony behind him, and he left them a message from the Word of the living God. How often have Christian workers been despised, and they have let wounded personal feeling show itself in words full of asperity, and such is the testimony left behind them! It is safe to fall back upon the Word of God, and this Jesus did.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SOME uncertainty exists about the period of our Saviour's life to which the incident of the lesson belongs. Luke's way of mentioning it, would lead us to infer that it occurred immediately after the temptation, but from the narratives of the other Evangelists, it would appear that there was an interval of a year between the two events. Luke makes no mention of the miracle at Cana, of the visit to Jerusalem, when Christ talked with Nicodemus, and of other events which John records. The question arises whether these events occurred before or after the visit to Nazareth. The evident expectation of the Nazareth people that Christ would do some mighty work there, appears to be decisive evidence on the point. Christ had evidently done some mighty works, otherwise the Nazareth people would not have looked for them. It is therefore a fair inference that between the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of this chapter, there was an interval of about a year of which Luke gives no history. Jesus had apparently remained at Nazareth working quietly at home until his thirtieth year, when he went to Judea to be baptized by John. The temptation in the wilderness followed, and on his return he preached and taught and worked miracles, went up to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, and spent some time at Capernaum. He was evidently at this time a prominent teacher and when he appeared in the Synagogue at Nazareth, which doubtless he had attended as a boy, his dignity was recognized. Galilee was the northern district of the kingdom, embracing the regions allotted at the time of the division of the land by Joshua, to Issachar, Zebulun, Asher and Naphtali. It was some two thousand miles in area (about the size of the State of Delaware), and in Christ's time is said to have had a population of about three millions. The opening of the work was not encouraging. The Nazareth people listened in astonishment to his words, but when they heard him apply Isaiah's predictions to himself, they were indignant. Doubtless to them it appeared unwarrantable presumption. They could not believe that one brought up among themselves should be the focus of prophecy. But they wanted to see a miracle performed and Christ was unwilling to gratify their curiosity. He did not wish to be regarded as a mere wonder-worker. He justified his refusal by the example of Elijah and Elisha who did their wonders among strangers. Their disappointment culminated in tumult and they grew murderous in their fury. Christ narrowly escaped from ending his ministry then and there.

As his custom was. Christ set an example in this as in other matters. If he made it his custom to go to the synagogue on the Sabbath day, surely we, who need help more than he did, might wisely make it our custom, too. A minister says: "I wish my people were like Christ in this. At our last service there were many absent whom I would have expected to see there. I though they might be sick, so the next day I went around to pay a pastoral visit. One lady was out. She did not go to church the day before, her husband told me, because it was slippery and she was afraid of falling. It was still slippery, and to-day she had been obliged to go out and she had fixed a strip of rag around her boot to keep her from slipping. Another did not come because he was tired with the week's work, so he had passed the morning napping and had taken a long walk in the afternoon. None of the absentees were sick, but each had a reason more or less satisfactory for not being at church on the Lord's day."

To preach the Gospel to the poor. "What are you doing down here?" a business-man asked of a friend, a clergyman, whom he met in a squalid street, full of tenement houses. "I am about my business," was the reply. "But I thought your church had moved up-town, as most of its members now live in the better part of the city." The clergyman assented, "Yes," he said, "the church has moved, but I am here that I am most needed, and here I spend most of my time. I should not like my Lord's words to be disproved through my negligence. He said, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The business man nodded approval. He said, "I must often wish you could feed them, as your Lord did. If you meet any urgent cases, I wish you would let me share your work, on that side of it," and thrusting a bill into his friend's hand, he bade him good-by.

To heal the broken-hearted. Macaulay quotes from Ariosto a quaint legend of a good fairy who was able to bless with all good gifts whomsoever she would. She could give money to the needy, could give prosperity to the merchant, health to the sick, safety to people in peril, and wherever they most needed to every one. But she did not give to all indiscriminately, she only gave to those who deserved it, and she was furnished with a means of testing the dispositions of all who sought her help. At certain seasons she lost all her beauty and had to take on a most foul and miserable shape. When she was thus disguised some people beat her; some pelted her with stones, and some trod upon her. A few were kind to her, protected and helping her. When she resumed her normal shape she sought out all who had been kind to her, and on them bestowed her gifts. In these practical days we do not believe in fairies, but we believe in Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

He closed the book . . . and sat down. That was the custom in the synagogue. The preacher stood up to read and sat down to preach. Christ did not finish the passage, which in our versions is Isa. 61: 1, 2. He went on to say, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." A long interval, already over nineteen hundred years, was to elapse before the next clause of the passage should be fulfilled. That clause reads: "And the day of vengeance of our God." In the year 1691 proclamation was sent through the Highlands of Scotland, that everyone who had been guilty of rebellion against the constituted government would be pardoned if before the last day of the year, he laid down his arms and promised to cease from rebellion. Many did so; but one chief named Maclan put off submission from week to week, always intending to submit before it was too late. But when, at last, he started to accept pardon, he was hindered by a great storm and did not arrive until the time had expired. The day of pardon had passed and the day of vengeance had come; Maclan and his men were put to death.

SIX NEW RELIEF STATIONS OPENED.

The Armenian Relief Fund's Work of Succcor Extended to Erzeroum, Harpoot, Diarbekir, Erzinjian, Mardin, and Gemarek—Faithful American Missionaries as Distributors.

IN accordance with the programme indicated in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the work of our Armenian Relief Fund has been extended to several new centres of suffering, and the present writing the following Relief ations are in operation, and affording uch needed aid to large numbers of dessitute Armenian families:

Stations.	Appropriation from Fund.	Missionary Relieving Agents.
an,	$10,500	Dr. Grace N. Kimball, Mr. & Mrs. Raynolds, &c.
rzeroum,	1,000	Rev. W. N. Chambers
rzinjian,	1,000	and Mrs. Chambers.
arpoot,	1,000	Rev. H. N. Barnum, Rev.
iarbekir,	1,000	C. F. Gates, Rev. Egbert S. Ellis.
ardin,	500	Rev. A. N. Andrus.
emarek,	500	Rev. J. L. Fowle, Kaesarea.

These localities, and especially the first ve on the list, are without doubt the scenes f greatest suffering in Armenia at the resent time. Trebizond has not been included, as, being near the sea-coast, it is more easily reached by relief rom Russia. Van (where Dr. Kimball and her associates are busily conducting what has become under their hands, the fund's most extensive relief work) is a focus of distribution which attracts to itself the helpless and bereaved Armenian women and children from over a hundred villages. One of the photographic illustrations on this page (which was forwarded by Miss Kimball rom Van), is an actual scene taken from life, and showing he crowd of famishing Armenian refugees that besiege the doorway of the Relief Station at all hours, waiting for bread o appease their own and their hildren's hunger. Rags, emaiation, and misery are the predominant features of such a gathering. There are probably 50,000 to 75,000 idle and destitute victims of Turkish persecution in Van to-day. Over 1500—mostly in families—are being cared for daily in that city by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fund. At Erzeroum, where 1200 Armenian Christians were massacred, Erzinjian, where 700 perished under the cruel Turkish swords, Diarbekir, where 6000 Christians were slaughtered by the Sultan's order, and Harpoot, where 900 were immolated, the need of the wretched survivors is beyond description.

The massacres at Mardin and Gemarek (as related in last week's issue), have resulted in leaving the survivors in those once populous villages in a condition that threatens to exterminate them by starvation. The help which has been cabled to them from the Fund will be welcomed with a gratitude that can hardly be expressed in words. With the horror of their recent woes still unrelieved, the aid now extended will seem as if heaven-sent. Erzeroum is still full of wounded, and rows upon rows of blackened ruins alone show where its homes once stood. There are many hundreds homeless. Kharpoot, too, has a large number exposed to hunger and cold. At Diarbekir the destitution is probably worst of all, for both in the city and villages, the slaughter was relentless, and the survivors had nothing to expect but death by slow degrees—their little ones perishing of hunger and cold beside them. At Erzinjian, were many martyrs fell, the remaining Christians are scattered around, hiding where they may, like hunted wild beasts. All who can be reached will at least be fed and kept alive by the Fund, through the kindly offices of the missionaries.

Through U. S. Minister Terrell at Constantinople, comes the welcome intelligence that the Turkish government has at last officially consented to permit the distribution of relief to the Armenian sufferers. This removes the last obstacle to the free operations of our American missionaries who, until now, have been conducting the relief work in the face of official opposition, and at the greatest personal risk. In view of this encouraging news, it is now proposed to open, as soon as possible, additional Relief Stations at Bitlis, Aintab, Urfa, and Sivas, where there is great destitution. These new stations will all be manned by American Board missionaries. This method of extending the operations of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund will be followed as rapidly as the contributions are received. We hope, with the co-operation of our readers, who are personally interesting themselves in this great Christian work, to be enabled to open new stations every week, until the crisis of Armenia's troubles has passed, and the suffering people are no longer in danger of dying from cold and hunger.

In writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the extension of the relief work, Rev. Judson Smith, Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions (after explaining that the money appropriated for the new stations is promptly transmitted by cable to the General Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople, and by him forwarded at once to the missionaries in the interior), says:

I can assure you that the need is very great and urgent at every point which you name. The first four places have suffered most severely by massacre, and the number of persons destitute and helpless is quite overwhelming. Our missionaries everywhere are in warmest sympathy with these distressed people, and I am sure they will prove most welcome almoners of the gifts of Christendom.

Erzinjian is not far from Erzeroum, and our missionary force for this district reside at Erzeroum. Rev. W. N. Chambers and Mrs. Chambers are at present the only missionaries at Erzeroum. Mr. Chambers will be delighted to apply the relief which you propose to provide at both these points. At Harpoot there are three able-bodied men and two who are somewhat infirm through age. The three strong men who can attend to the work of distribution are Rev. H. N. Barnum, D.D., Rev. C. Frank Gates and Rev. Egbert S. Ellis. There are nine missionary women at this station, four of them the wives of missionaries and five single women. These missionaries will distribute the relief for Harpoot and for Diarbekir. Diarbekir is under the care of these missionaries. At Mardin there are but two men on our missionary force, Rev. A. N. Andrus and Rev. W. C. Dewey. There are four women here, the wives of these brethren and two single women. The relief which you sent for Gemarek near Cesarea will be distributed by our missionaries at Cesarea, Rev. James L. Fowle, Rev. W. S. Dodd, M.D., and Rev. Henry K. Wingate.

Private letters received in New York during the week continue to give many details of the sufferings of the Armenians. A letter, sent by a poor mother from Gurun to a relative here, says:

We have only to say that I and my child are living. No male population has been left in our town. They have killed my father. I took the child with me and sought refuge in the church. Our cousin also has been killed. Of our three families, only one family has partly a shelter, but we have not even a piece of a blanket to cover our nakedness! We have nothing to eat. The government is giving a small piece of bread for each living person. No physician has been left. Our child has not a book to study from or to read. Everything has been destroyed. They have plundered even the goods which were concealed in the ground. There is no life for us here. In our three families, there is not a lamp to give light. For God's sake send help or else we will die of starvation.

A letter from a young man in the same town to an Armenian in New York, says:

You have no doubt heard of the terrible events that have taken place in our town. They have not left anything in our house. They killed your brother and sister. They have burned our stable and wood-house and our winter house. We are in terrible distress. We have no bedding, no clothes. We have not even the means to procure a piece of dry bread. Rich and poor are all alike, and our generous neighbors are not any better off than ourselves, so that they cannot help us. No merchant or broker has been left.

In a report sent by the Armenian prelacy of Harpoot to the Patriarch of Constantinople, a distressing picture is drawn of the condition of affairs in that city and vicinity. It encloses a list of the murders and plunderings in the diocese; fifty-three Armenian villages and the colonies of Oola and Kusowa have all been destroyed, and the inhabitants plundered.

Churches have been destroyed and holy vessels crushed, and many Christians killed. Of these many were martyred for the faith, and some were compelled to embrace Mohammedanism. The remaining people are famishing and in the direst distress. They have visited our residences, and with imploring cries have begged for refuge and for bread to keep them from dying. But we cannot count the thousands who have perished. Many virgins have been assaulted. Rich and poor alike have suffered; people who had thousands of pounds are to-day begging for bread. Unable to bear the sight of this most wretched condition of the people, and unable to shelter them during the winter, what can be done with such a large multitude, hungered and perishing? . . . Four of the monasteries in our district, sanctuaries that have stood the vicissitudes of centuries, and in which there were treasured thousands of precious relics, vessels and antiquities, have been destroyed. The Archimandrite Papazian Johannes, who was here as a guest in the monastery of Tadman, was subjected to untold tortures, and torn to pieces with his servants and with the guards of the monastery.

It is well known that the Kurds and Hamidieh cavalry, in the recent attack on the Christians of Orfa committed frightful atrocities. Fully two thousand Christians were massacred, but up to the present time no details have been received. At Beridjik near Aintab, over 900 have been massacred. At Kuttarbul, near Diarbekir, on a recent Sabbath, sixty Christian houses were plundered, and in a Sabbath attack on Karobash, seventy villagers were slain by Kurds and the whole place given over to plunder. Similar atrocities are reported from Kaobequoi, Bereabeel, Redwan, Till, and other towns and villages. All the letters recently received say that the question of relief is paramount.

All contributions to the Relief Fund will be duly acknowledged in these columns. Contributions during the past week are acknowledged on page 56 of this issue.

ARMENIAN REFUGEES AT THE DOOR OF OUR RELIEF STATION AT VAN.

(Photographed from Life, and Forwarded by Dr. Grace Kimball.)

Mrs. Sangster on Armenia.

She Appeals to the Women of America to Come to the Relief of the Starving Mothers and Children of Armenia.

DEAR Sisters and Friends: — As I sit down to write to you this crisp winter morning, the air around is still melodious with the echoes of the Christmas greetings and Christmas songs. Our hands are burdened and our hearts are glad because of the gifts and kind words and good-will that came again in universal expression and acknowledgent of the spirit of Christmas.

But in sharp and sorrowful contrast with our joy, another picture rises to my mind's eye. In the midst of the cheer and the music, a wild wailing clamor, in fierce, insistent, jarring undertone, penetrates to my ear. There is a land, over the sea, where among their mountains dwells a gentle-natured soft-voiced people, pastoral in occupation, keepers of sheep and tillers of the ground, as were the shepherds who knelt at the manger. Always from the very earliest days these people have kept the pure faith. Christians surrounded by idolaters, they have never wavered, these simple-hearted Armenians, in their allegians to Jesus of Nazareth. For this reason, and for this only, Islamism, the religion which sweeps all opposers away in wars of extermination, seeks to efface Armenia and Armenians at the edge of the sword. Burning villages, homeless peasantry, unborn babes carried on the points of fiendish spears, maternity assaulted, virgins ravished, children trampled under foot, old age harried, the cry of those who are threshed with the flail of Satan, though they are God's wheat—these make their solemn appeal to American Christians at this glad season. Starved, beaten, naked, in deaths oft, suffering as only the utterly destitute and desolate can, these people, our brothers and sisters, faint and perish, and their misery challenge our pity and our aid.

What can we do? We can pray night and day for the speedy downfall of the unspeakable Turk. We can awake from our torpor and shake off our inertia, and hate Islamic despotism as it deserves to be hated. We can deny ourselves and give our money to relieve the wretchedness which cannot be alleviated except by the contributions of Christians. This is not charity. We are not merely bestowing alms on the poor, when we send bread and clothing and silver and gold to Armenia. We are only paying a just debt.

These, our brethren, standing for Christ, refusing to trample on the cross, declining to yield an iota in the face of persecutions as relentless and cruel as any of the first three hundred years of the Christian era, are giving us so heroic an example of loyalty and love, that we owe them generous support and assistance.

And, while the tragedy is enacted day by day, while, even as I write, massacre after massacre is reported, our missionaries, true standard-bearers and torch-holders remain at their posts. Christendom forgets right and dignity and squabbles and fights over questions which common sense and reason should settle, and the Armenians are butchered and nobody cares. How long, O Lord, how long!

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD affords you a convenient medium through which to send your much or your little, as God has prospered you, to the relief of these sufferers.

Avail yourselves, dear friends, of the opportunity. Ere the pleasant memory of the holidays fades away, send something to Armenia. In another column of the present issue you will find fuller particulars, and be told how your gifts will be sent.

I am, sincerely yours,
MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE TRANSVAAL INVASION.

A British Filibustering Expedition Under Col. Jameson Crushingly Defeated at Krugersdorp—Magnanimous Victors—All Europe Stirred and England Greatly Agitated.

WHEN Clive, from a comparatively humble governmental post in India, rose up suddenly to the fame and importance of one who, by his brilliant audacity and daring, carved out an empire, he set a bold example which has ever since exercised a powerful fascination upon a certain class of adventurous minds. Our own times furnish not a few remarkable examples of the successful "soldier of fortune," but probably many more of the failure of designs which, boldly conceived and courageously put into execution, yet fell to pieces at the critical moment.

The whole world is now familiar with the story—fully told in the cable dispatches—of the attack and utter defeat of the filibusters who attempted to overthrow the Boer government in the Transvaal, South Africa. Rich in gold mines that needed capital and enterprise to develop them, the Transvaal, ten years ago, was mainly devoted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits. Then, with the advent of the new and foreign element, which poured in, at the first news of the mineral wealth of the country, there came to the whole territory a new life and experience. The Uitlanders—as the Boers called the newcomers—brought with them abundant capital and energy. Johannesburg, till then a mere collection of unpretentious wooden houses such as one sees in new frontier settlements, became the typical mushroom city of Africa, and almost at a bound attained to size and prosperity. To-day it has many substantial, handsome, business blocks, magnificent and costly public buildings, well-laid out streets, a good business quarter, and some 40,000 European population, with as many more Africans, chiefly employed as servants — beside the Boer population. Yet less than twelve years ago, there were on the present site of Johannesburg, only a few huts and probbably less than thirty people in all!

Naturally, the sturdy Boers watched the progress of their state, during this foreign influx, with some degree of anxiety. Outnumbered by the Uitlanders five to one, they still preserved in their own keeping the control of public affairs. Political representation was, for the new element, exceedingly difficult of attainment, as according to Boer laws, a stranger, even after his declaration of fealty had to be fourteen years in the territory before he was entitled to citizenship and a voice in the direction of public affairs. As the Uitlanders had already added to the wenlth of the colony and besides, were paying, as they claimed, an unduly heavy proportion of the taxes, they demanded representation at Pretoria (the seat of Boer government), and agitation with that object in view was begun at Johannesburg. To all such claims, however, President Paul Kruger and his associates in the administration gave little heed, although they must have seen the storm that was then brewing.

Meanwhile, other eyes were cast longingly toward the Transvaal. Colossal fortunes had been recently made in the African gold and diamond fields and in land speculation, and the Boer territory was known to be rich in minerals. The Dutch agricultural colonists and their descendants had held the Transvaal territory for nearly two hundred years, and had thus far been successful in repelling all invaders. Originally occupying nearly the whole of South Africa, they had receded step by step as the British advanced and had successively surrendered Natal and the Orange State. Their last stand was in the new republic of the Transvaal. By the convention of 1852 with England, the Boers were left in peaceful occupancy of the Transvaal for twenty-five years, but when gold was discovered within the territory, Great Britain promptly annexed it. In Dec. 1880, the Boers rebelled and the South African Republic was organized, subject to British suzerainty. During this rebellion, the Boers showed themselves to be splendid soldiers and true patriots, and their victory at Majuba Hill, when Gen. Colley was killed and an English force totally routed, demonstrated the skill of the Boer generals. Since 1880 there has been peace in the Transvaal until the recent troubles occurred. The complaints of the Uitlanders and the pretense of an ardent desire to redress their grievances, furnished the pretext for the invading expedition which has just come to an inglorious termination. Among the leading spirits of the British South African Company is Dr. Jameson, who as a British Commissioner, not long ago distinguished himself by the prominent part he took in precipitating the war with the Matabeles, which resulted in their subjugation and the annexation by England of their rich territory. This, with other enterprises of a kindred character, made him the idol of a certain adventurous class of foreigners in South Africa. Consequently when Dr. Jameson, with a few associates of his own peculiar sort, proposed to organize a filibustering expedition to go to the relief of the Uitlanders of Johannesburg and overthrow Boer rule in the territory, he soon found himself at the head of a considerable following. It is generally believed, moreover, that his filibustering scheme was actively supported by Cecil Rhodes and the officers of the British South Africa Company, and that certain mining capitalists in Johannesburg were also concerned in the conspiracy. Involved in the plot were the complete overthrow of the Boer republic, the annexation of the territory by England and the securing of large and valuable mining concessions by the chief actors in the military drama.

Dr. Jameson proceeded with characteristic celerity to execute the plans of the plotters. An armed force, some seven hundred strong, was recruited in Bechuanaland and in the territory of the British South Africa Company and, with Dr. Jameson as leader, marched in the direction of Johannesburg. Arrangements had been secretly made to incite a revolt of the Uitlanders in that city and it was confidently expected that a large force would join Jameson's filibusters in the attack on the Boers. It was at this apparently critical juncture that President Kruger proved his skill as a diplomat and his qualities as a soldier. He gave audience to the leaders of the foreign party in Johannesburg and received their request for certain reforms which had long been the basis of discontent. These included the removal of the tariff on foodstuffs, granting equal subsidies to all schools, no matter what language was taught and extending the franchise to foreign residents. He promised to support every one of these demands if the petitioners would pledge themselves to defend law and order in Johannesburg. They promised solemnly to do so and the conference ended. Then President Kruger seized the telegraph office and prevented the news of his concession or any other information from going out to the advancing troops under Dr. Jameson. Summoning the burgher troops, he sent a strong force, under Col. Piet Joubert, to meet the invaders, and a battle at Krugersdorp followed in which, after several hours fighting, the British filibusters were completely routed, 130 being killed including three officers, and five hundred prisoners taken, among the latter being Dr. Jameson, the leader of the raid. The remainder of the invading force was demoralized and scattered, and the projected forcible annexation of the rich Transvaal ended in inglorious disaster.

On the news of Jameson's unsuccessful coup reaching Europe, the entire Continent became excited. France, Germany, and Russia blamed England for being privy to the free-booting plot to destroy the Boer Republic and seize the Transvaal. Emperor William sent a telegram of congratulation to President Kruger, which excited England to an unusual degree, and afforded some provocation for warlike bluster on the part of the British journals. Meanwhile the English goverment officials, as well as those of the English South Africa Company, were prompt to disavow any responsibility for the Jameson expedition.

President Kruger throughout, has acted with dignity and generosity. His prisoners are well cared for, and will be tried in regular form at the proper time. He has requested the British government to exercise its direct authority in preventing further attempts against Transvaal independence, as he believes that others are contemplated.

At no time in recent years have the relations existing between England and the European goverments been subjected to as sudden and severe a strain as has resulted from the Transvaal episode. It is not improbable that the Transvaal affair may yet give rise to other complications of even graver moment, for it must strike even the most casual observer that at such times the so-called "peace of Europe," like the legendary sword of Damocles, hangs suspended by a very thin thread indeed.

PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal, which is the richest and most important Dutch settlement in South Africa, embraces an area of 125,000 square miles, and is for the most part, high and healthy. Its foreign population is estimated at 60,000, the majority speaking the English language. At least 500,000 natives reside within its borders. Johannesburg, the centre of the gold mining industry, has a steadily growing foreign population. Had the few Boers living there seven years ago, been told that, by the present time, under their farms, a gold mine would be worked, yielding 136.000 ounces of the precious metal per month and that a city would spring up, comparing favorably in architecture with New York or Philadelphia, they would have said "Not unless a miracle is wrought;" but it is even so. During the year 1889, 675 stamps were at work. In 1890, 865. Now there are over two thousand, pounding away at the rich ore. Crushing machinery used is chiefly that of one American firm and it is made in New York City. In 1893, the precious metal produced in the Transvaal, amounted to about $21,000,000 or one fourth of the world's gold, which is estimated at $105,000,000 a year.

JOHANNESBURG IN 1889.

JOHANNESBURG AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

Theoretically, the Transvaal is a republic, but practically an oligarchy. The term of presidential service is five years. Burghers qualified to vote choose an executive council, of which the President is chairman. Officers of the Volksraad, or Senate and House of Representatives combined must belong to some Protestant church but any one of sufficient ambition and no religion, can easily adjust that matter.

Paul Kruger, or Oom Paul (Uncle Paul) the President of the Transvaal, is a hale hearty, well-preserved man of sixty-eight years. The older Dutch people are fond of him, and through their influence, he has repeatedly been re-elected. Had English men been allowed to vote, Colonel Joubert a younger and more progressive man would have been chosen to fill the office. Though not quite so old as the President or with his varied experience, he is a power in the land. Kruger's salary amounts to $40,000 with an extra allowance for "coffee." He has, besides, several farms from which he can obtain all the mutton beef, vegetables and fruit he needs for his table, and can live handsomely without touching his salary. Oranges from his farm he sells to a distiller, who converts the fruit into wine. His simple piety often appears in public utterances, as, for instance, at the "Paaderkraal Festival," a season of as much importance in Boerland, as the "Fourth of July" is to the United States. It commemorates emancipation from British rule.

PATERSON'S RESCUE MISSION.

How the Christian Workers of Paterson, N. J., are Laboring for the Reclamation of the Degraded and the Relief of the Destitute.

AMONG the institutions established in various parts of the country for the rescue and restoration of the fallen on life's highway, a prominent place must be given to the Rescue Mission of Paterson, N. J. The work was commenced in April, 1891, by a band of earnest men, with no means of their own, but with the resolve to do all in their power to help discouraged men regain their position in society. How much good in this line can be done with money one knows better than the men who have attempted this work, but they know, too, that much can be done without money. The kindly grasp of the hand, the cheering word, the brotherly sympathy the poorest can give, are sometimes more welcome and more inspiring to the poor outcast, accustomed to hard words, than even a gift of money. With a consciousness of this fact and with a determination to use every means in their power in the service, the Paterson people began their work. They could do little, but that little should be done.

THE WOOD-SHED OF THE PATERSON MISSION

During the years that have passed since the start, a great deal has been accomplished. Kind friends sympathizing with the effort that was being made, have contributed to its support and have placed funds in the hands of the unselfish men who were engaged in the work, that it might be made more effective. Regular services were held, at which the Gospel was preached and assurance given to the most depraved and vicious that pardon and salvation were freely offered to all and that the power of God was sufficient to deliver from all sin. Wherever that message is proclaimed, fruit comes, and Paterson was no exception to the rule. Drunkards were reclaimed, dissolute men rose from the mire, and the despairing began to hope. Very little could be done in the way of actual relief, but as the beginning of a new life must be in the heart, the workers were sure that they were proceeding in the right road. When a man quits his sins and turns to Christ, the most important step is taken in his rise from destitution. Sin and vice are the cause of the greater part of the misery and poverty of the world and it is by moral reformation alone, that some can be rescued. But as money was supplied, assistance could be given in urgent cases, where the pangs of hunger must be relieved, before the mind could receive the truth. Food and shelter were offered to the homeless and destitute, as far as the funds would go, the mission being the willing almoner of the benevolent people of the city. As the intelligence and discrimination evinced by the managers became more widely recognized, the number of people who thus commissioned the mission to perform the work increased until last year there were 170 contributors whose aggregate gifts amounted to $2,959. Besides these, there were some of the citizens who furnished supplies from their own stores. One sent a basket of meat every week, another sent a package of groceries, a third forty loaves of bread every week, while many sent clothing and other supplies.

The failure of many efforts to help the destitute has arisen from gifts that pauperize, and this failure the mission tried to avoid. While anxious to help all that applied for assistance, the managers did not want on the one hand to encourage idlers, who preferred living on charity to living by honest labor, nor on the other hand to humiliate by gifts men who were ready and willing to work and to earn what they received. After much consideration as to the most suitable field of unskilled labor, it was decided to open a wood-yard in connection with the mission and to make one hour's work with the saw the price of a good meal. This arrangement has proved successful on both sides. The really deserving men who have too much self-respect to enjoy what they have not earned, were glad of the opportunity of doing some work for their food and the idle have stayed away. The mission, too, has benefited by the labor thus applied. Last year its expenses for wood amounted to $1,625 and the proceeds of its sales of the finished article realized $4,699. Probably all the balance does not represent the profit on the work, as the payments for stock may not all have come within the fiscal year and there is no separate record of the meals which formed the payment for labor, but there is no question as to the scheme being productive from a business standpoint in addition to its philanthropic advantages.

In April of last year the good work the Mission had done received substantial recognition from one of the public-spirited citizens of Paterson. Dr. Sherburne R. Merrill, a prominent physician who had abundant opportunity for knowing the need of such work as the Mission was attempting and how successfully it was meeting the need, notified the managers of his intention to increase its facilities. He gave the Mission, as a free gift, a plot of land 135 feet by 100 feet, and promised to erect upon it a brick building of three stories and basement, as a permanent home for the Mission. The gift was most gratefully accepted, and it was decided to perpetuate the memory of the munificent donor by giving the building the name of "The Merrill Home."

The plans adopted in the construction were specially drawn with the view to the object of the Mission's work. The two upper floors were set apart for sleeping accommodation, two rooms on each floor being reserved as temporary infirmaries for any inmates who might be taken sick while in the home, and needing some refuge until they could be received in a hospital. The second floor is occupied by a reading room, a room for meetings and officers' quarters, and, by an ingenious arrangement, the partition separating the reading room from the auditorium can be removed on special occasions, thus giving a room with an area of forty by eighty feet. On the first floor are baths, a fumigator and the large dining room, the whole forming a well-arranged mission building.

An appeal has been made to the citizens of Paterson to furnish the house thus munificiently provided. That such a work is a credit to the city is apparent and it deserves hearty support. It is on the lines that Christ adopted when he was here upon earth in caring for the needs of the body as well as of the soul. Christians do not always realize their responsibility in this matter, but the worker knows that it is real.

An Evangelistic meeting is held in the mission every night, the workers being so firmly convinced as ever, that the basis of all permanent reformation of life must be the power of Christ to change the heart. They have had numerous proofs of the fact in their four-and-a-half years' experience. One remarkable instance is well-known in Paterson. It is that of a man who belonged to the class most difficult of all to reclaim—that of periodical drunkards. The man earned good wages and was liked by his employer but was subject to occasional outbreaks of dipsomania. He would suddenly quit work and take to drinking. He would spend all his wages and all the money he could obtain by selling the furniture of his home and would not stop his carouse till the last cent was gone. Then he would return to his desolated home to sober up. His wife would go out to service and he would tramp around seeking a new employer. A period of abstinence would follow and would continue until a fresh attack of the uncontrollable appetite again came upon him. Time after time he had promised amendment and time after time his employer and his wife had forgiven him, but always with disappointing results. But it is now nearly two years since he took his last drink. At the mission he learned that what he could not do for himself, Christ could do for him. He believed and was saved and is now back in his original employment trusted and respected by his employer. Hundreds of such cases are on the mission records testifying to the unlimited power of Christ to save "hopeless cases."

AN EVENING SERVICE IN THE AUDITORIUM OF THE PATERSON MISSION.

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

IN a letter to the American Board from Mr. Goddard, who is laboring at Foochow, China, is the following description of a temple service of the Taoist order:

"A few days ago I was in a neighboring temple, and, as the present month is the autumn festival, there were many in at their devotions. I wonder if you have as vague ideas of idolatrous worship as I had when I came here? I expected to see elaborate ceremonial and great crowds of people, etc. What I found was very different. This that we enter is a Taoist temple. It is an elaborate collection of buildings with great dark rooms or halls, one side of which will be taken up with the immense images of the particular heroes or demons there worshipped, all very dirty and very much in decay. As we enter we pass a small tea stand kept by a dirty old woman. She lives in a hovel that is attached to the temple. Once inside we wander about from room to room, examining the many idols and watching the few people present—for there are never crowds—as they come and go. This particular temple is dedicated to Uong, Ruler of Heaven. This does not mean God; far from that. It simply means that Mr. Uong, who lived a long time ago, has been deified, and is supposed to have great influence over luck in some calling. It may be over success in business or over safety from fire, or influence with the cholera god. His image represents him as a scowling, angry man in an attitude ready to strike. There are two score other images in this same temple, but Mr. Uong is the principal one, and no trouble arises, because there is no jealousy between gods of wood. The priestship for this temple descends from father to son, who gets his support from the offerings of the people that come here to worship, from the sale of tea, incense, replies to prayers for particular favors, etc. This priest's income at present is said to be very large.

"Let us watch the devotee and see how he worships idols of wood. First he lights two or these minute sticks of incense, such as are sold in America now for scenting rooms, placing them in the urn of ashes before the idol. Then he kneels on the ground before it and, with hands on the ground, bows until his head touches the floor. He knocks his head three times against the floor, and then rises upright on his knees, and then repeats this three times, making nine knockings in all. After this he remains some time on his knees, mumbling a form of words or adoring the idol. When he thinks that he has done this enough to secure the goodwill of the idol he rises, and takes from the altar two pieces of wood that in shape and size are like an ostrich's egg split in two, but really are made of a bamboo sprout that has been sawed in two. These he waves in the smoke of the incense and then returns to his kneeling position before the idol. After holding these pieces of bamboo before him for minute he tosses them into the air. If one falls on the flat side and one on the round, it means that the idol will graciously answer his prayer; if they both fall on the flat side, the result is uncertain and he must resume his devotions; but if they both fall on the round side the idol is said to be laughing at him or refusing to answer. If one falls on the flat side and one on the round, he then goes to the altar and takes a wooden cylinder half filled with flat strips of bamboo on which are written different numbers or characters. Holding this in both hands he slowly moves it up and down. He moves it faster and faster, making the bamboo strips hop up and down, until one hops out upon the floor. This he eagerly scans and then takes to the priest, who for a small sum gives him a sealed paper corresponding to the number on the slip that hopped out, and which contains the answer to his prayer. It professes to tell him the lucky day to plant rice or to begin the repairs on his house."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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The Indians.

IN one year the military civil service among our aborigines cost our government $78,000,000. The Oregon war with the Indians cost $10,000,000; the Cheyenne war cost $36,000,000; the Sioux war cost $39,000,000; the Seminole war cost $50,000,000, and over $700,000,000 have been expended in our Indian wars. We have been supporting—I say we, for every man who pays tax has been levied on—we have been supporting in idleness a multitude of Indians. Now, these able-bodied men of the forest, like the able-bodied white men, ought to work if they can find work or take the consequent starvation. There ought to be some way of putting on one roll the aged, the invalid, the imbecile and the crippled of the Indians and having them supported at the expense of the United States Government on good and healthful and sufficient food and under comfortable shelter and reasonably clothed. All the rest of those tribes ought to be put to work. If nothing else can be found for them to do, then put them with a shovel and wheelbarrow to move a mountain from one place to another, and after that move it back again. The great lazy Indian hulks that gather around the railroad stations between Omaha and San Francisco, begging for whiskey and doing nothing for a livelihood, while beneath their feet is land that would yield luxuriant harvests if tilled by the plow and hoe, are nuisances that ought to be abated. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Indians have muscle enough and brain enough to earn a living. An idle population is always a besotted population. Any plan that proposes to support an Indian merely because he is an Indian, is doing a wrong to him and an outrage to other races of men. I do not see why the Indians should have a right to occupy land that they will not cultivate, and land that is doing no more now in the way of productiveness than it was doing 100 years ago. The trouble is that the United States neither does one thing nor the other. The government professes to support the Indian tribes, while through swindling agencies, its failure to do so is conspicuous. Let the tribes be broken up and sent through all parts of the United States, and then they will learn to pick up a living like the rest of us. As it is, the Indians have been taught to expect the United States government to take care of them, and when the supplies fail to reach them through officials who put into their own pockets that which was supposed to go to the Indians, these barbarians enact a massacre. We have as a nation gone on the wrong principle. We have supposed that this Indian question would settle itself on the theory that these races would die out. This hope, built on the graves of a race of men who have as much right to live as any other race, is a cruel, unreasonable, and unchristian hope. That they may be civilized and Gospelized and saved, both for this world and the next, has been demonstrated in cases innumerable. Bring them out from their seclusion and isolation. Give them the right of suffrage. Make gubernatorial chair and congressional hall and the White House possible. Let the spelling book and the constitution of the United States and the Bible be their rule, and you will have saved a race.

John Wesley's Trials.

JOHN WESLEY, more than any other man that ever lived, crashed into the conventionalities and stamped on formalism and kindled a warmth that melted the pious frigidities. The spirit of great religious awakenings was incarnated in the great apostle born at Epworth, Lincolnshire. There will not be a revival of religion between now and the end of time that will not be obligated to the name and achievements of that man of God who, on March 2nd, 1791, relinquished earth for heaven. I hope that the Lord has allowed him to come out on the celestial battlements so as to hear some of the applaudatory things said of him, for surely he had a hard time when on earth, and heard words of contempt and caricature and execration, and but few words of praise. From the hour when as a boy John Wesley from the parsonage on fire climbed down over a ladder of men formed to allow him to escape from an upper story, until he closed his work, the story of his trials and persecutions was a tragedy. Even Christian men sometimes failed to understand him. So good a man as Mr. Toplady, the author of the "Rock of Ages," said of John Wesley that his forehead was petrified and his cheek impervious to a blush, and that he had been hatching philosophy.

While such uncanny words were said inside the church, the world outside exhausted on Wesley its billingsgate and acrimony. Worst of all was his domestic suffering. As if the outside world could not do enough against him, those nearer home persecuted him. His elder brother, Samuel, wrote to his mother expressing his contempt for him, and protested against her going to hear the younger brother preach, and remonstrated in contemptuous terms at what he called her becoming one of Jack's followers. While in Savannah, Ga., the grand jury indicted Wesley for a long list of offenses. He attended seven sessions of the court ready to prove his innocence on all the charges, but they would not allow him to make answer, so he escaped in the night in a boat, landing twenty miles away, and then trudged the swamps four days and nights in hunger and thirst and fatigue, and took ship at Charleston for England. That is the way America treated John Wesley alive.

Head and Heart.

ALL religion may be divided into two classes, religion of the head and religion of the heart. Some people's religion is all of the head. They give intellectual assent to the teachings of the Bible. They enjoy hearing sermons, provided they are good ones. They relish a theological discussion. But the matter extends no farther. It never reaches the heart. They have as little interest in vital religion, as the Sultan has in the welfare of the Armenians. Others have all their religion in their hearts, and very little in their heads. They are impulsive in action, and are often criticized for their methods. Ideally, let head and heart be combined in this matter. But if we must choose, give us the man who has a heart and no head, rather than the man who has a head and and no heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

A little religion, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. Either have a good deal of it, or have nothing to do with it. Some persons have just enough religion in their hearts to make themselves miserable. Have enough to lift you up out of yourselves into the full heights of joy. A little health means illness. A little wealth means poverty. A little wisdom means folly. A little piety means spiritual deadness. If the presence of Christ is worth anything at all, do not peep at him through the keyhole. Open the door wide, and ask him to sit down at your table. If the Bible is worth anything at all, do not hastily stuff down a chapter on retiring, when you are too stupid to enjoy it. Make it your daily food. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. "Either Christ is all in all, or he is nothing at all."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

The words of the hymn: "My Song shall be of Jesus," published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 25th, last, were composed by Fanny J. Crosby in 1875, and the music appeared in "Brightest and Best," a Sunday School Collection, by Lowry & Doane. Words and music are copyrighted by Biglow & Main.

Rev. Luther P. Ludden (who was General Manager of the Nebraska State Relief Commission last year), writes as follows regarding the Armenian distress:

My Young People's Society were greatly interested in the Armenian relief work, and while we are only a mission church, one evening without any previous announcement we took a collection and sent it forward to add to your fund.

G. W. L., Davenport, Ia. Is pew-renting right?

The church must decide whether that is the best way of raising the funds necessary for public service. Contributions have to be made in some form and it has generally been found most convenient to regulate them by the right to occupy a seat in a church. There is neither right nor wrong in the matter, so long as the pews are not rented In such a way as to exclude from service persons too poor to pay rent.

A. J., Woodinville, Wash. 1. Are there any statistics that tell how many vegetarians there are in the world? 2. Is Ira D. Sankey alive? 3. To what denomination does Dr. Talmage belong? 4. Where can I obtain the copies of the books left out of the Bible mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Dec. 11, 1895?

1. We know of none. 2. Yes, alive and well and actively engaged in Christian work. 3. Presbyterian. 4. Any publisher will be able to procure you a Bible with the Apocrypha.

Subscriber, E. Gloucester, Mass., writes:

It seems to me that if all ministers and church members and peace-loving people took this matter of the Venezuelan boundary in prayer, and work as well in the interest of peace they could accomplish the desired result—that of arbitration. I think God would accept our efforts every time in any direction for the good of humanity if we worked in earnest and all together.

J. W. G., Chatham, Ont. As I have gone into the livery business and it is the custom, and it is allowed by law, to keep open on Sunday, I would be very thankful if you would answer through THE MAIL-BAG if I could hire out rigs and take pay for them on Sundays and still be a consistent Christian? How much could I do as work of necessity?

The commandment is plain and unmistakable: "Thou shalt not do *any* work." Christian interpretation, and Christ's own example, have led us to except works of necessity and mercy. Your own conscience will unerringly distinguish these from those that are needless and merely undertaken for love of gain.

Bessie F., Danbury, Conn. What is the "Island of Fire" in Java? Is it a volcano?

The Gheko Kandka Gumko, "Home of the Hot Devils" (known to the world as "The Island of Fire"), is a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the centre of the plains of Grobogana, and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. It is about two miles in circumference. Near the centre columns of soft, hot mud are seen continually rising and falling.

"Friend," Caledonia, Mich. Are not the many lodges now organized injurious by diverting interest from the Church and giving the impression that membership in the lodge is sufficient for salvation?

If by "Lodges," you mean such as the Freemasons, Odd-fellows, etc., we think no one associates them with salvation, but understands their purely secular character. But if you refer to the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, etc., we have no hesitation in saying that they are helpful not injurious and they tend to strengthen the Church not to divert interest from it.

Subscriber, Carlington, O. What is the Mohammedan religion? Do they believe in immortality, reward and punishment?

They believe in Allah (God or Father-of-all), and in Mohammed as his prophet. They believe that the "faithful" will enter Paradise, which they hold to be a region of sensuous enjoyments. Their Koran or sacred book is a elaborate collection of hymns, prayers, dogmas, speeches, narratives, legends, laws an morals, in almost all points the reverse of ou Bible, inciting to savageism and ferocity, which the present Armenian persecution is a example. They believe in punishments an rewards.

Reader, Paterson, N. J. What city has the dense population—the largest number of people to t square mile?

London, doubtless, among the great cities although New York, Paris, Liverpool and Yed do are probably almost as densely peopled, i certain localities. According to a French at thority, the most thickly peopled spot on eart is a portion of the Maltese city of Valett known as the Monderaggio. This quarter ha a population of 2574 souls on a plot of buil ings covering less than two and a-half acres equal to 636,000 inhabitants to the square mil

Wm. J. Tucker, Birmingham, Ala. 1. What d Christ mean John 3: 5, by being born of wat and of the Spirit? 2. Is it right to use the title Reverend in the face of Christ's prohibition titles (Matt. 23: 8)?

1. Theologians have disputed on the subje for centuries, and there is no probability their agreeing. We suggest with all due r spect to the differing schools, that Christ r ferred to the two-fold operation of the Spir That it would operate to cleanse as water a to quicken as by fire. Both influences we needed to fit a man for the kingdom. 2. Th title is merely one of courtesy and respect. does not imply authority as the title, Rabb did. Still, several eminent preachers such Moody, Gordon, Spurgeon and Dale have o jected to its being applied to them.

Mrs. Elizabeth Waugh. What is required of t patrons of the Bowery Mission? Are we to se a certain amount, or to let our conscience d cide what we shall give?

Each patron is expected to accord to t Mission his or her full moral and sympathe support and also to contribute once a year (the beginning of a new year, if practicabl such an amount as conscience may sugge and the circumstances warrant. It is t work of all the patrons equally and each a all should give it the heartiest support volu tarily. All funds are sent to the Treasurer of t Bowery Mission, Bible House, New York, a each contribution will be duly acknowledg by mail.

Mrs. M. C. W., Madison, Ga. Who were the Am ekites whom Saul was ordered to destroy? Th are first mentioned during Abraham's life, a yet commentators say they were the descen ants of Esau.

The descendants of Amalek, son of Eliph (Esau's first-born, see Gen. 36: 12), we called Amalekites, yet there appears to ha been a more ancient Amalek (see Gen. 14: from whom the people fought against by Sa may have been descended. The Arabians r late of the Amalekites whom Saul destroy that they were descended from an ancie tribe in Arabia. According to one authori there were three distinct Amaleks—one t ancient race referred to in Gen. 14, the secon tribe east of Egypt (Ex. 17: 8), and the th the descendants of Eliphaz.

Subscriber, Bouton,. Ia. 1. What is the Epwo League? 2. If, as I have heard it stated, C will answer prayers for money, is a man bound to pray for it that he may relieve destitute? 3. Does not prayer to God spiritual blessings to the world imply a be that he needs urging to do such things?

1. An association of young people belongi to the Methodist Episcopal Church for mut spiritual help and aggressive work among t unconverted and for philanthropic purpos The Secretary of your local League will g you details. 2. Many do so pray and C supplies them with funds. He may not do in all cases because it is sometimes better a man to work and earn money than that should be given him and there are other r sons for withholding. 3. Whatever it m imply, the duty is enjoined. God says he w be "inquired of to do these things," and Chr set the example by incorporating in the Lor Prayer, the words, "Thy Kingdom come."

L. E. G., Princeton, Neb. 1. No; it is not true. He was a Christian. 3. Married.——C. H., Tam na, Pa. We believe there is one in Chicago, Ill. have not the data to answer the latter part of y note.——C. H. McG., Treherne, Man. Yes; it i most laudable object.——Reader, Grand Junct Mich. Yes, but the delay must not be too gr ——C. D. W., Springfield, Mo. There are m large, active volcanoes, the best known being E Hecla, Vesuvius, and Kilauea, and there are n smaller ones, including some on this hemisph Altogether there are hundreds of various sizes.- J. G. Hilbenstein, Springfield, Ill. Yes; it is Germ ——Inquirer. Mr. Wanamaker is in Philadelp ——A. S. M., Chatham. We regret that we ca do so.——L. F. R., Peterboro, N. H. If you will r the article to our issue of Dec. 4, entitled "Wanted Sober Nation," you will understand our attitude the question.——R. W., Cottonwood Falls, Kan. V sen't so rather.——W. F. C. S., Hansen, Cal. 1. W it is a sin unquestionably. 2. If the heart be r with God, all else will adjust itself rightly. ordinances of religion should not be neglect 3. Washington, D. C., is sufficient.——Anxious t Inquirer, Hamilton, Ont. The whole matte absurd and will amount to nothing.——Subscri Stoughton, N. D. All the letters are sounded, "sch" being pronounced soft as in "fish."——Mr Cora Brown, Allentown. 1. They are orthod Eastern Church, which is very similar to the Gr Church, Christian but not Catholic. 2. We can devote the space to it.——W. C., West Buxton. Her duty, knowing the right, was to do it, regard of personal consequences.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Madagascar Missions Destroyed.

SOON after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson at Arivonimamo, reported in this journal two weeks ago, the rumor spread throughout Madagascar that all the missionaries were to be killed, the missionaries' property stolen, and the mission houses destroyed. The report caused much alarm, as the missionaries were defenseless, and as the Queen's troops, who could have protected them and preserved order, were powerless, having been disarmed by the cowardly French invaders. Native marauding bands, which had followed in the wake of the French advance, had consequently full confidence that no punishment would follow attacks upon the missionaries, and that little or no resistance was to be apprehended. The result has been the destruction of another station. In a beautiful valley about twenty-five miles from Antananarivo, the capital, was the mission station of Ramainandro, under the charge of the Rev. J. D. M'Mahon. It was established thirty years ago by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Mr. M'Mahon with his wife and a native teacher have carried on the work successfully. A substantial mission house was built, and the converts were gathered, a church and schools were erected. This station was the next one attacked out for destruction after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. The villagers heard of the progress, and being warmly attached to the missionaries, were concerned for their safety. They posted scouts in the mountains to give warning of the approach of the lawless mob. Day and night they watched, and at last they saw them come, a great crowd armed with clubs and spears. The news was carried with all speed to the mission, and no time was lost in securing the safety of the missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. M'Mahon were hurried away out of the reach of the assailants. Balked of their prey, the savage men vented their fury upon the mission buildings, completely destroying them. Suspecting that the villagers had assisted in the escape of the missionaries, they also destroyed their houses, leaving the whole village in ruins. It is evident from the dispatches that the animosity to the missionaries does not proceed from the people as a whole, but from the lawless element, which is taking advantage of the overthrow of the government. It is now as it was in the days of the Psalmist.

"The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted. (Ps. 12 : 8.)

MISSION HOUSE AT RAMAINANDRO.

CHURCH AND SCHOOLS IN MADAGASCAR RECENTLY DESTROYED

A Free Man at Last.

A pardon was issued a few days ago by Gov. Atkins of Georgia to a man who has apparently a unique claim to a distinction of a peculiar kind. His name is Trone Wilson and he is, if the reports of the local journals are correct, probably the last man in the country to come into enjoyment of the benefits of the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. When that document was signed, Wilson, then a slave, was in jail awaiting his trial for a serious crime. He was convicted and sent to the penitentiary with a life-sentence. He has been there ever since, until the other day, the Governor's pardon arrived. Then he was set at liberty and walking out of the penitentiary, he drew the first breath of freedom he had ever drawn in his life. Doubtless he heard thirty years ago, that the President had proclaimed liberty to his race, but being a criminal as well as a slave, he needed pardon as well as emancipation. Many a sinner standing self-convicted before God has felt himself to be in a similar situation. He is barred from God not only by being of a fallen race but as a sinner. The redemption of the race from the curse on the children of Adam, would not have availed them, if Christ had not also made atonement for their actual sins.

While we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Rom. 5: 8.)

Quarantine Against Insects.

An agricultural journal advocates the enactment of a national quarantine bill against destructive insects. It states that every year the crops of the country suffer to the extent of millions of dollars from the ravages of insects brought from foreign lands. California has already set the example by appointing a qualified entomologist as inspector of the cargoes of fruit brought to San Francisco from the tropics. In the East there is no provision of this kind, and the journal avers that on the fruit stands in every city on the Atlantic sea-board scale insects may be seen on the fruit, or the decorative plants from the West Indies and South America, which, if they once obtain a foothold, will do more injury than the gypsy moth has done in Massachusetts. It is suggested that Congress provide for the appointment of a Board made up of officers from the Experiment Stations, with power to seize and destroy fruits or plants that show traces of the presence of these rapacious creatures. It is contended that the country would save every year a hundred times the cost of such a board in crops, which without some provision of this kind will be destroyed. This is not the only kind of mischief coming from foreign lands, against which we ought to be on our guard. In books and periodicals and in the emissaries of evil in human shape we are receiving influences which threaten to rob us of Lord's Day observance and some of our most precious institutions.

One sinner destroyeth much good. Eccles. 9 : 18.

A Unique Tombstone.

In the cemetery at Kittanning, Pa., a tombstone has been placed that is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world. It is of polished glass, with a clear inscription, and was recently placed there by a citizen of Kittanning in memory of his mother. It stands on the slope of a gentle declivity, and attracts more notice than the more expensive and elaborate marble and granite monuments around it. It is about a foot and a half wide and four feet high, arched at the top. The glass is of unusual thickness, of the kind made for the circular panes that cover the port-holes of steamers. It is fixed in a mortise of sandstone, which forms an effective background to it. The practical indestructibility of glass was the quality that recommended it to the citizen who had it set up. Granite and marble seem to be hard enough to last for all time, but in any old cemetery it can be seen what havoc wind and rain, heat and cold make of them, but weather will have no effect on the glass, which will never decay. This, however, may be broken, so that even this ingenious device does not guarantee an imperishable memorial. The day is coming when every material memorial must perish, and then it will be found that the enduring record is that which God promises to his people:

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. (Ps. 112 :6.)

The Cost of Silence.

A prisoner in the penitentiary at Raleigh, N. C., has resolved to remain there the remaining two years of his sentence rather than answer the questions of the Governor of the State. Two years ago he was sentenced to four years imprisonment, but recently some facts have come to light about his trial which have excited public sympathy for him. A petition signed by influential persons was sent to Governor Carr, who was disposed to pardon him. Before doing so, he instructed the prisoner's attorney to ascertain from him a statement of his history and his right name, as the prisoner admitted that the name by which he was known was an assumed one. To the astonishment of the lawyer, the prisoner refused to answer. He declared he would rather remain in prison till he died, than disclose his identity. He said he belonged to a highly respectable family, and his father had held an important office under President Arthur. His two sisters also were married to men of excellent position and character. For their sakes he would not have it known that he was a convict. He wrote a letter to the Governor explaining his situation, which showed that he is a man of good education. His appearance and manner also indicate refinement. The Governor, however, firmly refuses to grant the pardon in the absence of the information he requires. If the prisoner is telling the truth, his silence is an honor to him. It is not every man so situated who would deem the disgrace of his relatives too high a price to pay for a pardon for himself. Sinners who seek God's pardon and do not obtain it, because of the price being greater than they are willing to pay, are not so unselfish. The cost in their case is that they shall give up their sins, and this often proves an insuperable obstacle.

If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed . . . he shall not die. Ezek. 18 : 21.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Many Inquiries Have Been Received from [illegible] presentation of the subject published in recent [illegible] ments to supply single copies of the pamphlet at five cents. Temperance clubs, churches and other organizations can be supplied at $3.00 per 100 copies.

The Book Mentioned in These Columns Recently as having been written by the present Pope and since condemned as heretical, proves to have [illegible] tive denial of the Pope's authorship is made in "The Independent" by Mgr. del Val, the Pope's chamberlain [illegible] cathedral of which the present Pope was archbishop.

A Revised New Testament has Just Been Issued in France. It is the work of a Commission appointed at the suggestion of the Synod of the Reformed Church. Several years have been spent in the revision, and the utmost care has been taken to have the book absolutely accurate in its rendering of the original. Professor Matter has been President of the Commission since the death of Pastor Bersier, [illegible]

Professor Thoumaian, the Marsovan Teacher whose portrait was published in this journal at the time of the first outbreak of persecution in Armenia, has received news that his sister and her sons are among the victims of the massacre at Harpoot. The sudden interruption of the letters from his brothers leads him to believe that they, too, have been slain. Professor Thoumaian has been in England since his release from the Turkish prison.

The Meetings held by Rev. B. Fay Mills in Columbus, O. have been, a correspondent writes, a source of untold blessing. For nearly a month Mr. Mills preached three times every day except Saturdays. The noon meetings were held at first in the First Church but had to be removed after the first week to the Board of Trade Building owing to lack [illegible] meetings were held in the Rink which has a seating capacity of five thousand and it was filled to overflowing. Thirty churches united in the work.

The Official Year Book of the Protestant Church in France gives the total number of Protest- [illegible] at the recent census was 38,218,000. Of the Protestants 540,483 belong to the Reformed Church and [illegible]

Mr. D. L. Moody Delivered a lecture to the [illegible] logical Seminary on January 6, on "How to Reach Non-churchgoers." The lecture was the first of a [illegible] Christianity, which are to be delivered by various eminent men.

An Interesting Convert from Roman Catholicism is Rev. Paul Pollock, who preached at Mr. O'Connor's Mission in New [illegible] He was sent by the Roman Catholic Church to China as a Missionary, but while there he became acquainted with a Methodist Missionary by whom he was led to renounce Romanism.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman [illegible] to return to his former church in Philadelphia. Arrangements are said to have been made by which the associate pastors at Bethany will relieve Dr. Chapman of his duties at certain periods so as to [illegible] his labors as an Evangelist for a part of the year

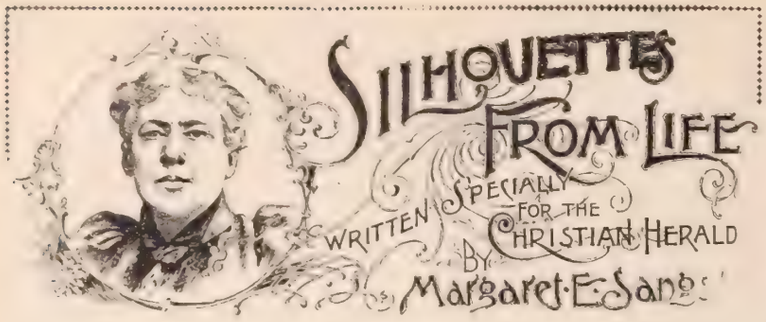
A Recent Traveler in Asia Reports that the whole of the ruins believed to be those of ancient Babylon, are now owned by wealthy Jews in Bagdad. It is 2494 years since the Jews were carried captive to Babylon.

Evangelist H. E. Wycoff has been Conducting Revival Services at Memphis, Mo. The Methodist Church in which they have been held was filled [illegible] sons have been received into membership.

A Cablegram from The British Section of The Evangelical Alliance to Dr. Josiah Strong, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, was received on January 3, asking Christians here to unite with British Christians on January 8 in special prayer "that Christlike counsels may prevail in the present crisis."

The Managers of the American Bible Society received communications from many of their agents in foreign lands at their recent meeting. Among others Rev. H. Loomis, of Japan, reported his visit to Korea; Rev. H. P. Hamilton described the difficulties the Society's colporteurs encountered in Mexico; Rev. F. Penzotti sent a report from Callao, and Rev. C. W. Kilbon, of Natal, supplied information as to the revision of the Zulu Bible. The issues from the Bible Society's presses during December [illegible]

The Wesley Evangelists Held Services Last week in the Bedford St. M. E. Church, New York. They began with the Watch-night service and continued until January 10. Last Sunday they were at St. Paul's M. E. [illegible] and until January 26 they hold meetings in Grace M. E. [illegible] Trenton, N. J., for a series of meetings. From a report prepared by the leader, Mr. J. H. Cannon, it appears that during last year they assisted twenty-five churches and conducted two hundred revival services at which 350 made professions of faith.



Rescued by Love.

THE morning was one of those desperately cold ones, which mean nothing to happy people sitting by their firesides, but which appal shivering women and children, and drive to the verge of suicide hapless men out of work, with no prospects and families dependent on them. Did you ever think what it would be to buy your coal by the pailful from the corner grocery, and hesitate between a yesterday's stale loaf and a bunch of soup vegetables, not knowing which to buy?

It is bad enough to be cold and poor and hungry. But it is far worse to have crime and sin upon your conscience and to feel that burden added to your other misery.

Mabel Loomis drew on her thin cotton gloves and buttoned her sleazy sacque over her chest, as she left her lodging-house and sought the milliner's where she hoped to find work. She did what many poor women do, paid room-rent for a bare hall chamber in a dingy street, and bought her food as she could, or went without it. Whether or not Mabel and those in similar circumstances eat, they must have shelter, and the room-rent at all hazards must be saved, often cent by cent.

Mabel had not always been in her present case. Back in her memory was a little home in the country, where there was always plenty and something to spare. She had quarrelled with her father, and left that roof of his in a fit of anger, and pique like an armed man stood in the way of her going back. Sometimes at night, when too hungry to sleep, there came to her a vision of her mother, stirring porridge over the great roaring stove, for wood was plentiful in the upland region, and they did not stint it; of her sister, the district school teacher, pretty Phebe, so happy and round-cheeked; of her brother and her young friends. Then, too, she would see her father, stern, rigid, unbending, his brow deeply furrowed, his hair white, and she, who had inherited his own stubbornness, did not relent then, nor think of the tender heart under the granite exterior. The sin of hate still lay heavy on her soul.

There had come to her lately another temptation, vile and low, and once she would have spurned it. But, alas! in her great need and suffering, she had allowed this fearful thing to whisper in her ear of a means to procure food and warmth. Poor Mabel.

She was indeed at the turning of the ways this morning, when she left the milliner's with the suave denial ringing in her ears. No work. That meant that she might not raise enough for her room-rent this month.

Walking waveringly on, she had not broken her fast this morning, she met a girl known to her, who belonged to the class whom good women shun. The girl stopped and thrust into Mabel's hand a bit of money.

"You look dead beat out. Take this," she cried.

"No," said Mabel. "No, Blanche; you are kind, but I am not begging yet!"

She walked tremblingly on. At a street corner a door opened and two beautiful young women, laughing and chatting, tripped down the steps. An elderly lady with a very sweet voice and a gentle, benignant countenance followed them and stood saying good-bye.

"Go in, Mamma! You'll get pneumonia," called one of the girls. "Don't stand there, dearest."

"Come home soon, my children," called the mother, closing the door.

The little happy scene was over in an instant, but it had impressed itself on Mabel's consciousness. She walked on blindly, a great billow of home-sickness sweeping over her. She had a dear mother, too; a mother who would stand at the door, with her little gray shawl around her shoulders, and her spectacles on her worn, old eyes, and call in that same crooning mother-voice, "Come home soon, children! Don't be late, darlings!"

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

The street was lonely now. Though it was near mid-day, few passers-by were on it. In the distance it widened out to old wharves, and a green, cold, tumbling, tossing river!

The familiar words were insolently spoken, and there was a coarse clutch upon her arm. A red, brutal face, breathing fumes of liquor, thrust itself close to hers. With sudden strength she shook off the grasp, and gave a burning, defiant look at the insulting speaker. The look of a pure heart, triumphant over temptation forever, in that moment was in her eyes. It cleaved like a sword, even the thickened sensibilities of the ruffian and sot, and murmuring, "I beg your pardon, Miss," he slunk away.

Mabel kept straight on. Was that the river she heard, wooing her with its lulling sound? Was it death that invited her to seek an escape from sorrow and wretchedness?

I do not know. She was arrested, suddenly, by a sweet clear voice, and looking down, she saw a boy, in velvet suit, knickerbockers, and fur cap. He had pulled off the last and held it in his hand.

"Lady," he said, "you are to come with me. Mamma saw you from our window, and sent me after you. Everybody minds my mother."

There was sweet compulsion in the childish manner. Mabel turned, unsteadily.

"Here, let me lead you!" he said, and took her cold unresisting hand in his small warm clasp.

The boy led her to the "house with the mother." Thus she always afterward thought and spoke of it.

"I know you are hungry, dear," said the woman who greeted her, the same who had just speeded off her own girls, "and I see you are cold. Before we talk, I must make you comfortable. Rupert, dear, ring for luncheon to be served in my room. You have had yours, go run off to your skating, if you like, and a pleasant time to you, my boy!"

The hour which followed was an era in Mabel's history. She told Mrs. Van Switzer everything, from first to last. This lady was one of God's human angels who live to do his errands and speak his messages. There are such, God be thanked, everywhere on His footstool.

When the talk ended, the dear lady said solemnly, "Child, in this earth of ours, there is only one sin which cannot be forgiven. It is the sin of hate and vindictiveness. God himself can pardon it only in one way, by taking away the stony heart, and giving instead a heart of flesh. Let us pray!"

The two women knelt, the older and the younger. When they arose, Mabel's eyes were wet, but there was a smile on her face.

"I will arise," she said, "and go unto my Father."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Notable Centenary.

The Celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of the Great German Historian, Leopold Von Ranke.

SO recently has the world been bereft of its great scholar, thinker and writer, Leopold Von Ranke, that the celebration of his centenary comes upon us almost as a surprise. Yet it is really a hundred years since he was born in the quiet little Saxon town of Wiehe, though it is less than ten years since he laid down his pen forever. One cannot but wonder whether the bright eager spirit has found that the almost whimsical hope he uttered years ago is gratified. Laboring one day at his interminable task of sifting the materials for his great historical volumes, he said that there must surely be archives in Heaven with which if it were only possible to get at them, the only true world-history could be written. With Von Ranke truth was a passion. No consideration would ever induce him to veer from rigid impartiality. He would tell the fact as he honestly believed it to have been; and he spared neither time nor pains in his effort to discover the real truth as to the most trivial event, before he incorporated it in his history. The decision to follow this honest course was made early in life, when in one of his brief vacations he read the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott. Von Ranke was horrified by the levity with which the novelist manipulated history to produce his stories. To Von Ranke it seemed a sin of the deepest dye to distort the truth for the sake of adding color to an historical picture. He resolved that first and foremost of all aims, his should be to write what was true.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

He was at Leipsic when this resolution was formed and he had already perceived that his sphere of literary labor would be the historical field. His first school was at Donndorf after which he studied at Pforta, a school famous for the number of literary men of eminence who received their early training there. He was thoroughly grounded in the classics before he left it for Leipsic and had read the Iliad and the Odyssey through three times. At Leipsic Plato and the poets were laid aside for the historians, and on leaving the University to become a teacher at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, it was to history he turned as his future life work. He was the pioneer of that painstaking school which l made this latter half of the century table in literature—the writers who ca not so much for artistic effects as for fa He set the example of dealing only w original documents when they were ac sible, wading through reams of fa letters and dispatches and deciphering most illegible caligraphy, rather than cept statements at second hand. The s tem was new then, but its value understood. Patiently toiling to ve every fact and date he collected his m rial and then with masterly skill w them into life-like pictures. His first portant work was a History of the Pri and Peoples of South Europe in the teenth and Seventeenth Centuries. It published in 1827 and at once establis its author's claim to a place in the rank in the field of living historians. was called to a Professorship in Berlin from that time to the close of his life studies and his labors were incessant.

Volume followed volume with such idity that the world wondered at the m industry as much as it admired his gen He went to Rome, to Venice, to Paris to London to examine the archives spent month after month poring over m uscripts yellow with age. His sympat were boundless and to every character appeared in his works he strove to do e handed justice. His famous "Histor the Popes" like his later work on "History of the Reformation" proved trait in his character. While his pen thus busy he was performing the duties of his professorship and his lect were attracting students from every l They were astonished when they saw prodigy of learning, but they all lo and honored him. Gissebrecht, his long friend, gives a life-like picture of in his prime. Very small in stature a head somewhat disproportionate in s great masses of dark hair, strongly m ed features and large blue eyes glistei with penetrating light. Rapid in sp and hurried in movement, his whole per ality gave the impression of keenness eagerness and delight in his work. motto he chose for his coat-of-arms w in 1864 he was raised to the ranks of nobility was, "Labor itself is pleasu and his life was an example of his axi In his eightieth year he was worl ten hours a day and was then commen his gigantic task of linking together historical works to form one conne history of the world. He was still toi at his task on that May day of 1886, i ninety-first year, when the messenge death came and called him away.

A Natural Baptistry.

Nestled among the Berkshire Hill Massachusetts is the town of Che known by many New Yorkers as a s mer retreat. The chief attraction is exhilarating air and clear mountain wa a case of typhoid fever has not been kn in this village for over twenty years. few minutes' walk from the villege p er, toward the west, one finds a beau sequestered nook! Only a few rods f the main road in a field runs the ripp singing kitchen brook, forming a pool der the overhanging branches of a maj oak tree; here is found a most charm natural baptistry. The afternoon of last Lord's Day of 1895, the Rev. E. Harding, Pastor of the Baptist Churc this town, led down into this run stream, under the spreading branche this national canopy, a man and wife r ly seventy years of age, and also a mi aged man, and baptized them, while throng upon the shores sang, "We s gather at the river." Pastor Harding baptized forty-three, mostly adults, du the year just closed.

Sang A Hymn While Dying

One of the most faithful young wor of the American Missionary Associa was Mrs. N. D. Merriman who died cently at Selma, Ala. Mrs. Merriman the full college course at Fisk Univers graduating in 1891. Professor Spencer for four years her instructor in Greek. writes: "Let us thank God it was with her at the evening of life." was indeed true. A few hours before end, when seemingly at the very br strength was given to sing in her rem ably clear, flute-like tones the verse, " moves in a mysterious way." Her fri sang that hymn at her funeral; also request, "O mother, dear Jerusalem.

The Family and Home Circle

ansas "Dug-Out" Homes.

er looking Underground Structures, yet ey may be Made Comfortable Enough— wo Typical Homes Photographed.

EW people who live in the East have any idea what a Western "dug-out" is like. The photographs on this page will enlighten them. These pictures were made by Mr. Frank Kizer, a missionary of American Sunday School Union in Kansas, and are fair types of hundreds of similar dwellings in that State. Mr. Kizer lately wrote from Downs, Kan., "the long pleasant Fall days that marked the past ...dry years in Kansas, have about come ...da close, and ...th blizzards will ...on be upon us. ...e farmers will ...ve about one-...rd of a crop in ...is part of the ...te. Corn is so ...ap that they ...burning it for ...l, as it takes ...o loads of corn ...buy one-half a ...d of coal. As ...e crops have ...ed for the past ...o or three ...ars, it seems ...d now that ...y cannot turn ...at they have ...o money.

"I have spent ...Fall visiting ...d holding ...etings with ... new schools ...med the past ...mmer. A large ...mber of them ...ll close on ac-...unt of the children not having the proper ...thing and the people not being able to ...nish the fuel to heat the house for ser-...e. I have found a deeper interest than ...ual in the schools formed. Many prayer ...etings and Christian Endeavors have ...en formed; thus giving the people a plan ...worship even if they do not have the ...nisters with them.

"Here are the photographs of two dug-...t homes. In one the people are sitting ...the roof and to the right you can see ...doorway that leads to the interior. To ...e left you can see their new sod-house ...th a board roof, but it is not finished ...d will not be this season, as the man is ...t able. The family are very poor, and ...do not have the clothing to attend Sun-...y School. But they love to read the pa-...rs that are sent home to them. The oth-...dug-out is built of stone and is far more ...mfortable. When the storm-doors are ...osed it is very warm. These people live ...out seven miles from Sunday School and ...urch. Their fuel is mostly cowchips ...d the few sunflowers and cobs that they ...n pick up.

"It is a blessed privilege to carry the ...spel to these dug-out homes, and as the ...pers and Bibles are distributed to see ...eir faces light up with gladness. One ...ly has one hundred and forty-five of ...ese people enrolled in the Home Depart-...nt of the Sunday School. I have been ...lping her with donations of books and ...pers the past year. They pledge them-...lves to study the Sunday School lesson ...their homes each Sunday morning dur-...e year. She visits them and questions ...em on the lesson from time to time. ...mong her pupils are many Catholics and ...fidels. I will reach most of the new ...hools by visitation this Fall. Everyone is very kind and seems so glad to see me. I often draw pictures for them for two hours of an evening, but they do not seem to tire, and are always ready for more. Pray for and help these children that are so far from any place that they may receive God's Word."

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Children, the Hope of the Nation.

The children of the middle class are the embryos of our future literary, artistic and scientific lights. These, from the knowledge of economy and thrift with the simple pleasures and affections acquired and practiced among the home folks, form the life from which spring the hopes of the nation. At the other extreme are the waifs of the street, whose homes are either unhappy from vice, or lonely because of the family being away at work. Vices learned at home, vices inherent, vices learned in the street, make the influence of such children poisonous. Fathers, mothers, whatever your state in life, give your children the benefit of your company, whenever possible. Make home a pleasant place and, by studying their tastes, and influence them in choosing their playfellows.

ON THE ROOF OF A SOD "DUGOUT."

A STONE "DUGOUT" ON THE BLEAK KANSAS PLAINS.

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A Child Leading Them.

A six-year-old boy, the child of wealthy parents and a pet of their lovely home, (writes a Christian worker) was very sick,—so sick that they feared he would die. The parents professed not to believe in the Bible, and the name of God was never mentioned, consequently, the child received no religious instruction, but when he lay very sick one day he called to his mother, and when she hurried to his bedside, he asked her, "Mamma, is it light in heaven?" His mother was startled, but did not answer. After a little while, he called her again, sat up in bed and repeated his question. Again the mother did not answer him, but gently laid him back on his pillow. He called her again, and pleaded for the third time, "Mamma, tell me now, is it light in heaven?" But the mother had no reply to give. The little boy's life was spared. Soon after his recovery, his parents with him visited a friend's home where grace was said at the table. He at once asked his father, "Papa, why don't we pray at the table?" He was told to be quiet. But the next time in their own home he demanded, "Papa, I want to pray, teach me a prayer." His father said, "Wait till the next time." The little boy was still and waited until the next meal, when, to his father's great annoyance, he repeated his request. Again he was told to wait until the next time. When he asked for the third time to be taught a prayer, his father yielded. The child has at last led both parents into the light.

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Japanese Wedding Preparations.

In Japan an engagement is announced by giving a feast to the relatives, when the presents are displayed, and the whole affair is talked over. A bride makes four changes in her personal appearance. She always changes her dress for a more modest style, and she must now dress her hair like a married woman. She shaves her eyebrows, and sometimes blackens her teeth—an emblem of constancy. The wedding dress for a girl is generally white, such as the dead wear, as it means that she will not leave her husband's home until death. On her head she wears a covering of white silk wadding which covers her forehead. As the bride leaves the house, her attendants scatter salt in the streets, and build a fire at the gate, just as they do at a funeral. Great preparations are made by the groom for the coming of the bride, and the house is beautifully decorated. The chief decorations are placed in a small recess in the parlor, with the floor raised a few inches above the rest of the room. Here is placed the *horai—shimadai*. *Horai* is a fabulous mountain, rising from the sea, where men reside in immortal youth and happiness; *shimadai* is a stand, on which are arranged branches of bamboo, emblematic of endurance; of pine, which means fidelity; of the plum, signifying patience. As the bride arrives at the door, a woman acts as a guide through the intricate ceremonies.

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Rest.

Rest is not quitting this busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to the ocean after it's life.
'Tis living and serving the highest and best,
'Tis onward, unswerving. And this is true rest.

A Song of Hope.

CHILDREN of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor or sorrow?
Look to your looms again·
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Maste.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow,
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster.
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master,
He stands at your loom,
Room for him—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow.
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it—and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord s at the loom,
Room for him- -room!

—MARY A. LATHBURY.

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The Boys and the Lion.

MR. JAMES D. CARLISLE, of Pittsburg, Pa., has received a letter from Rev. Edwin H. Richards, missionary at Inhambane, South Africa, in which the writer gives a most interesting account of an adventure he, with several of his native boys, had while traveling in the desert lately. They had camped, tired and hungry, for the night, when "at nine o'clock a majestic roar at most uncomfortably short range, shook me right out of my umbrella, and shook the boys out of their mosquito blankets, and our poor dog scrambled between my legs so quickly that I hardly knew whether it were not the beast in question. The rifle was hunted up and a ball was projected in the near vicinity of the spot where the thunder came from. We would not have wounded his majesty's feelings, no, not for the lives of half of us, but if we had been able to have planted an explosive shell right in the centre of his intellectual works, or blown his teeth out and his claws off, we would have performed the feat. His lionship replied by gently lashing his sides with his tail, and soon made about half a circle around us, and got off another monologue on the subject of diet. My first thought on the matter, as soon as I could think at all, was that the Lord had answered our prayers wrong side round and bottom side up, and that the 'meat' was about to go the wrong way altogether.

'But the Lord is mindful of his own,' 'He remembers his children.' We did everything we could to entertain that wily beast. We kindled a fire, we sang hymns to him, we prayed for him to keep out of our nest, we shot guns over him, we waved torches at him, we shook the washdish at him, we danced for him, and left no means at our disposal untried in the way of pastime for him. He was apparently delighted with our 'show,'' and did what he could toward reviving our depressed spirits. He walked round about us all night long, replying to our every effort with blood-curdling encores. But at the very first blush of day he apparently bethought himself of his wife and children, and hastily betook himself away, no doubt conjuring up some lame excuse for being out so late. I sincerely hope Mrs. Lady Lion was on the sharp lookout for him, and gave him a talking to at home."

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER I.

The Day of the Funeral.

OH, everything was in a whirl! And was this so strange? What is Death but the maelstrom that is going round and round and round continually, dragging down into its vortex the things strongest, fairest, best? It upsets and inverts all things. It was now in the house where Janet Morton lived, and especially in the parlor, where the curtains were all dropped though there was no intrusive sun to be shut out, for the day was one of wrathful storm all along the coast. In the parlor where, in long, stiff rows, people took their places as fast as they arrived. In the parlor where the centre of all thought and the centre of all vision—far as people could see at all—was that black-draped coffin bearing on its lid a prim wreath of dark-green ivy leaves and a bunch of wheat stalks dyed a vivid yellow for this special occasion.

"Waitin' for the minister," was the information volunteered by a stout, young woman in black. Paulina Davis, domestic and housekeeper of another branch of the Morton family, made the remark to Mrs. Blakey Chase, another friend of the Morton's and admitted to a place in the circle of real mourners.

"He'll have a hard time a-comin' all the way over the mash-road, and his old chaise will hold water but 'taint warranted to keep it out," whispered back Mrs. Blakey Chase.

"She looks real peaceful in the coffin," again observed Paulina, using as small a quantity of voice as possible. As she had much to spare, she succeeded in talking so that everyone could hear her.

"Poor thing! She had a stormy enough time when alive. And to think she's got all through, buried her husband and four children, and left only Janet behind to mourn her."

"Yes, indeed, poor thing, I say! Janet come down?"

No, Janet was upstairs as Paulina very well knew, but she wanted to break up the awful setness and stiffness of the hour—wanted to say something, and she asked a question about a fact very well known to her. But it was a relief to Mrs. Chase also to say something and not hear just the occasional rustling of those stiff forms in black, the occasional hemming of a throat in discomfort, and besides all this, the moaning or the storm around the house, and under it and through it and over it all, the steady roar of the sea in anger, only a short distance from the house.

"I wonder—" said Mrs. Chase, who very well knew Janet's whereabouts, but was grappling busily for a subject of suppressed conversation like a diver feeling with his hands for treasures in a dark nook under the water.

"Dear me, it's a fearful day," remarked Paulina.

As if to emphasize and prove this fact, the outer door of a room in the rear of the house was now thrown open violently, and a rough voice exclaimed, "There's a wreck come ashore!"

All doors between the parlor and the entrance, were wide open. In none of the rear rooms was there any noise save that of the tea-kettle humming away as it sat perched on the kitchen stove and saying, "I am ready to cheer up any disconsolate mourner with a cup of tea after the funeral." Any big sound like this voice at the door, and especially the startling intimation of a wreck ashore, went straight to the [illegible] there. "It that isn't our Jed!" exclaimed Paulina. "He's got no sense of things, a-barkin' out that way."

Paulina went from the parlor, inwardly glad to escape from the gloomy restrictions of the place, but prepared outwardly to manifest her grim displeasure to Jed the moment she reached him.

"Why, Jed, where's your manners?" addressing the gun-barrel that had shot out that wreck-news.

Jed was a big, moose-kind of a young man. Strong! Ask the fishermen if any one could lift as many pounds of fish as Jed Davis. His face was rough and red. His eyes were a deep brown and looked more like the eyes of an animal than a man. "Something is wanting," you said when you saw and heard Jed. He was fat from idiocy. Nobody called him fool and still you felt that when the machinery of the brain was put together, a wheel was left out somewhere. He abounded in good nature, though he could fight, and had combative spells when he would outwrestle everybody and stood ready to thrash anybody that disputed his claims as champion. He was the hired man at the Mortons, though there was very little stated work for him and still less pay. Jed though, served for love. He never confessed it, hardly recognized it to himself, but he was the secret admirer and steadfast adorer of Miss Janet. She was the star shining biggest and brightest in the little constellation of human kind that was clustered around Jed in the small seaport town of Rockmouth.

It was very touching to see how this almost unconscious attachment of Jed invested Janet with an atmosphere of fascinating interest. Jed did not show his devotion by bringing clusters of rose-buds from a hot-house, or bunches of sheet music tied up in blue ribbon, but he would bring in wood from the shed, or get a few pounds of sugar from the grocer, or a fish from the boats just coming ashore, as he would go whistling to the post-office, his big, unwieldy hands in his baggy pockets, and bring home the daily mail for the Mortons. They could give but little pay in return. Jed never asked for more, nor if received, would it have satisfied him. When Janet said, "Thank you," Jed was fully satisfied. He had been invaluable at this time of Mrs. Morton's death. At the present moment he was supposed to be waiting for the arrival of the minister's team. Jed had been appointed to receive it, and see that the horse was properly sheltered. But while Janet had no rival in Jed's affections, there was something else interesting him profoundly. That was the sea. The storm that stirred down through the waters to their rocky bed, raising the waves, marshalling them in columns, throwing them against the land in one long, furious, foaming, crashing bombardment, stirred Jed also, and threw his soul into a tumult. He was on his way across a bleak pasture behind the Morton house—not the Morton mansion, which was something grander—purposing by a short cut to reach a corner which the minister must turn, in order to reach the barn, and there drive stableward his horse. The wind bounded forward in a furious gust. It struck Jed in the face, as if to say, "Look up!" Jed looked up, and, if there wasn't a wreck just off the yeasty shore! A vessel plainly in sight, and a wreck! Jed thought nothing more about the minister's horse. He turned 'round; he sprang away to the house, threw open the back door and shouted: "There's a wreck come ashore!"

And there, in another moment, stood Paulina, to confront him and reprove him. Her words brought him to himself. He hung his head sheepishly, and said in the most doleful, apologetic way, "Oh!"

"Thought you were going to look after the minister's horse, Jed. Folks all a-waitin'."

"I—I—will," said the crest-fallen Jed, hurrying away again into the storm, and in a minute, turning the corner of the house.

"But where's the wreck, Jed?" hastily screamed Paulina, fearful that she might lose her chance to learn the news, and screaming louder than Jed, when he interrupted the solemn, nervous waiting in the parlor. Jed heard her not, save that to the noise of the wind and rain in her ears, were added several new, strange, confusing notes. Paulina went back to the parlor, where lay the body that the death-storm had already wrecked, and she returned in disappointment, too, for she had not the smallest fragment of news to administer to the hunger of that aroused and expectant circle.

"Where is it? Do tell us!" nervously asked Mrs. Blakey Chase.

"Provoki[illegible]! I didn't find out nothin'!" said Paulina.

However, the parlor-assembly was not doomed to much further waiting. A heavy footstep, the noise of a stamping, as if some one were shaking off rain or mud, could easily be heard. Paulina sat near a door opening into an entry, bending her neck, almost throwing it out of joint, that she might get a good rear look in the direction of the rooms beyond this entry. She called out, "He's come! It's him!"

The stir of excitement following the announcement of the arrival of the minister, in some way was communicated from the parlor to an upper apartment, and now Pauline whispered to Mrs. Blakey Chase, "It's her!" A tall form swept into the rooms, and neither the occasion so embarrassing, nor the awkward cut of her dark mourning garments could interfere with the grace, the queenliness of her gait. It was Janet Morton, just twenty-two, when the shadow of this great sorrow overtook her and darkened all her way. Her long mourning veil was thrown back from her face. Her complexion was clear, and her features regular. Her eyes whose shade hovered somewhere between the blue of the sea at noon and the gray at sunrise, were now hidden by the long drooping lashes. Janet's face was not classified as handsome and yet it had a certain nobleness that comported well with her carriage, and a certain sweetness also that attracted to her every child in distress and every old beggar that strayed into town.

"Ain't she a pictur?" whispered Pauline to the other half of Blakey Chase, and the other half of Blakey Chase said, "Yes, she is, poor soul!" The young woman in black went straight to the coffin in black and took a vacant chair near its head. Parson Tapley soon stepped into the room and began the service that is a farewell to earth, and a welcome to heaven. Janet was in a daze. She had caught Jed's abrupt announcement of a wreck, and now her thoughts were in a turmoil, and that word "wreck" seemed to absorb all her thinking. But was the vessel a wreck, or was it that wasted, shattered body in the coffin, or was she, Janet, the wreck? Then there was the storm to make the confusion still greater. In the midst of it was the minister's voice saying something, but what it was she could not afterward clearly remember. A few expressions like rocks at sea projected out of the confusion of the hour, something about "sainted woman," "an excellent character," "an honored family," "lived in your midst since childhood," "gone to her reward." These disjointed fragments might have been grouped into a testimonial long enough for the face of a memorial tablet in church, but nothing more could Janet recall. The words of prayer made more impression upon her. The "Our Father" stilled her. That was God talking through human words. After awhile came a halt, a very solemn pause. Then she heard the voice of Blakey Chase, slow and sleepy, very deliberately, saying, "Friends will now please take their kerry-gees. Miss Janet Morton!"—She heard nothing more. Still in a daze, still wondering if she were not the wreck down on the shore, bruised and broken by the waves, she left her chair, stepped forward, and then halted beside the coffin. The sight of that face, so white, so still, so peaceful, shocked Janet out of her bewildering stupor, and with a heart-broken cry, "Oh, mother," she showered her hot, blinding tears upon that cold face. There was no uncertain dream now. Out of all mistiness came her soul into the light of a terrible reality, a dead mother there, a forsaken, lovely child here by the coffin side.

All the room seemed to shake and sob with Janet.

"Poor creetur'!" said Paulina, staring without intermission that she might catch every motion and every look of Jan[illegible] Mrs. Blakey Chase said the same thi[illegible] but in these words, "If she ain't to be p[illegible] ied!" While the tears dripped from h[illegible] cheeks, she, too, looked at Janet witho[illegible] one break in the stare.

What subsequently happened, stood [illegible] Janet's mind something like this: a ri[illegible] short, chilling — oh! so slow — to a sp[illegible] where were many white stones that seem[illegible] to abruptly rise out of the ground to r[illegible] ognize her, and then a halt around an [illegible] long break in the ground.

"Good-night," she whispered, stoopi[illegible] down to the cold, peaceful face expos[illegible] once more, but nobody saw the kisses t[illegible] time, for the heavy folds of Janet's v[illegible] dropped all about the still features and h[illegible] everything that was done. With her ha[illegible] she touched the face a moment, and [illegible] again and then withdrew it hesitatin[illegible] as if it were a good-bye she could not ma[illegible] up her mind to give. She went to the [illegible] family-carriage, there to take her seat [illegible] silence, and without a word she rode b[illegible] to the house. She stepped into the pa[illegible] a moment. It looked very strange thou[illegible] very natural. The curtains were all [illegible] and only the half-dozen chairs were th[illegible] beside the sofa and tables that usu[illegible] tenanted it. In the air-tight stove crack[illegible] cheerily a wood-fire. Very pleasant, [illegible] it was an odd room now without the d[illegible] casket that had been there in shaded s[illegible] the past three days. She went up-st[illegible] soon to hear the clatter of dishes in [illegible] dining-room, a clatter that Mrs. Bla[illegible] Chase made as vigorous as possible t[illegible] things might seem "sort of lively [illegible] cheering." It was a very queer, em[illegible] rassing supper, all the hungry and thi[illegible] kindred stopping who would, and [illegible] minister, too, was constrained to stay.

"Do stop long enough to taste a [illegible] Mr. Tapley," kindly urged Paulina Da[illegible]

"It will be cold a-ridin' over the mas[illegible] said Mrs. Blakey Chase. "Do, stop! [illegible] a bite; now, do!"

The minister stopped, but it wa[illegible] dreary bite. His kindly interjected [illegible] marks semi-religious and semi-social c[illegible] not change the character of his feast. [illegible] was glad when it was over, while anx[illegible] to do something that would be syn[illegible] thetic and helpful. As for Janet, she [illegible] comed while she shrank from the sil[illegible] following the close of the feast. All [illegible] gone save Mrs. Blakey Chase.

"It is dreadful lonesome here, Ja[illegible] Do let me stay," urged the kind-hea[illegible] neighbor.

"Oh, no! Your husband will want u[illegible] It is most supper-time."

"Well, then I am coming in this e[illegible] ing."

"Thank you, I should be glad to l[illegible] you."

The last echo of a slamming door [illegible] away and then Janet threw herself [illegible] lounge and buried her face in her ha[illegible] sobbing "Oh, mother!" Oh, mother

Hark! What a sharp, piercing rin[illegible] of the door-bell was that which now ec[illegible] in this silent house? Janet answere[illegible] and there in the rain stood Miss La[illegible] Skeele. She was as marked in her [illegible] sonal appearance as her father, the [illegible] occupying the dingy little law office l[illegible] ed with a dingy little sign, "Judson Sk[illegible] attorney-at-law." She had a thin, s[illegible] pened face, with small, dark, mol[illegible] eyes. Her father had the same [illegible] hatchet-face, but he pointed it differe[illegible] He always had an averted look, as if [illegible] ing to get away from everybody. She [illegible] tipped her sharp nose toward the sk[illegible] if trying to get above everybody. It [illegible] an audacious attempt, for she was sh[illegible] than people generally. When Janet pk[illegible] ed out into the rain, there was this pi[illegible] ing face, contemptuous and curiou[illegible] quisitive and inquisitive, but now t[illegible] to look sympathetic. The expressi[illegible] Janet's face changed the moment sh[illegible] this young woman. A look came [illegible] front which, turned into language and [illegible] out as a sign would have read, "I thor[illegible] ly dislike you and immediately di[illegible] you." Janet was not skilled in conc[illegible] her feelings, neither did she try t[illegible] them. In a moment her face wore a [illegible] of trouble. She was herself. "Now [illegible] be doing her injustice. I ought not to [illegible] her before she speaks. I must not [illegible] count of her father condemn her. L[illegible] hear what she has to say."

Lavina's expression trying to be sy[illegible] thetic changed to one that went w[illegible] business errand simply.

(To be Continued.)

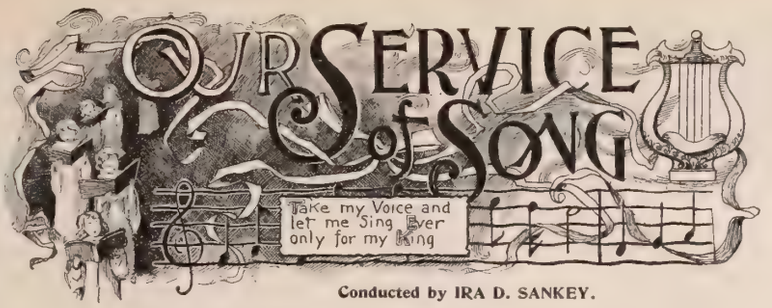
Testifying for Christ.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 26. Rom. 10 : 2-15.

NOTHING could be more reasonable than the demand Christ makes on every one whom he saves, for public confession of him. He has a right to insist that the man whom he delivers from his sins, should testify that he is indebted to Christ for his rescue. It ought to be done voluntarily and spontaneously as a matter of gratitude. It should also be done for the sake of others. If a man had been cured of a deadly disease, and knew that all around him were in the throes suffering from the same disease, he would be unspeakably mean if he kept silent about his cure and the means by which he had gained relief for their sakes, he ought to proclaim his deliverance and direct them to the source of healing. To confess Christ in these days does not involve the peril and physical danger that used to be involved, and that it still involves in some heathen lands. When a man knew that he would be disinherited, disowned by his family, possibly poisoned and killed, if he declared himself a follower of Christ, it needed heroism of a high quality to go on record. That was done, to the last extremity, by weak men and gentle women, who could be killed, but would not be forced to disown Christ. Now, all that has to be endured is the ridicule of the thoughtless and the sneer of the worldling. Yet even now there are some who are looking to Christ for salvation who have not the courage to avow themselves!

The question as to the duty of the first step should exist in the mind of any Christian. There is sometimes reluctance to take it through lack of confidence. "I am afraid I shall not be able to keep true;" "I am afraid I shall fall under the power of old sins and bring disgrace on the name of Christ;" "I am not fit to be a member of the church;" "there are people in the church whose ways I do not like;"—all these and many other reasons are given for not making profession of faith. But these will be poor excuses to offer to Christ when the time comes for the final separation of the sheep and the goats. Men and women have been classed with the world in life, but wish to be among Christ's followers in another life, will need better reasons than those to give for their neglect of duty. Self-distrust will not avail, for the promise of keeping power is freely given, and that is all sufficient; fitness is not demanded, because the church is a place for growth and development; nor are we justified in making the duty by the plea of imperfections in others. The consciousness of our own frailty should prevent our expecting perfection in others.

The confession of Christ is not to be confined to the lips only. The mere identification by name with a church is not sufficient confession, although that is demanded. There should be a confession of Christ by the life. He who takes upon him the name of Christ is under obligation to live the Christ-life. He is bound to show that religion supplies him with all the joys he needs, and that he has no need of the pleasures of the world. He is bound to be prayerful, gentle, peaceable, forbearing, sympathetic, kindly, magnanimous, trustful—to be more and more like Christ in disposition and conduct, so that the world that sees Christ no more shall see Christ in him. The effect of such direct personal testimony is proof of its value. Preaching is more potent or convincing.

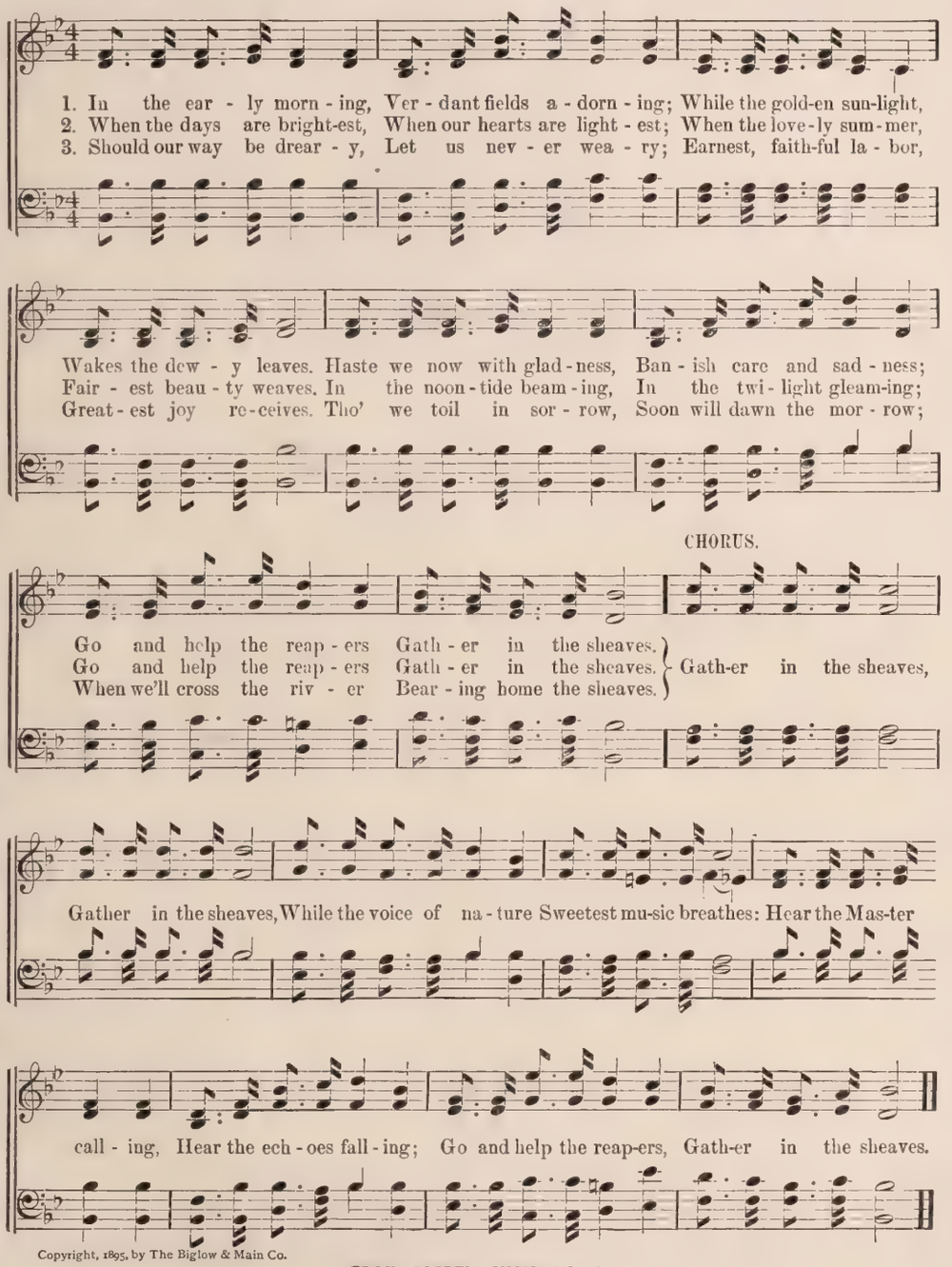


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

GATHER IN THE SHEAVES.

"BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM."—*Psa. 126 : 6.*

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
By per of the Publishers.

The Life Beyond.

[This hitherto unpublished poem by ths late Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," was read at his funeral. It was composed in 1892, during a severe illness].

TO feel the mild, delicious clime,
Where summer never fades;
To breathe the glorious atmosphere,
Which sickness ne'er invades;

To reach at last that happy land,
Where tears are never known:
To see the wondrous face of Him
Who sits upon the throne;

All the great souls of all the years,
In heaven's high courts to meet;
All kindred spirits, glorified,
To join in converse sweet;

To burst the chrysalis, and soar
On love's triumphant wing
To swell the hymns of mighty praise,
The ransomed armies sing;

To wear the robes of saints in light:
To shine as shines the sun;
To hear the Saviour's welcome voice
Pronounce the glad "well done!"

And oh, the crowning heights of bliss,
Where all the glories blend,
To know the bliss, the light, the love,
Shall never, never end!

Beyond the shades of sin and woe,
With joyful speed to fly,
And in his loving arms to rest—
Oh, 'tis a gain to die.

The Prophecy on the Mount.

The Double Application of our Lord's Predictions Recorded in Matt. 24.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER, A.B.

Continued from page 33.

FURTHER evidence that Christ's words in Matt. 24, refer to the destruction of Jerusalem in some instances and to his Second Advent in others, is furnished by an analysis of the chapter. Having predicted that the magnificent buildings should be so completely overthrown that there should not be "one stone left upon another that should not be thrown down," the Great Teacher's object manifestly appears to be to give an answer sufficiently definite, and yet not too definite to be pre-eminently practical, to the two-fold question of the disciples (verse 3): "When shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the age?" They evidently expected — probably from their knowledge of the prophecy of Zechariah (chapter 14), that "the coming," and "the end" would be coincident with the overthrow of the Temple. The answer was accordingly so shaped as sufficiently to distinguish between these events, so that they should not be in anywise confounded with, or mistaken for, each other, and yet to leave the disciples in intended ignorance of the protracted interval which should elapse between the destruction of Jerusalem and the Second Advent. For always, when speaking upon the subject of the Advent—and never more clearly than in the latter part of this and in the parables of the succeeding chapter—did our blessed Lord put that event before his hearers as one which might occur during their own lifetime, and for which, therefore, they were, each of them, personally, to be always watchful and expectant. This special object of our Lord in this discourse, as also the relationship of type and antitype which exists between them, is, it seems to me, amply sufficient for any apparent intermingling of the two events, which we know to be so widely separate, both as to time and character, from each other.

The first series of events, accordingly, which the Lord, in answer to their questions, put before his disciples in connection with the overthrow of the Temple, and with his coming at the end of "the age," or dispensation, is that of the rise of false Christs, and false teachers, or prophets, and the occurrence of "wars and rumors of wars," which he warns them should be but "the beginning of sorrows," or "birth-pangs" (verses 4-11). It is remarkable, however, that while there were false Christs and teachers in the period of the world's history shortly prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, that period is conspicuous upon the page of history for the total absence of war. Consequently the rising of "nation against nation, and kingdom against kingdom" (verse 7), here distinctly foretold, is altogether inadmissible as an event connected with, or a sign preceding the, destruction of Jerusalem, and must necessarily be referred altogether to the period prior to the Second Advent. That this latter period is also to be specially distinguished by the rise of, at all events, one false Christ, several other prophecies will fully affirm.

Thus the character of this prophecy would seem to be established as referring primarily to the destruction of Jerusalem, in which some of its particulars have been partially, and so far remarkably, fulfilled; but referring especially to the Second Advent, for complete, exhaustive fulfilment.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE BOOK SHELF

The Poor Under Moses.*

IT has often and justly been said that the life of Israel is so entirely founded on the grace and favor of God that no distinction is made between the secular and the religious laws. Whatever their origin may have been, whether they had been part of the tribal constitution before Moses' day or not, they were all regarded as divinely given. They had been accepted as fit building stones for the great edifice of that national life in which God was to reveal himself to all mankind, and behind them all was the same Divine authority. That being so, it is not wonderful, in times like these, when the air is full of plans and theories for the reconstruction of society in the interest of the toiling masses of men, that believers in the Scripture should turn with hope to the legislation of the Old Testament. In the present state of things the material conditions of life are far more deadening and demoralizing for the multitude in civilized countries than they are in many uncivilized lands. That this should be so is intolerable to all who think and feel; and men turn with hope to a scene where God is teaching and training men, not merely in regard to their individual life, as in the New Testament, but also in regard to national life. It is seen, too, that the tone and feeling of these laws are sympathetic for the poor as no other code has been; and many maintain that, if we would only return to the provisions of these laws, the social crisis which is yet only in its beginning, and which threatens to darken and overshadow all lands, would be at once and wholly averted. Men consequently are diligently inquiring what the land tenure of ancient Israel was, what its trade laws were, how the poor were dealt with, and how and to what extent pauperism was averted or provided for.

According to the Old Testament, the ideal state of things for a people like Israel was that every household should be settled upon the land, that permanent eviction from or even alienation of the holdings should be impossible, and that the whole population should have a common interest in agriculture, that most honorable and fundamental of all human pursuits. There were, of course, some men in Israel more prominent than others, and some richer, but there was to be no impassible barrier between classes such as we find in Eastern countries where caste prevails, or in Western countries where the aristocratic principle has drawn a deep dividing line between those of "good" blood and all others. So far as is known, there were no class barriers to intermarriage. From the highest to the lowest, all were servants of Yahweh, and were consequently equal. The conditions of the land tenure were such that it was impossible, if they were respected, that large estates should accumulate in the hands of individuals, and a landless proletariat could not arise. The very rich and the very poor were alike legislated out of existence, and a sufficient provision for all was that which was aimed at. By the cycle of Sabbatic periods (the weekly Sabbath, the Sabbatic year, and the year of jubilee) ample rest for the land and its inhabitants was secured; and in the limits set upon the period for which a Hebrew slave might be retained, in the release, whatever that was, which the seventh year brought to the debtor, and in the restoration of land to the impoverished owner in the year of jubilee, such a series of breakwaters were erected against the encroaching flood of pauperism, that, had they been maintained, the world would have seen for the first time a fairly civilized community in which even moderate ill-desert could not bring irretrievable ruin upon his posterity. The prodigal was hindered from selling his heritage; he could only sell the use of it for a number of years. He could not ruin himself by borrowing at extravagant rates of interest, for no one was tempted to lend him, and usury was forbidden. He might indeed run into debt and be sold into slavery along with his family, but that could only be for a few years, and then they all resumed their former position.

*From Old Paths and Landmarks; or, Personal Recollections of Bible Lands and Bible Times. By Rev. A. [illegible] D.D. Illustrated. Pp. 320. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. 10th st., New York.

When Jesus was a Child.*

WHILE Mary plied her distaff and little Janna sat upon the ground at her feet, she told him over and over again the story of Jesus' childhood. How even as a *jeled*, a newly-born one, he had been sweeter than other babies, so strong, so well-shapen, so good, never making trouble, content to lie where he was put; how as a *jonck*, a suckling, he had been bubbling over with joy, pleased at all the sights and sounds around him, brave to bear the bruises his superabundant activity brought upon him, quick to recognize every tone of his mother's voice and heed all her little warnings; and soon, through all the dear stages of infancy, ever bright and full of life, yet ever obedient to his mother's voice, and ah, so full of love, his little face shining with quick response to every one who said a pleasant word to him, yet always loving his mother best of all! And then, when he had grown to be a *taph*, a clinging one, like little Janna himself, ah, then, how dear he had been! A real help with the little brothers and sisters as they came, one by one, into the cradle, a sturdy little servant for her in her household tasks, and yet so full of play, so wide-awake with joy, that all the village children loved to be with him. They never quarrelled with him, never; they did not even quarrel among themselves when he was playing with them, for he always knew the way to make them to be at peace in their plays, "even when he was no older than you, my Janna," Mary would add, with a soft smile and a lovely, far-away look in her wondering brown eyes.

"Was he not naughty sometimes?" Janna would ask.

"He did not always find it easy to obey, he was so full of interest in whatever he was doing," Mary would answer, "but he never disobeyed. Sometimes, when he was little, like you, and his brother James was fretful and the village children were calling him to play, or when I had work for him to do and he heard the sound of a great caravan passing through the market place, he would stand still a moment when I called him, and his face would look troubled. But even then he never needed to be called twice. In a moment he would come with his brown eyes all full of love again, ready to do his mother's will. No, my Jesus never disobeyed," his mother would say reflectively; and then she would sink into silence until the little boy said again:

"Tell me more about Jesus, please."

And then she would tell him how she had taught him all the Scripture from Adam to the Flood, as it is told in the Book of Moses, while yet he was a little clinging one, standing beside her knee; and how easily he learned to repeat the *Shema*, the creed, beginning, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord," and the six Psalms of the *Hallel*, and the first eight chapters of Leviticus, which every little boy should know before he begins to go to school.

"I can say the *Shema*," Janna would interpose, "and I almost know the *Hallel*, too." And Mary would kiss him on the brow for love of the blessed child who had once stood where he was standing, leaning against her knee. And she would go on to tell how fast Jesus learned at school, and how he loved to read in the parchment roll of the Scriptures which had come down to his mother from her father's father, and which was carefully treasured in the ark which Janna had often seen on a table in the place of honor in Mary's house. For Jesus had not been satisfied with learning what the other children learned at school, but had persuaded the Chazzan, the minister of the synagogue, to teach him to read the sacred Hebrew tongue in which the Word of the Lord had come to Moses and the prophets.

"And when he grew big he used to play in the market place" Janna would ask, to whom this, rather than the reading of Hebrew, was the object of high ambition.

"Ah, yes," Mary would answer, "and all the boys were so eager to play with him. He was a very king among them, the leader in all their games, he was so strong and so swift in running, and always played fair in everything. There was always a train of boys following him, little and big, for he was very gentle to the little ones, and would never leave the big one tease them or tyrannize over them. All the little ones loved my Jesus when he was a boy."

"I love Jesus, too," little Janna would say, and again there would be silence while Mary pondered in her heart the events of that long-past childhood.

*From *Intimate Sermons of Christ and others whom Jesus loved*. By Louise Seymour Houghton. A beautiful series of studies, showing the real nature of the Messiah's kingdom, and the various classes from which our Lord's followers were drawn. Pp. 296; cloth binding; illustrated; price $1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Scottish Characteristics.†

AN American on foot will find himself less a foreigner in Scotland than in any other country in the Old World. There is something warm and hospitable—if he knew the language well enough he would call it couthy—in the greeting that he gets from the shepherd on the moor, and the conversation that he holds with the farmer's wife in the stone cottage, where he stops to ask for a drink of milk and a bit of oat-cake. He feels that there must be a drop of Scotch somewhere in his mingled blood, or at least that the texture of his thought and feelings has been partly woven on a Scottish loom—perhaps the Shorter Catechism, or Robert Burns's poems, or the romances of Sir Walter Scott. At all events, he is among a kindred and comprehending people. They do not speak English in the same way that he does—through the nose—but they think very much more in his mental dialect than the English do. They are independent and wide awake, curious and full of personal interest. The wayside mind in Inverness or Perth runs more to muscle and less to fat, has more active vanity and less passive pride, is more inquisitive and excitable and sympathetic—in short, to use a symbolist's description, it is more apt to be red-headed—than in Surrey or Somerset. Scotchmen ask more questions about America, but fewer foolish ones. You will never hear them inquiring whether there is any good bear-hunting in the neighborhood of Boston, or whether Shakespeare is much read in the States. They have a healthy respect for our institutions, and have quite forgiven (if, indeed, they ever resented) that little affair in 1776. They are all born Liberals. When a Scotchman says he is a Conservative, it only means that he is a Liberal with hesitations.

And yet in North Britain the American pedestrian will not find that amused and somewhat condescending toleration for his peculiarities, that placid willingness to make the best of all his vagaries of speech and conduct, that he finds in South Britain. In an English town you may do pretty much what you like on a Sunday, even to the extent of wearing a billycock hat to church, and the people will put up with it from a countryman of Buffalo Bill and the Wild West Show. But in a Scotch village if you whistle in the street on a Lord's Day, though it be a Moody and Sankey tune, you will be likely to get, as I did, an admonition from some long-legged, grizzled elder:

"Young man, do ye no ken it's the Sawbath Day?"

I recognized the reproof of the righteous, an excellent oil which doth not break the head, and took it gracefully at the old man's hands. . . . .

At Altnaharra, in the shadow of B Clebrig, there was a cozy little house w good fare, and abundant trout fishing Loch Naver and Loch Meadie. It w there that I fell in with a wandering pe peddler who gathered his wares from mussels in the moorland streams. I thou it must be a hard life for the man, wad day after day in the ice-cold water, groping among the coggly, sliddary sto for the shellfish, and cracking open haps a thousand before he could find pearl. "Oh, yess," said he, "and it not an easy life, and I am not saying t it will be so warm and dry as liffing rich house. But it iss the life that I fit for, and I hef my own time and thoughts to mysel', and that iss a fe goot thing; and then, sir, I haf found Pearl of Great Price, and I think upon t day and night."

There were three churches in Stornow all Presbyterian, of course, and there full of pious emulation. The idea of curing an American to preach for an Aug Sabbath seemed to fall upon them sir taneously, and to offer the prospect of elty without too much danger. The br ren of the U. P. congregation, being a t more gleg than the others, arrived firs the inn, and secured the promise morning sermon from Chancellor Hov Crosby. The session of the Free I came in a body a little later, and to t my father pledged himself for the eve sermon. The senior elder of the Estab ed Kirk, a snuff-taking man and very liberate, was the last to appear, an his request for an afternoon sermon t was nothing left to offer but the ser of the young probationer in theology could see that it struck him as a peri adventure. Questions about "the fu mentals" glinted in his watery eye. last he unburdened himself.

"Ah 'm not saying that the young will not be orthodox—ahem! But ye ki sir, in the Kirk, we are not using hy but just the pure Psawms of Daffit, i meetrical fairsion. And ye know, they are ferry tifficult in the reating, w efer, for a young man, and one that stranger. And if his father will jus coming with him in the pulpit, to see nothing iss said amiss, that will be comforting to the congregation."

So the dear governor swallowed laughter gravely and went surety fo son. They appeared together in the ch a barnlike edifice, with two galleries way between the floor and the roof. higher up, the pulpit stuck like a s low's nest against the wall. The two isters climbed the precipitous stair found themselves in a box so narrow one must stand perforce, while the sat upon the only seat. In this "rid tie" fashion they went through the vice. When it was time to preach young man dropped the doctrines a creetly as possible upon the upt countenances beneath him. I have gotten now what it was all about there was a quotation from the So Solomon, ending with "Sweet is thy and thy countenance is comely." when it came to that, the probatic eyes (if the truth must be told) searching through that sea of faces fo that should be familiar to his heart to which he might make a personal cation of the Scripture passage.

†From *Little Rivers, a Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness*. By Henry Van Dyke. A pleasant volume of travel, observation, philosophy, and quiet humor. Pp. 291; cloth binding; half gilt, price $2.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

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General Harrison Explains "Our Country"

In the January LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ex-President Harrison begins his notable articles in which he will explain just what "our country" means. In his first article he takes up the Constitution, and in a few words tells just what it provides and signifies.

Begin with General Harrison at the beginning and read

The January Issue of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Creveling, A M	1 00
Cullings, Christie A	10 00
Currie, Mrs Ellen	5 00
Currie, Robt	5 00
Currie, Mr & Mrs Wm	10 00
Curtis, W P	1 00
Carnes, Mrs C F	1 00
Clapp, Mrs A R	3 50
Clough, Laura	2 00
Cochrane, Rev & Mrs	2 00
Cole, Mrs L H	1 00
Cole, Mrs H M	5 00
Cook, Mrs Eliza	25
Coon, Mrs S M	5 00
Crage, A	1 00
Davenport, Anna M	1 00
Davis, Mrs M A	2 00
Dawson, Ralph G	2 00
Day, J	1 00
Debbank, Mr & Mrs J	5 00
Dennis, Mrs H A	1 00
Dest, W K	10 00
DeWaal, G & son	2 00
Dial, Emma M	1 00
Diddell, Mrs J J	5 00
Dixon, Miss Mary	1 00
Dillow, John R	1 50
Doriety, Lizzie	1 00
Dorman, Lucy E	50
Daubenspeck, Ella	1 00
Dedrick, Mrs M P	5 00
Dickinson, Mrs P	2 00
Dodd, J F	2 00
Ebersole, Rev W H	50
Eckert, J	1 00
Eckert, J E	1 00
Eckler, Mrs M	5 00
Eddy, W D	5 00
Elliott, Mrs T J	1 00
Evans, Mrs J L	1 00
Earle, M F	2 50
Fleming, Mrs Annie L	10 00
Eddy, D W	1 00
Ervin, C M	5 00
Ervin, Helen	1 00
Faisner, J W	1 00
Farnsworth, Mrs H Z	2 00
Fishburne, Jas A	5 00
Forbes, Geo M	2 00
Fuller, Mrs Mason	1 50
Fenton, Fred	5 00
Fisher, Mrs Eliza	50
Frey, Mrs M	4 00
Gibbs, Mary	5 00
Garrett, Miss L	3 50
Grant, Geo	25
Goode, Thos F	10 00
Goodrich, Mr & Mrs E	5 00
Graham, Maria	3 00
Graham, Mrs Mary	1 00
Green, W C	1 00
Greene, Geo H	1 00
Greene, J L	1 00
[illegible], W F	1 00
[illegible], J H	1 00
Gibbs, N E	1 00
[illegible] D C	1 00
[illegible] Mrs	75
Gotshall, Mr & Mrs M A	1 00
Hackett, Mrs J D	2 00
Hall, Mrs Etta	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Hamilton, Mr & Mrs C	2 00
Hanna, J C	5 00
[illegible], J G	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible], Mrs W P	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible], E H & A L	5 00
[illegible], Wm	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	4 00
[illegible]	50
Howell, Mrs K N	1 50
Hubbard, A C	1 00
[illegible], Wm	5 00

Hurlburt, Mrs Julia	1 00
Harvey, Mrs H	1 00
Hawkes, Lizzie M	1 00
Hawley, Henry D	10 00
Hocking, Francis	5
Hoyt, H O	1 00
Hughes, J A	10 00
Hughes, John	25 00
Hutchings, Mrs S J	3 00
Hynes, Guy & Ethel	4
Jackson, Rev. Geo G	1 00
Jamieson, A J	5 00
Jamieson, Mrs H P	5 00
Jeffers, Phoebe	1 00
Jenkinson, H L	1 00
Johns, E L	2 00
Johnson, B	2 00
Johnson, O H	1 00
Joy, H N	1 00
Johnston, G P B	1 00
Judd, Mrs C E	5 00
Kennedy, Mary E	3 00
Kerr, Mr & Mrs Jos	2 00
Kilpatrick, Anna	1 00
King, Mrs W H	2 00
Kingsley, Mrs J P	2 00
Klett, R E	1 00
Kueterle, Frank	1 00
Kirkland, W C	1 00
Kirkland's class, W C	75
Kitzmiller, E V	5 00
Knight, Miss Hattie	50
Laidlaw, Mrs S H	1 00
Laird, R W & wife	2 00
Langdale, Jessie	1 00
Langtree, Mrs H	2 00
Larson, Emma G	1 00
Lauchlin, Sam'l W	1 00
Lehr, Emma	50
Liebhardt, Lavina E	1 00
Lockman, Mrs Wm	25
Logan, Chas & wife	4 00
Looney, Mrs	1 00
Loree, Jas C & wife	2 00
Lovejoy, Francis A	1 00
Lutz, I B	1 00
Lackey, Anna	1 00
Lancaster, J A	5 00
Laughlin, Bell	1 00
Leutsker, R J	5 00
Lister, Mary	50
Little, Mrs P B	2 00
Littlefield, E & H	4
Ludgate, J C	2 00
Ludington, Civilla	25
McConnell, M W	1 00
Mace, Mary	2 00
Mae, Arita	3 00
Magee, R L	1 00
Mair, Andrew	5 00
Mair, Chas	1 00
Mair, Thos	1 00
Marsh, Minnie	1 00
Maul, A	2 00
May, A J	1 00
Melick, J W	1 00
Messmer, Onslow W	1 00
Miller, Jas	1 00
Mininger, Wm H	2 00
Morrison, Mrs W S	3 50
Morton, Edward	5 00
Mounce, J E	5 00
Murrah, E G	2 00
McCartney, Frank	1 00
McCluer, G W	30
McPheeters, Kate	1 45
Manning, Dr & Mrs	5 00
Mason, I M	1 00
Merritt, Ed	50
Mitchell, Mrs Henry	2 00
Morgan, W A	25
Musselman, N B & E V	5 00
Myers, Mary A	10 00
Nebergall, Grandma	50
Neil, John	5 00
Nesbitt, Mr J R	1 00
Nesbitt, Mrs M	5 00
Noyer, Perry F	1 00
Nevins, Mrs Harry L	1 00
Nicholas, Mrs W	50
Noish, Mrs Amelia	5 00
Noonan, Clara	50
Olmstead, Geo M	50
Oren, J K	2 00
Orndorff, Mrs G B	5 00
Park, Eleanor E	1 00
Parkhurst, A W	2 00
Peeble, Mrs John G.	5 00
Peterson, Mrs A.	5 00
Phillip, Mrs J W	50
Philips, M	2 00
Pike, E H	1 00
Pleasants, Mrs Jane	1 00
Poindexter, Mrs A L & daughter	1 50
Polley, Sam'l M	2 00
Pollock, Mary	1 00
Powell, H K	1 00
Pratt, Mrs G W	2 00
Pratt, R R	5 00
Purdy, E	1 00
Putnam, Mrs A O	3 00
Patrick, Geo. W	1 00
Persons, W F	1 00
Phillips, Mrs Luke	2 00
Quinlan, John	1 00
Quay, Wm M	2 00
Ramage, John Jr	1 00
Ramage, John Sr	1 00
Ramage, Mrs John	1 00
Ramaker, G	10 00
Reasonover, Lillie B.	1 60
Renick, Mrs	25
Renick, Chas	25
Renick, Emma	25
Renick, Frank	25
Renick, Henry	25
Renick, John	25
Reynolds, E G	5 00
Rose, J B	1 00
Rosenberg, Mrs K	1 00
Rowland, Ethel	1 00
Rowles, Mary A	1 50
Russell, J	1 00
Russell, Emma M	3 00
Russell, J J	1 00
Rasmusson, P	1 00
Rawls, E A	1 00
Rea, J H	1 00
[illegible]	10
Rechob, Wm	5
Reed, Mrs C	5 00
[illegible], Mrs J	1 00
[illegible] S S class	1 20
Rickel, J H	3 00
Robertson, H G	1 00
Rose, Mrs Alex	7 00
Ross, A H & E J P	1 00
[illegible] S S class	60
[illegible]	1 00
Sanderson, Thos	5 00

Schadt, K	4 00
Schwenck, Mrs N F	1 00
Scott, Edith	1 00
Seitz, Katie	1 00
Sharitz, D M	50
Shaw, Lydia C	5 00
Shellabarger, C J	50
Simmons, Mrs B	2 00
Simonson, C G	2 00
Simpson, E E	5 00
Simpson, Mary S	1 00
Sing, Miss R L	2 00
Sly, Edwin	1 00
Smith, Mrs E D	10 00
Smith, J H	1 00
Smith, John	5 00
Smith, Jonathan G	1 25
Smith, Miss Lucina	1 00
Snook, Miss L A W	20
Sollars, Mrs D	1 00
Soper, E C	1 00
Soule, Florence E	50
Soule, Marion E	50
Spragg, Mrs Anna	2 00
Stancliff, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Steen Bros	2 00
Stegman, Rev G	50
Stevenson, Andrew	5 00
Stevenson, Wm	5 00
Stewart, M & R	1 00
Stewart, W A	25
Stoever, Wm C	5 00
Strachan, Thos	1 00
Streeter, Julia W	2 00
Sanford, Mrs O H P	3 00
Scovill, Mrs M S	2 00
Senn, F M	1 00
Shallies, Mrs H A	1 00
Sherman, Mrs A M	1 00
Siegars, Mrs Ella	25
Silvester, Wm O	2 00
Slaton, A J	1 00
Small, Rev H	1 00
Small, Mrs H	1 00
Smith, A M	1 00
Smith, Sam'l	7 00
Smoot, Wm	20
Spaulding, Ida & Alb't	08
Spencer, Huldah	5 00
Stanway, Sam'l	1 00
Stockwell, Mr & Mrs G	5 00
Street, Mrs M	1 00
Symonds, M E	2 00
Taylor, M E	2 00
Teeter, Rev C & wife	2 00
Temple, Jos M	1 00
Thomas, Mrs Jane	20 00
Tilden, Thos	1 00
Tomlinson, J N	1 00
Tompkins, Mrs C H	1 00
Toohey, Mrs	1 00
Totel, John & family	7 00
Toy, Elizabeth	1 00
Traum, Miss Ella	1 00
Trumbull, Miss Ella	2 00
Turner, Geo	3 00
Thomas, C W	5 00
Thomas, Mrs L C	8 00
Thomas, S & Eliza J	2 00
Thompson, Mrs J	3 00
Turner, D.	1 00
Veza, Wm H	1 00
Vogely, Clara M	2 50
Vance, Lilian G	4 00
Walter, Jos A	1 50
Ward, Geo D	2 00
Warren, Etta L	1 00
Warren, N E	1 00
Warren, W R	1 00
Watts, Mrs Wm	2 00
Webb, E T	25 00
Webster, H	25
Weitknecht, C H	1 00
Welsh, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Weston, Clarence	2 00
Wheeler, Ella J	1 00
White, Mrs D	2 50
White, Dan'l	2 50
Wicker, Mrs E M	3 00
Wicks, Emily H	50
Wight, Miss L	2 00
Wilkenson, W E	1 00
Williams, D	2 00
Williamson, J A & wife	5 00
Windley, Miss Lena	50
Woodruff, Mrs B F	3 00
Woodruff, W B	15 00
Wright, Mrs Mary E.	2 00
Wyer, Miss	2 00
Walser, H	1 00
Wheeler, Chas.	2 00
Wheeler, Ella J	2 00
Whiston, Mrs Geo	14
White, Hugh L	1 00
White, Mrs M H	1 00
Wilson, Mrs R	50
Young, Amos	1 00
Mary, Burnside	1 00
Our "Wee Ethel," NY	1 00
Mrs E A B, Lottsville	1 00
M W H, Crownsville	3 00
J M Q, Kenyonville	1 00
L C L, Tamaqua	25
R O Rollo	1 00
J C F, Phila	25 00
S E G, Opelika	1 00
L B, Paeonian Sp'gs	5 00
R M C, Aurora	1 00
C N, Lowell	1 00
L W H, Cleveland	2 00
C M, Atlantic City	2 00
A and E, Mystic	4 00
J D, Eagle Mills	1 00
S A W, Tag	1 00
N M E, E Northfield	2 00
G, W Somerset	2 00
M B, Westhampton	5 00
C R Holyoke	3 00
L C L, N Y City	5 00
P L S, Waterville	5 00
A S M, Waddington	2 00
E M J, Skaneateles	1 00
H P S, Phila	1 00
S A H, Wis	5 00
T S G, Dias Creek	10 00
L C, Reading	5 00
Mrs F H M, Leslie	1 00
J F G, Hamden	2 00
M A H, Phila	1 00
A S J, Beaver River	1 00

Linnie, Cascade Sp'gs	1 00
Mrs C P J, So Hadley	1 00
Mrs G, Batavia	2 00
C A J, Freedom	1 00
Mrs C W P, Flackville	25
B G L, Paris, Ky.	1 00
M F, Picton Co.	1 00
F R C, E Thetford	1 00
Mrs M M P & R I P, Creston	4 00
Mr P W G, Phila.	3 00
Mrs E H, Phila	1 00
Mrs H G, Phila.	2 00
Z R J, Neshannock Falls	2 00
G P H, Manayunk	2 00
S B, Pensacola	1 00
A T W, Phila	1 00
S V S, Erie	2 00
Mrs H C, Chicago	1 00
M G	2 00
Friend, Bracebridge	5 00
" Webster	1 00
" Mt Airy	50
" Fulshear	1 00
" Binbrook	2 00
" Mt Eaton	1 00
" Lawrenceville	1 00
" Clarence	2 00
" Jersey City	1 00
" Pittsfield	3 00
" Rochester	2 00
" Albany	1 00
" Somersworth	1 00
" Camden	2 00
" Wolfeborough	1 00
" Bradford	1 00
" Ohio	3 50
" Pa	25
" Holyoke	2 00
" Brooklyn	5 00
" Chauncey	2 00
" Bridgeport	2 00
" Weatherfield	5 00
" of the poor, Me.	5 00
" Valatie	2 00
" Greenville	3 00
" New Britain	1 00
" Belcherton	1 00
" Acton	5 00
" Kemptville	1 00
" Hannibal	1 00
Friends, Hepburn	6 00
" Bismarck	5 00
" So Union	4 50
" Ware Ctr	3 00
2 " Taunton	2 00
2 " Brattleboro	2 00
2 " Tioga	1 00
4 " Bap Ch, Massena	2 00
" Azalia	4 50
" Waukesha	2 50
2 " Williamsville	4 00
1 H N, Riverside	3 00
" Trenton	2 00
" E Rockaway	2 00
" Toronto	2 00
" N J	1 00
" Perth	2 00
" Chanute	1 00
" Rockford	5 00
"	50
" Astoria	5 00
Inasmuch, Livingston	5 00
" Canandaigua	5 00
Reader, Springfield	5 00
" Kingston	5 00
" Cherokee	1 00
" Delavan	1 00
" Wash'ton Depot	1 00
" Mass	25
" Ogle Co.	15 00
" Rinconada	2 00
Sub'r, Newburyport	50
" Pioneer	1 00
" Newburyport	50
" Bristol Co.	1 00
" Ashby	1 00
" Storm Lake	1 00
" McDonald's Mill	1 00
" Iowa City	5 00
" Port Haywood	1 00
Sub'rs, Springfield	1 00
Sym'thizers, Charleston	10 00
For Christ's Sake, Franklin	15 00
For the Master, San Angelo	1 00
For the Master's use, Wesley	5 00
——, Palatka	19 00
——, W Bolton	1 00
——, W New Brighton	3 00
——, So Bethlehem	4 00
——, Chicora	1 00
——, Stockton	1 00
——, Baylake	1 00
——, Plainview	1 00
——, Hamilton	1 00
——, Allegheny	50
——, Machias	20 00
——, Towanda	1 00
——, Pasadena	1 00
——, Davenport	1 00
——, Montague	1 00
——, Schenectady	1 00
——, Manasquan	25
——, Essex	1 00
——, Jonesboro	2 00
——, St Louis	1 00
——, Buffalo	1 00
Working Girl, Rushv.	2 00
A Helper, Wayne	50
Family Offering, Pella	1 85
Cheerfully Given, Ind	5 00
Unworthy, Balto	1 50
Christmas Offering, Jefferson	1 20
"Christmas Gift," Sion	6 00
One who loves the Lord, Jordan Sta.	1 25
Self-denial for the Master, Balto	5 00
Mother & Daughter, Marietta	5 00
Total	**$19,277.59**

And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week.

New Cure Kidney & Bladder Diseases

If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder diseases, pain in back, or rheumatism, you should send for the new botanic discovery Alkavis, which will be sent you free by mail postpaid by the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it as it is offered you free.

For Irritation of the Throat caused by Cold or use of the voice, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are exceedingly beneficial.

Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 5, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers :

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Reader, Beverly Manit., for the salvation of a brother, also for G. E. B.——Widow, Waldrep, Tex., that her sole surviving child may become a servant of God, able and willing to serve him.——C. B., Allentown, N. Y., for the salvation of a young man who is in circumstances of strong temptation ; also for his sister that she may be led to seek Christ.——Mother, Cheyboygan, Mich., for her two sons, one of whom was formerly an earnest Christian worker, but has fallen away that he and his brother may both be saved.——L. A. F., Fort Mead, S. D., on behalf of two brothers at variance with each other that they may be reconciled and become followers of Christ ; also for a whole family who know not God, that father, mother, daughter and sons may all be won for Christ.——W. M., Renovo, Pa., that a man whose misconduct is blighting his home life may become a consistent Christian, renouncing his sins.——A. M. H., Lyman, Colo., that two young men and their wives who are now enemies of God, may become his loving obedient servants.——E. C. A., Alexandria, Va., on behalf of a whole family, that God would bring them all into his kingdom.——Subscriber, Vermillian, Ill., that the mother of four young children, now in darkness and despondency, may find peace and rest in Christ.——"One who has Faith," Reading, Pa., that a dearly loved one, who is fond of cards, theatres and intoxicating liquors, may be delivered from sin and made a new creature in Christ Jesus.——"Believer in Prayer," Lyons, Conn., that a professed follower of Christ who is leading an inconsistent life, may be brought to live nearer to God.——Burdened Mother, Millbrook, Pa., for a son who is a backslider and has abandoned his place in Church and Sunday School, that God would restore him ; also for another son exposed to temptation, that he may be kept from falling into sin.

For the Restoration of Health : W. R., W. Armiger, Md., on behalf of a dear brother whose mental balance has been lost that he may recover his reason and became a child of God.——F. M. D., Mekean, Pa., for the recovery of husband and daughter both of whom are great sufferers and that God would mercifully change their hearts and give them his Spirit.——J., Moorpark, Mich., that a beloved mother now seriously ill may be restored to health.——"Subscriber," for a woman suffering from an excruciating disease, that God would grant her relief and recover her, that she may resume her place in the household and be the means of leading her two sons to Christ.——"Reader," Montrose, Minn., who has been a sufferer for seven years that God would give new health and strength.

For Special Blessings : "Anxious Christian Brother," Baltimore, Md., under heavy financial burdens, that God would direct him to a way by which he may be enabled to obtain funds for the honorable discharge of just debts and that his creditors will be patient with him and give him time to meet his obligations.——Distressed Husband, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his wife, who has deserted him, may be found and restored to her family and that he may have strength to resist the temptations of a false comforter.——P. R. P., Lake City, Minn., that grace may be given him to overcome secret sins, evil suggestions and vile thoughts and imaginations.——"Believer in Prayer, Malden, Ill., for wisdom to do right in difficult circumstances.——R. C., Bethany, Ill., that God would hear the prayerr of a church for the outpouring of his Spirit in blessing a special meeting now being held.——L. E. S., Jersey City, N. J., that he may have the strength to follow the example of Joseph in like circumstances and that God would enable him to hold fast to the right under terrible temptation.

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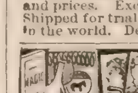

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Dictated by T.A.S.

New York, Jan. 2d,

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The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its i strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence gentleman making the offer, who holds out life to those already be emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflict There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mist be in passing the generous invitation by.

Mail your address at once to T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl street, Ne

Druze Homes Laid Waste.

Another Phase of the Moslem Warfare Against all Other Faiths.

FRIENDS in New York have received from Mary Pearson Eddy, the famous medical missionary in the East a letter giving some startling news concerning the war lately begun by the Arab Moslems against the Druzes. She writes as follows.

DEAR FRIEND: — On Tuesday last a battle was fought between the Druzes on one side, and the Arabs of Jorlan, the Circassians, and fifteen hundred regular troops. There are two hundred and thirteen wounded besides the slain. These Druzes had long ruled that section of the country from to Caesarea Philippi, and refused to pay taxes, so the order for their extermination has evidently gone forth. In the five villages burnt were many Christians. They begged Memdouh Pasha to spare their homes. Though none of them were killed their houses are burnt. In Mejdel, the first place burned, by actual count, thirty Christian homes were laid waste, and twenty Druze houses. Our little church and school house and the teachers home also burned. We are distressed beyond all measure, as this is but the beginning. The Druze women were dragged out of our little church in Ain Kunyeh, where they had taken refuge. Little children were trampled under the horses' feet. I am hastily gathering all the garments I can, and hope in three days to start out to Hasbeiya. I am going first to our station at Sidon, and as the scene of this conflict is but a short distance from there I shall be able to render aid, I trust. We have heard that yesterday they were going to attack Bargoz, hardly four miles from Sidon. The Christian women are in a Moslem village temporarily on suffrance. They must be provided for, as they are absolutely destitute. The survivors of the Druzes, the wounded, the women and the children, are in this fearful winter weather living in caves on Mt. Hermon, starving, with no one in all that region to pity them. Those icy slopes, and snow-bound passes will not long support life. The country is under martial law, and perhaps I may be able only to send supplies to the wounded, but I will do the utmost in my power to help. As to danger, my mother bids me go, and I am sure of my father's permission when he returned from Egypt on Friday, and I count not my life dear unto me if only I can help the wounded and suffering. This is but the beginning."

Miss Eddy adds that any help that may be sent will be applied toward the sufferers.

Let Us Have Peace.

What! Go to war with kith and kin,
Our friends across the sea,
And maim and kill our flesh and blood
And pray on bended knee?
What! After nineteen hundred years
Of Christian faith and zeal,
Imbrue our hands in brothers' blood
As we in mockery kneel?
We'll not believe it, God forbid
That men for power or gain,
Should stir up strife and calmly look
On friends and brothers slain!
May faith and wisdom rule the hour
And angry passions wane,
While "Peace on earth, good-will to men"
And truth and justice reign.

—FITZ NAGLE.

A Rajah's Gift.

The Rajah of Bardwan, India, was found at a Missionary sitting near his treasury with fifty bags of money before him. Each contained one thousand rupees. One part of the money he sent to Benares where he could built two heathen temples on the river side in which many priests prayed for him. Another he sent to Juggernaut where the great idol was worshipped. These gifts are made annually. Christians can often learn lessons from the heathen, in the generosity they show towards their false gods.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

E. C. Bogert.
Miss M. Coe.
In Memorium, Eden, Ont.
S. Bruyere.
W. H. Astin.
M. G., Whitehall, N. Y.
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Especially suitable for gifts, as the quality is so well known. "1847" is the guarantee of original Rogers goods. "XII" means—three times the usual thickness of silver where most needed. Be sure of the right trade-mark.

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Restores Health.

We are the most nervous people on earth, and without Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine it would be impossible to go on much longer and rush and hustle and push as we do, without completely wearing ourselves out. If you are nervous, go to any druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and if the first bottle fails to benefit, your money will be refunded. If in doubt as to symptoms, send for our free book on heart and nervous diseases. Address,

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Teeth and eyes saved: Needle threading conquered at last. This patent thimble combines a needle threader through which a needle can be easily threaded. Also a thread cutter which never dulls. Two ingenious attachments saving teeth, biting thread, and eyes threading needle while sewing.

The thimbles are highly polished and plated and resemble coin silver. The threader is the most perfect ever produced. The combination thimble and threader retail for 10 cts. though they have been sold as high as a dollar a piece. Agents make $3.00 a day. Sample by mail postpaid 10 cts., one doz. 85 cts.

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Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
It steadies the nerves, clears the brain and promotes digestion. Makes a pleasant and wholesome beverage.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.
Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and particulars of your disease.

WHEN You fry fish or oysters in Cottolene they will not be greasy. Always have the skillet or frying pan cold when the COTTOLENE is put in. Remember that COTTOLENE heats to the cooking point sooner than lard and that it must not be allowed to burn.

COTTOLENE

when rightly used, never imparts to food any disagreeable greasy odor or flavor. For pastry or any shortening purpose, but ⅔ the quantity that was formerly used of lard, is necessary, if Cottolene

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal.

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"It gives me pleasure to say that you have cured me of Asthma. I suffered several days at a time every year for over ten years, before I commenced Dr. Hayes' treatment. After a thorough trial I was cured, and haven't suffered a minute since. This was over five years ago. If you wish you may publish this." G. L. CONNOR, M. D., Cokesbury, S. C.

"Schuyler is very well, and entirely free from Asthma and the other complaints that formerly troubled him so much. For the past two years he has had no return of his Asthma, and is strong and well, and can do his ten or twenty miles on his bicycle. As for myself I have had no return of Asthma for several years, and in fact have never had since the first year of using your medicine (1888." W. C. PATE, 46 Cedar St., New York, N. Y.

2000 other references, with full information, free on application to Dr. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

This $70 High-Grade New Folding Cabinet "Kenwood" Sewing Machine $22 WITH COUPON HIGH ARM.

$27.00 is our special Wholesale Price. Never before sold for less. To quickly introduce this latest style Folding Cabinet we have decided to make a Special Coupon Offer giving every reader of this paper a chance to get a strictly high grade sewing machine at the lowest price ever offered. On receipt of $22.00 and coupon we will ship this machine anywhere and prepay all freight charges to any railway station east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not as represented after 30 days test trial. We will ship C.O.D., with privilege of 20 days trial on receipt of $5.00. The "Kenwood" is the best machine ever made, regardless of price. Twice to three times the money has been paid for machines not as good. It has all the latest improvements including many points of superiority over other family machines. It sews faster, runs easier, makes less noise and lasts longer than any other. Ten years written warranty. Complete set of best attachments free. The Folding Cabinet is beautiful in design, oak or walnut, highly polished, elegantly finished, strong and simple in construction; will not get out of order, can be opened or closed by a child. When not in use the machine head is tipped down out of the way and the extension leaf folds over, forming a neat table. Altogether it is the most simple, convenient and satisfactory machine ever sold. Buy the "Kenwood" and get the best. If you prefer thirty days trial before paying, send for our large illustrated CATALOGUE WITH TESTIMONIALS, explaining fully how we ship sewing machines anywhere, to anyone at lowest manufacturers' prices without asking one cent in advance. We are headquarters and have all makes and kinds in stock from cheapest to the best. Over 52 different styles. High Arm "Arlington" machines $14.00 and $16.50, guaranteed better than machines sold by others at $19.00 to $23.00. We also sell new Singer machines at $8.00, $11.50, $15.00. If you want a sewing machine now is the time to get one at a bargain direct from the manufacturers. This is a chance of a life time, and you cannot afford to let the opportunity pass.

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This ad. will not appear again; better write today.

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Good for
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If sent with order for No. 19 "KENWOOD"

Address (in full) CASH BUYERS' UNION,
158-164 West Van Buren St., Dept. 18, Chicago, Ills.

Nature Songs for Little Singers,
In School, at Home, and by the Way.
Written and Composed by N. B. Sargent, A. M.

This is a book of Rote Songs, and consists of school songs, work songs, flower and bird songs, musical lessons in botany, and songs on all the various subjects of interest to child life in nature. The words and music are entirely original, and are melodious, pleasing, instructive, and entertaining. The book will be of great value in the primary and intermediate grades of public schools, as well as in the home. Price, 30 Cents.

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Wants HARTMANN'S W. W's. for Home Use, Traveling, etc.: Invaluable and Indispensable; Soft, Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less than cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; sample 6 cents. HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,
56 Broadway, New York

Your Neighbor

uses WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE. She will tell you of its great convenience (it is made instantly, with boiling water or milk), of its purity, and its superior quality. In 1 pound and ½ pound tins.—All dealers.—Everywhere.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Philadelphia.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P.O. Box 289. 31 & 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

Write to The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co., So. Omaha, Neb., for free copy of "Ranch Book," and enclose 4-cents in stamps for sample of REX BRAND EXTRACT OF BEEF, which gives to soups, stews, etc, extra Flavor

An Aged Christian's Faith.

PROBABLBY the oldest Christian resident in a considerable section of Kansas, is Mrs. Mary Dayly Webster, of the town of Manhattan, Kan., whose portrait appears on this page. She in now in her 98th year and until the last two years, was possessed of a vigor and activity that might have been envied by those many years younger. Even now, although unable to walk, owing to a fall sometime ago, she is a marvel to all, both on account of her general health and her cheerfulness.

MRS. MARY D. WEBSTER.

Mrs. Webster was born in 1799 in Maryland. At the age of twenty, she was married to Dickinson Webster, of Delaware. They resided in Wilmington seven years, at which time Ohio was the "far West" and the land of promise. They caught the Western fever and with their children moved by wagon across the plains and mountains to the hills of Southern Ohio, twenty miles east of Zanesville, settling on a tract of land where the heavy timber had to be cut where their cabin was to be built. There, above mines of undiscovered minerals, they lived until 1848, when the excitements of emigration to Iowa induced them again to load their wagons, and leaving their oldest son and daughter in Ohio, they traveled six weeks through the swamps and unsettled prairies of Indiana and Illinois. At that time they had never seen a train of cars. But one railroad was to be crossed—that at Dayton, Ohio—on the whole road. They located in Clark county, Iowa, where the husband died. The widow was left in care of a son, with whom she now lives, near Lexington, Neb. Mrs. Webster is an invalid, and for two years has had to be lifted from each changing position. She is to all around, throughout a very large section, a marvel of Christian patience and fortitude. The presence of this aged, Christian worker is a Gospel to all who meet her, and the simple faith in God she displays at all times is refreshing and inspiring to others. Her memory remains unimpaired, while other faculties are rapidly failing. Her house was always opened for preaching when she lived in remote places, and before school houses and churches could be provided, and many a minister has there found a warm home. One of her daughters resides in New York, two in Des Moines, Ia., a son in Mo., and a daughter in the town of Manhattan, Kan.

Alcohol in the U. S. Army.

The report of the Surgeon General of the United States Army for the last year, writes George Grantham Bain, shows how prevalent was the liquor habit among enlisted men. In the entire army thirty-four men in every thousand were under treatment last year for alcoholism. This, of course, does not represent the range of indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks, but the use of them to so intemperate a degree as to call for the services of a surgeon. More than one-fifth of the garrison at Fort Porter, N. Y.; more than one-sixth at Newport Barracks, Ky., and Willets Point, N. Y.; more than one-seventh at Key West Barracks, Fla., and Jackson Barracks, La.; and more than one-tenth at Fort Warren, Mass., and Fort Sidney, Neb., were under treatment for alcoholism during the year.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$510 93
"C."	10 00
——, Limestoneville.	2 00
N. E. Barrett	50
Total	**$523.43**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$59 25
F A Flower	50
M C N, No Falmouth	5 00
Total	**$64.75**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$60 65
Mrs C Coatsworth	5 00
M C N, No Falmouth	5 00
Total	**$70.65**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$541 30
W B H, Lakeland	1 00
Mrs M B Duvall	1 00
One who loves Him	5 00
In Jesus' Name, Shusham	4 00
Mrs E A Peers	1 00
Mrs F M Lentz	50
Edward Morton	5 00
M C N, No Falmouth	10 00
Mrs D Pease	1 00
Total	**$569.80**

For The Christian Herald Children's Home.

Previously ack'd	$5,870 62
Lyman Cobb, Jr	3 96
Henry Hoenig	5 00
Louisa, Va	5 00
Mrs M J Lewis	1 00
A Little Helper	5
Mary Comfort	50
Jane Hope	10 00
Mother and Son	5 00
Total	**$5901.13**

Five Points House of Industry.

Previously ack'd	$20 00
Jane Hope	10 00
Total	**$30.00**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$118 70
B M N	5 00
Geo Wormer	50
Mrs Gertrude Fuller	3 50
Mrs C F Miller	1 00
Invalid, Mo	2 00
Mary Kerr	2 00
Mrs Margaret Mogee	3 50
Friend, Jonesville	5 00
Mrs Alice N Black	50
Mary L Ittner	25
Total	**$141.95**

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$153 00
R A C, Lebanon,	2 00
L Brown	1 00
W O Kidd	5 00
——	1 00
Andover, (for Dr Nassau)	2 00
Mrs J Hazard (for Dr Currie)	5 00
Total	**$169.00**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$373 25
One who loves Him	5 00
Mr & Mrs Sheppard	2 00
Isabella Kerr	1 00
Old Subr, Caseyville	1 50
C C Grubb	2 00
Reader, Waukegan	1 00
Total	**$385.75**

For Mrs. Williamson's Fund.

Previously ack'd	11 25
Miss Lucie Johnson	1 50
Total	**$12.75**

For New York Rescue Band

Edith Kerr	1 00

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$18 50
King's Daughters, O	1 00
Total	**$19.50**

Home Missions.

Previously ack'd	$18 50
Jacob Johnson	1 00
Total	**$19.50**

No lamp is a good one without the right chimney. The "Index to Chimneys" free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of "pearl glass" and "pearl top."

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No church ought to be without facilities for furnishing pure recreation. With a Stereopticon the interesting places of the world can be shown; inspiring moral and temperance stories illustrated; humor made realistic; choicest statuary and artistic gems flashed upon the screen. Do you know of anything better? We don't.

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Ideal Spring Beds Our booklet, "Wide awake facts about sleep," illustrating and describing them, together with an up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three two cent stamps.

Foster Reps. M'f'g Co., 1 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

The Progress of Medical Science.

CONSUMPTION.

A scientific discussion of this dread disease, its cause, treatment and cure, by Dr. Robert Hunter, the father of inhalation and most eminent lung specialist of the day. After a period of research extending over half a century, Dr. Hunter explains his perfected discovery of a specific remedy for consumption, and proves its success not only scientifically but through the grateful testimonials of his patients. Dr. Hunter was for forty years the *sole* advocate of the *germ theory* of consumption which is now accepted by the medical profession throughout the world as the *only* correct theory—thus establishing beyond doubt his superior knowledge of this disease. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HEARLD can obtain Dr. Hunter's book explaining his treatment without charge by addressing him at his residence, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

$25 TO $50 PER WEEK can be made by AGENTS taking orders for **MARION HARLAND'S** NEW BOOK, **"Home of the Bible,"** rare, radiant and charming. Hundreds of new photos: **lands, scenes, people and places.** Story of travel in the Holy land, portrayed for the first time by woman's pen. Nearly 500 extra large pages. Agents already reaping a **Golden Harvest of Fall and Holiday Orders.** One reports 60 sales in 12 hours. Liberal terms. No experience needed. Write for agency quick. **Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia.**

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Delicate Cake easily removed without breaking. Require no greasing. All styles — round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35 cts. Write for prices. CAUTION.—Our Trade Mark, "Perfection" on all Improved Tins. Can't leak batter. Made with a groove. Look for it. **Agents Wanted.** RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 62 St. Bats, N. Y.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy

By Prof HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.

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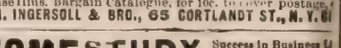

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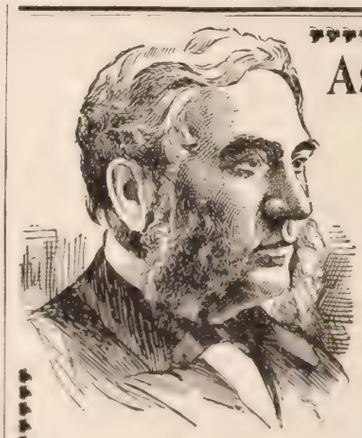

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"Catarrh Permanently Cured"

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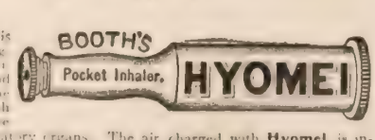
Dear Sirs: I had catarrh for twenty years, and the last ten years (all of which time has been passed in this great establishment) I suffered fearfully. One half-dozen handkerchiefs per day would be used. It extended to my throat; the base of my tongue was badly affected. I constantly kept in my mouth cardamon seeds, or some such breath purifier. I could not sleep with my mouth closed. I began using Hyomei in December, and in two weeks I was entirely—and now, after four months and no return of the disease, I can say, *permanently*—cured. I am going to ask the head of the firm, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, to indorse this statement.

MRS. ELVIRA E. B. GIBSON.

Indorsed—Eben D. Jordan.



Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause disease in the respiratory organs. The air, charged with **Hyomei,** is inhaled at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. Consultation and trial free at my office.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail. $1.00, consisting of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber (beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei,** a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** cures. Are you open to conviction?

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Asthma is the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical ... of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of ... powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, ... Send them your name and ... It ... and ... cures.

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The greatest surprise has been expressed by thousands of **Readers** and **Subscribers** to **The Christian Herald** who took advantage of our last **Special Coupon Offer** entitling the bearer to an elegant **Free Hand Crayon Portrait** at a remarkably low price.

It wasn't fuss, hurrah, or an advertising scheme that brought the people here. The many orders we received was the logical result of doing first-class work at a strikingly low price.

Those who patronize us once become our friends, and send us other customers.

The Favorite Photograph and Portrait Studio therefore agree to furnish to **Christian Herald** coupon holders an elegant **free hand life-size crayon** bust with a handsome burnished **carved gilt frame**—size 30 x 34 outside, and 16 x 20 inside—for only $5.50. Remember this offer is only good when order is accompanied with **The Christian Herald coupon,** our regular price without the coupon being $12.00.

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS CRAYON PORTRAIT.

Cut out the **coupon** printed below and send it with a photograph, tin-type, or daguerreotype of the person—living or dead—whose picture you desire, and enclosing a deposit of One Dollar. Within 10 days we will send you by express a life-size **crayon** bust with an **elegant frame** complete like cut, with privilege of examination. If satisfactory, you will remit us the balance due of $4.50 on crayon portrait and the express charges.

Take advantage of this remarkable **Offer,** and if you have a likeness of your pastor, friend, parents, or children, send it to us and you will appreciate our work beyond expression.

The Favorite Photograph and Portrait Studio, (Near Tiffany's)
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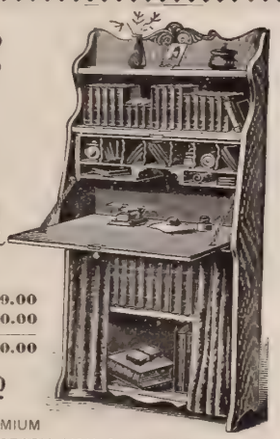

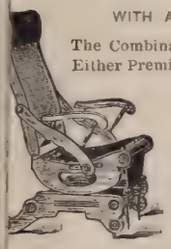

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as they should be washed, is a difficult problem to the woman who uses ordinary soap. To the woman who uses

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the *perfect* soap, it's no task at all. COPCO takes out all the dirt—none of the color. Neither shrinks the stocking nor eats it full of holes. Things washed with COPCO soap look like new until *worn* out. Price 5 cents per cake at the dealers.

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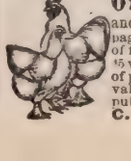

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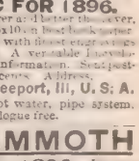

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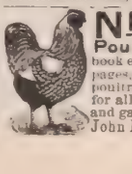

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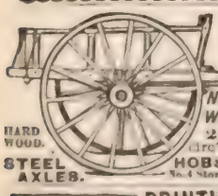

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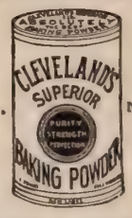

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VOLUME 19. NUMBER 4

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

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AN ORIENTAL BARBER-SHOP — A FAMILIAR STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS. (*See Page 63.*)

SAY SO.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Psalms 107: 2, "*Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.*"

AN overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion, and requests all who have been rescued and blessed, no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them, and as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics, and are fluent and voluble on the Venezuelan question, and bi-metalism, and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skilfully watch your chance if you want to put into the active conversation a modest suggestion of your own; but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience, and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now, if you have been redeemed of the Lord, why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Koh-i-noor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout life-boat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you? If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils, and all worlds, "say so."

In these January days, thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best ways of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric, and world-wide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine, and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting and, not in a conventional or canting or doleful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, [illegible] and the revival will begin then and there, if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to [illegible] it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there. There are so many I [illegible] converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion,—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. But after awhile a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage, and had always been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the Gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning,—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said, "That is exhilarating; that was my experience," and so I was strengthened. In another prayer meeting a man got up and told us how he once hated God, and went through all the round of iniquity, until we were all on nettles lest he should go too much into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled flat, and then got up a Christian, and had ever since been going around with a Baxter Bible with large flaps under his arm, a floating evangelist. Well, under this story many are not helped at all, for they know they never hated God, and they were never dissolute. But after awhile some Christian woman arises and says, "I have nothing extraordinary to tell; yet I think the cares of life, the anxieties about my children, and two graves opened in our family plot, made me feel the need of God, and weak and helpless and heart-broken, I flung myself upon his mercy, and I feel what the Bible calls the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much for me." I declare that before that woman got through we were all crying, not bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and in three days, in that neighborhood, all the ice had gone out of the river in a spring-time freshet of salvation. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

I have but little interest in what people say about religion as an abstraction, but I have illimitable interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was an expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great despondency about his soul, and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn:—

[illegible]

It was after Abraham Lincoln had been comforted in the loss of "Tad," the bright boy of the White House, that he said, "I now see as never before the preciousness of God's love in Jesus Christ, and how we are brought near to God as our Father by him."

What a thrill went through the meeting in Portland, Oregon, when an ex-Attorney General of the United States arose and [illegible] I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. I feel now perfectly satisfied. The burden is rolled off and all gone, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gellacius, the play-actor, in the theatre at Heliopolis. A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In derision of the ordinance of baptism a bath-tub, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gellacius, pronouncing over him the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesqued baptism, he looked changed, and was changed, and he cried out to the audience, "I am a Christian; I will die as a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances, "I am a Christian; I will die as a Christian." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out! If all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the note. If all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop. If all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.

There lingers on this side of the river that divides earth and heaven, ready at any time to cross over, the apostle of prayer for this century, Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, and if he should put on his spectacles and read this, I salute him as more qualified than any man since Bible times in demonstrating what prayer can do. Dear Brother Lanphier! The high heavens are full of his fame. Having announced a meeting for 12 o'clock, September 23, 1857, he sat in the upper room on Fulton street, New York, waiting for people to come. He waited for a half hour, and then a footfall was heard on the steps, and after awhile in all six persons arrived; but the next day twenty, and the next day forty, and from that time to this, for over thirty-eight years, every day, Sabbath excepted, that Fulton Street Prayer Meeting has been a place where people have asked prayer and answers to prayer have been announced, and the throb of that great heart of supplication has thrilled not only into the heavens, but clear around the world, more than any spot on earth. That has been the place where the redeemed of the Lord said so!

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes, their nervous system used up by the cares, the losses, the disappointments, the worriments of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. But those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been to them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate. Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will soon pass and they will be gone out of your sight, and their ears will not hear and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf, and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

In conjugal life the honeymoon is soon past, and the twain take it for granted that each is thoroughly understood. How dependent on each other they become, and the years go by, and perhaps nothing is said to make the other fully understand that sense of dependence. Impatient words sometimes come forth, and motives are misinterpreted, and it is taken as a matter of course that the two will walk the path of life side by side until about the same time their journey shall be ended; but some sudden and appalling illness unloosens the right hands that were clasped years before at the altar of orange blossoms, the parting takes place, and among the worst of all the sorrows is that you did not oftener, if you ever did at all, tell her or tell him how indispensable she was, or how indispensable he was to your happiness, and that in some plain, square talk, long ago, you did not ask for forgiveness for infirmities and neglects, and by some unlimited utterance make it understood that you fully appreciated the fidelity and reinforcement of many years. Alas how many such have to lament the rest of their lives, "Oh, if I had only said so!"

My subject takes a wider range. The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined his army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be, or because of a fear that they may not hold out, or because of a spirit of procrastination. They have never publicly professed Christ. They have as much right to the sacraments and as much right to all the privileges of the church as thousands who have for years been enrolled in church membership, and yet they have made no positive utterance by which the world may know they love God and are on the road to heaven. They are redeemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an augmentation would be if by some divine impulse those outsiders should become insiders. I tell you what would bring them to the right places, and perhaps nothing else will. Days of persecution! If they were compelled to take sides as between Christ and his enemies, they would take the side of Christ, and the faggots and the instruments of torture, and the anathemas of earth and hell would not make them blanch. Martyrs are made of such stuff as they are. But let them not wait for such days as I pray to God may never come. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice and obligation, let them show their colors. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!

This chapter from which I take my text mentions several classes of persons who ought to be outspoken; among them those who go on a journey. What an opportunity you have, you who spend much of your time on rail-trains or on shipboard, whether on lake or river or sea. Spread the story of God's goodness and your own redemption wherever you go. You will have many a long ride before some one whom you will never see again, some one who is waiting for one word of rescue or consolation. Make every railtrain and steamer a moving palace of saved souls. Casual conversations have harvested a great host for God. There are many Christian workers in pulpits, in mission stations, in Sabbath Schools, in unhealthy of places who are doing their best for Christ and without any recognition. They pray and come, and no one cheers them. Perhaps all the reward they get is harsh criticism, or repulse, or their own fatigue. If you have ever heard of any good they have done, let them know about it. If you know some one benefitted by their alms, or their prayers, or their cheering word, go and tell them. They may be almost ready to give up their mission. They may be almost in despair because of the seeming lack of results. One word from you may be an exhumation that will start them on the best work of their lifetime. A Christian woman said to her pastor, "My usefulness

che. I do not know why my life is spared
ay longer, because I can do no good."
Then the pastor replied, "You do me great
od every Sabbath." She asked, "How
I do you any good?" and he replied,
In the first place, you are always in your
t in the church, and that helps me, and
the second place, you are always wide
ake and alert, looking right up into my
e, and that helps me; and in the third
ce, I often see tears running down your
eeks, and that helps me." What a good
ng he did not wait until she was dead
ore he said so!

There are hundreds of ministers who
ve hard work to make sermons because
one expresses any appreciation. They
afraid of making him vain. The mo-
nt the benediction is pronounced they
n on their heels and go out. Perhaps
was a subject on which he had put
ecial pains. He sought for the right
t, and then did his best to put the old
ought into some new shape. He had
ayed that it might go to the hearts of
e people. He had added to the argu-
nt the most vivid illustrations he could
nk of. He had delivered all with a
wer that left him nervously exhausted.
ve hundred people may have been bless-
by it, and resolved upon a higher life
d nobler purposes. Yet all he hears is
e clank of the pew door, or the shuffling
feet in the aisle, or some remark about
e weather, the last resort of inanity.
hy did not that man come up and say
nkly, "You have done me good?" Why
d not some woman come up and say,
shall go home to take up the burden of
e more cheerfully?" Why did they
t tell him so? I have known ministers,
the nervous reaction that comes to some
ter the delivery of a sermon with no
eming result, to go home and roll on the
or in agony.

But to make up for this lack of outspok-
religion there needs to be and will be a
reat Day, when amid the solemnities
nd grandeurs of a listening universe God
ill "say so." No statistics can state
w many mothers have rocked cradles
nd hovered over infantile sicknesses and
rought up their families to manhood and
omanhood, and launched them upon
seful and successful lives, and yet never
ceived one "Thank you" that amounted
anything. The daughters became queens
social life or were affianced in highest
alms of prosperity; the sons took the
rst honors of the university and became
diant in monetary or professional spheres.
low the secret of all that uplifted matern-
l influence must come out. Society did
ot say so; the Church did not say so; the
orld did not say so, but on that day of
ll other days, the Last Day, God will
ay so.

There are men to whom life is a grind
nd a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be
vercome, accidental environments to be
ndured, appalling opposition to be met
nd conquered, and they never so much as
ad a rose pinned to their coat lapel in ad-
iration. They never had a song dedicat-
d to their name. They never had a book
resented to them with a complimentary
vord on the fly-leaf. All they have to
how for their lifetime battle is scars. But
n the Last Day the story will come out,
nd that life will be put in holy and trans-
endent rhythm, and their courage and per-
istence and faith and victory will not
nly be announced but rewarded. "These
re they that came out of great tribulation
nd had their robes washed and made
white in the blood of the Lamb." God
vill say so!

We miss one of the chief ideas of a Last
Judgment. We put into the picture the
ire, and the smoke, and the earthquake,
nd the descending angels, and the upris-
ng dead, but we omit to put into the pic-
ure that which makes the Last Judgment
magnificent opportunity. We omit the
act that it is to be a day of glorious expla-
nation and commendation. The first jus-
ice that millions of unrewarded, and un-
ecognized, and unappreciated men and
women get will be on that day, when ser-
vices that never called forth so much as a
newspaper line of finest pearl or diamond
type, as the printers term it, shall be call-
ed up for coronation. That will be the day
of enthronement for those whom the world
called "Nobodies." Joshua, who com-
manded the sun and moon to stand still,
needs no Last Judgment to get justice
done him, but those men do need a Last
Judgment who at times, in all armies, un-
der the most violent assault, in obedience
to command, themselves stood still.
Deborah, who encouraged Barak to brave-
ry in battle against the oppressors of Isra-
el, needs no Last Judgment to get justice
done her, for thousands of years have
clapped her applause. But the wives who
in all ages have encouraged their husbands
in the battles of life, women whose names
were hardly known beyond the next street
or the next farmhouse, must have God
say to them, "You did well! You did glo-
riously!" God will say so.

And now I close with giving my own
personal testimony, for I must not enjoin
upon others that which I decline myself
to do. Born at Boundbrook, New Jersey,
of a parentage as pious as the world ever
saw, I attest before earth and heaven that
I have always felt the elevating and re-
straining influence of having had a good
father and a good mother, and if I am able
to do half as well for my children as the
old folks did for me I will be thankful for-
ever. The years of my life passed on un-
til, at about eighteen years of age, I felt
the pressure of eternal realities, and after
prayer and religious counsel I passed into
what I took to be a saved state, and joined
the church, and I attest before earth and
heaven that I have found it a most helpful
and inspiring association. I like the com-
panionship so well that I cannot be satis-
fied if I have a day less of it than all eter-
nity. After graduating at collegiate and
theological institutions I had the hands of
ten or twelve good men put upon my head
in solemn ordination, at Belleville, New
Jersey, and I attest before earth and
heaven that the work of the Gospel min-
istry has been delightful, and I expect to
preach until my last hour. Many times I
have passed through deep water of be-
reavement, and but for the divine promise
of heavenly reunion I would have gone
under, but I attest before earth and heaven
that the comfort of the Gospel is high,
deep, glorious, eternal. Many times have
I been maligned and my work misrepre-
sented, but all such falsehood and perse-
cution have turned out for my advantage
and enlarged my work, and I attest before
earth and heaven that God has fulfilled to
me the promises, "Lo! I am with you al-
ways," and "The gates of hell shall not
prevail against you."

For the cheer of younger men in all de-
partments, let me say you will come out
all right if you mind your own busi-
ness and are patient. The assault of
the world is only being rubbed down
by a rough Turkish towel, and it im-
proves the circulation and makes one
more vigorous. While the future holds
for me many mysteries which I do not pre-
tend to solve, I am living in expectation
that when my poor work is done I shall
go through the gates and meet my Lord
and all my kindred who have preceded
me, a precious group whom I miss more
and more as the years go by, and I attest
before earth and heaven that the glories
of the heavenly world illumine my path-
way. In courts of law the witness may
kiss the Bible or lift his right hand in
oath, but as I have often kissed the dear
old Book, I now lift my right hand and
take oath by Him that liveth forever and
ever that God is good, and that the Gos-
pel is a mighty consolation in days of
trouble, and that the best friend a man
ever had is Jesus, and that heaven is ab-
solutely sure to those who trust and serve
the blessed Redeemer: to whom be glory
and dominion and victory and song, and
chorus of white-robed immortals, standing
on seas of glass mingled with fire. Amen
and amen!

An Oriental Barber.

His Open-Air Workshop a Sight Familiar to Travelers in Eastern Lands.

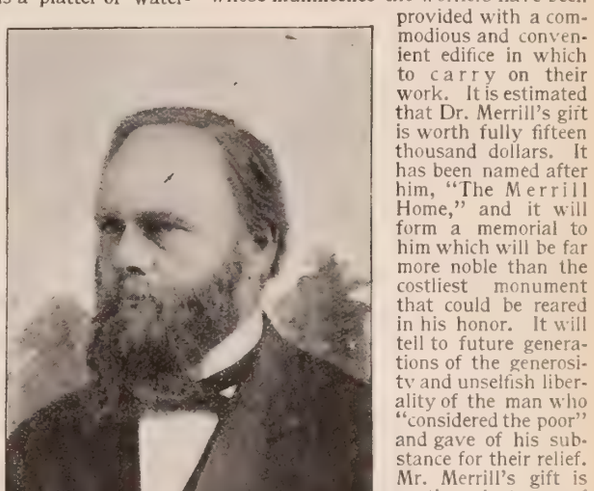
IN the warm climate of the Orient, a multitude of avocations which, with us, are followed indoors, are performed in the open air. In the great bazaars of Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, a majority of the merchants have their wares exposed outdoors, and they, with possibly one or more assistants (whenever the establishment is of sufficient consequence to require more than a single attendant) ensconce themselves in some shady nook or recess or beneath some dingy awning, while the purchaser leisurely strolls along and examines their wares. Great stocks of valuable shawls, wrappings of silk and woven stuffs, cotten and linen, silverware and gold, antiques in brass, copper and other metals, swords and all kinds of weapons, are sold in the open air in many shops of Damascus, Aleppo, Beyrout, Smyrna, Jerusalem and even Constantinople. Workmen ply their trade on the sidewalk in little tents or booths, skilled artizans in precious metal as well as the humble maker of sandals.

Not the least picturesque of these *alfresco* Oriental workmen is the barber who may be frequently seen plying his calling in the picturesque fashion shown in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue. In all Eastern countries the barber is a much respected social functionary. Yet shaving is by no means the comfortable luxury in the East that it is among the Western people. Our later civilization has introduced many luxurious accompaniments to the art tonsorial that are totally unknown in the East, where the same appliances are still employed that have been used for many centuries. An Oriental barber shop or booth is usually found on some street aside from the main thoroughfare. Here the white-robed and turbaned attendant waits upon his patron, seating him upon a chair or stool, not unlike a "tabourette" or diminutive table, such as is used in Syrian and Turkish homes. Tying a large towel about the neck of the sitter, the barber is ready to begin. Usually an attendant holds a platter or waterdish while the operation is in progress. The upright position is not calculated to add to the comfort of the patron, but this is atoned for, to some extent, by the skill and deftness with which the razor is handled by the barber himself.

In the city of Damascus (from which our picture is taken), one usually finds the true type of the Oriental barber plying his trade in the near neighborhood of the bazaars, his picturesque-looking cabinet, with its screened and latticed front, inviting the curious stranger. Certain classes in the East shave the head or at least a portion of its surface, at regular intervals, and others the face alone, while still others approximate more closely to the European style of toilet. Shaving the head was customary among the Hebrews as an act of mourning, and was probably performed much in the same manner as is now usual in those latitudes, the operator rubbing the scalp gently and comfortably with his fingers moistened with water for a considerable time, and afterward applying the razor and shaving from the crown downward.

With few exceptions, the ancient nations attached a great value to the possession of a beard. In Egypt, however, it was the common practice to shave the hair of the face and head. Herodotus mentions it as a peculiarity that they permitted the hair and beard to grow as a sign of mourning. It is supposed that, during their captivity, the Israelites preserved their beards. Assyrians, Amalekites, Canaanites, and Arabians were all more or less bearded in early times. One of the very oldest traditions is that Adam was created with a beard.

Modern Mohammedans no longer regard the beard as a sacred thing, as once did the followers of Islam. Sultan Selim, in the sixteenth century, shattered all traditions by shaving off his beard, and since those days the Moslem has become more and more latitudinarian in this respect, so that one to-day cannot tell, by the mere presence or absence of a beard, whether a man be Moslem or Christian.



DR. SHERBURNE R. MERRILL.
(Donor of the Paterson Rescue Home.)

Friends of the Friendless.

HOW the Christian people of Paterson, N. J., are combining for the help of the friendless and destitute in their neighborhood, was told in last week's issue of this journal. We give on this page portraits of two of the leaders of the beneficent movement. Rev. J. H. Robertson is the Superintendent of the Home where the destitute men are fed and lodged and where they have the opportunity to earn, by labor in the wood-yard a portion of the cost of their temporary maintenance. The directors of the institution were well aware how much the success of their effort depended on the character of the man in whom the executive authority was vested, and their choice has proved their wisdom. Mr. Robertson is a man of kindly, sympathetic nature, heartily believing in the principles adopted in the institution and especially fertile in expedients for helping the needy to obtain honest employment. The second portrait is that of Dr. Sherburne R. Merrill, the kindly physician through whose munificence the workers have been provided with a commodious and convenient edifice in which to carry on their work. It is estimated that Dr. Merrill's gift is worth fully fifteen thousand dollars. It has been named after him, "The Merrill Home," and it will form a memorial to him which will be far more noble than the costliest monument that could be reared in his honor. It will tell to future generations of the generosity and unselfish liberality of the man who "considered the poor" and gave of his substance for their relief. Mr. Merrill's gift is another instance of that wiser spirit, which this generation has evinced, that is not content with mere charity, but tries intelligently to understand the real need of the poor and meet it efficiently.

REV. J. H. ROBERTSON.

The Dead Girl's Bible.

"I lately learned," says Pastor Luigi, of Bezieres, France, "an interesting fact that might easily have passed without notice. A little girl had attended our Sunday School for some time. She gained a Bible as a reward, which she read regularly and loved greatly. She was taken away by death not long since, and now the parents treasure the Bible left behind, and in their turn read it. Some of their neighbors tried to dissuade them from so doing, saying it was a bad and dangerous book, but they replied: "No; we know the book and it is excellent. Our little one found in it her greatest happiness, and we keep it carefully in memory of her."

The Power of Jesus.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 2. Luke 5: 17-26. Golden Text, Luke 5: 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE have already seen how the Lord Jesus was strengthened, not weakened by his sore temptation. He conquered by the Word, "It is written," and returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. His experience of rejection and of persecution at Nazareth in no way weakened this power which lay, not in the human nature which he had taken, but in the Holy Ghost who had come upon him at his baptism, and the Father who dwelt in him, and did the works (John 14: 10) through him as a human instrument. At Nazareth, the Word of God in his lips had had a wonderful effect, even on those who so soon afterwards were filled with wrath against him, and sought to take his life. But he went thence to Capernaum, and the same unabated power of God was manifest: "they were astonished at his teaching [or doctrine]; for his word was with authority." (Luke 4: 31, 32 R.V.) And when he cast out an unclean spirit at the same time, "amazement came upon them all, and they spake together one with another, saying,

What is this Word?

for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." Thus the Lord Jesus taught and healed in the power of the Holy Spirit; demons testifying to him; multitudes following him, everyone on whom he laid hands healed by him. And yet he shunned the multitudes, and passed on into "other cities also," true to his vocation: "therefore was I sent." And he wrought miracles: the multitude of fishes was one, and healed the miserable, outcast, hopeless lepers. And great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed of their infirmities. But Jesus did not court or encourage such popularity. He withdrew himself into the desert and prayed. It is the instinct of one who lives near to God to escape from the multitudes. When the venerable W. Aitken of Pendeen, one of the great soulwinners, and perhaps one of the holiest men of the last generation, was just in the height of some blessed revival, he would, quite suddenly, without giving any reason for it, but simply the words "My work is done here," go right away from the crowds which were hanging upon his lips, and get alone with God. This was the true secret of his holy life and of the power of his presence.

But such a movement as this could not fail to arouse the suspicion and the jealousy of the religious teachers of the day. On one of those days as he was teaching, "there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by which were come out of every town [or village] of Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem." It seems to have been a concerted gathering of the religious leaders for the purpose of investigating, and passing judgment upon this new, and by them unauthorized, leader. But if they did not authorize him, there was an authority and a power with him which they could neither deny, understand, nor explain away—"the power of the Lord was with him to heal" (Luke 5: 17, R. V.). Who can tell what the Lord Jesus may have suffered in having around him such uncongenial spirits! What must it have been for him, sensitive to the last degree to all that was not of God, all that was untrue, unkind, unholy—to be always surrounded by critical, jealous, malignant critics, watching his every word, that they might gain some advantage over him!

While the Lord was teaching under these circumstances, a bad case of paralysis was brought to him. The patient was a man, probably of somewhat large proportions, as it took four men to carry him on the rug or quilt, of which people in the East made their bed. They were persistent, and finding no possibility of bringing him near enough to attract the eye of Jesus, they hauled him up upon the flat roof, and began to uncover enough of the tiles to let down the bed with its burden before Jesus. The critics were looking on to see what would happen, but

Jesus was Looking Elsewhere.

With his eye upon his Father, he was looking to know how these men, the sick one and his friends, stood in their relations to his Father. And Jesus saw what the multitude did not see, that they were dealing with God, unlike the men of Nazareth who had dealt only with what was visible. He saw their faith, and said: "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." It was just what the critics were watching for; this gave them their opportunity. Knowing well enough that their own sins were not forgiven, they concluded, as many in the same circumstances do now, that no man can be sure of the pardon of sin. "The scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, 'Who is this that speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?'" O how many there are who reason when they ought to learn! O how few will humble themselves to be taught of God! How few treat their God as though he were really greater and wiser than they are! Poor, fallen human nature arrogates to itself the right and the power to judge its maker! Here were men in the presence of One whose presence they could not but feel, whose words possessed a power patent to them all, yet inexplicable on any human ground. He bore the marks which had been prophesied of the Messiah (Isa. 35, 53), and yet, instead of weighing the question whether, after all, this were not the promised Messiah, they, taking it for granted that this was not the Christ, accuse him who should judge them at the last day of speaking blasphemies. They knew not what they did.

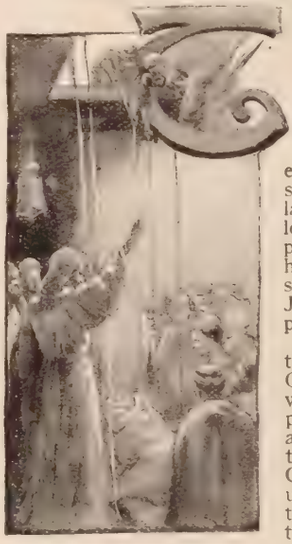
Why reason rather than enquire? Jesus was near enough to answer any question and ready enough to meet any real enquirer. He answered Nicodemus and even such a one as the woman of Samaria as soon as sho learned to listen to him. Why do men now reason instead of coming straight to Jesus with their difficulties? Our own hearts are obtuse they need light brought in to them, to see themselves, how much more to see and understand the Son of God! Thousands are perishing in this and other lands because they will not give up reasoning and come as enquirers to the Lord. They will not learn, they will not come down low enough to be taught of God. "The world by wisdom knew not God (I. Cor. 1: 21) and by wisdom never will know God." It is written by the prophet, "They shall be all taught of God" (John 6: 45). And yet thousands and thousands are seeking to be self-taught in the things which are above them, and out of their reach. Men must humble themselves to learn of God, as well as to walk with him (Micah 6: 8).

The power of Jesus was manifest in his reading what was going on in their hearts, and he said, "What reason ye in your hearts, whether it is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, rise up and walk. But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power [or authority] upon earth to forgive sins (he said to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, arise and take up thy couch, and go unto thine house." There was abundant evidence of the authority of Jesus. He had driven his critics into a corner, for immediately the sick man rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own home, glorifying God." For the moment the critics were silenced, the whole company "were amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, 'We have seen strange things to-day.'"

Filled with fear. Why? Because God had come near to them, and they could not deny it. Wherever the power of God is manifest to those who know him not, they are afraid. Many of those who deny that the Lord heals the bodies of those who trust in him, are really afraid themselves of coming into close contact with him. They would rather deal with man than with God, they would rather get benefit from the working of some material thing, a drug, a bandage, an operation, etc., than wholly and solely by the still, solemn power of the hand which made them.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE."

THE time immediately following the disturbance at Nazareth, described in last week's lesson, appears to have been spent by Jesus in a preaching tour through Galilee, with Capernaum as a central point. Capernaum was a town on the western shore of Lake Galilee, from which Jesus could go conveniently in the boats of his friends, to the various points from which to commence his preaching journeys into other parts of the country. Another feature which probably weighed with him in choosing it for his headquarters, was that several of his followers lived there and that the synagogue was under the charge of Jairus. One of his first acts after settling there, was to attach four of the men of the town Peter and Andrew, James and John, two pairs of brothers, permanently to himself. Luke tells the story of their choice with more detail than the other Evangelists. From his book it appears, that Jesus after using Peter's boat as a pulpit from which to preach to the people gathered on the shore, worked a miracle in bringing fishes into the net of the ship. The miracle, following the teaching, seems to have decided all the four men who were partners in the business, to cast in their lot with Christ. Following this, although Luke reverses the order, was the healing of the demoniac in the synagogue of Capernaum and the healing of Peter's mother-in-law and many others. The people would gladly after such an exhibition of his power have kept Jesus among them, but there were many reasons why he wished to go away for a time. He therefore went on a tour through Galilee, leaving them in the height of their excitement. There was, however, apparent everywhere the same disposition as in Capernaum to pay attention to the miracles rather than the teaching. Men could not be induced to lift their eyes from the wonder to the wonder-worker. It must have been inexpressibly saddening to Christ to see how the miracles were failing of their purpose. He returned to Capernaum, and as soon as it was known that he was in the city, the crowds gathered around him and he resumed his teaching. While it was in progress, the incident of the lesson occurred. A sick man, suffering from palsy, a general term covering all forms of paralysis, was brought to him for healing. As it was impossible to make a way through the crowd to get to Jesus, his friends carried him up the staircase, which in many Oriental houses leads outside the house from the ground to the roof. They would know that Jesus would probably be in the quadrangle around which houses of the better class were built, and removing the temporary covering, lowered the man to the feet of Christ. He was evidently gratified at the faith in him they displayed. He rewarded them in a way they did not expect. He forgave the man's sins, evidently wishing to force the issue he had failed to get them to consider. Naturally, his authority was challenged, and then he showed his authority by working the miracle. Reversing thus the process they looked for, he compelled them to perceive the position that in his opinion miracles held in his mission. He wanted the doctors and Pharisees to understand that the miracles were his credentials.

They sought to bring him in. A Boston journal reports the conversion of a young scapegrace whose misconduct was a great grief to his pious mother. She did her utmost to train him in the right way but he was persistent in wrong doing and finally he ran away from home. But she never despaired of his salvation. To people who condoled with her she would say, "It will all come right. Tom will be a good man yet. I have taken him to Christ." She died without seeing any fruit of her faith but the very next week a letter arrived from her son telling her news that would have gladdened her heart if she had lived to read it. The editor of the paper opened it as her executor and read that her son had become a Christian.

When he saw their faith. It was remarkable how all through Christ's career he rejoiced when any one showed faith in him. There seemed to be in his nature a pathetic longing for the trust and confidence of men. "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" he asked on one occasion and granted the petition instantly when assured of the faith. A story is told of Sir William Napier, that illustrates this delight in faith. He met a child, in one of his walks, sobbing bitterly over the remains of a pitcher lying on the sidewalk. He tried to comfort the little one, but she said, "Can you mend my pitcher?" The great man admitted that he could not, but said he could buy her another. He found, however, that he had not a penny in his pockets. He told the child he would go and get some money and then they would buy a new pitcher. She looked up joyfully and dried her tears. When he reached home a deputation was waiting for him to carry him off to an important meeting. But he would not go. "No," he said, "I have an appointment I must keep," and he hurried away to meet his little friend. In relating the incident afterward he said, "I could not disappoint her; she trusted in me so implicitly."

Thy sins are forgiven thee. It is related of a great surgeon in a London hospital, who was famous for his skill in performing a certain delicate operation, that he once passed through a severe struggle which almost unmanned him. At the time there was no living man in the country who would undertake the operation, in which the slightest failure of nerve would lose the patient's life. He was informed that a patient was in the hospital on whom the operation would have to be performed. Without seeing the man, he gave instructions as to the diet and course of treatment to be pursued to fit him for the ordeal. Then on the day fixed for the operation he went to the hospital to perform it. As he entered his room a friend called him aside. "I think," he said, "I had better prepare you for a shock. The man on whom you are going to operate, is Randolph." The surgeon turned pale and sank into a chair. Randolph was a man who had done the surgeon, a few years before, the most grievous wrong one man can do another. After a few minutes the surgeon recovered his composure. "Does he know that I am to operate?" he asked. "Yes," said his friend, "he is penitent and he believes that you have so much magnanimity that you will do your best for him." The surgeon looked surprised. "What faith he must have!" he said. He went into the operating-room and looking down at the man, he said, "Are you willing to put your life in my hands?" The patient turned a timid glance upon him and said, "Yes, you have a noble nature. I can trust you." "Then," said the surgeon, "before I begin, I forgive you the wrong you did me, I am ready to begin. God help me!"

MISSOURI'S WONDERFUL CAVE.

Our Sunday School Missionary Describes a Journey Through Vast Underground Chambers and Avenues—Sunday School Work During 1895.

GUIDES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HANNIBAL CAVE.

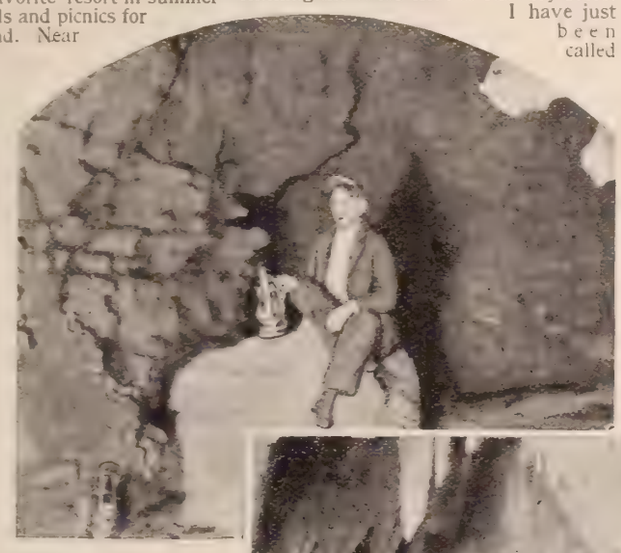
AS this is the last letter I shall write you in the old year, I record the goodness of God in preserving me during the year, in traveling 7,522 miles in all kinds of weather. The part of my field traversed has been much more hilly, and the roads much more muddy than those of last year. Having refered in former letters more particularly to the Sunday Schools organized and aided, I now mention, with thankfulness to God, the large number of persons who have promised to meet me in heaven, reaching into hundreds. The matter of sound conversions is a point I aim to press in every sermon and address, encouraging superintendents and teachers to labor for this result, and to lay great stress upon the doctrine, "Ye must be born again," and I point out to the unconverted that this is to be obtained by turning from their sins to God, and trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ; and by his grace I hope to meet many sinners in heaven to whom I have preached in private and in public, and to whom I have distributed Bibles and Testaments, Gospel books, tracts, and papers.

An experience new to me occurred while on a brief tour in Texas, during which I attended a conference of missionaries of the American Sunday School Union at Dallas. After the conference, while visiting Gatesville, I preached to about two hundred colored convicts at the State Reformatory, who gave close attention to the Word of life. It was my first experience in preaching to an audience of convicts.

Some physical features of my field (North Missouri), may be of special interest, and answer a number of inquiries. It is a fertile and beautiful country, producing corn, wheat, oats, rye, garden vegetables, apples and small fruits in great abundance. The grasses are timothy, glover, millet, etc. Blue grass is a spontaneous growth over the larger portion of it, rivaling, it is said, the celebrated blue grass region of Kentucky. It is well watered by nature, and rich prairies and ample timber at convenient distances, spread over its entire extent. All kinds of domestic animals are raised in great abundance, and poultry in astonishing quantities. Its area is larger than the Kingdom of Israel in the reign of David. Two days ago, I visited one of its natural curiosities—the Hannibal Cave, about a mile and a half from where I write. A company of seven led by a guide, each of us provided with coal-oil lamps or torches explored its avenues, viewed its arches, rooms, crags and caverns, and admired its beautiful cream-colored stone in novel and wonderful formations. We walked its "Grand Avenue," which is from three to ten feet wide under foot, expanding on the sides and sloping to the top like a railway coach, probably twenty feet or more to the ceiling. I do not know its length, but it occupied about an hour to walk back and forth from the beginning to the end of this main passage, and view its scenery and numerous intersecting avenues, only a few of which were entered by us. The cave presented more delightful surprises and curiosities than any natural scenery I ever beheld. Here was a "parlor," there a "piano," yonder an "alligator," and beyond an "elephant," etc., stone formations more or less resembling the objects named. I thought of the cave of Adullam and David's four hundred.

Our guide told me he had seen nine hundred persons in this cave at once. All could easily be hidden so that no one could have seen from the outside. I say we explored the cave; but only in part. It has never been fully explored so great is its extent, and so numerous its avenues or passages. Many of them can be followed considerable distances with safety, others are narrow and perilous.

The cave is a favorite resort in summer for Sunday Schools and picnics for many miles around. Near by is another great cave with much beautiful scenery, and similar in the color of its stone—cream or light buff color. The two are believed to be connected by a subterranean passage, undiscovered as yet. They are under large bluffs on the west bank of the Mississippi River. The photos I enclose are interior views of the second cave, called La Baum, after an early settler.



A REST IN THE CAVERN.

This magnificent State now has, doubtless, one million children and persons under twenty years of age; and with its boundless resources it is impossible to tell how vast a population the State is capable of supporting. I adopt the motto and prayer of one of its poets—

Missouri for Jesus! Oh, grant it, dear Lord.

Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 30, '95. GEO. W. SHARP,
Christian Herald Missionary of the A. S. S. Union.

A Leper's Retreat.

Miss H. Riddell, of Kumanato, Japan, says: "There is more suffering from leprosy than anyone knows. The very existence of these poor creatures is often kept secret even from friends of the leper's family. One case will serve as a specimen of many. A young girl was married to a leper without knowing that her husband was so afflicted when they were married. After a time she, too, became affected with leprosy, and returned to her parent's house to die. They were quite poor working-people; and one day a gentleman who was out shooting, stopped at their cottage and asked for some tea. He staved talking with the two old people for a little while, and he noticed that the woman filled a large cup with tea, put it on a tray, and carried it into the garden. This aroused his curiosity, and not getting very satisfactory replies to his questions, he followed the old woman. At first he could not understand what he saw, for she was sitting on the ground, apparently talking to a bank. But he soon found out all about it. The woman was talking to her afflicted daughter, who was lying in a hole in the bank like one of those cavities in the catacombs, where corpses were placed. The poor girl was so afraid of her parents becoming infected with her leprosy, that she dug this hole the length of her body in the bank, spread a piece of matting to lie on, and was waiting there till death should relieve her of her misery, and her parents the burden of her existence."

Ainus Brought to Christ.

Gospel Progress Among the Remote Tribes of North Japan—Queer Social Customs.

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Sapporo, North Japan, Rev. J. Batchelor, a Protestant missionary now conducting Gospel work there, gives some interesting facts concerning the work in that field, and also relative to the peculiar social customs of the Ainus. He writes:

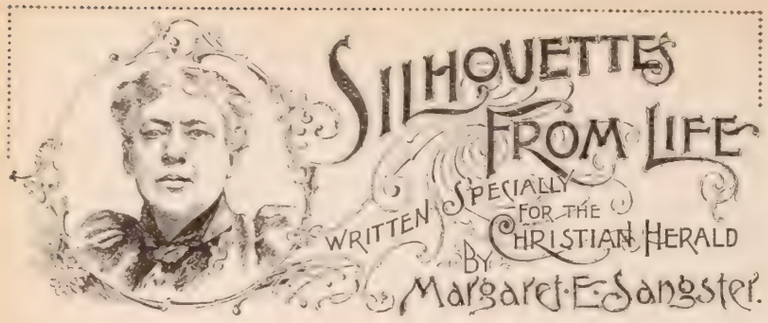
"As regards mission work, the war has not affected it in the least. The end of last year found us with a church membership of 219 persons, and 151 preparing for baptism. These are somewhat scattered, living in ten villages. The year closes with 407 baptized Christians, and ninety preparing for that rite. This gives an increase of 188 persons (without counting five who have died) in 17 villages. Our Ainu 'Hospital Rest' here at Sapporo has proved to be of very great service to us in the Master's work. During the summer months there were sometimes as many as thirty persons in it at one time, so that we have had splendid opportunities of preaching and teaching the Word close to our very doors. I have just been called upon to marry two Ainu Christians. The man is with us being trained as a catechist, and the young woman is a Christian of some eighteen month's standing, and about twenty-one years of age. She was committed to my care by her mother (her father having died long ago), who requested me to provide her with a husband! However, as I was not quick enough in producing this article for her, she looked out one for herself, and walked a distance of seventy miles in winter for the purpose of marrying him. This young lady has a sister who married another Christian some three months ago. It may seem strange in European eyes that this young lady should have done the courting, but it is not strange in this part of the world at all. Jacob served his uncle for years in order to be given his cousin in marriage, but in this part of the globe women have been known to serve for husbands. Speaking of the Kamtchatdales, Dobell wrote: 'Should a young man fall in love with a girl, and he is not rich enough to obtain her by any other means, he immediately enslaves himself to her father as a servant for three, four, or five, or ten years, according to agreement, before he is permitted to marry her. When the term agreed on expires, he is then allowed to live with the father-in-law as if he were his own son.' This well known custom seems to be universal in the East and is, I believe, known to every Asiatic nation.

"When this woman in question was being married she utterly refused to follow me in that part of the service where it says: 'I (n) take thee (m), to be my wedded husband,' etc., and had I been less acquainted with the Ainu manners, customs and superstitions, I should have been obliged to send the pair off without performing the ceremony. As it was, by patience and a sharp word of reproof from myself and some members of the congregation, all went well.

"In my intercourse with the Ainu people I have frequently had occasion to ask the woman the name of her husband, and I have found when asked, they invariably blushed, and instead of answering themselves, called upon some friend present to do so. This struck me as being somewhat curious and I, at first, thought it was merely a form of shyness on their part. I had no idea that by asking the women to tell their husband's name I was tempting them to a breach of a jealously-guarded piece of etiquette, and asking them to trample on one of their deeply rooted superstitions. I know now, however, that it is considered to be a very unlucky and disrespectful thing in a woman to mention the name of her spouse. To do so will, it is supposed, bring misfortune to the family. There are, therefore, some more or less indirect and circuitous ways by which the women speak of their lords. Thus '*Ku goro guro*, my person.' '*Ku goro ainu*, my man.' '*En rorogeta an guro*, my person at the upper end of the hearth.' '*En hekoti guru*, the person who binds me.'

"The term in most common use among the women is, 'my man,' and that used by others when speaking to a woman about her husband is, 'your man.' The men indeed, may constantly be heard addressing their wives or speaking of them to others by mame, though it is considered incorrect to do so. But during all the years I have been among the Ainu, I have but twice heard a man speak of his spouse by the term 'machi, i.e., wife.' It is considered unlucky to do so, and that designation is therefore carefully avoided. If a man desires to be very affectionate and nice to his wife, he will call her his '*katkimat* the door of the heart,' but when speaking of her to another he calls her '*ku goro shiwende guru*,' or '*ku goro shiwentep*,' my person who is slow of foot:—or '*en usarageta an guru*, my person at the lower side of the hearth.' It must not be supposed that when a woman speaks of her husband as 'my person at the upper end of the hearth,' or the husband of his wife as 'my person at the lower end of the hearth,' there is any sentiment intended. A widow will speak of her departed husband as her *shopake*, i.e., 'head of the floor,' and the husband of his deceased wife as his '*shonep* or *eshonep*' i.e., 'floor,' or 'person of the floor.'"

IN THE GALLERIES OF THE GREAT CAVE.



The Beautiful Miss Blarcom.

THE "Blarcom girls," as they had been called in Hinckley for forty years, had each a special characteristic. One was "The talented Miss Blarcom." She wrote poetry and painted pictures, and the townspeople were very proud of her fame, prouder than she was herself of the one book, "A Wreath of Roses," which bore her name on its cover. Another sister was "The amiable Miss Blarcom." She was splendid at fairs and festivals, and from her early childhood had possessed the rare and sweet distinction of settling the village quarrels, she being of that race, of whom our Lord said, "Blessed are the peace-makers." The third was "The practical Miss Blarcom." If it hadn't been for her I do not know how the Blarcom sisters would have managed to live as nicely as they did on the little income their father left them, such a small provision against the inroads of poverty. But Eugenia Blarcom knew better than most women how to make both ends of a narrow income meet. She took a lodger now and then; when artists came to sketch the fine points in the neighborhood, or lecturers to entertain the people of the place, or the teachers at the Academy needed a home outside of the school limits, all these could obtain comfortable quarters and be looked after carefully, by going to the Blarcoms' and putting themselves under the wing of Miss Eugenia.

But Adele had the prettiest adjective of all tacked to her name. Far and near this dear lady was known as the "Beautiful Miss Blarcom."

She was no longer young, that is her girlhood was well past, and she had kept her thirty-ninth birthday. When she was eighteen, she had met with an accident which had hurt her back, and from that time on Adele Blarcom had been an invalid, spending many quiet hours on her lounge, never able to walk beyond the garden, seldom strong enough to go for anything beyond a short drive, and often a great sufferer.

One would have supposed that the conditions of her existence might easily have robbed Adele of her loveliness of face, of the fine bloom on her cheek, the soft smoothness of her forehead, the starry lustre of her eyes, the firm serenity of her mouth. Not so. As the slow years passed, and she still sat in the Master's own class, in his great school of suffering disciples, she grew constantly not only more attractive in disposition, but always lovlier and more captivating in her appearance.

Doctor Frazier had a new patient in his sanatorium. She was a Miss Reed, from a large Western town, a woman of fortune, who had had the world at her feet, and in having the world "too much with her, late and soon," had verified the poet's assertion. Living and spending had "laid waste her powers," and nervous prostration was the result. It was a stubborn case. Miss Reed defied Dr. Frazier's skill. She baffled him, and no matter what tactics he employed, she simply lay back in her easy chair, unable to lift a finger, and quite without the smallest interest in life.

The Doctor was talking about her to his wife, who, being a doctor, too, and a sensitive, up-to-date sort of woman as well, was her husband's best assistant.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mrs. Frazier, or Doctor Polly, as she liked to be called. "We'll invite the beautiful Miss Blarcom here to make us a visit, and she shall help us cure Miss Reed."

"[illegible] the girls will let her come?" asked the Doctor, doubtfully, pulling the long ends of his gray moustache.

"Oh, I'll talk it over with Eugenia, and make it worth her while to lend us Adele. I'll offer a fee for the privilege of having Adele under our roof for a fortnight."

"Well," said Dr. Frazier, with a little shrug of his shoulders, as who should say, "I shake off this burden and leave the responsibility with you, my love." "Well, my darling, if anybody can manage the affair you can, only I don't want either of the ladies, Miss Reed or Miss Blarcom, to suspect the reason for our bringing them together."

"I wish," said Mrs. Polly, with much dignity, "that you did not always find it necessary, Jack, to treat me as if I was a child. I hate to be cautioned against telling this or that, and advised in matters concerning which I know as much as you do, more in fact, since you are only a big, blundering old fellow, as good as gold, but only a man, after all."

"I beg your pardon, wifie," said the Doctor, very humbly, stooping to kiss his small partner in business, and pinching her cheek playfully. "You have a sharp little tongue of your own, Polly, but you have a sound heart, and much good sense, and I never lay it up against you when you scold me."

"You shouldn't Jack, for you are never scolded, except when you deserve to be," retorted Mrs. Polly, who always liked to have the last word.

Mrs. Frazier succeeded in her mission, convincing the sisters that a change would do Miss Adele good, and so, before the week was over, she was transferred to a sunny south-western room in the Sanatorium, with flowers in the windows, a canary in its cage, and a big gray cat which never glanced at the bird basking most of the time on the soft rug before the open fire. No "fee" had been so much as offered, but the practical sister took the opportunity of Adele's absence, to thoroughly clean her room at home, and to newly paper the walls.

Miss Reed was lying back as usual, listless and vacant, in her chair, when there came a soft tap at her door, and in walked the beautiful Miss Blarcom. She had a cluster of lilies in her hand, and she resembled a lily herself, tall, white, graceful, and carrying about a subtle sense of fragrance, the faintest ghost of a sweet perfume.

"May I give you these flowers?" she said, "they match your lace and your soft crepe shawl, and when I left my own chamber, I had to bring them with me, for they've been my best friends so long. It's such a happy thing, isn't it, to be alive, and to bloom?"

The words were not much, but the tone, and the smile, went to Miss Reed's heart.

"I don't find it so very nice," she said. "I think it's dull. I haven't seen anything new in two whole years, and I've been around the globe."

"You have, dear? How fine! I've not been so far from home, as I am this morning in ten years, and I live only a mile away."

The two gradually fell into talk, bit by bit. One day, for their talk was at first only for five minutes, then another time for a-half hour, then for a morning, Miss Reed said:

"Won't you please tell me how you managed to keep the wrinkles away from your face, and to remain so pretty, when you've had so much pain? The corners of your mouth don't droop, and there is no frown between your eyes, and you haven't any crows'-feet to speak of."

"I've had a soft cushion under my head always," said Adele, gravely.

"A soft cushion?"

"Yes, dear Miss Reed, the blessed will of God. Day after day I've said to myself, God knows, God cares, God loves, I am his dear child. The will of God has been to me a cushion, and the peace of God has been to me a balm. I have simply taken my life a minute at a time. God always gives me strength for one minute. Every one of my days is a gift from him, and if he sends me pain and weakness, I do not mind, for his face is my light in the darkness, and his arms are under me, and I hear him whisper, 'Lean on me, dear child, lean hard, child of my love.'"

"And that is why you are the beautiful Miss Blarcom," said Miss Reed. "I too will claim a child's right, and lean on my Lord, and accept his will."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Zulu Witch-Finders.

The Strange Process of "Smelling Out" a Wizard Described by a Native Missionary.

A ZULU WITCH-DOCTOR.

THERE are strange customs still prevailing among the Zulus, who, notwithstanding the progress the Gospel has made in their country, still cling to many of the old heathen practices and superstitions. Missionary John L. Dube, of the Mapumlo Mission Station, Natal, South Africa, in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, interestingly describes some of these peculiar usages. He writes:

Among the many savage customs which prevail among the Zulu people is that of "smelling out" a wizard. The Kraal of a "witch-doctor" is always crowded with people who come there for the purpose of finding out from him the person who has brought sickness into their homes. The Zulus believe that if a man is sick, or dies, he has been bewitched. They always consult the "doctor" in regard to this matter. It does not make any difference whether the man was bitten by a snake or not, they claim that even then, someone must have used medicine to cause such bad luck.

Approaching the hut in which this "spirit-doctor" lives, you are impressed by its appearance, for it is unlike the ordinary huts. Just above the door, which is only two feet high, you see the skulls of many different kinds of snakes, lizards and birds. These are believed to have the power of bringing together the departed spirits of those animals to help the "doctor" in finding out mysteries. These skulls are hung by a string, fastened to a lightning rod, which is a stick stuck through the grass used for covering huts. This lightning-rod is reddened with a mixture of different charms, such as are supposed to have the power of preventing lightning from striking the hut. The low door is the only opening. There is neither window nor chimney. At the side of the door is a clay dish, full of some kind of herbs, thoroughly pounded and mixed in water, from which the ancestral spirits of the "doctor" drink, and thus receive strength to help the "doctor" in finding out all mystery connected with his business.

Creeping into the hut on your hands and knees, you see the old "doctor" sitting at the farthest point from the door. In the centre of the hut is a fire-place, over which there hangs from the roof charms that are believed to have the power of keeping other "doctors" from doing harm. Just near the door you find an "isicamelo," an item which you cannot pronounce, and which is a combination of pillow and chair, upon which everyone sits who comes to see the "doctor." Would you prefer a mat to sit on? This is also handy. The "doctor," who is as often a woman as a man, is usually dressed in a fantastic manner, always in the furs of some animal, such as the leopard or hyena. This dress is ornamented with skins of the iguana, bat, and snake. Her necklace is made of the horns and hoofs of small animals, and these have the value of prolonging her life. Her hair is twisted and braided, and smeared with black matter like a mixture of charcoal and fat. Her arms are painted with both black and red clay. To her head are hung, with a string, all sorts of feathers and charms that make her look very savage.

After the visitor has been seated in the "isicamelo," he addresses the "doctor" after this manner: "I have come concerning your business, Oh! mighty doctor."

"Well, my friend; I knew you were coming before ever you arrived."

"It is true, doctor; no one having magic power like yourself would be ignorant of persons coming to her on such important matters."

"The "doctor" then goes out-doors, and leaves this man inside, and calls her boy and orders him to summon the ancestral spirits and to rattle the bones and charms that they may hear and be willing that such a trial should take place. After this, she goes inside and asks the man to clap his hands and to say, "zizwe" ("we hear.") Then the "doctor" proceeds:

"You have come concerning a sick girl."

"Yes" (faintly), "I hear you doctor."

"No, I do not mean that; but I mean to say you have come about your father."

"Yes (stronger), I hear you, doctor."

"Clap your hands, that I may hear," says the doctor.

"I am clapping them."

"Do you not come here because your mother is sick?"

"Yes, yes (with emphasis), you are talking now."

Here the man becomes excited. He claps his hands just as much as he can and tells the doctor to smell out the trouble. When the doctor touches upon what the man suspects, the latter jumps and claps his hands. This way the doctor finds out what will come pretty nearly what the man suspects and what will please him. If any one is sent to consult the doctor who can, with calmness, keep saying, yes, I hear you, doctor, in all that she says, the doctor will send him home, saying, he does

MISSIONARY JOHN L. DUBE.

not know how to do it.

"Your mother has been bewitched by a wizard."

"Yes, yes, mighty doctor. Do tell us who that person is."

"The spirits are telling me that he is a tall man with a ring in head."

"Yes (faintly), I hear."

"No, it is a woman."

"Yes, yes; you were right there."

"She is a short woman."

"Yes, yes" (with emphasis).

The doctor will give all the peculiarities she can think of to the satisfaction of the man. After the "trial" is over, the man goes home and tells the people about the wizard who is using charms against them and the people go to their chief and report this case, for which the one suspected has to suffer a great deal. In the time of Chaka and Dingaan, and even Cetywayo such "wizards" suffered death.

May we not hope that Christian missions among the Zulus will be the means of stopping all these customs which tend to degrade people? Among some of the mission stations we have seen good examples of those who have given up all superstitions, and are living true Christian lives.

Mr. Dube labors in a section where mission work is greatly in need of means to enable its conductors to extend their operations. Already much good service has been done by the Mapumlo Mission among the natives, but the field is a vast one and the means at the disposal of the workers are very small in comparison.

TEN RELIEF STATIONS NOW OPEN.

ur Work Now in Active Operation at all the Great Centres of Suffering in Armenia Under Faithful Missionaries—Rescuing the Destitute Thousands—Mr. Howard's Letter Describes Frightful Border Atrocities by the Kurds—A Massacre at Palu.

GRATEFUL prayers are ascending from a multitude of hearts in stricken Armenia—prayers of thankfulness and blessing for the welcome aid that has come to a suffering land from Christian friends ross the sea. American missionaries are w distributing relief at the ten leading ntres of distress and destitution in that nfortunate country. During the past eek three new distributing stations have en opened, viz: at Sivas, Aintab, and rabkir. All three are scenes of unspeakle wretchedness and misery. The tent massacres at Sivas and Arabr, and the pillage and aughter at Urfa and her points in the eighborhood of Aintab. have left thouands of Armenian hristians homeless d helpless.

Now that the relief ork is fairly under ay, and all the chief oints of suffering ached, it is hoped that he friends of Armenia, d those who sympaize with her martyr ons and daughters, ill nowise relax their terest in this great umanitarian and hrist-like work until he period of intense uffering is passed. housands of precious ves are imperiled by old and famine. The liberal heart," moved by the Divine pirit of compassion, ay be instrumental in prolonging the ves of many victims of Turkish persecuion, who must otherwise succumb to the igors of the Armenian winter, and perish f exposure and starvation.

The list of Relief Stations, as it now tands, is as follows:

Van,	$10,500	Dr. Grace N. Kimball, Mr.&Mrs. Raynolds,&c.
Erzeroum,	1,000	Rev. W. N. Chambers
Erzinjian,	1,000	and Mrs. Chambers.
Harpoot,	1,000	Rev.H. N.Barnum, Rev.
Diarbekir,	1,000	C. F. Gates, Rev.Egbert S. Ellis.
Mardin,	500	Rev. A. N. Andrus.
Gemarek,	500	Rev. J. L. Fowle, Kaesarea.
Aintab,	1,000	Rev. Americus Fuller.
Sivas,	500	Rev. H. F. Perry.
Arabkir,	500	Rev. H. N. Barnum of Harpoot.

Rev. Dr. Fuller is President of the Aintab College and, like all the other missionaries engaged in this work, is associated with the American Board for Foreign Missions. All have long and valuable experience in the Armenian field, and are therefore well qualified to undertake the work of relief. They are men whose lives are consecrated to the Lord and their very names are a guarantee of thoroughness and fidelity. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have abundant cause for congratulation that the distribution of the Fund has been placed in such excellent hands.

To carry on the work of these ten relieving stations efficiently, $2,500 per week is needed. Every dollar and every dime contributed to the Fund goes direct to the field, and is not subjected to any diminution on account of expenses. American Board missionaries at all stations give their services free, and all the expenses incidental to the collection and forwarding of the contributions to the American Board, are borne by the proprietor of this journal, at whose personal cost Mr. Howard's journey was undertaken. From time to time, reports of progress will be received from all the stations, and published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

It is now quite certain that our government will insist on demanding from Turkey full reparation for the American mission property destroyed at Harpoot, Marash, and other places during the recent raids by Turks and Kurds. The mission buildings at the two cities named are shown in the accompanying illustrations on this page. At Harpoot, the college and preparatory department were sacked and set on fire, apparently with the object of destroying them entirely. At the same time the houses of Messrs. Barnum and Gates were sacked. It is now estimated that the loss will not be less than $88,000. Harpoot College has been one of the most efficient agencies in evangelical work in all Eastern Turkey. It was full of students, and never more prosperous than at the time of the fearful Harpoot massacre. At Marash, the destruction of mission buildings has been more complete. According to the cable dispatches, the Central Turkey Girls' College and the Theological Seminary are both wrecked. There were in the former institution (which was organized in 1884), about thirty-five students. Both buildings were located a little distance outside of Marash. No estimate of losses sustained at the latter place has yet been received.

AMERICAN MISSION AT HARPOOT.

AMERICAN COLLEGE BUILDINGS AT MARASH.
(Wrecked by the Kurds and Turks.)

Mr. Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD correspondent, in a letter written from Urumia, Persia, Dec. 8, gives a most realistic picture of the devastation of the Armenian villages in the province of Van and along the border. He writes:

"It is no surprise to me that the villages of the province of Van have been destroyed. I felt certain that it was coming, and I made haste in my journey, hoping to get to Van before the destruction of the villages began. As rapidly as I travelled, however, the Kurds were ahead of me, so, that by the time that I reached the Turko-Persian border the work of destruction was in full progress. The Kurds were then raging up and down the country, burning villages, killing the inhabitants, committing all kinds of atrocities, and carrying off the sheep, cattle, and household property of the unfortunate people. It was an easy matter to confirm the reports of massacres and destruction of villages in the eastern part of the province, and as for the rest of the province, and particularly the interior beyond Van. I have now a letter from a missionary in Van saying that the Kurds are destroying the villages, and that the starving villagers are flocking to Van in large numbers. The refugees have given me the names of many villages that have been destroyed. These are the villages between the Persian border and the city of Van. They are as follows:

Villages in the district of Albakh, of which Beshkala is the chief town: Perinagr, Sourmeri, Hassan Pars, Haspistan, Ashkitan, Herasdu, Aregnee, Chookh, Baz, Malkavad, Kharban, Alhan, Terlisan, Atis, Pais, Alis. Total, 17.

Villages between Serai, on the Persian border, and the city of Van: Serai, Boghas Kessan, Hazaran Sumelan, Baghavard, Nerses, Sourmeri, Varidash, Haspidan, Kotli, Kevarag, Karug, Zoots, Pest, Khirkanis, Dasdanis Merabad, Nerki, Hareshesourk, Seavan, Armanis, Zaranis, Leen, Vouskebag, Varsenik. Total, 25.

"With the possible exception of some of the villages in the Albakh district there is no reason to doubt that these villages were destroyed by the Hamidieh cavalry. I have testimony tending to show that some of the Albakh villages were destroyed by Kurds not enrolled as Hamidieh cavalrymen, but for the rest the testimony is unanimous that the work of destruction was done by the Hamidieh, who were assisted by Turkish regular troops disguised as Kurds. It is perhaps desirable to explain who the Hamidieh cavalry are. They are Kurds enrolled as the irregular cavalry of Turkey. In organizing them the present Sultan, Hamid, gave them his name, and they are known as the Hamidieh. Incidentally, he armed them with Martini rifles of American manufacture, and turned them loose to work their will upon the Armenians, who were forbidden to carry or have in their possession weapons of any sort. It was the Hamidieh cavalry, assisted by the Turkish regulars, who butchered four thousand persons in the villages of Sassoun fifteen months ago, and it is the Hamidieh who are now devastating the province of Van. The reader will, therefore, remember the difference between the Hamidieh and the ordinary, independent Kurds. The Hamidieh are commissioned and armed by the Sultan, whereas the ordinary Kurds act independently of the Turkish government.

"It is undeniably true that bands of revolutionists have crossed from Russia and Persia into the province of Van within the past few weeks, and some of them have been killed in battles with the Hamidieh cavalry, but the villagers between the Persian border and Van have had no part whatever in this revolutionary movement. The revolutionary movement has been and is confined to Armenians living outside of Turkey, and to intelligent men in the larger towns and cities of Armenia. The villagers are satisfied if they are allowed to live. But it is always easy for the Turk to kill the innocent villagers, and it is not always a safe or desirable thing to make war on the real revolutionists; so the poor villagers suffer as an example to the rest. So, in this case, the villagers were massacred to frighten the revolutionary bands that were crossing into Turkey. The massacres have for the moment checked the crossing of hostile bands into Eastern Turkey, and so closely are the mountain roads and paths guarded that it is impossible for anyone to get into the country without the consent of the Kurds. One of the last bands to cross the border met with a fate that has had the effect of making the rest extremely cautious. The day after I arrived at Salmas, Persia, on my way to the Turkish border, seventy Armenian revolutionists left secretly to go to Van, where members of their companions in arms had already gone for purposes best known to the revolutionary leaders in London and Tiflis. Most of them were from Russia, but a few were residents of Persia. All were well armed with Berdan rifles. On leaving Salmas there were seventy in the band, but several were compelled to turn back by reason of frostbitten feet and other ailments, so that when the band crossed the Turkish border near Serai it numbered sixty able-bodied men.

"After many fights with the Kurds, all were killed except four, who escaped by climbing a mountain. An additional rumor is that these four were killed before they were able to reach Van.

News has been received of a terrible massacre in Palu, a district not far from Harpoot. There is no missionary at Palu and no foreign consul, so the atrocity now disclosed has not been mentioned in the cable dispatches. An Armenian lady of Palu, writing to her son in New York, thus tells the story:

Yesterday we entered in Greek. My child, I pray that you are safe; but we are in great distress. My hands are trembling; I cannot write from hunger. The Turks have burned forty-[illegible] destroying everything. They take [illegible] women to their homes and use them badly. They kill the old men, and the old women and [illegible] naked. Their bed is now the snow. They go begging at Turkish doors for a piece of bread, and instead of bread they get mulberry[illegible]. Yesterday days of plundering and [illegible], our enemies returned to the city. 10,000 Kurds with the Mohammedans of the city, attacked the houses and killed 1,732 grown-up men and many children and women who would not accept Mohammedism. They took all the articles which were useful, and broke every thing they had no use for. They tore up every place in the hope of finding something valuable. I hope you will not be disturbed if I let you know the sad news of my house. My two sons, one twelve years and the other fifteen, are killed. In trying to protect them, I was wounded. My four daughters and I are entirely destitute. After fourteen days the government started to give us three ounces of bread each twenty-four hours.

Just before going to press with this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, information is officially published by the Turkish Minister at Washington that the Turkish government will not permit the Red Cross to enter Armenia. Consequently the projected relief tour of President Clara Barton and her aids will probably have to be abandoned. At the present moment, the only avenue of distribution is that which is being utilized by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—viz.: the American missionaries in Armenia who, having the fullest confidence of the Turkish officials, are permitted, without molestation or interference, to distribute the relief forwarded weekly by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund through the American Board to Constantinople and thence to the interior stations. All who desire to avail themselves of this open channel, should seize the present opportunity and forward their gifts without delay.

Relief will be sent to Palu, if possible, through the missionaries at Harpoot, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund.

All contributions to the Fund will be acknowledged in these columns. The contributions for last week are acknowledged on page 74 of this issue.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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God's Chariots.

THAT story of Elijah and Elisha does not bother me. Mind you, Elisha was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth, a statement that used to confound me, but I saw near Damascus, on the banks of the river Pharpar, fourteen yoke of oxen plowing. One plow in America would do the work of ten plows in Palestine. Elisha cried: "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He called Elijah a father by way of reverence, and then goes on to say, you are like a whole army of strength, you are like batteries and mounted troops; nothing could stand before you. You are the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof. Elisha rent his garments in twain as Elijah departed. That is the Oriental's way of expressing vehemence of emotion. An Oriental is fond of dramatic demonstration. What we express by facile vocabulary, he does by gesture, by ripped coat, by torn out handfuls of hair, by actions which to us would be ludicrous. If we saw a man stamping on his hat or taking off his coat and ripping it into pieces, we would tell him he had better save his clothes, and that such actions are more significant of dementia than of grief. But when Elisha, the Oriental, assailed his wardrobe, it was to those who looked on, a terrific paroxysm of emotion that made observers stand aghast. Notice the behavior of the sceptics on the occasion of Elijah's ascension. They asked, after the chariot of fire had sailed up the hills of heaven, that a scouting party of fifty go out and find the body of Elijah. The sceptics saw the prophet start in a chariot, but they were sure he would fall out of the aerial vehicle. They looked upon it as a sort of balloon ascension. They pestered Elisha until he consented to let fifty men go out in search of the body of the sky climber. They would probably find the poor remains in a tree top or on a crag, the eagles having left the carcass eyeless; or perhaps he might be still alive, and they would bring him into the encampment wounded and expiring, to say: "This is what became of your aeronautic adventure." But three days' search revealed no accident. The fact is, that when the Lord drives a man heavenward he does not upset him. Elijah started right and he arrived right. Alas for these sceptics who will not believe in anything supernatural. As long as the chariot of our religion rolls on the ground, they admit it, but as soon as it rolls out of sight they have no faith it will carry. So they go up and down the earth, not fifty of them, as in Bible times, but 10,000 of them, looking for dead Elijahs.

Fishers of Souls.

ARE we fishers of souls or fishers of men? A great deal is said in sermons and hymns about saving the soul; and yet very little is said about it in the New Testament. Nothing is said in the Gospels or in the writings of Paul about saving souls. Why have we taken up such a half-way idea? The Bible conceives of salvation as affecting the whole man. It is unscriptural to cast contempt on the body, to call it "vile," and to always speak of it as something of which we may well be rid. The apostle does not say the body is vile. He says it is "corruptible." The body is a "living sacrifice" to God. It is the "temple of the Holy Ghost." Let us fish for men, for whole men, for men with bodies and souls, for men with homes and families, and offices, and business cares, and temptations, and a thousand difficulties incident to this earthly life. Was not that the idea of Jesus, when he said: "I make you fishers of men?"

Concerning Suicide.

THERE is now another epidemic of suicide, two of its victims buried in one grave, one recently choosing a cemetery as the best place to enact the tragedy. In the various parts of the land, life dismissed by one's own decree; over fifty cases of suicide reported in one week. The announcement of such cases seems to suggest to others an easy way of getting out of the troubles of this life. Like scarlet fever and typhoid fever, suicide seems contagious. The practical question that all moralists ask is: Why this increase of self-destruction? The answer to me is plain. It is not because the poverties and troubles of the world are increasing. Never before was there so large a proportion of people with enough to eat and wear. Never before were there so many sympathies and helpful kindnesses for the distressed as now. The reason for the rapidly increasing cases of suicide is the growing belief that without respect to the mode of exit from this life all those who launch themselves from time into eternity arrive in happy condition and in a happy peace. They simply shoot themselves into paradise. They hang themselves into glory. They go by the way of "paris-green" into eternal felicity. Fatal error! The victims of their own deception.

The Cold a Mercy.

THE microbes are dead. This week's arctic blast has slain them. One of the best doctors in all the world is Jack Frost. From this time a new chapter in sanitary improvements is opened. Nothing can take the place of winter. Cold is as much a mercy from God as heat. The world has rung with applause for those who have discovered the microbes as the cause of disease, but the loudest applause must be reserved for those who will discover what will extirpate them. But, while that discovery hangs fire, a blast out of the north comes to the rescue. Meanwhile, let it be known that there has been no epidemic. Druggists and doctors are my authority for saying so.

The old-fashioned influenza must not be despoiled of its honors. That has been in the world ever since the antediluvians first coughed and sneezed. Pneumonia is as old as the world. Fevers do their hard work in summer, congestion of the lungs finds its harvest in winter. But it is very certain that the seasons are changing, and during the process of change the human race must suffer.

The world is yet to be a garden in full bloom, according to the only Book that speaks authoritatively of the future, and you cannot have much of a garden as long as the thermometer makes excursions to zero. The intense heat will go out of the summer and intense frigidity out of the winter, and the months of the year will move in procession graduated to the capacities and needs of the human race.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

M. E. D., Paragould, Ark. What is meant by deceiving the elect? Matt. 24: 24.

That the pretenders would be so plausible and would so successfully imitate Christ for base purposes that Christian people might be deceived. Christ warned them to be on their guard and assured them that when he came a second time his glory would be such that his identity could not be doubted.

Constant Reader, Bainbridge, Pa. 1. How old was Benjamin when he accompanied his brothers to Egypt and why was he more favored than his brothers? 2. Is it prudent for a lady to accept the office of President of a Society of Christian Endeavor?

1. It cannot be known with certainty, but probably twenty-four or twenty-five years old. He was the son of Jacob's favorite wife, and Jacob thought him at the time her only surviving son. Joseph would naturally also make him his favorite as his only brother and love him better than his half-brothers who were hostile to him and jealous of him. 2. Why not? If the members of her society think she can serve them in that capacity she should be willing to do so. Sometimes a woman's tact gives her special qualifications for the duties of the office.

Anxious Inquirer, Warner, Ill. Do you advise the candidate for baptism to be sprinkled or immersed? Which is the mode enjoined in the New Testament?

If there was any mode enjoined in the New Testament, that would settle the whole question. No Christian would be guilty of disobedience even in the most trivial matter, if there was a clear direction. You should clearly understand that Christian ministers who use the mode of immersion and those who sprinkle are both perfectly conscientious in their conduct. We cannot give advice in the matter, except to say that if any person comes to the conclusion that it is his duty to go through the ceremony of immersion, he should do so. It becomes to him a matter of conscience, but he should be willing that other people should have the same liberty, and should not pass judgment upon them if they cannot see the same importance in the ceremony that he does.

G. H. G., Leeds, Va. Do Christ's words in Matt. 19: 1-12 and John 3: 1-21 imply that there is a physical change in the body at conversion and that obedience to the law is the way of salvation?

We see no basis in the words for any belief in a physical change. The new birth applies to the soul. The power given by the Holy Spirit enables a man to subordinate his physical appetites and passions to his higher nature and so a physical change ensues. The drunkard who was formerly the slave of his craving for liquor and who drank even while he knew it was detrimental to him, finds after conversion that there is a stronger power within him than there was before—a power capable of keeping the body in subjection. The passage in Matthew simply reminded the questioner of his own creed. It pointed him also in the next verses to a higher plane in which mere negative goodness becomes active. The man though professing to be blameless was dissatisfied with himself and Christ tells him how he can attain a higher life.

C. W. P., Christiana, Tenn. 1. Was not the burning of incense a regular custom or did Zacharias burn it only in the year that he was High Priest? 2. What was the star seen by the wise men? 3. Was John the Baptist the first to introduce baptism or was there such a rite before him? 4. Was the rejected stone altogether figurative or had it a literal fulfilment?

1. Zacharias was not high priest, he was a member of one of the twenty-five courses who divided the temple duties for the year. As this particular duty was apportioned by lot, it might apparently fall to him in any year. This was not the great function of the day of atonement which was performed by the High Priest as prescribed by law and was not subject to the lot. 2. It is generally believed that it was a meteor. There was an important conjunction of planets which would be a brilliant spectacle about that time but the fact of the wise men seeing it go before them and appearing over the inn would imply that it was a meteor. 3. The washing by water as typical of purification was known before John (see Lev. 8:6) as was also the type of sprinkling (see Ezek 36:25) but John appears to have been the first to use it as an initiatory rite. 4. We do not know of any instance of a literal fulfilment but there may have been. It is not important.

Inquirer, Truro, N. S. 1. Is it right to say that conduct is the only proof of conversion ignoring faith feeling, etc.? 2. Is it right to declare the number of conversions in a revival when the Parable of the Sower teaches that only those who bring forth fruit are truly converted? 3. Is it possible to bring up children so that they do not know the time of their conversion?

1. Conduct is not the only proof; but it is the most conspicuous to other people. James gives the philosophy of it and claims that if a man has not works there is good reason for doubting his faith. The man himself may be sure by his feelings that the change has been worked in him, but his friends and associates must inevitably form their judgment of him by his conduct. 2. The Evangelist is sometimes rash in pronouncing on the subject. At best he can only know that a profession of faith is made, which he hope will prove to be true conversion. 3. Yes, the change may be gradual and the better the child is trained the more likely it is to be so. But even with such cases the child is generally conscious of a difference in his life which shows him that at some past time he passed the boundary line into the kingdom.

E. H. Miller, Tupelo, Miss. Is there not a contradiction between the petition, "Lead us not into temptation," and the statement of James that God does not tempt any man?

The petition is more correctly translated, "Abandon us not in temptation." There is no contradiction even as the phrase stands as God may place us in circumstances where temptations assail us and may do so for the strengthening and discipline of character without directly tempting us. Matthew says (4: 1), Jesus was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

Subscriber, N.Y. A young man who has just reached his majority, and will therefore vote at the next presidential election, wishes to be informed on the political situation of our country, so that he may be able to vote intelligently. What newspaper or newspapers would you advise him to take?

As almost all newspapers have their own political bias, and almost without exception have strong party attachments, they are not safe guides to a fair and impartial understanding of the nation's political affairs. In "The Handbook of American Politics" (published as a part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library premium), all the leading political questions that enter into our nation's life, past and present, are fairly set forth, and you will find it serviceable for your purpose.

Baptist, Fredericksburg, Va. There is among us a feeling of deep sympathy for the Armenians but little money is going to them because the churches are apathetic. If they could be roused to action the people would follow their lead and much good could be done.

We know of no better Christian work the churches could undertake than this of helping the destitute Christian people of Armenia. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now sending weekly remittances to a number of relief stations in Armenia through the American Board missionaries. All the churches should be represented in this humane work.

Charles G. S., Hudson, N. C. Why is it that the number seven is regarded as a perfect number?

According to the ancient symbolists the two numbers 3 and 4, represented, the first, Divinity in its triune form; the second, Humanity the whole, equalling 7, being typical of the union between God and man. From the most remote times the number 7 has been regarded as the symbol of perfection by Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Egyptians, Arabians and Persians. It was held as representing the septennate of days occupied in the complete creation, and being therefore a period of time rendered sacred by Deity itself. The sacred character the Jews recognized in arranging their fasts and feasts and other ceremonials. For these and other reasons the number 7 came to be accepted as a cyclic number indicative or perfection or completeness.

Reader, Coon Rapids, Ia. 1. The Armenians of the Eastern Church, which is Christian, but Catholic, and owes no allegiance to the Pope. The Red Cross is not the symbol of any church or religion. It is the sign adopted by an International Society for the succoring of the wounded in battle and the sick or injured in great distresses.——Miss D. Hudson, Miss. This is answered in last week's MAIL-BAG.——Reader. Edison lives at Menlo Park, N. J. Rev. W. M. Liljegren, Moline, Ill. There is no such arrangement at present.——Estelle H., Dover, Colo. Certainly.——Reader, Glenville, N. Y. We cannot send so heavy a package by mail as it is beyond the limit. Send by express.——J. W. Colli, Brooklyn. You will find the information desired in the Helps, bound in with the edition of the International Teacher's Bible, given as a premium to CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers.——Constant Reader, Lyme, Ct. The Fulton Street Prayer meeting is at 113 Fulton Street, New York.——Mrs. J. B. K., Brandywine, Va. Your suggestion is very kind and well meant, but we do not see how it could be carried out.——M. M., Roanoke, Mo., and Mrs. H. C., Chicago, Ill. A very small portion are Catholic. The Cross is to them the symbol of Christianity. The church is one of the oldest in the world. The history of the Armenians has already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.——Mrs. A. P., Irwin, Mo. died before it reached him.——D. R., Happy Hollow, Omaha, Neb. Write to Clara Barton, Red Cross Headquarters, Washington, D. C., for it.——He M. H., Titusville, Pa. The result shows that the claims were sound and just, and this is now admitted even on both sides the Atlantic.——A. M., Muddy Fork, Ga. There can be nothing wrong in it if it is a sign of the "peace and good will" Christ brought into the world.——Kate Weis, Albany, N. Y. Probably you did the best thing possible under the circumstances.——Subscribet, Me. Yes, any subscriber may secure the premium and have it sent to whom he pleases.——S. V. S., Erie, Pa. Inquire of the Y. M. C. A., Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York City.——Reader, Evanston. Not that we know of.——Orphan, New Haven, Ct. Your case is a peculiarly sad one. Consult with your pastor and his advice will doubtless be helpful in showing you your duty in the matter.——D. R. Milwaukee, Wis. Write to Rev. H.B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass.——J. W., Williamsburg, Tex. See answer to J. G., Chatham, Ont., in THE MAIL-BAG of Jan. 15.——Mrs. S. Eare. 1. No, it is not printed in German. 2. Yes.——Mrs. D., Rutland, Vt. 1. See answer to Reader, Coon Rapids.——We thank your duty lies in the other direction, and that you will find the comfort you seek in your husband's church relationship.——Z. Sapp, Belle Prairie, Ill. See first part of foregoing answer.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Havana Threatened.

REPORTS of insurgent successes come from Cuba and obtain credence in spite of the contradictions emanating from Spanish sources. A steamer which arrived from Havana on Januy 10 reported that a small patriot army as only fifteen miles from the city when e vessel left port. Whether an attack the capital was meditated, was not cerin, but the city officials believed that emy was coming there. The insurgents ere pursuing their usual tactics of avoidg a decisive battle and were contenting emselves with harassing the Spanish ces ond drawing them into ambushes. en. Martinez Campos has formed a plan r surrounding the patriot army and comiling a general engagement. It was, owever, thought probable that Gomez d Maceo, the insurgent leaders, would ude the Spanish trap and succeed in aching Havana. Great alarm was lt in the city, as it is crowdl with Spanish refugees om all parts of the island, ho would be likely to do me desperate fighting, efore allowing the capital fall into the hands of the surgents. At the Cuban gation in Washington, it as stated that during the even months since the inrrection broke out, the atriot army had occupied very province in the land. Several important owns have fallen into its ands, without firing a not. The plan adopted, is notify the authorities hat if resistance is offered, he city will be burned and he residents, concerned for he safety of their property, sually succeed in inducg the commandant to urrender to the insurgents ithout fighting. The panlards say, however, nat Havana will not fall that way, and that a determined and esolute defence will be made. An Amerian newspaper correspondent says that the surgents have now twenty-five thousand en under arms and could have more, if ey had rifles to put in their hands. either are these exclusively of the lower lasses. On the staffs of Gomez and aceo were many prominent planters and rofessional men. He adds that throughut the island there is strong sympathy ith the insurgent cause and an earnest ope that it will succeed. There is no rospect of the success of any negotiation or peace, except on the basis of complete utonomy. The people feel that they were efrauded in 1878 when, after a struggle asting nearly ten years, they laid down heir arms, relying on Spanish promises of eform. The promises, they aver, were ot kept and they will not be trusted this ime. The correspondent declares his conviction that Spain will have to withdraw rom Cuba altogether, or reconquer it and old it by force. As Martinez Campos as the agent who in 1878 pacified Cuba ith promises, none will know better than e why the insurgents persist in fighting. He is in a position to realize the truth of he wise king's warning that

It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedess for the throne is established by righteousness (Prov. 16 : 12.)

A Missing Heir.

An estate said to be worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars is in the hands of a New York lawyer, pending the discovery of the rightful owner. He is the son of a man named Colt, and if he is living, is about seventy-two years of age. His father died seventy years ago, and his mother married a man named Plomer. The lad took the name of his step-father, which accounts for his identity with the Colt family being overlooked. He served through the civil war with an honorable record, and at its close returned to New York, finally settling in Brooklyn. After an unsatisfactory matrimonial experience, he went to live with his mother in the Williamsburgh district, where he used to get a meagre living by peddling fish. Very few people knew him intimately, and no one now seems to remember when he disappeared. The last time some can remember seeing him, was at his mother's funeral, some twelve years ago. Where he went afterward, no one appears to know. It was discovered recently that he was the heir-at-law to a member of the Colt family, and advertisements are appearing asking him to disclose himself, and offering a reward for any intelligence of him. As he was in needy circumstances, the lawyer has little doubt of him presenting himself soon, if he is still alive. When he knows

HAVANA, THE CAPITAL OF CUBA.

that the estate is waiting him, he is likely to lose no time in claiming it. He will not act as too many do who sit indifferent while Christian ministers tell them of an eternal inheritance purchased for them by Christ, which they may have freely.

They hear thy words, but they do them not. (Ezek. 33 : 32.)

A Bride's Alternative.

A family trouble has come to light in South Amboy, N. J. The daughter of a wealthy citizen became engaged to a young man of Perth Amboy. Her parents, however, refused their consent to the match, as the suitor was comparatively poor, and was beneath them in social position. The young couple, fearing that steps might be taken to separate them permanently, determined on getting married without the consent of the girl's parents. They availed themselves of the first opportunity, and were secretly married, the bride going after the ceremony to her home, and the bridegroom to his place of business. The parents knew nothing of the matter for a month, but at the end of that time some friend of the family heard of it and told the father. When the girl learned that her father knew of her undutiful conduct, she prepared for a stormy interview. But to her surprise, she was not scolded. Her father quietly told her that he would never recognize her husband as his son-in-law. She might take her choice between giving up her home, or giving up her husband; she could not have both. The bride was a good deal distressed, but decided finally to be true to her husband, and she quitted her girlhood's home to cast in her lot with her husband. She will not have so luxurious a home as she has been accustomed to, but that is the necessary consequence of marrying a poor man. If she really loves her husband, the pleasure of his society will more than compensate her for the luxuries she has given up. It is so with the Christian when he gives himself to Christ. The joys of union with him are greater than the worldly pleasures he renounces, but those joys are never realized by any until, like the bride in this instance, they are ready to deny themselves and take up their cross.

Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. Luke 14 : 33.

A New Photographic Light.

A scientific journal reports an important discovery from the University of Wurtzburg, in Austria. It states that Prof. Routgen in making some photographic experiments needed a light of greater penetrating power than ordinary sunlight. After several attempts to produce such a light, he decided to use what is technically called a "Crooke's Pipe" through which an induction current was run. By the rays emitted from the pipe the photographs were taken from ordinary plates. But to the professor's surprise he found that the light so used had a penetrating power he had not suspected. Many opaque substances became transparent under it, to the lens of the camera. Thus it was possible to photograph articles covered with a cloth and, more wonderful still, the human flesh, also became transparent, so that it was possible to photograph the bones in the hand of a living person held before the camera. To the unassisted eye the flash of the light gave no added power, but in the photograph the flesh had presented no greater obstacle than if it had been glass. Already the light has been turned to practical account by the professor in the hospital in photographing a broken bone and in tracing the course of a bullet in a patient's arm. If this report is true, the professor has made one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age and one that will be of immense service to science. It should teach sceptics who are disposed to ridicule the doctrine of God's omniscience that there is no ground for incredulity. If within the reach of man there is a power that will make flesh transparent to the camera, it is not too much to believe that the Creator possesses the power ascribed to him of reading the heart.

All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. (Heb. 4 : 13.)

Paid his Own Award.

A pathetic case was tried in a local court a few days ago. It was the suit of the owner of a house against one of his tenants, a widow whose rent was nine dollars in arrear. The widow was unable to be present, and the judge was informed that she was dying of consumption. A kindly person who had been helping her, added the information that her only support was the earnings of her seven-year old son who sold papers on the streets, and a plea on her behalf was made that she should be dealt with leniently. It appeared that a dispossess order had already been issued but the policeman who went to serve it was so distressed by the widow's condition that he put the order in his pocket and went away to buy her some coal and provisions. The owner of the house, however, proved his case and the judge said he had no alternative but to give judgment as requested. The order was that the defendant pay the nine dollars and costs and give up possession of the room. "Now," said the judge, when his decision had been recorded, "I shall pay that judgment myself." He paid the plaintiff and the court fees and told the landlord he should expect him to let the woman keep her room. Thus the law was satisfied by the judgment and the poor woman was saved by the personal kindness of the judge. When people say they can see no need of Christ dying for the salvation of sinners they forget that the principle of the atonement is recognized as right and necessary in the affairs of life.

That he might be just and the justifier of him who believeth. Rom. 3 : 26.

BRIEF NOTES.

As Our Arrangements with the Owners of the copyright will shortly expire, we are about to close out our stock of Dr. Talmage's great book "From Manger to Throne" and his work entitled "The Pathway of Life." We will extend any subscription from the present date of expiry for one year, and send both of these books beautifully bound in cloth, and together weighing six pounds, all charges prepaid, on receipt of $2. As the regular subscription price of each of these books was $3.75, the two combined represented a value of over $7. As many of our subscribers already have these books in their library, we should be glad to have them extend this offer to all of their friends, and as far as the supply will last, we will endeavor to accommodate them.

Statistics of the Membership of the various denominations in the United States compiled and published by the *Independent*, show that the net gains in communicants since 1890 are more than three and a half millions, and that church membership is increasing faster than the population. More than ten new churches are formed every day.

Miss Frances E. Willard desires her friends everywhere to understand that she is in no way responsible for the so-called Woman's Bible and that she has had no connection whatever with it.

The Japanese Buddhists are not too proud to take a lesson from Christian methods. Recent letters from Japan state that they have started Young People's Societies of Buddhist Endeavor, Young Men's Buddhist Associations, etc.

St. Bartholomew's Church New York has received another handsome gift from Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is a property on Forty-second Street for which Mr. Vanderbilt recently paid sixty thousand dollars. It is to be used as a site for a building devoted to missionary and charitable work.

Special Revival Services are being Held every evening except Saturday through this month at Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the pastor conducts the services and is assisted by ministerial brethren in turn.

The English Missionary Societies Report the receipt of large contributions in response to their appeal. The London Missionary Society has received $425,000.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham is laboring in Lowell, Mass., this month holding union meetings in which several pastors and churches are participating. He expects to arrange for several Bible Conferences.

Dr. Mary F. Eddy of Beirut, Syria, whose letter to this journal we published last week, writes that all the chief points in Syria are now occupied by strong garrisons of Turkish troops and in many places the inhabitants are in great terror not knowing what fresh outrages this may portend. Travel is now impossible in many districts as the Turks seize every animal they can lay hands on to carry their ammunition and supplies.

The New York City Christian Endeavor Union numbers 135 societies, with a membership of 6,500, and the Chicago Union has now increased to 410 societies, with a membership of about 18,000. German, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Welsh, Bohemian and Chinese are languages in which meetings are regularly held in societies belonging to the Chicago Union. New York also has Bohemian, Italian, French and German societies.

The Foreign Mission Board of the Dutch Reformed Church makes a gratifying report. During the eight months from May 1st to December 31st, 1895, the total receipts for work, general and special, beside those for the debt, were $53,563.31, a gain of $5,313.81 over the corresponding period of 1894. That such an increase should occur at the same time that the churches are making an earnest effort to relieve the Board of its debt is most encouraging.

The *Independent* Publishes a Story of the building of a church which may be useful in other places. It appears that a congregation at Middletown, Iowa, decided to have a new church building and one on which there should be no debt. They agreed to have the proposed estimated cost apportioned to the individual members of the church, according to the amount of their property as shown by the assessor's book. This was done; and each member paid his proportion cordially and promptly, with the result that when the building was dedicated recently, there was not a cent of debt upon it.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE

REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

FATHER did not know but you might need a lawyer's services in settling—" began Levina Skeele.

"No, I thank you," said Janet abruptly, and proceeded to close the door. Then she opened it as if to ask the caller in, but Miss Skeele was as quick in going as Janet had been prompt in signifying that she had better go. The sharp, turned-up nose was seeking the sky in the direction of the street, and Miss Lavina Skeele shooting off in a pet.

"That is the way the proud miss takes offers of a lawyer's help. What does she know about business?" Miss Lavina was snappishly saying to herself. "I suppose she thinks she can do without my father."

The Morton family in its various branches had had altogether too much to do with Lawyer Skeele. How damaging had been his work, Janet did not know. She had had suspicions, and often wished she had knowledge. Janet did not feel satisfied with her disposition of her caller, though she had reason to dislike Lavina's cool, abrupt tender of her father's business services at an hour when her soul was torn so grievously by sorrow, and did not need an attorney, but another mother, or some one who would say: "I am so sorry for you, and I want to sympathize with you, and in some way help you if I can. Can't I carry your burden with you, or can't I sit down with you and keep you company in the shadow of this great grief?" Though Lavina's method was the very opposite of this spirit, and the lawyer's motive was only a selfish desire to anticipate any employment of his rival, Squire Manning, Janet was sorry she had not asked Lavina in, for there was the rain dripping. It took a great effort to say it, but she made the effort and said it, as the caller walked away, "Won't you come in?" Miss Lavina did not lower her nose or turn her head or make any halt, but gave the answer Janet had given her, saying sharply, sneeringly also, "No, I thank you."

Janet went back into a house that seemed emptier, more silent than ever. She took with her a load that was more crushing. To think all the sympathy the outside world had for her was a tender of professional services by one who wanted to make all the money he could out of her, and make it as promptly as possible! But there was the door-bell again. This time it was a lighter ring, and the notes were broken as if a child's weak and uncertain grasp had been laid upon the bell-knob, and there at the low window, what was it that Janet saw but a round, little face peering in? The child having rung, wanted to see what the effect of the ringing might be.

"Why, Ethel?" exclaimed Janet, gladly opening the door, admitting a chubby little girl of marked beauty. Her eyes were full and black, and her skin was as fair as her eyes were dark. The wind had fanned into a bright, coal-like glow the rounded cheeks. Her pretty lips were breathing like a rose-bud when it is parting into a blossom, and she laughed as she exclaimed, "P'leen told me to stay with you till Miss Blakey Chase comes to-night, and she'll fetch me home. There! Aint you glad?"

"Paulina is real good, and here she is now."

Yes, Paulina was bustling up the path leading from the street gate.

"I just sent her ahead, you know. Wanted to see what she would do if we pulled the bell herself, and wasn't she 'cute? I knew she would do you good, and told mother to let her stay with you till Blakey's wife comes and she'll fetch her home. Poor creetur'! How do you feel now?"

Paulina was considerate enough to answer all the questions the child had propounded.

"Bad enough, I can say, [illegible]

on too hard. Try to make the best of it. That is a good girl."

"Won't you come in?" asked Janet.

"Oh, my! Bless me, no! Madame wouldn't know where I am. Now, Janet!"

Here Paulina lowered her voice as if about to say something confidential.

"Now, Janet, you'll come up to see Madame, I know. Let by-gones be by-gones. I am down here expressly because Madame wanted me to come, while I wanted bad enough to come myself, but sick as she is, bless you, I couldn't have got away if she hadn't let me. Massy, how the wind blows! And he right most here, too! But as I was about to say, I am here as a kind of olive branch stretched out from Madame to his family here, and—"

Paulina checked her fast-going speech. She suddenly thought, "How little is left of his family! Only Janet!"

She paused a moment and then went on in a pitying tone, "Now, that's a-dear! You meet madame half-way. You know she hasn't chick nor child—"

"John, there is John."

"John! Cut off without a cent. You know how he carried on and—"

"Yes, but he was generous-hearted."

"Yes, and I always stood up for him. I say more than once to the old folks, 'John's a colt, you wait. He—he 'll git broken in and you wait.' Oh, it was a pity when his father cut him off! But I hear he's a-doin' well at the war. They say there 's no braver one than John. Oh, my! Would'nt I like to know where his child is! They say after his wife's death, he put the little creetur' into a home and when he wanted to take the child out, he couldn't find her. They had given her away. Had a right to, of course, for that was in the stipulation, if John didn't come for her, and he didn't. Now I hear it worries him—"

"Was he wounded at Fredericksburg?"

"I believe so, but they say he's better now. Massy! How I am a-running on! I must be a-goin'. Now hold up! Don't git cast down—more than you can help."

Off trotted Paulina in the direction of the big house where lived Madame Morton, Janet's only aunt. Her uncle was dead. John, the only son, was an officer in the war between the North and the South. Janet liked John. There was a secret cord of sympathy fastening them together. Janet's father and John's father were brothers, and on anything but brotherly terms. Judson Skeele Morton, Janet's father, always claimed that he had been sorely wronged by Nathan, his brother. The two went by one another on the street as unconscious of each other's presence, seemingly, as two icebergs meeting and passing in a Northern sea. John had been disinherited by his father.

"I have no money for prodigals," said Nathan Morton. The same sharp hand cut off his brother's family, in the making of his will two years before he died. After his death, no codicil to the will was found making any change in behalf of his brother Judson. Janet who was passed over, for this very reason felt a sympathetic interest in the rejected heir. About the time of the death of Janet's mother, Madame Morton for a long time an invalid, was much sicker. Through Paulina, hints were conveyed to Janet that her aunt would like to see her. When the funeral occurred, Paulina had been specially urged by Madame to be present and had been also ordered to go that she might represent her mistress. Who else could represent the family? John was off at the war. An only sister was dead. There had never been but these two children in the family. Paulina came therefore to the funeral, both as a delegate and as "an olive branch." Having discharged all her duties, she was now on her way to the shadowy mansion whose front windows at night would show but a single light. That was Madame Morton's sick-chamber. It was the shining of one star in the wall of a dark cloud. Would Janet's home to-night, at lighting-time, show any more extended illumination? Oh, the loneliness of the house where two have lived side by side, and then death enters and leads one away blindfolded and hushed and moving with noiseless step! How silent and empty now are the rooms, when only one sits down to the cheerless meal, only one rises to drag through the light tasks that have become heavy as mill-stones, only one in all the house when night and silence descend on all the land! But into the emptiness of Janet's life, into its awful hush that every sound seemed not to break up but emphasize, came a child, came the music of its prattle, came the warmth of its sympathy. It was life entering to triumph over death.

"I love you," she said, and throwing her arms about Janet's neck, held up her rosebud mouth that it might be kissed.

"Dear little thing! You, like me, have no father and mother," thought Janet, passionately kissing the child. Yes, Ethel had no known father and mother. She was a waif picked up at a sea-port town by Skipper Jerry Davis, the father of Jed and Paulina. Skipper Jerry, with one glass eye and one wooden leg, but proud of the glass and wood, because he got them under Admiral Farragut going up the Mississippi. If Ethel had been actually the child of the skipper, she could not have been more tenderly loved in the Davis home. Janet always had welcomed her, and the child now crept into a deeper nook in Janet's affections.

"Now you want me to sing for you, don't you?" said Ethel, patting Janet's cheeks.

"Oh, yes! please sing for me." Ethel sang several nursery compositions. Then with a quick transition of style, her large eyes were fastened like stars on Janet's serious face. "Don't you want me to sing, 'I heard the voice?'"

"Oh, yes!"

If somewhere out of the storm had come a cherub, and bringing its sweet notes, had begun to sing, it did not seem to Janet as if it could have touched her more deeply. This was the sentiment breathed through the sweet strains:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest!
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

Janet was bowing her face and hiding her tears. Had death seemed to her like the maelstrom described in the opening words of this chapter, a vortex raging and absorbing the dearest hopes and possessions? Janet was not spiritually standing where she could see the real intent of death. It is not the maddened whirlpool, blindly driven, aimlessly urged, but a stream with definite flow, going out whither God would have it; running toward the dark of sunset because we cannot see the day that is beyond. It is not so much a death-stream, leaving behind a body it has wrecked, as a life-current bearing away that which is immortal and precious. Ah, Janet had not got so far as to see Him in her sainted mother's departure. To her it was not life taking away, and saving the soul, but death leaving behind the shattered body. It was a comfort, though, to hear Ethel sing, and as she sang, Janet seemed to see One standing by the dark stream, and his voice was full of inexpressible sympathy and comfort as he cried: "Come unto me and rest!"

"You sing it again, Ethel," she whispered.

And Ethel sang it again, and Janet's heart grew stiller. She hardly knew why the song quieted her. She was conscious next that Ethel was patting her cheeks with her soft little hands, telling her not to cry, that it would not rain all the time, and this bad, bad storm would go away."

"What's that?" Ethel suddenly asked.

It was a noise at the rear door, an impatient knock that made itself heard in spite of the noise of the storm and the plashing of the rain-drops against the window, and the cry of the wind. And was that a form going by the window? It was so late now in the day that the [illegible] were fast draping themselves in deep shadow, and it was not easy to see outlines sharp and distinct. The knock at the door could be plainly heard, though.

"I must see who it is at the door," said Janet.

She opened the door, and at the same time let the light of a lamp, lighted on her way, fall out upon a group gathered around the doorsteep. And were they carrying someone in their arms? The contentious talking arrested her attention even more than the sight of a figure drooping upon the broad chest of Jed Davis.

"I tell ye," said Jed, "I know she'll let him come, and it's the best place by all odds. Come on."

"You have got more zeal than discretion bringing him here," said a voice that Janet recognized as Lawyer Skeele's, and it was in a displeased tone.

"What does all this mean?" asked Janet.

"I told him," said Jed, nodding in the direction of the lawyer, "that you would let us. I know you. Lift on your end, Sandy. Stiddy, thar!"

Sandy Jones was holding up the leg of the man for whose head Jed's chest had become a pillow.

"Who is it?" asked Janet.

"A man from the wreck," replied Jed, pushing into the house. "Jest got him ashore. Come nigh leaven' him on the wreck! Stiddy, there, Sandy! Hold your end up well! Stiddy, Sandy, thar!"

The man from the wreck was carried into that house from which a few hours before there had been a carrying out of life into death. This was like a bringing back out of death into life, and Janet eagerly answered, "By all means, Jed, bring him in!"

"There! I told ye so!" exclaimed Jed triumphantly.

Lawyer Skeele, muttering as if in anger and defeat, shrank back into the storm.

CHAPTER II.

One more on the Wreck.

The moment Jed's duties at the funeral were over, he said, "Now I am goin' down to the shore!"

He needed to take only a short walk, for Janet Morton's house was one of those in the village nearest the sandy borders of the sea. He halted one moment on a rocky crest overlooking the water. "Whew!" exclaimed Jed, "if this storm aint a buster!"

The sea, generally so blue, was one raging, frothing surface of white, save the on the slopes of the irregular, breaking and broken waves, were patches of green In the midst of this angry, furious commotion was the dark hull of a vessel. Je had often halted in this very place o pleasant days and watched the orderly, a most methodical advance of the breaker rising up in systematic succession out the sea, first only a wrinkle, a fold in th water, heightening, expanding, swellin into a beautiful dark wall, its summit the curving, tipping, falling over, gracefull shivering in a descent of the whitest foar that swept down the shore and also swe up the shore, spreading out over the san and hiding them under a carpet of snow as if for the coming of a gay throng tender-footed nymphs out of the sea. T day there was no order in the advance the waves, no slow, stately growth, leisurely, graceful dissolution, but it w the most sudden upspringing and then t most tumultuous collapse of breakers. J had often admired in a fair weather sea that even, regular progress in the sou of a billow changing into a breaker. T roar would begin at one end of the lo wave that was toppling and tumbling, a it would go on—on—on, a long, stea boom—m—m—m, till there was a subs ing into the heavy rustle of the foam rus ing up the sands. "Like a long file soldiers firin' off their muskits," J would say as he watched the progress roar, and the long, smoke-like fold of fo sweeping on and on. He had never be in the great war, but the pictures whi he had seen, had taken a strong h upon his fancies, and the waves w columns of soldiers or lines of artille The movements and the noises were th of battle. Wave was crashing against wa roar mingling with roar, in the most den niac tumult. If Jed loved to contempla and found occasion to admire a fair wea er sea, the ocean to-day was awful. one scene would move a reverent witn of the far-reaching, stately, beauti ocean, to say, "How great is God, h strong and wise," then the other disp would lead, with slackened breath, hands folded, one to cry, "God be me ful! Save all souls at sea!"

To be Continued.)

Our Children.

I LOOKED at the happy children
Who gathered around the hearth;
Scarcely they were, no children
Could happier be on earth;
Watched their merry plays, and their winsome
And heard the sound of their silvery mirth. [ways,

Then I thought of those other children,
Pallow, and hard, and bold,
Who huddle in slum and cellar,
And shiver with want and cold;
Whose fresh as the dew, or the morning's hue,
But haggard, and lean, and old.

But yet may they still—those children—
Be taught to forget their pain;
And gathered in arms that loved them,
Their laughter may come again;
And the stare of woe and the craft may go,
And the spirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book-learning
Those children's hearts to move;
Nor the stony eye of the serpent
Of death to the stricken dove:
Can an angel alone can touch them—
And that angel's name is Love.

An Arab Chief at Home.

Raschid, once the Vali of Stanley Falls, and his Wife—An Eventful Career.

AMONG the many men who, in recent years, have taken a prominent part in Central African history, few were better known than Tippoo Tib and his relative, Raschid. Tib was for many years the prince of African slave-dealers and traders, a man of vast wealth and influence, and the friend of Stanley during his explorations. As the latter's second lieutenant during the Emin Pacha relief expedition, he performed efficient service. Many will remember him as a man who, despite numerous faults, was true to his word, inflexibly faithful to his friends and almost every instance, the ally of the whites and the intermediary between them and the wild tribes of the interior.

Raschid, who succeeded to Tib's authority and wealth, was also a man of many good qualities, and might have exercised a powerful and beneficent influence, had it not been for his affiliation with the slave trade. As Vali (or Governor) of Stanley Falls, he was capable and efficient. Stanley Falls is a large trading station near the Cataract of the Congo, about fifteen hundred miles from the river's mouth. It is the head of up-river navigation for steamers, and is designated by explorers as "the Heart of Equatorial Africa." There Raschid married in a sort of rude state with his wife, who is supposed to have been a full-blooded native African, Raschid being an Arab, with the aquiline and almost delicate features that are sometimes found among Arabs of pare descent. Our photograph on this page (taken prior to 1890, and now furnished through the courtesy of Mr. Chateiain, the wellknown traveler), shows the Vali and his wife and servant, Raschid himself, sword in hand, being the central figure of the group. It will be observed that the costume of the woman is particular, even to the verge of masculinity. Her plain turban is in marked contrast to Raschid's picturesque Arab head-dress, while her nose-ring, abundant finger-rings and heavy ivory anklets show that she is not above the vanities of African women generally. Husband and wife both wear thick-soled, wooden sandals, with an odd button attachment on the toes, which keeps the sandal in place by pressure.

When the Congo State officials decided, a few years ago, to suppress the encroaching Arab slave-dealers by force, Raschid, who was in sympathy with the Arab rebels against the State, was driven out of the territory with the others. A series of crushing defeats was administered to the slave-chiefs from which they have not recovered. It is not improbable that Raschid, having cast his fortunes on the side of slavery and probably his sword also, may have fallen in some of the numerous engagements that have been fought within the last five years in that part of the "Dark Continent." At all events, the once handsome and dashing Arab Vali, of Stanley Falls, is no more heard of in African affairs, and has apparently passed out of public sight forever.

EX-VALI RASCHID, HIS WIFE AND SERVANT.

A Concert of the Birds.

Dr. R. E. Maxson, of Syracuse, N. Y., sends us a most interesting account of an autumnal bird concert, he heard on Round Island. He writes: "It was the harvest month of October. During an early morning walk, along the main channel of the majestic St. Lawrence, beautifully fringed with evergreen and other shrubs and trees, with a small cultivated plot, inland, where many weeds and grasses had sprung up, furnishing seeds for the birds, I was suddenly, at dawn, greeted with the merry voices of the little 'chipping birds,' (*Loxostoma socialis*). Halting to investigate, I discovered that what appeared to be the music of a thousand of their voices, in sweet concert, proceeded from a small densely leaved cedar tree, at the border of the cultivated plot of ground, from which they evidently drew their daily food of seeds and grain.

"The density of the foliage of their cedar was so great that the songsters could not be seen; except, now and then, when one would dart out, between their hymns, fly a few feet, then back, when the chorus would be renewed, and so on for perhaps half an hour, when they all came out together and flew away in different directions, about sunrising.

"I have heard three thousand human voices, in concert, by royal command, at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, near London, and many others; but I have yet to hear a more lovely concert of praise, than that in the cedar bush, on Round Island, in the St. Lawrence."

Miserable Misunderstandings.

There is nothing that will cause greater misery in the home, or among friends, than those wretched misunderstandings that occasionally creep up in almost everyone's experience. Between husband and wife, or brothers and sisters, they are productive of untold suffering, alienating the love and dividing the interests of those who should be very near and dear to each other. It was of such cases that the late Phillips Brooks once said: "You who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing some one sullenly upon the street, not speaking, out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that that one were dead to-morrow morning; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give some day—if you could know and see and feel all of a sudden that 'the time is short,' how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!"

There are few misunderstandings so deeply rooted that a little concession, a word softly spoken, or a frank sentence avowing regret, might not heal.

Gloomy Homes.

What sunshine is to the life of the animal and vegetable worlds, cheerfulness is to the home—an indispensable adjunct if the home-life is to be an enjoyable one. That household where gloom and solemnity alone reign is devoid of any attraction for those whose lives are tied up in the home. No soul can thrive and grow into spiritual beauty which is shut up in the gloom and darkness of a sinful and ungodly home. It is the Sun of Righteousness that brings warmth to the soul. It is this that makes home radiant. This is sunshine itself. It is worth all it costs to have a sunny disposition, but those who have it not can learn to cultivate it. It is something which men can attain. It is something into which all can grow, and our domestic felicity and happiness largely depend on the possession of a sunny soul. It is through the soul that men are made to reflect the divine likeness, and from this must go out that principle that elevates, purifies and blesses.

Country Children.

There is a compensation for the little folks who live in the rural districts, which atones largely for what they might enjoy, did they live in the cities. Their wholesome, daily life, with their experience in the care and repair of the houses, barns and fences and the endless variety of equipment; their acquaintance with the habits, use, and care of the different kinds of domestic animals; clean, wholesome habits and pure recreations, and, in short, the rare privilege of being an active part of the grandest all-around school for a child—that of a well managed country-home—these are what cause the students from the country to distance their city brothers and sisters in all that pertains to quickness of observation, accuracy of judgment, and strength of character. With the population flocking to the cities, this wholesome, healthful country training is lost; yet in many places in the cities the kindergarten and manual training are beginning to take its place. However, the opportunities in this direction are altogether too small. No boy or girl should ever undervalue the privilege of a youth spent in the country.

Popular Girls.

TO wish to be popular, says a writer in *Harper's*, is a laudable wish and in itself not wrong. There is a temptation to wrong in it if the desire be carried so far that, in order to become popular, the girl sacrifices valuable qualities of character, as, for instance, independence of judgment and sincerity. But there is no need of this. The girl who chooses to be popular needs first to be unselfish. She must not consider her own ends first nor chiefly. The atmosphere enfolding her must be that of love and kindness. You know how some girls always try to have the best things, the best places, the pleasant times, while they do not try to pass the good times along to others. These are not popular girls. Nobody can be fond of a selfish person. Again, a really popular person must have courage. Courage enough to be a leader. There are only a few leaders in any city, or school, or other corner of the world. Most people are followers. I heard of a leader this morning. She went to a boarding-school a long way off from home. Among the teachers there was a little shy Miss Somebody whom the girls did not like. They made fun of her prim manner and her queer tow-colored hair, and a sort of mincing walk the poor lady had, and they did not see that she was really a very learned woman who could teach them a great deal if they would attend to her. Maria Matilda observed the state of affairs, and decided that it was unjust, so she championed the little teacher. She sent flowers to her desk. She listened respectfully when Miss Diffidence was in the preceptor's chair. She began to be very fond of her, and discovered that Miss Diffidence was really a dear, only frightened out of her wits, among a crowd of unfeeling girls. Before long Maria Matilda changed the whole situation, and, she being a born leader, the rest followed her willingly. I need not add that Maria Matilda is popular, very popular.

He Would Rather be a Boy.

A pretty incident is related of the young king of Spain. One day, while out with his nurse, the little monarch saw some lads of his own age at play. He made strenuous efforts to escape from his attendant and join the youthful frolickers. "Oh, but you must not," said the nurse, restraining him. "Why may I not go and play with them?" he asked. "Why, because—because you are a little king," was the reply. "Then, if you please, nurse, I would rather be a boy," the young king rejoined. And he gazed longingly at the little group of urchins, who probably in their hearts were envying him, little knowing that the dignity of royalty was nothing in his eyes compared with the pure, innocent sports of childhood.

Dolls that Brought Comfort.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the founder of the Order of King's Daughters, recently related this touching incident of her experience in ministering to the sick: "Before I left Europe last summer, a great box came to me filled with dolls, all dressed, and the request came with it that I should have them sent to a children's hospital. There is a hospital in the city of New York for consumptive children, as well as for older people with the same disease, and I gave the dolls to a physician who is connected with that hospital. He said afterward he wished I could have seen the children trooping toward him, each carrying a doll. But the most touching thing to me was what the nurse told the doctor, that after every child was furnished with a doll, there were a number left, and the poor women, dying with consumption, asked if each might have a doll. They all wanted them, and to each the dolls were given, and the nurse said she could not have dreamed of their being such a comfort to those poor, sick women. There were just enough dolls for all."

Heredity's Limitations.*

THIS doctrine of heredity is no new discovery. Why, men must have seen from the very dawn of human history that parents transmit to their children, not merely their outward form and features, but many of the moral tendencies of their nature. And this doctrine of heredity was one of the chief articles of the Christian creed for many centuries, and was stated in a form which justly provoked fierce moral resentment. The doctrine of Original Sin was the theological anticipation of the scientific doctrine of heredity, just as the doctrine of Monotheism was the theological anticipation of the scientific doctrine of the unity of the material universe and the universal supremacy of law.

It is true that the whole conditions of my life have been determined for me by my ancestors. My strength of muscle, the soundness of my heart and lungs, the limits of my intellectual capacity, have all been settled for me by my birth. And as the result of the moral character of my ancestors my moral life is one of comparative ease or of severe difficulty. But though the conditions of life have been determined for me, my life itself is my own, and that has not been determined for me. The material with which I should work has been given,—the way in which I should treat it has not been given. I may have been born sluggish, I have to determine whether I will yield or not to my natural tendency to sluggishness. I may have been born with susceptibility to violence of temper: it does not follow that my temper is to be violent; I have to determine whether I will struggle with my susceptibility, and subdue and chain down the temper which would hurry me into many grievous offences. I may have been born with a tendency to sullenness and to gloom: but listening to the teaching of the Christian faith and discovering that joy is an element of Christian perfection, it becomes just as much my duty to struggle against sullenness and gloom as to struggle against any gross sensual vice, and I must set my whole heart and strength to resist and subdue my natural tendency. I may have been born with a craving for physical excitement. Is that to be my excuse if I come home drunk? God forbid. The craving has to be wrestled with, smitten down. I have so to discipline myself that that craving shall be continually checked.

And to God—to God—some of the noblest forms of moral life may be found where to your eyes and to mine there is the least dignity and grace. You were born under felicitous circumstances; but to reach the virtue which you attained without effort, another man may have to exert incessant energy. His dearly bought excellence, though inferior to that which you have easily achieved, is to God infinitely nobler and more precious than the goodness which you, without effort, have accomplished. Each man has to "give an account of himself to God."

One man is placed under conditions—conditions not of his own choice, conditions to which he was destined—which make it possible for him to do very little beyond getting the rough ore of goodness out of the black and gloomy mine. He has got it with the sweat of his brow, with pain, with peril. To him God will say, "Well done!" Another man has the ore at his feet to start with. It is not enough for him to bring that to God. For him there is a different task. In the fires of self-discipline he has to liberate the ore from its dross, and to produce the pure metal. It is enough that one man should bring the rough ore to God; this man must bring pure metal extracted from it. And a third has the metal to begin with. He fails, and fails disastrously, unless he works it up into forms of noble usefulness and gracious beauty. Each man will have to "give account of himself to God," and only God can judge of the worth of each man's work, because only God knows the conditions under which each man's work is carried on. I suppose that the words which came to the lips of one of the schoolfellows of William Ellery Channing sometimes come to the lips of other children on this side of the Atlantic, and the thought which they express has come into the minds of many who are no longer children. When Channing was a very little boy, his schoolmaster said to one of his school-fellows, "Why are you not a good child like William Channing?" "Oh," said the boy, "it is so easy for William Channing to be good." We, perhaps, have looked round upon friends of ours to whom the conflict we have to maintain is altogether unnecessary. The foes we have to fight with they never meet. The victories which we have to win for ourselves were won for them generations ago by the ancestors whose blood is in their veins. Shall we complain? God forbid. Let us do for posterity what their ancestors have done for them, taking the rough conditions of our actual life, making the best of them, winning no praise from men for what we accomplish—for they know not the difficulty of the work—rejoicing in this humbly and reverently, that we have to give account of ourselves to God.

*[illegible] cloth binding; price $1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., [illegible]

In a Submarine Garden.*

WHILE Jack (the driver), was working below, he ran across a place where pearl shells seemed more plentiful than usual, and, according to the custom in such cases, he gave three pulls and a shake on the lifeline, as a signal for Ketchee to drop the *Norma's* anchor, so as to allow him to thoroughly cover the ground.

Previous to this the boat had been slowly drifting with the current, Jack following her. The "patch," as places where shells are plenty are called, was a veritable submarine garden, abounding in all kinds of sponge, coral, and other sea growths, some of them ten and twelve feet high and twenty-five feet around the base, a place where Jack had to watch his lifeline and airpipes very closely, for fear they might get entangled among the multitudinous stems and tracery. The shells were thick and in a few minutes Jack had his bag full to overflowing; so, hauling down sufficient slack on the lifeline, he tied the bag to it and signaled Ketchee to pull it up, who, having emptied it, returned it in the same way. In this manner bag after bag went up, until the total number of shells amounted to several hundreds, and Jack began to feel tired. Gathering shells at this rate is something like, thought he, as he shook the sweat off his face. One more bag full and I shall have to go up for a mouthful of fresh air.

Down came the empty bag again, and off Jack started after three or four large shells that lay half-hidden in the shadow of a coral cup.

He stooped to pick them up, and as he did so a shoal of fish darted past his face glass, a mighty wave seemed to strike him and rolled him over and over on the rock bottom, and everything became as dark as night.

A nameless terror took possession of Jack for a moment, as he lay half-stunned among the long sea grasses, for his first thought was that he had been stricken blind; but as he picked himself up, to his unspeakable joy the light gradually came back again, and he saw that the darkness had been caused by the stirring up of a thin layer of mud that covered the ocean floor.

Suddenly he felt his right foot slip as if he had trodden on an anemone, and at the same instant there closed around his leg a vise-like grip that chained him to the spot.

Finding himself in the fatal clutches of a monster Tridacna, an exaggerated species of clam which measured three feet in length and weighed some five hundred pounds, and exposed to the mercy of sharks, should they come that way, our hero for the moment lost all control of himself, and crying aloud with fear and pain, he tore frantically at the corrugated edges of shell which held him.

Finally Jack with an effort calmed himself, and no sooner had he regained his presence of mind than he whipped out his sheath knife and commenced to cut vigorously at the interior of the mollusk, the shell being held partly open by his leg, knowing well that if he would reach the heart of the fish, the muscles would relax and leave him free.

As he slashed and probed into the flabby mass, his knife clicked against something hard, and with a diver's instinct he put his hand down and felt for it.

The next moment he drew forth an immense pearl, perfect in shape, color, and lustre. And then by degrees the shell opened until Jack was able to step out—a prisoner no longer.

Shall We Know Each Other?*

RECOGNITION is implied in the Scriptural representations of heaven. Take the figure of a mansion. Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" what is the idea here, but that of a family at home, and this means that the good who are separated here, shall be united there, and this implies recognition, for leave out recognition and the most essential feature of a home is gone. To poor sorrowing mortals mourning for lost ones, Jesus says, in substance, Let not your heart be troubled, there are mansions in heaven, where you shall find your lost ones. And that finding of friends which is to heal the sorrow caused by the loss of them must include recognition.

Take the figure of a feast: at our Father's table we shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the ancient worthies, but what attraction is there in this, if they are all to be strangers? if we are never to distinguish them from any others in the great congregation? If we are not to know them, there is no force in this language, which was evidently presented as a motive to stimulate our faith and effort. And if we shall know the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, then why may not the presence of those with whom we were most intimately associated in this life constitute the sweetest feature in that blessed reunion? If, for our happiness, God will enable us to know the ancient worthies of former ages, whom we never saw in the flesh, will he not, for the same reason, enable us to know those whom we knew and loved in our earthly homes.

Take the figure of the wedding supper. And in what respect does this represent heaven? Not that there will be a literal feast, or marriage ceremony; but it represents the joyful occasion when friends long separated shall meet in a glorious reunion in our father's house. And when the Son of God employs this scene to represent heaven, he introduces the most intensely interesting and precious thought that can be awakened in the human soul, namely, that heaven is the great homestead of humanity, the Father's house full of mansions, the home of the soul, and hence it is a state of literal and blessed reunion of friends, and one of two things must be true, either the inhabitants of heaven *do* or *do not* know each other; and now which of these theories is most in accord with the teachings and illustrations of Scripture, with the indications of analogy, and most in harmony with the conclusions of reason and experience so far as they go?

Some people entertain the idea that in heaven all the relations of earth, intellectual as well as physical, shall not only be blotted out and obliterated but absolutely forgotten, or that we shall see nothing, know nothing, and care for nothing but the praise and adoration of the Lord Jesus, which shall absorb all our powers, and all our time, to the exclusion of everything else. But when we first found Christ in the pardon of our sins, did we forget our families? And do we lose interest in them in proportion as we get nearer to Christ? No; the very contrary is true, the nearer we get to Christ the more sacred become the ties that bind us to our families. And can it be possible that when we get to heaven, and bow at the very feet of Jesus, that we shall forget our loved ones altogether? In the presence of the Lord Jesus shall we lose the knowledge that we ever had a father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or brothers, or sisters? And so, spending eternity in the very midst of those whose voices and smiles were the light and music of our earthly home, shall we never find one who knelt by our side at family prayer?

The marriage supper of the Lamb will not be a convocation of strangers, but a home gathering in our Father's house; and I believe we shall have the power to know each one, so that there will not be a stranger in all heaven; and, of course those who constituted our family circle in Christ, shall be there, and shall be known as such. You tell me that heaven is the temple of God, that it is the city of God, that it is a beautiful city, and all these representations clothe heaven with immortal beauties and resistless attractions that entrance my senses, and captivate and fascinate my soul! But, oh, when you tell me that heaven is the home of the soul, the brightest vision of all unfolds before me! For there, amid the ineffable glories, I recognize familiar faces, and hear familiar voices, and my heart swells and throbs with the hope of a blessed reunion with loved ones on yonder peaceful shore, where the parting hand shall never be given and "good-by" shall never be spoken! Yes, reason and Scripture and commonsense all unite in confirmation of the soul's immortal conviction that we shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away.

*[illegible] by Rev. John W. Langley. Our characters [illegible] by him published many volumes [illegible] from. A good, strong, [illegible] Dr. Langley with a clear idea [illegible] in which the people are interested [illegible] subjects in full of bright thoughts clothed in [illegible]. Pp. 360. Published by The Hebrew Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Importance of Early Training.*

THERE is no doubt that bad training is one of the chief predisposing causes of crime. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and "the child is father to the man," are sacred and profane truism on every one's lips. It has been suggested that, inasmuch as the parent is responsible for a debt incurred by his child whilst under age, he should also morally be held responsible for any crime committed in the like way, for it must follow that the field of the mind not cultivated with healthful blossoms will run wild with weeds. To insure a happy result, to obviate crime, the culture must be commenced at the dawn of its development by the mother, for "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The rough-hewing of the great model of mankind, Alfred, was begun by his mother almost in the nursery, and it is a fine eulogy, even on his memory, to record that it was a psychical influence, a literary reward, that was his first stimulus to good.

It matters not what may be the character of the crime, in all cases, progress from venial to bad, from bad to worse, and thence to extremes, is the invariable trait of a criminal career; consequences are first calculated with anxiety, then merely weighed against immediate gain, and, finally, disregarded altogether.

By careful youthful training and tuition, the development of the nobler organ in man commences—the intellect; but we must economize, and not expect too much at first or we shall mar instead of make; and instead of sending rich and fertile blood to the brain, it will be a poor and impoverished fluid. The pride of progress is excited very early in life, and if this stimulus takes the right course it will continue to a life of utility.

Amongst even the ragged schools in England this desire exists with the pupils, who are ever eager to answer a question first, and to be high up in the form.

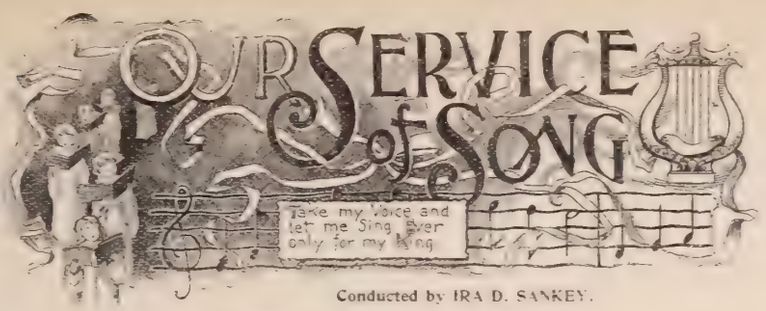
*From *Unlawful Inventions a Precursor of Crime*, by Forbes Winslow, the distinguished alienist and physician to the British Hospital for Mental Disorders. A little volume of more than usual interest to the serious minded. Pp. 104, cloth binding. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London, and Toronto, publishers.

Laborers With God.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 2. 1 Cor. 3 : 6-23.

GROWTH, development, and service are ideas indissolubly associated in the teaching of Christ and his Apostles with Christian life. Nothing is more remote from their idea of the Christian, than the crystalized condition which too frequently satisfies the converted man. He has passed through certain experiences, complied with certain forms, and he regards the transaction as complete. A passport is in his possession admitting him within the pearly gates that figure in so many antiquated sermons, and he sees himself, in anticipation, striding the golden pavement and twanging a golden harp, for the first time in his existence. If that were the issue, and the only issue of the Christian life, it would not seem to have been worth all the suffering and all the agony Christ endured to win it for us. Christ came and suffered that he might impart life to men, spiritual life which should permeate their being, eliminating the evil, strengthening the good, making them stronger and better and more helpful to their fellowmen. It would have been possible for Almighty power to have done this at once by a miracle in every case. God could have so arranged it that Baptism should have made a man perfect at a dip, or a sprinkle. Or he could have given perfection as a gift, as some believe that he really does. But that is not God's way of working. He imparts the power to become good, and it is for man to use it. It is for man to decide what he will be. He has an unlimited supply of grace to draw upon, and according to his faith will be the rate of his progress. He is a laborer with God.

The work before every man after his conversion is pretty much what the mission of Israel was at the death of Joshua. He may rest content with being in the kingdom, or he may seek to possess it. Enemies are in the land that ought to be driven out, but they will not go of their own accord. They will only be driven out by hard fighting. But God pushes them driven out, and he stands ready to give all the power needed for the task. The demons in every man's soul are easily recognizable. The man himself knows them, if he knows himself. They differ in different constitutions. With one the worst is ill-temper, with another it is pride, with another it is cupidity, with another it is sensualism, and so on through the whole long, black list. They may reign, and as the Apostle says, the man may be saved, but it is a poor salvation, and it is likely that he will start the next life handicapped, or by a discipline that the Apostle compares to fire. It ought to be every man's holy ambition to cultivate his little plot of land—his own soul—getting rid of the weeds, and bringing fruit from it. It may be a small plot; if so, the responsibility is the less, but it ought to produce all the fruit that can be made to grow upon it. And it is with this work as it is with our gardens; we cannot make any tree or plant grow. The seed is sown; and the rain and the sunshine, and the abundant life of the soil produce the rest. We are laborers with God. Or to revert to the Apostle's figure of a building. The foundation is laid, but it rests with the man himself how high and how beautiful it shall be. The materials must be of his own selecting, and he ought to select them with the fact ever before him that whatever he does will be tried as by fire.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. P. M. W. A. OGDEN.

1. The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for all to-day; Then hast-en to
2. The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for all to-day; Then hast-en to
3. The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for all to-day; Then hast-en to

DUET.

drink of its wa-ters! Oh quick-ly the call o-bey. Come to the fount-ain, the
drink of its wa-ters! Oh quick-ly the call o-bey. Come with-out mon-ey, oh,
drink of its wa-ters! Oh quick-ly the call o-bey. Heark-en the Bride and the

wa-ter free, Flow-eth for all who may thirs-ty be; Je-sus in mer-cy is call-ing thee,
now draw near, Lin-ger no long-er in doubt and fear, Je-sus will give you this wa-ter clear,
Spir-it say: "Come whoso-ev-er will, to-day," Here at the fount-ain thy thirst al-lay,

CHORUS. Full Chorus.

To drink of the fountain of life. } Oh, come to the fount-ain! Come to the
That flows from the fountain of life. }
Come drink of the wa-ter of life. } Come to the fount, come to the fount, opened for sin,

fount-ain! Come to the fount-ain, and drink of the wa-ter of life.
o-pened for sin, Come to the fount, Come to the fount, and

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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS,
By per of the Publishers.

What Matters It?

Written for "The Christian Herald."

THERE are other lands than ours,
Lands of sunshine and of flowers;
Where, throughout the jeweled day,
Sportive children laugh and play;
Mocking care, and age, and all,
With the magic of their call:
And, where youthful innocence
Smiles with blank indifference
On the problems with which men
Battle all in vain. But then!
What need they fear, when to them is given
To dwell with the angels of God in Heaven?

There are other homes than ours
Hid away 'neath shady bowers;
Where, perhaps, through ages long,
Might has linked itself with wrong.
Ah, but hear the pleasant chime,
Childhood's laughter rings sublime!
Warbling songs in language strange.
Nature halt! Why dost thou change
Their happy lot! Oh, grant that youth
May ever be the shrine of truth.
Suspend thy laws yet once again
That age may know its hopes. But then!
'Tis all the same, for to such it is given
To dwell with the angels of God in Heaven.

—KANSAS.

The Atonement.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

THE everlasting Son of God,
What has he done for me?
He came from splendor, bright, above,
And died upon the tree;
He died that I eternal life
Through ages might possess,
He died the world to save from sin,
He died the race to bless.

Oh, sacrifice that mortal man
Can never estimate!
It saves me not alone from hell,
But from a sinful state.
And, through the sacrifice he made,
I some day shall behold
The pearly gates, the jasper walls,
The streets of burnished gold.

How grateful I to Jesus am
For what he's done for me!
Oh, Saviour, come and help me now
To be more true to thee,
And grant that I may lead some soul
From darkness into light,
To joys no seraph's tongue can tell,
From sin and endless night!

Newman Grove, Neb. —J. N. GORTNER.

The Prophecy on the Mount.

The Double Application of our Lord's Predictions Recorded in Matt. 24.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER, A.B.

Continued from page 5.

THE more closely we examine this chapter, the more clearly does it appear that Christ had in mind when he uttered his predictions both the near event of the destruction of Jerusalem and the farther event of his Second Coming which should close the dispensation.

The "abounding of iniquity," and the consequent "waxing cold of the love of many" (ver. 12), would seem to belong especially to the period prior to the Advent, and are in exact accordance, as every student of prophecy must be aware, with numerous predictions, both of the Old and New Testaments, which undeniably refer to that event.

The "preaching of the Gospel for a witness among all nations" (ver. 14), is also, without question, to be regarded, not as a sign preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, but—as the emphatic words, "and then shall the end come," are sufficient to determine—as a marked and specially noteworthy token that the Lord is, indeed, at hand.

The "setting up of the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, in the holy place" (ver. 15) would seem evidently to have received some fulfilment at the destruction of Jerusalem. Many in that time of trouble, remembering Christ's warning, when they saw the Temple desecrated by Antiochus fled to Pella and their lives were preserved. But it cannot have then received—and it therefore still awaits—its complete fulfilment in events connected with the Second Advent.

Thus far this prophecy, if only the possession of this twofold character be allowed to it, is by no means difficult of interpretation. It is remarkably free from either symbol or metaphor. It is, moreover, most distinct in its utterance. We can take it in one hand, and the history of the destruction of Jerusalem in the other, and, comparing the two together, we can gain from this as fully as from any other portion of God's Prophetic Word the substantial evidence of the inspiration of the Sacred Volume—the proof incontrovertible that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." We can point to the site upon which the once proud buildings of the Temple stood, and to the recent records of "the Palestine Exploration Society," in proof of how accurately the words of our Lord's discourse, as here recorded, have been accomplished. Having done this, may we not triumphantly ask if there be any room for doubt, or question, or misgiving as to the equally literal accomplishment in the glorious Second Appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of each and every particular foretold in the prophecy, which has not as yet completely come to pass?

From verse 36, however, to the end of the chapter, we get upon altogether new ground, and encounter statements and warnings which it is not at first sight easy to reconcile with what has gone before.

In the former portion of the chapter we read of an Advent preceded and heralded by many most remarkable and portentous events—an Advent which cannot take place until these events shall have each and all of them occurred. So fully must this be the case that our Lord speaks (ver. 32, 33) of the occurrence of these signs as betokening the nearness of his Coming, just as the buds upon the figtree most surely betoken the advent of Summer.

(To be Continued.)

The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

[illegible] $19,277.59
Alderson, Mrs J W.. 2 00
[illegible] 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
Atkinson, Jonathan.. 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Agnew, Mrs E J .. 5 00
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] Mrs M 5 00
Baldwin, D A........ 1 00
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Barnett, Mrs S H.... 1 00
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Bergey, J.. D........ 1 00
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Blatchford, [illegible] 2 00
Bluemel, [illegible] 1 00
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Bowers, H J.......... 2 00
Brown, Mrs D 1 00
Brown, Mrs M[illegible] 1 50
Butler, Mrs Ma 1 00
Butman, Mrs Jn P.. 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Barber, Mrs Jas 50
[illegible] W R 1 00
Barkdull, Chas R 2 00
[illegible] 5 00
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Barker, Miss Mary.. 2 50
[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 98
Barton, Mr & Mrs F, & Mrs Whitehead..10 00
Batman, Thos....... 5 00
[illegible] Mrs Mary 2 00
Benton, Mrs J W.... 1 00
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Berry, Hamer....... 1 00
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Brooks, Mrs Olive... 2 00
Brown, Frances 2 00
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Calkins, H V 50
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Cardwell, John L.... 5 00
Carhart, Mrs......... 1 00
Carlton, A...... .. 8 00
Caswell, H E 1 00
Catlin, Mrs M R. 1 00
Chaffee, D B........ 1 00
Chaffee, J D 1 00
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Crawson, Mrs M S .. 1 00
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Cochrane, Mrs Sophie 50
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Cooper, M J 1 00
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Cressy, E L 1 50
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Carson, Rev R M 2 00
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Castleberry, M T 2 00
Clancy, T & E J 3 00
Clark, Miss Ann 1 00
Connolly, B T 1 00
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Cowles, Mrs E 1 00
Coy, Mrs S B........ 3 00
Crandel, Ella 10
Crane, Charlotte 50
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Dunn, Mrs E H, and [illegible]
Davidson, Mrs A E 1 00
Davis, Mrs H M 1 00
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DeJean, Martha 5 00
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Farmer, Martha A 1 00
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[illegible] Wm H 1 00
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Gunderson, M T 10 00
Gable, Thos M....... 1 00
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Gordon, Mrs E A 1 00
Grant, Mrs A J 50
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Grimes, Mrs Lucy J.. 5 00
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Hampson, Theo 5 00
Harding, Elmer J 2 00
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Harris, Carrie F 1 00
Harris, Mrs R A...... 2 00
Hatcher's class, Mrs. 2 00
Hawes, C J 1 00
Henderson, Mrs C B . 1 00
Heydrick, M A 5 00
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Hiller, H R........... 1 00
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Hostetler, Maggie 25
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Hatsinpiller, Mrs L.. 5 00
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Hammond, D 3 00
Hammond, Mrs M J . 50
Hansen, H A 3 00
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Haywood, J S 1 00
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Hinman, Mrs L F.... 1 00
Hodson, Mrs Thos ... 2 00
Hoge, Mildred A..... 1 00
Holverson, A 1 00
Hooker, H P 1 00
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Huntzinger, Mrs M . 1 00
Hurd, Mrs A S 5 00
Iler, Mrs H J 5 00
Jeffs, A C 1 00
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Jones, Mrs C W 1 00
Jordan, Chas L 10 00
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Johnson, S M 1 00
Johnston, Romaine.. 2 00
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Kenney, [illegible] 1 00
Keyes, Mrs F 1 00
King, Mrs A N 1 00
Kinsey, Ann U 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Kooman, Mr & Mrs .. 1 00
Kryder, J M 1 00
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Klepfer, Mrs K 1 50
Knowles, Geo 3 00
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Koukle, Mrs E J 1 00
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Lee, Miss Lizzie B .. 2 00
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Lewis, John, & Mary Champ.. .... 1 50
Ligon, Misses 3 00
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Lint, Maggie 10
Long, Sarah 10
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McIntosh, Mrs John 10 00
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McKnight, Mrs L M. 5 00
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Macomber, A W 2 00
Marietta, Mrs S M . 1 00
Marley, T J 3 00
Martin, John D....... 5 00
Maxwell, Mr & Mrs.. 5 00
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McMillan, Joe 2 00
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Montgomery, Mary .. 1 00
Moore, Mrs John A.. 1 00
Morse, Mrs E K 3 00
Morton, Chas M..... 10 00
Nelson, Jennie 2 00
Newgent, MD, J G.. 1 00
Nash, Henry H 1 00
Newby, Mr & Mrs.... 5 00
Niles, A E........... 1 00
Nims, Mrs C W 1 00
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Oliver, M J 2 00
Owen, Miss H 1 00
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Patterson, Mrs R 2 00
Phillips, Mrs I A 1 00
Pillsbury, L R...... 2 00
Pitcher, Mrs R N 1 00
Pond, D W 1 00
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Price, Mrs 25
Pryor, T J............ 2 00
Putnam, C E 1 00
Parker, J E 2 00
Partridge, A S 1 00
Payne, T J........... 1 00
Pegg, Henry 1 00
Perrin, Mrs J N 1 00
Plummer, A C 1 00
Pipkin, Art & May K. 5 00
Platt, Mrs Frank 1 00
Platt, S H 1 00
Pool, Addie 50
Power, Mrs T A 10 00
Pratt, J L 5 00
Quist, A J 1 00
Reed, Sam'l 2 00
Richardson, Mrs D D 1 00
Robertson, Mrs A S . 1 00
Robertson, B B 10 00
Robinson, Mary 1 00
Rood, Hosea M 3 00
Ruggles, Mrs J A 1 00
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Rasmussen, Mrs P... 5 00
Rathill, Susan 50
Reed, Mrs Eliza 5 00
Reese, F H 2 00
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Rutty, L D 10 00
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Sheppard, O E 50
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Sherer, O D 50
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[illegible] 25
Sloane, Margaret 50
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Smith, Eliza 50
Smith, Geo 2 00
Smith, Mrs H E 1 00
Smith, J A 5 00
Smith, L May 1 00
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Snyder, Viola L 25
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Stephens, J J, M D.. 5 00
Sterling, J P 17 00
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Stovall, Geo H 10 00
Strong, Mrs M A..... 50
Swift, Mrs Martha... 3 00
Swift, O F 2 00
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Schenkel, J......... 1 00
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Shanklin, Mrs T C... 2 00
Shaver, S A......... 1 00
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Scott, Sarah 25
Skelton, Henry 2 00
Smith, Mrs & Miss .. 3 00
Smith, H C 1 00
Smith, Mrs R A 1 00
Smith, Mrs Robt..... 5 00
Smith, Mrs Stephen.. 4 90
[illegible] 2 00
Speakman, M E 3 00
Spencer, Miss D M... 5 00
Stark, Walter 2 00
Stewart, Mr & Mrs... 2 00
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Stoll, Mary A 1 00
Svacha, Frank 2 00
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Taylor, J S 1 00
Tharp, Rev Hiram ... 5 00
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Tillson, Mrs M B..... 5 00
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Temple, Mrs Edwin.. 50
Tenney, T P 1 00
Thompson, E P 2 00
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Trethway, Mrs M A. 2 00
Tunison, Mrs W E.... 5 00
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Tuttle, Mrs John A . 5 00
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Vogelsang, E J 1 00
Vogt, Anna B........ 1 00
Vanvleet, A S........ 1 00
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Wallace, A C 5 00
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Walter, Mrs Daniel.. 50
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Webster, David 50
Weeks, Hettie T..... 2 00
Wehram, A 3 00
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Worner, Geo 1 00
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Williams, Mrs M..... 1 00
Williams, Wm P..... 1 00
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Wright, Mrs A L 1 00
Wrightsman, M C ... 3 00
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Yoder, Mrs Wm L ... 2 00
Young, Boyd 1 00
Youngs, Alfred H... 50
Young, G V 50
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Zschockfelt, F H 5 00
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G & L, Frankfort Sps 1 00
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J W, Cleveland 1 00
D B B, Fitzwilliam.. 1 00
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J W B, Mifflintown.. 2 00
S L D, New Wilm'g'n 1 00
A D, Invalid 1 00
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Moncrieff, Boston ... 5 00
"Scnella M H, N Y.. 1 00
Frank, Newark....... 2 00
Sutherland & Eddie.. 2 00
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Winnie & Jennie, Can 2 00
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"Wamoke" Loyd 50
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A E F, Wilmington.. 1 00
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M E G, Brooklyn 1 00
S J C, Washington .. 1 00
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W I S, Lynchburg ... 5 00
E E W 1 00
J J R, Jamaica 1 00
Mrs L J N, Rathbone 1 00
A E B, Otego 50
X Y Z, Pitcher. 3 00
M E S, Job's Cor's... 2 25
T J Q, New Hartford 1 00
E A H G, Mass 2 00
D R, Milwaukee 1 00
A A F, Balto 1 00
M D S, Balto 1 00
V K, Me 1 00
Mrs E J S, N Y 1 00
C A G, Hazleton 5 00
Miss M L S, Mass.... 1 00
F A R, Dresden, Ger 40 00
P J A, Berryville 2 00
F A, Monroe, Wis... 5 00
S N E, Raccoon Ford 1 00
M L E, Greensburg. 2 00
Mrs S S B 25
N A B, Quincy 2 00
Fr C H W, Wash 1 00
Mrs H J H, Ill 1 00
A B, Conn 1 00
D S, Mill Creek 50
J B, Wis 10 00
M E M, Rankin 1 00
B A, Wyandot 50
L P T, Mich 2 00
G, N, b 50
M K, Chillicothe ... 10 00
Mrs T D M, Boston.. 88
Mrs M A Daughter .. 10 00
Charlie & Cliff, Big R 1 31
Mable & Willie, Rut'd 25
S D F, Latrobe 1 00
E V, Me 1 00
A W L, ... 5 00
I B D, Dayton 1 00
K K, Ont 5 00
S J M, W Economy . 1 00
M P W, Newton H'l'd 1 00
X X X, Ill 1 00
G A H & E A H, Putnam 1 00
Mrs R H S H, Mosq'te 2 00
E A L, Provincetown . 2 00
S E A & M J L, Bridgeville 2 00
M L, Picture Rocks.. 50
M D, N Y City 5 00
L W, Tamaqua 1 00
R G, Watertown. .. 2 00
M M B, Brooklyn 1 00
A F, W Grove 2 00
M S J, Ryegate 1 00
M D B, North East .. 2 00
Mrs B, Cape Cod..... 1 00
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Friend, W Phila 2 00
" Tilton 5 00
" Latrobe, ... 2 00
" Reading 1 00
" Wolfeboro Falls 1 00
" Holyoke 1 00
" So Manchester.. 1 00
" Fallbrook 2 00
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" Neosha.......... 1 00
" Bethel 1 00
" Kent 2 00
" An invalid, Ct.. 1 00
Friend in Ont 1 00
" N B 2
" in Harper field 1 00
" Thomasville 5 00
" Sheboygan 1 00
" Summit 1 00
" Peoria 25
" Haverhill 1 00
" Haverhill 1 00
" Colton 2 00
Friends, Plattsville 15 00
" Peterboro 2 00
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" Bismarck 5 00
" Newark 5 00
" [illegible] 1 00
" Weister, Pa 3 00
2 " [illegible] 6 00
2 " Mentor 2 00
2 " [illegible] 2 00

A Christian friend, Ia 2 00
Friends, Pleas't Unity 4 00
" Trumansburg .. 1 00
For Christ's Sake, Warren Ctr 1 00
For Christ's Sake, Boston 5 00
For Jesus' Sake, Tinmouth 10
In the name of Jesus Ashland 75
In Jesus Name, Cnt'n 5 00
In Jesus' Name, W Brattleboro 2 00
In Christ's Name, Western 2 00
Inasmuch, Somerville 1 00
I H N, Elida 1 50
I H N, Lancaster 2 00
I H N, Scio 6 00
I H N, Eudora 2 00
I H N, Canaan 2 00
I H N, Valley Ctr ... 10 00
" Belmont 2 00
" Brooklyn 6 00
" Franklin 1 00
" W Sunbury 1 00
" Pontiac 1 00
Reader, Hudson 3 00
" Taylorstown ... 5 00
" Minoa 2 00
Reader, Sherman's D 1 00
" Durand 1 00
" Vanceburg 2 00
" Jacksonville 3 00
Meth Readers, Lab'ty 2 00
Subr, Bellefountaine 5 00
" Streator 50
" Furnace 50
" Prattsville 1 00
" Hallowell 1 00
Sub'r, Honey Grove 1 00
" Boston 1 00
" Brooksdale 1 00
" Smith 50
——, Louisville, Ky . 1 00
——, Wareham 5 00
——, Ia.............. 1 00
——, Phila........... 3 00
——, Vineland 5 00
——, Red Cloud 1 00
——, N Y City....... 1 00
——, Machias 10 00
——, Tara 2 00
——, Bridgton 5 00
——, Mt Vernon 2 00
——, Colo Springs ... 50
——, Vaughnsville... 1 00
——, Anamosa 2 00
——, Louise 2 00
——, Ridge Road ... 50
——, ... 2 00
——, Chester 1 50
——, Manchester 1 00
——, Gracey 3 00
——, New Haven..... 3 00
——, Nashville 2 00
——, King's Sta 1 00
——, Anaheim 3 00
In Christian Sympathy, Bingamton.... 1 00
Sympathizer, Blaine 1 00
" Harvey 5 00
Sym'tizer, Charleston 5 00
" Brooklyn 20 00
Sym'tizer, Wrightsb'o 5 00
Two Sympathizers, Lake Forest 2 00
3 Sisters, Elmira 3 00
"Mother," Omaha 25
Inmates of Bap Home for Aged 2 00
Presby Home 1 00
Evanston Missionary Training Inst 5 00
State Street P C, Jacksonville 10 00
W Indianola Mis Soc 3 00
W Indianola Children Gleaners Band..... 3 00
C E S, 1 Presby Chu, Purcell 5 00
Jr C E Soc, 1st Chu of Christ, Conn 2 75
C E Soc, Mission City 5 00
C E of Christ Lutheran Chu, Harrisburg 3 00
YPSCE, Jackson Ctr 6 61
Moriah C E Soc 11 00
Shellmonth C E A Dist 2 00
A Widow's Mite, Ala 50
Chas Bap S S 1 00
Evang'ne'l S S, Gibsonburg 14 88
Tombs Run M E S S.11 00
1st Bap S S, Litchfi'd 1 80
Christian Church S S, Dewittville 4 00
Christ's Lu Church, Harrisburg 13 33
Missionary & King's Daughters Soc'ty O 15 50
Mission Band, N S... 1 00
Emily Ament Mission Band, Owosso 3 00
For Christ's Sake, Ont 2 00
J I C, Wheeling 5 00
Two Old People, Me.. 5 00
Bap Ch, Geary City.. 1 50
Christian Ch Beaver .. 3 55
Pompton Ref'd Ch ... 19 59
The "Lighthouse" Bapt Church 3 30
French Bapt Church 6 00
Summit M E S S...... 7 50
Elm S S, 3 Mile Run .10 00
S S of the German Presby Church, Ia 15 00
S S, Beaver City 1 00
I. Bennington Evangelical S S 4 00
Orthodox Friends . 14 61
Friends S S 4 00
Glad Tiding 1 00
A Help for some one, 2 00
Little Ones, Litchfield 75
Central Pres Ch, N Y 2 00
Miss M E g Y P S C E Parksville 1 25

Ladies Miss So, First Pres Ch, Ala. 5 00
Y P S C E, Lakeman 5 00
Coll taken in Armenian Rally, Lyons F m 25 41
Kingfield W C T U .. 1 40
1st Presby S S, Schenectady 5 00
Sr & Jr C E Society, Brier Hill 4 11
C E Soc, St Paul's Pres Ch, Ont 5 00
Y P S C E & other friends, Nicola Lake 5 60
Young People, Holland Christian Ref Ch 10 91
W H C E & Aid Soc, M P Church, N Y .. 3 00
German Cong'l S S, Lansing 2 00
Wylam M E S S 2 30
S S collec, Madison .. 3 46
S S, Milo............ 2 75
Forest Home S S 5 21
Bapt & Pres S S, Knoxville 2 00
S S of Presby Church, Franklin 3 50
Lanark Bapt Ch 13 00
New Hope Chu, Fla 3 40
M E Ch, Jordanville .11 00
Yellow Frame Pres Ch 1 06
Pres Chu, New Cumberland 2 00
Pres Chu, Greenville. 2 50
A mother's last request, Weister 3 00
One of the little ones 5 00
Thank Offering, Farmington 1 00
Waterville Mites .. 10 00
Bread upon the waters, Durham 1 00
For little Eva's sake, Berwick 1 00
One who loves Jesus, M——, N Y 1 00
One who pities, Rotterdam Jct 5 00
One who loves Jesus, Vienna............ 20
Poor Children, Mechanicsburg 15
Believer, Princeton.. 8 00
Sister in Christ 1 00
School District No 16, Lockport 3 00
Methodists of Eureka 5 00
For Christ's Sake, Greenpark 2 00
For Jesus' Sake, Winnipeg 1 00
All for Jesus' Sake, Frostburg 1 00
In Jesus' Name, Des Moines............. 5 00
No Name, Seward ... 5 00
Baptist, Fredericsb'g 10 00
3 Girls, Columbus.... 50
Disciple of Jesus, Fallsoosa 1 00
Endeavorer, Worcester 1 00
Helper Villisca 5 00
Family led by Jesus, Great Bend 1 00
Matt 25:35-36, Can ... 2 00
Mother & Daughter, Litchfield 1 10
Widow's Mite, Alton 1 00
One deeply interested, Montrose...... 5 00
One of the Flock, Mexico............. 1 00
A Nurse, Phila 5 00
People of Lakeland.. 6 50
X, So Newbury....... 1 00
Emden Union Circle 5 00
Whatsoever Circle, K D, Homer 2 45
King's Children Mission Band, N Y 5 00
Senior Ladies, M E Church, Ware 5 00
Ladies' Miss'y So, Con Ch, Chenango Forks 1 25
Ladies' Aid Soc, 2d Pres Ch, Kas 5 00
Epworth League, Gemmills 1 00
King's Daughters, Rotterdam Jct 5 00
A C E So of F Bapt Church, Me 5 50
Smithfield Disciple, Y P S C E 1 00
C E Soc, Reaville ... 1 00
Y P S C E Cong Ch.. 6 00
Y P S C E, Derry 14 50
Y P S C E, Wray ...10 00
C E Soc, W Hawley.. 2 00
Fallbrook Jr C E So . 50
Endeavor So, Reformed Church, Brookd'e 7 10
Union Y P S C E, Pa 6 15
Cong Y P S C E, Hildreth 2 00
Y P S C E, Cong Ch Monticello 5 00
Kinston Y P S C E .. 5 00
Bitter Creek C E So. 65
Beaver Valley SS 1 70
Broadway Mission S S, Gainesville 6 90
Christian S S, Lyons. 1 35
Union S S, New Ai ns 1 00
Cleveland S S & Ch .. 1 81
Edina M E S S...... 1 20
Boggy Depot S S 8 50
Pleasant View S S ... 2 50
Melbourne Beach S S 5 00
F Bapt Ch, Blaine .. 2 60
Unity Ch, Detroit .. 10 00
Christian Ch, E Freetown 6 52
Friends S S 3 13
Bapt Ch, Old Mystic. 4 00
M E Ch, Old Mystic 10 51

Total $21,530.53

And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week.

Missions Among the Indians.

Less than 250,000 Indians are now to be found in the United States, exclusive of those in Alaska. They are willing to be civilized and Christianized; they have at least fair industry and capacity for self-support. Over 32,000 Indians are now taxable and self-sustaining citizens. These do not include five civilized tribes, numbering 68,371. Educational mission work is being carried on among them by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Friends.

Sad Armenia.

"In Ramah was a voice heard . . . Rachel weeping for her children . . . because they are not."

O RAMAH of the nineteenth century!
Whose Rachel pours her life-blood with her tears!
Whose Herod sits in mad effrontery,
And mocks at Europe's frown! "Who interferes
For Christian dogs that fatten through the years?
Gehenna or Islam! Their choice is free!"
Lone Ramah! God have pity upon thee!
But, Europe! think not the recoil to escape
Of blows like these, if, in the Levite's pride,
From this prone "neighbor" thou dost turn aside!
The blood of sad Armenia soon will shape
A spectre that shall lighten far and wide—
Confounding kings and councillors—and cry
In thunder to the Avenger throned on high!

Lexington, Mass. MRS. CYRUS HAMLIN.

The Congress on Africa.

THREE continents furnished speakers for a remarkable gathering in Atlanta, Ga., lately. The occasion was the assembling of the "Congress on Africa," held under the auspices of the Stewart Missionary Foundation for Africa of Gammon Theological Seminary. In the course of the various addresses, the history, social life, and spiritual progress of the African people were considered, special attention being devoted to missionary work among them. One of the foremost figures present was Rev. Orishetukeh Fadima, of the Yoruba tribe, West Africa, who read two papers, one describing the religious beliefs of his own people, the Yorubas, and the other dealing with the successes and drawbacks to missionary work. Mr. Fadima, who is a native African, strongly advocated mutual missions, the use of the native language by missionaries, and the suppression of denominational rivalry, which was a great obstacle to success. Heli Chatelain, well known as an African traveler and philologist, described a number of the various tribes and their languages. Concerning the Bantus, he expressed the conviction that in another century their land would contain a vast population, would equal Europe in civilization, and would be organized as a great United States of Central Africa, under a government and constitution based on the American model. He also gave a very graphic and effective description of the present condition of the African slave trade. Among the other speakers were Mrs. M. French Sheldon, traveler and explorer, whose studies of the social side of African life were interesting and instructive; Rev. J. W. Hamilton, who discussed African occultism; Rev. H. K. Carroll, Rev. J. C. Hartzell. Dr. E. W. L. Hammond, Rev. Joseph E. Roy, Chairman of the World's Fair Congress on Africa; Cyrus C. Adams, who is recognized as one of the leading Africanists in this country; Dr. C. B. Mason, Rev. Dr. Addison, of the American Colonization Society; Bishop W. Joyce, of Chattanooga; Rev. Dr. Harris, Rev. R. S. Rust, of Cincinnati, and many others, noted in connection with African missionary work. Among the results of the Congress' deliberations are more correct views concerning the material and spiritual needs of Africa, and a decided set back to the proposed colonization of American negroes in that distant land.

Grand

Results follow the faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It does expel every trace of scrofula, cures rheumatism, neuralgia and catarrh, creates an appetite and makes the weak strong.

"I was run down so it was all I could do to do my own work. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the first bottle helped me wonderfully. I have taken four bottles, and feel better than I have for many years." MRS. H. E. ARIAL, Lyonsville, Massachusetts.

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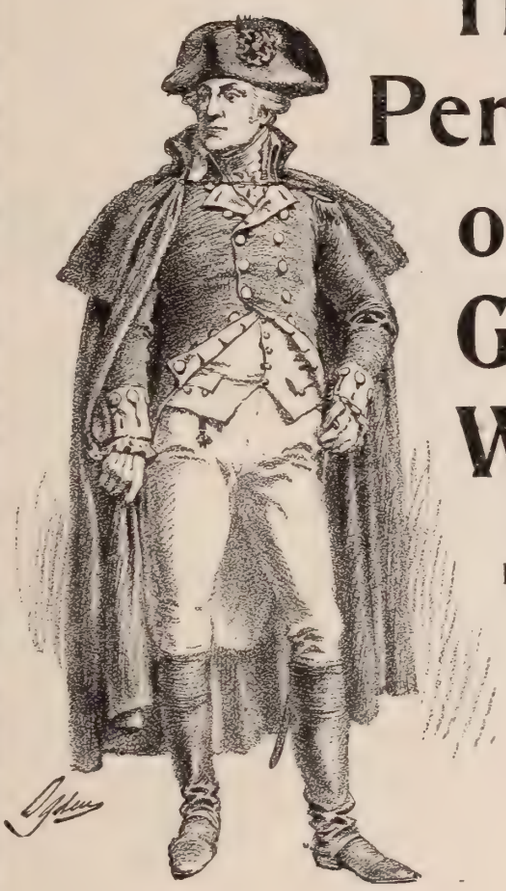
Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. All druggists. 25c.



The Personal Side of George Washington

BY GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. A.

Not the President, Statesman nor General will General Greely describe, but the young man, the lover, the son, the husband, the neighbor and man. General Greely has read over 2000 of Washington's own letters in preparing these articles.

His first paper will treat of

The Loves and Marriage of Washington

Sketching his true attitude toward women : his courtships with Sally Cary and Betsey Fauntelroy, and his marriage with Martha Custis.
The articles will shortly begin in

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A Montana Bible Class.

ON this page is a picture from a photograph of an interesting group of young people in Butte City, Mont. It appears that there are some four or five hundred Chinamen among the miners of that city, who are exposed to temptations to which men of that race are peculiarly susceptible. Saloons are open day and night, gambling dens and vicious resorts flourish unchecked, and sin runs riot to an appalling degree. We learn from Mr. F. Forlong, who kindly sends us the photograph, that some time ago the Baptist Mission made an effort to reach the Chinamen of the city. It was assisted by several devoted ladies, whose portraits appear in the group. God has wonderfully blessed their efforts. The Chinese young men proved exceptionally intelligent and receptive of Gospel truth. They have not only been regular in their attendance, but have themselves entered into Christian work. They have established at their own cost a Chi-Young Men's Christian Association, which is well furnished, and which they support out of their own earnings. It has a membership of over forty, and attracts new-comers of the Chinese race, helping them to resist the many temptations of the city, and encouraging them in moral conduct. They meet regularly twice a week for prayer and the study of the Bible and have shown an earnest spirit in leading a consistent life. Recently the Mission has received valuable assistance from Mr. Long, a young Chinaman of San Francisco who has spent three months in giving Bible teaching to his countrymen at Butte. Another of the "boys" who is about to visit his home in China has displayed so much intelligence and so beautiful a Christian spirit that the Mission would like to have him educated for Christian work while he is in China. He could have a three years' course in the American College at Canton for a comparatively small sum and it would be very profitable work to enable him to have the privilege. He would make a very effective missionary among his people here or in China, if he had the training. The Mission, however, has no funds at its disposal which are available for the purpose; but it commends the project to the Christian public as one of the best forms of foreign missionary effort. The young man himself is very anxious to receive missionary training but is unable to pay the cost of it personally.

TEACHERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE BIBLE CLASS, BUTTE CITY, MONT.

Another assistant teacher of the group is Mrs. Whitmore, under whose constant attention and untiring patience the class has benefited from the beginning. This lady has given her whole time and labor to the work and has had the blessed privilege of leading many of the young men to the Saviour. Their gratitude to her for self-denying efforts in their behalf is very [illegible] of speaking her praises. They owe it to her efforts under God's blessing that, [illegible] the perils of temptation under peculiarly favorable circumstances, they have not only been preserved from moral ruin but have been taught to believe in Christ. Both those who return to China and those who remain here, have thus been helped and made a means of blessing. The achievement of these Chinese converts in establishing and equipping their Y. M. C. A. is all the more remarkable from the fact that as yet the American young men of the city have no similar institution.

The Sultan's Fanaticism.

The mystery of the outbreak of religious persecution in Armenia has puzzled many people. That the Armenians are being outraged not for being Armenians but for being Christians is obvious. It is also obvious that the Sultan is responsible for the outrages. They may have been executed with worse cruelty than he ever contemplated, but all the world holds the Sultan guilty of the awful crime. It is therefore important to understand the man's character. How is it that, knowing how critical his position is, he should have done things which, as he must have known, would incite all Christendom against him. The first clear light we have had on the character of Abdul Hamid comes from an article by Mr. W. T. Stead, in the January number of "The Review of Reviews." Mr. Stead says:

Abdul Hamid is, of all men, one of those most to be pitied, but at the present moment there is but little pity or compassion shown him. The custom of punishing the Pope for Cæsar's crimes is still fashionable among mankind, and Abdul Hamid is being made the scapegoat for all the atrocities of all the Ottomans. Not that he is without crimes of his own—black and bloody crimes, according to our Western ideas; but, in the eyes of the Oriental, their only criminality consists in that they are not black and bloody enough to achieve their end. For the government of Osmanli has always been, since the days when the Tartar horsemen first taught Asia how terrible was their wrath, a government of terror. By terror the Sultans climbed to supreme power; by terror they have maintained themselves on the throne of the Cæsars for five centuries, and it is only because they can no longer inspire sufficient terror that the Ottoman Empire is crumbling into ruin. The Sultan is an anachronism in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and those that have been trying to make believe that he was a civilized sovereign are no doubt experiencing the revulsion natural to disappointed hope. But those of us who have never for one moment forgotten that the Turk is simply the aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of a civilization which he has destroyed, can afford to be more mild and just in our estimate of the character of the last of the line of Othman.

Mr. Stead believes that the Sultan has undergone an experience which if he were a Christian would be called conversion. As a young man he was among the vilest of the vile, revelling in all the hideous vice which has made Constantinople the moral cesspool of Europe. For some years he spent his life in riot and excess. Then he suddenly reformed. From a profligate he became an ascetic, and with the zeal of a convert set himself to live a higher and a purer life. The penitent prodigal is not the less welcome because he goes to a mosque rather than to a church, and there seems to be no doubt that long before there was any prospect of his succeeding to the throne, Abdul Hamid reformed his mode of life and became, according to his lights, a pious and devout disciple of the Prophet. Such a man was just the kind of man to become a zealot for his religion and, if it was the Mohammedan religion, to think he was doing God service by destroying the people who were opposed to it. He began with the people under his own sway. What a difference between the two religions: that of Mohammed instigating cruelty and murder, and that of Jesus teaching love and kindness to all mankind!

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hinese Christian Endeavorers.

tive Members of the Christian Endeavor Society in Conference.

TO Mrs. Geo. H. Hubbard, of Foochow, China, we are indebted for the following interesting report of a Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies in the district in which she and her husband are laboring for Christ:

We have just held our Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies. Our first plan was to hold it in our largest church, which is called Geu-cio-Ding (Church of the Saviour), but the Christians were sure that would be quite too small, and their thought proved to be correct. So the Christian Endeavorers of that church hired a lot of cloth, had it sowed into large sheets with which they made a tent and spread it on the grassy lawn of our Pona-ang (Foochow suburb's station) compound. A rough platform was hastily erected, covered with a piece of carpeting, upon which stood two organs and the chairman's table and chair. Back of the platform were hung the banners of some of the societies, striking in their Chinese combinations of colored silks, the sentiments inscribed thereon in black velvet characters rich in thought. The benches were brought over from the church by the preachers and students themselves, a great innovation indeed, for the Chinese sentiment is that one who pretends to be anything of a scholar should never do anything manual, it is quite beneath his dignity and such work should be left to the polie class.

I can assure you it was a pretty sight when we were all gathered together, with the bright sunny sky above us, gentle breezes fanning our cheeks, green grass and smiling flowers about us—and God over all!

Our Chairman for the day was the first one who signed his name as a Christian Endeavorer in all China, and he filled his position nobly. Even in our favored homeland it would be difficult to find a young man who would perform his duties on such an occasion any better.

The programme of the day was much the same in miniature as what is given at home on like occasions. Three young ladies (native) played the organ to lead the singing which was rendered with zest and "understanding." After reading of I. Cor. 3:8-9, 21-23 and a prayer, the pastor of the church gave an address of welcome. Such a gathering makes us comprehend, in some degree, what Christian unity is, and realize that we are all members of Christ's body and have equal share and interest in His work. Three minute reports showed total membership of Foochow district (I think this may not include the stations farthest away) to be 570. The largest society is that of the Church of the Saviour. 50 active, 19 associate, 12 honorary members, and the ranks of the actives are constantly increased from the associates.

A pastor of the English Church Mission of Kucheng, near which place the late dreadful massacre of missionaries took place, was present and said: "It rejoices me to be present at such a gathering as this. At Kucheng we have two Christian Endeavor Societies, one in the Methodist mission and one in our own; they have done much to promote mutual love. The first meeting which the dear lamented Mr. Stewart held with us native Christians, was just the night before he started for his summer vacation at fated Huā-sang; he urged us to be very earnest in the work for the Master, for we do not know when the Lord will appear at his Second Coming. Little did he or any of us think how near at hand was the summons to meet his Lord and wait with him the hour when he shall appear in glory."

Another pastor of the same mission from the city church said he felt like a little boy. Christian Endeavor was a new thing to him but he wanted to learn more and more about it. A society had been formed in his church, and already he could see marked improvement along the lines of harmony and mutual helpfulness. Their contributions have greatly increased, and their desire to save souls is such that no matter whom they may meet their tongues cannot be restrained from talking about Jesus doctrine." Here are a few thoughts given by the natives themselves during the open parliament:

"Flowers brought to decorate the church Sunday morning help to keep the audience awake."

"Christian Endeavor is like a tree laden with good fruit, of which three special kinds may be mentioned: First, development of ability; second, interest in missions; third, improvement of the deportment of pupils in school."

"Christian Endeavor is a great help in daily prayer and Bible-reading."

"It helps one to stick to the topic when speaking in meeting."

Two societies have Thanksgiving boxes into which members drop cash when they have something to be specially thankful for.

One sends its members out two by two Sunday afternoons to use the time they used to idle away, in talking about Christ in adjacent villages.

One speaker said, "Sharp Peak has a telegraph line to Foochow and by means of it we may be in communication with you here. Now Christian Endeavor is like the telegraph wire; through it we all know we have each other's sympathy and prayers the whole wide world round."

So for five hours that day the autumn breezes bore the words of eternal life and sweet melodies of praise, from that Christian oasis into the dreary desert of idolatry. Three hundred souls came from heathen darkness, and perhaps, for the first time in their lives, caught a glimpse of Christian light. May God hasten the day when the Sun of Righteousness may shine forth in all his glory and dispel the dark shadows of sin-trodden Cathay.

FOOCHOW, CHINA.

A Prayer Test.

When Bengalese peasants are received into the Christian Church, the missionary usually asks them some simple questions about their faith. This examination by the European missionary often seems rather dreadful to these poor, simple peasants. One man, who was specially shy, was afraid he should not be able to pass. "Sahib," he exclaimed, when his turn came, "do not examine me, I cannot answer any questions." "What must I do, then?" asked the missionary. "Let me pray, sahib," said the man; "I believe I can do that." They all knelt down, and this man, who had been so embarrassed before his fellow-men, spoke so freely out of his heart to his Maker, prayed so earnestly and piously, and with such a thorough understanding of the Gospel, that he needed no further examination.

A Moorish Dispensary.

In the course of his description of life in Morocco, in "The Church at Home and Abroad," Rev. James Johnston thus describes the course of treatment adopted by the Moorish physician: "For a woman to be ill in Morocco is a misfortune indeed. If in a state of suffering, the Moorish woman is allowed, infrequently, to go to the native doctor, who is seated in the marketplace, surrounded by the implements of his calling. An array of flat irons, a small firepot of charcoal, and a huge black bottle constitute his stock in trade. Whatever the disease, external or internal, there is invariably one remedy. He places the iron in the fire until it is hot, and then applies it to the part affected, after which the patient must swallow a draught of a mysterious potion. What this barbarous ordeal entails may be more easily imagined than described. To the rescue of their suffering sisters from such misery, an increasing band of qualified lady physicians are devoting themselves, and they are welcomed where the male medical missionary is refused admission.

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PSALM 148

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Praise ye him, in the heights,
Praise him, all ye his angels,
Praise ye him, stars of light.

Praise ye him, heavens of heavens,
Praise him, ye seraphs bright,
Praise him, thou orb of darkness,
Praise him, thou king of light.

Praise ye him, snow and vapor,
Praise ye him, fire and hail,
Praise him, ye winds and waters,
Praise ye him, hill and dale.

Praise him, all beasts and cattle,
Praise him, each creeping thing,
Praise him, ye deeps and dragons,
Praise ye him, birds of wing.

Praise ye him, princes and Judges,
Praise ye him, kings of fame,
Praise him, both men and maidens,
Praise! Praise his Holy Name!

Manchester, N. H. ELIZRA A. WHITTIER.

Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 12, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

"Subscriber," South Dakota, on behalf of a husband and father who knows not God, that God by his [illegible] may open his eyes to his true condition. — "Subscriber," Canada, a young wife, whose husband is now with the United States [illegible] employment, that he may be brought to Christ and trust in him for all "the other things" which are promised to those who seek first the Kingdom of God.——E. W. S., Eastman, Canada, for the conversion of her children, also for the conversion of father, mother, brother and sister in-law who are all in need of divine enlightenment as to their unsaved condition. — "Broken Hearted Wife," Baltimore, Md., on behalf of her husband who has been led away, that God will mercifully change his heart and make him his own child. —"Father and Mother," St. Joseph, Mo., that a son in financial embarrassment may be kept from falling under the power of drink and may be brought to Christ.——"Reader," Farmington, Mo., that a dearly loved one who seemed at one time to be coming into the light, but has drifted away, may seek Christ again and may find him; and that he may be brought back to those who love him from whom he seems to be alienated.——E. A. B., Syracuse, N. Y., for a dear grandson of singularly amiable disposition and brilliant talents who is attracted to the allurements of worldly pleasure, that God would save his soul and make him a useful man.——R. M. C., Oelwein, Ia., for many unconverted neighbors who seem disinclined to listen to the Gospel in spite of earnest Sunday School work continued for several years, that the Holy Spirit may touch their hearts.——C. E. K., Weston, Ill., that a family for whom many prayers have been offered may all become Christians.——"Reader," Washington, D. C., for the conversion of a brother who is a good moral young man but not an avowed Christian ——"Believer," Joppa, Md., that a man who does not go to church himself, and tries to prevent his family going might be saved by God's grace.——J. A. K., Hampden, O., that God would touch the hearts of her unconverted husband and son and lead them to himself.——Afflicted Father, Marshall, Va., [illegible] Alumnus of a University in Pennsylvania, might escape the influence of [illegible] and seek the Lord [illegible]

For Special Blessings: N. S. Barre, Mass., that God would give faith to trust him more and rely on his assurance of salvation.——L. H. H, Hardin, O., that [illegible] and that financial difficulties may be removed.——"Reader," Farmington, Mo., that a lifelong servant of God, [illegible] and that an impending calamity may be averted.——J. A. S., Jonesville, that the strength and wisdom necessary [illegible] "Believer," Canada, that a Society of young people who profess religion, but go to worldly places for pleasure, may be brought to lead more consistent lives.——J. E. W., Racine, Wis. That light may [illegible] ——M. E. R., Philadelphia, that a dear son who is [illegible] the temptation.——S. P., Webb City, Mo., for a revival [illegible] dear friend may be averted.——F. C., Good Hope, [illegible] reveal himself as the comfort and support of a widow and her two children, and enable them to trust and serve him faithfully.

"Anxious Mother," Columbus, O., that a beloved daughter might become free from a nervous affliction.——S. P., Webb City, Mo., that a companion might regain his sight.——"Subscriber" in Maine, that the life of a widowed mother now in imminent peril may be preserved if it be God's will, also that a man who has lost his eyesight may recover it.——"Faith," Boston, that one who is unable to read the Bible now through failing eyesight may once more have the privilege. —"Believer," Lamion, Pa., that an affliction which has resisted the treatment of physicians may be healed by the Lord.——F. P., New Brunswick, Mo., that a dear mother's health may be truly restored.——Reader, Beaver, Neb., for a daughter whom the physicians cannot cure that Christ would heal her.——Believer in Prayer, Canada., for the recovery of a Christian woman now ill with cancer.

Will the person whose request for Prayer signed, "Tempest, New York City," was published in this journal on Dec. 11, please send name and address to the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York?

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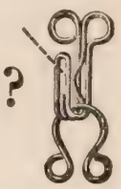

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The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worth wearing a single hour night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise of severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady attendant for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th St., N. Y.

Mallory Steamship Lines,
DELIGHTFUL TRIPS BY SEA to TEXAS — GEORGIA — FLORIDA. Tickets to all Winter Resorts in Texas, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, California, Mexico Georgia, Florida. Our 64 page *Prospectus* mailed free.
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Samples free from largest Wall Paper concern in U.S.
KAYSER & ALLMAN 932-934 Market St. 418 Arch St. Philada.

Ideal Spring Beds Our booklet, "Wide awake facts about sleep" illustrating and describing them, together with an up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three two cent stamps.
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Decorative, Durable and Best
For Church Ceilings of any shape, old or ne[w]
Send for Catalogue B.
H. S. NORTHROP, 33 Cherry St., New Yo[rk]

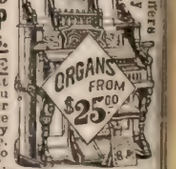
EVERY WOMAN

Wants HARTMANN'S W. W's, for Home U[se] Traveling, etc.: Invaluable and Indispensable: S[afe] Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less t[han] cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and D[rug] Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; samp[le] cents. HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO
56 Broadway, New Yo[rk]

PIANOS! ORGANS! FREE!

TEST TRIAL FOR 30 DAYS IN YOUR OWN HOME. NO MONEY REQUIRED

PIANOS-ORGANS FROM $25.00 UP
Including a Complete Musical Outfit. CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.
NEW SOUVENIR CATALOGUE
A work of art illustrated in 10 colors. Worth its Weight in Gold. We pay charges on it and send it FREE, all you have to do is to ask for it to-day please. Remember this is the old established house of CORNISH & CO., the only firm in the world selling exclusively from Factory to Family direct. A single instrument at wholesale price. We save you from $25.00 to $250.00. Write at once to
Mention Paper. CORNISH & CO., Estab. 30 years, Washington, N. J.



CONSUMPTION and its CURE

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
T. A. SLOCUM COMPANY,
(Incorporated under N. Y. State Laws.)
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
181 & 183 PEARL ST.
NEW YORK.

Dictated by T.A.S.

New York, Jan. 15th, 189[6]

To the Readers of The Christian Herald:--I have an absolute remedy for Consumption and all Chest, Throat, and Lung Troubles. B[y] its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been PERMANENTLY CURE[D]

So proof-positive am I of its power, that to increase its usefu[l]ness and make known its great merits, I propose to SEND TWO BOTTLES FREE to those of your readers who have Consumption; any Bronchial o[r] Lung Trouble; Loss of Flesh, and all Conditions of Wasting, if they will write me their Express and Postoffice address.

Sincerely, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

The New York Herald says: "Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficial results, the great Chemist considers it his religious duty to place it within the reach of all sufferers, so donates the infallible remedy. The cheapness of the preparation—offered freely—is enough to commend it. There is no reason in suffering for those free bottles, the mistake will be in passing the generous offer by. Mail your address to T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York."

When writing the Doctor, please state you read his letter in The Christian Herald

An Asthma Cure at Last.

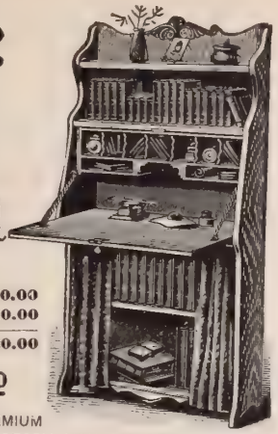
[illegible]

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "Chautauqua" Desk

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR



WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR $10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost,	$10.00
Either Premium Ditto,	$10.00
Total,	$20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR $10.00

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—We are glad to endorse the Larkin Co. of Buffalo. Personal trial of their goods has been made by members of the *Observer* staff. Our readers may take advantage of their offers without hesitation.—*New York Observer.*

As Woman is the Burden Bearer

the world over—she should economize her time and strength.

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

helps her do just this and yet do all her work as it should be done. It lets the sunshine of leisure enter the household and drives away the gloom of drudgery. All grocers sell GOLD DUST in large pkgs. Price 25c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

Waverley BICYCLES

Ridden by the Elite

Of both continents.

Elegant in Design, Superb in Finish.

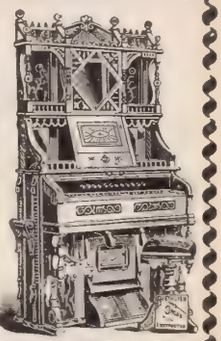
THE ACME OF PERFECTION IN CYCLE CONSTRUCTION.

Art catalogue describing ladies' and gentlemen's models free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CATALOGUE

FREE



Now is the time to buy a **PIANO or ORGAN** from the largest manufacturers in the world, who sell their instruments direct to the public at wholesale factory prices. Don't pay a profit to agents and middlemen. **TERMS** to suit all. No money asked in advance. Privilege of testing organ or piano in your own home 30 days. No expense to you if not satisfactory. Warranted 25 years.

REFERENCE Bank references furnished on application; the editor of this paper; any business man of this town, and to the thousands using our instruments in their homes. A book of testimonials sent with every catalogue. As an advertisement we will sell the first Piano in a place for only **$159.** The first Organ only **$25,** Stool, Book, &c., **FREE.**

If you want to buy for cash, If you want to buy on instalments, **BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU Write Us.**

BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO., P. O. Box 741, WASHINGTON, N. J.

FLAVOR

For Soups

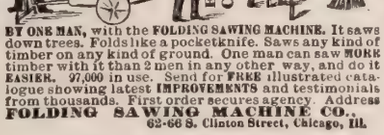
Gravies, Sauces, etc., can always be depended upon to be the best when cooks use pure, rich Extract of Beef like

Cudahy's Rex Brand

The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co., South Omaha, Neb., send free copy of "Ranch Book," and for 4 cents in stamps sample of *CUDAHY'S REX BRAND*

CUDAHY'S REX BRAND

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS



BY ONE MAN, with the **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE.** It saws down trees. Folds like a pocketknife. Saws any kind of timber on any kind of ground. One man can saw MORE timber with it than 2 men in any other way, and do it EASIER. 97,000 in use. Send for **FREE** illustrated catalogue showing latest **IMPROVEMENTS** and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Address **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO.,** 62-66 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 223 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, New York.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW **ELASTIC TRUSS**

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adjusts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

LEE, Illinois, October, 1, 1895

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy. Yours truly, M. C. MUNN, M. D.

STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1895.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people. E. W. SIMS, M. D.

DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 3, 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The 1st day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BROWN

TUNIS, N. C., July 21, 1895

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent. O. G. HALLAMAN

$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address

C. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

THE FAULTLESS ★ QUAKER DISH WASHER

Will make your wife smile, your daughters rejoice, your home happy & bright. You don't have to wait. It washes, rinces, dries and polishes dishes at once. No chipping or breaking, no scalding hands, you don't touch them—so simple a child can use it, lasts a lifetime. Honest agents, women or men wanted to introduce this humane device. A good paying business offered if you write at once.

The Quaker Novelty Co. Salem, O.

HERE AGAIN!

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY ALMANAC FOR 1896.

Its a beauty, larger and better than ever, nearly 100 pages 8x10 on best book paper. Fully illustrated with finest engravings of special design. A veritable Encyclopedia of Chicken information. Sent post-paid for only 15 cents. Address,

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 94 Freeport, Ill, U. S. A.

P. S.—**Incubators and Brooders.** Hot water, pipe system, the best in the world, a fine 32 page Catalogue free.

2 Minutes for

Refreshments

THE **Handy Tablet** requires neither sugar nor spoon to make healthful and refreshing drinks the moment it touches water.

By mail, **30 cents.**

The HANDY TABLET CO., 1021g N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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And **STEREOPTICONS,** all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS,** etc.

A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 265 page Catalogue, *free.*

McAllister, Mfg. Optician, **49 Nassau St. N. Y.**

NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1896

Printed in colors that are correct. Best and finest illustrated Poultry Catalogue ever printed. Get it and be convinced. It tells how to make poultry pay, how to build poultry houses, gives remedies for diseases, also lowest prices of fowls and eggs. If interested in poultry this book is what you want. Sent post paid for 15 cents.

The J. W. Miller Co. Box 179, Freeport, Ill.

You Dye in 30 minutes

If you use Tonk's French Dyes. No other dyes like them. Dye cotton as permanently as wool. Our turkey red for cotton won't wash, boil or freeze out—all others will. **Carpets, dresses, capes** and **clothing** of all kinds made to look like new. No failures with Tonk's dyes; any one can use them. Send 40c. for 6 pkgs. or 10c. for one—any color. Big pay to agents. Apply now and mention this paper.

FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

INCUBATORS

Our 160 page, finely illustrated Combined Poultry Guide and Catalogue will tell you what you wish to know about

PROFITS IN POULTRY

We manufacture a complete line of Incubators, Brooders and Poultry Appliances. Guide and Catalogue 10c. (stamps or silver) **Worth one Dollar.**

Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Quincy, Ills.

Money Saver

$5. Printing Press Print your own cards &c $18. Press for circulars or small newspaper. Catalogue free, presses, type paper, cards, &c. from maker KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Type-setting easy by full printed instructions.

$3 A DAY SURE.

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day, absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; *write at once.*

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 88, DETROIT, MICH.

PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink Type, Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker, with 1 font. Complete outfit, postpaid FREE for 10c. stamps for postage. Send for outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains. Same outfit with figures 15c. Larger outfit for printing cards, 25c. post paid. **Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City**

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,

Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 197 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

WE TAN

Cattle hides and all sorts of skins whole for **ROBES** and **RUGS.** Soft, light, **moth-proof.** Get our tan circular. We make frisian, coon and galloway fur **coats and robes.** If your dealer don't keep them get catalogue from us.

The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 34, Rochester, N. Y

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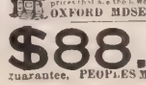


$85 buys this Oxford Organ, elegant 5 octaves, 11 stops, guaranteed for 15 years. Instruction book and stool FREE. Wonderful but true! To prove it send for our free illustrated catalogue, prices that are the best, west for the FINEST ORGANS AND PIANOS. Address OXFORD MDSE. CO., 342 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

$88. PER MONTH, Lady or Gent.

New specialty. Instructions and samples free. All goods warranted with a written guarantee. PEOPLES MFG CO., 113 Valpey Block, Detroit, Mich.

THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR

Hatches Chickens by Steam. Absolutely **self-regulating.** The simplest, most reliable, and cheapest first-class Hatcher in the market. Circulars free, Catalogue 4 cents.

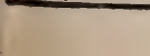
GEO. ERTEL & CO., Quincy, Ill.

NERVE

LIVER TABLETS & Treatise on **Brain** and **Nerve Exhaustion,** with **NERVE,** the popular health journal, 3 months, 10 cents. FREE

Address **NERVE,** Box 762, **New York City**

HATCH CHICKENS by STEAM.



MODEL EXCELSIOR Incubator. *Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating.* Thousands in successful use. Send 6c. for Illus. Cat. Circulars free.

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IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

One day in the wash, with a destructive soap, is worse than a month's wear.

If you do not know what soap your laundress is using, would it not be well to find out?

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

SWEET PEAS FOR THE MILLION

We are determined that, so far as in our power, **every American garden shall have the best NEW SWEET PEAS in 1896.** By keeping **Purity** and **High Quality** our aim, rather than low prices, we are acknowledged

Headquarters for SWEET PEAS

We have **thirty-two thousand pounds of the seed,** and sell common **Mixed Sweet Peas** at **35 cents per lb., 3 lbs. for $1.00, postpaid, —BUT we recommend** *as far superior the* **most beautiful NOVELTIES** here offered:

25 cents buys these Seven Superb Sweet Peas

BLANCHE BURPEE. Eckford's "*finest of all Sweet Peas.*" Pure white flowers of immense size; three and four on a stem. Award of Merit, Royal Horticultural Society, London, 1895.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Flowers of large, expanded form; a deep rosy-mauve with wings of bluish-mauve.

LADY PENZANCE. Superb flowers of large size and exquisite color; beautiful laced pink, touching orange.

NEW LOTTIE ECKFORD. Remarkably beautiful, large flowers; white, edged and suffused with lavender-blue.

ROYAL ROBE. The largest and *best soft pink;* a lovely flower of most exquisite beauty.

STANLEY. Large flowers produced abundantly in fours on long stems, and are of a rich, dark maroon. Exceptionally fine for bouquets,—the best dark Sweet Pea.

SPECIAL SUPERFINE MIXED. This mixture is a choice blending of seventeen large-flowered new **best Eckford's Sweet Peas.**

The Seven Superb Sweet Peas named above, in same sized packets, would have cost $1.00 in 1895, but are now sold for 25 cents.

"JUST HOW TO GROW SWEET PEAS; FULL DIRECTIONS BY AN EXPERT," mailed FREE with each collection.

New **SWEET PEAS** at nominal cost. Get four friends to order, and secure **a collection FREE,** as we mail **five collections for $1.00. Or for $1.00** we will mail four collections and a 25-cent packet of our new

Dwarf Sweet Pea,—Burpee's CUPID

CUPID has won the highest honors possible in Europe. We exhibited plants in pots at **The Royal Horticultural Society,** in London, England, where, *by unanimous vote of the Committee,* it received **An Award of Merit**—the highest honor that can be conferred. We exhibited also in Paris, France, at the **Société Nationale d'Horticulture,** where it received **a First-class Certificate.**

"CUPID." Foliage deep emerald-green; flowers pure white, of unequaled substance, and full size. **The plants grow only five inches high,** and spread fifteen inches in diameter. A wonderfully free bloomer,—*a mass of white,*—it carpets the ground from May until November.

In regular-size packets (twenty seeds), **per pkt. 25 cts.; five pkts. for $1.00, or twelve pkts. for $2.00,** postpaid. **40** We offer **$150.00 in Cash Prizes** for the most prolific plants.
In half-size packets (ten seeds), **per pkt. 15 cts.; two pkts. for 25 cts.; ten pkts. for $1.00.**

Have you Read BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for '96?

The Leading American Seed Catalogue. A handsome BOOK of 184 pages, it tells all about **the Best SEEDS that Grow.** It describes **rare NOVELTIES of real merit; beautiful colored plates.** Price 10 cents (less than cost), but **mailed FREE to all** who purchase Seeds, Plants, or Bulbs.

Write TO-DAY! This advertisement may not appear again. Mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Headquarters for Sweet Peas

...THE ONLY

Mixed Varieties, per pound 40 cents. Half pound 25 cents. Quarter pound 15 cents.

NEW DOUBLE SWEET PEA, Bride of Niagara, True to name. Price—Packet 25 cents, half packet 15 cents.

The Wonderful CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE, only 15 cents.

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The Pioneer Seed Catalogue.
Lithographs of [illegible] Sweet Pea, Roses, Fuchsias, Dwarf Cannas, Japanese Iris, New Leader Tomato, [illegible]. Filled with good things, old and new. [illegible] Mailed for 10 cents; with description and prices. Mailed on receipt of 10c., which may be deducted from first order; [illegible] free, or free with an order for any of the above.

TRIED AND TRUE NOVELTIES
Fuchsias, Roses, Blackberry, The Pearl Gooseberry, Potatoes, Earliest Tomato known, etc. . . . . . .

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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SEED ANNUAL FREE. Many [illegible] Flower Seeds, Flowering Bulbs, Plants, Vines, Small Fruits, etc. 176 Pages. Sent by Mail. Free. Write for it. [illegible] Street N. Y.

Incubators and Brooders

Hot water pipe system. Will hatch chicken-raising orders fail. Catalogue Free. Sheemaker Incubator Co., Freeport, Ill. U. S. A.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY of the complexion, hands, arms, and hair is found in the perfect action of the Pores, produced by

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

The Columbia Bicycle Pad Calendar For 1896

YOU NEED IT.

A Desk Calendar is a necessity—most convenient kind of storehouse for memoranda. The Columbia Desk Calendar is brightest and handsomest of all—full of dainty pen sketches and entertaining thoughts on outdoor exercise and sport. Occasionally reminds you of the superb quality of Columbia Bicycles and of your need of one. You won't object to that, of course. The Calendar will be mailed for five 2-cent stamps.

Address Calendar Department,
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

NEW SCARLET PANSIES, 10c.

The bright and beautiful scarlet and red shades of the Pansy are little known. Try our Mixed Strain of GIANT FLOWERED SCARLET SHADES. **FOR ONLY 10 CENTS** we will mail a packet of 50 seeds and our great Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits; 136 pages elegantly illustrated; many large colored plates. Do not miss it. Order now.

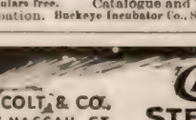
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

MADE HIS X MARK

with a **DIXON American Graphite PENCIL.** Used by successful folks everywhere. If not sold by your dealer, send 16c. for pencils worth double the money. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

$15 WE GIVE PRICES. **$5**

100 Egg. Self-regulating [illegible] in use. As good as the best regardless of price or money refunded. Circulars free. Artificial Incubation.



OLD HEN Brooders 150 Chick. 4c. for No. Catalogue and Treatise on Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, O.

WILBOR'S

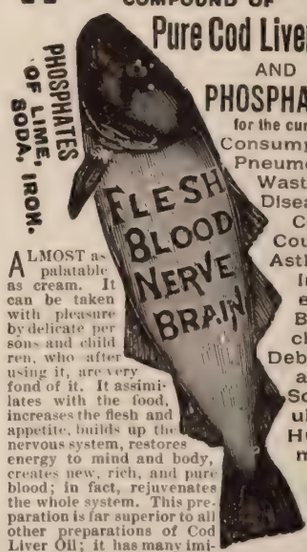
COMPOUND OF

Pure Cod Liver Oil

AND

PHOSPHATES

for the cure of Consumption, Pneumonia, Wasting Diseases, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Debility and Scrofulous Humors



ALMOST as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich, and pure blood; in fact, rejuvenates the whole system. This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure as you value your health, and get the genuine

Manufactured only by
ALEX'R B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston

Headquarters for the Choicest

SEEDS, PLANTS,

TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, BULBS, Etc.

Elegant 168 Page Catalog, Free. Send for it before buying.

Half saved by dealing direct. Everything mail size postpaid. Larger by express or freight. **Satisfaction Guaranteed. 42nd year. 1000 Acres. 29 Greenhouses.**

STORRS & HARRISON CO.,
Painesville, Ohio. Box 69

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A new and positive cure has been discovered [illegible] Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. So great is the faith the proprietors that it will cure any form of Dyspepsia or indigestion, that they will send a **free trial package** to any sufferer. Full sized package [illegible] by all druggists at 50 cts. Address,
F. A. STUART CO., Marshall, Mich.

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J. B. COLT & CO. 115-117 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK. SEND FOR CATALOG.

STEREOPTICONS, MAGIC LANTERNS, ELECTRIC FOCUSING LAMPS, &c.

AGENCIES IN BOSTON, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, ATLANTA, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, BUFFALO.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

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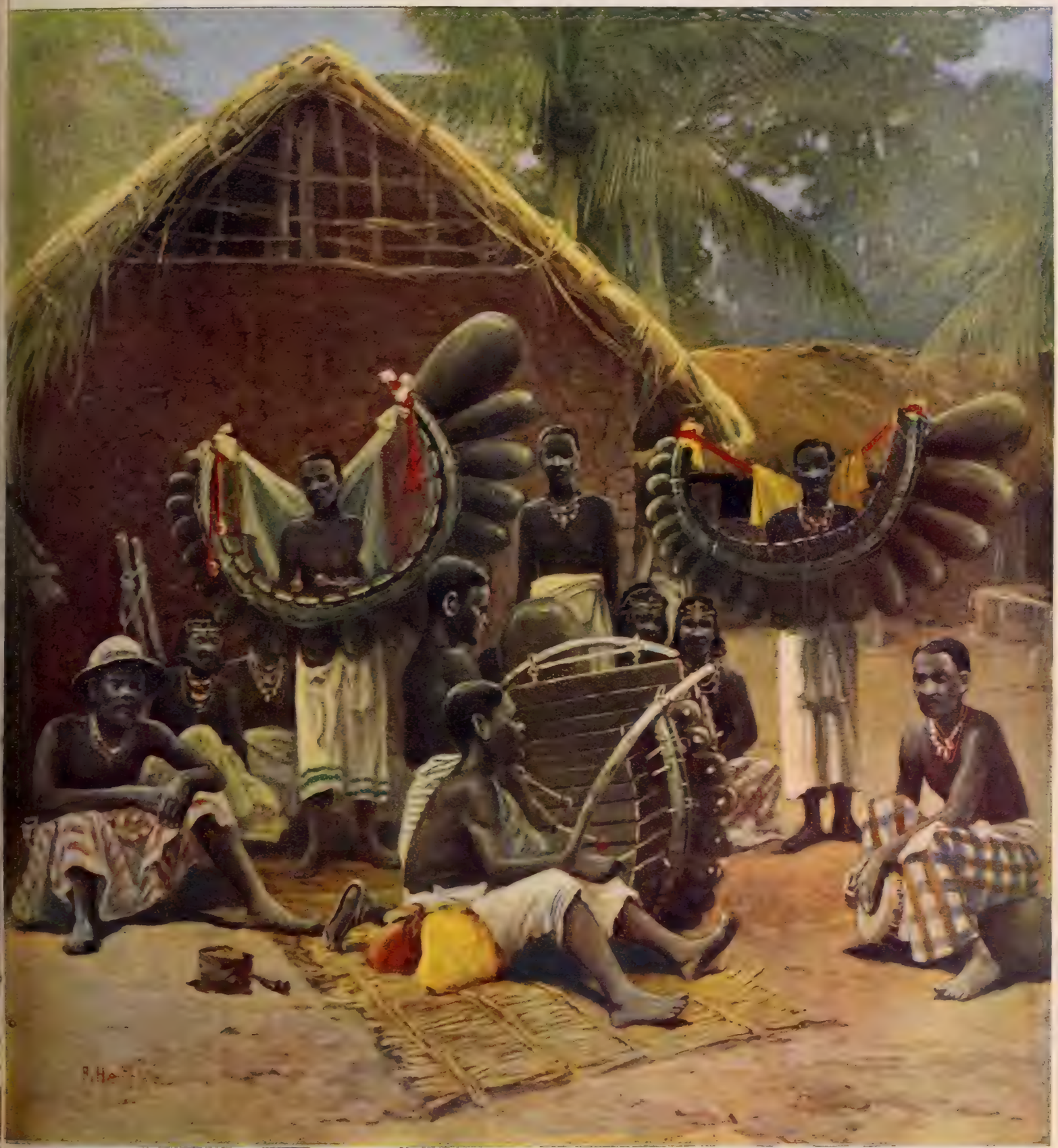
NUMBER 5.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1896.

Price Five Cents.



A NATIVE ORCHESTRA WITH "MARIMBA" AND DRUM, ANGOLA, WEST AFRICA. (See Page 85.)

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the

Text: Judges 9: 48. "*And Abimelech took an axe in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees, and took it and laid it on his shoulder and said unto the people that were with him, What ye have seen me do, make haste and do as I have done. And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough.*"

ABIMELECH is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day; and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry: "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood, and dissevered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up beggingly for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town!

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here [illegible] the gods." O Berith, the god! do your best [illegible] If you have [illegible] If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are there fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering-ram, rolled [illegible] Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, [illegible] and then he says to his men: "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the crackling and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has a limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree-branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the spark begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house, and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other [illegible] could that temple so easily, so thoroughly, have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what [illegible] is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, [illegible] We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen, and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch, and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile, kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half-past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the Angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard

There is a fountain filled with blood

sung artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery, until I thought of Jenny Lind, and Nilsson, and Sontag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the middle of the audience, began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive, and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down under it.

For sinners plunge beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, my friends, the Gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry; it is not polemics, or the science of squabbles. It is blood-red fact; it is warm-hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all summery glow; it is arborescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tip-top House; but there was no beauty in that compared with the day-spring from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parepa sing; but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when he said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let him throw it down and kindle it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the Gospel shall consume the last temple of sin, and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin, and that prostrates a wrong, I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gownsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arm puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, in the text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was! What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys are on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters — the old masters — there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they are going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can gather. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

I saw last summer, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage; and when there is any vessel in trouble or going to pieces in the offing, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering men. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So at your feet, to-day, there is an influence with tremendous leverage. The rope attached to it swings far out into the billowy future. Your children, your children's children, and all the generations that are to follow, will grip that influence, and feel the long-reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was 1896, or 1796, or 1696, that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch, the work would not have been accomplished, or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained — the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at the day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sun

nade, while others are blistered in the eat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, nd the blades bend till they snap. Oh, ou religious sleepy-heads, wake up! You ave lain so long in one place that the nts and caterpillars have begun to crawl ver you! What do you know, my broth-, about a living Gospel made to storm ne world? Now, my idea of a Christian a man on fire with zeal for God; and if our pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a inute when you think of other themes, nd talk about other themes, if your pulse oes not go up to seventy-five or eighty hen you come to talk about Christ and eaven, it is because you do do not know e one, and have a poor chance of getting the other.

In a former charge, one Sabbath, I took to the pulpit the church records, and I id them on the pulpit and opened them, d said: "Brethren, here are the church ords. I find a great many of you whose mes are down here are off duty." Some ere afraid I would read the names, for at at time some of them were deep in the orst kind of oil stocks, and were idle as Christian work. But if ministers of rist to-day should bring the church ords into the pulpit and read, oh, what lutter there would be! There would not fans enough in church to keep the eeks cool. I do not know but it would a good thing if the minister once in a hile should bring the church records in e pulpit and call the roll, for that is hat I consider every church record to be, erely a muster-roll of the Lord's army; d the reading of it should reveal where very soldier is and what he is doing.

Suppose, in military circles, on the rning of battle, the roll is called, and t of a thousand men only a hundred n in the regiment answered. What exement there would be in the camp! hat would the colonel say? What high king there would be among the capns, and majors, and the adjutants! ppose word came to headquarters that ese delinquents excused themselves on ground that they had overslept themves, or the morning was damp and ey were afraid of getting their feet wet, that they were busy cooking rations. friends, this is the morning of the day God's Almighty's battle! Do you not see troops? Hear ye not all the trumpets heaven and all the drums of hell? hich side are you on? If you are on right side, to what cavalry troop, to hat artillery service, to what garrison du do you belong? In other words, in what bbath School do you teach? in what yer-meeting do you exhort? to what itentiary do you declare eternal liberty? what almshouse do you announce the thes of heaven? What broken bone of row have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or man sworn to be a follower of Jesus rist is doing nothing? Then hide the rrible secret from the angels. Keep it ay from the book of judgment. If you doing nothing, do not let the world d it out, lest they charge your religion th being a false face. Do not let your vardice and treason be heard among the rtyrs about the throne, lest they forget e sanctity of the place and denounce ur betrayal of that cause for which they onized and died.

May the eternal God rouse us all to acn! As for myself, I feel I would be amed to die now and enter heaven unI have accomplished something more cisive for the Lord that bought me. Oh, thren, how swiftly the time goes by! seems to me as if the years had gained ne new power of locomotion—a kind of eed electric.

The temple of Berith is very broad d it is very high. It has been go up by the hands of men and devils, d no human engineering can deolish it; but if the seventy thound ministers of Christ in this country ould each take a branch of the tree life, and all their congregations should do the same, and we should march on and throw these branches around the great temples of sin, and worldliness, and folly, it would need no match, or coal, or torch of ours to touch off the pile, for, as in the days of Elijah, fire would fall from heaven and kindle the bonfire of Christian victory over demolished sin.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh! may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirl-wind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken: of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale: of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh! fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh! get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick, quick, quick!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Glad Tidings by Rail.

Gospel Services Conducted in Outlying Districts by Preachers in Railroad Cars.

FROM Missionary C. H. Rust, who is laboring in Minnesota, under the auspices of the Baptist Publication Society, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a photograph of an audience in the Gospel Car "Glad Tidings," which is reproduced on this page. The Society has now four cars engaged in its service and the reports from each of them show that God is using this agency and blessing it to the salvation of souls. The cars are respectively named "Evangel," "Emmanuel," "Good Will" and "Glad Tidings." The first named travels chiefly in the South, the second on the Pacific coast, the third in the South-west and the last in the North-west.

The method adopted, as explained by Mr. Rust, is to send word to a town that the car will arrive there on a certain day and that one or more services will be held. The station agent is notified that it is desired to move the car on that day and he has it attached to the proper train. The railroad companies in Minnesota make no charge for this service and render every assistance that is asked of them, freely. On the arrival of the car at its destination, it is detached from the train and switched to a siding. Usually the stop is made at some isolated place, where there is no church or one in a struggling condition needing revival. By the time announced for the first service people come from all directions attracted by the rare privilege of hearing music, singing and preaching. Mr. Rust says he has known people to walk a distance of nine miles to attend a service in his car, and sometimes they will drive forty miles to be there. Instances have occurred of this kind, where the hearers have not been in any religious service for several years, the country being too sparsely settled as yet to support a church. Sometimes the car stops at a station, where nothing is to be seen in the great ocean of prairie, but a grain-elevator, the house of the section-boss, half a dozen other houses and, perhaps, a blacksmith's shop. Some thirty or forty persons comprise the total population of the village. But it is the centre of a wide section of country and the notice sent on before suffices to bring in people from more or less distant farms. A congregation of a hundred is not at all uncommon at such places. In the winter time the service is held in the car, which is fitted up for the purpose. The service is of the simplest character. The old Gospel story is told with all the earnestness and force the preacher can put into it, and frequently the Holy Spirit brings souls into the light then and there. Mr. Rust mentions one instance in North Dakota of a young man who came to the car making one of a congregation of fifty people. He paid close attention to the sermon and when at the close the preacher asked if there were not some willing to renounce sin and trust in Christ for strength to lead a godly life, the young man rose and said he should like to do so. He was taken into the forward part of the car and prayer was offered for him. Some conversation followed, in which some of his difficulties were removed and the way of salvation personally explained to him. He was encouraged to pray for himself and before the car started away, he was rejoicing in newly found faith and peace in Christ. Some months afterward a letter was received from him reporting his progress and describing the change in his life and character. Incidents of this kind are continually occurring and the results on the neighborhood are widely felt. Wherever it is possible the missionary tries to arrange for the organization of a Sunday School and a regular prayer-meeting to keep alive the interest aroused during the stay of the car.

SERVICES IN THE GOSPEL CAR "GLAD TIDINGS."

Mr. Rust and his devoted wife have spent now fifteen months in this work and they are deeply thankful for the success that has attended their labors. They make their home in the car. It is nearly eighty feet long, and a space ten feet long is partitioned off for living accommodation. Sitting-room, bed-room and kitchen are provided at that end, and in other parts of the car, drawers, cupboards and other conveniences are ingeniously arranged to add to the comfort of its permanent inmates. Although the thermometer often registers forty below zero outside, there is no difficulty in keeping the car warm, and Mr. Rust speaks cheerfully of the comforts of this novel habitation. The cordial welcome they receive in almost every place the car stops at, adds to the delights of the life. But the chief pleasure comes from the blessing that has resulted from their labors. Beside the conversions that have taken place, much good has been done by words of kindly counsel and encouragement given to some Christians, who in loneliness and under difficult circumstances have been trying to live consistent lives.

A Missionary Martyr.

A very pathetic coincidence is related in the biography of Rev. J. D. Gordon of the New Hebrides. In March, 1872, he was making a translation of the New Testament in his little home in Erromanga. He had reached the Acts and was writing the story of the death of Stephen, and had just written in the native language the dying words of the first martyr, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge," when he was informed that some men were waiting to see him. He went out and saw a number of men with menacing aspect standing around the house. They belonged to a village where a loathsome disease was raging. The first sufferer had been to the missionary for advice. He, supposing that the disease was a simple eruption common in the island had given the man a lotion for it. But the disease was a horrible one, contracted from some vicious men belonging to the crew of a European trading steamer, which had been a few weeks at the island. The missionary did not recognize it when he treated the sufferer. His lotion did him no harm, but it was powerless to arrest the disease, and it spread in virulent form, and many others caught it. They had come to the conclusion that it was Mr. Gordon's lotion that had made them so ill. He tried to explain to them that it was due to their own wickedness, but they would not listen to him. In a few minutes they had beaten him to death with their clubs. His mangled body was carried into the room where he had been writing a short hour before. There on his desk lay the manuscript ending with the words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

A Happy Pair.

On Sunday evening, January 19th, a beautiful scene took place at the West End Baptist Church, Brooklyn, where special services are being held under the direction of Rev. R. W. MacCullough. A few days before, a young married lady had found peace through believing on Jesus Christ, and had just left the robing-room, after having been baptized, when her attention was called to her husband, a bright intelligent young man, who had just publicly accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and immediately she made her way through the crowded pews to where her husband sat. The young man saw his wife coming, and with new-found joy in his heart, sprang to greet her, and as they saluted each other, he in recognition of her baptism, and she of his salvation, many eyes were moistened with tears.

The Sermon on the Mount.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 9. Luke 6: 41-49. Golden Text, Luke 6: 46. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER one entire night, spent in prayer on a mountain, our beloved Lord had chosen from his disciples twelve whom he valued, apostles, (sent ones.) With them, a great multitude of his disciples, and also a great multitude of people which had been attracted to him, from Judea and Jerusalem, in the south, and from Tyre and Sidon, in the north, he came down from the mountain and stood in the plain. A great work of healing was done there by the simple coming in contact with him: "As many as touched him were healed." (Luke 6: 12-19.)

It was on this occassion that he delivered the sermon which is given in full in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew. It was "the Gospel of the Kingdom," the doctrine of that newness of life which he came to teach and to live, and also to make possible for those to live who should yield all to him. His doctrine went

Counter to Human Nature,

and was an unspeakable advance on the teaching of the law of Moses. It must have startled some of his self-righteous self-mportant hearers who "despised the poor," (James 2: 2), the needy and the troubled, as "smitten of God and afflicted" (Isa. 43: 4), when Jesus declared them "blessed." The new doctrine of this new Teacher utterly subverted the prevalent ideas of men. The poor are to have the kingdom, the hungry to be filled, the weeping ones to laugh; and moreover the men that are hated, are to rejoice and be exceeding glad, because, by their very persecution, they prove themselves followers of the prophets who were also persecuted by the great ones of their day! And then the rich, who expect to be regarded with esteem, for the vulgar reason that they have more possessions than the poor, are to learn that they have already had their portion; those who are full now shall hunger, and they that laugh now shall mourn and weep. And as though this were not strong enough, the great Author and Teacher fells with one blow the great popular idol—love of admiration: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you! For in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets."

Hitherto Jesus had spoken to his disciples, but it was in the presence of the multitude, now he addresses them under another category: "You which hear." "A true disciple is a "hearing one." He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." (Rev. 2: 3.) But there are many of Christ's disciples who can teach, but who cannot hear. Let us not forget that the overcomers in the churches are those who have an ear to hear, and which do "hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Again the Lord pursues a teaching which is subversive of all claims that there is good in human nature, or that the child of God can stand upon either his merits or his rights: "I say unto you who hear, Love your enemies" while they are enemies, without waiting till they deserve it: "do good to them that hate you," without waiting for them to repent; "bless them that curse you, pray for them that dispitefully use you," for the simple reason that being [illegible] and you follow him. This is the Lord's teaching; where are examples of such lives to be found as carry out, day by day, and hour by hour, such principles as these? Thank God there are such, but they are the exceptions in the church and unknown in the world. And yet it is only to him that overcometh as he overcame, to whom it shall be given to sit down with him upon his throne, as he is set down with the Father on his throne. (Rev. 3: 21.)

Again, the principle of Christlike nonresistance—who practises it? Who is there that, if he is smitten on the one cheek, meekly turns the other, and when robbed of his cloak, lets his coat go after it? Who is there that gives something,—attention and prayer at least to everyone that asketh, and who also, when robbed, does not ask his goods again? This is not unsound fanaticism or selfish legality; Christlike love to those who sin against us makes us esteem the things we have lost by them as nothing in comparison with the soul of him who wrongs us? God is love, he is our Father, and his true children will have their Father's character. "If ye love them which love you what thank [literally grace] have ye? And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what grace have ye? And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what grace have ye? even sinners lend to sinners to receive again as much." (R.V.) There is no divine love, no "grace" in demanding equality or simple justice. This is "grace" if a man for conscience toward God endure grief suffering wrongfully (I. Pet. 2: 19), considering not his rights but his mission to follow in the newness of life of his great Master.

"But love your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again [margin R.V. despairing of no man], and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be sons of the Most High: for he is kind to the unthankful and evil." It is a stupendous task which our Lord has undertaken. Not only is he come to "justify many for he shall bear their iniquities," (Isa. 53: 11), but also to make them partakers that escape the corruption which is in the world through lust "partakers of the Divine nature," (II. Pet. 1: 4), that they may be united to him in the closest oneness, and may love their enemies with his own love wherewith he loved us when we were enemies. Human love always contains a selfish element, it must have some return, it is not self-existent; it dies under ingratitude, coldness, injustice, indifference; but the love of Christ flourishes all the more where it meets with all this. Putting self out of the question, the impossible becomes easy; and that which our selfish human hearts could not do, the divine nature, Christ's love in us, can do without difficulty. Thus Stephen prayed for his murderers as his Lord before him. "The disciple is not above his Master, but every one when he is perfected shall be as his Master;" there is no other perfection than uniformity to Jesus Christ. All which is real can

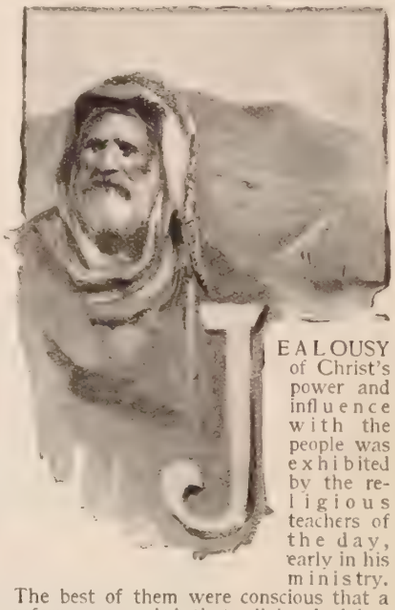
Stand a Test;

"If the blind guide the blind," the proof of the blindness will be the fall of both into the first ditch they attempt to cross; the proof of power to discover a mote in a brother's eye is the quickness of conscience which discovers the beam in our own eye. If our sight is not good enough to detect that, we are not in any way fitted to perform our operation upon our brother's eye. It is always those who are most quick to discover anything that is not of Christ in themselves, who are the most reluctant to correct or to judge a brother. Harsh judgment of others is generally a sign of little growth in uniformity to Christ. The ripened Christian waits for his Master to send him before he ventures to judge a brother, and then he approaches him in the presenee and in the Spirit of God.

All which is genuine increases in value by every test to which it is put. The proof of a fruit tree is, not the blossoms, but the fruit which it bears; it must bear fruit which is of its own nature. Self bears selfishness, self-importance, self-pity, self-love, self-justification, self-unconsciousness, retaliation, etc., etc. Christ bears self-emptying, self-renunciation, humility, obedience, love to enemies and no retaliation. Where therefore, one of the trees in the Lord's garden bears the former kind of fruit, no amount of good or orthodox teaching which such a one may hold can hide the fact that self must be there to bring forth the fruit of self. And where the latter characteristics are to be found, it is impossible not to recognize Christ in the life which is Christ's like: the tree is known by its fruit. The cold of winter and the heat of summer, the breezes of spring and the dews of autumn, do not make thorns bring forth figs, nor a bramble bush grapes; they only go to make the tree bring forth "fruit after its kind."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



JEALOUSY of Christ's power and influence with the people was exhibited by the religious teachers of the day, early in his ministry. The best of them were conscious that a reform was needed, that religion had lost its power with the masses and had become a mere dry husk of formalism; but the reform they wanted was on the old, established lines. If the new Teacher could lead the people to a stricter observance of the law, a more careful attention to ceremonies and the time-honored customs of religion, he would be doing a great work. But they doubted whether he would do so. There was a laxity about his own conduct that awakened uneasiness. Some of his cures had been done on the Sabbath, which, in their eyes, was a very doubtful proceeding. Then he had shown a liking for the society of people who were not respectable, associating openly with them and going to their feasts, while a reformer was naturally expected to be an ascetic. After all, in spite of his good qualities, and his really wonderful works, they knew that up to a year before this time, he was a common working-man. They were anxious that he should define his attitude toward the existing religious institutions, that they might know on what lines he proposed to proceed. Christ took an opportunity of doing this.

His mission, he tells them, is not one of destruction, but of development. Like the child in the kinder-garten school, they are now to learn the meaning of the picture teaching of the past. The rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic dispensation were not an end in themselves; they had a meaning which it was time was understood. The time of blossom was past and the time for fruit had come. The old dispensation was to disappear, not because it had proved useless, but because the new era for which it had been a preparation had arrived. He was not sent to destroy, but to fulfil. Thus, as is seen more clearly in Matthew's fuller report of the sermon, the Mosaic commandments and the revered maxims of the old teachers, are the bases of higher attainment. Thou shalt not kill, becomes thou shalt not feel angry, and other commands lose their power by a more radical injunction that goes deeper than prohibition of the overt act. Even the form of injunction is changed, as befits the higher grade of the learner. The Ten Commandments become t blessings. Do you wish higher attai ment? This is the way to it: Blessed a the meek, the peacemakers, the poor spirit, the pure in heart, and in each ca there is a special and peculiar blessing. is not wealth, nor social distinction, n talent, nor gifts, nor even religious obser ance, that raises a man in Christ's estee —*it is character*. Good works? Yes trul but good works proceeding naturally fr a man who is good at heart, not from bad man anxious to win popular applau or to win heaven for himself. He does r ask men to restrain the evil in their n. ures, but to have it eradicated. By-a bye men will ask him how this is to done and he will tell them of faith in hi self, of the atonement, of the Holy Spi and of how men may obtain this goodn which fits them for his kingdom. But the present this is enough. All men m know now what are his principles. No religion of ease and laxity and comprom is this, but one that goes back of ceremo ies and of conduct, down to the ve springs of human nature and applies a t to the heart.

Every tree is known by its fruit. To who was arguing that good works w not important, if a man had faith, I Maclaren replied: "If you had in y garden a tree that for ten years, throu summer and winter, sunshine and clo rain and snow has never put out a sh or a leaf, would you not think that tree was dead?"

The mote that is in thy brother's eye. I contrary to Christ's law to dwell on defects and failings of our brethren. story is told of Alexander the Great, t when he commissioned a painter to p his portrait, the painter was concer about an ugly scar which disfigured side of the great monarch's face. He co not bring himself to paint the face with the scar for then the portrait would not faithful; but he posed the king with scar turned away from the spectator, bade him lean on his elbow, and put forefinger on his forehead in an attitud meditation, thus covering the disfig ment completely. When a Christian spe of a brother, he should not speak chi of the mote in his eye, as if that were most conspicuous feature of his charac

The foundation on a rock. The conti between the two men does not app clearly in our version. The man built on the earth built on the loose soi the top of the rock, the kind of soil w would be washed away by a freshet. B houses were on the rock, but only man carried his foundations into the ro; the other was a mere surface affair. T of two hearers of Christ, the one who content with hearing and did not put w he heard in practice was like the man did not dig deep enough. He would liable to be carried away by persecution ridicule. A minister staying a night i mountain district in Wales came to bre fast with a pale face. He said: "Wh dreadful night it has been! I could sleep all night. The wind and rain me awake. I thought the house w surely be washed away." His host s ed: "You would not have had s thoughts," he said, "if you had seen house built, as I did. The storm n keeps me awake. I know I am safe the foundations of the house. go down into the solid rock."

Then shalt thou see clearly. It is for any one, and for those about him, w his gaze is attracted to the failings of ers. Lord Byron used to say that could always tell whether any man w gentleman when he was introduced to If he had a mean soul his eye would sure to travel down to the poet's foot few minutes. Byron had a club foot every one knew, but a man of noble would be careful not to look at that. T is an old legend that Jesus approachi certain city saw a group gathered a the body of a dead dog. A halter about the dog's neck and it was co with mud. "Look at his ugly ears," one. "Look at his torn hide," said other. "What a miserable tail he h said a third. Jesus looked on the beast and said, "Pearls are not equal to whiteness of his teeth." He could something to commend even in that re sive spectacle. That is only a legend, it is true that he sees in every man matter how degraded, qualities which can use in his service if the man will y himself to him to be regenerated.

LIFE IN SUNNY ANGOLA.

One of the Finest of African States, yet Cursed by Slavery and Superstition—Mission Work among the Angolans.

THE CITY AND BAY OF LOANDA, WEST AFRICA.

FEW sections of Africa have a stronger attraction for the student of semi-savage conditions of life than Angola on the West Coast of Africa. It is the largest Portuguese province in Africa, with an area of about 1,000,000 square miles. All its people belong to the Bantu-speaking race. The province is divided into four districts, namely: Congo, Loanda, Benguella and Mossamedes. The districts of Congo and Loanda correspond to the two ancient kingdoms of the same names, and Benguella and Mossamedes to the ancient kingdom of Benguella. Loanda, the capital of the province, is the residence of the Governor-General. It has a population of 20,000, including about 3,000 whites, many of whom are convicts. Besides the population of Angola stock, there is a large native town of Congo people. Loanda is a very old city, having been founded at the close of the sixteenth century. Our photographic view of Loanda gives the lower town as seen from the Governor's palace. This part of its town is occupied by business houses, the upper town being the residences of functionaries and well-to-do traders. As a nation, the Angolans embrace several tribes, chief among which are the Kissama, Lubolo, Songo, Mbaka, and Ngola. The tribes all speak dialects of Kimbundu, the general language of Angola.

On the first page of this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is a colored illustration of more than usual interest. It portrays a native African concert in a village of the Mbaka district. Three artists play the *marimba*, which is the African piano, and another on the right, plays a drum, on which he is for the moment seated. In the background, leaning against the house, are some natives of the Angola tribes, with their hair plaited in Egyptian fashion. The *marimba* is constructed of a series of gourds, the shells of which have been hollowed out and dried by exposure to the sun. These gourds (a vegetable growth, not unlike a squash or elongated pumpkin in appearance), are chosen of graduated sizes and ranged along a frame, after the manner of a xylophone, the smallest gourd to the right, and the largest to the left. The player strikes them sharply with a wooden mallet or drum-stick, and they give out a peculiar, yet not unpleasant sound. Some *marimba* players are very clever. The Mbaka tribe is semi-civilized, and its members are remarkably intelligent. In the last century, they were taught to some extent by Jesuit missionaries, and after the expulsion of these, the natives continued to teach one another without the help of white people. At present there are thousands of them who can at least sign their names. They are found scattered between the Malange and the Lualaba rivers. Livingston, the famous explorer, had noticed the great advantage which this knowledge of reading offered for missionary enterprise and greatly regretted that the Bible had not been given to this people in their own language.

Angola has been for many years past an attractive field for missionary work. Various Protestant denominations are represented in this part of the Dark Continent, including the British and Foreign Bible Society (which has a depot at Pongo Andongo), the American Methodist Episcopal Church and the American Board of Foreign Missions. One of the best known workers in the field, combining both secular and sacred instruction, has been Heli Chatelain, whose name as explorer, traveler, and ethnologist is perhaps more widely known than that of any other African missionary since the days of Livingston. Mr. Chatelain (whose portrait appears on this page, has an interesting and eventful history. He was born at Morat, Switzerland, April 29, 1859. Much of his youth was passed on a sick bed, where he became a passionate reader. Naturally endowed with linguistic gifts, in the solitude of his sick-room, he acquired a mastery of many of the European languages. On his conversion, which took place while he was still a very young man, he resolved to devote his talents to the missionary cause, and his first earnings he saved with a view to paying his way to Africa. He came to America in 1883, and embarked for Africa as the linguist of Bishop Taylor's self-supporting missions in January, 1885. He labored earnestly for three years at Loanda, and then entered Malange, where he founded self-supporting schools, and collected material for a primer, grammar, and a vocabulary of the Kimbundu language. This primer, the grammar and the Gospel of St. John were published in 1888 and 1889, during Mr. Chatelain's furlough in Switzerland. Since then he has gone twice to Loanda in 1889 as philologist of the United States Encyclopedia Expedition to West Africa, and again in 1891 as United States Commercial Agent. In 1893 he published a column of "Folk-tales of Angola," and more recently a series of Bantu notes and vocabularies.

During the travels up and down the West Coast and the interior of Angola, Mr. Chatelain has had opportunities to see the workings of the slave-trade, and the terrible evils of native slavery, and to investigate the nefarious system of contract labor. Natives, who had been kidnapped or were unjustly held in slavery, have often appealed to him to secure their liberty, but being unsupported by any society at home, Mr. Chatelain could do nothing but give them words of comfort.

His continued labor in Africa undermined his health and he was compelled again to seek recuperation and rest among his native mountains in Switzerland, where he spent nearly two years in a protracted convalescence following a severe sickness. It was while thus secluded from the world that he formed a resolution to found a society for the relief of the African slaves. His plan was to establish colonies or settlements where liberated or fugitive and runaway slaves would be received and trained. Under the Treaty of Brussels the great Powers decreed the abolition of African slavery, but the evil still exists with the knowledge and tacit permission of the English, French and Portuguese officials in Africa. Mr. Chatelain has already made considerable progress in the preparatory arrangements for his proposed colonies, and believes that large concessions of land in a salubrious district can be secured from the Portuguese and other governments, signatories to the Berlin Treaty, for the founding of the proposed settlements.

During his stay in Switzerland and while still weak from his African labors, Mr. Chatelain had a singular experience which has lately produced unforseen results. He sat on the porch of his sister's home, overlooking the beautiful Lake Leman. Suddenly the scene before him seemed to change and the lake and mountains assumed new forms. In a valley at his feet he saw once more the fields of Angola, and out and beyond, was the great Atlantic Ocean. The valley was teeming with life; countless numbers of the dusky-skinned natives moved hither and thither, as if without a leader. Above all, he seemed to hear a voice, as if some angel hovering near had spoken to him, and the voice bade him, as "the Friend of Angola," give the Gospel to those poor creatures in their own tongue. Presently the multitudes in the valley cast their eyes upward to where he sat and supplemented in dumb but eloquent petition the command of the angel. Soon the strange picture faded and he then knew that it had been but the dream of a moment; yet as though divinely directed, it had clearly pointed out to him his duty toward the people of distant Angola.

AN ANGOLA "HORSEBACK RIDE"—MENDING NETS IN A FISHING VILLAGE.

Mr. Chatelain, on returning to America, at once prepared to convert his vision to a reality. He had already been translating many of the Scriptures into the Kimbundu tongue, notably the Gospels of Luke and John, and a portion of the Acts. He now conceived the idea of a publication, in the native Kimbundu tongue, which would present in the simplest form intelligible to the native mind, portions of the Old and New Testaments. Under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he has lately issued the first number of a bright little four-page publication, bearing the title suggested in his dream, *Kamba dia Ngola* ("The Friend of Angola").

HELI CHATELAIN

(Missionary, Explorer and Philologist.)

It contains a few of the Old Testament narratives, notably that of the Creation, which has the title: *Dilunda dia dimatekenu dia xi ni dilu ni ima ioso* ("The tradition of Creation, and the beginning of earth and heaven and all things"). Next are told in letter and picture, clear to the primitive mind, the story of *Kalunga* ("the sea"), *mbeji* ("the moon"), *iama* and *mutu*, the wild and the tame beasts and of man. He also relates the story of his wonderful dream in the form of a *musoso* (folk-tale). *The Friend of Angola* also contains some of the peculiar proverbs of the country, which are specially interesting. Among them are these:

The elephant does not feel the weight of his trunk; so a mother does not notice the weight of her child.

He who does not lean against his mother shall be caught by trouble.

Love is born; it is not named (meaning that it is spontaneous.)

The love of a mother no child can resist.

The parent may blacken his or her face, but cannot blacken her heart.

As thy mother does to thee, so the mother of another will not do to thee.

The twenty-third Psalm is thus rendered in Kimbundu:

Ngana Nzambi kabila kami (mubidi uami)
Ngeniami ni kubindama.
U ngi niokesa bu honga ia uisu;
U ngi disa bu ngiji jatululuka.

Uikutisa muxima uami:
U ng' endesa mu njila jazela (jaiuka),
Mu konda dia jina die.

And so on to the end of the Psalm, the language being liquid and graceful, with many pleasant vowel sounds. Doubtless *The Friend of Angola* will be welcomed by the natives and will be very widely read and productive of much good among them. Mr. Chatelain contemplates soon returning to his old field of labor and devoting the remainder of his life to the training and educating of the liberated slaves, and also to work among the Angolans, whose cause lies very near to his heart.

Among the illustrations on this page, not the least interesting is that which represents "a horaeback ride," Angola fashion. The rider in the present instance is a native princeling, the eldest son of a petty chief or king (there are many kings of small degree in Africa), who came thus mounted in state, invested with plenipotentiary powers to conduct some negotiation with a neighboring ruler. This style of mount, known familiarly elsewhere as "pick-a-back," is quite seriously regarded in Angola as dignified and graceful, and is in use among interior tribes where horses are unknown. Another photograph shows a fishing village, with the occupants engaged in the work of mending their nets. Fine palm trees are found all over the province, and add a picturesque quality to the scene.

Ferd and Phil, Bootblacks.

THE firm of Ferd and Phil started in business down in Nassau street, where bootblacks and newsboys drive a thriving trade. Ferd was the senior partner, and he had the most to do with the money he made, for, one cold January day, he had adopted an old lady.

I never, for my part, could see why a fragile old lady is not as real an object of sympathy in the world as an orphan child, and as nice and helpless a being to adopt. Ferd had been championing Mrs. Allers a long time, defending her apple-stand from thievish boys, and helping her carry home her things at night. A rough untaught lad, Ferd Baxter was still a gallant knight, and Mrs. Allers, a widow, old, and all by her lone self, clung to him very fondly for his goodness. She it was who kept his clothes neat and whole, washed and mended for him, and cooked the food he bought, over her own handful of fire. Ferd had nobody belonging to him, his parents having disappeared or died while he was still very small, and he had grown-up anyhow and anywhere, sleeping under archways and in boxes, familiar with the last policeman's order to move on, picking up a living as best he could, but, notwithstanding all that was against him, this boy had kept honest, and clean of life, with a big tender heart under his rudeness of speech. Phil was a youngster who had seen hard times, too, but he had a mother, and father, and brothers, and sisters at home. The two boys were friends and partners, and dealt with one another on the square, and very fairly, though they were no higher in the social scale than bootblacks. From beginnings as humble, men of talent and force have risen to positions of eminence. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," is a word of the Lord fulfilled to most, I may say, to all who believe in God, and obey his commandments.

Phil came rushing to Ferd, one bleak late afternoon, just when the crowds of home-going men were thickest. "Hurry up!" he said, "Old Mother Allers is in a faint, and they are going to carry her off to the hospital." Ferd fairly flew to his friend. He found her white and trembling, but out of her swoon, and much opposed to being carried to any place but her own small bit of a home. She declared herself able to walk, and, so leaning on Ferd, she proved to be, Phil and the other boys gathering up her little stock, and the procession in the deepening dusk gravely marching to the rear court where Mrs. Allers had [illegible]

But the cold and the sleet had sapped the old lady's strength. She was not able to leave her bed the next morning, and [illegible] when the City Missionary came to see her, she found the poor woman but the wreck [illegible]

"I am not in need," she protested, "I've a boy who looks out for me, Ferd, the bootblack; you may know him."

[illegible]

street?" said the visitor. "If that is Ferd, I [illegible]

So she went to see Ferd, and offered to assist in the care of his protege. But Ferd said "no."

"I've taken her on my own back, as if she was my mother," he said, "and I'll look after her myself as long as I've two hands and two feet."

One day there came a deputation of young people from an uptown church, to do what they could in scattering sunshine in the courts and alleys, which are misnamed the slums. I wish they were not called by this name. I do not find that my friends, and I have some whom I love who live in these streets of poverty, like being spoken of as residents of slums, nor do I feel that accidents of birth or station or worldly goods should ever allow one person to patronize another. There is a note of patronage in the speech of the avenue when it talks about the slums, and when it goes "slumming."

But these were very dear and lovely young people, and when they knocked at Mrs. Allers' door, and she invited them in, the old apple-woman's carriage had a simple dignity which would not have been unbefitting a queen, and the visitors recognized it, and behaved with equal courtesy. They told Mrs. Allers that knowing her to be shut in from church and prayer-meeting, they had thought she might like to hear them sing, and one, with a voice like an angel, lifted her silvery solo, and the others joined in the chorus.

In the midst of it entered Ferd, with Phil at his back. The leader among the young men, noticed the sturdy and independent bearing of the boys, and the kind manner of Ferd to his old friend. When the party left, this gentleman said, "We are in want of a boy in our office, and that older one looks as if he were bright and capable; he ought to have a helping hand, and I'll look into his antecedents, and give him one if I can."

So it came about that the partnership of Ferd and Phil was dissolved, Ferd finding a good opening in a wholesale house, where there is a chance for him to work his way up. Phil still pursues his useful calling, but the door out of it will soon open for him, as I happen to know.

Mrs. Allers is feeble, but she can use her hands, and the girls who came to sing to her have seen to it that she has a chance to dispose of all the bright red mittens she can knit. It is a contented little home to which Ferd goes every night, and love reigns there. Better is a dinner of herbs, or of salt pork and cabbage, where love is, than a splendid banquet, and hatred therewith.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Title "Pharaoh."

Many readers of Scripture are puzzled to know why all the kings of Egypt are called Pharaoh, only three of them, Necho, Shishak, and Hophrah being known by any other name in the Bible. The meaning of the word, and its use by the Egyptians as a title, are explained by Brugsch Bey in the following passage from his "Egypt under the Pharaohs":

"The Memphite tombs tell much concerning the customs of Pharaoh and his court. The sovereign bears the official title of 'King of the Upper and Lower Country;' he is also called Perao, 'the great house,' better known, perhaps, under the Hebrew equivalent of Pharaoh. The people honored him as 'lord' (neb) and 'god' (neter). At sight of him every native prostrated himself and touched the ground with his nose, and it was an especial favor if the command of his lord permitted him to kiss his knee."

It seems, that the Hebrews adopted one of the current Egyptian titles of the king [illegible] for him, spelling and pronouncing to the idiom of their own tongue. While all of these kings had each his own personal name, it was not common, even in Egypt, to use it in speaking of him, the more complimentary titles being preferred. We have similar usages in modern times. For instance, it is very rarely that we see the name Abdul Hamid applied to the present ruler of Turkey; or Alexander applied to the ruler of Russia. Instead of this we almost uniformly speak of the one as the Czar and the other as the Sultan. In reality, our English Bibles ought to read, in every instance, instead of Pharaoh, the Pharaoh; for then the title, as in the cases of the Czar and the Sultan, would not be taken by the uninformed reader as a personal name.

Children of Light.

How the World is Helped by Them and How the Title may be Won.

BY DR. ALEXANDER MACLEOD.

GOD has beautiful names for his children: Daughters of Jerusalem, Sons of Zion, Children of Abraham, Children of the Bride-chamber, Children of the Kingdom, Morning Stars, and Children of Light.

I have a great love for the last of these. The most beautiful thing in the world is light. And it is like covering a child with a robe of light to make light a part of the name.

There is one thing in the names given by God which is different from names given by us. The name points to something like itself in the soul. When therefore he calls his sons and daughters "Children of Light," it is because, in one way or other, they have light and the love of light in their souls.

In a most delightful book I once read,—the author mentions a very interesting fact about birds and light:—

Birds are very fond of catching the last evening rays of a winter's sun, and are always to be found in the afternoon on banks facing the west, or swinging, if there is no wind, on the topmost branch of the small fir tree. On the mountains, too, all birds, as the sun gets low, take to the slopes to face the west; whilst in the morning they betake themselves to the eastern banks and slopes to meet his rays. No bird is to be found in the shade during winter, unless it has flown there for shelter from some imminent danger.

This is very remarkable in the case of the golden plovers, who in the evening ascend from slope to slope, as each becomes shaded by the intervening heights, until they are all collected on the very last ridge which the sun shines upon.

Now it seems to me, that God's children resemble birds in this love of light;—only, the light which they love is the light of goodness and truth and righteousness, which comes from Christ.

In the whole world there are just two kinds of children:—children of light and children of darkness. If we could open God's book, and turn to the names of the children, we should find the good children marked as "children of light," and the bad children as "children of darkness."

It would make me very happy if I knew that all the children who read this were "children of light." Your parents, your teachers, and all who love you would be happy to know it. You would be happy yourselves.

And where is the boy or girl who would not wish to have that beautiful name? I want to help you not only to wish, but to pray and strive for it. I believe that every one of you may have it.

Every child who would become a child of light must resemble the light; must be what light is, and do what light does.

I am going to show you that a child of light is just a child who is like the light. The things true of light are true of the child of light. And, therefore, to know what sort of children "children of light" are, we must search out the good things in light itself. The same good things are in the "children of light."

You all know something about light. The house we live in is full of light, it is streaming in through the windows and showing you the faces around you and the words on your book. Now light is a likeness of God. You never saw God himself. Nobody has. But God sends us likenesses of himself every day. Light is a likeness of him. The light of the fire is one likeness. The light of the lamp is another. But the grandest of all is the light of the sun.

It is the same with children of light. They are pictures of God. When you see one of them you see an image of God. Light is like God. The child of light also is like God.

When Jesus was a child he was a perfect child-picture of God. Looking at Jesus was the same as looking at God. Jesus himself said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He also said, "I am the light." He was the true, best light. He came from the place whence all light comes. He came to be to the soul of man what light is to the eye—a picture of God. He was the holiest, the truest, the most beautiful picture of God in heaven or earth.

I know that no child of earth can be as fair a picture of God as Jesus was; but I also know that every child who resembles Jesus is as really a picture of God as he is. God is light. His children are children of light. The child is like the Father, he loves what his Father loves, he hates what his Father hates. There is truth in God: that very truth is in his child. There is holiness in God: that very holiness is in his child. There is righteousness in God: that very righteousness is in his child. Looking at the child you are looking at a picture of the Father. And therefore all who are like God, all who are good like him, and holy like him, are children of light.

In this they resemble the child Jesus too. They are pictures of God. Their being so makes men think of God. And down here upon earth, and up there in heaven, they have the beautiful name. This is one mark of the child of light.

A second thing in light we were to look at is, that it chases away darkness. The second good also we find in children of light.

Light cannot endure darkness. When it meets with darkness it strikes into and chases it away.

You have seen this yourselves. Perhaps you have awakened some night out of sleep and found the room filled with darkness. Your little brother is lying by your side. You can touch him with your hand. You can hear him breathing with your ears. But if you strain your eyes as much as you can, you will not see his face. It is there turned towards your own on the same pillow, and you cannot see one bit of it. If at that moment, however, mamma or nurse should come into the room with a light, with a very little lamp, this flame little though it be, would begin to chase away the darkness. It would reach over the bed, and lift the black shadow from your brother's face, and roll it away, until you could see the red on his cheeks, and the moving of his breast with the breathing you only heard before.

It is always the way with light. It will not live in the same room with darkness. It chases it away.

Now the child of light resembles light in this very thing. But I must explain to you before saying more, that there is a worse darkness than the darkness which fills the room at night. It is the darkness of the kingdom of darkness. And the kingdom of darkness is just the kingdom of evil men and women. Bad deeds belong to this kingdom, and bad thoughts and words. These are "the works of darkness" you read about in the Bible. A child of light cannot endure these works of darkness. The darkness which the child of light chases away is the darkness of sin. He abhors bad thoughts and words. He hates the darkness and sin of them, and tries to chase them away.

But only "children of light"—children who have the beautiful name—do this. There are people who love evil better than good, and darkness better than light. These people would not try to put the darkness of evil away. The bad, black sins of an evil heart, the bad, black deeds of an evil life, are loved by such people. People of this kind are called in the Bible "children of darkness."

And always there is power in the children of light. The goodness which makes them children of light puts away badness in others. Always it has been so. Always it will be so. All the evil in the world shall yet be put out of it in the same way. God will make the goodness of his own children to shine so brightly in their lives that badness, like a great shadow, must disappear. And already, if you to whom I write are children of light, if in God's book you have the beautiful name, you are helping to chase away the evil which is in the world. Your are letting your light so shine, that others, seeing your good deeds, are putting away their badness and coming to God for light.

HAS GOD FORGOTTEN EDEN?

illiam Willard Howard Pictures the Ancient Garden as a Scene of Slaughter and Desolation—An Appeal to Christendom—Relief Work Progressing.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the Garden in the cool of the y: And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the es of the garden."

"HAT was in the beginning of all things, when God had planted a garden estward in en. In the me place to- y men and omen are ing them- ves, not from e presence of od, but from e wrath and st of devils.

MRS. COLE. (*Bitlis.*)

REV. MR. COLE. (*Missionary at Bitlis*)

And the devils are not such as tempted Eve, but human fiends who bear the warrant and seal of the Sultan of Turkey.

In that place here God walked in the cool of the y, in that long ago time, now fiendish rds, enrolled as soldiers of Sultan mid, and bearing his name, hunt to ath Armenian men, women, and chil- n with a ferocity that has no parallel, ve in the red history of the Ottoman pire. The place that God made holy th his presence, now runs red with the od and resounds with the shrieks of an- ish of men and women, whose only lt is that they follow Jesus Christ, the n of God.

The Garden of Eden stands neglected of n. Is it also forgotten of God?

f the present inhabitants of the Garden Eden would renounce Jesus of Nazareth d accept Mohammed of Medina, their ubles would vanish like the mists of rning. It is because they elect to be llowers of the Son of him who planted e Garden that they are hunted to the ath like ravening animals. Are the ner followers of the lowly Nazarene in rope and America worthy of the name Christian if they allow this unthink- le outrage to continue?

The reform and regeneration of Tur- y are easily within the power of man. is not a difficult thing for man to do. e occupation of Turkish Armenia by an ned force might be accomplished with- t the shedding of one drop of blood, for rkey is in no condition to resist the com- ed action of the Christian powers of e world. Even one power alone would t find it a hard one. Russia or England uld easily occupy Armenia, and Turkey uld be powerless to prevent it. Ameri- the greatest Christian nation on earth, ould earnestly urge that this should be ne, and should stand ready to give ma- ial aid if occasion demanded it. America s no concern in the politics of the East, s true; but this is not a matter of pol- cs. It is a matter of common humanity. can be of little moment to America who cupies Turkey so long as that occupation for the best interests of the inhabitants, t the ties of blood and race and religion mand that we should urge the duty of cupation upon Great Britain. In this tter America should give England the st loyal and sincere support. The time petty sectional jealousies has passed. t England and America join hands in reading the gospel and protecting Chris- ns in all land of the earth. The present ergency calls for instant action, lest the ristian race in Turkey be utterly anni- lated.

Talking with an American missionary Persia—a Doctor of Divinity and a rned and, godly man—the conversation ifted to the Armenian question, and the ssionary said: "I do hope that England Russia will march into Turkey with an army and overturn the Turkish rule once and for all. That's the only solution of the Armenian question."

It has been my privilege to know personally fifty-two American missionaries in Turkey and Persia. I know of no more unselfish, godly men and women on this earth. They are giving their lives for the good of humanity, their only reward being the approbation of God and the approval of their own consciences. To the timid folks at home I will say that not one of those missionaries, man or woman, will in the slightest degree disapprove of the forcible occupation of Turkey by the troops of Great Britain. Every one would welcome with enthusiasm an armed occupation of Turkey as solving the Armenian question for all time to come.

Judging solely from its physical characteristics, the Garden of Eden was about the last place on earth that one would select as likely to have been favored of God above all others. I once asked an American missionary in Turkey why he supposed the Lord selected Eastern Turkey for the beginning of the human race, and he replied that he thought that it may have been for the purpose of making sure that the people would spread out over the rest of the world. If this had been the purpose, the place was well chosen, for man's natural impulse would be to get away to some more congenial place as quickly as possible. But the country may have been much different in the times of Adam and Noah. Mountains and hills that are now treeless, barren, and rocky, may have been covered with forests, rich grasses, and beds of wild flowers; plains that are now nearly as barren and useless as the desert, may have been pasture grounds for countless thousands of sheep and cattle; and valleys that now give a scanty harvest when laboriously cultivated and irrigated, may have blossomed with gardens and fields of grain. All the land roundabout may have been a veritable earthly paradise, as the Garden of Eden is described in the Bible, but, if so, the curse of God has fallen heavily upon it.

OUR RELIEF WORK IN ARMENIA.

The Ten Relief Stations of "The Christian Herald" Fund are underlined on the Map.

The city of Van is simply packed with refugees who have neither clothes nor food, and hundreds are arriving daily. The surgical department of the American mission at Van is taxed to its utmost capacity in the treatment of gunshot wounds and broken heads, while swarms of destitute and naked refugees crowd the mission grounds begging for a bit of bread in the name of Christ.

With money forwarded to her by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. Grace W. Kimball is doing her best to feed the starving and clothe the naked, but many difficulties have come up to hinder the work of relief. She is ill with influenza, but still she bravely continues at her work of relief. Not only does she feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but she provides work for those who are able to work, and, in addition, treats the gunshot wounds and binds up the broken heads. She has the assistance of all of the missionaries at the station, but the brunt of the work falls on her own shoulders, and having been for many weeks the only physician and surgeon at the mission, her work has been doubly severe. Dr. Raynolds, the regular physician of the mission, has been absent for five months assisting in the distribution of the English relief fund in Sassoun, but that work has now been abandoned, owing to the hostility of the Turks, and the missionaries who were engaged in it are in constant peril of their lives. Dr. Raynolds has been very ill in Moush, but telegrams from him said that he had passed the crisis and expected to leave for Van on November 25.

The missionaries in Bitlis are practically prisoners in their own houses, as the feeling of the Turks is so bitter against them for giving food to the starving Armenians that they may not venture out of doors except at serious risk of being shot. They are now waiting for a favorable opportunity to escape to Van; but at present that is very much a case of out-of-frying-pan-into-fire.

The American mission work at Van has been suspended, and all the schools closed. The closing of the schools, however, has not been confined to the American mission, but has extended to every school in the city, of whatever race or creed. All the shops have likewise been closed, both Armenian and Turkish. Even the Turkish shop in the bazaar proper have been shut, so great is the fear of massacre. The Turkish government ordered the Armenian merchants to open their shops, and the Armenians obeyed, but when the shops were opened they were entirely empty, the goods having been removed to the merchants' houses. The merchants then sat in their empty stores with nothing to sell.

With the money already sent to her from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief fund, Miss Kimball has done a large work in the supplying of bread for the starving, and she is now at work on a soup kitchen. As I have already explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, her plan of relief is to furnish work to such of the poor as are able to work. Business in Van and the province of Van has been dead for months. Nothing is being bought or sold except the simplest articles of food that will sustain life. Miss Kimball is, therefore, distributing these articles of clothing free to the wretched village refugees who are flocking to Van in rags and nakedness.

In raiding the villages the Hamidieh calvalry not only destroyed the houses, drove off the sheep and cattle and removed every portable piece of property, but actually stripped the villagers of the clothes on their backs. The unfortunate peasants, men, women and children, were thrust out into the wilderness of snow-covered mountains without clothes to cover them or food to eat. How many of these poor creatures left bloody tracks on snow and ice; how many dropped by the wayside to go down to death in a shroud of snow and a tomb of ice no man may know. The snow will not give up its dead for long months to come.

What is to become of these homeless and foodless I do not pretend to tell. They are absolutely without shelter from the cold and snow of winter; without food, without clothes, without friends. The Kurds have taken everything that they possessed on earth. The people of Van are unable to feed them, however willing they may be.

Any form of relief among the outlying villages is at present impossible. The roads are so haunted by murderous Kurds that no one can go two miles beyond the city of Van without being killed. The extermination of the Armenians, will go forward much more swiftly than by the old method of Sassoun, for where Sassoun lost its four thousand and its forty villages, the province of Van alone loses its fifty thousand and its 200 villages.

MISS M A C ELY MISS C. E. ELY.

(*American Missionaries at Bitlis.*)

On this point I have lately talked with Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Turks and Europeans, and the opinion is unanimous that the policy now is to exterminate the Armenians by destroying their villages and thrusting them out destitute and starving among the snow-covered mountains. This is not theory: it is fact.

From the mountains of Turkistan I have received word that the Kurds are preparing for the attack on Van. Warring tribes have proclaimed a truce for the time being among themselves. One chief has sent word to another chief: "When your men meet my men there must be no fighting. We must all join together for the harvest." It is likely that when the villages are all disposed of the entire force of Kurds will turn upon Van for the bloodiest massacre ever known in the red history of Turkey. It will probably be a fight that will remain a long time in the memory of man, for the Armenians are thirty-five thousand strong, and very many of them have excellent breech-loading rifles. In addition a great many determined revolutionists have entered Van during the past few weeks, all well armed and ready to fight.

The American mission grounds are out on the outskirts of the city in an exposed position, and it is rather doubtful whether the missionaries could keep the Kurdish wild beasts at bay. The grounds are so extensive that it would take a considerable force of men to make a successful defense against a horde of Kurds. The mission is under the protection of the British Government, but the Kurd cares nothing for it.

I have the names of 108 of the two hundred villages destroyed by the Hamidieh cavalry in the province of Van. I have no reliable information from the districts of Shadakh, Moks and Haigatzor, but most of the villages in those districts had been destroyed, and it is not likely that anything is left except the mud bricks of the houses. In the province of Bitlis things are in no better condition.

Are the Christian people of America willing that this thing shall continue?

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

Urumia, Persia. Dec. 8, 1895.

Among the recent contributions to the Relief Fund were two bracelets, a pair of earrings, a gold bar pin, an amethyst ring and a garnet ring. These were sent by unknown donors, who asked that they be sold and the proceeds applied to the Fund.

It is now announced that the Red Cross will proceed to Constantinople. On reaching that city, Miss Barton, the President, will apply to the Turkish government for permission to work in the Armenian field. It is not at all certain that the request will be granted. Meanwhile, the American Board missionaries, who are distributing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, are the only relief agents actually at work. A remittance from the Fund has just been sent to Palu, where (as stated in a letter in last week's issue), there is great suffering in consequence of the recent massacre.

Contributions to the Relief Fund during the week are acknowledged on page 94.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Washington Changes.

NOTHING ever impresses me at the national capital more mightily than that the honors of the world are transitory and unsatisfactory. Great men, I notice, at Washington, are great only a little while. The men I saw here in high places fifteen years ago are nearly all gone. One venerable man, seated in the Senate near the vice president's chair, was there since he was introduced as a page at ten years of age by Daniel Webster, but a short time ago was buried. A few years change the most of the occupants of high positions. Young men, put not your stress on the honors of this world. Look chiefly for the honors that come from God. They never fade; they never destroy. Crowns, thrones, sceptres, and dominions you may have for the asking.

The Navies of the World.

AT this time all nations are discussing the battle-ships. Never before were there so many floating batteries of death as now. What wonderful progress since the flat-bottomed galleys of Carthage crept along the coast, running into a creek or cove at the first sight of a squall, down to the founding of the British navy by Henry VII., with its large warship called the *Great Harry*, and the first English three-decker called the *Sovereign of the Seas*, down to the modern navy. Our American navy was born in 1775, when Congress equipped two new cruisers, the one of ten guns and the other of fourteen guns. I wish I could shake out the spectral canvas of some of those old ships of war, and sail them before you, crowded from stem to stern with patriotic memories. John Paul Jones, of Revolutionary memory, should first bring before us his battle-ships, the *Alfred*, the *Providence*, the *Ranger* and the *Richard*—with his answer for a call for surrender: "I haven't yet begun to fight;" and Commodore Decatur, with his gunboats, and the *Alabama*, and *Old Ironsides*, and the *Constellation*, that set the French frigate flying, should fall into line and the open portholes would speak forth the deeds of men who were not afraid to die for their country.

Would that our navy and all the navies of the earth had done that last work. What a commentary upon the unevangelized condition of the human race, that after 1895 Christmas stars have shone on our earthly nights we are still planning for more war ships and must have them if we are to maintain our place among nations. But I find no sympathy with the fear or trepidation that has lately been felt because of the smallness of our American navy as compared with foreign navies, and when we are told how the greater battleships of other nations might ride up somewhere near the Narrows and shell New York into ruins. Such alarmists must have forgotten the almost miraculous creation of an American navy in 1861 under Gideon Welles, the War Secretary. We had then here and there an old ship ready to fall to pieces at the sound of the first cannonade, and only about two hundred available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships. Yet orders were given to blockade twenty-five hundred miles of seacoast, greater than the whole coast of Europe. And beside that, the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi, and other great rivers, covering an extent of two thousand more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into a guffaw of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly and done with a speed and consummate skill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture. And foreign nations had not better now depend on our seeming unreadiness for self-defence. Better keep their ironclads on the other side the sea. Better not too confidently insult the Stars and Stripes, which mean more now than any day since they were first hoisted. What Gideon Welles did in the creation of our American navy in 1861, our Secretary Herbert would do better in 1896, and hundreds of craft that have never yet been heard of in our navy yards would suddenly take on an armament that would leave the foreign ships along our coasts a mass of crushed smokestacks and broken up decks and splintered rudders. But God grant that the last pound of powder has been burnt in the destruction of soldiers on the land or sailors on the sea. May the reign of peace and good-will be an everlasting reign.

Purified Politics.

THE time is coming when all the ballot boxes and all the political offices are to be brought under Christian influences. A religion that will not tell a man how to vote and how to act after he has voted, as well as how to pray, is no religion at all. The bloated fist of ruffianirm, swinging around the head of the popular sovereign on election day, must give place to another spirit. I have no faith in the decision of an election started in a drunken caucus, and assessing its candidates in the back part of a grog shop. How, then, shall any political circles be purified? Will professional politicians do it? No. Will political orators do it? No—for the most part, no. I am stopped on my way up the street, during a caucus, at the Democratic headquarters, and I heard that all the Republicans were thieves! Then I stopped at the Republican headquarters, and I heard that all the Democrats were villains! So I made up my mind that neither of the political parties is able to report in regard to the other party.

Whence, then, shall come the healing, purifying, elevating influence? From the Word of God and the Spirit of God, and from no other source, and I call on the men who believe in the Bible and the coming of a judgment day, in which we must give an account for our votes as well as for our words and actions, to join in the crusade against the nefarious influences that are now abroad. The fine gentleman may exercise the right of suffrage, then go back to his beautiful parlor, or to his country house, and feel he is independent of political immorality. No, sir. You will feel it in your home, and will feel it in your business, and you ought to realize the fact that you have around you in your household those who shall be affected by the result of these elections. Your families and you will realize the fact that there are influences abroad to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and that no man is independent of political morality. The influences are coming up like the frogs and lice of Egypt into your sleeping apartments and into your bread trays. The moral pestilence will taint all the air, and the malaria of the lowest wards in the city will touch the highest circles, and the wretch crawling out of the very sewer of the city to vote, will, with their muddy hands, bedaub the glove of the exquisite. Christian men have no right to lay aside their Christian robes of profession and say: "Lie there now until two months have passed and we have got through the election, and then I'll put you on again." A religion that is adjourned for two months of the year might as well be adjourned all the twelve months.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

D. A. B., Hoyt, Kan. 1. Where was Fanny J. Crosby born and where is she living? 2. What did Paul mean in Rom. 9. 3?

1. She was born in Southeast, Putnam Co., N. Y., March 24, 1820, and is now living in Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. It means that he would have been willing himself to become a sacrifice, even to the extent of losing his own salvation, if it would have saved them.

M. M. What is conscience?

It is an ethical faculty of the soul which enables us to form moral judgments and to distinguish accurately between right and wrong, good and evil. It is born with its possessor, but it is only developed as life proceeds. In the proper aspect, it is a divinely implanted monitor to guide us to right action, thought and living. It may, by a persistent life of sin and indifference, be dulled almost to the point of extinction.

Long Time Subscriber, Savannah, Ga. I am an old lady and very deaf. I cannot hear preaching, sometimes do not even hear the sound of the voice. Would it be committing a sin if I remained at home and read sermons? I go twice on Sundays and hear nothing.

Consult a specialist who can procure for you an auraphone, or instrument to aid the hearing. In any event, you should not wholly abandon the public assembly of the brethren in church, for your spirit may worship with theirs, even though you cannot hear.

S. Marie Montgomery, Lock Haven, Pa., sends this poetical acknowledgment:

Dear Sir:—The lovely "set of books"—
Your premium—has just come to hand
And, judging from their general looks,
Our close attention they'll command.

To say that they are very nice,
Is not the proper term to use;
They're "fine," and worth three times the price,
They cheer, instruct, advise, amuse.

THE HERALD, too, we much enjoy,
And glad each week when it appears;
'Tis as pure gold—there's no alloy:
Oh, may it live for years and years!

A. W. T. 1. What reason can there be for regarding the six days of creation as different from our days? 2. In what part of the year did Christ's birth occur?

1. That the rocks with the fossils indicate long periods of time prior to the appearance of human beings. They show a condition in which human beings could not have lived, and the fossils of animals have been found in the strata, such as were specially adapted to those conditions. They also indicate a gradual process of development and changes requiring enormous periods. By natural order such periods alone could explain the evidence, and it cannot be supposed that supernatural power was used to deceive. 2. Many theories have been advocated, but the balance of evidence appears to us to be in favor of December.

A. W. M., Wauchula, Fla. Was the experience of the dual nature described by Paul in Romans 7. 13-25, the experience of a converted man, or a reminiscence of a time before conversion?

The question is disputed by strong advocates on both sides. You must take our opinion for what it is worth. It appears to be the experience of a converted man striving after holiness. An unconverted man does not declare that he delights in the law of God, or that he undergoes a struggle between the two laws of the flesh and the spirit. The unconverted man seldom, if ever, finds such resistance to sin, such regret at not being able to serve God fully, as Paul says he experienced. The struggle begins at conversion, when the man tries to live a holy life, finds opposition within himself and despairs until (as in ver. 25), he realizes where his struggle lies.

Reader, Madison, O. 1. Is there any evidence apart from the Bible that there is a life after death? 2. If there is a life beyond the grave shall we know one another there?

1. There are suggestions which are a basis for the belief but no evidence that can be regarded as positive proof. One such suggestion is now being investigated here and in Europe. It proceeds from observation of a power in the human mind to operate independently of the senses, as in dreams, and still more strikingly under hypnotic influence. It would seem to imply the possibility of continued existence without the body, and this is confirmed by the fact that often at the time of death, the spirit seems more vigorous and active when the physical nature is growing weaker. The argument from analogy, as in the case of the butterfly developing from the caterpillar, has also long been urged in spite of its defects, and it has encouraged many to hope. But there is no firm ground for confidence until you open the Bible, and there find that Christ distinctly assures men of immortality. It becomes a question of faith, and we believe there is abundant evidence of the faith being well-grounded. All that is revealed to us clearly points to the recognition of friends in the future life. It is conscious existence, and existence in which the events of life are remembered. If events are remembered, it is reasonable to believe that the memory extends to persons, too. If the soul preserves its identity, as we are led to expect, there is no room for doubt as to recognition.

B. G., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

A short time ago I read an article "Peace in Answer to Prayer," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with great interest. I well remember how those precious words comforted me when in the deepest sorrow. I had heard but a day or two before of the death of my only child, a son twenty-one years old. He was away out in the far West, and it was impossible to have his remains brought home on account of the very heavy snow-storms. While sitting at the dinner table I heard a voice, or something said to me. "Go to your Bible for comfort." I thought I would wait until after dinner, when again I heard the voice. I said, "Lord, I will go now." And having excused myself hurried to my room, and immediately opened my Bible at these precious words: "But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me." I said, "These words the Lord hath given me, shall be a comfort to me and ever will be." It is safe to trust in Jesus.

Reader, Mount Vernon, Ia. Are the different denominations of Evangelical Christians a help or a hindrance to the cause of Christ?

The division is a serious hindrance in the waste of funds involved in duplicating agencies of service. The cost of the various foreign and domestic missions might be reduced and better applied, if all the denominations would agree to work together. In some small towns, too, there are several small, struggling churches, each with its debt, and its pastor underpaid, when there might be one strong church doing good work, well supported. On the other hand, men's minds are so differently constituted that there would be little harmony if they were included in one church. It would be a decided step in advance, and perhaps all we can hope for at present, if the denominations could be induced to co-operate with each other in aggressive work. Dr. Strong of the Evangelical Alliance, recently suggested these columns a plan to effect this object.

J. S., Johnstown, O. Can a person who has cheated or defrauded another, in any way, hope to be admitted into heaven unless he has paid the wronged person principal and interest?

It is his duty to pay, but if he is unable to do so, his failure will not exclude him from heaven. God does not require the impossible. A man who repents of his sins and obtains God's forgiveness, will be anxious to atone for anyone whom he has wronged, and will do so to the full extent of his power; but, as you can see for yourself, he might die before he had succeeded in doing so, however anxious and earnest he might be in his endeavor. It would be a manifest injustice which God would never do, to exclude such a man. His intention and his effort are accounted as evidence of his conversion.

Reader, Vicksburg, Miss. Are conversion and sanctification the same thing?

As the words are generally used, there is a wide a difference as between planting and growth in a tree. Conversion occurs when a person believes in Christ, and by the Holy Spirit's power turns from sin to serve God. New desires, new aims and emotions take possession of the soul, and strength is imparted to resist temptation. This change varies in different persons in intensity. Some are scarcely conscious of it, owing to its being a gradual process. With others it is sudden, and is reached only after severe anguish of mind. The change is the beginning of sanctification. When a person is a member of Christ's kingdom, and the process of sanctification is to fit him for its duties and privileges. It consists, as the word implies, in making him holy, and the process is lifelong. Every year ought to show progress in his becoming more like Christ, better to himself, and more useful in the world. The rate of progress in sanctification depends on the degree with which he yields to the power of the Holy Spirit.

Old Subscriber, Indianapolis, N. Y. Yes.—Sunday School Superintendent G. B. Lane, Racine, W. T., can make good use of any suitable religious literature our subscribers may send him.—D. C. Hillsdale, Mich. The persons and property of noncombatants are usually respected, when the warring nations are civilized. However, peace seems assured.—S. B. Scotia, Cal. It is simply a convenient abbreviation, like Dr. and Mr.—Mr. E. W. L., North Paterson, N. J. Not unless there is no other available. In any event, you can produce your own example, against the dissertation.—C. Williamson, Alhance, O. No, he should not.—R. P., Waynesburg, Ind. The only way the Armenian butcheries can be stopped is by armed interference by the European powers, and this they seem unwilling to do.—Mrs. J. A., Brighton, Mich., we think that Mrs. P., Woburn, Ill., will find the hymn she wants in the "Finest of the Wheat," published by McCabe & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Reader, Manhattan, Kan. Yes, the offer is still open.—L. L. Orchard, Jasper, N. Y. We earnestly echo your wish.—L. R., Flatrum, W. Va. Blue.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

To Investigate British Claims.

IN selecting commissioners to investigate the rival claims of Great Britain and Venezuela, President Cleveland has displayed a spirit of fairness and discretion that does him credit. It is not an ideal ommission, and some names were sug- sted for it which might have been more ghly respected abroad than those of its embers, but on the whole, the country proves of it, and will have confidence in sagacity and impartiality. Mr. Cleve- nd wisely ignored the politicians in mak- g his choice. No member of the Commis- on has achieved distinction by partisan litical activity, and the affiliations of at ast two of them have been with e party opposed to the Presi- nt. Justice David J. Brewer a member of the United States preme Court. He was appoint- to that high position in 1889 President Harrison. Prior to s appointment, he had served e years as Judge of the United ates Circuit Court. He was rn in 1837 in Smyrna, Asia inor, where his father was a issionary. His mother was a ster of Cyrus and David Dud- y Field. A second member of e Commission who has had a dicial experience is Richard H. lvey, who is Chief Justice of e Federal Court of Appeals in e District of Columbia. He is native of Maryland, where he ld high office in the State Ap- llate Court for about twenty ears. He is said to have a orough knowledge of the Span- h language, which will be use- l to the Commission in the in- estigation. Dr. Andrew D. White, a third member of the Commission, is probably the only ne whose name is known out- de his own land. He has been nited States Minister success- ely to Germany and to Russia, nd has written books which ave been widely read in Euro- ean lands. Dr. White is a na- ve of New York. He was the rst President of Cornell Uni- ersity, a position he held with redit for many years. President Grant recognized his high quali- es by placing him on the Com- ission to San Domingo. Another minent educator who has been ppointed on the Commission is Daniel C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University. He was Professor of Physical and Political Geography at Yale ntil 1875, when he resigned to become the rst President of Johns Hopkins. The fth Commissioner is Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who was one of the counsel be- ore the Behring Sea Commission. Mr. Coudert is a leader of the New York Bar, nd has won distinction as an able and earned lawyer. The Commission appears o be made up of men specially qualified to xamine the various aspects of the subject, nd to weigh impartially the evidence which will be submitted to them. It may be oped that the decision of the Commission will be unanimous, and be so equitable as o commend itself to all parties to the dis- ute. Patriotic citizens on both sides the Atlantic, realizing what momentous issues ang on the decision, should pray that the Commissioners may each and all be en- lowed with that wisdom which was given o the men of Issachar, making them

Men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do. (1. Chron. 12 : 32.)

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

JUDGE RICHARD H. ALVEY. MR. DANIEL C. GILMAN.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE. THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION. MR. FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

On Treasure Island.

A San Francisco journal publishes the description of a remarkable colonizing set- tlement. It appears that some years ago a citizen of Stockton, Cal., obtained infor- mation that there was treasure buried on Cosos Island off the coast of Central America. It was said to have been buried there by pirates many years ago. He secured a concession from the Nicaraguan government to farm the whole island and with capital supplied by people who had faith in his information, he settled there. A number of workingmen have joined him and have built houses and established a regular colony. They have a boat with which they can make journeys to the mainland for supplies and they have planted about four thousand coffee trees. The leader of the expedition writes that no treasure has been found as yet, but the island is certainly the one indicated by the old man from whom he obtained his information and he is convinced that in time the treasure will be found. No systematic search has yet been made for it, the colonists having been too busy planting coffee trees to hunt for the treasure. The leader says that the enterprise will be an assured success from the produce of the coffee plantations, even if no treasure is ever found. He seems to be more prudent than is usual with men who go on such expeditions. They seldom care for anything but the treasure, but this man is providing for certain results in the near future, while hoping to ultimately secure great riches. It is such a prospect, with infinitely better ground of confidence, that the Apostle sets forth when he tells his readers that

Godliness is profitable . . having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. (1. Tim. 4 : 8.

An Erroneous Estimate.

Disappointment has fallen to an engineer, a company and a whole city in New Jersey through an error in an estimate. The Street and Water Commissioners of Jersey City sometime ago accepted the contract of a company to supply twenty million gallons of water a day to the city from the Pequannock River. The pipe was laid, and on January 11 the water was turned on. It was found, however, that the supply did not equal the quantity agreed upon. The engineer went over his calculations again and discovered that it would be impossible for the forty-eight inch pipe that had been laid to carry any more water than it was then doing, which was from ten to twelve million gallons a day. He, therefore notified the officials that there was no way of fulfilling the engagement, but by laying another pipe, which it would take a year to lay. In the meantime only ten or twelve million gallons a day could be furnished. He regretted the error which was one of calculation, but it was evident that the company could not do what it had undertaken. There was, he said, no deficiency in the source of supply, which was practically inexhaustible, but the avenue of conveyance was not sufficiently capacious. Whether the city will be content to wait a year while the company lays a new main, or whether it will obtain a supply from some other source, remains to be decided. It is vexatious that the difficulty should have arisen. The city ought not to lack pure water when so much is accessible. There is no question as to the responsibility. It is so with the supply of grace and power that the church and individual Christians need for their life and work in the world. The Apostle declares, as the prophets had declared before him, that it is not the Spirit of the Lord that is straitened.

But ye are straitened in your own affections. (II. Cor. 6. 12 R.V.)

Providing his Own Coffin.

A press dispatch from Indiana reports a singular provision on the part of a prominent citizen. It states, that a well-known lawyer who has a country house in Bartholomew County had a favorite walnut tree growing in his garden. He planted it forty years ago with his own hands and incidentally remarked that it might serve to make a coffin for him when the time came that one would be needed. The tree thrived and became a tall straight tree and under its branches the judge loved to sit on summer evenings chatting with his friends. He thrived, too, in his fortune and in the respect of the community. He grew old and as his hair whitened and his limbs bent under the weight of the passing years he would look at the tree now grown large of girth and speak of the time when it would be put to the use for which half in jest he had destined it. A few days ago he attained his eighty-seventh birthday and he decided that the time had come to have the tree cut down. He gave the order and a carpenter was instructed to saw into boards. Scarcely had his order been executed when he suffered a paralytic stroke. The carpenter was again summoned and was told to take his measure for the coffin, the judge bidding him hurry in making it. When the dispatch was published the physicians said the judge could not live more than a day or two. It may be hoped that as so long ago, he looked forward to the time when such a receptacle would be required for his body, he did not forget that his soul would, at the same time, need an abiding-place which it might have through the love of God in Christ. The satisfaction he derived at the last from knowing that his whim as to his coffin would be gratified would be as nothing compared with that which would be his if he could say with believing Christians :

If the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II Cor. 5 : 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Subscribers who Have Ordered THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library and have not yet received it, are requested to notify us immediately, addressing their letters to "The Library Department." All orders received up to date have been filled as far as we know; but if the Library has not been delivered to any one ow ing to any error on the part of the Express Companies or any neglect on the part of subscribers — some of whom in their letters ordering the books gave an incomplete address, omitting name of town or State —we shall be glad to rectify the matter on being informed of it. The demand for this premium has exceeded our highest expectations. Our first edition was exhausted within a few days of its being printed. A second edition was printed immediately, but it too was insufficient to fill the orders which were waiting, when it was issued. A third edition of 25,000 was then printed and that also was quickly exhausted. Now we have just received the fourth edition and are ready both to fill new orders and to rectify any mistakes that may have occurred whether through any error on the part of our subscribers or of the express companies. Be sure to address "The Library Department" and give name, town and State of your address and nearest express office.

The First Presbyterian Church of New York celebrated its Jubilee on Jan. 12. The church was organized one hundred and eighty years ago, and has occupied its present building fifty years. Dr. Howard Duffield, the pastor, delivered an address recounting the history of the Church.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding successful revival services at Camden, N. J. The meetings were held in the Broadway M. E. Church which was crowded day after day until the close. Over 2500 persons attended the final service when Dr. Munhall gave parting advice to the great crowd of converts who had made confession of faith during the revival. Several churches united in the movement.

The Young Men's Institute of the New York Y. M. C. A. celebrated its eleventh anniversary in the Institute Hall, 222 Bowery, on Jan 14. It appeared from the report that last year was one of remarkable activity and prosperity in all branches of the Institute's work. The various clubs and societies which meet in connection with it have increased in number and membership, and the religious meetings were well-attended. The deposits in the Savings Fund of the Institute amount to $8,004. The total expenses of the year were $11,760.

The Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church has issued an earnest appeal for funds. There has been a very serious deficiency since October last in the receipts, which it is hoped may be made up before the time for making the appropriations arrives.

A Petition has been Prepared for Signature by ministers of the Dutch Reformed and the Presbyterian Churches, to the President and Congress urging that in view of the unprecedented cruelties inflicted on inoffensive Armenian men, women and children, to issue an appeal, in the name of outraged humanity, to all the European powers, requesting them to unite with the United States in sending representatives to a Conference which shall devise some means of bringing these unparalleled outrages to an immediate end.

Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., so long identified with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, closed his long career on January 3. No man every labored more untiringly than he in the cause of missions, and none could have given time and talent more ungrudgingly to promote the well being of the missionaries in the field. He was beloved by all, and his death will cause sorrow in many a distant station. He was seventy-one years of age. He became Secretary of the Board in 1865.

The Baptist Mission Union of the Bahama Islands which is under the charge of the veteran missionary and indefatigable worker, Rev. Daniel Wilshere, has during the past three years raised seven thousand dollars for its work, has completed the building of two places of worship, has built four others and one mission house, and has commenced the erection of four others on the out islands with one mission house. When it is remembered how poor those people are and how they have been treated by the Missionary Society, their achievements seem extraordinary. Mr. Wilshere's many friends in this country will rejoice to hear of his success, and will heartily wish him and his people continued prosperity.

The Gospel from Door to Door.

What Two Godly Women are doing among the Crowded Tenements of Upper New York.

EVERY passing year multiplies the opportunities of work for Christ in our great and populous cities. This is especially true of such cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and New York, and it is proportionately true of cities of lesser magnitude and population. In New York, where the cosmopolitan population embraces almost every nationality under the sun, there is as wide and as inviting a field for real foreign missionary work at home as in any part of the world. Consecrated men and women, have not been slow to perceive this and many have joyfully taken up the burden of soul-winning, and made it their life-work.

MISS ANNA C. RUDDY.

One of the best known and most densely populous foreign colonies in the metropolis, is that which goes by the name of Little Italy, in the upper part of the city. There are in the Harlem district from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand Italians, a majority being of the poorest class of immigrants who have come to the United States during the last ten years. Five years ago Miss Anna C. Ruddy, a devoted Christian worker, established in the district an Italian Methodist Church with a growing membership, and also an Italian Girls' Industrial Home at 517 East 117th street, under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Miss Ruddy was a most energetic and successful missionary worker, and both of these institutions were born of unbounded self-sacrifice and untiring labor on her part. Life and reputation were imperilled in the work. Several times Miss Ruddy was escorted home by her congregation, whose members had learned of intended attacks upon the good missionary. The Italians in that part of the city are devoted to Miss Ruddy. To them she is the much-loved "Signorina," to whom they bring all their troubles and perplexities, sure of finding a friendly welcome and wise counsel. They love to call her "the Mother of the Italians."

When the two institutions mentioned were thoroughly organized she turned them over to the care of others, and began what she had long wished to undertake—an undenominational Gospel Mission. This plan had never before been tried among Italians in this country. The preaching of full salvation has been deemed too "strong meat" for those so lately come out of Romanism; but Miss Ruddy has unbounded faith that the nation which produced the martyrs of the Catacombs, and the heroes of the Waldensian Valleys can produce many more of like faith and courage, if only touched by the fire of the Holy Ghost.

The Mission, in its present form, was opened in a hall on Second avenue last May, but has since been removed to quarters [illegible] and 115th streets, New York. From the very [illegible] the Mission [illegible] people were urged to give up drink, card-playing and all kindred vices. Many responded readily, and the result has been [illegible] ing.

him in vain; finally she learned that he had been suddenly seized with a dangerous illness, and for days had besought his Catholic friends to send for the missionary. This they steadily refused to do and sent for the priest instead. Just before he passed away, one of the Mission converts called at the house, Asking her to take a Bible from under his pillow, he said: "Take that to the teacher and tell her it is all right with my soul." In a few minutes he had fallen asleep.

A young musician who had given all his money to have his father's soul released from purgatory, came to this country with the one desire to earn more money for the same purpose. Work was not to be found and on the verge of despair he was contemplating suicide, when, one Sunday afternoon passing the Mission, he heard the strains of music; these were the words that caught his ear:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
[illegible]
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

As he told the story afterward the words fell on his heart like a great, refreshing shower. He entered, was saved and is now in Italy testifying to the wonderful grace of God.

The services in the Mission Hall are only a small part of the work. Meetings are held in the tenement houses, in saloons, on the streets, and sometimes, in summer, in the back-yards and on house-tops. One of our illustrations shows a Cottage Meeting in the home of a saved Italian. Once it was a drunkard's home and the abode of sin and misery. Now everything is changed; even the home is bright and pretty. These meetings are held in the homes of drunkards and sinners of every class. One meeting was held in a saloon. In a few weeks the saloon-keeper closed up his business, and the building is now used for other purposes of a legitimate nature.

The street-meetings are held Sunday afternoons and are attended by hundreds of people. The people listen attentively and there is never any need for the presence of the police.

Children's work is one of the most interesting features of this Mission. There are over a hundred children in the Mission Sunday School, and there are children's meetings, sewing classes, etc. In this department of the work, Miss Ruddy has for the past five years been most ably seconded by Miss Marion Huntington, whose devotion to the children gives her a wonderful influence over them. She knows the history and special characteristics of every child who ever came to the Mission. Wherever she goes, she is followed by a flock of these admirers. The first convert among the children is now studying for the ministry.

In its present undenominational form, the Mission was begun last May when people were already moving out of town, and financial assistance, while sorely needed, was not forthcoming. Had it not been for the perfect assurance of God's call, the workers could never have passed through that trying time. The Mission Hall was lighted by kerosene lamps. The windows were riddled by the rowdies of the neighborhood, and very few chairs were in the hall. Many times food was scarce and of the poorest quality. God stood by his children, however, and sent help in his own time. Neither of the two workers receives a salary and they are compelled to work as janitresses, besides doing their own house-work in the little flat where they live, with an orphan boy whom Miss Ruddy has taken to educate. Since returning to the old Mission Hall, where God has given so many victories in the past, the congregations have doubled and many souls have accepted Christ as their Saviour.

TENEMENT VISITATION—BIBLE READING.

A "COTTAGE MEETING" IN A SAVED ITALIAN'S HOME.

India's "Sacred Cows."

The crowded streets of Indian cities present manifold attractions, but the study of native life and manners in Delhi is frequently interrupted by the great herds of Brahmini cows, which roam about at their will, with the evident conviction invariably entertained by these pampered animals that their own importance far exceeds that of the community which they inconvenience by their presence. An overturned stall witnesses to the self-assertion of the sacred kine, and as our carriage disperses a blockade of sleek backs and interlacing horns, an indignant member of the scattered conclave wreaks vengeance on the battered chariot by pushing it along with these natural weapons to the end of the street. The *raison d'etre* of the assembled cows is found in the presence of the great Hindu temple, where a glimpse of glittering images in fretted shrines is unwillingly granted to the unbelievers whose feet are forbidden to tread the sacred courts of the Brahmin sanctuary.

Why Let Them Die?

THE sword is devouring Armenia's fair land:
With a foeman so mighty, oh, how can she stand?
They flee, oh they flee, until helpless they lie!
Dear land, blessed with plenty, oh, why let them die?

Oh, dear land of the free, oh, dear home of the brave!
Hasten, hasten, oh, succor and save!
Oh, hear them, oh, hear them, as helpless they lie,
Dear land, blessed with plenty, oh, why let them die?

Oh, dear land of plenty, remember the poor,
Have pity! have pity! relieve and restore,
Oh, hear them, oh, hear them, as helpless they cry,
For good timely succor, oh, why let them die?

Chickasaw, Ia. DAVID W. HINE.

RUSSIA'S BURIED CITIES.

DURING the past six months some remarkable antiquities have been brought to light by Russian officials who are conducting excavations on the banks of the rivers Dnieper and Bug, near Stanislav and Kishakooka. The latter village is opposite the ruins of the ancient town of Olbia, a description of which has been given by the "Father of History," Herodotus, wherein he states it to be surrounded by a wall with many towers, and distinguished for its extensive trade and the civilization of its inhabitants. The *Listok* states that the curator has found the traces of the ruins of the ruins of this ancient and historical capital. The ramparts and inner parts are well preserved, while the ruins of the dwellings are still filled with the ancient building materials used centuries ago, and terra-cotta figures with subjects from domestic life, pottery, and small vessels are still continually being discovered by the villagers. The number of ancient sites discovered by Mr. Goshkevitch during his excursions is fifteen. The general character of these sites may be given as follows: Each one is situated on the steep bank of the river, which forms a natural defence against surprise attacks, and the other three sides are surrounded by ramparts in a good state of preservation, with the ruins of dwelling-places within the walls. One of the most interesting of these sites is called Propastnoe, and is situated on the edge of the ravine of the same name near the monastery of Bisukov. Here many ancient Greek vessels were found, and both here and on the banks of the Bug were found pieces of money of the time of Emperor Theodosius the Great who reigned near the end of the fourth century. In the village of Kisliakovka evident traces were discovered of an ancient Greek settlement, and here the curator discovered a head of a statue in a good state of preservation. Here, also, the peasants a short time ago unearthed a splendid ancient Greek statue, but, being ignorant of its great value, they actually destroyed it, although they sell to the first buyer the coins they find at the ancient site of Olbia and many private persons in those parts have splendid numismatic collections of the Scythian and other periods.

Medical Mission Work in Korea.

In a letter from Mr. J. B. Busteed, an American medical missionary of the M. E. Church, at Seoul, Korea, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer says: "Perhaps you have not forgotten the Si Pyung Won the Methodist Episcopal Mission hospital in Korea and how we have been planning for new buildings. This year the Lord has been very good to us and answered our prayers in an unexpected way. We are now at the new site on the South Gate street. On Sept. 5th our new dispensary was opened. This building consists of three rooms, waiting-room, consulting and dispensary drug-room. Thus our out-patient department is well equipped. Our in-patient department consists of one small brick building of two rooms, one serving as a surgical ward and the smaller as a temporary operating-room.

"There have been many interesting cures this year, too. Sai Sule Sin is living in No Yang Dong in the town of Kwa Chun, province of Kyung Ki Do. He suddenly had a sickness which made his left eye useless. (He had traumatic cataract.) Directed by the Good Spirit he met a good American doctor who cured him so he could see as before. It will be impossible to ever repay the doctor for his kindness or to tell how great the deed was. He will never forget the doctor. A native writer [illegible] God sent the good doctor to rescue perishing man. Like unto Moses's bright brass [illegible] to heal. He has ability like the great Pyun Cha, to save. His good deeds are truly heavenly. [illegible]

"Such is the native poetic version of the praise gratefully bestowed upon medical missionaries in Korea."

A Remarkable Memory.

At the Christmas entertainment of the St. Mark's M. E. Church Sabbath School (colored) Montclair, N. J., a member of one of the female classes, a servant girl who has been present every Sunday for four years, repeated consecutively the titles, topics, and golden texts of the International Series for the years 1894 and 1895, with the books in which they are found, with scarcely a break in their order.

A Norwegian Sabbath.

Church-going Almost Universal Among the Hardy Peasantry of Norway—Villages Whose People Row to Church.

THERE are still many parts of this Union where the residents are so remote from churches and social privileges that every opportunity of attending service or social gatherings is hailed with delight. Farmers on the wide prairies, settlers on mountain plateaus or valleys, and those who live along the shore of river, lake, or sea, will have a kindly appreciation of the lonely lives led by the fisher-folk of Norway, and their rugged, snow-topped mountains and gloomy fjords. Our illustration shows a scene of unusual animation in those solitudes—the gathering of the fisher-people for the regular Sunday morning service. From the most distant points along the great inlet, or fjord, they come in the heavy boats, men and women alike skilful at the oar, for strong arms go with stout hearts in Norway. Their toilets are simple and unassuming and they have little of the vanities and foperies that are usually found in a city congregation. Fashions rarely change with the lake fishermen and their friends. A coat is worn till threadbare, a gown until it is no longer serviceable. The costume is adapted to the changeful climate which, while it has no great extremes of heat or cold, and is a very salubrious one, is yet frequently so boisterous and tempestuous as to put dainty garments out of the question. This constant conflict with nature in her strongest moods has resulted in a hardy and beautiful race.

ROWING TO CHURCH ACROSS THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS.

In no part of the world are the waters subject to the stress and rack of fiercer storms than there, and in no other part are the same waters capable of falling in calm days into a more perfect and absolute rest. In Norway, practically the entire population is Protestant, and their faith brings them, with each recurring Sunday morning, over the water on their way to church. The manners and faces of these people are marked with truth and virtue, and the uniform happiness of Norwegian homes is proverbial.

Our illustration is from a photograph of the famous painting by Hans Dahl, and is now presented by permission of the Fine Art Publishing Company of New York. It is the gem of a great collection, and the original was exhibited at the World's Fair Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. In our own country, a growing evil is seen in the custom of Christian parents who do not take their children with them on Sunday to the preaching services, but allow them to think that it is enough if they only attend the Sabbath School. Practically, such a course results in encouraging the young people to disregard a most important feature of church work and church life. It tends to lessen church-going. An old writer has said: "Though it was God's appointment that the males only should, at solemn feasts, repair to Shiloh, yet Elkanah carries up 'all his house' to the yearly sacrifice. You know what a great blessing succeeded upon Hannah." There should be a return to the good old custom of having the whole family at the preaching service.

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The "Small Boy."

Small boys, we all agree, are at times supremely exasperating. But if you have not patience with your own, who is to show it them? If you have not patience, it means that you have not love; at least when one breaks down, the other will. Every failure in patience on your part means a loosening of the bond by which you have to hold that boy back from ruin. You have no right to expect that any one will hold him back if you do not. The temptations of all kinds lying before him are so tremendous that you will need all your love for him, and all your strength, and you must not weaken both at once by giving way to impatience towards your own child. If you say that you are not born with patience, we would urge you to think on these matters and acquire it.

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Girls' Advantages.

Girls are usually less mischievous than boys, less defiant, less noisy (many a complication in home life has arisen from noise); they are, moreover, less restive when being read aloud to on Sunday mornings, and there is less of a struggle with them when it comes to that trying duty of getting up in time for prayers. They are less inclined to be rude to their teachers, and if they sometimes chase the chickens or worry the cat, it is because their brothers lead them on. In later years, also, it is comparatively easy for a mother to lift her daughter's thoughts to her own ideal of life, simply because she can keep her constantly with her, while the son is away at school. All this and much more of the same kind may be truly said, and seems to show beyond question that in respect of what is called good behavior, the gentler sex start life with fairer opportunities than their brothers.

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Enemies of the House.

Very often a man's foes, and sometimes a wife's foes, are "they are of his or her own household," writes Dr. Cuyler. "Where do most men find their greatest help or their greatest hindrance to success in their business? I confidently answer—at home. Good management and frugality there are apt to mean prosperity. Extravagance there means vexation, temptation to recklessness, and business gambling, and eventual ruin. Half the married men who practice swindling are pushed on to it by a wicked friend or an extravagant wife and family. A wife is the best of friends or the worst of enemies. It is of little account to a man to be prosperous in his store, or his office, or his pulpit if he be wretched at his own hearthstone. On the other hand, a wife can bear any social neglect, any stroke of adversity, and even to be ignored by "society" if her husband is only loving and her children are affectionate and obedient. But a husband's unkindness is a dry sorrow that drinks her heart's blood. Good Philip Henry said that he and his wife adopted a rule that only one of them would get angry at the same time. That "scotched" the serpent of conjugal quarrels. When husband and wife make common cause in enthroning Jesus Christ over their household, and in barring out the enemies that threaten the peace and purity of the home, then domestic life becomes as sweet as a song and as holy as a sacrament.

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Children's Sense of Color.

It sometimes happens that the sense of color and form is developed very early. One scientist, experimenting with his own children, found, toward the end of the second year as to their color discrimination, that a decided preference was shown for the bright or luminous colors, red and yellow. Much the same thing was observed by another in the early development of her child's color sense. Thus in the twenty-eighth month a baby girl showed a special fondness for daffodils. About the same time the child conceived a fondness for a yellow gown of her aunt, strongly objecting to the substitution for it of a brown dress. Among the other colored objects which captivated the eye of this little girl were a patch of white cherry blossom and a red sunset sky. Such observations might easily be multiplied. Whiteness, it is to be noted, comes, as we might expect, with bright partial colors, among the first favorites.

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Housework as Exercise.

To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength, and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficial in result than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that were ever invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games, is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on living, and makes things seem really worth while.

The Old Sabbath.

HOLD fast to the dear old Sabbath,
To the duty of peaceful rest;
Look back to the days of childhood
That its tranquil glories blessed;
Hold fast to its quiet pleasures,
All its sweet traditions save,
For the sake of the weary living,
And the memories of the grave.

Hold fast to the dear old Sabbath,
That is neared, like a verdant isle,
On the week's dull sea of toiling,
With a thankful, happy smile,
One day give the great Creator,
Be thy creed whate'er it may;
For the sake of human freedom
Keep the dear, old Sabbath day.

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Learning the Clock.

WHEN you were learning to tell the time on the face of the clock on the mantel-shelf, how did you begin? Was it not by by first learning the quarters? When the long hand was half way down on the right, you knew it was a quarter past; when it was half way up on the left, you knew it was a quarter-to; and when it was down between these, you knew it was half-past; and when it was up between them you knew the clock was going to strike the hour. Well, just as there four are quarters in our clocks, so there are four quarters in this big clock of our universe. The first quarter is Springtime, half-past is Summer, quarter-to is Autumn, and when Winter comes the year is ended. When you look at the trees and flowers you can pretty well tell what o'clock it is by the year. When you see the little crocus or snow-drop begin to peep out, or see the hedges become dotted with green specks, then you say, it is a quarter past Winter—and that is Springtime. And when you see the flowers in full bloom, and the chestnut trees laden with their beautiful blossoms, and the corn has become tall, then you say, it is half-past Winter—and that is Summer. When you begin to see fruit—when the marigolds are beginning to have seed, and when the little boys out for a holiday throw sticks up into the branches to bring down the chestnuts, and pears and apples look tempting on the trees, and the corn has grown yellow and hangs its head very humbly because it has now something in its head (for they are only empty heads that stand up pert), than you say, it is a quarter-to Winter—and that is Autumn. And when you find the fields all reaped and bare, and the flowers are beginning to fade away, and the fruit is all gone, then you say, it is getting close on the hour—and that is Winter; the year is done. Thus, you see, the big clock can tell the time o' year, and tell it exactly, by quarters.

But standing between the quarters of the clock there are other figures. How many of these are there altogether? Twelve, are there not? And how many months are there in a year? You know—twelve. So, you see, this clock has got all the figures, and, what is stranger still, it marks all the figures by flowers and fruits; for there are different flowers that come out every month of the year. If a smart boy were to keep his eyes about him, and understood things as he walked in the country, when he found certain trees beginning to bud and certain flowers beginning to peep up, he would say, this must be the month of January; for these always come out in January. Later on, if he saw some others, he would say, this must be February, for these always come out in February. And so through all the year, if he was clever, he would find flowers and trees telling him what month it was.

Our God is very kind to the flowers. If he lets some grow till late in the year before he puts them to sleep, he doesn't wake them so early the next season: He knows they need to sleep longer because they were up so late—just as you are sometimes allowed to lie in bed a little longer. But again, God sometimes sends some flowers to sleep early, and maybe they don't like it, as you often don't; but then he is going to awaken them early in the season, they will be among the first he will call up.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE

REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER II. Continued.

THE wreck was plainly visible from the bluff. Jed saw it. He intently looked at it, but not many minutes. Then he descended the rough slope of the land, facing the sea, springing so eagerly, recklessly, that at the bottom he almost went headlong. He did not stop to examine any damages his clothes had received, but rushed across the sands toward a large group of people that had straggled thither from the village.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jed. "If there ain't a crew from the life-savin' station! Now thar'll be music!" Within two miles was a life-saving station. Its keeper and crew had pulled their heavily loaded cart across the long stretch of intervening sands. This was burdened with all kinds of life-saving apparatus, a life-car, a breeches-buoy, hawser and other ropes, sand-anchor, a wreck-gun, a crotch, shovels, and restoratives for any half-drowned unfortunates coming ashore. The surfmen had gone to work, making preparations to reach the wreck with a shot from their gun, the shot taking a rope with it.

"Ho, there's Sandy Jones!" thought Jed. "He'll tell me what is a-goin' on."

Sandy Jones was a young fisherman and Jed's special friend. Sanderman Jones was the way his name was written in the family register, but it was too long a name for daily use in this hasty world. He was anything but Sandy in his looks. A big mat of black hair covered his head, and a heavy black beard, broad, like a broom, and suggesting immediate use, hung from Sandy's wide jaws. Rough, but kind; a bear in his touch, but tender of heart, he had been a famous companion for Jed in all kinds of adventures.

"Yes, Jed."

"Any chance for you, Sandy?"

Sandy's big hands were deep down in his pockets.

"No, Jed," said Sandy, gloomily, "got all the help they want now. Keeper Derby says may be a chance bime-by." He brightened as he said, "may be a chance."

"I hope so. See 'em sight that gun!"

"They aim well, those life-savin' fellers, Jed. I think that shot" — here Sandy stooped, and let his eye run along the shaft of the gun, as if he were actually sighting it.

Bang—g—g! went the gun, as if in response to a command from Sandy.

Away went the line, dangling and twirling, after the shot. Up sprang Sandy, jumping as high as he possibly could, and shouting also, "Hoo—ror!"

Jed convulsively jumped also, and bellowed, "H[illegible]

"Got 'em sure, Jed! Line has gone right across the wreck! And now, can't you see 'em a-hangin' over the starboard rail, in the riggin', leetle black bunches [illegible]"

"Yes, yes, Sandy!" cried Jed, excitably. "We'll get 'em! Hoo—ror!"

The spectators around the surfmen were also shouting, for those on board the wreck were now pulling the line in. If [illegible] made fast to the wreck, and dressed above the frothing, whitening waves. Only a little line, but big with hope! Only a [illegible] the ship, a clasping of hands across the breakers!

Hawser and hauling lines, with the co-operation of those on board the wreck was [illegible] The shore-end of the hawser was drawn over the notch of the crotch and held down by [illegible] ing the hawser *taut*, by means of a double [illegible]

The life-cat went to the wreck, brought back its load, and, oh, what a shout of [illegible] They were [illegible] to a snug shelter at once.

"Now, Sandy, I am jest goin' to have a chance to haul on that line, the next time, or I'll know the reason why," said Jed. "Can't stand this!"

Jed got his chance somehow, and another load of human life came out of the howling, driving sea.

"Take 'em off boys, where they will be housed, if anybody will volunteer to have 'em," cried Keeper Derby. "Station is too far off."

There were hosts enough to entertain these sorry guests, and off they stiffly hobbled. A change of apparatus was now adopted. The life-cat had been working badly, and as there were now only a few survivors on the wreck, the cat was abandoned and the breeches-buoy attached to the hawser.

"Good!" said Jed, who had been hauling stoutly. "I would like to see that ere breeches-buoy tried. She don't amount to much, Sandy, only jest a pair o' short canvas breeches hangin' from a round, cork life-preserver, and the whole thing dangles from that ere hawser. I guess, though, when a feller gets into it, he feels to hum 'at once and is willing to leave the old wreck behind. There she goes! Look! Look!"

Jed's feminine article "she" went promptly to the wreck and returned loaded. Several trips were made, and the passengers who had had these rides above the boiling cauldron of the ocean, were at once received into hospitable homes. An interesting discussion now arose. Had all the survivors been taken off from the wreck. Was there not a man on board?

Jed's dark eyes were upon the wreck. "Yes — I see suthin'."

"You see a mast," said a spectator."

Here people laughed.

"I know I can see a man on that ere wreck," said Jed stoutly. "Lemme run that breeches-buoy out!"

"Pooh! You think you can do something," said the spectator again. Jed turned. It was Lawyer Skeele. He never liked Jed. The dislike was heartily returned.

"Wall!" said Jed. "It is gettin' late and shady, but I can see. I know I can."

"Count up your men," suggested somebody, "count those you have taken off."

"Yes," said the keeper of the station, "we can do that. There were fifteen on board, all told, ten seamen and five passengers," one of those brought ashore said.

The vessel was a coaster, and from Philadelphia or Baltimore, and had brought a few passengers.

"Yes, we will count," again said the keeper. "That is easy enough."

Not so easy. The reports of the huddled, confused cargoes in the life-car varied. One surfman said five came the first time, and another reported six.

"Might have kept the tally better," explained the keeper, "but those folks were all taken off so quick, I s'pose things got a leetle mixed up."

"Wall," suggested Jed, "don't you know where they went? Might count 'em up in the places where they went."

This seemed feasible, but a difficulty was soon reached. A man in a wagon had come to the sands, had taken a load of sailors and gone off, but nobody could say [illegible] and whether he had two or three men in his team. If he took three men, the ten sailors and the five passengers were all accounted for.

"It's all right in that case," said the keeper.

"If it was two," observed Sandy, "God have mercy on the man still on that wreck!"

"Man should have mercy," said the keeper emphatically. "I will send the breeches buoy again to the vessel. That will test it."

"Hoo-ror!" cried Jed, and he gave a triumphant glance toward the lawyer. Briskly went the breeches buoy to the wreck for the last time, and how intently it was followed by many eyes, as it swung above the breakers!

"Breeches-buoy has struck suthin'!" said the keeper. "Now, wait!"

Then they waited. They watched. With their eyes they mounted into the rigging —what was left of it—out upon the yards, the bowsprit, everywhere, trying to make out the form of a man. One of the surfmen who had a glass was trying to discover any sign of life about the breeches-buoy or the place where the breeches-buoy went, but the spray flung up a thick, white veil, behind which nothing could be seen. Was there, or was there not one more man on the wreck? If those on shore were eager to solve this problem, what must have been the feelings of the possibly one man on the wreck, waiting patiently for the return of the breeches-buoy, wondering if it ever would come, clinging to a mast or spar while the waves broke over him in a drenching torrent! How thrilling the sight of the old buoy splashing through the surf at last and bumping against the vessel's rail! But what if no one were there, and the buoy reach a vessel across whose untenanted deck the waves broke in fury that was noticed by no mortal eye? That forsaken wreck, that forlorn, unoccupied deck, what a desolate place!

"As it is gittin' so dark," said Skipper Derby, "and the spray around the vessel helps hide everything, I don't see how we can tell about that tother man unless we bring the breeches-buoy ashore. Like a doctor feeling for a dying man's pulse, he handled the line. Was there a pull on it? Suddenly he started. His eyes flashed. Then he shouted, "Haul ashore!" Somebody tried to estimate afterwards how many hands were probably laid on that hauling line to bring the breeches-buoy ashore. It came with a rush at first.

"Stiddy!" cried the skipper. "Not too fast!"

How anxiously everybody looked toward the vessel to catch the first glimpse of the buoy to see if a passenger might be in it! Those hauling were so much more interested in trying to see than to haul, that they worked carelessly and once they all went down in a heap.

"Come! come!" cried the keeper. "Keerful! Ver-y keer-ful!"

"Does it pull as if a man was at tother end?" asked Jed.

"Well, no, though it did," replied the keeper. "Now it pulls as if everything was at this end and nothin' at t'other end. Goes light as a feather."

Here, a voice raised the shout, "Look! There is a man in the buoy! There he comes!"

Everybody looked now. The surfmen and their intense allies all stopped hauling, and there with legs dangling over the coming and going breakers, was a man in the breeches-buoy! If it had been a king advancing over the fierce waters to meet his subjects, the reception given could not have been more enthusiastic. Loud, jubilant hurrahs went up from the crowd.

"Haul away!" now shouted the keeper.

"Yes, yes, git him ashore!" responded Jed.

"Haul! haul!" vociferated Sandy. But how the waves did boil around him, and how the spray flew at him, reaching up and covering him like the wings of evil spirits trying to seize and beat him away. Wild was the throw of the breakers as if they were furious with such a desire somehow to grasp and capture this fugitive from their kingdom. And, alas! in the midst of his violent effort, the crotch that sustained the shore-end of the hawser collapsed, and at the same time, all the hauling gear, the breeches-buoy and the man in it, tumbled down into the wrathful water. Aghast, everybody stopped hauling and looked upon the ugly catastrophe. There were two who did not look long. These were Jed Davis and Sandy Jones.

"Come on Sandy," shouted Jed, as if inviting Sandy to a clam-bake, a feast for which Jed and Sandy had a marvelous liking.

"Aye, aye," responded Sandy, and both men plunged into the surf. It frothed and raged and hissed about them as if angered at this attempt to snatch anybody from its power. Sandy and Jed waded out farther and farther, a grim, defiant smile on their faces, now and then halting to stay one another up, then pressing on. Twice the sea swept them off their feet, but they struggled back again. The poor fellow in the breeches buoy was just a plaything for the waves. He could not extricate himself from the buoy, neither could he while staying in it protect himself. The waters plunged down upon him and roared about him, and the death from which he had fled when leaving the wreck, yawned before him when so near the shore. But there were Sandy and Jed coming nearer and nearer, two feet away—a foot—six inches —and then Sandy laid a long brown claw upon him. Jed was almost as prompt in his arrival, and the two lifted the man out of that drowning sea. Nobody had followed Sandy and Jed, for it seemed to be the universal opinion that the most effective way to help the men in the water, was to extend the help from the dry land.

"Everybody take hold that hawser and raise it!" shouted the keeper to the crowd generally. To his crew, he cried, "His that crotch!" This order was useless. The crotch was too much damaged for service and the keeper shouted, "Run the car under the hawser!" Up, up went the hawser out of the sea. The breeches-buoy went with the hawser, and the now limp and helpless form in the buoy dangled from it. Without Sandy and Jed the man would have fallen out into the sea.

"Haul ashore!" Skipper Derby was shouting, and the breeches-buoy moved landward. Twice, a big wave buried Sandy and Jed, but they were expert swimmers and came up from this deluge, bravely striking out for the land. Several men had now ventured into the water, but the wallowing Sandy and Jed disdained to receive any help and waded ashore alone. The breeches-buoy, they allowed to go before them, stubbornly keeping it just ahead. Their only possible place was that of rear-guard to watch every movement of the cargo in the buoy as if there yet might be an overturn and spilling into the sea. But who was it that Sandy and Jed attended ashore?

"I—I—know him!" said Jed. "Why yes!" shouted Sandy.

"So do I!" said several.

"Yes, yes, no doubt about it," said Lawyer Skeele. "Take him to —"

"Janet Morton's is a handy place to take him," cried Jed. "Come, Sandy, we will lug him there! Git a good holt!"

"Tut, tut, man! How inconsiderate!" contemptuously replied Lawyer Skeele. "Don't disturb Miss Morton! Right after the funeral, too! Take him to my house. The place of shelter, however, he abruptly changed for some reason.

"No, carry him to the hotel and I will see that the bill is paid."

"But the old feller won't pay it himself," observed one of the spectators to a neighbor.

"Come, Sandy, come along!" said Jed, disregarding all the advice the lawyer was giving gratuitously, a thing that Judge Skeele rarely did, Lawyer Skeele's clerk, Tobias Newhall, a sneak whom Jed detested, here interposed on his master's side.

"Why don't you do as you are told," he angrily shouted to Jed. "Take the advice for yourself and shet up," was Jed's reply. "Trudge on, Sandy!"

All the way to Janet's door, this altercation was continued. For some reason Lawyer Skeele did not want the last man from the wreck to go to Janet Morton's. For a very good reason, Jed did want him to go, and Sandy approvingly, said, "You're right, Jed! Move on!"

They moved on, the lawyer growling, Tobias snapping out his opinion. Jed declaring, "I know better, I tell ye," and Janet's door was reached at last. When the two bearers had deposited their burden on a sofa; and Janet had looked into the pale face that had come ashore, "Why, if that isn't cousin John Morton! Poor fellow!"

"There," said Jed, jubilantly nodding his head, "I knew this was the place to bring him."

"Of course!" said Janet. "You did just right."

"That Skeele grunted fearful 'cause I bring him. Said 'twould disturb you.'"

"Nonsense! he would disturb me! money could be made out of the disturbance. I'll take care of my kindred myself," said Janet proudly.

A smile came to the wan features of the rescued man, and he said feebly, "Thank you!"

"Feel that you have got home and don't worry, John."

A still brighter smile lighted up the handsome features.

To be Continued.

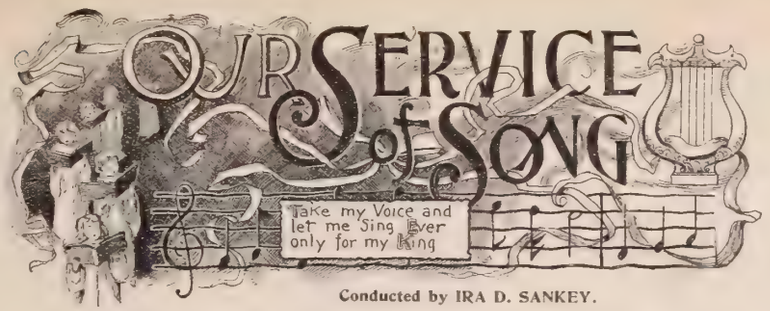
Christ's Warnings.

Suestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for the Week Beginning Feb. 9. att. 7 : 21-27.

WE have become so accustomed to dwell on the gentleness, compassion, patience, and infinite love of Christ, that it is important sometimes to realize that there is another side to his character. "Never knew you; depart from me," are wds that seem strange on those lips. Yet the is nothing incongruous or inconsistent in is uttering them. We have abndant illustrations of gentkess and indignation being fond in the same character, ar consistently, too. A mother whose patience and tenderne to her children seems inexaustible, whose kindness ar love are the very foundaties of life, would fight like a tiess to protect them from sde cruel child-stealer. Gentless, then? No, the most bital assassin would be more lily to show mercy than she. A oman who gives her life to nsing the sick poor, who is nk under querulous compint, whom it seems impossib to provoke to retort, who sens to have no spark of self-aertion, or of anger in her beir will blaze forth in wrath at withering indignation at sne cruel wrong done to anoer, or at some culpable negligence which entails suffering o some inoffensive victim. Nor iself-assertion lacking in such a haracter. Such women have bn known to rebuke vicious m, and to show a scorn in renting impure suggestion, tlt has made the most shameld quail under their contempt. Cntle natures are by their wy being capable of the most unitigated anger, when the pwer of their tenderness is exked in righteous wrath.

What, then, is it that can excite such wrath in the gtle Saviour? His warning is clar. He left his hearers in no oubt as to the cause which ould so stir his indignation tit he would exclude a man fm his society, and would hr him eternally from his kgdom. Hypocrisy was odics to him. The people who wuld hear him and profess to cey him, who would call him lrd and call themselves by his ime, yet ignore his commands, rd live their own lives in their cn way, were no people of his. I never knew them. They re unfit for his kingdom, and ould not be admitted into it. Browning's exquisite poem, a murderer claims privilege clergy to escape the gallows. any men had escaped by that eans, for it was common in the ys of which the poet writes, men who led dissolute lives take the first steps of preparation for the priesthood, so at in an emergency they ght claim the special privilges accorded to the clergy. t in this instance the Pope as a man of justice, and when was told that the murderer timed exemption because he as a priest, he was indignant. Let him be executed," he said, "if he were n times the priest he claims to be, he ould die."

The gentle Saviour is not to be set at aught with impunity. Men must not esume on his gentleness. Men who take s name upon them must be pure, as he is ire. Selfishness must have no place in eir lives. They must love and serve, herwise they are unworthy of him, and ey disgrace him by using his name. ower to live the Christ-life is at their disosal, and if a man calling himself a Christan is not living it, he has no excuse, and ill learn that it is a fearful thing to fall nto the hands of the living God.

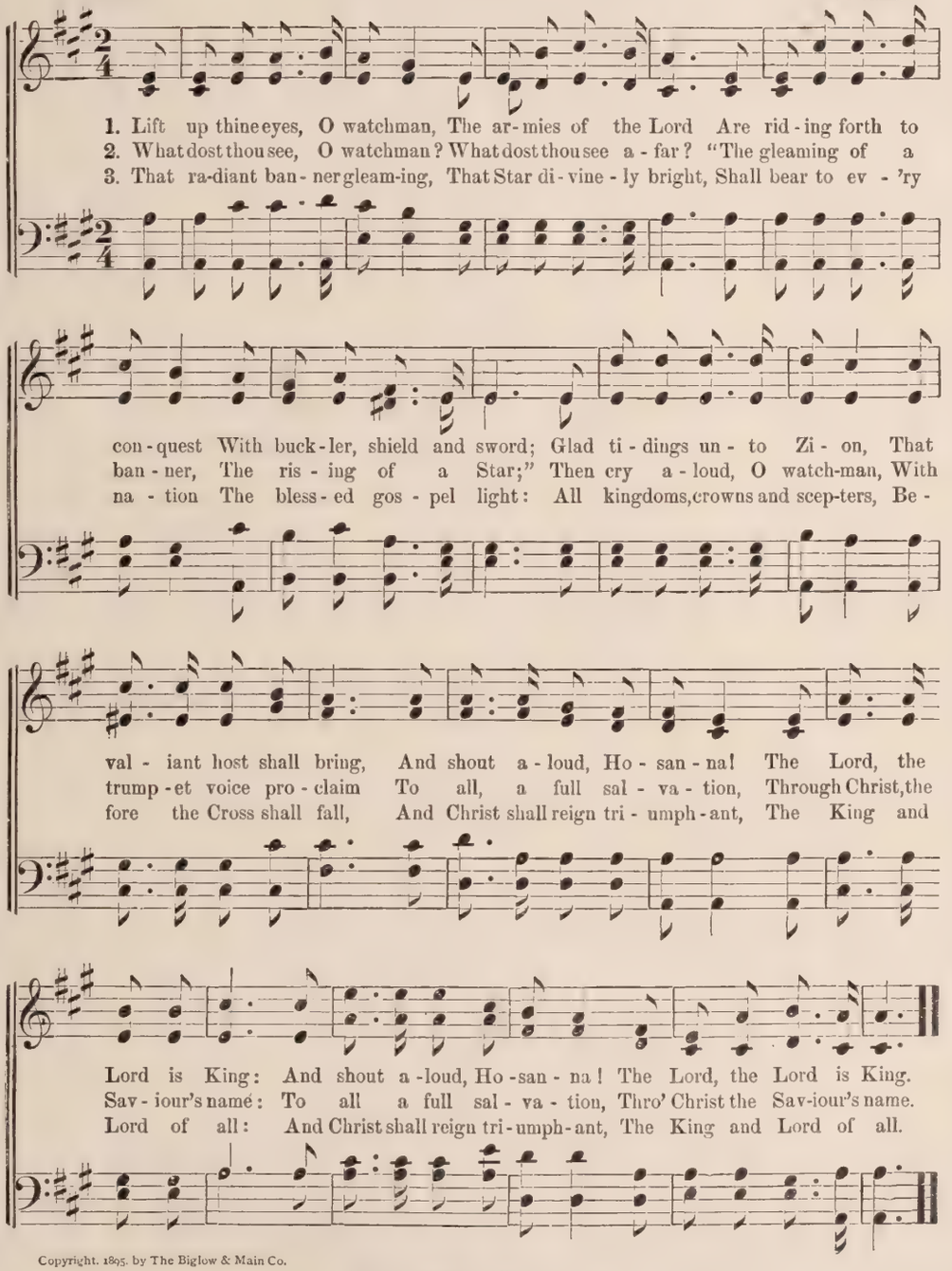


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

LIFT UP THINE EYES, O WATCHMAN!

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"—*Isa. 21 : 11.*

F. J. CROSBY. J. H. BURKE.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers.

What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

FAR, far from thee, Lord, I have wandered,
But, oh, I am weary of sin;
My ways I have bitterly pondered,
And better things now would begin.
My sins thou hast lovingly pardoned,
Thy grace will my spirit renew;
No longer my heart shall be hardened—
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

CHORUS:

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do—to be?
Now teach me thy purpose to know;
Oh, tell me the work I may do for thee,
Lord, where wilt thou have me to go?

I know of thy great loving-kindness,
I know of thy patience and might
That found me in sorrow and blindness,
And brought me to gladness and light.
Thy mercy, oh, God, is far-reaching,
That reaches to sinners like me;
But, Father, I need further teaching—
Oh, what wilt thou have me to be?

Somewhere thou wilt give me some labor,
Though ocean or plain must be crossed,
There's surely some far or near neighbor
To rescue before he is lost.
Lord, may I help some other sinner?
And make thy dear kingdom to grow?
Somewhere I would be a soul-winner—
Lord, where wilt thou have me to go?

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Prophecy on the Mount.

The Double Application of our Lord's Predictions Recorded in Matt. 24.

BY REV. RICHARD CHESTER, A.B.

Continued from page 93.

HOW are the two aspects of the Second Advent, which this chapter presents, to be reconciled? There is but one way that I know of, or can conceive.

Our blessed Lord's First Advent, foretold throughout the Old Testament Scriptures as one event, consisted nevertheless of two very distinct acts or parts. Even so I believe that the Scriptures which foretell his Second Advent do, not obscurely or uncertainly, reveal to us that it in like manner will consist of two separate acts or parts. To this latter aspect of his advent and to its memorable type in the destroying judgment upon Jerusalem under Titus, our Lord, I believe, refers exclusively in Matthew 24 : 1-35. To the former aspect of the Advent, I, for my part, feel perfectly satisfied that he refers altogether in the sequel of the chapter, verses 36 to the end.

It may, however, not unnaturally be asked, why, if such be the case, should the reference to what you regard as the first part of the Advent be mentioned last. The obvious reason for this is not, it seems to me, difficult to determine. Our blessed Lord was led to the whole subject by the fact of his disciples having directed his attention to the buildings of the Temple, and by the questions which they put to him concerning the overthrow of these buildings, when he had announced it to them. He had, therefore, to deal first with the events connected with that overthrow, and with that aspect of his Second Advent of which they formed so remarkable a type. That such is the tenor of this portion of the chapter seems very evident from the language of verses 15-21. None but those actually in Jerusalem at the time can witness the setting up of "the abomination of desolation," which I have already shown to be a yet future event. To none else can the words of verse 16, "Then let them which be in Judea flee unto the mountains," have any possible application, or the future warning of verses 17-19. While the exhortation of verse 20, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day"—utterly inapplicable to, and therefore never acted upon or obeyed by, any members of the Christian Church—seems conclusive upon the matter.

If it be thus manifest that the language of this first portion of the prophecy is specially intended for Jewish disciples as such, no less evident is it that the sequel of the chapter (v. 36 to the end) has a general application, was addressed to, and intended for, the disciples in their then future, but soon to be occupied, position as the first members of the Christian Church, and representatives, as such, of all its members to the end of the age.

The first portion is specially designed for those upon whom the Advent would come in connection with trials and dangers out of which they were to flee, the latter for those whom the Advent would find working in the field, grinding at the mill, engaged in their ordinary everday avocations; and of whom one would be "taken" and the other would be "left." The exhortation to these accordingly is not, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." It is, verse 42, "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

Previously acknowledged $21,530.53
Adams, D O 1 00
Anderson, A E 1 00
A[illegible], Mr & Mrs 2 00
Atwell, Agnes 5 00
A[illegible] B 10
Ansley, A S 1 00
B[illegible] 1 00
Bass & others, Mr G 2 50
B[illegible], A W 1 00
Bowen, D T 1 00
B[illegible] 1 00
B[illegible] 1 00
Bradley, Martha C 1 00
Brass, Mrs F A 1 00
Brush, J M 1 00
B[illegible], M A 3 00
Bancroft, Mrs 50
B[illegible] 15
Barton, Johnnie 10
Barton, Lura 15
Barton, Ruby 15
Baumgartner, B I 5 00
Beazell, Mrs Jas S 1 00
Bell, A S 5 00
B[illegible], Mrs Mary 1 00
Benedict, Addie 1 00
B[illegible], Mrs I A 3 00
Bennett, Addie & Jes 2 00
B[illegible] 3 50
Benson, Carrie E 2 00
Berg, Mrs Flora 2 00
B[illegible] 1 00
Bigelow, Mrs 1 00
B[illegible] 1 50
Bigot, Clarence 50
Blakeston, Wm J 2 00
Blount, Geo 3 00
Boone, Mrs Susan 1 00
B[illegible] 2 00
Bowman, Douglas 1 00
Boyd, Mrs M 1 00
Beyden, E L 1 00
Br[illegible], Mary A 3 00
Br[illegible], J H 1 00
Brown, Chas W 1 00
Br[illegible], Mrs Hammond 20 00
Brown & dau', Mrs M 5 00
Brown, Mrs Mary J 1 00
Brown, R H 5 00
Br[illegible], S I 2 00
Bruggeman, Henry 2 00
Br[illegible], Nels 75
B[illegible], Mrs D C 50 00
B[illegible], W D 2 00
Butler, Virginia 10 00
Buxton, Mrs E P 5 00
Calder, Mrs R 4 00
Callaway, Mrs M O 1 00
C[illegible], J I 1 00
Champion, Mrs Jas 2 00
Clark, Mr W O 1 00
Clarkson, Mrs L D 5 00
C[illegible] 25
Cochran, Mrs Allan 4 00
Coleman, Rev Francis 1 00
Cook, J H 5 00
C[illegible], Mrs 50
Cooley, Mrs D 1 00
Cooly, Mrs C L 1 00
Cowles, Mrs Wesley 1 00
Crabs, R M 5 00
Crago, T 1 00
Crawford, Mrs E H 5 00
Cummings, Ida 50
C[illegible], Mrs L W 1 00
C[illegible], Mrs L 25
Curry, Mrs S 1 00
Curtis, Hannah R 5 00
Cob, W J 5 00
Comstock, Mrs B 10
Coombs, R P 1 00
Craig, Mrs M A 1 00
Currier, Mrs M E 5 00
D[illegible], Mrs M 5 00
Davies, Ethel E 1 00
Dowlyn, Mrs A 1 00
Doyle, Wm 3 00
Darby, Geo 2 00
Dawson, Thos 1 00
Dewey, Miss E 1 00
D[illegible], Miss I G 1 00
D[illegible] 7 00
Dixon, Mrs K S 50
Dixon, W F 50
D[illegible] 5 00
Dumas, Mrs S A 1 00
Dunlap, J H 1 00
Duthie, David 1 50
Edney, Mrs Anna 1 00
Ellis, T G 1 00
Eagon, Mrs Dr C W 1 00
Eaton, Mrs Laura 1 00
Emery, Mrs W J 1 00
F[illegible], M F 1 00
F[illegible], Mrs H I 1 00
Evans, Mr & Mrs J W 75
Everett, Mrs Chas 50
[illegible] 25
Ewan, Mrs 2 00
[illegible] R 2 00
Fansler, John W 50
Fields, Mrs E J 1 00
Fordham, Almira E 50
Fryer, Wm O 1 00
Fanville, J W 25
Fisher, Mrs E S M 1 00
G[illegible]
G[illegible]
G[illegible] 2 00
G[illegible] 2 00
G[illegible] 1 00
Gray, D M 3 50
G[illegible]
Gage, Mrs I K
G[illegible]
G[illegible] 2 00
G[illegible]
George, F W
G[illegible]
G[illegible]
G[illegible], Mrs Chas
G[illegible], Robt
G[illegible], Mr & Mrs
G[illegible]
G[illegible]
G[illegible]
Gould, Frances 1 00
Hale, Louise V 1 00
H[illegible]
Hall, R W 1 00
H[illegible]
Harrington, M E 1 00
Harris, Miss Jane
Harsh, J W
Hart, A F
H[illegible] 1 00
H[illegible] 5 00
Herbruck, Mrs John
H[illegible]
H[illegible]
Hall, Mrs Howard 1 00
Hill, Mrs M 1 00
Hodges, Mrs Sarah 25
Hoehl, Mrs C F 50
H[illegible], Bertha 3 00
H[illegible], J 1 00
Hoffman, N M 1 00
Holdridge, F H 1 00
H[illegible], W I 1 00
H[illegible], John 5 00
Hussey, J I 2 00
Hagaman, C A 15 00
Hale, Henry 15 00
H[illegible]strom, John 1 00
Handcock, Susan 1 00
Harder, Jno L 50
Harder, W N 25
Harris, T M 50
Hartson, Mrs E B 2 00
Hepworth, Jas 1 00
Herbert, Thos 1 00
Heydom, M F 1 00
Holmaster, Mrs L 25
Holland, Jos C 2 00
Hunter, David A 10
Hunter, Mrs Dr J 50
Hunter, J L 10
Hunter, Maggie B 10
James, C F 50
John, Mrs Carrie 2 00
Jaffary, B 5 00
Jensen, Rev C 2 00
Jester, P C 1 00
Johnston, G I 5 00
J[illegible], Mrs N A 50
Jones, Conway 2 00
Jones, Martha 50
Joy, Mary 25
Judd, H M 5 00
Kane, Mrs F H 1 00
Keeler, Mr & Mrs 5 00
K[illegible], L B 2 00
Kimble, Geo W 1 00
Kimble, Mary 25
Klutz, Frank 25
Knapp, J S 1 30
Knott, Mrs A R 50
Krughoff, L 5 25
Kuhn, Mrs Julia 50
K[illegible], Mrs Wm 1 00
Kidder, May C 25
King, L M 5
Knox, Thos 3 50
Le Fervar, Mrs 5 00
Le Fevre, Mrs J R 1 00
Love, Mrs M A 25
Laird, Andrew 1 00
Larson, C P 2 00
Leach, W T 1 00
Leith, Allen P 1 00
Leith, Eugene 25
Leith, Sam'l 1 00
Lewis, E 5 00
L[illegible], Rev J C & wife 1 00
Lozier, Mrs M and neighbors 5 00
Lusk, Mrs M P 1 00
Lucas, John D 1 00
McAllister, Mrs J E 50
McClain, Sarah 25
McClanahan, Mrs B 2 00
McCready, Mrs R H 2 00
McNally, Mrs Eliz 1 00
McSparren, Pricilla 10 00
Mack, Rev & Mrs W E 10 00
Maus, Milton 1 00
Meek, Huldah 1 00
Meeks, Andrew 5 00
Metzger, Wm H & wife & Bessie 3 00
Miller, Mrs D B 1 50
Miller, John G 1 00
Mitchell, W 1 00
Moor, LaFayette 65
Moor, Mrs N J 50
Moore, Clara 1 00
Moore, Tully C 1 00
Morgan, Jas M 1 00
Morse, R I 2 00
Mundy, Mrs M E 2 00
Munson, Mrs J F 50
Myers, John A 1 00
McAdams, Mrs Katie 25
McCrary, Louis G 50
McDaniel, Mrs M C 25
M[illegible] 5 00
M[illegible], Miss Nettie 25
Meeker, E A 7 00
Miller, Mrs A B 1 00
Mills, Mrs Helen D 25 00
Mills, O S 25 00
Mitchell, Mrs 5 00
Moffatt, W S 5 00
Murray, J A 50
Nelson, Lizzie 1 00
N[illegible], Mrs W P 1 00
Nichols, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Nelson, Sidney 3 00
N[illegible], Mrs A 2 00
N[illegible], Frank 25
Norton, Mrs E H 2 00
Norton, Mary 1 00
Odell, Lyda 1 00
Osborne, C W 1 00
Osborne, Sallie 1 85
Ostrander, Ella 1 00
Olson, W H 50
P[illegible], I D 25
Parrott, Mrs A M 1 00
P[illegible], A N 1 00
Porter, Mrs A E 1 00
Porter, Catharine 1 00
P[illegible], H W 65
Prosser, Anna W 5 00
P[illegible], M M 1 00
Parsons, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Parsons, Lizzie M 2 00
Parvin, E H 2 00
Paul, L 25
P[illegible] 25
P[illegible], H 5 00
Perry, Mrs H 5 00
Peters, Mrs M C 50
Phillips, Mrs E R 2 00
P[illegible] 3 00
Pults, Miss B 50
[illegible] 25
[illegible]
[illegible]
Raynor, Mrs H
R[illegible], Mrs, SS class 2 00
Rentfro, John
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ridenour, Mrs Ann
[illegible]
[illegible] 2 00
[illegible] 2 00
[illegible], Wm H
Rynearson, Mrs F W 1 00
Ray, Sophia J 2 00
Rippy, G L 25
Rippy, Miss Mary 50
Rippy, Mrs S F 25
Schutz, Mrs R A 1 25
Scott, Mrs Ella H 4 00
Sellars, Lucy H 25
Shaeue, Margaretha 2 00
Smith, Miss Corinna 25
Steffens, Mrs C C 1 00
Stoepel, W C 5 00
Stone, Wm 1 00
Strock, Mrs Mary A 2 50
Sarle, Dr W C 5 00
Schrantz, Allen 50
Schreller, Geo G 2 00
Secrist, Mrs L K 1 00
Seymour, B F 5 00
Shanklin, W F 25
Sharman, C L 50
Shaw, Mrs Robt 1 00
Shedden, E A 1 00
Shirley, Flora B 3 00
Shirley, Myra S 3 00
Simpson, Orton S 1 00
Simpson, Mrs T 1 00
Smeaton, Mrs A 5 00
Smeaton, Belle 25
Smeaton, Maggie A 25
Smith, Mrs A E 2 00
Smith, Mrs A E 50
Smith, Mrs G A 1 00
Smith, Mrs J 1 00
Smith, Mrs K E 1 00
Smith, Mrs L 5 00
Smith, Mrs M 25
Snyder, Alva 2 00
Snyder, S C 1 00
Soars, Thomas 5 00
Stephenson, Helen 1 00
Sterner, Eliza 25
Stevenson, R E 50
Stimson, Mrs M 5 00
Stonebraker, A 5 00
Stranahan, G B 1 00
Street, Tom 2 00
Strickland, A G 5 00
Stringfellow, Mrs R S 1 00
Swartley, P H 2 00
Swartwood, W H 5 00
Sweet, Miss M J 50
Swenson Bros 5 00
Swift, Mrs W H 75
Tate, Mrs I L 1 00
Trollinger, Artelia F 25
Tucker, Miss A L 1 00
Tucker, Mrs E 1 00
Taber, B F 5 00
Tawney, A O 2 00
Taylor, Mrs Marion 3 00
Thomas, J E 1 00
Tinning, Jas 2 00
Thatcher, Samuel 1 00
Threlkeld, E D 10 00
Toland, Mrs E 1 00
Town, John E 2 00
Townsend, C M 2 00
Townsend, C N 1 00
Towriss, Robt 3 00
Transue, Jas A 25
Travis, Warren 1 00
Tubb, H J 5 00
Tucker, Chas 1 00
Turner, Mrs E S 1 00
Turner, W R 2 00
Umsted, Mrs Belle 1 00
Upham, L M 1 00
Vought, Mrs J 1 00
Walker, S E 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs E C 2 00
Whitten, J B 2 00
Wade, Mrs H N 2 00
Walton, E S 3 75
Walton, Maria 1 00
Wambold, Ezekiah 25
Ward, H O 5 00
Waxler, Fannie E 2 00
Webb, Mrs J W 50
Weeks, Jas H 3 00
Weierbach, David 10
Welch, Arthur 1 00
White, Anderson 1 00
White, Mrs E W 50
Whitehouse, Ada A 2 00
Wightman, Mrs A 5 00
Wilcox, C K 10 00
Wilcox, Mrs R A 1 00
Wilder, Mrs S J 2 00
Willett, Milton 1 00
Wilson, Rossie & E 1 00
Wisner, Mrs C 1 00
Witter, Miss E 25
Wood, Mrs C J 1 00
Woodward, Mrs H A 1 00
Worrall, Mrs M A & A H 2 00
Wylie, Annie McG 2 00
Yarrington, L W 1 00
York, W H 5 00
Yost, Mrs H 10 00
Young, W P 10 00
Ziegler, Jacob 25
Ann, Bertha & Carl Butler 1 00
Imogene & De Witt, Oak Grove 1 00
Helen, Parma 2 00
Grace, Foster 26
Paul A, Markleeville 15
Slanley A " 30
Laura A " 30
Percy A " 50
Genie A " 1 00
A M A " 2 75
J S H, Cleveland 1 00
M V C, Easton 2 00
L Gillett 50
E C G, Newark 2 00
L B M, Chicago 1 00
E J E, Elgin 1 00
H D M, Newark 15 00
S L J & F L J, Potter, Hill 2 00
J & H G V, Cross Fork 1 00
Miss H G, Walpole 2 00
F M, Rock Creek 1 50
H G M, Martinsburg 50
T F H, Holyoke 5 00
[illegible] 25
[illegible], Bernfield 1 00
Mrs H L S, Lebanon 1 00
W O H, Thorntown 5 00
B L H, Jackson 1 50
J M J, Christine 1 50
D S W, Belfast 1 00
[illegible] 50
B B, Southampton 1 00
C Z, Sangerville 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
P, Pittsburgh 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
A, Richmond 5 00
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E C D, Montclair 1 00
M S B, Leominster 1 00
[illegible] 50
M O S, Paynesville 2 00
A Z, Berlin 2 00
P R, N W T 2 00
Mrs T J S, Greenville 1 50
H, Chicopee 1 00
A S I, Red Bank 1 00
X Y Z, Providence 1 00
S T B, Shedd 10 00
M A B, Dover 1 00
L D B, Louisville 1 00
C B 20 00
A F, Jewell 5 00
M, St Williams 5 00
Mrs W E G, Melmore 1 00
L T, Haverhill 1 00
A F, E Tilton 15 00
N R M, Gilman 1 00
Mrs R A H, Tulare 1 00
Mrs M J H, Fairfield 1 00
J H, Mechanicsburg 1 00
R W, Medina 1 00
——, Hackensack 1 00
——, Columbus 5 00
——, Armstrong 2 00
——, Morristown 25 00
——, Mechanicsburg 15
——, Rochester 10 00
——, Anaheim 10 00
——, Kelsey 2 00
——, Pawtucket 5 00
——, Modford 2 00
——, Asbury Park 25 00
——, Harrisburg 1 00
——, Edmonton 1 00
——, Mankato 1 00
——, Montrose 30 00
——, Marshall 1 00
——, Somerset 25
——, Asbury Park 2 00
——, Brooklyn 2 00
High Sierras, Cal 1 00
Anon, N—— 3 00
She hath done what she could, Oneida 2 00
Friend, Landers 1 00
" Pontiac 2 00
" Columbus 75
" Rehoboth 5 00
" Holyoke 1 00
" Wesleyville 1 00
" Colo Spgs 1 00
" N Y City 2 00
" Strawberry Pt 50
" Catonsville 3 00
" Palmer 2 00
" New London 1 00
" Platteville 5 00
" in P E I 4 00
" Primrose 2 00
" Montgomery Co 50
" Ventura 5 00
Friend, Woburn 1 00
Friend, Belmar 10 00
" Marshfield 2 00
" Warrenton 50
" Capeville 2 00
" Syracuse 2 00
Friends, Grafton 10 55
Friends, Troy 2 00
" Lynchburg 2 33
" Whiteport 5 25
" Winchester 5 00
" Williamstown 5 25
" Munnsville 1 00
2 " Roslindale 2 00
2 " Bellevue 5 00
I H N, St Johnsville Union Py'r Meeting 12 16
I H N, Bellevue 80
I H N, Dudley 1 00
I H N, Centerbrook 5 00
I H N, Millville 10 00
I H N, Chagrin Falls 5 00
I H N, Lincoln 1 00
In Jesus Name, Westfield 4 00
In Jesus Name, J'ck'e 2 00
In Jesus Name, Niskayuna 1 00
Reader, E Hampton 1 45
" Elmore 5 00
" Mill Hall 2 00
" Russell 2 50
Reader, Osage 1 00
Sub'r, Washington 5 00
" Floral Park 1 00
" Worcester 3 00
" Bridgewater 4 00
" Trenton 2 00
Sub'r, Moody 50
" Bagley 1 00
" and friend, Leighs 1 00
Sym'izer, La Prairie 3 00
" Palisades 1 00
" Watertown 1 00
Sym'izer, East Ann 1 00
Sym'izing Family, Norwark 8 00
Upperville Sym'izers 12 67
2 Ladies, Phila 20 00
King's Daughters Wanaque 5 00
For Christ's Sake, Derby 1 00
Balm Union Y P S C E & others 14 65
Bap Ch, Wauchula 2 20
Prairie View S S 2 65
Eureka Mills S S 18 50
S S, German Pres Ch 3 15
Orsburn Union S S 97
Children of the People's Ch S S, Neb 6 25
For Christ's Sake, Keota 2 50
For Jesus Sake, Battle Creek 1 00
For Jesus Sake, Kok'o 60
In memory of little John W Lewis 3 00
Pelham Union S S 2 30
Rugby S S 10 00
Cottonwood S S 6 00
Brookhaven S S 5 50
1st Bap Ch, Akron 20 00
Baptist Ch Stanberry 6 06
Welsh C M Church, Cincinnati 20 00
Welsh C M Church, Newark 12 30
Congregations of Ref Pres Ch, Almont & Lockport 28 50
Pres Ch Jacksonville 3 00
" New Amsterdam 2 00
" Springfield 22 00
Allen St M E Church, New Bedford 6 00
Piermont M E Ch 2 67
[illegible] Church, [illegible] 3 00
[illegible] Germantown 12 00
[illegible] Meth Cong'l, Bapt & Pres [illegible] 15 00
Y P C E Soc, Bran[illegible] 10 00
Y [illegible], Shirley 3 00
Schwenkville YPSCE 6 00
Y P S C E Cong'l Ch 5 72
Churchtown Y P S C E 5 00
Milo Free Bap YPSCE 5 00
Philmouth Y P S C E 1 60
YPSCE, Halls Cor's 10 00
C E Soc, Ctr Pres Ch 14 25
St Charles C E Soc 1 00
C E Soc, Trinity M E Ch, Paterson 2 20
King's Dauhters, Chester 5 00
Soc of King's Dau'rs, Upper Red Hook 3 00
Fredericksburg Circle of K D 5 00
Epworth League, Sherman St M E Ch 3 15
Junior League, Pleasant Mound 72
Christian Alliance Bluffton 5 81
W F M Soc, Pt Jefferson N E Ch 5 00
Woman's Miss'y Soc, Pres Ch, Whitesboro 5 00
Beattyville Woman's Club 2 30
Y L Miss'y Soc, Westminster Pres Ch 2 25
Gospel Temperance Meeting, Vineland 3 25
Porter Memorial Gleaners 1 00
Tulare L S 1 00
A class, Padua 1 85
Cash, Corry 5 00
Rev 6: 9, 10 & 11, San Fran 20 00
James 2: 15-16, Chic'o 20 00
In the name of "His sos Nazareetses" 100 00
One of the Lord's Stewards, Vt 1 00
Mother & dau', I H N 1 00
The maiden's mite 1 00
Family, Vernon 6 00
A cheerful giver, B'lyn 1
A Helping Hand 1 00
Interested, Huntington 50
A Christian End' Phi 1 00
A cup of cold water, Zanesville 26
A cup of cold water, Montague 2 00
A cup of cold water, Craig 5 00
Inasmuch, N H 25
The Lord's money 1 00
Part of Lord's tenth 25
Family of H H B 3 50
Fourth remittance 1 00
Aunt Maria, Hempstead 25 00

Total $23,574.62

And over 50 others to be acknowledged next week.

Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 19, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. A. H. P., Wray, Colo., that an ungodly son, a hater of religion, may with his wife turn to the Lord for salvation.——N. F. G., Acorn, Cal., for the conversion of an employe who takes an interest in religion but has not given his heart to God.——J. H. D., Clinton, Miss., for the conversion of a wayward son who has left his home and refuses to return.——H. S. Clio, Mich., for an afflicted young man whose soul seems to be held back from Christ by the power of the evil one, that God would mercifully deliver him.——S. C. S., Woodstock, N. Y., for the conversion of a whole family, especially the father who being a good, strictly moral man does not realize his need of a Saviour.——F. T., Carthage, Ill., that a dear friend altogether given up to sin, gambling and other evils, might be delivered and made a child of God.——Anxious Mother, Manchester, that a dear son who once professed conversion but turned back to the world, might be restored to God's favor.——M. E. C., Waldron, Ark., for the salvation of three children, that they may be ready to do the will of God and to suffer, if need be, for his sake.——"Believer in Prayer," Blackfoot, Idaho, for the conversion of a son-in-law.——"Sister in Christ," Brooklyn, wishes thanks offered for the answer to prayers for her husband's conversion and that prayer be now offered that he may grow in grace.——"Believer in Prayer," Flagg Springs, Ky., for the conversion of two sons, one of whom has fallen under the power of intoxicating liquor.——Subscriber, Los Angeles, Cal., for the salvation of a young man, the only son of a widow, that God may lead him to see that there is no salvation except through Christ.——"Praying Mother," Norwich, Vt., that God would touch the hearts of a beloved brother and brother-in-law and make them his own; also that three boys, sons of praying mothers may be brought to Christ.——C. S. B., Pontiac, Mich., desires prayer for the conversion of a dear brother growing old but not yet saved.——Reader, Passaic, N. J., for the conversion of one who is not leading a good life nor treating his wife and children as he should.——"Mother"—, that her son might become a follower of Christ.——H. B., Hebron, O., for the conversion of souls in connection with a depressed church; that an uncle, who through strong drink left off seeking Christ, may return to the way of life, also, for a friend who thinks and speaks slightly of religion.——"Subscriber," Paterson, N. J., that a beloved old mother might learn to know and love the Saviour before the shadows of death encompass her.——J. W., Hadley's Falls, Mass., for the reclamation of a son who has left home and is wandering away unconscious that his family are ready to forgive him, that God would convert him and restore him to those who love him; also, for young men in the town, that they may be kept from the power of drink.——S. M. J., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of a beloved step-daughter, that God would in mercy open her eyes to her dangar and save her from the temptations that surround her.——L., Charlotte, Vt., that three young men who have recently found employment in a city may be kept from evil and give their hearts to Christ.——"Sister in Christ," Troy, N. Y., that two sons and a daughter, the children of many prayers might be brought to Christ.——"Believer," that a dear one, now leading a life of dissipation, might be saved.——Reader, Stece, Cal., for the salvation of an erring brother, who is being led to ruin by vicious companions.——E. A. S., Mooers, N. Y., for the conversion of an able lawyer, a disciple of Herbert Spencer.——Reader, Abilene, Tex., that an aged mother might learn the danger of dying out of Christ and seek salvation; also for the conversion of a beloved brother.——A. B., Sheridan, Ind., for the quickening of a father whose interest in religion has died out, also for the conversion of a son, wherever he may be.——C. P. C., Russell, Kan., for the conversion of his father.——M. M. C., Clio, Mich., for the salvation of three sons, for whom prayers have been offered for many years.——C. P., Stillwater, Minn., that the reading of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by convicts in the prison may be blessed to their conversion.——"A Sister," for the conversion of two brothers and two [illegible], all of whom are without hope of heaven.——"Sister in Christ," on behalf of three unsaved friends, that they may all be brought to the Saviour.——H. C. B., Philadelphia, for the conversion of a brother who in his old age is without hope in this world and the next.——M. R. S., Charleston, S.C., that God would change the heart of a lady who is not only unconverted but is a hindrance to her husband in his work for Christ.——B. H., Mendota, Va., for the conversion of a very dear friend who has fallen a victim to the liquor habit.——L. F. H., Kensington, Kan., for the conversion of three sons, now widely separated, one of whom is a backslider.

For Various Blessings: "One in Trouble," that [illegible] in the home of a friend may be solved amicably, and that a homeless one may be provided [illegible].——Anxious One, that one who is in doubt might be enabled to see the love of God and realize it in the midst of darkness.——E. L. F., Proberton, Cal., that God would give patience to bear in a Christian spirit the persecution of enemies, for strength to lead a consistent life, and that false accusers may see the evil of their ways and cease their cruel aspersions, and that God may forgive them.——"Constant Reader," Chicago, that a recent bereavement may be used of God to bring the sorrowing members of the family closer to him.——"Widowed Mother," Gaithersburg, that the affliction now pressing on several members of her family may be relieved, and that God would grant a season of peace and rest.——"Reader," Stece, Cal., a stranger in the land, that God would give needed wisdom in difficult circumstances, and open the way to the possession of an honest livelihood and a home.——"Friend of Christ," Parrish, Iowa, that help and guidance and God's blessing may be given in adverse circumstances, and that it may be possible to recover from the reverses of last year, so that a home for loved ones may be provided.——"Reader," Philadelphia, Pa., that a way may be opened out of serious troubles, and that it may lead to life in happier surroundings.——Mrs. M., Belleville, N. J., that by the grace of God light may come into the soul, that doubts as to acceptance with God may disappear.——W. H. P., Waterboro, Me., that God would revive his work in the town, drawing his children nearer to himself and bringing many souls out of darkness into light.——"One who is Striving," Harrisburg, Pa., for the Holy Spirit's influence in life and work.

For the Restoration of Health: Mother, Charleston, S. C., that if it be God's will a dear child may recover the use of her limbs.——"Believer," Shelbyville, Tenn., that an approaching ordeal may be safely passed and health and strength be vouchsafed.——Anxious One, New Salem, Pa., that the sense of hearing may be restored.——H. [illegible], Hamilton, O., on behalf of a son afflicted with melancholia, that light from God might shine on his darkened mind.——Believer, Germantown, Pa., for the recovery of an only son, afflicted with spinal disease.——M. M. W., East Calais, Vt., for the restoration of the sense of hearing.——Father, Mother and Daughter, Marshallville, O., for the recovery of a beloved girl who has gone violently insane and is now in an institution for treatment, that her faculties may in God's mercy be restored.——C. L., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, that strength may be granted to undergo a very critical operation and for recovery of health afterward.——"Believer," for the recovery of a sick brother and that the affliction may lead to his conversion.——J. E. R., Philadelphia, Pa., that a beloved son now dangerously ill, might in God's mercy be raised up.——"Believer," Pittsburg, Pa., for deliverance from nervous affection; also for the recovery of a sick mother.——"Reader," Zanesville, O., for restoration of health.——"Mother," Forsyth, Ga., for restoration of health.——J. M. B., Bradford, Pa., a sufferer for five long years, that God would, in mercy, grant recovery.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

John Whicher.
America Lawson.
E. W. Currier.
A. W. Faber.
Lizzie R. Pillsbury.
E. A. Shedden.
An Old Sub'r, ——.
Anon., N——, Vt.
Mrs. C. A. and Miss S. M. Osborne.
Mrs. Belle Broadhead.
Miss Florence Agnes Fleet.
Olga Fleet.
Mrs. Lillie Conover Fleet.
Mrs. Agnes N. Conover.
Mrs. E. T. Williamson.
A. H. Fischback.
John Ruger.
S. C. Snyder.

All desiring to be enrolled on the list of patrons of the Bowery Mission should send their names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Sankey's Hymns Sung in London.

It is announced, through the London newspapers, that a change is be made in the service of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Hereafter one of the hymns to be sung at the regular service is to be selected from Mr. Sankey's "Songs and Solos." The popularity of these famous Gospel songs is steadily increasing among the English people.

Cures

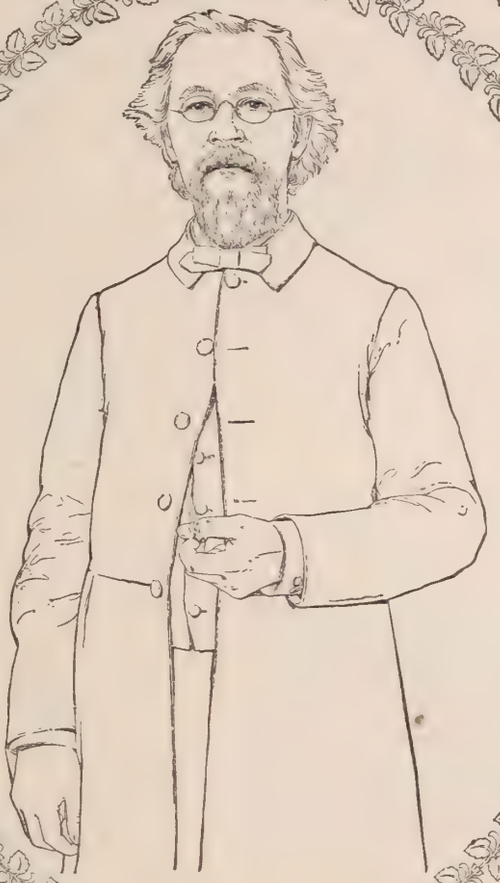
Prove the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla—absolute, perfect, permanent cures. Catarrh, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, scrofula and all other blood diseases yield to its power.

"I have been troubled with backache and rheumatism for a year, and tried almost every medicine that I could hear of without benefit. Finally I decided on Hood's Sarsaparilla and have taken three bottles, and am now well and can do my work as well as ever." MRS. S. A. PHILLIPS, Atlanta, Texas. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.



[PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY E. CHICKERING]

DR. PARKHURST

ON

The Stuff That Makes Young Manhood

The first of Dr. Parkhurst's notable series of familiar talks to young men is in the **February** issue of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

TEN CENTS: FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

For One Dollar the Journal will be sent for an Entire Year by

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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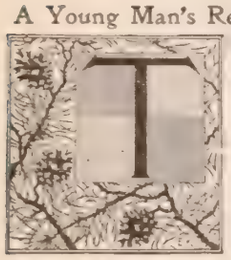
THE BOOK SHELF

A Young Man's Religious Life.*



THERE is in every man and woman not alone substance of material matter, but a spiritual nature, which, if kept in daily contact with its God, finds a response such as can come from no finite source. This truth no young man can hesitate to believe—the efficacy of prayer. It requires no creed to believe it, no dogma, no form of religion. It is a simple belief that to ask a heavenly guidance in all things good and right means a fruition of the highest and best hopes of a man. With this absolute faith in the existence of a God, and in prayer, only one thing more is needed to complete the fundamental basis of all religions—an honest effort to live according to our conscience and to the best and truest that is within ourselves.

Here, then, is a simple religion for any young man. If his heart craves it and his mind can compass it, he can go deeper into the question and believe more. But less he cannot accept. Nor, if he is wise, will he wish to accept less. All objections fall before so simple a code of belief. It asks for no great mental capacity; it is beyond the mental power of none. The rising and setting of the sun, the coming of the seasons, the downfall of night upon day, the birth of a child, the death of a man—everything proves to the humblest mind that this is a religion which it can accept without hesitancy, without a single misgiving. When we go beyond these fundamental principles we go into questions which are complex, and open to individual construction. However a young man may decide for himself those questions, he cannot shirk the three points I have dwelt upon. They will teach him a respect for all sacred things, without which no man can earn respect for himself. They will teach him charity for the faults of others, without which none can hope for leniency for his own shortcomings. They will teach him to hold out the helping hand to others, without which he can himself never succeed. They will keep him close to the teachings and the beliefs of his mother, without which a young man is untrue to the source from which he sprang.

The great trouble with young men is that their ideas are altogether too much influenced by a few unfortunate examples of apparent success which are prominent—too prominent, alas!—in American life today. These examples, for the most part representing politicians, are regarded in the eyes of the world as successful; that is, they are talked about incessantly; interviewed by reporters; they lavishly buy diamonds for their wives and build costly houses; and all these are duly reported in the newspapers. Young men read these things and ask themselves, "If he can, why not I?" Then they begin to look around for some "short cut to success," as one young fellow expressed it to me not long since. And it is precisely through this method of "cutting across lots" in business that scores of young men find themselves, after awhile, completely baffled. And the man who has once had about him an unsavory taint in his business [illegible] himself of that atmosphere in the eyes of his confreres. How often we see some young man in business representative of the very best qualities that should win success! Every one agrees that he is brilliant. "He is clever," is the general verdict. He impresses one well in his manner, he is thoroughly businesslike, is energetic, and yet, somehow or other, he never seems to get in a place and stick there. People wonder at it, and excuse it on the ground that he has not quite found his right place. But some day the secret is explained. "Yes, he is clever," says some old business man, "but, don't you know, he isn't—well, he isn't just safe!" Just safe! How much that expresses; how clearly that defines hundreds and hundreds of the smartest young men in business to-day! He is everything else, but he isn't "just safe!" He is not dishonest in any way, but he is, what is equally as bad, not quite reliable. To attain success he has, in other words, tried to "cut across lots." And rainbow chasing is really a very commendable business in comparison with a young man's search for the "royal road to success." No success worth attaining is easy. "Royal roads" are poor highways to travel in any pursuit, and especially in a business calling.

*[illegible]

Mysterious Lake Chad.*

ONE of the objects of our journey was to explore Lake Chad, or at all events, to stand upon its shores and look out upon its waters. We discovered before going very far that a large part of Lake Chad is taken up by islands, some of them quite small, and others of goodly size. The smaller ones are not inhabited, but the larger and higher ones have a considerable population. Before leaving Mourzouk we were told that we would have great difficulty in navigating the lake, as the natives were hostile and very jealous of the intrusion of foreigners. We were agreeably disappointed in this matter, as we found them friendly, with the exception of one island, where the people refused to allow us to land. They came down to the shore with spears in their hands, and made such demonstrations of hostility that their words were unnecesssary to explain their feelings toward us.

During all of our first day upon the waters, we were in a labyrinth of islands, and if our boatmen had deserted us, we would have experienced great difficulty in finding our way back to the starting point. Our first night was passed on an island where there was a small village. Not more than half of the surface of the island was tillable, the rest being a marsh, where the reeds and papyrus plants grew to a height of ten or twelve feet. The natives received us very kindly; they erected grass huts for our accommodation, and supplied us with kouskousou, made from wheat and also from Indian corn. It seems that they cultivate both of these grains, together with onions, beans, and other vegetables. They had a good sized herd of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats; we bought a sheep for about ten cents' worth of copper wire, and the native who sold it to us acted as though he had made the best bargain of his lifetime. The sheikh was very attentive, and when we left the next morning we presented him with a large cotton handkerchief, on which was printed the Declaration of Independence and a portrait of George Washington. He had not the remotest idea of the printing upon the handkerchief, but the gaudy colors took his fancy, and his face wore an expression of ecstatic happiness.

Most of the native dwellings on the islands are made of grass and reeds, but on the larger islands many of the houses are constructed with regular walls of clay or mud. The Bidduma are supposed to be governed by a sheikh, who lives on one of the larger islands, and whose town or village is the most populous of all.

We skirted the islands of the western shore, coming to land occasionally and making friends with the natives. Sometimes we found quite a difference in complexion and other peculiarities of the people of one island and those of another, indicating that they are not of the same tribe, but had come there from different localities. There was also a difference in costume, but this, however, was not great, owing to the fact that the Bidduma generally have no costume to speak of. The ordinary natives usually wear nothing more than a strip of cloth about the waist; sometimes, in cold or stormy weather, they wrap themselves in mats or blankets woven out of reeds and grass. The Bidduma sheikhs mark their superiority over their subjects by wearing a white bournous over a robe or shirt of black or brown material, and covering their heads with turbans. Some of the people wear leather aprons about the waist, and strings of beads around the neck, and these two articles constitute their only clothing. The effect is better than one might suppose, as the beads make a very pretty contrast against the black skin of the body; the skin is of a rich, velvety appearance, and from constant exposure it runs no risk of blistering in the sun.

*From *In Wild Africa; Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey Through the Sahara Desert*, by Thomas W. Knox; illustrated by H. Burgess. Another of this well-known author's delightful books for young people. Pp. 391, cloth binding, price $1.50. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, publishers.

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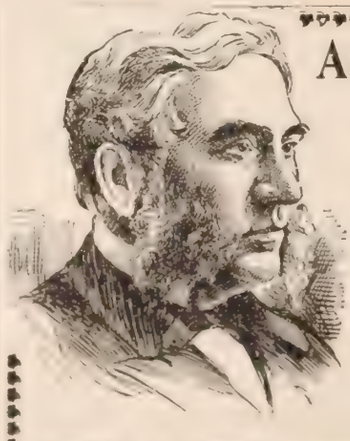

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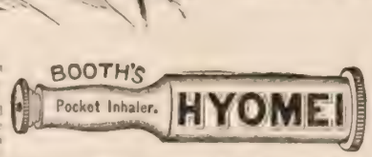

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Missionary Life in Africa.

A Election of Church Officers — A Matrimonial Difficulty — Roman Catholic Diplomacy.

IN the course of a letter to a friend in New Jersey, the veteran missionary Dr. Robert Hamil Nassau, gives a sketch of recent events at his station at Libreville, in South-west Africa, which shows how many small trials the missionary has to bear in addition to the great burden of his work. Dr. Nassau says: We have had an election in our little church here, that has required as much adroit management to preserve the welfare of the church, as is sometimes required from a political boss at home. One of our elders died not long ago and we had to elect someone to fill his place and also to choose two deacons. I had studied the church-roll carefully, for a whole month; and had reduced possible candidates to three. Sonie, about fifty-five years, married, freeman, of good social status, educated, held in respect, but who all his life has been living in all kinds of sin until his conversion and baptism only four years ago. Igueve, about forty-five years, not married (nor any prospect of it), of slave origin, no social influence, very well educated, a licentiate for the ministry, with small prospect of ordination, due to his timid self-suppression that will ever prevent his being a leader, a consistent Christian for the last twenty years. Ongam, about thirty-five years, married, of slave origin, somewhat self-assertive, very little education, but a good talker, liable to lose his head by elevation, a convert of only five years' standing. I had not consulted either of the elders. I did consult one member, Anyentyuene, who was my little daughter's governess. She is very well educated, with rare good judgment, is the finest member of one of the best families here, and herself a noble character. She was non-committal, and hesitated; disapproved of Ongam; hesitated about Sonie, though he was her relative, and agreed with me, though Igueve had been her father's slave-boy, that on the whole, he was the safest for the office. In the session-meeting, I told the two elders that I had studied the subject, and asked them who they considered best. Ntygo, though the younger, promptly named Sonie. Adaude said he was thinking of Ongam. Neither named Igueve. They had supposed his being a licentiate made him ineligible. We all thought Ongam needed experience, and they both yielded to my objection to Sonie, that eldership was too great an honor to give to one who was comparatively a recent convert. I begged them to say nothing to Igueve himself but to any of the people.

This was preliminary. Before the election I was called to adjust another delicate matter. A sister of Anyentyuene is married to a civilized man, a Sierra Leone carpenter. He often is cruel to her, which (I must admit) she arouses by her sharp temper. She is a favorite of mine. I had found her two weeks before sick with la grippe in a damp windy hut in her native village,—brought her on to these premises to a large comfortable empty teacher's house, giving her husband the use of it as long as he behaved himself. He recognized her as my "daughter." She was getting better under my medicine, and invalid's food. He (Ainsley) came to say goodbye: that he was going seventy-five miles south for two months' work, leaving "my daughter" with me to be sent to him on her recovery. I gave him a plain talk about his not having kept the promises he had made me when a year ago he sought my consent to his marriage. He did not resent my rebuke, particularly as I voluntarily admitted that Aziza was passionate. I was just about sitting down to rest, when Abidi, the fifteen year old daughter of Mrs. Ainsley (by her first husband) came to me in great haste with word from her mother, begging me to come and eject from the house her uncle Onang. He is a dissipable fellow, very well educated, who has had excellent clerkships in trade, but has ruined himself by his dishonesty till no one will employ him: too proud to do manual labor, utterly untruthful, he knows my opinion of him and avoids me; shamelessly lives by begging and borrowing, never repaying. He had got to the end of his string and a creditor had him in arrest.

On the way to jail he promised (faithfully) that his niece, Mrs. Ainsley, had plenty of money left her by her husband to-day (partly true), and she would not fail to loan him. True, she had often loaned him. Poor woman, her patience was exhausted. Sick in bed, and he tormenting her with demands. She had no right to take the money her husband had just placed in her care. Rather should he go to jail, relative though he was. She had strength to refuse him. He had not the grace to leave the house. The house was mine and on my premises. I hastened down the few hundred yards to the defense of "my child." My coming was observed, and the fellow fled before I got there. Perhaps it was just as well. I am slow to anger, but when occasionally I do become angry in a righteous cause, I am somewhat impetuous.

The next day we held a congregational meeting. I went over part of the story of our session meeting, and closed with only one name — Igueve's. He himself was startled. Promptly called for their votes; he was unanimously elected. Then, as this church has never had any deacons, I had arranged that it would be well to have such officers, and we thought this a politic time to institute. If possibly there were any who were disappointed that Sonie was not nominated as elder, they would be pleased to vote for him as deacon. So I explained the nature of duties of the office of deacon; nominated Sonie and Ongam. They were promptly elected, and everybody thought that we had had a nice meeting. Igueve, Sonie, and Ongam looked very solemn. The dignity had come suddenly, but they accepted, and on the following Lord's day there was a full attendance to witness the ceremonies of the ordination and installation of Elder Igueve and Deacons Sonie and Ongam.

The next day I was told that an old man, Orango, who after many years of wandering from the church, had been restored a year ago, was very sick. I had observed that he was not at the communion, and had been told that he was sick, but was not aware that there was anything serious the matter. I went to see him immediately. He had arrived three day before, from up river, having been sick there for three weeks. He was dreadfully emaciated, and evidently dying. He was unable to recognize me or to speak. I prayed with him, as for the dying, and then sat awhile in the front room with some of the relatives, inquiring particulars. I did not offer medicine. It was too late. While there a Roman Catholic Sister came in. They and the Priests are very obtrusive, forcing themselves on the dying, even to Protestants, hoping to be allowed to baptize them. Actually, they baptize the dead. They are bold, and timid Protestants fear them, as if they really had (what the Priests do sometimes assert) Government backing. As she was passing me to go into the sick room, I asked: "What for, madam? Orango is a Protestant, and this house belongs to a Protestant." She said that she had been giving him medicine, and wished to see its effects, and she passed in. I remained until she left. She is a kind-hearted woman and wins many for Romanism by her attention to the sick and dying. The Roman Catholic Mission here is strongly organized. They have twenty men and women in all their departments. Some do nothing else but visit in the villages. It also has an Industrial School, where they teach carpentering, etc., such as I have long desired to establish. It is most useful and civilizing. I returned to my house, and an hour later came word that Orango was dead, and men came to prepare the grave. Evidently that Sister had not baptized him, or she would have claimed the corpse. In this warm country, interment follows within twelve hours after death. There was some delay, and the burial did not actually take place until almost twenty-four hours after.

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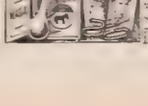

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PRAYER IN DROUGHT.

A LETTER from a farmer in New South Wales to his relatives in England reports a very welcome change of weather, for which united prayer had been presented. He says: The drought has broken up at last. The dry weather has played fearful havoc. The losses among sheep, cattle, and horses have been very serious. A neighbor of mine who had fifty head of cattle, now has nine; the others have perished from want of grass and water. The creeks are lined with dead cattle and sheep. Feeding was impossible, as feed could not be bought except at famine prices, and few people had money sufficient to buy it. Miles and miles of country have been burned black, nothing escaping the onward march of the flames, and high winds have prevailed without stoppage for the past three weeks.

It is estimated that the colony has lost twenty million sheep; cattle in an unknown quantity as yet. As far as I am personally concerned I have been fortunate. I kept what hay and ensilage I had, with a view to selling later when prices would advance, but I have been forced to feed it all away to stock. I keep nine horses here, and have not lost one. I have lost two good cows and three young ones; the rest are all right.

Sunday last, by order of the acting Governor-General, was set apart as a day of prayer for rain. According to the meteorologists there was not a cloud to be seen in any of the Australian colonies, and no rain had fallen for months. In twenty-four hours rain was falling all over the colonies, and during the last week we have had over three inches. What a change! Everyone has a smile now; grass is growing fast, and in another three weeks there will be full and plenty. Sunday next is thanksgiving day for the late rains. People were beginning to think there would be no harvest this year; but there is every prospect of an abundant harvest, thank God.

Excavations in Egypt.

SOME very interesting discoveries have recently been made in the course of the excavations now in progress at Dashur, Egypt. Director General de Morgan, who is in charge of the work, has since November last been excavating simultaneously at the three temples of Karnak, Medinet-Habou, and Philae. Excavations at Medinet-Habou will be completed by the end of the present winter; at Philae by the 1st of January, 1897; while at Karnak there will be a far longer task, that will require a very large capital. Mr. de Morgan estimates that $1,000,000 is needed to clear entirely this immense gathering of temples, and to put up again out of the acient material the crumbled portions.

The Temple of Karnak, the grandest and by far the most colossal historical record left by antiquity, was called the dwelling of Ammon. It is a vast gathering of gigantic ruins, including monuments of various periods, erected in honor of the Theban Ammon. As far as is known at present, the oldest building at Karnak dates back to the XIIth dynasty. It was a sanctuary constructed by the King Usertsen I., who reigned from 2433 to 2400 B. C., as coregent and successor to Amenemhat I., the founder of that dynasty. His pyramid was identified last year at Lisht, near the entrance of the Fayum. Amenophis III. (1500 B.C.), the Memnon of the Greeks, added considerably to Karnak. Under his rule Egypt stretched from Mesopotamia to Abyssinia. The self-praise of the King, says Mariette, may be read to-day upon the architraves of the temple at Luxor. The bas-relief and inscriptions decorating the hypostyle Temple of Karnak are among the most precious historical documents. The outside north wall commemorates the campaigns of Seti I. in western Asia, while on the southern side of the same temple are recorded the wars of Sheshonk I. in Palestine. After the schism of the ten tribes this King Sheshonk gave an exile to the fugitive Jeroboam, and with him invaded Judea and plundered Jerusalem in the year 962 B. C.

The Temple of Karnak was pillaged and ransacked in the early part of the fifth century by the Persian army of Cambyses, when he came back infuriated by his disastrous expedition in the Soudan; but it is to an earthquake during the beginning of our era that is due the actual dilapidated and shaky condition of the monument, the largest and at the same time one of the oldest and finest in existence.

The Hindoo Boy's Lesson.

There was a good man in India once, a missionary. His name was Swartz. He had a little servant boy to look after his pony and cook his food. His name was David. One day the missionary and his boy had been traveling from village to village, that Mr. Swartz might preach to the villagers. In the evening, it was David's duty to prepare some rice for his master. When cooked, it was called curry. He made it ready under a large tree, and when it was quite ready the missionary stood under the spreading branches of the tree to give thanks to God for the curry. He knew that it had come to him from God. He knew that it was one of God's breadknocks, and the good man hastened to open his heart and let God in. So he began to pray, but as he prayed, he could not help thinking of all the other things which had come to him in the same hand of God. And his heart overflowed with thankfulness. And the love of God so filled his thoughts that he could not stop. But poor David was only a boy, and did not understand these things as his master did. And he thought his master was making too long a prayer, and he went near, and touched him, and said: "Master, the curry is cold." But his master did not stop; he went on praying a good long time. But when he did stop he turned to David and said: "David, shall the kind Jesus watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and provide food for us in the evening, and shall we eat food with hands that have never been raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised him?" David never forgot these words. He never stopped his master at grace again. And long after the holy Swartz had gone up to heaven, David continued preaching to men.

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS
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Dictated by T.A.S.

New York, Jan. 15th, 1896

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The New York Recorder says: "Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficial results, the great Chemist considers it his religious duty to place within the reach of humanity the means to donate his infallible remedy. The cheapness of the preparation—offered freely—is enough to commend it. There can be no mistake in sending for the free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the generous offer by. Mail your address to T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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For Indigestion
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

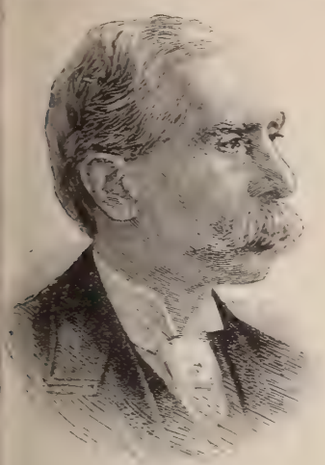
Dr. [illegible], [illegible], N. Y., says: "I [illegible] satisfaction [illegible] so satisfactory."

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers will remember [illegible] Lung Disease [illegible] Dr. [illegible] the new treatment [illegible] Dr. Slocum, of 181 and 183 Pearl Street, New York City, [illegible] ment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and [illegible]

A New Poet Laureate.

THERE is always something of a breeze stirred in the literary world when a new poet laureate is chosen by England to succeed to the post that has been honored by such niuses as Wordsworth and Tennyson. is, of course, taken for granted that the ficial poet of the sovereign has a warm miration for his own country and a deep d unswerving loyalty to the throne hose praises he is expected to hymn hen fitting opportunities arise. Some-



ALFRED AUSTIN,
England's New Poet Laureate.

hat of a surprise was felt, lately, among nglish versifiers at the appointment of r. Alfred Austin, as the new Laureate, it had been expected by many that the urel crown and the income that goes ith it, might seek some more widely own poet. But Mr. Austin is a writer undoubted talent, and has made a dis-ct place for himself among the later ictorian writers of verse. He was born Headingley, near Leeds, in 1835. His her was a merchant and magistrate of eds. He received a thorough collegiate ducation.

At the age of eighteen he published his st poem, "Randolph," and the first lume of verse which bore his name, The season: a Satire," appeared in 1861. The Human Tragedy," "Madonna's hild," "Savonarola," and "English rics" are some of his best-known vol-es of verse, of which a collected edition s published in 1892 in six volumes.

Mr. Austin has been a prolific writer of ose as well as of poetry, and has taken rt in many controversies of the day. ne of his most delightful prose books is The Garden that I Love," a charming scription of his own residence at Swin-rd Old Manor, in Kent.

The virtues of his poetic creed are set rth concisely in a stanza in the little lume called *In Veronica's Garden*, which a mixture of prose and verse. He therein clares:

I would not sing of sceptred kings,
The tyrant and his thrall,
But everyday pathetic things
That happen to us all;
The love that lasts through joy, through grief,
The faith that never wanes,
And every wilding bird and leaf
That gladdens English lanes.

About fifteen years ago, in the month of ay, when Mr. Austin was at Delphi, a reek priest tore from a tree in full flower a branch of bay, and gave it to him. When Lord Tennyson died Mr. Austin sent this branch to Aldworth as his tribute, and it was placed in the coffin with Lady Tennyson's roses and a volume of Shakspere.

A Disaster Averted.

A missionary who was in Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar when it was surrendered to the French, writes of a thrilling incident of the siege. "The Queen's flag," he says, "was lowered not a minute too soon. Had it remained flying but two minutes longer the consequences would have been terrible. Up to that moment the French had only fired a few ordinary shells into the city; but the order had now been given to load the guns with melenite shells, and a general bombardment from all the heights was about to commence when the Hova flag was seen to drop. It appears that 10,000 barrels of gunpowder and an immense quantity of cartridges were stored in the palace. The French, of course, knew nothing of this; but, as their fire was to have been principally directed on the palace, it is almost certain that a melenite shell would have ignited this vast accumulation of powder and brought about a most destructive explosion. The palace and all their buildings in that quarter of the town would have been leveled to the ground."

An Asthma Cure at Last.

dedical Science at last reports a positive cure for thma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botani-discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of thma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. ite, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years ha l to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable lie down right or lay from Asthma. The Kola at cured him at once. To make the matter sure, se and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under h before a notary public. So great is their faith its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Import t Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out ge trial cases of the Kola compound free to all ffers from Asthma. Send them your name and dress on a postal card, and they will send you a ge trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing d you should surely try it.

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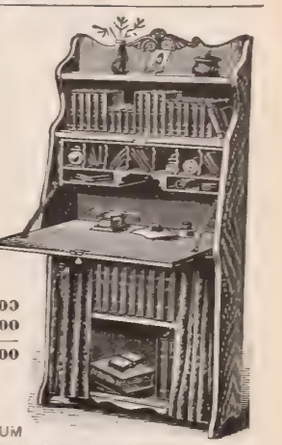

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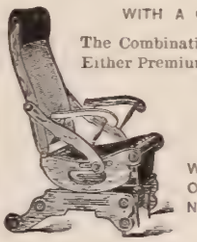

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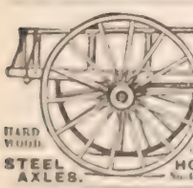

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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FUNERAL OF A MODERN MAGDALEN AT THE JERRY McAULEY MISSION, NEW YORK. (*See Page 105.*)

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Isaiah 35 : 8, 9, 10, "*And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness*," etc.

THERE are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive toll-gates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in genuflexions, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way; and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way. Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in and dine and rest; but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza, I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road [illegible] rock, three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the [illegible] were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the ele[illegible] there is nothing left of that structure but a ruin. [illegible] The Appian Way; and yet it is as [illegible] Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

[illegible] this road of the text is the King's highway. [illegible] pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath; under projecting rock; [illegible] tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils. The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head, and hand, and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved his blistered hand over the way, crying: "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifteen million francs for the building of the Simplon Road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our King, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love, and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

Still further: this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for; but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart." If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will only look up and see the finger-board above your head, you may read upon it the words: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get to the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken, that, in the name of God, I laugh at the delusion.

Still further: the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-quarters an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing-stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open; while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet has not been able to see the Morning Star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet not known the "Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosoper, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further: this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God, he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

> From [illegible] they
> Who [illegible] on God;
> Like [illegible] David stood,
> On where the soul abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why then it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the flo[illegible] of everlasting health, and it will not m[illegible] any difference. Earthly subtraction [illegible] heavenly addition. The tears of earth [illegible] the crystals of heaven. As they take [illegible] and tatters and put them through the [illegible] per-mill, and they come out beaut[illegible] white sheets of paper, so often the rag [illegible] earthly destitution, under the cylinder [illegible] death, come out a white scroll upon wh[illegible] shall be written eternal emancipat[illegible] There was one passage of Scripture, [illegible] force of which I never understood t[illegible] one day at Chamounix, with Mont B[illegible] on one side, and Montanvert on the ot[illegible] I opened my Bible and read: "As [illegible] mountains are around about Jerusalem [illegible] the Lord is around about them that [illegible] him." The surroundings were an om[illegible] otent commentary.

> Though troubles assail, and dangers affright
> Though friends should all fail, and foes all u[illegible]
> Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
> The Scripture assures us the Lord will provid[illegible]

Still further: the road spoken of [illegible] a pleasant road. God gives a bond of [illegible] demnity against all evil to every man t[illegible] treads it. "All things work together [illegible] good to those who love God." No w[illegible] on formed against them can prosper. T[illegible] is the bond, signed, sealed, and deliv[illegible] by the President of the whole unive[illegible] What is the use of your fretting, Oh c[illegible] of God, about food? "Behold the fowl[illegible] the air: for they sow not, neither do t[illegible] reap, nor gather into barns; yet your he[illegible] enly Father feedeth them." And will [illegible] take care of the sparrow, will he take c[illegible] of the raven, will he take care of [illegible] hawk, and let you die? What is the [illegible] of your fretting about clothes? "Cons[illegible] the lilies of the field. Shall he not m[illegible] more clothe you, Oh ye of little faith!" What is the use worrying for fear so[illegible] thing will happen to your home? "[illegible] blesseth the habitation of the just." W[illegible] is the use of your fretting lest you wil[illegible] overcome of temptations? "God is fa[illegible] ful, who will not suffer you to be temp[illegible] above that ye are able; but will with [illegible] temptation also make a way to esc[illegible] that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, t[illegible] King's highway! Trees of life on eit[illegible] side, bending over until their branches [illegible] terlock and drop midway their fruit [illegible] shade. Houses of entertainment on eit[illegible] side the road for poor pilgrims. Tal[illegible] spread with a feast of good things, [illegible] walls adorned with apples of gold in p[illegible] ures of silver. I start out on this Kin[illegible] highway, and I find a harper, and I s[illegible] "What is your name?" The harper ma[illegible] no response, but leaves me to guess. [illegible] with his eyes toward heaven and his h[illegible] upon the trembling strings this tune co[illegible] rippling on the air: "The Lord is my li[illegible] and my salvation. Whom shall I fe[illegible] The Lord is the strength of my life. [illegible] whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little f[illegible] ther on the same road and meet a trump[illegible] er of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you [illegible] some music for a tired pilgrim?" A[illegible] wiping his lip and taking a long brea[illegible] he puts his mouth to the trumpet [illegible] pours forth this strain: "They shall h[illegible] ger no more, neither shall they thirst a[illegible] more, neither shall the sun light on th[illegible] nor any heat, for the Lamb which is [illegible] the midst of the throne shall lead them [illegible] living fountains of water, and God sh[illegible] wipe away all tears from their eyes." [illegible] go a little distance farther on the sa[illegible] road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. S[illegible] has no harp, but she has cymbals. Th[illegible] look as if they had rusted from sea-spra[illegible] and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Ha[illegible] you no song for a tired pilgrim?" A[illegible] like the clang of victors' shields the cy[illegible] bals clap as Miriam begins to discour[illegible] "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triump[illegible] ed gloriously; the horse and the rider h[illegible] hs thrown into the sea." And then I [illegible] a white-robed group. They come bou[illegible] ing toward me, and I say, "Who are th[illegible] The happiest, and the brightest, and t[illegible] fairest in all heaven—who are they [illegible] And the answer comes: "These are th[illegible] who came out of great tribulations, a

ad their robes washed and made white
the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step fur-
ner. What is the terminus? I do not
re how fine a road you put me on, I
ant to know where it comes out. My
ext declares it: "The redeemed of the
ord come to Zion." You know what
ion was. That was the King's palace.
was a mountain fastness. It was im-
regnable. And so heaven is the fastness
f the universe. No howitzer has long
nough range to shell those towers. Let
ll the batteries of earth and hell blaze
way; they cannot break in those gates.
ibraltar was taken, Sebastopol was tak-
n, Babylon fell; but these walls of heav-
n shall never surrender either to human
r Satanic besiegement. The Lord God
lmighty is the defence of it. Great cap-
al of the universe! Terminus of the
ng's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things,
e thought in heaven we would study
emistry, and geometry, and conic sec-
ons. Southey thought that in heaven
e would have the pleasure of seeing
haucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr.
ick may have his mathematics for all
ernity, and Southey his Shakespeare.
ive me Christ and my old friends—that
all the heaven I want. Christ and his
eople that I knew on earth—that is heav-
n enough for me. O, garden of light,
hose leaves never wither, and whose
uits never fail! O, banquet of God,
hose sweetness never palls the taste and
hose guests are kings for ever! O, city
light, whose walls are salvation, and
hose gates are praise! O, palace of rest,
here God is the monarch and everlast-
g ages the length of his reign!

O, glorious heaven! When the last
ound is healed, when the last heart-
eak is ended, when the last tear of
rthly sorrow is wiped away, and when
e redeemed of the Lord shall come to
on, then let all the harpers take down
eir harps, and all the trumpeters take
own their trumpets, and all across heav-
n let there be chorus of morning stars,
orus of white-robed victors, chorus of
artyrs from under the throne, chorus of
orlds, and there is but one song sung, and
t one name spoken, and but one throne
nored—that of Jesus only.

A Solitary Christian.

N the course of a letter from Dr. J.
Davis, of Japan, he relates the fol-
lowing incident of his work: At Tsu-
ga-oka we were welcomed in the home
Mr. Uchimaki, one of the most promi-
nt men in that region. The family con-
sts of the father and mother, now over
xty years old, and four sons. The sec-
d son came to Kyoto a few years ago to
udy medicine. While here he became
terested in Christianity, was baptized
d received into the church. About two
ars ago he became ill with lung trouble
d went home. What should he do?
o one of his family at home, and no one
the village had ever heard of Christi-
ity, except to despise it. But he did
t hide his light under a bushel, but set
up so that all could see it, and the re-
lt is that the whole house has been
ghted by it. He died in his mountain
me, but a few months before his death
e of his brothers, who had heard the
uth from him, went over the mountains
irty miles to Ayabe and received bap-
m. When the man died the question
se what kind of a funeral they should
ve. The family had been Buddhists
d the priests came to officiate, but the
mily declined, and determined to have a
hristian funeral. But the snow was still
ep upon the mountains, and the nearest
stor or evangelist was thirty or forty
iles away. It took four days to get a
ter to them; the body could not be kept
long, so the family and friends tenderly
id the loved form to rest in the grave
ithout any ceremony at all, and waited
week till two pastors came over the snow
d held the funeral services in the home,
hich was filled with the neighbors. The
xt morning after our arrival, the old
ther and mother, also another son and
s wife, were examined for admission in-
the church.

A REFUGE OF THE OUTCAST.

Funeral Services of a Modern Magdalen at the Jerry McAuley Mission, Water Street, New York—The Origin and Work of the Mission.

TYPICAL of the work carried on in the old Mission in Water Street, New York, is the scene depicted by our artist on the first page of this journal. It was the last scene of a tragedy appallingly common in the life of the great city—a scene of sorrow

MR. S. H. HADLEY.

and tears at the close of a life of shame.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of life and sin,
Ran[illegible]
[illegible]

The morning papers had told the story briefly. A beautiful girl, living a vicious life, had become despondent, and ended her existence by taking poison. The body lay in the room where she died, and would probably be buried in the Potter's Field. That was likely, for though the girl had relatives in the city, she had disgraced them and they had cast her off. The men who knew her had no further interest in her, and would not be disposed to pay funeral expenses. So the Potter's Field seemed to be the probable destination of the corpse. But her companions, women like she had been, were distressed by the thought, and out of their wretched resources, raised a few dollars toward giving their old friend decent Christian burial. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hadley, who conduct the Water Street Mission, heard of their effort, and sympathizing with it, and especially with the spirit that prompted it, offered to make up what was lacking, and to allow the funeral services to be held in the Mission. The body was put in a decent coffin and taken to the Mission; and that night the dead girl's friends came to attend the sad ceremony. They brought flowers and floral crosses and wreaths in profusion. More than one such offering, as they frankly admitted, had involved a previous visit to a pawnproker, but when a stranger was showing kindness to the dead, they were in no grudging mood. There was a simple service and a tender appeal to all to quit the paths of sin, and assurances of help to any who might need it in returning to virtuous life. Then the last farewell kisses were imprinted on the unconscious lips, and with tears the women went their way.

It was an appropriate place for such a service. Compassion for the victims of sin was the spirit in which it had its origin. The man who founded it, like the woman in the Gospels, loved much, because he had been forgiven much. His own experience had taught him the power of Christ to raise the fallen and he looked on the most degraded as being, by their very degradation, eligible for the benefits of that power. Thirty-three years ago, Jerry McAuley was a common thief, a drunkard and a prize-fighter, just released from Sing Sing. His father was a counterfeiter and had been familiar with vice and crime from his infancy. Even the saloon-keepers and the lawless element in Water Street dreaded his return to his old haunts. Reckless, quarrelsome, dissipated, he had been the terror of the neighborhood, which at that time was not fastidious about the habits of the people, nor was easily shocked by excesses. But Jerry had been away for over seven years and he was not wanted back. When he did return, he came as a messenger of peace.

The story of Jerry's conversion has often been told. Water Street did not know the new man as it saw him. There was the old intensity of purpose, the old restless energy, but the man was changed. He still sought the society of the lowest and most degraded, but it was that he might lift them out of the mire. None were so low that he would not give them fellowship. It was not with the righteous, but with sinners that his business was. He sought them in his old haunts, told them how he had been saved, and assured them that they might be saved in the same way. One after another was saved through his efforts, until friends, who learned what he was doing, helped him to open the Mission that now bears his name. He held meetings every night, and many a despairing creature lost to society, and without hope in this world or the next, was encouraged to follow Jerry's example. Many a soul was saved in that room.

In 1884 the worker to whom so many owed their rescue from ruin was called away. Death hushed the voice that had never ceased to tell the wondrous story of redeeming love. But the work was not suffered to stop. It was not easy to find a successor to Jerry McAuley, but one was found in the person of Mr. S. H. Hadley, who had the same unwavering faith in the power of Christ to save and had tested it in his own person. He had gone two years before, a drunken gambler, into Jerry's meeting and had been led under the influence of Jerry's appeals and pravers to put his trust in Christ. He had experienced the same results and could tell the story of personal reclamation and deliverance that Jerry had told.

THE LATE JERRY McAULEY.

Neither eloquence nor learning was needed in Water street, but strong faith, clear testimony and love for souls. These Mr. Hadley had, and on the invitation of the trustees of the Mission, he entered on the work. The results have justified the choice. The meetings in the old Mission are conducted on the old lines. Drunkards, criminals and dissolute people are the kind most welcome within those doors, as they were in the former time. Mr. Hadley is like a physician who knows that his sphere is with the sick; it is the sick that he wants to reach. The desperate cases, those who have no hope and of whom no one else has any hope, are the kind to whom he preaches a Saviour who promises to cast out none who come to him.

The attendance at the meetings of the Mission aggregates fifty thousand in the course of a year, and the bulk of them belong to the drunken and criminal classes. On Saturday nights, through the kindness of friends of the Mission, Mr. Hadley is able to give his guests a meal, and thus prove to them that sympathy is not limited to words. It is sometimes necessary to do still more. Some of the men who go there are utterly homeless and destitute. As far as his funds will allow, Mr. Hadley comes to their relief. In the upper rooms of the mission there are accommodations for some fifteen or twenty men, and if a man shows a desire to reform, he is sheltered and cared for. Thus the good work of rescuing the fallen, begun by Jerry McAuley twenty-three years ago, is still carried on in name of the Friend of Sinners.

WAITING ADMISSION TO THE SATURDAY EVENING SUPPER IN WATER STREET.

The Chinese War and Missions.

It is now evident that the recent Chino-Japanese war will ultimately have a good effect on missionary work in the former country at least. One result is the issuing of a decree giving the emperor's sanction to the building of a railway along the Grand Canal from Peking to a point near Nanking. The road will be about fifteen hundred miles long, and by its connections will furnish the means of reaching the interior of Manchooria. It will also connect with the Russian Transcontinental Railway. The scheme has met with general approval from the officials. Another result of the war will be a university and preparatory school at Tientsin, with Chinese and foreign teachers, and a former American missionary as president. Preparations to this end had already been made; but the recent events will doubtless make a success of what threatened to be a failure. To some extent under the management of the university, preparatory schools will be established in north China.

The Great Helper.

S.S.Lesson for Feb. 16. Luke 7: 2-13. Golden Text, Luke 7: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Ps. 46: 1). Jesus, the Son of God, and the express image of his Person (Heb. 1: 3), was as Man amongst men in the limited area to which his incarnation confined him, a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble to all the needy ones with whom his Father brought him in contact. Sickness, sorrow, death itself fled before him, and the effect of his wondrous works was such that "there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great Prophet has risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people. And this rumor of him went forth throughout all Judea, and throughout all the region round about" (v. 16). Yet the very people among whom his mightiest works were done, crucified their Prophet, and denied the visitation of God which they had proclaimed, because the same Jesus who healed and wrought miracles, taught also the unwelcome lesson of the cross, and the utter nothingness of the flesh.

Jesms taught and healed; healed and taught. Now another part of his ministry awaited him. "He entered into Capernaum," and very soon he was in request: "A certain centurion's servant [or slave] who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die." This heathen official, a Roman soldier, belonging to the most arrogant people then on the face of the earth, was so impressed with what he had heard of Jesus, that he shrank from intruding his own presence upon the great Healer, but sought the mediation of the elders of the Jews. They, little understanding the spirit of the man or the spirit of the Master, began to recommend the centurion by flattery, saying "that he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and he has built us a synagogue." Poor human nature, which thinks there is anything in what it is, or what it can do, to recommend it to God! Jesus made no comment. "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man." (John 2: 24, 25.)

The centurion seems to have been aware of the action of the elders of the Jews, and as Jesus was "now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends" with the message: "Lord, trouble not thyself; for I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say uuto one, Go and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." As though to say, If I, in my little sphere can speak and be obeyed, how should not thou, who hast such manifest power over sickness, speak but a word and the thing shall be done? The centurion took in the position: He valued Jesus at an estimation far beyond that at which the elders of the Jews valued him. In his eyes Jesus was first, and should be first considered. The centurion honored the Lord; Jesus gained in him a valuable disciple and his heart was [illegible].

But oh, how touching are the words: "When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him." Why should it be a marvel that Jesus should be honored? Why should it be a marvel that God's own Son should be considered by the creatures whom he has made? Why should it be a [illegible]

any difficulty? "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." (Matt. 8: 13), was no hard answer to the centurion. And Jesus "turned him about, and said unto him: I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." May not one of the great hindrances to healing be that so many think they are worthy, and they fail to appreciate Jesus? They want to serve themselves of him, instead of letting him serve himself of them. Like Herod, they expect to see some sign done by Jesus, while they silence him who testifies to Jesus; and it cannot be. The friends of the centurion and the elders of the Jews, returning to the centurion's house, found that he had not overrated the power and willingness of Jesus, they "found the servant whole which had been sick."

"The next day [or R. V., soon after] he went into a city called Nain;" he was now at the very height of his popularity, "and many of his disciples went with him, and much people." Had they learned the lesson which he sought to teach at Nazareth, and which he repeated here: that Israel needed to be taught by Gentiles and strangers that faith in their Messiah which they lacked. We hear that a woman of Sarepta, not one of Israel's daughters, must prove the truth of God's promises to the widow; a Syrian general, and not a son of Israel, must learn the healing power of Jehovah Roheka; and now a Roman centurion must manifest a faith which was not to be found in Israel! Yet we do not read that the people took these things to heart; they saw his miracles, they did eat of the loaves so miraculously multiplied, but nevertheless, they crucified their Lord!

"Young Man, I say unto thee, Arise."

When Jesus was come "nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people was with her." No appeal was made to Jesus; as yet he had not raised the dead. But as the "very present help in trouble," how could he ignore the widow when so many promises in the Old Testament are made expressly to the widow? "He had compassion on her." Nothing was a matter of course to Jesus; everything was significant; his Father had a will about all, and that Father, dwelling in him, loved the desolate widow. Jesus "had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." Oh, how many say the same thing to one who is stricken and sorrowful! But the words come upon the heart, which knows its own bitterness, as the inter-meddling of a stranger (Prov. 14: 10); neither relief from suffering nor power are in them, and silence would be more really helpful. Unless we can bring help from above to the sorrowing, some word from God which brings light into the darkness; an understanding of the purposes of a faithful Father in his mysterious dealings with his child, it is a cruel impertinence to say, "Weep not."

But the Son of man came through death "to destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2: 14); he knew his vocation, and now he "came near and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still." What was about to happen? Surely that company must have held their breath when he who only yesterday had commanded sickness to depart, and it departed, now opened his lips in the presence of the dead. "Young man," he said, "I say unto thee, Arise." And the stiff, cold corpse was instinct with animation, and in spite of the winding sheet and the narrow limits of the bier, the young man "sat up and began to speak, and he delivered him to his mother." This first resurrection by the Lord Jesus produced a deep impression; the last the resurrection of Lazarus, led to his apprehension and death. Why was this? There lay between, the teachings of his own death and sufferings, the lesson of the cross and all it involved, the ruin and curruption of human nature.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AFTER the sermon on the Mount, Jesus appears to have returned to Capernaum as he continued to do after his preaching excursions, making it his home for the brief periods of rest he allowed himself. The twelve doubtless accompanied him. How long after his arrival it was before the application from the Centurion came we are not told. Probably very soon after, a deputation of the chief people of the place came to ask a favor of him, on behalf of the Centurion, a man holding a position in the Roman garrison equivalent to that of Captain in modern armies. He commanded a company of a hundred men, hence the name. We infer that he was stationed permanently at Capernaum, as he built the synagogue there. The Jews regarded him as a public benefactor, and urged Jesus, on that ground, to relieve him of his trouble. Incidentally, we get a light on the man's character from his concern about his servant's sickness. In those days employers were not, as a rule, apt to worry very much about the health of their servants, who were practically slaves. We gather, therefore, that the Centurion was a kindly man, as well as a religious man. The two characteristics ought always to go together, so that if we hear of a man being religious, we may be sure that he is kind to those around him. His own message, when some one running on before, told him that Jesus was coming, sheds another light on his character. He had strong faith in Christ. There was no need for him to come, the Centurion practically says. Disease obeyed Christ as slaves obeyed the Centurion. Jesus had only to give the word, and he was sure that would be sufficent. Jesus promptly recognizes and rewards such faith. He was always ready to do this. Nothing seemed to please him so much as to have people believe in him. The man was healed, not because of his own faith, but because of his master's. This is an encouragament to intercessory prayer now. If any one wants a blessing for another, there is ground in this incident for confidence in making the [illegible]

The second miracle in the lesson was one of pure compassion. No appeal to Christ appears to have been made. He was starting on another preaching tour and was approaching Nain, a town about twenty-five miles from Capernaum, when he met this sad funeral procession. Instantly his pity was stirred and with a word of sympathy to the bereaved mother and of command to the unconscious corpse he restored the young man to life. Many interesting questions are suggested by this miracle. Where was the young man's soul, that Jesus could recall it? This and other cognate questions will be asked, but they cannot be satisfactorily answered. To allow the attention to be diverted to them is to fall into the mistake which, on the part of the Jews of Christ's day, caused him distress. He was pained because they were so intent on the miracle that they failed to see the purpose for which the miracle was worked. To us, the wonder of a miraculous healing or the raising of the dead, is an amazing, extraordinary thing; but if we knew as much as Jesus did of the spiritual world, we should regard conversion as something much more wonderful and momentous. If the people instead of being wrapped up in the miracle had said that the Man who can do this can give us spiritual and eternal life and had asked him to do that for them Jesus would have been content. But to see them interested like children in the miracle, and heedless about the great lesson of the miracle, was disappointing. We must be careful not to make the same mistake. Curiosity is out of place here; we should be seeking at Christ's hands the gift of eternal life, and the miracle serves its purpose if it convinces us that he who could work it has the power to give the greater blessing.

Ready to die. They meant that he was near death, but there is another meaning to the phrase which should not be overlooked. A widowed mother was trying to explain to her little girl the death of the child's father. She said that God had taken him. "Shall we never see him again?" the child asked. "Yes," said the mother, "God will send for us sometime and then we shall see him." "When?" was the next question. The mother replied, "I do not know; it may be soon or not for years." The child considered a minute and said: "Well, Mamma, we ought to be always ready to go, had we not? If we don't know when he will send, we had better see to it at once, so we may not be hurried at the time."

A man set under authority. That is invested with authority by some one higher than himself. The centurion regarded Jesus as possessing authority in the spiritual world like that exercised by himself as a Roman officer in the social world. The idea of disease being a messenger sent under orders from God has long been a familiar one. Ancient history tells of a merchant who lost his all in a storm at sea, in which his vessels laden with merchandise foundered. The merchant went to Athens to study philosophy, having no capital to resume business. He was so happy in his studies that he was thankful for his losses. "If I had not lost my fortune," he said, "I had not gained that which is better than fortune." A man to whom a gay companion went to condole with him on his long sickness, astonished his visitor by saying: "Sympathy, my dear friend? No, I want congratulations. This sickness was a messenger from God to tell me I was wasting my life in drinking and revelling, and was going to ruin. God kindly sent the sickness to caution me. I have listened to his messenger and am saved."

Young man I say unto thee Arise. "I was foremost in all evil," writes a man now eminent for piety and usefulness; "I hated everything good. I was deaf to all appeals. Drink, gambling and all vices held me in their grasp. As soon as the office in which I was employed was closed at night I used to hurry to some scene of revelry and there spend the hours till after midnight. What I used to call it pleasure, but it grew loathsome. I felt that I was a wreck, degraded, debased, brutalized. A good man put his hand on my shoulder, one day and said, 'Would you not like to be a man instead of a beast?' I looked at him in amazement; but I now see that his words were the turning-point. Under his guidance I went to Christ, renounced sin and began to live. I am as great a wonder to myself in having risen out of the mire as I would be if I had been dead and had risen out of my coffin."

ARMENIA'S GLEAM OF HOPE.

Her Despairing Eyes now Turned Toward Russia for Defence against Further Massacres—Recent Butcheries and Martyrdoms—Urgent Need of Vigorous Relief Work.

MOSLEM fanaticism and cruelty are still actively engaged in the great work of Armenian extermination. Each passing week brings its quota of sad intelligence of new outrages and massacres in the distracted provinces of Asia Minor. Letters from Constantinople state that up to the present time, sixteen Armenian Protestant pastors, all of whom refused to abjure Christ and accept Islam, have died the death of martyrs. In the provinces of Aleppo and Adana, the lives of the entire Christian population are threatened. At the town of Amasia, Bekir Pasha, the *Mutessarif*, by almost superhuman efforts, prevented a massacre and plundering. Another brave official, the *Kaimakam* of Vezir-Kopou, while endeavoring to resist a fanatical Turkish mob, was overpowered. He telegraphed for troops and succeeded in stopping the slaughter, but fifty Christians had already been killed. These are isolated instances where, fortunately the worst was averted, but in a majority of cases, the Turks, Kurds, and Circassians carried through the bloody programme of slaughter, violation, fire, and pillage unhindered, and indeed with the fullest approval of the officials whose operations were directed from Constantinople.

Letters from survivors of the massacres, who have succeeded in reaching places of safety, continue to be received, and each letter discloses some new and revolting trait of Moslem ferocity and hatred against Christianity. One letter declares that five hundred square miles of beautiful and diversified country have been swept with a besom of destruction. Many well-to-do Armenian families, who had gathered their money and valuables together, anticipating the storm, and who sought, by paying them to Turkish and Kurdish neighbors, to secure protection, were not only despoiled of all their property, but suffered death as well. This writer continues:

But, passing by the unprovoked and pitiless slaughter of from 5000 to 10,000 Armenians, largely the well-to-do, capable men, the merciless plundering of the Armenian shops, stores and houses, and the multitudes of Christian girls and married women, whose husbands have been slain or were away from home, who have been forced to become the wives of Turks, in less than three months' time, whole districts, which for more than fourteen centuries have been occupied with Christian homes, have been made to assume the appearance of a Mohammedan land. Such is the fate to which thousands of Armenian Christians, with husbands, fathers and sons slain, in utter beggary and despair have been reduced. And this is the situation in which Christian Europe, and especially England, leaves their Armenian fellow-Christians. Is it not a most gross betrayal?

A veritable crusade of Mohammedan fanaticism rules the hour. The Kurds and Circassians are tolerably sated with plunder, but the Turks in various provinces, with Saracenic cruelty, are compelling the wretched survivors to accept the hated religion of their murderous oppressors. Eleven Protestant preachers in the region of Harpoot, one pastor in Arabkir, one pastor in Sivas, several priests and many Armenian Christians—men and women—have distinctly chosen death rather than Islam, and have been mercilessly slain. Many other Armenian Christians, however, have been so entirely terrorized that they have professed themselves Mohammedans *en masse*, in the hope that subsequently Christian Europe would deliver them from the dreadful yoke. Thus whole villages and towns and whole Christian quarters in cities have been driven, like helpless sheep, into the Moslem fold.

A private letter brings news of the betrayal and plundering of the Armenian village of Dendil, near Gemarek, by Turks, Circassians, and Kurds. The villagers were persuaded to lay down their arms and trust for defence to the neighboring Moslem village of Suzil, whose people basely betrayed them. Women and girls were outraged, and all the Armenian houses plundered. The village of Tekman, nearby, was seven times plundered. Ali Agha, a Turk, who had already shown friendship to the Armenians, alone prevented a general massacre. Rev. Dr. Wingate, a missionary, has gone to Gemarek, Tekman, Dendil, and Boorhan with food and clothing supplied by the Relief Fund.

Amid all the desolation and woe, one gleam of hope for Armenia appears, although it may yet prove illusive. It is announced that Russia and Turkey have concluded an alliance offensive and defensive, which will have the effect of reducing Turkey to the position of a vassal state, giving Russia complete control of the Bosphorus, and, inferentially, also giving the Czar the right, if he desires at any time to do so, to march Russian troops into Armenia. This rumored alliance is said to be based on an old agreement entered into between the same countries in 1833, under which the Dardanelles were to be closed to the enemies of Russia in case of war. True or false, the rumor has violently agitated Europe, and the probable effect of such a treaty on the peace of a Continent is widely discussed. If true, it may be the means of solving the Armenian question by a Russian occupation, and thus restoring peace to that unfortunate country, and a measure of protection to its persecuted people.

ARMENIAN VILLAGERS OF VAN PROVINCE, NEAR THE PERSIAN BORDER.

From various points in Asia Minor, letters have come picturing in the most touching terms, the scenes of misery and destitution that prevail in the provinces of Armenia. All tell the same story, substantially, but with infinite varieties—the sudden descent of the armed Kurds, the ruthless slaughter of men, the abduction and abusing of tender women and girls, and the cruel immolation of innocent little children. Then the pitiful case of the survivors, naked, homeless, and starving. Fortunately the relief measures now at work are accomplishing much toward reducing the misery in some of the cities. The various stations opened by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund with the money generously contributed by its readers, are all doing energetic service, and the good missionaries are distributing relief without the slightest molestation or interference from Turkish officials.

Rev. Judson Smith, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, writes of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund distribution in Armenia:

"We all feel that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD deserves the warmest commendation for the systematic and generous way in which it has sought to bring relief to the distressed in that happy land. Our missionaries there, and especially at Van, have already expressed to you their gratitude for your endeavors, and for the very generous sums which you have been able to remit. I can speak beforehand for those at Erzeroom, Erzinjian, Harpoot, Diarbekir, Mardin, Gemarek, Aintab, Sivas, and Arabkir, to whom now considerable means have been sent by your hand. I trust the good work will continue, and that it may be your privilege to greatly increase the relief thus attempted by the hands of our missionaries. A more appalling disaster has not befallen any people in many years, and there seems to be no source from which relief can more properly come than from our own prosperous, happy land. The missionaries are all delighted to do their utmost in distributing the relief."

A letter received in New York from an Armenian resident on the sea-coast of Cilicia, says:

"The Government has taken away all the arms from the Armenians of Chok Marsovan, who were armed to protect themselves against 15,000 Bashi-Bazouks, who were marching on them. Since then the Turks have reduced to ashes the villages of Engerli and Ojakli, which contained respectively 300 and 250 houses. They have plundered seventy-five houses in the Armenian village of Najarli. They set on fire the houses in the presence of the regular soldiers. Now all the villagers are reduced to the utmost distress. More than 100 farms have been plundered, and many people butchered in the houses and in the gardens. The government of Ardini have falsely telegraphed that peace and order have been restored in this vicinity. After the restoration of the so-called order, seventy Armenians were killed in the presence of the Mutessarif of Jebil and other officials. The Turks have killed the sexton of the church at Chok Marsovan, and turned the church into a barrack for soldiers. The troops are still torturing the innocent Armenians, and asking for more arms. They are trying to collect taxes from people who have nothing, and who are unable even to support their own families."

The massacres have now been going on actively in Armenia for over sixteen months, dating from the terrible slaughter at Sassoun in August and September 1894. In a recent letter published in the London *Times*, a well-informed correspondent says: "A low estimate of those either killed, or now in a state of actual starvation, is half the agricultural population of seven vilayets—275,000, according to Turkish statistics, two-thirds of the starving being women and children. The government is completing its work in the vilayets by reducing the population and the remaining property under the forms of martial law, and by forcing the Armenians to declare themselves Mohammedans. Many have died for their faith, and the greater number are still holding out, dying by inches."

Turkish estimates, which, as can be readily understood, do not magnify the massacres, give the following as the net result of the sanguinary work up to the middle of December:

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Villages destroyed	2,500
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Number reduced to starvation in villages	366,600

That the Sultan is unalterably resolved to refuse recognition to the Red Cross or to permit it as an organization to enter Armenia is evident from a recent cable dispatch in which he declines to admit any organization for relief distribution. This refusal has no reference to the American Board missionaries who are engaged in the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. They have been at their present mission posts for periods ranging from three to ten and even fifteen years, and, besides, are acting as individual agents in the relief work, which they have carried forward thus far with remarkable success and without involving any serious friction with the Turkish authorities.

Resolutions looking to the protection of American citizens in Turkey and asking Europe to act for the prevention of further bloodshed in Armenia have been adopted in both houses of Congress.

While the Armenian persecutions have brought to light many heroes and martyrs, there are thousands of others who have perished in the massacres, whose names deserve to be recorded with those godly men and women who, at different periods of the world's history, have gladly yielded up their lives for the faith. Their heroism has elicited from the missionaries the warmest admiration. Many times, too, have the missionaries themselves been in peril, and on such occasions, when their lives seemed hardly worth a moment's purchase, their fortitude has been stimulated by the simple courage of the native Christians around them.

Not one of the American missionaries deserted his post, not even one of the women missionaries. At Harpoot, the bullets fell thick around them, but they were divinely protected: at Marash, the lady missionaries stood bravely in front of their students in the college, ready to die, if the call came; but they were unharmed. "I thought our time had come," wrote one worthy missionary, afterward, and he added, "and if we were to lay down our lives there, we felt that we would not have chosen it otherwise." But they were preserved for still further duty in the Lord's vineyard, and it is largely due to their humane efforts to-day that any relief work is being done in Armenia at all.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is advised by a letter direct from the field that, for the next month at least, the need will be most urgent. Midwinter has been reached, and many lives have already been saved through the Fund, but to extend relief in quarters where it is just now imperatively needed, necessitates an increase of the Fund's resources.

It is a work that has been laid upon them in the same spirit which moved the Master when he walked on earth feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and comforting the sorrowful. Such a work, we are confident will not be neglected at the hands of the Christian men and women of America. Further remittances from the Fund have been sent to Harpoot and Palu. Contributions to the Fund during the week are acknowledged on page 114 of this issue.

A Great Opportunity.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's book, *The Pathway of Life*, has been heretofore one of the premiums given to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, but the stock having now been entirely exhausted, and our arrangements with the publishers being at an end, and not renewable, we can fill no more orders for that particular book, which has proved remarkably popular with our readers, over 75,000 having been taken. There are still left a limited number of copies of Dr. Talmage's other and most famous work: *From Manger to Throne*, and while these last, one copy each will be sent to *new* subscribers [illegible] months' subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with this premium. When it is once exhausted, this premium cannot be renewed.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Union Gospel Mission and its Labors Among the Non-churchgoers—Consecrated Workers Banded to "Rescue the Perishing."

SEVERAL years ago, a small number of Christian men, some of whom had already been successfully engaged in the service of the Master, and all drawn together by an intense desire to help fallen humanity, founded the Union Gospel Mission in the city of New Orleans. They builded better than they knew, for their work has been greatly blessed and increased, so that to-day the Mission is a potent factor in the moral well-being of that city. Its founders are Messrs. E. A. Vail, who is also its General Manager; H. Bein, the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and H. N. Harrison. The latter, however, has been in active religious work in another field for several years. At its inception, it had associated with its Young Children's side of the work, Mrs. Anna Girard, a most consecrated Christian, who died some years ago. Her place has been filled by Mrs. M. B. Hillyard, who, as Superintendent of the infant school, has, for years been performing the arduous labors of that position, with unflagging zeal and holy usefulness. Upon her has devolved the leadership in the numerous public religious entertainments, which have been given in order to endear the Sunday School to the children, to broaden its usefulness and attract scholars, and which have made the Mission School conspicuous in New Orleans. This lady has organized the Juvenile Temperance Band, a body of young children who take a pledge of abstinence from intoxicants and tobacco, and whose conduct would furnish many instructive and pathetic incidents, had we space to narrate them.

PLATFORM FOR OPEN-AIR SERVICES

The work of the Mission began on April 20, 1890, in open-air meetings. It started in a neighborhood strongly tinctured with Romanism, and, between the hostility they encountered, and the disorderliness of the unruly auditors, the meetings, at one time, were well-nigh abandoned. However, through God's help, the work won its way to the heart of the neighborhood: rancors were appeased, former bitter opponents ceased their mischief and machinations, and the Mission now has many friends among those who were once inimical, and the school numbers among its its attendants many children of Catholic parents, who have learned to appreciate and love whoever feeds their hungry, clothes their naked, sheds the tear of pity at their sorrow, prays at the bedside of their dying loved ones. The brotherhood of Christ has awakened a brotherhood of mankind, and gentle pity has become the solvent of a once bitter and proscriptive sectarianism.

The organization of the Union Gospel Mission originated with Mr. E. A. Vail, who has been for thirteen years in work of this character. He is a converted barkeeper, and owes his awakening to a narrow escape from shipwreck in a storm on Lake Ponchartrain one Sunday, fourteen years ago, when he and a number of companions had gone on a fishing party, in [illegible] direction. In the midst of the storm, he vowed to God that if he would let him reach land in safety, he would [illegible] life. They escaped drowning, and he was faithful to his vow. He sought and obtained pardon, went to work at his vocation of ship-carpentering, at which he earned a good living. But his zeal and consecration spurred him into exclusively religious work, and his life is now devoted entirely to it, renouncing all thought of secular work, and gladly incurring the pains and manifold privations incident to poverty. What has been accomplished was at a cost of much sacrifice on the part of Mr. Vail and his associates. It seems as though God had specially ordained and fitted some of these Christian workers for this special field, for it takes brave hearts for such hardships as have beset their lot. Not only have delicate ladies gone shoeless, and sick ones without medicine in this work, but the amount of labor performed with the means supplied has been something surprising, as the following extracts from a recent report show: The mission has been run four years on a little more than $1,000. Most of this has been disbursed for rent. The total receipts and expenditures have been $1,347.44. Mr. Vail's work represents the distribution of 153,000 religious tracts, 2,130 Bibles and Testaments, 7,892 religious papers, 46 religious books. There have been held 678 services in the little Mission Chapel, at which there has been an attendance of 5,872; 96 open-air meetings, with an aggregate of 18,170 auditors; 256 visits made to the Parish Prison; 77 visits made to the sick; 438 pieces of clothing, hats, caps, and shoes distributed, and 100 house-to-house visits made.

As only a part of Mrs. H. B. Hillyard's work in about three years as Superintendent of the infant class, may be mentioned the following: Number of families visited, 208; number of visits to scholars, 406; number of religious conversations held with various parties visited, 201. Besides, there is a large list, unnoted, of sick members of the infant class visited. Her distribution of tracts for the past year has been very large. She can use to advantage any good religious literature which interested friends may send for the work.

Among one of the many-sided aspects of the Mission, is the attendance of its leading workers at the city jail every Sunday morning, where regular religious services of preaching, prayer, and song are held from 9.30 to 11 A. M., under the conduct of Mr. H. Bein, the joint representative for such occasions of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans and the Union Gospel Mission. There, for some time, every Sunday morning, from twenty-five to fifty copies of the New Testament or the Gospels were distributed, until the supply was exhausted. For over a year not a copy has been given to the prisoners, although many sorely need them. "In many cases," said one of the mission managers, "we can see the fruits of our work at the morning service in the jail: hearts and eyes melted in penitence; sinners converted; fallen women rescued, and homes provided for them. Boys are sent home to distracted parents and good is done to the unfortunate criminal class in many other ways." The workers also watch in sickness, console the bereaved and the dying, hold prayer meetings at the call of the sick and infirm, procure the release of penitent and deserving prisoners, and find them employment. Their aim is to serve and honor the Lord, and to relieve suffering.

THE TEMPERANCE BAND OF THE UNION GOSPEL MISSION, NEW ORLEANS, LA

In the performance of these duties by the Mission workers, frequent scenes of heart-melting pathos have been witnessed. They have had occasion to relieve many cases of destitution by the very poor of New Orleans and in this way have been able to bring a ray of comfort into many homes.

One of the aims of the Mission is to secure larger quarters in order to be able to extend its usefulness in various ways. It needs a home of its own, a chapel for religious services, quarters for its workers, and a temporary shelter for the needy, who often have to go to jail for no crime other than being poor. The Young Men's Christian Association has frequently protested against, and intervened in behalf of, cases of imprisonment for mere poverty. Sometimes the most touching instances of innnocent suffering are found. Men of good character are immured for thirty days or more in squalor, filth, profanity, and crime, for being wet, hungry, friendless, and poor. There is no discrimination. If the Union Gospel Mission had a shelter for some of them, it might take them in

MISSIONARY E. A. VAIL,
Founder of the Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans.

for a day or two, give them a warm bed, and a word of Christian love and pity. The cost of the necessary buildings is estimated at about $10,000, which would include all that is required to make the Mission efficient in every part of of its present field.

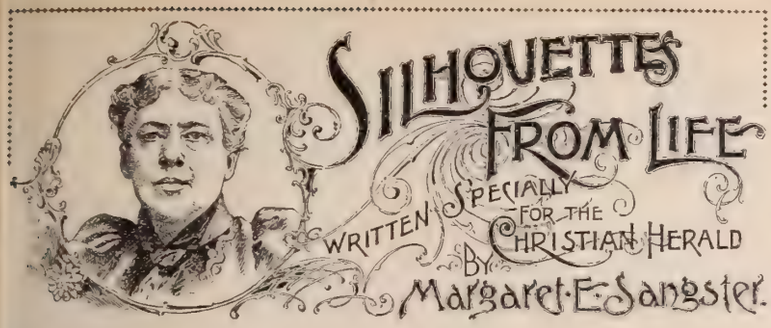
It should be stated that the Union Gospel Mission is distinctly undenominational. Those who are rescued, under its auspices, from lives of sin and induced to lead a new life, join the Christian church of their choice. Its workers, who are banded to rescue the perishing, belong to various denominations; Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Baptist. The work of the Mission is heartily endorsed by all these denominations as the following testimonial shows:

We, the undersigned take pleasure in testifying to the energy and usefulness of the Union Gospel Mission, and cordially commend it to the sympathy and helpful patronage of all evangelical sects. Signed: JOHN T. SAWYER, Pastor Louisiana Ave. M. E. Church; CHAS. A. HYLAND, Pastor 3d Presbyterian Church; GEO. S. EASTON, Pastor St. Charles Ave. M. E. Church; WM. H. LAPRADE, Pastor Carondelet St. M. E. Church; JAMES HERRARD, Gen'l Secretary Y. M. C. A.; W. C. BLACK, Editor New Orleans Christian *Advocate*; D. I. PURSER, Pastor 1st Baptist Church; A. GORDON BAKEWELL, Pastor Trinity Chapel.

The present quarters of the Union Gospel Mission are at No. 7 Keller Row, in the rear of the city, in a very humble neighborhood. Regular services are held on Sunday and on Tuesday and Friday nights. It has no salaried workers and depends wholly upon the approval of God's people for means to prosecute the work, which is one of faith exclusively. Thus far the confidence of its conductors has been fully justified, and they look forward to a future of still greater activity in the Lord's vineyard and to the inbringing of many precious souls.

An Ohio Christian Lady's Work

Four months ago, Mrs. Sherman, a Christian lady of Ashtabula, O., started a Sailor's Mission at Columbus and Bridge streets in that city, which is a large ore or coal-shipping port. In summer, boats to the number of thirty to forty are in port simultaneously. She started the mission in the slums, and forty drunken and vicious men have since been converted. She often finds men without Bibles or Testaments; she could use to advantage a number of old or second-hand Bibles in her work, together with other religious literature. She also does Christian work in the lumber camps and in jails, and has already had much spiritual encouragement



An Endeavor Society of One.

LOUIS SANFORD went thoughtfully home from church one Sunday, lately. The sermon had been on a high plane; the pastor had urged on every one a nobler ideal, a more consistent following of Christ. Louis was naturally self-indulgent and not inclined to put himself out, but somehow that day, Dr. Fair touched a chord which vibrated, and the sermon stuck by his young hearer.

"A Christian Endeavor Society of one!" The phrase lingered and returned to Louis, as sometimes the refrain of a song haunts the memory. He turned a corner, and went home by himself, not a bad thing to do on occasion, for many a sermon's influence is dissipated between the church and the home, by frivolous and inopportune talk, which removes the impression made by the pulpit.

"Louis," said his mother that afternoon, "are you going to your Bible Class? You have not attended very regularly, lately, I am afraid."

Louis was a clerk in a shoe store. His hours were long and he had little time to himself. He was extremely fond of reading, and it had gradually become more or less his habit to devote his Sunday afternoons to the magazines or some fascinating book. His teacher was beginning to fear that he meant to drop the class altogether, and his mother had shared the feeling.

Louis wavered; the volume of travels, not a bad book, and not altogether inappropriate for the Sabbath, since it told of missionary operations abroad, lay near his hand, and had never seemed more inviting. And the class had changed its membership largely. The old fellows were one by one dropping out, and the new set did not appeal to Louis. But, where was duty in the matter? If you belong to an organization are you not bound to stand by your colors? Have you the right to be half-hearted and perfunctory anywhere, and are you not pledged to be faithful wherever you set your name? The questions floated through Louis's mind, but he only said, with a resolute glance at the clock, as he took up his hat and cane, "I am going regularly this year, mother?"

So, a Christian Endeavor Society of one, he went swinging up the street at a brave pace, and it came to pass as he turned a corner, that he met Fred Delancy and Arthur James, who were starting off to the club-house, to see some friends, get their skates, and go to Central Park for the afternoon.

"Where are you going so fast, Louis?" asked Arthur.

"I? Oh! I'm going to Mrs. Ames. I've neglected the old class lately, and I've determined to turn over a new leaf. Come along, boys. You know how her eyes will light up if she sees three of us there to surprise her to-day."

"It will be a surprise and no mistake," answered Fred. "But I vote that we go. Mrs. Ames is jolly, and I used to like Sunday School well enough, though I've rather fallen out of the way of going."

So the Christian Endeavor Society of One, gained two recruits for the class, and did not hurt itself either.

Next evening, Katharine Sanford, Louis's sister, wished to call upon a friend, who lived several blocks off, and with whom Katharine had many things in common. Mrs. Sanford objected to her daughter's making calls after nightfall without an escort, and usually when she proposed anything of the kind, she had to give it up; for Louis, after the manner of many brothers, would say:

"Oh! go in the daytime. Sis. It's an awful bore to make calls when a man's tired after his day's work down-town; I simply can't go with you. If I do go out, I have an engagement in another direction."

Katharine was so accustomed to this sort of treatment, that she was delighted beyond measure when Louis at once and without demur assented to her proposal that they should go to Emmy Stuart's; and her mother, too, looked up with joy and approval, as Louis sweetly and pleasantly, with the courtesy of a true gentleman, went to his room to get ready. They did not know, you see, about the Christian Endeavor Society of One.

A day or two later, in the store, a man that Louis knew pretty well, came in, at a leisure half-hour just after luncheon, and in the course of conversation, spoke sneeringly of the Bible. He was one of those half-taught people, who, having gotten hold of certain catch-words, such as "verbal inspiration," "higher criticism," "modern scholarship" and the like, think they can overthrow the Bible with their penny pop-guns. But the old Book stands like Gibraltar, and never knows a shock from their assaults.

"I wish you wouldn't speak in that way," said Louis, "of the only perfect Book in the world. Till men can give us something better than God has given us in this line, they would best keep hands off."

The man was dumb with astonishment, but was impressed. Modest courage always wins its way. "I didn't know that Louis Sanford was that sort of a man," he said afterwards; "but I do remember now that he is a member of Dr. Fair's church, and I like to see a church member plucky enough to defend the Bible, whatever I think in the matter myself. You see, he may be right. My mother thinks the same way, and once in awhile, I do feel a little ashamed of fighting against my mother's Bible."

"Sanford's a fine fellow," said the other man. "Lately he's been more in earnest than he was awhile ago. I guess he's all right."

So the Christian Endeavor Society of One scored another triumph.

Louis Sanford was not very fond of going to prayer-meetings. He attended occasionally, but any slight excuse was sufficient to detain him on the appointed evening. Now, prayer-meetings are not always equally interesting. They sometimes lack enthusiasm, they have been known to drag. But if every one of us went to the meeting in a consecrated spirit, we would not generally have much to complain about. The trouble is very largely with ourselves, when the hour moves slowly and few take part, though we are apt to blame the leader, and throw the responsibility on the shoulders of the pastor, or the church committee, or the elders and deacons,—anywhere, indeed, except where it belongs, which is much nearer home.

The first prayer-meeting night after Louis's new resolution was a stormy one, and not one which allured a tired man to venture beyond his own doors. But Louis knew that the room would be open, that Dr. Fair would be present, and that neither snow nor sleet would be sufficient to prevent him from fulfilling any other engagement. So, without ado, he set off as the bells began to ring, his sister and brother Walter, who had meant to stay at home, quickly donning their outdoor garments and accompanying him. Arrived at the lecture-room, there was nobody to play the piano, the usual conductor being ill, and Katharine promptly took the vacant place; the Christian Endeavor Society of One again having saved a number of persons from disappointment and embarrassment.

It was, and is, the old story of the power of the unit. We are very prone, in this period, to magnify the influence of organizations, but the strongest organization depends on the fidelity of its membership, man by man. A single frayed link will break a treble-twisted rope. Would there were everywhere, Christian Endeavor Societies of One, to add to the beauty and strength of the noble association to which our chosen and beloved young men and women belong in consecrated bands.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

PRINCELY RUSSIAN HUNTERS LUNCHING IN THE SNOW.

A LUNCHEON IN THE SNOW.

THE Russians are a great hunting nation. They love outdoor sports of all kinds and are well-nigh capable of enduring any fatigue. Among the nobility, hunting the bear, the deer and the wolf is a favorite pastime. On such occasions, it not infrequently happens that ladies accompany the hunters, and some of the *grand dames* of the Court at St. Petersburg are intrepid horsewomen, and daring cross-country riders. Our illustration on this page is reproduced from a photograph taken after a bear hunt near St. Petersburg, which was arranged by Prince Youssonpoff for the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir Alexandrovitch. The weather was intensely cold. The Grand Duke killed two bears, one weighing twelve and the other fourteen poods. In the photograph, the Grand Duchess has to the right the French Ambassador, the Comte de Montebello, and to the left Prince Liechtenstein, the Austrian Ambassador; opposite to her is the Grand Duke, with the Princess Youssonpoff on the right and Madame Paulucci on the left. Ordinarily, a luncheon in the snow, with the mercury down the freezing point, would hardly be considered an attractive affair, but the hardy hunters, fur-clad and booted, and warmed by exercise, make nothing of the weather. Indeed, they rather seem to enjoy it as it sharpens the appetite and gives a zest to the repast that is seldom found at a royal banquet.

A Missionary Heroine.

COL. J. A. COCKERILL, writing from Tokyo, Japan, to the New York *Herald*, tells the story of a noble Christian missionary, Miss Eliza Talcott, who has served the Master for twenty years in that country. She is the daughter of an American farmer, and began work as a missionary in Japan in 1873. Miss Talcott's place of work was Kobe, now a city of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, then numbering about one-fifth as many, and here she became the organizer and head of the first Bible school opened by her mission, which has grown into the Kobe College, with well-appointed buildings.

After a time she turned the educational work over to others and devoted herself to work for women in Okayama, one hundred miles west of Kobe. Here she lived and worked for nearly ten years, and had no small part in helping to build up a large and strong church, besides doing good work in the country around. She was called away to Kyoto, where she had charge of the moral and religious training of the nurses and was a comforter and friend to the patients in the hospital, thus having a direct preparation for her work in the military hospitals at Hiroshima, where she went soon after the beginning of the war.

She is one of those Christians who would convince the most hardened unbeliever that there is a power in Christian faith, for her complete unselfishness and devotion to the good of others are evidently the fruit of her devotion to Christ, and the practical fruits of it are such as no one can deny or despise. Probably no one in this mission has so wide an influence as she among the Japanese, for not only the women regard her with the highest esteem and affection, but many men of influence receive her suggestions with respect. According to the latest quarterly report of the Bible Societies Committee, 86,255 copies of the Scriptures were sold in Japan in the last quarter of 1895.

Weariness.

"Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Isaiah 38: 14.

LORD, with a very tired mind
I seek thy face;
Thy shadowing wing alone can be
My resting-place.
Oh, let the everlasting arms,
Around me thrown,
My secret sanctuary be
From ills unknown.

Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
None else may see;
For thou appointest every grief
That chastens me!
And I may plead with thee, my God,
For patient strength,
That this thy discipline of love
Bear fruit at length.

I need not fear to tell thee all,
My heavenly Friend,—
Of conflict, longing, vague unrest,—
Thou sett'st the end:
And thou wilt lead my weary feet
From world-worn ways,
Through paths of everlasting peace,
To calmer days.

Lord! dwell within my heart, and fill
Its emptiness;
Set thou its hope above the reach
Of earthliness;
Baptize its love, through suffering,
Into thine own,
And work in me a faith that rests
On Christ alone.

—MARY KENT ADAMS STONE.

Helping the Newsboys.

Harry McKnight, who is known in Philadelphia as "The Newsboys' Friend," and who is Vice-President of the National Association of Newsboys, of Washington, D. C., is preparing to organize a branch among the newsboys of New York. The object of the Association is to do missionary work among the street gamins. While looking after the spiritual welfare of the boys, the Association arranges for their support during sickness, and befriends them in many other ways. The Newsboys' Sunday School Mission in Philadelphia has been a pronounced success. The New York headquarters will be at the Florence Mission, on Bleecker Street, for the present.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Peace, be Still.

ENGLAND has not always acted kindly toward this nation; bnt what is the use of keeping the old grudge good while it is certain that England and the United States stand side by side to-day in the great cause of civilization and Christianity? When England is humiliated, the Church of God and the cause of Christ are humiliated. Look at her churches, her Bible and Missionary societies, her universities. Look at her throne, the purest in Europe, if not in all the world. The girl Victoria, kneeling with her ecclesiastic adviser in prayer, on the night before her coronation, made vows to God and promises to England, not one of which has she ever broken. Her sorrows have been the world's sorrows; her bereavements the world's bereavements. The fact is that the most we can do in this crisis of the world's history is to implore God to arise for the safety of his Church, for the deliverance of the captives, for the downfall of despotism, for the ransom of all nations. Let sin perish and Christ reign. Though the plowshare of battle cut through from St. George's Channel to China Sea, Christ shall have all the dominion, and all the power, and all the glory, world without end.

Home Life.

IT is hardly possible that a business man should be thriftless if he has a companion always ready to encourage and assist him—ready to make sacrifices until his affairs may allow him opportunity for luxuries. Hundreds of fortunes that have been ascribed to the industry of man bear upon them the mark of a wife's hand. Want of domestic economy has ruined many a fine business. I have known a delicate woman strong enough to carry off her husband's store on her back and not half try! I have known men running the gauntlet between angry creditors while the wife was declaring large and unprecedented dividends among millinery [illegible] men, as the saying goes, with their nose to the grindstone and their wives most vigorously turning the crank. Solomon said a good wife is from the Lord, but took [illegible] other kind comes from. I have seen men who, at the marriage altar, thought they [illegible] than Cuba, who found out afterward that they got only an album and a medicine chest. Many a man, weary under misfortune, has been held up by a wife's arm, a wife's prayer, a wife's decision; while many a man in comfortable circumstances has his life pestered out of him by a shrew who meets him at night at the door, dragging out the children whom she had promised a flogging, as soon as the old man came home to the scene of domestic felicity. There are husbands of women who are the joy and adornment of our American homes, combining with elegant taste in the arts and accomplishments which our best seminaries and highest style of literature can bestow upon them, an industry and a practicality which always insure domestic happiness and prosperity. As Alexander the Great with pride showed the Persian princes garments made by his own mother, so they can show you the triumphs of their adroit womanly fingers. They are as graceful in the kitchen as in the parlor; if need be, they go there. They know, without asking the housekeeper, the difference between a washtub and a filter. They never sew on a coat a liquorice drop for a black button. They never mistake a bread-tray for a cradle. Boarding schools are necessities of society, but there are seminaries for young ladies which, instead of sending their students back to their homes with good sense as well as diplomas, dispatch them with manners and behavior far from civilized. With the promptness of a police officer they arraign their old-fashioned grandfather for murdering the king's English. Staggering down late for breakfast they excuse themselves in French phrase. The young men who were her best friends when she left the farm-house for the city school, come to greet her home again, with a broad English which does not properly sound the "R" or mince the "S." Coming home with heath gone, her father paid the tuition bill, but nature had handed in the following account:

MISS OBELETTA ANGELINA, to MADAME NATURE, Dr.
To one year's neglect of exercise ..... 15 chills
To eight nights of late retiring, 75 twitches of the nerves
To months of improper diet.... A lifetime dyspepsia
Added up, making in all an exhausted system, chronic neuralgia, and a couple of fits.

Call in Dr. Pillsbury and uncork the camphor bottle; but it is too late, and what an adornment such an one will be to the house of some young merchant or lawyer or mechanic! Let the briefs come never so rapidly into the office, let the goods find never so ready a sale, let the sheaves come never so rapidly into the barn, that man will be a drudge while he lives and a drudge when he dies.

Share and Share Alike.

THE worst family feuds are created by inequalities of inheritance. It is often the case that one of the family coddles the old gentleman in his last days, makes mustard plasters for him, keeps his catnip tea hot, turns up his coat collar, runs the fingers through his gray locks, saying how fine they look, and tucks in the covers after he has gone to bed, with reference to the inheritance; so that the fondler of the old man gets paid for his services at the rate of about one hundred dollars per mustard plaster and fifty dollars per tuck. Partiality on your part is a sin against God as well as against your children, except in those cases where through physical or mental defect it is evident that a child will be less able to help himself. In that case, let there be more inheritance rather than less. If your children start life with two hands and two feet and a healthy brain, they have a grand fortune to start with. Look out for those who enter the battle of life already maimed. If there be any favoritism, let it be in that direction. It was to the everlasting honor of John Jacob Astor that his imbecile son has, through his father's provision, all his life been waited on like a prince. If you want all your children to revere your memory when you are dead, and [illegible] down your name with honor to other generations, let them on that solemn day when, after the obsequies have passed, the family are called together to hear the will read—let them hear the significant phraseology: "My children are to share and share alike, and the children of my deceased son to have in full what would have been their father's portion." The Surrogate's record of wills is often the story of appalling injustice. "George, what makes you work so hard and drudge away all your strength? I thought your father left a fine property." "Oh yes," you say; "he did, but Bill got it."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. R. C., Egremont Plain, Mass., writes:

I am pleased and more than pleased with the Bible premium. We have perhaps a dozen Bibles, but the print is too small for my eyes, as I am seventy-six years old, or they are so large they are inconvenient to handle. But this is just what I want. It is a pleasure to show it and the paper to neighbors.

J. H., Akron, O. Did Christ's injunction to Peter (Luke 22: 32), "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren," imply that he was not then converted?

The word rather implies restored than converted in the sense in which is now used. When Peter repented he was received not as a converted man but as a backslider sorry for his fall. The descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, to which you refer, was not to convert but to give special power for service.

Mrs. M. S., Plymouth, Mich. Do you turn over your funds for the Armenians to the Red Cross Society, when Clara Barton enters upon the work? I hold funds—now in trust—for that object and wait a little to know where best to send them.

There is no certainty that the Red Cross will be admitted in Armenia, Turkey, having refused permission. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund is cabled through the American Board weekly to Constantinople and thence sent to its missionaries in the interior. Ten relief stations have already been opened by the Fund. All moneys sent to us are applied directly in this way.

In a letter from San Andres, U. S. of Colombia, S. A., D.M.H., a reader, says:

I am reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD daily. I am sixty-four years old and have been a sailor since I was thirteen. Am a native of Holland and a citizen of the United States, and am now residing on the island of San Andres, doing what I can for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. We have in our church about three hundred members, many of them live members in Christ, though some are dead members. But I feel that the spirit is here and expect a revival soon.

L. A. Hart, Cowlesville, N. Y. I would very much like to have you tell us something of Miles Standish.

Captain Standish is mentioned frequently in the published accounts of the experiences of the Pilgrim fathers who came over on the *Mayflower*. He was Governor Bradford's bravest and most trusted military leader, and distinguished himself in the wars against the savages, who would have exterminated the little colony. Longfellow has immortalized in verse the story of the doughty Captain's courtship of "Priscilla, the Puritan Maiden," by proxy, John Alden being chosen for that delicate mission.

How is it that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can establish Relief Stations for the Armenians, when the Sultan has refused to tolerate the Red Cross?

Our relief stations have been established by co-operation with the American Board, at points where it has missionaries. These missionaries have been at their posts for years, and being known to the Turkish authorities and to the people, are not objected to as distributors of relief. The objection to the admission of the Red Cross would probably have been the same had any other outside organization proposed to enter the country. Newcomers are not desired by the Ottoman government.

D. A. B., Cressona., Pa., and others. Why did Paul forbid women speaking in church. (See 1. Cor. 14: 34, 35.)

It was necessary at that time. In Corinth there was a tendency to conduct which was regarded as immodest. Women were in subjection and there was a great deal of immorality in the city. If in the newly organized Christian church women had come to the front and taken a prominent part in the proceedings it would have caused scandal and reproach, and would have done the church irreparable injury. There is no good reason for thinking that Paul intended his prohibition to apply to all lands and for all time.

Mrs. H. L. Magie. Was there a Pope during the first three centuries of the Christian Era, that is, before Constantine came to the throne?

In the Roman Almanac, *Gerarchia Cattolica*, the chronological record of the Popes begins with St. Peter, his term as Pontiff extending from A. D., 42 to 67. The claim, of course, is purely a formal one, made for the sake of tracing the Pontifical authority back to apostolic time, and it is not recognized by unbiased chroniclers. The history of the Church of Rome during the first century is obscure, but that church even to-day puts forward the claim of a long traditional line of Pontiffs from Peter to Sixtus III, (1 A.D. to 440 A.D.) It is unquestioned that during the first three centuries there was a gradually increasing tendency to concede to the Roman Church, and later to the Bishop of Rome, an honorary supremacy and an extended jurisdiction, but the Ecumenical Council of Nice (325) made merely an incidental reference to the Bishop of Rome, while it conferred upon the Bishops of Antioch and Alexandria metropolitan rights in their provinces, "the same as belongs to the Bishop in Rome." The first Pope in the proper sense of the title was Leo I (440-461, A.D.)

W. W., Chicago, Ill. Is the payment of tithes obligatory in the Christian dispensation as it was under the Jewish?

The Christian is not under law. At the time the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles the question was raised as to their being required to obey the law and there was a council of the Apostles in which it was discussed. The decision is given Acts 15: 28, 29. Certain things necessary in existing circumstances were enjoined and no other burden was laid on the new converts. There is consequently no Scriptural law of tithe. But it cannot be said that there is no obligation. The Christian would show a poor appreciation of his better privileges if he did not give to God as much as the Jew did. His offering is voluntary but his own conscience would tell him that a tenth is the minimum rate.

Wm. T. Summers, Louisville, Ky. Was the raising of the brazen serpent Num 21: 9, a violation of the command against making images Ex. 20: 4, and was it not liable to lead to image worship?

It was eventually worshipped. In II. Kings 18: 4, there is the record of Hezekiah breaking it to pieces because the people persisted in burning incense to it. Moses, however, was not responsible for that result. The history in Numbers states explicitly that he was acting in obedience to God's command in making the brazen serpent. The law in Exodus was directed against the making of images obviously because of this tendency. The reference Christ made to it in his talk with Nicodemus shows that the general understanding of it in that day was that it was a test of faith. The people were not intended to worship it, but to look at it, that is to apply a means of cure which would seem to them utterly inadequate. Their obedience would show whether they believed or not.

J. T. D., St. Clere, Kan. 1. Can people be baptized into repentance now as they were in the time of John the Baptist? 2. Is there any authority for observing Sunday as the Sabbath?

1. A person who has repented of his sins and has accepted Christ as his Saviour can be baptized now and any Baptist minister will willingly perform the ceremony. If you mean to ask whether repentance can come by baptism we answer, no. Nor could it in John the Baptist's time. With him baptism was the outward expression of the inward change which had already taken place. The people were not baptized that they might repent, but because they had repented and the rite indicated the cleansing or washing away that had occurred. It was a declaration of an intention to forsake sin. 2. Sunday is not kept as the Sabbath but as the Lord's Day. The early Christians kept holy a seventh part of their time as the Jews did, but they observed Sunday instead of Saturday in celebration of Christ's resurrection. Orthodox Jews still observe Saturday but the Christian the world over shows his love and reverence for his Lord by honoring the day when he rose from the dead. He does not give it to rest as the Jew did his Sabbath, but to sacred activity in his Lord's service.

W. McV. It would be sharp practice of which a Christian should not be guilty.——S.P.H., Chicago. 1. Too vague and indefinite for popular acceptation. 2. A Theosophist who made the declaration you write and who lived up to it would be a Christian not a Theosophist. 3. Same answer applies. Christianity crucifies self and spends itself on others. It is sacrifice for others, and reaches out in all avenues of helpfulness which no other religion does.——A. D., N. Y. The Ten Commandments are in Exodus 20.——A.S.B., Chicago, Ill. 1. Yes, still good. 2. Send us a list of the misprints with your address.——Mrs. H. W. D., Wymore, Neb. This Government will not interfere.——W. A. B., Virginia. Many have already come here.——H. G. B., Reynolds, Neb. It means the "year of our Lord."——Mrs. H. L. S., Charlotte, Mich. We have many similar demands from other quarters.——Mr. and Mrs. F. J. D., Coolidge, Kan. Write to Rev. Judson Smith, American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston.——Subscriber, Sedalia, Mo. No premiums can be given when commission is asked. Premiums, however, can be sent to any and all who subscribe through you or otherwise.——Mrs. C. F. H., Port Chester. As a rule they are, with few exceptions, in the category of vanities and worldly pleasures, that obstruct spiritual growth.——Thos. W. H., Sutherland, Fla. You have been misinformed. He made a public statement over a year ago giving all the facts.——W. C., Le Sieur, Minn. They never were.——Reader, Bloomington, Ind. Write to the Medical Journal, New York.——Subscriber, Williamsport, Ind. Consult a veterinary surgeon.——Mrs. E. F. H., New Milford, Conn. The hymn is entitled, "Jehovah Isidkenu" (The Lord is my Righteousness), and is to be found in many of the old collections of thirty years ago.——G. T. T., Apollo, Pa. We have no means of supplying the information. Better write to Yale College about it.——Old Subscriber, Bowmanville, Ont.——Reader, Cleveland, O. 1. You can get the information by applying to the Custodian of the Army Records, Washington, D. C. 2. The legend states that when he had in a cave a spider which had web across the cave's mouth, deceiving pursuers who believed that nobody could have entered without destroying the web.——L. A. H., Oregon City, Ore. Because they have been prosecuted and denied the benefit of free religion, even their priests being suppressed.——F. F. D., Menominie, Wis. You have been totally misinformed.——Mrs. J. W. S. We never heard of the institution you mention.——W. C. I., Viola, Del. 1. No, there is still an album and supply. 2. Guelph. 1. We cannot give the information asked in your letter.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Relics of Ancient Egypt.

CABLE dispatches from Cairo report discoveries of extreme interest to Egyptologists. Mr. Jacques de Morgan, the Director General of Antiquities, has succeeded in clearing away several feet of the oil and sand in which the bases of the pillars of the great Temple at Karnak were imbedded. The floor of the Temple is still six feet below the surface. The alluvial deposits brought by the Nile have been undisturbed for thirteen hundred years, and the work of clearing them away will occupy still a long time to come. On this page is a picture of one part of the Temple as it appears now that the lower part of the columns is laid bare. There are still standing 134 of these beautiful columns, rich in sculpture and bearing inscriptions of inestimable value to historians. It is necessary to proceed with the work with extreme caution, as in some instances the bases of the pillars have crumbled, and unless they are repaired they are liable to fall with the immense monolithic blocks which rest upon them. It is believed that Seti I., whose cartouche is the oldest yet found in the Temple, was not its builder, but that it dates back to Amenophis III., who reigned about fifteen hundred years before Christ. It was a magnificent pile, covering three acres. Besides the columns there were two hundred sphinxes, and long and stately flights of steps leading into the various courts of the Temple. The walls were covered with hieroglyphics and bas-relief sculptures of great beauty, delicately chiselled and vividly colored. One of these exquisite bas-reliefs is shown in the lower panel of our illustrations. It represents the heathen goddess Isis, whose tears, according to the myth, caused the overflow of the Nile. She is pictured holding on her knees her son, Horus, who in Egyptian mythology represents the sun and the three great planets. Two-thirds of the chief wall on which the bas-reliefs are cut was thrown down by an earthquake near the beginning of our era, and the work of devastation was carried further by the Persian army of Cambyses, but sufficient remains to indicate the subjects the bas-reliefs were designed to commemorate. They relate to the conquests of Seti I. in Western Asia and Sheshank I. in Palestine. We may therefore conclude, if as is now generally believed, Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the Oppression, that this Temple must have been in its glory when Moses was being educated in Egypt, and that his eyes must have rested on the sculptures now laid bare. The present desolation is a striking fulfilment of the prophecy pronounced against Egypt in the days of its power:

I will make the land waste and all that is therein by the hand of strangers. . . . I will also destroy all the idols and I will cause their images to cease. (Ezek. 30: 13).

BAS-RELIEF AND COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

Judicially Dead.

A suit to compel the revoking of a declaration of death has just been tried in New Jersey. It arose out of the partition of an estate. Under the terms of a will of a wealthy furniture-dealer, who died recently in Jersey City, it was necessary to have all the heirs appear in court before the property could be divided. One son of the deceased was absent and had not been heard from in eleven years. He left his wife and home in 1884, went West and had not written to her since. No one else had seen or heard from him and the general impression was that he was dead. Application was accordingly made to have him declared dead, under a law which gives the Court power to declare a man dead who has not been heard of for seven years. The declaration was made and a day was set for the partition of the estate. But on the day appointed, a telegram was presented from the missing man, who had heard in San Francisco of what had been done. The case was postponed to await his arrival. He duly appeared in Court a few days ago, with witnesses who identified him. It was necessary to bring a formal suit to have the court-record of his death revoked and this having now been done, the estate will be divided and the man will get his share. It is not so with the heavenly inheritance. He who will enjoy that is glad to be able to say:

I am dead to the law that I might live unto God. Gal. 2: 19.

A Hermit Politician.

The inauguration of the new Governor of New Jersey has incidentally led to a family reunion. A press dispatch from Blairstown, N. J., reports that after the inauguration a citizen of that place went to his home from which he had been absent nearly thirty years. In the fall of 1865 he took an active part in the campaign for Marcus L. Ward who was a candidate for the Governorship. He was a personal friend of Ward, and worked day and night to secure his election. He was deeply chagrined when his candidate was defeated. His wife belonged to the opposite party. She came of a family conspicuous in politics and always on the same side. During the canvass he had been vexed at the knowledge that her sympathies were not with him but with his foes. His sons and daughter also were opposed to him through their mother's influence. In his chagrin at the result of the election, he could not bear to live at home where there was general satisfaction over the issue at the polls. He bought some timber and went out into the woods and there built himself a hut. He furnished it and removed his personal belongings to it. His wife visited him and begged him to return but he would not. He declared he would never live at home again until he had seen a Governor of his own political party inaugurated. He kept his word. For nearly thirty years he has made the hut in the woods his home and has not slept under the same roof as his family. Last fall a Governor of his party was elected and he went to Trenton the other day to witness the inauguration ceremony. At its close, he did not return to his hut in the woods, but went to his home where he received a warm welcome. Probably when he was married he had no idea that the difference between his own political affiliations and those of his wife would ever involve so much pain and so long a separation. It doubtless seemed to him unimportant in those days. So a religious difference often appears to young people which, as in the case of John Wesley, results in lifelong irritation and distress. They are wise who follow the Apostolic advice:

Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers: for . . . what communion hath light with darkness? (2. Cor. 6: 14.)

The Law of Foundations.

Few owners of property in New York were aware until last week of the existence of a law which affects their interests. The Superintendent of Buildings called attention to it in his testimony before the Supreme Court Commission which is making an inquiry in connection with the Rapid Transit scheme. He said that under the existing law, if any person having a foundation dug, found that his neighbor's wall did not go down ten feet below the line of the pavement, the neighbor would have to be at the risk and cost of whatever work was necessary to secure its safety. If the foundation was a clear ten feet down, then the responsibility and expense of underpinning, or shoring up, fell upon the person erecting the new building adjoining it; but if it fell short of that depth by only a few inches, he was not responsible for any injury that might come to the dwelling from his own excavation. The owner may be put to a very heavy expense if, when his property was built, the foundations were not sunk as deep as the law required. He must, if occasion to excavate arises, not only make good the original defect, but go down as deep as may be required by the depth of his neighbor's excavation. The same principle is often seen working in our lives. Negligence or wrong doing in early life may be pleasant or profitable at the time, but the penalty exacted later far outweighs the advantage that was gained. Many have learned by experience how true was the warning of the wise king, to an offender who congratulated himself on escaping detection that ultimately

He shall restore seven fold: he shall give all the substance of his house. (Prov. 6: 31.

A Juvenile Feud.

The report of a serious injury to a boy appears in a New Jersey journal. In the northeastern district of Paterson, known as Weavertown, from the fact of silk weavers having first settled it, a large crowd of boys fell to fighting. Some of them came from another part of the city to which the name of Hogtown is derisively given. These had gone to Weavertown for the purpose of fighting, and finding themselves outnumbered by the Weavertown boys, they sent to their own section for reinforcements. A contingent promptly responded, and one of the boys brought an air-gun. The fight was renewed on their arrival, and was carried on vigorously for over an hour. Sticks and stones were used, and there were several hand-to-hand fights with bare knuckles. Meanwhile the boy with the gun was carrying on a bombardment. Suddenly the cry was raised that some one was shot. A boy who was on the outskirts of the crowd watching the fight, but taking no part in it, was struck in the eye by a bullet. The invading contingent seeing him fall, and fearing he was killed, ran off the field to their own section of the city, and the Weavertown boys carried the wounded boy to a physician to have his injuries attended to. He was not dangerously hurt but will probably lose the sight of his eye. It appears that the feud of which this fight was an episode, has continued for fifteen years, the rival factions being recruited by new boys as the combatants dropped out on growing to manhood. The strange feature of the trouble is that no one knows in what the feud originated. It is much to be wished that the boys had more sense than to perpetuate a feud the very origin of which is forgotten, but such folly is not peculiar to boys. It is often necessary to remind grown men and even Christians of different denominations that

The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men. II. Timothy 2: 24.

BRIEF NOTES.

At the Bowery Mission on Sunday, Jan. 26, there was a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. There were a large number of persons seeking salvation. No less than one hundred and twenty-four made profession of faith.

The Sympathy of the Whole Christian Community will be with Mr. D. L. Moody in the recent bereavement he has sustained in the death of his aged mother. Mrs. Betsey Moody, who was greatly beloved and familiarly known to everyone in Northfield, Mass., as "Grandma" Moody, passed away peacefully on Sunday, January 26. She had no sickness and was conscious to the last, death coming as the result of extreme old age. Mrs. Moody was born in 1805.

The Prohibitionists of Toronto have Won a victory at the polls. Of the twelve candidates for municipal office they supported, eight were elected.

Mr. Moody has Commenced a Series of meetings in Philadephia. The total attendance at the opening services in Grace Baptist Temple at the morning and evening services was 10,090.

Mr. Francis E. Leupp, the New Indian Commissioner nominated by President Cleveland, was formerly agent of the Indian Rights Association of Washington, and is a sincere and energetic friend of the Indians.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society of New York will be glad to receive parcels of books or periodicals for distribution in the hospitals and prisons if sent prepaid to the offices of the society, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South Has lost an eminent and much venerated leader in Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, who died at his home in Oxford, Ga., on Jan. 19. The Bishop was in his fifty-seventh year, and had been a Bishop twenty-three years.

According to Figures Issued by Dr. C. C. Mc Cabe, the Methodist Church has gained since 1883 no less than 6,388 churches. The total number is now 25,129. The number of sittings provided by those additional churches is 1,800,000. The total membership is now 2,715,145.

General Booth, when in South Africa, had a long interview with the President of the Transvaal Republic, and was much impressed by his simplicity. He found the President "quite of a religious turn of mind, and rejoiced to know that he frequently preached at Johannesburg."

Statistics Compiled by the Editor of the *Missionary Herald*, show that the number of stations in heathen lands occupied by Protestant missionaries now reaches 5,055 with 17,813 out-stations. Of these 993 stations and 4,911 out-stations are occupied by American missionaries. There are 37 missionary societies in this country, which have sent out in all 3,512 missionaries, of whom 2,043 were women.

A Remarkable Religious Awakening has Occurred at Niagara Falls, N. Y., under the preaching of Evangelist W. E. Geil, of Doylestown, Pa. Rev. Albert S. Bacon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, informs us that over six hundred cards were signed by persons seeking salvation. It is estimated that the audiences in the Old Armory were over 1500 every night of the evangelist's stay.

The American Congregational Church Building Society at its recent annual meeting reported receipts for the year of $106,000, a sum larger than that of the previous year. One hundred and thirty-nine churches have been erected during the year, an increase of twenty-two, and forty-two parsonages. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, in this city, was elected President to succeed the late Dr. William M. Taylor.

The Evangelistic Meetings held on Monday afternoons in Cooper Union, New York, have been crowded each week. On Monday, Jan. 26, it was proposed that a daily meeting should be held, and the funds to meet the necessary expenses were at once subscribed. This week, therefore, there is a meeting every day, at three o'clock, in the large hall of the Institute, preceded by a short out-door service in Astor Place, at the base of the Cox statue.

An Interesting Young People's Convention is to be held in Los Angeles, Cal., February 28 to March 1. It will be composed of the Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues and Baptist Unions of Southern California which have combined their forces to make the Convention mutually helpful. Several eminent speakers from the East have promised to attend and take part in the proceedings. Such a combination is a very hopeful sign, and we hope the Convention will prove a complete success.

Ashanti's Fallen Kingdom

Once Notorious for its Heathen Sacrifices, now Subjugated by British Invasion—King Prempeh's Court.

ASHANTI, one of the native kingdoms of West Africa, lying contiguous to the Abanta and Fanti countries, which border on the Gold Coast, has once more been the scene of armed invasion by a European power. The Ashantis were originally a great and powerful people, whose territory reached to the seaboard. In 1826 they were driven inland, and afterward, King Koffee Kalcalli invaded several parts of the British Protectorate, made an attack upon Fantiland, in which Cape Coast Castle is situated, and held several Europeans prisoners. This was the occasion of a second Ashanti war, in 1873-4, which was conducted by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The warriors of Koffee were defeated, Coomassie, the Ashanti capital, was burned, and the captives were released. The well-known traveler, Mr. H. M. Stanley, then a war correspondent, accompanied the British expedition, and thus described the capital:

Coomassi was a town insulated by a deadly swamp. A thick jungly forest—so dense that the sun seldom pierced the foliage, so sickly that the strongest fell victims to the malaria it cherished—surrounded it to a depth of one hundred and forty miles seaward, many hundred miles east, as many more west, and one hundred miles north. Through this forest and swamp, unrelieved by any novelty or a single pretty landscape, the British army had to march one hundred and forty miles, leaving numbers behind sick of fever and dysentery. Five days' hard fighting ended the march, and Coomassi was at the mercy of the conquerors to sack and burn to the ground. When this work was done, the commander of the force was compelled to march his soldiers back again to the sea, to save the remnant from perishing by flood and disease."

Coomassi was soon built again, and the present king, Prempeh, a mere youth, was called to the throne. He has followed the policy of his predecessor, toward Europeans generally and the British in particular, and this with other reasons, afforded the provocation for the recent expedition which has resulted in the fall of his capital and the capture of the king in person, by an English force under Sir Francis Scott.

Our illustrations are from photographs specially procured for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One presents a view of the principal street or thoroughfare in Agogo, a town of Ashanti, with some of the natives grouped on either side. Near the lower end of the street is a tree which [illegible] under its shady branches rested as prisoners a missionary, Mr. Ramseyer, his wife, and their emaciated child, while awaiting the decision of the King of Coomassie as to their fate. This was in 1869. Another photograph shows a missionary telling the story [illegible] chief, who sits under a State canopy in the [illegible] place of the village. In such a case, a missionary may find himself face to face with the chief man of a tribe, or possibly of a nation, and if he can seize the opportunity and ask them to cease their debate for a moment, he will then proceed to lay before them from the Evangelists the story of the Gospel of Jesus. His position at such a time may be one of peril, and it requires tact as well as eloquence to command their respect and hold their attention.

The recent invading expedition advanced overland to the capital, which lies beyond the river Prah at the rear of the British Gold Coast Colony a distance of less than 150 unless, but which was estimated to occupy fifteen to twenty days' laborious marching through a most unhealthy country. There was little difficulty in overcoming the resistance offered by King Prempeh's forces. What disposition will be made of the monarch and his territory is yet undecided.

Ashanti in former years was one of the most savage and barbarous of Africa's many petty principalities. Coomassi stands on the side of a rocky hill, surrounded by malarious swamps, which in the rainy season especially are hotbeds of fever. It had a population of about 30,000, though the natives say that it contains about 100,000 people. Just outside is the famous burial place of the Ashanti Kings—a very curious barbaric form of Westminster Abbey. Their religion is a system of fetish worship which entails great cruelties on the people, and ministers to the love of needless bloodshed which is so strong a characteristic of the race. One of the objects of the present expedition was to put a stop to human sacrifices, a custom which has been practised by the Ashantis for generations. A description of the pit into which the dead bodies are thrown was given by a Mr. Brackenbury, who took part in a former expedition. He says: "We saw a large open space, an acre or more in size—a dried-up pond it might be, for there are signs as of a hollow, now filled up with human skulls and skeletons, on the top of which lie bodies, bloated, swollen, discolored, loathsome. Never a day passes but that foul grave demands fresh victims; never a night that the king does not offer fresh human sacrifices."

A MISSIONARY PREACHING TO THE COURT OF AN ASHANTI KING.

How many more victims may have been thrown into that pit of sacrifice during the twenty years since that description was penned!

Although Missionaries Ramseyer and Kuhne of the Basle Mission labored for sometime in Ashanti, no regular missions have been established in that country. The people are wholly under the power of fetichism, and the priests and sorcerers rule with despotic sway. While war is an evil, the present expedition may have one good result: it may draw the attention of mis[illegible] people and may send them the glorious Gospel.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its [illegible] articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the [illegible] of God's people.

The Missionaries in Turkey.

They Had No Thought of Deserting Their Posts in Time of Danger.

REV. W. A. FARNSWORTH, an American missionary at Cesarea, but now on a visit to the United States, writing on the frightful massacres in Asiatic Turkey, asks the question: "Ought the missionaries in the most seriously disturbed parts of Turkey to leave their stations? Three years ago the writer felt that he was living over a powder magazine. The explosions, though long delayed, have at length come, and they have proved to be far worse than our fears. The future is ominous. Ought the missionaries to seek for places of greater safety?

THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN AGOGO, ASHANTI.

"My daughter with five of my grandchildren has, for weeks, been living in constant fear of an attack from a murderous horde of freebooters. Ought she with those dear children to seek safety by going where she and they can be protected by the Stars and Stripes? I am glad that she does not ask me that question. She asks it only of the Master who has placed her there. No doubt he will enable her to answer it aright. Neither she nor any other one in all these smitten regions has, so far as I know, seriously doubted what the duty of the hour is.

"Has there ever been a time when the missionaries in Turkey could do so much for the good of the people for whom they are there as they can at just this time? Not to mention the great relief work that they are doing at Trebizond, at Van, at Harpoot, and at every station indeed where the massacres have occurred, their very presence is both a comfort and a protection to very many afflicted, frightened, suffering people. Take the case of Talas, a suburb of Cesarea. No massacre has occurred there, but the fear is so great that some sixty women have fled to the mission premises, and there they are engaged in making garments for those who, in neighboring villages, have been left by marauders almost if not entirely naked. In the same place where these women are assembled two American ladies have boarding-school for girls, with some sixt pupils. One of these ladies has been work for more than a quarter of a centu building up that school. Had these left Talas when they saw the cyclone destruction about to sweep down, wou it not have struck Talas? What wou have been the fa of

these women? What that of these sch girls? What the future of that school

"We dare not say that these women not acting in the wisest way by remaini at their posts and grappling bravely w the peculiar duties that the times lay u them. This is their supreme opportuni To have lost it would have been a cala ity. The same is true of that brave M Brewer, of Sivas, who nobly wrested an Arm ian woman from the m So with Mrs. Coffing a her associates at Hadj So of Mrs. Montgomery a Miss Webb at Adana. with one brave wom away off in Mesopotan These are the great opp tunities of their lives nobly are they meet them. If, all things c sidered, it is wiser t these single ladies and e the mothers with their c dren remain at their po surely there can be no do as to the men. Take case of Mr. Wingate, on the younger and less perienced of the missio ies. Only he and M Burrage were in the city Cesarea on the fearful of November, all others ing in Talas, where we h our Girls' Boarding-Sch

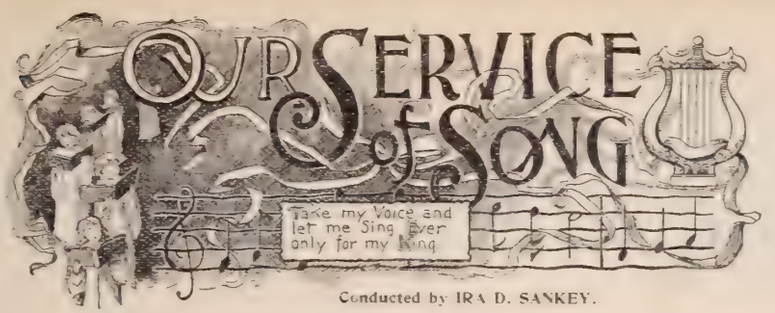
"A letter speaking of massacre says: 'Mr. Wing found great difficulty keeping soldiers to def his house. He got a lost them, time and ag They would slip away. last he got hold of an *bashi* (a commander of t with his company, inv them in, gave them a to drink and a wa comfortable place o of the chilly air, and simply *coddled* t into staying by to the last.' In anot place the same letter says: 'The peopl the region around Mr. Wingate's are re to kiss his feet' (the way in the Or of expressing the deepest gratitude). saved many and did his duty nobly. T experience has won for him golden o ions from many. He went, with a *zab* (policeman), to a Turkish house and manded the bride and the daughter v had been carried off from a house r him and got them both." What a ca for gratitude that Mr. Wingate was t and that he met the demands of the o sion so well! Providence favoring, it greatly increase his influence for go He and all of us may well rejoice that was there at that critical time. The missionaries in Turkey are making histo If they are able to remain in the la there is a noble future before them. the Armenians in the empire, some and one-half millions, are ready as ne before to accept the Gospel message.

Church Loyalty.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 16 Psalm 84.

WHILE each denomination has a record which will appropriately form the subject of the consideration of its members this week, there are features common to all which should not be overlooked. There is a tendency, against which Christians need to be on their guard, to dwell on the imperfections of some denominations as if they enhanced the excellences of others. The fact of a denomination supporting a hundred or more missionaries in heathen lands is a thing to rejoice in, but there are some people who do not feel that all the good of it is realized, unless they can point to some other denomination, which is supporting only twenty or thirty. Nothing is gained by disparaging the brethren. An achievement, whatever it may be, stands on its own merits and is of the same value whether it is done by one denomination or by twenty. The Church universal is interested in the question whether some work is done more thoroughly by one denomination than by another, and so the consideration of the value of effort in its relative aspect is not excluded, but for the workers to disparage each other, to be glad that the aggressive work of other denominations is crippled by debt or any other burden is not Christlike. The feelings of Christians of one denomination toward Christians of another, should be that of allies on the battlefield, not of enemies or rivals. The Christian Endeavor Society, among its many achievements, has accomplished none more beneficial to the church at large than that of impressing this fact of brotherly comradeship on its members, and helping them to realize the essential unity of Christians of every name.

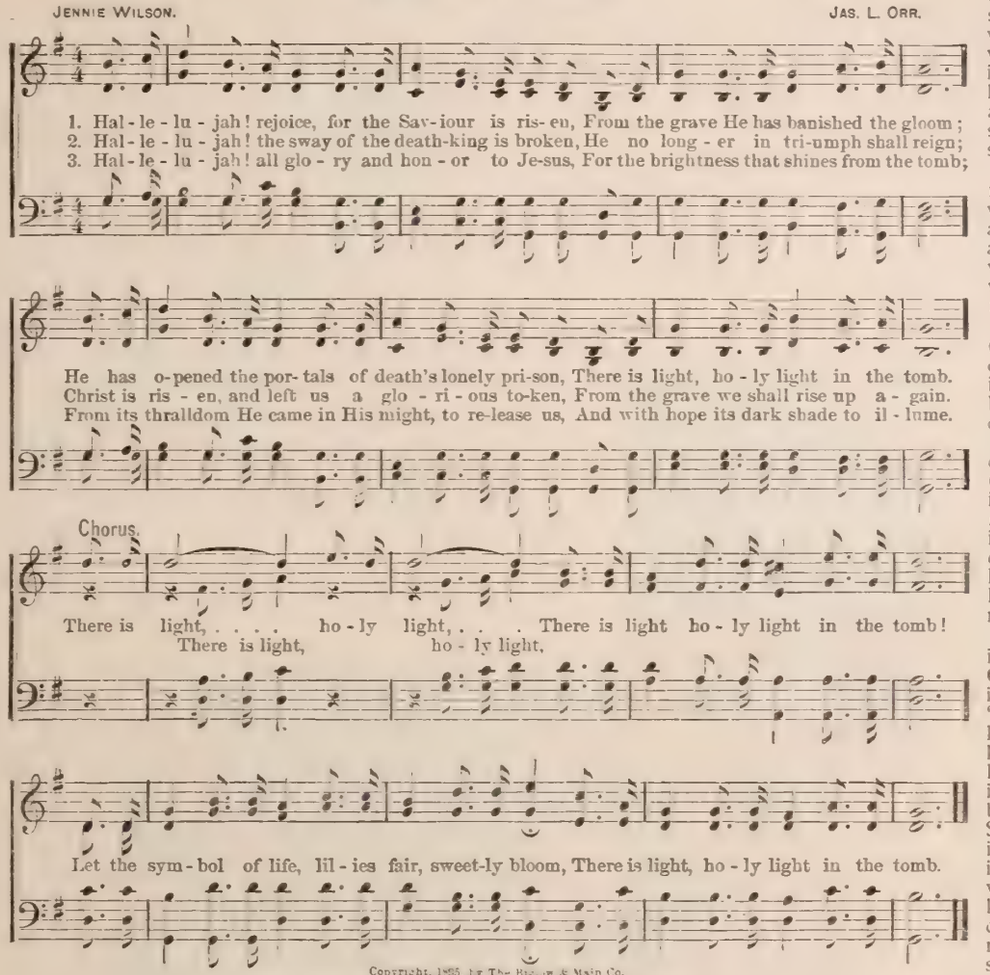
In the Psalm on which the topic is based, is an expression that indicates the principle of such wide toleration. The writer has been speaking of the blessings of being present in the sanctuary and he adds a blessing for "the man in whose heart are the ways of them," or as the Revised Version has it, "the man in whose heart are the high ways to Zion." Though he may not be able to go to the sanctuary, or may be in a sanctuary where the people do not worship according to his creed, still he is blessed if in his heart is the way of communication with God. Such a man is not dependent on his surroundings for the religious spirit. To him every place becomes a Bethel. There are places and associations in which he is peculiarly happy, but in any place he can meet God, if he has the way in his heart. With men of this kind the Christian, whatever his creed may be, has a hearty sympathy. They are upon common ground, desiring the triumph of good, longing for personal holiness, rejoicing in the love and favor of God. The struggle is one, the enemy united, the danger identical. Each is seeking victory by the means that best help his peculiar nature. If one finds in the grave and solemn liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a help to progress, and another finds help in the Methodist Church, or the Salvation Army, there is reason for common thankfulness. Each is reaching upward and climbing by the way he finds suitable to his own spirit. "There are many ways to the top of the mountain Fujiama," says a Japanese proverb, "but each leads to the summit and all who arrive there see the same sun." So let us rejoice with our brother of another name, if in his spiritual climbing he has found the path that suits him, and let us hail our fellow traveler and wish him Godspeed though we take a different road.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

LIGHT IN THE TOMB.

JENNIE WILSON. JAS. L. ORR.



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By per of the Publishers

You or I.

IF we could know
Which of us would be first to go,
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side —
If we could know!

If it were you.
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I to you my love more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, dear one, any less
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely following God's plan
Be filled with a sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

I would not know
Which of us two will be the first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go—
I would not know.

As-So.

'ROUND Jerusalem beloved,
The encircling mountains stand.
Like a guard o'er Holy City,
In the Holy chosen Land,
So the Lord about his people,
Watchful stands through night and day,
Evermore their steps he guardeth
Through the changing earthly way.

As the Father well hath loved me,
So have I still loved my own,
I have chosen, I will keep you,
That in him we may be one.
As the bridegroom glad rejoices
O'er his lovely chosen bride,
So thy God o'er thee rejoices,
Keeps thee ever by his side.

As the little child in sorrow
Seeks at once the dear home-nest,
In the tender mother presence.
Finding comfort sweet and rest.
Even so will I give comfort,
Speak the healing word of peace,
And you shall no more have sadness
All the lonely heart-ache cease.

And as Christ our Lord and Saviour,
Freely hath our sins forgiven,
So may we forgive each other,
In the spirit of his heaven.
As from the beloved Master,
We have precious grace received,
So may we walk in his footsteps,
Honor him we have believed.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Mark the Soft-Falling Snow.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls for all its secret store.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend—
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves shall sing the God,
And every tree consenting nod."

—PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Second Coming.

Scripture Evidences that the Passages Relating to the Second Advent do not Refer to the Death of the Believer.

BY M. E. B.*

CHRIST'S first coming did not mean death to the Jews, and they did not so understand it: neither does his second coming mean death to Christians, nor should they so understand it.

Jesus makes a clear distinction between death and his coming in John 21: 21-23. He tells Peter how he should die, and then, by contrast, he speaks of John, saying: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" That is, that John might not die, but live till Jesus should come again. The disciples so understood it, and reported that he should not die.

Death is an enemy (I. Cor. 15: 26), and at Christ's coming we are raised from the dead, and shout victory over death and the grave. "O, Death, where is thy sting? O, Hades, where is thy victory?" I. Cor. 15: 23, 54, 55.

If we are faithful unto death (that is, though faithfulness cost us our lives), he has promised us a crown (Rev. 2: 10), but we do not receive it until he comes. II. Tim. 4: 8; I. Pet. 5: 4.

Nothing is promised us at death except to be at rest (II. Thess. 1: 7; Rev. 14: 13), in Paradise (Lu. 16: 22: 23: 43. But we are promised all things in the resurrection, when Jesus comes. Lu. 14: 14: 20: 35: 36; Rom. 8: 32. Therefore we find Paul yearning for this resurrection. Phil. 3: 11.

Let any one insert "death" in the passages which speak of Christ's coming, and see how it will apply. For instance: "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence, also, we look for death.'" Phil. 3: 20. If the reader thinks that this is an exceptional passage, we beg of him to try it in other Scripture, referring to his coming. The only possible similarity consists in analogy—viz: in the fact that we do not know the time when we shall die. But thanks be to God, we may not die at all, for "We shall not all sleep." I. Cor. 15: 51.

"There will be one generation at least, who will realize that the coming of our Lord is not death."

It is assuming too much, to say that death is practically, to the believer, the coming of the Lord. For we do not know it, and the Scriptures do not assert it. On the contrary, the events which occur, as the Scriptures teach us, when the Lord comes, do not occur at the death of a Christian. The dead are not then raised, nor are the living believers changed, as they will be when the Lord comes. We know very little about Hades or the intermediate state of the dead, but it would appear from Rev. 6: 9-11, that the departed souls yearn for the execution of Judgment, which occurs when the Lord comes. See I. Cor. 4: 5; II. Tim. 4: 11; Rev. 11: 18; Matt. 25: 31-40. Spiritually, the believer is with Christ now, and always (John 14: 23; Matt. 28: 20), but, to be with Christ, bodily or personally (John 12: 26; 17: 24), is only to be attained by the resurrection, at his coming. John 14: 3; I. Thes. 4: 18. Therefore, it is entirely unscriptural to instruct the believer to look for death, as being synonymous with, or equivalent to, the Lord's coming. The two events are in contrast, not in resemblance. Death means separation, silence, grief: Christ's coming means reunion, joyful acclaim, a new and glorious body, and the presence of Christ in power.

*From *Jesus is Coming*, a famous little work which has been translated into German, French, Chinese, [illegible] and Dutch, and has had a phenomenal sale—sixty-six thousand. Pp. [illegible] paper covers, 15 cents, cloth, 25 cents. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Home Life in the Transvaal.

Prest. Kruger's House and its Simple Surroundings. Social Life among the Boers.

"OOM PAUL," as President Kruger is familiarly known among his people in the Transvaal, is at the present time a prominent figure in connection with the recent troubles in that part of Africa. A writer in the London *Illustrated News* gives a very interesting description of President Kruger and his home in Pretoria, the seat of the Boer Government. He pictures him as being rough in manner even to the verge of bearishness, uncouth in the eyes of strangers and invariable dressed in a suit of broadcloth, very much the worse for wear. Indoors and out, he wears a silk hat of rather antique pattern, and his attire generally is simple to the point of shabbiness. He has, however, the reputation of being a very courteous man, yet with no pretence to the pomp or style that might be expected of a high official and the head of an important Government. He has a rather poor opinion of England and the English and is not slow in expressing his views in this regard. Yet, with a keen eye to business, he has lost no opportunity to make Englishmen understand that they were welcome in the Transvaal, for he is sensible of the fact that British enterprise and capital have been important factors in building up the Boer State to its present important position in South African commerce. While he has made the Uitlanders feel that they were welcome accessions to the trade and population of the country, he has also impressed upon them the fact that Boer sovereignty was unassailable and that Boer laws were made to be respected and obeyed.

MRS PRESIDENT KRUGER—THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION AT PRETORIA.

Essentially a farmer, the Boer's interests are, for the most part, confined to his flocks, his cattle, and his crops. He leaves to the Uitlanders the development of the rich gold fields. He is of a serious turn of mind, and intensely earnest in all matters of religion. The Boer father rules like a patriarch. He does not believe in the breaking up of families even when marriages take place and it is not an uncommon thing in the Transvaal to find in Boer dwellings, two and even three generations of kindred, sitting under the same roof and laboring on the same farm.

Oom Paul and his estimable wife Vrouw Kruger, live in a cosy, unpretentious cottage in Pretoria, which is shown in our illustration. Both are great Bible readers; indeed, even when the President is receiving a deputation or performing any public business, he is seldom without a Bible at hand. Mrs. Kruger takes no personal interest in politics—purely domestic affairs are quite enough for her. She has all the simplicity of a Boer housewife, and prefers [illegible] overwhelmed with the responsibilities of a government even if it gives her a house rent free. She is of a saving disposition, and it is her proud task to see that as little as possible of the $2,000 a year "coffee [illegible] is expended. Although her *mann* has a very liberal State allowance, she believes that the Vrouw's dresses should be home-made, and in many other ways acts like a careful and economical house-wife. The exactions of society in Pretoria are very [illegible]. All the life of Pretoria centres in the home and in her own plain, genuine way, Vrouw Kruger conducts the household, in its public and private relations, in accordance with long-established usage and tradition. She is greatly esteemed throughout the Transvaal, and is regarded by the Boers generally as a pattern housewife and a model of all the domestic and social virtues.

***

Reading Aloud.

One of the pleasantest ways of spending an evening, is that of listening to an interesting book read aloud and read well. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was rather more common than it is at present for families to spend an evening in that way. Such a practice has several great advantages. In many households there are elderly people, the grandmother or grandfather, whose eyes do not permit them to read much by artificial light. It is a choice satisfaction for them to sit in an easy chair in a cosy corner surrounded by those they love, while some well-modulated voice interprets some charming story. Children also are readily imbued with a love of reading and good literature, and their general culture is unconsciously advanced. More, even than this, the household comes to have a common stock of associations and of information which adds indefinitely to the pleasurableness of the intercourse. A family that have listened to the reading of the best books have a common fund upon which they draw for conversation, and the deeper unity of their household life is unconsciously and delightfully promoted.

***

Neighborly Courtesy.

Courtesy between neighbors in sometimes a matter of extreme delicacy. Perhaps there is no greater strain upon "neighborly feeling" than living next door to a poultry-yard whose inmates are allowed to "run"—making exercise-ground of the adjacent flower and vegetable gardens. A young lady who was subjected to this annoyance politely asked her neighbor to keep his pets at home. She asked it several times, and still no attention was paid to her grievance. Finally she hit upon an ingenious method of protecting herself. She prepared grains of corn by tying to them with strong carpet thread, small cards bearing the words, please keep your chickens at home!" and distributed the grain about the flower-beds. The chickens came to feast as usual, and greedily swallowed the corn, not perceiving the thread until the card was against their jaws. Then they could neither swallow the card nor rid themselves of the swallowed corn. Twenty or thirty of the marauders ran home, bearing the polite request to their culpable owner, who, struck with the hint, promply cut the threads and cooped up the birds. This was forcible, but a delicate hint, and doubtless had the desired effect.

***

Industrious Armenian Women.

A young lady residing in Vienna, who has passed several years in Armenia, in a recent letter gives an interesting picture of the women of that much-persecuted country. She says: "The products of industry which have made the country famous—silks and wools, carpets and embroideries—are all made by women, from the treatment of the raw material and the designs to the final processes of manufacture. No man claims to have any part in this work, nor does he dream of looking down upon woman as an inferior being. There is not a single proverb in all the dialects of the country that ridicules women, though there are innumerable ones in her praise. Armenians say: 'Let women learn all they can—they will be so much more useful, and we will marry them all the more willingly.'" There is a terrible dearth of doctors and lately there has been a movement among Armenian women looking to the study of medicine as a profession for their sex.

***

Havana Homes.

The houses of the Havana residents are mainly [illegible] one-story structures being quite common. Everything is made to serve comfort and coolness. Instead of having panes of glass, the windows are open and guarded by light iron railings, and the heavy wooden doors are left ajar. You see into many houses as you pass along, and very cool and clean they look. There are marble floors, cane-seated chairs and lounges, thin lace curtains, and glimpses of courts in the centre of each building, often with green plants or gaudy flowers growing in them between the parlor and the kitchen. You may walk in at the doors of the dining-room windows, just as you please, for the sides of the houses seem capable of being all thrown open; while in the centre of the building you see the blue sky overhead. Equally cool do all the inhabitants appear to be, and the wise man who consults his own comfort will do well to follow the general example. Even the soldiers wear straw hats. Civilians are clad in underwear of silk or lisle thread, and suits of linen, drill, or silk, and the ladies are equally coolly appareled. The ceilings are higher than in private houses, and the huge windows open upon balconies overlooking verdant plazas.

Something Each Day.

SOMETHING each day—a smile;
It is not much to give.
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the heavenly will
We may all do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.

—GEORGE COOPE

***

Making Others Happy.

THERE was a young lady once w
was very unhappy. She lived i
fine house, and had lots of toys,
a pony, and a watch; but she was ve
very unhappy. Nothing could please l
Even the weather was never just w
she wanted; it was sure to rain when
wanted it to be fine, or it was sure to be
when she took out her nice new umbre
From morning till night she murmu
murmured, grumbled, grumbled, and
very unhappy.

One day she came upon two poor c
dren playing in a field, and they w
having such a hearty game! You co
hear their shouts of laughter almost o
the village. "These children," said
little lady, "are very happy; their eyes ar
bright, and they seem so fond of one anc
er, I think I shall ask them what ma
them so happy." So she summoned
courage and went to the biggest boy—
was about seven—and said, "You are v
happy; what makes you so?" The
was a little shy at first before this fine
tle lady, with her very fine dress, and
little brother came and half hid behind h

"What makes you so happy?" as
the little lady.

"I don't know, miss, what you mea
said the boy; "what's happy?"

"Why," she replied, "it means bri
glad, fond of things."

"Oh!" said the boy, "Jim and I are
ways glad; ain't we, Jim!" And the
of the little brother danced like sunsl
upon ripples as he said, "Yes, always gla

"But what makes you so glad?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, miss." :
the boy, "except that when I try to m
Jim glad I get glad myself."

And that was all that he knew al
the matter. But as the little lady w
home she thought about it, and said to
self, "What the little boy means is th
the way to be happy is by trying to m
other people happy." So she thought
would try, and all that day instea
grumbling and murmuring and fin
fault, she said, "Thank you!" wit
pleasant smile; and "Don't you trou
let me do it!" in a nice spirit; and "W
this task is a little difficult, but I s
manage it!" And she found that ev
body got pleasanter and pleasanter to
and instead of always scolding her as
fore, or frowning on her, or sulking
her, everybody had a kind word for
and people who used not to like her c
to love her. So she learnt that the se
of happiness was within herself.

Rich, Rec Blood

Is absolutely essential to health. It is im- sible to get it from so-called "nerve ton and opiate compounds. They have ter- rary, sleeping effects, but do not CURE have pure blood and good health, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has first, and all the time, been advertized as st what it is—the best medicine for the l ever produced. In fact,

Hood's Sarsaparill

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggist

Hood's Pills assist Digestion and Constipation. 25 cts

[PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, PHILADELPHIA]

General Harrison on the Presidential Office

In which an ex-President of the United States explains, for the first time in history, the Presidential office. And General Harrison does it in his remarkably clear and simple manner

In the FEBRUARY issue of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Webb, A R 1 00
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Webb, W G 3 00
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Whetstone, D 1 00
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Whitehead, Miss P, & Miss Susie Morn 24 60
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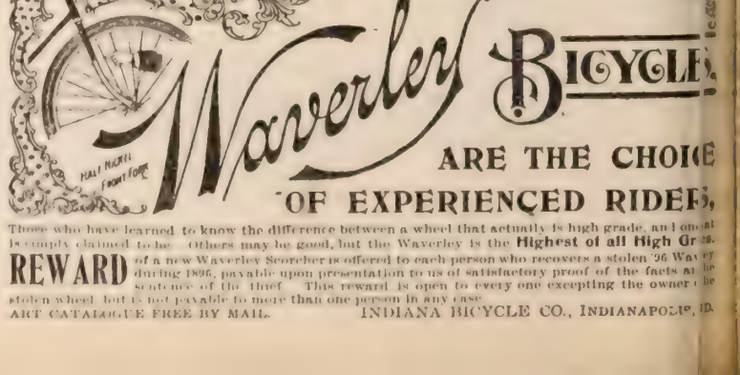

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CHAPTER III.

My Captain and his Gold.

JANET MORTON'S home was not a pretentious residence. It was only a story and a-half house. It stood back from the street far enough to permit a hundred feet of lawn to spread out its surface of h, vid green. Somehow, it had an air saying, "I don't wish everybody to have lilts with me and I stretch this lawn twh myself and the public."

Lar er Skeele's big house jutted upon e sidewalk and almost overhung it as if gging the fact that he wished to pro.elimself into the affairs of everybody. Told to the impression made by the rt home that it was not a common us though an unpretentious one, it was gal kept in excellent repair by Janet's he Its coat of paint was frequently nev d. All fences and outbuildings re omptly furnished with such orna- nt coats. The trees were forbidden st ggle in their growth save two big ns fore the house. These grew as they as and threw out and hung down wa the roof huge leafy arms as if in sus protection of the house. One of e puliarities of the house was its soli- y imney. Its language was "One, a chimney." Its ample proportions ib above the roof suggested what it ld for a cold mortal beneath the ebles. One of its attendant bless- as that of fireplaces, open and m.

I will make up a bed for John in the fir room," concluded Janet. "I see he is weak that he will be my guest fe days, and the sitting-room is the as test in the house."

ts windows were gardens, for they were ed ith plants, and here the sunshine was ver laided with the sprays of blossoms. Ne his room had a generous fireplace, ne the hospitable open fires were not ly cheery sight, but the draft was a bo sweeping any impure air up into e chimney. There was an attractive ar- chairs, saying, "Do sit down!"

"I come back and help ye," Jed had ntered to Janet. "Jest want to shed es wet clothes and git on some dry es and I'll come and make John com- ta e."

It as Jed who made a place in the sit- room furniture for an old-fashioned ad from up-stairs, bringing the hea- m down and then "setting it up." It as ed who stowed away in the kitchen xtra quantity of firewood. Having ed his wages of a "Thank you," he n away contented with what he had rn, promising to "look in" some ne the morning.

Mr. Blakey Chase was not long in ar- i.

"Lakes!" she said, her bright but kind- es looking all about her. "What have ot now? Now I know, I know! You e not waste breath in telling me. I to all about it."

"I dare say," said Janet smiling. "Any where goes on wheels."

"Wheels, Janet! I tell 'em it wriggles u quick, like an eel."

Sometimes, like a snake, she might have ic.

"How did John bring home six months' ain gold? They say he did in a bag. Th, he told somebody he had got more a that.

Janet's smile became a laugh.

"Did he lose it, Janet?"

"I haven't seen it, Mrs. Chase, but s far stranger happen."

"Well, he brought home suthin' ?"

"The clothes on his back."

"Do tell! And nothin' more?"

"I have seen nothing."

"Well, Janet, anything I can do, you are welcome to. Can I help to-night?"

"Nothing, thank you, to-night."

She took little Ethel and went off with her, but came back ere long. Often did she return in after days to prove her efficiency, for she was a very well meaning, helpful soul. "Janet," said her guest the next morning," if you don't care, I won't get up just yet. I—I—tried, but found my legs were not so willing as I was —"

"Cousin, you keep quiet —"

"I'm sorry to trouble —"

"Oh! I am so glad to be troubled, and when Jed Davis comes—whom you remember —"

"Yes, I don't know as I ever would have got ashore if it hadn't been for Jed and Sandy. I said that that to him last night."

"Well, Jed will help me if I need help, and there is Mrs. Blakey Chase. Oh, many helpers I shall have!"

She pulled out from a closet a little sick-table that could be placed on the bed before a patient, and which had a top big enough to hold a few dishes. "Now, cousin," she said, as she set this table before him, "I have tea and toast for your breakfast and —"

"That is all, please. Seems as if I had gone back to hospital. You see, Janet, I am just out of it. I have been there three months, you see. I got pretty badly wounded, but I am quite well now, and they thought they would give me a furlough, and —"

"I hope they promoted you."

"They gave me a captaincy," John said modestly.

"My Captain, then. That is what I shall call you. I understand that My Captain wishes only for tea and toast."

John nodded and smiled. When his breakfast arrived, he had drawn himself up in bed and was leaning against the headboard, looking rather pale after the effort.

"How good-looking My Captain is!" thought Janet.

John Morton was one that people always called, "handsome fellow." The gray was here and there streaking his dark, luxuriant hair, but the gray did not interfere with the beauty of the rich brown. His features were classically shaped, and the only criticism on his complexion was that it needed a touch of coloring which only good health could give. The frank, generous expression of the countenance was its best feature, and did not belie his character, for he was very open and unselfish in his disposition. That openness to everybody had been his ruin, for he had admitted bad influences to his company, and jolly but reckless associates had betrayed him into hurtful habits too strong for him. A beautiful woman tried to save him by marrying him, but her love was not so powerful as his appetite for drink. A married life of two years ended in her sickness and death, a little babe surviving her. Finally, John went into the army when the war broke out. It had been for John the the most successful step he ever took. He was very popular in camp, without fear in battle, and any harm to his habits from the temptations of drink was less than in private life, for in camp there was a measure of restraint. Janet wondered if he had been drinking recently.

"He does not show it," she said. No, the only thing he showed was the breeding of a gentleman, quiet, thoughtful, refined, and intelligent. Janet remembered the first few davs of his stay at her house with peculiar interest and pleasure. There was a measure of uncertainty about the issue of his sickness which was not agreeable, the doctor's face assuming a look of much professional gravity, and in a whisper, he said, "Danger of a run of fever!" John, though, was only comfortably sick. He wished to talk, and Janet was a very agreeable companion. He liked to see her sweet, sedate face in the room, to hear her

(*Continued on page 116.*)

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Continued from preceding page.

agreeable, rich voice, while her touch was always gentle and restful, and her care thoughtful and helpful.

"I am making you a lot of trouble," he said regretfully. "You need rest so much after your mother's sickness."

"And I need occupation still more. I am glad to have something to do. Occupation is diversion. It keeps me from thinking that might be unhealthy."

"Then you class occupation as medicine, cousin."

"Yes for our sick moods, and it is refreshment, and it is — Oh, a variety of good things it does! So don't say anything more about trouble."

"You are very kind to put it that way, I intended of course to get to mother's —"

"And you have got there. I am that venerable being for the present. And your mother while wishing to see you could not take care of you as I do."

"Has Paulina been here?"

"She came to-day in great excitement, having heard of your arrival by that breeches-buoy, but you were asleep and I could not disturb you. She left your mother's love and your mother will be glad to see you when you are able to go to her."

"I thought she would let me come home. Hark, whose voice is that?"

"Out in the kitchen. Oh, that is Mrs. Blakey Chase. You remember Blakey, good and slow?"

"All-day Blakey as I call him?"

"That is the one, or his wife rather," said Janet, leaving the room. It was Mrs. Blakey holding out in her prompt, nervous way, a little basket of eggs.

"Fresh ones, dear, that I thought would be good for Captain Morton. Everybody is so sorry for him. And, Janet, did you find out about the bag of gold he had with him? Folks say he had one, and did he lose it?"

"You spoke about it once before—thank you for the eggs—and I will ask the captain about the gold. Of course, if he lost it, and it is anywhere on land, it ought to be hunted up."

"That's what I say," declared Blakey's spouse energetically. "That's what I say. Will you ax him?"

She left her fresh eggs and her question and nervously ambled off. Janet said, "My Captain is comfortable this morning and I will ask him about that bag of gold."

He smiled when the question was asked, then shook his head. "I see what it came from. There is no bag of gold, but something better. One of the people on the beach when I was brought ashore, came to me and said, 'You bring anything with you from the vessel?' I smiled and said, 'Not much chance to fetch a cargo with me, a bag of gold, say.' I can see his eyes snapping now. He said, 'I s'pose you officers get paid off in gold.' That made me smile, for gold is a very precious and very scarce article as you well know. I said to him: 'Greenbacks are good enough,' meaning only government money, you know. I have something though as good as a bag of gold and better,' I told him. 'My money I am afraid is lost.' I don't think the money-matter was understood by the man. I guess he was deaf, for he kept putting his hand, doubled up, to his ears as if he was saying, 'Give us a good [illegible]'

"It is all explained now. I mean that I lost on the wreck what money I happened to have, but I had something left worth more than a bag of gold. My deaf friend got things mixed up."

"Did you lose much money?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps a hundred dollars or so, but what I did bring away, gold could not buy."

What did "My Captain" mean?

"You let me tell you, Janet. You know well enough what kind of a life I did lead. Got into it thoughtlessly, but still I got into it, and the responsibility I cannot avoid. God knows, though, that I tried hard to get out of this life again and again, but I did not succeed. In the army it was not so easy to get liquor as at home and I got along better, but when I had an opportunity to gratify my appetite, I yielded to the temptation. Well, time went on, [illegible] I went into hospital. There I saw a new phase of life. Next to my cot, in my hospital [illegible] I should think he was about your age. He was taken prisoner by our men, and as he lay [illegible]

adjoining cots, we became very much interested in one another. One thing I wondered at, and that was his self-control and his sunny way of looking at things. I touched on it one day. Said I, talking across from my bed, 'You are a wonder to me.' 'How so?' he said. I told him, 'You have something which I haven't got.' He smiled, 'It can't be a purse of gold for I have only mean confederate scrip in my pocket.' 'No,' I said, 'it isn't that. It is something else. Now, I don't mean to rip out and shoot out an ugly word, but—but I do sometimes. I never hear it from you. I don't want to have my blue days, but I declare some days I can't see anything but my coffin and the chaplain saying his prayers beside it. What is it?' Janet, I shall never forget the light that seemed to spring into his eyes—that is the word, spring; and he said to me, 'I don't think I am all that you say, but if I do have any success, it is because I am helped to do it. It is not because I do anything, but it is Somebody within me that helps me do it.' 'What?' I said. I spoke right out in my hasty way, you know. 'It seems to me what you do here is what you do yourself. It is all 'grin and bear it,' as they say.' He shook his head. He looked at me, and seemed to be looking at a point a great way off. 'If I have any power over myself,' he said, 'it is not that I do it at all. It is'—he spoke slowly—'the Lord Jesus Christ. Don't you think he can help us?' Well, Janet, that was pretty close firing. I never made any pretentions that way. I was dumb, and the fact was I did not have a chance to make an answer. Don't know as I could have answered if I had tried. The surgeon came up, going his rounds to see how we were getting along, and that prevented all conversation. But that Southerner's words were a ball that struck home. Sometimes, you know, soldiers get bullets in them that they carry to their dying day. That shot I never got rid of and—I don't want to lose it. It struck deep. It set me to thinking. I said to myself, 'That man has in some way a power over himself which I must have.' Oh—I reasoned to myself—'If I could only get the better of my appetite! And why not? Can't the Lord Jesus do that thing for me?' You see what a lot of deep thinking—that is for me—I was doing. But I found it was deep in a way I did not anticipate. I soon got into water that was over my head. I tell you how it happened. In this way, when I asked myself the question, 'Are you just worthy to have this blessing?' That showed me where I was. Oh, I did feel miserable after that. I saw what a great sinner I had been. Well, one day, the chaplain — or some chaplain I believe it was a Christian Commission man came into our ward, and held service there. Did I say one man? There were two of them, and one read from the New Testament. And he spoke about what he had read, talked upon it, and that was a story of a woman who wanted her daughter to be freed from a devil. You know the Saviour said it was not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. And then she said, 'Yes, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.' What an answer that was, as if she was speaking for me! I felt so unworthy that I seem to be a dog, and thankful to get a crumb. Then those two young men sang something. Well, the sentiment wasn't for me. It was that piece beginning:

[illegible]

It was sung to the tune 'Home, Sweet Home.' Oh, no, the piece wasn't at all for me, but didn't it and the tune make me feel homesick! Why, I hear them singing now—Oh, I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stay in that state of mind. I couldn't keep away from my Saviour. I felt pretty good when I first began to think over what I would like to get from Christ, power [illegible] drink in the future. I hadn't been drinking for some time and felt quite respectable just then—but my estimation of myself kept going down, down, as I thought upon the subject, and at last I was so low in my feelings that I went like a dog to the Saviour, crawling up to his feet. And, cousin, he—he—didn't turn me away. No, he didn't—he gave me what I asked for—gave me his love, and his power—and—you can imagine—"

Here John's emotion checked and then stopped the flow of his voice. When he could speak again, he said, "That's the gold I brought ashore with me?"

(To be Continued.)

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And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
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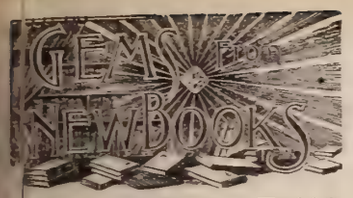

Pleasant Mission Field.*

the evening I went with Mr. Fyson, ne of our pioneer missionaries at Osaka, who was to take the preach- t a mission-room. This was one kept y Miss Holland, a lady who, uncon- d with any society, devotes herself, r own cost, to helping mission work. had argued that in a country where eople are not familiar with the Sab- day's rest, there were many who d like to hear something of Christi- , but might be told, "This is not the hing night," and so might delay or t. But if there was preaching every , no chance would be missed. She fore hired a house close to some mar- in a very busy street, put in a harmo- , got the place new matted, hung t pictures of the Religious Tract So- all round the walls, got a large lan- projecting in front, with the an- cement on the transparent paper on side, "Teaching of Christ to-night," n the other were depicted a cross and n. She engaged an old woman to after the place, and open and light it evening. She gets one or two friends lp her with the singing, and has man- to secure a preacher, native or foreign, r cleric, every evening for months. me time, when the venture was first ed, the noise and jeering sometimes st stopped the preacher. But that e. inevitable at the beginning of every work, had nearly passed over. When rrived we found the three matted s packed full, and a crowd standing eep in the street. After a hymn, start- by two English ladies, Mr. Fyson, ding at the edge of the room, held the e for over half an hour by what seem- me a torrent of eloquence as he spoke ntecost. Texts on the subject, paint- great letters on kakemonos, were in front, so that all could read. After ng again, I too was expected to speak, more difficult task than addressing wd with an interpreter I never had, I think it is impossible to be interest- under such conditions. There may been two hundred listeners, and the ings here have already been the means ringing not a few into the Christian . There are many such preaching- es in Osaka, but what are they ngst half a million?

or are these efforts confined to the city f. I walked out with my daughter afternoon to a similar meeting three s from the outskirts of the city, to a lled village of three thousand souls, loyed in making coarse pottery and ing. We had a most uninteresting k first through narrow streets and past ory chimneys, and then along a raised through paddy fields until we reach- broad river, and were ferried across to village. As I turned round I counted one spot sixty-two factory chimneys, his is becoming the great cotton-spin- centre. The use of a house was hired his weekly meeting, to which the head her and three senior pupils went with to carry the picture and help in the ing. The rooms of the house being wn together, about sixty people, chief- women, soon assembled. Slipping off shoes at the door, we passed to the in- end, which was open to the garden. A e colored print of the Ascension was lled and pinned up, and a hymn was sung, only joined in by the visitors. n the teacher spoke for half an hour, again there was singing, which al- s attracts these people, another address m my daughter explaining the Ascen- , and then singing and prayer conclud- e the meeting. This is a new mission there are no Christians yet, but sever- re interested, and the people were all quiet and attentive. This is the sim- way in which out-stations begin, and

*From *Rambles in Japan, the Land of the Rising*, by H. B. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Canon ham, England. With 25 illustrations by Ed- Whymper, from sketches and photographs, a map. Pp. 304: cloth covers; price $2. The is an experienced traveler and an entertain- and instructive writer, and the book is a mine of mation and entertainment. Fleming H. Revell New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

the seed is sown. On our return we halted at a tea-house in a village where there was formerly a similar meeting, until the Buddhist priest interfered and threatened anyone who should lend their house for the purpose. This is the kind of local opposition which we must expect from time to time.

Astronomical Religion.†

MOTION is one of the great facts of the physical universe. In astronomy this motion appears in great masses: planets, satellites, and suns rush and wheel so constantly and mightily as to astonish and bewilder us who are so puny, spasmodic, and easily wearied in our action. Tell us of a single object in the sky that stands still. Tell us of a single world that is not traveling faster on its mission than any object that we can impel. From the speed of light to that of Neptune is a large interval; but even Neptune spins along at an average of 12,000 miles an hour. In the heavens, as well as on the earth, activity is the condition of health. Were a world to come to a standstill, it would perish. So the whole azure plain above us is throbbing and heaving with vitality. Never was battlefield more alive with advancing, deploying, retreating hosts. No battle ever takes place among the stars; but, seemingly, all the skilful evolutions and scientific moves that precede a great battle are there. No earthly workshop, no mart of trade, no hive of industry, no steaming fleets of commerce or war, are busier at their work than are the shining fleets that go and come in the blue deep above us. They make no noise about it—at least none that we can hear—but they are vastly executive for all that. Yet there is nothing that seems morbid about this intense activity. Great forces can do great things without straining: and the great careers that are run above us are so within the limits of sanitation that they can be run forever.

Such is the system which God has established and is sustaining in the heavens. Do we not see there an example of what the All-Wise deems the best ordering of things? Have we not pictured there his ideal of how vigorously powers should be exerted, good careers run, and good missions accomplished? Certainly astronomy is not a science that summons to repose—that says to men, "Sleep on now and take your rest." It summons to industry, to struggle, to achievement. One feels like going to work, and working vigorously, for very sympathy, as he gazes away at the universal and splendid executiveness that reigns and triumphs throughout the celestial spaces. The swift and ever-rushing spheres rebuke his idleness, his languor, his feebleness.

†From *The Stars of God*, by E. F. Burr, D.D., LL.D. A book that should be in the hands of every student of astronomy. Valuable alike as a scientific work and for the deep, religious feeling that breathes in every page. Cloth binding, 244 pages. The Student Publishing Co., Hartford, Ct., publishers.

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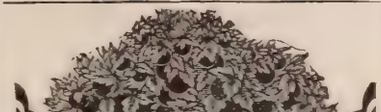

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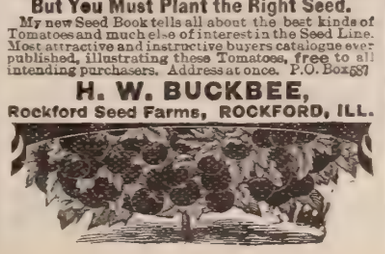

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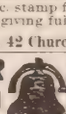

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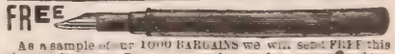

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A Royal Bereavement.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Husband of Queen Victoria's Youngest Daughter, Dies at Sea from African Fever.

ROYAL station, with all its privileges, gives no exemption from the sorrow of bereavement. In their home life, in their

THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

traveling and in public functions, the most elaborate arrangements are made to save monarchs from the annoyances and discomforts that ordinary people have to endure, but death pays them no respect. In its presence they must bow as common mortals. Queen Victoria, in the course of her long life has learned this fact again and again, and she has just had another sad proof of it. Her favorite son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of her youngest, best-loved daughter died at sea on January 20, while on his way from the African coast to Madeira. Prince Henry was attached to the British expedition which was recently sent against King Prempeh of Ashantee.

He went as military secretary to its commander, Sir Francis Scott. He accompanied the expedition as far as Manzu, in the Ashantee country, where it arrived on December 28. The march had been through a difficult country, over swamps, across rivers and through thick forests. The Prince took his share of the hardships with the other officers of the expedition and though he complained of the intense heat, the locality being only seven degrees from the Equator, he seemed to be in his usual health. The next day, however, he was stricken down with swamp fever, and in spite of his protestations he was sent back to the coast and put on board ship. The physicians thought it best to send him to Madeira to recuperate, the crisis of the fever being apparently safely passed. But the disease had taken too firm a hold of his system to be shaken off. The steamer put into Sierra Leone with the painful news that the Prince was dead, and a cable message was sent to England announcing the melancholy tidings. Orders were promptly received to bring the body home as quickly as possible, and the steamer sailed at once. The Queen, in sending out a notice of the death, wrote that she was "most deeply affected by seeing her beloved daughter's happy life crushed, and by losing a most amiable and affectionate son-in-law, to whom she was much devoted."

Prince Henry was in his thirty-eighth year. He was a brother of the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and was married to Princess Beatrice in 1885. He was somewhat unpopular in England, owing to his poverty and his inferiority in rank. The late

guage. His desire to accompany the expedition to Ashantee was due, it is supposed, to the hope of distinguishing himself by active service, and so winning favor in the country of his adoption. The Queen was strongly opposed to his going, but at last reluctantly gave her consent to please her daughter, whose devotion to her during her long widowhood has given her an influence which the Queen cannot resist.

John Wesley on Riches.

This remarkable passage occurs in one of John Wesley's sermons: "I am pained for you who are rich in this world. Do you give all you can? 'Nay; may I not do what I will with my own?' you reply. Here lies your mistake. It is not your own. It cannot be, unless you are lord of heaven and earth. Who gave you this addition to your fortune? Do you not know that God intrusted you with that money for his work? 'But I must provide for my children.' Certainly. But how? By making them rich? Then you will probably ruin them. 'What shall I do, then?' Lord, speak to their hearts, else I speak in vain. Leave them enough to live on, not in idleness, but honest industry. And if you have no children, upon what principle can you leave a groat behind more than enough to bury you? What does it signify whether you leave ten thousand pounds or ten thousand boots and shoes?"

The History of the Thimble.

It was originally a "thumb-bell," because worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear their thimbles. The thimble is a Dutch invention, and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bicentennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to a lady's workbasket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten, the ancestor of the American family of Van Benschotens. The first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Anna van Wedy, the second wife of Killean van Rensselaer, the purchaser of Rensselaerwyck, and the first Patroon. Madame van Rensselaer's memory was duly honored in Holland on the occasion of the thimble bicentennial. In presenting this useful gift, Van Benschoten begged Madame van Rensselaer "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his esteem." It was not until 1696, just two hundred years ago, that the thimble was introduced into England by a Hollander named John Lofting, who opened a thimble manufactory at Islington. It is now used all over the world. Missionaries in the most distant lands tell of stranger substitutes for the thimble and of the joy of the native women when it was introduced and its uses explained to them.

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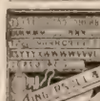

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 26, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the conversion of Relatives and Friends: A. R. C., Milford, Ind. That many souls may be converted during a revival now in progress, especially that of a father and his two sons might be brought to Christ.——"Broken Hearted Wife in Missouri." that her husband might be forgiven and be saved through Christ.——Subscriber, Atlanta, Ga., on behalf of a man who is an enemy of God, that he might become a sincere Christian again. M. H., Basic Falls, N. Y., that God, in his infinite mercy, would make his wife and little ones, and all his family, turn their hearts to Christ.——M. E. H., Seaton, Tex., on behalf of a man who had made many good resolutions, but has been led by evil associates to break them, may go to Christ in strength and be enabled to forsake his sin.——"Anxious Mother," W. Va., that her little son might be brought to Christ in his youth and become a useful Christian.——"Two Sisters," Kingston, N. C., that two brothers addicted to drink might be reclaimed and made sons of God.——"Anxious Mother," N. C., on behalf of a wayward son who once professed and publicly that God would keep him.——"Mother in Israel," that her children, none of whom are converted, might [illegible] Christ's redeeming power.——L. T., Milton, Wis., that a man now critically ill might make his peace with God before it is too late.——"Aged Father," Pittsburg, N. H., that a wayward son who has fallen under the power of drink [illegible] also that [illegible] people who have been misled by fanatical teachings might have their eyes opened to the truth.——"Constant Reader," Pa., for the conversion of a man who has amassed great wealth chiefly by fraud.——"Anxious," couthfield, Mich., that the special effort for the conversion of souls now being made [illegible] blessed [illegible] to the salvation of some [illegible] are far from God.——"Sister," ——, that three child brothers, one of whom is in bondage to the liquor habit, might be brought to Christ and their souls saved.——A. M., West Union, Ia., on behalf of eldest son, who is unconverted.——I. H. N., Winchester, Ia., for the conversion of a dear son.——S. C., White Willow, Minn., that a son who has become indifferent to his soul's salvation, might again be aroused to seek Christ.——M. W. A., ——, for [illegible] Canada whose early training was neglected by his parents, and who is now indifferent [illegible].——Reader, Barrington, N. J., for the conversion of his only son; also for the salvation of young man now in danger of death from typhoid fever.——W. H. S., Ransom, Ill., for the conversion of the writer's father.——C. A. McC., Blooming Valley, Pa., for a brother, that God would turn him from the error of his way; also that their father might become a true Christian.——L. W. S., that her husband might be reclaimed and turn to God.——H. H. O., Bellport, L. I., for a dear boy not yet saved, that God would change his heart.——B., Columbus Junction, Ia., for the conversion of a friend.

For the Restoration of Health: M. M. G., Markesan, Wis., for relief from severe suffering and from dread of a terrible disease which seems likely to supervene.—— B. Columbus, Junction, Ia., for recovery from deafness; also, that her husband might be cured of his painful malady.——C. A. C., Bloomfield Valley, Pa., that a demented man might recover his mental faculties. —— W. H. S., Ransom, Ill., for recovery from sickness. —— S. C., White Willow, Minn., for the restoration of health.——I. H. N., Manchester, Ia., that the sense of hearing may be restored. —— "Helpless Widow," for health and strength to perform the duties of life faithfully and to see God better.——E. J. T., Milton, Wis., that the husband of a sister now very sick might be healed if it is the will of God.——J. G., Pittsburg, Kans., for recovery of a man sorely afflicted. —— Subscriber, Atlanta, Ga., that a sick mother liable to sudden death might live to see her children grow up and, by their account regain her health and strength.——"Believer," New Orleans, La., suffering from a diseased foot that God would grant healing if consistent with his will.—— M. E. A., Macon, Cal., that Christ would restore a dear son who has lost his way.

For Special Blessings. "Sister in Christ," Reading, Pa., on behalf of her husband struggling to leave off a bad habit, and losing his faith in God because of prayers for help not being answered, that God would strengthen his faith.——T. M., that special help may be given to a person who needs it very urgently.——"Sister," Philadelphia, Pa., that a brother needing funds to support him while he completes a college course, may be enabled to obtain them.——Young Woman, Philadelphia, Pa., for grace to overcome a besetting sin; also that a financial need might be supplied.——J. F., Starkville, Miss., for strength and wisdom and opportunity to maintain home and family.——"Unworthy Son," Philadelphia, Pa., that he may be able to secure employment, that he might support his father and mother who are in urgent need.——"Believer," Pleasant, S. C., for stronger faith and grace to live nearer God.——M. L., Mazo, Wis., that a son in a difficulty may be able to make terms with his employers.——H. W. H., Essex, N. C., for grace to live a consistent life.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

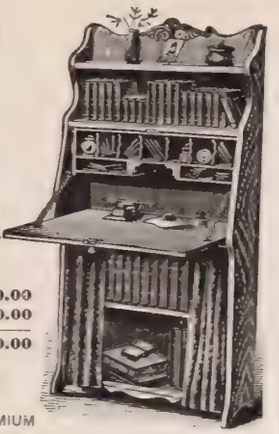
Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Pyle, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, and that the Kola is of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and if you should surely try it.

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "Chautauqua" Desk

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR



WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR $10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost,	$10.00
Either Premium Ditto,	$10.00
Total,	$20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR $10.00

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—We are personally acquainted with M. Larkin, of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo; have visited their factory; have purchased and used their goods and received premiums offered, and we know that they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.—*The Evangelist*, New York City.

Headquarters for Sweet Peas

...THE ONLY

NEW DOUBLE SWEET PEA, Bride of Niagara,

True to name. Price—Packet 25 cents, half packet 15 cents.

Mixed Varieties, per pound 40 cents.
Half pound 25 cents.
Quarter pound 15 cents.

The Wonderful CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE, only 15 cents.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1896.
The Pioneer Seed Catalogue.
Lithographs of Double Sweet Pea, Roses, Fuchsias, Blackberries, Raspberries, New Leader Tomato, Vegetables. Filled with good things, old and new.

TRIED AND TRUE NOVELTIES
Fuchsias, Roses, Blackberry, The Pearl Gooseberry, Potatoes, Earliest Tomato known, etc.

Full list of Flowers, Vegetables, Small Fruits, etc., with description and prices. Mailed on receipt of 10c., which may be deducted from first order—really free,—or free with an order for any of the above.

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Everything of the Best at Right Prices for Orchard, Vineyard, Lawn, Park, Street, Garden and Greenhouse, Rarest New, Choicest Old.

Elegant 168 page catalogue free. Send for it before buying. Half saved by dealing direct. Try it. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., sent by mail to any office in the U. S. postpaid. Larger by express or freight. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. 42nd Year. 1000 Acres. 29 Greenhouses.

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9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN, with the FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. It saws down trees. Folds like a pocketknife. Saws any kind of timber on any kind of ground. One man can saw MORE timber with it than 2 men in any other way, and do it EASIER. 97,000 in use. Send for FREE illustrated catalogue showing latest IMPROVEMENTS and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Address FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 62-66 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

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For HOGS, POULTRY, and all fence purposes.

Thousands of Miles in Use.

Always gives satisfaction. Sold by dealers. Freight paid. Take no other. Catalogue free.

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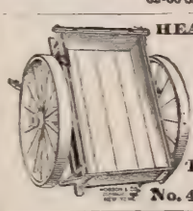

Wide and narrow tires. Steel axles. Low rates of freight from our works.—Tatamy, Pa., to all points

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The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady attendant for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th St., N. Y.

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SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY ALMANAC FOR 1896.

It's a beauty, larger and better than ever, nearly 100 pages 8x10 on best book paper. Fully illustrated with finest engravings of special design. A veritable Encyclopedia of Chicken information. Sent postpaid for only 15 cents. Address,

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 94 Freeport, Ill, U. S. A.

P. S.—Incubators and Brooders. Hot water, pipe system, the best in the world, a fine 32 page Catalogue free.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.

New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Offices: {223 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. 1122 Broadway, New York.

You Dye in 30 minutes

If you use Tonk's French Dyes. No other dyes like them. Dye cotton as permanently as wool. Our turkey red for cotton won't wash, boil or freeze out—all others will. Carpets, dresses, capes and clothing of all kinds made to look like new. No failures with Tonk's dyes; anyone can use them. Send 10c. for 6 pkgs. of 10c. for one—any color. Big pay to agents. Apply now and mention this paper.

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NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1896

Printed in colors that are correct. Best and finest illustrated Poultry Catalogue ever printed. Get it and be convinced. It tells how to make poultry pay, how to build poultry houses, gives remedies for diseases, also lowest prices of fowls and eggs. If interested in poultry this book is what you want. Sent post paid for 15 cents.

The J. W. Miller Co. Box 179, Freeport, Ill.

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TRADE MARK.

Copco is the kind of soap you've often wished for when you have had something dainty to be washed—a bit of embroidery—a piece of silk or lace work—something of uncertain color. There's nothing but cleanliness ever follows the use of Copco—It's the *perfect* soap.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate, I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

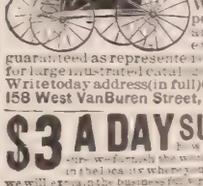
For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

WE WILL SELL YOU THE BEST BUGGY



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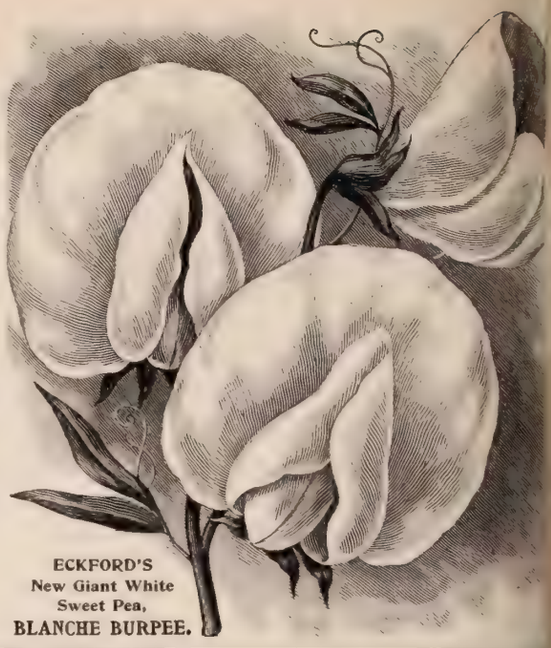
Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We will explain the work, you go to work, you make the money from the start. Some of our workers have made over $5 a day. Any one can do the work. You can make from $3 to $5 every day without being away from home overnight. We will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Don't delay. Address at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX E 6, DETROIT, MICH.

SWEET PEAS FOR THE MILLION!

We are determined, so far as in our power, that **every American garden shall have the best NEW SWEET PEAS in 1896.** By making **Purity** and **High Quality** our aim, rather than low prices, we are acknowledged **Headquarters for SWEET PEAS.** We have **thirty-two thousand pounds of the seed,** and sell the usual grade **Mixed Sweet Peas at 35 cents per lb., 3 lbs. for $1.00, postpaid,—BUT we recommend** *as far superior the* **most beautiful NOVELTIES** here offered:—



ECKFORD'S New Giant White Sweet Pea, BLANCHE BURPEE.

25 Cents buys these Seven Superb Sweet Peas:—

BLANCHE BURPEE. MR. HENRY ECKFORD, the noted English Specialist, has stated repeatedly that he considers "**BLANCHE BURPEE**" **the finest of all the famous Sweet Peas that he has originated.** Flowers of the purest white, three and four on a stem, of extra giant size and grand substance.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Of large, expanded form, the flowers are exceedingly pretty and attractive. Standards a deep rosy mauve, with wings of bluish mauve. Very distinct and extra fine.

LADY PENZANCE. The standard is a beautiful laced-pink, touching orange, while the wings are a darker pink. Truly a superb flower, of large size and most exquisite color.

NEW LOTTIE ECKFORD. This is *the improved new strain.* Flowers are very large and remarkably beautiful, having a white ground delicately edged and suffused with lavender blue.

ROYAL ROBE. This is undoubtedly *the best soft pink* to date. A very lovely flower of large size; an exquisite variety.

STANLEY. Large, handsome flowers produced abundantly in fours on long stems and are of a rich dark maroon. Exceptionally fine for bouquets. This is by far the *finest dark variety.*

SPECIAL SUPERFINE MIXED. *This mixture contains only the* **best Eckford New Sweet Peas.** It is a choice blending of seventeen superb large-flowered new named varieties.

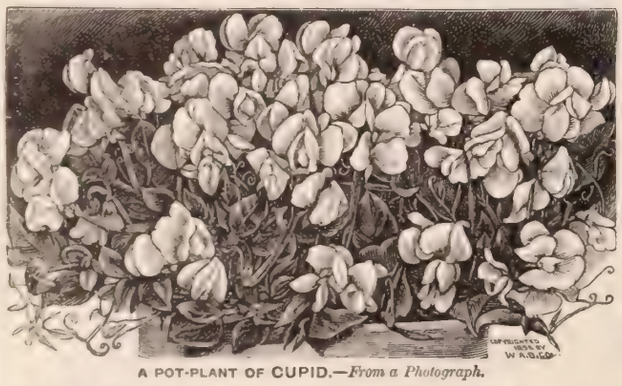
The Seven Superb Sweet Peas advertised above, in the same size packets, would have cost $1.00 in 1895, but are sold now for 25 cents.

"JUST HOW TO GROW SWEET PEAS; FULL DIRECTIONS BY AN EXPERT," mailed FREE with each collection.

Five collections mailed for $1.00, OR four collections and a 25-cent packet of "**CUPID.**"

The First and Only Dwarf Sweet Pea,—Burpee's "CUPID"

GROWS ONLY FIVE INCHES HIGH! THE FLORAL WONDER OF THE AGE!



A POT-PLANT OF CUPID.—*From a Photograph.*

CUPID,—the greatest novelty ever known in flowers,—has won the highest honors possible in Europe. We had plants grown in pots exhibited at the meeting of the **Royal Horticultural Society,** in London, England, where, *by unanimous vote of the Committee,* it received an **Award of Merit**—the highest honor that can be conferred upon a new variety. We exhibited also in Paris, France, on July 11, 1895, at the **Société National d'Horticulture,** where it received **a First-class Certificate,** *as a distinct novelty of surpassing merit.*

"CUPID." The foliage is very dark green; blossoms pure waxy-white, of unequaled substance, and full size. *The plant does not grow over five inches high,* and never more than twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. The stems are about four inches long, bearing two or three blossoms, all very near the end of the stem. It is a wonderfully free bloomer, and *carpets the ground with a mass of white from May until November.*

In regular-size packets (each containing twenty seeds), **per pkt. 25 cts.; five pkts. for $1.00; twelve pkts. for $2.00,** postpaid, by mail, to any address.

In half-size packets (ten seeds each), **per pkt. 15 cts.; two pkts. for 25 cts.; ten pkts. for $1.00.**

ORDER TO-DAY from the Introducers and ask for

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1896

THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE.

More complete than ever before. **A handsome BOOK of 184 pages,** written from knowledge gained at our famous FORDHOOK FARM. It contains hundreds of true illustrations and beautiful **colored plates** *painted from nature.* It describes **RARE NOVELTIES for 1896** not to be had elsewhere, and tells all about **THE BEST SEEDS THAT GROW,** choice summer-flowering **BULBS,** and beautiful **PLANTS,** including the celebrated **SCOTT ROSES.** The price is ten cents (less than cost in quarter-million editions), **but a copy will be MAILED FREE to every one who expects to purchase BURPEE'S SEEDS.**

A Grand Painting of SWEET PEAS

Size 13 x 16½ inches, in 14 Colors.

BY PAUL DE LONGPRÈ.

The great artist visited FORDHOOK FARM during midsummer, when the large area of Sweet Peas gave rare beauty to our Trial Grounds. Amid these charming scenes, glowing with life and color and sweet with delicate perfume of Sweet Peas, the famous painter of nature has caught the most elusive charm of leaf and flower, and transfigured them in imperishable life to his painting. This matchless specimen of the highest art has been reproduced in fourteen colors, making a picture that for chaste elegance it would be impossible to overpraise. So faithful has been the work of the lithographer that not even a trained critic could detect the difference from the original (which **cost $250.00**), except by the minutest examination.

It is indeed a rare transcript from nature—a dream in colors that should adorn the walls of every home.

In order that all may secure a copy of this dainty work of art we will sell it (to our customers) at **10 cents per copy,** mailed in a pasteboard tube; regular price 20 cents.

SWEET PEAS for the TEN THOUSAND!

18 Novelties for $1.00 10 for 75 Cents.

At the top of this page we advertise New SWEET PEAS for the Million. Now we would call your attention to the Choicest Rare Novelties for the Ten Thousand who can afford to invest seventy-five cents more, or in all One Dollar in SWEET PEAS.

For 75 Cents

we will mail one full-size packet each of the **Ten Rare NEW SWEET PEAS** described below,—all catalogued for the first time this year,—**NOVELTIES of Unusual Beauty.**

DAYBREAK. *See illustration.* This is the first and only Novelty ever put out by the REV. W. T. HUTCHINS, the great American specialist, and *the seed can be had only direct from us.* It is a most beautiful variety, giving a fine crimson-scarlet, watered effect.

DUCHESS OF YORK. Flowers of the largest size and most distinct in color; white suffused with delicate pinkish-purple.

DUKE OF YORK. Standards bright rosy-pink, with a tint of primrose; wings primrose, tinted white; very beautiful.

ELIZA ECKFORD. Standards a very pretty hue of rose, the back of each being flaked with deeper rose; wings delicately striped with rose.

GRAY FRIAR. *Our own Novelty for 1896.* Unlike any other Sweet Pea in cultivation: flowers of very large size, decidedly *gray* in color, making a distinct and most pleasing effect.

RAMONA. *Our own Novelty for 1896.* Grand flowers of improved hooded form and unusually large size. Its coloring is delicately beautiful,—a creamy-white, daintily splashed and striped with pale pink on both wings and standard. It usually bears four blossoms to the stem.

METEOR. Truly an exquisite variety, possessing rare novelty. Standards bright orange-salmon, wings delicate pink with slight [illegible].

MRS. JOS. CHAMBERLAIN. The flowers enormous and produced three to four [illegible] stem. The color is very effective—a [illegible] ground, heavily striped and flaked with [illegible].

NOVELTY. Flowers large, moderately expanded; standards bright orange-rose, [illegible] delicate mauve, slightly margined with [illegible].

NEW DOUBLE SWEET PEAS, Finest Mixed. We offer **Seven Varieties Best DOUBLE Sweet Peas, Mixed.** P'kt. 10 cts.; oz. [illegible].

For One Dollar

we will send all the **Ten Novelties** in Sweet Peas described above; **ALSO** our **Seven Superb SWEET PEAS for the Million** (as advertised at top of page), including Eckford's New Giant **Blanche Burpee, AND** one packet (price 25 cents) of our world-famous **CUPID,—the only dwarf Sweet Pea ever known.**

SPECIAL

To members of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD family! For one dollar we will mail, postpaid, ALL the Sweet Peas advertised on this page and also give, **entirely FREE,** one full packet each of the lovely novelty from California, "**JUANITA**" (pronounced *Wah-nee-ta*), and the curious new **Sweet Pea, "ODDITY,"**—quite unlike any other Sweet Pea in cultivation. Both of these grand new Sweet Peas are **unusual NOVELTIES of 1896** *that can be had only direct from us*—see beautiful Colored Plate in THE FARM ANNUAL FOR 1896. **OR,** if your order amounts to only **50 CENTS** from this advertisement, you can have **either** of these **Rare Novelties FREE! Remember,** these **FREE PREMIUMS are given ONLY** if you mention **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Do not delay!** It will take only five minutes to **write Now!** and we guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser. You can remit in Cash, Stamps, or Money Order. If you have not received a copy already, you should ask for **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1896,—the Best Seed Catalogue ever published,—a valuable new BOOK of 184 pages.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

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NUMBER 7.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

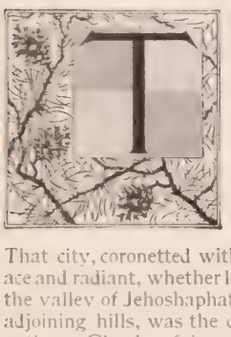
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

DESTITUTE ARMENIANS AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" RELIEF STATION AT VAN. (See Page 126.)

WASHINGTON FOR GOD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Luke 24: 47, "*Beginning at Jerusalem.*"



"THERE it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coronetted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first sceptre. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throb sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of Gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Neversink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men."

Again and again does the Old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon! The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. [illegible] American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Charleston, and Nero-ish baleful power, and Alcoholism will reign, [illegible] his mouth foaming with domestic and national curse, and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worst burglary, and wave torch of widest conflagration, and our cities be [illegible] tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does, — Blessed be his glorious name! — I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

William the Conqueror ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell at midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of this century may not be sounded, and the fires be banked, and the lights extinguished, as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century from the twentieth century, until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of him who is so glorious that William the Conqueror could not be compared to him, even the One who rideth forth, "conquering and to conquer."

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the North and the South. It is neither Northern nor Southern. It commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adamses,—Samuel, and John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there, he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the North and the other toward the South, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the North and the South will be brought into complete accord, is to have a war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million Northerners and Southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either Northern or Southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives and other important places who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the National Legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts had men in Senate or House of Representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in Senate or House of Representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon this city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ! Do you say the effect would be electrical? More than that: it would be omnipotent! Do you say that such learned and potent men are not wrought upon by religious influence? That shows that you have not observed what has been going on. Commodore Foote, representing the navy; General Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the Northern and Southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the Supreme Court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States Senate; William Pennington and scores of others, representing the House of Representatives, have surrendered to that Gospel, which before this winter is out, will, in this capital of the American nation, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the kingdom of God men of national and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another Pentecost. There are on yonder hill those who by the grace of God will become John Knoxes, and Chrysostoms, and Fenelons, and Bourdeleaus, when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heard in prayer meetings and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God, is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the States, cities, towns, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which five hundred th[illegible] sand people were converted in differ[illegible] States of the Union. Do you know wh[illegible] one of its chief powers was demonstrat[illegible] In Washington. Do you know on w[illegible] street? This street. Do you know [illegible] what church? This church. I picked [illegible] an old book a few days ago, and [illegible] startled, and thrilled, and enchanted [illegible] read these words, written at that time [illegible] the Washington correspondent of a N[illegible] York paper. He wrote: "The First P[illegible] byterian Church can scarce contain [illegible] people. Requests are daily preferred [illegible] an interest in the prayers offered, and [illegible] reading of these forms one of the tende[illegible] and most effective features of the meeti[illegible] Particular pains are taken to disclaim [illegible] exclude everything like sectarian feeli[illegible] General astonishment is felt at the un[illegible] pected rapidity with which the work [illegible] thus far proceeded, and we are beginn[illegible] to anticipate the necessity of opening [illegible] other church." Why, my hearers, [illegible] have that again, and more than th[illegible] There are many thousands more of inh[illegible] itants now than then. Beside that, s[illegible] then the telephone, with its semi-or[illegible] presence, and the swift cable car, for [illegible] sembling the people. I believe that [illegible] mightiest revival of religion that this [illegible] has ever seen is yet to come, and the ea[illegible] will tremble from Capitoline Hill to [illegible] boundaries on all sides with the foots[illegible] of God as he comes to awaken and par[illegible] and save these great populations. Pe[illegible] of Washington, meet us next Thurs[illegible] night, at half-past seven o'clock, to p[illegible] for this coming of the Holy Ghost—t[illegible] for a pentecostal three thousand, th[illegible] have referred to, but thirty thous[illegible] Such a fire as that would kindle a l[illegible] that would be seen from the sle[illegible] crunching through the snows of Labra[illegible] to the Caribbean Sea, where the wh[illegible] winds are born. Let our cry be tha[illegible] Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the i[illegible] ble: "O Lord, revive thy work in [illegible] midst of the years, in the midst of [illegible] years make known; in wrath remem[illegible] mercy." Let the battle-cry be, Wash[illegible] ton for God! the United States for C[illegible] America for God! the world for God! [illegible] are all tired of skirmishing. Let us b[illegible] on a general engagement. We are tire[illegible] fishing with hook and line. With [illegible] sweep of the Gospel net let us tak[illegible] many thousands. This vast work m[illegible] begin somewhere. Why not here? S[illegible] one must give the rallying cry, why [illegible] not I, one of the Lord's servants? [illegible] providential arrangement, I am every w[illegible] in sermonic communication with e[illegible] city, town, and neighborhood of this co[illegible] try, and I now give the watchwor[illegible] to North and South, and East and W[illegible] Hear and see it, all people—this call [illegible] forward movement, this call to repent[illegible] and faith, this call to a continental awa[illegible] ening!

This generation will soon be out of si[illegible] Where are the mighty men of the past to trod your Pennsylvania avenue and sp[illegible] in yonder National Legislature, and d[illegible] ed the stupendous questions of the [illegible] preme judicatory? Ask the sleepers i[illegible] Congressional Cemetery. Ask the ma[illegible] leums all over the land. Their tongue[illegible] speechless, their eyes closed, their [illegible] folded, their opportunities gone, their s[illegible] tiny fixed. How soon Time proro[illegible] parliaments, and adjourns senates, [illegible] disbands cabinets, and empties pul[illegible] and dismisses generations! What [illegible] would do, we must do quickly or not [illegible] at all. I call upon people who cannot [illegible] forth from their sick-beds to implore he[illegible] heavens in our behalf from their midn[illegible] pillows, and I call upon the aged who [illegible] not, even by the help of their staff, [illegible] the churches, to spend their last day [illegible] earth in supplicating the salvation of [illegible] nation, and I call upon all men and w[illegible] en who have been in furnaces of trou[illegible], as was Shadrach, and among lions, as [illegible] Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as [illegible] Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and le[illegible] Church of God everywhere lay hold o[illegible]

Almighty Arm that moves nations. Then Senators of the United States will announce to the State legislatures that sent them here, and Members of the House of Representatives will report to the Congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now at here engaged in the many departments of national service will write home, telling the sections of the country that the Lord is here, and that he is on the march for the redemption of America. Hallelujah! the Lord is coming! I hear the rumbling of his chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of his lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow! We want in this country, now on a larger scale, that which other centuries have seen of God's workings: as in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan and Flavel, and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant, and Edwards, and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening or 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop MacIlvaine, the Apostolic Episcopalian, and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others, just as good, in all denominations. Oh, will not some of those glorious souls of the past come down and help us? Come down off your thrones, Nettleton, and Finney, and Daniel Baker, and Edward Payson, and Truman Osborne, and Earle, and Knapp, and Inskip, and Archibald Alexander,—that Alexander the Great of the Christian Churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the Gospel? Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us preach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith. Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all (and overwhelmed with reverent emotion we say it), come, thou of the deeply-dyed garments of Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua! Let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon and the moon above the valley of Ajalon until we can whip out the five kings of hell, tumbling them down the precipices as the other five kings went over the rocks of Bethhoron. Ha! Ha! It will so surely be done that I cannot restrain the laugh of triumph. From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands moved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock, when he said, "It is a dreadful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but, oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the souls." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss-carpenter shouted, "Lift men or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild huzza was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, aye, more Christian women to reinforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The top-stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time.

Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Oh, what news to tell, what news to relate to your old father and mother, what news to telegraph your friends on the other side of the mountains, what news with which to thrill your loved ones in heaven! It was of such news that a man read in a noonday meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript, read:

Where'er we meet, you always say
What's the news? what's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell:
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news! that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news! that's the news!

And now, if anyone should say,
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, tell him you've begun to pray—
That's the news! that's the news!—
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land.
That's the news! that's the news!

All Loved "Grandma" Moody.

Sweet Memories at Northfield of the Dear Old Christian Lady, who has Gone from Earth—Mr. Moody's Boyhood recalled.

IN the death of Mrs. Betsey Moody, as announced last week in these columns, many thousands of good Christian men and women who had known and loved her, feel that they have lost a very dear friend. To everyone in Northfield, Mass., where the Moody Institute and Training Schools are situated, she was familiarly known as "Grandma" Moody, and despite her ninety years, her bright, alert intellect and kindly, loving ways were such as to endear her to all who called at the old Moody homestead. It has been the custom for almost every visitor to Northfield to make a pilgrimage to the house where the world-wide Evangelist was born, and where his mother spent her declining days. It is a plain and substantial frame-house, about a gunshot up the hill to the eastward, from the Evangelist's own home. On a seat which surrounds the stately tree in front, Mr. Moody was wont to sit, in an earlier part of his public career, and prepare some of his sermons, the echoes of which have gone around the word, and which have led so many souls into peace and liberty.

THE LATE MRS. BETSEY MOODY.

Betsey Holton, afterwards Mrs. Moody, was born in 1805. Her birthplace is situated not far distant from the Mount Hermon Schools, across the Connecticut river; so that her life has been spent almost in sight of her native home. Miss Holton was married at the age of twenty-three to Mr. Edwin Moody, who had come across the hills and settled in Northfield. Dwight Lyman (the well-known evangelist), was the sixth child of Mr and Mrs. Moody. The husband and father died in 1841, leaving his widow with seven young children; and twins were born to her a month after his death. The farm which the husband cultivated, in addition to the exercise of his handicraft as a brick-mason, was encumbered with a mortgage; and the widow was left in very strained circumstances. But her trust was in God, and she addressed herself to the task of providing for her little ones. One who knows her well says: "Her life was a simple, plain, mother's life in a country place, marked principally by the struggle in her widowhood to maintain her nine children. And she did it nobly." Her brothers helped her to retain the farm. The family were kept together until they were able to support themselves.

Many of those who heard Mr. D. L. Moody preach, on his first evangelistic mission, will recollect the pathetic references he was wont to make to the home-life. They will not soon forget the touching story of the elder son, who was for a time a "wandering boy," and how the younger ones were frequently sent by the widowed mother to the post office to see if any letter had come from him. Then there was the return, the recognition, the forgiveness, and the welcome.

"Mother Moody," as the lay-students familiarly called her, was wonderfully hale and well-preserved. As she sat in her arm-chair, receiving her visitors, with the snows of age upon her head, she made a goodly picture. Though in her ninetieth year, her activity, mental and physical, was but little abated. Until lately, she was a great reader. The celebration of her birthday was always a great event in the Northfield home. Neighbors and friends vied with each other in bringing their tributes of love to a brother beloved and a mother revered.

Never does Mr. Moody seem so royally grand as when moving among his townsmen, giving and receiving tokens of respect. His mother's birthdays, like his own, were always widely remembered. Of one occasion, a friend wrote: "Not alone did his old friends and his kindred come up to Marquand Hall, which was opened for a public reception, but invitations was sent out to a host of other friends in different parts of the land, to be present on this glad occasion. The day was one of the fairest of winter days, and a general holiday was given to the Mount Hermon boys and the Northfield students. All these proteges of the Evangelist were present, and sang most enthusiastically songs of gladness and rejoicing.

"In one room of the old home were the simple articles used by the family in their days of poverty, speaking in mute eloquence of privation and closest economy; the churn, the spinning-wheel, the foot-mat—a 'coat-of-arms' most significant. But of greater value than all was the old family Bible, on the pine centre-table, showing that it had been in constant use through the generations.

"Mrs. Moody's cheerful spirit shone through her keen black eyes. She is of the seventh generation from William Holton, Ipswich, England, who came to this country at the age of twenty-two, and settled in Hartford, Connecticut. His name is on the 'Forefathers' Monument.' It is a notable feature in his history that he was the first to introduce a bill for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Good stock for an evangelist to spring from!"

At the funeral of Mrs. Betsey Moody, which took place at East Northfield, in the Congregational Church, hundreds of people were moved to tears, as Mr. Moody, the evangelist, standing over the open coffin which held the body of his mother, paid a touching tribute to her life of self-sacrifice and devotion, and recounted the story of his own early life of privation and other incidents which the public have never heard. "She made our home, poor though it was," he said, "the best place on earth to us. She taught us that poverty was no disgrace. During the first years of her widowhood, she wept herself to sleep night after night, and we never knew of it until later years."

He told of their struggles with poverty, and then read from the Bible and from a book of verses given his mother by the late Dr. Everett. Turning to the face of the dead, in a gentle voice he said, as he shook his head, "God bless you, mother, we love you still." Many in the audience were unable to control their grief and the sobs nearly drowned the voice of the evangelist. The funeral service will long be remembered at Northfield.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Miss Dell E. Anderson.
Rev. A. Simmons.
W. A. Crosby.
Miss Kate Taaffe.
A. C. B., Balto.
Jos. S. Garnett.
Wm. H. Griffing.
Mrs. E. Purdy.
Friend, Nantucket, Mass.
A Mother, Clear Lake, Iowa.
Reader, Rexford, Pa.
F. F. E., Verdon, Neb.
Mrs. F. R. Warrick.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose names are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the work before March 15 next, each giving according to ability and as personal interest in the spiritual progress of the work suggests. All contributions will be acknowledged by mail.

Faith Encouraged.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 23. Luke 8: 43-55. Golden Text, Luke 8: 48. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOR two reasons, first, that he might teach his disciples, and secondly, that he might deliver one poor man who was possessed with a "legion" of devils, or demons (Mark 5: 9), Jesus had crossed the lake of Galilee, and landed for a little time on the coasts of the Gadarenes. The inhabitants of the country, when they saw the man who had been a terror to them, "sitting and clothed and in his right mind" were far more afraid than they had been of the man himself, when he was possessed with a legion of devils. Men are more at home with the devil than with God! With united voice they besought Jesus to depart from them; "for they were

Taken With Great Fear."

It is an awful sign of human depravity when men get so accustomed to the presence of the enemy that they mourn over the departure of devils, and beg Jesus to depart from them. And yet every sinner who puts off decision for Christ, after once hearing for himself the message of salvation, is guilty of this terrible sin.

And the Son of God does not resist such blasphemous and suicidal prayers. He went up into the ship and returned again. He will never force himself or his salvation upon unwilling sinners. Every man who rejects Christ must take the tremendous and eternal responsibility of doing so, and his rejected Saviour will bear witness against him at the last day: "How often would I have gathered" you (Matt 23: 37), but "ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." (John 5: 40.)

While some reject, others eagerly receive God's Messiah: when he was returned to the other side of the lake, into Galilee, "the multitude welcomed him, for they were all waiting for him." But some among them had special need; Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, was one: "he fell down at Jesus feet, and besought him that he would come into his house: for he had one only daughter, and she lay dying." Such an appeal met with a ready response from Jesus; He went with him and the multitudes thronged him. They all wanted to see and hear, but with many of them it ended there; and when Jesus left them to go elsewhere, they remained behind, ready for the next new thing. Their curiosity was satisfied, they were not behind the times; they knew all that was going on, but nothing touched them; Jesus, his Person and his ministry were all outside of them, and nothing was left them but a responsibility to which they were not alive, that Jesus of Nazareth had passed by, and they knew not the time of their visit[illegible] (Luke 19: 44.)

One there was among this crowd who had staked everything upon the venture [illegible]. A woman [illegible] unclean. (Num. 5: 1-3), and therefore not permitted to worship in the temple, condemned to be set apart and separated from others, she nevertheless broke through all restrictions, and came along with the multitude to seek help from Jesus. She had doubtless heard of those who had sought only to touch the hem of his garment, and that "as many as touched were made perfectly whole" (Matt. 14: 36), and she said within herself, "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." (Matt. 9: 21.) It was her only hope! so intent had she been on being healed, and set free from the ceremonial restrictions which kept her a [illegible] among her fellowmen, that she had spent all which she had on physicians and remedies, and after seeing all her little fortune dwindle away, and finding that she was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse (Mark 5: 26), that she was not only sick, not only unclean, but that also starvation stared her in the face.

Her case was desperate and she staked all upon the venture. If she was discovered, she might be hindered from coming to Jesus, or joining at all in the press of people which surrounded him. But he would not reject her, had he not touched the very leper and he was cleansed? So she came in the press behind, and touched his garment, and it was not in vain. The grievous humbling disease of twelve years standing, which had rendered her unclean, was instantaneously healed. "And she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague."

But Jesus felt something, too. He knew, and the woman knew, that a ransomed soul had touched its Saviour; and that the life-power of the Son of man had healed a hopelessly sick body. The same eyes which found out Peter in the judgment hall, were turned upon this woman now, she "saw that she was not hid," and came "trembling," for she had doubtless counted on getting away without notice or remark—and falling down before him, she declared to him before all the people, for what cause she had touched him and was healed immediately. "Did she fear the people or did she fear the Lord Jesus?" Probably the people. But where Jesus is trusted, he may be trusted with people, too. She had nothing to fear from him. "Daughter," he said to her, "thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace and be whole of thy plague" (Mark 7: 34).

This whole incident occurred when Jesus was on his way to the house of Jairus, and just at this very moment when he spoke these last words to the healed woman, a messenger came from the house of the ruler of the synagogue, saying to him as he stood there, perhaps counting the moments until Jesus should move on: "Thy daughter is dead: trouble not the Master." Did there arise in his heart the bitter reflection: "If only Jesus had hurried and left this woman till afterwards, he might have been in time to heal my daughter, and now it is too late; and I, by coming to him, have lost the last few moments with my child." Had Jesus made a mistake? Would it have been consistent with his heart of kindness to have put off the woman until he had healed the child? There was no confusion, no hurry, no pressure about the movements of Jesus, all were regulated from above, by the hand of his Father. "He hath made all things beautiful in his time" (Eccl. 3: 11, R.V.), and the beauty ceases as soon as we will force things into our time. Jesus had a word of comfort for the father. It had been no accident, but ordered from above, that he should see how the faith of the woman had been honored, and now, in presence of death itself, he is called upon to believe. "Fear not, believe only and she shall be made whole." Startling words coming upon the announcement that she was already dead! But Jesus has life in himself (John 5: 26), and the father's silence was proof that he did not dispute the Master's word.

None might enter into that chamber of death and resurrection but such as could count upon Jesus; he excluded all but Peter, James, John, and the father and mother of the maiden. The hired mourners, and all who saw only death as though it were victorious, must remain outside. Jesus said to them: "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." "Had they believed him, they would not have gone by appearances, but, in their unbelief, they laughed him to scorn. He could do no mighty work where unbelief reigned (Matt. 13: 58; Mark 6: 5, 6), and he put out of the room these scoffers at the Son of Man. Now, he was free, and taking the little lifeless hand, he said, "Maid, arise." And the spirit came again, and she arose straightway, and he commanded that something be given her to eat. The parents were astonished, and now the father could doubtless understand the Lord's dealings with him, in permitting the delay for the healing of the woman. What were a few moments more or less to him who could conquer death itself? But let us also learn the lesson. Wherever Jesus is, there he is Master of the situation. Wherever we are with him, not doubting, touching him like the woman, silently waiting upon him as Jairus did, we, too, are made by him masters of the situation. All things are possible to him, and all things are possible to him that believeth: it answers then to wait on him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AGAIN two miracles form the subject of the lesson, and, like those of last week's lesson, one is a miracle of healing and the other of resurrection from the dead. The scene is Capernaum and Christ has come back there after one of his tours in Galilee. It had been an absence rich in teaching and in wonderful works. The people were no nearer understanding the young Teacher, and were being continually surprised at his doing something that he was not expected to do. His friendliness and kindliness were not the least of these surprises. Unlike John the Baptist, he seemed to seek contact with human beings. He was approachable, genial, companionable, never holding aloof, putting on no ascetic manner. A Pharisee had invited him to a feast and though the Pharisees were his opponents and he had denounced them, he cheerfully accepted the invitation. At the feast, a woman of sinful life had approached and had wept tears of sorrow and love over him, and, to the surprise of the Pharisee, she had not been repulsed. Taken to task for this apparent indifference to the character of the woman, Christ had answered affably, and with logical force justified his conduct. Messengers from John the Baptist had come to him asking him for a definite declaration of himself. He kept them there while he performed several miracles, and then bade them tell John what they had witnessed, leaving him to draw his own conclusions. Yet he knew that he was not understood, and his parable of the Sower, delivered during this journey, showed that he was aware of the causes which prevented his words taking effect. Finally, in crossing the Lake there had been a new exhibition of his power, when he hushed the storm by a word.

NATIVES OF CAPERNAUM.

Arriving at his home in Capernaum Christ is surrounded by an eager crowd of admirers and friends. He is talking with them and answering questions, when the great man of the town, Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, breaks in upon them. His little daughter is sick and he wants Jesus to lay his lands on her and heal her. His words indicate his intense anxiety. The miracle of the Centurion's servant, of which he must have known and other miracles in Capernaum had inspired him with faith in Christ's power. In his distress, he does not stand on his dignity, but great man as he is, asks for help. Matthew says that even when he came, he knew that his daughter was dead, but Matthew was doubtless anticipating the knowledge that came later, when the messengers from the sick room brought their report. In each of the three stories, the Evangelist inserts the parenthetic miracle. Jesus on the way to the house of Jairus, is accompanied by the crowd, eager to see a mi[illegible]cle worked. On the way, an afflicted w[illegible] man stealthily joins the throng and ed[illegible] her way nearer and nearer to the gr[illegible] Healer. She has a purpose. Mark, wh[illegible] story is more full of detail than the othe[illegible] enables us to understand her case. Ill[illegible] twelve years, undergoing painful tre[illegible]ment, spending her money and to no p[illegible]pose. Worse, rather than better, she [illegible] spairs, but she hears of the wonde[illegible] healings Christ has wrought and de[illegible] mines to apply to him for help. She thi[illegible] that even a touch of Christ's garment [illegible] suffice to cure her. The thing can eas[illegible] be done in that crowd and when she [illegible] near enough, she puts out her hand, tou[illegible] es the loose robe he wears and instan[illegible] feels the life-giving result. She knows [illegible] is healed; but has she stolen the blessi[illegible] Her mind misgives her. Christ kn[illegible] and stops in his walk, asking who [illegible] touched him. Peter reminds him t[illegible] many had done so, but Christ knows [illegible] difference of the touch. Like many w[illegible] hear the Gospel now and do not appl[illegible] to themselves, many had derived no b[illegible]efit from touching Christ. Then the [illegible] man comes forward trembling and adr[illegible] what she did, declares that she is he[illegible] and receives a benediction. People [illegible] our time are often distressed by ha[illegible] no assurance that Christ has accep[illegible] them. If they had the confidence of t[illegible] woman, they would not be worried. [illegible] did not even ask Christ for the boon. [illegible] believed in his power and put out her h[illegible] and took the blessing. Christ had said [illegible]fore that the kingdom of heaven w[illegible] suffer violence and the violent would t[illegible] it by force. This woman's act was an [illegible]stance. The mixture of boldness and t[illegible]idity in her affected him strongly and [illegible] words to her were sweetly tender.

By this time the news came that [illegible] child whom Christ was on his way [illegible] heal, was dead. Jairus is told that it i[illegible] no use now to trouble Jesus. People o[illegible] think so now about profligates and cr[illegible]inals. They are so sunk in depravity t[illegible] nothing can save them, but it is never [illegible] to aver that anyone is beyond Chri[illegible] power. At the house he says of the [illegible] as he said afterwards of Lazarus, tha[illegible] was sleep not death. But there wa[illegible] scornful laugh. The people there w[illegible] had seen the child, were not likely to m[illegible] take sleep for death. But it proved un[illegible] Christ's power to be after all more [illegible] sleep than death, for though the spirit [illegible] departed, it returned at his command. [illegible] word to Jairus is the word he now ut[illegible] to people who think his power is limi[illegible] "Fear not, only believe."

I perceive that virtue has gone out of me. [illegible] friend calling on the late Pastor C[illegible] Spurgeon one evening during a visi[illegible] London was sorry to find him very m[illegible] downcast. He asked him if he was [illegible] but Mr. Spurgeon said he was quite w[illegible] They talked for some time, but there [illegible] no cheer in the conversation. The hum[illegible]ous remarks and witty sallies which us[illegible]ly made the great preacher's compan[illegible] delightful were absent. "I am afra[illegible] said the visitor, "you have heard s[illegible] bad news." Mr. Spurgeon said he [illegible] not and made a perceptible effort to sh[illegible] off his depression, but he failed and, l[illegible]ing back in his chair, he sighed heav[illegible] "The fact is," said he, "this has been [illegible] day at the Tabernacle. I appoint a [illegible] when I will be there to see any one [illegible] wants counsel. There has been a su[illegible]sion of despairing persons there—pe[illegible] who are sure they have committed the [illegible] pardonable sin and people who are in [illegible]tress from other causes. I have [illegible] cheering one after the other, the whole [illegible] I think I must have given away all [illegible] cheerfulness. Well, if they have it, I [illegible] glad. Poor creatures! Some of t[illegible] needed it badly."

She is not dead but sleepeth. "If sleep be[illegible] metaphor for death," says a great wr[illegible] we may well consider what happen[illegible] sleep. The body lies still, the muscles re[illegible] relaxed, the weary limbs are at rest. [illegible] the mind is not always resting with it [illegible] is roaming through familiar scenes, se[illegible] strange sights, actively participatin[illegible] imaginary conversations. When we [illegible] death a sleep, we must remember [illegible] then, too, we are referring to the body on[illegible] As in sleep, the spirit may be pass[illegible] through the most wonderful experien[illegible]s. As in dreams, we sometimes seem to [illegible] years in a night, so in death, we may see [illegible] and learn infinite things in a brief spa[illegible]

PIONEER MISSIONARY DAYS.

How the Lord's Work Grows in Consecrated Hands—A Frame Shed that Afterwards Became a Christian College—One Missionary's Eventful Life.

TO a multitude of Christian lives there comes at times the personal expe-

REV. W. W. WHEELER.

rience of the great spiritual truth that was taught in our Saviour's parable of the mustard seed. They have observed with supreme delight how the Lord's spiritual work in faithful hands has expanded from small beginnings beyond all expectations. What could never have been accomplished by merely human means, has been done by divine help, with the accompaniments of prayer, energetic effort, and the influence of personal example. Indeed, if the history of almost all the great religious, philanthropic and benevolent enterprises of our day were closely scrutinized, it would be found that almost all had their origin in a single grain of spiritual effort, no larger comparatively than a mustard seed.

This is illustrated in the career of Rev. W. W. Wheeler, a Missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Wisconsin, more clearly, probably than in that of many others, although all who are engaged in the Lord's work have at times had a personal experience of this nature. Mr. Wheeler's whole life from early manhood has been devoted to Christian service. One of his most grateful recollections of early work relates to Berea College. During the first years of his work in Berea, he, with Mrs. Wheeler and Prof. Rogers, lived in a frame structure of the pioneer order. The lower part of the house was used as a boarding hall, where the early students were accommodeted. Some little distance off was a frame school house (shown in one of the photographs on this page), where the faithful workers opened an "Academy and College." It was an ambitious title for such a modest structure, but the field was promising, and soon the scholars came in increasing numbers. This building was afterward replaced by small "Recitation Buildings," which was a distinct step forward. That was many years ago. To-day, where the unpretentious frame school house once stood, stands Berea College, a splendid, spacious edifice, with a "Ladies' Hall" and a "Boarding Hall," sufficiently large to accommodate all the students. Thus has the grain of mustard seed been multiplied, and the insignificant beginning, undertaken in faith by two godly men and one woman, has become a recognized and influential factor for the extension of the Gospel in America.

W.W.Wheeler was born in 1838. Having been converted at the age of seventeen, he became anxious to prepare for Christian work. At the age of nineteen, with only seventy-five cents in money, he arrived at Oberlin, hoping to work his way through College. While pursuing his studies there, he spent one vacation as missionary of the A. M. A. in Evansville, Ind., and one as missionary teacher in Canada, among the refugees who had escaped from slavery.

In May, 1861, he responded to the first call for three years' men, and enlisted in a company made up of students. On Aug. 26, he, with a large number of his regiment, was captured and held ten months in Southern prisons. Upon being released, he was discharged as being unfit for duty, and went home to recruit his health. In 1864 he was married, and with his young wife, joined the band of heroic and self-sacrificing teachers who, under the American Missionary Association, went South to labor among the recently liberated slaves. He had the princely salary of twenty-two dollars per month, and government rations, for his own and his wife's services. Their first school was at Harper's Ferry, where they had as night scholars some of the men who joined John Brown in his ill-fated enterprise. During the night of July 4, the Confederates captured the place, and the young teachers escaped on foot in the darkness.

After this, they taught successively at several different points, until the fall of 1865, when Mr. Wheeler was sent to Berea, Ky. This was the place where Rev. J. G. Free and Rev. J. A. R. Rogers had so heroically preached an anti-slavery Gospel, and planted a flourishing academy sometime in the fifties. In 1859, these men and their families had been driven from their homes and the State. The closing of the war made it possible for these exiles to return, and the academy was reopened with Mr. Wheeler as one of the teachers. A charter for a college was obtained, and soon three colored children applied for admission. It was a very serious question to solve. If these colored children were received, it was likely that the white scholars would leave; besides, in the unsettled condition of the South, would the teachers and their families be safe? But with their Lord's words before them, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me," they could not falter. The storm which they expected soon burst upon them, and the opposition was fierce and long continued, but they were mercifully preserved.

THE FIRST BEREA SCHOOL.

BEREA COLLEGE, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

In 1871, Mr. Wheeler went to another part of the State on business for the college, where he fell into the hands of outlaws, who after repeatedly shooting at him, dragged him from bed at dead of night, not giving him time to dress. For a long time they tried to extort from him a promise that he would abandon his work aud leave the State. As he resolutely refused, they threw him across a log and laid upon him fifty-three stripes with hickory whips, and with his back all mangled and bleeding, they let him go.

After ten years of missionary work in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler returned to the North, with impaired health. It was not long until they were sent as missionary teachers among the Indians,where they spent seven years. In 1887, Mr. Wheeler began work as Sunday School Missionary, under the American Sunday School Union. He regards these eight years as by far the most fruitful years of his life's work. He has organized 165 Sunday Schools in destitute communities, into which he gathered more than 6,000 scholars. He has addressed and aided 277 other schools, having 13,499 scholars. He has reorganized or improved these schools in 526 cases; has made 12,521 visits to families, holding religious conversation and prayer with them as opportunity offered; distributed 779 Bible and Testaments, and large quantities of religious reading; and has delivered 1396 sermons and addresses. He has the names of 571 persons who were publicly pledged to accept Christ as their Saviour, in meetings in which he has labored alone, or prominently with others. The organization of ten churches has followed where he planted schools, and fourteen Young People's Societies have resulted in connection with his work. He has also been the means of contributing toward the support of other missionaries, who have performed faithful service.

PRAYER IN A CRISIS.

IN a recently published report Mr. George Muller, who feeds, clothes and educates two thousand orphans in his homes, at Bristol, England, mentions the following among his reminiscences of answered prayer: When the third house was filled with orphans, all the money was gone. Then came days that I had been looking for, viz., days when God would be glorified by answers to prayers in time of need. This was not the case a few times, or a hundred times. Thousands of times the day commenced with nothing to carry through the day, or nothing in hand from meal to meal, but God invariably helped. My most wealthy friends never had a hint of our need, not one besides those actually engaged in the work, and who united with me in prayer. One day we had three prayer-meetings from meal to meal for help, but I had to go home after the last prayer-meeting with nothing in hand for the breakfast next morning (and we paid cash on delivery for everything).

On reaching home, I expected to find something there, but there was nothing. The next morning I went down to the Orphan Houses early to see if anything had come in. When I arrived, my chief helper showed me three pounds ($14.50) he had just received, between 6 and 7 a. m. The receipt of this sum in a time of such need was recorded in the next report, and after the report had been published, the donor came and said, "On the morning I gave that money I was expecting an important letters at my counting house, and went down early in consequence; on my way it came to my mind, Should I not give something for the orphans to-day? but I decided to do so in the evening. Again the thought was pressed on my mind, Why cannot I do so now? still I went on, but after walking a mile further in the direction of my office, I could not go on, and turned back at once to the Orphan House where I paid the money."

Changed Hearts and Lives.

Our Sunday School Missionary tells of some Pioneer Gospel Triumphs in the Southwest.

A FEW years ago I organized a Sunday School in a very wicked village in a hall, there being neither church nor school-house, and I was jeeered by a few giddy young men. But the school lived and prospered,though I had to foster as well as plant it. I have learned recently of a meeting there in which many persons were converted; a church has been organized and a house of worship erected. A wicked young man of a sceptical disposition, not deigning to enter the church, had enough curiosity to go one night and look from the outside through a window at the meeting. I do not know how often this was repeated, but eventually he came to one of the services and came into the house and sat well towards the rear.

But the truths of the Gospel took hold of his heart, his rebellious opposition was given up, and when the invitation was given for inquirers to come forward, the proud rejector, as if moved by a divine impulse, promptly surrendered to the good Lord. That was several months ago. Since then his consistent life and active service have attested the thoroughness of the change. His father, soon after his son's conversion, followed him in a public confession of his faith in Christ and united with the church, which is a light shining in a dark place; and the Sunday School is an "evergreen."

Many years ago, before the town of Moberly, Mo., was in existence, the late Stephen Paxson, widely known as a veteran missionary of the American Sunday School Union, planted a Sunday School in a country district, a few miles from here, organizing in a rude box house near a little saw-mill. It was felicitously called Mount Hope. The little box house long ago ceased to contain the radiant school where so many have obtained that blessed "hope which is an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast." Mount Hope Sunday School years since found a home in Mount Hope Church, a neat and comfortable edifice having been erected in which the School the prayer-meeting, and faithful ministers have brought everlasting consolation to many people. Mount Hope has also been a training school of Christian workers, one of whom, the now venerable Cowan Jenkins, a farmer, has been a pillar, and his example and counsel have exerted an influence far beyond his neighborhood.

Several years ago, a very faithful man, and an efficient Sunday School superintendent, opened his heart to me in reference to a matter that troubled him. He believed that God had called him to preach, but he was past middle life, unlearned, of limited means and had a family dependent upon him, and saw no prospect of filling the standard of education necessary to ordination. I knew him to be a man of excellent judgment, great diligence, fervent in spirit and well read in the holy Scriptures. I encouraged him to enter every door as the Lord might lead him, as a lay worker. He has done so, and has been wonderfully blessed, organizing or aiding country Sunday Schools in his county, and laboring in country churches, revival after revival occurring in his work in which scores, probably hundreds, have been converted, and his usefulness is constantly growing.

One of the fruitful duties of a missionary is to aid Christian workers, and to suggest improved methods of work.

GEO. W. SHARP,

Christian Herald Missionary of the A. S. S. Union

FEEDING THOUSANDS AT VAN.

Our Relief Work under Miss Kimball accomplishing Grand Results — The Work Elsewhere—$5,000 More Cabled from the Fund, and Four New Stations Opened.

TURKISH "ZEIBEK," OR IRREGULAR.

ALTHOUGH no official confirmation has yet been received to substantiate the rumored treaty between Russia and Turkey, the news, which is still generally accepted as approximately true, continues to exercise a beneficial influence on the situation in Armenia. For the time being, at least, massacres on a large scale seem to have been suspended, though disturbances at different points are still reported. The Ottoman Government has evidently withheld its hand, awaiting the action of Russia which is to assist in the pacification of Armenia. How this is to be ultimately accomplished remains to be disclosed.

Meanwhile the work of relieving distress and destitution in Armenia, in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, progresses uninterruptedly, at all the stations of the American Board to which remittances have been sent. In the city of Van, where Dr. Grace Kimball and her associates are pluckily engaged in relieving the needs of the fifteen thousand refugees, the work has expanded beyond all expectation. Our colored illustration on the first page of this issue, (reproduced from a photograph forwarded by Miss Kimball), shows a crowd of refugees, in all sorts of dilapidated garments—many in sheer rags—assembled in front of the headquarters of the Relief work in Van, and waiting to be supplied with a ration of bread. After exhausting the available bakery facilities, Dr. Kimball wisely constructed a bakery for the work exclusively, and of sufficient magnitude to supply the greatly increased demands that she could foresee were inevitable. Thousands are now being cared for daily at Van; indeed, it is strictly within the truth to state that in Dr. Kimball's hands the gifts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S contributors have already been the means of saving a vast number of human lives. The same is true, in degree, of the work done at the other relief stations, and we are confident that when all the reports are received, it will be found that the efforts of our friends in behalf of Armenia have been greatly blessed. Four new relief stations have been opened during the week, making a total of fifteen now supplied by the Fund.

In a letter just received from Miss Kimball, (dated Jan. 7th), she writes to the proprietor of this journal:

[illegible] You will see, however, by the enclosed, how sorely [illegible] may be able to dimly imagine what a tremendous [illegible] very opportunely—on New Year's Day. I cannot [illegible] and your coadjutors for this noble work. Many and [illegible] men and women in America and England, who have thus generously opened their hearts and purses. We are indeed the only hope of this people for the [illegible] or you conferred upon me by appointing me administ[illegible] ing it as shall reflect credit upon the donors and do [illegible] Hallward. I shall have the pleasure to report [illegible]

Accompanying the letter is a summary of the Relief Work at Van, which shows the following results up to January 1st:

Number of employees on Industrial Bureau 481, representing over 381 families or about 1750 persons. Of these 4 are carpenters, 7 master-workmen, 168 spinners of cotton and wool, 115 weavers of cotton, 57 weavers of woolen goods, and the remainder, carpet weavers, carders, spindle-fillers, sizers, knitters and sewers of clothing. The manufactures are coarse cotton cloth, woolen goods, carpets, a kind of heavy jacket worn by the villagers; socks, ready-made clothing and bedding. The product from July to November was largely sold to the Sassoun Relief Commission, though small quantities were distributed here, chiefly among refugees. The supply is not nearly equal to the demand.

In the Baking Department free bread is given regularly to 415 families or about 2500 persons. About 1500 persons have received rations for from a week to a month, while waiting to return to their villages. The allowance per capita is 1 1-2 pounds a day. Free bread is being given to the extent of 3000 pounds a day.

A letter received by the National Armenian Relief Committee from a leading missionary of the American Board in Constantinople gives some interesting information regarding the relief work generally. He writes:

"The funds so far appropriated will probably maintain the work on the present scale through the month of January. A special industrial relief is now being carried on at Van, where there are more than fifteen thousand refugees. The funds mainly come from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York.

"In most of the places which are central to the work of distribution, a cent and a half or two cents per day will keep a man alive. In the whole region the food was carried off by the plunderers, but there would be no economy in carrying food into Turkey from abroad. The people in the country districts live mainly on wheat cracked and hulled, on bread, and on milk products, like butter, cheese and dried curds. Meat is rarely indulged in, and in winter can be had only in some preserved or dried form. In many places the people are dying from exposure, owing to the lack of clothing and bedding, quite as much as from actual starvation. It is not worth while to bring in clothing from abroad. The kind of clothes to which the people are accustomed are altogether different from those used in Europe or America. Perhaps coarse warm woolen goods in the piece might be brought in if the freight is allowed at a reduced rate. Clothing from Constantinople has been sent on to the nearer points economically, because the steamers carry the goods without charge. In the region of Harpoot and Arabkir the pluderers are selling off the goods stolen, at reduced rates, so at present all that is needed is to be had on the ground. The bedding used by the people in this country is mostly quilted. But it is probable that it would be economical to bring from abroad warm, colored woolen blankets in some quantity, of about the quality used for the army; contributions of underclothing also might be accepted.

"The American missionaries stationed in the provinces of Trebizond, Erzeroum, Bitlis, Van, Harpoot, Diarbekir, Sivas, Angora, Adana and Aleppo, are careful in making their statements, and their private letters and their more formal reports to the U. S. Legation here have been extensively used in forming the opinions here expressed. The Armenian Patriarchate at Constantinople has very numerous communications from the bishops and other clergy in all of the above-named provinces. I have been permitted to see the whole mass of these communications which though sometimes written under circumstances of excitement which favor hasty views, are on the whole of very considerable value, particularly when supported by independent testimony. A great number of natives of the provinces named are in Constantinople for business reasons, and have received letters from their families which are valuable as throwing side-lights of personal experience on the picture of devastation which is already too well known.

TREBIZOND, WHERE 1000 CHRISTIANS PERISHED.

KURDISH BANDITS ON THE PERSIAN BORDER.

"We have reason to believe that over 40,000 may prove to be the number killed in the ten provinces. From the consensus of letters received, we have estimated that 400,000 persons will need aid in order to live through the winter. Of these some 40,000 or 50,000 have escaped to Russia, where we may hope that their co-religionists will take care of them. About 100,000 are being fed, with bread, by the Ottoman Government, but have been warned that the supply is not to be continued very long. This government aid is at the rate of about half a pound of bread per day, and in the secluded districts this is given only on condition either of professing Mohammedanism, or of signing receipts for a much larger ration, the officials pocketing the difference. An unknown number of women and children have been carried off by the Turks and Kurds, and for a time at least will be supported by their captors. Probably 150,000 are being given bread by relatives who have escaped without complete loss of food supply. These together with the friends who now feed them will all be reduced to starvation before the winter is past."

Rev. Dr. D. M. Thom, a missionary of the American Board, stationed at Mardin, Mesopotamia, and who is now on a visit to this country, states that probably two hundred villages around Harpoot have been destroyed. "Palu is one of the most needy fields," says Dr. Thom, "and Van is next, on account of the destruction of the villages around there. There are several hundred villages around Van that have been destroyed."

Dr. Thom has been in the Mesopotamian field twenty-one years. He does not think that this trouble will spread to Syria. Left to themselves, he believes that the Turks would not stop until the whole Christian population was killed or proselytized. Russian occupation, while a present benefit, would be ultimately fatal to missionary work in Armenia. The American Board reaches the whole field, and its missionaries are at the present time the only medium through which the suffering can be relieved.

In a private letter from Mardin received by Dr. Thom these particulars of the outbreak in that region are given:

When the Koords were expelled from Diarbekir and the gates closed against them, they turned their attention to the villages. These, one after another, were taken, plundered, and in many instances, burned—massacre being generally in proportion to the degree of resistance made by the villagers. A district about ninety miles long and fifty broad, east of Diarbekir, and up to the borders of Syert, in the vilayet of Bitlis, was swept by this hurricane of destruction, wherever Christian villages nestled among the billows of this rolling country. We are not yet in a position to estimate the number of killed and wounded in cities, towns and villages. The first intimation that the wave of wanton wreckage was moving southward was given in the attack upon Tel-Ermin, Wednesday, November 6th. This Armenian town of two hundred houses and sixty shops, five hours west of Mardin, was taken the following day, plundered and burned. The next day Gorli, a Syrian village south of Mardin, and only two hours away, shared the same fate. About the same time the village of Abrahamiyeh fell into the hands of the Koords, and only Monsouryeh, twenty miles north of the city remained intact. This they tried to capture, but were driven back. On Saturday and Sunday, November 9th and 10th, these serious attempts were made by the Koords to enter the city in the hope that they would be aided from within. In this they were disappointed and obliged to draw off with severe loss. The Koords persistently asserted that a firman for the slaughter of the Christians had been given, but that the Christians of Mardin had bribed the government to conceal it and defend them. When the Koords realized that the government and city garison were a unit for the common defense, they drew off and the tide of attack swept further east taking Nisibin, and some twenty Christian villages in its wake. Already thousands of refugees are collected near Mardin, with a prospect for more to follow. In the village of Kulleth, three hundred refugees from the Diarbekir plain are begging food and clothing. The entire Christian population remaining in Syert have been stripped of every thing. Large measures of relief will need to be instituted before winter is over, or thousands will die from exposure and hunger.

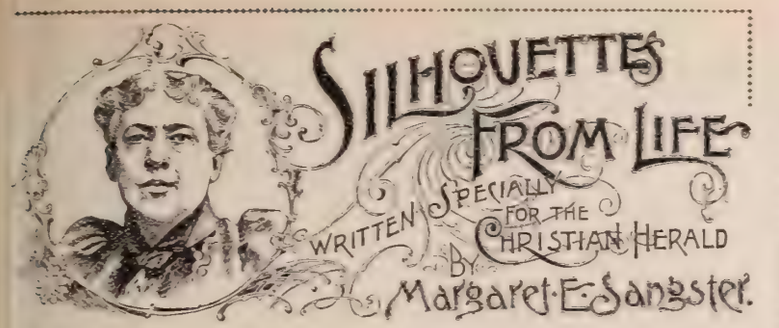
A memorial has been signed by the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States and transmitted to President Cleveland, in which it is set forth that 350,000 fellow-Christians are in danger of starvation and massacre in Armenia, and that at least 50,000 have already been murdered. The memorialists appeal for national action looking to the instant suppression of the massacres, the succoring of the unhappy survivors, and an ample guarantee of the safe exercise and maintainance of the faith for the future. They hold that our nation should cease to recognize Turkey as a civilized power as long as its barbarous treatment of the Armenians continues.

During the week, remittances from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund have been cabled through the American Board to the following stations in Armenia:

Kaisarea,	$1,000	Ourfa,	$1,000
Hadjin,	500	Marash,	1,000

Additional remittances have also been sent to Diarbeker, $1000, and Sivas, $500 making a total of $5,000 cabled during the week.

Contributions during the past week are acknowledged on the next page.



Told by a Hospital Nurse.

SHE sat in my room, with her quiet hands folded, her cap and apron laid aside, a nurse on a vacation. I had asked for some of her experiences, and this was one.

"Her baby died," she id, speaking of "a case," on the ninth y after its birth. She was heart-broken, id wanted to die, too, and little wonder, r she was that pitiable person, a deserted ife, and her man was a drunkard, anyow. Still, she did love him, and she'd unted on the child to win him back.

When the babe drew his last breath, a tle gasping, fluttering sigh, Mary turned r face to the wall. She wanted to die. For days afterward, it seemed as if she ould have her wish, and die. Her poor ands grew as thin as a bird's claws. I had tie the loose wedding-ring fast, or it ould have rolled off the tiny thread of a iger and slipped away. The doctor persvered in building her up, and the head irse would not give up hope, but it arcely seemed that we would be able to ill the poor girl through.

One Sunday afternoon, one of those ens came to sing to the patients. I hadn't ken much stock myself in the King's aughters, but I did like Miss Harriet locum's Ten. They were girls from the p of society, like the lilies of the field, at neither toiled nor spun, and as for eir dress, purple and fine linen was nohere in comparison. Tailor-made gowns, id embroidered handkerchiefs, and lace id feathers, and everything that money ould buy! They used to come to the hosal on Sunday afternoons, all in their ainty, elegant attire, and I thought of ueens and princesses. Not that I ever aw any real ones.

Then they were so pleasant-spoken, so fice, I got to loving that Ten, and watching for them, too.

I laid out in my own mind to tell them bout Mary Nelson. I thought if any one ould rouse her, Flossie Haberdon could. ut God managed it better.

That Sunday morning, Maggie McMorson died, and left a baby, a poor little hing, which, seeing it would never have decent man to call father, might better ave died with its mother. Before we sent to the Foundling Asylum, we thought e'd try an experiment. We washed and ressed and fed it out of a bottle, and put in a crib, waiting for the visit of the Ten. They were late that day, but when they ed in, Flossy with her hands full of owers, and Miss Slocum just behind her, ey filled the bare ward with fragrance nd bloom. Apple-blossoms, violets, pring-beauties, you would have thought he woods and orchards were on their way o cheer up the sick people and make them ell.

Flossie went straight to poor, pale Mary Nelson, and laid a great flowering ranch of pink apple-blooms beside her on he bed. For the first time since the baby ied, Mary smiled, a pitiful flicker of a mile, but it made her look more human.

"I like them," she said. "We had hem in the old home."

"Where was it, Mary?" asked Flossie.

"On the old Bay Shore," she answered. "The house is there yet, and the orchard, ut the folks are dead."

"You might go and live there." said Flossie.

"I? Oh! no." If she nadn't been so veak, the "no" would have been very earnest.

"But it's yes," said Flossie, "only you nust get well. I know God took your baby home. The angels will nurse him or you, dear. And here is a baby whose nother has gone away. Perhaps she'll help the angels look after your little one in heaven. But you can take care of hers, I think, and we'll open the home on the old Bay Shore, and send you and the motherless little one, and perhaps several more, up there to get well and strong. And now we are going to sing to you."

We took the mite of a child and put it down on the bed beside Mary. She did not just love it at first, but she did not turn away, which was something gained.

The Ten sang:

Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

And Mary Nelson slipped her arm under the baby's little head, and the hungry look went out of her face, and they both, child and woman, went off to sleep.

The Ten never did things by halves. You see they had a lot of money in their treasury, money they'd given themselves, or made their friends give, or raised by fairs and candy-pulls and entertainments. They wanted to do something worth while with this money, so they found out where Mary Nelson's old home was, and they went off and looked at it, and had titles and everything searched up all right, and then they bought it out and out.

I went up there, six months after Mary Nelson and the little one had been established in their home. The child was doing finely, and Mary was mothering her. Did I say it was a little girl? Children were playing around on the grass, and a crippled girl was by the door, her crutches leaning against a chair and she knitting some flummery things, doilies they call them, for a lady at the big hotel, who'd given her an order. I said I'd step in and speak to Mary, and when I did, I tell you, I was struck of a heap.

For sitting there, with the golden-haired baby that belonged to nobody in this world, least-wise that nobody in this world would ever own, was a big, brown-bearded man. The baby as I said nestling close against his breast. He was telling her a funny story, and Mary in the buttery beyond was singing like a lark.

"Why, why! Who?" said I, all dumbstruck as it were.

The man rose to his feet and put down little Winifred, who toddled away to the other children. And Mary came from her work, wiping her wet hands on her apron, and smiling at me from the door, as she came with happy eyes.

"I'm Jack Nelson, ma'am," the man said.

"Yes, Miss Elwina," Mary chimed in, "this is Jack, my husband, come home to me, and he says I may keep Winifred, and I never was so grateful in my life, as now to have my husband home again."

To my mind, being a spinster, it seemed rather queer that she should have asked her ne'er-do-weel Jack to let her keep the baby. After he had abandoned her as he did in her trouble, he had lost his rights. But she didn't see it that way, and Jack had been converted, owing to the Salvation Army, and their following him up, and he gave up drinking.

The two of them are in the cottage on the Bay Shore yet, keeping house for the Ten's Fresh Airs in the summer, and supporting their own family as they ought to in the winter. Mary's grown strong and hearty; she has three of her own now: but she never neglects pretty little Winifred, whose good looks are amazing, and whose mother is with the angels, I trust. Anyway, I hope so, for she repented at last, and went to him who said of another such, "Her sins which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

Prev. ack'd	$25,473.68
Ably, Henry	5 00
Adams, A H	50
Adams, Walter	1 00
Ames, M L	1 00
Anderson, Mrs C C	1 00
Annable A H	50
Anderson Mr & Mrs	2 00
Avery, Mrs J	1 00
Ayers, Mrs J L	1 50
Ackiss, W H	1 00
Bagley, T J	50
Bailey, E R	1 00
Bain J C	1 00
Baker, Mr & Mrs H	1 00
Baldwin, S C	2 00
Bard J	2 00
Barge, Miss	50
Barth, Mrs W C	1 00
Bassett, Carrie M	50
Bates, J A	2 00
Beers, Mrs O	1 00
Belmas, Mrs Newell	50
Belond, Henri	1 00
Bender, Mrs Dan'l	1 00
Bentley, J H	10 00
Berger, Bros	10 00
Berger, F C & wife	3 00
Berkey, C & family	1 50
Bettys, J Y	5 00
Bieber, Frederick	1 25
Birdsall, E G	1 00
Blakeley, Edwin	50
Blakeley, T	25
Blakeney, Mrs G W	1 00
Blankingship, Hattie	1 00
Blankingship, Victine	1 00
Bouck, J T	25
Bourland, Thos	1 05
Bradley, S C	1 00
Bradshaw, R C	3 00
Breheisen, Catharina	5 00
Brinton, Jos	20 00
Broadfoot, Mrs A E	50
Brockway, Mrs L G	10 00
Brothers, David	5 00
Brown, Blanche	20
Brown, E W	25
Brown, J W	5 00
Brown, Kyler	5
Brown, May	7
Brown, Nina	10
Buchanan, M & A	1 00
Burch, Stella	1 00
Burgan, Jehez	1 00
Burnham, M A	1 00
Busche, A	10
Busche, Ella & Adolph	10
Bahn, Samuel	1 00
Baker, Jeannette M	5 00
Barker, Mrs D T	2 00
Barker, Mrs E	1 00
Beard, Robt	1 00
Beeman, Mrs A B	1 00
Benham, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Bergey, D G	25
Bliler, J Frank	50
Boynton, Mrs J	2 00
Braze, Mrs	1 00
Browning, Annie	5 00
Buckwalter, H L	25
Buckwalter, John	1 00
Buckwalter, N H	50
Buckwalter, Wm	25
Budd, Mrs J S	2 00
Burns H	25
Cairns, S	1 00
Caldwell, Miss	50
Caldwell, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Campbell, Mrs D J	2 00
Campbell, Mrs Sarah	1 00
Cantell, Mr & Mrs G	7 00
Carlisle, Mrs L D	1 00
Carter, F	1 50
Carter, Mr R	3 00
Cary, Mary B	1 00
Cashman, Eliza	1 00
Chancey, Austin	50
Chapman, H O	5 00
Chase, Miss E	1 00
Christman, J C	5
Christman, John	1 00
Chute, Wm W	2 00
Clark, G A B	1 00
Clarke, R M	2 50
Cleaver, W S	10 00
Cleaves, W S	5 00
Clelland, Sam'l	5 00
Clyde, Mrs A D	2 00
Coburn, Levi	50
Colburn, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Cole, D K	1 00
Cole, L M, & Mrs A M French	2 00
Connelly, Mrs W H	5 00
Cook, Beroses	1 00
Corpening, N & C	5 00
Corssie, J F	1 00
Coulson, F G	1 00
Cox, Emma	10
Cox, Mrs H S	1 00
Craig, Mrs E M	1 00
Crane, Miss E M	1 00
Crane, Mrs R	1 00
Crowell, Mrs S W	1 00
Cunningham, Mrs J	1 00
Custance, Miss Ltta	1 00
Cook, Mrs D M	5 00
Crater, E	50
Cusac, Wm	5 00
Davies, Mrs J F	1 00
Deal, Mrs J S	2 00
Decker, Louis	2 00
Decker, Mrs R A	1 00
Deisher, H K	1 00
Dobson, M	25
Dodge, Mrs E S	3 00
Dodson, Louis F	25
Doland, Lewis	5 00
Donald, Margaret	2 00
Douglas, Rev C B	4 00
Drake, Robert H	25
Drake, Mr & Mrs J	1 00
Dresser, L A	1 00
Drury, Mrs H M	5 00
Dunlap, Mary A	2 00
Dever, Mrs N E	1 00
Dexter, A F	1 00
Dougherty, Nettie M	5 00
Douglas, Jessie	5 00
Eggleston, Mrs E A	3 00
Elliott, C A	2 00
Elliott, Mr & Mrs W H & daughters	3 00
Emmons, Mary J	1 00
Esser, Mrs I N	3 00
Esser, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Ellis, J	3 00
Ellis, Ric	50
Ellis, Richard	50
Ellis, Thos	50
Emory, S W	50
Fahs, G W	3 00
Finch, M P	25
Finley, Bertha	1 00
Finney, Lena	50
Finley, Mrs M G	1 00
Fiss, S F	1 00
Fisher, J L & Olive	2 00
Fisher, Mrs M O	5 00
Fleming, A B	1 00
Flippo, L C	2 00
Foster, Mrs H	1 00
Fray, J E	1 00
Fray, R G	1 00
Fray, W C	1 00
Fray, Mrs W H	2 50
French, G M	50
French, T B	50
Fuller, V S	50
Fuser, Vinna	50
Person, Mrs L O	8 00
Funkenbinder, John	2 00
Fisher, Mrs A H	1 50
Fritz, Mr & Mrs F H	1 00
Fuller, G E	5 00
Funk, Aaron	1 00
Funk, Henry	1 00
Galloway, Harry	2 00
Garrelson, Hattie	50
Garven, Mrs F R	1 00
Gentle, F P	1 00
George, Isabella	5 00
Gerry, I H	1 00
Glaze, S J	2 10
Goss, E M	1 00
Goss, Nora	1 00
Gracy, Rev J F	5 00
Grant, Rev A H Jr	1 00
Greatorex, Mrs	1 00
Greegor, Wm	1 00
Green, Mr & Mrs P E	5 00
Greis, P H	1 00
Griffin, Rev P	1 00
Groft, Lizzie	1 00
Groff, Orrin	50
Grubb, C C	1 00
Grubb, J	1 00
Guyton, G & wife	3 00
Gurnsey, Mrs R R	30
Guy, Harry	25
Gwinn, Jno	25
Good, Solomon	1 00
Good, Wm	50
Hazen, August	1 00
Hall, J B, M D	2 00
Hanson, Chas M	1 00
Hanson, Nels E	1 00
Hardie, Mabel & Jas	1 00
Harner, Mrs	2 00
Harlan, Belle	1 00
Harper, J H	50
Harris, Salue B	5 00
Hastings, Rev J H	1 00
Hastings, Mrs J D	2 00
Hastings, C H	1 00
Hay, Orrin	5
Hay, Colin	5
Heath, A J	2 00
Heim, Frederick	4 00
Hinman, C W	5 00
Holcomb, Maud	10
Holman, Mrs S J	2 00
House, Mrs Caroline	5 00
Howe, Mrs C J	2 00
Hudson, Mrs A B	2 00
Hughston, Mae	25
Hunt, R C	1 00
Hunter, J J & Mary	2 00
Hussey, J C	10
Hussey, Mrs J H	1 00
Hawley, Mrs C W	1 00
Heimlich, Chas	3 00
Hendricks, Samuel	25
Hetrick, J P	25
Hetrick, Mrs J P	50
Hinderlong, M J	1 00
Hinman, Mrs W A	2 00
Hippee, Emma	25
Hoffecker, Levi	25
Hoffecker, John L	25
Humphreville, H L	5 00
Hunt, Martha	1 00
Ilk, Huldah	1 00
Ink, Jacob	1 00
Ireland, Mrs	25
Ives, E C & wife	5 00
Jennings, Mrs A	1 00
Jensen, T C	50
Jeremie, M	2 00
Johnson, A L	1 50
Johnson, Gust	2 50
Johnson, Maud	10
Johnson, Mrs W G	1 00
Jones, I W	1 00
Jones, Mr & Mrs J C	20 00
Jones, Mr & Mrs O K	5 00
Jones, W D	3 60
Johnston, W T	50
Keefer, Emma	1 00
Keenan, S	1 00
Kelly, Michael	2 00
Kelly, R W	5 60
King, Mrs Thos	1 00
Kingbury, Mrs E D T	1 00
Kirchner, Mrs A	1 00
Kraemer, J	1 00
Krause, Edward	1 00
Kuenz, H S	1 00
Keiter, Aaron	50
Keiter, H	25
Keiter, Wm H	50
Kelley, T	10 00
Kirchner, Mrs E	2 00
Knauer, D J	25
Kolb, Jacob E	1 00
Kolb, John F	1 00
Koons, Theo	25
Landen, M J	1 00
Lane, M E	1 50
Lanier, Mrs T W	2 00
Lantz, Sam	1 00
Lawrence, O J	2 00
Lay, Mrs J V A	1 00
Lee, J A	3 00
Lewis, Morgan	50
Lines, W H	50
Littell, Rev J H	1 00
Locker, Mrs C S	2 00
Longberg, H I	1 00
Lowell, J A	1 00
Luetze, P H	1 00
Lyle, E	00
Lyon, Mrs M E	2 00
Lansing, A B & Harry	2 00
Latshaw, D B	1 00
Latshaw, E S	25
Latshaw, Elias	1 00
Lewis, Mr & Mrs L	1 00
Loyd, John	25
McClure, Mrs K	5 00
McCreery, Ellen	2 00
McCullough, Maggie	1 00
McGown, J E	3 00
McGregor, Mrs D	2 00
McKee, Mrs M A	1 00
McManis, Mrs P H	1 00
McMurtry, L W	2 00
Maibert, Lizzie	5 00
Mactracken, H M	1 00
MacKay, N & I	10
MacKay, Seth	5
Major, W M	5 00
Marshall, Chas	3 00
Marshall, Mrs H B	1 00
Marshall, Rev Jabez Raised by	12 93
Martin, C A	1 00
Martin, Lettie	35
Martin, T J	50
Marx, Mrs Wm	1 50
Mason, Mrs DeWitt	00
Matthews, E A	2 00
Maxwell, Mrs & Mrs E M Mc	4 00
Medley, Ora	1 00
Metzger, Anna	1 00
Miller, J D	5 00
Miller, Mrs J A	5 00
Miller, L B	2 00
Miller, Mrs Phebe	1 00
Mitchell, A	1 00
Moffett, Mrs E O	1 00
Moler, Peter	1 00
Moody, Mrs L M	1 00
Moon, R & A M	2 00
Moore, W B	1 00
Morrell, C E	50
Morrow, E L	5 00
Mueller, E L	2 00
Munch, C G	5 00
Murdoch, Mrs Sam'l	1 00
Murphy, Lizzie	2 00
McKee, C E	1 00
Mabey, Mrs G H	1 00
Macalister, Geo	50
Manchester, Mrs W Z	1 00
Martin, Annie	1 00
Martin, Joe	50
Marvin, Mrs Geo	3 00
Mason, David	2 00
Miller, F Ernest	2 00
Miller, Jane	25
Miller, Jos K	25
Mock, Perry	25
Morey, Mrs Mary A	1 50
Mowrer, Seneca	2 00
Nall, Jake	1 00
Nester, John	50
Newkirk, Catharine	1 00
Nesbitt, Henry	1 00
Nissley, W O	5 00
Nester, Sarah A	1 00
Norman, I H	1 00
Northington, Mrs P & Fannie Jones	2 00
Northrup, Caroline	1 00
Nelson, Richard H	2 00
Olds, M C	1 00
Ollsor, Miss	1 00
Olmstead, Roscoe	3 00
Osborne, F	5 00
Osterhout, Matilda	1 00
Owen, Miss	1 00
Owens, Mrs J A	5 00
Park, J D	5 00
Parker, Ollie	50
Parks, Mrs C B	1 00
Peake, Wm	1 00
Pease, Mrs M J	4 00
Peck, H E & Mrs	5 00
Perkins, Mrs F O	1 00
Perry, Peter	2 00
Peters, August	1 00
Phillips, A W & sister	50
Phillips, Mrs G W	60
Phillips, Miss Lottie	1 00
Pickford, Mrs C J	15 00
Platt, Miss	1 00
Platt, Mr & Mrs G	5 00
Potter, J H	1 00
Pressly, Edmonia	5 00
Pressly's, Edmonia children	10
Price, Mrs Sarah	50
Puckett, Mrs C	5 00
Putnam, L C	1 00
Paddock, Mrs Wm	1 00
Painter, Annie	25
Pearsall, Julia	1 00
Pendexter, M G	2 00
Pennypacker, Harry	25
Petersen, Christ	2 00
Pierce, E E	1 00
Pierson, Elias	1 50
Price, Mrs T A	5 10
Prizer, G M	25
Purmont, Mrs Eliza	2 00
Reddington, E	25
Reed, Catherine	1 00
Reid, Wm	5 00
Reymore, Eliza	25
Reynolds, Mrs A S	5 00
Richard, F G	1 60
Ritner, D G	5 00
Ritchie, Wm	1 00
Rogers, Mabel	5
Rosene, A	50
Rosene, E	50
Rosene, J H	50
Rosene, M J H	50
Rosene, N	50
Rosene, Mrs N	50
Rosene, V	50
Russell, J E	1 00
Russell, M C	1 00
Read, Miss Vinnie	10 00
Rees, Willie D	1 00
Robb, Anna	1 00
Rosen, Lina	25
Rosen, M W	25
Rosen, Rebeca	50
Rosen, Samuel	1 00
Rowland, Mrs Anne	25
Rowland, Chas M	50
Rowland, Mrs Cora	25
Rowland, Edward A	25
Rowland, Emlyn W	5
Rowland, Esther M	5
Rowland, Garfield L	10
Rowland, Gertrude E	5
Rowland, Gordon E	10
Rowland, John	25
Rowland, John M	50
Rowland, Jos D	25
Rowland, Mrs Kate	50
Rowland, Lillian M	5
Rowland, Robt B	50
Rowland, Saml M	10
Rowland, Wm T	25
Satterlee, J A	5
Saunders, Mrs M	50
Sawyer, G W	1 00
Schaefer, Ernest	1 00
Schutz, J P	2 00
Scotland, Mrs A	1 00
Sechrist, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Seely, Mrs S F	1 00
Senglaub, John	50
Shannon, Richard	50
Sheppy, Newton	2 00
3 Sisters, Parsippany	6 00
Riverton Lodge No 65 K of P	5 00
Young People, Wayne	2 50
Primary Class, Wayne	1 00
Endeavor Society	25
A B Dunn & Miss Bessie Dunn, Pa	2 00
King's Daughters, Pleasant Grove	2 00
Mens Sunday Eve Class 1st Presb'y	25 00
Y P S C E Cong Ch Brooklyn	5 25
Van Y P S C E	2 75
St Lucas Ev Ref SS	5 30
Union S S, Rokeby	6 00
Gardeau S S	3 00
Cong Ch, Holcomb	3 00
Roscoe Ct M P Ch	7 65
1st Cong Ch, Adams	2 00
At the meeting of Mrs J Keefer	9 00
Darling in Heaven, O	1 00
Two who live Christ, Richfield	2 00
Thanksgiving Offering Mrs Lark	2 00
Nurse Wellesley Hills	1 00
A bereaved one	2 00
A Shut-in, E Jefferson	50
King's Daughters, Sturbridge	10
" Quakertown	1 00
" Hartford	1 00
" Burton	25
A Kind Temperance Talker, Birchton	12
A Porter, Lebanon	1 00
A family, Big Flats	2 00
Young Christians, Adolphustown	5 00
Thanksgiving St Louis	1 00
Christian People, Big Flats	20 60
In Faith	1 00
Christmas Tidings	1 00
Little Paul, St Louis	10
Anon	1 50
2 Believers, Deerfield	2 00
2 Sisters, Allegheny City	5 00
Friends, Amherst	10 00
" N J	1 00
" Spencer	15 00
" Harrington	1 80
2 " Rockaway	2 00
2 " Mooresprings	1 50
4 " Terry	2 00
8 " Sawyers Tenn	5 00
2 " Templeton	5 00
Reader, Canton	1 00
" Martinsburg	1 00
" Martinsburg	2 00
" Ashland	50
Sub'r, Hunterstown	1 00
" Lisbon	2 00
" Kas	10 00
" Rockstown	25 00
" Guilford	1 00
" Antrim	1 00
Sub'r, Camp Dennis'n	1 00
" Superior	1 00
" Wellington	1 00
" Tonawanda Harbor	1 00
" Lewiston	2 00
" Germantown	1 00
" Bangor	1 00
" Americus	5 00
Sub'rs, Nanticoke	8 00
2 " San Lorenzo	4 00
Sympathy, Woburn	1 00
Sympathy, Colchester	1 00
Sympathizer	10 00
" Mooresville	2 00
Symizers, Watertown	50
Friend of Jesus, Toledo	50
Widow's Mite, Lindsay	1 50
An humble believer & lover of our Lord	1 00
Sister of Corinth Ch	2 00
Methodist Mission	2 00
Salvation Army Sister, Ont	5 00
S S Class, Cockburn	2 60
S S Teacher, Wingham	1 00
Humble servant of Jesus, Rosedale	5 00
An Invalid, Detroit	2 00
A Pastor's Family, Cockburn	2 00
3 Sisters, Leipsic	6 00
Mother & son, St Joe	1 60
Widow, Carson City	25
School District No 3, Jackson Twp	2 75
Ladies Aid Soc, Lake Para	4 25
Children's Miss'y Soc, Meth Ch, N C	75
Woman's Miss'y Soc, Plymouth Congl Ch	6 45
Woman's Miss'y Soc, Congl Ch, Kast	2 00
King's Daughters, Harpswell Ctr	3 50
Jr League Greenville	12 00
Epworth League, Nassagaweya	6 00
Junior Society of C E, Lawrence	2 70
C E Soc, Union Sq	2 00
C E Soc, 2d Cong Ch, Troy	2 20
Y P C E Soc, Clintonville	10 00
St George Y P S C E	3 48
Y P S C E, Presy Ch, Moose Jaw	10 00
Y P S C E, Presy Ch, New Cumberland	1 00
Y P S C E, 1st Cong'l Ch, E Orange	10 00
Mission Band, Sons Union Grove	32 90
New Salem Pr Meet'g	2 35
Mankato Week of Pr	3 60
S S, Boston	3 00
Venice S S	3 00
Shekomeko S S	10 00
GerBap SS, Macungie	3 95
S S of Reformed Ch, Irving Park	9 04
1st Presby Church S S, Itasca	5 00
Reformed Church SS, Fonda	5 00
1st Bap Ch, Lebanon	9 25
Hanover M E Ch	3 25
Americus United Pres Church	
Union Free Bapt Ch, No Sterling	9 00
1st Pres and Meth Ch, Dover	
Christian Endeavor Societies of N J	500 00
Total	**$27,340.59**

Any error or omission in acknowledgment will be corrected next week.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Real and Assumed Character.

PEOPLE in general have no idea of the misfortunes of those who give their lives to the dramatic. On the 25th of March, 1833, Edmund Kean, sick and exhausted, trembled on the English stage for the last time, when he acted in Othello. The audience rose and cheered, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs was bewildering, and when he came to the expression, "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone," his chin fell on his breast and he turned to his son and said: "O God, I am dying! Speak to them, Charles," and the audience in sympathy cried, "Take him off! Take him off!" and he was carried away to die. Poor Edmund Kean! When Siller, the famous comedian, was tormented with a toothache, some one offered to draw the tooth. "No," said he, "but on the 10th of June, when the house closes, you may draw the tooth, for then I shall have nothing to eat with it." The impersonation of character is often the means of destructive unhealth. Moliere, the comedian, acted the sick man until it proved fatal to him. Madame Clarion accounted for her premature old age by the fact that she had been obliged so often on the stage to enact the griefs and distresses of others. Mr. Bond threw so much earnestness into the tragedy of "Zarah" that he fainted and died. The life of the actor and actress is wearing and full of privation and annoyance, as any life that depends upon the whims of the public for success.

The great play-actors are rapidly passing off the stage. What! are the ears of these tragedians and comedians forever closed to the applause and the encore of vast assemblages? Will the footlights never flash again into their faces? Must all earthly art end at the margin of the grave? Will death go grinning across the stage for the comedian, or pallid with the last act, play the tragedy of a dreaming soul? Are Garrick and Kean and Cooke, Clifton and James Quinn and Macready lying as still and as [illegible] for them? Yes. Quit this life we all must. [illegible] the darkness and obscure. There is another stage on which we shall all appear, and there will be a [illegible] and the curtain will be the flames of a consuming world. Let all those who stand, whether on a theatrical stage, or lecturing platform, or preaching [illegible] once again, and must answer for the impersonation of good or evil we have let upon them. A young minister was complaining to an old minister that he had so small an audience. He said: "You have a great audience, but I have a very little audience of fifty or one hundred." "Oh," said the old minister to the young minister, "my son, you will find your audience was large enough when you come at last to give an account for them." The day comes when we must put aside our clerical robes, when we must put aside all our insignia of authority. We shall appear in our real and not in our assumed character. Edwin Forrest, not as King Lear; Samuel Foote, not as Othello; Charlotte Cushman, not as Meg Merrilies; Macready, not as Virginius; John Kemble, not as Brutus; but in our undisguised character we shall appear and be looked through and through. Exeunt, all the surroundings of this life. Enter, the tremendous realities of eternity.

Deadly Weapons.

HUNDREDS and thousands of our young men carry weapons of death,—pistols and sword canes. Many of our young men think it ineffably smart to throw back the lappel of the coat, as by accident, until you see the glitter of the death weapon, or turn down the head of the cane so that you can discover the keen edge underneath the knob of the cane. If a man is going out among Bedouin savages, or is to be on police duty in some low ward of the city, let him have club, knife, derringer, but you have no right with firearms, or other weapons of death, to be moving amid the peaceful society of our Eastern cities. Beside that, it is a mark of a contemptible coward. What a chicken liver, instead of a heart you must have, that you have to be armed in order to walk through our peaceful streets. There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have a pistol in his pocket, or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house from garret to cellar, and that is the young man or the old man who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it seems to me it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion cap or a ramrod! You carry a pistol, when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something that you will be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same vest pocket. The ordinary citizen in the next one hundred years, will need no firearms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharge of firearms where there is one life saved by being armed. Away with your pistols and guns and sword-canes! If you are afraid to go down the street without them, ask your grandmother to go with you! She will conquer all your assailants with scissors and knitting needles. This complete puppyism that cannot live in our Eastern cities without being armed with deadly weapons ought to be spanked and sent to bed before sundown! It is an awful thing to take human life. Have nothing about you that in a moment of altercation, may become, under the impulse of sudden temper, set on fire of the Devil, the means of appalling crime.

Through the Furnace.

NO nation has ever escaped the flame. Through what revolution, and rebellion, and massacre, and regicide the great empires and republics of the world arose to their high position. To bring to your mind the trials, the tests, the revolutions to which all great nations arose in power, I need but recall great passages in the history of Spain, by mentioning the names of Philip V., Charles IV., Ferdinand I. of Aragon; or in Russia, by naming Peter the Great, and Catharine II., and Elizabeth and Paul I.; or in France, by recalling Louis XIV., and Napoleon and Louis Philippe; or in England by mentioning Edward and James I., and Charles II. and the Georges. Constitutions and Magna Charta are [illegible] in the fire. No crown ever was lustrous except that which was shaped with the hammers, and the files, and the flames of revolution. Depend upon it, if there is anything great and good and glorious in our government, it is worth ten times more for all the trials through which it has passed. In looking back upon our past history, I found out that there was not one trial we could have afforded to lose—not one Burr's rebellion, or South Carolina nullification, or impressment of marines, or threat of foreign government, or commercial prostration, or pestilence, or insurrection. We could not have afforded to spare any of these, and now I believe God is leading us through reverses and depressions, and taking us to a higher national power. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

S. J. B. Where in the Bible can I find where the woman had seven sons hung and stood by their sides and wiped the blood from their faces?

You probably refer to the story of Rizpah, which will be found in in II.Sam. 21: 8, 10, 11.

Mrs. Radcliffe, Perth Amboy, N. J. What king said he would exchange his kingdom for a pair of shoes of good running leather, and when he got them, ran away and could not be induced to return to his throne?

Probably some reader can furnish the answer to this query.

R. M. Monroe, Town Line, N. Y., writes: I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the condition and sufferings of the Armenians; also of missions in polar lands, which set me to thinking. Could not we, as a nation, settle Alaska with Armenians, giving forty or eighty acres to a family? There is no prospect of them supporting themselves in Armenia, they are under such oppression.

Mrs. J. E. S., Jordan Valley, Oreg. What were the dimensions of the walls of Jericho?

There are no means of ascertaining, with any degree of accuracy, the extent of the ancient city's boundaries, as it is now an utter ruin, the city of Joshua's day, as well as those that were built upon its debris, being all obliterated. Even in the time of Josephus, the Jewish historian, Jericho is believed to have been much smaller in area than when it was a flourishing royal city.

T. Y. McClure, Iowa. What was the date of the memorable time known as the "Dark Day," and what was the cause of it?

In 1760, one day while the Connecticut Legislature was sitting, a sudden and remarkable gloom overspread that and neighboring States. It was supposed by many that the end of the world had come. One of the legislators moved the adjournment of the House, but an old Puritan member, Davenport of Stamford, opposed such a proceeding and proposed that candles be brought and the House be found doing its duty, whatever happened. The cause of the phenomenal darkness has never been explained.

Alfred M. Gregory, Williamston, Mich. The question as to the number of Dispensations was raised here and not settled. Please state your opinion.

In the sense in which you use the word—that of the mode of revelation of God to men, most theologians describe this as the third dispensation. The first was the Patriarchal ending with the giving of the law by Moses; the second the Mosaic continuing until Christ; the third the Christain in which we are now living. Some teachers, however, reckon this as the fourth dispensation counting with reason the life of Christ as a dispensation in itself and calling this dispensation, the dispensation of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. L. L. Howe, Wilmington, Vt. How can you reconcile the promises of God to care and protect his people with the slaughter of the Armenians?

No one can undertake to explain or define the purposes of the Almighty. History shows, however, many instances where nations have come through great suffering and affliction purified and spiritually strengthened to a degree that would never have been reached except by such a process. It may be that Armenia, whose Christianity had largely sunk to a cold and lifeless formalism, needed such a revivification, and that the interests of the Armenian people may yet prove to have been served by the experience. It is the glory of that ancient land that in the crisis of her agonies, the martyr spirit was reawakened and the true light, so long hidden, burst forth with an effulgence that amazed the Christian world, claiming its sympathies and its prayers.

Central Railway, N. J. Do you think it [illegible] the natural growth of a church [illegible] to a [illegible] Experiments on the old time [illegible] I refer especially to the [illegible] and gentle [illegible] up in the former. Is it advisable to [illegible] methods to keep pace with the advancement of the age?

While the tendency to modernize church music by the introduction of selections from secular compositions may be regarded by many as undesirable, there are others—and probably these are in the majority—who hold that the world should not be permitted to monopolize many of the best productions of the great composers as it has done in the past. Besides, many of our grandest old church tunes, around which the most sacred associations cling, were originally adapted from similar sources. Yet, great care and judgment are needed in introducing music of the later school into church service, and one can readily conceive of cases in which it would be in execrable taste and an outrage upon the feelings of the worshippers. The object of all church singing is praise not display and if the music monopolizes too much of the time, or diverts attention from the main purpose which is worship and instruction, it is a spiritual detriment and should be promptly remedied.

W. C. Wadleigh, West Stockholm, N. Y. Who were the parents of the Virgin Mary?

Scholars are now generally of the opinion that the Heli mentioned in Luke 3: 23, was the father of Mary. An ancient Jewish manuscript recently found confirms this opinion. If so the verse should read, "Joseph who was the son-in-law of Heli." The divergence of the genealogical line as given by Luke, from that given by Matthew, is another reason for thinking that Luke's table is Mary's genealogy.

"Subscriber," Sanitaria Springs, N. Y. In Gen. 32: 30, Jacob is represented as saying, I have seen God face to face, yet we are told that no one can see God and live. Which is true?

Jacob's experience by the brook at the crisis of his life is mysterious. It was evidently a night of agonizing prayer for deliverance from an impending danger. What actually occurred we cannot know, but the patriarch describes it as a physical struggle. His language may have been figurative as the Oriental expressions often were. You cannot imagine, what ever Jacob may have thought, that the Almighty really wrestled with him. God is a spirit and cannot be seen by mortal eyes. Under what form he manifested himself to the patriarchs and to Moses is not clear, but we know that his fullest revelation of himself was in the person of Christ.

L. P. W., Trask, Ore. If a Protestant young man loves a Catholic girl and she reciprocates his love and both are devoted to their religion would you consider them wrong to marry?

We would consider them unwise; there would be nothing wrong in it. The prospect of their being happy in married life would be greatly reduced by the difference of their faith. Their being both devoted, as you say, would increase the prospects of alienation. If either or both were worldly and indifferent to religion they might get along without quarrelling, paying little attention to their religious duties. But where, as in this instance, there is loyalty on both sides there would inevitably be disagreement.

J. McMillan, Jocquet, N. B. Does not the statement in John 7: 5, that the Jews marvelled that Christ spoke as he did, "never having learned," prove that he did not obtain his knowledge as others did, by education?

No, it is no proof. Jesus was in Jerusalem at the time. The people of Nazareth, where he was brought up would probably have made no such assertion. It is unlikely that he was taught in the schools of any of the great Rabbis, such as the Jerusalem Jews would regard as the only places where a thorough education could be obtained. They despised Galilee and especially the town of Nazareth. But Joseph and Mary would be very unlikely to permit him to grow up without education. The statement of Luke (2: 52), appears conclusive as to the gradual development of his mind. The fact of his being tired, hungry, and subject to the temptation in the wilderness indicate that he was really a man with human limitations and that the Divinity in him did not relieve him from ordinary human necessities. "In all things it behooved him to be like his brethren." (Heb. 2: 17.)

B. H., Battle Creek, Mich. Send $2 and it will be forwarded. —— D. Oliver, Lowell, Mich. You will probably find it in Leavitt's Christian Lyre, published in 1831. All the M. E. and Presbyterian Hymn of thirty years ago contained it —— Subscriber, Malden, Mass. We cannot inform you. It does not sound like a hymn. —— Subscriber, Otego, N. Y. Write to New York Coin and Stamp Co., 853 Broadway, N. Y. ——Mrs. S. K., Follett, Florida. They are Christians of the orthodox Eastern Church, but not Catholics. —— Elizabeth Jones, Carnegie, Pa. Already fully explained in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. ——C. E. W., Evans Nulls, N. Y. No they were kings of the East, descendants of the Magi. —Inquirer, Trevorton, Pa. Address Mr. Cutter 113 Fulton St., N. Y. ——Maggie R., Wayside, O. 1. Yes. 2. There is none. 3. No —— Subr., Riverwood, Ill. It is detrimental to spiritual growth and has led many to ruin. —— Miss Annie V., LaCrosse, Minn. Yes, the premiums are still given —— Subscriber, Clarence, Ia. Certainly not —— Ellen J., Chandler's Valley, Pa. There is no such passage, but the same conclusion may be drawn from Heb. 13, and Mark 10: 18. —— E. L. Jordan, Washington, D. C. It was published some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. —— Robert K., Bank, Md. See Matt. 27: 56. —— Louis F. Thayer, who contributed a poem "Daybreak" to this journal, is requested to send his address to Harry Grey, 105 Ninety-second street, South Chicago, Ill. —— Nellie S. Bailey, Bucklyn. The familiar poem was written by a poet named Watson, now dead. ——B. Lockhart, Albany, Ind. The same statement is admitted in some biographies. We never learned mothers. —— Miss Carrie V., Salem, N. C. We cannot find any trace of them. —— C. S., Harmon, Col. Send name and address to Belleisp, Valley, Wash. —— Subscriber, Tunnel City, Wis., and Frank Henson, Toronto, Ont. Congress has already taken action looking to such a result. —— Mrs. S. E. McH., Gilson, Ill. They are not Catholics, but Christians of the Orthodox Eastern Church. —— New Subscriber, Pewaukee, Wis. It is not, in your case, the result to the individual, but the influence of the example which would prove a danger to others. See Romans 14: 20, 21.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Cuba's Struggle.

INDICATIONS are apparent in all the dispatches from Cuba that the supreme crisis of the revolution is at hand. Campos, the magnanimous, liberal commander has been recalled, and in his ... Spain has sent Gen. Weyler, the ...ric soldier, whose harshness and ...lity are proverbial. He is to be supported with vigor and the home government promises to place at his disposal sufficient force to crush out the insurrection in short order. On the other side, the revolutionists have extended their field of operations. The revolution covers the island from Cape Maysi on the east to Cape Antonio on the west. The fortified towns, where there are Spanish garrisons, hold out against the insurgents, but where there is no Spanish force, the people gladly surrender the town and welcome the revolutionary army. The entire revolutionary army now numbers nearly fifty thousand men. Spain, however, will have about one hundred and twenty-five thousand in a few days when the reinforcements arrive. But large numbers of these are shut up in garrison towns and are, therefore, unable to take the field. The insurgent men, too, have the disadvantage of not knowing the country and they are not so well equipped with cavalry, so that the disproportion in the two armies is not so great as the figures imply. The two divisions of the revolutionary army are separated, Maceo having not yet returned from the expedition to the extreme West. Gomez awaits him in the Province of Havana, and it is the Spanish policy to prevent a junction of the two forces. Governor Marin has placed the troops under his command, pending Gen. Weyler's arrival, with this object in view. He believes that the line cannot be broken. News, however, may come any day of a bold dash by Maceo and his junction with Gomez. If the revolutionary commanders can unite their forces, they believe that a rising will occur in Havana itself. Their friends in the city only await the news of a large insurgent force being in the neighborhood, to make the attempt. Meanwhile the outlay is ruinous to Spain, and the insurgents, by their destruction of property, are cutting off revenue, in the hope that with national bankruptcy staring the Government in the face, it will listen to proposals for peace. The insurgents are still determined to accept nothing short of independence, but they are willing to assume the gigantic debt apportioned to Cuba, if Spain will abandon the island to them. It is hoped that the influence of Campos in Madrid may contribute to some such settlement of the struggle. Our government has been urged to interfere diplomatically in the conflict, but hitherto has refrained. It would be contrary to our principles to meddle with the dispute, but American Christians as they read of the misery and death and anarchy which prevail in the island, may well remember it as they pray to Him at whose coming

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Isa. 2:4.

Lost in a Mine.

A miner employed in the Exeter mine at Pittston, Pa., had an unpleasant experience recently which came near costing him his life. He went to work as usual one morning, but did not return to his home in the evening. His friends were concerned about his safety and made inquiry for him, but someone had heard him say that he was going to New York and it was supposed that he had gone. No search was therefore made for him. Four days afterward, the engineer found that something was wrong with the air-current and went to the foot of an old shaft to investigate. There he saw the man who had been missed four days before. He was completely dazed and was faint with hunger. He said that while making his way out of the mine after his day's work his lamp had been accidentally extinguished. In attempting to grope his way, he had become confused and in half an hour he was completely lost. He wandered around in the darkness for four nights and three days vainly trying to find the right path, or to reach the place where his fellow-miners were at work. His wanderings must have carried him all the time away from the point he sought. When he was found he was in a part of the mine seldom visited and far away from any ordinary prospect of help. But for the difficulty with the air-current he might have remained where he was until he perished of exhaustion. It is so with men who are wandering in spiritual darkness. They need to be sought and guided to safety as Christ came to rescue the whole human race.

Canst thou by searching find out God? (Job 11:7.)

A Thief in a Church.

A lady at Wellfleet, Neb., is mourning the loss of jewels valued at fifty thousand dollars, which she sustained through a statement made at a church. A dispatch to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says that there was a revival in progress in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Wellfleet, at which there was a quickening of spiritual life. Among the members who were aroused to seek a higher life was the wife of a banker. In giving her testimony on January 27 she announced that she had been led to see the inconsistency of Christians decking themselves with expensive jewelry. She admitted that she had a love for these precious ornaments and had been accustomed to wear them. But, she said, she had gained new light on these matters during the revival; and when she dressed to come to the service that evening, she discarded rings and chains and ornaments of all kinds and had left them behind her in a heap on her toilet-table. On her arrival at home, she found that all her jewelry had been stolen. The table had been cleared and in the place of the jewels was a sarcastic note from the thief saying that he had listened to her statement in the church and had decided that it would be kind to remove temptation from so good a woman. Thus the sincerity of the lady's renunciation is put to a test she could not have expected. She doubtless regrets now the publicity of the avowal, which led to her loss, and also that a thief should have derived the benefit of her renunciation, which might otherwise have served some good cause. But it will be for her now to show, by her cheerfulness under her loss, that she really meant what she said when she renounced her jewels. Christian people sometimes forget how hard it would be for them if the sacrifices they profess themselves ready to make were required at their hands. Yet as we are expressly warned in the Scriptures, God has no pleasure in pledges of consecration which we are not prepared to fulfil.

God will surely require it of thee. Deut. 23:21.

Licensed to Drink.

A curious restriction was introduced at a recent session of the Legislature of Iowa, and was referred to the Senate Committee on the Suppression of Intemperance. The senator who proposed the new bill comes from a district strongly in favor of prohibition. He was, however, a party to the legislation which, two years ago, modified the State's prohibitory law. Under the new bill he has now introduced, the drinkers, not the drink-sellers, would have to take out a license. According to its provisions, a man who desired to drink intoxicating liquor must apply to the City Council of the city in which he lives, stating his desire. The Council is then empowered to issue a license to him on the payment of two dollars. The license is not to be transferable, and will be good for one year. On presenting it at any dramshop, the bartender may supply him with any liquor he chooses to order and pay for. The bill prohibits liquor-dealers from supplying any person who does not hold one of these licenses to drink, and fixes the penalty of violation at a fine of ten dollars and costs. The prospective drinker must make public application for his license after due notice given, and the Council is directed to reject the application, if any relative or friend of the applicant protests against a license being issued to him. Probably the Senator's object is to make drinking odious. He does not regard the provision in the light of a bargain. If he did, it would, in many cases, be a bad bargain for both the State and that individual. The State would lose a great deal more than two dollars by some men's drinking, as it would have to support them in prison for crimes committed under the influence of drink. And on the other hand, the two dollars to the man might be only the initial payment of a series which in the end would cost him all he had, even the loss of his soul. To such a man the bargain, like the price men pay for sinful pleasures, is ruinous, body and soul.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul. (Prov. 8:36.)

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA—A PATRIOT BAND CAMPING IN THE WOODS.

BRIEF NOTES.

Last Year Many Churches Secured, *Free of all expense*, generous supplies of the best hymn book—Gospel Hymns—1 to 6—Complete: Music Edition, the best Church Hymnal in the world, by putting forth a little effort to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into new homes. One Sunday School, through its scholars, managed to earn enough of these hymn-books to meet the requirements of a large congregation. To any church, desirous of availing itself of this exceptionally favorable opportunity, we shall be glad to send full particulars. Address New Subscription Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss has been Holding union services at Warren, R. I. The Baptists and the Methodists joined in the movement.

London's Fifteen or Sixteen Local Unions of Christian Endeavor have been federated into a London Council of Christian Endeavor, with Rev. F. B. Meyer as President.

Dr. D. J. Paton has Returned to Australia after six months spent on Aniwa and the other islands of the New Hebrides group. He has expressed satisfaction at the progress made, and cherishes sanguine hopes for the future.

General Booth the Head of the Salvation Army has arrived at Madras, on his Indian tour, and met with a cordial reception. A large audience assembled to hear him deliver an address on his Indian social scheme, which has been well received by the public, and favorably commented upon by the Press. It is stated that Lord Wenlock, the Governor, has promised him Government co-operation in obtaining land and financial support.

Dr. Newman Hall's Many friends in this country will be glad to learn that although he is now eighty years old, his physical strength is so well maintained that he recently preached in a large number of towns in Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and other churches.

An Excellent Example to Employers is set by the Indiana Bicycle Company of Indianapolis, Ind. It has established a free medical service for its employees. A physician has an office and dispensary in the factory, and any of the one thousand hands is at liberty to consult him free of charge. The company has further displayed its interest in its work-people by providing hot soup and coffee in the lunch hour. If friendly interest of this kind were more generally manifested, a kindlier feeling between capital and labor would be established.

A Missionary Writes that out of thirty ships which in one year arrived on the African coast from a certain port, to trade with the natives, twenty-five brought rum and gunpowder to barter with the people for their native products.

The new Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Osaka, Japan, has resigned the bishopric of the Church of England, at Southampton, to accept the appointment. This is the first instance on record of an English bishop giving up a home appointment to accept one abroad.

In a Paper Read Recently at the Victoria Institute in London, by an able Orientalist, it was stated that the moral precepts which Buddhists claim were taken by Bible writers from Buddhist books, do not appear in the early copies of those works. He said that a careful comparison of the books had led him irresistibly to the conclusion that the precepts were taken from the Bible and incorporated in the Buddhist works.

The *Independent* reports that the Evangelical movement in St. Petersburg, begun many years ago by Lord Radstock, and successfully developed by Colonel Pashkoff, has again taken a fresh impetus forward, having won converts among several families of Russian aristocrats. Two or three ladies, prominent in Russian society, are holding drawing-room meetings on Sunday afternoons.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been laboring at Geneva, N. Y. The Opera House in which the meetings were held was crowded from orchestra to gallery day after day. At one of the meetings the house was given up to the military companies and veterans and they gave Dr. Munhall, who fought all through the war an enthusiastic welcome as a comrade. His talk was full of reminiscences and of earnest entreaty to his hearers to enlist under the banner of the Cross.

In Response to Appeals from Armenia, a number of friends have forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund gifts of jewelry (rings, brooches, earrings, watches, etc.); while appreciating the generous purpose of the donors, we have, for the past twelve months, on all occasions declined to receive contributions of this character, as the amount to be realized from their sale in New York is entirely disproportionate to their real value. We would, therefore, esteem it a favor if those friends who have forwarded such articles would send us their names and addresses, with a brief description of the articles, in order that we may return them safely by express, we prepaying all charges.

The Family and Home Circle

Ashanti Housewives.

They are Neat and Industrious, but with Peculiar Fashions of their Own.

NOW that the West African kingdom of Ashanti has come under civilized dominion, a strong effort is to be made, at an early date, to make that country the scene of missionary labor. As has already been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, previous attempts to establish missions there failed in consequence of the determined opposition of the half-savage rulers of the country and the influence of the witch-doctors or fetish priests. Several godly missionaries who ventured to penetrate the country were constantly in danger of losing their lives, and one, whose treatment by a former brutal king was exceedingly barbarous, was the cause of a punitive expedition being sent by England to Coomassie.

ASHANTI COIFFURES.

It should not be imagined, however, that the Ashantis, though cruel and warlike, are to be classed with some of the lowest tribes of African savages. As a people, they are not wholly destitute of commendable traits of character, not the least of which is their industry and skill in domestic matters. Indeed, in all that relates to the simpler arts that are found among the African peoples, they are probably more skilled than a majority of those nations that have not yet come under the beneficent influence of a Christian civilization. Our photographs on this page afford a glimpse of certain phases of native life in Ashanti. One of the illustrations shows their primitive method of weaving. The end of the web is fastened to the earth with pins, and the loom itself is kept suspended by means of stout poles and from trees, and forming a sort of rude framework. The shuttle is thrown crosswise, and the bands woven by the loom are about the breadth of one's hand. The finished product is used largely in making *utama*, a garment that is folded around the wearer like a shawl. In weaving, the great toe is made to play an important part, as the picture shows. The home-made cloth is neat and durable, and no household in the Ashanti country is regarded as properly equipped unless it has a sufficient supply of this cloth—the product of its own housel[illegible] loom.

Our other illustration shows a group of young Ashanti women in full native toilette. According to ancient custom, Saturday is chosen as the day for dressing the hair, and very elaborate and diverse are the styles adopted. Those given in the photograph furnish an idea of Ashanti feminine taste in this matter. These styles, grotesque in the main, are only a few of the many different ways in which the ladies in Kong Prempeh's realm make themselves attractive and picturesque. Saturday, being a sort of gala day, is also the occasion of the greatest dress display of the week. On other days the hair is worn simply wrapped up in a handkerchief.

In a few years from now, the Ashantis will probably have forgotten many of their present semi-barbaric customs. They will be gathered into schools, missions and churches, and, as has been the case with many other native tribes, will gradually assimilate civilized ideas and customs. Although among the last to be enrolled among the children of light, Ashanti may yet have a future of blessing and usefulness.

THE LOOM IN AFRICA — ASHANTI NATIVES WEAVING COTTON CLOTH.

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Wasted Time.

Parents cannot too deeply impress upon the minds of their children the value of time, the preciousness of opportunity, and the sin of "idling" away golden moments. It is a sin for which grown-up folks in the main are responsible. Every now and then a conscience, among the men and women who live easy, thoughtless lives, is stirred, and someone looks up anxiously, holding up some one of the petty idlenesses in which such people spend their days and nights, and says, "Is this wrong? Is it wicked to do this?" And when they get the answer, "No, certainly not wicked," then they go back and give their whole lives up to doing their innocent little piece of uselessness again. The question is whether that thing is keeping other better things away from you; whether behind its little bulk the vast privilege of duty and dignity is hid from you; whether it stands between God and your soul. If it does, then cut it off and cast it from you.

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A Young Chinese Wife.

Mrs. George S. Hays, the wife of a missionary in China, writes this little sketch of the daily life of a young Chinese wife: "I have seen many poor household drudges of wives, who work unceasingly from morning until night, half starved, thinly clad, terribly abused, who do not dare to claim to have minds of their own. But I have seen dull faces light up at the thought of a heaven possible for even such as they. These women never leave home; they do not have an opportunity to worship idols; they take part mechanically in the worship of ancestors; they have little love of life, and little fear of death. But the mental calibre of the majority of Chinese women is vastly superior to that of the class just mentioned. Full of silly superstitions, most unreasonable when angry, and with many false ideas of life, yet the Chinese woman has an influence in her home which can never be fully estimated. It is not every husband who beats his wife in China. Some wives beat their husbands. 'There must be an acknowledged head in each household,' was the frank confession of a Chinese woman.

"Accounts of wives and mothers who render efficient help in affairs of business, and of educated women who are always consulted on important matters by their husbands who hold high rank here, are not uncommon. The happiness and comfort of the family depend, in great measure, upon the women of the household. Although the husband holds a strict oversight over the spending of money which he provides for food, very many women earn clothing for themselves and children by sewing, spinning, and weaving. In many cases it is the wife who is the wage-earner, and she entirely supports her children, an aged mother-in-law, and her lazy husband."

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Another Bird Concert.

Mrs. T. E. Thorp, Sandy Hill, N. Y., sends this beautiful incident, apropos of something that recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Reading in your paper of the concert of birds, brought to my mind a scene somewhat similar in the early summer of 1875. While driving along a pleasant country road, with beautiful green meadows either side of us, [illegible] shade trees and bushes growing along [illegible] the old rail fences, I heard the most [illegible] lightful sounds, and on coming opposi[illegible] small maple tree, found upwards of a [illegible] dred male bobolinks (so-called in [illegible] North, the rice-birds of the South), [illegible] female bird on the tree, and each one s[illegible] ing in perfect time. When they had [illegible] ished one song, they would all start at [illegible] same instant and sing another. I sa[illegible] my carriage at least twenty minutes [illegible] most spell-bound, listening to the r[illegible] entrancing strains mortal ears could [illegible] hear, and driving slowly a half mile [illegible] ther on, could see and hear them in [illegible] same position, apparently oblivious t[illegible] surroundings. I have been accustome[illegible] take country drives all my life, but I h[illegible] never seen or heard of anyone else lis[illegible] ing to an open-air bird concert until I [illegible] it in your paper. The sweet memor[illegible] that morning drive can never be eff[illegible] from my mind."

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Children's Religion.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is pl[illegible] occasionally to hear from yo[illegible] readers. In our mail, a few [illegible] ago, was a letter from a [illegible] young friend (Gertrude O. M[illegible] Clifty, Ind.), who has someth[illegible] to say to the very large circle of yo[illegible] people who read these columns wee[illegible] Gerty tells us why children should be [illegible] ligious. "Because," she writes, "J[illegible] has bidden us come to him. You kn[illegible] he has said, 'Suffer the little childe[illegible] come unto me.' We should never use [illegible] oft-repeated words: 'She is too young [illegible] join the church [illegible] profess religion [illegible] to understand [illegible] step she is taki[illegible] The little child[illegible] now in nurs[illegible] and school-roo[illegible] will, in only a [illegible] short years, be [illegible] business men [illegible] women of [illegible] world. All the[illegible] sponsibilities w[illegible] fall upon th[illegible] shoulders. W[illegible] not commun[illegible] with our Lord, [illegible] daily help from [illegible] aid them in the [illegible] charge of their [illegible] ties?

"Some of us [illegible] er give a thou[illegible] to God's goodn[illegible] Remember [illegible] many children h[illegible] led their parent[illegible] Christ. The sin[illegible] faith of a child [illegible] often touch[illegible] heart of a harde[illegible] sinner, who w[illegible] not heed anyth[illegible] else.

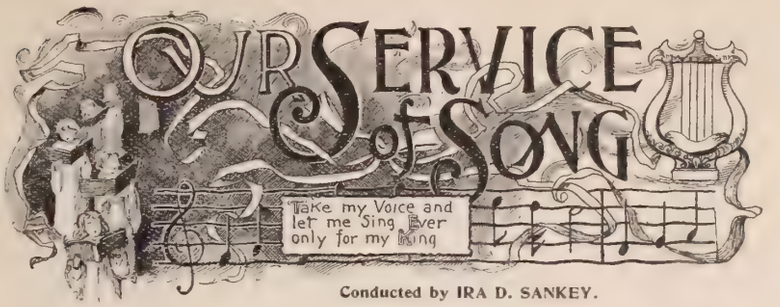
"Every day, [illegible] are doing what [illegible] know Jesus w[illegible] not do. We get [illegible] gry at our p[illegible] mates. Many [illegible] us cheat him out [illegible] half of our li[illegible] We do not alw[illegible] the Good Shepl[illegible] to claim us as [illegible] own, until we are older. We rob [illegible] of so much of our lives, when we sho[illegible] have been working for him all the ti[illegible] We ought to come to him while yet c[illegible] dren, so that we may grow up in the g[illegible] Master's service. And how much mor[illegible] a good, sweet, Christ-like child lov[illegible] Why, every one loves a child who does [illegible] get angry, and is always doing deeds [illegible] kindness and helping some one. Thi[illegible] the religious child, and every one resp[illegible] and loves it. But we all know a bad-t[illegible] pered child is shunned and no one want[illegible] associate with it. A good child's influe[illegible] will spread throughout a whole commu[illegible] ity and do unbounded good. Let us[illegible] more like Christ, trusting him, and all [illegible] be right. I pray God every child may [illegible] come religious. Then ours will be a s[illegible] lime, happy and peaceful nation, a [illegible] radise on earth.

"A Little Girl who Trusts God in Everythi[illegible]"

What Faith Can Do.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 23 Hebrews 11: 1-10; 12: 1, 2.

NO limit is set in the Bible to the power of faith. Like electricity in the natural world, it is continually astonishing us by new results. "All things are possible," we are told, "to him that believeth." It would seem like madness for a man without a private fortune to undertake to feed, clothe, and educate a thousand children, yet George Müller, without a dollar of his own, took that burden on his shoulders and has carried on that work for fifty years. He believed and this great result has been possible to him. The power of faith over disease has been proved again and again. In spite of the exaggeration and misrepresentation which have been uttered, there are well authenticated instances, in our own time, of the paralytic, the sufferer from spinal complaint and other functional maladies being restored through faith alone. But if we rightly understood what is really wonderful—if we had the heavenly object and could see what was really momentous, we should perceive that there is no miracle so great as that which changes the spiritual nature. A case in point occurred within a few weeks. A young man has been a great grief to his father, a wealthy and highly respected gentleman, living within a hundred miles of New York City. The son had a propensity, apparently incurable, for dark and crooked ways. All the money he could obtain, went in vicious ways. When he needed more money and it was refused him, his father being aware that to give him money was to provide him with the means for vicious indulgence—he resorted to crime to obtain it. His father then paid to pay to save the young man from State's Prison. During the past few years he has paid this way and in other ways for his son's account paid a hundred thousand dollars. Neither entreaties nor threats have failed to get his son to lead a clean life. The young man stayed accidentally into the Bowery Mission and there he was converted. The change in him is complete. He is a new being. He has cut loose from evil associates and evil ways and is leading a new life. Think of it as we will, the change is miraculous. Some mighty force must have been set in operation to have produced it. We ought to know what it is, that we may use it. There is no mystery, no occultism about it. It is faith, and if we were not so blind and deaf and obtuse, we should not neglect it as we do. It can do everything for us that we really need, because it is the hand that reaches out and takes hold of omnipotent strength. A man is often disappointed when he is told, in any supreme spiritual emergency, that he can conquer his difficulty by faith. The power appears inadequate. But is it really so? We know so little about our own natures and about the spiritual realm around us, that we should hesitate to pronounce as to the adequacy of any force. Recent psychological discoveries prove that there are forces of great potency in existence, that we do not understand and as yet do not know perfectly how to use. We know that they exist because we see their effects, but the nature of the power is a mystery. Why then should we hesitate to use faith which has a philosophic basis for its foundation. "Looking unto Jesus," relying hold on his strength, claiming of him the power he promised, no man, however weak he may be, need fail. Faith can do this for us and there is no greater service it could render to many a harassed, distressed being.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

BRIGHT DAY OF FLOWERS.

ELLEN C. WEBSTER. J. H. TENNEY.

1. We hail this hap - py day of flowers, The bells and buds we bring,
2. We thank Thee, Lord, that win - ters chill Has pass'd from earth a - way;
3. In morn of life, our hearts we bring To Him, the Lord of love,

The best that bloom in sun - ny bow - ers, To glo - ri - fy our King.
His name we praise for birds that trill Bright songs in sum - mer day.
And hal - le - lu - jah's we will sing, To God who reigns a - bove.

Chorus.

Bright day of flowers, ... bright day of flowers, ... We'll glad - ly join and sing
Bright day of flowers, bright day of flowers,

The sweetest lays . . . . . of grateful praise . . . To Christ, the children's King. . . . .
The sweetest lays, grateful praise the children's King.

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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By per. of the Publishers.

The Sorrowful Way.

A street in Jersalem, along which Christ is said to have walked, bearing his cross, is still called "Via Dolorosa," or "Sorrowful Way."

DEAR Christ, because the "Way"
That thou didst tread on earth was "Sorrowful,"
And they that seek it find oft marked with blood
Thy footprints, shall I say,
Give me a sunnier path, more flowers to cull,
And all the things that this world calleth good?

And turning from the sound
Of thy meek voice, whose pleading "Follow me"
Seems not so sweet as others whispering
And which so soon is drowned ["Come;"
In earth's loud music—shall I say to thee
I chose this world, here finds my heart its home?

Nay, tender, patient Friend! [my hand
Though "Sorrowful" that "Way," take thou
And lead me in it. Though I cannot see,
Through blinding tears its end.
It matters not—I know 'tis to the Land [thee.
Where longing hearts meet face to face with

'Twill often lead, I know
Away from earth, to many a lovely height
From which the world will seek to tempt me by
The many flowers that grow
Beside its pathway, and which to the sight
Are fair and gay, but, ah! too quickly die.

And, as I journey on,
I know my feet must one day reach the Gates
Of some sad Garden of Gethsemane,
Where I must kneel alone
In darkness, as thou didst, and pray that fate
Will take away some "cup" she pours for me.

—ALICE PETTUS DILLAR.

"He Leadeth Me."

I DID not see thy hand, dear Lord,
Guiding my feet so weary;
I oft forgot thy precious word,
And so this life seemed dreary.
Help me, my Father, now to know,
That thou my way art leading;
That thou thy mercy still dost show,
Thy child with manna feeding.

"Thy will be done," I then can say,
My lips the while still smiling;
Bright faith shall chase the tears away,
Life's dreariness beguiling.
Thy life enthroned shall fill my heart,
My lips no more complaining;
Though from all earthly hope I part,
Be thy love still remaining.

Say So!*

IF you have a friend, or brother,
Who has helped you as no other,
Why can't you speak, and let him know?
Say so!

If Christ the Lord is such a friend,
Who joy into your heart doth send
And peace is like a river's flow,
Say so!

Do you believe the Lord is good,
And that he gives you daily food;
And feel his Holy Spirit glow?
Say so!

Tell others of the wondrous love
Of Jesus, that your heart doth move;
And thus, the "Way," one wanderer show;
Say so! C. A. F.

*Suggested by Rev. Dr. Talmage's recent sermon with this title.

Christ's Second Coming.

Scripture Evidences that the Passages Relating to the Second Advent do not Refer to the Death of the Believer.

BY W. E. B.*

Continued from page 111.

TO the reasons already urged for believing that we have no right to regard death as in any sense the coming of the Lord, we may add the following exposition. It is by Rev. David Brown, who, though a pronounced post-millennialist, clearly perceived that in all that is stated in the Scriptures about the Second Advent, reference is made to an actual personal appearance of Christ, and not to the death of the believer. He said:

"The coming of Christ to individuals at death — however warrantably we may speak so, and whatever profitable considerations it may suggest—is not fitted for taking that place in the view of the believer which Scripture assigns to the Second Advent." And he very properly illustrates by the following passages:

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven, this same Jesus which is taken up, from you into heaven shall"—What? Take you home soon to himself, at death? Nay, but shall "so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1: 10, 11.)

"And," he adds, "how know we that by jostling this event (the Advent), out of its Scriptural place in the expectations of the Church, we are not, in a great degree, destroying its character and power as a practical principle? Can we not believe, though unable to trace it, that God's methods are ever best; and that as in nature, so perhaps in revelation, a modification by us of the divine arrangements, apparently slight, and attended even with some seeming advantages, may be followed by a total and unexpected change of results, the opposite of what is anticipated and desired? So we fear it to be here." We would that we had space to quote more, for we admire this frank confession—that death is not the coming of our Lord—from one who labors so hard for post-millennialism.

Again, the substitution of death for the coming of the Lord, practically degrades the grand doctrine of the resurrection, from its lofty prominence in Scripture, to almost an unnecessary appendage. But we believe in the preaching of Jesus and the resurrection, (Acts 4: 2; 17: 18), and we look forward, with joyous anticipation to the resurrection from the dead, as the time when Jesus shall give us the victory over death (1. Cor. 15: 54-55).

Oh! that Christians might realize "the grace that is to be brought unto" us (not at death but) "at the revelation of Jesus Christ" (1. Pet. 1: 13.)

Nowhere in the Saviour's teachings are we commanded to watch or prepare for death. But we are commanded to watch and prepare for Christ's coming.

Therefore, let us not be deceived by the thought that our great enemy, death, is the precious coming of Jesus.

Nothing can be more comforting to the Church, the bride of Christ (Eph. 5: 23-32), than this precious promise, which our absent Lord has left us, that he will come and receive us unto himself, and that we shall be with him, to behold his glory.

*From *Jesus is Coming*, a famous little work which has been translated into German, French, Chinese, Japanese and Tamil, and has now reached its seventy-sixth thousand. Pp. 160; price, paper covers, 15 cents, cloth, 50 cents. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

MANY REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

A Floodtide of Appeals to be Remembered in the Petitions of the Converts' Meeting at the Bowery Mission—Letters From Many States.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission on Feb. 2, prayer was offered in accordance with the requests of a very large number of persons who wrote to us for that purpose. These requests (which appear below), come from all parts of the Union and embrace every phase of spiritual and material need which it is fitting should be presented in supplication. The reading of the letters always constitutes a most interesting part of the Sunday afternoon service and the warm sympathies of the meeting go out to the writers, whose needs are laid before the Throne in simple, earnest petition.

The requests are as follows:

For the Conversion of Relatives.

These requests for prayers for conversion of relatives were presented:

H. A. J., Lebanon, Ore. For a son-in law's conversion and that he may be a better husband and father.

Constant Reader, Cambridge, Mass. For the reformation of an adopted son, that he may come to [illegible].

J. W. S., Carlinville, Ill. That my family may be [illegible] that it may be brought nearer to [illegible].

"A Mother," Clear Lake, Ia. For three sons and two daughters out of Christ, that they may be converted.

"Believer," Shane, Md. For my wife that she may have faith and trust in God unto salvation. She is deeply convicted of sin.

Mrs. S. E. R. B., Nortonville, Kan. That I may be entirely converted to the service of God, to be [illegible].

C. E. M., Lodi, Wis. For an unconverted son in [illegible] that he may be kept from sin by God's grace and brought to the Saviour.

H. F. R., Spokane, Wash. For the conversion and that speedily of my dear husband; also, that my little ones may early be brought to Christ.

"Anxious Mother," Rosston, Pa. In behalf of my family, that husband, self, and children may be saved, and feel that Christ has accepted us.

M. J., Texas. For a brother's conversion who is far away and surrounded by danger and temptation, and that our home may be happy once more.

Mrs. P. H. D., Mocksville, N. C., for our three sons who are out of Christ, that they may be truly converted and become useful Christian men.

M. E. L., Glens Falls, N. Y. For my poor unconverted [illegible] that he may be converted and become a sincere Christian.

"Reader," Texas. For a mother and son, both [illegible] the mother.

[illegible] home and is not well, that he may come to the [illegible].

Nellie I. S., St. Louis, Mich. For a dear father who does not feel his need of Christ, and for a [illegible].

[illegible] a violent tempered husband and a son, and for God's spirit to rest on me to work and will of his good [illegible].

[illegible] I think, near the kingdom, the other two in utter [illegible] and brought to thoroughly know the Lord in his fullness.

V. C., Golden Gate, Minn. For my husband's [illegible].

[illegible] trial, has lost his religion and is groping in darkness, and that he will mercifully remove from him a most distressing malady.

Anxious Mother, Philadelphia. In behalf of a dear son, that he may have strength given him from above to resist great and mighty temptations that beset him on every side. That all evil desires and inclinations may be taken away, and that he will give up evil habits which are in danger of harming him in soul, body, and character.

* * *

For the Conversion of Friends.

"A Sister," Brooklyn, N. Y. For the salvation of two friends.

Subscriber, Brandon, Ont. For the conversion of my husband and daughter; and for the Holy Spirit in our midst.

Mrs. N., Stowe, Mass. That God will give my husband the true light. I have no one to go to for the help I need but God.

Friend, Parrish, Ia. That a friend who is leading a careless life may be brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Friend," Derby, Conn. For a young father and mother who were left in my care by a dying friend, that they may be led to seek Christ and be earnest workers for him, and bring up their little family to love and serve him.

S. M. R. For two persons who have been members of a church a good many years, but have lost all interest in religious things, and do not keep up the practice of prayer.

C. P. M., Riceford, Vt. For a sister and husband who are out of Christ, also for myself, that I may have more faith in the promises of our Heavenly Father's love and mercy.

"Believer," N. Y. For a wife who is living separate from her husband, that she may be converted, and that the husband may discharge his duties faithfully to God and man. Also please pray for a church that is cold.

R. E. M., Oklanoma. For a son who is embarrassed, that he may have more faith in the Lord as a helper in need; also, for a mother, that she may have more faith, and a for divine blessing for the conversion of four sons.

Reader, Matteawan, N. Y. For the conversion of a husband and father of an estimable family; mother and one daughter are Christians, but father will not allow mother to attend church worship; if she does he makes that an excuse to get drunk.

W. X., Searcy, Ark. For a young man who does not know how to pray, but is anxious to do so, and needs the prayers of God's people. He wants to become a Christian. Also, for a young man just starting out in life who needs Divine protection, but who is not seeking it.

"Reader," Rowland, N. C. That a loved one may be brought to Christ; that a dear, absent one may be kept from temptation and sin, and live near to God; that one in a responsible position may have a new heart and be enabled by God's Spirit to perform her duties faithfully; also, special prayer that one afflicted may be healed, if God wills, and find Christ precious to his soul.

L. B., Ashland, O. I have a brother living in Iowa, who is out of Christ; pray for his conversion; he is getting old; pray that his faith may be strengthened and that every obstacle in the way may be removed and that his heart may become tender. For another brother, living here, and also out of Christ; he once tried to do better. His faith was so weak that he never felt satisfied, so he got discouraged.

N. B. H., Annisquam, Mass. For seven persons who are unsaved, viz.: An elderly man who has been a great sinner; a couple getting along in years who are out of health and in spiritual darkness; my sister, her husband, and my niece who are young and thoughtless; also, my husband, that he may be converted. Please also pray for myself that I may be healed of nervousness and become a wise consistent Christian.

* * *

For Those in Sickness.

H. A. B., Darien, N. Y. For a brother afflicted with paralysis.

M. J. C., Franklin, Ga. Please remember a little sick friend in your prayers.

G. A. B., Wisconsin. That I may be restored to health and strength, in Christ's name.

M. G., Paola, Kan. That I may be patient in my sickness; also for my two unconverted boys.

[illegible]

J. E. R., Philadelphia, Pa. That a dear son who [illegible].

[illegible]

Friend, Erie, Pa. For the conversion of a husband and an oldest son, and that a daughter might be cured of a nervous affliction, if God wills.

Mrs. A. G. O., Mound City, Kan. That my health, if God wills, may be restored; if not, that I may bear patiently, and for the conversion of my dear husband and children.

Friend, Rahway, N. J. For one who has been very sick, that she may regain her health and strength, and that her eyesight might be restored if God wills.

Geo. M. L., Shannon, Ills. For the recovery, if God wills, of my dear Christian wife who has been confined to her bed seriously ill for the last four months, and is still in a very critical condition.

M. A. L., Oceano, Cal. For the complete restoration to health of my husband, if God wills, and for the alleviation of his other troubles; also, for more spiritual light and a deeper work of grace in his heart.

A. S. W., Monticello, Ga. For the restoration to health if God wills of two friends who are very ill; also, that another friend now in tribulation may be succored and that his trials may bring him nearer God.

Mrs. R. B., Hazleton, Pa. For a broken-hearted wife and mother. That her husband may be restored to sound and perfect health, and that her only son who is attracted by the allurements of evil and worldly pleasures may come to Christ.

True Believer, Chesterfield, Va. That an afflicted one whose disease has baffled the skill of physicians, may be restored to health if it is the Lord's will. Also that the Lord will cause all things to work together for the financial good of one of his followers.

Reader, Springfield, Ill. For my son, who is of a very nervous and jealous disposition, that he may be healed and become a Christian; also that my husband, who is out of health, may be healed in body and mind, and give his heart to Christ; also a daughter, who loves society, that she may give it up and seek the higher life.

* * *

For Special Blessings.

Sorrowful. That God will hear and bless us in our souls and bodies. From one who is much in need of Divine help.

Friend, Barre, Vt. That I may be delivered from the town and its savage treatment; that I may have a home among friends.

G. P., New York. That God would grant his blessing upon a new venture of a Christian, and provider and adviser of two families.

Earnest, Bird-in-Hand, Pa. Special meetings are being held at the M. E. Church at this place, and at the United Brethren Church a few miles away. Pray that we may have a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit at both these places; also for my two young brothers that they may be brought into the kingdom and for an esteemed young friend who is putting off seeking Christ.

* * *

For Deliverance from Drink.

"Subscriber," Goshen, Ind. For a beloved brother who is unsaved and is a victim of the intoxicating cup.

Mrs. A. P. S., Torbrook, N. S. For a wayward son that he may be delivered from the power of strong drink.

C. R., Baltimore. For a young man given to intemperance, that God would convert him and deliver him from it and save him.

S. S. L., Kingston, Pa. For a son of many prayers who is hard and indifferent; also for a drunkard who is anxious to reform but very weak to resist temptation.

* * *

For Those in Family Troubles.

Widow, Carmine, Ill. That the inheritance of which my children have been deprived may be restored, if God wills.

"Father," Deal Island, Md. Pray for me and my son, in anguish and distraction, broken-hearted and ready to die. Trouble the cause. Ask God if He will for Christ's sake remove the cause.

Hester, Middletown, Mo. For the Lord's blessing upon our little family; and for a sublime faith and entire devotion to him at all times and in all things; also, that a brother now an enemy, may be changed by grace and love into a friend of our afflicted household.

"Anxious," Frontier, N. Y. For a dear sister who has much trouble and much unhappiness in her family, and whose home is in danger of being broken up by a cruel and unloving husband, that she may be comforted, and that the peace of Christ may enter and abide in that home.

"Old Subscriber," Texas. I have for a long while been laboring under a great trial, and it seems to grow darker and darker, until I sometimes fear my mind will give way. I believe in the prayers of faith, and I ask you to pray that I may overcome evil with good, that I may have grace to forgive my enemies, and may know just what God requires of me, and have help and strength to do it.

* * *

For Relief from Business Trouble.

[illegible] will help us to pay our church debt.

[illegible] The Lord [illegible] help, and we believe will yet [illegible].

[illegible] Cal. For a Christian family; wife ill, husband out of employment, and business [illegible] that the wife may be restored to health if God wills, and that their [illegible].

Constant Reader, Richmond Corner, Me. That a [illegible] may be succored in great trouble and difficulties; also that I may so hear from a long absent son.

* * *

For Greater Faith and Spiritual Help.

C. D. H., Belleview, Ill. Asking to be remember[ed] in prayer.

D., Spokane, Wash. For myself and wife to [be] strong in the faith.

Mrs. L. B. P., Monmouth, Ill. For spiritual h[elp] on the journey through life.

Mrs. L. E. C., Rockton, Ill. That I may be rea[dy] when called to go, which will not be long now.

I. L. R., Arden, W. Va. That my humble so[ul] may be helpful in the upbuilding of Christ's ki[ng]dom.

Mrs. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. That I may be a[ble] to bear my affliction of widowhood and the loss [of] my little child.

M. E. L., Pennsylvania. That God would answ[er] my prayer and give me that I long for, or grace [to] say, "His will be done."

C. P. N., Iowa. requests prayer that she ha[s] perfect faith in Christ and that her two sons [and] daughters be converted.

"Reader," Rexford, Pa. That I may attain to [the] highest state of Christian living, and that a son n[ow] be brought to the feet of Jesus.

"Believer," Ritch, Ga. That I may feel my s[ins] forgiven, and my way to heaven made clear; also t[hat] I may be helped with employment.

Carrie C., Erwin, Okla. I crave an interest [in] your prayers. I feel that when the roll is called yonder I will see you there and know you all.

Mrs. S. E. R., Ramsey, S. D. For one who li[ves] where there are no church privileges. I have [not] heard a sermon for two years. Pray for me.

Constant Reader, Connersville, Ind. That I m[ay] grow in grace, and also that a sister and her h[us]band and a dear friend may be brought to Chris[t].

Mrs. F. G., Le Roy, Minn. That God give [the] power of his Spirit to a church and minister t[hat] need it sadly, and that the head of a family may [be] so kept as to live as becomes a true child of G[od] and have power over sinful appetite.

* * *

For Backsliders

"Subscriber," New Rochelle, N. Y. For a ba[ck]slider, that he may be fully restored to Jesus ag[ain] and have renewed evidence of acceptance with [his] heavenly Father.

J. S., Fredericktown, Ohio. For a wayward brot[her] who is slipping away from the fold of God, that [he] may be brought back to his first love. Pray also [for] me that I may have more faith and more grac[e to] bear life's trials.

A. E. K., Minnesota. For an only son who [has] wandered away from the teaching of his early [years], that he may be prospered in business and bec[ome] useful in the cause of "Christ." Also, that my s[on-i]n-law may find employment without breaking [the] Sabbath. Also that I, a widowed mother, may h[ave] entire trust in the ability and willingness of [the] Lord to bless abundantly and prosper.

Reader, Spangle, Wash. For one who gave [her] heart to Jesus three years ago, and felt that she [was] accepted, but whose husband would not allow [her] to confess Christ publicly, and exacted a pron[ise] from her that she would under no circumstances [ask the] prayers of anyone for him. She is very anxi[ous] about his soul. Pray that God will convict him [of] sin; also for myself, that God may give me the [for]ward witness;" also for a prayer-meeting just [be]gun in this town.

Canadian Reader. For a father who has tur[ned] against his children just through trifling affairs. [He] has been a professing Christian for years, and [now] he has lost his wife. That God may touch his h[eart] and fill it with loving kindness towards his mot[her]less girls. Also for a poor sister whose husb[and] has deserted her. For a husband to be be [converted] converted to God, so he will be enabled to love [and] care for his wife as he should do.

* * *

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

A number of correspondents have w[rit]ten us concerning prayers (laid before [the] Bowery Mission in past weeks), that ha[ve] been answered, but owing to the lack [of] space, we can only publish extracts fr[om] those letters that refer to last we[ek]. They are as follows:

"Tempted One," New York City, asks that th[anks] be offered for the answer to prayer for which [re]quest was made on Dec. 11. A kind friend at P[illegible] burg, Pa., whose heart God must have touched, [sent] relief which came at a time when the need seem[ed] to have reached a crisis.

Old Subscriber, Nantucket, Mass. Six years [ago] I married a gentleman who was not a Christian. [illegible] I am now praising God that I can see a great cha[nge] in him, and I think the change comes grad[ually] through prayer and reading THE CHRISTIAN HER[ALD]. Pray that my dear husband may be truly conve[rted], also for our three sons, and also for my my [illegible] health, which has been very poor the last four ye[ars].

Anxious Christian Brother, Baltimore, Md. S[ince] my letter of the 1st ult. matters with me have [be]come more encouraging. In all my affairs G[od's] mercies have been manifested and your ear[nest] prayers in my behalf have greatly helped me. [I] now feel that with your assistance all will be [well] with me. Please remember me in your devot[ions] and I shall give you faithful report of my prog[ress] from time to time. I shall never fail to daily ask God's blessing upon your mission. I now feel God will lead me in the way whereby I may be extricated from all my financial embarrassment.

An International Worker.

r. ames Liddell Phillips's Life of Service for nday Schools in America and India.

OME of Christ's most faithful servants do their work so quietly and with such self-effacement that until they are called to their reward and successors have to be searched for to fill their vacant places rch does not realize how much they ne. This is true of the devoted hose portrait appears on this page. s country and in India, where he l in the service of the English Sunhool Union, Dr. Phillips gave him-

R. JAMES LIDDELL PHILLIPS.

f reservedly and untiringly to the se f Christ, yet few outside the circle h immediate associates knew the tenor the value of the service he was deng. A few months ago. away in a sta province of India, the summons me to him to cease from his labors. er was a week of suffering away from me and family and then the busy rk entered the eternal rest.

In was the land of his birth. His he was the Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, an ne an missionary, stationed at the time hi on's birth in the Hindoo city of Balare South Orissa. Scarcely had the re fully realized the joy of the new nlife in their household, when death ter robbing the missionary of his be- wife and the infant of his mother. he last hours she besought God to comt r husband in his loneliness and sor- d to make her boy a blessing to dia Years afterward, the boy was told th prayer and it became his earnest de or to fulfil it. The dying mother's nd ad rested on his unconscious head ith solemn ordination as she prayed n, consecrating him to the work m hich she was called away. Happily h, a lady, like-minded, became his hes wife and the stepmother of the ild She gave him a mother's love and re ly strove to rear him "in the nurre d admonition of the Lord." Until ained the age of twelve years he re- ed under the care of his parents in dia mixing freely with the natives, coming familiar with their language and stoms. His intelligence and restless, erg ic temperament were early noticed h stepmother and it became her pray- a t had been his own mother's, that m ht became a missionary. That he gh be thoroughly equipped for the wo k she encouraged him to learn the la ge thoroughly and when he left In- in 1852 to be educated in America, and e a Bible into his hand as a parting t, was an Oriya translation that she ve and she exacted a promise from him at he would read at least ten verses m every day.

T lad's first home in America was at hi stone, N. Y., and there he was pre- re for college. He worked hard and as le at an early age to pass the exam- ati for his entrance to Bowdoin. At lle he lost his ambition for a mission- y reer, and determined to make his rment home in the United States. To is d he studied medicine, that he might ve a profession to support him here. at before he won his medical diploma, the grace of God had touched his heart; he publicly avowed himself a Christian, and was soon humbly and prayerfully asking, "Lord, what will thou have me do?" There could be no question as to the sphere in which he could render most effective service. He could read the difficult Oriya written characters and speak the language like the natives. No missionary sent to that land could acquire even by years of labor so perfect a command of the tongue as he had attained in boyhood, and had maintained by fulfilling his promise to his stepmother. The course therefore was clear, but first he wanted to study the methods of religious work in the United States. An opening occurred in New York which he was glad to accept. During his college course Mrs. T. C. Upton, the wife of one of the professors, and the author of several religious works, had taken a deep interest in his welfare, and had imparted to him an earnest longing for consecrated holy living. Her influence was over him when he came to New York, and remained with him all through his life. In his new sphere he came in contact with active Sunday School workers, who introduced him to that department of labor, and his intense love of children made it a labor of love.

In 1864 the way was opened for his return to the land of his birth. He was twenty-four years old, equipped with a sound theological training, a diploma as doctor of medicine, and an intense desire for the conversion of the section of India in which his boyhood days had been spent. He reached his station at Mednapur on July 1, 1865, and on the very next day preached to a large gathering of the natives in their own tongue. He received a warm welcome from all classes, and renewed acquaintance with old friends from whom he had been separated for twelve years. During the next ten years his labors were incessant. He conceived the idea of converting the whole of India through Sunday Schools. The idea became a passion with him. He would go any distance to assist a brother missionary in organizing a school or to make an address at some distant station to the children. In 1875 his services were needed in this country. He saved his society the cost of his journey by accepting the appointment of surgeon to a ship. On his arrival he laid before the Christian public a project dear to his heart —that of establishing a Bible School for native preachers and when he returned to India he took with him the funds required to establish it. The next seven years were devoted to organizing and developing the work.

He was in America again in 1890 when a request was sent to him that appealed to every fibre of his nature. The English Sunday School Union had determined to make a systematic effort to establish Sunday Schools throughout India. The Union urged him to take entire charge of the work, knowing how earnestly he had striven single-handed for the same object. He cheerfully accepted the appointment and entered on the work with zealous energy. From that time until his death in the fall of last year he labored with untiring patience. He traveled over India from coast to coast and away up into the northern provinces. He had the satisfaction before his death of seeing India organized into Sunday School Unions containing over five thousand Sunday Schools, in which two hundred thousand children were gathered every week. He was at Mussoorie on an organizing expedition when he was suddenly prostrated with severe illness. It was at first thought that he might be saved as he was accustomed to the climate from his birth, but his constitution was worn out by his long travels and incessant labor. In a few days the end came and with a prayer for India on his lips he breathed his last.

Religion in Iceland.

The island has 72,000 inhabitants of the Lutheran faith. The Bible is diligently read, and although the children do not receive education in schools, but from parents and ministers, every Icelander can read and write. A recent traveller says that the Icelanders have a better average culture than any European people. There are 287 churches, of which twelve are of stone, 256 of wood, and twenty-nine of turf. In the inside they are extremely plain, with bare walls. Only fifty-one churches possess a harmonium. Church services are well attended, and the clergy are highly respected.

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IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER IV.

That Other Captain.

I AM very glad you found that help, cousin," said Janet. She had been sitting in a rocking-chair not far from "My Captain's" bed. She now rose, went toward the open fire, and there stood, facing the flames that were all reaching up into the chimney like arms of gold. Her hands were clasped behind her.

"What became—of—of—that—other captain?" asked Janet.

"That other captain? My neighbor, the Southerner? Oh! I believe he was only a private. Ought to be a captain, and may be one yet. I think when he left the hospital, he enlisted on our side, and no one knows but what he may be a general yet. He deserves something better than the title 'that other captain.' John could see Janet's hands clasped behind her. They had been firmly clasped, but the moment she asked a second question, "My Captain" noticed how convulsively they were working.

"What was the—name of—of that other captain—I mean that Southerner?"

"Melrose, I think—yes, I am sure, Thomas W. Melrose."

The moment he said this he saw Janet's hands how excitedly they were working, as if they were going through a dumb-alphabet and sending a message to somebody.

"Singular!" thought My Captain. "Can't see a bit of Janet's face and don't hear Janet's voice, but there are Janet's hands—why, how they are going! Sort of talking away!"

The effect was singular, that graceful, immovable figure, the head with its folds of thick black hair, the shapely shoulders, but everything silent, dumb. There were those hands twitching and twisting away, though talking as it seemed to John. If they were working off a message, then it was in a very mysterious language. She did speak, at last, in the usual fashion. "And you say he had a kind of look—?"

"A look—well, I don't know just how to describe it—but a look from a place away off, a look full of light and—and—"

How Janet's hands did twist and turn now! How excitedly they talked! Then they broke apart suddenly, violently, and Janet turned as if to come to her cousin. No, she moved toward the door opening out into the kitchen. "I will send Jed in." But we must call him by his right name. He does not like the way the people here have of calling him 'Jed.'" That was all she said—with her voice at least. Those convulsively working hands, the now agitated face, said very much. "My Captain" saw Janet's face. Its expression had entirely changed since she had left her rocking-chair. It was so full of pain and sorrow, and thus disquieted, the face passed out of sight and into the kitchen.

"How blind!" said "My Captain" aloud. "Why didn't I see it before? That's Winthrop Melrose, sure, the Southerner to whom Janet was engaged! I thought of him as Thomas in the hospital, but there was that initial W, and I remember I saw 'Winthrop' one day on a handkerchief he was using. That's the very one Janet was engaged to! Yes, I am sure of it! I suppose I ought, but didn't suspect it, before this morning. I—I—declare!"

When Jed Davis entered the sitting-room, he found "My Captain" sitting up in bed, and his face was almost as distorted as Janet's.

"Come, come!" said Jed soothingly. "You look stirred up. This won't do, Cap'n Marlin!"

He lifted the patient gently, and then he carefully kissed him [illegible].

"You and Janet had a fallin' out? You both look stirred up."

"Say, Jed?" replied the Captain nervously. "You remember years ago a young Southerner that used to come here to this house—come to see Janet?"

My Captain looked up into Jed's brown eyes that darkened at once.

"Yes," growled Jed.

"Wasn't his name, or didn't people call him Winthrop Marshall Melrose, I mean?"

"Yes, Winthrop Melrose," said Jed sullenly. "He turned up?"

"I met him off at the war."

"Rebel, I s'pose."

"No, a Union-man. He was obliged to go into the Southern army, but I don't think he wanted to."

"Now, now,—are you a-goin' to be caught with that bait? Do you really believe that story?"

"Everything I saw went to show that his story was true."

"I dunno,—I dunno about them Southerners."

"Some very good people among them. If we had been educated to believe in secession and that slavery was right, we might have done no better."

"I am—glad, I am glad I wasn't edicated in no such way," said Jed, rising up, swinging his long arms and strutting down the room. "Edicated in no such way—no sir! True blue, every time!"

He halted. His arms that had been going like pendulums, now hung down motionless.

"Say!" he thundered. "Say! Look here! That rebel married, Cap'n?"

"Said one day he hadn't wife, chick nor child."

"Say, Cap'n, now—now—do you think she cares for him, do you think she really does?"

"Who care?"

"She—Janet."

"I don't know, Jed. How should I know?"

Jed shook his head and then asked. "She speak of him this morning?"

"I—I did—kind of blundered into it."

"Well, I think the best thing you can do is to blunder out of it—say no more about it. You've got all riled up, all worked up. It puts everything all back. Now you—you just keep as still as you can."

"My Captain" obeyed. Jed, too, for some reason was very quiet also. He did everything expected of him. He smoothed the pillow, handed the water or medicine that might be needed, but was speechless. He looked glum and acted glum. When Janet entered the room again, looking very serene, she said to Jed, "How is the patient now? I was careless this morning and let him talk too much. I am very sorry, I made a mistake."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed her cousin.

"How is he?" said Jed, petulantly. "Wall as common."

"How are you, to-day?" asked Janet, noticing Jed's manner.

"Wall enough!" grumbled Jed, refusing to even look at her.

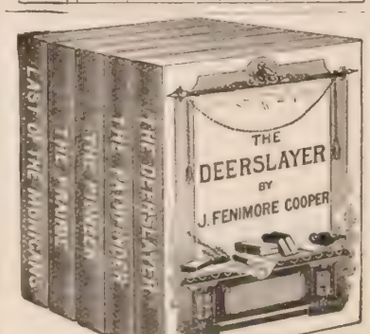
"What is the matter with Jed?" asked John when alone with Janet.

"I don't know, John."

Perhaps she could have told him had she known the nature of the conversation between the Captain and his nurse while she was gone. There was nothing further said about Thomas Winthrop Melrose, but while Janet was absent from the sick-room, she was in her chamber. She took out of a drawer in her bureau a little box. At the bottom, under various keepsakes, was a picture. She took it up and looked at it, murmuring' "Does he look that way, I wonder." It was the same kind of face that my captain had described when he spoke of a noble countenance, of eyes that seemed to look at you from afar, of eyes brightened by flashes. It was not a common face. She sighed, and in a little while returned to her patient, deep down in her heart, saying, "It might have been!"

Ten years ago, Janet met at Washington a young Southerner. This same Thomas Winthrop Melrose! The name was the same as that of "the other captain." What if two different individuals had had a similar "Thomas" and a similar "Winthrop" in the procession of names! However, the Melrose of ten summers ago became Janet's most particular friend, and a betrothal was a feature of this friendship. For two years he was seen quite often in the old home. He was very popular with the villagers. The fishermen liked him because he laughed at danger and could sail a boat with the best of them. The old people liked him because he was so courteous, so abundant in the little attentions that old age enjoys, but too often must dispense with. The young people made him a hero because enthusiastic, generous and brave to a fault. But—one day—Janet's father almost broke her heart by saying that—on the whole, he thought it would be best for her to—to drop her acquaintance with Winthrop Melrose. He gave several reasons that harmonized with the old Morton pride of which quality Janet's father had an abundant share. Pride builds up some families and ruins others. The Morton's were proud of their blood which was supposed to run out of a far away and distinguished source, and this young Southerner, what family-station did he have? They were proud of the wealth that had been accumulated in their family, so that people said a stream of gold ran in the Morton

Continued on next page.



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IN HIS HANDS.

(Continued from preceding page.)

veb. But this Melrose, what were his resources? Confessedly, he had very lit tle The most of his property he had turned to an education, but it is not so easy to rn education back again into property and what about Janet's support?

"lo, daughter, no, on the whole," said her father, "I can't see my way clear to sar ion this engagement."

"s there anything else against Mr. Melros " asked Janet. "Have you heard anything against him?"

Chet saw a flash in her father's cheeks. "hem—m—m!" he replied. "Has not my darhter confidence in her father's judg-

I would say nothing more. Somehow, Jan suspected that Lawyer Skeele had ma some damaging report to her father. She inferred that because Mrs. Blakey Ch e once said, "What are these stories goi round about that Melrose? Lawyer Ske e is shaking his head, they say, and tell that everything is not just right." Ms. Blakey Chase said this out in the yat to Paulina Davis, who at that time wa iving with the Mortons. Janet at an ope window chanced to overhear this rema. That very day, Mr. Morton had a lenthy talk with Lawyer Skeele down on heeach, and Janet chanced to witness fro a window that interview also.

hen Mr. Morton came home, parental authority drew forth the knife and cut the tie twern Janet and her lover. It seemed ther singular that within six months the lawyer's Lavina should be at Washngn, writing home that she had found ver agreeable this young Melrose, who had secured temporary employment in the government office.

"What?" said Paulina. "The lawyer's darter talkin' to the very man her father is a-runnin', the darter findin' him agreable and all that? Janet says it is not of my business—but—"

"o, Paulina, I don't want to hear about it don't wish you to speak of it," said the young mistress. Janet's pride did not ask any interference. If this pride had permitted Paulina to speak a little longer, nothing would have been communicated, bit of news coming to Paulina's gossip-ot, that might have changed the current of events and brought the severed ves together. Still, later, when Mr. Morton heard that his suspicions concerning the financial standing and family association of Melrose were not correct, that ough-rooted pride forbade any acknowledgment of his injustice. He had heard stories prejudicial to the character of Melrose, that the young man was infidel. These were disproved, but his ri would not let him stoop to any retraction of some severe charges made in a private letter to Melrose. All through a correspondence, the latter conducted himself with dignity yet generosity, and gave Janet an opportunity to mend the torn relationship, but she had heard how Lavina Skeele's reported frivolous intercourse with Melrose, that he was as frivolous as she, and then the pride of the mother rose up in the daughter's breast and seemed to chill all the blood in her fingers so that they were, or seemed powerless to write. One short line running off from the point of her pen would have led to the adjustment of everything, but pride's frozen fingers refused to write. Oh, pride, that makes men ambitious to keep a good name for themselves, prompts one to deny it to others, pride that is blind and cruel, forgets not, forgives not, how many hopes it has nipped, how many hearts it has broken, how many lives it has cut short! Janet, who on one side of her nature was a sweet, noble character on another side had much to change, to cut and make over. She was, somehow, to get the better of that pride veining like a long root the development of the Morton character and the history of the Morton family. She sacrificed her happiness and her lover to the wishes of her pride, though he was acting hastily and asking too much. All the wounds made by this abrupt and cruel trampling upon the feelings might have been healed if she had improved the opportunity Melrose generously gave her for a presentation of the charges against him, of which fact in a very vague way he had been informed in her father's letter. Janet's father would have welcomed this opportunity of seeking him not sought by him, but it did not come. Janet did not improve the opportunity. Her pride only saw an insincere lover flirting with Lavina Skeele, and pride so magnified this supposed insincerity that she could see nothing else and lived bitterly to regret her mistake. This day of the talk with "My Captain," it seemed as if that late storm, wrecking his vessel, was raging all through the past history of her life. Especially did it swell and heave, tear up and shatter, all along the line of her relationship with Winthrop Melrose. Things she supposed she had forgotten, now came to the surface, as if a tornado were under them, bringing them to the light once more, so that the dead past became a painful present.

Oh! how much suffering there was under the quiet face his cousin saw hovering above his bed.

"What is she thinking of?" wondered the invalid. Janet Morton's character lacked the great, controlling element of personal religion. She needed a strong power within her, even as her cousin. She needed power over that old inherited pride which would rise up sometimes and interfere with duty. Something else she needed. Since her mother's death there had been a great emptiness in her life, a vast vacuum. It was like the rolling away of the ocean from its bed and leaving a great, unoccupied gulf. She needed a Presence to come into her soul and occupy the emptiness there. And it seemed so strange that he, cousin John Morton, once counted so deficient, should be virtually her spiritual teacher, to-day. Stranger, too, that in connection with all of John's experience in the hospital, that an old lover should now be associated. He had practically been dead to her for years. He was now alive. He seemed to be speaking through her cousin's lips. One accusation brought against Winthrop Melrose was infidelity.

"Can't have my daughter married to an infidel!" Janet's father had said, though he was not a Christian man himself. And now this same accused infidel was the confessed instrument in the great change wrought in the life of Janet's cousin! This same infidel through John Morton was instructing the daughter of an accuser.

"It is like a dream, and yet so real!" murmured Janet the afternoon of that same day, looking off from a window upon the sea. "I wonder if I shall ever have that blessing my cousin has!"

As she gazed afar, she saw through a gray stratum of rain-cloud extending above the sea, the sunlight had broken, and, falling upon the sea, had left a footprint of silver there. It was so gloomy everywere else. To Janet, that space of silver in the sea was symbolic. Her cousin's life had been in just that way touched with a light fallen from above.

"Will mine be?" she wondered. She watched that space of light on the shadowed sea, and in the cloud-framed window.

"It's still in his face," she thought when she returned to his bed. Yes, as he lay there in bed, his face was peaceful and sunny with a radiance that had come to him, not from him. Not from the sea, but the sky, does our abiding light come, not from man but God.

To be Continued.

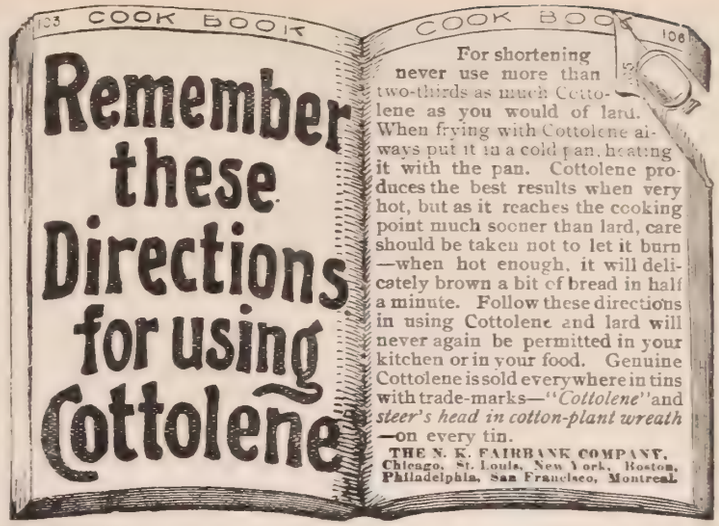
Consecration.

O LORD of mercy, up above,
We pray thee fill our hearts with Christian love.
Forgive our faults as we forgive;
To thee, oh, make us ever closer live.
Breathe in our hearts thy love divine,
And make us truly, absolutely thine.

And may the dew of thy pure love
Upon the seed descend, and Christ the blessed Dove,
Look down from heaven's radiant height,
And show to mortal man sweet Zion's light.
And may the Holy Spirit's power
Touch every unrelenting heart this hour.

And thus the heavenly power of grace
O'erpower all evil, sanctify the base,
Salvation be to all mankind,
And closer all to our dear Saviour bind
The hearts that yearn for greater love—
For that pure love that only is above.

Newburg, Mo. —K. P. ALEXANDER.



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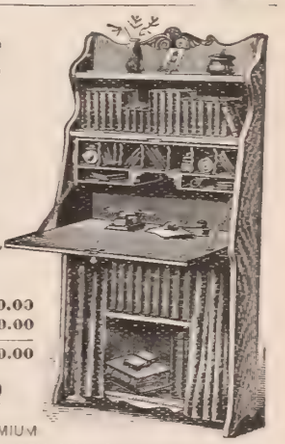

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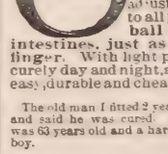

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STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1895.

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DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 3, 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The 1st day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BROWN.

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Among the Head-Hunters.*

HEAD-HUNTING may be traced back to the petty village and tribal wars: and as life has no sacredness in the eyes of the savage, and an enemy has no rights, it became simply a question of mode as to how their enemies should be put to death and some wrongs atoned for. The bringing back of the head was regarded as satisfactory evidence—a kind of medical certificate—that the sentence of the tribe had been carried out. When hostilities became fixed, and certain tribes or races were regarded as unforgivable enemies, a premium was put upon their heads, and the brave who showed most skill was counted worthy of greatest honor and made head man of his village or chief of his tribe. So it may have come about—at all events it has come about—that the hill savage of Formosa looks upon the enemy of their tribes as a mark for their spears, and his head as specially designed to ornament their huts.

Every head-hunter has the spear, knife, and bag. Sometimes bows and arrows are taken, and occasionally a matchlock gun. Always on the lookout for Chinese, they will attack them anywhere and at any time, should the opportunity be favorable. But should a month or two go by without a head being brought to the village, they become restless and unhappy. The old-time passion begins to burn, and arrangements are made for a head-hunting expedition. The chief calls his council braves together, the matter is talked over, and proposals considered. Sometimes they start out during the day, in which case the savages go singly. They know where and when their victims may be found, and rely more on the surprised attack and sudden thrust than on the skill or strength of open combat. With all his daring the savage is at heart a coward, "bold in ambush, base in open field." He watches from behind a boulder or bush until his victim is within spear-thrust, when suddenly and without warning he strikes the blow; or he creeps up behind the unguarded workman and takes him unawares. But night is the favorite time for the head-hunter. Then the men go in companies. Their plan is to select a house standing apart and to surround it, making a wide circle, and gradually closing in until at a signal the attack is made. Sometimes one creeps up and sets fire to the dry thatch of the roof, and when the inmates are aroused and rush out, they are instantly speared, their heads thrust into the bags, and in a moment not a sound is heard but the crackling of the burning embers. If there is no reason for such haste, the hunters first secure the door, then thrust damp grass smudges through the chinks and openings, smoke the inmates to suffocation, and then secure their heads.

The heads having been secured, the hunters return with all haste to the village. When on the peak of the nearest mountain they shout their wild whoop of victory. The villagers have been waiting, and when that yell is heard a party is sent out to meet the braves and escort them home. All the village is out of doors. Old men and women, youths and maidens, the youngest child in the settlement, even the very dogs, all know the meaning of the yell, and go wild with excitement. They are all on the way to welcome home the heroes. Such shouting, shrieking, and demon-like howls. The dogs seem as though they were made for nothing but yelping on that one occasion. The hunters recite their experiences—how they escaped detection, how they did the deed, perhaps what wounds they got in the fray. Everything is told with many gesticulations, and every point is greeted with fresh demonstrations of delight.

Only rarely is the head boiled and the flesh eaten; but it is common enough to boil the brain to a jelly and eat with vengeful relish. They offered it to me as a rare treat.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Poultry Guide and Catalogue of the Sunflower Poultry, and Seed Farm, illustrated, pp. 80; price 15 cents. John Baucher Jr., Freeport, Ill., publisher.

Mills' Garden Annual for 1896, a handy guide for farmers and gardeners. Fully illustrated and crowded with valuable information. Published by The Garden Co., Rose Hill, N. Y.

Poultry Catalogue of the Reliable Incubator and Brooder Co., a very compact and convenient guide for all poultry raisers; illustrated. Published by the Co. at Quincy, Ill.

Johnson and Stokes' Garden and Farm Annual for 1896; one of the best publications of this class; carefully prepared and finely illustrated. Invaluable to agriculturists and horticulturists. Johnson & Stokes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Childs' Rare Flowers, Vegetables, and Fruits for 1896; a comprehensive and thoroughly satisfactory guide to all growers. Finely illustrated; complete price-lists. A money-saving reference. John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y., publishers.

C. N. Bowers' Poultry Annual for 1896; also contains a book of valuable recipes. Price 10 cents; 64 pp.; paper covers; illustrated. C. N. Bowers, Dakota, Ill.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

B B Robertson	5 00
In His Name, Waynesboro, Pa	1 00
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Constant Reader, Media, Pa	1 00

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For Mrs. Williamson's Home.

Friend, Louisville, Ky	3 00
" Springfield, Ohio	2 00
Unknown,	20 00
Total	**$25.00**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Laura Shepard	1 00
Mrs W B H, Lakeland, Fla	1 00
Sudie McLaughlin	50
Anon N. Vt	1 00
Total	**$3.50**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary,

Mrs Rosa A Isbell	1 00
Mrs M R C, Manchester	1 00
Mrs P A Stanley	2 00
A and H, Mass	1 00
Mrs M P Sherwood	50
M Moneyment	50
Total	**$6.00**

For Rev. C. H. Mead, Sec'y Nat'l Temp. Society.

J, Haydenville, Mass	1 00

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

3 King's Daughters, Newburgh, N Y	2 00

Home Missions.

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Mr. Terry's Y. M. C. A. Work among Lumbermen.

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Where Eden's Garden Lay.

Many Differing Opinions, but the Most General Belief Points to Armenia as the Cradle of the Race.

ATTEMPTS have been made to identify the Garden of Eden in almost every country of the globe, but the preponderance of opinion locates it in Armenia, not far from Mount Ararat.

After a study of the ground itself and a careful consideration of the argument in favor of other localities I have become convinced that the Lake Van region of Armenia more nearly meets the descriptions found in the Bible than any other as yet put forward by man.

As we understand the requirements of the situation described in the Bible, the location of the Garden of Eden must be at the source of four rivers of water, of which two shall be the Euphrates and the Tigris. So far as that is concerned I meet with only one difficulty. It is not the difficulty of finding enough rivers, but the difficulty of selecting those which most clearly fulfil Bible requirements. As a matter of fact, there are in this region no fewer than seven rivers which claim consideration as the streams which flowed out of Eden—the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Aras, the Kour, the Djorokh, the Kizil Irhak, and the western branch of the Euphrates. The upper course of the Euphrates is divided into two mighty branches at a great distance apart, each one of which might serve as the Phrath mentioned in the Bible. The Tigris takes its rise not far from the western end of Lake Van, its source being only five miles from the western arm of the Euphrates. But as no one now questions the Euphrates and the Tigris as being identical with the Phrath and Hiddekel of the Bible, their claims need not be argued here.

There remain, therefore, only two rivers about which we need to make specific inquiries. There is every reason to believe that the river Arras, which rises in Armenia between the two arms of the Euphrates and runs in an easterly direction for six hundred miles to the Caspian Sea, is the Gihon of the Bible, and, indeed, the Persians to this day call it the Jichoon-arass. For a considerable part of its length the Arras forms the boundary line between Persia and the Caucasus region of Asiatic Russia. So little doubt is felt concerning the identity of this river that I need not discuss its claims further.

As to the Pison there is more latitude of choice. It may have been the western arm of the Euphrates, it may have been the Kour, the Djorokh, or the Kizil Irmak. Assuming, for the sake of simplifying matters, that the two arms of the Euphrates counted only as one river, and supposing that the river which took its rise nearest to the source of the Tigris, Arras, and Euphrates was the fourth stream, then the choice would fall on the Djorokh, which flows near the Euphrates and flows in a northeasterly direction into the Black Sea.

These four rivers rise in the same district, within a few miles of each other. The Tigris has its source within five miles of the western branch of the Euphrates; the Djorokh rises within five or six miles of the western branch, and the Arras, in its upper course, approaches within ten miles of each branch of the Euphrates. Here, then, the Bible conditions are filled to the satisfaction of everybody except the theoretical archæologist who looks for the source of all things in India.

The claims of the Kizil Irmak are not to be set lightly aside. It has been identified as the ancient Halys, and by many persons it is believed to be one of the rivers of the Garden of Eden. But its source, though very near to the western arm of the Euphrates, is nevertheless one hundred and forty miles distant from the source of the Arras, and fully eighty miles from any of the feeders of the Tigris, so that its claims are hardly as tenable as those of the Djorokh.

Some writers on this subject place the Garden of Eden on the river Shat-el-Arab, which is formed by the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates about eighty miles above the Persian Gulf, but they do not seem to be able to account for the Pison and Gihon, and the merely casual fact that water will not run up-hill. They have the Tigris and the Euphrates right enough, but the rest of their theory seems to be rather vague and intangible. In support of their view, these writers have an added theory that there may have been other streams and water-courses marking the ancient landscape that do not now appear, but they ignore the fact that in the highlands of Armenia there are to this day four rivers of water which meet exactly the requirements of the Bible definition.

The opinion which fixes Eden in Armenia we have placed first, because it is that which has obtained most general support, and seems nearest the truth. For if we may suppose that, while Cain moved to the East, the posterity of Seth remained in the neighborhood of the primeval seat of mankind, and that Noah's ark rested not very far from the place of his former abode, then Mount Ararat, in Armenia, becomes a connecting point between the ante-diluvian and post-diluvian worlds, and the names of the Phrath, Hiddekel, etc., would readily be given to rivers, which, after the great deluge, seemed to flow in channels somewhat corresponding to the Paradisiacal streams.

Another reason for locating the site of the Garden of Eden at the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates, instead of in the district where their united waters empty into the Persian Gulf, is that the Hebrew word "yatsa," which is used to describe the going forth of the river from Eden to water the Garden, is employed only in speaking of the course of the river downward from its source. Taking the meaning of this word as a guide, it is clear that the river rises in Eden, flows into the Garden, and from thence is divided into four branches.

Reducing the question to a matter of modern geography, it may be said, in a general way, that the site of the Garden is now covered by the Turkish provinces of Van, Bitlis, and Erzeroum, and that the centre of the Garden would be midway between the cities of Van and Erzeroum. Included in this district are the cities of Van, Bitlis, Moush, Erzinghian, and Erzeroum. The scene of the Sassoun massacre is also within the limits of the district.

The caravan route from Persia to the Black Sea passes through the Garden of Eden from end to end, entering it at Baiazid and leaving it at Baiburt on the road to Trebizond.

The people live in houses that an American would hesitate to stable a horse in. The houses are built of mud, or of sun-dried bricks. Various sorts of domestic animals have free access to the living rooms of the houses, to say nothing of all the specimens of the insect world that are known to man. Other specimens, unclassified of man, may occasionally be met with.

The fields are watered by irrigation, the water being conveyed in ditches from the little streams that trickle down the mountains of eternal snow. People live in much the manner they did in the time of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In agriculture, as in civilization, the land has stood still for four thousand years. Indeed, in civilization it has retrograded. From the ancient civilization of Bible times it has relapsed into barbarism.

Of such is the Garden which God planted eastward in Eden.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

Urumia, Persia.

Macbeth lamp-chimneys are perfect, besides being made of tough glass.

But you want the one that is made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index; free.

Geo A Macbeth Co

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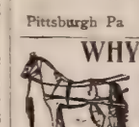

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LANGUAGES German and French learned as a pastime by the popular GAME of CARDS arranged by Rev. G.W. Bell. Games 75c. each. G.W. BELL, Opilika, Ala. Pub.

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the *perfect* soap. It is just as cheap as common soap and just about ten times as good. Ask your dealer for it. Made only by

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Make sure of the "1847" if you wish the genuine original Rogers Silverware.

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DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. NO Cracking.
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Municipal Bonds are the same as Government Bonds on a smaller scale at higher interest.

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MUSIC SELF TAUGHT PROF. RICE'S Self-Teaching SYSTEM. All can Learn Music without a teacher. RAPID, CORRECT. NOTES, CHORDS, ACCOMPANIMENT, HARMONY. Established 12 Years. 10 Lessons 10 Cents. CIRCULARS FREE
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A PERFECT PIANO FOR 50 CTS.

In place of your scratched or marred one, LEMOLOIDE, the perfect polish, makes your piano or organ conspicuous for its beauty. Great for furniture. Guaranteed harmless. A child can use it, and no home should be without it. Mailed anywhere for 50 cts. MARKS BROS., 57 W. 125th St., N.Y. City. Established 23 years

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DELIGHTFUL TRIPS BY SEA to Texas — GEORGIA — FLORIDA. Tickets good Winter Resorts in Texas, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, California, Mexico, Georgia, Florida. Our 64-page Pamphlet mailed free. C. H. MALLORY & CO., Pier 20, E. R., New York

A NEW IDEA. Paper Patterns mailed TEN Cts. Monthly fashion sheet free. Catalogue 500 designs 5c in stamps. NEW IDEA PATTERN CO., West Broadway and Leonard St., New York.

TO THE CRISIS FAMILY.

As there are many letters to write to inquiring friends in regard to my welfare, I will take this way to write to all at once. As many of you well know, my health has been rapidly failing for three years or more past. I have been growing weaker and weighing less, until from one hundred and forty-five pounds I have got down to one hundred and seventeen and one-half pounds. My trouble is the dreadful lung disease. The best medical service in Fairhaven and New Bedford has given me up. They cannot reach my complaint, as I knew full well myself. The terrible disease fastened itself upon me afresh some nine weeks ago, prostrating me on a bed of sickness, and I felt that my days were numbered. With wife and the little ones we talked it over amid our prayers and tears; and unless God's hand should intervene, we must part. We were ready and could say, Thy will, O Lord, be done. I rallied, however, from that, and with much trembling got to my pulpit again, but only to take cold, and then the terrible relapse. My suffering was intense, and I longed to go to sleep and awake in the glorious kingdom. I was so weak that my wife had to wash my hands and face, and bring me what little nourishment I took. I can never forget the kindness of my dear people, nor repay them, only the Lord can and will do that. They so kindly come in every day to see me and bring me something to tempt my poor appetite.

While in this condition, through prayer, I was divinely directed myself, to a physician in the city of New York, whom I had never heard of before. I stated to him my case, and he wrote me back that he would give me relief and finally a permanent cure. I got the medicine at once, although at quite a cost for a poor Advent minister, and although I have been taking it only a few days I am now much better, and can walk up and down stairs with ease. His method is entirely new. He puts the medicine directly into the lungs, thus checking the disease at once. Please remember me in prayer, that I may grow stronger in body and spirit, and soon be able to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Your brother in him,

Fairhaven, Mass. O. L. WATERS.

Rev. Mr. Waters reports his further progress as follows, January, 13: "Am still improving. Last night I slept without waking, which I have not done before for many months. I am in all respects a different man."

January 22: "I attended services in my church last Sunday, which is the first time since December 1. Can now walk out pleasant days. My lungs feel as though they had been washed out and the disease tubes cleaned off."

Note.—The physician referred to by the pastor is Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th st., New York, from whom all particulars of the treatment can be obtained.

HELLO!

Our New 50c. Telephone

Entirely new principles. So powerful are they that they have astonished the telephone world. A whisper may be plainly heard across a room. No battery required. Receivers and transmitter shaped like the human ear, as nature's most perfect instruments. For inside and all short lines this is better than a $100 outfit. Complete for both ends, all connections and instructions for using. Sent by express on receipt of 50c., or by mail for 12c. extra.

R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 CORTLANDT ST. N. Y. CITY.

HINDUS LOOKING CHRISTWARD.

OF late much has been spoken and written concerning the great revival of Hinduism that is now going on in India and some other parts of the Eastern word. It is not altogether true, however, as some have asserted, that the agitation betokens a new and lasting infusion of life and vigor in ancient Hinduism. It is true rather that the priests and professors of that religion, alarmed by the progress of Christianity and discerning in its rapid spread a menace of ultimate destruction for themselves and their superstitions and idolatries, have summoned all their available resources for a grand rally against the new religion, with the intention of crushing it or inflicting such a blow that it will not be able to recover its lost ground in a whole generation.

On this subject a writer, in *The Church at Home and Abroad*, says: "Competent observers of the trend of Hindu thought have no hesitancy in declaring that it is bearing in the same direction as the higher thought of the English-speaking world—toward Christ. His Divinity is now openly acknowledged by orthodox Hindu journals, one of which went recently to the extent of asserting that the Chaitanya and Jesus Christ had been the only two full incarnations, while even Krishna was to be considered but a partial incarnation. Many Bengali pundits are coming to see that in Christ, and Christ only, are all worthy ideals realized. The movement toward Christ may come slowly, but come it will: Every missionary is daily seeing evidences of it. 'A few years ago,' writes one, 'I made friends with a Paramhansa, one of those religious persons who go without clothes. This man was well read in Sanskrit, and he had studied the Christian Scriptures besides. He had written the lives of twelve Paramhansas in Sanskrit verse, including himself and Jesus Christ among the number. Daily men and women came to worship this man with flowers, fruits and other offerings, and they earned sanctity by eating his leavings. When he came to know that I was a Christian, he at once began behaving with me as if I was a being from some higher sphere, and he persisted in making me eat and drink first, and then, eating the leavings himself.'

"Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism have each contributed a share toward the preparation of China for Christ. Confucianism has preserved and emphasized the great idea of a Supreme Ruler, and bears witness also to the truth of immortality in its inculcation of the duty of worshiping the spirits of the dead. Taoism, while it corrupted the idea of God, with its matialistic conceptions, popularized the idea of immortality. Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism have prepared a way for Christianity by their defects."

New Cure. Kidney & Bladder Diseases

If you have a weakness, pain or irritation in these diseases, pain in back, or rheumatism, you should send for free sample of Alkavis, which will cure in a few days. Endorsed by the Church Review. Alkavis Company, 96 Lexington Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it at once. Mention this paper.

LOW RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Apart from the fact that Washington is one of the most interesting cities in the world, it seems almost as if one were neglecting a principal duty of citizenship by failing to visit the "Nation's Capital." More apparent does this become when taking into consideration the small expense attending such a trip. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours leaving New York and Philadelphia February 6 and 27, March 19, April 9 and May 7, 21, and June 4, 18, and July 2, 16, and August 6, 20, and September 3, 17, and October 1, 15, and November 5, 19, and December 3, 17, and 31, will be run on a liberal schedule. Rate, $15 from New York, $14 from Philadelphia, and $12 from Trenton, Metuchen, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark, and Harrison, including transportation, Pullman accommodations, and meals en route. For itineraries and full information, apply on application to Ticket Agents, or address Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, or 838 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Most people are skeptical about the cure of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and similar diseases, and this advertisement is intended for any "doubting Thomas" who is a reasonable person. Are *you* open to conviction? We *know* from thousands of letters (hundreds from readers of this paper, in which we have advertised for months) that **Hyomei,** the new and wonderful Australian **"Dry-Air"** treatment, comprised in

Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit, by mail, $1.00

relieves 99 out of every 100 people who try it, and **cures** 99 out of every 100 who use it conscientiously and according to directions. Here are the endorsements of living men and women *whom you* **must** *believe*—you can't help yourself.

Bronchitis.

Hon. FRANCIS H. WILSON, Member of Congress from Brooklyn, writes:

Temple Court, New York City,
November 26, 1894.

My Dear Mr. Wyckoff: On your suggestion, I procured from your friend, Mr. Booth, one of his Pocket Inhalers. It has worked like a charm. The Bronchitis has *entirely disappeared*, and, thanks to you, is the first thing I have found in ten years that has given permanent relief. There is certainly a great field for a remedy having such merit.

Cordially yours, F. H. WILSON.

[The above is to the late W. O. Wyckoff, Esq., President Remington Typewriter Co.]

Colds.

Boston, Mass., July 30, 1895.

In my family of three we have used the Hyomei, and have been perfectly satisfied with the result. None of us have had a cold since we have had it. I believe it is a great preventitive as well as a cure.

Rev. STANLEY SEARING,
10 Carter Street.

Loss of Voice.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, 1895.

Booth's Pocket Inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. *It is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known.* I add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

Sincerely yours,
Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.

Asthma.

Deer Park Parsonage,
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1895.

The Pocket Inhaler came Friday morning. Mrs. Honey had been suffering severely for three weeks daily with Asthma. As soon as the Inhaler came, she began using it, and after a few inhalations, the Asthma ceased, and now, Tuesday, it has not returned. She has had this trouble since she was seven years old, and is now forty. We have spent hundreds of dollars in search of relief, purchasing everything we saw advertised.

Rev. GEORGE H. HONEY.

Catarrhal Deafness.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 6, 1895.

Having been personally relieved from Catarrh through the use of an Inhaler charged with Hyomei, I take pleasure in recommending it most highly. Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, of Warner's Safe Cure fame, according to his own statement, made in the presence of a friend of mine, Dr. Frank E. Howe, Barrett House, Broadway, New York, has been cured of Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness of several years' standing through the use of Hyomei.

E. G. WYCKOFF, No. 209 Genesee Street.

Chronic Cough.

Manchester, Mass., March 26, 1895.

Inclosed find $1.00 for Pocket Inhaler outfit. The one I bought of you for my mother did her a world of good. She writes me that her cough is completely cured. Success to you.

ABBIE J. GANNETT.

Catarrh.

Boston, Mass., April 20, 1894.
(Care Jordan, Marsh & Co.)

I had Catarrh for twenty years, and the last ten years (passed in this great establishment) I suffered fearfully. It extended to my throat; the base of my tongue was badly affected. I could not sleep with my mouth closed. I began using Hyomei in December, and in two weeks I was entirely—and now, after four months and no return of the disease, I can say, *permanently*—cured. I am going to ask the head of this firm, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, to indorse this statement. FLVIRA E. B. GIBSON.

Indorsed, EBEN D. JORDAN.

Consumption.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 21, 1895.

In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine, I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy; for I have never seen one that performed all and more than was claimed for it, until I met with Hyomei, which I indorse with all my heart (professional ethics to the contrary not withstanding), for I believe it a duty I owe to humanity. Since testing Hyomei in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and last, but far from being least, Galloping Consumption, in an advanced stage, which by the use of the Exhaler one hour a day, and the Pocket Inhaler ten minutes every hour, with no other medicine, in four weeks was transformed into an assured recovery; I believe in it for itself for what it has done, and I gladly add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

S. H. MORRIS, M.D., 159 Franklin St.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this as you may deem best.

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

The air, thoroughly charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled through the Pocket Inhaler at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It stops all spasmodic coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail, $1.00, consisting of pocket inhaler made of deodorized hard rubber, beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei**, a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send me your address, and my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Consultation and trial treatment free at my office.

Hyomei Balm. An antiseptic skin food for weak chests, burns, scalds, chapped lips, rough hands, frost bites, eczema, etc. Nothing has been discovered so effective for the purposes named. Price by mail, 50 cents.

R. T. BOOTH, 18 East 20th St., New York.

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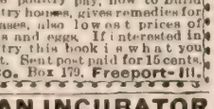
SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY ALMANAC FOR 1896.
Its a beauty, larger and better than ever, nearly 100 pages 8x10 on best book paper. Fully illustrated with finest engravings of special design. A veritable Encyclopedia of Chicken Information. Sent postpaid for only 15 cents. Address,
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 94 Freeport, Ill, U. S. A.
P. S.—**Incubators and Brooders.** Hot water, pipe system, also best in the world, a fine 32 page Catalogue free.

NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1896
Printed in colors that are correct. Best and finest illustrated Poultry Catalogue ever printed. Get it and be convinced. It tells how to make poultry pay, how to build poultry houses, gives remedies for diseases, also lowest prices of fowls and eggs. If interested in poultry this book is what you want. Sent post paid for 15 cents.
The J. W. Miller Co. Box 179. **Freeport, Ill.**

DON'T BUY AN INCUBATOR



Before sending for our **Free** Circular, or 4c. in stamps for No. 6 Catalogue and Treatise on Incubation
$15. INVINCIBLE HATCHER Old Hen Brooder **$5.**
100 Egg. Self-regulating. 150 chick size.
BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Ohio.

NEW MAMMOTH
Poultry Guide for 1896 Finest book ever published, contains nearly 100 pages, all printed in colors, plans for best poultry houses, sure remedies and recipes for all diseases, and how to make poultry and gardening pay. Sent post paid for 10c.
John Bansemer, Jr., box 68 Freeport, Ill.

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with the "BUSY BEE" are CLEAN. Here's the record: 100 pieces in 1 hour and no fussing. Exclusive sale given to GOOD AGENTS. Write now
LAKE ERIE MFG. CO.
171 E. 13 St. Erie, Pa.
(BUSY BEE WASHER)

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSO
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTI

MODENE
AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SK

Discovered by Accident.—In COMPOUNDING an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly, surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever offered for a like purpose, and to scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT IS **NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slight injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

——*Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.*——

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an impossibility and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with full address written plainly. ☞"Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparation
You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. 87 EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD!

UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE
to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and with much more ease. This applies to **Terriff's Perfect Washing Machine** which will be sent on trial at wholesale price, if not satisfactory money refunded. **Agents Wanted.** For exclusive territory, terms and prices write PORTLAND MFG. CO., Box 63 Portland, Mich.
75,000 in use.

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DUMPING Horse Car
Wide and narrow t
Steel axles. Low rate
freight from our work
Tuscumbia, Ala., to all po
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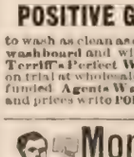

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$5. Printing Press
Print your own cards &c. This Press for the smallest small newspaper. Catalogue free, presses, type, paper, cards, &c. from maker KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.

Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Typesetting easy by full printed instructions.

Agents Wanted in manufacturing mining, milling, etc. districts. Clergy and Christian workers especially adapted. Business and Factory reputable. Pat. P. O. 1371, New York.

THE IMPROVED
ELASTIC TRUSS.
The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady attendant for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
842-844 Broadway, Cor. 13th St., N.Y.

A Gift from Distant Burmah.

This letter from far-away Burmah will have interest for many readers:

THANAWADDY, Dec. 23, 1895.

...oprietor of Christian Herald:

SIR:—Will you kindly send three copies of THE ...RISTIAN HERALD to my address, also the premiums, ...rge Type Teachers' Bibles. These copies are one ...r myself and one each for two Karen teachers in ...is mission school who are good English schol... ...s. They are charmed with the Bibles. They live ...ch in his own house, and will enjoy the paper as ...ll as the Bible. Also I send with this order twel... ...rupees subscribed by the pupils for the Armenian ...nd. Our pupils are poor. Our school has been ... ...nly six months. The only game Karen boys ...ally love is foot-ball. As they are very studious, I ...ouraage their playing foot-ball. A few days ago I ...ked one of the boys why they did not play. He ...d the boys had torn their ball, and were too poor ... buy another. I urged them to try, and the boy ...nt away asking his friends to give their pennies ...r a ball. But he said the boys were too poor. They ...uld not afford it. The next day the head-teacher ...as greatly interested in the account given in THE ...RISTIAN HERALD of the suffering of the Armenians. ...e took the papers with the pictures of the "hunger ...read," went among the pupils and returned in an ... with rupees for the poor Armenians. I ...as greatly impressed; for weeks we had been anx... ...us lest we must close our school and send the pu... ...ils home, as we had so little food. But those who ...ad no money, borrowed of their friends, and quick... ...made up the sum. There are others that wish to ...ve, but have no money. I li e at a station entirely ...olated from all Christian society except that of the ...arens, and folk with great interest to the weekly ...sits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. SARAH J. HIGBY.

Revival Work at New Haven.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has had a Time of Wonder... ...l blessing at New Haven, Conn. The revival has ...read through the whole city. By general consent ...nuary 29 was observed as a mid-week Sabbath. ... ...ffices, stores, and factories were closed, and ...usiness men and their employees poured into the ...pera House and the Armory and there was a large ...udience in various churches which were thrown ...en for prayer-meetings. The meetings began at ...ght o'clock in the morning and continued till a late ...ur at night. Mr. Mills preached three times. Such ...time of real religious fervor was never before wit... ...essed in the city.

Men who Work Hard
...eed Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Taken at bed-time it brings sound, sweet sleep; ...hiets the nerves and builds up brain tissue. It's ...od for digestion too—take a little after meals.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure fo... ...ma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botani... ...discovery found in the Congo River, West Afri... ...cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, ...Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of ...sthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. ...e, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years ...had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable ...lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola ...nt cured him at once. To make the matter sure, ...ese and hundreds of other cures are sworn to and ...ath before a notary public. So great is their faith ...its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Import... ...Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out ...ge trial cases of the Kola compound free to all ...fferers from Asthma. Send them your name and ...ddress on a postal card, and they will send you a ...rge trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing ...nd you should surely try it.

Buy Seeds of BURPEE

Get the BEST and Save Money!

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL,—The Leading American Seed Catalogue.

A handsome new BOOK of 184 pages; Beautiful Colored Plates.

Tells all about the BEST SEEDS that Grow! Rare NOVELTIES for 1896, that can not be had elsewhere. Price 10 cts. (less than cost), but **mailed FREE to all** who intend to purchase Seeds, Plants, or Bulbs. **Write TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

$250.00 FOR TOMATOES. This is the most wonderful Tomato we ever saw; will ripen in the cold North where others will not. It is a beauty, very smooth, and so early that it more than pleases every one. The Seed need not be planted until April or May, and will give an abundance of ripe fruit. **Be sure to try it.**

ALL HEAD CABBAGE.—Very early. Solid heads, small but of fine quality.

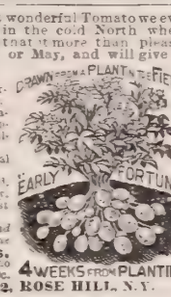
SUREHEAD CABBAGE—is one to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Since head-have weighed over ...

JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 8 to 9 feet. Fruits early and continually; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Pleases all and a wonderful curiosity.

GOLDEN TOM THUMB POP-CORN—A perfect little wonder, produces several good ears to each stalk; excellent for popping.

EARLY FORTUNE POTATO is a wonderful variety, earliest in the world. Planted 5 weeks after the Early Rose, matured at same time and yielded over 3 times as many. We want it tested in every garden in U. S. this year and offer a **Handsome Prize** for largest yield in each State from one potato. Instructions with potato which is worth $1, by mail only...

SPECIAL OFFER ... a packet each of Early Tomato, All Head Cabbage and Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber, Tom Thumb Pop Corn and 1 ounce Early Fortune Potato (packed in forest with a Garden Annual containing practical hints for growing), all postpaid for only **25cts.** If ... person sending 25 cts. for above collection, and names of three friends to whom our Seeds, we will send **"Success With the Garden,"** a monthly magazine, one year free, and 50c. ... certificate for seeds. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 42, ROSE HILL, N. Y.**



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MISS MARY E. MARTIN,
FLORAL PARK,
NEW YORK,
Will sell you **FRESH, PURE,** up-to-date
Flower Seeds and Bulbs

When you buy of me—**you save money, get bright Flowers, fashionable colors, honest treatment, and PATRONIZE A WOMAN.** —**MONEY BACK IF WANTED.**

15 OF THESE VARIETIES IN FULL-SIZED PACKETS 25c
"A WHOLE FLOWER GARDEN FOR 25 CENTS."

Alyssum Little Gem.	*Mignonette Giant Tree
*Aster Giant Comet White. Immense; new.	*Pansy Parisian Fancy. 40 colors. New strain.
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Giant Phlox Drum-mondi. Star, fringe, &c.	Sweet Peas, 40 kinds
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Anyone sending for FOUR of these collections from 4 people, names and addresses enclosed, I will send

FREE
5 BEGONIA BULBS IN 5 COLORS or 5 Bulbs 50c

Flowers are 4 ins. across. Crimson, Yellow, White, Pink and Blotched. Bloom in pots in the house summer and winter; outside are smothered with bloom all summer.

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FREE trial in your home. Cut this out and send for catalogue. Prices to suit you. Oxford Sewing Machines awarded World's Fair Medal and Diploma. ONLY ONE GRADE, FINEST OF ALL. AGENTS WANTED. **OXFORD MDSE. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO**

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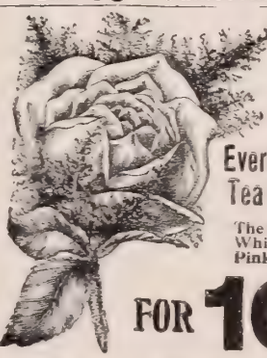

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The Finest Kinds, White, Pink and Yellow
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Think of it, the above collection of roses for only 25c.

6 Charming and Sweet Scented Tea Roses, labeled 25c
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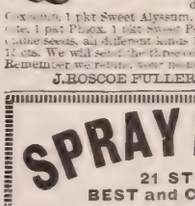

1 pkt New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (mixed colors). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful. Flowers very large, of all shades, from pure white to dark red, and a...of beautiful beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansies. 1 pkt Cosmos. 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus. 1 pkt Chinese Pinks. 1 pkt Aster. 1 pkt Gaillardia. 1 pkt Godetia. 1 pkt Larkspur. 1 pkt Giant Convolvulus. 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum. 1 pkt Candytuft. 1 pkt Mignonette. 1 pkt Phlox. 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large pkts. choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 10 cts. ... pkts New Gladiolus 10 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we return your money if not as represented.

J. BOSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y

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21 STYLES.
BEST and CHEAPEST.
Catalogue and full treatise on spraying fruit and vegetable crops mailed free. Address
WM. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

OUR POULTRY ANNUAL and Book of Valuable Recipes, 64 large pages, contains beautiful colored plates of fowls, gives description and prices of 70 varieties with important hints on care of poultry, and pages of recipes of great value to everyone. Finest Poultry Book published for 1896. Postpaid only 10 cts.
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NEW CHRYSANTHEMUM SEED.

These charming new Chrysanthemums from Japan bloom the first year from seed. They embrace all styles, varieties and colors, including the exquisite new Ostrich Plume types, Rosettes, Quilled, Fimbriated, Miniature and Mammoth. Sow the seed this spring; the plants will bloom profusely this fall. 25 cts. per pkt., or **For only 30c. we will mail all the following:**

1 pkt. NEW JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEED.
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and our GREAT CATALOGUE, 136 pages, with magnificent colored plates and covers. These 7 packets of seed Novelties and 15 choice Bulbs, worth $1.55, will all flower this season, and we send them for **30 CENTS** only to introduce our superior stock. Order at once.

OUR CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Rare new Fruits is the finest ever issued; profusely illustrated with elegant cuts and colored plates. We offer the choicest standard sorts and finest Novelties. We are headquarters for all that is New, Rare and Beautiful. This elegant Catalogue will be sent **Free** to any who order or expect to order after getting it.

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well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.
Before you plant, get
Ferry's Seed Annual
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We guarantee
Heiskell's Ointment
to quickly and permanently cure Eczema, Scald-Head, Barber's Itch or Tetter without the use of internal medicine. 50c per box at Druggists, or by mail.
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Ideal Spring Beds Our booklet ... about same ... illustrating also ... and ... together with an ... booklet that ... Your ... Send for booklet before ... shopping.
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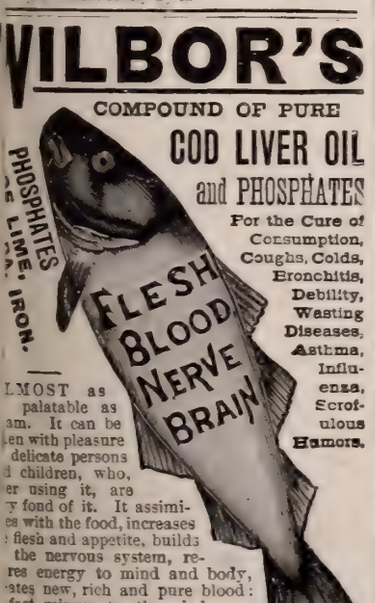
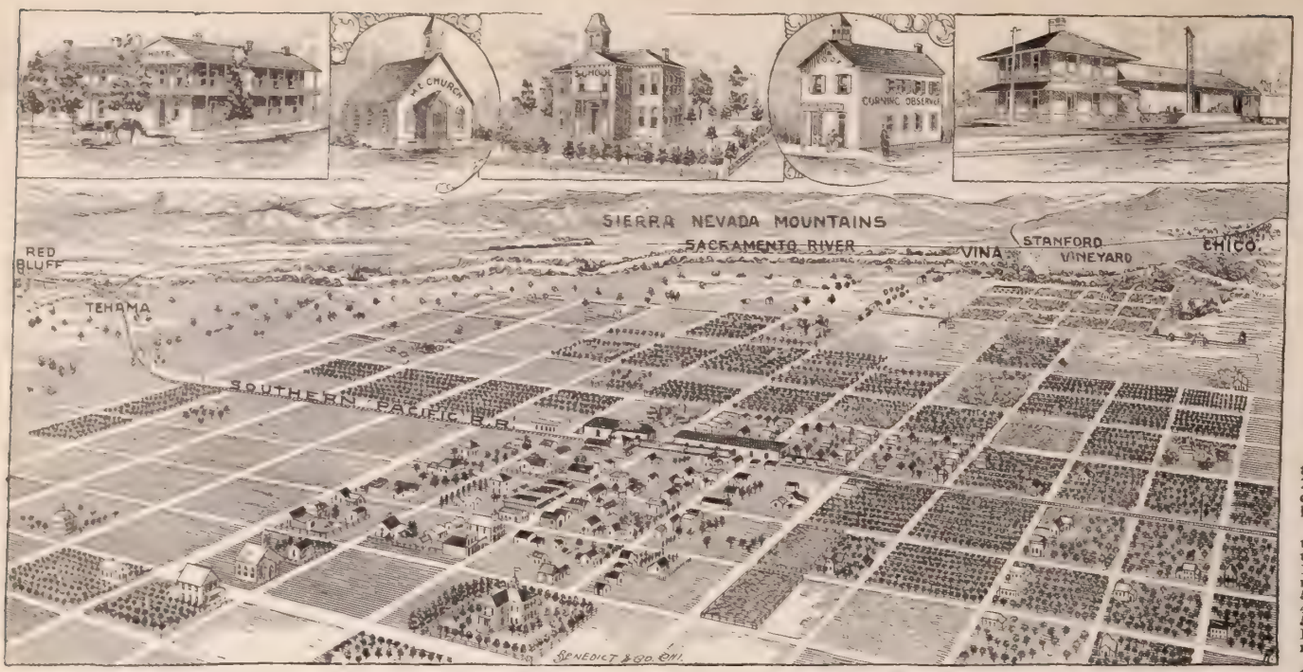
COMPOUND OF PURE
COD LIVER OIL and PHOSPHATES
For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, Asthma, Influenza, Scrofulous Humors.



ALMOST as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood: in fact, rejuvenates the whole system. This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil: it has many imitators, but equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by **Dr. A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston.**

Incubators and Brooders
Best in the world, hot water, pipe system. Will hatch chicks when others fail. Catalogue Free.
Shoemaker Incubator Co., Freeport, Ill. U. S. A.



Birds-Eye View OF MAYWOOD COLONY AT CORNING Tehama County (Sacramento Valley California

At this date, Jan. 25, 1896, there are 600 people in the settlement, 2,000 acres of fruit trees. The most common-sense, practicable plan for home-building in California.

The following figures show the correct noon-day temperature for the month of December, 1895, from the 1st to the 31st, respectively: 54, 60, 58, 54, 58, 61, 60, 57, 58, 42, 44, 50, 48, 46, 44, 44, 45, 53, 47, 44, 51, 47, 59, 49, 49, 45, 50, 0. How would such winters ultimate suit you?

$1000 MAKES YOU YOUR OWN LAND-LORD.

10 acres of good land in colony No. 6 will cost $360 cash. A 4-room house, $250. Barn for 2 horses, cow and 10 tons of hay, $60. Span horses, $60. Wagon, $50. Plow, Harrow and cultivator, $45. Harness, $30. Cow, $30. 6 doz. chickens, $30. Well, $20. Pump, $5. Trees for 7 acres set out, amounting to 630, at 2c each, $50.40. Incidentals, $29.60. This plan puts you on your own land, in your own house, and helps you with necessary cash to make a living from start.

LET US RAISE AN ORCHARD FOR YOU WHILE YOU WAIT.

For $1.100, payable in easy installments, we will deliver you from to a 10-acre lot in colony with a 5-year old olive, almond, peach, prune, pear or apricot orchard on it. You can name where you are and your trees come into bearing centers when you can move to a healthful, pleasant and profitable home. Such orchards usually pay 10 per cent commencing with the fourth year. This is part of our plan of home building.

Ministers receive a straight discount of $2.50 an acre on land in this colony.

The railroad fare to Maywood will be refunded to those who buy 20 acres provided they go before buying.

This advertisement when cut out and sent to us will be good for $10 on a first payment on land in this colony.

The above view is a faithful reproduction of the actual appearance of the Maywood Colony and environs.

The group of buildings in the center is the colony settlement, is known as Corning, the railroad having so named their station. The population of the village is 400, and growing right along. Here we have three well stocked general merchandise stores, a good hotel, two blacksmith shops, two lumber yards, livery stable, two shoe stores, a drug store, two barber shops, two butcher shops, an Odd Fellows hall in which the various fraternal organizations meet, a weekly newspaper and job office, two brick yards, Postal and Western Union Telegraph offices, Wells, Fargo & Co. express office, post office, issuing and paying money orders, besides 1,200 feet of warehouse for storing wheat; a splendid two-story depot at which four regular trains stop daily; a $30,000 public school building, Methodist and Baptist churches (Episcopals to build in April), and on the bank of the Sacramento river just opposite the Stanford vineyard, which is shown in the view, are the warehouses of the Sacramento River Transportation Co., where boats make daily landings on their trips from Sacramento City to Red Bluff and return. The presence of the river warehouses insure low freight rates on imports and exports.

The celebrated Stanford estate of 65,000 acres and vineyard of 4,000 acres is due east of, and four miles distant from Corning. Riverview Colony is a splendid tract of land, and lies along the west bank of the Sacramento river, directly opposite this world-famous vineyard. The river is the dividing line, hence it is that it is but about 500 feet between the two places.

To the east and south is seen the beautiful town of Chico, with a population of 6,000, and where are located the orchards of General John Bidwell, the largest individual orchards in the world. In the center of the Stanford estate is the town of Vina. From this small town the fruit shipments approximate 2,000 car loads a year, and yet some people think fruit is not grown in the upper Sacramento valley. Located north of Maywood is our county seat, Red Bluff, a splendid place of 4,000 population, and the head of navigation on the Sacramento river. Red Bluff is reached by rail from Maywood in 30 minutes, and the fare is 75 cents.

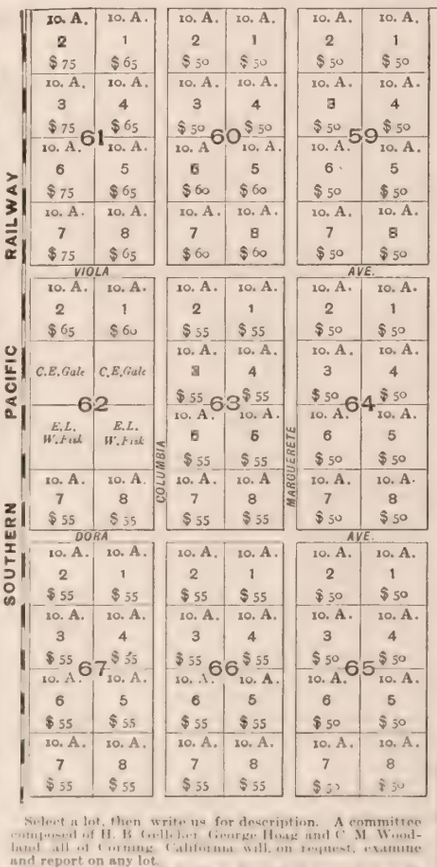
The mountains seen in the distance are the Sierra Nevades, ranging from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, and forming the eastern wall of this wonderful valley. Looking due west from Maywood are seen the Coast Range mountains, 8,000 feet in height, and about twenty-four miles away. Mount Shasta, which is in plain view of Maywood, closes the gap to the north. Shasta and the Sierras shut out the blizzards, and the Coast Range the fogs and changeable influences of the ocean, which is eighty miles distant, giving to this part of the valley complete exemption from cold and dampness. While well north in point of latitude, the climate here is milder and more equable than at Los Angeles. Snow in the valley is unknown. The high and [illegible] mountains, a compact and precipitate [illegible] from San Francisco, insuring as they do, regular and ample rainfall to develop [illegible].

In point of scenery, this part of California surpasses all others, it being in the region of lofty mountains, with perpetual snow in constant sight. The locality is nature's sanitarium, being thoroughly protected by these mountain [illegible].

[illegible] caught with seines, and other varieties with hook. [illegible] and rabbit, and in the rainy season the country swarms with geese and duck. This section is truly the sportsman's [illegible].

The Stanford vineyard, shown in the birds-eye view is the [illegible]. At Chico, 16 miles distant, is the northern branch of the State [illegible].

[illegible] begins to yield [illegible].



Select a lot, then write us for description. A committee composed of H. B. Gelleher, George Hoag and C. M. Woodland, all of Corning, California, will, on request, examine and report on any lot.

We refer to Rev. W. L. Cook, Baptist Pastor; Rev. J. E. Ray, Methodist Pastor and Rev. James Cope, Episcopal Minister, all of Corning, Cal. Financial reference, Bank of Tehama County, Red Bluff, California.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas, Many inquiries are made each day about Maywood Colony and its operators, Foster and Woodson, we therefore give the following information for the benefit of all who feel an interest in our fair locality. Foster & Woodson are well known here. They have been prominent business men in this county for years. They are honest, capable men, eminently fair in all business relating to Maywood Colony. Maywood Colony deeds is solvent and deeds to any of its property are perfect and good. Fruit raising can be successfully carried on without irrigation here. The lands of the colony are good for, and especially adapted to the various kinds of fruits and nuts grown in this State. They are low in price as compared with other lands of like kind. The Sacramento river does not overflow them, and the climate and healthfulness of the locality is as good as elsewhere in the state. The prospects for a settlement of happy, prosperous people is most encouraging indeed. Water, fuel and building material are comparatively cheap. In a general way I do not consider any section in California for home purposes better than this. I have a good knowledge of this county and to the end that they may be settled and developed by a good and worthy class of people, I recommend it heartily to any who may contemplate settling in California. Tastes and generations differ, and one section cannot be contented for we all have different tastes, but will select good, fertile [illegible] adapted to our culture. (Signed), J. E. RAY, pastor, M. E. church, Corning, California.

Get our free Prospectus.

FOSTER & WOODSON,

84 Adams St. - - - Chicago.

We here present a copy of the official plat of Maywood Colony No. 4, that the many who are looking toward Maywood as their future home may see exactly how this colony is formed. As will be seen, it is made up of nine blocks of eighty acres each, or 720 acres in all. Each block is subdivided into eight ten-acre lots. Each lot opens on an avenue forty feet in width. This tract lies along the east side of the S. P. R. R., and exactly one and one-half miles south of Corning, and joins our Colony No. 1. It is level, clear and ready for the plow, very fertile and adapted to the orange, olive, fig, almond, grape, peach, prune, plum, pear, as well as alfalfa and vegetables. A correct view of the land furnished free upon request. Its nearness to Corning makes it a choice place for home-building, for it is but a short walk to town. In no other section of California is land of this quality and convenience to town to be had for so low a price. If you want a bargain, take this. Don't wait. It won't wait for you. Each lot contains ten acres, and the price per acre is shown by the figures thereon.

SEE HOW EASY it is to get a deed to a $500 LOT.

$50 down, then $12.50 monthly. No interest or taxes.

A $550.00 lot is bought by paying $55.00 down, then $13.75 monthly. No taxes. No interest.

Discount of 10 per cent for full cash.

Buyers in colony No. 4 can transfer their money to a like acreage of unsold land in our other colonies within six months from date of purchase.

In buying send check for 10 per cent of price of lot desired. Should it be sold when check arrives we hold the money subject to your order.

If you want to pay cash in full, take off 10 per cent of the price of land, send check direct to BANK OF TEHAMA COUNTY, RED BLUFF, CAL., authorizing said bank to pay us the money **only** when we have given them (the bank), for you a deed to the land desired. Notify us that the land may be marked sold.

We plant successfully till March 15th.

Colonists are supplied with lumber at wholesale cost.

By the exclusive use of high-grade mediums, we have sold to high grade people. All professional lines are represented in the 470 buyers.

As a location for home-building this is an ideal one. As an investment it is safe, and sure to be profitable in the extreme. Land at present price can double 5 times, yet be reasonable in price.

THESE HAPPY PEOPLE ARE LIVING UNDER THEIR OWN VINE AND FIG TREE AND EATING THE FRUIT THEREOF AT MAYWOOD COLONY, CALIFORNIA

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 8.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

A UNIQUE NEW YORK CHARITY — A GENEROUS LUNCH FOR ONE CENT. (See Page 143.)

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Joel 3 : 13, "*Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.*"

THE sword has been poetized and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The painters' pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens, and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the Sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp, and bent into a semi-circle, and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword, and pen, and pencil, and chisel, all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them—"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand-voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position; but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and ten million years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar; but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the [illegible] stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper-mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest [illegible] years, and they will only have begun to [illegible] Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? Oh, was I not right in saying, this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girdle, I must sharpen the sickle, I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost. One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the Gospel. If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the Gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Ay, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking-houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people; but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand and foot, the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all [illegible] and God says to you as he says to me, "Go, teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The mission of Christ is to regenerate the nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it [illegible] An old artist painted the Lord's Supper, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticise the picture, they admired the chalices more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord; Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ-loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skilful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeurs that never cease and glories that never die, let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skilful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

> Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!
> Let a repenting rebel live!
> Are not thy mercies large and free?
> May not a sinner trust in thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the Gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does he go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers, offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigmarole of "ohs," and "ahs," and "for ever and ever, Amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philip, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends: "God has saved the life of Philip Melancthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled, "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying: "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it? Mighty sickle for reaping this Gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said as he looked over the beds of the suffering: "I all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand! Some lifted two hands; others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no sign except to say, "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers; it does not make any difference about the posture; it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is waiting to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God, through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday School teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here a tract distributor bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing scores to God. He comes with one hundred and fifty souls. They are the sheaves of the harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, forty or fifty years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will look to him some other time. But if there a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle and all hell is against you and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger, until the evil propensity goes down and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sins! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough?

I rattle the gates of your sepulchre to-day. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror.

tory says that when he had blown the
ird blast Roland's trumpet broke.

take this trumpet of the Gospel and
w the first blast: "Whosoever will."
low the second blast: "Seek ye the
rd while he may be found." I blow
e third blast; "Now is the accepted
e." But the trumpet does not break.
was handed down by our forefathers to
and we will hand it down to our chil-
n, that after we are dead they may
w the trumpet, telling the world that
have a pardoning God, a loving God,
mpathetic God, and that more to him
n the throne on which he sits is the
of seeing a prodigal put his finger on
latch of his father's house.

invite any one the most infidel, any
the most atheistic, I invite him into
kingdom of God with just as much
rtiness as those who have for fifty
rs been under the teaching of the Gos-
and believed it all. When I was liv-
in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of
ene in which he was a participant. In
lowhill street, in Philadelphia, there
been a powerful meeting going on for
me time and many were converted, and
ong others one of the prominent mem-
s of the worst club-house in that city.
e next night the leader of that club-
use, the president of it, resolved that he
uld endeavor to get his comrade away.
came to the door, and before he entered
heard a Christian song, and under its
wer his soul was agitated. He went in
asked for prayer. Before he came out
was a subject of converting mercy.
e next night another comrade went to
laim the two who had been lost to their
ful circle. He went, and under the
wer of the Holy Ghost became a chang-
man, and the work went on until they
re all saved and the infamous club-
use disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty
spel! Though you came here a child
sin you can go away a child of grace,
u can go away singing:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of your
e is already gone. Your children are go-
g on the same wrong road. Why do
u not stop? "This day is salvation come
thy house." Why not this moment
ok up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are go-
g to be among the shining ones. After
e toils of life are over, you are going up
the everlasting rest, you are going up to
n your loved ones, departed parents and
parted children. "O, my God," says
me man, "how can I come to thee? I
n so far off. Who will help me, I am so
eak? It seems such a great undertak-
g." Oh, my brother, it is a great under-
king! It is so great you cannot accom-
sh it, but Christ can do the work. He
ll correct your heart and he will correct
ur life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop
fanity." That will not save you.
Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath-
eaking." That will not save you.
ere is only one door into the kingdom of
d, and that is faith; only one ship that
ils for heaven, and that is faith. Faith
e first step, the second step, the hund-
dth step, the thousandth step, the last
ep. By faith we enter the kingdom. By
ith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven
reward of faith. The earthquake shook
wn the Philippian dungeon. The jailor
id: "What shall I do?" Some of you
uld say: "Better get out of the place
fore the walls crush you." What did
e Apostle say? "Believe on the Lord
sus Christ and thou shalt be saved."
Ah," you say, "there's the rub." What
faith? Suppose you were thirsty and I
fered you this glass of water, and you
elieved I meant to give it to you, and you
me up and took it. You exercise faith.
You believe I mean to keep my promise.
Christ offers you the water of everlasting
life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter
now. The door of life is set wide open. I
plead with you by the bloody sweat of
Gethsemane and the death-groan of Gol-
gotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's
court-room and Joseph's sepulchre, by
harps and chains, by kingdoms of light
and realms of darkness, by the trumpet
of the archangel that shall wake the dead,
and by the throne of the Lord God Al-
mighty and the Lamb, that you attend
now to the things of eternity. Oh, what
a sad thing it will be if, having come so
near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have
come within sight of the shining pinnacles
of the city and not have entered! Oh, to
have been so near we have seen the
mighty throng enter, and we not joining
them! Angels of God, fly this way!
Good news for you, tell the story among
the redeemed on high! If there be one
there especially longing for our salvation,
let that one know it now. We put down
our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a
hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for
such a heaven, for such a Christ!

Buddha's Borrowed Light.

Dr. Petrie, the Eminent Orientalist, Traces the Source of the Buddhist Wisdom.

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Dr. Flinders Petrie, the famous Oriental scholar and explorer, written from London January 14th, he encloses a report of an important meeting of the Victoria Institute, London. The subject of "The Derivation of the Ethics of Buddhism" was investigated and carefully discussed at the meeting, its consideration being introduced in a brief paper, the author of which called attention to the frequency with which moral precepts, often similar to those in Holy Writ, were quoted as from Buddhist writngs, this being very often done by Theosophists and others who sought to minimize the value of the Christian Scriptures. The question thereupon arose: Were these precepts to be found in the earlier Buddhist writings, and, if not original, whence were they derived? A careful examination of the Buddhist writings, and of the Old Testament showed that every valuable moral precept inculcated by Buddha or his followers was freely taught by Moses and the prophets centuries before Buddha existed: and this was scarcely to be wondered at, considering the light which had been thrown of late on the extent to which nations in earlier days held communication with each other. The Ethics of Buddhism were very evidently derived from those nations with whom the inhabitants of India had commercial and other relations, including the Jewish; which was in its greatest prosperity 500 years before Buddha was said to have existed; and also later, when the Captivity took place, and there was a tendency towards the dispersal of that people.

Attention was drawn to the evidence given by Strabo and other ancient writers to the great commercial intercourse existing in the tenth century B. C. between India, Persia, Parthia, Media, and the countries south of the Euxine, as well as the ancient traffic by sea which recent research had shown to have existed, and had been referred to at a recent meeting of the Institute as carried on from India round Ceylon and up the Red Sea, the ships being mostly manned by those intrepid mariners, of the earliest historic times, the Phœnicians, who were the foremost explorers of their day.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Fed and Warmed for a Cent.

The St. Andrews Coffee Stands, and the Good They do Among the New York Poor—Mrs. Lamadrid's Unique Charity.

POSSIBLY if one were to search over the whole world, with a view to inquiring into its organized charities, and of testing the comparative values of its philanthropies—high-sounding or humble—he would experience difficulty in finding a charity at once so unique, so small, and yet so far-reaching as that which is the subject of the colored illustration on our first page. In January, 1887, Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, an English lady, founded the first St. Andrews One-Cent Coffee Stand in New York City. She had seen the misery and poverty of certain quarters of the metropolis, and her heart yearned within her to help, as far as lay in her power, in alleviating that wretchedness. While living in London she had seen the penny coffee stands that abound in the neighborhood of Covent Garden Market, in the Whitechapel district, and in the district of which Gray's Inn Road is the great thoroughfare, and had noted how they were appreciated by the poor of those districts. It was impressed upon her that such stands would be a great boon to the same class in the American city wherein she had made her home. Accordingly, she had simple stands constructed, and, after procuring the necessary permission, they were set up in certain locations on the East-side, where they would be most

MRS. J. M. LAMADRID.

helpful to the particular class of patrons for whom they were intended.

From the outset, Mrs. Lamadrid resolved that one cent should be the maximum charge, for those who were able to pay at all. Having private means of her own, she went courageously forward with the work. An office and kitchen were opened at No. 281 East Broadway, New York, and suitably equipped. In this kitchen all the food designed for consumption at the stands was cooked and prepared, and thence conveyed in covered wagons to the stands. Soon friends became interested in the work, and the founder was able to increase the number of stands in New York and to extend them to Brooklyn. At the present time St. Andrews One Cent Coffee stands are located as follows: Greenwich Street, Old Slip, Pier 3, East River, Grand Street and Market Place, Jefferson Market, Elm Street (at the Tombs), Fulton and Sands Sts., Brooklyn. They are changed from time to time, as circumstances demand. It is not to be supposed that one can purchase a very sumptuous meal for a cent, but Mrs. Lamadrid's *menu* is certainly a surprising one at that figure. Here it is:

Half-pint of coffee, with milk and sugar and one slice of bread, 1c.; Beef Soup, with vegetable, and one slice of bread, 1c.; pork and beans, 1c.; fish cakes, 1c.; sandwiches, 1c., and on Fridays—fish chowder, 1c.

The stands are open daily from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., and on Sundays from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. Their patrons in the main are the very poor, the waifs and the wanderers of the streets, who have no home and who find it a boon to get for a penny a meal that will sustain life for a time. Tickets for distribution are sold to many charitable people at one dollar per hundred and these are given away to such hungry applicants as they may encounter on the streets. All the victuals are of good quality, the coffee especially being excellent.

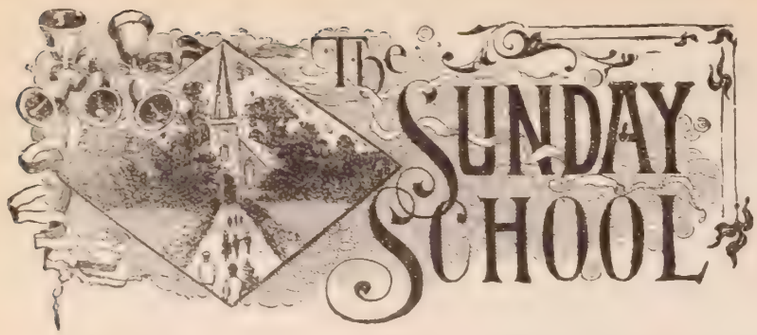
It sometimes happens that among the patrons one sees at the St. Andrew's stands there may be some well-dressed gentleman, or an active business man who steps aside a moment to toss off a cup of fragrant Java, but the majority are of the working class or the very poor. Among these people, the St. Andrew's stands are regarded as a most practical charity, conducted in a manner to render prompt and welcome service to many beneficiaries who would otherwise remain unhelped. The stands are open all the year round, the expenses averaging about the same each month, except for the month of November, when a free Thanksgiving dinner is given, and then they are heavier. The meals supplied at the stands do not include all the good work that is done. Quantities of cooked and uncooked food are given gratuitously daily from the Kitchen, and aggregate a large amount in the course of the year. Meal tickets are also given away free, to deserving applicants. The total cost of conducting the charity is between $8,000 and $9,000 a year, only a little over one half of which is received from the sales of meals at the stands and from meal tickets, the difference being contributed by friends who are interested in the good work Mrs. Lamadrid is doing and who desire to help her in its extension. It is a picturesque yet most useful charity, which might advantageously be multiplied ten-fold. In the bitter winter season, when the idle poor feel the inclement blasts and cower in fireless homes, in many cases, with possibly only a few pennies left to feed a whole family, the one cent coffee stands are hailed as a life-saving blessing and the name of their founder is recalled with real gratitude.

Gospel Progress in Africa.

A writer in the *Mission Journal* gives these encouraging facts concerning the progress of the Gospel in Uganda, Africa: "The spirit of God seems to have been poured out not only upon the missionaries, but upon the native Christians in a wonderful manner, and 1,000 baptisms are reported within the past year. There are now two hundred buildings used for public worship, and in connection with eighty-five out-stations, there are one hundred and thirty evangelists engaged in Christian work. At the beginning of this year, there were not, probably, more than twenty country churches (or reading rooms or synagogues), there are now not less than two hundred, of which the ten largest would contain 4,500 persons; the average capacity of all would be, perhaps, 150. In these there now assemble every Sunday not less than 20,000 souls to hear the Gospel; on week days not less than 4,000 assemble."

Fruits of Martyrdom.

Some two years ago two Swedish missionaries were slain by a mob at Sung-pu, China. Their portraits were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time. A report now given in *China's Millions* shows that the blood of those martyrs was not shed in vain. It seems that a Chinese woman read of the faith and patience of those missionaries, and was so impressed by what she was told that she traveled to another city in order to ask the missionaries about the religion which could produce such fruits. "What is it?" she asked, "that makes you Jesus people so different from us? We call you 'foreign devils;' our people have martyred two of your teachers who only did good to our people, and you show no revenge and receive me as a friend." She was told that this was the teaching of Jesus, who died for us when we were enemies. This woman, who was termed "the Chinese Queen of Sheba," continued for two weeks with the missionaries to learn of their faith and doctrine, and then returned to her own city to tell her neighbors: "These Jesus people know how to love their enemies."



Jesus the Messiah.

Sunday School Lesson for March 1. Luke 9: 18-27. Golden Text, Luke 9: 35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL through his sojourn on earth, our beloved Lord manifested his constant dependence upon his Father: "I can of mine own self do nothing." (John 5: 30). All he did was done under the continual guidance and by the indwelling power of the Father through the Spirit. As man he was as dependent as we are, and thus we see it was not only his delight to be much in prayer, it was

A Necessity

to him as it is to us. His burden was not only the lost souls around him on every hand, but even more, the condition of his own disciples. They had not understood the miracles of the loaves for "their hearts were hardened," and in consequence of this they did not recognize him when he had walked upon the waves to succor them in the storm (Mark 6: 51, 52). When he repeated the miracle of the loaves, the Pharisees sought of him a sign from heaven as though these miracles were not enough and the disciples so little understood him that when he warned them against the leaven of the Pharisees and of Herod, the very disciples who had conveyed the multiplied bread and fishes to the multitude on the mountain twice over actually think their Lord is reproaching them because they have forgotten their bread supply (Mark 8: 11-21), after such a testimony to his providing power! What should he do with such a generation? How should he train such disciples?

Jesus carried all his burden to his Father. From him he learned when to speak, and when to be silent, and now, just when all looked so unpromising, was his Father's hour for an important question. He was alone praying; his disciples were with him and he asked them, saying, "Whom say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say Elias: and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again." Oh, how few there were who could say with Philip, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph!" (John 1: 45). How few had eyes to see that Jesus answered to the description of the Messiah in the Scriptures which were their boast!

A personal question followed, "But whom say ye that I am?" Without a moment's hesitation, Peter answered, "The Christ of God," or (Matt. 16: 16), "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God" How had Peter learned this secret? He had heard the devils or demons which came out of Mary at the command of Jesus, say, "Thou art Christ the Son of God." (Luke 4: 41), but so had others of the twelve, and yet they had not come to the same conclusion as Peter. Jesus explains it when he says, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16: 17.) "A man can receive nothing except it be

Given Him From Heaven."

(John 3: 27.) From heaven by revelation Peter had learned that Jesus was the Christ, and he had the privilege of being [illegible] were very different from those of the Lord himself. The very word of commendation from his Master that he believed in [illegible] ing the flesh in Peter, and became to him [illegible] indeed unprepared for the way in which Jesus took the declaration of his faith in him. Probably Peter imagined that now the Lord would declare himself; that he would do his miracles in the populous cities, instead of away in the wilderness or the less prominent cities of Galilee; that soon the elders and the chief priests would be brought to acknowledge him; and naturally his first adherents would stand high in the coming kingdom. But such anticipations were rudely crushed.

In the first place, the Lord "straitly charged them and commanded them to tell no man that thing." To the flesh such a command would seem the height of folly, and no doubt the disciples, and especially Peter, were inwardly vexed beyond anything which they were willing should appear. But when Jesus went on to say, "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be raised on the third day," the indignation of Peter knew no bounds; he could not accept this, "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." (Matt. 16: 22.) What, lose the countenance of the chief priests and elders? This will ruin all our hopes of thy kingdom, no Lord, this cannot be; we must have the priests and elders with us. How shall we otherwise get hold of the people? We need prestige; we need influence. "What is this thou sayest, thou shalt suffer and be slain? No, we will stand by thee too truly to let that happen." Poor Peter! he little expected the severe rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." (Matt. 16: 23.)

Truly it was out of Peter's depth, and out of the depth of all who have not learned with the Lord, "I can of mine own self do nothing." The Son of Man was "God manifest in the flesh," he was the second Adam. God had dealt with the first Adam, and all he could say to fallen man was: "Thou shalt die." But here is a second Adam who is unfallen, who was tempted as was the first Adam, who "suffered being tempted," and whose object was to redeem man from the fall, and its terrible consequences of sin and death.

Must He Die?

Yes; the Son of Man must suffer, must be rejected, must be slain. There was no other way. Only through death could he destroy "him that hath the power of death, even the devil" (Heb. 2: 14). But Peter's ideas, and all human ideas of building up Christ's kingdom by human power, human eloquence, human wisdom, human policy or wealth must utterly vanish before the power and wisdom of a crucified and risen Saviour.

"And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." To deny himself is to die to himself, his importance, his advantage of all kinds, and willingly to count for nothing. Peter was not yet ready for this. O, few there are who really do learn this lesson! How few who really lead a life of self-ignoring in favor of Christ, yielding themselves for him to use, and to live his own life through them! Peter was ready for any amount of sacrifice; he had already left business and his domestic comforts, and was ready to go to prison and to death, but to be nobody, after he had left all to follow Christ, was too much for even the Lord to expect, and he asked, "What shall we have therefore?" Six days later the same Peter, with James and John, saw the Lord in his glory, transfigured before them, and Peter's conviction that Jesus was the Christ was strengthened, but, so far from denying himself, we find him joining in a contention which took place among the twelve, as to which of them would be the greatest. (Mark 9: 34.) Until he saw that all his devotion, broke down under the sneer of a servant-maid; he did not really learn to deny himself.

Do we understand, accept and live by this, our Lord's rule of life? Do we judge all we do by this standard? Do we in our eating and drinking deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow him? Do we in our dress deny ourselves? Do we in our house and establishment, in our traveling and in our manner of life deny ourselves, and take up our cross and follow Christ? If we do, let it only be the outcome of a deeper denial of ourselves, an emptying of ourselves more akin to our Lord. Was he despised? then it is our right to be despised, and if men honor us, let us deny ourselves and refuse to receive an honor which is not our due.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"LET HIM TAKE UP HIS CROSS."

GAINING in popularity and influence, day by day, Christ perceived that his mission was still misunderstood, not only by the public, but by his own inner circle of friends. There was a danger lest the very faith in him, which he had diligently labored to implant and foster, might become a source of danger, leading the disciples into mistakes and excesses. They had seen him heal the sick, raise the dead, give sight to the blind, still the winds and waves, and feed five thousand persons with a provision not large enough for a score. The disciples had not only seen these things, but had themselves worked miracles, by the power he had given them. They must, by this time, know that their Master was no ordinary man, but was a heaven-sent, heaven-endowed Being. We know what would be the next thought in the Jewish mind. The Jews had been looking for their Messiah. In their conceptions of him, he would be a king mightier than David, more magnificent than Solomon. He would deliver the nation from its bondage to Rome, and would make it the greatest nation on earth. What more natural than for these twelve men, who had witnessed such manifestations of power, to say, this is the Messiah who was to come? In imagination, they already saw him seated on the throne of David, and themselves chief in authority under him. They must be undeceived. How would they bear it? Jesus was indeed the Messiah, but his elevation would be to the cross, not to the earthly throne. By his power he might have redeemed the nation; but by his suffering he would redeem the world.

With consummate tact, Jesus makes the disclosure. He elicits from the disciples a declaration of their faith. He had not overestimated it. Peter, as the spokesman of them all, unhesitatingly declares, "Thou art the Christ." Then gently and tenderly, Jesus tells them that it is not splendor and power, but suffering and death that lie before him. Not only so, but those who would follow him must take the same path. They must have been amazed as they listened, so much amazed that they did not comprehend, and not until after the events Christ predicted had occurred, did they realize that he meant what he said. Nor have succeeding generations perceived the meaning of the latter part of his declaration. The way of the Cross has been a mystery, and is so still. People still wonder when the Christian does not prosper in his business, whe he seems to have more misfortunes tha other men. They see the cross laid upo him; they see him staggering under heav burdens of affliction in various forms they see him harassed and perplexed an thwarted, and are surprised that God ha not given so good a man, prosperity. Suc a condition puzzled Job's friends. A grea er mystery is occasionally seen, and wi become increasingly common. It will that of men not waiting to have the cro laid upon them, but voluntarily renoun ing the good things of life, the prizes the world, that they might have, ar choosing the path of burden-bearing, liv of service, of helpfulness, and esteem such lives nobler than those devoted money-getting and ambitious schemin In every home such lives may be b gun. The child who can bear fault-fin ing, who does not resent unjust trea ment, who is ready to render cheerf service to parents, or brother, or siste who will willingly put down a fascinati book to perform some unpleasant dut who will stay away from fun and pleasu to wait on a sick sister, or will underta a disagreeable errand and do all this not a merit, or with the manner of a marty but naturally and joyously, is taking the cross and following Christ. As Jes said, such a child loses its life—all t things that most people call life. B what a blessing such a child would be i home! When he grows up, what a ble ing he would be to his town! Such m and women are toiling to-day in the slu of our great cities, or in China, or Afr in squalor and hardship, when they mig have ease and luxury with less of lal and effort, if they worked for their o benefit. The two ways are open to Those who want to enjoy life, to ha riches and worldly advancement can their wish, if they push and struggle a grasp and hold fast and are contenti and self-assertive. He also who wa eternal life can have it and this is the w "Let him deny himself and take up cross daily and follow me. For whosoe will lose his life for my sake, shall save i

Take up his cross. In that wonderful tle book, "The Sermon in the Hospital the preacher speaking of the vine a type of the Christian life, says:

Its way is not of pleasure nor of ease.
It groweth not like the wild trailing weeds
Whither it willeth, flowering here and there,
Or running into lovely labyrinths
Of many forms and many fantasies,
Rejoicing in its own luxuriant life.
And as it grows it is not free to heaven
But tied to a stake, and all its arms stretch o
It is but crosswise, also forced and bound.
But so they leave it not: the husbandman
Comes early, with the pruning-hooks and shea
And stripes it bare of all its innocent pride,
And wand'ring garlands, and cuts deep and s
Unsparing for its tenderness and joy.
And in its loss and pain it wasteth not:
But yields itself with unabated life,
More perfect under the despoiling hand.
The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood
The clamored-out bunches ripen into fruit
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

Till they see the kingdom of God. S who stood there saw the glorious sigh the transfigured Christ, shortly afterw on the mount, and at the day of Pente they saw great crowds pressing into kingdom. In Victor Hugo's famous st the hero suffers desertion of friends, loss of his own good name, pain and secution and misery of every kind; bu the last, the light comes. He does not until he has seen the fruit of his pat suffering in the appreciation and lov those who have witnessed his strug his name is vindicated and he knows many will mourn when he dies. Th who suffer for Christ's sake have the of knowing that their reward is s They see the kingdom before they tast death.

Let him deny himself. No gift is so cious as one that costs the giver some sonal sacrifice. Brown is sick and his friends, Smith and Jones wish to do hi service. Smith sends out a servant to some fine hot-house grapes and take t to Brown's house. Jones makes inq and learns that his sick friend cannot night or day. Jones has a favorite chair in which he sits every night, a fect nest of comfort. This arm-chair sends to Brown and contents himself the ordinary wooden chair, that the man may have the comfort of an easy for his aching limbs. Which of the showed most regard for the invalid?

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INDIA FOR SIVA OR CHRIST?

A reat Battle Impending between the Two Faiths—Hindus Rallying All the Forces of leathenism—Christianity Facing a Crisis—Should the Missionary Forces be Reduced?

T is now known to the whole world that a great revival of the ancient native religion is now going on

SION HOUSE AND MISSIONARIES' GRAVES, INDIA.

in dia, and that this has been stirred up by ne priests and professors for the expr purpose of resisting the advances of the comparatively new religion of Christ. Missionary work in India has for a number of ye s been intensely active, and the Gospel as made converts in large numbers. So eneral and widespread has been the d fsion of Christian principles that the Hi us have themselves begun to acknowledge that at last the seemingly impo ble has happened, and that Siva's ancient glory is paling in the light of the St of Bethlehem.

very large proportion of the Christian wo k of our missionaries in heathen India is nducted by the American Board. It ma be of timely interest to the readers of TH CHRISTIAN HERALD—who are at present engaged in a great work of charity in menia, where the Relief Fund is now beig distributed by the American Board mi onaries—to learn of the mighty contest thi is now waging between the two religi ns in India.

e progress which has been made, by God's blessing, since the first mission of the American Board was founded, in 1811, has astonished even the missionaries themselves. The missionaries of the American Board, who number 572, are laboring in enty mission fields. They are occupyg 102 stations. They have a native for of over 3,000 trained native workers, and are occupying over 1,000 outstations. There are now more than 44,000 native Christian members in their churches, with over 100.000 adherents. The missionaries and their devoted native helpers are eager to go forward and to enter the doors of opportunity that are everywhere opening before them.

The priests and leaders of the native Christian religions in the meantime, seeing the progress which has been made by Christianity, and rightly judging that if this rate of progress were to continue, the old system upon which their prestige and their temple revenues depend, would in time be doomed to extinction, are now arousing themselves to combat Christianity with an activity such as they have never before displayed. They are forming societies among themselves for the express purpose. They are publishing newspapers hostile to Christianity. They are translating and scattering broadcast, in leaflet form, the writings of Payne, Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, and others. They are even establishing Young Men's Hindu Associations on the line of our Y. M. C. A. and Christian Endeavor Societies. They are sending out preachers whose chief object is to revile Christianity and speak against Christian missions. They are starting numerous opposition schools to draw away children from the mission schools. The opposing forces of Christianity and heathenism are now face to face; the battle is on between truth and error, light and darkness; between Christianity and the most debasing, idolatrous faith.

What message are the Christians at home now going to send to their generals and soldiers at the front? Will they say, "Go forward; seize every point of vantage; the Christians of America will stand behind you. Men and money in abundance will be forthcoming. Go on and win the 100.000,000 in your fields for Christ?" Is this the message which they desire sent? Or will they say, "Hold on; retrench, retreat; the Christians at home are too poor to even carry on the work which they have already begun." It is this latter message which in their name has already been sent by the Prudential Committee of the American Board to the missionaries at the front.

Owing chiefly to the fact that the American Board has not received many large legacies during the past few years, and that the two principal legacies on which they have been drawing are nearly exhausted, they are face to face with a serious financial problem. The American Board has each year for the past three years been obliged to enforce very considerable reductions on the estimates for the work sent home by the missionaries. The missionaries have thus cut down, and cut down in every direction, as far as they could—in not a few instances to the real harm of the work. But this year they are faced with the appalling fact that the American Board is necessitated, on account of lack of funds, to order a reduction of ten per cent. on the salaries of every one of its married missionaries, and more than thirty-three per cent. on all the native work under its care; and this reduction takes effect in every field, with the exception of Asiatic Turkey.

The Prudential Committee could not do otherwise. They were ordered by the Board not to incur any additional debt this year, but to cut the expenses right down to receipts. To do this, reduction had to be ordered. If it takes effect what will happen? In Ceylon, for example, where its missionaries are laboring, many of the village Mission Schools would have to be closed and some thousands of children turned out, who would eagerly be welcomed into the Hindu opposition schools now scattered throughout the country, where they would be taught the Hindu book, obliged to put on daily the marks of the Hindu gods, and taught to ridicule and make a mock of the birth, life, and death on the cross of Jesus Christ. Young men from the higher educational mission schools would be turned out—men who are being trained for the teachers, colporteurs, pastors, and evangelists of the future. The printing and circulation of Christian literature would have to be curtailed. Some of the trained catechists and evangelists would have to be dismissed, and their work abandoned, and that through no fault of their own.

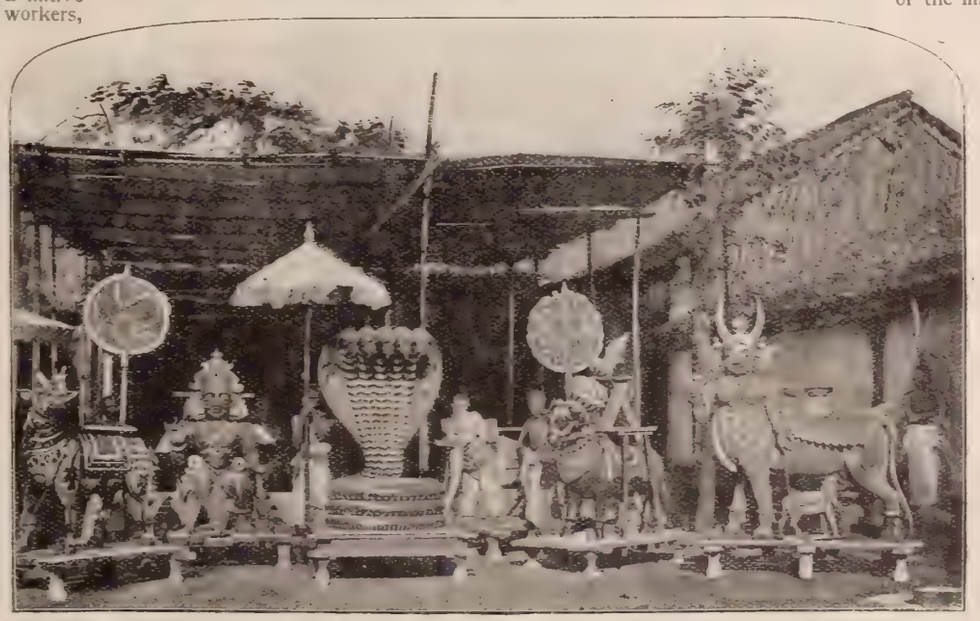
The hearts of all Christian workers and of all members of the Christian community would be appalled, pained, and disheartened, and the hearts of the enemies of Christianity would be elated and jubilant. Hinduism would receive in this way such an impetus as it has never had before. The faith of the whole community in the stability, permanency, and final success of Christianity and of Christian mission work would receive a staggering blow, and the mission work in Ceylon would be put back at least ten years.

What would take place in Ceylon would take place in everyone of the other twelve missions of the Board in which this reduction is ordered. The heathens and Mohammedans would say, "Christianity has begun to die out in America; the preaching of the Hindu and Mohammedan reformers who went to America has begun to tell. The Christians of America are reducing their work by a third this year; next year they will reduce another third, and the third year the missionaries and their work will be cleared out, and Christianity will have proved a failure." And thus the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that name which is above every name, and which ought to be dearer to us than life itself, would be ridiculed and laughed at by millions of people.

The Hindu and Mohammedan preachers would proclaim the news of this failure far and wide. The Hindu and Mohammedan papers would be full of it. It would be the one great subject of conversation in all the villages. How could the missionaries face it? Will they say that the Church of Christ is too poor to carry on the work which it has begun? Or will they tell the truth, and say that professing Christians at home love their luxuries more than they love their Lord?

This reduction would mean something to the 572 missionaries who are cheerfully giving up their lives to this work. It would break the hearts of some of them. The missionaries as a rule are brave men and women. See, for example, how the missionaries in Turkey have stood at their posts. They have given an object-lesson to the whole world of self-forgetting heroism, devotion to duty, and faith in God. Mrs. Montgomery, who has been a missionary in Turkey for many years, writing from Adana, where she is staying by her boarding school of girls to protect them from outrage, by her presence, wrote: "I count it the crowning glory of my life to be permitted to be here at this time." Dr. Barnum, of Harpoot, describing the events of the massacre there, and telling of the time when their houses were in flames, when their native people were being slaughtered before their eyes, and they themselves were being fired at, wrote: "We looked death in the face, and it seemed sweet to us."

FAMILY WORSHIP OF IDOLS IN A HEATHEN HOME OF INDIA.



BUDDHIST IDOLS IN AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

The Christians of America can avert the danger that threatens our missionaries in India if they will. It is better to save from destruction than to permit destruction and then attempt to restore. One hundred dollars would support for a year four native village school teachers. Each teacher would have on the average fifty pupils in a school. Thus, $100 would prevent the giving up of four schools, and would result in keeping 200 children in a Christian school and under Christian instruction for a whole year. Twenty-five dollars would in the same way keep fifty children in school; $10 would keep twenty; $5 would keep ten; and $1 would keep two children in school for a year.

The photographs on this page have been furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the kindness of Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch, missionaries of the American Board, which is the oldest and one of the most responsible missionary societies in the United States. The Christians of America, who, through this channel are seeking to send the Gospel to those in unevangelized lands, have undertaken the gigantic task of making known the love of Christ to 100.000,000 of heathen and Mohammedans, for the districts occupied by the American Board's missionaries, and in God's providence, through the comity of missions assigned to them for their work, and for which they as a mission are responsible, number 100,000,000 souls.

SPEEDING HELP TO ARMENIA.

The Contributors to our Relief Fund now Doing a Noble Work at Fifteen Stations—Churches, Leagues and Sunday Schools Aiding the Christ-like Work of Charity.

AS the true facts concerning the condition of the persecuted Armenians, published in these columns from week to week, penetrate the remotest corners of every State of our free and enlightened Union, the tide of sympathy and practical aid increases in strength and volume. Every mail brings us many letters of inquiry regarding the ancient Christian nation beyond the seas and almost all contain offers of help. Many of these come from churches, Sunday Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies, whose pastors, superintendents and leaders desire to lay before their friends the facts concerning the present suffering in the Armenian provinces. For the convenience of all who desire such information, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has prepared and *will forward on application, to any address*, a compact history of the Armenian persecution and the destitution that has overtaken this martyr nation, as the result of the Mohammedan effort to exterminate Christianity in ancient Eden, and to set up the Crescent in the land that was the first to accept the Cross. This pamphlet will afford all the information essential to a full understanding of the situation as it exists to-day.

In a letter just received from a merchant of Cesarea, dated Jan. 1 (delayed in consequence of the disturbances in Asia Minor), it is shown how thoroughly the Kurds and Turks performed their inhuman work of butchery and plunder in that section, the former taking the booty as their pay, according to the permission granted from Constantinople. The writer says:

In the district between Gemerek and Cesarea twenty-seven Armenian villages have been pillaged and burned. The thirteen villages this side of Gemerek, and five or six hours distant, such as Burhan, Dendil, Tekmen, etc., were also pillaged and ruined. Burhan was ravaged five times and Tekmen seven times. The raiders carried plunder from Dendil for three days continuously; they carried away even the old mats and wooden spoons from the houses. No clothing, no bedding, no utensils, and no food was left to the survivors in those villages. The people have been living on herbs gathered from the hill-sides, and cooked in the petroleum tins which the raiders had brought along full of petroleum to fire the houses with. In the district of Tounmouz the Armenian villages, especially Hantavos, Kazmakara and Patsin were pillaged and destroyed, the male inhabitants were butchered, and the young women were carried off. Some of the villages were so utterly destroyed that now there is no sign that such places existed.

At Gemerek the Turks joined the Armenians and drove away the raiders, who however carried away one thousand sheep and cattle and about one hundred horse loads of wheat and flour from the neighboring mills. The following figures are given by those who have the registers, as the result of the massacre in that city. Killed 348; wounded 190; young married women and girls abducted 50; houses burned 27. Some of the young women abducted have not yet been found. Some of them have been brought back one by one as their captors became tired of supporting them. Many parents seeing their daughters brought back by their ravishers had wished that their child had fallen by the sword rather than to be spared for such a frightful fate. You can understand the ferocity of this attack upon the Christians in this city from the fact that the wife of a captain in the Turkish army watched the horrors from her window. She was so affected by what she saw that she has since that event become insane.

Some details of the massacre at Ourfa have been received from which it appears that among other horrors, 150 wounded Armenians were thrown down a well and petroleum poured over their bodies, after which the mass of human beings was set on fire. While the massacre was proceeding, a Moslem ascended to the steeple of the Armenian Church and began to call the faithful to prayer after the manner of the muezzin. He was quickly shot down by an Armenian. During the two days' disturbance 3,000 Christians were slaughtered by a single Hamidieh regiment, and a force of Bedouins, and all their property was either looted or destroyed.

A touching episode of the massacres is found in the correspondence, between Bedros, Bishop of Sivas and a number of the native Armenians of Danzhasar, (a village of Sivas), who are now resident in Constantinople. For two months all their letters had remained unanswered. They could get neither word nor sign from their native valley and, with hearts wrung with anxiety, they addressed the bishop, as a last resort. He replied that their village like many others, had been a scene of massacre and plunder: that about 330 Armenians had perished while seventy others were suffering from bad wounds. He added that of the four village pastors, three viz: Asdwadzadour ("the God-given"), Gronides and Wosgi, had been cruelly slain, and that Hemayag, the fourth, was now the sole teacher of the little flock. "In your days of pilgrimage," the bishop added, "you should not be overwhelmed with the thoughts of your losses, think much of the past. Rather have before your eyes the deplorable condition of our fathers and brothers who have survived. Try to alleviate their distress."

In a letter from a sufferer at Erzerum, the writer says: "We have no bread to eat and no houses to live in — no shelter of any sort now. About three thousand Christians were killed here, but even their fate is preferable to that of us who remain, for they are released from misery and hardship. The survivors are more to be pitied, exposed not only to cold, but to daily torture and threatenings on the part of the Mohammedans. Hundreds have already been compelled to accept Islam. We must die, since there is no longer in the whole world charity and compassion. But even death does not trouble us—we do not even find a grave beside our fathers, for the Moslems do not intend to recognize us any more as Christians. We shall be buried in their Moslem graveyards and their *imams* will pray over our pure lifeless bodies. The thought of it makes us weep."

Zeitoun is still holding out against the Turkish troops, and according to cable advices, the latest attempt to overcome the Armenian garrison was repulsed, and the Turks lost heavily in the assault. There are ominous rumors of impending massacres in Sivas and Van. Up to the present time, the latter city, which is the centre of Relief work, has providentially escaped.

Contributions to the Fund during the week are acknowledged below:

SENDING ARMENIAN EXILES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO REMOTE PROVINCES.

Previously acknowledged **$27,340.59**

Aiken, Elvira R	13	Critchett, Carl	1 00	Glattly, Mary	1 00	LaCelle, E P	3 00
Aitkin, H B	13	Crofts, Mrs J B	1 00	Glendenning, A	2 00	Lambertson, Mr&Mrs	1 00
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Barton, Mary	3 00	Doe, E C	50	Hartman, Sarah D	20 00	McLaughlin, M A	1 00
Bates, [illegible]	50	Doe, Myra W	50	Harvell, J P	1 00	McPherrin, Kate	5 00
Bates, [illegible]	50	Doe, H S	50	Hasgin, G W	1 00	Saunders, Mrs E O	1 00
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Bernhard, Miss L	10	Dutton, A	1 00	Hite, Mabel	1	Sharp, Benj	2 00
[illegible]		Dyer, Mrs Hester	1 00	Hoeckett, E L	1 00	Shaw, Lizzie L	1 00
[illegible]		Dysart,	1 00	Hoeckett, Edwin	25	Shaw, Lee W	50
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[illegible]		Farmer, Dave, S A		Irwin, M Inez	25	Steel, Mrs Mrs D W	2 00
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Brown, [illegible]	5	Felzer, Rev & wife	2 00	Jackson, G H	1 00	Stark, John	1 00
Brown, [illegible]	1 00	Ferville, Ella C	1 00	Jackson, John P	1 00	Starks, Mrs A R	1 00
Brown, Mrs [illegible]	1 00	Finney, Mary	1	Jackson, Miss Mary	1 00	Stevens, Mrs D E	1 00
Brown, Mrs E A	1 00	Fisher, Mrs Mr [illegible]	2 00	Jackson, Mrs W H	1 00	Stevens, [illegible]	2 00
Bryson, M	5 00	Fisher, [illegible]	1 00	Jacobs, R S	1 00	Stiles, Mrs E P	1 00
Buck, [illegible]	1 00	Flawn, Fred	1 00	Jones, S P	5 00	Stirling, Mr J T	1 00
Bullock, M	25	Fleming, [illegible]	1 00	[illegible]	5 00	Strong, H L	1 00
[illegible]	1 00	Fleming, [illegible]	5 00	[illegible]	5 00	Sunday, Mr R H	20 00
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Urner, Isaac N	1 00	Mrs H L E, Dixon	1 00	Reader, Aberdeen	1 00	Union Service Bap	4
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Wells, Mrs S	1 00	Mrs M E C, B'lyn	1 00	" Mechanicsburg	2 00	A White Ribboner, Charlestown	5
West, Edith	1 00	R A B, Centralia	2 00	" Mechanicsburg	1 00	A King's Daughter, St Bethlehem	5
West, Florence	1 00	C E W, Jamestown	2 00	" Oakville	1 00	King's Daughter, D A	5
Whaley, Esther	1 00	J B W, Holland Pat'	1 00	" Houston H'ghts	1 00	A daughter of the King, Pawtucket	5
White, Frank	1 00	G N K, No Fairfield	1 00	" Buffalo	1 00	Subs rs, Tidioute	2 00
Wicklund, A E M	35	I N K, Ann Arbor	12 00	" Roxborough	2 00	Box, Matteawan	5
Wild, Margaret	1 00	Mr & Mrs F P S, Monroe	1 00	" W Newton	1 00	Cash, E Coventry	5
Willard, A E	1 00	J S, Dayton	5 00	Subs rs, Tidioute	2 00	Sympathy, Preston	50
Williams, Mrs	15 30	Friend, Arthur City	1 0	Sympathy, Preston	50	Syracuse, Berean Sp	5 00
Williams, D E	10 00	" Rutherford	2 00	" Scarsdale	2 00	S S, Bloomingdale	5
Williams, J W	6 00	" Haven	5 00	" Lindsay	2 00	Father, Mother	5
Wilson, Mrs Juliet	50	" Dunstable	2 00	" N Y	1 00	A mother and daughter, Gettysburg	5
Wing, Mrs M	2 00	" E Gloucester	50	" Woburn	4 00	Box, Matteawan	5
Winkis, I G	2 00	" Per D M S, Pa	5 00	2 " Colmes	1 00	Mother & daughter, Belmont	5
Wormsmouth, G H	1 50	" Saegerstown	1 00	—, Panyra	1 00	Sisters No Sutton	5
Wrenn, Mrs G M	2 00	" Kendall	1 00	—, Wayne	1 00	2 Sisters, Nam	5
Wright, Mrs Hettie	1 00	" Skaneateles	1 00	—, Machias	10 00	2 Ladies, Vernon	5
Van Driest, Hester A	1 00	" —	2 00	—, Scipio	5 00	Three Ladies, Cuba	5
Wagoner, S T S	50	" Lake City	5 00	—, Burlington	1 00	Katie's Gathering, N	5
Walker, Mrs Annie E	1 00	" Providence	2 00	—, Black Rids	1 00	Some little folks, Richland	5
Walt, J Warren	50	" Kitchuwah	5 00	—, Kingston	3 00	Cheerfully given, K	5
Wertz, J S	25	" Halowell	5 00	—, Phila	2 00	Lord's Tenth, Athens	5
Wismer, Catharine	1 00	" Sterling	1 00	—, Yarmouth	1 00	A well wisher, Penn	5
Wismer, Kate R	50	" Rushtown	1 00	—, Mt Hermon	2 03	A Giver, San Diego	5
Wood, M A	2 00	" Romoxe	5 00	— Venice	25	One of the least, R I	5
Woodruff, Mrs H A	1 00	" Iron Conn	25	—, Chester	1 00	One who prays for C	5
Younger, Maurice	25	" of Christ Parish	50	—, Onconta	1 00	homeless, Clyde	5
Wyse, C M C hurch, Merrish	10 25	" Warren	1 00	—, Mt Hermon	2 00	Holiness unto the Lord, Mass	5
Young, G W	1 00	" Canton	1 00	—, Kingfisher	1 00	Come Lord Jesus, S Fran	5
Youngken, Mrs J C	2 00	Friends, Pontiac	6 00	—, Ida Prai	75	A lover of Jesus, Astley	5
Yoh, Mrs G P	2 00	" Woodsdale	4 00	—, Ont	1 00	A sister in Christ, S S of Cong Ch, Perperell	5
Hester, Middletown	1 00	" Tilmore	1 10	Wisconsin	5 00	Christmas Gross, Friends, S S	5
Mary, Santa Cruz	2 00	" Chillicothe	10 00	Y P S C E, Westfield	7 65	Union S S, Tigard'e	5
Dessen, Spokane	1 00	" Riverton	2 00	" Forest House	10 00	Fresh S S, Littleton	5
Helen, Plainfield	1 00	" Dunsellon	1 00	" Norway	5 00	Epworth League, Jonesville	5
Mrs P H D, Mockville	1 00	2 " Lattobe	10 00	Union C E Society, Okolona	8 00	An A F C E, Comic, Christ Friend Payson	5
D E, Ashland	1 00	2 " N D	1 00	C E Soc, Taylor	1 40	Young servant of the Lord, Prov	5
Mrs J S, Greenville	1 00	2 " Syracuse	10 00	" Brock Road	1 00	One of God's child	5
M De, N Y City	1 00	For Christ's Sake, Assessinpp	5 00	" St Mark's Ch	5 00	Long Soc, Conn	5 00
E T, Brooklyn	1 00	For Christ's Sake, L I	25 00	Y P S C E, Rushford	14 50	S tandard Bearers, Phil	3 75
F M G, Randolph	50	For Jesus, Bronson	50	B Y P U, Hebron Bapt h	7 57	Willing Workers'	
F M, Lapeer	50	For the dear Saviour's Sake, Dexter	2 00	Epworth League, Jonesville	1 70		
J D, Gaines	1 00	Inasmuch, Zanesville	1 00	Chapter 8 of Romans, Epworth League	11 75		
Q, Bridgeport	5 00	Inasmuch, Pomoroy	1 00	W C T U, Carrington	4 00		
S S, W, Stockton	10 00	I H S, Mosier	1 50	W C T U a friends, Dorr	6 00		
M J D	5 00	" Brooklyn	50	Long Soc, Conn	5 00		
W B D, Polo	1 00	" N C	1 00				
R V T, [illegible]	2 00	" Pomona	50				
A C B, Bath	1 00	" Plattville	5 00				
A C B, Harrisburg	10 00	" Buda	5 00				
F C E, Waltham	1 00						

Total $28,59 30

And over 200 other items acknowledged next week.

AN OUTPOST OF THE CHURCH.

Mr. H. B. Gibbud's Work among the Victims of Sin in the Dives and Drinking Saloons of Syracuse, N. Y.

FEW persons have any idea of the variety and extent of the work carried on at the stations which Mr. Gibbud calls, "the outposts of the church." These outposts are practically within the enemy's lines and they are set there to carry on the aggressive kind of warfare. The outpost of which Mr. Gibbud has charge, is at Syracuse, N. Y., in the midst of a neighborhood full of saloons, gambling houses and vicious resorts. Here he carries on his campaign against vice and crime and sin in its many shapes. The ingenuity he has displayed in devising modes for reaching the victims of sin and Satan would do credit to a pushing business man, intent on wringing all the customers of the city to his store; and he has displayed no less energy in putting his various schemes into execution. He has unbounded faith in the power of the Gospel to redeem the very worst sinners and that faith, combined with an intense love for souls, impels him to use all kinds of means for getting the men to avail themselves of it.

MR. AND MRS. H. B. GIBBUD.

Mr. H. B. Gibbud, whose portrait with that of his devoted wife appears on this page, commenced his career as a Mission-worker in one of the lowest quarters of New York. In 1879 the writer remembers penetrating the purlieus of Baxter street, climbing a rickety atairway and finding at its head a room-full of miserable creatures, ragged and rum-soaked, to whom Mr. Gibbud was explaining the way of salvation through Christ. The earnestness and presence of the man were marked in face and voice and manner. It was a most discouraging audience, but the features that discourage most men were those that attracted the worker. "Poor creatures," he said, when they were gone, "their need of the Gospel is awful. They cannot believe that Christ loves them. If I could only get them to believe that, they would turn to live." Mr. Gibbud toiled on in Exeter street and succeeded in winning some to a better life. One depraved woman, Nellie Conroy by name, was among those rescued, and the change in her was worth all the toil of the Mission. She became an earnest worker after her conversion, and was instrumental in rescuing many of her old associates. When Mr. Crittenton establisned the Florence Mission he induced Mr. Gibbud to devote his time to Missionary work in connection with it. In his down-town work he had gained experience, and he was glad of the larger field opened by Mr. Crittenton's enterprise. He labored there until 1887, when the leading of Providence pointed the way to the present sphere in Syracuse.

The first meeting there was held in a room with a Chinese laundry on one side and a low dive on the other, in a district familiarly known as Flatiron Block. It was not a cordial welcome that the missionary received, but he disarmed the hostility of some by declaring that he had not come to interfere with anyone's business, or anyone's creed but simply to hold up Christ as the Friend of sinners and get them to quit their sins. The very first night a sailor who had strayed in, asked the missionary to pray for him and was eventually led to trust the Saviour whom his father and mother loved, and whose name he had first learned from their lips in his childhood home among the Scotch hills.

During the first three months, a meeting was held every night, and Mr. Gibbud had the nappiness of hearing twenty-two persons renounce their sinful lives and declare their trust in Christ. Fourteen of these were drinking men, and of these eleven remained faithful and became sober, earnest Christian men. Three of the twenty-two were fallen women, and "all three," says Mr. Gibbud, "are good, virtuous Christian women today." Of the other five, two have since fallen asleep in Jesus, and the other three have been lost sight of. One of these first seventeen converts, the firstfruits of the Syracnse Mission is now deacon of a church, another is Superintendent of a Sunday School, and two are actively engaged in rescue work in another city. One of the men was attrcted to the Mission while drinking in the saloon next door. There was only a thin board partition between the two places, and the singing of a hymn in the Mission could be plainly heard in the saloon. This man heard the hymn and it recalled old memories. He put down his glass of rum untasted and went into the Mission where he was encouraged to put his trust in Jesus. Only the night before, he had lost fifty dollars in a gambling den and was plotting a highway robbery to recoup his loss. He is now a respectable citizen and an active Christian worker.

After some two years of blessed work of this kind, the necessity of enlargement was evident to all. Mr. H. B. Andrew, a kind friend of the missionary became treasurer of the enterprise and provided for its extension. He purchased a building in Mulberry st., and fitted it up for Mission purposes. A committee of management, composed of members of various evangelical churches, was organized and arrangements made for obtaining the necessary financial support. The new Mission, of which a picture, appears on this page, was opened on May 1, 1890 and since that time a meeting has been held there every night. The neighborhood is a notorious one, but Mr. Gibbud has had no difficulty with the denizens of even the worst kind. He adopts the principle of avoiding controversy and making no attempt to bring the law to bear upon them, tries to win them by the Gospel. The advantage of this method is that he is at liberty to go into any of the saloons and dives to seek the sinner and in several instances, the keepers, some of whom have not had all their natural kindness of heart eliminated by their associations, have actually sent for him and aided him in trying to save some young beginner, whom they were sorry to see starting on the road to ruin. This conciliatory method has had another notable result. The local Roman Catholic journal recently spoke in praise of the good results of his work, wished it godspeed and earnestly warned its Roman Catholic readers against interrupting the services, or casting slurs on a man whose sole business was rescuing men and women from sinful life and starting them on the road to heaven. Of the trophies won since the Mission opened, one is now a missionary laboring in Central China, three are preparing for missionary work in Africa, another is already preaching the Gospel in Chicago, another is a Salvation Army Captain, another is a successful evangelist and one promising young convert is in Mr. Moody's Institute preparing for a life of usefulness. What they might be doing now, if that Mission or some similar one had not been opened in Syracuse, they shudder to think of?

The principle of the Mission has been to use extraordinary means to reach classes which cannot be reached by the ordinary means of the Churches, and so to supplement the work of the Church, not to compete with it. Mr. Gibbud's efforts have been directed to seeking out the wanderer and the lost, and not to rely on their coming to the Mission. Many do come, when they are depressed or in trouble, and they are cordially welcomed, but they are few compared with those who must be sought. Acting on this principle Mr. Gibbud makes use of the Gospel wagon for outdoor services in the city and outlying districts. Services are regularly held in the prison, and the prisoners visited in their cells. He has also made friends with the owners of factories who will allow him occasionally to hold a service among their operatives at the noon hour, or some other convenient time. He is also a regular visitor to the State fair, and has a service in the Market Square among the farmers. Every year a trip is made to the hop-fields of Central New York, and work is done among the hop-pickers. One year, as described in a previous number of this journal, Mr. Gibbud was able to maintain a Gospel boat on the Erie Canal, with most encouraging results. Meetings were held in out-of-the-way places that could be reached in no other way, and there were prospects of a very hopeful campaign by this means. But, unhappily, the boat caught fire and was destroyed a year after its dedication. Mr. Gibbud speaks sorrowfully of this closing of the avenue of usefulness from which so much had been expected, and is hoping that in some way God will provide the means for purchasing a new boat, to resume the work.

During the severe hardships of the bnsiness depression, Mr. Gibbud was enabled to give material aid to the destitute, feeding and providing shelter for the homeless. Out of this effort has grown a restaurant business like that carried on at the Bowery Mission in New York, where for a few pennies a hungry man can obtain a good, wholesome meal.

THE RESCUE MISSION, MULBERRY STREET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Little Children Help Armenia.

A Touching Example of Self-Denial in a Vermont Village.

AMERICAN children — the little ones of godly parentage—have been deeply touched by the sufferings of the poor children of Armenia. Missionaries and others have written of the nakedness of those little ones; of their wan faces and weak limbs; of their joyless lives, and their constant, terrible hunger. Comfort they cannot know, as even their parents, if spared by the Turkish and Kurdish slayers, are homeless wanderers. It is not to be wondered at that their story has made the hearts of our own happy little folks more tender and sympathizing. One of the most affecting instances of this childish sympathy is furnished us in a letter sent by a lady engaged in church work in New York City, which will be read with interest. She writes:

"The pastor of a little Vermont church decided to take up a collection in his small congregation for the relief of the Armenians. He had read of the terrible suffering of that people in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and elsewhere, and he gladly gave up for Armenia the modest portion which would have been his the coming Sabbath. His three little children also, the oldest a boy of eight years, caught the enthusiasm, and began to take a lively interest in the poor people across the water. As their mother told them how cruelly the little boys and girls of Armenia were being treated, the matter grew very real to them in their cosy Vermont home.

"Meanwhile, their papa had sent for some pamphlets which contained information of the Armenian persecution. These he intended to distribute throughout his scattered parish. Unfortunately, the circulars came only the Saturday evening before collection Sunday, and so could not be distributed father than the limits of the little village. This had been a busy week, and the good pastor was deep in his sermon for to-morrow. But the two oldest children, A—— and E——, trudged bravely through the snow, up and down the village, scattering the circulars from house to house. Sunday morning dawned, and all three of the children, A——, E——, and I——, ran for their banks, and without any suggestion from their parents, emptied out their treasured store, begging to be allowed to give it all for the poor Armenians. Altogether their contribution amounted to about seventy-five cents. And as the collection was taken that morning, there surely could not have been any more cheerful givers than these three little ones, as they poured out their wee piles of coin into the box.

I wonder if any of my young readers would like to follow the example of these children, and deny themselves a little, in order to give something toward helping their suffering brothers and sisters in Armenia. Remember what Jesus said when he was on earth, that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Missionary Study.

A striking story of the study of a new language is that which Dr. A. T. Pierson tells in this month's *Missionary Review*, in his sketch of the life and work of Dr. George L. Mackay in Formosa. He says: Mackay felt, on landing in Formosa, that the first necessity was a knowledge of the language, especially the colloquial, as his aim, first of all, was the oral proclamation of the Gospel. He first mastered the eight tones of the Formosan dialect—and then a few words — enough to become a basis of communication with the natives. Then he deliberately accosted the herd-boys that tended the water buffaloes, won them over by concessions to their impertinent curiosity, showing them his watch, etc., until they awaited his coming with eagerness; and every day he spent hours with them, studying their manners, watching their words and noting down their phrases, until his vocabulary grew with astonishing rapidity. He shunned everybody that could speak his own language, that he might compel himself to learn theirs; and within five months he had so far drilled his tongue that he was actually able to preach his first sermon, and the text, "What must I do to be saved?" may show what sort of a beginning he made.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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It's All Nonsense!

THAT is what some worldly men say about religion. It is practically what Gallio said, when Sosthenes and his crowd dragged Paul before the judgment seat, "If they are questions about words and names of your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of these matters." So to practical business men of this day, religion seems to be a matter of mere emotion, if not pure fanaticism. At best it appears to be no more than a system of finely-spun theories, with perhaps some adaptation to old ladies and children, but of no possible use to a practical business world. Religious people seem to be continually wrangling over words and names and their own law.

We do not admit that such an opinion of the Christian religion is correct. The principles of Christianity are precisely what are needed in this bustling business life. But so long as such an opinion exists, the Christian needs to ask himself the question: What can I do to convince the world that my religion is of practical value?

The world's respect can never be won by religious cant. It is possible that we claim too much for ourselves at times. Do we not express in our hymns and prayers, heights of devotion which we have never reached and never expect to attain? Ought we to sing hymns which we know to be untrue to our own experiences? For example, how many of us can honestly sing these lines:

[illegible]
That [illegible]
Love so amazing, so divine,
[illegible]

If Christ demands our all, how is it that we do not give him even ten per cent. of our income? Or can we sing sincerely these words?

[illegible]

Would not one of us be frightened out of his senses if, as he sang, the ceiling of the church were to part asunder, and an angel [illegible] "I have come to hear you sing [illegible] away?" Yes, we all want to live as long as God will allow us. Why then do we sing what we do not feel? Such exhibitions of insincerity only widen the gulf between us and the practical world, instead of bringing it over.

We may go the world's round in a more excellent way. Let us furnish living examples of religion as applied to everyday life. Let us first see that we ourselves are transformed into the image of Christ. Let us be upright in business, pure in conversation, and amiable in disposition. Let us do all in our power to soften the asperities of human experiences. Let us by all possible means show that the Christian religion means "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." Then will practical business men say, "We cannot do without a religion like that!"

Administration of the Oath.

WE must come back to the old-fashioned solemnity of an oath. It is a tremendous thing to uncover your head and put your hand on the inspired Book or lift your hand heavenward, and declare that a statement is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God." It is the height of all solemnity, and I do not know how a man can swear falsely and expect anything but earthly disaster and eternal perdition. But the truth is, there is so much blasphemy abroad, and men get so accustomed to hearing the name of God tossed about in familiar conversation, that when they come to take an affidavit it means nothing. Beside this, there are clerks of courts, and city and national officials who have a trifling and precipitate way of administering the oath which results in great prevalence of perjury. Now the oath is rattled off, as if with auctioneer's rigmarole, and the command shot out from thoughtless lips, "Kiss the Book." Judges and clerks of courts, and aldermen, and notaries public. Let all insurance superintendents, and all whose business it is to administer the oath, see to it that more solemnity and emphasis be given to this tremendous act of invoking the attention of Jehovah. However brazen the cheek and adamantine the heart of the perjurer, he will fail if the officer of the law, feeling the momentousness of the oath, shall look the witness in the eye and say with impressive tone: "You do solemnly swear that this statement is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help you God."

The Unfortunate.

THERE may be a thousand things which make it impossible for a man to pay his debts. It is a wickedness, and a common wickedness, to call every insolvent a scoundrel. There are many who have gone into bankruptcy who will stand the Judgment Day better than some of those who have paid all their debts. By the shrinkage in the value of goods and the unsaleableness of real estate thousands of our best men have been flung headlong, and yet a dishonest dollar has never stained their hands. They did not fail rich. They did not keep their palace on Staten Island. When their business went, their horses went; their fifteen hundred dollar carriage went, their bowling alley went—everything went. They did not pay forty cents on the dollar so that they might pocket the other sixty cents. They paid forty cents on the dollar because they had only forty cents. They did not make the coffin-lid of a deceased father, or brother, or friend the counter on which they gambled away trust funds. They failed as honestly as the brook fails when it dries up in August, or as fairly as the horse fails, dropping dead in harness before a load which he cannot drag up the hill.

Greed is a fool. It clutches for so much, it catches nothing. Nine-tenths of the financial shipwrecks of the day come from the attempt to carry too big a cargo. Moderate in your expectations, you arrive at a reasonable competency. Extravagant and overbearing in your struggle, you land flat on the back. Men who have a hundred thousand dollars clutch for a million and get bankruptcy. Let all men of small means, or no means at all, take comfort in the fact that they have nothing in the way of large estate to set their children in a quarrel. Great wealth is a peril, not [illegible] to those who possess it, but to those who are waiting for it. The Surrogate's office is an Armageddon. The bitterest feuds are seen between brothers and sisters about their father's will. It does not make any difference how sound a man's mind is when he makes his last testament, after his death mighty efforts will be made to prove his imbecile. It is always evidence of a testator's insanity, when he does not give you as many dollars as you think you ought to have. Amid all the inconveniences of limited finances, take the consolation that your grave will not probably be made the battleground for legal contestants.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Brother in Christ, ——. Do you think it is right for family prayer to be conducted [illegible] while some members of the family are at table eating, and who only stop when they must kneel, and resume eating when the prayer is over?

There needs a change in the family arrangements. Either the hour of prayer or the hour for the meal should be changed so that they do not clash. The head of the family by a little tact might arange this. The service should be decorous and reverential, and all who are present should give it their undivided attention.

F. J. Angell, Victoria, B. C.: "For Christ's Sake," Franklin, N. H. and others. What is the Bowery Mission, and how does any one become a member? What are a patron's duties?

It is a Mission in New York for the uplifting and helping of fallen men—social outcasts, who have lost heart and hope through sin or misfortune. You can become a patron by forwarding your name and address to this office. The duties of a patron of the Bowery Mission have already been repeatedly explained in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He or she is one of a number who are enrolled and who agree to take a personal interest in the progress of the work. Prayers and moral influence are requested, the patron is entitled to receive regular reports of the Mission's work, to correspond with and visit it if agreeable. He or she is expected to contribute once a year (about May 15), and *no more*, as means may permit and conscience direct.

Reader, Rancocas, N. J. Do you think a minister of the Gospel is doing wrong in riding a bicycle to and from his church on Sunday?

The mere act of riding a bicycle is not in itself sinful, and if it is the only available means of reaching the church on Sunday it may therefore be excusable. On the other hand, if walking or riding in the usual way be discarded for the sake of the exercise or exhilaration bicycle riding affords, it is clearly wrong. Besides, dignity of action and a noble decorum should be inseparable from the high office of spiritual teacher, and anything that impairs the dignity of that office necessarily impairs its influence as well.

Mrs. O. Noble, Worthington, Ind. 1. How can I become interested in missionary work? 2. Why should I be so interested?

1. Every Christian church has its missionary society whose members will be glad to receive you as one of their number. If this method is not practicable, you should write to any of the Missionary Boards you may select: the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist or the American Board. The secretaries will send you all the literature needed for information. If the home missionary field be preferred, address the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. 2. Because it is the duty of all who believe in the Lord Jesus to aid in spreading his Gospel until every tongue and nation shall declare his name. Besides, helping others, spiritually or materially, is the pleasantest work in the world and makes the doer happy.

A. B., Vineville, Ga. 1. If a wife secures a divorce from her husband by false testimony, and the latter is a minister, to quit the ministry, or if a layman should he refrain from preaching if he feels that he is called? 2. May he marry again?

1. If the man is innocent of wrongdoing there is no valid reason why he should not preach, after the wrong has been done to him. We do not know the specific circumstances you have in mind, but the fact of a man having suffered wrong cannot debar him from Christian service. He ought, however, to be careful that his conduct bring no reproach on the church. If he has been indiscreet and has given cause for people to suspect him of misconduct, he might wisely and for the sake of others avoid prominence. He should seek advice from some good man who knows the facts. 2. If his wife marries again he is justified in marrying.

Reader, Malvern, Ia. If a minister refuses to take part in a revival meetings going on in his own town or a church of a different denomination, or even to attend the meetings, are we not entitled in believing that he is not converted himself?

That fact alone is not sufficient evidence. A man may be so constituted that it would be painful to him to listen to the preaching of the Evangelist and to witness his methods. He might rejoice in the conversions and might pray for a blessing on the services, yet be unable to bear the ordeal of attending. There was a very good man in New York, in whose success in dealing with the fallen every Christian rejoiced, who used to say things that shocked the sensibilities of Christian people trained from childhood to be reverent in speaking of sacred things. God owned and bless[illegible] his work but his talks were adapted to a p[illegible]ticular class and no Christian was deserv[illegible] of blame for staying away. Do not ever b[illegible] a hurry to declare that a man and especial[illegible] minister is not converted. Charity think[illegible] no evil.

S. Clarke, Chicago, Ill. Considering how many happy marriages there are, would it not be better to permit divorces to take place when husband and wife quarrel?

Apart from the Scriptural injunction, wh[illegible] Christ did not relax, but rather made [illegible] stringent, we think it would be bad public[illegible] icy to permit divorces to take place o[illegible] ground of quarrel. It would lead to a mu[illegible] plication of divorces which would be a pr[illegible] misfortune. In many cases it would als[illegible] bad for the persons concerned. There [illegible] many couples who have made up their q[illegible] rels and are now glad that they did so, wh[illegible] the law had been so lax as you suggest, w[illegible] have separated and been sorry for it.

James Howard, Norwalk, Conn. Does the pas[illegible] in Hebrews 7: 1-3 imply that Melchisedec [illegible] spirit or an angel?

No, in speaking of him as being with[illegible] father, mother, &c., it simply means tha[illegible] was inconspicuous. Little was known of [illegible] he had no ancestry. His ancestors were '[illegible] bodies," as they say in Europe when a [illegible] comes of a family not ranking among the t[illegible] aristocracy. This man though without ord[illegible] tion, without Levitical appointment, rece[illegible] a kind of homage from the great-grandfa[illegible] of Levi himself. The writer of the Epistle [illegible] arguing that Christ, though not of the tri[illegible] Levi, might belong to a higher order of pr[illegible] hood.

L. D. J. In the miracle described in Luke 5: 1[illegible] did the man recover when Christ forgave [illegible] sins or not until later when he bade him [illegible] Would not the forgiveness of his sins inc[illegible] his healing?

The healing seems to have come afterwa[illegible] Christ wished to provoke a challenge, tha[illegible] might point a lesson. The Pharisees w[illegible] be sure to protest against his assuming [illegible] right to forgive sins. Having made their [illegible] test, the answer would be more cogent. [illegible] proof that he had the power to do somet[illegible] they could not test, was that he did a wo[illegible] that was plain and obvious and susceptib[illegible] proof. Like the other miracles, Christ wi[illegible] this to lead the spectators to trust in hi[illegible] the spiritual blessing.

E. P. Snyder, New York. Are there any Scrip[illegible] proofs that the heathen idolaters who have [illegible] heard of Christ will be lost or saved?

Not direct proofs. The Bible holds ou[illegible] hope of salvation in such a case, but t[illegible] was no need that it should. It is not our [illegible] iness. They are in God's hand and he w[illegible] what is just and right. Our plain duty [illegible] send the Gospel to them, and, we must b[illegible] as earnest in doing so, as if we knew t[illegible] they would be surely lost if we did not [illegible] it. We do not know; but there is no gr[illegible] for hope, save in the infinite love of [illegible] Christ's words (Luke 12: 48) about the [illegible] vant who knew not his Lord's will appe[illegible] indicate that the circumstance of ignoran[illegible] not overlooked in the judgment.

J. P. F., Halifax, N.S. 1. Is it Scriptural to teach [illegible] that conversion makes him all safe for et[illegible] 2. What does Paul mean in I. Tim. 4: [illegible] Timothy saving himself and his hearer[illegible] What is the meaning of benevolence ens[illegible] eternal life, in I. Timothy 6: 19?

1. It is Scriptural to insist on the nece[illegible] of conversion before a man can be saf[illegible] eternity. Christ was very explicit on t[illegible] point (See John 3: 5). But conversion is [illegible] the beginning. The man should be led to [illegible] growth in grace and knowledge, and to be [illegible] daily more like Christ. But if a man we[illegible] die soon after his conversion, before he [illegible] opportunity for Christian growth, he wou[illegible] safe for eternity. "Whosoever believet[illegible] him shall not perish." 2. That Timothy w[illegible] discharge the responsibility of his trus[illegible] faithful preaching. He would save hi[illegible] from reproach and from condemnation. [illegible] Ezek. 33: 9.) His preaching, too, if fait[illegible] would keep his hearers from going as [illegible] 3. Paul was comparing the grudging Chri[illegible] with one who did good, and pointing out w[illegible] much better it was to have God's app[illegible] than to die leaving a fortune behind. It [illegible] the same line of teaching as that of Chri[illegible] Matt. 25: 31-46.

W. M. B., Excelsior, Wis. It does not appe[illegible] have been the wisest method of settling the tr[illegible] The better way would have been to invite th[illegible] stay and to speak kindly, showing them their [illegible] Churches, as church, like any other place of pu[illegible] assemblage, is entitled to protection against d[illegible] ance, and this, if heeded at, might produce th[illegible] speedy effect.—G. F. Kelley, West Newbury [illegible] No.—Good religious reading matter can be [illegible] to advantage in Christian work by Mary He[illegible] sen, 117 West Chestnut street, Louisville, Col[illegible]

Notice to Subscribers.

At the present time all premium[illegible] of whatever character, ordered prior to [illegible] ruary 15, have been shipped from th[illegible] fice. They are either already deliver[illegible] subscribers, or are on their way. If [illegible] premium has failed to come to hand, we trust our friends will notify us immedi[illegible]ly, addressing their communication to Premium Department THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

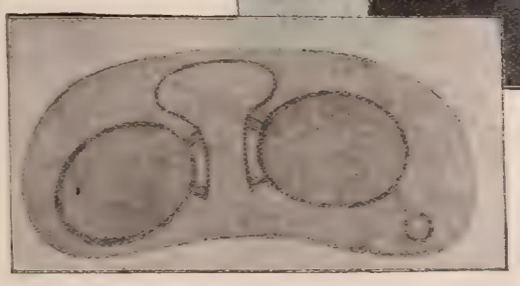
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The New Light.

EXPERIMENTS made in this country with Prof. Roentgen's new light, prove that it has all the merits he claimed for it. There can be no doubt that it is one of the most important discoveries of time. As illustrations of the uses to which it may be put, Prof. Fox, of Montreal, reports finding the position of a bullet in a man's leg which the doctors had previously been unable to locate. Another instance is that of a man suffering from paralysis. The surgeons believed that his malady was due to some injury, but could not find any wound. He was photographed with the new light, and the photograph showed the broken blade of a pen-knife in the region of the spine. This was extracted and the paralysis was immediately relieved. In a hospital at Berne, Switzerland, the same means was employed to find a needle in the body of a child, and was successful. In Vienna, a photograph was taken of a glass-worker, who had been injured and had suffered for several years from the presence in his body of a piece of glass, which the surgeons could not find. The position of the glass was clearly marked on the plate; it was removed and the man recovered. On this page is a photograph of Prof. Roentgen, the discoverer of the light. His full name is Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen. He holds the office of Professor of Physics at the University of Wurzburg, in Bavaria, Germany. He is a remarkably able man. He studied at Zurich in Switzerland and afterwards taught at Strasburg and Wurtemburg. He has been at Wurzburg since 1888. He is of Dutch birth. The accompanying picture shows how a hand looks when photographed with the light, and how a pair of eye-glasses inside a leather case appears in the photograph. The light by which the photographs are produced is as yet a mystery. It proceeds from what is known as a Crookes tube, that is, a glass tube or bulb, from which the air has been exhausted, and into which a copper wire is inserted. When the wire is charged with a strong electric current, the tube glows with a pale violet, green, and white light. But it is believed that this light is not that which produces the photograph. It is thought that invisible rays proceeding from one end of the tube are the powerful agent in force. Prof. Roentgen calls them "X rays." They penetrate objects impervious to ordinary light, while they are intercepted by glass. A pine board an inch thick does not stop them, nor does paper, nor cloth, nor thin plates of aluminum, but steel and copper, are impervious but not in equal degree. Thus coins have been photographed inside a wooden box, and as is seen in the illustration, the rays pass through the leather case and show the glasses, and through the flesh of the hand and show the bones. When we reflect that this power has been in existence all along, unknown to us, and that all the secrets of nature must be known to the Creator, we realize how true are the prophet's words:

> He revealeth the deep and secret things: he knoweth what is in the darkness and the light dwelleth with him. Daniel 2: 22.

BONES SEEN THROUGH THE FLESH.



THE NEW WONDER IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
Eye-glasses made visible through leather case.

Poison Seven Years at Work.

The death of a highly respected citizen of Brooklyn occurred recently under peculiar circumstances. The man was a Scotchman of strong constitution, very active and vigorous. He owned several horses of which he was very fond. One of them was ill with glanders some seven years ago, and his owner, in lancing it, contracted some of the poison through a cut on his hand. He was not aware of the fact at the time, but three years afterward, the effects of the poison showed themselves in his hand. He was in Paris at the time and consulted an eminent French surgeon, who told him that he must have part of his hand amputated to save his life. The patient consented and the operation was performed; but the poison had spread farther than the surgeon thought and the arm was cut off above the elbow. It was hoped that the effects of the poison were then completely eradicated, but a year afterward, his leg showed an affection like the one on his hand. The patient consulted a Brooklyn physician and by his advice had his leg amputated. Recently the other leg became affected and the doctors proposed to amputate that, but the sufferer declared he would lose no more limbs. He was firm in his resolution and as he had been warned, death has been the penalty. The poison evidently was in the blood and as the doctors could not eradicate it the amputation of the limbs in which its effects showed themselves, only temporarily postponed the inevitable result. In this it was like the sin that works in human nature. The attempts at self-reformation which men sometimes make in their own strength, always end in failure, until they go to God and ask him to give them a new heart.

> For from within out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, etc. (Mark 7: 21).

A Strange Fright.

A singular illustration of the influence of use and wont comes from a keeper of a drug-store in Chicago. Late one evening a business man who lives on the South side, arrived in the suburb by train. He had a few blocks to walk to reach his home. It had been a hard day with him. In his office in the city he had toiled steadily all day, and after the time of closing came he had been grappling with complicated problems until near midnight. At last, he shut his books and started for home. He was tired out but his brain would not rest. All the way, on the train, in spite of his efforts to turn his attention to other subjects, his mind returned persistently to his business, in new effort to solve the problems that had exhausted him. They were still with him as he walked from the station and entered the street in which he lived. He was painfully alert, wakeful and sensitive, Suddenly he became oppressed with a strange sense of having lost his way. The street he had walked hundreds of times was somehow not the same. He stopped in a kind of dumb terror. He tried to convince himself that he was right, but could not. He felt that something unusual had happened, something fatal, but no power of analysis would explain it to him. He concluded he was losing his senses through overstrain of business worry. He hurried forward to the next block where the lights of a drug-store illumined the pavement. He entered and sank into a chair perspiring with an inexplicable horror. The store-keeper was out, but he came in a minute later and casually remarked that he wondered how long it would be before they started the cable again. That word furnished the clue to his visitor's collapse. The strange sensation was due to the unwonted silence of the street which night and day he was accustomed to hear humming with the surface cars. In his nervous condition the silence was as the silence of death, and his mind was too full to detect what it was that was new and unusual. The cable started a few minutes later and the man soothed by the familiar noise went contentedly to his home relieved of his strange terror. He had not given a thought to the noise until its cessation produced a silence that in his nervous condition was oppressive. So it is with many of the blessings of our own lives, which we enjoy without recognizing them, or being thankful for them. God sometimes withdraws them that we may realize their value and our obligations.

PROF. W. C. ROENTGEN.

> I will go and return to my place . . . in their affliction they will seek me. Hosea 5: 15.

When a Chinaman is a Citzen.

An important citizenship suit was tried before Judge Morrow of the United States District Court in San Francisco recently. It arose out of the action of the Collector of the Port in excluding a returning Chinaman on the ground that he was a laborer. The Chinaman disputed his ruling, and claimed citizenship. He was born here, and had merely been to China on a visit. When the case came up for trial the District Attorney contended the Collector was right in excluding the Chinaman when he returned from his visit. In handing down his decision, Judge Morrow denied the argument. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, he said, assured to any person born in the country all the rights of a citizen of the United States, whatever the nationality of his parents, and though he might not be a citizen of any State. The Chinaman consequently had a perfect right to return to the country of his birth, despite the Exclusion Act. If the decision is confirmed by the Supreme Court the Chinaman will win an important victory, and his citizenship will be based on the Constitution as supreme over State laws. It may be that at the last we shall find that some are citizens of Christ's kingdom whom, like Irving and others, the Church on earth has excluded. The Lord intimated that his sheep were not all of one fold.

> Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. [illegible]

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York, has been conducting a ten days' series of Evangelical services in Cincinnati, O. The meetings were held in the Opera House which was well filled at every service.

A Cable Dispatch announces that on February 8, Dr. A. T. Pierson, formerly of Philadelphia, was baptized by immersion at Croydon, England. His warm friend, Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, brother of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, performed the ceremony.

Successful Evangelistic Services have been conducted by Evangelist Hunt at the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo. Three churches united in the movement. Over three hundred persons made profession of faith during the progress of the meetings.

A Report of a Remarkable [illegible] which took place at [illegible] Korea, is published by the *Independent*. It states that on a recent Sunday a missionary laboring in that city administered baptism at the same service to an aged woman and to her youngest descendant, an infant to whom she is great-great grandmother.

Rev. Francis E. Smiley of Denver, Colo., who conducted the successful evangelist campaign in that city last winter, has accepted an invitation from the Ministerial Alliance to direct revival meetings of the united churches of Pueblo, Colo.

Mr. N. S. Anderson, Secretary of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, asks us to state that Dr. J. Wilber Chapman's acceptance of the pastorate of that Church does not imply his withdrawal from the evangelistic field. The church has arranged for him to be absent from the pulpit for three months every winter in order that he may continue his revival work. This year Dr. Chapman expects to hold services in New York, Brooklyn, and Burlington, Ia.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced a Series of services at Dubuque, Ia., on Feb. 2. The churches joining in the movement were the First Baptist, Summit Congregational and the Main Street Methodist Church. Meetings are being held every afternoon and evening and a Parlor meeting for women only in the mornings. Overflow meetings are held in the Presbyterian Church, at which the ministers give Gospel addresses. Dr. Munhall takes part in both services.

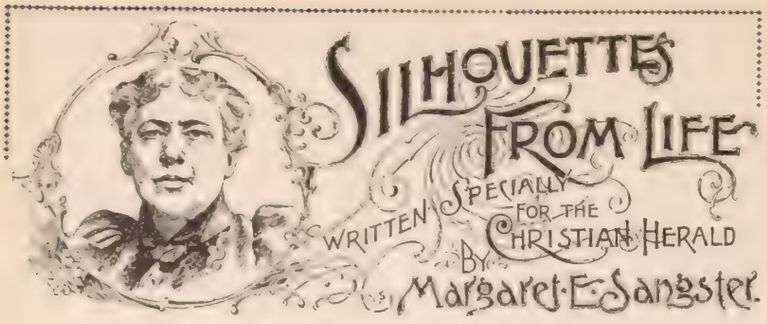
The whole Christian Church has been Bereaved in the death of Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New York. Dr. Chambers was a great Biblical scholar as well as a famous preacher. He was a member of the American Company of Revisers of the Old Testament and an able writer on Biblical criticism. Dr. Chambers was stricken with pneumonia but a short time before his death. He was seventy-seven years [illegible].

Statistics of the Presbyterian Church in Canada for the past twenty-five years show a marvelous increase of activity. In the work of French Evangelization, the fields have increased from 2 to 36; the preaching stations from 3 to 93; the missionaries and teachers from 5 to 68, and the communicants from 141 to 1256. In Foreign Missions the number of missionaries has grown from 8 to 90, and the income has increased from $19,000 to $114,000.

Three Prize Banners will be Awarded at the Washington National Convention to three Christian Endeavor local unions. The first banner will go to the union making the best showing in the way of definite and practical Christian citizenship work. The second will be awarded to the local union having the largest number of individual members who give not less than one-tenth of their income to God. The third, or fellowship banner, will be secured by the union organizing the largest number of Christian Endeavor Societies of any kind.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey has been Visiting the Pacific Coast. A San Diego journal says that on Feb. 2d. he sang at the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of that city and gave an address describing the origin of the hymns he sang. The author of the hymn "Ninety and Nine," was a lady living at Melrose, Scotland. Mr. Sankey made the acquaintance of her family while traveling in Scotland twenty-two years ago. The author was dead, but her family were much gratified by the appreciation of the noted singer, who was then thrilling the churches of Scotland with his gospel songs.

A Circular signed by Twenty-seven Eminent men has been issued, suggesting that in all public celebrations of Washington's birthday this year the question of our relations with the British Government and people should be considered. Suggestions may be made as to the best mode of deciding controversies between the two nations and as to the advisability of arranging by formal treaty for the organization of a permanent board of arbitration. Reports of the proceedings should be sent to Dr. Wm. C. Gray, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, or to Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, 11 Cliff St., New York, who will arrange them for transmission to the President and the English Government.



"Mary and the Kid."

THE fog lay yellow and blanket-like over our harbor's mouth, and was so thick and smothering that shapes in the street loomed vague and indistinct, and one could scarcely see his neighbor, nor the house across the way.

Mary Reynolds was getting her husband's breakfast in a back room on the fourth floor of a tenement house in Rivington street. It was very early in the morning, at least you, who are accustomed to later rising, would have thought so, but sounds of frying fish and potatoes, the aroma of coffee, the crying of babies, and the general stir of life, indicated that here, men and women began their day before it was light. The shops and factories, which started at seven o'clock sharp, required operatives who had been up "soon in the morning," as our Southern friends say, to get their breakfast over, and to take the journey from home to the place of business. A good many men, John Reynolds among them, went to work earlier. He relieved a man on the Bridge, and must be at his post at half-past five.

Poor Mary was a faded, dragged-out creature, with a heavy baby nursing and pulling down her strength, very fractious just now with its teeth. Mary was a poor manager, a wretched cook, and a quick-tempered, nervous creature, whose tongue was always ready with an angry reply. As a saleswoman in Green's great shop, she had been pretty, deft-handed, energetic, and light-hearted; but marriage with John Reynolds, and living in his little home, had taken away the ease and irresponsibility of her girlish life, and worn her pallid face into a chronic frown. If girls only knew a little more about housewifery, how to make their money go farthest, how to roast and boil and make nice, appetizing stews and hashes, and to keep a house bright and clean, many of them would be happier in married life than they are.

"Hurry up, Mary!" cried John. "If you poke so, I'll have to go without my breakfast. I've been late twice this month, all owing to you, and I'll be bounced next thing."

"I'm hurrying as much as I can," said Mary, "but the stove won't burn. There's your breakfast now." And she set the muddy coffee, baker's bread, and fat, greasy slice of ham before the man, going herself to get the baby who was screaming till he was black in the face, from the dark room adjoining.

"Do make the kid shut up," growled John. "A fellow never has any peace at home."

"You might have some sympathy with the baby, John. I've been up half the night with him, and I don't complain. But you are so cross and unfeeling!"

"Well, cross or not, I'll take myself off. One of these days, I'll go out and I'll not [illegible]"

John flung himself down the stairs, and out into the thick murk of the street. By [illegible] he had raged at Mary, but he did not care very much about it, for what with the fog [illegible] he was greatly afraid that he couldn't get to work. Crowds of anxious men and [illegible] fog—"Mary and the kid," he said to himself; "I wish I'd kissed the kid, and not been so horrid to Mary," his thought ran to and fro as he joined the crowd on the Bridge, and just gained a foothold on the rear platform of the last outgoing car of a train.

At ten o'clock that morning, Mary Reynolds went to the corner-store for three cents' worth of soup vegetables and a can of condensed milk. She had to pass a bulletin-board, stuck up near the branch office of a newspaper, and there, in magnified capitals, she saw:

"FRIGHTFUL CRASH ON THE BRIDGE EARLY THIS MORNING. GREAT LOSS OF LIFE. CARS TELESCOPED." Her cheek paled, her eyes grew dim. John worked on the Bridge cars, and he had been due in the early morning. She groped her way homeward, putting her marrow bone on to boil for soup, and hushing her querulous babe, all the while in a worry about her husband. Harsh words at parting leave a hard ache in the breast, as wives and husbands know.

A neighbor's boy rushed in, "Mother says, Mr. Reynolds was likely hurt, Mrs. Reynolds," he shouted, with the usual thoughtlessness of a boy, and a boy's keen pleasure in making a sensation, "They say a brakeman was killed right out," he added, with the cheerfulness of a person imparting good news.

Mary Reynolds pushed the lad out of her door, and locked it. One instant she stood with both hands holding her head. The next she dropped to the floor, on her knees, praying, as she had not prayed in years:

"Oh! my God, my God in heaven, for Christ's sake, bring John back to me, and I'll love him, and be good to him. I'll look after his shirt-buttons, Lord, and learn to cook his dinner, and I won't scold, and fret. Oh! dear Lord, if you'll let my John come back."

It doesn't sound quite like a proper prayer, I know, but it is the prayer poor Mary offered, and she was on her knees, and calling with all her heart on God, when a loud knock came to the locked door. She rose and opened it, and in came John, big, and bluff, and hearty, and not the least hurt. He gathered her close in his arms, and said, "Mary, I was next door to being killed; next door, but I escaped. The poor fellow on the car next mine had both legs cut off, they've taken him to the hospital, and he'll die. But then I thought of you and the kid, and I'm going to be a better man. I've got to go back to my work, but I had to come home, to let you know I was all right."

On the floor below the Reynolds flat, there lived [illegible] and his wife Marguerite. Marguerite's small house-keeping was very frugal but she knew the secret of the *pot au feu*, she had learned cooking as a fine art in *la belle* Paris. To her went meekly Mary Reynolds a few days later, begging to be taught something about cooking, and the old French-woman was pleased and took a kind interest, and John found before long that his wages went farther, and that the food bought at the market was not ruined on the fire. The little home grew tidy, and it became a rare pleasure at nightfall to go home to "Mary and the kid."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Their Coffins Side by Side.

The Funeral of Two Converts at the Bowery Mission—Crowds at the Services.

NEVER, since its doors were first opened for the preaching of the Gospel of Christian helpfulness for the lost and degraded men, has the Bowery Mission presented such a scene as that which took place there on the afternoon of Monday, Feb. 10. In the Mission Hall two caskets lay side by side, and upon the lid of each were clusters of fragrant flowers. Several hundred men thronged the Mission, even the staircase and entrances being crowded. Reverently they had gathered there to pay the last tribute of affectionate esteem to two men who had formerly been attendants at the Mission, and under its ministrations, had been led from lives of sin to the Cross.

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the double funeral service was conducted in the Mission hall over the remains of Frank Disabaye and Thomas Moore. Of Moore but little is known, except that about two weeks prior to his death he had been converted and begun a new life, and upon his application a letter was given him by the Superintendent of the Mission asking his admission to Bellevue Hospital where he died. Moore in his last moments displayed a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of his former associates. He sent, by an inmate of the same ward of the hospital, this message to "the Mother of the Bowery Mission," which was faithfully delivered: "Tell Mrs. Bird that it is well with my soul."

Frank Disabaye was not saved from a vicious life, but had been tenderly reared by Christian parents in their home in the State of Louisiana, where he leaves a mother and sister, whose mourning is mingled with joy at the knowledge that their son and brother died saved and trusting in the Lord — a true Christian. Like thousands of others, young Disabaye came to the great metropolis in the vain search for fame and fortune, only to find disappointment. His money was soon exhausted, and and being unwilling to beg, he suffered and endured the hardships of hunger and sleepless nights. One Thursday night, several months ago, while passing the Bowery Mission, he saw the crowd entering. Some one told him it was a Mission where men were fed and comforted, and he often said afterwards in his testimonies, that this was just what he wanted. He went in, and hearing the testimonies of redeemed men he, too, accepted the Saviour, and became an earnest worker for the Master. Disabaye soon found employment and never received or accepted any ai from the Mission; but out of his earning he relieved the needs of many in distress

The circumstances of the double funer were most singular. On Sunday mornir last, while services were being conducte by Mrs. Bird at the Mission, the Rev. Joh Lewis Clarke of the Marble Collegia Church, Fifth Ave. and 29th Street., Ne York, called and handed Superintende Hughes a telegram from Disabaye's moth requesting that her son, whose body w then in the hands of an undertaker, shou be buried. It was at once agreed that I should be buried from the Mission, and tl physician in charge of the Mission Dispe sary was sent to the hospital to make tl necessary arrangements. Meantime, Moo had died some two hours earlier in a d ferent ward of the same hospital; so bo were brought to the Mission, where the caskets were placed side by side. The se vices were conducted by Rev. Steph Merritt, assisted by Rev. John Lew Clarke, Dr. Louis Klopsch, the propriet of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, presidin The services were quite simple and we an object lesson of the deepest import those present.

Mrs. Bird, in a few brief sentences, to the story of one of the men. She said:

Boys, we are to-day, as one large sorrowing fa ily. My heart is too full for utterance. Two of number have suddenly been removed, and we here to pay to their memory this l tribute. I remember Frank very w He came in here quite often. He was sat in the same place, alw gave the same testimony. It se to me as though I can at this m ment hear him say: "Boys, I was hungry and so cold the first nig came into the Bowery Mis There was a big crowd here th night, and I was afraid I would be able to get in, but I just through and I found a seat, an got a cup of coffee and a sandwi and then, afterwards, I listened such beautiful words that I ha that I had ever been cold or been hungry, and only wished t I might have the joy in my hea which the men in the meeting w speaking. After a little whi learned to know Jesus, and I lea ed to love him, and he has taken c of me ever since I gave him heart, and he has found work me and food and clothing, and I so happy to-night. I wish you, t would give your hearts to Jesus find that wonderful Saviour who do so much for our hearts and lives." Then Frank would sit do As he lies there in his casket ev heart can realize what Frank w say if he could but talk. I am s he would say: "Boys, give y hearts to the Lord. Put your hand his, and let him lead you, and o having started, never, never g up." I wonder why it is that these two should have been selected? But knows best, and may we heed the warning, like these two be prepared to meet our God.

Dr. Klopsch made a brief address, in course of which he said:

Stephen Merritt, who made the opening rema on this occasion, once met Marion Harland, they ed writer, at my office, and she said to him: Merritt, don't you think in all our efforts to do very much is necessarily wasted: much of t much of money, much of love?" Mr. Merrit sponded. "That is none of my business. I am to do and to give, and the rest I leave with God ever I entertained any doubt as to the wisdom such a course, it would have been fully reni when, a few moments ago, Mrs. Bird said to "Brother Klopsch, for all the money and all those and all the time spent in the Bowery Mission, it is full compensation in the thought that these precious souls were saved through its instrumentality." And here in the presence of God, and of the host of ministering spirits now hovering around this scene of mingled sa and triumph, I rejoice that these two precious s came within the healing ministrations of the Bo Mission.

These two men came in here, and like the w men of old, inquired diligently after one Jesus he that said, "In the day that ye seek me wit your heart, I will be found of you," and "He cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," rese himself unto them as the sinner's friend, the Sav of men, the one altogether lovely, the fairest am ten thousand, whose grace was sufficient to the of the pilgrimage, and through the merits of w abundant they entered through the pearly ga washed in the blood of the Lamb. The last t in any of one is inscribed on his coffin plate. W he was dying, he looked up and said: "Tell Bird it is well with my soul." The testimony other was oft repeated, when he was told tha was doing too much and giving more than a m has limited means ought to give, he replied: "W I gave myself to God, I did not give him my finger, but I gave him my whole hand and whole heart."

It is to us who remain to continue the warfar fight the battle of faith, to gain the victory aga again, to extend the boundaries of the Redee kingdom, but to these two men who lie before silent and so cold, it is farewell to trouble, farew to temptation, farewell to anxiety, farewell to ger, farewell to homelessness, and welcom heaven, welcome to home, welcome to the Red er, welcome to the crown of victory, and welco eternal rest and everlasting peace.

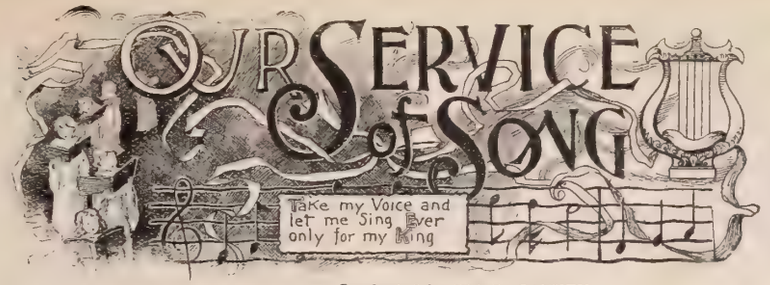
The bodies were interred in Mt. Oli Cemetery the same afternoon.

Loyalty's Obligations.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning March 1. Luke 10: 25-37.

LOYALTY is a word that strikes a chord with which our ears should be familiar. Christ is a king—our King. With all his humility, his patience and gentleness, he never concealed his claim to kingship. True, his kingdom, as he says, is not of this world, but it is in the world, and it is here that men may enter and do service. We speak of Christ as a Saviour and as a Teacher, but it must never be forgotten that he is a King. As there are definite conditions of entrance into his kingdom, so there are laws for the government and guidance of those who have entered it. Personal loyalty is the first and chief of these. Christianity is no system of philosophy, though it is philosophical; it is not an ecclesiastical system, though a church has developed from it; it is a kingdom with every subject in allegiance to the King. What, then, does this loyalty involve?

It is surprising how few were the laws Christ laid upon his people. Considering the system from which Christianity was evolved, with its minute and stringent regulations, and considering the class from which the first members of the kingdom came, it is remarkable that Christ should have given so few commands. He relied mainly on the power that the new life, which he imparted, would have in shaping life. Christians would not be stamped from one mold, but men of many minds, modes of thought, positivities and temperaments. The new life would show itself in a variety of ways. In some, it would be joined to the impetuous nature, as in Peter; in others to the zealous, as in Paul; in others, to the gentle, as in John. Each man carried into the kingdom his personal characteristics, and there were plans for them. With this liberty there was to be one overmastering, all-pervading principle — that of love. Christ knows that if his follower's heart was full of love to him and others, his life would be right. He set no limits to this principle, but was at some pains to remove the limits human prejudice had set up. A man naturally loved his family, and often had a clannish love for his countrymen, but it went no further. The lawyer's question, in the passage on which the topic is based, shows the narrow limits common at the time. "Who is my neighbor?" Christ inverts his question in answering it. "To whom am I a neighbor?" is the question the lawyer is invited to ask himself. Active kindness, even to a stranger, to a man of another race, to a man who in faith would resent kindness as an insult, is enjoined by the parable. Love must be an enthusiasm, running out to seek objects on which to expend itself. It must not only be given to persons having a claim upon it, but to persons who had repudiated such claims. Among the few laws Christ enacted for his kingdom this is conspicuous, and he has joined it with loyalty to himself. We are to be kind to the poor and those who need kindness and will regard it as done to himself. They are his representatives. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them," he represents himself as saying at the last, "ye did it unto me." And this is the test of loyalty, that we love our neighbor, and if, like the lawyer, we ask, "Who is my neighbor?" the parable answers, "the man who is in need of neighborly help."

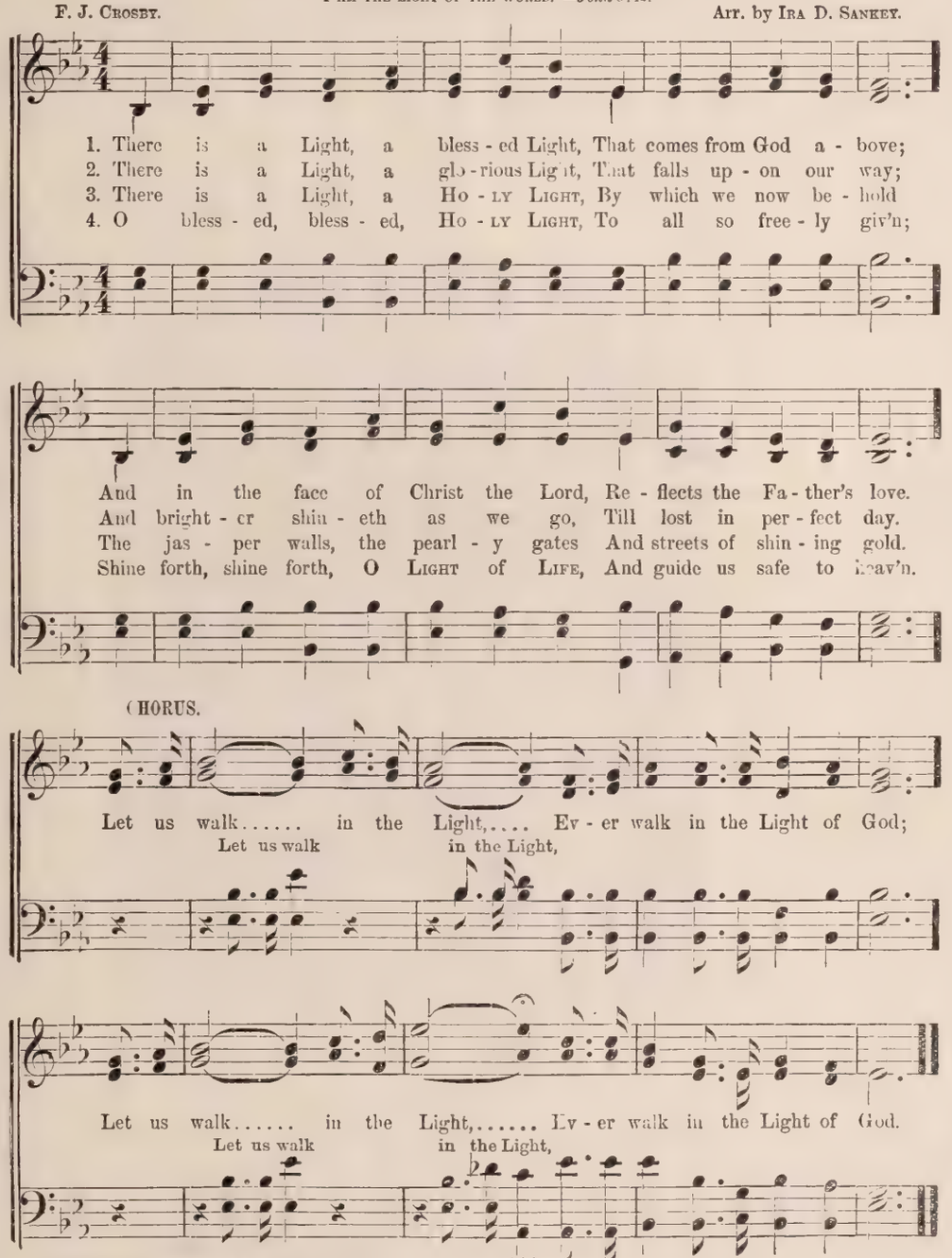


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."—*John 8: 12.*

F. J. CROSBY. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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Free'y Give.

"Freely ye have received, freely give.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,
'Tis a lesson we should heed;
Heap not treasure for to-morrow
You may never, never need.

There are needy ones around us,
Struggling with the toil of life.
Give to them and help them onward,
Up and onward through the strife.

Deck not thou thyself with jewels,
Silken raiment, gold and gem,
While thy poor but worthy brother
Toils the stream of life to stem.

When thou givest do not 'grudge it;
Freely give as Jesus gave—
When upon the Cross he perished—
Gave his life, the world to save.

'Tis no credit for us mortals
Just to give what we can spare—
Spare from our great store of plenty—
There's no self-denial there.

If we would be blest in giving,
We must make some sacrifice;
When we stand before our Maker,
Only that will then suffice.

If from out the wiles of Satan,
But one lost one we can save;
In the land beyond the river,
We a crown of life shall have.

Grinnell, Ia. —MRS. S. F. KENDALL.

The Midnight Cry.

The Clues Prophecy Gives us as to the Nature and Characteristics of the Warning.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

TO those who do not allegorise unfulfilled prophecy, but believe that, like all that has been fulfilled, it means what it says, and so is to be construed literally—there are some predictions pertaining to the last days of this dispensation about which there cannot be any controversy. For example, there cannot be any doubt that the living saints will be translated before the full revelation of Antichrist, not only as Autocrat of the revived Roman Empire, but as the god of this world. For, as the Church of the First Born, according to Zech. 14: 3-5, and Rev. 19: 14, will accompany our Lord when his feet again stand upon Mount Olivet, it necessarily follows that their rapture had taken place before that event.

But other connected events are not so definitely pre-recorded as to leave no room for inference or doubt. An example is that midnight cry which will precede and proclaim the rapture of the Church. With the Divine axiom, "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be: and there is no new thing under the sun," we are prepared to find something in sacred history analogous to this momentous event. Thus it is, that when the Most High slew the first-born of all the Egyptians, it was "at midnight" that this penalty was inflicted on the house of Pharaoh and his people, who had doubtless supported his oppression of the Israelites.

Of this future midnight cry, we read in Matt. 25: 1-6. Our Lord, in narrating the signs of this Second Advent, said that, "The kingdom of heaven shall be likened unto ten virgins who took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom, and five of them were wise, and five were foolish. While the Bridegroom tarried they all dozed or slept; and at midnight there was a cry—Behold the Bridegroom cometh—go ye out to meet him."

It is in accordance with all God's past dealings with his children that no deliverance is vouchsafed nor any penalty inflicted on the rebellious without prior warning. So it is here; for our Lord in pre-narrating the events which will herald the Second Advent said (Mark 13: 35-37), "Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh—at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning." And lest any one in these last days should presume that our Lord restricted his warning to the disciples then present, he added, "What I say unto you, I say unto all—watch." This solemn warning was reiterated by the apostle Paul, who said (I. Thes. 5: 3-8), "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you unwares.

Now what this midnight cry is, is not revealed, and various suggestions have been made as to its character. But in this conflict of opinion, we have more certainty as to what it will not be:

It cannot be the testimony of the living church as to the imminent coming of Christ. For we read that both wise and foolish virgins dozed or slept—tired out with long waiting, it may be, and so losing this hope of the church through the many disappointments as regards its proximity. And thus it was not until these slumberers were aroused from their guilty sleep at midnight, that they "arose and trimmed their torches."

(To be Continued.)

Sorrow in a Palace Home.

The Widow of the Late Prince Henry and her Children at Windsor.

SORROW comes alike to the palace and the hovel, to the homes of the rich and the cottages of the poor. There is this difference only: that the sorrows of those in high station are seen of the world, while those in humbler life bear their griefs alone, save for the Great Consoler whose balm is ready to be poured upon every heart that turns toward Himself.

An empire was saddened lately, when the news came to England of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg in Africa. But the passing sympathy of a nation, grateful though it ought to be, could do little to bind up the wounded and broken hearts in the home at Windsor, where the bereaved Princess Beatrice and her children live during a part of each year. Ever since their marriage the Prince and Princess have lived as members of the Queen's own household, whether at Windsor or in the Isle of Wight or at Balmoral in Scotland. The children (who are shown in our illustration, from a photograph in the London *Illustrated News*), are four in number: the eldest, Alexander, a boy of nine, a daughter, Princess Victoria Ena, aged eight, and two younger boys, Leopold and Maurice, aged six and four respectively. Princess Beatrice, the widowed mother, is the youngest daughter of the Queen, and together with her children has been a great favorite with the English people.

Windsor Castle is less than an hour's ride from London, and is situated on the right bank of the Thames. It is a stately group of buildings, rich in historical associations, and has been for many centuries a royal residence. Many of the English Kings are buried there. The living rooms, one of which is shown in the picture, were remodeled by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, and contain mantelpieces and ceilings of the ornate decorative style of three and four centuries ago.

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Little Ministers.

Every child may be a minister if he chooses, and if he be trained in the fear and love of the Father. The child Samuel, we are told, "ministered before the Lord, being a child." Rather a tiny little minister he must have been. He was too young to preach, but yet maybe he preached in his own way, without knowing it; for there are ever so many ways of ministering before the Lord. I know a father, writes J. Reid Howatt, whose children preach to him every morning, and yet they don't know that they are preaching. Every morning they come down and say their prayers by his side, and when these three little heads are bowed down while they are speaking to God, that father feels he should be a good man and set a good example, for fear these dear children should go wrong. So you see they preach though they don't know it. And that is one way in which you "minister before the Lord," when you pray. You make father and mother happier, and so you minister to them before the Lord.

One night when a family were all gathered round the fire, a little girl looked up and asked: "Papa, why does everybody like Eva, our neighbor's little girl? She [illegible] the rest of us, and isn't often at school, and yet everybody likes her. How's that?" "Why," said her father, "[illegible] lamp; it is a very frail thing, and doesn't [illegible] very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light, and little Eva gives love; and that is why people love her." She was always ministering before the Lord, for they who love do always that. Won't you try, each of you, to be one of God's little ministers?

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Fault-Finding.

Fault-finding is an art that is easily learnt. All you have to do is to find out some little thing that is wrong, and then think about that, and keep your eyes always upon that, and by-and-by you won't be able to see anything but that! You know there are black specks on the face of the sun? Well, some people are greatly interested in these specks, for they can tell us very much about the weather—about cold seasons, wet seasons, storms, and the like. Once, when a new speck appeared on the face of the sun, a gentleman called one evening upon an astronomer, who had been all day studying that speck through his telescope. "What a fine day we have had!" said the visitor; "I have seldom seen the sun so bright." The astronomer looked puzzled for a minute, and then gave a hearty laugh. "Do you know," he said, "though I have been looking at the sun all day, I never noticed whether it was bright or not? I was so interested in that new speck which has appeared, that I didn't see anything else; and, really, until you spoke, my idea of the sun had been that it was rather dark!" That is the way fault-finders get so much to do: they see something or other that is not just right, and they go on thinking about that, and speaking about that, till they cannot see anything else; yet the fault they notice may be only a speck in the midst of a great deal of brightness. Try to discover the brightness that is in people, and then you will scarcely notice the specks.

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A New Home Game.

At a recent children's party in England, a new amusement, called "The Spider at Home," was greatly enjoyed. On the arrival of the guests they were shown into a room where an immense cloth spider had apparently spun a large web all across the room. From numerous nails and projections were webs and mazes of white cotton threads, each attached at one end to a large, bright-colored cloth spider or beetle, or some such insect, at the other end of which hung a little wooden winder. Each child in turn chose one of the latter, and winding up the thread followed all of its intricacies until a particular insect was reached, inside of which was found a small present. Some of our juvenile readers might find this a novel and amusing game for a winter evening.

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Hiding Each Other's Faults.

Have you never seen women veil defects? writes Mrs. Margaret Bottome. I have. Oh, they know how to do it, with smiles and sweet words, and telling of all that was lovely in someone, and idealizing at that. You could only see the flowers they planted, and yet the ugly stump was there—but "charity covereth." The most dreadful thing in a family is the calling of your attention to some fault or other in some member of the household. I have seen husbands do it, speak of the fault of a wife, and have seen the wife try to cover the mistake of the husband in so doing. Oh, it is so pitiful. I wish young husbands and wives would not act as if there were no need of cultivating what they have. Even love is a talent which can only grow and increase, as we take pains to nurture it!

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A Royal Sabbath-keeper.

It is related of Queen Victoria—who is a strict observer of the Sabbath, and who lays aside all secular duties on that day—that one of her Cabinet ministers arrived night at Windsor Castle on a Saturday

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF BATTENBERG AND HER CHILDREN.

tle with important matter. These, he said, he would not ask her to look over that night, but on the morrow. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your majesty, but the business of the state will not admit of delay." The next morning the queen and her court went to church as usual.

The queen had asked the clergyman to preach on "The Christian Sabbath: its Duties and Obligations." At night Victoria said: "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into those papers." "I could not think of intruding upon your majesty at so early an hour," said the minister; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough." Here is a lesson for thoughtless parents to impress upon their children.

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P. P. P. P. of Four Ps.

[illegible]

If we will cultivate and always entertain pure thoughts with good will towards all, we cannot help being pleasant, prudent, and particular in all we say and do which helps to make great happiness.

On Guard.

YOU have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp, and clever,
He's sure to get away from you,
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears.
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue!

PRISCILLA LEONARD

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A BIRTH-DAY PRAYER MEETING.

A reader of this journal, Miss Isabe Withers, sends the following excellent su gestion as the result of personal experien Select a number of bosom friends, write each one, giving the day of the month which your birthday comes, and ask e to be much in prayer for you on that d and if possible, ere the day closes, or soon as they can, write a word to you be ing upon that subject; not a good, frien letter, but just a word or two upon t subject of prayer, or quoting some of Go precious promises, and mail it to you, you may in that way more fully re they were with you in a very tender m ner upon that particular day. Your frie may be scattered many miles apart, but that day you will feel they are all w you in a glorious all-day prayer-meeti None but God can count the value of Then, as soon as you receive that writ by your friends on the day of the all-d prayer-meeting, you will so gladly in swer write them something of the gloric times you had on that day. As e friend's birthday comes in turn, you w be with them in an all-day prayer-meeti

Try this once, and you will be eager the birthday prayer-meetings as they co in turn.

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A Foolish Sacrifice.

In the homes of Hindus, the ladies the household never expose their fac save to the members of the family. deed, so strict is the observance of ca lines and native custom in this resp that the high-bred Hindu woman wo rather die than violate any of these infl ible laws. A Calcutta journal publis the following incident which illustrates a remarkable degree this strict caste obs vance: "Some months ago the home o wealthy Hindu family was on fire. Th were nine *purdah* (zenana) ladies in t house, all of whom resolved to meet th fate in the flames rather than expose the selves to the crowd which surrounded t building. Six of them perished, and t other three were dragged out by force, t ribly burned." The character of a reli ous and social system which holds hum life so cheap naturally shocks the feelir of Christian communities, whose wiv and daughters are far too precious and de ly loved to be imperiled, even in the slig est degree, for the sake of an absurd c tom.

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Rebuked by a Child.

It has frequently happened that a ch has been the instrument for the salvati of its parents. A Christian pastor te this incident: "The parents of a cert little lad were not Christians. They w respectable, however, and his mot taught him the Lord's prayer. She a taught him an appropriate little verse say as he retired for the night. Then t boy would repeat after his mother: 'G bless papa, mama, and Willie and ma me a good boy.' One evening as he w kissing his mother good night, he look up into her face and said: 'Do you pra mama?' 'No, darling.' 'Does papa pra 'I never heard him.' 'Why do you ma me pray?' 'That you may be good.' 'Do you want to be good, mama?' 'Oh, ye 'Then why don't you pray, and pa pray?' 'We've gotten out of the spiri guess.' 'Well, mama, maybe God w hear my prayer. But don't you think y and papa want too much of a little fell like me to do all the praying? You mig help me a little.' These words sank de into the mother's heart, and it was n long before that house was a house prayer and of blessing."

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 9, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

S. S., Germantown, Pa. For my aged husband, who is far from God, that he may be saved before the end comes. Also for a wayward son, now absent from home, that God will do him good in mind, body, and soul, all that he needs.

A. L. C., Baltimore, Md. That an only son may be saved.

A. L. E., Lowell, Wis. That a brother under heavy affliction might be brought to Christ.

Subscriber," Unadilla, Mich. That self and family might be brought into the light.

Subscriber," Ont. That a young girl suffering from pulmonary disease might be converted before she is called away from this world.

A. L. C., Brooklyn. That my husband and two sons might be converted, and that my own faith might be strengthened to trust God for the salvation of these precious souls.

A. Y. Z., Brooklyn, N. Y. For the conversion of my mother, two brothers, sister and sister-in-law, none of whom has yet learned to know Christ as a Saviour.

A. V. R., Ont., Can. For the salvation of four sons, now leading a sinful life, that God would make them his servants and cause them to work for him.

Anxious Mother," Margaretville, N. Y. That God would save her two sons, and especially that her prayers about the younger one may receive an answer of peace.

Anxious Mother," Philadelphia. Please pray that my dear son may become the subject of redeeming grace, and accept Christ as his Saviour now.

A. M. S., Fairfield, Neb. For the salvation of an only son and an unbelieving son-in-law, that both might become new creatures in Christ. Also that a daughter might be more faithful.

For the Restoration of Health.

G. C., Portland, Mich., who has suffered for over twenty years from a painful disease, that healing may come from the Great Physician.

Believer," Dundalk, Ont. That the means now being used for the cure of a young woman may be blessed to her complete recovery.

A. M. M., South Salem, O. That Christ would heal an only son, now in a hospital, and growing worse under treatment, rather than better.

In His Name," Evanston, Ill. That a beloved aunt, whose recurrent sicknesses are very distressing, might be delivered and made strong and well.

Mattie E., Wis. That a dear brother whose reason has been lost, might recover his senses and be once more the stay and support of his widowed mother, as he was for seventeen years.

For Special Blessings.

"Believer," Canada. That a religious girl's earnest endeavors to earn a livelihood might be prospered; also that a righteous family now suffering persecution might be helped to bear the affliction patiently, and that their cruel persecutors might be led to see the error of their ways.

G. P., Roanoke, Va. I need prayers that my faith may be strengthened.

Friend," Louisville, Ky. That God may use me in his service.

M. E. B., Bath, Mich. For an outpouring of God's spirit on the neighborhood.

W. H. L., Canon City, Colo. For grace and faith to do effectual prayer in the Master's vineyard.

M. M. M., South Salem, O. For needed help under heavy burdens, in sorrow, anxiety, and loneliness.

E. A. R., Avoca, Pa. That God would make me a true, good, and faithful Christian mother, by doing my whole duty to God and my family.

M. E. J., Princeton, Wis. That God, who has promised to help those who call on him in trouble, may send the help I have asked him for so long.

Reader," Topeka, Kan. That God would give his Spirit to teachers and pupils in Washburn College, and to all connected with the institution.

A. S. E., Nyack, N. Y. That God would enable me to abandon evil associates and give me the courage and determination to persist in quitting sin.

Constant Reader," ——, Cal. That a woman afflicted with a violent temper, which is a misery to her and all about her, may be led to seek grace from God to overcome it.

Anxious Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y. That his wife who has been led away by the wiles of a wealthy, vicious man, might repent and return to the home and children she has deserted. That in some way she may be undeceived as to the reception she would have, and be encouraged to quit her evil way and come back.

Friend, El Paso, Tex. That God would interfere to prevent wicked men holding a prize-fight in that neighborhood, and in some way to thwart the plans they are making.

"Father," Brooklyn, N. Y. That a son who, after a period of clean living, is apparently relapsing into his former sinful ways, may be reclaimed and made safe by believing in God.

M. J. F., ——, Ark. That a dear friend, now a backslider, who has strayed from the fold of Christ, might return to the Saviour seeking forgiveness, and might find pardon and peace. Also for a better understanding of God's ways in answering prayer.

M. C. L., Baltimore, Md. For more grace, that evil thoughts and suggestions may no longer find a place in my heart, that I may have full assurance of my acceptance with Christ, and that the doubts which now torture me may no longer distress me.

"One in Trouble," Wilmington, Del. That he who has promised to make darkness light and crooked things straight, will open the eyes of one who is being deceived, that he may see that things are not as they are represented to him, and that a severed friendship may be renewed.

"In His Name," Illinois. That God's blessing might rest on a family in need of his help. That the young parents might have the grace they need to train their children for God; also that unselfish and kindly, charitable thoughts of others might become the characteristics of the family.

N. R., Julian, Pa. That God would touch her husband's heart, wherever he may be, and cause him to return to the home he left three months ago; that the home and the three little children, once so happy, but now so desolate, might again become joyous and united in Christ.

"Despairing One," Williamsburg, N. Y. For grace to resist the temptations of one dearly beloved, whose sophistries it is hard to overcome in his presence. When the struggle is past I thank God for victory, but I fear that some day I may be entreating his pardon for awful wrong, or worse still, so lost to hope, as to feel it is no use asking pardon. Pray that he who is able to keep us from falling, may keep me.

H. M., Wetona, Pa. That God in his infinite mercy would look on an afflicted family. The father sick for three years past; the mother now prostrated with a malady which precludes her working any longer; four young helpless children wholy dependent on them for support; poverty becoming more pressing every day, as the small savings are exhausted. Both father and mother are Christians, and are looking to God for help in their sore affliction.

"Tried Believer," Hoboken, N. J. That in some way I may be enabled to earn enough to support myself honestly. My wages earned in an office in New York cover only my fares and board, and I have nothing left for clothes. The other girls dress well, and I am so shabby I am afraid I shall be discharged. I need help, oh, so badly, and the only help offered me is the price of sin. Pray for me, that I may be true to God and to the memory of my dead mother, who assured me when she was dying that God would care for her orphan child.

The Right Prayer.

At the recent centenary of the London Missionary Society, Dr. Lindsay of the Free Church said: he "was often discouraged at missionary meetings by hearing prayers offered for the opening of doors—when during the last thirty years no less than seven hundred million people, formerly inaccessible to the Gospel, had been made accessible—and by the prayer for laborers, when the Volunteer Student movement had provided the workers. These were, therefore, not prayers. Prayer was asking for what you have not got and want to get. What, then, is the real honest prayer for 1896? 'O, Lord, open my purse.' That is what you are wanting; what you have not got."

Wonders of the Antarctic.

Herr Borchgrevink, the explorer, anticipates great discoveries on his next visit to the Antarctic Continent. He found there, he says, signs of vegetation and of animal life, and he thinks it not improbable that a new human race akin, if akin be anything, to the people of Greenland may there be found. The seals which he discovered in the waters showed a certain timidity, which he attributed to the fact that they were attacked or preyed upon by other animals, this idea being further borne out by the wounds they carried on their bodies. Herr Borchgrevink declares that he can perform the task which has hitherto baffled all other explorers. He is ready to investigate the Antarctic Continent, and with the aid of snowshoes will try to reach the south magnetic pole.

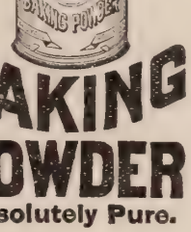
All Is Well!

AS the days are swiftly passing
And we pause to backward look,
We can read on mem'ry's pages
Clearly as on any book:
Many are the joys recorded,
Sorrows deep they often tell,
But above them hear the Master's
Tender accents—"All is well."

When our lives were sad and dreary,
And the rain was falling fast,
When our hearts with grief were laden,
Bending low beneath the blast,
How that gentle voice still soothed us.
We would e'er the story tell,
Of the Saviour who has led us,
And has taught us "All is well."

What a King and what a Saviour!
He who came in lowly birth
To redeem poor fallen sinners,
And to heal the wounds of earth!
Shout with gladness, sing his praises;
Louder let the anthem swell:
Jesus came, and Jesus saves us,
"All is well!" yes, "All is well!"

ROYAL



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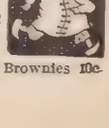

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CHAPTER V.

An Uneasy Conscience.

THE Morton mansion was not Janet's home. This pretentious name belonged to the house where John Morton's father had lived and died, and where his mother was now living. It was a large, square, two-story house, sitting back in state. It was like the Mortons generally, not wanting to know everybody, but it stood as if wishing to be left alone to its big grass plot, to its wide carriage-way approaching it circuitously, to its outflanking rows of firs. It was that kind of a house suggesting great resources of comfort if occupied by a big family, filling its rooms, overflowing into its halls, echoing with laughter at its windows. It had now a lonely, forsaken look. Hardly a carriage disturbed by day the wide path bending round to its front door. By night from a side window in madame's chamber always gleamed a lamp. Such solitary lights sometimes make the outlying darkness more sensible from very contrast.

However, there was one part of the house that was thoroughly cheerful. That was the quarter where Paulina Davis presided. The kitchen below in a snug ell, and her chamber above, were set apart to the cultivation of a cheerful contentment. Paulina had a very vigorous personality and a happy one. She was energetic, tidy, and thrifty. She suited Madame Morton exactly, save on madame's despondent days, when she wanted to make everybody and everything gloomy as herself, but she could not bend Paulina to her will.

"No, I'm determined to be on the bright side of things, yes, bound," she would say, "and that settles it. When P'leen Davis's bound for to do a thing, what's to hinder?"

So she would shake her head, look out of her brown eyes in a very decided fashion, and start some cheerful tune. Then perhaps she would pull a curtain up to let in more sunshine, or perhaps lift a flower-pot to see if her "fav'rite geeranyum" had budded, or pull out the damper of the stove and set the fire to blithely murmuring. When all resources of occupation and diversion failed, she would pull out a half-completed braided mat from some receptacle and go to work on this. Paulina believed in mats manufactured of all kinds of bright woolen rags.

Besides Paulina and the madame, Mrs. Blakey Chase might often be found in the old house. Whenever madame had an "ill turn," Mrs. Blakey would desert her spouse and come up to tend the old lady, for which Mrs. Blakey received a compensation. It was "nuts and raisins" to Paulina when madame had an ill turn, Paulina told Blakey, for then Mrs. Blakey would be in the silent old house and Paulina classed her as "real good company." Paulina's conscience sometimes reproached her because she viewed with complacency madame's likelihood to have an ill turn. If Paulina did come short of dutiful sentiment before these spasms of sickness began, she made up for it by the most faithful attentions to the old lady when sickness did set in. There was one other retainer of the family. This was Jed Davis' particular friend, Sandy Jones, but his work at the Morton mansion did not [illegible] for fishing, and time for any adventure with Jed. But if Sandy did not always stay at [illegible] was sure to be there. If an "ill turn" was coming to madame, Sandy's tall, heavy [illegible] ises, and that set Paulina's heart to fluttering.

"My Captain" [illegible] a few days, as unable to go to his mother as she was to come to him, when Paulina saw signs that madame was about to have an ill turn. She had taken madame's breakfast up to her room. It was still in shadow, for little of the light drapery of the curtains had been drawn. Madame was still in her bed.

"You — you — feel sicker?" asked Paulina, making out imperfectly a face on the pillow.

"Don't feel just easy," moaned a voice, old, worn, broken and querulous.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

Paulina went away in perplexity. She muttered to herself, "It is comin' on — suthin — must be an ill turn."

General Paulina Davis concluded to call in her forces during the day. Sandy did not go to the fishing-grounds off South Ledge, but at once reported to Paulina for duty. In the midst of dinner Mrs. Blakey Chase was summoned.

"What is the matter, P'leen?" she solicitously inquired, bursting into the kitchen with its variegated floor.

"Don't know — suthin'! — she's not in pain, but dreadfully complainin'."

"Pain is a-comin', then. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"He is a-comin'— there, if he hasn't come! There's his kerridge out at the stable door now!"

Doctor Bent was a self-important old physician, with a cheerful, palavering way, rubbing his hands as he entered a room and patronizingly greeting all he met. He went into madame's room, but came out again in a little while. As he went out he told Paulina she had better send for Lawyer Skeele. Madame wanted to see him. "She has something on her mind," he said.

"Wants to make her will," whispered Mrs. Blakey to Paulina. "That's the suthin' on her mind."

Yes, something was on Madame Morton's mind, and it was not just the making of a will. The something had been there day after day, week after week, year after year. It had rubbed and galled, making a wound that asked for some kind of a doctor, but the right doctor had not been called in as yet. This sore place in her conscience Madame Morton was now resolved to poultice.

The "something" on Madame Morton's mind, the galling chain to be unwound and laid down, was this: Years ago, Nathan Morton and Judson Morton, Janet's father, the two brothers, had been connected in business — transactions out of which Nathan finally came much richer, and Judson was left a poor man. The responsibility and the work had been so divided that Judson went into the business arrangement loaded, but when it came to the sharing of profits, Nathan had the load on his back. Nathan had so adroitly managed everything that there was no legal obligation to give up half the profits, but the moral obligation was heavy and pressing. This moral obligation was neglected, and the two brothers were as estranged as if foreigners from opposite sides of the ocean. But conscience has its day of account settling. Nathan had been trying to get it far down out of sight and hearing, and stifle it, but when he was in his last sickness, conscience shook off all the heavy incumbrances piled upon it and rose up and confronted Nathan. The sick man could not bear it.

"Wife," he said feebly one day, "I have something to say to you. I don't think I have done just right by my brother Judson."

The wife knew this very well.

"Wife, I propose to leave my property to you — for John is not worthy of inheritance — and I will make you the executor of my will also. I want you to pay my brother ten thousand dollars. No need of specifying it in my will, for you will do it, and one time may be more convenient for you than another. You can manage it."

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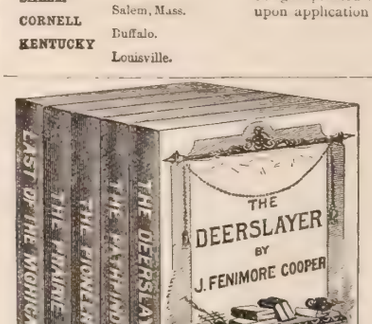

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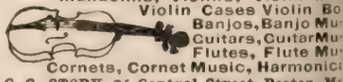

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IN HIS HANDS.

Continued from preceding page.

Having made this gag for his conscience al smothered it once more, transferring h duty to his wife, he made his will, tned over in his bed, and died. And w many days had gone by, weeks, nths, years. Judson Morton had also tned over in his bed and died, the ten thusand dollars still withheld. For Na-tn Morton had inserted into his request tnis wife that word "convenient." She ws expected to pay when convenient, at that convenient season had not come. A almost insane fear of coming to want h tormented her, but she now felt strong-pressed with the conviction that life's ise had almost run out. She would then beyond all need of money. She had bter at once discharge that long-delayed dt to the family of her brother. "uick!" said conscience: and her reply th time was a question to another: "The lyer come?" "Yes, I hear him and h clerk, Tobias Ames, out on the door-sp." replied Mrs. Blakey Chase.

Let them in!" squeaked the invalid. hrough the hall and up the echoing sirway, bare of carpet, they slowly came. udson Skeele, the lawyer, sat down to attle table occupied by ink, bottle and piers. His face was shaven, and this gle all the more prominence to his sharp, dy nose.

adame was bolstered up in bed. Old a, though old enough to bring thin, white hrs and many wrinkles, could not destroy th evidence that in her younger days she mst have been a handsome woman. Some othe former energy of her nature was aused for the discharge of this duty, to-d, and the eyes flashed with something othe old brilliancy.

We will begin: 'I, Mary Ann Morton, bing of sound mind and in the full pos-sion of my faculties,' and so on," sa the lawyer, scribbling away; "Be all rdy fer you in a moment, madame; just st ting this. Now, madame, we are ready fthe first thing. 'I give and bequeath to who and what?"

adame's eyes brightened as she looked o of the window upon the firs that fl ked the house.

Well, squire, we think this piece of p perty is worth about ten thousand dol-la, and I shall give it and five thousand dlars besides to the daughter of Judson Skele Morton. That is Janet, but I want y to put it 'the daughter of Judson — Skele — Morton.'"

"h this style of phraseology, it seemed me like giving to the dead man, Judson Skele Morton, and thus making amends fo past neglect. Conscience felt easier th moment this poultice was put upon it. Bides there had been no confession of a wrong done by Nathan Morton. This w a sop to the voracious Morton pride.

here had been a pause in the old lady's wk voice in giving the name. "The daghter of Judson Skeele," she had said, an in a moment added "Morton." The pse had only been momentary, but it w long enough for Lawyer Skeele to th k that it was his own daughter that w meant. The added word "Morton" unceived him.

I wish my name was Judson Skeele an something more," he thought, and bc his long gray hairs above his writing a n. He had often wished he were a Mton. Judson Skeele was his grand-fa er, and quite a distinguished man. Jdson Skeele Morton took part of his na e from the old celebrity, and it was no a reminder to Judson Skeele that one wd more would have made him the per-son the will. The lawyer was writing "h heirs and assigns," when he sud-dly stopped and exclaimed, "But you hant named your son, John; may be yo don't mean to?"

Well, I shall get to him, squire. I am gog to give him ten thousand dollars, to You may begin."

s, she was determined to do justice by he once disinherited John.

I give and bequeath to John Morton, m son, his heirs and assigns —" rattled off he lawyer — "ten thousand, did you say Hope he will keep steady and not sq nder it."

Ten thousand, squire."

here was now no noise heard in the roh save the scratching of the lawyer's buy pen, and the old lady in silence con-tined her glance out of the window.

Now what else, madame?"

veral small legacies were here men-tioned, and among them was a gift to Paulina Davis.

"The balance, squire, the balance of my property I divide between John Morton and Janet.

"I shall make you my executor, squire."

"Ah — oh!" said the squire, in tones of exquisite satisfaction. Some of those golden plums, then — all, indeed, would pass through his hands. They were hands, so people said — and people will talk foolishly at times, it is true — that were rather sticky. What if any of the Morton plums going through those hands should stick by the way?

"Ready for witnesses, squire?"

"Yes, madame — but hold on!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, just a word! I will read it to you in a moment."

He had left out one word. It was a very important word. It was the word Morton. "Daughter of Judson Skeele," said the clause in the will, as he had written it, giving house and money to Janet. "Skeele" came at the end of the line, and the squire had forgotten to begin the next line with that important word Morton.

"Quite an omission!" he said to himself, smiling. "Lavina came pretty near getting a nice piece of property."

He took out his penknife, snipped off a narrow strip of paper, and wrote down the word "Morton."

"Anything to stick this on with, madame?"

"What, squire?"

"Any mucilage?"

"On that shelf back of the stove."

"Oh, yes; I see!"

He pasted the slip on to the under side of the sheet of paper containing the will, so that the word Morton projected beyond the margin and adjoined Judson Skeele.

"There!" he exclaimed, "All right now. Shall I read it to you before you sign it?"

"Let me look on while you read. Just hand me my spectacles, please, from the shelf where the ink bottle was."

The lawyer brought the spectacles. The old lady adjusted them promptly and energetically to her nose, and looked down on the document as he began to read.

"What's that stuck on there for?" said the old lady, noticing the slip attached to the margin.

"Oh, that's to get the name on, madame. Wasn't room for it."

"'Twould make quite a difference if the word Morton didn't stay there!"

"You are sharpening your wits more and more—ha, ha! They always said you were an extra hand for business, madame."

She did not seem to be suspicious, and told him to read on. When the document had been read, she said, "Now, I'll sign. I want three witnesses."

"I told you that you were a master-hand for business. I see that you understand."

"And the law says it means of disinterested witnesses," remarked madame, as if anxious to prove that she did have a good measure of business-knowledge.

"I see, I see! You would make an excellent attorney. Now I will call in Tobias, my clerk."

"Get my man Sandy and Blakey Chase's wife."

"I will, madame."

He did not wish for either of these, and was going to suggest two neighbors. He very well knew that Sandy and Blakey's spouse disliked him, and he did not like to have them. However, he brought them in.

The document was duly signed and sealed, and then the lawyer wrote down, "Signed and sealed by the above named Mary Ann Morton in our presence and declared by her to be her last will and testament and witnessed by us at her request." Tobias promptly attached his name, then Sandy added his scrawl, while Mrs. Blakey Chase modestly brought up the rear with an imitation of a pine bough fence.

"There, the witnesses can be excused," said the lawyer. Two of these noticed that the word "Morton" projected beyond the margin of the will. Two of them read the word "Judson Skeele Morton." These were Sandy and Tobias. The lawyer folded up the document and bore it away "Now you've got through! Aint you glad," said Paulina bustling into madame's room.

"Yes, yes," said madame gratefully. The poultice on her conscience was so agreeable.

"I think I will have a nap," said the old lady.

(To be Continued.)

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Evils of the Drink Traffic.

Ex-Senator Blair Describes the Causes of the Failure of Prohibitory Legislation.

NO one can doubt that there is relatively less of prohibition sentiment and conviction in the country than there was fifteen years ago. Last week I was conversing with one of the ablest public men in this country, Hon. Wm. P. Hepburn, upon this subject. He said his judgment coincided with the above statement, and further observed that he had given many of the best years of his life to the advocacy of the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Iowa, that they had succeeded for a long time in its substantial suppression in the country towns, but it had proved to be irrepressible in the cities, and that gradually public opinion had been changing in the direction of regulation where formerly the sentiment for prohibition was almost universal, so that now it is very difficult for a political party to maintain a prohibitory law in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and other States that have tried and abandoned state prohibition retaining at most only the local option idea. This partial failure of state prohibition in practice after the struggles of two generations indicates either that the theory is wrong or that there is some great fault in its application, or that the people themselves are wrong. Perhaps both the latter suppositions are true, wholly or partially.

The fundamental truth upon which prohibition is founded is that alcohol is a poison, and therefore of necessity always injurious to the human organization when in health—good for it never except by reason of disease and as a medicine. Manifestly if this be not so, government, that is society, has no right to prohibit its sale any more than other innocent drinks, nor the general traffic in the commodity at the will of the parties interested. Society may regulate the traffic in a good thing in such way as to prevent public or private injury, but if it be a good thing for the system in health there can be no more right to prohibit the sale of alcohol than of water or of bread, both of which may be hurtful if taken in excess. I believe that the true line of discrimination between the right to regulate or to prohibit a traffic wholly or partially is right here. It is the right of society to prohibit injury to the human being in both cases, that injury being occasioned by the abuse of a good thing in one case and in the other by a thing always bad in the healthy system. Thus regulation and prohibition are in one sense the same thing; that is, they are both different or comparative degrees of prohibition, and prohibitory laws so-called positively forbid the traffic where the article to be used is poison as alcohol always is when taken in the healthy system, while at the same time permitting its remedial use as is the case with strychnine, arsenic, prussic acid and other poisonous substances.

Prohibition is therefore after all but the regulation of the use of a poison, and when properly analyzed we see that it is but the application to alcohol of the same laws which are universally acquiesced in as to poisons in general. If the use of alcohol did not produce such an irresistable appetite there would be the same demand for the prohibition of its manufacture and sale [illegible] system, that there is for the prohibition of the unrestricted traffic in arsenic.

One who has not specially inquired would hardly believe the extent to which the church and the clergy even are opposed to prohibitory laws. One competent and observant writes me that most of the ministers and ninety per cent. of the church members in his observation are opposed to prohibition. Prohibition prevails in spots, but although this statement may be too strong for the whole country, yet I am satisfied that a large majority of the clergy and a still larger majority of the male church members are secretly if not openly against prohibition.

But it is no doubt the desire of the great mass of the better members of society in and out of the churches, to see the evils of intemperance destroyed by law and by the abstinence of individuals.

Why then are they against prohibition and why does the temperance reform so halt and languish?

I think it is because of the general and lamentable failure of prohibitory state laws,—not of prohibition itself, but of an inefficient method of attempted prohibition which does not permanently prohibit at all. The great body of the best people in the nation are disgusted and discouraged with the perpetual ultimate failure of the most strenuous and prolonged efforts to suppress or much lessen the sale, under any form whatever of mere state regulation or of state prohibition. No state law can seriously affect the manufacture, for that can be carried on anywhere out of the jurisdiction of the law as well as within it, and the nation practically controls interstate and foreign commerce. That cannot be sold which is not made. No state law can long greatly interfere with the sale because the intensity of an appetite already existing, will contrive to get satisfaction somehow and somewhere. After a while the most vigorous efforts to enforce prohibition or even stringent license laws are seen to be hopeless; the most zealous and conscientious tire out, and the enemy comes in again like a flood. There is no hope but in national and international Prohibition and that with a large P—. What are we going to do about it?

Washington, D.C. HENRY W. BLAIR.

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A Thread from God's Carpet.

Lessons Suggested for Daily Life in the Home and the World by the Grass.

BY REV. A. S. GUMBART.

THE things which are the most common are frequently the most wonderful. How often we tread the beautiful carpet with which our heavenly Father has adorned the earth, without thinking how wonderful it all is. As there are many different threads or color or design in the carpets in our homes, so there are many different kinds of grasses which compose the threads in God's carpet. When we speak of grasses we usually have in mind only the grass which constitutes our lawns; but there are between two and the hundred different kinds of grasses, each kind with a name of its own. Some of my young friends may be surprised when I tell them that the corn we eat is only the fruit of a mammoth grass.

Now let us see what lessons we may learn from the grass:

We may learn of the goodness of God in caring for us. The various grasses constitute the great share of the world's food supply. The bread and the cake we eat, and many of the puddings, are made from grass seeds. When we speak of grain or oats, barley or corn, we refer to different kinds of grasses. It is God who made the seed and causes the grass to grow by which man and beast are fed. This does not simply happen, it is a strong proof that God watches over us and cares for us. And surely, if God so loves us and cares for us, we should love him and strive to please him; and when we pray: "Give us this day our daily bread," we should appreciate how much it all means. And this too, should give us faith to trust God and to know that he will provide for us. You remember, perhaps, that on one occasion our Saviour, calling attention to the beautiful flowers which grew in the fields, said: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Just as fathers and mothers desire their children to love them and to trust them, so our heavenly Father is pleased when we love him and trust him.

The grass reminds us that we should be good to the poor. God makes the grass to grow for the poor man as well as for the rich. Your New Testament teaches you how good Jesus was to the poor. If we desire to please Jesus and to be like him we too, must be good to the poor. No one is a friend of Jesus who does not care whether other people are provided for or not. When God makes the grain and the corn to grow, he does not eat while others are starving; but he intends that every one who can shall have have a part in distributing his bounty to the needy. A person with whom I am acquainted, learning of a poor family in which there were seven children, purchased some groceries and took them to the place where these poor people lived. As he put them on the table the little children were so dreadfully hungry that with a heart-rending eagerness they grabbed hand fulls of raw oat meal and devoured it with satisfaction. Do you not think that this person's dinner tasted much better because he had been good to the poor? My heart aches when I think how many boys and girls go to bed hungry every night.

Again, we may learn from the grass that *God loves beautiful things*. The little flowers on the different kinds of grasses are exceedingly beautiful. Sometimes, however, they are so small that they cannot be seen except through a magnifying glass. And when we come to study the arrangement of the leaves and flowers on the stalks, and the various shades of green, and brown, and yellow, peculiar to grasses at different times of the spring, summer and autumn, we are impressed with the fact that God who is the author of all forms of beauty and color, is a beautiful loving God; and so we should try to praise God by our beautiful lives. There is much beauty in this world, in earth, and sea and sky; but there is nothing so beautiful as a beautiful life. The most beautiful thing in the home is not the furniture, or pictures, or fresco, but the beautiful life: if the life is not beautiful nothing can make up for it. Our words and actions and thoughts should always be such as to make the home and the world more beautiful and bright.

Some grasses teach us lessons of warning. There is one kind of grass called "Catch Fly Grass," because the leaves open like a trap, lined with sharp spikes, and if a fly or an insect steps within to eat of the honey, it closes and the fly is doomed to die. All along the journey of life Satan sets traps for our boys and girls, and he is very cunning. His trap is concealed, and his bait very tempting. You may know that in trapping wild animals, a deep hole is sometimes dug and covered over very carefully with boughs and leaves, so as to leave the tempting bait in sight and at the same time to conceal the trap, with the result that in striving to secure the bait the animal falls into the trap. So Satan has all manner of devices, and because the trap is not always seen, boys and girls who scorn to take advice are caught.

Let me, in illustration of this fact, tell you a true story: A young lad took to smoking cigarettes. When advised to drop such a foolish habit, he only laughed. By and by he took to cigars. He received plenty of good advice, but he "saw no harm in it." Later he received a position as a collector, and one day wanting a cigar very much, he took enough of his employer's money to buy one. The habit of taking small sums of his employer's money grew upon him until he was discovered and discharged. He secured another place, but Satan was after him, and again he stole. This time he was discovered and put into prison. Oh, boys and girls, I could tell you many such sad stories.

Not long ago I visited a woman in prison who had been arrested for stealing; and it all began by taking small pieces of cloth that belonged to other people. Her mother was a dressmaker, and the little girl would take pieces that were cut off. The habit grew upon her, and now when she was a married woman, she was arrested for more serious offences. Another woman is now serving a life sentence for murder which all began by writing foolish letters to a strange man, with whom she became acquainted through an advertisement in a paper.

Look out young people for Satan's traps! When we lie because we have done something we should not have done, or steal because we wanted something that did not belong to us, or say angry words because things did not go to please us, we put ourselves in danger of being caught in one of Satan's traps. Sometimes a fly is caught because of no fault of its own; but so far as we are concerned, if we strive always to do God's will and yield ourselves to the Holy Spirit, there is no danger of our being caught in one of Satan's traps.

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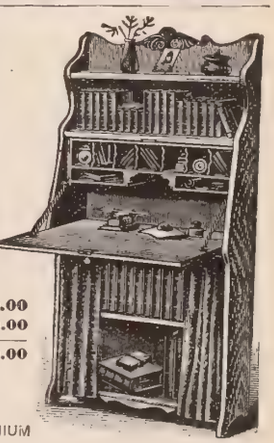

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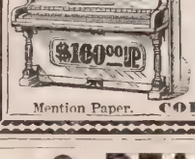

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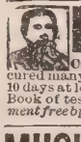

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Christ Before Annas.*

THIS materialistic Sadducee was appointed high priest in A. D. 7, and held his office to A. D. 14, when he was deposed by the governor of Judea; hence at the time of the trial of Christ, Annas had been an ex-high priest for sixteen years. He succeeded in getting five of his sons and his son-in-law (Caiaphas) into the high office. These men officially filled the office of high priest, but Annas was the power behind the throne that governed matters at long range. He enjoyed all the honor of the office without assuming its responsibility or coming under its restraint. He was very wealthy, much of which came directly and indirectly from the sacred office. Dr. Farrar says: "It was the family of Annas who founded the four shops under the twin cedars of Olivet, in which were sold things legally pure, and which they had manipulated with such commercial cunning as to raise the price of doves to a gold coin apiece. . . . There is every reason to believe that the shops which had intruded even under the temple porticoes were not only sanctioned by their authority, but even managed for their profit. There were good reasons why Annas, the head representative of the Viper Brood (as the Talmudic author calls them), should strain to the utmost his cruel prerogative of power to crush a prophet whose actions tended to make him and his powerful family at once wholly contemptible and comparatively poor." Annas stood opposed to Jesus religiously, financially, socially, and politically.

Jesus is standing in the presence of Annas, guarded by Jewish officers. Annas questioned Jesus concerning his apostles in about the following manner: "Young prophet, how many apostles have you? What are their names? Where are they? Young prophet, I perceive that you have been teaching your followers secretly for months to proclaim you a king at this annual passover, which thing they assumed to do on last Monday as you rode into the city with the people, crying, 'Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" This is a double statement with a double meaning. Annas' object in spying out Jesus' apostles was that he might have them arrested, and thus put an end to the powerful influence or Jesus at Jerusalem. Jesus purposely passed over the reference to his apostles, for he had decided to protect them at any cost to himself. As to his teaching, Jesus gravely replied: "I have taught no secret doctrine. All my teaching has been in the most public way. Why do you thus accuse me?" To those who were guarding Jesus his answer seemed to say: "Annas, your accusation against me is a lie."

* From *The Temptation Tragedy*, by Prof. A. P. Stout (12mo, cloth covers, copiously illustrated). This book portrays the tragedy of Christ from a characteristic and historical point of view, and is without room for theological bias and denominational bigotry. Price $1. Gospel Advocate Publishing Co., Nashville, Tenn., publishers.

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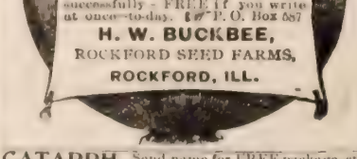

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Persecuted for Christ's Sake.

owland Hill, during his itinerary ough West Somerset, England, in the r 1771, appears to have made remark- e progress. He preached at Stowey to most unruly congregation he ever saw. "here was such a noise with beating of ls, shovels, etc., blowing of horns and ging of bells," he wrote, "that I could rce hear myself speak. Though we e pelted with much dirt, eggs, etc., I s enabled to preach out my sermon." e town of Putsham was equally de- ded. "Though the congregation stood ous, some scoffed at a distance, others ew stones. One man was slightly cut, another almost stunned by a blow ich cut him violently over the eye." tchet showed great improvement, for natives listened to a discourse on the digal Son with the greatest attention. e town was thus considered to be con- red. At Dunster nearly 1000 persons haved with the most awful attention" le Mr. Hill spoke on the text, "There is no peace for the wicked." About 300 ple came from Minehead to invite the acher to their town, where he addressed ongregation of about 2000, and where behaved well save a very few. At ksham and Stogumber the success was so great, and at the latter place, more ecially, there were those who were of- ded. Bristol and Bath were also visit- and in the first-named city he com- ced his services at five o'clock A.M., ch were greatly blessed. On the whole Christian preacher of our own time er had a more exciting or perilous expe- ce in a so-called Christian land.

A Parisian Jew.

a letter to a friend Mr. W. C. Mam- , who is laboring among the Jews of French capital thus describes a recent version: In the early part of last year, le passing our Mission Hall, 2 Rue du R de Sicile, a son of Abraham was at- cted by the singing of a hymn. He en- ed and listened to my discourse on Matt. 13, "Art thou he that should come, or ve look for another?" I spoke to him ar the meeting, and pressed upon him prophetical evidences of the claims of our Lord to the Messiahship, and called attention to the historical facts which corroborate the same. From the few re- rks he made I observed that he was an ucated man, and at the close he frankly d, "You have convinced me that Jesus is e Messiah, and I thank you for it." Haccepted a New Testament, and has n baptized.

Medical Missions.

"Disciples' Union of the Order of the Cible Cross" is now organized—a move- nt for world-wide medical missions. The me is taken from a device representing o crosses, one overlying the other, and the extremities of which bear respectively the initials of the words "body" and "soul." This new International Order has been recently established by Dr. Geo D. Dowkontt of New York, and consists of four guilds: the Physicians', Students', Nurses', and Helpers' guilds. The purpose is to affiliate all Christian physicians, with those who are studying the art of healing for both body and soul, and all who are disposed to aid by prayer, work, or gifts, in a great international association. F. G. Strickland of Hiram, O., is Corresponding Secretary, and will reply to any inquiries.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

dical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botani- discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its ures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of artinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Cl. of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years head to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to down night or day from Asthma. The Kola has cured him at once. To make the matter sure, th and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under re store as a testary public. So great is their faith in wonderful curative powers, the Kola Import- ing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out ial trial cases of the Kola compound free to all ers from Asthma. Send them your name and ress on a postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

medicine ever made has received such a vast e of voluntary praise as Hood's Sarsaparilla, e true blood purifier. It makes pure blood d builds up the whole system.

ONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather es Bronchial Troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Tro- hes*" will give effective relief.

Trial Balance for the Past Year.

BODY.

MY garners are so full.
Of hunger I've no fear;
I safely may defy that wolf,
Should he come prowling near.

The wintry winds may blow,
And wildly rage the storm;
I fear them not, for I am clad
In garments thick and warm.

My checks are good as gold,
With cash my purse is lined,
And on my banker I can draw
Whenever I'm inclined.

Without a debt to pay,
From want and care set free,
What needs have I unsatisfied?
I'm sure I cannot see.

MAN'S CONCLUSION.

Then, my dear body, take thine ease,
Drink deep from pleasure's bowl,—
And heed not what fanatics say
About your weary soul!

SOUL.

I starve! my empty shelves
Show not a crumb of bread:
And, when I my long journey take,
Oh! how shall it be fed?

My robe proved but the sham
Of poor self-righteousness:
And now, all worn and torn to rags
I freeze in such a dress!

I had but one small bill,—
'Twas all that I could get;
When tendered at the Bank of Heaven,
I found 'twas counterfeit!

My debts are falling due;
Bankrupt and beggared, too,
I'll go to Jesus for advice,
And ask what I shall do.

CHRIST'S REPLY.

Come, poor starved soul! come home!
My wealth with me to share;
I'll honor every draft you draw,
And banish every care.

Wellesley, Mass. 1890. —C.

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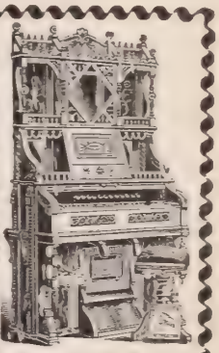

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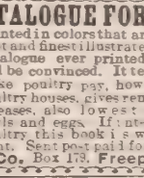

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 9.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1896. Price Five Cents.

THE LANDING PLACE AT THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS. *See Page 163.*

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

GATHERING TO THE STANDARD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Gen. 49: 10, *"Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."*

THROUGH a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the centre of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles northeast of Rome, a copper-plate tablet was found containing the death-warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the Prætore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintius Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

The death-warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy, says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to excruciation. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archæologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription: "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshippers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day, sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C., or A. D.—B. C., before Christ; A.D., *Anno* [illegible] All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the Cross of the Son of God, B. C., A.D. I do not care what you call him [illegible] Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother, [illegible] verse from which I take my text, and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the [illegible] I recognize or tell you that unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

[illegible] of Jesus Christ [illegible] No man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought, I must somehow get things readjusted, I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah! my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh! never be anxious about the future; better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front: Mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin-pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh!" says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh!" says someone here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin, he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you? O! the grace of God which bringeth salvation!

The grace of God! Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Ay! you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorns beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains, he says, "Past finding out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners—David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalen a great sinner, the Prodigal Son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half-and-half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin-pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will gather around Christ as a sympathizer. Oh! we all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But alas! for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Sha'l we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas! me, who can stand under these griefs? Oh! Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that came to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say: "Father, not my will, but thine be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish-bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles, and all these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts, and persuade us it is well.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you, than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the Presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says: "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens; yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour-barrel, "The Lord will provide;" or write on the door of the empty wardrobe, "Consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says, "Be off! never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the Governor, begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous allurement and impatient of parental restraint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away, until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

Oh! there is something beautiful in sympathy—in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnapped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? how if it had been my Mary? how if it had been my Maud? how if it had been my child? how if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle-bed to-night? how if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? how if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said, "Thank God!"? Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh! yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages, and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh! what a God, what a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction.

La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in three hundred years fifteen hundred worlds have disappeared. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most sorrows have been reserved for our world. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth

th Carribean Islands broke off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants — great surge of the sea breaks ov them and 214,000 perish that day. Ah, alas, for our poor world! It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the table-lands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and their cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the table-lands of the West. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance, but archæologists have found out it was history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archæologists, and the *Challenger* and the *Dolphin* and the *Gazelle* have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent.

Now! there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora and the fauna. Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort, and they are found not in the Brahma of the Hindoo, or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning's text will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this Rock of Ages will never be shaken from its foundations. The same Christ who fed the 5,000 will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to him shall the gathering of the people be." And my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world, it will not take him long to lift it.

I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period, perhaps, these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for Gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, the prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over forty years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old Gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest-fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. That work for which in this world we toiled and wept, and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors. We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah! yea, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple, those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier, those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude, those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God, those who could only lift a little child into the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as a Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine, as well as Christ's. He the conqueror, we shouting in his train, Christ the victor will pick out the humblest of his disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory he shall point her out for approval by the multitude as he says: "She did what she could." Then putting his hand on the head of some man, who by his industry made one talent do the work of ten, he will say: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfilment of this promise.

THE SULTAN'S PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGTCHE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and the St. Mark's, and the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Garlands of all nations on his brow — of the bronzed nations of the South and the pallid nations of the North—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea, to take the places of their sunken predecessors; Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood-striped of the Cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs, and the shout of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last: "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

In the Sultan's Palace.

The Abode of Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey — The Personal Character and Habits of the Ottoman Potentate.

PROBABLY no building in all Europe has so many associations with tragical events as that of which pictures are given on this and on the first page. It is the palace of the Sultan of Turkey, the autocrat whose rule is absolute over more than thirty million subjects. From this palace go forth the edicts which involve the death of thousands and which control the governments of distant provinces. Fifty years ago the Sultans governed a huge territory in Europe, but one province after another has been freed from their yoke, until Turkey in Europe has dwindled in size to less than half its former area. But the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan have not diminished and the events in Armenia which have recently horrified the whole world, show what that possession means. Nor are these massacres a new or unparalleled feature of Turkish rule. Similar horrors have been perpetrated before under the cognisance of the Sultans and the only reason why the indignation now aroused on the subject is deeper and more intense, is that it is now impossible to conceal them and in the days of the telegraph and cheap newspapers they are set in the light of publicity. The Turk is no worse now than he has always been, and is only trying to govern at the end of the nineteenth century as he governed in the sixteenth. As an eminent writer has said: "The Turk is still the aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of a civilization which he destroyed."

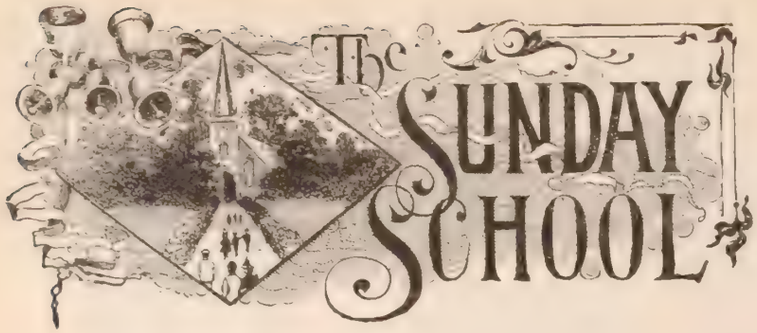
In some respects Abdul Hamid is better than his predecessors, and until the reports of the Armenian horrors were published, he was believed to be a great deal better; but they have proved that he has the same nature and is at heart as fierce and relentless as they. The character of the man is of so much greater moment to his subjects than in other lands, because of the utter absence of even the semblance of constitutional government. The government of Turkey is a despotism pure and simple. It is tempered only by the dread of assassination or deposition, and even those calamities may come rather from a wise and merciful policy than from massacre. The Pashas who surround the Sultan the successors of those who deposed his uncle and his brother, applaud the atrocities, and are willing instruments in the perpetration of them. The danger to the Sultan's person is far more likely to come through weakness and lack of vigor in persecution than from indignation at wholesale slaughter. The Sultan fully appreciates this fact, and lives in constant dread of treachery.

Secluded in his magnificent palace, trusting no one, and working as hard as the meanest subjects in his empire, the Sultan leads an unenviable life. He retains in his own hands the control of the smallest details of official business, and signs with his own hand the appointments of minor officials and decides questions which in other lands are left to the control of subordinate clerks. His hard day's work usually commences, says a writer familiar with the customs of the palace, at an early hour, and the whole morning till one o'clock is devoted to receiving the reports of his ministers and officials. Then after a light meal and a drive, which never extends beyond the park of his palace, he receives

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

ambassadors or presides at the Council of State. He dines at sunset, and usually alone, after which he resumes the examination of State papers, confers with the Pashas of highest rank and transacts the most urgent business. If he can snatch an hour of rest after his toil is completed, he spends it in the private apartments with the women and children, listening to music, or himself performing on the piano. The palace in which he thus spends his time day after day is described as occupying one of the most lovely sites in Europe. Charming views are commanded from its windows, and the park, well wooded, stretches down in grassy slopes to the Bosphorus. The park is nearly three miles in extent, and within it are the offices of the Government Departments. It is the centre of intrigue, and summary punishment is often meted out to persons rightly or wrongly suspected of conspiracy. Dr. Henry M. Field, of New York, who visited the palace a few years ago, says that in one of the courts a fountain was pointed out to him where offenders were put to death privately. It was formerly the custom, from which the present Sultan was the first to depart, to put to death on the accession of a new Sultan any of his relatives who might be likely to conspire against him. Even babes have been strangled, if they had royal blood in their veins, lest when they grew up they should become the centre of plots of discontented persons who might wish to substitute them for the reigning Sultan.

An interesting story of the present Sultan is related by Mr. W. T. Stead, in an article in his *Review of Reviews*, which in some measure explains the singular mixture in his character of fanaticism, such as that which produced the Armenian massacres, with the marked ability and intelligence he displays in the conduct of national affairs. It appears that when he was a mere youth, he was conspicuous even in Constantinople which is notorious for its immorality, for the gross excesses of his private life. There was then little probability of his ever ascending the throne and as he was condemned by his position to a life of idleness, he plunged into all the wickedness of the capital and lived a life of debauchery. Suddenly and without any cause that has ever been explained, he changed his course. He quitted his evil ways and became a devout follower of Mohammed, was attentive at the mosque and gave all his thoughts to his religion. From that time until now his religious enthusiasm has been the most prominent feature of his character. But with the change came a fierce intolerance, a desire that others should follow his example and a determination, evinced since his accession, that in his own dominions no enemy of the prophet, nor any who did not avow themselves his followers, should have peace or rest until they accepted the faith. This spirit accounts for the crusade against the Armenians whom he hates because they are Christians.



True Love to One's Neighbor.

Sunday School Lesson for March 8. Luke 10: 25-37. Golden Text, Luke 10: 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

TRUE love to one's neighbor is like love to God; it is not indigenous, it is the growth of another clime. The flesh, our poor, fallen, human nature cannot produce it; it is a thing of eternity; it has its beginning, and its never-ending, in him who is Love—the eternal God. It has all the characteristics of that wonderful picture of love in I. Cor. 13, and is as far above and beyond the conceptions of men as God himself, in his infinity, is beyond the finite creatures which he has made.

"A certain lawyer stood up and tempted" Jesus! A Jewish lawyer of the the time of Christ was a man versed in the law of Moses, the Holy Scripture of the day. The lawyers were the scribes, they had the transcription of the Scriptures as well as the administration of the law. Why should such an one tempt, or test, Jesus? It was the natural enmity which arises in the heart of one who knows what is right, and does it not, against others who do in their lives what he only teaches as a doctrine. Fortified, as he thought, in his Scripture knowledge, this man reckoned himself more than a match for Jesus. He came to him, and accosted him in his character of Teacher, saying:

What Shall I do

to inherit eternal life?" What shall I do? is always the question of the natural man. In every language and in every clime, men whether heathen, Mohammedan, Jewish, or professedly Christian, ask the same question—"What shall I do?" implying their belief that they can, at least, do something. The Lord Jesus, in every difficult moment, whether in encountering the devil or man, fell back upon the Word of God. What is written in the law? How readest thou? The lawyer was at no loss in any point of doctrine: without a moment's hesitation, he quoted the Divine epitome of the law from Deut. 6: 5; Lev. 19: 18. Thus he answered one question, the first; but left entirely unanswered the second, searching query, "How readest thou?" And yet the answer to this question involved the answer to his own. The lawyer's question implied that he had not come, as teacher to teacher, to discuss a point which was outside of himself: he did not say, What is to be done to inherit eternal life? but, What shall I do? and there was no impropriety in the question of our Lord, Teacher, "how readest thou?"

Jesus replied to the lawyer by taking him on his own ground; doing, not receiving: "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live." Again and again had these words been on the lips of this teacher of the law, but never before had he quoted them in the presence of the one whose life fulfilled them to the letter. The [illegible] "I do [illegible] eternal life [illegible] Something

Touched the Conscience

[illegible] himself worsted by his own version of the law, turned against himself. He did not attempt to stand upon his doing in the matter of love to God, but thought he had some chance in the matter of love to man. He desired to justify himself, for his foundations were trembling under him; and he [illegible] "But who is my neighbor?" If only a limit were fixed to his responsibility, he might do some little act of kindness here and there, appease his conscience, and so pass the standard. But he might have too many demands, the amount of love he possessed could easily be exhausted, and now that he was pressed into a corner by the intense reality of him whom he had attempted to attack, he must look well to his bearings.

And the Lord, in his wondrous wisdom, shed light upon the perplexed man by the illustration so well known as the parable of the Good Samaritan. But far from answering the expectation of the Jewish lawyer, and relieving his anxiety, it entirely reversed the view of things: he reviewed the persons who could institute a claim of neighborship upon him from the lofty heights of his supposed goodness, but the Lord's view of the case was quite another: it was to shew him that the duty he sought to shirk, was a privilege that he might well seek to possess. It was not who could claim to be his neighbor, but to whom could he prove, by his actions, that he was worthy to be neighbor. As long as we do anything in the spirit of patronage, we know nothing of the love which loves its neighbor as itself.

Christ does not Patronize.

He came down to our level that he might save us. Thus our Lord, in his little story of the traveler, who on the dangerous, robber-infested road between Jerusalem and Jericho, "fell among thieves," brings out in strongest contrast the representatives of the law and of the Gospel. The victim of the robbers lay wounded and halt dead by the wayside; nothing was left to him but the little spark of life which was almost extinguished. "A certain priest" by chance came that way; the object of his journey was evidently not to seek after that which was lost, and so he did not reckon the wounded man, although he was a Jew, to be his neighbor; "he passed by on the other side;" he had the same heart as the lawyer; he knew the law, but when it came to the test, he did not do it, the letter was familiar to him, but the spirit utterly foreign. A Levite followed, and he, "when he was at the place, came and looked on him," but it was no matter of his, he thought. He was to love his neighbor as himself, but who could prove that this man was his neighbor? He had in his heart just as much of that law of love which he taught as the lawer had; and when an opportunity presented itself for manifesting the love he taught about, "he passed by on the other side."

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed came where he was." The care for a needy stranger was evidently to him an admitted part of the journey which he undertook. The question, "Who is my neighbor?" had not occurred to him: he had no need to fence off from him those who could have made claims upon his benevolence. Living in sympathy with the heart of God, he trusted him to bring him in contact with those to whom he might be permitted to minister. Not being the steward of his his own resources, he could not only draw upon them fully, mount the wounded stranger on his own ass, and himself walk on foot, but when he took him to an inn, he could depute the charge of him to the host, on the understanding that whatever it might cost him, he would be repaid. It was a picture of Jesus, but it was also a picture of the man in whom Jesus dwells, who is the End—the fulfilling of the law. This, then, is the love of the Gospel: loving as we have been loved.

And Jesus, having completed the story, put the pertinent question to the lawyer, "Which of these three thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers" (R. V.)? The convicted man came down from his pedestal of criticism: there was but one answer to give, and he gave it: "He that shewed mercy on him." But, beloved reader, do you and I prove ourselves "neighbor" to those around us, whom God places on our path? It is true many of us are besieged with habitual beggars, who trade on the generosity of Christians, and refuse to work for their living, and we are in great danger of becoming hardened in heart from the continual discovery of hypocrisy and deceit among them. But God permits this test to drive us closer into his heart, and to lead us to wait on him all the more closely, that we may learn of him which are those to whom he would have us prove ourselves neighbors in his name, and which of the utterly unworthy people, who injure themselves and others by their laziness and beggary, should be steadily refused, because God had saith, "If any will not work, neither let him eat." (II. Thes. 3: 10, R. V.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AN INN NEAR JERICHO

SOON after the events considered in last week's lesson, Jesus appears to have quitted Galilee, where he had spent nearly two years of his precious time, since the beginning of his ministry. He traveled southward through Samaria, crossed the Jordan, probably near Jericho and entered Perea. This was the region which in Old Testament times was known as Gilead, and had been allotted by Joshua to the tribe of Gad. On his way thither, Jesus had a practical experience of the hostility existing between the Jews and the Samaritans. The mere fact of his being on his way to Judæa, was sufficient to arouse antipathy. He was refused even ordinary hospitality, and was treated so discourteously, that the disciples wanted to call down fire from heaven to burn the offenders. The Samaritans were despised and loathed by the Jews, and the Jews were hated by the Samaritans. That fact gives increased interest to the parable of this week's lesson. The occasion of its delivery was a question proposed by one of the lawyers of the time, as a test of Christ's orthodoxy. Christ knew that the lawyer was not seeking enlightenment, so he causes him to answer his own question by a quotation from the law. But the lawyer did not wish to appear in the light of a man laying a trap for the Teacher, and asked another question to show that his former one was justified. He wants to know how far this circle of neighborhood extended. Who is this neighbor whom he is to love as himself? What gives a man a title to the rights and claims of a neighbor? Christ answers by the parable, and he skilfully changes the standpoint of the questioner. The lawyer is invited to apply the question to himself and ask, "To whom am I willing to be a neighbor?" Jesus does not say that the robbed and wounded man was a neighbor to the priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan. The question was, Who was a neighbor to him? The difference is important. Here is a man in urgent need and three men know of it. To help him would involve trouble, expense and perhaps danger of being robbed by the same highwaymen who had maltreated the traveler. Two of the men pass by. They do not see that it is their duty to help him, he has no claim on them. Still less has he a claim on the third, who is a Samaritan. If, as we may infer from his coming from Jerusalem the wounded man was a Jew, he would when he was whole and well, reject an kindness proffered by the Samaritan. "Th Jews have no dealing with the Samar tans." Well, in this case, the Samarita might naturally decide to have no dealin with the Jew. But he is not a man of th kind. He uses his wine and oil, binds u the man's wounds, puts him on his ow beast and walks himself that the wound man may ride, takes him to the inn an defrays the cost of his entertainment. H does more. He bids the inn-keeper tak care of him and leaves two pence or dinar equal to thirty cents of our money, whi at that time was the pay of a laborer f two days and so equivalent to three d lars in our day, with a promise to p more if more is needed. That is the m whose example the lawyer is to follo He is to be a neighborly man. Possib the people whom he sees in need of he may be strangers, or enemies, they m have been imprudent, may have broug their misfortunes on themselves, it may none of his concern whether they live starve to death—we often hear such re sons given for withholding charity—t Lord takes none of them into account. H command is, "Go thou and do likewise His life and work are in unison with "While we were yet enemies Christ lov us and died for us."

What shall I do to inherit eternal life similar question was asked long ago in gan Rome. "What sacrifice will be m pleasing to the gods?" asked an earn young man, addressing Hermas. The swer was, "No sacrifice will be so acce able as yourself." The young man co not understand, so his teacher took h into scenes of misery and sin. He show him the suffering and the wretchedn abounding, and said to him, "Give yo self to relieving that; take pains; these people to forsake evil; deny your to supply their needs. Devote your life that work. There is your altar; lay yo self upon it and be a sacrifice."

He had compassion on him. We mi wait a long time now, for an opportun of helping a man who had been rob and half murdered, but we need not w long for an opportunity of helping so one and so doing what Christ sugges when he told the story. "I was sittin my window," writes a well known auth ess, "one cold, slippery day. A group boys were on the street under my winc laughing loudly. They were watching people as they turned the corner oppos I wondered what excited their merrim but I understood when I saw that the walk just there had been wet and frozen smooth. It was a treacherous pl People hurrying along in the icy air t ed the corner quickly, came unexpect on the smooth ice and lost their foot One after another fell and each time boys set up a laugh. Presently a came along with a basket. She slip and fell, and out of her basket rolled of spools of silk and cotton and a quan of buttons, tapes and such things. was in distress, her fingers were too and stiff to pick them up easily. boys laughed but none offered to help But the door of the house opposite op and out ran a boy without his hat. gathered up her little treasures quic put them in her basket and with a kin smile ran back into the house. That the act, I said to myself, of a Chris gentleman. I loved that boy."

Go thou and do likewise. The late William M. Taylor used to relate an dent of his family history in illustrati this injunction. His grandfather w farmer in a mountain district in Scotl One day he was going to the mill wi sack of wheat which was thrown ac his horse's back. The horse stumbled the sack slipped off. The farmer trie vain to put it back, It was too heavy one man to lift. In the distance a was approaching on horseback. Ta waited for him to come up, intending t him to help. But when the man one nearer it proved to be the Laird from castle, much too great a man to be a for such a service. But the Laird did wait to be asked. He dismounted helped to put the sack in its place. lor was profuse in his thanks. "Sa more," said his Lordship; "I will tell how to pay for my service: When you see a man needing a helping han as badly as you did just now, go you assistance." So saying he rode away

LIBERATING AFRICAN SLAVES.

The Dark Continent still Cursed with the Traffic in Flesh and Blood – A Movement to Emancipate and Educate the Slaves.

SLAVERY is not dead in Africa. Far from it: there are many parts of that great continent as sorely blighted by the black traffic in human beings as before the Brussels Treaty declared it to be the purpose of the civilized powers, holding colonial possessions in Africa, to secure the freedom of all who dwelt within their respective territories or came under the protection of their flags.

Hundreds of African fathers and brothers amid burning homes, are to-day falling under the bullet or the sword of the slaver; little children are being speared, young men and women are being chained and marched off to the slave mart; hundreds of wretched men and women along the paths trodden by slave gangs are sinking under the load. Numbers are being daily sold by parents, by creditors, by judges, by victors; male and female slaves are used over a whole continent as regular currency, in some parts even fattened for cannibalistic feasts. It is true war is being successfully waged at some points of the Congo State and in Nyasaland against Arab raiders, by European officers; but over the whole Soudan and through all Central Africa, native slave-raiders continue their inhuman business unchecked. The trade in human flesh in such places is as thriving as ever.

The revelation of this state of things gave rise to the great anti-slavery movement inaugurated in 1888 by Lavigerie. It compelled all the civilized nations of the world, including European powers, and the United States, to meet in conference and take immediate measures for the repression of the heinous traffic and the gradual extinction of slavery itself.

The General Act of the Brussels Conference of 1889-90, ratified by the President of the United States on Jan. 19, 1892, and proclaimed to the world on April 2 of the same year, contains in one hundred articles the programme of the civilized nations for this anti-slavery campaign in Africa. It makes it binding on them to stop all slave-dealing operations; to liberate the victims; and after liberation, to care for them and educate abandoned boys and girls. For the humane work of healing the sick, feeding the starving, protecting the weak, teaching the helpless to help themselves, settling the strangers in new homes, educating these savage wards of Europe into civilized Christian citizens, the governments through the Brussels Act call for the assistance of benevolent societies. Such societies have already been organized in every leading country of Europe; not only in those which have political and commercial interests in Africa, but also in Switzerland, Austria and Scandinavia. While the people do not withhold their pennies, the rich give of their wealth, the great use their influence, the brave give their lives. One German society, it is stated, has 200,000 members. At the head of the anti-slavery and Phil-African Leagues, we find in Germany: Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Count Arnim-Muskau, General von Stübberg, the Archbishop of Cologne; in Italy: Prince Rospigliosi; in Switzerland: Edouard Naville, the Egyptologist; Gustave Moynier, founder and President of the Red Cross Society; Count St. George; in Belgium: Leopold II., the Count of Flanders, and the flower of the Belgian nobility, of the clergy, and the social, commercial and political worlds. In fact, the whole nation seem to have enlisted in the Anti-Slavery Society. The Belgium Society has already equipped at great cost four considerable military expeditions which have done good work in establishing order on Lake Tanganyika, and in protecting thousands of native settlers around the mission stations there. The Congo State has established and supports four colonies of young people who are being carefully trained for state service as artisans and also as soldiers. Although a volume could be filled with all the good already achieved by the existing societies, the aggregate receiving capacity of all stations is sadly inadequate.

Thus far, American Christians have not actively shared in the great crusade. A movement is now on foot, however, having for its object the formation of an American Phil-African Liberators' League for the purpose of liberating and educating native slaves in Africa. The movement has already met with such a warm approval in many quarters that it is now practically assured that the people of America will be able to take up their share of the work vigorously and successfully.

Mr. Heli Chatelain, who has had eleven years of African experience as a self-supporting missionary, as U. S. Commercial Agent, and as author on African philology and ethnology, has had abundant opportunity to study the system of African slavery and the workings of the slave-trade. Again and again gangs of slaves, ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred at a time, scarred and starved, have passed before his eyes. Some who had been cruelly kidnapped or unjustly sold, or were illegally detained, encouraged by a word of sympathy in their native tongue, appealed to him for redress. But he was powerless. With agony of soul, he had to turn away and try to forget. But the vision clung to him, and kept haunting him until he resolved to devote his entire energies to the amelioration of the condition of those wretched people. Under the Brussels Treaty, they are nominally free and entitled to all the blessings of freedom. But officials winked at the violation and he found that traders and planters of many nationalities were not loath to secure their labor through the slave-dealers who were always ready to bring slave caravans to the coast towns to supply the labor market. And this is the state of affairs to-day.

AN AFRICAN SLAVE TIED BY NECK AND HANDS.
From a Photograph furnished to "The Christian Herald" by Heli Chatelain.)

In 1890 Mr. Chatelain was returning to America from Loanda by the S. S. "Mozambique," of the Portuguese "Mala Real." Among his fellow-passengers were over one hundred so-called contract-laborers for the cocoa and coffee plantations of San Thome Island. One young man, of dark brown complexion, and tattooed all over his face and body, attracted my attention. Mr. Chatelain recognized in him a member of the Ba-shilange tribe, among whom his friend, Dr. Summers, had labored and died. A patient interrogatory revealed the following facts: The fine-looking young man was indeed a Mu-shilange from Mukenge, Kalamba's town, near Luluaburg. He had seen Summers and Wissmann and the other white men who visited his country. His name was Musulu (river). He, with the Bashilange, had accompanied some native traders of Kasanji (Cassange), to this place on the Kuangu river. Here Musulu was taken ill and left in charge of Kambols ka Kitamba, a Cassange trader, with means to see him through his illness. The trader, however, saw his first chance of selling Musulu to a white trader of Malange, who in his turn sold him, through a coast-agent, to a planter of St. Thomas. It was a clear case of kidnapping. By the Brussels Act, that man should have been released and cared for.

But he knew not the white man's speech nor did these take the trouble to hunt up an interpreter to translate his story. If he became loud in his attempts to explain his case, a thrashing would soon silence the importunate talker. Finding a sympathizing ear in Mr. Chatelain, Musulu conceived new hopes of regaining his liberty. Mr. Chatelain tried repeatedly to redeem him, even at a high price. But all in vain. Had he been backed by a society his efforts would not have been fruitless.

A few months ago, a Portuguese official in Angola was accused by his own secretary and by the press of having sold six or eight natives, who had sought the protection of the Portuguese flag against those who wanted to kill them for superstitious motives. The officer was removed from his post, apparently to release the native victims from their bondage on the unhealthy plantation to which they were sold, or to grant them the protection of the flag which they had confidently implored. A Liberator's League could help the governments to carry out their own laws in such and similar cases.

The proposed Liberators' League, now being organized in the United States, will not be an aggressive organization in the sense in which that term may be applied to some European societies. It will not antagonize officials or governments, but, on the contrary, will work in sympathy with the authorities from whom it will receive the liberated slaves and, by colonization and industrial training, transform them into hard-working, thrifty Christian farmers, mechanics, and law-abiding citizens. While English, German, French, and Belgian cannot well undertake work in the colonies of other nations, owing to political rivalry, Swiss or American societies, as neutrals, are welcome in all parts of the Continent. Mr. Chatelain's personal connection with the African centres, at London, Brussels, Berlin, Paris, and Lisbon, will enable him to render efficient and valuable service in the work of establishing friendly relations with all the colonial governments. Briefly stated, the plan of the Liberators' League is:

1. To found colonies for the refuge and settlement of liberated slaves, in conformity with the Brussels Act. 2. To secure from England, France, Germany, Portugal, or the Congo State, suitable concessions of land for the planting of colonies. 3. To settle freed slaves on alternate lots with the needful tools, seeds, clothing and food, to enable them to raise a first crop. 4. To teach them by example how to improve native house-building, also farming, industries, and new cultures of saleable produce. 5. To teach them reading, writing, arithmatic, geography by gradual steps, and give them practical undenominational instruction in the Christian religion.

In all the colonies the chief causes of the African's miseries, namely: Witch-doctoring, poison-tests, heathen practices, polygamy with all its concomitants; intoxicating liquors and hemp-smoking; idleness and immoral white men, will be vigorously excluded. The settlers will be induced to work, and their produce will be purchased in exchange for useful articles of trade.

It is estimated that the cost of establishing and maintaining for the first year a colony of about two hundred men and women, would not exceed $10,000. The probable cost of emancipating a slave and giving a family a practical start in Christian civilized life would be about $50. Every person or company contributing $5,000 would have the naming of a settlement and a voice in its management. Each of the proposed colonies would have a competent staff of workers, viz.: A superintendent, a farmer and mechanic, and a teacher, assisted by African native Christians or colored Americans.

It is intended to organize branches of the League in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Already a number of persons prominent in Christian and philanthropic work have agreed to serve as an Executive Committee.

At the recent African Congress, held at Atlanta, Ga., in December last, Bishop I. W. Joyce introduced and Ex-U. S. Minister to Liberia, Hon. John Smyth, seconded a resolution which was adopted, pledging support to the proposed League. Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the explorer, Mr. C. C. Adams, Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country," Judge Charles P. Daly, and many others, are taking a warm interest in the project. Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has consented to act as Treasurer of the League, and all contributions in furtherance of its objects may be sent to his care and will receive acknowledgment. Requests for additional information, from those who desire to unite with the League as members and sharers in its philanthropic mission may be addressed to Mr. Chatelain, 118 East 45th Street, New York.

The photograph on this page represents a phase of African slavery which is, alas! too common in different parts of that country. Soldiers of the French Congo State on entering a village, liberated the slaves found there. Among others who were discovered was an unfortunate creature who had been tied up by the neck to a forked pole that projected from the end of his master's dwelling. The slave's hands were manacled so that it was impossible for him to make any effort to liberate himself. This manner of securing slaves is quite common among the slave-dealing tribes as well as among the Arabs. As the wretched victim can neither sit down nor rest for a moment, the torture of such a position as that shown in the photograph may be imagined.

Won From Sinful Lives.

At the new Home for Friendless Women, recently opened by Mrs. Josephine Williamson, at No. 125 W. Third street, New York, the work affords much ground for spiritual encouragement. The nightly Gospel meetings are well attended, and the interest is sustained throughout. There have been two conversions recently which present remarkable features. Both converts are girls who have been won from lives of sin to Christ. One (N. J. B.) writes:

"Thank God for the lighthouse on West Third street. Through trouble and the death of a darling child, I turned to drink. I had very good prospects and kind people, but it was no use. Every dollar I earned I spent for liquor, and then I got to stopping in the cheap lodging-houses. When I saw the way some people treated poor fallen women, I became an infidel. When I called on Mrs. Williamson we prayed together and the Lord saved me and took me back."

The other (signed D. M.) is a somewhat different case. After reciting her wrecked life she says:

"You have pointed me to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, and I know he has taken all my sins away. How I wish I had served the Lord long ago! I was sick and he gave me rest — praise his name! — that the world cannot give nor take away."

During the last two or three months there have been from twenty-five to thirty-five rescued girls living at the Mission. It is, however, still very inadequately furnished. There are thirteen rooms, but the present equipment is equal to less than one-half that number, the demands for admission being greatly in excess of the number of applicants who can be accommodated.

FIGHTING FAMINE IN ARMENIA.

Harpoot Now the Centre of Greatest Suffering—Nearly 100,000 Destitute in that Province—All Relief Funds Safely Received by the Missionaries—Armenian Gratitude.

NEW depths of misery and suffering are disclosed by the latest news from Armenia. It was known that the city of Harpoot, one of the chief stations of the American Board of Foreign Missions, had suffered greatly, and that several thousand Armenian Christians had fallen there under the Kurdish and Turkish swords, but the full extent of the destruction of human life and of the resultant suffering among the survivors is only now coming to light. In the Province of Harpoot are hundreds of small towns and villages, few of which have escaped the terrible fate of slaughter and desolation that lately befell over 2,000 other towns and villages throughout the country. According to the estimate of a high Turkish official, now cabled for the first time, Harpoot has suffered more deeply than any other province, nearly 40,000 persons—men, women and children—having perished in the recent massacres there. Thus in one province the lives sacrificed by Abdul Hamid's policy of extermination have vastly outnumbered the losses in the other provinces, as far as known. The same authority declares that there are now 94,000 destitute persons in Harpoot province—a condition so appalling as to be apparently hopeless.

Harpoot is one of the principal stations of the Eastern Turkey Mission, and is the seat of Euphrates College, a group of buildings, eight of which were badly wrecked during the riots of November last. This institution had about five hundred and sixty-four pupils in all its departments, and was exerting a powerful influence for good throughout Eastern Turkey. All regular mission work came to a practical standstill after the massacres, but the missionaries, despite the new difficulties they had to contend with, kept bravely at their posts, and are now conducting relief work, distributed over a very widely extended territory, as best they can. The funds at their disposal however, as may well be imagined, enable them to give succor only to a very limited number of cases—a few hundred at most—while many thousands clamor for aid which they are powerless to give. Another remittance will be sent to Harpoot from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund.

It will be a gratification to our readers generally and to those who have contributed to the Relief Fund in particular to have the official assurance of the American Board (which we publish below) that all our remittances from the Fund have reached their destination safely. A number of inquiries have been made regarding the safe transit of the Fund moneys to Armenia, and we take pleasure in publishing the following letter from the Assistant Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions in Boston, to Rev. Dr. Creegan, the New York Agent of the Board:

"I note that the editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have $5,000 more for the Armenian Relief Fund. Mr. Peet has written repeatedly that all sums forwarded were received and at once sent by him to the cities and villages where the distress and suffering is greatest. *Not a dollar this far has apparently been lost in transit*, and all has been carefully used, as soon as received, in furnishing needed supplies of food and clothing to sustain life. The calls for help, not only from Van, where Miss Kimball is working, but also from Harpoot, Bitlis, and other centers, are for larger sums than any yet received; and while we have great reason to be grateful and rejoice in the generous efforts of friends in England and America, yet the distress is *so great and so wide-reaching that every dollar is needed* to save those who have escaped the massacres from perishing with cold and hunger.

"Mr. Peet's letter, dated Jan'y 15th, at hand, states that disbursement is being carefully made at Trebizond, Erzeroum, Bitlis, Van, Mardin, Harpoot, Sivas, Cesarea, Aintab, Marash and Hadjin. The Armenians are extremely appreciative of what is being done for them, and their gratitude is unbounded, and they express it in the strongest language which they can command. Please express the heartiest thanks of all the officials of the American Board for the large and repeated gifts to this work."

Gloomy as is the missionary outlook in the afflicted provinces, the missionaries are still hard at work, hoping almost against hope for the return of peace and security. One of the leading missionaries of the American Board, now on the field, writes that the workers now there are almost despairing, and that recent events have filled them with gloomy apprehension for the future of their labors. Still, they hop and pray that under Divine Providenc Asiatic Turkey may yet be the scene Gospel triumphs. Although their regul avocations are greatly interfered with, th find ample opportunity, while conducti the relief work, to sow the precious seed Christianity, which may yet bear ri fruit.

New interest has been aroused in Er land concerning Armenia by the announ ment, last week, that Mr. Gladstone, d gusted with Lord Salisbury's vacillati Eastern policy, had decided to re-en public life for the express purpose of cha pioning the Armenian cause. He w claim, it is said, that England has been trayed into an unrighteous attitude on t Armenian question, and it is his intenti by pen, voice and public agitation, to co pel the recognition of the wrongs inflic upon that suffering people, and the ad tion of some scheme of substantial redre Since the recent Blue Book on Arme was issued, in which the outrages w corroborated in all essential points, th has been a revolution of popular feeling Great Britain in Armenia's behalf, and news of Harpoot's frightful experien coming at this time, strengthens the c viction that England still has a seri duty to perform.

The Armenian Defence League of L don is informed by its St. Petersb correspondent that the rumor tha Sultan has proposed an alliance with Czar is a fact and that he agrees conditions which practically amount the occupation and administration of menia by Russia.

Our illustration on this page will be a miliar one to those who may have trave in Kurdistan, of which Armenia fo part. Fine looking, athletic, and even ble in appearance, the Kurds are a fi and passionate race. They are true scendants of Ishmael, their hand aga every man, and ever ready for deeds f violence. Under the present Otto regime, they have been granted full lice for their evil passions, and the result been seen in the series of outrages w have deluged a nation in blood, and m the name of Abdul Hamid the synon for fanatic cruelty and phenomenal ir manity. They are a race of monsters, the responsibility for their crimes lie the door of Turkey's ruler, and of th governments that have made no effo stop the Armenian butcheries.

Contributions to the Relief Fund du the week are acknowledged below:

A GROUP OF KURDISH CHIEFS OF ARMENIA.

Previously acknowledged	$25,597.20	Mulford, Mrs J E	5 00	Steele, W H	1 00	Dorcas, Phila	2 00
Bennett, Miss Nettie	1 00	Nagley, Jennie B	1 50	Steere, Mrs Emily J	2 00	"Iskander	2 00
Clements, Kate A	50	Nash, Clarence	2 00	Stewart, Maggie	3 00	Rob Rec, Boston	10 00
Clemmet, T F	1 00	Nesconcets, A L	5 00	Stilson, Mrs C A	5 00	R A, Enfield	1 00
[illegible] W A	5 00	Newton, Mrs R C	1 00	Stipe, Elmer	1	Bible Sonderbeten	1 00
Cober, W H	50	Nickolls, Mr & Mrs J	1 00	Stocking, Alice M	1 00	S E E, Tolland	1 20
[illegible] N	1 00	Northrup, Mr & Mrs G	3 00	Stone, Mrs B J	1 00	M S H, Sheldrake	50
Collins, Alice L	1 00	Oehler, Mrs L A	1 00	Stone, Rev J M	1 00	G T J, Bozeman	1 00
Collom, John	5 00	Ogg, Barnes	10	Stull, Mrs	2 00	Mrs E J H, Lowell	3 00
Connolly, John	2 00	Osborn, Mrs Viola A	1 00	Sudbury, G H A Mrs L	25 00	S R L, Whitehouse	40
Cook, Z	50	Otis, Mr & Mrs C H	5 00	Sugarbaker, John	1 00	C W K, Phila	5 00
Cooper, Samuel	1 00	Otter, Irwin	10	Sykes, Jos W	1 00	G Y, Gt Bend	1 00
Cooper, E E S	5 00	Oxley, Mr & Mrs R W	2 00	Taber, Debbie	3 00	G C, Portland	1 00
Cowling, John	1 00	Packer, A E	10 00	Taggart, Mrs M A	1 00	M E R, Uva	2 00
[illegible] Samuel	1 00	Parkhurst, Hattie	1 00	Temple, Mrs I A	3 00	S E D, Brooklyn	10 00
Coy, Mrs W H	1 00	Pedrey, Wm	1 00	Thomas, D E	5 00	F B H, Augusta	1 00
Geissler, Mrs M M	3 00	Perduyn, Mrs J F	1 25	Thorp, J R	25	C C, Sparta	5 00
Gerrish, M E	1 00	Peters, Annettie	10	Tiley, Miss Georgia	1 00	M M B, Brooklyn	1 00
[illegible] W	1 00	Peters, C H	50	Tiley, Mrs H V	3 00	M E B, Jackson	1 00
[illegible] Mrs	1 00	Peters, G M	5	Tiley, Miss Hettie	1 00	S L K, Kelley	1 00
[illegible] A	10	Peters, H	3 00	Tomlinson, Wm	1 00	A K, Keota	1 00
[illegible] C	05	Peters, Mrs H	50	Topping, Mrs J H	1 00	E B E A M I E	1 00
Gibson, Wm A wife	2 00	Peters, L D	25	Tozer, Mrs S A	50	E M E, Bloomfield	1 00
[illegible] Mrs A Miss	2 00	Peters, M M	5	Tweed, J L	1 00	A M A, Hawley	1 00
[illegible] Mrs E A	1 00	Peters, R	5 00	Tylcott, Wallace	1 00	J W St John	1 50
[illegible] D	2 00	Peters, Ray	5	Tatman, Mrs Rebecca	2 00	U H L, Canon City	5 00
[illegible] Miss M	3 00	Peterson, August	5 00	Tribbetts, Nathan	25	E B, Washington	4 00
[illegible] Mrs Wm	1 00	Peterson, August E	1 00	Torny, M J	1 00	Mrs S, Roanoke	1 00
[illegible] Lizzie	1	Pierce, Clark	2 00	Townsend, John A	1 00	L E D W, Harrison	1 00
Kelsch, Mary	5	Pollock, Mr & Mrs R	2 00	Trevithick, John	5 00	I W S, Afton	1 00
Kersh, A W	3 50	Porter, Lutine L	4 50	Trout, Miss Mary	6 25	J B, Delta	5 00
Kessler, Mrs C	2 00	Price, W F	25	Turner, J M & family	4 50	S A C, Waltham	1 00
Kimball, Mrs M T	1 00	Prindle, John	5 00	Tyrus, Alvin	25	Mrs A & B, Forest City	2 00
Kinsman, Mrs S G	1 00	Purinton, Fanny E	1 00	Ulrich, P and sons	10 00	Mrs F H I, Muskegon	50
[illegible] H F	60	Pye, Mrs Samuel	50	Underwood, J C	1 00	C W C, Columbus	5 00
[illegible]	1 00	Rank, Dollie	1	Vanatta, Mrs E E	1 00	L J T, Epping	5 00
[illegible] M L	1 00	Rausch, Dr. Chas A	5 00	Vanatta, Mrs E D	1 00	T E L, St Clair	50
[illegible] Mrs E E	1 00	Reynard, Jos	10	Van Buren, Mrs E	10 00	Some little girls, Lisbon	2 00
[illegible] C E	2 00	Rich, John & Bros	10 00	Waldon, Mrs	25	Husband & wife, Sudlersville	5 00
[illegible] Emma	5 00	Riddle, Fannie M	5 00	Waldron, L	1 00	Widow, Annette	1 50
Krowe, Emily	1 00	Ridge, Frank	50	Wallace, F H	2 00	Watson, F M	2 00
Manson, Mrs A D	1 00	Ridge, Frederick & H	100 00	Wallis, B	5 00	Watson, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Mead, [illegible]	1 00	[illegible], Mr F I	50	Watson, Robt	2 00	Watson, Robt	2 00
Mead, [illegible]	25	Rogers, Mrs C W	1 00	Watts, B	5 00	Sage, J W	1 00
Meeker, Mrs [illegible]	50	Rogers, Mrs [illegible]	2 00	Watson, M & Mrs	5 00	St Andr, Harriet	5 00
Melchor, M	1 00	Rogers, Mrs [illegible]	5 00	Watson, Mrs [illegible]	1 00	Wat, [illegible]	2 00
Merrow, Mrs I M	1 00	Rogers, S J	25	Welch, Adam	50	Welch, Adam	50
Merrow, Mrs S	1 00	Rogers, [illegible]	1 00	West, Mrs A R	2 00	Orphan's mite	1 00
Merrow, Mrs M	1 00	Rogers, [illegible]	1 00	Westerman, Adam	5 00	Sel-denia of mother & daughter, Mont	100 00
Meyer, O D	1 00	Scherer, O D	1 00	Wetzel, Mrs [illegible]	1 00	White, B R	5 00
Miller, J J	1 00	Shaffer, M J	50	White, B R	5 00	Wilson, M	1 00
Miller, [illegible]	1 00	Shisler, S A	2 00	Wilson, M	1 00	Iowa Angels Co	5 00
Miller, [illegible]	1 00	[illegible] M	2 00	Wilson, Mrs [illegible]	2 00	Cash, Camden	5 00
Mills, J L	1 00	[illegible]	1 00	Wilson, W W	1 00	Yours truly, Port Jefferson	1 00
Milton, Mrs Mary B	1 00	Smith, Mrs Agnes	1 00	Wood, Irene S	1 00	Sympathizer, Summit	1 00
Monroe, [illegible]	1 00	Smith, [illegible]	1 00	Wood, I	1 00	Sympathizer, Summit	1 00
Moss, Mrs [illegible]	1 00	Smith, Jr, R E	1 00	Wood, I	1 00	Sympathizer, Summit	1 00
Mueller, A J	50	Smith, [illegible]	1 00	Wood, I	1 00	Sympathizer, Summit	1 00
Mueller, [illegible]	1 00	Snell, Martha A Amy	5 00	Woodward, [illegible]	1 00	M E, Graham	50
Monson, Robt A	1 00	[illegible]	1 00	Wright, F M	1 00	L E W, Carlisle	50
Montgomery, Annie	1 00	[illegible]	1 00	Wright, [illegible]	1 00	Mrs S K W, Kas City	5 00
Moore, [illegible]	1 00	Sprague, Eliza A	10 00	Wright, [illegible]	1 00	Zook, Selina	1 00
Moore, [illegible]	1 00	Stahl, Mrs J	1 00	Wright, [illegible]	1 00	Grass Valley	2 00
Mull, [illegible]	1 00	Staples, Jennie	2 00	Wyckoff, [illegible]	1 00	Yeomans, [illegible]	1 00
Myers, [illegible]	1 00	Star, Mrs M G	1 00	Yeomans, [illegible]	1 00	Friend, Woodstock	1 00
						Ridgewood	1 00
						Hanover	3 00
						Lanrowe	1 00
						Boston	1 00
						Winchester	2 00
						Ellensburg	1 00
						Essex	1 00
						Houston	1 00
						Edgerton	60
						Durham	1 00
						Waltham	1 00
						Carbondale	2 00
						Moriah	5 00
						Bellport	1 00
						Friends, Milton	1 00
						J Wareham	4 00
						Saranac	12 00
						Troy	1 25
						Greenville	3 00
						Alcolu	2 00
						Defiance	1 00
						Germantown	2 50
						For Christ's sake, Franklin	5 00
						For Christ's sake	100 00
						Hamden	1 00
						For his sake, Atterciffe Sta	1 00
						For his suffering ones, Grandville	5 00
						For Jesus sake, One	1 00
						In Christ's name, Holmesville	1 00
						I H N, Wheatland	5 00
						I H N, Germantown	3 00
						Aurora	2 00
						Moore's Mill	10 00
						Springfield	3 00
						Balto	10 50
						Skippack	1 00
						Updegraff	12
						Mich	60
						Pine Plains	1 00
						Falls City	2 00
						Berwyn	2 00
						Reader, Dubuistown	1 00
						[illegible]	50
						Lawrence	3 00
						[illegible]	2 00
						Sister, Port Oram	1 00
						Montecito	1 50
						Morrison	5 00
						Sunbury	5 00
						Uniontown	2 00
						Jeffersonville	1 00
						Wyoming	1 00
						Sympathizer, Summit	1 00
						Norwood	5 00
						—, Leicester	1 00
						—, Bridgeport	1 50
						—, Center Strafford	4 50
						—, Farmington	2 00
						—, Fitchburg	50
						—, Mt Hope	3 00
						—, Lecompton	2 00
						—, Lloyd	1 00
						—, Elmira	1 00
						—, Elkader	5 00
						—, New Hope	2 35
						—, Greenfield	2 00
						—, Ridgeway	2 00
						—, Weymouth	7 00
						—, Laingsburg	20 00
						—, Mattapan	2 00
						—, Kansas City	3 00
						—, Acorn, Spencer	1 00
						—, Atwood	30
						Y P S C E, Ivoryton	30 50
						I Bap Ch, Westmoreland	2 00
						Harwinton	2 00
						Lincolnville	3 02
						C E Soc, Round Rock	7 16
						Prim C E Soc, Batavia	5 00
						C E Soc, Cumberland	
						Pres Ch	3 40
						Jr C E Soc, Palestine	5 00
						E P C E, U M E Ch, Picton	10 00
						Gilby Public School	4 50
						Y P C U, Six Corners	1 45
						B Y P C U, Stamford	3 43
						Good Will Circle, K D, Fredonia	1 75
						Farther Lights Circle, Medina	2 50
						Hudson City Branch Y M C A	12 50
						Children's Miss Soc, M E Ch So Ark	1 30
						Ladies' Aid Society & Union S S, Ransom	3 49
						Ladies Benevolent Soc, Woodbridge	10 00
						Woman's Miss'y Soc, Red Jacket	8 55
						W M Soc, Cong'l Ch, Columbia	2 00
						Women's F Miss'y So, Portland	2 00
						W C T U, Calumet	10 11
						Temple Ch, Yarm'th	11 00
						Welsh C M Ch, Spain	5 60
						Bapt Ch, W Hoosick	9 67
						Ladies' Parsonage Aid So, Blackshear	6 00
						Dist No 1 S School, Brokenstraw	2 16
						Sergeant Sab School	5 50
						Glendale S S	3 00
						1st Ref Trinity S S, Ill	1 46
						Mrs C Armstrong	1 00
						L W T, Jerusalem	5 00
						Mrs V A C, Mexico	1 50
						S A N, Haverhill	6 40
						M S S Stiles	5 00
						C D P, Springfield	1 00
						N F X N H	1 00
						H A J Lehmon	50
						J H W, Lakin	2 00
						M L A, Throopsville	1 25
						E V K, Northport	1 00
						E E [illegible] Monson	1 00
						M S L, Weaver's Sta	25
						I H N, New Albany	50
						Annisquam	1 00
						Manchester	2 25
						Merton Square	25
						Arcola	2 00
						In Jesus' Name, Fosstoria	1 00
						In Jesus Name, Burnt Hills	1 00
						In Jesus Name, Burnt Hills	1 00
						In Jesus Name, Burnt Hills	1 00
						Miss Band, Stanley	3 00
						Little Ernest Workers, Alburtis	1 00
						Minister's Asso, Delta	10 00
						Woman's Home Miss'y Soc, Kingsley Ch	15 70
						Woman's F Missy Soc, M E Ch, Mass	6 00
						Children's Mite Soc, Bethesda Pres Ch	15 91
						Good Hope Bapt Ch	7 50
						1st Engl Cong'l Ch, Taylor	2 00
						One of God's Children, Va	2 00
						Servant of the Lord, Plymouth	2 00
						Bro in Christ, Defiance	5 00
						Methodist Damascus	1 00
						Family being led by Jesus, Great Bend	1 00
						Trying to serve the Lord, Ft Wayne	1 00
						Life missy helper, O	1 00
						Christian in Ky	1 00
						People of Jacksonport and Fish Creek	4 00
						Village of Franklin	33 60
						Friend and lover of the work, Lansing	13 00
						A friend of Jesus, Lansingburg	1 00
						A friend of the cause Buddtown	10 00
						Friends of Armenia	2 00
						A friend in Christ, Echo	1 00
						For Jesus Sake, Haskins	1 00
						Cong'l Church, No Leominster	8 95
						Oak Hill C M Church	23 05
						1st Cong'l Ch, Crawford	4 00
						Philadelphia and Robinson Presby Ch's	6 40
						Salem Welsh Presby Church, Kas	5 48
						Bapt Ch, Harrisville	2 23
						Free Meth Ch, Vineland	3 40
						Pleasant Ridge Frds Church	4 25
						Capitol Hill Bapt Ch	10 55
						Sunny Dell Church	2 50
						Press S S, 1st Church, Clinton	
						Canaan Centre and Flat Brook Church	
						Clark's Summit M E S S	
						Burbank Union S S	
						S S class, Sugar Hill	
						Mineral Pt Pres S S & S & kind friend, Cotesfield	
						Class No 2, Press S S	
						New Cumberland	
						Class No 9 of Seventh Day Bapt S S	
						Y P S C E, Cong'l Ch, No Leominster	
						Temple Ch	
						Reformed Ch, Linlithgo	
						Bradford 1st Bapt Church	
						Dunedin	
						Sweetwater Valley Union	
						Emanuel R I Church, Pa	
						Ohio State sch for the Deaf	
						Pine Creek	
						Reformed Ch, Clover Hill	
						Presy Ch, Anaheim	
						Junior Soc & friends, LaMoille, Bapt Ch	
						C E Or'nizat'n, Itley	
						Beaver Brk So of C	
						C E Soc, Zion's Ev Luth Ch, Elmsp	
						C E Soc, Petersburg	
						C E Soc, E Elba	
						C E Soc, Landisville	
						Parkesburg W C T U	
						St Johannes Luth League, Hatton	
						S S Gleaners, Rockf	
						E Longton Aid Soc	
						Remember Soc, Marinton	
						Ladies Miss'y Soc, Pres Ch, Ripley	
						Ladies M Soc, Marinton	
						L A S Bap Ch, Mun	
						Friends, Bible School, Gone	
						Union meeting of Presbus, Congl, Lutherans, Meth, & Bap's, Hillsboro	
						Union service of Meth's, & Bapt's, New Berlin	
						Total	**$30,38**
						And over 300 others acknowledged next w	

IN CALIFORNIA SLUMS.

The Excellent Work of the Gospel Mission of Los Angeles—A Consecrated Effort to Reach the Non-church-going poor.

IN many remote parts of this Union, there are bands of brave, consecrated Christian workers who are laboring, week in and week out, year after year, to reach the unevangelized masses with the Gospel of Jesus. Such a work is that which is briefly described below:

The Pacific Gospel Union of Los Ange-

H. A. GETZ.
President, Pacific Gospel Mission.

les, Cal., was organized by Major George A. Hilton on Friday, Dec. 4th, 1891. Its model was the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., its object the establishment of an Evangelical Gospel Mission, Bible Institute and Workers' Training Classes for both sexes, the visitation of homes and institutions, the free distribution of God's Word and Christian literature, and a thoroughly organized and systematic work, to save the lost. The Board of Directors consisted of S. I. Merrill, Lyman Stewart, A. M. Armour, E. B. Hayes, H. W. Mills, Judge McDonald, G. A. Hilton, W. W. Cockins and Geo. J. Binder. S. I. Merrill was elected President; E. B. Hays, Secretary; W. W. Cockins, Treasurer, and Major George A. Hilton, Superintendent. The first year's work was beyond expectation in growth and efficiency. Two branches were organized, one in the very slums of the city, on Alameda Street, and another at Pasadena, Mr. Geo. A. Binder being in charge of the city branch, No. 1. Headquarters were established at Nos. 431-433 South Spring Street, and in January, 1892, a Bible Institute was established which proved very successful.

In the Summer of 1893, Supt. Hilton was called East as an evangelist, and the work without a head suffered great loss. Mr. A. W. Hare, a young man, took charge for, and for a year, did most valiant service. In June, 1894, Evangelist C. S. Mason was called as Superintendent, and has held the position for seventeen months, with the following results:

Attendance	50,493
Gospel Meetings	919
Visits	2,327
Families Supplied	207
New Testaments Distributed	140
Clothed	143
Meals	27,184
Boxes Fruit Distributed	23
Requests for Prayer	1,124
Confessed Christ	578
Total Assisted	29,618

The organization is in touch, and cooperation with the National Gospel Union. The Sunday afternoon Bible school is composed mostly of adults, mainly laboring men. A light free lunch is served at 2:30, and at 3 o'clock the school is called to order, classes arranged, and the Word studied. Then, after prayer, and remarks by the Superintendent of the school, Dr. J. T. Rice, the teachers are given five minutes for personal work, urging the men to accept Christ. The Gospel net is then drawn, and an opportunity given to seek or confess Christ. Nearly every Sunday, somewhere away from home, decides for Jesus. On Sunday, Dec. 15th, nine came out for Christ.

The Gospel Wagon has been effectively used, and probably twelve thousand people have thus heard the Gospel. Over a year ago, a drunkard got into the wagon, came to the Mission, found Christ, joined one of the city churches and is reunited with his loved ones. Some of the conversions are worthy of note. One was that of a drunkard, saved over a year; another, that of a man who testified: "One year ago I fought in a ring, and won over three hundred dollars; but now, since I have been converted, I have turned away from all such things, from the old companions, and I have peace with God, and friends, and a good position." A companion of this young man—converted on the same night—was present, and gave testimony. One man, who came to the Mission for a piece of bread and a cup of coffee is now a successful professional man in Los Angeles, converted, happy, a church member. Another is foreman of a ranch, and many are engaged in various occupations. They have united with the Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran and United Brethren. A goodly proportion of the converts stand fast.

The Shelter is a quiet place, where a few of the converts can be housed until they can better accommodate themselves. The general work is supported by monthly subscriptions, varying from ten cents to twenty-five dollars a month. Two godly men and one woman have each given twenty-five dollars a month toward the work. The Mission brings church people in touch with the masses, and is besides a training school for Christian workers. On Tuesday nights the Christian Endeavor Society has charge of the meeting, and on Wednesday the Young Men's Christian Association assumes this duty. On Monday evenings the young people of the Central Presbyterian Church have charge. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the Superintendent, C. S. Mason, generally conducts the Evangelistic services.

S. J. MERRILL, ex-Pres. C. S. MASON, Supt. CHAS. H. BARKER, Vice-Pres.

OFFICERS OF THE PACIFIC GOSPEL MISSION, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Nearly every night in the week some one decides for Christ.

The Mission's new Board of Managers consists of: H. A. Getz, President; C. H. Barker, Vice-President; T. E. Nichols, Secretary; B. Bassell, Treasurer; Lyman Stewart, S. I. Merrill, H. G. Wylie, W. A. Spence, Dr. Carson, M. Pierce, J. H. Myrick, D. Galbraith, Dr. Morris and C. S. Mason, Superintendent. The present quarters of the Mission was once the headquarters of a noted saloon. A young man, who lay dying, suddenly said to his mother, "the saloon will some day be a house of prayer, for God has answered my prayer." The proprietress recently refused to rent it for a saloon, even at an advanced rental, saying: "Although I did once keep the saloon, I cannot rent it for that business, for I am a Christian now."

A Ship Providentially Saved.

THAT obedience to God's commandments has repeatedly been the means of saving life and property is well known, but this truth has probably never been more strikingly illustrated than in the following incident: Three ships sailed from the port of Abeideen on a beautiful spring morning. They were all bound for Riga. Their names were "The Orlanda," "Duke of Westminister," and "The Georgiana." The young captain of the last-named vessel stipulated with the owners that he would neve leave a port on the Lord's day. All the ships arrived at Elsinore on a Sabbath morning. Here it is customary to go ashore and get the ship's papers signed. Two of the captains did this, then straightway lifted their anchors and sailed away, the wind being in their favor. But the third captain determined to adhere to his resolution not to go ashore. He would in this way honor the Lord's day.

Monday morning came. Early he hurried ashore, got his papers signed, and returned to the ship, when unfortunately as it seemed, no sooner had he stepped on board than the wind suddenly changed against them! For three days they were hindered: but afterward a more favorable wind set in, and away they sailed, arriving at their desired haven. Hurrying along one of the streets, Captain Longmuir met Captain R. looking very sad and dejected. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Oh," replied Captain R., "if we had done like you that Sunday, we would not have to tell the tale we have. We sailed down into the narrow strait, and got into the open sea, where we were enclosed with with icebergs, and our beautiful new ships were crushed like bandboxes! The crews escaped on blocks of ice, and reached the shore bereft of all they had in the world." This incident is related by Mrs. Longmuir, the widow of the captain. Thus the Lord had evidently shut up His faithful servant until a way was cleared for him. It was a wonderful deliverance, never to be forgotten and a stern lesson to Sabbath-breakers.

The Desire of All Nations.

So shall he sprinkle many nations. Isa. 52: 15.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee;
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told:
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as One for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light,
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

—ARTHUR C. COXE, D.D.

A NOBLE LIFE CLOSED.

BY the death of Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., which occurred recently in Cincinnati, O., the Methodist Episcopal Church sustains a distinct loss. There were few men in the United States more widely known and esteemed than he, not only in Methodist circles, but elsewhere, and his influence, always exerted in the best direction and for the noblest purpose, was commensurate with his loftiness of principle, his unswerving uprightness, and his loyal devotion to the cause of the Christian religion.

THE LATE REV. SANDFORD HUNT

Sandford Hunt was a native of Western New York, and was born in 1825, of Methodist parents. He was converted at fifteen and joined the Church, of which he has all his life been a faithful and able servant. He received a collegiate education, and after finishing his studies, in 1847 joined the Genesee M. E. Conference. In 1872 his talents won recognition; he was elected to General Conference, and has since been a member of each succeeding General Conference. In 1876 he was chosen as a member of the General Book Committee, and in 1879 was elected Book Agent by the Book Committee, a position to which he was regularly re-elected every year. He also became Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, a position to whose duties he brought rare fidelity and practical judgment. He is generally conceded to have been one of the best-informed men in America on all that pertained to the mission fields of the world, and in all questions of plans or expenditures his counsel and wide knowledge were invaluable. Occupying several positions of so much prominence, he was peculiarly in touch with the whole M. E. Church throughout the United States. At the time of his death he had been attending a meeting of the Book Committee in Cincinnati. He was seized with apoplexy in his hotel, and expired almost instantly.

There were few men, in positions of authority, who carried more sympathy and consideration for others into their work than Dr. Hunt did. Frank and generous in disposition, sunny in temperament and intensely earnest in all that related to spiritual life, he was one who, from the very forces of his nature, made friends everywhere, and did much for the cause of religion in the circle in which he moved.

Recent Earthquakes in Rome.

Earthquakes shook the city of Rome very severely on two occasions recently. In the Vatican, the central seat of the Papal power, the effects have been most disastrous. There is no ruin, indeed, but the damage is of a serious nature, when it is considered that here are contained the works of art which make the Vatican world-renowned. The "lantern," as it is called, that crowns the dome of St. Peter's, and is about four hundred feet from the ground, had the windows in it almost all broken, and its columns are also damaged. In the Stanza or Chamber, where the ceiling and walls are covered with exquisite frescoes by Podeste, who died a few months ago, a portion of the ceiling has fallen. This makes a blank in the fresco from which it fell. In one of the chambers leading to the audience halls of the Vatican the earthquake has shaken the building so that a space of about an inch now intervenes between the marbie sills of the windows and the marbie paneling of the walls. Several walls, especially those of the circular tower of ancient date in which has been established the new observatory, show cracks that suggest a possible fall of the entire building, unless quickly repaired.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

The Christian Herald [illegible]

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Rewards Coming.

IS it not most time for this world to cry out for God? It has swung off from him, and will beno better until it swings back. We have only a little over four years left in this century, and I am hoping that before its gates close some mighty regenerative force may move upon the nations. Why not this season? God could, if he would, in one day shake the two hemispheres of their abominations and lift them into the paradisaic. Perhaps he may; perhaps he may not. But I am sure that you and I can do a little toward hastening the consummation by prayer, by holiness of life, by cheering others, who in turn will cheer us. The work will be accelerated and the day roll on when we will all be millionaires, not with the riches that we may have to drop at one stroke of apoplexy, but with the eternal dividends that God will declare to those who have been faithful unto death, and though our graves should be so humble that they will never tempt a resurrectionist, our heavenly mansion, if we have been faithful, will be so bright that God and the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect will not be ashamed to be our perpetual guests. Oh, the billowy bloom of that hillside! Oh, the warm and aromatic breath of that [illegible]

Weather Probabilities.

BECAUSE some men have made good guesses we elect them apostles of guessdom. It is always safe to prophesy a storm in September, or a drought in summer, or a wet spell in April. The old almanacs issued on the first day of January, announcing that it would be clear or cloudy or wet on certain days in the following August or December, were just as trustworthy as the prophecies concerning cyclones, or droughts, or deluges, or earthquakes six weeks ahead. The Weather Bureau at Washington is providentially allowed to foretell atmospheric changes for [illegible] but the [illegible] nals may be lifted; but there are no in[illegible] of the weather to foretell the [illegible] of [illegible] or the spired Jeremiahs of the weather to foretell the showery lamentations of a whole season. God will keep a realm of foreknowledge which no human guess can ever in[illegible] All hail to [illegible] for the important knowledge presented to the people; but for the altar of these evil prophets we have no sacrifices. Thirteen [illegible] there is one more to be happy; the only damage that comes from upsetting the saltcellar is the trouble of sweeping up the salt: and after you have started on a journey it is better to go back and get what you have forgotten, and Friday, except Sunday, is the most fortunate day of the week.

The learned Dr. Johnson said he did not believe in ghosts. He had seen too many of them. Among all classes, learned and unlearned, there are superstitions lingering. We hear much talk about luck. There is no such thing as bad luck and no such thing as good luck, but a Divine Providence that controls all. We could not tell how many times we have met with what people call "good luck." If we were about to start on a journey and wanted fair weather, though we heard it storm in the night, we have almost always found that the sun shone brightly in the morning. If we had a bad cold and feared that we would not be able to preach next Sabbath, by the time the day came we were hale and hearty. If some one stole our umbrella, we generally found that an unknown person had lost his in our own hallway. We left our cane in the cars, but a friend presented us with another. Our carriage broke down, but we got the benefit of exercise in walking. We missed the train, but by that means escaped a terrible accident. A steamboat on the Hudson river took fire, but we had chosen that same night to go on the other, that came through undamaged. We never knew an unkind thing said about us, but it some way turned out to our advantage. Those which at the time we thought our worst disasters have really been our best blessings. While living in Philadelphia I had one morning an unexpected call for charity amounting to twenty dollars, and that afternoon, from the gutter on Chestnut street, I picked up a pocket-book containing twenty dollars, and tried in vain, by advertising it, to find its owner. Almost everything that we expected to turn out wrong has turned out right. We were fortunate in selecting our grocers, our tailors, our doctors, our friends. We were born in a very good place, at just the right time, and had the best of parents. We have had what people call "good luck" in the morning, good luck at noon, and good luck in the evening. We have had many sorrows, and trod on many sharp thorns, and drunk from many bitter cups, and looked into very dark skies, but still we can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." You call that "luck." I call it "Providence."

With these men who prophesy evil things I have no sympathy. If you must prophesy, prophesy good. Evil prophets guess wrong ten times where once they guess right. If about the 25th of December the weather is mild, we hear the proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," and then I watch, and that winter and spring are unusually healthy. If I see in the papers, as last spring, that the frosts have killed all the peach blossoms in Maryland and elsewhere, and that we shall have none of that fruit, I expect that there will be such an abundance as that which enriched our markets. When through the Associated Press in early summer I hear that all the Western crops have been burned out by the drought or drowned out by the rain, I expect we shall have great abundance of breadstuffs for ourselves and for foreign nations. A few years ago, in spring time, nearly all the doctors and all the scientists said that the then coming summer would have cholera. It had been marching this way, and it would be here as sure as July and August came. July and August came, but there was not one case of cholera in America that summer. Away with the evil prophets, whether they deal in crops, or earthquakes, [illegible] The whole earth will yet bloom like the gardens of Chatsworth, and if the wrongs of this world are gigantic, the God who proposes to put them under foot is so strong that he could with one stroke of his little finger annihilate more worlds than the astronomer can in one night see through his telescope in the observatory. We admit that the castle of sin is strong, and in every embrasure is a loaded weapon, cannonading all the troops of God, terrestrial and celestial; but can the ocean drown a fly? Can a falling mountain kill a snail? Can the summer morning drink up a drop of dew? Then as easily can God overwhelm all sin and irradiate all darkness.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. W. K., New York City. Can you explain why the king in Daniel 3: 25 thought that the fourth figure in the furnace was like the Son of God?

Probably no distinct impression was in the king's mind, beyond one of great beauty and majesty. He might use the expression as the best mode of intimating that the appearance was supernatural.

E. L., Anderson, Ill. 1. When and where was Alfred Tennyson, the poet born and when did he die? 2. Who was appointed his successor as poet laureate? 3. Where is Tennyson buried?

1. He was born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, England in 1809 and died Oct. 6, 1892. 2. Alfred Austin, whose portrait and biography were published recently in these columns. 3. In Westminster Abbey.

Subscriber, West Toledo, O. Is it not unwise to allow unconverted young people to join Young People's Societies? Will they not come to believe that conversion is unnecessary?

In all the Societies we know there is no danger of them getting that impression. The tendency is the other way. We believe that it is the common experience. Associate members are more likely to become active members, than are young people who do not join the Society in any way.

Reader, McKees Rocks, Pa. 1. Is it proper for a gentleman to raise his hat to another on the street? 2. Why do we so often see the word "Selah" in the Psalms and what is the meaning of the word? 3. In what part of the Bible can I find the words, "Cast your bread upon the waters?"

1. Yes, it is good form to do so, but it is optional; a slight inclination of the head is sufficient, except when there is a lady, in which case hats should be invariably lifted. 2. It signifies a pause in music. 3. See Eccles. 11: 1.

A. C. P., Matfield, Mass., writes:

Our family have felt so sorry for the starving Armenians that I have tried to think of some way that we could all do for their relief, and I proposed that we all do without our supper, except one slice of bread apiece (no butter), which I felt wise for them to have, and that I would allow them eight cents each, and as there are six of us, it would be forty-eight cents a day. The first one to agree was Clarence, eight years old, then Archie, six years, then Helen, ten years, then Bertha, twelve years, and then their mother. It was rather awkward at first, but only six slices of bread were out on the table, and as I asked the blessing we all thought of those poor hungry ones, and were happy we could do a little for their relief. I send you $3.36 as the fruit of our self-denial.

C. J. E., Marsland, Nebr. 1. Is it right for Christians to get up a supper for a dancing-party, the persons being church members? 2. Should a young man ask a girl's parents if he can marry her when she is of age?

1. We have already answered a similar question repeatedly. Christians who have any desire for advancement in the spiritual life, would do well to forego dancing-parties. The dance has been the first step to the ruin of millions. 2. It is both customary and proper to do so, although she is legally her own mistress, being of age. Not to do so implies disrespect to her parents.

Subscriber, Madison, N. B. Will we love our friends in heaven better than other redeemed spirits?

There are many things relating to the future life that cannot be explained or answered in this life. The presumption is that pure affection and all the finer elements of character, will not only survive the change, but will be strengthened and spiritualized. In many passages in the Gospels we are led to infer that identity is to be preserved and that this being so, we shall know our friends and love them, though with a different love from that of earth.

Mrs. G. H. B., Pawtucket, R. I. Do you think it right for a minister to tell his young people members of his church, that he sees no harm in their going to the theatre?

The theatre, dancing, and card-playing we regard as kindred amusements that ought to be avoided by all professing Christians, for the reason that, though not necessarily sinful in themselves, their associations and tendencies are all in the wrong direction and operate as a direct obstacle to spiritual growth. Thousands have traced to the theatre their first step downward to irretrievable ruin. To the young it is especially dangerous, and we therefore consider the advice you mention as unwise and un-Christian in the last degree.

[illegible] Matthew 5: 9 [illegible] word [illegible] Matthew [illegible] Blessed are the peace[illegible] Why [illegible] Revised Version [illegible] mentioned in the Bible. Is it approved [illegible]

1. The word "peacemaker" is retained in the Revised Version, so you may be sure it is the correct rendering. The Revisers were at extraordinary pains to have in every case the exact English equivalent where it was possible and the nearest to it, when it was not. 2. The[illegible] are many acts recorded in the Bible of whic[illegible] God did not approve. Some of them by goo[illegible] men, too. There are cases (notably that [illegible] David II. Samuel 11), when God's displeasu[illegible] was manifested. In the instance you refer t[illegible] the conduct of mother and son was punish[illegible] by lifelong separation and by great hardsh[illegible] for Jacob.

E. Smith, Wheatland, Mo. What is the meaning [illegible] the sticks mentioned, Ezekiel 37: 16?

The figure is probably an allusion to the t[illegible] bal rod mentioned in Numbers 17. The promi[illegible] is of a reunion of the two kingdoms of Jud[illegible] and Israel in the last days. They separated [illegible] the accession of Rehoboam, son of Solome[illegible] ten tribes becoming united under Jeroboa[illegible] (See I. Kings 12.) The kingdom lasted [illegible] years. Various suggestions have been ma[illegible] as to the identity of the ten tribes. Some w[illegible] ters hold that the Anglo-Saxon race descend[illegible] from them.

In a letter from a Reader in Great Bend, [illegible] (who has been forwarding his copies of T[illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD to Bombay, India, af[illegible] reading), he encloses this comment from t[illegible] Bombay *Guardian*, which may interest th[illegible] who have contributed to our Armenian Rel[illegible] Fund:

The New York CHRISTIAN HERALD has an Armenian Relief Fund, to which its readers have very generously contributed. The relief is distributed in co-operation with missionaries at work in Armenia. Some of the gifts forwarded to this Relief Fund have been very touching. Laces, valuables of various kinds, and many articles of jewelry have been received.

The *Guardian* appreciatively declares [illegible] opinion that such work "may be a means [illegible] untold blessing."

Mrs. H. M. Eddy, American Presbyterian Mission, Beyrout, Syria, writes:

I cannot refrain from telling how closely we [illegible] the coming of the weekly mail and read your [illegible] sage to us. My husband and I have for forty-[illegible] been Presbyterian missionaries in Syria. E[illegible] Sabbath evening my husband reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sermon to us. It gives us spiritual food [illegible] keeps us in touch with the home land, and [illegible] terest and profit increase continually. One [illegible] ber of our family has been especially helped [illegible] also thank you for all the aid that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is giving the sufferers. We have had [illegible] share in this land. What God plans and purpo[illegible] we know not now but we shall know hereafter. [illegible] we live in hope that out of this seeming devasta[illegible] will spring rich fruits to God's glory.

"Reader," Deer Isle, Me. 1. What was the p[illegible] lege that Paul claimed Acts 22: 25, he [illegible] free born"? 2. Was Mary of the House of [illegible] id? Both Matthew and Luke give the pedi[illegible] of Joseph, which has no pertinence, if we [illegible] lieve in the miraculous conception.

1. The freedom of the city was granted [illegible] Rome to persons who were born in other lan[illegible] as a reward for distinguished services. [illegible] be a Roman citizen was an important disti[illegible] tion, insuring a man respectful treatm[illegible] wherever he might go. Paul's statement [illegible] plies that this honor had been conferred on [illegible] father or some ancestor. The captain to wh[illegible] he was speaking, had acquired it by purcha[illegible] 2. Luke's genealogy is now generally belie[illegible] to be that of Mary. The passage relating t[illegible] (Luke 3: 23), says that Joseph was the son [illegible] Heli, but he appears to have been his son [illegible] in the legal and technical sense of being [illegible] husband of his daughter, that is his son-[illegible] law. In a recently discovered Jewish do[illegible] ment Mary is referred to as the daughte[illegible] Heli. Thus her descent from David, if [illegible] theory be correct, is established.

Mrs. J. B. A., Greenfield, N. H. We cannot exp[illegible] the Divine purposes, and are therefore unable t[illegible] swer your inquiry regarding Armenia.—C. W[illegible] erbee, Boston. There is no information except [illegible] contained in the Scriptural account. — E. C[illegible] Sedalia, Mo. The name is said to have origi[illegible] in the army in early days, the soldiers decla[illegible] that the blankets marked, "U. S.," belonge[illegible] "Uncle Sam." There are other stories explai[illegible] the origin of the term. — C. W. Dickson, Ma[illegible] O. His address is Kirksville, Mo. — E. H. [illegible] nedy. No. He has not, as far as our mission[illegible] are concerned. They are distributing the [illegible] now at fifteen different relief stations in Ar[illegible] without hindrance. — Subscriber, Stamford, [illegible] No. — M. J. B., New York City. We have [illegible] seen it. — Mrs. R. D. Armstrong, Canada. [illegible] not a fact.—E. M. F., Bloomfield, N. J. Wri[illegible] Librarian, Astor Library, New York City. — M[illegible] F., Brooklyn, N. Y. Speak to them kindly, sho[illegible] them their faults, and pray with and for them [illegible] Subscriber, Winterpeck, Va. Her address is C[illegible] wall-on-the-Hudson.—J. R. P., Magnolia Falls [illegible] do not know the concern, and cannot advi[illegible] garding it.—I. F. H., Rifle, Colo. No., it was [illegible] Sunbath on a week day. The custom is very [illegible] old.—Reader, Corning, N. Y. Miss Ruddy['s] dressmaking establishment is on First avenue, New York.—Mrs. [illegible] thews, Brooklyn. We cannot devote space to [illegible] F. Young, Milby, Can. There have been no [illegible] since January 1.—J. J. Black, Elbridge. [illegible] Our arrangements for music are already ma[illegible] the current year.—Frances L. Kemp, Binghamton, N. Y. He spoke figuratively.—A. E. R., Vesuvius, [illegible] care. We don't know of any such word.—Mrs. [illegible] L. P., Lowell, Mass. His life has been recently [illegible] explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Mary [illegible] B., Lonsdale, R. I. Yes; her address is Liberty, [illegible] —W. P., Pennsboro, W. Va. Write to the Ed[illegible] Brigade Journal, Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. [illegible] S., Barry, Ills. It is a modern application of [illegible] ancient Roman custom. The myth, as we kn[illegible] it, originated in western countries in Europe in wa[illegible] times. We see no harm in it when it is used [illegible] and emblematic characters are explained to the [illegible] dren.—S. D. B., Le Sueur Centre, Minn. The [illegible] of pronunciation, according to good authorities [illegible] Both forms.—J. C. B., Coldbrain, Pa. It does [illegible] appear in any of the recent collections.—Mrs. V. [illegible] B., Mansfield, O. Read the detailed description of the temple in Josephus "Antiquities of the Je[illegible] which will give all the information wanted.—Pa[illegible] yon, Bloomington, Wis. No, it is unsectarian.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Quebec's Ice Carnival.

WINTER has furnished the quaint old town on the St. Lawrence with the materials for a brilliant and beautiful pageant. Some weeks ago preparations were commenced for turning the town into city of palaces. Ice was the material of construction, and the ingenuity of the citizens was exercised in producing new and wonderful forms with it. A grand fortress on the Esplanade, with a spiral tower a hundred feet high in the centre, was the crowning feature of the spectacle. A square fort was constructed on each side and the battlements were carried to the old citadel wall and ran along its top to graceful towers at each end. By day, the fortress reflected the sunlight like a thousand mirrors, and by night a hundred thousand electric lights illuminated the fairy structure. In other parts of the city huge statues of ice rose to vast height. The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor was reproduced in ice, and the American colony raised a great statute of George Washington stupendous blocks of ice, which resembled granite and red sandstone, the water of which they were composed having been dyed before freezing. The glittering splendor of these ice-marvels was relieved by long avenues of evergreen trees and by the flags and bunting of the decorations. The streets were thronged day and night by gay crowds, attracted by the wonderful spectacle. Business was forgotten for the time, and merriment and gaiety reigned supreme throughout the city. By day, there were games and skating exhibitions, and at night there were torchlight processions and entertainments, private and public, of all kinds. The closing scene was a grand display of fireworks, representing an attack on the ice tower. It was a brilliant spectacle, but there was no delusion as to its permanence; every one knew that the splendors of its palaces and fortresses and arches and battlements would soon disappear. God's servants have striven in all ages to get men to take the same view of the glories of this world, which must surely vanish as will those palaces of ice; but now as in the days of the Psalmist men do not believe it:

"Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever and their dwelling places to all generations. Psalm 49: 11.

QUEBEC'S WINTER FESTIVAL—THE ICE TOWER.

Mail Delayed Twenty Years.

A surprising discovery has been made at Georgetown, Ind., by a Post-Office Inspector. The office there was in charge of an eccentric elderly woman, whose father had been Postmaster before her. Complaints about the way the business was conducted had been made to the Department and the Inspector went down to investigate. He found that the Post Office was located in a cottage of two rooms, the front room being the office and the rear the living room of the Postmistress, where she sat with ten children around her. The floor of the rear room was thickly covered with mail matter, which had been received but never distributed. The Inspector sent for a hand-cart and had the papers taken to the common and invited the people to look the mail up over and take what belonged to them. One man found a hundred and forty-seven copies of a periodical, which had been regularly mailed to him for years and had been retained in the Post Office. A further search revealed a number of sacks, made out of old dress-skirts, and these were full of letters addressed to various persons in the village. Over four thousand letters in all had been consigned to the sacks, instead of being given to the persons to whom they were addressed. The postmarks on some of them showed that they had been mailed in 1876. None of the letters had been opened, but appeared to have been dropped in the sacks as they had been received. The collection had been begun by the father of the present post-mistress. Neither he nor his daughter appears to have had a dishonest motive in keeping back the letters. But the mischief they did is incalculable and in many cases irreparable. Among the saddest instances reported, is one in which a letter asked for forgiveness and reconciliation. Both would have been gladly given, but the request not being received, was not answered and the writer regarded the silence as refusal. It was a cruel thing to keep back such a letter. Ministers should be careful that no such calamity comes through their negligence. God's message should be delivered.:

Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Ezek. 33: 11.

Overwhelmed by an Avalanche.

A startling catastrophe is reported by the *Alaska News*. It states that a man who had come to Juneau from Upper Silver Bow Basin, declared that in crossing the mountain he had seen nothing but ruins in the place where formerly stood the stamp mill and offices of the Juneau Mining and Manufacturing Company. A party was at once sent on snow shoes to find out if the report was true. On their arrival they found that the whole of the extensive buildings and valuable machinery had been crushed by an avalanche, and the debris scattered through the canon. A crew of laborers was immediately dispatched to the scene to ascertain if the watchman who had charge of the premises had survived. It was hoped that he might have taken shelter somewhere, and be in need of rescue. The crew, however, could find no trace of him. When the snow was dug away, the appalling nature of the calamity was disclosed. The glacier had crushed the substantial buildings as completely as if they had been cardboard. Huge timbers had been broken in two and the roof of one of the buildings had been carried bodily nearly a mile from its position. Only a few heavy beams, sticking end-wise in the snow, remained to mark the place where a few days before had stood a ten stamp mill, an office building, a boarding-house, and a blacksmith's shop, and forty thousand dollars' worth of machinery. The avalanche which had wrought the destruction covered a distance of three thousand feet and was fully fifty feet deep. The property was in litigation at the time otherwise the works would have been in operation and many lives might have been lost. The site of the buildings was a peculiar one. The small snow-slides which occur every winter take a lower path to the left of the site; but there was a huge glacier at the head of the gorge, which, if it ever fell, would annihilate any building erected on the site. The probability of its ever falling seemed so remote that it was decided to run the risk. The result shows the temerity of the selection. Men often act on the same principle as to their eternal interest. They are wise and prudent in avoiding the calamities of this life, but are careless about the greatest of all calamities —the loss of their souls. There are some of whom the Apostle says:

When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them. (1. Thess. 5: 3.)

Has the Pole been Discovered.

A dispatch reached New York on February 13th which sent a thrill of wonder through the scientific community. It came from Irkutsk in Siberia by way of St. Petersburg and announced that Dr. Fridjof Nansen had discovered the North Pole. Nothing had been heard of Nansen since August 3, 1893, when his friends bade him farewell at Chaborowa in Siberia and saw him and his twelve companions sail through the straits of Jugor on their way to the unknown Northern regions. Nansen has made several journeys to the Arctic. His most famous achievement was crossing Greenland in sledges, a journey of three hundred miles which he accomplished in 1888. His present expedition originated in the theory that a current runs from the coast of Siberia across the North Pole to the west shore of Greenland. It was based on the fact that some relics of the Jeannette expedition which were left on the ice off the Siberian coast when that vessel was lost, were found four years afterward on the South-west coast of Greenland and it was difficult to explain their presence there on any other theory than that of their having drifted across the North Pole. Pieces of driftwood and other articles have been found at various times which also appear to have made the same journey. Dr. Nansen's plan was to run his ship, the "Fram," into the ice and let it drift with the current in the hope that it might follow the same course. If he has reached the Pole, he has solved a mystery which has piqued explorers for more than a hundred years and has cost many lives. The news at present lacks confirmation and is not generally credited by scientific men, but all admit that it may be true. Nansen, himself was confident of success. He said that in all former expeditions an attempt had been made to oppose nature and force a way to the Pole, but his principle in committing his ship to the guidance of the current was to put himself in accord with nature which he believed was the true principle. Whether that principle applies to the efforts to reach the Pole scientists must decide, but we know that an analogous principle is the only one by

DR. FRIDJOF NANSEN.

which man can get to heaven. Not they who oppose God and follow their own plans get there, but they who in a child-like spirit submit themselves to his way.

Let him take hold of my strength and he shall make peace with me. (Isa. 27:5)

BRIEF NOTES.

Notwithstanding the Prominent Notice Given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the fact that our stock of Dr. Talmage's great book, "The Pathway of Life," is fully exhausted and that it is impossible for us to get another edition, orders still come in at the rate of about one hundred a day. While the demand for this book, of which a seventy-five thousand edition has been disposed of at this office, is very gratifying, we cannot fill any further orders for the same, and such of our subscribers as may send in their subscriptions involving the delivery of "The Pathway of Life," simply compel us to return their money and the order. We shall be glad to fill orders for "From Manger to Throne" and the "Gospel Hymns" so long as the supply of these books may last and we seriously advise friends who contemplate securing either one or both of them, to do so quickly, but we cannot supply any more copies of "The Pathway of Life."

A Gift of Twenty-five Thousand dollars has been made to the Central Young Men's Christian Association of London by Sir George Williams, the founder of the movement.

Rev. W. D. Powell of Toluca, in Mexico, writes: "During last year there was steady growth in our work. I have gone from city to city and from town to town, and during the year have circulated twelve thousand Spanish Gospels."

Evangelist Hollis Jordan has been holding revival services at Essex Centre, Vt. Rev. L. B. Tenney, pastor of the church, writes us that a great blessing has attended the meetings. There have been many conversions.

The Christian Endeavor Topics for the prayer-meetings and the list of daily readings have been translated into French, German, Dutch, Danish, Hungarian, Polish, Italian and Russian, and inquiries regarding them have been made in Norway, Sweden, Spain, Austria and Greece.

At the Recent Meeting of the Managers of the American Bible Society, a letter was read from Rev. H. Loomis, stating that a Bible colporteur had been making a tour in Corea. Another colporteur is going through Siam.

Major Cole has been Conducting Union meetings in his own city, Adrian, Mich. Services were conducted in several churches by their own pastors. The meetings are growing in power and many conversions have taken place.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the Blind Christian poetess, whose songs of sweetness and inspiration have helped to lighten and cheer many hearts, gave an earnest, eloquent address to a band of Christian Endeavorers last week. Miss Crosby is seventy-six years old.

Special Noonday Meetings are Held Daily in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York, over the entrance to the elevated railroad station. The meetings last from 12.15 to 1.00 o'clock each day. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, of the Fifth avenue Baptist Church, and other prominent men lead the meetings.

At the Meeting on the Day of Prayer for Colleges three hundred students spoke of the religious life at Harvard, especially of the Y. M. C. A. and the volunteer Christian work done each week by groups of Harvard students in Boston, as well as of a recent significant religious movement called the United Societies. A large number of Harvard students have enrolled themselves in the Bible class conducted by Mr. F. G. Cook, of the First Church, Cambridge.

Major George A. Hilton is now at Colorado Springs, Colo., where fourteen Churches are uniting in a great revival movement. Major Hilton's work at Largo, Fla., was wonderfully blessed. He held some special meetings in the Penitentiary during the course of the revival, as its inmates seemed to be the only people in the neighborhood who were not at the services. Two of the State's judges accompanied him and were astonished at the effects of Major Hilton's eloquent Gospel appeals.

Shopping in the Orient.

It Charms the Women There Just as it Delights their Western Sisters—Grand Bazars and Humble Sidewalk Vendors.

SHOPPING possesses delights for the feminine heart the world over. Whether it be in the bazaars of Cairo, Alexandria, Damascus, or Jerusalem, the great emporiums of Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or Rome, or the still vaster stores of Paris or London, there is, to the mind of the average woman, the same delicate appreciation of the beautiful and varied products of human handiwork and human ingenuity that we see in our own great cities. Yet shopping in the Orient is a very different experience from shopping in Europe or America. One wanders about the bazaars of Aleppo or Beyrout, bewildered no less by the riches and variety than by the vivid colorings of their exhibits of silks, linens, and cotton fabrics, the beauty of the workmanship in gold, silver, and brass, and the quaintness of the articles offered to pilgrims as souvenirs of famous places. Every traveler, who has visited Palestine, has been both surprised and delighted with the dainty trinkets sold in almost every city and village, produced by native artisans with the most primitive tools. Bethlehem, especially, excels in the manufacture of keepsakes of mother-of-pearl, olive-wood, or bone, and large quantities are shipped to merchants in every part of the world, particularly to France, Spain, and Portugal. There is another class of souvenir dealers who trade in cheaper articles, the traffic in which rarely goes beyond the boundaries of Palestine. Still another class — the peddlers or peripatetic vendors — search out the cities of Syria, Asia minor, Central Turkey and Mesopotamia. When they reach a city they rarely hawk their wares, as Western peddlers do, but rather seek a suitable place where they can spread out their merchandise in public view. In every large Eastern city, in the bazaar quarter, such vendors may be seen, and they form by no means the smallest among the attractions that allure the stranger.

Perhaps the most characteristic native shops in Jerusalem are those in the street leading from the Damascus Gate. They have been compared to huge cup-boards, with all their contents exposed to the passer-by. This street ends in a maze of bazaars that occupy the centre of the town. Again, along the walls beside the Jaffa Gate, and in front of the Citadel, where there is an open space, the tradesfolk have long had a favorite market-place. Some display their wares in booths; others simply spread mats on the ground, while still others sit on piles of brushwood or low stools, made of rushes, with baskets of lemons, oranges, raisins and figs in front of them. Our illustration on this page shows a typical group of fruit vendors of this class. Turbans or cloth caps are the prevailing headgear, and the *abbas*, or loose coat peculiar to the East, is the universal garment. It is amusing to note the dignified manner of some of some of those bearded and turbaned patriarchs, as they squat behind their little pile of figs or oranges, which they sell by weight. So primitive are the scales in many of these booths and stalls in the bazaars that the buyer is at the mercy of the vendor, and must trust to his honesty and fair dealing. But the Oriental is usually a shrewd trader, and not above taking advantage of the generosity or credulity of strangers. He usually asks several times the price he expects ultimately expects to get for his wares.

FRUITSELLERS IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

From a Photograph procured especially for "The Christian Herald."

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Courteous Children.

If a child has shown any lack of courtesy toward another, whether a person of his own age or older, he should be instructed to be frank and outspoken in expression of his regret for his course, and of his desire to be forgiven for his fault. True courtesy involves a readiness to apologize for any and every failure, whether intentional or unintentional, to do or say just that which ought to have been done or said; and the habit of frank apologizing is acquired by a child only through his careful training in that direction. He who has any reluctance to proffer apologies on even the slightest cause for them, is sadly lacking in the spirit of courtesy. If a child is seen to be lacking in courtesy, his parents are understood to be at fault in his training.

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Flowers for Birthdays.

In giving a little birthday party for the children the table at which they are to sit should be decorated with the birthday flower of the month in which they were born: January, snowdrop; February, the primrose; March, violet; April, daisy; May, hawthorn; June, wild rose: July, lily; August, poppy; September, convolvulus; October, hops; November, chrysanthemum; December, holly. Each has an appropriate sentiment attached to it. The snowdrop means consolation; the primrose, youthful sunshine; the violet, modesty; the daisy, innocence; the hawthorn, hope; the wild rose, simplicity; the lily, purity; the poppy, the comfort of slee,pthe convolvulus,contentment; hopes, aspiration; the chrysanthemum, cheerfulness; holly, foresight and protection.

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Home Readings.

Taste for reading, writes Charles Dudley Warner, is most easily acquired in early years, and without effort in a family atmosphere favorable to it. Commonly the most important, the determining years of training for a child are between the ages of five and ten, and this is as true with regard to the moral growth that comes by means of books as it is with regard to the habits and the character that make for a useful and honorable life. I do not say a successful life; for the word success is very much misunderstood. If I did use it in relation to a human career I should not mean by it the production of a selfish, unscrupulous rich man. There are many cases in which men and women, by native force of favoring circumstances, have overcome the lack of early home advantages, the want of an intelligent home atmosphere and of books, but for the majority the home life is a determining feature in a man's intellectual life.

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Serving God in Trifles.

Children are sometimes tempted to think of God only on Sundays or at times when engaged in religious services—tnat he is to be obeyed in worship. But he is to be obeyed in work, and in all the work that his children are called to undertake. There is a story told of a very small congregation. It consisted of only twelve persons, but they all agreed to do something in the service of God. They had a meeting to arrange plans and appoint "to every one his work." They began at the oldest and came down the list of members to the youngest. Some agreed to teach the young, some to visit the poor, some to conduct "little prayer-meetings," some to circulate tracts. This was all good, useful work. The youngest member was a servant girl. She was asked what she would undertake. She was very shy and felt herself very helpless, but she modestly answered, "I will try and serve God in the trifles of my common life. It is said that the old minister, on hearing this, replied, "Brethren, the youngest member will beat us all." That "youngest member" certainly teaches us all a lesson. To serve God in the "trifles of our common life" is the duty and the privilege of God's obedient children. We are called upon to be living epistles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on every side of our life there must be written in Christian deeds the Gospel we have believed.

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Be Useful and Happy.

It is scarcely possible to say how very, very useful a truly good and happy child can be. I heard a French pastor, who has done much for Christ, illustrate this. A little girl had learned to read the Bible. She used to read portions to her mother. "I wish I could read," said the mother; "but it is too late to learn!" "No, mother," was the answer: "I will teach you." And she sat patient every day and taught her mother. And some of the neighbors, when they heard,wished to be taught, too. And so a class of older women gathered around the little girl. "There I found her," said the pastor, "going over the Primer, all listening to her, and following her; and then, when the lesson was over, she read them a part of the Bible." Christ's welcome was overflowing from her to them. The rill that had been opened in her own soul was in her a well of water springing up to everlasting life.

A Little Child's Hymn.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

—PALGRAVI

***

A Royal Early Riser.

LITTLE Queen Wilhelmina of H
land (writes Arthur Warren in t
Ladies' Home Journal), rises at 7 A.
throughout the year. She breakfasts
eight and at nine o'clock her lessons
gin. The study she likes best is histo
The morning studies are stopped at h
past eleven, and then she goes for a dri
No matter what the weather is, nor wl
the season, she drives in an open carria
At half-past twelve she has luncheon w
her royal mother. After the lunch
is over she takes another sh
drive accompanied by her mo
er, or by Miss Van
Pall, one of the super
tendents of the child's
ucation. When she retu
from her second drive,
has lessons again until f
o'clock. At half-past f
there is tea. Then u
dinner-time she is free
amuse herself as she ple
es. She roams in the p
ace gardens, has an out
with her ponies, or pl
with her dolls. At half-p
six dinner is served.
ways, if the weather
fine, little Queen Will
mina gets into the open
for half an hour's drive or wa
Her hour for retiring is as regu
es the hour for rising. She is in bed
ten each night, and lights are out. T
part of the daily regime is the one wh
pleases her least of any. Few interr
tions to the child's studies are permitt
Whenever or wherever she goes, a port
of each day is given up to her books.

If Queen Wilhelmina were asked
some peasant maiden of her own
whether in the dignities of queens
there is much satisfaction for a little
she would answer "No." To be s
there is some amusement to be got ou
her position, but not so much as if the
were the daughter of a rich Dutch burgl
or of a farmer. For one thing, the pl
mates of the child-Queen can be very f
and,as there are no brothers or sisters in
family, the girl's life has so far been sp
almost entirely among persons much o
than herself. There is a genuine affect
for her throughout the country, and wh
good reason, for she is a very lovable ch
The sweetness of her nature shines t
through her face.

***

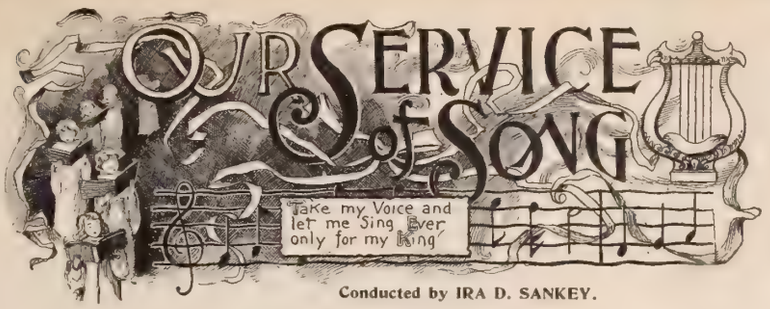
Angels Stop to Listen.

Rev. Dr. Drummond tells this pre
incident: A little girl once said to
father, "Papa, I want you to say someth
to God for me, something I want to
him very much. I have such a little v
that I don't think he could hear it aw
up in heaven; but you have a great
man's voice, and he will be sure to
you." The father took the little girl
his arms and told her that, even thou
God were surrounded by all his h
angels singing to him one of the gran
and sweetest songs of praise ever hear
heaven, he would say to them, "Hu
Stop singing for awhile. There's a li
girl away down on the earth who w
to whisper something in My ear."

Missionary Heroes.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning March 8. 2 Corinthians 11 : 23-28.

NO stronger proof could be given of the fact that Christianity does not undermine manliness than is furnished by the records of missions to the heathen. The qualities a man must have, who, knowing the character of the people to whom he goes, the climate in which he must live, and the toil and privations he must undergo, voluntarily enters on the career of a missionary, are those of the highest order in human nature. These men have not had the honor that belongs to them. They have not sought it, but we may be assured that He whom they serve has taken account of all they do and suffer in his cause, and will reward them as they merit. It is no light matter with many of them to break up family ties, to bid farewell to home and family, even if they were going out in quest of fortune, and were expecting years of ease and luxury. They must suffer the pain of parting, with the possibility of never meeting their loved ones again. Some of them go to lands where the climate has proved fatal to their predecessors; others to regions which have slaughtered the messengers of peace, and are likely to kill them. If we analyze the character of a hero, we find in the foreign missionary all the qualities that make up such a character. Courage in a conspicuous degree, the courage that supports a man in the face of death by disease, by savage beasts, and scarcely less savage men: magnanimity that enables them to sacrifice themselves that men who are strangers to them might have the blessing of religion; and enthusiasm that so fills their hearts that they lay down all the good of life in a cause, which can bring them no reward on this side the grave, except that of seeing the kingdom of their Lord extended through their efforts. Such characteristics are heroic in the very highest degree. Nor are their lacking actual tests of these qualities which have proved that these soldiers of the Cross are men and women of true fibre, whose heroism no danger could daunt and no threats could overcome. The records of the Foreign Missionary Societies are resplendent with the achievements and sufferings and triumphs of these noble servants of Christ. A few instances out of thousands will suffice. Adoniram Judson, suffering imprisonment for two years in Burmah under conditions that would have broken the spirit of any ordinary man. John Williams taking his life in his hand as he went to the islands of the South Sea which he knew to be inhabited by cannibals and at last perishing as he expected he would under their fierce cruel rage. Vanderkemp braving the wrath of the Boers of South Africa and deaf to their threats exposing before the eyes of the world the inhuman cruelties they practised on the Kaffirs and Hottentots. Robt. Moffat bring to Africaner the outlaw, whose treachery and ferocity were a byword throughout Africa, and boldly placing himself in his power, winning the savage as a trophe of the Cross. Add to these, the martyrs, like Cannington and Stewart and men who have faced death and lived, like Carey, Martyn, Eliot, Coan, Paton, Mackay, Knill, Chauffler, and many others, who counted not their lives dear to them, and it will be seen that the Prince of Peace is served by heroes as intrepid and as valiant as those who serve earthly monarchs.

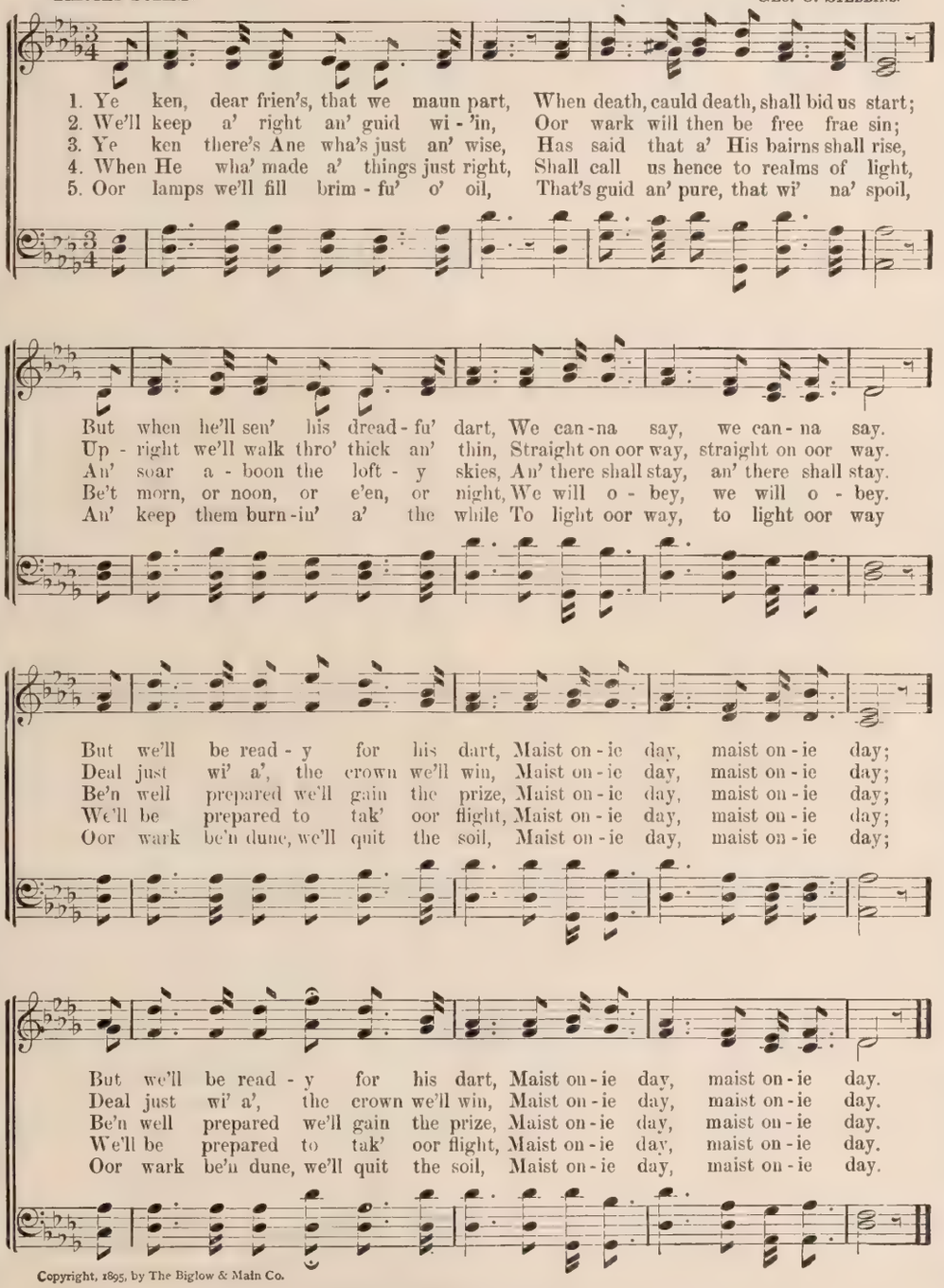


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

MAIST ONIE DAY.

"BE YE ALSO READY."—*Matt. 24 : 44.*

TIMOTHY POLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers

The Saviour For You.

OH, have you been told of that Saviour who came
To die for all sinners like me?
And have you been told of his wonderful name,
And all that this Saviour will be?
His name is called Jesus, he saves us from sin.
His love is far-reaching and true.
He died on the Cross my salvation to win,
And he is the Saviour for you.

The soul that is hungry he fills with "good things,"
The thirsty are ever supplied;
The sorrowing spirit triumphantly sings,
When Jesus is Shepherd and Guide.
Oh, soul, have you taken this Saviour so dear,
Who longeth your heart to renew?
To-day he is bringing salvation so near,
Oh, he is the Saviour for you!

Dear soul, you are fainting with famine, with strife;
Oh, come to him just as you are!
And ask for the bread and the water of life,
And peace that no trial can mar.
In penitence down at his feet will you fall?
Far more than you ask will he do.
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus for all,
And he is the Saviour for you.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this wonderful Saviour to-day,
This Friend everlasting and true.
A wonderful, wonderful Saviour for me,
And a wonderful Saviour for you.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Midnight Cry.

The Clues Prophecy Gives us as to the Nature and Characteristics of the Warning.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

(Continued from page 151.)

IT seems strange to us that five of the virgins who went out to meet the Bridegroom were unprepared to meet him when he came, we have only to look around at the present condition of the Church, and we shall see the picture as our Lord drew it was true to fact. If he came to-day—if at this hour the cry was raised, "Behold, he cometh; go ye out to meet him," how many would be ready? How many at that critical moment would be distractedly seeking the spiritual life which has been so long offered to them? Now, people who are called Christians and who call themselves Christians are mixing with the world, amusing themselves, not giving thought and effort to attaining spiritual growth, neglecting their souls and giving their attention to the acquisition of money and social advantages. They have their lamps but there is no supply of oil with them. When they are awakened by the midnight cry they will be dazed, bewildered, their lamps will be flickering and while they seek the oil to revive them—the strength and grace which the Holy Spirit imparts—the door will be shut.

The very mention of this hope of the Lord's coming, provokes, in some Christian circles, a smile of pity. The man who professes to cherish it is looked upon as a fanatic, a dreamer. Happily, the certainty of this hope has been held and proclaimed by such eminent servants of Christ as Spurgeon of London, Gordon of Boston, Bishops Bickersteth, Ellicott and Ryle, Dr. Horatius Bonar and Dr. Newman Hall, as well as such evangelists as Lords Radstock and Adelbert Cecil, and Messrs. Denham Smith, Moody and Muller. Yet, after all, they are as units, when compared with religious teachers at large.

Another reason why the imminence of the translation of the living Church is tabooed, doubtless springs from the fact, that so many dates have been fixed for the midnight cry, which have proved to be unfounded when the calculated period arrived. But surely such mistakes in calculating the exact time of its occurrence is no reason why the warning word of our Lord should be ignored. For the fact still remains that such a crisis in the history of the Church will transpire, however uncertain may be the period, and hence it should rather stimulate to a more prayerful study of the subject by the living Church in order that (Luke 21: 24), it may not be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this world, so that that day may not come upon it unawares.

Now, in connection with this uncertainty as to the exact period of the midnight cry, and the disappointments thereby entailed, we are prepared by the prophet Habakkuk who, in referring to the last days, says (Hab. 2: 3): "The vision is for an appointed time—but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry wait for it, because it will surely come"—it will not tarry one moment beyond the day and hour predetermined and fixed in the Divine counsels. Christians ignore the doctrine, for it only confirms the old Pauline analogy, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

(To be Continued.)

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER VI.

PEEK-A-BOO!"

It was a child's voice at the captain's open door challenging his attention as he lay upon his bed. But he rested in a kind of doze. It was a half-way halting place between Wide-awake Land and Slumber Land. Then the child stealthily advanced and peeped round the side of the door. Emboldened, she stole to the bed and half in awe gazed at the patient. When he had fully come back to Wide-awake Land, looking up he saw two large, dark eyes that rose above the edge of the high bed, and steadfastly, sympathetically looked at him. He smiled.

"Me know you," she said.

"Well, you are a nice little girl, but I don't know you."

"Me Ethel, you the Cap'n."

"Ethel, is it! And I'm the Cap'n, but a poor, weak, sorry-looking Cap'n. Don't you want to come in and sit down?"

She sat down in a chair, folded her hands in her lap and then pityingly watched him. She steadily looked at him out of those big, black, brilliant eyes.

"Don't you sing? Seems to me I heard a little girl's voice out in the kitchen, yesterday. Now you sing for me, can't you?"

"Yes," she replied, and without the bashfulness of older years, without any effort at emphasis or expression, she just opened her pretty mouth and let the music out in a very natural way. She sang snatches of nursery-compositions, and then of Sunday School hymns. Her small audience was very appreciative. After awhile, the singer wanted a change.

"Where's your little girl?" she asked.

"My little girl?"

"Cos I want to play with her."

"My little girl!" he exclaimed. "My poor little girl!"

To Ethel's surprise and disappointment, the Captain turned over and gazed abstractedly at the opposite wall. To arouse him she coughed and she hemmed, using the strategy of older people. He paid no attention to her. He only looked at the wall opposite. She bore it as long as she could, and then slipping out of her chair, stole from the room to find Janet.

In the kitchen, Janet was ironing. She felt a hand tugging at the skirt of her dress. She looked down. There was Ethel.

"He sick! The Cap'n sick!"

"You think he's sick?"

Ethel nodded her head.

"Well, I will see about it. You can run home now."

When Janet went into the sitting-room, there was John still gazing at the wall. Surfaces that are plain, that are unoccupied by figures, are better for the sick. They are not confusing and wearying. This wall-paper was covered with groups of palm-trees. Sometimes, there would be three and at times four rising near what might be a spring in the desert, or—some-

"Are you sick, John?" asked Janet, solicitously.

"Well, cousin," he replied, "those palm-trees bother me. If it be water there, seems to me there is more than enough

"Oh, I wouldn't look at them. You

She went away and came back with a she hung from several nails driven into that perplexing wall.

"There, look at that! It won't tire and perplex you."

"Oh, thank you, cousin! Do you know what you are fitted for, or one of the

"Could the Queen? That is frightening if you think I can do more than one thing."

"I think you would make an excellent nurse for soldiers."

She started. She did not care to tell him how much her thoughts had been at the war, in imagination looking into the camp of this regiment or that, now searching a hospital, then glancing along the line of a weary column toiling over a road, and all the while wondering where Winthrop Melrose was. Was he again sick? Was he in a hospital now?

"But that would be hard work, cousin, hard work. Now I would try to rest, John. I am afraid that small, black-eyed caller was too much of a task for you."

The mention of this subject, a small, black-eyed caller, aroused him at once. "I can't rest just yet. I must say something, Janet. She wanted to know where my little girl was. And don't I wish I knew where she was! Some kind people in a New York home told me they would take care of her—in an institution, you know. Well, it was my fault—I did not go for her. Those were the days after my wife's death when I was going all wrong, it must have seemed to anybody who knew me. And my baby girl I put in this home. Well, I didn't go for her for some time—how I regret it! The people there heard that I was dead and let the child go into the hands of a lady whose name they had but I found the lady had died. That was a real death, it seems—different from mine. She, it seems, had given my little girl away before death to a family who had gone out of the city and all trace of whom had disappeared."

"John, you are getting tired. Don't talk any more now. I understand. I will remember what you say."

"Oh, will you? If you should be in New York, would you inquire?"

"It is all set down on a slip of paper in my pocket-book just where the institution is, you see."

His mind seemed to stray now.

"But there, I could not tell her if I should see her. She was a baby then, very small, thin and nipped, and she has changed within a few years—they always do. But there's her mother's picture. I left that with her, and they said at the home, it went with her when the lady who died took her. Oh, I couldn't tell her! I shouldn't know my own child even."

"Now rest, cousin. I won't forget. I'll ask about her. I'll get the address of the New York home."

The next morning my captain was not so well bodily as the day before, and that lurking fever-fiend which Dr. Bent had been watching for, threatened to make a close assault. In mind, John was very active. He had a proposition to make to Janet; "I think, cousin, I would like to make my will."

"Your will, John?"

"I don't know but you wonder if I have anything to give away."

He tried to smile, and then he spoke again.

"And perhaps you think the making of a will has a mournful sound. May be so, but I wanted to be on the safe side, you know. There's my child, too. I have not saved much, but since I have been in the army, I have laid by something. It is tucked away in the bank. Not much, but still something to be given to my child, or somebody."

"Oh, John, what is her name?"

"Carrie, or it was when the little thing was with me. That is her baptismal name. What name people give her now, I can't say. Oh, dear, why did I act so unworthily as a father."

"Now, cousin! Your nurse must use her authority. You let me take everything into my hands. Since it will make you easier, I will send for Lawyer Manning—"

"Not Skeele, no, no!"

"For Manning," said Janet, decidedly, "and ask him to be here in the morning. He will look after everything and your will shall be properly made out. Now rest! That is a good cousin!"

"Oh, thank you!"

He turned toward the wall draped with the soft gray shawl, Janet's hand softly resting on his forehead. His eyes closed. His thoughts drifted away. Sleep bore him captive to her chambers of silence.

CHAPTER VII.

So Sudden!

That very day, while John Morton was sleeping, into the old home of his boyhood stole sleep's twin-brother, Death, and without a sign to Pauline Davis down in the kitchen, or Mrs. Blakey Chase doing a little chamber-work in another room, or to Sandy who was working out in the carriage way and often looked up to the window of madame's chamber. Death bore away her soul. He came to madame's bed noiselessly as shadows steal over the floor. She neither saw nor heard him. He pressed gently on the weary, drooping eyelids. He laid a hand on the feebly beating heart. That was all. He stole out of the house as silently as he entered.

Mrs. Blakey Chase was the first one who found it out. She soon entered madame's room—indeed during the late "ill turn" she had hardly been absent from it—and now stepped promptly to the bed. "Massy!" she exclaimed as she looked at the set, still, face. Then she flew to the head of the kitchen-stairs. She shrieked, "Oh, P'leen, P'leen! Quick! Do come!"

That was enough to bring Paulina, her hands covered with flour, from her work in the kitchen.

"Quick!" said the beckoning, awe-struck Mrs. Blakey.

"Why, what is it, Miss Blakey?"

"Oh!—oh! dear! There! See!"

Together the women bent over the bed.

"Why, if she ain't gone!" said Paulina.

Yes, gone! There was no misinterpreting that changed face. The late visitant at the Morton mansion had done a work that he never yet failed to do thoroughly when really starting out to accomplish it.

"Oh!—oh!" moaned Paulina, and then the warm-hearted woman threw herself down in a chair and buried her tearful face in her floury hands.

Mrs. Blakey proceeded also to wipe away a tear or two, but her sympathy took a more practical turn.

"Don't know, after all! Might be! 'Twouldn't do any harm to see! P'leen!" she ejaculated, "I have a great mind to see if she can't be brought to and git the doctor here and—and—"

Sandy soon brought the doctor.

Doctor Bent shook his head as he laid a hand on madame's heart, and said patronizingly decidedly, "Good people, it is of no use. She's gone! Been dead some time! You had better do the next thing."

The next thing was the "laying out." The two women worked away, tenderly, reverently, in awe, till that last office had been discharged. When all was over, the quiet sleeper was left alone in a room where the curtains at the windows now fell lower than ever by day, and at night no light was seen shining.

"Seems awful queer," soliloquized Paulina, "to look up at that side of the house at night and not see any light there. Been a-burnin' there night after night, and now it is all dark!"

It was Paulina who took the news down to Janet Morton.

"So sudden!" she said, when she burst into the house. "Hain't you heard of it? Oh, so sudden!"

"Why, what, Paulina?"

And then Paulina told the story of the hasty, unexpected going.

"Awful suddin, isn't it, Janet?"

"Yes, Paulina, but then death always comes suddenly. We never are ready for it, even when we are looking for it."

"I s'pose so," replied Paulina, dutifully wiping her eyes. Then she changed the subject:

"There! Some things rile me! I was a-goin' out of the house when that Lavina Skeele called. She hadn't heard of the news, and it seemed to unman her. Took on and said she had lost a dear friend. She has been a-comin' a week or more, every day, and has pretended to be dreadfully intimate with the old lady. So strange to me! I don't understand it. She never used to."

"I suppose I must tell John about his mother," remarked Janet.

"Must you?"

"Yes; he will want to know. He ask every day about her."

"Oh, Janet, you knew the madam made her will?"

"Oh, yes! Of course! You told me."

"And he is remembered."

"John?"

"Anyway, we think he is remembere Sandy saw John's name in the will."

Sandy had not told that he saw anoth name, Judson Skeele Morton, stretching b yond the margin of the will.

"Then madame has been very much i terested in John, and once she said—heard her—sez she, 'I mustn't forgit Joh when I give my things away.' So puttin everything together, I think there is n doubt John will git suthin."

In various ways an impression went ou and reached everybody who knew Joh that his mother had not forgotten hin The making of the son's will did not tak place so soon as anticipated. He had a attack which Janet feared might be the a rival of those dreaded typhoid tendencie in force. He rallied, though, and Lawy Manning came to superintend the making the will. He had a trusty face. H looked at people when he spoke to then Nobody feared his blue eyes. Everybod confided in his gray hairs. He was an a torney who made it his business to kee people out of law rather than to get the into it. His stout, compact form was kind of bulwark against wrong-doin while a refuge to oppressed right-doers.

"We are all ready, John," he said, e couragingly. The patient had been bo stered up in bed. He wanted Blakey Chas near him, as he was an old friend and e pected to be a witness to the will.

"I want you to hear all I have got t say, you as well as Squire Manning, f it may be of importance," he said, "and want as much witnessing as possible."

He was thinking of his child. It wa touching to notice how his affection an care went out toward the little bark th had drifted off upon the great, unknow ocean. It was a remorseful affection, for I knew he had allowed the bark to dri away. It was now well understood th by the late Madame Morton's will he h been made one heir to her estate, All h interest in this he passed over to his cous Janet, to hold in trust for his child. that drifted bark should not come asho after a certain number of years, the pro erty went to Janet. He disposed of th savings he had accumulated during th war, remembering various friends, an then said, "All done!" The will was du witnessed and signed, and Janet went his bedside to resume her place as nurse.

"You are tired, cousin," said Janet.

"Yes," replied John, with a smil "tired, but relieved. I put my child in God's hands. I would have liked to s her. He knows best. I put everythin into his hands. I want to leave off in th world right, and begin right the next or It is all we can do, to put everything, ev our mistakes, into his hands. Yes, must put our lives, our all into his hand We can't go astray, cousin, if we do that

"No, John."

"Yes, all into his hands."

"Now I would be quiet." She sooth his brow with her hand. He fell aslee

(To be Continued.)

Nerves

Are the Telegraph System of the body, extend from the brain to every part of the system.

Nerves are fed by the blood, and are, the fore, like it—weak and tired if the bl is thin, pale, impure—

Nerves are strong and steady, there is no n ralgia, brain is undisturbed — if the bl is rich, red and pure.

Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsapari because it makes rich, red blood, gi good appetite and digestion.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills Sick Headache. 25c

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ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

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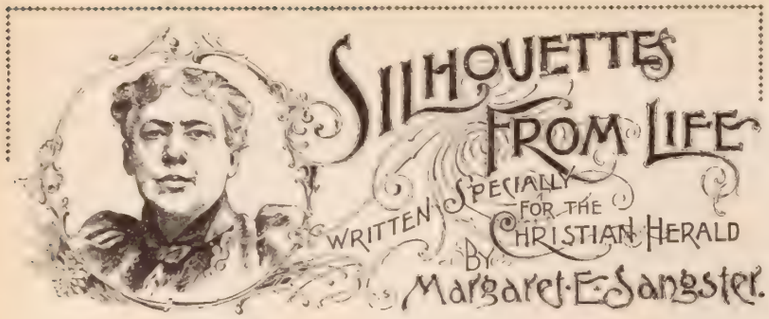

Her Little Class.

"I DON'T think I'll go to Sunday School to-day, Fanny."

"Why not, Geraldine?" said Fanny, who was putting on her arctics and her waterproof, and getting ready to face an inclement world of out-door storm and wind. Fanny looked the stronger of the two sisters, and like most girls of the period, was accustomed to battle with all sorts of weather, the day having passed when women, old or young, if in health, coddle themselves and stay in the house on account of either rain or snow. Geraldine, however, though pale, had not the appearance in the least of an invalid, and in fact could tire her sister out at tennis or golf, so that Fanny was unprepared to hear her say:

"Oh! it's such a wet, wild kind of a day, and my book is so interesting, and the fire on the hearth is so bright. I think I'll take the day off. Besides, my class will be very small on such a day; most of the girls live at a great distance, and those who do come will understand that the storm detained me."

Fanny fastened the last button of her rain-cloak, and took up her Bible and her umbrella. She said nothing, but sometimes silence is more expressive than speech. At the door she turned an instant, and holding the knob in her hand, made this remark:

"Geraldine, have you asked the dear Lord's blessing on your absence?"

Then she went on. Geraldine heard her quick, decided steps as she ran down stairs, her little emphatic closing of the front door, and knew just how she looked as she walked with her firm, elastic tread, down the long, rain-swept street.

"Dear Fanny," she said to herself, "she wouldn't compromise with her conscience. God's blessing on my absence—isn't that suggestion like Fan? As if it were a crime not to go to one's Sunday School class, or as if I had not gone every Sunday, rain or shine, the whole winter long! Well, I cannot be ruled by Fanny." And she turned to her book, settling herself composedly in her luxurious easy chair, with her feet on a hassock.

Just then there came a gale which fairly shook the windows till they rattled, banged the shutters, broke a branch from the tree before the door, and tore round the corner with a howl like a pack of wolves let loose. Following this the rain and sleet came dashing down in furious swirls. The tempest was worse than when Fanny had started. Geraldine was glad she was not in it. But—"God's blessing on my absence" kept winding itself in and out of her head, like the refrain of a song. She was not at ease.

Suddenly, she pitched her book into a corner of the sofa, tossed off her slippers, made a dive into the closet for her boots and India rubbers and a clutch for her shortest skirt and her thick mackintosh, and presto! she was dressed and out of the house and flying down the street like a fairy. She to be defied by a Sunday storm, when a week-day one never held her back on [illegible] engagement of [illegible] Nay, I think not." And [illegible] she sped, reaching the Berlin School just as they stood up to sing the second hymn, and walking in, breathless and panting, but sweet as a rose and fair as a lily notwithstanding, to take her place and meet her little class. It was a very little class that stormy day—only one sad-faced girl—but Geraldine knew that Madge had walked two miles to get there, and the glance of happy welcome, and the warm squeeze from the hand repaid her for her race against the whistling, lashing wind.

Fanny, from her own place among the boys, at the other side of the room, flashed her sister an approving smile, and though it was hidden in the depths of his brown beard, and the lips did not reveal it, a smile kindled and glowed and almost danced in the brown eyes of the Superintendent, Mr. Holly, who was very much in love with Miss Geraldine Butler, but thus far had allowed prudence to hold his admiration in leash, not feeling sure, either, that she would, for an instant, entertain his suit, if proffered, or that she, with all her grace and beauty, would be the right kind of a wife for a man who would have a tough tussle with fortune, before he could win and hold his place in the world. As he gave out the responsive reading, he made up his mind,

> He either fears his fate too much
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all.

Geraldine went faithfully over the lesson with Madge, and then, the two being quite alone, they had a sweet heart-to-heart talk. Madge told her teacher and friend that things were not cheerful at home; her father had lost his place, her brother had fallen into bad company, and her own small salary as a type-writer was just now all that stood between the family and actual want. "We don't very well know how we'll pay the room-rent, unless pa gets work soon," said poor Madge, with a half sob, bravely repressed. "Ma is trying to find sewing, but nobody seems to have any to give out, and she can't leave home."

"I'll find her some plain sewing, Madge," said Geraldine, knowing how easily among her friends, she could find this lady who needed new night-gowns, or that one who had pillow-slips to hem, or the other who wished a supply of children's aprons. "That is, dear," she added, "if she really is an expert seamtress." Geraldine knew perfectly well that many poor women are very clumsy and inefficient when it comes to a question of ordinary nice sewing, such as ladies like to have on their garments.

"My mother is a beautiful sewer, Miss Geraldine," answered Madge, confidently.

"Then I'll see that she is constantly supplied, and you need not be worried about the rent, Madge. I wish you could learn to carry every one of your worries and anxieties right to the heavenly Father. You know how tenderly and truly he cares for us, and how, always whatever happens, we have an Elder Brother, who never forgets to love and keep us. If you would only come to him, dear, and find rest."

Then ensued a very sacred and confidential talk; when it ended Madge's eyes were wet, but the pale, strained look had gone from her face. She had found her Saviour, and never again would she be alone or friendless.

"Ma thought you wouldn't come to Sunday School on such a fearful day," she whispered, "but I knew you would, and I'm thankful I believe in you, Miss Geraldine. I am going to believe just that way in the Lord Jesus."

"Only more so," said Miss Geraldine, reverently and repentantly, with an inaudible prayer for pardon to the Loving One, whom she had so nearly, through a temptation to self-indulgence, wounded in the house of his friends.

"Madge," she said, "we must both pray daily for strength to resist the evil, and cling to the good."

Then Mr. Holly's sharp, incisive bell rang out its peremptory summons, and presently the school was in order, and they were hearing reports, and answering responsive questions, and singing the final hymns, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," and "God be with you till we meet again."

Madge went home, and all the path before her was light and smooth, for a new courage had been born in her heart. By her faith in the teacher friend, and by that friend's fidelity, she had been led to the highest and best Friend in the universe, the Friend who never fails his own in any strait, who guides them to the end, and through eternity.

Geraldine was leaving the school-room, when Mr. Holly joined her. "Let me assist you," he said, "The wind is so strong and fierce, I fear you cannot hold your umbrella." That day he entered into relations which constituted him her comrade and protector through life.

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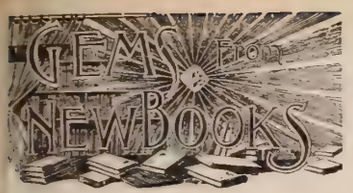

The Structure of the Bible.*

THE Old Testament was composed by many distinct writers, at many different times, and in many separate portions, through a period of more than a thousand years, from Moses to Malachi. Is not, however, an aggregate of detached productions without order or method, the seemingly casual circumstances connected with the origin of its several parts might tempt some to imagine. . . . There is a divine reason why every part is what it is and where it is; why God spake to the fathers at precisely those sundry times and in just those divers portions, in which he actually revealed his will. And, though it may not in every instance be ascertainable by us, yet careful and reverent study will disclose it not only in its general outlines, but also in a multitude of its minor details; and will show that the transpositions and alterations which have been proposed as improvements, are dislocations and disfigurements, which mar and deface the well-proportioned whole. . . . God chose Israel from among the nations of the earth to be his own peculiar people to train them up for himself by immediate communications of his will, and by manifestations of his presence and power in the midst of them. And as the first step in this process, first not only in the order of time but of rational arrangement, and the foundation of the whole, he entered into a special and formal covenant with them at Sinai, and gave them a divine constitution and laws containing the undeveloped seeds and germs of all that he designed to accomplish in them and for them. The first division of the Old Testament consequently is the Pentateuch, which contains this law with its historical introduction.

The next step was to engage the people in the observance of the law thus given to them. The constitution which they had received was set in operation and allowed to work out its legitimate fruits among them and upon them. The law of God thus shaped the history of Israel: while the history added confirmation and enlargement to the law by the experience which it afforded of its workings and of the providential sanctions which attended it and of the modifications which were from time to time introduced as occasion demanded. The historical books thus constitute the second division of the Old Testament, whose office it is to record the providential application and expansion of the law.

A third step in this divine training was to have the law as originally given and as providentially expanded, wrought not only into the outward practice of the people or their national life, as shown in the historical books, but into their inward individual life and their intellectual convictions. This is the function of the poetical books, which are occupied with devotional meditations or earnest reflections upon the law of God, his works and his providence, and the reproduction of the law in the heart and life. These form accordingly the third division of the Old Testament.

The law has thus been set to work upon the national life of the people of Israel in the course of their history, and is in addition coming to be wrought more and more into their individual life and experience by devout meditation and careful reflection. But that this outward and inward development, though conducted in the one case under immediate divine superintendence, and in the other under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, might not fail of its appointed end, there was need that this should be held up to view and that the minds of the people should be constantly directed forward to it. With this view the prophets were raised up to reiterate, unfold, and apply the law in its true spiritual meaning, to correct abuses and misapprehensions, to recall a transgressing people to fidelity to their covenant God, and to expand to the full dimensions of the glorious future the germs and seeds of a better era which their covenant relation to Jehovah contained. They furnish thus what may be called an objective expansion of the law, and their writings form the last division of the Old Testament.

*From *The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch*, by William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary. Prof. Green has a basis of operations in the differences existing between the theories of the higher Critics, and he is singularly well qualified to make the most of it in advocating the orthodox view of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. 12mo, 184; price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Turkish Vandalism.*

SULEYMAN I., surnamed by the Ottomans, Kanouni, or Law Giver; and by the Europeans, the Magnificent, ascended the throne at the age of twenty-three. The funeral of his father, Sultan Selim, took place on his arrival.

After his accession to the throne, he distributed the customary bakshish to the Janizaries, reducing it to one-third of the usual amount, and increased the compensation of his army. He returned the confiscated goods of the Persian merchants, and allowed them to remain.

In September, 1526, Sultan Suleyman the Magnificent entered the cities of Buda and Pesth without any resistance, where 100,000 Christians, men, women and little children were taken to Constantinople and sold in the Avrat-Bazaar, or Turkish slave market, and after a life of tyranny and suffering they passed into the grave, far from home and kindred. The treasures of the palace of Mathias Corvinus and its famous library were conveyed to the Seraglio in Constantinople. The Sultan proclaimed John Zappolio governor of Buda-Pesth, and returned to Constantinople, but in 1528 he marched again against Hungary, in consequence of the expulsion of Zappolio by Ferdinand, the King of Austria.

In May of the following year, Suleyman, with an army of 250,000 troops and 300 guns, arrived at Buda; on the way he met John Zappolio with his suite. The city, after five days' resistance, yielded, and the Turks for a few days luxuriated in their own fashion, indulging in riots and brutal outrages. Finally Zappolio was officially proclaimed king.

The Sultan marched against Vienna, which was besieged for fifteen days; its brave garrison consisting of 20,000 men and seventy-two guns repulsed all the assaults of the Ottomans, and on the night of the 14th of October the besiegers were compelled to withdraw on account of severe cold and lack of provisions.

*From *The Ottoman Dynasty*, by Alexander W. Hidden. The author is a native of Constantinople, and has spent forty years of his life in Turkey. His book gives a concise history of the Sultans of Turkey from the foundation of the dynasty to the present day. Pp. 229. Handsomely illustrated. Cloth covers. Published by Nicholas W. Hidden, New York.

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 16, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Mother, Lancaster, Pa. For the conversion of her son, who has fallen under the power of drink and evil associates.

W. C. L., East Creek, N. Y. That husband and son might be converted.

W. J. C., Baltimore, Md. That God would save a mother, brother, and sister, who are without Christ.

"Believer in Prayer." That a dear one, for whom many prayers have been offered, might be led to love the Saviour.

"Believer in Prayer, Ely, Ia. That a little son might give his heart to Christ in his childhood and begin to serve God early.

S——. That a man who is a believer in God, but does not worship him, might be brought to see his own selfishness and seek salvation.

"Believer in Prayer," Washington. For the conversion of children and son-in-law, and that they may yet become workers for Christ.

"Reader," Ingersoll, Ont., for the salvation of a dear son who makes light of religion, and for his father who never attends divine worship.

C. H. P., Vt. That her husband, who once had the joy of salvation, but has drifted back into the world might be restored, and be forgiven.

"Poor Widow," Farmville, Va. For the conversion of kindred, especially of a son-in-law, whose physical sufferings have not chastened his soul.

A. E. H., Auburn, N. Y. That a son and daughter might be brought to Christ, and that the wisdom they need in temporal affairs might be given them.

"Brother in Christ," Palmyra, Me. For the conversion of a beloved friend in Boston, who has been led by Universalists to postpone seeking Christ.

M. I. R., Kinde, Mich. That a whole family, consisting of parents and five sons and two daughters, might be led to Christ and be saved through his precious blood.

Sunday School Teacher, Georgia, for the conversion of five girls, members of a Sunday School class; also that the way may be opened for a more regular meeting with them.

A. L. R., Manington, W. Va. For the salvation of father, brothers, and sisters, and that they may cease their persecution of two members of the family who have given themselves to the Lord.

D. P., Inverness, Fla. For the salvation of a loved one who has been an invalid for many years, but is not yet a Christian; also for the conversion of three daughters and a son who are strangers to God.

"Burdened Mother," Slater, Mo. That a son, the child of many prayers, might be brought by the power of the Holy Spirit to trust in Christ, might overcome his besetting sin, and yield himself wholly to God.

"Distressed Husband," New York, N. Y. That his wife, who scoffs at religion and who has formed the acquaintance of gentlemen who join her in mocking God, might see the error of her ways and turn to God.

A. A. W., Mich. For the conversion of an only son and of two daughters, and that in learning to love Christ their hearts may be filled with love for each other. Their aged mother prays for them continually.

Reader, Grafton, O. For the conversion of the following persons: an only son of Christian parents; a dear friend who is a backslider; an aged man who is a great sinner; two sons-in-law who have Christian wives; three persons who have left their first love.

"Anxious Father," Brooklyn, N. Y. That his son, whose misconduct has caused many an anxious hour, and whose temporary reformations have aroused hopes many times disappointed, might be taken in hand of God and made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

R. S. S., Morristown, Tenn. That an uncle [illegible] grace to overcome it. That he might seek strength by faith in Christ to the salvation of [illegible] their hearts to God.

"A Friend," Baltimore, Md. That a friend may be converted and have strength and grace given him [illegible] tions that beset him on every side. That all [illegible] away and that he will give up evil habits which are in danger of harming him in soul and body.

L. T. S., [illegible], Pa. For the conversion of a lady friend that God would [illegible] can only bring sorrow and shame; that God would [illegible] for the sake of the church, on which her misconduct would bring reproach; also that he who has followed Joseph's example might have grace given him that he may continue to do right. He feels that he has no strength in himself.

For the Restoration of Health. K. Penrith, Manitoba. That God would mercifully heal her diseases and restore her hearing.

L. T., Kearney, Neb., who has been sick, that God would give health and strength.

"Distressed mother," that a beloved daughter suffering from a nervous affection might be restored to health of mind and body.

"Believer in Prayer," Washington. That Christ, who healed the deaf when he was on earth, might restore the sense of hearing.

J. H. R., Johnson Creek, N. Y. For the recovery of a dear mother now suffering from bronchial trouble which causes apprehension.

Two Sisters, Winchester, Ind. That God would give them health and strength to do their work and attend the services of his house.

"Believer in Prayer," New York, who has been unable to walk for two years, that she might be healed of the Lord and be enabled to serve him.

Sister, Southern, Ill. That a dear brother in Kansas who is ill of pulmonary disease, and who has a family of little children dependent on him, might be healed.

"His Child," Illinois. That one who has been distressed by religious doubts, and whose mind seems to be becoming unsettled, might find peace in believing. Her husband and little children suffer with her and do not know what to do. They plead that God would let the light of his countenance shine into her dark soul.

For Special Blessings. W. J. C., Baltimore, Md., who was converted through God's blessing on the reading of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, begs the readers of it to pray that God will give grace to lead a consistent life and to serve him faithfully in the new life begun in faith in his keeping power.

M. F., Ottawa, Ont. One who finds the struggle very hard, desires prayers for divine help.

Lady, Marshall, Tex. That one dearly loved, for whose return constant prayer is being offered, may be brought back.

W. H. T., Ironwood, Mich. That revival services now being held there may be blessed of God to the salvation of many souls.

Subscriber, Atlantic City, N. J. For the return of a beloved daughter who left home last July and of whom no trace has since been found.

J. S., Boston, Mass. That a friend nigh unto death may be supported in the dark passage and may be cheered by assurance of acceptance with God.

D. P., Inverness, Fla. That one who is beset with strong temptation may have grace given her to be true to God and that in some way an opportunity may soon be given her to earn an honest livelihood.

E. B., Scottsdale, Pa. That in some way employment might be obtained so that in her old age she may not have to eat the bread of charity, but be able to earn her living by honest work, as she has done all her life.

"Believer in Prayer," Ely, Iowa. That two young persons earnestly trying to obtain an education that they may work for Christ in the world, but who are hindered by poverty, may be enabled to overcome their difficulty and secure the training they desire.

"Burdened Mother," Slater, Mo. That a Christian son who has been unfortunate in business may have strength and grace to bear his trials and may not lose his faith in God's love. Also that he may be guided and helped in his efforts to recover his lost position in the business world.

"Suffering Soul," Burchill, O., who is in despair because of a wicked life, has no hope of being forgiven, that she may for the sake of her family be kept from further sin and be able to lead a life of self-sacrifice for others. To her request, we may add a suggestion that prayer be offered for her, that she may give Christ credit for meaning what he said when he declared that he would cast out none who come to him.

"Truth," Weston, Ont. That God would show him his duty in a very difficult dilemma. A sin committed many years ago is now distressing him as he has recently been converted. Two courses are open to him but each involves suffering to others. He does not know which is right. Asks that prayer may be offered that God would enlighten him and give him strength to do his duty whatever it may be. He realizes that the way of the transgressor is hard.

"Stranger in a Strange Land," who many years ago thought she was converted and joined a church, but when left a widow with three little children was so hard pressed for means to support them, that she "fell into an unprofitable manner of life" and lost her confidence of being God's child. She now asks for prayer that God would forgive her sin, restore her to his favor and save her children who know her sin and would not be inclined to listen to the pleading of their mother though it was for their sake that she committed the sin.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

Waverley BICYCLES

ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades**

REWARD of a new Waverley Scorcher is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case.

ART CATALOGUE FREE BY MAIL. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

There is great danger in heart disease. It ends life as suddenly as the guillotine. Thousands have it who never suspect it. The victim is generally forewarned but fails to heed it. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure will cure it.

All druggists sell it. Free book, "New and Startling Facts," at druggists or Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

CUDAHY'S REX BRAND FOR FLAVOR

For Soups Gravies Sauces, etc.

can always be depended upon to be the best when cooks use pure, rich Extract of Beef like

Cudahy's Rex Brand

Write to The CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO., South Omaha, Neb., for free copy of "Ranch Book" and enclose 4 cents in stamps for sample.

MONUMENTS

DON'T buy Marble or Granite until investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. NO Cracking Crumbling

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO., 70-86 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mail Us

Ten cents—in stamps or silver—and we will mail you a fine, heavy silk watch fob with a guaranteed gold plated buckle. Our motive? To acquaint you—through a handsome booklet we send along—with the

HARRIS Wire Buckle Suspenders

and other specialties manufactured under the

Harris Patents

Wire Buckle Suspender Co., Williamsport, Pa.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

THIS NEW

ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from others, is cup shape, with adjusting Ball in center, adapts to all positions of the body, while ball in the cup presses back intestines, just as a person does with finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held curely day and night, and a radical cure certain. easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars f

LEE, Illinois, October, 1.

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as boy. Yours truly, M. C. MYERS M. D.

SPANSBURGH, Va., Sept 5.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a n of cases of grown people. E. W SIMS, M. D.

DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 3

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I nev ticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BROWN

TUNIS, N. C., July 21.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured would have written to you about this before but wanted to if my cure was permanent. O. G. HALLMAN

$1 000 forfeited to you if every testimonial by us is not genuine. Address

E. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHIC.

All Skin Disorders

from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema and Tetter can be quickly and permanently cured by the simple application of

HEISKELL'S OINTMENT.

It makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy, producing a clear and brilliant complexion.

50c. per box at Druggists or by mail.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 531 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

THE IMPROVED

Elastic Truss

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in exist that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and tains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest s and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady and for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th Street, N.

CLOTHES WASHED

with the "Busy Bee" are CLEAN. Here's the record: 100 pieces in 1 hour and no strong. Exclusive sale given to GOOD AGENTS. Write now

(BUSY BEE WASHER) LAKE ERIE MFG CO. 171 E. 13 St. Erie, Pa.

PRINTING OUTFIT $1.

Sets any name in one minute, prints 6 clear lines. YOU can make money with it. A pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker with Sample ruled FREE for 10c. stamps for 1 on outfit and large catalogue of boy bargains with figures like larger cuts for

(no letters) postpaid. Ingersoll & Bro, 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Money Saver

$5. Printing Press

Print your own cards &c. This Press for circulars or small newspaper. Catalogue free, presses, type, paper, cards, &c. from maker KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Type-setting easy by full printed instructions.

Cake

Easily removed without breaking. **Perfection Tins** require no greasing. Round square or oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 15 cents. Catalogue F

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 68 St., Bath, N.

THE ISLAND OF LEPERS.

JOHN D. MUSICK, the well known historical and descriptive author, who is now journeying around the world, gives this account of a visit he paid to the leper island of Molokai, in Hawaii: We cast anchor off Molok, near the settlement of Kalaupapa. After breakfast we began to disembark. Before leaving the ship, we were provided with a pair of new white kid gloves, and admonished to wear them all the time we were on shore. As we left the island next day in the boats for the ship, these gloves were thrown into the sea. From three to five hundred men gathered on the shore of Molokai to greet us, and others were coming over the hill, some on foot and many on horseback, waving hats and bonnets, and shouting like ship-wrecked mariners at the approach of rescuing boats. I had heard of lepers, and heard much about them, and I thought as I saw them from the boat that, if these were lepers, they were a jolly set, over whom the cares of life sat lightly. A nearer approach dispelled the illusion that these unfortunates could be happy, and proved their cheerfulness to be only assumed. An old man sat in his house gazing at us, without a finger on either hand. A woman with two great tumors hanging from her chin, face covered with blotches, frightful to behold, was standing near. Even the band boys with their brilliant uniforms and beautiful music would not bear close inspection. Some had lost part of their fingers, others their toes, while the faces of all were more or less marred by the disease. Misery was depicted on every side. Doomed to hopeless isolation from the rest of the world, afflicted by an incurable disease, how could they be otherwise than miserable? The lepers came as close to us as they dared, and gazed on us with admiration which almost amounted to worship. To them we were superior beings with whom they could never mingle, yet whom they loved without any of the spirit of envy. They seemed never to tire of feasting their eyes on us.

Mr. Reynolds, the manager of the settlement, took us to the house set apart for visitors. The cook and steward of the ship brought some food ashore for our dinners. The lepers to the number of three or five hundred followed us to the house, and, in fact, everywhere we went that day we were always surrounded and followed by them. The settlement at Kalaupa is made up of more than one hundred neat, clean houses for the lepers, and the land extending over to the other side of the tongue of land is lined with houses, farms, and gardens.

The Red Sea Miracle.

For several years past Major-General Talloch has been making government surveys for the English government in that part of Egypt where the Hebrews accomplished their famous journey. He has lately published a report which substantiates the Biblical story of the Red Sea passage. In his published statement he says that in the spring of last year he was engaged in surveying the borders of Lake Menzaleh, on the Red Sea. On one occasion a sudden and violent wind-storm arose, the force of which was so prodigious as to carry everything before it, including accidentally the water of the lake. In a few hours the whole body of water had been abducted, and naught remained saved vessels, mud and sand. The vessels moored in the lake were stranded high and dry, with no water in sight. This is possibly what occurred in the days of Moses. It gives new interest to that famous history wherein is set forth the triumphant flight of the captives dry-shod through the way of waters, whose returning flood destroyed their oppressors. An examination of the various routes has demonstrated the fact that at many points the miraculous event could have taken place.

If you need a Tonic
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It stimulates the stomach, nourishes the nerves, builds the brain tissue. A wonderful tonic. Makes a delightful beverage.

Ladies and children find Hood's Pills especially adapted to their use. They are small in size, so that the dose can be regulated for a slight effect. They are easy to take; easy to operate.

A COUGH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are a simple remedy and give immediate and sure relief.

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NEW FREE DELIVERY SYSTEM
DELIVERS THEIR FAMOUS
SEEDS
AT CATALOGUE PRICES,
FREE
TO ANY POST OFFICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our **New Manual of "Everything for the Garden"** is the grandest ever issued. It not only points the way to successful gardening, but is, as well, a careful gleaning of the world's newest and best in Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. Its 160 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, are embellished with over 500 engravings, and contain, besides, 6 beautiful colored plates of Novelties in Seeds and Plants.

NOW THEN, to trace our advertising we make the following unusually liberal offer: To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Manual, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50c. *Pioneer Collection* of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Mammoth Mignonette, New Bonfire Pansy, New "Blue Ribbon" Sweet Peas, Succession Cabbage, Prizetaker Onion, and "Table Queen" Tomato, in a blue envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25c. cash payment on any order of goods selected from Manual to the amount of $1 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

The Most Artistic Effect In Sweet Peas

is obtained by having each color by itself in a separate vase. Try it. We offer one packet of each of these choicest sorts:

BLUSHING BEAUTY—clear day-break pink
BOREATTON—rich velvety maroon
EMILY HENDERSON—purest white
COUNTESS OF RADNOR—soft lavender
VENUS—a grand salmon buff

together with our

1896 Seed Catalogue,

for only **12 cents in stamps.**

This Catalogue is handsomely illustrated by direct photographs, alone worth the money.

1 oz. each of the above with Catalogue for 40 cents.

¼ lb. each of the above with Catalogue for $1.00. **Send now.**

Johnson & Stokes,
217 and 219 Market Street,
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FERRY'S SEEDS

Perfect seeds grow paying crops. Perfect seeds are not grown by chance. Nothing is ever left to chance in growing **Ferry's Seeds.** Dealers sell them everywhere. Write for

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL
for **1896.** Brimful of valuable information about best and newest seeds. Free by mail.
D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

15 LARGE PKTS. NEW FLOWER SEEDS FOR ONLY 15 CENTS
To pay postage and packing.

1 pkt New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (as shown in cut). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful; flowers very large, all colors, red, green, marbled fringed, white spotted with blue, and all of incomparable beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansy, 1 pkt Cosmos, 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus, 1 pkt Chinese Pink, 1 pkt Aster, 1 pkt Gaillardia, 1 pkt Godetia, 1 pkt Larkspur, 1 pkt Giant Coxcomb, 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum, 1 pkt Candytuft, 1 pkt Mignonette, 1 pkt Phlox, 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large packets choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 15 cts. 15 bulbs New Gladiolus 15 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we refund your money if not as represented.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

How to Fry with Cottolene

Fry everything from potato chips to doughnuts in Cottolene. Put Cottolene in a cold pan—heat it slowly until it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Then put in your food. It will pay you to try Cottolene just this way—see how delicious and wholesome it makes the food.

Get the genuine, sold everywhere in one, three, and five pound tins, with trade-marks—"*Cottolene*" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin.

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DR. HAYES' treatment for ASTHMA

Has cured and is curing thousands all over the World.

If You Suffer you cannot afford to remain in ignorance of the success which is being attained and what it means for you. *Full information free.*

Address, **DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.**

$250.00 FOR TOMATOES. This is the most wonderful Tomato we ever saw; will ripen in the cold North where others will not. It is a beauty, very smooth, and so early that it more than pleases every one. The Seed need not be planted until April or May, and will give an abundance of ripe fruit. **Be sure to try it.**

ALL HEAD CABBAGE—Very early. Sure to be all head.
SUREHEAD CABBAGE—is sure to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed 60lbs.
JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 8 feet. Fruits early and continually; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Pleases all and a wonderful curiosity.
GOLDEN TOM THUMB POP-CORN—A perfect little wonder, produces several golden ears to each stalk, excellent for popping.
EARLY FORTUNE POTATO is a wonderful variety, earliest in the world. Planted 5 weeks after the Early Rose, matured at same time and yielded over 3 times as many. We want it tested in every garden in U. S. this year and offer a **Handsome Prize** for largest yield in each *State* from *one potato.* Instructions with potato which is worth $1. to any one.
SPECIAL OFFER—We will send a packet each of *Early Tomato, All Head Early* and *Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber,* 1 ear *Tom Thumb Pop Corn,* and 1 whole *Early Fortune Potato* (packed from frost) with a Garden Annual (nothing published like it) for only **25cts.**

☞ Every person sending M. O. or silver for above Collection, and names of three friends who buy Seeds, we will send "**Success With the Garden,**" a monthly magazine, one year free, and 50c. certificate for seeds. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 42, ROSE HILL, N. Y.**

Everything of the Best at Right Prices for Orchard, Vineyard, Lawn, Park, Street, Garden and Greenhouse, Rarest New, Choicest Old.

Elegant 168 page catalogue free. Send for it before buying. Half saved by dealing direct. Try it. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., sent by mail to any office in the U. S. postpaid. Larger by express or freight. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. **42nd Year. 1000 Acres. 29 Greenhouses.**

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 70 Painesville, O.

A Woman Florist.

5 EVERBLOOMING ROSES
Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blush
FOR **10cts**

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 10 cents for the above Five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

8 of the loveliest, fragrant, everblooming Roses, 25 cts.
8 of the finest double Geraniums, all colors, 25 cts.
8 Most charming single Geraniums, all colors, 25 cts.
8 Carnations, the "Divine flower," all colors, 25 cts.
8 Glorious varieties Fuchsias, double and single, 25 cts.
8 Prize winning Chrysanthemums, world-beaters, 25 cts.
10 Packets Flower Seeds, a choice assortment, 10 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The above eight collections containing 63 Plants and 10 pkts of Seeds mailed to any address for $1.25. **We guarantee satisfaction.** Once a customer, always one. Catalogue free. Address,

MISS ELLA V. BAINES, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

SPRAY PUMPS
21 STYLES.
BEST and CHEAPEST.

Catalogue and full treatise on spraying fruit and vegetable crops mailed free. Address

WM. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

$250.00 FOR 4 FLOWER BEDS.

The following is the greatest collection ever offered for variety of colors, and I will pay $100 to person who grows the largest number of colors from it; $75 to second; $50 to third; and $25 to fourth. It will surprise you, and make a very interesting flower bed.

1 pkt. **Alice Pansy**—all colors mixed, simply grand.
1 pkt. **Phlox**—fancy mixed, all wonderful, shows colors.
1 pkt **Sweet Peas**—Eckford's Mixed, over 40 kinds, splendid.
1 pkt. **Chinese Pinks**—mixed colors, hardy and very showy.
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1 pkt **Chrysanthemum**—all choicest kinds—very choice.
1 pkt **Everlasting Flowers**—all colors, flowers kept for years.
1 pkt. **Mixed Flowers**—over 100 kinds—that grow and bloom.
2 bulbs **Excelsior Pearl Tuberoses**—sure to bloom early.
4 bulbs **Gladioli**, one each of White, Pink Scarlet, Variegated
3 bulbs **Gladioli**, fancy mixed, loads spikes, all colors.
1 bulb **Gladiolus**, Lemoine, earliest of all, butterfly colors.
8 bulbs **Oxalis**—sure to bloom—lovely color for borders.

These 10 pkts. of seed and 13 choice bulbs (worth $1.30), will all flower this season, and make a wonderful flower bed of many colors. I will send them with my 1896 catalogue, Pansy Calendar, full instructions for prizes and how to get the most colors, for 30 cents (silver or M. O.). Order at once, and you will be more than pleased. My catalogue shows a photo of such a bed. **"Cupid"** Sweet Peas, the Floral Wonder. Free with each order.

F. B. MILLS, Box 147, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

LIVE SEEDS
FROM GROWER TO PLANTER

New and Wonderful Varieties sold at lowest growing prices. I give you middleman's profit and **Seeds that Grow.** Novelty Presents free with orders. My New Seed and Plant Book **FREE.** Write now before they are gone.

H. W. BUCKBEE,
Rockford Seed Farms,
P. O. Box 587. ROCKFORD, ILLS.

A HISTORIAN'S CONFESSION.

MULLER, the famous German historian, made the following remarkable confession to a friend: "How shall I describe to you what I found in the New Testament? I had not read it for many years, and was prejudiced against it before I took it in hand. The light which struck Paul with blindnesss on his way to Damascus was not more strange, more surprising to him than it was to me when I suddenly discovered the fulfilment of all hopes, the highest perfection of philosophy, the explanation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world. I saw religion appear at the moment most favorable to its appearance, and in a manner most adapted to its acceptance. The whole world seemed to be ordered for the sole purpose of furthering the religion of the Redeemer, and if this religion is not divine I understand nothing at all. I have read no books on the subject, but in all my studies of the ancient times I have always felt the want of something, and it was not till I knew our Lord tnat all was clear to me. With him there is nothing I am not able to solve." These thoughtful words are commended to those who make light of the Bible, and who despise Christianity. There is no greater fool than he who regards the Bibie as a fable and Christ's religion as a delusion. God's word is the greatest deliverance the world ever saw.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram F. Clark.
M. M. R., Butler, Pa.
W. A. Crosby.
Miss Dell F. Anderson.
Mrs. R. W. A. Simmons.
John Williams.
Geo. Haig.
Miss J. A. Finley.
Minnie E. Brindle.
Georgia and Mrs. E. J. Thornton.
A family being led by Jesus, Great Bend, Pa.
Mrs. Price Clements.
Susan Saleman.
Mrs. Jas. Gamblin.
Morris K. Jesup.
Jonathan, East Shelburne, Mass.
Mrs. L. G. Vance.
Ray H. Baldwin.
Mrs. C. D. Smith.
Wm. Woodside.
Bowles Colgate.
M. L. Knight.
Irvin Mentzer.
Mrs. S. H. Day.
J. E. Baird.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose names are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the work before March 15 next, each giving according to ability and as personal interest in the spiritual progress of the work suggests. All contributions will be promptly acknowedged by mail.

TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

[illegible] offers more genuine attractions to the pleasure-traveling public than any [illegible] the American continent. The time of [illegible] would be [illegible] by [illegible] than their [illegible] [illegible] America as it worth is too well known to necessitate a description of the many advantages to be enjoyed.

[illegible] Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia, March 21, 1896. In addition to the many other points of interest visited on the first tour a stop will be made at [illegible] the Mardi Gras festivities, and [illegible] will be allowed to California. On the second tour four and one-half weeks will be allowed [illegible]

[illegible] to the [illegible] have been [illegible] Pullman equipment [illegible]

[illegible] which will be the very best that the Pullman Company can supply, will contain nine inclos[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

AN ALBANIAN FABLE.

In Altania, north of Greece, and on the borders of the Adriatic Sea, little missionary work has been done, and the people are wild and lawless. In their folklore are a number of excellent fables, one of which is peculiarly applicable to their present condition, as showing the folly of useless quarrels from which nothing but evil can come. It is as follows: Two farmers were walking together from the market when, as they approached a stream, a fox suddenly darted out of some oak bushes, and in its fright jumped across the brook. One of the men cried out, "See there! he wet his tail;" but the other replied, "No such thing! he didn't wet it." The former said, "Not so; he did wet it." "No, sir; he didn't wet it," was the reply. They kept on saying, "He wet it" "He didn't wet it" until they got angry, and one of them raised his stick and struck his companion, and soon blows were raining on each other.

One of them was so beaten that he lay down. He then said to his companion, "Now, brother, why should we fight over a fox's tail whether he wet it or not." "Very well," said his comrade, "but he didn't wet it." "No," said the other, rising up, "but he did wet it." "Not at all," was the reply, "but he didn't wet it" at which the fight was renewed and continued until both died.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found in the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Lewisburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Kemp, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Compound cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a free trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing to try, and should surely try it.

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COMPOUND OF PURE

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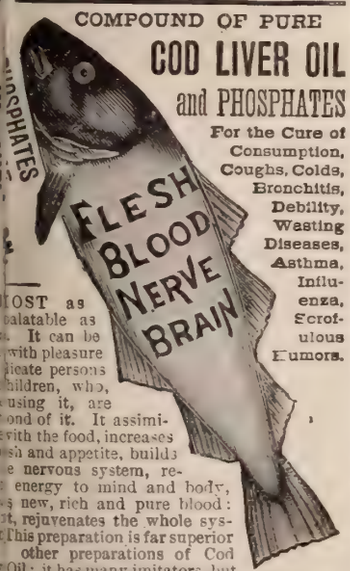
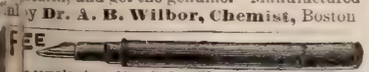


For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, Asthma, Influenza, Scrofulous Humors.

MOST as palatable as ... It can be ... with pleasure ... delicate persons ... children, who, ... using it, are ... fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases ... flesh and appetite, builds ... the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, makes new, rich and pure blood: in fact, rejuvenates the whole system. This preparation is far superior to other preparations of Cod Liver Oil: it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by **Dr. A. B. Wilbor, Chemist,** Boston



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In cases of

Paralysis
Vertigo
Dyspepsia
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Sick and Nervous Headaches

Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant.

has been prescribed by over forty thousand physicians with wonderful success. Sample by mail, 25 cents; regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., sent to any address.

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Manufacturing Chemists,
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Formula on Every Bottle.

1896

MISS MARY E. MARTIN,
FLORAL PARK,
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Will sell you **FRESH, PURE,** up-to-date
Flower Seeds and Bulbs

When you buy of me—**you save money, get bright Flowers, fashionable colors, honest treatment, and PATRONIZE A WOMAN. —MONEY BACK IF WANTED.—**

15 OF THESE VARIETIES IN FULL-SIZED PACKETS **25c**
"A WHOLE FLOWER GARDEN FOR 25 CENTS."

Alyssum Little Gem.	*Mignonette Giant Tree
*Aster Giant Comet White. Immense; new.	*Pansy Parisian Fancy. 40 colors. New strain.
Dahlia Double. Large.	Petunia---Pyramidal
Dianthus or Japanese Clove Pink. Dble. 20 cols.	Tree. French.
*Fairy Zinnias. Gems.	Poppies--Shirley and Carnation. Double.
Giant Phlox Drummondi. Star, fringe, &c.	Snow Queen Candytuft. Elegant.
*Japanese Imperial Morning Glory. New.	Sweet Peas, 40 kinds
Lemon Verbena.	Verbena---Mammoth Bright Flowers; 20 cols.

NOVELTIES MARKED THUS *

Anyone sending for FOUR of these collections from 4 people, names and addresses enclosed, I will send

◆ FREE ◆
5 BEGONIA BULBS IN 5 COLORS or 5 Bulbs 50c

Flowers are 4 ins. across. Crimson, Yellow, White, Pink and Blotched. Bloom in pots in the house summer and winter; outside are smothered with bloom all summer.

AGENTS WANTED Little work, good pay. I pay good, sensible premiums, such as $50 Breech Loading Double Barrel Shot Gun; 112 pieces Genuine Diamond Ring, Watches, Furs, Ostrich Plumes, Rose Bushes, Catalogue—Directions for Growing, Premium, and Prize Blanks with every order.

Miss Mary E. Martin, Floral Park, New York.

MY HUSBAND Can see how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for $19.50
Standard Singers $8.00, $11.00
$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 18 Chicago, Ill.

Six Lovely Roses For 25 Cents.

For only **25 cents** (silver or stamps) we will send one each of following **Everblooming Roses**, strong, one year old plants, on their own roots, all will bloom freely this summer. **Snowflake**, pure white; **Maurice Rouvier**, pink shaded crimson; **Star of Gold**, the queen of yellows; **Mad. Sadi Carnot**, bright cherry red, very fragrant; **Mlle F. Kruger**, coppery yellow; **Mad. Schwaller**, best pink known.

For **50 cents** we will send 14 ROSES including the above six and seven more of our selection all **extra choice** varieties no two alike.

15 Prize Chrysanthemums	50c	10 Fragrant Carnation Pinks	50c
12 Geraniums, single & double	50c	12 Bright Colored Coleus	50c
10 Flowering Begonias, choice kinds	50c	25 pkts Choice Flower Seeds	50c

ANY 3 OF ABOVE SETS FOR $1.25, ANY 5 SETS FOR $2.00.

HALF A MILLION ROSES NOW READY.

These are samples of our stock and you may be sure we will send no inferior plants.

We pay all postage and guarantee the plants safely delivered into your hands, all plainly and correctly labeled. **Ask for Catalogue.**

NISFALLEN GREENHOUSES ESTABLISHED 1877.

THE GEO. H. MELLEN CO.,
Box J. Springfield, Ohio.

Write a Letter.

If your dealer sends you any other soap for Copco, send it back and write him a letter. He has an eye to business—you should have an eye to self-satisfaction. There can be no better soap than

COPCO
TRADE MARK.

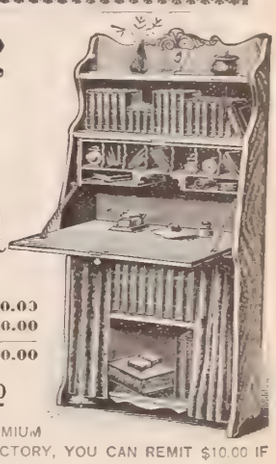
in quality, in purity or efficiency. It's the best soap the best soapmakers know how to make. The price is but 5 cents. Don't decide that it's too cheap to be good—try it! You've often paid double the price for poorer soap.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "Chautauqua" Desk
OR A "Chautauqua" Rocker and Reclining Chair



WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR $10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost,	$10.00
Either Premium Ditto,	$10.00
Total,	$20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR $10.00

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Larkin of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo; have visited their factory; have purchased and used their goods and received premiums offered, and we know what they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.—*The Independent*, New York City.

The Jackson Sanatorium
At DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

For thirty-seven years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicans, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

A delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for recreation, comfort, and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

For illustrated pamphlet address
J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D., Sec'y.
P. O. Box 1865.

CATALOGUE **FREE**

Now is the time to buy a **PIANO** or **ORGAN** from the first hand, as prices are the lowest they will be for many years. Instruments sold direct to the public at wholesale factory prices. Don't pay a profit to agents and middlemen.

TERMS cash, or payments to suit purchaser. No interest charged on time payments. Purchaser has the use of instrument from the day it leaves our warerooms. Every instrument sold on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory, we will pay freight both ways. Warranted for 15 years.

REFERENCE Bank references furnished on application. The name of this paper and the business standing of the publishers are sufficient guarantee that instruments sold by us are as represented. A piano or organ in your home means a musical education for your children, and a source of entertainment for your friends. Write us to-day, stating what you want, and the first Piano in a place from which we receive an order at the factory price of $159. Organs from $25 upwards. Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue, free, by mail. Mention this paper. If you want to buy on instalments, we will trust you. If you want to buy for cash, we will make prices that will surprise you. If you want to buy on instalments, we will trust you. If you want to buy for cash, we will make prices that will surprise you. BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU **Write Us.**

BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO.,
P. O. Box 741 WASHINGTON, N. J.

Incubators and Brooders
Best in the world, hot water pipe system. Will hatch chicks when others fail. Catalogue Free.
Shoemaker Incubator Co., Freeport, Ill. U.S.A.

FREE
OXFORD MUSE. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

On the Grand Painting described below there are, of course, no numbers, nor any advertising.

Copyrighted, 1896, by W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. All Rights Reserved.

This illustration is photographed from the painting for the KEY, which is sent with every copy.

A Grand Painting of SWEET PEAS

A Superb Work of Art,—Size 13 x 16½ inches, in 14 Colors.

By the famous French Artist, PAUL DE LONGPRÈ.

The great artist visited FORDHOOK FARM during midsummer, when the large area of Sweet Peas gave rare beauty to our Trial Grounds. Amid these charming scenes, glowing with life and color and sweet with delicate perfume of Sweet Peas, the famous painter of nature caught the most elusive charms of leaf and flower, which he has transfigured in imperishable life to his painting. This matchless specimen of the highest art has been reproduced in fourteen colors, making a picture that for chaste elegance it would be impossible to overpraise. So faithful has been the work of the lithographer that not even a trained critic could detect the difference from the original (which **cost $250.00**), except by the minutest examination.

It is indeed a rare transcript from nature,—a dream in colors that should adorn the walls of every home in town and country.

In order that all may secure a copy of this dainty work of art we will sell it to our customers) at **10 cents per copy,** mailed in a pasteboard tube; regular price 20 cents.

With every copy we mail an illustrated **Key** giving the name of each beautiful variety of Sweet Peas [illegible] in the painting. ☞ We offer **The Artist's Blend of Sweet Peas,** containing [illegible] in exact proportions of all the separate named varieties which MR. DE LONGPRÈ selected for his part-original of our collection of nearly *one hundred varieties of Sweet Peas.* [illegible] oz. 25 cts.; ¼ lb. 75 cts.; per lb. $2.50, postpaid.

For One Dollar you can select either five Gem Collections, five Collections of Sweet Peas, or five full-size packets (or ten half-size packets) of CUPID, or equal value, **assorted as desired.** ☞ We sell all seeds in PACKETS to the **value of $1.25 for each $1.00.**

SPECIAL To readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD! If your order amounts to one dollar from this advertisement or from **"The page of Sweet Peas"** in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 5, 1896, we will give also, **entirely FREE,** one full-size packet each of the lovely novelty from California, **"JUANITA"** (pronounced *Wah-neeta*), and the curious new **Sweet Pea, "ODDITY,"**—quite unlike any other Sweet Pea in cultivation. Both of these grand new Sweet Peas are **unusual NOVELTIES of 1896** *that can be had only direct from us*—see beautiful Colored Plate in THE FARM ANNUAL FOR 1896. **OR,** if your order amounts to only **50 CENTS** from this advertisement, you can have **either** of these **Rare Novelties FREE!** ☞ Remember, these **PREMIUMS are given FREE only** if you mention **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,**—use this offer is made to readers of but four other papers. **Order TO-DAY! Do not delay!** If your order comes too late, when we are sold out, we will return the money, as no more of these Grand Novelties can be had at any price. It will take only five minutes of your time to **write Now!** We always guarantee entire satisfaction to every purchaser or money refunded. You can remit either in Cash, Stamps, or Money Order. Please write your name and full post-office address plainly. Address

SWEET PEAS FOR THE MILLION!

We are determined, so far as in our power, that **every American garden shall hav the best NEW SWEET PEAS in 1896.** By keeping **Purity** and **High Quality** o aim, rather than low prices, we are acknowledged **Headquarters for SWEET PEAS** ☞ We have **thirty-two thousand pounds of the seed,** and sell the usual grad **Mixed Sweet Peas at 35 cents per lb., 3 lbs. for $1.00, postpaid, by mail,- BUT we recommend** *as far superior the* **most beautiful NOVELTIES** here offered :-

Seven Superb Sweet Peas for 25 Cents.

BLANCHE BURPEE. MR. HENRY ECKFORD, the noted English Specialist, has stated repeatedly that he considers **"BLANCHE BURPEE" the finest of all the famous Sweet Peas that he has originated.** Flowers of the purest white, three and four on a stem, of extra giant size and grand substance; perfect in form.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Of large expanded form, the flowers are exceedingly pretty and attractive. Standards a deep rosy mauve, with wings of bluish mauve. Very distinct and extra fine.

LADY PENZANCE. The standard is a beautiful laced-pink, touching orange, while the wings are a darker pink. Truly a superb flower, of large size and most exquisite color.

NEW LOTTIE ECKFORD. This is *the improv new strain.* Flowers are very large and remar ably beautiful, having a white ground delicate edged and suffused with lavender blue.

ROYAL ROBE. This is undoubtedly *the b soft pink* to date. A very lovely flower of lar size; an exquisite variety.

STANLEY. Large, handsome flowers produc abundantly in fours on long stems and are- rich dark maroon. Exceptionally fine for b quets. This is by far the *finest dark variety.*

SPECIAL SUPERFINE MIXED. *This mixt contains only the* **best Eckford New Sweet Pe** It is a choice blending of seventeen large-flower new named varieties. Per pkt. 10 cts.; oz. cts.; ¼ lb 50 cts.; per lb $1.50, postpaid.

The Seven Superb Sweet Peas described above, in same size packets, would have cost $1.00 in 1895, but are sold now for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid.

"JUST HOW TO GROW SWEET PEAS; FULL DIRECTIONS BY AN EXPERT," mailed with each collecti

Get four friends to order, and secure **a collection FREE,** as we mail **five collections f $1.00. Or for $1.00** we will mail four collections and a 25-cent packet of our floral wond

Dwarf Sweet Pea,—Burpee's "CUPID

We had plants grown in pots exhibited at **The Royal Horticultural Society,** in London, England, wh it received an **Award of Merit**—the highest honor that can be conferred upon a new variety. We exhibi also in Paris, France, at the **Société National d'Horticulture,** where it received a **First-class Certifica**

"CUPID." Foliage deep emerald-green; flowers pure white, of unequaled substance, and full s **The plants never grow over five inches high,** and spread fifteen inches in diame **CUPID** is a wonderfully free bloomer,—*a mass of white,*—it carpets the ground from May until November.

In regular-size packets (each containing twenty seeds), **per pkt. 25 cts.; five pkts. for $1.00, twelve pkts. for $2.00,** postpaid. ☞ We offer **$150.00 in Cash Prizes** for the most prolific plants. **In half-size packets** (ten seeds each), **per pkt. 15 cts.; two pkts. for 25 cts.; ten pkts. for $1.**

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 189

The Leading American Seed Catalogue. A handsome New BOOK of 184 pages

With hundreds of true illustrations and beautiful **colored plates** *painted from nature.* It describes RA NOVELTIES **for 1896** not to be had elsewhere, and tells all about **THE BEST SEEDS THAT GRO** choice summer-flowering **BULBS,** and beautiful **PLANTS,** including the celebrated **SCOTT ROS** The price is ten cents (less than actual cost in quarter-million editions), **but a copy will be MAILED FR to every one who intends to purchase BURPEE'S SEEDS** for planting in 1896.

NEW SEED OF BEAUTIFUL

RARE FLOWERS

AT LESS THAN **1/4 REAL VALUE**

$1.20 worth for 25 cents!

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF SEED GROWERS.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD IT?

will be the first question asked by thousands who read this advertisement. We answer that **we cannot afford it,** in the ordinary sense—the collection advertised below is sold at a positive loss,—but we charge the expense to advertising, and many years' experience have shown that **a fair trial of the Famous FORDHOOK FLOWER SEEDS** is the very best advertisement we can have. We have prepared **50,000** of these collections, and from the sale of these are sure to make thousands of new customers for **BURPEE'S SEEDS.** ☞ Do not hesitate to order— we guarantee entire satisfaction—and thus **we can afford** to wait another year for our profit from future sales at regular prices.

BURPEE'S GEM COLLECTION FOR 1896

Price 25 cents, contains **TEN packets** best seed of ten mos beautiful and rare new flowers, which, purchased at regula retail prices, **are worth $1.20.** We prepared for this specia offer last season by growing large areas of all these. We guarantee all full-size packets of same fines quality as if purchased at regular retail prices. ☞ This is a *bona fide* offer. It is well known that we de **the largest mail Seed business in the world,** and this offer is made to still further extend our trade

FOR 25 CENTS

we will mail to any address one packe (full size) **each of all the following:—**

AMARANTHUS, Coleus-leaved.
Entirely new; large, brilliantly-colored leaves.

ASTERS,—Fordhook Favorites.
The finest varieties only, including *Peony-flowered Perfection, Improved Victoria,* and all colors of the magnificent *New Comet Asters.*

BALSAM,—Burpee's Defiance.
Of wonderful perfection, unequaled in the world. Beautiful colors, double as a Camellia.

HELIANTHUS,—Double Multiflora.
A very distinct, peculiar new double Sunflower from France, of unusual beauty.

MIGNONETTE,—Giant Gabrielle.
Handsome, large flower-heads of most delicious fragrance.

NASTURTIUMS,—Fordhook Finest
A superb mixture of brilliant colors, including beautiful new hybrids of *Madame Gunter.*

THREE NEW PANSIES.
The bright *Meteor,* showy *Kaiser Frederick,* an dainty, iridescent *Peacock.*

THREE LARGEST-FLOWERIN NEW PETUNIAS.
The *Giants of California, Burpee's Defiance,* an *Giant Emperor* in unequaled mixture.

PHLOX HORTENSIÆFLORA.
Immense flower-clusters, like the Hydrange

RICINUS ZANZIBARENSIS.
The new gigantic variety from Africa. Reall a noble plant. Leaves measure *four feet across*

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys the entire ten varieties as above, with directions for cultur printed on each packet. Five Complete Collections mailed for $1.00, or 10 Collections for $2.0

ORDER TO-DAY! We would recommend that you send also ten cents for

"FLOWERS FOR EVERY HOME."

This new book tells how to grow successfully flowers from seed, both indoors and out. It has been writte by E. D. DARLINGTON, who has been for many years the general superintendent of the trial grounds o our famous **FORDHOOK FARM,** where are grown annually a greater variety of Flowers from Seed tha any where else in America. Few writers have had such opportunities *to learn flowers,* and what he know the author tells in language that can be easily understood. **Illustrated; price 10 cents, postpaid.**

BURPEE'S SEED WAREHOUSES, Nos. 475 and 477 North Fifth Street and 476 and 478 York Avenue, **PHILADELPHIA,** AND AT Fordhook Farm, Doylestown, P

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, P

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 10.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

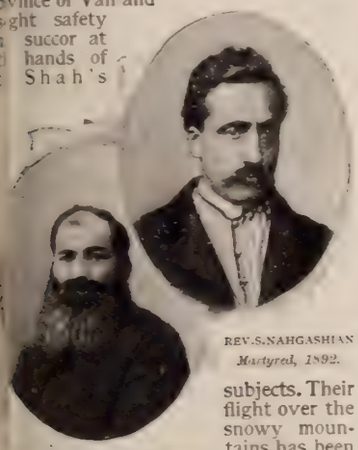
NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

AIDING THE ARMENIAN EXILES.

Thousands of Refugees Seeking Safety in Persia and Russia — A Relief Committee Organized at Urumia — Miss Kimball Feeding 16,000 Destitute Daily at "The Christian Herald" Relief Station at Van — The Work Elsewhere.

LETTERS from Persia bring the news that swarms of Armenian refugees have crossed the border from the province of Van and sought safety and succor at the hands of the Shah's



REV. S. NAHGASHIAN
Martyred, 1892.

REV. NICHOGOS GULESARIAN.

subjects. Their flight over the snowy mountains has been accomplished in a most inclement season, and many have reached Persia barefooted and nearly starved, almost all being utterly destitute and thankful to have escaped death under the swords of the savage Kurds. At Urumia, where large numbers of these exiles have arrived, Mr. W. W. Howard, the Commissioner, previous to beginning his return journey to the United States, organized a CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee, composed entirely of American missionaries, for the purpose of aiding the refugees, who number the Christian residents of Urumia. Dr. Jos. P. Cochran, the well-known missionary was chosen as Superintendent of the relief work with associates as follows: the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Labaree, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. William A. Shedd, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Coan, Mrs. J. H. Shedd, Miss Mary Van Duzee, Miss Harriet L. Ogdbery, Miss G. Russell, and Miss E. T. Miller, M. D. A remittance of $1000 has been sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to Urumia by cable, through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to be applied toward the work of the Relief Committee.

The Armenians in Persia form a much smaller portion of the population than they do in Turkey. The mass of the general population are Mohammedans of the Shiah sect, who are bitter enemies of the Sunni Mohammedans of Turkey. In one respect the condition of the Armenians in Persia has been inferior to that of their brethren under the Sultan. Socially they are more ostracized: the tenets of the Shiahs lead them to regard Christians as unclean, and intimate association with them or partaking of their food and drink as defiling. Even yet, though the feeling is much modified, many Shiahs exercise the greatest care not to come in contact with a Christian on a rainy day, and refuse to shelter the storm-beaten traveler.

Politically, the condition of Persian Armenians is comfortable. Oppression from landlords is frequent, murder and violation too often unpunished, but for the most part they can lead quiet and peaceful lives under the rule of the Shah, and are more prosperous financially than their Mohammedan neighbors. In recognition of their freedom from the conditions of their brethren in Turkey, the Armenians of Tabriz lately sent to a telegram, through their Bishop, expressing their gratitude to his majesty, the Shah.

The religious condition of the Armenians of Persia is not favorable. They are under the jurisdiction of the Bishops residing at Tabriz and Ispahan. The former is the Bishop of Azerbijan, the northwestern province of Persia, the most populous and fertile portion of the kingdom. The latter has a diocese covering the rest of Persia and India. The Bishops are men of fair education and considerable intelligence. They are so engrossed in the secular affairs of their dioceses and in the settlement of civil suits of their parishioners that they give little attention to moral or spiritual interests. Their influence as the civil heads of the Armenians is powerful for their protection from oppression and wrong: their influence for religious enlightenment is slight. The people fail to receive proper religious instruction, and are sadly deficient in knowledge of Christian truth and Church doctrines. This is especially true in the villages and mountain regions. There is often a striking contrast to this in the Mohammedan villagers, who by the constant efforts of their Mollahs and the services of the mosques, especially during the months of fasting and mourning, are considerably informed as to the traditions and teachings of Islam. But in spite of their lack of religious training, the Armenians of Persia have a strong devotion to their traditional faith. Though without a living obedience to the spiritual law of Christ, they are tenacious in their adherence to the church of their fathers. Many of them have given their lives in times past rather than deny their faith, even as many of them are to-day suffering indescribable tortures and going to death, crying out, "Der Hesous, Der Hesous!" (Jesus Christ) rather than accept Islam. While giving all due credit and praise to the Armenians for their heroic fortitude, an observer cannot be blind to the fact that during these ages, the faith has been covered by many traditions, superstitions, and perverted practices, and that they need anew instruction in the principles of vital Christianity, a republication of Gospel truth throughout Persia, and the revivifying influence of the Holy Spirit, that their worship may be spiritual, and their religion control their morals and daily life. Impressed with this need, Protestant Churches began their evangelistic work among the Armenians. Evangelical mission work in Persia is carried on by the Church Missionary Society of England at Ispahan, and by the Ameri-

(Continued on page 187.)

NOW FEEDING 16,000 AT VAN.

Special by cable to "The Christian Herald."

VAN, February 24, 1896. The need of relief is steadily increasing. We are now helping Sixteen Thousand refugees daily here.

We have sent a Relief Expedition, with $600.00, to Shadagh, to begin work there, where there is great suffering. Five hundred dollars have also been sent to Ardjiss. These two districts aggregate some fifty villages, and the greatest distress prevails. The scanty winter provision of most families, in both cities and villages, is exhausted, or soon will be. They have no possible resource, save through the Relief work. This alone prevents a famine.

Six "Christian Herald" bakeries are now running steadily. There are one hundred employees in the Industrial Bureau, which is doing good work.

The present relief work must continue at least two months longer.

KIMBALL.

TRAINING SCHOOL, TABRIZ.

ARMENIAN PUPILS AT THE MISSION SCHOOL, TABRIZ, PERSIA.

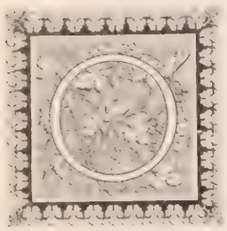
(From a photograph forwarded expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

THE SHEEP ASTRAY.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the

Text: Isaiah 53 : 6, *"All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."*



ONCE more I ring the old Gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment: All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and says: "There is a blasphemer; and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the clubhouse when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that [illegible] that was sung by your little child the last [illegible]

> Dawn is a long [illegible]
> Far, far away,

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

> Safe [illegible] could it will not grow
> On Nature's barren soil;
> All we can feed till Christ we know,
> [illegible]

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture-field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the Fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have [illegible] almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless,; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital" and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and th Alps on the other. How much less ca you carry all the sins of your lifetime Christ comes and looks down in your fac and says: "I have come through all th lacerations of these days, and through a the tempests of these nights; I have com to bear your burdens, and to pardo your sins, and to pay your debts; pu them on my shoulder, put them on m heart." "On him the Lord hath lai the iniquity of us all." Sin has almo pestered the life out of some of you. A times it has made you cross and unrea sonable, and it has spoiled the brightnes of your days and the peace of your night There are men who have been riddled sin. The world gives them no solac Gossamery and volatile the world, whi eternity, as they look forward to it, black as midnight. They writhe under th stings of a conscience which proposes give no rest here and no rest hereafte and yet they do not repent, they do n pray, they do not weep. They do not r alize that just the position they occupy the position occupied by scores, hundre and thousands of men who never fou any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown op and the people who are here could gi their testimony, what thrilling experienc we should hear on all sides! There is man who would say: "I had brillia surroundings; I had the best educati that one of the best collegiate institutio of this country could give, and I observ all the moralities of life, and I was se righteous, and I thought I was all rig before God as I am all right before ma but the Holy Spirit came to me one d and said, 'You are a sinner;' the H Spirit persuaded me of the fact. Whil had escaped the sins against the law of t land, I had really committed the worst s a man ever commits, the driving back the Son of God from my heart's affectio and I saw that my hands were red wi the blood of the Son of God, and I beg to pray, and peace came to my heart, a I know by experience that what you s is true." "On him the Lord hath laid t iniquity of us all!" Yonder is a m who would say, "I was the worst drun ard in the city; I went from bad to wor I destroyed myself; I destroyed my hom my children cowered when I entered t house; when they put up their lips to kissed I struck them; when my wife p tested against the maltreatment, I kic her into the street. I know all the brut and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. went on further and further from God til one day I got a letter, saying:

> "'MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have tried ev way, done everything and prayed earne and fervently for your reformation, but seems of no avail. Since our little Henry di with the exception of those few happy we when you remained sober, my life had b one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have by the window, with my face bathed in te watching for your coming. I am broken-he ed. I am sick. Mother and father have l here frequently and begged me to come h but my love for you and my hope for brig days have always made me refuse them. I hope seems now beyond realization, an have returned to them. It is hard, and I l tled long before doing it. May God bless preserve you, and take from you that acc ed appetite, and hasten the day when we s be again living happily together. This wil my daily prayer, knowing that he has 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Fr your loving wife, MARY

"And so I wandered on and wande on," says that man, "until one nigl passed a Methodist meeting-house, an said to myself, 'I'll go in and see w they are doing;' and I got to the door, they were singing,

> 'All may come whoever will—
> This man receives poor sinners still.'

And I dropped right there where I was, I said, 'God have mercy!' and he mercy on me. My home is restored, wife sings all day long during work, children come out a long way to greet home, and my household is a little heav I will tell you what did all this for me. was the truth that this day you

aim: 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.' Yonder is a woman who would say, 'I wandered off from my father's house. I heard the storm that melts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me, and he said, 'Poor thing, go home; your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out—I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theatre, I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good. I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father, I sobbed right out, and they were all around, so kind and so sympathetic, that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here to-day and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say: "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "Weary with the world's woe." I say: "Whence comest thou?" He says: "I came from Calvary." I say: "Who comes with thee?" He says: "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say: "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels. He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, oh, Christ?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear any more?" He says: "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst thou bear them?" "Yea," he says, "more." But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long-reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins today? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line. A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh! no," the other replied: "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come;" whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

While the [illegible] day,
How sweet the [illegible] sound!
[illegible]
While yet a pardoning God is found.

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated in my church was a man who came in who said: "I don't know that there is any God." "That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night, said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved: not now; the door is shut." "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment!"

An Eastern Legend.

There is a legend which tells of two angels—the Angel of Requests and the Angel of Thanksgiving, leaving Heaven to gather the petitions of men to be carried up to God. Each had a great basket in his hand. The Angel of Requests soon had his basket so filled that he could scarcely carry it, while the basket of the Angel of Thanksgiving was almost empty. God hears a great many cries for help and pleadings for favors, but not so many glad voices of praise. Of ten lepers who were healed only one returned to give thanks.

So it is with most of us: we eagerly flee to God when we need help and call upon him for deliverance and for relief, but when the blessing we sought is given to us, how many of us return to God to thank him for the good things he has done for us?

AN AMPHIBIOUS STEAMER.

WHAT is certainly one of the most remarkable inventions of this practical age of ours, is shown in the illustration on this page from the *Illustrated London News*. In view of the fact that inter-oceanic canals are very expensive affairs, and that not all the projected canals are likely ever to be carried to completion, it occurred to Mr. J. C. Magnell, a Swedish engineer, that some system might be devised which would aid in solving at once both the financial and engineering difficulties. His labors have demonstrated that a steamship can be so constructed as to be propelled on land as well as on the water without much difficulty.

The steamer when on land, runs on rails just as a train does, the motive power being the same that turns the propelier. Mr. Magnell's steamer is called the *Swan*, and is now at work in the northern part of the island of Zeeland, in Denmark. It performs its journey ten times daily, and crosses the intervening isthmus of dry land in a perfectly satisfactory manner every time. The little amphibious boat is about fifty feet long and nine feet in the beam, draws about three feet of water, and can accommodate seventy persons. The engines are of twenty-seven horse-power, and work the propeller when the boat is in the water. By an ingenious arrangement, as soon as the steamer approaches the rails the shaft of the propeller is disconnected from the engine, and the crank-shaft of the driving wheels become connected. A series of posts are arranged which insures the safe guidance of the boat on to the rails. The wheels work in water-tight boxes, and it is found these answer very well. The wheels are of the same size as those ordinarily in use on railways, while the track is slightly hollowed to allow for the keel, which projects very slightly below the level of the rails.

When the boat has crossed the isthmus and re-enters the water the wheels are thrown out of gear, and remain locked while the engine works the propeller. There is no perceptible jarring or jolting either when the vessel is coming on to the rails or leaving them. The steamer is said to be a success in every way. Whether we shall live to see the principle applied to ocean-going ships is doubtful, especially when we come to consider the enormous dead weight of Atlantic "greyhounds." But for small steamers the idea is evidently good and practicable. The inventor thinks that amphibious boats of this description will be largely used in countries like Sweden, Finland and the Baltic provinces of Russia and Germany, where there are so many lakes and arms of the sea separated by lew-lying necks of land. That the invention is believed in by the people of Denmark is evident from the fact that several more of these railway steamers have been ordered.

A STEAMER THAT GOES EITHER ON LAND OR WATER.

THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

WRITING from Yunan, Rev. S. Pollard, a missionary, gives an interesting description of open-air gospel services there. He says:

"There are scores of places, and the missionary is quite embarrassed

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT YUNAN

with the number of stands which offer attractions for open-air preaching. You can find wide, open spaces in front of most of the Yamens and temples. The streets are wider than in many parts of China, and you can often get a good stand in front of an empty shop. No one interferes. Sometimes the crowd gathers so quickly that no preliminaries are needed, and you can begin preaching right away. More frequently a hymn or a short overture on the concertina is needed to start the proceedings. The Chinese are very fond of music—of a kind. They are very fond of mine. They were so fond of the very first tune I played that I never learnt another. How many thousands of people that tune has put into a good humor and prepared for a sympathetic listening to the preaching after! The tune is a mixture of my own! Many missionaries find it a great help to give the Chinese something to look at as well as listen to when preaching to them. Dr. Wilson has rendered great service to many of us by preparing several series of native drawings. As a rule the people listen well, especially so if the preacher is acquainted with their everyday language. What a privilege it is to be able to tell the old, old story in a very old language! These people are not Gospel-hardened, at any rate. They don't know just what you are going to say before you start. They can't tell you the end of the story of Daniel in the Den as soon as you have finished the first sentence. The beautiful narrative of Lazarus and his sisters at Bethany is all new to the listeners, and has all the charm of a new story. I never thought these stories were so beautiful till I told them to people who had never heard them before. What must the incidents have been to those who saw them enacted the very first time? The natives are a great help in open-air preaching. When the love of Jesus fills a Chinaman's heart you may be sure he will want to preach. I have heard some of them preach beautifully and at great length. I have known one missionary who would preach so long that at last all his audience would disappear. Then the missionary ceased, to have, let us hope, an after-meeting alone. The Chinese Christians will often preach as long as this missionary did, but with this difference—the audience remains."

Dr. Paton's Visit to Tongoa.

In a recent letter Rev. Oscar Michelson reports a visit of Rev. Dr. Paton to the beautiful little Island of Tongoa, New Hebrides. He says: "No day in the history of this mission can be compared with the day when I baptised seventy-two men and women. A fortnight afterwards we had communion, when 188 of us (185 natives) partook of the divine emblems. I need hardly say what such an event was to me. The service was coducted at the very spot where the heathen images stood when I came to the island."

Teaching About Prayer.

Sunday School Lesson for March 15. Luke 11: 1-13. Golden Text, Luke 11: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

TWICE over, during the days of his ministry upon earth, the Lord Jesus taught his disciples what is usually called, "The Lord's Prayer." The first occasion was in the course of his Sermon on the Mount, when he showed the difference between real and unreal prayer. He taught that true communing of the child of God with his Father, seeks privacy, and has its reward in the very fact of his meeting with God, while the ostentatious prayer of the unreal Jew, or the vain repetitions of the heathen have their reward only in being "seen of men." And Jesus introduces the Lord's Prayer here with the words, "After this manner therefore pray ye," and his only comment at the close is on the point of forgiveness. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

If the disciples had learned what Jesus then taught them, how came it to pass "as he was praying in a certain place, that, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples?" Had they learned as though they did not learn? Until the Lord had poured out his life, and the Holy Ghost had been given on the day of Pentecost, he

Could not Impart

to them his own divine nature, "life and incorruption." The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die, that there might be a harvest of like nature with his own. (John 12: 24). The disciples were still under the Old Testament regime: "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little" (Isa. 28: 10); they had yet to know the power of an endless life. (Heb. 7: 16). On this occasion the teaching of the Lord is more elementary than on the former occasion. Instead of saying, "After this manner therefore pray ye," etc., he now says, "When ye pray, say," etc., and his comment is directed to teach, by illustration and precept, that God is to be trusted, and that his Fatherly love will never fail a really trusting child.

He draws a strong contrast between a friend, from whom help is claimed, and a father. Ordinary friendship will not stand the strain of much personal inconvenience. A friend comes at the most convenient hour, at midnight. All the lights in the house are extinguished; the cupboards are locked, everyone is in bed; and the friend makes a demand which will turn night into day with a whole household, because an unexpected friend on a journey has come to him and found him without provision. He meets with anything but a welcome; the friend whose help he seeks needs his sleep, and thinks the other ought to be more considerate, to keep provision in his house, and not to inconvenience other people at such ill-timed hours. "Trouble me not," is his reply, "the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give." But the friend will not be silenced by the unanswering knocking, and the disturbed householder can get no more sleep. At last he is conquered by his friend's pertinacity, thinks his best policy is to grant the request in self-defence, "because of his importunity."

Such is human friendship when it does not spring out of Divine union in the Spirit." The picture is not imaginary. Selfish friendship is always selfish. Like water, it cannot rise above its level. But "Our Father which art in heaven," is himself Love; selfishness is foreign to him; he gives because he is a Father, and takes a Father's responsibility. "Therefore," continues our Lord, "I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Coming to God as to a Father, you run no risk of meeting such a rebuff as, "Trouble me not." Our Heavenly Father

Invites us to Come

at all times, and under all circumstances to him. "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." (Phil. 4: 6, R. V.); and the result will be that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Ver. 7.) Why? because no real prayer is in vain. "For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

God cannot fail us; he only asks his children to treat him as the Father he is, and his response will be as certain and as unlimited as he is himself. And he would have us realize fully this relationship, and asks, "Of which of you that is a father shall his son ask a loaf, and he give him a stone, or a fish, and he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he give him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give good things (Matt. 7: 11), the Holy Spirit, (Luke 11: 13), to them that ask him?" (R. V.) Let us count on the true, unvarying fatherhood of our God, and apply to him for every need of Spirit, soul, and body; and our testimony will be, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." (Ps. 34: 10.)

But it is to a Father we come, to our Elder and our Superior, as well as to our God. If we expect him to do a Father's part to us, we must

Do a Child's Part

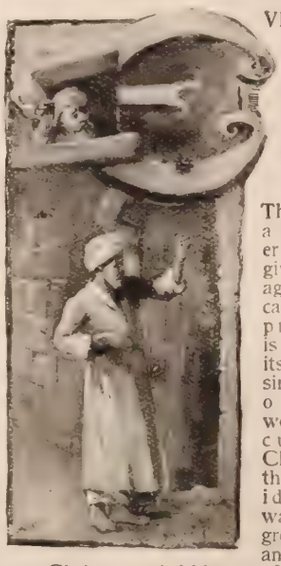
to him. The relation between father and child is utterly wrong and demoralizing on both sides, where the child has the upper hand, and succeeds in worrying out of his father, by sheer importunity, that which is against his father's will and judgment to give, in the same spirit as the friend at midnight. The whole tenor of the Lord's Prayer places things in their right order. Our Father and his interests must of necessity come first, otherwise the position is not that of father and child, but simply of mendicant and benefactor. Many there are who complain that their prayers are not answered. They come with a strong, selfish desire for something on which they have set their hearts; and not being able to obtain it otherwise, they pray for it in a spirit of trying to make God minister to their own selfishness. God can be no party to such a transaction, and his silence is witness to the fact.

There are often cases of such as pray, even for power over sin, in a wrong spirit. They do not come and yield themselves wholly up to the direction and discipline of the Holy Spirit; they want to go their own way, which is often straight into known danger and temptation; and while in their own will, and holding the reins of their own life, they want to have God, as it were, act under them, just in the capacity of Keeper, as far as they desire. Is it conceivable that poor human nature can offer so grave an insult to the Most Holy God? Yet judging from the complaints that their prayers are not answered, we are driven to conclude that this is really the position of many.

Our elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, as Man, realized to the full the authority and the dignity of our Father, taught us to pray before any personal petition: "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come; thy will be done." This is the true spirit of sonship. True, it was a dead letter until the Holy Ghost came to dwell in the children of God who were yielded up to obey him. (Acts 5: 32.) But the prayer of the Church (Acts 4: 23-30), shows that in the days of Pentecost, disciples had learned to pray after the manner of the Lord's prayer, God's interests first. Filled with the Holy Ghost they prayed in the Spirit (Eph. 6: 18), and their prayer was abundantly answered.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



EVERY word our Lord spoke is of moment to us, but these directions as to prayer are of special importance. They furnish a model prayer and then give encouragement and cautions. The prayer itself is beautiful in its unadorned simplicity. Its opening words are peculiar to Christ. To the Jew, the idea of God was that of a great King and Lawgiver. Christ revealed him as a Father. But would God resent our so approaching him? The prayer answers the question: "Our Father." Then we may assume that he has to us the feelings that a father has toward his children. But his majesty must not be forgotten. Reverence is expected and the next sentence emphasizes the fact: "Hallowed be thy name." Then comes the desire for the extension of God's kingdom. Why should we pray for it? Does not God rule now? Yes, but this is something different. It is the desire that men should obey him, that they should fulfil his commands. What a different world this would be if God were the acknowledged Ruler, with every man anxious to obey and honor him! When this prayer is uttered, some people are apt to forget what a change there would be in their lives and in all about them, if God's will were done here as it is in heaven. The petitions pass now to personal needs. Necessary provision for the body and forgiveness of sins, preservation from temptation and deliverance from evil. These, Christ considered, were the needs which men might take to their Heavenly Father. The illustration he used, is to serve directly as an encouragement to prayer. Even a man who has little disposition to grant a request, who thinks more of his own comfort than his friend's inconvenience, will yield if the friend is persistent. The lesson is the same as that of the unjust judge in Luke 18: 1-6. If such men as these will yield to importunity, how much more will God, who loves his children, be ready to give when the petitioner is really in earnest. "Ask and it shall be given you." May we then be sure of receiving whatever we ask? By no means. Christ has not finished his teaching. The Giver is like a father in another respect. He knows what is good for his child. The child asks bread, or fish, or an egg—good things that will nourish him. Those he will give, but he will not give what will not satisfy, nor what will do him harm. The child might in his ignorance choose something that looked like bread, but is really unsatisfying, or something that looked like a fish, but might injure him. That the father will not give. Neither will God give us things that we ask for, if he sees that they would do us harm. Many a man has earnestly prayed for riches, pleading the promise, when if he had received them, his soul would be impoverished and he would become worldly and wicked. God refuses him as the father would refuse the child who clamored for the scorpion, under the impression that it was an egg. So we get our lesson as to prayer. It should be reverent but loving, earnest but submissive to God's superior wisdom, and it should be in accord with our own conduct to others. As our judges in courts of equity tell suitors, "He who asks equity must do equity," so he who asks forgiveness must be forgiving, or he will not receive the blessing.

Lord, teach us to pray. When a traveler goes to Europe and is to be presented by our minister to some monarch, he asks some one familiar with the court to tell him how he should behave. He does not want to be servile, but he wants to know what the customs are, that he may not do anything that would be considered rude or lacking in becoming deference. What an opportunity of learning how to approach God this was, when God's own Son was here to tell us what God expects from us in coming into his presence!

When ye pray, say—. The Lord's Prayer was once the means of disarming hostility. Two Christian travelers in Asia Minor were surrounded by a band of angry Mohammedans who, in a frenzy of religious excitement, denounced them as infidel dogs and rebels against Allah. One of the travelers who could speak Arabic came out of the tent and declared that the charge was false. "Hear my daily prayer," he said, "and judge for yourselves." He recited the Lord's Prayer. All stood silent in amazement to the end. Then the priest who had been leading the tumult said: "It is beautiful; I will never again curse a man who prays such a prayer. I beg thee repeat it that we may use it day by day."

Our Father. God is our Father, though some of us do not know all that the fact implies. A young man traveled with his father through Europe and into Asia. They were the only two in the party who spoke English. The young man, who spoke no other language, was dependent on his father for conversation. When he returned, he said, "I did not know my father until now. I knew that he was a good man, but until we were thrown together, and I talked with him day after day, I had no idea how good he was. It was a revelation and it has done me good." That is the experience of those who commune often with God.

As in heaven. The question was asked of a class of girls, "How is God's will done in heaven?" One replied: "It is done immediately;" another, "It is done diligently;" a third, "It is done always." There was silence for a minute, and then the youngest child in the class added, "It is done without asking questions."

We also forgive. Washington Gladden uses an illustration of this teaching. The desert, he says, is a desert because no rain falls upon it, but that is only half the truth. No rain falls upon it because it is a desert. The heated air rising from its arid surface disperses the moist vapors overhead, that otherwise would descend in rain. When there is moisture in the earth, then moisture will descend from heaven.

Because of his importunity. It is related of Whitefield, that being repeatedly urged to cross the Atlantic to preach in a place where a revival was urgently needed, he replied: "It is useless to urge me; I am on my Father's business. Appeal to him. If you are in such earnest as you say, you should pray to God and he would send me. I am in his hands; wherever he sends me I will go. Do not importune me; plead with my Master; he never refuses an earnest seeker."

To him that knocketh. A child in Jamaica came to the Mission school after a long absence. He said he had been very ill and had often wished his teacher knew of it that he might have come and prayed with him. The teacher said he wished he had, but he hoped the boy prayed for himself. The boy said he did. "How did you pray?" the teacher asked. "Why, sir, I just begged," was the lad's reply.

Every one that asketh receiveth. Not always in the form expected, but in some way the answer comes. An eminent writer pictures the young eaglet asking the eagle, "Teach me to fly." In answer the eagle tears the nest to pieces. It seems cruel but it answers the prayer for the eaglet must fly or die. So the prayer for faith may be answered by affliction that compels faith.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE PINES.

iss Emma C. Nason's Labors for the Benefit of the Lumbermen in the Logging Camps of the North West.

A FEW months ago, the portrait of Miss Emma C. Nason appeared in these columns with a brief account of the effort she is

aking to send the Gospel to the lumrmen of Michigan, Wisconsin, and her States. Testimonials that have come hand from clergymen and others who ive seen the effects of this work show at a wonderful blessing has attended it d that there is urgent need for its conhuance and extension.

It is probably not generally known how rge a number of men are engaged in the gging industry. From one of the workrs in Wisconsin we learn that in that ate alone the men who spend the winter the logging camps number fully fifty ousand. They are drawn from all secns and are of many nationalities. Some mps are composed almost wholly of Canlians, others of Germans, others of Noregians, but usually each camp is made of representatives of all nationalities. hey are chiefly men in the prime of life, ough there are a large number of youths eighteen to twenty years of age. They fe isolated during the winter, far from y church or Christian influence, though en then, evil influences reach them and ie camp is often the scene of shocking orres. When the Spring comes they are aid off and carry their earnings into the mber towns of their district where the aloons, gambling houses and vicious reorts await their coming eagerly, and often nd out regularly commissioned agents to licit their patronage.

The woodsmen are usually engaged in ovember or early in December and are in ie camp until late in the spring. They re generally accommodated in huts built f untrimmed logs, one large room servng as sitting-room, smoking-room and eeping-room for fifty or sixty men. Conected with this camp is the kitchen and ining-room where they are fed when it appens that their work does not lie too ar away for them to reach it for their id-day meal. They are off to the forest efore dawn and with the brief interval of weuty minutes for dinner they are toilng until sunset. In the evening they get substantial supper and the interval beween that meal and sunset is given up to musement, The most serious feature of he logging-camp to the Christian mind s this hour or two in the common room t night after the day's work is done. The men, withdrawn from the refining inluences of home for six months of the ear, show the natural result of their isoation. Too often they become coarse and legraded in speech and manner, and their alk and their songs are of the foulest ype. The purveyors of vile literature, oo, take advantage of their condition to narket their pernicious wares and thus idd fuel to the flame.

It is to these men that Miss Emma C. Nason is trying to send the Gospel message. Nearly seven yeaas ago she began the work at her own cost by opening a mission to reach them as they returned to town after their winter's work. As friends heard of her effort and came to her assistance, she was able to extend her operations and latterly she has had the support of the King's Daughters. God blessed the attempt made in his name and among the converts was one lumber-man who consecrated his life to Christian service. He went out from camp to camp, often trudging at some risk through the snow for long distances to visit the men in their evening hours and hold a simple service at which he would declare what God had done for his own soul. Other Evangelists, since then have been sent out through whom many souls have been won.

As far as her means would allow, Miss Nason has furnished these Gospel messengers with good literature as an antidote to the pernicious trash they generally found in the camps. She has also, with a woman's tact, devised a system of reaching the men through her now-famous system of "Comfort Bags." These bags contain a supply of needles, thread, buttons, bandages for wounds, and other matters likely to be in request among men at a distance from home and store. With these she put up a new Testament and book of Gospel songs. The "Comfort Bags" struck popular favor in the camps from the beginning, and the demand for them increases from year to year. The evangelists report that the songs are especially popular, and that in many camps they have completely displaced the music hall songs. Many a rough man remembers hearing the Gospel songs, and learning them as a boy at his mother's knee or in Sunday School, and they come to him as a message of tender and sacred associations. The New Testaments also are read, and it is not at all uncommon now to have a man appointed by acclamation to read a passage from the Gospels aloud for the benefit of the whole camp. Thus, when the evangelist pays a second visit he finds the ground prepared for him. Miss Nason has been much gratified, in more than one instance, by learning that some poor fellow who has been brought hurriedly to the hospital, wounded or dead from his dangerous occupation, has had in his pocket a treasured New Testament from his "Comfort Bag."

A TYPICAL LOGGING CAMP, NEAR ASHLAND, WIS.
From a Photograph secured by Miss Emma C. Nason.

More evangelists have been sent out as funds were provided. It is notable as an evidence of what the constraining power of the love of Christ will do, that it has never been difficult to find men willing to undertake this arduous work. They are glad to go, with only the bare cost of food and clothing. They tramp through snows and blizzards, taking their chances of getting an occasional ride on some teamster's wagon, or some returning sleigh. They are not discouraged by any rebuff, nor scared at the threats of the reckless men who make money by providing the loggers with the means of gratifying their vicious appetites. These men know that the Evangelist is their most dangerous foe,for every convert he wins ceases to contribute to their coffers when he ceases to live for the flesh and begins to live for the spirit. They therefore oppose the Evangelist by all means in their power and often threaten him with death. But no one has ever quitted the work through fear. One of the Evangelists sent out by the Mission, Mr. Alfred Smith, of Crunden, Wis., has this winter visited over two hundred camps in Michigan, composed of upward of eight thousand men and at some of his meetings he has had over a hundred men to hear him. One of the men, who was brought by the blessing of God on Mr. Smith's work to renounce sin and give himself to Christ, said that for twenty-five years he had not been inside a church.

In addition to this work of which the mission at Sault Ste Marie is the centre, branch stations have been opened at West Superior, Hurley and Ashland, Wis. Miss Nason's brother, Rev. J. H. Nason, has charge of these and has done a very extensive work. The forests at the back of West Superior extend for nearly a hundred miles and there and around Ashland the camps are large and numerous. At Hurley the work is pushed also among the miners who need its influence as badly as do the loggers. Mr. Nason has established in all three cities a regular mission with coffee-rooms, lodgings and reading rooms to enable men who coming in from the logging-camps and desiring to be kept out of temptation can find a refuge from evil associations. A Gospel meeting is held every night at each of these missions and many souls have been won there. Mr. Nason has never faltered in this work, though at times he has been sorely beset by the enemies of Christ who have tried desperate methods to drive him from the field. During the past few months an additional cause of anxiety has weighed on his mind. His beloved daughter, Cora H. Nason, is one of the American Board's Missionaries in Armenia, and at Cesarea her life has been one of peril. She was an eye-witness of the recent dreadful massacre and has written home vivid descriptions of its horrors. Mr. Nason has been very anxious about her safety, but has committed her to the care of Him whom they both serve.

Miss Nason has recently added to her work at Sault Ste Marie, a refuge for fallen girls. This effort was forced upon her by the circumstances of the case. Many respectable girls were enticed to the neighborhood under the promise of employment, and on their arrival were horrified to find that they had been made victims of cruel deception. Some of these escaped from the dens to which they had been lured, and entreated Miss Nason to protect them and send them back to their homes. Others settled down in sheer despair of ever making their escape, and realizing that they were ruined, continued their life of sin. Miss Nason has taken care that they shall hear of her refuge and often at the risk of her life has penetrated the dens of infamy to encourage some miserable girl to leave and begin a new life. Respectable homes have been found for several of these girls, and in more than one instance Miss Nason has had the pleasure of arranging for a wedding in her home, where some logger who has renounced his sins and has resolved in Christ's strength to lead a clean Christian life, has invited one of the rescued girls to become his wife.

It is a busy, Christ-like life that this good lady is spending in this hard discouraging field. It has its dangers and one of these—that of an attempt to blow up her house with dynamite—was described in our former notice. She is happy in her labors, her only distress arising from the fact that she can do so little while the opportunities are so great. Her small means are altogether insufficient to extend her work as she would like to do. She earnestly begs for all the help that can be afforded. Any funds sent to this office for her we will gladly forward.

The Countess Evangelist.

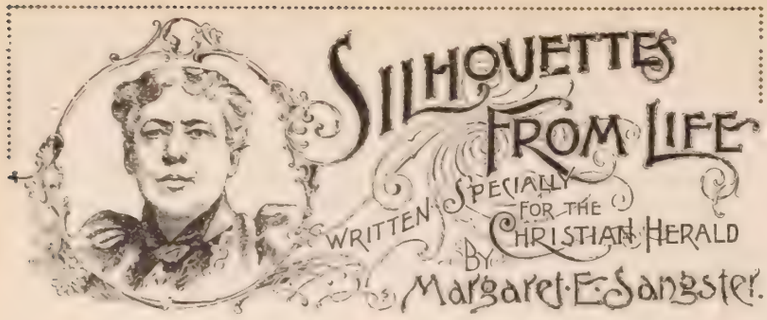
In a recent address, the Countess Schimmelmann, the Danish peeress, who has astonished her aristocratic friends by devoting herself to Christian work, described the motives that had impelled her to that course. She spoke of her early life, as a professing Christian craving after something real, but knowing nothing save the formal observances of the National Church and the daily round of Court etiquette and pageant. For years she was unsatisfied and longing. At length God revealed, not her love to Him, but his love to her. As this entered her soul, she found her views of things around changing. No more had the world, with all its pomp and parade, its etiquette and forms, attraction for her. She had found at length the One who alone can satisfy.

Since then she has known persecution, slander, loss of friends, cruel treatment, deprivation of liberty, but God has been with her and that has sufficed. Although heiress to great estates, she had at one time to walk alone with an old nurse from her ancestral castle, to the railway station with but a few coins in her pocket, an exile from home. Friends came forward offering aid, provided she would return to Court and worldly life—but she could not; and again she had to face cruel persecution. In the midst of it all God gave her the rest of his love, and that made up for all. Never had she imagined that any human heart could have the happiness which flooded and filled her soul.

Next came an account of the horror expressed when she, a Court lady—in a land where women were never supposed to speak in public—began to enter on Gospel service. At first she found openings among prisoners and the poor; but ere long was led to visit Rugen, an island on the northern coast of Pomerania. There she discovered that the poor fishermen were living in a half-wild condition, caring for little else than drinking and gambling. Finding how things stood, she resolved to make her home among them, sleeping in a miserable tavern and putting up with every possible inconvenience and deprivation to reach them. The work has spread over thirty villages and the whole character of the population has been changed.

In somewhat similar fashion she has gained in recent years entrance among the Socialists of Berlin, Hamburg and other cities. No matter how determined the opposition and savage the threats uttered, her calm unflinching faith in God, whose message she has been sent to speak and means to speak, seems to gain the day. Thus she has declared the Gospel of Divine grace in many socialistic halls and to vast audiences of Socialists.

No one can hear Countess Schimmelmann wtthout the persuasion that her whole soul is fired by the love of God, that her faith is singulary child-like and simple, and that her knowledge of the Scripture is close and practical. All will rejoice in the great things to which God has called her.



Crippled Molly.

THERE is a children's hospital uptown in New York, where in a long sunny room, there were rows of small white beds, on which patient children sit or lie, without a complaint, all day long.

Some of these little ones have been hurt by the violence of drunken parents, others have suffered from accidents, such as the children of the tenements are very liable to, falls, and burns, and bruises, which happen where the mother is too busy making the children's bread to look after them very carefully; still others have been born with a tendency to disease. Crippled Molly belonged to this last class. A painful trouble in the hip-joint developed when she was just eleven years old, and she was brought to the hospital, in the hope that good nursing, good medical care, food, air, and light, would build her up. Poor little Molly! When I saw her last, they were beginning to lose hope in her case, and thought they would have to send her to a Home for Incurables. Molly knew this and did not want to go. The hospital was the pleasantest home she had ever known. Kind ladies brought her pictures and books; she had a doll and she hadn't outgrown the love for it, which at her age, children sometimes do. The doll went to bed with her when she was obliged to lie still, for hours at a time, on an inclined plane, with a weight attached to her ankle; and it sat up with her when she had good days and could sit up in bed, and sew a little, or knit socks for babies, as she had learned to do.

Molly was a cripple, but Madeleine, the doll was as straight as an arrow, and as pretty as a princess, and she had never had an ache or a pain in her life.

Molly's favorite nurse was called Sister Theodora. And now I am coming to my story.

Away off in a land far over the sea, Sister Theodora had a friend, who like herself was a worker in a hospital. But the friend's lot was different from Sister Theodora's. Where her hospital was, there were wicked, cruel people called Turks, and other fiendish persons known as Kurds, and these had fallen with fire and sword on whole villages of hard-working peaceful men and women. They had burned up their homes, and stolen their possessions, and carried away their sheep and goats, and made slaves of their young girls.

Whenever Sister Theodora received a letter, and it was not very often, and the letter had to come a very roundabout way to get to her, but whenever she did receive a letter from her friend, she talked about it to the other nurses in the evening. Most of the little ones in the ward were asleep then, but crippled Molly slept badly, and she heard, and grew very much interested [illegible] Armenia. the story let me say which is the strangest and darkest and most disgraceful chapter in the history of the century.

Crippled Molly heard of the children brought in with gaping sword-wounds, [illegible] horrid and wholly terrible tragedy which kept [illegible] happened. She turned it over in her mind, [illegible] nia!" Armenia seemed in her eyes a wo- [illegible] hills, and dragged over them till she fell down faint and nearly dead. And the child was not far wrong. As she lay back on her pillow, she forgot the ache in her poor hip in thinking how the children and their parents were suffering, were cold, and hungry, and homeless, away off in Armenia.

"This child is feverish," said Sister Theodora, waking up to a sense of Molly's excitement. "This will never do." She took the hot mite of a hand in her cool one, and looked into the burning blue eyes.

"What ails you, dear?" she said tenderly.

"I am almost dead," answered Molly, "thinking of poor Armenia. I want to do something for her. Here, Sister, is my silver quarter. Please send it to your friend."

Molly's silver quarter! It was as much to her as a ten dollar gold piece to a rich man's daughter; more in fact. A lady had given it to her one day, one of the visiting ladies, and Molly had kept it wrapped in white tissue paper under her pillow. She had never dreamed of spending it, but now wanted to give it away. It was a costly gift, and the Lord, who was pleased to accept the widow's two mites, was honored in the sacrifice. Sister Dorothea took it, for she could not deny Molly's wish, and the silver quarter went to help Armenia.

But a day came when the cripple was found too weak to go to the Home for Incurables. They had put it off from week to week, and now Sister Theodora and the doctors saw that she was going to a different and better home, and that very fast. There is a home, one sight of which, one touch or which, forever cures the sick, and there our little one was being carried fast.

She was looking out the window toward the sunset, Madeleine was in her arms, Madeleine with roseate cheeks and flaxen curls, and the taper fingers and blue eyes.

"Sister Theodora," the words came faintly, "when I am gone—to heaven—send Madeleine—to work—for Armenia."

"I will," said the Sister, brushing away a tear. She knew that Molly felt as if the doll were almost alive; she did not know that to Molly, dying, had come a rare, womanly insight which made her aware of things a child could never have found out for herself.

But when the day came which ended Molly's life of pain and carried her, glad and strong and free, over the river, and to the home where the angels waited for her, the Home of the Cured, Sister Dorothea started Madeleine on her mission of love. She gathered a handful of bright little girls, and told them of Molly and her life and death; then she gave them the doll and said, "This is to be a missionary doll henceforth. You may manage her in any way you choose, but she is to be a dolly with something to do, and to earn, and to give away!"

The children liked the idea. They had a fair for Armenia, at one of their homes, and, dressed in the costume of an Armenian peasant, Madeleine held out her hand, a basket hanging from it, for contributions. They held a Junior Endeavor meeting, and Sister Dorothea came to it, and related Molly's request, and told how she had consecrated her all, and kept nothing back. Some grown people thought it very queer and trifling to make this fuss about a doll, but the children all understood, and to-day through Madeleine, Crippled Molly still works for Armenia. And in heaven the Molly who is is not crippled but has found her wings, sees, I believe, and is glad.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Bullet in His Bible.

Truly the Word of God is a shield and a buckler to those who trust in him. Mr. Charles Inglis, a clergyman, speaking at a recent meeting in London, related this remarkable incident: "Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and, after the meeting a gentleman put a Bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, 'I want you to look at it.' I took it up to look at it, and as I opened the Bible, I found leaf after leaf had this hole through it, and I said, 'What does it mean?'

"He said, 'Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and had got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, 'Don't put your Bible into your coat pocket,'' and I put it in my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me. I said, 'Drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt.'

THE OIL PALM TREE AND ITS FRUIT

"The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet embedded in that Bible, and it had stopped at the 17th of St. John, where it says, 'Father, keep them through thy own name.'

"God unfailingly watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water."

The Oil Palm-Tree.

Among the many trees that abound in tropical latitudes, there is probably none more highly valued than the oil palm, an example of which is shown in the illustration on this page. It grows in countless numbers in the interior of Africa and is a source of revenue to the natives. It bears on its branches a large conical fruit, from which is extracted a reddish oil which serves for many purposes. This oil is one of the chief articles of exportation in many parts of Africa. Our photograph, which shows a native woman carrying one of the fruit-cones of the palm-tree, was taken by Mr. Fritz Ramseyer, missionary of the Basle Mission, who had a wide experience as an explorer of the interior, entering from the West Coast.

THE LOCATION OF EDEN.

I HAVE read with much interest the account of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S representative to Armenia, Mr. Howard, as to the location of the Garden of Eden. I must, however, dissent from its location in Armenia. In all probability, in the early history of man Eden embraced the basins of both the Tigris and the Euphrates, but the description given in Genesis of the Garden would locate it near the head of the Persian Gulf. It was eastward in Eden. It seems to me the residence of Moses would have a good deal to do with determining its location. He lived about eighty years of his life first as a shepherd and then as a leader of the Hebrew people in the Sinaitic peninsula, and it was probably there that he wrote his books or caused them to be written. To him eastward would be the head of the Persian Gulf. It would be much more nearly nothward than eastward if in Armenia. Then the landmarks of Paradise can be made out much more clearly than anywhere else. There was one main river passing through the Garden. We may imagine it spanned with natural bridges and its banks diversified with parks and luxuriant foliage and fruitage. From thence it was parted into four heads. The Tigris and Euphrates are easily recognized, but the Pison and Gihon are not so evident. In the early annals of the race, the Delta, the head of the Gulf may have been much longer than at the present time, and hence the two divisions of the river at the mouth would naturally be taken as two different rivers. Pison, the east one, would seem to compass the land of Havilah—a term that can be applied to any sandy land, such as are portions of Persia, Beloochistan and India. Then, too, there was the bdellium and the onyx stone. Bdellium would be applicable to India, whether we consider it a pearl or a resinous gum. Gihon is a term which means a bursting forth and is applicable to a spring, a fountain, or the mouth of a river. The branch to the west of the Delta was called Gihon and could be passed the land of Ethiopia, a term for Africa. The use of the term Ethiopia stops the application of the Havilah of Genesis to Arabia and Sahara. Mr. Howard does not attempt to show how the terms Ethiopia and Havilah are applicable to the location of Paradise in Armenia. I do not think it can be successfully done. Its location near the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris is much more probable. To be sure, the Deluge and Father Time have obliterated much of its appropriateness. There is no way of adequately accounting for the Deluge without supposing that there was a gradual settling of the continent, a tipping of it towards the south so that the fountains of the Great Deep were broken up and the waters of the ocean came rushing in upon the land and the inland sea of Turkistan poured itself down upon the plains below. The gradual elevation of the land that succeeded caused the subsidence of the waters, but it probably never quite reached its former elevation, so that the delta above referred to was mostly submerged and the site of the Garden was covered with silt from the region above, and so the appropriateness of the place for Paradise is obscured. Such seems to be the conclusion to which we must come if we are desirous to maintain that Moses was a reliable historian and under the proper supervision of the Almighty.

THOS. E. SYMMES

Grantsville, Mass.

The Gospel in Sumatra.

Great success is attending the work of the Rhenish Mission in Sumatra. At the beginning of last year there were 6000 candidates for baptism in the Battak tribe, and of these 1000 were converts from Mohammedanism. In the southern part of the island the entire population have become followers of the false prophet, and but six years ago no one thought it wise to attack the enemy in such a stronghold. At that time a missionary established himself among them, and recently reported 500 baptisms, and 500 others as receiving instruction with a view to baptism. In this number are several chiefs. Evangelists are asked for on all sides, and even Mohammedan fanatics are turning to Christianity. Moslem priests, in despair of the cause, have actually left some of the villages. Java, out of a population of 24,000,000, has only 20,000 native Christians and thirty missionaries.

Aiding the Armenian Exiles.

Continued from first page.

d Presbyterian Church at Urumia, Tatz, Salmas, Teheran, and Hamadan, and ila considerable number of out-stations. each of these points converts have been thered and a church organized. In Tatz, the ecclesiastical centre of the Armens, the Mission is well equipped. There two Mission Boarding Schools, one for gls, and the Memorial Training and Thegical School for boys. Medical work ong women is carried on effectively by [. Mary Bradford, who has an open door t the hareems of all classes. Over 8,000 ients were treated last year.

The Armenian Protestant preacher in Tbriz is Mr. Nicoghos Guleserian. He is graduate of the Theological Seminary Harpoot, and is a man of recognized ality, integrity and sterling character. has earned the respect of the community as an earnest Christian and a patrid Armenian, loyal to Christ and his re, fervent in prayer for its spiritual and rldly advancement. He has visited most the Armenian communities of Northstern Persia and has won friends for the Gspel. Mr. Guleserian and Mr. Vahan Tmzarian (a graduate of Harpoot College d of Law Theological Seminary, and w a teacher in the Memorial School), ve just had terrible news from their nes in Turkey. The awful work of unspeakable Turk never appeared so Vid as in a private letter concerning the ssacre of the Guleserian family. The ter says:

am unable to describe the real facts concerning district or our relatives, but I am constrained to te concerning our dear parents. In the last days tober O. S. a dreadful attack was made by Kurds upon Ichma, near Harpoot.

mong the slaughtered were your dear brother your other relatives, Uncle Boghos and his sons, hannes and Stephen. [The latter has lived at Worcester, Mass.] After death their feet were bound ropes and they were drawn off and thrown ong the gardens. For some days they remained buried. Your brother Mugerditch and his son Thomas were sought for, but have remained concealed. The rest of the family are left without bread, without clothing, without beds, and the new part of the house is burnt. This information I received from a secret letter of Baron M——and Cousin H——[her father and brother are at New Britain], who fled here in the disguise of a Turkish woman.

H. adds a postscript saying: "I will only add that when the merciless Turks came and took away grandfather and smote brothers Stephen and Hohannes, our whole family in despair decided to go to the Euphrates to be drowned. We prayed over this until daylight, that the Lord might guide us. In the morning we saw it was not right to do so, so we remained alive." The letter continues: I said that some of our natives are concealed. Your mother is like a crazy person. She is scarcely able to move about, crying, bewailing, and begging her bread—aged 75. If your friends remain in their present condition, soon you will have no relatives left. Many of the pastors were killed. Among them, Revs. Sargis Nahgashian, Gazares Hosefian, Marderos Sarahgan, and Maholn Minasian suffered martyrdom. But these affairs have also their profit. Now God is nearer to us. He has taken his loved ones. I do not grieve for those who died in Christ, and to the last were sacrifices as martyrs. To the others may God be merciful. They need your encouragement."

Another letter of the same date speaks of similar occurrences at Shapik, the village where the home of Mrs. Guleserian is. Tens of thousands are homeless wanderers without bread, and will perish unless assistance reaches them.

A letter from the American Board representatives in Constantinople gives this further information regarding the relief work: "Missionaries at everyone of the stations where there has been massacre, and where there is now suffering, are doing much in the way of relief. Every dollar received has been already sent forward to the posts in the interior, and has begun its work of mercy there. The time and strength of the missionaries is occupied in this exhausting work. They are each feeding 2000, or 4000, or 1500 as the case may be." Another letter says: "The hours of the day are taken up with relief work, and they are worn out, body and mind. In Constantinople, the Bible House is given up almost entirely to this object. There the missionaries have sent off nearly 200 large bales and boxes of clothing and material to various centres in the interior. The relief work is growing upon their hands with astonishing rapidity and it has now reached a magnitude which is truly colossal. The American Board missionaries in Bitlis, Erzeroum, Van, Mardin, Harpoot, Sivas, Cæsarea, Aintab, Marash and Hadjin are all devoting themselves to relief. Letters which come directly and indirectly from the Armenians of the interior are profuse in their praises of the missionaries' work and in their expressions of gratitude to the donors in the United States. The missionaries are thronged with applications from remote people, who cannot be directly reached. The ladies of the station have organized the destitute women into working bands, buying cotton and wool and also clothing, and they are engaged in spinning, knitting and making garments for distribution. For this work they are paid eight cents a day, which furnishes relief for themselves and their families; at the same time they are kept busy, which is a great relief, and they produce garments that can be given to others. This method is repeated in various parts of the field."

In a letter from Van, just received (dated January 22d), Dr. Kimball writes:

"As soon as we had the assurance of the first $10,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we pushed forward the relief work with new vigor and more commensurately to the present needs of the people. This involved the need of larger quarters, and we found a very admirably adapted house of three stories with large halls that will hold several hundred people, and give convenient office rooms for the various departments—all for the magnificent sum of $6.60 a month rent. Applicants for help are required to bring a letter of recommendation from the district-men of the quarter in which they live, or from the village Refugee Committees. The demand for work does not abate, and we are adding daily to the thousand workers in the Industrial Bureau at the rate of from ten to twenty persons. Last week's pay roll shows **1,210** persons paid in total $445. The cost of the raw material is slightly less than the wages so that with rent and other expenses we may put the cost of the Industrial Bureau at $900 a week. This work alone furnishes a living to considerably more than **5,000** people.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bakeries are forging along magnificently and are the great famine breakwater to the entire community. There is no other source of supplies to the people as the contributions of the Armenians themselves were exhausted before the Armenian Christmas, and they turned all their beneficiaries over to us. We are now distributing over **6,000** pounds of bread daily at the cost of **$480** a week, and the demand is constantly increasing."

"Last Saturday was the Armenian Christmas, and on the day before, **9,000** persons were actually provided for through the different relief departments, and untold suffering relieved. We bless continually the generous people who made this work possible."

Rev. W. N. Chambers, Missionary at Erzeroum, writes acknowledging receipt of $2,000 for relief work in that city, and in Erzinjian. "In Erzeroum province over 200 towns and villages, comprising 11,000 houses, were plundered; 2,800 persons were killed and between 70,000 and 100,000 people left destitute. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other relief moneys, the missionaries are feeding 2,600 persons daily. The distress is indescribable."

Rev. J. L. Fowle, in charge of the work at Cæsarea writes (Jan. 29), acknowledging receipt of the contribution of $500 for relief at Gemarek where the destitution he says is "increasingly appalling." Wheat, flour and cotton will be purchased and the "self-help plan" will be adopted.

Contributions during the week are acknowledged below:

ke'd **$30,394.40**
ett. Mrs C B 1 00
ett. Mrs S C 50
n. Mary E 1 00
erin. Louise 10 00
en. Horace 1 00
en. Mrs M H 1 00
n. Mrs S 50
ann. 25
erson, G W 1 00
drews, T B 5 00
e. Ambrose 1 00
en, J M 5 00
en, L C 5 00
en, L J 1 00
en. Mrs Louise 5 00
n. John 1 00
ens. Mrs S H O 3 00
erson, G C 1 00
erson, G T 5 00
erson Mrs W F 2 00
drus. Josephine 3 71
hur, R H 1 00
acher, John 10 00
er, A A 50
ker, Nettie S 1 00
nger, Louisa 1 00
rs. Katie M. S S
ass 1 00
croft, Jane 10 00
nes, Sarah E 5 00
rus, Miss J 25
on, Mrs C 1 00
ton, Mrs G 1 00
s. Nellie A 5 00
cheldor, Mrs S J. 50
ngardner, Mrs A 1 00
n, Chas 10
tem, E C 5 00
scamper, Mrs I K 1 00
net, Wm H 2 00
nger, J 2 00
s. David 2 00
kett, Mary A. 1 00
son, Chas D 3 00
gs, Mrs J D 2 00
lings, Mary E 2 00
d, Mrs J H 2 00
op, S D 2 00
zel, Katie 3 50
ss, Mrs J 25
ss, R L 40
ane, Lou 2 25
ert, M 30
nnail, Mrs M A 50
oman, Oscar 1 00
sworth, Mrs M L. 50
wen, Mrs J E 25
wen, Mrs L A 1 00
wen, Mr & Mrs M. 50
wden, J H 2 00
anham, Mrs J W. 25
agnbull, L O 2 00
dm, P 2 00
man, A L & wife 5 00
own, Miss L A 1 00
wn, Minnie 1 00
own, Mrs T B 2 00
ck, Mr & Mrs V P. 2 00
ilock, Mrs G S 1 00
rett, J J 1 00
rpeau, M D, Jos'ne 1 10
tterworth, S E 1 10
ander, Louise 2 00
ney, Jane 1 00
ncroft, S S & wife. 2 00
rnes, Mrs E M 4 00
rnes, Mrs J W 3 00
rton, Mrs J J 2 00
tchelder, Mrs E L. 1 50
tes, W D 1 00
ck, F 5 00
ell, Mrs Eliza 1 00
ell, Hannah M 25
ell, Hattie J 25
ell, Mary A 25
ell, Miss M V 25
ell, R P 1 00
Berry, Hannah 1 00
Best, J E 5 00
Biederwolf, C L 5 00
Bramgsley, A S & wife 5 00
Birk, Ingelbret 2 00
Bissonet, Mrs C A 2 00
Blackwell, M A 1 00
Boott, Wm 25
Bonham, Mrs L 1 00
Bonhamer, J 1 00
Boorman, Miss 1 00
Bouston, J E 1 00
Boyer, S C 1 00
Braden, F 1 00
Bradway, S J 1 00
Bricker, Peter 2 00
Brinser, H S 1 00
Brooks, O L 1 00
Brown, Mrs H 1 00
Brown, Mary 50
Brown, Mrs Z 1 00
Buchanan, S 1 00
Buck, S H 10 00
Bughee, A C 1 00
Burford, Anne 2 00
Burford, Geo 2 00
Burford, John 1 00
Burford, Robt 2 00
Burkstream, Mrs 20
Calderwood, H 100 00
Callender, Mrs T F 50
Cameron, Mrs Allan. 5 00
Cameron, S G 2 00
Camp, M E 5 00
Campbell, Mrs E S 2 00
Candie, Mrs Mary J. 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs A 1 00
Carr, Miss Alice 1 00
Carter, M E 5 00
Caston, Mrs J E 1 00
Chase, Mrs A R 2 00
Child, Mrs C 50
Church, Mrs G L 50
Clark, Mr & Mrs H F. 6 00
Clarke, Hugh 1 00
Cleaver, J D 2 00
Colby, Mrs A P 2 00
Cole, Miss S B 50
Conner, L W 1 00
Cook, Mrs H W 2 00
Cooper, M J 1 00
Couch, Lucinda 1 00
Crane, Mrs A C 5 00
Crane, Geo W 50
Crawford, R E 3 00
Crabtree, Mr & Mrs A 2 00
Cable, M & E 1 00
Campbell, H 50
Carlise, Mrs A A 4 00
Carpenter, Mr & Mrs. 5 00
Cheney, J 1 00
Cheshire, J M 10
Clause, Ida 2 00
Clauser, D W 25
Coles, Mark 1 00
Cook, C M 50
Cover, E C 50
Crafts, Mr & Mrs W. 10 00
Crawford, Mrs F 1 00
Cronk, G J 1 00
Culver, Henry 2 00
Currie, N 1 00
Curtis, J L 50
Davis, Annie, in memory of 1 00
Davis, Mrs C S 1 00
Dawson, L M 1 00
Diggs, J Moses 3 00
Dimmitt, M P 1 00
Dixon, Lyman & DeW 1 00
Donkin, Mrs. Mars Lockford, & Miss M Gillespie 7 00
Dorland, J M 5 00
Driscol, Miss S F 1 00
Drown, Mrs B 1 00
Drown, Mrs H 1 00
Donds, Dr B J 5 00
Douglass, A J 1 00
Douglass, M 1 00
Drawver, Paul 10
Duckett, H C 50
Duff, J R 25
Eberly, Jacob M 3 00
Eddy, Mrs A & M 1 00
Eddy, Mrs H W 25
Eddy, Miss M S 25
Eddy, Mrs Mary C 1 00
Edwards, T C 5 00
Edwards, Mrs T C 5 00
Elder, Clarence P 1 00
Emerson, T W 2 00
English, Mrs S A 1 00
Estes, Mrs Rebecca 25
Evans, R H 1 00
Eaton, Emily 10
Effort, L M 5 00
Emper, C 50
Engle, Amelia 2 50
Engle, Mrs J C 2 00
Engle, Mr & Mrs W 1 00
Ensign, Mrs D F 1 00
Fair, Mrs S A 1 00
Farley, Mrs E 1 00
Farley, Dorothy 1 00
Finch, Mr & Mrs S 5 00
Finger, Mrs Lydia 1 00
Fiquet, J B & wife 2 00
Fiske, Mrs John 1 00
Finzer, N 25
Finzer, Mrs N 30
Finzer, Willie 10
Flammann, Rev A 2 00
Fleming, E G 1 25
Fleming, Mrs M 1 00
Forkett, Mrs R 2 00
Forsyth, M E 3 00
Fox, Geo F 1 00
Francis, J C 2 00
Francis, M 1 00
Fraser, M 5 00
Frazer, Elizabeth 5 00
Frick, Annie D 1 00
Frick, Blanche E 1 00
Frick, Geraldine R 1 00
Frick, Laura A 1 00
Frick, Nathan 1 00
Frick, Raymond G 1 00
Fried, A 1 00
Faikner, Mrs A 35
Faulkner, T 30
Fergerson, R P 25
Finney, Mary L 1 00
Fish, R 1 00
Flatten & Newgard 2 00
Fletcher, Jas 1 00
Fording, Miss I M 2 00
Fowler, D S 1 00
Fowler, Grace 10
Fowler, S 1 00
Frankiin, Mr 15
Frederick, Mrs G G 1 00
Fricke, Mrs Anna 5 00
Gaerke, Mrs C 1 00
Galbreath, A E 1 00
Gardner, Mrs A B 1 00
Gardner, Miss E M 50
Gardner, Miss H F 50
Gates, Mrs Almira 10 00
Gear, Mrs E J 1 00
Gerrard, Mrs T W 2 00
Getzendaner, M E 10 00
Gilchrist, Mrs H H 1 00
Gilchrist, Mrs M C 5 00
Ginther, Mrs Helen 50
Gist, Mrs Rebecca J. 1 00
Gladwin, Mr T F 1 00
Gladwin, Mrs T F 1 00
Glover, Annie 10
Glover, D H 50
Glover, M E 50
Goble, Mrs M 5
Goff, Mrs N 1 00
Golightly, J D 25
Golightly, J F 25
Greene, Mrs I E 1 00
Greene, Mrs W B 2 00
Grit, Mr H 5 00
Grove, Mrs D 50
Guernsey, Guy & L 1 00
Gynn, Mrs Bella 2 00
Gaines, Mr & Mrs A 2 00
Galvin, Mrs John 1 00
Garrison, Eliza J 2 50
Gasser, Mrs F 5 00
Gates, Benj 50
Gatewood, G W 1 00
Getty, M V 1 00
Girod, I 2 00
Glatfelter, Elizabeth W 1 5 00
Godfrey, Mrs A 1 00
Goodrich, Mrs N J 2 00
Grant, Walter 25
Grindle, S J 1 00
Hagman, L H 5 00
Halden, C P 1 00
Hall, Mrs Dr 1 00
Hall, Mrs B 1 00
Hall, Mrs J 50
Halle, Miss S B 1 00
Hammontree, Martha 1 00
Harris, Miss E 1 00
Harris, J F 2 00
Hatch, S W 2 00
Hauserman, August. 10
Hauserman, John 10
Hauserman, Lizzie 5
Hauserman, Mrs P 15
Hawkins, John 2 00
Hayes, Mrs Abbie R 25 00
Heilman, A E 2 00
Hench, D M 10 00
Henson, Ella B 30
Hesson, Geo L 50
Hesson, Mr & Mrs J A 5 00
Hesson, Jas W 30
Hesson, John A 40
Hesson, Thos M 50
Hobbe, J F 2 00
Hack, G W 1 00
Hagaman, C A 5 00
Hale, Martha 25
Hall, J S 2 00
Hall, R C 50
Hanghog, A M 1 00
Hansen, Wm 5 00
Hanson, C 1 00
Harding, C R 5 00
Hare, Susan 3 50
Hart, G W & family 2 00
Harvey, W 2 00
Hastings, Mrs L B 1 00
Haverly, P C 2 00
Hayden, L W 1 00
Hembroff, Mrs R A 2 00
Hemingway, Lynn 25
Hemingway, Walter 25
Hightower, Mrs L B 96
Hiller, F 1 00
Hitchcock, Mrs M 2 00
Hitchcock, S 1 00
Hodge, Mrs J 1 00
Hodges, M E 5 00
Holm, J F 50
Hope, Evelyn 1 00
Howard, H M 1 00
Howes, E J 2 00
Howland, Mrs M 50
Hoyes, Mrs Wm 1 00
Hoyt, A B 30
Hubbard, T S 3 00
Hudson, E A 2 00
Humphreys, J W 50
Humphreys, Lucy 50
Hunt-on, Mrs C A 2 00
Hysell, Mrs M C 1 00
Ingersoll Bro 50
Ingersoll, A M 5 00
Ingersoll, J L 50
Irey, Mrs H B 2 00
Jaccard, D C 5 00
Jacobson, C A 2 00
Kifer, M E 1 00
Killips, Elizabeth 3 00
Killips, N E 2 00
Kimigin, W R 5 00
Kirk, Mrs L A 1 50
Kochel, S H 50
Korn, Jacob 25
Kuenzi, Mrs A 1 00
Lasmar, Mrs B E 1 00
Latta, J C 10 00
Lee, Hester 1 00
Lefevre, Geo 2 00
Leslie, Mr & Mrs G W 2 00
Levisee, Cora 50
Loucks, Mrs Geo 5 00
Luzader, Miss K B 50
Luzader, M K 25
Lyon, Mary I 1 00
McBryde, Mrs M G 2 00
McCrosky, Mrs E M 6 00
McCullough, J C 2 00
McKenzie, A 15 00
McLaughlin, G M 2 00
McLean, Mrs Agnes 5 00
Mcleodan, Jas 10 00
McLeod, John 5 00
McPherson, E W 50 00
Mackey, M 1 00
Mann, Edna L 2 50
Mann, Horace 10 00
Marcellus, Blanche 31
Marshall, Rev Jabez, collected by 8 00
Martin, Mrs John 5 00
Martin, Wm H 50
Mathers, Miss Lucy 5 00
Maynard, Elizabeth 1 00
Maynard, Harry 1 00
Meade, Rev I 50
Merritt, Miss Lucy 3 00
Miller, Carrie 50
Mobus, Mrs 1 00
Moffatt, W S 3 50
Monroe, J A 1 00
Moore, Foster & Le 5 00
Morris, Roy, Verna, & Dick 1 00
Morse, Etta L 2 00
Morton, Edward 5 00
Moss, John 50
Mottaz, Alfred 5 00
Moulton, M E 1 00
Mountz, Emanuel 1 00
Moyle, Mrs Elizabeth 1 00
Murray, Etta J 1 00
Nace, J F 1 00
Nicholls, S T 2 00
Norrell, A B 1 00
Norton, Ransom 2 00
Olstedal, J A 50
Olson, Minnie 25
Oram, Mrs A E 2 00
Orchard, W 5 00
Ortman, H C 2 00
Osmundson, O 5 00
Ostrander, Mrs G W. 1 00
Parkhouse, Mrs E 1 00
Parry, W D 1 00
Patchin, Mrs A W 5 00
Paul, S A 1 50
Paxton, Robt 20 00
Peck, A C 25
Pedro, J H 1 00
Pennington, Mrs A A 1 00
Perry, Mrs J B 1 00
Perry, Mrs N W 1 00
Peters, Mr & Mrs H H 3 00
Peters, Pansy 25
Peterson, Mrs & dau's 2 00
Pierce, Mr V 1 00
Piper, F L 50
Pixley, Mrs B C 1 00
Post, C N 25
Price, Rev Carrie 1 00
Price, Mrs E 25
Randall, S S 5 00
Ransom, Mr B 25
Raudenbush, C H 3 00
Rottmann, J A 1 00
Rudgers, Mrs J 1 00
Rudgers, Jas 1 00
Ryan, B F 50
Sailer, Friedrich 5 00
Salmon, John W 3 20
Sandberg, J A 1 00
Sanford, Mrs J M 1 50
Savage, Mrs E F 1 00
Schaich, Mrs H L 50
Schiverea, F 22 00
Schneller, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Scott, J J 2 00
Scott, W F 5 00
See, S 25
Shafer, Emma 25
Shaston, Caroline 50
" Fannie 25
" Maria 50
Shell, J W & wife 5 00
Sheller, J 1 00
Sheller, L 25
Shenk, Jacob 2 00
Shepherd, L H 1 00
Shoemaker, G E 2 00
" M A 5 00
Showerman, Mrs P 2 00
Skillman, Miss F B 3 70
Smart, Walter 1 00
Smee, Hiram 1 00
Smith, Mrs C D 1 00
" E M 1 00
" Mrs Eliza E 1 00
" Erwin 25
" Frank 1 00
Smith, Mrs M A 1 00
Smith, Wm F 1 00
Snyder, I S & wife 1 00
Souder, A K 5 00
Sowles, Mr 25
Sowles, L L 50
Sowles, Millie 25
Spangler, Sylvester 2 00
Sperry, Mrs M 1 00
Spinks, W H 3 00
Sprague, Uriah 10
Sproul, E G 2 00
Stahmann, Mrs H C 2 00
Stansfield, J W 1 00
Stapleton, Mrs E 2 00
Stark, Mrs C 1 00
Stevens, Mrs E A 3 00
Stewart, D L 1 00
Stewart, Elizabeth 1 00
Stockwell, Geo 25
Sykes, David 2 50
Tannenhi, N R 5 00
Taylor, B B 1 00
Thomas, A P 5 00
Thomas, Carrie 25
Thomas, Earnest 2 00
Thompson, Frank 10
Thompson, Mrs M 1 00
Thomson, Robt 5 00
Thornton, Sarah E 1 00
Tissot, A F 1 00
Tracy, Thos 50
Trauger, Miss E 1 50
Treudo, Jno 1 00
Trumpp, H 4 00
Turner, Frank 50
Tuttle, Mrs M E 1 00
Vanderpool, A W 50
Vanderwaker, C 25
Vigness, R M 1 00
Waitman, J T 2 00
Ward, R A 5 00
Waring, H E 1 00
Warner, J A 1 00
Washington & wife, A J 50
Watson, Jr, Alex 1 00
Watson, F M W 2 20
Weagant, Herman 50
Weaver, J L 2 00
Wegg, MD, J A 5 01
Westhafer, Miss L 1 00
Westlake, Mrs Rev H 1 00
Wheeler, R W 10 00
Woodcock, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Woodside, Isabell C. 20 00
Woolever, Mary F 2 00
Wriggle, Rev & wife 1 00
Yard, Linna 1 00
Young, Rufus 5 00
Zimmerman, Homer 25
Silverwood 10 00
Zaugg, Knoxville 2 00
Little Marg, Smyrna 1 00
John W M, St Louis 1 00
C P, Balto Co 5 00
S W S, Morgantown 2 00
R R, Nashville 50
A J R, Phila 3 00
M E R, Cranksville 1 00
S J Y, Hoagland 1 00
H A H 3 00
M K 20 00
C V, Balto 2 00
MEK, for Jesus' sake 2 00
A M T, Ogden 3 00
Mrs LAH, Spencer'p't 4 00
L K, Jacksonville 2 50
H T H, Souris 15 00
M A B, Jamesville 1 00
F C F, Waltham 1 00
A M S, Brooklyn 4 00
B A, Jamesburg 1 00
Mrs G A, Jefferson'l 2 00
C M S, Enterprise 5 00
A, Liberty 45
E G H, Blackstone 1 00
M T R, St Pauls 1 00
Mr & Mrs O B, Millbr'k 5 00
Mrs E D S, Idaville 5 00
J C W, Chester 2 00
A A B, Thomsonville 1 00
M A B, So Boston 2 00
M A P, Delaware 50
P H F, Ware 2 00
Z H, Rantoul 2 00
H E S, Ingo Co 1 00
W J, Phila 5 00
L B, Glen Beulah 50
A F, Mt Lookout 5 00
E T B, Rockford 50
A L B, Fishkill 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Bridgeton 1 00
Friend, W Woolwich 2 00
" Southbridge 5 00
" Hannibal 1 00
" Washington 2 00
" Cohoes 2 00
" Ohio 1 00
" Olds 25
" Deedsville 1 00
" Adrian 1 00
" —— 1 00
" Sycamore 4 50
" City Point 2 00
" Portage 1 00
" Worcester 1 00
" Rawson 1 00
" Cayucas 3 00
" Louisville 5 00
" Manchester 1 00
Friends, Salem's Ch 3 25
" Sargentville 1 50
" St Croix Cove 2 00
" Fargo 1 50
" Thurman 50
" Comanche 1 25
" Lamartine 6 75
" Loyd 73
" Neptune 1 25
" Ithaca 5 72
" Pomona 3 00
" Coburg 1 00
" Leonard 1 00
2 " Union 2 00
3 " W Lebanon 3 00
3 " Cincinnati 3 00
In Christ's Name, Hot Springs 1 00
" " Farnam 1 00
In Memory 2 00
Reader, Union 1 00
" Albany 2 00
" Vanceburg 5 00
Subr, Worcester 1 00
" Goderich 1 00
" Galveston 2 00
Sympathizer, Mont 2 00
Gospel Miss, Brookf'd 10 00
Mrs K, Chelle Prayer Band 11 00
Prayer meeting, Pennsdale 6 75
Christian People, Big Flats 2 00
Woodruff school dist. 80
Country School, N D. 1 50
Pupils of Miss Sarah J Higby's School, Tharrawaddy 5 40
Markleton Sanitor'm. 26 60
Ladies of Pender, Neb 6 70
Mother & Daughter, Hannibal 2 00
Mother & Daughter, Goldman 3 00
Young Lady, St Louis 1 00
Brethren in Christ, Nappan Sta 3 00
Sister in Christ, Weymouth 5 00
Sisters of Lathrop Church 4 00
2 Sisters, Kingston 5 00
3 " Waynesboro 2 00
5632 M S P 1 00
Well-wisher, N H 2 00
Believer, N Y 1 00
Cheerful giver Detroit 50
Poor Christian, Pa 15
Christian Family, Brewton 1 20
For mercies received 1 00
Nurse, Phila 5 00
Three Mrs. N Sutton 50
Widow's mite, Enterprise 1 00
" Marlinton 30
Mite, Me 25
Cash, Arkansas City 50
" " 25
Hope, Faith, & Charity Band, Asbury Ch 4 50
——, Dering 1 00
——, Pa 1 00
——, Pleasantville 1 00
Ladies & Gentlemen, Richmond 9 20
Two Famines, Vermonia 2 20
Our Family 5 36
Anonymous, Amawalk 2 00
A Mite Box, Lexingt'n 6 11
A widow's mite, Perry's Mills 1 00
General collection, Troy 3 75
1 John 3: 17, Greensville 10 00
A few Dunellen women, I H N 6 10
One who loves Jesus Tekonsha 50
One trying to follow in the footsteps of our Saviour 75

Total $32,011.26

And over 300 others have acknowledged next week.

Rosevear, Enos, Gold Locket
Smither, J D, 1 Diamond Ring
Friend, Kansas City, Kas, 1 Gold Thimble

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter.

Speak Encouragement.

PUT on our table the cruet of sweet oil, as well as the cruets of vinegar and cayenne pepper. The vast multitudes have more burdens than they can carry. If you can unbuckle the strap one hole, so as to make it less tight, do so. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If a mechanic does for you a nice job of work, let him know that the banister is well turned, or the wall is well papered, or the carriage is well constructed. If the goods that come from your grocer are excellent, when you settle the bill let him know what thorough satisfaction he has given you. If, after long endurance from poor shoemaking, you get sandals that neither pinch nor chafe, let the man who sits wearily pulling the waxed thread through the leather know that he has saved you from pedal martyrdom. If a book that you read consoles or instructs or inspires you, inform both author and publisher of that cheering fact. If a musical instrument charms your household, so inform tuner and manufacturer. If a coat fits, thank the tailor. Be more economical of your censure and more prodigal of your encomiums.

Take warning from Thomas Carlyle, who passed the most of his married life, according to his own statement, in making his wife Jane miserable. For two weeks at Craigenputtock, fifteen miles from any settlement, not speaking a word to her, and at Cheyne Row, London, pitches an omelet out of the window because she had not cooked it to suit him. Inflicting upon her all the meannesses and outrages that a dyspeptic devil could suggest to him. And then, after her decease, spending twenty years in extolling her excellence and deploring his injustices. Appreciation while living! Be that our sentiment and habit, and while eminent men and women are ever and anon coming to occasions of public [illegible], let the same principle run all through everyday life. When the coffee is clear, and the bread is light, and the meat is masticable, and the dessert is delicately ingenious, let the husband praise the wife, and the wife praise the cook, and the cook praise the butcher and baker. When the child rapidly advances in schooling, pat him on the shoulder, and send an [illegible] with him to his overworked teacher. In that way we not only [illegible], but we help ourselves.

Several days' carriage, you want to make many miles in a short time. Suppose you begin by blowing up the driver, and then telling him what a lazy and ugly team he is driving, and at every jolt shouting, "Ouch! ouch!" as though you were being injured. The result of all will be slow progress and a grouty driver and an unpleasant journey. But try the opposite. Say to the driver, if you can do so truthfully, "I suppose you have been a driver so long you are expert at the business. Those horses look as though they had a good deal of go in them. My! my! How fast we are going over the ground! I am sure we will be there sooner than I at the start expected." Why, such a spirit inspires the driver, greases the wagon-wheels, smooths the road, and limbers the spavined legs of the horses. Commendation instead of hypercriticism. Applause rather than disparagement. Sociality rather than ostracism! Benison instead of anathema! Pæan instead of curse! Advocacy instead of reprehension! Compliment instead of carping! But many faithful people will not get the encouragement they deserve on earth. God give them patience to wait until Christ, in the presence of an assembled universe, shall hand them everlasting reward and pass them in to the pleasures that never die! For all the neglects, and injustices, and fatigues of God's children here, heaven will more than make amends.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Charity Balance Sheet

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for various Charities, Missions, and other Religious Work during the Year 1895.

RECEIPTS:

In the order and amounts as acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

JAN.	9	$1,929 51
"	16	3,269 68
"	23	3,668 92
"	30	3,334 88
FEB.	6	3,905 51
"	13	3,172 80
"	20	2,694 62
"	27	1,382 00
MAR.	6	915 04
"	13	1,039 80
"	20	481 55
"	27	574 40
APR.	3	392 24
"	10	233 65
"	17	599 63
"	24	59 25
MAY	1	62 50
"	8	18 00
"	15	361 89
JUNE	19	231 38
JULY	3	89 00
"	10	259 00
"	17	285 95
"	24	203 55
"	31	189 11
AUG.	7	183 60
"	14	669 53
"	21	966 22
"	28	891 19
SEPT.	4	842 41
"	11	659 92
"	18	411 79
"	25	345 23
OCT.	2	420 48
"	9	184 75
"	16	777 75
"	23	1,666 35
"	30	1,612 52
NOV.	6	2,008 15
"	13	1,458 60
"	20	1,535 19
"	27	136 10
DEC.	11	3,597 19
"	18	1,773 81
"	25	999 25
JAN.	1, '96, but rec'd before Dec. 31, 1895.	1,185 62
"	8 " " "	1,215 90
"	15 " " "	1,385 21
	Total	$54,280 62

To which add supplies received and forwarded to Kansas and Nebraska, estimated at $15,000 00

Total	$69,280 62

DISBURSEMENTS:

FOREIGN MISSIONS:		
Mrs. Mary E. Logan, Ruk, South Sea Islands	10 00	
Dr. Stark, Callao, Peru	10 00	
Dr. W. T. Currie, Cisamba, Africa	10 00	
Rev. R. H. Nassau, Batanga, W. Africa	10 00	
Dr. J. C. Kerr, Canton, China	17 00	
Dr. Busteed, American Hospital, Seoul, Corea	20 00	
Rev. Sam. Mead, Malange, Angola	10 00	
Mary Sharp, Monrovia, Liberia	10 00	
Dr. McKean, Bangkok, Siam	10 00	
Rev. J. W. Wadman, Hiroosaki, Japan	10 00	
Mrs. J. H. Kilbuck, Bethel, Alaska	10 00	
Balance overpaid by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1894	62 00	189 00
DOOR OF HOPE Mrs. Whittemore		70 65
MRS. BELLA COOKE		64 75
DAY STAR HOME Sister Charlotte		22 75
DR. FAUST, (Hebrew Christian Mission)		21 00
WILLIAMSON HOME		12 75
REV. STEPHEN MERRITT, Travelers' Club)		22 00
REV. D. M. HEYDRICK, Brooklyn City Missionary)		12 00
BIBLE INSTITUTE, Chicago		131 02
MRS. DAVID JAMAL, School for Girls, Jerusalem)		569 80
LIVING WATERS MISSION		2 25
BETHESDA HOME, Brooklyn		1,164 56
EMMA NASON, Lumbermen's Mission		19 50
HOME MISSIONS		19 50
Y. M. C. A. (Chippewa Falls)		34 35
FIVE POINTS House of Industry		30 00
REV. G. W. SHARP, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Mission'y		525 00
NAT'L TEMPERANCE SOC'Y		138 10
ARMENIAN RELIEF (to Jan. 1)		10,203 04
DAUPHIN ISLAND MISSION		15 00
ARCHDEACON HUTSON St. Thomas, West Indies)		15 00
***CHILDREN'S HOME** Mont-Lawn)		9,665 63
***WESTERN RELIEF FUND**		34,724 31
ANY GOOD CAUSE AND MISCELLANEOUS:		
Catherine St. Mission, Miss Delaney	$5 00	
Waldensian Mission	5 00	
Mulberry St. Mission	2 00	
Presbyterian Board Home Missions	10 00	
N. Y. Herald "Anti-Toxine Fund"	50 00	
Bethshah Orphanage, College Point	5 00	
W. E. Barnes, relief	25 00	
Herman Warzawiak's Mission	1 00	
Rev. D. S. Hubbell	5 00	
Mr. Gitson, Brooklyn	1 00	
Anna Hillis, relief	10 00	
Dr. Barnardo's Home, London, Eng	20 00	
Bethesda Home, Carpets	25 00	
Central Union Mission, Washington	100 00	
Thornton White, relief	10 00	
M. O'Connell, relief	1 00	
Rev. Hagglund, Swedish Missionary	5 00	
Miss Penny, relief	5 00	
Mrs. Gilmore, Thanksgiving Fund	5 00	
Relief of Cuban Sufferers	25 00	
Mrs. E. H. Todd (Sunday School Relief	5 00	
Jane Brown's Home	1 00	
Martha's Rest	5 00	
Industrial Missionary Association	2 00	
Dr. George Dowkontt, New York	2 00	
New York Rescue Mission	1 00	
Miscellaneous Relief	16 20	347 20
Balance carried forward to 1896, principally subscriptions to the Armenian Relief Fund		5,261 46
Total		$69,280 62

* A detailed report of receipts and expenditures in connection with these charities will appear on this page within a few weeks.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. G., Cincinnati, O. Should not a wife who has property in her own name through inheritance, control it, to the extent of using some of the income in a way that she feels her conscience dictates?

In the State of Ohio, a wife's property, real and personal, and all income therefrom, remain under her sole control; but the husband must unite with her in all deeds and mortgages and sales of real estate. This applies to her property acquired either before or after marriage.

H. L. B., West Medford, Mass. Is it right or not for a person to let out his money for usury?

Assuredly not. See Prov. 28: 8; Jer. 15: 10; Isa. 24: 1, 2; Ezek. 18: 13.

W. M. H., Kennedy, Ala. To what seed did the Apostle refer in I. John 3: 9?

There have been several explanations given of the passage, but the one generally accepted is that the Apostle means the seed of the Divine life which abides in the converted man and grows until it permeates the whole nature.

F. W. B., Bard, Iowa. Is the baptism of the Holy Ghost synonymous with conversion?

The phrase is generally used to indicate the gift of power for service. Of course, the influence of the Holy Spirit is implied in conversion, but by the baptism, we usually understand such a quickening as took place at the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost.

Mrs. C. A. S., Evans Mills, N. Y., writes the verse, apropos of our popular premium, "The Pathway of Life:"

> Go speed on thy mission,
> Thou beautiful treasure,
> 'Mid the storms and tempests so rife,
> May each word contained,
> Be given full measure,
> While traveling the "Pathway of Life."

H. L., Donaldson, Minn. Give the most ancient date in Egyptian history?

The first of the dynasties, supposing the list to be successive, would be placed fully 5000 years B. C., but many authorities hold certain dynasties to be contemporary and Manetho speaks of contemporaneous kings. The monuments do not warrant so great an antiquity and lead to the conclusion that the beginning of the first dynasty was a little before 2500 B.C.; some authorities making it 200 years later. Bunsen places the earliest point in Egyptian history at 3623 B. C.; Lepsius, 3892; Brugsch, 4455, and Bockh, 5702, and Syncellus states that the dynasties lasted 3555 years ending in 1680 B. C. Egyptologists, however, have discarded these latter calculations, as the monuments do not bear out the claim of so great an antiquity.

John A. Robertson and seventeen others, Pemberton, N. J. 1. Do you think there is any harm in dancing? 2. Does the Bible forbid it? 3. Why does the Church raise the objection?

1. Dancing, originally used as an expression of devotional ecstacy (and still so employed in some parts of the non-Christian world), has in modern times come to be used exclusively as a social excitement. The harm especially to the young, consists in the promiscuous and frequently pernicious acquaintanceship it brings and the undue exhilaration and emotional disturbances it produces. Seductive in the extreme, the modern dance has proved for countless thousands the first step to ruin. 2. There is no specific prohibition but one may be clearly inferred from I. Cor. 15: 33; II. Cor. 6: 17, 18; I. Pet. 4: 3: and similar passages. 3. Because it is an obstacle to individual spiritual progress and its influence is detrimental to the morals of a community. It would be impossible to indicate any instance where dancing has ever been productive of good results. For the sake of the harm it may do to others, if not to ourselves, Christians should avoid it.

Susan D. Roberts, Canyon City, Tex. You say: "fifty young ladies spent a month addressing this huge edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Please explain in THE MAIL-BAG what constitutes an edition, and was it the weekly issue, and why it required that length of time to address it?"

The edition of December 4th consisted of 1,017,000 copies, for each of which a separate wrapper had to be addressed. The month of November, deducting four Sundays and two holidays, gave us twenty-four working days, and it took about fifty girls twenty-four days to address these wrappers. A girl can average a thousand a day, but five per cent. should be allowed for loss of time through absence, indisposition, etc. You will find, on calculation, the statement made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as to the number of young ladies required to address the special edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to have been founded absolutely in fact.

Mrs. B. A. B., Bartlett, O. The Red Cross is an undenominational Christian organization.—— E. Potter, N. Y. Write to Fleming H. Revell, publishers, New York, for it.——Reader. The address of the Union Gospel Mission of New Orleans is 163 Camp St. A. E. Vail is the missionary in charge.—— Mrs. A. C. C., Clyde, N. Y. Yes.—— Constant Reader, Hiawatha, Kan. Have already explained in a recent issue and repeatedly before.—— Mary B. Warwick, N. Y. There are so many swindles in such matters that we advise you to [illegible] a reputable lawyer.——Mrs. W. V. W., Milford, O. It is peculiar to tropical climates and very seldom found in cold or temperate latitudes.—— Subscriber, Worcester, Mass. Send to Frances Gage, Missionary, Marsovan, Turkey.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In Cape Coast Castle.

DISPATCHES from Cape Coast Castle, the capital of the British settlements on the Gold Coast, West Africa, announce a spectacle there that is not likely to be soon forgotten. This was the arrival of the dreaded king of Ashanti, with ten of his relatives and officers. They came as prisoners of war, and were regarded with curiosity and wonder. King Prempeh had so long been the terror of the whole region, and the stories of the frightful massacres perpetrated by his order had been so appalling, that the spectacle of him and his chief advisers in the role of prisoners produced a sensation. The court-yard of the fortress, which is built on a rock, was crowded with men of all shades of color, prominent among them the chiefs of the tribes over whom Prempeh had tyrannized. These are to proceed to Kumassi to choose from among themselves, or from Prempeh's family, a king in his place, as all agree that it would be useless to rely on any promise he might make. The expedition occupied Kumassi without fighting. Messengers from the king had been to Cape Coast Castle, and had returned to him with information of the strength of the expedition. He had consequently determined to submit without a struggle. He was treated with respect, but was informed that he must go to Cape Coast Castle to await a decision as to his future. He showed an almost childish curiosity about his journey, as he had never been to the coast, though it is only about 150 miles from his capital. In Kumassi, the expedition found ghastly proofs of the truth of the horrible stories reported about the king's barbarities. The execution grove, which was promptly cut down, was covered with human skulls and bones, which showed that wholesale slaughter had been comparatively recent. In the chief square of Kumassi also, there were great heaps of skulls and bones. Though still a young man, Prempeh seems to have an awful record of savagery and to have been surrounded by men as barbarous as himself. There is general rejoicing among the peoples surrounding Ashanti over his fall, and at the prospect of a peaceable, orderly government under British supervision. The king is now learniug by sad experience that cruelty and oppression bring their own retribution:

Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity. (Hab. 2 12.)

COURT-YARD OF THE FORTRESS OF CAPE COAST CASTLE, WEST AFRICA.

A Church Moved.

Chicago journals describe the recent removal of a church in that city to a new site. They say that the proprietors of a large hotel on Michigan Avenue some time ago, made proposals to the officials of a church adjoinining the hotel for a change of location. All the rooms on the side of the hotel overlooking the church were dark, and the hotel people believed that if the church were removed they could get an increased rental for the rooms. Finally they offered to purchase a new site, and pay the costs of removing the church to it. The offer was accepted. A piece of ground fifty feet distant was selected and preparations were made for moving the building. It is a large edifice with a massive, square tower, and it was necessary to proceed cautiously. The building was jacked up from its foundations, and slowly and carefully removed to its new position, without accident or injury. The hotel proprietors will doubtless gain by the removal, but the situation is a somwhat novel one. As a rule, if a business becomes more profitable by the removal of a church, it is not because the church obstructs the light, but because it sheds more light on the business than is desired. With all its defects, the church fulfils the mission intrusted to her:

Ye are the light of the world. (Matt. 5: 14.)

A Crisis in a Patient's Case.

A hospital surgeon tells a touching story of a patient's illness. A few days ago a woman was sent from Gouverneur Hospital, New York, to Bellevue. Shortly after her arrival her husband called and asked to be allowed to see her. While she was at Gouverneur his devotion had won the hearts of doctors and nurses. He was permitted access to her and would stay around in the yard between his visits, that he might question any doctor who came out of the ward as to her condition. They would answer him kindly and give him all the encouragement they dared. But toward the last they could not give much, and when it was decided to move her to Bellevue, the danger could not be disguised. He expected that he would be able to see her there, but no one knew him and he was told that it was against the rules. "It's nearly ten o'clock," said the surgeon, "you cannot go up. Besides, it is a bad case. I heard them talking about it." The man flung himself on his knees. "I never knelt to mortal man before," he cried; "for mercy's sake take me to my wife that I may see her before she dies," The surgeon's heart melted. He went up to the ward, found the woman tossing in fever and asking for her husband. He came back and beckoned the man to follow him, warning him to be quiet and not stay long. There was a little weak cry of joy from the cot, as he bent over it, and a poor wasted arm was thrown around his neck. In a minute or two he stole noiselessly away. His wife had quieted down and was asleep. The next morning the physician in charge of the case said: "Queer thing, that Gouverneur case. It looked pretty bad last night, but she went to sleep like a lamb all of a sudden and slept all night, and now, I guess, she'll pull through." Her husband's visit had produced the rest and peace that no medicines could have given and probably saved the woman's life. The remedy was outside the province of the physicians, but it was effective. So the world often wonders at the transformation that comes in some lives when, after great distress, the heart is filled with joy by the recognition of Christ as the Saviour. There is no exaggeration in the promise:

The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. (Phil. 4: 7.)

A Daring Rescue at Sea.

A press dispatch from Portland, Me., announces the arrival at that port of the steamer *Blakemoor* after a tempestuous voyage from England. The vessel bore marks of the severity of the storms she had passed through. Four days before reaching port, the crew had seen a vessel burning signals of distress. Though the sea was high and the weather intensely cold, five men volunteered to go to the rescue. The lifeboat was lowered, and after a desperate struggle reached the disabled vessel. She proved to be the schooner *Clifford* from New York, with a cargo of corn for Halifax. Her hold was full of water and she was listed so that her lee rail was awash. Her crew with great difficulty were transferred to the lifeboat. It took the brave men four hours to regain the *Blakemoor*, and the task of boarding her and hoisting the lifeboat was a trying one, as mountainous seas were breaking over the deck. The rescue was only just in time, for before the lifeboat reached the *Blakemoor*, the disabled *Clifford* turned over and sank. It was well for the sailors that when the lifeboat came alongside, they did not lose any time hesitating about leaving the sinking ship. They would have been lost if it had been necessary to plead with them and persuade them, as it is with some who are in danger of perishing eternally:

Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee. (Acts 24: 25.)

Millionaire Dies a Pauper.

Chicago journals report the death in that city of a man whose wealth a short time ago was counted by millions. He was the owner of the famous mine at Tombstone, Arizona, that was known as "The Gilded Age." He owned also the land above the mine which comprised a large portion of the business section of Tombstone. Yet the man died a pauper's death in the poor-house, and as he left no money to bury him, his body was given to the School of Anatomy for dissection. His career had been remarkable. He was a poor man when he went with the first settlers to Arizona. He squatted on a strip of apparently worthless land, but when the boom came, his land was found to be the richest in the section. He had to fight in the courts for his claim, but he succeeded in establishing his title. The money he obtained from the mine and from the rentals of his property on the surface, made him rich beyond the dreams or avarice. He revelled in his good fortune, scattered money right and left, and astonished even a community accustomed to reckless extravagance by the sums he squandered. Yet his caprices could not over-step so enormous an income as he had. The tide turned when he became ambitious to increase his fortune. He plunged into grain speculation and planned for large prizes. He was unsuccessful, but he would not desist, In a short time he lost everything he had and was as poor as when he settled in Arizona. He went to Chicago to begin life over again, but could find no opportunity. A few months ago the man who had been so rich that he could pay a million dollars without inconveniencing himself, was glad to earn fourteen dollars a month by attending to the stoves in a hotel. Chagrin and self-reproach made him miserable, his health broke down and at last he was sent to the poor-house where he died a few days ago. He is not the first man who has been brought to want by the greed that is not satisfied with enormous wealth. Long ago the wise king uttered a warning to all such:

He that hasteth to be rich . . . considereth not that want shall come upon him. (Prov. 28 : 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

This Issue has no Colored Frontispiece. Do you miss it? Do you think it makes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD more attractive or would you prefer to have it omitted? We avail ourselves of the omission to make the above inquiries. We always warmly welcome and heartily appreciate a candid expression of opinion on the part of our readers. A postal card will do. The colored pictures will be resumed next week.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no Traveling agents. We are informed that persons are traveling around the country offering special inducements to people to subscribe. It should be clearly understood that they are unauthorized, and anyone subscribing through them does so at his own risk. It is always best when the local agent is not personally known, to send subscriptions direct to this office. We have lately received several complaints, from various quarters, of people being imposed upon by persons wrongfully claiming to be authorized agents of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins held meetings on Feb. 9th in the Methodist Tabernacle at Pasadena, Cal. They expected to be at Los Angeles at the close of February and have promised to hold meetings there. A very large congregation listened attentively to the singing and to Mr. Sankey's description of the circumstances that suggested several famous hymns.

An Image of the Virgin Mary in a church at Palermo, Italy, has been stripped of its jewels by thieves who entered the church. The statue wore twenty pairs of diamond earrings and dozens of valuable bracelets, its robe being ablaze with precious stones. The image was reputed to work miracles but the thieves stripped it with impunity.

Dr. L. W. Munhall closed his Meetings at Dubuque, Ia. on February 18. There was a great farewell meeting on that evening when over five hundred persons who have made profession of faith during the services came to listen to the Evangelist's final words of advice. All the Christian churches in the city are receiving additions from the converts of the meetings.

Mr. Holman Hunt, the famous Artist, has Published a letter pointing out a way for the restoration of Palestine to the Jews. From personal knowledge and from conversation with influential statesmen in Turkey Mr. Hunt has become convinced that the Sultan would be willing to sell Palestine to the Jews on the basis of a capitalization of the revenues he receives from the country.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is in the Midst of a great Revival at Camden, N. J. The Tabernacle M. E. Church is crowded every night. The audiences number fully twelve hundred persons. A few evenings ago the rare spectacle was witnessed of three hundred persons at the altar at one time anxiously seeking salvation. A local journal says that there has been no such religious awakening in the city for a quarter of a century.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman held Revival Services last week in several churches in the Twenty-fifth Ward of Brooklyn. On February 23, Dr. Chapman preached in the Janes Methodist Church in the morning; in the Embury Methodist Church in the afternoon and in the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church in the evening. Simultaneous services were held each afternoon and evening in those churches and in Calvary Baptist, and Greene Ave. Presbyterian churches.

Gen. Booth the Chief of the Salvation Army has appointed his daughter Emma and her husband Commissioner Booth-Tucker. Commanders of the Salvation Army in the United States in place of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth. Commissioner Booth-Tucker is said to be a brother of the late Miss Tucker the famous novelist who wrote under the title of A. L. O. E. He is at present at the head of the Salvation Army in India. Great dissatisfaction prevails in the Army here at the summary manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth have been removed from their offices.

The Family and Home Circle

A Georgia Cabin Home.

IT will be many years before the old-style cabin homes of our mountainous districts wholly disappear. They are found in many States, from New York to the Rockies and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and they form a picturesque element of the landscape that would be greatly missed.

In Georgia, the log cabin is still a familiar sight; vine-wreathed and old, with clap-board sides and shingle roof, it bravely withstands the storms of the passing years. Beneath its homely roof many of the foremost men of our nation have spent their boyhood, and there are many thousands to whom a sight of the old cabin-home recalls the pleasantest memories of their lives.

Our illustration presents a typical negro cabin home in the South—such a home as must be familiar to all who are acquainted with Southern life and character. There are the well-known stone chimney and clap-board, and the porchless front. Although tt consists of only a single room, the cabin looks cosy enough, and it is certainly not lacking in picturesqueness. There are evidences, too, of hasty construction, both in the manner in which the logs are laid and in the fact that holes are substituted for windows, which seem to have been considered too great a luxury to be indulged. From the general appearance of the cabin, and the fact that there are enough holes and crannies to assure an exit for the smoke and an entrance for the fresh air, it must strike the observer as a more desirable place for summer than for winter occupancy; but the hardy dwellers on the mountain-sides, reckon nothing of weather that would appal those who live in the well-built houses of towns and cities. With a potato and melon patch in summer time, and a good pile of firewood for the cold season, they are content to endure without flinching the spring gales and freshets, the summer tempests, and the fierce winter storms.

A NEGRO CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GEORGIA.

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Luther's Little Daughter.

Those who have lost a child—perhaps an only one—cannot but derive some comfort from the words which Luther spoke just after his daughter Madeleine's death. When she was placed in the coffin he gazed long at her and said, "Dear little Madeleine, all is well with thee now." And to his wife, "Think where she is gone. She has certainly made a happy journey. With children everything is simple. They die without anguish, without disputes, without bodily grief, without the temptations of death, as if they were falling asleep."

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Children and the Bible.

A beautiful story is related of an incident which occurred during the late Civil War. One evening a number of horsemen [illegible] to the [illegible] (the [illegible] was away with one of the armies), "Come out at once; not a moment to lose! The enemy are on us! They will blow up the magazine and the house along with it!" The mother gathered her children, and with the help of the servants dressed them in their warmest clothes. "We must run to the forest and perhaps stay there all night." "Oh, mother," they cried, "the wild beasts will eat us!" "We must trust in God," she replied, "and leave this house in five minutes; so run and collect everything you can of value." When they assembled in the hall before starting one boy and girl carried between them on a stick a basket filled with the Bibles of the family. "Mother," they both cried out together, "we have saved the most valuable thing, for you have always told us that the Bible was the most precious thing in the world." Shortly afterward, the entire family reached a place of safety.

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Jaded Wives.

To neglect one's life partner, to whom our best love and purest sympathy should go out spontaneously, is one of the greatest of crimes, in a social and affectional sense. Because a wife loses her first bloom, because her husband outgrows her intellectually, because another has come to seem lovelier in his eyes, a husband is afforded thereby no excuse whatever for neglect. Because a husband is selfish, because he is parsimonious or mean, because he is tyrannical, because he objects to her friends, a wife has no more excuse. Life may become all but unbearable with him or with her; but if there are children with a future to be considered, it is to be borne, and duty and decency must enforce a behavior before the children that shall hinder their injury from wrong influences so far as possible. The utmost frivolity, the utmost indifference to his wishes, does not justify a husband in pulling the cloth from the table and all the china with it; his pulling the cloth off does not justify her in putting herself under the illegal protection of another. A little concession on either side, a little touch of the old-time affection, will sometimes release the strain of months or years, and make the two estranged hearts as considerate of each other's happiness as before. But it remains true, that no more cruel blow can be given by a husband to a wife than to remind her, by word or act, that she has ceased to be attractive in his eyes.

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The Choice of Friends.

The ornaments of a house, says Emerson, are the friends who frequent it. There is no greater event in life than the advent of new persons about our hearth, unless it be the progress of the character which draws them. Lander in his definition of the great man says: "It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him." It is the happiness which, where it is truly known, postpones all other satisfactions, and makes politics and commerce and churches cheap. For we figure it to ourselves—do we not?—that when men shall meet as they should as states meet—each a benefactor, a shower of falling stars, so rich with deeds, with thoughts, with so much accomplishment it shall be the festival of nature, which all things symbolize; and perhaps love is only the highest symbol of friendship, as all other things seem symbols of love. In the progress of each man's character, his relations to the best men, which at first seem only the romances of youth, acquire a graver importance, and he will have learned the lessons of life who is skilful in the ethics of friendship.

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Don't Worry the Children.

Parents need to be reminded occasionally of the fact that their children should not be fretted or worried needlessly, as is too often the habit of some fathers and mothers. The Bible has the warning: "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," a clause which Archdeacon Farrar says, in the original means exactly: "Do not *irritate* your children." "Do not rub them the wrong way." The modern father or mother, anxious to bring up their child in accordance with all the latest methods, is in danger of overdoing the training of the little one. A father, who had learned by experience the wisdom of letting his children alone to a certain extent, declares that he harmed his first child for life by his exacting requirements. She was checked unduly and shut up within herself until she grew up in a rigid and unnatural constraint. The same warning might be applied to children of an older growth, who are not permitted to develop their own individualities. Dr. Farrar sums the whole matter up in one sentence: "Parents must respect their children as well as children their parents."

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Early Lessons in Giving.

It is wrong to give a boy money without teaching him that a proportion of it belongs to God, writes Headmaster Lyttelton, of Haleybury College, England. While he is very young it is easy to train him to put by something for the poor box out of every shilling he receives; as a matter of course. Why in the world should this be deferred? and till what time? The early possession of money is ingraining one of two ideas deep into his mind, either that he is a steward or that he is the owner of the cash.

Only One Hour.

ONLY one hour! the hour at Sabbath School,
The children's happy hour,
Where love is King and none but he
Need ever hope to rule.

Only one hour! Fast flies the time
When there's so much to do;
The lesson seems but scarce begun
When clear the church-bells chime.

Only one hour! No time to spare
If we but do our part,
Earnestly and cheerfully
Asking God's blessing there.

HARRY GREY.

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A Woodland Home Concert.

ONE of our lady readers, Mrs. N. B. Palmer, of Napoleon, O., sends us this charming episode of woodland life, apropos of the recent paragraph in this department on the birds' hymn of praise:

"Many years ago we left our pleasant surroundings to take up a new home in the 'woods.' A very little clearing had been done, and the spring was tardy in coming. It rained and rained almost day and night for nearly a week, until the low ground was saturated with water. The Sabbath following was ushered in most gloriously! The sun shone brighter than ever before, seemingly; not even a cloud flitted over the sky. I was attracted by bird music in the tall trees a few rods from our cabin; as I listened it seemed almost to come from Paradise. As the leaves had not yet opened on the trees, I could see plainly that one tall one was literally covered with blackbirds, and such music as they made abides with me yet, and the scene plainly visible to my view as if it were only a year instead of thirty-eight years. There would be a lull now and then, and next a voice or two as if giving out a hymn or in prayer, when the whole flock would join in the grand chorus. This was kept up a long time, only pausing at intervals. Soon as their meeting had closed they flew away as if conscious they had dispelled the blues of their human listener! Then the frogs began tuning their harps, and at evening broke forth as if they too were doing their best to dispel our doubts as to the lateness of spring! It was all so enchanting to me I sat down and wrote the following lines as a tribute to the grandest bird anthem I ever heard:

Spring is here. Do you not see it
Laughing, tossing in the breeze?
Don't you hear its gentle wooing
In the tall and stately trees?

Don't you hear the warbling songsters?
They've a meeting in the woods.
They are singing, praying preaching,
What care they for wind or floods?

They are happy, joyful, thankful,
For the long-wished days of spring.
And they're sending notes of gladness
To their Maker, who is King.

And the peepers, don't you hear them
Almost split their little throats?
There are frogs by tens and hundreds,
Tuning up their noisy notes!

Now Spring is here, tho' tardy yet—
Her green is slow in coming.
But birds and frogs in praise have met
With voices softly humming.

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Curbing Childish Impulse.

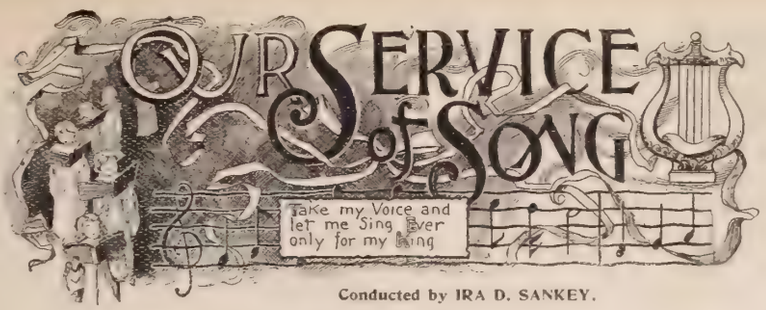
Too many parents seem to take it for granted that, because their children are by nature very timid and retiring, or very bold and forward; very extravagant in speech and manner, or quite disinclined to express even a dutiful sense of gratitude and trust; reckless in their generosity, or pitably selfish; one-sided in this, or in that, or in the other, trait or quality characteristic — therefore those children must remain so; unless, indeed, they outgrow their faults, or are induced by wise counsel and loving courtesy to overcome them. "My boy is irrepressible," says a father. "He is full of dash and spirits. He makes havoc in the house while at home and when he goes out to a neighbor's he either has things his own way, or he doesn't want to go again. I really wish he had a quieter nature; but, of course, I cannot change him." But children can be trained in almost any direction. Their natural tendencies may be so curbed and guided as no longer to show themselves in disagreeable prominence. It is a parent's privilege, and duty, to influence his children to a right behavior.

Keeping the Pledge.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning March 15. Matthew 26 : 31-41.

PATHETIC with tender affection were the words our Lord used in his reproach of the three disciples who slept while he suffered in the garden. Face to face with the culminating horror of his life, knowing that in a few hours he would be fatally beaten and nailed to the cross, shuddering as the shadow of his approaching death fell upon him, there warm his heart a human longing for sympathetic companionship. Near him were the three men who had just pledged their fidelity to him. They would never desert him, they said, even though they might be called upon to die with him. Yet as he goes out to them, craving their sympathy, he finds them asleep. They could not watch with him one hour. So gentle were they moved by his distress, that they could sleep. But even then, his tenderness finds excuse for them. "It is their flesh that is weak," he says. Their spirit was willing. How often since then has he made the same excuse for his followers! The pledges made to him have often been unfulfilled when the time of stress came. Promises have been made to confess him before men, yet when the flippant joke, the contemptuous sneer at religion, the biting sarcasm or hatred things have been uttered the follower of Christ has shrunk from avowing himself. Every possession is consecrated to him, yet an article of dress, or some jewelry, or some pleasure, or luxury will draw the money from the pocket which should have been reserved for works of charity. Communion with him should be the highest pleasure for those who call themselves by his name, yet the prayer-meeting is neglected for some scene of worldly pleasure. Neighbor, business acquaintances and personal friends do not know how good he is nor what joy he gives to those who give themselves to him, yet his follower has not told them, nor exerted himself to win them to Christ. When the enemy is busy, when the traitor is showing the way of attack, the friends whom he has exhorted to watch should not be off their guard or asleep.

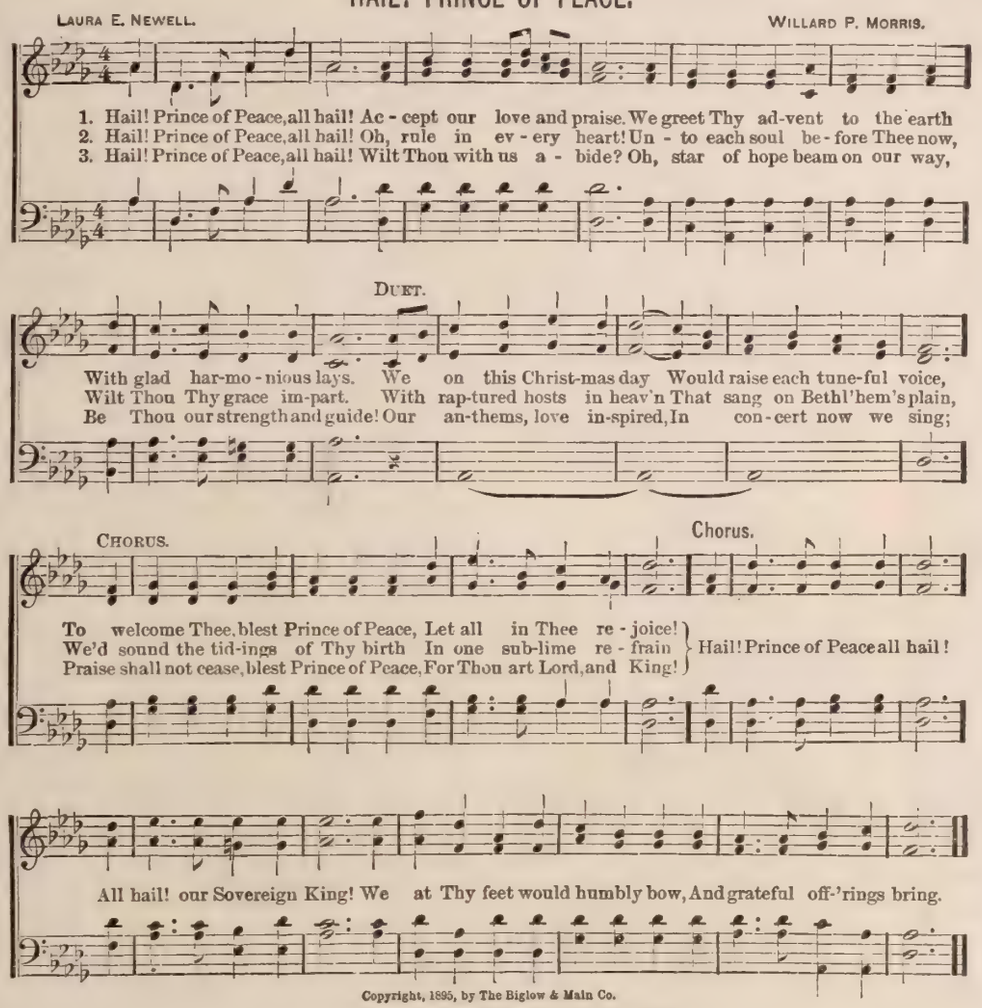
Christ's excuse for his three disciples shows the constant source of danger. It is the flesh that is weak in his service. It is strong in its power of thwarting the spirit, and in bringing it into subjection. The fact of the two natures must be recognized by every one who resolves to lead a Christian life. Many a time is the Christian Endeavor pledge taken in all sincerity and with the full intention of fulfilling it, when there is a failure ahead. It should not surprise any one to find that constant and peristent effort is required. The Christian life is a struggle and it is so represented in the New Testament. The flesh needs to be overcome. It is perpetual demanding indulgence, and when the spirit aspires to active service, the flesh interposes an inertia that is not easily moved. The fact discourages many young believers. They think that this sluggishness in the Lord's service is a sign that they are not converted. It will encourage them to know that all feel it in a greater or less degree. The triumph consists in conquering opposition, in becoming master of the kingdom of self. And this triumph can be won. The power that Christ gives makes victory certain for all who will use it. The new life which he imparts will grow until it controls the whole being. This is the way to conquest and to reward. He who would keep his pledge must distrust his own nature and must look to Christ for strength.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

HAIL! PRINCE OF PEACE.

LAURA E. NEWELL. WILLARD P. MORRIS.



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By per of the Publishers.

The Backslider.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

—WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

Christian Love.

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray;
But now we only think with shame
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

—TRENCH.

Apples of Sodom.

AS are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which used to grow
Near that strange lake where God poured from the sky
Huge showers of flame, worse flame to overthrow;
Such are thy works, that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would color mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.

Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven;
Each sin some color has it to adorn:
Hypocrisy almighty God doth scorn.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

The Midnight Cry.

The Clues Prophecy Gives us as to the Nature and Characteristics of the Warning.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

Continued from page 171.

IN considering the midnight cry we shall have left out an important factor in the solution of this mystery if we forget that the foolish virgins "went forth to meet the Bridegroom," as much as did the wise. Nor are they represented as going forth in mere human strength; for they had oil, the type of the graces of the Holy Spirit, with their flambeaux, or they could not have been kindled, nor could they be going out when the midnight cry was heard. This fact at once implies that they were not mere formalists, however drowsy and meagre their supply of oil. But their fate was so different when the Bridegroom came — the one class included, and the other shut out from the marriage supper—that it is shown that there was some radical distinction in their character, though both alike slept. What then it may be asked will be the distinction between the wise and the foolish virgins when the Master calls? Simply this—that, whilst the wise virgins will be that remnant who will protest against the evils of Christendom, the foolish will be that class who vainly attempt to serve God and Mammon, or who are so engrossed by the acquisition of wealth or of social distinction that their piety is at zero, and if not quite extinct, shows every sign of "going out." Hence trying the fatal experiment to "make the best of both worlds," they will be left behind in the world when the rapture of the Church occurs, and so will suffer all the horrors which will mark the time of Antichrist.

Nor can the midnight cry be the rapture of that favored remnant, who are typified by the Church of Philadelphia, and to whom the Holy Spirit promised this special reward (Rev. 3: 10), because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of trial which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." For, though in the main faithful, yet the wise virgins, equally with the foolish ones, will either be dozing or fast locked in sleep when the cry is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." They, in fact will not be aroused from their slumbers until this startling proclamation is made by those heralds God will specially appoint for that purpose. As notwithstanding their drowsiness their flambeaux will not only be alight, but with sufficient oil in reserve, they will, escape those vial-plagues, and not hear those awful woe-trumpets with which the earth — especially the realms of Antichrist—will be visited, and which will appal an apostate world. For as in the case of Abraham's nephew (Gen. 20 : 22), the avenging angels "cannot do anything" before the church is rescued.

This painful prediction of the exclusion of the foolish virgins from the company of the translated Church, ought to serve as a note of warning to believers. If Holy Writ reveals anything of God's doings with mankind it is this, that he has never punished any nation—whether Jewish or Gentile—without giving a solemn warning of the impending judgment. So it is with the Church of these last days: For the epistles to the seven Asiatic churches —prophetical epitomes as they are of Church history—tell us in language never more needed than now, that (1. Pet. 4: 17), "Judgment must first begin at the house of God," or the visible Church. If so, "Let him that hath an ear, hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

To be Concluded.

SERMONS WORTH READING

HELPFUL DISCOURSES FOR THE PEOPLE

THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH.

Sermon by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga. Text: *"For charity covereth the multitude of sins."* I. Peter 4: 8.

FEW things are more prolific of evil than a misconception and perversion of the Word of God. Some of the most direful corruptions in religion, literature, commerce, and politics are traceable to it. No passage in the sacred Scriptures has been more frequently misinterpreted and misused than the one which we are about to consider.

The Revised Version reads: "Love covereth the multitude of sins." Every person who is acquainted with the Greek language knows that this is a better translation. The word which in the old version is rendered "charity," means love—love in its most comprehensive sense. Charity is only one expression of love. The love of which we are about to speak belts the globe. While it regards especially "the household of faith," it is concerned for the welfare of all men in all things.

Of all the spiritual treasures love is the greatest. Without it, knowledge, prophecy, faith, and hope are worthless. It is the mother of all the virtues. The man who is dominated by it will have all the graces that distinguish and adorn true Christian character. He is a partaker of the Divine Nature for God is love. Love is not only pre-eminent in power and beauty, but also in duration. It is eternal. It is like the brazen cross on some cathedral tower, which shines like a star of evening when all beneath is obscured by the gathering gloom of night. Of all the elements of Christian character and life, it is the most practical. It is always manifesting itself in undertakings for the betterment of the world's condition.

The Counterfeits.

It has its counterfeits. There is a sentimentalism which expends itself in rhapsody, and sometimes in tears. In that there is not even the shadowy ghost of love. The men and women who keep their emotions stirred by reading fictitious stories of human poverty and suffering, but who never darken the door of a pauper's hut, or connect themselves with any organized effort to relieve the needy and wretched, are only sentimental dreamers. Among the world's helpers they count for nothing. Love is ever pouring itself out on some altar of sacrifice. It is ever lifting some burden from human shoulders. It is ever shining upon somebody's darkness, or healing somebody's wounds, or fighting somebody's battles. It is ever going about doing good, wondering at every step at the blindness and folly of those who look for happiness in a life of self-seeking.

It will be interesting and profitable for us to consider how love acts in covering a multitude of sins. Let it be understood that the sins of which the apostle here speaks are not the sins of the man who loves, but those sins which he bestows his love. The old Papal heresy, that a man may offset his bad deeds by a few good deeds, is founded upon a false conception of this passage. Men have been taught to believe that they can cover their own sins [illegible] While Protestants subscribe to creeds in which this doctrine is rejected and denounced, thousands of them practically endorse it. A man who [illegible] and whiskey, and whom God will hold responsible for a large share of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime of our country, gives fifty thousand dollars to the endowment fund of an Orphans' Society. In making that gift he believes that it will be accepted by a righteous God as an offset for the guilt he has incurred in debauching and destroying human lives, and in promoting every species of lawlessness and crime. In this satanic delusion he is confirmed by the manner in which the newspapers applaud and magnify him, and by the complimentary terms in which the Christian men and women, entrusted with the care of the institution, accept his charity.

I covet the opportunity of representing a benevolent institution in receiving such a gift from such a man. In accepting it, I would try to illustrate that love which is ever ready to help a condemned sinner to see himself as God sees him. I would tell him that if his gift was a thousand fold larger it would not relieve him of his awful responsibility and guilt, and that the only possible escape for him from punishment is in a prompt renunciation of his diabolical vocation, and open penitential confession of his guilt, and a sincere acceptance of Jesus Christ as his Redeemer and Master. In doing this I would expose to thousands of deluded men

A Dangerous Heresy.

and emphasize to the joy of all saints, and to the glory of God, an essential truth of our blessed Christianity.

I am president of a Board of Missions, and if such a man would choose me as his medium for conveying such a gift to our needy treasury, the terms in which I would accept the contribution might horrify the political newspapers, but they would gladden the heart of all lovers of purity and rectitude.

Still more serious are the fruits of this delusion in the very bosom of the church. As a rule the paying members of a church are the praying members. The man who is sincerely pious—spiritually minded and circumspect in his deportment before the world—bears cheerfully his just proportion of the expenses of his church. Any man who claims to be pious and refuses to do this is a canting hypocrite.

But all the paying members are not praying members. The weakness and inefficiency of many churches is explained by the fact, that scores of their paying members do not pray. They are not pious; they are not spiritual; they are not circumspect before men. They are unspiritual, worldly and wicked. They are seduced by the devil into believing that God will accept paying as a substitute for praying. They are anything but pious. They prefer the play-house to the prayer-meeting; they abandon themselves to a life of self-gratification, and when their consciences begin to act, the devil comes to their relief by whispering to their credulous souls, "Be not troubled about your sins, for the treasurer's books will show that you pay well for the support of the church." Oh, for the righteous intrepidity and godly impetuosity of a John Knox, or a John the Baptist, that I might sweep from your minds these

Deadly Delusions,

and implantin your souls a sense of the awfulness of that wrath which awaits creature who dares to make light of his obligations to God, and trifles with such tremendous realities as guilt, judgment and eternity. Oh, that I could confront you to-day with something like the holy frenzy of Chrysostom, when seemingly with the collected audacity and might of all the heroes and martyrs that had preceded him, he rebuked the sins of the Church, struck terror to the hearts of those who were asleep in Zion, and constrained even the liveried officials of the sanctuary to confess their guilt, and cry aloud to God for mercy. "Covereth a multitude of sins!" Verily they are a multitude—a vast innumerable multitude. I sometimes try to calculate the sins that have been committed against all human beings, living and dead that their charity is required to cover, but my head grows dizzy with the problem.

In what way may our love cover sins against ourselves and sins against society? By white-washing them? By looking upon them as mere foibles? By regarding them with that loose spirit which is careless of the distinctions that God makes between right and wrong? There is a constant temptation to do this. A false judgment of the sins of others makes it easier for us to excuse our own iniquities. There are men in this community who always are ready to apologize for the liquor-drinking, drunkenness, gambling, ludeness and dishonesty in other people, because they could not condemn these things without condemning themselves. There is no love in thinking lightly of any act which violates moral law and disturbs the order of God's moral universe. It is not love but cowardice that inspires a man to excuse vice. God has pronounced a curse upon him who saith to the wicked, "Thou art righteous."

Sins it Cannot Cover.

There are foul cess-pools in the cities of this land which some men are ever attempting to make sweet by sprinkling rose-water upon them. They have tried to invest the lowest class of variety-theatres with a halo of moral beauty and loveliness. How exalted must be the moral standard, and how purifying and uplifting must be the moral influence of an institution, where the toughs and rowdies of a community gather to glorify ruffians whose vocation has been outlawed by the government of every civilized country on the globe.

Who is the charitable man? The apologist for such an institution, or the man who, seeing its debauching influence on society, portrays its real character, and gives warning to the public of the perils that lurk within its portals?

The Psalmist says, "Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners." What is the character of the men and women who appear upon the stage of a variety-theatre? Ars they godly or ungodly? Righteous or wicked? Are the influences surrounding such a place promotive of moral beauty and Christian integrity? No honest man will say that they are wholesome. Tell me not that I am narrow, illiberal, and uncharitable, when I speak the truth concerning such an institution, and invoke upon it the reprobation of all virtue-loving people.

Notwithstanding love's uncompromising hostility to all manner of wrong-doing, it does cover a multitude of sins. Charity covers a man's sins against me when I forgive him as freely and fully as God forgives me. To forgive one who has wronged you, is to cease to feel unkindly toward him, to expel from your breast any purpose or desire to punish him for the injury he has done you, and to covet earnestly opportunities to bestow favors upon him. There is a sort of

Porcupine Forgiveness

that has a thousand needles on it, and in which there is more vindictiveness than love. You take a man who has offended you and set him down before the blow pipe of your indignation, and scorch him from head to foot, and then you forgive him, with the solemn admonition, that if he should ever repeat the offense, you will incinerate him. Sin is not covered by such charity. How unlike this was the forgiveness of the father in the parable, who saw the prodigal afar off, ran and fell on his neck, kissed him, and wept for joy.

The noblest and the most Godlike response to an enemy is, "I forgive you." Polyargus heard himself abused in a theatre. Unable to bear the indignity he went out and hanged himself. When the Greek comedians tried to offend Socrates by making him appear ridiculous, he laughed at them. When the Pasquins pronounced their bitter invectives against Augustus, he would not notice them. But when Jesus was robed in mock royalty, spit upon, buffetted, and nailed to a cross, he said, "Father, forgive them."

In the love which forgives there is a subduing and transforming power. A very aged negro woman stood at a street corner trying to make a support for herself by selling a few apples. A wicked Irish sailor passing by, knocked her basket from her hand, and scattered her fruit over the pavement. He then stood a little distance from her expecting to see her fret and hear her swear. But looking u[p] him with pity she said, "Young ma[n] forgive you, and may my Heavenly F[a]er forgive you, too." The gentleness [a]magnanimity of the old negro touched [t]heart of the rude sailor. He was ashan[ed] self-condemned, and penitent. After c[o]pensating her for the injury to her fr[uit] he grasped her hand and said, "God b[less] you, kind mother, I will never do it aga[in]" In the English army there was a sol[dier] who had been punished a hundred ti[mes] for disorderly conduct. Every sent[ence] pronounced against him, and every c[om]tisement that he received, seemed onl[y] strengthen his spirit of insubordinat[ion] One morning he was brought before [the] Colonel charged with a number of ser[ious] offenses, and expecting to be puni[shed] with exceptional severity. The o[ld] looked at him with a tender expres[sion] and said, "Jack, my heart is moved [with] pity for your incorrigible depravity, a[nd] therefore grant you a free and full pa[rdon] for your latest misconduct." Jack wa[s] stantly subdued. The mercy of the [Col]onel made him another man. From [that] hour he was a model soldier. Th[us] timely and wisely bestowed charity c[ov]ed a multitude of sins.

How many momentous considera[tions] there are to incite us to the practice of [the] virtue. We are the only creatures of [God] upon whom the prerogative of forgi[ving] sins has been conferred. It does no[t] long to the infernal spirits, nor to an[y] the angels in heaven. It is only in [the] world that we shall have opportuniti[es] forgive. In that better land, on w[hich] falls no shadow, rests no stain, there [is] sin to be forgiven. But the most insp[iring] thought is that of all our prerogatives [and] of all the virtues which are possib[le] human beings, it is the most Godlike

Must Not Tempt Others.

Your charity may cover a multitu[de] of sins by refraining from tempting o[thers] either by word or act, to do wrong. [Fa]thers, provoke not your children to wr[ath]" How many fathers and mothers pro[voke] their children to sin by an unwise [and] vexatious discipline. How many lead [the] children into a career of sin by livin[g be]fore them a sinful life. What better [can] a life of dissipation and shame can [be ex]pected of the boy who has seen his f[ather] enter a bar-room? What better th[an] a life of frivolity and ungodliness can [be ex]pect of a girl who knows that her m[other] thinks more of the theatre than o[f the] house of God? If you have not Chri[stian] charity for those who are bone of [your] bone and flesh of your flesh, what ca[n be] hope for yourself in the Judgment o[f the] Great Day? Oh, how much of sin i[n hu]man hearts could be kept back, subd[ued], and finally eradicated, by a consi[stent] walk and godly conversation on the [part] of those who, by holding membersh[ip in] the Church of Christ, profess to b[e the] salt of the earth and the light of the w[orld]. When a church-member, and especi[ally a] member holding an official position i[n the] church, is found in some place of a[muse]ment where the ethics of his religi[on is] laughed at, and the moral atmosph[ere is] laden with the vilest impurities, his e[s]ence there serves to confirm the sce[ptical] in their scepticism, and the wick[ed in] their wickedness.

Your charity may cover a multitu[de of] sins by leading wicked men to "the f[oun]tain for all sin and uncleanness." [The] psalmist says, "Blessed is the man [whose] sin is covered." How does God co[ver] a man's sins? By his infinite mer[cy in] Christ. When you lead a sinner [to the] feet of Jesus, and he there makes c[onfes]sion of his guilt, and begs for merc[y his] sins are instantly covered. Better [than] that, they are blotted out. "The bl[ood of] Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin

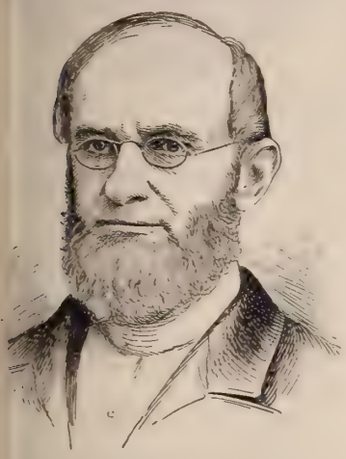
> The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day,
> And there may we, though vile as he,
> Wash all our sins away.

Beneath that crimson tide, charity [or] charity that goes out to seek and t[o save] the lost—may hide a multitude of sin[s]. In the heart and on the lips of the hu[mblest] man among us, it can guide souls, [weary] and heavy laden with guilt, to him [who] giveth eternal rest. If among the re[deem]ed millions, grouped 'yonder on the [ever]lasting hills, there is even one white [robed] spirit who will greet me before the [great] White Throne of Judgment, and s[ay] to the Judge, "Through his charity m[y sins] were covered," it will be the realizat[ion of] my highest and fondest aspiration.

An Active Life Ended.

14th of Rev. Talbot Wilson Chambers, one of the Bible Revisers.

IN the recent death of Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, S. T.D., LL.D., there has passed away one of the most noted theologians of a generation, a man great in scholarship, broad in activities and strong and loyal in his devotion to the cause of the Christian religion. Dr. Chambers was born in Pennsylvania in 1819, and after study at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, and Princeton, became pastor of the Second Reformed Church at Somerville, N. J., and later associate pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church of New York City. He represented that church and his denomination in many benevolent organizations local and national. He was President of the General Synod in 1863, and repeatedly filled *ad interim* chairs of Biblical Literature or Dogmatic Theology in New Brunswick Seminary and also at Princeton, Union, Hartford, Allegheny and Lane. For many years he was Chairman of the Committee on Versions of the American Bible Society, and member of the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, and was a member of the American Bible Revision Committee, Old Testament Company. With the late Dr. Schaff and Principal McCosh he was active in the organization of the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian System. For several years he was Chairman of the Western Section of the Executive Commission and in 1892 was chosen to succeed Prof. W. G. Blaikie as President of the Commission. In all that related to the advancement of his own denomination and to the cause of religion at large he was profoundly interested, and spared neither time, means, nor effort to make his services effective. For several years he was President of the Board of Foreign Missions. As writer and preacher, as well as in numberless executive capacities, his zeal and energy were displayed. He was a copious contributor to the publications of his own denomination, and was for a time associate editor of the *Presbyterian Reformed Review*. In 1853, Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of S. T. D., and Rutgers in 1885 bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D. Dr. Chambers for some years before his death was a widower. He leaves three daughters and several sons.



REV. T. W. CHAMBERS, S.T.D., LL.D.

In matters of doctrine, Dr. Chambers was strictly conservative, and defended his theological opinions with a vigor and tenacity that usually won its way in controversy. A careful and thorough student and one of the most learned men in the American pulpit, he was a pillar of strength in support of the orthodox interpretation of Scripture and a stalwart and uncompromising champion of what he believed to be the truth. His ability as a scholar, writer and thinker, his sterling character and his earnestness and vigor in all he undertook have been widely recognized and his death is a loss that will be keenly felt by the church to which, in his long lifetime, he was so warmly attached.

A Plea for the Birds.

The committee of the Society for the Protection of Birds have, through their chairman, addressed a personal appeal to the clergy and ministers of all denominations, asking them to use their influence with the ladies of their congregations to discourage the revived practice of wearing birds and feathers as head-dress ornaments. "Many ladies," writes Mr. Hudson, "have become avowedly indifferent as to the manner in which the decorations they affect are obtained; and, callous themselves, do not hesitate to outrage public opinion. It is a distressing experience to sit at service Sunday after Sunday in the midst of a forest of waving feathers, with which so many heads in every congregation are decked. Those who are acquainted with the facts and persist in following such a mode, cannot be accounted guiltless of the cruelties practiced on living birds."

"She Never Heard of Jesus."

At the Little Italy Christian Union, 2224 First Ave., New York, a little girl twelve years of age came to Sunday School for the first time last week and in reply to a question by the missionary, said: "No, I don't know anything about God; never heard of him."

"Have you never heard of Jesus, then?"

"No, ma'am, who is he?"

The missionary looked at the little heathen in despair, and said, slowly, "Well I am sure you all know about the Virgin Mary."

"Oh, yes," she replied, her face brightening. "We have lots of them in our country."

While many Christians are sighing over the condition of the heathen abroad this mission is reaching hundreds of just such cases as this. Miss Ruddy and her helpers are carrying the Gospel to many who never heard that Jesus Christ is able to save.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Believer, New York City.
Miss E Vaughn.
Sub'r, J S E.
A Reader, Andrew Co, Mo.
Miss E Cordelia Shirtliff.
Amaryllis, Brant.
In His Name, Chambersburg, Pa.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose names are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the work before March 15 next, each giving according to ability and as personal interest in the spiritual progress of the work suggests. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged by mail.

Scott's Emulsion

stands for wasting, decreased vitality, impoverished blood. The combination of Cod-liver Oil with the Hypophosphites of lime and soda as prepared in it, is exactly what is needed for the above conditions.

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Tumors, and all forms of Malignant Growths, WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE

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More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef FOR A FINE . . . FLAVOR

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

SELBY, N. C.—For 20 years I had Catarrh, was very deaf 18 years. Dr. Moore cured me and fully restored my hearing in 1892, and it is still perfect. Mrs. J. Bastick.

For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve, and now I can hear common conversation across a room; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored. Edwin Coleman, Box 585, Wichita, Kas.

Medicines For 3 Months' Treatment Free.

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Ten Cents.

LAUGHING CAMERA, 10c.

The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons, your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes, and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leather case. The latest mirth-maker on the market; creates bushels of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera free, 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid. Agents wanted. Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 10 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

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Elastic Truss

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady attendant for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th Street, N. Y.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND For the CHRISTIAN HERALD,

CHAPTER VIII.

The [illegible]

IT was the next day after the announcement of Madame Morton's death that Lawyer Skeele was sitting alone in his office. He was sitting gloomily before a small fire that sulkily spattered on the hearth. The fire-place was an old one, and showed its age. Everything was worn and old; the floors, the desks, the books on the shelves and the lawyer himself looked decrepit. A dismal rain was striking at the windows, as if clamoring to get in and ravage and destroy all that was left.

On the table before him was Madame's will. Projecting from its side still, was the slip of paper the lawyer had attached to it when he drew the will. If that slip bearing the word, "Morton," remained on the will, the property would go to "the daughter of Judson Skeele Morton"—our friend Janet. But one snip of the long shears lying on the lawyer's table, and the property would go to the daughter of of Judson Skeele. Ever since the lawyer drew the will he had been debating with himself whether he should give that snip.

On his return from the Morton mansion with the will in his pocket he sat fascinated by the thought of the ease with which the property might be diverted from Janet to Lavina. It was only a thought, but it charmed Skeele's fancy. The next day his mind reverted to it. He did no wrong, it was only a thought.

But thoughts grow if cherished. Something comes from them. They have an increase as much as a shoot out of the earth. They move on as precisely as a law working toward its end. The thought that is wrong we had better look out for, and show it the door at once. Just a thought, the idle wind going by, may grow into a tornado. The slave may become our arbitrary, brutal master. Lawyer Skeele housed and fed his thought.

As he meditated, he began to consider Lavina's inheritance of the Morton home just as a possibility? No; a probability? Neither, but a degree of contingency that was a pendulum between the two words, possibility and probability, swinging first one way and then the other. He took up the shears and put between their long, spotted jaws that addition to the margin of the will, and made the slightest cut in the world! Perhaps the one-hundredth part of an inch! Just to see how it would look—but he let the shears speedily drop! It was a dangerous tempting.

If any one had seen Skeele drop the shears they might have thought he had cut his hand, he dropped them so suddenly. Did he cut his hand?

No, but he had cut into his soul, into that part of man's nature where wounds are very serious. A shadow fell upon the floor. Was it from the form of an officer rushing in to seize on Skeele for fraudulent handling of a will? He was so relieved to know it was only a window-blind suddenly swinging on it hinges and sending a shadow into the room. Alarmed, he packed up the will with the other papers, and placing them in the safe, locked the door. Then he went home. On his way thither, the pendulum swung toward [illegible]. That word, "Morton," had perhaps better be snipped off. Then there [illegible] "Lavina," he said after supper, "have you been at Madame Morton's lately?"

"Why, no! Why should I go there?" She said this impatiently. She pettishly [illegible] up to Madame Morton's. "What interest have I in Madame Morton? I'm sure she has none in me. She's going to die, too. Calls [illegible]"

"What if you were mentioned in her will?"

"Me, Pa?"

"Yes, suppose that you had been. It would look better if you had shown the old lady some attention."

"Oh, well! That would make a difference."

Nothing more was said, but Lavina covetously took the hint, and as we heard, Pauline report, there had not been a day when "that Skeele girl" had not been up to inquire after her "dear old friend."

Still, the lawyer considered that he had not decided. So long as that projecting slip of paper remained on the will, it was open to him to be honest. When the news of the old lady's death reached him, he took the will out of his safe and looked at it again. The thought had been so long in his mind that it had come to the harvest. It was ripe to be translated into action.

"Anyone looking?" he thought, as he took up the shears. On the shelf above the table was a stuffed owl that had been shot on the Morton grounds, and given to him by madame.

"What a disagreeable face that owl has!" he now thought. Was this goggle-eyed bird deputed by madame to stand there as sentinel and guard the interests of the Morton heirs?

"You ugly bird! What are you looking at?" he exclaimed. Seizing the shears and rising from his seat, he struck the big-eyed watchman a heavy, unceremonious blow that sent it into a dark corner, its unseemly eyes turned toward the wall.

"There!" he said with satisfaction, resumed his seat, and taking up the will, applied the shears to the obnoxious margin. He hesitated. He looked about once more. Anybody watching? No; he began to cut. What was that noise in an outer room, where he kept his clerk at work, and where callers waited till admitted to the inner office? He turned his guilty eyes toward the door leading into this outer room. He listened. No sound save the beating of the rain and the ticking clock above the fire-place. The clock went slowly, deliberately, as if saying, "Cut—cut! Cut—cut! Cut—cut!" He heard three of its pendulum swings, "cut-cut," and taking its advice, cut off that little projecting slip which alone stood between Lavina and the property.

As it fluttered to the ground, and while he still held the will in one hand and the shears in the other, the door suddenly opened and his clerk, Tobias, put in his head. The lawyer sprang to his feet and excitedly faced the intruder, still clutching both will and shears. He had such a wild, startled look, and he gave the old shears such an excited flourish, that Tobias started back as if he thought his time had come, and his head might be lopped off. It was hard to say which was the more frightened man of the two.

"Wh—wh—what you want, Tobias?"

"N—n—nothing. You—you want me, sir?"

"Wh—wh—why, no! You out there!"

"I thought if you didn't want me, I'd go home."

"No; don't go yet. Stay here. I want to go out. You go to your desk."

It was a very oppressive place to him now, that inner office. Its walls were constricting, pressing closer, closer. Its atmosphere was suffocating. He must get away. He placed the will back in his safe and locked it up. Seizing his hat he hurried out of the office. The air was refreshing. He opened his umbrella and walked off. People saw him under the umbrella with face averted more than ever. His clerk stayed in the office as his employer directed. He went to his desk as also directed, but the moment Judson Skeele's feet ceased to make an echo on the stairway, Tobias hurried into the inner room.

"Well, if the squire didn't look nervous! That was queer! "he soliloquized, looking round carefully. "What was he doing? What was he cutting with those shears? Looked like—well, a deed, or—or a will! I saw the seal on it, and—and—what's this?"

He picked up a little slip of paper under the table. He read on it the one word, "Morton." "Funny!" he ejaculated. "Morton? Couldn't have anything to do with that old woman who has just died—that old woman where the hall was so dark, who wanted her will made out, could it? Morton! Morton! Its edge looks cut. I will stick this in my pocket-book. Could he have cut it off with those shears he had? Well, I don't know why he should take the old lady's name off. However, I don't know as its any business of mine. And what's that down in the old coping? Ha-ha! If the old owl isn't down here! Say, have you and your master had a duel, and did he knock you down here? I'll set you back in your place, old bird."

Tobias waited at his desk patiently until the usual hour for the closing of the office. Then he went out into the rain which was more dismal than ever, and was glad when he reached his home.

It was a poor home, not near so pretentious as Lawyer Skeele's, but there was peace in it and a conscience void of offence. In the employer's home there was not only the consciousness of guilt, but the haunting fear of detection which was a much more disquieting thing. Skeele had a horror of being found out.

Duly the contents of Madame Morton's will were made known, and there was great surprise on every hand. "Lavina Skeele goin' to live here!" said Paulina in the midst of her cheerful rag-mats. "Don't understand that!"

Nobody else understood the reason why. However, there was the will in black and white. Nobody could contradict it, save the one person who made and mutilated it. But in Tobias Newhall's pocket-book was a bit of paper, bearing the word "Morton" in Judson Skeele's writing. "I don't know how you can ever be worth anything," said Tobias as he took it out and looked at it, "but I'll keep you safe, on the chance of your being an interesting exhibit some day." He took a daily paper

Continued on next page.

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The Only A New Remedy

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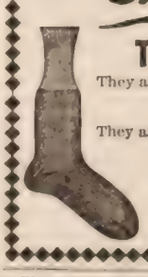

THAT FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL.

They are the only half-hose that fit well, because they are the only half-hose that ar

SO KNITTED AS TO FIT.

They are the only half-hose that look well and wear well, because they are the onl half-hose that fit well and because they are made in the

MOST ATTRACTIVE COLOR-EFFECTS and of the BEST YARNS.

Look for the trade-mark on the toe. *Send for Descriptive Price-List.*

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

"The more you say the less people remember." One word with you, SAPOLIO

IN HIS HANDS.

(Continued from preceding page.)

t was lying on the floor and tore a ce off the margin, taking care that the e was on it. Then writing on the mar- a memorandum of the place and cir- nstances of his finding the scrap of per, he put both pieces in an envelope d placed it carefully in his pocket-book.

CHAPTER IX.

My Captain at Rest.

During the progress of her cousin's fever, hich soon showed typhoid characteristics d caused Dr. Bent to shake his head dinously, Janet often thought of what had said about putting himself in God's nds. And she could but ask herself vy she had never before specially ught of the subject in a personal light. was not difficult for another person to e the reason. Her father's example l been a hindrance. He was never a gious man. He had always shown a rit of self-sufficiency and had taken at comfort in the contrast of his own d works, with the poor works of other ple especially those professing to be ristians. Janet had felt his influence. en there was the old Morton pride to tress her in her indifference. She did relish the conviction of deficiencies, much less did she like any confession hem. So she had gone on, her father's mple before her and Janet Morton's ple within her, and the years saw no nge in her attitude toward the subject religion. But her mother's death involved Janet's ideas in a terrible irl. Mrs. Judson Morton was a person ess positive character than her hus- d, but very lovable and a Christian man. Janet has always felt that she s more influenced by her father to be ifferent toward a religious life than by mother to be interested in it. But r her mother's death, she felt that she made a mistake in estimating the com- ative strength of her father's and her's influence. When her mother died, mething went out of Janet's life that s like the passing of daylight out of the . What had been a quiet, uneventful in the homestead, the days going on a current of peace amid green-flower- ed banks, was suddenly thrown into ild, confusing whirl round and round. hing seemed to be stable. The uncer- ty of life—her own, that of her friends, cked Janet. She was going round and nd in this whirlpool, and when would end come and peace?

hen there was Madame Morton's sud- going. It did not make so close a con- with her, and yet it added an element unrest to Janet's agitation. Then e her cousin's sickness under her roof. hat a succession of sicknesses, of stormy s, of wild nights, the shadows black- ng steadily into Death's valley! Of all above cases, her cousin's had most af- ted Janet in its suggestions of some ring-place amid this agitation. She had n him put his past into God's hands, his mistakes, failures, sins. And when net contrasted her past with John's, ugh the former seemed so even and dy, so well regulated and John's so less and extravagant, yet she said to self, "There was given to John a na- different from mine, a nature impres- nable and yielding. He was also thrown into a life full of solicitation. Mine s protected by the influence of a home, erly and secluded." She could not e great satisfaction in the comparison er past with his past, when allowance s made for temperament and surround- s. The comparison crumbled down her sborn pride. But all his deficiencies, had seen John Morton take to God leave to His forgiving mercy. To the e compassionate hands, she had seen n bring his child, that drift-away who s somewhere, and leave his little Carrie God's hands. What about his future? uld he commit that to God?

ohn's death was very peaceful. His ness was marked ultimately by the uliar typhoid stages. Part of the time, re was delirium as if some evil creature ld grappled and were trying to throw . He came out of these struggles very ak. So that as a rule thought and ech were an effort and apt to be con- ed. But there were spaces of clear in- ect, little seasons when the sun shone in, and when it was easy to talk with net. Then he asked for "that little girl o sang," and Janet brought Ethel who sang to him and touched him too with her dainty fingers and pitied him.

"That does me good," he told Janet.

Toward death, it seemed as if the spaces of clear sky multiplied and there was a bright shining of the sun.

"I have put all into His hands, all my future," he told Janet, looking up as he spoke, "and what is put there, is safe."

"I shall find what I have given to God some time," were his last words, and with a smile as if of the joy both of expectation and discovery, he passed out of sight.

Those were very quiet days after John's death. At first, there was the stir of a family movement, for Janet carried out a cherished plan to ask Mr. and Mrs. Blakey Chase beneath her roof. They were in need of a tenement, their house having been sold, and they came readily into the Morton home, Janet taking her place with them as a boarder. Restful days followed, whole days of active thought, for Janet constantly recalled John's sickness and going.

"All into his hands!" Could she leave everything just there, her past impenitence, her present submission, her future in confidence and hope? Her future, what would she do with it? It was a very perplexing question. She must have some kind of a life-work. She had been informed by Lawyer Skeele that a portion of Madame Morton's estate would come to her when the estate could be settled, but it would not be a large sum. He did not tell her how small he had made her fraction of this inheritance. Something Janet must do toward a living. The house her parents had bequeathed her, carried on the title-deed an ugly mortgage-patch, and this property would be the source of little income. What would she do in the future? She could teach school, having had a little experience in the management of boys and girls. John had told her that she could nurse soldiers at the war. Would she do either? What was to be her life-work? The uncertain future could she leave with God? Could she make her life a part of that great, divine life which would take possession of her, fill and occupy her, and which would work in her "both to will and to do at his good pleasure."

(To be Continued.)

The New York Bible Society.

The Monthly Meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Bible Society, Mr. Edwin J. Gillies, President, was held on Tuesday evening, February 18th, at the Bible House. The various committees reported for the month the work done in the City of New York as follows:

The City Committee through its visitors distributed 368 Bibles and Testaments among 10,468 families and individuals.

The Marine Committee reported visiting 316 vessels and distributing among the sailors on board 681 copies of the Word of God. The Immigrant Committee through its missionaries at Ellis Island reported the arrival of 8,255 immigrants, and among this number gave 2,330 volumes, the larger distribution being among the Germans, 655 Bibles and Testaments, the Bohemians receiving 305, the Swedish 261, Polish 254, Italians 250, etc., the distributions among immigrants being in sixteen languages.

In addition to the above the Society distributed among churches, Sunday Schools, missions, institutions, etc., etc., 1,703 volumes in this city.

"Pearl top" is nothing.
"Pearl glass" is nothing.
"Index to Chimneys" is nothing.
"Macbeth" with the shape we make for your lamp is all.
We'll send you the Index; look out for the rest yourself.
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for selling a book of great interest and popularity, "Story of Turkey and Armenia," with a full and graphic account of the massacres.
R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., are offering $200.00 to anyone selling 200 copies of their new book, "Story of Turkey and Armenia." This is a work of great interest and popularity. Many agents sell 15 copies a day. A graphic and thrilling account is given of the massacres of the Armenians which have aroused the civilized world. Agents are offered the most liberal terms and premiums. Freight paid and credit given. Write them immediately.

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need cost no more than ugliness. The most beautiful
WALL PAPERS
at half what you'd expect they'd cost.
Samples and book on home decoration **FREE.** Describe rooms and state price you want to pay. Paper hanger's outfit complete, $1.00.
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The blame for poor writing or drawing can never be laid to a DIXON pencil.
If dealer does not keep Dixon's American Graphite Pencils, send 16 cents for pencils worth double the money.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J.

Ornamenting

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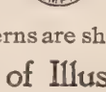
On other articles 

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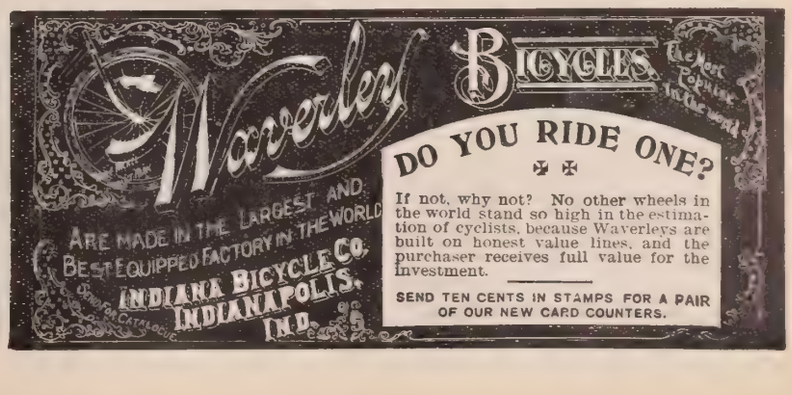

MISSIONARY INFLUENCE.*

ESPECIALLY would asceticism in its extreme forms destroy the influence and the example of a home. "There are many important advantages," says the *Methodist Times*, "in the existence of one happy Christian home in a purely heathen Indian town. It is an object lesson of Christianity which has more weight than hundreds of sermons. Many educated Hindus to-day watch, with a scarcely-to-be-regretted envy, the fellowship and sympathy which unite the English missionary and his wife. The missionary home is a powerful influence for the amelioration of the lot of Indian women and the regeneration of Indian society. On the lines of the Salvation Army, this phase of missionary influence vanishes."

Again, the methods of the ascetic school involve a great expenditure of life and health. That the irregular habits of a fakir tend to undermine his constitution and shorten his career, even if he be a native, needs no great amount of proof. And especially is this the case with Europeans and Americans. Look at the early history of the Salvation Army—required, as its officers were, to live like the natives and subsist on a mere pittance. What a record of sickness, starvation, breakdowns and deaths—with all the loss of time and energy and working power which such a system involved! No wonder it was called "simply murder in the plains of India," a "method of dying rather than a style of living," a "reckless waste of human lives and human zeal and energy!" No wonder that even the Army itself was compelled to change its policy in some measure, abandon vegetarianism and allow the use of sandals and sun hats! Half its forces were swept away before a language could be learned or an enemy reached. And similar remarks might be made about unnecessary exposure to leprosy and smallpox in the discharge of missionary duties. The vow of a missionary does not require him thus to destroy his working ability and diminish the length of his ministerial course, but rather the contrary. He is bound to make the most of himself in the sphere to which the Lord has called him.

Besides, such a system in its extreme forms would hinder very much the development of liberality both in the native church and in the church at home. How can native Christians be taught to lay by in store on the first day of the week as the Lord has prospered them if the stipendiary system, as it is called, is to be abolished—if their ministry is to be sustained by alms, or haphazard instrumentalities? And must the Church in Christian lands be deprived to any extent of the spiritual benefit and the great joy which arises from the exercise of a grace that God has heretofore so largely blessed?

While, then, we should welcome help from any source or class of people that promises usefulness, even from a Christian fakir, and while it is doubtless true that missionaries and upper-class native preachers are too much inclined to stand aloof from those who are socially beneath them, they could condescend more fully to men of low estate, we cannot but think that the adoption of ascetic methods as a common policy would be a hindrance rather than a help to our evangelists.

Doing Good.

WE can do good to other people, to everybody, and always. They are about us all the time—we can help them by a kind word, a gentle spirit, a loving look, by encouragement when they need it, whether they expect it or not. There are very many ways by which we can help others better than by giving money, even if they need it and we have it to give. Every school-boy has many opportunities to help his schoolmates and his associates; not only those whom he likes most, but all of them. Think what a school this would be, if every boy were willing to help the other boys. Think what society would be, what a world this would be, if we were all trying to help others.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

We can do good by trying to prevent cruelty to dumb creatures. There are so many ways in which this can be done that it is difficult to select instances. When you go a-fishing it should never be for sport merely, however pleasant and exciting it may be to hook a fish and "play" it on the line, until its life is exhausted and you bring it ashore or into your boat. You must not forget that the same God who created you made the fish also; for food if you please, but not to be put to death in sport. When you catch a fish, put it to death at once, and do not let it die a slow death by torture.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Vegetables for the Home Garden: a valuable manual for the million, illustrated, pp. 127, price ten cents. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

The Storrs & Harrison Co. Catalogue for the Spring of 1896. A guide to gardeners and agriculturists, illustrated, pp. 168, published at Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

Philips' Garden Annual for 1896. A complete little manual of Garden Farm and Flower Seeds, published by J. M. Philips' Sons, Mercersburg, Pa.

H. W. Buckbee Seed and Plant Guide for 1896. Pp. 80, copiously illustrated, published at Rockford, Ill.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1896. A handy book for the gardener and flower-grower, illustrated, pp. 112, published by James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Lovett's Guide to Horticulture, for 1896. Pp. 112, illustrated, issued by the Lovett Co., Little Silver, N. J.

Ashtabula Harbor Mission.

Mrs. D. S. Sherman, Ashtabula, O., writes: "Someone put a notice of my long-shore mission work in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 5th, and from that notice I have had bundles of papers and several packages of testaments. Many thanks. God is blessing the work and souls are being saved. One man, who is sixty-five years old, and has been a drunkard for thirty years, has been converted and is living a Christian life. Fifty in all have been converted in the last four months. The people in the jail and in the slums always ask me if I have got a CHRISTIAN HERALD to give them. You will never know the good the paper is doing all over the world in the convicting of men of sin."

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Discontented Women.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

From the "North American Review" for February. By special permission.

DISCONTENT is a vice six thousand years old, and it will be eternal; because it is in the race. We may premise, in order to clear the way, that there is a noble discontent which has a great work to do in the world; a discontent which is the antidote to conceit and self-satisfaction, and which urges the worker of every kind continually to realize a higher ideal. Springing from regret and desire, between these two sighs, all horizons lift; and the very passion of its longing gives to those who feel this divine discontent the power to overleap whatever separates them from their hope and their aspiration.

One of the saddest domestic features of the day is the disrepute into which housekeeping has fallen; for that is a woman's first natural duty and answers to the needs of her best nature. It is by no means necessary that she should be a Cinderella among the ashes, or a Nausicaa washing linen, or a Penelope forever at her needle, but women of intelligence now understand that good cooking is a liberal science, and that there is a most intimate connection between food and virtue, and food and health, and food and thought. It must be quite that this revolt of certain women against housekeeping is not a revolt against their husbands; it is simply a revolt against their duties. They consider housework hard and monotonous and inferior, and confess with a cynical frankness that they prefer to engross paper, or dabble in art or embroider pillow-shams, or sell goods or in some way make money to pay others who will cook their husband's dinners and nurse their babies for them. And they believe that in this way they show themselves to have superior minds, and ask credit for a deed which ought to cover them with shame. For actions speak louder than words, and what does such action say? In the first place, it asserts that any stranger—even a young uneducated peasant girl hired for a few dollars a month—is able to perform the duties of the house-mistress and the mother. In the second place, it substitutes a poor ambition for love, and hand service for heart service. And in the third place, it is a visible abasement of the loftiest duties of womanhood to the capacity of the lowest paid service. A wife and mother cannot thus absolve her own soul; she simply disgraces and traduces her noblest work.

Suppose even that housekeeping is hard and monotonous, it is not more so than other work in the city. The first lesson a business man has to learn is to do pleasantly what he does not like to do. All regular useful work must be monotonous, and love ought to make it easy; and at any rate, the tedium of housework is not any greater than the tedium of office work. That housekeeping being degrading, that is the veriest nonsense. Home is a little city; and if the housewife and mother has the elements finely mixed, and loftily educated, all the more she will regard the old mutton question of importance, and ponder the quality of the soup, and the quality of chutnee in the curry, as receiving her best attention. It is only the weakest, silliest women who cannot lift their work to the level of their thoughts, and so ennoble both.

There are other types of the discontented wife, with whom we are all too familiar; for instance, the wife who is stunned and miserable because she discovers that marriage is not a lasting picnic; who cannot realize that the husband must be different from the lover; and spends her days in impotent whining. There are also wives who goad their husbands into extravagant expenditure, and urge them to project from which they would naturally recoil. There are others, whose social ambitions slay their domestic ones, and overstrain every nerve, in season and out of season, and lose all their self-respect, for a few crumbs of contemptuous patronage from some person of greater wealth than their own. Some lead themselves and others wretched lives because they have not three times as many servants as are necessary; a still greater number because they cannot compass a life of constant amusement and excitement.

Every disagreeable kind of discontented woman is the wife who instead of having God to love and worship, makes a fetich of her religion, alienates love for an ecclesiastical idea, or neglects her own flesh and blood, to carry the religious needs of the world; forgetting that the good wife keeps her sentiments very close to her own heart and hearth. But perhaps the majority of discontented wives have no special thing to complain of, they fret because they are "so dull." If they took the trouble to look for the cause of this "dullness," they would find it in the want of some definite plan of life, and some vigorous aim or object. Of course any aim implies limitation, but limitation implies both virtue and pleasure. Without rule and law, not even the games of children could exist, and the stricter the rules of a game are obeyed, the greater the satisfaction. A wife's duty is subject to the same conditions. If aimless, plaintive women would make strict laws for their households, and lay out some possible vigorous plan for their own lives, they would find that those who love and work, have no leisure for complaining. But from whatever cause domestic discontent springs, it makes the home full of idleness, ennui, and vagrant imaginations; or of fierce extravagance, and passionate love of amusement. And as a wife holds the happiness of many in her hands, discontent with her destiny is peculiarly wicked.

Married women, however, are by no means the only complainers. There is a great army of discontents who, having no men to care for them, are clamoring, and with justice, for their share of the world's work and wages. Such women have a perfect right to make a way for themselves, in whatever direction they best can. Now, earnest practical women-workers are blessed, and a blessing; but the discontented among them, by much talking and little doing, continually put back the cause they say they wish to advance. No women are in the main so discontented as women-workers. The discontent of working women is understandable, but it is a wide jump from the woman discontented about her work or wages to the woman discontented about her political position. Who does not love far more than mere cleverness, that sweetness of temper, that sunny contented disposition, which goes through the world with a smile and a kind word for every one? It is one of the richest gifts of heaven; it is, according to Bishop Wilson, "nine-tenths of Christianity." Fortunately, the vast majority of women have been loyal to their sex and their vocation. In every community the makers and keepers of homes are the dominant power.

Some of the modern discontent of women must be laid to unconscious influence. In every age there is a kind of atmosphere which we call "the spirit of the times," and which, while it lasts, deceives as to the importance and truth of its dominant opinions. Many women have thus doubtless caught the fever of discontent by mere contact, but such have only to reflect a little, and discover that . . . the great secret of content abides in the unconscious acceptance of life and the fulfillment of its duties—a happiness serious and universal, but full of comfort and help.

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 23, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers. Prayer was offered also for many others whose requests are omitted here for lack of space:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. C. C. H. Brattleboro, Vt. For a cousin that God would show him his need of a Saviour and convince him that Christ can give him strength to conquer in temptation.

M. H. R., Inland, Neb. For the conversion of a dear brother.

E. K. S., Orrville, O. For the conversion of an orphan child.

——, Vernon, O. That a dear old father might give his heart to God.

"Sister," Clebourne, Tex. That a dear brother might be converted.

"Reader," Fremont, O. For the conversion of two sons and a daughter who are strangers to God.

C. L. M., Ann Arbor, Mich. That God would save her unconverted husband and her two young children.

Sorrowful, ——. That a man who has deserted his wife might be brought to Christ and restored to his home.

"Sister in Canada." On behalf of a dear father, two bright sisters, and a dear young brother, that all of them might be led to Christ.

T. B. M., Helena, Mont. For several married children, that God would draw them to himself and make them his own.

"Reader," Millersburg, Ill. That a whole family, now strangers to God, might be converted.

E. P., New York. Begs that prayer might be offered for the conversion of her husband and her son, who has become a drunkard.

L. K., Jensen, Utah. That a lovely young daughter about to undergo a terrible operation might make her peace with God before her ordeal and that her young life might be spared.

"Anxious Mother," Petersburg. For the conversion of husband and two sons, and that one of the sons who is subject to temptation may have grace to resist.

For the Restoration of Health. "Subscriber," Los Angeles Cal., that God would mercifully grant recovery of the sense of hearing.

Y. H. P., Mass., that an infant now very sick may recover.

E. J. M., Boaz, Ill., that the sense of hearing might be restored.

"Loving Daughter," New York, that her beloved father may be recovered of his sickness.

M. H. R., Inland, Neb., an invalid for ten years past, that new health and strength be granted.

E. D., Wolfboro, N. H., for recovery of sight and for more faith to rest on God's promises.

W. V. S., Baltimore, Md., a sufferer from insomnia who has tried many remedies without success, that God would give relief.

C. M. M., Wilsonia, West Va., that one whose faith increases day by day might regain health and strength and use both in the Lord's service.

"Widowed Mother," Easton, Md., that her son may be healed of his sickness and that a beloved daughter who has become insane may recover her reason.

"Trusting Sister," New York, that a young man who is seriously ill, may be restored if it be the Lord's will and that his illness might be blessed to his conversion.

J. B. W., North Waldoboro, Me., that God would give health and strength if it be his will, or if not, that he would give grace and patience to bear him in suffering.

"Earnest," Albany, N. Y., on behalf of a beloved mother; also of a dear friend; also of a brother who is not converted, that all of them may be raised up to the praise of the Great Physician.

"Believer," Shelbyville, Tenn., who has twice been raised from a bed of sickness in answer to prayer, is again looking to the Lord for healing and asks that prayer be offered for that blessing.

M. J. M., Jonesville, S. C., that a beloved sister mentally afflicted for many years, who can only be cured by heavenly aid, may be healed by the Lord who can do what is impossible to man.

"Believer," St. Remy, N. Y., for the recovery of one who is much needed in home and family but is unable to walk; also that a sick brother who is not a Christian may be blessed and become a follower of Christ.

"Broken-hearted Penitent," Hoboken, N. J., that God will bless and prosper [illegible] that he may be able to support his wife and children and enable her to keep a home for the poor.

R. C. C., Fairfax, Mo., who is suffering from spinal disease and has had to undergo the amputation of an arm asks prayers that she may be raised from her sick bed; also that a friend afflicted with paralysis for four years may recover.

"Repentant Transgressor," Jersey City, N. J., that God would recover her of an illness which is a punishment for her sin and that she may show her gratitude by giving her future life to his service; also that others may be preserved from contagion to which they have been exposed through kindness to her.

For Special Blessings. Reader, McZena, for the peace which Christ alone can give and that the burden of sin may be removed and assurance imparted of pardon and acceptance.

L. M. J., Florida, for greatly needed financial help in an emergency.

"Sister in Canada." For power to overcome a besetting sin and for assurance of pardon.

"Believer," Providence, R. I. That God would mercifully give relief from a heavy business trouble.

M. B., Detroit, Mich. That the Holy Spirit might lead her to true repentance and assure her of God's acceptance.

"Two Orphan Sisters," Delevan, Wis. That God would graciously and speedily send relief from financial difficulties.

E. L. R., Hopaca, Miss. That God would grant his blessing on the work undertaken for him in a difficult mission field.

"Reader, Vernon, O. That a man lately converted might have the Holy Spirit given to him, that he may grow in grace.

"Reader," Baltimore, Md. That a man out of employment, who is in urgent need may be enabled to earn an honest livelihood.

"Sorrowful." That grace may be given her to enable her to forgive enemies, and wisdom to see what is her duty in difficult circumstances.

M. B., Columbia, S. C. That God would give her grace to enable her to bear patiently the affliction that has fallen upon her in the death of her beloved son.

M. T. S., Knoxville, Tenn. That God would give the means to discharge just debts and also that he would bless an effort for the conversion of a class of Sunday scholars.

"Anxious Wife and Mother." That one who is trying to live a Christian life may have assurance of acceptance and the consciousness that all her sins have been washed away.

"One who loves Jesus," Millport, N. Y. That she may fully and freely forgive an enemy, even though forgiveness be not sought and that God would remove from her every feeling of resentment.

"Orphan," Hazleton, Pa., that one who has defrauded a very poor person, may repent and make restitution and that one who is in great need may receive assurance of provision for the future.

"Believer," Forest, Ont. That grace may be given to one beset daily by strong temptation and who is in great fear that it will prove too powerful to be resisted. "Oh, that God would give the strength that is needed!"

"Old Subscriber," Rockville, Md., who fought in the great war and afterward fell into dissipated ways, but has been converted and has put all his trust in God, that he may have grace to be faithful to him, and that an opportunity may be afforded him of obtaining a livelihood.

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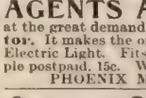

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iumphant Death of an American Missionary in China.

MISS DAVIES, a young missionary of the China Inland Mission, and who was trained at the Moody Institute in Chicago, on proceeding to her field of labor, was stationed at Chinkiang. She was the promised bride of one of the ssionaries. A few weeks ago she grew sk and it was soon apparent that the ung worker was about to leave her field labor forever. Regarding her dying ments a sister missionary writes this utiful account:

'Before sinking into unconsciousness, e asked one of the sisters to read the rteenth of John to her. She expressed at satisfaction. During the last days e had a few conscious minutes now and n, in the midst of the delirium. One ernoon she asked us to sing

'e would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen,
Across this little landscape of our life;
'e would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

th trembling voices we sang the whole mn, knowing that those closed eyes uld soon indeed see him whom her soul ed. At another time she asked the er to begin Dr. Gordon's hymn, 'My us, I love thee,' and literally with the th dew on her brow, our dying sister g:

When the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

With perfect calmness she gave partmessages to friends in China and erica. Mentioning one friend's name said, "I'll give her 'When he putteth th his own sheep, he goeth before them'; didn't want me to go to Chiua." To ther she said, "I'll give her 'The Lord d is a sun and shield: he will give ce and glory.'" For Rev. F. A. Steven, Tonto, she said, "Tell him 'My sheep ar my voice, and I know them and they low me.'" To others she gave the tt, 'I have loved thee with an everlastg love.' On the morning of her death sk asked for me. When I came to her bside she said, 'I think I am getting rer home, now, am I not?' 'Yes,' I sd, 'you are getting very near: but the d Jesus is very near to you just now.' stood quietly watching her for a few ments, when she turned slightly round d said, eagerly, 'Did you hear it? They e singing!' After lying quiet for a few ute seconds, she asked us if we didn't ar them, as they were again singing. s was almost the last thing that she sd before peacefully passing away to be ever with the Lord. What an honor is his to die for Jesus!"

A French Protest.

protest against the iniquitous war tt France is waging on Madagascar has appeared from an unexpected source. The Bookbinders' Trade Union of Lyons, have addressed a noble reply to an appeal to them for contributions in aid of the Madagascar expedition. They courteously refuse to give any encouragement to it, and earnestly protest against it as a wicked and indefensible act. They remark that, "While, in our view, war is always a horrible curse, this war is not only a curse, but a disgrace, an iniquity, a crime against humanity, and, in short, a sacrilege. Its real object is to impose, in the interests of commerce, upon a young nation, whose only fault is that of being weak, a foreign yoke which we ourselves would not for a moment tolerate. The duty laid upon us by justice is simple, and expressed in this axiom of the eternal law: 'Do not to others what you would not wish that they should do to you. No people have a right to take away by violence or by fraud the liberties of another nation.'" That was an answer worthy of all praise.

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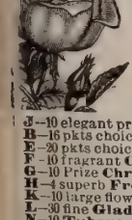

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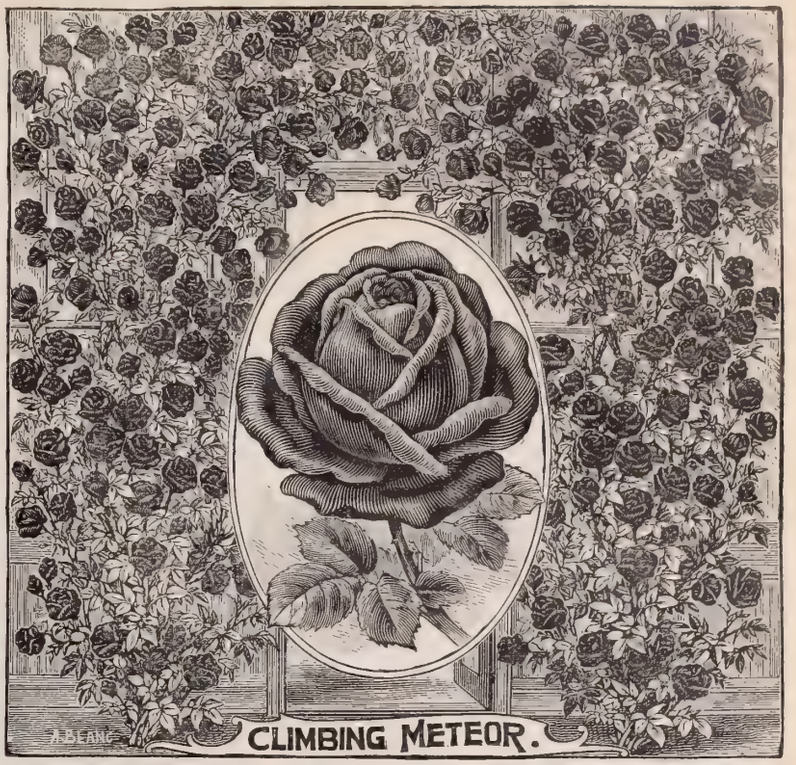

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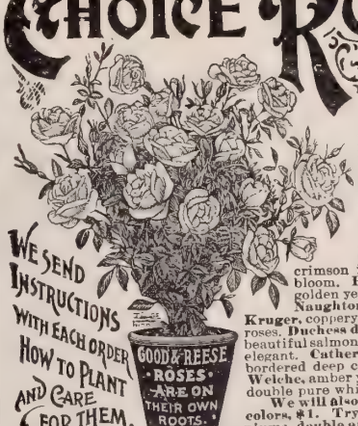


The Roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. Please examine the below list of **20** choice fragrant monthly **Roses,** and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as **$1.** They are nearly all new kinds. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. We also **GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF ROSES YOU EVER PURCHASED.**

Augusta Victoria, pure white, always in bloom. **Champion of the World,** (New) rich bright pink, finest rose grown. **Star of Gold,** the queen of all yellow roses. **Marion Dingee,** richest velvty crimson in clusters. **Colthilde Soupert,** everybody's favorite, always in bloom. **Bridesmaid,** rich pink, none better. **Pearl of the Gardens,** deep golden yellow. **Scarlet Bedder,** the richest of all red roses. **Senator McNaughton,** lovely canary yellow. **Sunset,** yellow, highly colored. **Francisca Kruger,** coppery yellow and peach. **Marie Guillot,** the greatest of all pure white roses. **Duchess de Brabant,** amber rose, tinged apricot yellow. **Madame Camille,** beautiful salmon and rosy flesh. **Grace Darling,** clear maroon red passing to lake, elegant. **Catherine Mermet,** everybody's favorite. **Md. de Watteville,** rosy blush, bordered deep crimson. **Rheingold,** beautiful shades of saffron and tan. **Md. Welche,** amber yellow, tinged with copper and orange. **Md. Hoste,** immense large double pure white, very fragrant.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single flowered, and scented, $1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cts. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have **large two year old roses for immediate effect.** Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the **LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half.** When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. **Try us.** Address, **GOOD & REESE CO., Box 41, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.**

$250.00 FOR TOMATOES. This is the most wonderful Tomato we ever saw; will ripen in the cold North where others will not. It is a beauty, very smooth, and so early that it more than pleases every one. The Seed need not be planted until April or May, and will give an abundance of ripe fruit. **Be sure to try it.**

ALL HEAD CABBAGE—Very early. Sure to be all head.

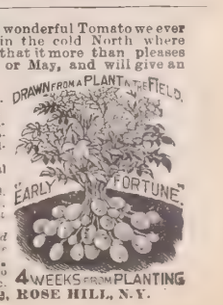
SURE HEAD CABBAGE—is sure to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed 60lbs.

JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will comb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 8 feet. Fruits early and continually; long, tend r, excellent for pickling. Pleases all and a wonderful curiosity.

GOLDEN TOM THUMB POP-CORN—A perfect little wonder, produces several golden ears to each stalk, excellent for popping.

EARLY FORTUNE POTATO is a wonderful variety, earliest in the world. Planted 5 weeks after the Early Rose, matured at same time and yielded over 3 times as much. We want it tested in every garden in U. S. this year and offer a **Handsome Prize** for largest yield in each *State* from *one potato*. Instructions with potato which is worth $1. to any one.

SPECIAL OFFER—We will send a packet each of *Early Tomato, All Head Early* and *Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber*, 1 ear *Tom Thumb Pop Corn*, and 1 whole *Early Fortune Potato* (packed from frost) with a Garden Annual (nothing published like it) for only **25cts.** A monthly magazine one year free, and 50c. worth of Seeds, we will send **Success With the Garden,** certificate for seeds. Order at once. Address



Every person sending M. O. or silver for above Collection, and names of three friends who buy Seeds, we will send **Success With the Garden,** a monthly magazine one year free, and 50c. worth of Seeds. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 43, ROSE HILL, N.Y.**

Travel, Exploration, Adventure, Narrative, History, Anecdote, Humor, Pathos, Tragedy!

Dr. Talmage's New Book

"THE EARTH GIRDLED"

Is Ready. He Thinks It Contains the Best Thought and Most Earnest Work of His Life, and Says so in a Letter to His Publisher, Reproduced on this Page.

EVIDENTLY a great many other people think the same way, for the first edition of 100,000 copies was sold before it left the presses. MORE THAN A MILLION COPIES will be distributed in the United States alone within the next few months, and the demand is so universal that the book is to be issued immediately in Europe, Australia, and British India, where Dr. Talmage is as well known and as popular, through the medium of his published sermons and writings, as he is in America. It is estimated that FIFTEEN MILLIONS of people read his sermons every week. This is a good indication of the tremendous circulation awaiting his new book, which he himself considers the crowning effort of his life, the crystalization of all previous efforts.

Washington D. C
January 22nd 1896

Dear Mr Smith

You may say to my friends that "The Earth Girdled" is the most vigorous work of my life I wrote after seeing things with my own eyes, & hope that others in reading may have as much joy as I have had in writing.

I love this new child of my brain & I want it to be a blessing to all who may greet it.

Yours &c
T DeWitt Talmage

It appears, therefore, that the wide-awake "book-agent," as well as thousands of other intelligent people who have been waiting during the late "hard times" for something "to trun up," will have a veritable gold mine in the sale of this great work. We have heard of reports of sales running as high as 20 to 30 copies a day by single salesmen. The simple mention by the agent of Dr. Talmage's new book OPENS EVERY DOOR WIDE WITH WELCOME.

The book is splendidly written in Dr. Talmage's happiest combination of humor, pathos, flowery description, and withering sarcasm, when the lion in his nature is aroused by injustice or wrong to the weak and innocent. He started on his "EARTH GIRDLING" journey with the avowed determination of studying all the religions of the world, and if he could find a better one than Christianity, embracing it. His line of travel led him among some of the wildest and strangest people who now inhabit the earth, many of whom were but recently cannibals, and it is said that some of them, even now, cast wistful glances [illegible] and tender looking subjects. The Doctor conversed with several missionaries who had themselves been condemned to be eaten, and graphically describes their peculiar sensations during the period of sore trial.

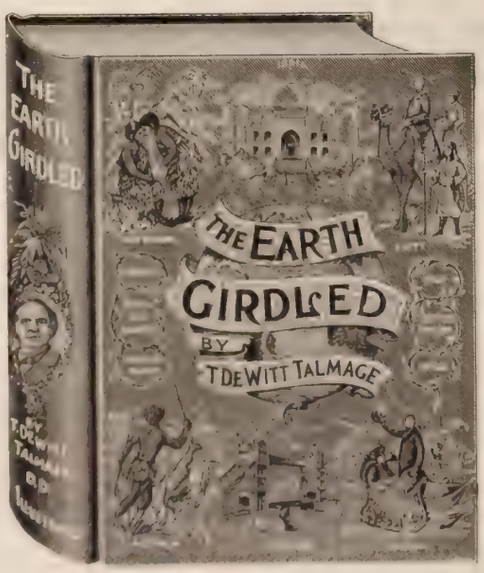
After crossing our own continent, he visited the Sandwich Islands, Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, the Islands of the Pacific, Australia, and traveled through wonderful India by rail, boat, palanquin and on the backs of camels and elephants. Thence he explored Egypt, the land of Moses and the Pharaohs, and ascended the Nile almost to the borders of Ethiopia. From Egypt he passed over into Arabia, Syria and Palestine, returning home by way of Greece, Italy, Europe, the British Isles and Russia.

During this tremendous journey he studied savagery, fetichism, Bramanism, Buddooism, Mohammedanism, fatalism and all the "occult and incult" isms of the world, barbarous and half-civilized races that he traveled among. He saw more than any other explorer who has "GIRDLED THE EARTH," and he describes it as no explorer has ever before described THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The Book is a Marvel and a Wonder within Itself

Before starting on his now famous trip the Doctor supplied himself fully with the latest and best photographing apparatus, and was accompanied by his son and private secretary, by whose assistance he was enabled to photograph and describe the curious people and the strange and wonderful sights and scenes that they encountered.

CRUCIFIXION OF CRIMINALS IN INDIA.



representative characters of different races, scenery, landscapes, curious implements, wonderful ruins, historic places, heathen temples, pagodas, mosques, palaces, courts cathedrals, castles, caves of superstition, catacombs, homes of the people in different countries, and all the other strange and curious things that go to make up the world.

More than Four Hundred of These Remarkable Photographs

have been reproduced in the book, in addition to

Eight Full Page and Very Beautiful Colored Plates

made by the new photographic color process, which not only reproduces the scenes with perfect life-like accuracy but also in their natural colors. These photographs constitute one of the most wonderful and instructive picture galleries ever seen in a book.

Take it all in all. "THE EARTH GIRDLED" is one of the great books of the century, and certainly the greatest book of travel, exploration, and discovery ever published. It marks an era in this line of literature, and proves Dr. Talmage to be as great a "Path Finder" as explorer as he is preacher, orator, and author.

"THE EARTH GIRDLED" has come to stay. It is a book of the ages and for all time. It is sold exclusively by subscription, and we advise all who are in need of paying employment to apply at once for agency. The publishers have abundant capital, and handle the work on the most liberal basis, so that any person of good character can secure territory and conduct a large and profitable business absolutely without capital. Illustrated circulars and full particulars will be mailed free to all who apply in time. If you desire an agency, send your address to the

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H. S. SMITH, President.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1896.

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MRS. BIRD PLEADING WITH THE HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS MEN AT THE BOWERY MISSION. (See Page 203.)

AMERICA FOR GOD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Rev. 13: 11, "*And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake as a dragon.*"

IS America mentioned in the Bible? Learned and consecrated men who have studied the inspired books of Daniel and Revelation more than I have and understand them better agree in saying that the leopard mentioned in the Bible meant Grecia, and the bear meant Medo-Persia, and the lion meant Babylon, and the beast of the text coming up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb, and the voice of a dragon means our country, because among other reasons it seemed to come up out of the earth when Columbus discovered it, and it has been for the most part at peace like a lamb, unless assaulted by foreign foe, in which case it has had two horns strong and sharp, and the voice of a dragon loud enough to make all nations hear the roar of its indignation. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would leave out from the prophecies of his Book this whole Western Hemisphere? No, no. "I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

Germany for scholarship, England for manufactories, France for manners, Egypt for antiquities, Italy for pictures. But America for God!

I start with the cheering thought that the most popular book on earth to-day is the Bible, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church, and the most popular name on earth to-day is Jesus. Right from this audience hundreds of men and women would, if need be, march out and die for him.

Am I too confident in saying "America for God?" If the Lord will help me I will show the strength and extent of the long line of fortresses to be taken, and give you my reasons for saying it can be done and will be done. Let us decide, in this battle for God, whether we are at Bull Run or at Gettysburg. There is a Fourth of Julyish way of bragging about this country, and the most tired and plucked bird that ever flew through the heavens is the American [illegible] Mr. Gladstone said to me facetiously, at Hawarden: "I hear that the fish in your American lakes are so large that when one of them is taken out the entire lake is perceptibly lowered," and at a dinner given in Paris an American offered for a sentiment: "Here is to the United States,—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the [illegible] on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment." The effect of such [illegible] is to die with the mouth [illegible] astonishing. The worst thing to do in any [illegible] is to underestimate an enemy, and I will [illegible] is not enough at Hawarden.

This land to be taken for God, according to Hazard, the statistician, [illegible] three million nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven square miles, a width and a length that none but the Omniscient can appreciate. Four Europes put together, and capable of holding and feeding, as it will hold and feed, according to Atkinson, the statistician, if the world continues in existence and does not run afoul of some other world or get consumed by the fires already burning in the cellars of the planet,—capable, I say, of holding and feeding more than one billion of inhabitants. For you must remember it must be held for God as well as taken for God, and the last five hundred million inhabitants must not be allowed to swamp the religion of the first five hundred million. Not much use in taking the fortress if we cannot hold it. It must be held until the Archangel's trumpet bids living and dead arise from this foundering planet.

You must remember it is only about seven o'clock in the morning of our nation's life. Great cities are to flash and roar among what are called the "Bad Lands" of the Dakotas and the great "Columbia Plains" of Washington State, and that on which we put our schoolboy fingers on the map and spelled out as the "Great American Desert," is, through systematic and consummating irrigation, to bloom like Chatsworth Park and be made more productive than those regions dependent upon uncertain and spasmodic rainfall. All those regions, as well as these regions already cultivated, to be inhabited! That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay, while crossing the Allegheny Mountains, and he was waiting for the stage horses to be rested, as he stood on a rock, arms folded, looking off into the valley, and some one said to him, "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the on-coming tramp of the future generations of America." Have you laid our home missionary scheme on such an infinitude of scale? If the work of bringing one soul to God is so great, can a thousand million be captured? In this country, already planted and to be overcome, Paganism has built its altar to Brahma, and the Chinese are already burning incense in their temples, and Mohammedanism, drunk in other days with the red wine of human blood at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and now fresh from the diabolism in Armenia, is trying to get a foothold here, and from the minarets of her mosques will yet mumble her blasphemies, saying, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then there are the vaster multitudes with no religion at all. They worship no God, they live with no consolation, and they die with no hope. No star of peace points down to the manger in which they are born, and no prayer is uttered over the grave into which they sink. Then there is Alcoholism, its piled up demijohns and beer barrels, and hogsheads of fiery death, a barricade high and long as the Alleghenies and Rockies and Sierra Nevadas, pouring forth day and night their ammunition of wretchedness and woe. When a German wants to take a drink, he takes beer. When an Englishman wants to take a drink, he takes ale. When a Scotchman wants to take a drink, he takes whisky. But when an American wants to take a drink, he takes anything he can lay his hands on.

Plenty of statistics to tell how much money is spent in this country for rum, and how many drunkards die! But who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accursed with stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever! Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, for from that direction it can get no help; but with right hand stretched down toward the perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to destroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

Then there is what in America we call Socialism, in France Communism, and in Russia Nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: First, there is no God. Second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment: "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of Communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything; therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can—only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen!" There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they cannot get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked me for money. I said, "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went downstairs, and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw.

Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism mean, "Too wicked to acknowledge God, and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social, and political ruin.

There also are the fastnesses of infidelity, and atheism, and fraud, and political corruption, and multiform, hydra-headed, million-armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies for righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and healthful books, and our chief dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among the more than one hundred thousand words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hinderment? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the Tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar. Where are the drilled troops to march against those fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can be unlimbered against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough calibre to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, the first of all, who is our Leader and will be our Leader until the work is done. Garibaldi, with a thousand Italians, could do more than another commander with ten thousand Italians. General Sherman, on one side, and Stonewall Jackson, on the other, each with ten thousand troops, could do more than some other generals with twen thousand troops. The rough boat in whi Washington crossed the icy Delaware wi a few half-frozen troops was mightier th the ship of war that, during the Americ Revolution came through the Narrows, gun at each porthole, and sunk in He Gate. Our Leader, like most great le ers, was born in an obscure place, and was an humble home, about five mi from Jerusalem. Those who were out doors that night said that there was stel commotion, and music that came out the clouds, as though the front door heaven had been set open, and that t camels heard his first infantile cry. Th he came to the fairest boyhood that mot er was ever proud of, and from twelve thirty years of age was off in India, if t ditions there are accurate, and then retu ed to his native land, and for three ye had his pathway surrounded by blind e that he illumined, and epileptic patie to whom he gave rubicund health, a tongues that he loosed from silence i song, and those whose funerals he stopp that he might give back to bereaved mo ers their only boys, and those whose feve pulses he had restored into rhythmic thr and whose paralytic limbs he had warm into healthful circulation—pastor at C pernaum, but flaming evangelist eve where, hushing crying tempests and tu ing rolling seas into solid sapphire, and the rescue of a race submitted to cou room filled with howling miscreants, a to a martyrdom at the sight of which t sun fainted and fell back in the heave and then treading the clouds homewa like snowy mountain-peaks, till heav took him back again, more a favorite th he had ever been; but, coming again, is on earth now, and the nations are ga ering to his standard. Following him w the Scotch covenanters, the Theban legi the victims of the London Haymarket, Piedmontese sufferers, the Pilgrim Fathe the Huguenots, and uncounted multitu of the past, joined by about four hund millions of the present, and with the c tainty that all nations shall huzzah at chariot-wheel, he goes forth, the m under his feet and the stars of heaven his tiara—the Mighty Leader, he of Dru clog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Banno burn, and the One who whelmed Span Armada, "Coming up from Edom, with dy garments from Bozrah, traveling in t greatness of his strength, mighty to say and behind whom we fall into line to c and march in the campaign that is to t America for God. Hosanna! Hosan Wave all the palm-branches! At his f put down your silver and your gold, as heaven you will cast before him your c onets.

With such a Leader do you not think can do it? Say, do you think we c Why, many ramparts have already b taken. Where is American slavery? Go and the South, as heartily as the Nor prays "Peace to its ashes." Where bestial polygamy? Gone, by the fiat the United States Government, urged by Christian sentiment, and Mormons having retreated in 1830 from Faye New York, to Kirkland, Ohio, and 1838 retreated to Missouri, and in 1846 treated to Salt Lake City, now divor from its superfluity of wives, will soon treat into the Pacific, and no basin sma than an ocean could wash out its po tions. Illiteracy going down under work of Slater and Peabody funds, Sabbath schools of all the churches of denominations! Pugilism now made lawful by Congressional enactment, brutal custom knocked out in the f round! Corruption at the ballot-box, law of registration and other safeguar made almost impossible! Churches tw as large as the old ones, the enlarged s ply to meet the greatly enlarged deman Great cities, so often mentioned as gr obstacles,—the centre of crime and the servoirs of all iniquities,—are to lead the work of Gospelization. Who g most to home missions, to asylums, to

ligious education, to all styles of humanitarian and Christian institutions? The cities. From what places did the most relief go at the time of Johnstown flood, and Michigan fires, and Charleston earthquake, and Ohio freshets? From the cities. What place will do more than any other place, by its contribution of Christian men and women and means, in this work of taking America for God? New York City. The way Paris goes, goes France. The way Berlin goes, goes Germany. The way London goes, goes England. The way New York and a couple other cities go, goes America. May the Eternal God wake us up to the stupendous issue!

Another thing quoted pessimistically is the vast and overtopping fortunes in this country, and they say it means concentrated wealth, and luxuriousness, and display, and moral ruin. It is my observation that it is people who have but limited resources who make the most splurge, and I ask you, Who are endowing colleges and theological seminaries? Did you ever hear of Peter Cooper, and James Lenox, and sainted William E. Dodge, and the Lawrences, Amos and Abbott, while I refrain from mentioning living benefactors who, quite as generous and Christian, are in this assembly, at this moment planning what they can do in these days, and in their Last Will and Testament in this campaign that proposes taking America for God? The widow's mite, honored of the Lord, is to have its part in this continental capture; but we must have more than that, and more right away. Many of the men that expect to get the blessing for bestowing the widow's mite will not get the blessing. In the first place, they are not widows, and in the next place, they have no "might."

The time is coming, — hasten it, Lord! —and I think you and I will see it, when, as Joseph, the wealthy Arimathean, gave for the dead Christ a costly mausoleum, the affluent men and women of this country will rise in their strength and build for our King, one Jesus, the throne of this American continent.

Another thing quoted for discouragement, but which I quote for encouragement, is foreign immigration, — now that from Castle Garden we turn back by the first steamship the foreign vagabondism,— we are getting people, the vast majority of whom come to make an honest living; among them some of the bravest and the best. If you should turn back from this land to Europe the foreign ministers of the Gospel, and the foreign attorneys, and the foreign merchants, and the foreign philanthropists, what a robbery of our pulpits, our court-rooms, our store-houses, and our beneficent institutions, and what a putting back of every monetary, merciful, moral, and religious interest of the land! This commingling here of all nationalities under the blessing of God will produce in seventy-five or one hundred years the most magnificent style of man and woman the world ever saw. They will have the wit of one race, the eloquence of another race, the kindness of another, the generosity of another, the aesthetic taste of another, the high moral character of another, and when that man and woman step forth, their brain and nerve and muscle an intertwining of the fibres of all nationalities, nothing but the new electric photographic apparatus, that can see clear through body mind and soul, can take of them an adequate picture. But the foreign population of America is less than eleven per cent. of all our population, and why all this fuss about foreign immigration?

But now what are the weapons by which, under our Omnipotent Leader, the real obstacles in the way of our country's evangelization, the ten thousand mile Sebastopols, are to be leveled? The first columbiad, with range enough to sweep from eternity to eternity, is the Bible, millions of its copies going out, millions on millions. Then there are all the Gospel batteries, manned by seventy thousand pastors and home missionaries, over the head of each one of whom is the shield of Divine protection, and in the right hand of each one the gleaming, two-edged sword of the Infinite Spirit! Hundreds of thousands of private soldiers for Christ, marching under the one-starred, blood-striped flag of Emanuel! On our side, the great and mighty theologians of the land the heavy artillery, and the hundreds of thousands of Christian children the infantry. They are marching on! Episcopacy, with the sublime roll of its liturgies; Methodism, with its battle-cry of "The sword of the Lord and John Wesley;" the Baptist Church, with its glorious navy sailing up our Oregons and Sacramentos and Mississippis; and Presbyterianism, moving on with the battle-cry of "The sword of the Lord and John Knox." And then, after awhile will come the great tides of revival, sweeping over the land, the five hundred thousand conversions in 1857 eclipsed by the salvation of millions in a day, and the four American armies of the Lord's host marching toward each other, the Eastern army marching West, the Western army marching East, the Northern army marching South, the Southern army marching North; shoulder to shoulder! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! until they meet mid-continent, having taken America for God!

The thunder of the bombardment is already in the air, and when the last bridge of opposition is taken, and the last portcullis of Satan is lifted, and the last gun spiked, and the last tower dismantled, and the last charger of iniquity shall have been hurled back upon its haunches, what a time of rejoicing! We will see it, not with these eyes, which before that will be closed in blessed sleep, but with strong and better vision, when the Lord once in awhile gives us a vacation among the doxologies to come down and see the dear old land which I pray may always be the lamb of the text, mild and peaceful, inoffensive, but in case foreign nations assail it, having two horns of army and navy strong enough to hook them back and hook them down, and a voice louder than a dragon, yea louder than ten thousand thunders, saying to the billows of Asiatic superstition and European arrogance, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

The Mother of the Bowery Mission.

Mrs. Bird and her Labors for the Lost Men of New York—A Mission Laundry.

FOUR years have nearly passed since the remarkable missionary work conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Bird became an essential part of the spiritual life of the Bowery Mission. Greatly beloved by all, her labors among the "Lost Boys of the Bowery"—as the outcast men and youths are affectionately called—have been the means, under Divine blessing, of reclaiming large numbers of them from lives of sin, and drawing them to the Saviour. In the colored illustration on the first page of this issue, a faithful representation is given of one of Mrs. Bird's Thursday night meetings of recent date. These gatherings, like those she holds on Sundays, are invariably crowded, and the men listen with rapt attention as the story of the Gospel falls from her lips—the old story, ever new, that gives hope to the hopeless, and invites the outcast and the wanderer to come into the safety and the joy of the Christian fold. These men who form her audiences are of all ages, from the young man, little more than a mere stripling—who having lately left the parental roof in some country village, has come to misfortune and want in the great city, either through association with evil companions or other causes—to the aged wanderer, whose wrecked life is a record of indulgence and wasted opportunities. Some come from the Bowery lodging-houses, others from the streets, which they have walked till footsore in the vain search for work. For all there is the same kind welcome and a cup of steaming coffee and a sandwich or two, to appease the cravings of hunger. The Sunday meetings, which last continuously from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, are also a means of rich spiritual blessing. At both the week-day and Sunday gatherings, the meetings are equally crowded.

Mrs. Bird herself, writing of this remarkable work, says: "Sometimes, as I look down from my platform, I see some poor fellow kneeling in anguish of soul in front of me. No one but God knows the fight some of these poor fellows are having with temptations from without and from within, and only the mighty power of Jesus to save gives us courage and faith to see these sad, discouraged souls struggling for life.

"Should you pass our Bowery Mission any Sunday forenoon between ten and three o'clock, you would see men standing outside eagerly watching for a chance to get in. This is the only forenoon service exclusively for men held in our city. Every Sunday morning there are fifteen thousand men who come out of the lodging-houses in that locality, with no home, no friends, and no place to go. These are men who have wandered from God and home. They have come from every city on the face of the earth; if a man becomes engulfed in sin in any part of the world, his ambition is to get to the Bowery. This is the magnet that attracts the restless and vicious wanderer.

These men are often brought where they are surrounded by conditions that are beyond control. Parents and friends die, or there are hard fathers and unwise, thoughtless mothers; the boy leaves home and is soon stranded in a cheap Bowery lodging-house. I give the Gospel invitation to over forty thousand of these lost men every year; many of them men of fine education and birth, and compel them to come in through love and kind words. In this audience of lost men, the cry is going up continually to God for mercy, and when a man gets near enough to God to fall on his knees and plead for help, and God's spirit enters his life day by day, there is no transformation like unto it. I have never known such agony as I have seen when kneeling in prayer by the side of the poor prodigal, covered with rags and vermin, but he was the child of a King, and his Father accepted his penitence and saved him. How do I know he is saved? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Although there is no perceptible abatement of interest in the winter, Mrs. Bird regards the summer-time as the harvest of her spiritual work. Many instances of remarkable conversions at these meetings have been recorded. Encouraged by past successes in the field of the Gospel, she continues her consecrated labors, devoting almost her whole time and much of her means to this work that lies very close to her heart and which has become a part of her life. The multitudes she has been instrumental in reclaiming regard her with love and veneration. "I put the ethics of Jesus above everything else in the world," she declares, and this is the keynote of her work and the secret of her success.

The past year has been marked by most encouraging spiritual results in the general work of the Bowery Mission. Every evening the Gospel meetings, led by Superintendent W. D. Hughes, have been large and enthusiastic, and at no time has there been a lack of witnesses to the saving power of the Gospel, as it is in Jesus. Another point which affords the greatest encouragement is that a goodly proportion of the converts remain steadfast.

In a material way, too, thousands are being helped at the Mission, whose clean, fresh, wholesome dormitories and spacious restaurant are of the greatest service in the work. A Night Laundry will shortly be opened by the Mission in the interest of cleanliness and comfort, and to teach the men self-respect. Rates will be nominal, viz: underwear, two cents apiece; shirts, three cents; stockings, one cent apiece. Thus even among the poorest of these waifs, dirt and vermin must give way before a system that holds absolute cleanliness as indispensable.

In the Mission's Free Dispensary (another new and highly appreciated branch of the work, lately introduced), the number of cases treated increases daily. Our illustration on this page (taken from life), shows a patient who has been stricken with pleurisy, being "cupped" by one of the attending doctors. It is beyond doubt that the Free Dispensary has already been the means of saving many lives and alleviating much suffering.

Less than a year ago, the first of the Bowery Mission Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meetings was held. These gatherings are now known in every part of the Union and hundreds of special requests for prayer are received every week and regularly presented and made the subject of supplication by the Converts. Already many remarkable answers to prayer have been noted, and every Sunday demonstrates afresh the all-prevailing power of earnest pleading in behalf of others, before the Throne of grace.

TREATING A PLEURISY PATIENT IN THE BOWERY MISSION FREE DISPENSARY.

Faithful and Unfaithful Servants.

Sunday School Lesson for March 22. Luke 12: 37-43. Golden Text, Eph. 5: 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

VERY often we find in the teaching of the New Testament the relation of Master and servant spoken of in connection with the Lord's coming. In writing his epistle to the Thessalonians, Paul says, "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven" (1. Thess. 1: 9, 10). It is servants to whom the pounds are committed with the charge, "Occupy till I come" (Luke 11: 27), and who, according to their faithful service, shall be appointed to positions in the coming kingdom of their Lord. It is servants who bid to the marriage feast of the King's Son (Matt. 22: 1-15), servants who are trusted with the talents to be put out at interest until he come to reckon (Matt. 25: 14-20). And our Lord's direction to his own people is, "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord when he will return from the wedding, that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open to him immediately" (Luke 12: 35, 36).

We are Servants,

literally bond-slaves, the purchased property of our Master. Created to serve, redeemed to serve, indwelt by the Holy Ghost to serve our God. Until we fully take our true place as servants, Christ cannot say as he said to the twelve, "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends: for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you" (John 15: 15). Ignorance of God leads to presumption, and there are many who fretfully and pettishly complain that their prayers are not answered, when they have prayed without either faith, or reverence, or love, simply as an experiment whether by such prayers they could succeed in getting their own way when they have failed to obtain it otherwise. Such have never understood or accepted their position as the Lord's servants. God is infinitely superior to any of his creatures, and it becomes us as his servants, to bow down in deepest adoration that we are permitted to sustain any, the very humblest relation to him.

But there are faithful servants and unfaithful. The faithful servant sets the Lord always before him; he exists for God; it is the reality of his life, and explains everything in his conduct, that he is not his own, for he is bought with a price (1. Cor. 6: 19), and joyously acquiescing in this fact, he is all day long and every day at his Lord's disposal. Such a one works while he waits for his Lord, and all his waiting is in the midst of service which would be culminated and not interrupted if the Lord were to come. The work of a true servant is to know his Master's will and to do it. We can only do the will of God as we come to know it, and we can only know it as we enter into living communion with him in the study [illegible] stant teaching of the Spirit of God, and put in practice at once that which we have learned. To know God's will without doing it [illegible] as it is insulting to our God. Let us ask ourselves: Am I practically living as a true servant of the living God? Am I always [illegible] do it in every detail of my life? Is my life essentially in all its varied duties

An Offering of Service

to my God? As a man of business, is my business a service rendered to God, and is his honor more to me than success in business? As mother of a family, is the guidance of my children a direct service to God, irrespective of whether I shall be understood by my friends? As a household servant, is my cooking and cleaning, my housework, my answering the door, a joyous offering of service to my God? As a clerk, do I, in my dealing with the customers, act as a servant of the Most High God, in truth, in patience, in all things, as Jesus would have acted in my place? Oh, it makes life another thing when God has taught us how everything, without exception, is a service to him in which we may occupy till he come!

"Let your loins be girdled about," ready for active service, and just as ready to desist from it if such is the Master's will. Not looking upon the service as ours, but as his. Oh, how many of the Christian workers of our day work as though the work were their right, their will, their promise, their kingdom, and they look on every interruption as a misfortune and as a wrong which they cannot deserve, since they live for the work of God which they have undertaken. In reality, they are in heart masters of the work, and in their prayers they seek from God help to enable them to do what they have undertaken. He is, in point of fact, the servant to minister to them. It is just these whose appeals for money are the strongest, and whose reproaches are the most constant, if they do not get the help they think they ought to get, because of the works they do. In their eyes the work

Must Go On,

everything must give way to it, it must be made to go, and everyone and everything must give way to it. Such may be the spirit of a master, but it does not become the servant with girded loins. The true servant has his eyes, not on the work but on his master. The work may come come to a standstill if the Master should want him to leave it. If the money does not come in, he does not reproach his fellow-servants, but his eyes are toward his Master to know what he has to say in these circumstances. His light is ever burning, for his duty is to show others the way, and his attitude that of one who is ready on the watch, to open to his master at any, even the most unexpected moment. His loins are girded and his light is burning in view of His return. And "blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and shall make them sit down to meat and shall come and serve them." Even now, while we wait for him, he faithfully serves his girded and his shining ones. O, what histories of his exceeding faithfulness could some of his waiting ones tell of how their Lord has served them!

"And if he shall come in the second watch or come in the third, blessed are those servants." If he does not come in the second watch, they do not count it a waste of time nor speak of their disappointment; their service, their vocation is to watch and to wait; they are bound by his time, not by theirs. If he does not come till the third watch, or even later, they have fulfilled their vocation during the waiting time, and it has been as truly his service as the time of active work. It would pay the master of a house to watch if he suspected that a thief were about to come and break in, and our Lord exhorts, "Be ye also ready; for in an hour that ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

The Apostle Peter always sought to discover the bearing of what the Master said, and how far things would have to go. "Lord," he said, "speakest thou this parable unto us, or even unto all?" "Who then is the faithful and wise steward," Jesus answered, "whom his Lord shall set over his household, to give them their portion of food in due season?" It is for thee, Peter, to shew if thou art a true servant by doing true service. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Of a truth I say unto you that he will set him over all that he hath, he shall be no longer a bond-slave, but a king, for he shall reign. Only he who has learned to serve, as Joseph did in Egypt, will have the privilege of reigning with Christ. He has overcome as Christ has overcome, and is set down with him on his throne, as he is set down on his Father's throne" (Rev. 3: 21).

The true servant of Christ serves in his household and knows, by intimate direction from above, how to give the household of God "meat in due season."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WATCHMAN AT THE GATE.

THE coming of the Lord was, in the Apostolic age, a much more potent and pervading thought than it has been since. Christ foresaw this fact and pictures the servant, saying, "My Lord delayeth his coming." He reproves him for saying so and for the laxity and inconsistent conduct which the thought produces. He wished his people to live in such a way that his coming would bring joy to them, not consternation. When the words were spoken, the disciples probably attached no definite meaning to them; but in a few short months, those words would be the most prominent and momentous of any the Lord had uttered. "When the Son of man cometh," were words which had a meaning, after the crucifixion and ascension, that they could not have had when Christ spoke. Then he was with the disciples, and, in spite of his warnings, they were looking forward to the time when he would sit on David's throne and be acknowledged King of Israel. But Christ's gaze was clearer and farther. Looking beyond the tragedy and the glory, he saw these few simple men alone in the world, with a great mission confided to their keeping. They would need some consolatory thought, some stimulating, energizing impetus to keep them vigilant and active in his service. The thought he gives them in the possibility of his return. In those days of slow traveling, the figure would be one perfectly familiar. The nobleman starts on his journey leaving his affairs in the hands of his servants. The time of his return is indefinite, but if the servants do their duty, they are ready to meet him whenever he may come and to give an account of their stewardship. The attitude required is not that of performing a task and then sitting idly with folded hands and upturned eyes, waiting for the Master's coming, nor of spending time in watching for him; but of being continually busy in his service, having no associations, no occupations, that are inconsistent with devotion to the Lord's commission. Christ points out two dangers which were especially liable to assail his followers. They were to be on the watch against the disposition to oppression and self-indulgence. These dangers have not passed away. They are active all over the world. Even in schools and families, big boys tyrannize over the little boy, and the elder girls are often unjust to their younger sisters. There is also the same tendency still, to idleness and pleasure. Human nature has not changed. The follower of Christ has to be vigilant, that he does not get into habits which bring the soul into subjection to the body. Every boy and girl should gain as early as possible the power of controlling their physical propensities, lest they drift into the condition in which thousands of grown men are, of wishing to live clean lives, yet of being unable to do so. A man who cannot pass a certain saloon without going into drink, in spite of his resolve that he will not go in, is a pitiable creature. The boy is on his way to that condition who, knowing that it is time to get up in the morning and that he ought to get up, turns over in bed to take another nap. The watchfulness Christ enjoined should be inculcated in early life before the enemy has taken possession of the citadel. It is easier to keep him out than to turn him out.

Blessed are those servants. The story is told of a pious peasant, who for many years never retired to rest without going the last thing to the window and looking at the sky to see if there was any sign of the coming of Christ. The first thing in the morning his eyes were similarly directed skyward, that he might see the first sign of the event he longed to witness. Although, he was disappointed, he continued his habit to the last. He was not to see his Lord appear, but was of those whose rising will not be prevented at that great day. The messenger of death summoned him and found him ready. The preparation that serves for the coming of the Lord, serves also for death.

If the good man of the house had known. Few people know themselves thoroughly. Many have failed in matters in which they deemed themselves strong. They were on guard against temptation to which they were prone, but did not watch against temptations to evil that were not dreaded. Peter, the boldest of the Apostles had, as the event proved, too much confidence in his courage. At a council of war, the commander of a besieging force astonished his officers by proposing to attack the strongest part of the fortifications. One of the officers urged that the assault be made on a point that was evidently weak. "No, no," said the commander, "they expect us there and are continually on the watch. We will attack the fort where we are not expected. I know just what will occur. The commander always takes a nap after his dinner. When we attack, a messenger will be sent to tell him. He will hate to be disturbed and will send his secretary to obtain confirmation. Before the secretary can return and convince him and get him to come and take the direction of the defence, the fort will be ours." The result was as the commander predicted.

To eat and drink and be drunken. An army officer now retired relates an incident of the early part of the war, intentionally concealing the names of the persons and places that he may not wound living relatives of the dead. He says that he was attached to a regiment which had penetrated into a dangerous district in which the enemy was known to be in superior force. A strong detachment would arrive on the morrow but until it came the regiment was in peril. Scouts were sent out just before nightfall and reported no enemy within sight for miles. The officer in command was not the regular colonel of the regiment. Feeling himself secure both from the enemy and from inspection by the General, he determined on a night of carousal. Long abstinence had produced a strong desire for drink and hilarity. Not long after sunset the fun began. Drink and songs were in full swing and nearly everyone of the party in the officer's quarters was intoxicated. Between midnight and one o'clock there was discord ending in a drunken fight between four of the officers present. When it was at its height the cry that the enemy was approaching was heard. There was no one fit to command. It was a rout, everyone flying for his life. The officers were all killed or taken prisoners and very few of the rank and file escaped.

Shall find so doing. No distinction is made as to the class of duty to be performed. The duties of some of us are very humble, but the fact will not deprive us of the commendation of the Lord. If we are found doing our duty when he comes, that is sufficient. In the old fable of the mill the question is put to the mechanism, "Do you not feel degraded by grinding beans instead of fine flour?" The answer of the mill was: "It is no concern of mine what I grind. My duty is to grind whatever my owner gives me to grind. My honor is not in doing fine work but in doing as well as I can whatever is given me to do."

THOUSANDS SAVED FROM STARVATION.

e Splendid Work the Relief Fund is Accomplishing in Armenia's Stricken Cities—Reports from the Missionaries—Miss Kimball's Cheering Letter.

MID the general gloom and sadness that hang over Armenia, at the present time, there is one broad beam of light that affords consolation and encouragement. It is the generous aid and Christian sympathy so promptly

ED REFUGEES FROM VAN PROVINCE.

extended by the good people of this ntry through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lief Fund and other sources, which alone kept alive the fires of hope in the rts of the devoted missionaries and of great multitudes of destitute Armeni- who must have perished by thou- ds, had not this God-given help come heir rescue. On this page, we print in the latest mail reports from four of sixteen CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief tions, which show how valuable and ortune this aid has been. It takes a g time—usually a full month or more— a letter to reach the United States from enia, owing to the Turkish govern- nt's espionage of the mail service, and e these letters were penned the work which they they relate has been prac- lly doubled. This is especially true of relief work in Van, where Miss Kim- ll is now feeding over 16,000 refugees, employing six large bakeries, besides Industrial Bureau, which latter alone over one hundred employees in all its ious branches.

During the week, another remittance of 00 has been cabled to the field from E CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. $2000 to n, $2000 to Harpoot, and $1000 to rfa—the places where it is unquestion- y most severely needed.

he interest in the work is widening ly, and already a large number of pam- ets descriptive of Armenian troubles explaining the distress, have been t out free by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD churches, church societies, and individ- s interested in raising funds for the re- work.

Activity in well-doing is contagious, the example afforded by the contribu- s to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund s stimulated sympathy in many parts of world. We have already received con- butions to the Fund from a number of eign lands. The latest is announced in letter from the Countess Elisabeth oshen of Frankfort-on-Main, wherein t noble lady states that "Pastor Loh- nn, of this city, has placed 1500 marks the bank of Marklin & Co., Frankfort, relief of the Armenians." She desires to inform her by cable to whom it uld be remitted in Constantinople. The essary instructions have been telegraph- as requested.

Accompanying Miss Kimball's latest let- was a photograph of the scene in front THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Head- arters at Van, which is reproduced on this ge. In the immediate foreground is a e of Turkish officials maintaining order d behind them are the refugees to the mber of several hundreds. This is a con- ntly changing crowd, those who are pplied with tickets being replaced by ers as quickly as possible. A similar ne can be witnessed at all hours of the y at each of the six bakeries, and also front of the Industrial Bureau. The let- ter received from Dr. Kimball is as follows:

"Since the credit for the work here is so largely due to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, I may permit myself to say that the relief work is doing magnificently! We are proud of it as a proof to this people that while so-called Christian nations may, for reasons best and only known to themselves, fail to come to the rescue of their avowed proteges, still the individual Christian conscience is a real thing, and one to be relied upon to follow out the precepts of its divine Master. This succor to this deeply-afflicted people is really the only thing that keeps any courage in them or any hope. From both England and America the generous outpouring of money and sympathy is the one bright spot in their horizon. And conspicuous amid all the benefactions is the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As soon as we had assurance of the first $10,000, we pushed forward the work with renewed energy and vigor.

"This extension of work soon made larger quarters necessary to both do the business involved and to accommodate the crowds waiting for work or other help. During the warmer weather they could stay out of doors; but it was cruel to keep them standing for hours out in the cold and often stormy weather. To meet this want we found a very admirably adapted house, three stories, with large halls that will hold several hundred people, and give convenient office room for the various departments—all for the magnificent sum of $6.60 a month, and the owner is in great need of the rent to supply daily necessities. So here we have on the ground floor a store-house for raw material and the bed-making department; while the wide halls give standing-room for the waiting crowds; on the second floor are offices for receiving, weighing, and distributing the work of the spinners, weavers, and knitters; on the third floor is the cutting and sewing department, where a corps of cutters prepare the garments to be given out to women to make up; and on the same floor are the offices for the distribution of clothing and of bread tickets, and of the general management, where all new applicants are referred and their cases acted upon. Thus the work is well systematized.

"All applicants for help of any kind are required first to bring a letter of recommendation from the "district-men" of the quarter in which they live; if city people, from the Village Refuge Committee, if of that class. Clothing is usually given simply on these recommendations; but the names of all applicants for work or for bread are recorded, and each day's list is given next day to our examiners, who go to the houses and make thorough investigation, leaving a signed memorandum of their findings with the applicant, who then presents it at the central office and receives help according to the testimony of need rendered by the examiners.

"The demand for work does not abate, and we are adding daily to the thousand workers in the Industrial Bureau reported January 1st, at the rate of from ten to twenty. Last week's pay-roll shows 1210 persons paid in total $445. The cost of the raw material is slightly less than the wages, so that with the cost of rent and other administrative expenses, we may put the cost of the Industrial Bureau at about $900 a week. The work accomplished by this expenditure also furnishes a living to considerably more than 5000 people, and at the same time to supply clothing without further cost (except that of the sewing of the made-up garments), to the department of Clothing Distribution. In this department, from Jan. 1st to 21st, was distributed 6895 pieces, including all kinds of underwear, stockings, 2608 goods in the piece, a few suits of men's clothing, and a considerable quantity of bedding.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S bakeries are forging along magnificently *and are the great famine break-water to the entire community.* There is no other source of supplies for the people, as the contributions of the Armenians themselves were exhausted before the Armenian Christmas, and they turned all their beneficiaries over to us. These cost about $480 a week, and the demand is constantly urgent for increase—a demand which we are meeting in as prudent a way as possible. We have seven weeks before us still: and at the end of that time we earnestly hope that the generosity of the Christian people at home and in England will still support us in helping the villagers who have been robbed of all their goods to go back to their homes and fields with something to begin life on. Five dollars will buy an ox. Seed corn will be needed, and other help to enable them to become self-supporting. Last Saturday was the Armenian Christmas, and on the day before we made special effort to see that as many as possible were supplied with the bare means of existence. On that day **nine thousand** were actually provided for through the different departments, and untold suffering relieved. We bless continually the generous people who make this work possible; and the Armenian people, though unable even to thank their benefactors directly (so strict is Government espionage) still do not fail in constant expressions of the profoundest gratitude.

G. N. KIMBALL."

IN FRONT OF OUR RELIEF HEADQUARTERS AT VAN.

Destitute Armenians waiting for Relief Cards—Turkish officials in front.

Rev. W. N. Chambers writes from Erzroom acknowledging receipt of the contribution from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund of $2000 for relief work in Erzroom and Erzinigan:

Allow me to thank you most heartily in the name of the thousands of suffering people here for the generous gift. Two days after the massacre of Oct. 30, I sent a telegraphic message to friends in Constantinople, urging an appeal for relief. The Armenian Relief Fund later assigned us £1000. I formed a commission by calling in three Armenian gentlemen, and we began work at once. The English consul, Mr. Cumberbatch, joined us. We have distributed in this city one hundred mattresses and coverlets, with a considerable amount of clothing and fuel. We are feeding daily 2600 persons. We issue bread tickets, one to each family, to be held for a week.

Our agents in Erzinigan work on almost the same principle. There in the city we are feeding 1000 daily. The call for bedding, clothing, and fuel is very great. In the villages we are distributing a small quantity of wheat. We have men on this Erzroom plain distributing 500 bushels of wheat to 2000 people, *i.e.*, one-fourth bushel to each person. There are at least 4000 people on the plain in need.

Our £1000 were expended and we were clamoring for more from Constantinople, for this work must go on, so I can assure you your gift comes in most opportunely. The distress is indescribable. The gratitude of the recipients of assistance is deep and most touching.

Rev. W. S. Dodd, of Talas, writes:

A Relief Expedition on a small scale was carried out by Mr. Fowle and Mr. Wingate who visited the villages in the Gemerek region about a month ago. They took several wagon-loads of clothing and bedding, and materials to be made up. The local government in Cesarea was very cordial in approving and gave an ample military guard to protect them on the way. On arriving at Gemerek they made a storehouse of the dwelling of one of our native brethren there appointing him custodian of it. They then visited the villages within a radius of fifteen miles or so, seeking out the most needy families only in each place, and trying to give enough to cover those that were absolutely naked. In some villages they found that the stories told were exaggerations, in other places "absolute nakedness" expressed the absolute truth. Many families were sleeping in their straw-bins (for they have no hay in this country), as that was the warmest place they could find.

But in about a month from now the want will begin to show itself more imperatively. In preparation for that we are now seeking to buy up a stock of wheat and flour, and have it ready to use as soon as we are called upon for that form of aid. Seed for sowing will have to be furnished to many, and until the harvest time in the summer hundreds will have to be fed.

Rev. J. L. Fowle, Cesarea, writes:

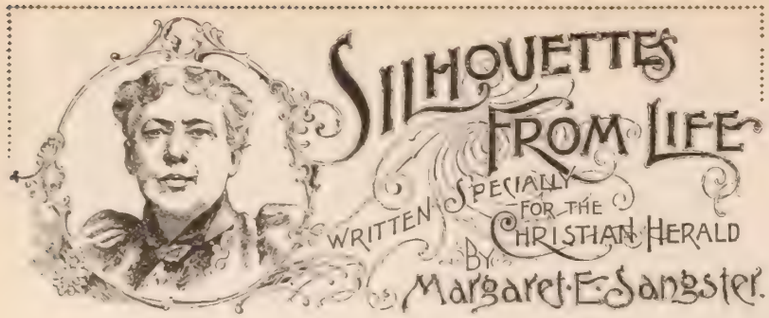
Our preacher in Gemerek reports the destitution as increasingly appalling. We have sent orders that he purchase wheat and flour and are also sending some bales of cotton to be worked up into cloth. This latter will give them relief on the "self-help" plan.

In a reeent issue of a native Armenian journal, is a letter dated Van, Jan. 15, which says:

The missionaries, especially those connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, are supplying the sufferers with food and with clothing also, because they are almost naked, and the sum of the relief given weekly at Van alone amounts to about $1500. The refugees were supplied with shelter, fuel, and other necessities by the Armenian Committee, but the funds of that committee were exhausted some time ago, and the burden of the relief was transferred to the missionaries. At the present rate, the fear is that the relief of the missionaries may come to an end at a time when the refugees most need help, beeause when the roads are open and the snow begins to melt, hundreds and perhaps thousands more sufferers will crowd Van, and intensify the present distress. The fund sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been a God-send, and has really saved very many lives.

Three notable martyrdoms are related by a writer in the *Missionary Herald*. "The work of Rev. Garabed Kuludjin, the Protestant pastor at Sivas, was increasingly good. His wife had been for years a much prized and beloved teacher in the Girls' Boarding School at Marsovan, and their own four girls, the oldest not yet sixteen, had profited well by such a mother. On November 10 he preached to his flock an impressive sermon from the text: 'But there shall not a hair of your head perish.' On November 12, at noon, the crash came, shutting him with Armenian companions in an upper room at the khan. They were soon robbed and left, while the storm was raging outside. The pastor led them in prayer and watched till toward evening, when another squad of Moslems came to kill them. Something in the composed manner with which the pastor met them made them hesitate and offer him liberty on condition of denying his faith. He thought of his wife in delicate health, and of their daughters, but he answered: 'I not only believe Christ, but also spend my life persuading others.' 'Then we must kill you,' they said; and when he raised both hands toward heaven as a sign of settled trust they shot him twice. Next morning his body was found by friends stripped of nearly all clothing and tossed into the back yard of the khan. As the massacres were still in progress, he could not be taken to the unwalled Protestant burial ground, but joined the eight hundred who were piled into one huge trench at the Gregorian cemetery, whither an Armenian priest crept, to read one short prayer and leave them to earth and to God. Rev. Sarkis Merkashian, for years pastor at Choonkoosh, in the Harpoot field, with his family was robbed and burnt out of home and wounded. After that, Moslems tormented him three days to accept their faith. He had his wife and also six children to think of, but he remained true and was finally put to death. Fourteen faithful native preachers are known in that one field to have thus sealed their last sermon with their heart's blood. Hagope Pattain, a humble member of the Marsovan church, had made himself specially beloved by those of all beliefs during the last cholera epidemic in that city. November 15 the storm burst on him but found him prepared. As the blows of a murderous axe were falling on his head an acquaintance heard, through a door ajar, his last words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and then: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

All contributions to the Relief Fund will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions during the week are acknowledged on page 214 of this issue.



A Lenten Feast.

"WELL," said Cynthia, folding up her coarse blue work, ticking it was, a stripe of white and a stripe of blue, and she was making overalls for father to wear in the factory, "You and Laura Jane may keep Lent if you want to. I won't."

"Nobody's asked you to," answered mother, who didn't like Cynthia's snappy way of speaking, "but if the girls would enjoy observing it, nobody's to hinder them. They can fast or they can feast. I won't interfere."

"Fasting's not a means of grace to me," retorted Cynthia, going out to the kitchen and stirring up flap-jacks for supper. It was a cold night, and father and the boys would come home sharp-set. If it hadn't been for Cynthia, I don't know what they would have done, for the rest of us hated cooking and all the rough work and the hard work fell on our grave, elder sister, who was as prickly as a chestnut burr.

"She grows crosser every day," said Laura Jane to mother, and mother sighed. Mother could not bear our "scrapping" as brother Ned called it, a sort of nagging and fussing that was not quite quarreling, but broke the peace as much to the purpose, as if that had been what was intended.

"Cynthia's sweet at the core," mother answered, "if she has an abrupt way. She gets that from her grandfather."

"We all get a lot from the people back of us, don't we," said Laura, musingly. "If we could only reform our ancestors what angels of goodness we should be; I often think we are not responsible in this house for our odd tempers, when there was Uncle Will, as queer as Dick's hatband, and Grandmamma Lowe, with her eccentric temper, and oh! I don't know, it's all a muddle."

"Each of us," said Cynthia, coming in with a plate of steaming cakes, golden-brown and toothsome, and speaking in a soft sort of tone which surprised us all, "Each of us must answer to God for herself, and for himself. I've been crusty and horrid, but I'll try to do better, and you girls must help me."

That was the beginning of our Lenten feast. We had been a very outspoken family, priding ourselves on our candor, and boasting that there was nothing concealed, we always spoke our minds and that was the end of it, forgetting that there may be as much sin in the brutal speech that hurts like a blow, as in the deceit which smiles and hides a sneer.

If ever you have tried it, you know that it isn't easy to set up a new order of things in a home. Twenty times a day we bit our tongues, to keep back sharp stinging words, again and again Cynthia rose from her seat and went to the kitchen or upstairs, and staid out of sight till she had herself in hand. Father is a very unobserving man, and he took no notice for a long while, but one day he looked around quizzically and said, "Children, you're all coming out in new-fashioned garments, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Seems to me, you've all got angel robes tucked under your gowns. Things go as smoothly now, as skates over ice. It's just fine, and I hope you'll keep it up. Perhaps," said father, "it's too good to [illegible]

I don't know whether father's [illegible] had anything to do with it, but the very next day we got into a breeze of discussion which set the whole family by the ears. Mother went to her room and cried, Laura pouted, Cynthia slammed the doors, and the weather was freezing all round the house. A more uncomfortable party than we were as we sat down with our sewing in the afternoon you don't very often find.

Just as our clock struck the half-hour, the bells of St. John's rang out in sweet, silvery chimes for the afternoon service which was held there every day in Lent. The church was so near us, that though we did not belong to that particular communion we somehow claimed the church, and had got to knowing who came in and went out among its people. Indeed, we often slipped into a back pew ourselves and heard a homily, which is a sort of short sermon, from the good rector, and we liked the music. There is something grand in an organ, which floods a great building with melody, and one hears the psalms and hymns long after their sound has died away.

I couldn't stand it in the house that afternoon, so I put on my hat and went out the door, shutting it very quietly, and just as I took my seat the prayers began, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." I bowed my head and made a little prayer of my own. When I looked up, somebody had come into the seat beside me, and who should it be but Cynthia, who gave a faint smile at the sight of me, reaching out her hand and squeezing mine under my coat. A few minutes later, with a whirl and a rustle, and an unlucky movement that upset a prayer-book, a footstool and an umbrella, in followed Laura Jane, and as she never did anything without more or less fidget and bustle we were almost ready to laugh, church service as it was. But we restrained ourselves, and the tears were nearer than the laugh was, when presently who should tiptoe timidly and bashfully into the sanctuary but the sweet little tired mother, and she came into the same pew. There we all sat, taking hold of hands and joining with our voices in the old hymn:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our [illegible] hearts in love,
The [illegible] we [illegible]
Is like to that above.

Cynthia gave me one look. She has dark-brown eyes that can be eloquent, and her look expressed a volume. The hymn went on, old and familiar, and by-and-by we reached the stanza which runs,

[illegible]

Mother's voice dropped out here, and she looked sad and drew her veil over her face. I knew what she was thinking of. She never forgets the son who died in Memphis, and the twin girl, Laura Jane's twin, who went when only five years old.

By the time the service was over, we all went soberly home, and once inside our own door, we hugged and kissed one another, and confessed our faults, and promised amendment.

"The fact is," said Cynthia, "we've got to watch out for our tempers. Our besetting sin lies there. And now, I'm going to get up a regular company tea, and we'll have a Lenten feast, and make it a milestone of good resolutions."

So she did. We had out the finest white table-cloth with the clover leaf pattern, and the best white and gilt china, and the cut glass dish for preserves, and the real silver spoons and coffee-pot, the one that's been in the family a hundred years. Father and the boys were amazed at the state of things, as it wasn't Christmas or a birthday; but they bore up, even when persuaded to put on their best coats and neck-ties, as was most uncommon in their case. We had waffles and honey, fried chicken, hot biscuits, peach preserves and current jelly, and when supper was over, Laura went to the melodeon and played, and we all sang again,

Blest be the tie that binds.

So ended our Lenten feast.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

India's Sacred Rivers.

THERE are several rivers, beside the Ganges, that are regarded as sacred in India. Among the number are the Yenna and the Krishna. Led by the native priests to believe that by the mere act of bathing in these streams they are rendered free from their past sins, the credulous people flock thither in almost countless numbers, at certain seasons of the year. While the Ganges is the most sacred of all, those who live too far away seek some other sacred stream. At the junction of the Yenna and the Krishna at Mowli, multitudes of devotees may be seen bathing in the full expectation of winning the pardon of the gods by the act. Dead Hindus are also taken there, some to be washed and buried beside the twin rivers, and others to be burned on the ghats, or open-air crematories, after which their ashes are strewn on the bosom of the stream and quickly disappear.

THE GREAT TANK, OR SACRED BATHING-PLACE AT STRIVILLIPUTTER, INDIA.

Our illustration on this page presents a view of one of the famous "sacred bathing-places," the great tank of Strivilliputter, in the district of Tinnevelly, South India. This tank has sometimes been called, "The Sea of Milk."

Granite steps lead down to the waters' edge, and in the early morning hundreds of men and women gather to bathe and to worship the sun. The water is stagnant and dirty, though it is esteemed as specially holy. Here the people wash not only themselves but also their clothes. Even the Brahmans, who regard the touch of a person of low caste as pollution, bathe in the same tank, though they have a special section set apart for their use. The cost of building these bathing places is immense, yet the people erect them in many parts of India because they think that, at any cost, provision should be made for the removal of sin.

"Three or four years ago when we went into Satara," writes Mr. Bruce, a missionary, "we used to see, sitting in the verandah of his house, an old man covered with rags. Sometimes we used to see him the street, with rags innumerable u his person. In America we should h called him a crazy man; but ideas di in different lands. Here he was a 'sai in whom one of the gods dwelt. W his saintship came to be known by people, he was honored and worshi everywhere. Men who ought to h known better would, on seeing him proach, leave their work, and run prostrate themselves at his feet. His were removed, and he was clothed wit robe of purple. No expense was spare supply all his wants, and he was atten by two servants, furnished by the Pri of Ound.

"This rag-man, crazy-man, saint, di He had said previously, 'Wherever I there let my tomb be built.' He d in the city, and there the people wishe bury him and erect a tomb which sho ever after be an object of worship. the municipal officers interfered and or ed the body to be removed from the c The Prince of Ound was summoned f his capital twenty-five miles away, an came as quickly as his horses could b him. He owns a large place here, he offered a corner of his compound for burial place. But the officers of the were inflexible. The Prince telegrap to the Governor in Bombay, but perm sion was refused. So the body of the man-saint was carried in great honor Mowli to be buried. And now a new t ple will, doubtless, be added to the la number already existing at Mowli, and more god will be added to the 330,000, in India."

Christ's Vertical Line.

IN a recent address on the Parable Dives and Lazarus the following marks were made by Rev. J. H. J ett, successor to the late Dr. Dale Birmingham, Eng.: There is a v striking contrast between the wa which society is divided into sections by world, and the way in which it is divi by Christ. The world takes society, draws across it two horizontal lines, says that all above the first line we call the Upper Classes. The second h zontal line has above it the Middle Cl es, and all below the second line are ca the Lower Classes. The world div society into three horizontal sections— per, Middle, and Lower. Now the stra thing is that Jesus Christ never drew horizontal line. He takes society, draws a vertical line throughout the wh scale, dividing society into sections, an calls the one the right hand, and the ot the left. He calls one the sheep and other the goats. If I look at the ri hand of Christ's vertical line I find classes: rich and poor, working-men millionaires. If I look at the left sid the vertical line I find the same comm ling of classes. The world divides h zontally, according to money; Christ vides vertically, according to chara The world puts Dives in the upper cl Lazarus in the lower class; Christs Lazarus on the right hand, Dives on left. Christ never respected money. He er bowed the knee to money; he never homage to wealth. What he never did never wants his followers to do. The who prostrates his manhood before we is doing what our Lord calls bowing knee to Mammon; and he who does defiles his soul. Do homage to chara says Christ. But before money—bare, couth money—the teaching of the par tells us to stand erect. Who needs mo The Church? The real wealth of Church consists not in the length of purse, but in the number of its redee and consecrated men and women, t who will acknowledge no supremacy cept that of virtue, goodness, and tr Christ never bowed the knee to rich but on the other hand Christ never spised a man because he was rich. He behind the man's possessions to the He probed through a man's poverty wealth, or condition, by searching q tions of this kind—How does he regar possessions? What is his conception their source and use? How does he charge his obligation to the sore need crouches at his gate? How does he re his wealth? If he belongs to the Lo aristocracy, the aristocracy whose te of their nobility survives the gri death, he will regard it with an unse and sacred reverence.

Florida's Winter Flowers.

Bows of Bloom and Gardens of Perfume in February and March.

ALMOST every climate is represented within the borders of our native land. To the great multitude of those who have never traveled outside of the State in which they were born, it seems incomprehensible that, while they are looking out on snow-clad hills and icy rivers, somewhere else, yet under the same starry flag, there should be millions of other Americans who are enjoying the vital delights peculiar to June in our Middle and Northern States. In Florida, at the present time, the face of nature is like a summer fairy-land. A short distance from St. Augustine, one enters the sub-tropics and revels in the attractions of a wonderful part of Uncle Sam's possessions, where all the wealth of nature seems to have been lavishly spread for man's enjoyment. Luxuriant forests, musical with many bird-voices; river banks lined with spicy palmetto, magnolia, palm, orange and banana trees, with abundance of bloom; beds of lush begonias growing untended; natural grassy lawns that put cultivated lawns to the blush for smoothness and beauty of verdure; fragrant pine-apple groves and here and there a cottage romantically situated and embosomed by flowers that nearly hide the structure from view.

Our photograph shows such a restful nook in that Southern Eden of ours, where, far apart from the busy, rushing world one may find a calm retreat, with the most delightful surroundings that can be imagined. Roses, almost as large as young cabbages, yet as perfect in form and delicate in perfume as the famed roses of Cashmere or Gulistan. In the air, which at this season is aromatic and bracing, there is a suggestion of the mingling of many perfumes — the first tribute of the flowers to the spring. It is not an unusual sight to see Florida gardens full bearing in February, with beans, peas, and tomatoes, while along the walks the flower-beds shine with color and enrich the atmosphere with their incense.

Every passing season adds to the popular knowledge concerning this wonderful garden State, which, together with its rich attribute of natural beauty, possesses restorative qualities that make its climate almost desirable one for invalids, who dread the nipping airs and fierce winter storms of the north. There is no lovelier scenery in the whole world than is to be found in this peninsula, which is like a section of paradise let down for our special delight.

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Costly Hospitality.

One of the greatest causes of the decadence of the virtue of hospitality is the toil and expense of exercising it. Modern housewives do not care to undergo the labor and anxiety necessary in entertaining company. We doubt if they are any happier than they would be if they had larger households and more frequent company. One may serve God with plate and cutlery and brawn as certainly as she can with a psalm-book or a reading from Shakespeare. And it is not necessary to make costly entertainment every time we ask a friend to dinner. Quite as much depends, indeed, upon the banqueters as upon the banquet, and if there be cleanliness and appointment and cheerful presiding of the table, what matter if the fare is plain? True hospitality consists much more in the spirit than in any outward show. We are commanded to care for others, and when we serve by entertaining we are doing one of the noblest duties required of us. Christian entertainment ought not to be a bondage, but a delight.

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Where Clever Women Led.

It is frequently asserted by writers that woman has not distinguished herself in the line of invention and that her originality is inferior to that of man. However that may be, as a rule, there are many bright exceptions, and some of these, in justice to our modern mothers, wives and daughters, have been enumerated by a painstaking writer. Silk-spinning was first done by a Chinese woman. Lace-making on pillows was the invention of Barbara Uttman, in Germany, three hundred years ago, when the country was on the verge of financial ruin. The art spread with rapidity, and so much money was brought into the country by this means that the trouble was averted. The horseshoe machine, which turns out a shoe every three minutes, was a woman's work. Mrs. Manning and Elizabeth Smith, both of New Jersey, have invented and improved agricultural implements. The paper pail, rotary loom, furnace for smelting ore, screw crank for steamers, fire escape, self-fastening button, danger-signals, and many others, all originated in the brains of women, also many improvements in sewing machines and their attachments, and a machine for sewing leather. The deep-sea telescope was invented by Mrs. Mather, and perfected by her daughter. By its use wrecks can be inspected, and the bottoms of large vessels seen without bringing them to the dry-dock. A clever woman saw the need of a handy paper bag, and invented the satchel-bottom bag. The street sweeper owes its origin to a woman, who was tired of being spattered with mud while the streets were being cleaned by the clumsy street sweeper then in use. Harriet Hosmer has succeeded in producing marble from limestone. This invention scientists consider one of the most important discoveries of the age. These are still very far from exhausting the list of woman's triumphs in this direction. Then in the home itself, what delicate and comforting dishes has she not devised and prepared in the kitchen! It was a famous French philosopher who said that whoever invented a new sauce was a public benefactor, and in this quarter alone woman is a benefactor a thousand times over.

MARCH ROSES—A FLORIDA HOME SCENE.

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Wealthy Japanese Homes.

In a letter from Tokyo, Maud Whitmore Madden, a missionary, gives this charming picture of a Japanese home of the better class: "There were several rooms, quite large and comfortable. There were vases of flowers, pictures of friends and Japanese scrolls for ornament. Glancing into an inner room, we saw a bedstead! A thing only well-to-do people can afford in Japan. Not like our great American ones, but more like the trundle-beds of our fathers. The south side of the house opened into a beautiful garden. Fresh chrysanthemum blossoms, gorgeous red and yellow dwarf-maple leaves, tall hibiscus, with pink flowers peeping from the dark, glossy leaves, all mingle harmoniously with the somber green of the dwarf pine, the paler green of the arbor vitae, and the waving plumes of pampas grass. Oh, it was beautiful, such a feast to eyes just from those poorer homes! The quiet, well-trained servant set a nice *hebachie* before each of us, hoping we would be warmed; after which she served us with oranges and tea. The hostess, a very nice lady, is much interested in Christianity. Her husband, though indifferent, does not oppose her. And her two handsome little boys so love the missionary's house that they can scarcely wait for their baby sister to grow large enough to take with them. They have learned nearly every hymn in the hymn-book. Their mother says they often spend a whole morning with it, beginning with the first hymn they sing the whole book through.

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Mutual Dependence.

Husband and wife in the well-regulated home, are mutually dependent upon each other. That man is best prepared for home life who is trained to be dependent on his wife for wifely counsel, cheer, and services; and that woman is best prepared who is trained to be dependent on her husband for support and protection. It may be very well for the boy to learn how to sow on a button or cook a steak in case of need; but this is not his work; he is appointed to be the bread-winner of the family. It is important that the girl should have practical knowledge of affairs in general, and also some specific qualifications which she can put to useful service in bread-winning, in case of need. But, under ordinary circumstances, to be the bread-winner of the family is not her appointed task, and if she sacrifices training for the other, and, in most cases, really higher service, that she may acquire a money-making profession, she has made one of those unfair exchanges which is very apt to turn out a robbery.

Evening Hymn.

HITHER, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here;
Watch round, and shield us through the night,
That every shade may disappear.

How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky!

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round,
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground!

Oh, ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love may night begin,—
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.

—J. T. FIELDS.

***

Possibilities of Country Life.

THERE are some who cannot be happy in the country, and it is unquestionable that the life of cities, with its whirl and swirl of human interests, attracts the young of both sexes to an alarming extent. Agriculture no longer appeals to men, and farmhouses no longer satisfy the ambition of women. The trouble is in the men and women, not in the farms. They don't know how to manage without being, as they style themselves, "slaves," and so they rush away from the dilapidated buildings and worn-out soil—the heated kitchens, with foul drains and swarming flies—to try slavery under city skies; to earn a few dollars per week, and spend them for for food and a place to lay their heads. But I saw last summer, in a New Hampshire town, writes a lady, a beautifully-kept farm, where the farmer's wife often rides the horse-mower and hay-rake, and takes part in other out-door work, because she enjoys it, and really prefers it to all indoor work. Her husband is well-to-do, and she is a liberally educated young woman, who is not afraid to do what she thinks healthful because other women in her vicinity never do such things. She can easily procure magazines and keep up with the world's thought, and do it with far less strain than those who dwell amid "the madding crowd." So you will see that if you are a farmer's wife, and want to do your best for your daughters, I advise doing it on the dear old farm. The first thing to do is to procure good reading-matter on hygienic subjects, and put your newly acquired knowledge into speedy practice, for health for your family, and especially your daughters, is heaven's own law for mothers and housewives in city or country. Good health and a contented spirit, which every mother owes her child as a birthright, are a fortune to any girl. She will ennoble the man she marries and their home will be a scene of happiness.

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Love Brightens Home.

Love will brighten even the poorest home and make it as pleasant as a palace. There is a story of a home so full of domestic love, where the graces of meekness, patience, contentment, and cheerfulness were in such lively exercise that the little ones, although crowded in an attic, never dreamed that they were poor. There are too many Christian homes where the burdens of poverty and sickness are increased a hundred-fold by the spirit of discontent. It is possible for even the lowliest home to be so full of love and joy that the children, breathing this atmosphere, will not suppose it possible for any home to be more beautiful than theirs.

***

An Ancient Marriage Proposal.

The passing of the centuries seems to have made little difference in certain social customs. Proposals of marriage, among the ancient Egyptians, were apparently made in the same formal fashion as has prevailed in later generations. A tablet made of Nile mud, recently found in the British Museum, contains in cuneiform characters the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the King of Babylon. It was written about 3,500 years ago. Phrased in the dignified and courtly language peculiar to the country and the age, it might have furnished the model for a missive of the same sort from one potentate to another even in the present day, if we except the references it contains to the gods of ancient Egypt.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Good Reading.

At every revolution of the Christian printing-press to-day, there are good books coming forth—books to make us better for this world, books to make us better for the world to come. There is not a day I do not thank God for the Christian printing-press; but the best religious literature written by the hand of man cannot be a substitute for that one book written by the hand of God. You go to the drug-store to get the mineral-waters. You find them healthful and refreshiug; but if you want to get the most health and the most refreshment from the mineral waters, you go to the fountain at Sharon or Saratoga—the fountain where the water bubbles right up out of the rock. And in all these currents of religious literature there is much to help and refresh the soul; but you had better go every day of your life to the eternal rock of God's Word, and drink right out of the scoop of the rock that water of which if a man drink he shall never again thirst. Yet, how little Bible-reading among some Christians! You compare the number of hours you spend in secular literature, or merely religious literature, with the number of hours you spend in Bible perusal, and are you satisfied with the comparison? Not one of us is satisfied. Oh! cling to your Bible. Be ready to take part in this great battle against infidelity. There are so many now warring against Christianity, and warring with as little sense as did Thomas Paine, who declared that at the very time he was writing his infidel books he had not a Bible in the house, and had not seen a Bible for years. Young men—especially I say it to young men, for I know what you have to go through with in the way of caricature and scoffing in regard to Christianity—do not be ashamed to say you believe the Bible from the first verse of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelation. I do. Do you? God help you to believe a whole Bible. If one part goes, it will all go. Oh! the meanness of a man who would try to take our Bible from us. There is a ship in trouble on the sea. The captain and the crew are all that are left. You are an old sailor, and come up and say to the captain, "Excuse me. I can give you some advice that I think will be helpful." The advice is given, the advice is taken, and the ship in a few hours is out of all trouble. You did well. Thank you, in the name of humanity. You did well in giving the counsel and helping the ship and the crew. But suppose at the very time the storm was the worst, and the excitement was the greatest, and the anxiety of the captain and the crew was beyond all bounds—suppose you should go and pick up the compass and pitch it over the taffrail? Magnificent thing that would be for you to do, would it not? Why, that seems so dastardly mean there is nothing meaner. Now I say, if you have any better compass, give it to us.

I have for twenty-five years been willing to give up my Bible as soon as you can give me a better one—something that is of more solace to my soul, something that can throw more light upon the gate of the future. I am ready to surrender it now, if you can give me a better one. Propose to throw the compass overboard, do you? I have more love for the fangs of a rattlesnake than I have for a man who would sting to death the last hope of our race, substituting nothing, proposing nothing. But I can think of something meaner than that. There is an aged man on the mountain, and the night has overtaken him. He has a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, and he is feeling his way along. You are in a mountain cabin, and you see him coming along. You go out to help him. You say, "I will take that staff away, and that lantern, and I will give you something better. Here is my arm, father. You seem to be lost, and far away from home. I will take care of you. Lean on my arm. I will see you through." You do well. Thank you. You do grandly. Thank you. But suppose you come out of your cabin and say to the man with the staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, "Here, let me have that staff," and you snap it on your knee, and you throw it down the rocks; and then you say, "Let me have that lantern," and you blow the light out and leave him on the mountain to perish! That is magnificent, is it not? That is what infidelity proposes to do. It says, "Give me that staff, old man; give me that light. I will break the one and I will blow out the other."

Rising from the Sea.

RECENT marine disasters set us to thinking what a surrender the ocean will make on the Last Day. How many brave sea captains, and ministers of religion, and men and women who adorned the world and the Church, will arise from the billow! Some struck the iceberg and went down. Some burned, like the Austria. Some were twisted in the cyclone. Some swamped by three successive surges which can founder the mightiest craft. In my boyhood the question was often asked, "What do you suppose became of George C. Cookman?" He was the father of this generation of brilliant and consecrated clergymen of that name. Visiting the United States on business for an English firm, he here entered the Methodist ministry, took front rank among orators, was Chaplain of the American Congress, went from appointment to appointment, a flaming evangel, and was immortalized by one speech at the anniversary of a Bible society at New Brunswick, N. J. Then, wishing to visit his friends on the other side the sea, on March 11, 1841, he took the steamship President, which was never heard of afterward. For years the Church and the world waited, and expected, and wondered concerning him, and finally postponed the secret of his taking-off until the restitution of all things. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are the Westminster Abbey of dead shipping, and the roll-call of the Last Day will find response in almost every submarine cavern from Sandy Hook lighthouse to the Sierras. Whether the dust of the sea gets the cast-off shell of our humanity, God will remember, and the two parts, the perishable and the imperishable, will be adjoined, not as here, for a few decades, but in that glorious congress called the resurrection of the body, with splendor like the morning and velocity like the light. Come together they must. Come together they will. Whether going down with the splintered decks of a foundering steamship, or from a calm pillow, bent over by a tearful household, it shall be found that death is a good thing to those who believe right and act right. We are in this world, the most prospered of us, kept on the limits. Ever and anon we run against the impassable, but when we get off this planet we will have the universe for our range. Heaven will be the headquarters from which we shall go forth, a million miles with one sweep of the wing. Around what centres! Sweeping what peripheries! Exploring what infinitude! Death the best thing! The breaking of shackles, the opening of doors, the multiplication of opportunities, the widening of prospects, transportation across immensities, the making of cherubic, seraphic, archangelic acquaintanceships. Congratulations for those who go! Sympathies for those who stay! We need reconstruction of all our ideas about transmission from world to world, about being handed up and on, about imparadisation and enthronement. How we hang onto this world, as if there was nothing after this attractive!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Lemuel H. Ashton, Germantown, Pa. 1. Yes. Dr. Talmage had two sons. Thomas De Witt died in 1881. The other son, Frank Talmage, is now a clergyman in Pittsburg. 2. You are right; he was not so christened, but adopted the middle name later in life. 3. Dr. Talmage edits THE CHRISTIAN HERALD alone and no other paper. 4. We do not know the paper you mention.

L. B., Toronto, Ont. Where are the following words first found in the Bible: Hour, day, week, month, year?

See Dan. 3:6; Gen. 1:5; Gen. 29:27; Gen. 7:11; Gen. 1:14.

Subscriber, Montgomery, Ala. How many pounds of white paper are used in an average edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

There were five weekly issues or editions in January of this year, and the quantity of paper consumed was 180,000 pounds. This is an average of 36,000 pounds, or eighteen tons of white paper for each edition, although the average for the year is somewhat larger.

Subscriber, Hepburn, Pa. Is it wrong for an unconverted person to join in singing songs of praise to God?

No; one may still be in sin and yet have cause for thankfulness; but such a one cannot sing from the heart, like a Christian whose spiritual awakening has made him conscious of the wonderful goodness of God in all his dealings with his children. In this sense, the unbeliever cannot have the same cause for thankfulness that the believer has.

Robert M., Zanesville. Who is Jameson, and how did he come to be the leader of the movement against the Boers?

He is a Scottish physician, who once nursed Hon. Cecil Rhodes through a dangerous fever, and thus made a warm friend. He also cured King Lobengula of an illness, and this resulted in his appointment as Administrator of Mashonaland. He successfully conducted the war against the Matabeles in Mashonaland. It is even said that at one time he saved the life of President Kruger.

Mrs. Pauline Schrader, Columbus, O. Do you consider it wise for a widow to invest her surplus money in any of the land schemes that are advertised so prominently?

We would advise the greatest caution. Many land-booming schemes have no substantial foundation. It is a good plan to invest in nothing of whose reliability you cannot satisfactorily assure yourself in advance. With respect to all such matters, while THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exercises the greatest care, in order to protect its readers, there is still a possibility of one being deceived.

Alfred Ironfield, Wilmington, Del. Who were the Anglo-Saxons?

The early Teutonic conquerors of Britain were tribes from the border-lands of Germany and Scandinavia, more conspicuously the tribes known in history as the Angles, the Saxons and the Jutes. The Jutes formed the first permanent Teutonic settlement in Britain; the Angles and Saxons settled later. Each gave a name to its settlement and at last the whole body of settlers gave themselves the common name of English, while by their enemies, the Celts—whose land they had invaded—they were called Saxons. Hence the conjoint term, Anglo-Saxon.

L. C. Weber, Iowa. 2. March. When, how, and why was the Church's marriage ritual instituted?

The earliest records show that Christian marriage existed in Apostolic times (see Eph. 5: 22-33; I. Cor. 7 chap.). In the early Christian Church (according to Tertullian), as a special ecclesiastical form or rite had been arranged for marriages. This is the earliest clue we have to the matrimonial rite. The Gangran Synod (A. D. 370), in one of its canons, expressly denounced those who opposed or condemned marriage. In the fourth century, the civil law restricted itself to the repudiation of the material interests, leaving the Church to d with the spiritual conditions of matrimor Gradually, by almost imperceptible degre the rite assumed its present form. It has pr tically undergone no change since the Ref mation.

W. H. B., Fredericktown, Mo. Is the King Jam Version of the Bible used by all denominati of English-speaking Christians?

The Roman Catholics use the Douai versi which differs from the King James in some i portant respects. We think all others use t latter, though in an increasing number churches the Revised Version is used regula or occasionally. There is no doubt of its su riority to the King James version, but the phraseology is endeared to us by associati and long use so that we are reluctant to gi it up. Probably the next generation or the following will use it altogether. The Ki James Version was a long time winning way into general use, though, as in the c of the Revised Version, its superiority over t one in use, was admitted.

Mrs. E. P., Vermont. 1. A woman has a stingy h band who never gives her a cent unless she b for it, and then she must tell what she is to with it. Is it stealing for her to take mo from his wallet without his knowledge? works as hard as he does to get it, being a fa er's wife. 2. Have we anything to do with old Mosaic laws, or were they done away w by Christ when he came?

1. Such a condition implies great hardsh and a wife is certainly entitled to have her l ors considered as giving her a voice in domes finances. There should be a possibility, ho ever, of adjusting matters without resorti to such measures as you suggest. Try t power of earnest Christian prayer and lovi persuasion. 2. Believers are not now livi under the Mosaic dispensation, but un grace. Jesus himself (even while asserti that he came not to destroy but to fulfil t law of Moses), repeatedly emphasized this, referring to the ancient system and immedia ly thereafter adding "but I say unto yo etc., implying that the Mosaic law, being f filled in himself, was now superseded. (S Mark 10: 2-9; John 1: 17; Romans 7: 6, 7, a other similar passages.)

J. M. S., Lougren, Pa. What condition is that scribed in Heb. 6: 6 as "falling away?"

This passage, like the one about the unpa donable sin, has caused much discussion a apprehension. The description in the previc verses of the persons to whom it refers, a pears to indicate a condition of enlightenme and of personal experience such as some tain who do not become true Christians, l return to the world. The writer appears be speaking of a fact rather than enunciati a doctrine. Every Christian minister a worker knows how difficult it is to win backslider, especially one who has become scoffer. The truth seems to have no eff upon them. Any person who fears havi fallen into that condition can disprove t theory by going to Christ and asking forgiv ness. Christ will receive him. The fact of being distressed about it, indicates that he h not fallen beyond hope. The man who h need to fear, is he who does not trouble ab his state.

Chas. Kirkpatrick, Iowa. The duty is twer five per cent. of publishers' prices. —— Inqui They are degrees conferred after successful ex ination in mathematics, philosophy, logic, l guages, and other studies of the higher grades.- Mary H. Johnson, San Marcial, Old Mexico. are already overburdened with similar requ which we are unable to take up at present.——J. Lennon, Waverly, N. Y. About two hundred in ——Etta J. Budd, Albion. Your idea is excell Why not carry it out in your own section.——J. Barbour, Gallipolis, O. 1. He should ignore th but if they become unbearable he can easily r their company. 2. It is not necessary ——L. Carthage, Tex. 1. Write to *Harper's Weekly* c cerning the list you want. 2. Yes, you can obtai CHRISTIAN HERALD Library by forwarding $2.- Geo. M. Cole, Monango, N. D. Why not lay matter before your local representative in the N kota Legislature?——Pearl Allen, Affordsville, I 1. Write to Revell Co., publishers, New Y 2. Presbyterian, we believe. —— Earnest Rea Greenwood, Mo. 1. Yes, but not usury. 2. It substantially apply. 3. It is an evil and a destruc ——A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Yes. 2. At the Cou discretion. 3. Yes, but not if persisted in and un pented of.——W. R., Millboro, N. C. 1. Write to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., for formation. 2. We cannot advise.——S. M. J., Be port, N. Y. She is a daughter of Charles Kingsl the novelist, and she has twice visited Africa on exploring tours.——H. V. Farmer, Beaver, Pa. T plan has been considered and is regarded as i practicable.——Dean, Fargo College, Fargo, N Many thanks. The error had already been detec ——F. B. B., Bessemer, Ala. Such a rate of pr seems usurious, but under the circumstances as explain them, there would seem some justifica for extra charges.——Charles Pascoby, Newp N. J. We are glad to know that you have a g home and that you like the pictures in THE CH TIAN HERALD. Try to study hard and you will learn.——Sullta T——, Cooke, Mont. He is now his homeward journey.—— Subscriber, East Mer Conn. You are quite right.——Mrs. Stephen S Greenville, Pa. Write to the *Jewellers' Weekly*, N City.——A. K. S., Siler City, N. C. 1. Hebre 2. There was at one time, but is there no longer G. M., Woodshull, N. Y. Write to International Bible Co., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.——Alice I. Eat Send $2 and you will receive the Teachers' Bible charges prepaid.——S. W. P., Freeport, L. I. It an intricate question of Presbyterian law. The person we know of whose decision could be rega ed as authoritative is Rev. W. H. Roberts, the Sta Clerk of the General Assembly, whose address 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.——Subscri Rochester, N. Y. Send 75 cents for THE CHRIST HERALD binder.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Grave in the Transvaal.

MANY a family takes a sorrowful interest in the trench piled with great stones, of which a picture appears on this page. In that trench on the field of Krugersdorp are buried the bodies of the e hundred and thirty men who were led in the raid which Dr. Jameson made the Transvaal. In a previous issue of is journal the story of the raid and its glorious termination was fully told. nce that time, Dr. Jameson and his fel-w-prisoners have been turned over to the nglish authorities by President Kruger, d have been sent to England to take eir trial for making war on a friendly ate. Their reception showed that pub- sympathy is with them, but the overnment evidently intends to ld them to a strict account for eir conduct. Among the prison-'s was an American Captain who, his arrival in England, was of-ed his liberty. He refused, how-er, to accept it, and declared his solve to remain with Dr. Jame-n and share his fate whatever it ght be. Another American citi-n, who has resided a long time in hannesburg, and was intimately quainted with the leaders of the id, but left the country before r. Jameson started, has arrived New York. He explains the cir-mstances which led to the expe-tion. He declares emphatically at there was no intention on the rt of the leaders of annexing the untry, but of giving armed pro-ction to the Uitlanders and their ives and children whose lives ere believed to be in peril, and of taining from the Boer Govern-ent a consideration of the griev-ces which have so long irritated e foreign population. It would pear from the press accounts of e raid, that after invoking Dr. meson's aid, the foreign residents ade terms with the Boers and edged themselves to be loyal to e Government. When, there-re, Jameson's party entered the ransvaal they received no co-op-ation from the men on whose be-alf they had come. They com-ain bitterly that they were trayed, but if their motives were disinterested as is claimed, they ill rejoice in the recent news that eir countrymen in the Transvaal e likely to benefit after all by the id. It called world-wide atten-, pon to their grievances, some of which the oers have promised to redress. There ems to be a mysterious law in the world at public benefits shall be won through e suffering of some who do not partici-ate in them. The highest exampre of all that of Him who was killed by the race e came to save and of Him it is promised:

He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied. (Isa. 53 : 11.)

New Discoveries with X Rays.

European press dispatches report new pplications of Prof. Roetgen's wonderful iscovery. Prof. Salvioni has devised a reen and lens with which he can actual- see by the light of the X rays through everal opaque substances. Simultaneous- another investigator has arrived at the me result, with a tube, the interior of hich is coated with a material which as-umes under the rays, the peculiar color nown as fluorescence. The bones of the and and wrist could be distinctly seen hrough the flesh, a coin placed between he leaves of a book was plainly visible, nd a piece of metal could be seen through pine board, two inches thick. This is a tep in advance of Prof. Roentgen's dis-overy, as he was unable to see the ob-ects themselves, though the camera re-ealed them. Evidently the discovery of the new light will be of the greatest service to science and will lead to other discoveries as yet unimagined. It will be well if it also leads those scientists who have been very dogmatic in pronouncing impossible certain things that Christians believe, to be less self-confident. In the light of this discovery they certainly cannot refuse to believe it possible that the wise king was justified in declaring that:

The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good. (Prov. 15: 3.)

An Aeronaut's Peril.

The crew of a vessel engaged in the sponge industry off the Florida coast rescued a man a few days ago from a terrible death. He is an amateur aeronaut, who says he will never make another ascent. He can never forget the horrible feeling of helplessness that came upon him as the balloon fell from the air to the sea. It is the thought of such helplessness in going into a condition in which it is impossible to direct our course, or to save ourselves that makes the prospect of death so terrible. Happy are they, who as they contemplate the passage into the unknown region beyond the grave rely on the promise:

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. (Isa. 43: 2.)

A Disastrous Day.

Three marine disasters in one day in the port of New York will make February 29, the odd day of this leap-year, memorable in shipping circles. There was a dense fog on the lower bay from early morning until after sunset. It was so thick that the pilot of the steamer "New York" of the American Line, coming in from England, lost sight of the buoys which mark the channel, and the vessel ran ashore on West Bank between Sandy Hook and the Narrows. Her passengers were taken off in tugs, and no damage was sustained by the vessel which was whose captain took measures to avoid disaster. A similar coincidence has been observed in battle; it is notorious that a timid man is more likely to fall than a reckless one. God's children have had a similar experience, though there is no coincidence in their case, because we know how they are preserved. It is a proof of the courage that faith gives, when a man is able to say:

The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me. (Heb. 13: 6.)

GRAVE AT KRUGERSDORP, IN TRANSVAAL, WHERE DR. JAMESON'S MEN ARE BURIED.

had a good balloon and who has often made short trips in his air-ship. One morning lately, the sky being clear and the wind favorable, he entered the skiff and cast off. When he rose to a height of about a thousand feet, the direction of the wind changed. The balloon was carried over the gulf, in a westerly direction. The man was alarmed, but was powerless to do anything. Night fell and the balloon continued its course, but about midnight it began to descend and soon struck the water. The gas, however, was not entirely exhausted and the balloon retained sufficient buoyancy to ride the waves. Then began a terrible journey. The man clung to the ropes as the only chance of life and he was dragged through the waves by a series of jerks that caused him excruciating pain. Fearing that he might faint, he lashed himself to the skiff and soon afterward lost consciousness. He knew no more until he opened his eyes thirty hours later on board the schooner. The crew had seen the balloon plunging over the billows and thought it worth an effort to capture it. They were astonished to find a man in the skiff. They were only just in time to save his life for two sharks were following the skiff eager to make a meal of him. The aeronaut floated twenty-four hours later. An hour or so after the disaster to the "New York" the "George W. Clyde," bound for Wilmington, was proceeding down the bay, when she was struck by the incoming "Guyandotte" of the Old Dominion line. A great hole was made in her side and she was hurriedly run aground to save her from sinking. The third and worst disaster was that to the "Ailsa" of the Atlas line, bound for West Indian ports. When the vessel had proceeded as far as Fort Wadsworth, the captain cast anchor, to wait for the fog to lift. The fifteen passengers on board went down to lunch. They were suddenly startled by a great crash and the noise of inrushing water. The "Bourgogne," outward bound, had run into the anchored steamer. With all speed the anchors were drawn up and she was headed for shallow water. But the damage was too serious to admit of her reaching it. The water put out the engine fires and the steamer sank within eight minutes of the collision. Happily, a number of tugs were at hand, which took off the passengers and crew, who had taken refuge in the rigging as the steamer sank. No lives were lost in any of the three disasters. It is a curious coincidence that the worst sufferer was the vessel

BRIEF NOTES.

In Response to the Continued Demand for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, we have had another edition prepared which will close our order for that premium. We have never submitted a premium proposition to our readers that has been so universally popular or one that gives greater satisfaction. Any of our readers, whose subscriptions expire at any time during this year and who wish to secure one of these Libraries, would do well to apply immediately for one of this the last edition. If three dollars are sent now, we will send this Library at once and extend the subscription for a year beyond the date at which it expires. This is the fifth edition of this valuable Library that has been called for, and is positively the last we can produce. The opportunity of securing this beautiful set of books is consequently limited, and if it is missed now will be missed finally.

Our Armenian Pamphlet, for the Information of those interested in raising contributions to the Relief Fund, is now ready and will be sent free to any address on application.

At Mr. E. P. Telford's Mission in South Shields, England, the large Methodist church was crowded with 1200 people, and many were turned away. Large numbers have decided for Christ.

A Young Woman of Santiago, Chili, the President of a Christian Endeavor Society, proved her fitness for the office by last year raising more than a thousand dollars for missionary and benevolent purposes.

Dr. A. T. Pierson is Now on an Evangelistic tour in England. He addressed more than a thousand people in the Drill Hall, Colchester, on February 13 and 14. Many Nonconformist ministers from the town and neighborhood were present.

We are Glad to Hear that Dr. Joseph Cook is making satisfactory progress toward recovery. His attack of nervous prostration was severe, but the prospects of complete restoration are now considered bright. Dr. Cook is now at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

The Place for Holding the Baptist Anniversary meetings has been changed from Portland, Ore. to Asbury Park, N. J. The burning of the Publication House and several other causes have rendered a change of programme advisable.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson has given $50,000 to establish a college in Utah. The Presbytery of Utah has accepted the gift, with the conditions annexed. The conditions are that the Institution shall be one "in which the Bible is to be a regular text book, and which is never to be alienated from the doctrine and work of the Presbyterian Church in the United States." Another condition is that the Presbytery shall furnish a site. Eighty acres have already been purchased.

Major Hilton and Rev. Grant C. Tullar have been holding services in Colorado recently. Both at Boulder and Colorado Springs the attendance was very large. During their stay at the latter town, the Evangelists held a service on the Mining Exchange where the brokers received them very cordially and gave them close attention. At Boulder from twenty to twenty-five prayer meetings were held each morning in different parts of the town and a regular gospel service in the First Baptist Church every afternoon and evening.

Rev. S. G. Neil has been Holding Revival meetings at Williamsport, Pa. Rev. E. A. Woods, Pastor of the First Baptist Church writes that the meetings were thronged every night and hundreds were turned away for lack of room. All the churches in the city have received an impetus from the work.

The Death of Rev. William Anderson is announced. He was eighty-four years of age and was believed to be the oldest African missionary. The deceased labored at Old Calabar for over forty years. He was superannuated, but he could not keep away from Africa. In September last he returned to Old Calabar. Soon after returning he preached to large congregations, but was lately stricken with fever and died.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins held meetings on Feb. 9, in the Methodist Tabernacle at Pasadena, Cal. They expected to be at Los Angeles at the close of February and have promised to hold meetings there. A very large congregation listened attentively to the singing and to Mr. Sankey's description of the circumstances that suggested several famous hymns.

Rev. Mr. Krikorian, who with his Wife and children was recently killed in Armenia, was supported by Dr. Faunce's church in New York, where he was ordained for missionary work in his native land. Dr. Faunce, in his sermon on Feb. 23, spoke sympathetically of his martyrdom and called for a volunteer to take his place as a missionary representative of the Fifth Ave. Baptist Church. One of the students in Dr. Dowkontt's Medical School promptly offered himself.

Mr. D. L. Moody Announces that there will be a Special Conference of Ministers and Christian Workers at the Bible Institute, Chicago, continuing from April 1 to April 30. Special lectures will be given by Superintendent Torrey, Dr. W. J. Erdman and Prof. W. W. White. A similar conference was held at the Institute last April with beneficial results. Board and room may be had by early applicants for five dollars a week at the Institute.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER X.

HOW should Janet spend her life? The question turned this way, and that seemed to assume new shapes from various aspects. How was it possible to leave it as my Captain had said, "All in his hands?" Janet would willingly have done so if she understood what it meant. But she did not think it meant to sit idly waiting for the Lord to take hold of her and set her to work. What did it mean?

She sat one night in her bed-room thinking over this question that had been in her mind all day. She had prayed about it, and when she rose from her knees, she sat down by her bed to think again. But she was tired and at last rose, despairing of getting fresh light, and undressed and lay down. Even in her sleep her mind recurred to the question, but her fancy in her dreams gave it a phase almost supernatural.

In her dream, she saw a Presence. She could not distinctly outline the face, but she saw something of greater importance, the expression there of compassion and forgiveness, of sympathy and blessing, and there were outstretched hands of welcome. If she had any doubt at first about this presence, it all passed away when she saw marks in the hands.

"That is my Saviour!" she said. And she could not or did not resist a strange, irresistible drawing toward him. And it did not seem as if it were Janet Morton going to him, so much as John Morton, not the soul, careful and decent, but the reckless and prodigal. And all she had to give was just herself, her deficiencies and her failures in the past, all that she was then in the present, and as for the future, could she commit that to his keeping and trust God to take care of it and her?

"All into his hands!" she murmured, and seemed to throw herself at his feet in the deep, grateful rest of faith. Suddenly, she awoke, but around her the light of that Presence seemed to linger, and in her heart was peace. Was it only a dream? The conviction that it might have the emptiness of a night-vision was horrible. But might it not be continued in another form? If that was indeed the attitude of her soul, a willingness to put all into his hands, could she not, in her waking moments, express this purpose as well as in her dreams. She fell upon her knees. In the hands wounded for her peace, she left everything. And her pride, her father's pride, that had been transmitted to her, that had been satisfied with self's attainments, what did she do with this? Where else is it safe except in God's hands?

"My sins, myself, my future, all into his hands!" she murmured. And the peace of the vision of the night came back into her soul to abide there forever.

It is a strange world that we visit when we lay ourselves down to sleep. It is peopled by the ghosts of our waking hours, and they may be friends or enemies. While Janet was being quieted and tranquilized by the visions of the night, the man who had defrauded her was being harassed and worried by his mind's excursion into the realm of dreams.

Lawyer Skeele and Lavina were established only in the Morton mansion. Skeele at the last had been reluctant to move into it, but could allege no good reason against doing so, now that the house belonged to Lavina, as far as the mutilation of the will could make it hers. Lavina challenged him to explain his reluctance, but he could not, or would not. So Lavina went forward with her plans. She summoned carpenters to hammer and painters to paint. Great was the change made in the front part of the house, the closed blinds thus opened, curtains were rolled up. The carpenters tore down wood-work and hammered it up again. The painters gaily colored, the upholsterer laid down carpets. That darkened hall was compelled to receive a bath of sunshine. The old clock confessing its sins in the corner, made room for a new and cheerful timepiece. "Come, pa!" said Lavina, "we will move in now."

He was more reluctant to go than ever, but he knew that if he refused Lavina would think it strange, and would inquire uncomfortably into his unwillingness. That sharp nose was like a gimlet-headed screw, and could bore down disagreeably into any subject she had a mind to search into. She was a terror in domestic matters generally. There was no escape for it, and up to the old house, as to a prison, went Judson Skeele.

"See, father, are not those walls much better? Painted pretty gray!" Lavina remarked with animation. He was silent.

"Look like gray granite walls of a prison," was his thought.

"And this entry, do you remember about it? A gloomy old hall. So nice and bright now. Now come up this way, father!"

Through this prison corridor, where everything was open and staring, he was led to a room on the second floor.

"There," said his jailer, throwing open a door, "this is your room."

"Cell!" he thought she said, and he groaned, "Horrors!"

"What, father?"

"Oh," he replied, recovering himself, "my rheumatism gave me a twinge."

"Well, you won't have it in this room. Nice, dry, bright room! Isn't it, pa?"

He shrugged his shoulders. The peculiar rheumatism he had would be worse in this room than anywhere else. It was here he sat down—and he located the very spot occupied by his chair in which one day he made out a certain will.

"Can't you give me another cell?" he was about to say, but did not say it. Lavina would wonder why he refused, and he might reveal more than it would be comfortable to recall. There was no other way. He must occupy this room which he, not Lavina, had really fitted up, although she cried with enthusiasm, "See, what pretty furniture I picked out!" His furnishing was that of memories.

But if in the daytime he shrank from occupying that room, his objection was far stronger when night came. Skeele was not a superstitious man, but he did not like the idea of sleeping in a place so haunted with the associations of his crime. He scorned the very name of ghosts, but he was nervous and uncomfortable. He went to bed, however, at his usual time and made an effort to go to sleep. He argued with himself that it was childish to fear. What was there to fear? A sensible man, such as he, might dread the appearance of an officer of the law in the day, but not a visitor from the other world at night. Yet he could not argue himself into a state of somnolence. He was wide awake and particularly alert. It seemed to him that he did not close his eyes for hours and he grew so weary of lying there listening to the subdued noises of the night, that at last he rose and lighted a candle. He looked at his watch and found that he had not been in bed more than an hour. What a long night it would be! He sighed heavily and turned on in his pillow. His fancy would revert to that scene in that very room when Madame's sharp eyes ran over the will. He gasped at last but only for a minute. "It would make quite a difference if that word 'Morton' did not stay there." Her very words and the very tone of her high-pitched voice! Was it his fancy or was it her voice? Skeele's face was wet with cold perspiration. He told himself that it was his dream, yet he could not convince himself. He could bear it no longer, putting on a long loose dressing-gown, he took up his candle, stole from the room and went down to the kitchen and sat before the warm stove among Paulina's cheerful rag-mats. These were to him the most agreeable objects in the house, and he and the lighted lamp kept them company until the dawn made a space of light over the dark firs without the window. Then he hurried upstairs, before Paulina's vigorous personality entered the kitchen.

While that front part of the house was filling up with various attractive objects, bought by Lavina with Mrs. Morton's money, there were two rear rooms that witnessed a process that was the reverse. It was one of emptying. The rooms were the kitchen and Paulina's chamber. Their floors had been beautified with rag-mats. Upon their walls, Paulina had tacked pictures from cheap prints, such as, "The Union Army," "Hurrah for the Flag!" or "The Clipper Seafoam." They were only a poor quality of engraving, but Paulina had bordered them with frames of paper, blue paper, yellow, too, and green, black, scarlet, orange. While she had flower-gardens and menageries on the floor, she had rain-bows and sunsets on the walls. Anyone watching the walls and floors would have soon seen that their occupants were thinning out. Pictures were coming down and rag-mats were coming up. What meant this emptying process going on in the rear, while in the front of the house, there was a filling up? Finally, from the rear rooms, color and comfort both seemed to have disappeared. Lavina noticed it. She saw the only remaining mat come up and then disappear, one day, when her father reached his home in great excitement. He found her also in excitement. Wearing a shabby dress, looking more like Cinderella in poverty than anything else, there she was, down on the cold, bare floor, before the kitchen stove, blowing with puffed cheeks the sullen fire and trying to fan it into a lively blaze.

"Lavina!" said the lawyer, "What do you suppose Sandy just told me — yes, me —"

He stopped in surprise.

"Daughter, how is this? Where — where's the girl?"

"You tell me about Sandy first and I'll tell you about Paulina."

"I met him out in the shed, and he stammered and said, "Squire, I guess I must be leaving. I'll give you a week's notice and try to get you somebody else? It took me all back. Made me mad, too. 'Looks like deserting of you,' said I. 'Supposing you leave now. I don't want any such men 'round.' He left."

"Glad you packed him off. Well, that hussy, Paulina, I'll tell you about it. I noticed she was a-taking down pictures and a-rolling up mats, and yet I did not say anything. I know the pictures and the old rags—did you ever see such a pudding of colors! Well, I was saying I knew the pictures and the old rags were hers, and I thought she might perhaps be just a-cleaning up and would put them back again. But this morning, she let it all out. She said she did not want to leave me without fair notice, and so would give me a week's time, and perhaps she could get somebody for me, and —"

"Did she say it? It was like what he was trying to get off. The fools! I dare say they had some secret understanding with one another. A regular conspiracy! That is the way it always is with such creatures! I hope you packed her off."

"Yes, I did. That's what I did, pack her off at once. I told her, 'You need not be so particular to stay a week, preying on us and getting all you can, but you go at once! There's the door!' Yes, I packed her."

Lavina's tune though changed, another instant when she began to puff at the fire and it would not burn.

"Dear me! I wish I had her here long enough to give me a good blow at the fire. The bellows is all out of repair. There, father, I guess I shall have now to ask you to run out and get me some wood."

At the chopping block, Lawyer Skeele, groaning and perspiring away, did wish Sandy was back long enough at least to relieve him of this tiresome duty. But Sandy and Paulina were both off, and never would return. Sandy had the start of Paulina. Slowly moving away a small bundle of earthly goods in his hand, his big frame making no ordinary shadow on the ground, he happened to turn, and there was the handsomest woman in the world, as he thought, just coming out of the back gate. Under each arm was an immense roll, and beside these, she was trying to carry along a bundle of small treasures,—a variety package.

"If that ain't a livin', burnin' shame! To see a woman tuggin' that 'ere way!" exclaimed Sandy, promptly turning back.

Paulina saw her Hercules coming and her eyes kindled with joy.

"I'm a brute if I see you tuggin' at them things, P'leen."

"Oh, no, Sandy," said Paulina, faintly remonstrating. "You got your share."

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Sandy, lifting his big beard as he let out a kind of organ-blast.

"If you don't lemme," threatened Sandy to the bearer of these huge rolls, "then —I'll take the hull of you, traps and all."

That brought to terms the giggling, blushing Paulina.

"Well, let's swap then, Sandy."

"All right!"

She took his bundle, while he threw his long arms about her load.

"Well, P'leen, I take it you got your walkin'-ticket."

"Yes, sudden, I tell ye!"

"Way I did mine."

"Aint I glad I got my mats! I carried off my pictures in the dark."

"Where do you want me to ship these?"

"Down at father's. They won't expect me so soon, but that's where I'm agoin'."

Sandy made no reply. He was sadly wondering where he would go. When his mother was alive, he would "make harbor" there, but she died about the time that Madame Morton so suddenly left her house and her body. Since that time, Lawyer Skeele had found employment for Sandy about the Morton mansion, and he had found an abiding-place at night under the roof of that old home. It had been pleasant to be so near Paulina, and now going out into the world, it was pleasant to think that Paulina was going with him. But how soon their paths must separate?

"You know where you're goin' to stop?"

"No," said Sandy, gloomily. "I spect I can crawl into a fish-house."

"Oh, no," said Paulina, warmly. "I wouldn't do that."

"But I havn't any home."

"Oh, oh, that's bad!" said Paulina, pityingly. To think that Hercules should not have a home, Hercules the strongest, the bravest, the pluckiest among the fishermen. "Oh, dear!" she moaned.

"You sick?" he asked, looking over his immense rolls.

"No, no, Sandy." I—I—thought it was too bad you didn't have nary a home."

That touched Sandy. They now neared a pretty lane of green where in summer the shadows were deep and cool, where the birds made love to one another passionately. Autumn though was making the lane a glorious bower of color, and in among its rainbows and diamonds and marriage-rings hung all over the trees, walked Sandy and Paulina. This was a part of the way home.

"P'leen," said Sandy, admiringly, "I think you are the purtiest woman —"

Oh, how Paulina's heart did beat and the autumn-crimson stole out of the trees and into her cheeks.

"And if you'd have me—" continued Sandy.

Here Paulina began to cry.

"I won't stand that from nary woman," said Sandy, throwing down his big rolls of housekeeping goods and catching up the housekeeper instead.

Well, within a week the two were married by Parson Tapley.

Skipper Dan had often wanted Sandy for a son-in-law, and Jed's love for Sandy was like that of Jonathan and David in the Holy Book. How Skipper Dan could turn his aspirations into realities was too much for the man with a glass eye and a wooden leg. Sandy and Paulina had themselves solved the perplexing problem. The Skipper had a favorite room which he called the "cabin" and which he occupied. It was the only room suitable for his big son-in-law now that he was married, and Skipper Dan gladly relinquished it to the incoming couple. Skipper Dan's humble abode by the side of the Morton mansion would have been like a fishing-smack along side of a man of war, but the little craft held far more happiness. Only two, Lavina and her father, apparently occupied the mansion, but to Lawyer Skeele's aroused conscience the rooms were thickly peopled with accusing forms in which his guilty memories took shape.

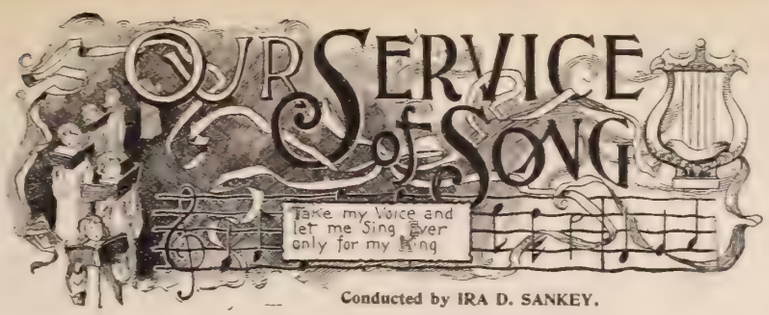
To be Continued.

Diligent in Business.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning March 22. Prov. 6 : 6-11 ; Joshua 22 : 5.

AN impression is prevalent in some circles of society that a religious man is crippled and hampered in business by his religious principles. It is thought that a young man who "gets religion" is less likely to succeed in business than he would have been without religion. How much truth is there in this notion? There are, it is true, certain practices that are common in business, which cannot be adopted by the man who determines to conduct business on Christian principles. He must not lie; he must not misrepresent the quality of his goods; he must not issue misleading advertisements; he must not "grind the face of the poor" by refusing to pay a fair price for the work that is done for him; he must not injure a competitor by slandering him; he must not take advantage of the ignorance of his customer, and there are other things of a like character that he must not do. But supposing that he might do any or all of these things, would they tend to make him a successful business-man? That they would give him a temporary advantage must be admitted. If he cheats a customer, he will probably make a large profit on the one transaction, but if the customer has ordinary common-sense, that is the only transaction he has with the man who has cheated him. The large profit is balanced by the loss of a regular customer. A lie may serve its purpose for the time, but it is at the cost of a loss of influence and of opportunity for making future gains. The far-seeing sagacious business man would, apart from religion, avoid the practices condemned by religion.

That is the negative side of the subject. On the positive side the advantages are on the side of religion. An employe, who is a consistent Christian, is valuable to his employer on account of his principles. He is strictly honest. He is conscientious; does not waste his employer's time, nor neglect his interests. He is faithful and reliable and he is required to be so by his religious principles. An merchant or manufacturer who is honorable and fair in his dealings. His goods are equal to the sample and the public has confidence in his integrity. Character wins reputation and commands respect. These things settled, all legitimate business methods are open to the religious business man. He is not debarred, or held back, from pushing his business with energy and persistent industry. Diligence is enjoined upon him. "If I were only a bootblack," said a Christian merchant, "I should consider it my duty, for the honor of my Lord, to be the best bootblack in the city." The Christian's place in the world is "the city on the hill;" his duty is to shine as a light in the world. There ought, therefore, to be no just ground for reproach against him, no matter what his calling in life may be. He is under bonds to do his whole duty, because more is expected of him than of other men. Any remissness on his part will bring disgrace on his Lord and on the Christian cause, so that he has an additional motive, which worldly men have not, for diligence, energy and activity. A high conscientious conception of duty keeps him on the alert and sanctifies the humblest occupation. He does his work as to the Lord and takes care that it is done to the very best of his ability.

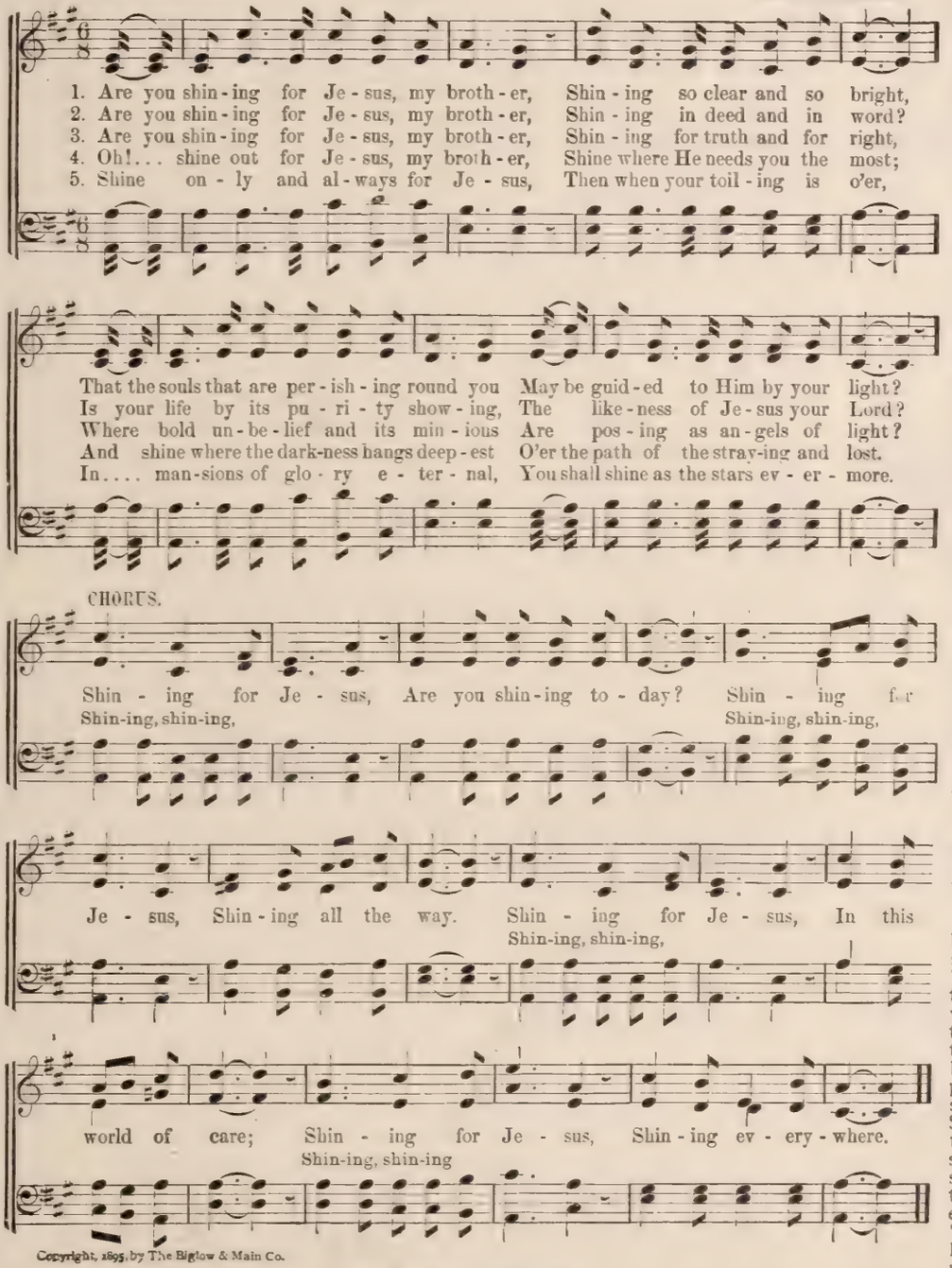


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

SHINING FOR JESUS.

"THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE."—*Dan. 12 : 3.*

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers

The Master's Touch.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
He touched her hand, as He only can,
With the wondrous skill of the great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of Man.
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,
And the lips that had been so parched and burning
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.
And the eyes where the fever light had faded,
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
And she rose and ministered to her household,
She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
Oh, blessed touch of the Man divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve Him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down,
Till the Cross at last is in meekness lifted
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.
Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still;
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure,
There is only a rest as we choose His will.
Ah, Lord! Thou knowest us altogether,
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;
Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,
And so shall we minister unto Thee!

The Midnight Cry.

The Clues Prophecy Gives us as to the Nature and Characteristics of the Warning.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

Continued from page 101.

THE rapture of the wise virgins is not the only unique feature in the escape from the horrors incident to the reign of Antichrist. For the same change which will occur in the bodies of the dead saints — the supercession of a spiritual body for the present "body of humiliation," will apparently mark those saved ones who will become the bride of Christ without dying. Hence it is written "Flesh and blood cannot inherit incorruption. We shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed." We are therefore warranted to believe that at the very moment of their translation the wise virgins will receive their spiritual bodies, and so be fitted to become the bride of the Lamb. They will not have to quit their mortal bodies. A change will be worked on their bodies such as was worked on Christ's body in the tomb. He rose in the same body he had worn during life, as was proved by the wounds but it had new powers of locomotion, and of appearing and disappearing. The natural body had become a spiritual body, and this change will be worked on those who are alive when Christ comes. "We know," John wrote, "when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

The next question is a momentous one: What will constitute the midnight cry? How may we recognize it?

The preaching of the resurrected Elijah (Mal. 4 : 5-6) to the Jewish remnant may possibly be one element in the midnight cry, for he will proclaim that the "Coming of the great and terrible day of Jehovah" is imminent. Unlike his former mission to his kinsmen, this warning will be successful—for it is predicted that he will "turn the heart of the father with the children, and the heart of the children with the father."

It is also possible that the "Sign of the Son of Man" may be a partial but most potent synonym for the midnight cry. That this sign will be something different to Christ's Advent is implied by the prediction of our Lord; for we read that not only as antecedent to, but as a portent of his near approach (Matt. 25 : 30), "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then all the tribes of the land shall mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." This "sign of the Son of Man in heaven" may be some remarkable meteor such as was seen by the Magi, and which led them from their distant home to the birthplace of the Messiah. But whether this, the Star of Bethlehem, be the harbinger of Christ's coming or not, yet among the other tokens of his approaching advent, (Christ said (Luke 21 : 11) that "Great signs shall be from heaven"—thereby implying that the stellar world shall certainly forecast the predicted coming glory.

But I am disposed to infer that the midnight cry will not only be supernatural, but that some member of the angelic host will be the agent employed to deliver the warning message. The Apocalypse, which tells in such detail of the physical judgments often intimates this.

To be Concluded.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

The Intercession of the Converts' Prayer Meeting and of "The Christian Herald" Readers Sought by Many Needy Ones.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission on March 1, prayer was offered in accordance with the requests of a very large number of persons who wrote to us for that purpose. These requests (which appear below), come from all parts of the Union and embrace many descriptions of spiritual and material need. The reading of the letters always constitutes a most interesting part of the Sunday afternoon service and the warm sympathies of the meeting go out to the writers, whose needs are laid before the Throne in simple, earnest petition.

This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us. (1 John 5 : 14.)

The requests are as follows:

For the Conversion of Fathers, Husbands, and Sons. G. A. B., Humboldt, Kans. That the father of a family might be awakened to his state before God and that he and his children might be led to Christ.

N. B., for the salvation of husband and son.

C. W. F., Bangor, Wis. For the conversion of a son.

Mrs. V., Cromer Valley, N. Y. For the conversion of a son.

B. C., Lonoke, Ark., that his father might decide for Christ.

F. A. H., Conneant, O. For the conversion of husband and son.

"Subscriber," Milford, Ill. That four unconverted sons might be saved.

W. V. P., Waldo, Fla., that her husband might give his heart to God.

S. W., Cedar Bayou, Tex. That husband and children might be saved.

S. H. G., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., that a dear brother might be led to Christ.

"Reader," Bolton, Miss., for the conversion of a father now in bad health.

"Wife and Mother, Milton, N. Y., for the conversion of husband and son.

L. M. J., Biresford, Fla. For the conversion of two young sons, not yet saved.

"Anxious Mother," Utley, Ark, that God would save two unconverted sons.

M. A. McF., Clio, Mich. For the salvation of a son who is young and exposed to temptation.

D. S. F., Valley City, Ind. For the salvation of a wayward son, the slave of liquor and tobacco.

M. V.——, Mass, that her dear husband might give himself to Christ, wholly for time and eternity.

"Believer," Brooklyn, N. Y. For the conversion of an only son, who has taken to scoffing at religion.

M. A. W., Wauneta, Neb., that three sons and a son-in-law now under conviction might find peace in believing.

C. Canandaigua, N. Y. For the conversion of an only son; also for a daughter for whom many prayers have been offered.

J. S. E. That a friend who is sceptical might be convinced of the truth, and that he and his two sons might become Christians.

"Mother," West Virginia, for the conversion of a dear son now away at school and that his present trouble may be sanctified to him.

"Widow," Scranton, Pa. That her two sons who are fast going to ruin, might be stopped before it is too late and be made sons of God.

"Anxious Mother," Warren Co., Pa., for the conversion of her family, especially of an adopted son, who might be useful in Christ's service.

"Anxious Wife and Mother," for the restoration of her husband, whom she believes, and for the conversion of other members of her family.

"Reader," Pennsylvania. For the conversion of four brothers, one of whom is the slave of [illegible], also for four brothers of another family.

"Believer in Prayer," Hiawatha, Kans. That a father who will not attend church might be led to Christ by the blessing of God on the [illegible] prayer for souls.

L. S., Tawas, Mich. That an only son, struggling to resist [illegible] might be led to trust in Christ for strength, that he may be saved by the power of the Holy Spirit of promise.

G. A. R., Elk Neck, Md. On behalf of three sons, who are not yet converted, and that one of [illegible] who is not of [illegible] might [illegible] some stress would [illegible] to God in his affliction.

G. O. E., South Berwick, Me. That a husband and father, the victim of strong drink, might be saved; also that many might be led to Christ at the meetings now in progress.

"Anxious Wife and Mother," whose daily prayer is for the conversion of her husband and two sons, entreats all Christians to unite with her in begging God to save their souls.

Mother, Kan. That a son who has wandered away and is beset by many temptations might forsake sin and turn to the Lord, and that he may return to his sorrowing family.

"Sorrowing Wife," Chicago. That God would look upon her wandering husband wherever he may be, and change his heart and bring him back to his home a new creature in Christ Jesus.

D. C., Otto, N. Y., for the conversion of a brother who is growing old but has no hope of salvation; also for an adopted son who seems bent on destruction, that he may be saved.

"Trusting," Alabama. That her son who, under the advice of physicians, took strong drink, and is falling under its insidious power, might be delivered and may look to Christ for salvation.

"Worried Father," Brooklyn, N. Y. That his son, who has caused him much distress, but who reformed some months ago, might cut loose from his vile associates and become a follower of Christ.

"One who loves Jesus," Millport, N. Y. Earnestly asks prayer for three brothers, three sisters, and two brothers-in-law, that the Holy Spirit might turn all their hearts to God and make them his children.

"Distressed Mother," Little Rock, Ark. That her eldest son, who has wandered far from God and is on the verge of ruin, might be saved before it is too late, and may have strength to quit evil companions.

For the Conversion of Mothers, Wives, and Daughters. "Merchant," Chicago. For the conversion of his wife whom he tenderly loves, but who in his absence from home at his business entertains friends who are enticing her to evil.

"Mother," Tex. For the conversion of her children.

"Sister in Christ," Willapa, Wash., that a beloved sister may be saved.

"Constant Reader," Garden, Ill. That his two daughters and their husbands might all be converted.

S. M. C., Ozone Park, L. I., that an unbelieving sister might be led to believe in Christ and trust him as her Saviour.

M. B., Mich. That a sister and her daughter, who are in delicate health, may, together with their husbands, turn to Christ and give themselves to him.

"Reader," Colesbury, Ia., that the Holy Spirit may lead a whole family to Christ, and that two brothers, a sister, sister-in-law and brother-in-law might all be found on the Lord's side.

"Believer," Hempstead, N. Y. That God in his infinite mercy would touch the heart of his beloved daughter, a charming, beautiful girl, who has to his horror confessed herself guilty of a terrible sin, yet who cannot be convinced of its heinousness. Ask that the Holy Spirit may open her eyes and lead her to Christ.

"Distressed Mother," Philadelphia. That God would deliver her two daughters, just entering womanhood, from the evil in their hearts, and show them that the life they read of in French novels is corrupt. Many prayers have been offered for them, but they are bent on impure lives, and God only can rescue them from being a curse to themselves and others.

For the Conversion of Friends. P. S. C., Oakwood, O. For the conversion of a woman who has long been a church member, but has no assurance of salvation.

V. H. P., Sixteen Acres, Mass. For the conversion of a young married man.

F. H. T., Ramey, Pa. That God would change the heart of a wicked man.

R. D., Parker City, Pa. That a brother and a young physician might both be saved.

"Distressed," Chicago., for the conversion of an open unbeliever who scoffs at religion.

Subscriber, Ky., that a man who is strictly moral and good may be led to love Christ and serve him.

"Constant Reader," Millport, O., for the conversion of an unbelieving man and of a motherless boy.

"Subscriber," New York, for two nephews, the children of pious parents, that they might give their hearts to Christ.

"Constant Reader," Finlayville. For the salvation of several members of a family, one of whom [illegible]

A. H., Mascot, Neb., that God would give a new heart to a young man who is a professing Christian, but not saved.

"Sinner," Hammonton, N. J. For the conversion of several members of a family who sorely need God's pardoning grace.

"Reader," Mason City, Ia. For two persons who are feeling life a burden, that the light of God's converting grace may shine in their hearts.

J. H. D., Goshen, La., that children who are behaving undutifully may repent and turn from their evil ways and become followers of Christ.

J. F. R., Munden, Kans. That one very dear to him, now hesitating between Christ and the world, might choose Christ and yield entirely to him.

Reader, Vinton, Kans., for the conversion of a man who is a member of a church, but who has not been born again; also for the salvation of children.

"In His Name," Gibson, N. C. For a dear friend who, unless God interpose, will fill a drunkard's grave; also for the conversion of six dear children.

M. E. J., Portland, Me. That a drunken gambler who is a terror to his family might experience a change of heart; also for the conversion of a lady physician.

"Reader," East Orange, N. J. For a young man, once a believer, but now an avowed unbeliever, that he may see a deep affliction in the right light and turn to God.

I. H. N.——, that seven families who have gone from under the parental roof with wrong ideas of life, may be convinced of the truth and turn to Christ for salvation.

"Reader," Lane Co., Ga. For the conversion of a man who had no religious training in his youth; also for two brothers who have neglected the pious counsels of their parents.

"Teacher." That God would convince an avowed sceptic of the error of his way, and give him a heart to believe and make his influence, which is now detrimental to his family, a power for good.

G. G., Cincinnati, O. For an unbeliever who hinders his wife from doing her duty, and prevents her obeying the dictates of her conscience in regard to the Lord's work. Ask that God would give him a new heart.

"Reader," Custer City, Pa. For the conversion of a dear friend, the son of a widow, that he may have strength to overcome his habit of drinking to excess. His mother and sister sorely need the comfort he could give them if he were a Christian.

"Believer in Prayer," New Hampshire. That an aged man who once loved Christ, but has drifted away, may repent and be forgiven, and be restored before he dies; also that an unconverted man may realize his need of a Saviour and seek salvation.

"Afflicted Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y. For the conversion of a friend who comforted him under the grievous affliction of his wife's insanity, and who is kind and good-hearted, but a stranger to God, and that she may be delivered from the power of evil.

"Reader," Orange, Conn., for the conversion of the following persons: A man who is given to strong drink and is ruining his family; an aged man and wife who are engrossed in worldly things; a young man whose disposition is good but is easily led astray by others.

Helen B., Troy, N. Y. That one whom she was the means of leading astray before her conversion, might be saved from the vicious life to which she lured him, and might renounce sin and turn to God for pardon. She feels that if he dies in his sins his blood will be required at her hands.

"Sister in Christ." Van Omer, Pa. On behalf of an unconverted man, that God would mercifully open his eyes to his true condition, and cause him to seek salvation through Christ; also that two young couples about to be married might yield themselves to Christ and ask forgiveness for their backsliding.

The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up. (James 5 : 15.)

For the Restoration of Health. M. B. S., Augusta, Me., that God would heal a brother and a niece who are very sick.——"Constant Reader," Grand Rapids, Mich., that a dear son may recover health of body and mind.——"Believer," Brooklyn, for the recovery of a daughter suffering from nervous disease.——L. W. S., Ashland, Va., for the restoration to health of self and a sister.——A. L. N., for the help of one who is very nervous and is now passing through a severe mental strain.——"Harassed Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his wife whose frequent outbreaks of temper make his life a burden to him may receive the nervous strength which might enable her to control her tongue.——Subscriber, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., that God would grant the recovery of a nephew afflicted with brain trouble.——F. A. H., for a daughter suffering from a nervous affection that is spoiling her life.——M. E. P., Elmdale, Kan., whose whole life has been one of sorrow and who has suffered physically for over five years, entreats prayers for Christ's healing touch.——E. C. S., Dillmore, N. Y., who has been deaf for over thirty years that the power of hearing might be restored.——H. C., Aberdeen, Wash., that a young Christian might recover from a disease which physicians pronounce incurable and that he may abandon evil habits.——Constant Reader, Carthage, Ill., that his wife may recover from her [illegible].——A. K. R., Washington, D.C., whose hand was amputated recently that healing may be mercifully granted.——S. F. T., Apollo, Pa., that a child is suffering under terrible affliction and that God will not listen, hope that Christians would intercede and recovery be granted.——Believer, Cromer's Valley, Pa., that God would [illegible] that has long embittered life.——"Constant Reader," Millport, O., that several members of an afflicted family may be healed.——Friend, Lancaster, Pa., for restoration to health.——M. A. M., Limestone, Tenn., that an afflicted lady might recover health of mind and body and that her hearing might be restored.——Charles, Peekskill, N. Y., who has been a cripple eighteen years that God would recover him.——"Sister in Christ," Baltimore, Md., that God would give health and strength.——"Anxious Mother," Ute, Ark., for the recovery of a beloved daughter.——"Subscriber," Kentucky, that a brother whose physicians have given up might be healed by the Lord.——"Seminary Student," Allegheny, Pa., for the removal of bodily infirmities which are hindering him in his work.——"Reader," Hot Springs, Ark., that he may be healed of a disease which he feels to be a punishment for his sins.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. (Phil. 4 : 6.)

For Special Blessings. "Harassed Girl," Saratoga, N. Y., who was led into sin by one who is now dead, might overcome the craving of her nature for wicked things and be helped to turn her thoughts away from the evil that is constantly distressing her even when she is at prayer.

"Reader," Keokuk, Iowa, for increased faith and assurance of salvation.

"Reader," Valley City, Ind. That he may be saved from financial ruin.

"A Believer, Monia, Mich., for the complete reconciliation of two families

E. R. S. That a family needing more than may be enabled to exercise it.

"Subscriber," Ill. For the outpouring of the Spirit on a lifeless neighborhood.

J. C. M., Coatesville, Pa. That financial help be given in a time of sore need.

A. J. W., Vermont, fo be delivered from a spirit of malignity and persecution.

E. N. B., Millport, Pa. That embarrassment in testifying for Christ may be overcome.

E. C. C., Brokensword, O., for the removal of doubts which are a hindrance to service

M. M. W., Bennington, Kan. That God would direct them in the choice of a new home.

"Husband," Jewett, O. for pardon for one who has sinned grievously and fears that his is unpardonable.

J. W., Ashland, O. That help for which many earnest prayers have been offered might be speedily granted.

"Reader," West Fairfield, Pa. That a misunderstanding which has led to alienation and great sorrow may be removed.

M. A. W., Wauneter, Neb. That help may come to relieve the pressure of debt incurred through failure ot crops.

S. J. K., Carmel, Ind. That money needed sorely for the extension of Mission work in Mexico might be supplied.

S. M. C., Crittenton Co., Ky. That love may be restored in a family, and that the erring one may cease to do evil.

"Old Subscriber," Va., that God will show him his duty in very trying circumstances and give him strength to perform it.

True Believer, Nebraska. That God will console a mother bereaved of her only daughter and overwhelmed with sorrow.

A. P. F., Nevada, Mo., a widow in trouble, that she may be delivered from impending evil and enabled to keep her hon

"Gail," Racine, Wis. That in some way two girls, tenderly attached to each other and mutually helpful, might be able to live together.

J. L. P., Brooklyn, N. Y. That a son may find employment, and that help in another matter often besought of the Lord might be granted.

Blessed be the Lord because he hath heard the voice of my supplications. (Ps. 28 : 6.)

For Thanks for Prayers Answered. G. A. H., Mich., who was in great straits for money when prayer was asked recently and whose need was met in an almost miraculous way only an hour before the time set for payment, that grateful acknowledgment be made. "I think God began to answer the prayer the very day it was offered," is the testimony of this correspondent.

"Reader," Canada, that thanks be offered for recent answer to prayer for which request was made in these columns, and that strength be given and growth in grace.

"Firm Believer," Milo, Me., who desires to return thanks for prayers answered, now asks that the good work may go on, and especially that one soul might be saved, for whom many prayers have been offered.

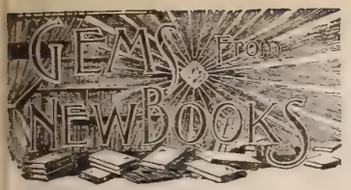
"Mother," Lansdowne, Pa. For wisdom to see and do right in an important step, and that means may be provided for her support. Also that thanks be given for an answer to prayers recently requested in this column.

"Believer in Prayer," Tracy, Minn., that thanks be rendered for the answer to prayer, for which a request was published in these columns recently, and that prayer be now offered for the conversion of some dear friends.

N. L. H., Napavine, Wash., who desires that thanks be offered for the answer given to prayers for which a request was recently made in these columns, now asks for prayer for the conversion of two brothers and their wife.

* * *

Tried Believer, Hoboken, N. J., whose request was published on Feb. 19, would do well to send her real name and full address to this office. A way out of her trouble may be found if she will disclose her identity.



COVETOUSNESS.*

IN American Revolutionary days there lived in Virginia two bright young men, who, having each served a long time in the army, finally secured honorable discharge, and joyfully started on their homeward journey. One of these young men had only one relative living when he first went to war—his mother; and he had many times wondered whether, after the perilous days in field and camp were over, he would find that good mother still living. As the two young soldiers pursued their homeward way, they talked of the long time since each had seen his dear ones, and how glad would be the reunion.

"I very much doubt their being able to recognize us," said one to the other. "Let us try and see whether they will do so."

Agreeing to reach their homes by separate paths, they journeyed on till the village where they lived came in sight. Then they shook hands, and with mingled feelings each took a near yet separate way to his own door.

The soldier who had come only in quest of his mother found, as the door opened in obedient to his knock, that, though living, she did not recognize him. He was scarcely disappointed at this, for his appearance had, indeed, been much changed by the war. As he stood hesitating before her, he suddenly conceived the notion to pretend that he was a stranger seeking a lodging-place. She directed him to the hotel on the main street. But he told her that, as he had a little money in his possession, he was afraid of being robbed there, and should prefer to remain at her house if she would take him in.

To this she finally consented, still unaware of the identity of the stranger.

After the young man had retired, with every sense of security, and had fallen asleep, the mother, entirely ignorant of the fact that he could possibly be her son, and she believed him to have died in the war, called in a negro whose hut was near the house, and told him of the stranger's arrival, and that he undoubtedly had money. Together they planned to kill him. The negro agreed to undertake the terrible deed of murder alone.

It was done. And now the supposed stranger lay dead in his own mother's house, slain by her fatal avarice.

Upon the morrow, the other soldier came to see his comrade, but, in answer to his inquiry, was told that no one had been at the house. Realizing something wrong, he pressed his questions till the mother became very uneasy and in an agitated voice stated that a man in soldier's dress had been at the door on the day before!

From *What Shall I Tell the Children?* Object Sermons and Teachings by Rev. George V. Reichel. An excellent treasury of illustration and anecdote. Pp. 304: cloth covers; price $1.50. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, publisher.

"Well, replied the soldier, "I was with that man within a few miles of the house last evening. There we separated, he to come here, and I to go to my home. Our plan was to see whether you would recognize him, and whether my people would know me, after so long an absence. He certainly must be here."

No sooner had this announcement been made than the awful truth flashed upon her mind. Yes, she had murdered her own long-missing son.

We will not stop to linger over the heart-breaking confession which this guilty mother made, as she took the horror-stricken soldier to a closet and there showed him the dead body of his comrade, crammed in behind the door.

Many a poor soul has lost itself for the the gain of this world. Keep your fresh young hearts open to love of the treasures in heaven by seeking to give when you feel the disease of covetousness coming upon you.

A Memorable Fight.*

BECAUSE the "Guide" received information that a hostile fleet had been organized at "Graceless" to attack the vessels under his care, he led the way and soon found outside the harbor the enemy waiting to receive him. One ship of the enemy was named "Lust Of The Flesh;" another "Lust Of The Eyes;" a third, "Pride Of Life;" a fourth, "Spirit Of Slumber;" a fifth, "Lukewarmness," a sixth, "Guilty Fear;" a seventh, "Earthliness;" an eighth, "Unbelief." Immediately they opened fire upon "Guide," for if they could disable him, the vessels he protected might be a prey to their malice. But "Guide" had already manned all his heavy guns and was training them upon the enemy.

The great gun of the Mosaic Record was brought to bear upon the privateer "Lust Of The Eyes." The first shot struck the side of the vessel with telling force, as revealing the fact that it is the artful devil who tempts men to lust with the eyes, for forbidden things.

This shot made a hole in the side of the privateer near the water line. The second shot was a great shell which penetrated into the interior of the ship where the first shot struck, reaching the powder-magazine and blowing to atoms the pirate.

But let no one imagine, because "Lust Of The Eyes" was on this occasion blow to atoms, that the naval architect of the port of "Graceless" is dead, or that the plans and specifications of the pirate have been burned, or that there is any lack of material in the shipyard of Satan and Flesh for the building of hundreds of pirates like that destroyed.

The last of the pirates to be overcome and who made the most stubborn fight of all, was "Unbelief." Two shots from the "Words Of Jesus" caused "Unbelief" to haul off, and badly crippled return to "Graceless" for repairs.

* From *Memorable Voyages of "Rebel" and "Victory,"* by Rev. A. King, being an allegory, in the form of a naval narrative, of the war between the vessels of Satan and their crews, and the fleet of the Lord Jesus and their faithful sailors. Most interesting and spiritually helpful. pp. 248, cloth covers, price $1.50. J. H. Earle, Boston, publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Rule of the Turk: a revised and enlarged edition of "The Armenian Crisis," by Rev. F. D. Greene. This is the latest book on Turkey, the Armenians, the missionaries, and the recent massacres. It contains an autograph preface by Mr. Gladstone, a map and twenty illustrations. 12mo. cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents; 18th thousand. Cash orders for ten or more copies to one address will be sent for 25 per cent discount if addressed to Rev. F. D. Greene, Secretary, National Armenian Relief Committee, 45 William St., New York City.

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Miller, [illegible]	1 00
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Smit [illegible]	5 00
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Snyder, Rose	5 00
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Spencer, Mary	5 00
Stafford, Mrs M A	3 00
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D, Armenian friend, St Louis	2 00
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When he hung upon the tree.
And I know that he will lead me
By the waters that are still,
Teach me here in earthly pastures,
How to do his blessed will.

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Mrs. Crittenden, wife of the Rev. Orrin Crittenden, Mt. View, Cal., says: "No more hemorrhages; soreness all gone; no chills or fever. I would not have been alive but for your treatment."

Mr. Mendenhall, of Harper Bros., N. Y. City, says "Treated by five physicians; could not walk a block; coughed and expectorated matter. Dr. Hunter cured me."

Mr. Lambert Miller, of H. B. Claflin Co., N. Y. City, says: "I had severe pains in lungs and throat like raw beef; abscess at base of lung. Am fully recovered and thank Dr. Hunter for it."

Mr. Lydell Whitehead, 517 W. 15th St. N. Y. City, says: "Had coughs, pains in chest, lungs sore, nervous and short of breath. Under Dr. Hunter's care I gained 35 lbs., and am now well."

Mr. A. L. Peer, 179 Washington St. Newark, N. J.: "Had hemorrhages, lost 40 lbs." Treated by Dr. Hunter, the hemorrhages ceased, to the amazement of his former physicians. "Dr. Hunter saved my life."

Rev. J. B. Cummings, of New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Penn., consulted Dr. Hunter about his son, Rev. T. J. Cummings, and this is what he writes: "Dr. Neve, F. R. C. S., has twice examined me and reports my lungs completely healed. Under God this restoration is due to your treatment." Mr. Henry Brown, 118 West St., N. Y. City; Miss Emily Klearman, 513 Ann St. West Hoboken; Mr. Job Cassidy, 232 E. 34th St. N. Y. City; Mr. A. O. Lotze, 1,625 1st Avenue, N. Y. City; Mr. David Hiscox, 390 Webster Avenue, L. I. City; all have been diagnosed by their physicians as consumptive, but are now cured by Dr. Hunter's treatment.

Mr. Edward Raynor, Bensonhurst, L. I.: "Coughed up bloody matter; had hectic fever and night sweats; was nervous and lost flesh. Completely restored."

Mr. Frick Coery, 115 Columbia St., Brooklyn, says: "I had asthma and bronchitis and could not do a day's work. Now I feel like a new man."

Any of these will answer letters of enquiry, as will also Mr. J.H.Van Derveer, New Brunswick, N.J.; Mr. R. L. Morrell, Port Washington, N. Y.; Mrs. Milford Jones, Dover, N. J., who is "a living witness to the efficacy of Dr. Hunter's system of medicated air inhalation, having been cured of consumption after being declared a hopeless case."

E. M. Hunter, editor *Vermont Record*, Fairhaven, Vt.; Mrs. Thomas Eastman, Keansburgh, N. J.; Mr. C. W. Buck, P. O. Box 1,069, Denver, Col.; Prof. Herring, Lutheran Seminary, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Holton, Kennett Square, Pa., and thousands of others.

The New York *World*, the *Press*, *Advertiser*, and other representative papers of New York City have investigated Dr. Hunter's success by interviewing his patients and have published the result to the world at large for the benefit of the afflicted.

After such a life's history and work as the Doctor's it is not to be wondered at that he grows impatient with the unwarrantable excitement over and importance given every new concoction or device presented to the public, whether with or without merit, knowing as he does that the condition to be met in every lung case, no matter how mild it may be, is *too* serious to be trifled with by nostrums which his experience has proved cannot even arrest for any time the disease that is sapping the patient's life. No one in the profession has the right to feel so strongly as this man of *science* who has given an ordinary lifetime to the study of lung maladies.

Dr. Hunter's treatment has passed from the region of theorizing, and become an established fact, verified by the word of reputable patients who do not hesitate to put their evidence on record. It remains but to congratulate sufferers from weak or diseased breathing organs that so far as human testimony can prove anything, the day of their recovery has dawned, if they are but wise enough to embrace their good fortune. They need no longer droop or dread that their's will become "hopeless cases," while the inhalation of soothing, healing and germ-destroying remedies continue to work the undisputed cures it has done and is doing under Dr. Hunter's guidance.

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When your cake is heavy, soggy, indigestible, it's a pretty sure sign that you didn't shorten it with COTTOLENE. When this great shortening is rightly used, the result will surely satisfy the most fastidious. Always remember that the quality of COTTOLENE makes a little of it go a long way. It's willful waste to use more than two-thirds as much as you would of lard or butter. Always use COTTOLENE this way, and your cake and pastry will always be light, wholesome, delicious.

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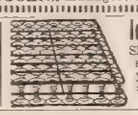

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You have not read this before!

The "Pass-It-On-Society."

Probably many of our readers have already heard of this society and its work. It was started on a suggestion made by the Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D., of Brooklyn, who writes, on February 8, 1895: "My Dear Sir: Booth's Pocket Inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. It is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known. *I add my name to the 'Pass-It-On-Society.'*" On December 5, 1895 (ten months later), Dr. Farrar writes: "I believe it is a real blessing to the afflicted." If you are suffering with **Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Rose Cold,** or any similar disease of the respiratory organs, send for **HYOMEI,** the new and wonderful *Australian "Dry-Air" treatment* comprised in

Booth's "Hyomei" Pocket Inhaler Outfit, by mail, $1.00.

Your friend would not "pass-it-on" to you unless convinced of its merit. In **ASTHMA** Hyomei gives *instant relief,* stops the cough, the wheezing and gasping, and makes breathing easy in a few moments time. In **CATARRH** it removes the offensive accumulations, clears the head, removes catarrhal deafness and purifies the breath. It cures **BRONCHITIS** permanently and robs **CROUP** of its terrors.

HOW THE "PASS-IT-ON-SOCIETY" GROWS.

Griffin, Ga., July 8, 1895.

Like Dr. Farrar, I want to join the "Pass-It-On-Society." I am so grateful for the good results that I have received from the use of Hyomei, and I have already spoken of it to a number of my friends.

C. I. Stacy, Sec'y Y. M. C. A.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1895.

In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy, until I met with Hyomei, which I indorse with all my heart (professional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding). Since testing Hyomei in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, I believe in it for itself, for what it has done, and I gladly add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

S. H. Morris, M.D., 159 Franklin St.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this as you may deem best,

Pass Christian, Miss.

I have been a sufferer from Catarrh and Bronchitis ever since last August; my pastor, Rev. O. W. Flowers, advised me to try your remedy. He has been using one of your Pocket Inhalers ever since last Spring, and has derived much benefit from it.

Miss Bertha B. Steward, Harrison County.

New York, Feb. 1, 1895.

I have been troubled with Bronchitis for about four years. No medicine helped me. About two weeks ago I tried one of your Pocket Inhalers, which gave me immediate relief. Sunday evening our pastor, the Rev. Dr. Farrar, spoke with great difficulty, apparently from a heavy cold settled in his chest. I sent him one of your Pocket Inhalers, I inclose his reply.

Halsey Fitch, 170-172 Chambers Street.

(*Dr. Farrar's reply is given above*).

Greensboro, Ala., Sept. 15, 1895.

Your Hyomei cured me of Catarrh after other remedies failed; will add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

Yours truly,
W. M. Seay.

New York, Sept, 20, 1895.

I take pleasure in adding my name to the long list of those whose lives have been made happier by the use of Hyomei. It is not only an instant relief to Catarrh sufferers, but will cure this disease entirely. I have been the instrument of inducing many friends and acquaintances to seek relief through its use I have yet to learn of one who has not been benefited I want to "pass-it-on."

A. G. Thompson, 33 Wall Street.

American Union Life Insurance Company, 44, 46, 48, Cedar St., New York, February 19, 1896.

Please find enclosed one dollar for which send one Pocket Inhaler Outfit to my friend, D. S. Walton, 134 Franklin St., City. It has done me so much good that I never cease recommending it to my friends and as you know have bought as many as 12 or 15 which I have given to personal friends, and have influenced more than twice this number to buy them, and I have yet to meet one who has not thanked me for recommending it. It has completely cured my little daughter of Catarrh, from which she has been suffering for years.

Very truly yours,
J. S. Nugent (Treasurer).

Albany, N. Y., July 3, 1895.

I will tell you candidly your remedy has given me more relief from my Asthma than anything I have used, and really I have been so enthusiastic over it that I have made a great many converts, not only in Albany, but West Troy. The effect Hyomei has on me is very pleasant; when I am oppressed for breath, I inhale a short time, and the great desire to cough is gone. The little Inhaler is my constant companion.

Mrs. Sarah E. Bantham, 359 Clinton Avenue.

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Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail, $1.00, consisting of pocket inhaler (made of deodorized hard rubber, beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei,** a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send me your address, and my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Consultation and trial treatment free at my office.

Hyomei Balm.—An antiseptic skin food for weak chests, burns, scalds, chapped lips, rough hands, frost bites, eczema, etc. Nothing has been discovered so effective for the purposes named. Price by mail, 50 cents.

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IN darkest hours I hear a voice,
Which comes my saddened heart to cheer,
Saying in tones of love,—"Rejoice!
Jesus is near!"

In times of trial and dismay,
Through the dark gloom of doubt and fear,
There breaks a light, like dawning day,—
"Jesus is near!"

When years autumnal tokens bring,
And fading hopes seem dry and sear,
Then bursts a bloom, like second spring,—
"Jesus is near!"

Thus, when at length the veil shall rise,
Will my enfranchised spirit hear,
From angel-voices through the skies,—
"Jesus is near!"

Not far away, but close at hand,
A constant friend, most true and dear;
Gladly I follow Heaven's command,
With Jesus near!

—R. C. WATERSTON.

A Pathetic Prayer.

An aged Protestant pastor in one of the cities of Mesopotamia, whose son, also a Protestant pastor, was butchered by the Kurds in the recent disturbances, and whose wife was detained a captive in Turkish harems for many days, has sent to this country a prayer in the Arabic language which voices the intense distress, and the longing hope for deliverance as felt by the whole Christian population of Turkey. The following is a translation of the prayer:

"Mordecai and Esther are dead, but Haman has risen again to kill God's people. Elijah's raven has gone, and like that of Noah, has not returned. We hope the dove will bring to us the olive leaf of assurance that the flood has ceased. O! Lord, send to us a Moses or David to deliver us, thy people, from distress and oppression. Rise, O! Queen Esther, and make a way of deliverance for thy people. Take thy life in thy hand, rise fast and enter before the King. Come, Lord Jesus, and look upon your people."

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va.. writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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is needed nowhere more than in a suspender back. The strongest suspender back ever made is Harris Grip Back. This and the Harris Wire buckle are two of the special features of the

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and Book of Valuable Recipes, 64 large pages, contains 8 beautiful colored plates of fowls, gives description and prices of 75 varieties with important hints on cure of poultry, and pages of recipes of great value to everyone. Finest Poultry Book published for 1896. Postpaid only 10 cts.

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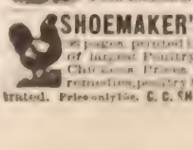

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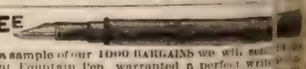

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JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 8 feet. Fruits early and continually; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Pleases all and a wonderful curiosity.

GOLDEN TOM THUMB POP-CORN—A perfect little wonder, produces several ears to each stalk, excellent for popping.

EARLY FORTUNE POTATO is a wonderful variety, earliest in the world, planted 5 weeks after the Early Rose, matured at same time and yielded over 3 times as many. We want it tested in every garden in U. S. this year and offer a **Handsome Prize** for largest yield to each *State* from *one potato*. Instruction with potato which is worth $1. to any one.

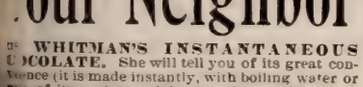
SPECIAL OFFER—We will send a packet each of *Early Tomato, All Head Early* and *Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber*, 1 ear *Tom Thumb Pop Corn*, and 1 whole *Early Fortune* potato (packed from frost) with a Garden Annual (nothing published like it) for only **25cts.**

Every person sending M. O. or silver for above Collection, and names of three friends who buy Seeds, we will send "**Success With the Garden**," a monthly magazine, one year free, and 50c. certificate for seeds. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 42, ROSE HILL, N.Y.**

Your Neighbor

as WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS OCOLATE. She will tell you of its great convience (it is made instantly, with boiling water or milk), of its purity, and its superior quality. In 1 lb. and ½ pound tins.—All dealers.—Everywhere.

Whitman F. Whitman & Son, Philadelphia.

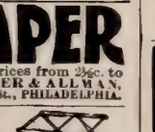


WE WANT LADIES to introduce our Baking Powder and Spices. One doz. handsome **Silver-plated Spoons**, warranted for 5 years **free**. Goods will be sent to you. They are easy sellers and you **don't have to invest a cent.** Address PEERLESS BAKING POWDER CO., Springfield, Ohio.

WALL-PAPER

Samples mailed free. Prices from 2½c. to $5½ a roll, 8 yds. KAYSER & ALLMAN, 923-24 Market St., 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

SOLD!



UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE

to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and with much more ease. This applies to Triff's Perfect Washing Machine which will be sent on trial at wholesale price; if not satisfactory money refunded. Agents Wanted. For exclusive territory, terms and prices write PORTLAND MFG. CO., Box 63 Portland, Mich.

75,000 in use.

SPRAY PUMPS

21 STYLES. BEST and CHEAPEST.

Catalogue and full treatise on spraying fruit and vegetable crops mailed free. Address

WM. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

FLAVOR CUDAHY'S REX BRAND EXTRACT OF BEEF

gives delicious flavor for Soups, etc. Send 4c. for Book and Sample. The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co., South Omaha, Neb.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN GERM-PROOF FILTER

An absolutely perfect sanitary filter. Filtering cylinder of porous rock, cleaned instantly by revolving against automatic rock cleaner—without opening filter. No other filter has or can have this device. Full description and prices of filters in a book that will be mailed free to you. Send postal for it. Also **Gravity Filters**—in which we use the Crystal Fountain Rock Tube.

The Geo. L. Squier Mfg. Co., Filter Dept. "C," Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

INCUBATORS,

BROODERS, VEGETABLE and CLOVER CUTTERS. BONE and GRAIN MILLS.

A complete line of poultry supplies at *lowest prices*. Green cut bone will MAKE HENS LAY in Winter and produce fertile eggs for hatching. Send 4c. for catalog and valuable information on poultry raising.

PEERLESS INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., 513 Y Ohio St., QUINCY, ILL.

Absolutely Self-Regulating.

$15 100 Egg. Self-regulating 8000 in use. As good as the best regardless of price or money refunded. Circulars free.

WE GIVE PRICES. $5 OLD HEN Brooders 150 Chick, 4c. for No. 60 Catalogue and Treatise on Artificial Incubation. Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, O.

LOOSE BOTTOMS PERFECTION CAKE TINS

Cake

Easily removed without breaking. **Perfection Tins** require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35 cents. Catalogue *Free*.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 6 St., Bath, N.Y.

A Woman Florist.

5 EVERBLOOMING ROSES Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blush FOR 10 cts

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 10 cents for the above Five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

8 of the loveliest, fragrant, everblooming Roses, 25 cts.
8 of the finest double Geraniums, all colors, 25 cts.
8 Most charming single Geraniums, all colors, 25 cts.
8 Carnations, the "Divine flower," all colors, 25 cts.
8 Glorious varieties Fuchsias, double and single, 25 cts.
8 Prize winning Chrysanthemums, world-beaters, 25 cts.
10 Packets Flower Seeds, a choice assortment, 10 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The above eight collections containing 63 Plants and 10 pkts of Seeds mailed to any address for $1.25. **We guarantee satisfaction.** Once a customer always one. Catalogue free. Address,

MISS ELLA V. BAINES, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

FLOWER SEEDS

SURPRISE COLLECTION

SPECIAL OFFER Made to secure 500,000 new customers, 8 PKGS. New Choice Seeds sure to grow and blossom 10 cts. Note Postpaid for..... the varieties:—Pansy 50 colors, Phlox 20 varieties, Pinks 15 finest shades, Petunia 12 latest colors, Balsam 10 grand sorts, Poppy 10 elegant shades, Mignonette, sweet, very fragrant, and Everblooming Sweet Alyssum.

E. U. Kimbark, Evanston, Ill., writes: "It is a pleasure to plant Buckbee's Seeds—**they always grow.**" Add three cents extra to cover postage and receive New Instructive and Beautiful Seed and Plant Book.

H. W. BUCKBEE, P. O. Box No 567, Rockford Seed Farms, ROCKFORD, ILL.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Ask for them—get them, plant them. They are the standard seeds everywhere; sown by the largest planters in the world. Whether you plant 50 square feet of ground or 50 acres, you should have **Ferry's Seed Annual for '96.** The most valuable book for farmers and gardeners ever given away. Mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

LEE, Illinois, October, 1, 1895

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy. Yours truly, M. C. MOSS, M. D.

STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5 1895,

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people. E. W. SIMS, M. D.

DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 3 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The 1st day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BROWN

TUNIS, N. C., July 21, 1895.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent. OTIS HACKMAN

$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address

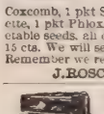
E. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

15 LARGE PKTS. NEW FLOWER SEEDS FOR ONLY 15 CENTS

To pay postage and packing.

1 pkt New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (as shown in cut). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful; flowers very large, all colors, red, green, marble fringed, white spotted with blue, and all of incomparable beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansy, 1 pkt Cosmos, 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus, 1 pkt Chinese Pink, 1 pkt Aster, 1 pkt Gaillardia, 1 pkt Gaudetia, 1 pkt Larkspur, 1 pkt Giant Coxcomb, 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum, 1 pkt Candytuft, 1 pkt Mignonette, 1 pkt Phlox, 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large packets choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 15 cts. 15 bulbs New Gladiolus 15 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we refund your money if not as represented.

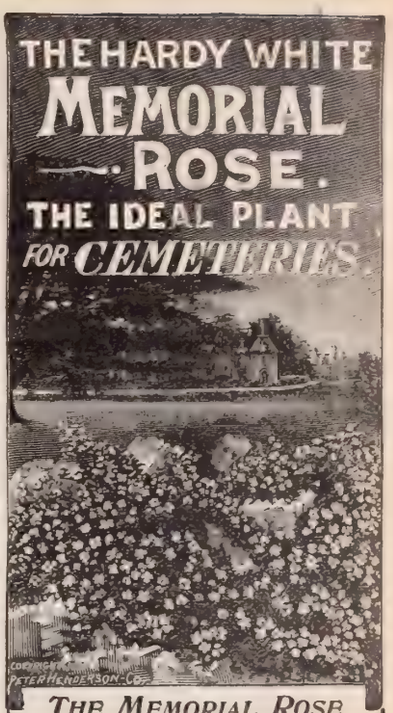
J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.



Incubators and Brooders Best in the world, hot water, pipe system. Will hatch chicks when others fail. Catalogue Free. Shoemaker Incubator Co., Freeport, Ill. U. S. A.

THE HARDY WHITE MEMORIAL ROSE.

THE IDEAL PLANT FOR CEMETERIES.



COPYRIGHTED PETER HENDERSON & CO.

THE MEMORIAL ROSE
AS IT GROWS.

Growing in sun or shade, possessing the hardiness of the Oak, with a distinctive charm entirely its own, the **Memorial Rose** (*Rosa Wichuraiana*) will be found a singularly appropriate plant for beautifying Cemetery plots. It creeps along the ground just as an Ivy does, growing ten feet in a single season, forming a dense mat of dark green lustrous foliage, with thornless stems. The flowers are single, snow-white with a golden yellow disc, are from 5 to 6 inches in circumference, and have the delicious fragrance of the Banksia Roses. The flowers, in clusters, are produced in the most lavish profusion, and are in their fullest glory just after the June Roses are past. Seen then the clusters look like great masses of snow, and are a sight long to be remembered. But its use is not confined to Cemeteries, for not only is it also perfectly adapted for garden culture, but for screening rocky slopes, embankments and such places as it is desirable to quickly cover with verdure it is unsurpassed. Indeed, it adapts itself to every condition of growth, whether barren or fertile soil, rocky ledge, shady nook or sun-kissed slope.

Prices (*free by mail*), good plants, 40c. each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00, 12 for $3.00; extra strong plants, 60c. each, 2 for $1.00, 5 for $2.00, 12 for $4.50.

All purchasers of the **Memorial Rose** who will state where they saw this advertisement will be sent our MANUAL FOR 1896 of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" (100 pages, 6 colored plates and over 500 engravings). To those desiring the MANUAL only, we will mail it on receipt of 20 cents (in stamps), which is less than cost.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.

35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

$18.50 Buy Direct from Manufacturers

A First class Machine and a reliable firm.

Style No. 45

Save Agents Large Profits. On receipt of $18.50, we will ship this new High Arm, High-Grade **"Arlington"** SEWING MACHINE anywhere and prepay all freight charges to any railway station east of Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not as represented after 30 days test trial. We will ship C.O.D. with privilege of 30 days trial on receipt of $5.00. Oak or walnut. Light-running, noiseless; adapted for light or heavy work, self-threading shuttle, self-setting needle, automatic bobbin-winder, and complete set of best attachments in metal box *free*. ***10 Years Written Warranty.*** If you prefer 30 days' trial before paying, send for our large illustrated CATALOGUE, with Testimonials, explaining fully how we ship sewing machines anywhere, to anyone, at lowest manufacturers' prices without asking one cent in advance. We are headquarters and have all makes and kinds in stock from cheapest to the best. Over 52 different styles. High-Arm "Arlington Gem" machines $14.00 and $16.50, guaranteed better than machines sold by others at $19.00 to $23.00. We also sell new Singer machines at $15.00, $11.50 & We will sell you a better machine for the same money or the same machine for less money than you can buy elsewhere. **$8.00**

REFERENCES—Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Agencies or First National Bank, Chicago, whose capital is $8,000,000.00.

This special offer is made to introduce our machines and make new customers. Write today. Address (in full)

CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-163 W. Van Buren St., Dept. A-18, CHICAGO, ILLS.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT

STARK TRADE MARK

TESTED 70 YEARS

Salesmen wanted for the GOLD plum etc. Stark, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills.

SWEET PEAS FOR THE MILLION!

We are determined, so far as in our power, that **every American garden shall have the best NEW SWEET PEAS in 1896.** By making **Purity** and **High Quality** our aim, rather than low prices, we are acknowledged **Headquarters for SWEET PEAS.** We have **thirty-two thousand pounds of the seed,** and sell the usual grade **Mixed Sweet Peas at 35 cents per lb., 3 lbs. for $1.00, postpaid,— BUT we recommend** *as far superior the* **most beautiful NOVELTIES** here offered:—

25 Cents buys these Seven Superb Sweet Peas:—

BLANCHE BURPEE. Mr. Henry Eckford, the noted English Specialist, has stated repeatedly that he considers "**BLANCHE BURPEE**" **the finest of all the famous Sweet Peas that he has originated.** Flowers of purest white, and giant size.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Of large, expanded form, the flowers are exceedingly pretty and attractive. Standards a deep rosy mauve, with wings of bluish mauve. Very distinct and extra fine.

LADY PENZANCE. The standard is a beautiful laced-pink, touching orange, while the wings are a darker pink. Truly a superb flower, of large size and most exquisite color.

NEW LOTTIE ECKFORD. This is *the improved new strain.* Flowers are very large and remarkably beautiful, having a white ground delicately edged and suffused with lavender blue.

ROYAL ROBE. This is undoubtedly *the best soft pink* to date. A very lovely flower of large size; an exquisite variety.

STANLEY. Large, handsome flowers in fours on long stems and are of a rich dark maroon. By far the *finest dark variety.*

SPECIAL SUPERFINE MIXED. *This mixture contains only the* **best Eckford New Sweet Peas.** It is a choice blending of seventeen superb large-flowered new named varieties.

The Seven Superb Sweet Peas advertised above, in the same size packets, would have cost $1.00 in 1895, but are sold now for 25 cents.

"Just How to Grow Sweet Peas; Full Directions by an Expert," mailed Free with each collection.

Five collections mailed for $1.00, OR four collections and a 25-cent packet of our floral wonder,

New Dwarf Sweet Pea,—Burpee's "CUPID."

CUPID has won the highest honors possible in Europe. We had plants grown in pots exhibited at **The Royal Horticultural Society,** in London, England, where, *by unanimous vote of the Committee,* it received an **Award of Merit**—the highest honor possible. We exhibited also in Paris, France, at the **Société National d'Horticulture,** where it received a **First-class Certificate.**

"CUPID." Foliage deep emerald-green; flowers pure white, of unequaled substance, and full size. **The plants never grow over five inches high,** and spread fifteen inches in diameter. **CUPID** is a wonderfully free bloomer,—*a mass of white,*—it carpets the ground from May until November.

In regular-size packets (each containing twenty seeds), **per pkt. 25 cts.; five pkts. for $1.00, or twelve pkts. for $2 00,** postpaid. **In half-size packets** (ten seeds each), **per pkt. 15 cts.; two pkts. for 25 cts.; ten pkts. for $1.00,** postpaid, to any address.

ECKFORD'S New Giant White,— BLANCHE BURPEE.

Accurately engraved from the photograph of a stem taken at Fordhook Farm.

For Eckford's Own Illustratio

see last page of Christian Herai *February 5, 1896*

BURPEE'S GEM COLLECTION for '96

Price 25 cents, contains **TEN packets** best seed of ten most beautiful and RARE NEW FLOWERS, which, at regular retail prices, **are worth $1.20.** We prepared for this special offer by growing large areas of all these last season, and guarantee all full-size packets of same finest quality as if purchased at regular retail prices. ☞ This is a *bona fide* offer. It is well known that we do **the largest mail seed business in the world,** and this offer is made to still further extend our trade.

For 25 Cents we will mail one packet each of all the following:—

AMARANTHUS,—Coleus-leaved. Entirely new; remarkable for size and beauty of its foliage. It grows into splendid large specimens, which may be mistaken for some huge variety of rare Coleus.

ASTERS,—Fordhook Favorites. This special mixture includes the new *Comet Asters* of all colors, *Triumph* and *White-branching,* together with all colors of the best *Victoria, Paeony-flowered Perfection,* and large-flowering *Queen Asters.* Never before has an equal assortment of the finest Asters been offered.

BALSAM,—Burpee's Defiance. Of wonderful perfection. Most beautiful flowers, double as a Camellia, two and a half inches across.

HELIANTHUS,—Double Multiflora. A peculiar new Double Sunflower;—no one would imagine **a Sunflower** *could be so beautiful!*

MIGNONETTE,—Giant Gabrielle. Large; of delicious fragrance.

NASTURTIUMS,—Fordhook Favorites. Most brilliant Tall Nasturtiums, including *Golden-leaved* and *New Hybrids of Madame Gunter.*

THREE NEW PANSIES. The bright *Meteor,* showy *Kaiser Frederick,* and dainty, iridescent *Peacock*—certainly three of the most beautiful Pansies.

THREE LARGEST-FLOWERING NEW PETUNIAS. *Giants of California, Burpee's Defiance,* and *Giant Emperor* in unequaled mixture.

PHLOX HORTENSIÆFLORA. Flower-clusters, like the Hydrangea.

RICINUS ZANZIBARENSIS. A new gigantic variety. Truly a most noble plant of sub-tropical appearance; the leaves measure *four feet across.*

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys the entire ten varieties as above, with directions for culture. Five Complete Collections mailed for $1.00.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD IT?

will be the first question asked by thousands who read this advertisement. We answer that **we cannot afford it,** in the ordinary sense—the collection advertised above is sold at a positive loss,—but we charge the expense to advertising, and many years' experience have shown that **a fair trial of the Famous FORDHOOK FLOWER SEEDS** is the very best advertisement we can have. We have prepared **50,000** of these collections, and from the sale of these are sure to make thousands of new customers for **BURPEE'S SEEDS.** ☞ Do not hesitate to order—we guarantee entire satisfaction—and thus **we can afford** to wait another year for our profit from future sales at regular prices.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY HOME.

This new book tells how to grow successfully flowers from seed, both indoors and out. It has been written by E. D. Darlington, who for many years has been the superintendent of the trial grounds at our famous Fordhook Farm. Few writers have had such opportunities *to learn flowers,* and what he knows the author tells in language that can be easily understood. Price **10 cents.**

To keep abreast of the times, you should read **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1896.**

BLANCHE BURPEE SWEET PEA

This superb new white variety must be regarded as t finest of all the white Sweet Peas in form and size, and of a pure white color. It was raised by Mr. Eckford, a named Blanche Burpee. Mr. Burpee is an emine American horticulturist, and has taken great interest in M Eckford's fine Sweet Peas, and is introducing them to considerable extent in the United States. I have repeate seen the variety in flower at various exhibitions, and co pared it with existing varieties, and in its grand, we formed, stout standard its great excellence is particula seen.—*From* The Gardeners' Magazine, *London, E land, November 24, 1894, prior to its introduction in 1895.*

Per pkt. 10 cts.; per oz. 40 cts.; 2 ozs. for 75 cts.

A Grand New Painting of SWEET PEA

BY PAUL DE LONGPRÈ.

The original painting, **size 13 x 16½, cost $250.00,** a has been faithfully re-produced in *fourteen colors.* It is tru **a work of art** that should adorn the homes of all flow lovers, whether in town or country. It bears no advertisi matter whatever, but a separate illustrated **key** is se with each copy showing the varieties selected from our u equaled collection to group in this beautiful bouquet.

In order that all may secure a copy of this dainty wo of art we will sell it (to our customers) at **10 cents p copy,** mailed in a pasteboard tube; regular price 20 cen

We have recently received from Messrs. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, a very handsome reproduction of a painting of Sweet P by the master flower painter of the age, M. Paul de Longpré. Mes W. Atlee Burpee & Co. are to be congratulated upon securing this study from so renowned an artist, Mr. De Longpré having spent seve days at Fordhook Farm to make a careful study of the flowers fr nature when in full bloom in July last. We take pleasure in calling attention of our readers to Messrs. Burpee & Co.'s advertisement Sweet Peas in another column, and will add that we know from perience that any statement they make can be relied upon.—*Fa* Demorest's Magazine, *New York, N. Y., February, 1896.*

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 189

We could fill this entire page with editorial notices fr many prominent papers, showing that this is recogniz as "**The Leading American Seed Catalogue.**" T price is **10 cents** (less than cost in quarter-million edition but we will be pleased to mail it **FREE to all** *who intend purchase* **BURPEE'S SEEDS** this season. ☞ Those w desire it solely as "*a Mirror of Horticulture*" to date shot enclose *five two-cent stamps.* **A handsome BOOK of 1 pages.** Tells all about the **Best Seeds that Grow** Rare Novelties for 1896. Hundreds of illustrations a beautiful colored plates, painted from nature.

SCOTT ROSES, famous for forty-six yea can be obtained by mail o direct from us. All lovers of Beautiful Flowers, as well those who delight in the Choicest Vegetables, will be int ested in **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1896.**

4 PREMIUMS FREE!

☞ **If you mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** when ordering we will give t following **Four PREMIUMS,** as explained below, **absolutely FREE!** One full-s packet each of the lovely novelty from California, **"JUANITA,"** and the curious new **Sweet Pea, "ODDITY,"** one copy each of our brig booklets, **"All About Sweet Peas"** (by the Rev. W. T. Hutchins) and **"Flowers for Every Home."** ☞ **ALL four premiums FREE** with two-dollar order, **any two** with a one dollar order, or **any one** with an order for fifty cents,—always provided you mention The Christian Herai

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

COPYRIGHT 1896, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH
NUMBER 12.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

A SUNNY CORNER OF THE DAY NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN, GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK. (See Page 208.)

HOW TO WARM THE WORLD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Psalm 147 : 17, "*Who can stand before his cold?*"

THE Almanac says that Winter is ended and Spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero, deny it. The Psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles, and describes the congealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifty thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of Arctic blasts, with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the East, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snow-drifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text: "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow-bank. As during our civil war the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not [illegible] campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically: "I assure [illegible] by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American Army; but I tell them it is not so [illegible] blankets and without shoes." Oh, the [illegible] American Army in the Winter of 1777! [illegible] the century. Benumbed, senseless, dead! [illegible] "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his men, dying [illegible] of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the *Intrepid*, the *Resistance* and the *Jeannette*. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice; Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of glittering crystal and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and sceptre of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the Winter of 1433, when all the birds of Germany perished? or the Winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? or the Winter of 1821 in America, when New York Harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own Winters when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or threshing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the Temperate and the Arctic Zones who are compelled to confess, "none of us can stand before his cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts, and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her [illegible] hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken [illegible], hundreds of wholesouled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcuts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in Winter, and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows! it snows!" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said: "Oh! my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat; and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the Arctic zone into the Temperate, and the Temperate into the Tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb? how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The Church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into Winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said, "Why, you have no blanket. I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said, "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied, "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald." "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets, whether anybody else is blanketed or not. Look at the fellow-feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jerusalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property, he has got wounded, and mauled, and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there! But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. G along, you beast. Carry me up to m temple duties." After awhile a Levi comes up. He looks over and says "Why, that man must be very much hu Gashed on the forehead. What a pit Stabbed under his arm. What a pit Tut, tut! What a pity! Why, they ha taken his clothes nearly all away from hi But I haven't time to stop; I lead t choir up in the temple service. Go alon you beast. Carry me up to my temple d ties." After awhile a Samaritan com along—one who you might suppose throu a national grudge might have reject this poor wounded Israelite. Comi along he sees this man and says: "Wh that man must be terribly hurt. I see his features he is an Israelite, but he is man and he is a brother. "Whoa!" sa the Samaritan, and he gets down off t beast and comes up to this wounded m gets down on one knee, listens to see whe er the heart of the unfortunate man is s beating, makes up his mind there is chance for resuscitation, goes to work him, takes out of his sack a bottle of and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wou with some wine, then pours some the restorative into the wounded ma lips, then takes some oil and w it soothes the wound. After awhile he tal off a part of his garments for a ba age. Now the sick and wounded man s up, pale and exhausted, but very tha fully. Now the good Samaritan sa "You must get on my saddle, and I w walk." The Samaritan helps and ten ly steadies this wounded man until he g him on toward the tavern, the woun man holding on with the little strength has left, ever and anon looking down t the good Samaritan and saying, "You very kind; I had no right to expect s thing of a Samaritan when I am an Isr ite; you are very kind to walk and let ride."

Now, they have come up to the tav The Samaritan, with the help of the la lord, assists the sick and wounded man dismount and puts him to bed. The B says the Samaritan staid all night. In morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went to look how his patient was, and ask how he passed the night. Then he co out—the Samaritan comes out and say the landlord, "Here is money to pay t man's board, and if his convalescenc s not as rapid as I hope for, charge whole thing to me. Good-morning, a He gets on the beast and says: "Go al you beast, but go slowly, for those b dits sweeping through the land may h left somebody else wounded and dead." Sympathy! Christian sympa How many such men as that w it take to warm the cold world

Recently an engineer in the Southw on a locomotive, saw a train coming which he must collide. He resolve stand at his post and slow up the train til the last minute, for there were pass ers behind. The engineer said to the man, "Jump! one man is enough on engine! jump!" The fireman jum and was saved. The crash came. engineer died at his post. How many like that engineer would it take to w this cold world up? A vessel struck rocky island. The passengers and crew were without food, and a sailor a shell-fish under his coat. He was ing it for his last morsel. He heard tle child cry to her mother, "Oh, mot I am so hungry, give me something to —I am so hungry!" The sailor took shell-fish from under his coat and "Here, take that." How many men that sailor would it take to warm the world up? Oh, with cheery look, helpful word, with kind action, try to the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no generous action done.

It was his strong sympathy that bro Christ from a warm heaven to a world. The land where he dwelt h serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tro

luriance. No storm-blasts in heaven. N chill fountains. On a cold December nht Christ stepped out of a warm heav- en nto the world's frigidity. The ther- meter in Palestine never drops below ze, but December is a cheerless month, ar the pasturage is very poor on the hill- to. Christ stepped out of a warm heav- en to the cold world that cold December nht. The world's reception was cold. T surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Jo ph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, th great warmer, to warm the earth, and al Christendom to-day feels the glow. He w keep on warming the earth until the T pic will drive away the Arctic and the A arctic. He gave an intimation of what he was going to do when he broke up the fu eral at the gate of Nain and turned it in a reunion festival, and when with hiwarm lips he melted the Galilean hur- rine and stood on the deck and stamped hi oot, crying, "Silence!" and the waves cr ched and and the tempests folded their wi s.

h, it was this Christ who warmed th chilled disciples when they had no fo by giving them plenty to eat, and w in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the si kles until the broken links of the ch n of death rattled into the darkest cr t of the mausoleum. In his genial pr ence the girl who had fallen into the fi nd the water is healed of the catalep sy and the withered arm takes muscular, he thy action, and the ear that could not he an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, an the tongue that could not articulate tri a quatrain, and the blind eye was re- st d.

p! I am so glad that the Sun of Right- co ness dawned on the polar night of the na ns. And if Christ is the great warm- er then the Church is the great hot- ho e, with its plants and trees and fruits of ghteousness. Do you know, my fri ds, that the Church is the institution th proposes warmth? Geology informs us out it is as cold as the rock it ham- m . The telescope shows where the oth r worlds are, but an astronomer is ch ed while looking through it. Christi ty tells us of strangs combinations an how inferior affinity may be overcome by uperior affinity; but it cannot tell how al things work together for good. World- ly hilosophy has a great splendor, but it is he splendor of moonlight on an ice- be. The Church of God proposes w nth and hope—warmth for the expec- ta ns, warmth for the sympathies. Oh! I a so glad that these great altar-fires ha e been kindled. Come in out of the co Come in, and have your wounds sa ed. Come, and have your sins par- d d. Come in by the great Gospel fire- pl ce.

h! my friends, the Church of Jesus Ch st is the world's fireplace, and the w ds are from the cedars of Lebanon, and th ires are fires of love, and with the sil- ve ongs of the altar we stir the flame and th ight is reflected from all the family pi ures on the wall — pictures of those w were here and are gone now. Oh! co e up close to the fireplace. Have your wn faces transfigured in the light. Put yo cold feet, weary of the journey, close up the blessed conflagration. Chilled though with trouble and disappointment, co e close up until you can get warm cl through. Exchange experience, talk ov the harvests gathered, tell all the Gpel news. Meanwhile the table is be- in spread. On it, bread of life. On it gr es of Eshcol. On it, new wine from the ki dom. On it, a thousand luxuries ce tial. Hark! as a wounded hand raps on he table, and a tender voice comes though saying: "Come, for all things are no ready. Eat, oh, friends! drink, yea, dri abundantly, oh, beloved!"

y friends, that is the way the cold w d is going to be warmed up, by the gr t Gospel fireplace. All nations will co e in and sit down at that banquet. Wle I was musing, the fire burned. "C me in out of the cold, come in out of th cold!"

Its Golden Jubilee Year.

Grace Church, New York, Fifty Years in Active Service—Its Wonderful Record of Christian Work—Its Care for Children.

AS the leading Protestant Episcopal Church of America, Grace Church, New York, may be truthfully said to stand at the front of its denomination in Christian and humanitarian work. Situated in the very heart of the metropolis, it has, during its half century of its existence, steadily extended its activities and multiplied its appliances and resources for the moral, physical and spiritual elevation of the people within the sphere of its influence, until it has attained a degree of efficiency such as has been reached by few other religious organizations on this continent. Yet, its work for the Master has been accompanied by no high-sounding popular clamor, but has rather been characterized by a silent zeal, an unflagging interest and an intelligent and consecrated energy.

Grace Parish has just celebrated its semi-centennial or golden jubilee with a joy and enthusiasm befitting such an occasion. Fifty years ago, in 1805, it was organized and the first church edifice stood on the south-west corner of Broadway and Rector street. Among its pastors were many clergymen of eminent piety and ability. Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., the present incumbent, has been rector since 1884, and under his charge, the parish has advanced in the field of Christian activity and usefulness. For a number of years it has expended an average of one $100,000 per annum in charitable and philanthropic work, and it would require many columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to present an adequate record of its varied activities and their beneficent results. Its members and congregation have learned that the true secret of a church's strength and influence consists, not in the grandeur of its edifice, nor the richness of its equipments and decorations, but in what it can accomplish in Christian service, and that no church can continue to grow which does not strive, in season and out of season, to be an active missionary factor for the betterment of mankind. As a result of this principle, Grace Parish is to-day a net-work of missionary effort, so thoroughly and skilfully conducted and enthusiastically prosecuted that its influence is felt throughout a population of over 2,000,000.

REV. WM. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,
Pastor of Grace Church, New York.

Few sacred edifices have a more imposing or attractive exterior than the beautiful structure on Broadway, between 10th and 11th streets, where for many years the entire work of Grace Church, spiritual and philanthropic, was carried on. Since the opening of its new adjunct, Grace Chapel, the energies of the good people of Dr. Huntington's congregation have found new avenues of expansion and the Chapel—which is really a large, commodious group of buildings—has become a busy hive of humanitarian effort. This cluster of buildings is connected by corridors and cloisters and includes the Chapel proper, a Morning Chapel, a Hospital, a "Parish House," Clergy House and Club House. The Chapel and Hospital front on East Fourteenth street, and other buildings on East Thirteenth street, the whole group being situated just east of First avenue. This new and splendid auxiliary to the general work of the church is the result almost exclusively of consecrated gifts from godly men and women. In the Morning Chapel, prayers are offered daily for all the residents and workers in the little colony; connected with the Hospital Building are homes for old men and women, the deacons and the children, special provision of ample playroom being made for the little ones. In the Parish House there are an excellent gymnasium and swimming bath. There are also rooms for the different societies of Grace Church, a Sunday School room, industrial class rooms, (where manual training is given to both boys and girls), a cooking school, reading room, library, boys' club and other features. The Training School for Deaconesses has also been removed from Grace House on Broadway to the new buildings. Complete in every department and with an essentially modern equipment, the Hospital is one of the most prominent features of this cluster of buildings. Its right wing is devoted to men, the left wing to women and the centre to children. Another and very interesting branch of the Christian work of Grace Church is the Day Nursery at 94 and 96 Fourth Avenue. Our colored illustration on the first page of this issue shows the Nursery rooms at the luncheon hour with a group of the little children being cared for by the trained attendants. The Nursery is open from 6.30 A.M. to 7.30 P. M., and for five cents each a day, a poor mother can leave her children there, while she herself goes out to work. Youngsters of all ages, from the mere infant to the bright hopeful of nine or ten years, are accepted, and there is no distinction on account of creed. The older children are sent to the Twelfth Street Public School and the others are cared for and taught at the Nursery kindergarten. Twice a day there is a short simple service for the little ones held in the Oratory and in winter they sing at afternoon prayers in the Chantry. While in the Nursery, they are fed, cared for, and kept clean and comfortable. Their wash averages 600 or 700 pieces a week, all of which is done without cost to the parents. With their mothers, the little proteges receive an abundant dinner, both at Thanksgiving and Christmas. In the course of a year, hundreds of garments are presented by friends of the Church for the use of the children and nothing is lacking to make them comfortable and presentable. Mrs. Gardner, the House-mother, is in charge of the Nursery and with her assistant, Deaconess Barker, a physician, a kindergartner, and an efficient corps of servants, makes the lives of the little tots flow on happily and smoothly. Thus health, good food, and religious training are assured to several hundred poor children every season. In summer, when the attendance is largest, the children are transferred to Grace-House-by-the-Sea, at Far Rockaway, Long Island, where the hottest weeks of the season are passed and the little folks sport in the sand, and are tanned and made hardy and strong by the sun and the sea-breezes.

GRACE CHURCH CHAPEL.

Grace Church, regarded as a whole, presents the inspiring picture of a great organization of godly men and women, united and alert for self-sacrificing Christian work and for the uplifting of mankind. Its Sunday Schools, Missionary and Benevolent Societies, Industrial Schools, and Diet Kitchen; its special organizations for the care of the sick and needy; its work among prisoners, its five Temperance Societies, its Fresh Air work which goes on summer and winter; its libraries and educational branches, and its twelve strong and active Friendly Societies and Brotherhoods, working together in harmony and with the best results all prove, more potently than sermons or ceremonials, that the true life of a Christian church today is to be found outside of itself. It spends itself for others, thus fulfilling the will of the Master and doing the best possible service to the cause of religion and humanity.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$6 00
—, Pleasantville, Pa.	1 00
Mrs H C Sober	1 00
—, Mores Mill, N Y	10 00
Total	**$18.00**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$1 00
—, Pleasantville, Pa.	1 00
Thomas Bridgman	2 00
Total	**$4.00**

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

D L M, In His Name	1 00

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$5 50
Pleasant Grove Missionary Society	5 00
Friend Lanesboro	1 00
R W Jones	5 00
Total	**$16.50**

For American Board's Home Missions.

Mrs J Hazard	5 00
Mary A Gill	1 00
Harriet M Foulke	1 00
—, Chicago	2 00
W J Allen	2 50
In Christ's Name, Clarion, Pa	2 00
H, Brooklyn, N Y	8 00
Geo W Stockwell	5 00
—, Springfield, Minn	3 00
—, Hamilton, Neb.	16
Mrs James Gamblin	3 00
F G S, Montreal, Can	5 00
Total	**$37.66**

Home Missions.

Previously ack'd	$ .50
Pleasant Grove Missionary Society	5 00
Total	**$5.50**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$3 50
Mrs E A Peers	2 00
B E Smith	2 50
—, Pleasantville, Pa.	1 00
R W Jones	1 00
Mrs F H Tufford	5 00
Total	**$15.00**

For the Door of Hope.

—, Pleasantville, Pa.	1 00
J H N, Summit, N J	50
Total	**$1.50**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$6 00
Mrs N G Kimball	1 00
Mrs I R Hill	5 00
L C Tobias	5 00
—, Wimer, Ore	1 00
P Young	1 00
Sophie D Ewell	2 00
Carrie Thomas	1 00
Reader of the C H, Andrew Co, Mo.	5 00
Mr and Mrs D B K, Van Raalte	2 00
R W Jones	1 00
C O Diffenbacher	2 00
Miss L M Prevost	1 00
J McClun	1 00
Mrs J Daglish	2 50
Total	**$36.50**

For Mrs. Williamson's Home.

Previously ack'd	$25 00
Joseph Forsheim	1 00
Fred'k L Colwell	1 00
Friend and lover of the work, Lansing,	5 00
S Dresdner	1 00
E S Tyler	43 00
Hector M Hilchings	3 00
Strong and Ireland	5 00
Richard M Chapman	2 00
Jenkins & McCowan	2 00
Total	**$88.00**

For Mrs. Lamadrid, St. Andrew's Refuge, Buenos Ayres.

Friend in the Adirondacks	1 00
Friend, Calumet, Mich	60
Total	**$1.60**

For The Christian Herald Children's Home.

Previously ack'd	$3 00
J M Stowe	50
J F Baird	10 00
Mrs A Moulton	1 00
Total	**$14.50**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$2 00
—, Pleasantville, Pa.	1 00
Total	**$3.00**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$3 50
P M Bowden	1 00
Mrs Elizabeth J Agnew	2 00
Total	**$6.50**

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

S. S. Lesson for March 29. Golden Text: Luke 13 : 8.

THE ground to be covered by this week's Review comprises the first twelve chapters of Luke's Gospel. They bring the story of Christ's life down to a period within about five months of the Crucifixion. The subjects selected for the twelve lessons of the past quarter, were simply the salient points of the narrative. Neither the events, nor the teachings, were exceptional, but were rather specimens of the wonderful words and works of which that divine life was full. Three of the lessons related to the preliminary period, prior to the eighteen years of Christ's life about which the Evangelists are silent. Those three were: the announcement to Zacharias about John the Baptist and his mission; John's ministry, and the finding of Christ in the temple by his mother. Then there were three lessons relating to the miracles: The healing of the man sick of the palsy who was let down from the roof; the healing of the centurion's servant and the raising of the widow's son from the dead, at Nain; and the raising of Jairus' daughter with the incidental miracle of the healing of the woman, on the way. Three other lessons were on reports of Christ's teaching: The sermon at Nazareth; the Sermon on the Plain; and the teaching as to prayer. The remaining three include the teaching on the duties and difficulties of discipleship; the parable of the good Samaritan; and the warning to constant watchfulness.

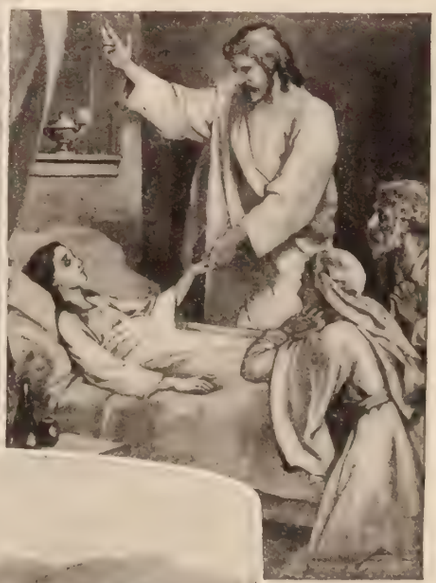
In considering these twelve subjects, so diverse, yet so essentially united, we need a clear view of the one central force from which they radiate. This was the personality of Christ. It is remarkable how much this differed from the personality of other teachers. All the points included in this survey and indeed in all the Gospels, become parts of one consistent whole, when we view them in this relation. Other teachers, philosophers and reformers have diligently sought to instil certain principles into the minds of their followers and to depend for their success on the operation of those principles. The ablest and best of these have laid small stress on personality in their work. Christ never did so. Though remarkable for his meekness, he has little interest in abstract and impersonal principles, but he gets much on his essential royalty. He sought to make his followers in love and in a sense. He wanted them to become as him. Everything turns on loyalty to his person. He detached his disciples from everything that might weaken that loyalty. John and Peter had evidently houses of their own, and Christ did not ask them to give them up; but to the one who had such things dear, he said, "Forsake all, and that thou hast and follow me." "Dost thou believe that I am able to do this?" he asked on one occasion. On another he worked a miracle, as he stated explicitly, that persons present might be convinced that he had the power to forgive sins. The few recorded words that he addressed to his mother, whom he evidently tenderly loved, showed how this sense of his own inherent dignity was inwrought in his nature. We cannot in this day conceive of the real boldness involved in the Sermon on the Mount, in which he reiterated again and again the words, "Moses said unto you . . . but I say unto you," something entirely different. What must have been the sensations of a Jew accustomed to venerate Moses next to the Almighty, when he heard the words of the great lawgiver superseded by a young Galilean Carpenter, who did not condescend to argue, but calmly assumed the imperious and authoritative manner of some one superior to Moses! And he intended the influence of this personal character to be perpetual. The one ceremony he instituted—the only rite apart from the initiatory one of baptism, was a distinctly personal one. "This do in remembrance of me." And at the very last, his final instructions were not as to the institutions and polity of the Church, which, as he knew, would grow up to be called by his name; but an injunction to watch for his coming, to look for him. He would distribute rewards and inflict punishments. The very acts of kindness and compassion he enjoined, the bread to the hungry, the visiting of the sick and the prisoners, were to be identified with him. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me." Even in the tryings circumstances of his betrayal, when bound and beaten and dragged contemptuously before Pilate, he declared himself a king, and spoke with dignity of "My kingdom." Throughout his whole life this note of personality rings in his teaching and works.

It is this personality, this insistance on personal loyalty to himself, as the supreme test of discipleship, that sets Jesus apart from all other teachers and reformers and has made his religion different from all others. The Christian is not so much a member of a Church, as the subject of a King. His creed is of less importance than the fact that he believes on Jesus and acknowledges fealty to him. The utmost liberty of thought and mode of worship is allowed him, if he is only loyal to Christ in word and deed.

"WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS." (Luke 2: 49

If this fact is realized, the twelve subjects falling under review in this lesson, take their appropriate places in the survey. They are all concerned with him. The miracles are recorded, not to excite wonder, but to produce faith in him; the facts of his life are set down, that we may know him and love him. The teacher will find that there is no principle so potent in its influence as this. If he can induce in the mind of the child the sense of Jesus, as a real, living, loving, lovable Being, who sees him, notes his conduct, pities his wandering, is hurt by his wrongdoing, longs for his obedience and love, a better work will have been done for the child, than could have been done by inculcating the most elaborate and orthodox system of theology.

HEM OF HIS GARMENT.



"MAID, ARISE!"

"HE HAD COMPASSION ON HIM"

Supposing him to have been in the company. (Luke 2: 44). A studious lad hearing that his brother, who was studying for the ministry was to attend a supper of his fellow-students in college, asked permission to join them. An invitation was secured for him, and for several days before it took place his thoughts were full of the coming festivity. Many questions puzzled the lad and he hoped that in the conversation of the students he would get light on some of them. If not, there must be a great pleasure in listening to the talk of your men whose lives were devoted to the acquisition of learning. To his surprise, religion was never mentioned. The young men told funny stories and toward the close of the evening the stories had a wicked flavor. Noticing the disappointment the lad, the next day his father asked him if the evening had not been as pleasant as he expected. The boy explained that it had been cheerful, and the young men agreeable, but the talk was Christless. His father said: "Take care, my son, when you grow older and take part in social entertainments that no one ever leaves a parlor in which you have had a hand, with lament that Jesus was not in the company."

Doctors of the law sitting by. (Luke 5: 1 A minister was called to visit one of his members. He was astonished to find a man afraid to die. He was still more surprised to find him ignorant of the way of salvation. "I have explained it all," said the minister, "from the pulpit over and over again. You must have heard me." "Never heard a word," said the man. "When you began to preach I used to begin a review of my last week's business and make my plans for the next week. I never paid any attention to the sermon. I wish I had now." "Thus "the doctors of the law were sitting by and the power of the Lord was present to heal them," but the only man benefited was the man who was in need and knew it, and who was let down from the roof.

They could not find by what way. (Luke 5: 19). The crowd was so dense and if the men had been less in earnest they would have given up and taken the man home again. But these men were determined and when people are determined they generally find a way of accomplishing what they set out to do. When Whitefield arrived in Philadelphia on one of his later visits he was told that permission to preach in the churches had been refused to him. Did that silence him? No. "Thank God," said he, "the fields are open." He preached there and had larger audiences.

Let me pull out the mote. (Luke 6: 42). A mote is a speck of dust, or small object. The Lord's words were in the nature of hyperbole. The idea of a man with a beam or rafter in his eye undertaking to put out another who had a speck of dust in his eye was grotesque. Yet Christ saw this practice going on all the time around him. Even then there were men with murder in their hearts, reproving a man for carrying his bed on the Sabbath. So there have been desperate criminals who were very particular not to eat meat on Fridays.

Neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. (Luke 6: 43). Mr. Moody describes a man settling in a new house, and his neighbors warning him that the family who lived there before him lost several children by typhoid fever. They tell him that the water in his well is foul; that anyone drinking of that water will swallow the deadly microbes and will die. The man goes and pumps up some of the water and looks at it, but can see nothing wrong with it. He decides that it is only necessary to paint the pump and he will be all right. That man would be considered foolish. Painting the pump could do no good while the water continued poisonous. So cleaning up the life and refraining from certain sins is not sufficient to fit a man for Christ's kingdom. The indispensable condition is that the heart must be pu-

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

A Letter and what Came of It.

"MAY I ask what you are doing, Florence?" said Mrs. Seymour entering a little parlor where a young girl was very much absorbed in piecing out a great many tiny bits of paper, with a puzzled and baffled air, as of one who had undertaken to fit together a puzzle too hard for her.

"Oh! nothnig much Aunty," the girl answered going on with her work. Presently she uttered a very impatient exclamation and her aunt looking at her, observed that her face was flushed deeply, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, darling!" she exclaimed, putting a tenderly caressing hand under the dimpled chin and lifting the soft flowerlike face, so that she could read its meaning. "Why, darling, what has happened to cloud your sunshine? This is a torn letter, I see, and you are trying to fit the bits of it together again. Why did you tear it up in the first place, my dear, and from whom is it; not from Francis, is it possible you would tear his letter up? And if you did, couldn't you remember the contents, und let it go? Surely it's not worth these tears and this trouble."

"Aunty," said Florence, "I have quarreled with Francis, because he tells me my faults. If he is my friend, he ought not to see my faults, nor even own that I have any. Yesterday he as much as told me right out that I was quick-tempered and impulsive, and sometimes speak before I think, and that I am disrespectful to Emma. I was furious, and left him in the drawing-room to console himself with the chairs and curtains, and this morning, when his letter came, and a bunch of roses, I sent the roses off to Cousin Mary, who is ill, and tore the letter into fragments. And now, Aunty, I'm sorry and repentant,—I want the roses back, and I want to be friends again with Francis. And he's gone off to Colorado, and won't be back for a month."

Mrs. Seymour smiled and sighed. Florence's loving disposition had always been marred by a temper which went off at a touch, like an explosive, and the strictures of Francis were true. Yet it was singularly unwise in him to make them, and Mrs. Seymour did not wonder that Florence was annoyed. Very, very seldom can people endure being told of their faults. They seldom receive such criticisms amiably, and Francis, when he sent his faint peace-offering, had realized that he had made a mistake.

These two young people had been sweethearts a long while, and they loved one another dearly. But one was hot and hasty, and the other stubborn and stern, and observers in their circle often wonderingly watched them, in much doubt as to how their marriage would turn out.

"Florence," said Mrs. Seymour, "every word Francis said to you was true. You are a prickly creature, but you have a soft heart, and you do not mean to be wrong. What you need is to cultivate self-control. Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

'Ah, don't I know that? And 'a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger,' and 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth,' and 'the tongue is a fire,' and all those other verses. Well, I am sorry, Aunty, and I've said so on my knees, and I'm going to say so in a letter, to Francis, if ever I can piece his precious letter together."

"How came you to destroy it?"

"Well, I was still mad over yesterday's loss, if I must own the truth, and I didn't stop to consider; I just bundled off Francis' messenger, and sent away the roses, and never said 'thank you.' I was as hateful and horrid as a girl could possibly be, and I was dolefully unhappy, too. Then I tore up the letter and threw it into the waste-basket, and was just going out to walk when this telegram came:

"Off to Denver. Brother Charles dying. No time to say good-by."

"Poor Francis!" said Mrs. Seymour, "and poor Florence! Now I'll help you adjust your letter and we'll paste it on a slip of paper, or rather a sheet, and you can telegraph your love and sympathy to the boy, all the way to Denver, so that it will meet him on his arrival. Let us hope that Charley may live to greet him. We can both pray for the brothers and leave them with the dear Lord."

Well, the letter was pieced, and Florence put it safely in her desk under lock and key. It was a dear letter, but not one for any eyes, but its recipient's. You girls with such friends know how sweet and precious are such missives as they entrust to the care of the mail-bag. The roses did a world of good in the sick-room they visited, and all went tranquilly in Florrie's home until one morning there fell a bomb-shell.

In the paper at breakfast time, Ned Seymour, Florrie's visiting cousin, read the announcement of a great fire in Denver! Loss of life. Hotels and boarding-houses burned. Several Eastern people among the missing."

He stopped suddenly, for he saw Florence's sudden white and deathly pallor, and he observed at the same instant, that the name of Francis and Charles Dunbar were among those who were supposed to have perished in the flames of one of the beautiful caravanseries which were destroyed.

Charles had not died, but had revived and been much better and in a more hopeful state since Francis had gone to him. And now, there had been happy talk of Francis's speedy return, and Florence, who was trying hard to bear herself as one does who possesses the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, was almost walking on air, each hour set to the melody of pleasant anticipation. But this dreadful news, sent its eclipse over her life for that day and the next, and the next. No telegram was answered. No tidings of denial or confirmation came, and so a fortnight passed, and Florence grew thin and looked like a ghost, with her wan eyes looking out from her white, heart-broken face.

One evening, will she ever forget it if she lives to be a hundred, there was a ring at the door, a ring she knew, and joyful feet came hurrying in, and she was caught with a whirl into two great furry arms, while a kiss, and another, and another, brought the color to her cheeks.

"My own sweet love!" It was Francis who spoke, out of the great bear-skin coat and through the tangled beard.

"Are you dead, Francis, and have you come to life?" she faltered.

"Dead, my darling! Not I. Charley and I were not in Denver at all when that fire took place. We had gone off on a journey, he was so much improved that it was safe, and I've brought him home quite well and strong, and we've been snowed-up and detained, and everything has happened that could happen, and I wanted to surprise you, so I didn't write. And, don't be angry love, but I didn't know of the reports in the papers and all you were suffering, or I would have sent you word."

"Francis," said Florence solemnly. "I'll never get in a tantrum again with you or anybody. I'm cured. I'll be good from this time forth."

"You are always too good for me," he answered, as he gazed into her sweet face, "and I'll never tell you of a fault again, as long as I live."

THE "MOUNTAIN OF THE CROSS," COLORADO.

"But you must, or I'll lose my temper," was the inconsistent reply.

They had been married six happy months before Florence showed her husband the mended letter.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Daily Work.

IN the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labor on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Sow thou must before thou reapest,
Rest at last in labor's prize.
Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow;
And the Master shall come smiling,
At the setting of the sun,
Saying, as he pays the wages,
"Good and faithful one, well done!"

Colorado's Famous Mountain.

PROBABLY the most picturesque of all the Colorado mountains is that known as the "Mountain of the Cross," which is shown in the photographic illustration on this page. There are many parts of Colorado where the eye rests on a panorama of bewildering beauty; grand, rugged hills, at whose base are great table lands which in summer are rich with the fruits of husbandry, or give pasturage to vast herds of cattle. Among the lofty points of the Rocky range, Long's Peak and Table Mountain are easily discerned, while not far away is Lily Mountain, whose gigantic cliffs attain an altitude of 13,500 feet above sea level. Some of the natural wonders of this region are thus described by a traveler: "Mountains appear, like legions, to the right, to the left, upon all sides. To the southward (if we ascend to some elevation), we can discern the hazy heads of Pike's Peak and its twin brother, Cheyenne Mountain, while a hundred miles away to the northward is dimly discernible the range of bluffs east of Cheyenne City. If the sun should not be obscured by clouds, the atmosphere will be so clear that one can see a remarkable distance." To the southwest may be discerned the famous mountain upon whose breast are two singular furrows in the form of a cross, and these, being filled with snow of the surest white, which lingers there unmelted throughout the greater part of the year, have given to the lofty elevation the appellation of the "Mountain of the Cross." Close beside it is Jackson Peak, whose pale outlines blend into the larger and more rugged profile. This wonderful natural cruciform design on the larger mountain has given inspiration to many who have visited that region. Almost under the vertical cliffs on the northeastern side of the mountain is a little lake, whose basin has been scooped out of the granite by some volcanic upheaval in by-gone ages. On all sides are evidences of glacial erosion; great boulders and debris, chasms and ravines and gorges, in whose depths gurgle clear, cold streams. Altogether the region is one of wild natural beauty and grandeur, such as well repays the toil of a visit.

For the photograph from which our picture is engraved, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. L. Bowden, of Denver, Colo., a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Christians in Africa.

A report recently issued by the Church Missionary Society in Africa contains some remarkable statistics of the results of missionary effort. From a carefully compiled statement it appears that there are now in Africa 1,000,000 Protestant native adherents, of whom over 100,000 are communicants, more than 1200 European missionaries, and some 1000 mission stations. It is further stated that during the seven years, 1888-95, the number of converts and communicants in Uganda has practically doubled year by year. The number of adult baptisms in Uganda in 1894 was over 1000. Some of the heathen in that country bear unconscious testimony to the change wrought in the lives of the converts. They say that at the baptism of converts to the new faith, "an Incision is made in the head and a powerful medicine is rubbed in which kills the old heart, and then there comes in its place a new religious heart that does not lust for anything." During the great persecution of 1886 in Uganda, the native Christians exhorted one another with the words, "Be willing to die rather than deny." More than two hundred natives lost their lives because of their faith. The Christians of Uganda have sent twenty-one missionaries to tribes outside Uganda. In the report of the late General Portal on Uganda, one of the factors of the question is said to be "the firm hold taken by Christianity on the country." In regard to West Africa it is pointed out that seventy-five years ago the darkest heathenism prevailed in Sierra Leone, whereas now there is a self-supporting native church with its own missionary society. At Bonny, on the West Coast, a church, to build which the natives gave $10,000, now stands close to the spot where formerly was a heathen temple, part of the walls of which consisted of rows of grinning human skulls.

Italy's Great Disaster.

Her Army of Invasion in Abyssinia almost Annihilated — A Crisis at Home.

IT is perhaps one of the most remarkable and unexpected events in modern history that the throne and kingdom of Italy—the proud empire of the Cæsars and once the greatest military and political power in the world—should have been shaken to its foundations by a comparatively obscure African potentate. Yet this is what has been lately accomplished by Menelek, king of Abyssinia, whose armies have inflicted upon the Italian invaders such a series of overwhelming defeats as have astonished Europe and set King Humbert's realm wild with excitement.

GEN. BARATIERI.

Italy's war in Africa is one of conquest alone. In the great struggle now going on among the European nations for supremacy in the Dark Continent, the rights of the native peoples have been ignored and trampled upon. England, France, Germany, Belgium and Portugal, in the hot desire for colonial advancement and jealous of each other, have seized large tracts of land, driving out or subjugating the native races. Italy's efforts were directed to the extension of its colonial lines from the port of Massowah westward, and for many months it had contemplated the invasion of the ancient kingdom of Abyssinia, whose reigning monarch, the Negus, claims to trace his descent in unbroken line from Solomon. Menelek's country was coveted for many reasons. Its highlands are salubrious and its valleys are well watered and fertile—in striking contrast to the hot, fetid, pestilential plains that stretch from Massowah far inland and whose equatorial climate is swept by Sahara-like waves of temperature that wither European life. It was not anticipated that the expedition which Prime Minister Crispi's government authorized to proceed against Abyssinia, would encounter any serious obstacles. Menelek's strongholds captured, the programme included an effort at the ultimate wresting of the Soudan—the richest region of Central Africa—from Mahdist control, probably in conjunction with an Anglo-Egyptian force operating for the same purpose. This ambitious scheme, however, has been effectually spoiled by recent events.

Menelek, ruler of Abyssina, now seems to have long foreseen the trouble with Italy, for he had made ample military preparations for repelling an hostile invasion of his country. To an army trained by European officers and armed with modern rifles, he has added tactical skill of a high order, either on his own part or that of his leading generals. Menelek is by no means a savage monarch. Although he has not been a friend to Christian missions, his reign has been characterized by a love of peace and justice, and a hatred of war as an enemy of progress. In the present instance he and possibly some of his State councillors would probably have temporized with the Italians and endeavored to avert trouble by arbitration, but a spirit stronger than Menelek's was felt in Abssynian politics. Taytou, the [illegible] surroundings, and with a sagacious, penetrating mind and a patriotism that is al[illegible]rizing. She declared that the country was in peril and that nothing could save it except to oppose a stern, unyielding front to the invaders. Her advice was heeded and the Abyssinians resolved to drive out the [illegible] battles were fought without important result, and the Italians advanced further into Menelek's country. Gen. Baratieri, the Italian commander-in-chief, had at his disposition corps commanded by Gens. Albo, Arimonde, Albertone, Dabormida and Ellina. On March 1, after capturing the mountain passes leading to Adowa, the Capital, they were attacked by an overwhelming force of Abyssinians, and utterly and ignominiously routed at all points. Gen. Dabormida is said to have died on the field, together with a large number of Italian officers and over 3000 Italian troops. Some estimates place the slaughter as high as 5000. Dispatches state that the Italians fought bravely, but became panic-stricken, and that whole battalions were hurled over precipitous cliffs by Menelek's forces. A large number of prisoners were captured and vast quantities of military stores and provisions. The remnant of the Italian army fell back step by step, abandoning Kassala and all the positions they had formerly occupied. At latest accounts the victorious Abyssinians were advancing toward Massowah, driving the scattered invaders before them.

Rome was astounded at the news of the disaster that had overtaken her armies. All the great Italian cities were stirred to intense excitement and riotous demonstrations took place in which the Ministry was severely blamed for the blunders of the campaign.

Premier Crispi and his Cabinet, smarting under the blow, have resigned and a new ministry under the Marquis di Rudini have assumed office. It is understood that Italy will not withdraw its troops from Africa, but will endeavor to urge forward the campaign, although it is not probable that any aggressive military operations will be attempted in Abyssinia for the present at least.

A Converted Drunkard's Gift.

"Some time ago," writes an aged Christian pastor, "a collection was being taken for the foreign missions, and, to the surprise of the minister, a member of the congregation, in by no means affluent circumstances, gave a donation of $100. The clergyman was pleased, but there was a misgiving as to whether the giver could afford such a sum, and he thought it his duty to see his parishioner about it. Accordingly, he called upon him, and after inquiring about his wife and family, he said, 'Now, John, are you sure that you can give away $100? Will it not make you short of money for your family wants? Will it not cause some of your debtors to wait for their money? You know, John, you must be just before you are generous.' 'Oh, sir,' said the man, 'you know what I was before I was converted. I was a drunkard, with scarcely a coat to my back, or a shoe to my feet, but God saved me, and has prospered me since then. I have now a comfortable home, my wife and children are well clad, I have some money in the savings bank, and I do not owe a cent. Oh, sir, as I cannot go to preach the Gospel myself, as I have not the ability to tell the story of Christ, all I can do is to give of my substance to enable others more suited for the work to tell forth the name of Jesus throughout the world.' That man had the true missionary spirit; and we can all be foreign missionaries in the very practical way that he was if we give to the cause our money while others give their lives."

Native African Currency.

Cloths or Mats, Cowrie Shells, Coin or Paper, According to Usage and Locality.

WHEN, in 1484, the great Portuguese navigator, Diogo Cao, discovered the Congo River, the people he found there were not naked savages, living without laws or a knowledge of the useful arts. He found a great kingdom, extending from the Atlantic to the Kuango River and Stanley Pool, and occupying the coast from Cape Lopez to south of the Quanza River; claiming suzerainty over Angola and Loango, and divided into feudal provinces, governed by dukes, counts, and marquises. He found the people robed in decent textile fabrics, made apparently of fine and supple straw, in reality of a fibre called *mpusu*, furnished by the frond-ribs of a species of palm tree, called *mbadi* in Kongo, *ditombe dionene* in Angola. This cloth—which the English in West Africa call "grass-cloth" or "grass mats," when single pieces are spoken of—was used then, and is used now, not only as loin-cloths, or shoulder-cloths, not only for spreads, wall-paper, sacks, or cushions, but also as currency, almost as greenbacks. When the white men invaded the country, they at first adopted the national currency. In Loanda, the Senate marked every single mat that was to be used as currency by the whites with a royal "R," and established the value of each mat, *mbongo*, at fifty reis of Portuguese money (equal to five cents). A bundle, *mukuta*, of ten such *mbongos* was therefore worth fifty cents. The stencil for marking the mats was jealously guarded by the Procurator of the Senate, who alone had authority to stamp the mats. These are generally called in Angola *ma-bella*. During the wars connected with the Dutch invasion of Angola, 1629-1649, the Portuguese lost a considerable amount of this perishable money, and in 1694, one hundred and ten years after the discovery, the Portuguese government began to substitute copper and silver coins for the native cloth money as legal tender.

ADOWA, THE SCENE OF THE ITALIAN DEFEAT IN ABYSSINIA.

The terminology of the *ma-bella* money was applied to the coin and paper currency, and has continued in use to this day. The unit by which it is customary to count, in Angola, is the *macuta* (in the native language *mukuta*), the value of which is equal to thirty *reis fortes*, or fifty *reis fracos*, that is three cents. The smallest coin, the *mulambongo*, worth five reis, represents a single mat, the name being a contraction of *mulele a mbongo*, that is a *mbongo* (single) cloth or mat. A hundred *macutas* are called a *saku* (sack), because $30 in Angolan copper money makes exactly one man's load.

Another African currency used in the hinterland of Angola and Kongo is the cowrie shell. This is a tiny shell found in the sand on the shores of the island which protects the bay of Loanda, where many women earn their livelihood by fishing for the shells. It is due to these cowrie shells that a few tribes of the banks of the Kuango River, in the hinterland of the Kongo District, still visit Loanda, once in two or three years, to barter their *mabellas* for the cowries. In the unexplored region between Muene Putu Kassongo on the Kuango River, and the Kassai River, cowrie shells are worth their weight, if not in gold, perhaps in silver, or at least in nickel. They form there the prevailing currency and are most highly prized. As *mabellas* are not manufactured in the District of Loanda, although the fishermen of the island use them for making sails, and the natives of the mainland use them for various

A CABINDA WITH HIS LOIN-CLOTH.

purposes. The caravans of Kuango people which bring such mats to Loanda always find there a ready market for the merchandise.

Last time they came while Mr. Chatelain was at Loanda, in 1892, they found the supply of cowries too scanty, and some were compelled to accept copper coin in payment for their mats. With the copper they subsequently bought iron-hoops or cotton bales and trudged homeward under crushing loads. Owing to this stringency in the cowrie money-market, Mr. Chatelain had a chance to buy several hundred *mabellas* from those primitive traders of the far interior.

These *mabellas* are known to be used for clothing by the whole Kongo nation and by the Tupende and Bashilange. When the Bashilange in 1881 saw the first white men with civilized garments, they immediately set about cutting and sewing the grass cloth in imitation of the European coats and trowsers and made a comparative success of it.

Many persons who have seen Cabindas swaggering through the streets of the coast towns of Angola, in their holiday attire, with dazzling white collars and cuffs, fine broadcloth coats and vests, and hats of latest style, have been puzzled by the incongruity of their upper apparel with the lower, which invariably consists of blue and white loin-cloth reaching down to their feet. This long blue loin-cloth is the national characteristic in the costume of the modern Cabindas, who are of Kongo stock. It is also a survival of the *mabella* loin-cloth. The *mabellas* can be used by civilized peoples in a variety of ways: as table-spreads, as covers for chairs or cushions, as decorations. They may be embroidered or printed, dyed, washed, and ironed. It is Mr. Chatelain's purpose to send them to the patrons of the Philafrican Liberators' League, lately organized in the hope that these African curios will serve as mementos of the land whose enslaved people they are endeavoring to liberate and educate. The address of the Liberators' League is 511 United Charities Building, 22d street and 4th avenue, New York City.

The photograph on this page affords an example of the Cabinda holiday costume.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it: and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

ARMENIA'S CLOUD LIFTING.

ur Missionaries Write that the Crisis has Passed, Peace Prevails, and the Refugees are Returning to their Village Homes—The Relief Fund to Close April 15.

THE sun of hope has again arisen in Armenia, and its valleys and plains, lately silent and desolate, are once more being filled with the sounds of life and the signs of human activity. Peace, long a stranger to Armenia, has returned and the thousands of refugees who fled fore their persecutors and sought shelter the great cities, are coming back to eir old homesteads. THE CHRISTIAN ERALD has letters from a number of missaries who have been distributing our elief Fund to the destitute, which inate that the crisis is passed.

Extracts from some of these letters are ven below. There is, of course, still ch suffering, but the return of peaceful conditions and the abundant relief easures adopted for reaching even reote points, make the outlook much ighter. In view of these circumstances has been decided to close THE CHRISAN HERALD Relief Fund at an early te, and *no contributions will be received er April 15*. All who desire to aid the ief movement should do so promptly fore the date fixed. It is not probable at the actual relief work done in the ld will be ended until several months er. Meanwhile, it is a blessed and nforting assurance to know that rough the Fund raised by our readers d their friends, many thousands of Arnians have been saved from death by rvation and cold. These consecrated gts have been the means of keeping alive multitude of mothers and children who uld otherwise have been filling name's graves.

Another cause of gratification is found the fact that not a dollar of the Relief nd (which has been sent by cable rough the American ard) has been lost in nsmission or has failed to reach the proper d. In many instances, e money has been given out in the form of ad and clothing to the rving refugees in Asia nor within forty-eight urs of the time of cabling from the United tes.

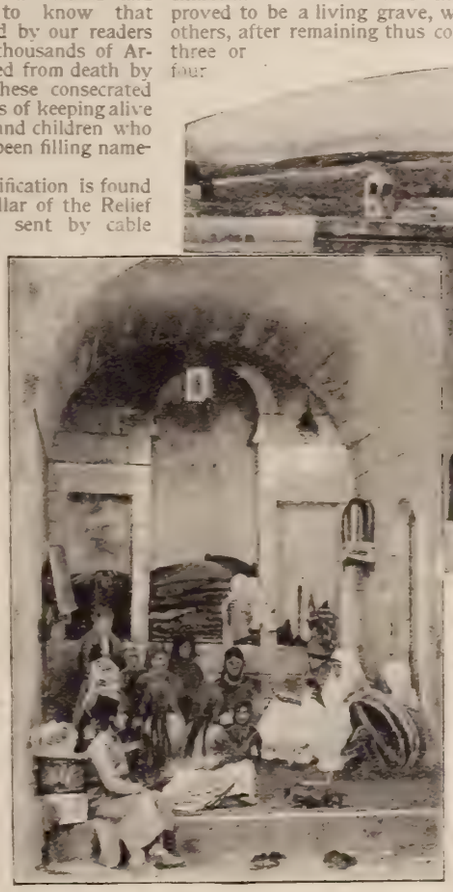
Miss Kimball telegraphs us from Van that outlook is rather better; the Government is ly affording strong itary protection to the ristian villages, and missionaries are ding the refugees to ir homes and diminishing the relief work in city of Van. Seed cattle will be supplied to give the villagers ew start. The Industrial Bureau in Van will continued for some e longer.

Harpoot is not so fortunate, and there is still ch unrelieved suffering. In the city the missaries are giving o rations of bread ily. The ladies have distributed 1200 rts and drawers, 60 pairs of stockings, mattresses, and 200 quilts. These garnts were manufactured by the destitute men, with regular wages of three or ir cents a day. At Aintab the missionaries with the relief moneys are feeding 6 persons, at Erzeroom 2500, at Erzgan 1000, and also large numbers at u, Diabekir, Oorfa, Arabkir, Malatia, rash, Hadjin, Cesarea, and Sivas.

One of the very darkest of all the omy chapters of Armenia's sufferings disclosed in the following letter from rfa. The letter is dated January 12, d tells in the most graphic language w 3000 Christians were martyred by e fanatical Mohammedans.

'For two months," the writer says, "before the 29th of December, the Christian pulation of Oorfa experienced all the vissitudes of a veritable 'Reign of Terr.' This was inaugurated by the previous massacre, which began on Oct. 27th and dragged on for the greater part of the interval between these dates. During all this time the Christians ventured beyond the precincts of their own homes only at the risk of their lives. Nor were they secure even in their homes. For six or seven weeks the soldiers of the government went from house to house almost daily, and after forcing an entrance, offered the inmates the option of becoming Moslems, or being killed on the spot. Those who chose the former were at once taken to Governor's palace, where they were obliged to submit to the rites of their new faith, and were afterwards registered as Mohammedans. On the roofs of the homes where the inmates professed the Moslem faith, a white flag was placed to announce the fact and to secure the inmates against further assault. All those who refused the immunities which a change of religion insured, were at once either shot down or despatched with swords.

"When the general onslaught began on December 29, the Christians sought the refuge of their churches and every other possible place which they hoped might shelter them from the fury of their fiendish assailants. Many took refuge in wells, some under manure heaps, while others had their friends cover them under piles of charcoal. For some of these their shelters proved to be a living grave, while many others, after remaining thus concealed for three or four days, were rescued by their friends.



AN ARMENIAN HOME AT OORFA.

THE AMERICAN MISSION AT OORFA.

"Two hundred and forty-six persons took refuge in the home of the American missionary, Miss Shattuck, of whom eighteen are suffering from dangerous wounds — rifle shots and sword cuts. During the six weeks immediately following the first massacre, this devoted missionary heroine was obliged to keep all but constant vigil, and was unable through all this time to undress even once, and retire to her room for a night's rest. Any rest or sleep obtained was on a lounge and for but short intervals, while others kept watch. Her constant anxiety was not so much for her own personal safety, as for that of those whom she was attempting to succor. The zeal of the government authorities to protect this American missionary from personal violence, and so avoid complications with the American government, was shown by their placing an extra guard of soldiers on the mission premises during the second massacre. One of our photographs shows the Christian portion of the city of Oorfa, with the large Armenian Church standing, four-square, in the centre. This church is built entirely of stone and may be said to be absolutely fire-proof. It was to this edifice from fifteen hundred to two thousand of the people fled when the general massacre began on the 29th, and the story of what took place within its walls on that awful day will never be fully known. These nearly two thousand victims were at the mercy of the merciless soldiers and the worse than merciless mob. The soldiers were first to enter, but they soon allowed the promiscuous rabble to follow and share with them in the carnival of debauchery and blood. The fiendish fanaticism of these Moslems had its climax in setting fire to the victims of their wild fury. How this purpose was accomplished I am unable to state. There being no wood finishing on the inside of the church, and little or no inflammable furnishings, one can only conjecture how they succeeded in transforming this multitude of human sacrifices into the great mass of bones and ashes to which they were all reduced by the following morning. That this end was attained, my informant had the opened at their command, and in slaughtering the male members of the households. The women and small children generally were spared, except in cases where they attempted to offer any resistance. It is for this reason that of the total number of persons killed outside of the great church on that day, probably not more than ten per cent. were women and children. Other sets of soldiers were told off to drive the women of the households to the neighboring mosques or khans. The houses being thus freed from all possible resistance, the rabble was left a clear field for the third act in the tragedy, namely, that of plundering these homes of every vestige of furniture, clothing, bedding and winter stores. And throughout the whole of this performance the Moslem women—wives, mothers, and sisters—cheered on their brothers and husbands in their cowardly onslaught upon these defenceless victims of their brutal fanaticism. They did this by shouting, rather than singing, a popular Turkish wedding chant.

GIRLS OF THE AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOL, OORFA.

"Between the rifle shots and above the pleadings for mercy and the groans of the wounded could be heard this weird yelping of Mohammedan mothers and maidens, resembling more the barking of jackals than the voices of human beings—a most fitting orchestral accompaniment to the bloody tragedy which was being enacted.

"Christian women and children who were driven to the mosques and khans were detained there for a day or two, and then counselled by the government authorities to return to their houses. By this time, however, nothing remained of their homes but the bare walls and ceilings. This was all they had to return to. Not only was the winter's supply of food all carried off, along with everything else in their homes, but the fathers and brothers —those who had been the stay and support of these households—are now no longer there. The only remaining traces of these dear ones are the pools of blood in the deserted homes. Apart altogether from those killed and burned in the church, the bodies of over 1500 by actual count were dragged, usually by the legs, and in considerable numbers at a time, by animals, to a large trench dug for the purpose on the outskirts of the city. There they lie to-day, in one, irregular mass, awaiting the day when all wrongs shall be righted.

As many as three hundred bodies are said to have been taken from one of the large cistern wells some days after the massacre, while another furnished over fifty and yet another about thirty. Scarcely a single Gregorian or Protestant home escaped the general pillage and bloodshed and the total number of victims in this last massacre in Oorfa must now be put down at 4000. There are now in Oorfa alone from 10,000 to 12,000 persons, chiefly women and children, utterly dependent upon charity." This pitiful story of massacre and outrage is, fortunately, the last of the great massacres to be recorded in connection with the present persecution. No massacres have occurred since the rising at Oorfa, and Christians everywhere will pray that they may never again be saddened by such recitals.

The illustrations in this article have come to us through Rev. F. D. Greene, author of *The Armenian Crisis*, recently a missionary at Van, where he was associated with Dr. Grace N. Kimball.

Contributions to the Relief Fund during the week are acknowledged on page 234 of this issue.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Reformation.

THE trouble is we have no God in American politics. We have a devil, yea! a whole gang of demons,—the devil of office-seeking, the devil of fraud, the devil of injustice, the devil of wastefulness, but no God. We have plenty of gin, and plenty of old rye, and plenty of schnapps, and plenty of city and state and national swindle, but no God. I am far from wanting to see a union of Church and state in this country, but I would like to see a party that would recognize, openly and above board, and without disguise, and without cant, the God in whose name Columbus took possession of this country, and in whose name Washington achieved our independence, and in whose name so many blessings have come to us,—the God of our great harvests, the God who protected our armies in 1776, and in 1812, and in 1864; the God of our peaceful and beloved homes. Blessed be his glorious name forever! "Oh," says some one, "that would not be fair, to put a recognition in the platform of a political party, when there are so many people that do not believe in a God." Well, there are a great many people who do not believe in the sanctity of the marriage relation, a great many people who do not believe in the rights of property, a great many people who do not believe in any style of government,—people who rob, and steal, and murder. Do you refuse to make laws against criminals because there are criminals? Will you refuse to recognize God in governmental affairs because there are men who do not believe in a God?

All good people believe in a God. Your political parties come on with a preamble, and say "Whereas this," and "Whereas that," and it is simply a hash of old political hacks. There is overwhelming victory for that party which shall come and have enough courage to say in its preamble, "Whereas, This nation has been blessed of God as no other nation has,—blessed in its harvests, blessed in its health, blessed in its civilization, blessed in its protection against foreign enemies; Therefore, we, in convention assembled, acknowledge the Godhead and pray for the continuance of his mercy, and in the name of God we now set up our banners." A party that had the strength to say that, establishing such a preamble, followed by common-sensical and righteous resolutions as to what should be done for the agricultural, the commercial, the manufacturing, the mining, the literary, the artistic, and the moral interests of the country, would sweep the whole land, from sea to sea, with an overmastering triumph. Among the magnificent men in our city, state, and national councils, there are those who could lead forth in such a movement if they would. Let some one now arise, north, south, east, or west, with enough talent and with enough good character to marshal a movement in which the moral idea shall be dominant over all others, and then you will see the Gehenna of modern politics ploughed under. I wait for the formation of such a party: I wait for the coming of such a man. Where is the Joshua? We are, as a nation, on the way either to reformation or to destruction. A flight of doves discovered to Columbus the direction of the land. We shall come to new and regenerated America by a flight of prayers.

Permanent Residence.

THANK God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born, and where his father was born, and his grandfather was born, and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one of a thousand cases. I have have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was annoyed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence. In a private vehicle, and not in a rail-car, from which one can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences or fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring, and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold, or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold, because of financial misfortune, or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand, keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all these palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up your city directory and see how few persons live where they did twenty years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. Those are the wisest people who "seek a city yet to come."

The Skies Brightening.

CHRIST has more disciples than ever, the Bible more readers, the institutions of religion more friends. The troops are drawn up in right position, and all we want is a spirit of holy enthusiasm to run all along the line. Our cities are going to be taken for God. It is only a question of time. If you think that these fortresses of alcoholism and these haunts of sin are going to keep their places, you have more faith in the powers of darkness than I have. The Lord will destroy them with the brightness of his coming. God could send across these cities one wave of religious influence that would drown out all the evil and uplift all the right. Those days of revival will surely come. God gave only a hint of his gracious power when, under Peter's preaching, three thousand were converted, and when, in 1857, the new disciples were counted by hundreds of thousands. In those stirring times, at Albany, during a session of the Legislature, some of the members, at half-past eight in the morning, held a prayer-meeting in the room of the Court of Appeals, and the meetings, which began with six in attendance, at the fifth session overflowed the rooms. Think of it! A revival in Albany Legislature! May there be another there this season, and one at Washington, and one in all the State capitals. I expect to see the day when all classes, high and low, will be moved by the power of the Gospel, and as we are promised that nations shall be born in a day, I pray God that our own nation may be the first regenerated.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Dr. Talmage emphatically declines to be held responsible for the book "Gems of Religious Thought," which a concern in Baltimore claims to have been written by him. The same concern publishes a "Story of Turkey and Armenia" which they claim contains contributions from the Editor and one of the Associate Editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Neither of the two gentlemen are conscious of having contributed anything to its pages.

Mrs. D. O. W., Whiting, Kan. Should a person forgive another who has wronged him, even before this offender asks forgiveness?

Yes, we should forgive freely and spontaneously. The true child of God will not hold hatred in his heart toward another. See (Matt. 5: 23, 24; 5: 44; 6: 15; Luke 11: 4; Col. 3: 13.)

Ruth A., Shamrock, N. C. How did Russia come to own Alaska?

It was discovered and explored by a Russian expedition under Behring in 1741, and was subsequently settled by Russians, who were engaged in the fur trade. It thus became Russian territory by right of discovery.

Reader, Pa. 1. What was the Trajan celebration? 2. Who was Diocletian?

1. It was the memorable "triumph" accorded to him on his victorious return to Rome in 106 A. D.—a "triumph," eclipsing all others in splendor and costliness, lasting four months. 2. Diocletian was a Roman Emperor of the third century, whose reign was marked by a frightful persecution of the Christians.

Interested One. How large is Assam, what is its population, and how many missionaries of all denominations are there?

Its area is 55,384 square miles, and population about 5,000,000. The missions are the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Lutheran Church, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (English), and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Missionary Society.

J. H. R., Geneseo, Ill. How long will the necessity exist for aiding Armenians?

Our letters from the missionaries who are distributing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund intimate that the worst distress is about over, and that the refugees are returning to their villages. It has therefore been decided to close the Relief Fund on April 15 and no contributions can be accepted after that date.

Mrs. C. A. M., Huron, S. Dak. Who were the historians who wrote the history of Ireland in early times, and are there any modern historians of that country and nation?

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains a digest of the leading histories of Ireland from the earliest times. A very interesting recent work is that of Rev. Joseph Sanderson, published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.

H. P. D. C., Trenton, N. J. Can a man who has believed on Christ and has had his sins forgiven, be rightly termed a sinner? Can a man sin who has been born of God?

Experience must answer your question. The man who is born of God does sin. He is God's child, and is therefore no longer under condemnation, but he is often a wilful and disobedient child, needing correction. He does not delight in sin any more, but he must be very blind to his own faults if he says he does not commit sin.

Mrs. I. F. J. I read in a sermon in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, entitled, "Washington for God," this expression: "As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Neversink to the Golden Horn." Where is the mouth of the Oregon? And is Neversink referred to in Sullivan county, New York?

The great Oregon river, the Columbia (which is probably referred to), enters the Pacific between C. Disappointment and Pt. Adams. The Neversink or Navesink Highlands are off the New Jersey coast, south of Sandy Hook.

Reader, Waverly, Mass. Is a Christian who believes in the direct power of the Holy Ghost to convert and to save united in with drawing from a church where conversion and the new birth are wholly disregarded, and where the people are held together by an endless series of social entertainments?

No church can properly claim to be called a Christian Church where conversion and the new birth are wholly disregarded, and any Christian would be justified in preferring a church which complied with the spirit and essence of the Master's life and work to one that was spiritually moribund. Apart from other considerations, the social life of a church is a thing to be encouraged, within proper bounds; but the substitution of purely social attractions, to the neglect of the matters that relate to our eternal welfare, is a mockery of the Christian religion and a disappointment to all who look to the church for spiritual guidance and consolation.

J. G., Pictou, N. S. 1. Does the statement in Rev. 21: 27, exclude a man from heaven if he has told a lie and has not repented? 2. Would you consider a man converted who refuses to pay his just debts when he is able to do so? 3. Is the cleansing promised in 1. John 1: 7 contingent on good works?

1. We cannot imagine a man who hopes to go to heaven being conscious of having lied without repenting of it. The true Christian abhors untruth, and if under temptation he does tell a lie, he would seek an opportunity of confessing his sin to the person he has deceived as well as to God and seeking pardon. We do not like to say what excludes from heaven. No man should be dogmatic on such a subject. Our duty is to repent of sin and seek pardon through Christ, and be very careful to avoid sin in the future. 2. If the facts are as you state, we should have serious doubts of the genuineness of the conversion. 3. Good works is rather a vague expression. The cleansing is not contingent on such matters as charitable gifts, or meritorious services. Good works, consistent godly life, kindly disposition, an effort to serve Christ, follow the cleansing as a rule. The cleansed man is impelled to such things. He does not do them to win or merit salvation, but being saved, or born again, does them by the prompting of his new nature.

E. J., New York City. Will there be a judgment of the dead in Christ? Does not the Scripture say there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus?

We infer from the Parable of the Talents and of the Pounds and from other passages that the dead in Christ will be judged, not for condemnation, but as to degrees of reward. There are some whose sufferings and service will be recognized and honored, while others will barely be saved. Christ spoke of some who would be last and some who would be first in the kingdom, and Paul speaks of one star differing from another star in glory. (See I. Cor. 15: 41.)

W. H. Sutcliffe, New York City. Is there any book in the Bible written by a Gentile?

We do not know who wrote the Book of Job, but if we may judge by the entire absence of any reference to Jewish law and ritual we would be inclined to think the author was not a Jew. He may have been, but if he were, it is remarkable that he did not quote from the law when there were so many quotations that would have been appropriate. Also the New Testament the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles bear indications of Gentile authorship. Very little is known about Luke, but the little that is known favors the opinion that he was a Gentile.

Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo. I notice in your panorama "From Manger to Throne" the statement that the body of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt has been found and is now on exhibition. Was he not drowned in the Red Sea?

The body referred to is that of Rameses II., the great king, who is believed to have been the oppressor of the Israelites. By turning to Exodus 2: 23 you will see the record of the king's death. It is generally believed that it was Meneptah, the son of Rameses, who was king at the time of the Exodus. It is not at all certain that even he was drowned in the Red Sea. He was of a timid, vacillating disposition, and extremely likely to remain behind when the army followed the Israelites. The reference in the Psalms and elsewhere to his overthrow would be natural, even if the king himself escaped destruction.

Mrs. M. J. Wardwell, Haverhill, Mass., can get back issues of this paper or other religious reading matter to advantage in Christian work.——A. C., North Dartmouth, Mass. We believe not.——Grateful Reader, Perkasie, Pa. Luther was born at Eisleben, Lower Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483, and died there Feb. 18, 1546. His remains were interred in front of the pulpit in the Castle Church at Wittenberg.——Miss Eva Scilay, Knoxville, Tenn. Write to the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.——A. J. C., Bemis, Cal. 1. To a considerable extent the proceeds are used for that purpose. 2. We have sent your letter to Rev. Josiah Strong, who will probably write to you.——W. J. B., Montavilla, Ore. We cannot inform you.——Mrs. A. H. J., Tokio, O. 1. Address the author, Philadelphia. 2. The case you mention is quite unusual, but not wrong. The office of trustee is a numerical one. A regular contributor, who is a communicant of the congregation, though not a member, may be permitted to vote by the church's consent. 3. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, N. Y.——Miss Lillian A. Wakefield, Mass. You will find the verses in all recent editions of Tennyson.——Ellen Diegel, Chillicothe, Mo. Read Baedeker or Murray. We do not know why such a tour should be any less than usual.——A. W. Johns, Elgin. The alleged discovery is not endorsed by any scholar or lover of art or repute, and is probably untrue.——G. L., Iron Mountain, Mich. It is Columbia, the genius of American liberty.——Mary W. Russell, Lancaster, Pa. Yes, she is still living and engaged in Christian work.——L. B., Somerville, Mass. West Point is on the west bank of the Hudson. Write to your Congressman for conditions.——Mrs. H. N., Gates, N. Y. In the poem of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1848), a poem based on an incident in the early history of the Plymouth Colony:

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Spanish Insult to the Flag.

SPAIN is stirred throughout with resentment at the sympathy, openly expressed in the United States, with the Cuban insurgents. The popular anger culminated on Sunday, March 1, when the people read the news of the action of our State, urging the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents. In Madrid, there was a demonstration, which required all the force the government could hastily collect to prevent outrage. A mob, estimated to number twenty thousand persons, paraded the streets, singing patriotic songs and denouncing the United States. A strong force of police and soldiers was posted outside the American Legation, and prevented the mob from attacking it. Derisive cries and catcalls were yelled by the people and several rushes were made, which were checked with drawn sabres. At Barcelona the excitement was even more intense. The mob pelted the American consulate, breaking the windows. A large American flag was obtained in some way, and after flinging mud upon it, the mob tore it to pieces and trampled the fragments under foot. The excitement continued to a late hour, when bodies of cavalry cleared the streets. At Valencia there was another angry demonstration. The students of the University held a meeting to protest against the action of the Senate, and afterward paraded the streets shouting, "Viva Spanish Cuba! Down with the United States!" There were riots also at Cadiz and Santiago.

On Sunday March 8 the disturbances were renewed, and at Valencia became murderous. The police and soldiery were attacked with revolvers and stones when they tried to prevent an Anti-American meeting. One gendarme was killed and several citizens were badly wounded. The Governor of the province proclaimed martial law so as to enable the authorities to act more decisively against rioters. At Barcelona also there was a renewal of the disturbances and it was necessary to protect the American Consulate with cavalry. The stern action taken by the authorities shows that the Government has no sympathy with the outbreak. The Prime Minister has been profuse in his apologies to our Government, and by closing four Universities, the students of which were prominent in the riots, has shown his desire to prevent demonstrations of ill-will to this country. It is a significant fact that although Spain is so indignant at a mere proposal to recognize the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents, she was one of the first European nations to recognize the Confederate States as belligerents in our war. Her people appear to have overlooked the fact that we have much right to sympathize with people at war with them, as they had to show their sympathy with one of the parties in no difficulty. But nations like individuals are apt to forget Christ's rule:

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (Matt. 7 : 12.)

A STREET IN BARCELONA.

THE SPANISH ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS—SCENE IN THE PORT OF BARCELONA

United in Church.

A remarkable meeting in a church is reported in a journal of Toledo, O. It appears that among the early volunteers from Ohio in the war was a young man from Fremont. He was tenderly attached to his sister, the only relative he had in the world. Her husband also volunteered, and the two young men were constant companions and warm friends. The husband was killed, and it became his friend's painful duty to inform his sister that she was a widow. Shortly afterward he was taken prisoner, and in some way there was an error in the reports, for his sister saw his name among the list of dead. She mourned over this double bereavement and lost all interest in life. She obtained a position by which she was able to support herself, but for a long time she could not bear the sight of a newspaper. She had no friends but the family she had entered, and as they removed several times, all trace of her was lost. Her brother wrote to her several times, but his letters were not received, and she continued to mourn him as dead. After his release he made diligent search for her, but without success. He wandered about for some years, and finally settled six years ago in Toledo, O. He had long before concluded that his sister must be dead. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since he saw her and he had no expectation of seeing her again. A few weeks ago he united with the Church of the Disciples. His name was read among others before the church, and to his amazement a woman walked up to him and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. She was his long-lost sister. She was a member of the church, and had lived for five years in the same street as her brother in Toledo. During that period they probably often met in the street without either recognizing the other. It needed the spoken name to give the clue to recognition. That the woman should have heard it in church gave additional interest to the event. It is there that members should find their brothers, who being brethren in the Lord are in closer and more enduring relationship than the ties of flesh can give.

All ye are brethren. (Matt. 23 : 8.)

Unique Mail Delivery.

Probably the most unique method of transporting mails is that described in a Colorado journal, as being in use between the two towns of Telluride and Smuggler. The postal authorities do not guarantee a regular postal service with Smuggler, as it lies in a basin high up in the mountains far above the timber-line, and it is impossible to keep a trail open in the winter. Besides this, there are dangerous snow-slides which render travel perilous. In the autumn the burro carries up the supplies needed by the miners in their nest twelve thousand feet above the sea-level: but on the advent of winter some other means has to be adopted. This is the endless chain in connection with the tram rails. Huge buckets containing half a ton of ore, attached to the chain, supply the motive power. These, descending to the town of Telluride, at the head of the gulch, draw up a number of other buckets filled with the supplies the miners order. One of the buckets is painted a bright red, and the inscription, "United States Mail" painted on it in black letters indicates its use. People in Eastern cities would feel almost scandalized at seeing such an apparatus dignified by the title of the United States Mail; but the miners do not care, so long as by some means they can get their letters. It is the contents of the letters that they care for, and are not concerned as to whether they are handed to them by a polite letter-carrier in uniform, or reach them in a bucket. It is much to be wished that people felt the same way about the Gospel message, recognizing it as the Word of God and not being overcritical as to the manner in which it is delivered to them.

When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God. (1. Thess. 2 : 13).

The Last Slave.

A report from the United States District Attorney, at Sitka, shows that contrary to the general belief there was up to the end of last year at least one man in slavery in the United States. The fact was disclosed through the appeal of an Indian of the Sitka tribe to the District Attorney. From his statement it appears that many years ago there was a quarrel between the Sitka and the Killisnoo tribes of Alaska Indians, in which a Sitka woman was killed. Reparation was demanded to the extent of blankets worth $160. The tribe could not or would not pay, and after many palavers the matter was settled by the Killisnoo tribe giving to the Sitkas a slave who had been stolen from the Hydahs. Slaves at that time were very valuable, and this one, a young man twenty years old was regarded as more than an equivalent for the blankets. He was kept in slavery and was harshly treated until the end of last year, when he died. The Sitkas, thereupon, renewed their demand for the blankets, contending that they had nothing to show in the way of reparation for the woman's murder. The Attorney very properly refused to endorse the demand and told them that they had already violated the law in holding the man in slavery; but apart from that, their acceptance of the slave barred them from making a further demand. We recognize this principle as obvious in such a case, but it is often difficult to get the burdened, anxious sinner to perceive how it applies to him in his relations to God. The slave redeemed the tribe, by his life of service, from their obligations for their crime and no just claim could be made against them for a further penalty. So it is that when Christ gave his life for men, they are free from the penalty of sin.

The chastisement of our peace was upon him. Isa. 53: 5.

BRIEF NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is frequently in receipt of letters for Evangelists who are away from [illegible] meetings. It is very important that these travelling Christian workers keep us informed of their whereabouts in order that we may forward their mail promptly. They would also do well to give us their permanent address. A church which an Evangelist has served, often needs to communicate with him after the lapse of a year or two, and does not know where to find him. In all such cases, where the letters are sent to this office, we forward them as speedily as possible, but could do so with much more certainty if the Evangelists would send us a Postal card when they move from one town to another.

The Most Important contribution to temperance literature in the last decade has been ex-U. S. Senator Blair's pamphlet on Temperance Reform. A limited number of copies of this pamphlet may be had at five cents each by addressing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Evangelists Elliott and Butts have been holding successful revival services at [illegible], Wash. The meetings were held in the First Methodist Church. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists united in the movement.

The American Bible Society has been notified that the two missionaries expelled by the Government of Peru from Cuzco last August, have succeeded in their appeal against their expulsion. The Peruvian Government has awarded them one thousand dollars as indemnity for the damages sustained.

Remarkable Action on the subject of usury has been taken by the trustees of a Jewish Synagogue at Glasgow. A member of the synagogue was proved by evidence given in a lawsuit to have charged extortionate interest. The trustees notified him that in consequence of his conduct they would decline to rent him a pew in the building after the term for which he had paid had expired.

When Mr. Henry M. Stanley was at Lake Victoria eighteen years ago, there was not one missionary there. To-day, he says, there are 200 churches and 40,000 native Christians, many of whom are enthusiastic converts.

The Practical Results of Six Years of Christian Endeavor [illegible] in the Grace Lutheran Church of Springfield, Ill. From the society one missionary has gone to India, two young men are preparing for the ministry, and one has just assumed his first pastorate. This is in addition to generous missionary gifts and home labors by the members.

Martha's Rest at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is arranging for the opening of its second season. It is a place of rest for self-supporting women, whose total earnings are less than ten dollars a week, and who are in need of rest to recuperate. The charge is only four dollars a week for board and lodging. The committee would like to receive without any expense at all, some who are unable to pay even so small a rate as four dollars. They could do this, if kindly disposed persons would pay the cost of such needy beneficiaries. During last season the Home was the means of saving two lives, which would in all human probability have been lost if it had not been for the benefits the Home afforded. Contributions sent to this office will be forwarded to the Treasurer

MUSIC OF THE ORIENT.

Very Different from Our Own and Produced by Antiquated Methods — Musical Eastern Nomads and their Playing.

IT is a trite saying that whatever of value mankind enjoys has come from the East. This is true to a large degree of our arts and manufactures, our literature and philosophy, and it is equally true of much that relates to the customs and diversions of social life. Music had its birth in the Orient and since the day when Jubal first played on the pipe, a thousand varied methods of producing sweet sounds have been devised by the Orientals, many of which survive to this day, and are found reproduced, though in a greatly changed fashion, in Europe and America. Indeed, there is hardly an instrument in use to-day which had not its counterpart among those of ancient Assyria, Egypt or Palestine. Passing through the Holy Land, the observant traveler who is possessed of musical taste, must be struck with the fact that the musical instruments in use among the common people to-day are of the rudest sort and have undergone but little change or improvement in the passing centuries. Except in the courts of princes or in the homes of the very wealthy, the art of musical expression, vocal or instrumental, has been an unprogressive one. The music one hears in the native Jewish homes of Palestine is perhaps an exception, for it is admitted that, as in metaphysics, the Hebrew musician has led the whole world, both as composer and performer. He borrowed the harp from Egypt, but under his hands it became an instrument alive with power and expression, as did the sackbut, the lyre, the pipe, the lute, the tabret and later the violin and piano. While other Oriental peoples have stood still in a musical sense, the Hebrew race wherever it has penetrated has kept alive the spirit and advanced the standard of true music.

In Syrian homes, music is frequently a feature of the entertainment that is afforded the traveler, the instruments being the zither (or something closely resembling it), the tambourine, and the drum. Syrian music is usually doleful, and the same may be said of Eastern music generally, with the exception of the Hebrew. Arab music is probably the most melancholy of all.

Our illustration on this page presents a scene not infrequent in the East—a group of strolling musicians. With their rude stringed instruments and primitive bows, they contrive to evoke a series of sounds [illegible] sweet or soothing. It would be a violation of good [illegible] ing fiddles of theirs bore any kinship to the tuneful and graceful modern violin, which can weep and laugh and express mirth or [illegible] master. Yet such as they are, these sad-[illegible] Bedouin players afford entertainment of a kind wherever they travel.

[illegible] the African tribes there are many [illegible] remarkable musical skill. As was stated in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, [illegible] rude xylophone, with a row of hollow [illegible] with a mallet. In the Niger basin, in Western and Central Soudan, the Fulahs are among the tribes that are specially musical. Then there are nomad tribes that [illegible] the *kaia* (which consists of reeds attached to a wooden frame and played like the xylophone), and a queer-looking ponderous wooden cylinder as large as a good-sized log, but which is a wind instrument, and in the hands of a stout-lunged player gives a wide range of clear, piercing notes. Among the Bongos there are enough musical instruments in use to form a good-sized orchestra, viz: flutes, sounding-boards, drums, trumpets, horns, stone-filled gourds, and stringed instruments, played with bows. Schweinfurth, the noted traveler, described their music as being the best he has ever heard in Africa, and at times almost classical.

***

Be Kind to the Birds.

We have received responses from different parts of the country, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plea for kindness to the birds, and against the cruel practice of despoiling them of their feathers for personal adornment. One New York reader (Mr. U. S. B.), writes enclosing an article from the *Westminster Gazette*, which contains this interesting item:

[illegible] egret, or heron. These feathers form the bird's nup-[illegible] and shed when the breeding is over. The bird in-[illegible] young makes them fearless of the gunners, the in-[illegible] sun, and the fledglings are left to starve in the nests!

This is cruel beyond expression, and as our correspondent adds: "It seems even worse that the killing of some of the other kind of birds, and as the wearing of this latter kind of feather is so very prevalent among all women, I think it might well be abandoned. I never wear any feather in my hat except those which a bird sheds." A good example for others to follow, if feathers must be worn at all.

TRAVELING BEDOUIN MINSTRELS OF PALESTINE.

***

The Laundresses of Paris.

To a visitor the river Seine, which flows through Paris, is a constant delight. Its banks, once green and beautiful, when the willows spread their branches over the water, have, in many places, given place to massive stone embankments. Great bridges span the water where the streets cross.

A constant succession of small boats passes up and down under these bridges with their carved abutments, and are patronized, especially during the afternoons, by thousands of pleasure-seekers. Houseboats are also quite numerous, and every little while you pass a floating laundry. The houseboats are furnished like any ordinary house, and are used much during the heated season. The laundry-boats are two stories high. In the lower story you can see the laundresses washing the clothes, and beating them with flat wooden paddles. In the upper story the clothes are dried and ironed. It is a sight such as can be witnessed in no other city.

***

Helpful Prayer.

Almost all Christians have, at times, felt the absolute helpfulness of prayer. Prayer in private, for one's self or for others, is a purely personal and individual concern. It is wholly between one's self and God. No one else is to be considered in its thought or phrasing. In this it differs from public prayer with or for others. When others are to be led in prayer, they are carefully to be borne in mind in what is spoken and in the spirit of one's speech. Public prayer is necessarily quite different from private prayer. Still another kind of prayer, differing from both prayer by one's self and prayer with an assemblage, is prayer with and for another individual, prayer by a sick-bed, prayer with one in bereavement or sorrow, prayer with an anxious or a doubting soul, prayer with one who needs help and guidance and comfort. Such prayer is often a duty, and it behooves one to be ready for it when necessary, and then conduct it considerately, sympathetically, and wisely.

***

A Country Drive.

One of the sweetest poems ever written by James Whitcomb Riley describes a drive in the country. These verses will seem familiar to most readers:

[illegible]
Drive up and down the little town
[illegible]
We wind, from the main highway,
[illegible]
Fair as the Lord's own day.

[illegible]
And enjoyed and mourned as one,
That each with each, with a look for speech,
[illegible]
Speaks volume-wise, and the smile of her eyes
[illegible]

[illegible]
On the wild rose mound and stone . . .
[illegible]
And our horse stops, too, . . . and we hear the coo
[illegible]

Jesus Shall Reign.

Written after reading Sermon of Dr. Talmage "The Christian Herald" of Feb. 12.

LOVE, Holiness and Happiness,
Glad children sweet of Heaven,
Shall walk ourl and and Christ shall reign
Our land to him be given.
So glorious shall be his power,
Our country all shall be
Echo resounding clear of Heaven,—
Millennial jubilee.

Apocalyptic wings shall brood
Their benediction o'er
Our fair home land, from sea to sea,
From sounding shore to shore.
For here the holy glorious One,
The Lamb who once was slain,
Now Lord of all, in kingly power,
Shall come o'er us to reign.

This land beloved—our cradle home—
And which shall be our grave,
Shall be possessed by him who died,
That he his own might save.
From where the seaweed bright is tossed
Atlantic waters o'er
Unto the sands Pacific leaves
On golden sunset shore.

The people shall be taught of God,
And great shall be their peace,
In loyal service to the King,
The Lord, our Righteousness.
A watchword to the North and South—
For God!—the rallying cry.
The sunrise East, the sunset West
Shall echo the reply.

PHEBE. A. HOLDER

***

The Habit of Orderliness.

IT is one of the most important part[s] of a child's training to teach it the ha[bit] of orderliness. "A place for eve[ry]thing, and everything in its place," i[s a] maxim that will wear well through life. [On] this subject a thoughtful writer remark[s]:

> The Lord does not love disorder. [He] loves things to be in their pro[per] place, at the proper time, in the pro[per] way; there is no confusion about [any]thing he does. He has a place [for] everything, and puts everything [in] its right place. If we find out wh[ere] he has put a star, we know q[uite] well where to find that star again[;] never gets mislaid. Why, if t[he] Lord did not do all things regul[arly] and in good order we would never [be] able to get on at all! If the sun [rose] one morning in the west and w[ent] down in the east, we would not [be] sure of what he might do next [;] for he might come from the south [and] go down in the north; or worse [,] maybe the next day he woul[d not] shine at all! Or, if the Lord [did] not always do the same thing[s] the same way, so that [we] could depend upon him [we] would soon be starved; for when [the] farmer had sown sown his seeds in [the] spring-time, winter might suddenly c[ome] and last till December, then all at once [the] summer might set in, and so nothing co[uld] be grown in the fields. We could not [get] a day if God were to become careless a[bout] how he did things, and where he put th[em], and how he folded them up.

Isn't there a lesson for you to le[arn]? You know you do not always fold [the] napkin. You do not always do th[ings] as neatly as you might, and you don'[t al]ways put things in their proper place [as] you should. Learn now when you [are] young to do as God does; have a place [for] everything, and put everything in [its] proper place.

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Early Family Jars.

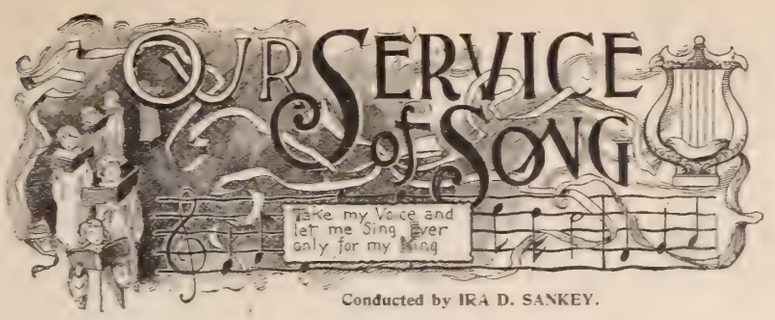
The joy and the peace of home are d[oom]ed in the very day in which either husb[and] or wife begins to feel that the compan[ion]ship of the other is no longer a neces[sity]. In the reminiscences of Gen. Hancock, [by] his wife, there is a very touching allu[sion] to Gen. Robert E. Lee, whom she descr[ibes] as "the beau ideal of a soldier and a [gen]tleman." When Hancock, then a y[oung] army officer, was about to be ordere[d to] the Pacific Coast, Lee said to her: "In[understand] that you contemplate dese[rting] your post, which is by your husba[nd']s side, and that you are not going to [Cal]ifornia with him. If you will pardon [me], I should like to give you a little ad[vice]. You must not think of doing this. I [con]sider it fatal to the future happine[ss] of young married people, upon small pr[ovo]cation, to live apart, either for a short [or] long time. The result is invariably [that] they cease to be essential to each o[ther]. Now promise me that you will not a[llow] him to sail without you."

Things God Hates.

gestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for the Week Beginning March 29. rov. 6 : 6-19 ; 8: 13-17.

QUESTIONS as to man's origin, as to his station in life, or as to his mental capacity, fade into insignificance compared with the question, What things keep him from God? Our own reason d experience in investigations of nature would convince us apart from the ble teaching that man is a failure unless d until he places himself in e with the Almighty. When tries to fulfill the object for ich God designed him he ll succeed, he will become e greatest thing possible to n, when he opposes that ob- t he meets and must meet aster. He opposes himself the controlling force that rvades the universe and st inevitably be crushed in e struggle. The line of delopment is the line of God's rposes. The wise king saw n his day and confessed it, ough his own life was a conicuous illustration of the lure of knowledge and wis- m to control conduct. He clared that there were seven ings that were abominations God. That is, they were teful to him not in a pragatical, captious sense, but beuse they were hateful in emselves. They must therere be avoided not only from desire to please him, but beuse they produce alienation m him, and consequently bar man from his chief d. Solomon specifies these even alienating influences. ney are: pride, lying, murr, evil thoughts, evil deeds, under and mischief-making. wo sins of the heart, three of e tongue and two overt acts. It is worthy of notice how in is, as in all God's relations ith men, the distinctions of sition of which we make so uch, are ignored. The quesons involved are points of aracter and apply to the poor qually with the rich. The ntral precept is the source nd origin of the other six. he heart devising wicked imginations is the root of the il. The impure heart, the an who loves evil and longs r it is offensive in God's ght. God deals with men reasonable beings. He ould have them choose the good volunrily, not under threat, or fear, or comulsion. The man who hungers for ghteousness will be filled. This is a nsolation to so many of us whose conuct is not on the level of our aspirations. we desire to be holy our desire is in the ay of God's will for us, and though the ath to it may be toilsome and there may e many and grievous falls on the way, e shall have God's help and shall eventally have our desire. It is the man who ves sin and would indulge himself with , if he were not restrained by the dread eternal punishment, who is in evil case. is in this purity of heart that our hope es for the outward conduct. Lying, ander, murder and the rest are not comitted by the pure in heart. It is when ne inner citadel holds the traitor that the uter works of conduct are captured. herefore reform, and regeneration, must mmence there.

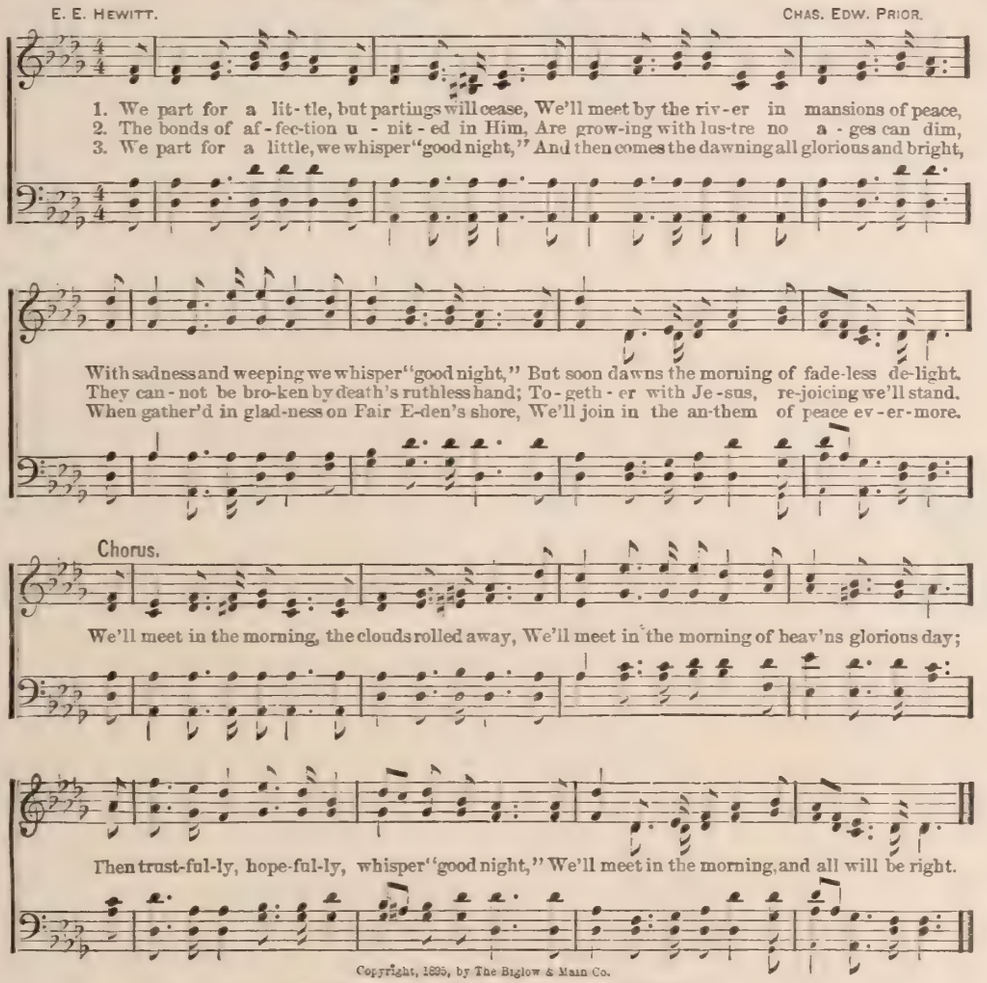
The man who is on the high road to delopment, is the man who loves good, ho intensely desires to be free from sin, nd who resists the low thoughts and icked imaginations that will intrude into ne heart. They ought to be unwelcome uests, intruders who must be expelled romptly and without parley. Here is ne real battlefield and he who wins here ill be the victor in conduct. To fail there, to become like the whited sepulchres, to hich Christ compared the Pharisee, fair in ppearance, but corrupt within. As he said, The kingdom of God is within you."



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By per of the Publishers

Mutual Kindness.

DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And, if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.
We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn;
And 't were an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the Love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who fall;
Till, taught by him who, for our sake,
Bore every form of Life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrows less.

— BRYANT.

My Trust.

I KNOW in whom I put my trust,
I know what standeth fast.
When all things here dissolve like dust
Or smoke before the blast;
I know what still endures, howe'er
All else may quake and fall,
When lies the prudent men ensnare,
And dreams the wise enthrall.

It is the dayspring from on high,
The adamantine rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's shock;
My Jesus Christ, my sure defence,
My Saviour, and my light,
That shines within, and scatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night.

Who once was borne, betrayed and slain,
At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, who rose again,
A conqueror strong to save:
Who pardons all my sin, who sends
His spirit pure and mild;
Whose grace my every step befriends,
Who ne'er forgets his child!

Therefore I know in whom I trust,
I know what standeth fast.
When all things formed of earthly dust
Are whirling in the blast;
The terrors of the final foe
Can rob me not of this;
And this shall crown me once, I know,
With never-fading bliss.

The Happy Life.

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Midnight Cry.

The Clues Prophecy Gives us as to the Nature and Characteristics of the Warning.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

Continued from page 211.

ALTHOUGH it is not intimated what the "great voice" of the angels will say, I cannot but think that we are warranted in concluding that they will announce that "the Bridegroom cometh," and give them the welcome summons, "Go ye out to meet him." This summons will be effectual in arousing both the wise and the foolish virgins, or in other words, the faithful and the worldly sections of the Church of Christ. For immediately on the cry being heard, "all those virgins will rise and trim their lamps;" but as only those who are termed the wise will be really ready for the great transition, they alone will be admitted into the marriage feast, by being first "caught away to meet the Lord in the air." The rest will be left behind as the penalty of their folly and sin, to suffer the horrors of the great tribulation. But, happily, there is mercy in store for those, for they will ultimately (1. Cor. 3: 15), "be saved, yet all through fire." For, in spite of their worldliness, these foolish virgins will have sufficient grace to refuse to worship the lawless one, and so be (Rev. 20: 4), martyrs for this act of faithfulness to the Most High.

In connection with the translation of the saints it has been questioned whether the world will hear the midnight cry, or whether it will be confined to the wise and foolish virgins. As no such event—save in the individual cases of Enoch and Elijah — has marked Church history, the question cannot be answered with absolute certainty. But there is a somewhat parallel case which may possibly throw some light on the subject. For when the apostle Paul was on his memorable journey to Damascus, and was stopped in his mad career by our Lord, it is stated that (Acts 9: 3 and 7), "Suddenly there shined about him a light from heaven—and the men who were with him stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man." So may it be with the rapture of the saints. Though the mass may "hear the sound" like Paul's escort, they may not hear the angelic summons, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." All that Christ has revealed is this (Luke 18: 34), "I tell you in that night there shall be two men in one bed—the one shall be taken, and the other left." And all that the one who is left behind will know will be that his bedfellow has disappeared in the night.

Happily, the question whether there will be any premonitions of the midnight cry can be more easily answered than questions as to its nature, for just as an unnatural stillness forewarns of the coming cyclone, so, though the exact date is not given, yet certain events are recorded as occurring prior to, and so heralding its clarion peal. One unmistakable premonition will be the division of the revived Roman Empire into its former eastern and western divisions, as precursors of the empire of Antichrist. These two divisions will be exactly ten, neither more nor less, in correspondence with the prediction of Daniel's ten toes (Daniel 2: 41, 42), and John's ten horns (Rev. 13: 1). Some of these kingdoms are already in existence; namely, in the western moiety, England, France, Spain and Italy; and Greece, Egypt and Syro-Persia in the east. The Asiatic section is fast crystallizing; for events proceed so rapidly, especially in Asia, in these days that it is probable that before many years all the last ten kingdoms will be established. If so, the startling midnight cry cannot be far off.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND For the CHRISTIAN HERALD,

CHAPTER XI.

"HARK!" Sandy hearkened. "Hark there!" To this second invitation Jed, Sandy again listened. He held up to his ear a big hand, big enough to catch all the sound wandering between the shore and the "Three Sisters," long, low, black reefs lying outside the harbor and anything but sisterly in their treatment of ignorant mariners.

"Don't ye hear it?" cried Jed.

"Come to the winder, Sandy." The two young men stood side by side at a window of the little, unpainted fish-house perched on a yellow hummock.

Sandy now nodded his head. He also said, "Yes, I hear it. Hain't heard that sound comin' cross Castaway Ledge for sometime. 'Mary's a-tollin' sure."

Castaway Ledge was a big rock but a short distance from the shore. A tongue of sand reached from it to the shore, and at low tide one could easily walk out to the ledge. It was an easy and favorite walk. Many were the young people that wandered out to it during the summer. When the tide was low and the moon ran high and full, lovers were fond of a stroll in the evening out to this rock. It was unlucky for them if so sentimental that they forgot the very practical matter of a seasonable walk home. People had been caught by the returning tide, and were either obliged to wait in patience for low water again or else had been rescued by their friends coming off in boats. In storms, the great waves would break in fury clear across the ledge, and instead of a dark rock people ashore saw only a turbulent swash of foam. Sometimes a very high tide would visit the shore and it would go over the ledge, even in weather that was not stormy, and there were several ugly stories afloat and carefully kept drifting and enlarged now and then by gossipy talkers.

One projection of this ledge was called Mary's Rock. It was named after one Mary Hudson. She had had trouble with those at home, and in a mood of revenge, had gone, when a storm was threatening, to Castaway Ledge, and there waited in desperation for the tide to carry her away. Before the water touched her, she changed her mind, her courage failed her and she was seen on the ledge that ever after bore her name, frantically beckoning for help. A boat put off to her rescue, and as the rowers approached they could hear her piercing cries above the roar of the storm. But they never found her. It was thought that she descended from the ledge to meet the boat and somehow missed her footing and fell into the water and was drowned.

Jed had often heard the story from Skipper Dan, who used to tell it with variations of coloring, retaining main facts. Other people told it, too, and the legend was known to everyone who knew the rock.

Of course, superstition used the legend. When the wind was in a certain quarter and a storm threatened, the sound of a distant church-bell could be heard. The wind brought the sound across Castaway Ledge from a hamlet farther up the coast. It might be "the second bell," calling slowly to the [illegible] a funeral. When it came echoing pensively across Castaway Ledge with its mem[illegible] it was known as "Mary's a-tollin.'"

Jed hearing it, now exclaimed, "That's it sure! Mary's a-tollin'! Makes me shiver."

Sandy [illegible] hands and looking through it, declared, "[illegible] on Mary's Rock. And the tide's a-bilin' all round that 'ere ledge —"

"You don't say, Sandy." Jed made a second telescope with his hands and excitedly added, "Sure as you're alive! And the rock is a-moster kivered. And I see 'em a-wavin' suthin'. Sandy, come on! Come on, old boy. My boat is off, but we will get one."

Sandy did not need a second invitation. Somewhat as a hound scents his game and springs away, so Sandy was already rushing out of the fish-house. The beach was only a few feet distant, but his boat had been borrowed and was hauled up several hundred feet away. The two fishermen soon reached it.

"Now for her," cried Sandy as they laid their firm, strong hands on the gunwale of the boat. Down the sand it was rushed and into the water. The oars were grasped and the little craft was quickly in deep water, Sandy and Jed pulling vigorously.

"See anything out there over the rock?" cried Jed to Sandy, who had given his neck a fierce, backward twist.

"See suthin'! I'm sure of that! Don't jest make the pusson out!"

"Pull away, Sandy!"

They pulled lustily. They were eager for the unusual even if they had to go into the water after it. But who was it off there on Castaway Ledge?

That day Janet Morton had started out for a walk. She hardly knew where or why. She wanted to go somewhere. There was a question pressing upon her. Her work in the future was pressing upon her an unfinished question in her mind. What to do, or where to go—neither of the two could she answer? It made her restless. She thought she had decided to leave it all in God's hands, and yet would not God direct her through her judgment, perhaps through the counsel of others? He would not be likely to flash his directions upon her through a dream by night, or a sudden, mysterious voice overhead by day. In Bible times God left his foot-prints in such paths of communication, and I would not say now-a-days that he might not use the way of a dream as an avenue by which he reaches men. But what he does use without doubt to-day is the supplicant's own judgment quickened and helped, or his messages may come to us through the suggestions of another. God is not shut out from our sleep. No way has to him a barred gate. But the paths he plainly marks are those we must look to find him in to-day, when our turn as seekers may come. "Then," concluded Janet, in whose mind the wheels of all these thoughts were turning over and over, "I must myself reason out my future work, and may be, unaided by any human counselor, find it. Now, John told me I would do for a nurse. I wonder if that is to be my calling, or to be a nurse in the war, he said." So holding one hand up to God, asking for a light to be placed therein, with the other she felt her way along a path that was very uncertain and shadowy to her, where she could only grope and wait for the coming of light. If in her plans, the way was thus dimmed, at present there was no shrouding of the path she ultimately took. She now went down to the sandy shore, passed the fish-houses, and then strolled along the solitary beach. On one side, were the hummocks, whose billows of sand changed their form only as the waves pounded upon them and tried to beat them down and make them over. Before her was the gray sand of the beach, a cold steel gray near the water, a softer, warmer shade higher up the beach, and at the foot of the hummocks, it was almost white, tufted with blackened clumps of drift-wood. Then beyond the sands to the right, was the cold, blue ocean, an intense blue to-day, stretching out without a barrier until it touched the misty folds of cloud, lowered like a curtain all along the distant horizon line.

"Oh so cold, so cold!" said Janet looking off on the great sea. Not in the temperature of the atmosphere, but in the coloring of the sea, and yet an augury of the winter not far away, when to the touch as well as to the sight, the waves would be icy. The sea was quiet, and its approach to the land was almost playful, sending not its roaring lions, but its gentle lambs that sportively shook their white fleece up and down the beach. The sea though, off in the distance, did scowl, and there were cloudy spaces of the sky that looked sullen. Glancing at the sky now and then, but fastening her gaze almost continuously upon the sea, Janet walked on. It was a pleasure to see her walk, so even was her pace, so graceful her carriage. Far more interesting was her face. There was a certain sweetness to her expression, a nobility and dignity, an aspect of resources which she possessed and controlled wisely, that made her face a pleasant and interesting study to all thoughtful minds. She was now opposite Cast-away Ledge. There was a cleared pathway between it and the shore, but the tide was rising and the bridge of sand would soon be flooded.

"Wonder if I haven't time to walk out there before the tide shuts in," thought Janet.

She looked back at the shore and exclaimed, "Why, why, what is that?"

It seemed like the movement of a big crab over the sands, making its contortions as irregular and emphatic as possible. When these contortions, though, were analyzed, they were resolved into the efforts of Skipper Dan to bring along at the same time and in some kind of decent dignity, his wooden leg, and that young ward of skipper Dan, petted and beautiful, but now wilful and resisting, little Ethel. She was holding back and drawing away from the iron grip that had closed upon her left hand. With the other hand she clasped a flag. Like a mariner rounding a difficult point, he kept his eye on the fish houses ahead, and then dragged along little Ethel and his wooden leg.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Janet.

"Matter!" growled Skipper Dan, noticing Janet, but not stopping at all. "She is not a good leetle gal to-day. She's been away down the beach. Come, come, Ethel! Go stiddy! You act like a mack'ril sloop in a squall." Not a moment did the Skipper stop or cease pulling. He tugged away incessantly. Ethel made no reply. She only waved that flag of her country defiantly, shut her mouth tightly, and pulled back all she could.

"I am sorry, very, Ethel! You ought to be good," said Janet.

"Don't want to be!" said Ethel sulkily.

"That's it!" exclaimed the Skipper. "Now you see the sperrit in her. Oh I don't see what she wants to trouble Gampsie for!"

The tone of this last sentence seemed to touch Ethel, for she went along more readily, or less resistingly, rather. The Skipper, though, did not halt for an instant. He felt that he had an important cargo to get into port. He was the only tug that could do the work. On, he must go, and Ethel must go with him. The contortions of the crab were continued up the beach, and soon were more violent than ever. Janet watched the crab awhile, and then turned toward Castaway Ledge. "The sand is still uncovered. Time yet to get across and back," murmured Janet. "Just about time to get over and back before the tide comes in deeper."

She hurried over the sand, reached the ledge and sat down near Mary's Rock.

"I will sit down," she said.

All the while that rising tide was creeping up the sides of the ledge. It was spreading over the sand-strip between the ledge and the shore. But none of Janet's thoughts were on the tide. She was sitting on Mary's Rock. Her face was turned toward that cold sea, so wide, restless, and so menacing even in its mildest moods. But her thoughts were not on the sea in front any more than the sand-strip behind her. She was thinking of John Morton, his sickness, and her conversation with him. She remembered what he had told her about the war, and she recalled his opinion that she would make a good nurse for soldiers, and then like these very rocks coming out of the water with outline distinct and firm rose up out of her memory all of John's words about Winthrop Melrose! Was Winthrop still at the war? Was he on the march or in the hospital? Was—she could not think longer on that subject. She bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. How much like that sea was her heart? Out of its depths what sudden storms might arise! What thoughts, like strong winds, might sweep across it! How serious the agitation, bringing up things supposed to be buried deep on the bottom! How little the thoughts of that heart were under the control of the woman walking the beach a short time since, calm and sedate, her face placid with its expression of self-control! Now she was bending low, crouching on Mary's Rock, agitated just as that unfortunate maiden was disturbed years ago when the waves swept about this very ledge, and crash!—sh—sh! What did Janet hear? A wave had struck Mary's Rock and dared to throw its venturesome spray within a few feet of Janet. She shrank back in alarm! Then she turned, thinking of the sandy strip between the ledge and the beach. That tongue of land was smothered with water!

"Why!" she exclaimed, rising up in alarm. "How—how is this?"

The answer was prompt and the reason plain. While she had been attending to something else, the tide, attending to its own work, had been steadily rising, and stealthily cut off from the shore Castaway Ledge, Mary's Rock, and Janet Morton. No look of astonishment, no dissatisfaction, indignation, or remonstance could change the situation. She could see a little school-house half a mile from the beach, tucked into a pine grove at the foot of a hill. She had taught in that school-house.

"Why," she now said, "I used often to say to my scholars, 'Remember it is easy to get off to Cast-away Ledge, but it may be hard to get back,' and by it I used to illustrate the ease of getting into all kinds of mischief, and the difficulty in getting out. And here I am, a prisoner! In this very place! So mortifying!"

How mortifying, only a Morton well stocked with the Morton pride could say.

"What if my scholars saw me? How the scamps would enjoy it! I can almost see them pointing their fingers at me, a row of them over there on the shore, yes I can see them! But the question is, how to get ashore! I'll try! I suppose I must wade! Mortifying!"

She had scolded Ethel for her wading tendencies, but now Miss Janet Morton must turn herself into a duck.

"Stop one moment! There are boys—no! I wish somebody would come along and see me and come after me—no, no, will wade!"

She was ready to imitate the ducks in a minute, but turned back from her essay quickly. The water deepened steadily in the direction of her attempt, and she was obliged to come back. Then she remembered this peculiarity about the sand tongue which the beach thrust out to the ledge. It was not a broad attachment, but quite narrow, and on either side the water deepened abruptly. Had she gone to the right or the left of the strip of sand?

All this time, the malicious tide kept on strengthening, deepening, little waves breaking at her feet. It was like the sound of many chuckles as if they said "Now we have you! Caught a Morton! Don't do that every day!" Yes, the voices seemed to be a series of "Caught! caught! Caught, caught! Caught, caught!"

What would she do, or rather, what could she do? One thing might be done. She might possibly attract the attention of some one going by in a boat or walking out on the shore, that though would be an acknowledgement of her imprudence which she hated to make. How it could be told up in the village voiced among the home retailed with his sugar by the store-keeper over his counter to the farmer who had just arrived in his green wagon, who in turn would take it away and give it out with his potatoes. Lavina Skeele would hear of it and chuckle over it and tell it all in the sewing-circle which would make thirty tongues nimbly fly, though it might stay thirty needles. Then a newspaper in the neighborhood might get hold of it and chronicle Miss Janet Morton's "rash venture out to Castaway Ledge when the tide was down—or partially so—and her mortifying imprisonment there when the tide was up."

"Vexatious!" exclaimed Janet. "To be caught in this way! There, I wish I did not have so much pride!"

(To be Continued.)

A School on a Battle-Field.

The Christian Herald's" Sunday School Missionary Organizes a New Work on the Scene of an Indian Massacre.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that God is wonderfully blessing the work of establishing and fostering Sunday Schools to which they contribute by their support of the Rev. George W. Sharp, E CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the nerican Sunday School Union. The lat- report shows that during the preceding elve months the number of new Sunday hools organized was 1,763. In these the mber of teachers and scholars gathered s 65,977. And—better than all—no less an 10,002 hopeful conversions were re- rted from the schools during the year. re than one-third of these new schools re organized in the South-Western De- rtment, in which Mr. Sharp labors. The rk is arduous, involving almost con- nt traveling through a rough and arsely settled country, but to a man so voted to the cause of Christ as Mr. arp is, the reward far more than com- nsates for the hardships and privations ntails. In many instances he has found tlers far removed from church and hool, their children growing up without ligious advantages. There he has start- a school, out of which a church has own, that is now flourishing and doing good work. Sometimes, for years, the hool is the only sign of religious life in a mmunity and there is nothing besides to rk the difference between the Lord's y and other days of the week. But it rely exercises its influence and as the ildren grow up and take their places in ive life, the effects of the Sunday School ining is seen in their characters. Many timonies have been given to the value this work, which in some districts uld probably not have been commenced lt for the visit of the missionary. Even nen there are pious families in a neigh- rhood it often needs the missionary's ergy and organizing faculty to get a hool established. It is thus a patriotic rk directly influencing the life and char- of the rural population.

Dr. Paxson, who has charge of the Southwestern Department, speaks in the ghest terms of our Missionary's energy, lf-denial and enthusiasm. Mr. Sharp, says, is one of his most valued and ccessful workers, and he is anxious to ive the benefit of his help for another ar. Feeling sure that THE CHRISTIAN RALD readers would wish us to continue good a work, we have notified the Com- ittee of the Sunday School Union that e necessary funds would be provided, d Mr. Sharp has accordingly been com- issioned. The entire cost of the years's rk will be nine hundred dollars. We ve no doubt of the money being sup- ed. Our readers have too much interest such work to allow it to languish for k of funds. There ought to be no com- nities without religious services in this hristian land, and especially there ought be no children growing up in ignorance the Gospel. It is to those who are now ildren that the country must look for its ders as the older people die, and we nt to have those children Christians, fearing God and serving him. Therefore we want a Sunday School in every village of the land. Our readers can aid in achieving this most desirable object by contributing to the support of the Missionary, who devotes his whole time to that work. In the course of a letter recently received from Mr. Sharp, he gives the following report of his recent movements, and incidentally describes the historical associations of the site of a school he has organized:

In this month I have visited and addressed three flourishing Sunday Schools in a village where I had previously organized a school when they had none. They are all working harmoniously—all are now conducted in church houses, and identified with churches which have enjoyed precious revival meetings, and to which large additions have been made on confession of faith. All the services held while I was there were well attended, and I found the state of religion very gratifying. From that place an influence is spreading to communities in out-of-the-way places by the counsel of its workers.

One of these neighborhoods is called Battle Creek, in Schuyler Co., Mo., where I organized a school several years ago. The creek acquired its name from a battle between the Indians and the early settlers of this portion of the State about the year 1831. The State had been admitted into the Union eleven years before, but the Indians still had the privilege at a certain season of the year of coming in to hunt the game—bear, deer, wild turkey, etc.

Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer, having obtained a grant of land from the Spaniards in 1798, had settled north of the Missouri River beyond any inhabited limit, at Charette, where he died in 1822. His friends having settled in that vicinity, they formed the nucleus of the settlement that took the name of Howard County.

A volunteer force from that and the three intervening counties proceeded to the camp of the Indians, with whom they held a parley with the prospect of a peaceable adjustment of the difficulties when, all of a sudden, a white man saw an Indian who, he said, had disturbed his family, and the white man shot him.

The alert Indians assailed the whites instantly in return. Confusion reigned on all sides. The rash act of the white man had precipitated a battle, for which his comrades were not prepared. They were beaten. A few were killed and fell into the hands of the Indians who burned their bodies near a large walnut tree.

I was well acquainted years afterwards with three excellent citizens, all Christians, who were in the battle, and who severally gave me the above facts, and described the ground accurately on which the encounter occurred. In my missionary work, when I came to the creek I easily found the location though the forest was gone. But there was the northern slope of the hill up which the whites had retreated, some on foot, some on horseback, the latter sometimes dismounting to place a wounded comrade on his horse, that he might escape the vengeance of the savages. William Blackwell was one of those men who gave his horse to a wounded man, and by firing and running for a long distance escaped the fury of his pursuers. He lived to a good old age, and reared a large family, one of whom became a useful Methodist Minister.

How had the scene changed when I organized Battle Creek Sunday School! From the summit of the hill a beautiful and well cultivated field rolled north toward the creek. The meeting was held on a Thursday night. The address was listened to with earnest interest, the effort to organize a Sunday School met with hearty approval, and its success was assured from the beginning, and the field, once of carnage and death, became a field of salvation and life from the Prince of Peace.

GEO. W. SHARP,

Christian Herald Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

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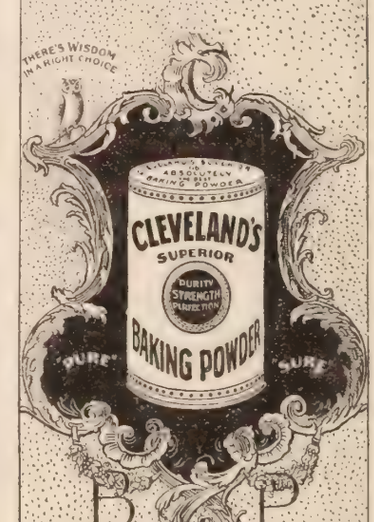

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Mar. 8, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Children. J. S., Blooming Valley, Pa., for the conversion of a son.——Widow, Petersburg, Va., that six children who are all out of Christ might be converted: also that sons-in-law one of whom is fallen under the power of drink, might be saved.——J. E. —, for a son who is broken-hearted under severe domestic affliction, that God may be the means of leading him to Christ. ——Reader," Welda, Kans., for the reclamation of a son. —— L. M. R., Henry, Ill., who has four sons unsaved, that God would draw them to himself. —— M. M. L., Danville, Ill. That a son who is sick might be led to Christ during his sickness.——"Anxious and Burdened Mother." On behalf of her eldest son, that he may return from his evil ways and give his heart to God; also that he may obtain employment, that he can help to support a needy family.

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. M. A. W., Fairfield, Tenn., for the conversion of her husband. ——M. J. S., Coatesville, Pa., that a brother and sister might be saved.——"One of the Least," Afton, Va., for an aunt who is sick and has not the consolation of religion, that he might come to know Jesus.——"Anxious Believer," Bradfordsville, Ky., for a sister that he may think less of the world and more of Christ with all his heart.——Two Sisters, Phoenixburg, Pa., for the conversion of their friends.——Believer in Prayer, W. Va., that a friend, one for whom many prayers have been offered and who was converted in his youth, may return to his first love.——J. S., Bloomingvalley, Pa., that her husband might be saved. ——N. C., Geneva, N. Y., for the salvation of several friends, one of whom has deserted his wife and is now in New York living in sin. ——A. P., West Liberty, Iowa, for the conversion of a family.——J. M. S., Aurora, Ill., for one who has been led by trouble to neglect religion and has turned against his former friends, that God would give him a new heart.

For the Restoration of Health. The following persons afflicted with various maladies ask prayer for recovery: E. A. D., Frankton, Ind.; M. C., Ryan, N. Y., Subscriber, Lexington, O.; H. M. S., Boston, Mass.; G., Philadelphia; "Believer," Mich.; Sisters, Pittsburg, Pa.; R.A.M., Volunteer, S. D. ——that a daughter-in law whose mind is unbalanced might be healed and restored to her family as a new creature in Christ.——M. M. L., Danville, Ill., that God would recover a sick son if it be his will. ——M. A. P., Portage, Wis., that a beloved sister might recover her hearing. —— S. E. P., Westfield, Ind., that a dear sister, heavily afflicted may be healed. —— E. B. B., Arbor Vitae, Wis., that the Lord would heal a Christian mother of whose restoration the physicians despair.——T. D. W., Turney, Mo., for the recovery of his wife who is suffering pain.——"Writer," for two friends, both very ill beyond human hope, one of whom would be dismissed if she died.——"Hopeless," for the restoration to health of a whole family every member of which is sick.——"Grateful Reader," Perkasie, Pa., that a dear Uncle may be raised from his bed of sickness.——"Sorrowing Father," Aurelia, Ia., for the recovery of a daughter who for ten years has been a sufferer from a distressing nervous disease. ——Believer, Racine, Wis., for the recovery of wife and sister.——"Believer," Princeton, Ky., that a believing mother in great affliction may be restored to health and comforted of the Lord.

For Special Blessings. "Earnest Seeker," Nebraska, Neb. A church member who has fallen into sin, that he may be forgiven and may receive strength to resist temptation. —— J. J. B., Westville, Conn. That in some way financial help might be obtained to save a family from losing a home to which they are much attached. "In Darkness," New York City, who is in great straits, having lost the sight of one eye entirely and the other partially, and who is consequently unable to go out to work, that God would give her grace to trust in him in spite of all, and would relieve her of the fear that in some way she must have offended him. About food and fuel and liable to be turned out of her room, she begs speedy and urgent prayer for succor in this terrible crisis. "Anxious Wife," Maryland, who is distressed by vile thoughts obtruding themselves apparently from some unseen tempter, and still have the power that has been given her to put them away from her, and that she may be relieved of the painful experience. "Ashamed," New York, that God would cleanse her heart of wicked desires which seize at times uncontrollable. That God would in mercy keep her from falling into sin, and give her a heart so full of love to him that there is no room in it for love of sin.—— Prayer Meeting of forty persons in Baltimore, Md., send through the pastor of the Church, a request that the Bowery Mission and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would plead that the needs lying close to the hearts of persons present at the meeting may be supplied in God's own way. "Believer." That a young man afraid to undertake the responsibility of church membership may realize that Christ will give him strength to be consistent, and may confess his faith.——"One who Believes," Belvidere, Ill. That a town organized on the pledge that no saloon should be opened in it, might be kept free in spite of the efforts of the liquor interest.——"Believer," Connecticut. That a place now for sale may fall into the hands of some Christian family, so that the neighbors may have a good and not an evil influence near them. —— "Anxious Christian," Boston, Mass., that a beloved son might have the way opened to him to earn a livelihood in some business where he would not be required to work on Sunday. —— E. I. R., Vergennes, Vt. For strength to resist a powerful temptation, and that grace may be given to lead a consistent Christian life amid surrounding apathy and frivolity. —— "Christian," Huntington, Pa. For a blessing on a new occupation, and that it may be the means of enabling him to meet pressing obligations and provide a support for a young family dependent on him.——M. S. Upton, Mass., a little child who is anxious that in some way her prayer might reach the Lord Jesus and has written a letter to him to be forwarded. She so wants her father who has left her mother and his home, to be found and sent back to those who love him and long for his return.

L. E. S., Boston, Mass. That a family proud of its unblemished name, respected in several generations, but now threatened with terrible disgrace, might be saved from the impending trial, but if that be not God's will, that grace be given the head of the family to bear it as becomes a Christian, and that he have the magnanimity to pardon the wrongdoer who has caused the trouble, and may not drive her from under his roof.——M. J. F., Wheatley, Ark. That God would give his Holy Spirit, so that amid many temptations none might separate from him, but only strengthen faith and patience to hold on to him to the end.——"Submission," N. Y., for speedy help in a pressing financial difficulty. —— R. A. D., Attleboro, Mass., that God will send suitable weather this year for farming operations, that there might be an abundant harvest to relieve some farmers whose savings are now exhausted.

J. A. F., Silver City, Idaho, that God would bless that neighborhood with the knowledge of himself and incline the hearts of the people to serve him.——"Believer," Harrisburg, Pa., who is discouraged because of unanswered prayer, that God would give him a token for good, and if it be consistent with his will grant the petition long urged.——B. B., Lake Providence, La., for stronger faith that in God's good time parents will meet a dear dead daughter in the Heavenly home.——Seven Friends at Forksville, Pa., that God would give them grace to live nearer to him.—— C. J. W., Fort Hunter, Pa., for strength and courage to testify for Christ, and that God would bless a dear father recently bereaved.

G. O. T., Lamartine, Colo., that in a neighborhood where there is little vital religion, the power of the Holy Spirit might quicken cold Christians and convict the wicked.——A. A. Singhampton, Canada, who has been raised up from a bed of sickness, that God would give grace for a life of gratitude and service.

S. E. P., Westfield, Ind., for divine guidance in a business matter of great difficulty.

Firm Believer, Racine, Wis., that in some way a man out of employment and whose wife is sick might be able to earn an honest livelihood.——"Reader," Iowa, for the reconciliation of two former friends now estranged.

I. H. N., Gamewell, N. C., for more faith.

"Young Woman," Baltimore, Md., for grace to overcome a besetting sin and that God would care for her in the future.——A.R.G.E., Galveston, Tex., that God would bless an effort being made for the rescue of the fallen, homeless and destitute in that city.——M. P., Rochester, Minn., that a wanderer may return to his anxious old mother before she dies.

Thanks for Answered Prayer. V. S., Emporium, Pa., writes: Permit me to acknowledge a positive and beautiful answer to prayers which you offered at my request, a short time ago. May I now ask you to thank God for us and to praise him for his loving kindness.

Jesus Loves You.

DO you know how Jesus loves you?
He your sins and sorrows bore,
Gave up all in earth and heaven,
Till he could not give you more.
Do you know he came to save you?
Poured his soul out unto death!
Do you know that he forgave you
With his latest dying breath?

CHORUS.

Jesus loves you—he would bring you
To his blessed home above;
Jesus loves you—Jesus loves you
With an everlasting love.

Do you know that Jesus loves you,
Tho' a sinner you have been?
That a loving Saviour wants you,
As you are—with all your sins?
Tho' your heart be sadly hardened,
He will make it glad and blest—
And no sin shall be unpardoned,
If it freely be confessed.

Tho' your soul be steeped in sorrow—
Though it be by sin enslaved—
You may have a blessed morrow,
If your precious soul be saved.
Do you know how Jesus loves you,
With a boundless love and care?
How in heaven he prayeth for you,
And how much he wants you there?

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

10 TIMES OUT OF 10

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.

ALL OF THEM CHOSE

Columbia Bicycles

Standard of the World.

Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. And the Journal bought ten Columbias. Paid $100 each for them, too. On even terms a Columbia is chosen

10 TIMES OUT OF 10

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31 1895

Assets	$221,213,721 33
Liabilities	194,347,157 58
Surplus	$26,866,563 75
Total Income	$48,597,430 51
Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895	$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in force	$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895	$61,647,645 36

NOTE—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

Report of the Examining Committee

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

February 11, 1896

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approval of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

(SIGNED) H. C. VON POST, CHAS. R. HENDERSON, JAMES C. HOLDEN, ROBERT OLYPHANT, WM. P. DIXON, J. H. HERRICK COMMITTEE

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL	Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK	Actuary

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Five Cents Per Cake COCO TRADE MARK.

The Perfect Soap

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Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

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100 SHADES FOR 5c.

TABLETS—clean, easily used—a 5c. package makes 100 different shades. PAPERS variegate and print pictures. Enough for a dozen eggs, 5c. Like the old way (calico, but nicer. FREE FROM POISON.

Look for above trade-mark. Both by mail for 10c. If your druggist or grocer hasn't and won't get PAAS. THE PAAS DYE COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

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$100 Oakwood for $57.50
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$65 " " $37.50
$20 Bicycle " $10.75

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Young men have fun and make money printing for others. Type-setting easy; full printed instructions

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To close out our stock we send by mail 70 pieces, full sheet music size, vocal and instrumental all parts complete, all for 20c.; or 4 lots 50c. Money back if not suited. "Only One Girl in the World for Me," and 100 Songs with music 5c. O. H. HASKINS, 359 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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HOME STUDY Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. thoroughly taught by Mail at student's Home. Low rates, perfect satisfaction. Cat. free. Trial lesson 10c. BRYANT & STRATTON, 75 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

How he Settled it.

An Incident of Recent Christian Work in Colorado.

HE was a tall, lean, gray-bearded old man. He had a rapid, positive gait and much endurance, as the writer found out after he had walked some distance with him in the high altitude of a Colorado city. We had met at a Y.M.C.A. service, and he had promised to tell me, after the meeting, the story of his conversion. I would that I could weave into the story the nervous twitches of his mouth, expressive of his intense feeling; and portray the flashes from his steel-gray eyes which glowed with earnestness; and that I could describe the many gesticulations which added so much emphasis to his words. I shall only be able to reproduce the language of his story, which fastened itself upon my memory.

"You'd hardly believe me, if I'd tell you, what an old scoundrel I was five years ago," were his first words. Then he gave me sufficient insight into his former, wicked self, to at first making me feel doubtful about trusting myself too far from the city's centre with him, even in his apparently reconstructed form, for it was far past candle-light. "Yes!" he said, taking up the story of his conversion, "It is a strange thing how I got to that revival meeting. I guess I was after some deviltry when I went; but I tell you something powerful got after me (and he brought down his massive cane with a heavy thump upon the sidewalk), and they took me right up to the very front seat, which I didn't like one bit, I tell you; but I marched up there in great style and sat down as if I owned the whole place. After the preaching I was amused at the way some of the men carried on, going 'round and talking right straight to the people, and even taking them for'ard. By-and-by a thin, weaking-looking, little bit of an old man stepped right in front of me, with everybody looking on, and said so slow that my blood boiled up high while he was getting it out, 'Brother, hadn't you better settle it to-night?' 'Settle what?' I said with an oath. 'I ain't got anything to settle. Mind your own business, you old fool, and don't meddle with mine.' He didn't say a word; he didn't even look cross; he just went on and talked to some one else. Of course I wasn't coming back to that meeting the next night—of course I wasn't; but somehow I did. I don't know whether it was to have it out with that fellow or not; I don't know, but I got there somehow or other. And didn't I get into that very same seat! And, yes, didn't that same man have the cheek to come to me after the preaching and say again, even slower and more aggravating, 'Brother, hadn't you better settle it to-night?' I said, but somehow I couldn't swear this time, 'I tell you I ain't got anything to settle'—and, will you believe it? something right inside of me said, as clear as a bell, 'You know that is a lie, Jim ——; you know you have got something to settle.' I tried to tell the little man to mind his own business again, but couldn't; something was telling me I was a liar right along, and I knew it was true. But the man didn't stop any longer than the night before, he looked just kind of sorrowful and passed on.

"The very next night, I was there early. I wanted to get that very same seat for certain, and I got it. After the sermon I watched for that same, little man, and he came. He wasn't scared, either; indeed, he seemed as though he was glad to see me; and he began on those same words, 'Brother, hadn't you better settle—' I 'rose like a flash, and dropping my cane, grabbed both of his hands and shouted, 'I'm coming to settle it to-night, brother; God helping me! I'm going to settle it right now. I've got an awful, awful lot to settle; but I'll settle it, yes I will!' And I walked right up to the altar with my arm around that brother, and I settled it; yes I did, thank God!

[illegible] and I looked up into his countenance. I could see the "Hallelujahs" of that night written all over it yet. We walked along in silence, he rejoicing again in his victory, and I in the power of the Holy Spirit. GEO. S. HULL, M.D.

A Faithful Missionary.

After laboring nearly fifty years as a missionary in Africa, Rev. Hugh Goldie, died only a few weeks ago, at his station at Old Calabar. When he arrived at Duke Town, in June, 1847, he found that a king had just died and his brother was procuring human sacrifices for the funeral service. One woman was seen strangled, and others were awaiting their doom in the room where the dead king lay. When arrangements were completed, the heads of the king's sword-bearer, snuff-box bearer and umbrella-holder were struck off and tumbled into the pit with thirty of his hundred wives. But three years after Mr. Goldie's arrival, the kings pledged themselves that no human beings should be killed except for crime. Subsequently other reforms followed. The Sabbath began to be observed, the killing of twins and their mother, which had been a universal custom, was prohibited, and before many years the last remnant of public heathen rites disappeared. Women were honored, Christian dress was adopted, and a complete change came over the thoughts and habits of the people. Their better spirit is shown in the fact that in 1879 for the building of their church they contributed $7,000.

Mr. Goldie gave much attention to the Efik language, publishing school books, catechisms, hymn books and dictionary, and the New Testament also in that language. He was permitted to see a marvelous change in the district in which he labored, and is to be accounted as one of the noble men who have ever labored there.

"Macbeth" means toughness of glass, when applied to lamp-chimneys; perfection of draft besides, if you get the Number made for your lamp.

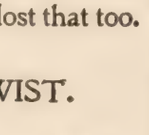
Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

Cock-a-doodle doo—
My dame has lost her shoe;
But CUPID Hair-Pins held her hair—
Or she'd have lost that too.

It's in the TWIST.



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The blame for poor writing or drawing can never be laid to a DIXON pencil. If teacher does not keep Dixon's American Graphite Pencils send 16 cents for pencil worth double the money.

Jos. Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J.

For Nervous Prostration Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The Gospel for Mongols.

IN a letter to the American Board from Mr. Roberts who is laboring at Kalgan in Northern China, he says: "We were notified recently by the subordinate official, Badam Daroga that Mr. Larson must not live any longer in the house of Boyinto. If he persisted in staying and preaching, Boyinto would be beaten, as it was not safe to beat the foreign preacher.

So Mr. Larson rode nearly all night on a fast horse, and came here. The next day a man came from the Yamen to insist the house, and Boyinto was alarmed and rode away by night and came here. A few days after the affair quieted down somewhat, and Boyinto returned home. I had a petition prepared in Chinese in due form, and on September 21 presented it to the Tu T'ung, who is the highest magistrate in Kalgan and governs the Mongols in all the region near us on the north, asking him to send a letter to the Yamen, commanding the official there to notify Badam Daroga that, according to the law of the Chinese Empire, we have the right to preach the Christian religion, and the natives have the right to practise it and must be protected. My petition at first was pigeon-holed by the underlings, but by repeated visits to the Yamen I at last got it taken into the Tu T'ung, and received at once the promise that my request should be granted.

The next day Mr. Stenberg and I started on a tour into Mongolia to take the good news to Boyinto. We saw him at his home, and were glad to learn that he had not been beaten. After we returned to Kalgan I inquired whether the letter had been sent by the Tu T'ung, according to promise, and learned that it had been sent on October 11. So I am quite sure that Boyinto and the missionary brethren will be protected from harm in the future.

"I will mention a few facts that betoken a hope of the gospel reaching the Mongols at last. Last year a Norwegian missionary, Mr. O. S. Nastegard, located in Urga: he has bought from the Russians there a large piece of ground for mission use, expects several more missionaries to join him this year, and reports his Mongol teacher, a Lama, as already converted and become a true helper and refusing to pray to the 'Living Buddha,' though offered twelve horses and four cows as an inducement to do so. Mr. Nastegard has built a large Mongol tent and a teacher from Urga for Mr. Larson. Boyinto and others of his village have been called to the Liang Huang Ch'i Yamen to hear the word sent by the Tu T'ung, doubtless saying that we foreigners have a right to teach the Christian religion at Hara Oso, and the natives have a right to believe it.

"I have finished revising the Mongolian Catechism, and have had my Mongol teacher carve two blocks for printing sheet tracts: one of the Ten Commandments, and the other the Lord's Prayer, both in his own language. A Mongol Grammar is being copied here by Mr. Stenberg, and is nearly finished, and will be sent to Urga, so that Mr. Nastegard may copy it also. The Mongol-German-Russian dictionary is being translated into English by Mr. Ericson, at Wang Yeh Fu, a place in the Ortous desert, fifty miles from Ning Hsia Fu, in Kansuh Province. These facts, with the added hope of the speedy coming of other missionaries for Mongolia, seem to give some hope for the evangelization of that country.

The Mohammedan rebellion in Kansuh is causing great distress there. Liang Chou Fu has fallen, and the war is raging around Si Ning Fu. If the rebels should be reinforced by many armed Mohammedans from Ili or Turkestan, they could reach Kalgan in three weeks and Peking in four weeks, as all the boats on the upper part of the Yellow River are owned by Mohammedans. An order came to Kalgan from Peking recently, requiring that all the Mohammedans should be counted."

Converted Through Peril.

Mr. Hughes, an English evangelist, relates this instructive incident: "A young man was making his way home after having had what he called 'a jolly time' with a few companions at the village public-house. His way home crossed a railway; there was a bridge provided at some distance from the village, but it would save a walk if he pushed his way through a weak part of the hedge, crossed the line, then took his way across the fields. There was no danger to a sober man, but in the drunken state in which he was, he failed to see a train approaching, and was through the hedge and about to stagger on to the rails when the engine dashed past him, drawing behind it a long load of wagons. So near was he to death that the shock sobered him. He went cautiously home, and that night, for the first time for years, he knelt down and returned thanks to his God for his watchful care. From that night he was a changed man; he frequented the church, he gave his heart to the Lord, and, instead of spending his time among drinking companions, all his leisure was given to the service of God."

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THE SASSOONLIS.*

THE morality of the people of Sassoon was of a very high standard. Wine made by themselves was moderately used on festive occasions, but drunkenness was practically unknown. The mountain women, unlike their sisters of the cities, used the veil, not to cover their faces, but to fall as a graceful drapery down the back. They had the frank and direct look which we are accustomed to see only in children, and were quick to detect and resent evil, even with violence, as the intruder would find to his cost. These people had neither laws nor courts, but referred their disputes to the head-man of the village, from whose decision appeal was rarely made. The head-man, or "*reis*," held office simply by common consent of the villagers, not as a hereditary right or a prerogative of wealth, but because of character and ability.

Religion was a vital matter to the people of Sassoon, but concerned itself only with the barest essentials. They had no more conception of theological doctrines than had the people who listened to the Sermon on the Mount. Christianity was to them rather a story, the characters of which were almost as vivid and real as if they had personally known them. They felt profound reverence for the Virgin Mary, but Christ was the object of their worship. Their gratitude, submission, and love to him would find expression in brief significant exclamations, deep sighs, and sometimes silent tears. Such evidences I have frequently noticed among Armenian peasants as they listened to the reading of the Scriptures or engaged in prayer.

Life in Sassoon was physically comfortable, though not luxurious. Open-handed hospitality and care of the poor was as much a duty as provision for one's own family. There was considerable variety in the occupations which followed one another in rapid succession throughout the year. No drones were tolerated in that busy hive, and in all their toil men and women stood shoulder to shoulder. Which bore the heavier burden, the reader may decide. Take the care of the flocks and herds for instance, in which their chief wealth consisted. To the men was entrusted the task of pasturing and protecting them, but the women did all the milking and made the butter and cheese. The shearing of the sheep was men's work, but the women washed, carded, and spun the wool into thread, which was then woven into excellent cloth by the men on their heavy looms, and afterward made into garments for all the household by the women. Crude cotton, also, brought from Mesopotamia, was put through the same stages. The bringing of wood and water was always left to the women and girls. After the men had ploughed, sowed, and irrigated the fields, the reaping—a very slow and laborious task—was done by their wives and sisters, who also winnowed the grain, after the men had threshed it.

The Armenian family is conducted on strictly patriarchal lines. As the sons grow up and are married, they bring their brides to the father's house instead of starting new homes of their own. For this large establishment, which includes all, from grandparents to grandchildren, the word "family," or "house," is used. With this explanation, it does not seem so strange to hear of families of twenty or even fifty souls. These large families are the units which compose the village. The members of each family have everything in common, property, living rooms, household cares, and pleasures included.

The freedom of the family home belongs not simply to every [illegible] member of it, but is also generously conferred upon the numerous animals on which the family depends. As day declines, cows, buffaloes, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, dogs, cats, and chickens all turn their steps to the common entrance, where each knows his place and is duly cared for. There is little distinction between drawing-room, kitchen, chamber, and stable; they all form parts of one semi-subterranean cavern, which is divided by posts, railings, and walls, forming a veritable labyrinth to the stranger, though every turn is familiar to the regular occupants. The people gladly welcome the European traveler, as an angel from the outside world, who can take back their story, and who, they know, will pay for all he receives, instead of extorting it as do the Kurds and Turkish *zaptiehs*, or police.

* From *Personal Reminiscences of Charles Haddon Spurgeon*, by Rev. W. Williams. This is not a biography of the famous preacher, but a fascinating gossipy story of personal acquaintance by one of Mr. Spurgeon's most intimate friends. Pp. 288. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Spurgeon at Home.*

HE once showed me a letter written, I believe, by some poor woman in the backwoods of America. The writing was the most curious I ever saw. It had puzzled him for hours before he could decipher it; but he discovered it was a letter of gratitude for a sermon of his that had found its way to that "out of the world" region, and which had led this poor woman to the Saviour. "This is more precious to me than a big bank-note," he said with tears in his eyes.

Mr. Spurgeon once told me the following incident: "A gentleman came one day to look over the Pastors' College. He said to me, 'And you mean to tell me all this money is sent you in answer to prayer; I don't believe it.' I said, 'I don't ask you to believe it.' He said, 'Oh, no! good people know you are a good manager, and they send you the money.' My reply was, 'If good people had not got the money, God would send the devil with it.' After we had looked the place over he said, 'Well, it is a capital institution; here is ten pounds for you.' 'But,' I said, 'you told me good people sent me the money; I hope that applies to you.'" "Oh, no!" he said, "you hit me very hard when you said He would send the devil with it." And so he went away."

Old George, Mr. Spurgeon's tried and trusted servant, was not only a great comfort to his master during his seasons of severe illness, but was ever and anon the occasion of pleasant and innocent merriment. He seemed to have learned the art of his master in making visitors to the house agreeable and pleasant. "Old George does make me laugh," the master said one day, "and whenever I get low he is always trying to cheer me up." He said to me the other day: 'Master, do you believe in ghosts? 'cause I don't, and I will tell you why. Don't you see, if a man goes to the good place he wonner want to come wandering about these regions and more. And if he goes to the bad place they wonner let him out even at the back door to get a drink of water. That's why I don't believe in ghosts.'"

* From *Personal Reminiscences of Charles Haddon Spurgeon*, by Rev. W. Williams. This is not a biography of the famous preacher, but a fascinating gossipy story of personal acquaintance by one of Mr. Spurgeon's most intimate friends. Pp. 288. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

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THE GOSPEL FOR TIBET.

WRITING to a friend in England Miss Annie Taylor reports that she has me advances in acquaintance with Tibans and is assured of a cordial welcome. Sl says, "The Tibetan chiefs want me to stt a sort of cottage hospital. I will hre to take time to pray and think about it's my hands seem full already. The laa chiefs, who are now returning to Lssa, sent me lately a present of a piece of Tibetan yellow woolen cloth with wh to make a gown. We are leaving tHut at Gnatong to take care of itself, orather God will protect it for us.

The attacks on us in the Indian pa have done good; so far as the Tibetare concerned, they got to know about th before I did, and told me not to fear, fothey said, 'This is our country, and we wit you here.' The Lhassa chiefs paid ma long visit last Sunday, and some days bore the Tibetan chief at Phari-zong cne to the shop. I have taken over a hdred rupees for medicines and goods.

The house here is as comfortable as oan can make it in these parts. We have n choice as pioneers; we can but take the hs or houses open to us, or tell our Mastthat he is expecting too much of us. It isie Lord's will that the Gospel should bereached in Tibet. The command is 'to ery creature and to all the world.' 'Be ccent with such things as ye have' does nmean grumbling and growling at every lie inconvenience. I am here for Jesus, at he is here with me. That makes the h into a palace, and 'home, sweet home.' I pect in the spring the way will open ufurther on into Tibet."

Mission Worker Called Home.

ince the publication in THE CHRISTIAN HALD in its issue of Feb. 5 last, of the acle concerning the work of the Union Cpel Mission in New Orleans, the conitors of the mission have suffered a loss the death of their associate, Mrs. M. B. Hyard. She passed away full of the hle of immortality, with Jesus as her Siour. Her entire devotion to the work leher to overtax her energies, and her fatallness was the result. The mission is in very promising field, and has already abmplished much good. It is greatly in nd of copies of the Gospels and New Tstaments for distribution at the regular Sbath jail services. All religious literate sent to the Mission, at No. 3 Keller Fv, Magnolia street, New Orleans, suld be prepaid. The projected new bilding for the Mission—for which Mrs. Hyard was one of the most indefatigabl workers—is meeting with much encragement, and is greatly needed for the eansion of the work which has outgwn its present quarters.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment aPatrons of the Bowery Mission:

rs. J. F. Williamson; E. J. Mangum; Mrs. Roxa Ross; R. W. Jones; Louisa Jaeger; J. D. Mcwulch; Jane M. Watters; Mrs. Williams; Mrs. A. A. Haverly; C. O. Diffenbacher; F. H. Mulford; ——, Chago; D. L. M., "In His Name."J. McClun; Mrs. A. C. and Miss W. M. C; H., Brooklyn, N. Y; Eli and M. C. Bateman; Miss L. M. Prevost; A. R. G. Evards; Mrs. J. B., Crockett, Tex; Louis DeLanJ; Julia A. Reed; Mrs. A. H. Vescelius; Maggie Sild; Mrs. E. A. Funk; Mrs. J. Hazard; A Friend, Bo, Md.; E. G. Mansfield, Jr.; Miss P. L. Saunde; A family being led by Jesus, Ct. Bend; H. L. Sherman; R. G. Dun & Co; E. F. Browning; Mollie Myers; H. J. Evans; L. C. Allen; Mrs. A. A. Fordh; Mr. and Miss H. Borden; F. W. George; Mrs. M. Galbraith; Mrs. S. J. Bird; A. M. Hall.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose mes are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the rk during the present week, each giving cording to ability and as personal interest the spiritual progress of the work sugts. All contributions will be promptly knowedged by mail.

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edical Science at last reports a positive cure for zma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanidiscovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Acures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Hartinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of sthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Cnd of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years ould sleep propped up in a chair, being unable lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola l cure Ithin at once. To make the matter sure, we and hun ire is at other cures are sworn to under th before a notary public. So great is their faith its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importi Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out ge trial cases of the Kola compound free to all ffers from Asthma. Send them your name and dress on a postal card, and they will send you a ge trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing if you shoul i surely try it.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST!

Requests have poured in from readers of this paper, asking that the **Crayon Portrait** offer be extended. Those who had taken advantage of **The Christian Herald Coupons**, have found the work far superior to their anticipations—in fact a **regular $12.00 to $15.00 Bargain.** Now their neighbors and friends who had held back are clamoring that another opportunity be given them to secure a **free-hand, life-size** 16 x 20 **Crayon Portrait** bust with a handsome **burnished Carved Gilt Frame**—size 30 x 34—at a **Special Price.**

Although it was originally intended to at once restore the price to its original figure, **at the intercession and request of The Christian Herald readers,** we will say that the offer is extended for 30 day longer.

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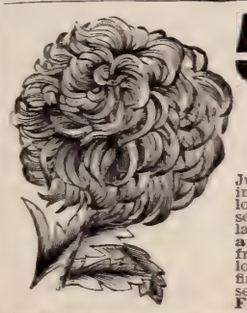

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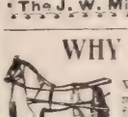

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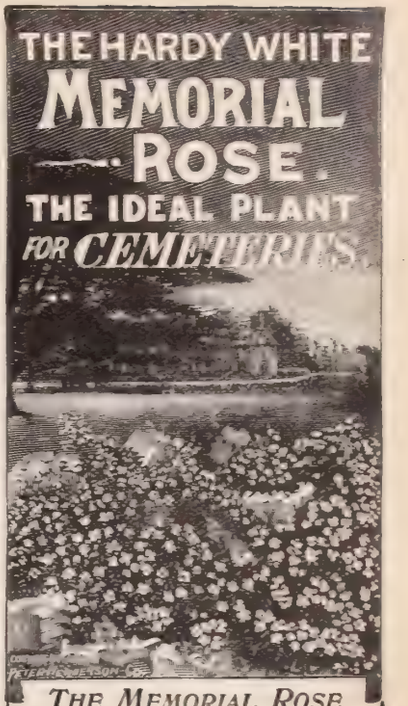
Best in the world, last winter patronized by Shoemaker Incubator Co., Freeport, Ill. U. S. A.



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AS IT GROWS.

Growing in sun or shade, possessing the hardiness of the Oak, with a distinctive charm entirely its own, the **Memorial Rose** (*Rosa Wichuraiana*) will be found a singularly appropriate plant for beautifying Cemetery plots. It creeps along the ground just as an Ivy does, growing ten feet in a single season, forming a dense mat of dark green lustrous foliage, with thornless stems. The flowers are single, snow-white with a golden yellow disc, are from 5 to 6 inches in circumference, and have the delicious fragrance of the Banksia Roses. The flowers, in clusters, are produced in the most lavish profusion, and are in their fullest glory just after the June Roses are past. Seen then the clusters look like great masses of snow, and are a sight long to be remembered. But its use is not confined to Cemeteries, for not only is it also perfectly adapted for garden culture, but for screening rocky slopes, embankments and such places as it is desirable to quickly cover with verdure it is unsurpassed. Indeed, it adapts itself to every condition of growth, whether barren or fertile soil, rocky ledge, shady nook or sun-kissed slope.

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All purchasers of the **Memorial Rose** who will state where they saw this advertisement will be sent our MANUAL FOR 1896 of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" (100 pages, 6 colored plates and over 500 engravings). To those desiring the MANUAL only, we will mail it on receipt of 20 cents (in stamps), which is less than cost.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

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For **HOGS, POULTRY,** and all fence purposes.

Standard Fencing of U.S.

Thousands of Miles in Use.

Always gives satisfaction. Sold by dealers. Freight paid. Take no other. Catalogue free.

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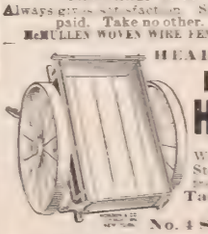

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Wide and narrow tires. Steel axles. Low rates of freight to all points. Catalogue free.

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HOBSON & CO.,
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FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail an interesting little book of information, free, to any bald man, telling how to remove scalp diseases. Address,

Altenheim Medical Dispensary,
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SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK

96 pages, printed in 6 colors. Gives a view of largest Poultry Farm. Tells about Chickens. Prices of stock, eggs, incubators, remedies, poultry [illegible] etc. Is [illegible] trated. Price only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT TESTED 70 YEARS

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A STARTLING OFFER!

All Our Previous Offers Eclipsed!

Sentiment, Beauty, Utility and Pric combine to make this the greate bargain ever offered by a reliable house. Six of the handsomest full size heavy triple-plate silver souven teaspoons ever made and only Ninety-nine cents, prepaid by mail.

The stock of famous coffee spoons is NEARLY EXHAUSTED. We are now offering the balance, OUR TEASPOON much larger and finer than the coffee spoons and we say without reserve or hesitation that no such opportunity as this ev before existed. They must be sold! We cannot afford to carry them longer. After you see these spoons you will readi understand why we held them back until the coffee spoons were disposed of.

ONLY 99¢

• FOR ALL SIX •

FORMERLY SOLD FOR 9.00

THINK OF IT!

You will pay th times the price for ordinary teaspoons w plain bowls—here y get the prettiest patte and GOLD-PLATI BOWLS — the ent bowl inside and outs plated with gold, a each bowl represent a different World's F Building. Money c not buy them elsewhe They are the identi stock sold on the Wor Fair Grounds for $9 a set, but you can n have the set of six f only—99c., about o tenth their origi price.

This is the fir souvenir collection e produced of the Wor Fair. Every family d every individual ou to have a set as a SOUVENIR or as beautiful collection

spoons for extraordinary occasions, or for a BIRTHDAY or WEDDING gift, or as a set for EVERY-DAY-USE. You may never have anot chance to get such exquisite silverware at such a remarkably low price. The thousands and thousands of subscribers to religious papers w bought our After-dinner Coffee Spoons will read this offer with delight. THEY KNOW THAT ANY OFFER WE MAKE IS A GENUI BARGAIN and cannot be duplicated anywhere. There are twelve different buildings:

SET No. 2 Comprises the Manufacturers, Horticultural, Womans, Fisheries, Machinery Hall and Transportation buildin s.
SET No. 3 Includes the Administration, Art, Agricultural, Electrical, Mining and Government buildings.

In your order please be explicit and say whether you want set Number 2 or Number 3. The set is put up in a very n at box, handsomely lined with plush, and is sent by mail securely packed and PREPAID.

Send us 99c by Post Office or Express Money Order or registered letter only, as we *do not accept personal checks.*

Our references are the First National Bank, Chicago; the Mercantile Agencies, and all the Express Companies. If he spoons are not exactly as represented you can have your money back. You know our advt. would not be in this paper if he offer were not genuine.

We still have some of the After-Dinner Coffee spoons on hand.

Address in full **LEONARD MFG. CO., Dep't B, 152 and 153 Michigan Ave., Chicag**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

COPYRIGHT 1896, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.
NUMBER 13.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

FANNY J. CROSBY, THE BLIND POET, AND IRA D. SANKEY, COMPOSING A NEW HYMN. (See Page 243.)

DIVINE MISSION OF NEWSPAPERS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Ezekiel 10: 12, *"And the wheels were full of eyes."* Acts 17: 21, *"For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."*

WHAT is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printing-press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel, how it grinds the operator with fatigues, and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing-machine wheel sees not the aches and pains fastened to it—tighter than the band that moves it, sharper than the needle which it plies. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyeless. Not so the wheels of the printing-press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to periphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near-sighted, far-sighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation; eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowering with indignation, eyes tender with love; eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope; blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes; holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes, literary eyes, historical eyes, religious eyes; eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering the news or telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because the more intelligent people become, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

The question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked, What is the news? To answer that cry in the text for the newspaper the centuries have put their wits to work. China first succeeded, and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for one thousand years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing the *Acta Diurna*, in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages, and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth by first publishing the news of the Spanish Armada, and going on until she had enough enterprise, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to spell out [illegible] in the London *Morning Chronicle*, about as much as the newspaper of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris's first newspaper, called *Public Occurrences*, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily, the *American Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news-letter, created by Divine impulse in human nature; and the circular begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas! by what a struggle it came to its present development! No sooner had its power been demonstrated, than tyranny and superstition shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so fears and hates as a printing-press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the King of Naples made it unsafe for him to write of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kossuth's journalistic pen, pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said: "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of nations, and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court-rooms of England and America, and decided before this century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's *Gazette* in America, and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marathon and Thermopylæ in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the handcuffs and hopples of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of American Independence, wrote, also: "If I had to chose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without a Government, I should prefer the latter." Stung by some base fabrication coming to us in print, we come to write or speak of the unbridled printing-press; or, our new book ground up by an unjust critic, we come to write or speak of the unfairness of the printing-press; or, perhaps, through our own indistinctness of utterance, we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons, hyphens, and commas, and we come to speak or write of the blundering printing-press; or, seeing a paper filled with divorce cases or social scandal, we speak and write of the filthy printing-press; or, seeing a journal, through bribery, wheel round from one political side to the other in one night, we speak of the corrupt printing-press, and many talk about the lampoonery, and the empiricism, and the sans-culotteism of the printing-press.

But I shall now [illegible] on a subject you have never heard—the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes. Thank God that we do not have, like the Athenians—to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have better appreciation of this blessing if we knew [illegible] the hours, the anxieties, the wear and tear of heartstrings involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and, consequently, during the last few years, a newspaper has died almost every day. The disease is epidemic. The larger papers swallow the smaller ones, the whale taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canadas, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out that the most successful way to sink money and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost every one is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts one, or have stock in one he must or die.

The course of procedure is about this: A literary man has an agricultural or scientific or political or religious idea which he wants to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have. But he talks of his ideas among confidential friends until they become inflamed with the idea, and forthwith they buy type and press, and rent composing-room, and gather a corps of editors, and with a prospectus that proposes to cure everything, the first copy is flung on the attention of an admiring world. After a while one of the plain stockholders finds that no great revolution has been effected by this daily or weekly publication; that neither sun nor moon stands still; that the world goes on lying and cheating and stealing just as it did before the first issue. The aforesaid matter-of-fact stockholder wants to sell out his stock, but nobody wants to buy, and other stockholders get infected and sick of newspaperdom, and an enormous bill at the paper factory rolls into an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until back wages are paid up, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the world at large, and all the subscribers wonder why their paper doesn't come. The world will have to learn that a newspaper is as much of an institution as the Bank of England or Yale College, and is not an enterprise. If you have the aforesaid agricultural, or scientific, or religious, or political idea to ventilate, you had better charge upon the world through the columns already established. It is folly for anyone who cannot succeed at anything else to try newspaperdom. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house it is folly to try the sides of the Matterhorn.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy, of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and, in acquisition, encyclopediac. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth. If you feel like starting any newspaper, secular or religious, understand that you are being threatened with softening of the brain or lunacy, and throwing your pocket-book into your wife's lap, start for some Insane Asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile, as the dead newspapers, week by week, are carried out to the burial, all the living newspapers give respectful obituary, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printer's ink should give at least one stickful of epitaph. If it was a good paper, say, "Peace to its ashes." If it was a bad paper, I suggest the epitaph written for Francis Chartreuse: "Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartreuse, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second." I say this becau I want you to know that a good, health long-lived, entertaining newspaper is r an easy blessing, but one that comes to through the fire.

First of all, newspapers make knov edge democratic and for the multitu The public library is a hay-mow so hi up that few can reach it, while the new paper throws down the forage to our fe Public libraries are the reservoirs wh the great floods are stored high up a away off. The newspaper is the tun that brings them down to the pitchers all the people. The chief use of gr libraries is to make newspapers out Great libraries make a few men and v men very wise. Newspapers lift wh nations into the sunlight. Better have fi million people moderately intelligent th one hundred thousand Solons. A fa impression is abroad that newspa knowledge is ephemeral because pe cals are thrown aside, and not one out ten thousand people files them for fut reference. Such knowledge, so far fr being ephemeral, goes into the very str ture of the world's heart and brain. decides the destiny of Churches and tions. Knowledge on the shelf is of li worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowle harnessed, knowledge in revoluti knowledge winged, knowledge projec knowledge thunder-bolted. So far fr being ephemeral, nearly all the best mi and hearts have their hands on the p ting-press to-day, and have had sin got emancipated. Adams, and Hanc and Otis used to go to the Boston *Ga* and compose articles on the rights of people. Benjamin Franklin, De W Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Qui were strong in newpaperdom. Man the immortal things that have been p lished in book form first appeared in w you may call the ephemeral periodical. Macaulay's essays first appeared in a view. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all Intosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazli all Thackeray's, all the elevated work fiction in our day, are reprints from p odicals in which they appeared as seri Tennyson's poems, Burns's poems, Lo fellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Lowe poems, Whittier's poems, were once f tive pieces. You cannot find ten liter men in Christendom, with strong mi and great hearts, but are or have been so how connected with the newspaper pr ing-press. While the book will always h its place, the newspaper is more potent. cause the latter is multitudinous, do conclude it is necesssarily superficial. man should from childhood to old age only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary his newspaper, he could be prepared all the duties of this life and all the ha ness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful ror of life as it is. It is sometimes c plained that newspapers report the when they ought only to report the go They must report the evil as well as good, or how shall we know what is t reformed, what guarded against, w fought down? A newspaper that pict only the honesty and virtue of society misrepresentation. That family is prepared for the duties of life wh knowing the evil, is taught to select good. Keep children under the impres that all is fair and right in the world, when they go out into it they will b poorly prepared to struggle with it child who is thrown into the middle of Atlantic and told to learn how to sw Our only complaint is when sin is m attractive and morality dull, when vic painted with great headings and g deeds are put in obscure corners, iniqu set up in great primer and righteousnes nonpareil. Sin is loathsome, make it lo some. Virtue is beautiful, make it be tiful.

It would work a vast improvemen if all our papers—religious, political, liter —should for the most part drop their personality. This would do better jus

newspaper writers. Many of the strong- e and best writers of the country live al die unknown, and are denied their jt fame. The vast public never learns vo they are. Most of them are on com- natively small income, and after awhile tir hand forgets it cunning, and they a without resources, left to die. Why n, at least, have his initial attached to l most important work? It always gave ditional force to an article when you oc- cionally saw added to some significant ticle in the old New York *Courier and Inquirer* J. W. W., or in the *Tribune* H. C, or in the *Herald* J. G. B., or in the *Times* H. J. R., or in the *Evening Post* W. C., or in the *Evening Express* E.B. While ts arrangement would be a fair and just ting for newspaper writers, it would be a cence for the public. It is sometimes te that things damaging to private char- ger are said. Who is responsible? It is t "we" of the editorial or reportorial umns. Every man in every profession occupation ought to be responsible for at he does. No honorable man will er write that which he would be afraid tsign. During loss of temper a man may that for which he will be sorry in minutes; but a newspaper injustice is first to be written, set up in type, then proof taken off, and read and correct- and then for six or ten hours the sses are busy running off the issue. nty of time to correct. But all that is den in the impersonality of a newspa- . It will be a long step forward when is changed, and newspaper writers get dit for the good and are held responsi- for the evil.

Another step forward for newspaperdom be when in our colleges and univers- s we open opportunities for preparing didates for the editorial chair. We ve in such institutions medical depart- nts, law departments, why not editorial partments? I know men may tumble by at seems accident into a newspaper of- e as they may tumble into other oc- pations, but it would be an incalculable vantage if those proposing a newspaper had an institution to which they might to learn the qualifications, the responsi- ties, the trials, the temptations, the dan- s, the magnificent opportunities, of vspaper life. Let there be a lecture- p in which there shall appear the lead- editors of the United States telling the ry of their struggles, their victories, ir mistakes, how they worked and at they found out to be the best way working. There will be strong men o will climb up without such aid into torial power and efficiency. So do men nb up to success in other branches by er grit. But if we want learned institu- ns to make lawyers and artists and tors and ministers, we much more need rned institutions to make editors, who upy a position of influence a hundred- d greater. I do not put the truth too ngly when I say the most potent in- nce for good on earth is a good editor l the most potent influence for evil is a one. The best way to reinforce and rove the newspaper is to endow editor- professorates. When will Princeton, Harvard, or Yale, or Rochester, lead way?

Another blessing of the newspaper is foundation it lays for accurate history he time in which we live. We for the st part blindly guess about the ages t ante-date the newspaper, and are de- dent upon the prejudices of this or that orian. But after a hundred or two rs what a splendid opportunity the his- an will have to teach the people the on of this day. Our Bancrofts got n the early newspapers of this country, m the Boston *News-Letter*, the New York *ette*, and the *American Rag Bag*, and *al Gazetteer and Independent Chronicle*, *Massachusetts Spy* and the Philadel- *Aurora*, accounts of Perry's victory, Hamilton's duel, and Washington's th, and Boston massacre, and the op- sive foreign tax on luxuries which turned Boston harbor into a teapot, and Paul Revere's midnight ride, and Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what a field for the chronicler of the great future when he opens the files of a hundred standard American newspapers, giving the minutiæ of all things occurring under the social, political, ecclesiastical, international headings! Five hundred years from now, if the world lasts so long, the student looking for stirring, decisive history will pass by the misty corridors of other centuries and say to the libraries: "Find me the volumes that give the century in which the American Presidents were assassinated, the Civil War enacted, and the cotton-gin, the steam locomotive, and telegraph, and telephone, and cylinder presses, were invented."

Once more I remark, that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day — for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers —all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity, and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present, and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing-press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it *diminuendo* —I mark it *crescendo*. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing-press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing-press! God save the printing-press! God Christianize the printing-press!

When I see the printing-press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type-setters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE BLIND HYMN-WRITER, FANNY J. CROSBY,
Dictating to her Amanuensis.

Singing for the Saviour.

Gentle Fanny J. Crosby, the Blind Poet, still Praising Jesus in Immortal Hymns—Ira D. Sankey's Marvelous Voice that has moved Thousands throughout the World.

If ever a harp was concealed within a human breast, it lies hidden in the heart of Fanny J. Crosby, where it has for over thirty years, been attuned to the sweetest melodies that ever found expression in words. While still very young, this bright little woman, who had been blind from infancy, first gave evidence of the poetic fire that burned within her. Her first hymn:

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,

was written in New York City for Wm. Bradbury Feb. 5, 1864, and since that, time so diligently and harmoniously have brain and pen wrought that Miss Crosby, up to the present time, has composed over four thousand hymns, many of which have become favorites in all Christian lands. Before she began her career as a writer of hymns, she had already written a number of secular pieces for George F. Root, the famous composer, and had dedicated a little poem of welcome to Henry Clay on the occasion of his visit to New York after the close of the Mexican War. She had the honor of being the first woman whose voice was ever heard in the United States Senate Chamber, where she recited a poem by invitation to a most distinguished audience.

In the course of her long career as a hymn writer, Miss Crosby has attained, in an unsurpassed degree, the faculty of moving the heart and the affections by her verses. Her sense of rhythm is absolutely perfect. The slightest incident affords her inspiration, and her productions have been the means of softening the heart of many a sinner. Sometimes she writes both words and music and until recent years could accompany her playing in a clear and sweet soprano. Her blindness makes the services of an amanuensis necessary when she is engaged in composing verses.

Fanny Crosby was born at Southeast, Putnam county, N. Y., March 24, 1820. Her blindness dates from her sixth week, when an affection of the eyes was subjected to improper treatment, resulting in total loss of sight. But the affliction only served to bring out all that was strong and beautiful in the young girl's nature. In 1847 she began to teach school among the blind in New York, having herself received a good education in the institution. From the time of writing her first hymn in 1864 until the present day she has rendered active and consecrated service to the cause of Christ and religion. She is personally widely known, and her gentle, patient nature and amiable disposition make her a general favorite. Among her best-known hymns—which have sung many into the Kingdom—are "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," "The Bright Forever," "Jesus, I Come to Thee," "So Near to the Kingdom," "Through the New Jerusalem," "Saviour, More Than Life to Me." Her mind is so well stored with Scripture that passages suited to every phase of experience readily occur to her as she composes, and greatly facilitate her labors.

In our colored illustration on the first page of this issue are two portraits that will be readily recognized by many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Ira D. Sankey, the sweetest of America's Gospel singers, and Fanny J. Crosby, the Gospel poet, who, though blind like Homer of old, can still move the souls of men, have during many years been frequently brought into the closest relations in their spiritual work—the one as hymn writer, the other as musical composer. Some of Miss Crosby's finest pieces have received a musical setting and found vocal expression at Mr. Sankey's hands and through his marvelous voice. The famous vocalist was born in Edinburg, Pa., Aug. 28, 1840, and is still in the zenith of his powers, with a voice of undiminished volume, range, and quality. Ever since his seventeenth year, when he was converted, he has been identified with Gospel work in church and Sunday School, but especially in the Service of song. As a very young man, he became the musical leader of children and congregation, and his magnificent voice soon led him to wider fields of Christian usefulness. Mr. Sankey has sung the message of salvation to the hearts and souls of men in almost every land under the sun. The story of his long association with Mr. Moody, in whose company he has crossed oceans and continents and held vast audiences spell-bound by the charm of his voice, is too well known to need recapitulation here. His divine gift of song, supplementing the eloquent appeals of Mr. Moody, has brought many to Christ. Probably no man in the present day and generation has been able to express the Gospel message with such rare skill and pathos. Only a few months ago, in company with Mr. Moody, this grand singer for souls visited Mexico on an evangelizing tour, and excellent spiritual results from their united efforts were reported.

Mr. Sankey has for many years been an active worker in Y.M.C.A. circles, and has furnished inspiration to many a flagging group of Christian young people, who were cheered and encouraged by his robust piety and pervading cheerfulness. He has been a prominent factor at numerous Y. M.C.A. conventions, for a quarter of a century, and, in more than mere words has given evidence of his hearty interest in Association work. With his own means he built and presented to the Y.M.C.A. at New Castle, Pa., the handsome edifice in which they now meet, and his generosity in other directions has been also noteworthy. Like Fanny Crosby, Ira D. Sankey's heart is in the work of soul-winning, which he has made the absorbing pursuit of his life. He can speak as well as sing for the Master and a rich blessing has followed his efforts, wherever they have been put forth.

Leprosy Cured by Prayer.

A remarkable experience is related by Miss Mary Reed, a missionary in India, who has been entirely cured by prayer of the leprosy with which she was stricken several years ago. Miss Reed was appointed to mission duty in North India in 1884, where she became an active worker in the zenanas of Cawnpore. After five years of faithful service she returned to America in January, 1890, with impaired health. For many months she was in Christ Hospital connected with the Deaconess' Home in Cincinnati. While there, she noticed a constant tingling sensation in the tip of one of the fingers of her right hand. The doctor spoke lightly of it, but later other symptoms were present, and the thought came to her, "this is leprosy;" and then came to her a view of Pithoragarh, India, with its leper asylum, and the thought, "there lies my future work." Having assured herself by consultation that it was the beginning of the dread disease she hastened back to India, without telling any of her family, except a sister. She went as rapidly as she was able, only stopping at Bombay, from whence she sent a letter telling her people the cause of her sudden departure. Having reaching Pithoragarh, she hastened to take up her residence at Chandag, where the leper asylum is located. And from there she wrote: "I find his grace sufficient. The everlasting arms are underneath me upholding and keeping me trustful. Through prayers offered for me, to all outward appearance, the disease has been stayed, but I am painfully conscious that I am not healed." Rev. Mr. McMahan, presiding-elder Kamaun district, India, said lately: "If Miss Reed were living in Bible times and would now show herself to the priest, she would surely be pronounced well." A recent letter is said to report her complete cure.

The Resurrection of Christ.

Sunday School Lesson for April 5. Luke 24: 1-12. Golden Text, Luke 24: 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AS yet they knew not the Scripture that he must rise again from the dead (John 20: 9), was the comment of the Evangelist John, who was the only disciple of the twelve who saw and believed, when he and Peter had visited the empty sepulchre of their risen Lord (John 21: 1-10): "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God" (Mark 12:24), said our Lord to the sceptical Sadducees, who came to him with the question about the woman, who had the seven brethren in rotation as husbands, "In the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven?" It was in order that his disciples might realize the truth of his resurrection that, on the evening of his resurrection day, Jesus "beginning from Moses and all the prophets," interpreted to the two disciples going to Emmaus, "in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself," and, later on, opened the understanding of all the eleven, "that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke 24: 27-45). Paul, in his defence before Festus, affirmed, "I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come; how that the Christ must suffer, and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead, should proclaim light both to the people and to the Gentiles" (Acts 26: 22, 23). The resurrection of Christ rests on the indubitable testimony of the incorruptible Word of God.

On the morning of the resurrection day, a little company of Christ's disciples, women who had followed him from Galilee, and who had heard, as the twelve had heard, his repeated teaching about his coming sufferings, his death and his resurrection, came to bring spices to the sepulchre. Their thought was to honor the dead body of him through whom so much light and blessing had come to them, but, like the disciples, and the Sadducees, "they knew not the Scriptures, nor the power of God." In the tomb of Jesus they sought in vain for death, and their antidotes to corruption were proved to be useless things. Death and corruption found no abiding place there. He who was for a short time the tenant of that grave, had "brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel" of his death (II. Tim. 1: 10).

All they met with was a surprise, and contrary to their expectations. They had looked for a sealed stone, which should separate between them and the corpse of their dear Master, and first they found no stone there; it had been rolled away, they knew not by whom. Had this no voice to them? Could they not now understand [illegible] "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and the third day be raised up" (Luke 9: 22, R. V.)? He had suffered many things, he had been rejected and condemned to death by the elders and chief priests, he had been killed; it was now the third day:

Was He Risen?

There is no mention made that even the thought occurred to them. They entered in, and found not the body, and yet they [illegible] has risen as he said." All we read of is [illegible] tion was to them as though he had never mentioned it; they had heard it with pre- [illegible] set on an earthly kingdom and earthly glory. Suddenly, without announcement, "two men stood by them in dazzling apparel." No wonder heavenly beings should haunt the spot, when death had been conquered by the Lord of life. But the women did not understand; "they were affrighted and bowed down their faces to the earth." Grief, perplexity, despair filled their hearts in the empty grave, when the fact of the resurrection was calculated to have inspired them with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." But "they knew not the Scriptures," they saw things only as they appeared, faith was inactive. Oh, how many of God's children are thus, filled with despair, apprehension, perplexity, and trouble, just when, if they knew the Scriptures, they would most rejoice!

"Why seek ye him that liveth among the dead? [R. V., margin.] He is not here, but is risen:

Remember How He Spoke

unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying that the Son of man must be delivered up into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words." Then all was changed. O how many of God's children fall into doubt and darkness, perplexity and despair, because they are occupied with death instead of believing in a real, living, risen Christ, who dwells in their hearts by faith, when they are "strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man." (Eph. 3: 16, 17.) The women expected to sit by the tomb, and weep, and sigh, mourning over their loss. Many Christians do the same. They spend their times of communing with God in lamentations over love grown cold, resolutions broken, habits of prayer forsaken, zeal declined, etc., etc. They come with spices, attempting, in a half despairing way, to counteract the evil of the past by their present sorrow and devotion. They try to reproduce old experiences, they try to make alive within them gratitude for what Christ has done for them; they go over their conversion, repeat their consecration, make new resolutions, etc., etc. And all the time Jesus is not there. "Why seek ye him that liveth among the dead?" Dwelling in your heart by faith, as ye know the Scriptures (Col. 1: 27), and believe, is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." He is our Life, he is our Love, he is our zeal. Don't go to the grave to seek him, all is corruption there, go to the Scriptures—the living Word—to find the living One, and you will find to your great joy that he is risen, and that you were also

Raised With Him

through faith in the working of God who raised him from the dead. (Col. 2: 12.) Self is the place where only death and corruption are to be found—don't seek the living there. Seek in Christ dwelling in you, what you have sought in your own efforts, and hopes, and resolutions and a new life will dawn upon you.

You will not find it so hard to take your true place as buried with Christ in his death, buried away from all hope in yourself, or pride in yourself, or expectation from yourself; you will not find it so hard to come to the conclusion that in yourself you are an utter failure, if at the same time you can learn by the Scriptures that you are also raised with him, and that he, the risen One, lives within you his own life as you trust him, yield to him, and continually acknowledge his presence. Do not seek him that liveth among the dead. As long as you hope anything from yourself, you are seeking only yourself. You want to have the credit of the love and zeal, the penitence and all else which you try to produce from the dark grave of your own heart. It is in vain. God will never give you credit for anything that comes from yourself—all is under the curse. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8: 8). But as you yield up point after point to Jesus, and live "by the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. 2: 20), he, dwelling in you, will do in your life as in his own earthly life—"always those things which please" God (John 8: 29).

The women "remembered his words, and returned from the tomb and told all these things to the eleven and to all the rest." The truth of Christ's resurrection, once having dawned upon them, they lost interest in their spices: they could not but speak the things they had seen and heard; a new life had opened before them; their horizon was enlarged from time to eternity. An untold dignity and power had come into their lives. What mattered it now that he whom they had followed, and for whom they had left all, had been ignominiously crucified, and was everywhere spoken of as an executed malefactor?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE WIDE AND STRAIT GATES.

BETWEEN the two lessons which the International Committee suggest for Easter Sunday, there may be some teachers who will prefer the one following the regular order in the study of the life of Christ, instead of that of the Resurrection, which is to be considered in any case on June 21. As Mrs. Baxter has dealt with the latter subject in her article on this page, it may be well here to take the other subject suggested by the Committee. It is based on Luke 13: 22-30, which records Christ's warning against superficiality and apathy in seeking membership in his kingdom. The warning was necessary in his day, because, in spite of all he had said, many were attracted to him by the belief that he was about to establish his throne in Jerusalem and reign there with a magnificence surpassing that of Solomon. People who had witnessed the miracles could well believe that he was able to do so if he chose. There was apparently no limit to his power over men and the forces of nature. None who had seen his mighty works could doubt his ability to defend and maintain his kingdom even against the power of Imperial Rome. What then more natural than for ambitious men to seek place and influence in that kingdom by allying themselves with him at a time when their help was needed? Instead of welcoming them, and being grateful for their help, Christ astonished them by uttering warnings as to the nature of their services, the qualifications indispensable in those who entered it, and the difficulties, hardships and privations that they would have to bear in it. As they listened, even the disciples wondered and asked if the number of the saved would be few. There are always people who want their curiosity gratified, who put questions no one can answer and seek information that would be useless to them if it could be given. As Christ's custom was, he gives the question a practical turn, skilfully using their curiosity for their own benefit. It does not concern them to know whether there will be many or few saved, but they would do well to remember that there would be some who would try to enter the kingdom and would not be admitted. The fact might stimulate them to earnestness and vigilance. Christ drew a vivid picture of the closed door and people clamoring without and protesting their right to be admitted. They have eaten and drunk in his presence; they have had a place at the Lord's Supper; Christ has taught in their streets; they have been regular at church—what more was necessary to secure admission? The answer reveals it. Christ does not know them; they have had no dealing with him, have never sought from him the life he came to impart. There h[illegible] been no change in their lives and char[illegible]ters; they were worldly, following [illegible] world's prizes, satisfied with its pleasur[illegible] so they are left with the world now wh[illegible] separation is final. The moral of all wh[illegible] is, that the members of Christ's kingd[illegible] are people whom he knows, who are l[illegible] him, who lead spiritual lives, who s[illegible] spiritual knowledge and development [illegible] the highest good and regard all else s[illegible] trivial in comparison. That this alone [illegible] bring men into the kingdom and with t[illegible] it they will be rejected, though they h[illegible] church connection, baptism, confirmat[illegible] absolution and all other certificates of t[illegible] claim to the name of Christians.

The strait gate. A narrow entrance. [illegible] oriental cities there are usually two ga[illegible] one of which is high and wide, thro[illegible] which a camel may go with its bur[illegible] and the other low and narrow, thro[illegible] which foot-passengers may go if they e[illegible] not carrying an unwieldy load. Christ [illegible] tended to teach that a man who clun[illegible] his property and thought more of it t[illegible] his soul and his religious life, could [illegible] enter the kingdom. He must be ready t[illegible] down anything, no matter how preci[illegible] that hindered him in religious prog[illegible] The story is told of soldiers being surpr[illegible] by the enemy. Many of them threw d[illegible] the precious things of which they [illegible] been looting a town and ran for their l[illegible] Others who were carrying clocks and [illegible] ures and other valuables, and could [illegible] bear to abandon them, lost both prop[illegible] and life. In a shipwreck men have [illegible] known to take off their belts in w[illegible] they carried their gold and fling t[illegible] away, lest the weight should enda[illegible] their lives. Christ does not cond[illegible] wealthy men because they are weal[illegible] but if any man is making an idol [illegible] wealth, he must be required to give i[illegible] The way to life is through the str[illegible] narrow gate, which every man may e[illegible] if he will leave his sins and his wo[illegible] affections behind.

Many will seek to enter and shall not be [illegible] A minister relates that a young man [illegible] to him in great distress, saying tha[illegible] feared his soul would be lost. He [illegible] been seeking Christ with all his soul [illegible] could not find peace. "Are you sure i[illegible] been with all your soul?" the mi[illegible] asked. The young man said "Yes," [illegible] there was a little hesitancy in the ans[illegible] The minister pressed him. "Are yo[illegible] doing something that your conscience [illegible] not approve?" "Well, there is a pl[illegible] go to sometimes, that I am not quite [illegible] about. It is not wrong and I am very [illegible] of going, but I notice that after I [illegible] been there I am not so much in ea[illegible] about my soul." The minister ther[illegible] the pointed question, "If you knew [illegible] this thing was keeping you from C[illegible] would you be willing to give it up?" [illegible] young man said, "I do not think it is [illegible] ing me from Christ." "That is no [illegible] question," said the minister. "Coul[illegible] give it up if you knew that it was t[illegible] stacle?" The young man thought [illegible] ment and then said, "I am afraid I [illegible] not, even to save my soul." "Th[illegible] said the minister, "there is no hope fo[illegible] If there is one thing you could not gi[illegible] you will never attain what you are [illegible] ing." It was several months after [illegible] that he came back and said, "I have [illegible] quered. I would give up all now if [illegible] necessary." There was no more dif[illegible]lty after that. He had entered the strait [illegible]te.

When the master of the house . . . [illegible] shut the door. A traveler in Syria des[illegible] an instance in point. It was a feast i[illegible] nection with some public festival, an [illegible] great man of the village gave a gene[illegible] vitation. The door of his house [illegible] wide open and all were welcome. A[illegible] time set there was a movement abo[illegible] door, but the host called out that [illegible] were some who might have mistake[illegible] hour. Half an hour afterward, concl[illegible] that all had come who intended co[illegible] the order was given to close the doo[illegible] the guests sat down to their meal. C[illegible] to ascertain how far the custom to [illegible] Jesus alluded, still obtained, he appl[illegible] the servant who stood before the [illegible] telling him he was a stranger and b[illegible] to be admitted. But the servants w[illegible] exorable. "We have our master's or[illegible]," said the servant. "No one is to be ad[illegible] now; a half hour's grace was give[illegible] that was sufficient." "We pleade[illegible] argued in vain," says the traveler "the door was not opened."

lexander Smith's Sermons.

THE minister at Salt Beach was not old nor weary, nor out of touch with the young people, though he had not so many young people in his church as might have been desired. Mr. Alexander Smith was under thirty, a tall, presentable fellow, with soft brown eyes, and a pleasant smile. But even his young wife who adored him, admitted to herself that he was a dull preacher. Iron pincers could not have extracted such a confession from her; she always hated herself for thinking that Alexander was tedious in the pulpit, but she sometimes remembered the sermons she had heard as a girl—sermons one could not forget if she tried, sermons one carried home and lived on through the week. Mending Alexander's threadworn socks and dusting his study-table, Betty Smith chided her own disloyalty.

Rap, tap, rap, at the door. It was pushed open, and a brown tangled head showed itself.

"Here's the minister's mail, Mrs. Smith; I was passing and I brought it. There are letters for you, too."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Smith. "Thank you, Harry, I don't know what I should do if it were not for my good neighbors, and you are always so thoughtful. By the way, if your Aunty can spare me some eggs, will you bring over a dozen on your way to the Y. M. C. A. to-night?"

"Yes ma'am," answered Harry, delighted at the chance to serve his friend, and away he went. Mrs. Smith dropped her duster and sat down to enjoy her letters. One was from Nannie Page, an old schoolmate.

"You don't invite me to visit you, Betty, but I'm coming without an invitation," said this young lady, "I've had a hard winter, a hard spring, a hard summer, a reporter on a city newspaper hasn't much time to spare, but now I've earned a vacation and I'm flying to you. By the time you receive this, I'll be well on my way, and you may expect me without further notice to supper on Tuesday night."

It was now Tuesday morning. The girls were on terms of intimacy which justified Nannie's visit, but Betty was not quite sure she was glad. Down in her heart of hearts, she did not want Nannie Page to hear Alexander preach.

It was not a very pleasant state of affairs, and Mrs. Smith was ashamed of her feeling, as she proceeded to the kitchen to see what the larder had to show.

There was a ham, pink and white, and very appetizing; she had potatoes and sugar, flour, butter, sugar, honey, tea, coffee—the materials for a very good meal. Alexander was off for the day, visiting distant parishioners; the little wife took advantage of this to give the small parlor a thorough going over and cleaning, though it did not need it, for floors, windows, and doors under her reign were always speckless.

In due time Alexander returned, and was hospitably glad to hear that his wife's friend was coming. He fed the pony, harnessed him again, and they together drove to the station to meet Miss Page.

"After a few days, Nannie said to Betty, 'Pardon me, dear, but you are too good a housekeeper."

"What do you mean, Nannie?"

"What I say, your husband rarely settles down in his study, that you do not call him to assist you in some household task, to drive a nail, or uplift a refractory window, or to do something else which might as well wait for another time. At prayers the other morning, you interrupted the Bible reading to say, 'Alexander, I wish you'd kneel on that newspaper, you get so much fluff on your trouser-knees, when you kneel on this carpet!' Think of it! Interrupting a man at family worship for such a thing as that! And when he's not actually studying or visiting, you won't let your husband read, because you want him to talk to you. If a bit of mud comes in the house, you don't rest till it is removed.

"Now, all this would be unpardonable in me, if I did not love you devotedly, Nannie, and I hope you won't be angry."

"Nannie Page," said Mrs. Smith, contritely, "you are right. I see that I am not a good wife to Alexander. I don't respect his requirements as I ought. He needs a degree of thoughtful care that he hasn't had. You know I don't care much for books myself. I'm a woman of activities."

"Then," said Nannie Page, "Mr. Smith ought to have more books. How can a minister keep up with the fresh thought of the day, if he hasn't plenty of good books."

"My husband cannot buy many books," said Mrs. Smith, firmly.

"I beg your pardon, dear," replied Nannie Page. "I'm afraid I've been too forward and too candid. I had to speak out." "And I'm grateful to you for doing so," said Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Smith had never complained of interruptions. He was too amiable and too much in love with his wife for this, but when, in succession, he had three long mornings in his study unbroken by a request that he would see a caller, or go on an errand, or find out why the oven would not burn, he did much better work. A man whose mental processes were slow, he had not dreamed how much his sermons suffered from lack of the right background for building them against. Betty's eyes were opened. But not even Miss Page guessed how this youthful pastor longed for good, new books. The rows of commentaries on his shelves were helpful, but they did not stimulate him; he was in a place remote from a town, where he did not have the friction of mingling with brothers in labor, and where everybody looked up to him. If ever a man needed the aid of fresh literature, that man was Alexander Smith.

Nannie Page went home. Her visit had been a pleasant one, for the talk I have related was a mere episode: she carried with her a great respect for her friend's husband, and a strong desire to help him, but saw difficulties in the way. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Smith would bear patronage, and they did not wish charity.

Nevertheless, there came a day when the post office brought a bulky package for the pastor of Salt Beach Church. Opened, it contained four volumes, each most inviting to a student, two or three new stories, and a monthly review, with the subscription for the year paid. With the package was this letter:

EVANGELIST GIBBUD'S "GOSPEL COFFEE CAN."

MY FRIEND IN THE GOSPEL:

I am an old lady, without ties, and with more money than I know how to spend. Some years ago I devoted the interest of a certain fund to the purchase of helpful volumes for ministers under forty years of age, who were doing Christ's work in quiet places, and with small stipends. The business of my life, and its chief gratification, is in finding such people out. I heard of you by accident, if in God's providence anything can be called an accident, and I am more than happy to add these publications to your library. MEDORA MARCH PRIME.

It is noticed that people come from all over now to the Salt Beach services, many of them young men.

Mr. Smith's sermons are constantly improving, and Mrs. Smith no longer compares him unfavorably with anybody.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Hot Coffee Mission.

Evangelist Gibbud, of Syracuse, Establishes a Novel Aid to Mission Work.

MR. H. B. GIBBUD, Superintendent of the Rescue Mission at Syracuse, N. Y., whose Christian work is well known to our readers, has introduced a new feature of Gospel work in that city. He writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"My 'Gospel Coffee Can' will hold sixty cups of coffee. Under the part containing the coffee I had a box made to contain oil, with three burners, so that the coffee was kept 'red-hot.' I would fill the can when I went out to the night work, and when I met a crowd of girls on the street I would ask them to take a drink with the missionary, and then turn out a cup of coffee, and while it was cooling I had an opportunity to preach the Gospel to them. It was much appreciated by these poor women. Many a half-frozen tramp has had a warm drink from it, as well as a message, and I have heard more than one who has been saved tell how the hot coffee from the 'Gospel Coffee Can' has warmed their hearts toward the Gospel invitation.

"It was the best way, I found, of getting at the policemen, who often took a 'drink with me' on a cold night. Since coming to Syracuse I have used it at some of the large fires. It is filled, and when a fire breaks out on a cold night I start the burners. My wife makes the coffee and I start for the fire. At the great fire here, a year or two ago, I was out with it two days and one night, giving coffee to the firemen and policemen. It was appreciated, as the weather was bitter cold, and for the first day the men were unable, many of them, to leave their posts on account of the fire.

"Lately, I spent a night with the cabmen. It was an awful night and the men stood around, trying to keep warm. When we drew near with the can and offered them a drink, there was a good deal of swearing for a few moments, expressing themselves about 'how good the coffee was,' etc.; but when they found there was a missionary at the other end of the can, and they recognized him, the swearing ceased. They were ready to hear the Word and to receive gladly religious reading to be taken home. As the night wore on and the missionary came around again, their hearts were touched and they expressed their gratitude. One man took the missionary aside, and told of a wrecked home and family through drink, and said 'in all probability I should have been drunk before this, but for the coffee; that's better in the long run than whiskey.' The talk led to earnest conversation about the new life in Christ. The goodwill of the 'cabbies' was won. They sometimes drop into our meetings.

"So, on bitter nights this 'Gospel Coffee Can' makes its way to those who have to breast the storm. Conductors and motormen are ready to stop the car, take a drink to warm them up, then dash on to make up for lost time. And the message—'red-hot' like the coffee—also warms them up and touches their hearts."

EXPLORER C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

To Find the South Pole.

Explorer Borchgrevink's Quest and its Prospect of Success.

IN these days of daring adventure, it is not surprising to find, if only by way of variation, that the South Pole is beginning to have an attraction for the explorer almost as great as the North Pole, in search of which so many expeditions have gone during the last three-quarters of a century. In 1841, Sir James Ross discovered the South Victoria Continent, and two years ago, the steam whaler *Antarctic* left England on a scientific expedition for the South Pole. Among those on board the whaler was Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink, a young scientist of remarkable promise and great energy. On his return recently, after an absence of a year and a-half, he gave to the world his idea of the possibilities of the great unknown continent—the equal of Europe in size—which exists in the Antarctic circle, and, as he declares, can be reached within fourteen days' sail from Melbourne. Speaking of this Southern land, Mr. Borchgrevink says: "This great country is *terra incognita*. It seems strange that for fifty-four years the Antarctic solitude should have remained absolutely unbroken. Victoria Land promises to be quite as interesting as, and certainly covers a much larger field for scientific work than the North Polar region. The immense continent round the South Pole is certainly not less than Europe in size. It will prove invaluable for the whaling industry, for sealing, and guano."

There is much zoological, botanical, geological, and other scientific work to be done in the new field. Traces of large mammals have been found, giving promise of attraction for the hunter. Mr. Borchgrevink is now organizing another scientific expedition, which will start from Melbourne, equipped with huts, dogs, sledges, and snow-shoes, and will sail due south for Cape Adair, the northernmost point of Victoria Land. After fixing camp and preparing for the winter, the expedition will divide, one party of five starting for the interior, with a trip in prospect equal to Nansen's Greenland journey, while another party explores the bays and coast line. They will reunite after an absence of three months, and in January, 1897, will sail for home.

Mr. Borchgrevink is a native of Christiania, where he was born in 1864, of Norwegian and English parents. He is an enthusiastic sailor, and has been at sea ever since he was fourteen years of age.

THE FOREIGN MISSION CRISIS.

An Effort to Place the Work of the American Board Beyond Immediate Peril—"Hard Times" and Foreign Missions—True Giving—The Duty of Home Christians.

THROUGH the prompt generosity of the Christian men and women of the United States, the debt of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, amounting to $115,000, has been cancelled, and a surplus of several thousand dollars left in the Board's treasury. This news will cause rejoicing, especially in the fields where the devoted missionaries are toiling. It has been decided that no debt will be incurred in the future. The Board is now making an effort to arrange that the salaries of missionaries, recently reduced ten per cent., may be restored, and that the reduction which affects the native pastors and teachers, may also be placed at the usual figure. To to this end, an advance movement has been inaugurated under the lead of Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch, faithful missionaries of the Board in Ceylon, who are undertaking to raise the necessary funds. If this is accomplished, not only will the salaries be restored and the ordinary work carried on, as in previous years, but new missionaries will be sent out and new stations opened. In the article printed below, contributed by the Misses Leitch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the situation is clearly explained and the need set forth:

* * *

Although the debt of the American Board has been cancelled, yet, unless the sum of fifty thousand dollars additional can be pledged at an early date, and paid before September 1st, the very serious and sweeping reduction of the work in the foreign field, which has been ordered by the Prudential Committee will have to be enforced. The reduction which has been ordered on the regular work of the American Board is as follows: A reduction of ten per cent. on the salaries of all male missionaries, including both single and married men, (Asiatic Turkey excepted), and a reduction of over thirty-five per cent., as compared with the last year, on the appropriations for the regular work, including all foreign agencies.

Can it be possible that Christians at home will allow this reduction to be made in their foreign work? We see no good reason why the churches at home should take such a backward step at this time. One could imagine such poverty and distress and wide-spread disaster that, looking into the face of Christ, the churches might be able to say, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest that we cannot go on with our foreign mission work." But does any such state of affairs exist? Look at the way in which the majority of Christians are living. Are not their homes comfortable and even luxurious? Are not their tables loaded with dainties? Do they not "fare sumptuously every day?" Are they not "clothed in purple and fine linen?" Do they not have magnificent churches in which they may worship with one, or perhaps two, highly paid choirs? We have heard a good deal about the present very hard times and we think we have come to understand about what the term means. A business gentleman, one of the ablest business men in Boston), kindly took the trouble the other day to explain to us about the hard times. He said: "It is impossible this year to give to home or foreign missions. Times are so hard." We said to him, "Just what do you mean by hard times?" "Why," he replied, "My business brought me in this year just [illegible] I should like to." "Well," we said, "you cleared expenses, did you not?" "Yes," he replied, "I cleared expenses, but did not lay up a [illegible] We said to him, "You have not cut down your living expenses, have you? You [illegible] still have your horses and carriages, your family took a trip to Europe last year, and we suppose you are planning for another trip to Europe this year." He admitted that what we said was true. "Could you not take out a little of what you laid by in prosperous years, when you were clearing $100,000 a year, just to tide the home [illegible] it times are hard will you not make a reduction in your living expenses before you make a reduction in the work which you are doing for your Christ? Christ made a reduction in His living expenses for you when He left highest heaven, came to this earth, was born in a stable and laid in a manger, and during a part of His life had not where to lay His head." He said to us, "What you say is right. I *could* give something, perhaps I *ought* to give something from what I have laid by." All that is within us rebels at the thought of any reduction being made at this time, to say nothing of the reduction proposed, which is a sweeping one. We see no good reason for it. We think that Christians at home cannot allow this reduction to be enforced without bringing a great sin and a consequent judgment upon themselves.

The Christians at home have sent their missionaries to the front. These missionaries, responding to their call, went out in good faith, believing that the churches would stand behind them and in an honorable way sustain them and their work. But if this reduction is enforced the missionaries will be obliged to do things that many a heathen man would be ashamed to do. For example, the missionaries have picked up the brightest and best young men—consecrated Christian men—in the communities in which they labor, and have employed them in mission work. They are giving these men, as a salary, just enough to hold soul and body together. Many of these are able men who, had they chosen to enter government service or other lines of secular work, would have earned four times what they are now receiving. But these men, now in middle life, cannot enter government service or get other suitable employment. They have been fitted for mission work, and have become unfitted for other work. If these men are now—without any fault on their part—to be turned off, a great injustice will be done to them. Must missionaries, after years of labor in building up schools and training helpers now be forced to largely undo the work of these years by having to close schools and dismiss many of their trained workers? If missionaries may be thus treated, the churches will repel from entering the foreign mission service, the young men and women in their midst who may now be considering the question of offering themselves to Christ and to the churches for this work. Perhaps in the minds of many young people this question is hanging in the balance. The world, the flesh, and the devil bid for these young lives. The Holy Spirit of God is striving with them and urging them to [illegible] But if this [illegible] that not only are no new recruits to be sent out, but that some of those who are now at the front are to be recalled, what can they do but turn back? And when again will young people have sufficient confidence in the good faith of the churches to offer for this service, if the churches now put it on record that after missionaries have given the best years of their lives to building up mission work, gathering children into their schools and training catechists, evangelists, and teachers, the churches may at any time go back on them and say to them, "Close your schools and dismiss your native workers."

BOY PUPILS IN TILLIPALLY TRAIN NG SCHOOL, CEYLON.

From a Photograph supplied by Misses Leitch.

The missionaries must not turn back in their work now. They are face to face in the foreign field, not only with faiths which are false and degrading, but with an antagonism which is now aggressive. The common people have been kept in the thraldom of ignorance and superstition long enough. Do we not know whereof we speak? Have we not seen our heathen brothers and sisters in Ceylon, standing before heathen temples, piercing their flesh with irons, smiting their faces on the ground, and rolling in the dust before their gods? Have we not heard the hopeless wail of heathen mothers when death took a child and they knew not of a God who is a Father and whose heart is full of infinite love? Have we not, when in India, stood in the presence of the cruel goddess Kali, with her long red tongue hanging from her mouth, painted so as to look as if it were dripping with blood, with her neck adorned with skulls, and with her twelve hands full of cruel weapons of torture! Have we not seen the look of fear on the faces of her worshippers as they made the ground around them wet with the blood of animals which they offered in order to appease her anger?

If the educated Hindus who come to this country to tell us about their grand philosophies, have anything in those philosophies to offer which may be called "a gospel of glad tidings," we can only say that they have kept their gospel very carefully from the common people. We have lived among the common people and know what we say when we affirm that they are in sorrow and darkness, and that they need the deliverance which only He can give who came "to undo heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke." We cannot believe that if Christians at home are made to understand the situation they will willingly allow a backward step to be taken at this time. The spiritual life of the church is not extinct. There are many noble men and women among its rich members, and thousands upon thousands of genuine followers of Christ among the poor. They have only to know the facts of the case, and the urgent need, and they will respond. Perhaps too little is asked of them. What authority is there for instance for asking two cents a week? A lady came to us a few days ago dressed in the finest silks and wearing diamonds, and said, "I do my share for the foreign mission cause, I give two cents a week—all my church asks." If that was all that her church asked of her it was not a faithful messenger of Jesus Christ. So far from taking a backward step, we cannot see why the members of Christian churches at home should not be asked to do at least four times as much as they have been doing. We do not say that Christians at home could do [illegible] easily, but Christ does not ask us to [illegible] what we can do easily. What He did [illegible] us was not a thing that He could do ea[illegible]

This question which is now before [illegible] churches will be a test to them. As in [illegible] a test as when Christ is presented [illegible] human soul and the soul decides for [illegible] against Him. The churches will take [illegible] leap forward in their own spiritual life [illegible] retrograde immeasurably, just as the [illegible] cide to go forward in their foreign mis[illegible] work or to turn back in it. If the dis[illegible] which now threatens the work is to be averted, $50,000, the sum needed to re[illegible] the estimates, must speedily be prom[illegible] The missionaries may venture to dela[illegible] forcing the reductions for a few mo[illegible] hoping that Christians at home will [illegible] to the rescue. But if they do not hear at [illegible] help will be forthcoming they will, th[illegible] aching hearts, be obliged to turn out [illegible] sands of children and youths from [illegible] schools, bright, intelligent, promi[illegible] young lads like those shown in our [illegible] tration, and to dismiss many valuable [illegible] ers. It is therefore necessary that w[illegible] ever is done should be done speedily, [illegible] is to be effective. One hundred d[illegible] would support for a year four v[illegible] native school teachers. Each te[illegible] would have on an average fifty pup[illegible] his school. Thus $100 would prevent [illegible] giving up of four schools and would [illegible] in keeping 200 children in a Chr[illegible] school and under Christian instructi[illegible] a whole year. $25 would in the [illegible] way keep fifty children in school [illegible] would keep twenty; $5 would keep [illegible] and $1 would keep two children in s[illegible] for a year. We can be addre[illegible] care of Dr. Creegan, Bible House, [illegible] York City. We have prepared leafl[illegible] garding the "Forward Movement fo[illegible] eign Missions," for the informati[illegible] those interested. These leaflets w[illegible] sent free to any address on applicati[illegible]

MARY AND MARGARET LE[illegible]

A Christian's Joyful End

The life of a very lovely Chri[illegible] worker was lately brought to a clo[illegible] the death of Mrs. Mary Fohl Nich[illegible] Chambersburg, Pa. Christians who [illegible] the least fear of death would hav[illegible] joiced to hear her triumphant utte[illegible] just as she crossed the river. In h[illegible] changeably sweet, trustful, and l[illegible] the wife of a minister and mother of [illegible] little ones, she proved how Jesus [illegible] to save fully, in the midst of petty [illegible] and troubles, as well as in active [illegible] tian work. In the midst of life and [illegible] the summons came. She met it wi[illegible] and triumphant victory. As a glad [illegible] goes home, so she exclaimed to he[illegible] father, "Papa, you thought you wo[illegible] first; but here I am going! I have [illegible] a good fight—not that my fighting [illegible] good, but the cause was so glori[illegible] Giving each of the little ones a [illegible] blessing with joy instead of grief, a[illegible] ing a last drink of water, she said: [illegible] I want until I drink of the crystal fo[illegible] in the Kingdom. Sing when you [illegible] away, 'Jesus, the name that chari[illegible] fears.' I have no fear." After giv[illegible] structions as to the last rites, she e[illegible] ed, "Angels are coming nearer, nearer[illegible] er!" It seemed to those around th[illegible] room was filled with heavenly pre[illegible] Calmly saying "good-bye," she [illegible] home forever.

A Deserved Reward.

European journals report the givi[illegible] of a reward to a Danish peasant for pec[illegible] noble conduct. A fire broke out [illegible] village in which he lived, and he ven[illegible] with the other villagers to the help [illegible] family whose home was burning. He distinguished himself by his heroic [illegible] but they proved fruitless. The next [illegible] caught fire and the man was just [illegible] ning his work of rescue there, w[illegible] message was sent to him that h[illegible] house was in flames and if he wa[illegible] save his furniture and books he [illegible] come without loss of a moment. "[illegible] burn," was his noble reply, "the [illegible] sick man in this house and I am no [illegible] to leave him to die while I save my [illegible] ure." He lost his all but he sav[illegible] friend. A society in Copenhagen [illegible] giv[illegible] en him a reward.

ARMENIANS BLESS THE FUND!

Famine's Grasp and has Saved Thousands of Lives—Great Suffering Still Prevails but the Worst is Probably Over—Miss Kimball's Industrial Work.

ALTHOUGH there is still much suffering in many sections of Armenia—and especially in and around Harpoot, Oorfa, Sivas, Malatia, and certain other places which, only a few months ago were the scenes of massacre and plunder—the conclusion announced in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD that the crisis had been passed, remains substantially true. The time present, at least, the great massacres were ended, and the native Armenian population are free to return to their homes and their usual occupations. Europe, dazed with the gloomy horror of the massacres in November and December last, Armenia to-day finds abundant reason for hope and courage.

Christian Europe and America have shown the enduring gratitude and love of the stricken Armenians for the prompt and generous aid extended to the sufferers in all the larger cities. For months past, the missionaries of the American Board have been occupied almost exclusively with relief work. At the most trying time, when all resources seemed to fail, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund came to the rescue, and as Miss Grace Kimball of Van declares, it has been "the great famine breakwater" against the general distress. Her latest report, printed below, gives a general idea of the work to which the contributions, sent to the fund by our friends everywhere, have been put. The same story, in degree, is told of the Fund's relief work at Harpoot, Sivas, Arabkir, Mardin, Erzeroom, Diarbekir, Oorfa, Malatia, Erzingan and Cesarea. Thousands of Armenian Christians bless the Fund and its generous contributors, feeling that it interposed providentially between them, their wives and children, and death from cold and starvation.

Miss Kimball writes from Van as follows: "We constantly thank God for the gift he has raised up for us and to this persecuted people, to help us through the terrible days. Unless we are obliged suddenly and largely increase our work, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund put together with the small (in proportion) gifts from other sources, ought to carry us through this month: but we do most earnestly beg that efforts be not relaxed, that the people tire not of giving, so that we may be able to put some of these afflicted and persecuted people on their feet and in the way to be self-supporting, when spring opens, and they can return to their ordinary occupations.

"I am very glad that our sister cities had a share in your sympathetic help. They have been more tragically afflicted than has been Van; but the proportion of misery is the proportion of the Armenian population, as no individual of the race in the provinces has failed of his share of persecution and robbery. Hence, as Van is the chief centre of the Armenian population, we have a burden in no way lighter than the places where massacres, etc., have taken place. As Mr. Allen is away (having gone to convey the married ladies of the mission to safer asylum in Persia), and as Dr. Raynolds is very busy with Station School and Medical work, so that he is doing quite all he can in having a general oversight of the Bread Department, I am rather single-handed in this work. I shall use all my efforts to administer the trust to the best of my ability, looking for guidance and wisdom to the All-Wise. G. W. KIMBALL."

CHILD REFUGEES FROM THE DESTROYED VILLAGES OF VAN PROVINCE

(From a Photograph forwarded from Armenia to "The Christian Herald.")

Miss Kimball's report of Relief work for the month of January (which she encloses) is as follows:

Industrial Bureau Employees.	
Overseers	6
Weighers	4
Examiners (House Visitors)	20
Door-keepers, Porters, etc.	16
Sizers, Master-workmen	2
" Assistants	1
Carders	52
Cotton Spinners	1000
Wool Spinners	100
Knitters	20
Spinning Fillers	56
Weavers of Cotton	156
Weavers of Wool	37
	1485
Tailoring Department.	
Cutters	9
Sewers	170
Tailors, Master Tailor Cloth	3
Accountant and Overseer	1
	180
Felting Department.	
Persons employed	4
	4
Bakeries Department.	
Overseers	2
Workmen	40
	42
Gen'l Management—Distribution Dept.	
Secretaries	3
Distributing Assistants	2
	5
Total Employees	1725

"Now, if we reckon the Armenian population of the city at thirty thousand—which is a large estimate—and average each family represented in the 1725 at five, and deduct a certain per cent. of cases where there are two workers in one family, it will appear that *fully one-third of the Armenian population of the city are finding support through this department.* And when it is remembered that each case is repeatedly and carefully examined by our examiners, so that only really needy cases shall come on to our lists, it will be appreciated to what terrible straits the city is reduced financially. Moreover, every day brings a fresh crowd of applicants for work.

"The product of the Industrial Department, for the month of January was 2500 webs of cloth, cotton and woolen: 500 pairs of socks. While in the Tailoring Department, 5500 garments were made up, and of bedding, seventy-five pieces (coverlets, mattresses and pillows). The weekly cost of this Department approximates $950.

"During the month of January, the Department of Free Distribution of clothing used:

Women's and Boys' Hats and Wool	3415
Sewed garments	5578
Socks	1000
Pieces of bedding and carpets	99

This distribution benefited about 10,000 persons and the value of the above goods at current prices here would reach $3645. The fact that nine-tenths of these goods is manufactured by our own workmen makes the otherwise tremendous expense of this free distribution very slight, especially when compared to the very large number benefited.

"The most imperative need—that of bread for the hundreds of hungry people—is being bravely met by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bakeries, now six in number. These are supplying 7500 pounds of bread daily to over 5000 persons. If to the estimate we made above we add this number, it will appear that we are giving the means of living to *fully one-half the regular Armenian inhabitants of the city.* But the recipients of free bread are to a very large extent, village refugees, and so outside the regular population of the city. The approximate weekly cost of the bakeries is $725.

In addition to this large work we are constantly called upon to aid, where only money will fill the need, as for fuel, etc., and in this way some was used during the month—a large share of this being help to poor prisoners in the Van Prison. The need is great and growing and we beg for continued and renewed efforts on the part of our supporters at home.

G. W. KIMBALL."

The American Board missionaries at Sivas (another station of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund), write, expressing the thanks of the sufferers of that section for the help extended. In the Sivas massacre 2000 Christians were slaughtered, homes were looted, and chapels, dwellings, schools, and even school-books were burned. At Gurun, 2000 were killed, and 250 brides and young girls were abducted. Peace now prevails, and the question in the villages there, as elsewhere, is one of seed supply. Thousands may have to be fed until August. At Harpoot, 10,000 families have received aid from all sources. There is still great need there, and at twelve other centres. All intending contributors to the Relief Fund are urged to forward their gifts as early as possible, as no contributions will be received after April 15.

The contributions during the week are acknowledged below:

Back $34,774.10
[illegible] N Y City 1 00
[illegible], Brooklyn .. 5 00
[illegible] 1 00
Mashapang... 1 00
Williamsport.. 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
Lindsay 1 00
[illegible]s. Brant ...10 00
[illegible]e 1 00
[illegible] New Castle 3 00
[illegible] M.Granville 5 00
[illegible]wife.Hutchin 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible].B. Eakin's Crs 1 00
[illegible] W. Mooraqua 2 00
[illegible] Norway 1 00
[illegible] A N B S H 10 00
[illegible] Norwich 5 00
[illegible]rwich 1 00
[illegible] Springfield 1 00
Pepperell 1 00
[illegible]ford 5 00
[illegible] Pa 2 30
[illegible] Bridgeport .. 1 00
[illegible] D[illegible]nnesota. 1 00
[illegible] Ft Reno .. 50
[illegible]nlan 1 00
Fairbanks 1 00
[illegible] Y City 2 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] Millport .. 2 00
[illegible]odhud .. 3 00
[illegible]kbourne 1 00
[illegible]o. Lake Weir 50
[illegible] D. Converse. 5 00
[illegible] Peekskill 1 00
[illegible]hippewa Falls 2 50
[illegible]hepa 2 00
[illegible] Mossup 50
[illegible] Honsatonic.. 1 00
[illegible]Subtus 1 00
[illegible]Cando 60
[illegible] Loveland 30
[illegible]Washington C o 1 00
[illegible] York 5 00
[illegible] Pleasantville 1 00
[illegible] Phila 25 00
[illegible] Holyoke 1 00
[illegible] Waltham.... 1 00
[illegible] Kilmogy 1 00
[illegible]lef LM Perry 1 00
[illegible] A J[illegible] 5 00
[illegible] Shortsville .. 50
[illegible]Tion 2 00
[illegible] Dayton 1 00

J H, Berlin 5 00
S H S, E Berlin .. 5 00
L A C, York Village.. 15
B & R 5 00
S & F, Biggs 2 00
E M, Chicago 50
Cash, Cold Spring 80
Cash, Cold Spring 10
Cash, Cold Spring 1 25
Cash, Cold Spring 1 00
Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 15
Cash, Cold Spring 50
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Cash, Cold Spring 25
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Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 25
Cash, Cold Spring 10
Cash, Cold Spring 05
Cash, Cold Spring 05
Cash, Bangor 2 00
For Christ's Sake. Adam Centre 2 00
For His Sake. Moorfield 1 00
For Jesus Sake. Millersburg 5 00
Friend, Knoxboro .. 1 00
" Beardsley 20 00
" D K 1 00
" Porterville 2 00
" Jamaica 3 50
" Sterling 1 00
" Sandusky 1 00
" Wellington 30
" Bradford 1 00
" Elderton 1 00
" Trenton 2 00
" Phila 1 00
" Bkyn 50
" St Louis 1 00
" Beverly 2 00
" Lock Haven 1 00
" New Wilmington 50
" Lincoln 50
" Lancaster Co .. 1 00
" Mansfield 5 00
" Me 50 00
" E Pepperell 2 00
" N Y City 25 00

Friend, Pa 50
" Whitehall .. 1 00
Friends Enders 1 75
" Fordham 1 50
" Des Moines .. 11 00
" N Y City 5 00
" Derby Line 10 00
" Edgecomb 2 00
Inasmuch, Middleboro 1 50
" Latrobe 1 00
" Brooklyn 5 00
In Christ's Name, Toronto 1 00
I H N, Brockton 1 00
" Munhall 1 00
" Auburn 1 00
" Brooklyn 1 00
" Brasborough 1 00
" Hector 1 00
" Anderson 1 00
" Battle Creek 1 00
" Ohio 5 00
" Springfield 2 00
" W Littleton 50
" New Hampton 5 00
" Weston 50
" Clarksdale 1 50
Reader, Lodi 4 00
" E S 2 50
" Cortland 25
Subs, Garrett 50
" New Bedford .. 2 50
" Denison 3 00
" Springfield 2 00
" Milford Ctr 5 00
" & wife, S Jacinto 2 00
" Greeley 1 00
Sympathy, Moodus .. 2 00
" Ramee 1 00
" Northfield 1 00
Sympathizers, Jeffersonville 1 00
Gloucester Sympathizers 5 00
—— Rumney 5 00
——, Lent 1 00
——, Kenilworth 2 00
——, Prospect 1 00
——, Leroy 25
——, Long Beach 20
——, Lansingburgh 1 00
——, Charleston 1 00
——, Colchester 1 00
——, Oyster Bay 24
——, Yellow Frame 2 00
——, Princeton 7 00

——, Grimes 5 00
——, Indianapolis 10 00
——, Closter 1 00
——, West Branch 40
——, Mendenhall 25
——, Clay City 46
——, Hamilton 33 53
——, Polo 1 00
——, Keyser 1 00
——, Ewing 1 00
Almira & the Community, N Y 16 25
Orange M E Ch, Iowa 7 00
Bethel Church, Point Breeze 5 10
Welsh Calvinistic Ch Jackson 19 00
Mill Creek M E Ch, Sweden 6 00
Collected at Warren Ctr C E 5 71
Pres Ch cor. Grafton 5 00
New Harmony Presby Church 10 60
Cong'l Ch, Kensal 3 00
Cong'l Ch, Winchester 6 23
Pres Ch, Fair Haven 4 60
Pres Ch, Sparland 10 00
Pres Ch, Ontario Ctr 7 00
Bapt Ch, Minto 2 25
Union SS, Lower Merion 12 00
Odessa Union S S 10 00
S S, Caliente 1 35
Union S S, Forest Pk 6 45
C P S S, Wind Ridge 1 20
Orsburn S S 1 62
Sabbath School, Los Mieros 2 00
Primary Class, Pres S S, Phoenix 2 25
Eden Y P S C E 4 25
Union Y P S C E, High Bluff 11 00
Y P S C E, Cong'l Ch, Hanover Ctr 9 50
Lincolnville Y P S C E 3 18
Y P S C E, Madison Ave Pres Ch, N J 7 00
Jane Lew Y P S C E 2 00
Y P S C E, 1st Pres Ch, Deckertown 18 56
Y P S C E, Pres Ch, Mowrystown 5 00
Gratiot Centre Y P S C E 1 20

Jane Lew, Jr, Y P S C E 1 25
C E Soc, Russellville 2 25
Annsville C E Soc 4 00
Junior C E, Menahga 1 00
C E of Gelatt 6 00
C E Soc, Shelby 2 00
C E Soc, Pres Ch, Baltimore 18 00
Hinsdale C E Soc 4 95
S E Missy Soc, Brewster 12 00
Hopewell Christian League 12 00
B Y P U, Bear Lake 6 00
Kings Daughters, McMasters Cors 5 00
Chautauqua Missy So 9 00
Children's Missy Soc, Presby Ch, Ala 60
Pella Dorcas Soc 5 00
Y P B U, Bergen Pt Bapt Ch 2 00
Y P Temp & C E Soc, Yellow Springs 5 00
Greenwood E League 5 00
Epworth League, Pleasant Ridge 1 27
Y P C, Story City 27 91
Adult Bible Class, St Peters Ev Luth Ch 3 56
Class No 8, M E S S, Vermillion 1 50
Bible Class, Riley 7 50
Colored School, Bermuda 1 20
Faculty & students of Franklin College 20 00
Linden Hall, Moravian Congregation 5 00
Charity, Chester 5 00
Kind Helpers, Wyandotte 10 15
Grace & Truth, Pa 1 00
Matt 25:40, Sharon Ctr 3 00
Disciple, Arapahoe 1 00
Poor Disciples, Sedgwick 10 00
Poor Cor, Leicester 25
Christian Union, Stage 2 00
" Westminster 23 90
Lover of the Lord, Gloversville 1 24
Salvation Army Sister, Ont 25 00
Lord's Money, Port Matilda 2 00
Tempted One 50
An Afflicted One Ont 25

In memory of a loved one, Sayville 5 00
In memory of Darling Jossie 1 00
A Widow, Lauderdale 1 00
Mother, Son & Daughter, Hall 15 00
Two Sisters, Southport 2 00
Two Sisters, Md 3 00
A Canadian 2 00
A Birthday Gift, York 1 00
2 child'n of G H Dyer 2 00
312 .... 2 00
YPSCE, White Lake 3 00
C E Soc, Bluff Point 10 00
" Ryerson 2 00
Jr C E Soc, Pres Ch, Iowa 50
C E Soc, Forbestown 3 65
Chapel C E So, Evans 5 00
Sparta Pres C E So 5 00
Jr C E Soc, Dakota 4 00
Folsom C E Soc 2 00
Y P C E, Pilgrim Cong Ch 2 00
U S C E, Liverpool 3 00
Weman's Missy Soc, Westminster Presb Church, Mo 100 00
Inasmuch Cir, le, N J 5 00
Bethesda Epworth League, Md 2 00
Cooper's E L, Ont 3 60
Young People's Association Ev Church 1 70
Home Mission Soc, Rockport 1 75
B Y P U, Manawa 67
Ladies Aid So, Concord 10 50
Primary Class, M E S S, Shelbyville 1 00
Brewster in Jesus Excelsior 25
End'r & Subr, Worcester 2 00
King's Daughter, So Gardiner 1 00
Widow's Mite, Greensboro, N C 1 00
Hector 5 00
Widows Mite, Pass 1 00
Interested, Wadham's Mills 1 00

The Lord's Money 50
Assisted 50
Inasmuch, Montrose 25
Thank Offering, Green 1 00
Family being led by Jesus, Great Bend 1 00
Anonymous, Belleville 1 00
In Remembrance, Mass 2 00
J Herman, Wayner, Pa 25 00
Unworthy person, Dunkirk 5 00
The Fairy Queen, N H 1 00
Texas Family 4 00
He knows, Mich 1 00
Sister in Christ, Avilla 2 00
Sister in Christ, Walapa 10 00
An Invalid, Newport 1 00
An Invalid, Essex 1 00
Two little Girls, St James 22
Two sisters, Ont 1 00
4 little sisters, Merced 50
Husband & wife, Spofford 1 00
Brother & sister in Christ, Rock Creek 1 00
B—, W G Hathaway 2 00
Cash, Banning 1 00
" " 1 50
" " 1 00
" " 50
" " 50
" " 50
" " 50
A Sister in Christ, Banning 50
Carpenter, Mrs R 50
Chase, E W 1 00
Dorcas, A 1 00
Duncan, W K 1 00
Franklin, D A 1 00
Gerington, W H 1 00
Fountain, J R 2 00
German, French 1 00
Graf, Conrad 50
Hyde, W F 1 50
Hargraves, T 1 00
Ingels, Mr & Mrs 2 00
King, J C 1 00
Lemon, Mrs 50
Larson, Geo 25
McKeehan, Miss 50
Mackey, R 1 00

Morris, Miss T E 2 00
Sawyer, E 1 00
Robinson, Florence 50
Telfer, R C 1 00
Ward, Paul 1 00
Weimand, Rev W H 1 00
Jost, C H 1 00
Friend, Barring 50
Mother & Daughter, Pekin 1 50
Mother & Daughter, Butler 40
Mother & daughter, Selden 50
Mother & daughter, Mines City 10 00
Mother & daughter, Reisterstown 2 00
Mother, Aunt and daughter, Gordonv. 75
Ogle, Jos 1 00
Hempstead Presby Ch, through Woman's Miss Soc 6 71
Wise, Mrs Leslie 1 00
Wishart, Mrs S P 1 30
Wiseman, Jane 25
Wilkinson, Anna R 5 00
Wilkinson, Mrs E 2 00
Williams, Mrs A 1 00
Williamson, G A 1 00
Williamson, Mrs J F 1 00
Williamson, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Wilsey, Mrs A G 1 00
Wily, S K 1 00
Wily, Mrs S K 1 00
Wolcot, Mrs L & dau 5 00
Wood, Mrs D D 2 50
Wood, I W 25
Wood, John 25
Chase, F E 1 00
Dorcas, A 1 00
Wray, Mrs Thos 2 00
Wright, Mary D 50
Yates, Mrs 2 00
Young, I A 50
Young, Mrs L 1 00
Zook, Mrs J M 1 00
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 2 00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Now is the Time.

WHAT we do with reference to a blissful immortality, we had better be doing. You cannot trust these east winds. You cannot trust the north wind. Aye! you cannot trust even the south wind. On any one of them our last ailment may ride in. Not by morbid broodings over funeral and hearseful consideration, but by prompt and intelligent alliance with the Christ who has vanquished the last enemy, let us so live that sudden death will be a quick opening of the gates of rapture and re-union. Living right, we all die right. Blessed are they who pass out of the terrible wintry blasts, like those which these nights smite the earth, into the eternal summer of saintly and divine companionship. March night exchanged for June morning!

Away With Rum!

IF I could do it, I would shut every rum shop on earth with a bolt that nothing short of the earthquake of the Last Judgment could unfasten. The rum traffic is the worst business that ever smoked up from hell. Yet the Republican and Democratic parties are down on their knees before the demijohn, worshipping, and practically saying, "Oh, thou almighty Rum Jug! We worship thee. Have mercy on us and tell us what to do, and we will do it. Give us office, or we die. Let some of thy drippings fall on us? and thine shall be the glory, forever and ever, amen." Things will go on and grow worse, until all good men of all parties will combine, and rising above base partnership, ring the death knell of rum. You cannot at the elections shirk the responsibility. A sailor who should roll over in his hammock to take another nap when the sharp whistle of the boatswain gave the call to the deck, or to the ratlines, arguing that as the other sailors will attend to their duties it therefore makes no difference to his attendance of duty, would deserve to be put in irons. On board the ship [illegible] rope or crank which he must lay hold of. Failing to do that, he deserves to be set ashore or transferred to some fragment of a wrecked monarchy. He has no business here, where God and America expect every voter to do his duty. I have no patience with those people who sit and growl [illegible] and mismanagement of city, state, and national affairs, who [illegible] exertion to make things better. Vote you must whenever the opportunity opens. Let carriages go out and fetch in the invalid and the aged to the polls. There is no more patriotic scene than the octogenarian, on crutches or couch, at the ballot-box, helping to decide whether his children and grandchildren shall live in a country righteously governed or a land cursed with baleful influences. When either of the political parties comes to be immaculate, then I take the head of the ticket as indicative that the entire list of nominees are fit for election; but as things now are, the words, "Democrat" and "Republican" decide nothing for me. I have almost always voted a "split" ticket.

Some men pride themselves on voting the entire ticket of their party without reference to the qualifications of the nominees, as though a man should go to an apothecary store, and needing one medicine on a shelf, should order the druggist to give him some of all the medicines on that shelf. You tell him there are medicines on that shelf that will do him damage. "Oh," he says, "I pride myself on the fact that when I take one medicine on a shelf I take the whole shelf,—rhubarb, and calomel, and jalap, and belladonna, and jujube paste, and lozenges, and strychnine." But do not take without discount what men of one party think of the nominees of the other party. There are legitimate ways of finding out what are the qualifications of all the candidates for the different offices. Never vote for a bad man, whether he thinks as you do or not. You cannot depend on a bad man to do right. At the first temptation he will fly the track and sell out to the enemy.

Daniel Webster was an able Secretary of State, but nobody would have proposed him for Secretary of the Treasury. Some men are born with senatorial manners, and are not at home until they reach a senatorial position, while others have post-mortem physiognomies and show they were intended for coroners, and really enjoy a funeral. The accident of politics often hurls into office men unfitted for their position. No cruel man should be a jailer. No merciless man should be a sheriff. No man of ungovernable temper should be a policeman. No bribeable man should be a legislator. No man unable to take in all the interests of a city should be a mayor, or all the interests of a state should be a governor, or all the interests of the North, South, East or West, should be a president. In such matters abstain from all personalities. Do not use epithets: you will be sorry for it after the struggle is over. Do not style the opposite candidates knaves, or blasphemers, or sots. You gain no votes by abusiveness. Slanders react. My father said it was political persecution that gave Andrew Johnson an overwhelming majority. It is human nature to sympathize with the under dog in the fight. Let all contests be open and fair and honorable, though they be persistent. If you put off your robe of Christian character until after an election you may never get it on again. A religion that will not help a man and preserve his equipoise during an election, is no religion at all.

Cheering Signs.

NEVER in the history of the world have there been so many Christian men prominent in military life and in governmental circles as to-day, and the time approaches when all the great affairs of the world will have in cabinet and in the field a leadership positively and gloriously Christian. It is easy to go ahead when the way seems clear and our course is applauded, but not so easy to face opposition and evil counsel of others, and march right on, impelled by the sense of duty, whether we rush upon victory or death. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by men who have the spirit of self-abnegation, which means, "It makes but little difference what becomes of me, if only the cause triumph." Prudence in Christian work is the only grace that is overdone. We are so afraid of doing something out of the regular line and of arousing obnoxious criticism, that we do nothing. The spirit of God will be poured out with such power that there will be whole armies of brave men who will march out to take this world for God, and the last fortress of heathendom and oppression will fall before the advance of righteousness.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

All contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund should be forwarded to 92 Bible House, New York, as soon as possible, as the need is urgent. No contributions will be received after April 15.

J. Anthony, Newark, N. J. A friend writes me that he has got your premium Library and urges me to do likewise. What books does it contain and what must I pay?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library contains ten choice volumes, which are given with the paper for one year's subscription at $3. They are as follows:

1. Around the Tea Table . . . T. DeWitt Talmage.
2. Book of Golden Deeds . . . . . Charlotte M. Yonge.
3. Readings and Recitations . . . . . Fernie.
4. Golden Treasury . . . . . Bigatzky.
5. The Children's Portion . . . . . Shoppell.
6. How to Get On in the World . . . . . Calhoun.
7. Capital Stories by Am. Authors . . . . Hawthorne.
8. American Citizens' Handbook . . . . Mann.
9. A Budget of Christmas Tales . . Charles Dickens.
10. Parlor Amusements and Etiquette . . . . . Sandison.

These books come in a handsome book case, and are sent, all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year at $3. This Library aggregates over 3,000 pages.

Mrs. Matilda Rance, Waterford, N. Y. What do you consider the best helps in the study of the Bible?

The best helps of all are those bound in with the Teachers' Bibles, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives as premiums to its $3 subscribers.

M. H. W., Letts' Corners, Ind. Are the Armenians real Christians or is that a term applied to them?

Their Christianity, though simple in many ways, is as real as that of any nation, and has been so dear to them that thousands have welcomed death rather than relinquish it.

T. Y. McClure, Eldora, Ia. How long was Noah in building the Ark? How do you find the time?

It cannot be stated conclusively. In Gen. 6: 3, however, we are told that the Lord afforded a respite of a hundred and twenty years, during which Noah sought to bring the people to repentance, and it is assumed in I. Peter 3: 20 that, during either the whole or a large part of that time, the ark was preparing.

"Reader," Yarmouth, Me. In your reference to Irving in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD do you refer to Washington Irving?

No, to Edward Irving, the eloquent Scotch preacher, who was tried for heresy and excommunicated in 1833. He was a friend of Chalmers and an early companion of Carlyle, one of the most gifted orators of his time, but was judged fanatical and heretical by his brother ministers.

Christian. 1. Is there anything in the Bible which commends or denounces astrology? 2. May not the planets' influence on a life be one of God's plans? 2. If so, would it be wrong to study it?

1. Yes; all occult and mysterious studies whereby the so-called seers sought to penetrate the veil of the future are denounced in Scripture, and astrology is included as one of them. (See Is. 47: 13, 14; Dan. 1: 20; and 2: 27, 27; Is. 8: 9.) 2. Such is the astrological contention but it has no foundation in reason, science or revelation. 3. If it were so, beyond a doubt, it would not be wrong to study it. Not being so, it is wasting time and credulity on a superstition that belongs to another age.

J. T. J., East Steuben, N. Y. Were the men mentioned in Mark 6: 3 actually Christ's brothers?

It is impossible to speak positively as to their parentage. The plain meaning of the passage and others similar to it is that they were the sons of Joseph and Mary. But if they were the sons of Joseph by a former wife, as many believe, they would probably have been spoken of in the same way. The fact of Christ committing his mother to the care of John, when he was upon the Cross, seems to imply that Mary had no other son to care for her, whereas we know that the James mentioned by Mark certainly survived Jesus, even if the others did not. In the absence of definite statements in the New Testament, the question cannot be settled with certainty.

I. H. R., Minden, Kans. Holding that the writings of Paul were inspired by the Holy Spirit, I am anxious to find his prohibition of women preaching can be limited to place or time.

Many people are of your opinion. Nevertheless, you must admit that Paul dealt with current subjects which were agitating the Church at the time, and his remarks were intended, in the first instance, for its guidance under its peculiar circumstances. He evidently had no idea of the long time during which his Epistles would guide the Church. He expected that Christ would soon come and probably during his own lifetime. You cannot imagine that if Paul were writing in this day, he would devote so much space and time to the discussion of the question about eating meat offered to idols as he did in his Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians. Nor we think would he, if he were writing to a young minister in these days urge him, as he urged Timothy, to drink wine instead of water. Nor is it likely that he would write about marriage as he did in the seventh chapter of first Corinthians. [illegible] circumstances have arisen demanding [illegible] measures, which should be based on Bible principles, but not on slavish bondage to the letter. It is certain that the chief reason why in Paul's day it was inexpedient for a woman to take a prominent part in the Church services, do not now exist, and we believe that if Paul were writing in our day he would not prohibit their doing so.

H. M. H., Melrose, N. Y. How is it possible a man to be saved if his work is destroyed as mentioned in 1. Cor. 3: 15?

A man is not saved by his works. He is saved through faith in Christ and because Christ redeemed him. He may be rewarded for his works and he may miss that reward if he has performed them from an unworthy motive, or in a wrong manner, as through a desire for his own glory, or his own enjoyment. He will not lose his salvation which is altogether a different matter from the reward.

W. Varney, Pittsfield, Me. 1. Is there any record or account of the manner of crucifixion? 2. What was the origin of the feast of the Passover when Christ was crucified? 3. How many children perished in the massacre at the birth of Christ? 4. On what day of the week was Christ crucified?

1. Cicero, Horace, Plutarch and other [illegible]torians refer to it. The manner varied in some instances the cross was erected and the criminal bound or nailed to it. In other [illegible] was laid on the ground and the criminal was nailed to it and afterwards it was set right in the hole in the ground prepared for it. 2. You will find it fully described in the twelfth chapter of Exodus. 3. It is computed on the basis of the estimated population of Bethlehem at the time that the number did not exceed twenty, and was probably not more than ten. 4. A theory has been advanced that Christ was crucified on a Wednesday, but the facts in support of it are few and untrustworthy. There seems no valid reason for doubting the traditional belief that it was on a Friday. (See Mark 15: 42.)

"Stranger," British Columbia. What assurance have I that certain sins committed in the past and repented of, are forgiven?

Is not the assurance of God's Word sufficient? Such texts as Isaiah 55: 7; Jer. 31: 3; 12, 13, 22; John 3 14–21, should satisfy that God will fulfil his promises. These are not exceptional, but are in accord with the whole tenor of the Bible. It is dishonoring to God to doubt. All that we know of him through the teachings of his servants and especially as Christ revealed him to us, leads us to believe that he longs to forgive his sinful creatures. He welcomes the penitent as a loving father welcomes his repentant child. He would not be ready to forgive the unrepentant, and we cannot expect him to do that because it would be treating sin as a light and worthless thing. But even here he helps us by giving grace to those who know that they ought to feel more sorrow than they do. He knows the hardness of the heart and gives the help of the Spirit to those who need his convicting power. By giving his Son to die for the sins of the world, he has shown his desire that all should be saved. If you believe that and go to him honestly grieving for your sins and pleading for forgiveness for Christ's sake, you may be sure it will be granted you.

J. F. W., Cape May. This has been repeatedly complained in THE MAIL-BAG.—H. C. D., Norfolk, Va. We do not know the author.—Thomas S., Valley Head, Ala. The statement you have sent is one of those absurd assertions which are incapable of proof or disproof. It is doubtless true.—J. H. No, we think not.—A. H. K., Moyock, N. C. 1. Generally speaking, yes. 2. Nothing wrong in it if his conscience leads that way. 3. We cannot tell.—J. A. Johnston, Peapack, N. J. Probably could. Address her at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Mrs. C. G, Talladega, Ala. You will find the answered in almost any secular cyclopedia.—[illegible] H., Lewiston, Me. "Sunday is expressly denied in Scripture and cannot be justified on Christian principles.—Mrs. O. L. M., Herington, Kan. [illegible] it is nowhere so stated. See Mark 16: 16; John [illegible] and many like passages.—E. E., Marion, [illegible] Write to the *Art Amateur*, New York City.—[illegible] Berwick, Pa. They are only for residents of the city.—Mrs. E. B., Hettick, Ill. Every letter pronounced, the c soft.—Margaret H., Puckerbrush, Ill. He was, of course.—Subscriber, Traer, Ia. [illegible] would occupy too much space. See any good encyclopedia.—Reader, Boonville, Ya. [illegible] offer is still open.—Mrs. C. L. Crossman, Pamela Co., Tex. Can use good reading matter to advantage in Christian work among lumbermen's hands.—Subscriber, Evans, N. Y. It is one of those doubtful and unprofitable things that [illegible] better left alone by Christians. 2. Yes, unless either a work of necessity or mercy.—A Subscriber, Kansas. We cannot advise. Consult a physician.—John C. D., Pendleton, Or. Yes, hears well. Yet he can hear the lightest metallic sound.—Constant Reader, Lancaster, Pa. 1. Write to Young Men's Institute, Northfield, Mass. 2. Not to our knowledge.—Alice Rodgers, Ozark, Ark. Do not be discouraged by infidels' sneers. They delight even when they can do disturb and unsettle you, and even to the point of lying.—H. Krupp, Rye, Col. Thanks for suggestions. The figure is correct.—M. K. T., Greenfield, Mass. According to latest reports, Mr. Gladstone's eyes are completely well.—Mrs. Ellen H. Pierce, LaCross, Wis. It is a cruel and a delusion.—J. O. L., Mayville, Ill. The thing is impracticable.—[illegible], Owasso, Mich. 1. We don't explain it, we give the obvious meaning of Scripture on the subject. We find it enough. 2. There are very many people who give far more than the tenth.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Partition of Siam.

SIAM'S two powerful neighbors have apparently made an amicable division of the large section of territory which lay between their boundaries. It was simultaneously announced in Paris and London that the joint Commission sent by the French and English governments to arrange the boundaries of a buffer state between their respective territories, had failed to agree. After the King of Siam had accepted the terms forced upon him in 1893 by the French, he was practically a vassal in the hands of France and it seemed to be only a question of French magnanimity whether Siam should retain even a nominal independence. England, however, objected to France acquiring the whole of Siam. Having annexed Burmah and the Shan States on the north and west of Siam, England foresaw that in short time the French advance from Siam on the east would bring the two Powers face to face and probably involve disputes which might lead to war. It was therefore decided to establish a neutral zone between them, and the joint Commission consisting of two Frenchmen and two Englishmen was sent out last year to survey the ground and define the boundaries of the buffer state. It remained in Asia three months without effecting the purpose for which it was sent. The diplomats then transferred their negotiations to London, have now decided to dispense with the neutral zone and divide the territory between themselves. The river Menong is to form the new boundary, England taking the territory to the west of the river and France that to the east of it. Siam now, therefore, has England on the one side and France on the other, while on the north of both the two nations are contentious. Possibly, mutual jealousy may prevent further encroachments, but this arrangement has an ominous aspect, as it shows Siam how easily a difficulty between the two Powers may be settled to her detriment. In the space of less than seven years Siam has been reduced from an area of five hundred thousand square miles, to an area of little more than fifty thousand. Thus in Asia, as in Africa, the process of appropriating the lands of weaker nations is being pursued by the European Powers, regardless of the rights of the peoples concerned. The only concern of which there is any evidence on the part of the European Powers, is that no one shall get more than its share of the plunder. Happily, this international rivalry and depredation is not to go on to the end of the world. The Christian looks hopefully forward to the time when the promise shall be fulfilled:

And kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and all dominions shall serve and obey him. Daniel 7: 27.

A Wedding Garments.

An officer in the Immigration Department in New York relates an incident of a broken marriage contract owing to a lack of suitable attire. A middle-aged Italian who earned his living as a cellar-digger and whose clothes were muddy, was seen loitering around Castle Garden, in the old days before the immigrants were taken to Ellis Island. With him was an elderly woman, evidently his mother. There was some disputing between them, and finally an appeal was made to the officers. The girl said that the man was not her husband, but she had come out to be married to him. But she did not want to marry a man so dirty as he and would not marry him. The photograph he had sent her represented a man in decent clothes. The officers advised the man to go and change his dress, but he said he had no other clothes. The photographer had lent him the suit in which he was photographed. He insisted that the marriage should take place. He had sent forty dollars to Italy, stating that he wanted a wife and the mother of the girl had accepted it, paying twenty-four dollars for her passage and keeping the sixteen herself. The girl admitted the truth of the statement, but finding that she was not compelled by American law to marry the man, she persisted in her refusal. She agreed, however, to refund the twenty-four dollars for her passage, as soon as she was able to earn it, and with this promise the man had to be content. If he had know how much importance the girl would attach to personal appearance in her husband, he would have contrived to get some better clothes for the occasion. In spiritual matters, the difficulty is the converse of his. It is difficult to get men to come to Christ as they are. Many delay coming to him in the hope of getting rid of their pollution first, forgetting that Christ said:

I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. (Matt. 9: 13.)

CHANTABOON IN SIAM.

A Prisoner's Fortune.

A strange discovery was made on March 12 by the police of the Central Police Office in New York. They were searching a prisoner who had been committed to the Tombs on the charge of defrauding a man of two dollars. Among the papers taken from his pocket was a letter with a black border. As it bore a different name and address from those the prisoner had given when arraigned, the police read the letter to see if it furnished a clue to his identity. The records of the Tombs combined with the recollections of the warden, proved that the prisoner's real name was the one on the letter, as he had previously been convicted under that name. His offences were petty thefts and drunkenness. The letter was from the prisoner's mother in England and notified him of the death of her brother, a wealthy mill-owner near Manchester. The deceased, the letter said, had left all his property, worth $469,000, to the writer and her two daughters and her son. The prisoner's share was smaller than his sisters', his uncle being aware of his dissipated habits. But fifty thousand dollars was left to him absolutely, and a much larger sum was put in trust for him, which he would receive if he abstained from liquor for a specified time. The prisoner did not seem elated over his good fortune. He said he had no use for money except to buy rum with it. He thought he should use it to open a saloon on the Bowery, but he added sadly, "Then I expect I shall drink myself to death." To most men the change from poverty to wealth would have brought joy, but this heir knew that his inheritance would only expedite his ruin. It is not so with those who become heirs of God. Their joy is based on the assurance that they will be made

Meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Col. 1: 12.

A Test for Diamonds.

In a recent lecture before the students of Columbia College, New York, Dr. M. I. Pupin showed some remarkable effects of the new Roentgen rays. A glass tube was used shaped like the letter T, from which the air was exhausted. At two places—the base and left arm of the tube, a platinum wire entered and terminated in a disk. When a current of electricity of high tension was applied there was a distinct luminosity in the tube between the two disks. If the luminosity was diminished the rays from the disk in the left arm of the tube instead of following the electricity to the disk in the base of the tube passed across to the right arm and showed the peculiar blue tint known as fluorescence. Dr. Pupin showed the photograph of a hand perforated with shot. A light shadow indicated the flesh, a darker shadow was made by the bones of the hand and black marks showed where the shot lodged. Another result was shown in a photograph of a diamond ring. The setting came out black and clear, but the stone was so light a shadow as to be scarcely perceptible. A ring holding an imitation diamond was also photographed by the rays. Though the stone was so like a real diamond that only an expert would know it to be false, the difference in the photograph was very decided. It was distinct and black like the setting of the ring. This showed that the new rays may be used to test the genuineness of diamonds. It will be so with the light that will penetrate the soul before the judgment seat of God. Men may take the name of Christians and be able to impose on the Church and the world forgetting that at the last

All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light. Eph. 5: 13.

A SIAMESE HOUSEHOLD.

A Tomb Not a Dwelling.

A decision of the Court of Appeals of Albany, N. Y., was quoted in a suit a few days ago in New York. As there was some doubt as to the pertenancy of the decision, the counsel had the record examined. The investigation showed that some eight years ago the Court had declared that a tomb was not a dwelling within the meaning of the law. The question arose out of the conviction of an embalmer for burglary. He was a witness in a suit as to the properties of some chemicals used in his business. It was essential for him to be able to state whether the preparation kept a corpse from decomposition for a specified length of time. Referring to his books, he found that he had used the preparation on a body that he prepared for burial same months before. He applied to the family for permission to open the vault and examine the body. The application was very repugnant to them, as the dead girl had been greatly beloved, and they regarded the proposal as little short of sacrilege. They therefore refused permission. The undertaker, thereupon broke into the vault and ascertained the facts. He was arrested, charged with burglary, and was convicted. An appeal was taken and the higher court reversed the sentence on the ground that a tomb was not a dwelling. The decision accords with the teaching of the Bible. Some men act as if the tomb would be their final dwelling-place, but true wisdom looks elsewhere for a dwelling and through Christ learns to say:

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. II. Cor. 5: 1

BRIEF NOTES.

In Response to Numerous Inquiries which we are daily receiving, we wish to have it distinctly understood that the offer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, 52 times, and the large type, International Teachers' Self-Pronouncing Bible, leather-lined, red under gold edges, silk sewed, is still open. These beautiful Bibles will be sent, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for $3, as long as the supply lasts.

Mr. Heli Chatelain has Published in pamphlet form a brief statement of the horrors of African slavery and of the proposed work of the Philafrican Liberators' League. It can be obtained by addressing Mr. Chatelain 511 United Charities Building, New York.

Mr. Leonard Weaver has been laboring at Bellefonte, Pa., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. "Such a time of blessing," says a correspondent, "has never been experienced in the town before." The meetings were held in the Court-house, which was crowded. The converts came from all classes and are of all ages.

Mr. Edward Kimball, well known throughout the country by his work in church finances and in the raising of church debts, has met with a serious accident by falling on the ice. The physicians, however, hope that he will recover, though his recovery is likely to be tedious.

Rev. Dr. Pierson, has been having Successful meetings in Dublin and other towns in Ireland, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance Committee.

A Chinese Christian Newspaper will Appear in the course of this year in Canton under the name of *Light*. The editors of this new paper will be two Christian preachers—Wong Yuk Chee, in Hong Kong, and Au Fung Chi, in Canton.

Bethany Church, Phiiadelphia, of which Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman D.D., has again become pastor, had a very joyful season on March 15. At the communion service on that day, one hundred and forty persons were received into fellowship and sat down at the Lord's Table.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York has been celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary by a great meeting in Carnegie Hall. The Association has done a very useful work in helping girls in the city by its educational classes, as well as by its distinctive Christian work. It is badly in need of funds to extend its work.

At Dr. Barnado's Homes in East London, over 8,000 children, gathered chiefly from the destitute, have been trained to a better life, and emigrated to Canada to a sphere of usefulness, since the commencement of his work thirty years ago. Over 4,000 children are now being maintained and trained at the homes.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has the happiness of announcing the complete extinction of its debt. It was feared that the heavy burden of $115,000 would involve a restriction of its work, but the churches and private friends have come to the rescue and the whole sum has been contributed. The Board is entitled to the congratulations of the whole Christian community.

A Great Convention of Young People's Societies was held recently at Los Angeles, Cal. The Christian Endeavor Societies, the Epworth Leagues and Baptist Unions of Southern California, all sent delegates. Simpson Tabernacle was crowded at all the meetings and overflow meetings were held in the First Congregational Church. Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. Stebbins had charge of the musical part of the programme. Rev. J. A. B. Simpson preached the Convention sermon.

Ballington Booth's New Organization is called God's American Volunteers. Each branch of the Volunteers is to be called a Post, and the place of its meetings an Armory. The flag has a white ground emblematic of purity, having in the centre a five-pointed star containing a cross, emblematic of hope and sacrifice. The Union in the upper corner near the staff is a blue field with as many white stars as there are States. The motto is "The Lord our Banner." The uniform and conduct of the Volunteers will probably be patterned after those of the Salvation Army. Commander and Mrs. Booth are emphatic in declaring that they will not antagonize the Salvation Army.

A Dish of "Fou-fou."

One of the Dainties of the Native African Cuisine. Little Girls as Cooks.

THERE are many dishes prepared by the women of so-called savage or semi-savage countries that would not be distasteful were they introduced in civilized lands. Missionaries and travelers tell us of the wonderfully toothsome way of cooking fish and chicken, and still others dilate on the appetizing native fashion of preparing fruits and cereals. It is not to be supposed that tribes and nations that have enjoyed centuries of pastoral existence, even though they have not come in contact with what we regard as civilizing influences, are wholly ignorant of the culinary art.

In the photograph reproduced on this page, there is presented a group of young West African girls preparing "fou-fou." Unlike the young women of very many families in our own land who would not condescend to learn the menial art of the kitchen, preferring to leave it to some drudge, the girls of Africa regard good cooking as the highest accomplishment to which a woman can aspire. To be a clever cook is therefore the ambition of all the demoiselles of Angola, Liberia, and the Congo.

Fou-fou is a national dish composed of ingredients indigenous to Africa. It is made with the *pisang* (a species of banana), and the *igname*, a root with a taste not unlike that of the potato. It is mixed with boiling water, placed in a wooden mortar and pounded into a paste, which a young girl turns adroitly at every second stroke of a wooden pestle in the hands of another girl. When it has attained the proper consistency, it is formed into a ball and is then eaten with a very peppery soup. The best *fou-fou* soups are prepared with the nuts of the palm-tree.

There is a touch of romance about this tropical out-door kitchen—just the sort of romance one sees in connection with out-door life anywhere. But it is only possible in perfection in equatorial lands, where the open air can be made to serve as kitchen, dairy and dining-room the year round.

YOUNG NATIVE AFRICAN COOKS PREPARING A MEAL OF "FOU-FOU."

Winter Comfort in Japan.

Writing from Japan, an American missionary, Mary Deyo, gives this interesting description of a "cottage meeting" in winter: "On entering the house we get down on hands and knees and bow our heads to the floor two or three times in response to a similar salutation from the hostess, and then are ushered into a room where little flat cushions are arranged around on the floor, and after bowing again we are repeatedly urged to sit by the 'kotatsu.' This is a very important feature of the [illegible] in the floor from one to two feet square; in this an iron pot is sunk in which live charcoal is piled. Then a wooden frame or rack, big enough to cover the hole and [illegible] over all is thrown a large, thick quilt, the edges of which spread far out into the room. This is the heating apparatus of the house, and around it the family spend all their leisure time. The method of sitting is to put either one's feet or knees to the fire and draw the quilt up as far as possible over lap, hands, and arms. On top of the quilt, where it falls over the frame, is often put a large, square, polished board, which serves as a table, and at one prayer-meeting, where were only seven present, we all sat up to the 'kotatsu,' and with hands and knees well under the quilt, and Bibles and hymn-books lying before us on this table, we joined in prayer and praise."

The Sin of Luxury.

In a well-conducted Christian home, the tendency to luxury ought to be repressed and the sin of vain show and selfish indulgence impressed early upon the children. Luxury—that is the possession of or enjoyment of those things that we do not need and which detract from strength and purity of character. "Luxury, out of place everywhere, is especially inconsistent with a Christian profession," writes H. W. Gleason. "How can the followers of him who had not where to lay his head and who bade his disciples adopt his sacrifice as a standard of love, justify themselves in the possession of elegant mansions, costly furniture, expensive wardrobes, splendid equipages and sumptuous tables, while a single human being on the face of the earth is suffering for the necessities of life? The claim that these things belong to the natural order of social development, that they betoken a high state of civilization, and that they may properly be enjoyed as contributing to the general warfare, is utterly false. The grade of civilization we possess is not determined by the number of our marble palaces, but by the extent of the diffusion of our general intelligence and prosperity."

The Old Family Pew.

It isn't as common or as much thought of as it was in our father's of grandfather's time, the old family pew, yet the good old custom is still pretty generally retained in a great many country towns and villages. Indeed, in some churches, the same pew has been held by the same familes through two or more generations. The pew and the family were associated, for the family all occupied it at every service; the father at the end next the aisle, the mother at the other end, and the children between, the little one commonly nearer the mother. To have a pew meant to have a place of sitting for the family, and the children took their places in it as naturally as they went into the church. It was the home carried to the church. "Family religion," "family worship," the "family pew," expressed phases of the same life.

Very pleasant associations are connected with the family pew. The memory of home is there. The influence of the grave and reverent father and of the tender and equally reverent mother is with it. The wholesome restraint of that feature of the worship made an abiding impression on the mind. We regret, says a writer in *The United Presbyterian*, that the family pew is disappearing from the churches. In the city, the children attend the Sabbath School and only too often go home. The sons, as they get a little older, seek some other place of sitting. The father and the mother, and it may be the daughters, are there, but the pew is only partly filled. Separated from the family pew, the children find it easier to go to some other church, or, it may be, to remain at home; or, it is only one step farther to begin to wander on the streets. After awhile the parents ask, "Where are our children?" but they cannot get them back to the old family pew."

Mistaken Ambitions.

Ambition is of two kinds: one of which is laudable and deserving of encouragement, and the other is misdirected. It is a common observation among discontented people, that the average individual most admires what he does not possess, and most desires to fill a position for which he is totally unfitted. This tendency should be explained to the young by way of salutary caution. They should be taught never to despise training, and to recognize the fact that no amount of mere liking for any business or profession, will take its place. Yet there are many smart but unskilled persons of education and training in that calling, who imagine they can accomplish results to be reached only after years of patient training. In all such efforts, the outcome is but a counterfeit presentment of what it would have been had the trained mind and hand directed it. It may have the form and figure, but it lacks the rare touch that makes the whole strong and effective.

Don't Yield to Worry.

Worry has probably more victims than work, and this is equally true, whether it be said of the home, the workshop, the office, or the farm. In our own country, more women yield to this form of prostration than men. They work while strength holds out and, if they hold a responsible position, they are apt to feel that they are indispensable there and so cling to it alone instead of asking others to share it with them, or training younger persons to be ready to step into their places when the time comes for rest. One of the best lessons, healthwise, for capable men and women to learn, is that there are "just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." It may sound like an inappreciative sentiment; but it is magnifying the human race at large, though it may seem to belittle the individual. No man or woman is indispensable. Therefore, the busiest person may pause to breathe, and so be able to live longer and work the harder.

Comfort One Another.

COMFORT one another;
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken;
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the sk

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Ete
Love. —MARGARET E. SANGS

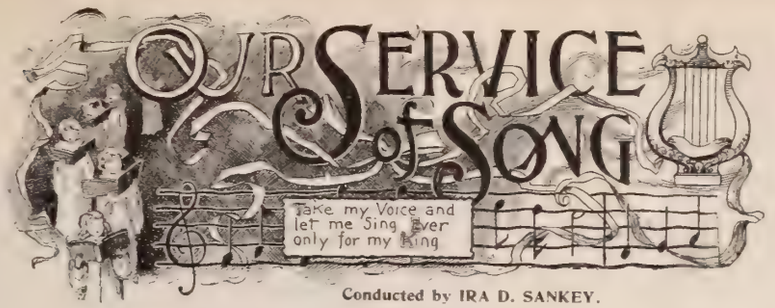
Household Servants.

IN these days one hears much of brotherhood of man, but very l of the sisterhood of woman. most interesting article in the *A can Journal of Sociology*, Jane Add a thoughtful writer, has this to regarding the great social gap that ya between the mistress of a ho hold and the "help" of the fam "The 'new girl'" often seems 'q to her employer's family. does not care to mingle soci with the people in whose house is employed, as the girl in the c try when she 'works for' a cou neighbor often does, and she su horribly from loneliness. This wh some instinctive dread of social is tion is so strong that, as every intelligence office can testify, the ing of situations is easier or more ficult just in proportion as the offers more or less companion Thus, the easy situation to fill ways the city house with five o employees, shading off into the difficult suburban home with and the utterly impossible country house... The plan of bu cooked food from an outside kit and of having more and mor the household product relegate the factory, will probably come the comparatively poor people i city, who feel most keenly the sure of the present system. already consume a much larger portion of canned goods and bak wares and 'prepared meats' the more prosperous people do cause they cannot command the skil the time for the more tedious prepar of the raw material. It is compara ly easy for an employer to manage household industry with a cook, a dress, a waitress, etc. The difficulties begin when the family income is so that but one person can be employed household for all these varied funct and the difficulties increase and gro most insurmountable as they fall alto er upon the mother of the family, wh living in a flat, or worse still, in a ment house, where one stove and on of utensils must be put to all sorts o fit or unfit, making the living room o family a horror in summer, and perf insupportable on rainy washing day winter. Such a woman is living in a plicated age, totally without the diff tiation of functions and utensils which age demands. All over the country rious experiments are being made to ganize the conditions of farm life, tha farmers may live in villages, where be sustained some of the higher for education and social civilization. women again fail in this time of reor ization, as they utterly failed to reorg their half of the world's work, upo introduction of the factory system? they utterly disregard the girl within household, and when she demands a life, and leaves that household, will weakly continue to complain, rather make a vigorous effort for bringing h hold industry to the trend of the ti To fail to apprehend the tendency of age, and to fail to adapt the condition an industry to it, is to leave that ind ill adjusted and belated."

The Gift of Life.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning April 5. Matt. 10: 34-39.

CONTINUANCE of life, if that were all men had to hope for through Christ, would not be an unalloyed blessing. This life is so full of disappointments and sorrows and troubles of various kinds that there would be small ground for rejoicing if we learned only that it would be continued beyond the grave. To live on as we live here, to have our existence in present conditions indefinitely extended, would be a boon craved by few. In extreme old age there is generally a weariness that welcomes death. Nor is the weariness always the result of physical debility. It is often the weariness of a soul that has found bitterness in every cup, and has learned that the best that the earth affords, gives no abiding satisfaction. It is not the gift of this life—of a continuous existence—that men crave. The gift of Christ is something more than this, otherwise it would only mock all aspirations of the soul. There is another life deeper than the physical life, which is the real life. We catch glimpses of it in our earthly relations. A young man passes through school and college, undergoing a preparation, having his mental powers trained and developed, and his mind stored with facts. He graduates and enters a profession. "Now," he exclaims, "I shall begin to live." All else was preparatory; now he enters on real life. Or his home life is monotonous and dull, and there comes into his heart an all-absorbing affection which transforms him. His joys and delights make a new creature of him. All that went before was mere existence compared with this new region in which he feels life. Or it is a man given over to appetite and physical gratification, a drunkard or a vicious man. By the great power he rises out of the slime and mire of sensuality, and sets his affection on other things. He casts off his slavery and enters on new pursuits with pure and elevated purposes. Looking back on his old days, he sees that he never really lived then; it was all a mere brutal existense, with only animal instincts. This life that he now enters on is life. He sees that the mere breathing, eating, toiling creature is not necessarily alive in the true sense. He needs an inner life in which the body has but a subordinate part. This life which Christ imparts to man. The higher forces receive a stimulus, an invigoration which raises life to a higher plane, and makes it worthy of the name. Now living for Christ with the life given to him he perceives new duties, has new hopes, new motives, leads an altogether new life. He thinks less of himself, ceases to make his own gratification the object of life, is continually trying to help others, becomes stronger, more useful, and more joyous. Every new attainment opens a vista of greater achievement, and shows him fresh heights to scale. His onward progress develops new strength, so that as his physical powers decline, his spiritual forces increase, and he is capable of better conduct. This is life, the new life that begins at the new birth and reaches out and on into eternity. It is not a thing of inheritance on the other side of the grave, but a treasure in possession, which is not laid down at death, but survives death. For this we can afford to surrender all that men call life—to lose that for Christ's sake, that we may find the life that never dies.

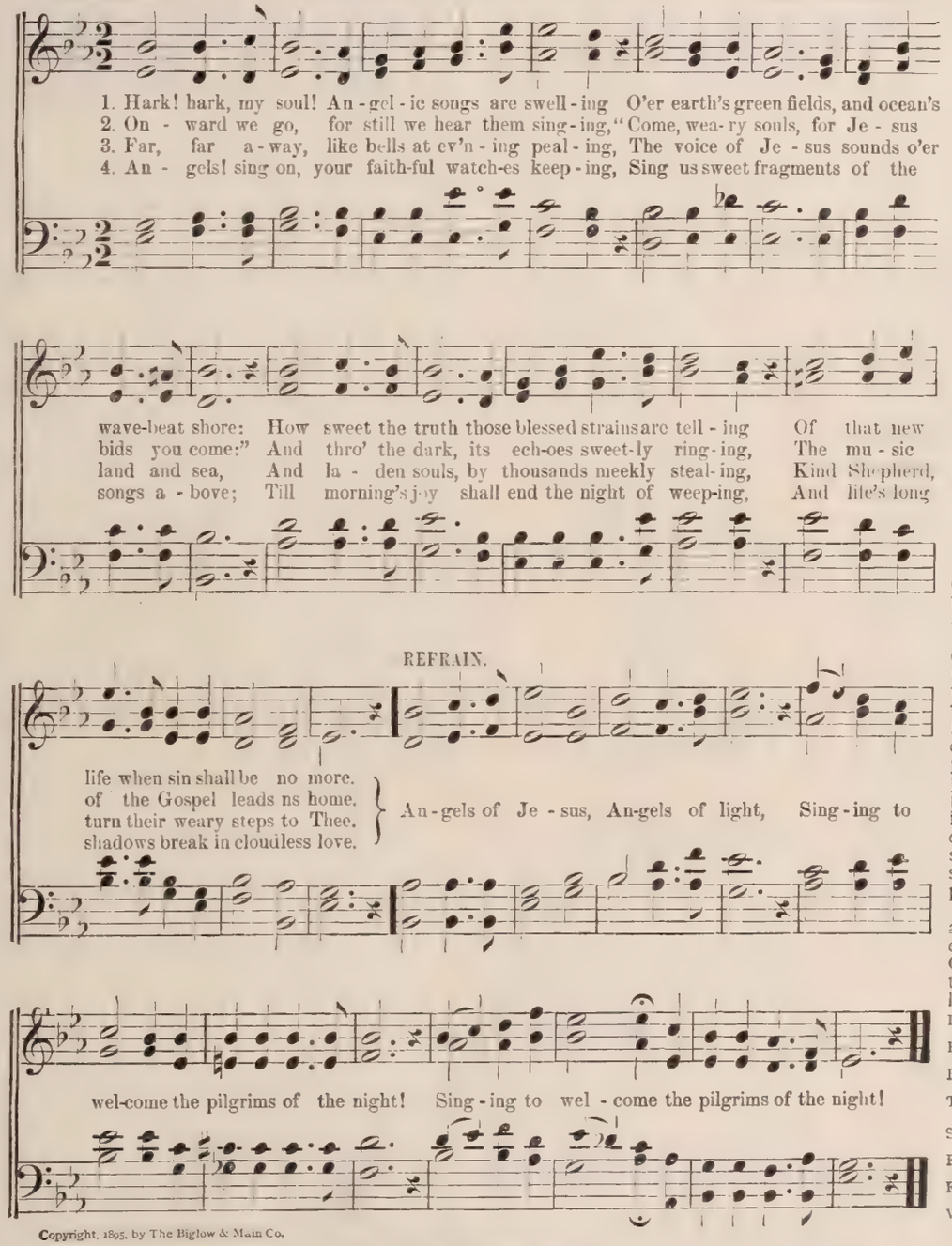


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

PILGRIMS OF NIGHT.

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?"—*Heb. 1: 14.*

F. W. FABER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers

"Perfect in Christ Jesus."

THY kingdom come. Oh, Christ:
Now wash me from my sin;
Thou knowest all my need;
Oh! make me pure within.
And may thy grace sufficient be,
And all my heart be ruled by thee.

How wondrous is the way
Thou didst contrive for me,
To break the chain of sin,
And set the captive free.
But rough the path thy feet didst tread,
And sharp the thorns that crowned thy head.

And when I fail, dear Lord,
Still, thou wilt surely bless;
For, in thy Word I find,
Thou art my righteousness.
Oh! may thy praise my lips employ:
To endless days be thou my joy. —K. A. M.

The Scoffers.

WHILE scoffers scorn to own thy name,
And seek to put thy Word to shame,
Whilst yet they laugh in fiendish glee,
Renewed in strength thy works they see.

Thy chosen people they surround,
Advancing, as by trumpets' sound.
Quite fearful—lest the Gospel band
Against them make determined stand.

Their father, Satan, leads them on—
They deem their fight already won,
And hate and malice are combined
To share the spoils of Christian mind.

But when thy children quake with fear,
Then, King of kings, thou comest near,
Ashamed, the scoffers dare not gaze
Upon thy royal, loving face.

Washington, D. C. —W. A. NESTLER.

The Prophetic Interval.

Reasons for Believing that Christ will come Before the Millennium.

BY W. E. BLACKSTONE.*

ONE weighty reason for expecting our blessed Lord's coming before the Millennium is that we are commanded to watch for it. Again and again did Jesus tell his disciples to watch! He said: "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." (Matt. 24:42). "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour." (Matt. 25: 13.) Adding, "And, what I say unto you, I say unto all,—Watch." (Mark 13: 34-37.) He places especial emphasis on the word Watch, particularly in Rev. 16: 15, "Blessed is he that Watcheth."

Now it is absolutely inconsistent with the constitution of the human mind, thus to watch for an event which we believe to be one thousand years or more in the future. And yet this is just the position which Post-millennialists are forced to take.

Matthew Henry, commenting on Luke 12: 45, says: "Our looking at Christ's second coming as a thing at a distance, is the cause of all those irregularities which render the thought of it terrible to us." And on watching, he says: "To watch implies not only to believe that our Lord will come, but to desire that he would come, to be often thinking of his coming, and always looking for it as sure and near, and the time of it uncertain."

As followers of Christ we are compared to soldiers, fighting the fight of faith, and perhaps no better illustration could be given us of watching, than that of picket duty in the army.

Old soldiers know that out on the skirmish line it is full of life and excitement, because they are watching for something immediately possible. But in camp it is dull, soulless drudgery, because they are expecting nothing until the outer pickets, perhaps five or six miles away, are driven in. How intensely do we increase the difference in watching, if we separate the pickets by a thousand years. And this is what post-millennialism does.

We believe this argument appeals to the common sense of every person, and we pray God that it may be blessed to the perfecting of that which is lacking in your faith.

He is faithfu' that hath promised, an'
He'll surely come again.
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what
hour I dinna ken,
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready
aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain
countrie.

So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
For His bluid hath made me white, and His hand shall dry my e'e
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

But, perhaps, you say: "The Church has been watching for eighteen hundred years and he has not come, and he may not come for eighteen hundred years more." Well, possibly he may not; but do we know that he will not? and shall we set a date for his coming? and cease to watch?

Post millennialists say that he will not come for a thousand years or more, which is equivalent to setting a date, as it places his coming out of all possibility in our lifetime; and then how quickly do we lay down our watching.

The principal condemnation pronounced in the Scripture in regard to the Lord's return is to those who say "My Lord delayeth his coming." Matt. 24: 48; Luke 12: 45.

* From his work *Jesus is Coming*. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY THE For the CHRISTIAN HERALD,

REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

When we [illegible] Janet Morton, the heroine of the story, she is lamenting the death of her mother and feeling keenly her loneliness, having neither father, mother, brothers nor sisters. On the day of the funeral, a man is rescued from a wreck and brought ashore, chiefly through the efforts of two humble admirers of Janet, Sandy and Ned, familiarly known as Jed. Janet receives the [illegible] and nurses him. He proves to be one Joseph Jaffray, a man whose dissipation had been a great grief to the family, especially to his mother, old Madame Morton, who lives at the great house in the village. John reveals to Janet that he is a reformed man and that he had been converted in a hospital in the South, by the efforts of a young Southern soldier, named Winthrop Melrose. He had given him a [illegible] and was having conversation with him. The most serious trouble he had, was that he could not find his little daughter, whom in his dissipated days and when he was mourning his wife's death, he had put in a New York institution and she had been adopted by some family and all trace of her lost. He wanted Janet to find her if possible and bring her up. He made a will leaving all he had, or might inherit from his mother, to Janet in trust for this lost child, and soon afterward he died. His mother, Madame Morton, also died, but before her death she sent for her lawyer, Judson Skeele, and instructed him to make her will in which she left the bulk of her fortune to her son John, and in pursuance of a promise made to her dead husband, left her house and five thousand dollars to her niece, Janet. Her husband had been the brother of Janet's father, Judson Skeele Morton, and had defrauded him, so he wished his widow to make reparation. In order to intimate the nature of the bequest, Madame Morton told the lawyer not to mention Janet's name in the will, but to write, "to the daughter of Judson Skeele Morton." The lawyer saw an opportunity for defeating her intention. The word "Skeele" came at the end of the line so he wrote the word "Morton" on a slip of paper and pasted it on the will, in such a way that if it was cut off, the will would read, "to the daughter of Judson Skeele," thus diverting the property from Janet to his own daughter. After the old lady's death the lawyer cut the slip off and his daughter, Lavina, entered on possession of the estate. She discharged Madame Morton's servant Paulina, and her father discharged Sandy, who was also in Madame Morton's service and the two discharged servants condoling with [illegible] fell in love and [illegible] Paulina's father, Skipper Dan, [illegible] and invites him to make his home with him and his little adopted daughter. Ethel and Janet become [illegible] little girl who had visited John Morton in his sickness and sung for him. Janet Morton, knowing nothing of [illegible] had been defrauded by Lawyer Skeele, [illegible] for an companion. Her skill in nursing [illegible] John had been appreciated by [illegible] and he had come, half in jest told her that her life's mission was to go to the hospitals, [illegible] wounded soldiers of the war [illegible] and nurse them. She decides to [illegible] Melrose, the young South[illegible] instrumental in his cousin's conversion. She had once been engaged to Melrose, but her father had heard from Skeele that [illegible] and had induced her to break the engagement. She had obeyed, but she still loved [illegible] Winthrop. Discussing [illegible] future she [illegible] Cast[illegible] Here, the incoming tide surrounds her and she is in danger but [illegible]

CHAPTER XII.

PRIDE, even with Morton, must have its limits. It was humiliating to call for help, to let it be known that she had been careless, but Janet had too much sense to think more of her pride than of her life. She looked at the waves rising [illegible] the ledge, she knew she could not save herself and therefore must have help or perish. She must make her presence known, but how? If she waved her handkerchief it would scarcely be seen. How could she signal? Looking around, she saw something on the rock which seemed [illegible] It was Ethel's toy-flag that had fallen from her hand in one of her struggles with the captain. It was just the thing. She took it up thankfully and standing on the upper shelf of the ledge, waved it vigorously. Janet's position struck her as ludicrous. [illegible] her eyes to the ridiculous aspect of a girl standing on a rock like that, waving the child's flag. She grew almost hysterical as she thought of it. It seemed to her that she was not Janet Morton but someone else. Now it was little Ethel signalling to skipper Dan, an amusement which that interesting gampsie had taught the child. Then Janet imagined that she was a soldier carrying the flag. She was off in battle. She was meeting the enemy. She was cheering her comrades in the bloody charge. Suddenly, she thought of Winthrop Melrose. Her flag dropped. Had the princely standard-bearer been struck by a cruel shot from the enemy? It seemed as if all strength had left her. Again, her head bowed low, she seemed to see him whom she still loved and intensely loved, wounded and broken and bleeding after some terrible charge. How long she remained in this helpless, painful bewilderment she knew not. She was abruptly aware that the water was rushing not far from her, for all this time that strong, imperious tide had been driving landward and steadily rising. She turned and looked about her.

"Why, how this tide gains!" she exclaimed. "I will leave Mary's Rock."

It was well she retreated, for one wave bolder than the rest threw its foam up to where she had been sitting.

Suddenly she caught the sound of a bell-note. Away off in the distance, a bell was tolling, and its pensive echoes drifted over the sea.

"Why," she murmured, "Mary's a-tolling!"

It startled Janet. Still gripping her flag she went to the highest part of the ledge, and there stood, waving it.

"Oh, how the water has gained toward the shore! How rough it is! And all around the ledge, how angry it is! Shouldn't want to stay here all night. Where is everybody? Why don't they come?" she asked. There she stood waving that flag, still hoping someone would see it. She looked at the patriotic colors. She thought just as she looked at it and trusted in it, how many others had lifted their eyes to its folds and found protection in their shadow. Would it bring any help to her now?

"I'll wave it. It is all I can do," she murmured.

She continued to wave the tiny banner energetically, and Mary's bell kept on tolling. She thought how it must be out there in a storm, when over the ledge swept breaker after breaker, completely flooding it, submerging every trace of it, leaving out there in the sea only a turbulent swash of foam to indicate the location of Cast-away Ledge! And a storm might be coming. The sky was growing hazy. The wind was changing.

"It is coming from the North-east!" murmured Janet. "Oh, dear, that is a contentious quarter! If a storm should come, and drive the waves harder, fiercer, and this water should keep on rising higher—"

She stopped. It was not a pleasant course of thought to follow the rise of the sea, climbing up to one's feet, one's knees, one's waist, rising to the lips, and then—burying one forever. Janet preferred to wave that flag and not mind what people might think of her.

But that boat containing Sandy and Ned where was that? It had left the shore and two muscular fellows were rowing hard.

"See anything now, Sandy?" asked Ned. "Put in there, old boy!"

"Yes, Ned," replied Sandy, twisting his neck badly to get as good a look as possible, "somebody out on the ledge, dead sure!"

"Go it, old boy! Lay back, lay back, and [illegible] to her!"

The boat driven through the water, threw to right and left the hissing foam. The perspiration stood in drops on the forehead of each oarsman. They pressed hard their teeth as they dipped their oars, leaned back, and strenuously pulled.

"I'll [illegible] that [illegible] out there," grunted Ned.

"Shouldn't—wonder—Ned! The rash—leetle—crittur!"

"Jennet has scolded her—like—a good one—and told her—never—to—go—there—"

"The—leetle—ninny!"

"I'll—frighten—her—by saying, 'I'll tell Jennet.'"

Here Ned turned to see how the little ninny might appear.

"My!" he exclaimed, "If that ain't Jennet hernself!"

"You don't say, Ned!"

"But I do, Sandy!"

It was Janet, and with a profuse outpouring of thanks she stepped into the boat that the two oarsmen pulled into a little nook in the ledge.

"I say, Sandy," said Ned, when Janet had landed and the two young men were again by themselves in their fish-house, "I say! Sort of wall—a come down you might say for a woman like Jennet to be caught like a youngster out on them rocks. We—won't say nothin' about it—to—set folks to talkin' about it, will we?"

"Oh, no, Ned!"

"Might be sort of embarrassin', ye know."

Henceforth, there would have been a grave secret buried deep in the souls of Ned and Sandy, a secret that nothing could have taken out of Ned's clutch at least, but it happened that Janet herself told her adventure to Mrs. Blakey Chase, and Ned's office as the keeper of a solemn state-secret was gone. He would have been as loyal to Janet as any patriot to his country, or any martyr to his Church.

Janet always went back with interest to that episode on Cast-away Ledge. Very little things are sometimes serious revealers of character. The little pool of rain out in the street when night comes, is big enough to hold Ursa Major in its shining surface. Cast-away Ledge told Janet how sensitive and strong a thing was the pride in her bosom. Her idea of the new and spiritual life had been a change of the old nature that amounted to destruction. She was to live and learn that that pride, an inheritance with the Morton name, would live and trouble her also, unless checked and barred about and held down by this stronger power of Christ, which had come into her heart. For another reason, she recollected with interest her experience upon Cast-away Ledge. In her sleep, she still seemed to be carrying a flag and there were waves still about her, but these were blood-stained, and out of them looked faces appealingly. They were faces that bore the marks of grievous wounds and they needed no interpretation. One person attracted her special attention, One who was hastening to sufferer after sufferer, binding up the hideous wounds, resting on his strong arm some weary soul while he administered a strengthening and healing draught, then bending low to whisper some word of courage and comfort.

"They always smile when he does that. I wonder who it is?" thought the dreamer. She had scarcely expressed the wonder, when a cross showed itself upon his back. At first, the outlines were wavering and faint. Then they grew firm and distinct.

"Oh, I know who it is now!" said the dreamer. Yes, the Great Cross-bearer for souls had declared himself. But Janet noticed this, that he needed helpers. Scattered here and there, were those at work, like him, binding up, strengthening and comforting, but the number was not sufficient. Many started to help, but strength or interest failed them. And how the suffering faces multiplied! There was the face of her cousin, John Morton.

"He is at rest," she said. When she had made this comment, that face vanished with a smile. Then she recognized another face.

"That is Winthrop Melrose!" she cried. The shock was so abrupt that all the faces, the waves stained with blood, the flag itself, hastily vanished, and she found herself in the dark, her eyes staring into the shadows, her heart wildly beating. She could not sleep again. She was glad to see in a window that fronted the east a little sign of the light now struggling to get in. She was still further relieved to hear the sound of a muffled thump somewhere down stairs.

"That is Blakey pumping water for the tea-kettle. I will get up now," she said.

She was glad to have this earlier start in the day's duties. They were not all duties; one especially was a privile[illegible] She strongly craved it this morning. [illegible] wanted to fall upon her knees and tell [illegible] into whose hands she had put everythi[illegible] that she would not take her future ou[illegible] those shaping and protecting hands. [illegible] seemed, to her, she also said this morn[illegible] when she was taking counsel of her Fat[illegible] and Saviour, that she might do good at [illegible] war, that she had physical strength, t[illegible] she had no home-cares hindering her, t[illegible] she was willing to take this new way i[illegible] were God's way.

So far the talks with cousin John [illegible] gone in bearing fruit. She wanted to m[illegible] something of her life that should be use[illegible] and she took the right course in submitt[illegible] her will in loving confidence to her he[illegible] enly Father. It was his to guide, her[illegible] follow his guidance when she should [illegible] signs of it.

That evening, in the sitting-room do[illegible] stairs, before the open fire, Blakey Ch[illegible] and his wife were talking over the eve[illegible] of the day. Mrs. Blakey's spectacles w[illegible] fastened on her knitting-work. Blake[illegible] had been directed toward a newspa[illegible] He had methodically read it through, having folded it up twice, once across [illegible] columns and then down, he spread it ev[illegible] ly over his knee, and then folding his hands upon it shut his eyes for a nap. Mrs. Blakey did not mean he should h[illegible] a nap. She had something importa[illegible] tell him.

"Blakey," she said softly.

"What, say!" he answered drows[illegible] his eyes still shut.

"I've got suthin' to tell ye."

"Wall!" he answered composedly, [illegible] eyes still shut.

"I'll bring him to!" thought Mrs. Bla[illegible] noticing those veiled orbs of her spouse

"I've got suthin' to tell ye. Jen-ne[illegible] a-goin' to the war, and we shall hav[illegible] skip 'round spry and git her ready."

"You don't say!" remarked Blakey, st[illegible] ing up, both eyes open. "Wh-wh-wh[illegible]

"It is so, Blakey. She told me so, [illegible] very day!"

"Goin' to the war!" said Blakey. "W[illegible] how?"

"How? Why, she won't march a[illegible] sojur of course. She will go to nuss."

"Go to nuss?"

"Why, Blakey, it seems to me you [illegible] dreadful stupid this evening. I have t[illegible] at work most an hour tryin' hard to w[illegible] you up. She will go to nuss the sick [illegible] wounded. Ain't that plain?"

Her manner was impatient, but Bla[illegible] was of the order of human beings t[illegible] might be labeled as pachydermatous [illegible] domestic circles, for the sometimes si[illegible] arrows of Mrs. Blakey's witticisms fel[illegible] harmless from his kindly nature.

Blakey thought about the news now[illegible] heard it, and of course concluded J[illegible] was right. In fact he went further. "[illegible] Mortons are high blood," he said; "the[illegible] allers up to suthin. I wonder she ha[illegible] done it before. Don't you?"

"Wall, now Blakey! You wonder! [illegible] just think."

Poor Blakey! His wife was always [illegible] ing him to think. He preferred to leave [illegible] thinking to her. He was a very sens[illegible] while very deliberate being, who [illegible] "Oh, she don't mean nothin'. A l[illegible] narvous with housekeepin'!" He kn[illegible] very well she was sorry for all the dis[illegible] line she inflicted on him, and when [illegible] confessed "in meetin'," moaned that [illegible] was "a mizzable sinner." She liste[illegible] now, leaving him to think over his in[illegible] siderate remark that he wondered J[illegible] had not gone before to the war.

"How could she have gone, Bla[illegible] when her mother was sick?"

"But when her father—Oh, no, [illegible] wouldn't have consented. He was [illegible] sot agin the war. I don't know as [illegible] could have very very well gone before

"Of course not," said Mrs. Blakey, [illegible] umphantly.

There were these hindrances, it is t[illegible] but then Janet herself had not been in[illegible] ested in going. The present was a [illegible] science movement. She saw that she [illegible] time for such service as that of hosp[illegible] work. The way into it was not blo[illegible] by other duties. She was impelled tow[illegible] it with all the force of a consecration. H[illegible] ing made up her mind fully, there only [illegible] mained the work of preparation. [illegible] while she was getting ready, someth[illegible] happened that for the time took all [illegible] thoughts off from the war, and faste[illegible] them on life at home.

To be Continued.

Converting a Prince.

The Little Two-year-old Heir to the Bulgarian Throne Transferred from the Roman Catholic to the Greek Church.

CABLE dispatches do not usually report conversions, but an exception was made in the

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BULGARIA AND THEIR SON, BORIS.

case of Prince Boris, the son of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Princess Clementine, his wife. It was gravely announced a few days ago that Prince Boris was to be converted from the Roman Catholic faith, to that of the Orthodox Greek Church and that he had been baptized with imposing ceremonies by Monsignor Joseph, the Exarch of the Bulgarians, who travelled from Constantinople to Sofia to perform the rite. Roman Catholic journals take care of the fact that the child cried lustily during the ceremony as if in protest against the change of faith.

Whatever technical reasons there may be for using the word "conversion" in connection with the event, it is obvious that as the Prince is but two years old, the word cannot be properly applied to it in the sense in which it is used among ourselves. The fact remains, however, that the little Prince, who was formerly a member of the Roman Catholic Church, is now a member of the Greek Church, as far as the ceremony can make him one. That the change is regarded as momentous by some people may be inferred from the fact that the child's mother has made it the ground of an attempt to secure a divorce from her husband and that the Pope was urged to excommunicate Prince Ferdinand. Both punishments have, however, been averted by the Prince's diplomatic skill.

The change in the child's religious status is a matter of international concern. It is an indication that Russia has succeeded at last, in a struggle which has been maintained for nearly twenty years. When Bulgaria achieved her independence in 1878, Russia hoped that her influence would be paramount in the new state. But the Bulgarians, led by the brave and impetuous Stambuloff, refused to become the vassals of Russia. It would have been a pitiful end of their fight if they had merely changed one despotism for another. They intimated very clearly that they had not been fighting to live under the Czar instead of under the Sultan; they had been fighting to be free. The Russian Government, realizing that it was thwarted, strove to accomplish its object by the longer process of intrigue. It kept the country in a continual state of unrest. Alexander of Battenberg, whom the Bulgarians had chosen for their prince, found it impossible to govern. Russian agents with abundant funds to buy over venal Bulgarian statesmen, foiled all his efforts for the development of the country. He abandoned the attempt after a nine years' struggle, and Prince Ferdinand, an obscure German princeling, was elected to his place. Ferdinand had the friendship and support of Austria, and it was hoped that, so aided, he might be able to maintain himself on the throne. Eastern Roumelia, longing for freedom, cast in its lot with its sister land, and Stambuloff labored to make of the two countries one strong, independent nation. It was a difficult task, but Stambuloff succeeded, by dexterously opposing Austrian to Russian influence.

He was defeated, at last, by the ignoble character of Ferdinand. In him Russia has found a tool fit for her use. He was concerned about his own position, more than about the greatness and the freedom of the country. He was evidently determined to yield entirely to Russia. The patriotic Stambuloff was dismissed and assassinated and the rest has been easy. Under Russian influence, the Bulgarian legislature passed a law enacting that although Prince Ferdinand might remain a Roman Catholic, any heir born to him must be brought up in the Orthodox Greek Church. Prince Boris, Ferdinand's first born, has accordingly been baptized according to the rites of that church.

The divergence between the two churches does not seem to Protestants so important as it does to members of those churches. The Greek Church, which is the national Church of Russia, holds most of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but rejects the authority of the Pope, offers prayers in the language of the worshippers, instead of in Latin, and does not accept as authoritative the rulings of the later Catholic Councils. How the Prince will believe, when he grows up, does not seems to be a matter of serious consideration. That he has been baptized in the Greek Church, according to its rites, appears to satisfy all requirements. Men are more easily satisfied in such matters than God is. If a particular form of baptism would make a man or a child a member of his kingdom, the matter of conversion would be very much simplified, and it would be easy to make the best of both worlds But God looks on the heart and life. and as Christ told Nicodemus they can be changed only through the operation of the Holy Spirit. No rite, no outward ceremony, however, imposing, can avail to change them. The conversion of the young prince is an event to be desired but it will be a fatal error to regard it as accomplished by his baptism.

Egyptian Chronology.

A constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD writes from Smithtown Branch, N. Y., on the subject of the most ancient date in Egyptian history. He says: Miss Amelia B. Edwards who, I believe, is considered an authority, as an Egyptologist, speaks of the founding of the first dynasty, by Mena, the first king, to have been 5000 B. C. Abraham was born 2000 B. C. He was seventy-five years old when he went into Egypt. His sojourn there is believed to have been in the reign of one of the Pharaohs of the great 12th dynasty. Will your chronology take in the previous dynasties, including interval between the 7th and 9th dynasties that has been, until recently, an unrecorded period in Egyptian history? Professor Petrie's discovery of a new race in Egypt has cleared up the mystery of that interval; and the missing link is found, that has hitherto been searched for in vain, by every Egyptologist. The conclusion now is inevitable, that Egypt was invaded by a foreign people who overthrew the old kingdom civilization and so produced the "dark ages" from the 7th to the 9th of the native dynasties. Thus the year 3000 B. C. would be within that period. The "Prisse Papyrus," styled the oldest book "in the world, dating from the 12 dynasty, is copied from a yet more ancient document of the remote 5th dynasty, written some three thousand eight hundred years before Christ. There is a 'Second Dynasty Tablet' in the Ashmolean Museum, in Oxford, that bears inscriptions dating from 4000 to 4200, B. C. See Miss Edwards' "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," p. 195.

The Bible in Kansas Prisons.

There is a law in Kansas that seems to have been forgotten, but which has again been brought to public attention in the interest of morality and good government. It is a statute requiring that every prisoner in a Kansas jail shall be provided with a Bible at public expense. County Attorney Miller, of Kansas City, Kans., who has his hands full in sending law-breakers to prison, feeling the need these men have of moral help, has re-discovered this excellent but long-forgotten law, requiring each county in the State to furnish each prisoner with a Bible, and has had all the prisoners in Wyandotte county supplied. It is to be hoped that each County Attorney in the State will do likewise.

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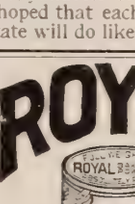

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A Veteran at Rest.

Dr. W. P. Paxson, the Distinguished Sunday School Organizer, Suddenly Called from his Labors to his Eternal Reward.

POIGNANT sorrow has been caused in many a church and many a Sunday School and home by the news of the sudden death of Dr. William P. Paxson, the veteran Sunday School worker of the South-west. Dr. Paxson came to the North recently on business of the American Sunday School Union, of which he has been an officer for nearly forty years. His business was nearly completed and he was preparing to return home, when he was invited to preach and hold a Sunday School service in the Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J. He preached there on the morning of March 8th and went to the church in the afternoon to hold the service. Just before rising to give the address, he was stricken with paralysis as he sat in the pew. He was carried to the parsonage and medical aid was summoned. Mrs. Paxson, who was visiting her daughter at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., was sent for and lost no time in going to her husband, taking with her an old friend and medical adviser. The physicians did all in their power to save the life of the distinguished Christian worker, but in spite of their efforts he sank into unconsciousness and on Tuesday, March 10, he breathed his last.

During the previous two or three weeks of his stay in the North, Dr. Paxson had been a frequent and welcome visitor to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He called shortly before leaving for Orange and spent some time talking about his work and the spiritual needs of the great district of which he was Superintendent. He was much gratified by the assurance given him that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would undertake the support of his valued helper, Rev. George W. Sharp, for another year and said how heartily he appreciated the help their liberality had been the means of affording him. As he rose to leave, a mood, very unusual in a man so cheerful as he, came over him. In the light of the subsequent sad event, it seems now as if he had a presentiment of the approaching parting. After referring tenderly to the warm friendship that had so long been maintained and to the pleasure he always had in paying these visits during his sojourns in the North, he said, "I hope to look in when I come back from Orange to bid you good-bye before going back to my field, but we do not know. However, we are sure of one thing, if we do not see each other again here, we shall meet in the presence of the Lord where there will be fulness of joy for evermore." With these words on his lips, the kindly, genial, warm-hearted man went away and we shall see his face no more till the time of which he spoke.

Dr. Paxson was not so old a man as he looked. He had not reached his fifty-ninth birthday, when he died. He was born in [illegible], in September, 1837. His father, Stephen Paxson, was a pioneer in Sunday School work. It was through a Sunday School that he was led to Christ and he believed in Sunday Schools. In the course of his life of service he established no less than 1314 Sunday Schools in places where none had existed before, and into these schools 83,405 scholars and teachers were gathered. His son William, who has just been called to his reward, became his father's helper when he was only fifteen years of age, and gave his whole life to the work. "It is not my business," he was wont to [illegible] in Pennsylvania, in Baltimore, my work is to find out where there are children growing up without any religious teaching, and gather them together where they will be led to love the Lord Jesus." As a missionary, and afterward as Superintendent of a district in which many missionaries were employed, he labored unceasingly in planting and organizing Sunday Schools. He was never tired of insisting that the hope of the country is in the children, and that the way of winning the children is in getting them into the Sunday School and telling them about Jesus. He would organize a Sunday School in the kitchen of a farm-house, in a blacksmith shop or in a barn. Any building would do, and once in Texas, when he could get no building, he organized a school under the branches of a great oak tree. Several times he organized schools in arbors, at which he toiled with his own hands. The place settled, he would go through the neighborhood look-up the children, telling the parents about the new school and getting their promise to send the little ones. He would arrange for teachers and see to the election of officers, and would not leave till the school was in running order. Then he would pay it frequent visits, encouraging, advising, and removing difficulties, and with his kindly genial tact solving personal problems that sometimes retard the work. It was with him a labor of love and it continued to the last. Death found him, as he would have wished it to do, engaged in the advocacy of the Union he loved so well and had served so faithfully.

THE LATE REV. W. P. PAXTON, D.D.

Superintendent of the Southwestern District of the American S. S. Union.

An Isolated Preacher.

FROM a remote district in the heart of India, comes a report of a quiet unostentatious effort to carry the Gospel to a region not reached by the Missionary Societies. About three years ago, Mr. J. Lampard went out there, settled down quietly and taught all with whom he could make acquaintance. He now writes:

Having had my attention and sympathies attracted to the hill country of the Central Provinces, after much inquiry and praverful consideration I decided to set to work independently in the unoccupied Balaghat District of the Central Provinces. One of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society from the neighboring district of Mandla had several times crossed the border and preached in the northern part of Balaghat, but the district had never had a resident worker, nor, so far as I have learned, did it contain among its [illegible] hundred thousand population a single Christian convert, native to the place.

The northern part of the district is where I have made my home, after spending over a year viewing the land and preaching over a wide area. Here are found, among the hills and jungles, scores of miles away from railway stations and towns, numbers of people of the aboriginal tribe of Gonds, with several of the lower Hindu castes. I have little difficulty in getting into intimate relationship with the people, and during the past twelve months the foundation of the Church of Christ in Balaghat has been laid. We have now a little Christian community of some twenty souls, with numerous inquirers seeking admission to our ranks, while my heart rejoices in the evident sincerity of all the dear people, and the true piety of several.

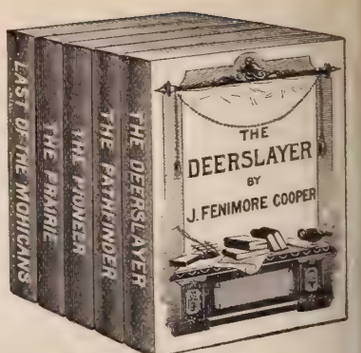
So far, however, little seems to have resulted among the Gonds, whose conversion I had chiefly in view in selecting this field. While they are heartily despised by the higher Hindu castes, the Gonds are among themselves as tenacious of caste as the Brahmin. Although not a few have professed repentance and faith in Christ, none have yet found courage enough to confess him openly or take any step involving breaking of caste. I have no doubt, however, that a break among the Gonds will come ere long, and when it comes I think it will be a considerable one. The Church Missionary Society have a number of Gond converts in Mandla, but there is so little communication between the two districts, that the Gonds here seem rather sceptical when I assure them that there are Gond Christians in existence.

I am rejoicing, however, over the beginning of a good work among another aboriginal tribe, the Baigas, who are a yet more jungly people than the Gonds, subsisting largely on the raw produce of the jungle. Three adults of this tribe have been baptized—with one solitary exception the first of their people to turn to Christ—and two of these three are developing into zealous preachers of the Gospel.

So far I am alone here, having no helper, European or native. The field seems to me to be a most promising one, and I feel sure that the work that has been thus begun here might be repeated in half-a-dozen other centres of population in the district were the men forthcoming. The country is poor, and some measure of self-denial is called for in matters of eating and drinking, and so on; but to see these people emerging one by one from the darkness of idolatry into the light of God's love is an abundant recompense. and would cause any true-hearted servants of Christ to rejoice in rather than regret any inconveniences and sacrifice involved.

Ill Tempered Babies

[illegible]



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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Mar. 15, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters. "Broken Hearted Mother," Hurley, S. D. For a son who once professed to be a Christian, but has taken to drinking.——J. H. H., Portsmouth, N. H. For the conversion of a son and his evil companions.——"Anxious Mother," Vermont. For the conversion of an only son.——"Sister in Christ," Troy, N. Y. For the conversion of two sons and a daughter.——W. G. H., Elkton, N. C. That an only son might give his heart to God.——"Anxious Mother," Dunbarton, N. H. On behalf of three children and a son-in-law, and that the one who has fallen under the power of liquor may be reclaimed.——"Believer," Pa. For the salvation of a dear son and his wife, now in the far West.——"Anxious Mother," Buckley, Wash. For her ungodly family, especially of a wayward son who has taken to drinking.——"Anxious Mother," Pascoac, R. I. That her son might turn to the Lord and become dutiful and obedient.——"Distressed Wife," Phila., for the salvation of two sons and their wives.——L. M. K., Pittsburg, Kans. That three sons who are unsaved might be brought to Christ.——"Subscriber," Pa. That the youngest daughter of the family might become a Christian.——"Mother in Agony." On behalf of a dear daughter away at school, that she might give her heart to God.

For Other Relatives. Z. E. C., DeKalb, Mo. For the conversion of a beloved nephew who has become inebriate.——C. E. P., Oak Grove, Mich. For aged father, two brothers, and an uncle, who are all out of Christ.——"Reader," Green T., Pa. That a niece who is critically ill might accept salvation before the end comes.——"Subscriber," Dayton, Mich. For the conversion of a husband who has deserted his young wife, who is sick and in poverty.——"Believer in Prayer," New York City. That a husband, formerly a member of the church, but who has become indifferent, may be quickened by the Holy Spirit; also for a dear brother who is growing reckless.——H. M., Linden, Ala. For the salvation of husband, three brothers, and a sister.——J. T. Hammonton, N. J. For the conversion of husband.——"Anxious One," Girty, Pa. That three brothers might be led to Christ.——E. H., New York City. For the salvation of nephews and nieces.——"Believer." For the conversion of a young wife.——E. J. H., Salem. On behalf of a sister who is in darkness.——"Subscriber," Lancaster Co., Pa. That an aged father and mother might declare themselves for Christ before they die.——C. F., Elgin, Mich. For the conversion of a dear sister who has become a spiritualist.——J. F., Plymouth, Ill. For the salvation of husband and two children.——"Distressed Wife," Philadelphia. For the conversion of an unbelieving husband.——"Believer," Crainy Hill, N. H. For the conversion of a father.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Believer," Slater, Mo., that an invalid lady now in extreme age might be saved even at the eleventh hour.——"Anon," Denver, Colo., for the conversion of a beloved friend who is living a careless life.——Subscriber, Harrisburg, Pa., that a dear friend whose faith and love have grown cold might be renewed in heart and be restored to those who love him.——Mrs. S., Yarmouth, N. S., for the salvation of loved ones.——V. A. S., Fulkerson, Mo., for the conversion of two young men who are charged with an awful crime.——"Subscriber," Columbus, O., for a young man addicted to drink who is now on the high seas.——"Believer in Prayer," N. L., Ohio, for the salvation of a family of seven persons, the head of the family being a backslider.

For the Restoration of Health. M. E. B. That a dear mother might recover her hearing.——"Follower of the Master," Evanston, Ill. For the recovery of a dear sister who has been afflicted over 20 years.——"One who Believes," Mich. For the recovery of a dear son; also that the use of hearing might be restored.——M. E. C., Hernando, Fla. That a sufferer who is in Virginia might recover health and strength.——"Believer," Oakland, Me. That God would raise up a companion who is very sick, and whose usefulness is stopped by the affliction.——N., Rochester, Minn., who is suffering from the effects of a serious operation, that God would grant healing.——J. W., Marshall, Mich. For the recovery of a sister now dangerously afflicted.——C. L. R., Lone Tree, Iowa. That a dear brother might recover his hearing.——"Sorrowing One," New Haven, Conn. That an afflicted Christian might recover sight.——C. F., Elgin, Mich. That a dear mother might recover her hearing.——A. G. C., Bluffton, O. That a minister of the Gospel who has undergone a severe operation, might recover health and strength.——"Reader," Greenwich, Ill. That a sick grandchild might be restored to health.——L. W., Hudson, O. That a physician who is losing his sight might be healed; also that a dear mother might recover her hearing; also for the recovery of the wives of two ministers, both of whom sadly miss the help they used to render in their work.——The following sufferers also beg that prayers might be offered for their recovery from various maladies: A. C., Presque Isle, Me.; C. F., Elgin, Mich.; E. A. D. C., Deland, Fla.; H. B., Leesburg, Fla.; W. B. D., Minn.; F. F., San Diego, Cal.; "Reader," Louisville, Ky.; C. M. W. and sister, Mt. Gilead, O.; A. E. R., Auburn, N. Y.; E. W., Fall River, Mass.; S. L. C., Topeka, Kans.

For Special Blessings. F. C. S., Harrison Valley, Pa., for grace to be a faithful Christian.——M. S. B, Albion, N. Y., that an institution which threatens to be a source of evil to a large number of persons might not be erected in the place where it will do so much harm.——"Heart broken Girl," Kansas City, Mo., who has been lured away and has repented, that God would forgive her and keep her evermore pure and faithful in Christ.——"One in Despair," for deliverance from a terrible trouble, and that in his good time God would convince false accusers of the wrong they are doing and that the right and the truth may be done in a case where appearances are misleading, also for faith to trust implicitly in God.——"One in sorrow," Iola, Wis., that God would provide an invalid with necessaries and incline the heart of those who should be tender and considerate, to do their duty.——F. G., Le Roy, Minn., that a family trouble may be happily adjusted, and that the members, who are Christians, may do nothing to discredit the cause of Christ.——E. F. S., Homestead, Pa., that W. P., who left his home and his loving wife last month, may be found and restored, and that the deserted wife may have grace given her to bear in patience the cross laid upon her.——"Widow," Loreley, Md., for grace to bear the bereavement that has taken all the joy out of her life.——Reader, Fedrow, O., that God would restore the joy of his salvation and give a new heart and a right spirit.——Believer, New Haven, Conn., that the people who are coming to settle in the neighborhood may be Christian people whose lives and influence will be beneficial to the neighbors.——M. E. M., Motters, Md., for strength to overcome temptation, and grace to be kept faithful to God under trial.——The following ask prayer that financial help may be granted in their time of difficulty: "Believer," Missouri; "Believer," Florida; "Subscriber," Sunderland, Mass.; "Burdened One," East Brady, Pa.; L. M. F., Croydon, N. H.; — C. J., Brevasy, W. Va.

Answers to Prayer. "Anon," Denver, Colo., asks that thanks be offered for the answer granted to the prayers for which a request recently appeared in this column.

A. J. C., Bluffton, O., acknowledges a direct answer to the prayers requested at the opening of the winter.

"Anxious S. S. Teacher," that thanks be given for the conversion of a sick girl for whom prayers were offered sometime since. She gave her heart to God, as was asked, before she died.

Constant Reader, Rahway, N. J., desires that grateful thanks be given for the answer to the prayers for which request was made in a time of great distress.

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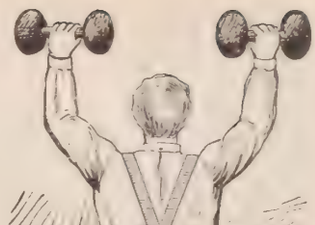

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THE world at large, owes to John Howard an enduring debt of gratitude, for his work of reform in the prisons throughout Europe. By his efforts, he persistently exposed to the shuddering gaze of mankind, the cruelties and loathsome secrets

F. H. STARR.

of those dens of infamy, until an awakened people remedied these wrongs. Perhaps no other man who has ever lived has done quite as much for the unfortunate prisoner, as he, and when he died,—now over one hundred years ago—the friendless prisoner lost a father and a friend. The tortures of the Newgates of the past century, are now wiped out, and are a thing of the past. The Bible has been introduced into the prison cells, and is expounded by able teachers; noble societies have been formed, whose object is the care and welfare of those confined, and every known effort is being made to teach the poor unfortunates that the keystone of a successful life is based upon the three great principles of honesty, sobriety and frugality. But whilst this good work has been going on for a century or more for the benefit of the prisoner in his cell, it has only been of very recent date, that any thought has been taken for his care after his release, at this the most critical period of his existence.

There is no creature who is more to be pitied than the man who, having paid the penalty of the law, is set free; he is given his freedom, it is true; he is free to breathe the pure air, he is free to walk the streets, but with every door closed against him and an object of public scorn, and the torments that are inflicted by such means are far more terrible to true manhood, than the torments that are inflicted by a prison cell. There is no safety against the criminal, save in his reformation. Prison discipline has failed to correct the many moral delinquencies, for there is no law, however stringent, that will make the idle man industrious, the drunkard sober, or the dishonest man honest; this much desired end will never be brought about by brilliant oratory, nor by vast wealth, nor by any theory that has thus far been advanced. The Gospel alone possesses the power to do this.

Realizing that what the discharged prisoner needs most upon his release is the means whereby he can help himself, a few philanthropic gentlemen in Philadelphia established a home where food, shelter and the best counsel to be at all, employment, are furnished him until [illegible] Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners and is situated at 73d St., and Paschall Ave. Were it not for such a refuge many would be obliged to return to crime no matter how good their intentions were, in order to live. Four-fifths of the men who are released from prison come out with a full determination of leading a new life, but none save God alone knows what such a man has to contend with. To get employment is almost an impossibility, for who wants to employ a man who is just from a prison cell, when there are so many to be had, who have naught against their character. So the man being friendless and homeless, becomes discouraged. How different with the man who is met upon his release and taken to a home where the finger of scorn is not pointed at him, and where if he be willing, with the help of Almighty God, his lost manhood asserts itself and he feels strong and able to begin life anew and forget the dark past.

In securing the services of Mr. F. H. Starr, as Superintendent of the work in Philadelphia, the managers have secured a man who seems specially fitted for the work, having himself lived the life of a criminal for over twenty years. It seemed as if God in his wise providence, singled Mr. Starr out from among the criminal classes to work in his vineyard among men who had been criminals like himself, and his labors have been greatly blessed of God. Under his direction, the home has gone far beyond the experimental point. It has been shown that these men support themselves and a large percentage of them become good and useful citizens, many who were given up as irreclaimable, are professed Christians and are living witnesses of the truth that Christ can save to the uttermost.

The Home is non-sectarian and carried on under strictly business and Christian principles, and is supported by the manufacture of brooms.

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Along quiet paths this Home has pursued its way. It has given the prisoner counsel and material aid when needed most. It has given him shelter and employment just as the prison gates opened at the end of his term, and what is far better than all this, it has taught the prisoner that the divine clemency is far greater than the penalty that was attached to his transgressions. It is Mr. Starr's life object now and he prays that there may be a similar place of refuge established in every State and that home will have cause to say: "No man cares for my soul!"

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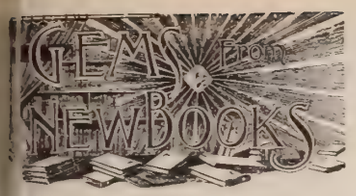

The Punishment of Caiaphas.†

MALCHUS sped swiftly away from Golgatha. When he reached the palace he went straight to the private apartment of his master. Caiaphas was alone. He was sitting motionless in his great chair, eyes fixed and staring.

"Master!" said Malchus, trembling before that terrible, stony face, "I must tell you something—something which hath to do with thy son." And he cast vainly about in his mind for a merciful way of telling his frightful tidings.

But Caiaphas did not answer; he seemed not to have heard.

"I have found thy son!" cried Malchus, coming nearer and stooping over the chair. "I have found thy son; and he is living, or even now dead."

Caiaphas stirred, and turned his eyes slowly till that terrible, unblinking gaze rested on the face of his servant. "Thou hast found my son? My son is dead! What is it that thou art saying?"

Then did Malchus, in his desperation, blurt forth the whole awful story.

Caiaphas did not move. "He is crucified, thou sayest," still in the same dull tone—"with the Nazarene. My son and the Son of God! Crucified together!"

Then a frightful change came over his face. He sprang up, his eyes flaming, "Blasphemest! " he shrieked. "Thou art trying to make me afraid for what I have done! But I am not afraid. I am glad—glad!! Dost thou hear? Get thee away out of my presence, and never dare to enter it again! Get thee away or I kill thee!" And with the howl of a demoniac, he rushed forward.

But Malchus was gone. When he had reached the street, he sank down for a moment on the stones, and pressing his trembling hands together, groaned out: "My God! My master! Help him, I beseech of thee. And forgive, if it be possible!"

Then he arose, and went swiftly away towards Calvary, stopping only to purchase supplies of fine linen and spices.

As he turned the corner of a narrow street he met two men; one of them called him by name. He paused for an instant to look, and saw that it was John, the follower of the Nazarene.

"I have with me a lad," said John under his breath, "who hath a woeful errand with thy master. He knoweth the whereabouts of his son, lost so long ago. I was bringing him to the palace; he cannot gain admittance alone."

"Hath he tried before?" asked Malchus quickly.

"Yes," said the lad, speaking for himself, "many times yesterday."

Malchus groaned aloud. "I know all that thou wouldst tell my master," he said. "But it will avail nothing to see him now. And as for his mother—let her remain in ignorance of the thing for a time. She hath enough to bear." And he told them briefly of what had passed between himself and Caiaphas. "I am going to see to the burial of my young master," he said, in conclusion. "'Tis all that I can do for him now, for whom I would have given my heart's best blood."

"I love him, too," said Stephen, simply. "But I am glad for him; for he hath gone to a better place than this—to be with Him." Then all three went sadly on, till they came to the place where the crosses were.

The body of Jesus was being taken reverently down from the Cross, as they approached, a number of persons assisting, among whom Malchus recognized two members of the Sanhedrim, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus.

"They believe on him at last," said John sadly.

"They have long believed on him, but have not dared to confess it openly," replied Malchus; "even as I, myself," he added humbly.

"The soldier to whom he had given the coin, now approached him. "The lad is dead," he said in a low voice, "and the other also. Wilt thou that we help thee?

"Yes, help me. Here is gold," said Malchus huskily.

And so it was when the sun sank behind the horizon, all three rested in the peace of death—Jesus in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in a fair garden near to the place where he died, and the others not far away. For Stephen had besought Malchus with tears that the body of his father might not be left to the brutal hands of the soldiers.

As they went away in the twilight, Malchus said to Stephen, "Where now wilt thou go?"

"I know not," answered the boy forlornly. "There is no one to whom I can go; and no place!" and he sobbed aloud.

† From *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross;* a most engrossing story, dealing with events in the life of our Saviour on earth; by Florence Morse Kingsley. A prize of $1000 was awarded to the author for this book, which was chosen from among 375 manuscripts in competition. Pp. 280; illustrated; elegant cloth binding; price $1. David C. Cook, Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Pelt, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola not only cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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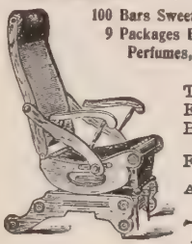

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The "Pass-It-On-Society."

Probably many of our readers have already heard of this society and its work. It was started on a suggestion made by the Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D., of Brooklyn, who writes, on February 8, 1895: "My Dear Sir: Booth's Pocket Inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. It is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known. *I add my name to the 'Pass-It-On-Society.'*" On December 5, 1895 (ten months later), Dr. Farrar writes: "I believe it is a real blessing to the afflicted." If you are suffering with **Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Rose Cold,** or any similar disease of the respiratory organs, send for **HYOMEI,** the new and wonderful *Australian "Dry-Air" treatment* comprised in

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HOW THE "PASS-IT-ON-SOCIETY" GROWS.

Griffin, Ga., July 8, 1895.

Like Dr. Farrar, I want to join the "Pass-It-On-Society." I am so grateful for the good results that I have received from the use of Hyomei, and I have already spoken of it to a number of my friends.

C. I. STACY, Sec'y Y. M. C. A.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1895.

In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy, until I met with Hyomei, which I indorse with all my heart (professional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding). Since testing Hyomei in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, I believe in it for itself, for what it has done, and I gladly add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

S. H. MORRIS, M.D., 159 Franklin St.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this as you may deem best.

Pass Christian, Miss.

I have been a sufferer from Catarrh and Bronchitis ever since last August; my pastor, Rev. O. W. Flowers, advised me to try your remedy. He has been using one of your Pocket Inhalers ever since last Spring, and has derived much benefit from it.

MISS BERTHA B. STEWARD, Harrison County.

New York, Feb. 1, 1895.

I have been troubled with Bronchitis for about four years. No medicine helped me. About two weeks ago I tried one of your Pocket Inhalers, which gave me immediate relief. Sunday evening our pastor, the Rev. Dr. Farrar, spoke with great difficulty, apparently from a heavy cold settled in his chest. I sent him one of your Pocket Inhalers. I inclose his reply.

HALSEY FITCH, 170-172 Chambers Street.

(*Dr. Farrar's reply is given above*).

Greensboro, Ala., Sept. 15, 1895.

Your Hyomei cured me of Catarrh after other remedies failed; will add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society." Yours truly,

W. M. SEAY.

New York, Sept, 20, 1895.

I take pleasure in adding my name to the long list of those whose lives have been made happier by the use of Hyomei. It is not only an instant relief to Catarrh sufferers, but will cure this disease entirely. I have been the instrument of inducing many friends and acquaintances to seek relief through its use. I have yet to learn of one who has not been benefited I want to "pass-it-on."

A. G. THOMPSON, 33 Wall Street.

AMERICAN UNION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 44, 46, 48, Cedar St., New York. February 19, 1896.

Please find enclosed one dollar for which send one Pocket Inhaler Outfit to my friend, D. S. Walton, 134 Franklin St., City. It has done me so much good that I never cease recommending it to my friends and as you know have bought as many as 12 or 15 which I have given to personal friends, and have influenced more than twice this number to buy them, and I have yet to meet one who has not thanked me for recommending it. It has completely cured my little daughter of Catarrh, from which she has been suffering for years.

Very truly yours,

J. S. NUGENT (Treasurer).

Albany, N. Y., July 3, 1895.

I will tell you candidly your remedy has given me more relief from my Asthma than anything I have used, and really I have been so enthusiastic over it that I have made a great many converts, not only in Albany, but West Troy. The effect Hyomei has on me is very pleasant; when I am oppressed for breath, I inhale a short time, and the great desire to cough is gone. The little Inhaler is my constant companion.

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A Christian Centenarian.

Aunt Katy Snodgrass of Ohio and Her Instructive Life—A Career full of Kind Deeds.

ON January 6, last, the little town of Milford Centre, O., was agitated by an event of unusual importance. It was the hundredth birthday of dear old Aunt Katy Snodgrass, and under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps of the place,

AUNT KATY SNODGRASS.

the event was made one worthy to be remembered. The Presbyterian church was crowded by a big audience all glad, by their presence, to show their love and esteem for the good old lady. After the formal exercises, Aunt Katy arose and in a few words, heartily spoken, thanked her friends for their kindness.

Aunt Katy was born near Staunton, Va., in 1796. Her parents, Balser and Elizabeth King, moved to Kentucky when she was four year old, and in 1807 they went to Green County, O., afterwards settling in Union County. During the war of 1812, the King family was repeatedly in peril. Speaking of those exciting days, Aunt Katy, who has an excellent memory, said:

"There were nine families gathered at our house, to protect themselves from the Indians. They made port holes through the plastering between the logs. We were all in great fear. The Indians were gone, and we could not find out what they were doing. My father and Andrew Gill went to Sandusky as spies. They were captured by the Indians and their guns and horses taken from them. They were treated kindly with a supper, lodging and breakfast, and in the morning they let them go away. Our men took took another direction and soon rode out of sight and turned their horses homeward."

Katy had a meagre education, but made the most of it. She and her sisters raised and spun their own flax, made their own clothing, and were expert with needle and loom. She was married in 1816 to Ralph R. Phelps, the local schoolmaster, and they began life together in a humble way, a loom, an iron pot, a bake-oven, and a few pieces of furniture being the sum of their possessions. After a time the young couple settled in Milford, where Aunt Katy's life has since been passed up to the present time. After the death of Mr. Phelps, she married Mr. James Snodgrass, who died in 1867 at the age of seventy-two. She had four children, but only one—a son—is now living. She has, besides, twelve grandchildren, forty great grandchildren, and nine great great grandchildren, all living.

Aunt Katy has all her life been a consistent Christian, and was the daughter of Christian parents, who early taught their children the story of the Saviour and his love. Her whole life has been a [illegible] For over fifty years she has been a member of the Presbyterian Church at Milford, and she has lived in the vicinity of her present home for eighty-nine years. Now, at her one hundreth mile stone, she can recall the administration of every President of the United States, and her memory and other faculties have been wonderfully preserved, when her great age is considered. She is the oldest living member of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of Ohio, and is a member of the Union County Pioneer Association. Socially, she is a universal favorite, being loved no less for her kindly nature than for the memory of the multitude of little kindnesses it has been in her power to render to others. A small pension comforts her declining years, but even if this centenarian saint had no means of her own, the good neighbors would not let her want. Soon she will cross the river and enter upon the rest that awaiteth the people of God, but the good people of Milford would fain keep her with them as long as possible, to be brightened by her example, cheered by her faith, and encouraged by her patience.

IMPERIAL TEMPERANCE WORKER.

The young Empress of Russia is showing an earnest interest in the line of temperance reform. Recently she has had interviews with several provincial governors regarding the best means of checking the fearful increase of intemperance among the peasantry.

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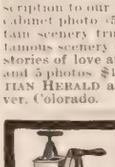

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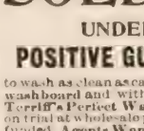

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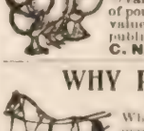

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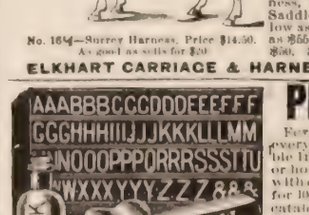

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ANCIENT BABYLONIAN ART

Every passing year brings to light some wondrous revelation of antiquity, many of 'em confirmatory of Scripture. Prof. Hilprecht, the famous archæologist, writes: "Many Babylono-Assyrian antiquities which have come to the knowledge of Assyriologists during the last few years, are now safely housed in a Museum. Of fundamental value for our knowledge of the early history of art in Mesopotamia, and of the extent of the earliest Semitic dominions is the fragment of a bas-relief in basalt with the remains of four columns in Old-Babylonian cuneiform characters. In the first column are still preserved portions of the name of King Naram-Sin ("Beloved of the Moon God,") the son and successor of Sargon I. He caused the monument to be erected about 3750 B.C., upon a terrace probably near Diarbekir, on the Upper Tigris. It was from this town there came the first news of the inscription and, according to the information obtained by me, this monument was really found in the neighborhood of that city in 1892. Pater Scheil published text and relief for the first time in a French journal. Unfortunately this publication is deficient in various respects, as various characters were not recognized at all, or were incorrectly read. I can also had a photograph of the relief prepared. The place where the monument was found confirms the correctness of my attempted reconstruction of the oldest Semitic domain, of which I maintained, on the basis of other facts, that it extended in the north to the the natural boundary formed by the Armenian mountains. Although the monument is broken, and the preservation of the engment defaced, yet it shows us that the artisans of that very ancient time were skilful in using hammer and chisel on the hardest materials. We are faced with the strange but undeniable fact, which we also find in studying the oldest stone vases and seal cylinders, that Babylonian art, 4000 B.C. shows a knowledge of human forms, an observation of the laws of art, and a keenness and fineness of execution, far beyond the products of later times. The flower of Babylonian art, indeed, is found at the beginning of Babylonian history."

A Difficult Language.

Most missionaries agree that one of the most difficult of modern languages to acquire is the Chinese. Rev. J. F. Masters, D.D., a missionary of long experience, writes on this subject:

The great difficulty in acquiring the spoken language is in the tones, the interrogative aspirates, and the utter lawlessness, as of its idiom. There are only about four distinct sounds in the language, and a few months' practice will easily master the pronunciation, but it must be remembered that to each of these sounds there is attached a sort of metrical scale ranging from an octave to an octave and a half, giving a variety of tones which only a musical ear can detect. In Cantonese there are from eight to twelve of these tones, and some microphonic ears have even detected as many as sixteen. In Chinese the tone is all important. Take the word *tseung*. This may mean grasshopper, an elephant, mechanic, or pickles, according to the tone. Put an aspirate into the middle of the word and it may mean examine, good luck, wall, spear, or gun, and a variety of other meanings, depending on the one given. A man is a man only when the correct tone is given. Change the tone and man becomes a nightingale, a carrot, and many other ridiculous things. No written signs ever invented can enable the student to acquire by himself these peculiar jerks and twists so essential to correct speech. They can only be acquired by ear from a good teacher.

After learning Cantonese a few months, I tried to preach a sermon. Alas! I was the only person in the congregation who understood a word of what I was saying. It was disheartening to hear that some of the Chinese who had listened to me remarked how much the English language resembled Chinese. They supposed I had been preaching in English. Wrong tones, confusion of long and short vowels, and blunders in aspirates had done all the mischief. It was very humiliating. My heart sank. I wished myself back home. Oh, for the apostolic gift of tongues! But I tried again, next time with better success. Little by little the difficulties vanished, the tones and terrible idioms were mastered.

15 LARGE PKTS. NEW FLOWER SEEDS FOR ONLY 15 CENTS

To pay postage and packing.

1 pkt. New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (as shown in cut). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful; flowers very large, all colors, red, green, marble fringed, white spotted with blue, and all of incomparable beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansy, 1 pkt Cosmos, 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus, 1 pkt Chinese Pink, 1 pkt Aster, 1 pkt Gaillardia, 1 pkt Godetia, 1 pkt Larkspur, 1 pkt Giant Coxcomb, 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum, 1 pkt Candytuft, 1 pkt Mignonette, 1 pkt Phlox. 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large packets choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 15 cts. 15 bulbs New Gladiolus 15 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we refund your money if not as represented.

J. BOSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

PLANTING

well begun is half done. Begin well by getting **Ferry's Seeds.** Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.

Before you plant, get

Ferry's Seed Annual

for 1896. Contains more practical information for farmers and gardeners than many high-priced text books. Mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

$250.00 FOR 4 FLOWER BEDS.

The following is the greatest collection ever offered for variety of colors, and I will pay $100 to person who grows the largest number of colors from it; $75 to second; $50 to third; and $25 to fourth. It will surprise you, and make a very interesting flower bed.

1 pkt. **Alice Pansy**—all colors mixed, simply grand.
1 pkt. **Phlox**—fancy mixed, all wonderful showy colors.
1 pkt **Sweet Peas**—Eckford's Mixed, over 30 kinds, splendid.
1 pkt. **Chinese Pinks**—mixed colors, hardy and very showy.
1 pkt **Petunia**—all colors, makes a gorgeous show.
1 pkt. **Poppies**—mixed, a wonderful selection of colors.
1 pkt. **Mignonette**—mixed, all kinds to be found; fragrant.
1 pkt. **Chrysanthemum**—all choicest kinds—very choice.
1 pkt **Everlasting Flowers**—all colors, flowers kept for years.
1 pkt. **Mixed Flowers**—over 100 kinds that grow and bloom.
2 bulbs **Excelsior Pearl Tuberoses**—sure to bloom, early.
4 bulbs **Gladioli**, one each of White, Pink, Scarlet, Variegated.
3 bulbs **Gladioli**, fancy mixed, lovely spikes, all colors.
1 bulb **Gladiolus**, Lemoine, earliest of all, butterfly colors.
3 bulbs **Oxalis**—sure to bloom—lovely color for borders.

These 10 pkts. of seed and 13 choice bulbs (worth $1.30) will all flower this season, and make a wonderful flower bed of many colors. I will send them with my 1896 catalogue, Pansy Calendar, full instructions for prizes and how to get the most colors, for 50 cents (silver or M. O.) Order at once, and you will be more than pleased. My catalogue shows a photo of such a bed.

"Cupid" Sweet Peas, the **Floral Wonder**, **Free** with each order.

F. B. MILLS, Box 147, ROSE HILL, N. Y

A BARGAIN COLLECTION OF

FLOWER SEEDS

10 Choice Annuals, (everybody's favorites, all new, fresh seeds, sure to grow and bloom this season. **Pansy,** 40 colors and markings; **Phlox,** 20 colors; **Verbena,** 15 colors; **Pinks,** 10 colors; **Petunia,** 10 colors; **Asters,** 12 colors; **Balsam,** 8 colors; **Sweet Peas,** 12 colors; **Mignonette** and **Sweet Alyssum.**

FOR 12 CENTS and the name and address of two of your friends who grow flowers, I will send, postpaid, the complete collection, one pkt. each of the ten varieties (enough for any ordinary garden). This is a **BONAFIDE** offer, made to introduce my home grown flower seeds to new customers and which I guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the seeds given as a present.

Miss C. H. LIPPINCOTT,
319 and 323 Sixth St. So., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SEEDS Always Fresh and SURE TO GROW.

Send 5 cents to cover postage and receive by return mail package of my New Hybrid Everblooming Pansy Seed, all colors; finest varieties known; and my Beautiful Seed and Plant Book of Garden Novelties all sold at lowest prices ever known.

H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms,
P. O. Box 587. ROCKFORD, ILL.

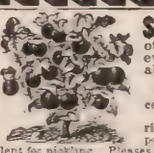
New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of the cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail if desired. It costs you nothing.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.



$250.00 FOR TOMATOES. This is the most wonderful Tomato we ever saw; will ripen in the cold North where others will not. It is a beauty, very smooth, and so early that it more than pleases every one. The Seed need not be planted until April or May, and will give an abundance of ripe fruit. **Be sure to try it.**

ALL HEAD CABBAGE—Very early. Sure to be all head.
SUREHEAD CABBAGE—is sure to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed 60lbs.
JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 9 feet. Fruits early and continually; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Pleases all and a wonderful curiosity.
GOLDEN TOM THUMB POP-CORN—A perfect little wonder, produces several golden ears to every stalk, excellent for popping
EARLY FORTUNE POTATO is a wonderful variety, earliest in the world. Planted 5 weeks after the Early Rose, matured at same time and yielded over 3 times as much. We want it tested in every garden in U. S. this year and offer a **Handsome Prize** for largest yield in each *State* from *one potato*. Instructions with potato which is worth $1. to any one.
SPECIAL OFFER—We will send a packet each of *Early Tomato, All Head Early* and *Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber*, 1 ear *Tom Thumb Pop Corn* and 1 whole *Early Fortune Potato* (packed from frost) with a Garden Annual (nothing published like it) for only **25cts.**

☞Every person sending M. O. or silver for above Collection, and names of three friends who buy Seeds, we will send "Success With the Garden," a monthly magazine, one year free, and 50c. certificate for seeds. Order at once. Address **FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 42, ROSE HILL, N.Y.**

HALF A MILLION ROSES NOW READY.

Six Lovely Roses For 25 Cents.

For only **25 cents** (silver or stamps) we will send one each of following **Everblooming Roses,** strong, one year old plants, on their own roots, all will bloom freely this summer:—**Snowflake,** pure white; **Mauricee Rouvier,** pink shaded crimson; **Star of Gold,** the queen of yellows; **Mad. Sadi Carnot,** bright cherry red, very fragrant; **Mlle F. Kruger,** coppery yellow; **Mad. Schwaller,** best pink known.

For **50 cents** we will send 13 ROSES including the above six and seven more of our selection all **extra choice** varieties, no two alike.

15 Prize Chrysanthemums	50c	10 Fragrant Carnation Pinks	50c
12 Geraniums, single & double	50c	12 Bright Colored Coleus	50c
10 Flowering Begonias, choice kinds	50c	25 pkts Choice Flower Seeds	50c

ANY 3 OF ABOVE SETS FOR $1.25, ANY 5 SETS FOR $2.00.

These are samples of our stock and you may be sure we will send no inferior plants.

☞We pay all postage and guarantee the plants safely delivered into your hands, all plainly and correctly labeled. **Ask for Catalogue.**

INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES ESTABLISHED 1877.

THE GEO. H. MELLEN CO., Box J. Springfield, Ohio.

3 NOVELTIES HIGH QUALITY LOW PRICE.

ASTER, GIANT COMET WHITE. Immense White.
CUPID SWEET PEA. Six seeds.
Japanese Imperial Morning Glory. See cut.
Alyssum Little Gem. White.
Dahlia Double. Very large.
Dianthus or Japanese Pink.
Fairy Zinnias. Gems.
Giant Phlox Drummondi.
Lemon Verbena. Fragrant.
Mignonette Giant Tree.

THE 3 NOVELTIES

Pansy Parisian Fancy. 40 colors. New strain.
Petunia--Pyramidal Tree.
Poppies--Double. All colors.
Snow Queen Candytuft.
Sweet Peas, 40 kinds.
Verbena--Mammoth.

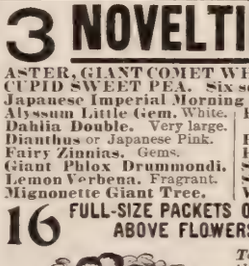
16 FULL-SIZE PACKETS OF ALL THE ABOVE FLOWERS FOR 25c.

To anyone sending for 4 of these collections from 4 people, with names and addresses enclosed I will send

FREE 5 BEGONIA BULBS IN 5 COLORS OR 5 BULBS 50 CENTS.

Flowers are 4 inches across. Crimson, Yellow, White, Pink and Blotched. Bloom in pots in the house summer and winter; outside are smothered with bloom all summer. Try to secure 4 orders and get these free.

AGENTS WANTED Little work, good pay. Catalogue—Premiums for Growing, Premium, and Prize Boxes with every order. You can make money selling my seeds.



Japanese Imperial Morning Glory.
Regular price, 15 cts. a pkt.

MISS MARY E. MARTIN, FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK.

50c TRIAL SETS Of Choice Plants, Bulbs, Seeds & Fruits.

Our Sunrise Set of 12 Chrysanthemums valued at $1.40 prepaid by mail for only..... **50c**

The Rose is the Queen of Summer, the Chrysanthemum of Autumn. Just think, 12 distinct large flowered Mums. for **50c.** Planted out or grown in pots or boxes they will make a grand show. The Sunrise set and the following are offered to induce you to try our goods, confident that if you do so once their superiority will make you a constant customer. Every plant labeled and all strong and well rooted mailed **postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.** Order by the letters and the numbers from this advertisement **now**, as these are introductory sets, not in catalogue. **An Elegant Annual of 168 pages,** which will be sent free with first order. If none of these sets suit you and you want anything in our line send for **Catalogue, Free.** About 60 pages devoted to **Vegetable and Flower Seeds,** 70 to **Plants** and the balance to the Cream of the **Fruits.**

Set **J**—10 elegant profuse blooming **Roses,** including one of the new famous **Crimson Rambler,** 50c
" **B**—16 pkts. choice **Vegetable Seeds,** 16 sorts and 1 pkt. of our new **Golden Hubbard Squash,** 50c
" **E**—20 pkts, choice **Flower Seeds,** 20 sorts, 50c
" **F**—10 fragrant **Carnation Pinks,** 10 sorts, 50c
" **H** 4 superb **French Cannas,** 4 sorts. 50c
" **K**—10 large flowered **Geraniums,** 10 sorts, 50c
" **L**—30 fine **Gladioli,** all flowering bulbs. 50c
" **N**—10 **Tuberoses,** double sorts, all flowering. 50c
" **O**—10 flowering **Plants,** all different. 50c
" **P**—6 hardy ornamental **Shrubs,** 6 sorts, 50c
" **Q**—6 hardy **Climbing Vines,** 6 sorts, 50c
" **U**—2 elegant **Palms,** strong plants, 2 sorts, 50c

FRUIT TREES, ETC. MAIL SIZE.

Set **103**—8 **Peaches,** 4 sorts, 50c
" **104**—8 **Apple,** 4 sorts, 50c
" **105**—2 **Pear,** 2 sorts—2 **Cherry,** 2 sorts, 50c
" **106**—6 **Grapes,** 3 sorts. 50c
" **107**—10 **Grapes,** all Concords, 50c
" **108**—4 **Gooseberries,** 4 sorts, 50c
" **109**—10 **Currants,** 3 sorts, 50c
" **110**—30 **Raspberries,** 5 sorts, 50c
" **111**—50 **Strawberries,** 5 sorts, 50c

One-half each of any 2 sets 50c., any 3 sets, $1.25, 5 sets $2.00.

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST FOR LAWN, CONSERVATORY, PARK, ORCHARD, VINEYARD AND GARDEN.
42nd YEAR. 1000 ACRES. 29 GREENHOUSES.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 285 Painesville, Ohio.

100.00 for a 5-acre farm, covered with wood, in Southern New Jersey; close to railroad; finest markets in the world; especially adapted for small fruits, poultry, vegetables, &c.; high and dry; healthy neighborhood; sold on instalments of $1 down and $1 per week, title insured. Immediate possession. Send for full particulars. D. L. RISLEY, 211 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our celebrated $4 Pants to measure. Expressage paid to any part of the U. S. Send stamp for terms.
Faultless Custom Pants Co., Chicago.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT STARK TRADE MARK TESTED 70 YEARS

Planted this year, will bear fruit next year. Write for our GOLD prize offer. Stark, Louisiana, Mo. Stark City, Neb.

FREE

As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, Gentlemens Size, Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage, etc.
R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y. CITY.

Buy Seeds of BURPEE

Get the BEST and Save Money!

NEW SEED OF BEAUTIFUL

RARE FLOWERS

AT LESS THAN

1/4 REAL VALUE

$1.20 worth for 25 cents!

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF SEED GROWERS.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD IT?

will be the first question asked by thousands who read this advertisement. We answer that **we cannot afford it**, in the ordinary sense—the collection advertised below is sold at a positive loss,—but we charge the expense to advertising, and many years' experience has shown that **a fair trial of the Famous FORDHOOK FLOWER SEEDS** is the very best advertisement we can have. We have prepared **50,000** of these collections, and from the sale of these are sure to make thousands of new customers for **BURPEE'S SEEDS.** ☞ Do not hesitate to order—we guarantee entire satisfaction—and thus **we can afford** to wait another year for our profit from future sales at regular prices.

BURPEE'S GEM COLLECTION FOR 1896

Price 25 cents, contains **TEN packets** best seed of ten most beautiful and rare new flowers, which, purchased at regular retail prices, **are worth $1.20.** We prepared for this special offer last season by growing large areas of all these. We guarantee all full-size packets of same finest quality as if purchased at regular retail prices. ☞ This is a *bona fide* offer. We do **the largest mail Seed business in the world,** and this offer is made to still further extend our trade.

FOR 25 CENTS

we will mail to any address one packet (full size) **each of all the following:—**

AMARANTHUS, Coleus-leaved. Extremely new, large, brilliantly-colored leaves.

ASTERS,—Fordhook Favorites. *Dwarf Branching Perfection, Improved Victoria,* and all the best of the magnificent *New Comet Asters.*

BALSAM,—Burpee's Defiance. Of wonderful perfection unequaled in the world. Flowers full, colors double as a Camellia.

HELIANTHUS, —Double Multiflora. A very distinct, peculiar new double Sunflower from France of most unusual beauty.

MIGNONETTE,—Giant Gabrielle. Large flower-heads of most delicious fragrance.

NASTURTIUMS,—Fordhook Finest. A superb mixture of brilliant colors, including the beautiful new hybrids of *Madame Gunter.*

THREE NEW PANSIES. The bright *Meteor,* showy *Kaiser Frederick,* and dainty, iridescent *Peacock.*

LARGEST-FLOWERING PETUNIAS. The *Giants of California, Burpee's Defiance,* and *Giant Emperor* in unequaled mixture.

PHLOX HORTENSIÆFLORA. Immense flower-clusters, like the Hydrangea.

RICINUS ZANZIBARENSIS. The new gigantic variety from Africa. Really a noble plant. Leaves measure *four feet across.*

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys the entire ten varieties as above, with directions for culture printed on each packet. Five Complete Collections mailed for $1.00, or 10 Collections for $2.00.

SWEET PEAS.

Every American garden should have the best NEW SWEET PEAS in 1896. By keeping **Purity** and **High Quality,** rather than low prices, our first aim, we are now **HEADQUARTERS for SWEET PEAS.**

25 Cts. buys these Seven Superb Sweet Peas:

BLANCHE BURPEE. Eckford's "*finest of all Sweet Peas.*" Pure white flowers of perfect form and immense size; three and four on a stem. *See illustration* herewith.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Flowers of large, expanded form; a deep rosy-mauve with wings of blush-mauve.

LADY PENZANCE. Superb flowers of large size and exquisite color; beautiful laced pink, touching orange.

NEW LOTTIE ECKFORD. Remarkably beautiful, large flowers; white, edged and suffused with lavender-blue.

ROYAL ROBE. The largest and *best soft pink;* a lovely flower of exquisite beauty.

STANLEY. The flowers are produced abundantly in fours on long stems and are of a rich, dark maroon. Exceptionally fine for bouquets,—the best dark Sweet Pea.

SPECIAL SUPERFINE MIXED. *This mixture contains only the* **very best Eckford Sweet Peas.** It is a choice blending of seventeen large-flowered new named varieties.

The Seven Superb Sweet Peas named above, in same sized packets, would have cost $1.00 in 1895, but are sold now for 25 cents.

"JUST HOW TO GROW SWEET PEAS: FULL DIRECTIONS BY AN EXPERT," is enclosed with each collection.

Get four friends to order and you will have **a collection FREE,** as we give **five collections for $1.00. OR, for $1.00** you can have **four** collections **and** a 25-cent packet of

Dwarf Sweet Pea,—Burpee's "CUPID"

Foliage deep emerald green; flowers snow white, of delicious fragrance, and full size. **The plants grow only five inches high,** and spread twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. **CUPID** *is a mass of white* from May until November. It is **The Floral Wonder of the Age!**

In regular-size packets (each containing twenty seeds), **per pkt. 25 cts.; five pkts. for $1.00, or** twelve pkts. for $2.00, postpaid. ☞ We offer **$150.00 in Cash Prizes** for the most prolific plants.

In half-size packets (ten seeds each), **per pkt. 15 cts.; two pkts. for 25 cts.; ten pkts. for $1.00.**

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1896

The Leading American Seed Catalogue. A bright New BOOK of 184 pages.

More complete than ever before. Written from knowledge gained at our famous farm,—Fordhook. It contains hundreds of true illustrations and beautiful **colored plates** painted from nature. It describes **RARE NOVELTIES for 1896** not to be had elsewhere, and tells all about **THE BEST SEEDS THAT GROW.** ☞ The price is ten cents (less than actual cost in quarter million editions), **but a copy will be MAILED FREE to every one who intends to purchase BURPEE'S SEEDS or SCOTT ROSES.**

THE GRAND NEW WHITE HYBRID TEA,—AUGUSTA VICTORIA.

60 Cts. buy EIGHT Elegant ROSES Postpaid, Worth $1.75

☞ Purchased separately at regular catalogue prices, **these Eight Eve blooming Roses would cost $1.75,** from us or from any Rose Growers.

☞ *This unusual offer is made for advertising—to introduce* **the famous SCOTT ROS** *to thousands of new customers.* We would invite special attention to the fact that we inc in this collection the grandest of all new Roses,—the **English Gold Medal Rose,—Mrs. Sharman Crawford,** *which alone costs $5 cents,* and is the nearest approach to perfection Roses,—combining large flowers, constant blooming, and perfect hardiness.

AUGUSTA VICTORIA. A royal new Hybrid Tea, well adapted for garden culture. It magnificent long buds, and its large, perfectly double, *pure white flowers are unequaled in* Every shoot of the strong, fine plant bears a handsome, long-stemmed, beautiful flower.

BEAUTÉ INCONSTANTE. The long, handsome buds vary in color from rich, metallic re orange or apricot-rose, *a dozen varieties seeming to be represented on one bush.* A grand bed

BRIDESMAID. This is the most valuable of all the Tea Roses for cutting, flowers keeping th form and color quite fresh for days. The buds are superb, a bright, deep pink.

GENERAL LEE. A novelty of last year, with lovely buds of a color entirely new,—a soft, e tone of nasturtium-yellow, tinged with warm pink; double and fragrant.

LA NEIGE. The blossoms are pure white, of medium size, very double and daintily shaped

MAMAN COCHET. This *most beautiful of all pink Tea Roses* is also the very best for gar culture. The plant is a strong, free grower, and simply perfect in habit. Deep, fragrant, d ble half-globes of rich, silvery rose-pink shaded with mauve and yellow.

METEOR. Produces its fragrant, perfect, vivid crimson flowers abundantly all through summer. The half-blown, long-stemmed buds are exquisite for cutting: hardy.

MRS. J. SHARMAN CRAWFORD. This great prize-winner bears beautiful flowers of finest size all through the summer; *color bright pink, tinted softly with silvery flesh.*

For 60 Cts. we will send, postpaid, all EIGHT Elegant ROSES nam above. ☞ **Never before** has there been offered such an opportu to get the best ever-blooming Roses at so trifling a cost, and we guarantee that you will be th oughly satisfied when you receive the strong, healthy plants.—*all warranted true to na* ☞ *We will send two complete collections—in all* **Sixteen of these Elegant Roses—for $1.0**

FOUR Grand New Climbing ROSES for 60 C

For 60 Ct we will send you strong plant each of **Four Grand Climb ROSES** described below, or **For $1.00** set of Four Climbers, together with the gr **Eight New and Rare Roses** *described above.*

New Hardy Trailing Japanese Rose,—WICHURIANA *(illustration).* The free, trailing growth and entire hardine *this beautiful little Rose* have made it very popular for cemetery banks, rockeries, etc., and the discovery that it can also be tra upward with fine effect will double its sales. *The shoots grow fifteen to twenty feet in a season, forming a dense mat of small, glossy, d evergreen leaves.* The flowers are single, fragrant, and *pure white,* clustering thickly upon tip of every shoot, they are succeeded by *scarlet fruits* that are bright until late in win Good, strong plants 15 cts. each; 4 for 50 cts., or 10 for $1.00, postpaid.

New Hardy Ever-Blooming Climber,—THE GREAT UNKNOWN. This beautiful is the hardiest of all the ever-blooming climbers, standing our severest winters. Its gr is strong and rapid, with rich, massive foliage. It blooms at intervals all through the sum *profusely in spring and autumn,* so that there is hardly any time in the season when its g leaves do not offset *large, brilliant flowers.* These are of the same elegant shape as *Ameri Beauty's,* very near their size and color, but a little darker,—bright rosy-red, verging to d rich crimson; they are very full and slightly cupped. 40 cts. each, or 3 for $1.00.

New Hardy Ever-Blooming Rose,—EMPRESS OF CHINA. "It has stood our severe winters, and is so vigorous that it grows from *six to eight feet in a season.* The flowers have Tea-Rose finish and fragrance, are of medium size, with long stems and pointed buds. color is clear, soft, dark red, changing to lighter red and pink." 20 cts. each.

CRIMSON RAMBLER. This is the wonderful new hardy Climbing Rose described and illustrated on page 169 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL. Price 15 cts. each; 4 for 50 cts.

FOR ONE DOLLAR we will send **all the Eight Elegant Ro** at top of page, **and ALSO the FO Grand Climbing Roses,** including one good, strong plant each,—making **all TWELVE GRAND ROSES, worth $2.65, mailed for One Dolla**

Order TO-DAY! This advertisement will NOT appear aga

4 PREMIUMS FREE!

☞ **If you mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** when ordering we will give the following **Four PREMIUMS,** as explained below, **absolutely FREE!** One full size packet each of the lovely novelty from California, **"JUANITA,"** and the curious new **Sweet Pea, "ODDITY,"** one copy each of our brilliant booklets, **"All About Sweet Peas"** (by the REV. W. T. HUTCHINS) and **"Flowers for Every Home."** ☞ **ALL four premiums FREE** with a two dollar order, **any two** with a one dollar order, or **any one** with an order for fifty cents,—always provided you mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 14.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

DEAF-MUTE GIRLS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE MANUAL SIGN LANGUAGE. (See Page 269.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

GOOD AND BAD RECREATIONS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the

Text: I Cor. 7: 31, "*They that use this world as not abusing it.*" Judges 16: 25, "*And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport.*"

THERE were three thousand people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are!" The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport."

In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza, are as nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? [illegible] of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, [illegible] the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all [illegible] ing their cymbals? For whom did God [illegible] upon buttresses of broken storm-cloud? [illegible] own dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it, to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, [illegible] mansion of a world, and he has spread a glorious feast in it, and while those who [illegible] think that God especially intends to give the advantage to his own children—those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than he gives to the Church bought by his own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?"—I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken;" and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self-denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

In the name of the King of heaven and earth, I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices, and amidst the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fas[illegible] to the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute, or harp, or piano, or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. [illegible] found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys, or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike ap an inspiriting air: and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are afforded you. Buy season tickets, if you can, for the "Philharmonic" and the "Handel and Haydn" societies. Feel that the dollar and a half or two dollars that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the Oratorio.

Still further: I commend, as worthy of their support, the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellences. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits who through the gymnasium might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year, who might, through such an institution, be benefited in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion, or the tiger, or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco-smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects, in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery, capable of propelling a *Majestic* across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair — a ship which ought, with all sail set a[illegible] every man at his post, to be carrying rich cargo for eternity, employing all men in stopping up leakages! When [illegible] may, through the gymnasium, work your spleen and your querulousness [illegible] one-half of your physical and mental [illegible] ments, do not turn your back upon suc[illegible] grand medicament.

Still further: I commend to you a la[illegible] class of parlor games and recreatio[illegible] There is a way of making our home[illegible] hundred-fold more attractive than th[illegible] are now. Those parents cannot expect [illegible] keep their children away from outside [illegible] sipations unless they make the dome[illegible] circle brighter than anything they can f[illegible] outside of it. Do not, then, sit in y[illegible] home surly and unsympathetic, and w[illegible] a half-condemnatory look because of [illegible] sportfulness of your children. You w[illegible] young once yourself: let your children [illegible] young. Because your eyes are dim [illegible] your ankles are stiff, do not denou[illegible] sportfulness in those upon whose e[illegible] there is the first lustre, and in whose f[illegible] there is the bounding joy of robust hea[illegible] I thank God that in our drawing-roo[illegible] and in our parlors there are innumer[illegible] games and sports which have not u[illegible] them the least taint of iniquity.

Light up all your homes with innoc[illegible] hilarities. Do not sit down with [illegible] rheumatism, wondering how children [illegible] go on so. Rather thank God that t[illegible] hearts are so light, and their laughte[illegible] so free, and their cheeks are so rud[illegible] and that their expectations are so radia[illegible] The night will come soon enough, and [illegible] heart-break, and the pang, and the d[illegible] lation—it will come soon enough for [illegible] dear children. But when the storm act[illegible] ly clouds the sky, it will be time eno[illegible] for you to haul out your reef-tackles. C[illegible] ry, then, into your homes not only the [illegible] nocent sports and games which are the [illegible] ventions of our own day, but the g[illegible] which come down with the sportful [illegible] of all the past ages—chess and char[illegible] and tableaux and battledore and c[illegible] thenics and lawn-tennis, and all th[illegible] amusements which the young peopl[illegible] our homes know so well how to cont[illegible] Then there will be the parlor socialit[illegible] groups of people assembled in your ho[illegible] with wit and mimicry and joviality, fil[illegible] the room with joy from door to ma[illegible] and from the carpet to the ceiling. O[illegible] there any exhilaration like a score of [illegible] ial souls in one room, each one addi[illegible] contribution of his own individual m[illegible] ment to the aggregation of general hila[illegible]

Suppose you want to go abroad in the [illegible] then you will find the panorama and [illegible] art gallery and the exquisite collectio[illegible] pictures. You will find the mus[illegible] and the Historical Society rooms fu[illegible] rare curiosities, and scores of places w[illegible] can stand plainly the test of what is r[illegible] and wrong in amusements. You will [illegible] the lecturing hall, which has been ho[illegible] ed by the names of Agassiz in natural [illegible] tory, Doremus in chemistry, Boynto[illegible] in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores [illegible] hundreds of men who have poured [illegible] wit and genius and ingenuity thro[illegible] that particular channel upon the he[illegible] and consciences and imaginations of m[illegible] setting this country fifty years farth[illegible] in advance than it would have been wit[illegible] the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of out[illegible] sports. I hail the croquet ground and [illegible] fisherman's rod and the sportsman's [illegible] In our cities, life is so unhealthy an[illegible] unnatural that when the census-taker [illegible] sents a city as having four hundred t[illegible] sand inhabitants, there are only [illegible] hundred thousand, since it takes at [illegible] two men to amount to one man, so de[illegible] ing and unnerving and exhausting is [illegible] metropolitan life. We want more [illegible] air, more sunlight, more of the aband[illegible] field-sports. I cry out for it in beha[illegible] the Church of God as well as in beha[illegible] secular interests. I wish that our p[illegible] and our rivers and our Capitoline Gro[illegible]

ght be all aquake with the heel and the out of the swift skater. I wish that nen the warm weather comes, the grace- oar might dip the stream, and the ening-tide be resonant with boatman's ng, the bright prow splitting the crystal- le billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lvn, and we will call out people of all oc- oations and professions and ask them to jn in the ball-player's sport. You will ne back from these outdoor exercises d recreations, with strength in your arm d color in your cheek and a flash in ur-eye and courage in your heart. In this at battle that is opening against the kdom of darkness, we want not only a ecrated soul, but a strong arm and out lungs and mighty muscle. I bless Gd that there are so many recreations t have not on them any taint of in- ity; recreations in which we may engage f the strengthening of the body, for the aring of the intellect, for the illumina- th of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation vich I commend to you, and that is the asure of doing good. I have seen young n, weak and cross and sour and repel- g in their disposition, who by one heav- ey touch have wakened up and become ssed and buoyant, the ground under ir feet and the sky over their heads baking forth into music. "Oh," says se young man in the house to-day, "I sould like that recreation above all oth- e, but I have not the means." My dear ther, let us take an account of stock. u have a large estate, if you only real- i:.

Two hands. Two feet. You will have, phaps, during the next year at least to dollars for charitable contribution. u will have twenty-five hundred cheer- f looks, if you want to employ them. u will have five thousand pleasant rds if you want to speak them. Now vat an amount that is to start with!

But, before closing, I want to impress on you that mere secular entertainments a not a fit foundation for your soul to bld on. I was reading of a woman who h gone all the rounds of sinful amuse- nt, and she came to die. She said, "I vl die to-night at six oclock." "Oh," ty said, "I guess not; you don't seem tbe sick." "I shall die at six o'clock, a my soul will be lost. I know it will blost. I have sinned away my day of gce." The noon came. They desired her tseek religious counsel. "Oh," she said, "is of no use. My day is gone. I have bn all the rounds of worldly pleasure, a it is too late. I shall die to-night at s o'clock." The day wore away, and it cne to four o'clock, and to five o'clock, a she cried out at five o'clock, "De- sowing spirits, ye shall not have me yet; is not six, it is not six!" The moments vnt by, and the shadows began to gath- e and the clock struck six; and while it vs striking her soul went. What hour Cl will call for us I do not know— vether six o'clock to-night or three c ock this afternoon, or at one o'clock, or a this moment. Sitting where you are, fing forward, or dropping down, where vl you go to?

The last hour of our life will soon b here, and from that hour we will re- vw this day's proceedings. It will be a semn hour. If from our death-pillow v have to look back and see a life spent f sinful amusement, there will be a dart t it will strike through our soul, sharper tn the dagger with which Virginius sv his child. The memory of the past vl make us quake like Macbeth. The i quities and rioting through which we ve passed will come upon us, weird a skeleton as Meg Merrillies. Death, t old Shylock, will demand and take t remaining pound of flesh and the re- i ining drop of blood; and upon our last c portunity for repentance, and our last c nce for heaven the curtain will forever c p.

"MOTHER OF A THOUSAND DAUGHTERS."

The Consecrated Life and Splendid Missionary Work of Miss Eliza Agnew, among the Women of far Ceylon.

"THE Mother of a Thousand Daughters" is the affectionate name by which Miss Eliza Agnew has been called by the people of Ceylon. She was born in New York City, Feb. 2, 1807 and sailed for Ceylon July 30, 1839. She decided to become a missionary when a child eight years of age. In the day school which she attended her teacher one day, while giving a lesson in geography, pointed out to her pupils the heathen and Christian lands, and she must have said some earnest words about the darkness of the people in heathen lands, for this little girl then and there resolved that when she grew up she would go out and help to tell the heathen about Jesus. She never forgot this resolve. On account of family ties (there being near relatives who needed her care) she was detained at home until she was thirty-two years of age. But as soon as she was free to go she offered herself for foreign service. It was not usual at that time for Mission Boards to send out unmarried ladies as missionaries. The Board to which she first offered herself refused to send her out because she was unmarried, but thinking her a desirable candidate, went so far as to offer to find for her a suitable life companion. But Miss Agnew thought that a woman engaged in such work as she desired to undertake for heathen women and girls ought not to be hampered by family cares.

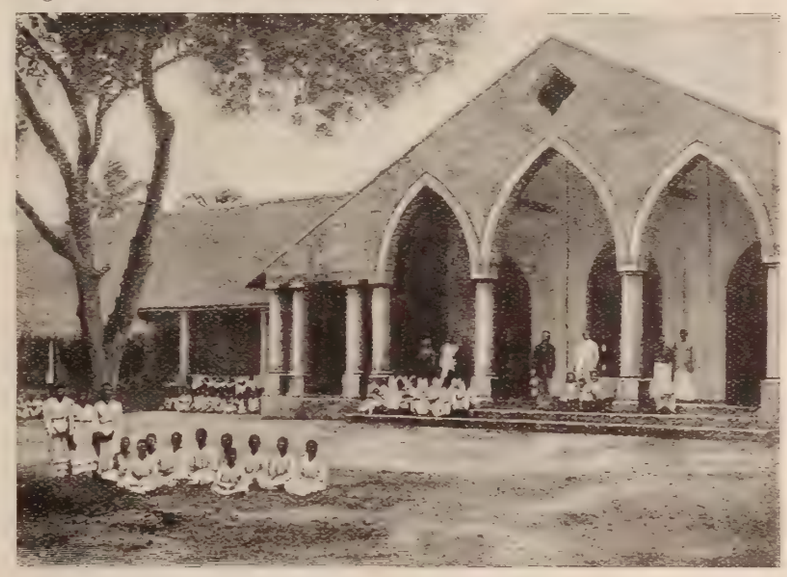
MISS ELIZA AGNEW.

She was accepted by the American Board and appointed to work in Jaffna, the Northern Province of Ceylon. Her journey occupied nearly six months in a sailing vessel around the Cape of Good Hope to the Island of Ceylon.

When missionaries first landed in Northern Ceylon they found the common people idolatrous and sunk in ignorance and superstition. The prevailing religion of the people was Hinduism. The Hindus say that they worship 330,000,000 of gods and goddesses, but among them all there is not one whom they love or who loves them.

The Hindus have no knowledge of a holy God, they have no knowledge of a God who desires his worshippers to be holy, and they have no knowledge of a God who is able to make his worshippers holy. In many of the large temples of Ceylon and India large numbers of young women (dancing girls) are kept for immoral purposes and the revenues from this source are paid right into the temple coffers, so that these temples largely exist and flourish on vice. It is not commonly known but it is nevertheless a fact that the sacred books of the Hindus have in them passages so immoral in character that if anyone were to translate and publish these passages in any of the spoken languages in India, it would under English rule, be a crime punishable by law.

As soon as the missionaries had themselves acquired a working knowledge of the Tamil language they began to translate the Gospels into that language and to preach in the villages. They opened schools for children. The people were willing to allow boys to attend these schools, but when the missionaries asked them to send the girls also they ridiculed the idea. There was not at that time a woman or girl in the whole Province who could read. The people said, "What would be the use of teaching girls? A girl could never learn to read any more than a sheep!" However, after two years of effort, one missionary lady, Mrs. Scudder, succeeded in inducing one little girl to attend school. This little girl soon committed to memory the 248 letters of the Tamil alphabet, and was soon able to read. Other girls began to attend the schools and the work has so grown and prospered that at the present time there are fifteen thousand children in mission schools in that one Province, about 5,000 of whom are girls. This educational work is effecting a revolution in the ideas of the people regarding the proper status of woman. It is said that the numerous sects and divisions of Hindus, while differing in their beliefs upon various subjects, all agree on one point, namely, "The sanctity of the cow and the total depravity of woman." But now in this Province, as in other places where mission work is being vigorously carried on, the men no longer regard women as belonging to the depraved order of being, but admits that they are fit to be the friends and companions of their husbands.



GIRLS' MISSION SCHOOL AT OODOOVILLE, CEYLON.
Where Miss Agnew was Principal for Forty-one Years.

When Miss Agnew went to Ceylon, she was received into the home of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding at Oodooville, and was put in charge of a boarding school for girls which had just recently been opened. This girls' boarding school, though small in its beginnings, soon became a large and flourishing institution.

Miss Agnew lived in Ceylon forty-three unbroken years, never having returned to America on home furlough, and during forty-one of these years she was the lady principal in charge of this school. During that time more than a thousand girls altogether, were pupils in her care. Miss Agnew was very devoted to these girls, and they, as was natural, loved her in return. They were accustomed to call her mother and because she had taught so many girls in the school, she came to be called by the people, in their poetic way, 'the Mother of a Thousand Daughters.'"

During the time that she had charge of the school, 600 girls graduated, having taken the entire course, and all who thus graduated went out as professing Christians. The majority of these girls came from heathen homes and heathen villages. In this school they learned of Christ and gave their hearts to him and went out to shine for him in their homes and villages. Being educated, many of them became the wives of the Christian young men who had been educated in the mission schools, many of whom afterward attained influential positions, becoming pastors, catechists, teachers, government officials, the leading men in the Province.

Not a few of the graduates of Miss Agnew's school engaged in direct Christian work, some becoming teachers in mission schools and others being employed as Bible women to work among their heathen sisters in the villages. Miss Agnew herself employed the first Bible-woman in Jaffna, and now nearly forty of her former students are working in that capacity, each of whom is teaching in perhaps thirty or forty homes, and some thousand of women and girls are hearing from their lips the story of Jesus and his love.

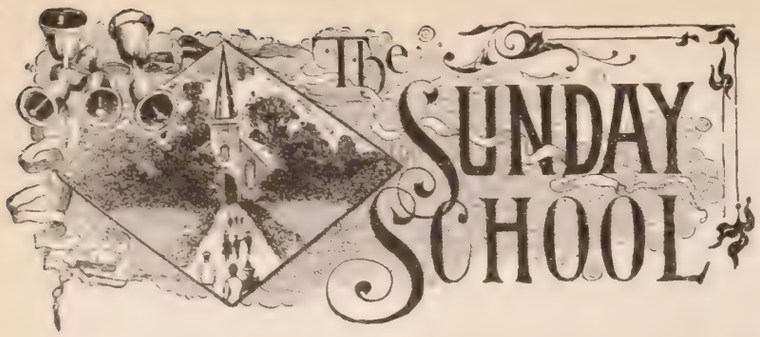
We enjoyed the great privilege of having Miss Agnew as an inmate in our home during the last two years of her life. During that time she never said one word that we could wish unsaid, or did one act that we could wish undone. By her singleness of purpose, by her blameless life, by the success which she has achieved, she has made the position of an unmarried lady missionary honorable in Ceylon for all future time. The highest praise which a native seems able to bestow upon an unmarried lady worker in Ceylon is to say, "She is like Miss Agnew."

Miss Agnew realized that of all preparation for missionary work, the most important was to know God, and that to know God one must know his Word. She made the devotional study of God's Word the first thing in her daily life, the first thing absolutely. It was her unfailing habit through all her long missionary life to rise with the first streak of dawn and to spend the first hour alone with God in prayer and in the study of his Word. This habit came to be known by all her pupils and all associated with her, and no one ever thought of interrupting her during that hallowed hour. The low murmur of her voice in prayer often long-continued and earnest, was heard at times by servants and pupils, and those who were associated with her knew that among the many names that she would present before the Throne of Grace, their names would not likely be forgotten. Miss Agnew came out from her room with a spirit calmed, strengthened and joyous, and ready for the duties of the day. She had a holy influence on those who knew her most intimately. The best thing which her pupils learned from her was this habit of Bible study and prayer. They became, not a few of them, women of one book. And some one has said, "A knowledge of the Bible is a liberal education."

The people remember her with undying affection. Many have named their children after her. Her last days were peaceful. Early in June, 1883, she had a paralytic shock which deprived her of the use of her limbs. A few days before her death, the Rev. W. W. Howland who had called to visit her, on seeing that the end was near asked her if he should pray with her. She eagerly assented. He asked, "Is there anything for which you would like me especially to pray?" And she replied, "Pray for the women of Jaffna, that they may come to Christ." She had no thought about herself. All through her missionary life she had thought very little about herself. Her thought was for the women of Jaffna, that they might know Christ; that they might know that in him they had an Almighty Saviour, a great burden-bearer, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. At the very time when she was asking prayers for the women of Jaffna, every room in our house was filled with native Christian women who, when girls, had been her pupils and they were praying for her that if it were God's will to take her to himself, he would save her from suffering and pain. God heard their prayers and she passed away like one going into a sweet sleep June 14, 1883.

In hundreds of villages in Ceylon and India there is just such a work waiting to be done by Christian young women as that which, with God's blessing, Miss Agnew accomplished in the Jaffna Peninsula.

MARY AND MARGARET LEITCH.



Parable of the Great Supper.

Sunday School Lesson for April 12. Luke 14: 15-24. Golden Text, Luke 14: 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord Jesus had been bidden to the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day. Always on his Father's business he perceived the man suffering from dropsy and no etiquette, consideration of caste, fear of the prejudices of host or guests, or other earthly consideration hindered him from healing the man, and deducing from his case the lesson that to do good on the Sabbath day is not to break the Sabbath. Jesus was not present for the sake of personal enjoyment in the society of friends nor yet of the delicacies which might be provided at the feast. In the midst of that company he was as much listening to his Father as though he had been on the mountain-side alone in prayer. One who, by yielding to the Holy Ghost, cultivates the habit of listening to God in secret, will hear his voice above all things and above all people when in the presence of others. The guests filled with the self-conceit which runs in the blood of the natural man, chose the places of distinction for themselves, and Jesus rebuked them, and showed them how much more becoming it is to take the lowest place.

He next had a message for his host. Was it not a want of courtesy to expostulate with the man who had offered him hospitality thus publicly before his guest? Was there not a want of tact or consideration in this! To human eyes it might have seemed so, but God the Father and his incarnate Son were agreed in all that took place. Jesus was there, as elsewhere, both the express Image and the Word of his Father. It was an unexpected blow to the Pharisee, who probably had considered that he was conferring a great honor on the Carpenter of Nazareth by inviting him to his table, when the Lord turned round on him and said, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee." What? Would this obscure Teacher attempt to subvert all the prevailing customs of society with his new teaching? Who ever heard of such a thing as a man making a feast, and fearing to invite such as would bid him again? Is not the very object of the invitation to cultivate the society of the invited guests so as to be on the visiting list of those whom they invite? Can there be any harm in this? But this man had

Included Jesus

in his invitations. When Jesus comes he comes to rule, to reign, to overthrow, to transform. Either you must have Jesus and his newness of life, or else you can't have Jesus at the feast. If your idea in the feast is to cultivate the society of such as may marry your daughters, help you in business, give your sons a start in life, afford you personally the enjoyment you [illegible] world whose trusts you hold; but you cannot have Jesus with you. In his feasts [illegible] maimed, the lame and blind, in short, such [illegible] a worldly sense. "They cannot recompence thee," such are the chosen guests of a follower of Jesus. Such are invited for the benefit of Christ and of their own souls and bodies, and not for the benefit, pres[illegible] of the [illegible]

One of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, and ventured the pious remark: Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. Upon which the Lord Jesus, addressing this individual, said, "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, "Come; for all things are now ready." The parable was spoken as a personal appeal to one who was saying general things about matters in which he was personally concerned, and which invoked eternal issues of which he seemed to be totally unaware. A great supper, many bidden, and all by one servant. What is this but God's wondrous, plentiful provision for a sinful race in his Son Jesus Christ? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.) A provision, not for pardon only, but for new birth, newness of life, transformation into Christ-likeness: all is offered "without money and without price" (Isa. 55: 1), and all is ready—ready now. Such is the message of the

One Servant,

the only One who with divine authority bids to the great supper. The Holy Spirit is in the world for this purpose. He may use the written Word, the preaching of the cross, a tract, a bereavement, or many other things, but he it is who always bids to the supper of God's grace, and as in times of old, "the Holy Ghost saith, Today" (Heb. 3: 7), so in this age of the church he says, "Come, for all things are now ready." The first bidden guests "all with one consent began to make excuse." Each of them had something of his own which he esteemed to be of more importance, or of more value, than the invitation to the supper. The excuses of each party began with the personal pronoun "I," "I have bought a piece of ground;" "I have bought five yoke of oxen;" "I have married a wife;" the only consideration of these bidden ones was whether it would suit their purpose to accept the invitation. The piece of land was of far greater interest to its purchaser than the society of him who had bidden him; his heart was in the land, he had invested money in it, he had plans concerning it; it was his life; and he did not want to be put out of his way. The supper might be all very well, but he would do very well without it; he was a business man, business must be attended to, and on this ground he begged to be excused. The man with his oxen was on the same lines, and the man who had married the wife too. All were

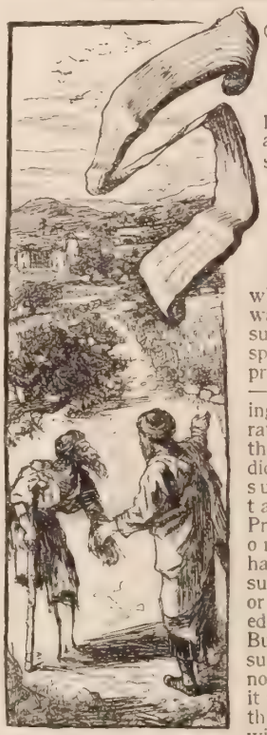
Preoccupied,

not one of them appreciated the generous invitation of him who had spent so much to entertain them. Discourtesy, ingratitude, insult would be the terms used to designate such conduct between man and man. But when it is he against whom we have sinned, to whom we owe life and breath and all things, he who by his creation has a claim upon us, and moreover has redeemed us with the blood of his own Son; when it is he who invites us to respond to a heavenly calling to be pardoned, redeemed from sin the world and self, and united to him as the father and the Son are One—what language can convey the depth of human guilt in the rejection of such an invitation? God created man for himself, and man says, I don't want to know God. He provided a redemption for his sin, and offers him a free pardon and deliverance from sin. Man prefers to remain under the condemnation and in the power of sin, and insolently refuses the offered pardon. God has provided the Holy Ghost to come and dwell in man to guide him into and empower him to life, a holy divine life in the midst of impossible circumstances, and man resists the Holy Ghost!

"So that servant came and shewed the Lord these things." Solemn moment when the Holy Ghost gives in his report! Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt and the blind; these will be glad to come;" they will appreciate what the others refuse. Yes; it is ever so. All who set a value upon what they are now or what they have in the world, are not yet in a position to appreciate and to value God's great invitation. How many there are who have had to lose property, position, honor, and sometimes even usefulness before they were poor enough, and lame enough, and blind enough in themselves to value the grace of God.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"BRING IN HITHER THE MAIMED."

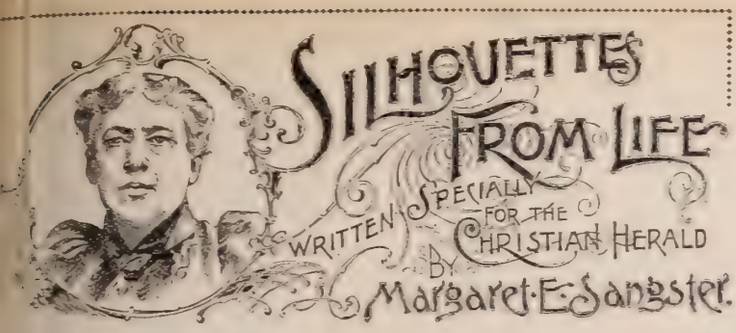
SOME persons are fond of using pious platitudes and one such seems to have been among the guests at the house of the chief Pharisee when Jesus was there. Jesus had been speaking of a practical duty—that of feeding the poor, rather than the rich, who did not need such entertainment. Probably not one present had ever done such a thing or was disposed to do it. But what Jesus said could not be denied; it was a better thing to do with more reason in it and more prospect of God's favor. We can imagine an awkward silence falling on the company when this courteous reproof of a prevailing custom was gently given. Then the guest tried to relieve the embarrassment with his devout ejaculation, in which all could agree. It adroitly changed the subject, as he would suppose, from the personal and practical to the emotional. Had the man listened to Christ's conversation with Nicodemus, or with the woman of Samaria, he would not have ventured on those tactics with such a Conversationalist. As it was with those who tried to escape from Socrates, so it was with the man who tried to parry the shafts from the lips of the Great Teacher; he only laid himself open to a more personal attack. "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God," was the remark of the guest. Jesus takes up this empty platitude and will tell them a story about this privilege which they rightly call blessed. It is the story of a feast. Invitations sent out long before and accepted. The feast prepared, the viands cooked, everything ready and the servant sent around according to Oriental custom to remind the guests of their engagement. But there is a strange unanimity of withdrawal. Three typical excuses are given. The farm, a matter of business, and a new domestic tie. Obviously excuses which would have had no basis had the guests remembered their engagements as they should have done. The host incensed by this evidently concerted slight, determines to have guests of a different kind, whose hunger will be an assurance of their coming. His servants are sent out, and such a crowd gathered as the house had never sheltered before—men unaccustomed to such dainties as were spread for them. Jesus does not seem to have explained his story in the house. There would be n need there in the company of men whos conversation was usually garnished wit stories having an ethical meaning. B Luke follows the story with some wor spoken afterward with the obvious inte tion that they should be read as explan tory. They refer to people who brougl into a dilemma, when immediate action necessary, prefer something else to t kingdom—people who are willing enoug to make a promise to be fulfilled at son distant time, who begin to build witho counting the cost of finishing, but wl shrink from the sacrifice when they a brought face to face with it. The m had spoken of the blessedness of the kin dom. That was all very well at the di tance, but when it came to giving up h visit to the farm, of neglecting his bu ness, of leaving his home just as it had b come more attractive—then the cost w too great. The lesson has not lost its a plication. Every one hopes to go to heav when he dies, but how many are willi to make the present sacrifice which w show that they are fit for heaven?

All things are now ready. "I mu study," said the boy urged to give l heart to God;" when I am through scho I can think of these things. Certainl mean to be a Christian soon." Later another appeal is made. "Yes, I did pro ise, but I have to learn my business, it quires all my attention." Still later he again reminded that all things are read "I am in business for myself. I have wife and children depending on my ex tions. I mean to give myself to God, b I must make enough money to put r family beyond the danger of want. Wh I have done that, I will think of th things." In his old age he is again urg "I am an old man now," he says, "r habits are formed. It is difficult to ta up new things. I must go on as I am Then we know that the Master is ang and has decreed that the man who w bidden as a child and as a man, shall r enter.

Must needs go. Dr. Thain Davids visited an old friend of his boyhood, wh he had not seen for many years. He h gone into business and had built up a ve extensive and profitable connection. I Davidson was astonished at the immer extent of detail his friend directed and the interests of which he had contr After seeing all the evidences of his ener Dr. Davidson referred to his youthful terest in religion, and asked him when would begin to think again of his eter interests. "I do not know," was the ply. "I am aware I ought to do so no but it is of no use. My mind is so full business that I have no power to think anything else."

I pray thee have me excused. A Moravi missionary related an incident of the ea work in Greenland, which shows h true to human nature was this para He says that when the hunting and fi ing season began, there were several pro ising inquirers at the mission who h been studying for some time. They left. One said that he had a quantity ammunition on his hands and must hunting. Another that there was a gr feast of bear's flesh at his home and wanted to get his share. A third had be trying to get a new boat, and now th was an opportunity that he could not ford to miss. Every one had some reas for leaving. There was not one w would declare for Christ before leaving

Therefore I cannot come. This man w more decided than the others. It is so f quently in the present day. A marria between a Christian and an unbeliev nearly always involves the Christi yielding to the other's influence. B there was no validity in this excuse a more than in the others. Indeed, such c cuses are generally only pretexts. A m ister who called on a couple to try to duce them to come to church was told th they had to work so hard all the we that they were too tired to go out on Su day. But he noticed that on the wall w a list of base-ball matches for the Sat day afternoons of the quarter, and learn that the man who was too tired to come church on Sunday was a member of one the teams, and was never absent from t field on Saturday. In another instance women who was so busy she had no ti to read the Bible, had on a shelf in l room a collection of dime novels, all which she had read, and some of them mo than once.



Th Blessing Easter Brought.

"WHO lives in that house?" The speaker pointed to a square white cottage standing by itself in the midst of green fields, a little trimly planted garden plot before its door, and a lilac bush growrdily beside the front window to nt of the porch. On the left, a row burnished and glittering, and a few f linen drying on the clothes line, that there was the kitchen. An woman came to the kitchen-win- d peered wistfully out as the ladies then, as if moved by a sudden im- she called to the one she knew. ! Mrs. Allen, have you seen my ? If you meet her, please tell her that wants her to come home directly." . Mrs. Lundie, I will," said Mrs. uietly. Then, as they walked out ng, she said to her companion, sked me who lived there. Mr. and nathan Lundie exist there. They dly be said to live, for they are so ."

"at makes them unhappy? They e beautiful home in a lovely spot. uld think they had the conditions ect contentment. And they have ter, too!"

"y have had a daughter," said Mrs. ery sorrowfully, "but they do not where she is. She may be living or y be dead. Twenty years ago (I er it, because it was the spring was married, and the Easter lilies e, and I was afraid we wouldn't nough of them to decorate the ,—twenty years ago Estelle Lundie prettiest girl in Haverstraw. She the district school, and the boys in love with her. No other girl many suitors, nor half so much at- but Estelle looked coldly on every hem, except the only one her fath- d hear nothing of. Things go by ies in this world. One would have d that a sensible girl like Estelle have looked higher than a mere and, even if he did happen to be me and well-educated; but no, Rufus n was the only man on the whole for her, and when Mr. Lundie 't consent, the two slipped away next county, got a license, and were . They came back, and Estelle, n only child, thought her father rgive her."

"A did he?"

"H You don't know Jonathan Lun- s set as a stone wall. 'This rock ally from its firm base as soon as I,' notto. No; my dear, Mr. Lundie er his daughter and her husband off e promises as if they had been tramps. ching and the things in the house nged to her were set out in the d. hat night her mother crept through den and stole down to the hotel, d said good-by to Estelle, and gave her e money she had in the house, and me home to meet an angry hus- and. Nobody knows what passed be- hem, but whatever it was, it took rit quite out of the poor mother. e never held up her head since Es- marriage, and latterly, her mind is ect, and she is always watching for come back."

"Al hasn't the old father ever relented? Wha a Spartan he must be, and how ery christian is his behavior. Is that Mr. Lndie, pray?" said the lady, as a ll gentleman, erect as a pine tree, ith white beard, a white shock of air, d a flashing eye, removed his hat, nd ave Mrs. Allen a courtly salutation.

"Tt is Mr. Lundie," said Mrs. Allen, Lundie has been to the post-office, as usual. You saw he had letters in his hand. The old heart of stone that he is, if ever a letter comes to his wife from Estelle, he burns it unopened, or at least, that's what folks say."

"Well," said the visitor, "its my opinion that people say more in most cases than they have any right to. If Estelle Lundie would only come home, boldly, who knows, but after all these years, the dear Lord would touch her father's heart and bring about a reconciliation between the long separated and divided ones, and restore that poor lady's reason."

"You must not think of Mrs. Lundie as deranged," said Mrs. Allen. "She is all right, except on that one point, and brooding, and pining, and living alone, she has got to a state where her life is one long waiting for her daughter. Poor lady, I wish we could do something for her. I mean to send her the most beautiful Easter lily I can find. Here is the greenhouse, and Mr. Storer has excelled himself this year."

The two friends went into the florist's. As they entered the door, the six o'clock train came puffing and whistling into the little station, not a block off, and the passengers, most of them men who had been at work in town all day, some of them women who had gone to the city to shop, and a few strangers, stepped out and started for home in their various directions.

"Please," said a clear young voice in the doorway of the shop, "can you tell me the way to Jonathan Lundie's?"

The florist gave the information. When he turned, Mrs. Allen was clutching the counter as if she had seen a ghost.

"Estelle, as I live and move," she whispered in an awe-struck tone. "Estelle Lundie, or her spectre."

Her friend stepped to the door. She saw a beautiful young lady, with firm steps, walking swiftly toward the end of the main street, and out toward the Lundie cottage. The girl's figure was slim and tall, she carried her head proudly, she had the air of a woman accustomed to have her own way. The lady laughed as she returned Mrs. Allen's questioning look. This was evidently no ghost.

"It is probably Estelle's daughter," she said. "God bless her if she has come to straighten out the old tangle, and reunite a household in the bonds of love."

"Well," said Mrs. Allen, recovering herself, "I'll choose my Easter lilies."

* * *

When Estelle Morrison reached the little house in which her mother's childhood had passed, she paused one moment before she lifted the latch, making one silent prayer for help, then she walked bravely and steadily up the little paved path to the front door. Lifting the knocker, she boldly rapped. Presently she heard deliberate steps approaching, the door was unlocked, and there was her grandfather holding it open, a lamp in his hand.

ESTELLE GREETS HER GRAND-PARENTS

The old gentleman stood for an instant as if petrified. Behind him there was a dim, wavering figure, with welcoming arms spread wide, and a smile of ecstasy transfiguring a withered face.

"Estelle, my darling, my sunbeam, home at last," cried the old mother, and passing the astonished old gentleman the young lady flew to the poor, waiting, joyful woman, and kissed her over and over.

Mr. Jonathan Lundie set down the lamp, and found his voice. But before he could say two words, the girl turned and looked him steadily in the eyes, with a glance very like his own.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for, grandfather. I'm here, and I've come to stay. You've made trouble enough by your outrageous behavior, and you can't excuse yourself, for you've been cruel and unjust. But I've come to set things right, and now that I see you, I'm glad I came on first. Mother and father'll be here with the rest of the children to-morrow. There are five of us. Grandmother, darling, don't you see, don't you understand, that I'm your own Estelle's Estelle, and I've had a long journey, and want my supper? Come, grandfather," she said, going up to him, "we may as well kiss and be friends. I'll forgive you."

And would you believe it, the old man struck his flag at once, thankful to make terms with this fearless foe, who looked at him with a bravery no one of his line had ever dared to use before.

"Child," he said at last, "You shall have your wish. I have been a stubborn and a hard man, but I will receive my daughter and her family back, and the last days shall be better than the first."

"Precisely so, grandfather; that's what I told mamma. The trouble was I never knew the whole of this unfortunate story, till a little while ago, and then I resolved to put an end to the fuss, and bring my poor mother to see her mother. They'll be together to spend Easter Sunday."

Neither of the old people noticed that their granddaughter had not the air of poverty. But any one aware of such things must have seen that the gown and coat were jaunty and fine, the little hat in the latest style, the gloves and shoes a dream. And when on the morrow her people came, they were not paupers at all, nor bore themselves as prodigals, but on the contrary looked, as they were, quite comfortable and well-to-do. Mr. Morrison had prospered, and even Mr. Lundie went to church on Easter morning with a look of pride, in the group who filled the old Lundie pew. One would have fancied that he had sent for them, that he had never been hard or relentless, or bitter, so suave was his speech and so beautiful were the expressions that flitted over his countenance. When the ice breaks in the spring, freshets follow, and Mr. Lundie could not do enough to show kindness to the Morrisons, particularly to his oldest granddaughter. To her clung the grandmother, for she recalled the Estelle who had gone away, and the old lady's brain could not at once accept the matronly woman of forty, as the daughter she had missed and mourned so many years.

Early on Easter Sunday morning, Mrs. Allen had left a silvery lily, in rare bloom and sweetness at the Lundies' door. Freddie Morrison carried it to church, and it helped to symbolize to the whole family the blessing of peace, of purity, of living love. For as Christ rises from the dead, he brings with him to us all the power to rise from our dead selves, to leave old sins, to crucify wicked resolves and evil desires, and to awake to a higher and better life. The lilies shone, the choir sang, the organ pealed, and the angels in heaven joined with the saved on earth in singing

> Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
> Our triumphant holy day.
> Loud the song of victory raise
> Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Pride a Spiritual Hindrance.

A wealthy and aristocratic lady became anxious about her soul, and when the pastor of the church to which she belonged called upon her, she took the opportunity to speak to him about spiritual things. He put the Gospel before her, telling her that she must believe in the Lord Jesus with her heart, and confess him with her lips, if she would be saved for time and eternity. The lady, while acknowledging that she was a sinner, could not get over the idea of her own superiority to the common people, and she said to the minister:

"Now, there is my maid, a good Christian girl; if we were to die and go to heaven, surely she would not be placed on an equality with me. It would be very awkward if I were to meet her in heaven as an equal, after her having been my maid here."

The pastor hastened to assure her that unless she could get rid of these false notions of superiority, and realize that in the sight of God all are equal, that all have sinned, there was very little likelihood of her being in heaven to meet anyone. There are some people who want a private entrance into heaven for themselves and what they consider their set. God is no respecter of persons: we are all the creatures of his creation, all have rebelled against him and are consequently deserving of death; but of his own good pleasure he hath prepared a way of salvation. If we neglect it, if we despise it, we are lost. At last the doubter began to see the Gospel message in the proper light and she left, promising to trust the Lord for pardon and guidance and to pray to him for grace, that the remainder of her life might be devoted to his service.

TRAINING THE DEAF-MUTES.

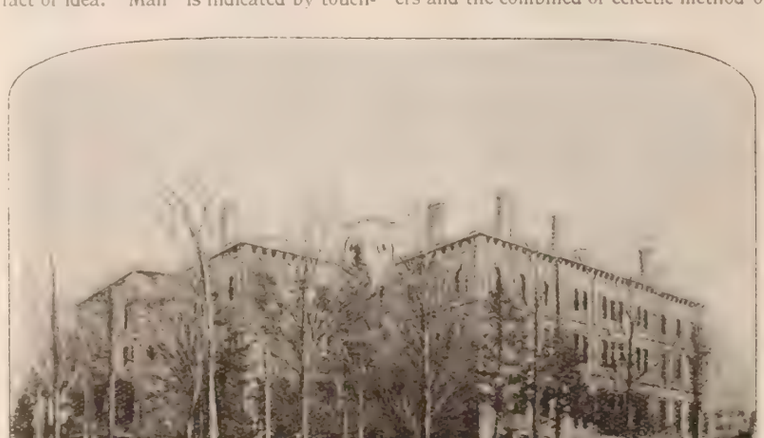
One of the Noblest of New York's many Benevolent Institutions — The Educational Progress of Three-quarters of a Century.

IN none of the many humanitarian institutions adorning our great cities is a better work being done for a peculiarly afflicted portion of the human race, than in the Homes for the training and education of the deaf and dumb. Less than a century ago, such an affliction was regarded as practically irremediable and incapable of substantial mitigation; but now, owing to the many advantages that have resulted from scientific and philanthropic investigation, and improved methods of instruction, the lot of the sufferer has been wonderfully brightened. He is no longer isolated from the rest of mankind by his affliction, but he can enter with zest and intelligence into almost all the affairs of life, its joys and responsibilities.

Seventy-six years ago, the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was opened, and every year has witnessed a gradual extension of the work. Several years earlier, Rev. Thos. H. Gallaudet had introduced in the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., the French system of education for the Deaf and Dumb. Hon. DeWitt Clinton, afterward Governor of the Empire State, was the first President of the New York Institution. In 1818, the incorporators met and appointed as teacher, the Rev. Abraham O. Stansbury, installing him in a room in the old almshouse in City Hall Park, where he began his labors with four bright little deaf-mute children as pupils. One of these —then a girl of eight and now an aged woman of eighty-five—was present on the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Institution on May 16, 1893—the only surviving link connecting the past and the present. She has been a teacher in the Institution and for many years was the matron of the Illinois State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The Hartford Institution has always been looked upon as the leader in the cause of deaf mute education, and from the beginning has set a splendid example, selecting for teachers thoroughly able and educated men, and establishing a high educational standard. Among the famous [illegible] in Hartford have been Lewis Weld, William W. Turner, Harvey O. Peet, E. A. P. Barnard, David E. Bartlett, Collins Stone, and Samuel Porter. Hartford, [illegible], being widely followed, has been the means of raising the deaf mute schools of this country to the highest rank. The New York Institution owes its origin [illegible] Stansbury and Peet to New York, and made the metropolitan institution the [illegible] one of the most famous in the world.

Dr. E. M. [illegible], President of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., is a native of Hartford, and [illegible] Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Kansas and elsewhere. Rev. [illegible] Gallaudet, who founded the Hartford Institution, was the first to conceive the idea of holding religious services in the deaf mute sign language, and it may thus be claimed that in Hartford the Gospel was first taught clearly and intelligently to the deaf mutes of America. It is now taught to them in that language all over the country, and it is claimed by experts that the emotions and sentiments can be more delicately and eloquently conveyed by the sign language than if spoken with the lips. This sign language, which has been one of the most effective instrumentalities in humane and Christian work among these afflicted ones, is known as the Gallaudet system, and by its use the deaf mute can give absolutely full expression to his ideas intelligently to others. It is now used among deaf-mutes here and in Europe, and was the invention of Abbe l'Epee, founder of the first institution for their education. It is said to have been suggested to him by observing the pantomimic gestures of the Parisian street gamins. The system has been popularized both here and abroad by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, whose father did much to bring it to perfection. Dr. Gallaudet was the founder and executive officer of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-mutes near Poughkeepsie, a charity which shelters about thirty aged deaf-mutes, all more or less educated in the sign-language. There is an affinity between this natural sign-language and the dumb pantomime employed by the Indians, and by savage races generally as a substitute for speech when the latter cannot be used as a means of communication. Comprising hundreds of different gestures of hands, head, body, eyes, and lips, this sign language is capable of expressing almost every emotion, fact or idea. "Man" is indicated by touching the head, as though lifting the cap; "will see" by waving the open right hand from the right ear to the eyes, to which the extended fingers point; "imagine" by touching the forehead with the forefinger and bring the hand forward in a curve; "remember" by raising the face and resting the closed hand on the forehead; "think" by leaning the head to one side and resting it upon the knuckles; "forget" by clasping the forehead and suddenly removing the hand backward, with the thumb pointing over the shoulder. And so on, through the range of expressions.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB

One of the most important considerations in connection with the conduct of the Deaf Mute Institution, is the religious training of the large numbers of young pupils. It is absolutely unsectarian. As a rule, the pupils come to the Institution not only totally ignorant of any spoken language, but with their minds a blank as far as any conception of a Deity or of their own moral obligations is concerned. They are really in greater spiritual darkness than the heathen, [illegible] advanced system of deaf mute education and by attending daily worship in chapel [illegible] rooms, their minds are gradually opened and they begin to realize that they have a Father in heaven, and [illegible] ple of what man, in his right nature, ought to be. They also learn the great truth of the Atonement and its significance. These truths are conveyed to their minds by a series of simple lessons, which tell of God, of his attributes, of heaven, of the soul, and of the Saviour and his life on earth. The mind of the deaf mute thinks in pictures, and when he tries to express himself, he makes pictures in the air and acts what he sees. These originally crude signs have now grown into a language so complete that it is claimed that even abstract ideas can be expressed by gestures.

There is no more beautiful sight than to look upon a group of these silent ones in process of being instructed. Our first page colored illustration presents a scene in one of the girls' class rooms of the Institution, where the pupils are receiving instruction in the secular branches. Their proficiency is astonishing, and in many studies their affliction does not seem to operate as a barrier to progress to any material extent. Their aptitude in grasping either secular or religious ideas is surprising. One young lad recently wrote this on a typewriter: "Before I came here I knew nothing about God. Now I know he is my Father in heaven, and good and kind. I love my Saviour, Jesus Christ the Son of God. He died on the Cross for us all. I repented of my sins and trust he has forgiven them."

In 1893, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, after nearly forty-seven years of devoted service, retired from the active supervision of the educational department and became Principal Emeritus. On his retirement, in that year, the educational and administrative departments were united under the control of the new Principal, Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, who had already been connected with the Institution for twenty-one years, and was thoroughly familiar with every branch of its work. Under Mr. Currier's able and progressive management, the Institution has made excellent progress. There are twenty teachers and the combined or eclectic method of instruction is used, in which the most careful attention is given to articulation as well as other well-tried forms of instruction. Manual training or industrial education has been a feature of the Institution for over sixty years, and in recent years has been greatly expanded. In this department printing, shoemaking, carpentering, cabinetmaking, tailoring, gardening, typewriting, baking, dressmaking, plain sewing, and various other callings are taught to the pupils, the financial result of their labor being added to the resources of the Institution. As a part of the educational system of the state, the Institution is allowed for each pupil's board, lodging and tuition $250. In the course of training at the Institution, every known instrument or aid which is of acknowledged value is employed, and lip-reading and articulation are taught to all. Whenever there is even a remnant of hearing left, the ear is carefully educated. The course of study is equivalent to that followed in the common schools and academies of the state. Illustrations on this page show the main building of the Institution, (now the chief structure in the group), and a portrait of the present Principal, Enoch H. Currier, M. A. The grounds occupied by the institution comprise about twenty-three acres, and are beautifully located upon the banks of the Hudson river at Washington Heights, between 162d and 165th streets, in the upper part of New York City.

A BRILLIANT EMPRES

How a Brave and Able Woman Saved Her Country from Italian Conquest.

LATER dispatches those referred to i article in this jour March 18 on the I disaster in Abys showed that the fi reports had by no r exaggerated the cr nature of the defeat. Italy's loss i and

TAOTI, EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA.

the enemy. He probably based his lation on what was learned of the c in 1868, when a small English force Lord Napier was able to penetrate sinia, destroy the stronghold of Ma and inflict punishment so severe or Theodore, that, unable to bear his ation, he committed suicide. But the sinia of to-day is a very different from the Abyssinia of 1868. It h vast strides in civilization since th and it has as its ruler a strong king and guided by a clever, shrewd, woman. It is probably due more Empress Taoti than to any one el the Italian effort to subjugate the has so disastrously failed.

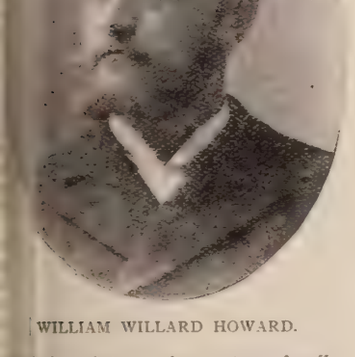
Taoti, or Taytou, as she is som called, has had a strange and roma reer. She was born in 1850, and, li husband, who is also her cousin, descent in a direct line from that Qu Sheba, whose visit to King Solomon scribed in the ninth chapter of the book of Chronicles. In common w the members of the ancient royal she was driven into exile by the Theodore, who suspected all who w royal blood of plotting against him. early in 1868 she and her parents re and found a refuge at Gondar. Taoti met her cousin, Menelik, ar like herself. The two young peop in love and were about to be m when Theodore interfered. He insis Menelik marrying one of his own ters, and on Taoti becoming his ow As disobedience meant certain death yielded. Theodore treated his youn with such savage brutality that his a few months later came to her as a After his downfall, Abyssinia be scene of anarchy and civil war. Tl rious petty kings struggled for the su command, but no one of them could the rank of Emperor. Five times i cession Taoti was married and five became a widow through the conti fighting that went on. At last, we the repeated misfortunes, she ent convent and became a nun. But life to a woman of her active, amb temperament was intolerable, and s tained from the Archbishop of Abys release from her vows. While quietly with her brother ar Ephrat met her first lover, Menelik, who changes of the national kaleidosco emerged as king of Shoa. Their o sion was rekindled, and in spite of ficulties Menelik made her his wife.

The marriage was celebrated in with imposing ceremonies. Since time Taoti has made herself fa Through her tact and diplomacy he band has been chosen Emperor, and tablished his rule in Abyssinia. In d with Italy, Taoti's skill as a diplo was the mainstay of Menelik and l isters. She guided the negotiatio when war became inevitable it w who initiated the measures for drill equipping the army, and her und spirit that gave courage to the Abys leaders. It is believed that Menelik have yielded without fighting to the demands but for Taoti's firmness.

OUR COMMISSIONER'S SAFE RETURN.

Mr. W. Howard Back from his Perilous Experiences among Turks and Kurds—Dr. Kimball Feeding 19,000 at Van—Progress of the Relief Work.

FTER nearly six months of incessant travel and many perilous adventures on the Turkish border, Mr. William Willard Howard, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner to Armenia, has returned to York. Although excluded from Turby the special order of the govnt at Constantinople, which had offence at his truthful portrayal horrors of the Armenian persecue was nevertheless able to do much aiding the relief movement inted by this journal with the coion and approval of its readers hich, beginning at Van, has rapidly



WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

xteled to sixteen other centres of sufferg Armenia, doing incalculable good. h letters, published in these columns m time to time, Mr. Howard has alrelated some of his remarkable xpences on the Turko-Persian borHe was more than once ambushd shot at, but escaped almost miracuus: his death was plotted by Turkish ries, and traps were laid to lure him note mountain passes, where he be easily disposed of, and he fell a strange land; but amid all the rrounding dangers, he was providentially ded and friends were raised up on ry hand. He rescued and aided the ered fugitive Armenians who had fled the snowy mountains to Salmas and the border cities in Persia, from the scres in Van province; and he, in conunion with the good Christian missionie at Urumia, organized a relief movenent there to care for these perishing exles. Through his efforts, the Persian n villages were transformed into vs of shelter and refuge for those who ught to escape the cruel Kurdish lances, r to no less savage Turkish swords.

Relief work progresses steadily at the lifferent stations in Armenia. Dr. Grace N. Kimball cables from Van as follows:

VAN, March 23.

"All is quiet. **19,000** are now receiving assistance here, but our funds are nearly exhausted and we have cut bread rations one-half and stopped the clothing distribution. We have sent home 2,000 villagers. Seven from one party died from exposure *en route* and others will die.

"Safety is secured here but there is no employment, outside of our Industrial Bureau to relieve the city's destitution. Assistance has been promised to the outlying districts for seed, cattle and rebuilding; these are most imperative, but are withheld through lack of funds.

"Every dollar given now is worth ten later. The people must plough and sow immediately, or a famine will ensue in the fall. Everything depends on this and on the security of the villages against the Kurds. The government proposes to take active measures for their safety.

KIMBALL."

Writing from Van on Feb. 19 last, Dr. Kimball says:

"Your name and the name of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have become names to conjure with among us. I wish I could make you feel the full beneficence of the work your Fund is doing. You and those who have aided the Fund will never realize it until you hear the words: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto me.' There is no other help or hope for these people aside from yours, or that of other less munificent benefactors. I wonder at all this beneficence—each seems to be giving according to his ability to give and to cause others to give. And we need it all and more."

During the week, letters have been received from a number of the American Board missionary distributors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. A letter from Aintab, acknowledging the remittance of $1000 from the Fund, says:

God bless you dear Christian friends in America. If ever our Master called his people to do for him, it is now. We are doing our best to relieve the distress in our field—Aintab, Oorfa, Gemerek, Albistan, Arabkir and Aleppo. The first four have been fearfully smitten . . . The cry of our souls is for some strong hand to stop the rage of these demons. In the name of God, is there no sword in Christendom to wake to the call of humanity? * * * We have felt almost overwhelmed by the greatness of the calamities and distress we have seen about us. It is such prompt and princely liberality as you and others are showing that give us courage and hope to grapple with this appalling condition of things. The Relief work in Aintab is admirably organized and managed with prudence and efficiency. Soon after the massacres a Union Committee, chosen by the Gregorian and Protestant communities took this work in hand, and in consultation with us have canvassed the whole field, measured the full extent of the disaster, and are now providing for all sufferers without question as to creed or connection. A summary of their detailed report recently given is as follows:

	Protestants.	Gregorians.
No. of persons killed	91	209
" " " wounded	75	137
" " houses and stores burned	22	4
" " houses and shops looted	545	755
" " persons now reciving aid	1,355	2,324
	Piastres.	Lira.
Total loss of property stolen and destroyed	8,325,216	7,301,272

making about 125,000 Liras, Turkish Lira $4.40 or about $550,000, and this where $1,000 makes a rich man.

Our committee have a bakery and a public kitchen and soup house; fortunately food is cheap and most families had a considerable supply for winter on hand, so that houses that were not plundered have been able to live off these supplies; but these are getting exhausted and if this state of things continues, starvation of large numbers is almost inevitable. Indeed, we have reason to fear that many in outlying districts may be now perishing of cold and hunger. Our field covers Aintab, Oorfa, Gemerek, Adiaman, Biridjik and vicinity, and we shall use your gift for all the field as seems most necessary.

From Cesarea, Rev. W. S. Dodd writes relating the result of a relief visit to the adjacent village of Gigi:

It had only thirty-five houses and two huudred and fifty souls. When the plunderers approached, the people fled and so saved the clothes they wore. When they returned it was hardly more than roofs that they found. Everything portable had been carried away, even to the weaving machines. I visited every house, opening flour-bins, uncovering jars, and taking a light into dark corners. Two hours sufficed for the inspection. Most of the houses consisted of two rooms, some of only one. The first room presented only four mud walls and a mud floor, with a hole in the centre for a floor. Around this would be gathered five or ten children or adults spending their time in keeping warm. In many houses the flour-bins were smashed to pieces and there was nothing to examine. When I asked them what they were going to eat to-morrow, "God knows," they replied, "we borrowed this to-day; perhaps we can borrow some more to-morrow." In the whole village, there was not a single bed, hardly a thing that could be called a quilt, nothing but little heaps of rags which they treasured up carefully as the only thing to spread out for the night. We expect to send them relief at once to keep them alive for a time, but it will have to be repeated more than once or twice.

From the Gemerek region, which you have especially mentioned, we have messengers telling of starvation beginning, and we must proceed at once to the distribution of the grain that we have purchased there.

Another missionary at Cesarea writes that nearly all the clothing that has been received has been sent on to Sivas and Harpoot.

In a letter from a missionary in the field, written to the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, London, the following significant passages occur:

As to the whole circle of Christian nations that are standing as idle spectators of these infernal orgies, I wonder if they looked upon the Gorgon's head, or do they not comprehend what is being done before their eyes. Do they not know that, horrible and revolting as was the savagery of the recent massacres, they have been narrow in effect and tame in cruel barbarity, compared with the deliberate, malicious and unrelenting crushing and grinding process to which the remnant of the Armenian people are being subjected. Do these Christian Powers comprehend that it is the settled purpose of this government to prevent these poor people being properly clothed and fed, and so to make famine and pestilence their executioners in place of the assassins heretofore employed. In Aintab, 12,000 Christians after having more than 800 of their shops and 450 of their houses looted, and more than $500,000 worth of property stolen or destroyed, have been kept for over three months in daily and agonizing terror for their lives, and utterly unable to do anything to earn a livelihood; 4000 of their number are wholly dependent on charity for their daily bread. Do the Christian Powers understand the purpose of the plan everywhere being carried out of removing first the principal men from each Christian community? In Aintab, 64 of the most influential and wealthy Christians are now languishing in Turkish prisons, arrested on purely fictitious charges; the Protestant preacher of Biridjik has been condemned for ten years in a Turkish fortress simply for having in his possession a copy of Lord Salisbury's speech at the opening of Parliament. Are the Christian Powers aware that in these prison deeds rivalling the worst barbarities of the dark ages are being enacted including nameless indignities and unspeakable offences. Personally I feel almost like a poltroon to be securely sheltered under the dear old flag, while these brothers and sisters are exposed to such horrors. William Watson's "The Purple East," is the only thing except the imprecatory Psalms that at all express my feelings these days.

These facts show the condition of Harpoot City and its seventy three villages.

Needy persons	26,990
Houses plundered	6,029
" burned	1,861
Churches badly injured and defiled	29
" burned	15
Protestant chapels destroyed	5
" " badly damaged	18
Forced marriages to Turks	166
Rape	2,300
Forced conversions, priests	12
" " men and women	7,664
Wounded	1,375
Miscarriage	800
Killed in fields and highways	288
Persons burned	56
Died from hunger and cold	1,014
Suicides	23
Martyrs, bishops	1
" Gregorian priests	11
" Protestant ministers	3
" Teachers	7
" men, women and children	1,903
Total deaths	4,127
Loss of property	$7,268,666

From Harpoot, Feb. 18, comes this letter, the writer being one of the missionaries engaged in the relief work:

The letter announcing your gift of $500 for relief work came by the last post. In a previous letter I referred to the needs of Arabkir. It is impossible to secure exact statistics, but all reports agree that there are only from three hundred to four hundred Christian houses, and these of the poorest, left. The 8,500 survivors are crowded into these houses. The dead are variously estimated as from three thousand to four thousand. Of the five hundred shops only thirty remain. The plunder extended not only to the houses and shops, but men, women and children were stripped of nearly all the clothing on their persons. The destitution has been extreme. Many of the people are in danger of starvation. Very few of them have clothing sufficient to keep them warm, or bedding of any sort. There is a good deal of sickness and mortality, presumably typhoid fever. The only Christian physican in the place, a most excellent, spiritual man, is in prison, along with ninety other Christians. The fifteen Arabkir villages are in some respects in a worse condition for they have been compelled to accept the faith of Islam.

One of the missionaries at Mardin writes:

It looks as though worse events were before us than any we have yet witnessed. I have tried to close my ears to the way things have been done, but what I have heard is enough to show that there are heard to show that there are savages still . . . Julia saw them pouring kerosene over a man, getting ready to set fire to him, the man crying "Ahman! Ahman!" Julia's two little ones were left naked on the ground and both died. M. Toma and two little ones were left in the rain without one rag to cover them. Aboosh's wife has a beautiful sister still in captivity. All these women saw their husbands killed. So far the missionaries have been kept, and only those in Harpoot have had their houses plundered, and that by direct order of the ones in power.

One of the most touching stories of martyrdom that has yet come to light, is that contained in a letter from an Armenian formerly living at Shefik, a village near Harpoot. After telling of the ravaging and burning of the place by Kurds and Turks successively, he writes:

After this they rushed upon the women and children, and took off their shoes and clothing. On the eighth day, as they had finished their work, they came to us who were on the banks of the stream. They killed Brother Baghdo's son and Pastor Melcon, because they would not change their religion. It becme night, darkness was upon us, but they came with lanterns and selected forty-five of the young men, saying that the government wished them. Knowing what would befall them, they asked of an hour's grace. They prayed and sang, they asked forgiveness of each other, they kissed the hands of their parents, and parted with tears, with the expectation of never again seeing each other. Taking them to a desolate place half an hour distant, they were taken apart two by two, and threatened with death if they would not change their religion. They all with one voice agreed upon saying boldly, "We will not deny our religion. We are ready to die for our Saviour's love." Only five succeeded in making their escape, but the remaining forty became martyrs for the love of Jesus. My son Samuel was among the forty-five, but he escaped with four others and hid in a cave for ten or twelve days. My youngest son, twenty-two years old, was killed. How heartrending was the sight! A week before we were in our homes, comfortable, having made every preparation for the winter, having our friends about us; but like Job we were deprived of everything, dwelling-house, furniture, beds, food, clothing. With heads uncovered, feet bare, little clothing upon us, we passed from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain with great wailing and lamentation, to find our children. "Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not."

As already announced in these columns, the Relief Fund will close on April 15, after which no contributions will be received. It is therefore specially desirable that all intending contributors should forward their gifts at the earliest moment, in order that they may be of service. During the week the following additional remittances have been cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund through the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Malatia	**$1,000**	**Sivas**	**$1,000**
Harpoot	**1,000**	**Van**	**2,000**

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

Prev. ack. $36,056.16	
Allen, Jonas	2 00
Allen, W J	2 50
Anderson, Mrs J R	1 00
Armstrong, Thos	25
Ashcraft, Hiram	1 00
Ashdown, Harry	1 00
Atwood, Mrs H L	1 00
Baker, G M	1 00
Barbour, D D S, F W	10 00
Barckman, Ida	1 00
Barkdull, Chas R	1 00
Barnes, Mrs Lyman	25
Barney, Mrs Ella, and Mrs Clara Dana	1 00
Barratt, Rufus	7 00
Bartlett, J T	1 00
Bass, Mrs & others	4 00
Bates, Mrs G A	1 00
Becker, Peter	1 00
Bennett, Mrs & Mrs	5 00
Bercovitz, M & M	2 50
Berry, Mr & Mrs O H	1 00
Bertch, Elizabeth C	10 00
Bliss, Mrs T	25
Bortzfield, Hattie	1 00
Bowen, W	15
Brandit, Mr	25
Brelund, L	50
Bronson, Mrs H F	50 00
Bronson, W G	10 00
Brooks, Matilda	1 00
Brown, N J	1 00
Brown, Mrs R E	50
Bryan, Mr & Mrs M F	1 00
Bunnell, Mrs S E	1 00
Burford, John	1 00
Burns, Chas S	2 00
Burpee, Laura L	1 00
Carr, I C	1 00
Cauthen, H H	50
Clark, A S	5 00
Clark, Mrs J	1 00
Cline, Mamie E	50
Coburn, Mary M	2 00
Collins, Alfred	5 00
Cool, Mrs A E	25
Cowles, T & family	2 05
Cox, A J	1 00
Crawford, Mrs G W	1 50
Crawford, J	50
Crawford, Mrs P H	5 00
Crockett, J & D & fam	1 00
Cummings, H H	1 00
Cystle, J H	25
Dagash, Mrs J	2 50
Darbee, Mrs F J	1 00
Datson, John	25
Davis, Geo A	1 50
Deering, Mary	1 00
Detweiler, A Y & fam	3 25
Dick, Margaret	1 00
Diegeoman, Ellen	1 00
Dixon, Mrs E A	1 00
Dorr, B F	1 00
Doutridge, B W	3 00
Douglass, M	4 00
Downing, R	1 00
Dron, Ann	1 00
Drum, R C	1 00
Elliott, Mrs T J	1 00
Ellis, Egbert L	3 00
Emmert, J F	1 00
Engaud, Mrs Walter	2 00
Evans, Frank	3 00
Evates, H D	2 00
Ewell, M L	1 00
Falan, Mrs	1 00
Farr, Mrs R & M	50
Farrell, Dr & F E	5 00
Farrer, Washington	3 50
Fitch, Mrs H C	1 00
Ford, Mrs C K	5 00
Ford, David	2 00
Fordham, Henry	2 00
Fowler, Mrs Chas A	2 00
Fox, Mrs Geo	50
Frank, Mr & Mrs J S	2 00
Freece, Miss Annie	1 00
Freeman, J D	5 00
Frick, Mrs Isaac	1 00
Fuller, C D	10 00
Fullerton, Mrs H S	3 00
Galloway, F M	1 00
Greig, D	5 00
Gillespie, Jas	2 00
Gibson, Mrs O E	1 00
Gleason, H L	50
Goldthorpe, Mrs Art	2 00
Goulding, Ella	5 00
Goulding, John	3 00
Goulding, Lennie	50
Graw, Mrs	2 00
Greenleaf, Mrs F E	5 00
Grimer, Mrs John	2 00
Hagaman, J A	5 00
Haines, Chas S	5 00
Hamilton, Elsie	50
Hamilton, H H	1 00
Hanson, H	5 00
Harley, Mrs M A	5 00
Harrat, Miss Carrie	1 00
Harrington, S J	1 00
Harris, Mrs A A	2 50
Hawes, E	1 00
Hay, Mrs J	1 00
Hayden, John D	1 00
Hendel, Mrs P M	1 00
Hershberger, Mrs D	50
Fettinger, Mr & Mrs	4 90
Hewitt, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Hickok, Mrs Sarah A	5 00
Hicks, R H	25
Hill, Mrs Adell	1 00
Hill, Melissa M	50
Hoagland, R	2 00
Hoenig Henry	5 00
Hoge, Ella	1 00
Holcombe, Mrs C	50
Holden, Anna	2 00
Holmes, Mrs F M	1 00
Houser, Family	2 35
Hopkins, Mrs L G	2 00
Horton, L E	1 00
Hoven, C	10 00
Howard, Mrs L	50
Hurd, Mrs M L	1 00
Hutson, Rebecca	50
Inslee, Mrs E F	1 00
Jacksson, Mrs Geo	1 00
James, Miss A P	1 00
Jamison, Mrs Wm	2 00
Jenkins, H A	1 00
Jenkins, Rosser	1 00
Jones, Miss M O	1 00
Johnston, H	10 00
Johnston, W L	5 00
Kerr, Annie	75
Kerr, Mr B B	1 00
Kerr, Miss H M	00
Kerr, Mrs Hatie	2 00
Kerr, Miss M H	1 00
Kibbie, W H	25
Kindt's, Ella L S S class	2 00
Klipstier, P A	2 00
Krouse, F & dau	1 00
Kullenberg, Albertina	2 00
Landphere, P F	5 00
Lawrence, Mrs M B	2 00
Lender, E J	5 00
Lemon, Ellen	1 00
Leecy, A	2 00
Loomis, Mrs C	2 00
Lorenzen, Herman	1 00
Lottimer, H M	3 00
Mclannahan, J & M	2 00
McCrimmonds, J H	5 00
McDonald, C & A	5 00
McGann, Patrick	2 00
McIntosh, Mrs W J	10 00
McLarty, P S & wife	1 00
McLean, Agnes K, collected by	1 00
McMillen, Wm	1 00
Mains, Mrs C W	1 50
Manck, Jessie E	2 00
Mather, Miss Bena	1 00
Maul, Anna	2 00
Miller, Chas	5 00
Morris, Benj	1 00
Morris, Mrs	1 00
Morse, Mrs R I	2 00
Muhlenberg, T W	2 00
Nattzger, D & family	2 00
Nelson, John L	2 00
Nelson, Mrs L E	1 00
Nicholas, Mr	2 00
Nicol, M L	1 00
Nunn, Walter	2 00
Owens, W P	10
Paige, O R	2 00
Pangburn, Mrs C	1 00
Parker, Mrs A A	1 00
Parks, F L	2 50
Payne, W O	3 00
Pence, Mrs	1 00
Perry, Mrs Roderic	1 00
Pettigrew, Mrs E	2 00
Phelps, M H	5 00
Pickard, Mrs Thos	1 00
Plummer, Chas	1 00
Poble, Mrs L	1 00
Pollock, Robt	7 00
Porter, A C	1 00
Porter, Mrs C V	50
Porter, Mrs W R	1 00
Porter, Wayland	5 00
Potter, Anna A	5 00
Pratt, Mrs W R	50
Pride, Mrs Sarah L	50
Prince, J F	2 00
Rea, Mrs N A	2 00
Reber, B F	10 00
Reed, Julia A	1 00
Reid, Mrs J M	2 00
Reig, Edward	50
Reynolds, A W	5 00
Reynolds, Rev L F	1 00
Richards, Olivia, and Millie Williams	25
Riley, W L	25
Rinker, H	2 50
Robbins, I L	5 00
Robe, M M	10 00
Robertson, Henry	5 00
Rose, Gertie's School	3 25
Roundey, M H & O A	2 00
Rouse, Mrs R	2 00
Rushton, Hattie D	5 00
Salmond, Thos	1 00
Scarcliff, Chas	5
Scarcliff, Fred	25
Scarcliff, Geo	25
Schick, H L	1 00
Schoenmaker, Mrs H G	2 00
Sheldon, Mrs D	2 00
Shepherd, Bessie, Louise & Lucie V	1 00
Sherritt, Mrs M E	2 00
Sholtez, Mr	50
Sieberling, Mrs F C	2 00
Simmons, Rev & Mrs	1 00
Sirr, Annie	2 00
Slingerland, N J	5 00
Sly, Mrs M Y	1 00
Smith, G T	50
Smith, Jas	4 00
Snow, Miss Ida	1 00
Snyder, Aaron	3 00
Soelenberger, A D	1 00
Sorenson, J F	1 00
Sonder, Maggie	10
Spalding, Mary B	1 50
Spaulding, Albion K	5 00

(*Continued on page 276.*)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Woman Improved.

IT may be ungallant to suppose that there is, or has been, any room for improvement; but we venture the opinion that in the last ten years there has been a marked bettering of the physical condition of American women. Whether it is a result of gymnastics or the traveling of many of our girls in foreign lands, where they have had an opportunity of admiring the superior physical qualities of English and German women, or the general discussion of the subject, we do not know. Perhaps the fact that so many of those females who prided themselves on their bewitching languors and fashionable invalidism have been passed by when our young men came to make selection of lifetime partners, may have helped to cure the folly. It has been found that doll-babies are of but little worth in the struggle of life, and capacity on the part of a woman to sweep out a drawing-room without fainting, and to make a loaf of bread not sour nor soggy, is of more importance than the satin in a cheek which the fingers of diphtheria may unravel, or the color of the hair which one strong grip of fever may pull out. We find cause for congratulation in the fact that woman's physical condition is rising, but there is room yet for higher stages of advancement. Turn the girls out-of-doors every chance you have. Let them, properly accompanied, botanize in the fields, and geologize among the rocks. Deny them not oar or skate or saddle. A race of weak women will make a race of puny men. We are not ambitious for Amazons, nor for women going through the land bawling about their rights, but out-and-out Christian women who enjoy what rights they have and support great souls in bodies fit to contain them.

Bless the Doctors!

WHAT a tendency to depreciate the skill of physicians, especially when they lose a case. As far as I know them, physicians profess to be neither omnipotent nor all-wise. Like those of us in other professions and occupations, I suppose they sometimes make mistakes; but the time we spend in sarcastic flings at their Christlike and magnificent calling we had better spend in thanksgiving to God for what they accomplish. Better not be too hard on the doctors. Sooner than you expect, you will be sending for them, and between you and the King of Terrors there will be nothing but one of their prescriptions. They stand to-day, as a profession, fighting back whole armies of cancers, pneumonias, diphtherias, and congestions of brain and liver and lung. They do more missionary work than any class of men in the country, and upon them will come the blessing of the Great Physician, as he says, "I was sick, and ye visited me." When the last ailment of body is cured, and the last attack on the children's cradle has been discomfited, and the last broken bone of workman fallen from the house scaffolding shall be set, and the last swollen gum of teething child shall have been lanced, and the last pale patient with tumor successfully removed shall, with a grateful "Thank you, doctor," be released from the operating table in the clinical department of the city hospital, then it will be time enough to deride the medical profession. Christ took along with him in his journeying a physician, one Doctor Luke, and while some in that calling are sceptical and atheistic, many of them know how at the same time to medicate body and soul.

Worse than Pugilism.

WHILE I write this all good people are hoping that no more prize fights will ever take place in America. But war is pugilism on a large scale. It is a bad thing to have one jaw broken, and a few drops of blood shed, but is not that less distressing than to break a thousand jaws, and cover miles of territory with the signs of carnage. If nations must fight why not choose two champions to do the fighting? That would be a great economy of bones, and a great economy of blood, and a great economy of tears, and a great economy of heartaches, and a great economy of sepulchres. Besides that, a pugilistic encounter develops more courage than a conflict in which the usual weaponry of international strife is employed. A man may be a successful general without much personal courage, for he can stand in a tower two miles from the fight and give orders, or may sit in a stone house *incognito*, smoking a cigar and receiving messages from a battlefield three miles away, where hundreds of private soldiers are being sacrificed. There is not so much exposure in a contest in which Dahlgren guns and howitzers and swamp-angels and all weapons of long range are engaged, as when two men with nothing but their own fists come close up and pound each other's faces into a jelly, obliterating the image in which God made them. Besides that, in the last style of combat there are no bereavements: at any rate, there can be only two deaths, and what is that to an Austerlitz, or a Sedan, or a Gettysburg, leaving twenty or forty thousand homes in widowhood and orphanage? Mind you, I do not advocate pugilism, but I abhor it far less than war, whose epics never cease to sing and whose drums never cease to roll, by as much as two mutilated men are less horrifying than thirty thousand stacked-up corpses. The time will come—may the good Lord hasten it!—when all individual quarrels will be settled by arbitration, and all international differences will settled by treaty; but until then I am in favor of compelling those who get up wars to do their own fighting. If in this country some great Northern man and some great Southern man shall, by angry agitation, bring on a war between the two sections, let those two men be compelled to be the champions, and meet on the banks of the Potomac and have it out in eight or ten rounds of patriotic pugilism; and if they should both expire under the bruising, the loss would not be much. How many lives and how much suffering would have been saved if Napoleon and Wellington in Franco-English War, and Moltke and MacMahon in Franco-German War, had fought out the battle alone? You say that in some cases the physical disparity might be too great. Then let the nations of the earth choose two champions sufficiently athletic. But it would not depend upon physical stature. A small man in the right is stronger than a larger man in the wrong. You remember David and Goliath. While the world has made advance in arts of peace, I doubt whether it has made any advance beyond the old style of championship in war. The trouble is, that those who get up the wars usually stay at home and make money out of government contracts, while the farmers and the mechanics, who had nothing to do in creating the trouble, have to leave their plows and their work-benches and go forth to suffer. In pugilism two men are the sufferers. In the strife between nations, two governments are the desperadoes. The music written in staffs and clefs of light above Bethlehem on the first Christmas Night needs more rehearsal by all nations. The only difference between a war with fists and a war with cannon and sabre and explosion of powder-mine, is that the last is the more destructive and the more wicked. The only war to be cherished is the war of argument, the war of facts, the war of mind against mind—that uplifts, that irradiates, that is the friend of civilization and Christianity; that kind of conflict meets the approval of the God who says in the Bible, "Come, let us reason together."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

All contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund should be forwarded to 92 Bible House, New York, as soon as possible, as the need is urgent. No contributions will be received after April 15.

S. M. M., Columbus Grove, O. What was the value of a penny of Christ's time, in the money of our day?

It was the Roman *denarius*, and was worth about fifteen cents. It was the usual price for a day's wages of a farm laborer.

Inquirer, Dublin, Tex. Has the Gospel been preached in all the world in fulfilment of Matt. 24: 14?

No; there are still portions of Central Africa, Western China, Tibet, Tartary and Arabia where it has not yet been preached. Tibet is practically a virgin field.

Jesse M. Yonan, 542 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

At noon every Saturday, the students of Rush Medical College, have a prayer meeting, conducted by the College Y. M. C. A. Once a month we have a missionary meeting. This noon our subject was "Armenia" and at the end of the meeting a collection was taken for the relief of the hungry people in that country, so they requested me to send the amount collected $2.20 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund which we believe is doing the most Christlike work ever done.

Mrs. D. E. B., Newark, N. J. 1. What is the distance between Nazareth and Bethlehem? 2. What mode of travel do you suppose Joseph and Mary had on their way thither? 3. Were the roads all hilly and disagreeable, or otherwise?

1. About eighty miles. 2. Camels or asses. 3. Diversified, part hilly and part valley road. The land was doubtless much more fertile and cultivated then than now. Countries that come under Turkish rule gradually degenerate into a condition little better than a desert.

H. E. K., Sioux Rapids. According to the laws of Iowa can a wife retain entire control of bank deposits and interest drawing mortgages that were hers before her marriage? Can she will her property in opposition to her husband's wishes in regard to the matter?

Unless the laws of the State of Iowa have been changed within the last twelve years, she can legally do all that you state. There may have been changes, however, and for prudence sake, you should consult an Iowa attorney.

Annie B., Calvary, Pa. Would it be right for a lady to break an engagement if the parents are opposed to her intended? Would it be doing a sin?

It depends wholly on the circumstances of the case. Usually the judgment of parents in such matters is well-founded and wise and should be heeded. If one's own conscience approves the parental prohibition, despite all other influences and inclinations, it is safe to follow it. And this rule would apply in all except extraordinary cases.

M. C., Columbus, O. What is the law of New York State regarding woman controlling property obtained after marriage?

In New York a married woman has the same rights and is subject to the same liability as a single woman in all matters relating to her separate estate. She can take, hold, and convey in her own name, both real and personal property, and she can act as executrix, administratrix and guardian, giving bonds as though not married. With respect to property obtained by her after marriage, by inheritance, bequest, or purchase, the same general rule applies.

C. W. R., Winnebago City, Minn. Do you think that prayer for the conversion of another person can do any good? Will not God do all in his power consistent with his laws, for that person anyway?

The same line of reasoning might be applied to all prayers. God encourages us to pray to him, and we have abundant ground for expecting answers to our prayers. We do not know how God answers, nor what course he would pursue if the prayers were not offered. That is not our side of the relation. The fact of our being invited to go to God with our requests, that God has said that for all right things he would be inquired of (Ezek. 36: 37.), and that assurances are given that prayer will be heard, should be sufficient for us as an indication of our duty. We know that Christ prayed for Peter (Luke 22: 32.), and his example should remove any doubt we might have as to the need or efficacy of such prayers.

Mrs. O. E. Stombaugh, Evangelist, Dauphin Island, Mobile, Ala., writes:

Permit me to extend to your dear paper and patrons our heartfelt thanks for THE CHRISTIAN ALDS sent me by Mrs. James Holiday and the tian literature, clothing and money sent us th its influence. Our Sunday School has been cl and the Mission has been kept moving thro help derived through the influence of your pa C. Cook, of Chicago, and a few others. Our Mission and Sunday School is still struggling church needs furnishing and painting, for climate paint is needed to preserve a bu Many thanks for two boxes of Bibles sent us H. Phillips, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Subscriber, Oakland, Miss. When one truly b and loves God, and tries to live every day er to him, is he a Christian? Or does G quire us to become Christians when we h a change in heart all at once?

Such a one is a Christian, unquestion But more is required of the Christian mere personal belief; he must live and a Christian life, and this is only to be d following the example of the Saviour, whole earthly career was spent in doing to others.

M. A. H., Cedar Bluff, Ala. Do the Mohamm believe in the old Bible? My impressi that they did not believe in any of our Bi have always thought they believed m but that the "Koran" written by Mo about six hundred years after Christ w bible.

They do not believe in the Old Testa Much of the Koran is a travesty of Bibl tory, and in it the names of many of th Testament prophets are introduced. ere are many Jewish and Christian element fragments of doctrine in the Koran, and e of Mohammed's own relatives were Ch converts. Mohammedans declare tha Jewish and Christian Scriptures are un worthy, having been interpolated and wise corrupted.

J. B. Renner, Chicago. What is the nu strength of the Moslem world at the time?

Estimates vary, some claiming 175,0 others 400,000,000. There are 25,500, China. In India there is a Mohammeda ulation exceeding 40,000,000, more th Turkey, where the total is 32,000,000. are 30,000,000 in the Malay Peninsular, 1 000 in Central Asia, 18,000,000 in No Africa, 11,000,000 in Central Africa, 5,0 in Egypt, 11,000,000 in Arabia, and 3,0 or 4,000,000 in Afghanistan. In So Russia, in the Balkan Peninsula, and i garia, the believers in this faith are ve merous, and there are large colonies in eastern Australia. At least 60,000,000 M medans are found in British colonies and probably the true total would 200,000,000.

E. E. F., Warts River, Vt. Address them ally.——Georgia S. B. The address of the Mission is 105 Bowery, New York. Mrs. M. gan, Neb. None whatever.——Miriam G. spring of such marriages is generally rega liable to mental or physical weakness.—— Wheeling, W. Va. The author is Sterne P., Hamilton, O. As we have already freque plained, all such dissipations and diversi better omitted by the Christian who wishes vance in the spiritual life.——Constant Read edo Park. Yes, and they are sent regularly week to the Converts' Meeting at the Bower sion.——Mrs. L. A. K., Earlin, Nev. What is altogether true; the existence of such thin be regretted.——O. W., Lynch, Pa. We bell ——Nellie U., Berwick, Pa. No, we regar topics as unsuitable for public school orato F. S., Aplington, Ia. Not necessarily so, alth is quite unusual.——Inquirer. The African would hardly be congenial to the Armenia live in a temperate latitude.——Mrs. L. side, Cal. Thanks; you are no doubt right the picture.——Mrs. Julia F., Hartford, Mich. are orthodox Eastern Church.——Subscrib chester, Ky. We cannot inform you——W. C. donald, Ont. Your suggestions are good, difficulty is to find means and methods them out.——Hattie E. B., Whitman, Kas. H.J. R., Lake Crystal. This has already b peatedly explained.——M. A. V., Bradford, address is Chicago, Ill.——Lula B., Bridgwat We have no means of tracing it.——Geo. W. lty, Mo. We cannot give the information ——Mrs. P. B. F., Goodrich, Mich. Write to ciety at Washington, D. C., for the informa want.——Mrs. A. H. Y., Chicago, Ill. Ma good men have used it, but it is a vice and be avoided.——Reader, McDonald's Corner Can. Her address is 492 Second avenue, Ne ——Mrs. Betsy S., Ulysses, Pa. We believe published by a Canadian book firm.——F. Los Angeles, Cal. No. A distinction sho made between reasonable interest and exte interest.——Theo. Asmus, Dubuque, Ia. Su jects are out of place in THE CHRISTIAN HER Reader, Foxboro, Tex. We cannot advise J. M. Wheaton, Aylmer, Ont., Can., asks tha reader send her the words of "Do Not Pull Church Down."——Subscriber, Dover, Me. but he should abandon all his sinful practi uniting with the society.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Ancient Egypt's Queen.

MUMMY IN ITS CASE.

In a recent dispatch from Cairo, one of the most interesting discoveries yet made by the explorers of Egypt is reported. It is the mummy of Queen Khnemit who is believed to have belonged to the 12th dynasty of Egyptian monarchs. When they reigned is a matter of dispute, but it is probably about four thousand years ago. If this identification is as correct as it appears to be, the remains now brought to light are those of a woman who was contemporary with Abraham, and may actually have seen the patriarch. They were found by M. de Morgan who is in charge of the exploration work at Dahshur on the west bank of the Nile a few hours' journey to the south-west of Cairo. At the southern end of the plateau stands the pyramid of Amenemhat III., which has been partially destroyed by the peasants for building material. When M. de Morgan had cleared away the rubbish surrounding it, he found the remains of a wall, between which and the pyramid, he suspected the near relatives of the monarch were likely to be buried. A careful search revealed the concealed entrance to a shaft which, when uncovered, was found to lead to a subterranean gallery. A number of chambers opened into the gallery, each containing a sarcophagus, or stone coffin. These were brought up and opened. The first was of a royal prince named Au-ab-Ra, who is unknown to history, but was evidently a man of some importance. The second was of the Princess Ha, who had been buried with a great wealth of beautiful ornaments upon her. But the greatest find of all was the third sarcophagus brought up. It contained the mummy of Queen Khnemit as the inscription upon the stone sarcophagus explained. A magnificent golden crown was upon her head and jewelry of exquisite workmanship adorned her person. Gold ornaments inlaid with cornelian, turquoise and lapis-lazuli shone in the light that had not touched them for four thousand years. They had been well preserved in that dry chamber and had lost none of their lustre. The fastenings of the collar and some of the smaller ornaments had become loose, and had fallen beside the mummy into the coffin, but the others were still in place, as they were left when the Queen was laid to rest. In an adjoining chamber were the funeral offerings and the vases of unguents, with which the Ka, or spiritual double of the deceased Queen, was supposed to delight itself. Every article was beautiful, as well as valuable, and showed how advanced was the art and civilization of Egypt in that early age of the world. But art and civilization did not avail to save Egypt from falling, and now a representative of a modern nation, unknown when the Queen was laid crowned in her coffin, takes off her crown and holds it up to the admiration of his countrymen. So God's warning to Pharaoh, uttered centuries ago by the prophet, when Egypt was powerful, has been fulfilled:

I will bring thy destruction among the nations unto the countries which thou hast not known. Ezek. 32: 9.

A Bird in Difficulties.

A lover of birds at Shreveport, La., reports in a local journal an incident he witnessed in the public square near his home. He noticed a commotion among the sparrows in the open space. They were flying to and fro between the fountain and a boarding that some builders had put up during alterations in a corner building. Curious to ascertain what the birds were doing he went to the corner. There he saw a sparrow on the pavement unable to fly. A man had been putting some posters on the bare boards and had left a liberal supply of paste on the pavement. The sparrow had made a raid on the sticky stuff which had clogged its feet and feathers and held it fast. In some way he had communicated his trouble to his mates and they were doing their best to set him free. They would fly to the fountain and

M. DE MORGAN EXHIBITING QUEEN KHNEMIT'S CROWN TO HIS PARTY.

get themselves thoroughly wet and returning to their mate, would shower the moisture over him from their wings. In a short time he was able to hop out of the paste and was escorted to the fountain, where he took a bath. His feathers were rapidly cleansed, the whole party assisting in the operation. When it was completed, they flew away, evidently gratified at the success of their efforts. It is much to be wished that men who are prevented soaring by the sins which clog their feet and hold them in the mire, always received similar kindly help from their fellows. Those who do aid in such work not only have the satisfaction of helping another, but have the infallible promise of reward.

Let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins. (James 5:20.)

Fifty Dollars for a City's Site.

An interesting illustration of the changes time may make in values occurs in a historical sketch of Portland, Ore., recently published in the *Oregonian* of that city. It records that in 1843, when not a single house was built on the land, where now the fine city stands in wealth and influence, the whole section was owned by a single settler. He had been for some time anxious to sell it, as he believed it would never be productive. After vainly offering it for sale in several quarters, he at last found a purchaser in a merchant at Oregon City, to whom he disposed of his holding for fifty dollars. The merchant did not go to see his purchase for some time, but when he did, he was so pleased with it that he removed there, opened a store, and had a road cut to the nearest town. He sold several lots at nominal prices to some enterprising men, and in a year or two there was a thriving little village, which grew into an important town, and has now become a great commercial centre. What the land which was sold in 1843 for fifty dollars would bring now, if it were offered in one lot, it would be difficult to estimate. Looking at the city now, with its magnificent buildings and its fine properties, it is almost inconceivable that but little more than half a century ago its site might have been purchased for so small a sum. If any are now alive to whom it was offered, how they must blame themselves for their lack of busines foresight and sagacity! Infinitely more bitter will be the self-reproach of those who miss the eternal reward which will be given to the despised servants of Christ who may have been poor, but have been faithful to their Lord:

Because thou hast been faithful in a very little have thou authority over ten cities. (Luke 19: 17.)

A Mother's Heroism.

The president of a college in Louisiana tells a remarkable story in the New Orleans *Picayune* of a mother's heroism. A bright youth from the country was entered as a student in the college. He was evidently of good birth and breeding but was very poor. A little kindness done to him, brought a letter from his mother which explained the situation. She wrote: "It has been my ambition for several years to give my boy the blessed privilege of a college education. I had set my heart upon it; but the object has not been easy to attain. Every dollar that was required I have had to earn myself, in what was to me the hardest toil—that of picking cotton in the fields." It seemed an extraordinary thing that a woman who toiled in that way should have had so intense a desire for her son to have a college education, but later, the reason was disclosed. The mother had once been wealthy, and indeed, her husband who died in the war, once owned the very plantation where she worked. Rather than her boy should miss the education she coveted for him, she had humiliated herself and worn herself out in the unaccustomed labor. One wonders what that boy will become. If he neglected his studies and idled away his time, wasting the opportunity purchased for him at such a cost, no words would be too severe to describe his ingratitude and folly. Yet there are only too many examples of infinitely greater ingratitude. The opportunity of obtaining eternal life is often slighted, though to provide it, Christ

Made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant. (Phil. 2: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Many of our Readers will be Pleased to know that the offer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, 52 times, and the large type, International Teachers' Self-Pronouncing Bible, leather-lined, red under gold edges, silk-sewed, is still open. These elegant Bibles will be sent, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for $3, as long as the supply lasts.

Out of Eighty-Nine Additions Last Year to the Congregational ministry in England and Wales, no less than seventy-four are abstainers, and many of them life-long abstainers.

Professor Henry Drummond, the Author of The Natural Law in the Spiritual World and other popular works, is seriously ill. He is now at Tunbridge Wells in a very weak condition; he is suffering also from depression of spirits.

Union Meetings of all the Churches in Marion, Iowa, has been held under the leadership of Evangelist Williams. Several weeks of preparatory work was done, and a large tabernacle, capable of seating 2,000 people, was filled daily.

One Result of the Recent Revival in Dubuque, Ia., was the admission, on profession of faith, to the First Congregational Church, on a recent Sunday, of seventy-one persons, including a large number of leading business of the city.

A Large Legacy has been Left to the English Wesleyan Methodist Church. Under the will of the late Sir Francis Lycett, it is entitled to a sum equivalent to half a million dollars. It is to be applied chiefly to the building of new churches.

One of the Leading Baptist Churches of Richmond, Va., recently lost its church edifice by fire. "The most grateful surprise" it received, as it prepared for rebuilding, was the gift of $100 from the First Colored Baptist Church of the city.

Rev. W. H. Aitken has been Holding Daily services in Old Trinity Church, New York. The services were held at noon, and the large church was crowded to the doors with business men from Wall Street and Lower Broadway. The famous English preacher has lost none of his old-time pulpit power, since his former visit to America.

Dr. Pierson's Meetings in Ireland, have been largely attended. In Cork there were three days' services. Dr. Pierson afterwards returned to Dublin, addressing meetings in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin. One outcome of the latter meeting was the determination to form a Woman's Missionary Prayer Union in Dublin.

Union Evangelistic Meetings have been held recently at Albion, Mich., by Evangelists Potter and Miller of Chicago. Upward of four hundred persons made profession of faith, of whom one hundred and eighty have been received on probation in the Methodist Church, eighty-eight into the Presbyterian and the remainder into churches of other denominations.

The Brooklyn City Mission Expects to resume its wagon services in the early spring. It is estimated that during last summer the Gospel was preached from the wagon to audiences aggregating twenty thousand persons. The Mission is endeavoring to induce the Sunday Schools of the city to undertake the cost of the wagon service for the ensuing season. This will be $350.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has made appropriations so far this year of $917,168, so that with the deficit from last year of $147,170, a total of $1,064,338 was required to meet expenditures. Of this sum there had come to hand from all sources to March 1, $601,837, including $61,169 for the Reunion Fund. The amount needed by April 30 next to balance all claims is therefore $490,102.

Readers of this Journal, who are Specially interested in Armenia, can inform themselves fully and accurately on the subject of the recent massacres, etc., by reading Rev. Frederick D. Greene's new book, *The Rule of the Turk*. A starling expose, replete with harrowing details of the most infamous crime of the nineteenth century, copiously illustrated, maps, etc., commended by Mr. Gladstone in autograph letter, pp. 192, paper cover, price 50c., postage prepaid. May be obtained from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

In a Recent Letter from Persia Mr. Whipple, the eminent missionary writes: "There are, to us who are on picket duty, a number of significant and encouraging indications of a general collapse of Islam. To a close observer they have been noticed some time, and as the dim outlines become more distinct they are attracting a deep interest. Christ's kingdom is making decided progress in these strongholds of error and superstition." The fact may account in some measure for the recent outbreaks of fanaticism. We read in prophecy of one who had great wrath, knowing he had but a short time. (Rev. 12: 12.)

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, Reports Rapid progress in that land. He says that a new church has been built in the capital to hold four thousand people, and in the surrounding neighborhood there are twenty-three smaller churches, which attract large and attentive congregations. Scattered throughout the country there are now some two hundred churches, where service is reverently and orderly conducted, and a church has been lately erected within the King's compound. Mwanga himself is not a Christian, but is no longer a persecutor. He is the murderer of Bishop Hannington.

Indians and the Gospel.

What an Indian Mission in Texas is Accomplishing—Once Heathen, Now Christian.

THROUGH the courtesy of Rev. S. F. Tenny, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Crockett, Tex., we are enabled to present the accompanying illustration, which shows part of a small tribe of Indians in southeast Texas. They migrated many years ago from Alabama (and are called Alabama Indians), through Louisiana, to Texas. They have lived peaceably with the whites, but remained in a heathen state until a few years ago. Rev. W. A. Jones, a Presbyterian minister (who is seen in the front of the picture, with a book in his hand), has been preaching monthly to them for the past five or six years. Mrs. Currie, who is seen in the midst of a group of white young ladies on the left, has been serving the Indians as a missionary teacher, conducting both a day-school, and a Sabbath School, and advising and prescribing for them in their sickness.

About fifteen years ago, these Indians were in a savage state, wearing the wild Indian style of dress, playing ball and fishing and hunting on the Sabbath, as on other days, often being drunken, spending much of their time in idleness, having no Sabbath, no prayer or praise service, no Christian marriage, no Christian burial, no school, no house of worship, unable to read, and knowing no Saviour. Now they are industrious, but have only a small tract of land, and much of it is poor. The picture shows their improvement in their neat and intelligent appearance. Other improvements are contemplated. Some of the men must be sent off where they can have better educational advantages, and where they will be trained to be Christian teachers. The girls and women must have some special instruction in sewing and housekeeping. Some clothing is needed for the oldest and poorest, and some medicines for the sick. The preacher is provided by Home Mission Funds, but help is needed for other improvements.

Any of our readers who are interested in this excellent missionary work, can learn all about it and its needs by writing to Rev. F. S. Tenney, Crockett, Texas.

AN INDIAN MISSION FAMILY AT CROCKETT, TEX

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Mother-Love.

She may be bent with the weight of four-score years and ten, and her living son be three-score years, writes Rev. David Gregg, but yet that first natural mother-love, instead of ceasing, is seemingly growing stronger, and is just as heartily reciprocated. Why is this? Because these loves are as immortal as the soul. I saw something of maternal love a month ago, when I spent a week with my own mother on the other side of the Alleghanies. She is seventy and seven now. When I was coming away she came to me and said: "Son, I want to say that I have done nothing else but cry ever since you have been here. But son, do not think I am not glad to see you. The tears are not tears [illegible] She did not need to tell me that; I knew it by the way she pronounced the word, "son," and by the number of times she called me "son." Now that she can no longer use the endearing term "husband," the term "son" is made to carry in it all the love tones she can command. "Son! Son!" that name will run through my soul as long as I have life, and it will keep on saying to me: "The love that hovered over the cradle outlived the cradle; it continues loyal to you through your mature manhood, as through your mature manhood it marches into eternity." This love for our friends who have gone, and our faith in a future life match each other, fit each other, and are two halves of a corresponding whole.

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A Child's Pointed Question.

A bright little lad on his father's knee inquired: "Papa, is your soul insured?" "Why do you ask, my son?" "Because I heard Uncle Frank say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he did not think you thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Can't you get it insured right away?" It was true, and the father was led to seek the divine guarantee of his soul's well-being.

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Clever Parsee Women.

There is much that is noble and worthy in the Parsees of India. The women specially strike us, with their broad, thoughtful brows and firm mouths. You see them going about quite freely in their graceful dress, and after a month spent among unduly subordinated women it is refreshing to see husbands and wives walking together, side by side, or driving along the sea front with their children. There is a quiet, strong bearing, and entire absence of what strikes an observer so painfully in even casual contact with non-Christian Hindu, Buddhist, or Mohammedan men. Of the 90,000 Parsees in India about 80,000 are in Bombay. They are glad to welcome Europeans to their houses; they are eager to send their girls to a Christian High School; and though they are strongly set against becoming Christians, they are glad to hear if there is any one to tell them of Christ. So far no regular missionary work has been done among them. One feels a call to evangelize poor Hindu women, who wearily throng the streets out of pity for their low estate. A lady of long experience writes that only cultured women, if possible University graduates, can hope to reach the Parsee women in Bombay.

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Avoid Slang.

Bishop Potter of New York has lately given some good advice to the young ladies of Vassar regarding the use of slang. He greatly deprecated the use of many of the absurd adjectives and extravagant phrases that are so frequently used by young people, who are thoughtless and do not place a proper estimate on the value of their expressions. The good bishop said: 'Slang is one of the greatest dangers to which our tongue is subjected. Just as coin is debased, so is a language. The dialect story, with all its tenderness and pathos, is of doubtful value. There isn't a woman who is not conscious of the danger of giving vigor to expression by the aid of slang. I sometimes talk with young men, students at the most venerable colleges in this country, and blush to say that their language is often such that I cannot understand their conversation. And another trouble is that women often find that such words on their own lips create a laugh among men. On the testimony of young men themselves, you can wear no charm greater than that of reserved, cultivated choice speech. Use your eye, your mind, your lip to lift up the great tongue which we all inherit." This we regard as excellent advice from a quarter that deserves to be heeded.

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The Children's Play-room.

There are very few investments that parents can make which pay so well in health, joy and general satisfaction as wholesome, innocent amusement that will keep their sons and daughters at home evenings. At almost any sacrifice of comfort it is worth while to set apart a room in the house that the children may call their own. In this each one may have a cupboard or closet where his or her belongings in the way of books, toys and trinkets may be kept undisturbed by other hands. Of course, if each child can have his or her room, so much the better. It costs little in building to provide an extra room; if this cannot be afforded, there is almost always an attic that could be made tolerable as a playroom at a small expense. In one family, where there are many children, the dining room, which is the largest apartment in the house, has been, by a sort of general consent, turned over to the little ones every evening after the last meal of the day.

They may spread out their toys and books on the table, turn somersaults over the floor, play antics of all sorts with the furniture, and nobody objects so long as they do not indulge in breakage and quarreling. The line is drawn at that point. The din is sometimes great, but there are two wise parents who have learned by a careful study of the children in the neighborhood that noise at home is a good deal bettter than sly wickedness abroad.

***

The Girls that are Wanted.

THE girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure, as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say;
That drive with a smile and soft word
The wrath of the household away.

***

FARMERS' WIVES.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTI HERALD, there was published a ter on "The Possibilities of F Life," and it has been the mean directing the attention of many our readers to the subject. One la who signs "Elizabeth," writes from Th Rivers, Mich., as follows:

"I have just read the letter on 'The F sibilities of Farm Life,' and I confess t great feeling that is very one-sided. S possibilities may be for a young wom who has herself, husband, and p sibly a hired man or t to care for, but they not for the mother three small children, w does all the cookin scrubbing, cleaning, se ing, and is subject to c stant interruptions fr the little ones, who m be waited upon fi While I would not the farmer's wife a sla she must toil early a late to keep 'things cent.' If she have pr and ambition, and ma farmers' wives do ha she has to make even reading of her Bible the weekly newspape matter of conscience, it is neglected. Very wives of the ave farmer can afford to k even one hired girl, a of course the husband no time to sweep or chores, and so the mot bears a burden too he for her, and often bef the children are able help themselves, the ti mother is called to a better home, and children are left motherless.

"They tell me, 'let some work go to-da but it can no more be 'let go,' in the ho than in an office, where each day's counts must be 'posted.' If 'let go,' th is such an accumulation that two wome work must be done upon the morro There are very few ways in which mother can save herself. These few greedily improve; for, though I love home, husband, and little ones better th life, I feel I must live for them. I real that children from ten to twenty nee mother's restraining love and influe more than the little ones need moth When so many mothers leave their chidr to the school, the church, and Sund School, and the street, then would I kn most about them and hold them closest

"I write this not to discourage farme wives, but to beg your sympathy fo class more overworked and perplexed th the poor washerwomen or the poor se ingwomen, who toil in a shop all th weary days. Housekeeping on a far even with modern conveniences, mea all-day labor; while even a busy moth in town can get the general housewo done at nine or ten, with at least an ho to sew or mend before dinner, except 'wash' or 'bake' days.

"Over many a hot kitchen stove ris prayers to the Throne of Grace, and p tience and strength are given to the Chr tian mother while from her weary so comes the cry:

'Tis enough that Thou dost care,
Why should I the burden bear?

ELIZABETH."

Invalid Excuses.

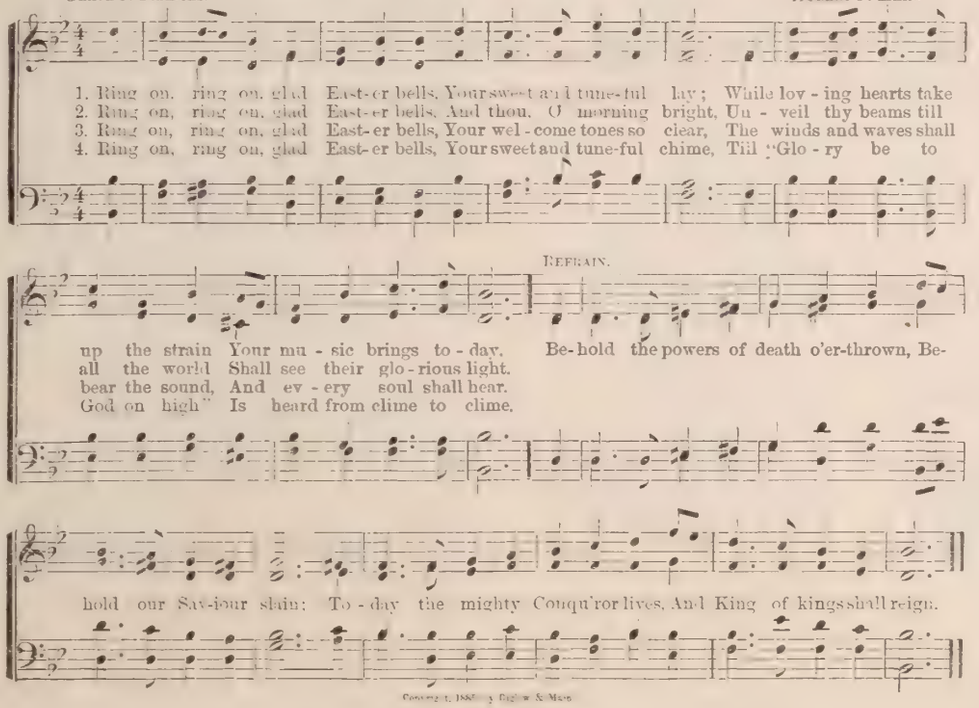
ggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning April 12. Acts 26: 19-28.

BUNYAN'S picture of the man raking twigs and straws together, and so intent on his occupation, that the angel holding the gold crown above him, cannot attract his attention to it, is an appropriate type of multitudes of lives. Men so pride themselves on their ability to estimate values and are sufficiently far-sighted to practice self-denial to secure future gain, often limit their horizon to this life and to material things. Possession rather than character—what a man has, rather than what he is—regulates the common estimate of him. If our friends who have passed into the unseen can see our occupations and the eagerness we display to win the world's prizes, how many must wish they could speak to us and tell us what things are really valuable! But even if they could, they would probably be disappointed by our lack of faith. We have the highest authority for believing that men would not be convinced "though one rose from the dead." Yet in dealing with children, we are quick enough to perceived the absurdity or the principle on which we act. The boy who neglected his studies that he might give more time to his games, and who justified his negligence by the plea that his comrades admired his skill in base-ball more than his skill in mathematics, or the classics, would be sharply told that their estimate was false. He would be warned that school days would soon be over and that he was wrecking his prospects for his whole life by giving more attention to play than to study. Yet the man who neglects the warning may be neglecting prayer and his equipment for eternity, while he gives all his thought and energy to the world's pursuits, which must terminate with his mortal life. His doing so indicates grave dereliction of duty as well as a defective prospective. It is as if a servant were sent with a definite commission to a certain place and on his return reported having done many things, but none of those he was sent to do. Nothing can be more certain to any intelligent Christian than the fact that he is placed here primarily for the development of his own character and for the help he can give to others. His first duty lies there. There are many other matters, domestic, social and public, that he may legitimately attend to but he must not leave his chief duty unperformed. In the Parable of the Supper (Luke 14: 7-24), in which our Lord dealt with the subject, he does not represent the guests as doing wrong things. The wrong consisted in their permitting them to take the time which should have been given to a manifest duty. In the passage connected with the topic, Felix and Agrippa are described as merely postponing the consideration of the subject while they attended to matters that appeared to them more important. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," is the explicit and emphatic direction of the Lord. No excuse can avail for disobeying this. Yet there is a very real danger of doing so. Life is so hard, business so engrossing, the necessity for providing for loved ones so imperative, that the morning prayer may become a mere formality and the evening prayer the dull routine of a tired, sleepy man. God has a right to expect different treatment from us. It is our duty to see that he has the first and chief place in our lives and to take care that our own consciences do not accept excuses that we could not make to him. However important from a worldly standpoint a certain course may be, however desirable the end to be achieved, it should be shunned if it is detrimental to spiritual life. That Christian is unworthy of his name and place, who is not prepared to suffer loss or forego gain rather than be false to Christ.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

RING ON, GLAD EASTER BELLS.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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By per of the Publishers

Easter Day.

HOW shall we keep this holy day of gladness,
This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness
Forever drives away?
The night is past, its sleep and its forgetting:
Our risen Sun, no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning
Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorning,
Nor any lifeless thing:
Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the splendor
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

And, with the myrrh, oh, put away the leaven
Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
And cold and lifeless form:
Still, with the lilies, deeds of mercy bringing,
And fervent prayers, and praises upward springing,
And hopes pure, bright, and warm.

So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
And light thy wintry way;
Till rest is won, and patience, smiling faintly,
Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly,
To hail heaven's Easter-day.

—EMILY SEAVER.

God's Care for All.

THERE'S not a bird, with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in thy paternal care!

And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity!

Through all creation let thy name
Be echoed with a glad acclaim!
That let the grateful churches sing;
With that let heaven forever ring!

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life and thought and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace!

Security.

THE everlasting arms are now around me,
God's presence seemeth very near.
I will securely rest tho' foes surround me,
With ne'er a thought of doubt or fear.
While in this fiery furnace of affliction,
The way seems neither dark nor drear;
Although the billows, mountains high, break o'er me.
My Saviour comes to help and cheer.

Since thou has heard my prayer, and me delivered,
From persecution's awful power,
My vow I'll keep! I promise most sincerely,
To live for Jesus every hour.

—MRS. R. M. OSGOOD.

Sowing and Reaping.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

—THOMAS HASTINGS.

If.

IF sudddenly upon the street
My gracious Saviour I should meet,
And he should say, "As I love thee,
What love hast thou to offer me?"
Then what could this poor heart of mine
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thonght would know;
And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place
Wherein he met me face to face,
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun
For his dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

—CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

The Prophetic Interval.

Reasons for Believing that Christ will come Before the Millennium.

BY W. E. BLACKSTONE.*

Continued from page 251.

FROM the explanation given in the preceding articles, it will be seen that there is a radical difference between the views of Christians as to the events which are to intervene between the present time and the end of the world. Some expect that the world will grow better and become more Christianized until we reach the Millennium, when the process will go on still more rapidly until at the end of the Millennium Christ will come. The other view is that the world will grow worse until ungodliness culminates in the production of Antichrist, the man of sin, that Christ may come at any time to call the Church to himself and after it is taken away Antichrist will rule and persecute for a time, until Christ comes to the earth in glory and takes the power and reigns; in short, that Christ will come before not after the Millennium. The latter is the view we believe to be true.

Pre-millennialists believe that Christ may come now at any moment, and that we should ever be found watching and waiting, with our loins girded about, and our lights burning, and ourselves like men that wait for their Lord.

The eighteen hundred years which have passed only make "our salvation" much "nearer than when we believed," and it is "high time to awake out of sleep."

There is no prophesied event which has to be fulfilled before his coming in the air to receive the Church. Therefore we have need of patience that we may receive the promise: "For yet a little while" "and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Heb. 10: 37.

"But," you say, "is it a little while?" Ah! beloved does it seem long to you from creation to the flood, or from the flood to Christ? The "little while" of Hag. 3: 6-7, we believe, has not ended yet. See Joel 3: 16-17; Heb. 12: 16-27, and it certainly covered the five hundred years up to Christ's first coming. Remember that God speaks to you as to an immortal soul.

Wait until you have realized a few of the mighty cycles of eternity, and then these eighteen centuries will indeed appear to be "a very little while."

Oh! let us fix our eyes upon Jesus. Let us watch and wait for the King Eternal.

It is admitted on all sides that the pre-millennial coming of Christ, and his reign with the saints upon the earth a thousand years, was the faith of the early Church. Indeed, this is substantiated by such an abundance of evidence, that it cannot be denied.

We cannot believe (as some assert), that the Apostles were mistaken, and consequently not inspired upon this theme, nor that they and all the early Christians, mocked themselves with false hopes in regard to the pre-millennial coming of Christ. They watched and waited for the return of our Lord, as a sure event, the hour of which none but the Father knew, but which had been enjoined upon them as uncertain (Matt. 25: 42-44) and imminent (Luke 12: 35-40; Heb. 10: 37). And as they passed away to the unseen domain of Paradise, they have left us the written Word, their reiterated traditions (teachings handed down), and their great hope. So we take up their vigil, hopefully watching, not daring to say that he will come to-morrow, nor a thousand years hence, but only this are we sure of, he may come now.

God has held this glorious hope constantly before the Church, to keep her in her proper attitude of expectancy and longing, until the Bridegroom comes.

* From his work *Jesus is Coming*. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

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CHAPTER XIII.

JANET did not forget the peculiar crab-like appearance of the combined gait of Skipper Dan and little Ethel, the day she met them on the beach off Castaway Ledge. And the next day did she not see a like manifestation in the road that she walked and which ran down to the Skipper's home?

"There certainly is Ethel, dragging one way, and the skipper hauling another. And how crooked he walks," thought Janet.

This time it was Ethel who was tugboat. It was Skipper Dan who was being tugged. When Janet neared them, she saw plainly the reason for this new crab-movement.

"Oh dear," exclaimed Janet, "Skipper is drunk and Ethel is getting him home. How shameful!"

"Yes, Ethel seemed to think so, for she would not look at Janet. She felt disgraced, child though she was. Her black eyes swam in tears. Turning her head away, she pitifully cried to the skipper, "come, come!"

"G—G—Gampsie—hic—come!" replied the maudlin.

"Oh, Ethel! This is too bad," said Janet, in a tone of deep, sincere sympathy. It was not what Ethel wanted. She wanted to get drunken old Gampsie home as soon as possible. She paid no attention to Janet, but this offer of sympathy only seemed to emphasize Gampsie's shame, and tugging with new energy, the tears brimming her eyes, Ethel appealed anew to the Skipper, "come, come!"

"She wants to be left alone. She does not want me to see her," concluded Janet. "I'll let her go on and watch them until they get home." She watched this crab continuing its awkward, crooked movements, until the shameful Gampsie disappeared behind his own low door.

"Poor Paulina!" ejaculated Janet.

Yes, it was poor Paulina all that day, and the next and next, for Skipper Dan's drinking-fits, though occasional, lasted several days when once they set in. She came up to Janet's, and sitting down before the open wood-fire, unburdened her soul to Janet and Mrs. Blakev.

"And it's a-growin' on him," said Paulina with gasping breath and red eyes. "This is the second time in a month. Ned is down on it—and Sandy and Ethel. Why thy child takes it to heart as if it were a—a night mare—"

"What?" asked Janet."

"Why, she wakes up and screams, 'Gampsie can't walk straight!' Oh, dear."

"I thought," said Janet, who was at work on her wardrobe in preparation for her departure for the war, "I thought we had a law forbidding the sale of liquor, and yet it is easy enough to get it."

Mrs. Blakey here fetched a deep sigh. She had not in her own married home seen the evil of drink, for Blakey, the calm, phlegmatic Blakey, was a radical and a fighter in temperance matters, strange as it might seem for one of his temperament. Mrs. Blakey had a sister though, whose freshness had been swept away by [illegible] Drink. This sister's husband had died of delirium tremens, and then the sister died somewhere in New York, her life crushed out of her by that monster of a husband's shame and of the miseries of a drunkard's home. Mrs. Blakey kept in her heart a picture of this sister's daughter. Whether this daughter were living or not, she could not say. The family had drifted beyond all recent knowledge of Mrs. Blakey, like a vessel that gets away from its moorings in the night and drifts off somewhere into the darkness covering the sea. Once, a rumor, a voice out of this dark, came to Mrs. Blakey saying that the niece whose face was packed away in a little drawer upstairs, had married one who turned out to be a drunkard like her father. That was all.

"The poor dear," murmured Mrs. Blakey. "That's the last of her happiness."

The last of everything that concerned the niece, it seemed to the aunt, for she heard nothing further from this afflicted vessel upon the dark sea.

All these things made Mrs. Blakey a zealous temperance advocate. That is the only compensation in such cases. They make a whetstone on which we sharpen our interest that is too apt to grow dull. Mrs. Blakey's interest was sharpened by Skipper Dan's shame, and she spoke decidedly at this fire-side conference of three women; "I think something ought to be done. We have law enough to stop the sellin'—Blakey says that—and he is a-comin' now and I'll ask him."

Blakey entered in his slow, deliberate way, said "How d'y do," slowly to each woman, and then proceeded to hang his hat on one nail and his overcoat on another.

"Come, Blakey," said his impatient spouse, "I want to ask you suthin—"

"Wall!" he said calmly.

"Why ain't the rum shops shet up, Blakey?"

He laughed. You wimmin int'rested in that? about time."

The moment he said this, he looked at Paulina. He seemed to have forgotten that she was there, the daughter of the disgraced skipper.

"Scuse me, P'leen," he said promptly. "I might have known better than that."

His manner changed at once. He was not the same Blakey. He brought his foot down heavily upon the floor. His voice swelled. "I'll tell ye," he said indignantly. "It's because our selectmen are not ready to enforce the law. What's law good for, if it ain't carried out? There's our selectman, Lawyer Mannin', he is true blue. He wants to puts the law through, and Lawyer Skeele, he don't. Then, there's Trafton, he is fully in Skeele's hands. Why, we can't have the police we want. They won't appoint 'em. And I say it's a tarnal shame, P'leen."

"He's wakin' up," Mrs. Blakey had whispered complacently to Janet. "He's orful if you git him waked up."

There were signs though that Blakey was relapsing. He had folded his large hands in his lap. His face was growing calm. His eyes were shutting. Mrs. Blakey was not going to permit any lapse.

"Blakey," she called aloud, "what can we do?" He was awake again.

"What can you do, you wimmin? Jest go round with a petition to the selectmen, git everybody to sign it and hand it in—"

Blakey was not accustomed to turn off so much business in so short a time, and it startled Mrs. Blakey.

"Us wimmin?" she said in astonishment. She was not prepared for this. She had aroused that lapsing Blakey to an extent she had not anticipated.

"Us wimmin?" also asked Paulina. It had seemed to Pauline as if woman's only relation to intemperance was that of suffering. The idea that women could do anything to sweep the curse out of the way, anything beyond remonstrance in private, was a new one to Paulina. To see some selfish male brute wallow in his vice, unavailingly to protest, deeply to suffer—was not that woman's part in the awful tragedy of drink?

Blakey began again, and this time Mrs. Blakey looked at him timorously, as if wondering what this waked up man would do next.

"Now if you wimmin should go to work it would have a great effect—"

"What about you men?" suggested Janet, who like Mrs. Blakey was astonished to see this energy and reluctant also to be dragged into the contest. She did not know what was coming.

"Oh, we will help, help all we can, but," replied Blakey, "I believe to finish up this job with the devil—"

"Why, Blakey!" said Mrs. Blakey in surprise. "How you talk?" He did not mind her but went on.

"I believe we must have the help of woman, have it as we never have had it—"

"You mean votin', too?" asked Paulina.

"Yes, I mean votin'."

"Why, Blakey!" said his surprised spouse again. She looked at him as if she failed to recognize in this radical, enthusiastic champion, her quiet husband. He did not notice her interruption, but continued, "We must have the wimmin help in a lot of ways. What I was thinkin' of now was this. Jenet spoke to me"—She began to wish she hadn't spoken—"now Jenet would make a stir, I tell you, among the enemy, if she should take that petition from the wimmin and us men folks, too, and jes' go to the selectmen and lay it afore 'em. That would make a stir—"

"I should think it would," remarked Janet in a rather ironical tone, bending over her work.

"But why not?" asked Blakey.

Janet was silent.

"Here is a great work to be done. It takes one that has an influence, a position in society, or any way, I mean that them things will help amazin'ly. There, Jenet, I jes' put that on your conscience."

Mrs. Blakey afterwards told him she thought he was "sassy." This criticism was made in private, when the fireside conference was broken up.

"Oh, I jes' laid it on her conscience, this hull subject, wife. You tell me to wake up and see these evils."

"Yes, but —"

"You didn't think I'd wake up so much, did you? Wall, you see if I ain't like a lamb at dinner-time."

Blakey at dinner was passive and tame enough to suit the most ardent admirer of the lamb-character. He said no more about temperance than if it had been a subject known only to interest the Hottentots. He said hardly a word and only occasionally did he raise his sleepy eyes in response to some such request from Mrs. Blakey as, "Parse the bread to Jennet." All the while he was thinking. He new that he had laid the subject discussed on Janet's conscience.

"It is a first rate place to leave anything in," was his constantly recurring thought.

He had not made a mistake when he made Janet's conscience a depository for his recommendation to womankind. Once Janet would not have given the subject any special thought, if indeed a second thought. Her temperament was not one that welcomes for its own sake the stir of any public movement. She preferred a quiet nook in life. Her education had not made public activity congenial. Then her father in his positive way laid down and emphasized those restrictions which he thought appropriate to woman's sphere. Little enough did he enjoy or permit a woman to tell him what was proper, but with a firm, strong hand he built and carried high various fences for womankind. He kept Janet inside those fences all that he possibly could. While Janet felt all these influences, there was also that Morton pride which she had begun to confront. Its mastery she had undertaken. Rather, had she not placed herself where it could be undertaken for her? "My all in His hands," had she not said? Yes, and she was not willing to withdraw it. But this was a hard matter. Janet had shrunk from all public notice, had even shrunk from anything so undemonstrative and private as Sunday School work, Janet Morton known as a young woman of quiet, scholarly tastes, Janet Morton living in simple but real and dignified seclusion behind that trim, green lawn, was this Janet Morton to step out and engage in an attempt to organize public opinion and make it into a battering-ram and drive it against a Board of select men whose majority had gone to sleep over the sin of rum-selling? What a mark for public criticism would be Janet Morton! Lavina Skeele would turn up her nose at this new, unladylike crusader.

Then Janet imagined herself marching inro the Selectmen's room, all eyes upon her, a reporter of the neighboring newspaper ready to say how she looked and what she said! But she saw something worse, the sleeping majority on that miss board refusing to hear her or see h That would be indeed mortifying to old Morton pride. What was one of J son Morton's mottoes? Was it not th "Plan well, and then stop short of no ing but success." An excellent motto success be the thing that is right. Judson Morton's pride hated to be uns cessful in anything. To carry his p whether good, bad, or indifferent, wa sweet morsel to this omnivorous pri To lose his point was like bitter herbs his diet. This pride had come down Janet Morton with the Morton name w this little piece of Morton property, w its antique furniture, with its trim, gr lawn. However, the venturesome Bla Chase—"rash man," his wife labeled in private—had laid the whole subject checking the traffic in intoxicating be ages on Janet's conscience. She thou she would have a talk witn Lawyer M ning about this matter. She briefly sta the point to him. He looked at her tently. "Miss Morton, I am delight Just to have it mentioned is an encour ment. I have fought the battle alone the Board, and am powerless. Outs I can't seem to find allies who have s cient power. I mean allies among men. If the women should press matter, if Miss Morton, say, should b the influence of her position socially bear upon this evil, I believe it woul a heavier gun than has been fired off y

"But, what if I should fail?"

"What if you should succeed?"

Janet laughed, and it made very agr ble music in the lawyer's office, so and business-like with its desks and r of leather-covered law books. Law Manning could only give a brief opin as he was abruptly summoned out of office, but like Blakey Chase's opinion went to Janet's conscience. "Bring influence of her opinion socially to t upon this evil," did he say? "Noble oblige," the Frenchman says, or, "r imposes obligation." If God wanted influence, what right had she to with it? Was it not all in His hands alrea Would she take it away?

Then there was her pride. The self spect of how many women, the pride Paulina, the shame of so many moth and wives, Drink had trampled up. How much Paulina had suffered beca her father had disgraced himself in streets of the town, urged home by t crying little girl. When she though all these wounds, could not Janet con to a crucifixion of her pride? Was t not One whom she followed as her M ter who had hung his pride on a Ro cross and let the soldiers of Gentiles their nails through it, and pierce its heart?

"I have nothing more to say," so quized Janet to whom these thoughts one afternoon, as she sat alone in chamber. "I have given all into hands."

She knelt by her chair, she did not it, but as she told God she was willin any work that he might ask of her, afternoon sun stretching long and reached her head and crowned it in gol blessing. Janet did not feel this cro Who does feel it? She was conscious a cross resting upon her, and content and in the strength of him to whom had given herself, went out to bear t cross.

The cross was not of her choos What cross is? If we could chose our ficulties and trials they would not be t that we need. There was, however, way of escape consistent with her res to leave all in the Lord's hands. He was Paulina suffering, and there v other women in similar circumstan Here was the Skipper, and there v other weak men who could not see smell liquor without wanting it. He was the law forbidding the sale of li and the men who ought to enforce it, did not. Here was Blakey telling that she could lend powerful aid to rem the evil. Should she refuse, and so pr that she was not sincere in leaving life to the control of her Lord? No, would not do that. She had offered shoulders to bear the cross, and she w accept whatever cross the Lord chos lay upon them. The very fact of work being repugnant to her was enc aging. It showed that God had acce her offer of herself.

(To be Continued.)

A Polar Balloon Trip.

xplorer's Andree's Bold Plan for Surmounting the Dangers of Arctic Travel.

ERR S. A. Andree is the author of the latest scheme to reach the North Pole. He proposes to make the attempt in a manner never before tried—namely, in a balloon. He has had a balon specially constructed. The start is to made at the Norsk Islands, Spitzbergen, d he calculates that if e wind be favorable, ought to cross the Pole about ten hours after aving Spitzbergen, and en if the wind were ly moderate the jourshould be accomished in forty-eight urs. The distance from itzbergen to the Behrg Straits, it is thought, ght not to take more an five days, but his culations allow for irty days in case of dent.

The top of the balloon ll be covered with a p of cloth soaked in oil, e idea being that the in air reservoir which placed between the and the balloon will as a guard against y sudden changes in temperature, and al- that no snow shall on the top of the loon. There is no ve in the top, but balloon is provided h two at slightly difnt heights near the iest part. The diamr of the balloon is ut sixty-seven feet, d it holds 135,000 cu- feet of gas. The covng is of cloth, treble rnished. A car for ssengers is made of k, with a roof, and also contains sleeping ces for two. The balloon is furnished h a sail about 888 square feet, the obt of which is not only to form a steering paratus, but also to accelerate speed. ove the passenger car is another car for rying provisions. The balloon is built carry 4620 pounds of ballast, food for r and a half months, various articles of thing, guns, sufficient ammunition for o charges, scientific and photographic truments, and a cooking stove. The istration of Prof. Andree's aerial vehicle this page is reproduced from the Lon- *Illustrated News*.

A BALLOON FOR THE NORTH POLE

Prof. Andree's Proposed Aerial Exploration.

Longitude and Latitude.

An old pastor, now dead, used to relate following incident: "There came to here one day a grand-looking fellow. I d not asked whether he did business on water, for the sea breeze had kissed brow so often that it had left its mark re. I said, 'Where did you find the rd?'" In a moment he answered, 'Latde 25, longitude 54.' I confess that her puzzled me. I had heard of people ding Jesus Christ in these galleries and wn these aisles, but here was something ite different. 'Latitude 25, longitude 54! hat do you mean?' He said, 'I was sitg on deck, and out of a bundle of papers ore me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sers. I began to read it. As I read it I w the truth, and I received Jesus in my art. I jumped off the coils of ropes, sav- I thought if I were on shore I would low where I was saved, and why should ot on the sea? And so I took my latitle and longitude.'"

Feeling and Believing.

Speaking to persons who declare that lings are necessary to salvation, a reot writer says: Martin Luther, in one of conflicts with the devil, was asked by arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. o," said the great reformer, "I don't ll that my sins are forgiven, but I know ey are, because God says so in his Word. ul did not say, Believe on the Lord Jes Christ, and thou shalt feel saved, but Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, Do you feel that your debt is paid? "No," is his reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." You must believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you may know you are saved. A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speak of their feelings, used to say: "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and he is my Surety right on to eternity; and I'll stick to that like a limpet to a rock."

A Consecrated Life.

One of the humblest yet most effective Christian workers in America was the late Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, a member of the Society of Friends. She traveled largely in this country and Canada, as well as in her native land, England. During the Civil war, she visited 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, going from bed to bed, and giving the Gospel message to those who were not able to meet together. She also visited 122,000 prisoners. In later years 85,000 inmates of alms-houses have received her ministrations, besides many other benevolent and reformatory institutions. For many years she was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and continued to be so while she lived. Mrs. Comstock's Memoirs are now published by her daughter, Mrs. Caroline O'Harrow, of Union Springs, N. Y. That lady writes of her mother's work: "During her life she was constantly urging the importance of all Christians uniting to fight against evil, and not wasting time and strength disputing one with another. My mother received no salary for her work, and the poor people were very glad to hear her."

Purify

Your blood now, because this is the time when your blood most needs cleansing. The impurities accumulated in winter must certainly be driven out if you would have good health this Spring and Summer. The blood must be given new vitality if you would have good appetite, perfect digestion and escape that tired feeling. The best Spring Medicine, nerve tonic, appetizer and strength builder, is

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BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Mrs. Lydia M. Wheeler; Mrs. Verda Gillogly; Mattie Warner; F. R. Gray; Mrs. Gretta Gray; Eunice Gray; F. H. Beckwith; Charles Woodard; Lizzie Pyle; Mrs. E. S. Hopkins.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose names are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the work during the present week, each giving according to ability and as personal interest in the spiritual progress of the work suggests. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged by mail.

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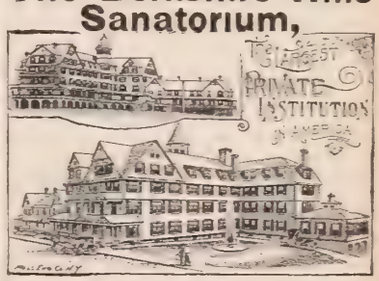

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The Patriarchal Marriage.*

IT would be manifestly unjust to judge of this marriage [that of Isaac and Rebekah] and the way it was brought about by our modern standards. There is much in it that would be distasteful to us. Probably the French would find less to object to than we do. But this much may be said, that Isaac, so far as we can judge from the story, was of a shrinking, nervous disposition; and if his father had not set on foot plans for his marriage, he might never have been married at all. In such cases some action on the part of relatives may be permitted, but as a general rule it is best for a man to choose for himself, and if he has not courage to ask a woman to be his wife, to remain unmarried. But a plan that may be best for us may not be the best for all the world.

After her marriage, the whole interest of Rebekah for us centres in her relationship to her sons, and especially to Jacob.

I need not go over the familiar story of her fond but foolish love for Jacob, and the course it led her to take. Her deception of her husband to forward what she supposed to be the interests of her younger boy is one of the saddest of the many sad stories of the Old Testament.

In it we see a mother starting her son on the wrong road for his life. We are sometimes so disgusted with the son's deceit as to overlook the fact that not only the first suggestion but also the whole plan of it came from his mother. She put it into his head. She met the difficulties which presented themselves to his mind. She arranged and carried out the whole scheme.

I know full well that before this Jacob had taken advantage of his brother Esau's faintness to buy from him the birthright. That was far from being a noble or a brotherly act. But still there was no element of deceit in it. It was a piece of clever trafficking.

It was not chivalrous, I admit, but it was not deceitful. On the road of deceit he was started by Rebekah his mother, to whom he was the favorite son. How did this come about?

First of all, there must have been a lack of confidence between Rebekah and her husband. For the deception is directed against him. Its purpose was to get from him by fraud what could not be got openly and fairly. That would not have been possible if they had been rightly related to one another—if there had been, as there should have been, entire frankness. The relation between husband and wife should, of all relationships, be that in which there are no reserves, no cross purposes. For it is not only the closest, but the most vital, the most far-reaching in its influence. It is, too, the only relationship we choose for ourselves. Most, if not all others, are determined for us without choice of our own. And unless there can be real unity of thought and purpose, it had far better not be formed at all.

But now, as in this early age of the world's history, infinite mischief is done by want of confidence and candor between husband and wife. How often is it the case that the mother has schemes of her own, quite unknown to the father, for the children or for one of them. How often does she screen a son's ill deeds from his father, or secretly find him money to get him out of scrapes, or become aware of things which his father should know, but which she never communicates to him. And all this goes on till the mischief has grown too great to be further hid, and then the father learns of it when it is too late to mend it. Often all this is done

Don't Worry Yourself

to the father, or to stave off his anger. It is true, "charity covereth a multitude of sins"—and it should do, but not from the father by the mother. Such covering usually means increase of the sin.

I am far from saying that the relationship of father and mother to the children is exactly the same. It is not, nor was it intended to be. The mother may be and and ought to be to the child what the father cannot be, and the father what the mother cannot be. The mother should bring into the home circle the element of tenderness, and the father that of strength. The mother should be the nurturer of the heart, and the father of the judgment. I do not mean by this to justify anything approaching to weakness on the part of the mother, or of hardness on the part of the father. Let mothers learn that love can and ought to be firm. Let fathers learn that strength can be and ought to be touched with tenderness. But none the less the father and the mother have separate functions to discharge in relation to their children. It is perhaps natural, too, for boys to cling to the mother and the girls to the father, finding thus the elements most lacking in themselves. All this is well; but I venture to maintain that there should be no reserve between the parents on important matters concerning their children—no crossing of purposes concerning them. If a house be divided against itself, how can it stand? If the father be planning one thing for a child and the mother another, what can follow but confusion and trouble?

Such confusion often arises because of the way marriages are entered upon. Sometimes only on a passing acquaintance with each other—sometimes only because of a pretty face or winning voice, or a graceful deportment or taste for music. Was this the root out of which all this mischief sprang in the case of Isaac and Rebekah? She was chosen for him by a messenger who may have mistaken his own impression for a divine direction—who chose her for his young master because she was the first to appear on the scene, or because of her politeness or the beauty of her face. We are told that Isaac loved Rebekah, never that Rebekah loved Isaac. Was this, after all, an ill-assorted union? Rebekah's conduct to her husband looks as if it was.

In every true marriage there must be stronger points of union than good looks or engaging manners—union of moral and spiritual ideas—union of purpose in life. Without these there is sure to be sooner or later a breakdown of confidence—reserves, cross purposes, and all that tends to the ruin of families and the family life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Daily Thoughts, with an estimate and tribute by the venerable Archdeacon Farrrar, D.D., F.R.S.; being words and passages from Phillips Brooks; pp. 195, price 75c. R. H. Woodward & Co., pub's, Baltimore.

Rational Hymns, by John Milton Williams, D.D.; a series of Ethical and Theological Essays. With portait of author; pp. 325, price $1.25. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, publishers.

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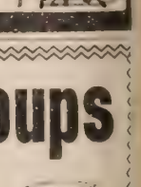

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Crowning an African King.

REV. MR. WILDER, missionary at Chikore, East Central Africa, writes an interesting account of the coronation of a new chief. He says: "I went to see the ceremony. This was an affair simple but impressive. When, after ys of delay, the morning for the final emony came, I betook myself to the hal six miles away, and sat for four lurs talking to the man soon to be made ef, the successor of a long line of noted n doctors. In the central hut were sev- l men said to be possessed of evil spirits. Sinds most unearthly came from within. Casionally out rushed an old man look- l as if scared. He rushed hither and ther, then paced jerkily around the al. They said these men were the me- ms through whom the spirits of the d chiefs were communicating.

"At the coronation the principal dium came out, and addressed the wd, said: 'What wait ye for? Do what do, seize the chief, and make him your g. Allow him not to escape. Strip Hi, and clothe him in regal robes.'

"And now out of the hut came a black oide, four rifles, blankets, mats, wilde- ste tails, umbrellas, and a cup (enam- el ware), and trinkets various, also a oden bowl three by two feet, and six ines deep, filled with an evil-looking gen liquid. These goods belonged to the chief. The successor then left my s., and he was taken by the hand and le to the skin upon which he was forced t it, his garments taken off, and a blan- le thrown about him, he making some sh w of resistance the while. At his side w placed a girl of about fourteen years, wk, thin, and sickly looking. Next, a hf-brother of the new chief was placed bind him, and a young wife of the late chf placed beside him. Next, the man in whose family abides the right to a int the chief, came forward with a pot o native beer, and an immense cup cut o of a gourd, and with the word, 'You, Neni, are no longer Niseni, but Mjakan- j the successor of your father. May you n well the people of Mjakanja from this d forth!' He emptied the cup of beer o the successor's head, and over the h ds of the sickly girl, and the brother, a the other woman. It seems that the b her is to share the burden of office wh him, but has no right of succession. Th weakly girl, I learned to my astonish- mt, is the new queen, or head wife, of t new chief! But why such a creature b chosen for this high position? Imagine m surprise when they replied: 'Because sh is so pious!' The word pious is used a ording to their ideas of piety. It was s she was most zealous in her belief in th miraculous powers of the late chief, a that she went about the daily duties dicted by the spirit of the late chief.

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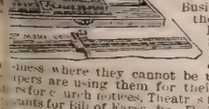

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The Armenian Relief Fund.

(Continued from page 207.)

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Tuttle, M a Olive	65
Vaughder, Miss Lizzie	1 00
VanVarkenburg, I B	25
Vanwart, Wesley	10 00
Wadsworth, Frank	1 00
Wadsworth, Jennie M	1 00
Waltman, Arthur	5 00
Wardwell, Mrs M J	2 00
Wark, Mrs	5 00
Wark, Hon David	10 00
Wark, Helena A	2 00
Webb, Edith A	7 00
Whitcomb, Mrs M	25
Whitney, Mrs A E	1 00
Wiggins, Mrs L D	50
Wiley, G L & wife	5 60
Wiggins, H	2 00
Williams, Reva Mrs L	1 00
Wilson, Mrs H M	1 00
Winfree, Mrs T V	1 00
Wing, Anna	5 00
Wing, Angeline	2 50
Wing, Mrs C	10 00
Wing, Rudolph	1 00
Wing, Susan	50
Winkler, F G	1 50
Wise, W F & wife	2 00
Wiseman, M	25
Wood, J E	1 00
Wood, D H	5 00
Wood, E H	25
Wright, Mrs A R	2 00
Wright, Mrs W M	1 00
Young, C C	1 00
Young, E T	10 00
Young, Mrs G S	1 00
Jennie & Carrie, NY	100 60
Y. P. S. C. E. London	2 00
Miss Watertown	5 00
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Milford, Oscar & Hazard	50
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A M F, Balto Co	1 00
B F, Superior	15
J E K, Dillon	1 00
Mrs J B, Los Angeles	5 00
M J H, Shelburne Falls	3 00
S E L, Manchester	1 00
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B A S, Remsen	1 00
L G A	5 00
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D W M, Denver	5 00
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O E	10 00
H W P S, Can	1 00
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R R C, Wiggins	5 00
Mrs T D, Utley	50
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Friend, Greenport	1 00
" Greenport	1 00
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" Lonaconing	1 00
" Ontario	25
" Mexico	2 00
" Yellow Springs	1 00
" Potsdam	2 00
" Delaware	1 00
" So Manchester	2 00
" Hartford	1 00
" Ohio	25
" Milwaukee	50
" Calumet	1 00
" Kansas	1 00
" Kentucky	10 00
" Kent	1 00
" A O	10 00
" Coatesville	1 00
" Glenarm	1 00
" Minnesota	50
" Pa	50
" Ohio	50
" Augusta	40
" Augusta	50
" Indiana	50
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" Pennsylvania	5 00
Friends, Sherborn	15 00
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" Baldwyn	4 20
" Lawrenceville	1 75
" W Springfield	2 00
" Henderson	5 00
2 " Black Rock	4 00
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For Christ's Sake Piedmont	1 50
For Jesus Sake, Middletown	1 00
For our Saviour's dear sake, Texas	1 00
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G A	1 00
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S S, Sinnickson	1 00
Friend, Bath	10 00
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" Sharon	1 00
" Vienna	10 00
" Hopkinton	5 00
" Lansdale	2 00
" Stoneboro	1 00
Young Friend, Grant	30
Friends, Souris	3 00
" Freeland	2 00
" Berlin	6 00
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3 " Clarence	3 00
Unknown	47
Anonymous, York	2 50
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For Christ's Sake, Dragonville	2 00
For His Sake, Rose Hill	1 00
For Jesus Sake, Rockford	25
For Jesus Sake, N J	1 00
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In Christ's Name, Newtown	1 00
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Anxious Reader, Mass	1 00
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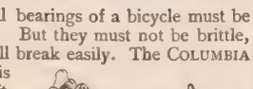

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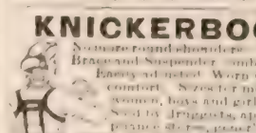

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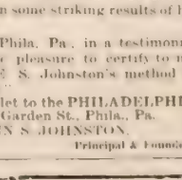

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Mar. 22, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters. I. C., Sayce, Pa., that a whole family of three sons and four daughters, all unsaved, might be led to Christ.——J. R. Zimmerman, Minn., for the conversion of fatherless children for whom many prayers have been offered.——B. A. S., Ulysses, Pa., that a beloved daughter and her husband might give their hearts to God.——"Believer," Flaggspring, Ky., that God would save her four sons and two grandsons who are exposed to strong temptation.——"Anxious Mother," Buffalo, N. Y., for the salvation of her children.——P. W., West Mentor, O., that God would change the hearts of her three sons and five daughters, none of whom are real Christians.——"Anxious Mother," Arthur, Ill., for the conversion of three sons.——M. S., Ridgeville, for the conversion of a family.——W. N., Fox Lake, Ill., that God in his mercy would convert her family.——"Widowed Mother," Emlenton, Pa., that her children might be saved.——Mother, Peniel, O., for her son's conversion.——"Anxious Wife and Mother," Dakota, for the conversion of her Children.——Distressed Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who seemed to be renouncing his evil ways, but is relapsing again into sin, might be truly converted to God.——"Grieving Father," Philadelphia, that two beautiful and charming daughters who have been led into sin, might seek pardon of the Lord and quit their evil ways.——Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of his daughter, who is undutiful and has been led into misfortune by her fondness for dancing.

For the Conversion of Other Relatives and Friends. Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo., that her husband might become a consistent Christian altogether redeemed from sin.——Reader, Barre, Mass., that a whole family might become Christians, especially that the father, whose evil and extravagant ways exert a baneful influence, might be born again.——"Two who Trust" etc., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the speedy conversion of two men, one of whom is falling more and more under the influence of drink, and the other, owing to domestic trouble, is becoming reckless.——"One in anguish," Lionsonham, Pa., that one who is very dear, might quit sin and begin a new life, trusting Christ's power to keep him from falling under temptation.——D. C. R., Burgh Hill, O., for the conversion of a neighbor who is a scoffer, and is now very ill; also for two sisters in need of God's grace.——"Brother in Christ," Smyra, Me., for the salvation of a dear friend.——"Distressed Husband," New York City, that a wife who has sinned and been forgiven, but who now shows little contrition, might have her heart changed and learn to hate the sin into which she fell; also that her daughter, a dear girl twelve years old, may be kept pure and virtuous, and be preserved by the Holy Spirit from contamination.——Canada, for one who is in sore trouble, that the affliction may be blessed to conversion.——"Believer," Philadelphia, for several persons in need of strength and firmness to cleave to Christ under trial, and that one of them who shrinks from a religious duty may have grace given her to do it.——Anxious Wife, Dak., that her husband might become a follower of Christ.——S. A C., Turtle Creek, Pa., that a brother and a dear friend might be saved. S. F. M. Galesburg, Kans., that a beloved nephew may decide to seek the kingdom of God.——Mother, Peniel, O., for the restoration of her husband who has become a backslider.——C. S. S., Bloomburg, N. J., for the conversion of wicked men through whose unprincipled acts a family has grievously suffered.——Disconsolate, Williamsburg, N. Y., for the conversion of his wife whose love of dancing is causing her to neglect her family, and who is making the acquaintance of vile men, whom she admires more than men of clean life. "God can save her yet, if he will. Ask him, for she is very tenderly loved and does not see the danger surrounding her."——Reader, Philadelphia, for the conversion of her husband.——S. V., Dinwiddie, Va., for the salvation of a man now in his ninetieth year who has no hope of heaven; also for two brothers still out of Christ.——"One in great Distress," Allegany, Pa., that her husband, who is falling under the power of drink, might be delivered and become a child of God.——"Believer in Prayer," Cortland, N. Y., that her husband might give his heart to God, and that he may win the love that rightfully belongs to him.——"Reader," N. J., for the conversion of two brothers.——"Believer," Mt. Jewett, Pa., that some young men who are repelled from Christianity by intellectual difficulties might be saved from scepticism, and believe on Christ for the salvation of their souls.——A. B. D., Calvary, Va., for the conversion of father, brother, and very dear friend, the last under the bondage of evil habits.——C. H. C., Wichita, Miss., for the conversion of her husband, who is the victim of strong drink.——Reader, Virginia, that a wicked and ungrateful brother may turn to the Lord and seek salvation.——C. D. S., Ann Arbor, Mich., that a man who is a father and a husband might gain control of his ungovernable temper and become a new creature in Christ.——Subscriber, Binghamton, N. Y., that husband and father might be delivered from the drink habit and look to Christ for salvation.——Edmonda, Pa., for the conversion of a brother and a nephew, the latter a slave to drink; also for a man eighty-two years old, who is indifferent to religion, that God would save his soul before it is too late.——N. A. B., Franklin, Ind., for the salvation of her husband, who is an unbeliever.——I. C., Sayce, Pa., for the conversion of her husband.

For the Restoration of Health. "Anxious," Williamsport, Vt., that God would mercifully restore the sense of hearing.——Anxious sister, Hillsdale, Mich., that an afflicted brother may recover.——"Widow," Columbia, that a brother-in-law and niece who are mentally afflicted might recover their reason.——"Believer," Shelbyville, Tenn., for the recovery of a dear sister now very ill.——"Subscriber," West Branch, Pa., that a married daughter might be restored to health and be able to perform her duties.——"Believer," Carroll, that a brother and sister now very sick may be raised up, if consistent with God's will.——C. C. M., Knox, O., that a husband who is sick may recover.——J. A G., Corsicana, Tex., that a sister in Ireland, who has suffered long might recover her health.——"Distressed Widow," Harris, Ga., that God would heal her of nervousness and heart trouble.——"Sincere Friend," Weedsport, N. Y., for restoration of hearing and full recovery from a severe illness; also for the recovery of a friend who has been afflicted for years.——"Constant Reader, Steubenville, O., that health may be given to a mother, sister and daughter who have been great sufferers.——N. E. M., Cassopolis, Mich., that strenth may be given to survive a severe operation, and that it may answer its purpose.——E. H., Herminie, Pa,, that she may regain her health, the loss of which entails suffering on her children.——"Widowed Mother," New Cumberland, O., for the recovery of a son partially deranged, who left home some time ago and cannot be found. That God would give him back his reason and restore him to his mother.

For Special Blessings. Constant Reader, Philadelphia, Pa., that God would give strength to overcome a besetting sin which has attained so much power as to defy all human effort to eradicate it.——"Anxious One," for more faith.——J. H. S., Osborne, Kans., that in some way the means of earning a livelihood may be obtained.——"Believer in Prayer," Butler, Pa., who sends ten requests for various worthy objects.——A. S., Cleveland, O., that the means may be provided for a journey long desired which it is a duty to make.——"Anxious Mother," Philadelphia, Pa., that a son just commencing business may have the wisdom he needs to conduct it as it becomes one who fears the Lord and desires to serve him.——Distressed Father, Newburgh, N. Y., that the sore trouble now pressing on a family and so agitating one member of it as to threaten the overthrow of reason may be removed and strengfh given to bear patiently whatever may be the will of God.——"Constant Reader, Montclair, N. J., that success may attend the effort to obtain employment.——L. F., New York, that means may be obtained for the purpose of relieving the distress of some poor people.——W. W. S., Williston, S. C., who is eighty-three years of age, that he may have the assurance of acceptance with God.——E, B. E., Bethel, Conn., that he may succeed in obtaining funds wherewith to pay just debts.——"Husband and Wife," Baldinsville, N. Y., for money urgently needed for the discharge of obligations arising out of misfortune.——B., Washington, D. C., that an aged couple may be directed in the choice of a home and that their needs may be supplied.——F. J., Colbert, Miss., for more faith under difficult circumstances.——"One who Believes," Franklin, N, Y., for help in a financial crisis and that it may not be necessary to leave a home that represents the hard earnings of twenty-four years.——N. J., Ramah, Colo., that God would help one who is sorely distressed and burdened.——T. E. G., Anoka, Minn., who desires to serve the Lord, that in some way the necessary funds for a course of study may be furnished, and that wisdom may be given to see what it is right to do.——Sister in Christ, Pisgah, Ky., that a young couple may have grace to see and do the Lord's will, to understand their duty and that their way may be open to discharge their financial obligations.——F. T. B., Germantown, N. Y., that a businss man who has had a long sickness, and has suffered heavy losses through his absence from business, but has now recovered, may obtain the funds he needs to meet the crisis in his affairs and continue his business.——C. C. M., Knox, O., that if it is made clear to a young man that he is called to the ministry the means may be provided for him to study.

Answered Prayers. R. E S., Hagerstown, Md. That thanks be offered for God's goodness in wonderfully answering prayers for which request was made in these columns last year.

Reader, Burlington, N. J., desires thanksgiving for the convalescence of one whose recovery from typhoid fever earnest prayer was recently asked in these columns.

Dr. Miles' Remedies

Restore Health.

They Cure Nervous Troubles and Heart Disease.

REV. WM. M. BELL, D. D., Dayton, Ohio.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made its greatest progress during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Since the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Franklin Miles, demonstrating the fact, that the derangement of the nerve centers of the brain, was the most potent factor in the production of the disease, scientists and students have given the greatest attention and closest study to the nervous system; fully verifying his theories and giving their approval and highest commendation to Dr. Miles' System of Restorative Remedies. Educated physicians have constantly prescribed them, experienced nurses have regularly administered them, and grateful people in all walks of life, who have been restored to health by them, have testified in the strongest terms as to the wonderful restorative powers possessed by these scientific remedies.

Rev. Geo. W. Kiracope, of Hagerstown, pastor of the First Baptist church, Frostburg, Md., wrote last November: "I deem it a duty to add my testimony regarding your Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. For several years I had been a severe sufferer from heart trouble. Breathing had become at times short and difficult with frequent pains about the heart. Sometimes a fluttering with a feeling of langour and faintness while the least excitement or mental worry would almost prostrate me. After trying many remedies prescribed for me and finding the trouble constantly growing worse, I was induced to try Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart, together with Dr. Miles' Restorative Tonic, and in a short time I completely recovered, all symptoms were removed and I have since enjoyed perfect health."

The Rev. Wm. M. Bell, D. D., of Dayton, Ohio, Secretary Home and Foreign Missionary society of the United Brethren church, writes as follows: "It has been my good pleasure for years, to be personally acquainted with Dr. Franklin Miles and the other members of the Dr. Miles Medical Co., and I know them to be thoroughly educated, reliable and trustworthy gentlemen. In recent years I have used Dr. Miles' remedies in my home and always with good results. I cheerfully recommend the company to the confidence of the general public, and their remedies as possessing real restorative merit."

Rev. J. R. Meredith, of Denver, Col., has this to say: "For four or five years I had severe pain in back of head at base of brain and before I was fully aware of it I was suffering from nervous prostration. My heart became affected and a constant soreness with sharp pains in the small of my back, indicating kidney trouble, came upon me. Some 18 months ago I began using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, Nerve and Liver Pills and New Heart Cure and soon felt great improvement. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' remedies for restoring me to health."

Rev. W. J. Houck, Grace U. B. church, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has done me untold good. My nervous system, greatly impaired by over work, is completely restored, Indeed I was in such a condition that the mere sight of a large congregation would so tire me that it would require a day or more to recover from the exhaustion. Yesterday I preached three times and I feel as vigorous this Monday morning as I ever felt in my life."

Rev. D. Alex. Holman, pastor Congregational church, Crystal, Mich., writes: "I had a sunstroke in Chicago in '91, health poor ever since. Have suffered terribly with pain in my head, top of head would be very hot, could not study, was very nervous, irritable, could not bear noise, physicians did not help me and I felt I must give up the ministry. I commenced using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and now am like my old self again, doing hard work and preaching two or three times every Sunday."

Alderman George Fry of Allentown, Penn., writes: "For over three years I suffered from the effects of LaGrippe which attacked me while on a visit to Nebraska in 1891. My worst trouble was rheumatism in my shoulder. My physician said my spine was affected and my nervous system much weakened. In November of 1894, a friend advised me to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I took five bottles of the Nervine and two boxes of the Nerve and Liver Pills which resulted in a perfect cure. I am 64 years of age and enjoying excellent health. I cannot praise Dr. Miles' remedies too highly."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by druggists on positive guarantee, that the first bottle benefits or money refunded. Dr. Miles' book on the Nerves and Heart free. Address the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

CONVERTED IN JAIL.

In 1877, writes Rev. T. G. Woods, a band of religious fanatics burned the Methodist Church in Mixcoac, Mexico. Just a year later, the same and other fanatics stoned the Presbyterian Church in Tizlapan, the adjoining town, and the service had to be suspended. Among the guilty of both parties was a man who was sexton of a Cat lic church in an adjoining town. He was intimate with priests and had served the Catholic church in various capacities. Finally he was put in jail. As soon as he heard of the Sabbath Schoo l he began to persecute those who attended, and one Sunday he attended it with the object of breaking it up. But the Word of God prevailed. The lesson went home, the persecutor could not help applying the message to himself. That night he couldn't rest, sleep was impossible and peace came to him only when he confessed his sins and belief in Christ as his personal Saviour.

In this year he was one of the teachers of the Sabbath School he once wanted to put an end to. Two Sundays ago he was at a regular church service and since that day (during the week of prayer) he has held special services in his home on the outskirts of the city, or brought strangers with him to the regular church services.

The Sick Missionary.

General regret will be felt at the news of the illness of the famous missionary to Africa, Pastor Coillard. In a recent letter to a friend he says: "I am an invalid on sick leave. I have struggled and suffered for more than a year. I was laid up for months, racked with pains. At our conference at Lealuyi, the brethren unanimously urged my prompt departure from the country in order to seek medical advice.

"I saw the necessity of yielding; suffering as I did I could do no good, and I risked being a burden to others." When he wrote he was on his way to Buluwayo where he hoped to be able to obtain medical assistance.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

Take a Combination Case of the

LARKIN SOAPS

and a "Chautauqua"

Reclining Easy Chair or Desk

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

CASE CONTAINS . . .

100 Bars Sweet Home Soap. 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
9 Packages Boraxine. 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.
Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
If changes in contents desired, write.

The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
Either Premium is worth . $10.00
Both if at retail . . . $20.00

From factory to family, Both $10.

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT $10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—The Larkin Soap Company have used the columns of *The Commonwealth* for two or three years past in advertising their "Combination Box of Soap" sent in connection with an oil heater, desk or chair. The publisher of this paper has written personally to a number of subscribers who have responded to the advertisement and purchased the soap. Without exception they state that they are perfectly satisfied with the goods and with the business methods of the Larkin Co. The letters speak in praise both of the soap and of the premiums that accompany it.—*The Commonwealth.*

She was Poor but Got a Home,

In sending out our circulars, one fell in the hands of a poor lady that went out wishing for a living, she sent a small order and went out selling it. Now notice the dates of her orders and the amount she orders: Aug. 12, $1.50; Aug. 22, $5.00; Aug. 29, $7.60; Sept. 9, $17.00; Sept. 15, $16.50; Oct. 12, $30.50, and from that time on she ordered 5 gross a month.

She writes: "I make $3.00 every day I go out. People come to you for it. Near two million boxes sold. Demand increasing. Everybody will use it." Nice present free to agents. Send 2c. stamp for sample, or 25 cts. for dozen, that sell for 60 cts. Address,

ROSE JELLY CO.,
New Midway, Frederick Co., Md.

LADIES, If you have superfluous

HAIR ON THE FACE

send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope. Mrs. M. N. PERRY, B 93, Oak Park, Ill.

Ideal Spring Beds. Our Booklet "Wide Awake Sleep," illustrating and describing them, sent free. An up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three 2-cent stamps. Foster Bros. Mfg Co., 4 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate, I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

Ten Cents.

LAUGHING CAMERA, 10c

The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and see your friends make the funniest faces, fat men, lanky men, everything upside down. Nice souvenir. Agents wanted. Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 10 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Helps the ears more than trumpets. Whispers heard. Helps even when drops do eyes. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Book of proofs FREE.

WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks & Door Holder. Sample Sash Lock free by mail for 2c. stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Beats weights. $12 a day. Write quick. BROHARD & CO., Box 77, Philadelphia.

FREE trial in your home. Cut this out and send for catalogue. Prices to suit you. Oxford Sewing Machines awarded World's Fair Medal. GOES WHAT ANY WILL DO. FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS. FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE. FREIGHT PAID. AGENTS WANTED. OXFORD MDSE. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

Slocum's Newly Discovered System of Scientific Treatment

CURES CONSUMPTION and Lung Troubles

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT and Laboratory

T. A. SLOCUM COMPANY,
(Incorporated under N. Y. State Laws.)
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
181 & 183 Pearl St.,

New York, March 26th, 1896.

To Readers of The Christian Herald:

I have an absolute remedy for Consumption and all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases; also for Loss of Flesh and all Conditions of Wasting. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have already been PERMANENTLY CURED.

So proof-positive am I of its power, that to increase its usefulness and make known its great merits, I propose to SEND FREE, TWO BOTTLES, to readers of your paper who will write me, giving their Express, Postoffice and street address.

Most Sincerely, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.

Dictated by T. A. S. 183 Pearl St., New York.

When writing the Doctor, please state that you read this letter in The Christian Herald.

The New York Herald says: Knowing his remedy to be the best and having unbounded confidence in its beneficial results, based upon experience, the great Chemist considers it his duty to place a bottle free of charge to every reader of the Herald who writes for it. There can be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in overlooking it. Dr. Slocum is a graduate of the most eminent Chemist in America. He holds thousands of testimonials endorsing his newly discovered System of Scientific Treatment [illegible] positively guaranteed to Cure.

A High Caste Convert.

S. C. K. Rutnam's Labors for Christ in India and Elsewhere.

EADERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already, to some extent, acquainted with the missionary career of S. C. K. Rutnam, a native of Ceylon, and a graduate of the University of Madras, the largest and oldest educational institution in India. It was during his college course that he was converted to Christianity. He is a high caste con-

MR. S. C. K. RUTNAM.

t, of a keen, thoroughly educated mind, al is therefore able to take a clear, compreisive view of Indian society. Mr. Rutnam nt several years in educational mission rk in his native land, chiefly at Belm, Bombay Presidency, where he also nded a Young Men's Christian Associon, of which he was secretary until ing to this country lately. The Asso ion which he founded three years ago now grown to a prosperous organizat. The membership was never large, the meetings were always hopeful, the rage attendance being two or three es that of the total membership ened. Many of the non-members in atdance were really Christians at heart, through fear of relatives and friends, d not identify themselves with any Christian organization. Several young have told him that they would gladbecome Christians if they could keep r people from finding it out. But they nt the sacrifice and hesitate, lest they uld be expelled from their homes and heir social connections severed.

Mr. Rutnam, who is now residing at Princeton, N. J., was first brought into onal prominence by his testimony be the Royal Opium Commission. He s delegated by the Christian people of a to go to England in 1894 and speak inst the opium trade, the liquor traffic, other legalized abominations that are ving such a curse to India. He spent e months lecturing in the principal cities Great Britain, and his success in arousit the English conscience and spurring to a sense of duty, bears abundant evice to the effectiveness of his work. He been in the United States several nths, and has addressed audiences in New York City, Boston, and Washington. Sar as is known, he is the only Indian Christian in America. In reply to the stion: "Has the work of missions been access in India?" he says: "There is one answer—yes. I do not know of a greater work than that wrought in Indduring the present century. Under Christianity's benign influence many of India's most disgraceful customs have disappeared. The suttee is a thing of the past a thuggery has been abolished. Infanticide has been greatly reduced, the minimum age of marriage increased, and even the iron barriers of caste are gradually giving way. Men are losing faith in the old regions. This is especially true of the younger generation. Already there are more than two million Christians in India, and the number is rapidly increasing.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

edical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanidiscovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Hundreds are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Pray, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Compound cured him at once. To make the matter sure, the proprietors and manufacturers of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1764 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a free trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and if you should surely try it.

600 SECOND-HAND BICYCLES
ALL MAKES and MODELS, must be closed out. Agents wanted. Send for descriptive bargain lists. G. C. MEAD & PRENTISS, CHICAGO.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Constipation

is an actual disease with thousands. Cathartics give only temporary relief. The cause of the disease, some obscure nerve trouble, must be reached by a nerve tonic, one containing phosphorus, in order to obtain action upon the brain and spinal cord.

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• *A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant*

is the only tonic containing phosphorus, chemically pure, perfectly harmless, Prompt, concentrated, powerful. IT WILL CURE CONSTIPATION permanently.

Regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. All druggists, or by mail. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

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Formula on Every Bottle.

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1 pkt. NEW JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEED.
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1 pkt. FILIFERA or WEEPING PALM, a grand plant.
1 pkt. DWARF GIANT FLOWERED CANNA, mixed, ex. fine.
1 pkt. CUPID DWARF SWEET PEA (3 Seeds).
10 Bulbs FANCY GLADIOLUS, all different colors.
2 " NEW ORCHID GLADIOLUS, exquisite colors.
3 " MAMMOTH OXALIS, different colors.

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You Dye in 30 minutes if you use Tonk's French Dyes. No other dyes like them. Dye cotton as permanently as wool, one dye, popular, and sure to please. 150,000 sold in 9 years. Has rubber hose, brass valve, throws constant stream 30 ft. No. 1, $1.65—heavy tin. No. 2, $2.25—iron (non-rust). No. 3, $5—all heavy brass. *Express prepaid.* Latest premiums for insect pests. AGENTS WANTED. *Catalogue free.* W. W. JOHNSTON & CO. 11 Eagle St., Canton, O.

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Augusta Victoria, pure white, always in bloom. **Champion of the World,** (New) rich bright pink, finest rose grown. **Star of Gold,** the queen of all yellow roses. **Marion Dingee,** richest velvety crimson in clusters. **Colthilde Soupert,** everybody's favorite, always in bloom. **Bridesmaid,** rich pink, none better. **Pearl of the Gardens,** deep golden yellow. **Scarlet Bedder,** the richest of all red roses. **Senator McNaughton,** lovely canary yellow. **Sunset,** yellow, highly colored. **Franciska Kruger,** coppery yellow and peach. **Marie Guillot,** the greatest of all pure white roses. **Duchess de Brabant,** amber rose, tinged apricot yellow. **Madame Camille,** beautiful salmon and rosy flesh. **Grace Darling,** clear maroon red passing to lake, elegant. **Catherine Mermet,** everybody's favorite. **Md. de Watteville,** rosy blush, bordered deep crimson. **Rheingold,** beautiful shades of saffron and tan. **Md. Welche,** amber yellow, tinged with copper and orange. **Md. Hoste,** immense large double pure white, very fragrant.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single flowered, and scented, $1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cts. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. We have large two year old roses for immediate effect. Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half. When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address, **GOOD & REESE CO., Box 41, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.**

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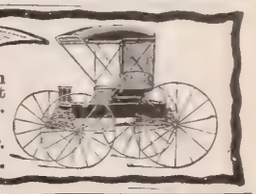

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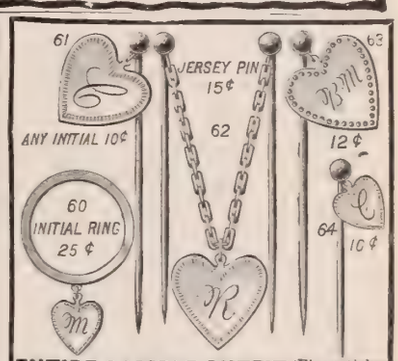

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and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

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.V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
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ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

e New Expedition to the Soudan, the Causes Which Have Led to it, and the Jehad or Holy War Proclaimed by the Mohammedan Leader, El Senoussi.

EGYPT to the Bible student is a name fraught with strange associations; to the student of current events it brings up interminable international complications. With a history stretching back the dim vistas of antiquity, it occupies rominent place in the cable dispatches his year of grace, and is still a problem statesmen, and the centre of diplomatic tegy. Within the past few weeks pt has again become a prominent topic nterest through the announcement that to be the e of another . But w has glory of ancient ire fad- when policy is ed, not ts own tal, but he capi- of na- s which re bar- rians hen pt was fore- st of the ions of world! ts hoary , the ju- iles not enough have n rivals he days its pow- have en hold s affairs d regu- te its se, as if h senil- there come becility. en this w war, which pt is vi- ly inter- ed, and hich is dertaken r her ty, was ded up- in Lon- n, and international authorization for it, had be secured not in Cairo, but in Berlin d Vienna. That it is well for Egypt t she should be so controlled and di- ted, no impartial observer can doubt. the English evacuated the country, the ench or the Germans would be needed their place. Egypt is now incapable of lf-government. Ismail, the late Khedive, o did more for the development and fi- ncial ruin of the land than any of his edecessors, was a conspicuous illustration of the incapacity of the Egyptian ruler. Since his time the course of events has proved that Egypt has no alternative but foreign occupation or anarchy. Even Arabi Pasha, whose patriotic movement for the emancipation of his country was the occasion of England's intervention, was sagacious and magnanimous enough to admit that England had done more for the welfare of Egypt than he could have accomplished if he had succeeded in his schemes, or than he ever hoped to have accomplished. It has been a task of almost superhuman difficulty, and the success has not been ideal, but it has proceeded on broad principles, and it has been productive of substantial benefit to the people. Out of the slough of national bankruptcy, the absence of justice between man and man, the insecurity of life and property, the shameless corruption and tyrannical oppression of the official class, the country has been steered into economic prosperity, and the fellah or peasant, has learned that he has rights which his oppressors are bound to respect. So much has already been achieved by a few English officials, supported by an insignificant force of come three or four thousand men.

The new advance which is now undertaken, is a movement to prevent a relapse into the barbarism, out of which Egypt has been conducted. To the south of Egypt, between its frontiers and those of Abyssinia, is the Soudan, which formerly was governed more or less completely by the Khedive in Cairo. In 1885 the region was practically abandoned by Egypt. The Mahdi, the representative of Mohammedan power had succeeded in establishing his rule over it, and after the abortive attempt on the part of the lamented Gen. Gordon to hold it for Egypt, self-preservation demanded its being given up. Egypt alone furnished sufficient problems to tax the powers of Egyptian rulers, without the attempt to impose Egyptian rule on the wild tribes of the Soudanese desert. How the Mahdi has ruled and how much the people have suffered under his ruthless sway, has recently been told by Slatin, who, after eleven years captivity in his camp succeeded in making his escape. But the Soudan would probably have been left to its fate, but for the recent Italian disaster in Abyssinia. The tribes of the desert have seen a European army ignominiously defeated by the Abyssinians. They have not been slow to reach the conclusion that with all the advantages of modern equipment Europeans are not invincible, and remembering how Lord Wolseley with his forces was unable in 1885 to rescue Gordon from Khartoum, they have begun a movement which has a distinctly hostile aspect.

Some months ago the news reached Cairo that the Mahdi's forces at New Dongola were multiplying. That point is only about two hundred and fifty miles from Wady Halfa, the southern outpost of Egypt, and it has in the Nile an easy means of direct advance in a campaign against Egypt. This news was followed by the report that the green flag of Mohammed had been unfurled and a Jehad or Holy War had been proclaimed, with the object of delivering Egypt from the hands of the Christians. England has an unconquerable aversion to any war being waged within her own boundaries or within the boundaries of any land under her protection. She therefore resolved to wage a defensive war by offensive operations. An Egyptian force officered by the English and supported by two British regiments is to proceed to Akassheh and thence, if it is deemed advisable, to Dongola. That it will be attacked by the Mahdi's forces appears to be a foregone conclusion. The English Government does not conceal the gravity of the undertaking, but insists that it is demanded for the safety of Egypt, as well as the assistance of Italy. The situation at Kassala where the Italians are believed to be besieged, is declared to be critical and it is believed that the Mahdi is preparing to add his forces to their assailants. Should Kassala fall, the Mahdi's troops, flushed with victory, might be expected to march up the Nile Valley and pour into Egypt. By creating a diversion at Akassheh, or Dongola, the English Government hopes to prevent the concentration of the Mahdists and precipitate the struggle that appears to be inevitable.

Recent cable dispatches distinctly intimate that the movement which has led to the expedition has the approval if not the assistance of the Sultan of Turkey. The proclamation of the "Holy War" is a step which would be little likely to be taken without his consent. It is made by Sidi

(Continued on page 283)

THE OLD CITADEL OF CAIRO, EGYPT. (*From a Photograph.*)

STARTING FOR HOME.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Luke 15: 18, "*I will arise and go to my father.*"

THERE is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carob. Once in a while the people, reduced to destitution, would eat these carobs, but generally the carobs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day, amid the swine troughs, he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in, feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father." I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is, whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries and emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father." In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no here[illegible] the glass and you will see the heretic."

As I take up the mirror of God's Word [illegible] prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, [illegible] wise as this young man was and say, "I will arise and go to my father." The resolution of this text was formed in a disgust of his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping an account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I'm going back to apologize to the old man? why, he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings; why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home. Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skilful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I come to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing, but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh! then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ." "But," says some one in the audience, "how do you know that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good—no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all had sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, a tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." "Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? how do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? What is that horseman running with quick dispatch? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindle with new fires;
> The sinner lost is found, they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said, "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think about it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand toward the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains. I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again: I notice that this resolution of the young man of my text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child ungrateful.

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! Three times a day has he fed thee. He has poured sunlight into thy day and at night kindled up all the street-lamps of heaven. With what varieties of apparel he hath clothed thee for the seasons. Whose eye watches thee? Whose hand defends thee? Whose heart sympathizes with thee? Who gave you your children? Who is guarding your loved ones departed? Such a Father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger; if he had forsaken us; if he had flagellated us; if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a Father, so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized! If we say anything that hurts our friend's feelings, if we do anything that hurts the feelings of those in whom we are interested, how quickly we apologize! We can scarcely wait until we get pen and paper to write a letter of apology. How easy it is for any one who is intelligent, right-hearted, to write an apology, or make an apology! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of home-sickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty friends—you have said: "I would give t world to be home to-night." Well, th young man was homesick for his father house. I have no doubt when he thoug of his father's house he said: "Now, pe haps father may not be living." We re nothing in this story—this parable—foun ed on every-day life—we read nothi about the mother. It says nothing abo going home to her. I think she was dea I think she had died of a broken heart his wanderings, or, perhaps he had go into dissipation from the fact that he cou not remember a loving and sympathe mother. A man never gets over havi lost his mother. Nothing said about h but he is homesick for his father's hous He thought he would just like to go a walk around the old place. He thoug he would just like to go and see if thin were as they used to be. Many a m after having been off a long while has go home and knocked at the door, and a stra ger has come. It is the old homeste but a stranger comes to the door. He fin out father is gone, and mother is gone, a brothers and sisters all gone. I think t young man of the text said to himse "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, starts to find out. He is homesick. there any here to-day homesick for G homesick for heaven? A sailor, after ha ing been long on the sea, returned to h father's house, and his mother tried persuade him not to go away again. S said, "Now, you had better stay at hom Don't go away. We don't want you go. You will have it a great deal bet here." But it made him angry. The nig before he went away again to sea, heard his mother praying in the n room, and that made him more angry. went far out on the sea, and a storm ca up and he was ordered to very peril duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and a the shrouds of the ship he heard t voice that he had heard in the n room. He tried to whistle it off, he tr to rally his courage; but he could not ence the voice he had heard in the n room, and there in the storm and da ness he said, "O Lord! what a wretc have been? What a wretch I am! H me just now, Lord God." And I thou in this assemblage to-day there may some who may have the memory of father's petition, or a mother's pra pressing mightily upon the soul, and t this hour they may make the same re lution I find in my text, saying: will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bat went out into the sea, went out too f got beyond his depth and he floated away. A ship bound for Dublin ca along and took him on board. Sailors generally very generous fellows, and gave him a cap, and another gave him jacket, and another gave him shoes. gentleman passing along on the beach Liverpool found the lad's clothes and t them home, and the father was he broken, the mother was hearthbroken. the loss of their child. They had h nothing from him day after day, and t ordered the usual mourning for the event. But the lad took ship from Dub and arrived in Liverpool the very day mourning arrived. He knocked at door, the father was overjoyed and mother was overjoyed at the return their lost son. Oh, my friends, have y waded out too deep? Have you wa down into sin? Have you waded fr the shore? Will you come back? Wi you come back will you come in the r of your sin, or will you come robed in Saviour's righteousness? I believe latter. Go home to your God to-day. is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark the characteristic of t resolution was, it was immediately put to execution. The context says "he a and came to his father." The trouble nine hundred and ninety-nine times out a thousand is that our resolutions amo to nothing, because we make them

me distant time. If I resolve to become Christian next year, that amounts to thing at all. If I resolve to become a hristian to-morrow, that amounts to thing at all. If I resolve at the service is day to become a Christian, that nounts to nothing at all. If I resolve ter I go home to-day to yield my heart God, that amounts to nothing at all. he only kind of resolution that amounts anything is the resolution that is immeately put into execution. There is a man ho had the typhoid fever, he said: Oh! if I could get over this terrible disess; if this fever should depart; if I uld be restored to health, I would all the st of my life serve God." The fever derted. He got well enough to walk und the block.. He got well enough to over to business. He is well to-day — well as he ever was. Where is the oken vow? There is a man who said, ng ago: "If I could live to the year 1896, that time I will have my business matrs all arranged, and I will have time to tend to religion, and I will be a good, orough, consecrated Christian." The ar 1896 has come. January, February, arch, April — a fourth of the year gone. here is your broken vow? "Oh," says me man, "I'll attend to that when I get y character fixed up, when I can get er my evil habits; I am now giving to rong drink;" or, says the man, "I am ven to uncleanness;" or, says the man, am given to dishonesty. When I get er my present habits, then I'll be a rough Christian." My brother, you ill get worse and worse, until Christ kes you in hand. "Not the righteous, iners Jesus came to call." Oh, but you y, "I agree with you in all that, but I just put it off a little longer." Do you ow there were many who came just as ar as you are to the kingdom of God d never entered it? I was at Eastmpton, and I went into the cemetery to ok around, and in that cemetery there e twelve graves side by side—the graves sailors. This crew, some years ago, in ship went into the breakers at Amagantt, about three miles away. My brother, en preaching at Easthampton, had been the burial. These men of the crew came ry near being saved. The people from magansett saw the vessel, and they shot ckets, and they sent ropes from the ore, and these poor fellows got into the oat, and they pulled mightily for the ore, but just before they got to the shore e rope snapped and the boat capsized, d they were lost, their bodies afterward ashed upon the beach. Oh! what a lemn day it was—I have been told of it my brother — when these twelve men y at the foot of the pulpit, and he read er them the funeral service. They me very near shore — within shouting stance of the shore, yet did not arrive on id land. There are some men who come most to the shore of God's mercy, but t quite, not quite. To be almost saved to be lost!

I will tell you of two prodigals—the one at got back and the other that did not t back. In Richmond, Va., there is a ry prosperous and beautiful home in ny respects. A young man wandered from that home. He wandered very into sin. They heard of him after, but was always on the wrong track. He uld not go home. At the door of that autiful home one night there was a eat outcry. The young man of the use ran down to open the door to see at was the matter. It was midnight. e rest of the family were asleep. There re the wife and children of this prodigal ung man. The fact was he had come me and driven them out. He said, "Out this house. Away with these children; will dash their brains out. Out into e storm!" The mother gathered them and fled. The next morning the broth, the young man who had staid at me, went out to find this prodigal brothand son, and he came where he was. d saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said: "John, there is one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his fingers across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I will stop it before night. Oh, my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home. In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth—I have been there—a beautiful seaport. Some of you have been there. The father could not pursue his children —for some reason he could not leave home—and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying:

"Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back."

Mr. Griffin went and tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no you won't. I am going as a private sailor; as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best." Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a messenger came to him, saying there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock —a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "You dont know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin. "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder, and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to have you pray for me." Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person, until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock, and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry!" "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it. It won't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him. To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel — full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow-man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ — whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your Heavenly Father throws his arms round about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh, there is joy on earth, and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

NEW DONGOLA, THE OBJECTIVE POINT OF THE EXPEDITION.

A Blind Singer for Christ.

A Philadelphia lady, Miss Josephine Gilbert, sends this touching incident to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Sitting by a sick friend in the sunny ward of a hospital I saw two young girls enter it with their arms full of sweet roses. The face of the older one was very beautiful; but there was a slight hesitancy or something I did not quite understand in her manner, she seemed so dependent upon her younger sister. But as she held a dewy rosebud for my friend to take, I looked up into the lovely face to find, what I had not dreamed of, that she was totally blind.

The sisters had been coming to sing to the sick for some weeks, the youngest one playing her afflicted sister's accompaniments, for God had given her a voice to use for him. I felt that the angels joined with her in song as she stood there in girlish innocence.

If we are sick we would not fret nor chafe. Thereby we shall only make our illness worse, retarding our recovery, while at the same time we shall mar the work of grace going on in our inner life. The captive bird that sits on its perch and sings is wiser than the bird that flies against the wires and tries to get out, only bruising its wings in its unavailing efforts. The sick-room may be made a holy of holies instead of a prison. Then it will be a place of blessing.

On the Banks of the Nile.

(Continued from first page.)

Mahomet el Senoussi, the most venerated man in the Mohammedan world, whose words are a law to all Mohammedans in every land. The Mahdi of the Soudan and

ABBAS II., KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

even the Sultan himself are inferior in influence to Senoussi, who boasts that thirty million men, or a third of the Mohammedan world are sworn to obey his orders. In proclaiming a "Holy War" at this juncture he is fulfilling a prediction of Koranic prophecy which declared that in the thirteen hundreth year of the Hegira, which corresponds to the year 1883 of our era a great leader would arise who would scourge the enemies of Islam and carry the banner of Mahomet triumphantly through the world. It is remarkable that Senoussi attained his majority in 1883, and that certain other conditions as to the names of his parents and the place of his birth are fulfilled in his person. At his command and with his support, the Mahdi may be expected to put forth all his strength. Should a disaster such as overtook the Hicks expedition befall the English army the consequences would be felt in every land where Christians and Mohammedans are living.

The citadel of Cairo, of which a picture appears on the first page, is one of the ancient buildings of the city and having been kept in good repair is still a fortification of some strength. It was built by Saladin in the twelfth century and his palace was within its enclosure. The palace was demolished in 1824 and a mosque now occupies its site. It was in this citadel that the Mamelukes were massacred in 1811 and it was there that Ismail, the late Khedive, shut up the young men who had been educated in Europe at his expense, until each had translated into Arabic the French text book on civil engineering and the mechanical arts which had been assigned to him. The work occupied four months during which time the students were kept close prisoners in the citadel. Abbas II, the Khedive, whose portrait we give, is the grandson of Ismail. He ascended the throne in January, 1892 on the death of his father Tewfik. He is now twenty-one years of age. Some time ago, encouraged by France, Abbas made an attempt to shake off the British control and to himself govern as an independent sovereign. The native officials, it was believed, were ready to support him, as they cordially hate the British, who have cut down their privileges and curtailed their depredations on the revenue: but the movement failed as Arabi's did and Egypt still remains the bondwoman of the nations in more than one sense of the word. It is a mortgaged land, whose only hope of redemption lies in the power and the honesty of a race alien to its own. It is remarkable that the initial step which thus connected England with Egypt, and gave her the right to interfere in Egyptian affairs, was the work of Lord Beaconsfield, a member of the race whom the Egyptians oppressed and enslaved in Goshen nearly forty centuries ago.

The Lost Found.

Sunday School Lesson for April 19. Luke 15: 11-24. Golden Text, Luke 15: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' Human nature learns the lesson slowly that it must be lost, and recognize that it is so, in order to be found by Jesus. Many a trial, many a failure, many a humiliation comes upon us before we come to the conclusion that we have "the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." It is so natural to do all we can, to seek, like a drowning man, to save ourselves; and God has to let one trial after another come upon us until we learn our utter corruption and powerlessness, and cry, like sinking Peter, "Lord, save, I perish." After speaking the parable of the great supper, our Lord went on to show what were the terms of true discipleship. Following on this, Jesus gave in parables three examples of savorless salt, the lost sheep, the lost silver, and the lost son.

A certain man had two sons; not strangers; sons; his own flesh and blood. Often this parable has been used, and much blest in delineating the lost sinner who has never known God, but in its original setting, it is addressed to a son who has been at home in his father's home, and who has some, but only a limited acquaintance with his father's heart. The younger of the two sons said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me." It is

A Terrible Moment

in the life of a Christian parent when a son comes with such a request as this. And yet hundreds of thousands of parents, and hundreds of thousands of sons, have come to this point. Among them a very large number have been Christians; and this was the point in their lives when health and spirit broke down, and gray hair, wrinkled brow, bending form or slower pace has remained, a lifelong witness of the awful conflict of that hour.

Oh how Christian parents often build on something good which they have seen in their children! With what intense joy have they marked and magnified every look and tone which gave promise of future usefulness! And when they have professed conversion, how keen has been the joy, almost like experiencing anew the joy of being themselves born again. And then, when the salt began to lose its savor and other influences began to tell upon that child, how fertile the excuses, how easy to blame anyone or anything rather than the son or the daughter who were dear as their own life! Oh, how Christian parents need to learn that in our children's flesh, as in our own, "dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7: 18); and that in them, as in ourselves, we must "walk by faith," trust God, and not them, expect all from God and not from them! How often Christian parents will contrive all kinds of devices to watch over their children's reading, companions, pursuits, etc., making a fence on the right hand and on the left to guard them from any evil influence! How continually they pray for them, but really, prayers of anxiety, in the spirit of their own restless watch over them, and not in the faith which enters into rest because convinced that God has taken the matter in hand!

And the children, irritated, galled, fretted by this continual expectation from them, and bitter against those who love them best, break loose from the thraldom, and demand or at any rate take, their own way. And in this moment of anguish God takes in hand the broken-hearted father or mother who bows before him under this stroke, and they learn to have their faith and their hope not in their own education or discipline, not in any inherent goodness in their children but in God. (1.Pet.1: 21).

The father in our parable did not resist the demand, he let his foolish, headstrong, selfish son have his way, and "he divided unto them his living." There are times when God may get a parent so fully on his own side, that he may be able to say to him, "Let the son have his way. I have my hand upon him, trust me. I am leading him where he will learn to know the bitterness of his own way and of the far country, only trust me with him." But what will my friends say? What will my fellow Christians think? In any question, and especially such a solemn one, let us remember that we are bought with a price and we are not to be servants of men (1. Cor. 7: 17), God is saying, "All your discipline, on which you counted, was of the flesh, and its goodliness only withers; it can do nothing for eternity. All the apparent goodness of your child on which you reckoned has failed, as

Your Discipline has Failed;

in you and in your child 'dwelleth no good thing,' now trust me, there is no hope any other way." And the parent is nearer the Lord in his conscious nothingness than when, between hope and fear, he was planning and plotting how to save his child; and the child is nearer to the Lord in the far land, where all his resources quickly run out, and he finds himself a beggar to the swine, than he was in the father's house, so long as he despised his father and his home. He had hoped so much from the citizen of the far country who would not be watching his every word and gesture, and repressing all the display of talent and wit which would make him shine in the world, he would have a name and a position in the far country, and would send home the news of his prosperity. Vain hope, the world has only husks to give to those who are the Father's children, and swines' food cannot satisfy such. O, prodigal, the hand of thy God is upon thee when thou dost begin to be in want!

It is God's moment. Away in the far country, impoverished and alone, abandoned by the money lenders and the sycophants who greedily cling to him as long as they could get anything out of him, the prodigal had

Come to Himself.

Broken, humbled, destitute, he knew as never before the value of his relations with his father, he was at this moment really nearer to his father than before he left his home. A child of God is nearer to him, even after grievous wandering, when he has learned his nothingness, and his depravity, than he is before he wanders, while he has any confidence in himself. And a wandering son or daughter of a Christian family is far nearer to parents and to God when he has reached the point of self-despair than ever before in his life. He thinks of the servants, the very slaves in his father's house; and he is the son, the heir; but is "a son that causeth shame" (Prov. 10: 5), an heir, but an heir who has thrown away his heritage. How much better off are the servants, who have, at any rate, served well, and who have a good name in the home!

Oh, the conflict in that son's heart. I have forfeited my right to a son's place, for I have not done a son's part; instead of sustaining my father in his old age, I have wasted away the results of his life work: if I return home it will be in disgrace, I must return as the lost son. And yet there is no other hope for me, no home but the old home. I will go and ask to take my place as servant, then I may have the privileges of the home, and my position will disgrace only me, it will not dishonor my father." And he arose and came to his father. He had been looking at his father in the light of his own sin, and not in the light of the unchanged love of that father's heart, which would never deny him the place of son. The old man knew in what point of the horizon to look, he had never forgotten the way his son went; one instant was enough for recognition; "when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AMONG THE SWINE.

THE Parable of the Prodigal Son has probably been the means of rescuing more souls than any other part of the Bible. Its beauty, simplicity and tenderness appeal to all hearts. It forms an important part of the mission which Christ undertook of revealing God's attitude toward the world. If the inhabitants of an island revolt against their rightful king, of whom they knew nothing except that he was very powerful, there could be no knowledge so momentous to them as that of his disposition toward them and how he proposed to deal with them. Such knowledge Christ imparted and in doing so he continually represents God as a Father, as if to express in a single word his character. Christ uses three familiar illustrations, that we may learn from our own sensations in certain circumstances how God feels toward the lost. There is the lost sheep, one of a hundred, but it is missed. It has strayed after sweet herbage, not intending to desert the flock. The shepherd understands what has occurred, seeks it, carries it back on his shoulders and rejoices. Then there is the lost coin, not so valuable, but it is one of ten and therefore relatively precious. It has no consciousness, simply follows the law of its being and rolls away. It has to be sought and when found, again there is rejoicing. Lastly there is the culmination, a lost child, one of two. The lad is restless under the home restraints which, as the event proves, were good for him, hut were irksome. He wants to leave home and run his own life. The father yields. The son is not like the sheep and the coin, that must be treated as having no understanding. God compels no one to be dutiful. He treats men as reasonable beings who if intent on folly, must learn by experience that it is folly. The son goes away and runs his career of dissipation. He is not sought as the sheep and the coin were. No punishment is inflicted. His course brings its own punishment. In his case, inevitable suffering takes the place of the seeking. He comes to himself. That is a master touch. It is the picture of one awaking from a dream, coming out of delusion, perceiving facts as they are. He sees that he has been a fool. He will go back. Again there is difference in the parables. Neither t sheep nor the coin could do that. The b who chose to go, must choose to retur But the attitude of the loser is not chan ed. He had not sought, but he leaves doubt of his joy. The boy's suspense to his welcome is not protracted. His turn is made easy for him. He is met the way. The propitiatory words he h rehearsed, he is not allowed to utter. T kiss of welcome stops them on his lip He is not required to humiliate hims further. The voluntary return and t confession, "Father, I have sinned" enough. That boy is safe ever aft Whatever the elder brother may do, th son is secure. There will be no reproa from his lips, no more wandering, b ever after, grateful tender love.

A certain man had two sons. A Lond City Missionary says that he was invit to address a meeting which would conta all the thieves and crooks that could be duced to attend. He thought long o the kind of address he should make. nally, he decided to read the Parable the Prodigal Son. One young man w as he learned afterward, was an habitu thief, evidently had never heard t story before. At the close, he approach the missionary and asked him if he wo read the story again to some perso friends of his who would appreciate The missionary consented and gave the cidental pledge required of him, that would not acquaint the police with t time or place of meeting. The simple, thetic story was read, the strange audie listening with rapt attention. As t verse was read describing the meeting tween father and son audible sobs w heard, and looking up the missionary s that several were weeping and oth coughing to hide their agitation. "This son was dead and is alive again, was l and is found," the missionary went and there was a great outburst of sorro Not many words of application were ne ed, but in more than one home afterw was rejoicing such as in the parable.

The younger son gathered all togeth Bishop Burnett told the story of a rema able incident in the family of a frie That man also had two sons like the in the parable, but in that case it was elder son who went astray. The fat believing that his son would never refo left all he had to his younger son. Sub quently the elder did reform, and brother resolved on a noble act of gener ity. He invited his brother and a party friends to a supper. When they were seated, the younger brother rose and sp of the love his father had always felt the prodigal, in spite of his miscond "How he would have rejoiced," he s "if he could have seen this day and h beheld his beloved boy redeemed from vices! I am sure that he would have voked his will and showed his joy making him his heir. What he wo have done had he lived, I now do, feel sure I am carrying out my father's wis At that moment a servant set before elder brother an old heirloom of the fam —a large silver salver—on which w piled the title deeds of the estate. The stored prodigal realized through his brot his father's love, as Christians now le through Christ how "God so loved world that he gave," etc. (John 3: 16.

Took his journey into a far country. D. L. Moody relates the story of a you man in New York whose hardness heart was equal to that of the son in parable. His wickedness and depra broke his mother's heart. But her te had no effect on him; he was incorrigi and she died mourning over him as lost to her and to God. The father plea with the young man, but without eff He felt that his end, too, was approachi and that it was being hastended by son's misconduct. One night, feeling m feeble and broken than usual, he entrea the youth to remain at home. The fat begged, and said it might be the last quest he would ever make of his son. even fell on his knees in the hall pleaded with him. Did that succeed. the son roughly pushed his old fat aside, stepped lightly over his prostr body, and went out to meet his boon co panions. Yet even in such a case father would have wept tears of joy forgiven his son had the son sought giveness. So does a father love his s "Like as a father pitieth his children, the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

The Need of the Hour at Bethel Church.

"WHAT Bethel Church needs is a young, stirring pastor," said Deacon Binley, truculently, pointing a lean forefinger at Deacon Weaver, to emphasize his remarks.

Deacon Weaver was a gentle old man, with blue eyes, steadfast as steel, and snow-white hair. Everybody loved him, and it was conceded that he was the leading man in Bethel Church, but since Deacon Binley had become the superintendent of the Sunday School, there had been for the first time in its history, a faction in Bethel. Nobody could tell just when it was that dissatisfaction crept in, faintly murmuring; nobody could find anyone who would say out, straight and plain in so many words, that he or she wearied of the dear old pastor, Dr. Lansingburgh, the man who had come to Bethel, thirty years ago, in the fulness and glow of his youth, with honors thick upon his head. Then, churches had clamored for the brilliant and rising young man; three calls had been on his study table at once when he chose Bethel, as the church most clearly indicated by Providence, as his sphere of work. Far and wide, crowds came to listen to him, the aisles were thronged, the evening services were famous, and the young and old acknowledged Dr. Lansingburgh as able, eloquent, scholarly and devout. What had he not done for Bethel! He had lived the Pauline life, the Christ life, among and before his people, loving them, marrying them, visiting them in sickness, burying their dead.

No man could say that Dr. Lansingburgh's pulpit power had declined. He still reached strong and thoughtful sermon which the young people voted too profound, but the older people heard with delight and a song of thanksgiving. Often, the morning service, you might have heard a pin drop, so solemn was the hush, yet the same evening a beggarly array of empty pews, depressed the few who did come and grieved the Doctor, so that the tone of disappointment and defeat entered into his weary soul.

Little they knew how bitter was the cup this good man drank. No sorrow on earth is more poignant, not bereavement, not loss of fortune, not mortal illness, not anything is harder to endure than failure when one has had and deserves still to have success.

"Lord, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," prayed the minister in his study, adding his Master's ending to the prayer, "Nevertheless, thy will be done."

Then he buttoned up his overcoat to the throat, for the autumn night was very chilly, and, hat in hand, bent to kiss the head of his crippled daughter, who was all that was left him on this side the river, to love and cherish as his very own. Wife and children slept on the hillside, the minister and his invalid Gertrude were by themselves in the parsonage here, and Gertrude was fading away. Doctor Lansingburgh faced the future bravely, knowing that as far as man could see, another year would find his house left to him desolate.

It was as he turned the corner, the very corner on which Bethel Church stood, that Deacon Binley said those words about the need of the church for a younger man to Deacon Weaver. The pastor heard them; he could not help it, and he heard Deacon Weaver's swift reply:

"Never while John Lansingburgh lives, shall another man stand in that pulpit, so long as my name is Peter Weaver."

Neither man knew that the pastor had been near enough to hear their conversation. He said, "Good evening, brethren," in his usual cordial manner, and entered the chapel door. Presently, as the congregation gathered—it was the night of the weekly prayer-meeting—he gave out a hymn,—"Blessed be the tie that binds."

The meeting went on, it was remembered afterward how fervent was the pastor's exhortation, how tender his petitions, how he forgot nobody, how gentle and reverent was his manner. No one could have guessed how under his tranquil face, and his even tones, there surged like the wail of the ocean, "The need of the hour, for Bethel is a younger man."

Doctor Lansingburgh loved Bethel Church, as a husband loves his wife, as a soldier loves his command, as a painter the great picture into which he has put his best art.

You must not think that a frequent or chance talk between two deacons, had decided the Doctor in any step he now resolved to take. That bit of talk simply focussed certain lines of action which had been determining themselves in his mind. It showed him that what he had hitherto supposed a mere matter of antagonism was taking definite shape. The malcontents were audibly expressing their weariness of an old, and, as they would have said, behind-the-times pastor. Doctor Lansingburgh resolved to resign.

On the following Saturday he sent for Deacon Weaver and fought a loving battle out with that dear friend. In the proper way and at the proper time, he would cease to obstruct the path of progress in Bethel. But next Sabbath he would preach as usual. No one who was there ever lost the impression of that next Sabbath. Dr. Lansingburgh took for his text, "Little children, love one another." Never in his youngest day had he spoken with more fire, more sweetness, more winning persuasiveness. But as the last words of the last prayer were uttered, the minister's face suddenly grew ashen gray, he tottered, swayed, fell, and was caught in the arms of Deacon Weaver who sprang to his aid. They laid him down on the floor of the vestry-room, and three physicians came at once, but John Lansingburgh never breathed again. This final sermon had been his swan-song. The bitter cup had passed from his lips, and instead he was given a cup of the water of life at the right hand of God.

Bethel Church has its young and stirring pastor, but the need of the hour for it and all churches remains still, an outpouring of the Spirit from on high.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Freeing African Slaves.

Recent Operations in Nyassaland — The Philafrican Liberators' League making Rapid Progress in America.

A SLAVE CARAVAN GUARD.

THOSE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are already familiar with the character and purpose of the newly-organized Philafrican Liberators' League for the emancipation of African slaves, will be pleased to know that it is making substantial progress and promises to become one of the leading philanthropic and humanitarian movements of the present day. Men and women in different walks of life residing in different States, have offered their services for work in Africa under the League. Although no appeal for money has been made, contributions are coming in. A young ladies' school of Lausanne, Switzerland, offers voluntarily to work with needle and brush, and in other ways toward a bazaar for the benefit of the League's African proteges. But what is, perhaps, the best guarantee of success in the present stage of the movement, is the unanimous and hearty approval with which the League is received by the prominent philanthropists of New York. Bishop Potter speaks of it as "a noble recognition of an imperious duty" which has his "hearty sympathy and approval." The Hon. Chas. P. Daly, the learned and venerable president of the American Geographical Society, hails it, as "the only practical plan he has yet seen for the removal of the two greatest evils afflicting the Dark Continent, the trade in human flesh and the belief in witchcraft." Dr. Josiah Strong, of the Evangelical Alliance, thinks this project is "entirely feasible," far-sighted and calculated to contribute much to the healing of the "open sore of the world." An editorial in *The Evangelist* declares that "what is necessary is to spread the knowledge of this deserving project for ameliorating the sad condition of millions of our fellow-beings. In the rush of affairs and the press of 'causes,' the best undertaking must be vigorously pushed. We very gladly give this good enterprise what impetus our words can lend." Cyrus C. Adams, of New York, than whom no editor in America is better versed in African matters, says: "The fact that Mr. Chatelain has interested some of the best known men in the country in his proposed work is probably due as much to their confidence in the man as to their approval of his scheme. For everybody who knows him can testify that every dollar he has had for twelve years has gone into his work, save that required to give him the barest subsistence."

Interest in the African Slave Trade during the last few weeks has centred in the operations of Sir Henry Hamilton Johnston, the British Commissioner, against the Arab slave-traders around Lake Nyassa. The most powerful combination of Arabs was settled near Karongas at the north end of the Lake, under the command of Mlozi, who styled himself Sultan of Konde. He was the leader in the war of 1888, when the Arabs sought to expel the British from the district. After three years of fighting peace was made by the then Commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston, but the Arabs broke every engagement they had entered into, fortified their villages in the very strongest manner possible, and recently defied the British power, going so far as to fire upon some of the Administration officials. On December 3d last, Johnston assembled at Karonga all his available forces, and by a swift advance surrounded the Arab towns, and after two days' bombardment carried the stockades by assault. Nearly six hundred slaves were liberated, showing that the Arabs had been carrying on their nefarious practices in spite of all treaties and promises. Mlozi was duly tried, and his guilt having been fully proved, he was sentenced to death and hanged. The photograph represents this well-known slave-trader, Mlozi, with his bodyguard, on a visit to Karonga after the first peace was made.

SLAVE-TRADING CHIEF MLOZI, AND HIS BODY-GUARD.

It is for the purpose of liberating and educating poor natives such as those who were enslaved by this despot, and others like him, that the Philafrican Liberators' League has been formed. All who desire to be fully informed concerning its objects, and who wish to become identified with its Christ-like and Samaritan work should communicate with the League at No. 511 Charities Building, 22d street and 4th ave., New York City.

Why They Trusted Each Other.

A stranger arrived in a Western city by an evening train. Tired and dusty, he hurried to the principal hotel and was disappointed at not being able to secure a room for himself alone. The hotel was filled to overflowing, with cots in the parlors all engaged. A great convention was in session in the city, and as he went to the other hotels he found the same difficulty; not a room, not even a cot, could he secure. At last, at a third-rate hotel, he found that he could secure a bed in a double-room. He tried to hire both beds, but one bed had been already hired, and so he was obliged to take his chances. He went upstairs, and concluded that he would not go to sleep until he had seen what kind of man was to occupy the other bed. He took out his pocket Bible and soon became deeply interested. He was engaged in this study when the door opened, and the stranger who was to be his roommate for the night entered. The man, as he entered, gave a sharp glance at him, and then went across the room and prepared for bed.

Looking over the top of his Bible he quietly studied the stranger. The man appeared to be a quiet person and seemed to be honest. Still he hesitated about trusting a stranger, and began to make calculations about keeping awake. But he changed his mind; for he saw the stranger, who was ready to retire, quietly kneel down, in a manner that showed it to be a familiar custom, and engage in prayer. That was enough; he put the Bible under his pillow and went off himself into a quiet, refreshing sleep. In the morning, while they were dressing, he turned to the stranger, and explaining the circumstances of the past evening, said: "So I slept well." The stranger listened attentively, and then said: "I slept well, too. I had not expected to sleep at all in this place, with one that I did not know in the other bed, but when I came in suddenly and found you reading your Bible, I concluded I could trust you."

PRISONERS' HEARTS GLADDENED.

The Result of an Experiment in Scattering Gospel Literature throughout a Number of Jails and Reformatories—An Excellent Field for Christian Work.

THERE is no class of men or women who stand more deeply in need of spiritual education than the criminal section of society. While at liberty, they are so surrounded by vicious acquaintances and beset with allurements to crime that they have no time for reflection and but little disposition to consider their own spiritual degradation, even if they realized it. In imprisonment, there is time for thought and for repentance; and an opportunity is afforded to Christian workers to reach and touch the hearts of the prisoners, as never before. Believing that one of the great needs of the average jail is good religious literature for the use of the convicts, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD decided to send experimentally a consignment of $1000 worth of Bibles, books, and Christian papers to as many prisons as possible, trusting that they might be blessed to those men and women into whose hands they might fall and be made serviceable, in however slight a degree, for their reclamation to decent lives. The entire expense of the experiment was borne by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Below we give short extracts from some of the replies received, which are of a character to prove beyond all doubt, that an abundant and regular supply of well-selected religious reading matter would be a boon almost universally appreciated in the prisons. Let us hope that those of our readers, who can do so, will co-operate in this work by forwarding direct, from time to time, to the reformatory institutions in their respective States, such suitable books, papers, pamphlets, tracts, and periodicals, as they may be able to collect for that purpose.

Our distribution was arranged so as to include as large a number of reformatory institutions as possible—houses of correction, city farms, penitentiaries, state and county prisons and local jails. Acknowledgements have been received from prison wardens, sheriffs, keepers, chaplains, hospital superintendents and others, and these together form a chapter replete with instruction and interest to Christian workers. These communications reveal an intense desire on the part of those in confinement for something that will afford mental recreation. They open up a field of Gospel effort that should at once claim the attention of thousands of good men and women throughout the land. We have space for only a few extracts from the letters of acknowledgment. Chaplain C. L. Bradshaw of the Hoboken, Pa., prison, writes:

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sally received. In only a few instances they were rejected. And I got the men to promise that in going out they would leave them with the captain of the tier-men so that they could be distributed again. I have been happy in many instances, since then, to find the men reading them. I also received the package of CHRISTIAN HERALDS, and have commenced the distribution of these. They also were thankfully received, and I desire to send you my own sincere thanks.

On Saturday morning I struck off about 135 copies of the enclosed covenant, which I had distributed before our service. So far I have the names of about twenty-three, and think there are at least as many more. The pledge reads:

"Lord Jesus I sincerely desire to enter into full agreement with Thee. I take Thee now to be my Saviour, and my Lord and Master forever. I take Thy Word to be my Guide. And I will pray daily for Thy grace to study and obey that Word day by day. Lord help me to keep this covenant which I now subscribe with my name."

Chaplain Anson Cheesman of Clinton Prison, N. Y., writes:

We are always glad to get Christian reading. This is the second supply that has come to us through the suggestion of that good man Rev. Dwight L. Moody. I can give you but a small idea of the amount of good accomplished in furnishing such reading for the men imprisoned. We are so far away, it is difficult to obtain it, therefore, whatever aid comes to us is greatly prized. Will you not do what you can to help us? It is the Master's work and we must do it well. Some of the men are being converted and we must care for them.

Chaplain J. W. Barnes of the Charlestown, Mass., State Prison, in acknowledging the gift of reading matter for his prisoners, devoutly adds: "Blessings abide with you!" Superintendent B. J. Miller, of the State Industrial School, Eldora, Ia., writing of the papers sent, says:

They have been distributed among our boys, and I assure you that they are very much appreciated, and we shall be very thankful at any time for more. We have four hundred and seventy-six boys, all bright, active, rollicking fellows, and many of them are good readers.

Nearly five hundred souls famishing for spiritual food! What a picture for church-going Christians to contemplate.

Another Chaplain (a veteran), Rev. W. J. McDermott, of Montgomery Co. Prison, Norristown, Pa., writes:

They (the papers) were eagerly devoured. Blessings on the inmates as well as to you for the liberal act. I have been Chaplain nine years and identified with the work since 1860. I am a "volunteer," and a great pleasure the service has been to me.

Another old and well-known Chaplain, Rev. J. G. Bass, of the Kings Co. Penitentiary, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

Those papers you sent to the jail were distributed at the Sunday morning services. Those sent to the penitentiary, one copy in every cell in men and women's prison and one on every bed in hospital.

"We have not a great amount of reading matter for our patients," writes Supt. H. E. Allison of the Matteawan State Hospital, Fishkill, N. Y. "And are pleased at any time to receive literature of this character and to distribute it in the wards." Supt. J. W. Horn of the Reformatory, Cheltenham, Mass., writes: "Our boys were very much pleased with the papers received and read them the greater part of yesterday (Sunday.) Under God we hope they will produce good fruit."

Mrs. Lucy M. Sickels, Supt. State Industrial Home for Girls, Adrian, Mich., writes:

The papers give great pleasure to the girls. One [illegible]

J. E. St. John, Superintendent Industrial School, Lansing, Mich., writes:

[illegible] seldom we receive such a lot of good, sound reading [illegible] that is done for the boys is highly appreciated.

G. A. Shallenberger, Superintendent Reform School District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., writes:

[illegible] of their old magazines and weeklies. On these I [illegible] boys, large or small, who do not take special in- [illegible]

And so the replies run throughout the letters received. It may be remembered that in an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the famous Evangelist, pleaded the cause of the prisons, declaring that the lack of good Christian literature in the various prisons, penitentiaries and reformatory institutions of this country was an [illegible] steps should be taken by all who were able to do so, to supply that lack in the jails. Our present experiment has shown that the picture then drawn by Mr. Moody was nowise exaggerated.

Among those who sent acknowledgments were the following:

Sheriff John Gehn, Mayville, N. Y.
Warden John Cawthren, Rochester, N. Y.
Joseph Nicholson, Supt. Reform School, Detroit.
P. Caldwell, Supt. School of Reform, Louisville, Ky.
Sheriff James E. Yates, Schenectady, N. Y.
W. A. Neal, Supt. S. C. Penitentiary, Columbia.
Nelson Viall, Warden R. I. States Prison, Howard.
Jos. Brodman, Supt. House of Correction, Peoria, Ill.
J. O. Mallory, Chaplain Illinois State Reformatory, Pontiac, Ill.
Chas. U. Morrill, Master, House of Correction, Ipswich, Mass.
Mary A. McFadden, Principal and Matron State Industrial School for Girls, Trenton, N. J.
E. W. Oakes, Supt. of Prison, Windsor, Vt.
Jas. H. Bean, Deputy Sheriff & Jailer, Pulaski, N.Y.
G.H. Hickox, Chaplain State Prison, Jackson, Mich.
J.M. Fisk, Mas. House of Cor., E. Cambridge, Mass.
Sheriff Addison Johnson, White Plains, N. Y.
W. A. McConnell, Supt. House of Cor., Quincy, Ill.
Warden W. A. Smith, Ballston Spa, N. Y.
C. F. Deavstyne, Supt. Penitentiary, Albany, N. Y.
Sheriff J. L. Dailey, Richmond, Va.
J.A. Hunt, Supt. House of Cor., New Bedford, Mass.
J. R. Hodnett, Jail Keeper, Belmont, N. Y.
G. L. Coburn, Supt. School for Boys, Meriden, Ct.
Sheriff P. H. Tuohey, Lockport, N. Y.
Sheriff Wm. J. Lormou, Elmira, N. Y.
Sheriff J. W. Cazen, Carmel, N. Y.
Warden W. H. Rafford, Riverhead, N. Y.
A.H. Sloan, Supt. Erie Co. Penitentiary, Buffalo, N.Y.
G. O. Walton, Warden Northampton Co. Prison, Easton, Pa.
Sheriff J. M. Watson, Monticello, N. Y.
I. Y. Kenzer, Warden Berks Co. Prison, Reading, Pa.
Chaplain C. Mendenhall, Ionia, Mich.
Geo. M. Sweezey, Lyons, N.Y.
F.S. Fargens, Chaplain Prison, Huntingdon, Pa.
Supt. Mary K. Boyd, Albion, N. Y.
J. D. Roth, Chaplain I. S. P., Joliet, Ill.
Supt. W. H. Richmond, Rutland, Vt.
Warden M. Van Pelt, Maundsville, W. Va.
Jailer A. C. Wethay, Auburn, N. Y.
H. Yates, Chaplain W. S. P., Auburn, N. Y.
Sheriff E. M. Perry, Morrisville, N. Y.
Supt. J. S. Markell, Syracuse, N. Y.
Warden A. B. Endicott, Denham, Mass.
Sheriff Cornelius O'Leary, Geneseo, N. Y.
Jailer B. D. Dimwull, Fitchburg, Mass.
Supt. Ellen C. Johnson, Sherborn, Mass.
S. S. Seariny, Chaplain and Librarian House of Correction, South Boston, Mass.
Sheriff J. N. Shutts, Johnstown, N. Y.
Wm. J. Balt, Concord Junction, Mass.
Warden J. J. Rowland, Media, Pa.
Sheriff W. J. Woodworth, Warsaw, N. Y.
Warden C. W. Brower, Pottsville, Pa.
Jailer C. N. Merrill, Cooperstown, N. Y.
C. S. Collins, Lake George, N. Y.
Bro. Dominic, Baltimore, Md.
Sheriff W. H. Eaton, Berkley, N. Y.
Sheriff J. C. Clark, Northampton, Mass.
Supt. J. H. Eastman, Howard, R. I.
E. P. Clark, Master H. of C., Springfield, Mass.
Warden S. Detrick, Sunbury, Pa.
Sheriff A. W. Beakes, Goshen, N. Y.
Sheriff Philip Schautz, Kingston, N. Y.
Under Sheriff J. G. Porter, Catskill, N. Y.
Jail Keeper, Long Island City, N. Y.
Sheriff G. R. Smith, Canton, N. Y.
Turnkey R. B. Wilkes, Bath, N. Y.
Sheriff E. F. Rowley, Malone, N. Y.
Turnkey Ernst Bamburg, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sheriff E. W. Payne, Norwich, N. Y.
Keeper Geo. H. Cash, Barnstable, Mass.
Under Sheriff A. C. Clark, Waterloo, N. Y.
Sheriff H. F. Meelock, Hamilton Co., N. Y.
Supt. C. M. Harrison, Verona, N. J.
H. E. Swan, Supt. Essex Co. (Mass.) Truant School.
H. G. Herrick, Master H. of C., Lawrence, Mass.
Under Sheriff L. H. Conklin, Owego, N. Y.
Supt. T. F. Chaplain, Westboro, Mass.
F. L. Johnson, Truant School, Oakdale, Mass.
W. K. Bibb, Supt. Female H. of Refuge, Balto., Md.
Sheriff G. W. Heath, Fonda, N. Y.
Sheriff A. S. Fitzgerald, Watkins, N. Y.
Albert Pinder, City Farm, Howell, Mich.
Deputy Jailer [illegible] Scott, Pittsfield, Mass.
Sheriff Henry Sick, Little Valley, N. Y.
D. Moses, Chaplain Ct. S. P., Wethersfield, Ct.
[illegible], Salem, Mass.
B. Cade, Chaplain U. S. P., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
Ira Otterson, Supt. S. R. S., Jamesburg, N. J.
Chaplain J. C. S. Weills, Sing Sing, N. Y.
S. Aludneros, Supt. Vt. I. S., Virginness, Vt.
E. P. Wentworth, Asst. Supt. S. R. S., Portland, Me.
[illegible], Supt. House of Refuge, Cincinnati, O.
Sheriff J. W. Nye, Elizabethtown, N. Y.
J. A. Fruay, Supt. P. R. S., Morganza, Pa.
Sheriff J. W. [illegible], Salem, N. Y.
[illegible], Supt. Ct. I. S. G., Middletown, Ct.
[illegible], Supt. Va. Penitentiary, Richmond, Va.
F. Heidin, Jr., Ispector H. of Cor., Milwaukee, Wis.
R. J. Kirkwood, Supt. H. of R., Baltimore, Md.
I. S. Bristol, Supt. H. of R., St. Louis, Mo.
Sheriff J. S. Pearce, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
W. E. Lee, Supt. State Ref'tory, St. Cloud, Minn.
P. H. Dorr, Supt. House of Cor., Cleveland, O.
Chaplain Hugh Maguire, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.
[illegible], Vt.
H. F. Whittemore, Supt. I. H. for C. G., Melvale, Md.
J. M. Meloy, Supt. Workhouse, Minneapolis, Minn.
J. L. Milligan, Chaplain Pen., Allegheny, Pa.
[illegible], St. Paul, Minn.
Supt. Keely, I. R. S. for G., Indianapolis, Ind.
Supt. Cory, I. S. S., Mitchellville, Ia.
[illegible], O.
[illegible] State [illegible]
Supt. Brant, Workhouse, Kansas City, Mo.
[illegible]

Two Young Evangelists

Rev. Grant C. Tallar and Mr. Isaac H. Meredith Preaching and Singing the Gospel at Vineland, N. J., and other Towns.

THE recent remarkable revival at Vineland, N. J., in which over four hundred persons made confession of faith in Christ, has been followed by work in other towns, with blessed results, by the same earnest men whose labors were so successful there. Messrs. Tullar and Meredith are young beginners in the evangelistic field, but their earnestness and power of speech and song give promise of a career of extended usefulness.

Rev. Grant C. Tullar is a nati[ve of] Connecticut, and is twenty-seven ye[ars of] age. His boyhood was a stormy one. [Left] motherless when only two years [old, he] was deprived of the comforts and ad[vant]ages of a settled home. His fat[her, a] veteran of the war, had been incapac[itated] for active work by his wounds, and [when] he lost his wife, his nine children c[onsti]tuted a domestic problem that it wa[s diffi]cult to solve. The two-year-old [child] was left temporarily with a kindly f[amily], but after a short time he fell int[o the] hands of people of a different type, [who] neglected and ill treated him. Ch[anged] from one family to another, faring w[ell at] times and suffering [pri]vations at others, [he at]tained the age of [elev]en, a veritable little [heath]en. His first expe[rience] in regular work [was] in a woolen mill, w[here,] though under t[welve] years old, he w[as re]quired to work t[en]

REV. GRANT C. TULLAR.

MR. ISAAC H. MEREDITH.

hours out of the twenty-four. After a year of that life he decided to seek his fortune elsewhere. He went to [Hart]ford and found employment as [errand] boy in a store. At this time he had [never] been inside a church or Sunday Scho[ol. He] became addicted to evil habits and [when,] after some months in Hartford, he r[emov]ed to Boston, he was on the high r[oad to] ruin. In Boston, however, he came [under] the influence of his eldest brother, [who,] when the family was scattered had [fared] better than the child. He had th[e ben]efits of a Christian home and was t[rained] in a godly way. He was shocked [at his] younger brother's condition and m[ade an] effort to reclaim him. With some d[ifficul]ty he was induced to leave Boston, [where] he had formed the worst kind of a[ssocia]tions and went to Waterbury, C[onn.,] where he went to church and S[unday] School, and in 1888 he was converte[d. He] at once became active in Christian [work,] learning rapidly and putting his sou[l into] it. It was not long before he receiv[ed an] exhorter's license from the Conferen[ce, and] began his more public work, in wh[ich he] has now become well known.

Mr. Isaac H. Meredith, who labore[d with] Mr. Tullar at Vineland, is three ye[ars his] junior. From his earliest boyhood [he has] had a passion for music and has m[ade it] his constant study. When he was [only] eleven years old he was a member [of a] church choir and organist of the Y.M.[C.A.] of his native town. In the summer o[f 1891,] while spending a vacation at Ocean G[rove,] N. J., his singing in the Auditoriu[m at]tracted the attention of several Ch[ristian] workers, who have since availed [them]selves of his services. Among them w[as Mr.] Tullar, with whom he has since lab[ored]

ONE WEEK MORE OF THE FUND.

All Who have Not Yet Contributed Should Help Armenia Now—How the Work has Expanded—Letters from Missionary Distributors.

ONE more week remains in which our readers and their friends may contribute to the relief of the suffering Christians of Armenia, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. Nearly $40,000 already been distributed through the missionaries. This sum represents the generated gifts of over 15,000 Christian men and women, who have made the cause of stricken Armenia their own, and prayed that its persecutions may cease, that its sorrowing mothers, its fatherless children and its hundreds of thousands of destitute exiles might be helped and comforted. How these prayers have been heard and answered, the result has shown. A flood-tide of practical sympathy has been flowing toward that unhappy land these last six months, and benefactions from Europe and America have poured down upon its people. The hand of massacre has been stayed, and although peace has only partly ceased, yet the fact that the great Russian nation—nominally Christian if no more—has interested itself when all Europe turned coldly aside, gives some slight assurance of returning security.

And our own immediate friends, who have once again responded nobly to the call of suffering humanity, they have been generous beyond all expectation. When the Journal directed their attention to the needs of Armenia in September last, it was not in contemplation to attempt the establishment of a modest relief work at all. But experience has shown that we cannot fix the limit of Christian effort when it is begun in the enthusiastic spirit of self-sacrifice, and soon the Van Relief Bureau was extended to nearly a score of other centres in Armenia and even across the frontier to Persia. Now that the work is approaching a close, we desire to express to all who have aided in its development and in bringing about the glorious results it has accomplished, our sincere acknowledgments for their hearty co-operation. All honor to the army of Christian men and women, who have helped the Fund, and, by their increasing and devoted labors as distributors, have made every dollar and every dime a real benefaction to the Armenian people and the means, under the Divine blessing, of saving many thousands who must otherwise have perished.

We trust that during the closing week of the Fund, our friends will not relax their efforts, but that all who intend contributing will send in their gifts as soon as possible.

One of the missionaries at Erzeroom, Rev. W. N. Chambers, writing under date of Feb. 24, gives this statement of the Relief work. (Dr. Chambers received $2000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund for distribution in the Erzeroom and Erzingan districts.)

"To-day has been a very heavy day for us. We change the tickets for bread each week. On Monday we issued over 800 bread tickets. These 800 women—each one representing a family—3500 persons—came for their tickets; 2300 others came in the hope of getting tickets. In addition, a lot of people from near villages came in for wheat. So that between 1200 and 1500 people entered our house to-day. The villagers who came to-day and received wheat represented about 1500 destitute. So that this day's work consisted in issuing rations for a week to about 5000 destitute people. We are working on the basis of spending £1000 a month in this province. This does not allow more than a starvation ration to each person assisted. But there are many not reached. It leaves out of count the thousands that are without bedding in this severe weather, having scant clothing. It is absolutely impossible to supply even a fraction of the necessary wants.

"The death rate amongst children is very large. The outlook is most dark. These people will be dependent on charity for a year under the most favorable circumstances possible now. We fail to understand what the West means. The only hope of saving life is transportation of the people. Whoever escapes the Turkish sword, famine will pursue. The eyes of the people are turned still to England and

ARMENIAN CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

America. Oh! may God grant that those two nations may not fail them again. Let America and England know that $1,000,000 will not cover the need or relieve the people. The emigration scheme should be pushed to completion.

"Our need for money will increase greatly within a month, and even after the winter is over they will need help for seed corn, or else starvation will complete the job next winter. Sometimes I wonder how long flesh and blood can bear such a strain, but we are 'in for it' and must hold on as long as we can. There is much to try one's patience in such a land at any time, but now more than all."

From Cæsarea, another missionary, Rev. J. L. Fowle, sends an account of the relief work now in progress there. His letter is dated March 2nd, and shows that the work has been extended from Cæsarea to Gemerek, Sharkusbla, Sarumsakka and other points where relief has been afforded. Clothing has been received from Bardezag, Scutari, Constantinople, Pera, Kortal, Nicomedia and elsewhere, and distributed in Cæsarea, Sivas, and Harpoot by Gregorians, Protestants and Americans.

In her latest statement of the condition of the Relief Work at Van, Miss Kimball writes as follows:

It has now [illegible] at a standstill. Only the Industrial Bureau is alive, and keeps the courage of the people up by its activity. Thus, day by day, the numbers both in city [illegible] increases. A family that has been able to eke out a living till to-day, now finds that its wheat and other food-stuffs are exhausted; there is no more to be had anywhere, and so the family sends its representative, father or mother or grown son, to beg for work. It is a noticeable fact that the demand nine cases out of ten is for work—rarely for free bread. But day after day the tide of destitution rolls in upon us and we are in hope of reaching an end only when we reach the limit of the population.

We have distributed from the first of this month (February) to the fifteenth 3,687 sewed garments, 1011 webs of cloth and 500 yards of goods to 2,860 persons. It should be understood that the webs of cloth mean from eight to eighteen yards only. The value of these goods is some £400 and is almost entirely the product of our own Bureau.

My heart aches for the babies and little children who are accustomed to live on the abundant milk in the villages; poor little things with nothing but coarse dry bread to munch now. And even the supply for the nurselings gives out when the poor mothers eat only insufficient dry bread and underclothing; not only every physical hardship, but the mental suffering often of grief for husband and brother murdered, always for houses robbed, property destroyed and the hopelessness for the future. I call to mind one of hundreds of similar instances a family of refugees in a house which I can see from where I sit while writing this. The father was killed; the mother with five small children fled to the city and found refuge in a cold damp stable—no beds, no fire, no food and no clothing—the thermometer below zero.

The mother fell ill with fever, and when my attention was called to the family, the baby was simply a skeleton in the last stages of starvation and the other children but little better. It was a real satisfaction to be able through the generosity of the people at home to send on now with fuel, clothing, beds and medicine. But, alas! one of the men came the next day for a winding sheet for the baby!

During the past week the following contributions have been received for the relief of the Armenian sufferers:

Previously Acknowledged $38,078.15

Mrs E B	1 00
S C	1 00
Jas.	50
Josephine	1 00
Mrs W J	1 00
Maggie	25
Mrs Frank	25
Mrs J	5 00
Annie	1 50
W	5 00
Wm.	25
Julia A C	1 00
Mrs Lizzie	4 00
A	50
Gemma L	1 00
H E	1 00
Mary A	1 00
Jane	10 00
Mrs W H	1 00
W F & wife	5 00
Mrs F	2 00
Mrs Lucy	1 00
Mrs A P. &	
F Brown	2 00
& wife	1 00
C & wife	1 00
M L	1 00
Mrs M S	10 00
Mary	50
M S class	2 00
E A	1 00
Mrs M J	1 00
N	2 00
B F	10
Cyres, Mrs Hester B	10 00
W V	2 00
Mrs J L	75
Mrs S	50
Miss L	50
H	1 00
Ed.	1 00
Mrs M	2 00
R H & O S	2 00
M J	2 00
Mrs A J	1 00
H	1 00
J H	5 00
John J	2 00
W	1 00
Thos W	5 00
Mrs M	1 00
A	1 00
Alex	1 00
Jas. Mrs B O	25
Wm	1 00
Mrs A L	2 00
Mary	25 00
Chas	1 00
John Sr	5 00
J	3 00
Angus	2 00
Mrs John E	3 00
Eddie	1 00
R	1 00
Mr & Mrs SO	7 00
Mrs J W	50
James H	2 00
Nellie	2 00
Mrs C A	25
	25
Mrs Emma	10
	8
Wm	25
Marion	5 00
Annie J	1 00
Harold	10
Mrs M A	1 00
Mrs D M	1 00
Clark, Miss Grace	1 00
Clark, Mary A	3 00
Clarke, Chas J	4 00
Clay, Mrs E L	1 00
Coan, Mrs L A	26
Cobb, Silas	4 00
Cofer, C P	2 00
Coleman, Mrs C	2 00
Conner, J W	1 00
Cozine, Rev & Mrs	5 00
Colter, Ella P	25 00
Conkling, Mrs James	1 00
Corkhill, Mrs C S	1 00
Corkhill, Ella, Lulu,	
Grace, Edner and	
Pearl & Mabel Kersey	36
Corkhill, Mrs F S	20
Cornell, Mrs C E	1 00
Cory, Mrs John	1 00
Cowan, Miss Jennie	1 00
Cowan, Stessie May	50
Cox, Mrs J D	1 00
Cozine, Alice B	5
Cozine, Jennie C	15
Cozine, Marjorie	5
Cozine, Victor	25
Crawford, Adam	1 00
Crichton, Daniel	5 00
Croft, Mrs Martha	1 00
Crothers, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Crowell, Jane	1 00
Cruikshanks, Mary	1 00
Curnow, I W	2 00
Curran, C E	2 00
Curtiss, F S	1 00
Cyres, Mrs Hester B	10 00
Darling, Mrs A S	2 00
Darrow, Silvester	10
Davidson, Mrs Sarah	25 00
Davis, Ann D	25
Davis, Benj W	20
Davis, Catherine C	10
Davis, D B	50
Davis, Daniel T	20
Davis, David B	5
Davis, David D	20
Davis, David J	1 00
Davis, David W	50
Davis, E N	50 00
Davis, E T	25
Davis, J J	25
Davis, J J	10
Davis, Keynor	5
Davis, Maggie D	25
Davis, Margaret T	1 00
Davis, N E	25
Davis, N J	25
Davis, T Elton	10
Davis, Thomas C	5
Davis, Thomas E	25
Davis, Mrs W H	1 00
Davis, Wm E	10
Davis, Wm W	1 00
Davis, Willie E	10
Dawson, M K	50
Dearborn, Mr	10
Dearborn, Mrs	10
Delaney, Mrs J A	1 00
Dent, Mrs H H	5 00
De Pagnes, Mrs F M	5 25
Deschenes, J	2 00
Desgland, Mrs Leon	5 00
Dewitt, Mrs Kath H	1 00
Dickson, Mrs C C	1 00
Dissen, Christ	50
Dilley, Geo	10
Dixon, Nettie & Lulu	1 00
Doan, Jane	25
Doak, Robert	2 00
Doak, Sarah	25
Dodd, J F	1 00
Dorning, Mrs I	10 00
Drown, Oliver	3 50
Dunkerly, A	1 00
Dunn, Jacob	2 00
Dunhart, Henry	1 00
Early, Mrs H A	3 00
Easterday, Harold	50
Easterday, Merle	50
Eckert, Mrs M A	5 00
Edwards, Edna	15
Edwards, J H	25
Edwards, W M	1 50
Evans, D D	50
Evans, Mrs D H	4 50
Evans, D W	50
Evans, D J	25
Evans, Mary D	25
Evans, Rev T Z	1 00
Ewing, A L	2 50
Faloon, Ella	2 00
Farris, Mary J	1 50
Feigenspan, T	3 00
Ferguson, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Figley, Mrs J E	2 00
Filler, Mrs Lydia	1 00
Finch, Mr & Mrs C	2 00
Fisherance, J A	5 00
Fleming, Wm	1 00
Flick, Miss L M	1 00
Ford, David, collected	
by	12 25
Fox, Mrs F W	50
Fox, Ina	08
Frame, Mrs Andrew	1 50
Fraser, Mrs C	2 00
Freer, Mrs A M	50
French, Mr & Mrs E	2 00
Fuller, Mrs A M	5 00
Fuller, G F	1 00
Fuller, Mrs H E	50
Fuller, L M	25
Funk, Edw	1 00
Funk, Willie	25
Garner, H R	5 00
Gaskill, Mrs Julia	50
Gates, Mrs David	10
Gay, Mrs C W	1 00
Gibson, Edith B	1 00
Gibson, W J	5 00
Gilbert, Mr W T	15
Gildart, Miss Nannie	1 00
Gillette, Mrs B B	2 00
Gingrich, D M	1 00
Glascocke, Virginia	25
Godley, A	1 00
Goodrich, Miss Z	1 00
Goshen, I J	1 00
Graham, Mrs Esther	5 00
Green, Mrs I	2 00
Green, John	2 00
Griggs, O H	1 00
Griffin, Mrs Anna	25
Griltbortzen, David	5 00
Guinn, Phillip	10
Hass, C W	5 50
Hadley, Mattie	20
Hagaman, C A	5 00
Haight, Mrs J L	50
Hall, Mrs R L	1 00
Hall, A M	1 00
Hall, Mrs Jas	2 00
Hankla, P S	1 00
Hart, A J	1 00
Hart, Mary C	1 00
Hartman, A E	1 00
Hartson, Geo	10
Harvey, Mrs	14 16
Hastings, Mrs J J	1 00
Hawkins, Mary	5 00
Haworth, Alvida	25
Hayes, Mrs I E	5 00
Hemminger, Mrs M	50
Henderson & Olson	2 00
Henings, Mrs H	1 00
Henrique, A I	2 00
Herbert, Chas	1 00
Hilliard, Mrs S	1 00
Hinson, Mrs Mary V	50
Hinkson, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Hinsdale, Ann E	5 00
Hodgdon, Mrs J A	2 00
Hoel, Mrs M	2 00
Holmes, DD & family	5 00
Holmes, E C	1 00
Holmes, M C	1 00
Holmes, Miss Myrta	1 00
Holt, E Q	1 00
Hopson, Carrie A	50
Horton, Walter B	25
Howells, Annie	25
Howells, Wm H	25
Huffman, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Hughes, Anna	25
Hughes, D J	25
Hughes, Ellen	25
Hughes, J T	25
Hughes, Maggie L	50
Hughes, T J	1 00
Hughes, Tommie	25
Huizinga, G T	5 00
Hungerford, Miss FE	5 00
Hunt, I B	1 00
Hunter, J A	1 00
Hunter, Mrs J C	10 00
Hutchinson, John	2 00
Illick, J E	1 00
Jackson, A G	50
Jansen, Miss R R	2 00
Jenkins, Y S	1 00
Jewett, Mrs G	4 25
Johnson, Miss Lucie	1 50
Johnston, Jas	2 00
Jones, D P	25
Jones, D D	50
Jones, D S	25
Jones, E	50
Jones, J J	50
Jones, M P	1 00
Jones, M S	25
Jones, T S	10
Jones, Wm D	25
Kappus, A	5 00
Keeling, Mrs G R	5 00
Kehke, M	5 00
Kerr, Jno	1 00
King, Mrs C W	10 00
Kintman, Frank	50
Kircher, John	25
Knapp, Jno	1 00
Lacy, Mrs D R	30
Landes, Nancy	5
Larham, Mrs O E	1 00
Leonard, W H	2 00
Lesie, Mary	1 00
Lewenger, Wm H	5 00
Lewis, David J	25
Lewis, Miss Rosetta	10 00
Lewis, Thomas J	25
Lindsey, Sarah A	1 00
Link, Mrs Florence	1 00
Lloyd, Daniel W	25
Lormor, Mrs Lydia	2 00
Loton, Wm	3 00
Lowry, Mrs Annie L	25 00
Luther, H	1 00
McBride, Mrs M C	1 00
McClellan, Mrs M J	1 00
McClintock, Mrs M & daughter	2 00
McCormack, Mrs A D	50
McCoy, Maggie	25
McCoy, Sarah	25
McCray, Chas	20
McCray, Mrs W D	10
McDermid, Mrs	50
McDonald, Jas	1 00
McDonald, Matilda S	1 00
McLain, John A	1 00
McLaughlin, Mrs A	25
McLaughlin, Mrs C W	25
McLaughlin, Frank	50
McLeod, Mr & family	50
McLoughlin, Myra	1 00
McLure, David	5 00
McMillen, Geo	1 00
McMillen, John	1 00
Macdonell, G G	1 00
Mandell, S D	10 00
Mann, W F	1 00
Marten, Mrs A M	50
Marten, Mrs J	50
Marten, Mary	1 00
Martin, Annie	2 00
Martin, Miss Mary	4 00
Martin, Mary E	1 00
Mason, Mrs Chas	1 00
Masters, Pearie	50
Mead, Carrie	10
Merriman, Mrs	2 25
Millett, Mr & Mrs O D	50
Mitchinger, Geo B	1 00
Mitchell, H G	2 00
Mitchell, Jane	3 50
Moe, John	40
Montgomery, Mrs E	10
Moore, Clara	1 00
Moore, Geo H	1 00
Morgan, Daniel M	25
Morgan, Stephen	50
Morris, John	25
Morris, Mary Jane	25
Morris, O R	1 00
Morris, Thos	25
Morrison, Lillian S	1 00
Morrison, Mrs M	1 00
Mott, Anna	1 00
Mott, H H	10 00
Myers, Miss Kate T	1 00
Nelson, G G	1 00
Nelson, O D	50
Newton, Mrs & Mrs S F	2 00
Newton, Geo L	5 00
Nevin, Sarah E	2 00
NewKirk, Mrs	3 00
Newmaster, Nanna	1 00
Newlander, T	1 00
Nicholas, Richard	1 00
Norcross, Mrs M A	2 00
Nye, C E	2 00
Orchard, Mrs M E	5 00
Oren, Lizzie L	1 00
Osborne, Miss Annie Alice Mum, Grace Blanchard, Nettie Burgess, A Jennie Townsend	50
Osterhoudt, Mrs E	1 60
Overson, Ole	1 00
Page, Wm	3 00
Park, Mrs W R	2 50
Parker, Dyson	1 00
Parker, Ida H	1 00
Parr, Henry	50
Parsons, Sandie	1 50
Pearsons, Wm H	1 00
Pease, Miss M A	1 00
Peasley, W H	1 00
Perry, E H	5 00
Perkins, Everett V	50
Perry, Jos & wife	5 00
Peterson, T	25
Pierce, Henrietta	40
Polley, S M	2 00
Pottinger, Pete	1 00
Pratt, Mrs E M	5 00
Puyear, Philip	2 00
Ralston, P O	25
Randolph, Emeline	2 00
Ranson, Geo	3 00
Rarig, Mrs John	1 00
Raymond, Mrs Lydia	1 00
Reed, Mrs Wm	50
Reynolds, Mrs	1 00
Reynolds, Dexter	1 00
Richards, E S & family	6 00
Richards, Mr & Mrs F	2 00
Richardson, Mrs S	25
Richardson, Mrs T G	25
Richer, J C	1 00
Richer, Sue	50
Richer, W C	50
Ricker, N H	3 00
Rivard, Emilie	5 00
Robbins, Mrs B	2 00
Robertson, G M	1 00
Robertson, Wm	1 00
Robinson, Miss M	1 00
Robinson, W A	10 00
Rod, Ole	1 00
Roehl, A O	1 00
Roehl, Anna	5
Roehl, Otto	10
Roehl, Winona	10
Sargent, P L	50
Scott, Alex	1 00
Sea, Mrs J F	55
Shaljian, Stephen V	1 28
Sheppard, O B	50
Sherwin, M J	1 00
Sherwood, E	50
Sipp, W S	5 00
Silsby, Miss Bessie	2 00
Simmons, Jacob Sr	25
Simpson, Fred	5 00
Skillmann, A A	1 00
Skillman, J S	1 00
Skillman, Theo	1 00
Slater, L F	1 00
Slater, Mrs Laura	1 00
Smith, Annie	1 00
Smith, Belle J	5 00
Smith, Clara	1 00
Smith, G James	3 40
Smith, John C	1 00
Smith, Kenna	1 00
Smith, Robert	5 00
Smith, Robert A	1 00
Smith, Wm D	5 00
Snyder, L R	1 00
Somers, Thomas	5 00
Spencer, J M	5 00
Spencer, Mrs P	1 00
Stafford, Nellie J	25
Stanley, M J	1 00
Starbuck, Marianna	1 00
Stearns, W B	1 00
Stoltz, Mary	25
Stoufer, F H	3 50
Street, Mrs Wm	5 00
Strawbridge, Mr	2 00
Strong, Mrs Lottie B	1 00
Sturgis, Mrs	1 00
Sturgis, Mrs D B	1 00
Swarts, D	1 00
Symes, G H	1 00
Symonds, John	5 00
Talmage, D E	1 00
Tank, August	1 00
Tarbox, Anna	1 00
Taylor, C A	1 00
Taylor, E M	25
Taylor, K M	1 00
Taylor, Miss Lora	1 00
Tewksbury, J T	5 00
Thomas, Mrs	25
Thompson, Mrs T W	25
Tilley, Mr A & Mrs C	2 00
Todd, Alexander	1 00
Torblaa, Arene	1 00
Tucker, Mrs A	50
Turck, Mrs M A	1 00
Turrill, Rebecca	2 00
Tyler, Mrs Mary K	5 00
Van, M H	10 00
Vanbenschoten, D	50
VanAllen, Mrs M F	1 00
VanSteen, Geo E	2 00
Verbeek, Wm	1 00
Vincent, Mrs W A	1 50
Voigt, Rev J	5 00
Wadleigh, Sarah H	10 00
Wales, Anna R	1 00
Wales, Clarence D	25
Wales, Florence E	50
Wales, Franklin G	1 00
Wales, Mrs Hannah	1 00
Wales, Lillian M	25
Walker, Mrs A K	1 00
Wall, John	25
Warnock, Mrs	65
Watson, Mrs J	1 00
Watson, Mrs A M	5 00
Watson, Mrs Martha	10 00
Watts, Mary M	1 00
Wells, Mrs W W	50
Wheeler, Mrs L E	1 50
White, F H	1 00
White, Mrs J W	1 50
Whitman, Mary A	2 00
Whittier, L May	1 00
Wilcox, M E	1 00
Willard, Mattie	1 00
Wilson, J K	5 00
Wilson, Sam'l	1 00
Winters, Mr Geo	14
Witmer, Ava Ray	10
Witmer, Chester Z	10
Witmer, Mrs D	1 00
Witter, Mary C	1 00
Wolfe, Geo W	2 00
Wood, Maggie	25
Woodward, Belle	1 00
Wright, Mrs Caleb	1 00
Wright, Ellen C	25
Young, F H	5 00
Aunt Maria, L I	10 00
Maria, Bedford	1 00
Raymond, Racine	3
Royal & Mabel, Richmond	1 00
Dana, N Y City	1 00
Echo, L I City	10 60
L M, Panama	50
L T Union Springs	1 00
R F O, Worcester	2 00
M E C, Westlake	1 00
M A B, Wimington	1 00
M C V P, Scotia	1 00
B S, Paterson	5 00
Subscriber, Mo	1 00
" Bennet	50
" Fort City	2 00
" Pa	1 00
" Amawalk	4 00
" Athens	50
" Mount Gilead, O	25
" Roxborough	3 00
Symizer, Syracuse	1 00
——, Bowling Green	1 00
——, Sandusky	1 00
——, Spencer	1 00
——, Louisville	50
——, Berwyn	5 00
——, Southbridge	10 00
——, Armstrong	1 00
——, Asheville	1 25
Sabbath-school, Friendship, New Scandia	12 50
M E Ch, Winooski	7 00
Milton Junc 7th Day Baptist Ch	6 50
Friendship Church, Mt Pleasant	25 00
Cong Ch, Corinna	1 00
" Canton	1 00
Pleasant Ridge Ch	2 50
Knox Presb & Miss Sab-school, New Fountain German	5 00
M E Ch Soc	8 75
Salem Ch, Macon Co	3 20
Presb Lutheran Ch, Liberty	9 00
Cong Ch, Canton	2 70
Champion S S, Pa	6 00
Richmond S S	1 50
Mayberry S S	1 50
Downer's Grove M E S S	20 35
Episcopal SS, Orwell	25
Baptist S S, Minden	1 10
Ungs S S	5 00
Moravian Falls S S	3 00
Mrs S S	5 25
S S Teachers' meeting, Mrs S S	3 75
James Spring S S	
Mass N 5	
Miss Jamison's S S	
W Side Pres Ch, Gtn	3 00
S S class, Woodbury	2 50
Primary Bible class, Shirley Sem	3 50
YPSCE, Mercersburg	
" Kenton	
" Reaville Pres Ch	1 00
" 1 Bapt Ch, N J	4 46
Soc of C E, Mildmay	3 00
C E Soc, Nuremberg	5 00
Dunham Soc of C E	2 11
Jr Endeavor Soc, 2d Cong Ch, Exeter	3 50
Christian Endeavor Soc, Ft Payne	5 00
Bethel C E Soc, Galla	5 00
YPSCE, Penn	
Young People's Soc, New Boston	
W C T U, Mildmay	2 00
" Crested Butte	6 00
Epworth League, Mich	1 55
Juvenile Ep League, M E Ch, Popple	1 00
WH & Foreign Miss'y Soc, Christian Ch, O	14 00
Greenwood E League	4 85
Tabernacle, [illegible]	
Mission Band	1 10

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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The Spreading of Lent.

HOW the world and the Church change! Most of us can remember when the season of Lent was poorly thought of by all non-Episcopal Churches; but when this year the season of fasting opened, the good people of every denomination of Christians became reverential. We can all see that, physically, mentally and spiritually, a pause in merry-making and festivity is advantageous. While there is in the world a large population who are underfed and need no charge against gluttony and surfeit—for they have hard struggle to get even the necessities of life—among the prosperous classes there are many who eat too much, and drink too much, and sacrifice slumber to carousal, and go to bed only a little while before they ought to be able to arise. So we said in February, "Hail! season of forty days' moderation!" In many of the non-Episcopal Churches two of the solemnities are observed—the one charged with the memories of crucifixion, and the other with memories of resurrection: Good Friday and Easter morning. Pathos of tenderest music for the one. Open diapason of doxology for the other. Tears for the one. Flowers in garlands, and crowns, and arches for the other. Say you that all days ought to be sacred? So they ought, but as what is everybody's business is nobody's business, so what ought to belong to all the days belongs to none of them. As I am glad for the multiplication of secular holidays which allow the lifting of burdens from the body, so I am glad of the multiplication of religious days for the recuperation of the soul. While the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches during Lent gather at altars of prayer, let every denomination of Christians be sympathetic with its observance. The danger is not in too many holidays; the danger is in the direction of scarcity. And this by one who is not an Episcopalian.

Believe Something.

MY opinion is that the men who have given up the religion of Jesus Christ are the most miserable beings on earth. I don't try to make you think they are happy, but I feel moved to impress you in that direction creates suspicion. They are just as happy as a shipwrecked sailor who has swum ashore and just washed overboard, and drifting he knows not whither. Just as happy as that. If a man tells me that he is happy when he knows nothing about his eternal destiny, is not even certain there is any future world, and has no assurance for the future, I know that his statement is in direct antagonism to the truth. There never has been a happy infidel, and there never will be. Such people may laugh in apparent glee, and caricature sacred things, and joke about God and defy retribution, but they are a bundle of keen and unadulterated wretchedness. Alas! for this religion of "Don't know." Are you immortal? "Don't know." Do you think that the soul in the future state will have any relation to the body that dies? "Don't know." Will we recognize each other in the next world? "Don't know." Will the spirit in the future state see its Creator? "Don't know." This religion of "Don't know" is made up of a hundred ingredients. The first fifty are darkness, and the other fifty are midnight. In contrast with the religion of "Don't know," I put the glorious and conquering religion of "I know." "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that he will stand in the last day. "I know my sheep and am known of mine." "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed unto him." This religion of "I know" is made up of a hundred ingredients. The first fifty all sunlight, and the other fifty all noonday. Oh! if all those who have been hostile to Christianity would frankly tell their dissatisfactions, what service for God and the truth. Voltaire, the ablest infidel of the centuries, says: "I wish that I had never been born." Hume, the celebrated Hume, cries out: "Where am I? or from what cause did I derive my existence? and to what condition shall I return? Whose favor shall I court, and whose anger shall I dread?" Thomas Paine went shrieking out of this world? The infidels of the day have tried very hard to cover up his deathbed, but there have been too many records made of its wretchedness and horror even to obliterate the story. In contrast with the dissatisfaction of infidelity, I place the lives of ten thousand Christians who are singing their way through trial and buffeting on toward their heavenly home. Comforted in all their sorrows; strengthened in all their sickness. They go out of this world with an expectancy that illumines their faces long after the spirit has flown. You see the flash of the opening gate clear down on the wilted pillow of the dying bed.

At the last hour of life multitudes of unbelievers have expressed sorrow at their life of unbelief; but not one person, since the world was created, in the last hour regretted the service of Jesus Christ. I defy the whole earth to present one instance. Against the dissatisfaction of infidelity I place the irradiations of Christian belief.

WESTERN RELIEF FUND.

Detailed Expense Account of "The Christian Herald" Fund for the Relief of Drouth Sufferers in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, &c.

FOR RELIEF.

1894.	Dec. 10.	Sundry distributors; 196 at $5 and 2 at $10	$1000.00
1895.	Jan. 11.	Rev. Geo. W. Sharp; for distribution among the destitute in Kan. and Neb.	300.00
"	Jan. 11.	Sundry distributors; 213 at $5; 37 at $10; 2 at $20; 3 at $25, and 3 at $50	1700.00
"	Jan. 11.	The *World-Herald*, Omaha; for immediate relief requirements in Neb	1000.00
"	Feb. 9.	Rev. Luther P. Ludden, Chairman of Nebraska State Relief Committee	5000.00
		Rev. L. P. Ludden; Coffee, Tea and Sugar Fund for aged and invalid sufferers	500.00
"	Feb. 9.	Rev. Dr. Huntington's Relief Committee, Lincoln, Nebraska	1000.00
"	Feb. 9.	Church Home Relief of G. A. R. Veterans in drouth-smitten districts	1000.00
"	Feb. 9.	Rev. Geo. W. Sharp; for distribution in Nebraska and Kansas	1000.00
"	Feb. 9.	Denver *Republican*: contribution to the Denver *Republican* Colorado Relief Fund which finally exceeded $5,000, and resulted in very effective work in the Eastern counties of Colorado	1100.00
"	Feb. 9.	Rev. B. T. Vincent, D.D., Denver, Colorado	250.00
"	Feb. 9.	Topeka *Capital*: contribution to Kansas Relief Fund, energetically and successfully conducted, and judiciously expended through Maj. J. K. Hudson, editor-in-chief	1000.00
"	Feb. 9.	Nebraska Grand Lodge Good Templars	250.00
"	Feb. 9.	Mrs. Emerson, Lincoln, Nebraska	20.00
"	Feb. 13.	Julius Wolff, Sterling, Nebraska	10.00
"	Feb. 13.	Mrs. E. J. Scott, Max, Nebraska	10.00
"	Feb. 27.	Rev. W. H. Thrall, Huron, South Dakota	250.00
"	Feb. 27.	Rev. C. M. Daley, Huron, South Dakota	250.00
"	Feb. 27.	Rev. J. H. Parker, Kingfisher, Oklahoma	250.00
"	Feb. 27.	Rev. J. F. Palmer, Kingfisher, Oklahoma	250.00
"	Mar. 21.	Topeka *Capital*; second instalment	500.00
"	April 1.	Rev. S. F. Hayden, Indianola, Nebraska	10.00
"	April 1.	Rev. C. Reg'er, Fairfax, South Dakota	100.00
"	April 1.	Nebraska State Relief Committee; Rev. Luther P. Ludden, Chairman	500.00
"	April 1.	Rev. C. A. Hale, Holdrege, Nebraska	250.00
"	April 9.	Rev. William B. Stewart, Faulkton, South Dakota	30.00
"	April 9.	P. J. Heintz, M.D., Gove City, Kansas	30.00
"	April 9.	Rev. George Harding, Tulare, South Dakota	30.00
"	April 12.	Rev. William Nicholl, Millersborough, Nebraska	30.00
"	April 27.	Rev. Mr. Stegemen, Grand View, South Dakota	25.00
"	May 4.	Charles Hatfield, Chairman, Lillie Vale, Kay Co., Oklahoma	100.00
			$17,745.00
		Credit by Checks Returned	$50.00
			$17,695.00
		Food and Clothing Shipped to various Points, Estimated	$15,000.00
		Forward	$32,695.00

FOR MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.

Pennsylvania Railroad Co., freight	$724.50
Advertising in New York daily papers for clothing and other supplies	96.40
Rent of store, 740 and 742 Broadway, as Central Depot for reception of relief supplies	100.00
Postal Telegraph Co., telegrams, etc.	25.52
William Miller, hire of horses	55.00
George Hughes & Co., printing	35.64
Tallman, painting signs and posters	60.00
Tice & Co., repairs in store	2.23
Stationery	17.00
American Express Co.	23.18
D. Goetz, cartage	161.55
B. Ryan, carpenter	25.11
Postage, traveling expenses, various freight charges, sundry trucking and expressage, and all other miscellaneous expenses	404.26
Consolidated Gas Co.	9.00
Salaries of clerks, packers, and drivers involved in the handling of over $15,000 worth of supplies, covering a period of nearly three months	289.92
Grand Total	$34,724.31

See Charity Balance Sheet, page 188, issue of March 4, 1896.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be pleased to have the names and addresses of all Gospel and Rescue Missions that are absolutely self-supporting through the labors of the inmates or otherwise, and which do not depend on contributions from outside sources.

H. P. Meyer writes:

Your Sunday School Missionary, Rev. Mr. [illegible], is doing a noble work; if every community had a Sabbath School, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD read in every family, I believe every family in America would be converted to Christianity before we write 1900.

Adam B. Neumeyer, Macungie, Pa. Is it right for a Christian, if he knew at what hour a thief would come, to watch and not suffer him to break into his house?

It is always right to prevent a crime, if possible. In the case suggested, the householder, unless well prepared for the visitor, would stand a chance of being attacked, therefore he would be justified in summoning aid to prevent the commission of a crime and to secure the housebreaker.

G. McK., Detroit, Mich. We often hear of very large churches. Can you tell us where the smallest church in the world is situated?

In the village of St. Lawrence, England, there is a little stone, moss-covered church, whose outer walls are twenty-five feet long, eighteen feet wide and six feet in height. At Tadoussac, near the Saginaw River, Canada, is a church founded by Jacques Cartier, that holds only twenty persons. There are some churches in Ireland almost as small as those mentioned.

Mrs. E. B. Ashman, Baltimore, Md. Where in the Bible can I find the quotation "A merciful man is merciful to his beast?"

It is not to be found in the Bible, the Scripture form being: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast" (Prov. 12: 10). In a similar way other Bible passages have been altered and are frequently quoted as though from Scripture. Among these are: "A nation shall be born in a day," for the correct reading of which see Isaiah 66: 8: "He who runs may read," see Habbakuk 2: 2, and many others.

Eva Mann, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In reading a few days ago, I came across a reference to a distinguished historical personage who witnessed his own obsequies. Who was he?

Charles V. was probably meant, though others have indulged a similar ghastly whim. His empress having died, he was so impressed with the solemn services that he expressed a wish to have his own obsequies celebrated in his presence. Accordingly a great catafalque was erected and the ceremony performed. Such an effect was produced upon the monarch's mind by this impious mummery that he died soon afterward.

P. L., Memphis, Tenn. What is the religion of the people of Abyssinia and their form of civil government?

They are of Semitic descent and accepted Christianity in the fourth century, A.D. Later, the great wave of Moslem conquest in Africa, resulted in the isolation of the Abyssinians who were cut off from communication with other Christian nations for a long period. Their Christianity has been likened to that which prevailed in the seventh century, and as a result of their hermit-like condition, there has been little spiritual progress. An archbishop or *Abuna* is the head of the church. The people call themselves, "Gees," (freemen), in preference to Abyssinian, the latter being rather a term of reproach than otherwise.

Henry P., Lakeside, Cal. 1. Who founded the Catholic Church at Rome? 2. Did St. Paul die a natural death or not?

1. Nothing is known of the first founder of the Christian Church at Rome. Papal writers claim the honor for Peter, but it is not at all certain that Peter ever was within the walls of Rome. Christianity may have been introduced by the strangers from Rome, who were present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. The first church there was probably a Gentile Church with many Jewish converts. 2. It is believed by most writers to have been beheaded at Rome, although there is a tradition stating from the fourth century, that he was released at his first trial and made several apostolic journeys afterward before meeting martyrdom.

Subscriber, La Salle, Wis. "Throughly" the old form of "thoroughly."——Mrs. J. P. Jasmine, Grass Farm. She is still active in Christian work. ——Subscriber, Ill. 1. The weight of the talent, as stated, was legendary. 2. He might reasonably take a pleasure in all good music. ——Mrs. Maria Wood, Boston. He does not use the atmosphere. ——N. F. W., Smyrna, Del. We believe not, and can find no record to that effect. ——R. O. H., Fair Springs, Pa. 1. Yes, he should take all needful cautions against loss. 2. Certainly. We must use the means and ask God for the blessing. ——K. Moutra, O. The address is Chicago, Ill. ——Mrs. Rehenbeck, Bethel, N. Y. No; it is not right. ——St. Joseph, Or. No, there is a wide and excellent variety to choose from in the field observed not. ——Subscriber, Princeton, Neb. We find nothing in such a contest. It is a question of competent intellectual skill. ——Miss Chandler of the Old Ladies' Home, Tolowa Ave., Paterson, N. J., can use religious reading matter in Christian work. ——G. W. L., South Charleston, O. He is a conductor and musical composer, a native of Italy, we believe. 2. The English publication, we believe. ——Pearl Allen. 1. Write to Scribners, N. Y. 2. The first known, the other Methodist. ——Rush. Political topics are best discussed in the columns of a newspaper or journal. ——Brooklyn Subscriber. 1. See John 2. The following are the numbers in the list of 10 that represent good literature: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Cave of the Winds.

FEW sections of this continent are as rich in natural scenery or as abundant in natural wonders as the region of Niagara and the Great Lakes. On the rocky shores of Lake Superior, hidden from the casual observer are many wonderful caves and grottoes, that vie in picturesque grandeur with the famous Luray Cave of Virginia, the Missouri caverns recently described by our Sunday School Missionary, Rev. G. W. Sharp, and in some respects even with the great Mammoth Cave itself. Such a subteranean marvel is "The Cave of the Winds," on Lake Superior, the entrance to which is shown in one of the illustrations on this page. Within its dazzling depths there are marvelous chambers that might have been hewn out to serve as throne rooms or banqueting halls for a race of Titans. Great apartments, hung with ice-covered rock crystals, stalagmite and stalactite, and whose walls flash back myriads of answering lights to the explorers' torch or lantern; halls whose colored crystal frettings might be the woven handiwork of a race of genii, and whose echoes multiply and resound to the bewilderment of the visitor; congealed formations that suggest statuary in every conceivable pose—these are some of the wonders they contain. This wonderful cavern, formed by the action of the waters by day and night on the white cliffs, is simply one of many similar formations. In some places, nature has been assisted by man and bridges have been built from rock to rock and across yawning chasms. The roar of the waters, intensified by the rocky vault which acts as a huge sounding-board, is described as almost deafening. These secret chambers of the earth are found in almost every land and through the exploration of such places much light has been thrown upon geological history and not a few of the old earth's secrets laid bare. Men are apt to speak of such wonders as the work of nature, but to the Christian, each is eloquent with the wisdom and majesty of his Father, whose still more wonderful work in the spiritual world these wonders typify:

I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and I lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones. (Isa. 54: 11, 12.)

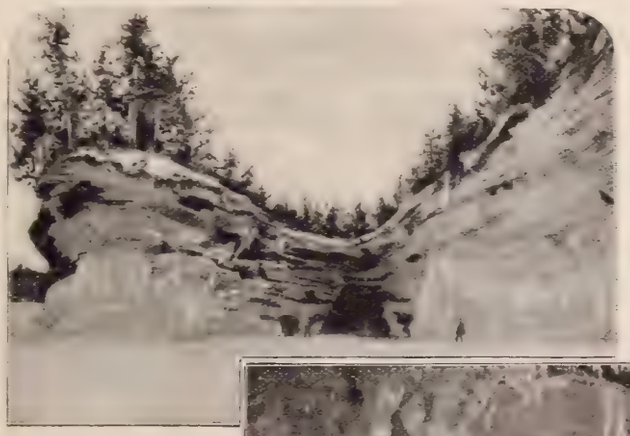
The Conditions of Inheritance.

An application has been made to the courts in New York to change the conditions under which certain persons may receive legacies left to them in the will of an eccentric old lady who died about two years ago. She was a wealthy Jewess, and very much attached to her ancient faith. After providing in her will for her children, she set apart a large sum of money for her grandchildren, of whom at the time of her death, there were eight. The money is left on condition that none of them shall marry a person who does not belong to the Jewish race. Any grandchild marrying a Gentile is to forfeit his or her share of the legacy, which will then go to increase the portions of the others. It appears that one or more of the grandchildren would like to be free of this condition and the courts are to be asked to set it aside on the ground that it is contrary to public policy. No exactly similar case has yet been decided so the decision of the courts is awaited with some interest, as it will be a precedent. That it will be unfavorable to the applicants is generally doubted, as the judges are naturally reluctant to restrict a testator's right to prescribe the conditions under which the legacy may be received. They would interfere to prevent a person's rights being abridged, but are little likely to grant relief to persons who want to enjoy a privilege without fulfilling the conditions attached to it. The same principle applies to spiritual matters. Every one would like to have the heavenly inheritance if it could be had without sacrificing the world and their inclinations. Christ suffered no one to be in doubt on that question:

Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple. (Luke 14: 27.)

To Restrict Immigration.

Two important measures have been proposed in Congress and reported favorably by the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Their object is to prevent the settlement in this country of illiterate persons and persons already excluded by law. One of the laws proposed authorizes immigration inspectors at our ports to refuse admission to any person between the ages of sixteen and sixty who cannot both read and write the English or some other language. The second measure arranges



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

for investigation at the beginning of the voyage here. It enacts that no immigrant shall be received who does not bring a certificate from the American consul at the consular station nearest to the place where the immigrant last resided, certifying that the immigrant does not belong to any of the classes of immigrants prohibited from settling in the United States. If these measures should become laws, they will probably materially reduce the number of immigrants who reach our ports, as they not only provide a new test, but secure the investigation of the other tests being made where there is no liability of deception. It will, however, be better for the intending immigrant that he should know before starting on his journey that he will not be admitted, than to make the voyage only to be disappointed of admission. There is reason to fear that many who hope to enter heaven at the end of the voyage of life are so disappointed. But in their case they are not excluded for lack of a certificate, nor because they do not possess educational qualifications, but because of defects in character, and these defects are clearly described in God's Word:

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither anything that worketh abomination or maketh a lie. (Rev. 21: 27.)

The Burglar's Bible.

A Western lawyer of some distinction relates an incident of his practice, which shows that even a lawyer may be deceived by appearances. One evening he received a message from the prison that two young men who had been arrested desired him to defend them. They were charged with stealing a boat, but that was only a technicality. The police had formed the opinion that they were expert burglars and had taken the boat to reach a certain house up the river which they intended to rob. The lawyer was impressed by their frank, open manner and their concern that the news of their arrest should not reach their families, as it would break the hearts of their parents to know that such a disgraceful charge was made against them. Nothing had been found on the men but a Bible and a child's picture, bearing a loving inscription and having a little arrangement of hooks and wires apparently for hanging up the picture. The lawyer agreed to defend them and, in his address to the jury, made a strong point of the indications of good character which their sole property furnished. He convinced the jury that two young men cherishing a child's picture and a Bible were not the kind of men to commit a burglary. That was his own opinion; but after the trial he was undeceived. As he insisted on keeping the book and the picture until he had been paid for his services, the clients told him why it was important that they should have them. The hooks and wires attached to the picture were capable in the hands of a skilful man of becoming skeleton keys. The thick covers of the Bible, when pried open, revealed a set of delicate saws and files. Equipped with the tools and keys there were few houses that they could not enter. The Bible and the child's picture were used to divert suspicion. So wicked men often use church-membership or religious activity to conceal evil deeds. They congratulate themselves on their success forgetting that a day of reckoning is to come:

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS, LAKE SUPERIOR

What is the hope of the hypocrite though he hath gained when God taketh away his soul. (Job 27: 8.)

Exiled by a Threat.

The reason why a prominent citizen of Arkansas is wandering around Europe and is not likely to return for an indefinite time, was told a few days ago by his intimate friends to a reporter of the Washington *Post*. Ten years ago, the man who is now an exile, was a prosperous man in busy life, with the prospect of gaining high distinction in his State. He had the misfortune to quarrel with a young man of dissipated habits, who was nevertheless the idol of his parents. The young man vowed he would kill the other and, though he was not likely to do it in cold blood, it was feared that he might do so when inflamed with liquor. The time came and the young man did his utmost to kil the man whom he regarded as his enemy. He was so desperate in his attack, which was entirely unprovoked, that there was no way of escape, but by acting in self-defence and the young man was shot down and died in a few hours. There had been several witnesses who could have saved him at his trial, and the facts were so clear that no jury would have convicted him, but the case never came to trial. The homicide forfeited his bail of eight thousand dollars and sailed for Europe. He has never returned. He was told that the father of the young man whom he slew had registered a vow that if the verdict of the jury was "justfiable homicide," he would avenge his son by killing his slayer himself. He was known to be a most determined man who had never failed to keep his word and, rather than run the risk of being murdered, he sacrificed his interests and left the country. He will never return while the avenger lives. So much will a man give up to save his life when he knows it is threatened by a man famous for fulfilling his threats. Yet men will go on unconcerned in a course of evil, though they know that God who has warned them of the consequences is a Being who will fulfil his word.

Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself, but I will reprove thee. (Ps. 50: 21.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Reformed Church in Hungary, as shown by the late census, numbers 2,212,795 souls, of whom about 25,000 are Germans.

The Latest University to Open its Doors to women is that of Athens. Five women have been enrolled as students, without violent objection from some of the students.

Mr. E. P. Telford has been Holding Twelve days' mission in the Baptist Church, Bath, England. He had just closed a mission at Northampton, where he has had large crowds, and an earnest invitation to return in the autumn for another mission.

Dr. A. T. Pierson has Concluded his Stay in Belfast, Ireland. Before his departure he addressed mass meetings in the Ulster and Connemara Halls. It was stated that they never had any man in Belfast whose discourse had so appealed to the members of the churches.

Rev. Andrew Murray has been Welcomed back to South Africa by meetings at Cape Town. The many invitation from various quarters to deliver addresses on his next visit which he has received since his return to the colony, show that he is one of the most popular of modern preachers.

According to the Summary of the Census of the German Empire, published by the *Independent*, the number of clergymen in the whole country is 30,250. Of these, exactly 15,000 are Protestants and 15,250 are Catholics. These figures are remarkable, as the Protestants constitute two-thirds of the entire population, and the Catholics only one-third.

Evangelist Bl- horn has been holding a successful series of meetings at the Covenant Congregational Church, Chicago. The audiences were large and there were many remarkable conversions.

At a Recent Communion Service at Hyde Park Union Church, Chicago, which grew out of a Sunday School, the Superintendent was among twenty-eight members, several of whom were baptized. One of the latter was a man nearly eighty-seven years old.

Rev. Thos. Harrison held a remarkable all-day session in Bethany Church, Philadelphia, May 22. He had invited to introducing him said: "I have the privilege of presenting to you a man whom God has honored, and among whose friends and admirers I count myself. Hundreds and thousands of men and women bless God to-day that he ever called Brother Harrison into his service."

There has Been a Very Successful Revival work carried on in the city of Bellfonte, Penn., under the lead of Evangelist Leonard Weaver, of Canada. During the meetings, which lasted four weeks, it is reported that there were two hundred conversions.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, the Evangelist, Commences this day April 8 a series of meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., to continue till April 29. Extensive arrangements have been made by committees from over forty co-operating churches. Noon-day Business Men's meetings will be held, and the largest auditoriums in the city are engaged to accommodate the evening meetings. A choir of 300 voices has been organized to lead the singing.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey was Welcomed at Santa Cruz, Cal., on March 19, by the whole Christian population of the city. The large Methodist church was crowded to hear him sing, and the local journals say that there were enough people outside who could not get in, to fill two such edifices. Mr. Sankey delighted the audience with his singing.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been Paying a visit to New York. He preached on March 25 in the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, where he was ordained to the ministry. The pastor, Dr. Buchanan, in introducing him, said that he had attended Mr. Hammond's meetings in Missouri when he was a boy and had reason to bless God for that experience. Mr. Hammond says that during his recent tour in Canada he visited towns where he labored twenty years ago, and found that children converted then are now Sunday School Superintendents, teachers and Christian workers. An invitation has just come to Mr. Hammond to visit Lansing, where there are many Christians converted under his ministry when they were children.

A Mountain Peasant-Bridal.

One of the Many Pleasant and Picturesque Phases of Life in Scandinavia.

FEW more attractive subjects could ever fascinate the eye of the painter than that which is represented in the illustration on this page. Across a mountain-girt lake, in the hill country of Scandinavia, speeds a boat containing a happy bridal party. In that romantic section of Europe, the lakes wind in and out among the mountains, rendering travel by boat often preferable to journey by road. The hardy peasants, inured to toil, and vigorous with their continual outdoor life, enter with zest into the fetes of every description, and especially do they delight in weddings. When a marriage party wish to travel by boat, a roomy vessel is chosen and decorated with vines and flowers. Filled with happy, laughing people, and with the bride and bridegroom as central figures, it sails out smoothly and joyously on the bosom of the lake, the surrounding hills echoing with laughter and song, which are kept up until the other side is reached. A young bridesmaid, possibly the sister of the bride waves her handkerchief gayly to the party in the following boat, while friends and relatives in the boat ahead look back affectionately at the young couple, whose worldly happiness seems now assured.

Herr Bachmann, the artist of this famous picture, is a painter of world-wide reputation, and has devoted himself especially to the delineation of picturesque phases of peasant life. His brush has found material in the Tyrol, the Hartz mountains, the Bohemian Alps, and among the quaintly-garbed peasantry of Dalecarlia and Friesland, or Norway and Sweden, in which latter he could have the dark, gloomy fjords and snow-capped mountains as background for his pictures. The subject here presented is one of his master pieces, and has been incorporated in collections of great art productions of the world.

A SCANDINAVIAN PEASANT WEDDING PARTY

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Invite your Guest Also.

In many homes there is some hesitation felt by the host or hostess about inviting a guest to join in the family worship. Touching this question, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has this to say in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "Perhaps the reluctance arises from a dissimilarity of creed, and fear of offense in consequence. More likely it arises from that sin of restraining spiritual confidence, which is a peculiarly besetting one in this materialistic age, for the diversity of creeds is no bar. Prayer is the universal religion; and men of every creed, and men of no creed may meet together at the feet of our Heavenly Father. The reluctance more likely arises from that weak shame-facedness that too often prevents sympathy between friends on spiritual subjects. They are afraid to be misunderstood, smiled at, criticized. This latter dilemma is one that even good and great men have not always met bravely, for when Dr. Fuller had some guests of great quality and fashion—God-fearing as he [illegible] their account. This act he bitterly repented. But we should remember that our guests, though they be ever so high or rich, are yet, by all the laws of hospitality, below us while they sojourn under our roof. Therefore, whoever comes within our door should also come within our household customs and discipline. If they sit at our table for meat, it is but kind and right they should also bow at it in prayer."

***

Where "Pussy" Came From.

"Puss" or "pussy" is a term which is applied not only to the familiar cat or kitten, but by thousands of fathers and mothers playfully to some of their children, and we suppose its equivalent is to be found in almost every language under the sun. A clever writer thus explains the supposed origin of the term: Many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought that she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So the people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name which they gave to the moon; for the word means the "face of the moon." That word has been changed to "Pas," or "Pus," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name which almost everyone gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

***

No Boasters in Heaven

Mr. Moody has a peculiarly telling way of making an effective point in his gospel addresses. On a recent occasion, speaking of salvation by grace he has said: "It is well that a man can't save himself; for if a man could only work his own way into heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being a self-made man, and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business; and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven."

***

Origin of the Wedding-Cake.

When the guests assemble at a wedding-feast and look upon the handsome and artistic wedding-cake that adorns the centre of the table, few probably pause to consider the origin of a custom which is far older than our present civilization. Wedding feasts belong to the earliest ages of the world's history. When in ancient or imperial Rome a maiden was wedded acto the proper custom, she always carried three ears of wheat in her hand, while over her head was broken a simple cake of *far* and *mola salsa* as a presage of plenty and an ample abundance of the good things of life. From this primitive custom grew the elaborate plum loaves and the dainty beribboned boxes of luscious richness that form so conspicuous a feature of modern marriage feasts. The bridal wreath of an early English bride was fashioned of bearded and gilded wheat spikes, while, on her return from church, corn and cereals were showered upon her and then carefully gathered up and consumed by the wedding guests. In course of time the grain was ground and made into large, thin, dry biscuit, which were shattered above the blushing maid's flowing locks and then distributed among the bystanders. To this day, too, in some portions of Scotland it is still customary for the best man and first bridesmaid to break a cake over a young wife's head as she crosses the threshold after the marriage ceremony. This is partaken of by all the assembled friends.

***

Mannerisms of Speech.

There are many mannerisms of speech that belong to certain parts of the country and which are caught up unconsciously by young people, so that when they go away from home those who meet them have little difficulty in deciding from what point they started. For instance, if a young girl drops her final g's, and says mornin', evenin', greetin', meetin', comin', and goin', it is known where she comes from. "I have visited in a place or two where the sweet-voiced people nearly all cut off their final g's," says an observant writer, "and if she rolls her r's, and says the words that have r in them with a burr, I recall a journey made one summer, and I remember numbers of girls who all paid r the compliment of twisting it lovingly around their tongues as they used it. A girl who says daown for down and caow for cow labels herself as plainly as if she [illegible]." It is a good plan for parents to watch these mannerisms on the part of their children and check them, wherever possible.

Song of the Van Mother.*

I WILL not rock you, little boy, that sle
your soul may bind;
Your brothers have arisen; you only st
behind.
Awake from sleep, my darling! From t
West hath shone the sun.
Awake! The happy fortune of Armenia h
begun.
Lo, it is fallen, dashed to bits, the Sultar
golden throne!
From under it the liberty of many lands ha
shone.
Now he who speedily shall rise shall find l
liberty:
Will my fair son alone remain fast bound
slavery?
We have implored the Sultan with mourni
and with cries;
We washed his hands, we washed his fe
with salt tears from our eyes.
He would not heed our piteous prayers, c
sad, beseeching words;
Now let us see if he will heed the clashing
our swords!
My darling, let me from thine arms unbind t
swaddling band,
And lay a sword of steel within that weak a
tender hand!
Go to the bloody battlefield, O slave, and co
back freed!
O Lord, our God, wilt thou one day unto
prayer give heed?

—RAPHAEL PATKANIAN

* From *Armenian Poems*, by Alice Stone Blackw

***

Fireside Bible Studies.

THERE are many ways in which t
lessons of Scripture may be broug
home to the juvenile intelligen
more pleasantly and pointe
than by books and oral lesso
One lady who takes a deep int
est in Scripture object-teachi
writes: "Perhaps this can b
be suggested by telling what
been successfully used for t
amusement of one such little o
At two and a-half years pl
things began to be introduc
The first was a well-stocked
ah's Ark. Gradually oth
sources of amusement were a
ed. At three years there ca
the temple of knowledge, an
genious and instructive Bi
puzzle often recommended a
freely advertised. Soon after t
some picture cards, illust
tive of the life of Joseph, w
purchased, and proved attract
and useful. Later, the Temple
blocks was procured, and
latest source of amusement ado
ed is one that would scarcely
thought of in this connection-
chart of Jewish national histo
A home-made scrap-book fi
with pictures from religious
pers has also helped, and so h
one of the smaller illustrated
ble dictionaries for picture-bool
a home-made 'sand-map;' a
of dolls dressed to represent
ferent missionary countries; a few wood
or tin camels, donkeys, or sheep. Th
last can be used in an endless variet
ways.

The camels would make the tr
with which Eleazer went to seek a w
for Isaac; one of the donkeys the ass
which Balaam rode; the sheep, the flo
tended by Moses or David; they all wo
represent the wealth of Jacob or Job. I
not so much the material used, so be
there is something of appropriateness in
as the cause to which it is devoted, a
the ingenuity and time the mother p
into its use, that will make these amu
ments a joy to the child."

***

How to Avoid Worry.

An elderly, amiable Christian, speaki
to a party of girls, gave them this lit
bit of wholesome advice:

"You wonder that nothing ever see
to annoy me. Some people, you kno
have their trouble three times (I used
have)—first in anticipation, next in ex
riencing the reality, and, lastly, in liv
it all over again. But I have made up
mind that to have troubles once is enou
I prefer variety, you see. So now I w
till the disaster befalls; and then I thi
about it as little as possible, unless I
see some way to remedy it, and I forge
as soon as I can. I have found out t
it isn't really worth while to be disturb
especially by an occurrence that cannot
helped. Thus I escape two-thirds
worry that I would otherwise have."

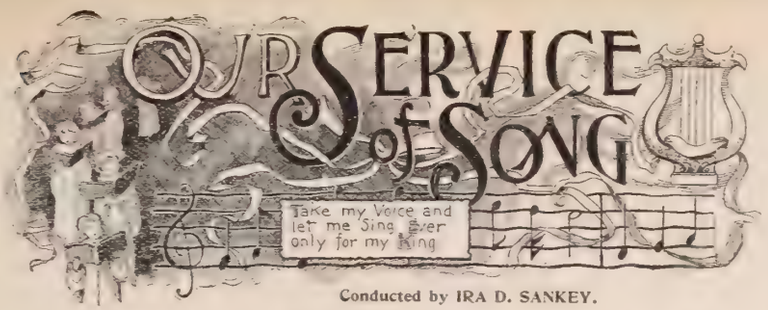
To Save the Lost.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning April 19. Luke 15: 1-10.

WHAT it means to be lost, in the sense in which Christ used the word, no human being can conceive. The terms in which the condition is described in the Bible are so lurid, so appalling, that whatever view may be taken of it, whatever allowance it may be necessary to make for the Oriental tendency to imagery and figurative language, our conception of the condition must be of one inexpressibly sad and sorrowful. To be lost, as evidently in Christ's mind the greatest calamity that could befall a human being. He gave the most convincing proof possible to him that he entertained this belief. He said he came to seek and to save the lost, and to Nicodemus he said emphatically that God gave his Son that men might not perish. If, foreseeing all the labor, humiliation, and suffering that his coming would entail on him, he voluntarily undertook it to save men from being lost, we may be sure that he had a profound pity for those in danger of that doom. He must have known the depth of their distress, the intensity of their misery when he so longed to save them from it that he gave himself to rescue them from incurring it. Our own observation of life in this world confirms such a conception. Even here the end of sin is misery. The man here who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind. He who sows to the flesh reaps corruption. The penalty of the transgressor is hard often in this life. However pleasant the beginning of a career of sin may be, the end of it is wretchedness and woe. The list of suicides of any week should be enough to convince the most sceptical that the bitterness of the dregs of the cup of sin is intense, when men give up life rather than drain the cup.

It is evident, therefore, that God inflicted no punishment at all on those who die impenitent, if the penal consequences which sceptics so untiringly pronounce, were proved to be non-existent, if God simply left the impenitent alone to work out their own devices, their misery would be intense. When the dissipated man or woman, having drained the cup of sinful pleasure, finds life intolerable and rushes from it as from the embrace of a serpent, braving the horrors of the unknown rather than endure present misery, we have a spectacle eloquent in its testimony that the natural and inevitable end of sin is misery. He who sins wrongs his own soul. Therefore if future punishment were all that its assailants contend that it may be the removal of restraints so that there is liberty for unbridled sin, the end would be reached all the more rapidly, and it would be inconceivably better. Remorse, hatred, passion, malice, would be like scorpions driving the soul to frenzy. Our own knowledge and experience prove that man is so constituted that he cannot attain happiness by sin. Every improper gratification of his animal nature has to be paid for with accumulated interest in the future.

This conception of the fate of the lost involves a duty. Christ came to save them from it. It is for us to make his mission known. There is no service we can render to a child so valuable as to convince that child that the gilding which attracts it to sin, conceals a trap which, sooner or later, will wring from life all that makes it worth having.

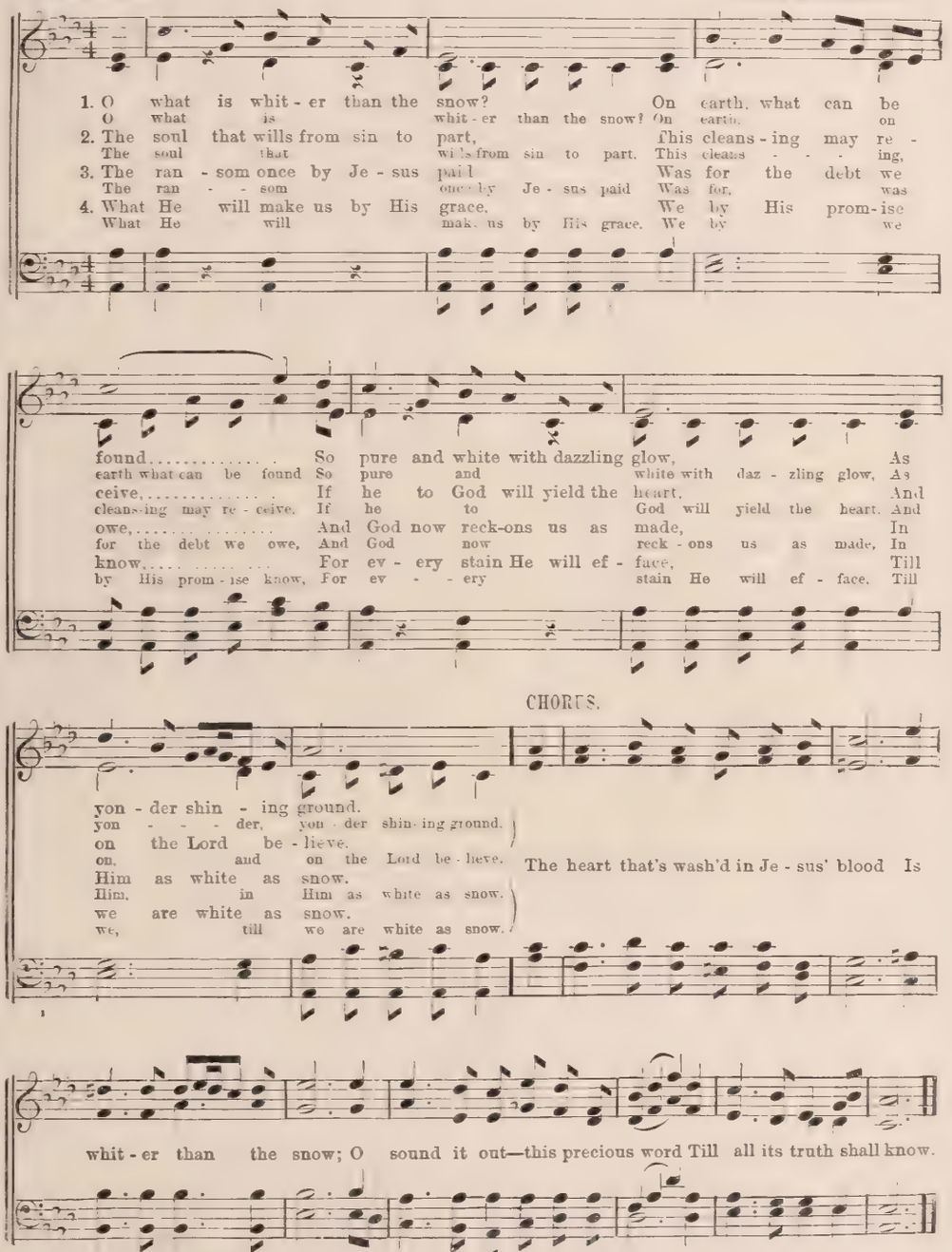


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

O WHAT IS WHITER THAN SNOW?

"WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW."—*Psa. 51: 7.*

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

By per of the Publishers

Saints in Judgment.

Rewards According to Meritorious Service to be Appointed at the Judgment.

BY NATHANIEL STARKEY.

WHILE we know that no man who has believed in Christ and is following him will be tried for his life as the impenitent will be, it is nevertheless clearly revealed in prophecy that an inquisition will be made of the conduct of true Christians, and upon the results of that inquiry the word will go forth, "Have *thou* authority over ten cities;" have *thou* authority over five cities," etc.

This present life is one of testing and proving. Angels by transgression fell, now God would have a race of obedient ones, made in the likeness of his Son who, schooled to obedience, should never fall; and that they might learn obedience through suffering, they came in contact with evil that they might prove overcomers. There must be heresies that they which are approved may be made manifest." (1. Cor. 11: 19.) When? Where? At the judgment-seat of Christ. At his appearing.

In various portions of Scripture we see revealed an assize, a pre-millennial assize, which is altogether different and distinct from the post-millennial assize foreseen by John, Rev. 20. This pre-millennial assize it is which appears to us to be lost sight of in the current theology of our times, especially of our Protestant times, for the Romanist has an equivalent for it in his doctrine of purgatory in the separate state. But this must not be, and the object of our present inquiry is to give it the weight and importance which Scripture ascribes to it, and to awaken ourselves and others to the gravity of its issues.

Much dishonor we feel is done to the Bridegroom in the low estimate set by Christians generally upon the Bride, by including in her all believers, regardless of their state or attainments, as if no difference existed between the overcomers and those to whom it is said, "I have somewhat against thee." Yet what bridegroom worthy of the name would not feel it dishonoring to himself to have a bride upon whom any reflection could be cast by anyone, as if some stranger could know her better than himself, and knew that she was unworthy of him. Such, if true, would be a reflection upon his choice; if false, would be a reflection upon her which he would not fail to resent. Poor, frail humanity might so err, but the Omniscient one, never.

And when he reveals her we expect to see one fair indeed. The language of mortality seems to fail John in describing the beauty that he saw in vision only. What then shall the reality be? And one prominent end—if not the chief—sought by these suggestions, is to distinguish the bride elect, and to raise our estimate of her character to the true Scripture standard, which traditional teaching has done so much to lower.

We now consider the necessity of a personal recognition at the judgment-seat, and whatever difficulty it may present to some minds, such should remember our Lord's words, which say, "We must all appear, that every man may receive according to that he hath done;" and again, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give to me at that day." These and other similar expressions point to a personal recognition, a personal confession, and a personal rewarding.

My Saviour.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

MY Saviour is dearer to me
Than this world with its riches untold,
With its pearls that are found in the sea,
With its costly and coveted gold:
For he died on the Cross to redeem
My soul from the prison of sin,
And he rose from the dead and was seen,
Then ascended to glory again.

In that world of the pure and the free,
Where death never enters nor pain,
My Saviour is pleading for me—
The Christ on the Cross who was slain;
And some day when life shall be o'er,
I shall mount from this valley below,
And stand on that beautiful shore,
Where the roses are fadeless that grow.

Here on earth I grow weary and faint
As I sing of the Lamb that was slain,
But in heaven—a glorified saint—
I shall know neither weakness nor pain:
While ages eternal shall flow
Of my glorified Saviour I'll sing,
And forget I was weary below,
In my efforts to honor the King.

Newman Grove, Neb. —J. N. GORTNER

CHAPTER XIV.

The Selectmen.

NO time was lost by Janet after coming to a decision. The real battle had been fought and won in that hour on her knees in her own room. If by any sacrifice of her pride, or any repression of her dislike of publicity, she could help to get this rum-selling stopped, she would not draw back. For the sake of the Skipper and men like him it would be a good thing done and she was resolved to try. It was clear that she had the sympathy of Lawyer Manning and Blakey Chase, but it must be a woman's work. So Janet drew up the memorial herself asking the selectmen to enforce the law and put a stop to the rum selling. Then the memorial must be signed.

"Most wore my flesh off my bones, trottin' round to get signers," declared Paulina, emphatically. Mrs. Blakey Chase was another of Janet's helpers, and in her zeal she came pretty near allowing people to sign the petition twice.

It now remained to submit this document to the selectmen at their meeting. What an event that was!

Behind a long table sat the three magnates, Manning with his resolute, trusty face, Skeele still and snaky and with his accustomed averted look, and Trafton with his weak, baby-face. Of course Blakey Chase and Mrs. Blakey were there, Mrs. Blakey giving her husband occasional nervous pokes to keep him awake. His sleepy eyes though saw everything. There was Paulina with her eager, open, honest face. At her side stood her Hercules, his neck inclosed in a big, clean, stiff collar, and he looked very uncomfortable in this imprisonment. Ned had come, but he was back by the door, his deep brown eyes looking sharp out of the shadows in the corner. Lavina Skeele at first had declared she would not go to a place where her sex would "act so unwomanly," but curiosity captured Lavina, and there she was in the selectmen's room. Tobias Newhall was there but not as Lawyer Skeele's clerk, as we shall see. He did not carry his usual air of sleek self-confidence. He was nervous and worried, and for a good reason. Besides these, there were present many of the townspeople attracted either by a sincere interest or curiosity. All looked toward Janet, and there she was, a flush of excitement tinging her cheeks, but never looking more noble and queenly than this wonderful day of the presentation of her petition. She arose to hand the document to Mr. Manning who was the chairman.

"We should be very glad to hear from you, Miss Morton," said the chairman.

Janet had feared that moment. A queer thought had come to her, "What would her father think of such a public step by her?" But somehow, the thought of her mother seemed to help her in this emergency, her mother who was so inferior in strength of purpose to her father, her mother whose gentle ways were not at all in harmony with any public, energetic act. "Janet," she once had said, "if you ever are called out into life to take any step [illegible] in your conscience, he will make it easy to your feet."

"Is mother helping me?" thought Janet there in the selectmen's apartments. Somehow, her hesitating tongue had liberty and she began: "Mr. Chairman, I present this petition in behalf of the citizens of our town, and especially its ladies. It is to [illegible] the sale of intoxicating drinks. We promise to sustain you in such action. The most of us who have signed that petition are women. There are wives and mothers and daughters who know about the curse of drink, that has overcome the better nature of those dear to them. They cannot protect themselves. They are denied the ballot. They must appeal to men to protect them, but when they look to the strong arm that should hold them up, it is crippled. Mr. Chairman, would this Board suffer a dumb beast to be tormented in the street, an animal, a brute? But a woman is struck down by this curse of rum, she cannot protect herself, and where are her champions?" continued Janet. "She sits about in the house weeping, in hunger, in rags, while husband, father or son may stagger up and down our streets. Are you satisfied?"

"No, no," growled the chairman, "never!"

If the speaker could have heard all that was said, she would have heard Mrs. Blakey whisper, "The purtiest speech ever made?" If Janet could have seen, she would have been touched by the sight of Pauline's moist eyes, while she just breathed forth her admiration in her gasping words, "An—angel's face, she has got, Sandy!"

But Janet was now sketching a picture of what the town would be minus all rum-holes, sketching its thrift, its happiness, its many virtues. Then she drew the opposite picture whose dark colors rum supplies. "It is to the latter, it is to the degradation that drink occasions, you would condemn the town, if you rejected this petition. If the town allows the making of the chains that bind woman hand and foot, and will allow them in the future it would be grievous. Oh, what a day when these chains will be broken, spurned and sunk in the depths of yonder sea! Oh, men, brothers, fathers, will you not help us?"

Janet's arms were outstretched in appeal. Her eyes shone with the tears that would flow. Her whole attitude womanly, dignified, queenly, commanded respect and admiration, while her emotions stirred others as deeply as she herself was stirred. All that she said, was strengthened by her character, her position, herself.

Her hearers began to applaud. Some of them were not content to pound with their feet and beat with their hands. Several fishermen near the door began to shout "Hoorah!" "Hush, hush!" said Lawyer Skeele, rising up angrily and shaking with a menace his gray hairs. "This is not dignified."

"Wall, gentlemen of the boord, I will tell you what is dignified and what is proper," said the Chairman, "It is to vote. I would ask my colleagues now to act in this matter, Mr. Trafton—"

The soft, baby-features that had been like wax in the hands of Lawyer Skeele, now began to feel the stiffening effects of public opinion.

"I don't know but that I agree," said Mr. Trafton, "to—to—"

He hesitated and looked toward Lawyer Skeele. He in his turn was hesitating. No one likes to face and oppose public opinion. But somebody besides Trafton was looking at Skeele. Back against the wall was a face nervously working, shaking its denial and it had the air of a master. Who was Lawyer Skeele's master? Paulina's quick eye caught that movement.

"See Tobias a-grinin', she whispered to Sandy.

"He don't like suthin'," replied Sandy.

What Tobias did had its effect. Judson Skeele, who had wavered, now stiffened.

"I don't believe in haste, Mr. Chairman," said his opponent.

"Nor I," said his echo, Trafton. Again the Chairman remonstrated and urged. Again Public Opinion in that room pressed upon the two resisting selectmen and again they wavered. Again, Tobias telegraphied, and again the two men stiffened.

There was much noise and confusion in the room. Lawyer Manning was arguing earnestly with his colleagues. The people were noisily talking. Some of them were disputing angrily with Tobias Newhall. All at once a child's voice, high and ringing, was heard at the door.

"Who's this a-comin'?" called out Judson Skeele. "It is all child's play, the whole of it. I move that the room be vacated by the crowd."

"Second the motion," said his echo.

"Hold on! Let's see what's the matter," replied the Chairman. "Don't be in haste, gentlemen!"

The child's voice could now be heard.

"I want Pleen, I want Pleen!"

"If that ain't that blessed dear! If that ain't Ethel!" said Paulina.

"Come right here!" she called out and pressed toward the door.

"No, no! Gampsie says, no. Go home, Ethel."

This was a new voice. "Skipper Dan! Skipper Dan!" said several.

"Let her come, dad, let her come." This was Ned.

The people saw a family dispute near at the door. Skipper Dan had concluded to "take a peek" at this meeting of which his disgrace had been the occasion. Ethel missing her so-called grandfather, Ned, Paulina and Sandy, concluded to follow the Skipper in whose care Paulina had left her, but who had sneaked off saying to Ethel he would be back soon. Ethel had cautiously followed the sneak, and surprised him with an appeal to see "Pleen" who people told her was inside the selectmen's room.

"S s—tay back!" impatiently said the Skipper, planting his wooden leg in Ethel's way. But Ethel was nimbler than that member of wood. Slipping quickly down upon the floor, Ethel crawled under that stout but slow-moving bat, and was safe on other side. The spectators laughed and applauded, and passed her along to Paulina.

"The dear leetle crittur!" said Paulina, soothingly. "You don't want 'em to sell Gampsie any more rum?"

"No, no!" shrieked the child. "Tell 'em so!" suggested Blakey. "Here, let me have her."

That stolid Blakey had not apparently taken any interest in the discussion. Once, Mrs. Blakey spoke mildly to him, "Jes had 'em!" He nodded his head but soon closed his eyes again, and leaning against the wall, seemed to be taking a nap. To Mrs. Blakey's surprise, he was now lifting Ethel in his arms and quickly bore her to the selectmen's table.

"Why, Blakey, you gone crazy!" cried his spouse to whom Blakey with his drowsy eyes but sleepless spirit, was a continual mystery. He set the child resolutely upon the long table. There she stood, sharply looking about her with those brilliant black eyes. "Ethel," said Blakey—everybody could hear him—"do you want them to let people sell any more rum?"

"No, no," she cried, "please don't."

She held out her arms in petition. All her being seemed to cry out with her voice. "Don't, don't," she besought again.

But what was the matter with Lawyer Skeele? It seemed to annov and trouble him exceedingly to see Ethel. At first, he looked at her. An expression of surprise changed into horror. He turned his face away. He would not look at Ethel, as if he saw something in that childish face which tormented him. Tobias was telegraphing with his face and with his hands, but the lawyer did not turn round again.

"It is a shame," said the chairman, "it is —"

"Yes," said Trafton.

"Then, gentlemen, I propose that we put the law against the saloons in operation," said Mr. Manning. "Shall the law be enforced? Please say aye—"

"Aye," said Trafton.

Skeele was silent, though Tobias signaled excitedly. Blakey had noticed that the lawyer disliked for some reason to see Ethel, and Blakey made her face that way, occasionally directing her to repeat he plea.

"As a special police for the enforcement of the Law," said Manning, "I appoint Blakey Chase. Do you agree to it?"

"Aye," said Trafton.

Skeele was dumb. The people applauded. Ethel also began to comprehend that it would be the proper thing to smite her little palms together, and she smilingly clapped away.

"What?" said Blakey in surprise. He had not anticipated this appointment. "Me a police?"

"Yes," said the chairman, "and appointed without opposition."

"Stand, Blakey," urged Mrs. Blakey.

"She will help, doubtless," said Chairman Manning. The people were in go humor now, and laughed and cheered.

"I would also nominate Sandy Jones said the chairman. "Those —"

"He—he will," said Paulina, admirin ly contemplating her Hercules.

"I know he will, Mrs. Jones. Those favor please say aye," said the chairma

"Aye," said Trafton.

Skeele could not yet find his voi though Tobias energetically signified th he ought to institute a hunt for it.

"Give me as 'sistant this leetle gal said Blakey.

"I have a great mind to appoint her said the chairman. "If I sold rum I shoul n't want a child to come to me."

The people cheered this. Sandy and thr others were voted upon and appointed, m loyal and resolute. Tobias all the wh kept up his pantomime, but the man wi the bowed head did not look up.

"Well," said Tobias to Lawyer Skee for whom he waited outside the door, "y acted like a fool. Where was your tongue

"Well—well—"

He said no more. He spoke as if in daze. Then, with head bowed and fa averted, he stole away into the dark.

"Do you remember what—" shout Tobias after the lawyer, but he did n seem to remember anything. Anotl moment his bowed head and long gr hair came out into the little cirle of lig around a smoky street lamp, and th quickly disappeared in the shadows.

But could Judson Skeele actually forge Ah, no. He went home thinking abo it—if the Morton mansion could be call his home—thinking how changed were t relations of Judson Skeele and Tobi Newhall. The former was no longer t master, the latter no longer the servant

The change happened in this wa Tobias Newhall could not destroy the co viction that the Morton will had been some way vitiated by the lawyer. He cou not help the feeling that the little bit paper labeled Morton and still in his poc et, had something to do with that will. I went to the probate office. He asked see the will. He saw the name of Judse Skeele where one naturally would expe the name, Judson Skeele Morton. He n ticed also a dent in the margin opposi the name, Skeele. It flashed across hi like the lightning on a summer night th darts out of a cloud on the horizon a sends one sudden wave of fire across t sky, "Could that slip in my pocket-boo carrying the name, Morton, possibly fit there? I'll try it."

He tried it.

"Makes 'a neat joint,' anyway, as ca penters say," reflected Tobias, deliberat ly making the juncture.

"What are you doing?" said the cle who had found the document for Tobia "committing it to memory?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tobias, coolly a without embarrassment. "Don't wond you thought so!"

He dropped the will and went awa

The inspector of wills had examin long enough to strongly suspect, if n confidently believe, that Judson Skee had mutilated that will. He went ba to the lawyer's office, and without char ing him with mutilation, frightened Ju son Skeele with his insinuation of wron doing. The lawyer did not admit guil but made Tobias a present of a thousar dollars, accompanying it with a hint th it would be well if Tobias did not distu the peace of various Individuals mention in that will by injudicious remarks abo the document.

"I understand," said Tobias, laughin "As long as you behave yourself, I'll nothing."

From that time, Tobias seemed to chan his relation to Skeele. Tobias became t employer; Skeele became his clerk. Tobi still sat in the outer office appropriated employees. In reality it was the master room. One Skeele, a servant of Tobia sat in the inner room. But how expla the conduct of Tobias at the recent mee ing in the selectmen's room?

Tobias took his thousand dollars and b came a partner in the business of a brot er who was something of a grocer a more of a rumseller. The public did n know of his partnership, not even Lawy Skeele. The latter knew, though, th Skipper Dan was made a fool throug drink at this brother's store.

"I'll be even with him yet," declare Tobias. "He wanted to spite me, I know.

(To be continued.)

Saving the Child Waifs.

ıe Grand Work of Child Redemption that Has Sprung Out of the Efforts of One Man in Louisiana.

THE NEW ORLEANS "WAIFS' HOME."

SAVE the children!" is the watchword of the Christian worker of to-day, who wisely recognizes the truth that in the present redemption of the children lies the true solution to the spiritual ndition of the men and women of the ture. In many of the larger cities of the nited States there are now beneficent ɛncies at work in behalf of e neglec- d ildren of the alleys and the slums—the or waifs who through crime or misfort- ne have become practically outcast—and ıey are now being folded by hundreds ıd thousands in Homes and similar insti- ıtions, under the auspices of Christian anagers, where they are fed and educat- l, taught to perform useful labor, and in ructed in the Christian religion. Such a ork is deserving of sympathy and sup- ort, wherever found. The history of a ost interesting work of this character, tablished in a Southern city, is outlined low:

Rev. Alfred E. Clay, President of the ouisiana S. P. C. C., and of the Waifs' ome, began work in the interest of waif ıd outcast children Feb. 12, 1892. He as then pastor of the Dryades Street M. . C. S. in the city of New Orleans. After thorough investigation, extending ırough two winters, of the slums and ırk places of the city, he became conced that the work of child redemption as of paramount importance, and began course of Sunday afternoon lectures, hich culminated in the organization of e Louisiana Society for the Prevention of ruelty to Children. This was uphill ork. Few could be found who were willg to stand by Mr. Clay in this enterise. Undaunted, the intrepid man kept ı his way until success perched upon his anner. Gradually, friend after friend me to his rescue, willing to share his il and assist him in his endeavors, so at at this day the Society is one of the ost beneficent and firmly established initutions in the country.

Mr. Clay, in speaking of the success of ıe Society after last year's work, used ıis language: "I believe that a greater interest has been awakened in the interest of the children of this State this year than in all the previous years of its history. One year ago I stood almost alone. Here and there was one who had faith in my intentions, and thought there would be no harm in allowing me to experiment. My brethren in the ministry, with one or two notable exceptions, stood aloof from me. I was even waited upon by a committee of prominent gentlemen, and told that a minister should not be at the head of such an association. Christian papers studiously avoided saying anything about the work."

A quotation from Mr. Clay's first annual address will further illustrate his convictions of this work. "For myself, let me say here, what I have not said to any living creature. One time last year, after several weeks' illness, I stood at the gate of the Celestial city—a choice was given me between life and death. Above me, all radiant in glory, stood my mother, a baby brother, two sisters and a company of shining ones, and with sweet voices and beckoning hands they called me, but beneath me were pleading faces and outstretched hands; I could hear the wailing of hunger-pinched children, and the sighing of homeless ones, and it said, 'Lord, I would rather continue this work of child-redemption, much as I would like to rush into those dear arms which so often enfolded me in infancy,' so I came back to work."

Mr. Clay has very much broadened the scope of the work he originally undertook. A Home for the waifs and strays rescued from vicious and immoral parents, became a necessity, and in answer to a plea, in three months the Waifs' Home was purchased and dedicated to this work. Here the society has its offices and headquarters. Into this kindly shelter came hundreds of poor children from Sorrowland. Mrs. Alfred E. Clay, at her own cost, undertook the care and maintenance of the Home for two years, when the funds of the society became sufficiently large to pay a matron.

During the summer in New Orleans, the mortality among young children becomes very great. Noting this, Mr. Clay conceived the idea of gathering the children of the streets together and giving them a wholesome seaside outing. Last year he undertook the work. Near Biloxi, on the Mississippi Sound, the Seashore Academy was for rent, and here the children were brought. Dr. W. Laurence Stevenson, a prominent physician of New Orleans, and secretary of the society, gave his services gratuitously, as superintendent of the outing. Mr. Clay is now endeavoring to purchase, at a cost of about $6,000, a home on the Gulf coast, to be used as a permanent home for the summer outings, and as a winter sanitarium and agricultural school. $2,275 has been already subscribed. Friends who are interested can learn all needed particulars by addressing the Secretary at the Waif's Home, 141 Clio street, New Orleans.

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'Twill cleanse you and save you, make perfectly whole.
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Whatever the dear loving Saviour will grieve,
Make haste to adore him, with joyful acclaim,
And live evermore to the praise of his name.

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Mar. 29, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters. "Believer," Springfield, Ill., for the conversion of a son who is away from home and is in danger of becoming addicted to intoxicating drink; also for a daughter and daughter-in-law who have not given their hearts to God.——"Father, Mother and Sisters," Trent, S. D., that two sons who are good and dutiful but not decided Christians may give their hearts to the Lord: also for three sons-in-law who are without hope of heaven.——D.I.M., Washington, D. C., that sons who need God's converting grace may be saved from their besetting sins and made sons of God.——"Anxious Father," Westminster, Conn., that an only son away from home, a good boy but not yet a Christian may give himself to Christ.——J. H. S., Round Top, Tenn., for the conversion of his eldest son and daughter. —— L. D., Marshfield, Ore., for the conversion of three sons, the youngest of whom is giving much cause for anxiety.——"Reader," Grub Gulch, Cal., for the conversion of a son.——C. M., Pilot Mound, Ia., that three grown-up children now unconverted might be brought to God, especially that one of them who has been cruel to his mother might be brought to repentance.——"True Believer," Vermont, for three sons and two daughters who are not Christians, especially for one daughter who is not long for this world, that she might return to the Saviour whom she once professed to follow.——"Believer," Fulkerson, Mo., that two sons and a daughter may give their hearts to God.——"One who loves Jesus," Home, Pa., that two sons and a daughter might be brought to Christ, especially one son who is in sore trouble over the loss of his wife, that in his distress he might turn to the Lord.——I. N. N., Iowa, that a daughter whose undutiful conduct is a source of trouble might have a new heart.——"A Wisconsin Mother," for the conversion of two sons, especially the younger whose love of tobacco is leading him to saloons and is in great danger of ruin.——"Reader," Giltner, Neb., that two sons who are not yet in Christ might be led to him.——Mrs. F., Los Angeles, Cal., for the conversion of two sons and their wives, who are all in need of God's converting grace.——A. A. H., Greenfield, Mass., that three sons just emerging from boyhood might be won to Christ in their youth.——H. W., Sprague, Neb., for the salvation of ten children, whose lost condition is the worst of many troubles and anxieties in a very sad life.

For the Conversion of other Relatives. "Hoping One," Winfield, Kan., that her husband who thinks he can be saved by his good moral life may be brought to see his need of a Saviour.——"One in Trouble," Tannery, Md., that a brother who is the victim of an insidious drug might be delivered and made a child of God.——"Daughter," Ft. Atkinson, Wis., on behalf of an aged mother.——M., Wisconsiu, for four brothers and that their parents might become more faithful and devoted Christians. —— R. G., Mebane, N. C., that a beloved father now an aged man might be led to give his heart to God.——N. S. C., Stanton, Tenn., for many grandchildren that they might all become children of God.——"Believer in Prayer," Vt., that a husband who has become an infidel might see the error of his way and learn to love God and trust in Christ.——"Christian Endeavorer," Ohio, for the conversion of a brother-in-law who is leading a sinful life.——L. D., Marshfield, Ore., that her husband might be converted and restored to his family.——"Ruth," that husband and wife who are seeking Christ might be enabled to find him, and that two brothers and two brothers-in-law might be aroused by the Holy Spirit to pray for their own salvation.——R. R. S., Berlin, Mass., for the conversion of a brother who is very sick.——M.S., Ada, O., that God would mercifully save husband, brother, sister and sister-in-law who are all unconcerned about their eternal welfare.——H.H., DeForest, Wis., that God would speak peace to her husband's heart and enable him to see that there is no ground for the despair that is making him almost demented.——A. B. N., Macungie, Pa., that a brother who is seeking peace with God [illegible] wholly and implicitly.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Anxious Mother," Springdale, Ia., for the [illegible] man and his wife, who are urgently in need of a change of heart.——L. E., Scranton, that a beloved friend who is in circumstances of fierce [illegible] City, that one who seems bent on going to ruin and is proving false to sacred promises, might be led to see the error of his ways and fly to Jesus for deliverance.——Epworth Leaguer, for a dear friend for whom prayers have been offered in secret for many weeks, that she may turn from her sin and seek Christ.——"Reader," Bond Head, for a young friend [illegible]

rounding him and seek grace to be a true Christian.——J. S. A., Holt, Mich., that a young man and his wife who are worldly and profane might be truly converted to God.——"Broken Hearted," Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of a young man who seemed so good and such a devoted Christian and who was trusted implicitly but proves to have been all the time unsaved, that he may realize his wickedness and seek pardon and do all that is now possible to atone for his wrong-doing.——"Reader," Hazard, Neb., that a husband and wife who appear to be drifting apart from each other and liable to have their home broken up, might be led to seek Christ and through him may have new hearts softened and sanctified and be made one in Christ.——J.H., Missouri, that two dear friends, young married men, might be aroused to seek salvation.——"Constant Reader," Pa., that a dear friend and his wife might both be brought to Christ and that the husband might forsake his life of sin and become once more the affectionate, faithful kindly man he used to be.

For the Restoration of Health. "One who must believe," Michigan, that a distressing nervous affliction from which a sincere Christian is now suffering may be removed.——A. S. H., Valley View, Tex., that one who has already been healed in answer to prayer may recover from a new trial.——"Daughter," Binghampton, N.Y., that her mother may be healed and spared further suffering.——E. T., Claverack, N. Y., who is suffering from epilepsy, that he and his father who is also very ill might be healed by the Great Physician.——"New Subscriber," Worcester, Pa., who has been many years a sufferer that God would give healing so that certain duties may be performed; also that guidance may be given in a momentous matter.——S. E. P., Mexico, Mo., that the mother of a family who some months ago sustained an injury that deprived her of the power of walking, may recover and be able to attend to her maternal duties; also that her married daughter may be restored to health.——"Sorrowing One," Orangeburg, S. C., a minister who has long been ill and whose means have been swept away by the expenses of his sickness so that he is liable to lose his home, that God would restore him to health and enable him to meet his obligations.——S. E. C., New Jersey, for the restoration of health of herself and brother. —— M. A., Streator, Ill., who has been a sufferer for many years and is now threatened with nervous prostration, that God would give her the physical and mental strength she needs and save her from losing her reason.——D.T.M., Washington, D. C., for recovery from physical and mental weakness which is becoming very distressing. ——"Reader," that God would mercifully restore the sense of hearing.——"Friend," that a sick girl about to go into a hospital might recover under the treatment she is to receive.——J. S. A., Holt, Mich., that he may recover health and strength to resume his pulpit work.——"Daughter," Ft. Atkinson, Wis., that God would restore her aged mother's hearing.

For Special Blessings. H. L. B., Bolton Landing, N. Y., for one who is passing through deep, bitter grief, that God would give her his sweet consolation and lead her to trust in him and be resigned to her lot.——"Friend and Believer," Missouri, for help in an impending crisis.——E. E. E., for grace and strength to overcome a habit which it is feared is sinful but which it seems impossible to break off.——X.Y.Z., that the wealthy kindred of an aged couple may be moved to provide them with the necessaries of life.——Distressed Widow, Harris, Ga., that the way may be opened for her to support her three small children. —— "Believer," Central, O., that one who has been rescued from a long course of dissipation may be relieved from despondency, may be kept from relapsing into sin and that God would enable him to atone for the past by a life of Christian service.——M. M. C., Fort Scott, Kans., that a home now made miserable by wicked temper may be again the abode of peace. —— C. M., Pilot Mound, Ia., who has lost her husband and seems likely to lose all her property that in mercy God would raise up friends and give her the strength to do his will.——J. H. S., Round Top, Tenn., who is living far away from church privileges that in some way there may be a change so that he may once more enjoy the services of the sanctuary.——N.A.J., Lake Helen, Fla., for God's grace to touch the hearts of outsiders that there may be a great revival which shall bring them into the church.——Reader, Baltimore, Md., that the trouble and unhappiness in the home may be removed.——P.L.H., Brooklyn, N. Y., that in some way the means may be provided to enable him to return to college and complete his preparations for the ministry.—— "Believer," Newcastle, Pa., that one who is sorrowful and [illegible] more heart to work in the Master's service.——The following persons ask prayers that [illegible] circumstances of sore trial that they may honestly

An Ounce of Prevention

[illegible]

discharge the obligations they have incurred: "Believer," Hanover, N. H.; "Reader," Gilliam, Mo.; "Believer," Fort Ann, N.Y.; W.H.S., Salina, Kans.

The Power of a Good Example.

Gen. John Nicholson, a Christian soldier, who bore a distinguished part in the Indian Mutiny, was greatly respected and admired by the Sikhs; some of them, indeed, were prepared literally to worship him as a god. It was a common sight of an evening to see groups of Sikhs come into camp in order that they might see Nicholson; they used to be admitted into his tent in bodies of about a dozen at a time. Once in his presence, they seated themselves on the ground and fixed their eyes upon the object of their adoration, who all the while went steadfastly on with whatever work he was engaged in, never even lifting his eyes to their faces. Sometimes one of them would prostrate himself in prayer. This was an offence against which warning had been given, and the penalty never varied—three dozen lashes with the cat-'o-nine tails on the bare back. This they rejoiced in, saying, "Our god knew that we had been doing wrong, and therefore punished us." When, however, the news reached them of Nicholson's death, one of them addressing the others, said: "Nichelseyn always said that he was a man like as we are, and that he worshipped a God whom we could not see, but who was always near us. Let us learn to worship his God." The tribe, under Christian teachers, were all subsequently baptised.

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THE CAP OF THE SPHINX.

AMONG the many archæological discoveries recently made in Egypt, there are few that surpass in interest one made on Feb. 24 last, at Ghizeh. While Col. G. E. Raum, who has been conducting excavations aroune the base of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, was at work in a temple whose ruins lie between the fore-paws of the colossal figure of the Sphinx, he suddenly came upon the missing cap of the figure, at a depth of nearly fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. The cap (which is shown in the illustration on this page), bears on one of its sides a carved representation of the three cobras columns with a snake beneath them. It is 51 inches in width at the bottom and twenty-six inches across the top, and the entire stone is painted red. As this cap or headpiece of the mysterious figure has been missing for centuries, and its absence has been a subject for discussion among learned societies and by archæologists generally, its recovery will be hailed with delight by all who are interested in the study of antiquity.

THE SPHINX'S CAP.
Missing for Centuries . . . Recovered Feb. 24, 1896.

To Col. Raum belongs the credit not only of finding this remarkable relic, but also of discovering the fact that in the head of the figure of the Sphinx there was a deep hole, which had evidently been intended to support some crown or headdress. This hole had been filled up with sand of the desert and was overlooked for centuries. It was in the course of his search for the missing head-piece that he unearthed the temple between the fore-paws of the colossus. Among the debris of this temple ruin was found the missing cap. Although thousands of years have elapsed since the figure was constructed and set up there, the paint of the stone cap is still quite clear and of good color. It is supposed to have either fallen down from its lofty position by accident at some remote period, or to have been taken down designedly during some disturbance in Egypt.

There are certain investigators who discredit the discovery, declaring that there is not sufficient evidence to show that the archæological find of Col. Raum is really the Sphinx's cap at all. They point to the fact that the head of the figure is nearly thirty feet long, and fourteen feet wide across the brows, while the headdress at each side extends still further beyond this. Even allowing that the width at the top would be considerably less, still it is claimed that a cap of the dimensions of that found by Col. Raum would be altogether inadequate, and would look absurdly out of place. If the relic should be really the cap, it is in all probability only a fragment, instead of the whole.

A Missionary's Peril.

From China comes the report of a narrow escape from death of the Rev. Griffith John, one of the most distinguished missionaries in that land, whose portrait was recently published in this journal. It appears that Dr. John and Mr. Bonsey were desirous of visiting Tien-Men and King Shan in the interests of the missionary society. The journey had to be made by boat, as the whole district was flooded, and the country in which there are three lakes was one one wide sea. Dr. John says: We anchored at a small place called Yu-kia-hang. No sooner did we anchor than the wind changed, and began to blow from the north. Before midnight it had risen to a hurricane, and the cold had become very intense. Early next morning I ventured outside. Whilst standing on the fore part of the boat, a rickety old house just in front of me began to swing to and fro, and before I had time to give it a second thought, the whole concern was down about my ears. Fortunately, the structure consisted of timber and thatch, and so fell against the boat as to form a perfect pen, in which I found myself most snugly ensconced. Not a post nor a beam touched me. When I realized the situation, it appeared to me so ridiculous that I found it impossible not to indulge in a loud laugh, which, as I learnt afterwards, brought much relief to the fold with me. No sooner, however, did I emerge out of the debris than I saw that the event might have had a very different ending, and my heart went out in gratitude to God for the escape.

The Indwelling Christ.

DWELLING, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me;
Gladly my heart would plead
To welcome thee;
Tho' wondrous thought it be,
Dwelling, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me.

By fait I wait on thee,
Spirit Divine!
Come, shed abroad thy love,
My will incline;
'Tis life and peace to be
Dwelling, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me.

My heart thy temple make
Secure for thee;
Live there both rich and full,
Thyself for me;
Thus pure my thoughts shall be,
Dwelling, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me.

Thy grace sufficient is
For every strife;
Help me, by faith and love,
To show my life
A vict'ry won by thee,
Dwelling, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me.

Then, till my latest breath,
Thyself impress;
That brightly may my face
And life express
The sweetest joy of thee,
Dwelling, O God, in me,
Dwelling in me.

—REV. D. M. BUCHANAN.
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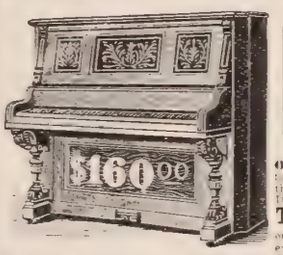

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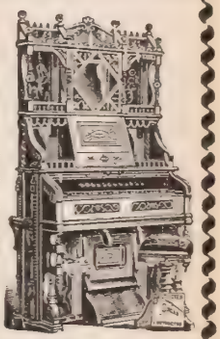

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VIGOROUS CHRISTIANITY.*

SIN never gets tired; never is low-spirited; has the courage of its convictions; never fritters away its power and its genius pettifogging over side issues. What voluminous lessons the saints might learn from the sinners! We speak of these things because it is our business as the pastor of a Christian church to speak of them. You know that we are not slow to insist upon keenness of spiritual discernment, or upon the reticent vigor of a life hid with Christ in God. Piety is the genius of the entire matter; but piety, when it fronts sin, has got to become grit. Salt is a concrete commodity, and requires to be rubbed into the very pores of decay. I scarcely ever move into the midst of the busier parts of this town without feeling in a pained way how little of actual touch there is between the life of the church and the life of the times. We must have a consciousness of God, but the truth complementary to that is that we must have just as lively a consciousness of the world we are living in. Men ought to have that, and women ought to have it, too. Nobody that can read is excusable for not knowing what is transpiring. And Christians of either sex ought to know it and ought to want to know it; ought to feel that it is part of their legitimate concern to know it.

We have no criticism to pass on the effort to improve the quality of civilization in Central Africa, but it would count more in the moral life of the world to have this city, where the heart of the country beats, dominated in its life and government by the ethical principles insisted on by the Gospel, than to have a belt of evangelical light a hundred miles broad thrown clear across the Dark Continent. And the men and women that live here are the ones to do it. It is achievable. What Christianity has done Christianity can do. And when it is done it is going to be done by the men and women who stand up and make a business of the thing, and quit playing with it; quit imagining that somehow we are going, by some indescribable means, to drift into a better state of things.

Say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, every step in the history of an ameliorated civilization has cost just so much personal push. You and I have something to do about it. If we have a brain, or a heart, or a purse, and sit still and let things take their course, making no sign, uttering no protest, flinging ourselves into no endeavor, the times will eventually sit in judment upon us, and they will damn us. Christianity is here for an object. The salt is here for a purpose. If your Christianity is not vigorous enough to help save this country and this city, it is not vigorous enough to do anything toward saving you. Reality is not worn out. The truth is not knock-kneed. The incisive edge of bare-bladed righteousness will still cut. Only it has got to be righteousness that is not afraid to stand up, move into the midst of iniquity and shake itself.

*Vigorous Christianity. By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

Famous German Hymns.

THE *Chorale* of Protestant Germany furnish us with the best illustrations of perfection in metrical tunes. It was here that the great leader of the religious movement of the sixteenth century published the first collection of hymns in the language of the common people. The possession of these stirring hymns, in words they could understand and repeat, exerted upon them an effect comparable to that of the Marseillaise on the French. But for these martial and inspiring tunes it may well be doubted whether the new ideas could have spread so rapidly as they did, and taken such hold on men's minds.

These first hymns, in the modern sense, were drawn from various sources: some were transcriptions from old church chants; many were frankly taken from the melodies of the people, in the folk-songs.

The home of the chorals is so exclusively Protestant Germany that we can hardly believe that many of them came there by way of France. In 1565 a collection of hymn tunes was published in Paris by Claude Goudinel, and many of these were speedily adopted in Germany. A large number of those were from secular sources. Their stern Calvinistic doctrine, however, firmly disowned all connection with a light or irreligious origin.

In this collection the famous tune known as "Old Hundred" first appeared. It seemed to come rather from a Genevan source than any other traceable one; but it is of very ancient lineage, and has an actual existence long prior to Goudinel's collection. Hardly any example more familiar to us could be given. Undoubtedly it is one of those old tunes handed down from generation to generation by the living voice. "Why should the devil have all the good tunes?" as Rowland Hill said later. Luther himself, musician as well as poet, innovator, and reformer, doubtless has no hesitation in taking a good folk-song whenever he found it, and fitting it to his tremendous phraseology.

To Luther are ascribed two hymns which have remained in our collection, "Eine Feste Burg ist unser Gott," known to us as, "A Strong Tower is our God," and another, "Great God, what do I see and hear?" The well-known choral introduced several times by Bach in St. Matthew "Passions Musik," "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," was a well-kaown folk-song of Germany. It is called in our collections "O Sacred Head now Wounded." Johann Cruger was the author of a very large number of these *Chorale*. The use of hymns dates from the Reformation. There is no more striking mark to show the change that had taken place than the contrast between the vague phrases and uneven rhythm of the Gregorian chants and the measured movement of the Protestant chorals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have been received from Thomas Whittaker, New York: *He Suffered*, by Wilfred Monod; a series of six Meditations for Holy Week; pp. 116, price 60c.

"I Will," by Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M. A., being the Determinations of the Man of God, as found in some of the "I Wills" of the Psalms; pp. 404, price 50c.

The Great Meaning of Metanoia, by Treadwell Walden; an undeveloped chapter in the Life and Teaching of Christ in a series of essays, pp. 166, price $1.00.

Christ and Modern Unbelief, by Randolph H. McKim, D.D. A series of lectures to help honest doubters solve their doubts; pp. 146, paper, 50c.

St. Chrysostom and St. Augustin, by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. A series of studies in Christian Biography; pp. 158, paper covers, price 25c.

Pivot Words of Scripture, by Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M.A. A series of chapters on the importance of those little words of Holy Scripture upon which turns the interpretation of a passage; pp. 353, price 50c. in paper.

Biblical Character Sketches, by Dean Farrar and others. Short sketches of young men and young women of the Bible; interesting and instructive, pp. 207, price $1.00.

The following books have been received from William B. Ketcham, publisher, New York: *Dictionary of Burning Words of Brilliant Writers*, by Josiah H. Gilbert; a Cyclopaedia of Quotations from Literature of all Ages, for the use of Senate, Bar, Pulpit, and the Orator; pp. 681, price $2.00.

What shall I tell the Children? by Rev. George V. Reichel, A.M., Ph.D.; a series of Object Lessons and Teachings; pp. 304; price $1.50.

The following books have been received from Fleming H. Revell & Co., publishers, New York: *[illegible]*, by Rev. Wm. DeLoss Love, D.D. an exhaustive and historical study of a subject which has been agitating the Church for years; pp. [illegible] price $1.25.

The Spirit-filled Life, by Rev. John MacNeil, B.A., Evangelist; a volume full of helpful hints for the believer; pp. 126, price 50c.

A Skilled Workman, by W. A. Bodell, a story of the right development of Christian character; pp. [illegible]

[illegible] by Rev. Andrew Murray, a series of papers delivered at the Northfield Conference of 1895; pp. 180, price 75c.

[illegible] by Abbie C. Morrow, a book [illegible]

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of Daily Devotion for children and young people; pp. 198, price 75c.

At the Table Altar, by Bishop J. H. Vincent, a book of Religious Service for the family and Meditations for a Month of Mornings; price 50c.

For His Sake, extracts from the letters of Elsie Marshall, martyred at Hwa-Sang, August 1, 1895, a story of a life consecrated to God and devoted to China; pp. 222, price $1.00.

From Eden to Malta, by Sir Knight James W. Beller; a series of Lectures on Masonic Light; pp. 255, price $2.00.

The Divine Life in Man, and other sermons, by Rev. Frederick A. Noble, D.D.; pp. 311, price $1.25.

The Life of Privilege, by Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe. A series of addresses given before the Northfield Conference, 1895; pp. 202, price $1.00.

The Wonderful, by William E. Sloane. A story of the Saviour for young people; beautifully illustrated, pp. 223, price $1.25.

The Gospel in Isaiah, by Charles S. Robinson, D.D. A series of Expositious, Topical and Practical, founded upon the sixth chapter; pp. 279, price $1.25.

Zerola of Nazareth, by Louis Barron; an Oriental romance, the scene is laid in Palestine early in the Christian era; pp. 160, illustrated. Published by Chas. J. Musson, Toronto, Canada.

The Persia of To-day, by Rev. Yonan Y. Auraham, of Urmi, Persia; with map, illustrations and Biblical explanation; pp. 221, price 75c. Published by W. M. Bayne Printing Co., Cleveland, O.

Home Classes or the Home Department of the Sunday School, by M. C. Hazard, Ph.D. Its History, Purpose and Plan, Organization Methods, Requisites and Difficulties; pp. 145, price 50c. Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society, Boston and Chicago.

Studies in the Mosaic Institutions, by W. G. Moorehead, D.D. The Tabernacle, the Priesthood, the Sacrifices, the Feasts of Ancient Israel; pp. 246, price $1.25. W. J. Shuey, publisher, Dayton, O.

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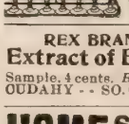

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Sinful Lives Abandoned.

ONE of the most active and successful Christian workers among the slums of New York, for many years, has been Mrs. Josephine Williamson, founder of the Williamson Rescue Mission, 125 W 3rd street. Mrs. Williams has been a "mother of Rescue Missions," and many souls have been brought to the Saviour through her instrumentality. In her present work, she has been exceptionally successful, and men and women from the very lowest classes have been brought into Gospel light and peace at the Rescue Mission, where meetings are held every evening. Some of the lives that have there undergone a trafisformation, reveal such stories of vice and wickedness. All point the same moral: that the service of Satan brings poor wages, and that the allurements and pleasures of sin quickly turn to dust and ashes.

Among the testimonies given by some of the converts are many that are quite touching. "Discouraged with the life I was living in serving the devil," writes May ——, "I gave myself up wholly to the Lord, in our little mission, five weeks ago, and I feel that I am fully repaid for so doing, for I am the gainer in both body and soul." An ex-police officer, (I. W. W.), writes: "I never realized what a vile sinner I was till I entered the mission . . . My past is forgiven. I intend to devote the remainder of my life to the service of the Lord." Another C. M., (an ex-drunkard), writes; "I have now kept from drink and am thankful that the Lord has taken from me the desire for it, and blessed me besides. I gave my heart to him seven weeks ago." Edward B——, another ex-drunkard, has also been redeemed by saving grace at the mission. A——, for fifteen years a slave to morphine, is another convert. She is now engaged in Christian work and contributes ten dollars monthly to the support of the mission where she found peace in believing.

Mrs. Williamson's work, is conducted altogether among the very poor, few of whom are able to aid the mission financially. It is a work supported wholly by voluntary outside contributions, and has already been the means of doing so much good that it deserves the warmest encouragement and aid from Christian people everywhere.

The Drink Curse in Africa.

Mr. Domenjoz, a missionary of the Congo Balolo Mission at Matadi, recently related two instances illustrating the evil drink is doing in Africa. One was that of a man whom he had come upon so frenzied with drink that he was wildly waving a hatchet around his head and threatening to kill everybody he met. Mr. Domenjoz succeeded in securing him, and tied him up until he became sober. The other was the case of a woman apparently mad, lying on the ground shouting and writhing as if tortured with pain. "Quite half the carriers," he says, "buy drink for themselves, and some caravans come down expressly for that purpose, taking back a couple cases of gin. The effects of drink are not seen so much in Matadi itself as after the carriers leave for the interior. When they get away on the road their carousals begin. Out of a caravan of about thirty, perhaps three or so will get madly drunk and begin to fight, the remainder being simply noisy."

A Buddhist Nun's Conversion.

An old woman now in the Kwei-Ki Church (says a writer in *China's Millions*), spent twenty-eight years of her life as a Nikau, or nun, in a Buddhist temple. She had an adopted son, who frequently came to the Gospel hall in Kwe-ki, where he learned to love and trust the Saviour. It is seven years ago now since the young man began to carry the strange, glad story which he had learned to the poor temple nun. As she listened, her interest was aroused, and she enquired more about the Gospel. At last, being determined to try the matter, she went into the temple, and, having in worship once more, she told the idols that she wished to know whether she might break her vegetarian vows or not. For three nights she slept—or lay awake—on the hard, cold stones before the idols, waiting for a dream or a vision. The idols were utterly silent, however, and on the fourth morning she addressed them thus: "P'u-sa (gods), I have washed your faces for twenty-eight years, and have been faithful to you, and now in my time of need you cannot help me, so I have done with you."

A Sailor's Mistake.

The remarkable results of a sailor's drunken somnolence are reported by the London *Christian*. It states that a sailor, after a long voyage, was paid off at a seaport on the west cost of England, and immediately engaged to join a ship in London, belonging to the same owner. Having received his pay, a considerable sum, he took a ticket for the metropolis, and departed. But, having too much drink, he soon fell fast asleep, and neglected to change carriages at the proper station. So he was conveyed across the country to a seaport on the east coast. When he reached this town he was still under the influence of liquor, and not knowing how or why he had come thither, he was questioned by the station-master, who, seeing that he was incompetent to take care of himself, and ascertaining that he had a sum of money about his person, induced him to surrender it to his keeping, and persuaded one of the sailor's fellow travelers to look after him. This disinterested friend conducted him to a wayfarer's boarding-house, where he slept that night.

Next day the sailor learned what had happened and was in great distress though thankful that his money was safe. It was his relapse into drunkenness that troubled him. As he reproached himself he wept. The boarding-house keeper, a Christian woman, seeing him in tears, asked him why he wept. "Oh," said he, "I have been concerned about my soul for two years, but have sinned against my conscience. Can you tell me where there is a prayer-meeting to-night?" "No," she replied; "but I can tell you where you will hear a sermon that will do you good."

"Well, I'll go," said he. "Glad to hear it," rejoined the good woman, and pointing to a portrait on the wall, said, "There is the man that will preach." The sailor looked up, and fastening his eyes on the picture, exclaimed, "Why, that's the very man that I heard preach in Spurgeon's Tabernacle two years ago, and that convinced me of my sins." The landlady was astonished.

That evening an elder of the church noticed the sailor during the sermon, weeping bitterly; and followed him to his boarding-house where he talked with him and drew his story from him. He stayed with the man far into the night talking, reading and praying with him until the sailor declared his resolve to trust in Christ. "Only think," said he, "that God should carry me, in spite of myself, to the wrong place, which was the right place, in order to save my soul."

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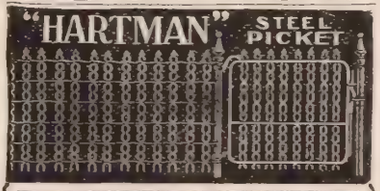

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Continued from page 287.

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One of the Lord's Stewards, Pasadena 5 00
Eight little Messengers, New Boston 5 00
Christian, Milton 2 95
Young Beginners, Coopers 2 01
One who loves the Lord, Morgansville 1 00
Holiness unto the Lord, Mattapan 1 00
Unknown 1 00
Anonymous 1 00
Matt 25: 40, Rockport 1 00
Commercial Traveller, Campbellford 5 00
V D S family, Fl 5 00
Widows Mite, Philmont 70
Cash, New Brighton 1 00
Cash, Monmouth 5 00
Little sisters & bro's 65
Two sisters, widows, Brocton 2 00
Little boy who is with Jesus, Oxford 1 00
Little girl & boy, No. Hope 10
Husband & wife, Washington C H 5 00
Widow, Wash 25
Poor Christian, Mechanicsburg 25
Lady of Lewiston 2 50
Christin friend, Jamaica 4 87
In Memory of a King's Daughter, Oasis 25
In remembrance of a dear departed brother, Ft London 25
Canadian, London 10 00
Price of Souvenir Teaspoons, Wilmington 1 25
Abbott, Mr & Mrs N 50
Abeel, Miss Bertha 1 00
Abeel, John 1 00
Abeel, Mrs R A 1 00
Ackeret, J J 50
Adams, Edith & Alice 1 00
Anderson, Mrs N M 1 00
Allburt, J W 1 00
Allen, Gov R 5 00
Anderson, Mrs M B 1 00
Anderson, W J 1 00
Anderson, Wm 1 00
Arthur, David 25
Atkin, Miss 50
Atwood, Mrs E A 3 00
Aure, Miss Belle 15
Bailey, N Z 1 00
Baird, E E 1 00
Baker, Mr & Mrs J D 1 00
Baker, Jno 5 00
Barker, Mrs W B 3 00
Barnes, Mr & Mrs 4 00
Barnes, Mrs J L 1 00
Barnett, R I 1 00
Beck, H S 1 00
Beebe, Mrs P A 2 00
Beet, Mrs W A 25
Bell, May 1 00
Bennage, Mrs Q 50
Bentham, Wm 1 00
Bernstad, Nels 75
Bishop, S D 3 00
Black, Mrs S L 5 00
Blakely, C E 5 00
Boothby, Mrs S M 1 00
Boshler, Walter 20
Boss, Mrs Cornelius 50
Boyd, Mrs T M 1 00
Bradford, B 5 00
Bradford, Rev C A 3 00
Bramley, Jonathan 1 00
Brant, Lyman 50
Brick, H W 1 00
Bright, G W 5 00
Broadhead, Mrs Belle 5 00

Brock, Mrs J 1 00
Brown, Mrs 15
Brown, A J & wife 3 00
Brown, Master Elmer 1 00
Brown, Miss Fay 1 00
Brown, J 1 00
Brown, J B 1 00
Brown, Mrs M D 1 00
Bruce, J M 2 00
Burt, Mrs F B 1 00
Busby, Bessie 7
Busby, Harlie 10
Busby, Harvey 8
Busby, Mrs Jennie 50
Bush, Mrs Maria 5 00
Butler, Mrs L A 1 00
Cain, Carrie E and Mrs Peter Mellett 1 30
Cameron, E I 1 00
Camp, Mrs M R 2 00
Campbell, Mrs J B 50
Carpell, Mrs Chas 2 00
Carlson, C 1 00
Carlson, Chas 1 25
Carlson, Mrs L 1 00
Cate, Mr & Mrs A M 5 00
Chace, H M 2 00
Chamberlin, Emma 1 00
Chandler, G W 5 00
Cheadle, Rev & wife 1 00
Christiansen, Ole 1 00
Christianson, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Clapp, Mrs S J 2 00
Clark, J S 50
Clift, Mrs K M 2 00
Cobb, Mrs W W 2 50
Codling, E 2 00
Codling, H G 41
Codling, R D 2 00
Codling, W O 1 00
Coghill, Mrs T D 1 00
Collins, Mrs Taylor 2 00
Conlon, Patrick 1 00
Cook, Mrs 25
Cook, Miss M E 3 00
Cotton, Jas 1 00
Covil, Mrs F A 1 00
Cowans, Maggie 10 00
Cragin family 1 00
Crain, Mrs G H 3 00
Craise, E M 2 00
Crawford, W A 1 00
Cross, John 25
Cummings, Mrs W 1 50
Cummings, X X 5 00
Curtis, G W & E S 3 00
Dahl, Iver 1 00
Dalin, Mrs, & Mrs Anderson 4 50
Damon, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Davidson, Prof 5 00
Davidson, Mrs Fanny 2 00
Davis, F 2 00
Davis, Jesse F 1 00
Davis, S 3 00
Dean, Miss L L 1 00
DeBaugh, E 1 00
DeJong, J P 5 00
Denser, Mrs 15
DeVaux, Della D 1 00
Dewey, Mrs C J 2 00
Dimmitt, L 5 00
Dinsmore, Mrs L 5 00
Dobbie, John 1 00
Donelly, John 1 00
Douglas, E L 1 00
Dugan, W T 2 00
Dunlap, Mrs E P 3 00
Dunstone, Dr Wm 50
Edington, Miss 1 00
Edwards, Mrs 2 00
Elam, C C 1 00
Elam, Robby 50
Elder, Mrs C 2 00
Elkin, Eva 1 00
Elliott, Mrs Elizabeth 2 00
Ellis, L 5 00
Erickson, John 25
Errickson, Annie 25
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Fairfield, Burns 2 00
Fairlee, Katrina 3 00
Farwell, Miss 1 00
Fernald, Miss F E 2 00
Ferris, Mrs C W 1 00
Fishburn, G A 2 00
Fitch, Mrs H 1 00
Fitzsimmons, Eva 1 25
Fogg, M K 2 00
Foogman, G W 2 00
Fowler, Mrs G 1 00
Francis, J O 70
Fries, Charley 25
Fries, G F 50
Fries, Ida E 1 00
Fries, J H 1 00
Fries, Leonard 25
Frink, Almira L 5 00

Total $40,691.17

and over 500 others to be acknowledged next week.

This plain, honest statement from the Mayor of Trenton, N. J., needs no embellishment — it carries conviction.

Booth's "Hyomei" Pocket Inhaler Outfit

is sent by mail for $1.00. It is the new and wonderful Australian "Dry-Air" treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Coughs, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, and similar diseases. Plain statements, *unsolicited*, from men of such prominence, cannot be bought; you *must* believe them.

Office of the Mayor of the City of Trenton, New Jersey

Emory N. Yard, Mayor *March 2d 18[illegible]*

R. T. Booth Esq.,

23 East 20th St., New York.

Dear Sir:--

My absence from the city for the past two days prevented my answering your telegram of yesterday. You have my permission to say that I believe "HYOMEI" to be one of the most wonderful cures for Catarrh and Throat trouble that has ever been discovered. In my case the effect has been marvelous (and I have not been as persistent in the use of the Inhaler as I should have been to have received the best results.) I enclose you Money Order for $2.00 for two Pocket Inhaler Outfits for friends of mine, to whom I have recommended it, and who I am anxious shall have the benefit of this most remarkable panacea

Very Respectfully,
Emory N. Yard

What more can be said, except to add that hundreds of letters come to us every day bearing witness to positive and permanent cures of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Loss of Voice, and similar diseases.

Hyomei Cures by Inhalation.

It is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

The air, thoroughly charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled through the Pocket Inhaler at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It stops all spasmodic coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail, $1.00, consisting of pocket inhaler (made of deodorized hard rubber, beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei**, a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send me your address, and my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Consultation free at my office.

Hyomei Balm.—An antiseptic skin food for weak chests, burns, scalds, chapped lips, rough hands, frost bites, eczema, etc. Nothing has been discovered so effective for the purposes named. Price by mail, 50 cents.

R. T. BOOTH, 23 East 20th St., New York.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

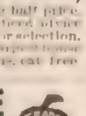
Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. [illegible] Free. Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 6 St., Bath, N.Y.

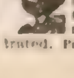
TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

45 Liberty St., New York sells all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Largest house in the world. Dealers supplied. [illegible]-page illus. cat. free.

A SURE CORN CURE



Removes the corn—and the roots—without pain or danger—A-CORN Salve, perfectly harmless. [illegible] box. GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 305 Cherry St., PHILA.



SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK

96 pages printed in 6 colors. Birdseye view of [illegible] Poultry Farm. Tells all about Chickens. Prices of same, their diseases, [illegible] poultry houses, etc. [illegible] illustrated. Price [illegible]. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERS[ON]

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUT[ION]

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE [illegible]

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

—Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement—

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.
You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

FREE: Cut this out and send to-day for free catalogue. [illegible] natural finish Baby Carriage with [illegible] wheels, [illegible] springs, [illegible] [illegible] OXFORD MDSE. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

600 SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

All MAKES and MODELS, [illegible] Agents wanted. Send for descriptive bargain [illegible] C. C. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chi[cago]

THE NEW MONUMENT.

PASSING down the street in Washington, attention now is directed to the large and expensive pedestal for the monument of General Hancock, and my mind goes into a reverie concerning that remarkable man. The grandest physique that was probably ever built on this continent went into ruin when Hancock died. As Melrose Abbey or Kenilworth Castle has only broken arches or fragments of stately aisles to show for all the courtly or imperial pomp that once worshipped or reigned in it, so the kingly soul of General Hancock departed and left only the dismantled ruins of a great tower of national strength and another fallen temple of the Holy Ghost. When God honors such a soul with such a body, the world should recognize it. Ever the human race has for six thousand years been smitten of pneumonias, and consumptions, and rheumatisms, and dropsies, and marasmuses, and all that cruel catenate and dissipated habit can inflict, it is a grand thing to have a physical giant like Hancock show what the human race was before man began to evolve downward, and what it may be when all human lament has been extirpated from the world and men pay as much attention to the blood of the human race as they do the breed of animals, and the Southdown and the Alderney shall be no more common in the fields of our great stock owners, than men six feet four inches high and well proportioned shall become on the streets of our great cities.

Even the giants, that the world has heard of, have not, for the most part, turned out well,—Samson, who was great in pulling down pillars, but not great at rearing them; Goliath, who defied the armies of the living God; the lofty Og, King of Bashan, remarkable for nothing but the length of his iron bedstead; Saul, the assassin and suicide; the sons of Anak, who terrified Israel; the mythological titans, good for nothing but to rock the foundations of the earth and turn them into bowling alleys. So that when we find, in our day, a man of lofty and magnificent stature devoting himself to the best interests of his country and to his family, as did General Hancock, we say, at his appearance on the stage of action, "All hail!" and at his exit we would like, with every appropriate demonstration, to do honor to his memory. Many of the achievements of the North and South seemed brilliant accidents, and climbed up on the gun carriages into civil positions which they never could have reached. But Gettysburg did not make Hancock: Hancock made Gettysburg. The nation did nothing for him. The effort to put him in the White House failed. So he stood at the top, with none of the glamor of civil office upon his brow, with no honor except that which he had earned by a useful life, and a sword that had put back into its scabbard with as much force as that with which he once unsheathed it. There is no need that one more comparison as to who was greatest in army or navy during these four years of tornadined with fratricidal slaughter. In all twenty-five hundred dollars were bequathed to the man who should be found the bravest in the British army. The two executors of the will called upon the Duke of Wellington and offered him the money. But he declined it, saying, "It is due Sir James MacDonell for the defense of the Hougomont farm-house at Waterloo, reclosing the gates after they had been forced open." But when the money was offered to Sir James MacDonell, as the bravest man in the army, he also declined it, and it is said that no one whom the executors thought worthy of the honorable prize would take it, each one asking that it be bestowed upon some other, and if the honor of being called the bravest man in the Northern army had been offered to Hancock, or Grant, or Sherman, or McClellan, or Nathaniel Lyon, or Reynolds, or in the Southern army to Lee, or Jackson, or Leonidas Polk, or Stuart, or Sidney Johnston, each would in favor of some other have declined it. We shall not take the responsibility of saying who was the greatest. You cannot measure men as you measure mountains. These Mt. Blancs of the human race reach above the clouds, and no altimeter can estimate their comparative elevations. The one excels in valor, another in patience of attack, another in power of organization, another in personal magnetism, one in besiegement, one in skilful resistance, one on the land, and one on the sea.

Plenty of room in the gallery of our national firmament for both Halleck and Grant, although unwise contestants have engaged in battle of graveyards, and by the defamation of one, attempted the glorification of the other. In my opinion, if George B. McClellan had been at the head of the Northern army at the close of the war, as he was at the beginning, when everything was chaotic and the soldiers were untried, and the Southern army were in the enthusiasm of their first successes, he would have gained as decisive victories and received as many honors as did the one to whom the Confederacy finally surrendered. Room for all their names on the roll of national fame, and for the recitation of their deeds in the anthem of the centuries! At death Hancock went out to meet his regiments that fell at Contreras, and Cherubusco, and Hatcher's Run, and the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Cold Harbor. What a meeting it must have been when the heroes began to gather in the "land of the leal," and the newly-arrived told of the restored peace of the nation and the high prosperity resultant upon their deed, whether they were hewn down by the saber of cavalryman, or dropped into the midnight stream by the flash of sharpshooter, or wasted away from the malaria inhaled in the swamps of the Chickahominy.

This monument in Washington to Hancock suggests to me his fidelity to home life. What a sadness that so many of the warriors of the earth have been as noted for their faults as for their heroics! On nearly all the public squares of England stand the highest monuments to Lord Nelson, the fearless one of Santa Cruz and Trafalgar, as mighty a name as Great Britain can boast of, yet soiled with a social infamy that he mentioned with pride, rather than repentance, when he came to die, and the world cannot forget that though he saved England he destroyed the home of Lord Hamilton. But this monument to Hancock suggests a character untarnished and in every way illustrious. The last time I saw this friend was one day in his home at Governor's Island, when he pointed me to the picture of the beautiful daughter who had died years before, but his manner indicated that the grief was unabated and the loss overshadowing still. The next time I see him will be in the day when the reveille of the resurrection sounds and the Lord of Hosts shall marshal all the armies of the living and the dead, and they shall come up from Theban, and Babylonian, and Crimean, and Sardinian, and Egyptian, and Italian, and American battlefields, and great commander shall be as private soldier, and the king as his subject, and it shall be found out how each one of us, whether in high position or low, did his duty.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A Soldier's Faith.

The late Dr. Adolph Saphir, in his remarkable book, "The Divine Unity of the Scriptures," relates that General Schmidt, a battle-scarred veteran who was noted for his courage, was asked by the infidel King Frederick, called "the Great," why he believed the Bible? "Because," promptly responded the gallant soldier, "it reveals to me a Father who numbers the very hairs of my head; because it reveals to me a Saviour who expiates every one of my sins; because it reveals to me a heaven where I am to spend an everlasting and blessed eternity." Such faith is sure to give courage amid the trials of life, and to meet "the last enemy that is to be conquered."

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Nervous Headache

few escape. It is one of the penalties of the age. Our grandparents never had it. They had nerve but not nerves. In their day more than half the physicians were not prescribing

Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant

as a nerve sedative, as they are today. Contains no opiate of any kind. Perfectly safe. Prompt relief. Builds up and strengthens the whole system.

Regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. All druggists. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Sample by mail 25 cents. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
106-108 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

Formula on Every Bottle.

3 Beautiful Chrysanthemums For 10c

Send 10c for the above 3 Chrysanthemums.

The Big Six Chrysanthemum Set for 25 Cents.

A beautiful ivory white chrysanthemum,
A charming incurved lemon colored sort,
A delicate pink variety,
A large and distinct orange prize kind,
A splendid rich bright crimson variety,
A gorgeous and unique drooping kind.

The above fine set of Chrysanthemums for 25c.

6 Charming and Sweet Scented Tea Roses, labl'd for 25c
6 Splendid Double Geraniums all colors, labeled for 25c
6 Beautiful Single Geraniums fine assortment, labl'd 25c
6 Sweetest and best Carnations, choice colors, labl'd 25c
6 of the Loveliest Fuchsias, double and single, labl'd 25c
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Our Great Chrysanthemum Offer, The Mikado Collection of 15 PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR 50c.

Send 10c for our beautiful catalogue full of original illustrations. Our special bargain edition free to all.

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is at hand, and what to do next, is best told by Vaughan's Gardening Illustrated for 1896. It tells the whole story of Gardening to date, and illustrates the best and most complete stock of Fresh Flower and Vegetable Seeds in America. Our customers claim and we agree with them, that

Vaughan's Seeds

should be sown in every garden. For trial we shall give away

Six Best Novelties
1 Pkt. Giant Japan Morning-glory
1 Pkt. New Red Pansy
1 Pkt. New Yellow Aster
1 Pkt. Double Sweet Peas
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1 Pkt. Verbena—fiery scarlet
FOR 14c. postpd

Provided you name this paper. Write to-day.

VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE,
New York or **Chicago**
26 Barclay St. 84 Randolph St.

15 LARGE PKTS. NEW FLOWER SEEDS FOR ONLY 15 CENTS

To pay postage and packing.

1 pkt New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (as shown in cut). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful; flowers very large, all colors, red, green, marble striped, white spotted with blue, and all of incomparable beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansy, 1 pkt Cosmos, 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus, 1 pkt Chinese Pink, 1 pkt Aster, 1 pkt Gaillardia, 1 pkt Godetia, 1 pkt Larkspur, 1 pkt Giant Coxcomb, 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum, 1 pkt Candytuft, 1 pkt Mignonette, 1 pkt Phlox, 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large packets choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 15 cts. 15 bulbs New Gladiolus 15 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we refund your money if not as represented.

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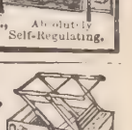
BROODERS, VEGETABLE and CLOVER CUTTERS.
BONE and GRAIN MILLS.
A complete line of poultry supplies at *lowest prices*. Green cut bone will **MAKE HENS LAY** in Winter and produce fertile eggs for hatching. Send 4c. for catalog and valuable information on poultry raising.
PEERLESS INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., 513 Y Ohio St., QUINCY, ILL.
Absolutely Self-Regulating.

SOLD!



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POSITIVE GUARANTEE
to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and with much more ease. This applies to **Terrill's Perfect Washing Machine** which will be sent on trial at wholesale price; if not satisfactory money refunded. Agents Wanted. For exclusive territory, terms and prices write PORTLAND MFG. CO., Box 62 Portland, Mich.
75,000 in use.

NEW MAMMOTH POULTRY GUIDE showing colored plate of chickens in natural colors. Finest book ever published. Almost 100 pages. Tells all about Poultry for Profit or Pleasure. Price only 15c.
JOHN BAUSCHER, JR., Box 68 Freeport, Ills.

3 NOVELTIES HIGH QUALITY LOW PRICE.

ASTER, GIANT COMET WHITE. Immense
CUPID SWEET PEA. Six seeds. White.
Japanese Imperial Morning Glory. See cut.
Alyssum Little Gem. White.
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Mignonette Giant Tree.
Pansy Parisian Fancy. 40 colors. New strain.
Petunia--Pyramidal Tree.
Poppies--Double. All colors.
Snow Queen Candytuft.
Sweet Peas, 40 kinds.
Verbena--Mammoth.

THE 3 NOVELTIES

16 FULL-SIZE PACKETS OF ALL THE ABOVE FLOWERS FOR **25c.**

To anyone sending for 4 of these collections from 4 people, with names and addresses enclosed I will send

FREE 5 BEGONIA BULBS IN 5 COLORS
OR 5 BULBS 50 CENTS.

Flowers are 4 inches across. Crimson, Yellow, White, Pink and Blotched. Bloom in pots in the house summer and winter; outside are smothered with bloom all summer. Try to secure 4 orders and get these free.

AGENTS WANTED Little work, good pay. Catalogue—Directions for Growing, Premium, and Prize Blooms with every order. You can make money selling my seeds.

Japanese Imperial Morning Glory.
Regular price, 15 cts. a pkt.

MISS MARY E. MARTIN, FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK.

We guarantee
Heiskell's Ointment
to quickly and permanently cure **Eczema, Scald-Head, Barber's Itch or Tetter** without the aid of internal medicine.
50c. per box at Druggists or by mail.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
531 Commerce St., PHILADELPHIA.

High Arm

Warranted Ten Years.

MY HUSBAND Can't see how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00
$45.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial—no money home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents profits. Over 100 000 in use. Circulars, testimonials Free. Write at once. Address, (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 18, Chicago, Ills.

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The Generous Offer that is Being Made by T. A. Slocum, M. C., New York City, America's Most Eminent Chemist.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Confident of the Value of His Discoveries, He will Send Free, Two Bottles, Upon Application, to Any Person Suffering from Chest, Lung, and Pulmonary Affections.

(*From the New York Weekly Tribune.*)

"The appalling ravages of lung troubles and consumption in this country, continued from year to year, present a showing before which all lovers of humanity must stand aghast.

Lung troubles lead to consumption; loss of flesh, and wasting conditions.

Of all the diseases which afflict the human race, consumption is the most fatal. Its ravages are by no means confined to the lungs alone. It attacks, in fact, almost every part of the body.

Last year, as proven by the official records at Washington, over 263,000 died from consumption in the United States—representing an average of 5,000 every week, and 700 every day; a waste of life that seems incredible.

More than four-fifths of this number might to-day be living, had they but known wherein restoration lay, and made timely use of the only infallible remedies that have thus far been discovered.

Slocum's Newly Discovered Remedy is the only one whose results have been practically successful.

Thousands of witnesses could be brought forward—whose testimony is incontrovertible — to prove not only that the Slocum System of Scientific Treatment is wonderfully efficacious in the cure of throat, chest and lung affections, all pulmonary disorders — and conditions of wasting—but that it *does cure* in cases of well defined and unmistakable consumption.

Consumption has, it is now believed, at last been conquered, and through the leading papers the distinguished chemist offers his discovery free.

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CURES CONSUMPTION and Lung Troubles

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181 & 183 Pearl St.,

New York, March 26th, 1896.

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So proof-positive am I of its power, that to increase its usefulness and make known its great merits, I propose to SEND FREE, TWO BOTTLES, to readers of your paper who will write me, giving their Express, Postoffice and street address.

Most Sincerely, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.

Dictated by T. A. S. 183 Pearl St., New York.

When writing the Doctor, please state that you read this letter in The Christian Herald.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

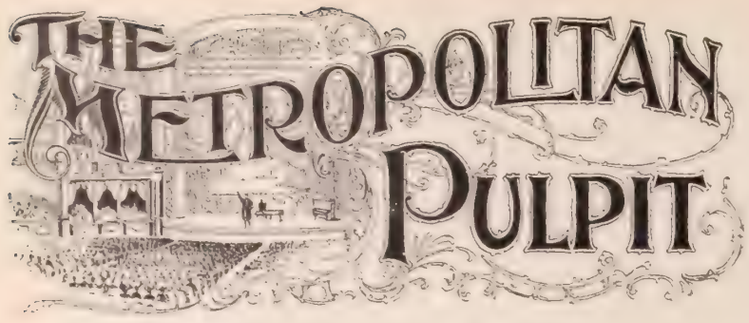
VOLUME 19. NUMBER 16.

W. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1806.

Price Five Cents.

AN EVENING BIBLE READING AND "GOOD-NIGHT SERVICE" IN A MICHIGAN LOGGING CAMP. (See Page 1021.)



NEXT TO THE THRONE.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Genesis 37 : 28, "*They drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.*" Genesis 45 : 26, "*He is governor over all the land of Egypt.*"

YOU cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph. How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century. How in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the heft of the corn-sacks. How the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness—the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of philosophy by which the man is lost in all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the Church and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the Church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail-train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocket-books; and Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abhorrence. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils; and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Eudoxia, the Empress, threatened Chrysostom with death, he made the reply, "Tell the Empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix; Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate Prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain; as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now suppose we went to an artist in the City of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens, and the Raphaels, and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters, and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this Gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of Divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice to-day; we have lived together many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave now, be brave. I will not say 'Good night' to you for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over! It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the Cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The State sometimes said to the Church, "Come, take my hand and I will help you." What was the result? The Church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the State said to the Church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury the Church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The Church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than its approval. The fires of the stake hav only been the torches which Christ he in his hand, by the light of which t Church has marched to her present glo ous position. In the sound of racks a implements of torture I hear the rumbli of the Gospel chariot. The scaffolds martyrdom have been the stairs by whi the Church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin w come to exposure. Long, long ago h those brothers sold Joseph into Egy They had made the old father believe th his favorite child was dead. They h suppressed the crime, and it was a p found secret well kept by the brothe But suddenly the secret is out. The father hears that his son is in Egypt, ha ing been sold there by the malice of own brothers. How their cheeks m have burned and their hearts sunk at t flaming out of this long suppressed crim The smallest iniquity has a thousa tongues, and they will blab out exposu Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanit their sheep and their oxen; but when got down there among the pastures, saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat kill, so he thought he would steal the Nobody would know it. He drove th stolen sheep and oxen toward home, b stopped to report to the prophet how had executed his mission, when in the d tance the sheep began to bleat and the en to bellow. The secret was out, a Samuel said to the blushing and confus Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of t sheep that I hear and the bellowing of t cattle?" Ah! my hearer, you cannot ke an iniquity still. At just the wrong ti the sheep will bleat and the oxen will b low. Achan cannot steal the Babylon garment without being stoned to dea nor Arnold betray his country with having his neck stretched. Look over police arrests. These thieves, these bu lars, these counterfeiters, these highw men, these assassins, they all thou they could bury their iniquity so d down, it would never come to resurrecti but there was some shoe that answered the print in the soil, some false keys fou in their possession, some bloody knife t whispered of the death, and the public dignation and the anathema of outra law hurled them into the dungeon hoisted them on the gallows. Francis King of France, stood counseling with officers how he could take his army i Italy, when Ameril, the fool of the co leaped out from a corner of the room said: "You had better be consulting h you will get your army back;" and it found that Francis I., and not Ameril, the fool. Instead of consulting as to best way of getting into sin, you had ter consult as to whether you will be to get out of it. If the world does not pose you, you will tell it yourself. Th is an awful power in an aroused conscie A highwayman plunged out upon Wh field as he rode along on horseback, a s of money on the horse—money that had raised for orphan asylums, and highwayman put his hand on the and Whitefield turned to him and s "Touch that if you dare — that longs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscie Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, Whitefield shook at him the finger doom. Do not think you can hide great and protracted sin in your heart, brother. In an unguarded moment it slip off the lip, or some slight action for the moment set ajar this door that wanted to keep closed. But suppose in this life you hide it, and you get a with this transgression burning in heart, as a ship on fire within for hinders the flames from bursting out keeping down the hatches, yet at las the judgment that iniquity will blaze before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that th is an inseparable connection betwee events, however remote. The univer

dy one thought of God. Those things vich seemed fragmentary and isolated e only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two ents—Joseph sold to the Arabian mer-ants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you s in what a mysterious way God connect-e the two into one plan. So the events e linked together. You who are aged rn look back and group together a thou-sd things in your life that once seemed ated. One undivided chain of events rches from the Garden of Eden to the oss of Calvary, and thus up to the kgdom of Heaven. There is a relation tween the smallest insect that hums in t summer air and the archangel on his t one. God can trace a direct ancestral l from the blue-jay that this Spring vl build its nest in the tree behind the luse to some one of the flock of birds vich, when Noah hoisted the ark's win-dw, with a whirr and dash of bright wgs went out to sing over Mount Ararat. Te tulips that bloom in the garden this Sing were nursed by the snow-flakes. Te furthest star on one side of the uni-vse could not look toward the furthest st on the other side of the universe and sy: "You are no relation to me," for fm that bright orb a voice of light would rg across the heavens responding, "Yes, y, we are sisters." Nothing in God's uverse swings at loose ends. Accidents a only God's way of turning a leaf in th book of his eternal decrees. From our cle to our grave there is a path all m ked out. Each event in our life is con-ed with every other event in our life. C losses may be the most direct road to or gain. Our defeat and our victory are tn brothers. The whole direction of your li was changed by something which at th time seemed to you trifling, while some oa rence which seemed tremendous af-feed you but little. God's plans are mgnificent beyond all comprehension. He mds us, and turns and directs us, and wknow it not. Thousands of years are to im as the flight of a shuttle. The most telific occurrence does not make God trable. The most triumphant achievement ds not lift him into rapture. That one gat thought of God goes out through the cduries, and nations rise and fall, and es pass, and the world changes, but God st keeps the undivided mastery, linking eat to event and century to century. To Gl they are all one event, one history, on plan, one development, one system. Gat and marvelous are thy works, Lord Gl Almighty! I was years ago in New Cleans at the Exposition rooms, when a tegram was sent to the President of the Uted States, at Washington, and we wted some fifteen or twenty minutes and th the President's answer came back, al then the presiding officer waved his hdkerchief and the signal was sent to Vshington that we were ready to have th machinery of the Exposition started, al the President put his finger on the elec-tr button, and instantly the great Corliss wel began to move—rumbling, rumb-li. rolling, rolling. It was overwhelm-in and 15,000 people clapped and shouted. Jg one finger at Washington started th vast machinery, hundreds and hun-dds of miles away, and I thought then as think now, that men sometimes touch mences that respond in the far distance, fty years from now, fifty years from nw, a thousand years from now—a mil-li years from now—one touch sounding th ugh the ages.

Ve also learn from this story the pro-pty of laying up for the future. During th seven years of plenty, Joseph prepared fo the famine, and when it came he had a cvded storehouse. The life of most men in worldly respect is divided into years o plenty and famine. It is seldom that ay man passes through life without at le t seven years of plenty. During those sen years, your business bears a rich hvest. You scarcely know where all th money comes from, it comes so fast. Eery bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astonished with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a few hundred dollars while you reap your thou-sands. Those are the seven years of plenty. Now Joseph has time to prepare for the threatened famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be un-fortunate, you will be defrauded, there will be hard times, you will be disappointed, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back, you may be famine-struck. We have no admiration for this denying one's self all personal comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping, grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can find another dollar. We have a contempt for all those things, but there is an intel-ligent and noble-minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred depending upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to fore-cast the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the Summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

A LOGGING CAMP IN WINTER.

Now, there are two ways of laying up money. One of these is to put it in stock and deposit it in bank, and invest it on bond and mortgage. The other way to lay up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these inves-ments. There are in this house men who if they lose every dollar they have in the world would be millionaires for eternity. They made the spiritual investment; but the man who devotes none of his gains to the cause of Christ and looks only for his own comfort and luxury is not safe, I care not how the money is invested. He acts as the Rose if it should say: "I will hold my breath, and none shall have a snatch of fragrance from me until next week; then I will set all the garden afloat with my aroma." Of course the Rose, refusing to breathe, died. But above all, lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreci-ate in value. They never are at a dis-count. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your $1,000 or $2,000 or $10,000 or $20,000 income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Per-haps some of them will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be so glad when you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What then will all your earthly accumulations be worth? If you gathered it all in your bosom and walked up with it to heaven's gate, it would not purchase your admission. Or if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down at you and say: "Where did that pauper come from?" May we all have treasures in heaven.

Gospel Work Among the Loggers.

How the Bible and the Gospel Song have Taken the Place of the Dance and Ribaldry in many Lumber Camps.

MOST encouraging evidences have been given on all hands of the interest aroused by our previous notices of the work carried on by Miss Emma C. Nason among the lumbermen of Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States. We are enabled to present on our first page this week a picture of a typical interior of one of these logging-camps, prepared from a photograph kindly furnished by Miss Nason. It will give our readers an idea of how the camp looks in the evening, when, the day's work over, and the evening meal finished, the hardy toilers of the forest gather around the stove for social pleasure before turning into the bunks for a night's rest. The Evangelists whom Miss Nason has been sending among the camps found that this evening hour was often a time of se-

SHARPENING THE WOODSMAN'S AXE.

rious mischief to the younger members of the camps. There were sure to be a few good singers among the men, but the songs they knew were horrible compositions, vile and degrading to the last degree. But the men want some entertainment, and they welcome any that is to be had. That offered by the Evangelists was a radical change, but it has been in the majority of instances well received. The men seemed to relish it. The Evangelist's song, his reading of a Parable from the New Testa-ment and his simple sprightly address touched hearts long since grown callous and revived memories of mother, home and childhood, which brought moisture to the eyes. He takes care that out of his modest resources there shall be at least one Bible left behind him in the camp when he goes away and sometimes he can leave a Gospel Song book too. At his next visit he receives a hearty welcome. One foreman said that the only complaint he had to make was that his men sat up too late at night singing the hymns and listening to the Bible Readings. They are very quick to find out who is a good and effective reader and that man has his duty to perform. Sitting around the long low building in all kinds of easy attitudes, their rough mackinaw suits showing up queerly under the flaring lamps, the stove at a red heat, the reader, often in his shirt sleeves, it is the strangest kind of congre-gation ever gathered.

We are glad to learn that some of our readers have sent Miss Nason funds to go on with this excellent work and with the rescue mission she has established for the benefit of fallen girls. She needs such help sorely and if she had more money, could extend it indefinitely, for there are many camps she has yet been unable to reach and many opportunities that she has been unable to use through lack of means.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE large increase in the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has rendered our Press Room and Bin-dery totally inadequate for our re-quirements, and we find ourselves under the necessity of removing these Departments to much more spacious quarters. The disarrangement of our me-chanical facilities which this removal will involve may compel the occasional omis-sion of color work in the near future. Four years ago, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD first established its own Press Room and Bindery, we started them in a small base-ment on Broadway. Within six months we were compelled to remove them to larger quarters and accordingly an extensive loft was hired in the Devinne Building, where the *Century Magazine* is printed. A year afterward, we found it necessary to again enlarge our accommodations by tak-ing an additional loft. Owing to the gigan-tic increase in circulation, we are once again compelled to remove, this time into the largest loft in the city of New York, cov-ing nearly an entire acre of ground and af-fording ample room for our new color presses, black-and-white presses and fold-ing and binding machinery. When the removal has been effected, and the new machinery is completed and in work-ing order, the appearance of THE CHRIS-TIAN HERALD will be even brighter than at present. Until these changes are accomplished, we shall unavoidably omit, with more or less frequency, the color page, as our facilities for getting out that particular part of the paper have been most severely taxed by the phenomenal increase resulting on the introduction of that wonderfully attractive feature.

* * *

We are constantly receiving letters ask-ing whether the unique and beautiful Palestine Floral Album, which we offered last fall as a premium, is out of stock, and if not, whether we would sell copies of the same to present subscribers whose term of subscription does not expire until the end of the present year. It will be remembered that the edition of this rare and valuable Album was neces-sarily limited. The flowers that enrich its pages were collected in Palestine by Rev. H. B. Greene, B.A., and were pressed, pre-served, and bound in album form, every volume bound in rich olive silk cloth, solid gold edges with gold side and back stamp and emblematic design on the cover. Within the covers of each book were per-fect specimens of all the royal family of flowers from the Saviour's own country, thus making it a priceless souvenir of Pal-estine. Fortunately there are still a few copies left, and these we will be glad to send to our subscribers, as far as the stock on hand will go, at the price of $2 each; but the order for the Albums will have to reach us soon, as the stock is very limited. This unapproachable premium was made up for our subscribers exclusively, and not a single Album has been sold outside THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Family Circle.

* * *

Nobody can estimate just how much the cause of temperance in America has been helped and advanced by ex-United States Senator Blair's great pamphlet on "The Temperance Reform," a large number of copies of which have already been sold, far and wide, through this journal. It is ad-mitted, on all sides, to be the ablest argu-ment for temperance that has appeared in a generation. Clubs, societies, churches, etc., can be supplied with the pamphlet at five cents per single copy or at $3 per 100, by addressing THE CHRISTIAN HER-ALD, Bible House, New York.

* * *

All Christendom still looks in pity toward Armenia, the story of whose ter-rible persecutions and martyrdoms has stirred the world as nothing has done for centuries. That story, in all its dramatic details, is truthfully told, holding nothing back, in *The Rule of the Turk*, a book writ-ten by Rev. F. D. Greene, himself a mis-sionary and a missionary's son. His story of the great massacres and other revolting barbarities, being accurate in every detail, afford a real idea of the barbarian Moslems with whom the civilized world will yet have to deal. This book, which Gladstone has per-sonally praised, is finely illustrated with photographs and map, and can be had (in paper covers) by sending fifty cents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

Sunday School Lesson for April 26. Luke 16: 19-31. Golden Text, Luke 16: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE evangelist Luke was not of the same order of "unlearned and ignorant men" (Acts 41: 13), as Peter and John. He was a physician (Col. 4: 14), and evidently a man of letters, as the authorship of his Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles bear witness. It is no wonder, therefore, that so much more is told us in his Gospel about the rich than in either of the other Gospels. He had known the dangers and the temptations of the rich among whom he had moved, and it was natural that he should remember, and place on record what the Lord had said about the rich. It is he who records the song of Mary, and the words, "the rich he hath sent empty away." (Luke 6: 24.) He gives us the parable of the rich fool, and draws therefrom the lesson, "So is he that is not rich toward God." (Luke 12: 16-21.) He records the teaching of our Lord as to those whom Christians should bid to a feast. He excludes "thy rich neighbors." He alone gives the parable of the rich man's steward (Luke 16: 1-8), of the rich man and Lazarus, and the history of Zaccheus, the publican, who was rich; neither of which are mentioned in the other three Gospels.

All through the Gospel of Luke the responsibility of man is insisted on; Christ's manhood, and God's idea of manhood as it should be in the true disciple, comes out more in this Gospel than in either of the others. The

Responsibility of the Rich

is the lesson of the parable before us. "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." That is to say he served himself with his riches; his clothing and his table were his chief concern. His riches ministered to his pride; and to the indulgence of his appetites. No outward sin is laid to his charge; he was simply a man who lived to himself. No word is said about any lack of honesty in this man, any oppression of his workmen, nor yet of any moral stain; immorality or drunkenness. He was no infidel, he claimed to be of Abraham's seed, and Abraham called him, "son," and yet, when he died, his place was that of torment.

"And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores." We are not told if his request was granted, but it would hardly have been otherwise; for the dogs would have driven away an unwelcome beggar. The rich man did not refuse the crumbs, the fragments of food which were no use to him, to the suffering beggar. Inside how many houses in all large cities might we find the original of this inspired portrait!

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, the rich man also died and was buried." To the very last, his money should serve him, every expense that could be was lavished on the ceremony of putting into the earth the corrupting body which had only served the purpose of feeding the spirit for the place of torment. And the misspent life was at an end! What commandment had he broke? We are not told that he had committed murder, or adultery, or theft; he had, so far as we know, borne no false witness; he had not coveted, for his circumstances left him no temptations to covet, and he may have honored his father and mother. He had not outwardly worshipped any but the true God, nor bowed down to a graven image, nor taken the name of Jehovah in vain, nor broken the Sabbath ceremonially.

And yet, in spirit he had broken every command of the decalogue, for he had neither loved the Lord his God with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, nor yet his neighbor as himself. He had bowed down practically before

One Great Idol: Himself

His heart and mind and soul and strength had served, loved, obeyed, been occupied with himself. He had eaten and drunk to please himself, he had gone hither and thither to please himself; he had done business or taken rest to please himself; he had worn his costly clothing to honor and to attract admiration to himself. This was his sin; he was a self-worshipper, and put himself out of his way neither to serve God nor man. And God lifts the veil and shows how such a life is estimated by him, and what is its inevitable issue.

"And in hell (literally hades, the place of departed spirits), he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham and Lazarus in his bosom." Did he think that the relations of master and servant, rich and poor, extended into another life when he cried and said: "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame?" Why did he appeal to Abraham? Why not to God himself? Alas, he had never made acquaintance with God; his life had slipped away; and the purpose for which God had given him life, that he might know and serve him had been utterly ignored by this self idolater.

"But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." Here was the rich man's indictment. Those who pray to be seen of men or who give alms to be seen of men have received their reward." (Matt. 6: 2, 5). All the reward they will ever have is on earth. The rich man, like them, has sown to his own flesh, and of the flesh he must reap corruption, (Gal. 6: 3); nothing for eternity can proceed from such a sowing. Thou hast received thy good things, thou hast chosen time instead of eternity, thyself instead of God, and now thou must reap the inevitable consequences, thou art thy own destroyer, thou hast sealed thy doom. Instead of seeking "glory, honor and immortality" (Rom. 2: 7), thou hast spent thy time and strength and money for what is of the earth earthly; thou hast not one treasure laid up in heaven; it is but the return of what thou hast laid out.

"And beside all this, between us and you there is

A Great Gulf

fixed; so that they which would pass from us to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." And yet in that realm of disembodied spirits, the lost and the saved could recognize one another! The peace of the saved who were "comforted" and the anguish of the lost who were "tormented" was palpable to the others. And yet there was no possibility of helping or being helped. How Abraham and those who were of his company could bear to see and hear the misery of the lost, we cannot conceive. But as the knowledge of God, even in our life on earth, gives a true and real color to all things around us, and we learn to justify him in all his dealing with ourselves, and find that he is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works" (Ps. 145: 17), so must it have been with the saved who were in Hades.

The rich man, foiled in his first petition, now urges another, "I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they come into this place of torment." How had he treated the testimony of men of God whom he had heard during his lifetime? The gorgeous dress was more to him than the testimony which, in his remorse, he believed now it was too late; the luxurious dinner party, the public meeting, the pleasures and honors of society, all these things had been given the first place in his mistaken life; how then would his brethren listen if he had not done so?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AN ORIENTAL BEGGAR.

HEBREW forms of thought and speech were adopted by Christ in his teaching in order that the lessons he wished to convey might lose none of their force by unfamiliar imagery. It is important to remember this fact in dealing with the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. It would not be safe to assume that Christ was making, in this parable, a revelation of the condition of existence in the next world, and to regard it as proving that they were so near that conversation could be held across the great gulf between them. Christ took the traditional views of the other world, common at the time, and made them the background of his picture. To dwell on this background or setting of the picture might divert attention from its direct purpose. Christ's obvious intention was to teach the plain, practical duty of concern for the welfare of the poor, and the wickedness of living selfish, sensual lives. He does so by two vivid contrasts. There are two extremes of happiness and misery in each, but the personalities are reversed. The man who has luxury and ease in this world, has misery in the next; the wretched man whose life here was a burden to him is happy beyond the grave. But it is important to remember that their condition in the next world was not determined by their condition here, but by their character. The rich man does not suffer because he was rich, but because he did not fulfil his duties. His money was spent on personal luxuries, expensive clothing and rich food. He was aware of the misery around him, as there was the specimen at his own gate which he must have seen as he came out and in. Yet he showed no concern about it. Even the dogs took more interest in the man than he did. Yet this beggar was a good man, one of God's children. The rich man did not know it, but he might have known if he had possessed a compassionate heart and had talked with the man. He lived for himself and took no thought for anyone else, which in Christ's eyes was an abominable life. He who loved men so well as to die for them, could have no patience with a man who saw his brother man in need and did not give to him when he had abundance. It showed a bad, greedy spirit. The next picture shows the rich man in misery and the poor man comforted and in peace. The rich man is represented as a Jew, for he addresses Abraham as "Father," and bemoans his condition. There is no contrition in his words, but only complaint. The logic of the reply is in the implied reminder that when he saw Lazarus similarly in misery he did nothing for him. It is his own principle of action applied to himself, and he has no right to complain. Besides, the opportunity to help one another does not exist then; the avenue of helpfulness is closed by the great gulf. Then the man pleads for his brothers, and there the implied reproach that he had been sufficiently warned. But Abraham tells him the sad fact that men who do not accept the warnings they have, would not be moved by more sensational ones—a fact proved abundantly by experience. No one can suppose that if this despised beggar could have appeared to the five brothers, that it would have changed the character. The lesson taught is one which Christ continually dwelt—that love and kindness and unselfishness. There would be a changed world if that lesson were learned.

The rich man also died. His riches could not prevent that. Denton says that when Runjeet Singh of Lahore was told that his life was menaced and that the doctors failed he could not recover, his first thought was to offer a bribe. The payment of money had delivered him from so many difficulties that he thought it would deliver him from death. He sent off at once the costliest gifts to the idol temples. Gift after gift was sent and as they produced no effect, but the sufferer grew weaker, more money was sent. He saw himself going down irresistibly before death and he became frantic. "Give more," was his order and other gifts were despatched. It is computed that on the last day of his life the gifts Runjeet bestowed were worth five million dollars. He was enormously wealthy, but the rich man also died.

Son, remember. M'Cheyne mentions a fact he had noticed in his experience of revivals of religion, which other pastors, too, have observed. Whenever a man came under the Holy Spirit's influence after having been a regular hearer of the Word for years, he remembered passages and sermons which he had taken little notice of at the time and had altogether forgotten. They appeared to have been automatically stored in the memory and revived when the man reached a stage of conviction that made them applicable. M'Cheyne asks: this strange psychical phenomenon may not be a hint to us of what will occur after death. If the mind unconsciously notes and stores away sermons is it not likely that when the warnings are fulfilled the man may recall the fact that he was warned

He is comforted and thou art tormented. An eminent preacher compares the difference in the estimates of men, as given by Christ and the world to vertical and horizontal lines. The world draws the line horizontally and speaks of the poor as the low classes and the rich as the higher or upper classes, and of men rising or falling to a class or the other, according as they gain or lose money. Christ's division is according to character. It is a vertical line dividing good from bad and it goes through all the social strata. There are rich and poor on both sides of the line. Christ pays no attention to wealth in his estimate. If a man's character was right, he was on the right side of the line, whether he was rich or poor. The poor man must not think because he is miserable in this world he is sure of being comforted in the next. He will be miserable there, too, unless through Christ he makes his peace with God.

Desiring to be fed. "I have three persons in my church," says a well known clergyman, "who represent as many ways of dealing with the poor. One of them gives to every beggar who comes to his house or store. It is the simplest way, he contends to put the hand in the pocket and hand out a nickel or a quarter as the case may be, but it is unsatisfactory. Most of his money goes to persistent beggars, who would rather beg than work. There is no charity in this. The second refuses all and gives his money to societies, who disburse it for him. This is more sensible, but it lacks the personal contact which is essential to true happiness. The third is my ideal of Christian philanthropy, and the curious feature of it is that the philanthropist is poor, herself. She has a small income which is just enough to provide her with the necessaries of life, and she consequently gives little or nothing, but if she were to die none would be so missed. If any one is sick, or in trouble, if a widow is left penniless, or a man or a boy is out of work she seems to hear of it first, and she will go and nurse, or work, or hunt for a situation and take endless pains. The poor almost worship her because she gives them herself. That is my idea of Christian philanthropy. All cannot do it, but all can do such work in some degree, by bearing the burden of one or more.

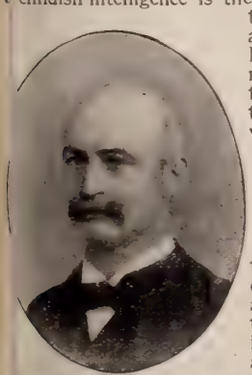
TRAINING CHILD WAIFS AND STRAYS.

he Work of the Abigail Free Kindergarten in New York City—A Typical Institution for the Benefit of a Much Neglected Class.

MR. AND MRS. C. P. DEVARE.

ONE of the healthiest signs of the abounding vitality of our Christian churches in the present day is the interest that is manifested in behalf of the fallen and the outcast. Rescue work among adults ords a wide and a spiritually profitable d for the energies of all who desire to dertake it; but it is also beginning to understood that if the proverbial unce of prevention" were applied in the m of an effort in behalf of the neglected ldren of our great cities, ch more substantial and en ring results would be accomplished. Homes, Nurseries, aining Schools, and Kindergtens are multiplying in our pulous centres, and nowhere rapidly as in New York itself. In the lower wards of the y there is a large and constantly increasing population of old "waifs and strays," who, less brought under proper inences now, will assuredly ve to be "rescued" later from lives of vice and lawlessss that are the inevitable come of their present surndings. Such children, ven between the ages of three d seven, are in special need training, as it is during these rs that habits are formed l impressions so fixed that y may be said to last a lifetie. For the neglected chilon of tender years, whose ool is the street and whose chers are the profane and ious, there is indeed a hard l in prospect. Authorities in minology agree that the avge criminal is usually reited from the ranks of just h little waifs as those deri bed. Where the child, its tender years, is brought under kind- Christian influences, trained to habits ndustry, and imbued with the love of rality, the result is far different.

One of the simplest means of reaching childish intelligence is the Kindergarten. There are now in New York a number of these institutions where very young children receive, in addition to moral instruction, that mild domestic and industrial training which acts as a safeguard against chilh temptation and evil habits and paves way for a wholesome and moral matity.



MR. JOHN S. HUYLER, *Patron.*

One of the typical institutions of this ss in New York is the Abigail Free hool and Kindergarten, which was organized six years ago, and opened at No. 30 Beach street, in a section literally swarming with children. They flocked in crowds to the halls that had been prepared for them — for the most part as uncouth, unwashed, and seemingly uncivilized a lot of urchins as could be found anywhere in Uncle Sam's broad dominions.

Mr. C. P. Devare, the projector of this humanitarian scheme, personally superintented the work, assisted by Mrs. E. P. Devare his wife. Together they undertook the task of preventing or at least minimizing crime and misery in the crowded section in which they lived and among the little ones whom they collected round about them. Difficulties arose, but ably seconded by his wife, Mr. Devare determined that—God helping him—he would make his scheme a success. They made themselves children again, mingled with their juvenile playfellows in their little games, washed, fed, clothed, and taught them to sing with earnestness and sincere feeling: "I love Jesus;" "Jesus loves me;" and many other hymns of the kind which children never forget. After one year's work the Free Kindergarten had an average daily attendance of more than one hundred children ranging in age from two to seven, and all of them as devoted to their teachers as to their own parents. Besides, the appearance of the children was entirely changed; they became neat, clean and polite, and a credit to the school. Their parents were proud of them and never tired of blessing the school and its founders. The school is now located in more spacious quarters at No. 154 West Houston Street, where the successful experience of previous years has been continued and the work greatly increased in magnitude. During the six years of its existence the work has been almost wholly supported by Mr. John S. Huyler, the well-known business philanthropist of New York, after whose mother the school received the name of "Abigail." It is an incorporated institution, Mr. Huyler being president, and having associated with him as Directors, Messrs. S. S. Swaim, H. B. Smith, Wm. Baldwin, E. F. Hofman and Rev. Stephen Merritt. At present the attendance in the various departments averages about one hundred and fifty children daily, the infant department alone having from fifty to sixty little ones under seven years of age. In addition to the regular kindergarten work, praise meetings with an average attendance of sixty-five, are held in the evenings, and rescue meetings for boys are held by some of the young lads connected with the Abigail Free School and under its auspices and much good has already resulted.

Since the Kindergarten was opened over five thousand children have been trained and prepared there, and the foundations of Christian character and industrious habits have been enduringly laid. The total cost of the work is in the neighborhood of $500 a month, which is defrayed wholly by contribution.

Some pleasant phases of child-life at the Abigail are shown in the photographs on this page. The sewing school is a source of enjoyment and profitable instruction to the young girls, many of whom quickly become quite expert with the needle. The boys' band is the pride and delight of the institution. On gala days, and especially in the bright summer weather, it plays outdoors, and the strains it produces are as thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated as though the performers were the most skilful professionals. Altogether, the experience of the children at the Abigail is a pleasant and salutary one.

IN THE FREE KINDERGARTEN SEWING SCHOOL.

THE FREE KINDERGARTEN BAND.

'Twill not be Long.

'TWILL not be long until this form
Shall rest from tempest and from storm
Beneath the silent sod:
Above my grave the willow trees
Will tremble in the zephyr breeze,
But I shall be with God.

My body only shall decay,
My soul shall glady fly away
To brighter shores above,
And there I shall behold the King
Whose praises angel legions sing
'Mid everlasting love.

My earthly friends perhaps will weep
Will sadly mourn as though I sleep
Low in the dismal ground.
But I shall sing—my troubles past,
My soul at home with God at last,
Beyond temptation's bound.

Oh, help me to be true to thee
Until I pass beyond the sea,
My Saviour and my God,
And let my body only sleep
Where breezes sigh and willows weep,
Beneath the silent sod.

Newman Grove, Neb. J. N. GORTNER.

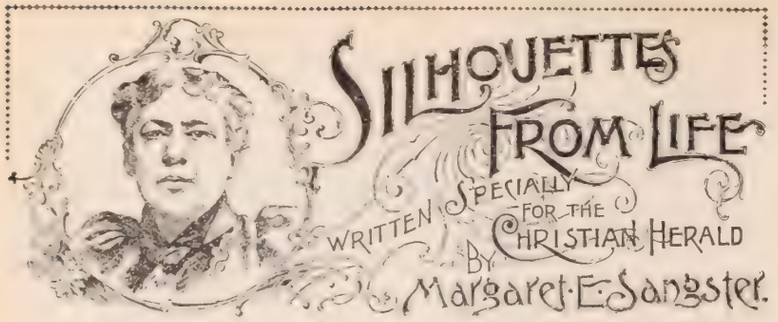
How a Drunkard was Won.

An Incident in the Work of the McAll Mission in Paris.

AMONG the multitudes who have been brought to Christ through the McAll Mission in Paris, few cases possess more interest than that described in the following story of a drunkard and gambler's conversion, as related by a recent writer:

"You remember," said the man, addressing the mission worker, "you were giving lectures at the McAll Hall of Boulevard Ornano. At that time I was the greatest drunkard of that district, an incorrigible gambler. One cold evening, being penniless, I strolled along the Boulevard, when I heard people singing in the hall. I went in to hear you speak on the joys of the family. After fifteen minutes I had enough of you, and went away murmuring: 'That speaker is evidently an old priest or an old bachelor; he never had a wife or children.' A fortnight after, penniless again, I again went in and spoke on 'The Workman.' 'Workmen,' you said, 'my father had one hundred of you. I was somewhat educated on your knees, and therefore I know you. If you belong to such a class of workmen, you gain so much a day, you spend so much for your breakfast, so much for your lunch and dinner, so much a day for your room.' When I heard you say that I murmured, 'That fellow is not a priest, but a Jesuit.' But you went on: 'Now, my friends, subtract what you spend from what you gain, and do not tell me, because I know what you do with the rest. You go to *l'Esperance* to drink and drink, gamble and gamble. I cannot convert you. God alone can do it.' When I heard this I got up and slammed the door, shouting with rage, 'That speaker is a horrid man!' On my way I said to myself, 'Who is he? Who are those four hundred fools who patiently listen to him? What does he mean when he says: Workmen, show me a workman who reads the Gospel with his wife and children 365 times a year, and I promise you to bring here a happy family. Read the Bible! Surely that would be no joy for me.'

"Next day I drank, gambled and lost. I was going to take my last glass, when I remembered your words. I could not drink. On the next day I said, 'That man made me lose a glass of wine; if I go to the bar I am sure to lose another. It is better to wait.' On the third day God laid hold of me. He placed the glass in my way, on my tools, on my table—everywhere. The Saturday evening came, and not knowing what to do with my money, I said, 'Wife, here is money for you and the children.' My wife had anxiously followed my struggle during the week. We went together to hear your address on 'Christ, the Friend of the Workman.' Since then you have left, but we go every week to the hall. If you pass one evening in such a street, and before such a number, come up, and you will see four nicely furnished rooms, you will see the father, the mother and the children round a table — they read the Gospel together 365 times a year. Those children receive now more pieces of bread than boxes on the ears. The Gospel is not only the guide to heaven, but also to happiness and prosperity in this world, because it is the most practical of all books on social economy."



The Big Policeman.

AS I passed the big policeman, the one who stands at the crossing near the ferry, and keeps back the horses so that old ladies and little children may get over the street in safety, I saw that his face was very sad. It had the peculiar gray hue and dazed expression of one who is carrying a burden of deep anxiety. Evidently something was on his mind, some weight of care or trouble.

I was in the greatest haste, and did not know how I could spare a moment, but something tugged at my heart, and felt like a tug at my sleeve, as I went up the street, so that I turned and retraced my steps. I stopped and waited till there was a lull in the noisy thoroughfare, and a momentary ebb in the flowing tide of trucks, express wagons, carts, cabs and conveyances of every description, and then I walked up to my giant, he is one of the tallest men on the force, and gently said to him:

"Is there anything the matter? Can I do anything to help you? I am sure there is something amiss."

The man looked at me for a second as if he did not fully comprehend my questions. Then a light broke over his face, as if human sympathy had for an instant scattered the dark cloud. It came to me then, and I have never forgotten it since, that we have very little compassion to spare for uniformed men, who seem to us only officials paid to serve us, and to smooth our way. How seldom we give a thought to the waiter who takes our order in the restaurant, to the brakeman on the train, to the engineer or the pilot, the postman on his rounds, the motorman on the trolley, or the policeman on his beat. All these have wives and children, or sisters and sweethearts; they carry home their wages, and spend their earnings that their boys and girls may have jackets and shoes, their rent be paid, their people be kept in comfort and respectability. Quite as fully as the rest of us, they know the fullness of life's satisfactions, and the dearest of life's disappointments.

The policeman's voice quivered as he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a card.

"That's where I live; my wife is there. Our boy, our Willie, eight years old, was badly hurt by a car, yesterday; he is at the hospital; they say they must take off his leg."

There was a sorrow! The crowd came surging up the street again. My policeman addressed himself to his duty. I went on my way, hoping that my interest and sympathy had been a cup of cold water given "In His Name," to a soul that was sore athirst.

I did my errands, and then, a little doubtful whether the call might not be regarded as an intrusion, I went to see my unknown friend, the big policeman's wife. I found their home in a large apartment house, clean, bright with sunshine, and well-ordered, and ascending three flights of stairs, I tapped on the first door to the right. Big men generally choose little [illegible] and so I was not surprised when the door was opened for me by a tiny, small woman, with brown eyes, and brown hair in smooth satin bands on either side of her head, parted plainly in the middle, and knotted low, just over the back of her neck. A [illegible] in the room near the window, and a baby in a high [illegible] was playing with some toys on a little, a soft ball, and a string of spools. The sewing machine had evidently been in use, and there was a pile of white work lying beside it. Either Mrs. Policeman was very extravagant in supplying her own wardrobe, or else she helped the family finances by taking in work. I decided that the latter was the case, and respected her the more.

Explaining how I happened to call, the little wife smiled. "Dear John," she said, "he takes everything so terribly hard. But it did look black enough last night, and John hasn't heard the good news yet. I've been to the hospital, and Willie's leg will be saved. It's dreadful to have him suffer, but there is a bright side, and so I'm just being thankful to the good Lord."

Well, was not her's the best philosophy? I lingered long enough to know when she might expect her John home for the afternoon, and to be told that he would be allowed to see his boy for a few minutes that day, and then I went on, leaving a bunch of carnations to sweeten the room and make a bright spot beside the sewing machine. As I was borne homeward on the cars, I thought of the aching hearts that are always near us, and of the value of a kind word. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you," should day by day be our dominant feeling; our marching orders, ever leading us "to serve the present age," and those who are forming the rank and file of its soldiery.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Good Literature in the Prisons.

Many more letters have been received from chaplains, wardens, sheriffs, and keepers of reformatories in many states, all heartily commending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S recent experiment of a free distribution of good religious literature among the prisoners. A letter from the Chaplain of the Albany Penitentiary, Rev. Mr. Sanderson, says: "A cordial welcome is always extended by the prisoners to all religious papers; but, without intending or desiring to disparage any other publication, I can truthfully say that the welcome accorded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is always more cordial than that given to any other. Hence I was glad to receive the copies you so kindly sent. I could distribute five hundred copies every Sunday with great profit to the prisoners, if I had them." Those of our readers who have old copies of this journal, or other suitable religious reading matter, should not fail to select from the list of institutions which we published last week, one that is nearby to which such literature may be sent. It is Christian work that will repay the worker a hundredfold.

To Free African Slaves.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SLAVE BOY.

HERE is a rapidly-growing interest in connection with the newly organized Philafrican Liberators' League, which has for its object the freeing and educating of native slaves in Africa. Many inquiries have been received by mail at the offices of the League, No. 511 Charities Building, Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, New York City, and large numbers of pamphlets, explanatory of the objects of the League have been distributed free in reply to such inquirers, and informing them how they may become identified with this philanthropic work.

If it is a mistake to think that all Africans are cannibals, it is equally erroneous to believe that the practice of eating human flesh for food has disappeared from the Dark Continent. It is still flourishing in the basin of the Mobanghi, the mighty northern affluent of the Congo River. Cannibalism and slavery are intimately connected, for no free person can be legally put to death by an individual while the slave may be killed and eaten by the master whose chattel he is, without transgression of any law. The slaves are far more numerous than the free men. These often make a show of their wealth by wantonly killing some of their slaves, just as a boastful young lord will sometimes throw a handful of pennies to the street arabs. Young slaves are the regular currency. Instead of saying, "their canoe is worth so many dollars," it is customary to say, "it is worth so many slaves." Some children who were redeemed by missionaries, had been the property of more than twenty masters.

As native law has it, every thief caught in the act, can immediately be seized and sold by the offended party. Instead of setting traps for field-rats or rabbits, many in that region set out bananas and other articles of food along the paths and keep watch from a hiding-place. If a poo hungry child comes along and picks up th abandoned food, it is pounced upon an sold before its protectors have time t make a fuss over it. As Africans a never taught by their mothers that stea ing is a sin which cannot escape the noti of an all-seeing God, only too many chi dren become the victims of these vi schemers. Kidnapping of unaccompanie children is a common occurrence.

When a chief (and every slave-hold is one), wants to go hunting, he calls h friends and companions to a feast, then l orders a little slave between ten and twel years of age to be brought for a sacrifi to ensure good luck in the hunt.

After the head has been severed t means of an ordinary iron knife, the blo of the victim is poured into the river, a the hunters depart full of confidence in t success of their enterprise. Young slav are preferred for these sacrifices because is easier to kill them. A missionary, wl arrived at Liranga, found that his neig bors at Nyange, Butome, Busmide a Irebu enjoyed every week the luxury two or three sacrifices of human being They were the holidays of these tow Everybody would gather in the square a stir themselves up to the wildest enth iasm by dancing, singing and freely drin ing from huge gourds of palm-wine. T chosen victims had to be patient spect ors of all the merriment. When the ti of a victim was come, he would be u tied, seated on a low block, his hands f tened to the ground by means of forl his legs stretched out and also fixed to t soil, and his back tied to stalks. His he was attached by bush-rope to an elas pole stuck in the ground some seven f away and bent over so as to stretch t neck of the prisoner. The execution after much gesticulation, dancing a singing, draws with white chalk arou his victim's neck the line where he inten to strike. Twice he brandishes his kn and brings it close to the mark line. Then he recedes. Sile reigns. Suddenly he leaps ag to the victim; twice he swin the sword, to test his arm; t third time the severed he flies afar off, and the sangu ary crowd rushes on the li less body. A moment after, return with happy faces their homes.

AN AFRICAN SLAVE CARAVAN RESTING ON THE WAY TO THE SLAVE MART.

At Bonga, near Liranga, t victim is garrotted and stret ed on the ground. A log placed on his throat; the e ecutioner, leaning on his lan steps with both feet on the tension of the log, and th strangles the unfortunate.

Since the arrival of the wh men and of European auth ties, these horrible public ex bitions have been discontin in the immediate neighl hoods of the stations. F slaves are still killed and eat Now they are gagged and stantly speared to death.

Our illustrations are n ancient, but represent a con tion of affairs existing in Af at the present time. Althou slavery has nominally be abolished, and under the Br sels' Treaty, the European g ernments guarantee the fr dom of the native African, the curse t fell on Ham and his descendants still bligh a large portion of the Dark Continent. of the photographs shows a familiar sce in the streets of Zanzibar. Slaves w have attempted to run away and are captured are usually punished in the m ner indicated. This little boy of seven mere child — had carried the heavy weighing over thirty-two pounds, a worn this chain for over a year, at a ti when a missionary member of the Univ sities Mission, Zanzibar, took the pho graph which we reproduce from the Lond *Graphic*. In the larger illustration, a m pronounced instance of human slavery presented. Part of a slave caravan h halted to rest. Heavily chained to ea other, escape for the wretched capti would seem to be impossible. They stout and strong-looking, and evident have not yet traveled a great distance undergone much of the hardships whi such caravans usually encounter. Su scenes, Mr. Heli Chatelain declares, a not uncommon in many parts of the interi

CLOSING THE RELIEF FUND.

Has Accomplished a Blessed Work in Armenia—The Present Condition and Prospects of the Sufferers.

WITH the present issue of this journal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Armenian Relief Fund reaches a close. Its original object—the succoring of the starving Christian population of Van—has been complished, and it has also been the eans of carrying help and new hope to venteen other Armenian cities, and rough them to the afflicted population of ndreds of desolated villages in the inior of the various provinces. Indeed, it ay be said that to every section of Arenia where the hand of persecution and e sword of massacre have been most verely felt, the Relief Fund has gone th its message of cheer and consolation. has not only fed and afforded employent to the peasant exiles of Van, but ousands of those who were ruined by the rible slaughter at Erzingan and Erzeum have cause to bless it, and so, too, ve the dwellers of the desolated villages und Harpoot, the frightened fugitives ho still throng Diarbekir, the homeless rvivors of the massacres at Palu, Had-, Oorfa, Marash, Malatia, Gurun, Sivas, abkir and Cesarea. At all of these ints as well as at Mardin, in ancient esopotamia, and Urumiah, in Persia, the lief Fund has established centres of ivity under charge of the American ard missionaries at which the good work s gone on uninterruptedly, saving thouands of valuable lives.

Miss Kimball's latest letter, just received, states the progress of the work at Van d shows the improvement in the situaon. She writes:

VAN, March 4th, 1896.

EAR MR. KLOPSCH:—I am sending to-day my nd cablegram to you of ninety-seven words. It a very timely thing to send such a message as l in the one hand be of any use to you, and on ther as shall not offend Governmental susceptibilies. I enclose herewith the resolutions adopted our last Committee meeting, that you may see the neral direction that our work is taking.

We are supplying about 8000 with bread from THE RISTIAN HERALD Bakeries; and are also distributg wheat to the near villages on the same account. 400 bushels were so distributed in January d February. The Industrial Bureau is running some 1500 employees; but both this department d the Bakeries are in imminent danger of running rt of raw material, as we have entirely exhausted supplies of cotton and wool in the city, and there ry little more wheat to be had. In the first inance, we are very much afraid that we shall be obged to shut down until the roads open so that caravs can come in from Persia. This would involve Relief Treasury in a very considerable unremunerative outlay, for we should be obliged to support all our workers during the shut-down. In the se of the wheat, we hope that the local Government will come to our rescue and order wheat in from across the lake. During the past week we have en fairly overwhelmed by multitudes of the villers attracted by the rumors of aid and driven by eir own cruel necessities.

The condition of the country seems to be improv—at least not growing worse governmentally, and hope for peace at least. G. W. KIMBALL.

The resolutions referred to in Miss Kimball's letter set forth that relief work is to be closed in Van city for those refugees who belong to the twenty-seven villages reported as fairly safe; that after 7th of March no relief will be given to villagers not already on the lists; that in the case of 125 villages reported as unsafe, every endeavor is to be made to induce the villagers now on the bread lists, to return to their homes; and that estimates be prepared for the maintenance of the Industrial Bureau for three months. This letter was written before the receipt of the latest remittance of $2500 from the Relief Fund for the Van work. The money is doubtless now in Miss Kimball's hands.

In a letter from Cesarea, dated March 16, Rev. J. Fowle, the American Board missionary there acknowledges the receipt of $1000 from the Relief Fund, a portion of which will be used in the Gemerek district. Dr. Fowle forwards to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a translation of a letter from an Armenian of Gemerek, announcing the joy with which the news of the coming relief was hailed in that terribly afflicted place. The letter says:

Your aid comes to us like an "Angel of Deliverance" in our time of greatest need. May the Lord be near to aid you all through your lives! I had already given to those whose need was greatest, enough to keep them from starving. They crowded in upon us until we couldn't find our heads. I cut off the giving instanter and cried "There's no more! You can get no more!" Just as the words "No more" rang out of my mouth, your messenger arrived, sprang from his horse, and gave your letter. As for myself, God knows with what relish I had given! Like an angel's visit your messenger came. All said "God sent him in answer to our cry!"

Dr. Fowle adds: "The letter is signed, 'Resurrection Abrahamson,' and surely the writer shows a spirit worthy of a son of Abraham! Tell the people that their generous response to these appeals for aid is making a deep impression on all thoughtful ones among these suffering Christians."

This intelligence comes to us direct from the field and from an authoritative source and may therefore be accepted as describing the actual situation at the present moment: The acute and almost universal suffering from hunger is practically over; in its place there has come a slow, dull agony that will take years to assuage. The people have been stripped of everything and, even in peace and toleration, could not regain in many years what has been lost. Not so many have died of starvation as was feared, and this is largely owing to the timely and beneficent relief afforded. The great massacres, this same authority declares, are probably ended, but persecution and isolated cases of outrage and murder will continue. At the present time, one of the most serious dangers is that of plague. The unsanitary condition of the cities and villages has already produced an epidemic of typhoid at several places and worse is feared. The American missionaries, who have practically distributed all the funds raised thus far, have a whole year's duty ahead in connection with relief and medical work alone. They have distributed the Armenian Fund raised in Constantinople, the English Fund (the British Ambassador, Sir Philip Currie, standing stanchly by them and supporting them at every turn), and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The Porte knows these missionaries and trusts them. The Sultan grants them privileges he accords to no one else, solely because they are trusted. This is the reason their work of distribution has not been stopped or even seriously impeded, at any particular point. Every dollar sent to these missionaries for relief purposes has come safely to hand and been quietly and judiciously applied to the alleviation of suffering. There are large sections in Northern Armenia, particularly around Kara-Hissar, where the suffering has been intense, and but little relief was afforded, as the world did not know of it and there were no missionaries near. Unquestionably, the worst section at the present time, where the deepest destitution exists, is in the Harpoot district. The same authority referred in terms of the highest praise to the great generosity of Christian America, as displayed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund and otherwise, which had been the means of reviving hope and courage when these were well-nigh dead in Armenia.

THE EIGHTEEN STATIONS OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.

Van	$15,000	Harpoot	$5,500	Oorfa	$2,500
Erzerum	1,000	Marash	1,500	Cesarea	1,000
Diarbekir	1,000	Erzingan	1,000	Urumia	1,000
Sivas	1,000	Gurun	500	Palu	500
Malatia	1,000	Hadjin	500	Mardin	500
Aintab	500	Gemerek	500	Arabkir	500

In the map printed on this page are shown the location of the nineteen relief stations established by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, and conducted by the American Board missionaries. Too much cannot be said in commendation of these godly men and women, who, without thought of reward, and regardless of the great labor involved, carried on the work of distribution during these crucial months of slaughter and suffering. They, better than all others, know the Armenian people and their needs, and are beloved and trusted by them. Although THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund is now virtually closed as announced, its original mission having been accomplished, we trust that those of our readers and the friends who have not sent a help-offering and a prayer to stricken Armenia, will not fail to do so even yet. All contributions in aid of the Armenians should be sent hereafter to this address:

REV. DR. CREEGAN,
Am. Board of Foreign Missions,
Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be acknowledged and the total weekly contributions will be cabled by Dr. Creegan regularly to the Bible House Committee, Constantinople, and by them sent at once to the different points of the field where most needed. Every remittance cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has been sent through this same safe and reliable channel. Thus, the work will be continued in the hands of the missionaries who have given such faithful and efficient service from the beginning of the suffering till now, and all the future wants of Van, Harpoot and other necessitous points, will be duly cared for.

The contributions to the Fund during the past week were as follows:

ev. ack $40,691.17
z. Amanda ... 50
z. Jacob ... 25
z. Mrs Jacob ... 25
berg, Miss Ellen .. 1 00
ist, Mr & Mrs L T 1 00
, Mrs M ... 1 00
, Rev P ... 1 00
er, L H ... 2 00
ker, Mrs Orville . 3 00
ery, Mrs G A ... 1 00
braith, L W ... 1 00
bway, Master R .. 50
bway, S R ... 1 00
bner, Bennie ... 10
bner, Elizabeth... 10
bner, Frank ... 10
bner, Mrs W R ... 50
bry, S B ... 50
bs, Mr & Mrs R W 2 00
dings, H ... 5 00
dings, Horace B 10
dings, L J ... 15
dings, L E ... 15
dings, W J ... 15
dson, W C ... 10 00
drey, Mrs A J ... 1 00
drich, Mrs N J ... 3 00
ker, Mr & Mrs F 1 00
nell, Sam'l ... 3 00
nlaw, Wm J ... 1 00
r, Mrs W T ... 1 00
vers, Mrs H J ... 1 00
ery, H ... 3 00
n Ole O ... 1 00
r, Mrs Amelia .. 1 00
r, E ... 1 00
, Mrs D ... 50
l, Calvin ... 50
nton, Mrs Henry 5 00
mer, Mr & Mrs 50
mond, Mrs L M 50
son, J H ... 5 00
ding, Mrs M D ... 2 00
y, Isabelle ... 25
ly, Mrs J D ... 1 00
ord, J J ... 2 50
rson, Eliza ... 1 00
rson, John ... 1 00
wood, S J ... 1 00
lge, A V ... 5 00
lderson Mrs A L.. 10
lderson, Ruth ... 03
lslee, Mrs W H ... 1 00
Hickman, Abbie L ... 1 00
Hickman, Annie L ... 1 00
Hickman, Edna ... 1 00
Hickman, Flora ... 1 00
Hickman, Maggie G. 2 00
Hickman, Nellie ... 1 00
Hickman, Park J ... 2 00
Hickman, Mr & Mrs W 8 00
Hickman, Zetta B. ... 2 00
Hill, M J ... 1 00
Hodsdon, J B ... 1 00
Hogerud, Ole ... 1 00
Holmes, Mr & Mrs T 2 00
Hoot, J O ... 1 00
Houn, Miss S ... 2 00
House, Polly ... 25
Howard, Miss Edna .. 1 00
Howard, Mrs H B ... 1 00
Howe, Mary E ... 1 00
Ho.t, Thos & E J ... 1 00
Huber, John ... 2 00
Hud, Chas ... 50
Hud, Grover H ... 15
Hunt A E ... 25
Irwin, W J K ... 1 00
Jacesson, D P ... 5 00
Jamieson, W D ... 2 50
Jansson, F ... 1 00
Jaquith, L M ... 1 00
Jerome, Mrs H N ... 1 00
Jenkins, Mrs J H ... 50
Jerrell, Miss R M ... 1 00
Jewett, Dr O W ... 2 00
Johnson, Mrs ... 25
Johnson, Abbie C ... 2 00
Johnson Mrs C. and Mrs E Williams ... 2 00
Johnson Mrs Peter . 50
Johnson, Capt Sam .. 1 00
Johnson, Tolief ... 1 00
Jordan, Mrs A and daughters ... 3 00
Kaser, John A ... 5 00
Kay, Mrs Grace ... 5 00
Keach, Mrs E W ... 10 00
Keene, Mrs A O ... 1 00
Keith, Hannah ... 5 00
Kelley, Thos ... 10 00
Kemp, Mr ... 50
Kennedy, Harry ... 3 00
Kennel, Mrs ... 20
Kepner, Mrs ... 50
Kerr, Isabella ... 1 00
King, Giles ... 1 00
Keplinger, Mrs E R . 1 00
Kirby, E R ... 5 00
Klinestiver, Mrs W L 1 00
Kosta, Lida ... 1 50
Kopp, Wm ... 50
Kyle, Mrs May ... 1 00
Landers, Robt ... 5
Latting, Mrs P ... 5 00
Lawrence, Wm ... 2 00
Lee, T M ... 7 00
Leiten, Janet ... 1 00
Leiteh, John ... 1 00
Lewey, Arthur ... 5
Linson, Annabel ... 1 00
Little, R A ... 1 00
Lobough, Mrs J F ... 25
Locke, P T ... 1 00
Loomis, Mrs R M ... 1 00
Loughlin, Miss Ada R 25
Lounsbrough, Ma. J J 1 00
Lovett, Mrs Laura ... 1 00
Lowery, H A ... 1 00
Lowry, Dr W G ... 2 00
McAlister, Mrs Joan. 50
McAlister, R D ... 1 00
McArthur, Miss C ... 1 00
McCarter, R M ... 25
McCarter, Mrs S N ... 2 00
McConnell, Wm ... 1 00
McCrea, Mrs J ... 50
McCullom, Hugh C ... 1 00
McElwain, J & E J ... 2 00
McEwen, E C ... 1 00
McFee, F R ... 1 00
McGee, W ... 3 00
McGeehon, Nancy ... 1 00
McGhee, Mrs Thos ... 50
McKean, Cyrus ... 4 00
McLeod, Dannie ... 50
McMillan, Carrie ... 1 00
McQuarie, Will ... 50
McVicar, Sarah ... 1 00
McWilliams, Chas ... 3 00
MacMillan, Rev John 4 00
Mackin, Mrs J A ... 1 00
Martin, Miss Jennie . 50
Mason, Mr & Mrs J 10 00
Mathias, F D ... 5 00
Matthews, E A ... 5 00
Matthews, Elizabeth 1 00
Matthews, Mrs John. 1 00
Mattice, Mary E ... 2 00
Maule, Mrs Ed ... 10 00
Mead, E D ... 1 00
Mead, Mrs M L ... 1 00
Mensch, B ... 2 00
Middlekauff, Mrs E ... 1 00
Milgarden, Nels ... 1 00
Miller, C M ... 1 00
Miller, P C ... 3 00
Mishler, C J ... 1 50
Mitchell, C L ... 5 00
Mitchell, John ... 2 00
Moffitt, Mrs Rev A S 1 00
Mosworth, T G ... 5 00
Monson, Andrew ... 50
Montgomery, M E ... 5 00
Moore, A A ... 10
Moore, F H ... 50
Morehouse, Miss ... 2 00
Moreland, A L ... 1 00
Moxton, Lizzie ... 50
Moyer, Elmer F ... 1 00
Murchison, Miss A A 2 00
Murray, Mr S M ... 25
Mussieman, John ... 10
Neagle, J P ... 5 00
Nelson, Jacob ... 1 00
Nelson, Mrs W ... 1 00
Nevins, E ... 25
Newlon, Amanda ... 1 50
Nordby, J H ... 50
Noyes, Mrs ... 50
Nuckerm n, N P ... 1 00
Olmstead, C E ... 1 00
Olson, Ole ... 1 00
Ordal, Nels 50
Overton, E P B ... 1 00
Palmer, Guy & Hard 50
Parker, Mrs R A ... 1 00
Parkhurst, Mr ... 20
Paterson, P ... 25 00
Patton, Birt ... 25
Patton, Mr E ... 1 00
Patton, Mrs E ... 1 00
Patton, J P ... 10 00
Patton, Mary ... 50
Paulson, J A ... 50
Penfield, E S ... 1 00
Peterson, A. & S Hanson ... 2 00
Peterson, S F ... 50
Phipps, W H 1 00
Pickersgill, Rev. In memory of little ... 2 00
Pickthorne, John ... 1 50
Platz, Minnie ... 5
Plimpton, Miss Lilian 5 00
Pohlmeyer, E C ... 5 00
Pollock, R ... 1 00
Pollock, Mrs Wm ... 25
Popple, Mr ... 10
Potter, N T ... 1 00
Powell, Mrs T ... 50
Purnton, Fanny ... 1 00
Rand, Wm ... 2 00
Randall, Maynard ... 25
Randolph, Hon A F. 50 00
Ray, Mrs F E ... 1 00
Reeve, M G ... 1 00
Reid, Mary D ... 4 00
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Reynolds, Mrs M ... 2 00
Re nolds, Mrs S C ... 50
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Richards, S ... 1 00
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Roberts, H J ... 5 00
Roberts, R ... 1 00
Robertson, Mrs J M. 1 00
Roffol, A J ... 2 00
Ro t, Mrs L G ... 50
Rorher, Mr B ... 3 00
Rounsevell, Bessie ... 50
Rounsevell, Glenn ... 10
Rouzie, A F ... 50
Rouzie, Mrs V M ... 50
Ruchman, Mathews ... 50
Rum-ier, Mrs ... 20
St Sauveur, Ethel V. 10
Sanders, Martha ... 1 00
Sargent family ... 3 15
Savage, Mrs F J ... 5 00
Sawyer, E L ... 1 00
Sawyer, Enos ... 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs F A ... 1 00
Sayles, Harold F ... 10 00
Scheer, Mrs D C ... 2 00
Schenk, Julia A ... 1 00
Schneider, J B ... 1 00
Schreiner, M ... 4 00
Schwaerzel, Carrie ... 2 00
Scott, John ... 50
Seibolt, Mrs Sarah 10 00
Seymour, Mrs C A ... 3 00
Shaefer, Mrs Leona. 1 00
Sheldon, Mrs A E ... 1 00
Shoemaker, John H 1 91
Shoemaker, Mrs L ... 50
Short, Mrs R ... 50
Shuler, D M ... 1 00
Stil, Elmer ... 25
Stil, Gracie ... 30
Sill, Jesse ... 25
Sill, Loyd ... 25
Sill, Mable ... 10
Sill, W H ... 2 00
Simmonds, A ... 1 00
Simmons, Mrs Annie 2 00
Simpson, H A ... 2 00
Simpson, Mr & Mrs .. 2 00
Sinclar, A F ... 50
Sinnamon, E H ... 1 00
Skinner, M G ... 1 00
Skipton, H L ... 1 00
Slette, Gilbert P ... 1 00
Smith, Coll by Anna. 1 00
Smith, Ed ... 5 00
Smith, Elsie May ... 25
Smith, Lizzie A ... 5 00
Smith, Mary W ... 1 00
Smith, Pearl L ... 5 00
Smith Rebecca C ... 5 00
Snif, A B ... 1 00
Southgate, G ... 1 00
Spence, Mrs & family. 3 00
Spinhern, Martin ... 5 00
Squires, Miss Kitty .. 5 00
Stair, Mrs Margaret.. 1 00
Stanhope, J M ... 1 00
Stanley, Mrs M ... 1 00
Stark, W B ... 25
Stedman, Mrs T B.. 1 00
Stevenson, E J ... 25
Stewart, Frank ... 50
Stewart, J O ... 2 00
Stewart, Mrs Jas ... 1 00
Stewart, M E ... 2 00
Stewart, Nettie ... 50
Stokes, J ... 1 00
Stout, Mrs Chas .. 1 50
Stuart, R P ... 25
Stubbs, John & N ... 2 00
Stults, A M ... 2 00
Super, A D ... 50
Swartz, Mrs Barbara 50
Swartz, Mrs John & daughter ... 2 00
Swartz, S B ... 20 00
Sweet, Mrs B C ... 1 00
Swigert, Anna S ... 2 00
Switzler Mary D ... 2 00
Symonds, M E ... 1 00
Thompson, Illis ... 25
Thompson, Ruth ... 25
Titzel, Mrs L B ... 1 00
Tolson, Wm ... 5 00
Townsend, C W ... 1 00
Travers, Adelaide M 1 00
Treat, Christian ... 1 00
Trautman, Jane A 2 38
Trumbull, Mr E ... 2 29
Tuc , Mary ... 2 00
Twedle, Mr & Mrs S . 2 00
Upham, Dan ... 50
VanVorhis, Mrs D ... 1 00
Vonvihl, Mrs A ... 1 00
Walker, Mrs Willard 1 00
Walker, Mrs Wm ... 1 00
Wayeord, A C ... 1 50
Wayeord, Catharine 1 50
Walvoord, Hannah .. 2 00
Ward, Mary, in memory of dear Irish ... 1 00
Wa ing, R ... 1 50
Warner, Mrs S H ... 4 00
Washington, A J & wife ... 20
Wasson, Mrs M M ... 1 00
Waterman, I V & L C 5 00
Weadman, G ... 1 00
Welch, Elizabeth B 10 00
Weston, Mark ... 1 00
Wheeler, Miss A S ... 1 00
White, B A ... 1 00
White, Mabel ... 10
White, Mrs Will ... 25
Whitney, Mrs J W & children ... 1 00
Whitney, Mrs S H ... 5 00
Wilcox, L F ... 1 00
Wilder, Geo ... 1 00
Williams, Arvilla ... 1 00
Williams, Mrs F M ... 1 00
Williams, J F ... 2 00
Williams, Mrs W E .. 2 00
Williford, A J ... 13 00
Winans, W H ... 1 00
Winger, Miss Helen .. 1 60
Wohlaber, Mrs J H ... 1 00
Wood, Mrs W J ... 1 00
Woodford, Phebe ... 1 00
Wright, A R ... 05
Wright, Miss A M ... 2 00
Wright, Mary C ... 1 00
Yates, Mrs M A ... 1 00
Yates, W J ... 2 00
Yerdon, Mrs J H ... 1 00
Mamma, John, Bessie & Byron, Mich . 1 00
Fern, Lynch, ... 25
Harriet, St Law Co .. 1 00
John W M, St Louis. 1 00
Willie B B, Columbia 50
Bessy, Marche, ... 1 00
Lottie Zemma F, Pass 15
S H M, Harding, ... 3 00
Mrs A M K, Hampden ... 1 00
W L W, Bergen ... 2 00
N H S, Milton ... 2 00
E A G, Springfield ... 1 00
J C ... 20 00
Mrs M H H, Maytown 1 00
A E E, Wilmington .. 1 00
N B, Hewen ... 1 00
E W, Channte, ... 5 00
J L R, Strabane ... 2 00
H E K, W Ashford .. 5 00
A M P, Balto ... 2 00
A J S, Clarendon ... 1 00
L, Pleasant hill ... 5 00
N N, Liberty ... 1 00
L R, Crossville ... 25
A R L, Peoria ... 50
J L W, Kalamazoo .. 1 00
E W, Dartford ... 1 00
Mrs H A C, Scranton. 1 00
E N J, Woodhaven ... 1 00
Arthur & Dorcas Christmas ... 2 00
Frances, Vancouver 1 00
Margaret F, Pittsburg 1 00
Lillian C, Wolfsville. 25
Edna, Binghamton ... 1 00
Flossy, Martinsburg 1 00
M S H, Lowell ... 3 00
I S D, Wegatchie ... 2 00
E A D, Coon Rapids. 1 00
Mrs H, Wis ... 1 00
M I C, Skagit City ... 1 00
C M W, Mt Gilead ... 50
S, Connecticut ... 2 00
K M, Nantucket ... 1 00
A J B, Oriskany Falls 3 00
M R, La Fayette ... 1 00
E C M, Bath ... 1 00
E J C, Jack Reef ... 1 00
S J M, N Y City ... 1 00
G, Doe Run ... 1 00
T Mc A family, Can 25 00
F W J, Franklin ... 1 00
W B, Albany ... 2 00

(continued on page 314.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Christian Work.

A GREAT deal of the work we are called upon to do in this world is unsatisfactory. It is so many pounds to be lifted, or so many miles to be walked, or so many wheels to be tired, or so many feet of wall to be constructed; and when the work is done, and we get our wages; or when the goods are sold, and we get our pay; or when the column is written, and we receive our compensation, our work seems there and then to end. But it is not so with distinctively Christian work. There the fabric is immortal, the results are immortal. If an architect constructs a bridge, or raises a secular institution, he has his name chiseled on the buttress of the bridge, or on the foundation of the wall of the structure; and the elements may beat against it, but for scores and hundreds of years the words chiseled into that stone will last, and tell to coming generations who built the bridge and who reared the structure. But after the passage of a certain number of years the bridge will fall, the secular building will crumble. and the name of the architect will be forgotten. He built with perishable material, and, of course, his name finally vanishes. But he who works in Christian departments inweaves his name into that which is positively imperishable, and there shall be no power in the roll of centuries of time, of cycles of eternity, to efface that word. Who will be the men that will be remembered longest? Those who have achieved the largest fortunes, gained the highest secular position, won the most resounding name, led the largest military host? or will it be those whose personal and high-hearted consecration to the service of God make their life parallel in all the future with the life of the everlasting God? Men sometimes build monuments for their fellows at large expense of hundreds and thousands of dollars, but how little satisfaction in the rearing of such structures that stand generally in the cemeteries. Only a few men pass them thoughtfully, and stop and read the inscription and learn the lesson of the life and death of the man whose departure is there announced. The vast majority go along, and they whistle and they talk and they forget. Whereas the man who gives anything to the cause of Jesus Christ, who toils in religious departments, is building a monument that will last for eternal ages.

It is impossible that it be defaced; it is impossible that it ever crumble. That thought ought to give great satisfaction to Christian workmen. There is in the final reminiscences of life a great thrill of comfort connected with the service of God. We have seen a great many people die. We have never heard one of them talk in this wise: "I invented a new sewing-machine. I built a large house. I gathered three hundred thousand dollars. I made a bid in the money-market that shook all the cities." Men in their last hour never have any such reminiscence. The accumulations, and emoluments, and achievements of this world to the Christian man, in his closing moment, do not seem worth a single mention. But we have heard a great many Christians in their last moments express it as a matter of gratitude to God that they have been permitted to work in the Church, and consecrate their energies to religious uses.

There is also a heavenly world-reminiscence of Christian work that must be highly delightful and satisfactory. When we reach heaven we will have a great deal of time to think. How very small this world will seem when looked upon from that high residence, and all that we may have gathered up in this world will seem insignificant. But suppose that in this world we set our hand and heart to serve God, in that blessed land we shall see all around us the results of our work. Suppose, now, that in this world a man had given one hundred dollars to the cause of Christ, and that one hundred dollars went toward the building of a church, the construction of a pew, the fashioning of an organ which would sound forth the praises of God, the molding of a bell which should ring out to all the city invitation for worship.

Suppose that through the contribution of one hundred dollars, he has been the means in this world of saving two souls, and that those two souls had been the means of saving ten souls, and the ten of bringing a hundred into the kingdom of God, and the hundred a thousand, and the thousand a million, and the million still more millions, the tide of influence rolling on through all the ages of eternity.

Now I suppose the soul rising up in heaven will have the skill and acumen to trace out all these lines of influence, and trace them back to one contribution which he made a thousand years ago on earth. God will permit him to see that he did it—it was his instrumentality, starting that one contribution, reaching out through the salvation of all these immortals, helping to make heaven more jubilant. We suppose that will be one of our sweetest occupations in heaven, if we have accomplished anything for Christ on earth, to count it, measure it, weigh it, estimate it. Now, if there is so much satisfaction in Christian work, why not let us all enter it?

Striking the Bible.

THE religious world is frequently agitated by a determination on the part of the theologians to square off and fight the religion of their fathers. Some think it argues great pluck for a man to assail the Bible and the church, and set up a new religion. The fact is, it requires no courage at all to do so, for he is always sure of the favor and applause of a multitude who hate the Bible and would be glad to see it struck on any side, and to have Christianity crippled. The Bible antagonists do not realize they are attempting to stop an express train by putting their foot on the track, or to arrest an Alpine avalanche by bracing themselves against one of the ice-cakes. The Bible goes right on, and the Church of God goes right on, and Christianity goes right on, and the chief damage is done to the critics. There have never been so many live churches in the United States as to-day. More people believe the Gospel than ever before, and vaster multitudes are attempting to practice its precepts. The attempt to shatter the Bible for the last three hundred years has not rent asunder or dislodged a single doctrine or sentiment. After its present assailants are all dead, their funeral sermons will be preached from King James's Translation, not one verse omitted from the first page of Genesis to the last page of Revelations. One would think the world would get tired of a bombardment of the Bible castle when with all their concentrated fire of three hundred years they have not been able to knock out of its walls a splinter large enough to make the most sensitive eyeball quiver. Oh! I am so glad we are in the army which will finally win the day. Here and there a repulse may come through the perfidy of some officer, or the backing out of some traitor in the camp; but there are enough of the mounted cavalry of the King to ride down all opposition and to dismount the guns of the enemy. I have no nervousness as to the result. I am only anxious to be on the right side in the contest, and to do my share in the hard marching and hard fighting.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Inquirer. Is George Muller still living, and if so, where is he?

He is probably in England. Lately he has been traveling extensively in Europe and the East.

Subscriber, Oshkosh, Wis. Please inform me through your paper just who and what the Scandinavians are?

The term, "Scandinavian," is applied generally to the Germanic peoples, including Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Icelanders. Originally the term would have also embraced portions of Great Britain.

"Reader," Bancroft, Mich. Are Divine Healing and Christian Science the same in principle and practice?

No, there is all the difference between them that there is between the objective and the subjective. The principle of Divine Healing is that Christ will heal those who apply to him now in faith, as he healed the sick when he was upon the earth. The principle of Christian science is to influence the body through the operations of the mind—to attain such a condition of equanimity and passivity that the body throws off disease by the superior power of the mind. Briefly, to believe that you are well and that all your sickness is taken away, and you will be well. There is a very wide difference between the two, as you may see.

"In His Name," St. Louis, Mo. Can you explain how God and the Lord Jesus Christ can be one? If they are one, how could Christ pray to the Father?

No one yet has been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the Trinity. There are certain matters that we believe to have been revealed, and which we accept on faith, without being able to perfectly understand them. The Trinity is one. If you try to grasp the idea of God being manifest in the flesh, of his taking on a human form that he might reveal himself to men in such a way as that they could understand the divine nature better than they could when they thought of it as pure spirit and invisible, you will get a glimpse of the mystery. You need not give up belief in the doctrine because you do not understand it. You cannot clearly understand the trinity of body, mind, and soul in your own nature, yet we suppose you accept it.

E. J. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Do you think that persons born out of wedlock are excluded from heaven? I have some difficulty in understanding Deuteronomy 23, as I know good Christian people who come under its prohibitions.

It is not clear to whom the prohibitions referred. The general opinion among scholars is that the reference was to the offspring of Jewish fathers and heathen mothers, especially of the priestesses. It was necessary in the circumstances in which Israel was placed, with the heathen on all sides, to enact very stringent laws to keep the nation from intermarriage. The phase, "entering into the congregation," does not appear to apply to the eternal state, but the body politic. As we should phrase it, they could not become citizens. nor share in the property of their father and his tribe. In any case, it does not apply to such persons now. No man is excluded from heaven but he who rejects the salvation offered through Christ.

J. D. T., Forest Hill, W.Va. 1. Does Paul's disclaimer of authority in 1 Cor. 7 refer to all he wrote on the subject? 2. Did he write under inspiration when he wrote 1 Timothy 2?

1. We do not understand the words in the sense that you appear to do. Paul wrote that the things that had gone before were written "by permission, not of commandment;" by which, as we understand, he meant that such things were permissible or allowable, they were not a duty, and he goes on to point out that he, himself, had not done them. If any one were so situated as he described, they might do as he said, if they wished. He does not appear to us to mean that his own utterance was permitted, not commanded. The Revised Version confirms this view. It renders it, "by way of permission, not of commandment." 2. We believe the whole of his writings to be inspired; but we do not believe that if he were writing to modern churches he would hav written as he did to those at Rome or Corinth He would be more likely to caution the against modern evils than against eatin meats sacrificed to idols. He gave advic suitable to the circumstances in which th churches were placed, and in doing so la down broad, general principles which hav been applicable to subsequent complication

L. H. H., St. Louis. Is it a wife's duty to remain re ularly at home from the weekly prayer meeta of the church of which she is a member, sim to be company for her husband, who is n member of the church, and will not go to t meeting with her?

We do not so consider it. Unless he be ve selfish and unreasonable, indeed, he will n put any obstacle in the way, and he may ult mately be moved by her example and h prayers to take a different view of religion.

Reader. 1. Where can the descendants of t Rechabites be found, or do any now exi 2. What is the story of the origin of the Wan Jew?

1. As late as the twelfth century, Benjam of Tudela, mentioned that, near El Jubar, found Jews who called themselves Rechabite They were 100,000 in number, and were g erned by a prince who traced his genealogy the house of David. A later traveller, J Wolff (1839), gave a similar report of Rech bites living near Mecca. Dr. Pierotti (186 describes a tribe of Rechabites living near t Dead Sea in caverns and low houses. 2. has its foundation in the legend that the S viour, turning to one of his enemies who h reviled, spat upon and smote him as he pass on the way to Calvary, uttered the word "Tarry thou till I come," and that thencefo ward the wretched man had wandered up a down the earth, vainly seeking forgetfulne and oblivion in death.

H. E. W., Richmond, V. Is there any account the Bible of the building of the Temple that w used in the time of Christ?

The Jews called it the second Temple a contended that it was the one built under t superintendence of Nehemiah and Ezra. A matter of fact, however, little if any of th structure remained in the Temple in Chris time. Herod proposed to pull it down and build it on a more magnificent scale. The Jew however, objected. They thought there wa possibility of his not living to complete it a therefore a part was pulled down and rebu before another part was pulled down. Dur the process of reconstruction they were ne without a place of national public worsh though when completed it was really a n building. The history of thework is given Josephus, and is not in the Bible.

A subscriber in Kapadartse, Macedonia, T key, writes us:

Some time ago I sent you a postal informing that I did not receive the paper. I am sorry th should have been stopped by the government, think it has been at Salonica. I desire very m to get it, but it is difficult. My impression is th has been stopped because of the articles it publ ed concerning Armenia.

This is an illustration of Turkish press c sorship. The Sultan's government, whene it encounters a journal bold enough to pr the truth, decrees that it shall not enter Turkish dominions.

The following acknowledgment will inte many of our readers:

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 Reade St., New York, March 30, 1896.

To the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:
the readers thereof, who, by their donations, aided me in wiping out that eight thousand dol of indebtness, I desire to return my heartfelt tha

If the thanks and prayers of a grateful heart a any value, let me assure those who have helped National Temperance Society, that they have i in all fullness and Christian love. Sincerely,

C. H. MEAD, *Field Secretar*

Any reader having old numbers of T CHRISTIAN HERALD or other good read matter, can aid the Dock Meetings at Elizabe N. J., by sending them, freight prepaid, William C. Finck, 721 Pearl St., Elizabeth, N

J.W.M., Burkittsville. Your questions are in the ture of conundrums and are somewhat out of pl ——A. M. S., Stone Mills, Mich. We cannot giv information.——F. W. C., Pioneer, Mont. It complicated international question and not t dealt with impulsively, but with calm and delib statesmanship.——D. G. H., Bismark, Ia. He do less had access to all the literature on the su and adapted at will from the various legends brew, Arabic and others.——Phil tus B., Le Mass. We have not the information.——F. H Hill Top, Md. The dates given of Egyptian ology were the estimates of authorities on the ject and cannot be regarded as conclusive. O other hand, the dates which you find on the ma of the Bible are not a portion of the inspired wo but are estimates by another distinguished Bi authority and chronologist, Archbishop Usher, lived 250 years ago. The Bible itself gives no concerning the points in question.—— All inqu concerning the "Mabellas" mentioned in THE CH TIAN HERALD, should communicate with Mr Chatelain, Philafrican Liberators' League, No. Charities Building, Twenty-second street and F avenue, New York City.——A. F. D., Brooklyn. 1 2. Write to Enlistment Bureau, Navy Depart Washington, D. C., for all information. 3. H writing is fair.——F. K. S., Linlithgo, N. Y. to the nearest jail, penitentiary, almshouse, or pital. They will certainly be appreciated.——A Elizabeth, N. J. There is no such tablet now in istence. The story is probably one of many me legends, with very doubtful foundation.——Subs er, Oshkosh, Wis. Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Institute, Chicago, Ill.——M. E. M., Monroeville, Her married surname is Wettin.——F. S., Sh Starksboro, Vt. Send to Rev. G. W. Sharp, K ville, Mo., prepaying postage.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Soudanese Expedition.

RECENT cable dispatches announce the arrival of the first contingent of the Egyptian army at Akasheh, which was to be the first place occupied in the Soudan campaign. Sir H. H. Kitchener, who is in command of the expedition, is instructed not to penetrate further for the present; but it is generally believed if the forces can hold Akasheh, reinforcements will be sent to enable him to occupy Dongola. An expedition of ten thousand men from India is also to be sent to Suakim, which is on the Red Sea coast, further south, to operate against the dervishes should they decide to attack the position at Akasheh. The Egyptian Government guided by the English officials are evidently proceeding with the utmost caution. Experience would suggest the need of their doing so, as a disaster such as that which overtook Hicks in 1883 would probably be fatal to Egypt. Indications are to be seen everywhere of a restlessness and an activity among the followers of the Mahdi, which are the usual precursors of offensive operations. Osman Digna, the chief Mahdist General, a brave and able man, is reported to be marching on Kassala, whether to wrest the fortress from the Italians for his master, or to cooperate with the Abyssinians for the benefit of the Emperor of Abyssinia, is uncertain. The obvious intention of the English expedition is to divert this force from Kassala. Should Osman Digna succeed in capturing it, he would possess the principal city to Khartoum and be able to control the whole of the Soudan, and menace Egypt on her weakest frontier. The dervish force directed against Kassala is it appears only one of four which are advancing in different directions, with the common object of driving Europeans out of northeastern Africa. When the expedition to Akasheh was dispatched, one of these advanced positions was within a hundred miles of the Egyptian frontier, showing that an attack on Egypt was contemplated. The British Government has not avowed an intention of reconquering the Soudan, which it abandoned twelve years ago, but there is little doubt that they cherish that hope. So long as the Soudan is in anarchy, or in the hands of an enemy, there is little hope of the permanent pacification, and security of Egypt. The present expedition is, therefore, probably designed with the double purpose of relieving Kassala and precipitating a conflict with the Mahdists which must come sooner or later. Excepting in France and Russia public feeling is with the expedition, as the Mahdists are not patriots fighting for their country, but cruel oppreseors who are the terror of the people of the Soudan, slave traders and ruthless fanatics like the Mohammedans of Armenia. England, with the Egyptians, is fighting the battle of Christianity and civilization against the enemies of both. It may be hoped that the issue of this war and of the occupation of Egypt will be the extension of Christianity in that distracted land and that soon the promise will be fulfilled:

The Lord shall smite Egypt, smiting and healing: and they shall return unto the Lord and he will be entreated of them and will heal them. (Isa. 19: 22.)

Sensitive Cell.

Two suspected criminals were transferred from the custody of the State of Ohio to that of Kentucky recently. The extradition proceedings were allowed to go through, as there was not sufficient evidence to hold them for the crime they were suspected of committing in Ohio. A Cincinnati journal says that there were very strong grounds for the suspicion, and describes a curious test that was applied to them. There is in the detective headquarters in that city a cell known as the "sensitive cell. It has double walls, and the door shuts so closely that it is almost airtight, save for the ventilators above. Not a sound of any kind can be heard in the cell, and the effect on a prisoner of the deathly silence of this living tomb is usually very depressing. Concealed in the walls are a number of telephone receivers, with wires attached to the chief office. Two prisoners, confined in the "sensitive cell," generally fall into conversation after a short time, and every word they say is distinctly heard in the office, where a stenographer records it. The clues to many important crimes have been obtained from this cell. The two extradited prisoners, however, were silent, having probably received a hint from some one that the walls had ears. They were more fortunate than others, who have not known how the resources of civilization have been utilized for their detection. Our ancestors would have been incredulous if they had been told of this and other specimens of these resources that are now familiar to us. But even with this knowledge, men are often oblivious to the fact declared centuries ago by the Psalmist:

There is not a word in my tongue, but lo O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. (Ps. 139: 4.)

A Child's Peril.

A little girl about five years old had a narrow escape from death at Port Washington, L. I., a few days ago. She was playing with a big mastiff belonging to her father and wandered away from home.

THE SOUDANESE EXPEDITION—THE MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT.

The dog was devotedly attached to her, so it was thought she was safe with him. But they began romping in a field which abutted on the big mill-pond. They rolled and tumbled about getting nearer and nearer to the edge of the pond. In wrestling with the dog the child fell over. The dog followed her and getting his shoulders under her, kept her above water. But there was a stone bulkhead three feet above the surface of the water and though the dog could hold up the child he could not climb the bulkhead with her. He was getting exhausted when a man went to his help. He jumped into the water and catching up the child swam with her to the bulkhead, but like the dog, he could not climb it with his burden and his water-soaked clothes. Happily the alarm had been given and the child's mother came running down to the bulkhead in time to take her little daughter from her rescuer and help him out. The mother scarcely knew whether to scold or caress the dog. He had been the occasion of her child's peril, but she would have been drowned, if he had not gone to her rescue. He had done all in his power to undo the mischief he had caused. It is not always possible either for dogs or men to avert the consequences of their thoughtlessness. Many a converted man would be glad to give his life if he could rescue those who through his influence in the days of his sin were led into evil. Even when Christ has forgiven such a man he cannot forgive himself for the evil he did and cannot repair.

Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way shall fall himself into his own pit. (Prov. 28: 10.)

Believed Himself Guilty.

The Governor of Michigan issued a pardon a few days ago to an innocent man who has been six years in prison for a crime he did not commit. The curious feature of the case is that the man believed in his own guilt. He was living up to November 1889 at Matchwood, Ontonagon County, Michigan, in a lonely house in the woods with four other persons — two men and their wives. He was a quiet peaceable man when he was sober, but was quarrelsome if he was provoked when he had been drinking. One night one of the women was killed by a gun shot and the other was seriously wounded. The latter was carried to a hospital where she was for a long time deprived of her reasoning faculties. The two husbands charged the other man with having committed the murder of the one woman and the wounding of the other. At the trial the accused man admitted that he had been drinking heavily on the night of the murder and could not remember having committed it. When he emerged from his drunken stupor, he said, he found himself struggling with one of the other men for the possession of a gun and the dead woman was lying on the floor. As the other two men swore so positively that he did the murder, he supposed that he must have done it. He was condemned to imprisonment for life. The wounded woman was not capable of giving evidence at the trial but she has recovered her reason since, and when she heard what had been done, she went to the Governor and told him that the condemned man was innocent. The woman had been killed by her own husband who also had wounded herself. The condemned man had been aroused from his heavy slumber by the report of the gun and had tried to take the weapon away. Her evidence was confirmed by facts she was able to prove, and the Governor was convinced. A pardon was accordingly issued. It must be exceptionally welcome to the accused man as it not only relieves him of punishment, but of the burden on his conscience. His experience is the converse of the man who obtains his pardon through Christ. He never learns then that he is innocent but rather that he has been more guilty than he knew.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. (Ps. 90: 8.)

A Doubtful Entry.

"One of the most stubbornly contested cases in which I have been engaged," says a New York lawyer in the course of some recently published reminiscences, "turned on the entry on the fly-leaf of a Bible. It was tried originally in the Surrogate's court about ten years ago. I cannot remember the exact details, but the question to be decided was whether the claimant, who was a lady, was the person whose name was in the record of the family on that fly-leaf and thereby acknowledged as the daughter of a deceased wealthy citizen. If she could establish her identity, she was entitled to a large sum of money as her share of the estate that was in question. The other side disputed her claim, and when the Bible was produced in court, it certainly bore marks of manipulation.

OSMAN DIGNA.

SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

The page was badly blurred, and the writer had made an erasure, or it had been made for him, just in that first name of his daughter on which the suit hinged. The case was finally compromised, but I remember thinking what a big sum depended on a single word in an old book." It is well for the Christian who is an heir of God, and who depends on the Bible for the evidence of his title, that there can never be any dispute about the broad and emphatic terms it contains.

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. (Rom. 8: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In Reply to Several Inquiries from our Subscribers, we must positively decline to receive contributions intended for the support of the so-called Ben-Oliel Mission in Jerusalem.

A Recent Report of the National Bible Society of Scotland shows that the number of copies of Scriptures distributed during the preceding year has been larger than that of any other year.

In a Statement Made by Commander Ballington Booth to the New York *Recorder*, he is reported as saying that the money remitted from the American Salvation Army to International headquarters while he had been in command, amounted to $113,000.

At the Ninety-second Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society recently celebrated, it was reported that during its existence it had issued over 200,000,000 Bibles in 300 languages. There were published last year 40,000,000 copies. The Society is now occupied with 102 translations into as many dialects.

A Christian Alliance has been Organized at Madison, Wis. It is an organization of the Christian workers of the city for missionary work and municipal reform. Its object is to unite the Christian citizens of the city and render effective their efforts to promote its welfare. It is the outgrowth of the evangelistic meetings led by the Rev. B. Fay Mills.

The Northfield Training School having for its object the fitting of Christian workers for successful and effective work in all forms of Christian service, closed its sixth year on March 26. Of the graduates, 2 are ordained pastors of churches, 7 are at work in foreign fields, 6 are preparing for foreign mission work, 50 are at work in home mission fields, and 50 are increasing their preparation in other institutions.

Prof. Pellman, the Sociologist of the University of Bonn, reports that he has traced the descendants of a German drunken and dishonest woman who died in 1794 so far as they could be found. Seven of them had suffered as murderers, 76 had been more or less frequently in prison, costing the country in seventy-nine years about a million dollars; 208 were professional beggars and 181 were vicious women.

More than Three Hundred Persons, Chiefly men, have made profession of faith at the Monday afternoon meetings in Cooper Union, New York, during the past three months. Dr. A. C. Dixon writes: "Truly God is doing great things for us. We earnestly request Christians everywhere to pray for a deep and widespread revival in New York and Brooklyn and that these meetings may be used of God to promote it."

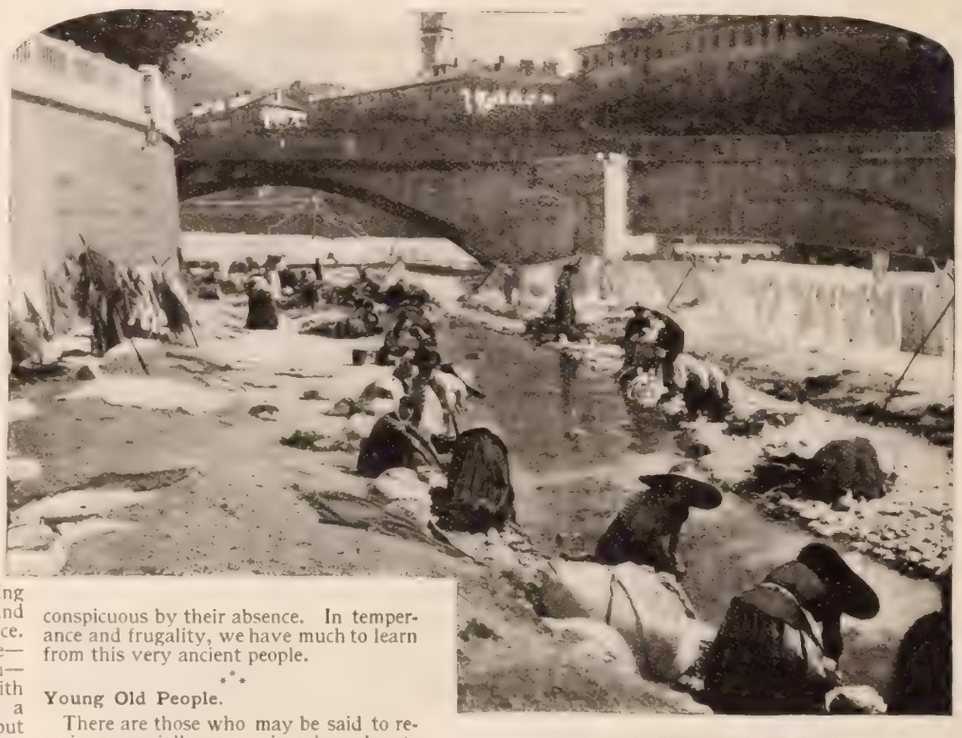
The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, at its meeting in the Bible House on April 2, made appropriations aggregating $123,771 for conducting Bible work in foreign lands. These included: The Society's Agencies in the Levant, in China, in Siam and Laos, in Korea, in Persia, and in Venezuela; to the Bible Societies' Committee for Japan, to the Bible Society of France, to the Russian Bible Society, to the American Board for Bible Work in Spain, and to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Bible work in Bengal. During the year ended, March 31, the number of volumes of the Word of God issued from the Bible House, exclusive of those issued in foreign lands, was 966,702.

Under Nice's Blue Skies.

The Quaint Old Town Where Royalty Goes to Recuperate — Peasant Washerwomen who Make a River Their Washtub.

THERE is no pleasanter or more salubrious city in all Europe than Nice, that old and quaintly-beautiful sea-coast resort of France, once a part of the Kingdom of Sardinia, and now the chief of the Department of Alpes Maritimes. Its splendid piers and sea-bathing establishments, its magnificent promenades, and grand public squares, its crystal palace, cathedral, churches, chapels and synagogues, together with its affluence of lyceums, museums, libraries, observatories combine to make it atrractive to the visitor. These, taken in conjunction with the fact that the mercury rarely goes to the freezing point, that snow is practically unknown, and that the maximum summer heat is ninety degrees, with one of the most perfect climates imaginable, make Nice altogether an ideal resort, and it is not surprising that royalty and the very rich and distinguished people of the Old World and not a few Americans, are to be found there at a time when other lands are feeling the rigors of winter. Its climate is believed to be the best Europe affords for certain classes of invalids. Aged Queen Victoria frequently passes a few weeks in winter at Cimiez, a little suburb, which lies on a hillside two miles back of Nice. Thither she will go shortly, with a few attendants. To reach Cimiez, one passes along the prettiest roads imaginable, between luxuriant villa gardens and fine olive groves, until a height of 360 feet above sea-level is reached. Near the Queen's villa are others belonging to various royalties, one being the property of Princess Beatress, and another of ex-Empress Eugenie of France.

Through a portion of the city of Nice—the oldest and least fashionable section—flows the Paillon, a small stream, with hardly sufficient volume to be called a river. It is often dried up in summer, but in the spring and fall it runs, as clear as crystal, to the sea. Along its banks, the *lavandieres* or laundresses of the ancient town, gather in line to wash the linen of their rich patrons, and it is an interesting sight to witness them so engaged. Our photograph on this page was recently taken on one of those "perfect days" for which Nice is deservedly famous, and shows the *lavandieres* at work, some rubbing and "rinsing" the clothes, others spreading them out on the smooth white stones, or stretching them upon lines to bleach snow-white in the sun. On specially fine days, both banks of the Paillon for a mile or more, present just such a picture as is here shown. The housewives of Nice have a great reputation for cleanliness and this doubtless is due in part to the fact that the natural advantages afforded by the little river as a great wastub for the town, are almost universally availed of.



THE WASHERWOMEN OF NICE.

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The Food Question in China.

In China, the food question is an all-important one. Domestic economy has long since discovered, in that country, how to make food products go father and accomplish more than in any other part of the world. J. Oscar Peterson, writing on this subject, says: The vastness of the Chinese empire, the climate, population and areas of the land are factors that render the food of the people in some parts more or less different to that in other parts. In the north and western parts animal milk is to some extent used for food. In the south, goats' milk may be found for the benefit of infants. In the centres of dense population animal milk is out of question. Laws of economics do not admit the soil to be used in the production of food for cattle, but only cereals, vegetables and fruits as food for the people. Rice is the staple food. The aggregate of all other articles of diet amount to less than the quantity of rice alone that is consumed. The Chinese are exempt from nervous diseases and disorders that prey on civilized nations of the West, the cause of which, we are told, can be ascribed only to the consumption of flesh foods and of wine that in China are conspicuous by their absence. In temperance and frugality, we have much to learn from this very ancient people.

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Young Old People.

There are those who may be said to remain perennially young, in whose hearts the spirit of youth shows no signs of weariness and aging. Yet most of us, on reaching middle life, begin to feel the touch of time. For the woman who knows that her youth is passing from her, and who looks with apprehension toward approaching old age, there is cheer in the opening stanza of Rabbi Ben Ezra, that beautiful poem into which Robert Browning has put so many thoughts. If she has to look back upon a youth of neglected opportunities and wasted days, there is infinite comfort in the knowledge that the last of life may atone in a measure for the first; that it is still possible to make old age good and beautiful. Or, if life for her has been full of striving toward the true and the pure, there is inspiration in the thought that the last part may be of more; that it is possible to live more and more grandly unto the end. And for both it is a source of comfort that there is a divine plan which embraces life from beginning to end, and a divine hand which leads all the way. Here are the lines:

[illegible]

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Tea and its Votaries.

Probably no luxury is used quite as universally as tea. Experts in the tea trade tell us that the very choicest brands rarely reach us, and that the best tea to be had anywhere is not that grown in China but in India or Ceylon. "Brick tea" constitutes a large article of export, especially black brick tea, which is shipped by caravans of camels into Russian Siberia. The black tea is subjected to such great pressure as to be formed into bricks, which are shipped by steamer or canal to near Peking, where camels are laden with over five hundred pounds each and driven beyond the Great Wall and through Mongolia with their valuable freight. This is distinguished from the leaf tea as we have it, mostly in the mode of preparation, for the Russians who cut it off as they wish from the solid mass into which it has been pressed into a solid mass. The Russian trade is regarded as quite valuable, and the present Czar when in China visited those tea districts whence Russia obtains her largest supplies. Tea dust is also exported and also tea pressed into tablets, but these last two items do not exceed a half million dollars in value, yearly. There are three pickings of tea annually from the same bushes. The earliest picking of the tender leaves before the rain is regarded as best, and such tea is called "U. Z.," or "Before the Rain." More than half of the tea shipped to Russia goes by sea to Odessa, while the rest goes by caravan to Siberia *via* Kiakhta. Russia is a larger consumer of tea than both England and the United States. England's favorite tea is the Congou, while our own people prefer the Oolong, as shown by the export tables.

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A Boer Home Legend.

Sojourners among the Boers in the Transvaal frequently listen to some odd folk-tales that are told by the firesides of these hospitable people. One of these tales or legends relates to the origin of the English language. They say that when Dame Nature was employed in giving tongues to the various nations, she stood at a large table on which lay a piece of meat. She had a knife in her hand, and a pair of scissors lay on the table. With the one she cut the tongue out of the meat, and with the scissors she gave to each tongue its peculiarities. To her came all the nation. "De Fransman," "de Duitcher," and even "de Boersman," were provided for, but "de Engelsman" was not there. The Boers continue their explanation by a long story founded upon the habits of the English as the Boers see them. According to this, the "Engelsman" went into a "canteen" to drink, and stayed there while his money lasted. Then, at last, he presented himself before Dame Nature, and there was no tongue left. "Never mind," said Dame Nature, "there are plenty of snips on the floor—take half a dozen of these, join them together, and make a tongue for yourself. At every recital of this humorous sal against the English, the Boer lads a lasses laugh, and the veterans who foug at Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp sha their sides with glee.

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Going to the Country.

THE season will shortly be here wh the usual exodus of city folks the country will begin. Dr. T mage, who in his long lifetime h had experience both as city dweller a ruralist, writes thus of the efforts of tow people to domesticate themselves in t country: "The city man hastens out the first beck of pleasant weather. wishes to sit in what poets call 'the l of spring.' We have ourselves sat, seve times, in her lap, and pronounce her t roughest nurse that ever had anything do with us. Through March, April, a May, for the last few years, the mai seems to have been out of patience, a she blows, and frets, and spits in yo face with storm, till, seemingly exhaus with worriment, she lies down at the f of June. The family of the city men a for the first ten days after going into t country, kept in the house by bad wea er. It is the Paradise of mud. The s ground, enraptured with the dainty feet the city belle, takes their photograph up and down the lane, a secures its pay by abstr ing one of her oversh up by the barn, and other by the woods. M on the dress. Mud on carriage-wheels. Mud the door-step. A very c nival of mud!

"The poultry of the man are Golden H burgs, and Buff Dorkin and Bengaliers, and Cr ple-crowns, and Bla Polands, and Chittapr But they are stingy of l ing, and notwithstand all the inducements of pensive coop, and inge ous nests, and handso surroundings, are ave to any practical or use expression. They eat, a drink, and cackle, and everything but lay. Y feed them hot mush, a throw lime out of wh they are to make t shell, and strew ashes kill the lice, and call them by all the glori memory of a distinguis ancestry to do someth worthy of their name, l all in vain. Here and th an egg, dropped in the m in preference to the pointed place, gives you specimen of what th might do if they will. We owned such a h We had given an outrageous price for h We lavished on that creature every p sible kindness. Though useless, she m more noise than all the other denizens the barn-yard, and, as some faithful l came from her nest, would join in cackle, as much as to say, 'Ain't we do well?'

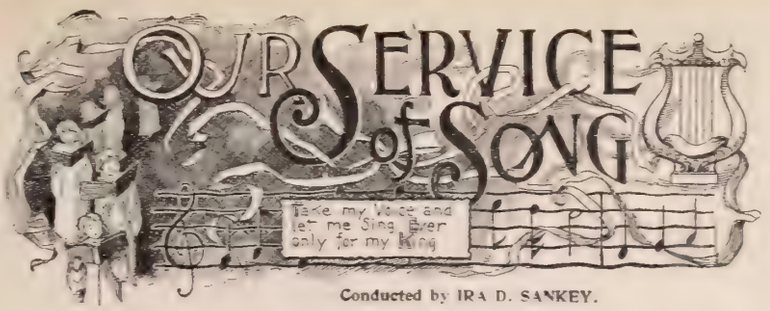
We came to hate the sight of t hen. She knew it well, and as she saw coming, would clear the fence with w squawk, as if her conscience troubled h We would not give one of our unprete ing Dominicks for three full-blooded Cl taprats.

"Yet, after all, only those who come of the heats of the town, know the enchantment of country life. Years on the prongs of a long fork, with wh we tossed the hay into the mow, pitched away our last attack of 'the blu We can beat back any despondency ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born brought up in the country, we have, since we left it, been longing to go ba though doomed for most of the time stay in town. The most rapturous lay poet about country life has never come to our own experiences. Among grandest attractions about the Heave City are the trees, and the rivers, and white horses. When we had a place the country, the banquet lasted all su mer, beginning with cups of crocus, ending with tankards of autum-leaf."

The Good Part.

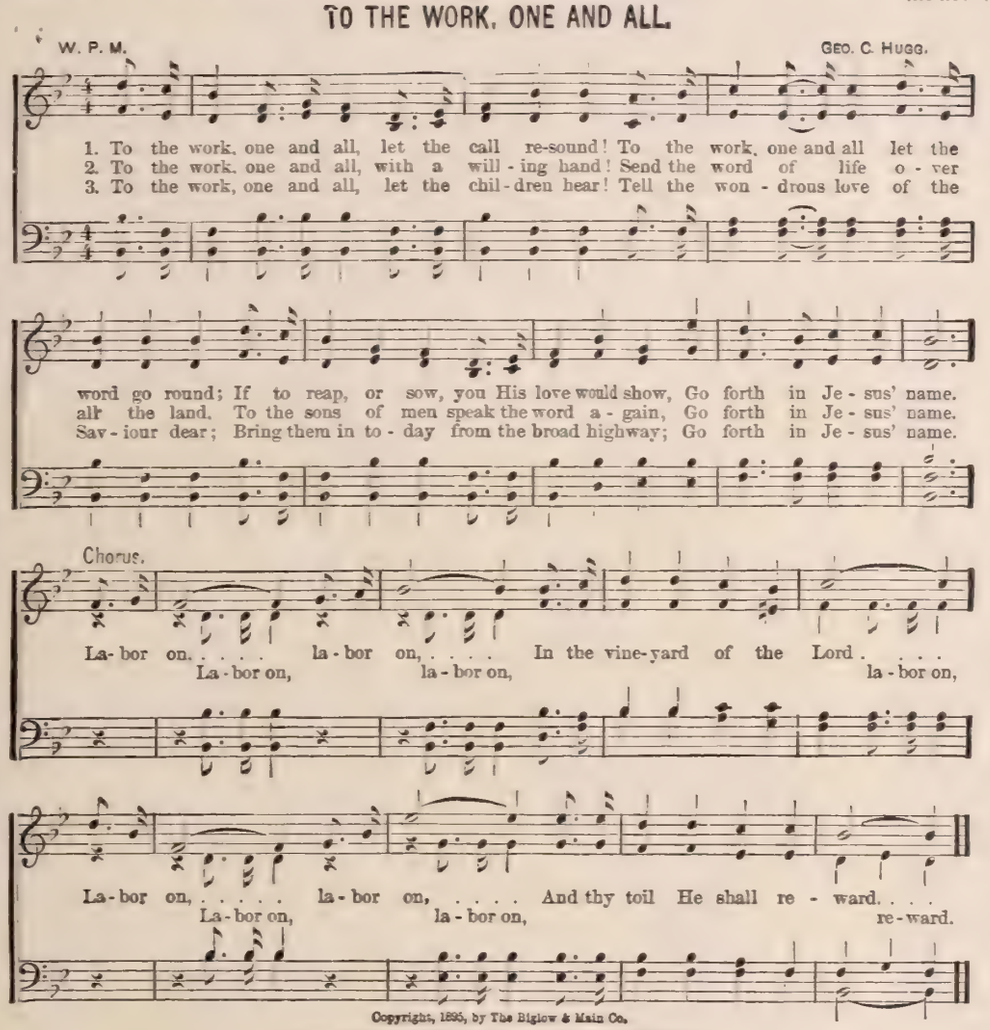
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning April 26. Luke 10: 38-42; Matt. 6: 31-34.

HOW to make the best life, is a problem that young people may consider with some purpose. The middle aged and the old often say, "If I could live my life over again, how differently I would live, how many mistakes I would avoid." It is possible to choose in youth, and those who will learn from the experience of others, instead of wasting their lives in pursuits that bring sorrow and shame and vain regret, may live so that at the close they will look back on it with satisfaction and thankfulness. Christ said that but one thing was needful, and Mary had chosen that good part. What part was it that Mary chose? She was seeking spiritual entertainment, using an opportunity that came but once in the history of the world, to get from it the best that it could afford. Few women in the house with her would have commended her then; few women now have any doubt of her wisdom. Her sister was concerned about her duties as hostess. So honored a guest as Jesus should be well served, but who can imagine for a moment that Jesus cared for the attentions that Martha was so anxious about? He would not be unmindful of them, but they were not the essential thing, the best thing. So it is now; there are many things that are blamable, many things that are even commendable, which, nevertheless, should not occupy the chief place in life. The good part should be the supreme object, and the others should have their subordinate places. To the man who seeks above all things to please God, to live so as to help his fellow-men, his business is sanctified and his humblest duty is faithfully done. So then we come nearer to the secret of the wise choice. It is the highest spiritual development and the greatest personal service. Duty may call a man to a far different field from the Christian ministry; it may call a woman who longs to be a deaconess or a foreign missionary, to home duties and household drudgery, but in the duty the blessing will come. The mistake consists in allowing the soul to be engrossed in unworthy objects, to concentrate its powers on attainments and achievements of a worldly nature, and making no effort after spiritual advancement. There are many lives which the acquisition of a fortune, or social distinction, monopolizes all thought and effort. There are others so self-centred, that ease and pleasure and amusement are the supreme end of ambition and in both cases life is wasted. They are animal lives, not the lives creatures should live who have an eternity before them. So we teach children that play is good and recreation is beneficial. We are glad that the boy at school should excel in the playground, but if he neglects his studies, we perceive that he has missed the very object for which he was sent to school. It is poor compensation if he comes home with medals won in athletic sports, if to win them he has sacrificed his opportunity of gaining knowledge. So when a man stands on the threshold of the unseen world, it will be a sad thing if he has no preparation for it, though he may have made a million dollars. He has lived for time; he has gained what he strove to gain and he must leave all behind. He who has sought the good part, who has longed and yearned for righteousness, for usefulness and service, takes his treasures with him, and begins his new life in the spirit that will animate it in its new sphere. Thus in another sense he who sows to the flesh reaps corruption, while he who sows to the spirit reaps life everlasting.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

TO THE WORK, ONE AND ALL.



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By per of the Publishers

Needed Blessings.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for thy aid to walk therein aright:
That thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust thy guidance still,
And do thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and will supply:
No veil of darkness hides us from thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on thee we call;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

— W. H. BURLEIGH.

Flowers in the Sick-room.

FAIR in their sunny beds they grew,
Or hung on the trellised bowers,
Nor lost their scent, nor paled their hue,
As a nosegay of gathered flowers;
But fairer still, and yet more sweet,
With the summer's breath and bloom,
They seemed in that narrow crowded street,
And that feeble sufferer's room.

Alone, but not companionless,
Had her silent hours gone by:
From the dreary sickroom's narrow space
There were paths that reached the sky.
The page that tells of life through death
Had brightened her anxious thought;
And the summer flowers to the eye of faith
The good land nearer brought.

Thus breaks the bloom of a better hope
On the dimness and the strife, —
The dusty aims and the narrow scope
Of this poor and passing life;
And thus, through Nature's works and ways,
Such helps to faith are given,
That the flowers of earth may lift our gaze
To the fadeless flowers of heaven.

— FRANCES BROWNE.

Waiting Upon God.

AS those that watch for the day
Through the restless night of pain,
When the first faint streaks of gray
Bring rest and ease again—
And they turn their sleepless eyes
The eastern sky to see,
Long hours before sunrise—
So waiteth my soul for thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through the long, long night of grief,
When the soul can only pray
That the day may bring relief—
When the eyes with weeping spent,
No dawn of hope can see,
But the heart keeps watch intent—
So waiteth my soul for thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through that deepest night of all,
When trembling and sin have sway,
And the shades of Thy absence fall;
As they search through clouds of fear
The Morning Star to see,
And the Light of Life appear—
So waiteth my soul for thee!

Saints in Judgment.

Rewards According to Meritorious Service to be Appointed at the Judgment.

BY NATHANIEL SAKKEY.

THE whole tenor of the passages relating to this judgment is that we shall yet see the distribution of rewards, and the Lord, the righteous Judge, dividing to every man severally as he will. A white stone to each, and in the stone the new name written, probably denoting his title or dignity. A crown, to each, but possibly having distinction according to the rule and authority given over five cities or ten.

As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also shall these in their resurrection state. Then shall it be seen who hath laid up treasure in the heavens that fadeth not, and what it means. Who by "using the office of a deacon—or any other—well, has purchased to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith." Here shall be seen those whose building having been gold, silver, and precious stones, their work abides the test of that presence, which as fire and light shall manifest every man's work of what sort it is, and they receive a reward. Whatever mistakes we have made about our own, or another man's work, shall then and there be corrected; and the least service done to the Master's eye and his glory, shall not lose its reward.

In the bestowment of an individual crown, and the acknowledgment of individual work, we think, too, there must be some mention made of individual failure, failure of judgment rather than of principle; zeal for God it may have been, but not according to knowledge. In the light of that presence, right and wrong must take color and shape according to truth, and when wrong is seen to be wrong, the very light that discovers it will reprove it. Right must be vindicated, and wrong must be reproved, though it shall have been committed by the best of men. When he makes darkness light before us, every crooked thing shall be made straight, and every rough place plain. Sharp contentions between brethren, such as that between Paul and Barnabas respecting Mark, which have never been cleared up, must then be settled by the Master, and each made to bear his own blame if both were wrong. Then possibly we shall see whether Paul was altogether right in withstanding to the face of Peter—chief apostle as he was—or whether it would not have been more in the Spirit of his Master to have taken Peter aside, privately, and told him his fault, and so gained his brother Peter: whether such rough handling by Paul may not have left a soreness between the two eminent servants of the Church which was never quite healed: whether the persecuting spirit in Calvin, as it fell upon Castalio, Jacques Gruet, and Michael Servetus, even unto death, will not claim attention and reproof in that day: how far contentions for doctrine in the eighteenth century, carried on between the Calvinists and the Arminians, when debates, envyings, strifes, were not only tolerated, but cultivated in defence of doctrinal truth, will be countenanced or condemned by the Master, and who was most to blame, will then have to be determined. The light of the same presence which has tested and approved the work of some, must test and disapprove the work of others. Wood, hay, and stubble are mentioned among the building materials, and these are all combustible. What then do we read? "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

(To be continued.)

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CHAPTER XV.

That Picture.

JUDSON SKEELE could not sleep after the hearing in the selectmen's room. Was it any wonder? He had a very troublesome bed-fellow. It might wake up any hour of the night. If it did, the lawyer must wake also, perhaps get up and walk about his room, curse the night, and wish it were morning. This uncomfortable companion was conscience. It was an inseparable companion, walking out with him in the morning, going with him through the day, not only a torment in his bosom, but a burden on his back. It was this bowing him down. It came home with him at night, going to bed with him, then rising as he rose. It now anticipated his hour of rising and it made him do a strange thing. After tossing about restlessly for what seemed a long while, he rose, lighted a lamp and opened his bureau. From an inner drawer he took a picture and gazed at it intently. It was the picture of a woman still young. What interest could such a man have in such a picture? There was some interest evidently and not a pleasant one. Just then, the wind rattled an outside blind with a weird sound. Skeele dropped the picture as if it had been a live coal and fled to his bed at a bound.

He tried to sleep but could not. The lamp was still burning and Skeele rose again and went back to the bureau and took up the picture. "The very image of her," he muttered. "How like that child was! It can't be her's. Her child is now in New York. Yet what a likeness! When that fellow set her on the table it gave me a turn. I wonder where she came from! Her very eyes and mouth! I must find out about her!"

Again the blind cracked loudly. "This wind is a nuisance," he growled, but he did not have courage to go to the window, open it and fasten the blind. Then he would have heard still more distinctly the wind hoarsely blowing through the firs and a sound like one long-continued boom of a funeral-bell. Judson Skeele did not like that kind of a noise.

"I will go down stairs," he said, "into the sitting-room, uncover the coals in the fire-place, and stay where it is warm."

He was going down through the hall softly, on tip-toe, that Lavina might not hear him; he carried the picture with him and laid it on the old-fashioned mantel above the fire-place in the sitting-room. Then he lighted every lamp in the room, four in number, started up the fire vigorously, and trying to occupy his thoughts with a book, he and conscience waited for the day that would come some time, but would not bring any more light than the four burning lamps and the blazing fire. The morning, when it came, saw Lawyer Skeele going at an early hour to his office, and Mrs. Blakey Chase also coming to the Morton mansion. She reported on her arrival to Lavina.

"Got here in good season, you see, Miss Skeele," said Mrs. Blakey with an energy that was breathless. "When I got your note askin' me to do some sewin', I told Blakey I must try and be 'commodatin'."

"That is right, Mrs. Chase, and your work is all ready. You will find it in the sitting-room. I will be there before long."

"My!" said Mrs. Blakey to herself, as she entered the sitting-room. "Got it all fixed up since I was here. That 'Viney knows how to spend the money Miss Morton left her, and slick up things." Her sight traveled rapidly from one object to another. "Ah!" she said finally, "What is that on the mantel? A pictur'? Must take a peep!"

There was an interference with this purpose. Lavina entered suddenly and Mrs. Blakey's greedy fingers did not reach the desired picture. The opportunity came, though, when Lavina left the room, the latter part of the forenoon; "I must go out to do a little shopping, and you will get through and leave before I return. I will try to have another job for you before long." Lavina said this as she went out.

Mrs. Blakey and the sitting-room clock had everything to themselves. She sewed away steadily till her task was done. Then she rose to pack her "things" in a little traveling bag. She looked at the clock to get the record of the hours. Then she hastily turned toward the mantel, exclaiming, "My! If I didn't most forgit! There's that picture! I must have one look at that!"

She took it up, gave one glance at it and then dropped it as if it had given her an electric shock. "Lizzie!" she exclaimed, "Where did you come from? How you scat me! If I—ever! If I ever! How did that come up here in this house? No doubt about it!"

There was no doubt about it. This face with the searching eyes was the same as one hidden away in a drawer at home. This was the picture of that niece who seemed almost mythical now, yet once having an existence as undoubted as Mrs. Blakey.

"I must hurry home," she murmured, "to see if I could have made a mistake—if—I brought it up here myself and laid it down—gittin' so absent-minded, I know."

But when Mrs. Blakey reached her home and opened the drawer the picture was there in its place.

"If that ain't a myst'ry!" said Mrs. Blakey carefully handling the picture to make sure it was a veritable thing of paper and not an illusion. She wanted to go back at once and find out from Lavina where that second picture originated and how it ever came to the big mansion. But by this time it was raining furiously and Mrs. Blakey had to postpone her investigation. Nor would she go the next day being detained by work that must be done. When she did get out, she heard news that seemed more wonderful than the discovery of the picture. She herself told it to Janet Morton.

"Have you heard that Ethel's gone?" she asked, breaking in on Janet as the latter sat sewing.

"Gone? Where?" Janet asked in surprise.

"No one knows," said Mrs. Blakey, "except the person that lugged her off."

"What a strange thing!" said Janet, "do tell me about it."

"Well, I was down at Skipper Dan's when Ned came in with a letter for the Skipper. It seems that it was from somebody that he calls 'Skipper Joe,' and it turns out that it is Skipper Joe who has the say about Ethel and yet is off a good deal and can't look after her and so he tells Skipper Dan in Philadelfy that he might have her awhile. Wall, you can imagine how it was, Skipper Dan took a fancy to the little thing and brought her home you know, and they have had her month after month and it's three or four now, and they sort of forgot that Skipper Joe might want her again—but—"

She paused and stole a glance at Janet to see if she retained her interest. Janet was listening intently and now spoke up

"But, what, Mrs. Blakey?"

"Oh, Joe's letter reminded them that Ethel was wanted, and it jest took their breath when Joe said he was a-goin' through in the cars to-day, and if they would have her ready and have her at the station, he would take her along. Jest think of it!"

"And did he come?"

"Why, yes! There them poor things flew round and fixed her not more'n half off, and she cried because she couldn't find a picture belongin' to her and—wasn't it too bad?"

"And did she go?"

"Why, yes."

"Where has she gone?"

"Gone somewhere. Skipper Joe was on hand and took her. I b'lieve she is a-goin' to see some folks while he goes off on a coastin' trip —"

"Why couldn't she stay here while he goes a-coasting?"

"Don't ax me. I never heard sich doin's."

"Seems to me it is very sudden and strange and —"

"It is. Of course, it is. I b'lieve Skipper Dan is a-goin' to hunt up that picture she couldn't find, and took on so about it. There he was a-tryin' to comfort the child, sayin', 'Gampsie will find it, Gampsie will find it.' There he goes now. Jest see him!"

The two women looked out of the window, and there was Skipper Dan trudging up the street. He was working his wooden leg as rapidly as possible while his one eye was fastened without wavering on a point ahead. That point ahead was the store where the Newhall Brothers sold some groceries but more rum. When Skipper Dan entered the store, there was a small crowd gathered there. But Skipper Dan fastened his one eye on a particular person and kept it fastened there.

"Hullo, Skipper Dan," was the greeting given him by various members of this coowd. He nodded stiffly and grunted, "How dye do?" but he did not take his eye off that one particular person. He went up to him and whispered, "I want to see ye, John Newhall."

"Well, here I am. Look at me, Skipper," said the grocer.

The Skipper was not to be bluffed. "Here, come in here," said the Skipper, pulling John into a little black den in the rear where liquor had been freely sold. In the late prosecution that had been undertaken against this mongrel establishment the beasts of Drink such as barrels of whiskey and ale had been driven from this den.

"Say, John."

"What is it, Skipper Dan?"

"I came up here and sold you a picture, one day—like a fool, too—sold it for ten cents—got a glass of rum with it. You got that picture?"

"Lem me see," said the puzzled grocer. "What did I do with it?"

"I want it. Here's the ten cents."

"What did I do with it?" wondered the grocer. "Oh, I tell ye. Tobias was in here and saw it and sort of fancied it, and took it up to his office. I didn't want the picture, mind ye. I was pressed to take it. You said, 'It's worth ten cents. Give me a glass for it.' I didn't want the thing. You go up to the office and git it."

Tobias Newhall, sitting in the outer apartment of Lawyer Skeele's office, soon heard a thumping on the stairs. It was an ascending thump, a vigorous, persistent thump, one that meant to get to the top of the stairs and then get into the office.

"Ah, good day, Skipper," said Tobias, cheerily and patronizingly, "What can I do for you?"

"I want a picture which I, like a fool, traded off to your brother for a glass of rum, a kind of—wall, suthin' on which I wanted to raise ten cents — more's the shame on me. Your brother says you have got it. That so?"

"You want that?"

"Me? Wouldn't ask for it if I didn't. Here's the ten cents. That's what I got on the picture—the shame on me."

"I don't want your ten cents. And you don't want your picture."

"I don't? 'Taint mine to begin with, but the person does that owns it. The shame on me!"

"Then you stole it?"

The skipper's one eye let out an unusual amount of light. He did not try to dodge the point or refuse to shoulder the burden of shame.

"Well, I didn't think the owner cared. Sort of friend, ye know."

"Whose was it?" said Tobias, cruelly driving his dart deeper yet.

"I cal'late you know, or you wouldn't want it."

"Know?" confusedly muttered Tobias, unprepared for the skipper's sudden thrust. "What do you think I want the picture for? You may have the thing. I'll leave it at my brother's. Don't come here about it again."

The skipper had started for the door, but returned to deposit a ten cent piece on the table.

"Take it! I don't want it," shouted T bias, pitching the coin after skipper Da It rolled away and hid under a heavy boo case, but if it had rolled into the skippe pocket, he would not have suffered it stay there. He looked upon it as the pr of an abominable crime. His wooden l made a furious racket on the stairs as pounded his way down to the outer and liberty.

"Don't want to go in there agin!" muttered. "Looks like a jail. Now wonder what he wanted that picture f The shame on me!"

Why did Tobias want this picture wh he saw one day at the store of Newh Brothers? The reason was that he kn the original of the picture. He kn whose child Ethel was when he saw He had his reason for suspecting t Lawyer Skeele knew as much as he ab the child's mother, though his emplo was ignorant that the child was in neighborhood until Blakey Chase chan to set her on the selectmen's table t evening of the hearing. Tobias had rea to think that in connection with t child's interests, Lawyer Skeele was gui of great rascality.

"Only a suspicion!" soliloquized Tobi "Don't know that Skeele is doing it y but 'twould be like him. Anyway, try him. I'll just leave the picture on table aud see how he takes it. If it is think, I'll let him know what I susp 'Twill give me a new hold on him. these temperance fanatics trouble J and me any more about our busines can count on Skeele's help. I can money from him. Oh, I'll make a vis this thing and put him into it and sque him harder and harder! Yes, I will!"

Here Tobias chuckled, and takin heavy law book, he pressed it against wall as if he had actually put it int vise, and then he pretended to "screw up," and take "still another turn on and as the book was jammed harder harder, he imagined it to be "Jud Skeele," and he shouted merrily, "H his bones crack! I've got him! Now g him another turn! Does he want to c out? Can't come out unless he pays a thousand dollars or—or—I'll tell a know about one Judson Skeele, yes, I wi

Tobias was not mistaken. He laid picture on the lawyer's table and said c lessly, "Thought I would like to leave t She is the mother of that girl we saw t the selectmen's meeting when your Bo all made asses of themselves."

Judson Skeele jumped as if to avo torpedo.

"Where—where did that come from he asked.

"Oh, I got it!" Then Tobias New proceeded to put Judson Skeele into a v and more than one bone did Tobias l crack, and for money Tobias let him Skeele was very glad to bring back f the Morton mansion a picture which carried there because Tobias had adv him to show it to Lavina, as "she kn the woman."

"He won't show it to Lavina. She ask too many questions," said Tobias, tormentor. "But I'll show my power make him take it home. He won't refus

The servant of Tobias Newhall di part as he was bidden. He carried h the picture, but did not show it to Lav He brought it back when he was bid Then Tobias left it at the store as he promised the Skipper, who gladly bor home. At the Skipper's, how that pic was scrutinized! When Mrs. Blakey it at the house of the Skipper, she th up her hands in eager affirmation, " it's jest like the picture in my drawe hum. Yes, that is my niece, Lizzie!"

"She ain't!" said Paulina. "Do te

"Yes, she is, same one!"

"Who'd a-thought it! Wall, now w got it, we must send it to Ethel."

But when they tried to learn her wh abouts, they were utterly at a loss. S per Joe had gone to sea leaving Ethel w other people. Who they were, nob knew. Lawyer Skeele, though, kn He was familiar, too, with Skipper J movements. Indeed, as soon as he found out that "Lizzie's child" was in neighborhood, he got word to Skipper that he must take her away. She been taken away. She was the little whose white sail we see off the shor the night goes down, but when the shines again, whither has that white flown?

(To be Continued.)

His Name.

WHEN I shall go where my Redeemer is,
In the far city on the other side,
And at the threshold of his palaces
Shall loose my sandals, ever to abide;
Now my heavenly King will smiling wait
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

O joy! oh, bliss! for I shall see his face,
And wear his blessed name upon my brow!
The name that stands for pardon, love and grace,
That name before which every knee shall bow.
No music half so sweet can ever be
As that dear name which he shall write for me!

Yet, till I go to meet my Father's smile,
I keep my forehead smooth from passion's scars,
From angry frowns that trample and defile,
And every sin that desecrates or mars;
For I may lift a face unflushed with shame,
Whereon my Lord may write his holy name.

Founder of 10,000 Sunday Schools.

It was the Life-Work of the Late Rev. W. Paxson in his District—Over One Million Children Taught the Gospel.

FROM Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary, comes this week a most interesting and instructive letter. He shows what can be accomplished by one consecrated, energetic missionary in a lifetime, and modestly avoiding all mention of his own spiritual labors and triumphs, he pays a generous tribute to the late Dr. W. P. Paxson, whose career was recently outlined in these columns. The letter is as follows:

ATLANTA, MO., April 6th, 1896.

The recent death of Rev. William P. Paxson, D.D., on the 10th day of March has removed a man whose life work will long be a blessing to the nation; and also the results spiritually, only eternity can fully reveal them. His father the late Stephen Paxson, was converted through the instrumentality of a Sunday School organized in Winchester, Ill., by a missionary of the American Sunday School Union. His little daughter, Mary, eight years of age was one of the scholars, and she induced her father who was then irreligious, to attend the School, and by it he was led to Christ. He became an earnest Christian and an enthusiastic and most efficient Sunday School worker.

His labors as a missionary of the American Sunday School Union were very abundant and wonderfully successful. He gathered many thousands of children and grown people into the schools he planted. In his old age, after I had been for some time a missionary of that Society, I had an interview with him in which he inquired how I liked the work and the Society. I told him I was delighted with both. He responded with warmth, "Yes, and the more you know it the better you will like it."

His son William early became a Christian, and before he had arrived at manhood, began to share the enthusiasm of his father in gathering the people into Bible schools. He became a missionary of the Society in whose work his father had been so signally blessed. About thirty years ago he organized the South-western department of the Society, consisting of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory. He was superintendent of the department to the end of his life. His report of the labors of himself and the missionaries in his field for twenty-nine years (the report was printed before last year's work was compiled and it was therefore not included), shows the new schools were 10,222; schools otherwise aided 11,348, having in the two classes of schools 115,044 teachers, and 1,135,519 scholars. He was a man of great abilities and great heart. More than seventeen years ago, at his solicitation, I became a missionary in his department, and during all that time he was my faithful friend and brother, as well as my superintendent. His experience and counsel were invaluable. As a fellow-laborer, he was a delightful companion—earnest and hopeful, genial and cordial. The last letter I received from him was written only the day before the paralytic stroke which ended his pilgrimage. The letter bore me a message of good news which he knew would gladden my heart. It was a gratuity's kindness, all the more to be appreciated because it came unsought from his noble, Christian impulses.

He was ardently attached to the work of the American Sunday School Union and from his long experience in connection with it, he unhesitatingly approved the following endorsement of Mr. D.L. Moody: "I am fully prepared to commend the Society as the most efficient and economical agency in the field for evangelizing the destitute rural settlements of our country. The mixed character of our population makes union work a necessity in thousands of the country settlements."

I write from a part of my field through which I am passing. May I ask the prayers of the Christian reader that God, in the riches of his grace, may continue to bless this work abundantly?

GEO. W. SHARP,
"Christian Herald" Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

A Moravian Colony in Canada.

SEVERAL years ago, a project was started with the object of inviting Russia Stundists who had been subjected to persecution at home, to emigrate to Northwest Canada. As a parallel illustration, a writer in *The Christian Guardian* says: The success of the Alberta Moravian colonies will probably turn the attention of many in the remote east to the freedom and fertile millions of acres of our country. A new element has been introduced into our population, and its growth promises good results for Canada, and for suffering Christians in eastern Europe. Methodism has had its share in the fostering of this movement, and the interest taken by a sister church cannot be otherwise than gratifying to the Moravians. Rev. Morris W. Leibert gives, in a recent pamphlet, the following interesting description of a Moravian religious service at Bruederfeld:

"One by one the families assemble. Across furrowed fields, whose pitchy loam vies in blackness with the darkness of the moonless, starless night, through thickets, in and out of which wind the old Indian footpaths, over new roads in which upturned roots and prostrate trunks interfere sadly with safety and with speed, come the brethren and sisters with their children by their sides, and with their babes wrapped in shawls. They are impelled to attend the services provided through stated lay activity, or chance ministerial visit, by the spirit that led them from their native villages in a fair and dear land. Every seat is taken. All the standing-room is occupied. As they cross the threshold the worshippers fold their hands and bow their heads in prayer. Silently the moments speed until all who may be expected are orderly arranged. A striking, impressive sight it is. Devotion, expectation are written on every feature. The men are in a group by themselves, giving the better places to the mothers and little ones. Remnants of Russian robes are mingled with the prevailing German garb in picturesque profusion, lending to the whole an aspect at once outlandish and decorous. Several can start and carry a tune. Members of a scattered trombone choir, twelve men strong, are among the colonists. A tune need but be indicated by its number, and the proper note is instantly struck. All sing. They do it heartily and correctly. Some of our old chorales brought cheer to the hearts and tears to the eyes of the congregation as our worship progressed."

A Brave Mother.

Anna Campbell, a mountaineer, was a brave woman. A flood came down the Engadine from the meeting of two hundred glaciers, carrying some twenty bridges along with it; when over the bridge of wood that in the narrow gorges separated the town from the pastor's house, Anna dared for her husband's sake to cross; and, the two side piers being just then swept away, she was left standing in the raging flood and storm, alone on the midmost. They heard her clear, musical voice singing, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit"; when suddenly remembering that she had the keys of the cupboard at her girdle, and the children would need their supper, she stopped her prayer and shouted, "There's the keys!" and threw them ashore, disappearing at the same moment down the ravine.

That City!

I KNOW the walls are jasper,
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees;
But oh, to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these!

Read in the sacred story,
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways
And streets of shining gold?
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there.
No sun nor moon enlighteneth;—
Can darkness then be fair?

Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dim were the walls of jasper—
Rayless the crystal sea.
He girds earth's darkest valleys
With light and joy and peace
What then must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?

—HELEN M. PARMLEE.

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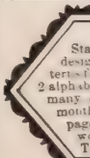
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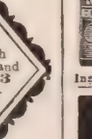
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Contribution Mrs. A. M. Sherman, entered twice—Jan 15 & Jan 22 ..... 1 00
Over credit to Ulysses Mead in contribution entered Mar 11 1 00

Total $43,688.53

and over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.

BOWERY MISSION PATRONS.

THE following persons have recently sent in their names for enrollment as Patrons of the Bowery Mission:

Lydia B Holmes; H W Borden; Mrs Wm Lambert; Miss Phebe Anna Thorn; W W Atterbury; Wilbur Dickerson; C Journell; Mrs A Waldron; Mrs H M Bickford; Anna R Wilkinson; F K Trowbridge; J Munro & Co; J C Clegg; ——, Point Judith; G H S D, Wakefield; J S A, Washington, D. C.; S H Andrews; Mrs A D Funk; M P, Oak Grove; Mrs Elizabeth Hessey; Miss S A Simonds; Mrs A M Brown; America Lawson; C A G, Hazelton; Mrs L A Prindle; R L Beevers; W E Pierce; Mrs E P Dunlap; a friend, Lowell; "reader," Mass; Mr D Puckett; Mr and Mrs J S Knapp; C Thomas, Sr; Mrs C A Seymour; Mr and Mrs W W Fairbanks; M Schreuck; H Kennedy; Mrs M H Leonard; Mrs L G Vance; Mrs A Hatcher; Mrs E O Slater; A Meachen; J Klein, H B Claflin & Co; E C Rich; Mrs C D Bartlett.

Patrons of the Bowery Mission, whose names are already enrolled, may send in their annual contributions in aid of the work during the present week, each giving according to ability and as personal interest in the spiritual progress of the work suggests. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged by mail.

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on April 5, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters.

Constant Reader, New York, that a son, whose mother is dead after a long life of service in the cause of the sick colored people of the city, might give his heart to God and work in his cause.——B. B. G., Pisgah, Ky., for the conversion of a daughter and her husband.——"Anxious Mother," Arkadelphia, Ark., for the salvation of a dear son who has fallen under the power of liquor, and whose wife and children are suffering sorely by his conduct. He is quite helpless to save himself, but God can save him.——"Reader," Barre Plains, Mass., for a son whose love for drink and tobacco is driving him away from church and family.——"Anxious Wife," Lawrence, Kan., that his daughter might be led to Christ.——"Anxious Mother," Bristol, Tenn., on behalf of an only son, that his soul might be saved and that special strength be given him to resist temptation.——"Distressed Mother," Mo., that a dear and only son who is giving way to intemperance may be rescued and kept from the influence of bad companions.——"Subscriber," Mansfield, O., for a son who has made a profession of Christ, but is leaving his first love, that he may be truly saved.——M. E. McC., Kansas City, Mo., that God would save four sons and a daughter, and that the youngest son, who is in temptation, might be preserved from acquiring a love for liquor.——"Mother," for the speedy conversion of her three sons.——G. E. M., Dalcom, Ia., for an only child, a son fourteen years old, that he might give his heart to God and be able to resist temptation.——H. E. B., Wray, Colo., for a dear son who has done wrong in the past, that he may seek forgiveness and be saved through Christ: also that other children might be saved.——M. H. L., Danville, Ill., that two sons who are living careless lives, might be aroused to a sense of their condition and their need of a Saviour.——E. P., Prince Edward Island, that a son and daughter away from home might be kept from evil and saved through Christ.——"Anxious Mother," Illinois, that two sons who are church members, but do not know the power of God, may be truly converted and made consistent Christians.——"Constant Reader," Cuckoo, Va., on behalf of a son and son-in-law that both might be led to Christ.

For the Conversion of Other Relatives.

"Reader," Dover, Del., that an aged father and his two sons might be converted and be led to renounce Satan and their opposition to the Gospel.——"Sister in Christ," Maryland, that a brother and his wife and their three children might all become God's own children; also for another brother who, with his family, need converting grace.——S. E. C., Odessa, Ont., that a grandson and grand-daughter, who are attracted by the world's pleasures, might be led to seek Christ as the chief blessing.——Subscriber, Ont., that two brothers and a sister might give their hearts to God; also that a suffering and ill-used wife might have grace to do her duty to her unkind husband.——B. C., Lebanon, Kas., that her husband and his brother might be led to Christ.——J, C., Wisconsin, for the conversion of her husband, and that he may be enabled to live honestly.——"Believer," that a brother who is in trial and another brother and his wife who are living in the World might all be brought into Christ's kingdom, and that a man and his wife might become one in Christ, and serve him in spirit and in truth.——"Anxious Wife," Lawrence, Kans., that her husband might be converted.——"Anxious Believer," Missouri, that an only brother might be saved from the power of drink and give his heart to God.——C. F. B., Bear, Mont., for a brother, the victim of evil habit, that he might have power to overcome it and give his heart to the Lord.

For the Conversion of Friends.

"Reader," Eufaula, Ind. Ter., that four persons now unsaved might be led to Christ.——L. V., Toronto, that an aged lady not long for this world, might make her peace with God before she dies.——C. C., McMinnville, Tenn., that three friends still unconverted might be saved.——"Reader," Queenie, Ont., on behalf of a young man now in Kingston Penitentiary, that God would give him repentance and lead him to trust Christ for keeping power.——"Reader," for the speedy conversion of a dear friend.——C. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., that two brothers, strictly moral and good, may see their need of a Saviour and seek Christ; also that a young lad surrounded by the good things of this world, might be converted and live for Christ.——"Believer," Miss., that earnest prayer be offered for the salvation of a loved one who is very wicked.——"Lonely and Homeless," Ste. Cal., on behalf of four young men who have left their homes to make their own way and are far from God, might be led to seek him and his righteousness.——Reader, Penola, a., that a young man who by selling liquor and by other means is doing a great deal of harm in a certain neighborhood, might be led to see the evil of his ways and turn to the Lord.——B. B. G., Pisgah, Ky., that a gentleman and his wife who have experienced a reverse of fortune, might be led to Christ and be enabled to lead useful lives.

For the Restoration of Health.

"Widowed Mother," Lovelton, Pa., who has been sick for many years, that she might be spared to her family and regain her strength.——G. C. M, Carron City, Mich., on behalf of a son who has long been an invalid that he may be completely restored.——"Widowed Mother," Illinois, for the recovery of an only child, a dear son who is suffering.——Reader, Racine, Wis., for the recovery of a sister and a niece both in sad circumstances.——L. D., Texas, that a dear friend who has been confined to her room for two years might be restored to health; also that a little girl who is losing much time with her education through recurring sicknesses, might have better health.——"Believer," Queenie, Ont., that a young friend who, it is feared, is suffering from consumption might be cured.——C. F. B., Baker, Mont., for an invalid mother who bears almost constant pain that God would send relief.——"Believer," Camden, N. J., for the recovery of the sense of hearing.——R. H., Warrentown, Va., that a beloved sister, who has been afflicted for fifteen years might be speedily restored to health if it is in accordance with the will of God.——"Firm Believer," Ohio, that a young man now preparing for the ministry, might regain his health and complete his studies.——Mother, Leasonia, that her daughter might be healed of the pains in her head which are sorely trying her.——"Anxious Husband," that the surgical operation soon to be performed on his wife might be blessed to her complete recovery.——Anxious Mother," Illinois, that two invalid daughters might be restored to health and regain the mental equanimity which long suffering has undermined.——Earnest Mother, Harrisburg, Pa., for the recovery of a daughter suffering from a distressing nervous affliction——"Sister," Maryland, that God would recover a dear sister and a sister-in-law who have been sick for some time, and that grace may be given them to bear their lot with patience.——G. E. M., Dalcom, Ia., that a dear, sick sister may be healed.——E. A. P., Fosterdale, N. Y., for the recovery of a widowed mother, who for two years past has suffered much.——"Submissive," Weaver, Ala., who has suffered terribly from nervous prostration, that if it be God's will, relief and recovery may be vouchsafed.——The following afflicted persons also ask prayers for recovery: R. C. T., Gambrier, O.; N. P. T., Lawrence, Kans.; A. D. M., Pomona, Cal.; "Reader"; K. M., Nantucket, Mass.; L. H. G., Randolph, Vt.; "Believer," Council Bluffs, Ia.

For Special Blessings.

Young Girl, Philadelphia, Pa., for grace to overcome a besetting sin, and for help in a money difficulty.——A. E. R., Kansas City, Mo., that strength might be given to shake off an evil habit which seems to have acquired a mastery that even prayer will not shake.——I. T., Toronto, Ont., that in making appointments of ministers, the Methodist Conference might be so guided that a dull, lifeless church might get a pastor who is suited for it and divinely helped.——"Reader," Eufaula, I. T., that a husband and his wife, now separated and estranged, might be reconciled and reunited, and may each perceive that their trouble has come through the faults of others.——"Believer," Southern Minnesota, that conditions apparently unfavorable to the crops might be so changed as that there may be an abundant harvest.——"Believer," Mississippi, that a couple once loving and devoted to each other, but now estranged, might regain love and confidence, and that God would fill their hearts with his Spirit, and bring them together again in their once happy home, so that the trouble now impending over two families might be averted.——I. D.T., Baltimore, Md., for an orphan who has recently lost one of the best of mothers, that God will make his will plain as to the future, and open up a way to a useful life.——"Catherine," Ohio, who is in distressing anxiety about her spiritual state, having joined a church before she was converted, and who is troubled by evil thoughts, that God would give her the peace that passes understanding, and keep her close to himself.——E. J. B., Albion, N. Y., that the members of a small society may receive a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and be moved to go out and seek souls for the Master.——"Hope," Ohio, having agonized long over a great trouble, longs for the peace that God alone can give.——"Reader," Gilroy, Cal., who wants to be a Christian, that God would give a new heart and the love that prompts service.——Reader, Hinton, Mass., for help and light and peace in a troubled life.——J. E., Great Barrington, Mass., that a family with an unblemished name, respected in several generations, but now threatened with terrible disgrace, might be saved from the impending evil.——"Hungering and Thirsting One," who is in great spiritual darkness, and fears having committed the unpardonable sin, that God would relieve the distress and speak peace to the troubled soul.——"Believer," Monongahela, Pa., that a sorrow that has been a great burden for years, might be lifted, and the lips of enemies cease to utter slander and ask forgiveness of God.——W. L. C., Dresden Mills, Me., who is in bitter sorrow, having been bereaved of his beloved young wife, who led him to Christ, and who was a blessing to all who came in contact with her, and whom he passionately loved, that God would comfort him and his wife's parents in their sorrow, and keep them from cherishing rebellious thoughts, and that they might hold fast their faith.——"One who Believes," Creston, O., that God would give all that her child needs for body, mind, and soul.——"Troubled One," Wayne, Ind., that a dear friend who has met with a bitter disappointment may be reconciled to his loss and be drawn by it nearer to his Saviour; also that one alone in the world might find friends and an open way to usefulness.——C. R. B., Pleasant Hill, Ala., an aged widow recently rendered homeless by fire, that God would guide her, help and provide for her in her extremity.——J. A. S., Waterside, Pa., that financial help may in some way be provided in an impending crisis.——H. E. B., Thurlow, Pa., that the way may be opened for him to complete his education, so that he may enter the ministry.——Distressed Wife, New York City, that hasty words spoken in anger, which started her husband in a wrong course, might be forgotten and forgiven, and that she may regain the love that she seemed to despise.——L. A. X., Staten Island, N. Y., that God would give her a clean heart, and that the wicked desires which torment her, and which in her soul she hates, might be taken away.——The following persons ask prayer that God would, if consistent with his will, grant them blessings for which they have long besought him: S. K. C., Guston, Ky.; "Believer," Hamilton, O.; Lonely, Stege, Cal.

Missionary Progress.

For nearly eleven years, says *The Mission World*, missionaries of the various societies engaged in Mission work in China labored in Foochow and its neighborhood without a single convert, and the work was on the eve of being given up. But in 1861 three men became converted, and now in that one province there are 30,000 professed Christians, and the Church Missionary Society alone has in it ten ordained Christian ministers and one hundred and seventy churches.

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The Book of Beginnings.*

ALL comparisons made, or contrasts drawn, between the first and second chapters of Genesis on the assumption that they are separate and independent accounts of the same transaction are necessarily fallacious. In the one the scene embraces all the world with what it contains. In the other it is limited to the garden of Eden, which is fitted up for the habitation of the first human pair. The first advances by a succession of mighty fiats from the initial production of inanimate matter to the culmination of the whole grand process in the creation of man in the image of God. The second deals exclusively with the primitive state of man, which is minutely explained with a special view to the temptation and fall; all is on the plane of individual life and moves steadily forward to that first transgression by which man lost his original holiness and communion with God. The second chapter is thus in no sense parallel to the first, but is its natural sequel. It is the succeeding scene in the sacred history, the next act, so to speak, in the divine drama which is here transacting. It introduces the reader to a new and distinct stage in the unfolding of that plan of God which it is the purpose of the book of Genesis to record.

With such marked difference in the design and the contents of the two chapters, it follows, of course, that each has a character of its own distinct from the other. It is very easy to set one over against the other and to point out their distinctive qualities. But the dissimilar features, which so readily offer themselves to the observer, result directly and necessarily from the diversity of the subjects respectively treated in each, and require no assumption of the idiosyncrasies of different writers or the peculiarities of separate documents to account for them.

Cain.

The fact is that Cain was expelled from the seat of God's presence, the society of man, and cultivated land, to the wild steppes of the land of Nod, equivalent to the nomad region. The Hebrew word for city is in the usage broad enough to cover a nomadic encampment. The dread lest his murder might be avenged, betrayed itself afresh in his constructing such a defence for himself and his family, which subsequently may have grown from these small beginnings into much larger proportions. The builders of the first huts on the site of Chicago may be said to have laid the foundations of the city. Cain had previously been a "tiller of the ground." That he continued to be an agriculturalist is certainly not stated in the text and is in fact inconsistent with it. The arts developed by his descendants are those of nomads, viz., pasturage, music, and metallurgy, but not the cultivation of the soil. Jabal was "the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle," in a very different sense in that in which Abel was a "keeper of sheep" at his paternal home.

The Nephilim.

The sons of God are not angels nor demi-gods, whose intermarriage with the daughters of men brought forth a race of monsters or superhuman beings. This purely mythological conceit was foisted upon the passage in certain apocryphal books like the book of Enoch; also by Philo and Josephus, who were misled by the analogy of ancient heathen fables. But it was repelled by the great body of Jewish and Christian interpreters from the earliest periods, though it has been taken up again by a number of modern scholars.

On the contrary, "sons of God" is a familiar designation of the chosen race, the worshippers of the true God. Moses is instructed to say to Pharaoh (Ex. 4: 22), Thus saith Jehovah, Israel is my son: let my son go. And, on the other hand, the worshippers of false gods are called their children. Thus (Num. 21: 29) the people of Moab are spoken of as the sons and daughters of Chemosh. Mal. 2: 11, an Israelite who had taken a foreign wife is said to have married the daughter of a strange god. It is in entire accord with this Biblical usage that the pious race, who adhered to the true worship of God, are called the sons of God in contrast with the descendants of Cain, who had gone out from the presence of Jehovah, and abandoned the seat of his worship entirely.

Early Man and Eden.†

"GAN EDEN," says Sir Henry Rawlinson, "answers to the old Babylonian Gan Dunya, and must have been situated on the Euphrates and three other rivers watering the plain of Babylonia." Many of the older writers, as is well known, favor this view, and among later authorities may be mentioned Delitszch, Pinches and Sayce. It agrees also, as we have seen, with the introductory description. Without waiting at present to notice objections, we may proceed at once to indicate the character of the geographical description, and the consequent standpoint and date of the writer.

Eden, according to our narrator, was a district or region within which, and probably in its eastern part, was planted the "Garden" intended for the primal abode of man. It was irrigated by four rivers, and I think in a document so ancient it is not necessary to insist on a later Semitic usage, which would cause us to understand the word "heads" as "mouths" and so to render unintelligible the whole description from a geographical point of view. We may assume that the four rivers were confluent in the region and that the "heads" into which they were divided are their sources.

One of these rivers, the Euphrates, or Perath, was evidently the standpoint of the writer, for he merely gives its name. The second, Hiddekel, or Tigris, he says, goeth in or toward the front or east of Assyria or Asshur. The third, Gihon (rushing or pushing river), is said to run around the land of Cush. The fourth, or more distant river, Pison (spreading river), being probably more distant and less known to his readers, he characterizes more fully. It runs around the land of Havilah, where there is gold, "and the gold of that land is good; there is bedolach and shoham stone." We are thus restricted to the region of the Euphrates and Tigris; and to the eastward of the latter are the important rivers Kherkah and Karun, both flowing into the Shat-el-Arab formed by the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, and, as modern exploration shows, corresponding with the indications of our old geographer.

Taking them now in the order of the narrative, and identifying the Pison with the Karun, we find that this alone of the four rivers flows down from the high range of the mountains of Luristan (the ancient Zagros), which lies along the western frontier of Persia, and is the only range of gigantic and metamorphic rocks near to the old Eden plain. These hills have, according to the late eminent geologist, William Kennet Loftus, gold washings in some of their streams, abundance of garnets, crystalline quartz and serpentine, as well as of the pure white gypsum, afterwards used so extensively by the Assyrians, and they afford also jade, flinty slate, chert and jasper, suitable for the tools and implements of primitive man. Furthermore, this is the sole region near to the valley of the Lower Euphrates which yields these treasures. Thus the Karun, the Pasi-Tigris of Greek writers, flowing from the ancient Mount Zagros, and spreading on the Euphratean plain, is the only one of the four great rivers of the region to which the description of our author can apply, and for this identification we are indebted to the labors of an English geologist, who had, however, no reference in his explorations to Biblical history. This same river Pison is said to traverse the land of Havilah; and as this name belongs to the early post-diluvian period, it proves the date of our writer.

The next river, the Gihon, which, if represented by the modern Kherkah, runs parallel to, but not from the Zagros chain, is said to compass the land of Cush, not an African Cush or Ethiopia, but that same Cushite people which, according to Genesis, established the earliest kingdom in the plain of Shinar. The existence of this early Cushite or Turanian kingdom, and its importance and civilization, and the colonies which it sent into Arabia and Africa, are now well known from the ancient Chaldean inscriptions, especially those of Tel-loh; and Hommel has quite recently confirmed the identification of Nimrod with the old Chaldean hero Gisdubar, and has ever published an inscription calling him the founder of Erech, the city which, according to Genesis, was the beginning of his kingdom. The connection of the Tigris from the earliest times with the beginning of the Assyrian empire is well known. Thus we identify the site of Eden by both the physical and the historical geography of our narrative.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Progress in Spiritual Knowledge, by Rev. Channcey Giles. A memorial volume with a biographical sketch and portrait of the author; pp. 369, price $1.50. American New Church Tract and Publication Soc., Philadelphia.

Memorial of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Sylvester Malone. Edited by Sylvester J. Malone; pp. 224, price $2.00, by mail $2.25. From D. S. Holmes, 388 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

She Did What She Could.

On March 11, 1896, the beloved Governor of Massachusetts was buried. The floral display was magnificent, flowers here, there, everywhere; wreaths from friends, state officers, societies, lodges, in fact the entire space allotted for them was completely filled and the little church in Lowell, Governor Greenhalge's home, was soon expected to be packed. As the florists and others stood back to survey the effect of a new piece just added, a tall, elderly lady, very plainly and neatly dressed came slowly in the church and looked sadly on the scene and then from one to another evidently wishing to speak to someone. A kindly man asked her what she wished. She said:

"I am most ashamed to bring it, but he once showed me a kindness and this one lily is all I have to bring. Please put it somewhere for me."

As the gentleman searched in vain for a vacant place for it, he at last laid the beautiful calla lily on the pulpit Bible, and there it appropriately remained throughout the entire service, as pure and lovely as any in the vast collection. Perhaps this was the most touching and costly gift to them all.

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JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.

A Celebrated Author's Pen Picture of the Holy City as it Now Appears.

FEW names are more widely known in contemporaneous literature than that of Pierre Loti, the famous French author, scientist and traveler. He gives in a recent article in a Paris journal his most interesting description of the Holy City: On foot, and accompanied by an Arab for my guide, I left my hotel to go last to the Holy Sepulchre. It is almost in the heart of Jerusalem. I passed through little, narrow, and tortuous streets, between walls of houses old as the Crusades, without windows and without roofs. On the damp pavements and under a sky still obscure were the costumes of the East, worn by Turks, Bedouins and Jews. The women looked like phantoms with their long veils.

The town still remains Saracen. On the way I noticed that we were passing through an Oriental bazaar, where the stalls were occupied by venders wearing turbans; and in the shadow of the covered little streets there moved slowly a file of enormous camels, which compelled us to take shelter in the doorways. A little further on we were again obliged to stand aside to make room for a long and strange procession of Russian women, all about sixty years old at least. They walked rapidly, leaning upon sticks or umbrellas, and wearing faded dresses and fur cloaks. Their faces, with an expression of fatigue and suffering, were framed, as it were, by black handkerchiefs, presenting a dark and gloomy picture in the midst of the high colors of the Orient. They moved along with an excited and at the same time an exhausted air, jostling everything and everybody without noticing anything, like somnambulists, with fixed eyes, as if in a celestial dream; and old moujiks by hundreds succeeded them, with the same expression of ecstacy on their faces. Upon their breasts were many medals, indicating that they were old soldiers. They had entered the Holy City the day before, and were coming back from their first visit to the place of adoration, where I was going. Poor pilgrims! they come here by thousands, traveling on foot, sleeping outdoors under the rain or snow, suffering from hunger, and leaving many of their dead upon the roads.

As they approach, the Eastern objects upon the stands disappear to give place to objects of obscure Christian piety—beads by the thousand, crosses, religious lamps, images and icons. And here the crowd becomes greater. The pilgrims stop to purchase the little beads made of wood, and like two-cent crucifixes, which they carry away as relics to be held sacred forever.

At last, in an old wall, rough as a rock, there appears a shapeless opening, narrow and low, and by a series of descending steps we come out upon a place overhung by high, sombre walls in front of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Here it is customary to uncover, as soon as the Holy Sepulchre comes into view.

On entering we find ourselves in a sort of vestibule, revealing the magnificent cloths where innumerable lamps are burning. Turkish guards, armed as if for a massacre, occupy the entrance. Seated like sovereigns on a large divan, they look with scorn upon the passing adorers of this people, which, from their point of view, is the disgrace of Mohammedan Jerusalem.

Oh, that unexpected and never-to-be-forgotten impression which one receives on entering there for the first time! Here is a labyrinth of dark sanctuaries of all perils and of all aspects, communicating by halls and porticos, superb colonnades, little doors, and openings like the entrances to caverns. Some are elevated like high grottoes, where we notice in obscure corners groups of women wearing long veils; others, underground, where we brush against spectres along the sides of the black and damp rock; and all this in a sort of half night, except here and there great rays of light, which intensify the neighboring obscurity, the whole infinitely stirred by the little flames of golden and silver lamps which descend in thousands from the vault. And everywhere we find crowds moving along, or standing grouped according to their nationalities around the tabernacles.

Psalmodies, lamentations, and joyous chants fill the high vaults and vibrate in the sepulchral sonorities below—the nasal melopæia of the Greeks, broken by the shouts of the Kopts—and in all these voices there is an intermingling of grief and prayers, blending the discords in manner indescribably strange, and sounding like the great wail of humanity, the last cry of its distress in the presence of death.

The rotunda with a high cupola, into which we first enter and from which we can imagine the obscure chaos of the other sanctuaries, is occupied in the centre by a grand kiosk of marble of semi-barbarous beauty and loaded with silver lamps. It encloses the stone of the sepulchre. All around this holy kiosk the crowd gathers or remains stationary. On one side there are hundreds of moujiks and matouchkas kneeling upon the flags. On the other are the women of Jerusalem standing upright and wearing long white veils. One would take them to be antique virgins in this dreamy penumbra. Further on we find Abyssinians and Arabs prostrated, with their foreheads on the flags; Turks with drawn sabres, and people of all communions and of all languages.

In profound obscurity we go down to the chapel of St. Helena through the wide staircase of about thirty steps, worn, broken, and dangerous, looking like a tumble-down ruin, and lined with crouching spectres. Our candles, as we go by, light up those vague creatures, immovable and of the color of the side of the rock. They are maimed beggars, demented creatures, devoured with ulcers, all sinister looking, with their hands under their chins, and their long hair falling down about their faces. Among these frightened objects is a blind young man enveloped in his magnificent blond curls which cover him like a cloak.

In the background the chapel of St. Helena appears in the pure rays of the day, which come in pale bluish tints through the openings of the vault. It is certainly one of the strangest pieces of this whole place which is called the Holy Sepulchre. Here we experience in the most striking fashion the sentiment of the terrible past. It was silent when I came and it was empty under the gaze of the phantoms that occupied the staircase of the entrance. There was an indistinct sound from the bells and the chants above. Behind the altar another staircase, occupied by the same kind of personages with long hair, reaches further down into the darkness. From the depths below there comes a procession of Abyssinian priests, looking like ancient Magi coming from the bowels of the earth. In the distance, near the kiosk of the Sepulchre, the rock of Calvary appears. It supports two chapels, into which one enters by about twenty stone steps, which for the crowd form the chief places for prostration and sobs.

From the peristyle of these chapels, as from an elevated balcony, the view commands a confused mass of tabernacles, a labyrinth of churches. The most splendid of all is that of the Greeks. Upon a nimbus of silver, which shines out in the background like a rainbow, there appear in life size the pale images of three crucified ones—Christ and the two thieves. The walls disappear under the icons of silver, gold, and precious stones. The altar is erected at the traditional place where the crucifixion took place. Under the altar rail a treillage of silver leaves in view in the dark rock the hole where the cross was planted, and it is there that the pilgrims crawl on their knees, moistening those sombre stones with their tears and their kisses, while a soothing sound of chant and prayers incessantly comes from the churches below.

And here for now nearly 2,000 years the same scenes have been enacted in this place, although under different forms and in different basilics, with interruption of sieges, battles, and massacres, only to be reproduced again more passionately than ever. Here is the same concert of prayer, the same *ensemble* of supplications and of triumphant acts of grace.

Surely the first Christians, in the purely spiritual spring of their faith, when the teaching of the Master was still fresh in their souls, did not encumber themselves with the magnificences of symbols and images. Certainly it was not earthly recollections—the place of martyrdom or an empty sepulchre—that preoccupied them. They did not seek their Redeemer there, because they saw him forever freed from transitory things and standing above in serene light. But we, the people of the West and of the North, have escaped more recently from naive barbarities than the antique societies from which the first Christians sprung. In the middle ages, when the faith penetrated our forests, it was obscured by a thousand primitive religions; and it is the smallest number among us that have been sufficiently enfranchised from accumulated traditions to be able to embrace the evangelical worship in spirit and in truth. And, moreover, when faith is extinguished in the modern souls it is still toward this veneration of sacred spots and cherished recollections that unbelievers are brought by the sad regret of the lost Saviour.

Oh, that Christ, for whom all these crowds have come and for whom the poor old woman near me kneels down, kisses the pavement, and throws upon the flags her broken heart, while shedding tears of delicious hope! Let his memory be adored for his sublime teachings of brotherly love, of hope, and of eternity!

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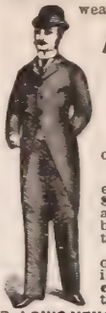

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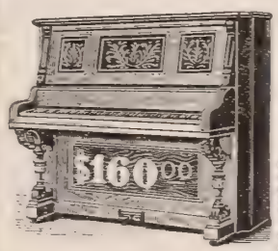

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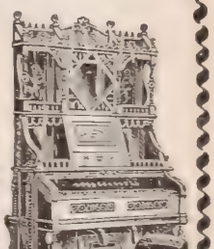

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THE GOVERNOR RELENTED.

BELIEVERS in the power of prayer will find encouragement in the following incident, which is related by Rev. E. Payson Hammond: Revival meetings were being held in San Francisco, and some of the friends went out on the streets and held a short song service inviting the people to come to the Union Hall. Among those who listened to one of these services and heard the invitation was a young woman who was living a life of shame. She heard it as she sat listlessly at her open window, and she determined to go. Her mother was a Christian, though her father was a thoroughly worldly man. He was the Governor of his State and a man of considerable influence. The daughter had moved in the best society, but living for this world only. She was sought in marriage by a young man of whom her parents disapproved, but she gave her whole heart to him, and as her parents would not give their consent to the union, she ran away from home and married him. It did not take long to prove to her that her parents' judgment was wiser than her own. She learned by bitter experience the worthless character of her husband. He neglected, and finally deserted he. Then she grew reckless, went to San Francisco and abandoned the path of virtue altogether.

She kept her resolution to go to the meetings and went for several nights. One night she stayed with others seeking salvation and was converted.

"What shall I do?" was the question that pressed on her. Her father had forbidden her ever entering his home, her mother was longing to see her, but she dared not go home. One of the ladies who had talked with her, said to her, however, "This God, who for Christ's sake has forgiven you your sins and changed your heart, loves you. He hears and answers prayer. He says, 'Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee the great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.' (Jer. 33 : 3.) Let us pray for your father. The same Holy Spirit who has filled your heart with joy can change him so that he will seek salvation for himself, and if he gets forgiveness he will forgive you." So they prayed for this man, prayed that he might come under the power of the Holy Spirit.

Unknown to them, the Governor came to San Francisco. His home was two thousand miles away, but he was irresistably drawn thither. He told his wife that he needed a few days' change and had decided to take a trip to California. Looking over the papers on the evening of his arrival, he saw columns about the wonderful meetings and determined to attend one. He went and his heart was touched. He wept like a child, and humbly pleaded for the pardon of his sins through Christ. His prayer was answered, and the light of a new life shone in his face. As he turned to leave the hall his daughter saw him. The recognition was mutual; he opened his arms to her and she sprang to them, saying, like the Prodigal, "Father I have sinned. Can you forgive me as God has forgiven me?"

The father looked lovingly on his beautiful daughter, and said, "He has forgiven me, too. Surely I will forgive you and he will make me a new man."

The friends standing around were melted to tears; and did not angels in heaven rejoice, as, leaning on her father's arm, she went out of that hall with him? The next day they went home, where they found the wife and mother ready to say with good Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for my eyes have seen thy salvation."

Surely this remarkable answer to prayer should lead us to believe the promise, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

An Indian Hymn-Writer.

Not a few of the Indians in the Northwestern States who have embraced Christianity in recent years and been brought under civilizing influences, have developed remarkable traits of character. Writing of mission work among the Blanket Indians and Kiowas, Rev. N. B. Rairden says:

"The Kiowas have shown a remarkable interest in the Gospel, considering all their past history. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing that they should have received the Gospel from us at all, considering their proud spirit and the feeling they have manifested toward the whites. This very fact has prevented them from receiving as fully the vices of our civilization as many other tribes who have been more friendly. The first convert at Andarko, Chief Big Tree's wife, has been a tower of strength. Her brother, Go-te-bo, a man of large influence in the tribe, has also done much to influence his people towards Christianity. These two have ever been faithful and consistent, and have sought in every possible way to cause others to accept Christ. Go-te-bo has proved himself to be a poet of no mean order, considering his opportunities and lack of even the rudiments of education. He has composed quite a number of Kiowa hymns, which are sung with great zest by the people. Go-te-bo has been a deacon in the little church since it was organized in January, 1894. Chief Big Tree, also a deacon, has ever been ready to exhort and admonish his people to leave the old life and seek a new heart and a new life by faith in Jesus." And thus, through humble instruments, many are being brought into the fold.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$18 00
Mrs Lydia E Wheeler.	50
L M, Panama, N Y	50
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Total	**$23.87**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$4 00
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In His Name, Phila	4 00
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L W Bates	1 00
S A Wing	1 00
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For the Door of Hope.

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For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$16 50
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T D Bowers	50
——, Point Judith	1 00
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R E S, Monroe, N Y	1 00
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Home Missions.

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For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

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For Miss Emma Nason's Work among [illegible] men.

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Mary J W[illegible]	[illegible]
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P H Hill	5 00
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For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary,

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For Mrs. Lamadrid, St. Andrew's [illegible]

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E M Simons	50
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Mrs D Miller	2 00

For The Christian Herald Children's Home.

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"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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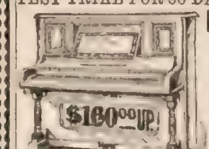

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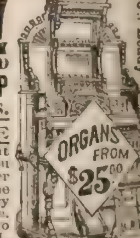

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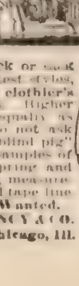

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ONLY A TRAMP.

IT was a country road which seemed to have no definite aim, as it carelessly wound this way and that, now rising a little, and then dipping into a grassy hollow. Here it was partly fenced by a rail fence overgrown with blackberry bushes, just opening their sunny blossoms; there great bushes of sweet-brier grew against a low stone wall. A little further, where the road dipped down by the side of a noisy brook, were many willows, all in their fresh green array.

Overhead were the branches of trees—maples and oaks and some elms—and where it came close to the farmhouses, whole orchards of sweet-scented bloom. And along the edges stretched a soft green carpet; and the hum of insects, the twitter of birds, the deep blue of the sky with its fleecy clouds, would have told any happy mortal that this was a May morning. The only blot in all this brightness was a man, ragged and unkempt, slowly slouching along. A being with bleared eyes and trembling frame, who seemed sadly out of place amid all the joyousness of the springtime. Only a tramp—a poor unhappy creature; a burden to himself and a terror to others. He had slept on the hay in a farmer's barn, from which he had risen, before anyone was astir, stiff and unrefreshed; he had already been refused a breakfast two or three times; but, hardest to bear, he had been for twenty-four hours without a drink of liquor.

Fear, far greater than hunger or the inebriant craving of a diseased appetite, was the fear of becoming sober; the terrible dread of the thoughts and memories which would come to haunt him, if once his brain were free from the numbing effect of alcohol. Already, as if it had been a magician's wand, the scent of the apple-blossoms brought before his eyes the old orchard on the breezy New England hillside, and hark! was not that the voice of his wife, singing; he stopped and drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and the thought came, "Poor Katy, I wonder if she ever sings now." He passed down the little incline in the road and paused by the brook; its rush and tinkle as it skipped down the stones and glided away under the grassy borders, reminded him of the brook at the foot of the meadow, which he always crossed on his way to school.

He stooped and took from his pocket a crust of bread, dipped it with feverish haste in the sparkling water, and ate it. As he did this, the voice of his old pastor sounded on his ears, "And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat; but no man gave unto him." Impatiently he bathed his fevered head and hands in the cool water, and started on. Drink he must have; something to blot out these sights and sounds from the dead past. At this moment the sound of horse's feet and the roll of wheels fell on his ear, and then a cheery voice, crying,

"Good morning, my friend; as we are traveling the same way, allow me to give you a lift."

"Friend, whose friend? He had been no man's friend, not even his own, for years; he looked about, but seeing no one save the genial, handsome man who had spoken replied:

"Thank you, but I am not fit for a seat in your carriage."

The gentleman threw back his lap-robe, saying, "I think Jack can take us both up the hill more easily than you can walk."

Impelled by the kind voice and magnetic smile, the tramp took the vacant seat, and they rode on in silence for awhile, save the remark on the beauty of the morning. Just before them the long hill, where the road wound up and up for nearly a mile. As they began the ascent, they met a party of gentlemen coming down, all of whom greeted his companion in the most courteous manner, and as they passed them he asked:

"Sir, are you not ashamed to be seen riding with a tramp?"

Never while he lives will he forget the look in the fine dark eyes turned toward him as his unknown friend replied:

"May I answer your question with another: Will you tell me what made you a tramp?"

"Whiskey," was the brief answer.

"Ah, he is a cruel master. How long have you served him?"

"I took my first drink of liquor at a class banquet, seven years ago this month; the result is before you."

"So you have given this hard master seven years of your manhood with all their glorious possibilities; your early hopes and ambitions for a noble useful life, home, friends, happiness, and what have you in return?"

The kindly interest in the voice and manner reached the heart of the poor tramp, and in a trembling voice he replied,

"Nothing, sir nothing! Brought up in a Christian home; graduated with honor from college; married to a lovely wife; whiskey has robbed me of everything, and in return given me broken health, a ruined, disgraced manhood, and the privilege of tramping through the country begging my bread from door to door."

The eyes of the tramp were full of tears, his face quivering with grief. After a moment's silence the gentleman asked earnestly:

"Have you had enough of this mistaken way of living? Do you want to try for a better life, and make the effort to regain what you have lost?"

"Do I want to do this?" Oh, sir, does a sinner in hell want to enter heaven? But it is impossible; I am friendless and hopeless, too weak to depend on myself; from the depth to which I have fallen there is no way up."

The gentleman laid one hand kindly on the ragged shoulder as he replied,

"My poor boy, there is always a way up if one really desires to reform. The way may be rough and hard, but your heavenly Father stands with open arms to receive you, if you but turn to him; and all that a brother could do for you, I am here to do, to help you back to a sober manhood."

Thus it came about that John Lester—no longer a tramp—entered the home of this good Samaritan, and began his fight for life. It would be impossible to tell the agony of the months that followed,—the constant struggle day and night with the terrible enemy, who sought in every way, to overcome the weak will and weaker body; the tears, and prayers, and frantic clinging to the one friend, who stood like a strong wall between him and utter hopelessness. Added to the constant struggle with this fearful appetite, were haunting memories like ghosts continually about him, memories of lost opportunities, blasted reputations, a broken-hearted mother, a deserted wife, and days and nights of debauchery so fearful, that he trembled at the thought of them. At last, led by the kind hand that never faltered, sustained by the true heart that never failed him, he came up from the depths, and trusting alone in the love of God to keep, began his new life. One bright day the forsaken wife, who, although she had suffered so much, was brave enough and loving enough to forgive, came to him, and together they went home and began their united life again.

The good Samaritan has gone to his reward; the good which he accomplished lives after him. To-day John Lester is a noble Christian man, caring for the friendless, lifting the fallen, binding up the broken hearted. There are none so lost or neglected but he has for them a helping hand, as he humbly strives from day to day to follow the grand life of him who came into the world to save the sinner, even though be be, "Only a tramp!"

LAEL CLARKE.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The British National Council of Christian Endeavor Societies is urging that the International Convention of 1900 meet in London.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

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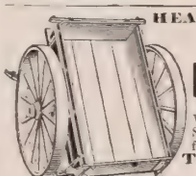

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A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT AMID THE RUINS OF ANCIENT JERICHO, PALESTINE. (See Page 323.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

EXPATRIATION.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: II. Sam. 15:17, "*And the king went forth and tarried in a place which was far off.*"

FAR up and far back in the history of heaven, there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach: we have often done that. He was was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, when he arrived, his disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel-drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this One of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light him in—that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne-room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louises of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not man-[illegible] He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. [illegible] The one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering [illegible] world. Your [illegible] King eternal, immortal and honor and glory and power be unto him [illegible]."

But I go further, and tell you he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold, or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simoom-swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the back-door yard, seemingly, of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world.

I go further, and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never to much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against him with every weapon of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For year after his arrival, the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him, the high-priests hated him, the Pharisees hated him, Judas Iscariot hated him, Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when he expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at his side, and when the hammer was lifted for his feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened; he could look to the right and he could look to the left, and he could look up and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the palms of his hands; he saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anesthetic to dull or stupify, but, wideawake, he saw the desolation of the heavens, the tabulancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachinnation diabolic. Oh! it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

I go further, and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great centre, the centre so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great centre in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when he came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was a-hungered, and he was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh! the homesickness of Christ. Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter-shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ, as rising from the carpenter's working-bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that his rough path would end at a defoliaged tree without one leaf and with only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh! what an exile—starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without any water. Day without any sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor-grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and sta[illegible] ed him on a career that made his na[illegible] more majestic among Frenchmen than a[illegible] other name in the last twenty years. Ha[illegible] thorne, turned out of the office of collect[illegible] at Salem, went home in despair. His w[illegible] touched him on the shoulder and sa[illegible] "Now is the time to write your book[illegible] and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was [illegible] brilliant consequence. Worldly g[illegible] sometimes comes from worldly evil. T[illegible] be not unbelieving when I tell you t[illegible] from the greatest crime of all eternity [illegible] of the whole universe, the murder of [illegible] Son of God, there shall come results wh[illegible] shall eclipse all the grandeurs of etern[illegible] past and eternity to come. Christ, an [illegible] ile from heaven opening the way for [illegible] deportation toward heaven and to hea[illegible] of all those who will accept the profi[illegible] Atonement, a ship large enough to t[illegible] all the passengers that will come aboar[illegible]

For this royal exile I bespeak the l[illegible] and service of all the exiles here prese[illegible] and, in one sense or the other, that inclu[illegible] all of us. The gates of this continent h[illegible] been so widely opened that there are h[illegible] many voluntary exiles from other lan[illegible] Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it [illegible] your high cheek-bones, and in the c[illegible] that illumines your face when I ment[illegible] the land of your nativity. Bonnie S[illegible] land! Dear old kirk! Some of your [illegible] cestors sleeping in Greyfriars churchy[illegible] or by the deep lochs filled out of the pit[illegible] ers of heaven, or under the heather so[illegible] times so deep of color it makes one th[illegible] of the blood of the Covenanters w[illegible] signed their names for Christ, dipp[illegible] their pens into the veins of their o[illegible] arms opened for that purpose. How ev[illegible] fibre of your nature thrills as I ment[illegible] the names of Robert Bruce, and the Ca[illegible] bells, and Cochrane. I bespeak for t[illegible] royal exile of my text the love and [illegible] service of all Scotch exiles. Some of [illegible] are Englishmen. Your ancestry ser[illegible] the Lord. Have I not read of the suf[illegible] ings of the Haymarket? and have I t[illegible] seen in Oxford the very spot where R[illegible] ley and Latimer mounted the red chari[illegible] Some of your ancestors heard Ge[illegible] Whitefield thunder, or heard Cha[illegible] Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan [illegible] his dream of the celestial city; and [illegible] cathedrals under the shadow of wh[illegible] some of you were born had in their gra[illegible] est organ-roll the name of the Messiah I bespeak for the royal exile of my serm[illegible] the love and the service of all English [illegible] iles. Yes, some of you came from the [illegible] land of distress over which Hunger, c[illegible] throne of human skeletons, sat queen. [illegible] efforts at amelioration halted by massa[illegible] Procession of famines, procession of n[illegible] tyrdoms marching from Northern Cha[illegible] to Cape Clear, and from the Irish [illegible] across to the Atlantic. An island [illegible] bounded as geographers tell us, but as ev[illegible] philanthropist knows—bounded on [illegible] north and the south and the east and [illegible] west by woe which no human politics [illegible] alleviate, and only almighty God can [illegible] suage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, [illegible] Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloque[illegible] and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, [illegible] O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos w[illegible] its apocalypse of blood. Yet you can[illegible] think of it to-day without having y[illegible] eyes blinded with emotion, for there y[illegible] ancestors sleep in graves, some of wh[illegible] they entered for lack of bread. For this r[illegible] al exile of my sermon I bespeak the l[illegible] and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, s[illegible] of you are from Germany, the land [illegible] Luther, and some of you are from Italy [illegible] land of Garibaldi, and some of you [illegible] from France, the land of John Cal[illegible] one of the three mightiest of the [illegible] rious Reformation. Some of you are [illegible] scendants of the Puritans, and they w[illegible] exiles; and some of you are descend[illegible] of the Huguenots, and they were exi[illegible] and some of you are descendants of [illegible] Holland refugees, and they were ex[illegible] Some of you were born on the bank[illegible] the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you [illegible] now living in this latitude. Some of [illegible]

n the banks of the Kennebec, or at the ot of the Green Mountains, and you are ere now. Some of you on the prairies of ne West, or the table-lands, and you are ere now. Oh! how many of us far way from home. All of us exiles. This not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh! I am so glad when the royal exile ent back he left the gate ajar, or left it ide open. "Going home!" That is the ying exclamation of the majority of hristians.

I have seen many Christians die. I ink that nine out of ten of them in ne last moment say, "Going home." oing home out of banishment and sin nd sorrow and sadness. Going home to in in the hilarities of our parents and our ar children who have already departed. oing home to Christ. Going home to od. Going home to stay. Where are our loved ones that died in Christ? You ty them. Ah! they ought to pity you. ou are an exile far from home. They e home! Oh! what a time it will be r you when the gatekeeper of heaven all say: "Take off that rough sandal: ne journey's ended. Put down that sabre; e battle's won. Put off that iron coat-of-ail and put on the robe of conqueror." At at gate of triumph I leave you to-day.

The Children in the Fold.

otes of our Sunday School Missionary's Work in the Southwest—A Vigorous Young Sunday School.

CONCERNING his recent work in the founding of new Sunday Schools, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, writes as follows: "In a tour of ten days the latter part of March, delivered eleven addresses and six sermons. At the last place where I preached opportunity having been given for persons to express their purpose to serve God d those who wished prayer that they ght be saved—all were requested to indicate their purpose and request by standg.

Every person in the house rose up, en bowing we united in prayer amidst a ep and quiet interest and God gave his essing. He has very manifestly blessed rvices at other places in the tour.

"On that tour I met a pastor who said: he school you organized at the Price hool House last Spring was booming all mmer—every Sunday thirty to forty litboys and girls would repeat verses of ripture, and the people gave me between irty and forty dollars for coming from wn between my appointments and eaching for them in the afternoon. The hool closed in the winter but an appointent is out to reorganize next Sunday.'

"That is the school house where last mmer I met the giantess, Miss Ella Ewg, whose height was eight feet two ches,—I wrote you about her at the ne. Her home is in that school district.

"My recent tour was not all sunshine. ear one town visited a middle-aged man as found in a dying condition one morng near a haystack with a bullet wound his head and a revolver by his side, d a note beside it stating that he was ing to kill himself, and adding: 'No rk, no money, no home.' He was dead nen I saw him, having expired when he as taken to town."

Mr. Sharp's work in the West and uthwest, where he has established sevral hundred new Sunday Schools and a mber of churches during the last three ars is already well known to many readers of this journal. This work is wholly denominational. Already in many places has borne fruit in the inbringing of souls d in the awakening of a religious sentient in communities whose people had no urch or Sunday School privileges, and ly at rare intervals, and by long travel, uld hear a sermon. Mr. Sharp has lared faithfully in his field, and is deserving of warm encouragement and support. ny of our friends who desire to help him his excellent work and to facilitate his bors by bearing a portion of the expense r the current year, can send their contriutions for that purpose to the care of HE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, ew York.

Bedouins of Jericho.

Nomads who Camp Amid the Ruins of the Ancient City—Their Strange Life.

BEDOUIN OF THE DESERT.

THE sons and daughters of Ishmael, the Bedouins are the Gypsies of Palestine, Syria, Arabia, and the adjacent Oriental countries. Nomadic to the last degree, they are found moving from place to place at all seasons and under all circumstances. Their traveling bands camp at any convenient point that offers, whether on the plain, the mountain-side, the banks of the Jordan, or the inhospitable margin of the Dead Sea. Our colored illustration, which appears on the first page of this issue, is from a recent photograph of an encampment of Bedouins among the venerable ruins of Jericho. The scene is a picturesque and effective one. In the immediate foreground sit the women and children, while in the shadowy recess of the tattered tent one can discern the outlines of a woman's figure, near a fire on which steams a vessel containing some savory mess in preparation for a meal. The men, despite their rough, aimless lives, absolute lack of ambition, and disregard of personal appearance, still preserve a rude sort of dignity that is peculiar to their race.

It is estimated that there are over 5,000,000 Bedouins distributed in the different countries of the East. They are nearly all pure Arabs, and do not intermarry with other races. Though often supposed to be Moslems, they are not so by adoption or by religious inheritance. When near towns and cities, they fast and recite Moslem prayers, but as soon as they reach the desert all is changed, and the pretence of Mohammedanism is cast to the winds, and they neither fast nor pray; yet they are not without a knowledge of God, and they have a deep reverence for holy things. They are hospitable to strangers and intensely loyal to friends, although to all others to whom they have not been tied by the bonds of affection or gratitude, they are hostile and treacherous.

There has been comparatively little missionary work done among the Bedouins for various reasons. To succeed with them, the missionary must travel with them, live in tents as they do and be contented with their rude fare. Should he be above doing this, he will be regarded as spurning their hospitality and will lose caste at once. Missionaries can only work among them in winter—that is from October to July—the summer in the desert being intolerably hot. After May 1st, when the dry season begins, the Bedouins camp along the western shores of the Jordan, the Tigris, Euphrates and Orontes where grass is plentiful, the object being to find food for their horses, goats and camels. The men, if they have any calling at all, are shepherds and horsemen, while the women and girls do the work of the household. They live very plainly and eat sparingly, and many reach a great age, their simple habits, together with their outdoor life, being conducive to longevity.

Bedouins have some peculiar superstitions, among them being that of the "Evil Eye," which if a person possesses, he or she is able to injure another by a look; and the existence of genii or "djinn," little sprites that annoy the flocks at night or fly about in the wind-clouds.

A Bedouin tribe or family on the march is a sight worth seeing. First, they start the flock of sheep and goats in the early morning; then come the camels with their loads of tents, furniture, food and the sick and aged. Next come the women with the donkeys, all heavily laden. The men are usually scattered about, wherever they are most needed. By sunset a halt is made, the tents pitched, and with all the camels and other animals unloaded and resting, the fire blazing and savory dishes cooking for the evening meal, the camp as a whole presents a not unattractive aspect. No one, however, must be too critical of its cleanliness, for that is a quality of which, unfortunately, the average Bedouin has no appreciation.

Bedouin women are a sadly neglected class. Socially they stand about on the same level as the hard-working squaw of the uncivilized North American Indian. There is sore need of Gospel influence among them. At a few points in Syria and Arabia, some spiritual progress has been made. In the Arabian city of Homs, Mr. Van Tassel, an American missionary, several years ago established schools for boys and girls, and a small Christian church. The American Arabian Mission has been doing work in Arabia for the last eight years, its workers being Rev. James Cantine and Rev. S. M. Zwemer. The Keith Falconer Mission of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland has also done active work there for a number of years. As already stated, however, comparatively little religious work has been attempted among the Bedouins.

"Sons of Ishmael," "Children of the Desert," and other similar appellations give an idea how the civilized part of mankind has regarded the Bedouins for many generations. Shepherds, robbers,

YOUNG BEDOUIN SHEIK OF PALESTINE.

beggars—whatsoever their avocation, they have always preserved their racial peculiarities, in Syria, the great Arabian deserts, Persia, Kurdistan, or the Soudan. Physically, they are among the finest of the Oriental races, with splendid figures, brown-skinned, spare and wiry, and capable of great endurance. Morally, they are, however, very far from being models of good conduct. Polygamy, with an occasional interchange of wives, marks the low condition of Bedouin womanhood. Their women rarely preserve their good looks after their eighteenth year, and they become squat, ungraceful, and heavy-browed, their faces assuming that vacuous expression that is inseparable from endless drudgery. Although viewed with contempt by the dwellers in cities, their chiefs bear themselves with a loftiness that accords with their claim of royal descent. Hagar's son was the father of the Arab race, and many of the tribes the Israelites had to overcome in the wilderness were Ishmaelites. But the nomads themselves declare that there were once great and powerful nations of their people, and that the Bedouin Kings were among the principal monarchs who brought gifts to Solomon. They conquered all Syria. To-day they are a race of wanderers and mendicants.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NO more beautiful, practical or enduring souvenir of Palestine has ever been carried across the sea to these shores than the highly polished Olive Wood slabs, imported by this journal especially for its own readers and their friends. These slabs are from olive trees grown on the hallowed Mount of Olives. They are selected with great care and beautifully polished by native workmen in Bethlehem, their shining, transparent surface showing clearly the exquisite designs and delicate tracings of the heart of the wood beneath. No tree is so rich in coloring as the olive. These slabs, of which we have a number now on hand, are suitable for desk or mantel ornaments, paper-weights or keepsakes. As a gift to a friend, nothing of the kind could give greater pleasure and satisfaction. Such a memento is sure to be cherished by all who receive it. Perfect specimens of the Olive Wood, in the form of slabs from three to four and one-half inches diameter and averaging an inch in thickness, will be forwarded, postage prepaid, at the merely nominal charge of twenty-five cents each.

* * *

"How Can I Study the Bible to best Advantage?" is a question that is being asked by thousands of thoughtful, earnest men and women to-day. At no time in the world's history has more light been shed on the mysteries of the Sacred Book than in our own day and generation. All the results of learned and pious investigation, consecrated scholarship and the ripest ability have been collated and preserved and are now combined in a single volume known as *Helps to the Study of the Bible.* This book is a complete library in itself, comprising as it does summaries of the sacred writings, with copious explanatory notes, Bible chronology, history of the Bible lands and their characteristics, tables illustrative of Scripture history, a complete Subject-Index, a Concordance, a Bible Dictionary, and a series of colored maps. There is, besides, a wealth of varied information concerning the birds, beasts, insects, fishes, plants, trees, and flowers of the Bible. With these HELPS at hand, it is difficult to understand how any Bible student can greatly err or misapprehend. The volume represents ages of labor, and is in this sense priceless; yet it is within everyone's reach, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will supply copies to all who send 50 cents for that purpose.

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No book that has ever come from Dr. Talmage's facile pen has reached such an amazing popularity as his greatest work, *From Manger to Throne*, the wonderfully told story of the earthly life of our Saviour. It is doubtless the most complete, popular presentation of this great subject that has ever appeared in our own land, at least. Rich in engravings and halftone illustrations and elegantly bound in cloth with decorative cover, this delightful volume of 544 pages will hold the reader fascinated from its preface to the concluding sentence. It is a splendid addition to the household library, and makes a handsome book on the centre-table. But apart from all others considerations, there is the old, sweet story of Jesus, as told in Dr. Talmage's own unapproachable way, with a pen tipped with the eloquence of inspiration almost, and that story is invested with a new charm for old and young. Copies of *From Manger to Throne* may be secured, all charges prepaid, by sending one dollar to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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One of the few, indeed, very few things no right-thinking and right-living man or woman can dispense with is a copy of the sacred Book. And as none, nowadays, think of possessing any save the best, this naturally narrows down the selection to that premier of modern Bibles—the International, Teachers' Self-Pronouncing Bible. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S offer of these valuable Bibles as premiums to be sent with a year's subscription at $3, still remains good. Remember that these elegant Bibles are of the finest quality, both as to paper and binding—being leather-lined, red under gold edges, and silk-sewed. Such a volume will last a lifetime, and will still look well after years of constant handling.

FAITH.

Sunday School Lesson for May 3. Luke 17: 5-19. Golden Text, Luke 17: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE disciples pray to their divine Master, "Increase our faith," and the prayer is left unanswered. Why? It was not a prayer of faith. The great mystery which hath been hid from ages and generations "had not yet been manifested to the twelve, they had no conception of "Christ in you, the Hope of glory." Therefore, when Jesus proposes to them forgiveness of a brother on a scale hitherto unprecedented (seven times in one day), they, not finding in themselves any possibility of coming up to such a standard, throw the responsibility on him, and say, "Increase our faith." The answer of the Saviour is of the deepest significance, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye would say unto this sycamore tree, be thou rooted up, and be thou planted in the sea; and it would have obeyed you." (R.V.) But ye must obey God, if ye would exercise faith. The servant who has ploughed or kept sheep in the field all day does not think it hard when immediately on his entering the house, he must get the meal ready for his master, before he can take any refreshment himself. He only does his duty, and he is not to expect any unusual thanks from his master. And this is the position of a true follower of Christ. When he has "done all," when he has succeeded in forgiving the same brother seven times in one day he is still but a servant, an unprofitable servant, who has done no more than was his duty to do.

Is this hard on the part of our God? Look closely into it. God demands impossibilities. All our human nature revolts from pardoning the brother, the Christian brother, who

Repeats Seven Times

in one day the offence which not only touches us personally, but injures the work and the reputation of our Lord. Such a strain is more than human nature can sustain. Are we not justified in throwing the responsibility upon him who requires such impossibilities? Here it is that faith comes in. It is true, absolutely true, that human nature cannot reach out to do what is divine, and it is divine and not human to forgive seven times running in the same day the same brother for the same offence. It is divine, and God has done the same thing to you and to me. But you will say, I am not divine I am human. So says reason, so says feeling, so says experience. What says faith? The great mystery to which we have alluded, "Christ in you the Hope of Glory," can be apprehended and received only by faith, "that Christ may dwell in your heart

By Faith,"

(Eph. 3: 17.) Just as forgiveness of sins is ours as we believe what God says about it in the Bible so Christ dwells in us as we believe what Christ says in the Bible about the indwelling. Believing that in very deed Christ, the patient, the meek and lowly One, is really dwelling in our hearts by faith, we do not consult our feelings as to whether we can, seven times over, forgive the brother in one day; we look instinctively at what Christ in us can do. Instead of shifting the responsibility upon God, and praying for more faith, we do what Christ said to the disciples. The sycamore tree of self-life, which feels the wrong done by the brother, is there, but Christ, who has "all power both in heaven and earth," is there also; and in his name, we can say, "Be thou rooted up, and be thou planted in the sea." Faith sees the presence of Christ above the difficulties, but faith never can cast on God the responsibility which is rightfully our own.

Faith sees God, and honors him in everything: conscious of our inability to do anything which is truly spiritual and yet never saying "I can't," but "God can," or rather, "I can do all things in Christ who strengthens me." A real prayer of faith is by no means the prerogative of very advanced Christians: often, indeed, the prayers of children in years or of newborn babes in Christ, is the most really a prayer of faith. It is simply dealing with God himself, and what he says and is, instead of dealing with ourselves, what we are and what we feel; or with others, as to what they think and what they say. There is something painfully sad in the way in which some people will talk of a Christian, as though the greatest credit were due to him simply because he believes God means what he says, and has to be taken at his Word! What a sad revelation it is of the terrible state of the Christian Church, that it should be the exception, and not the rule, to believe in the living God!

Many there are who are constantly occupied with the question how much faith they have, and whether their faith will reach out to all the contingencies of the day. We might as well study our breathing apparatus. We know we breathe by breathing.

We Know we Believe

by believing. Faith is not faith when it is not in exercise. When we read that Paul says to the saints at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus, that our Father has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ (Eph. 1: 2, 3), and that having saved us by his grace, he has raised us up with Christ and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus,—how shall we act? Shall we, like beggars, pray for the spiritual blessings which Paul tells us we are blessed with in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus? Would not that be a prayer of unbelief? Shall we then try to feel we possess these spiritual blessings? But that would be to call an earthly witness to a heavenly reality and "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned" (1. Cor. 2: 14). What then shall we do? Surely take our position in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, i. e., believe that Jesus Christ is in us, that God is indeed on our side in all things, that all these spiritual blessings are ours. Then we shall praise our God for them while we recognize that they are ours only while we sit in heavenly places, abiding in Christ and turning our back upon ourselves.

Having taught his disciples this great lesson, the Lord Jesus, on his way up to Jerusalem, was passing through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, "and as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers which stood afar off." This was not an unusual sight. Alas! the lepers are plentiful now also in many lands. Poor, miserable beings, often with hands from which every finger has dropped off; feet in the same condition; parts of their faces wanting, and suffering very great pain as the awful disease does its deadly work upon them. Their need was great: some rumor of the healing power of Jesus must have reached them: he was there in the neighborhood and might never be there again. They were not busied with the measure of their faith, they gauged instead the power of the Lord Jesus, and his willingness to save the poor and wretched; they used the little faith they had instead of asking for more, and their sycamore tree was soon dislodged. "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us," was all of their all-inclusive prayer. Their words were fair; they recognized in him a Saviour, Jesus, but also a Master, who had a right to their service; they did not come with almost a command like the nobleman of Cana in Galilee, "Sir, come down, else my child die" (John 4); theirs was a plea for mercy only. But it was a plea which was not rejected, although Jesus knew whom he had to deal with. God always responds to real faith. And that faith must be tested. "Go," Jesus said to them, when the wretched and mutilating disease was still upon them, "and shew yourselves to the priests." "What would be the use of such a journey?" reason would say; the priests have examined and excommunicated us, we are under compulsion to stand afar off, and to come near none of our fellowmen; what can it avail to go again to the priests?"

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

LEPERS BY THE WAYSIDE.

SIGNIFICANT in many respects was the petition presented by the disciples to the Lord. They asked him to increase their faith. When we consider what faith is, and remember that it is founded on our knowledge of the person, or doctrine, to be believed, the request seems a strange one. It implied the existence already of a species of faith. The disciples must have believed that Christ had some mysterious power over them, otherwise they would not have supposed that he could do what they asked. They evidently believed in his power to increase their faith. Their desire was doubtless based on the fact that Christ had in many ways impressed them with the belief that faith was the channel by which development and power could come to them. They had seen, again and again, his own dependence on faith. In one instance it is recorded that he *could not* do mighty works in a district, because of unbelief; and repeatedly, when applicants came to him to be healed, his preliminary question was as to whether they believed. If they believed, anything was possible. We get a light on this attitude from our own experience. A boy has little likelihood of getting help from a teacher, unless the boy believes in his teacher. A physician knows how much easier his work is, if his patient believes in his skill. But this measure of faith on the part of his disciples, Christ in his reply counts as infinitesimal. If they had the slightest degree of faith—faith so small as to be comparable to the smallest seed, their power would be so mighty over the forces of nature that even a tree would obey them. Several similar utterances in the Gospels imply that there is a power of mind over matter that is not even yet understood. Christ's utterance is mysterious, and it may have been intended as a figure. We know, as a fact, that the tearing up a tree is a work far less difficult than the rooting out of human nature the passions and evil proclivities that ruin it. A man who has a tree in his garden that he wishes removed, can do it easily, but if he is addicted to drinking and gambling, he could not so easily eradicate those vices from his n ture. This, as we know, can be do through faith, and it is a greater miracl Connected with this remark was a war ing against self-confidence and self-impo tance. This gift that the disciples sough must not be used for their own glory. was a gift for a specific purpose. Posses ing it, they must be like the servant Chri describes, whose duty it is to serve h master, and is not entitled to honor or cred for his service. The gift is a trust, and that it produces belongs to him who h imparted it. The disciples would be e abled to work miracles, but the miraci were not to be worked to excite wonde or attract honor to themselves. Wh all was done they were to remember th this strange power had been given the for the Lord's benefit. With singular i felicity, the Lesson Committee has inclu ed in the lesson the incident of the leper Although its direct teaching is a lesson gratitude, it may, however, be used as illustration of faith. The diseased m must have had some faith to have start to go to the priests before they were he ed. As they went, they were cleanse This is the faith Christ requires. If t lepers had said, Let us first be cleanse and then there will be some reason for to go to the priests, there would have be no cure. Diseased as they were, they sta ed, relying on Christ's power, and th were healed as they went. The obvio lesson is that the the kind of faith sinne are required to exercise is that whi shows itself in obedience. They are quired to quit their sins, and the power do so comes not to the man who bemoa his weakness and makes no effort. comes to the man who tries, sure that power not his own, will be given to hi

If ye had faith. Dr. Grossart compar faith to the railroad coupling. "Look," says, "at the mighty locomotive at t depot, it snorts like a strong war-hors All its parts—boiler, tubes, piston, fi steam—are in perfect order. But the stand the cars laden with passengers st and unable to move. The locomotive bac to them. Still the cars stand motionles What is needed? The connection betwe the cars and the locomotive. The gia links are brought together and the locom tive steams out of the depot with the ca behind it. There is almighty power at t disposal of men, but the connection m be made and that connection is faith."

As they went they were cleansed. Naam had a similar experience. He must ob and thus show faith before he could healed. An illustration of this which h often been used is that of the captain of vessel accustomed to navigate a sea su as the Mediterranean in which the tid are low. Coming to the mouth of a riv he is stopped by the bar. Signals are flas ed to him from the shore to lighten l cargo and be ready at a certain hou Part of his cargo is taken off and the C tain makes all his preparations thou there is no apparent sense in them. B the tide comes; the vessel is lifted a sails safely over the bar. The man w determines to obey God and begins trusting to the power Christ will give h is the man who exercises the true fait showing his faith by his works.

When ye shall have done all. Faith God's power has been honored in ma extraordinary ways. One remarkable i stance occurred during the Napoleonic wa On the day before Easter Sunday, in 17 the town of Felkirche was horror-strick by seeing a French army of 18,000 me under Massena, come against it. The to council was hastily summoned to deci what should be done. Some membe urged immediate surrender, others urg one measure of defence and others son thing different, but all were desperate. T meeting broke up with nothing done, a each member was instructed to be the the following morning. "To-morrow said the old Dean, "is Easter Sunday. W have been reckoning our own strength, a have found it to be nothing. Let us tu to God. Let us have service as usu and beseech God to deliver us." T Council agreed, and at dawn the bells every steeple rang out the joyous peal th greeted the Easter morn. Massena hea the joy-bells, and asked what had occurre His officers could not tell him, but the r mor spread that in the night the Austria had come to the relief of the town. alarm, Massena broke up his camp, a before the bells had ceased ringing, t French army was in full retreat.

The Struggle in the Soudan.

Kassala a Strategic Point in the Life-and-death Conflict Impending Between Mohammedanism and Civilization on the Egyptian Frontiers.

IN all quarters of the civilized world public interest in foreign affairs turns to the Soudan where the struggle between civilization and foul, fanatical oppression seems likely to be fought with desperate ...city. All accounts agree that the Italian ...erses in Abyssinia have inspired the fol...ers of the Mohammedan potentate, the Kalifa Abdullahi, with the hope of estab...ing his rule over the whole of the coun... and making it a base for operations ...nst Egypt. The green flag is waving, ...dervishes are assembling in their thou...ds and expeditions are being sent out ...eize strategic positions. One of the ...t important of these is Kassala, of ...ch a picture appears on this page. The ...n lies about two hundred miles due ...t of Massowah, the Italian possession ...che coast of the Red Sea, about half ...between that port and Khartoum. It ... formerly a large and thriving town, ...is now given over to the military gar...n and may be reckoned the advanced ...ost of civilization in that region of ...ca. It has the advantage of a water ... through the river Gash or Mareb ...ch flows from the mountains on the ...hern frontier of Abyssinia. Osman ...na, the ...di's old ...famous

KASSALA, THE MENACED STRONGHOLD.

...eral who now serves the ...di's successor, promptly ...ed against the Italian ...arison which holds Kas...a when the news spread ...of the disaster at Adowa. ...ors that the place had ...fallen into his hands and that the Italians ...been compelled to evacuate it have ...en in circulation since his advance was ...own, but it is officially stated that up to ...April 11 the Italian garrison still held the ...osition and expected to hold it.

...sman Digna was not the only person ...o realize the value of Kassala to the Sou... It was openly stated in the British ...liament that the chief reason for the ...Egyptian advance from Wady Halfa to ...Asheh, was the hope of creating such a ...version as would prevent Kassala from ...falling into Mahommedan hands. Recent ...reports indicate that the policy has been ...successful. The Italian Government has ...received information that the flying squad...ron of dervishes who menaced the town ...have disappeared and it is believed that ...their hostility will be directed against the ...Anglo-Egyptian expedition instead of Kas...sala. Italy fully appreciates the service ...England has thus been able to render her ...and the Italian Prime Minister has publicly ...stated that the two Governments have ar...ranged to co-operate in future operations on ...similar lines. The stories of the few men ...who know the Soudan in its present con...dition, imply that the two European allies ...will be hailed there as deliverers rather ...than invaders. Slatin Pasha, who has ...been the slave and captive of the Moham...medan tyrant for sixteen years, from ...1879 until he escaped last year, gives ...horrible accounts of the oppression un...der which he has seen thousands die. He ...explains on dynastic grounds the anarchy ...which followed the withdrawal of Anglo-...Egyptian occupation. It appears that the ...Mahdi who appointed Khalifa Abdullahi ...his successor also nominated two other ...Khalifas in succession to Abdullahi. But ...Abdullahi was anxious to found a dynasty ...of his own and took measures immediately on his accession, to that end. He invited his own tribe to the headquarters at Omdurman and cleared a quarter of the city for their reception. Favors of all kinds were heaped upon the new arrivals who accepted his invitation, and they were suffered to oppress and maltreat the tribes of the Nile Valley. Grave dissatisfaction was thus aroused, which became acute when the Khalifa fiercely and cruelly suppressed an insurrection against them led by the two sons of the late Mahdi.

Since that time the Khalifa's rule has been one long series of war and bloodshed. Suspected tribes have been sent on dangerous expeditions to be decimated by war. Obnoxious individuals have been seized and made away with without the forms of law, or by the Oriental methods of false witnesses and corrupt tribunals, or, if all else fails, by a death sentence pronounced by the Khalifa himself as the mouthpiece of Allah. Tribes openly hostile have been exterminated wholesale, the men killed and the women distributed among the soldiery. Such is Slatin's account of the horrors he witnessed during his captivity, and he declares that all the tribes but that of the Khalifa, who are the oppressors, would rejoice if any strong power would take possession of the Soudan and deliver them from the tyrant. They will need, however, to be convinced that the deliverance will be permanent, and that the European and Egyptian forces will not withdraw after conquest and leave them to the mercy of the brutal Khalifa. "Once satisfied of this," Slatin avers, "the tribes will throw in their lot with the advancing forces and lend their aid in breaking down the power of the now waning Mahdist empire." Against this account, however, which it must be remembered is furnished by a man smarting under the cruel wrongs of a sixteen-year captivity, must be set the well-known fanaticism of the Mohammedan people, who might be expected to be slow to join the forces of Christian powers against a Mohammedan leader.

Meanwhile the British position at Akasheh is being strengthened and efforts are being made to complete the line of railway to the outpost, which will facilitate the transport of reinforcements. The railway is one of the relics of the former Egyptian occupation in 1884, but since the withdrawal long sections have been torn up by the Arabs and will have to be relaid. Sarras, a town fifty miles from Akasheh has also been garrisoned and the two places are being connected by rail. It appears that it is necessary to protect the whole line of railway by strong posts of well-armed men at short intervals, to prevent the dervishes removing the rails. The Khalifa's troops have made an advance from Suarda to Mograkeh and have now about three thousand men there. This brings the advanced posts of the two armies within fifteen miles of each other. Suarda has been heretofore the most northerly point occupied by the Khalifa's forces. It is about forty-five miles from Akasheh, and about one hundred miles from the Egyptian frontier. The difficulty of advancing beyond that point is mainly one of the commissariat department. It is expected that an attack on Akasheh will be made as soon as Osman Digna feels strong enough. It is obvious from the careful preparations that are being made, that the Anglo-Egyptian expedition does not under-estimate the difficulties and dangers of its position.

An Institutional Church.

The Modern Idea of Social and Educational Work adopted in its new Branch by the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

THE time is past when the Institutional Church must be regarded as an experiment. It is an experiment only so far as the people who undertake it are lacking in experience. The effort honestly made to render the church helpful to the people in their daily lives, to let it be seen that religion takes account of social and physical needs, seldom or never fails of success. We therefore hail with pleasure the news of such a church on an enlightened basis being organized in Brooklyn. The idea originated in a sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church two years ago by its esteemed pastor, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. Since 1866 the church has supported a Mission in Concord Street which has grown and prospered and has been the means of much good in the neighborhood. Dr. Hall's sermon contained a suggestion that a Parish House should be erected in connection with this Mission in which social and educational work could be carried on. The response to Dr. Hall's appeal was so prompt and generous, that his idea took a new shape. After much thought and discussion it eventually issued in an entirely new church building in place of the old Mission Chapel — one specially designed for the new sphere of work. That building has now been erected and the dedication services were held on April 12th.

DR. C. CUTHBERT HALL.

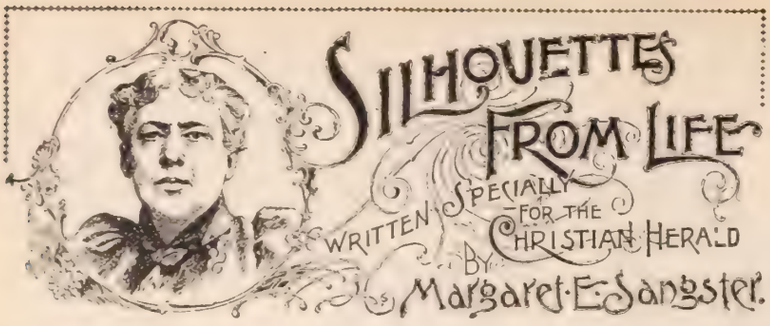
REV. GAYLORD S. WHITE.

The building, a picture of which appears on this page, cost between forty and fifty thousand dollars exclusive of its furnishings. It speaks highly for the liberality of the First Church that nearly the whole sum was paid over before the dedication took place. The exterior of the church is an adaptation of English Gothic style of architecture to ecclesiastical purposes. It has an area of 138 by 64 feet and is three stories high. Besides the auditorium which will seat seven hundred persons, and the Sunday School, the roof covers numerous rooms to be applied to the many purposes which the church is intended to advance. A library, reading-room, gymnasium, lecture-room, kindergarten, baths and several club-rooms for the use of the Boys' Club, the Girls' Acorn Club, the Sewing Circle, Cooking School, etc. are all comprised in the one building. Beside these, it is expected that arrangements can be made to include the idea of the Social Settlement in the church. At first, probably, the workers will live in the vicinity but ultimately it is hoped that theological students and other Christian men and women will be accommodated on the premises and will live among the people whom they will try to serve.

The Pastor of the new church is Rev. Gaylord S. White, an earnest young minister whose heart is in the kind of work that is contemplated and who has the one ambition of following in the footsteps of his Master in preaching the Gospel to the poor. In speaking of the enterprise to a reporter of the *Eagle* recently, he said: "We aim to have an open church, an every-day church, on institutional lines; in other words, a people's church working on the principal of self-support. We want to provide a church that will minister to the moral, intellectual and spiritual sides of the earnest seeker after truth, which will have something to attract his attention every day in the week. Of course, we don't mean that it will be all amusement or intellectual education, but we do hope by this broad ministration to build men up in all that makes for righteousness." Both Dr. Hall and Mr. White strongly emphasize the fact that the church is in no sense a charitable institution. It is designed to meet the needs of people who are not recipients of charity, self-respecting, hard-working people who pay their own way. But it is precisely this class which has of late years been gradually alienated from churches by the apparent indifference of the church to the social problems which so closely concern them. There has been too little sympathy with the people, too little effort to learn how they live, to tender kindly help in difficulties and to aid in the brightening and developing of life. The object of this church is, in a word, to promote brotherly feeling, and bridge over the gulf which separates the classes.

THE NEW CITY PARK CHURCH.

Both the city and the First Presbyterian Church are to be congratulated on the launching of such an enterprise and every earnest Christian will sincerely wish it God speed.



Mrs. Wainwright's Fad.

"IT'S a perfect fad with Pauline Wainwright," said Elise Perkins, "this being so good to old people. For my part, I think young people have rights, too."

"But," said Louise Lovett, "don't you think too that we who are young are often very thoughtless where the old are concerned? I admire Mrs. Wainwright more than I can tell you, the more so since I have lived in the house with her.

"You know, Elise, that I went to the country to board in June, and that I only returned when the leaves were falling. In the small hotel with me there were several families composed of parents and children, and in one or two instances of grandmothers and old maiden aunts as well.

"One of these old aunts, Miss Margaret Stuyvesant, moved my pity. She was so nearly blind that she could neither read nor sew, so deaf that she lost the delicate points in conversation, missed the edge of a jest, and the motive of a story, and so lame that she couldn't walk far, without great fatigue. Her people did not seem to care for her, and when she appeared there were often nudges and frowns or ill-bred giggles on the part of her young neices, so that she must have felt herself in the way, although perhaps she didn't, as she couldn't see or hear very well. Still, one feels things in the air,—such things as that, at least."

"Shockingly ill-bred, such conduct," said Elsie. "People might behave decently, let them act as they pleased."

"Oh, well, I don't like hypocrisy," went on Louise. "On the whole, it was no worse for Miss Stuyvesant's young folk to act badly, than to feel churlish and impatient. I am coming to Mrs. Wainwright. She was distressed at the way this poor soul was treated, so she set out to make a change. First, she began by showing that she too a real interest in Miss Stuyvesant. She sat down beside her on the porch, and the two ladies were soon deep in conversation. Mrs. Wainwright has not a loud voice, but she has one of those sweet, clear, penetrating voices which are heard. She spoke slowly and distinctly taking trouble, and the old lady heard, and it was wonderful how her face brightened up, and her eyes shone. It seemed that she had been nearly everywhere, and knew a great many things the moment she had an interested listener. Mrs. Wainwright carried her off to drive, and helped her alter a gown which did not sit well around the neck, and altogether, her kind attention changed the whole atmosphere of the place for the lonely elderly woman."

"It must be owned," remarked Elise's mother, who had entered the room, "that 'evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart.' I do not fancy [illegible] enter in the least into two states of mind, common to their elders. The first is, that until the thing is absolutely forced on them by the attitude and the comments of their juniors, people do not realize their age. We continue to regard ourselves as young, long after the next generation has laid us on the shelf. And these comes, in the next place, a great and pathetic restlessness to old people. They wander about, not knowing what to do with themselves. I am glad that so dear and sweet a woman as Mrs. Wainwright has taken up the fad, if you call it a fad, of kindness to the old."

Just then the door-bell rang, and in walked the beautiful lady of whom we were speaking. She was elegant in dress and charming in manner, and few could resist the magnetism of her rarely eloquent talk and sweet illuminating smile.

"What do you think I've been starting?" she asked, after a few minutes.

We mentioned several probable institutions, but none of them hit the mark. Presently Louise hazarded the observation, quite in fun, that her friend had opened an old ladies' home.

"Mrs. Wainwright laughed. "I've done just that," she stated, gravely. "For the winter at least!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Elsie.

"Why only this, dear, I have a lovely big house, and no children to fill it with music. God has denied us this joy. My husband and I want to make others happy, and we have thought of adopting a child or two, perhaps we will do so one of these days. In the meantime there are always old ladies whom nobody cares to adopt, and who rebel against the thought of charity. I mean to invite three of these to come and spend a whole winter with me, and I mean to make it a perfectly joyous winter for them, so far as it shall be in my power."

"They are often very hard to get on with," said our eldest lady present.

"I shall not try to get on with them," said Mrs. Wainwright. "I mean to make them perfectly comfortable, and to let them take their own way."

"I will watch the experiment with interest," said Elise.

A few days later I called at the Wainwright's. Somehow the house had never seemed so sunny and radiant as it did that morning. I entered the parlor and one of the old lady visitors, a prim little lady dressed in black bombazine, came forward to meet me. I saw at once it was dear old Mademoiselle ——, our French teacher at boarding school, a lady who had retired from her work, and was living in dignified poverty on her very small savings. She came fluttering forward, as fussy and fidgety as of old, and bade me welcome with both hands extended.

"I have been trying some old melodies," she said. "This is such a sweet-toned piano," and she pointed to a pile of yellow "notes." "And dear Mrs. Wainwright found Fluff, too. I could not have come without Fluff," pointing to the big yellow cat which blinked and purred before the open fire.

Another old lady, stout and substantial, creaked in, wearing squeeking shoes. In her hand she held a plate of nicely browned cookies, sprinkled with sugar.

"I don't know when I've been able to do a morning's baking before," she said, merrily, offering us the dainty cakes, which were good.

In the far corner of the library I discovered Miss Stuyvesant enthroned in a luxurious chair, reading Thomas a-Kempis. They all looked very happy. And how do you think Mrs. Wainwright felt?

MARGARET. E. SANGSTER.

Ceylon's Terraced Farms.

How Rice is grown in the Beautiful Island—Progress of Missionary Work.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospect pleases, etc.

SO sang Bishop Heber of that lovely Island which is sometimes called the "Gem of the Indian Ocean," or the "Pearl on the Brow of India. Natives of the Island have named it "Elungai," which means "The Resplendent." Around the coast the country is flat, and would be uninteresting but for the variety and beauty of its trees and the splendid expanse of fields covered with waving rice plants. In the central portion, however, the scenery is diversified and entrancingly beautiful.

Mountains between seven and eight thousand feet high rear their heads into the clouds, clothed from base to summit with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Streams of water like threads of liquid silver wind their way down the mountain sides and gurgle through the glades where the great tree ferns softly unroll their giant fronds. Lakes flash in the hollows of the hills. The dense jungles are bright with the blossoms of innumerable tropical plants and

A CEYLONESE RICE FARM, CULTIVATED IN TERRACES

creepers. Birds of brilliant plumage dart among the branches of the great forest trees, while strange insects and animals meet the eye at every turn.

Travelers, in visiting the central portion of the island for the first time, cannot fail to be charmed with the beautiful scenery, the brilliant hues of the tropical vegetation, the waving palms, the balmy air, the silver moonliight flooding vale and hill, and may exclaim, as did the late Phillips Brooks, "I do not see how anything in the world could be more beautiful."

Ceylon has a population of over three millions of people. The staple food of the people is rice and curry. Many of the people are vegetarians, and their curries consist only of spiced vegetables prepared with cocoanut milk, oil or melted butter. Some classes in the community are not strict vegetarians, but indulge in curried chicken, fish or prawns. Many of the people are so poor that they cannot afford but one meal of solid food a day. In the morning, and again at noon, they have a bowlful of gruel made from roots, and at night, if they can afford to have a little rice and curry, they think themselves fortunate. The farming class are industrious. They often raise three, and sometimes four, crops a year from their land, enriching it with great care and irrigating it with much labor.

Our illustration shows hill-sides in the central part of the island which, by labor of generations, have been cut i terraces. The water is conducted from race to terrace, and by this device r which can only be grown in the stand water, can be cultivated upon these in merable hill-sides. Ceylon is the hom many races, Singhalese, Tamils, M men, Eurasians, Malays, Europeans Veddahs. Many of the great religions the world—Buddhism, Hinduism, Moh medanism, Devil Worship and Chr anity—are represented.

Missionaries of four British Societies of one American Society (the Ameri Board) have Missions in Ceylon. E Society has its own district and spher influence, and no Society interferes v the work of another Society in that trict, but all have worked in substan harmony and in a spirit of brotherly l from the very first. The Missionaries these Societies unite in sustaining a U Bible Society, a Union Tract Society Union of Y. M. C. A's, a Union Mont Meeting, and Union Evangelistic Meeti held throughout many of the districts which representatives of several of th Societies speak in presence of large heat audiences from the same platform, upon the same subject and in the ful harmony. The missionaries of these cieiies are thus presenting a united f before the heathen who know little or difference between them, but simply gard them all as Christians. Because work has been carried on from the firs this spirit of harmony and brotherly l God has been pleased to bless it. There now over ten thousand Protestant Cl tian communicants in the Chris churches, and over forty thousand c dren and youths are receiving instruc in the mission schools on the island.

When one looks over an expanse of fields in Ceylon at the time when ground is being prepared, and the ri being sown, one is most struck with innumerable divisions, the perfect work of mud walls a foot in height, di ing each man's little plot of land from of his neighbor. After a time the comes down, and often continues to des for many days; all the rice fields flooded. The rice plants begin to grow into standing water; slowly they higher and higher, first the blade, then ear, afterward the full corn in the Then if you look over the rice fields see no divisions, but just one splendid broken waving expanse of vivid gr So, when our Christian life is low and ren, we make much of sectarian diffe ces; but when our Christian life has high, and we have come to the poi fruit-bearing for Christ, then, though divisions may exist as a matter of co nience, they are very little seen or and we rejoice in the glorious truth by whatever name the followers of C may be called, those who truly pos the Master's Spirit are "all one in Ch Jesus." MARGARET W. LEITC

Hebrew Mountaineers.

In Daghestan, according to Profe Hahn, of Tiflis, there is a race of Heb mountaineers, who number about 20 speaking an Iranian tongue, with a s tincture of Hebrew. It is surmised th the early years of the Christian era t had already settled in the higher Cau us, but their own tradition is that t ancestors were driven out of Palestine Assyrian conquerors, and they value account of their origin as purging th in the eyes of their Russian lords f complicity in the crucifixion.

The Poor of Naples.

In an account of the ascent of Vesuv from the pen of Rev. Hugh Price Hugh there is the following reference to the apolitan "submerged tenth:" "The lies first through the poorest suburb Naples, where we had a vivid experie of 'how the poor live,' for they do liter live in the streets. The wretched, fil houses are merely holes or dens, to wh they retire at night to sleep, like rab to a burrow. With that exception, t meals, work, family intercourse, etc., go on in the open air! As our carri dashed along, pursued by beggars, shouted at by the natives, we saw eno to sicken us, and to convince us that social problem exists in La Bella Napol as well as in grim, foggy London."

ZEITOUN'S HEROIC BAND.

The Brave and Unconquered Armenian Mountaineers, who Held the Fortress against the Sultan's Armies — Relief Work still Going on.

IT has been truthfully said that the one bright page in the dark story of Armenia's sufferings was that which told of the brave and successful defence of Zeitoun against all the attacks of the Sultan's armies. Zeitoun was never conquered or captured, nor can it be said, in the usual military sense, to have surrendered; for the government granted all the demands of the defenders, who laid down their arms only on the advice of the European Powers and the Sultan's pledge to those Powers that the conditions of capitulation should be fulfilled. Within the last three weeks, the chiefs who conducted the defence of Zeitoun have reached London. They are Aghassi, Arah, Marouse Meleh, Nichan and Garabet—all young, educated Christian Armenians who, before the recent troubles, were engaged as teachers, journalists and authors. Zeitoun is a fortified town in Cilicia, the fortress being 300 feet higher than the town itself. Its people are better educated and have more spirit and independence than the Armenians of the interior and the Black Sea. It has frequently asserted its rights in the face of Turkish menaces and the Sultan's government has learned to respect it. When the peaceful Armenians of Marash and Alabash were attacked and slaughtered the Zeitounlis went to their aid. Then the Sultan sent officials to Zeitoun to disarm the people there—the usual preliminary to a massacre. The people revolted, attacked and captured the fortress, six hundred soldiers surrendering to the victors. The Armenian women went to the fortress, the mosque, and other buildings, and covered them with crosses, putting a cross on the top of the mosque, to show that the whole town had become Christian. The Zeitounlis held the fortress for four months. Fighting was continuous. At last there were no fewer than 110,000 Turkish soldiers engaged in the siege, while the defenders only numbered 8,000. The Zounlis garrisoned the fortress and every point of vantage, and suffered a loss of only 80 killed and 75 wounded, who did because they had no medical aid. The Turks refused to let the Red Cross Society enter the town. The Turks lost 13,000 killed and 3,000 wounded.

Twice the government representatives tried to begin negotiations, but their terms were so extravagant that the people would not listen. Then the representatives of the European Powers and the people chose three of these gentlemen to negotiate. The Sultan, with one or two unimportant exceptions, granted their demands. They have promised a Christian *kaimakam* for the Zeitoun district, chosen by by the representatives of the Powers. and establish under their guarantee, the people to appoint their own police and the administration—all to be Christian. They are to be exempt from arrears of taxation, and from future taxation for several years to come, until they have recovered from the effect of the siege. The leaders agreed to leave the country, which they did under the escort of a dragoman of the English consul and two cavasses of the Italian consul.

During the week, a sudden and unexpected change in the attitude of the Porte towards the missionaries was reported from Constantinople, which, had the report proved to be well-founded, would have been a deep disappointment to the friends of Armenia. It was said that the Sultan had signed an irade or decree, directing the expulsion of all Christian missionaries in Asiatic Turkey and that, although not yet promulgated, it might be put in force at any moment. Such a threat if carried into effect, would put an end to relief work and to all Christian missionary effort in Armenia, for a time at least, and the outlook for the native Christians would again be most ominous. The massacres would inevitably follow as all the horrors of the recent massacres would probably be repeated, without a witness to testify against Moslem barbarity. Fortunately, the Porte, whatever its original purpose may have been, has seen fit to issue a denial of the wholesale missionary expulsion project, explaining at the same time, however, that any missionaries "who by their attitude try to disturb the order and tranquility of the country," may be sent away from Turkish territory. With the exception of one missionary (Mr. Knapp of Bitlis), who is practically a prisoner at Diarbekir, on charges of "fomenting sedition," the missionaries have not thus far been disturbed, nor has the work of relief distribution been seriously impeded at any point. All the letters sent by missionaries in the field to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bear out this statement.

During the closing days of the Relief Fund, the response of the friends of Armenia to our final appeal has been prompt and liberal. As already announced in a previous issue, all contributions intended for Armenia should now be sent to Rev. Dr. Creegan, of the American Board, Bible House, New York, by whom the money will be cabled to the American missionaries. There is enough work for these devoted men and women in the relief field to keep them busy during the coming summer, and we trust that means will not be wanting to continue the relief operations.

In her latest report of relief work at Van, just received, Dr. Kimball writes:

During the early months of the winter we clearly foresaw that February, March, and April would make the heaviest demands on all departments of Relief Work, and our expectations are fully realized. The people have been literally eating themselves out of house and home. So great have been the crowds, both of the city poor and village applicants, that we have been obliged to treat them *en masse*, to a great extent. In the case of the villagers, we again treat them in groups through their headmen and priests. The entire group is called up, looked over to get a general idea of the degree of misery represented by them; and their appearance, together with our own knowledge with the condition of their village, is made the standard of our giving. These groups are often very pitiable. One in particular included many women and children who were in such a terrible condition from their long-endured poverty in the village and their cruel suffering from cold and hunger on the way, that we could not help weeping at the sight of their misery.

The villagers from the districts of Khizan, Noreduz, and Noks show the most distress. In Khizan, a district partly in the Bidlis, partly in the Van vilayet, there is a large Kurdish population — fanatical Moslems, headed by a sheikh, the son of the famous Sheikh Jeladin. Last fall the Sheikh instituted a regular campaign against the Christian population with a view to rooting out that religion from the borders. This outburst of fanaticism was avowedly brought to a climax by the visit of a British Vice-Consul to the region. All the Armenians who entertained him or in any way had to do with him were either killed or barely escaped by flight and hiding. As a result of this crusade of last fall, practically the whole Christian population has nominally accepted Islam, the churches are turned into mosques, and even the grave-stones, bearing the sign of the cross, have been pulled down and defiled by serving as lavatories of the Kurds.

Our plan of action now is to send the villagers back as fast as possible, and to care for them in their own villages wherever there is reasonable safety for life. This object is much desired by the government which looks askance at the crowds of villagers in the city. It promises to co-operate with us in getting them back to their homes by securing safety in the villages.

In our Industrial Bureau, the number of employees has reached 1900, and the demand for work is constant. The month's product has been 2314 webs of cloth, woolen and cotton; 186 pairs of socks. The Tailoring Department shows 6167 garments manufactured, and 127 beds have been made. The value of the Industrial Department becomes more and more evident, both as supplying the greatest amount of help with the least possible outlay, and also as preserving the moral tone of the community.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bakeries, six in number, supply some 7500 persons with bread. In addition, this department has furnished 142 bushels of wheat, where wheat could be given instead of bread, thus saving the expense of milling and baking. The bakeries are using about sixty bushels of wheat and are running at a daily expense of $125. (L. S. 25.) We are making every effort to cut down the bread list by returning people to their villages. A total of $7,838 was used in February, helping thereby, in work, free bread, clothing and bedding, some 1900 persons.

In a letter from Aintab, (March 12), Rev. Americus Fuller, President of the American College, writes:

The situation has undergone no marked change. An outward appearance of order has been maintained. The amount collected from citizens of Aintab for the relief work from Nov. 18 to March 8th is about $3,652. Within a few days large quantities of clothing have been received from Smyrna and Constantinople. Nearly all of this has been forwarded Marash and Oorfa, where the need is reported as very desperate. No attempt nor pretense has been yet been made of returning the plundered property. Open attempts to constrain Christians to profess Islam seems to have ceased. At Jobin, there were there about sixty houses of Christians, perhaps 500 souls. All have been compelled to accept Islam except one old lady over 110 years of age; she said to those who threatened her, "I am too old to change my faith. I know no one but Christ." They took her Bible and tore it up before her eyes and flung it into the fire, but did her no violence.

I have previously acknowledged your noble gift of $2000 to these poor, sufferers. We are expending it chiefly in Oorfa, Gemeleck and Adiaman, where the neceessity is most desperate.

From recent letters and cablegrams from the relief field the following extracts are taken:

Constantinople. We have been very successful in sending the money into the interior thus far and have succeeded in overcoming every difficulty.

Harpoot. We have already assisted some 60,000 persons, after the most careful weeding out of those who can care for themselves; yet the number increases. We can give only a very small sum to each individual, of course, where there is such a multitude.

Erzeroom. We are supplying daily bread rations to nearly 4000. Wheat is given fortnightly to the villages of the Erzeroom Plain. About 7000 are thus helped. We are now assisting 30,000 throughout the province. There is no hope that the present condition of the Armenians will be materially changed until September when the harvest will be garnered.

Marash. Helping 7000 people here and in three neighboring villages. Zeitoun refugees have begun to come to Marash.

In a letter from the Broussa Orphanage, the question of providing for the vast number of orphans, whose parents were victims in the massacres, is brought up by the writer, Gregory Baghdasarian, Principal of the Orphanage. He says:

The orphanage of Broussa, being the only Protestant asylum in these parts of Asia Minor, has already opened its gates to the orphans of this "glorious host of martyrs." Two children, brother and sister, were the first who found refuge under the shelter of this institution. Their father was one who had been cruelly butchered in the late massacres. We expect also a number of orphans from ancient Pontus—perhaps ten or twenty. A letter from Cesarea was received a few days ago. Rev. Dr. Avedis—my schoolmate in the seminary of Dr. Hamlin—has been burnt alive in his own house, himself, wife and eldest son. His four children are now left destitute, the youngest being a boy of three to four years. We shall take these orphans into our orphanage. The Armenian martyrs are now crowned by their Lord and Saviour, whom they would not deny. What should be done with the great number of destitute and orphans?

The following contributions were received during the closing days of the Fund. Owing to a pressure on our columns some of the acknowledgments have been unavoidably delayed.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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War is Doomed.

ALMOST invariably ask men who have been traveling in the Holy Land what impression it made upon them, and whether it loosened their faith in the Christian religion, or confirmed them in the faith of the Bible, and the universal response is, "I am confirmed in my faith in the Bible from all my travels and observations." At an awful price of blood and suffering the world is becoming acquainted with religions that for ages seemed little more than a myth, and nations that stood away back in the dim corridors of history, come out on the stage to act a bloody part in this nineteenth century. It seems to me that all those who know how to pray should be more and more earnest in petition for the reign of universal peace. Surely men die fast enough without this organized slaughter. The hearses come soon enough through the cemetery gates and the pestilences cut wide enough swath. Let the sword be scabbarded. God did not put the iron under the mountains for purposes of death, but for the forwarding of human industries. God did not put inventiveness in the human brain that it might fashion some new style of rifle or some further reaching swamp angel, but to contrive new spindles to weave and better architecture to shelter, and swifter modes of intercommunication. All wars are barbaric. They may start about a technicality or national misunderstanding, but before the first battle is over the whole scene rolls back into the Dark Ages, and it becomes wholesale butchery, and war is only murder on a large scale. You cannot kill a man in a Christian way.

Oh, what a world this will be to live in when the chief question with all individuals and governments is how to save life rather than how to destroy it, how to make the world happy instead of how to make it miserable, and all men shall put into practice that sublime principle which Christ announced in his Olivetic discourse: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men shall do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." That day will come, and we have a right to cheer on it other over the anticipation. God says he will conquer this world in righteousness. Will he do it? Can he do it? He has his own omnipotent goal all the armies of heaven to fulfil his prophecies. When God says he will be at a certain place he will be there. When God promises a victory he will achieve it. Whether in this decade the right advance or fall back, will not affect the consummation. Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded and will he not bring it to pass?

* * *

When a man becomes a Christian he is not put on the limits, but turned out into a larger sphere. What does the Bible mean when it says "all are yours?" Why it means all—all innocent hilarities, all innocent amusements. The grace of God comes in with powerful floods of mercy and new impetus to action, and now instead of fifty faculties, there are a thousand all in play and in full motion. Vastly more of a man since he became a Christian than before he becomes a Christian.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Disbursements for Maintenance and Accommodation of 2217 Children at Mont-Lawn During the Summer of 1895.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS AND FITTINGS.		
Claflin & Co., H. B., Furnishings	$380 78	
De Baun, M. W. & H., Building, &c.	76 13	
Ernst Bros., Plumbing, &c	105 59	
Euvrard, L. J., Watercooler	4 50	
Hancox, Rev. M. C., Tent and Fittings	148 00	
Kelly, P. J., Refrigerator	60 00	
Macy & Co., R. H., Dishes and Linen	136 51	
Oppenheimer, E., Houseware	19 43	
Post, J. M., Carpentry &c	141 07	
Skelton, J., Rent of Tables	22 50	
Tallman, F. J. N., Hire of Piano	10 00	
Estes & Sons, Clothing Chests	52 00	
International Bedstead Co., Beds and Bedding	287 00	
Wesel, John F., Glazier	11 29	
Wilson, W. C., Telephone and Fittings	20 90	
Miscellaneous	105 45	$1581.15
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES.		
Harrison & Dalley, Dry Goods	$120 29	
Little Wonder Store, Supplies	20 43	
Glynn, I., Children's Shoes	191 93	
Lloyd, Toys, Fireworks, &c	66 95	
Townsend Bros., Clothing	128 94	
Miscellaneous Expenses	30 00	558.54
LAUNDRY.		
N. Y. & C. S. Laundry, Washing Children's Clothes	$115 49	
Laundry for Care-takers and House	158 28	273.77
MEDICAL.		
Dr. Lewi, Medical Examination of over 3100 Children, of whom 2217 passed	$ 81 00	
Amer. Bible Society, Rent of Office and Examination Room	100 00	
Blauvelt, J. D., Drugs, &c	21 28	
Maynard, Dr., Medical Attendance	6 00	
Polhemus, Dr., Medical Attendance	12 25	220.53
FOOD SUPPLIES.		
Baldwin, E. L., Fish	$ 14 68	
Boston Beef Co., Meat	242 13	
Brooklyn Pie Co., Pies	51 50	
Corwin & Co., Butter and Eggs	272 74	
Duffie & Wells, Produce	120 51	
Frazer, Mrs John, Bread	404 02	
Fulton Market Co., Meat and Groceries	122 78	
Horton, J. M., Ice Cream	15 00	
Lydecker Bros., Groceries	52 40	
Morris & Co., J. E., Groceries	680 34	
Nyack Ice Co., Ice	43 26	
Randolph & Sippell, Groceries	43 16	
Sayres, Milton, Meat and Vegetables	54 45	
Wood, Geo. F., Milk	529 12	2646.09
FREIGHT, TRANSPORTATION, AND STABLE.		
Blauvelt's Stables, Livery	$ 1 50	
Blauvelt, J. H., Blacksmith	24 95	
Christie, A. E. & J. H., Harness and Repairs	112 38	
De Ronde, J. D., Veterinary Surgeon	6 00	
Iserman, A., Shoeing Horses	25 50	
Matthew's Express Co., Freight and Transportation	149 59	
Raqua, C. A., Veterinary	2 00	
Towt, H. & W., Grain & Feed	109 34	
Van Houten, E. G., Livery	197 50	
Van Tassell & Kearney, Four Horses	143 00	
Street Car and Steamboat Fares, 2378 Children and Care-takers	709 55	1481.31
SALARIES.		
Superintendent of Home	$153 50	
Care-takers	728 98	
Cook and Helpers	172 50	
Hostler and Helpers	193 70	
Gardener	45 00	
Maids, Dishwashers, &c	161 90	
Clerks at New York Reception Office	102 00	1557.58
RENT AND STORAGE.*		
Nominal Rent of Home	$ 4 00	
Storage During Winter Months	100 00	104.00
MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.		
American News Co., Stationery, &c	$ 2 06	
Bogardus, Photography	2 00	
Dutcher Bros., Stationery, &c	8 86	
Gardiner, H., Locksmith	1 39	
Gaynor & Co., T., Seed	2 75	
Harring, T. P., Painter	18 20	
Hartwick, J. E. & J. C., Sanitary Work	58 75	
Hughes & Co., Geo., Printing	37 92	
White & Co., W. H., Coal	19 25	
Miscellaneous Household, and other Petty Accounts	245 45	396.63
		$8819.60

Average cost per child for a "vacation" outing three feet, from bed sheets, clothing, medicine, and all other expenses included, excepting permanent house furnishings and fittings, $3.26.

* Through the generosity of Rev. A. D. Lawrence Jewett, D.D., the buildings and extensive grounds occupied by the Children's Home are given at a merely nominal rental, this being the good Doctor's personal contribution to the cause.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. C. Bartley, Dayton, O. Where are the new or l ly founded Jewish agricultural colonies in estine located?

We believe there is one near Haifa, and s eral on the plain of Sharon, near Jaffa.

Student, Paterson, N. J. How many instances there in Scripture of men living over 900 ye

Seven in all, viz: Methuselah, 969 ye Jared, 962; Noah, 950; Adam, 930; Seth, Canain, 910; and Enos, 905.

Alice Black, Sturgis, Ky. I find in a sermon names of the thieves who were crucified Christ. Where are their names to be foun the Bible?

They are not in either the Old or New T taments, but are found in the writings of early fathers, who are supposed to have ta them from some traditional or legendary sou The names are given as Dismas and Gesta

H. B. Yacoubi, La Belle, Mo. It was gratifying t the Armenian Relief columns in your good per, the noblest work of this age. I deeply gret that you are to close this work so s When you stop your relief work in your pa many individuals and societies and chur will cease to contribute to this most needy worthy cause.

The reasons for discontinuing the Fund briefly these: the country is now comparat ly quiet, massacres have ceased, mild wea is at hand, acute hunger is appeased in large cities, the danger of death from and famine is averted, and the missiona are voluntarily narrowing down the n work and sending the villagers to their ho Besides, the Red Cross is now in the field. will doubtless be abundantly able, with wide experience and large resources, to car the most urgent cases of suffering. To mult relief agencies would breed confusion, and volve needless expenditures. The Amer missionaries will continue to distribute sums sent to Dr. Creegan, Bible House, York, for relief purposes.

Inquirer, La Crosse, Kans. How can the state that God did tempt Abraham (Gen. 22: reconciled with the assertion of James (Ja 1: 13) that God tempts no man?

James refers to allurements to sin. Al ham was not tempted in that sense. He tried and tested. Temptation is a trial a test because when a man is tempted he le his strength and weakness, hence the co sion in the meanings of the word. It is o ous, however, that the trial may come in ferent ways. In Abraham's case he was dered to do something that was against nature, and the question was whether would do what he did not wish to do at command of God. James, on the other h is speaking of a case in which a man is pron ed to follow his own inclinations and to c mit sin. God tempts no man to commit but he does test our faith in him and love him by trials. Job must have been tempte take his wife's advice and curse God; but trials, as we know, were tests of his disin ested allegiance not such temptations James refers to.

A. R., Winston, N. C. What course ought a pe to pursue, who years ago was much trou about her sins, finally grew indifferent, f that the Holy Spirit has left her, and is vinced that she will be lost?

Prayer seems to be the first duty. Let pray for enlightenment and for strength t the will of God. She will probably find it n difficult than she imagines to lead a sin life. Her sins, if she is really in earnest, force upon her the conviction of her need Saviour. When she realizes that Chris really the Saviour she needs and that able and willing to save her, she will love and be anxious to live as he would have live. He taught us to think of God as a F er. How would she expect a father to act ward his children who were estranged him and who had assured them that he ready to forgive them on their expressing c trition? She is probably giving too much t and thought to the examination of her feelings. Let her thank God for his offe salvation, make sure that she accepts it ask him to make her his own child. He surely do it. He will be found of all who s him. When she feels sure that God wil as he has promised (which should not be ficult) let her go out and try to save oth In helping them she will be helped herself

Mrs. F. O. Perkins, Lynnfield, Mass., and oth Contributions to Armenia after April 15 are s Dr. Creegan, American Board, Bible House, York.——Mollie F. Ferray. Your affliction is a one and you have our sympathy.——Mrs. M. Iamsport, O. One-tenth of the residue or after all necessary expenses have been met.—— John Blood, pastor of the Christian Church, Westerly, N. Y., writes that a family (members own church), would like to adopt an orphan boy tween four and six years old. Persons intere can communicate with him.——S. H. Slade, Vine It was given as comparative chronology and sense final. The chronology of the Bible is nota tion of the text, but is based on Usher's calendar and is not to be regarded as inspired.——A. L. Middlefield Centre, N. Y. The law on age is uniform in all the States, but we believe the con of parents or guardians in the case of minors is dispensable. Neglect is punishable by fine or Court's discretion.——Illinois Subscriber. 1. N is an excellent author. 2. No. 3. We don't kn ——The tribe of Texas Indians referred to in recent article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are lo at the Indian village in Polk county, Tex., and Crockett, as stated.

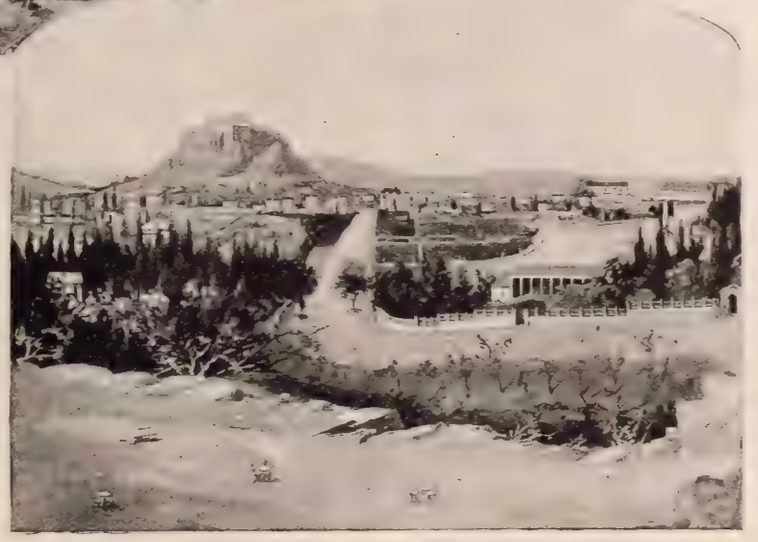
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

mericans in Olympic Games.

LIKE a chapter of ancient history is the cable report of the Olympic contests which commenced near Athens on April 6. Fifteen centuries have passed since these athletic festivals were in eir glory. So important were they then at time was reckoned by them. Their igin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but is known that in the year 884 B.C., when hu was king over Israel and three hunred years before the Jews were carried ptive to Babylon, these games were be- held under royal patronge and were the most prominent topics of the time. ey were held every fifth ar in the plain shown in e upper illustration on this ge. There stood the grave the heathen god Zeus hich made the plain sacred ound. There, also, was e wonderful gold and ory statue of the god by idias, the masterpiece of e great artist. For more an a thousand years the stivals were held and to be wned victor there, was e highest ambition of the uth of Greece. The olive reath that rewarded the ctor was for excelling in all the departents of leaping, running, javelin-throwg, wrestling and throwing the discus or hoit. The victor was acclaimed throughout Greece; statues were erected to his nor, a distinguished place was reserved r him at all public ceremonies, he was empted from certain taxes and in Athns board and lodging were provided for m at the expense of the State. The mes were abolished by the Emperor heodosius fifteen hundred years ago. eir revival this year after this enormous terval is a matter of world-wide interest. is due to the action of an international hletic committee which at its meeting in ris last year determined on an interrtional athletic contest and appropriately lected Olympia as the scene. It was und, however, that the present condition the ancient site precluded its use for the rpose; but not far away was the stadion Athens which was accessible, and it oved eminently suitable. A wealthy reek merchant gave a million drachmas, uivalent to $110,000 to clear the stadion accumulated rubbish and restore its marle walls. The work was quickly and well ne, and there the games were held. Over rty thousand persons from every part of rope, from America and Australia, witssed the contests from the seats, while e surrounding hills were black with owds who, the stadion being open to the y, could view the scene from the dince. It is gratifying to our national ide to learn that representatives from the ited States, students of Princeton and rvard, and members of the Boston Athic Association, were successful in severof the contests, excelling competitors of nationalities. Classic traditions were served throughout as far as possible, d the olive crowns awarded to the vicrs were made of tendrils cut from the me grove which furnished material for wns fifteen centuries ago. The event s been one of deep interest to classical idents everywhere, and it appeals ongly to the Christian who remembers w Paul, in his day observant of the fesral then in all its its glory, drew from it e lesson of spiritual emulation :

Know ye not that they who run in a race, run all, one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may ain . . . They do it to obtain a corruptible crown; we an incorruptible. 1. Cor. 9: 24.

Ancient Olympia.



THE STADION OF ATHENS, THE SCENE OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

utomatic Protection.

The large number of deaths which have curred through people who are unaccusmed to the use of gas, blowing it out, te a candle, instead of turning it off, has suggested to a Connecticut man a device to avoid such calamities. When the gas is turned on and lighted, the aperture through which it comes, is so small that there is only an extremely small flame. But the metal of which the burner is made is very sensitive to the heat, and a few minutes after the gas is lighted it expands in such a way as to enlarge the aperture, more gas passes through and the flame is increased. When the gas is turned out and the burner becomes cold, the aperture again contracts to its original size. If the gas is blown out by some inexperienced person, the same effect is produced; the burner becoming cold, allows so small a quantity of gas to escape, that there is not enough to do a person in the room any serious injury. The accounts so far published of this ingenious device, which may save many lives, do not definitely describe the metal. Whatever it may be, it has in it a principle analogous to one in human nature. Experience proves that the light which shines from a Christian life so operates on the nature through which it manifests itself that it is ever able to give forth more light, and only ceases to have the power when it grows cold through lack of use. The Christian sometimes forgets that his duty is to give light to others.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. Prov. 20 : 27.

An Engineer's Heroism.

An act of self-sacrificing heroism is reported by the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, La. Harvey A. Adams, it says, was the engineer in the locomotive cab which drew the north-bound passenger train out of the New Orleans depot on the previous night. By midnight it had reached Mobile, and Adams with his customary punctuality maintained the schedule time. The journey was continued without incident as far as Bowling Station, and the train was climbing the steep up-grade, when the engineer was horrified to see what appeared to be the rear end of a freight train rapidly descending the hill toward him. There was no time to think whether there were any means of averting a collision. The fireman who was with him in the cab, saw Adams spring to the lever that controlled the steam brakes and pull it wide open. He had determined to take the course which afforded the greatest resistance to the approaching danger. The collision came almost instantly. The on-coming mass, dimly seen in the darkness, proved to be two freight cars, laden with heavy oak timber. They had been standing on a side-track at the head of the hill, and some vibration had started them on the down-grade, at a speed which their momentum increased minute by minute. The engineer might have saved himself by jumping, but it would have been at the risk of his passengers' lives. He stood calmly with his hand on the lever awaiting the shock. When it came, the boiler was crushed in and the brave man was scalded to death by the water and steam, but the passengers' lives were saved by his heroic self-sacrifice. It is sad that a man capable of so noble an act should have perished, but it is apparently a law of the universe that the sacrifice by which good comes, is of the best. Eternal life was won for men by the death of Him of whom it was said :

He saved others: himself he cannot save. Matt. 27:42.)

On Fire in a Car.

A tramp had a narrow escape from a terrible death in Jersey City, N. J., on April 4. He climbed into a freight car which was standing in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, hoping to get a free ride when the car started. He lay still until he heard the official lock the doors and felt the car being switched, as he supposed to its place in the train. It was really, however, only being moved to another yard. He grew tired of waiting and fell asleep. He did not know how long he slept but when he awoke the car was still motionless and he thought he would smoke to pass away the time. He lighted his pipe, but, soon afterward, he again fell asleep. His pipe fell among some loose straw on the bottom of the car and ignited it. In a few minutes it was burning fiercely and had set fire to the bales of merchandise in the car. The man was almost crazed with terror. The doors, as he knew, were locked and there seemed no chance of escape. Happily for him, however, his cries alarmed the watchman who happened to be passing and he was released. He was badly burned and was taken to the hospital where his injuries received medical attention. Men who receive injuries in railroad cars have usually a ground for demanding compensation from the Company, but this case is an exception. The man has no one to blame but himself for his injuries. Critics who speak reproachfully of the future doom of the wicked often forget that theirs is a like case. They carry with them, as this man carried the fire into the car, the means of their own punishment. Experience has proved repeatedly the truth of the declaration :

Let favor be shown to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness: in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly. (Isa 26 : 10.)

A Buyer's Mistake.

A New York daily journal reports an incident which occurred in one of the grocery stores of the city, as a specimen of the self-confidence of a certain class of customers. Two ladies were at the counter and they had the air of being somewhat inexperienced in the art of purchasing household supplies. In fact, the clerk suspected them of intending to smuggle delicacies secretly into their rooms for a surreptitious feast. They examined a row of cracker-tins and one of the ladies made her selection and said she would take a pound of those. The clerk politely drew their attention to some other tins as being better, but the lady said she wanted those she had selected and no others, adding to her companion in a voice intended to reach the clerk's ear also, that there were some people who would arrange other people's business for them if they were allowed to do so. "But you do not want these for yourself, do you?" the clerk asked. "Because—" "I do not wish any impertinent inquiries," said the lady. "I want a pound of those biscuits. Why do you ask?" The clerk smiled and completed his interrupted sentence: "Because, Madam, those are dog biscuits." The lady was deeply humiliated and showed it by her manner, but she learned that it was not always best to have her own way. There are many who are slow to learn that lesson. Some who plead Christ's promise that God will answer prayer and are inclined to utter reproaches when some temporal blessing for which they have earnestly prayed, is withheld, may yet come to see that they were asking for what would gratify the animal part of their nature, but would be injurious to their souls. There is sometimes no worse calamity that could come to a praying man than that God should deal with him as he did with Israel.

He gave them their own desire. (Ps. 78: 29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Different Sections of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa have made an arrangement to co-operate through a federal council. It is expected that the Dutch Reformed Synod will shortly enter the union and be represented in the Council.

Statistics of Intemperance in France Recently published by *The Independent*, show that the drinking places in the country, which in 1870 were in the proportion of one to every 113 citizens are now one for every eighty-four. In Paris the ratio is one for every sixty persons.

The Bible or Parts of the Bible Available for Evangelistic use have now been published in 381 different languages or dialects. Fifty-two of these have been added during the past five years. It is believed that at the beginning of this century the Bible had not been translated into more than thirty-eight languages.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Meetings at Rochester, N. Y., have been blessed to the conversion of nearly six hundred souls. At the concluding services in Fitzhugh Hall there were enormous gatherings to hear the Evangelist's final words of counsel and farewell. Ten Methodist Churches united in the work and each church benefits by accessions to its membership.

Mr. Roberts of the North China Mission, has obtained the endorsement of Christian mission work of a high magistrate in Kalgan, Mongolia who has informed the Mongolians governed by him that the foreigners have the privilege of preaching the Christian religion in Hara Oso and the natives have a right to believe in it. Hitherto the doors of Mongolia have been practically closed to the preaching of the Gospel.

Interesting Services were Held in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, on April 6, when Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Pastor Emeritus celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry. Dr. Cuyler preached in his old pulpit, where for thirty of the fifty years he had proclaimed the Gospel. Congratulations poured in on him not only from his old church members, but from ministers and private citizens of all denominations.

The International Order of King's Daughters and Sons celebrated its tenth anniversary on April 9 by two great meetings in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. Miss Kate Bond presided in the absence of Mrs. Bottome who is travelling in the Holy Land. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. David Greer, Dr. W. C. Bitting and others made addresses congratulating the Order on its phenomenal growth and the excellent work it is doing in many lands. The Order, it was stated, has in the ten years of its existence attained a membership of over four hundred thousand.

Easter Sunday will be Long Remembered in the Presbyterian Church of Lock Haven, Pa. Forty-three persons were admitted to fellowship, of whom forty were admitted on profession of faith. One of these was seventy-five years old and several others were over fifty. The church has been greatly blessed during the past three years of Dr. J. Elliott Wright's pastorate. The spiritual prosperity has, as is usually the case, been accompanied by financial success, the church having been completely cleared of debt.

Mr. D. L. Moody and his Friends at Northfield, Mass., have arranged an extensive programme for the summer. It comprises the "World's Student Conference," June 29 to July 9, with Bishop Hall, Rev. Drs. Cuyler and Chapman, Profs. White and Stryker, Robert E. Speer as speakers; the "Young Women's College Conference" [illegible] with President M. E. Gates, Rev. R. A. Torrey, Mrs. Waterbury and other leaders; and the "General Conference of Christian Workers," August 3-15, conducted by Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe of London, Rev. Drs. A. T. Pierson and H. C. Mabie and other prominent men. Mr. Moody hopes to take part in all.

Trees that Give Meat and Drink

The "Travelers' Palm," the "Milk Tree," the Banana Plant and their Virtues.

NATURE is a beneficent and generous provider of all that is needful for the sustenance of all living things. At this season of the year, when the plants and grasses are beginning to show their tender shoots, and shrub and tree are almost budding, the brown earth is already sending forth her signals of the plenty to come when, warmed by the sun and moistened by the rains, every separate particle of soil will have its part to perform in the divinely-ordained law of production.

Among the trees, there are several that deserve special pre-eminence for the life-sustaining qualities of their fruit, and the numerous uses to which other parts of the plant may be put. Humboldt, the traveler, mentioned a strange tree he saw in South America, and which he called the "cow-tree," because its whitish juice or sap, of a milkish consistency and taste, was freely used by the natives, as we ourselves use the lacteal fluid. The cow-tree, he described as growing out of rocks, and having dry, leathery leaves, but large spongy roots. After heavy rains, the trunk, when pierced, gave out the milky secretion quite copiously, and it was sweet and nourishing. It was customary for the natives to use this milk freely and to give it to their children.

Another wonderful tree is known as the "Travelers' Palm," and is a native of the island of Madagascar. As shown in the photograph on this page, the branches stand out in fan-shape, while the large leaves almost hide the lower part of the trunk from view. This is a most graceful tree, its symmetrical proportions making it an object of admiration to travelers. On the lower side of the branches, a dew collects in the evening in myriads of drops, and these form little streams that run down the stems to the base of each branch, where there is, in every instance, a peculiar cup-like hollow. Here the dew gathers in a little pool, deliciously cool and limpid, and when a thirsty wayfarer comes along, all that is needed is to press the lower part of the sac or reservoir, and hold a cup or jar to catch the tiny crystal rivulet as it trickles over the edge.

Of a very different and even more beneficent character is the banana tree. It has been computed that, if necessary, the whole population of the earth could be supported on the present annual banana product, as it alone of all the fruits possesses every essential for the sustenance of human life. It is the most valuable fruit the earth produces. In Africa it is a staple food, and so also in some parts of the West Indies. In some latitudes the banana grows to a considerable size, equal to a small tree, while elsewhere it remains a dwarf plant, producing the finest and most delicate fig bananas. These small fruits, which are never sent north, are preferred on account of their superior flavor. After blossoming, the fruit forms, and during the next three months it is "filling" to ripeness. The plant's life ends with the bearing of a single bunch of bananas and it is cut down. Our banana import trade has been almost wholly developed in the last ten years, and it promises to become an article of greatly increased consumption. While the banana has thus a great value as a food supplier, it has other uses, for excellent cloth can be made from its fibre, and indelible ink, or vinegar from the juice of its skins. But the cocoanut palm has even a wider field of utility, for every leaf, branch and fibre are utilized. The nut yields oil, milk, and solid food, the rind is made into spoons, cups, bowls, and tables, the bark into twine, cloth and mats, the buds are eaten and the sap gives sugar, while the leaves are used as sails, sacking, baskets and thatch. Even this record of usefulness is eclipsed by the Chinese bamboo, from which a thousand different articles are manufactured by the ingenious Celestials. Such are some of the trees a kind Providence has placed in those regions to supply wants which in other parts of the globe are supplied through different means.

"THE TRAVELERS' PALM." MADAGASCAR.

A BANANA TREE IN FULL BEARING.

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Little Holland Girls.

They are taught to knit when only four or five years old. They begin with two needles, and their mothers teach them how to make pretty wash-rags, lamp mats, and ever so many useful things. When they have learned to use five needles they make wrist-bands and stockings, and every Dutch girl gets from her mother a wonder-ball for the first piece of work done with five needles. And no wonder the girls call it a wonderball! Candies, trinkets, and many pretty things are hidden in a large ball of wool, which is put in a handsome case set with needles. As the girl knits away one thing after another is brought out from this ball of wool, and when the whole is used up they find in the centre a gold piece or a ring or some fine gift.

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A Wife's Purse.

It is a mistake to suppose that because all her wants are provided for, a wife has, therefore, little need of money. Her purse should not be the empty one. She is a partner in the business of life, and should enjoy the privilege to a reasonable and proper extent of handling the emoluments. Nowhere is the lack of pocket money felt so much as among farmers' wives and daughters. Many of them go from positions in the city, teachers, typewriters, saleswomen, with a regular salary—a good cook can earn her $14 a month. She may marry a young farmer, and with all her life before her decide to be his helpmeet and money-saver. How they work and struggle to pay off the farm, to get the necessary improvements made. But when the fight is partly over, sometimes the young wife has a feeling of envy on Saturday nights, when her husband pays the "hands" who have worked for him, and has not a dollar for her; for she knows that they have been fed while she has served, and that they have slept while she lost hours of slumber with the precious babe in arms.

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The Troubles of Youth.

There are many young people whose happiness or unhappiness seems to depend upon the shifting currents of life—the circumstances of a day, the little favors or slights of others, the multitude of influences that play like alternating lights and shadows about us. If everything goes right, these mercurial young spirits are buoyant and happy; but just as surely as the chance shadow flits over, there is gloom in the heart. No deep, abiding source of joy, no treasured up sunshine of hope and trust—this is what makes the happiness of thousands of young people such an uncertain, unsatisfactory thing. Mere chameleons of life are such, taking the hue of the surface over which they pass. The trouble lies in youth's so frequent failure to understand that happiness is not an external but an internal condition and possession. It is not a mood, but a life—the kind of life that reaches down so deep that the sources of it never know when the surface is ruffled or clouded, any more than the depths of the sea know when the wind blows or the sky lowers.

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Well-bred Listeners.

It is an indication of good breeding not to interrupt a guest, even though one be already familiar with the matter the guest is discussing. The same kindly rule applies to most old people who have their pet stories which they delight to relate. There are dear old gentlemen—and old ladies, too—who have favorite stories which they are rather fond of telling. People in their own families, or among their very intimate acquaintance, hear these stories more than once—indeed, they sometimes hear them till they become very familiar. The really well-bred woman or girl listens to the thrice-told tale, the well-worn anecdote, says a pleasant word, smiles, forgets that she has heard it before, and does not allow the dear narrator to fancy that the story is being brought out too often. Good manners at the table are inflexible on this point. You must give pleasure to others, and make up your mind to receive gratification by imparting it.

"Mother's Counsel."

"TAKE with you God's own Word, my boy
Follow its teachings true,
Bind fast its precepts to thy heart,
They'll guide and comfort, too;
And tho' you sail o'er billowy deep
Or lofty mountains trace,
Be it a lamp unto your feet,
A light in every place.

"I know that God will hear my plea,
Wherever you may rove,
He'll follow with his guardian care
Until we meet above.
Forget not your old mother, boy,
When o'er yon sunny sea,
But send her back a cheering word,
To her t'will comfort be.

"Perchance, you may return to tread
These halls once bright with song,
Where childish mirth and playful glee,
Echoed the whole day long,
And find that mother greets you not,
As in the days of yore,
Weep not, if she has journey'd, too,
And reached the Glory Shore.

Know that her last prayer was for you,
Her far-off darling boy,
That she might meet again in heaven
Him of her hope and joy.
Then, turn to God's own precious Word,
And on him cast your care,
Your soul illum'd with Heaven's light,
Will answer mother's prayer.

Topeka, Kans., 1896. MRS. ANNA M. HIGGIN

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How Children Saved a City.

NOT a pretty fable, like that of t "Pied Piper," but a true story, that of the children who sav Hamburg from destruction. will doubtless be new to ma of the young readers of TH CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Hamburg was besiege Wolff, the merchant, return slowly to his home one mor ing. Along with the other m chants of the city, he had be helping to defend the wal and for a whole week h worn his armor day and nigh Now he thought bitterly th all his fighting was usele for on the morrow want food would force them to op the gates. As he passe through his garden, he notic that the cherry trees were co ered with ripe fruit, large a juicy. A thought struck hi He knew how much the enem was suffering from thir What would they not give f the fruit that hung unheed on the trees of his orchar Might he not, by means of h cherries, secure safety for t city?

Without a moment's del he put his plan into practic for he knew there was no tir to be lost if the city was to saved. He gathered togeth three hundred of the childr of the city, all dressed in white, and load them with fruit from his orchard. Th the gates were thrown open and they s out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the opposing arm saw the gates of the city open, and th band of little white-robed children marc ing out, many of them nearly hidden b the branches which they carried, he once thought it was some trick by whi the townspeople were trying to deceive hi while preparing for an attack on his cam As the children came nearer he remembe ed his cruel vow, and was on the poi of giving orders that they should be pu to death. But when he saw the little on close at hand, so pale and thin from wa of food, he thought of his own children home, and he could hardly keep back h tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded so diers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit whi the children had brought them, a che went up from the camp, and the gener knew he was conquered, not by force arms, but by the power of kindness an pity. When the children returned, th general sent along with them wagons l den with food for the starving people, an the next day signed a treaty of peace wit those whom he had vowed to destroy.

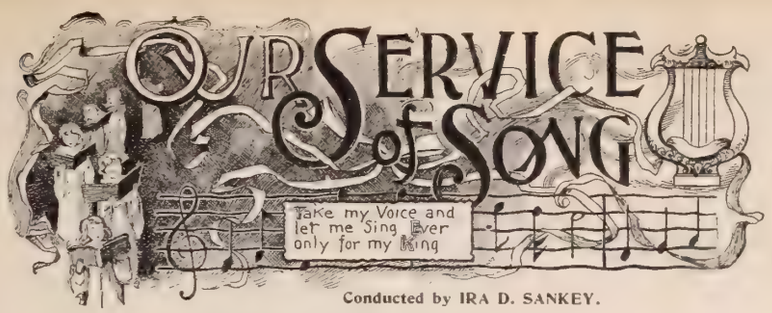
For many years afterwards, as the da came round on which this event took place it was kept as a holiday and called "Th Feast of Cherries." Children in whit robes marched through the streets, eac one bearing a branch with bunches of th luscious fruit.

"Be of Good Cheer."

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning May 3. John 16: 22, 23.

WHEN the disciples of Germany's great poet-philosopher asked him what, in his opinion, was the prospect of a life after this, he wrote, "I bid you hope." By a long and painful process of reasoning he had reached thus far. It is a very different note that rings in Christ's utterance: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." There is in it no concealment of the trials of life, no fallacious promise of immunity from sorrow; there is rather the emphatic statement that trial is inevitable; but over and through the storm and the darkness, resounds the sweet, encouraging voice, bidding us, no hope, but even now be of good cheer. It is the voice of a leader, of a victorious general who, from his point of vantage, sees that the foe is demoralized, and that victory is assured. He has overcome, and the news is given as stimulus to the rank and file, still struggling in the smoke of battle and liable to lose heart and courage. Hearing such words, who would relax his energies? who would be a traitor? In the field, the conflict still rages; against one and another warrior the enemy directs his fierce assaults. Constant vigilance is necessary, constant prayer, continuous effort. It is often difficult to hold exposed positions, sometimes there is retreat and it seems as if the battle would be lost. The leaders stumble and fall, and here and there the enemy gets the advantage, but still that commanding voice rings through the air: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

There are many who need such encouragement. With some, the inward struggle is fierce and bitter. Old habits, hereditary taints, passionate desires of fleshly appetites clamor for indulgence. They are held back for a time and appear to be dead. After some season of holy delight, they seem to be eradicated, but in the deadening atmosphere of business and social life, spiritual strength becomes enfeebled and the old struggle is renewed. In one form or another, the conflict is waged with greater or less intensity, according to the physical constitution and often there is failure and lamentation over a fall. But the tendency is ever upward and the failures induce greater vigilance. With others, the conflict is outward. Persecution from enemies, sneers and ridicule in the factory, the workshop or the home, assaults of temptation, pressure of poverty, the weariness of recurring sickness, domestic affliction—all these come upon individual Christians and cause distress and worry. Voices from below call them give up the struggle and swim with the stream. It would be so much easier; it would bring so much joy into life. Money is needed and there are opportunities of making it by the sacrifice of principle. The Christian asks himself whether it is incumbent on him to resist the evil—whether they are not wiser in their generation who being in the world live as the world. To all such, Christ's words come. All this is discipline. The image of the Lord is being hewn out of the marble by the process. By these rough experiences the soul is being prepared for the better service and at last it shall enter the quiet haven amid the plaudits, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

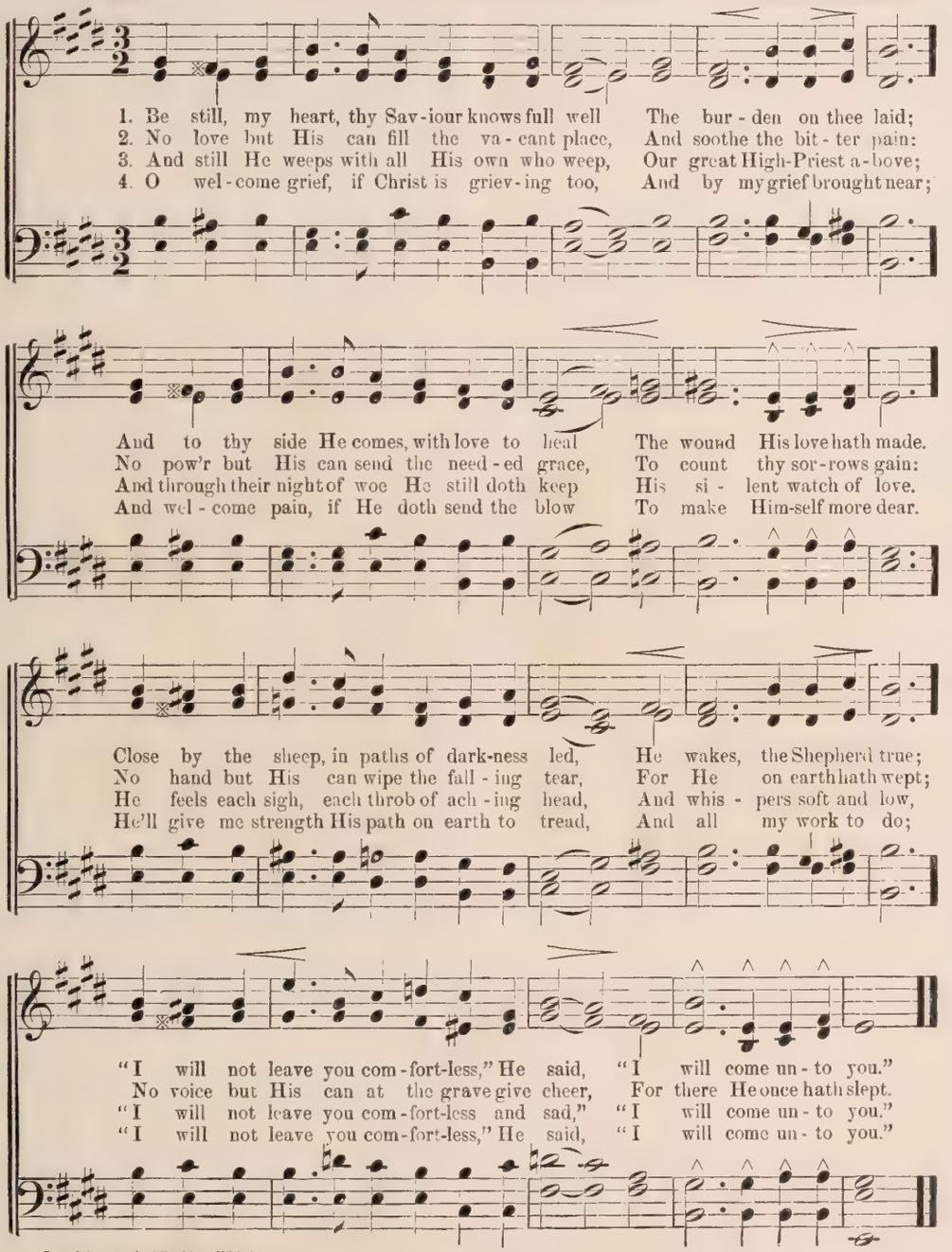


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

BE STILL, MY HEART.

"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS."—*John 14: 18.*

EL. NATHAN. Miss MARY WHITTLE.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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The Lord's Day.

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best,
The time of holy joy and rest,
When to God's house the saints repair
To hear his Word and see his face,
To learn his will and sing his grace,
And vent their hearts in praise and prayer.

This is employment all divine;
My soul, the blest assembly join,
And from the world this day retire:
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The shining heap, the gaudy show,
All sensual mirth, and worldly cares;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And leave beneath thy feet the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,
Great fund of bliss, and source of light;
There fix, and there delight thine eyes:
View every shining wonder o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And feast on fruits of Paradise.

This day was by our Lord ordained,
That thus his servants might be trained
For heavenly work, and heavenly joy;
My soul, be this thy day of rest,
And thus prepare thee to be blest,
Thus all thy holy hours employ!

Saints in Judgment.

Rewards According to Meritorious Service to be Appointed at the Judgment.

BY NATHANIEL STARKEY.

(Continued from page 311.)

IN the judgment we are considering, there is no question of personal salvation. Personally accepted in Christ are all here found, and as members of the household of faith long since passed from death to life, they shall not personally come into condemnation. "Being now justified by his blood they are saved from wrath through him." Concerning their old sins before conversion, and their failures and shortcomings that have since been repented of and confessed, he has said, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgression, and as a cloud thy sins;" but the question here is one of works, and bad works and bad workmen must here and now be judged, and the wood and stubble building, of which it may be the builders have been unaware themselves, must then to their surprise and consternation be consumed. All who have been building, without God, daubing with untempered mortar, must discover the true nature of their work, which before they would not believe, although the more discerning of their brethren have seen it, and it may be earned their censure for reproving it; but as bad workmen, their bad works must be judged, and condemned, and consumed.

That shame in some sort, and after some manner, will be the experience of some we gather from Luke 21: 36; I. John 2: 28 and 4: 17. That full reward, partial reward, reward gained respectively, but lost eventually, are among the possibilities of that day we learn from II. John. What will it be for another man to take our crown (see Rev. 3: 11), we wonder with great amazement; but there it is in the book, and its warning should not go unheeded. For now it must be shown how brother has wronged brother; how it has been that in commercial life Christian men have found their fellow Christians the most difficult to deal with, being the hardest, most covetous, most grasping of any, often descending to mean and paltry ways, such as upright and honorable worldlings scorn. Our conviction is deep and of long standing, that if some Christian men, could see how, in their dealings with the world and their fellow Christians, their Master—with his eye upon them, looking them through and through—is "crucified afresh, and put to open shame," they would be horror-stricken at their ways. How it has been that believers have formed self-indulgent habits and appetites, allowing such to grow upon them by slow degrees, till the conscience becoming habituated to wrong has ceased to witness against it.

We ask again, How is it to be with such at the judgment-seat of Christ? Does the Scripture throw any light upon the question? It is easy enough to conclude that Matt. 10: 33, has nothing to say to believers, because Christ cannot deny one his blood-bought ones, but we observe that our Lord is at the time speaking expressly to his disciples, to those who are of more value to him than many sparrows. Nor do we apprehend it to be denial involving final dismission from his presence, such as the words, "I never knew you, depart from me," indicate; but a denial of them as overcomers worthy of reward, a kingdom, and a crown. This we think it will be.

To be Concluded.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY THE For the CHRISTIAN HERALD,

REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

Copyright, 1896

CHAPTER XVI.

Down at the Front.

A COLD, dreary rain was sweeping down as a woman stood in the door of a Virginia house used as a hospital. Somebody had said, "Here comes a regiment just from the North. Look out of the window!" But the woman had gone to the door. "From the North" was equivalent to the magnetic phrase, "from home." Besides, a heavy battle was hourly expected. Indeed, skirmishing had begun. This woman, a nurse, had come from Washington to assist in the sad, serious work of caring for the wounded, a work which had already been inaugurated, as the rooms of the house, converted into hospital wards, would have shown. There was not only a desire to see any regiment which might have come from far away Northern homes, but the nurse had a natural curiosity to see who were coming to join in the fight. Then the responsible work within those close wards had wearied her, and she was glad of any opportunity to go to the door and breath air that was fresh and cool, though it might be laden with damp.

"Ah," she said, "here they come!" Drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, she began to wave its white folds.

"What regiment is that?" she asked. "What state?" An old soldier loitering at the door, said, "Dunno, marm!"

"Oh, it is my state!" she responded, eagerly. "I wonder if——"

She stopped. She had so much work to occupy her eyes that she could give little time to speech.

There they were, sturdy, stalwart men come from farm and fishing-boat to the strange work of drill and fighting. Three years before that day, if any one gifted with fore-knowledge had told them that they would in so short a time be wearing uniform and marching into battle, they would not have believed it. But patriotic enthusiasm is contagious, and these men had caught the fever of it as thousands like them in the South as well as North had caught it. The word, duty, had sounded in their ears like a trumpet call, and the same word had caused the men in one section to don the gray, as it caused those of the other section to don the blue. The same word had brought Janet down into the hospital ward, too, and had made her strong for service. She had seen so many sad sights and strange faces in this unfamiliar land that the boys from her own State seemed like brothers to her as they marched past.

The regiment was, as said, a new arrival. Its ranks were full. Its men were healthy and strong. Their uniform was fresh. Their banner was bright and stainless. It was a splendid sight to see them march. There was a corner which they turned next the house, and as the long, full ranks swept round that corner, how straight, exact, strong and confident was that line. The woman noticed it.

"How finely they march!" she exclaimed. "That regiment goes like a machine."

Yes, like a machine. It did not seem to be a collection of a thousand units, but there was just one motive power at work, throwing out the two thousand legs together, and holding at just such an angle the thousand muskets.

"Eh!" exclaimed the old soldier. "They won't look as fresh and purty, and march [illegible] six months from this time."

"No, nor in a month," said the woman. "And there won't be so many of them—oh, dear! Not so many in two days! Oh, it is sad! But I wonder if——"

She was looking again intently, and speech ceased.

"Oh, there they are, I do believe! See! See!" she cried in a moment, her handkerchief fluttering eagerly.

"I don't see nothin,' muttered the veteran, who was jealous of the fresh recruits. The woman did not hear him, but cried eagerly, "Yes, there they are! Hur-rah!"

Then she dropped her hands and shouted again, "Hur-rah! Bravo, Sandy! Bravo, Ned!"

And two soldiers of a company now passing saw the welcome and laughed, and proudly tossed their heads back in recognition of this old friend's welcome to Virginia.

"Ha-ha, Sandy! There she is! See Jennet!" said Ned Davis.

"I see her," said Sandy. "Don't she look handsome?"

Ned made no reply, but his brown eyes flashed toward Janet an admiring recognition.

The woman went back to her weary work by the couches of the sick and wounded. Ned, who had followed Janet to the war, and Sandy, who could not stay at home without Ned, soon disappeared with the regiment. They were going into camp just outside this Virginia village, and there was not much of the daylight left for camp duties.

How grateful was the order to halt. Those ranks so solid and complete one moment, were all loose and dissolving the next, the men scattering in every direction. It was rapidly darkening, and tents must be pitched and supper must be dispatched. The pitching of the tent? Between them, Sandy and Ned carried along a shelter tent. It consisted of two pieces of duck cloth, between five and six feet long, and in width each half shelter was between four and five feet. On three sides of each piece were buttons and button-holes. There were holes for stake-loops at the corners. The two soldiers made a frame for the tent in a very short time.

"Fix bayonets, Ned," cried Sandy.

"All right, Cap'n," shouted Ned.

"Now jab," said Sandy.

"Jab" it was at once. The earth was bayonetted in two places as far apart as the length of a half shelter. Between the trigger-guards of the muskets was stretched a guy-rope. Here was the frame-work of a tent. It was clothed at once.

"There, Cap'n," said Ned, "she's pitched!"

"Now for supper, Ned."

There were trees near by which could have furnished for the tent a framework of saplings if desired. What the grove did provide was fuel for a camp-fire.

"Time for fried hard-tack, Cap'n?" asked Ned.

"We will try for it, Ned."

Oh, how appetizing to a hungry soldier was a supper of biscuit fried in plenty of sizzling pork-fat! The "Cap'n" finally decided there was not time for it. But coffee! What veteran, one who had learned to make coffee "in a jiffy," ever went without his coffee in a halt of any decent length?

"I'll get some water, Cap'n," said Ned. "The boys say there's a spring down in that field beyond the trees."

Ned hurried off, a canteen in each hand. Sandy remained to coax the fire along.

"Where's Ned," the fireman asked when his companion failed seasonably to return. "Fire's in good condition, and if we had that water, we might have coffee quick."

Through the shadows Sandy looked anxiously, expecting every minute to see Ned's swinging gait as he came within the circle of the light of the camp-fire. A half hour passed. Other soldiers had visited the spring and returned. Ned and the two canteens were still absent.

"Don't see where that boy is," mused Sandy. "Oh, there he is!"

Yes, Sandy caught the sound of brush crackling under a quick, energetic tread over in the grove. Then Ned appeared, rushing forward with his two dripping canteens.

"'Bout gin you up, Ned," remarked Sandy. "You been digging a well?"

Ned was too intent on something else to regard this question. He had one for Sandy's consideration.

"Say, who d'you think I saw out there? Mos' took my breath away."

"I don't know. Here, I'll put that coffee through while you tell me."

"Well, I'll tell ye. I'll go back to the fust of on't. It is sure as Bible. I cleared them trees and got out into an open field. They all told me the spring was down that way. I was a-rushin' along, when 'Kereful!' called out somebody down in the grass. It was one of the picket-line lyin' in the grass.

"'What's the matter?' sez I, and at the same time I sez to myself, 'your voice sounds dredful nat'ral.' He spoke agin: 'Well, there's no big lot of Southerners down there, but some gorrillers, I guess, for one of our men was fired on this afternoon.' I knew from that twasn't one of our cump'ny, but the voice did sound so nat'ral. I went down to the spring, filled my canteens, and wasn't fired on by no goriller neither.

"When I came back agin, there was the picket a-lyin' in the grass. He sez to me, 'Find that spring?'

"'Of course I did. I allers 'tend to git what I go for,' sez I.

"'Lucky,' sez he.

"Then says I, 'Seems to me your voice sounds nat'ral.'

"Sez he, 'I should think you was Ned Davis.'

"'Zounds,' sez I, 'who be you?'

"'You come this way and see.' Yes, he sez, 'I should say 'twas Ned Davis, that he had been to the store to get a quart of 'lasses for P'leen, and was a-goin' home with it.'

"'You're gittin' wuss and wuss,' sez I.

"'Wall,' sez he, 'Come this way and see who it is.'

"Sandy, I jest ran up to that 'ere picket, scooched down, and who do yon think it was?"

Sandy looked up from the odorous coffee he was making.

"Give it up, Ned."

"Tobias Newhall!"

"You don't say!"

"I do say it. He axed about you, wanted to know when you came, and where we were ordered; if we were a-goin' to pitch in here."

"I was a-wonderin' where that chap went when he left home. You know he and his brother were prosecuted for their rum business, and he left kind of sudden. Folks said then he was scat of a second prosecution, went to sellin' agin, or his brother did, and they were both mixed up in the business. So you know Tobias cleared out. His friends said he wanted to see the flag through, and all that—and for some time he had been gittin' to see it was his duty to go to the war, and so forth. I didn't know he had really gone. What regiment?"

"From New York, he says. 'Yes, he told me, I felt I ought to be a-doin' suthin' for my country.'"

"His country would have done suthin' for him and clapped him in jail for sellin' liquor a second time, if he had been convicted."

"Wall, there he is, on tother side of them trees, stretched out in the grass, a-watchin' for the enemy a-lyin' there, sassy as you please."

"I must go and make him a visit before roll-time, Ned. We'll have supper first."

The two cronies crouched beside the little camp fire and smacked their lips over their coffee and contentedly broke and ate their hard tack.

"You may wash dishes, Ned, and I'll jest hunt up that Tobias. On the other side of them trees."

"Yes, go till ye strike a picket-line in the grass."

"Dish-washing that night could not possibly have been a heavy duty even if Ned had attended to it. As it was, he set at one side the soldiers' scanty stock of tinware, and then stretched out beside the camp fire. "Too much fuss to wash dishes! Roll-call at half-past eight," murmured Ned, "and Sandy must be back then."

Sandy returned as the bugle at half after eight musically sounded "attention." The roll was called, and then came the half hour before "taps," the interim that a soldier gives to the last duties of the day finally to the hushing of his tongue the blowing out of his candle at "taps" A very small piece of candle did San and Ned have that night, but while burned, they arranged their haversacks for pillows, spread out a rubber blanket a protection between them and the da ground, unrolled the old army blan they carried by day, as an envelope the body by night, and also did some v interesting talking.

"What made you gone so long?" as Ned.

"Oh, there! I was goin' to tell you hunted up Tobias Newhall—"

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I didn't stay there long. He a lot to say about servin' his country so on, but I knew what was under it Then he sez there was a New York iment next to ours, and he was quite s he saw in it an offsur that he used to at home. 'An offsur,' sez I. 'Someb that used to visit there, yes, an offsur, I can't think of his name,' sez he. 'Was an offsur then, of course.' 'Wall,' se 'what's his name?' He gin it to me—'

"What was it?" asked Ned.

"I'll come to that part, Ned. So I star off, and if I didn't stumble on him ab the fust thing! Sez I, 'You know a Le nant Melrose?' 'What?' sez he."

"Melrose, Sandy?" interruped Ned.

"I'll come to it, Ned. You hold on. was standin' by a camp fire when I sp to him. 'That's my name,' sez he. 'I you used to visit up north a family by name of Morton?' He had been stand with his back to the fire, but he turn a-sudden from it as if he had been scot ed. 'I—did,' he sez, 'know one family that name—'

"You don't mean to say he is he Sandy!"

"Hold on, Ned! 'You remember a fish man you used to go off with—' sez I. broke in and sez, 'You don't mean Sand I sez, 'That's the one, and I'm the Sand Then you ought to have seen him g my hand and shake it."

"Sandy," said Ned, "you mean to s that Winthrop Melrose—"

"That's the name."

"He—he round? I thought he was Southerner."

"He ain't now. He's an offsur in t regiment next to us."

"You don't say!"

"I had a long talk with him. I thoug he wanted to ask me about Jenet."

"Say, Sandy?" Ned spoke vehement

"You 'spose he cares 'bout that g Sandy?"

"I don't know; don't make nery diff ence to me."

But it did to Sandy's companion, something else affected him. He went i an abstracted state of mind. He did seem to hear or see what was transpiri about him. At nine o'clock, the bu sounded clear and echoing.

It was followed by a few taps on a dru With "taps," came silence, came the tinguishing of each bit of candle in th little shelter tents. Silence? Not an solute stillness. The drowsy Sandy w half conscious that several times Ned call out to him, "Say, Sandy, you s'pose cares anything 'bout that gal?"

"Dunno," murmured Sandy, "'bo that gal."

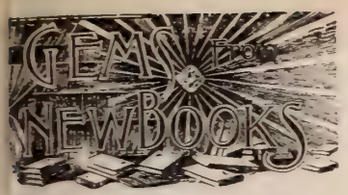
"Sandy, does he know she's here? D you tell him?"

"N—n—no!" groaned Sandy.

Finally, even Ned was immersed in p found slumber. The stars kept wat above, and the little camp-fires sputter below. In the camp, the half-asleep se try mechanically paced his rounds, wh outside, the lonely picket listened a looked, listened for the stealthy sound an enemy, looked for the sudden flash some hostile musket.

Janet, in the little hospital, was relie ed, and had an opportunity for rest. H much would she have slept though, if s had known that not far away was o Winthrop Melrose, an officer in the Unit States Army, once Janet's friend, lover, b trothed? It would not have affected h mind any more soothingly had she know that near by was Tobias Newhall, and h known also that he was connected throug Judson Skeele with matters of exceedi interest to Janet. The same small space quiet sky may cover so much that is turb lent and tragic.

(To be Continued.)



SATAN'S SERVICE.*

A CHILD once asked in his innocence, "Why does not God kill the devil?" And the simple query of the child suggests a problem that might well exercise the brain of a philosopher. Yes, "Why does he not kill the devil," and so end all our temptations and trials? We shall have that question answered for us one day, but, in the meantime, what if, instead of killing him, God should be using him? Will it not be the masterpiece of the divine workman's skill, if the very malignant hostilities of hell are found in the end to contribute to the sublime purposes of heaven; and if Satan himself may be proved to have helped, all unawares, to create that which he has been striving hell and earth to destroy?

How do we judge of Satan's action as depicted in the Book of Job? If Job were a completer, and a more perfect character after his trial than he was before, by whom was that perfecting brought about? Was it only brought about by the vision of God and the voice from the whirlwind? Would it have been brought about by these, but for the antecedent trial and temptation? Job came out of that dread ordeal, as one who had learned to trust God in the dark—"Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." He came forth as one whom Satan had in vain endeavored to induce to curse God to his face, or even when his face was hid. And, therefore, the very spite of the foe contributed a once to his own defeat and to the perfecting of the patience of his victim.

I believe that even now we may thus see our great foe outwitted by the wisdom of divine love, and learn to believe that, when he comes in like a flood, he only gives us an opportunity of claiming it of our God, that he shall lift up a standard against him. Thus his attack carries with it the possibility of our gaining whatever acquisition comes by victory, and his very persecution of us may help to make us firm. Thus, indeed, "Out of the eater shall come forth meat, and out of the strong shall come forth sweetness."

And I believe still more firmly that in the last great day of revelation, when the curtain shall be drawn and we shall see things as they really are, and understand them as they have been, we shall find that the powers of darkness, in their endeavor to spoil and mar that which God has made so fair, have only supplied a necessary element in its moral beauty. The implacable foe of God and man dared even to attempt to mar that ideal beauty which, displayed on earth, challenged and obtained the admiration of heaven. He made the attempt, but it only recoiled upon himself, and, while the assault failed, he whom he assailed became perfected through suffering. The Church is to be perfected after the same manner as her Lord, and if only she, in each of her members, meets temptation as her Lord met his, she too shall be "perfected through suffering," and the very machinations of the foe shall render her the liker to her Lord, shall help to stamp his image more indelibly upon her countenance, giving her to know the fellowship of his sufferings, as well as the power of his resurrection. And if this should, in the end, prove to have been the issue of life's conflict, surely this proverb will take its place amidst the memories of Heaven, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The Spirit still comes mightily on those from the spirit of evil assails; if, indeed, they are led of the Spirit" as they travel along the highway of life. At the moment when the conflict is raging there may seem no promise of advantage in the terrible strife; the traveler so rudely assailed has nothing for it but a mortal conflict with the pitiless foe. But when the victory is won by a mightier power than his own; when, walking in the spirit, he has been kept safe from fulfilling the lusts of the flesh, memory wanders back to cull the sacred lessons of the fight; he turns aside to gaze upon the carcass of the lion, and then, lo, the honey! He sees it all now. He has been a gainer by that very strife that seemed to threaten him with the loss of all; he is a happier as well as a stronger and a wiser man for his trial. The conflict is over, but the honey is left, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness!"

* From *Temptation and Toil*, fourteen sermons on the battle and the work of life by Rev. W. Hay M. Aitken, M.A., the distinguished mission preacher recently holding noon services at Trinity Church, New York. Pp. 304; price $1.25; published by Thos. Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Character of Enoch.*

INTO less than a dozen verses is condensed the whole biography of Enoch, yet no Old Testament character is more impressive. The few strokes which portray his life are laid on by a Master hand, so that the picture stands out vivid and distinct. The "seventh from Adam," the son of Jared, the father of Methusaleh, he lived a complete "year of years," was contemporary with portions of the lives of all the patriarchs from Adam to Lamech, the father of Noah, thus linking the commencement of the race with its second beginning. A progenitor of Christ, he was permitted to look far down the centuries and foresee the victorious coming of our Lord with ten thousand of his saints, and then shared in the honor which awaits the saints in Christ's appearing, by being translated that he should not see death.

While our knowledge of his outer career is very meagre, we have something of far more value, a description of his heart life. Although he lived in an age when were already at work the violence, lust and impiety which afterwards made the flood necessary, we read that "Enoch walked with God three hundred years." So fully did this expression characterize him, that it is repeated, "and Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him." So intimate was his communion, that one day, while walking with the Divine Friend, he did not return to his earthly abode, but went all the way to the heavenly home, to abide, not for a year of years, but for eternity.

Is this merely an idyl of the olden days? Is this the experience of one, out of our sphere, who has reached heights inaccessible to us, or is there in this brief life-story the portrayal of that which is possible to every one of the Father's children, who will meet the necessary requirements? If this were the record of one who, by his own unaided strength, was a spiritual giant, it would profit us nothing, but only waken discontent. Has then God hung out this signal light, at the very beginning of the world's history, to mock our desires and disappoint our hopes?

At times when we have grown weary stumbling along our self-chosen pathway; when the companionship of the busy, pushing, restless world has left the heart aching and dissatisfied; when the inmost soul has been lacerated by the desertion of trusted friends, the overthrow of cherished plans, the sight of newly made graves, the remembrance of some slip into sin, which brought reproach to Christ's cause and bitter mortification to ourselves, there comes a longing for an abiding sense of the presence of him, who, like a Father, pitieth his children. While the soul is yearning for the peace, the holiness, the power which would result from keeping step with our Divine Lord, there is borne to our ears like a sweet memory chime from the by-gone centuries: "Enoch walked with God," until we cry out, "Oh, that my name were linked with his!"

As we read the biographies of Rutherford, McCheyne, Payson, and a score of the saints, "who sainted not themselves," we cannot believe that the possibility of this fellowship with God is confined to the past, for no better description of their lives can be given than the simple phrase, "they walked with God." Our "God is no respecter of persons," he has not granted to one of his children the favor of his presence, which he is not equally willing to bestow on all. In that wonderful galaxy of worthies which the writer of the Hebrews brings before us, he urges us to follow in their steps, and shows that it was not the natural goodness and greatness of Enoch, and Abraham, and Moses which enabled them to traverse the heavenly road, but all their worthiness lay in that faith which joined them to God. They were men like ourselves, but they permitted God to work mightily in them.

* From *Walking with God*, by Samuel Bond Randall, a volume that will prove spiritually helpful to readers generally; pp. 121, cloth covers, price 60 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Eskimo Superstitions.*

NOT many heathen Eskimo remain in Labrador, yet between Ungava and Cape Chidley some are still to be found. They recognize a god (Tongarsuk), a good spirit, and lesser spirits (Tongaks), whom he sends to tell the priests (angekoks) how to heal diseases, and how to tell the weather. The Devil is a vague kind of female spirit, apparently unnamed. These angekoks are really delphic oracles, who make suppositious journeys to the bowels of the earth to consult Tongarsuk. The journey must be in winter, in the dark at night time, and the angekok remains alone in his hut with his head tied between his legs, and his arms behind his back, while his soul is off to heaven or hell. To become an angekok poglit, *i. e.*, fat priest or chief priest, his wandering spirit must be dragged by one toe to the sea by a white bear, and there swallowed by a sea lion and the same white bear. Then it must be spued up and return to his body, which is shut up in a dark house. A drum and other noises are kept up during the ceremony.

They have a vague tradition of a flood, saying that the world upset once, and all but one man were drowned. They prove this by the facts of shells being found high above the sea, and even the remains of a whale on a high mountain. They believe in a future life and a happier one than this, where there is perpetual summer, and they locate it at the bottom of the sea, whence they get their richest possessions, or in the bowels of the earth. Reindeer are there quite common, and their beloved seals are ever ready, swimming in a large boiling kettle.

Nansen tells us that they thought that all inanimate objects had spirits, and that is the reason that they buried with the warrior his boat and weapons, and often figures like dolls, possibly to represent his wives. I found several of these old graves, and two I examined. One, evidently very ancient, was perched on a high central promontory, overlooking the entrances to two bays; perhaps in order that as the harp seals or wild birds passed, the warrior might, even in death, look down upon those who of yore so oft paid tribute to his skill. The body in every grave is simply laid on the surface on its back, in its clothes—in one grave a female skeleton lay alongside a male one. Over it is built a rude structure roofed with large flat stones, so that the view should be unobstructed.

The early Moravian missionaries found it very difficult to convey to the Eskimo the Bible teachings of our Saviour's love and of God as our Father. They had no word for love; neither sheep nor lambs, seed-time nor harvest, silver nor gold were familiar to them, and all the oriental similes of the sacred book were unintelligible. Yet the missionaries' Christ-like lives during one hundred and thirty-three years have accomplished what their words could not express.

* From *Vikings of To-day*; or, Life and Medical Work among the Fishermen of Labrador. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Illustrated, cloth, pp. 240, price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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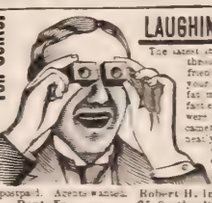

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on April 12, in accordance with the requests of the following persons, who also ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters. J. L., Berne, Ind., that several children now out of Christ might be saved. ——"Bereaved Widow." that her children who are unsaved and estranged from each other, might be brought together in Christ and loving him come to love each other.——"Anon," St. Louis, Mo., that a son who has been wandering away from home for years might be converted and may yet live to atone for the past and relieve his family of the burdens his misconduct has entailed upon them.——"Anxious Mother," Barton, Vt., that her eldest son might give his heart to God and may have strength to resist temptation.——Humbly, Andover, Mass., that a dear son now in the West might be brought to true repentance and may have assurance of salvation and that he might be led to work for Christ. ——J. P. E., Chandler's Valley, Pa., for the conversion of children not yet saved.——"Mother," Tallahassee, Fla., that an only son and his wife who are sorrowing over the death of a precious babe might, in their sorrow seek Christ and be converted to him.——J. W. H., Marblehead, Mass., that an only son might renounce the intoxicating cup and turn fo God for strength to resist the temptation and might become a true Christian.——Mother, Greenville, S. C., who is nearly heart-broken over the misconduct of her son and his drinking habits and his general evil life, begs earnestly for prayer that God would reclaim him and make him his own child.——I. G., Wartrace, Tenn., that her son and daughter-in-law who are given up to the frivolities of the world might be aroused to seek Christ and his kingdom.——"Father," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who seems to have an incurable propensity for vicious ways and a love for the society of evil men and women, who is destitute of all sense of honor and truth, might be reclaimed. God alone has the power to change his nature and the need for it is terribly urgent. Prayer is earnestly sought on his behalf.—— Subscriber, Delhi Mills, Mich., that a dear son who is very sick might give his heart to God and might live to serve him,——A. C. W., Middleton, Oreg., that a family of seven sons and daughters, the father of whom is an infidel might be brought by Christ's irresistible power to seek salvation and might become true children of God.——"Believer in Prayer," Seville, O., that three unconverted sons and a daughter might be brought to Christ and receive new hearts and devote themselves to the Lord's service.—— H. R. W., Adams, N. Y., that a daughter and her husband, both the children of many prayers, might seek the Lord and give themselves unreservedly to him.——"Anxious Mother," Conway, Ark., that her wandering sons might be found of the Lord and that the many prayers offered through long years might at last be answered in their conversion.——"Anxious Wife and Mother" in North Carolina, for her four children that they might give their hearts to God and that two of them who have made a profession of religion might have the Holy Spirit's power to enable them to lead consistent lives.

For the Conversion of other Relatives. "Believer in Prayer," Sacramento, Cal., that four unconverted brothers might be brought to Christ; also that a sister now in sore affliction might be led by it to seek the consolation afforded by Christ's love.——"Anxious Mother," Brooklyn, N. Y., that her husband who was brought up to attend church and Sunday School, but who has gone astray and has deserted her might be won to Christ and brought to see and do his duty to his family.——C. L. Lane, Ore., that two brothers and a sister might be converted. ——A. E. L., Pawnee, Neb., that her dear husband may be led to Christ and become a true son of God.——"Believer in Prayer, Vermont, for the salvation of her husband and that he may overcome his intemperate habits and have grace to resist temptation.——"Reader," Mass., that two brothers might be saved.—— "Weary One," Staunton, Va., that an idle brother who has fine talents might give up his present ways and seek the Lord and lead a Christian life.——A. D. M., West Buxton, Me., for the conversion of several nephews and nieces.——Two Sisters, Dellaplane, N. C., that a brother who is a drunkard might be led to forsake the intoxicating cup, and might seek the Lord with all his heart.——"Anxious Wife and Mother," N. C., that her husband might give up drinking and turn to God.——H. E. M., Seville, O., that her husband, once a member of a church, might return to the Lord, seeking forgiveness for his backsliding and find grace and pardon and restoration to the Lord's favor.——Mother, Delhi, Mich., for four members of a family still unconverted, that God would bring them into his kingdom.

For the Conversion of Friends. I. G., Wartrace, Tenn., that God's grace may reach a dear afflicted soul who is now nearly eighty years old.——P. M. A., Delaware, O., that a very near and dear friend might be brought into Christ's marvellous light——Friend, Lyons, Pa., that a friend and brothers might turn to the Lord now and find peace and rest in Christ.——"Reader," Himrods, N. Y., for the conversion of two dear friends.——"Reader," Smith Centre, Kan., that a member of a church who finds pleasure in worldly amusements and spends his time in worldly society, may see his inconsistency, and seek the Lord and the holiness which he requires.——S. L. N., N. H., that a young man leading a careless life may have grace to forsake sin and sinful companions and be restored to his family a new creature in Christ.——"Interested Reader." Grafton, Mass., on behalf of a man who has had a painful experience in dealing with nominal Christians, who have so treated him as to cause him to avoid Christians in business transactions and to doubt the truth of religion. May the Lord give him light.——"Believer," Va., that an aged lady and her daughter may be converted.

For the Restoration of Health. E., Montpelier, Vt., asks that prayer might be offered for the removal of an affliction of many years' standing.—— "Reader," West Buxton, Me., that a friend now in the hospital in a critical condition might be raised up with new life and health; also that a minister may recover his health and hearing ——Believer, Mass., for the recovery of a brother in poor health——"Anxious Mother," Conway, Ark., for the recovery of a demented brother who is suffering mentally and physically.——H. W. C., Elgin, Ill., that God would relieve the suffering from a nervous affection.——H. S., Villanow, Ga., for the recovery of health and hearing, so that Sunday School work may be resumed.——J. W. F., La Porte, Ia., that a sick daughter, whom physicians have been unable to cure, might be healed by the Lord.——"Believer," William, Ariz., an invalid for ten years past, that God would grant recovery.——M. B., Bucklin, Mo., who is sorely needed for the comfort of aged parents, and whose work for Christ is now suspended owing to ill health, that God would give recovery and new strength.——E. L. C., Philadelphia, that a dearly loved mother may be restored to health. ——"Subscriber," Hamilton, O., that a demented son twenty-three years old might recover health and reason.——"Brother," South Torain, O., for the recovery of a dear brother who has been brought very low by typhoid fever.——W. G. L., Baltimore, Md., that his wife who is in great spiritual depression owing to melancholia, might find joy and peace in her Lord.——"Believer," San Jose, Cal. that a Christian friend may be healed of a serious illness and restored in health to her friends.—— L. K. S., Hobart, Ind., who has been ill five months, that God would send recovery.—— "Reader," Reed, Va., that God would restore health and that it may be used in his cause. ——"One who Believes," Hillsboro, Md., for the recovery of hearing; also that a sick friend who is heavily afflicted might be healed.—— The following also ask prayers for recovery from sickness: J. W. H., Marblehead, Mass.; Orphan Girl, Nashport, O.; C. B., Marion, N. Y.; W. A., San Francisco.

For Special Blessings. "Believer," Vermont, for daily strength to lead a consistent life, and that help may be granted so that financial difficulties might be successfully overcome.——"Anxious Mother," Brooklyn, N. Y., that a way might be opened for her to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her child, now that he who should attend to that duty has deserted her and left her to her own resources.——J. P. E., Chandler's Valley, Pa., that God would give grace to two women who are trying to lead Christian lives, enabling them to acquire control over their hasty tempers.——"In His Name," Dunham, Canada, for a man who has a high temper, leading him sometimes to be unjust and inconsiderate of others, that God would touch his heart and make him kind and generous to relatives, and that all estrangements may be removed.——W. H. E., Shelby, N. C., that God in his mercy would open the way to earn money to pay honest debts.—— J. F. R., Stelton, N. J., for help and success in the disheartening task of seeking employment. ——T. P., Boston, Mass., that a dear daughter may have better success than she expects in an approaching examination, if in accordance with the Divine will.——"Believer in Prayer," Baltimore, Md., that a man who served God in the days of his prosperity may have God's guidance and help in his adversity and may be able to earn an honest livelihood. ——"Reader," S. D., that a loved one may be speedily restored to the loving hearts who have waited long; also that a faithful pastor might be restored to a needy field of labor. ——"Believer," Amice, Ill., that a church nearly broken up by internal troubles may be led to peace and an awakening and a new baptism of the Spirit may come upon it.—— "Earnest Seeker," for a deeper conviction of sin and stronger faith in Christ.——"Young Woman," St. Paul, Minn., that a thorn in the flesh which is a constant source of sorrow might be removed if it is the Lord's will.——"Reader," Woodlawn, N. Y., that two brothers might find steady employment.——Reader, Smith Centre, Kan., that a young lady may have the wisdom she needs to decide rightly in a momentous matter.——"Believer," Virginia, for God's help to avert a calamity, which if it come will make an old man homeless and penniless.——E. L. C., Philadelphia, that a man needing employment by which he can support his family, may be able to obtain it; also that one who is on his way to South American Mission fields may be endued with power from on High.—— Lonely, New York City, who longs for friendship with intelligent, book-loving people, but being poor and meanly attired, finds a difficulty in getting acquainted, that God would open the way to a friendship which would make life in the great city less dreary.——The following persons ask prayer that God would send them financial help in crises of various kinds: C. E. H., Chicago; W. G. L., Shane, Md.; "Trusting One;" O. S. S., Rochester, Minn. Weary One, Staunton, Va.

That Thanks be Given for Answers to Prayer. "Believer," Baltimore, Md., the prayers I asked for some time ago in a time of family trouble have been answered and I should be glad that thanks be rendered to God for his loving kindness.

"Believer," San Jose, Cal., please offer thanks for the remarkable answer that has come to your prayers offered at my request for restoration of health and relief from business trouble.

M. C. H., Paterson, N. J., you were kind enough to pray at my request for my husband some time ago. Please thank God who has wonderfully blessed him and me. My husband has given up drinking and is now a truly Christian man and a member of the church. Give thanks to God for me for his goodness.

M. E. J., Portland, Me., it seems to me that God is answering your prayers. The gambling drunkard for whom I asked prayer has been calmer and less determined of late in his evil ways and more amenable to reason. Please go on praying for him.

M. H., Tipton, Iowa. Please give thanks for the answer granted to the prayers you offered recently in response to my request, which I signed "Firm Believer."

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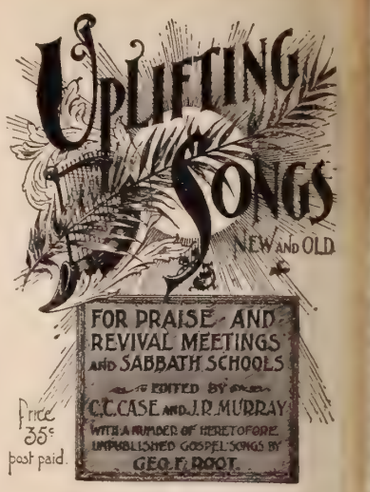

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REV. MALCOLM C FENWICK
Missionary to Corea.

"*Dear Friends:* God has kept me waiting much longer than I anticipated when I saw you in New York, but the rest gave me, after six weeks with my restful assurance concerning His will. Two weeks later I sailed my God, and two days ago found myself on the Pacific coast ready to sail D. V. on the S. S. *Empress of China*. But God has not only permitted me to return again, and supplied all my personal need, but has sent me $100 toward building a home for workers, with a promise of more and to send out a band of workers in the near future. I hope to use this $100 to build a small native reception room, 8x16, as soon as I get back, on the beautiful lot and orchard already provided. This will enable me to prosecute the work I left on Wonsan, and be on hand to build a larger native building for the reception of workers as soon as God supplies. There are eleven out of Corea's twelve millions who are in utter ignorance of the Gospel. There are seven of the eight prominent capital cities, each with a population of from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand souls, without one witness for Jesus. And out of some sixty missionaries, teachers, and their wives, we had less than twenty active workers to overmeet this appalling need. Surely the fault is not our God's, but that of his unwilling children. I shall be glad, and helped I am sure, if I learn that God has burdened any hearts with this need, or that the missionaries are remembered in prayer.

"It has just been suggested: 'Why am I so happy in going back to Corea? Why is consuming joy?' Ah! beloved it is nothing I had any monopoly of. A Scotch missionary now laboring in China said to his Master, 'Lord I cannot manage this life of mine, take it and manage it for me.' And his Lord said unto him: 'All right, I will take you at your word. I will make a missionary of you and send you to China. Will you go?' And he answered, 'Yes, Lord! I'll go.' I saw him a short time since on his way back, and his heart seemed to be overflowing with Holy joy. The harvest is very great and very ripe for reaping in Corea. Perhaps the Master would say the same thing to some who read these words, for Corea. That is really the only way the joy may be known. Yours in Christ,

MALCOLM C. FENWICK."

It is quite probable that our readers may occasionally hear from Mr. Fenwick from time to time, concerning the progress of his missionary work in Corea.

The Southern Polar Regions.

At the present moment there are three different expeditions, organized by as many different nationalities, preparing to explore the mysteries of the Southern Polar regions. What disclosures may yet come from that comparatively unknown quarter, none can foreshadow. Meteorology expects to come in for its share in the result. The vegetable kingdom has doubtless wonders of its own to reveal to the adventurer in the Antarctic world. It is even surmised that a new race of men may yet be found in a hitherto undiscovered continent. Dr. Cook, the leader-elect of the American expedition, says: "Towns and villages may exist close to the South Pole, inhabited by people of queer stature and color, whose world is bounded by a wall of ice; or, upon the other hand, they may still be in a savage state, waging war upon each other, and giants in stature." All this reasoning is vagueness itself, unsubstantial as a dream of the night, and the only moral to be drawn is to wait for more light from this region of darkness.

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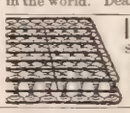

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SIX CROWNS.

An Address on the Christian's Regalia and Insignia of Royalty.

By REV. A. S. GUMBART of Boston, Mass.

THE Bible has much to say about crowns. Poetry and history are full of references to crowns. The crown is worn by kings and queens. It is symbolic of honor, power, victory. Some crowns are very valuable. The crown of the King of Portugal is said to be worth six and one-half millions of dollars; a sum so large that we have no idea what it means. The crown of the Czar of Russia is worth about the same. One ruby in this crown being worth thirty thousand dollars. But I want to speak of some of the crowns of which we read in the Bible:

I. The Crown of Jesus.

Every one should know that Jesus Christ is our King. Although Jesus died many years ago, he rose again on the third day and came forth from the grave alive and well, and with a wonderful body; and after forty days he went up through the clouds into heaven, where he now reigns as King. Now, if Jesus is our King, we owe him something. We cannot do with him as we choose. We must love, honor and obey him. Jesus has a right to demand this, and he does demand it. The rebellious, the disloyal cannot hope to please him. As a rule kings do not pay much heed to ordinary boys and girls, but our King Jesus loves the children and wants them to love him, and it is a blessed thing to know that even boys and girls can be of service to him by living Christian lives. I know a whole family of seven who were brought to Jesus by one little boy who was a member of a class in a Brooklyn Sunday School; and the way in which it all happened was very simple. He was so persistent in his desire to have his father and mother attend the preaching service, that they yielded, just to please him. They heard the Gospel and soon after acknowledged Jesus as their King and Saviour. And I could tell of many cases where drunken fathers and godless mothers were brought to know Jesus through some boy or girl.

II The Crown of Life.

The Bible tells us that all who love Jesus as their Saviour shall receive a crown of life. In the last book of the Bible, the second chapter and tenth verse we have a precious promise: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This refers to that wonderful and blessed life which we shall have in the world to come. This life is so glorious that Jesus speaks of it as a "crown of life." The life which we shall have in the world to come is different from that which we now have. In this life we suffer hunger and thirst and sickness and pain. Here some boys are blind and crippled; but in the world to come there shall be no poor, no sick, no blind, no crippled. We shall be like Jesus. We shall receive a new and perfect body in which these evils just mentioned shall not be possible. What a blessed life that will be when we shall receive a never-dying body that will never be sick, nor hungry, nor tired! Well, this is the kind of body that Jesus promises to those that love him.

III. The Crown of Glory.

We read, "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Here a different kind of crown is spoken of. Here the use of the term 'crown' is in reference to the victory and honor which shall be given to those who endure hardship and suffering in the service of Christ. I know a poor woman who loves Jesus. She loves to attend the church service and the prayer-meeting; but her husband is a very bad man, and will not permit her to attend these services unless she will give him money with which to buy strong drink; but she refuses to do this on the ground that it would displease Jesus. And so he beats her and abuses her, but she remains faithful to Jesus through it all. I believe this woman will some day receive a crown of glory. If we desire to be faithful to Jesus, it may sometimes be that we shall need to suffer for his sake. If we overcome temptation, or suffer hard things on account of being Christians, or doing Christ's work, we shall receive, in the end, a crown of glory—a crown of joy, of honor, of victory. I know a Jew who professed to love Jesus, but his family told him that if he did not give up Jesus, he would have to leave his home. He was afraid; he had not the courage to endure the suffering of being cast off by his people, and so he gave up Jesus and went back to his family. Do you think this man will receive a crown of victory?

IV. The Crown of Rejoicing.

In his letter to the Thessalonians, Paul speaks of the crown of rejoicing in reference to the souls it would please God to save through his labors, and who would meet him in heaven. Paul was not satisfied to go to heaven without trying to show others the way, and so he told others about Jesus, and how he died to take away our sins, and exhorted them to love Jesus. We, too, may win souls to Jesus in the same way. Late one winter night I was called out to visit a poor washerwoman who was dying; but when I began to tell her about Jesus, she said: "Oh, sir, I know all about him, thank God. My little angel told me about him. She learned about him in your Sunday School." She was only a little girl of ten years, but she won her mother to Jesus. Surely this will be a crown of rejoicing to her when she meets mother in heaven. There are many boys and girls who know nothing about Jesus, and salvation, and heaven, and we may tell them, and God will help us to win them, and when we get to heaven we shall meet them and shall receive a crown of rejoicing, that is, we shall have the joy of knowing that God used us to show them the way.

V. The Crown of Righteousness.

Paul speaks of this crown in his second letter to Timothy:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." We are taught here that all who live such lives as shall be well-pleasing to Jesus, shall receive this crown of righteousness. This is not only the crown which belongs to right living in the sight of God, but it means also that in that day we ourselves shall be made perfect in righteousness. All sin shall be taken away from us and we shall be pure and holy. We all know how hard it is for us, in this life, to live such pure and holy lives at all times, and how, when we know that we have done wrong, it takes away our peace; but if we shall be faithful here, the time is coming when we shall be like Jesus, and shall sin no more; when we shall speak no bad words, when we shall do no wrong things and think no bad thoughts. Surely such a blessing is worth having.

VI. The Incorruptible Crown.

In the ninth chapter of First Corinthians, and the twenty-fifth verse we read of a corruptible crown. This refers to worldly honor, which soon fades away, but the honor we shall receive from Jesus shall last forever. So the honor of the world, if it has no Christ in it, is a worthless deception. God grant that every one of us may so live that, at last, we shall receive the true crown; the crown of life, the crown of glory, the crown of rejoicing, the crown of righteousness, the incorruptible crown!

The Ministry of Sorrow.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

SORROWS, God's ploughshares sometimes rip and tear,
Deep furrows in the human heart;
How sharp and keen the anguish that we bear!
How bitter is the inner smart!
To see our fond and cherished hopes laid bare,
To wither in the scorching pain;
And yet, the while keep silent—lest we dare
Against a Ruler wise complain.

Ah! when her trodden soil is torn and rent,
Does this old Mother Earth complain?
Or, does she deem the plough an instrument
Of needless torture or of pain?
Mark how in silence she awaits the care
And toil of husbandry, until
Her mellow soil shall yield a harvest fair,
Garner and storehouse both to fill.

Thus when the heart through vain ambition
Earthward and sordidly to grow, [tends
Then God some cross of deep affliction sends
To show how vain all things below.
The Heavenly Gard'ner harrows and uproots
The strange affections of our hearts,
That they may yield to him the choicest fruits
Of righteousness that he imparts.

New Brunswick, N. J. —MRS. MARY LUTZ.

What is the reasonable treatment of

Rose Colds, Hay Fever

and similar diseases? To dose the stomach with nauseous drugs to cure the respiratory organs? You may *palliate* the pain this way, with preparations of opium, or temporarily stimulate yourself with *tonics*; but for a permanent cure, *try nature's way*.

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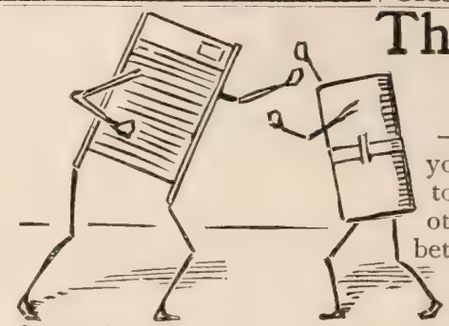

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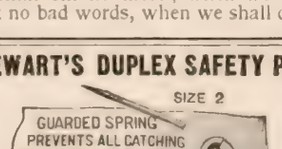

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JUNE FIRST we will **GIVE** some one **FIFTY DOLLARS** YOU MAY GET IT

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BOOST BOTTOMS PERFECTION TINS

Cake

Easily removed without breaking. **Perfection Tins** require no greasing. Round square or oblong, 2 round layer tins by mail 25 cents. Catalogue free.

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Samples mailed free. Prices from 3c. a roll, 8yds. KAYSER & ALLMAN, 932-34 Market St., 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA

FREE TO BALD HEADS

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 127 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED **Ladies** to take orders for our fine Teas, Extracts, Soaps, Toilet articles, etc. Largest commission, finest premiums given. No capital required. We pay the freight. Samples free. Address at once, CONSUMERS TEA & SPICE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

HOME STUDY. A thorough and practical Business Education in Book-keeping, Shorthand etc. given by Mail; at student's home. Low rates. Cat. free. Trial lesson 10c. Write BRYANT & STRATTON, 75 College Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

"He that works easily works successfully." 'Tis very easy to clean house with **SAPOLIO**

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to the afflicted here in Albany and in the surrounding country, and to inform them that the new Kidney and Bladder Remedy, Mexalin, is now for sale by druggists in this city and vicinity. Many of the cases are remarkable, and we advise all readers to call at the store of Jacobs & Co., for a book containing a full list of cures in Albany. Kidney Cure Company, 46 Liberty Avenue, New York, who will send a treatment free by mail, if you write them.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh will quickly relieve Deafness, Hawking, Catarrh, and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes.

A Fortune in the Fire.

Here died lately in London a lady who had for some time past been an invalid and confined to her apartments, but who through a single act of self-denial, several years ago attracted the attention of the literary world. Lady Burton was the widow of Sir Richard Burton, who became distinguished as a military hero, traveler, and author. With him she lived several years among the Arabs, and shared numerous perils and privations. At the time of his death, Sir Richard Burton had completed the manuscript of a work which was regarded by a certain class of literary men as exceedingly valuable but which on account of its immoral character might have blighted thousands of fine young hearts, had it been published. It was a translation from the Persian and gave evidence of his high scholarship, although it was also a testimony to his lack of Christian principle. His widow was offered a fabulous sum for the manuscript over which he had labored for years, but she made the matter a subject of prayer, and after becoming convinced of its true nature, she without hesitation committed the entire manuscript to the flames—an act for which she deserves to be gratefully remembered by the entire Christian world.

THE LATE LADY BURTON.

Hung Chang's Daughters.

It is learned on reliable authority that two daughters of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese ex-Premier, were converted to Christianity while attending school in New England. Their influence is said to have made their distinguished father very tolerant to the "Western religion," as it is sometimes called in China. It is not improbable that these young women may yet prove to be a tower of strength for the Gospel in their native land. As an evidence of his friendly attitude towards Christianity, Li Hung Chang recently issued the following remarkable proclamation: "Having examined the doctrine of the Christian teachers in every place pertaining to this prefect, we find there have been established free schools where the poor children in China may receive instruction, hospitals where Chinamen may freely receive healing. The missionaries are really good. Not only do they not take the people's possessions; but they do not seem to desire men's praises. Be it known, that foreigners here, renting or otherwise setting up halls, do so to save and to help the poor, and that there is not the least underhandedness." For one who has been called a heathen and the foremost statesman in a land of heathens, this is certainly a wonderful and gracious transformation.

Literature for the Prisons.

We are still receiving numerous acknowledgments from Wardens and Chaplains of prisons and reformatories, expressing great gratification at the gift of religious reading matter lately sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to such institutions all over the country. These letters show the very great need of Gospel literature for the prisoners. C. H. Mastin, Chaplain of the Kearney (Neb.), State Industrial School for Boys, writes:

"I cannot tell you how greatly we appreciate your favor. The boys are hungry for good wholesome reading. The State makes no provision for current literature. A healthy religious interest is being awakened, and I am anxious to supplement personal work by wholesome religious literature.

"The cultivation of religious taste is as essentially a part of reformation as correct physical habits. It is with great difficulty I am enabled to partially meet this want. Mr. Woodly generously sent us some pamphlets books or booklets. I shall watch the influence of your paper.

"Many readers of this journal, desiring to aid this movement for placing Christian literature in the prisons, can do so by sending such books or papers to any name on the list recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the sender prepaying the expressage.

Armenian Relief Fund.

(Continued from page 327.)

Friend, West Peabody	3 00	Milo For'n Miss'y Soc	5 00
" T, Penn	1 00	E L & C E of Wesley Ch, Ont, Can	25 00
" Bainbridge	1 00	W M S of HaysChapel	4 25
" North Benton	50	Mary C Hudson K D Circle	2 25
" Middletown	2 00	Armenian Entertainment, B Y P U, Ark	9 01
For his Sake, St Marys	1 00	Phila Class Member	2 00
For Jesus Sake, Toledo	2 00	Brooklyn Member	25
For Jesus Sake, Manchester	1 00	Sunday P M Member	2 00
For Jesus, Fairhaven	50	J I Wood's Bible Class	5 00
I H N, N Y City	10 00	Ellen Down's SS class	75
" Racine	2 00	Girls' Class No 6, Baptist S S, Minn	2 50
" New Albany	60	C E Worker, Oneonta	2 00
" Hay Spring	50	School Children, San Antonia Dist, Cal	7 50
" Boice	1 00	Brooklyn Member	25
" Amery	50	Sunday P M Member	2 00
" Perry Centre	2 00	J I Wood's Bible Class	5 00
In Jesus Name, Olneyville	50	Ellen Down's SS class	75
In Jesus Name, Kirtland	1 00	Girls' Class No 6, Baptist S S, Minn	2 50
Reader, Detroit	1 00	C E Worker, Oneonta	2 00
" Paterson	1 00	School Children, San Antonia Dist, Cal	7 50
" Steubenville	5 00	Teacher, Salisbury	5 00
" Ypsilanti	1 00	R R Man, I H N, N Y	5 00
" Grafton	1 00	For sale of Christian Herald, Tecumseh	10
" Keokuk	1 00	James 2 : 15, Chicago	10 00
Sub'r, Washington	20	Anon, ——	1 00
" Detroit	5 00	Anonymous	3 00
" Bridgeport	1 00	Inasmuch, Woburn	1 00
" Oshkosh	5 00	" 2 Sisters' Easter Offering, Yonkers & Owensville	2 00
" Eastmanville	1 00	Easter Off'g, Pepperell	5 00
" Minneapolis	1 00	Thank " Necorah	10 00
" Beverly	5 00	2 Colored Children, Beloit School	2
Sym'izer, Cedar Rapids	1 00	Mother & Daughter, La Crosse	5 00
" Olyphant	15 00	Mother & Daughter, Tecumseh	1 00
" Edgewood	2 00	Mother & Daughter, Constantine	3 00
Few Sym'izers, Adams	4 00	Watertown sisters	2 00
——, Alfred Sta	5 00	From a factory girl, Roxbury	1 00
——, Timmonsville	1 00	Two Ladies of Barton	75
——, New Bloomfield	1 00	Sister that loves Jesus, Willapa	5 00
——, Durango	50	Two Sisters Progress	50
——, Jamestown	1 00	One who loves Jesus, Jersey City	1 00
——, Indianola	50	Lover of the Christian Herald, Winchester	5 00
——, Machias	10 00	Some Young People Allegheny	5 62
——, Gobles	1 00	Orphan's Mite	25
——, St Louis	1 00	Followers of Christ, Pipersville	3 25
——, North Platte	15 00	A Bee Hive, Belchertown	3 00
——, Lakewood	65	Cash, Tyrone	10
——, Olmsted	5 00	" Tyrone	25
——, Baxter	1 00	" Geneva	10
——, Worcester	3 00	" Geneva	10
4th Ger Ref'd Ch, NY	36 50	Bapt Ch, Kingsbury	5 00
Pres Ch, Anniston	1 25	Grace Ref'd Epis Ch, Scranton	43 27
United Evan Ch, Carey	3 34	Wiconisco M E S S	12 40
Highland S S, Kansas	1 40	Mizpah S S	81
Sugar Creek S S	1 65	Salem S S, Md	2 25
Emanuel Ref'd S S & Y P S C E	11 50	Easter Offering, 1st United Brethren SS	5 00
Union S S, Troy	8 82	An Invalid, So Valley	25
SS of 1st Pres Ch, Kan	2 00	YPSCE, Herron Ave Pres Ch	2 25
Clark's Valley S S	1 00	New Prospect YPSCE	8 36
YPSCE, 2d Pres, NY	10 00	Woman's Miss'y Soc, 2d Eng Cong Ch	10 00
Onago Cong YPS C E	6 00	1st Cong Soc of Wells	18 00
YPSCE, Christ Luth Ch, Pa	4 35	Fleetwood KLCE Soc	6 36
Y P S C E of Trinity United Evan Ch	5 00	North Cohocton & Atlanta W C T U	3 50
Y P S C E, Navasota	9 75	Ladies' Mite Society, Church Creek	3 35
YPSCE's of Concord Pres and Central Bethel M P Chs	10 00	Jr C E Soc, Cong Ch, Mich	1 50
C E Soc, Ilion	5 00	Mother & Daughter, New Hampton	75
Union C E, Cooperstown	3 85	For Humanity's Sake, Derby	1 00
C E Soc, Friends' Ch	50	A Little Helper, Burrowsville	1 00
Jr Endeavor Soc of R R St Bapt Ch, Vt	40	Humbly, Andover	1 00
Y P Soc of the United Brethren in Christ	3 00	**Total**	**$45,192.40**
C E Soc, Hastings	3 00	and over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.	
Jr C E Soc, Pres Ch, Troy	1 15		
N J C E Union	13 00		
So Brookfield Prayer Circle, N Y	2 51		
I A H Circle	1 00		
Y M C A, Fredericton	9 65		
Y P Soc of Bohemian Ref'd Ch	4 50		
Ep League, Tecumseh	2 00		
Ladies' Aid Society, Blue Mounds	3 00		

Ancient Egyptian Skill.

At a recent meeting of the Victoria Institute, London, Rev. Canon Gordlestone read a paper in which he briefly reviewed the present position of science in regard to religion, and dealt in an explanatory manner with all the salient points on either side in which science and Revelation had been to any extent held to be antagonistic, and he gave many instances in which the progress of science, during the thirty years the Victoria Institute had been in existence, had the effect not of increasing, but of diminishing the apparent breach between itself and religion. Canon Girdlestone referred to the evidences that were being discovered of an advanced state of progress in the earliest times. As bearing on this point it may be mentioned that even the industry of glass blowing in our own day is not in advance of that 4,000 years ago, and visitors to the British Museum may now inspect a beautiful emblazonment of Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago, and whose conquests, as described by M. Maspero in his papers, contributed to the Victoria's Institute's Transactions, have thrown so much light on the history of those far-off times.

No Gap in the Ranks.

A missionary who had just completed five years' successful missionary work in an important post in Calcutta, writes of her reflections when leaving on furlough. She left by steamer, and noticed as the vessel dropped away from the jetty the place it had occupied was immediately filled with lighters and other boats, so that it was impossible to see a vacant spot where the vessel had so lately been. "This," said the missionary, "is exactly as it is with us. We think we are filling important places, and that our services are absolutely necessary. But soon we go away and our going away seems to leave no gap; things go on just as before." The thought is at first a saddening one; but kind nature sees to it that the intensity of regret does not long disturb us.

REV. DR. PIERSON'S TOUR.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, After Closing his Month's tour in Ireland with a series of services in Londonderry, travelled across to Wales, and spoke at meetings in several of the large towns in association with Mr. C. T. Studd. At last accounts he was preaching at Bristol.

Hast Thou a Care?

HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which the heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Good merchants find out that it pays to sell Macbeth lamp-chimneys because they make friends.

But look out for the one that is made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

How to Disinfect.

We desire to mail you **free,** a valuable illustrated book prepared at great expense. Simple directions on disinfecting in cases of contagious diseases and in everyday life—sinks, sewers, etc. Send your address.

* * **"Sanitas" Co. Ld., 636 West 55th St., N. Y.**

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

CATALOGUE

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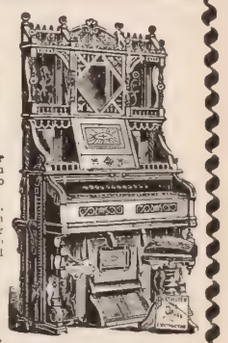

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TERMS to suit all. No money asked in advance. Privilege of testing organ or piano in your own home 30 days. No expense to you if not satisfactory. Warranted 25 years.

REFERENCE Bank references furnished on application: the editor of this paper; any business man of this town, and to the thousands using our instruments in their homes. A book of testimonials sent with every catalogue. An advertisement we will sell the first Piano in a place for only **$160.** The first Organ only **$25.** Stool, Book, &c., **FREE.**

If you want to buy for cash,
If you want to buy on instalments,
BUT DON T BUY UNTIL YOU **Write Us.** BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO.,
P. O. Box 741 WASHINGTON, N. J.

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164 Cherry St., Burlington, Vt.

TO HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS

WE OFFER

A CURE THAT STAYS.

Our constitutional treatment not only gives **relief,** but eradicates the cause of the disease and **cures to stay cured.** Particulars and blank for free examination on application.

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rose Cold, June Cold, Hay-Fever, Asthma.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW

ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

LEE, Illinois, October, 1, 1895

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy. Yours truly, M. C. MUSH, M. D.

STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5 1895.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people. E. W SIMS, M. D

DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 3. 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The 1st day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BROWN

TUNIS, N C., July 21, 1895

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent. O. G. HALLAMAN.

$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address

C. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

BABY CARRIAGE $12.25

SHIPPED C.O.D. ON APPROVAL with privilege of examination. We give Guarantee for 5 Years. No Money in advance. $5 Carriage, $2.50; $12 Carriage, $5.50, and others up to $25 in proportion. Why Pay enormous profits to retailers? We sell first class goods only, and save you 50 per cent. Valuable present free. Our Special Catalogue, Free.

A. M. ROTHSCHILD & CO., STATE & VANBUREN STS. CHICAGO

All Skin Disorders

from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema and Tetter can be quickly and permanently cured by the simple application of

HEISKELL'S OINTMENT.

It makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy, producing a clear and brilliant complexion.

50c. per box at Druggists or by mail.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
531 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

High Arm

MY HUSBAND

Can't see how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00
$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100 000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address, (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION,
158-164 West Van Buren St., B 18, Chicago, Ills.

Warranted Ten Years.

THE IMPROVED

Elastic Truss

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Lady attendant for ladies. Examination free. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
832-834 Broadway, Cor. 12th Street, N. Y.

FREE

As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, and immense Illus. Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage, etc.

R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y. CITY.

Like a Chapel on Wheels.

Evangelist Wilson's Gospel Car, "Rescue," and its Programme of Summer Work.

ONE of the latest adjuncts to effective Gospel work, where much traveling within a circumscribed radius has to be done, is the Gospel Car. From time to time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published brief accounts of the various Gospel Cars that have been introduced into service in recent years. One of the most recent is the Gospel Car *Rescue*, which is shown in the illustration on this page. The *Rescue* is the result of years of self-denial and effort on the part of Evangelist George H. Wilson, of Matawan, N. J.

EVANGELIST WILSON'S GOSPEL CAR, "RESCUE."

Mr. Wilson, who is a member of the First Baptist Church of Matawan, has for several years past devoted much of his time and means to evangelistic work among colored people in the State of New Jersey, and has been granted much spiritual success. In paying for the construction of the *Rescue*, he has expended every dollar he possessed, and when the car was placed in commission, Mr. Wilson and his wife were compelled to hire horses to draw it from one locality to another. The car is really a house on wheels, the interior being arranged for the accommodation of the workers. It was built at a cost of $654, the larger part being contributed by Mr. Wilson himself. It is seventeen feet in length, six feet wide outside, and four feet six inches wide within; the ceiling has a maximum height of six feet six inches. It has six windows, three at each side, and double doors at either end, with glass sashes. The interior is neatly finished in Georgia pine. There are in the front of the car cooking accommodations, range, and clothes closets, and in the rear is a folding platform for the speaker when addressing meetings.

Mr. Wilson has already on several occasions addressed large crowds from the *Rescue's* platform, and he expects to make the coming summer the busiest of his life in evangelistic work. Two horses are needed for the summer campaign, but as the evangelist and his wife have already exhausted their means in building the car, they will be compelled to use hired animals, unless some friend of the work supplies the need. It is estimated that a pair of good draught horses, with harness, would not cost over $140. The work conducted on the *Rescue* is purely interdenominational and is performed in the spirit as well as in the name of Jesus. A special feature is that it seeks out the lewd and abandoned ones among the colored population. Its conductors strive by every means to implant in the minds of those they meet the love of law, order, decency, and virtue. Much spiritual good has already been accomplished through this humble traveling mission, and Mr. Wilson's work deserves the warmest encouragement at the hands of both white and colored people, for its tendency to improve the morals and better the condition of a class whose rescue and redemption mean much to society.

Faith Greater than Armies.

In the Memorials of John Venning, recently published in London, it is related that Venning spent a large portion of his useful life in St. Petersburg. A German missionary, Saltet, from Basle, Shushi, told Venning of an incident that occurred at Shushi, which was within the bounds of Armenia before its partition, and was strongly fortified, when attached to Persia, by the redoubtable Nadir Pasha, early in the eighteenth century. It is on the north slope of the valley of the Araxes, the peak of Ararat being over one hundred miles distant to the westward. Venning's account says: "Aftee some months' stay in St. Petersburg, Mr. Saltet proceeded to his destination at Shushi, a Persian town ceded to Russia, and there he was richly blessed in gathering a little church of converts. One morning, I think in 1826, the town was struck with dismay on perceiving the hills covered with a body of Persian cavalry, 10,000 in number, under the command of Abbas Mirza, who had thus invaded the country without provocation in a time of peace, when the Russians were unprepared to meet such a force.

"A herald was sent by the Persian Prince, using menaces like those of Rabshakeh, bidding the heretics open their gates, and adding, 'See if your King Jesus can help you, whom we defy?' The few troops in the town were called to arms; all was confusion and dismay. Saltet called his little Christian band together, and said: 'Let us go into our house of prayer, and there lay the Persian's blasphemies before Hezekiah's God.' They went into the sanctuary, and laid the words and menaces of the Mohammedan herald before their own 'King Jesus,' and continued in prayer to him who is a very present help in trouble. Towards the close of the afternoon the Persians fearing the approach of a Russian army (which was not the case), suddenly decamped; and soon not a Persian was to be seen."

The Gospel in China.

Over 1100 missionaries and missionary workers have been sent to China during the past five years. In May, 1890, at a conference representing the 1,290 Protestant missionaries then in the country, a resolution was passed asking the home churches to send a thousand helpers during the next five years. Rev. C. F. Reid, of Shanghai, was appointed with a committee to report the result. His report shows that forty-five societies have sent new workers to China since the conference. Some missionaries not connected with any society have also gone out. Including these, the following are the additions to the staff in the field: Male missionaries, 491; wives of missionaries, 167; single ladies, 505; total in five years, 1153.

Christian Colleges in Turkey.

Missionaries in the Turkish Empire, says the *Church at Home and Abroad*, have started and developed five colleges for young men, one for young women, besides a large number of seminaries, academies, and training schools of a high grade. They have inaugurated a system of common schools all over the empire of such excellence and influence that every other community, however hostile to Protestant Christianity, has felt compelled, in self-preservation, to establish similar ones.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Paralysis,

partial or complete, locomotor-ataxia, epilepsy, all show a diseased or deficient condition of the brain, once considered incurable. We can show letters from hundreds of well-known physicians, telling of positive cures by

The Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant,

Freligh's Tonic

The phosphorus is what does it. Absolutely pure. Positively harmless. Can be taken for any length of time.

Regular bottle $1.00. 100 doses. All druggists. Sample by mail, 25 cts. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,

Manufacturing Chemists,

106-108 Fulton Street, New York City.

Formula on Every Bottle.

You Would Buy a Set

of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember We Refund Your Money

IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

Order to-day. Send in your orders for a set or more AT ONCE as thousands will avail themselves of this great opportunity. "FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."

FOR ALL SIX.

HOW ARE WE ABLE TO DO IT?

These spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly, we make this unheard of offer. SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS, after dinner coffee size, HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED, with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for $9.00; we now offer the balance of the stock at ONLY 99 CENTS. Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, prepaid to any address. Send Chicago or New York Exchange, Postal Note or Currency. Individual checks not accepted. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.

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PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

For printing cards, marking linen, books, etc. Contains everything shown in cut. Type, Tweezers, Holder, Indelible Ink, Ink Pad, etc. Thoroughly practical for business or household use and a most instructive amusement. Sent with catalogue illustrating over 100 Tricks and Novelties, for 10c in stamps to pay postage and packing on outfit and catalogue. Same outfit with figures 15c. Large outfit for printing two lines 25c.

Brownie Rubber Stamps—A set of 6 grotesque little people with ink pad; price, postpaid, 10c.

G. A. R. series Rubber Stamps, 12 characters. Makes all kinds of Battles, Encampments and other military pictures. 25c. postpaid. Address

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Dep't No. 61, 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

G. A. R.

Brownies c.

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but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons $31 to $50. Send for large Catalogue.

No 1614—Surrey Harness. Price $14.50. As good as sells for $20.

No 723—Price, with lamps, sunshade apron and fenders, $60.00 As good as sells for $80.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. Pratt, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

PLEASURE CARRIAGES, LADIES' PHAETONS,

BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS, SADDLES & BICYCLES

at Factory Prices. All goods guaranteed as represented and sent on approval anywhere. Write at once for our 1896 beautifully Illus Catalogue showing all the latest styles and new designs in large variety, from a "A" grade $60.00 Manufacturers. Low-cart to the most stylish Pleasure Vehicles. Prices in plain figures and Testimonials from every state, sent free to all who mention this paper.

Bicycle carriages sent free. Wheels from $25 c

ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., N. Court St., Cincinnati, O. Established 1896

HEADQUARTERS FOR

DUMPING Horse Carts

Wide and narrow tires. Steel axles. Low rates of freight from our works.—Tatamy, Pa., to all points

HOBSON & CO.,
No. 4 Stone St., New York

CLOTHES WASHED

with the "BUSY BEE" are CLEAN. Here's the record: 100 pieces in 1 hour and no tiring. Exclusive sale given to GOOD AGENTS. Write now

LAKE ERIE MFG. CO.
131 E. 13 St. Erie, Pa.

(BUSY BEE WASHER)

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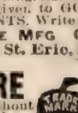

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THEIR GOD IS THE FIRE.

American Indian Tribes Who Worship the Flame and Know Not the True God.

IN the National Museum at Washington, there has recently arrived a very remarkable collection, illustrating as has never before been done, the extent of the practice of fire-worship on this continent. Not only had a number of the Indian tribes this ancient and heathen form of religion in the past, but even at the present day they have preserved and practise ceremonials associated with the old fire worship. For this purpose they always employ the most primitive method, the rubbing of two sticks together. For example, the Zuni use an agave stick, with sand to help the friction. The sand is dry, because this renders the fire-making more difficult and therefore more meritorious in the sight of the gods. One of the objects in this collection referred to is a so-called fire-pump, utilized by the Onondagas at the feast of the White Dog, at which a white dog is sacrificed. This tool utilizes the mechanism of the pump drill for making the point of a stick revolve rapidly in another piece of wood, thus finally obtaining ignition. The Hindoos have a similar sacred fire drill, by means of which they make fire nine times each day for nine days at a periodical festival. The Hupa Indians of California are remarkably expert fire-makers. With a couple of simple sticks of soft mesquite wood, which they keep very dry, they can produce fire in ten seconds.

The Esquimaux of Point Barrow employ for the purpose willow catkins; those of Cumberland Gulf use the white fibre of arctic cotton, while in some parts of Alaska shredded cedar bark is made to serve.

The most remarkable ceremonial of fire worship that survives in this country is practised by the Navajos. They believe in purification by fire, and to this end they literally wash themselves in it. The feats they perform with it far exceed the most wonderful acts of fire eating and fire handling accomplished by civilized jugglers. In preparation for the festival, a gigantic heap of dry wood is gathered from the desert. At the appointed moment the great pile of inflammable brush is lighted, and in a few moments the whole of it is one blaze. A storm of sparks flies 100 feet or more into the air, and ashes fall about like a shower of snow. The ceremony always takes place at night, and the effect of it is both weird and impressive.

Just when the fire is raging at its hottest, a whistle is heard from the outer darkness and a dozen warriors, lithe and tall, dressed in narrow white breechcloths and moccasins simply, and daubed with white earth so as to look like so many living statues, come bounding through the entrance of the corral that encloses the flaming heap. Yelping like wolves, they move slowly toward the fire, bearing aloft slender wands tipped with tufts of eagle's down. Running around the fire, always to the left, they begin thrusting their wands toward the fire, trying to burn off the down from the tips. Owing to the intensity of the heat this is difficult to accomplish. One warrior dashes madly toward the fire and retreats; another goes as close to the ground as a frightened lizard, endeavoring to wriggle himself into the fire; others seek to catch on their wands the sparks that fly in the air. At last one by one they all succeed in burning the downy balls from the wands.

The test of endurance is very severe, the heat of the fire being so great. The remarkable feats, however, are performed in connection with another dance that follows. This is heralded by a tremendous blowing of horns. The noise grows louder and louder, until suddenly ten or more men run into the corral, each of them carrying two thick bundles of shredded cedar bark. Four times they run around the fire, waving the bundles which are then ignited. Now begins a wild race around the fire, the rapid running causing the flames to throw out long streamers of fire over the hands and arms of the dancers. The latter apply the brands to their own nude bodies, and to the bodies of their comrades in front. A warrior will seize the flaming mass as if it were a sponge and, keeping close to the man he is pursuing, will rub his back with it as in bathing him. The sufferer in turn catches up with the man in front of him and bathes him with flame. From time to time the dancers sponge their own backs with the flaming brands. When a brand is so far consumed that it can be no longer held, it is dropped and the dancer disappears from the corral. The spectators pick up the flaming bunches thus dropped and bathe their own hands in the flame. No satisfactory explanation seems to be obtainable as to the means by which the dancers in this extraordinary performance are able to escape injury.

A Famous Author Dead.

Few authors in any language have enjoyed a wider popularity on the strength of a single book than did Thomas Hughes, who died in England, lately. As the author of the famous book "Tom Brown's School Days," he was known and loved everywhere. He published a number of other volumes, but the work referred to still remains his masterpiece and is held in regard as a classic of public-school life. In it he described life at the famous school at Rugby, under the reign of the noted Dr. Arnold, whose pupil he was, and whose ideas dominated him all his life. The superiority of "Tom Brown" to the mass of similar books which followed in its wake was due to a robust manliness. The tone was wholesome and helpful for young readers.

THE LATE THOMAS HUGHES.

The author, in his school days, was the companion of Matthew Arnold, Clough, and Stanley, whose personality is easily recognizable in "Tom Brown," under the character of Arthur. Hughes carried into his public life the spirit of the doctrine which exalted good works above dogmas. He was amongst the foremost in many movements which aimed at the social well-being of the masses of the people. In 1865 he entered Parliament. His later years were distinguished by unabated zeal for philanthropy, and he was active in many prominent schemes for the practical help of his fellow-men.

Anchored to Our Sins.

Many people who are anxious to advance in the spiritual life, are surprised at the slow progress they make. It is related that two sailors, who had been drinking, took their boat to pull off to their ship. They rowed away, but they made no progress, and presently each began to accuse the other of not working hard enough. Again they went at it, and after another hour's work they still found themselves no further advanced. By this time they had become tolerably sober, and one of them looking over the side, says to the other, "Why, Tom, we haven't pulled the anchor up." And thus it is with those who are anchored to something which they are not conscious of, perhaps, but which impedes all their efforts, even though they do their very best. Love of the world, a besetting sin, and all quite out of sight, like the anchor, may be keeping us fast fixed, and we must find out what it is, and get rid of it, before we can get on.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Chute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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MONARCHS IN CONFERENCE.

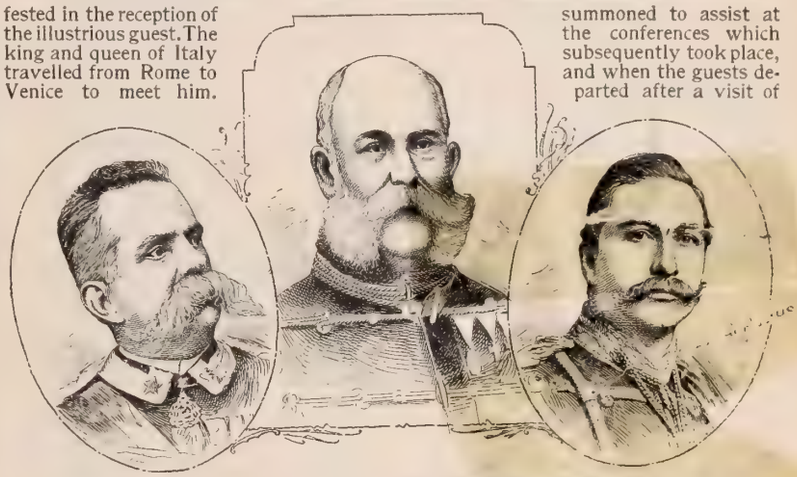
The German Emperor and Empress Entertained in Venice by King Humbert, and in Vienna by Francis Joseph the Austrian Emperor.

PUBLIC interest in Europe has been occupied for some weeks past with the significance of the tour of the Emperor of Germany. Even now that he has returned to his own land,

THE NORTHERN RAILROAD TERMINUS, VIENNA.

statesmen and the public press have not been able to arrive at a positive opinion as to whether the object of his visits was of a state or personal nature. The Emperor had several interviews with the King of Italy in Venice and afterwards visited Vienna and conferred with the Emperor of Austria. The fact that the period for which the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy was organized is approaching its termination, renders these conferences significant. French journals have, for some time past, been declaring that the alliance was on the verge of dissolution. Italy, they contend, longs to be relieved of the burdens and obligations that the alliance imposes on her and has formed the opinion that an alliance with England would be better protection for her against an attack from France. Probably this is a case in which the wish is father to the thought. France does not like the triple alliance. The spectacle of united Germany was sufficiently distasteful, and the consciousness that it was achieved through French hostility aggravated the annoyance. But the alliance of Germany with Austria and Italy makes a broad line from north to south, across Europe, bristling with bayonets and it is trebly offensive to the Gallic mind. It is a notification to her that any aggressive movement on her part will be met by three formidable powers, pledged to unite in resisting her.

While nothing authentic has yet been made known about a renewal of the alliance, public opinion, outside of France, regards the visits of the Emperor to his allies as an indication of that continued friendship which renders a renewal probable. The utmost cordiality was manifested in the reception of the illustrious guest. The king and queen of Italy travelled from Rome to Venice to meet him.



HUMBERT, OF ITALY. FRANCIS JOSEPH, OF AUSTRIA. WILLIAM, OF GERMANY.

THE ALLIED MONARCHS.

They went on board the imperial yacht, *The Hohenzollern*, which anchored in St. Mark's Bay under the protection of a German man-of-war. After a short stay they returned to their Venetian palace, where the Emperor William and the Empress Victoria paid them a visit. Several prominent diplomatists of both nations were summoned to assist at the conferences which subsequently took place, and when the guests departed after a visit of two days, there was an interchange of honors and courtesies, which indicated mutual gratification. The beautiful old city, whose streets are canals and whose houses are palaces, put on holiday attire in honor of the occasion. Decorations by day illuminations by night testified to the good-will of the people to their guest, and the Emperor was profuse in his expressions of satisfaction at the cordiality of his reception.

From Venice the Emperor and Empress travelled by rail to Vienna, where a welcome equally hearty awaited them. The Emperor Francis Joseph, now in his sixty-sixth year, met them at the railroad station and conducted them to the palace. The Austrian capital gave them enthusiastic greeting, and during their stay grand reviews of troops and elaborate banquets were interspersed with lengthy conferences between the two Emperors. The parting was marked, as at Venice, with the conferring of decorations on the statesmen who had taken part in the conferences.

ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE MONARCHS.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Isaiah 58: 11, "*Thou shalt be like a watered garden.*"

THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves diamond of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this Book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds surprised him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it. If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window-curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus — thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle;" the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents; to another one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted I also find the snowdrops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of Winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion-plant of the Cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

> His worth if all the nations knew,
> Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." In reply, I ask where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner-stone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ s[aid] to the sick man, "Take up thy bed a[nd] walk," he laid the corner-stone of ev[ery] hospital the world has ever seen. Wh[en] Christ said, "I was in prison and ye vi[sit]ed me," he laid the corner-stone of ev[ery] prison-reform association that has e[ver] been organized. The Church of Ch[rist] is a glorious garden, and it is full of fr[uit].

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know th[ere] are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some v[ine] grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You [will] find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainble[au] and insects that sting in the fairy gro[ves] of the Champs Elysees. You do not [go] down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gna[rled] fruit. I admit there are men and women [in] let us be just as frank and admit the fact [that] in the Church who ought not to be th[ere]; there are hundreds and thousands and [tens] of thousands of glorious Christian men [and] women—holy, blessed, useful, consecra[ted] and triumphant. There is no gran[der], nobler collection in all the earth than [the] collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in this ho[use] whose religion is not a matter of psa[lm]-singing and church-going. To-mor[row] morning that religion will keep them [as] as consistent and consecrated in t[heir] worldly occupation as it ever kept ther[e] the communion table. There are wo[men] here to-day of a higher type of chara[cter] than Mary of Bethany. They not o[nly] sit at the feet of Christ, but they go [in] into the kitchen to help Martha in [her] work that she may sit there, too. Ther[e is] a woman who has a drunkard husba[nd], who has exhibited more faith and patie[nce] and courage than Ridley in the fire. [He] was consumed in twenty minutes. H[er] has been a twenty years' martyrd[om]. Yonder is a man who has been fift[y] years on his back, unable to feed hims[elf], yet calm and peaceful as though he lay [on] one of the green banks of heaven, wa[tch]ing the oarsmen dip their paddle in [the] crystal river! Why, it seems to me [at] moment as if St. Paul threw to us a pom[o]gist's catalogue, of the fruits growing in [the] great garden of Christ—love, joy, pe[ace], patience, charity, brotherly kindness, g[en]tleness, mercy; glorious fruit, enough [to] fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

Again, the Church in my text is app[ro]priately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden co[uld] prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst o[f] desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. [But] around us was dearth and barrenness; [but] there were pipes, aqueducts, reach[ing] from this garden up to the mountains, [and] through those aqueducts the water [is] streaming down and tossing up into be[au]tiful fountains, until every root and [bud] and flower was saturated. That is [the] the Church. The Church is a garden [in] the midst of a great desert of sin and [suf]fering; but it is well irrigated; for "[my] eyes are unto the hills from whence co[meth] eth our help." From the mountains [of] God's strength there flow down rivers [of] gladness. "There is a river the stre[ams] whereof shall make glad the city of [our] God." Preaching the Gospel is one [of] the aqueducts. The Bible is another. B[ap]tism and the Lord's Supper are aqueduc[ts]. Water to slake the thirst, water to w[ash] the unclean, water tossed high up in [the] light of the Sun of Righteousness, sh[ow]ing us the rainbow around the throne. C[an] was there ever a garden so thoroughly [ir]rigated! You know that the beauty [of] Versailles and Chatsworth depends v[ery] much upon the great supply of water. [If] came to the latter place, Chatsworth, [on] day when strangers are not to be admitt[ed] but by an inducement which always see[ms] ed as potent with an Englishman as [with] American, I got in, and then the garde[ns] went far up above the stairs of stone a[nd]

thed on the water. I saw it gleaming
o the dry pavement, coming down from
so to step until it came so near I could
ar the musical rush, and all over the
Hh, broad stairs it came foaming, flash-
il. roaring down, until sunlight and
ve in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my
t. So it is with the Church of God.
Everything comes from above; pardon
fn above, joy from above, adoption
fn above, sanctification from above.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden-
ge, and I look to see who is coming. I
r the voice of Christ: "I am come into
n garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus!
v have been waiting for thee; walk all
tough the paths. Look at the flowers;
k at the fruit; pluck that which thou
vt for thyself." Jesus comes into the
gden and up to that old man, and touches
h, and says, "Almost home, father; not
ny more aches for thee; I will never
ve thee; take courage a little longer and
I ill steady thy tottering steps, and I will
s the thy troubles and give thee rest.
Courage, old man." Then Christ goes
tanother garden path, and he comes to
aoul in trouble, and says, "Peace! all is
ll. I have seen thy tears. I have heard
t prayer. The sun shall not smite thee
by day nor the moon by night. The Lord
s ll preserve thee from all evil; he will
preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled
s it!"

hen I see Jesus going up another
gden path, and I see great excitement
ong the leaves, and I hasten up that
gden path to see what Jesus is doing
tre. and lo! He is breaking off flowers,
s rp and clean from the stem, and I say,
Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful
flvers." He turns to me and
s s: "I have come into my
gden to gather lilies, and I
n n to take these up to a high-
e errace, for the garden around
r palace, and there I will plant
t m; and in better soil and in
b ter air they shall put forth
b ghter leaves and sweeter red-
o nce, and no frost shall touch
t m forever." And I looked
t into his face and said, "Well,
i s his garden, and he has a
r ht to do what he will with
! Thy will be done!" the
b dest prayer ever man made.

t has seemed as if Jesus
Christ took the best; from
ny of your households the
l t one is gone. You know that
s was too good for this world;
s was the gentlest in her ways,
t deepest in her affections; and
n en at last the sickness came,
u had no faith in medicines.
u knew that the hour of part-
i had come, and when, through the rich
g ce of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surren-
d ed that treasure, you said, "Lord Jesus,
t e it—it is the best we have; take it.
Y u art worthy!" The others in the
household may have been of grosser mold.
S e was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not
be fairly begun until you get there. All
the kindnesses shown them by immortals
will not make them forget you. There
they are, the radiant throngs that went
out from your homes. I throw a kiss to
the sweet darlings. They are all well now
in the palace. The crippled child has a
sound foot now. A little lame child says,
"Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No,
my darling, you won't be lame in heaven."
The little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick
in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't
be sick in heaven." A little blind child
says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?"
"No, my dear, you won't be blind in
heaven. They are all well there."

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes
have high fences around them and you
cannot get in. It is so with a king's gar-
den. The only glimpse you ever get of
such a garden is when the king rides out
in his splendid carriage. It is not so with
this garden, this King's garden. I throw
wide open the gate and tell you all to
come in. Many of you have tried the
garden of this world's delight. You
have found it has been a chagrin. So
it was with Theodore Hook. He made all
the world laugh. He makes us laugh now
when we read his poems; but he could
not make his own heart laugh. While in
the midst of his festivities he confronted a
looking-glass, and he saw himself and
said: "There, that is true. I look just as
I am; done up in body, mind, and purse."
So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I
told you at the beginning of my sermon.
He sat down amid those bowers and said:
"I have lost my road to happiness."

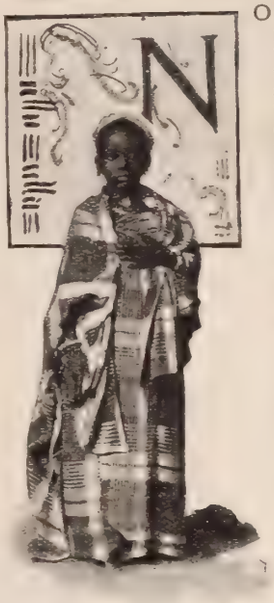
O ye weary souls! come into Christ's
garden to-day and pluck a little hearts-
ease. Christ is the only rest and the only
pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not
think your chance has almost come? You
men and women who have been waiting
year after year for some good opportunity
in which to accept Christ, but have post-
poned it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—
do you not feel as if now your hour of de-
liverance and pardon and salvation had
come? O man, what grudge hast thou
against thy poor soul that thou wilt not
let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must
come to-day in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the
rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In
that lifeboat the passengers and crew
were getting ashore. The vessel had
foundered, and was sinking deeper and
deeper, and that one boat could not take
the passengers very swiftly. A little girl
stood on the deck waiting for her turn to
get into the boat. The boat came and
went, came and went, but her turn did
not seem to come. After awhile she could
wait no longer, and she leaped on the taff-
rail and then sprang into the sea, crying to
the boatman, "Save me next! Save me
next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore
into God's mercy, and yet you are cling-
ing to the wreck of sin! Others have ac-
cepted the pardon of Christ, but you are
in peril. Why not, this moment, make a
rush for your immortal rescue, crying un-
til Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and
earth ring with the cry, "Save me next!
Save me next!" Now is the day of salva-
tion! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you.
It is about to sail away for ever. The
bell tolls. The planks thunder back in
the gangway. She shoves off. She floats
out toward the great ocean of eternity.
Wave farewell to your last chance for
heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how
often would I have gathered thee as a hen
gathereth her brood under her wings, and
ye would not! Behold your house is left
unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a
garden, you die in a desert! May God
Almighty, before it is too late, break that
infatuation.

Sympathy for the Slaves.

The Newly Inagurated Philafrican League Making Rapid Progress—Its Practical Programme.



SLAVE GIRL OF A RICH LADY, LOANDA.

NOT a day passes without some new accessions to the list of sympathizers or supporters of the new Philafrican Liberators' League for the emancipation and education of the native slaves in Africa. Mr. Heli Chatelain, the founder of the League, is overwhelmed with letters containing proffers of aid and co-operation in the work. Many pamphlets are being sent out daily in response to inquiries for information.

"The man who reads your powerful little pamphlet without having his heart stirred to the boiling point, must be a walking iceberg," says Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler in a letter to Mr. Chatelain. And he adds: "Africa is not only the coming Continent—it has come—and with its 'open sore' still running. Your plan seems both admirable and feasible."

Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., of the American Board, referring to the relation between missionary enterprise and the proposed work of the Philafrican Liberators' League, declares that both lines of effort "conspire to a glorious harmony, and would find their complete realization in a redeemed and Christian Africa, an object which must be dear to every believing heart." As to the national duty involved, he thinks "it would seem as though any Christian nation could not justify its title to the name, if it were to remain indifferent to this great evil, and inactive in any responsible effort to secure its permanent removal." President J. G. Thurman, of Cornell University, describes the African slave-trade as "the most horrible outrage upon humanity the world now knows," and the educational plan of the Liberators' League as "the most practical way of aiding the armed efforts of the European Powers now engaged in reclaiming Africa."

A score of similar expressions, in letters received by the League, could be cited to prove that the duty of our people to participate in the great international movement for the emancipation and Christianization of the 100,000,000 of African slaves is recognized by the representative leaders of philanthropic effort in America. The writers all commend the organization of a Philafrican Liberators' League, and promise to use their influence to promote its interests. The detailed plan of work proposed by Mr. Chatelain has met with universal approval.

Competent and devoted young men and women are ready to start at short notice on their inspiring mission of giving liberty to the slave, civilization to the savage, Christianity to the heathen. In Darkest Africa, countless acres of virgin, yet fertile, soil await the arrival of the American farmer, who will transform that wilderness into fruitful fields and gardens of tropical luxuriance. Thousands of strong but untutored arms and hands await the American mechanic who will train them in the handicrafts of the more advanced civilization. Thousands of bright and eager, yet undeveloped, intellects await the American teacher who will lead them into the knowledge of the wonderful book-world, of God's great family of nations, of the rights and duties of Christian citizenship.

Owing to the lack of organized and systematic propaganda, our people, though well informed of the wars and rumors of war, of the sporting and exploring trips of ambitious hunters and travelers, have thus far been left in ignorance of the fact that man-hunting is still carried on at a thousand points of the Dark Continent, that the institution of slavery with its debasing practice of buying and selling human beings as chattels is still in full force even in the few spots where European posts endeavor to check the inhuman business; that the European powers have begun in earnest to suppress the slave-traffic and to abolish slavery itself; that one of the greatest and noblest movements in the history of mankind has stirred Europe for several years, and is growing apace as facts are better known; that millions have been contributed by rich and poor in Europe on behalf of the movement. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have become acquainted with the leading agent in the movement now being organized in America, with the purpose of the Philafrican Liberators' League, and with some of the recent developments of the campaign in Africa. It is hoped that contributions will be sent to the League in sufficient volume to enable it to start the first settlement this year. The donors of the fund to found the initial Colony will be asked to name the settlement, and will have a voice in its management. It has already been suggested to the League to give to some of the first settlements the names of Lincoln, Washington, Henry Clay, William E. Dodge, and others dear to every friend of humanity.

Much of the money contributed in Europe for the emancipation of African slaves comes from the poorest classes by penny-a-week pledges. In our own land, nobody need refrain from giving because he or she can spare but little. Let all show their sympathy for the men, women and children now sighing for liberty.

Pamphlets explaining the plan of work and forms for enrollment in the League will be sent to any address by Heli Chatelain, 511 United Charities Building, New York City. All contributions sent to him or to Dr. Louis Klopsch, Bible House, N. Y. City, will receive due acknowledgment.

Our illustration represents two phases of the legalized system of slavery as still found in Angola. Thousands of natives from the interior are annually bought for sums varying between ten and a hundred dollars for a legal contract of five or ten years. In practice these people are real slaves, and are so called in the native language and in colonial Portuguese. The wistful little girl at the head of this article is an attendant on a rich lady, who wants her slaves to advertise her wealth in the streets. In the larger photograph we see the habitation of a coffee planter of Cazengo, with the employees and slaves who work the plantation.

EMPLOYEES AND SLAVES OF A COFFEE PLANTATION, CAZENGO, AFRICA

Lessons on Prayer.

Sunday School Lesson for May 10th. Luke 18: 9-17. Golden Text, Luke 18: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

LESSONS on prayer are closely connected in the Word of God with lessons on faith. We have seen that the exercise of faith is contingent on a right attitude towards God; that we must come to him as servants knowing that when we have done all, we are still unprofitable servants.

The critical Pharisees who neither believed in, nor understood, the teaching of the Lord, put to him a question as to when the kingdom of God should come. And they received an answer which responded in no way to their curiosity. They knew the Scriptures, but they read them with blinded eyes; and, ignoring the prophecies of a suffering Saviour, they read with understanding only those prophecies of the Messiah's kingdom which gratified their national pride. Thus it ran counter to all their theology and all their national prejudices, when he said, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation [or outward show]: neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you, or in the midst of you." (Luke 17: 20, 21). Following on this, the Lord spoke to his disciples about "the day when the Son of Man is revealed," and brought forth that truth so intensely important to us in these critical last days, that, at the time of his coming, "one shall be taken and the other shall be left." It is in reference to his coming then, that he speaks the first parable of prayer at this time, to teach that "men ought always to pray and not to faint." And this means not simply to pray, "Come, Lord Jesus," but also, and very specially, to live a life of prayer; a life in which God shall have his part in every transaction of our lives. Thus our Lord speaks a parable by way of illustration. In a certain city there was,—not an uncommon thing—"an unjust judge, which feared not God neither regarded man." With neither religion nor humanity to influence him, it is easy to understand that when a poor widow, who had no personal claim upon him, beyond the obligations of his office, came to him for judgment, he utterly disregarded her. What was this woman to him? There was nothing to be gained by taking up her case; he would not put himself out of the way for a person of no consequence: a widow, who could neither benefit nor harm him. Such is the heart of a godless self-seeker! And yet

This Woman Prevailed

against him. Her cause was her life, she had nothing else to occupy her; everything depended upon the issue, and therefore she came again and again; no rebuff discouraged her, until the unprincipled judge reasoned with himself, "Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." The woman by her perseverance overcame the unjust and unwilling judge. Our righteous Judge, our holy and loving Father does not need to be overcome. But his children need to be as persevering in their faith in him, as this woman was persevering in her annoying of the unjust judge. Shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, which have the habit of praying always and not fainting, which make everything a matter of prayer, and do nothing without his counsel? [The Revised Version adds: "And he is long-suffering over them."] He may seem to delay, but they are his children, he only waits for all to be ripe before he answers them. If they have not learned to wait for him, he must needs "wait that he may be gracious unto them" (Isa. 30: 15-18). But when his hour is come, he will avenge them, not tardily like the unjust judge, who waited till he was worried into it: "Our Father will avenge them speedily." And then to connect this with what has gone before he adds: "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find the faith in the earth" (R. V.); the faith that he is coming? In the heavenly places, where Christ has made those whom he has raised up with him to sit, among those whose citizenship is in heaven, he certainly will find the faith on the earth; but among those who are at home on the earth, there will not be found the practical faith in his coming that "one shall be taken and another left."

And, as though to connect the next parable with the preceding, we read (R.V), "And he spake also this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and set all others at naught," [or despised others]. "Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee and the other a publican." The one belonging to the strictest sect among the Jews, recognized as a religious man by all; the other a despised publican, relegated by the Pharisees to the same category with sinners, "publicans and sinners." The Pharisee with all the pompousness of

Self-Conscious Merit,

occupying a very large place in his own esteem, and probably thinking that his public devotions were a benefit to his religious inferiors around him, stood, and prayed thus with himself. And he was as satisfied to pray thus, and far more so than if he had first made sure of the presence of God. He was there, and his religiousness; what more did he want? If God were there, he would take too large a place in the self-filled horizon of this worldly religious man. His religion, his world, his interests, his conceptions, all emanated from, and circulated around, the idol to which he was bowing down—himself. He prayed with himself.

A publican came into the temple, and the holy presence of God had come down to crush the publican into nothingness. But the Pharisee was all unconscious of such a Presence; the only use to which he put the publican was as a set off to his own much admired goodness. Thus his prayer ran, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." He was a profound believer, not in God, but in his own superiority. He does not address the God of Abraham, nor yet give any name to God, and in his own heart, there was but

One god—Himself;

in reality that was the god he thanked for his superiority. "I am not as other men are." In his own eyes he was the exception to the race, he was keenly alive to the faults of others, he alone was without fault. Around him were extortioners, unjust, adulterers, and all manner of bad people. Here was the "publican," so far beneath him that he did not even deign to qualify him. And then his self-restraint was admirable: "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." Not a shadow of petition was there in all his prayer: "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing" (Rev. 3: 17), was the burden of all he had to say. And with all his self-confidence, all his self-satisfaction, the miserable Pharisee would have to awake from his dream when he stood before the "great white throne" (Rev. 20: 11), and find that his name was not written in the Lamb's book of life, and that the idol of self had no power to deliver him from him that sitteth on the throne.

And the publican? Standing afar off; ashamed in the presence of the God he had met with and believed in, he would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven. Broken, ashamed, confounded, he smote upon his breast, he knew where the trouble was. Self, which the Pharisee worshipped, was known by the publican to be his worst enemy. The man was dealing with God, and God was dealing with him. The two met not at the great white throne, but at the cross. "God be merciful (R.V., margin, God be propitiated) to me a sinner," was his prayer. And he who knew no sin, but who, Son of God that he was, was "made sin for us," echoed the sinner's prayer, and added, "Father, forgive him, by virtue of my blood."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"I AM NOT AS OTHER MEN."

CHRIST'S teaching about prayer comes to us with all the force that is implied in our conception of his previous existence. Who could so well tell us how to approach the Almighty as he who was God manifest in the flesh? The evangelist whose story we are following in these lessons, appears more than the others, to realize this fact. He carefully records not only the Lord's directions about prayer, but more about Christ's own prayers. It is from him that we learn that Jesus was praying at his baptism, when the Holy Spirit descended like a dove; that on the Mount of Transfiguration he was praying when the fashion of his countenance was altered; that he was praying all night before he chose and appointed the twelve apostles; and that he offered special prayers for Peter under his approaching trial. In a previous passage about prayer we have the Parable of the man disturbed at midnight by his friend and in this chapter there is another parable of similar purport, teaching that the earnest importunity which will induce even men who act from unworthy motives to grant a petition may be used with much greater hope in approaching a Being who loves his creatures and delights to do them good. Then Christ went on to speak of the state of mind in which a man should come into God's presence. He did so, as the evangelist tells us, with the special design of reproving certain people who thought themselves righteous, a kind of people by no means extinct in our own day. He draws a picture in which two men are contrasted. The first is a Pharisee, a man punctilious in observing the minute observances and the exact letter of the law. He prided himself on his goodness and boasted, as we often hear men boast now, of what he did. He addresses God without any word of relationship, or deference, but almost as he would address another man. It is not, "Our Father," but simply, "God." Then he reminds him of his merits. It is a very pitiful showing. The positive good is only in fasting and tithe-paying. But the Pharisee had an eye for his neighbors' faults and even while he was at prayer, he could look around and take note of the Publican's presence. Here was an example in point. He had not stooped to this man's level of collecting taxes from his own people for a foreign ruler; he had not been guilty of various crimes as other men had. The man did right to be thankful that he had been preserved from such things; Jesus was not blaming him for that. But his was no prayer. He asked for nothing, was apparently not conscious of anythi lacking in himself, had no aspiration t anything higher, no desire for servi Like some people among ourselves, he pears to have thought he had attain perfection and that he had need of not ing. In striking contrast is the attitude the Publican who was conscious of his and his need of mercy. This man hac clearer view of his true position towa God than had the Pharisee, who was su posed by his religious standing, to be expert in spiritual matters. Of such man there was hope, but there was not ing that could be done for the Pharisee. has always been so, there is no man difficult to convert as a respectable, mo man who does not realize that there elements of evil in his heart and that needs regeneration. The criminal and t drunkard know this having had it forc upon their notice by their lives; wh they go to God for pardon they know th need and they get a blessing that the se righteous man misses. The same less in another form is connected with the pa sage. It is the man who has the humt and teachable spirit of a child, who lear the truth and grows in knowledge a grace, not the man who is self-sufficient

He that humbleth himself. Pastor C. Spurgeon used to tell the story of a disa pointed man. A duke was holding so celebration, the coming of age of his el est son, or something of that kind, on estate, and he invited every one in t neighborhood to come to the feast and t merry-making. The park gates would thrown open at such a time, and eve one who came would be welcome. O of the duke's tenants was a gentlema farmer rather proud and haughty, but wanted to be there. He went, howeve to the castle thinking it looked better th to go in through the park-gates like t common ploughmen and laborers. But h ringing and rapping produced no respons The castle was deserted, all the servan being busy preparing the feast in the par Feeling annoyed at the doors not bei opened to him, he went away in a temp and did not share in the rejoicing. might have entered by the park-gate b his pride prevented. "Now," Mr. Spurge used to add, "you say God does not a swer your prayers. Perhaps you are n trying in the right way. Suppose you to the sinners' door. You will be adm ted there. You are eligible for that ar none are turned away there."

Two men went up into the temple to pra Prof. Drummond tells a parable to illu trate the way that prayer may be answe ed without interfering with natural law A large well equipped steamship is on i way from Liverpool to New York. Amon the passengers are a little boy and gir One day as they are playing on the dec the boy's ball goes overboard. He runs t the Captain and begs him to stop the shi that he may recover the ball. "Oh, no my little man," says the Captain, "I can stop the ship with all these people in just to get a rubber ball." The boy goe away grumbling and confides to his play fellow that he believes the Captain di not stop the ship, because he could not The machinery, he thinks, was fixed i Liverpool somehow so as to run till it ra down, and it is impossible for the Captai to do anything however much he asked The next day, the little girl drops her dol through a great hole, and she thinks it i gone overboard. So she says I will as the Captain to stop the ship to get m dolly. The boy says, "It is no use; h cannot do anything. I've tried him." Bu the little girl goes to the Captain with he appeal and he finds out where the dol was dropped. "You stay here," he says "and we will see what can be done." He sends one of the sailors below who finds the doll in the hold and brings it up, an it is restored while the ship goes right on The girl is delighted and the boy amazed The next day there is a cry of "Man over board!" Immediately the bell rings in the engine room, the great ship is brought t a stop and the life is rescued. Then she steams on till she reaches New York. There the Captain buys for the boy a better ball than the one he had lost. So three prayers are answered. The girl gets her doll without stopping the ship; the boy gets a better ball by waiting; and yet for a sufficient reason the ship was stopped by a part of the machinery itself, not an afterthought, but something put into the ship for just such emergencies when it was made.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY Margaret E. Sangster.

The Prayer of Faith.

IT WAS an all-day meeting, with different women leading the hours. The Mothers' and Sons' hour was conducted by Mrs. Sarah Lettenhurd, a saintly matron, whose sweet persuasive accents penetrated to every part of the great crowded church, though she did not seem to raise her voice.

Mrs. Lettenhurd was talking about faith, and she quoted in the course of her remarks a verse from one of Faber's hymns:

If our hearts were but more simple
We would take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Friend," she said earnestly, "What we need is a strong literal faith. We need to lift up our heads and expect a blessing, to pray as our children pray, when they come to us for bread, and ask, and we give it them. Half our prayers insult the Lord, because we don't think he will or can grant them. Half our faith falters because we don't obey, as well as believe, I want you to obey blindly, as if you had sealed orders, and I want you to believe exactly, word for word, what the dear Lord says, when his voice speaks. You hear him calling across the heavenly spaces to you in the world's desert ways: 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.'"

The dear lady ceased and sat down, and another sister stood up and prayed. You know that tender reverent hush in a meeting when you grow awed and conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit, when souls answer one another, and a thrill goes from seat to seat. It was so, when the pleading prayer went on. You could have heard a pin drop. There was not the rustle of a gown, not the flutter of so much as a feather. All was silence, smitten through as by a sword, by one clear, anxious insistent voice calling on God, and expecting to be heard.

I have never been able to explain the thing, but in the very middle of that prayer, I had an impulse to lift my head, raise my eyes, and look about me. I scold Jenny when she does the same thing in church, it is so shockingly irreverent. All the same, I had to do it.

I looked up. The sea of heads was bowed, each on the pew in front of it. Not a person moved. Five seats to the left of me sat a little woman nicely dressed, with a spring bonnet full of apple blossoms, and a ruffled and fluffed cape. Not a person in want, evidently, but as I looked at her a voice said in my soul, in clear-syllabled words:

Give that woman twenty dollars."

And I listened and I answered:

Yes, Lord, I will, but let me not lose the hour and its blessing."

And again, as clearly as if audibly spoken in my ear, returned the message:

Give that woman twenty dollars."

I cannot at all explain how I knew which woman in that hushed throng was meant. I simply did know, and had no manner of doubt that my knowledge was accurate. As the prayer ended, and the congregation joined in singing,

My faith looks up to thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary.

the lady in question quietly rose and left the church. I as quietly rose at once and followed her. But when I arrived at the outer door of the building, she was not in sight. I looked up the street and down. The pretty woman with the apple-blossom hat and the fluffy cape had melted out of sight as if the ground had opened and swallowed her.

Well," said I, preparing to go back into the meeting, "I was deceived by my imagination. She is gone, and I cannot find her."

As I turned to retrace my steps up the aisle, it was as if an invisible hand tugged at my sleeve, and again I heard the words,

"You are to give her twenty dollars."

The curious thing about the precise sum named was that at the beginning of the year I had made a vow that all the gold pieces which fell into my hands, whether larger or smaller, were to be dedicated strictly to the Lord's use. Like the first things of the Hebrew's flock, and the finest of his harvestings, they were to go to his altar for a thank-offering. So, whether a half eagle or a quarter eagle, or a tiny gold dollar drifted into my purse, it was not mine any longer,

"I have been directed to give you Twenty Dollars."

but the dear, Lord's, and one way another, I had now twenty dollars in gold belonging to my bank account with heaven.

I turned, obeying the inner leading, and walking toward the nearest avenue, I saw my lady standing with a perplexed and irresolute look at a crossing. A blockade of trolley cars and carriages kept her there, till I could reach her side. As I came close enough I saw that her eyes were very sorrowful, and her lips were moving slightly as if in prayer. I spoke to her.

"Friend," I said, "I don't know why, or what you are to do with it, but I have been directed to give you twenty dollars, and here it is."

She did not belong to the Salvation Army. Neither did I. At least neither of us had joined such an organization, nor did we wear a badge, or any sort of uniform. But both of us belonged in truth to that great host, everywhere on earth, who march and labor and fight as the Captain bids us, and whose sign of conquering power is "In His Name." The instant she turned I knew this, and as she answered me I recognized a sister.

"Thank you," she said. "I was just praying for twenty dollars. Don't you know me, Mrs. ——?"

Then she told me of her connection with a certain Home in which I, too, was interested, and like Christian and Hopeful in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, we went on together. My new acquaintance proved to be a perfectly responsible person, engaged in definite benevolent work, and anxious at the moment for a certain young man, who was recovering slowly from a low fever.

"Come with me," she said, "and, my dear, you'll see what use the Lord had to-day for your bits of shining gold."

We stepped on a trolley car, and were whirled along thickly populated streets till the houses grew fewer and we found green fields. At last we stopped at a corner in a sparsely settled region, and went to a little house standing by itself. A thin, patient-looking woman answered our ring.

"How is Tim to-day?" said my companion.

"Indeed, ma'am, no better," was the mother's plaintive reply. "Doctor keeps on ordering change of air, change of air. Sullivan county for a fortnight, or a trip to Richmond by sea. But, goodness knows, we can't raise the money to send our boy away, even if we had relatives for him to go to, not to save our lives, or his either." The mother furtively wiped away a tear. My friend was about to speak, when there came a very cheering interruption:

"Oh! but mother," exclaimed a sweet, young voice, and its owner, a girl with the face of an angel, appeared, smiling and confident behind the pale mother. "God will open the way. Why, I've prayed to him, and Tim's prayed, and dear Miss Eleanor here has prayed, and you know the promise is, 'Where two or three of you ask anything in my name, it shall be given you!'"

The mother would have spoken, but Miss Eleanor anticipated her. "Yes, Kitty," she cried, "we have prayed, and God has answered. He has sent the money just as he sent the ravens to feed Elisha. This dear lady has been his messenger, and here is just enough to let Tim have the little sea trip, or go to the mountains. Kitty, God sent it straight. Don't you remember our lesson last Sunday, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' Your brother will get well, dear, soon."

I hear people talk learnedly about telepathy and science, and mental sympathy. I let them talk. All I know is that I act under orders, and when I obey God sends me signs. The older I grow, the more truly and fervently I repeat that sentence in the creed which always thrills me with its solemn music, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A BRAVE PERSIAN CHRISTIAN.

Missionaries relate that a woman living at Oroomiah, Persia, forded a river on ice a number of times, with her child on her back, that she might hear the missionary in another village tell the wonderful story of Christ Jesus the Saviour of men.

JAPAN'S GREAT SOLDIER.

Field-Marshal Yamagata's Visit to the United States.

FIELD-MARSHAL YAMAGATA.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most famous Asiatic military genius of the present day is Field-Marshal Yoritomo Yamagata, the brilliant commander who led the Mikado's troops to a succession of victories in the recent war against China. Yamagata is a strategist of the highest order—being equally great in planning and in carrying his plans into execution. As Von Moltke, years before the breaking out of hostilities between France and Germany, mapped out a complete plan of campaign, providing for every contingency, so Marquis Yamagata, foreseeing the extreme probability of trouble between China and Japan, had planned, years in advance of the declaration of war, every movement of an aggressive campaign. He had devoted over ten years to military preparations, and to securing the fullest information concerning China's resources and her elements of strength and weakness, the result of his labors being that the great problem of the humiliation of the Mongol Empire—something heretofore deemed almost impossible even by the civilized Western world—was already solved in advance, and all that was needed was to proceed to a demonstration. How Yamagata's plan of campaign was carried through successfully at every point, is now a matter of history.

Sometimes ago the illustrious Field-Marshal and his suite set out from Tokyo on a tour of the globe. It was to be a tour without display; they were to travel as private gentlemen. But the great soldier's fame everywhere preceded him, and his progress across the American Continent eastward was punctuated by fetes, receptions and enthusiastic demonstrations. At New York he was accorded a reception and doubtless would have been tendered a public banquet, had his stay been of sufficient duration to admit of such a testimonial. During his brief stay—almost a flying visit—he repeatedly expressed his delight with the United States and the American people, and his appreciation of the great resources of the former and the ability of the latter to make the best use of these resources.

Field-Marshal Yamagata, whose portrait appears on this page, is tall and slender, and dresses very plainly in dark clothing of European make. He is a most methodical person in all his affairs. He is unfortunately an invalid, never having fully recovered from the illness which caused him to retire from the command of the army after having won the great battle of Wuhu. He is fifty-seven years of age and a widower, his wife (An American-born lady), having died ten years ago. The present is his second visit to this country, the first having been made in 1889. He is not a man of specially striking presence and would nowhere be taken for the brilliant soldier he really is, but his face reveals a quiet strength of character and great sagacity and penetration. At home he is a prime favorite and the Mikado, no less than his people, love to honor the man who more than any other has been the creator of the "new Japan."

THE METHODIST QUADRENNIAL CONFERENCE.

That Body Assembles in Cleveland Next Week—To Discuss Woman's Representation, the Abolition of the Time Limit, Increase of the List of Bishops, and Equalization of Lay and Clerical Representation.

WHEN the Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America assembles at Cleveland, the first Monday in May it will not only be the most largely attended, but the most important General Conference ever held by that denomination. Matters of the highest interest and most serious import will be discussed, and it is not improbable that a strong effort may be made to reach a conclusion regarding some of the famous "vexed questions" that have caused a wide divergence of opinion within the church in recent years.

The Conference represents nearly three million members of the M. E. Church and will continue in session almost a full month. Bishop Bowman, as the Senior Bishop, will preside at the opening session, and the other Bishops in turn, in the order of seniority. To these grand quadrennial assemblages are referred all important matters relating to the denomination which cannot be determined in the local conferences, thus constituting them ecclesiastical courts of appeals. About 350 ministerial delegates and 200 laymen will be in attendance on this occasion, representing 121 Annual Conferences, seven Mission Conferences and 12 Missions. These various bodies together have over 17,000 ministers, 14,000 local preachers and over 2,750,000 members distributed among 25,300 churches, the buildings being valued at about $108,000,000. The denomination has also 30,000 Sunday Schools, with 2,600,000 scholars and 345,000 officers and teachers.

From a well-informed source, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD learns that the programme of the General Conference will include the consideration of the following:

First: The proposition to remove the time limit for preachers. The limit is now five years, and it is proposed by the friends of the new plan to abolish it altogether. There are few changes that would so radically affect the character of the Methodist Church as the removal of the time limit. Should this prevail, the appointments will then be made from year to year, capable of indefinite extension by annual renewals. It is hardly necessary to say that the anti-time limit following in the Conference will be a strong one.

Second: The proposition to admit women as lay delegates to the General Conference. This proposition has been discussed and defeated quadrennially for a number of years, but its outlook is not at all unpromising this year. The women will have some strong champions, as in former years, and it is understood that several of the Bishops, including Fitzgerald and Hurst, and Rev. Drs. Flood and J. W. Hamilton, entertain and will advocate liberal views on the subject. The strongest opposition to the proposed innovation will probably come from New York delegates, the grounds of opposition being that it is against Bible teaching. On the other hand, the Western delegates will claim that as women are members of the M. E. Church they are entitled to exercise all the rights and privileges of members. This matter of woman's representation has been debated in State and General Conferences until at last it is claimed that something like an expression of the general sense of the Methodist Church, as a whole, may be expected at the coming Conference. In the minor Conferences, two amendments (known as the Hamilton Amendment and the Baltimore Amendment) have been under fire, the first granting representation to women, the second favorable to it, the result being that last year a majority of the Conferences placed themselves on record as in favor of the new movement. The latter was voted 68; the first 104 against.

Third: To make the lay representation equal to the clerical. Thus New York has six ministerial delegates and two lay. To these would be added four more lay delegates, and so on, throughout the entire list of States. Under the present arrangement the churches pay all the expenses of the delegates, and it is even now a very heavy draft on their collections. To increase the number of lay delegates would add greatly to the present burdens of the churches. This proposition will doubtless be discussed energetically in Conference.

Fourth: The proposition to add to the list of bishops by the election of probably five new bishops, the present number being eighteen. Many well-known names have been suggested as candidates for this high honor, among them being of Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. Dr. Buckley's editorial ability is of so high a standard that his retirement would be a distinct loss to religious journalism. This proposition also embraces the provision that one of the new bishops may be a colored brother, and this suggestion becomes all the more interesting when it is understood that, in the exercise of the privileges pertaining to the office, the colored bishop may be called upon to preside over Conferences. The salary of a bishop is $4000 a year and traveling expenses. Portraits of the present body of bishops appear on the next page.

Fifth: The proposition to add further to the list by the election of two or more "missionary bishops." At present the only "missionary bishops" on the roster are Taylor of Africa, and Thoburn of India. The new additions would include a bishop for China, one for Japan, one for South America, and probably one of the Pacific Islands.

ARMORY HALL, CLEVELAND, O., WHERE THE M. E. CONFERENCE WILL MEET.

Sixth: The choice of Agents for the Book Concern in New York City, It is probable that Mr. Eaton will be reelected, and perhaps Rev. Dr. A. J. Palmer, at present Pastor of St. Paul M. E. Church of this city, associated with him in themanagement of the business.

Through the courtesy of Rev. J. R. Creighton of Milwaukee, Wis., we are enabled to present a drawing of the new Armory Hall, Cleveland, where the Conference will assemble. The hall is not yet quite finished, but it is believed that it will be in proper condition before the delegates meet. It is a spacious building, with facilities for accommodating a large gathering. In the centre of the hall six hundred or more delegates can be seated comfortably. There is a large gallery, and on either side of the hall is a row of private boxes, fifty-two in number altogether. Immediately in the rear of the delegates are the seats for the audience, which, together with the reserved seats and the balcony accommodations, will be ample for the attendance expected. On the stage or platform which runs almost the full width of the hall, will be seated the bishops, the fraternal delegates, etc., with the presiding bishop in front. Immediately back of the platform are four rows of seats, behind which will be the choir. Mr. Creighton is now preparing for the Entertainment Committee a souvenir containing the portraits of all the delegates to the Conference with sketches of their careers. It will also give the story of what Methodism is doing for the world.

The C. E. International Convention.

The Fifteenth International Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held in Washington July 8-13. The meetings are to be held in three large tents, and there will be denominational rallies and prayer meetings in twenty-two churches. Monday, July 13, the last day of the Convention, will be devoted to the celebration of the first anniversary of the World's C. E. Union.

How They Helped Armenia.

Friends of the Cause, who Put their whole Heart into the Relief Work.

WHEN the Lord's work is in consecrated hands, it does not suffer from lack of enthusiasm and vigor, and this has been splendidly demonstrated by the manner in which the cause of Armenian relief has been pushed by Christian churches of various denominations, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Y.M.C.A's., Bible Classes, Sunday Schools, business firms and private individuals. Indeed, while all our contributing friends have helped the Fund generously, there are some who have done such signal service as might well stir a multitude to the love and admiration of good deeds. Foremost in this charitable work of aiding the persecuted Armenians, and feeding, sheltering, and clothing the homeless exiles—widows and orphans of the martyrs who fell in the recent massacres—has been the New Jersey Christian Endeavor Union, whose Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Ida B. Stephens, of Hackettstown, N. J., has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD **$826.47.** "With the money," she writes, "go many prayers that, if it be God's willthe persecutions may soon cease." Rev. D. M. Stearns, Church of the Atonement, Germantown, Pa., sent **$748.70,** the combined offerings of his Union Bible Classes, who have already made for themselves a shining record in various fields of Christian work at home and abroad. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Churches of Wisconsin, through Rev. T. D. Roberts, Randolph, Wis., have generously contributed **$324.53.** Mr. Thomas Calderwood of Lyons, Ia., made a munificent gift of **$200** to the cause. Mrs. David Cousin of Houston, Tex., contributed a like sum, with a heartfelt prayer for the sufferers. Mr. W. H. Wortman, of the firm of Wortman & Ward, founders, etc., London, Ont., sent **$195.00** to aid the relief work. Mr. H. H. Mott, Grafton, N. D., forwarded **$253.50,** as the combined offering of himself and a number of others, whose hearts had been moved to sympathy. He writes of these gifts, "every penny of this is self-denial money. . . . . May the Lord so overrule the affairs of nations that the land of martyrs may be speedily delivered out of the hand of the oppressor." Through Wesley Van Wart, Mayor of Fredericton, N. B., came the contributions of the Y. M. C. A. and a number of citizens, amounting to the handsome total of **$131.65.** The Women of New Brunswick, **$200.** L. C. C., Highland Park, **$100.** A Christian lady of Roxbury, Mass., who wished to be known simply as Della Vennell, sent a check for **$145.** From Mrs. A. H. McKelvy of Warren, Pa., who had personally and lovingly laid the cause of the Armenian Christians before a number of the churches there, came a gift, **$147.98,** with the fervent expression, "Surely the love of Christ constraineth men." Mrs. C. C. Evans, Lancaster, Pa., A. A. and C. L. Dikeman, an unknown donor, who sends neither name nor address, another who signs "In the name of Hissos Nazareetses (Jesus of Nazareth), Mr. Samuel Huston Marble Cliff, O., two friends who sig Jennie and Carrie Emma B. Stork, Ge mantown, Pa., Mrs. E.D. Brackett, Trea urer of the Woman's Missionary Societ Westminster Presbyterian Church, Ka sas City, Mo., J.E.W., White Pigeon, Mic Miss E. M. Stevens, a lady of Surre England, now traveling in this countr Mrs. Alexander J. Bruen of Lakewoo N. J., Miss Clara S. Craven of Clark boro, and Frederick H. Rindge of San Monica, Cal., have each sent **$100** wi the most heartfelt expressions of symp thy for the sufferers in Armenia. To th roll of honor many other names of gene ous donors might be added, for where have given so nobly it is difficult to di criminate. Each and all have the inwa satisfaction of knowing that their cons crated gifts have not only reached in tim but in the hands of the American Boa missionaries have been the means of doi incalculable good and saving thousands lives.

The following contributions were r ceived during the closing days of the Fun Owing to a pressure on our columns son of the acknowledgments have been un voidably delayed:

Correct'd amount brought forward....**$45,235.78**	Whipple, Mrs E J
Reid, Mrs & daughter 3 00	Whipple, J S
Reynolds, Mrs E S 5 00	Whipple, T I
Reynolds, Mrs M J 1 00	White, B R
Richardson, P C 5 00	White, J P & wife
Rickert, Mrs Geo 2 00	Whitford, Mrs E W
Ritchie, Cyrus 1 00	Whitford, Myrtle A
Robbins, Mr & Mrs M 5 00	Whitney, Israel
Roberts, Mrs Liza 1 00	White, Mrs Will
Robertson, Alvin 2 00	Wilcox, Mrs L
Robertson, Mr H C 50	Wilcox, Mrs R A
Robertson, Mr J Q 50	Willard, E C
Robertson, Mrs J Q 50	Williams, D E
Robertson, Wm 2 00	Williams, Miss E
Roby, R H & family 1 50	Wilson, J E
Rodgers, J S 1 00	Wilson, John S
Rogers J J 2 00	Winch, Helen M.
Rowe, H T & A 1 00	Winch, Wesley M
Royer, J Q 1 00	Wood, Mrs E, collected by
Rundle, Sr, Jas 5 00	Wood, M R
Russell, Diana and Rebecca Turrill 2 00	Woods, Hannah M
Sagar, Mrs W H 2 00	Wright, J W
Salmon, Mrs Mary 1 50	Yates, Jim
Sandager, P E 1 00	Yonde, Mrs A E
Sandersfield, J B 5 00	Young, Mrs A E
Sanford, S M 2 00	Ann P, West Liberty
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Schneider, Mrs Wm 2 00	Will & Frodie, Conway
Scott, Mrs Edith K 2 00	Zelia, Baltimore
Secrist, Mrs L K 1 00	Oconee, Athens
See, Mrs Ellen 2 00	In memory of Grace Lindhurst
Seedorf, M 5 00	"Worden in memory of our 3 girls"
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Shoemaker, Jennie 1 00	M A W, Deposit
Shrank, 1 00	A D M W, Balto Co
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Shumway, Lillie 50	E A W V, Mashpang
Simonson, Mrs 2 00	E A R, Thorndike
Simpson, Mrs M R 1 00	N A B, Chiltonville
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Tierlin, Mrs A R 50	W H A, Avon Park
Tilden, Roxanna 2 00	Mrs E N P, Bklyn
Tobias, L C 5 00	A R A, No Hancock
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Wamsher, Jasper 25	M E S, Candia
Wamsher, Josie 25	J McV, Leighs
Warner, Mrs F E 1 00	For Christ's Sake, Le Fever Falls
Warner, Mrs M D 5 00	**Total $45,857.08**
Warner, I K 1 00	and over 100 others to be
Waters, Martha 1 00	acknowledged next week.
Wehr, Oswille B 50	

BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA. (*See preceding page.*)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Not Worse but Better.

THERE is a widespread impression among good people that scenes of violence and murder and outrage are on the increase. My impression is that this comes from the vigilance of the newspaper press; not more crime but more crime quickly reported. The devil of destruction is a very old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days when in our literary society of New York University we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art galleries, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine fresco on your wall, or a richly-bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration. Call it what you will, Communism, or Socialism, or Devilism, it has been abroad for ages. Sometimes it shows itself by throwing vitriol into a beautiful face, sometimes by wilfully scaring a horse with a bicycle, sometimes by crashing its cart into a fine carriage, sometimes by loosening the railroad track near a bridge over a deep chasm. The philosophy of the whole business is that there is a large number of people who, either through their laziness or their crime, own nothing, and are mad at those who, through industry and wit of their own or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring classes have never anything to do with such murderous enterprise. There has never been one instance where an honest, industrious man had any engagement in such villainous schemes. It is the villainous classes, who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of state would allow them as wreckers to carry off some of the cargo. Do not let good people get into a panic as though some new thing had happened to the nation. I have heard a great many fearful prognostications as to what was coming. Never in my memory, or in yours, has there been as good order in England or America as there is to-day. Think of the old firemen's riots in Philadelphia. Think of the theatrical riot that threatened to tear down New York, and the military had to fire into the mob because the friends of Macready and Forrest differed about which was the better actor. The evils now abroad are bad enough, but they will not be repressed by a panicky discussion which exaggerates them above all their perfidious predecessors.

Weather Nonsense.

WE have recently had another period of the impotency of human prophecy. For a long while we were told that on a certain day the land would be racked with tempest, and lo! that day turned out to be the mildest and most genial day of the whole season. Because by study of the laws of weather man may come to a good guess concerning the conditions of atmosphere two or three days ahead, we have now pretenders who profess to rifle omnipotence of its secrets for two months approximate.

The valuable premising that advantages the shipping and puts the world on healthy guard is discredited by the wild gamblers in weather. It will never be well for the world to know very long ahead what will happen. Part of the best discipline of life is the disappointment that comes from the unexpected changes of climate. So our faith in God is cultured, and so we are made sympathetic with those who cannot escape exposure, however much they anticipate it. And so we are made willing at last to exchange a world of tempest for a world of calm. Air without any chill. Sky without any cloud. Eternal spring-tide without any winter. I make protest against the prophets of meteorological pretension who create infidelity in regard to reasonable and well-founded prediction. The only reliable prophecy for a long while ahead is that which is founded on Scriptural data. Hurricane and euroclydon are to be laid away in watery graves, and a time of balmy atmosphere is to come in which there shall be paradise regained. The intense heats will be lifted from the tropics, and the intense cold lifted from the Arctic, and the uncertainty lifted from the temperate. All this is foretold, sometimes under one phraseology, and sometimes under another. Twelve manner of fruits, and every month a production. Gardens swathing the earth with deep color of full-blown rose. That settled weather of unbroken loveliness is coming as surely as the Bible is veracious, and God who makes the seasons can control them. About that weather it is safe a hundred or a thousand years before to make announcement.

The Next Coming.

THE world started with a theocracy, the personal reign of God on earth. Why not close with a theocracy, the personal reign of Christ on earth? There is not a form of government that satisfies the people. Multitudes are tired of monarchies, and tired of limited monarchies, and tired of despotisms, and tired of republics. It may be that the dissatisfactions will increase, and after man's failure at government, the eternal God in the presence of Christ may step down to catch up the reigns of authority that human hands have not been strong enough to manage. While I have not studied the theory long enough to adopt it, I see it would be a glorious thing if Christ would come and set up a universal throne, and all sin and oppression and war would cease, and the world would take a happiness such as it has never dreamed of. Jnst think what a place this world would be if complete justice and righteousness reigned in all cities and in all lands! I do not know what your habit is, but my habit is getting more and more to see in all secular events a divine significance, and I find nearly all worldly events pointing in one direction—a glorious consummation when this world shall be the Lord's, either by the presence of Jesus Christ taking government and ruling and reigning on earth, or by the power of the Holy Ghost achieving the same result. For that august arrival may we all be ready—our lamps burning, if it be in the night; our shouts of welcome ready, if it be in the day. If Christ ever does come to reign on earth personally, I think it will be on this continent; for if on Europe or Asia he descended it would be among this nation or that nation; but on this continent all nations are gathered, and it would be a reception on the part of all kingdoms, and all monarchies, and all republics. What a place to set up his kingdom! midway between the Alleghany and the Rocky; and Asia would send to him its contribution from the one side, and Europe would send to him its contribution from the other side—and a universal kingdom. Mr. Orton, a little while before his death, presented to me a telegraphic chart which surprised me amazingly. But much has gone on since that time to make the map a still more wonderful exhibition, showing that the time is hastening on when some one will be able to put his finger upon the knob of one telegraphic instrument and thrill all nations with the one touch. But however Christ may come, and whenever he may come, and wherever he may come, let us all be ready.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

L. Martin, Knoxville, Tenn. How should contributions for Armenia now be sent, so that they may reach the proper quarter?

Address all contributions for Armenian relief to Rev. C. C. Creegan, American Board, Bible House, New York, by whom they will be cabled to the field.

E. R., Newfield, Pa., writes:

I never feel like indulging in sumptuous living when so many in Armenia are hungry. We take a slice of bread, toast it a nice light brown, and spread very little butter. Eaten warm, with a cup of 'cambric tea,' it makes a palatable supper—no sauce, no cake. Try it, all you who are in sympathy with the hungry. "Cambric tea," is a very little milk in a cup of boiling water.

F. Wemple, Scranton, Pa. What are the facts concerning the proposed resettlement of the Jews in Palestine?

The only modern scheme or project of the sort is one devised by Holman Hunt, the English artist. He suggested that a Syndicate of leading Jews raise $500,000,000 and approach the Sultan, with the consent of the Powers, offering to purchase Turkey's rights in Palestine. It is hardly believed that Turkey would listen to such a proposition.

F. L. H., Milton, Oreg. Who was the first emperor or king crowned by the Pope of Rome? Was it not Phocas?

There is nothing in the published history of the reign of Phocas, Emperor of the East (602 to 610), to show that he was crowned by any of the Popes. On the other hand, it is recorded of him that, "without assuming the office of a prince he renounced the profession of a soldier," thus intimating the absence of any ceremonial like a public coronation. In 752 A. D., Boniface, Apostolic Vicar, representing Pope Gregory III., anointed and crowned Pepin as King of the Franks. This was the beginning of the temporal dominion of the Popes.

"Reader," New York. 1. Is there any way of finding out with proof what kind of wine Christ used when on earth? 2. What kind of wine is used in administering the Lord's Supper in the churches?

1. There is no evidence as to the kind Christ used. It was probably the ordinary kind of the time and country. The people do not appear to have been a race among whom drunkenness prevailed to anything like the extent that it does among ourselves. The fact, however, that Christ was reproached for not abstaining (Matt. 11: 19), appears to indicate that even then, John the Baptist was not an exceptional instance of total abstinence. You may be quite sure that abstinence in our day is quite consistent with Christianity and may be defended on the principles Christ inculcated. 2. Some churches use unfermented wine, but we do not know what proportion of them.

W. H., Faulkton, S. Dak. How and by whom was the Bible translated? Is there any reason to suppose that any part of the translation is inaccurate?

The early translators had comparatively few facilities, while modern translators have had the advantage of an acquaintance with many ancient MSS. and inscriptions that have been discovered in recent years, and some of which shed light on the Scripture narrative. Consequently, every successive translation has resulted in certain changes and modifications, but mainly in the mere form of the language, and in no single instance have the essentials of the Book been affected by the changes. The Bibles of Luther, Wickliffe, Guttenberg, Tyndale, Cranmer, Coverdale, and Parker were in form and substance identical with our own "King James' Version," which appeared in 1611, being the result of the combined labors of over fifty distinguished theological scholars. The latest revision (by American and English revisers) has proved the Authorized Version to have been correct in all essentials. The difference between the two is the occasional variation of an unimportant phrase, the latter work being, of course, the most reliable in these respects, as it holds more closely to the meaning of the originals. European and American scholarship has learned much concerning the original Scriptures since the King James Version.

G. W. G., Tarkio, Mo. Why does the time of celebrating Easter vary in different years?

It is associated with the Jewish Passover, which is regulated by the moon. Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs after the equinox. To the early Jewish Christians, the festivals were in close relation, and when they saw the Jews celebrating Passover, their thoughts went to the Passover time when Christ suffered. No new date on the calendar was so closely identified with Christ's death as was the Passover time.

Mrs. W. G. W., Buckner, Ark. Where did Judson and Cary labor as missionaries? When did they begin their work? Will you give an estimate of their work?

William Carey, the famous Baptist missionary, labored in India from 1793 to 1834. Besides other work he translated the Gospel into twenty-three different languages. Adoniram Judson labored for Christ in Burmah from 1813 till 1845. Both were mighty men of God and were the founders of the greatest missions of half a century.

Student, Milwaukee, Wis. How did the present names of our week days originate?

They are mostly named after ancient Scandinavian and Roman deities. Monday is, literally, Moon-day; Tuesday, the day of Thiu, god of war; Wednesday is the day of Wodin or Wotan, the chief Scandinavian divinity. Thursday is the day of Thor, or Donar, god of thunder; Friday is the day of Frea, the Scandinavian Juno, and Saturday is the day of Saturn.

R. Standt, Myerstown, Pa. 1. Is anything known of the later years of the life of Mary, the mother of Jesus, after Christ's death and ascension? 2. Was James the Less the same as James the brother of John?

1. Many legends, some of which date back to the fifth century are told purporting to describe Mary's later life. They are not, however, worthy of credence and even Catholic authorities have pronounced them apocryphal. The chief of these legends has it that she lived twenty-two years after the ascension. Nothing, however, of a reliable character is known. 2. James the Less, was the son of Alphæus and his title was probably given on account of his being younger or shorter in stature than James, the son of Zebedee, John's brother.

C. Clark, Scranton, Pa. A minister recently told me that it was now generally believed that Christ was in India during the period between his childhood and the commencement of his ministry, and said a book had been published proving it. Can you know what basis there is for the statement?

A book was certainly published in France about two years ago advancing the theory you mention. It was called "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ." The author, a Russian traveller, said that while journeying in Little Tibet, he had spent some time in a Lama monastery at Hamis, and had there seen a life of "Issa," the Mohammedan name for Christ. The chief Lama, he said, had translated portions of the work, and these he incorporated in his book. The statement attracted wide attention, and has been made the subject of investigation. Prof. J. A. Douglas has visited the monastery at Hamis, and now publishes a refutation of the whole story. The Russian was never sheltered at the monastery, never talked with the chief Lama, and was never told of a life of Issa, and the Lama emphatically declares that no such book is, or ever has been, in the monastery, and he never heard of such a book, and as he is well acquainted with Buddhist literature, is certain that no such book is in existence. The Russian's statements are thus categorically contradicted.

Subscriber, Iola, Wis. Yes, it is our duty to forgive, even where forgiveness is not asked or repentance shown. We must freely forgive, if we would ourselves be forgiven by our heavenly Father.——Gracie, Burlington, N. S. Send your full name and address and premium list will be forwarded.——J. L. M., Flushing, N. Y. Yale, New Haven and Princeton at Princeton, N. J.——M. A. Martin, Melbourne, Fla. It is a compound of many tongues and in its present form was the growth of centuries.——F. Mct., Napierville, Ill. The scheme to locate the Armenians to America is impracticable for many reasons but chiefly because it would cost millions of dollars to carry out.——Mrs. Sterner, Wakeman, O. We know of none at present.——Mrs. L. Wilson, Breckenridge. None whatever that we have no alternative, however.——Mrs. Cora Asher, Brandon, Pa. The reasons have been stated repeatedly in these columns.——J. S., Philipsburg, Pa. Yes; they would undoubtedly be pleased to receive them. Be sure to prepay expressage.——Mrs. J. M. Fleming, Clovis, Fresno Co., Cal., can use good second-hand Gospel literature to advantage in her mission work.——A. R. G., Vail, N. J. They are a type of the resurrection, or the coming of life out of death and are, therefore, used at that time.——Mrs. I. D. M., Stockwell, Ind. You will find it in Luke 11: 46.——Mrs. L. S. T., Mart, Tex. Methodist.——Mrs. E. R. W. The lines are from a poem by Montgomery, an old British author.——Mrs. I. H., Hamilton, Ont. 1. No, such an idea would be fetishism. 2. As soon as a child gives evidence of understanding. 3. Yes. There are many things not understood now that will doubtless be made clear hereafter. If natural phenomena seem mysterious and inexplicable, how much more spiritual things.——Mrs. Elmer E. T., Hudson, Mass. Already represented explained.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

King Menelik at Home.

SINCE the Italian defeat at Adowa there has been a general desire to know more about the Abyssinian king who was able so decisively to repel the European invaders of his dominions. To some extent this curiosity has been gratified by M. Gaston Viderheym, a Frenchman connected with a commercial company trading with Red Sea ports, who two years ago visited King Menelik's capital and spent some months there, arranging for an extension of business relations. The Frenchman was cordially welcomed by the king and saw a great deal of him and of the Empress Taitou during his stay. He reports them as living in a luxurious palace furnished in European style, with thick soft carpets, muslin curtains, mirrors, gilt chandeliers and modern articles of furniture. Menelik, according to this account, is a man past middle life, but retaining all the energy of his youth. He has a pleasant, good humored face, very dark complexion, and strong limbs and hands. He wears a peculiar costume comprising a number of shirts and a tunic worn over a man's garb of European style, and on state occasions assumes a massive gold crown, so heavy that a man of ordinary strength would be unable to dislocate his neck by wearing it. Taitou, his wife, was once a beauty and is still attractive in appearance. She has a detestation of Europeans in general and especially of Italians. She recognizes, however, the value of their services in the development of the country and encourages her husband to have them about him as advisers. One of these, a Swiss engineer has lately been making the king acquainted with the destructive powers of dynamite. The royal pair take a deep interest in all the details of social and political progress, and have a regular court with officials corresponding to those of European courts. They will travel long distances at any season of the year in order to be present at the opening of a new bridge or public building, or the inauguration of some local improvement. The review of troops, or inspection of artillery practice is a favorite occupation with them. They call themselves Christians, but their church is allied to the Coptic Church, and their worship is accompanied by strange ceremonies. The priests chant the Psalms of David at the services, accompanying them with a wild dance to the beating of copper cymbals. The Frenchman, like other travelers who have visited Abyssinia, was surprised to find several clear traces of Semitic origin among the people, both in rites and beliefs. They dislike the name of Abyssinians, and insist that they are Ethiopians, and are the people referred to by the name in the Bible. As they lay claim to the name, it may be hoped that the prediction regarding them will be fulfilled:

Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God. Ps. 68: 31.

AN ABYSSINIAN COIN.

A Elm's Descendants.

An interesting ceremony was witnessed on April 10 on the Campus of the Pennsylvania University. It was the planting of a shoot from a descendant of the old elm tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians in 1682. The original tree which on that November day came than two hundred years ago, spread its branches over the founder of the colony and his red-skinned friends, was blown down in 1810. But the family who owned the land on the banks of the Delaware River from which the tree grew, found that a shoot from the old tree had taken root. They removed it to their farm at Bay Ridge, N. Y., where it grew for some time. Subsequently the family removed to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and not liking to leave the tree so rich in its associations, they had it carefully dug up and reverently transplanted to the grounds around their new home. It was from this tree that the shoot was taken, which Governor Hastings planted a few days ago on the University Campus. There can be little doubt that it will grow up to be a tree like the famous one associated with Penn. Experience proves that we can have greater confidence in the offspring of a tree resembling the parent stock than we can have in the perpetuation of a good man's traits in his descendants. The promise is still to be fulfilled:

As the days of a tree are the days of my people. Isa. 65: 22

A Self-Answered Prayer.

From a traveler in the Transvaal comes a singular story, which he declares was given to him by a Boer with every assurance of its absolute truth. In the early days of the Transvaal before it became a republic, there was a famine and a party was organized to hunt for big game. For several days there was no success. The Veldt seemed deserted. Then one of the party announced that, like the patriarchs of old, he would appeal to the Lord for help. With one attendant he left the party at sunset retired into the bush and was not again seen for twenty-four hours. When he returned, he announced that he had prayed and within three days, game in abundance would pass the place of the camp. The party remained, and two days later were delighted to see a troop of "hartebeestz" approaching. They made a great haul and returned to their homes laden with meat. The man of prayer became famous and is still more famous now, for he holds high office in the Transvaal. His companion on that night excursion avers, however, that the appearance of the game was not an answer to prayer. The man did not go into the bush to pray, but made all speed to the Kaffir kraals. By threats and cajolery he so worked on the fears of the Kaffirs, who had already had some experience of the fighting quality of the Boers, that they undertook to collect and drive in the direction of the camp, "hartebeestz" in abundance. The Boers praised God for the answer to prayer, and the man gained a reputation for piety which he still retains. His device served its purpose, but the impiety of it is obvious. The principle of it is, however, very common, but the singularity of this case is that it is the converse of the usual course. This man ascribed to God the glory for the success which was really the result of his own scheming, while the ordinary way is to appropriate to self the credit of success and attribute to God the afflictions which are the natural consequences of wrongdoing:

He saith By the strength of my hand I have done it and by my wisdom; for I am prudent. (Isa. 10: 13.)

KING MENELIK AND QUEEN.

THE ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS OF ABYSSINIA.

A Swindler's Scheme.

The extraordinary effrontery of a prisoner is described in a New Jersey journal. It appears that for some time past, the police have had suspicions that a man who frequented a saloon in Jersey City was engaged in what is known as the green-goods business. There was an obvious difficulty in getting evidence against him as the people he swindled could not expose him without revealing their own criminal purposes. Recently, however, the police obtained one of his circulars in which, in guarded language, he offered to sell counterfeit bills at very low rates. A detective in the guise of a pretended purchaser succeeded in detecting him and he was lodged in jail. He appeared to be penitent and well-behaved, but a few days ago, suspicion was again excited against him. It was noticed that his mail had suddenly and largely increased. Letters poured in for him in such numbers as seldom come to a man who is awaiting trial on a serious charge. An investigation was made and it was found that he had caused the insertion in a newspaper of an advertisement for agents who could do a lucrative business in their own homes through the mails. Answers were to be sent to him enclosing a postage stamp for further information. The address he gave was simply the street address of the prison, so that people unacquainted with the locality were unaware that they were writing to a prisoner. The bait was completely successful and the man reaped a harvest of postage stamps which was the object he had in view. The incident shows how utterly punishment fails to reform an evil nature. One would have thought that even if he had fallen back into evil ways afterwards, the man would have abstained while undergoing punishment from the crime which had brought him into trouble. The same determination in evil is seen still which the prophet deplored in his day:

Thou hast stricken them but they have not grieved: thou has consumed them but they have refused to receive correction. (Jer. 5: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

At the Recent State Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies of Michigan, forty members offered themselves as volunteers for the missionary field.

Mr. Morris K. Jesup of New York is the new President of the American Sunday School Union. The death of the late ex-Justice William Strong rendered an election necessary.

The Women's Christian Temperance Unions of Southern California will hold their convention at Pomona May 5-8. A great gathering is expected. Mr. John G. Woolley has promised to attend and address the meetings.

Rev. F. B. Meyer is Expected to Visit this country again this summer. He has had several invitations, one of which is from Mr. Moody, and another from the Christian Endeavor Trustees, who want him to speak at the annual Convention.

In Norway there are 189 Young Men's Christian Associations, with a membership of 10,000. Seventeen of the Associations own their own buildings, and General Secretaries are employed at Christiania, Bergen, Moso, Stavanger and Baklandet.

Mrs. M. Baxter has been Conducting an evangelistic work in Switzerland during the past month. She has held meetings at Geneva, Lausanne, Arense, Neuchatel, Gurzelen and other towns, giving addresses in French and English. A great blessing has resulted from her labors.

Christian Endeavor has Scored two Victories in California. At San Diego the united protests of the Christian Endeavor Societies have succeeded in stopping street-paving on Sunday, and at Santicoy they have induced the authorities to enforce the law closing the saloons on the Lord's Day.

Rev. E. E. Davidson has been Conducting successful evangelistic meetings at Mount Morris, N. Y. An extraordinary interest has been manifested, large numbers coming from the surrounding towns to attend the services. Upward of four hundred persons made profession of faith during the meetings.

A Newspaper Published in Jerusalem, Printed in the Hebrew language, states that Dr. Bless, Supervisor of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has lately discovered, near Mount Zion, the exact course of the city walls of Jerusalem built before and during the Roman era; also a number of vases and mosaics of high historical value.

A New Temperance Organization has been formed at Maidstone, England, which is spreading to other towns. Its object is to unite Christian people to oppose the admission of men who are engaged in the liquor traffic to office and membership in the churches. Mr. E. Tennyson Smith, the leader of the movement, is delivering stirring addresses calling upon the Church to clear its skirts of all responsibility for the liquor business.

A Manifesto Issued by the Authorities of the Mormon Church notifies all persons holding office in the Church, that they must not accept nomination for political office in the new State without previously obtaining the consent of the Church. Moses Thatcher, the Mormon "Apostle," who had omitted this formality before accepting the nomination for United States Senator, has been sentenced to deposition for his offence.

The National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at St. Louis instead of San Francisco, but three conferences will be held on the Pacific Coast, at which Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard will speak. The British Association will hold its annual convention in London in June. A number of delegates, including Miss Willard and Miss Anna A. Gordon will represent the United States.

The Presbytery of Philadelphia, Having Received notice from Dr. A. T. Pierson of his baptism by immersion at Croydon, Eng., has revoked the letter previously given to him in which he is described as a minister of the Presbytery in good standing. The Presbytery also passed a resolution directing the Stated Clerk to inform Dr. Pierson that "the Presbytery is clearly of the opinion that a change of denomination is demanded by his immersion, and by all the proprieties of the situation. That we therefore advise Dr. Pierson promptly to seek admission into some denomination more in sympathy with his convictions on baptism."

The Chautauqua Programme just Issued is of an unusually attractive character. Among the preachers are Rev. Geo. A. Gordon, of Boston; Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago; Pres. E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown; Rev. Chas. Aked, of Liverpool, England; Prof. George Adam Smith, of Scotland, and Bishop John H. Vincent. Among those already secured for lecture courses are: Profs. F. G. Peabody and John Williams White, of Harvard; Prof. Homer B. Sprague, of New York; Dr. Joseph Agar Beet, of Richmond, England; Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow; Pres. E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown; Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, of New York; Pres. W. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago; Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York, and Mr. Leon H. Vincent, of Philadelphia.

Commander Ballington Booth and Mrs. Booth have issued a statement of the reasons which have brought about the unhappy division in the Salvation Army. They say that the chief cause was the attitude taken by Gen. Booth during and after his visit to the United States. He misunderstood the country and the people, objected to the display of the national flag, showed great hostility of feeling and sentiment toward American habits and methods, insisted upon the literal [illegible] regulations made in England, controlled the Army in this country in the minutest detail, declined to accept any [illegible] country, and insisted upon annexing certain portions of Salvation Army districts in the United States to Canadian headquarters.

The Family and Home Circle

Spring in Sunny Italy.

The Season when the Peasant-Farmer Follows His Ox-Team at the Plough—Scenes from Rural Life.

ITALY, within the last decade, has become a land of more than usual interest to Americans for many reasons, the principal being that by far the greatest volume of immigration to our shores comes from that sunny kingdom. Our official statisticians tell us that since the beginning of March of this year, 16,000 Italian immigrants have reached the port of New York alone, being 9,320 more than in the same month last year. During the first three months, over 47,000 Italians came to live on our free soil—almost twice the number of the corresponding period of 1895. Within five years 292,010 sons and daughters of Italy have left their native land for these shores—a movement so vast (and threatening to attain still grander dimensions) that King Humbert's government is naturally anxious to find some pretext for putting a stop to it.

What is the reason that these Italians,—who have probably the most picturesque country in Europe, if not in the whole world, as their home—are so eager to cross the ocean and cast in their fortunes with Columbia's sons and daughters? There are many reasons. Italians have lost neither their courage nor their patriotism, but they are sick of seeing their brothers butchered in the useless colonial war now being carried on in Abyssinia, and which is regarded by the talian people as a wicked waste of blood and treasure for the sake of political aggrandizement. They are weary of a steadily-increasing system of taxation that has reduced the lot of the laborer to something hardly better than slavery, and which permits not even the poorest in Humbert's dominions to escape. To the Italians, other than those interested in upholding the pomp of royalty, the glitter and tinsel of a court have been indulged at the cost of their country's prosperity. Italy's brilliant parade as a member of the trio of great European Powers, together with the maintenance of a huge standing army and a costly navy, have meant ruin for the agriculturist and the mechanic, as well as to all classes engaged in peaceful business pursuits.

These are some of the many reasons why the Italians are here, like the vast flocks of spring-birds that head from the south when winter is ended, and seem to darken the sky with their dense flight. The new arrivals will soon settle down to the duties of Americans. They will soon recall, with amusement, the quaint old ox-ploughs, the slow-trudging, heavy teams and the rough field-work of the farm, some idea of which is conveyed in the photograph on this page. Yet, despite the all-prevalent poverty, there is a great deal that is picturesque and attractive in Italian rural life. It is only in the country that one sees the old-style Italian costumes [illegible] that has marked the national taste for centuries. In Tuscany, the queer-looking straw hats; in Naples, the Phrygian cap; in Rome, the striking costumes of cloak, wide-brimmed hat and knee-breeches—all these are rapidly disappearing, being replaced by modern European dress, such as the people of London or Paris, or even New York, might wear without attracting attention.

Italian farmers usually find life a severe problem. Although living in what is emphatically an agricultural country, the conditions are such that agriculture is one of the least profitable of pursuits. A more lucrative employment is that of vine-growing, orange or lemon culture, or vegetable gardening, and there are no better market-gardens in Europe than those to be found in the outskirts of some of the larger Italian cities. Many of the immigrants who are now coming here are skilled agriculturists and gardeners. They will, however, be greatly astonished at the ingenious modern implements used by the American agriculturist, for in their own land the old Roman plough, as it is found described in Virgil, may still be seen in use in various parts of the country, while in not a few places all the implements of husbandry might have been copied from some of the sculptures in the most ancient Roman monuments. Heavy ploughs (such as that in the illustration), are found in the Veneto drawn by as many as six pairs of oxen—and all this to cut a furrow less than nine inches deep. The Podolian cattle, white with enormous horns, are used for draft, while the smaller Alpine cattle are kept for dairy purposes. Men's and women's work on the farm lasts from daylight till long after dark and there is little opportunity for social relaxation. At festival seasons, however, which are frequent in Italy, there is general merrymaking and they are poor and miserable indeed who cannot unbend during those pleasant days and share the general enjoyment.

SPRINGTIME IN ITALY—FOLLOWING THE OX-PLOUGH.

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The Hostess' Personality.

Whatever the other attractions, writes Mrs. Agnes H. Morton, the ultimate fact is that when people assemble socially they meet to talk. In popular definition "sociable" means "conversation," and "unsociable" means "silence." The success of any social gathering will be largely decided by the prevailing spirit of the conversation. And in this, more than in any other feature of the occasion, the personality of the hostess should appear. No matter how many gifted conversationalits there may be present, she should not permit an outsider to create the atmosphere of her house. Even the most diffident woman, who glides unobtrusively through a throng elsewhere should courageously assert herself when the responsibility of entertaining rests upon her.

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The Cradle a School.

Even in the cradle, education begins, for it is the first school-house. Everything about the cradle is educative; and, what is more, this primal education is radical and determinative. It gives shape to the mind; the impressions there made are deep and abiding; they are not easily rubbed out by all the later rough usage of the world. In the nature of the case the mother is the first teacher, whose lessons almost inevitably abide through fair weather and foul. How important then that these early teachings be correct!

"The most important part of education," says Plato, "is right training in the nursery." The soul of the child in his play should be trained to that sort of excellence in which, when he grows to manhood, he will have to be perfected." He should be elevated by an inclined plane rather than vertically; the former is usually easy, while the latter is always difficult, sometimes impossible. The cradle song is often the inspiration of the whole life.

***

Years that Sit Lightly.

It is not every man or woman who can lightly carry the burden of the years. While still young, in some unexpressed way (probably the natural feeling of the immortal being), they always expect to be young. Whether their expectation is realized depends almost altogether upon themselves. They think no more about it, however, till the first gray hair comes like an admonishing ghost upon the scene. At seventeen they were of the opinion that the first thing in the world was beauty. But at thirty-five they find it is better to be young than to be beautiful. And it very often happens that the girl who was quite beautiful, with vivid color, and sparkling eyes, and tender flesh and dim-

***

Enconomize Your Time

The old maxim that "time is money," is fully realized by successful men of business, but there are many who, while they would not dream of being spendthrift with their coin, think nothing of squandering valuable time. The habit of indecision is a great time-waster, and young people especially should strive to avoid it. There is no one factor of success stronger than that of having acquired good habits of work. Having once formed these, we are left free to look beyond the mere details of the work and to see how best we may accomplish that which we have undertaken. It is like playing the piano. At first we have to study the music and the keys, and each note we strike requires a separate and distinct effort of the will, but in a little while we begin to read the music readily, and as our fingers wander over the keys we are not conscious of guiding or directing them. And this is the way we should learn to do our work, whatever it may be. The details of it should never trouble us, but they should become as a second nature, while calling forth our very best efforts to secure satisfactory results.

A Boy and His Mother.

CAN a boy get away from the prayers of his mother,
Or sink to a depth that her love cannot reach?
Can the billows of time pile so high on the other,
That he can't see her form on the white, shining beach?

Can the dark clouds of sin fold so closely about him,
That the light of her faith does not shine on his way?
Can he feel all the friends of this world scorn and doubt him,
While his mother has faith, love, and trust to still pray?

Ah, no! not a boy can escape from the praying,
Ascending each day from her bedside to heaven;
He will still hear the tones of her voice interceding,
When the dear form is laid neath the flower-strewn sod.

Then pray, mothers, pray while the boy child is breathing,
And pray if Death's angel has sung in his ear,
That God in his mercy the boy is receiving
For the sake of the prayers you have said for him here.

—ANNIE ARMOUR.

***

The Birds Back with us Again.

THERE would seem to be some community of feeling between children and birds; certain it is that the young people are the first to mourn the departure of the songsters at the approach of frost, and the first also to greet them back on the return of spring. All the song-birds are with us again, and the woodlands are vocal with their chorals. First comes the blue-bird, which is the herald of spring. "I know of no sound in nature that takes a more direct route to the heart than that of the warble," writes Ella Gilbert Jones in *Advance*. "And when a choirlet pauses for an enchanting moment over one's head and fills that pause with a rondeau, as if blue wavelets of sound were lapping the white beach of memory. Forgotten springtimes show their sweet child-faces, and the very graves give up their dead." Many birds have a wider vocabulary, but of one only did Lanier write:

A wise bluebird
Puts in his little, heavenly word.

It is the exquisite quality of his song which renders it a delight, yet the despair of poets. Four syllables embrace it; but no word of man has rendered them, "but with each hearing they grow less translatable." Yet the children seem to understand and enjoy them, possibly because they are nearer to nature and nature's God than some of their elders.

***

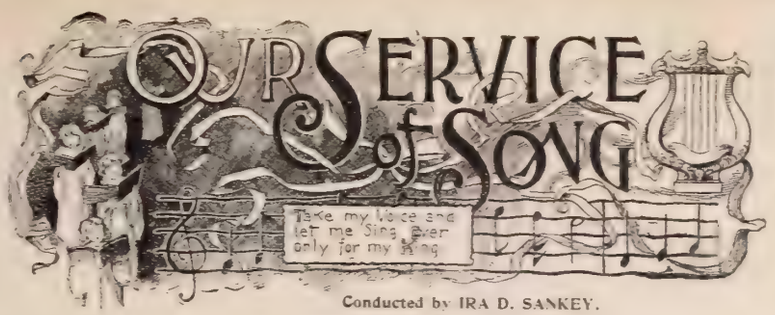
What it Means to Stoop.

While an erect attitude, in person and character, is admirable, yet there are times when it is wise to unbend, and when to preserve the erectness uncompromisingly would imply a lack of some of the essential qualities that go to make success. This, of course, this stooping has no reference to the relaxing of the moralities. It is probably best explained by an anecdote: Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, visited Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. At the close of the interview the doctor showed him out of the house by a back way. As they proceeded along a narrow passage he said to the lad, "Stoop! stoop?" Not immediately comprehending the meaning of the advice, he took another step, and brought his head rather violently against a beam that projected over the passage. "You are young lad," said Dr. Mather, "you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump." It is an easy lesson to learn—this science of stooping wisely and gracefully at the right time and in the right way. When you have a deal with a man in a passion, who fumes and foams and uses bitter words, I tell you long to stand up straight, tell him he is wrong and unreasonable, and fight the matter out boldly. But it is of no use. It is the veriest folly to argue with an angry man, and by far the wisest course is to stoop. It is no more a disgrace to do this than it is to bow before a passing tornado, or bend before a sudden gust of wind. Stoop—as gracefully as you can—and when the storm has begun to subside whisper the kindly word that turns away the gusts of sudden wrath.

Service in the Home.

uestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning May 10. Hans 12: 9-18.

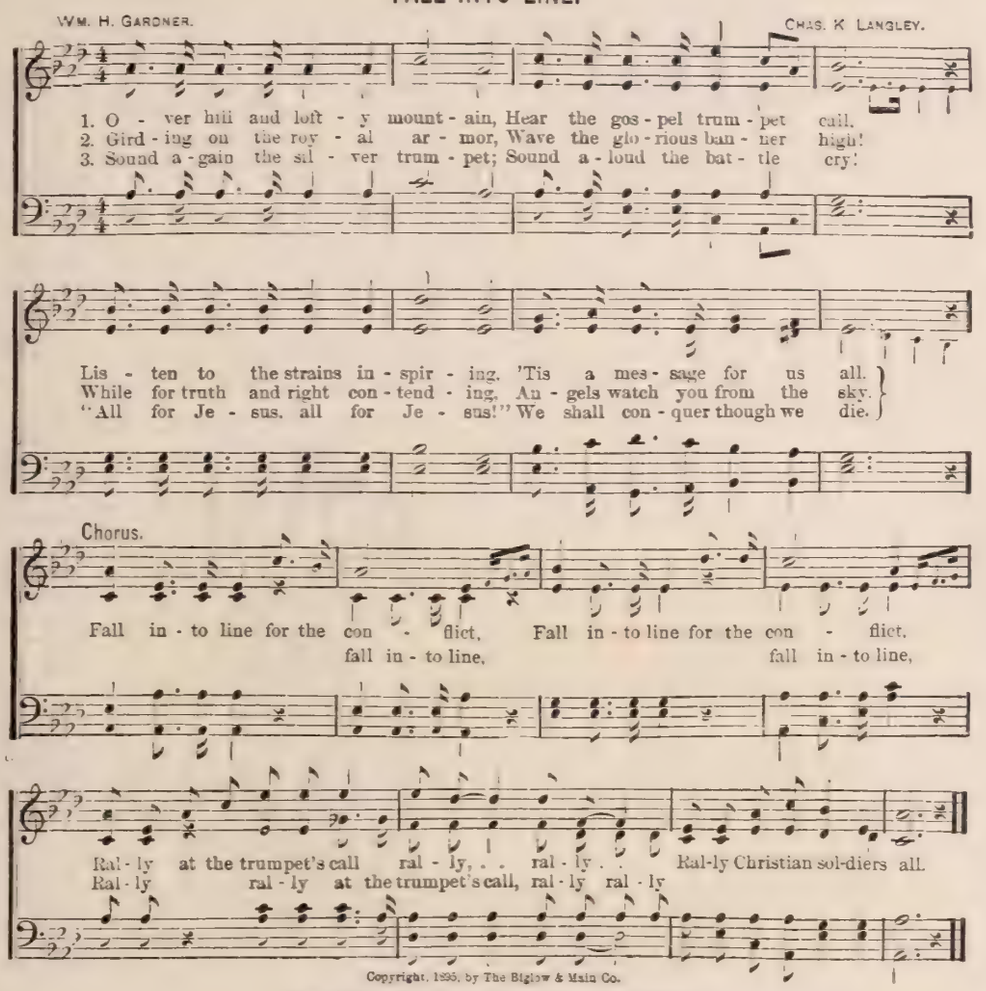
HOME life seems often to get less of the Christian's attention than it should have. The devout spirit, the high aspirations after holiness sometimes become inert in the family circle. The light s rather for the benefit of those at a nce than those who are nearer its s. Even the members of the same h and the children in the ay School class have a ent conception of the stian character than the r and mother, the brothnd sisters. Yet it is in the that the test of sincerity thoroughness is applied. e are so many opportuni here for the exercise of the Christian spirit, that to them is a fault that has mpensation in exact ortho of belief, or in public ser Fretfulness, impatience, ess, indifference to the welfand comfort of members e same family, are faults h are inexcusable. They come from the relaxation e physical strain consecon frequent public meetand the excitement of inemotions. There is a posty of religious dissipation, h is hurtful in its way as kinds of dissipation are. ads to an unwholesome ng for excitement and an iality which are foreign quiet, deep consecration eart and life. The soul h droops and pines save the impetus of public erings, good music, and ssioned oratory, is dangerear a condition in which godliness becomes extinct. f the first signs of such a ition is neglect of home duind repugnance to the humservices of the household. right conception of Chris life is that which is not ned to outward observ, but is in the heart, like a g spring in a machine, ng it to perform its functwherever it may be d. The Apostle gives a n the passage associated the Topic, of the characics which should be seen e Christian wherever he be, whether in business, boarding-house, or the . The love that is genuine and is not ned as a cloak: the abhorrence of in all its forms, whether of duplicity, thfulness, selfishness, or censoriousthe readiness to yield honors, to take mble place, and have no ambition but sefulness and helpfulness: industry, fulness, patience, prayerfulness, belence, magnanimity, sympathy, humity, peaceableness—this is a compreive list which covers the whole life an being. It is useless to think of acquiring all these characteristics. They are to be gained by an effort such as will for the learning of a language, or the of social politeness. They are no ce manners, but go deep down into principles. They are a part of the ard manifestation of the power of st dwelling in the heart. With that ity force there, the character will bear fruits as a tree bears its fruit. Out e heart proceeds all the evil of life and acter; out of the heart must come the . When the heart is changed, when moved by that strange, mysterious r that in some unknown way Christ nts there, these graces spring sponously and need only to have an unobstructed course. With such characteristics in each member of a family, the might become the vestibule of heaven. Even one member of a family possessing them, may do much to transform family life. The Christian who thus becomes a light in the household is doing low but Christlike service which cannot fail of reward.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

FALL INTO LINE.

WM. H. GARDNER. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



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Under the Banner.

A Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

HE brought me to the banquet,
Else had I never come:
He taught my heart to praise him,
Else had my lips been dumb.
With patient quest he sought me—
The sheep that went astray:
With his own blood he bought me—
A price none else could pay.

"Is it for me, sweet Saviour,
This feast of love divine?
For me these precious emblems,—
The broken Bread, the Wine?
With faith so poor and feeble,
With love so faint and cold,
May I approach thy table?
May I communion hold?"

So questioned I. For answer,
He bade me look above:
And lo! displayed above me
The banner of his love.
Inscribed upon that banner
My welcome I may trace;
Oh! how it doth unravel
The mystery of grace!

And now, no more I tremble,
No more my faith is weak;
He surely will interpret
The joy I cannot speak.
And since he spreads the Table,
And doth the feast prepare
For all his chosen people,
I, too, may venture there.

Deaf.

(Written after reading in "The Christian Herald" the article about the Deaf Mutes' Journal.)

THE God who said, "Let there be light,"
And splendors burst to view,
Said not "within a world so bright,
Let there be silence, too."
He said it not to sky or plain,
Therefore we hear the breeze,
The gladsome patter of the rain,
The thunder's harmonies.

The merry matin of the birds,
The water's rippling fall,
Our senseless ear had never heard,
Had silence compassed all.
Child laughter ne'er had thrilled the heart,
No name of mother been,
A vital sound with magic art,
The wayward ones to win.

God gave us power to hear the sound,
When vibrant in the ear,
And memory with clasp profound,
To store love's accents dear.
Yet here and there a tongue is tied,
An ear receives no sound,
Music hath ne'er electrified
That pathless void profound.

Yet not a void. No! no! for see
The face and eye aglow,
The windows of the soul are free,
For doves to come and go.
And many an olive branch they bear,
And many a myrtle leaf,
God grant they also may prepare
For harvest home a sheaf.

Then may the music of His tone
First break their silent thrall,
And they shall know as they are known,
And comprehend it all.

Greene, R. I. —EMILIE M. BROWN.

Saints in Judgment.

Rewards According to Meritorious Service to be Appointed at the Judgment.

BY NATHANIEL SHARKEY

(Continued from page 331)

CHRISTIAN faults and shortcomings take on a serious aspect in the light of the facts we have presented. Their consequences stretch out into the unseen world. There is, so far as I have been able to see, no Scriptural basis for the Romish doctrine of Purgatory, but I am convinced by a careful study of the passages I have quoted and others, too numerous to quote, that the worldly and inconsistent Christian does not enter on the enjoyment of the eternal rest in the same way as does the consecrated believer.

There is, and it seems reasonable that there must be, a difference based on attainment as well as on services rendered. This classification, I believe, will take place at the judgment we have been considering. It will resemble the examination that takes place in a good, well-managed school on the arrival of new scholars. The certificates they bring with them of good conduct and of the percentages gained in the school they have been attending, are noted, but a few well-directed questions are put and the Principal places them in the grade to which in his opinion they belong. Very much in the same way, I think, the position of the Christian in God's many mansions will be decided. Thank God, there is no need for any real Christian to dread that he may hear the words so often heard from the lips of the Principals of our public schools, "There is no room!" There will be a place for every one who has believed on Christ and has been united to him by a living faith. What that place shall be will be decided at this judgment.

I imagine that these positions are all connected with service of some kind. The Infinite Being who controls the whole universe, must have an endless variety of commissions to be performed. Some of these may be of the most humble kind, but then it will be realized that any kind of service for him, is honorable. Others will involve responsibility and proportionate honor. But in all, I think we may infer from what we see around us here, the duties to be done will be assigned, not only with regard to the capacity and merits of the servant, but with regard to his development and education. If this view of the future is correct, or approximately so, it is evident that even with the idea of punishment excluded, the servants of God may be of innumerable grades and rewards may be of endless variety.

At this judgment of the saints, I can imagine an infinite number of surprises. There are first who will be last; and last who will be first. As all are ministering spirits, they may be sent on missions which will open up to their minds wonderful views into the divine mode of goverment. Some great man who with all his good qualities and large gifts may have shrunk in this world from contact with the poor and uneducated, may be commissioned to carry some Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. Some eloquent preacher on whose words great audiences hung, may have had some defect in his character, known only to God, which is to be eradicated by aiding some lowly Sunday School teacher in teaching a class of children. A Christian, who in a moment of weakness fell as David did in the matter of Uriah, may be commissioned to strengthen the faith of some tempted believer, or to whisper to some fallen one words of encouragement to return to God. So, there may be discipline and the dross being purged from gold, until promotion comes and in the near presence of God perfection is attained.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Surprising Confession.

JANET was back in Washington, involved in all the details of hospital life, so shifting and yet so alike in general character. Life seemed to be one long, continuous hospital ward. As far as she could see, there were two endless, whitened walls, two rows of white cots on which stretched the sick and wounded. Between those two rows, she was either halting to attend to the need of some sufferer, or else passing along in the hurried effort to reach some duty beyond. But how varied were the cases she met, how changing their wants! She was wondering if she were the Janet Morton whose life had been so secluded in a northern village, if out of the old quiet temperament and stable ways, her soul had not slipped, and gone into these surroundings of exciting pain, and inside of a being whose spirit and methods were so unlike those of the old life. How had it come about? She could only say she had put herself into the Hands that direct and shape all trusting lives. She had tried to take God's way, tried to meet God's opportunities. She believed it must be well. She saw very sensibly her imperfections, and felt that while her finished work had bounds and that she could readily see from one to the other, her unfinished work had no such limits. It appalled her to look, and she dared not look long upon the field she could not occupy with her personal care. She met all kinds of people in the hospitals. Some were very rough and animal-like, who had gone into the war from mercenary motives or from a reckless interest in what was bloody and sensational. Others were very refined, gentle in their ways, of intelligent thought and speech. There were the despondent and the cheerful, the docile and the self-sufficient, the trusting and the suspicious, the generous and the mean. Then there were those of varied religious training, and although Janet was only nurse and not chaplain, yet she knew how many humble little doors to a patient's heart the nurse alone knows about, and if she have tact and the Lord's anointing, she can open those doors, enter, and in the saying of quiet little words give balm and medicine to the sick of soul. And if Janet had put herself into his hands, would he not furnish her for the work—no, his work? Would not the same Providence that called out Abraham from his father's house, that went before him and traced his path, be God and Guide, Leader and Life to this trusting one today, though only a hospital-nurse?

"I think so," said Janet confidently, and that assurance was as bread to her hungry heart.

One day, there had been a battle, and word had reached the hospital to be ready to receive its share of the wounded.

"It is a very indefinite quantity, Miss Morton," said the doctor, Frank Perrival; "you are willing to as many beds as we can. I know I can rely on you to oversee it."

He had already learned that his nurse with quiet, undemonstrative ways, could be relied upon in any emergency; and this was an emergency! Such an accession as the hospital received to the numbers! Such a crippled, bandaged, mutilated lot as came hobbling or dragging into the hospital, wounded in a leg or in an arm, and then there were the more serious cases occupying stretchers borne by quartets of bearers. One by one, they all found beds, and the work of the hospital went on more quietly than ever.

"Is Ned among them?" Janet wondered. "Surely, not."

She had not seen them since the day of their arrival at the front.

"No, they are not here!" she exclaimed with relief, when she had gone through the list of arrivals, searching from cot to cot. There was one other she looked for, wondering if after years of separation, she would recognize him. It had come to her through the messages sent home by Ned and Sandy, and then reconveyed to her by Mrs. Blakey and Paulina, that Winthrop Melrose was in the Federal army and that Sandy had seen him. Oh, how Janet's heart fluttered when she read this! It beat like a bird bruising itself against the bars of its cage till she pressed her hand upon her breast to keep down the pain. She could seem to see again those eyes that looked afar, whose peculiar power John Morton had felt and acknowledged. She had never passed a company proudly tramping in the capital avenue, or a solitary soldier on the sidewalk, or any of the newly occupied cots in the hospital, without looking twice to see if she might not possibly catch a glimpse of the eyes tender and thrilling that looked from afar. But she never beheld the face in which they were set so deep and oh how steadfast and true they were!

"He must be true, must be mine!" she said, pressing back the pain that would dart through her heart.

Did she now see this face in the hospital among the wounded lately arriving?

"No, I do not see him!" she said. At first, she was sorry. Hers would have been the exquisite pleasure of personally ministering to his wants. Then she indignantly thrust this away.

"That is supremely selfish, to be willing," she said, "to have our friends in pain that we may be near them."

Her noble nature would have put under foot the sentiment craving gratification at such a cost. But Janet did see among the new cases a face that interested her, not pleasantly, and yet somehow compelling attention.

"Whose disagreeable face is that?" she said. "He seems to know me. I, too, have seen him somewhere."

Yes, his eyes followed her, and once, she thought, he moved his head in recognition, but she could not speak positively about this. What made her think she was mistaken, was the fact that the eyes of the man seemed to avoid her while seeking her.

"Don't know who it is!" she concluded. "And yet if that big, heavy beard were removed and his hair cut, and—— why, it does seem as if I had seen him before, but where?"

She could not answer, only there followed her everywhere these eyes that kept searching for her and yet kept looking away from her. The man had not been one of her patients. She only noticed him as she went through his ward. She saw, too, that his face seemed to grow whiter and thinner each time she saw it.

"Death's mark is on him," thought Janet, "and who is he?"

One day, his nurse came to Janet.

"Miss Morton," she said, "there's a man in my ward who wants to see you. He says he knows you. I have seen him looking at you when you passed."

"Oh, that man?"

"I think you must have noticed 'that man,' as you call him. Guess you are right."

"He wants to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will come."

When Janet went to his bed she saw the same look as on previous days, at first a seeking for her and then a trying to avoid her. She noticed, too, how much weaker he looked, how hollow-eyed, while his dark, heavy beard contrasted strangely with his face, so thin and white.

"Did you want to see me?" asked Janet.

He moved his head in assent.

"Something is on my mind," he said, "and if you were a priest, I think I would like to confess it to you."

"How natural that voice sounds, and yet there are tones unnatural," thought Janet. "I wonder who it is!"

"Why," she asked, "did you think you would like to confess to me?"

"A priest, they say, has some kind of power, and is sort of used to it," he replied in a broken, husky voice. "Now, I wasn't brought up that way at all. I am a real Yankee, but—but that's the way I feel."

"God has the power to forgive."

(*Continued on next page.*)

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In His Hands.

(Continued from preceding page.)

...h, I s'pose so!" he said, wearied...; hi...Janet queried, "Who—who is this?" ..."priest is kind of used to it," he said ...ain and again wearied...

..."d is still more used to it. Tell your ...n to God. He is always ready to receive ...

..."d, I know that," rather impatiently ...I say this, as if too weak for any ar...ment, or for a simply opposing state...ent.

"I s'pose I must tell it to man, too. ...you don't know me?"

..."Why, something about you seems nat...ral, but I am sure I can't say who it is."

"I pose I have let my beard grow—that ...ar's a feller's looks—and then I am ...t sick, yes, death-sick, that's it. Of ...rse, you don't know me, but I knew ...e first time I set my eyes on you. I ...bias Newhall, of your town." He ...n rose in his bed as he spoke.

..."hat!" Tobias Newhall?"

She spoke with astonishment that was ...fle...ed. Instinctively she shrank back ...om...hat bed. She had never liked the ...an but he had once ventured to like her. ...n the old days when Winthrop Melrose ...as suitor, Tobias Newhall attempted ...me role, and because repulsed, he ...ened to make Melrose suffer for it.

...The threat passed away without a ful...llin... it, was thought by Janet, but she ...id ...know how responsible Tobias was ...r ...e slanderous stories that Judson ...keel had circulated; and now she was ...acin... Tobias on this hospital couch.

..."...t my pocket-book," he said abruptly. ..."...on't know where it is," she replied, ...hri...ing from him.

..."...rse does."

..."...hat for?"

..."...u-get-it-quick!" he gasped, and be... ...cough violently. She feared to have ...m attempt to speak further, so convulsed ...as his form, but he insisted, shaking his ...ead authoritatively. Janet obeyed. She ...inc... in his hands his pocket-book, won...erin... why it was she obeyed so readily a ...an...e disliked so much.

..."...u—you open it, Janet. My strength ...s ...-in'." How she disliked to hear him ...ay ...anet." As for the pocket-book, she ...pen... it and saw in addition to a small ...arty of money, a folded fragment of ...row paper. Bewildered by his extreme ...mo...n, embarrassed by her thoughts of ...e...st, she simply held the pocket-book ...efo... him, but did not touch the contents.

..."...at—brown—paper!" he gasped. ...Oh!"

She ...now opened it and saw a bit of white ...pap... It contained one word, "Morton."

..."...net," he said, "I have reason—to ...him—that in your aunt's will—it read ...he daughter of Judson Skeele-Morton,' ...nd ...he 'Morton' was cut off, leaving it ...ndi... Skeele's daughter—"

..."What! what!" she gasped in aston...ish...ent.

..."...hy, don't you see?"

His speech was less broken, so intense ...was ...e effort of will holding every organ ...s ...t work.

..."...u, not Lavina Skeele, ought to be ...wi... in that big house. You are the ...eir... That is the 'long and short of it.'"

He ...osed his eyes now, exhausted by his ...effor... He opened them again. He was ...tryi...g to say something else. He suc...eed...:

..."...e other heir, John Morton's child, ...s th... Ethel at Skipper Dan's."

Then he shut his eyes.

Janet's thoughts were in a whirl. She ...knew not what to say, but started to ...ask some reply, "Well—"

The face so thin, white, and exhausted, ...mov... forbiddingly.

"It does not want me to speak," ...thou...t Janet."

"...ot a lawyer!" he murmured hoarse...ly. "Do it quick."

She took hurried counsel of Dr. Percival, ...who had always taken a friendly inter...st in Janet.

..."...u say, Miss Morton, a soldier turns ...up in the hospital who makes a statement ...abou... some property, and he wants a law...yer?" remarked the doctor. "The man probably wants to make an affidavit, as they say. Let me recommend you to a lawyer. I know a good one. Better still, I will send a messenger to bring him as soon as possible."

When the lawyer arrived, the affidavit of Tobias Newhall was made in due form, and the little paper-witness against Judson Skeele was delivered into the lawyer's hands.

"I want to put this matter now in the care of a lawyer at your home, who will work the matter up and see that justice is done you. Whom would you name?"

"Edward Manning."

"Very well. I will write to him. Do you know where that John Morton's child is?"

"Not where she is now. She was, it seems, in my native town, and came to my house and visited her father in his sickness there, but he did not know it was she, neither did I."

"Strange, strange!"

"I tried to hunt the child up in New York on my way here, having promised to do so, but I could find no trace of her."

"Well, Miss Morton, we will set a good lawyer to hunting the child up. It will be brought about. By the way, Miss Morton, I can hardly say that the man appears penitent for his sin. When I had finished with him, he blurted out, 'There, I am even, with Judson Skeele and his daughter, too.' He had a grudge against them, I suppose."

"I have heard it said that this Tobias Newhall expected Judson Skeele would help him beyond the danger of prosecution for liquor-selling, and did not—"

"And ought not, for it is a contemptible business, but that was not his motive probably. But the daughter spoken about, who was she?"

"Oh, I have heard it said that this Newhall wanted to marry the daughter, and—"

"Could not, and is now revenged. I see."

As for Judson Skeele's motive in refusing to shield Tobias Newhall from prosecution, it was not because he despised the business of Tobias, but he did not care to risk any money in the matter. Besides, he wanted for his own sake to get Tobias out of town, and to make him an exile the quickest way was to leave him without financial help. Tobias therefore went into exile. To cover up his foot-marks with something that might look like an excuse, to convert his exile into an honor, he went into the army.

While Janet and the lawyer were in conference, Tobias upon his bed was at intervals opening his eyes, staring wildly for a moment, then exclaiming, "Got even with Judson Skeele—and that—that—Lavina. I hate 'em." In another moment the eyelids would fall again."

It was a sad spectacle. Tobias had evidently done right at last, not to please God, or for the sake of justice, but from spite.

(To be Continued.)

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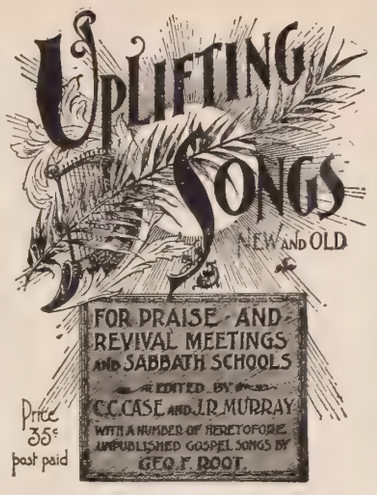

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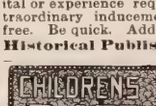

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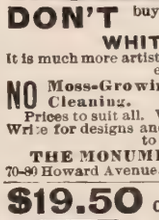

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on April 19, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sons and Daughters. "Believer," Coopers-town, N. Y., writes that the son and daughter-in-law of an aged widow have caused her heavy losses through their misconduct, and asks prayer that they may be brought to repentance and made through Christ new creatures in him.——E. M. S., Halsey, N. Y., that two sons and a daughter who is away from home, might all be turned from darkness to light.——C. W., Indiana, that a dear son who is a victim of opium and other drugs, might be delivered by the power of Christ, and be made a true Christian, and be enabled to do his duty to his family.——G. B., Windham, Conn., for a beloved son who has made a profession of religion, but who is now with his family living in utter indifference to all spiritual things.——"Distressed Widower," New York, that his sixteen-year-old daughter, who sorely misses a good mother's influence, might be brought to Christ and kept by his power from the evil that surrounds her. The temptations of a dancing class are pressing upon her, and therefore urgent prayer is asked that she may be converted before her purity is sullied.——"Anxious Mother," Stout Mills, W. Va., that a beloved child may give his youth to God and grow up to be a useful man.——M. B. H., Winchendon, Mass., for the conversion of a son who is very much in need of a change of heart.——"Sorrowing Father," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who is weak and easily led astray, might be kept from evil associates, and turn to the Lord for strength to resist evil.

For the Conversion of other Relatives. "Believer in Prayer," Perrytown, Can., that God would in his mercy deliver her husband from the power of his love of drink and change his heart and make him a true Christian.——H. E. K., Peterson, Ia., that God would touch the hearts of two brothers and a nephew and make them his own sons.——"Believer," Philadelphia, Pa., that the Holy Spirit's power might influence the hearts of father, mother, brothers and sisters who are all unconcerned about their eternal welfare, arousing them to seek salvation through Christ.——"Reader," Nimshaw, Cal., for the conversion of her beloved husband.——"Reader," Geneva, Va., for the conversion of two brothers and that God would shield them from temptation.——"Sister in Christ," Elwood, Neb., that her dear father now an old man over three score and ten, but yet unsaved, might be brought to Christ even at this eleventh hour. He may die very soon and his soul be lost, but he is not concerned.

For the Conversion of Friends. E. Bournesville, Ga., that God would convert three girls, intimate friends of her daughter, whose influence is liable to do harm if they remain unchanged.——"Anxious One," Patten, Me., that one who is very dear, but who does not believe the Bible nor in Christ, might be brought to know the Saviour and love and trust him.——"Subscriber," West Fairfield, Pa., that a dear friend who has been intemperate, but is now earnestly striving to reform, might be led to look to Christ for strength and trust him for the salvation of his soul.——M. E. W., Colorado, for the salvation of many wicked, careless neighbors who spend their time in the saloon and in reading cheap novels, and who appear to have no concern for the future.——"Reader," Brooklyn, E. D., that a man who has made profession of faith, but whose love for strong drink has caused him to fall very low, may be helped in his struggle to overcome his appetite and may be delivered from his bondage through Christ's power.

For the Restoration of Health. Reader, Charles City, Ia., that an afflicted mother might recover her health and have grace given her to live near to God.——A. C. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that health may be given in answer to many prayers.——E. H., Carterville, Mo., that the daughter of a widow, one of the bread-winners of the family, might be restored to health and be enabled to resume her labor.——"Loving Christian," Sotoket, Conn., that a dear one who has partially lost her eyesight, might be saved from total blindness, and, if it be God's will, might be restored to her former condition.——"Reader," Kansas, that an elderly lady afflicted in body and mind might recover, and be spared for years of usefulness.——"Believer," that God would restore the sense of hearing to a friend who has been under the care of many doctors without benefit.——G. E. F., Port Royal, Va., that God would grant complete restoration of health, and that a great dread may be relieved.——"Reader," Spangle, Wash., that God in his mercy would restore the use of the right hand which has become helpless.——"Distressed Parents," Tacoma, Wash., that a beloved daughter whom physicians seem unable to cure might be healed of the Lord whose power is infinite.

For Special Blessings. M. E. C., Sonoma Co., Cal., begs for prayer that God would care for the interests of his cause in that valley, and so influence the people that a site for a church might be obtained, and a united effort for the evangelization of the neighborhood be carried on.——"In His Name," St. Louis, Mo., that in entering on a new sphere of labor in a new locality God will give wisdom and success.——A. P. B., Fort Worth, Tex., that God will hear the many prayers offered to him for the relief of a successful Mission School from its burden of debt.——A. C. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that a grievous burden which has pressed on a persevering man for three years past, may be lifted, that prosperity so earnestly sought may be vouchsafed, and that he may be enabled to meet honorably all his obligations.——A. R. M., Sibley, Ga., that an effort to dispose of some property may be successful, and may turn to the benefit of God's cause.——"Sister and Daughter," Woodbourne, Pa., that God would grant a blessed outpouring of his Spirit in the neighborhood.——Young Wife, Brooklyn, N. Y., who discovers that she was deceived in the character of the man she has married and is overwhelmed with sorrow that he is a libertine and not the pure Christian he professed to be, asks prayer that she may have grace to do her duty and be kept from loathing the man as well as his life.——Girl Graduate, New York, for the Holy Spirit to cleanse her heart of its impurity and that the evil desires which will intrude in spite of her efforts and prayers may be eradicated.——W. M. G., Good Will, Md., that the prayers of his church may be answered.——M. A. C., Oxford, N. Y., that the Holy Spirit may use the special effort now being made by revival services to the conversion of many souls.——"Subscriber," Anaheim, Cal., who is in great distress and spiritual darkness that all doubt and fear may be removed and full assurance may be given.——E. M. S., Washington, Me., that in some right way money might be obtained to discharge the debts which are a source of worry.——T. M. W., Liberty, N. Y., who is engaged in Evangelistic work, that God would make his way straight before his face and give him grace to walk in it.

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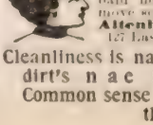

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PASTOR DIAZ IN PRISON.

A DISPATCH from Havana brings the intelligence that Alberto Jesus Diaz, the well-known Baptist preacher and evangelist, and his brother, Victoriano Diaz, have been arrested on a charge of having in their possession compromising papers referring to the insurrection. Evangelical work of carrying the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen in Cuba and soon entered on the career of an evangelist. After several years of progressive labor he organized a Baptist Church and has received into fellowship several thousand persons within the last five or six years. His church has a number of missionary stations on the island and nearly thirty missionary workers. Once before, he was thrown into a Spanish prison and afterwards had the gratification of baptizing both his jailer and the mayor of the town where his incarceration took place.

REV. ALBERTO J. DIAZ.

Pastor Diaz is an American citizen, and for several years has been the Superintendent of the Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention in Cuba. The American Consul-General has been requested to make a full investigation of the circumstances attending the arrest.

Pastor Diaz, who is well known in this country, and especially in the South, was at one time a Captain in the Cuban army. When about to be captured by the Spanish he jumped into the sea and was picked up by a vessel and carried to New York. He has had remarkable success in preaching in Cuba. He is a native of Havana and was educated and took a university course there and adopted the profession of medicine. The story of his conversion—which occurred while he lay in a sick room, suffering from pneumonia—is a most interesting one.

While he was ill, a lady in the house went to his sick chamber to see him. She could not speak Spanish, but she seemed very kind and she read out of a book and prayed with him. Diaz could not understand what she had read, but he appreciated her good will, and as a matter of courtesy he intimated to her that he would like to look at her little book. It proved to be a New Testament. Up to that time Diaz had never seen the Book. He read on and on, and at the end of his study he fell on his knees and prayed the prayer of the blind man: "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on *me*." Much of his time after this was spent in prayer and study of the Word. He resolved to consecrate his life to the

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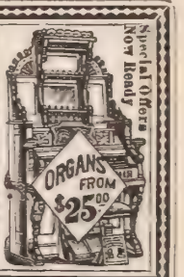

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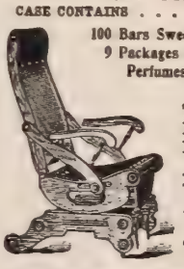

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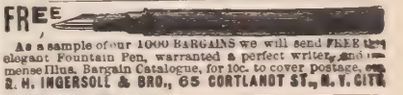

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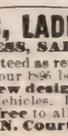

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1896. Price Five Cents.

A WORLD-WIDE PHILANTHROPIST.

Death of Baron De Hirsch, who Devoted Millions of Dollars to the Benefit of the Poor and the Outcast of His Race in Many Lands.

ONE of the most remarkable men of our time passed away when, on April 21st, Baron de Hirsch suddenly breathed his last. He was remarkable both in his achievements and in his benefactions. A Jew, with all the characteristics of his race, he showed extraordinary genius in the accumulation of wealth and was a passionate love for his race, he distributed his money with a lavish freedom that has rarely if ever been paralleled. He had no sympathy with the Jewish faith, which he did not hold the Jewish creed, nor share in the hopes and aspirations of the Jewish heart, but he loved the Jewish people and spared neither labor nor wealth in his efforts to relieve their need and to promote their welfare. He was a philanthropist of the most munificent kind and his magnificent gifts have made his name famous throughout the world. Dr. Gottheil of New York, who knew much of the dead man's work, said in the tribute he paid to his memory: The world was apt to forget how many Jews were poor and to think that a Jew must necessarily be rich because he was a Jew. Baron de Hirsch had a better knowledge. He told the world what he gave of his bounty with such watchfulness to the Jews because they had the least chance in the world. They are the most oppressed and the most despised race and Baron de Hirsch felt that he was bound to that race by ties that made exclusiveness a duty.

The vast sums that the Baron devoted to philanthropic effort have not been calculated, but there is reason to believe that the generally accepted estimate of fifty million dollars is below rather than above the figure. "No one knows," says one writer, who had exceptional opportunities of tracing his benefactions, "the thousands of things the Baron and his wife were constantly doing to lighten the misery and sorrows of the poor. The Baroness made personal tours of the slums and poorest quarters of every large city in Europe, and having a thorough knowledge of German, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and Italian, was able to talk with the people and map out and carry into operation the best and safest remedial measures. 'We devote our money,' the Baron used to say, 'to these poor creatures simply because all the rest of the world is continually turning a cold shoulder to them.' All that he did, too, was done with superb system and an accuracy of judgment and an attention to detail that astonished all who witnessed it." To the United States, Baron de Hirsch always turned with a warm esteem, as the land above all others in which his race was fairly treated. In the time of the Russian persecution, when the Jewish refugees from that land were seeking a home here, Baron de Hirsch came nobly to the relief of his people who were confronted with the task which the Jew, wherever he is, feels it incumbent upon him to undertake—that of caring for his brother in his need. The Baron, knowing how heavy the task must be at that time, placed two and a-half million dollars in the hands of trustees, to be applied as they deemed best for the benefit of his people. It is the interest on this capital sum which supports the institutions in this country with which Baron Hirsch's name is associated.

The late Baron was a Bavarian by birth. Though some doubt has been raised both as to date and place, most authorities agree that he was born in Munich in 1833. His father was a wealthy merchant in the cattle business, who, like his more famous son, had a genius for money-making. He succeeded so well that when in 1869, the King of Bavaria was in financial straits, the cattle-dealer was able to furnish him with the funds he needed. He was rewarded for this and similar services by the order of nobility which, with his large fortune, descended to his son. The youth was sent at the age of thirteen to Brussels to be educated. Various circumstances combined to make the four years he spent there a wretched time. Young Hirsch learned little, and to the end of his life had little of what is ordinarily understood as education. At the end of the Brussels episode he was sent to London as a clerk in the great banking house of Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt. Hirsch never became a partner in that firm, but his brilliant abilities secured him a highly confidential position in the house, and he won the hand of the daughter of the senior partner. The fortune Miss Bischoffsheim brought him, added to the wealth inherited from his father, gave the young man the start in the financial world that he needed, and his own genius did the rest. His brilliant master-stroke was the acquisition of the ruins of Dumonceau's Bank which collapsed in 1866. In a few years after Hirsch obtained control of the assets he restored the bank to its former credit and power as the chief financial institution of the Belgian capital. With this came a concession for a railroad connecting Constantinople with Buda Pesth. Hirsch had two partners in this undertaking, and although they had the choice of the sections and left to him the one that seemed the least promising of the three, he was the only one of the trio who made money out of the enterprise. His profit on that one business alone, is said to have been four million dollars. From that time forward the brilliant financier appeared to turn everything he touched to gold as if he had the fabled power of the old mythology. His power on the money-markets grew by immense strides until it came near that of the Rothschilds.

BUILDING A MODEL COTTAGE IN A TRADE SCHOOL.

THE LATE BARON DE HIRSCH—SCENES IN HIS NEW YORK TECHNICAL SCHOOL

He showed early in his career that he had no respect for money for its own sake. He could make it easily and in vast sums, but its accumulation had little charm for him. Its value in his eyes consisted in what might be done with it, not in the miserly aspect of hoarding. He was liberal beyond parallel in the assistance he rendered to needy princes and aristocrats. One notorious spendthrift of royal blood is reported to have received money from Hirsch to the amount of seven and a half million

(Continued on page 361.)

DIVISION OF SPOILS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Isaiah 53: 12, "*He shall divide the spoil with the strong.*"

IN the Coliseum at Rome, where persecutors used to let out the half-starved lions to eat up Christians, there is now planted the figure of a cross. And I rejoice to know that the upright piece of wood nailed to a transverse piece has become the symbol not more of suffering than of victory. It is of Christ the conqueror that my text speaks. As a kingly warrior, having subdued an empire, might divide the palaces and mansions and cities and valleys and mountains among his officers, so Christ is going to divide up all the earth and all the heavens among his people, and you and I will have to take our share if we are strong in faith and strong in our Christian loyalty, for my text declares it: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

The capture of this round planet for Christ is not so much of a job as you might imagine, when the Church takes off its coat and rolls up its sleeves for the work, as it will. There are sixteen hundred millions of people now in the world, and four hundred and fifty millions are Christians. Subtract four hundred and fifty millions who are Christians from the sixteen hundred millions, and there are eleven hundred and fifty millions left. Divide the eleven hundred and fifty millions who are not Christians by the four hundred and fifty millions who are Christians, and you will find that we shall have to average less than three souls each, brought by us into the kingdom of God, to have the whole world redeemed. Certainly, with the Church rising up to its full duty, no Christian will be willing to bring less than three souls into the kingdom of God. I hope, and pray Almighty God, that I may bring more than three. I know evangelists who have already brought fifty thousand each for the kingdom of God. There are two hundred thousand people whose one and only and absorbing business in the world is to save souls. When you take these things into consideration, and that the Christians will have to average the bringing of only three souls each into the kingdom of our Lord, all impossibility vanishes from this omnipotent crusade. Why, I know a Sabbath School teacher who for many years has been engaged in training the young, and she has had five different classes, and they averaged seven to a class, and they were all converted, and I suppose they are thirty-five, as near as I can calculate. So that she brought her three into the kingdom of God and had thirty-two to spare. My grandmother prayed her children into the kingdom of Christ, and her grandchildren, and I hope her great-grandchildren, [illegible] and so she brought her three into the kingdom of God, and had more than one hundred to spare. Besides that, through the telephone and the telegraph, this whole world, within a few years, will be brought within [illegible] minutes. Besides that, omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience are presiding in this matter of the world's betterment, and that takes the question of the world's salvation out of the impossibilities into the possibilities, and then out of the possibilities into the probabilities, and then out of the probabilities into the certainties. The building of the Union Pacific Railroad from ocean to ocean was a greater undertaking than the girdling of the earth with the Gospel; for one enterprise depended upon the human arm, while the other depends upon almightiness.

Do I really mean all the earth will surrender to Christ? Yes. How about the uninviting portions? Will Greenland be evangelized? The possibility is that after a few more hundred brave lives are dashed out among the icebergs, that great refrigerator, the Polar region, will be given up to the walrus and bear, and that the inhabitants will come down by invitation into tolerable climates, or those climates may soften; and, as it has been positively demonstrated that the Arctic region was once a blooming garden and a fruitful field, those regions may change climate and again be a blooming garden and a fruitful field. It is proved beyond controversy, by German and American scientists, that the Arctic regions were the first portions of this world inhabitable; the world hot beyond human endurance, those regions were, of course, the first to be cool enough for human foot and human lung. It was positively proved that the Arctic region was a tropical climate. Prof. Heer, of Zurich, says the remains of flowers have been found in the Arctic region, showing it was like Mexico for climate, and it is found that the Arctic was the mother region from which all the flowers descended. Prof. Wallace says the remains of all styles of animal life are found in the Arctic regions, including those animals that can live only in warm climates. Now that Arctic region, which has been demonstrated by flora and fauna and geological argument to have been as full of vegetation and life as our Florida, may be turned back to its original bloom and glory, or it will be shut up as a museum of crystals for curiosity-seekers once in awhile to visit. But Arctic and Antarctic, in some shape, will belong to the Redeemer's realm.

What about other unproductive or repulsive regions? All the deserts will be irrigated, the waters will be forced up to the great American desert between here and the Pacific by machinery now known or yet to be invented, and, as Great Salt Lake City has no rain and could not raise an apple or a bushel of wheat in a hundred years without artificial help, but is now through such means one great garden, so all the unproductive parts of all the continents will be turned into harvest fields and orchards. A half-dozen De Lesseps will furnish the world with all the canals needed, and will change the course of rivers and open new lakes, and the great Sahara Desert will be cut up into farms with an astounding yield of bushels to the acre. The marsh will be drained of its waters and cured of its malaria. I saw what was for many years called the Black Swamp of Ohio, its chief crop chills and fevers, but now, by the tiles put into the ground to carry off the surplus moisture, transformed into the richest and healthiest of regions. The God who wastes nothing, I think, means that this world, from pole to pole, has come to perfection of foliage and fruitage. For that reason he keeps the earth running through space, though so many fires are blazing down in its timbers and so many meteoric terrors have threatened to dash it to pieces. As soon as the earth is completed Christ will divide it up among the good. The reason he does not divide it now is because it is not done. A kind father will not divide the apple among his children until the apple is ripe. In fulfilment of the New Testament promise, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and the promise of the Old Testament, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," the world will be apportioned to those worthy to possess it.

It is not so now. In this country, capable of holding, feeding, clothing, and sheltering twelve hundred million people, and where we have only sixty million inhabitants, we have two millions who cannot get honest work, and with their families an aggregation of five millions that are on the verge of starvation. Something wrong, most certainly. In some way, there will be a new apportionment. Many of the millionaire estates will crack to pieces on the dissipations of grand-children, and then dissolve into the possession of the masses who now have an insufficiency.

What, you say, will become of the expensive and elaborate buildings now devoted to debasing amusements? They will become schools, art-galleries, museums, gymnasiums and churches. The world is already getting disgusted with many of these amusements, and no wonder. What an importation of unclean theatrical stuff we have within the last few years had brought to our shores! And professors of religion patronizing such things! Having sold out to the devil, why don't you deliver the goods and go over to him publicly, body, mind and soul, and withdraw your name from Christian churches, and say: "Know all the world by these presents that I am a patron of uncleanness and a child of hell!" Sworn to be the Lord's, you are perjurers.

If you think these offenses are to go on for ever, you do not know who the Lord is. God will not wait for the Day of Judgment. All these palaces of sin will become palaces of righteousness. They will come into the possession of those strong for virtue and strong for God. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

China and Africa, the two richest portions of the earth by reason of metals, and rare woods, and inexhaustible productiveness, are not yet divided up among the good because they are not ready to be divided. Wait until all the doors that Livingstone opened in Africa shall be entered, and Bishop Taylor, with his band of self-supporting missionaries, have done their work, and the Ashantees and Senegambians shall know Christ as well as you know him, and there shall be on the banks of the Nile and the Niger a higher civilization than is now to be found on the banks of the Potomac or the Hudson, then Christ will divide up that continent among his friends. Wait until China, which is half as large as all Europe, shall have developed her capacities for rice and tea and sugar among edibles; and her amethyst and sapphire and topaz and opal and jasper and porphyry among precious stones; and her rosewood and ebony and camphor and varnish trees, among precious woods; and turned up from her depths a half-dozen Pennsylvanias of coal and iron, and twenty Nevadas of silver, and fifty Californias of gold, and her five hundred million of people shall be evangelized; then the Lord will divide it up among the good.

If my text be not a deception, but the eternal truth, then the time is coming when all the farms will be owned by Christian farmers, and all the commerce controlled by Christian merchants, and all the authority held by Christian officials, and all the ships commanded by Christian captains, and all the universities under the instruction of Christian professors; Christian kings, Christian presidents, Christian governors, Christian mayors, Christian common council. Yet, what a scouring out! what an upturning! what a demolition! what a resurrection must precede this new apportionment!

I do not underrate the enemy. Julius Cæsar got his greatest victories by underestimating the vastness of his foes. He prepared his men for their greatest triumph by saying: "To-morrow King Juba will be here with thirty thousand horses, one hundred thousand skirmishers and three hundred elephants." I do not underrate the vast forces of Sin and Death; but do you know who commands us? Jehovah-jireh. And the reserve corps behind us are all the armies of heaven and earth with hurricane and thunderbolt. The grand work of the world's redemption is going on every minute. Never so many splendid men and glorious women on the side of right as to-day. Never so many good people as now. Diogenes has been spoken of as a wise man because he went with a lantern at noonday, saying he was looking for an honest man. If he had turned the lantern toward himself he might have discovered a crank. Honest men by the thousand! Through the International Series of Sunday School lessons the whole generation all through Christendom are going to be wiser than any generation since the world stood. The kingdom is coming. God can do it. No housewife with a chamois cloth ever polished a silver teaspoon with more ease than Christ will rub off from this world the tarnish, and brighten it up till it glows like heaven, and then the glorious apportionment! And my text is reinforced by a score of other texts, when it says of Christ: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

"But," you say, "that this is pleasant to think of for others, but before that time I shall have passed up into another existence, and I shall get no advantage from that new apportionment." Ah, you have only driven me to the other more exciting and transporting consideration, and that is, that Christ is going to divide up heaven in the same way. There are old estates in the celestial world that have been in possession of the inhabitants for thousands of years, and they shall remain as they are. There are old family mansions in heaven filled with whole generations of kindred, and they shall never be driven out. Many of the victors from earth have already got their palaces, and they are pointed out to those newly arrived. So that after our getting there we will ask to be shown the Apostolic residences, and ask where does Paul live, and John; and be shown the patriarchal residences, and shall say: "Where does Abraham live, or Jacob?" and shown the martyr residences, and say: "Where does John Huss live, and Ridley?" We will want to see the boulevards where the chariots of conquerors roll. I will want to see the garden where the princes walk. We will want to see Music Row, where Handel and Haydn and Mozart and Charles Wesley and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury have their homes, out of their windows, ever and anon, rolling some snatch of an earthly oratorio or hymn transported with the composer. We will want to see Revivalist Terrace, where Whitefield and Nettleton and Payson and Rowland Hill and Charles Finney and other giants of soul-reaping are resting from their almost supernatural labors, their doors thronged with converts just arrived, coming to report themselves.

But brilliant as the sunset, and like the leaves for number, are the celestial homes yet to be awarded, when Christ to you and millions of others, shall divide the spoil. What do you want there? You shall have it. An orchard? There it is, twelve manner of fruits, and fruit every month. Do you want river scenery? Take

ur choice on the banks of the river, in nger, wider, deeper roll than Danube or mazon or Mississippi if mingled in one, d emptying into the sea of glass, min- ed with fire. Do you want your kindred ck again? Go out and meet your father d mother without the staff or the stoop, d your children in a dance of immortal lee. Do you want a throne? Select it om the million burnished elevations. o you want a crown? Pick it out of that ountain of diamonded coronets. Do you ant your old church friends of earth ound you? Begin to hum an old revival ne and they will flock from all quarters revel with you in sacred reminiscence. ll the earth for those who are here on rth at the time of continental and plane- ry distribution, and all the heavens for se who are there.

That heavenly distribution of spoils will a surprise to many. Here enters heav- the soul of a man who took up a great al of room in the church on earth but crificed little, and among his good works lfishness was evident. He just crowds hrough the shining gate, but it's a very ght squeeze, so that the doorkeeper has pull hard to get him in; and this man pects half of heaven for his share of tro- hies, and he would like a monopoly of all s splendor, and to purchase lots in the burbs, so that he could get advantage of e growth of the city. Well, little by lit- e he gets grace of heart, just enough to t him through, and to him is given a cond-hand crown, which one of the ints wore at the start, but exchanged r a brighter one as he went on from ory to glory. And he is put in an old ouse once occupied by an angel who was rled out of heaven at the time of Sa- n's rebellion.

Right after him comes a soul that makes great stir among the celestials, and the ngels rush to the scene, each bringing to r a dazzling coronet. Who is she? Over hat realm on earth was she queen? In hat great Dusseldorf festival was she the ntatrice? Neither. She was an invalid ho never left her room for twenty years; t she was strong in prayer, and she ayed down revival after revival and ntecost after pentecost, upon the church- , and with her pale hands she knit many mitten or tippet for the poor, and with r contrivances she added joy to many a oliday festival, and now with those thin nds so strong for kindness, and with ose white lips so strong for supplication, e has won coronation and enthronement nd jubilee.

What a day it will be! This entire as- mblage would rise to its feet if you uld realize it, the day in which Christ hall, in fulfillment of my text, divide the oil. It was a great day when Aurelian, e Roman Emperor, came back from his ctories. In the front of the procession ere wild beasts from all lands, sixteen ndred gladiators richly clad, wagon-loads crowns and trophies presented by con- ered cities; among the captives Syrians, gyptians, Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, anks; and Zenobia, the beautiful cap- ve queen, on foot in chains of gold that slave had to help her carry, and jewels der the weight of which she almost inted. Rome in all her history never w anything more magnificent. But how uch greater the day when our Conqueror, sus, shall ride under the triumphal arch- of heaven; His captives, not on foot, t in chariots, all the kingdoms of earth d heaven in procession; the armies ce- stial on white horses. Rumbling artil- y of thunderbolts never again to be un- nbered. Kingdoms in line, centuries in e, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangel- splendors in line; and Christ seated on e great rolling Hosanna, made out of all llelujahs of all worlds, shall cry Halt the procession. And not forgetting even e humblest in all the reach of his om- presence, he shall rise, and then and ere, his work done and his glory con- mmated, proceed, amid an ecstasy such neither mortal nor immortal ever imag- ed, to divide the spoil.

Training Little Chinese Lads.

The Work of the Presbyterian Mission in New York—The Boy who wanted to "Fly to Heaven."

"I'LL put this five cents in the Sunday School collection next Sunday, and this one into the mite box for the school in China, and this will be enough for me." So said a little six-year old Chinese boy to his mamma not long ago, exhibiting as he spoke a third coin of the same value as the others, dividing according to his own mind the money that had come into his possession on his birthday.

This child who leads the van in the service of giving was the older of two little sons in a Christian family. The younger son, a sturdy little man of four years, not swayed, as was his brother, by the idea of always preserving a dignified appearance, was given to frequent exhibitions of innocent mischief and fun, which, added to excellent traits of character won for him hosts of friends. The kindergarten, the place of his special delight, was to him the "monkey-shine school," and his favorite song the one in which the motion of flying birds is imitated.

Last November diphtheria, the children's dread foe, fastened its hold upon this little fellow, and from the first intense suffering was his portion. Tossing from side to side of his little bed one afternoon he suddenly became quiet, and after awhile said, "Mamma, I want to fly away to Jesus." "Why, my dear?" came from the blanched lips of the mother, not yet schooled to the thought even of the separation that seemed inevitable. "Because, He would make me well." A few more hours of suffering and the child's desire was realized. The Master took him to himself.

TOTS OF THE CHINESE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, N. Y.

The father of these boys, Rev. Huie Kin, while pursuing a theological course in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, was called eleven years ago by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to inaugurate in New York an evangelistic movement among his own countrymen, in connection with Sunday School work already established. Under his management the effort has already proved most successful. Many have been led to Christ and are to-day worthy members of the church. Others have returned to China to identify themselves with missionary enterprises there, and still others are in their native land standing for the work of Christ, although not openly professing to be his followers. As the work progressed it became evident that regular and systematic instruction in the English language must be provided for the young men and boys so eagerly desiring it. Accordingly three years ago, a day school was started, and an American teacher placed in charge. Many have availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, and some have also joined with the American friends in the financial support of the work.

Mr. Huie is now visiting his aged parents in China, and finds in his native and adjoining districts, twenty fathers and guardians who entreat him to receive into his school their little sons and wards, the youngest of the boys being ten years of age and the oldest fourteen. The Board approves his bringing these children here, the United States law providing for their admission. Their natural guardians bind themselves to keep them in school the required term, and declare themselves ready to pay the full cost of transportation, tuition, board, and clothing, leaving a comparatively small amount necessary to be raised to provide suitable quarters for them.

The question naturally arises, why not send a teacher to them instead of bringing them to this country at such great expense? One result of the recent war is the awakening of the present generation to a realization of the necessity of adopting Western methods. Missionaries who have seen much service in China rejoice over the change of public sentiment there, and affirm that removing the young from the heathen influences surrounding them at home, facilitates the result counted on by all interested or engaged in mission work.

To provide a plain, substantial home for these little strangers is the Mission's present emergency. Coming as they do from rural districts, it is desirable to secure accommodations for them in the country, for the summer months at least, where they may learn what is really necessary. It is desired to procure a farm-house within two or three hours' ride of New York, for this purpose. Bedding, table-linen, towels, and furniture are all needed for such an undertaking. Miss Carrie G. McFarland, 36 East Tenth street, New York, who has been appointed by the Board to receive funds for the support of the school work under Mr. Huie's care, will give any further information that may be desired.

An Aged Saint Called Home.

Mrs. Sarah L. Palmer, Nonagenarian and Founder of the Famous Tuesday Meetings in New York, Passes Away.

WHEN the spirit of an aged Christian, having long sojourned in its frail tabernacle of clay, is at last released, and goes upward, triumphant, to God, there is cause for rejoicing rather than sorrow. Such a release was that of the venerable Mrs. S. A. Lankford Palmer, who passed from earth on Saturday, April 25th last. During the greater part of her ninety years of life, Mrs. Palmer had been an ardent and faithful worker for the Master and her labors had been richly blessed. She was known and greatly beloved in many parts of the Union and her name and memory will long be held dear by thousands, to many of whom she was made the means of opening up such refreshing glimpses of the higher spiritual life as they had never before experienced.

Mrs. Palmer's name will be more especially remembered in connection with the "Tuesday Meetings" in New York, which for many years have been a weekly season of grace and strengthening to many souls. Of these meetings, she was the founder and for nearly three-score years, the active and zealous conductor. She strove to induce all those who came, to seek the privileges which they believed God had promised to all of his children who would give themselves wholly and unreservedly to his leading.

Both Mrs. Lankford and Mrs. Palmer, her sister, had been converted in early life. They were the daughters of Mr. Henry Worrall, an Englishman who was received into church membership by John Wesley himself, and whose member's card bore the signature of the celebrated divine. Mr. Worrall came to America and settled in New York, where his two daughters were born. Their early love for each other was very tender and it continued after both were married, and down to the day when the younger sister was called from her earthly labors. By that time Mrs. Lankford had also lost her partner in life, and their common loss drew the bereaved husband and the desolate widow together. Finally Mrs. Lankford consented to fill the place her sister's death had left vacant, and in 1876 she became Dr. Palmer's wife.

The Tuesday meeting soon became a regular institution, and its influence was widely felt. It was originally the offspring of two meetings of which Mrs. Lankford was leader. One of these was held Monday afternoons in Allen Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the other Wednesday afternoons in Mulberry Street Methodist Episcopal Church. They were the ordinary Methodist class-meetings, but the leader's influence was sufficient to give them a character of their own. She had entered more fully than most Christians into the doctrines of the higher life and was strongly moved to bring others to seek the blessing for themselves. The class-meetings became so thoroughly identified with these doctrines, and were besides so much a duplication of labor, that it was thought wise to discontinue them and hold one meeting apart from the churches. The meeting was accordingly fixed for Tuesday afternoon, at 54 Rivington street, where the Lankford and Palmer families had their common home. The first meeting was held on the second Tuesday of February, 1836, when about forty ladies attended. The exercises were simple, but very solemn, and several testified that their souls had caught views there of Christ, as their all-powerful Deliverer, such as they had never before experienced. Other meetings were held with similar results. Mrs. Lankford was profoundly, humbly thankful, rejoicing in the evident token of God's approval.

THE LATE MRS. S. A. LANKFORD PALMER.

Soon after, in answer to most earnest appeals in prayer by Mrs. Lankford, her sister experienced the same happy assurance of being wholly delivered from the power of sin, and Dr. Palmer also became an earnest advocate of the same doctrine. His accession soon led to the Tuesday meetings being opened to men, and many earnest seekers after the "second blessing," availed themselves of the opportunity. Almost from the beginning the attendance was remarkable. Christians of every denomination came, and abundant blessings were realized in answer to earnest and believing prayer. The meeting are still continued, and every year, at Ocean Grove, there is an additional meeting for the sojourners at that famous religious resort.

Many years have now passed since Dr. Palmer's death, and his widow, up to the very last, continued her active devotion to the work, being very seldom absent from her place in the meetings, which were held in her commodious home, No 316 East 15th Street, New York. Many souls have there entered into new life. Even while prostrated by her last sickness—the result of extreme old age—Mrs. Palmer could hear in her bed-chamber on an upper floor, the voices of prayer and praise and testimony ascending from the rooms below, where the gathering was held. She has now gone whither many who worshipped in the past years, and who found Jesus there, have preceded her. To those thousands who knew and loved her, and who still remain, her voice and venerable presence will be treasured as a sweet memory, while her pure influence and grand example will long continue to encourage and stimulate other Christians in the struggle for the higher and more fully consecrated spiritual life.

Parable of the Pounds.

Sunday School Lesson for May 17. Luke 19: 11-27. Golden Text, Luke 16: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much" (Luke 16: 10). Our Lord spoke these words in relation to a stewardship, the issue of which had its bearing on the future, and he added, still addressing his disciples, "If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which your own?"

Nothing is Our Own

in this life; we are here only on probation, the Lord only is the Portion of his people. "The Lord is my Portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him" (Lam. 3: 24). All else we have in him and for him. We are stewards of our very life, for it has been both created and redeemed by him. "Ye are not your own" (I. Cor. 6: 19), is a lesson much taught in Scripture, and yet understood by the very few; but it is the clue to all real Christ life.

In our lesson for to-day, the question of the Lord's coming arises. Jesus and his disciples are on their way up to Jerusalem. He had already told them that the kingdom of God was within or in the midst of them (Luke 8: 21), and they had not understood.

Their hearts were set on a kingdom which cometh with observation, they wanted glory in the present, and they vainly hoped that Jesus would minister to this desire. "How glorious," they would think within themselves, "to have this mighty but gentle Man for our King, to have every one on the face of the earth astounded by the miracles which he works." Our enemies have laughed us to scorn, now we shall have a deservedly popular prince reigning upon the throne of his father David, and God's ancient people shall take the lead among the nations of the earth, as they have a right to expect, from the prophets. Here is the man w[illegible]t should hinder him from establishing

His Kingdom?"

Alas! they little knew how unprepared were the people of Israel for such a King, and how impossible it was for Christ to reign over a kingdom when sin had not been judged and put away! Daniel had indeed seen that the coming of Messiah the Prince meant "to finish transgression, and to make an end of sin, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness," and that then only could the Most Holy be anointed [illegible]. But the [illegible] time, even those who believed in him, could not understand that his everlasting kingdom could not come in upon an insecure foundation, where corruption and impurity existed. They looked only at that which is seen and temporal, and ignored the unseen and eternal (II. Cor. 5: 18).

"He said, therefore, a certain nobleman [illegible] self a kingdom and to return, and he called [illegible] pounds and said unto them, "Trade ye herewith till I come," R. V., or "Occupy till I come." But the citizens hated him, and sent an ambassage after him, saying, "We will not have this man reign over us." Here was the real state of things. [illegible] dom, but the vassals of his present territory were in a state of revolt. He must absent himself to receive a kingdom of far greater dimensions and far greater glory. He must lead captivity captive and overcome death itself. He must receive gifts for men (Eph. 4: 3) by virtue of which man might be united to him and made partaker of his nature (II. Pet. 1: 4). Meanwhile he must leave in trust servants who should be in charge for him. They must be true in the midst of the revolt around them, they will be unpopular, barely tolerated, but they must make gain of all the opposition they might meet with, and turn everything to good account. They are put in trust with his goods, nothing is their own. To each of them he commits a certain responsibility which is individual. This is just the position of Christ's own true followers in the present day.

Then he comes again and his servants are called. It is the "judgment seat of Christ," and investigation is made as to how much each one has gained by trading. The first comes and says, "Lord, thy pound has gained ten pounds." "Thy pound," not my diligence. And the Lord answers him, "Well done, thou good servant, because thou wast found faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." The kingdom, the outward kingdom of Christ on earth is coming. His saints shall reign with him in proportion to their faithfulness here on earth, in the midst of a world which will not know or receive Christ as King. What kind of reign this may be, and how saints in glorified bodies (I. Cor. 15: 52; Phil. 3: 21) shall rule over mortal man; whether they shall live again on earth, but without being subject to the conditions of mortality, or whether, as in Jacob's ladder, they shall ascend and descend, is not clearly revealed to us. That which most imports to us is to see the condition of faithfulness now to which reigning with Christ in his kingdom is promised as the reward when he comes again, and his people receive the things done in the body (II. Cor. 5: 10). Another servant whose pound had only produced five pounds had rule only over five cities assigned to him. Each one who is faithful is dealt with according to his measure.

But there are unfaithful as well as faithful servants, and we hear the judgment of one of these. He also had received his pound; he had preserved it carefully, but had put it to no account; it had never come into circulation; it was simply kept for himself, "laid up in a napkin." How many are there among professing Christians whose pound is thus laid up in a napkin! Souls have not been brought to Christ by their pound; the standard of Christianity in their family and household has not been raised by their pound; nobody has seen it, nobody has felt its power. Their light, instead of lighting all that are in the house, has been hidden under a bushel, and has become darkness. They have been well received by the rebels who are in revolt against the King; the world knows them and claims them as its own. In heart they are "of the world" (John 15: 19), although they expect to be able to count on the blood of Christ for salvation. They present themselves among the servants when the Lord returns, but [illegible] fruitless service, their very defence proves [illegible].

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knowest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow." Are these the thoughts of God which fill the hearts of some who would pass for servants of the Lord? It [illegible] [illegible] but there is no eternal life in such perverted [illegible]. "I knew thee that thou wast wickedly that I was even such an one as thyself (Ps. 50: 21); but thou hast not been consistent even to these thy thoughts." "Wherefore then didst thou not put put out my money to interest, that at my coming I shall have received mine own with usury" (R. V.). And he said unto those that stood by, "Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds." He who does not value above all price the privilege of service, but who meanly counts on his pound, the trust he has neglected, to claim some relationship to Christ when he shall appear, will see the faithful ones, those who overcome (Rev. 2: 3), taken away, and he will be left behind to have his part with the enemies of the King who shall be in revolt during the time of the great tribulation which may be near at hand. It is a searching lesson for us all.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"BEHOLD HERE IS THY POUND."

WHEN our Lord spoke the Parable of the Pounds he had two sharply contrasted classes of hearers. One class, which included the Pharisees, the Scribes, and the cultured classes, had made it clear that they would never acknowledge fealty to him. The other class of hearers which comprised his disciples and followers, were aware that in Jerusalem, to which they were going, there would be a crisis. Thus, both classes were looking forward to this feast, the one as the time when this young Teacher would be finally silenced, and the other as the time when he would be seated on the throne of his ancestors and acknowledged King of Israel. This Parable was a reproof to both. He was the nobleman going into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. The picture was not a strange one to them. Archelaus had been on just such a journey to Rome, to obtain from Augustus the kingdom inherited from his father. The nobleman's absence would divide the people into three classes, and it is here that its application to our own times is in force. It was to a far country that he was going, so his return would not be immediate. The time of his absence must not be spent by his followers on the one hand in idly waiting and looking for him; nor on the other hand must they forget that he was coming. Both errors were afterward common, and they are common now. Peter rebuked one (II. Peter 3: 4); Paul rebuked the other (II. Thess. 2: 2). The three classes, one of which is subdivided in the Parable, are: The servants who worked earnestly and faithfully; the servant who was idle and non-committal; and the subjects, who were not servants and who tried to prevent his obtaining the kingdom. To the servants, a charge was intrusted. In this, the Parable resembles that of the Talents (Matt. 25: 14-30), but it differs from it in the fact that the capital intrusted to them in the Talents was apportioned according to each man's several ability, while in this instance the same sum was given to each. We may therefore conclude that the pound was simply the Gospel message, which is the same for rich and poor, cultured and ignorant. This is committed to them to see what they will do with it. As Dr. Bruce says, "their work is not really money-making, but character-making." Their Lord would see whether they are prudent, energetic, and faithful. If they show these traits they will be put to higher work than money-making, This poun[illegible] representing the Gospel message, is cap[illegible] ble of immense development. Their ch[illegible] acter may grow into a rich harvest of v[illegible] tues and graces, and it may be used to [illegible] fluence many other people. When t[illegible] Lord comes and reckons with them, o[illegible] has worked so well that there is a tenf[illegible] increase. He receives praise as well as [illegible] ward. A second has a fivefold increas[illegible] He receives reward only, having failed [illegible] do all he might have done. A third h[illegible] done nothing. He has done no harm, a[illegible] appears to be self-satisfied on that accour[illegible] There are many such people—good mor[illegible] men, who boast of their pure lives and [illegible] their irreproachable character, but by hol[illegible] ing aloof from religion, make no use of t[illegible] power Christ came to place at the dispos[illegible] of men, for the elevation of their ow[illegible] character and the redemption of their fe[illegible] lows. The punishment for that offence [illegible] the withdrawal of the opportunity. N[illegible] more will they have at command th[illegible] priceless blessing which alone of all t[illegible] good things men have had, is able to li[illegible] them out of the mire and make them Go[illegible] like. As for the enemies who were op[illegible] and avowed in their opposition, they a[illegible] to be destroyed at his coming.

Delivered them ten pounds. One pound each. Supposed to have been the Att[illegible] *Mina*, which was worth one hundr[illegible] drachmæ or denarii, the word translate[illegible] pence in the Gospels. The equivalent [illegible] the pound is estimated at sixteen dollar[illegible] It was a very modest capital, but sufficie[illegible] for the purpose of showing what the ser[illegible] ants could do. Prof. Isaac Hall state[illegible] that he has seen traders in the Orient[illegible] bazaars, whose entire stock could be bougl[illegible] out for five dollars, but who yet contrive[illegible] to do such a business with the small stoc[illegible] as to support their families.

I have kept laid up. Religion is of no valu[illegible] as mere head knowledge. It is intended t[illegible] be active in the life. A man may have th[illegible] most correct and orthodox opinions, an[illegible] know all about the Bible and Christi[illegible] doctrine, and yet be a very bad man, if h[illegible] knowledge does not influence his conduc[illegible] A country woman consulted a city phys[illegible] cian, who, after diagnosing her case, gav[illegible] her a prescription. Her own doctor in th[illegible] country used to give her a bottle of medi[illegible] cine or a box of pills, and she did not un[illegible] derstand what she was to do with the pre[illegible] scription. When she went again to th[illegible] physician she told him that his prescrip[illegible] tion had done her no good. He asked t[illegible] see the medicine she had left. She tol[illegible] him she had no medicine, but had been [illegible] carrying the prescription around with he[illegible] expecting it would operate as a charm.

Well, thou good servant. The reward wa[illegible] far beyond the service, but it was not in[illegible] tended as a reward so much as a respons[illegible] bility. The servant had shown by hi[illegible] service that he was capable of fulfilling [illegible] the higher duties required of him. Ther[illegible] are many people who like Balaam want t[illegible] die the death of the righteous and to have [illegible] their reward, but do not like to perform [illegible] the service which proves their fitness fo[illegible] it. An eccentric preacher, addressing an[illegible] audience of miners, described two mines[illegible] in one of which there was very little done[illegible] and the wages were low. He represented [illegible] himself as working in that mine, but on[illegible] Saturday going to the other mine for[illegible] wages, because the wages paid there were[illegible] much higher. But the manager said t[illegible] him, "You have been working in the other[illegible] mine, that is the place for you to go to be[illegible] paid. Why do you come here?" The[illegible] laborer replies, "Because the wages here[illegible] are better than at the other mine." The[illegible] manager answers "Yes, but we pay here[illegible] only those who work here." Those who[illegible] work for the devil must look to him for[illegible] their wages.

Lord, he hath ten pounds. That was a reason according to them why he should not have more. It was really the best reason why he should have more, as he had proved that he was able to turn money to good use. A man gives to two servants a bushel of grain each. At the end of a few years he calls for it. One servant shows him fields of waving grain, the product of that bushel. The other shows him the sack of grain still standing in the barn. It has been taken care of; not a grain has been lost, but it has not increased as it might have done. It would be useless to intrust such a man with seed. A Sunday School teacher who uses the little knowledge he may have and makes the best of it is a more profitable servant than a learned theologian who teaches no one.

The Gospel in the Prisons.

niversal Need of the Bible and other Good Literature in our Penal Institutions — Prison Evangelism in Texas.

N THE whole field of evangelistic effort, at the presenttime, there is nowhere a greater need of workers than the prisons. Many penal institutions are most without sem-

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSTON, TEX., JAIL MISSION

Rev. Mr. Bradburn, Mr. Tomey, Mr. McNabb, Miss Bradburn.

iance of religious life, and even a greater umber are so destitute of all that tends awaken in the prisoner the desire for etter things, that it is little wonder if the riminal, after being released, returns to is old haunts and associations, and radually drifts back to the life of crime, hat maelstrom which inevitably draws im behind the bars in the end.

vangelistic work and good literaure are sorely needed in nearly all f our prisons. Mr. Dwight L. loody, the well-known evangel-t, in calling attention to this act through THE CHRISTIAN HERLD sometime ago, gave utterance a truth which finds abundant orroboration in many quarters. No ronger evidence is needed than e letters from prison chaplains d superintendents all over the ntry, extracts from which apeared in these columns lately, xpressing the great need of Chrisn literature for the prisons and nveying thanks for the portions ent.

In many cities of the Union, Gospel work is now being carried n in the prisons by consecrated olunteers—godly men and womn who devote much of their time nd means to spiritual effort for he reclamation of the law-breakrs. In Boston, Philadelphia, New ork, and a few other prominent ties, prison work has become a ading feature of Christian activ-y. To-day we are enabled to lace before our readers the story of a ost interesting Gospel work that has een conducted for the past seven years y the Jail Mission of Houston, Tex. This Mission had a very modest origin. Feeling called to a work of this character for the Master, John A. McNabb, a young business man of Houston, in 1889, began to labor among the inmates of the Harris county jail. For several years he was alone in the field, and then certain of the local pastors, the W. C. T. U., Salvation Army Corps and other workers, gave occasional assistance. A Committee was organized last year by Mr. McNabb, consisting of Rev. Wm. Bradburn, Mr. Wm. Tomey, and Miss Camille Bradburn (the last-named as organist and singer), to visit and conduct services in the prison. An audience was always waiting and the workers were always welcomed. They have the full freedom of the jail, and are left alone with the prisoners during the services. The jailers show them every courtesy. While the County Commissioners were considering the advisability of the erection of a larger jail, Mr. McNabb appeared before the Commissioners and pleaded for a new and more commodious structure in the name of humanity, the present one being too small. He also asked for a chapel in the jail for worship. A new jail is being now erected, but the chapel was not granted. The new building will be better arranged for services than the old one. The Bible is placed under the corner-stone of the new jail that it might rest on God's Word that saves, even in prison.

Thousands of men and women, who probably have seldom heard the Gospel preached, and who never would have been reached otherwise, have heard it within these prison walls. Many are coming forth with the firm resolve to lead upright lives. One man who was converted was given a Bible to read in his cell. Some of his cell-mates seized it and burned it up, because it had changed him to a Bible-reading, praying man. When he came out he joined the Salvation Army, and has since led an exemplary life.

At each service, a number of the prisoners kneel and ask for prayers, promising to live for God afterward. They often join in the singing. Services are held upstairs with the whites from 3:30 to 4:30 P. M., and downstairs with the negroes from 4:30 to 5 P. M. All classes of prisoners welcome the services and say they are the better for them. The need of an Industrial Home is much felt, to employ friendless prisoners when released, until they can secure honest work and support themselves.

The lives of the committee of workers are consecrated to soul-saving. Rev. Mr. Bradburn is an earnest pleader for Christ's cause, as is also Mr. Tomey, who seeks earnestly to bring the sinner to God. Miss Bradburn's sweet singing draws the prisoners closer to the cell bars to hear the Gospel in song. Several friends of the Committee have presented them with a beautiful organ, expressly for this jail work, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have supplied them with good literature for several years past. They have full faith in the power of the Gospel to turn the hearts of the criminal, and will never cease pleading Jesus' love for them.

In the larger of the illustrations on this page, the workers are shown conducting a service in the Prison Hospital. Mr. McNabb is seen reading the Scriptures; to his right is Rev. Mr. Blackburn. The other two young men are Mr. Matthis and Mr. Caswell also of the committee. Mr. Caswell is the Infirmary or Hospital organist and he is also physical director of the Y.M.C.A., and much devoted to the Master's work. Mr. Matthis is the assistant secretary of the Y.M.C.A. The hospital services are held on Sunday morning at 9:30 A.M. The room where our scene is taken is what is known as the Section Ward being one of the largest wards on the ground floor. The Section men from the different railroads who come to the hospital sick or injured are usually assigned to this ward. There are some twenty-five or thirty beds in this ward and often nearly all of them are occupied, as the territory the men come from embraces thousands of miles and includes four or five railroads all centering in Houston. They come from all portions of the State and have the Gospel preached to them every Sunday they remain in the hospital. This mission work at the hospital was begun some four or five years ago, when the hospital was only about one-half its present size and from a service to three or four men it has now grown to large numbers. The committee also keeps the hospital patients well supplied with good Christian literature which is largely furnished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who have liberally responded to calls made through its columns.

The entire work, both prison and hospital, is undenominational. Mr. McNabb is a member of the First Presbyterian Church, Mr. Bradburn of the M.E.Church South, Mr. Caswell of the First Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Matthis is a Congregationalist. The services consist of music, singing, and short Bible talks, all aiming to bring souls into the kingdom and to comfort the sick. Fifteen minutes, or not more than twenty, are allowed the leader and from five to ten minutes for other talks. In addition to this regular hospital work, the Catholic Hospital (St. Joseph's) is visited by the individual members of the Committee who go to the bedsides of the poor sick (who are cared for by the County), ministering to them in various ways as well as furnishing them with good literature at times. Many a friendless man has been cheered up and given new courage by these faithful workers, who never neglect an opportunity to point the criminal or the suffering to the Cross and to eternal life.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

They Did What They Could.

It is related that a cobbler in Belgium, when asked what share he took in the mission work, answered: "I am no speaker and cannot help in the meetings, so I settled with a friend on a plan of our own. We go from house to house on Sunday afternoons, and begin talking. I then question my friend about his conversion, and he answers me. I go about drawing him out, and in this way we do something for the cause."

A poor woman of Peru who cannot read a word herself, has stitched together various tracts and she has had read to her till she knows them by heart. She goes to many houses with the tracts, talking about Christ, and has made several converts.

A World-wide Philanthropist.

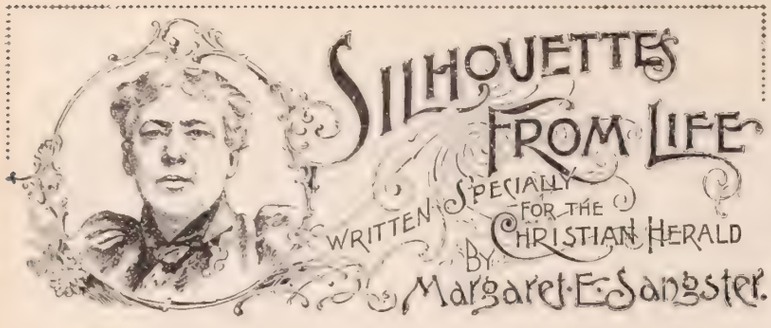
dollars, and other aristocratic gamblers were indebted to the Jewish millionaire for the means of maintaining their position. It is said that Baron Hirsch hoped through their influence to obtain admission to the highest society. But if he ever had that ambition, it was not gratified. He was not fitted for it by birth or education, and to the last he retained, in spite of his wealth and associations, the manner and the spirit of the counting-house. Besides this, he was a Jew, and would never conceal his Jewish race and sympathies. A characteristic incident showing this trait of his character is related by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*:

It appears that a certain club in Paris rejected every Jew who was proposed for membership, and among them Baron Hirsch. One day, however, the club was in consternation. Its managers learned that Hirsch had become the owner of the building it occupied, and could evict them from their home. They offered to elect Hirsch to membership if he would leave them undisturbed. He refused, and insisted that reparation be made to his race, not to himself. If the club would elect a certain Jew, an enemy of the Baron, they might keep their house, and they yielded.

It was, however, in a more substantial way than by the resentment of slights that Baron de Hirsch identified himself with his race. His ambition was to make the poorest Jews of Europe self-supporting and self-respecting. To this end he devised many schemes, one of which was the Jewish Colonization Company, to the capital stock of which he gave ten million dollars. One of its colonies was established in the Argentine Republic, but this proved a failure. A second was organized at Woodbine, N. J., and here there are over five thousand acres of land, partly in farms and partly covered with factories, on which about nine hundred Jews from Eastern Europe have been settled.

Baron Hirsch is probably best known in this country by the help he has given to the technical education of his people. With the trust fund of two and a half million dollars, previously referred to, schools have been opened in New York where the arts and sciences are taught to Jewish boys and immigrants free of charge. Here the newly arrived Russian, or Roumanian, or Polish Hebrew is received, and is not only taught the English language, and other branches of education, not forgetting the Constitution and the principles of government, but is trained to mechanical work. Six courses are open to his choice: Carpentry, plumbing, wood-turning, printing, house and sign painting, and machinery, have each their location and their respective teacher. The whole is under the general superintendence of Mr. J. Ernest G. Yalden, to whose kindness we are indebted for the photographs of two of the departments, as well as the portrait of the late Baron, which have been reproduced on the first page.

One personal touch of pathetic interest ought not to be overlooked in the story of this philanthropic life. Although the late Baron was strongly drawn to this work of intelligent helpfulness soon after his early financial successes, it was a crushing sorrow that led to its multiplication and extension. He had only one child, a beloved son, Lucien, who died in 1888 just as life was opening up before him in his manhood. The stricken father had no further care for business. It pleased him to think that he was in some way his son's executor when he gave to the Jews of Eastern Europe the money that would have been his son's had the young man lived. He retired from active life soon after his son's death and his gifts from that time largely increased and continued to do so until the close of his life. It is satisfactory to know that these benefactions have been to a large extent investments, which are in the hands of trustees, who will use the income as a permanent fund to carry on the work. Thus, the philanthropist's good deeds will live after him in the institutions that bear his name, and will not end with his life.



Keziah's Prayer.

"KEZZY! Keziah! everybody's waiting. Please come down at once!"

The call from the foot of the stairs was urgent. Keziah reluctantly closed the Greek Testament, slipped on her hat and jacket, locked her little desk, and flew down to join the other girls of her class, for the Sunday School class to which she belonged had arranged a Saturday afternoon excursion to the woods, where the nuts were ripe, and the bright yellow and red maples made the world beautiful, as if armies with banners were filling it with pomp and circumstance.

Keziah's father was the minister and he had taught his bonny eldest daughter how to read Greek, so that when she prepared her weekly lesson, she possessed an advantage over the rest, even over her teacher. One finds the knowledge of any language besides one's own, ancient or modern, I prefer not to say living or dead, for I can never think of Latin and Greek as dead, a very great assistance in studying the Word of God. It is as if you brought another candle, or a blazing lamp to illuminate the text.

Keziah Brown was a busy girl. Besides helping her father in the parish work, she taught school five days in the week, and last night her quarter's salary had been paid her. It was fifty dollars, all in gold. You may imagine she felt rich, almost like a millionaire. Many a millionaire has less delight in his great wealth, than Keziah found in her small stipend, for you see, she had earned it, and it meant a great deal to her; and also, she had a number of things to do with it—kind, loving things for father and the children. Very little of Keziah's money was spent exclusively on her own simple wants.

They had a lovely nutting frolic, and it was late when they returned. Saturday evening brought many little tasks, before the week could be considered finished up and set aside, and Keziah went to bed at half-past ten, very weary, but happy and contented.

On to-morrow, Sunday morning, there would be Communion, and also a collection. Keziah meant to give the Lord's tenth from her salary to this collection. When she was entirely ready for church, gloves on, hat on, Bible laid out, handkerchief taken from her bureau drawer, she unlocked her desk, to get her money.

There was no money there. Keziah remembered exactly where she had placed the roll of gold. It was not like a wad of bills that could be easily mislaid, it was yellow shining gold. And it was gone!

No time to search for it now! Impossible to tell father of the loss, just as he was going to church with his sermon on his mind. Equally impossible to suspect anyone in the home; all beneath that roof were honest as the day, and to be relied on. Impossible to stay at home, miss the sacred service, and the Lord's Supper while searching for the lost treasure. Keziah could have cried, but she remained calm and instead of crying, called upon the Lord. Kneeling by her bed, she prayed for guidance and comfort.

"Oh! Lord, God Almighty," Keziah prayed, "I have lost my whole three months' salary. I don't know what to do without it. I haven't time to look for it, and what's the use of looking, for I surely did put it in the left-hand corner of my writing-desk. Dear Lord, enable me to forget all about it all this day, and help me to enjoy this service, as if the money had not been lost. For Christ's sake. Amen."

If you, poor but [illegible] a sum of money, or if you had your pocket picked, you know very well that this was no small thing that Keziah asked. It was indeed a large petition. But not too large for the Lord. He heard and answered graciously inclining his ear to his lowly young hand-maiden, as a King to a devoted courtier. Keziah has told me that the whole day long she was delivered from every thought of wrong concerning her missing gold.

And the next morning she found it. Where do you suppose it was? Just where she had put it when she tucked her Greek Testament in her hurry to go out with the girls behind the sofa pillow on the lounge. There, comfortably resting, was the money which she had fancied secure in her desk, but which had been carelessly left in a corner of the sofa all the while.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Archaeology and the Bible.

The student of the Old Testament, writes Prof. Price of the Theological Department of the Chicago University, finds in archæology many contributions of surpassing interest. We are now certain that writing was not invented in the time of David and Solomon; that it had been in use many years before Joshua inscribed the commandments in clay upon the altar at Shechem; that Moses was reared in a literary court, surrounded by an educated priesthood who were in possession of remarkable literary products of an older time; and that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries B.C., Asia and Africa carried on extensive literary correspondence by means of the cuneiform writing of Babylonia. We know also that Egypt has left us writings from at least the fourth dynasty—a date more than 4000 years B.C. The illiterate argument has gone to pieces in the face of such facts. Literature has flourished in the earth for more than six thousand years. Writing was not unknown among civilized peoples after 3000 B.C. Only a blindfold critic could now assert that Israel was not able to produce such literature as the Old Testament contains until very late in history or that David wrote no psalms, because that age could not have produced such masterpieces as are attributed to him. The indications are that we must very soon reverse [illegible] and see how far back we can locate the composition of the Old Testament books, rather than how far down in the Maccabean period.

An overseeing Providence has kept these treasures safely hidden away until this time. He has allowed the enemies of his Word to advance just so far, when a new volley from the tombs drives them back; another advance, and a mummy of forty centuries terrifies them by his visage.

"The Tomb of Nebi Moosa!"

Annual Pilgrimage of Mohammedans to the Legendary Tomb of Moses.

MOSLEM arrogance and superstition were never more clearly set forth than in the following letter, received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from a correspondent in Jerusalem:

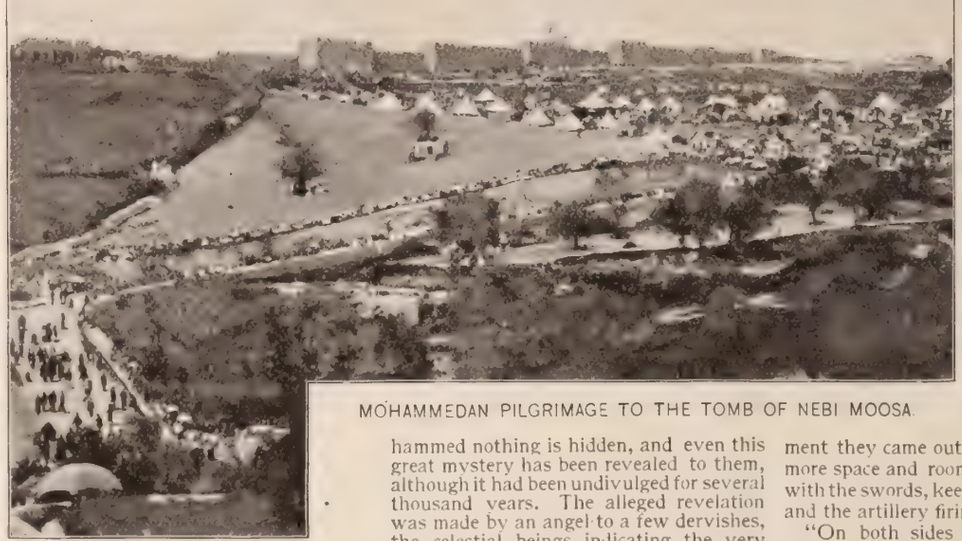
"March 26 was a memorable day among the Moslems, being the day of the annual pilgrimage to 'the tomb of Nebi Moosa,' which, translated, means literally the tomb of Moses the Prophet. It is well-known that the place where the great law-giver was buried has been hidden from the Israelites and the world in general, and it was meant that it should always be so; but to the true followers of Mohammed nothing is hidden, and even this great mystery has been revealed to them, although it had been undivulged for several thousand years. The alleged revelation was made by an angel to a few dervishes, the celestial beings indicating the very spot where Moses was buried. This has now become a part of the orthodox belief of the Moslems, although there are many who regard it as merely a shrewd movement on the part of the leaders of the Mohammedan faith to create a diversion at Easter time. At that particular season, a vast number of Christians of all denominations, pour into Jerusalem, to be present at the commemoration of the Saviour's death. Observing this, it occurred to the Moslems that there was no reason why they should not have a similar commemoration of the death of some prophet of their own, and as it was not an easy task to find the tomb of Mohammed, they fell back on Moses! As to the spot to be selected, it was purely a matter of policy and convenience. A famous poet has written of the obsequies of the great Hebrew prophet:

> This was the greatest funeral
> That ever passed on earth;
> But no man heard the trampling,
> Or saw the train go forth—
> Noiselessly as the daylight
> Comes when the night is done,
> And the great Mountain Range
> Glows at once with light—
> So without sound of music,
> Or voice of them that wept,
> Silently down from the mountain's crown
> The great procession swept.
> Perished the august body,
> Yet without grave unknown,
> Buried as never
> Man was buried before,
> And the great Mountain
> Only His sepulchre hath evermore.
> For the Angel of God upturned the sod,
> And laid the dead man there.

But to the Moslems, whom nothing can baffle, such secrecy was unavailing. They decided to find the grave and, as they now declare, they did find it. Of course, nobody could say that this was the real spot where Moses was buried; but on the other hand, none could positively aver that it was not the spot. Hence the story of the dervishes has settled one of the most difficult problems in history.

"The time of the 'commemoration' was purposely made to agree with Easter, so that there should always be a counter-force of Mohammedanism to oppose that of the Christians if need be. The spot selected is about twenty miles east of Jerusalem, on the hills of Judea, opposite the Dead Sea and Mount Nebo. On the plain there stand now a mosque and a minaret. A man is permanently stationed there in charge of these shrines, to whom they give the name 'kiam' equivalent to dervish. The Moslem devotees, at a fixed time, come to the place in great numbers. They solemnly pray there for a fortnight; in the intervals of devotion they spend the time in racing, dancing, feasting, and other kinds of enjoyment. There is a good deal of hospitality and feasting, and the people contribute liberally to the shrines. Even the hard savings of poor people, who have been trying for months before to save money are quickly wasted at 'Nebi Moosa.'

"Early in the afternoon, the streets leading to St. Stephen's Gate, Jerusalem, were lined with soldiers on both sides, and the roofs of houses as well as the windows were covered with spectators. English and American tourists had an early lunch that day so as to be able to see the procession in good time. The infantry, with bayonets in hand, marched through the streets with great pomp, the officers with drawn swords. Banners had already been borne before them to the number of nearly fifty. On these banners were words from the Koran and on the 'banner of the prophet' was written the famous paragraph 'There is no God, but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God.' On another banner was: 'Deliverance through God, and a victory a hand,' etc. The people, with swords and shields in hand, were shouting and dancing before the banners with much enthusiasm and excitement, shouting and singing their monotonous religious songs with much energy. They advanced slowly but steadily, the soldiers on both sides marching with them and trying to prevent overcrowding, which they could not do easily owing to the narrowness of the streets, but the moment they came out of the gate, and had more space and room, they began to play with the swords, keeping up their shouting, and the artillery firing cannon meanwhile.



MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF NEBI MOOSA.

"On both sides of the road the hills were quite covered with people, the women with gaudy, fantastic dresses and many with white veils drawn over their faces. There were many, however, who set aside this etiquette and preferred to view the procession through no veil. The ladies were dressed with all the colors of the rainbow, thus appearing in the distance like so many wild-flowers. The walls of Jerusalem were quite crowded with spectators, and some of them even ventured to climb up the towers. From the streets leading to St. Stephen's gate to the furthest end of Gethsemane, the hills and the 'Hosannah road' were lined with men and women, the number being computed at not less than twenty thousand people. Cavalrymen were in the middle, mounted on fiery horses, and others with banners before and banners behind, while those that had already preceded were far in the distance on their way to 'Nebi Moosa,' the wild shoutings and exultations of the Moslems still audible even at that distance. Pilgrims were still pouring into the city in a thick, continuous stream from the end of the Hosannah road which is above the village of Siloam. Owing to the road being a little more spacious than the narrower streets of Jerusalem, they could march with more freedom and rapidity.

"Some tourists came to see the alleged burial-place, driving in carriages or mounted on horses, mules and donkeys, while a good number were on foot; but they kept aside to avoid overcrowding. To judge from the enthusiasm with which the procession was conducted, the prophet Moosa had a share of the Moslem's devotion quite worthy of the old Mohammedan tradition. No accident took place during the entire celebration."

"THE BLIGHT OF THE WORLD!"

The Ottoman Rule has Afflicted the Globe for Hundreds of Years—A Despotism whose Doom is Rapidly Approaching.

ALTHOUGH for a time the awful work of massacre and pillage has halted in Armenia, the dying cries of thousands upon thousands of defenceless men and women, who because of their fidelity to the Christian faith, have been cut down by the Turkish infidels, still ring loudly in the ears of the civilized world. It is not to be sable for a moment that the temporary lull, following the late whirlwind of lust and carnage, will delude any of the powers of Europe into the belief that the Ottoman government has repented of its shameful excesses. If Turkey is for the present on its good behavior, it is solely because it finds it the best diplomacy to curb its savageism in check for a time, to be let loose with renewed fury as soon as opportunity offers.

History furnishes conclusive evidence of the truth of the assertion that the Turk is at heart, and under all circumstances, a savage. Even his smoothest diplomacy is but a thin veil that hardly hides the real barbarian. His creed, his training and all his traditions are such as to foster then and develop to the utmost degree the brutal and fanatical ferocity that finds its fullest expression in deeds of blood and rapine. Crafty, bold, intriguing, untruthful, treacherous and cruel as the grave, he holds in his breast not a spark of generosity, no trace of fellow-feeling or kindness for any who are not of his own race and faith. Such has been the Moslem character from the inception of the empire till now and such it will remain—a blight to the world—until the governments of Christendom, unite in imposing such restraints upon the Ottoman power as shall make it comparatively impotent for evil hereafter.

Among the most important of recent literary contributions dealing with this prominent question is a volume entitled: *The Ottoman Empire*, by Alexander W. Hidden, the son of an American and born in Constantinople. Mr. Hidden's book reviews the history of the Ottoman Empire from its foundation by Sultan Osman I. Osman, the son of Ertoghrul in 1300 A.D., became an independent sovereign and died at the age of seventy, leaving two sons, Allah-ud-din and Orchan. The latter succeeded to the throne. Mr. Hidden says:

> In the reign of Orchan, the Janizaries or new troops were organized by the advice of Kara-Halil-Pasha, then Kaziel-Asker or Judge of the army. He urged Allah-ud-din and the Sultan to organize a force of Christian children, who, having been reared in slavery, would readily submit to their officers and prove more faithful to their masters than free-born Moslems, who could not be easily controlled. The cruel and most inhuman proposition was accepted, and one thousand Greek boys of perfect form and features, from seven years of age and upwards, were taken from their parents, circumcised, drilled, and thus this famous corps was formed. Their emblems, devices, and the titles of their officers were given according to their rank. For instance, their commander was named Tchorbadji or Broth-distributor; the other officers were named Yemi-Bassi or chief cook, the Saka-Bassi or water-bearer and so forth. The kitchen kettles of each regiment, which gave the signal for uprising from its slumber, were the objects of their especial care. In their barracks was a sacred asylum, and this famous corps was exterminated by Sultan Mahmoud II. It has ever since been customary for despotic sovereigns to attempt Christian children and convert them to embrace Islamism, in which they are protected by the authorities.

The next ruler, Murad I., perished by assassination. His career, like those of his predecessors, was marked by war and by inhumanity. Angora, Adrianople and Servia were conquered and the peace of Eastern Europe greatly disturbed. Sultan Bayezid I., his successor, continued the Ottoman conquests in Europe. At the battle of Nicopolis (1396), frightful excesses were committed by the Turks. Constantinople was besieged and the Byzantine empire was humiliated and laid under tribute.

The Ottomans had now become the scourge of Europe. Under Mahommed I. and Murad II., wars, revolts, and incursions were incessant. All the provinces of Asia Minor were brought under Turkish dominion and the tide of blood and slaughter flowed to the full. Mohammed II. accomplished the complete subjugation of Constantinople and undertook many warlike enterprises east and west. Bayezid II. and Selim I. during their respective reigns, continued the use of the scimeter in extending the Ottoman dominion and propagating the Moslem faith. Suleyman I., surnamed "the magnificent," had a career marked at every stage by blood and slaughter. In the war fleet of Selim II. were twelve thousand Christian slaves, fastened by chains to their oars. Murad III's. first act as Sultan was to execute his five brothers and when Murad died, Mohammed III., his son, in turn, had his own twenty brothers slain, so that he might have no rival to the throne. Osman II. was a ruler of great determination, but his reign was cut short, he being dethroned through the influence of the janizaries and afterwards privately executed, and his ears sent as a gift to his successor, who also fell a prey to the state assassins in his turn.

FAMOUS DESPOTS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

OSMAN I., Founder of the Empire. ORCHAN. OSMAN II.
SELIM III. ABDUL AZIZ. SELIM I. ABDUL MEJID.
MURAD IV. MAHMOUD II.

Murad IV. (another of the group in the illustrations which we reproduce from Mr. Hidden's book), became Sultan at twelve years of age. He was one of the most cruel and unprincipled of all the Sultans, and at last he was bled to death by his own courtiers. The volume relates that:

> Murad was in the habit of entering the castle eastern porch of St. Sophia, and on one occasion shot with his arrow at [illegible] several Armenians, who, in the presence of the grand vizir, had been disputing with the Greeks for the possession of the tomb of Christ at Jerusalem. At another time he saw a number of Greek women dancing in a meadow, their merriment disturbed him. He [illegible] that they should be drowned. On the morrow a boat with several Christian women passed near the walls of the Seraglio, which to his suspicious apprehension seemed improper. He ordered his officers to fire upon them, and they sank before his eyes. Among the many cold-blooded massacres of his reign were those of his three brothers.

Ibrahim I., Murad's successor, was another victim of the strangler, who in those days seems to have been an unusually active official. In Sultan Mohammed IV's. reign, the outrages on Christians became intolerable. With his vast armies, he struck Europe with terror and during the siege of Vienna, large numbers of Christian men and women in the suburbs were frightfully maltreated and slain.

But to enumerate even a tithe of the enormities of the Ottoman rulers would be a task too great in [illegible]. In 1715, the Turks murdered thousands of Christian inhabitants of the Peloponnesus and sold the women and children into slavery. In 1770, under Sultan Mustafa III., the Turks perpetrated terrible cruelties among the Greeks of Thessaly and Lorissa. Priests and people were slaughtered as they came out of the churches. A crusade with the object of slaughtering all the principal Greeks and controlling their country was begun in 1787, but was frustrated by the bravery of the Greeks. In Epirus, the Suliotes, who had submitted to Turkey, were thus disposed of:

> [illegible] and provisions being exhausted, and the women [illegible] rather than fall into the hands of the Turks, threw their children down into the rocky abyss below, then clasping each other by the hand commenced to sing and danced one by one over the cliff, thus rapidly following their little ones into [illegible] Parga, the [illegible] consisting of 1,300 Suliotes [illegible] a moment [illegible] Christians all were slain, but 45

Sultan Mahmoud II., "the Conqueror," (the last in the group of portraits on this page), continued the wars against foreign powers and especially against Greece. Massacre followed massacre, and it seemed as though the Greeks would be well-nigh exterminated. Their Patriarch, Gregorius V., aged seventy was hanged on a gate and his corpse dragged through the streets. In May 1822, the Ottoman troops murdered 25,000 men, women and children on the island of Scio and sold 45,000 into slavery. The same horrible fate befel the inhabitants of the islands Kassandra, Maousa and Kasos. Many women threw themselves into the sea to escape their ferocious assailants. From Kasos 2,000 children were sent to the slave market at Alexandria. In 1825, the Turks decoyed and murdered nearly all the clergy and nobles of Cyprus at Nicosia. At that time all Europe failed to compel the Sultan to put an end to these terrible atrocities.

Sultan Mahmoud II., in 1826, resolved upon the extermination of the Janizaries—the most famous corps of the Turkish army. They were slaughtered in barracks, like cattle, without mercy. Thus, in some measure, they where made to atone for the unspeakable and innumerable crimes they had committed in the Ottoman service. They had slain thousands of Christians for mere caprice.

It is not necessary to mention, in this connection, the great massacres in Damascus and throughout the Lebanon district in 1860, of which the Moslems were guilty. Those dark crimes have had their parallel in the recent events in Armenia. In 1850, during the reign of Sultan Abdul Medjid, the Christians of Samos were butchered, their churches attacked, and women and girls abducted. Abdul Aziz, who became Sultan in 1861, devastated the island of Crete and its Christian inhabitants suffered. He issued an irade in 1869, forbidding Turkish subjects becoming subjects or citizens of other countries without his permission. To this date the Porte refuses to recognize the foreign naturalization of any of its subjects who left Turkey since 1869. In 1876 a startling massacre of Christians occurred at Batak, Bulgaria, where Bashi-bazouks killed the villagers *en masse*, burned their churches, and carried off the women and children to the harem and slavery. Fifty-four other villages were burned or otherwise destroyed, and 25,000 Christian lives were sacrificed by the Moslem fanatics. Afterwards hundreds of boys and girls were rescued from the houses of prominent Turks in Constantinople, to whom they had been sold as slaves.

Abdul Aziz was a failure even to his own subjects and he was deposed in 1876 and his miserable career ended by his execution the same year. Like all his predecessors, he was a sensualist and his harem contained over 1000 odalisques or slave girls. Abdul Hamid II., his successor, and the present Sultan, has established a reputation even more infamous if possible, than any of his predecessors. The awful crimes committed in Asia Minor within the last two and a-half years are the climax of a long history of oppression and slaughter,—a national career marked by every description of violence and outrage. More to-day than ever is the Ottoman the enemy of mankind and of the Christian religion. The indescribable horrors of Abdul Hamid's reign prove him and his Moslem subjects both in ferocity and barbarian cruelty to be the most malignant and persistent scourge of mediæval or modern times. The whole world will welcome the day when the nations rise in their might and drive the Turks out of Europe, to a quarter of the globe where they will be powerless for harm and no longer a stumbling block to civilization and a menace to Christianity.

A Transformed Land.

The change in one district of India as a result of missionary labor is thus described in a letter to the *Missionary Review*: "What a difference between now and thirteen years ago!" says the missionary of the Rhenish Missionary Society from the Toba district in Sumatra. "Then everything was unsafe; no one dared to go half an hour's distance from his village; war, robbery, piracy, and slavery reigned everywhere. Now there is a free, active Christian life everywhere, and churches full of attentive hearers. We have eight headstations and thirty off-stations, more than thirty evangelists, and many active elders and Sunday School teachers. And the faith of our young Christians is seen in their deeds. They have renounced idolatrous customs; they visit the sick and pray with them; they go to their enemies and make reconciliation with them. This has often made a powerful impression on the heathen, because they saw that the Christians could do what was impossible to heathen—they could forgive injuries. Many heathen have been so overcome by this conduct of the Christians, that they came to us and said: 'The Lord Jesus has conquered!'"

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.
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Does Religion Kill Ambition?

THE idea has gone forth in some quarters that the great business of the Christian religion is to kill ambition, that the best way to become a nonentity is by joining the church. Young men who are not church-members are filled with aspirations after success in life, and they are unwilling to become Christians if they think that this involves the smothering of all their desires for success. They enter prayer-meetings only occasionally, and when they do, they are apt to hear Christians sing,

[illegible]

Hence they infer that religion is a testament to entering a negative state ,and crushing all the spirit out of life. Such a conception of Christianity is false to the core. Who is responsible for it? Have we taught our young men that religion is effeminacy; that piety is pusillanimity; and that consecration means nothing deeper than the humming of poetic sentimentalities or the droning of self-depreciating prayers? The surest way to damage the cause of Christ and to keep young men out of the church is by continuing to disseminate such untruths as this. Already the church complains loudly of the lack of men in religious work. She is taunted with the insinuation that her enterprises are supported chiefly by women and children. It is true that we have an army of young men in our young people's societies, such as the Christian Endeavor, but the fact remains that the majority of the young men of our country are not connected with any church. Let young men know the truth, that the best sphere for their manly powers is in the service of Christ. Say to them, If you are ambitious, join the church! If you are athletic, join the church! If you are brainy, join the church! Here is your place. Christ has tasks for you that will try the hardiest frame. Christ has problems for you that will puzzle the most [illegible]

[illegible] Battles, victories and crowns! Here are [illegible] can take them. See yon castle on the brow of the hill! The ascent is steep and rough. The enemies are strong. The sky is dark with [illegible] room for your ambition. Take that fortress in God's name. It is your prize. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

Fame Worth Having.

WE are rejoiced to see that so many men of wealth are not waiting until their last will and testament is opened for bestowing great charities. While they are blessing others they are unwittingly building their own monument. But what would be a monument of Aberdeen granite compared with a monument built out of the intellects and souls of immortal men and women? What would be an epitaph cut by a sculptor's chisel compared with the epitaph that will be written by generations and centuries that are to come writing one's praise? Adorned and beautiful be all the crypts and catacombs and shrines of the dead, but if the superfluous and inexcusable expense of catafalque and necropolis and mausoleum had been put into practical use, there would have been bread for all the hungry, and knowledge for all the ignorant, and a home for all the lost.

The pyramids of Egypt are the tombs of the dead kings, their names even obliterated, and even the pyramids of Egypt are crumbling away. But monuments of good last forever. Long after Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" shall have worn out his chisel in reviving the names faded from the old tombstones, the names of those who have helped others will be held in everlasting remembrance.

The Sabbath School teacher builds her monument in the heavenly thrones and palaces of her converted class. George Muller, of England, builds his monument in the orphan-houses of Bristol. George Peabody built his monument in the library of his native village and the school-houses for educating the blacks in different parts of the South. Handel built his monument in the "Hallelujah Chorus." Cyrus W. Field built his monument in the cables underlying the sea, lashing the continents together and hastening on the day of universal brotherhood. He who prays or gives to the Church of Jesus Christ builds his monument in all that sacred edifice shall accomplish for good. Wilberforce built his monument in the piled-up shackles of a demolished slave trade. Livingstone built his monument in what shall be regenerated Africa. Paul built his monument in the magnificent story of the resurrection. William E. Dodge built his monument in the reformatory institutions he either established or helped to support. Peter Cooper built his monument in the philanthropies he encouraged by the establishment of one great institution for the education of the masses.

Ah! that is a fame worth having—that is an immortality you can strive after without the degradation of worldly ambition.

Nihilism.

THIS monster is trying to get his foot on American soil. He is worth nothing, and owns nothing save a knife for universal cut-throatery and nitroglycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, no hell, except that which he hopes to make on earth. Demolition is the word. He slew a Czar of Russia, killed Abraham Lincoln, would assassinate every king and every president in all the earth, and if he had the power would drive the God of heaven from his throne and take it himself—a universal butcher. Nihilism means complete and eternal smash up. It makes the holding of property a crime, and if it had its way it would put a dagger through your heart and a torch to your dwelling, and leave the world in possession of theft and lust, and rapine and murder. Where does this monster live? In every city and every village of this land. This monster says he will break up the ballot-box, and the legislative [illegible] and the Congressional Assemblies. He will take this land and divide it up, or, rather, divide it down. The idler shall have as much as the worker, and the good as much as the bad. Nihilism! This panther, after prowling across all nations, has set its paw on our soil, and the time is not far distant when it will make a spring for its prey. It burnt the railroad property at Pittsburg in the great riot. It killed black people in our Northern cities during the war. Some time ago it mauled to death a Chinese in New York. It glares out of the drunkeries at sober people going by. It would leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school and college of the United States in ashes. Nihilism! It is to-day the worst foe of the poor laboring man in all the country. It drowns out his honest cry for reform with vociferation for bread or blood. If the vagabonds and criminals ranging through these cities crying for their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary, could be hushed up, the oppressed and down-trodden laborer would have more bread for his household. Riot and violence have never won larger wages or more prosperity. The best weapon in this country is not the brickbat or shillelah, but the ballot. Let not the poor come under the banner of Nihilism. He will make your taxes higher, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. Jane L. S——, Waterbury. What portions of the world are still either wholly or partially unexplored?

In a recent address before the London Geographical Congress, Prof. Tobley estimated that somewhere about twenty millions of square miles of the globe's surface were yet unexplored. They are distributed as follows: Africa 6,500,000, Australia 2,500,000, North America 1,500,000, South America 500,000, Asia 250,000, Islands 500,000, Arctic regions 3,500,000, Antarctic 5,000,000.

Reader, Lamont, Pa. Can any one be a true Christian that is too timid to pray in public or that is afraid to pray loud enough to be heard by those that are present?

Yes; there are timid Christians and bold Christians, and your timidity is not necessarily evidence of a lack of grace in the heart. Some have the gift of ready utterance, while others would almost faint at the sound of their own voice. Perseverance and prayer will enable you to overcome such timidity, to a very great extent, sufficiently so, at all events, to enable you to perform the duty of testifying for Christ before men, which every believer should do.

C. M. H., Kansas City, Mo. The question has arisen in our Sunday School, Who are our neighbors? In the Parable of the good Samaritan the question does not seem to be answered.

Christ gave the question a new aspect by inviting his questioner to ask himself to whom he was willing to be a neighbor. His teaching was intended to promote the neighborly spirit. If you know any man who is in need of some service which you can render, and you do it for him, you are a neighbor to that man. There should be a spirit of ready helpfulness in the Christian, prompting him to do kindly acts whenever he has opportunity, and so in that sense to be a neighbor to any one.

J. D. K., Allentown, Pa. Does the Apostle John's statement in his first Epistle, iii. 6, that whosoever sinneth has not known Christ, imply that a man who sins after he believes he is converted, has really been deceiving himself, and that he is not converted?

We do not believe that the Apostle meant anything of the kind. He appears to be writing about habitual sin with a special reference to people who trusted in baptism and the ordinances for salvation. There are people at this day, as there always have been, who look on conversion as a kind of insurance against punishment. They think that a certain past experience, accompanied by certain forms, places Christ under a bond to save them, and then they may live as they choose. Some pervert the doctrine of election in the same way. People who live in sin, who are not striving against it and seeking Christ's power to deliver them from it, need to be told that they do not know Christ. There are many good Christians, who under temptation, fall into sin, but they deplore it and seek forgiveness and new strength. Their doing so proves that they have known Christ and are hating sin as he hates it.

"Sober vigilance," St. Paul. Mrem. 1. Can a person who [illegible] 2. While a person who has been converted [illegible] 3. [illegible]

1. You may take it as a general rule applicable to all worldly amusements that a Christian who has Christ's spirit in him will take no pleasure in them. He is seeking higher things and is uncomfortable and out of his element among frivolities. It is not so much their being forbidden to him as that he has no inclination for them. His finding pleasure in the same ways as worldlings do, is an indication that he has not received the spirit o [illegible]

2. We know so little about the futu [illegible] that it is difficult to answer question [illegible] subject. God has not seen fit to rev [illegible] than is necessary for our practical gui [illegible] this life. We assume, however, that it [illegible] the soul's development will be contin [illegible] man who is converted late in life wi [illegible] less be as happy as he is capable of b [illegible] he will start on a lower plane than t [illegible] and cannot appreciate so well the [illegible] heaven. He will have much to learn [illegible] will miss the reward that is given to t [illegible] and faithful servant. But he will s [illegible] joice that he is there at all.

W. K., Carlin, Mo. What language was s [illegible] fore God confounded the languages at [illegible] ing of the Tower of Babel?

In Gen. 11: 1 and 6, it is distinct [illegible] that the whole earth was of one l [illegible] but no clue as to its identity is [illegible] Josephus cites a writer (supposed [illegible] to have flourished in the 4th century [illegible] who also says that all men had at the [illegible] beginning the Tower of Babel one com [illegible] guage. Other ancient writers confi [illegible] but what that language was, not even [illegible] learned philologists can now divine.

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. Is it true, as I ha [illegible] asserted, that the people of Japan a [illegible] Mikado divine honors?

Not in the usual sense nor to the e [illegible] worshipping him. They believe, h [illegible] that he is of divine origin, and it is [illegible] probable that some of the more ignora [illegible] ing such a belief, do worship him. Th [illegible] has been held for centuries. Formerly [illegible] the custom for the Mikado, in pursu [illegible] this belief, to seclude himself from all b [illegible] of his subjects, but this has been [illegible] in recent years, and he is no longer in [illegible] ble. The present Mikado is a man of [illegible] views and comparatively cultured.

Weston, Toronto. Can you advise me wha [illegible] the painful dilemma in which I am [illegible] Having committed sin, as I now perceiv [illegible] done, is there any way of undoing it?

We appreciate your position as you [illegible] it. Unhappily, a wrong of that kind [illegible] be rectified. If you returned, as yo [illegible] pose to do, you would only repeat the [illegible] and cause new suffering to another set [illegible] ferers. We think you should consider [illegible] more than yourself. You cannot put y [illegible] right, and especially, you cannot do it [illegible] way of a new injury to innocent peop [illegible] in prayer to God for forgiveness for the [illegible] you have already done, and be faithful [illegible] future. It seems cowardly to try to sav [illegible] self at the expense of another, and w [illegible] that in your heart you are of the same o [illegible]

E. L. S., Clark's, Ky. Do you think the ins [illegible] of the Holy Spirit which rested on Paul [illegible] wrote the epistles, enabled him to k [illegible] things and foresee what would occur in [illegible] ture?

It has always been difficult to define i [illegible] tion. We believe that Paul and other Sc [illegible] writers were preserved from doctrinal [illegible] but that they were in every case enlight [illegible] God as to future events, we do not t [illegible] An instance in point occurs in 1. Cor. [illegible] Paul there evidently expects the com [illegible] Christ in his lifetime. He describes wh [illegible] happen to the dead and then goes on to [illegible] of "We who are alive." It was not nec [illegible] that he should know, and he evidently [illegible] know, that he would not be alive at the [illegible] ing of the Lord.

J. A. P., Manito, Ill. A man whom I believe [illegible] well versed in Scripture said recently th [illegible] is no passage in it affording any encouragement to pray for sinners; that our duty was to go to them and warn them, not to pray for them. Is that so?

One very clear passage on the subject of [illegible] Lord's instruction as to persecutors (Matt. [illegible] 44), "Pray for them which despitefully [illegible] you and persecute you." His own example [illegible] praying for the soldiers who crucified [illegible] (Luke 23: 44) adds the weight of his ex [illegible] to his precept. Paul also instructs Ti [illegible] to pray for all men (1. Timothy 2: 1.) H [illegible] affords an example, his daily prayer [illegible] for Israel was that they might be saved [illegible] 10: 1). You have the best reason to pr [illegible] the salvation of sinners and to believe [illegible] God will hear your prayer.

L. E. R., New York City. How long do you t [illegible] takes to answer prayer? I sent a request [illegible] some time ago to be presented to the [illegible] Mission. It was that a certain desire [illegible] eradicated from my mind. I am asked [illegible] say that I had ceased to pray for myself [illegible] desire was taken away suddenly and [illegible] comfortably on the very day that the req [illegible] prayer was presented. Could the prayer [illegible] been answered so quickly or was the [illegible] coincidence due to natural causes?

There need be no mystery about it. God [illegible] said, "before they call I will answer." (Isa. [illegible] 24.) We infer from your letter that the [illegible] on your part to be delivered was clear th [illegible] it did not take the form of prayer. You [illegible] quest was an appeal to God though it w [illegible] direct. But God welcomes any desire [illegible] righteousness, and as the father in the [illegible] ble went out to meet the returning pro [illegible] he hastened to give an answer your to unu [illegible] ed prayer and one that should encourage [illegible] to go to God yourself in humble thankfuln [illegible]

James S. Kendall, Syracuse, N. Y. The Red [illegible] Society is now in the field affording ample relief [illegible] sides, money is still going to the American [illegible] are [illegible] long forwarded through Rev. C. C. Co [illegible] Bible House, New York, to whom all contribu [illegible] may be sent.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Irresistible Indiana.

NAVAL architects have produced no mightier engine of destruction than the magnificent war-ship which anchored in the bay of New York for the first time on April 19. The *Indiana*, one of the est additions to the navy of the United tes, has been pronounced by naval ex- ts the superior in fighting power of any sel afloat on the seas. There are other sels, even in our own navy, which sur- s her in speed, but with grim signifi- ce it is said that the *Indiana* does not d speed, as there can never arise any essity for her to run away from an en- y. It is as a floating battery that she ds the first rank. Lying low in the ter, her heavy steel sides almost invul- able, she presents a poor target for an my's guns. Rising from her deck, are revolving turrets, one fore and one in each of which are two of the most ible guns in existence, the thirteen- h rifled ordnance, each capable of throw- a projectile weighing eleven hundred nds against an enemy's p, miles away. Compli- d mechanical power of ndrous precision, brings charge from the maga- e, places it in the gun, en- es the captain to train it, scientific principles, to an ct aim, and cleanses it r the discharge. Above se turrets containing the r mighty destroyers, are r more turrets containing ht eight-inch, and four six- h, rifled guns which oper- from the sides of the ves- as the larger guns fire e and aft. Still higher, is ther battery of twenty -pound rapid-firing guns, l above these, six one- nders and four Gatling ns. Thus, from either e of the vessel there could sent, at one discharge, a ight of 5,724 pounds, while discharge either ahead astern would be 3,440 pounds. t even this terrific power does not ex- ust the vessel's armament. From her t-holes in a sea-fight, would issue, ough long tubes, the deadly torpedoes, h with its own screw-propeller and its n machinery carrying it through the ter in any course for which it is set and inst the bottom of an enemy's ship. Its act would explode the dynamite with ich it is charged and make a rent in the l of the ship which could not be stopp- The *Indiana* is not a thing of beauty; is uncompromisingly ugly from the point its vicious ram to the propellers at its rn. It is 348 feet long and 69 feet wide l has a draught of 24 feet. Its engines of 9000 horse power, which give a speed ifteen knots an hour. Besides the usual nplement of officers the vessel carries a w composed of 438 men. She was built a contract price of $3,020,000. So much ney has been spent and so much ingen- y exercised to produce an effective agent destruction. The necessity is entailed n us by the knowledge that even at s late stage of the development of civil- ition, we may have to rely on brute ce to maintain our national existence. her nations are making even greater parations for that contingency and will ntinue to do so until they learn that d's way is best for the world, and that peace and brotherhood is the true way happiness. When that time comes

hey shall beat their swords into ploughshares their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall ift up sword against nation, neither shall they n war any more. (Isaiah 2: 4.)

Fresh Water Lake in the Ocean.

A scientific traveler recently returned m the South Pacific, publishes in the ographical *Journal* a description of an extraordinary island which he visited during his journey. It lies between the Fiji and Samoan groups of islands and is called Niuafou. It is the product of a subterranean volcano, which has risen by accumulations of lava above the level of the ocean. At some time it was probably a conical rock rising to an unknown height, but in one of the tremendous convulsions that sometimes tear mountains to pieces, the top of the volcano must have been forced off, leaving nothing but a circular rim of land around the mouth of the volcano. Its present condition is like a narrow belt a quarter of a mile wide at its narrowest and a mile wide at its widest part. Within the belt, there is a lake three and a half miles in diameter. The outer wall against which the ocean dashes is over three hundred feet above the surface of the waves, and the level of the lake enclosed by the narrow circle is ninety-five feet above sea level. The strange feature of the lake is that it is not salt water. It contains alkalies but is very sweet and cool. The water comes from the drainage of its rocky belt and the surf never reaches it to impregnate it. Several villages have been planted on the strange circular rim and gardens with tropical food plants flourish there. Probably no people besides them in the world occupy so strange a position. Surrounded by the vast ocean and yet with the calm, clear water within the circular wall on which they live. In some respects it is a type of the Christian's life for he, too, is exposed to the storms but has an unfailing refuge of peace in Christ which they can never reach.

These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation. John 6: 33.

OUR MOST FORMIDABLE WAR-SHIP, "INDIANA," IN NEW YORK BAY

Relief for an Idiot.

A delicate surgical operation was performed a few days ago in a Brooklyn hospital. A child was brought there, by the advice of a local physician, to be examined with the view of ascertaining if its mental condition could be improved by an operation. The child was a girl baby about a year and a half old. It had the dull, unobservant, vacant look which indicates idiocy. The surgeons at the hospital examined the child's head and found that the skull was abnormally thick and the head prematurely ossified. The brain was so tightly compressed that it had no room to grow and develop. The doctors concluded that the only way to relieve the pressure was by the operation known as Cranieotomy. The parents consented and the operation was performed. The skull was trephined at the right side of the forehead, and a cut made along the side of the skull four inches in length. From this point another cut was made forward and downward. The pressure of the brain appeared to be relieved at once. When the child came from under the influence of the anæsthetic, there was a look of intelligence in her eyes that had never been seen there before, and the doctors believe that when a similar operation has been performed on the other side of the head, she will have the senses of ordinary children. The case is all the more interesting because it shows what science can do in a realm from which it was supposed to be excluded. In former times the child would have been regarded as afflicted of God, and have been left to her miserable fate. Now, however, it is learned that God did not withhold intelligence from her, but that the instrument through which it could operate was obstructed. So it has been in moral and spiritual matters. God has been reproached for the evil in men's nature, and their constitutional propensities to sin, but as the Preacher proclaimed long ago:

God made man upright; but they have sought out many devices. (Eccles. 7: 29.)

Paupers on Strike.

One of the most remarkable labor difficulties of the time is reported from New Jersey. It is a strike in the County Almshouse at Snake Hill near Jersey City. There has recently been a change of quarters, much to the advantage of the inmates. A new building was erected for the insane patients, who were transferred to it from the almshouse. The part of the building the lunatics had occupied was thoroughly renovated and was to be given to the male paupers of whom there are about two hundred in the institution. It was expected that they would be gratified by the change, as their old quarters were somewhat dilapidated. As soon as the rooms were ready, the Warden selected about a hundred of the men, who were not old or sick, and told them to remove the furniture to the new quarters. Sixty of them set to work at once, but the others objected. A spokesman for the forty was appointed to protest against the duty, and he made his explanation to the Warden. The men had not come there to work, he said. If they were to work they would prefer to do it outside, where they would be paid for their labor. As there was no prospect of any remuneration they declined to move the furniture. They were not disposed to work for nothing. The Warden pointed out that the work was for their own comfort and that of their fellow-inmates, but the men were firm, and rather than do the work, they left the almshouse. The Warden felt that he was well rid of them. Men who would not do so small a service without pay, when they were receiving free board and lodging, did not deserve shelter. There is reason to fear that many who bear the Christian name are treating the Lord in the same manner. Opportunities of serving him and showing gratitude for all he has done are abundant, but it is still true as in Christ's day:

The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Luke 10: 2.

A Forgotten Commission

A strange instance of a lapse of memory is reported in a Boston journal. A benevolent, elderly gentleman, who lives in a suburb of that city, was sitting in a railroad car, with a number of parcels around him. He had a perplexed, worried appearance, which he explained when an acquaintance walking through the cars, recognized him and sat down by his side. He had forgotten something and could not tell what it was. He had a distinct impression as to the number of his commissions and he counted and re-counted his parcels, with no result but the confirmation of his belief that some one thing which he had to do had not been done. Various suggestions were made by his acquaintance, but none of them gave him the clue to the forgotten business. "I shall have to give it up," he said when the preparatory bell rang. "Probably it was not of much consequence," said the friend. "Tell me about your family. How is your wife?" The distraught man jumped up excitedly and hurried to the door of the car. "That's it," he exclaimed. "My wife is in Boston, and I was to have met her. She was coming home with me." Leaving his parcels in his friend's care, he jumped off the car just as it was moving and hurried away to keep his appointment with his wife. It was strange that he should have remembered all his purchases and other business, and have forgotten that duty. Still more strange is it when the Christian becomes so absorbed in worldly affairs that he neglects private prayer or the prayer-meeting, where he was wont to meet his Lord. There are some to whom our Lord has reason to say, as he said to his disciples:

What, could ye not watch with me one hour? (Matt. 26: 40.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has Accepted an Invitation from the Armenian National Relief Committee to visit several cities and speak on behalf of the fund for the relief of the distress in Armenia. Mr. Mills has put aside other engagements, and given his services freely as his contribution to the cause. The programme of his tour will be published soon.

Major Hilton and Mr. Grant C. Tuller have been conducting meetings in Pueblo, Colo. The evangelists had large audiences and there was a deep, earnest spirit manifested. From Pueblo, they went to Victor, Colo.

A Missionary Tour Among European Jews has been undertaken by Rabbi Lichtenstein and Rev. D. Baron. They purpose laboring among the Jews of Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, and other places in Holland, and afterwards extending their journey to the Balkan States.

Miss Jennie Smith, the well-known railroad evangelist, has been holding meetings at Jacksonville, Fla. The Trinity M. E. Church of that city was crowded each time she spoke. Several remarkable conversions are reported as a result of God's blessing on her earnest appeals.

Statistics of the Baptist churches recently published give the entire number of Baptists in the world as 4,705,953. More than half of these are in the United States. The immersions throughout the world were last year 245,037. There are 50,978 churches and 35,230 pastors and missionaries.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey was at Denver, Colo., on April 12. The *Republican* of that city says that Trinity M. E. Church was crowded to the doors with people eager to hear him sing his famous solos. Another large audience gathered in the Central Presbyterian Church in the evening, and Mr. Sankey sang there, giving in each case an interesting talk about the origin and associations of the hymns he sang.

Arrangements Have Been Made to Organize a Dunkard Colony in North Dakota. Twenty-one Dunkard families, at present residing at Anderson, Ind., have acquired poesession of about two thousand acres of land, and will settle there next month as a nucleus of the proposed colony. The laws of the State will be observed, but the colony will have a code of its own which every settler will be required to obey.

A Cable Dispatch to a New York Daily journal says that the London Atheists are unable to pay the rent of the building in Clerkenwell, in which their meetings have been held for many years, and where Charles Bradlaugh delivered his weekly blasphemous addresses. The building was accordingly put up for sale and has been purchased by the Salvation Army. It is to be purged by daily prayer and services of song.

A Press Dispatch from Baltimore gives the figures of the votes of the various Conferences of the M. E. Church on the Baltimore amendment for the admission of women as lay delegates to the General Conference. The last Conference to vote was that of North Dakota. Its vote brings the totals to 7,515 for admission and 2,629 against. As a total vote is 10,014, a three-fourths proposition would be 7,553. The vote for admission, if this calculation is correct, lacks eighteen votes of the number necessary.

A Corrected Programme of the Northfield meetings for the summer has been received from Mr. Moody. Its leading features are as follows: June 14, Commencement Sermon by Mr. D. L. Moody to the Graduating Classes; June 20-25, Conference of Delegates to the International Sunday School Convention; June 26-July 5, World's Student Conference; July 1 to Sept. 1, Y. M. C. A. Encampment. Tents accommodating four persons supplied at $2 a week. Young men bringing their own tent can have location free. July 1-26, Young Women's College Conference; July 30 to Aug. 16, General Conference of Christian Workers. Rev. F. B. Meyer is expected to remain through the month of August giving frequent lectures. It is hoped that Prebendary Webb-Peploe will also be able to attend.

Life in the Transvaal.

Peace-loving, but Patriotic Boers and their Fondness of a Simple, Pastoral Life—The Energetic Uitlanders.

IN the clash of rival interests which is now going on in South Africa, the little Transvaal Republic seems destined to suffer, in some degree. It is now over sixty years since the Boer farmers of the Cape Colony made their "grand trek" or general exodus across the Vaal to a territory which was at that time under the rule of the Zulu chief, Moselekatze. They had gone thither with their lumbering ox-wagons, their wives and children and chattels, because they disliked the policy England was at that time pursuing toward the natives. The "trekkers" found the Transvaal country full of warlike bands, whom they had to fight, just as our own American pioneers at every stage of their progress westward had to face the red men. Sorrow fell upon the Boer homes when Dingaan, the brother and successor of Chaka, the greatest of the Zulu chiefs, almost annihilated a whole division of the "trekkers." Even when they believed all their troubles ended, the march of British empire, in the occupation of Natal, drove the Boers across the Drakenburg, one band settling in the Orange Free State and the other in the Transvaal. Through stress and storm, battle and trial, the little republic had to pass before it was finally established, and it is not to be wondered at that the grave-faced, taciturn Boers love it and are ready to fight again as stoutly for its integrity as they did at Majuba Hill and elsewhere in the war of 1880-81.

A BREAKDOWN ON THE WAY.

Incident of a journey to the Transvaal gold fields

The Transvaal is rich in the precious metals. Gold fields were found in 1867, but the Boers, probably profiting by the experience of other parts of Africa, discouraged the opening up of the fields and the influx of a large mining population. Ten years ago, fresh discoveries of rich auriferous deposits were made, the richest being in the Middleburg province, and this was followed by an influx of English-speaking people so great that it threatened to swamp the Boer population. President Paul Kruger, the present Executive (familiarly called "Oom Paul" by his countrymen), has steadily resisted foreign influence and foreign interference. With his people he preferred to lead a quiet, uneventful life, unharrassed by the cares incident to the development of great mining enterprises. They did not want their pretty, rural towns of Johannesburg and Pretoria to be invaded, their shady, residential streets transformed into noisy thoroughfares, and their days and nights filled with the roar of commerce. There is something of the Puritan in these stern-browed Boers, and their grave-faced, matronly-looking wives, and it was perhaps natural that they should have opposed, with all the energies they possessed, the growth of those influences which, they foresaw, would ultimately absorb their country and transform its character.

The Transvaal is no longer the wild, unbroken wilderness, with great stretches of pasture beside the streams, it was when the Boers first came there. It is a country of rare agricultural qualities, which have been skilfully developed by Dutch energy and industry. Our illustrations show two scenes in the Transvaal that are not of infrequent occurrence. It is not an easy thing to drive a heavy wagon across country and a break-down is to be expected. Such has been the fate of the gold prospector's vehicle shown in the photograph. In the second picture the prospector is seen critically examining a heap of the dirt he has taken from the slope beyond, for the purpose of detecting signs of gold. Should such signs be present in his test in sufficient quantities, the whole surroundings would quickly become a scene of bustle and activity, and hundreds would rush to the spot to dig for the precious metal.

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Botany in the Home.

Though all cannot be scientists, there is hardly an excuse, nowadays, for any one being wholly ignorant of the popular sciences. Do you understand botany? If not, get a hand-book on the subject. Have the children gather some leaves, and from them explain the structure of veins, teach the names of the forms and some of the names of trees and plants represented. If thoroughly done, you will get through with leaves the first summer, but the little ones will in that time be more thorough than the big brother or sister who takes a common high school course in the same branch, but who takes it all in the same length of time. The blossom could come the next season, but this would finish the course perhaps, for roots and stems and family distinctions would work in themselves. There are few parents who do not have knowledge that would be helpful to the boy or girl some time. Many parents have not the time to give a stated hour daily to this work, though many who think this is so in their case could plan for this time. It will afford far more pleasure than you can imagine.

***

House Cleaning and Happiness.

The season of universal house cleaning is at hand—a time when wives and servants are burdened with work to a greater extent than during any other part of the year. On this subject, Mrs. Meade C. Williams gives some good hints to mothers. She writes: "The mother is often careful and troubled about many things. The cellar, the attic, the closets, the clothes, the walls, the carpets, the moths, the mice, all need the ubiquitous eye of the queen of the home. If she deliberately shuts out these things for a little while every day and shuts herself in with Christ, and looks up to him for strength in her weakness, for wisdom in her ignorance of the proper proportion of things, for patience with her unstrung, overwrought nerves, for gladness in her perplexity, for anchorage in the shipwreck of plans and hopes, for a stay when everything else seems to perish in the using, for help in house-cleaning time, she will get it. In spite of dust and dirt she will be mistress of her herself. She will conquer animate and inanimate nature which seems as utterly depraved in the spring, as human nature does at all seasons. She will as truly reflect heaven in her eye as the dew-drop does the sun."

***

A Very Youthful Christian.

In the April number of *The Home Missionary*, Mrs. Joseph Ward, of Yankton, S. D., tells the touching story of a little lad of five, Robbie ——, who, although, hardly more than an infant, had already given his heart to Christ, and took a genuine pleasure in serving the Master. Such was his self-denial that a large proportion of the pennies he received from time to time was voluntarily devoted to the Lord's work, through missions and otherwise. Church was a delight to the child and he hailed the approach of every Sunday, when he could go to worship. Stricken with a mortal disease, the little fellow lay in a stupor. Saturday night came. A sunset sky of brightness and glory foretold the Sabbath peace. Robbie, who had grown rapidly worse, roused up; but it was the flaring up of the flame before the "light of the home" went out. "Mamma, what day is this?" he asked. His broken-hearted mother, hardly able to control her voice, spoke in the old, soothing mother-tones: "It is Saturday, dear Robbie." Then, with a beautiful smile and a great content, he whispered, as his mother bent low to hear, "To-morrow, Sabbath day, go to my church." As the Sabbath bell was ringing little Robbie was dressed in his "Sunday suit," but no eager little feet would take him again along the well-worn path to the earthly temple of God—for he had gone to that city of which "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple." The father himself bore the little coffin to its resting-place among the cotton-woods.

***

In an Empress' Boudoir.

So much is written nowadays regarding the splendor of royalty and its surroundings, that it is refreshing to learn, through an accurate German writer, that there is one royal personage at least whose life is not encumbered with useless show. Such a one is the Empress of Germany. The narrator says: "We are all on tiptoe to see its elegance; but we shall be disappointed if we are expecting luxurious furnishings. The walls are covered with a cheap tapestry, to be sure, and there are some very valuable pieces of furniture here; but there is a simplicity about the whole which is in strange contrast with an American's ideas of royal magnificence. Works of art abound, books are not wanting, paintings by the masters cover the walls, there is furniture enough and it is good enough; but there is no hint of luxurious living or vain show. You are nowhere oppressed by the elegance of the furnishings as one may be in the homes of some wealthy Americans."

A PROSPECTOR LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF GOLD

***

The Birds in Spring.

A WHIRR of wings o'er clovered meado
The gleam of a harness and crown,
And low on the swaying maple
A bobolink settles down.
A chime as if from bells of silver
Over the clover soft doth float,
E'er yet the rapturous song-burst
Outpours from the feathered throat.

A whirr of wings, a gleam of yellow,
Faint-heard notes, and into the throng
Of clover heads gently nodding,
Drops softly the bird and song.
As Wordsworth saw in dreamy wakings
Daffodils nodding in seas of gold,
For me the hills and meadows will ever
The chime of bobolinks hold.

***

Country Air.

"THANK God for a good, long, f
breath in the country," writes
Talmage. "For the first time in
years we feel rested. Last evening
sped along the skirt of the wood. W
with the odor of red clover-tops, and
breath of the woods, and the compa
with us in the carriage, and the moonli
—it was nothing less than enchantme
There is something in the country air
put one in blandest mood. We are
peace with all the world. We would
hurt a spider. We could take our bitter
foe and give him a camp-stool on the pi
za. We would not blame him for not
ing us if he liked our strawberries.
would walk with him arm in arm throu
water-melon patch and peach-orchard.
should be persuaded that if we could
write good sermons and vivacious lectur
we can nevertheless raise great pumki
and long orange-carrots, and drumhe
cabbage. We would ta
him in our carriage, goi
at consistent, minister
gait, never racing with a
one, if there were danger
our being beaten. We he
by proclaim peace forev
with any man who lik
our hens.

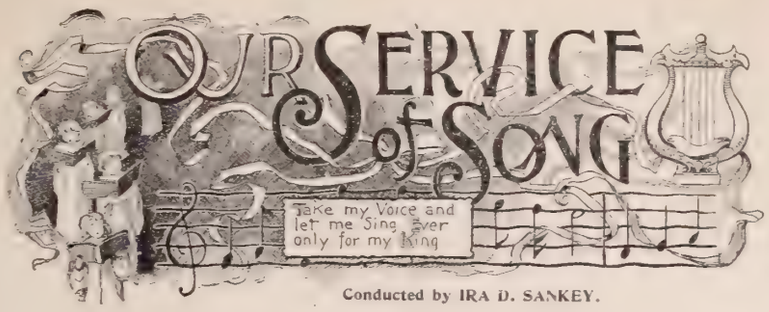
"Amidst such scenes t
autumn! Congregatio
would be advantaged by
if, for a few weeks of eve
year, they would allow the
pastors a little farm-life.
sharp hoe will hack
pieces all your dyspepsi
A pruning-knife will cut
the excrescences of yo
disposition. The dash
the shower that wets yo
to the skin will cool yo
spirits. Daily swinging
the axe will tone up yo
nerves. Trampling down th
hay as it is tossed into th
mow will tread into forgetfulness your littl
perplexities. In the wake of the ploug
you may pick up strength with which
battle public iniquity. Neighbors lookin
over the fence may think we are onl
weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, o
husking corn, when we are rebuildin
our strength, enkindling our spirits, quick
ening our brain, purifying our theology
and blessing our souls.

"The aroma of the garden almost bewil
ders my senses. Flowers seem to me th
dividing-line between the physical and th
spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckl
is the alabaster pillar at which the terres
trial and the celestial part and meet. Ou
of the cup of the water-lily earth an
heaven drink. May the blessing of lark
spur and sweet-william fall upon all the
dwellers of country and town! Let there
be someone to set a tuft of mignonette by
every sick man's pillow, and plant a
fuchsia in every working-man's yard, and
place a geranium in every sewing-girl's
window, and twine a cypress about every
poor man's grave."

The Reward of Service.

ions on the Christian Endeavor
for the Week Beginning May 17.
25 : 31-46.

ONE of the most significant features of the description given in the passage connected with the topic, is the surprise of the people on both sides at the praise and the reproach: "Ye did it unto Ye did it not unto me." Christ ts himself as having been hungry, d in prison, and men knew it not. ad ministered to him, owing that it was he; had done nothing for The reply of those who glected him appears to hat had they known of d, they would have d it. The warning ought ent any such surprise. ates that Christ will be world in a guise not ecognizable. He is carever, to give a clue to pe he will take. He s himself with his peoe is in them; the union ose that their need is ir suffering, his. The tion is done to the peouse they are his people; act of kindness done to r, a loving service done expectation of a reduty performed by one cognized the brothera common affection, forgotton by him who But it is not forgotten st. The deed was an n of character which ved and noted. They it are blessed of the and for them a kingdom prepared before the on of the world. As a atches his children and notices the traits of r they display when ous of his observation, eye is on men, and he that they do. The told of a wealthy man to adopt a child, going r day to a Foundling and watching the children their studies and at y. No hint of what bout to do was given, as silently observant. left his play to help crippled girl who had It was a simple, kindto do, and was done t ostentation. The noticed it, and at his nt visits his attention on that boy. In the nd and in the school, to the lad, he watchnd saw that his kindhe cripple was no isolpricious act, but was aneous motion of his That was the kind he wanted. He took pted him, educated brought him up as on. This is no imagry, but a fact. The is now a millionaire, and t all, not to his kindhe crippled child, but aracter that prompted the kindness. The e to one who was he kingdom Christ r the Christ-like. It e who have his spirit and live e. Not all who are saved will have ki dom. There are some who are by fire, who scarcely enter in. In t spirit of Christ is stifled under worldliness and selfishness. It is em, but it has no activity, and and the world are little the beeir being Christians. For them m is prepared. Some humble ly will have, where they can mature and become Christ-like them are the words of welcome. imelessness of character, the orthat was unwavering, is not for that reward. It is activity, e which evokes the blessing.

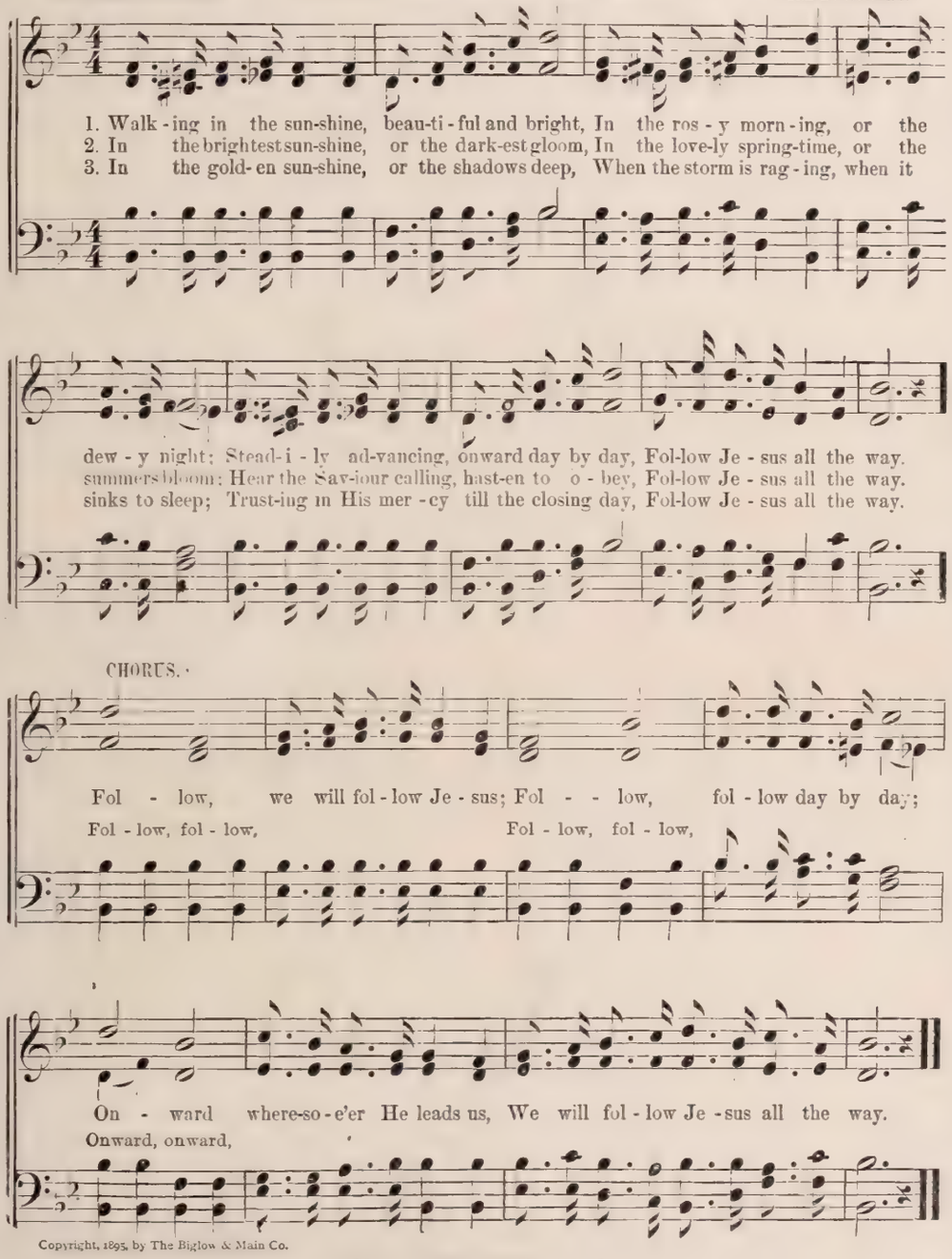


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE.

"AND HE SAITH UNTO THEM, FOLLOW ME."—*Matt. 4 : 19.*

W. ROBERT LINDSAY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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FROM GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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Christian Work.

Suggested by an Editorial in "The Christian Herald" of April 15.

IF just one soul were brought to Christ; just one;
By any effort I have made, or work have done,
'Twere worth a life of earnest toil or sorrow,
To wake to the gladsome light of such a morrow:
Just one soul saved to Christ, from evil's blight,
And that soul, bringing to the light
Still other souls: fathers, mothers, children win.
Each to the end of time, leading souls to Him:
It makes one's heart to yearn, and eyes grow dim.
To think of saving just one soul for Him.

Homer, N. Y. —CHARLES A. FORD.

Resignation.

O BLESSED Christ, the yearning and repining,
All, all is past; [silver lining,
Gold-fringed death's robe, grief's cloud hath
At last, are last.

As the lone dove, unto the ark door flying,
To Thee I flew;
As the lost lamb, amidst the desert crying,
Thy voice I knew.

Sweet is Thy love, I feel its gentle soothing,
In thee I rest; [smoothing,
Dear were earth's loves, each rugged pathway
But thine is best.

Thus would I trust Thee, as each joy or sorrow
From Thee I take;
Till, in the light of Thine eternal morrow,
My soul shall wake.

HARRIET JULIA EVANS.

Ready to Meet Christ.

How the Christian May be Prepared for the Coming of the Lord.

BY PASTOR ADOLPH STOCKMAYER.*

HOW shall we attain to a true readiness for the Lord's coming? How shall we be so made ready that the coming of Jesus Christ is no subject of fear, but of loving anticipation,—that we hear the voice of the Bridegroom, "I come quickly," with deepest joy, and join in the response of the Bride, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus," from the deepest depths of our heart?

In the very first place, we must acknowledge that the preparation for Christ's coming is the Lord's work. The preparation of the Bridal Church began at Golgotha. There blood and water flowed from the pierced side of Jesus, as John confirms with a special testimony; both the blood of reconciliation, which purchased souls to be the Lord's own possession, and the water of life which quickens them, are an outflow of his life, which he laid down for the world, that he might give it into the hearts of those who open to him by faith.

God's Spirit, the Bride's Representative, gathers, by the Gospel, the Bridal Church out of the existing churches, which, as one author has expressed it, are not the temple of the Lord, but only the quarry whence the living stones are taken,—the building-place, where they are in course of preparation, that they may be inserted afterwards in the glorious temple which the Lord will erect at his coming. The Church will not only be gathered out by the Spirit of God, but be purified through the judgment which "must begin at the house of God" (I. Pet. 4 : 17), and be also endowed with the true bridal ornaments—with "the patience and faith of the saints" (Rev. 13 : 10), with the gifts and powers of apostolic times (Joel 2 : 23, 29). And as with the Church in her entirety, so with the individual members thereof; the preparation of each for the Lord's coming is set forth as a special work of grace, which he will accomplish with his own, from the beginning of their election to the highest point of glory. All is in accordance with a plan which the Lord has specially set before himself for each soul, whom he lovingly seeks and woos, until he obtains her consent that he shall, by his loving care and gracious leading, set her more completely free from all that binds her to the inner and outer world, and bring her more deeply into the fellowship of his holy life and love. Sometimes, indeed, the way must go through deeps of temptation, where by fire he purifies souls from the hidden dross of self-life, and forms within them his own holy image; or it may lead into the thick of the battle, out of which he lets them go with the honors of victory, although it is he alone who has caused them to triumph; it is in the furnace of affliction that quietly submissive souls are "chosen" for future glory.

What is required on our part for true readiness for the Lord's coming? The chief requirement to be pointed out is a deeper entering into the fellowship of Jesus' life, on the ground of faith, and love.

The Bridal Church stands on the ground of the faith through which she has laid hold of redemption in Christ, and attained the adoption of children before God. To be more deeply rooted in Christ, the Rock of salvation, on the ground of this faith, is the indispensable requirement.

*From his article in the August number of *The Prophetic News*. Edited by Rev. M. Baxter.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Second Thoughts.

MANY a man had Janet seen die on the hospital cots during that time of sadness and sorrow. But her sympathies were not blunted by her experience. Even now she could not witness the departing of the soul without agitation and distress. It is such a solemn moment, and in some instances there were circumstances of deep pathos to add to the solemnity. She lingered now about the cot where Tobias Newhall lay, dreading the change that should end his stained life.

The comfort that sometimes alleviated the hour of departure, she could not feel nor impart. How could she breathe a hope for a man whose mind was full of vindictive delight that he had paid off an old grudge? His mutterings proved that he was exulting in that thought as he lay in half-stupor. He had done the right thing in exposing the villainy which had been practised upon her. He had done all in his power to rectify the wrong, but that thought did not appear to afford him any pleasure. The wicked man seemed to have the power of turning right into wrong. His very good deeds became sinful through the motive that actuated him. Revenge and retaliation were sweet to him. It was of those that he was thinking as he lay hovering between life and death. If he could have achieved them as easily, or more readily by doing a wrong thing, he would have been willing to do it. Janet did not try to analyze or define her feeling, but she did feel that even the atonement Newhall had made would in no way clear his soul of his responsibility for the wrong that had been done.

She would gladly have tried to arouse a better spirit in the man, but it would have been useless to make the attempt. He was scarcely conscious of what was said to him. He certainly could not have understood any appeal. She looked at him pityingly, but despairingly. There was no hope in his death. With such feelings in his heart as he had, where could he go but to his own place? There could be no congeniality for him in heaven with such a disposition, even if by any means he could have entered there. The conditions in which he delighted are not to be found in that place of infinite love and compassion, and if he could witness its occupations and delights would not care to share them. There could be but one end to such a life, only one place for a spirit such as his.

All this passed through Janet's mind as she stood looking down on the prostrate form. She was sorry, but the man himself seemed unconcerned. Perhaps the brain was mercifully stupified in that hour, or it might be that it had moved so many years in such spheres of thought that it had become incapable of perceiving the hideousness of evil. There seemed even to be a sense of peace in the exultation the man was feeling. It gratified him to have "gotten even" at last with Judson Skeele, and the pleasure was having its physical influence, and that was soporific. By-and-by Newhall fell into a doze. Janet looked at the nurse in surprise. The nurse's answering look was a surprised one, too. Both had expected death, and instead, here was death's living semblance that was breathing.

"Strange," said the nurse. "I would not be surprised now if he pulled through. That is a healthy sleep."

"Will that Newhall get over his sickness?" Janet asked Dr. Percival the next day. She did not like to say Tobias Newhall, for she dreaded him for some reason, and shrank from the very sound of his name.

"I did not think so, and he did not think so, evidently," said the doctor "or he would not have unburdened himself of that story, if he had thought he was going to get well. When he was well, he undoubtedly preferred to keep the story to himself, holding on to it up to the present time. He now probably thought he was going to die, and he may die, but I think he stands a good chance to get well. Whether he will wish then he had kept the story to himself, remains to be seen. He has done well in war, though, Miss Morton, and whatever his short-comings in peace. He entered the army as private, and fought so bravely that when his company was without its officers—killed, you know, he was made an orderly and then a lieutenant. I heard yesterday that since the last fight, he was made a captain. Rapid promotion, but some men take to war, and when they get on to the first round of the ladder they go steadily up."

"Then he is Captain Newhall?"

"I believe so now. I suppose his wounds excited attention, that and the fact he fought so well. Yes, he has been made a captain—complimentary, and he may live to enjoy the compliment."

Dr. Percival's surmise in the case of this patient was correct. Tobias Newhall, who himself thought he was sinking, and therefore startled Janet by his revelation of Skeele's rascality, did not go down to any lower depths of weakness, but steadily came up from them. He was finally convalescent. He was one day walking on the hospital grounds, leaning carefully on his cane, when he chanced to meet Janet. He addressed her familiarly, "Good morning!" She replied stiffly, "Good morning, Captain Newhall."

Her manner, he noticed and disliked it. The title she studiously gave him might have pleased him, but titles we sometimes use with more satisfaction than others hear them. It is a convenient way of getting somebody we have reason to dislike as far as possible from us. Did he feel this when he said, "Tobias sounds better."

"In the army, one's title is the proper thing to use, Captain Newhall."

"Say, Janet, is there no gratitude to be shown for the favor I did in exposing Skeele?"

"I am always grateful for favors and I would not be unmindful of anything you do in that way, but tell me honestly, was the doing of a favor to me your reason for making that statement to me, or did you want to be even with Lawyer Skeele and his daughter?"

He colored but controlled himself. He could lie easily.

"You know I had you in mind. Is there no gratitude, no friendship, no kind, appreciative feeling, no tender—"

"Captain Newhall!" said Janet, for she saw his look, and interpreted it promptly. She spoke with dignity. No queen could be more imperial than Janet when she wished it.

That stopped Tobias.

"How handsome she looks!" he thought.

"I wish that Winthrop Melrose was at the bottom of the sea."

"Capt. Newhall you and I will be friends and I acknowledge gratefully any kind interest you have in the restoration of the Morton property to its lawful owner, but beyond this, there can be no passing."

She had read the man's soul. She had seen to the very bottom. She did not purpose that Tobias Newhall should again become a suitor for her hand. He would have put himself in that relation, that very hour, using as an argument his revelation of Lawyer Skeele's fraud, when his only motive was revenge, and there was the urgency of a supposed dying-hour. She now turned and walked into the hospital. He with an oath lifted his cane and shook it in the direction she was going.

"Winthrop Melrose shall pay for this!" he said in rage.

She heard him but did not stop.

She went into the hospital agitated and trembling. How she wished that the Morton property had never come into notice to trouble her. What excitement and notoriety it would occasion at home! A thought to reconcile her to this was the consideration that the rights of John Morton's child would be regarded now, and Ethel would be benefited. But there was Tobias Newhall. To think that he should turn up out there in her hospital-life, that he should venture to suggest something closer than friendship, and then connect Winthrop Melrose with her refusal to encourage him and also couple a threat with that name. And what troubled her was the conviction that in the army this vindictive Tobias might meet Winthrop Melrose and wreak on him the vengeance that he now chose to meditate on a man who had done him no wrong.

But this was not all. The next day Janet received a note, saying in a very formal way that Capt. Tobias Newhall wished to see Miss Janet Morton.

"I suppose I must see him," thought Janet, "but I do not wish to. Some disagreeable thing he has to surprise me with."

It was a matter both disagreeable and surprising.

"Miss Morton—for I suppose you prefer that style of address," said Tobias, rising as he spoke. "I wish you to understand that if during my sickness and delirium I spoke anything about a will of Madame Morton—for my nurse tells me I did say something and saw a lawyer and made an

Continued on next page.

A Good Child

[illegible]

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Angel's Whisper, The	Child's Heaven	Low Backed Car, The	Rocked in the C
Brook Eyes Susan	Do They Miss Me at Home?	Mollie Bin the Kettle On	Deep
Bonnie Eyes	Don't You Cry, Tommy	Meet Me By Moonlight	Rock Me to Sleep
Baby Mine	Flee as a Bird	Nancy Lee	Sparkling and Br
Ben Brandon	In the Gloaming	O, Boys, Carry Me 'Long	There was no O
Bonnie Dundee	John Anderson, My Joe	Oh! Susannah	'Tis the Last Rose
Boy Blue	Katy's Letter	Our Page is There	Willie, We Have M
Empty Cradle Home	Lo, the Poor Indian	O Bird I Wish Like a Dove	Wait for the Wa

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In His Hands.

Continued from preceding page.

t and made you bring my pocket-
t was simply the fancy of a dis-
brain. I was very sick and did
ow what I was talking about. I
u notice of this and have already
rd to that effect to Judson Skeele."
spoke, he withdrew from her far-
l farther, leaving her presence al-
r as he ceased speaking and leaving
hat astonishment may be imagined.
Janet!" she allowed herself to
she went away, burdened with
. Life that is always complex,
to grow more and more tangled.
threads in this tangle, herself,
Winthrop Melrose, Judson Skeele,
Newhall, Lawyer Manning, the
gton lawyer—and how many oth-
re in a more intricate snarl than
What could she say? What could

been a tiresome day in hospital.
She was weary with her duties.
air gave new and sad heaviness to
len. In a little room that was hers,
with drooping head and wearily
nands. She the brave, self-sus-
queenly nurse on whom so many
was only a broken reed after all!
e is something wrong about this
she said, parting her hands, lifting
d. To whom had she given her-
t whose bidding had she come out
o these complications now hem-
in? Whose was her life? Was
art of his life, his thought, his
hen she would trust him with it
leave it and leave herself in his
If these troubles were his will, in
gth she would bear them. She
that night, rest whose grateful
he had not anticipated.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the Picket-Line.

an ugly night.

d not have been blacker.

g?

t then it threatened to rain, and a
sometimes worse than its execu-
he black sky not tipped with a
r, the wind dreary with moans,
ig threat. Not a drop fell as yet.
s blackness and the moaning of
, saying, "Booh, booh, booh! We
ng!"

ard and forward on the picket-
ped Ned Davis. He was wrapped
d blue army coat. At a moment's
was ready to don also his rubber
On his shoulder rested his old
had been his constant companion
ce the days when he was a raw
a Northern town. Ned was one
st vigilant sentinels. He tramped
harpened sense of his importance.
ot a man, but the great army of
nac on guard at that very spot.
ntry was safe while he was there.
Ned thought so. His alert, brown
ched every square inch of dark-
ut him, and occasionally he
as if saying, "Look out there!
Dris in around to-night!"
d hat did Ned now see over in the
of hostile ground, that quarter
e knew the enemy had stretched
nt picket-line? Nothing, appar-
anything were there, it was only
bush, a ——Ned halted!
ing there!" said Ned.
always been famous for his sharp-
ess in the dark. Some people dis-
had said that he was noted for
lings that did not have an exist-
hose imputations on his veracity
icacity did not discourage Ned. He
d to see all sorts of wonders in the
e, the picket down in Virginia,
confident that he saw something,
night, this season of the invisi-
Y, and the something was moving.
eyes and ears also, and if the
those of a lynx, the ears were
Rocky Mountain goat.
she's a movin'!" concluded Ned.
more'n twenty foot off."
" now shouted the sentinel of
of the Potomac, bringing his
is shoulder.
I tell ye, halt! If ye don't, I'll
light shine through ye."
npossible feat Ned did not at-
ut rapidly walked toward the
something, though at that mo-
xture.

"Advance and give the countersign!"

The object rapidly advanced.

"Only a friend!" said a deep, pleasant voice.

"Dunno 'bout that," said the vigilant Ned. "These are days a man's best friends may lie to him, specially jest here on this 'ere picket-line."

"Oh, I think not."

"Wall, come along to the officer of the guard."

The newcomer coughed not impatiently and fretfully, but it was a mild little expectoration, as if the stranger were rather amused at the episode.

By the light issuing from the tent of the officer of the guard, Ned saw that the man he had marched inside the picket line was a Federal officer. This did not deter Ned from doing his duty. He would have followed up as faithfully the President himself, if out at suspicious hours and in suspicious places.

"Dunno, leftenant!" excaimed Ned, addressing the officer of the guard. "Mebbe all right, but he says——"

"Let me speak for myself," interposed Ned's prisoner, whose cloak had fallen back, showing that he was an officer having a captain's rank. "I know it is an unseasonable hour, but this neighborhood is somewhat familiar to me——"

"Too familiar!" said a voice sneeringly, and coming nearer. Ned looked up and saw Tobias Newhall dressed, too, as a captain in the Federal army. What a hateful look was on his face.

"What do you mean?" quickly retorted the strange officer.

"Oh, go on! Let's have your story," said Jenkins, the officer of the guard.

"I will go on and give my report to you," was the dignified reply. "I am somewhat familiar with this neighborhood, and in case of a battle, which we are expecting, I thought my knowledge might be of some service to my general, and I went farther than I thought in my desire to examine the grounds. Consequently I am—"

"Bosh!" growled Tobias, but he was careful to make it an indistinct growl.

"I am back later than I intended. That is all, lieutenant."

"You are—who?" ask Lieut. Jenkins.

"Capt. Winthrop Melrose, of the —— regiment," was the quiet reply.

"You be!" exclaimed the astonished Ned. "Well if——"

"Ned, hush up!" ordered Tobias in disgust. "Lieutenant Jenkins, can I see you one moment?"

"Oh, certainly, Capt'n Newhall."

The two officers stepped aside.

Then Tobias had the opportunity he had been looking for of getting even with his fancied rival.

(To be Continued.)

How a Chapel was Saved.

A circle of fire surrounded the "Memorial Chapel" at Harrison, N. Y., a few days ago which leaped over and totally destroyed the District School House No. 3, but left the Chapel without even a tarnish of smoke, although the fire spread along the ground, pushed by an east wind which rapidly consumed the dry brushwood and came within six feet of the Chapel!

The Chapel is built of wood, but it stood safely amid its cordon of fire, giving the strongest evidence that it was in the hands of one One mightier than the flames. Twenty-four years ago the Chapel was dedicated by the late Dr. Chas. F. Deems, the building being erected to the memory of Mrs. Clarissa Abbot, a Christian lady, by her son, who has supported it ever since by the labors of his pen and brain. Not a collection is ever taken. It is a free Gospel as Christ gave it, "without money and without price," and its remarkable preservation from fire the founder of the Chapel regards only as a marked manifestation of God's love and care in return for so gladly honoring him in his work in the neighborhood in which he lives.

Capture of a Slave-Ship.

In her latest cruise in the Red Sea, the Italian gun-boat *Scylla* discovered a suspicious *Sambuk* sailing near the coast. A steam launch was at once sent after it. By the time the *Sambuk* was reached, it had already cast anchor, and a part of the crew had fled up a neighboring hill, while the remainder showed some intention to resist, until the guns and revolvers from the steam-launch convinced them that resistance was hopeless. A search under the deck revealed the presence of twenty-three slave boys and girls, none over twelve years old, who had been concealed in a hiding-place of the poop. They were in charge of an old man and a woman, both of whom swore by Allah and Mohammed that they were simply passengers, but were in reality providers of the slave-mart at Yeddah. The *Sambuk* was taken in tow and delivered, with the "nacuda" or captain, to the authorities of Massowah. The liberated children were turned over to one of the local missions. The projected settlements of the Philafrican Liberators' League, 511 United Charities Building, New York, will receive and educate in the evangelical faith children, men and women thus saved from the clutches of the heartless slave-dealers who are now, as they have been for many years, the curse of Africa.

Summer Vacation Tours to Colorado and the Yellowstone Park.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) have arranged [illegible] Pullman cars, through the most interesting parts of the west. Leave Chicago and St. Louis June 30, July 7, 14, 21 and 28. The price of a ticket covers all expenses and the amount is considerably less than it would be if you made the trip alone. A special agent goes in charge and attends to all details. Write for a descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Manager Tours Department, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago.

WANTED AT ONCE—Twenty-five strong ladies between the age of eighteen and thirty-five to work in handsome block with parties in and out of the city. Must be respectable, honest and worthy. Must be able to read, write and speak English intelligently and speak a little German. Those who are honest and willing to work can make from $20 to $30 per week, and a liberal remuneration will follow. Send name, age and good reference in first letter and say in what part of the city you live. Apply by letter only to Rev. Isaac Naylor, Box 317, Newark, N. J.

HOW MANY
different advertisements of
COLUMBIA BICYCLES
HAVE YOU SEEN?

The variety of Columbia Bicycle advertising is great. All the good points of Columbias, all the delight of riding them, cannot be fully described in any one advertisement, nor in a hundred.

We wish to know how many announcements can reach any one person, and so offer a

COLUMBIA BICYCLE as a PRIZE

to whoever shall send us the greatest number of *different* Columbia Bicycle advertisements clipped from newspapers or magazines issued since Jan. 1, 1896.

Many advertisements differ only in a word or two; others in the style of type; distinct variations only, however, will be counted.

Each advertisement must have plainly attached to it the name and date of the newspaper or magazine from which it is clipped.

Separate entries cannot be combined.

Entries must be received by us at Hartford on or before Tuesday, June 30, 1896. In case of a tie, the award will be made according to priority of receipt and entry. Address

Department of Statistics,
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Individual Communion Cups

are rapidly coming into use. The change is being made by the advice of physicians, on sanitary grounds. The cups or goblets are silver plated. When used, they are left on the hymn-book rack or in the pews.

We can supply complete outfits, and will send circulars and quote prices to anyone interested.

Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN. 208 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.
Manufacturers of baptismal offertory and communion ware, as well as all kinds of high class silver-plated goods.
Collection Plates a Specialty.

WANTED.—SALESMEN to sell the
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S
latest, greatest, most famous book,
"THE EARTH GIRDLED."
Sold in Hawaii, the South Seas, Australia, India, Egypt, Palestine, Europe, and all their wonders. Thrilling experiences among savages, cannibals and wild beasts. Amazing facts from supernatural sources. Startling revelations of crime. Photographs of curious races and strange places. $250 a day to salesmen. No capital or experience required. Exclusive territory. Extraordinary inducements and illustrated circulars free. Be quick. Address
Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

$ 50.00 IN GOLD GIVEN
for selling "Story of Spain and Cuba."
The International News and Book Co., Baltimore, Md., offer $150.00 to anyone selling in 3 months 175 copies of their new book, "Story of Spain and Cuba." Premiums and liberal commission given for any quantity sold. This is one of the greatest selling books out. Many agents make from $5.00 to $10.00 a day. A grand account of the present war and the struggles of Cuba is given. 700 pages, 200 fine illustrations. Freight paid and credit given. 50c. outfit free if 10c. is sent for postage. Write them immediately.

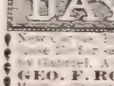
Agents Wanted for the fastest selling book ever published. **"The Bible Illustrated and Explained"** in your town. Our New Testament complete, is now ready, and contains 111 full page recent photographs of actual places, where Christ journeyed and taught, as they exist to-day. One agent has sold 119 copies in four days. Apply at once for exclusive territory. W. A. BRUCE & CO., 238 E. 59th St., N. Y.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
D. G. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Every one should read this little book."—Athenæum.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE A complete and attractive service for CHILDREN'S DAY. **Sample copy 5 cents.**
I. H. MEREDITH, Publisher,
Norristown, Pa. 940 W. Madison St., Chicago.

300 ORDERS in Three Weeks"; "10 orders in every 12 hours"; "$80 profit every day"; "130 orders in 3 1-2 days." Terms free. Outfit 30 cents. JAS. H. EARLE, Publisher, Boston.

For Children's Day
THE LOVELY GARDEN OR A VISIT TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN.
By Hubert P. Main and Fanny J. Crosby.
A new, unique and attractive service, in Cantata form, very pretty, practical and easy to render, requiring no stage setting or costumes. As easy to be learned as the ordinary Children's Day Exercise.
10 pages, 5 cents; $4.00 per 100, not prepared.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.



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Most Durable and Decorative.
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PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN).
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION. —ARE. LEBERGE, [illegible] Oratory, Summer Term, Home of Music, [illegible] Pupils for Professional [illegible] Public Expression. 4th Building, Newbury, Boston.

AGENTS [illegible] Sells at sight. Send 2c. for agents outfit. NATIONAL PUB. CO., Lincoln Bldg., Chicago.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on April 26, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. "Mother," Baltimore, Md., on behalf of her son that he may give his heart to God and work for him.——E. M. S., Washington, Me., that her husband may be brought to Christ and become an active, earnest Christian.——E. M. S., Halsey, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband, who is addicted to drink and other evil things, and whose conduct is causing much distress.——"Constant Reader," Streator, Ill., for the conversion of her husband, and for two others, who are old men, but still in the bondage of sin.——C., Bayonne, N. J., that a dear son for whose conversion his father and mother have long prayed might be saved and become a worker in Christ's cause.——M. E., Bornesville, Ga., that a dear boy fourteen years old who is a church-member, might experience the real power of Christ's grace and become fully consecrated to him.——"Believer," Claflin, Kans., for the conversion of several brothers and a sister who are all out of the Kingdom of Christ.——A. F. A., St. Augustine, Fla., that God would bring the wanderer back to the fold and fulfil the promise so often pleaded at his footstool.——M. K. B., St. Helen's, Cal., that a widowed niece might enter fully into the joy and peace of Christ and that her son, a good, dutiful boy, may gladden his mother's heart by yielding himself to Christ.——"Believer," Ind., for her husband, now estranged from her, that he may be brought to Christ and have a new heart and love his family again.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Christian Reader," Ga., for the conversion of two friends who are sceptical, and who, if they were ever truly converted to God, would have a wide and powerful influence for good. Pray that the Holy Spirit would remove their doubts and give them the child-like spirit which is needed for their entrance to the kingdom.——"Reader," Jacksonville, Ill., for a dear friend who has grown careless about attending the Lord's house and observing his day, that God would draw him nearer to himself and open his eyes to the danger of his position, and cause him to seek Christ with all his heart.——"Trusting," W. Va., that many friends in the neighborhood, who are making no profession of religion, and are apparently indifferent to spiritual things, might be aroused to a sense of their need and might seek salvation through Christ.——"Humiliated," New York, that one greatly beloved and trusted, who has drawn a false inference from the trust reposed in him, might go to God for pardon for the sin he is intent on committing, and may be saved from the dominion of his evil passions and learn to love the things of Christ more than the things of the world and the flesh.——"Reader," Brooklyn, N. Y., for one who says he cannot pray for himself, that an infatuation which he admits can lead only to sorrow and mortification, may be taken out of his heart, and that he may go to Christ for a clean heart and be saved from himself and sin.

For the Restoration of Health. "Constant Reader," on behalf of a sick brother, that the means now being used may be blessed to his complete recovery.——L. L., Maine, for a believer in Jesus, now very low, that God would in mercy grant new health and strength.——"Anxious Husband," Trenton, N. J., that his beloved wife now under the care of a specialist may be healed and restored to her little family.——"Believer in Prayer," Caledonia, N.S., that God in his great mercy would save the life of a dear father who has been brought very low; also that an afflicted grandfather might be raised up.——"Subscriber," Buffalo, N. Y., that healing mercies be granted if it is the will of God, and if not, that patience and resignation may be wrought by the power of God.——R. M. O., Braggville, Me., for the recovery of a very dear friend who is suffering from throat and lung trouble.——J. D. S., Gower, Mo., that a disease involving much suffering and depression may be healed.——"Firm Believer," Greenville, N. C., that an only daughter who has lost her hearing might recover it.——C. M. B., Philadelphia, Pa., for the removal of a painful and disfiguring disease.——W. J. B., Chicago, Ill., that a beloved infant who has suffered much since its birth, might be healed and her life be spared.——E. E. B., Canterbury, N. B., that a dear friend suffering from an acute nervous disease might regain her health and her former cheerfulness.——M. S., Philadelphia, Pa., that the distress suffering produced by a nervous affliction may be relieved; also that a dear sister who has borne great pain now for thirteen years, and who cannot walk, might be healed of the Lord, [illegible] as the physicians are.

For Special Blessings. B. E. C., Kansas, that God would send suitable weather, for the good [illegible] of this earth, that the many people who are looking forward to [illegible] for rainy days may be filled with joy and thankfulness.——"In His Name," Ohio, that one who has lost her confidence and fears she cannot be saved, may be led into the light and peace of Christ.——E. J., Haigler, Neb., that a financial trouble now pressing on a man and his wife may be lifted, and they may not lose what rightfully belongs to them.——"In Trust," Chicago, Ill., that God in his love would enable a dear one to obtain employment which he has long and vainly sought.——C. E., Florida, that a man burdened with many cares may be helped to support his family, may obtain regular employment, and that one who is alone in the world and penniless may find friends and a good home.——"Believer," Virginia, that the terrible trouble and unhappiness now existing in the home may be removed and that God will give light and patience and peace.——"Troubled One," who is in sickness and poverty and deserted of her husband, that in some way a means of livelihood may be found, and she may have health to support herself.——"Reader," Nimshaw, Cal., for better financial conditions, that the gifts to the cause of Christ now long in arrears, may be resumed.——H. E. K., Peterson, Iowa, for God's guidance in a momentous matter in which light has long been vainly sought in reaching a right decision.——"Elderly Lady," Marshall, Mich., for more grace to be resigned and faithful in trial and sorrow.——"Lonely," New York, that the request offered last week may be heard, and that in some way he may find congenial, intelligent friends, however poor they may be, with whom he can converse and receive and give sympathy and good will.——E. M., New York, that the way may be opened for her to earn a livelihood for herself and her child, and that her faith in Christ may be increased.——"Stranger," that God would give the grace and faith necessary in trying circumstances.——K. T., Saron, Tex., that he may be enabled to recover possession of his child, who has been taken from him by persons who are liable to corrupt her.——N. F., St. Albans, Vt., for guidance in an extremely difficult path, and for faith and strength and wisdom to do the right.

That Thanks be Given for Answers to Prayer. M. E. A., Kiowa, Kans.: "Please join me in thanking God for the restoration of health, and especially for the use of my arm. Your prayers offered at my earnest request have been answered. I thank you for them, and ask you to thank God for answering them."

"His Child," Milo, Me.: "That thanks be rendered to God for the great blessing which has come in answer to the prayers you offered at my request."

"Constant Reader," Montclair, N. J. "I should be glad if you would praise God on my behalf. The prayers you offered for me that I might obtain employment at a time when I was in a sore strait, were answered the very next day after they were offered. I thank God for his goodness, and would be pleased to have you do so, too, as you were kind enough to pray for me."

Have you Eaten too Much? Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

People impose on the stomach sometimes, giving it more than it can do. Horsford's helps to digest the food, and puts the stomach into a strong and healthy condition.

New Cure Kidney & Bladder Diseases

If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder diseases pain in back, or rheumatism, you should send for the new botanic discovery Alkavis, which will be sent correct by mail postpaid, by the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it as it is offered you free.

To impart strength purify the blood and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take only Hood's this spring.

[illegible] Cascarets, Asthma and Throat Disorders [illegible] are an effectual remedy. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Restores Health.

It's a nerve and tissue food. First, it soothes the irritated, overworked nerves and then it supplies them with just the food they need. It cures insomnia, nervous prostration and general debility when all else fails.

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both have their part in the savings that come from Pear Suppose you're the mist There's the economy of it- saving of time, etc., and actual money that's save doing away with that st wear and tear on everyt washed. Suppose you're the maid. There's the savi labor; the absence of rubbing; the hardest part of the h work made easier and pleasanter.

But suppose you are mistress and maid, both in one, d your own work. Then there is certainly twice as much re why you should do every bit of your washing and clea with Pearline.

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Sneezing, sniffing and naggin

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are more easily *prevented* than *cured*— yield to Booth's "Hyomei," the Austr "Dry-Air" treatment of Asthma, Fever, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., which

"CURES BY INHALATION

Kattskill Bay, East Lake George, N. Y., July 31, 1895.
Inclosed please find $1.00 for two extra bottles of Hyomei. I am entirely cured of Hay Fever but I do not like to be without your remedy.
MRS. R. A. LINENDOLL, Mayflower Cottage

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, destroys the germs which cause disease in respiratory organs. The air, charged **Hyomei**, is inhaled at the mouth, and after meating the minutest air-cells, is exh through the nose. It is aromatic, delightf inhale, and gives immediate relief.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete in Se Case (see cut), by Mail, $1.00, to any par the United States; consisting of pocket inh made of deodorized hard rubber (beauti polished), a botttle of **Hyomei**, a dropper, full directions for using. If you are *still* s tical, send your address; my pamphlet s prove that **Hyomei** does cure.

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Agents Wanted in every town. discounts. Large sample books.

Armenian Relief Work.

Steadily Progressing Where Needed—Disquieting Rumors—The Sultan Reported to be Ill.

DISQUIETING news comes from Armenia, which may or may not portend a renewal of the more serious troubles of that unfortunate country. Over two hundred leading Armenians of Moosh have been arrested on the charge of being implicated in the death of a Kurd two years ago. It is stated that, notwithstanding its recent promise, the Porte intends to urge the withdrawal of all the missionaries. From Constantinople the news comes that the Sultan has been attacked by acute spinal disease. He is subject to violent fits of nervous irritability. It will be remembered that a seizure of this sort occurred just previous to the massacres a year ago.

Relief work progresses steadily. Rev. Marcus Fuller of Aintab College, writes that an unusual number of sick and wounded have been treated at the Aintab College Hospital, the increase being due to the recent sufferings and privations, and the prevalence of sickness. He have just received £115 sterling from the officers and men of the United States Steamer, *San Francisco*, now lying at Henderoon, for our relief work. Do not wonder that our hearts leap at sight of the Old Flag when carried by such men?"

Rev. J. C. Martin, Missionary at Harpoot writes: "I have received from our treasurer in Constantinople, W.W. Peet, a draft for five hundred dollars—the contribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund for relief work in Hajin. We thank the Lord for this timely and generous gift. Saturday I was obliged to send a large sum to the hungry, saying, "Our money is all spent and we have gone into debt to provide for you thus far; this next time we cannot give you any food unless you send us same." He has not failed us. With this $500 we can feed 4000 people two weeks; that is to say, we give each person less than one cent's worth of food per day. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and make it more and more a blessing throughout the earth."

Mr. Marash, one of the missionaries writes that the $1000 sent there from the Herald was the means of affording relief to a large number of sufferers.

The following contributions were received during the closing days of the Fund. Acknowledgment has been unavoidably delayed:

Previously acknowledged	$45,857.03	Border, Mrs E	2 00
[illegible] B R	5 00	Borge, Olie	1 00
[illegible]	3 00	Boss, Mrs C	1 00
[illegible] m'l	1 00	Boughton, James	1 10
[illegible] Mr & Mrs	2 00	Boulter, W R	1 00
[illegible], Jacob	1 00	Boyd, Mr & Mrs B H	4 00
[illegible] Joseph	50	Boynton, R L	2 00
[illegible]	25	Brady, Hattie M	10 00
[illegible] liz K	2 60	Braendle, Levi S	10 10
[illegible] g, Mrs T H	1 00	Brandt, A	1 00
[illegible] E	3 00	Branham, Mrs W	1 00
[illegible] J	1 00	Briggs, Charlotte	7 00
[illegible] Mrs T E	1 00	Brown, Dr & Mrs A P	1 50
[illegible] B	50	Brown, E R	35
[illegible] & Mrs W H	2 00	Brown, Frances	2 00
[illegible] S C	2 00	Brown, Mrs Ida	2 00
[illegible] s L	2 00	Brown, Mrs S A	1 00
[illegible] n, Chas	1 00	Budd, Etta J	1 00
[illegible] s C A	1 00	Burgam, Christ	50
[illegible] Mrs M R	5 00	Burgess, C	3 00
[illegible] son, Aggie	1 50	Cady, Mrs C	1 00
[illegible] n, Mrs R	4 00	Campbell, Miss T	5 00
[illegible] ac	5 00	Cannon, Ethelle	3 00
[illegible] s Minnie	1 00	Carpenter, Amelia A	5 00
[illegible] ten Hebard, In		Chace, Nathan	1 00
[illegible] m of	2 00	Chamberlin, J	1 00
[illegible] h, M C	1 00	Chapman, Ann E	1 00
[illegible] s W G	50	Clark, Mrs H C	1 50
[illegible] s Margaret	2 00	Clark, S E	1 00
[illegible] H & C	1 00	Clark, Mrs W	2 00
[illegible] lva O	50	Clearwater, I	1 00
[illegible] ester	50	Clift, Mrs K M	1 00
[illegible] on E	2 00	Cline, Mrs Jay	1 00
[illegible] ers J M	1 00	Cobb, A E	1 00
[illegible] ers G E	1 00	Cobb, Mrs P L	50
[illegible] s Chas	2 00	Cole, N E	5 00
[illegible] s S A	5 00	Colson, John	50
[illegible] l F C	75	Colvin, Edna S	1 00
[illegible] s F	50	Commons, J N	50
[illegible] rick	5 00	Cook, Mrs J S	50
[illegible] N & wife	5 00	Cooper, T E	1 00
[illegible] s C A	1 00	Cox E W	50
[illegible] s Walter	1 00	Cox, John	1 00
Cram, Mrs Abbie M	1 00	Hamton, H E	4 00
Croft, Wm	1 00	Harriman, Mrs R	1 00
Crosman, Mrs G H	10 00	Harris, Wilson E	1 50
Crowle, J	1 00	Hathaway, E & friends	2 25
Cude, Sarah J	1 00	Haughten, Jas J	2 00
Culp, Annie R	1 00	Hays, Charlie	5
Culver, Mrs H	5 00	Hays, Geo & wife	1 00
Dane, Mrs Lizzie	1 00	Hays, Howard	5
Davids, O T	50	Hays, Jessie	10
Davidson, Mary M	1 00	Heder, Gust C	2 00
Davidson, Mary M, collected by	3 00	Hedgcock, R S & wife	1 00
Davis, Geo A	3 00	Heesen, John	1 00
Davis, Henry L	1 00	Henry, L E	1 00
DeGolyer, Mrs E E	1 00	Herbert, Mrs	2 00
Denning, Mrs D A	1 00	Herbison, I J	2 00
Densmore, Mrs L	5 00	Hershey, Simon A	1 00
Desante, J	25	Hess, Mr & Mrs C L	1 00
Deutsch, Wm	3 00	Hetric, Rev & wife	3 00
Donegan, D S	1 00	Hewitt, Geo	2 00
Dram, Mrs R	1 00	Hill, Jas A	1 00
Drawbaugh, J O	1 00	Hill, Lydia M	5 00
Drennen, Mattie	1 00	Hilliard, Mrs C	1 00
Driscell, D W	2 00	Hillier, John	50
Dupins, Mr & Mrs	2 00	Hines, D W	2 00
Ebbighauzer, Chas	2 00	Hinkie, Mrs A L	1 50
Eddy, H M	2 00	Hinsdale, Mrs W C	50
Ehrnman, Leslie	2 00	Hittson, C B	1 00
Elis, Mary J	1 00	Hoar, Geo E	20 00
Emnott, Marion	20	Hocker, Abe	1 00
Emnott, Martina	20	Hoffman, J D	15 00
Ernest, Louisa	5	Hofman, Rose	1 00
Evans, Mrs C P	5 00	Hoghang, M A	50
Evans, Miss Cora	25	Holmes, E G E	10 00
Everett, Mrs J M	1 00	Holmes, Wm J	1 00
Everts, V E	1 00	Holt, Martin	1 00
Ewell, M E	2 00	Holte, T O	25
Farnsworth, G L	5 00	Hope, Jane	20 00
Fawcett, Mr & Mrs	1 50	Hopkins, Miss E M	1 00
Fero, Mrs Stephen	3 00	Hopkins, Mrs J M	3 00
Finney, Mrs Mary L	1 00	Hopkins, S M	5 00
Fisher, Mrs A B	2 00	Hough, Mrs A E	1 00
Fisher, B P	1 00	Howard, B H	1 00
Fitterer, J S	1 00	Hucksted, Henry	1 00
Foles, Em	1 00	Hulskamper, Mrs	2 00
Foster, H	5 00	Humbert, Mrs L C	1 00
Foxen, C O	1 00	Hunter, James	1 00
Frane, John	2 00	Huston, Mrs Zella	2 00
Frazer, Elizabeth	10 00	Hyatt, Miss Matt	50
Fritz, Franklin	10	Jackson, Mrs M A	1 08
Gailwas, Friedrich	5 00	Jennings, G C	1 00
Gardner, J Q A	4 00	Jenny, Thos	5 00
Gardner, Mrs F R	1 00	Jeorgenson, James	50
Garrett, L	1 00	Johnson, Ed	1 00
Gemsemer, H L	5 00	Johnson, Elfieda	1 00
Gill, Anna	50	Johnson, H A	50
Givens, John	1 00	Jones, G F	20 00
Glaspel, G W	2 00	Joy, W A	2 00
Godfrey, Julia A	1 50	Kahler, H F	1 00
Gommil, J C	1 00	Keene, Ethel	25
Graham, W A & wife	2 00	Kenny, Rev E	2 00
Grandy, Mr & Mrs W	1 00	Kent, Arrie N	1 00
Grane, Jacob	50	Kent, Lizzie	1 00
Graves, Mrs M B	1 00	Kenyon, C M	5 00
Gray, Mrs A	1 00	Kidd, R Wallace	2 00
Gray, Isabella	5 00	King, Geo S	1 00
Gray, Mary A	2 00	Kinzman, T T	2 00
Gullikson, G R	50	Klein, Sarah	1 00
Haas, John	1 00	Knauer, Miss Ellie	25
Hagaman, C A	2 00	Kobel, J	25
Halverson, Gabriel	50	Kopp, Mrs Mary	50
Hamil, J L	50	E L H, Stratford	2 00
Hamm, Ed	50	**Total**	**$46,343.16**
Hampstead, Mrs F E	2 00	and over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.	

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Science at last reports a positive cure for [illegible] the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found in the Congo River, West Africa. Cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, Harrisburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Breesley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he could not sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola cured him at once. To make the matter sure, and that no fire-lost other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in the wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 36 Broadway, New York, is sending out free cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a free case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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Rose Cold, June Cold, Hay-Fever, Asthma.

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Is it Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Rheumatism, or any other diseases of the Kidney, Bladder, or Stomach? If so, send for FREE PAMPHLET of the NEW and famous Stafford Mineral Springs Water (near Vossburg, Miss.)

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HATTIESBURG, MISS., Dec. 15, 1892.

Gen. E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senator, Washington, D.C.

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Yours truly, L. E. HALL.

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These side combs are over two inches long by one inch wide, triple silvered, now very fashionable. **Sample Pair** by mail **TWO CENTS.** ADDRESS **LYNN & CO., 48 BOND ST., NEW YORK.**

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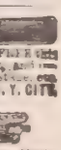

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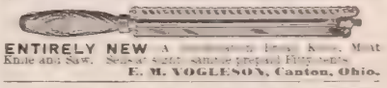

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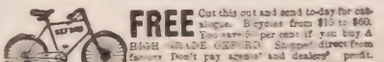

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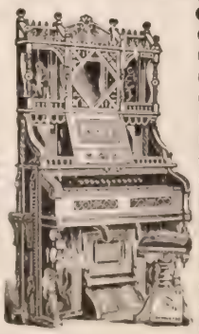

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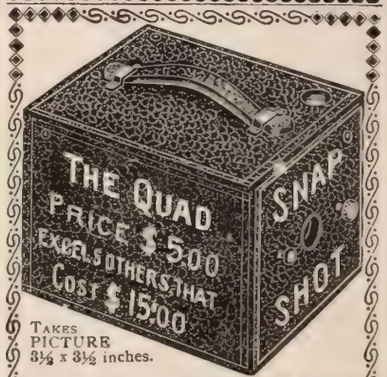

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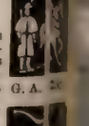

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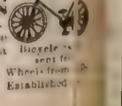

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of Cleveland's bakin powder will raise batch of biscuit f breakfast. Cleveland is an economical bakir powder — it does t best work.

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For many years I suffered from Ca which destroyed my hearing, and for tw five years I was so deaf that I could no a clock strike by holding my ear against had tried every known remedy, and no gave me the slightest relief. I obtaine Moore's treatment, and in three week hearing began to improve, and now I ca common conversation across a room; ca a clock strike in an adjoining room, away. I think I am entirely cured, an hearing permanently restored. Edwin man, Box 585, Wichita, Kas.

Medicines For 3 Months' Treatment

To introduce this treatment and prov yond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Ca Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a time, send Medicines for three months' ment free. Address,

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THIS NEW

ELASTIC TRU

Has a Pad different fr others, 19 cup shape, wi adjusting Ball in center, adapt to all positions of the body, wh ball in the cup presses bac intestines, just as a person does with finger. With light pressure the Hernia is h curely day and night, and a radical cure certa easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circula

LAKE, Illinois, October

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about and said he was cured. Saw him last week and ask was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as boy. Yours truly, M. C. MOSE, M STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a of cases of grown people. E. W. SIMS M DERRICK CITY, Pa., June

I received my truss the 27th and since I have both taken more comfort with it than any 1 ever bought. day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I n ticed that I had it on me. ALEX. BR TUNIS, N. C., July

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I were 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ru would have written to you about this before but wante if my cure was permanent. D. G. HATLEY

$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonia by us is not genuine. Address

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OLUME 19. NUMBER 20.

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.

ar Nicholas to be Anointed and Crowned in "Holy Moscow" with Imposing Ceremonies this Month—A Superb Spectacle at the Kremlin.

OLONEL, KING OF BELLS."

THE century has had few spectacles equal in splendor and magnificence to the approaching Russian coronation. It will be a strange commingling of the barbaric and the modern civilization. From the 21st day of May until the 7th of June e sacred city of Moscow, hssia's ancient capital, ill be the scene of a and of festivities and ectacular displays which religious emonials, receptons, fetes, pardes, and military reviews will the prominent atures. For many onths, the whole ussian people, civand official, have een enthusiastifully preparing for e coming event. hat all classes, ithout distinction, seem to have ntered into the atriotic spirit of ie great occasion peaks eloquently r the popularity the young ruler on whose brow now to be placed ie imperial diaem of the Romanffs. From every uarter of the globe, where the sons and daughters of Russia are found, eyes are turned toward the ancient city, in anticipation of the coming event, and Russian hearts are hopeful that the young Emperor may realize the rare opportunities within his reach, which, wisely used, might result in making his reign one of the most illustrious and beneficent in modern history.

Many weeks before the date fixed for the coronation, the crown, sceptre, and other portions of the regalia are forwarded from St. Petersburg, the capital, to the sacred city on the Moskva river, in charge of one of the favorite military corps attached to the palace. Formerly, this transportation was accomplished in a procession of unwieldly gilt-and-black state coaches, with great formality, and it still retains much of its old-time pomp and ostentation. The coronation is to take place on May 26. Two weeks before that time, the diplomatic corps will assemble in Moscow, and all will be in a bustle of preparation. Of course, the strictest military precautions will be taken for guarding the procession along the route, but even with all the rigid formalities observed, the sight will be a memorable one. Four or five days before the coronation, the entry will take place, and the cavalcade will doubtless be several miles in extent, and guarded on either side by rows of military, as it passes through the gayly decorated streets on its way to the Kremlin. On the occasion of the last coronation procession in 1883 (when the ill-starred Alexander III. was crowned), the Moscow police guard led the advance; next came the Emperor's Cossack esort, a company of mounted Arabs, followed by glittering chasseurs and footmen, and next a long line of splendid state carriages, each drawn by six horses. More cavalry—the Imperial Guard—and then came the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant staff, all on horseback. Following these were the royal coaches, the first containing the Empress and one of her children, and the others conveying numerous princes and princesses, grand duchesses and honorable dames. Then more troops and masses of brilliant uniforms, the whole walled in by shouting, enthusiastic crowds, and moving to the clanging of bells and the booming of cannon.

Unless all signs fail, the display at the coronation of Nicholas will greatly eclipse that of his father thirteen years ago. Not only will the military pageant be on a grander scale, but the spectacle at the famous old palace of the Kremlin will be magnificent. Half a million lanterns will make the building and surroundings as bright as day, and 14,000 electric lights will make the tower conspicuous and dazzling. On Coronation day, the Emperor and Empress, with their suite, will visit the Cathedral of the Assumption and partake of communion according to the rites of the Russo-Greek Church. The Czarina will be magnificently apparelled, and covered with costly jewels, among them a necklet of huge diamonds with pendants of even larger size. The crown to be worn by the Czar is the one made for Catherine II., and is in the form of a mitre in silver, surmounted by a diamond cross in which is a priceless ruby, set round with pearls and diamonds. The sceptre belonged to that unhappy Paul, who was murdered by night by his ministers, and contains the famous Orloff diamond, so named after the favorite of Queen, Catherine II. The globe is of solid gold, and adorned with diamonds and bril-

(Continued on page 377.)

THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA, TO BE CROWNED AT MOSCOW, MAY 26.

THE FAMOUS PETROVSKY PALACE.

THE GREAT PALACE AND TREASURY OF THE KREMLIN.

BEFORE THEY ADJOURN.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Psalm 105: 22, "*And teach his senators wisdom.*"

SENATORS in this text stand for law-makers. Joseph was the Lord Treasurer of the Egyptian government, and among other great things which he did, according to my text, was to teach his senators wisdom; and if any men on earth ought to be endowed with wisdom, it is senators, whether they stand in congresses, parliaments, or reichstags, or assemblies, or legislatures. By their decisions nations go up or down. Law-makers are sometimes so tempted by prejudices, by sectional preferences, by opportunity of personal advancement, and sometimes what is best to do is so doubtful that they ought to be prayed for and encouraged in every possible way, instead of severely criticised and blamed and excoriated, as is much of the time the case. Our public men are so often the target to be shot at, merely because they obtain eminence which other men wanted but could not reach, that more injustices are hurled at our national legislature than the people of the United States can possibly imagine. The wholesale belying of our public men is simply damnable. By residence in Washington I have come to find out that many of our public men are persistently misrepresented, and some of the best of them, the the purest in their lives and most faithful in the discharge of their duties, are the worst defamed. Some day I want to preach a sermon from the text in II. Peter: "They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not." So constant and malignant is this work of depreciation and scandalization in regard to our public men that all over the land there are those who suppose that the city of Washington is the centre of all corruption, while, what with its parks, and its equestrian statuary, and its wide streets, and its architectural symmetries, and its lovely homes, it is not only the most beautiful city under the sun, but has the highest style of citizenship. I have seen but one intoxicated man in the more than six months of my residence, and I do not think any man can give similar testimony of any other city on the American continent.

The gavels of our two houses of national legislature will soon fall, and adjournment of two bodies of men as talented, as upright, and as patriotic as ever graced the capitol, will take place. The two or three [illegible] which soon have passed now pass into the dignity, the fraternity, the eloquence, the fidelity which have characterized those two bodies during all the long months of important and anxious deliberation. We put a halo around great men of the past because they were so rare in their time. Our Senate and House of Representatives have five such men where once they had one. But it will not be until after they are dead that they will get appreciated. The world finds it safer to praise the dead than the living, because the departed, having a heavy pile of marble above them, may not rise to become rivals. But, before the gavels of adjournment drop and the doors of Capitol Hill shut, there are one or two things that ought to be done, and let us pray God that they may be accomplished. More forcibly than ever before, Congress has been implored to acknowledge God in our Constitution. The Methodist Church, a church that is always doing glorious things, has in its recent Wilmington conference requested our Congress to amend the immortal document, which has been the foundation and wall and dome of our United States government, by inserting the words, "Trusting in Almighty God." If that amendment is made, it will not only please all the good people of the country, but will please the heavens. It was only an oversight or a mental accident that the fathers who made the Constitution did not insert a divinely worshipful sentence. They all, so far as they amounted to anything, believed in "God, the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son," The Constitution would have been a failure had it not been for the Divine interference. The members of the convention could agree on nothing until, in response to Benjamin Franklin's request that the meetings be opened by prayer, the Lord God was called on to interfere and help, and then the way was cleared, and all the States signed the document; a historical fact that all the rat-terriers of modern infidelity cannot bark out of existence! I know that there was an exception to the fact that the prominent men of those times were good men. Tom Paine, a libertine and a sot, did not believe in anything good until he was dying, and then he shrieked out for God's mercy. And Ethan Allen, from one of whose descendants I have received within a few days a confirmation of the incident I mentioned in a recent sermon, as saying to his dying daughter that she had better take her mother's Christian religion than his own infidelity. The article sent me says: "The story has been denied by some of the Allen family, but the Bronson family, some of whom were with the dying girl, affirm that it is substantially true. In such a matter one confirmation is worth more than many denials." So says the article sent me. There is no doubt that Ethan Allen was the vulgarest sort of an infidel, for, sitting in a Presbyterian Church, his admirers say he struck the pew in front of him and swore out loud, so as to disturb the meeting, and no gentleman would do that. I do not wonder that some of his descendants are ashamed of him; but of course they could not help it, and are not to blame. But all the decent men of the Revolution believed in God, and our American Congress, now assembled, will only echo the sentiments of the fathers when they enthrone the name of God in the Constitution. We have now more reason for inserting that acknowledgment of Divinity than our fathers had. Since then the continent has been peopled and great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific built, and all in peace, showing that there must have been supernal supervisal. Since then the War of 1812, and ours the victory! Since then great finanancial prostrations, out of which we came to greater prosperity than anything that preceded. Since then sanguinary 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, and notwithstanding the fact that all the foreign despotisms were planning for our demolition, we are a united people, and to-morrow you will find in both houses of Congress the men who fought for the North and the South, now sitting side by side, armed with no weapon except the pen, with which they write home to their constituents who want to be appointed postmasters. The man who cannot see God in our American history is as blind of soul as he would be blind of body if he could not at twelve o'clock of an unclouded noon see the sun in the heavens. As a matter of gratitude to Almighty God, gentlemen of the American Congress, be pleased to insert the four words suggested by the Methodist Conference! Not only because of the kindness of God to this nation in the past should such a reverential insertion be made, but because of the fact that we are going to want Divine interposition still further in our national history. This gold and silver question will never be settled until God settles it. This question of tariff and free trade will never be settled until God settles it. This question between the East and the West, which is getting hotter and hotter, and looks toward a Republic of the Pacific, will not be settled until God settles it. We needed God in the one hundred and twenty years of our past national life, and we will need him still more in the next one hundred and twenty years. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates of our glorious Constitution, and let the King of Glory come in! Make one line of that immortal document radiant with Omnipotence! Spell at least one word with Thrones! At the beginning, or at the close, or in the centre, recognize him from whom as a nation we have received all the blessing of the past and upon whom we are dependent for the future. Print that word "God," or "Lord," or "Eternal Father," or "Ruler of Nations," somewhere between the first word and the last. The Great Expounder of the Constitution sleeps at Marshfield, Massachusetts, the Atlantic Ocean still humming near his pillow of dust its prolonged lullaby; but is there not some one now living, who, in the white marble palace of the nation on yonder hill, not ten minutes away, will become the Irradiator of the Constitution by causing to be added the most tremendous word of our English vocabulary, the name of that Being before whom all nations must bow or go into defeat and annihilation,—"God?"

Again, before the approaching adjournment of our American Congress, it ought to be decidedly and forever settled that no appropriations be made to sectarian schools, and that the courtship between church and state in this country be forever broken up. That question already seems temporarily settled. I wish it might be completely and forever settled. All schools and all institutions, as well as all denominations, should stand on the same level before American law. Emperor Alexander of Russia, at his Peterhof Palace, asked me how many denominations of religion there were in America, and I recited their names as well as I could. Then he asked me the difference between them, and there I broke down. But when I told him that no religious denomination in America had any privileges above the others, he could hardly understand it. The Greek Church first in Russia. The Lutheran Church first in Germany. The Episcopal Church first in England. The Catholic Church first in Rome. Mohammedanism first in Constantinople. The Emperor wondered how it was possible that all the denominations in America could stand on the same platform. But so it is, and so let it ever be. Let there be no preference, no partiality, no attempt to help one sect an inch higher than another. Washington and Jefferson and all the early Presidents and all great statesmen of the past, have lift their voice against any such tendency. a school or an institution cannot st without the prop of national approp tion, then let that school or that inst tion go down. On the other side of sea the world has had plenty of illus tion of church and state united. Let have none of the hypocrisy and demo ization born of that relation on this sid the Atlantic. Let that denomination c out ahead that does the most for the ca of God and humanity. Men, institutio and religions getting what they achi by their own right arm of usefulness, not by the favoritism of government. you regard the welfare and perpetuity our institutions, keep politics out of ligion.

But now, that I am speaking of natio affairs from a religious standpoint, I think myself of the fact that two ot gavels will soon lift and fall, the one St. Louis and the other at Chicago, a before those national conventions adjou I ask that they acknowledge God in platforms. The men who construct th platforms are here this morning or w read these words. Let no political pa think it can do its duty unless it ackno edges that God who built this contine and revealed it at the right time to the d coverer, and who has reared here a pr perity which has been given to no otl people. "Oh!", says some one, "there people in this country who do not belie in a God, and it would be an insult them." Well, there are people in t country who do not believe in comm decency, or common honesty, or any ki of government, preferring anarchy. Yo very platform is an insult to them. Y ought not to regard a man who does believe in God any more than you sho regard a man who refuses to believe common decency. Your pocket-book is n safe a moment in the presence of an ath ist. God is the only source of good go ernment. Why not, then, say so, and the Chairman of the Committee on Re lutions in your national conventions tal a pen full of ink and with bold hand he the document with one significant "Whe as:" acknowledging the goodness of G in the past, and begging his kindness a protection for the future. Why, n friends, this country belongs to God, a we ought in every possible way to a knowledge it. From the moment that, an October morning in 1492, Columb looked over the side of the ship and sa the carved staff which made him think was near an inhabited country, and sa also a thorn and a cluster of berries (ty of our history ever since, the piercing so rows and cluster of national joys), 'unt this hour our country has been bounde on the north, south, east and west by th goodness of God. The Huguenots too possession of the Carolinas, in the nam of God. William Penn settled Phil delphia, in the name of God. The Hol landers took possession of New York in the name of God. The Pilgrim Father settled New England, in the name of God Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, a the voice of prayer all heads uncovered In the War of 1812, an officer came to Gen Andrew Jackson and said: "There is a unusual noise in the camp; it ought to b stopped." General Jackson said, "Wha is the noise?" The officer said, "It is th voice of prayer and praise." Then th General said, "God forbid that prayer an praise should be an unusual noise in th encampment. You had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge. Prayer at Monmouth. Prayer at Atlanta. Prayer at South Mountain. Prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh!" says some infidel, "the Northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it did not amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand. Yes; the Northern people prayed in

c way, and the Southern people prayed in ther way, and God answered in his n way, giving to the North the re-es-lishment of the government, and giv-il to the South larger opportunities, lger than she had ever anticipated, the nessing of her rivers in great manufac-ing interests, until the Mobile and the llapoosa and the Chattahoochee are uthern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of at Southern mines of coal and iron, of ich the world knew nothing, and open-i before her opportunities of wealth ich will give ninety-nine per cent. more affluence than she ever possessed; and i tead of the black hands of American ves, there are the more industrious ck hands of the coal and iron mines of South, which are achieving for her ulous and unimagined wealth.

there are [illegible] of white blossoms where ered the white dead.

there are ploughs in the track where the war ngles west.

there are songs where they lifted up Rachel's lament.

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not derstand how God answered Abraham ncoln's prayer in the White House, and onewall Jackson's prayer in the saddle, d answered all the prayers of all the hedrals on both sides of Mason and ixon's Line. God's country all the way st: God's country now. Put his name your pronunciamentos. Put his name your ensigns. Put his name on your y and state and national enterprises. t his name in your hearts. We cannot ep well the last sleep, until we are as-ed that the God of our American in-tutions in the past will be the God of r American institutions in the days that to come. Oh, when all the rivers that pty into Atlantic and Pacific seas shall ll on factory bands; when all the great nes of gold and silver and iron and coal all be laid bare for the nation; when the t swamp shall be reclaimed, and the t jungle cleared, and the last American sert Edenized, and from sea to sea the ntinent shall be occupied by more than elve hundred million souls, may it be nd that moral and religious influences re multiplied in more rapid ratio than e population. And then there shall be ur doxologies coming from North and uth and East and West, four doxologies lling toward each other, and meeting d-continent, with such dash of holy joy at they shall mount to the Throne,—

And Heaven's high arch resound again
With peace on earth, good will to men.

I take a step further, and say that be-re the gavels of our Senate and House of epresentatives and our political conven-ons pound adjournment, there ought to passed a law or adopted a plank of in-lligent helpfulness for the great foreign pulations which are coming among us. is too late now to discuss whether we d better let them come. They are here. hey are coming this moment through the arrows. They are this moment taking e first full inhalation of the free air of merica. And they will continue to come long as this country is the best place to e in. You might as well pass a law ohibiting summer bees from alighting on field of blossoming buckwheat; you ight as well prohibit the stags of the ountain from coming down to the deer-ck, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten na-ons of Europe from coming to this land bread,—as to prohibit the people of ngland, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Norway, weden and Germany, working them-lves to death on small wages on the her side the sea, from coming to this nd where there are the largest compensa-ons under the sun. Why did God spread ut the prairies of the Dakotas and roll he precious ore into Colorado? It was hat all the earth might come, and plough, nd come, and dig. Just as long as the entrifugal force of foreign despotisms hrow them off, just so long will the cen-ripetal force of American institutions draw hem here. And that is what is going to nake this the mightiest nation on the arth. Intermarriage of nationalities! Not circle intermarrying circle, and nation intermarrying nation. But it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American. The American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian æsthetics packed into one man, and he an American! It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American nation the greatest nation of the ages. But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the five hundred thousand foreigners who came in one year, and the six hundred thousand who came in another year, and the eight hundred thousand who came in another year, and the one million who are coming into our various American ports? What are we doing for them? Many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by one political party or both political parties, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume, in good type and well bound for long usage,—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our Government. Let there be such a book on the shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the government of the United States, commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a foot-stool but a throne,—not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before.

THE GERMAN "EVANGELICAL LEAGUE" BUILDINGS, EAST AFRICA.

But whether members of the national legislature or delegates to one of the national conventions, or private citizens, let us cultivate Christian patriotism. Oh, how good God has been to us as a nation! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactories and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the top and sides, and metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal! One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron! The iron to pry out the coal. The coal to forge and smelt the iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days,—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor more sympathy! For the industrious more opportunity! Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good God has been to us and our children! To him—Blessed be his glorious name! To him of Cross and triumph be consecrated the United States of America!

There are three great reasons why you and I should do our best for this country—three great reasons: Our fathers' graves, our cradle, our children's birthright. When I say your fathers' graves, your pulses run quickly. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or country graveyard, their dust is very precious to you. I think they lived well and that they died right. Never submit to have any government over their tombs other than that government under which they lived and died. And then this country is our cradle. It may have rocked us very roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh, how much we owe to it! Our boyhood and girlhood, it was spent in this blessed country. I never have any patience with a man who talks against this country. Glorious place to be born in, and a glorious place to live in. It has been our cradle. Aye! It is to be our children's birthright. You and I will soon be through. We will perhaps see a few more spring blossoms, and we will perhaps see a few more summer harvests, and we will perhaps gather a few more autumnal fruits; but we are to hand this government to our children as it was handed to us,—a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. They are not to be trampled by despotism. They are not to be frightened by anarchies We must hand this government to them over the ballot-box, over the school desk, over the church altar, as we have received it, and charge them solemnly to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And thou, Lord God Almighty! We put, with a thousand-armed prayer, into thy protection this nation. Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusko. Remember the cold, and the hunger, and the long march, and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge at Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington, and Yorktown, and King's Mountain, and Gettysburg. Remember Perry's battle on the lake, and Hampton Roads, where the Cumberland went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the camp-fire. Remember Plymouth Rock, and the landing amid the savages. Remember Independence Hall, and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the blood and tears of three wars—1776, 1812, 1862. And more than all, remember the groan that was mightier than all other groans, and the thirst that stung worse than all other thirsts, and the death that was ghastlier than all other deaths, the Mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. For the sake of all this human and Divine sacrifice, O God! protect this nation! And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would strike it down, and whosoever would turn his back, let him be accursed!

Go home to-day in high hopes of the future. The Eternal God is on the side of this nation. Our brightest days are yet to come.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the Judgment Seat.
Be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet; Our God is marching on

Slavery's Chains Broken.

What the Germans are doing in East Africa—The Liberators' League.

THE Evangelical African League of Germany has begun the foundation of a settlement of liberated slaves in German East Africa. The chosen site is in mountainous Usambara, often called the Switzerland of East Africa. There the League has acquired a square mile of territory in a salubrious and well-watered section of forest and meadow land. Missionaries of the neighboring German mission-stations have long scoured the country in search of the best sites and recommended two or three suitable places. The League has decided to begin some distance east of Wuga, the capital of Usambara, in the high valley of the Mkolo, a small tributary of the Luengera, which is itself an affluent of the Pangani. For those who have no detailed map of German East Africa, it will suffice to know that Usambara is about half-way between Zanzibar and Kilimanjaro. This salubrious and fertile highland will soon be connected with the coast by a railroad. A section, between the coast-town Tanga and an inland point of the Pangani river, is already in operation.

In a recent circular, the League says that it is still impossible to determine when slave-trade and slavery will disappear from German East Africa. Even now, after the power of the Arab slave-raiders has been broken, the trading caravans continue to bring down slaves who are used as carriers of the caravans from the interior to the coast. In spite of all decrees and the watchfulness of gun-boats, numerous slaves are still annually shipped from the German coast to the British possessions of Pemba and Zanzibar, where the demand for slave-labor on the plantations is as great as ever. The misery caused by the invasion of locusts and by epidemic which has destroyed most of the cattle, sheep, and goats, is appalling. Whole families have died out. Villages have disappeared, the inhabitants having scattered to find some food in the roots and wild fruits of the forests that may have escaped the voracious locusts. Reports from a region south of Lake Victoria state that there a woman or a girl can be bought for two sweet potatoes; in most places a goat has become a high price for a slave. Scenes of cannibalism are a natural result of such a condition.

A missionary of Magera, Uzeguha, reported last year that in a village of fifty inhabitants near Mpuapua, forty-six had died of starvation. In another village he found that of seventeen adults, nine had died in one week. A woman came to him to ask for a piece of cloth to wrap around the body of her husband, who had just died. He asked: "What did he die from?" The answer was, "from hunger." The same day a baby was brought to him which had been taken from the breast of its starved mother, where it had lain two days without food. In the caravan of Sewa Hadji, 137 persons died from starvation along the road. A Lutheran mission paper reports from Usagara that an entire caravan of 800 persons who had left the interior for the coast in search of food, had died on the way.

Thousands of people die annually in Africa from different plagues without our Christian world knowing anything about it. And even when some faint echo of those great woes reaches us, it is too late to help, or the greatest sufferers are beyond reach. As the net-work of mission stations and government posts and freedmen's settlements spreads over the Dark Continent, it becomes more and more possible to get at facts and to prepare agencies which will effectually alleviate some of that untold suffering. It is the special purpose of the Philafrican Liberators' League to supplement the work of existing mission agencies in Africa by developing what the greatest student of missionary methods, Dr. Warneck, has called the "humanitarian mission" of the church. It is hoped that many of the CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will avail themselves of their opportunity, and hasten the foundation of the first American refuge for the slaves of "peeled and trodden down" Africa. Contributions may be sent to Heli Chatelain, 511 United Charities Building, New York, or to the proprietor of this journal.

Jesus in the Temple.

Sunday School Lesson for May 24. Luke 20: 9-19. Golden Text, Luke 20: 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE last days of our Lord on earth were characteristic of his whole life and ministry. When he had seen that the time was come that he should be received up, he had set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem (Luke 9: 51). The moment of temporary triumph when, riding upon an ass's colt, he had entered the city amid the acclamations of the multitude, was past, but his deep love for the souls he died to save could not thus pass away. These last days, while the chief priests and scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him, he quietly went on teaching the people and preaching the Gospel almost to the last. It was therefore he was sent, he lived only to do his Father's will, and no shadow of his coming sufferings hindered his present ministry. The approaching feast of the Passover was fast filling Jerusalem, the news of the resurrection of Lazarus, which indisputable proof that it was of his divinity, had angered to the very utmost both the spiritual and temporal rulers, and had at the same time spread abroad the fame of Jesus, and brought numbers from all parts to hear him in the temple. Thus, while

The Leaders

of the people were plotting his destruction, and he knew that shortly they would have their way, our beloved Lord was giving forth words which were of priceless value and of endless duration; words which should not pass away when the heavens and the earth flee from the face of him that sitteth on the great white throne. The blind and the lame had come to him in the temple, snd he had healed them. He had driven out the buyers and sellers (Matt. 21: 12, 14), and the temporal and spiritual rulers who were at their wit's end as they saw this Man exercising an influence and an authority which they did not know how to obtain, came to him with a question which they thought was, at any rate, a safe one, "By what authority doest thou these things, and who is he that gave thee this authority?"

Those who would question Jesus, without being put to confusion, must first learn to know him, and to receive him as the Christ. The rulers thought only of man's authority; all their thoughts were circumscribed by earth and the things of earth. He simply asked them a question in return, a simple question which any peasant in Galilee or in Judea would have answered: "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men?" The people knew, even King Herod knew; everyone knew that John was a man sent from God. But men who have set themselves against the Lord and against his Christ are

Self Made Prisoners

in their own duplicity; they have put fetters upon themselves and dare not say who they [illegible] because [illegible] they took. They would not have to do with God, thus they could only [illegible] themselves; darkness with darkness. If we [illegible] "Why, then, believed ye him not?" Of course he would. And they must needs in that case acknowledge Jesus, too, and take the place of sinners who have been fighting against God. It was their true place, but they chose rather to lose their souls than their dignity. But if we should say, "Of men they feared the people." Yes, the people understood. Jesus had been the friend of the people, and John was the friend of the people. The common people had no such position to lose by believing on Jesus as these men who sought to keep up a reputation for piety, while they really knew not God. They decided to give no answer. And when man gives no answer to the questions of the Saviour he also gives them no answer

But by way of parable Jesus left these rulers

A Last Warning.

He told them of a certain man that planted a vineyard, and let it out to husbandmen. It is evident that the agreement between the proprietor and the husbandmen was that at the season the owner should receive of the fruits of the ground, of which they also should have their due share. But when the time came that he sent a servant to demand his rights, the husbandmen disputed them, beat the messenger, and sent him away empty. The same or a worse fate befell a second servand; a third was wounded, and the owner of the vineyard, in the far country to which he had travelled, received no satisfaction; the husbandmen simply ignored him. From the very beginning of the parable, the rulers "perceived that he was speaking this parable against them. The rulers of Israel, from the time of Samuel, took the place which God once had, for he had been their King, until they required a king that they might be like the nations. And now they were in trust for him, and yet when it came to the point of receiving a prophet who would bring them back to God, they would rather slay the prophet than be brought near to God; and so prophet after prophet had been ill-used and slain. No one among them mourned over the martyrdom of John the Baptist. And now the Lord of the vineyard said, "What shall I do? I will send unto them my beloved Son, it may be they will reverence him when they see him." Christ's claim to be the Son of God was no unknown thing to the rulers of the people; they had just said among themselves that if they yielded the point that John's mission was divine, they must needs believe in him; and if they took the very broad hint in the parable that God's beloved Son was now standing before them, they must give up all and acknowledge him. Could they afford it? The Lord continued his parable, and told how the husbandmen plotted together, saying, "This is the heir, come let us kill him and the inheritance will be ours. What? did Jesus know that they were plotting his death. Who gave this Man his wondrous insight into the future? Did he see into the very secrets of their hearts? How could these men endure to have their secret purposes thus brought to light? When he asked the question and answered it, what should the Lord of the vineyard do unto such a set of husbandmen, that he should destroy them and give the vineyard to others, they said, "God forbid;" for they understood—they sinned with open eyes. And he who looked volumes when he looked on the recreant Peter, beheld them and said, quoting from Ps. 118: 22, "What is this then that is written, The stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner? Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken." It was a moment of crisis; now, if never before, they did understand, but would they yield? If not, the stone must fall on them, and "grind them to powder." They might slay the Son of man, but that test stone would not be easily got rid of; Jesus should rise again.

In vain the chief priests and scribes sought to lay hands on him: "they feared the people." they must go carefully to work. But there was a hindrance which they ignored, and which belonged to a region beyond them. His hour was not yet come: and no man could touch him until his Father should permit. So they had recourse to stratagem; they sent forth spies, which should personate religious enquirers, who were troubled in conscience about the tribute-money gathered for the Roman conqueror. The Jews were to set over them only one of their brethren; was it not against this law to give tribute to a stranger? Christ spoke always in the words of Scripture: He might quote this command from Deuteronomy; could they not catch him on this point, and get him indicted for speaking against the Roman Government? Poor souls! How little they knew of the ceaseless contact of the Man Christ Jesus with his Father, who guided him from above in all things!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ORIENTAL VINEYARD AND TOWER.

THE end of Christ's earthly ministry was near at hand when the words were spoken which form the subject of the lesson. During three years Christ had preached and taught through the land. Now he had come to the metropolis and was face to face with the leaders of the nation. He knew perfectly well what his fate would be. They meant to get rid of him. Instead of listening to his call to righteousness, they would turn upon him and put him to death. They find him teaching in the Temple and begin to question him in the supercilious tone of the recognized authority dealing with an ignorant upstart. To them, thus hostile and contemptuous, he tells this parable of the vineyard.

Like all his parables it dealt with customs with which his hearers were familiar. A man who owned a vineyard did not cultivate it himself, but rented it to tenants. In some cases they paid him a stipulated rental for it. In others the rent was a proportion of the harvest, generally two-thirds or three-fourths, the tenants during the year being paid wages and being supplied with seed and implements. In any case the owner of the vineyard was entitled to some return from his property. But these men repudiated his claim and did it with glaring effrontery. They not only refused to pay, but ill-treated the owner's servants, whom he sent to collect the rent. Finally he sends his son whose claims must surely be recognized. But the men are hardened, and see in the son's arrival an opportunity to get absolute possession, and they kill him. The meaning of the parable was obvious. Isaiah had used an illustration almost identical (Isa. 5: 1-7). God had planted the Jewish nation that he might obtain from it the fruits of righteousness, but they had not been rendered. The people lived for themselves and ignored him. When God sent his servants to remind them of their duties, they had ill-used them. Against Moses himself, they had rebelled. Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah nnd Zechariah, had all suffered at their hands. Christ intimates that he, too, the Son, higher of rank than the servants, was about to die as their victim. Th were at the very moment plotting death, and the picture revealed to them vivid shape the hideous iniquity of th course. Their exclamation, "God forbi showed that the meaning of the para and its application were perceived. spirit is, and always has been, comm To do evil and then to deprecate puni ment, is the usual way. But the puni ment is inevitable. Two courses are o to every soul in all times. Possess God's word, having religious training opportunities of service, a man may for God, serving him and using his as he was intended to use it; or he m ignore God, give no return for all his b efits and live only for himself and his o pleasure and gratification. The latter w the course of the wicked husbandmen, a it is the course of every one who wilfu shuts his eyes to the duties he ought perform.

The stone which the builders rejected. Robinson quotes an ancient tradition the rabbis, to which Christ may have ferred. It was that at the building of S omon's temple, when the huge ston squared and fitted at the quarry, each its particular place, were brought to t temple and silently placed in position wit out sound of axe or hammer, one sto was so different from the others that t workmen did not know what to do wi it. Beautiful indeed, it was, carved wi figures of exquisite loveliness and grac but it had no fellow; it fitted nowher and at last the impatient and perplex workmen flung it aside. It lay neglect in the valley, dust and dirt accumulati upon it, all the time the Temple was buil ing. When the Temple was finished, t king came to look at the wondrous edifi of marble and gold. He went to the Eas ern tower, as if expecting to see somethi specially interesting. But he was disa pointed. He turned in indignation to th chief architect and accused him of neglec The tower was unfinished. "How this?" he asked. "Why have you n put in place the beautiful stone I designe for the head of this corner?" Then th workmen remembered the rejected ston They cleared it of its defilement and raise it to its conspicuous place, where it fitte exactly. It was the one finishing touc needed to complete the structure.

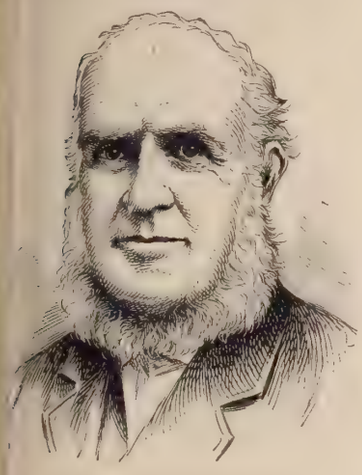
The inheritance may be ours. People wh temporarily hold a possession in trust f the rightful owner, or who administer a office for an absent official are always unde the temptation to forget that they ar merely deputies. The present dynasty Egypt had its origin in such a situatior Mehemet Ali was appointed governor Egypt by the Turkish Sultan Mahmoud II He wanted to become independent, and th Sultan, in trying to enforce his authority was so badly beaten by Mehemet that, bu for the interference of other powers, Me hemet would have driven him from Con stantinople. Mehemet was prevente achieving that triumph, but he retaine Egypt, and his descendants have sat o the throne ever since.

They beat him also. It was a dangerou duty to go to those husbandmen as a rep resentative of the owner of the vineyar and remind them that the vineyard wa not theirs and that they ought to pay th rent for it. Yet, remembering what wa the doom of the husbandmen the servant was doing them a kindness and was a true friend to them in urging them to do right. God has sent many such servants into th world since he sent his beloved Son, and some of them have been beaten and some killed. One such man who was killed for his plain speaking in Wales, many years ago told this story. He said that in a certain besieged town there was a law that the first man who proposed to surrender should be put to death. But people were perishing by famine and sword, and everyone knew that surrender was the right course, but no one dare propose it. At last one public-spirited citizen went into the market-place with a halter around his neck and said: "Deal with me as you will; I propose surrender. I know the penalty of my proposal, but I make it for the sake of my fellow-citizens. I will die gladly if my death will save their lives." The Welsh preacher, having told this story, said he was in the same position. He knew he was liable to be killed, but he would utter his warning for the sake of men in danger of eternal death. It was a noble act, but it cost him his life. He was executed as a common felon.

rought Thousands to Christ.

markable Career of Richard Weaver, he Miner-Evangelist, who Lately Passed Away in England — His Death-Bed.

TO multitudes in England the name of Richard Weaver, the miner-evangelist, is a household word. Year after year for a whole generation he has preached Jesus in every nook and rner of the United Kingdom, and his emendous earnestness together with his de native eloquence, have stirred great



THE LATE RICHARD WEAVER.

atherings as few other men could have ne. This faithful servant of the Mas-r, who passed away recently at his home Cheshire, England, was born in that untry in 1827. His father was a reck-ss profligate, but his mother was a sin-re Christian. As might be surmised, is youth was a stormy one. Referring those days, Mr. Weaver afterward wrote: "I could tell some sad tales of sorrow at I witnessed when quite a child. lany a time have I clung to my mother, nd cried to my drunken father, 'Don't ill my mother!' Yes; I think of the ays of my childhood, when the praying nother has been down on her knees ask-g God to help her in her distress. My ldest brother was always kind to her. he Lord reward him! But we others ere a burden to her night and day. She ld her Father in heaven all her sorrows nd our sins. It was from her lips that I earned the first hymn I ever knew:

Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who shuns the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

"How her face beamed with joy when she took me to a friend's house and put me to stand on a chair to say that hymn. The soft kiss from her lips on my cheek, and a short prayer breathed to God, 'The Lord bless my boy!' I shall never forget."

Like all the lads of that part of England, Weaver, while still a mere boy, was sent to labor in the coal-pits. There he learned all manner of sin and blasphemy, swearing, drinking, and attending dances, and prize-fights. A wonderful escape from death, about this time, had the effect of awakening his conscience, but no lasting impression was produced. Nightly carousals continued, and one evening he was carried home hurt and disfigured, and covered with dirt and blood. When his mother had washed away the blood and soil from his head and neck, she knelt down beside him and prayed long and fervently that God would save her boy. Even while she prayed, the lad cursed, swearing that he would murder her if she did not "leave off praying and preaching to him." He went up to bed, but she followed him and knelt again by his bedside in prayer. He shook her roughly, but she prayed on.

This life of dissipation continued, and tormented by conscience he once was on the verge of suicide when the recollection of his mother's prayers stayed his hand. At last, the prayers were answered by his conversion, and the aged mother's joy was unbounded. This was in 1852. Richard Weaver then began to testify for Christ before men, and so continued almost till the day of his death. His career as an Evangelist was marked by the inbringing of great multitudes to the Christian fold. In England, Scotland, and Wales, he preached in every town of considerable size and held protracted revivals in the larger cities. Nothing could be finer or more effective then the dramatic force of this rude orator, when appealing to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. His pulpit and platform efforts were illustrated and emphazied with an abundance of anecdotes, drawn from real life and much of it from a miner's experience. The terrors of the flooded mine, the cave-in, the broken rope, the falling cage, were all drawn with startling realism, and the audience would be thrilled with the vivid picture of peril and subsequent rescue, while the speaker pointed out the spiritual peril of the lost sinner and the means of rescue supplied by the Gospel.

As the veteran Evangelist lay dying, and when supposed to be beyond the power of speech, one of his family prayed with him. To their surprise, he spoke out with wonderful strength and voice, testifying to God's goodness and his own perfect trust. The following are some of the messages from his lips: Many times he shouted, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb;" "The peace of God which passeth all understanding." Being asked if he could see, he replied, "Yes, the Lord is my light." "If you sing," he said, "at my funeral, let it be:

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame and fear;
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

"If you put anything on my tombstone, let it be, 'A great sinner saved by great grace.'" Continuing, he said: "I wish the doctor would tell me when the chariot is coming. By-and-by I shall drink at the fountain. Oh! what a blessing to have Christ! I go to my Father and your Father.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand.
All other ground is sinking sand!

"Come, Lord Jesus, and take me to thyself. Living or dying, I belong to Christ. All's right. All's well." Turning to his sons he said, "Stick to Christ; stick to the Cross. Many young men imitate great preachers. One talent used for Christ is worth a thousand imitations." Then he continued: "What a grand thing Christ is! Christ is all in all to me. I can do nothing; I can only trust now. My prize is in view. Easter Sunday with the Lord!"

In these last moments he often spoke of "Home!" His last audible words were, "There's a light in the valley." His face grew heavenly in expression and on Easter Sunday morning his soul passed upward to God.

"Thy Will be Done."

HELP me, dear Lord, each day to say,
"Thy will be done,"
No matter how it seems to me,
If dark or bright the day may be;
It must be right, ordained by Thee.

Teach me, dear Lord, with truth to say
"Thy will be done,"
Though rough my pathway looks to me,
'Tis best, 'tis all marked out by Thee,
And Thou knowest why it thus must be.

Dear Lord, teach me with love to say:
"Thy will be done,"
It seems to help me on my way,
No matter where I go or stay,
I'll say it each and every day,
"Thy will be done." —B. V.

The Russian Coronation.

(*Continued from first page.*)

liants, and a sapphire, worth alone a fortune. The Czar will also wear the collar of St. Andrew, valued at 100,000 roubles, in which are five pink diamonds. This last is only worn at coronations.

In the cathedral, at the last coronation, were two thrones, set at one side of the platform and around these and in the tribune behind them, were grouped the most distinguished nobles in the Empire, the Czar and Czarina being in the centre and beside the thrones. Doubtless the same solemn and imposing ceremonial will take place at the new coronation. Russia's youthful-looking ruler and his fair, girlish bride will enter the old, time-worn cathedral and place themselves in front of the thrones, while the crowns, the seal, sword, sceptre, and globe, lie beside them on a table. They will be robed in the royal ermine, and the ends of their mantles will be upheld by members of the nobility around them. After the recitation by the Emperor of the Confession of faith, which the Metropolitan will step forward to hear, the prayers will be read, the Emperor having a prominent part in the utterances throughout. These ended, the crowns will be brought forward and the Emperor will himself lift the royal crown of all the Russias from its velvet resting-place and place it on his own head, while the Metropolitan pronounces a benediction. The Emperor will then grasp the sceptre in his right hand, the globe with his left, and seat himself upon the throne. At this stage of the ceremonial the Empress will approach the throne and kneeling upon a cushion will be crowned with a smaller crown by the Czar himself, the diadem being securely adjusted by the Czarina's ladies. At the last coronation the Czar placed his own crown for a single moment upon the brows of his consort, before laying the smaller crown there. For a brief space, the Empress holds both globe and sceptre; the Czar then resumes them and the ceremony proceeds. The priests read aloud the titles of the imperial pair, and then the bells of the Kremlin peal forth to the world the news that the Coronation is a thing accomplished. Prayers follow, one specially beautiful and fervent prayer being read by the Czar, as he alone kneels, after which all kneel and pray for him in turn, he alone standing. Chants follow, and then the time-honored rite of anointing is administered to the Czar and Czarina by the priests. This practically ends the ceremony in the church, but it is only the beginning of the popular celebration. A grand State banquet follows the religious observance, and it is the forerunner of a season of festivities in which all Moscow and the nobility of the empire, the diplomatic corps, and the leading officials, naval, military, and civil, have a share. Favors, honors, promotions, and decorations are showered upon those whom the Emperor wishes to befriend. Nor does the Czar forget his poor subjects, for he furnishes from the royal treasury, enough largess to make them remember the Coronation with grateful hearts. Czar Nicholas has arranged to distribute a large sum among the poor this year. The Coronation of Alexander III. cost nearly $20,000,000.

Nicholas II., the young ruler of the vast Russian empire, was born in 1868. Personally, he has not much of the Romanoff about him, for the princes of that famous family have been noted for their great stature and imposing mien, whereas Nicholas is small and delicate-looking. It is rumored that he will render his coronation memorable by granting freedom of worship throughout Russia. This would probably be the most remarkable event in Russian history since the emancipation of the serfs.

THE CATHEDRAL OF OSTANKINO, MOSCOW.

The Czarina, to whom he was married two years ago at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, was formerly Princess Alix of Hesse. She is one of Queen Victoria's numerous grandchildren, and the daughter of the popular Princess Alice, who died when Alix was a child. She is credited with possessing all the qualities of a brilliant, good-hearted, sympathetic woman, with many accomplishments, and she has already won the hearts of the impulsive Russian people. Moscow, the scene of the approaching coronation ceremonies, has a history which reaches back to the very earliest Russian annals. Nearly six hundred years ago the Kremlin fortress was built in the centre of the city on the left bank of the river, as a defence, and later it was enclosed by stone and proved a mighty bulwark against the attacks of the Lithuanians and Mongols. The Kremlin was occupied by the French in 1812, and when Napoleon was compelled to evacuate Moscow, he tried in vain to destroy certain parts of the grand old pile of buildings but failed. In recent years it has been restored and greatly improved and beautified. To the Russians, the associations surrounding the grim and ancient fortress, its palaces and cathedrals, are sacred. There their kings and emperors have been anointed and crowned, and there is the recognized centre of Russian learning and Russian orthodoxy. In the Kremlin, one of the very oldest buildings is the Cathedral of the Assumption, founded in 1326, in which the coronation will take place. Besides, there are the famous Michael Cathedral, the Church of the Annunciation, the tower of Ivan Veliki, and the gigantic "Kolokol" ("king of bells"), believed to be the greatest bell in the world. There are also within the walls palaces, armories, an arsenal, and the Senate chamber, and the whole is overlooked by eighteen fortified towers, and approached by five gates.

Photographic views of Moscow and the Kremlin appear on this and the first page. The portraits of the Czar and Czarina are from the most recent photographs taken of the two principal actors in the great spectacle soon to take place there. One cloud alone casts a shadow over the approaching event. It is the continued serious illness of the Czarewitch, Prince George, whose consumptive ailment threatens a fatal termination. In the event of his death, the coronation will be confined to the religious ceremonial, and all the festivities for which Moscow is now preparing will be omitted.

THE KREMLIN, FROM THE MOSKVA-REKOA BRIDGE.

SHE WAS CALLED IN CHILDHOOD.

Miss Alice M. Otto, Once a Superintendent of One of Rev. George W. Sharp's Sunday Schools, Now a Successful Missionary in Japan.

IN the course of his long experience as a Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary, has witnessed many changes. Not only has he seen the wilderness transformed, so that it literally blossomed like a garden, and the wicked, waste places morally changed by the introduction of Sunday Schools, and churches, but he has watched those who once were children grow up to a useful Christian manhood and womanhood.

It is always grateful to see the fruit of one's labors, and when Mr. Sharp, a few days ago, received a letter which informed him of a successful missionary work in Japan being conducted by Miss Alice M. Otto, he recalled with pleasure the fact that Miss Otto had been one of his best Sunday School workers, and was Superintendent of one of the schools at the time of her departure for her new field of labor. Concerning her, Mr. Sharp writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"She was formerly a Superintendent of one of my Sunday Schools, and is now a Missionary of the M. E. Church in Japan. In the enclosed photograph, Miss Otto is seen on the left hand of the Japanese group. After she became a public school teacher, she was accustomed to open school with the reading of a portion of Scripture, and devotional exercise of song or prayer. In one district there was opposition to this from unbelievers, one or more of them being on the Board of Trustees. The alternative was presented to her either to abandon opening the school thus or give up the school, and she unhesitatingly chose the latter.

"Last Sunday I was at a country school house on Sloan's Point, a bluff rising high above the Chariton river. I organized a school there in 1881, and Miss Otto was made Superintendent. She was quite young for the position, but was very successful. Her father gave her and two younger children an equal quantity of onion seed and ground for cultivation. When the onions were sold in the autumn, she realized $10 from the sale of her crop, and the younger children $5 each from theirs, each one of the three having had the same amount of seed and ground. She went to town and made necessary purchases with $5 of her money. Returning home her mother reminded her that it might have been well to have spent more of the money for herself than she did, and asked what she had done with the other five dollars. She answered:

"'When I planted my onion seed, I promised the Lord, if he would prosper me, I would use half of what I made for him. So I gave five dollars to Brother Sharp to pay for supplies to keep up our Sunday School.'

"Supplies are often obtained by schools in the spring for three or six months, and thus she provided for the continuation of the school during the fall and winter. Making allowance for the better cultivation she was able to bestow on her ground than the two younger children on theirs, though twice as much as she had, yet as her yield was equal to both of theirs, it is evident that God did prosper her in sowing for him. She superintended that Sunday School about eight years, when she came to Kirksville, Mo., to complete her education, after which she taught in public schools about five years, laboring as she could in Sunday School and other Christian work. Her conversion had been clear and she grew in grace and usefulness with her scholastic education and experience.

"When a child of only six years she had said to her mother, 'Ma, I'm going to be a missionary.' All her preparation had been completed when she took leave of the loved ones of her home Sept. 10, 1894, under the auspices of the Methodist Church, being sent by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society (Des Moines branch), to Japan. She sailed from Vancouver, Can., Sept. 17, and landed at Yokahoma after a voyage of [illegible]. The first year after her arrival she was principal of the Women's school in Yonezawa. The photo shows her seated to the left; the other women are native teachers. After the first year, she was given charge of evangelistic work at Hirosaki where her duties are exceedingly important, and greatly blessed in the salvation of souls. She conducts women's meetings, children's meetings, a Sunday School class, assists in revivals in the church, etc.

"The School which was organized fifteen years ago at Sloan's Point was then obscure. Many persons have been converted there. Her experience as its Superintendent for eight years has borne fruit indeed.

"The first new School I organized this Spring started with a poor prospect. There was a lack of interest in the neighborhood. This was overcome by prayer and persistent effort. After planting the school on Sunday morning, I preached in the afternoon. This service was designed to awaken a more general interest in the community for the Sunday School, and to lead the unsaved to seek the blessed Jesus. Nearly all the unconverted promised to do so. A young lady, a teacher in week-day schools, was particularly concerned about her soul. She came across the room to tell me she was convicted of sin, and asked me to pray that she might be converted. I told her of the promises and gave her an instructive Gospel booklet. Two days ago the superintendent called to see me, and with a heart brimful of joy reported the growing interest of the school, and the increased attendance of parents and children. "On the Sunday above referred to, after the two services at the country schoolhouse, a ride of about six miles, in which I passed through a light shower of rain, brought me to a small village about six o'clock, P.M. I had organized a school there several years ago. It has been greatly blessed, conversions have been numerous, among them some very hard cases. By request I addressed the people and organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. That service closed a little before the hour for preaching. The pastor had met me when I organized a Sunday School in another county in a desperately wicked locality. He has entered the ministry since then, and is a very devoted and useful man. He now insisted that I should preach, which I did. Christians were prayerful, the singing was devotional, the Holy Spirit blessed His truth, and at the close of the sermon I saw not one person in the well-filled house who did not stand up in testimony of his or her purpose to serve God.

GEO. W. SHARP."

ALICE M. OTTO AND HER JAPANESE CLASS.

Miss Otto was formerly a Teacher under "The Christian Herald" Sunday School Missionary.

Rev. Mr. Sharp's work as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School missionary in the Southwest is supported by voluntary contribution. Contributions will be gladly received from those of our friends who are disposed to give the work their moral and material aid. Such contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Master's Door was Shut.

A traveler was in Syria, at a time when a feast was given by some great man of the village, in connection with some public occasion. The door of the great man's house stood wide open and all were welcome. At the time set there was a movement about the door, but the host called out that there were some who might have mistaken the hour. Half an hour afterward, concluding that all had come who intended coming, the order was given to close the doors, and the guests sat down to their meal. Curious to ascertain how far the custom to which Jesus alluded in Luke 13: 25 still obtained, he applied to the servant who stood before the door, telling him that he was a stranger and begging to be admitted. But the servants were inexorable. "We have our master's orders," said the servant. "No one is to be admitted now; a half-hour's grace was given and that was sufficient." "We pleaded and argued in vain," said the traveler, "the door was not opened; we were shut out in the darkness."

Persia's Dead Shah.

Nasr-Ed-Deen, the Assassinated Ruler, was a Despot but not a Barbarian—His Reign Reviewed—His Successor.

INTELLIGENCE has been brought by the cable of the death of the Shah of Persia, by the hand of an assassin, who shot him as he was entering the court of the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim in Teheran, the capital, on May 1. The perpetrator of the crime is said to be a revolutionary fanatic, named Mollah Reza, from Kerman. He was instantly arrested and the government is now endeavoring to find out his accomplices, as it is believed that the murder was the result of a deep-laid political plot. The Shah expired two hours after the shooting occurred.

Nasr-ed-Deen was a notable ruler in many respects. A hereditary despot like all his predecessors, he held the lives of his subjects absolutely at his disposal, and his long and progressive reign was marred by many instances of cruelty and wanton sacrifice of life. He was the first son of Mohammed Shah, of the Kajar dynasty, and he ascended the throne in his eighteenth year in 1848. Repeated attempts were made to assassinate him, but his vigilance and high personal courage saved him till now. His tyrannical rule unquestionably made him many enemies. As showing his bloodthirstiness, it is related that when he was building a system of telegraphs in Persia, persons who interfered with the wires were buried alive up to the neck by his order and that there was a human head on the ground at the base of every telegraph pole in Persia. Officials were decapitated or strangled on a mere whim, conspirators were treated mercilessly, and even his ministers were terrorized by him. Yet, despite all these disagreeable traits of character, he brought to Persia more of material advancement than any of his predecessors.

He visited Europe twice, and the nobilities and royalties of Great Britain and the Continent still recall with something of amusement and disgust his many eccentricities of behavior which scandalized the French, German, and English capitals. His attitude toward the ladies of the different courts he visited was such as in any other potentate would scarcely have be overlooked. While in England, he w quartered in Buckingham Palace. Af the Shah and his suite had gone, t hangings, furniture, and even the plas walls, and flooring of the rooms had be destroyed, and the interiors entire renovated before they were again used,

NASR-ED-DEEN, THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

filthy were the habits and surroundings o this "King of kings" and "Asylum of th Universe"—two of the Shah's high-sound ing titles.

In one of the handsomest rooms of th suite, he had even slaughtered a live shee for sacrificial purposes. His manner at ta ble, at receptions, and at the various pub lic functions to which he was invited, were such as to astound all Europe. His tours however, resulted in the introduction o many modern improvements into Persia which added largely to the national resources. Among these were gas, electric lighting, improved machinery, telegraphs, a system of railways, and a coinage system. He also readjusted the tax laws and adopted many western ideas in connection with local and general administration. During his whole reign, Persia was comparatively prosperous and the population increased. Surrounded by intrigues, he had sufficient force of character to carry out his own policy and override all interference. So well had he his governmental affairs under control that there were no outbreaks even during his absences abroad; yet his predecessor had never dared to venture beyond the palace gates.

Persia is Mohammedan, the ruling sect being known as the Shiah, which represents a following of about 8,000,000 souls. Their priest, the ulemas, are very powerful, and are steadfastly opposed to all schemes for national progress. Their religious centre is Kerbela, near Bagdad, where the chief priest or Mujtahid resides. On several occasions the ulemas or the mollahs (minor Shiah priests), have accused the Shah of too great partiality for foreigners.

The new coinage system and other recent innovations revived the opposition to Nasr-ed-Deen's progressive policy, and it is supposed that the assassination was the result of a plot in which the Shiah leaders may prove to have been implicated.

The late Shah (who was born in 1831), had five sons and thirteen daughters, the *Valiahd*, or heir to the throne, being Muzafer-ed-Deen, the second son. Masud, the eldest son, is not of the royal tribe of Kajar and is therefore ineligible as the Shah's successor. He is at present Governor of Ispahan and is of such an ambitious and resolute character that it is not improbable he may cause trouble to Muzafer. The latter, however, is recognized by both England and Russia as the rightful heir to the Persian throne.

One of the brightest features of the late Shah's long reign has been his kindness to the Armenians, who enjoy equal privileges with the Mussulmans in Persia. This is in striking contrast with the policy of the bloodthirsty Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, who has made himself infamous as the Nero of the present age.

Miss Sarah Sinclair.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

I CAN shut my eyes and after forty years have come and gone, see Miss Sarah sitting at the wheezy old piano, playing the hymn-tunes she loved, and leading the school-room singing. Her yn voice was a thin, reedy soprano, very ldly in contrast with her plump, short dy, full chest and long arms. Miss rah taught school and boarded round, o weeks at a time, in the milies of her pupils. She was arly fifty years old when e took it into her head to rn to play the instrument, she always called the piano, d she never got much be- nd the simplest airs and ercises, so, you may imag- e my surprise when, return- g to my old home, after an sence of several years, I saw sted in a window on the ain street, this notice in large tters, "Piano lessons given re. For terms, apply to rah Sinclair. Pains taken ith beginners especially."

"What does this mean, Miss rah?" I asked, stepping in make a call.

"Mean, my lamb? It means hat it says. I'm the best usic teacher in this town for eginners, and people are find- g it out."

Just then a little girl came r a lesson, and I took my ave. Presently I met my old astor, Dr. Furness, and nowing that he took a father- interest in everybody, old d young, I ventured to ask im if Miss Sarah could really ch.

"Well, yes," the dear old gentleman id, "she has a gift that better players ck. They do not set her nerves on edge hen they strike a false note, she isn't nsitive about such trifles as flats and harps, and she has inexhaustible patience. he more surprising thing is that Miss rah has learned to play hymns so well hat she officiates in prayer-meeting, and es it well, too. You should hear her ay 'O, Paradise,' or 'Jerusalem the olden.'"

I laughed to myself, thinking of Miss rah's queer figure, and her shrill voice, r she hadn't even a moderately strong nd tuneful one, leading the public in that ay, but when night came and I went to e meeting myself, I did not feel like ughing.

Do you know the sweet, solemn, brood- g hush which falls on a company of orshippers when the Spirit of God is ev- ently in their midst? One cannot define , but it is an influence from heaven, so ue, so hallowed, that it flows from soul soul, sweeping in as a tide, the most ntagonistic and the most trifling alike. evival, quickening, what a beautiful ex- erience it is, straight from the Divine rone.

Still there's more to follow,
Always more to follow,

ang one and all, with Miss Sarah Sinclair ounding the accompaniment with the nergy of love. The hymn ceased, there ere prayers, and talks, and at last there ame a pause, longer than any, and in its uiet interval Miss Sarah rose to her feet.

"There are those," she said, "who don't elieve in answers to prayer. Some of them are here now. I just want to tell them how the dear Lord has dealt with me. For years I was of them that wanted a sign, and it seemed as if the Master said, 'Daughter, there shall no sign be given thee.' But at last I said, 'Lord Jesus, sign or no sign, I believe thee, I love thee, I serve thee. But, please Lord, before I die, let me play the piano.' I'd been studying and practicing and makin' no headway, only one, two, three, four, and never a tune, do my best, just drum, drum, and I was near clean beat out. But, comin' as I do of stock that fit the Indians fust, and fit in the Revolution afterwards, I couldn't let an old piano conquer me, so I prayed an' I practiced, and one day sure enough, I found out that I knew how. The notes under my fingers grew to be alive, I was playing! Not like any of the great musicians, Chopin, or Bach, or Mendelssohn, but playing this way:" She stopped, turned to the piano, and ran over the keys, then began:

Jesus my all to heaven has gone
He whom I fixed my hopes upon.

And as she sang, everybody joined in, and sang, and sang! When the last words died into silence, Miss Sarah began, "I'm taking up too much time, but this is what I want to say finally: If I, stupid as I was, could learn the piano, there isn't one here so stupid that he can't find the way to faith in Christ. Faith's like piano-playing. It's a matter of usin' what you have, till it grows and gets holt of you, and you get a holt of it. The one that's got the teentiest bit of faith, like my one, two, three, on the keys, has enough to start with, and if he'll use that, God 'll give him more."

She took her seat. The pastor prayed. I thought of Lord Tennyson's line, about the whole round world bound by gold chains about the feet of Christ, and "So knowledge grows from more to more." And then I recalled our Lord's word, "To him that hath shall be given."

This all happened long ago. Miss Sarah has been gathered to her fathers. Her old piano was sold at auction, and probably nobody in these days would have much pleasure in listening to her funny jerketty music. But when I see how few girls can play to edification in a meeting, and how afraid most of them are to entertain you, not being ever in practice, and acting as if folks expected them to be Paderewskis or Joseffys, I think of dear old Miss Sarah. The lesson of her life is to me at least: do the best you can, and, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY.

AN experience with which investors are familiar is mentioned by an exchange, which calls attention to the large proportion of Trust Companies which have paid no dividends to the stock-holders. It adds that usually it is the people who organize the Trusts and sell the stock who make the money, while investors get the experience and learn not to do so again.

There is one Trust which never fails to enrich its members. "Give and it shall be given you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." In view of such a promise, why are there so many members of churches miserly towards the Lord's work?

Soon or late every true confessor of Christ has to face him in the duty of Christian trusteeship. Giving money is not optional: it is specifically commanded by Christ and the apostles with special blessings attached to it. "God loveth a cheerful" (or, as the Greek has it) "a laughing giver." The Ninth Chapter of II. Corinthians tells how the pocketbook must go into a full consecration, and God will prosper his people.

When the Holy Spirit rested on the first Christians, Luke writes in Acts 5: 34, that they sold their possessions and came and laid the price at the apostle's feet. That evidenced that they were filled with the Spirit. The Holy Ghost along can loosen the purse-strings and open a sordid heart. A Spirit-filled church never lacks for money. Giving is an essential part of spiritual worship and a means of joy. The lack of it tends to poverty. Do you want to be sure that God loves you, and that he will supply your need for time to come, and make you rich in his glory? then be a cheerful, liberal giver. A beautiful story is told of Baron Rothschild, who sat disguised as a beggar in the studio of the eminent painter, Ary Scheffer. A gentleman came in and had compassion on him, and put a gold piece in his hand. Ten years later the gentleman received this letter, inclosing an order for ten thousand francs: "Sir:—You one day gave a louis to Baron Rothschild in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He has employed it, and to-day sends you the little capital with which you entrusted him, together with its interest. A good action always brings its fortune. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD."

Christian, how much will you put into Jesus' hands, by and by to receive the result of your investment in riches laid up where thieves cannot enter?

A Nassau Sponge Warehouse.

How the Bahama Islanders Cultivate the Sponge and Prepare it for Export. A Baptist Preacher's Work on the Islands.

DESCRIBING in a former article the noble Christian work done in the Bahamas by the Rev. Daniel Wilshere and his devoted wife, reference was made to the varied occupations of the people of those beautiful islands. One of these forms the subject of an illustration on this page. The collection of sponges and the treatment of them to fit them for the foreign market, is an industry that finds employment for a large number of the natives of the islands. That fact is obvious when it is stated that the value of the sponges exported every year from Nassau, New Providence, the capital of the group, is nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The work of gathering the sponges from the rocks at the bottom of the sea on which they grow, is one of no little difficulty. In some districts it is done by divers, who go down at the risk of their lives and tear the sponges from the rocks. In other districts the sponge gatherers go out in boats, armed with a harpoon, which in this case is a long pole, to the end of which a hooked knife is attached, and detach the sponges without diving. The chief difficulty in this method is to see the sponges through the troubled surface. An ingenious device originally used by the Greek sponge-fishers is employed extensively in the Bahamas. It consists of a zinc cylinder about a foot and a half long and a foot wide, the lower extremity of which is closed by a glass plate. This is sunk below the level of the sea, and looking through it the boatman can see the bottom at the depth of many fathoms. After the sponges have been brought up, they are exposed to the air until decomposition sets in, and are then either beaten or trodden with the feet in a stream of running water until the skin and other soft tissues are completely removed. They are then hung up to dry, and are afterwards packed in bales for shipment.

SPONGES WAITING EXPORT AT NASSAU, N. P., BAHAMA ISLANDS.

It is estimated that fully five thousand men and boys are employed in the Bahamas in this industry. The whole population of the nineteen inhabited islands is about fifty thousand. Christian work is carried on there by the Church of England Missionaay Society, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Baptists. As our readers are aware, the native Baptist churches have recently organized a Union under the Presidency of the Rev. Daniel Wilshere, who has devoted himself to the cause of Christ in these islands for the past eighteen years with rare self-denial and zeal. In a recent letter from Mr. Wilshere, he says that there are now thirty-two of these Union Churches scattered among seven isiands, all self-supporting and each with its native pastor. The total membership is about twenty-six hundred and the Sunday Schools contain about twenty-five hundred children. Mr. Wilshere's functions are almost of an Episcopal character. Through the kindness of a Baltimore lady who spent a winter at the islands and saw how valuable was the work done, he was furnished with a sloop on which he visits the outlying districts of his island diocese, and encourages the workers and supervises the work. The poverty of the people is almost pathetie, but they give with surprising liberality according to their means and they occasionally receive a little help from Baptist friends in this country, for which they are profoundly grateful. The Second Baptist Church of Chicago has been a specially helpful friend to the work. Through the assistance it rendered, the Union was able to secure a site in Nassau for its headquarters. The Baptist work was originally under the auspices of the English Missionary Society, but since 1892 it has been independent, and Mr. Wilshere has lived a life of faith, trusting in God instead of the Missionary Society for support of himself and his family.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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What of Armenia?

IF the Christian people of every land under the sun were true to their professions of devotion to Christ and his cause, the sufferings of Armenia would be of short duration. France, Germany, England, Austria, and even Russia would recognize it as a paramount duty to take such action as should forever render impossible any repetition of the Turkish barbarities of the last two years. But the so-called "Christian Powers" have proved neither Christian nor civilized, for they have criminally permitted a continuance of inhumanities that are indescribable and a disgrace to the century. They have seen Armenia, their neighbor, waylaid, and robbed and beaten and slain by a race worse than savages, and have raised no helping hand, but have passed by as the Levite passed the wounded wayfarer. For all their sympathy and Christianity, Armenia might now be utterly exterminated.

What is to become of the Armenians? The good people of America and England have fed and clothed them for months, it is true; but they are still in the spoiler's hands. Prayers have ascended from countless altars and homes in their behalf and those prayers have been answered, for help has been sent and the massacres have ceased. But Moslem savagery and its hatred of Christianity are boundless, as all history shows, and until the power of Turkey over the Christians of Armenia is absolutely removed, the persecuted people will continue to suffer. The Christians of our own land, who have so nobly supplemented their prayers with their acts, will not cease to supplicate nor to labor for Armenia until the Almighty arm is stretched forth for the deliverance of the people of ancient Eden. For this end Christians everywhere should energetically strive, knowing that the Lord loves willing service and that he has many times done, in answer to the united prayers of his children, what great governments have been powerless to accomplish. Sooner or later, deliverance will come for Armenia, and it may come from the most unexpected quarter. Let us pray that it may come soon.

More Reading-rooms.

ONE of the best ways of warring against houses of dissipation is to open orderly and cheap reading-rooms. Intelligence and morality can be made as charming as ignorance and vice. Into such rooms should be gathered good book and vivacious newspaper and piano well tuned and violin well strung and flute clear-voiced and bright faces. Men will go where they have the best time, and when we can, in the name of morality and intelligence, open places of entertainment where there is sweeter music, and more fascinating company, and more attractive literature, the death-blow will be given to demoralizing places of amusement.

You say, "People ought to be at home instead of spending their evenings in a public reading-room." We reply, there are unhappy homes, full of scolding and fretfulness. The mother spends her evenings talking about the unfaithfulness of servants, and the father mourning about family expenses, or complaining, "Oh, dear me! that arm, Joe!" and the son is expected to spend the evening bathing the rheumatism out of the old man's arm; so that when, later in the evening, he goes into the parlor, the ladies are obliged to put handkerchief to the face, because of the odor of the liniment. There are parents who are not satisfied till their child feels as badly as they do. For such young people you need a reading-room.

There is also a large class of young men in boarding-houses who need such a resort. In winter they have no fire in their rooms, and if they want to read in the parlor, they are hindered by groups of ladies talking spiritedly about new styles of fur, or three or four gentlemen paying their attentions to a lady, each one determined to stay till all the others are gone. Many of our young men need, for reading purposes, a room well warmed, well lighted, and quiet, and they can find it nowhere except in the public library. It is a matter of congratulation that, not only in our cities, but even in small villages, rooms are being opened where, with the most elevated surroundings, our young men can pass their evenings in mental and moral improvement. What grander thing can a man of wealth do for his neighborhood than to open a hall or build a house for such a purpose?

Cheer for Invalids.

SOME of the grandest and best work that has ever been done for God and humanity has been done by those who hardly ever saw a well day. Take from the world the work of the invalids, and you make an appalling subtraction. Robert Hall an invalid. Edward Payson an invalid. Richard Baxter an invalid. The men of Bryan in Ireland heard that the battle had gone against their country, and they said: "We are too weak to stand up and fight, but you drive some stakes into the ground, and then carry us out of the hospital and fasten us to the stakes, and then we will fight with the other arm." And so it was done. The stakes were driven into the ground, these wounded men were brought out of the hospital. Not able to stand alone, they were fastened to these stakes by the one side, and with the other arm they fought to desperation, and fought to death. The great victories for God and the truth have not been gained by those who have full equipment. John Milton saw further without eyes than thousands of men ever saw with them. Look out for the soldier's crutch and the old man's staff if they be wielded for patriotism or Christianity. In garrets, in cellars, in sick-rooms, in asylums, in hospitals, how many of the Lord's troops! Some in one way and some in another way efficient for good.

Consecrated Common Sense.

COMMON sense is as valuable in religion as in business. Many have "a zeal for God," but not "according to knowledge." They are earnest in their work, but lack tact in dealing with men. Someone has said that "common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense." Certainly, it is none too prevalent in our churches. The word "policy" has come to have a bad meaning with us, and to be associated largely with political trickery. Yet there is a place for sanctified policy in religious work. The Saviour surely taught this when he said, "Be ye wise as serpents." Paul both taught and practised the art of being "all things to all men." The very idea that Christians are "fishers" of men, implies that they are to regard the peculiarities of those whom they endeavor to save, and to temper their methods accordingly. A story is told of a theological professor who admonished his students somewhat as follows: "When I go fishing I first select a stream in which I think there are fish. Next I select a pole of proper size, and then suitable line and hook and bait. Then I wait patiently until a fish bites, and do what I can to pull it in." But some preachers, when they go fishing for men, take the same kind of tackle and bait for everybody. We cannot drive men to Christ. We may win them. For this end let us study patience and tact. Let us imitate the shrewdness of the business world. "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

M. J. M., Mealey, Oreg. Is Mr. Gladstone of England a Catholic?

No; he is an Episcopalian.

Subscriber, Chatham, N. J. What is meant (Prov. 26: 17), by likening a man who meddles with strife to one who takes a dog by the ears?

It means that the man in both cases needlessly runs into danger. There is an old saying that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie, which has a similar meaning. If you interfere, uncalled for, in a quarrel, you may get yourself into trouble and do no good. You would be as foolish as a man who laid hold of a dog's ears and ran the risk of being bitten.

Subscriber, St. Augustine, Fla. What is the definition of usury? Why is it wrong?

The modern legal definition is interest in excess of a legal rate charged for the use of money. It is wrong because, in this sense, it is extortion. Any lender who takes advantage of a borrower's need to exact a rate higher than he would otherwise receive, is an usurer. Originally the term was applied to the whole custom of loaning money at interest but it is now applied only to the practice of demanding or receiving exorbitant interest, or a premium beyond the usual rate.

J. Parton, Altoona, Pa. Our Chautauqua Circle is to read up on the Armenian crisis. What book can you recommend for the purpose and where and at what price can it be obtained?

The best of all books for your purpose is *The Rule of the Turk*, by Rev. F. D. Greene, himself a missionary to Armenia and the son of a veteran missionary in that field. It is an accurate, comprehensive and stirring recital of the Armenian troubles, including the late massacres and all the frightful barbarities that have characterized Ottoman rule in recent years. It can be procured by sending fifty cents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

E. C. H., Braceville, Ill. What is the law of Illinois in regard to a wife's property—does it go to the children or to the father; her husband, the father of the children, I mean?

In the State of Illinois a married woman may make a will the same as if she were single. She is mistress of her own property obtained by gift, or inheritance, or by purchase with her own means. At common law, if there are children, the husband has a life interest in any real estate belonging to the wife. These remarks apply to real property only; as a general rule, and unless there is a statute to the contrary, her personal property belongs to her husband.

Annie and Emily B., Schenectady, N. Y. Will work at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home be again resumed this year? The Christian Endeavor Society of our Sunday School are thinking of giving an entertainment for its benefit, and we hope to raise at least ten dollars.

Yes, the Home will be opened in June. We have already received intimations from a number of C. E. Societies, Sunday Schools, and Young Peoples' Unions, that they intend to hold bazaars, or give entertainments in aid of our Fresh Air work. We are glad to have the co-operation of all of our young friends in this Christian work, which has already proved a life-saving boon to thousands of the tenement children.

Searcher after Truth, Troy, N. Y. 1. Did any of the ancient heathen or pagan historians write anything about Jesus? What does the Talmud say about him? 2. Does any ancient historian outside of the Bible speak of St. Paul?

1. Yes; in that part of the ancient Talmud which was called Toledoth Yeshu ha Nossri ("The Generation of Jesus the Nazarene"), it was stated that Jesus was hanged at the direction of the Jewish sages, and that the body was taken down at sunset and buried outside the city. All mention of Jesus was with a view to depreciate him and his work. The Toledoth Yeshu was expunged from the Talmud in 1630, by order of the Jewish Assembly at Jaroslov in Little Poland, and all mention of Christ was directed to be suppressed in the Talmud thereafter. These circumstances are familiar to most Jewish scholars. Jesus is incidentally mentioned by several Greek and Roman secular authors, including Tacitus, Annal. XV, 44, 3; Pliny, Epistle X, 97; Lucian, Suetonius, Eusebius and others. 2. Paul is referred to by Clement of Rome, Eusebius, Jerome, Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth (A. D. 170), Tertullian, Caius of Rome (second century), and several others.

G. F. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. Were Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany the same woman?

Scholars differ in opinion on the subject. The only passage that implies identity is Luke 11: 2. It is so plain and direct that Light foot and other eminent writers have no doubt that the two Marys being one and the same. On the other side, however, are other authorities who think that there may have been two anointings and that the Evangelist is not referring to the anointing described in his twelfth chapter. These authorities contend that Mary of Bethany was distinct from Mary Magdalene. There is no way that we know of by which the question can be positively decided.

C. A. C., New Britain, Ct. Where or to whom can I send my old copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where they will be appreciated and do the most good? I have all of last year's subscription. I have treasured them as a miser does his gold, thinking I could refer to them some future day, but I feel that I am doing wrong in so doing, and that they have a mission and should be out in the way.

In a recent issue we published a list of hospitals, prisons, reform schools, etc., where good literature might be sent. Select any one from that list—preferably one near your own neighborhood.

C. C. C., McMinnville, Tenn. Is a public confession of wrongdoing on the part of a Christian necessary when he is convinced that God has forgiven him?

Taking into account the circumstances described in your letter, we do not think a public confession is required of the person referred to. If another person has been wronged reparation is necessary. If there has been sincere repentance and if the pardon of God through Christ has been implored and the sin and all its associations resolutely put away, we believe that is sufficient. We know that the contrary opinion is held by many eminent teachers and in some cases we might urge confession. But in the circumstances you describe, it appears to us that confession would be liable to do harm and could do no good to any one.

M. S. D., Leominster, Mass. When and where did the Plymouth Brethren originate?

John Darby, who is generally considered the founder was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland. He came to the conclusion that the doctrines and system of the Church were unscriptural and about 1827 finally separated himself from it. He held that any person who had a call to teach or preach had the right to do so, and that all true believers should unite together without ecclesiastical ceremony in simple brotherly fellowship for mutual edification and to watch for the Lord's return. A small band of like-minded people gathered around him at Plymouth, England, which increased until the numbered over a thousand. Other bands were formed in London and other cities, but the Plymouth meeting was so much the largest in the early days as to give its name to the whole. It has, however, never been accepted by the believers, who prefer to be known simply as The Brethren.

Old Subscriber. Write to *The Silver Cross*, New York City.—J. W. Hawkins, Passaic, N. J. We do not know of any one.—Mrs. E. W., Aurora, Neb. 1. She should follow the dictates of conscience unhesitatingly. A duty is none the less imperative because it meets human opposition. 2. Discretion will suggest how to proceed in such a case. Making a stand at the wrong time, is sometimes worse than making none at all.—R. P. Lamb, Davenport, Ia. Thanks for your letter.—Emeline McD., Glen Falls, N. Y. 1. We do not know the volume. Better write to the publishers. 2. For the other matter write to Editor *The Chautauquan*, Meadville, Pa.—M. R., Emporia, Kan. Your only safe course is to consult a good lawyer.—C., Oakland Co., Mich. The Fulton Street Prayer-meeting is at 113 Fulton Street, and the Bowery Mission, 105 Bowery.—Mrs. R. B. C., North Lyndeboro, N. H. We do not know the concern.—A. H. C., Stoughton, Wis. In a general way, both questions can be answered in the affirmative. There are exceptional cases, of course, where the reverse may be true. Write to Rev. C. H. Mead, National Temperance Society, Reade street, New York, for data and statistical reports.—F. E. D., Clear Creek, Ont. Yes, but it is still in chancery, we believe. Write to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, New York, for all particulars.—Mrs. W. A. S., Groton, Conn. All the letters are pronounced, the "sch" being soft.—Samaritan, Asheville, N. C. The reason has already been stated in a former issue.—E. M. T., North Chelmsford, Mass. That address in Boston will doubtless reach it.—M. E. B., Jackson, Mich. They have no guarantee whatsoever.—C. M. C., Bloomer, Wis. Almost any good newspaper almanac will supply the information you wish. It is slightly outside the province of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—J. S. Miller, Ireton, Ia. We cannot devote the necessary space.—W. T., Dorchester, Neb. There is no evidence that it does so.—John Herson, Lincoln, Neb. We have no details. Better write to some English newspaper for further information.—Ella Campton, Wiota, Wis. Already repeatedly explained.—Subscriber, Carroll, N. H. You can purchase *The World's Religions* by writing to The Christian Literature Co., New York. It will give the information desired.—Brooklyn Reader. 1. You should take them to the hospital only. 2. He is not the same person.—Subscriber, Elkhorn, Wis. We cannot.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

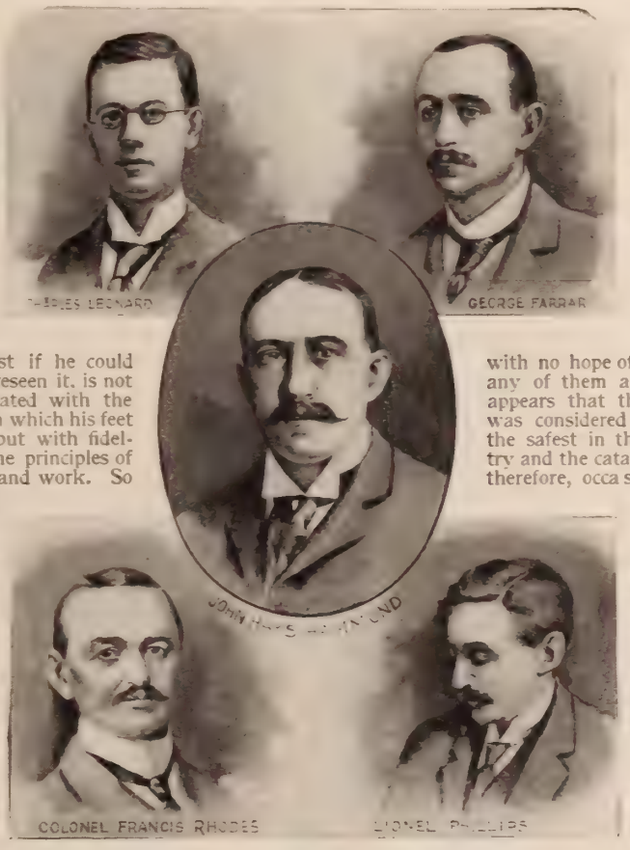
Transvaal Prisoners.

STARTLING news from the Transvaal caused a sensation here and in England a few days ago. A cable dispatch announced that the five leaders of the movement which, in January last, led to Dr. Jameson's raid, had been sentenced to death. They had entered the plea of guilty to the charge of high treason, and it was hoped that their submission would have averted the capital sentence, but Boer justice apparently left no alternative. One of the condemned men was John Hays Hammond, an American mining engineer who was the mining expert of the British South Africa Company. Mr. Hammond's offence consisted in his having been one of the signers of the invitation to Dr. Jameson to enter the Transvaal. He has many influential friends in this country who urged the State Department to interfere in his behalf. Mr. Olney, however, felt some delicacy about making a direct appeal to President Kreuger, as Mr. Hammond was in the employ of a British company. He decided it wise therefore to make his appeal through the British Government and he was assured that its good offices would be employed for Mr. Hammond's benefit. The other condemned men were Charles Leonard, George Farrar, Col. Francis Rhodes and Lionel Phillips, all English members of the Committee appointed by the Uitlanders of the Transvaal to agitate for the redress of their grievances. That men so prominent should be sentenced to death caused great excitement in Johannesburg, where they were well-known. Public meetings were held, and petitions were presented to President Kreger asking for clemency. The suspense was not prolonged. On the day following that of the sentence, the President announced that he had commuted the penalties in each case, and the State council was considering the punishment that should be substituted. That it will be a severe one seems probable. Facts recently disclosed show that the offence was more serious than was generally known. It had been pleaded in defense of the raid that the English and American residents were in dread of an attack, in which their wives and children would be in peril, and that was to protect them that Dr. Jameson went at their entreaty. A number of cipher telegrams have, however, been found and have been read by a key found among Dr. Jameson's baggage, which prove that there was a very different motive for the raid. Ill-feeling between the Uitlanders and the Boers did exist, and had been growing, but there was no danger of violence unless it was provoked by the Uitlanders. The ill-feeling has been produced by the apparent determination of the Boers to permanently exclude the foreigners from any share in the government and to add to the heavy burden of taxation which now falls chiefly upon them. The Uitlanders lost patience, and believing that their grievances would never be redressed by peaceable means, invoked Dr. Jameson's help, hoping that through his raid the government might be transferred to the Chartered Company. The cipher telegrams prove this treasonable intent, and they also indicate that Cecil Rhodes, then Premier of Cape Colony, was cognisant of it. The Boers, therefore, have a right to deal with the men as rebels against the Government, if they choose to exercise it. The prisoners now doubtless regret their appeal to force, and wish they had borne their grievances in patience, heeding the patriarch's warning:

Be not afraid of the sword; for wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword. (Job 19: 29.

Removing an Historical Stone.

A stone which has been an object of interest to several generations was removed last week from its site in front of the Sub-Treasury in New York. It bore the following inscription: "Standing on this stone in the balcony of Federal Hall, April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States of America." The order for its removal was given by the Secretary of the Treasury. Some months ago the Assistant Treasurer in New York noticed a crack in the stone, and a closer examination revealed the fact that it was crumbling. The effect of winds and rains and exposure for a century past had shown itself in decay. It was decided to take measures for the preservation of the relic. It was carefully taken up and carried inside the Sub-Treasury. A bronze frame for its support is to be provided, and it will repose against the south wall under a plate-glass covering which will keep the air from it. Every one must feel that the authorities are doing well to protect so interesting a relic. Its value, however, is purely sentimental. The real reverence for the memory of Washington and that which would have gratified him most if he could have foreseen it, is not associated with the stone on which his feet rested, but with fidelity to the principles of his life and work. So it is with reverence for Christ. He expects those who love him to show their love, not in regard for the land of his birth, or for crucifixes or relics, but by manifesting his spirit.



THE FIVE PRISONERS OF THE TRANSVAAL

Whose capital sentences for treason have been commuted by President Kreuger.

Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. (John 15: 14.)

An Obstinate Tenant.

A business man in New York has been trying the patience of agents and contractors for a year past. In the Spring of 1895 the owner of several houses on a block in Sixth Avenue decided to erect a large building covering the Sixth Avenue frontage of the block and extending five hundred feet eastward. He bought all the houses there he did not own already and then began degotiations with the occupants who held leases to surrender them and move out. All agreed to do so, save one man who had occupied the house for more than thirty years. His lease had still one year to run. The contractors were anxious to begin their work on the new building and liberal offers were made to the one remaining tenant to pay him a large sum if he would vacate his premises, but he would not accept it. The houses on each side of him were demolished, and excavations were made for the basement of the new building. Still he stayed, though the house became so shaky that it had to be shored up to keep it from falling. New offers were made to him, as his staying delayed the work and caused great inconvenience, but the man clung to his holding to the last day of his lease, and he finally went out without a dollar of compensation. It is said that he might have obtained ten thousand dollars if he would have moved a year ago. It is seldom that a man is so blind to his own interests as to forego so large a sum, rather than leave a place to which he had become attached, but there are many who make an infinitely greater sacrifice in spiritual matters. Though they know that eventually they must leave the world and that the world itself will be destroyed, they cling to it though God offers eternal riches to those who are willing to renounce it. They show true wisdom who, like Moses:

Chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. (Heb. 11: 25

A Mining Disaster.

A press dispatch from El Paso, Tex., reports a serious calamity which had just occurred at the Santa Eualia Mines, near Chihuahua, Mexico. The roof of one of the mines had fallen in while sixty-seven miners and laborers were at work, and had crushed some and cut off the escape of the others. Gen. Ahumada had arrived with a large force of sappers and skilled workmen who were working day and night to rescue the entombed men but with no hope of saving any of them alive. It appears that the mine was considered one of the safest in the country and the catastrophe, therefore, occasioned much surprise. The cause of it, however, as explained by a miner who refuses to work there, is easily understood. The owners let contracts to some Mexican miners who were not to have wages, but to be paid at so much for every ton of ore brought up. In their eagerness to make as much money as possible, they cut away the ore which had been left between the chambers and removed the pillars of ore which supported the roof. That ore was easy to get at and it had been taken out, with a recklessness of consequences, of which no experienced miner would be guilty. The men, the miner said, had left the roof, with the superincumbent weight, without a single support. It would appear that they practically sold their lives for the money they received for the ore in the pillars. Men are usually more careful of their lives, but multituds show the same disregard of consequences to their souls. When a man is so eager to be rich that he allows his principles to be undermined, he risks the foundations of his character and courts eternal disaster.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and unto many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. (1 Timothy 6: 9)

A Bird's Nest of Metal.

A curiosity has recently been placed in the museum of history at Soleure in Switzerland which is unique in its way. It is a bird's nest made entirely of steel springs. The neighborhood is noted for its clock and watch manufactories. In the yards of these factories there are heaps of fragments of wheels and springs which are worn out or defective. Broken springs are a large part of the refuse. One day a resident in the suburbs noticed that a pair of wagtails were building their nest in a tree in his yard. He paid no attention to them at the time, but after the nest was finished some peculiar glitter in it as the sun touched it after a shower, attracted him, and he examined it more closely. To his astonishment, he found that it was composed entirely of the broken clock and watch springs, which the birds must have picked from the rubbish in the factory yards. They had skilfully twined them together, and had made a perfectly comfortable nest of the usual shape. It was four inches across, and as commodious and firmly constructed as if made with twigs in the ordinary manner. The observer waited until the pair had raised their young brood, and then took the nest to the museum, where it attracts much notice. It is a curious evidence of the power of the birds to adapt themselves to their circumstances. They used the materials that were at hand, though they were not the materials that were generally used. If Christians would act so, many a man would be doing good service who is now idle because he thinks a college education, a pulpit, or a foreign missionary appointment essential to his working for Christ.

There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. (1 Cor. 12: 6)

BRIEF NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Presses and Bindery have now been removed to the large Lexington Building, each floor of which is nearly an acre in area. Of course the change in the arrangement of the beautiful colored plates on our first page will be more or less irregular, but the improvement in our facilities is so great that when we are fully prepared to resume the regular publication of the colored pictures, our readers will have an agreeable surprise. Our new system of color printing gives promise of results far surpassing in artistic excellence any effects yet attained.

Dr. A. T. Pierson is Holding Meetings in England "for the deepening of spiritual life," which are largely attended. This week he is preaching for Dr. Joseph Parker in the City Temple.

A Popular Preacher in a Recent Sermon on the sun, said that the Christian must not be like Hezekiah's sun that went backward, nor Joshua's sun that stood still, but like David's sun which rejoiced like a strong man to run a race.

The Eighteth Annual Meeting of the American Bible Society is to be held to-morrow, May 14, in the Bible House, New York, at 3 P. M. Managers of the societies and delegates from auxiliary societies are invited to be present.

The Annual Statement of English Financial affairs to Parliament shows that the consumption of rum in the country had declined, but during the year 1,200,000 bottles of champagne had been sold. The consumption of tea had increased by ten million pounds.

Mr. Charles M. Crittenton Has Been Doing good work in Montana. His meetings in Butte aroused widespread interest, and it is believed that a permanent work will grow out of them. Nearly eight hundred cards were signed by persons pledging themselves in Christ's strength to begin a Christian life.

The Representatives in Peru of the Grattan-Guinness Mission have reported recently a month's evangelizing tour on the coast. They say that they were generally welcomed by the people, and although frequent attempts were made to arrest them, they were able to pass on from place to place without great hindrance.

An Interesting Gavel Has Been Sent as a present to the Moderator of a Presbytery in Alabama. Some years ago the Presbytery sent a missionary to China, and from him comes the gavel. It is made from the wood of a tree which for nearly three centuries shaded an idol temple, on the site of which now stands a Christian mission.

Mr. E. A. Vail of the Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans, La., asks us on his behalf to thank readers of this journal who have sent him boxes and packages of religious literature; also to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions: L. A. C. $2; Mrs. M. P. M., $2; A. F. P., $1; H. Zeigler, $1; S. H. W., $1; W. H. V., $1.

Rev. R. G. Pearson has had a Time of blessing in Tampa, Fla. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches joined in holding united meetings while he was in the town. Not only were there a large number of conversions, but Christians were drawn into closer relations and were stirred up to greater activity.

The Association of Women Physicians in India, founded under the patronage of Queen Victoria, promises even a brighter future for the native women of India. Until recently no native woman would have dreamed of studying medicine, and the idea that she would have the privilege of being taught by a man was unthought of. But the Queen's generous offer has been accepted by many who ministered to them in Christ's name.

Major George H. Hilton and Rev. Grant C. Tullar have been holding meetings at Victor, Colo. The *Daily Record* of that town reports a strong religious movement in connection with them. The Presbyterian Church was not large enough to hold all who wanted to attend and the meetings were removed to the Opera House, which was filled Sunday afternoon and evening. A Bible reading was given each afternoon and was well attended.

Woman's Work Abroad.

How it Appears to a Traveler who Contrasts Social Conditions in Different Countries. The Women of Sicily.

NOWHERE in the world is woman so honored or highly considered as in our own favored land. This fact is frankly admitted by foreigners who come here to observe our institutions and contrast our social conditions with those of older countries. Moreover, of the many thousands of women of all ages and degrees who come here as visitors or immigrants from Europe annually, a considerable proportion are doubtless attracted by the advantages that are here open to their sex. A thousand educational and business avenues are available for them here, which are still practically closed in the older lands.

Our photographic illustration on this page, shows the condition of the peasant-women is one of the most beautiful parts of Southern Europe—the island of Sicily. There, as in many parts of the European Continent, the women do a large part of the heavy work. In the culture of oranges, lemons and citrons, in the wheat and flax fields, among the cocoons, or in the great vineyards, it is the same—they have a generous share of the labor as their due. Flax dressing, as seen in the photograph, is by no means the hardest of the work they undertake daily. It is not to be wondered at that the bloom of the roses fades early from their cheeks, and they grow haggard, weather-beaten and old before reaching maturity. The Sicilian peasant women are old at thirty-five. Yet their country is one possessing every advantage conducive to loveliness of face and figure. It has a fine, agreeable climate, if we except the brief prevalence of the sirocco (or dry wind.) But ignorance, especially in the rural districts, and the general absence of hygienic conditions, which is the result of that ignorance, rob it of much of its charm.

There is not a doubt that the status of woman in the United States is infinitely better than it is anywhere else. A writer in the *Cambridge University Magazine*, describing a tour through Europe, says: "In Normandy 'the garden of France,' . . . women were busily at work planting and weeding and digging for the next crop. They bore the brunt of all the work, and carried upon their heads, from point to point, enormous loads of grain or produce, or of material for fertilizing the ground—industrious, brown, and wrinkled women.

"When we reached Switzerland and began a study of this hardy, healthy people, a new problem had to be faced: Was it not a happy thing for the mother to take her place in the fields along with the father and the children, and there in the pure mountain air to assist in providing food for the long, cruel winter? In Italy, the women of the common people work in the blessed sunshine, and at sunset tramp contentedly home to prepare the simple evening meal. In German vineyards the vines are dressed and tended largely by women, and along the Rhine the earth is carried back in baskets upon the heads of women. We saw a tiny milk-cart drawn by a big dog, to which a woman was also fastened by a bit of harness. Shortly after some twenty-five carts assembled, some having two dogs, but each having a woman in harness. Everywhere in Europe there is a binding together of families through united labor."

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Don't Borrow Trouble.

Lots of good people do, but they do it as the result of a jaded faith. Is not our trial in mourning the loss of friends, quite enough now, writes Dr. Cuyler, without overloading it with an imaginary one? And if our strength breaks down it will simply be because we are not satisfied with letting God afflict us; we torture ourselves with imagined afflictions of our own. If we could but take a short view, we would see the bright side. Then, instead of having two sorrows, we would have one great possession to set over again a great loss; our duty to the living would be not only a relief to our anguish, but the best tribute we could pay the dead.

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Plainness in Dress.

It is a noteworthy fact that many people who have succeeded, through their own exertions, in pushing them, selves socially and financially to the front, have simple tastes. Far from being the extravagant beings the world vulgarly believes, they find in the possession of wealth no valid reason for the indulgence of immoderate tastes or expensive notions, but are rather pleased with a plainness both in diet and dress, that many others might regard as bordering on severity. Their wealth is really a stewardship—a trust. Such persons as a rule, don't believe that a so-called "fashionable education" will help their children. Mrs. Rockefeller, for example, holds that daughters should be brought up as simply as possible and not indulged in ornaments, even though the parents have millions. Mrs. U. S. Grant coincides and deprecates the vanity of encouraging girls to outdress each other. Mrs. Armour longs for greater simplicity in the dressing and rearing of children. A number of other ladies, all prominent and well known, have lately recorded their opinion on the girls' dress question, and all agree that simple dressing, with the view of economy and self-help, are greatly to be desired, instead of the absurd extravagance now so general.

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A Zulu Wedding.

A missionary, writing from Natal sometime ago, gave this interesting account of a wedding among the Zulus: "When the procession reached the gate of the bridegroom's kraal, the bride was closely veiled by her female attendants, nor was the veil removed till she had taken her place in the ring for the final dance. A hundred or more natives engaged in it with all the energy of which they were capable, their bodies covered with perspiration, but I could not see the bridegroom anywhere. On inquiring as to his whereabouts, I received the reply, 'Wait a few minutes and you will see.' It turned out that he was seated near myself among the spectators, and apparently as unconcerned as any of them. After a little, the bride left the ring, dancing and singing like the rest, but evidently in search of somebody or something. Suddenly she appeared and placed her hand on her lover's head, signifying her choice. Then her father took a shield, and, standing in front of the dancers, who for the time kept quiet, made a speech in which he praised in no qualified terms his daughter, dilated on all he had done for her, said the number of cows he had received was too small, hoped she would meet with good treatment, prove a fruitful vine, etc. Occasionally he emphasized his words by jumping up and kicking his shield with violence. Then the father of the bridegroom appeared on the scene, also bearing a shield, lauding his son to the skies, complaining that he had paid too many cattle, that the girl was homely in appearance, not strong enough to do much work, emphasizing his remarks in the same manner as the bride's father had done. This, it is said, is done that the bride may not be unduly elated. The crowd then dispersed."

SICILIAN WOMEN DRESSING FLAX

To the Children.

CHILDREN, who read my lay,
Thus much I have to say:
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right!
Right things, in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You should have light!

This further I would say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true!
True things, in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Life's journey, through and through
Speaking what's just and true;
Doing what's right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play
Each day, and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—ALICE CARY

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The Clock and the Cradle.

IT first took its place on the old ho- stead about seventy years ago. Gr- father and grandmother had just n married. That was a part of their ou It called them to their first meal. T were the blue-edged dishes, and b handled knives, and homely fare, an appetite sharpened on the wood-pile, o the snow-shoveling. As the clock twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in h made garments, took their position at table, and keeping time to the ratt knives, and forks, and spoons, the c went tick-tock, tick-tock!

One day, at a sale, grandfather seen, with somewhat confused face, ding on a high chair and a cradle. As t newly-purchased articles came into house, the old clock in its excite struck five, when it ought to have so ed four, but the pendulum cried, "Ord and everything came back to its fo composure, save, that as a dash of shine struck the face of the clock, it s ed to say, "Time-pieces are not fool Clocks sound the march of generation time to be born, as well as a time to Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

A mischievous child trying to catch pendulum; a crying child held up t quieted while listening to the motio the works; a curious child standing chair trying to put his fingers among cogs to see what they are made of; a child falling asleep in a cradle. Hencef the clock has beautiful accompanim Old-time cradle with a mother's foo it, going "Rickety-rack! rickety-rac All infantile trouble crushed under rocker. Clock singing, "I started b you were born." Cradle respon "That which I swing shall live after are dead." Clock chanting, "I sound passing of Time." Cradle answering soothe an heir of Eternity." Music! cr to clock. Clock to cradle. More te than harp, more stirring than huntsm bugle.

The old time-piece kept account of birthday of all the children. Ei times it tolled the old year out, and the new year in. The hand that e Saturday night for forty years wou up was soon to be still. The iron p of the old time-piece seemed to flutte though its own spirit was departing. tongue was thick; its face white as struck with death. Just as grandfat heart, after running for eighty ye ceased to tick, the old clock rallied much as to say: "It is the last thing I do for him, and so I must toll the de knell—one! two! three! four! five! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelv With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to re it, and oiled the wheels, and swung pendulum. But it would not go! Its was run; its heart was broken.

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A Breath of May.

There is a fine delicate aroma of s summer in some recent verses by Fr D. Sherman. He writes:

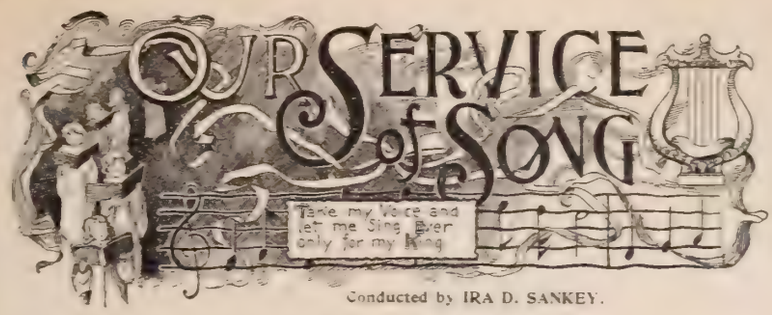
A magic touch transformed the fields,
Gave ner each hour they grew,
Until they shone like burnished shields
All jeweled o'er with dew.
Scattered upon the forestfloor
A million bits of bloom
Breathed fragrance forth thro' morning's door
Into the day's bright room.
Glad flowers upsprang amid the grass
And flung their banners gay,
And suddenly it came to pass—
God's miracle of May!

The Widening Kingdom.

Questions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning May 24. Isaiah 11: 1-10.

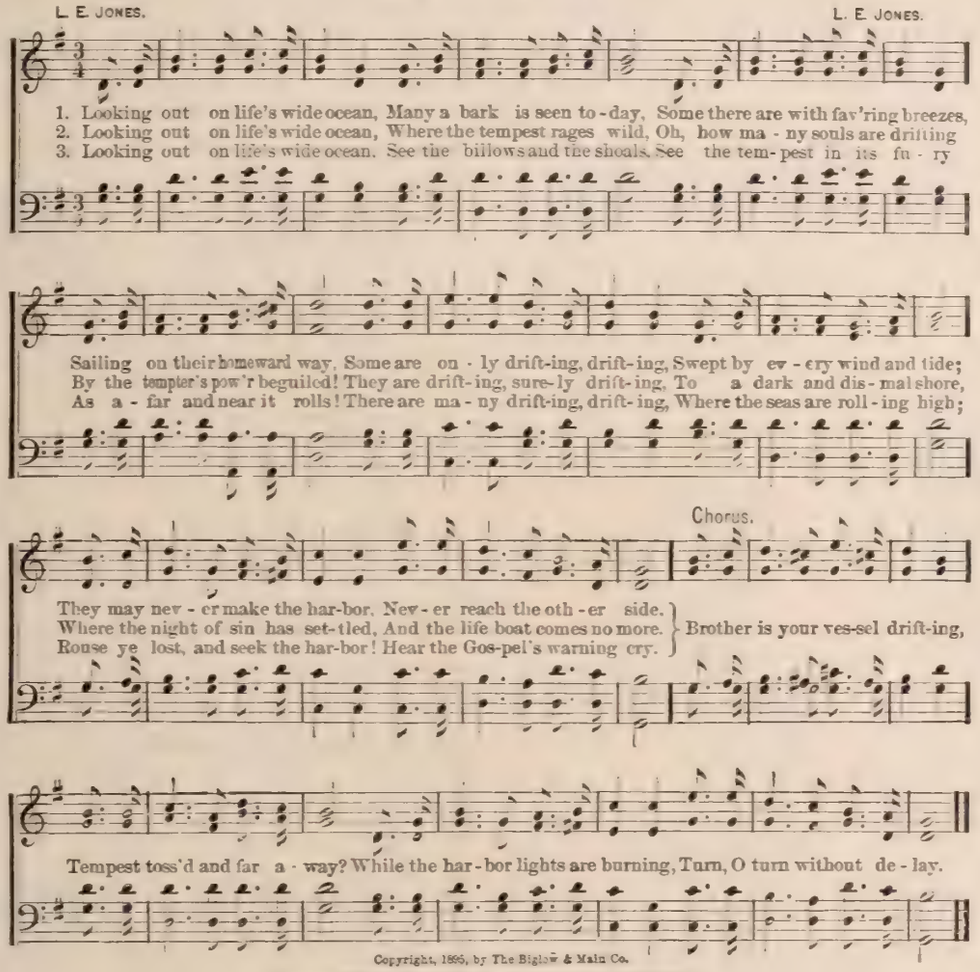
FROM the earliest times poets and seers have had a dream of a golden age of peace and prosperity, that was to come on this troubled, sorrowful world. How it would be brought about, they have not been agreed; but they have clung to the hope that in some way a blissful era would come when the curse and the perversity of mundane things would be lifted, and universal happiness would be inaugurated. The great Hebrew prophet had his dream, too, but with the peculiar genius and penetration of his race, he saw its realization to depend on righteousness. Men would be happy because they were good. They would cease to quarrel and contend because they had become subjects of the Prince of Peace. "They shall not hurt nor destroy . . . for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord." It was that knowledge that his message was. It was no dream of conquest or force, but of a willing submission to God, a recognition of the fact that his ways were the best for his creatures, and that in knowing them the world lay for the transformation and development of the human race. When men came to know God to make it their highest ambition to be like him, then they would rise to the highest dignity of their nature and the world sorrow would disappear. Thus peace and prosperity were to come, not from outward circumstances, but from unchanged character. There was a sound philosophy in the dream. The prophet saw a vision of a god-like race, a world of true men, and, flowing from that source, a stream of universal beneficence.

His inspiration showed him how such a result would come. It would not be produced by doctrine or by philosophic speculation, but by a person. The revelation of God revealed in human shape was the means to the end. The servant of the Lord, the stem growing out of the roots of Jesse, would be the medium in this redemption of the race. His words, the rod of his mouth and the breath of his lips, would work this marvelous change. Since he wrote his prophecy the revelation which he saw in the far future, has appeared in the world, and slowly and painfully the transformation has advanced. In Jesus the guiding light of all worth showing the path to the culmination. So it has proved. The steps that have been taken toward the universal happiness have been those of the path of truth. In following him the only true progress has been gained. They have been weak and faltering steps, but they have been in the right direction. Every hospital, every humanitarian effort, every philanthropic enterprise conceived and executed in the spirit of Christ has been an advance. Kindness, benevolence, compassion, brotherly affection, have grown slowly and feebly, out of the influence of Christ, and the world has benefited by the development. Gradually and with many relapses, the spirit of Christ is penetrating society. The beauty and nobility of his character are being recognized and the world is beginning to see that the production of such characters is the hope of the future. He is becoming, as the prophet foresaw, an ensign for the nations, a beacon around which men may gather for salvation for themselves and for the redemption of the world. The men who gathered around him, who call him Lord and learn of him, are growing in number in every generation. The stone cut without hands is becoming a great mountain, and is yet to fill the whole earth. So shall the world come at last to its golden age and find rest in righteousness.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

ARE YOU DRIFTING?



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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At the Portals.

WILL they meet us, cheer, and greet us,
Those we loved who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When the reach that radiant shore?

Chorus: They will meet us, cheer, and greet us,
Those we loved who've gone before:
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals
When we reach that radiant shore.

Hearts are broken for some token
That they live and love us yet!
And we ask, Can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us;
Though in heaven, can they forget?

And we often, as days soften,
And comes out the evening star,
Looking westward, sit and wonder
Whether, when so far asunder,
They shall think how dear they are.

Past yon portals, our immortals,
Those who walk with him in white;
Do they 'mid their bliss recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
Will our coming wake delight?

—J. E. RANKIN.

Remember the Promise.

WHEN danger cometh near thee,
When cares beset thy way,
Let God's own promise cheer thee
And be the mighty stay.

CHORUS.

Remember the promise, remember the promise,
God's promise that never shall fail;
His promises plead, he is faithful indeed,
And you shall, believing, prevail.

O, precious is the promise
For sorrow and distress:
"I never will forsake thee."
"Nor leave thee comfortless."

Remember in temptation
To plead God's Word in prayer,
That "ye shall not be tempted"
Beyond what ye can bear.

In every time of trial,
Some promise is for thee,
And if the Lord thou lovest,
"All things for good" shall be.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Is this the Way?

Written for "The Christian Herald."

FATHER, is this the way?
Long have we traveled
Through the desert sands
And forests wild:
The way seems lone and drear,
With loved ones gone—
O, lead thy child!

It was not always so:
When life was young and fair,
And youth our hearts beguiled;
Then, guide us safely o'er
Life's fitful sea,
Lead thou thy child!

And when, at last,
We reach the narrow sea
That lies between us
And the land to be,
We catch bright glintings
Of the land afar—
The blessed home
Where all our loved ones are
There, Father, lead thy child.

Evans Mills, N. Y. MRS. C. A. STRATTON.

A Chapter of Six Visions.

A Remarkable Series of Six Apocalyptic Scenes Described by the Seer of Patmos.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

STANDING on the sea-girt isle, a captive as John, the great Apostle's soul was withdrawn from the scenes around him and winging its way into the very presence of God, saw the wonders that he describes in this book of Revelation. God shows him the future, that he may show it to his people. It is not history, it is not prophecy, but a series of emblematic, hieroglyphic pictures that pass before his gaze from which prophecy is deduced. The seer himself does not fully understand them, as they are disclosed to his view, one after another. He is lost in wonder, and only at occasional intervals, asks a question of his angel guide. Some of these visions are elaborate in their setting, and appear to have been long before his eyes. Others appear to have passed rapidly, as if of events quickly succeeding each other. In the fourteenth chapter of his book he gives six of them together, as if they were a series. Let us look at them in their order.

The first vision presents the 144,000 redeemed ones. The Mount Zion, we think, is used antitypically and imports the sphere of heavenly worship and glory, as contrasted with the earthly, which is its type. The Lamb is the central figure. This, without doubt, is the Lamb of God, the glorified Saviour. And this redeemed multitude are said to be with him—the place of dignity, destiny, and fellowship—for they are seen to be in glory—on Mount Zion, the centre of celestial worship. As to this number, we take the definite for the indefinite; and in the impress of his Father's name, may, perhaps, import that they are his redeemed property, bearing, in some sense, his image and superscription.

The voices of harpers heard from heaven, in the second verse, teach us that praise and psalmody are among the engagements of the celestial world, and that the harpers and songsters hold a distinguished position; for they are said to be "before the throne," the place of regal honor. But it is worthy of note that this song was peculiar; for none could learn this song but the 144,000. May this not be because only those who live in close communion with God can realize on earth those blessed experiences which can fit and qualify them to sing this song? a song only to be learned by those who "walk with God."

In verse four we learn that the character which they sustain in heaven is the result of the habits and character which they formed on earth, in the obedience of faith, devotedness of purpose, and consecration of work, while pilgrims and strangers in this world. But we must especially note why they are called the first fruits; there are, we conceive, at least two reasons:

Because they are taken out of the whole harvest field. The allusion, doubtless, is to the feast of the first fruits in the Hebrew Church. And by referring to Lev. 23: 10, we see that the sheaf of first fruits had to be cut out of the field of standing corn (and so represents the removal of living Christians, we think), while the remainder of the harvest corn is yet standing for some time longer in the field.

Because, apparently, they are taken up into glory before the residue are removed; as the sheaf of first fruits was taken up into the temple to be waved by the priest before the Lord, before the full harvest was reaped. This was the first of a series of six pictures thus grouped together like a cluster of gems in the field of glory spread before the seer's vision.

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

GRAVE and mysterious as he could make his manner, Captain Tobias Newhall discoursed to Lieutenant Jenkins. He wanted Winthrop Melrose disgraced and if bodily harm should come to him by some lucky accident, so much the better. He felt certain that Janet had rejected him because she had still a liking for Melrose. That was a sufficient reason with Tobias for hating Melrose, and to hate him was the first step toward doing him a mischief if he had opportunity. Here was the opportunity. It might not lead to anything, but again it might; and at any rate it would annoy Melrose.

'Perhaps," he said, "you don't know, Lieutenant, that this man Melrose has been in the rebel army. They didn't want him and he's a-trying us. Somehow, he has worked himself up to being captain. But I mistrust the man thoroughly. And of course a man ought at a time like this, when the enemy is all about us to clear himself of all suspicion. I advise you to hold him under arrest till morning. Then the thing can be sifted better."

"You would advise it, Cap'n?"

"Certainly. If I hadn't known him away back, years ago, and known him to be treacherous and two-faced, I should not take so much stock in the stories flying about. As it is, I don't doubt but that he is in actual communication with the enemy, and that this very day he has given them valuable information. The very man to do it naturally, and his prowling round at this time of night, outside of our line, confirms it. For don't you see, if he was a true Union man at heart, he would never venture beyond our picket-lines. He'd keep well inside, because he would know if the Southerners caught him in arms, they would shoot him as a deserter quicker than a flash of lightning. It looks bad, I tell you. I don't mean to be suspicious, and there is no fairer man than I am, but it looks bad."

"It does look bad," concluded Lieutenant Jenkins, "and I'll have him under arrest."

Melrose was accordingly held, much to his disgust. Captain Newhall went away chuckling, and trying to think out some plan to get him permanently disgraced.

CHAPTER XX.

There never was a more mortified, saddened man that went off picket-duty than Ned Davis. To think he had been the occasion of the arrest of Janet's dearest friend! It seemed as if Ned had seized and hustled Janet herself off to the guard-house. He talked it over with Sandy when the two were alone at the morning camp-fire making their coffee.

"Then you seed him, Ned?"

"Yes, and heard him, Sandy. Heard him say he was Cap'n Winthrop Melrose, and to think I should be the one to git him under arrest!"

"Oh, it won't last!"

"But I'd seed him. If it hadn't been for these pesky eyes a-seein' everything——"

"I know you were allus great on seein'."

"It was me that seed him. That begun the whole thing. I pitied him——"

"Did he say anything?"

"About what?"

"Oh, I don't know! Did you ask him about me? Who is it that does not like to be remembered?"

"Yes, he hadn't forgotten you."

"And Janet?"

Ned sighed; "Jen—net? Sandy we were a-leanin' agin a tree, and when I axed him if he had forgotten the Mortons and a tallish, rether good-lookin' gal, their daughter, so startled, you'd 'a' thought I'd struck him with a pistol, and then he says, 'Oh, he's got his mind on her, you bet!'"

Ned sighed again.

"Coffee is done. Shall I pour now?"

"Go ahead, Sandy."

It was a sorrowful kind of a breakfast, something like a funeral-feast. During the day they heard that Capt. Melrose had been released, and the affair had occasioned much camp-talk. It was displaced in the soldier's gossip by a far more serious subject. This was an attack of the enemy on the right of the Army of the Potomac. The pickets were driven in, the guns began to roar and the line of battle was at once formed.

"Let's shake hands, Sandy!" said Ned, as they stood side by side.

"All right, young man, let's shake, Ned."

Two noble-hearted fellows cordially gripped hands. Ned looked depressed.

"Feel skittish, Ned?"

"Oh, a leetle trembly, Sandy, but 'taint that."

"Oh, we shall come out all right and make coffee together, and on the enemy's grounds. Don't feel bad! Shake her off! Here's for the Union!"

"If anything happens," said Ned, in a low tone, disregarding Sandy's words, "jest tell P'leen and father it was all right, and—and—if you see Jennet, tell her I said my prayers 'fore I went in. That will——"

Ned faltered. The tears filled his brown eyes. Janet Morton to him was a sacred being. She had made a new being of him. She had taught him how to read and write. She had induced him to sign the pledge. She had urged him to save his tobacco-money, and abstinence here is sometimes harder than that from drink. She had encouraged him to go to church. She had taught him how to pray. All the spiritual comfort that he possessed to-day, all the spiritual triumphs he hoped to win for the morrow, he connected with Janet Morton's instrumentality. In Ned's regard, she stood next to the Saviour to whose feet Janet's teachings had won him. He had now come to the war, not so much because he saw it was his duty, but as Janet had gone, he inferred that he ought to go also.

Was he jealous of Winthrop Melrose? Ned would have resented such a question. He knew that between him and Janet stretched an impassable distance. He knew that her interest in him was philanthropic, and he was satisfied to have the smile of the philanthropist. It warmed him when cold and cheered him forward when depressed. He only wanted to know that Winthrop Melrose was worthy of Janet and really loved her. He had made up his mind in this matter.

"That Cap'n Melrose is a splendid feller," he had told Sandy. To himself, he said, "The Cap'n loves Jennet."

And while Ned went into the fight in a general way to fight for the Union, he had this special and very positive conviction that he was to see that no harm came—not to Ned Davis—but Captain Winthrop Melrose. But there were the enemy! Out of a thicket they had broken, formed rapidly in an open field, and were now coming on rapidly, making a gallant advance. The order to advance had rung down the Federal lines.

"All ready, Sandy! Good-bye, old feller. Say!"

"What is it, Ned!"

"Seen anything of Cap'n Melrose?"

"Over at the right. Don't you see him, goin' ahead?"

"Yes, yes! Good-bye!"

"Good bye, Ned!"

"On they went, the blue-coated heroes, their faces set in the purpose to follow the old flag even unto death.

Oh, it was a quickening sight to see the troops moving forward. Side by side, grimly, silently, trampled Sandy and Ned. Sandy with the old stern face, his features in a grim, resolute set. He spoke not a word, but went on like a machine rather than a sentient man. This fighting was not congenial to Sandy. His heart was too kindly to take cheerfully to the task of killing. He was there to do his duty, but it was a painful duty and he felt it keenly. Those Southerners were men like himself. He could not get the soldier's instinct that blinds him to the man inside the uniform. He could not take the life of an enemy without the horror of feeling that he was killing a man. He had to school himself to the idea of duty—duty to the flag, to the cause, to his pledges. It was sickening, repulsive work, but it must be done and Sandy was there to do his share of it. So in grim silence he tramped on.

Presently Ned spoke. Sandy made no

(Continued on next page.)

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In His Hands.

(Continued from preceding page.)

rey. He did not wish to talk. But Ned persisted. "Sandy."

"Well, what?"

Ned's face was pale and he looked haggard. Some shadow had fallen upon him and his light-hearted manner was gone. "You know I had a talk with Janet. She said good things, Sandy. I was thinking of what she that kinder settles a man's mind at a time like this. It does me good, maybe it will suit you."

"Well."

"Janet said, we were all in God's hands. Things don't chance. God sees to everything. There ain't no use in forboding and worrying. We are safe in his hands. It's a good thing to think of when a man don't know one minute but what a ball may strike him the next minute."

"That's so," said Sandy. "We've got to do our duty and leave the end to God."

They had and Sandy were taking part in a dangerous movement as they talked. Their company had been assigned with others to the duty suggested by Winthrop Melrose. Days ago he had been engaged in a survey of the country where the armies were now in conflict. He had a very clear recollection of its conformation, and had refreshed his memory by that night walk which had led to his arrest. On his return he had suggested to his General a movement for outflanking the enemy, by a march through a sheltered cut, by which the Union troops could approach the enemy's flank unseen. The General adopted the suggestion, and among the troops ordered to assist in executing it was the regiment in which Ned and Sandy were serving.

The march proceeded in silence till the foot of a low hill was reached. Then there was a halt, while one man crawled up on hands and knees and surveyed the field. He returned and gave his report. Then there was quick formation, and with a wild hurrah! hurrah! the men swarmed up the hill and rushing down the declivity on the other side, were soon in hand-to-hand combat. It was a hard fight, and in the height of the struggle Ned saw an officer fall. A few minutes before, he had caught a glimpse of Capt. Melrose at that point, and now a sad presentiment told him that it was the Captain who had been hit. His sole effort now was to reach that place. It was hard work, for he was in the thick of the fight, but as the enemy slowly retreated, followed by the Union troops, the way cleared and Ned found what he sought. He was not mistaken. At the foot of a clump of bushes was a face white as the snow, the head and the body limp and huddled in a heap, all unconscious.

"Poor feller!" murmured Ned savagely. "Now, hands off, every one of ye!" he spoke as if addressing an attacking host. "How don't I wish Sandy was here!" he groaned more than once.

"Ah, here they come!" he cried.

Two men of the ambulance corps approached. They bore on a stretcher a wounded soldier.

"Best come quick as you can," shouted Ned, "and lend us a hand.

"We will," said one of the men, "but we must just take this man now. There's a battle just started in that house."

Ned's informant nodded with his head toward a farm-house that could just be seen in the rear of the battle ground.

"What of it?" asked Ned.

"Can't you get somebody to help you? Bring him far as you can, and we will come for him soon."

"Dunno! muttered Ned. "I will get help if I can."

The bearers of the stretcher hastened away, while Ned looked about him. Several poor wounded wretches could be seen, but no able-bodied men were on the spot.

"Gittin' dark and no help!" muttered the sentinel, faithfully guarding the unconscious heap at his feet.

"Hallo, he's a-stirrin'."

Melrose opened his eyes.

"Here! take a mouthful of that!" cried Ned, holding his canteen to the officer's lips. It was filled with strong coffee that had been made at the last camp-fire.

"There, Cap'n! that helps your craft round that point! Good for ye, good for ye! Does you good! Try some more! Give 'em a leetle more sail, all she'll bear."

"Thank ye!" murmured Melrose. "I'll see I can't stand. We'll get away."

"Steer kerfully, Cap'n! Rocks ahead!" With Ned's help, Melrose tried to stand up. His strength was not equal to the effort. He did not fall, but he was compelled to sit down at the foot of the bush.

"Cap'n, another pull on this water-cask—I mean my canteen, for I git sea and land mixed up."

"My mind's mixed, too," said Melrose, "but it does not seem like sea and land. I don't quite know whether I belong to this land or the better one."

"You're in this world at present," said Ned, "and please God I'll try to keep you in it a little longer. I know somebody whom I think a good deal of who'd be mighty sorry if you were to quit yet."

"Whom do you mean, my friend? Why are you taking all this interest in me? You ought to be with your company; it is dangerous here. You had better leave me, and I'll take the chance of some of our hospital men coming up. You are risking your life for my sake. They won't fire at a wounded man like me, but a shot may take you off any minute. Now you go after your company."

"Shan't," said Ned bluntly, but kindly, "I'm going to get you safe into hospittle before I quit, if it is possible. That's my duty, and I'm going to do it for Jennet's sake. If a shot knocks me over, I can't help that. I'll take the risk. It's in the line of duty and that's what we're doing all the time. How'd I face Jennet when I get back, if I'd got to tell her as I saw Capt. Melrose wounded on the ground and left him there to die or be took prisoner, or trod under foot as if he was of no account. No, sir; I know how she would look at me, and I couldn't stand it. I'm going to do my best to get you into hospittle whatever happens, for Jennet's sake."

"Say, my friend," said Melrose, "I know I'm weak and I suppose I'm a little light-headed, but I don't think I should understand you if I were well. Who is it you are talking about?"

"Jennet Morton," said Ned plainly. "Oh, I know what you'll say. There's nothing between you and all that is buried and so on. But I know Jennet and though she wouldn't let on if her life depended on it, I know how she feels. I know the signs. I've seen her start when your name came up and I've seen her hand shake and her face flush. Oh, I understand. I don't know much about you, but any man who has ever loved Jennet and has had the sense to know her value is the right sort. He is not likely to go fooling around other girls. And, if Jennet cares for him, why that's a certificate. Things will all come out right yet. Never you fear. That's why I want to keep you in this world. It'll make Jennet happy, and between you and me I'd know but what that's worth dying to do. Hows'ever, if I knew I could buy happiness for her with my life, I'd pay it down. I think enough of her for that. Not as I'd ever have the impudence to run agen you."

"Give me your hand, my friend," said Melrose, holding out a very white thin hand, which Ned grasped. "You and I are brothers in one way I see. What you have told me does me more good than anything I ever expected."

As the two men clasped hands, a shot rang from the copse near which they were. Ned fell forward across the body of the wounded Captain and there was silence on the field.

To be Continued.)

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on May 3, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. "Reader," Brooklyn, for a dear nephew, that he may soon be converted.——"Anxious Wife and Mother," Naples, Tex., for the conversion of her husband; also that three sons, one of whom has been six years away from home, may be brought to Christ; also that her daughters may be made humble, devoted Christians; also for the salvation of nephew and niece, who are sorely afflicted.——"Anxious Mother," who has passed through heavy trials, that her son, who has fallen under the power of the intoxicating cup and has lost a good position, and is neglecting wife and children, might be led to seek deliverance through Christ, and realize that so long as he trusts in his own strength he will never be reclaimed. His case is a very sorrowful one, and is presented in the hope that many prayers will go with those of the distressed mother to God who is able to save the lost. ——E. M., New York, that her child might be brought to God in his youth, and that his evil temper may be eradicated.——"Reader," Kansas City, Mo., that a family of eight, once loving and united, but now estranged, might be united together in Christ, and the children become his loving and devoted followers.——S. G., New Orleans, La., for the conversion of a beloved daughter, who has fallen under evil influences and is being led astray by the wiles of an unprincipled woman.——E. J., Haigler, Neb., for the salvation of seven children who need God's grace to keep them from evil.—— S. T., Ohio, that God would turn her husband's heart to himself, and that her four daughters and her son who is being led astray by evil associates might all be made God's children.——Mrs. ——, Iowa, that a brother now over seventy-six years of age, who was once a professing Christian, might be restored and his backsliding forgiven and that he be made a true and sincere Christian. ——W.W., Newport, R.I., for a father of a family who has renounced his drinking, dissipated ways and has reformed his life, that he may be converted and that his wife and children may feel that they are justified in returning to live with him.——"In His Name," Illinois, that God would touch the heart of an only son, and that he may find employment with honest men who will help him to do right; also for a daughter alone among strangers, that God would keep her and guide her aright.—— "Anxious Wife and Mother," Wellington, Nev., that her aged husband, who is an unbeliever, might even at the eleventh hour give his heart to God; also for the conversion of a son and daughter.——"Anxious One," Ballston Centre, N. Y., that a dear child might go to Christ for salvation.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Christian," Milo, Me., that three friends who have been under conviction during the special meetings there, might be led to trust Christ fully for salvation, and might find peace and joy in him.—— A. R. M., Sibley, Ga., that God would reveal himself to some loved ones who are in great spiritual darkness, also for the conversion of some pupils.——C., Eyata, Minn., for the salvation of one who is very dear, but who does not know Christ, nor the power of his salvation.

For the Restoration of Health. "Anxious Mother," Orange, Fla., that a dear little boy strangely and painfully afflicted might be healed of God and his strength restored.——J.C.H., Prairie, Ill., that God would grant recovery to a dear sister if it be in accordance with his will.——"One who believes," Huntingdon, Pa., that a severe affliction which precludes service for the Master might be removed.——J. A. McN., Houston, Tex., that his wife, who for nearly seven years has been an invalid and is now suffering from nervous prostration, may be raised up, and be restored to health; also that one of the Lord's servants may recover his sense of hearing.——"Believer," Calf Creek, Ky., that a father and son may be restored to health.—— E. J. M., Westernville, N. Y., that God recover one who is is suffering from severe nervous debility, defective eyesight and other ills which are a hindrance to work.

For Special Blessings. R. I., Weil, La., for grace to bear patiently and cheerfully worldly trials, and to put complete and unwavering trust in God. —— M. E. A., Kiowa, Kans., that a mind which has been clouded with doubts and evil suggestions and misgivings, may be kept clear and that the peace and love of God may reign in it to the exclusion of anger and malice and all evil.——"Anxious Mother," McZenia, O., that one who has long been anxious about his soul's salvation, may find Christ and be assured of acceptance.——L. E. C., Williamsburg, N. Y., who has recently lost a very dear friend, and feels that one-half of his being has been taken away, that God would give him strength to bear the loss, and, if it be the Lord's will, that he may be guided to some congenial soul similarly situated in whom he could find a friend in the Lord.

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HATTIESBURG, MISS., Dec. 15, 1892.

Gen. E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senator, Washington, D.C.

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Yours truly, L. E. HALL.

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Will the Sultan Let Them Go?

Armenians Now Looking to Emigration as their Only Hope—The Relief Work.

LETTERS to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from American missionaries in Asia Minor, received by the latest mails this week, indicate that a great change is taking place in the Armenian situation. After having subjected the Armenian people to unheard-of oppression and barbarities, the Porte is at last disposed to relax its hold upon them, and Sultan Abdul Hamid, like Pharaoh of old in the case of Israel, is willing to let them go. For sometime past a sentiment in favor of wholesale immigration has been rapidly growing in all the provinces, and we are assured on reliable authority that, contrary to all precedent, demands for passports to Armenians are being readily complied with.

This view of the situation is confirmed by letters from Aintab, Erzeroom, and Smyrna — three extreme localities, which may be regarded as accurately showing the general feeling. The writer of the Aintab letter states that all the Armenians in that section are determined to get out of the country at all costs. From Smyrna comes this emphatic statement: "I have no hesitation in saying that the Armenians throughout all the interior provinces regard immigration as their only hope of deliverance." From Erzeroom, many hundreds of miles distant, comes this cry for assistance: "The only hope we can see for the poor Armenians of these provinces is to get out of the country. Would that they had a Baron Hirsch, to transport them to America. Large numbers are leaving for Russia, but the hope that ultimately they may reach America or England."

Miss Grace Kimball writes from Van (April 1), acknowledging receipt of the first remittance of $2500 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund work at that station. She adds:

"If the Armenians were not so utterly bewildered, and was afraid of any utterance of any kind, you would certainly receive some direct acknowledgment from them. For the present, however, you must let me be their mouth-piece and assure you not only their gratitude, but of the magnitude of relief they have afforded this poor, starving, persecuted people. I beg you also to accept my personal thanks for the confidence you have reposed in me. In the future I should find myself in need of a medium to help in some form of Christian benevolence, I warn you I should at once appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"I called you of the return of the villagers to their homes under the strongest assurances of the Sultan's Special Commissioner. We sent over 500 of those who had wintered here, and were from villages considered the safest—being very near to the city. This week three of these villages have been sacked, and seven men killed and a number wounded. It is reported that the government wishes to carry out reforms, and thinks that things have gone far enough, but the chances are that it is not strong enough to do so."

The following contributions were received in the closing days of the Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$46,343.16	McHarry, Tena	1 00
Several, Mr & Mrs	5 00	McLatchey, Lavina	2 00
Scarborough, W H	2 00	McLellan, John	5 00
Schaufus E	50	McLeod, John	25
Schelber, J W	25	McNab, John	1 00
Schellenna L	1 00	Magill, Mary	5 00
Scheiberger, R L	1 00	Mandt, P O	50
Schenk Thos	1 00	Mann, Jas	1 00
Schenkels R F	1 00	Maresh, Chas	50
Schermerhorn D	2 00	Mason, F K	3 00
Schmidt, Wm	50	Maynard, Mrs Wm U, & Henry Harlow & family	5 00
Schoke Arthur	50		
Schoning A	1 00		
Schoonmaker Mrs H C	2 00	Mehring, Ada	50
Schrikers J W	50	Mehring, Annie	1 00
Schrunk Sarah A	1 00	Mehring, Lavina	3 25
Schuyler, H	1 00	Mehring, Upton	25
Scofield Ino V	5 00	Mendenhall, A M	1 00
Scott Caress, Fred	5 00	Mendenhall, Miss L	1 00
Scrafton, Mrs C L	1 00	Mendenhall, Miss RA	1 00
Scrivner, M	1 00	Mendenhall, U	1 00
Scroggs, S	1 00	Mendenhall, Mrs U	1 00
Seeley Peter	50	Mendenhall, W R	1 00
Seeley Mrs B G	1 00	Messick, H Jas	5 00
Millard, Mrs Emma	25	Friend, Geneva	2 00
Miller, Miss M A	1 00	" N H	1 00
Miller, Thos	1 00	" Park River	2 50
Miller, Wm	50	" Coventry	7 00
Mills, Mrs Caroline D	2 00	" St Remy	1 00
Mottitt, W J	50	" E Millstone	50
Mohn, Erick	50	" Jefferson Valley	1 00
Moore, D C	2 00	" E Orange	5 00
Moore, Mrs & family	5 00	" Stevensville	1 00
Morgan, Miss T	5 00	" Glasco	3 00
Morris, G W	1 00	" Nashville	50
Moss, Mattie	50	" Soudan	3 00
Mott, H H	1 00	" Marksboro	2 00
Mudge, Chas	2 50	" Parsons	1 00
Munn, John H, & Jno Doolittle	2 00	" Haverhill	1 00
		" So Ohio	1 00
Murdagh, M C	5 00	" Georgetown	50
Napp, Bert	25	" Somerworth	2 00
Napp, Miss Effie	50	" Germantown	25
Neher, E J & wife	5 00	" Spring Place	1 00
Neiger, A L	1 00	" Norristown	2 00
Nevius, Helen	1 00	" E Dixmont	4 00
Newman, Geo A	50	" Prospect Hill	1 00
Newton, Clarence R	50	" Chattanooga	1 00
Nicolson, John	1 00	" Hallowell	5 00
Nixon, W E	25	" King's Point	2 00
Nollman, Chas	2 00	" Corinna	1 00
Norrell, A B	1 00	" Vail	1 00
Norris, Mrs R C	1 00	Friends, Ebbowoods	3 00
Nelson & Wylie	10 00	" Canadice	10 00
Orcutt, Mr G S	1 00	" Fredonia	2 50
Orcutt, Mrs G S	1 00	3 " Danvers	3 00
Ortman, Mrs H C	2 00	I H N, Troy	1 00
Overson, Ed	50	" Woodhaven	2 00
Painter, Peter	5 00	" Lancaster	2 00
Parmley, Joseph	1 00	" Warren	1 00
Parsons, F A	1 00	" W Lebanon	1 00
Patterson, Mrs A P	2 50	" M C, Md	50
Patterson, Mr J H	50	" Goodings	75
Patterson, Mrs M E	2 00	" St Albans	1 00
Paxton, Anna	1 00	" Wawarsing	1 00
Peach, Dr	1 00	" Livermore Falls	50
Pearson, Mrs Bertha	25	" Montg Co	11 00
Pedrick, Mrs Lizzie	50	" Beverly	1 00
Perkins, Mrs F O	1 00	" Hurdville	1 00
Perry, A	1 00	" Ga	10
Peterson, Mrs O	1 00	" Savannah	1 00
Peterson, Ellen J	1 00	" Earlville	60
Phillips, M	1 00	" Mt Airy	1 00
Phillips, Mrs M L	2 00	" H B G, Chicago	1 00
Potter, J D	5 00	In Jesus Name, Poultney	5 00
Potts, Mrs I B	5 00		
Powell, H C	1 00	" Jericho	60
Price, Mrs T A	1 00	" Greenland	1 00
Prill, Mrs O G	1 00	" Liberty	40
Prince, Chas	1 00	" Lawrence	2 00
Prosser, Ida E	1 00	In the name of Christ, Hackensack	1 00
Pyle, T E	40		
Quirk, Miss M A	1 00	Reader, Spangle	1 00
Rea, Mrs S A	2 00	" Sunbury	1 00
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Redpath, R N	5 00	" Spencertown	50
Reed, Mrs O E	2 00	" Austerlitz	50
For Christ's dear sake, Oregon City	1 00	" No Sparta	4 00
		" Brooksdale	50
For the Dear Christ, W Berlin	1 00	" Spring Creek	1 00
		Constant reader	32
For Jesus Sake, Welcome	1 00	Sub'r, Meriden	50
		" Turbotville	2 00
For Jesus Sake, Clear Creek	50	" Fortuna	50
		" Fairport	1 00
For Love's Sake, Clinton	4 00	" Ashland	1 00
		" Milford	1 00
For the Master, West Newbury	1 00	" Brighton	1 00
		" Sinking Valley	1 00
—, Waterman	7	" Meriden	1 00
—, Asheville	1 00	N Y City	5 00
—, York	1 00	" Athens	1 00
—, Schenectady	10 00	Menonite S S	9 05
—, Macon	5 00	Union U P Church, Dyennen	9 00
—, Peoria	10 00		
—, Farmingdale	1 00	**Total**	**$46,722.20**
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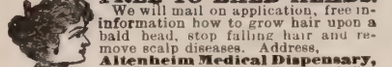

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Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

ARMENIA'S ONLY HOPE.

Fang in All Else, its People Now Think of Leaving Their Native Land Forever —The Porte's Attitude Uncertain—Who Will be the Armenian Moses?

RETURNING Summer has brought little hope to the Armenians. All the news from that unhappy country indicates that, while there has been no recent renewal of the great massacres, the Turkish and Kurdish policy of plunder and persecution goes on unceasingly. Numbers of the Van exiles who attempted to return to their villages have been killed; bands of Kurds continue to rob the frightened peasants in all of the villages, and in the towns and cities, the tension between Moslem and Christian is so strained that an outbreak is momentarily feared. Sick at heart, faint from their profound suffering and the deprivation of many of the necessaries of life and with the gloomiest forebodings as to the future, the Armenians do not know which way to turn. So widespread has been the destruction of property that to raise crops this summer is, in very many districts, well-nigh impossible. Dwellings, barns, seed, tools, horses, cattle, —all are destroyed or stolen. It is a land in ruins; in some places nothing has been left that can be utilized. And the American missionaries — who write from a knowledge born of long years of experience in Armenia—candidly admit in their letters that, despite all that has been done in the way of relief, there is no more hope for the people now than there was in midwinter.

Emigration is now generally conceded to be the only hope of the Armenian people. This view is entertained and very strongly advocated by the missionaries at many of the American Board Missionstations. These godly men and women for months have been engaged in the work of distributing relief funds and are unquestionably in the best position to judge the popular feeling. During the recent troubles, many persons crossed the border into Persia and Russia, notwithstanding the prohibitory laws, which forbid the subjects of the Sultan leaving the country, unless with the consent of the government. Lately, however, as we are now advised by letters from Armenia, the policy of the government has been changed in this respect, and it is said passports are freely granted to Armenians desiring to leave the country. Whether this change of policy would continue, were the emigration to assume large proportions, is doubtful, but steps have already been taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to ascertain to what extent such emigration would be permitted by the Turkish government. Should the conditions be favorable, it is not improbable that long before the close of the present summer, the exodus from Armenia may have begun in earnest.

MGR. HARUTUNI VEHABIDIAN, ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Whose Wisdom and Sagacity Averted Armenian Disaster in Palestine.

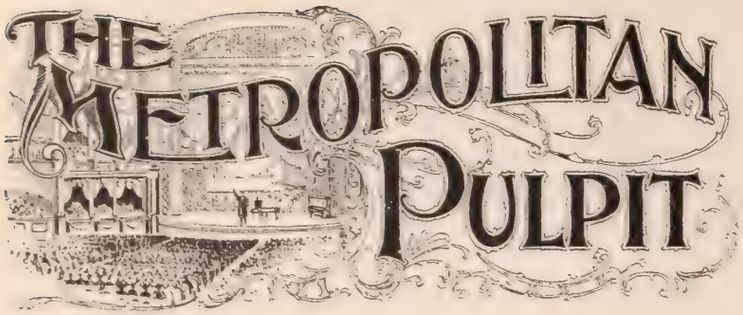
It is estimated that there are in the disturbed districts over three quarters of a million Armenian Christians, of whom a large proportion would be quick to seize any opportunity to leave the land of their fathers and escape from the cruel Moslem oppression that has trodden them under foot for centuries. Who is to be the Moses to lead this persecuted people to a land of freedom and liberty? Even if Turkey consented that they should go, it would require a vast amount of money to transport them any considerable distance. But there are several available avenues of egress, that might make the exodus less difficult than would at first appear. Those in the districts to the north and east could cross to Persia and Russia. In both these countries, Armenians are prosperous and honored. Those in the southern and western sections might find their way to the island of Cyprus, where 200,000 Armenians could be accommodated, and where they would doubtless be safe, under British protection. Still others, perhaps in considerable numbers, would find their way to England and the United States. Already the emigration project is being seriously considered by the various organizations in this country that have been most active in the work of Armenian relief. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the National Armenian Relief Association, and leading Armenians in different parts of the Union have discussed the project in its various bearings, although no definite plan of action has yet been reached. It is believed that such Armenians as come to America would be warmly welcomed, as they are known to be industrious, peaceable, and law-abiding. Letters have been received from many readers of this journal urging the advocacy of such a scheme as a means of permanent relief for the Armenians, some of the writers even pledging themselves to aid Armenian families who may come to the Southern or Western States, and to set aside land which they may cultivate for self-support. At present, it is impossible to accept any of those generous offers. Meanwhile, the progress and development of any plans for Armenian emigration will be watched with interest by a sympathetic American public.

Relief work still goes on at all the principal stations without serious interruption. Miss Kimball's summary of her work shows 19,230 persons relieved during the month of March, 10,867 being permanent beneficiaries on the list of the Industrial Department and the Bakeries. Of this large number very few are expected to be self-supporting for a long time to come. The condition of the remote villages is very distressing; their people cannot return to their lands, nor find work nor a means of living. Unless they emigrate, there would seem to be nothing ahead save starvation.

In forwarding the report of her relief work in Van up to April 1, Miss Kimball writes:

"The whole question of safety to the villages, with all it involves for the future, is even more uncertain than it was a month ago; and the tendency is to believe that life in the villages will be impossible for Christians. Should this be the case, their fall sowing of wheat—now in fine condition and prom-

(*Continued on page 395.*)



BAD COMPANY.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Prov. 1: 15, "*Walk not thou in the way with them.*"

HARDLY any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin alone. He always takes some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him—"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise, I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circles of society, and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper, if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men; but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people, is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah, whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt. Clan with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city, and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him, and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere he wishes to go—if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says, "I have forgotten my pocket-book." In forty-eight hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in;" and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God, I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such an one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look, until the wretch crouch in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men, and say, "Beware of evil companions."

I warn you to shun the sceptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion, and turns over to some mystery of the Bible, and says, "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says, "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion, such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion, which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying.

Alas! a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of Death, as he stands over the couch, waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow; and the dying man will say, "I cannot die—I cannot die." Death standing ready beside the couch, says, "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings, and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "What do I care for pictures!—your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God!" "Hush," says Death; "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one—two—three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing; but the young infidel only said, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

Again, I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office, and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing, I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand, and very faultless apparel, and have a high-sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work-dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shop-lifters, and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit, they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory, or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theatre, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying, "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

During the past few years, there has been a great deal of dullness in business. Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth fifty thousand dollars of capital. The large fortunes of the next twenty years are having their foundations laid now by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement. I went into a store in New York and saw five men, all Christians, sitting round, saying that they had nothing to do. It is an outrage for a Christian man to have nothing to do. Let him go out and visit the poor, or distribute tracts, or go and read the Bible to the sick, or take out his New Testament and be making his eternal fortune. Let him go into the back office and pray.

Shrink back from idlenesss in yourself and in others, if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green, at more than eighty years of age, was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered: "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be idle.

Are you fond of pictures? If so I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a forty-four pounder. The old proverb was right. "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and so well?" The old man took the younger to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Implant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure-seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if he had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. The rainbow hath hung in sky, and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay; but he who chooses pleasure-seeking for his life-work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thunder-cloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth it declares, "I go to water the green fields." The wild-flowers under the fence are gay, but they say, "We stand here to make room for the wheatfield, and to refresh the husbandmen in their nooning." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says, "I go to baptize the moss. I give the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water-lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are good in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond, and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well-struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it; and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball-playing, or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

But the life business of pleasure-seeking always makes in the end, a criminal and a sot. George Brummel was smiled upon by all England, and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with the peerage and swung a round of mirth and wealth and applause, until, exhausted of purse and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer, and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will come into your office or crowd around your anvil, or seek to delay you off. They will want you to bolt out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some

rsion that you must take; of some Sab-ith day that you ought to dishonor. ney will tell you of exquisite wines that u must taste; of costly operas that you ust hear, of wonderful dancers that you ust see; but before you accept their con-y or their companionship, remember at while at the end of a useful life you ay be able to look back to kindnesses ne, to honorable work accomplished, to verty helped, to a good name earned, to ristian influence exerted, to a Saviour's use advanced—these pleasure-seekers on eir death-bed have nothing better to re-ew than a torn play-bill, a ticket for the es, an empty tankard, and the cast-out ds of a carousal; and as in the delirium their awful death they clutch the gob-, and press it to their lips, the dregs of e cup falling upon their tongue, will be-n to hiss and uncoil with the adders of eternal poison.

Again: avoid as you would avoid the ath of your body, mind, and soul any-e who has in him the gambling spirit. en who want to gamble, will find ces just suited to their capacity, not dly in the under-ground oyster cellar, or the table back of the curtain, covered th greasy cards, or in the steamboat oking cabin, where the bloated wretch th rings in his ears deals out his pack d winks at the unsuspecting traveler—oviding free drinks all around—but in ded parlors and amid gorgeous sur-ndings. We must at times have excite-nt. A thousand voices in our nature mand it. It is right. It is healthful. It inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But ything that first gratifies this appetite d hurls it back in a terrific reaction is olorable and wicked. Look out for the tation that, like a rough musician, in nging out the tune plays so hard he aks down the instrument. God never ide man strong enough to endure the ar and tear of gambling excitement.

A young man having suddenly inherit-a large property, sits at the hazard bles and takes up in a dice box the estate n by a father's lifetime sweat, and akes it, and tosses it away. Intemper-ce soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking n out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, sending him, with the drunkard's hic-ugh, staggering up the street where his nily lives. But gambling does not in at way expose its victims. The gambler y be eaten up by the gambler's passion, t you only discover it by the greed in eyes, the hardness of his features, the rvous restlessness, the threadbare coat, d his embarrassed business. Yet he is on e road to hell, and no preacher's voice, startling warning, or wife's entreaty, n make him stay for a moment his adlong career. The infernal spell is on n; a giant is aroused within, and though u may bind him with cables, they would rt like thread, and though you fasten n seven times round with chains, they uld snap like rusted wire; and though u piled up in his path heaven-high, Bibles, cts and sermons, and on the top should the Cross of the Son of God, over them the gambler would leap like a roe over e rocks, on his way to perdition.

A man used to reaping scores or hun-eds of dollars from the gaming table will t be content with slow work. He will y: "What is the use of my trying to ake these fifty dollars in my store when I n get five times that in half an hour down Billy's?" You never knew a confirmed mbler who was industrious. The men ven to this vice spend their time, not tively engaged in the game, in idleness, intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting w victims. This sin has dulled the car-nter's saw and cut the band of the fac-ry wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the eth of the farmer's harrow, and sent a range lightning to shatter the battery of e philosopher. The very first idea in ming is at war with all the industries of ciety. Any trade or occupation that is use is ennobling. The street-sweeper dvances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return; but it is disgrace to the man he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children, and eternal wasting away to his soul. He pays in tears and blood and agony and darkness and woe. What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape and measure nankeen, and cut garments, and weigh sugars, when in a night's game he makes and loses, and makes again and loses again the profits of a season? John Borack was sent as mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for eighty-seven thousand dollars. It was found that he had lost in Lombard street, London, twenty-nine thousand dollars, in Fulton Street, New York, ten thousand dollars, and in New Orleans, three thousand dollars. He was imprisoned, but afterward escaped, and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls.

The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where, in the Bible or society, is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soo he the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children, are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But, do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back: put up his horses, and carriage, and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started for home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas; he went back to the saloon, and before a great while, had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one! Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is ofttimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, haggard wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gaming-house in San Francisco, a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard, until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced, and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit's signature, emptied the banker's money vault, and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. Have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on large scale or small scale.

PROTESTANT MISSION QUARTERS, LIMA.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LIMA.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied, "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt—civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say "no" as if you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop, and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the sceptic, the idler, the pleasure-seeker, the gambler.

Rather than enter the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters, and command the harps, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are the blossoms of Paradise, and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Peru's Gospel Progress.

An American Missionary Tells how the Work goes on at Lima—Protestantism Pioneering amid Poverty, while Romanism Revels in Riches.

"PERU for Christ!" is the sentiment that breathes through every line of a letter received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Rev. A. R. Stark, one of our faithful independent missionaries at Lima. He writes:

"The work is pioneering, and, as you know, all such work has its difficulties and discouragements, but looking back on more than two years' experience our testimony is, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' The second year, although blended with hardships and persecution, saw an extension of the work in various directions. A foundation is now being laid for a real Gospel work in a country which has hitherto lain passive under the enslaving power of Romanism. Spiritually, morally and politically, Peru is in a pitiable condition. It is impossible to compass the idolatrous superstition and indifference around us. God alone can. We have only touched the fringe of this vast and complicated work. When will Christians bestir themselves to greater activity and consecration for the evangelization of the heathen? The country is run, almost, by foreign capital, European and American; but the soldiers of the Cross are conspicuous by their absence.

"The work at present is more hopeful than it has been. Bro. Jarrett and his wife have returned to Cuzco again, and despite the opposition, there is little fear of a second ejection. For the unjustifiable and illegal banishment of August last, the Government of Peru indemnified us. We hope, God willing, to open work in Bolivia this year. At present we are in correspondence with several consecrated young men, who are in training and hope to join us. I am also hoping to make a Bible tour in Bolivia shortly, as the way opens.

"A month ago, I returned with Bro. Backhouse from a tour along the coast. With increasing interest and blessing we journeyed from town to town scattering the precious seed. We were also able to sell or give away over four hundred and eighty Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels, as well as many Gospel tracts. The people generally are poor but welcome us eagerly until influenced against us by the priests."

Accompanying Mr. Stark's letter are two very significant photographs, reproduced on this page. They show, in startling contrast, the difference between the power of Romanism and Protestantism in that land—the one strong, rich, influential, and arrogant, with its full treasuries, fine cathedrals, and priests innumerable; the other poor in the world's wealth, destitute of even the most ordinary accommodations, with no imposing edifices, and its missionaries laboring for the love of souls alone. Under priestly domination Peru has sunk to a condition of ignorance and superstition that is little short of heathenish. Up to a very recent date the American Bible Society, through its colporteurs, prosecuted the only Protestan work in Peru, by distributing the Bible, translated into Spanish. Mr. Penzotti, the Society's Agent (an account of whose life and labors has been published in these columns), was persistently persecuted by the Peruvian authorities at the instigation of the priests. At one time, so great was the indignation among the better class of Peruvians and the foreign residents of Lima, that mass meetings were held to agitate the subject of freedom of religion. Rev. Mr. Stark and his associates, Mr. Jarrett and wife, were also subjected to malicious persection at the same dictation, and an effort was made to have them expelled from the territory. Now, however, as Mr. Stark's letter indicates, a revulsion of feeling has set in, and the Peruvian government and people are more generously disposed toward the Protestant cause.

Destruction of Jerusalem.

Sunday School Lesson for May 31st. Luke 21: 30-36. Golden Text, Luke 21: 33. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL the three evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke, record the solemn words of our Lord regarding his coming, and the time of the great tribulation, of which the destruction of Jerusalem was the rehearsal. Matt. 24 and Mark 13 are almost a repetition the one of the other. In Luke 12: 42-46 and 17: 22-37 is given much which is recorded by these two evangelists; but in his 21st chapter there is

A Parenthesis

from verse 12 to 24, to show what shall be the distinctive character of the remaining times of the Gentiles, and then the account is resumed. Without this parenthesis it would read: "There shall be terrors and great signs from heaven. And there shall be signs in sun and moon and stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, in perplexity for the roaring of the sea and the billows; men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the inhabited earth." (Luke 21: 11, 25, 26, R. V. margin.)

This parenthesis, spoken to the twelve, gives a view of what the true followers of Christ have to expect before his coming. "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also." (John 15: 20.) Synagogues and prisons, kings and governors, shall have to do with a people whom the world knoweth not, because it knew him not. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake," yes, even by parents, brethren, kinsfolk. But your loss shall be your gain; "it shall turn to you for a testimony." And a special promise is given to the persecuted, who are serving and waiting for the Lord. "Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate beforehand how to answer, for I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay." Stephen is a witness to the fulfilment of these words: "being dead, he yet speaketh" in the Word of God, which would be incomplete without his inspired biography. His persecution turned to him and to the Church of Christ "for a testimony" of Christ living again in his martyred follower; the council of Jerusalem were not able to withstand the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake. (Acts 6: 10). If every persecuted disciple of Christ had understood and followed the Master as closely, might not the Lord Jesus have come ere this? But alas, the Church of Christ has not understood her vocation to be a people who, under injustice, opened not their mouth. And not a hair of your head shall perish. The citizens of heaven may die but Jesus will raise them again at the last day incorruptible, not a hair having perished. He who has numbered them all has done so for the resurrection. He shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory. (Phil. 3: 21). In your patience ye shall win your souls, or your lives.

It is at this point that the Lord speaks of the destruction of Jerusalem; and, that we may understand what he says, we must bear in mind that more than one destruction of Jerusalem is here treated. When the Lord Jesus spoke these words, he had not yet been finally rejected and crucified by the Jewish rulers, and thus he does not distinguish between the destruction of Jerusalem during the lifetime of the Christian Church, and her destruction in the time of the tribulation. In the time of Vespasian and Titus, Jerusalem was compassed by the armies; the same thing shall occur again when all nations shall be gathered against Jerusalem to battle (Zec. 12: 2; 14: 2; Joel 3: 12, etc.), and a third time at the end of the thousand years' reign of Christ on earth with his saints (Ezek. 38: 39). But the scattering of Israel which is prophesied here, is undoubtedly that which we see fulfilled before our very eyes, for the Jews are to be found in every country. But this state of things is beginning to change in a most remarkable way, as the Jewish people multiply; they having about doubled in numbers in our generation, having risen to financial and intellectual superiority throughout the world, and having their eyes and their hopes turned to the land of God's promise. At the same time, Jerusalem is almost wholly rebuilt, and the new Jewish streets just in the direction prophesied in Jeremiah 31: 38, 39. Surely "the time of the Gentiles" must be nearly at an end. "And then shall they see

The Son of Man Coming

in a cloud with power and great glory." And again Christ spake a word to those who settle in their hearts not to meditate how to answer their enemies, or to defend themselves; those who dare to trust God to defend them, those who in their patience win their souls, the unconquerable men of faith. What is his Word to them, while men around are fainting for fear? The world's death knell is the marriage chime for them. "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads because your redemption draweth nigh," (verse 28.) Lift up your heads, the fig-tree, the old stock of Israel is budding; the kingdom of God, which it is your Father's good pleasure to give you, is nigh. This generation, the Jews, my covenant people, shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled. They are my standing witness. "Heaven and earth shall pass away" from the face of him that shall sit upon the great white throne, (Rev. 20: 11), "but my words shall not pass away."

And yet another word of warning. "Take heed to yourselves," lest haply your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and that day come on you suddenly as a snare, for so shall it come on all them that are [lit. trans.] "dwellers on the earth," those whose home is down here, who are not citizens of heaven. In the passages in Revelation, where the expression occurs: "them that dwell on the earth," we see, with terrible clearness, what will be the ultimate development, and what the appalling fate of those dwellers upon the earth. If we are looking, day by day and hour by hour, for our Lord from heaven, who shall transform our bodies in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality. (1. Cor 15: 51-53), it is impossible that our hearts should be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and with the cares and anxieties of this life: we cannot be true citizens of heaven and still "mind earthly things." (Phil. 4: 19.) In the last terrible days of the great tribulation, when the "man of sin," the great Antichrist, shall be revealed, "all that dwell on the earth shall worship him," his false prophet shall deceive them that dwell on the earth (Rev. 12: 6-14); they that dwell on the earth shall wonder at the resurrection of this great antagonist of Christ, when he rises from the dead, because the resurrection of him who is Christ indeed, has not laid hold of them, they do not know "the power of his resurrection." (Phil. 3: 10.)

To them whose citizenship is in heaven, the coming of the Lord will not be as a snare to entrap them, but like the whirlwind which caught away Elijah, and which will take them whither their heart and their treasure is. They have long been sitting "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2: 6), their spirit has long been at home in heaven, and now their bodies, changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, shall be caught up thither, too, and those that sleep in Jesus who have loved his appearing (II. Tim. 4: 19), shall be first resurrected in undying bodies, as the living are also changed. Corruption shall disappear and mortality be swallowed up in life (II. Cor. 5: 4). But not all shall thus be taken away. To them that look for him [or wait for him] shall he appear the second time without sin into salvation" (Heb. 9: 28). And our Lord here says: "Watch ye at every season, making supplication that ye may prevail to escape those things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (R. V.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

JEWS AT THE WAILING PLACE.

THE prophetic discourse of Christ appears to have been spoken at the close of a day's teaching in the Temple, probably as he and his disciples walked from Jerusalem to Bethany. The city and the Temple must have formed a picture of wonderful beauty from the road they trod over the Mount of Olives. Already, from this hill, Christ had looked at the city on the crest of the opposite hill, and had wept over it. His prophetic vision saw it as it would be some forty years later, and he mourned over the destruction and desolation that would then be visible instead of the magnificence before him. That thought was in his mind when, as the little party left the Temple that evening, probably the Tuesday evening three days before the Crucifixion, his attention was called to the massive stones of the walls and the beauty of the Temple buildings. His reply showed the sorrow that filled his heart. All these glories would be scattered and the magnificent buildings overturned. It would doubtless take some time for the disciples to recover from the amazement produced by such an answer. We can imagine their dwelling upon it and talking of it as they climbed the hill, and then, probably, sitting down to rest, with the city and Temple in full view, asking the question which elicited this discourse: "When shall these things be and what sign will there be of their coming?" Christ did not limit his answer to the direct reply to their question. His gaze took in a much larger area than this comparatively near catastrophe. Beginning with the immediate future, he described the period of persecution which was to follow his ascension, and gave them instructions as to their conduct under arraignment and trial and the family hostility, which would be the experience of his followers. Following on this, would be the destruction of the city. The event proved the value of his warning. The city was encompassed by the armies under Cestius in the year 66. But the siege was raised, and many people who had taken flight returned to the city, believing the danger was past. The Christians, remembering the Lord's warning, did not return, and they escaped the awful suffering and massacre when the Romans returned under Vespasian and Titus and finally took the city and burned the Temple. Jerusalem was to be trodden down and the people scattered until the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled, They are not yet fulfill but Christ's hearers would have li idea of the centuries that were covered the brief sentence. Then his gaze tra onward to a still more distant part of prophetic landscape. It is the far horiz where at the end of the Dispensation, a general perplexity and apprehension, Son of man is seen coming to judgme Very little does he say on this subject, returning to the present situation, he gi practical warnings. "When these thi begin to come to pass," they are not to panic-stricken. As the budding of trees betokened the coming of summer, the events which he had described as n at hand, the persecutions and trials, wo indicate the beginning of the kingdom. T generation would see it. They were to temperate and unworldly, and to live so to be accounted worthy to stand before h

There shall be great distress in the la Josephus relates that during the terri siege of Jerusalem in the year 70, the s fering of the people from famine was describable. He says (Wars book vi: c. "If so much as the shadow of any kinc food did anywhere appear, a war w commenced presently, and the dear friends fell a-fighting one with anot about it, snatching from each other t most miserable supports of life . . . Th hunger was so intolerable that it oblig them to chew everything, while they ga ered such things as the most sordid a mals would not touch, and endured to them. Nor did they at length abstain fr girdles and shoes, and the very leath that belonged to their shields they pull off and gnawed." He then goes on to t a typical case of a mother whose pangs hunger became so great that she killed t infant at her breast, and roasted it and voured one-half of it herself. The sm of the roasted flesh brought a crowd arou her house who demanded some of t meat; but when they saw what it w hungry as they were, they would touch it. Josephus says "the number those who perished in the siege was elev hundred thousand," and ninety-sev thousand were carried captive. These d not all belong to the city, for "they we come up from all the country to the fea of unleavened bread [the Passover], a were on a sudden shut up by the army

Lest at any time your hearts be over-charg A writer compares the Christian's conditi to a man whom a lecturer on electrici used as an example of the power. So lo as the man stood on the floor the mild c rent passed through him with no visible fect. But he stepped on a stool resting glass feet, and then when anyone a proached him an electric spark shot ou He was isolated by the glass. If a Chri tian would have power that others c feel, and have influence over them, must be separated from the world by h connection with Christ, and must not connected with it by his appetites a love of pleasure.

Pray always that ye may be account worthy. "I have been praying for assu ance of salvation," said a distressed wom an speaking to her pastor, "God does n answer my prayer. Will you pray f me? I want to feel sure of being saved. am in doubt all the time and I am mise able." The pastor listened for a lon time to the poor creature's trouble, an then said: "Your prayers you say do n seem to be answered; suppose you were t change their tone. Do not be so anxiou about being saved, but pray that Go would enable you to do your duty, to serv him so well and so constantly that yo may be a blessing to all about you. Don' you think you may trust God about th reward?" The woman took his advice an her cheerfulness returned.

When all things that are written may b fulfilled. "A man goes to an hotel," say an eminent preacher, "and as soon as h sits down he begins to orders his dinner all the delicacies in season and the best o the wines. He chooses the best room an requires every attention. By-and-by th bill is forthcoming and it takes him by surprise. 'I never thought of that,' he says, 'I forgot all about that.' The hotel keeper looks at him in amazement, no knowing if he is a fool or a rogue. 'You never thought of the reckoning? You thought you could live as you pleased i my house and there would be no account We will see about that,' and the man is arrested for defrauding. That is the way many live. They forget that a day is com ing when they must be called to account."

BRAVE PIONEERS IN A NEW FIELD.

The First Party of Workers of the African Inland Mission—A Perilous Desert Journey—The First Station Planted and Work Begun.

LESTER SEVERN. BERTHA RECKLING. WALTER WILSON. REV. WILLIS HOTCHKISS.
MINNIE LINDBERG. REV. PETER SCOTT. MARGARET SCOTT. REV. MR. KRIEGER.

THE PIONEER PARTY OF MISSIONARIES AT NZAWI.

ALTHOUGH Africa has long been the scene of missionary effort, and at no time as energetically so as during the last two decades, there are still many parts of its vast territory that are yet in the darkness of heathen idolatry, ignorance, and superstition. Up to the present time, if we except the Southern portion, the Gospel territory may be said to constitute merely a fringe around this great seat of continents. On the borders of the Sahara, in the Soudan, and in the territory penetrated by the numerous tributaries of the Upper Nile, the Congo, and the Niger, there are still great tracts of populous country scarcely explored, and where the Gospel has never yet been preached.

Three years ago, Rev. P. Cameron Scott, then a missionary in the Congo Free State, conceived the project of a Gospel expedition for the purpose of founding mission stations in the Soudan. Several attempts had already been made by others, by way of the West Coast, up the Niger River, or inland from Sierra Leone, as well as by way of the Sahara, and even from Egypt; but none had succeeded. After a careful study of the field, Mr. Scott became convinced that the key to the Soudan was by the way of the East Coast. Acting in concert with a number of other Christian gentlemen who were imbued with the missionary spirit, the African Inland Mission was organized in 1895, with Mr. Scott as Director, and Rev. Fred Krieger, Rev. Willis Hotchkiss, and Mrs. Margaret Scott as associate officers of the new mission. A Home Council was also appointed consisting of Messrs. Charles E. Hurlbut and Jas. H. McConkey, and the home headquarters of the mission were established at the Bible Institute, 5415 Lansdowne avenue, Philadelphia. The purpose of the new organization is to plant a line of mission stations at suitable points between the East Coast and the centre of the Soudan, the objective point being Lake Tchad, about 2000 miles in the interior in the very heart of Africa, and with five great kingdoms around its populous shores. It is estimated that in the whole territory to be penetrated there are in all twelve native kingdoms, with ninety millions of people, who till now have not had among them a single witness for Christ.

On August 17, 1895, the first party of missionaries of the African Inland Mission sailed from New York for the scene of their future labors. It included besides Rev. Messrs. Scott, Krieger and Hotchkiss five others, viz.: Mr. Walter McL. Wilson, Mr. Lester Severn, Misses Margaret C. Scott, Minnie Lindberg, and Bertha Reckling. The last named returned after accomplishing only a part of the journey.

This pioneer party reached Mombasa, October 27, and on November 12, the men began the journey inland, leaving the ladies at the coast until arrangements were made for their safe and comfortable transportation. There were in this first party fifty-two carriers, ten soldiers as escort, with several boys, a cook, and two head-men, and they traveled in company with a caravan—the whole being about three hundred strong. It was a toilsome journey of thirty-two days, seven days being spent in camp sick with African fever. An Arab chief, Mbaruk, had declared war and a strong military escort was a necessity. Some of the porters deserted *en route*. Occasionally their caravan was fired upon by hostile natives. The impure water made the white men sick, and water of any sort was very scarce. At one point they met a caravan, eleven of whose members had perished of thirst. In a crisis, an abundant rain averted a similar fate from befalling the mission caravan. They passed through countries abounding in game: ostriches, partridge, zebra, antelope, guinea-fowl, and giraffe. After leaving the Wataita country, they were in a part of Africa where lions and leopards were kept at a distance only by vigilance by day and blazing camp-fires by night. Once a great lion boldly came into camp, tore down a porter's tent and ran off with it to the bush. Dysentery, chest trouble and fever were prevalent among the porters, but the majority stuck to their loads and did their work cheerfully. Some caravans from Uganda were met whose men were like skeletons, so greatly had they suffered from hunger and thirst. On Thanksgiving Day, the mission caravan held a special service on the march, to render thanks for God's goodness all through the desert.

The history of the rest of the journey was a series of adventures, more or less exciting, narrow escapes from wild animals, and savage neighbors, amid all of which they were divinely protected. Fever prostrated each in turn and many times the travelers were face to face with death. At last, in mid-December, they reached the Nzawi Valley, where they established the first station of the African Inland Mission. It is on a beautiful and salubrious site, four thousand feet above sea level at the base of Mount Nzawi, and with the Nzawi River at the foot of the hill. It is northwest of Mount Kilima Njaro, and about 250 miles from the coast. There they were granted 250 x 400 yards of land for the mission buildings and a sufficient plot of ground for cultivation. The station is in the Wakamba country, and there are several Wakamba villages nearby, the whole presenting a fine field for missionary work, and the people being industrious, intelligent, and peaceable. The climate is comparatively good, and the nights are cool and pleasant. Within a few days, temporary buildings for the mission were completed, one being a "grass house," fourteen by thirty feet (which is shown in the illustration on this page), a brick house built of sundried brick, 50 x 15 feet, with a stone foundation of two feet, the walls at the base being seven feet high, and another a cook house. Mission work was begun at once, and the outlook is decidedly encouraging.

THE "GRASS HOUSE" OF THE AFRICAN INLAND MISSION AT NZAWI.

In a recent letter from the pioneer station of the mission, Capt. Wilson writes as follows:

Nzawi, March 16, 1896.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I [illegible] that I write to you. Although no doubt to you, as to me, all that is done seems small, still it all has part in God's great plan. I've seemed to do so little myself during the last few months. I had six attacks of fever in succession—[illegible] day with unfailing regularity. To-day I feel better and perhaps have broken the spell of it. I think you have been kept informed by our dear sister Delany, and also how our party had to divide up, leaving the ladies behind at the coast. But now God has graciously [illegible] to the scene of their future labors, so that sister Scott, whom you all know and love, has begun school with some boys. Brother Peter Scott left about a week after our arrival, to choose a site for another mission and build the house for it. You may be sure we were holding him up in prayer that God would guide him and give him wisdom. We received word from him to-day. The new station is at Laky—distant about twenty-five miles, a field of labor for brother Hotchkiss. The people there, according to brother Scott's account, are not so friendly as they are here. They told him they would be glad to show him out of the locality. He told them he had come to stay, and after a long palaver, told them that they ought to be ashamed to treat a [illegible] smote them they presented him with a ram. Wood is scarce and they did not want him to cut any, and wanted to show fight. He took two men and an axe and went to the best looking tree he could find. He made preparations as if going to cut it, whereupon an old man came up very excitedly with demonstrations to quit. Scott, however, continued his preparations, and when the old man's excitement was about highest, asked him if he wished to save this tree to take him to a place where he could get one as good, which the native was only too glad to do. After the incident, the chief of the district not only gave permission to cut all the wood he would need, but actually offered to carry it for him. It seems that the first-mentioned tree marked the grave of some mythical personage, buried there long, long ago. I tell you these incidents that you may know just how we are placed, and you'll know better what to pray for, and that you may see also that God can turn the hearts of all men as he pleases. So never let us be discouraged at appearances but go forward, believing that as we come to the mountains of difficulty, trial or doubt that look formidable to us at the distance, he will either remove them or make a way [illegible]. Yours in His love and service,

WALTER McL. WILSON.

Another party of missionaries will shortly leave for this new field, and will probably include Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Rev. and Mrs. Thos. H. Allan, Miss Ina Scott, who for two years has been a teacher in the Catherine Mission New York City; Miss Gamber, and Mr. J. S. Tool. The African Inland Mission is strictly interdenominational and evangelical, and its workers include artisan missionaries as well as regularly ordained preachers. It is supported wholly by the voluntary offerings of Christian people. The workers go without any stated salary. The Home Council at 5415 Lansdowne avenue, Philadelphia, receives all communications and contributions for the work, and has full authority in the selection and forwarding of recruits for the service in the field. It has before great possibilities as a mighty agency for spreading the Gospel of Jesus.

What One New Testament Did.

There is a little hamlet of charcoal-burners in the valley of Joshu, in India, where within a few years a wonderful transformation has taken place. The people were living godless lives—more like the brutes than human beings, and without a thought of the life hereafter. A missionary, in passing through the valley, spoke to the people. Two men became interested and purchased a copy of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men—it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price.

When Sunday came, work was suspended, and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Book. Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land about them, to plant wheat and garden stuff, and recently one built a neat frame house in place of his old hut. He is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain, and he says he owes his new vigor to his weekly day of rest, and that without it and his Testament he could not do his work. Others are following his example.

A Christ-Like Work.

How a Few Colored Graduates Established a School for Neglected Children in South Carolina and have Conducted It.

AN interesting story of hard work and self-sacrifice in the interest of others, is told by Miss Emma J. Wilson, an intelligent, cultured, colored teacher of South Carolina. She is one of the organizers of the Mayesville Educational and Industrial Institute in Sumter County, which is the outcome of an effort on the part of a few educated colored people to benefit the children and young people of their own race. In Mayesville and in the large district of which it is the centre, the colored population is numerous and it is increasing rapidly. All the elements of a thriving, enterprising community were there, if they were intelligently developed. But, unhappily, little was being done for the mental and moral advancement of the young folks. They were growing up in ignorance and in the moral deterioration which results from ignorance. Yet they were bright children with quick intelligence and with keen appreciation of the few opportunities of acquiring knowledge that came in their way. Among the Mayesville people were a few colored young men and girls who had enjoyed the advantage of training in the Goodwill and other similar institutions. They saw more clearly than others how deplorable the situation was. But apparently nothing could be done. The white people of the district were in no condition to deal with the problem and it seemed as if the new generation would grow up as ignorant as the present one.

Several attempts were made to establish schools, but the insuperable difficulty was always that there was no money to erect suitable buildings, to provide educational appliances, and to pay the salaries of trained teachers. That the problem was serious, and that it ought, in the interest of the general public, to be solved, none could deny, but in the absence of the funds necessary for the initial expenses, nothing was done. The colored graduates previously mentioned were obtaining positions and were doing work which proved what the colored race is capable of when education has been afforded. Only two or three remained, and these made an effort to solve the problem. They resolved to sacrifice their present and future interests for the sake of these poor, untutored children. Without funds or the prospect of any, they opened a school. For a nominal rental the use of a Methodist Church on week days was secured, a few worn school-books and second-hand appliances were obtained, and the word went around that a school was open.

The result surprised even the young people who made the effort and who were in a position to know, too, the keen desire there was for education. On the first day there were ninety-three applicants for admission. These came not only from Mayesville itself, but from the district for miles around. Several of them lived three miles away from the little Methodist Church, and two—a brother and sister—lived five miles away. So eager were they to avail themselves of this opportunity to gain a little education, that they thought nothing of walking that long distance morning and night, in all weathers, to attend the school. These children have been regular and punctual in their attendance, and have made excellent progress. This attempt to solve the problem was humble, but it has proved successful. The school has now nearly a hundred and fifty pupils, and considering its deficiencies in books and educational appliances, has worked wonders. A photograph of the pupils and teachers is reproduced on this page. Such necessary expenses as there have been, have been met chiefly by the children's fees. The modest sum of ten cents a month was fixed as the fee each child must bring to the treasury, and even that amount proved prohibitory in many instances. "You have no idea in the North," Miss Wilson pathetically says, "what poverty is. You cannot realize what a dollar means in the home of a colored man down there. There must be scheming and contriving and continual vigilance to keep that ten cents for the month's school teaching from being used during the month for some other purpose." When we think of the children trudging their three and five miles in the morning and the same distance at night; of their parents economizing in their poor homes to have the ten cents for each of their children ready on the regular day, and of the teachers contriving to live and pay the rent of the school out of a total income of fifteen dollars a month, the spectacle has a pathos all its own.

This humble effort in so praiseworthy a cause has had the hearty sympathy of the white population from the first. They have helped in organizing a board of trustees and managers, and have rendered help in occasional emergencies. Now and again they have paid the fees of some promising child whose parents were too poor to defray them. Dr. J. E. Stevenson, the pastor of the Mayesville Presbyterian Church, Dr. J. A. Mayes, a venerable physician, and Hon. George W. Murry, the ex-Congressman of the District, have all in their several ways, given encouragement to the workers. Dr. W. B. Derrick, of New York, the Secretary of the Board of Missions of the A. M. E. Church, who knows the district well, and who saw the school in operation, also speaks in the highest terms of the work.

The success that has attended

THE PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE, MAYESVILLE, S C

encourages the workers to hope for still better things. From the beginning, they have looked forward to a time when they might have a building of their own in which greater facilities would be afforded.

That hope, however, seemed a dream until recently. But now an opportunity of securing an eligible site has occurred, on condition that such a building shall be erected upon it. The condition, of course, is utterly beyond their power to fulfil; they have given themselves to the work, but they have no money to give. They thought, however, that if the friends of the colored race in the North knew what they had done already, and of the opportunity they had of doing more, that the necessary funds would be supplied to put up the building.

They would like to erect a building capable of accommodating five hundred children and, if dormitories were provided, and board furnished at moderate rates, the beneficial influence of the institution would be widely extended and its chances of self-support increased. The lumber for such a building could be obtained at a low rate and the people of the neighborhood would gladly help in the building. Altogether, it is estimated, the total cost, including furniture and appliances, would not exceed fifteen hundred dollars. With such a building, useful trades, such as shoemaking, carpentering and blacksmith's work, might be taught for the boys, and sewing and cooking for the girls. What has already been accomplished shows how such an education would be appreciated and how much it might do to help the young people and to raise the status of the entire community.

"It is a large sum," Miss Wilson admits, "and to our people in South Carolina, it seems prodigious, a heap of money far beyond the possibility of our obtaining. But it would do so much for so large a number, who, without such help, must grow up to swell the ranks of unskilled labor and with no hope but a hand-to-mouth existence. God has been very good to us, hitherto. We have had our health, none of us has ever repined over unremunerated labor, and it has been a delight to see how the children have worked to make the most of the opportunity. The teachers might all have made money elsewhere, but we have trusted in our Lord's promise: 'Thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' We have no doubt of that promise being kept and that is more than sufficient for ourselves. But for these others, who are longing for knowledge, whose lives would be transformed by a practical education under Christian influences, we venture to plead. Large as the sum that we require is, we have faith that God will give it to us, in some way. He heard our prayers when the way seemed closed against the beginning of the school; he has heard them when we have gone to him in emergencies since then and, though this is a much greater matter, it is not too great for him. If we were asking it for ourselves, we should have doubts about his hearing us, but this is for the children, who if we get our building, will learn there to know him and trust in him and live honest, Christian lives. He knows the need, he knows our motive, and I believe he will give us all that is necessary."

We think so, too. The Lord's stewards have not ceased to listen to his voice and if this thing is of him, as it appears to be, it will be accomplished. The spirit in which it was undertaken and it has been carried on, has the right ring—that of disinterested helpfulness. Any contributions our readers feel moved to send for the purpose, we shall be pleased to receive and acknowledge, and will remit them to the Treasurer of the Building fund.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

"WE greatly prize the two beautiful slabs of Palestine Olive Wood you sent us," writes a subscriber from Burlington, Vt. All who have seen them declare that, apart from the tender and holy associations they recall, they have nowhere yet met with a wood so deep and rich in color and so delicate in design. I regard my Mount Olivet keepsake as a treasure worth many times the money paid for it." We still some very beautiful specimens of these Olive slabs left, which we will send to any of our readers at the nominal charge of twenty-five cents apiece, postage prepaid.

* * *

It is wonderful how much light has been thrown on the study of the Bible within a generation. Our fathers and grandfathers, if they had a good old Bible with a few marginal or foot-notes to illustrate their progress in intricate or obscure passages, considered themselves fortunate. The "Reference Bible" was an improvement on this. Now, however, no matter how old your Bible may be—and we know how dear are the associations that often cling to the old Book that belonged to father or mother—you can very quickly render available all the cumulative Bible study and theological erudition of the centuries. You can have at your hand such a library of Bible information as will serve you in every emergency—Bible lands and their peoples the history of the same books, chronology, maps, explorations, concordance, harmony—all together in compact form in a volume entitled *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, which you can procure by sending fifty cents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we prepaying all charges on the book.

* * *

When Mr. Gladstone gave his unstinted praise to Rev. F. D. Greene's book, *The Rule of the Turk*, he did so doubtless because he had examined it and found it to be the best and most comprehensive and reliable presentation of the Armenian horrors yet published. Mr. Greene has spared nothing—holds nothing back; the whole shameless story is revealed with a vividness that startles and thrills the reader with indignation. We are really only at the beginning of this great burning question: "What shall be done with Armenia?" Meanwhile, in order to fully understand this latter-day tragedy, all should read *The Rule of the Turk*. In order to make propaganda for Armenia and that the public may have a better understanding of the situation, it has been decided to offer Mr. Greene's book during the remainder of the present month at a discount of one-half off the usual price. The fifty cent book will therefore be sent during May by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to any address, postage paid, for 25 cents.

One Cause of Regret.

In the course of a revival address, Mr. Moody relateed the following instructive incident in his personal career: "To redeem the following act I would give my right hand. On the night when the court-house bell of Chicago was sounding an alarm of fire, my sermon was upon, 'What shall I do with Jesus?' And I said to the audience, 'I want you to decide this question by next Sunday.' What a mistake! That night I saw the glare of flames and knew that Chicago was doomed. I never saw the audience again. Shall we not decide now, so that whenever our Master may come we shall be ready?

The Caprice of Jenny Shaw.

"LADY, will you please give me a flower?"

The request came from a ragged little girl, with toes peeping out from her broken shoes, and an old shawl drawn over her head and shoulders for hood and wrap. Miss Jenny Shaw held a large bouquet of hot-house roses and carnations in her hand, carefully protected from the frost by a layer of paraffine paper under another of white tissue. Shapely as the bundle was, the wistful eyes of small Maggie O'Brien divined its sweet contents, and she put up the petition, familiar to all who have ever caried flowers through tough streets or alleys where the poor live in their crowded, hive-like homes. On a spring or summer day, nobody with an atom of kindness in her nature can carry flowers through Cherry street, or along the thronging highways of Front, or Sixth, or Roosevelt street, in New York. Children, both boys and girls, will beg them so insistently that their cry for the blossoms cannot be refused.

"Lady, dear lady, please give me one flower."

The child's entreaty was urgent. Miss Jenny stopped, and looked kindly into the queer, quivering face, a face that would have been pretty had it been clean, and rosy, and plump, but was now thin and hollow-eyed.

"Why do you want a flower, dear?"

"For my sister. She's sick; she's going to die, doctor says. It would make her happy!"

"What is your name, my little friend?"

"Maggie, ma'am, Maggie O'Brien, and my sister's name is Anne Rosina."

"I'll go home with you and see your sister," said Miss Jenny.

In her beautiful dark cloth gown, her pretty gloves and thick-soled boots, Miss Jenny Shaw was a type of the well-dressed, sweet, wholesome, strong, and alert-looking New York girl, the girl of the best society, no finer specimen of young womanhood existing in the world. She was used to her way to a reception, and the roses she had bought were intended for her dearest friend; but Jenny Shaw was one of those who hold themselves ready at any moment, to go on the King's errands, and day-by-day, she was at the Master's orders. The reception could wait. She would do the next thing, and go now with Maggie O'Brien, to visit her suffering sister. The two picked their way across the street, their path leading through a throng of sailors of all nationalities. Some queer and foreign-looking with gold rings in their ears, and shining dark curls on their heads, some red-faced and bronzed like the Scotch or English stock from whom they came, all a people bearing in their looks the marks of their trade. Presently Maggie darted into a narrow court and her guide followed, and they entered a tall tenement house in the rear.

Upstairs went Maggie, and upstairs went Miss Jenny, till opening a door on the top floor, the two stood before one of life's common tragedies.

Her bed was made on a low lounge, and her mother was near her; a bent, faded bridge of a woman, once no doubt a beauty, for the blue, Irish eyes were still large and soft and tender of expression; and the black hair had not lost its tendency to shine into rings and curls. A handful of coal burned in the little stove, and a stew of violent of onions was simmering there. Mrs. O'Brien "finished" men's trousers; a pile of these on which she had stitched the buttons was waiting to be taken back to the shop.

"Mother," said Maggie, breathlessly, "a lady's come to see Annie."

"And whativer made ye bring a strange lady here?" began the mother irritably, when a cry from the ailing daughter silenced her words. The "rose whose root is death," the beautiful fatal hectic flush burned on her thin face, her countenance had become as delicate as a transparency, but a smile lit it up, as she saw the flowers.

"Yes," said Miss Jenny, "Your little girl told me you had sickness here, and I ventured to intrude. I know how one loves flowers when one is ill and cannot go out," and she pulled off the rolls of paper, and laid the great, beautiful bunch of roses on the bed beside the dying girl.

Jenny Shaw will never to her own dying day, forget the rapture which swept over that pallid face, as Anne Rosina, in her feeble fingers seized that glory of bloom. For once in her life she was for a few moments lifted above pain, above fear, above want. God was speaking to her, and his words were of the deepest love, spelled and syllabled in roses and carnations.

"For God so loved the world," said the young lady in a low, reverent voice, "that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but should have everlasting life."

Afterward she could not explain to herself why she had chosen that particular text; it seemed just to come to her. The girl holding the flowers looked up and smiled, a smile that said, whatever her creed:

> Jesus can make a dying bed,
> Feel soft as downy pillows are
> While on his breast I lean my head
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

"She's a Christian, is my Annie," said the poor, faded mother, "and she's not afraid to die. She's sure, somehow, that the dear Lord will look after her."

"Our blessed Lord knows about me," said Annie, slowly but firmly, "all about me."

Miss Jenny slipped a bank bill into Mrs. O'Brien's hand, and left an order for coal and groceries to be sent to that home, before she went on to the reception. There—there were flowers in banks and sheaves, the portieres looped with them, the mantels hidden, the rooms fragrant with hundreds of roses. A band was playing delicious melodies behind a screen of palms; a table was loaded with salads, ices, and creams, and a gay throng of people surged in and out the canopied doors.

But Jenny Shaw was absent-minded. Thoughts of Annie Rosina O'Brien came between her and the society women with whom she chatted. She took her leave soon and went home, to look at her little bank-book, and to think how much she could do with the rather small balance left over from her winter purchases.

"I think," she said, "I will spend all my money and most of my allowance this season on flowers for the poor."

"No, mamma," she answered, when the next day her mother proposed going with her to purchase a fur cape, concerning which there had been some conference between them. "No, dear mamma, I'll do without it. I'm going to set up a flower-window in S— court, where the children may look at roses these spring days, and from which the sick may have them if they need them, as they always do."

"Jenny Shaw," said her mother, "you cannot stay there all day and every day, seeing to your flowers, and giving them away."

"No," she replied, "but I have a business head, papa says, and I'll put it to account, and do that part by proxy."

Jenny's caprice is a very lovely one, and it bids fair to last. Her flower-window is like a star of hope, in the desolate desert, to the people who pass it every day, people who have few flowers in their lives.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Armenia's Only Hope.

(*Continued from first page.*)

ising an abundant crop will all fall to the Kurds, who will not even take the pains to cultivate it and bring it to the harvest. And all the spring sowing will be left unsown—a state of things that can hardly fail to cause famine in the fall. There will remain then the alternative of massacre or wholesale emigration. * *

"We have been reluctantly obliged to cut down the bread rations of all the city poor one-half, and by this means we were able to close two of the six Bakeries. The ovens supply 7467 persons with bread daily—of whom 3220 are city people, and 2247 villagers. The supply of one person a day with bread at full rations costs about two cents."

Sometime ago, it was feared that the Armenians in Palestine might share the fate of their countrymen and co-religionists in Asia Minor, as the attitude of the Moslem population of Jerusalem and other cities was full of menace, while the disturbances were taking place elsewhere. Owing largely to the tact of the Armenian Patriarch in Jerusalem, Mgr. Vehabidian, who persuaded the Armenians to remain quietly in their own homes and not to frequent the streets, as well as to remain indoors at night, and especially to avoid all appearance of agitation or excitement, trouble was averted and no collisions occurred. Now that the skies are somewhat clearer, the Armenians of Palestine are grateful to their Patriarch, whose wisdom and forethought prevented what might have proved a great disaster. A portrait of Mgr. Harutuni Vehabidian, the venerable ecclesiastic, appears on our first page. There is a rumor that he is of Arabic descent. In his youth he visited America. He was educated in the Armenian monastery at Jerusalem and was ordained vartabed. He was prelate of the Armenian diocese of Erzroom for many years and was afterward elected Armenian patriarch of Constantinople. Some eight or ten years ago he resigned and was next chosen as patriarch of Jerusalem. He belongs to the conservative school, but enjoys the confidence and sympathy of the whole Armenian nation.

Closing contributions to the Relief Fund are acknowledged below:

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Mills, Mrs Sarah A	3 00
Murray, Mrs	2 00
Nicol, A	1 00
Noyes, Mrs E B	1 00
Ormsby, Miss Louise	10
Ostergrew, Ida	2 00
Owen, Lillian M	5 00
Packard, A J	1 00
Palmer, Mrs W F	2 00
Parker, Mrs M M	1 00
Pfister, Mrs Jno D	1 00
Pierce, S & W	1 00
Playter, Miss	5 00
Pratt, J C	4 00
Pearce, Lulu	1 00
Perkins, N B	2 00
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Robbins, Mrs O P	1 00
Rickett, Jennie	50
Ridgway, Percy L	4 00
Robertson, Mrs M	1 00
Rogier, J L	5 00
Robbins, A	4 00
Robertson, Emma	1 00
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Sadler, Mrs C R	25
Shaw, Mrs A R	5 00
Shepherd, Duncan	50
Sherman, Mrs Edw	10
Sloan, Lizzie P	1 00
Smith, Henry D	10 00
Smith, Miss Lillie	5
Smith, R H	10 00
Smith, Mrs T E	30
Stauffler, Mrs Emma	3 00
Stevigere, Mrs John	10
Stevigere, Mrs S D	5 00
Stockwell, Geo	2 50
Storey, G C	5
Sturtevant, Esther	1 00
Sumner, Mrs C J	50
Tenant, Ira	50
Terrell, Nora	5
Thomson, Mrs J	1 00
Thompson, Mrs Mary	1 00
Tillotson, Mrs D H	1 00
Titzel, D H	5 00
Valentine, Mrs G T	5 00
VanIngen, Gertrude	2 00
Vaughn, E J	1 00
Vicinus, Nellie	10
Vogle, Linnie	2 00
Wakefield, M A	1 00
Ware, Mrs Earle	1 00
Webb, Thos M	50
White, Mrs Mary	2 00
Wickham, Mrs D H	50
Williams, Mrs E C	1 00
Williams, Mrs A D	1 00
Wood, Mrs J H	1 00
Willson, Chas J	2 00
Winand, Alice M	5 00
Wood, C H	10 00
Wright, W T	5 00
Woodward, Mrs Agnes	1 00
Wakefield, Mrs A A	50
Whiteside, Matilda	1 00
Yaw, Miss Ella	10
Yaw, Miss Hattie	15
M L H, Hood River	8 50
McQ, P E I, Can	3 00
H G, Watervliet	1 00
E L H, Chippewa Bay	1 00
G V E, Boyce Sta	2 00
M L G, Mt Vernon	1 00
O C L, Sheridan	1 00
L G A, Albany	2 00
Mrs L W S, Felton	1 00
C A U, Laingsburg	1 00
J G L, Gloucester	2 00
S H W, Newark	1 00
J S, Hunter	50
Mrs M H H, Chicago	1 00
J V & family, Shusham	3 00
Mrs A B C, Cavalier	1 50
M H, Milwaukee	1 00
Mrs T C L, Providence	3 00
Mrs M C Z, Hackensack	1 00
C J B, Earles	1 00
F & M, San Francisco	3 00
Nettie E, Villiers	10
Herman, Soo	3 00
Dorothy-Ashley-Kenneth	1 00
Trebea, N Y C	60
Friend, Mendham	1 00
" Coatsville	1 00
" Hickory	25
" Grafton	1 00
" Ealing	5 00
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" Lake Linden	1 00
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Friend, Lodi	50
Friend, P E I	5 00
" ——	2 00
" Greenwich	1 00
Friend, St Louis	2 00
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Friends, Ballston Spa	11 00
Friends of Jesus, Dover	1 20
Subs, Pontotoc	1 00
Sub'r, ——	1 00
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Reader, Terrell	1 00
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Constant reader, Fisher's Switch	1 80
I H N, Tarrytown	2 00
" Sherbrooke	1 00
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" Delandson	2 00
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——, Shirleyville	2 00
——, Bristol	1 00
——, Borodino	1 00
——, Point Judith	5 00
——, Mo	25
——, Fulton	2 00
——, Bullville	1 00
——, Ludlow	2 00
——, Winchester	9 50
——, Cedar Hill	2 00
——, New Eden	2 00
——, Calhan	20
——, Binghamton	5 00
——, Jesup	50
——, Glenwood	1 00
——, Apalachicola	1 00
——, Chicago	2 00
——, St Louis	5 00
——, Nashville	1 00
——, Armstrong	1 00
——, Fort Keogh	2 00
——, Balto	2 00
——, Owenton	1 35
——, Machias	10 00
YPSCE, Rockaway	3 00
" Robbinston	2 00
" Pres Ch, Canfield	7 00
C E Soc, C P Church, Fairmount	3 50
Union Society of C E, Geneva	1 85
Epworth League, Trinity M E Ch	2 00
Junior Epw L, Troy	1 00
1st Bap Ch, Sheboygan	1 70
Darian Pres Ch	20 00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by First Bapt Ch	3 35
Cong S S, LeRaysville	8 00
Douglass Hollow S S	3 00
Presby Alliance S S, & Sr & Jr C E Soc	12 00
King's Daughter, Middleboro	1 00
Auxiliary W F Miss Soc, M E Church	4 00
So Stockton P E Club	2 70
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Sisters, Mt Vernon	30 00
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Public Meeting, Corunna	21 89
Anon, Walthall Store	1 00
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In memory of Christ, Meyerstown	1 00
2 X, New Bloomfield	1 00
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Mother, Cross Village	1 15
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Help a little, Phila	1 00
Presbyterian Chu, Mecklenburg	10 00
1st Pres Ch, Ballston Spa	97 04
Christian Church, Geyserville	7 40
Bapt Ch, E Lincoln	1 10
Christian Ch, "	2 25
Christian Ch, Dorchester	1 65
1st Bapt Ch, Holdredge	1 05
Bohemian Presby Ch Kans	2 50
Jacksonville Presby Ch	5 00
Congl S S, Carthage	7 75
Christian Ch, Ingram	8 36
S S of Germantown	2 10
1st Bapt Ch S S	1 00
Union 3, & Sand Hill Union S S	4 00
Rolling Green S S	2 25
Meth S S, Franklin	15 00
Lewis S S	11 00
S S of 1st Baptist Ch, Holdredge	1 45
Class of Clinton St S S, Pa	2 00
St Andrews Chapel	5 00
Sandersville Circle K D and Sons	5 00
General Missy Soc, German Bapt Ch	16 20
Missionary Soc, Bethlehem	2 00
German Ep L'e, Ill	4 78
Munnsville Mission Circle	4 50
Jr League, Central City	2 00
W C T U, Norwich	5 92
W C T U, Wawaka	3 50
W C T U, Bellingham	2 00
Y M C A, HudsonCity	5 00
Young People, Immanuel Bapt Ch	2 50
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Cong'l Endeavor Soc, Payson	3 78
C E Soc, Union Chapel	1 50
Ramer High School children	2 20
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Bethlehem member	1 50
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Samaritan, Syracuse	15 00
Anon, Cando	50
Anonymous	1 00
Col taken at a small meeting, Rantoul	1 18
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Husband and wife, Reading	1 25
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Thankful Mother, Washington	50
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Inasmuch, Worcester	1 00
"73	50
A saved telegraph operator, St Louis	1 00
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Union S S, Shediac	4 00
Fredericktom Bap SS.	13 35
Jr C E Soc of Bethany Pres Ch	5 00
Armstrong Union C E	5 00
Minister's Asso, Delta	1 25
Contents of 3 little children's banks	6 00
Total	**$48,161.34**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Our Fresh-Air Work.

DURING the past two summers, the Fresh-Air Work at our "Children's Home" at Mont-Lawn, has been steadily extending. It will be remembered by many of our readers that, the first year, nearly 1200 children enjoyed a ten-day's outing at the beautiful and salubrious country Home which is situated on the banks of the Hudson, overlooking the village of Upper Nyack, thirty miles from New York City by boat. Last summer, over 2200 little ones were accommodated at the Home. It is proposed to resume the work about June 15th next, and there is every likelihood that the number of tenement and slum children who may come to us from the lower parts of New York this year will not fall short of 3000.

It is a large as well as a blessed undertaking, this, of freshening up the bodies and gladdening the hearts of the little waifs of our big metropolis in such numbers. To those of our friends who have helped along the work by their personal contributions in the last two seasons, as well as to many others whom we hope to interest in it this year, we would say: There is a special blessing for all who reach out the hand of help to a little child. We do not know of any more beautiful charity in this wide land, with its thousand works of philanthropy, than that which aims to make our neglected children of the streets happier, healthier, better little souls than they have hitherto been. Their gratitude is boundless, for there is not in the child the element of selfishness that is frequently found in the adult; a child rarely forgets the friends of its childhood. The memories of kindnesses shown to it are cherished long after manhood or womanhood has been reached, and the moral influences that may be thrown around it, even during a brief ten-day sojourn at Mont-Lawn, may make an indelible impression upon the whole life. We have already encountered many instances of this in our Fresh-Air Work, where the children have not only been themselves greatly changed by the experience, but have been the means of bringing about a change in others, with whom they have come in contact. "A little child shall lead them." Every little waif who goes home from Mont-Lawn ruddy and happy, is a tiny Gospel of God's goodness; a wee Evangel, to carry light and sweetness into the darkened tenement or the slum.

We wish all our friends to have a share in this work. Help the little ones to a pleasant outing; it is a trifle to you, but an immensity to them. Just think of it! Three dollars will cover the entire cost of a child's ten-days' outing at Mont-Lawn while the city is sweltering in the torrid mid-summer. It will pay for the little one's transportation both ways, for medical care and attendance, for food and shelter at Mont-Lawn, and for a hundred little pleasant enjoyments unknown to the child of the streets, but which go to make such an outing memorable. There are probably very few readers of this journal who have not in recent years been personally and actively interested in some of the great philanthropies in which our friends have engaged; but here is one that lies at home, right close by us, and which deals with the little toddlers we meet everywhere. Therefore, we say don't forget the Fresh-Air Fund. It will give you a feeling of gladness all the summer through to remember that you have been the means of sending one little waif to Mont-Lawn, of bringing joy into one poor little heart, and it may be, of bringing back the roses of health to the sick and suffering.

Over-Worked Americans.

SOME of our people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who at the forge conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers, and of milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of a recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon, but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.

What Part First?

IF you are troubled with scepticism, my advice is that for six months you stop reading other portions of the Bible, and read only the Evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. "But," you say, "is not all Scripture given by inspiration of God, and profitable?" Oh, yes. So are all the medicines in the apothecary shop good and useful, but they all have different uses and are to be administered under different circumstances. Here are aloes and arsenic and opium and Peruvian bark, all good in their places, but in one condition of the system this medicine may cure you, and in another it may kill you. Now, I say that the ninth chapter of Romans, which is a glorious tonic to a strong Christian, is to you, in your present condition, arsenic, and if you do not stop taking it, at any rate in such large quantities, it will kill you. You have asked me to prescribe, and now in the name of the Great Physician I ask you if you will take the prescription? You will never reason your way out of these perplexities. The devil has had his way with you long enough. He has robbed you of the peace of a whole lifetime and is now trying to strangle your immortality. You say you have been advised by Christian people to sacrifice on this subject your reasoning faculty. I give you no such wretched counsel. Hold your augmentation in reserve. The infantry go into the fight on the plain, the batteries are on the hill, and will in due time be unlimbered. So go into this discussion with your heart. Hold your logic and your argument in reserve for a later period of the conflict. Before you get through your earthly battles, you will need not only the Minie's rifle, but all the Columbiads. There is a time in a young man's life when he thrusts his finger in the armhole of his vest and tosses his head and gives a Byronic laugh at Christianity, or asks Tom Paine's question about the serpent in Eden, or the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ. But it is a good deal easier to get lost in the jungles than to get out of the woods.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. F. N., Hazleton, Pa. How many have suffered martyrdom in Armenia in the last year?

In 1895, up to the middle of December, 80,000 had been killed in the towns and villages and 425,000 were reduced to starvation, many of whom doubtless perished. All are entitled to be regarded as martyrs since they might have saved their lives as others did, by renouncing Christianity. There were thousands who died with Jesus' name on their lips. The true number of Armenia's martyr host will never be known.

E. E. D. What is the meaning of the inscription I. H. S., as found on crucifixes, altars, etc.? They represent three Greek words.

They are variously interpreted. They form the first three letters of the Greek word that stands for Jesus. The Jesuits claim that they are purely Latin and are the initials of "Iesus Hominum Salvator," (Jesus Saviour of Men). Another view is that they relate to the Cross and are the initials of "In Hoc Signo" (In This Sign), the legend being borrowed from the luminous cross which Constantine and his army are said to have seen displayed in the sky.

Chaplain McDermott, of the Norriston, Pa., prison, writes:

As an evidence of the wide influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I have been the recipient of packages of papers from various points of the compass for the prison, where I have the privilege of serving as Chaplain, having been interested in this work since 1860. I have only learned to-day by a postal that this idea of sending papers had its origin with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The papers have been distributed—the valuable reading will do great good. For the present we have enough.

Such of our friends as are sending religious reading-matter to prisons and hospitals, should be careful to send only printed matter that is in good condition, clean and legible. In all cases the packages should be prepaid.

J. M. B., Colchester, N. S. 1. Is it right to say of a man who trusts in his conversion as evidence of his salvation, that he is not truly converted? 2. Is perseverance as necessary to salvation as the new birth?

1. We are not sure that we quite understand your question. A man who is living in sin and basing his hope of salvation on some past experience, has reason to doubt whether he was truly converted. A man who has been truly converted may fall into sin, but he will not continue in it. He will go to Christ and ask to be forgiven and will be very vigilant against falling again. If the experience has not borne fruit in purity of life and increase of faith and love there is ground for doubt about its being genuine. It was probably merely intellectual or emotional and not a change of heart. 2. The new birth always implies perseverance. If the man does not persevere it is safe to infer that he was never really born again. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Reader, California. How do you reconcile your statement that the Revised Version is superior to the Authorized Version with Dr. Talmage's assertion that he believes every word of the Bible? The Revised Version is in some instances very different in the meaning it gives by the changed forms of expression?

The more the Bible is valued and studied the more welcome is new light upon it, and the more anxious is the student to have it absolutely correct. The revisers had the benefit of ancient manuscripts, the existence of which was not known at the time the King James version was prepared. They had also a better knowledge of the Oriental languages. The result is seen in a greater accuracy of translation and in less ambiguity in expression. The passage to which you call attention is evidently a copyist's error. The period is given correctly in Kings.

A. L. M., Cargill. What becomes of the soul at death? Does it lie dormant till the resurrection, or does it go at once to its final destination?

God has not seen fit to reveal the condition of the soul immediately after death. In the absence of any explicit statement we have to be guided by inferences. These, in our opinion are overwhelmingly opposed to a condition of dormancy, though they indicate a fuller life after the resurrection. A few of these inferences are as follows: Christ's statement to the dying thief that *that day* he would be with him in Paradise. His parable of Lazarus and Dives which described Dives as being conscious at the time that his five brethren were living on earth and therefore before the resurrection. The presence of Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration. Paul's desire to depart and "to be with Jesus" which so active and zealous a worker would not have felt if he had expected a condition of dormancy to ensue after death. John's vision (Rev. 6: 9) of the martyrs who had been slain speaking before the resurrection. All these passages appear to us to imply conscious existence in the disembodied state, and a preservation of identity.

D. M. E., Elizabethtown, Pa. 1. While waiting for a train, a trolley car came rumbling along with its usual crowd, when an old man close by remarked: "That must be what the prophet referred to when he wrote, 'And they shall justle each other and run through the streets like lightning.' Is there such a passage, and where found? 2. By whom and under what circumstances was the poem written, "God moves in a mysterious way"?

1. The passage referred to is in Nahum 2. 4. 2. It was written by William Cowper on a peculiar occasion. He had a hallucination that it was the Divine will that he should drown himself. Accordingly, he set out in a cart to the River Oise, intent on self-destruction, but the driver missed the way and soon the suicidal mood passed. On his return, he wrote the poem, in a feeling of thankfulness at having providentially saved from a great crime.

A. D. M., McConnelsville, O. Why did Jesus tell some of those he healed to keep silence about the healing and tell others to proclaim it to their friends?

In the former he probably was anxious to avoid the publicity it would give. He did not wish to be regarded as a mere wonder-worker. His miracles were his credentials. He were worked to convince men that he came from God and was authorized to teach and preach. The proclamation of the healing might divert public attention from his mission. It might also provoke the hostility of his enemies who might be moved to interfere with his work. Where he required the healed person to declare it he may have desired to influence a community and to inspire the people with faith in him. It may also have been necessary to the healed person that he should make a public acknowledgment.

L. L. J. What would be the Christian way to act if you lived where there are no means of grace except a small Sunday School, whose teachers and superintendent favor and do such things as card-playing and similar evils, and who think no harm to play croquet on the Sabbath Day, and where the teacher of a class of girls from fourteen years up tells them there is no harm in any amusement that gives us pleasure, when there is no sin in the amusement itself; that to be a Christian it is not necessary to give up worldly pleasure? Can such a Sabbath School do any good? Will not its influence be bad?

Accepting your statement as accurate, as nowise exaggerated, it is evident that the Sunday School, teachers and pupils included, stands in urgent need of a sound Christian Superintendent. Its influence, as now conducted, cannot be other than pernicious, since it inculcates a false standard of religion, beginning with Sabbath desecration. The true Christian makes no compromise with sin, counts he puts everything behind him that will hinder his spiritual progress. Card-playing has been a step on the road to ruin for hundreds of thousands. Religion need not deprive anyone of innocent amusement, but there are many worldly pleasures that should be given up since they are unprofitable and lead to evil associations. This view of the matter should be laid before the school, and if no other remedy is available, you should apply to the American Sunday School Union to send you a missionary temporarily, who will plant your school on a sound basis, and bring order out of the present spiritual chaos.

Miss Mary C. Rosine, of the Haymarket Mission, Denver, Colo., can distribute Gospel literature, tracts, &c., to advantage if forwarded to her. ——readers of this journal.——E. S. W., Owensville, Ind. Write to Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. ——S. S. S., Boston, Mass. Send all contributions for Armenian Relief to Rev. C. C. Creegan, American Board, Bible House, New York.——A. E. B., Milton, N. Y. Your questions are trifling.——Pure, Brandon, Man. Your questions practically embrace an entire theological course. Get M'Clintock & Strong's Biblical Encyclopedia.——B. F. D., Brooklyn. 1. It is proverbial merely—like other similar expressions, viz.: "As wise as Solomon," "As meek as Moses," &c. 2. There are no such Bibles published. 3. No.——T. J. Bryner. Upon the grounds of merit and availability.——Mrs. W. J. J., City, Tenn. Certainly.——F. Lewis, Milwaukee. To give the list you want would require more space than we have at disposal.——L. D. B., Lorain, O. 1. Jamieson, Fausett & Brown's. 2. Very good.——Constant Reader, Kensington, O. There would seem to be little use, so far as hearing is concerned; yet it should afford him pleasure to meet with God's people.——B. I. Broomall, Pa. See list of wardens and chaplains published in this paper lately, and make selection. The papers you mention are all good for the purpose.——J. S. N., Painter Creek, O. The facts are not accessible.——J. C. B., Land of Promise, Va. A good physician will be able to advise you.——Student, Catskill, N. Y. See answer to L. D. B., in this column.——W. C. Finck, Elizabeth, N. J., announces the receipt of a supply of good literature from Butler, Long Branch, for use in his Chinese mission. ——Wm. Olson. The evil consists in associations and influences. Such amusements have been the means of leading thousands astray. It is a good rule to put everything aside that is a hindrance to spiritual progress which is, after all, the grand object of our existence here.——Rochester, Minn. We know of no such agency.——Mrs. L. M. Women's, Cal. It is a German custom.——Jas. F. Hanson. ——is very highly thought of everywhere.——D. Holland, Mich. Thompson's Protestant Missions. Scribners' New York, publishers, would supply the want. ——Subscriber, Middletown, N. Y. 1. No, certainly not. 2. Write to H. P. Main of Biglow & Main, 9th street, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Abyssinia at Peace.

RECENT cable dispatches announce that Gen. Baldissera, the new Italian commander in Abyssinia, has succeeded in relieving the beleaguered garrison at Adigrat which it was feared would fall into Abyssinian hands. There appears to have been a fierce battle before the siege was raised, but in the end the Italians were victorious. They liberated their countrymen who have been shut up in Adigrat since the battle of Adowa, but they decided to make no attempt to retain possession of the fortress, but to content themselves with the former frontier line. Massala and Erythrea are to be retained, probably in fulfilment of pledges to England. Negotiations have been opened with King Menelik for the ransom of the Italian prisoners in his hands and orders have been given for the withdrawal of twelve battalions of Italian troops which formed part of the invading army. This is apparently the end of the disastrous Abyssinian campaign which has been a severe humiliation and a loss of prestige to Italy. The losses in men and money have been enormous. The latest figures show that exclusive of native troops there were 11,-000 men engaged at Adowa and of these 743 were killed or taken prisoners. This is no reflection, however, on Italian bravery. The army was helessly outnumbered and appears to have fought with desperate gallantry. In several regiments and batteries only about ten or twelve men of the hundred survived the battle. The forward columns were surrounded and cut down before the main body could go to their assistance, and when they did reach the field they were disorganized by the retreat of their fleeing comrades. General Baratieri, who was in command, is to be tried by court-martial at Massowah for incapacity and negligence. It is expected that the triumph over the Italian invaders will result in the more complete unification of Abyssinia under King Menelik, who, previous to these troubles, had not been recognized as Emperor throughout the whole land. His influence as King of Shoa, the most southerly and best organized of the Abyssinian states, had, however, given him a paramount claim on the political leadership which had distanced all his rivals. It is now stated that the ceremony of his coronation as Emperor had been set for the very day on which the battle of Adowa was fought. The withdrawal of the Italians will leave him at liberty to consolidate his authority and to harmonize the political institutions of the different states composing the empire. That may prove a more difficult task than defending the country against a foreign foe. Monarchs have often found, as men find who try to govern themselves, that they have more reason to dread the opposition within than the foe outside. In another sense than that which the words first bore,

A man's foes shall be they of his own household. (Matt. 10 : 36.)

Baronet in Poverty.

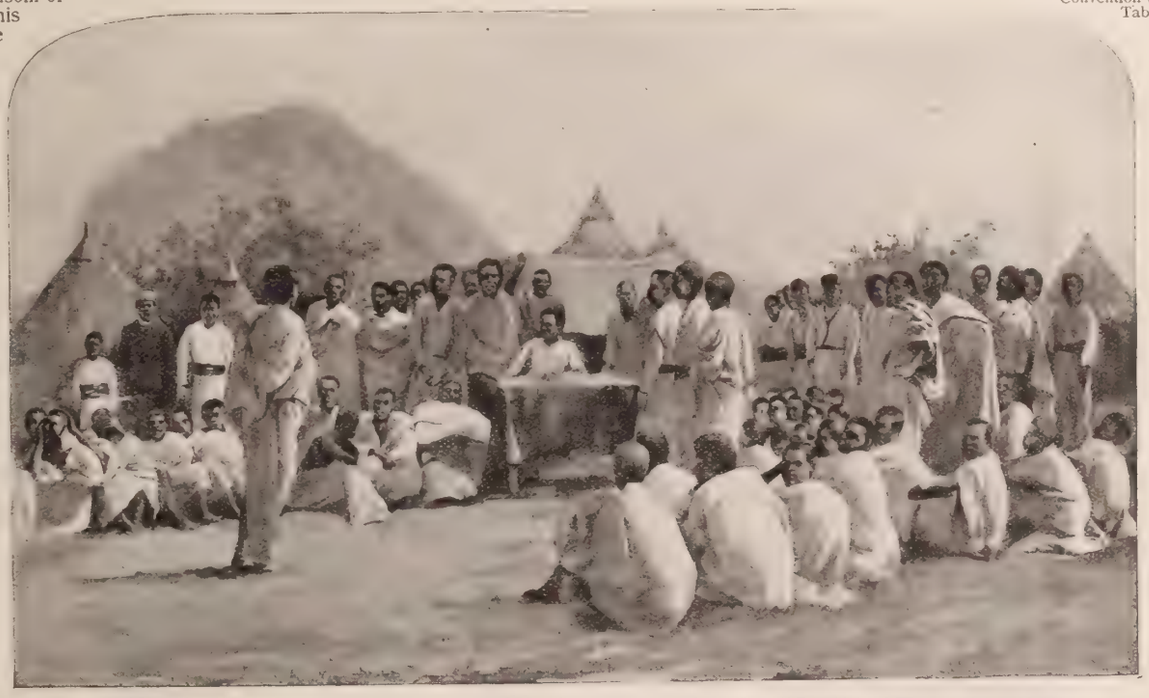
A remarkable story was related to a reporter of the New York *Sun* last week by a man who was acting as temporary clerk for a dealer in plate glass in Brooklyn. The man appears in the city directory as Robert Graham, clerk; but as he explained to the reporter, Burke's Peerage classifies him as Sir Robert James Stuart Graham, tenth baronet of Esk. He is a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce and is a claimant to the estates of Stratherne and Annandale. By a series of misfortunes the family lost its estates and all its wealth so that the father of the present head of the house was glad to cross the Atlantic and settle in Toronto where he had an offer of employment. After his death, the eldest son, to whom the title descended, came to New York, dropped his title and went into business. He did not succeed and ultimately obtained a clerkship in a Brooklyn house. But there came a time of depression in the trade and the firm in reducing its staff discharged the baronet. Since that time he has been unable to find permanent employment. He is now living with his wife and four children on the top floor of a poor apartment house and acknowledges that he finds life a hard struggle. He never uses his title and has no higher ambition than to be able to pay his way and maintain his family decently. The fact of his having a title and of his name being printed in the list of the British nobility does not help him. It seems rather to mock his poverty. It is not so with the nobility of the kingdom of heaven and with the record of their names kept there. Whatever their condition in this world, they can obey Christ's command:

Rejoice because your names are written in heaven. (Luke 10: 20.)

A Brakeman's Peril.

Chicago journals report an escape from death almost without parallel in railroad annals. An experienced brakeman, on a train that was running into Chicago, missed his footing in stepping from one car to another and fell between them, on the ties. When such a catastrophe occurs, the unfortunate man is generally ground to pieces; but this man, lying limp between the ties, was unhurt, save for the bruises caused by his fall. The brake beams and the trucks underneath the cars passed over his body without touching him. Another man in that position, would have probably congratulated himself and remained still. But this man knew too much about the construction of the cars to feel safe. He knew that all brake-beams were not of a uniform height and that some had projecting angle-irons, which almost touched the ties. If any cars of that kind were in the rear of the train, he would inevitably be killed. There was no time for deliberation and the man thought quickly. As the next set of trucks went over him he seized a brake-rod and, with almost a superhuman effort, swung his body to the brake-beam. Here he was safe, as many a tramp knows. But he became alive to a new danger. The shock of his fall, the sense of his peril and the effort of catching the brake-rod had acted on his nerves, and to his horror, he realized that he was going to faint. Before he lost consciousness, he locked his arms with a death grip on the iron fittings, and in that position, without any knowledge of where he was, he rode nine miles. When the train reached Chicago, he was missed and search was made. Sad experience taught the brakemen where to look for traces of such an accident and in examining the wheels and trucks he was found, still insensible but unhurt. So firm was his clasp even then, that it was difficult to remove him. The event proved that he had done the wisest thing possible to him, in trusting to his muscles retaining their hold when he had no longer the power to control them. We may hope that he will not forget his experience when he thinks of the time which comes to all when he will become aware that he is again going to lose consciousness and never regain it in this world. If in that hour he is clinging to Christ with the strength he that night put into his grip on that rod, he need have no fear, for Christ will hold him safe and he can say with the great Apostle:

I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him. (II. Timothy 1: 12.)



TRIAL OF A PRISONER BEFORE AN ABYSSINIAN COURT OF JUSTICE.

Gold by the Ton.

People on the New York streets during the past few days may have seen a truck laden with boxes, proceeding from a building on Broadway to another building in Cedar Street. A policeman was in attendance on the wagon, and two others watched its being laden and unladen. There was nothing else remarkable about the wagon or its burden, and the passer-by would have been surprised to learn that there was two million dollars in gold, weighing two tons, on the wagon. The gold was being removed from the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company to the new vault built for its reception in the Clearing House. Thirty-two million dollars in gold were removed in this way, in sixteen trips of the wagon, without a mishap. On the arrival of the wagon at the Clearing House, each box, containing fifty thousand dollars, was taken from the load and placed on a sidewalk elevator and so lowered to the vault. This vault is a marvel of ingenious devices to ensure safety. It is a huge steel box, resting on piers, so that watchmen can see under it, over it, and on all sides. Its steel walls, six inches thick, have heavy outer and inner doors which lock by separate combinations, and no one man is allowed to know them both. Within, there are a number of compartments, each with its own door and combination lock. Electrical wires, connected independently with each door, communicate the fact of that door being opened to the police, and to watchmen in the Clearing House and the Equitable Building. In this vault, which is constructed to hold one hundred millions, the money was deposited, and certificates of its being there were issued to the several banks jointly responsible for its safe-keeping. Unless some unexpected emergency arises, it will be a long time before that gold is disturbed again. The certificates representing it will be accepted with perfect confidence, because everyone will know that the bank issuing them has the gold in the vault. It is strange that while men will so trust in each other, it is so difficult to get them to trust in Christ who has said:

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. Rev. 3: 18.

BRIEF NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be glad to have from every church in which it has a subscriber, one copy of its latest annual statement, showing its numerical strength and financial condition.

The New York State Sunday School Convention will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, June 2–4. Three sessions will be held each day. Among the speakers announced to take part in the proceedings are Drs. A. J. F. Behrends, A. F. Schauffler, J. L. Hurlbut, and P. Fagnani. This is the first time in twenty years that the Convention has met in the city.

We are Glad to Learn from a letter just received from Mrs. Joseph Cook, that Dr. Cook is gradually recovering from the illness with which he was seized in Melbourne, Australia, last September. We are sorry, however, to hear that he is not yet able to write the articles he hoped to have furnished to this journal. Mrs. Cook expresses her regret that at present he is unable to do any literary work.

At the Recent Meeting of the American Bible Society, the Secretaries reported to the Board that the aggregate issues for the year ending March 31, 1896, were 1,750,283 volumes, being an increase of 169,155 volumes over the issues of the year immediately preceding. This striking fact was also stated, that for the first time in the Society's history, the aggregate number of volumes circulated abroad during any single year exceeded the number circulated in the United States. In China alone, nearly 400,000 volumes were issued, and the entire circulation in foreign lands amounted to 890,150 vol-

The Sydney, Australia, Journals Describe the visit of Rev. C. H. Yatman to that city as a time of unprecedented religious interest. The size of the audiences and the enthusiasm kindled were something to which the Australians had never seen a parallel. The Y. M. C. A. of the city gratefully acknowledges a large increase of funds in response to his appeals.

Peoria, Ill., has a Munificent Benefactor in the person of Miss Lydia Bradley, who has already given that city a hospital, a home for aged women, a church, and a park of 145 acres, and now declares her intention of erecting a Polytechnic Institute, which, with its endowments and appurtenances, will represent a cost of $1,000,000.

Extensive Preparations are Being Made for the celebration of the Jubilee of the Evangelical Alliance. A hearty welcome is assured to the American delegates, as the action of the Alliance in moving for the promotion of international arbitration and for prayer in the recent Venezuela trouble, has evoked a very cordial feeling between the American and English branches.

In a Recent Address Before a Boston Association, the Hon. A. D. White, ex-Minister to Russia, called attention to the alarming increase of crime in the United States. As an illustration, he quoted the statistics of homicide, which in 1889 showed 3567 persons killed, while the number last year was over ten thousand. He said there was no country in the world where murder was so frequently committed and so seldom punished.

News of the Destruction of a Mission and the disappearance of two English missionaries in the Solomon Islands has been brought by the steamer "Monowai," which arrived at San Francisco on May 10. The reports are somewhat indefinite, but it would appear that the mission was attacked by the cannibal natives, and that while some of the missionaries succeeded in making their escape to Sydney, two are missing, and it is feared that they have been killed and eaten. The inhabitants of the Islands bear a bad reputation, and many white men, traders and sailors, have fallen victims to them at various times. The mission there is believed belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was established by Bishop Selwyn in 1857. The Islands lie to the east of New Guinea and northeast of Australia.

Peasant Homes of Stamboul.

A City of Palaces, Hovels, and Ruins—The Houses of the Common People.

MISERY, squalor, and degradation sit side by side in all the great cities of the East. Even in the smaller towns and villages, the conditions of life are such as would make a European or American shudder, unless, indeed, he had been used to contemplating the wretchedness of some portions of lower New York, or the poverty of certain sections of London or Paris. But even these have some relieving features, while in the East, away from the homes of the rich, the evidences of absolute poverty are everywhere abundant. Even in a great city like Constantinople, it is apparent that the laboring population, through long ages of indigence, have been ground down to the lowest social level, from which it would seem impossible to rise.

Our photograph shows a group of dwellings in one of the poorer streets of Stamboul—the older city. The houses are old frame structures of a type that is very common. There is neither stoop nor porch, and an alcove window over the doorway is the sole attempt at ornamentation. Small, narrow windows give a hint of the lack of ventilation, and the lower part of the house is usually a gloomy place. Built close to an old, dilapidated wall—probably some ruined aqueduct or ancient tower—the general situation is anything but a cheerful one. Nor is the interior social life of the family of this class a whit more attractive than the box-like dwelling. Artisans, porters, and laborers of all sorts live in such houses. Yet Stamboul is a beautiful city, and in the near neighborhood there may be some grandly imposing mosque, or perhaps an old palace, with rare gardens and picturesque grounds, shut out, however, by high walls, from the envious eye of poverty. It is a city of contradictions, the loveliness and grandeur of the East mingling in sharp contrast with its squalor and rags. Miles of rich bazars, containing everything that is costly and unique in silks and jewels, hundreds of khans, or "camping hotels," thousands of hovels, many of them more dilapidated than those in the photograph, and mosques and minarets overtopping all and looking out upon the blue waters of the Bosphorus beyond. Many epochs are represented in the old city of Constantine, which has not changed its character in the passing centuries. It shows the tooth-marks of time, of earthquakes, of sieges, of wars, and of conflagrations. For beauty of situation and commercial importance it should be—as it once was—the Mistress of the East, instead of a city of princes and beggars, of vice and corruption. It has shared the fate of every city where the Crescent waves, for all history shows that the rule of the Turk is everywhere followed by decay in art, architecture, and commerce. Such is the Stamboul of to-day, and such it will remain until its true destiny is realized as the capital city of a free Christian nation, after its present possessors have been driven out of Europe.

A TYPICAL TURKISH DWELLING OF THE POORER CLASS.

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Betrothals in Angola.

Some of the old customs that still prevail among the Angola tribes on the West Coast of Africa are entertainingly described by Heli Chatelain. Concerning betrothals among the natives, he writes: "A boy's sweetheart is called his *kuloka*. This word is derived from the verb *ku-loka*, to swear, to confirm by oath. All the presents he makes to his kuloka, however insignificant, are registered on a sheet of *almaco* paper. This is a strong, bluish, ruled paper of foolscap size. The presents generally consist of *diamba*, which is the wild hemp used as opium, and of handkerchiefs. The girl who has accepted the offerings of a youth cannot become the wife of any other. In case he should die, or she should break her vow and give herself to another person, the latter is obliged to refund the injured party or his family the equivalent of the expense incurred for the sake of the girl. The mere attempt to estrange a girl's affection may be punished with a fine corresponding to the amount expended in securing such affection.

"Supposing that the young man has not has not at the time the means wherewith to give the wedding-present, the parents can claim payment after the elopement. When the young man is too poor to pay the kilembu at once, he must go to work and earn it. If, after due allowance of time, he should fail to pay off the debt, his wife has the right to seek or accept another husband; but the latter is bound to refund to to the first husband all his disbursements during the time of wooing, in addition to the kilembu claimed by the parents."

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Bright Spanish Girls.

Until recent years, woman's education was practically ignored in Spain, except among the wealthier class. Now, however, this is greatly changed. The International Institute for Girls at San Sebastian is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. It was founded by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, President of the Spanish W. C. T. U. No thought was given for the higher education of girls by the educators of Spain, and it fell to Mrs. Gulick to set in motion forces for progress that already are bearing rich fruitage. In 1800 two girls from her school took an examination in the State Institute at San Sebastian, attended only by boys, and received the highest mark given by the Institute—*Sobresatiente*, "leaping over everything." In 1894 four girls received the certificate of completed work in the State Institute of Guipuzcoa, San Sebastian, entitling them to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, "the first time," we are told, "in the history of Spain that girls taught by women had obtained such recognition." This college is the fountain of whatever temperance sentiment there may be in that country of grapes and wine. Graduates leaving the institute carry temperance principles with them, as was the case of one who organized a Union in a village in the southern section. Womanhood has now a wider field and a higher meaning in Spain.

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A Pretty May Entertainment.

As several readers have written us announcing a purpose of aiding our Fresh Air work at Mont-Lawn by some home entertainment, and asking for a suggestion, we give for their benefit this brief description of a May festival from an article in *The Home Magazine*. The room or hall must have a raised platform for the display of tableaux. Let it commence with a May song, followed by a charade, "May Morning," the first part arranged to introduce the word May, the second, Morning, while for the whole the winding of the Maypole may be represented, the girls being dressed in white with wreaths of flowers on their heads. Let the ribbons be long enough to permit ease of movement, and try to have a variety of figures. Pretty ones will doubless be invented in practice. A good commencement is to join hands in a circle and pass around the pole as far from it as the length of the ribbons will permit, then let each hold the ribbon in the left hand and move about it, all taking care to keep the same distance apart, then at a signal, wheel, hold the ribbon in the right hand and move in the opposite direction.

Next, let all stand, holding the ribbon in the left hand, at an equal distance apart. At the signal one turns, changes the ribbon from the left to the right hand and, facing her companions, passes around the pole under the ribbons—which must be held somewhat high—until the length is used. The next then does the same, and the figure continues until all the ribbons are used and the girls stand clustered closely around the pole. Let the scenes of "May Morning" be followed by another May song, during which the first of a set of tableaux, of a character to suit the occasion, can be arranged. Such a party may be held any time during the month of May. There should be a very small charge for admission as spectators.

The Time of Blossoms.

SING loud, O bird in the tree!
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover bed—
There is none so glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all,
Entices my soul away.

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming rd,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, pure and r
May offer it up to him!

Then sing in the hedgrow green, O thru
O skylark, sing of the blue!
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may l r.
And my soul shall sing with you!

INA COOLBIRT

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Squandering Moments.

TO many young people, the habi economizing time is a severe t They cannot be brought to re the value of the swiftly-flying moments with the oncoming of years and larger dom, every squandered opportunity wil lamented. A writer in *Faith and Wo* says the remark of a girl who "had just twenty minutes," awakened a t of thought that led far away, introdu her into a mathematical country where was speedily lost among rows upon r of figures. As she tried to find her through them they became a very labyri which she vainly endeavored to pierc order to ascertain just what sum lost minutes all over the world, cou ing from the beginning of the Ch tian Era, might amount But as nothing definite co be gained in the region of ma ematics, she turned then to department of prevention cure, to see if any means h been devised there to check t great waste. In one corner s eral cards, printed in large ters were hanging on the w Foremost among these was p Richard's well-known sayi "Dost thou love life, then not squander time, for that the stuff life is made of." N by was a line from Youn Night Thoughts, "Time was is existence, used is life." other selection from the sa poem read:

> Procrastination is the thief of time;
> Year after year it steals, till all fled.

On still another were t words:

> Time flows from instants and these each one
> Should be esteemed as if it w alone.

Everything in nature is " time," the sunrise and suns the seasons, the coming a going of the birds, the openi and shutting of the flowe the tides, and the planeta revolutions. Nature nev wastes a moment nor leav an opportunity unimproved. Even t smallest cranny of the rock has room for bunch of soil, a drop of dew, a flower wi its dash of color, and the grateful incen of its aroma, which it daily sends upwa to its Maker.

***

Home-Coming.

The home-coming of any of the famil who has been away should be made a much like a festival as possible. When on has been away visiting ftiends and enjoy ing new scenes, and being made much and entertained as a guest of honor, ther is sometimes a rather sudden letting down and a little sense of flatness in the retur to the domestic fireside. Home is th dearest place in the world, yet it is oc casionally dull, and, to youthful natures insipid. Let it be kept interesting by spice of variety. And if only one cares very little trouble by way of change wil give the altered aspect which pleases th eye and excites the mind. A flower or tw in a vase, a fresh cloth on the table, a new dish, the best cups and saucers, and an air of preparation will give the dear one the delightful knowledge that the home-com ing brings joy to the others.

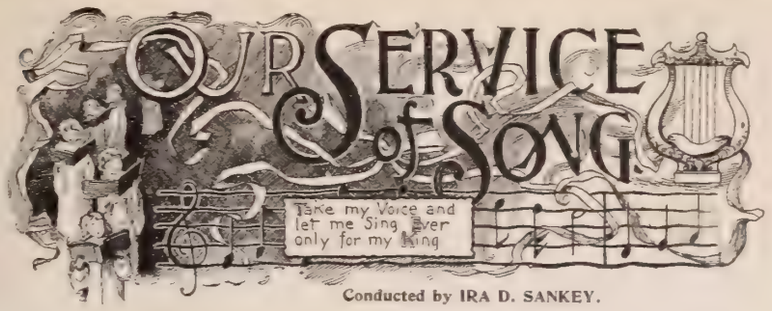
Readiness for Death.

gestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for the Week Beginning May 31. att. 24: 36-15.

SINGULARLY in contrast are the Topic and the passage of Scripture associated with it. The second coming of Christ, to which the passage undoubtedly refers, means life not death to the gen- ion which will witness it. In every generation from the beginning, death has been the close of life, the gate by which we have gone from the world's activities into the realm of silence and mystery; but when Christ comes, the power of the last enemy will be broken and this mortal will, without death, put on immortality. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." To indicate readiness for death by reference to promises of the abolition of death, is a course indicative of the perversity which spiritualizes the natural meaning out of Scripture.

Whether, however, we look forward to death as the close of our life in this world, or to the blessed hope of the Lord's coming, which will save us from passing through that ordeal, our duty in life is one and the same. He who can say from the heart, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" is the man who can meet death tranquilly. To him, the dark valley of the shadow of death is illumined by the faith which has committed his soul to him who is able to keep it against that day, and will cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," will find him watching, with the oil of spiritual grace stored for the glorious service of welcoming his Lord.

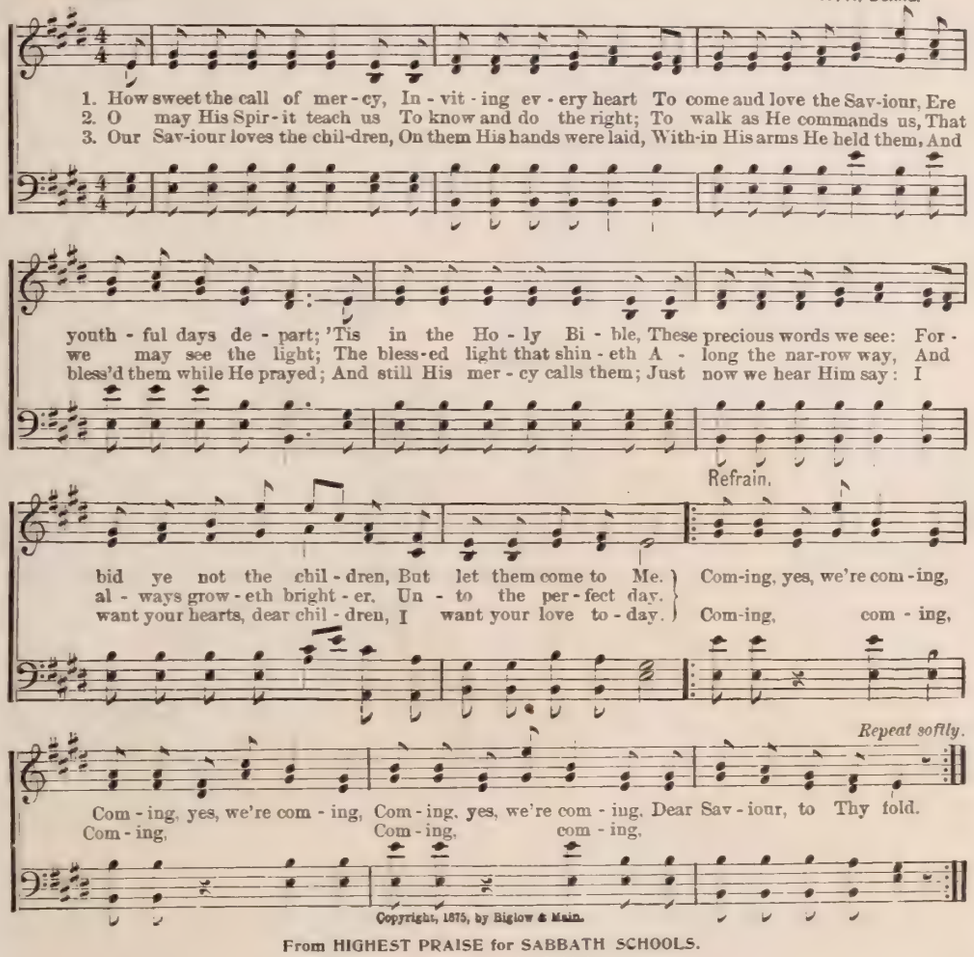
Readiness for death can be gained in one way only. It can never come through ceremonies, nor through assurances of priests, or ministers. Though a man were baptized by an angel, and though he were made a member of the most orthodox church under heaven, his readiness for the great change might still be a matter of doubt. Doubtless many will pass safely through the ordeal and will enter eternal blessedness who are not ready for it. Faith in Christ, exercised even in the eleventh hour, will be honored of God, and, even in the last extremity, he will cast out none who come to him. But such late conversions do not make men ready for death. As we look on a corpse we realize what death means to man on this side the veil. It means the laying aside utterly of the body, which has been the habitation and the means of enjoyment and expression through life. Whatever may be the conditions of that existence, it must be an existence in which all physical gratification is absent. To a man, therefore, who has known no pleasures, no delights, save those he had appreciated and received through the senses, the future life must be one of strangeness inconceivable. To be ready for that life there must have been a spiritual life in this world above and apart from the physical life. The hungering after righteousness, the effort after the attainment of purity of heart, the aspiration after Christ-likeness, must have been experienced and cultivated before there can be readiness for a life in which only the spiritual will survive. Where those have been felt, the other life will be a continuation of this and the absence of the body will be a relief. No more can pain and weariness and temptation reach the soul by that channel. No longer must the higher nature contend for the mastery with the lower nature. To be ready for death is to be ready for fuller, freer life. The change has no terrors for the man who yearns for spiritual development. It is emancipation, and he welcomes it with joy. The way, therefore, to be ready for death is to seek the higher life of the spirit which will go on after death.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

COMING, YES, WE'RE COMING.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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From HIGHEST PRAISE for SABBATH SCHOOLS.
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It Is Not Dying.

NO, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

O no, it is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find. —MALAN.

A Fair Exchange.

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Mark 8: 37.

THE soul of man, created by a breath
Of God, a part indeed of him who made
The world, and all that in it is;
Whose mighty voice the elements obeyed,
At whose command the hills came forth
And verdure clothed the plain;
Who guides the planets in their course,
And makes the changing seasons go and come again.

What can we find in all the earth,
On mountains high, or in the deepest cave
Where richest ores lie hidden from the light,
In valleys wide, or 'neath the briny wave,
Where lie the brightest gems that God hath made,
O'er which the mighty billows roll:
Can we find there a treasure fair
Whose value equals just one soul?

It is in value greater far
Than anything that earth can give,
Because the things of earth decay,
But evermore the soul shall live.
And living it shall still improve
And evermore its power expand,
Till it shall know God's great design,
And his wise purpose understand.

But Christ hath bought it with a price,
For his own life he freely gave
As an atoning sacrifice
The soul of man from death to save.
We can avail the price he paid,
Who hath redeemed us by his blood
On Calvary shed, in fair exchange
For our soul, when 'tis lost to God?

T. T. GRAY.

Our Prayers.

ART thou aweary of our selfish prayers?
Forever crying, "Help me, save me, Lord!"
We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,
Nor hear the song outside, nor join in vast accord.

And yet the truest praying is a psalm:
The lips that open in pure air to sing
Make entrance to the heart for health and balm;
And so life's urn is filled at heaven's all-brimming spring.

Is not the need of other souls our need?
After desire the helpful act must go,
As the strong wind bears on the winged seed
To some bare spot of earth, and leaves it there to grow.

Thy large bestowing makes us ask for more.
Prayer widens with the world through which love flows.
Needy, though blest, we throng before thy door:
Let in thy sunshine, Lord, on all that lives and grows!

LUCY LARCOM.

A Chapter of Six Visions.

A Remarkable Series of Six Apocalyptic Scenes Described by the Seer of Patmos.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

Continued from page 383.

THE second of the six visions is of an angel flying in the midst of heaven. Now, if we take this vision as in immediate chronological sequence, or at least with an interval not very prolonged, which the context would seem to suggest, it would teach that, after the removal of the first fruits, and just before the awful judgments on Babylon, and the personal Antichrist, there will be a special message from God, of evangelic import, which will be proclaimed to all the nations of the world, warning and inviting, as a last call to repentance. Possibly, this peculiar angelic Gospel corresponds with "the midnight cry" of Matt. 25: 6: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," a call to careless and "sleeping" saints (after the removal of the first fruits), to arise and prepare to meet their Bridegroom Lord. Perhaps it refers also to the time named in Acts 3: 19, 20, called "a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The two events approximate, if they do not synchronise, as the context of each compared will show.

III. In verse 8th we have a further vision. Another angel is seen coming forth, and declaring the destruction of Babylon; the mission of this angel is declarative merely. Not that we consider that his mission comes after the actual destruction of the doomed city; but, because that which is about to take place in the divine purpose is spoken of as having already taken place; because perhaps of the infallible certainty with which all the divine purposes are executed in relation to the interests of Christ and his people.

IV. In verse 9 we have a further vision. An angel follows with a special cautionary mission; the time of this angel's mission and service we may fairly infer to be in the last half week of the personal Antichrist's terrible rule; because the message is a warning voice to those who live at that time, when the personal Antichrist is ruling, and the False Prophet is co-operating to insist on the worship of the image of the Beast, and the impressing the brand on those who refuse. Verse 10 declares the nature of the punishment which shall be inflicted by God on all who worship the Beast; and which, whether taken literally or figuratively, must import something indescribably terrible.

Verse 12 seems to refer to the noble army of martyrs, who shall suffer under the personal Antichrist. These are characterized by two special features:—1st. By keeping the commandments of God. 2nd. By exercising implicit faith in Jesus in those terrible times. Verse 13. Just at this point John hears a voice from heaven, pronouncing a special benediction over those who thus, as martyrs, die in the Lord; and declaring, under the Spirit's divine imprimatur, the final rest and blessed reward of those holy witnesses of Jesus.

V. Here, in verse 14, we have a new vision, grand and magnificent. As to time, if we take all details in their unbroken chronological sequence, which would appear to be natural, this vision presents the picture of those events which will at once supervene upon the slaughter of those who refuse to acknowledge the authority of the Antichrist and False Prophet; and so just before Jesus comes with his saints, to take vengeance on them who know not God, etc. The first object in the vision is a white cloud, and upon the cloud an august person, sitting as if enthroned in heaven, "like unto the Son of Man."

(To be continued.)

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY THE REV EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was now still all about the spot where lay the unconscious officer and his equally unconscious defender. The shadows deepened. The pitying stars began to look down from their watch-towers in the sky. There was the gleam of lanterns here and there along the battle-field. They were hunting for the wounded. Ned and Melrose, though, were not discovered. They still slept in the slumber that is a sign not of a healthy renewing of vigor, but of its exhaustion. Ned stirred at last. From fact to fact in a slow, cruel progress his thoughts began to creep, that he was very stiff—that he had been wounded—and where was Melrose? He reached out his hand and touched a face.

"He is there," murmured Ned. He felt again.

"The face is warm. He is alive," thought Ned.

"Then he made an effort to raise himself on his elbow.

"Where's that hospittle?" he asked himself. Several clustered lights showed him where it was.

"I must git there, somehow," he said, "git him there."

Ned must do it for Janet's sake. His head began to droop, for he was weak.

"No, no!" he said, resisting the languor. "My, ain't I strong?"

He thought of the old days at home when he was the strongest of all the young men save Sandy. How he could row, lift, jump, wrestle!

"Yes," he said, rising, his great will bearing up his body, "I am strong, I am strong! I will carry him."

He stooped over Melrose tenderly.

"Come, old boy! You and I must git hum! What? Rain?"

The pitying stars had all gone to sleep. They, too, had been wounded, and by a wind out of the east. Clouds filled the sky, and the rain began to drip.

"Come, old boy! Git your death o' cold here!"

"Disturbed by Ned's shaking, Melrose opened his eyes and said, "What?"

"It's rainin', and we must git into that house. Don't ye understand?"

"I'll try."

Ned whispered something. Melrose stirred almost violently.

"Say that again!"

"Try for Jennet's sake," came another and loud, distinct whisper. Melrose got upon his feet. That word "Janet" was food, water, medicine, fire to the wounded man.

"We'll try, Ned."

"All right. Let's shove ahead. Lean on me, Cap'n. How she's rainin'!"

If Ned had seen on his hands something wet that he felt on his blouse, he would have seen not rain but blood. It was a half-conscious, almost blind, despairing and dogged struggle toward three lights. There were two, yes, two in a line, and above them was a third.

"Hos-spittle! Hum!" murmured Ned.

Leaning against one another, the two men pressed forward, trembling, staggering, falling, rising again, then staggering, plunging on toward the three lights, two in a line and above them a third. When Melrose faltered so long that it seemed as if he would halt for good, Ned whispered what he called his "magic-word." It was only one word, "Jennet!"

Thus Melrose would struggle ahead again. Oh, it was a horrible, agonizing, pitiful, but brave, heroic struggle! Would it be successful? Would it be a battle ending in victory, or—death? Was it not the latter, for by-and-by, the two figures that had writhed in pain toward those three lights, one above and two below, ceased their contortions, and the wind moaned above them as if wailing, and the rain wept softly, ceaselessly, its sorrow on a confused, still heap. But there was a stir in the heap once more. It was Ned that moved and opened his eyes. It came to him little by little that he had been wounded, that he and Melrose had tried to gain that hospital and—"Where is he?" he murmured.

He reached out his hand. "There he is!" he gasped. "Thank God! In his hands! Yes, all in his hands! Haven't dropped out of 'em. No, and can't! Jennet said so! Jennet?"

For her sake he must get to that hospital. "Where is it?" he asked.

He raised himself on his elbow, and just ahead, burned softly, hopefully, brightly, the three lights.

To Ned's imagination, it seemed as if Janet shone in their midst and beckoned him.

"Must git there for her sake and git him thar," he reasoned.

"Him," though, was too exhausted to wake or even stir in response to Ned's solicitation.

"Then I must go alone. Must git help and bring him. And ain't I strong!" he thought.

To arouse his resources, he thought again how strong he had been in the field and on the sea, what feats he had attempted and accomplished. Sandy alone was a greater Hercules.

"Come! git up thar, you baby!" he called out to himself. "Show that you are strong!"

He started on his last pilgrimage, not rising to his feet, for he could not possibly do it now—but crawling slowly, painfully, yet determinedly, doggedly, beckoned on by the three lights.

"Nearer!" he said, "Gittin' nearer them lights, old boy."

Yes, the three lights, one above, two below, were bigger and brighter.

"Don't give up, old boy! Remember Jennet! He'll die out thar!"

It seemed as if he could reach up and touch those three lights so hopefully did they shine before the eyes of this crouching, crawling form, writhing down into hollows and out of them, over stumps, round the sides of bushes, and past the trunks of trees, till over the rough threshold of a door, he wrenched himself into the sight of the hospital.

And there rising up before him in what seemed "golden light," contrasted with the hideous blackness outside, presenting herself to his imagination as a very angel out of the presence of God, was Janet Morton herself.

"Oh, Jen—net!" he sobbed, the tears choking his utterance.

"Why, poor, poor Ned!" she shrieked.

"Sandy! Sandy!" come quick.

Her arms went down to him and about him. It was Heaven to feel the touch of her hands, but Ned could not permit that caress.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Go—Winthrop—Melrose is—out—thar! Git a—lantern and men!—"

He could say no more. The long struggle which to his mind seemed to have occupied weeks, was successful and his duty done so far as his poor, bleeding body could perform it, he rolled over on the floor unconscious. It was the end of a brave effort nobly done, the triumph of the will, like the rider of some finely bred horse which sinks exhausted in the moment that it reaches the goal. He had not been able to explain where Melrose was but the name had been enough to set Janet's pulses throbbing.

Leaving Ned to the care of the doctors and Sandy, who was gentle as a woman and strong as a horse, Janet accompanied by two men of the ambulance corps, carrying a stretcher sallied forth into the night. She carried a lantern and scrutinized every inch of road. She was not sure of the direction, but with a prayer for guidance she took the course that seemed to her the one most likely to be the one by which Ned had reached the house. The rain was still falling and there were marks in the mud that looked like the tracks of Ned's hands and knees. Following these she came at last to a heap by the side of the path, which might have been a stump felled and left where it had fallen, but which was not a stump but the body of a man.

How her hands trembled as she stooped and pushed aside the slouched hat that she might look on the face below! Yes, it was he. When last she had seen that face, it was bright and young and handsome. Now it was deathly pale, and there was blood and mud upon it, but it was his face. Janet's memory had enshrined it too tenderly to forget it now in this extremity; She touched it gently and with the new power that her nursing experience had taught her. It told her that he was living. Thank God it was not the face of the dead!

(Continued on next page.)

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In His Hands.

(Continued from preceding page.)

e was unconscious, he might be dying, but there was life yet. How different was th meeting from the one Janet had pictud in her mind. She thought that she mt see him in some crowded assembly, or some busy street, and she had imagin him unaware of her presence, or recnizing her with his old smile. But th was in her old home, when she sat in th gloaming and thought of him, before thcruel war had changed everything. Th was the meeting after the long separain. She had never pictured anything likthis. Who would have thought that wh they parted in the sweet peace of the qui village they would meet next on a batefield amid the slain in the darkness anthe shadow of death?

d this meeting—was it only the prelud of that long parting which would contin all through her life? It looked so, for ough there was life, it trembled like a sk which might go out any moment. Jat realized then how much her own futre depended on this man. She had put in God's hands, but oh, how much hatier she would be if God would let her ha him for a companion and protector. W, he, too, was in God's hand and she wa willing that it should be so. God kn best; it was a comfort to feel sure of thi She would do her duty as she saw it andvould leave everything to God.

ft moments were precious, too precious to spent in reverie. Too much agitated to eak, she indicated to the attendants by motion of her hand, that this was the mashe was seeking, and they placed him on he stretcher and bore him to the extemporized hospital.

"ot her brother, I reckon," said one of f men to Sandy, who met them.

"'mebody closer than that," said Sady, with the air of one who was in a posion to know.

"ell," said the man," whoever he is, I hee he'll live for her sake, if she wants himo; she's saved many a boy for his friels. She deserves to have her own."

"hat's so," assented his comrade. "I new saw a young woman like she is, thad such motherly ways. I've alwa thought the best nurse a man could hawhen he was real sick, was his old mo'er. Better than professionals, or wif or sister. The mother seems to know you and what you want, and I did not thin anybody could come up to that; but Nue Morton fills the bill. Why she's hea things from men who were going, tha hey never expected to breathe to a livi soul. The way she looks after a ma and bears with him when he's fretful and always knowing just how to fix himo's the pain's a bit easier, and her swe smile, and her being so glad if he's a bbetter—why it seems like an angel by e bed and I guess it's better than tha because of the human in her. Well if I as down on one of these bunks, with a lof Southern lead in me or a big gash tha put me on the border, so I didn't knc whether I was going under or not, and hey said, 'Tom you can have anythin on airth you want,' I'd just say, 'Le me have Nurse Morton around, till I see hich way I'm going.' I tell you there's hurreds feel just that way, and them as don are them as don't know her."

Sdy listened, delighted with the praise thu given by a stranger to his friend. "Sh comes from our town," he said proly. "I've known her since I was a litt un."

"ell if your town breeds women like tha we'd better get 'em all down here. This a time when we could make 'em usel. But I reckon you haven't got any to tch her."

Sdy felt honored to hear these honest raises of Janet, but his heart was hea. The doctors gave a gloomy report of hd, whose hurt was worse than had at fst been supposed. Sandy hovered abo his bed as long as he could and when dut called him away, he took the first opptunity of going to inquire after him. Jan, too, was very anxious. She told Dr. Per al something of his past life and begid him to do his utmost to save him. Buth spite of all that was done Ned lost grod daily.

"ss Morton," said Dr. Percival, one morng as he and Janet met at the door of t hospital, "your friend Ned Davis is in a bad way."

"was just going to see him," said Janet. "He was asleep last night when I saw him and I thought he was looking sadly."

"Yes, I am afraid there is no hope," said the Doctor. "I am sorry, for he is a noble fellow. I learned from Captain Melrose that it was in looking after him that Ned got his wound. Ned refused to leave him when he fell and even after Ned himself was wounded, he would not desist from trying to help the Captain. Melrose believes he owes his life to Ned. But for Ned's efforts he would not have got within reach of help and it was Ned who put you on the track of him. A man like that is worth saving, but I am afraid he is beyond our help. I will wait till this evening, and if there is no improvement, I shall have to tell him. I expect it will be hard. A young fellow like that clings to life. It will be a heavy blow for him."

That night the Doctor pronounced sentence as he called it. Ned was told that he could not get well. "You must make up your mind for the worst, my poor fellow," said the Doctor. "You are going to die. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" exclaimed Ned. "No, Doctor, I aint afraid. Jennet—that's Nurse Morton, you know—taught me we were in the Lord's hands. You don't suppose he is going to drop me now, do you?"

"Well, no, I shouldn't think he would if you want to nestle there."

"And I do, doctor! That's the word, doctor, 'nestle!' Thank ye! I'll go to sleep on that."

And as on a tired pillow, he rested his soul upon this word and went to sleep.

When he awoke he saw Sandy, who had begged permission to go to the hospital to inquire for his old friend. Ned's eyes sparkled when he saw him.

"Old boy!" he said and smiled.

Sandy wound his arm about Ned and cried behind Ned's back.

"Hark!" said Ned. "I hear the sea!"

Yes, he caught the melody of the waters falling on eternity's shore, an ocean we must all cross, but which we do not see nor hear until we get close down to its rim! Ned now heard it.

"Don't you hear it? Tide's a-comin', Sandy. Lovely, isn't it, Sandy! You can see the waves ar' comin' in, all in shinin' rows."

Sandy did not know what Ned was saying, for he was busily crying back of Ned.

"Why, here are folks, Sandy! And Sandy, there's mother! Jest as she used to look when she wanted to take dad's boat and go off."

In a moment, he asked, "Where's Jennet?"

"Here I am, good Ned, brave Ned, dear Ned," said the nurse. "We all love you, and you are a noble fellow."

Such happiness as shone in Ned's face! He lay awhile in silence, his eyes closed, his face in the sunshine of a great peace. He awoke once more, only once.

"Hark, Sandy, I hear the sea!"

"'Fraid?" sobbed Sandy, wiping in secret two big red eyes.

"'Fraid, old boy? Death that fetches us home, ain't an enemy to be 'fraid of. You and I 'fraid to put off? Sandy, Sandy—the bright waves—and 'tother side—"

The voice came slower.

"Over—there—"

It came softer.

"Is the King's—"

The eyes drooped.

"The King's Land. Ready—Sandy—to put—off."

The whisper died away, for a voyager all alone and yet not alone—for One was with him—had put off on the bright waters beyond which is the King's Land!

To be Concluded.

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on May 10, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. L. A.W., Minneapolis, Minn., for the conversion of two beloved sons who have grown to manhood without being saved.——W. J. E., Tacoma, Wash., that her boys might give their hearts to God and live useful lives.——A. F., Pennsylvania, that a son who is still rejecting Christ might be humbled and brought to the Master's feet. ——F. R. M., East Greenwich, R. I., that a dear father might be converted.——"Believer," New Haven, Conn., that her dear, kind husband might have the one thing he lacks—the love of Christ in his heart.——"Believer," Darien, Conn., for the conversion of a very unhappy sister.——M. N., Seneca, N. Y., that her husband who is sick might give his heart to God.——M. A. B., Wisconsin, that her husband, who is a backslider and is desperately wicked, might be rescued and restored, and that his friend and companion might also be saved, as the two men encourage each other in their sinful lives.——"Illion," that an erring brother might turn from his evil ways and seek Christ.——"Reader," Elmira, N. Y., that a dearly loved brother, an unbeliever and deep in sin, but who has been recently rescued from intemperance, might be born again. ——S. B., Omaha, Neb., that God would save her husband and family.——W. H. F., Atlanta, Ga., that her aged husband who is under the influence of evil associates and is forsaking Christ and going into sinful ways might be redeemed and made strong in Christ.

For the Conversion of Friends. G. C. T., Lamartine, Colo., that an aged man whose life has been untouched by Christian influence, but who now, in his sixty-fifth year, is trying to become a Christian may have the help of the Holy Spirit and may be saved before he is called hence.——"Sister in Christ," Elwood, Neb., that a near and dear friend who has not realized his need of a change of heart, may seek it earnestly of the Lord and may become a true and devoted Christian. "Reader," Columbia, Mo., for the conversion of a dear friend who is at school. ——"Anxious One," Commerce, Tex., that a loved one recently rescued from a dissipated life, might be converted and have the grace of God to keep him safe from falling. ——"Reader," Nain, Va., that a beloved friend who knows not Christ, might learn to love him.——"Cambria," Long Beach, Cal., that one who is cursed with the love of strong drink, and who resists the pleading of his friends, might be taken into God's keeping and delivered.——"Reader," Ramaquid," Me., that Christ would save one who is fast going to destruction. No earthly power can save him.——"Anxious One," Georgia, that two dear friends may give themselves to God and enlist in his service.——"Constant Reader," Muir, Mich., that God would touch the heart of one who might be a power for good if his heart were changed, but who is now doing much to lead young people astray.——"Earnest Believer," Kansas, for the conversion of a dear friend and an only brother who are leading sinful lives.——"Friend," Louisville, Ky., on behalf of a family of five, that they may find Christ and give themselves to him.

For the Restoration of Health. "Reader," Indiana, for recovery from a terrible disease.——E.B, Philadelphia, that a husband and wife might be restored to health.——L. R. G., Pittsboro, N.C., that recovery might be granted to a sufferer whose lungs are affected.——"Reader," Northern, N. J., that a friend might be restored to health. ——"One who believes," Missouri, that a nervous affliction may be relieved and that refreshing sleep might be given by the dear Lord.——"In Jesus' Name," Oregon, that recovery may be granted to one suffering from a painful disease and that a much dreaded operation may not be necessary.——"Anxious Mother," Racine, Wis., on behalf of two sons, one of whom is demented and the other in a very weak condition from disease, that God would restore them both.——"Believer," Money Creek, Minn., that one who has been an active worker for Christ for nearly thirty years might regain health to resume service, also that an afflicted and bereaved father might recover his strength.——J. R. C., Oakland, Cal., that God would mercifully restore the use of his right hand and arm ——L. E. H., Augusta, Me., for the recovery of a dear little daughter.——A. P. M., Delaware, O., that a dear friend who has recently undergone a severe operation may recover strength and may be spared to her family.—— M. J., Texas, that a sister's health be restored. ——"Illion," that a dear mother afflicted with an incurable malady might be healed of the Lord to whom nothing is impossible ——"Believer," Conn., that health may be granted in answer to many prayers.——"In His Name," Illinois, for the recovery of a daughter who is in ill health and that strength may be given her for the performance of her duties.

For Special Blessings. "Reader," Williamsport, Pa., that a mother in heavy financial trouble may find relief ——"One in Trouble," Gardner, N. Y., for wisdom to decide rightly in a momentous matter and for grace to resist evil thoughts. —— L. C. C., Chatham, N.Y., that a young man in financial trouble may have the help he needs in a crisis. ——"Sister in Christ," Chillicothe, O., that God would deliver her from an impending trial and that those who are indebted to her for past kindness may not be unmindful of their obligations.—— "Reader," Wheeling, W. Va., who is trying to help friends and lead them to Christ, that both efforts may be blessed of God.——M.C.B., Longford, Kans., that in God's good providence Gospel privileges may be restored and that a dear friend might be brought back into active church-work.—— "Hopeful One," Tenn., that grace may be given to withstand a terrible temptation and that the backsliding of the past may be forgiven. ——Believer, Columbus, Ill., that two brothers may have the financial help they need in an emergency.—— A. R. E., Ontario, that vindication may come to one who has been falsely accused and that the cruel slanders may be disproved.——K. E. C., New Boston, N. H., for the removal of a trouble if it be God's will.——"Fearful One," Brooklyn, N. Y., who is afraid that certain symptoms indicate the presence of a terrible disease, begs that God would avert the evil and that the fear now entertained may prove groundless. ——"Subscriber," Woodlawn, N. H., that God would protect a young man who is engaged in dangerous work, keep him from harm and that a stumbling block to helpless people might be removed.

A Friend of the Children.

THE death of a very kindly, gentle lady who has alleviated much suffering and has been a pioneer in good work, is reported from London. Mrs. Marie Hilton, the founder of the famous *Creche*, has passed away after a life of service and usefulness. It is now a quarter of a century since this devoted member of the Society of Friends began the labor with which her name is identified. She found in visiting the poorer quarters of the city that through poverty, or widowhood, or other causes, there were many mothers who were obliged to leave their infant children at home, while they went out to earn a living by cleaning, or washing, or some other occupation. The temporary guardians of these infants were often mere children, and still more frequently indifferent girls who cared nothing for their charges. The wails of the neglected babies pierced the good lady's heart, and she set to work to plan a method of preventing the evil. She hired a large room in the most poverty-stricken quarter of London, begged a few cots from her friends, and undertook to take charge of all the babies that were brought to her. Ten infants and fifteen young children were brought the first day. Mrs. Hilton and her helpers took care of them, fed them, and kept them while their mothers toiled at their labor all day. That was the beginning of the *Creche* in London. It was a novelty then, but it met a need which no one seemed to have noticed. Now, there are "day nurseries" in all the chief cities here and in England. Mrs. Hilton continued this work to the last, opening new rooms in other quarters of London, and encouraging friends to begin such work in their own localities. It was a work of love, and the worker will be sorely missed.

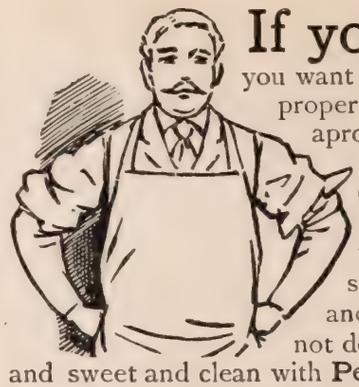
THE LATE MRS. HILTON

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the discovery in Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of [illegible] standing and Hon. T. G. Clegg, Cleveland, Ohio, says that he thinks it [illegible] in a few days. Dr. Taylor, of Chicago, says he has [illegible] Asthma. Dr. Kola Import Co., 112 Pearl St., New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

Dr. Arnold's Headache Powders cure Headache in 20 minutes. 10c. and 25c. a box.

Dr. Arnold's Remedy for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, "Arnold's Bronchial Troches" 25c. a box. Avoid imitations.



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you want **Pearline.** You want it for the proper washing of your frocks and aprons, and to keep the bench, blocks, floors, shelves, hoo[ks], etc., as clean as they ought to [be]. There's nothing that will [do] this like **Pearline.** And it takes so little time, and so little trou[ble] and work that there's no excuse [for] not doing it. Keep everything dain[ty] and sweet and clean with **Pearline.**

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never pedd[led] and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, [be] honest—*send it back.* 508 JAMES PYLE, New Y[ork]

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Is it Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Rheumatism, or any other diseases of the Kidney, Bladder, or Stomach? If so, send for FREE PAMPHLET of the NEW and famous Stafford Mineral Springs Water (near Vossburg, Miss.)

Astounding — Convincing Proof of Cures.

A letter from Rev. Dr. L. E. HALL, an eminent Baptist Divine:

HATTIESBURG, MISS., Dec. 15, 1892.

Gen. E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senator, Washington, D.C.

DEAR GENERAL—I enclose you a pamphlet recently published by a company of gentlemen of New Orleans, who are developing the Stafford Mineral Springs Water. The wonderful efficacy of this water exceeds anything that I have ever known. If any of your friends are suffering from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, etc., etc., kindly inform them of the water. If I had not seen with my own eyes the wonderful effect of it on parties who were on the very verge of the grave; if I had not seen their complete restoration to health after every available remedy had been exhausted and life had been utterly despaired of, I would not venture to hazard my reputation for integrity and truth on its virtue, as I have.

Yours truly, L. E. HALL.

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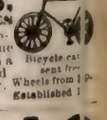

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In a world where "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" no praise is too great for **SAPOLIO**

The Smallest Church of All.

It at Fra Juana, in Mexico—The Oldest California Indian.

COMMENTING on a recent paragraph in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in which it was stated that the smallest church in the world was said to be at St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, Rev. C. J. Miller, of Nes- Cal., writes us this interesting letter: I have the honor of being pastor of the rch in the south-west corner of the

LD GABRIEL," WHO DIED AGED 151.

U ed States. We are in sight of the mument that indicates the division line be een the Republics of Mexico and the U ed States. Our new church spire w be a monument indicating the divid- in ine between God's kingdom on earth an God's kingdom in heaven. We are al in sight of the great light-house on Pt Loma. One question you answer in our paper, 'Where is the smallest ch ch,' I would answer at Fra Juana, just ov the line; it is about 16 x 20 feet.

Our crops are lost because of the hot, dr weather, and unless we secure outside he, we must postpone our building, or it must be abandoned for the present. Th is a lemon country; our people have be at a continuous expense for two to fi years in creating homes, but so far no in me from them. They need a church, ar have sacrificed much, subscribing over $6 toward a $1500 edifice.

enclose a picture of the oldest Indian of alifornia—old Gabriel."

abriel died at Salinas, Cal., at a very ad anced age, believed to be over 151 ye s. He claimed to have been present wn the first missionary to Alta Californi landed at Monterey in 1770, and that he as at the time a grandfather. Up to abt four years ago there was at the C nty Hospital a Christianized Indian n ed Jose Lauriano, of the same tribe wi old Gabriel, who stated that Gabriel w a very old man when he was a child. L riano was very old when he died. Old G iel was attached to the missions as a C istianized Indian. About 1854, he was al wed to occupy a small patch of land on th farm of W. S. Johnson, Esq., now cashier of the Salinas bank, who was then living at Natividad. Gabriel was then so old that he could not do hard work, but supplied his few simple wants by weaving serapes and cinches, in the making of which he was very expert. He did not acquire the vices that have swept away the people of his race.

Japan's Creation Myth.

Like its neighbor, China, and other Asiatic countries, Japan is a land of many mingled religious beliefs, which, although they are usually divided into two or three great classifications, really constitute a large number of different faiths, some of them vitally distinct from others. One of the most interesting is the Omiki philosophy, which teaches the doctrine of the divine parentage, the brotherhood of man, and even intimates a future state. Omiki holds that the creation was the work of the great deity, Kuni-toko-tachi-no-Mikoto and his consort, Omotaru-no-Mikoto. When they appeared upon the stage, the world was one vast mud sea. The divine pair suffered from ennui and resolved to create man. On looking about for suggestions, they noticed the various fishes and reptiles, which in Omiki's teaching serve as representatives of the subordinate deities, and they determined to embody in the human form the various qualities which they fancied these inferior beings symbolized. Accordingly, Izanagi and Izanami-no-Mikoto were fixed upon as the parents of the race. In due time Izanami gave birth to 999,999 pigmies, six-tenths of an inch in height. In the course of ninety-nine years, these offspring grew to be four inches tall and then died. Later on she gave birth to a similar brood of pigmies, who grew to be five inches tall and then died. In this gradual increase of size, Izanami saw the promise of a race of full-sized men. Incidentally the lower animals came into being. After some generations, these rudimentary men were born in pairs.

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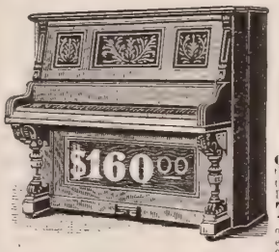

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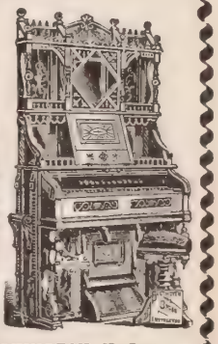

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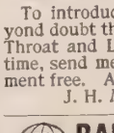

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VOLUME 19. NUMBER 22.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
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THE ROYAL PALACE AT GONDAR, OF MENELIK II., A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON. (See Page 410.)

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Job 27: 23, "*Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place.*"

THIS allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are made a theatre or spectacle to angels and to men." It is evident from the text that some of the habits of theatre-goers were known in Job's time, because he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards and, either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness or other incapacity, the audience is offended, and expresses its disapprobation and disgust by hissing. "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. What hardship and suffering and discipline great actors have undergone year after year that they might be perfected in their parts, you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity and faith and humility and helpfulness—what little preparation we have made, although we have three galleries of spectators, earth and heaven and hell! Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and, while we needed to be looking at home and concentring on our own duty, we have been criticising the other performers, and saying, "that was too high," or "too low," or "too feeble," or "too extravagant," or "too tame," or "too demonstrative," while we ourselves were making a dead failure and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage? Each one is assigned a place; no supernumeraries hanging around the drama of life to take this or that or the other part, as they may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Neither can we put off our character; no change of apparel can make us anyone else than that which we eternally are.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine-closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as the year 959, King Edgar of England made a law that the drinking-cups should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins to stop drinking from the sides of the modern wine cup or beer mug, and the last pint of each millions stops is at the gravelly bottom of their own grave. Dr. Sax, of France, has discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol, in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains germinous life called *bacillus tetanomore*. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach and then into your blood, and, getting into the crimson canals of life, they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it seems it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole winrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil around you, and it will after awhile put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a coil around your lung and a coil around your foot and a coil around your heart, and some day this never-dying worm will with one spring tighten all the coils at once, and in the last twist of that awful convolution you will cry out, "Oh, my God!" and be gone. The greatest of dramatists in the tragedy of "The Tempest" sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler; but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward against the footlights of conspicuity and then staggering back into failure till the world is impatient for their disappearance, and human and diabolic voices join in hissing them off the stage.

Many also make a failure in the drama of life through indolence. They are always making calculations how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists, and farmers than have ever been counted upon. The community is full of laggards and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang to the foot when they lift it, to the hand when they put it out, to the words when they speak.

Two young men in a store. In the morning the one goes to his post the last minute or one minute behind. The other is ten minutes before the time and hits his hat and coat hung up, and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon, in the afternoon, looking at his watch to see if it is not most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go, and when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very touchy about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The first will be a prolonged nothing, and he will be poorer at sixty years of age than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince. Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they cannot do. In the drama of life they don't want to be a common soldier, carrying a halberd across the stage, or a falconer, or a mere attendant, and so they lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be something great. After awhile, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, they get into the place for which they have no qualification. And very soon, if the man be a merchant, he is going around asking his creditors to compromise for ten cents on the dollar. Or, if a clergyman, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or, if an attorney, by unskilful management he loses a case by which widows and orphans are robbed of their portion. Or, if a physician, he by malpractice gives his patient rapid transit from this world to the next. Our incompetent friend would have made a passable horse doctor, but he wanted to be professor of anatomy in a university. He could have sold enough confectionery to have supported his family, but he wanted to have a sugar refinery like the Havemeyers. He could have mended shoes, but he wanted to amend the Constitution of the United States. Towards the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poor-house, or keep out of it by running in debt to all the grocery and dry goods stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After awhile, leaving nothing but their compliments to pay doctor, undertaker, and Gabriel Grubb, the grave-digger, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage.

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into their sea, all the roads of emolument end at their door, and they gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. "How big a pile of money can I get?" and "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt towards the Asapi, or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After awhile this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect that his possible decease may have on the money markets. After awhile he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce how he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchiefs to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed. The heirs sit up all night when he lies in state, discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the livery stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipages, and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stone-cutters send in proposals for a monument. The minister at the obsequies reads of the resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous financier does come up in the general rising, he will try to get a "corner" on tombstones and graveyard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The heirs are glad because they get possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his plumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of Dead March in Saul and all the pageantry of his interment, and all the exquisiteness of sarcophagus, and all the extravagance of epitaphology cannot hide the fact that my text has come again to tremendous fulfilment: "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

You see the clapping comes before the hiss. The world cheers before it dashes. So it is said the deadly asp tickles before it stings. Going up, is he? Hush! Stand back and let his galloping horses dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling head-gear and arched neck. Drink deep of his Madeira and costly cheer. Boast of how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunlight of his prosperity. Going down, is he? Pretend to be absent-sighted so that you cannot see him when he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate as though you were trying to call up a dim memory and say, "Well, y-e-es, yes; I believe once did know him, but have not seen him for a long while." Cross a different street from the one where you used to meet him lest he ask for financial help. When he started life he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit when that his fortunes are collapsing. Have his name on two of your notes; tell him that you have changed your mind about such things, and that you never indorse. After awhile his matters come to a dead halt, and an assignment or suspension or sheriff's sale takes place. You say: He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst. Ha-ha!" Applause when he went up, silent derision when he came down. "Men shall clap their hands at him and hiss him out of his place." So, high up amid the crags the eagle flutters dust into the eyes of the roebuck, which then, with eyes blinded, goes tumbling over the precipice, the great antlers crashing on the rocks.

Now, compare some of these going out of life with the departure of men and women who, in the drama of life, take the part that God assigned them and so well went away honored of men and applauded of the Lord Almighty. It is about forty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest invited to that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousal was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? The young woman who left her father's house for her young husband's home started out with a parental benediction and good advice she will never forget. Her mother said to her the day before the marriage: "Now, my child, you are going away from us. Of course, as long as your father and I live you will feel that you can come to us at any time. But your home will be elsewhere. From long experience I find it is best to serve God. It is very bright with you now, my child, and you may think you can get along without religion, but the day will come when you will want God, and my advice is, establish a family altar, and, if need be, conduct the worship yourself." The counsel was taken, and that young wife consecrated every room in the house to God.

Years passed on and there were in that home hilarities, but they were good and healthful; and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages as bright as orange blossoms could make them, and burials over which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all that place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of that household that lived have grown up and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way and the children following. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education, character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household is

unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger, and only God kept account of the mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in the street. But without complaint she waited and toiled and endured and accomplished all these years. The children are out in the world—an honor to themselves and their parents. After awhile the mother's last sickness comes. Children and grandchildren, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she is too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair and tells them not to cry, and that she is going now, but they will meet again in a little while in a better world, and then kisses them good-bye and says to each, "God bless and keep you, my dear child." The day of the obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly endurance, and many hearts on earth and in heaven echo the sentiment, and as she is carried off the stage of this mortal life there are cries of "Faithful unto death;" "She hath done what she could," while overpowering all the voices of earth and heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

But what became of the father of that household? He started as a young man in business and had a small income, and having got a little ahead, sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses, and suffered many betrayals, but kept right on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example and giving them the best of counsel, and never a prayer did he offer for all those years but they were mentioned in it. He is old now and realizes that it cannot be long before he must quit all these scenes. But he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer and Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch, and as he goes out of the world the Church of God bids him and the poor ring his door-bell no more if he is any better, and his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up, and some say, "There will be no one to take his place," and others say, "Who will pity me now?" and others remark, "He shall be held in everlasting remembrance." And as the drama of his life closes, all the vociferation and bravos and encores that ever shook the amphitheatres of earthly spectacle were tame and feeble compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled-up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage and the life that shall close amid acclamations supernal and archangelic.

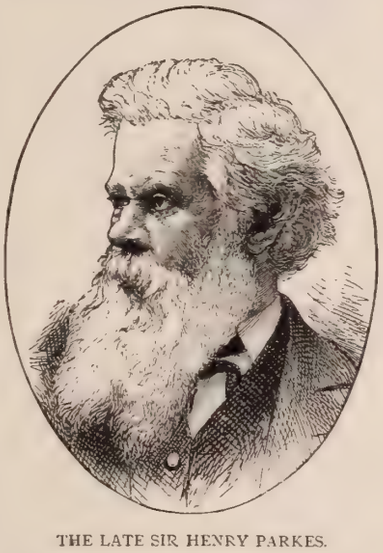
O men and women on the stage of life, many of you in the first act of the drama, and others in the second, and some of you in the third, and a few in the fourth, and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon the most suggestive passage that Shakespeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as infidel and atheistic, so the quotation shall be not only religiously helpful to yourselves, but grandly vindicatory of the great dramatist. I quote from his last will and testament:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

Australia's Loss.

Death of Sir Henry Parkes, the Grand Old Statesman of New South Wales.

ONE of the most remarkable men that the world has seen in this generation is now numbered with the dead. That his name was but little known in our own land is a fact, but his character and career were of the kind that we as Americans hold in high honor, and we cannot withhold a tribute to his memory. In 1815 his father was working as a day laborer in the fields of the little Warwickshire village of Stoneleigh at three dollars a week, out of which he had to pay the rent of his cottage and support his wife and family. In that year a child was born in the humble home to whom the name of Henry was given. If



THE LATE SIR HENRY PARKES.

that child had been like other children born at that time under such circumstances, he would have remained in the village, beginning life by going into the fields at ten years old to frighten crows from the growing crops, gradually rising through the regular gradations to a ploughman or carter, earning three dollars a week, and then as he grew older earning less and less until in his old age he died in the county poor-house. That has been the career of thousands all over England who were born as he was. But this boy was not of the ordinary pattern. When he died a few days ago, he had been five times premier of the great colony where he made his home; there was scarcely a law on the statute book that had not been placed there by his efforts; a grateful country tendered him a state funeral, which offer he had foreseen and enjoined his family to decline; and, still more remarkable than all, with abundant opportunities for accumulating a large fortune, and though he had controlled the collection and expenditure of vast sums of public money for a quarter of a century, he lived and died a poor man. He was known as, "The Incorruptible" and he deserved the title, for there was no surer way to failure, under his administration, than for the political schemers, who swarm around the government of the colony, to try to win his favor by rendering him, or offering him, personal advantage. All his thought, all his prodigious energies, all his persistent labor were given to promote the welfare of his colony, and he sought nothing and would take nothing for himself.

Parkes was twenty-four years old when, poor and unknown, he landed in New South Wales. He found the honest settlers vainly protesting against the practice of the English Government of sending its convicts to the colony to work out their sentences. The new arrival earned his living in various humble ways for several years, but found time to lend his aid to the agitation against the great convict grievance. He soon became known as a clear thinker and an eloquent speaker. During the following ten years, the agitation continued, for after the practice of sending convicts was ostensibly abandoned, the sheep farmers succeeded in getting several ship-loads of criminal laborers, under the name of assigned-servants. It was not until 1849 that Parkes and his friends saw their persistent labors finally crowned with success. The next object of the band of patriots in which Parkes was now a recognized leader, was to get a constitution for the colony. That was secured in 1855, and in the new Parliament elected under it in the following year, he had a seat which with a few brief intervals he held until his death. His influence increased from year to year, until in 1872, he was at the head of the administration. From that time until 1889, when he became Premier for the last time, he was the leader of the party of progress and honesty in public affairs. But he had grave defects as a Parliamentary leader. He was austere and unsociable and consequently made few friends. The people trusted him and almost idolized him, but in the House he was dreaded rather than liked. Cold and logical and utterly destitute of personal magnetism, he led a lonely, troubled public life, but one in which his intense patriotism was conspicuous. He was active and vigorous, even after he had passed his eightieth year, and at his death the great colony he so faithfully served followed him to the grave with lamentation and sincere sorrow.

Devoured by a Crocodile.

IN a recent letter, Rev. J. A. Clarke, a missionary on the Upper Congo, Africa, gave a sketch of a young man named Bwala, who, having learned to read and write, was employed in the printing office, and worked patiently and perseveringly, and took great interest in his work. "He was married, and on one occasion his wife went across the river to visit some friends. In order to see her, he started across the river, which was about three miles wide near the station, in a very small canoe. As he was sitting at the stern of his canoe a crocodile came up, seized him, and carried him off. The natives found the canoe with a piece bitten out of it, and came and told us. The poor wife, on her return, was almost frantic with grief." Next morning some of the natives came to Mr. Clarke saying, "May we have the mission boat at go down the river and look for Bwala? A woman has dreamt that we should find him alive."

Mr. Clarke consented, and gave one of the natives who was a good shot, a rifle and some ammunition, and his colleague went down the river with them. They saw the crocodile on an island. They shot at him and wounded him, and he then dropped the remains of poor Bwala; his head and shoulders only were complete. The crocodile, which was found to be seventeen feet in length, was killed, and they put him into a canoe with the remains of their friend. The heathen had said that the crocodile was bewitched, and could not be killed, and their astonishment was great when they saw the contents of the canoe. Bwala's widow afterwards became a Christian convert.

A Trying Chinese Climate.

A missionary writes that "the Yangtsze Valley is the most trying place on the globe. If one gets sick he must get out at once, otherwise he will die. The mercury stands at ninety-eight or one hundred degress during the day. At night it falls a degree or two. Mosquitoes get too languid to bite. People must sleep under punkahs or not sleep at all. New arrivals will not take advice. They know more than the veterans. They propose to show them a more excellent way. As a result, many get sick and go home or die. It does not pay to live below a certain standard. To do so is almost sure to impair health, to diminish usefulness and to shorten life."

In an Arab Slaver's Den.

Nearly 600 Wretched Captives Liberated when Chief Mlozi's Town was Taken.

THE Wankonde—a native tribe, who occupy territory at the north end of Lake Nyassa—have for a home one of the finest countries to be found in Africa. Great mountains, blue lakes, deep clear rivers, and rich soil, with great groves of bananas, and an abundance of oil palms, tamarinds, fig, and other fruit-producing trees, make it a desirable land to live in. Some travelers have compared it with the glowing pictures of Eden, given by ancient writers. The Wankonde speak a singularly pure Bantu, and are exceedingly primitive. They have suffered greatly from the incursions of Arab slave-dealers, and at different times hundreds of their people have been kidnapped.

When the town or stockade of the Arab chief Mlozi was recently raided, a large number of slaves—about five hundred and ninety-six—were found cooped up in the place. They were nearly all captives from the Wankonde villages. They were practically prisoners, although permitted the use of their limbs. Men, women and children—all ages and both sexes—were mingled in the heterogeneous crowd. They seemed emaciated and half starved. After being cared for a few days they were set at liberty and returned to their own country.

Mr. Wm. M. Morrison, for two years a missionary artisan at Livingstonia, Nyassaland, who had returned on account of failing health, he is now in Chicago, recuperated, and anxious to be again used in Africa, if possible under the League. He writes:

That slavery yet exists to an alarming extent in Africa is a question of which there can be no possible doubt. During the two years I worked at the North End of Lake Nyassa, I had ample opportunity to observe this. Mlozi, the great Arab slave-trader did all in his power to hide it from the eyes of the few white men who were then in that part of Africa. I shall never forget how, on one occasion, about November, 1892, Mlozi determined to capture two or three hundred slaves from a village near the little European settlement Karonga. Under the sham pretence of making the white men believe that he did not engage in the slave trade, he brought a lot of his men down from the hills and prepared a midnight raid on a village whose people were both harmless and defenseless. These raiders stayed away from the village until midnight. When everything was quiet and still, every man having in the meantime been instructed to attack a certain house: at a given signal, every raider rapped at his victim's door, at the same time calling out gently the evening salutation, "Salkiri gogoniri!" Thinking some visitor had called, the inmates soon found themselves the victims of a cruel and brutal deception. The thought of a white man but a short distance off seemed to give them some hope, and a few of them resisted; but only with this result that the light of a new day found one hundred and eighty-four men, women, and children—dead or dying around the deserted village. The raiders took with them about three hundred slaves. Filled with indignation, the white people at Karonga vowed revenge on the slayers of their friends, and calling in all their best native men, they armed them and set off in hot pursuit of the raiders. At sun-down they came upon them resting on the shores of the Lake. Fortunately, the poor slaves, though firmly tied to each other, were sitting some distance away from their captors. The rescuers made a furious charge into the midst of the raiders. Three volleys were fired in quick succession, and before the raiders could realize it, about half their number lay dead. The remainder fled to the bush, which was soon after set on fire. Some, it is believed, did escape, but many perished. The three hundred slaves were brought back in safety to their own village.

Mr. Finlay, the white man who led the attack against the raiders, and brought back the rescued slaves, was almost worshipped thereafter by the poor natives. This is but one instance out of many that might be related. In those days (1892), it was a common occurrence to see from two to five slaves passing daily through our village in charge of some Arabs. Frequently in agony of soul I have turned my eyes away from these wretched scenes of inhumanity, realizing my utter helplessness.

To me, at least, it seems as if this Christ-like organization, the Philafrican Liberators' League, is the beginning of an answer to a multitude of prayers, from Him who doth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. So, therefore, from my heart I say: "God bless the Philafrican Liberators' League."

Every passing week adds to the strength and popularity of the new Philafrican Liberators' League. Already many readers of this journal have applied for membership, grateful to be associated in so noble a work with the distinguished philanthropists who are identified with the League and its management. Contributions to aid in the work of the League and all inquiries or applications for membership should be sent to Heli Chatelain, Room 511, United Charities Building, Fourth avenue, New York. Contributions for the same purpose can also be sent to the proprietor of this journal.

Warning to the Disciples.

Sunday School Lesson for June 7th. Luke 22: 24-37. Golden Text, Philemon 2: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FROM the time that Jesus had said to Peter upon the confession of his faith in him as the "Christ, the Son of the living God," "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," Satan provoked his fellow disciples to jealousy. Again and again the question arose among them which should be the greatest, and this terrible contention occupied them even in those solemn moments when Jesus broke the bread and gave them the wine to drink which should in the future be done in remembrance of his broken body and his poured out life-blood which were to be the true nourishment and life power for his body the Church. It is a terribly solemn fact that, from the moment when this question first arose in the little company of the apostles,

A Significant Change

took place in their life and ministry: we hear no more of their healing the sick or casting out devils, from this time until Christ had suffered and the Holy Ghost had been given. Their power had left them, the same spirit which led Adam and Eve to desire the forbidden fruit that they might be as gods knowing good and evil, (Gen. 3: 5) that, in fact, they might be great, had entered into the disciples; it was a spirit from beneath and not from above. And how then should they, who sided with Satan, cast out Satan? How should they who were sick in their inner man heal those who were sick in their outer man?

At the same time they failed to understand their Lord, and a significant reticence made them afraid to ask him, when with these thoughts of greatness in their hearts he had taken them aside to teach them the great lesson of the cross (Mark 9: 30-32). Human nature always wants to be great, and to take the lead; it chooses out "the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets (tokens of respect), and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi." (Matt. 23: 6-8). Human nature loves to assert itself and to have its rights, and its position recognized, it cannot live without recognition, it must needs be "seen of men." And it was not until after the disciples had left all and followed Jesus, after they had "cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them," (Mark 6: 13), that they must learn the evil of their own natural hearts, and learn to hate and renounce themselves as well as all else that they might know the life and power of Christ dwelling in them when the Holy Ghost should be given. Like Job, they could go the length of leaving all earthly things to follow Jesus. But the satisfaction which they formerly had had in their possessions was now transferred to their work and, like the seventy, they had said in their hearts, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." (Luke 10: 17). Themselves they had not renounced and they must learn a bitter lesson when they were unable to cast out the unclean spirit. (Matt. 17: 16; Luke 9: 40.)

Jesus asked them a question which they were ashamed to answer, "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" (Mark 9: 33.)

Their Dispute

was who should be the greatest, they had given up all except themselves, that which the Lord most desired, and from that time until this solemn moment at the last supper, their rights and their dignity occupied the disciples, choking their spiritual understanding and robbing them of their spiritual power. Must it go on to the very end? Jesus knew what was in their hearts. He who had said, "The Son can do nothing of himself;" I can of mine own self do nothing, (John 5: 19-30), did not expect of the disciples what even his untainted human nature could not produce. He did not lose patience, he understood the situation, and explained to them the difference between human and divine greatness. He did not deny that there should be a superiority in the kingdom of heaven but it should be quite another from that which was filling their minds, it could only be in an age to come when one of them should not be exalted above the other, but they should together reign in his kingdom.

The kingliness of those who should reign in his kingdom is manifest now in their power to take a place in which self is denied. The lowest place is the place of victory, the servant's place is the place of power. "I am among you as he that serveth." Yes; at that moment, only a few hours before his crucifixion, he was serving them who were wounding him to the quick! O, the forbearance of that hour! Three years and a half he had lived his holy, lamb-like life before them; they had been with him night and day, they had heard his teaching, the last meal he should ever take with them before his sufferings was over, the sacrament which was to shew forth his death till he come (I. Cor. 11:26) was just instituted, and instead of being united with him in all which filled his heart, there was among his chosen witnesses this unseemly, disgraceful strife which should be the greatest. And he did not lose courage; "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end" (John 13: 1), and in the mightiness of that love he leaves on one side all his personal feeling and does not say a word of his disappointment in them, but speaks a word of encouragement. "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations; ye have not left me when other disciples went back (John 6: 66). Ye have continued with me while men have sought my life, and I appoint unto you

A Kingdom,

even as my father appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." A kingdom indeed; but not now; suffering, humiliation, shame now, but glory hereafter. "If we suffer with him we shall also be glorified together." (Rom. 8: 17). Simon Peter was undoubtedly the leader in the mutual strife, as he was in most things, and therefore was the special mark for the attacks of Satan. And the Master, at such a moment, though near to his own sufferings and death, can calmly survey the situation of his disciple. To human eyes it looked as though Peter and all the disciples were very far fallen back from the glad time when sickness and evil spirits fled from before their ministry, and with joy and power they testified to the coming kingdom of their Lord. But Jesus as Man had been also a disciple to his Father (Isa. 50: 4, R. V. margin), and he had learned of him how to speak a word in season to them that are weary. He spoke words which should be understood later when the Holy Ghost was come. "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted [or turned again], strengthen thy brethren." Little did Peter know when he replied, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee to prison and to death, that his fall was so near. But one whose heart is set upon being great, one who has still in his heart to compare himself with others to their disadvantage, one who can renounce all else, but not his own rights and his own position, has

A Vulnerable Point

for the attacks of the enemy. Satan did his worst when he so overcame Peter that he denied his Lord with oaths and curses; but he who sees the end from the beginning, saw beyond the fall of his servant, and knew there should be ultimate victory. He had asked and obtained it of his Father. Peter must be allowed to fall, or he would never learn that in him there dwelt no good thing, and that all the warm fervor of his heart's love to Jesus would break down under a test; no hand but the hand of God can keep a fallen creature.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SIFTING WHEAT.

WITH a mind oppressed with dread of his approaching sufferings and death, Christ came with his disciples to the upper-room in Jerusalem, to celebrate the great annual feast of the nation. That he had a human horror of the ordeal, it is easy to see from several incidental remarks that he let fall, as well as from his prayer in the garden, that if it were possible the cup might pass from him. But he had desired, as he said, to eat this last Passover with the disciples making it his farewell meal. What it commemorated and typified is fully described in Exodus 12: 14—13: 10. It was the event of the Jewish year and was a very solemn season. Judas had already made his arrangements for the betrayal; therefore he knew of the impending crisis, but the others appear to have had no idea, in spite of Christ's warnings, that danger was at hand. The dispute about precedence, which Luke mentions, probably arose about the position of the disciples at the table, as it was customary to range the guests at a feast in the order of their rank. They may have been the more anxious on the subject, because their position at this formal meal might be regarded as an indication of their degree of rank in the kingdom they were expecting Christ to establish. Christ appears to have allowed them to settle the matter for themselves. He was probably too sick at heart to care to interfere in so wretched a dispute, at such a time. Within a few hours, as he knew, he would be arrested like a felon, brutally beaten and cruelly executed. On the threshold of such events, a wrangle about places at the table must have been torturing to his agitated soul. But he would not for their sakes leave them unreproved. When the dispute was adjusted, and they had taken their places at the table, Christ gave them an object lesson in humility by washing their feet, a duty which was usually performed by the lowest servants. Having resumed his place at the table, Jesus explained the meaning of what he had done. Luke gives his explanation without mentioning the previous incident. Briefly, it was that what he had done was an example for them. In his kingdom, in which they were so anxious to have high places, the principles of precedence were the reverse of those in worldly kingdoms. Not he who ruled, but he who served, would be accounted greatest. The greatest would be he who had most of the spirit of his Master, who had just taken on him not only the form but the duties of a servant. Thus the way to greatness in his kingdom lay, not in seeking honors, but in rendering service; not in selfishly striving to gain the best places, but in self-forgetfulness, and in humbly trying to be of service to others and to promote their happiness.

Leaving this subject, for the tim... short, he proceeds to something of pr... importance. He warns Peter of h... proaching fall and tells him that I ... prayed for him. He knows that h... be restored, and when that occurs, t... a special duty for him to do. H... strengthen others. Out of his sa... shameful experience would come a l... and a duty specially his own. ... Christ gives a general warning. Hit ... the wants of the disciples had been ... ulously supplied. When they wen... without money and without even ... for their day's food, they had ... nothing, but now the conditions ... changed. When their Master was ... drawn they must use ordinary mea... their own maintenance and protectio...

When thou art converted, strengthen ... brethren. This, at first sight, see... strange injunction to give one ... weakness was about to be so conclu... proved; but experience shows its wi... In a certain mission where many d... ards were reclaimed, there was one ... particularly active. When a man w... induced to sign the pledge, Tom, as h... known, would make friends with hi... try to win his confidence. He would ... him as he came home from work, esp... ly on pay days and walk home wit... chatting cheerfully all the way. He ... go to his home with some new book ... per and spend the evening with him. ... could get a holiday, he would take th... convert out for a day's fishing or a t... the country, and keep him from bec... gloomy and depressed. Tom seem... know by instinct when a man was ... to be tempted to drink, and would ... hand to help him keep his good resolu... In this way he helped the converts ... crises, and did more good than any o... workers. Yet Tom was not on the ... mittee, nor did he hold any office. ... he was not a member of a church. ... was he then? He was a Christian ... had fallen into the sin of drunken... and had repented. There was no ... drunkard fighting his enemy and tryi... resist temptation, who had not Tom's ... pathy, and could have his help by ... ing for it. That was the way he stre... ened the brethren.

That he may sift you as wheat. Th... process of winnowing in Oriental ... was to toss the wheat into the air ... the grain fell to the ground and the ... was blown away. Christ used the s... to describe the process of Peter's trial ... self-confidence, his boastfulness, his ... pulsiveness, were the prominent tra... his character. Satan appeared, ... Christ's remark, to have thought ... were the whole of his character and ... there was no solid grain of love and ... ity in him. When the wind of tempt... struck him and he denied Christ, he ... sifted as wheat. His self-confidence ... blown away like chaff, but the love ... Lord remained true grain and the si... process only made him more humble.

I am among you as he that serveth. The s... is told of a young man who had won ... distinction at a Scottish university ... had been called to the pastorate ... wealthy church, that he went to call ... poor member who was sick. He we... his carriage and entered the house ... some haughtiness. The old lady who ... no servant called to him to "come by ... sit doon." The young preacher, ... thought he was being treated uncere... iously, said: "I am the servant of the ... and have come to speak with you a... your soul's concerns." "Aye, aye," ... the old Christian, "the servant of the L... Then ye'll be humble like your Maist...

He that hath a purse let him take it. W... Paul went on his great missionary j... neys, he was in different circumstances ... those of the disciples who worked du... the Lord's lifetime. In the changed o... he worked to support himself. He ha... occasion to use the sword and we do ... think our Lord in his injunction to bu... sword, meant it to be taken literally. ... Paul used such means of protection a... had, when he insisted on his rights ... Roman citizen, and compelled the ma... trates at Philippi to make public apol... for their cruelty. Missionaries in our ... have therefore a perfect right to claim ... protection of their own governments ... citizens while they are working for the ... tension of the kingdom of Christ. On ... same principle Christians at home are ... tified in using their rights as citizens ... promote righteousness in government.

OUR ARMENIAN COLONISTS.

Exiles who have Left their Native Homes and Settled in America — Fresno's Successful Armenian Colony—Room and a Welcome for Thousands More.

AN ARMENIAN VINEYARD IN CALIFORNIA.

GREGORIAN CHURCH.

FRIENDS of Armenia throughout the Union are busily engaged discussing the new aspect of affairs, looking to emigration on a large scale from that unfortunate land. Wherever the project is considered it finds many stanch supporters. Its advocates point to the fact that there are at the present time in America, thousands of natives of the ancient Eden, who have, in almost every instance, proved acceptable citizens, successful merchants and capable, self-supporting artisans or tradesmen. Many who have lately come hither to escape the persecutions at home, have for many months past been the sole dependence of dear ones left behind, to whom they have regularly sent remittances through the missionaries. Some have lost relatives in the massacres. All, without exception, would welcome any movement that had for its object the rescue of their friends from the Turk and Kurd, and their permanent settlement in a section of the globe where they could live at peace with all mankind and follow undisturbed the Christian faith of their fathers. Whether this desirable result is to be reached by emigration to Russia, Persia, Cyprus, some of the British colonies or the United States, time alone must decide.

Among the Armenian settlements in this country, the colony at Fresno, California, is an illustration of what can be accomplished by the Armenian peasant, who succeeds in reaching this land of freedom and religious liberty. Nowhere else has the vitality of this remarkable race, and its capacity to meet the requirements of American citizenship, been so conclusively demonstrated. This is so strictly a fact that even the national clannishness, which begets colonies, has been wiped out. The French, the Mexicans, the Portuguese, the Scandinavians, the Russians of Fresno, have their peculiar hotels and town-quarters, but the Armenians of Fresno live among the American population, in all respects on equal terms, and take the earliest opportunity of acquiring the English language and American citizenship. Of all the foreign nationalities they are probably the most popular in Fresno County among the Americans of native birth.

Fresno County has a large mixed population, following almost of necessity from the diversity of its products. The culture of the grape has attracted large numbers of Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dalmatian, and Italian settlers. On the other hand, the agricultural interest has brought over Danes, Swedes, and Hollanders. Among these people the Armenian immigrant of fifteen years ago was like the new boy just come to school. Everyone wanted to see what he was. At the present time, the Armenian has succeeded, even in the hardest times Fresno has ever encountered, in making his way, wherever industry, pluck, and marked sobriety were qualities to be appreciated. There are young Armenians in Fresno to-day who speak English perfectly, ally themselves in manly sports with native American youths, and are enrolled members of the National Guard of California. True, these young men have only been in the country five or six years, but they have emulated their predecessors in the desire to become American citizens in fact as well as in name. Out of the 200 or more members of the Armenian colony in Fresno city and county, there is not one adult male, over five years in this country, who has not been naturalized. Many of the younger men have married American wives, and have proved themselves model husbands.

There is not a single pauper or dependent Armenian in the county to-day. Most of the emigrants brought little with them, but all have prospered. Among the first Armenian citizens to come to Fresno were the two brothers, John and Joseph Seropian. It is over sixteen years since they commenced business there as merchants. The Seropian brothers are credited with making the first effective attack on the railroad monopoly in that part of California and rendering the great San Joaquin Valley Railroad a possibility. They did this by shipping a consignment of dried fruit from their own factory all the way to San Francisco, two hundred miles, by mule team. Others followed the example and, under these auspices, a competing railroad was developed that means an unexpected future for the San Joaquin Valley, in a territory three hundred miles in length and scarcely one hundred in width, with some of the finest land in the world.

1. REV. A. VARTANIAN. 2. M. K. GIANT. 3. PAUL H. AZADIAN.
4. HAIG PATIGIAN. 5. HOREN PATIGIAN.

LEADERS OF FRESNO'S ARMENIAN COLONY

Among the permanent members of the local Armenian colony is the Rev. Avedis Vartanian, who usually conducts the services in the hall, which the majority of the Armenians use as a place of worship. Most of them are members of the Congregationalist Church and, until about two years ago, they regularly attended the services of the First Congregational Church of Fresno, with their American brethren of the same denomination. Rev. Mr. Vartanian was born at Bitlis, in 1844, joined the Congregational Church in 1861, and after a few years' study in Bitlis, was sent to Havadorig, near Sassoon (the scene of the great massacre), as teacher and preacher. In 1873, he came to America, and after five years' residence returned to his native land. He stayed at Havadorig eight years longer, leaving a congregation of two hundred members. At the present time Mr. Vartanian besides his pastoral labors, is engaged in farming, having a twenty-acre vineyard and ranch near Fresno. As instances of the sterling qualities of the Armenian race, and its capacity for development, no better examples can be found than the brothers, Haig and Horen Patigian of Fresno. Three years ago these lads had little money and few friends. Their genius as artists had received scarcely any cultivation. They left Armenia five years ago, and settled in Fresno with their parents. Horen, the elder, is twenty-two years old; Haig is twenty-one. Horen received some hints in art from a San Francisco artist who readily recognized the youth's talent. Meanwhile Haig worked hard to master the trade of a sign-painter. Both are now doing well. Horen's specialty being illustration, while Haig is skilful at the brush. The two lads, by their unaided efforts have almost gained a monopoly of the sign-painting and advertising designs in the city and county. Both speak English fluently and are respected by the community.

Matthew K. Giant is another fine example of the capacity of the Armenian youth in a country which offers freedom for development, religious, mental and physical. He is a young man with a talent for oratory. When in his native country, he attended the Armenian Mission College at Aintab. He came over when quite young, was graduated from the Williston Seminary in Massachussetts, and on coming to Fresno, began business as a jeweler. Dr. A. J. Melchonian is among the older Armenian residents, and is now traveling through California and the Western States as a lecturer on the Armenian question. Melchon Markarian, who came here from Moosh, farms twenty-five acres of vineyard near Fresno. His brother who has been here about seven years, is engaged in the jewelry business, and has an excellent reputation. It may be stated as a fact that the general reputation of all the Armenian residents here, old and young, men and women, is an enviable one. Paul H. Azadian, a jeweler, and his partner, Gabriel M. Michaelian, are prosperous and excellent citizens. Abraham Sergius owns a little printing office and several cottages, the results of his own industry and thrift. He was married a few months ago to a young girl who come all the way to Fresno from the village where they were born, to become his bride. She left home at the very time when the massacres at Sassoun and Moosh were horrifying the world and reached Erzeroum when hundreds of refugees filled its street.

When Fresno was as yet an undeveloped town, N. B. Peters, an Armenian, bought a number of blocks on the westside of the railroad track as closely adjoining it. He built a number of cottages and rented them or sold them chiefly to Armenians. This part of town commonly called Russia-town is full of interesting bits for the sketch-book of the artist.

A few of the old-time Armenian settlers in Fresno worship in the Union Church on the old Gregorian lines. The primitive Armenian Church, it will be recalled, resembles the Greek Church very closely in its canons. The Russians and the old Armenians get along very well so far as religion goes, but in other respects the distinction is marked. The Russian population of Russia-town is unprogressive and frankly brutal or even serf-like, while the Armenian, even of the more conservative class, is in direct line with civilization and progress. The younger Armenians have established a branch of the Armenian Society in Fresno, and have a hall with a library. Their talent for pageant and decoration was well shown at the last Fourth of July parade in Fresno, when the Armenian display distanced all competitors.

The occupation of vineyardist has commended itself to some of the Armenian population of the county and they have held their own where scores of their American and English neighbors have failed. The Armenian does his own work chiefly, if not entirely, so that even in the hardest times he can make a small profit out of his raisins. Among the Armenians owning or operating vineyards in the vicinity of Fresno are J. and H. Azdarian, who farm eighty acres, P. Arachelian, 40 acres, N. B. Peters, 20 acres. The brothers Nishkian, are leading fruit dealers.

These are but a few of the names of Fresno's Armenian colony. It suffices to add that the majority are God-fearing, Christian men and women; law-abiding and progressive to a remarkable degree, and that no nationality has shown a more marked aptitude for acquiring American ideas, or a greater capacity for self-government.

A Missionary's Peril.

The late Rev. Dr. Van Dyck of Beirut, Syria, was widely known throughout a great region of country as "El Hakin"—the doctor. He went to Syria from New York as a missionary physician, and soon became so fluent in the speech of the Arabs that it came near costing him his life. At first he adopted the native dress, but during an outbreak betweeh the Maronites and the Druses, as he was returning one night from a visit to a patient, he was seized by a band of marauders, who were about to assassinate him. He protested that he was an American, a physician who had been in attendance on one of their own men, but his Arabic was too perfect—they did not believe him. As a shibboleth, they asked him a question, the answer to which involved the mention of a certain bridge. His unhesitating answer was near being his death, for they dragged him from his horse, declaring that no foreigner could pronounce that word. Dr. Van Dyck, however, insisted on being taken before the sheik, and his manner was so impressive that his demand was granted. The sheik recognized him and sent his late captors home with him as a guard, but warned him never again to wear native dress—he was too good an Arab!

The Shah's Riches.

Nasr-ed-deen, the late Shah of Persia,

ARMENIAN COTTAGES AT FRESNO, CAL.

left to his successor an enormous fortune. The treasures he heaped up are of incredible richness. His diamonds, rubies, and pearls are of unheard-of splendor, and in such quantities that a visitor saw in the presses where they are kept European decanters and tumblers filled with them. Nasr-ed-deen liked them to be in transparent vessels, so that he could rapidly see if the bulk was notably diminished by a thief. He had a big aquarium-glass case filled with nothing but carefully-sorted pearls of the finest Oriental lustre.

IN MENELIK'S KINGDOM.

Abyssinia's War to Repel Italian Invasion—An Ancient Nation, Nominally Christian—Theodore the Tyrant, and his Successor.

THERE is probably no other part of the great African Continent where the conditions of life are more favorable, the climate more genial, and the picturesque aspect of nature more pronounced than in Abyssinia. It lies to the south-east of Nubia, and its southern boundary is a branch of the Nile. Its population of about four millions was a mixed race, originally, but long ages have fused them into a united people with many strong traits of character. These Abyssinians may be called, not inappropriately, the Swiss of Africa, their country being one of the most mountainous on the globe, and their physique uniformly magnificent. Their general cast of features more nearly approximates to the Bedouin than any other type, although a large proportion is said to be of Caucasian lineage. Their features are regular, hair and eyes black and the complexion dark olive. Religiously as well as racially they are a mixed people. There are some who are idolaters, still more are Mohammedans, and very many are Christians, adhering to the original faith of the Abyssinians. It is variously claimed that a large colony of Jews who have been settled in a certain district for an unknown period, came thither from Palestine in the days of King Rehoboam, and others affirm that they are the offspring of fugitives who settled there after the destruction of Jerusalem. Christianity was introduced into the country in the Fourth century, but the Christianity of the present time has little vitality. Its forms and ordinances conform to the rules of the Greek Church. Although there is no image-worship, they have many pictures of saints whom they venerate almost to the point of adoration. Christianity is degraded and is mingled in confusion with many Jewish observances that have been inherited from the Semitic ancestors of the present Abyssinian nation. At the head of the state religion is a bishop, or *abuna*, who is selected and consecrated by the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria. The laws are based on the Roman code of Justinian.

GEN. BALDISSERA.

Everywhere — in its arts, traditions, buildings, language, religion, and social customs—does this country, once popular and powerful, show evidences of retrogression and decay. It is said to have been a great nation long before the Christian era, and both Menelik and Taoti, his Empress, claim lineal descent from King Solomon. In the sixth century, A.D., the empire extended to the shores of the Red Sea, and down into the heart of Southern Arabia; but ceaseless warfare with Moslem invaders and hostile native African tribes greatly weakened the power and reduced the territory of the empire. Amid all vicissitudes, and notwithstanding all the changes that have taken place in the political and religious aspects of the nation, the Abyssinians to-day claim recognition as a Christian people, and their comparatively enlightened monarch, the Negus, in almost every state document that passes through his hands makes due reference to the ancient and historic faith.

There are three great divisions in the Empire: 1. Tigre, a kingdom of which Adowa and Antola are the principal towns; 2. Gondar or Amhara, another kingdom to the west, with the city of Gondar as its capital; and 3. Shoa, a third kingdom, of which Menelik was ruler before he became Negus of the whole Empire. Shoa is the most powerful and best organized of the three states and its capital, Ankobar, with ten thousand inhabitants, is pleasantly situated on a plateau at eighty-two hundred feet elevation. Most picturesque of all the Abyssinian cities is Gondar, already mentioned. There Menelik resides with his Court in the Imperial Palace shown in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue—which is a remarkably accurate representation of the royal residence. In the time of the late King Theodore, this splendid palace, known as the "Negus-Ghimp," was allowed to fall into disrepair. It is related that the mother of Ras Ali, a famous Abyssinian ruler, incensed at her own unpopularity with her subjects, directed that large sections of the palace be taken down, declaring, "Since we cannot leave any monument of our own power, it is unnecessary to leave that of others." This Amazonian woman, who commanded her own armies in battle, was wounded by a young soldier of fortune and being captured, gave the royal city of Gondar as a ransom. Her captor subsequently became King Theodore, the ruler of Amhara, and, later, of all Abyssinia. His reign was a succession of wars of conquest. Even after the annexation of Shoa and Tigre, there were constant rebellions, some of them instigated by European influence. Theodore was a veritable tyrant. It was recorded of him in 1867, that out of three million inhabitants he had destroyed more than a third by war, famine, and murder. Europeans in his country, including missionaries and consuls, were imprisoned and threatened with death. His conduct was the cause of the British expedition under Sir Robert Napier, which defeated his armies, captured Magdala, his stronghold, and finally ended in his ignominious death. Theodore's successor on the throne was Prince Kassa, his cousin, whose reign was almost as turbulent as that which preceded it. The country remained closed to missionary effort. Kassa was crowned in 1872, assuming the name of King Johannes. His successor, Menelek, has proved a most sagacious and temperate monarch, and has become exceedingly popular with his subjects. This result is largely due, it is said, to the cleverness of the Empress Taoti, who is evidently far in advance of other women of royal station in that part of the world.

THE AFRICAN SEAT OF WAR.

Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar to some extent with the causes that led to the present war in Abyssinia. As far as the Abyssinians themselves are concerned, their attitude may be characterized as one of patriotic defense. They had no special quarrel with any European nation of late years, but it has long been apparent to the Negus and his councillors, that the great struggle for colonial supremacy in Africa now going on among the European Powers must inevitably involve their country, and they made preparations on an extensive scale to resist any attempt at invasion. They had not forgotten, however, the territory they had lost in former wars. They looked intently toward Massowah, which the English had handed over to the Italians, and the latter had made their military stronghold. It is now ascertained that long before the Italians took their first aggressive step in the direction of Menelik's dominions, that sagacious monarch had his armies in readiness and well equipped, with modern rifles and a strong commissariat. It was certainly a startling surprise to the Italian generals to find opposing them in the field disciplined troops, with all the advantage of greatly superior numbers, abundant food, and an intimate knowledge of the country.

Menelik, it will be remembered, by a treaty made with Italy in 1889, placed the country under an Italian protectorate. Early in 1895 a scientific mission from Russia left Constantinople for Abyssinia, its avowed object being scientific exploration and the effecting a closer union between the Russian and Abyssinian Churches. In June the Negus sent a mission to St. Petersburg, and in the following month diplomatic agents of each country were appointed at St. Petersburg and in Abyssinia. The result of this interchange of courtesies was to encourage Abyssinia against Italy. Then followed the campaigns of 1894 and 1895, which resulted in the occupation of Kassala, and the capture of Adigrat. Recent severe reverses to the Italians have, however, changed the whole situation. At the present writing, the invasion has received a set-back that seems conclusive although Gen. Baldissera, the new Italian Commander seems to still hope for success.

England's latest Nile campaign has been undertaken for the purpose of subjugating the dervishes, who, acting as the allies of Abyssinia, threaten to wrest Kassala from the Italians. Kassala is the key to the Soudan from the east, and it is all important to English interests that it should remain in European hands. If the dervishes and Menelik's armies should succeed in driving out the Italians, they might then be encouraged to act in conjunction against British interests on the Nile and the borders of the Soudan; hence, to create a diversion of the dervish strength, England is pushing forward military operations along the Nile as rapidly as possible from Wady Halfa to Dongola and southward. A protracted and highly important campaign may be expected in that historic region. The outcome may yet prove to be the opening up of new and valuable territory to civilizing and Christianizing influences.

White Brutality in Africa.

Seldom has anything more inhuman in the way of punishment been conceived than the methods adopted by some white officials and traders in Africa. The London *Christian* says: "The dark deeds of white men in Africa will probably be disclosed at the trial of Captain Lothaire for the murder of Mr. Stokes. It is a horrid imagination, or a still more horrid fact, that one officer in the Congo State required a thousand hands as a penalty for failure to collect enough ivory or india-rubber. Mr. Leon Decla affirms this in an article in *The New Review*. For the sake, therefore, of their good name, if not for the sake of the poor natives, the Belgian Government will have to enforce a fair trial without resorting to trickery."

Arrested by a Voice.

WHEN Rev. J. Russell, of Bradford, England, was in the prime of his manhood, he had a voice of such power and volume that it could be heard at a distance of nearly half a mile. In the neighborhood of his preaching station there lived a notorious wife-beater, poacher, and burglar, named Joe Bradley. One evening

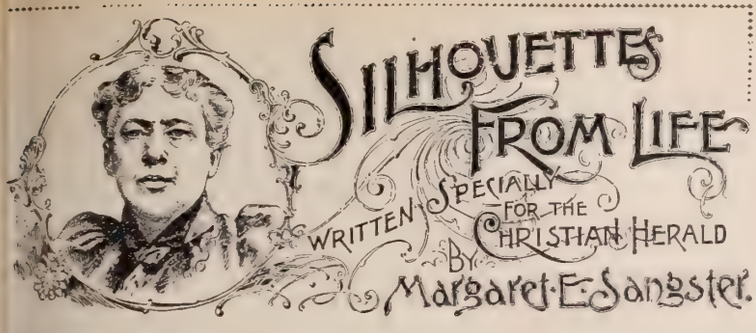
WADY-HALFA, A BRITISH MILITARY POST ON THE NILE, EGYPT.

Bradley set out from his home with the intention of burglarizing a certain residence. He suddenly heard a distance voice and curiosity prompted him to follow the sound for half a mile, until he found himself on the outskirts of a crowd, listening to earnest words of Gospel appeal. An hour later, as Rev. Mr. Russell was sitting at his evening meal, a knock was heard at the front door, and the servant announced that Joe Bradley wanted to see him. At once he went to the door. There at the open doorway stood the sturdy figure, and a gruff voice asked, "Are you Mr. Russell?" "Yes, I am. "Do you know me?" "Yes, Joe, I do." "I want you to come for a walk with me." Together the preacher and poacher walked in silence until out of the town and up a lonely lane between two high hedge-rows. Then Joe came to a sudden halt, and said, "You know what my life has been. I started out on an errand of burglary this evening. As I crept along the river bank, a voice fell on my ears. Scarcely knowing what I did, I walked till I came to a crowd and heard you preaching. I afterward inquired your name and address, that I might see you. I want to know whether all you have said is true." "Yes, Joe, every word." "Then do you think there is an hope for me? Can Jesus save such a sinner as I am?" "Yes, Joe, I have no doubt about it whatever, seeing he can save to the uttermost!" "But though you know much of my life, you don't know it all. There is hardly a sin under the sun I have not committed; I should not like to swear these hands have not been stained with blood. Can there be mercy for such a deep-dyed sinner?" "Yes, Joe; 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin!'" "Then I want you to see me bury these things, and kneel with me upon their grave."

Cutting the turf carefully, he dug a little grave, and deposited there his revolver, jimmy, skeleton keys, and sundry housebreaking appliances. Then, treading the earth down, he re-laid the turf, and he and the preacher knelt in the darkness, crying to God for mercy. As they rose, Joe left Mr. Russell, and was heard of in the place no more.

Thirty years passed by, and Mr. Russell was at a gathering of Sunday School children in Bradford, when a well-built and neatly-dressed gentleman gripped his hand. "Why, Mr. Russell, I am delighted to see you!" "You have the advantage of me," said Mr. Russell. "Don't you know me? I know you, and have reason to know you. Don't you remember Joe Bradley." "You are not Joe Bradley, are you?" "I am; but, praise God, I am not Joe Bradley as you knew him. I love the Lord, and have been preaching his Gospel for years; and (turning to a lady at his side) this is Mrs. Bradley; she also loves God; and my three daughters are all Christians. Forget you? never! We must forever praise God that we knew you."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.



The Girls of Upper Sheckem.

BEFORE mother came to Upper Sheckem to live, the place was very different from what it is now. But that was thirty years ago. Then there were lots of young people in the place, and something was going on all the time, frolics, d fun, and junketting, church socials, d pleasant parties, courting, and marrying. Everything's changed, and Upper eckem isn't what it was. Of course, e river's here yet, and the hills, and the eezy pastures, and the orchards, where e blossoms wave like flying snowkes, are here, but the young people all away. There are only old folks and tle children. The boys went first, to ek their fortunes in the towns or across e continent, or somewhere beyond our ountains, and the girls staid at home and ew old here, at least that's how it used be, but now they'll all go, boys and ls, for the type-writers, and saleswomen, d clerks use up our country girls with ir demand, and Upper Sheckem's just onesome place."

All the time that Araminta Lucas was lling me this, she was busy with her rk, which was very pretty and interestg. She was making a braided rug, and e had bits of blue, and red, and brown, d yellow wool, which she was twisting and out, with the aid of a needle which nes for the purpose. She was not much st girlhood herself, but she had a settled wn and prim look, the air of a woman o has been always kept under the sway others with stronger wills. Presently r mother, a brisk woman of fifty, with a ght, energetic manner, and sparkling, ck eye, came bustling into the big, sun kitchen.

"For goodness sake, Araminta," exclaimed Mrs. Lucas, "put away that everlasting g, that you keep pottering with, and p over to the church and lend a hand re. We're to have a reception to-night," e went on turning to me, "to our new nister and his wife."

"I am glad you have a pastor settled re at last," I said, for year after year as ad visited Upper Sheckem I had seen e white church on the hill, standing th closed windows and doors, and had served an absence of reverend Sabbathleping in the village which was both sad d surprising.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lucas, "We're thankf to have him, and you know he's part a home missionary. We pay what we n raise, and the Board in the city makes the rest, I don't know whether Mr. eene's much of a preacher, but he's got good face, and a hearty nice way with n, and his wife, she's just sweet. Now aminta, you just hurry up, and take a f-cake with you when you go. Betsey rtin squeezin' lemons when I left."

A long time had passed since they had joyed anything social in Upper Sheckem d after tea, in the long May twilight, e country wagons came in from the outng districts, from Middle Sheckem, West eckem, Old Sheckem, Sheckem Centre, d Lower East Sheckem. From the ntre the various Sheckems radiated like e spokes in a wheel, and twice a day the niest little ramshackle train you ever w, rumbled on its leisurely way and pped at each of them, dropping a mailg, and perhaps a little freight for the al store. Now and then it carried a few ssengers, and these were not impatient its slow progress through the beautiful ls and valleys, as they were generally lerly people who had time at their disal, not hurrying men and women who could never wait for anything, and wanted to travel by express.

I went to the social, and I met Mr. Greene. I expected to see a middle-aged man. I found a tall, slender, eager-faced boy, not long ordained, and evidently only lately married to the delicate and pretty young lady in the modish spring gown, who was gracefully receiving her husband's new parishioners.

"Well, you've come to a dead'n alive place, Parson," said one good old Deacon. "What you expect to do here?"

"I expect to fight Apollyon," was the resolute answer. "I see he has some outposts in this community and I'm going to give his forces battle."

"Meaning old Slocum's inn, I s'pose," said the Deacon, with a twinkling eye. "What boys there be here, get ruined at Slocum's, but he's a sly old fox, and I don't believe you can get the best of him."

"I can try."

"And God will help you," said a dear old lady standing by.

The first thing the new minister did was to organize a Christian Endeavor Society, into which largely he induced to band themselves for sisterly work, the girls of Upper Sheckem. All unmarried ladies under forty and over fifteen were enrolled, and as many of the young married people as could be persuaded to join them, with the growing boys, an important element which had been snubbed or ignored or antagonized, but never until now, approached with cordiality and utilized as valuable.

Dead and alive as Upper Sheckem was supposed to be, it stirred to life, and found the life interesting and even exciting, under the influence of the new minister and his wife. There was something going on at the church every day and every evening; what material was there, was put to work, and far and near, farms and outlying homes were visited, and invitations given to join the company of the busy church-people at Upper Sheckem.

"I tell you," said Jimmy Breeze, as he drove the village stage from the station, our minister's a hustler, and no mistake."

With the falling off of his trade at the inn, the old tavern-keeper was very ill satisfied. He had boasted that he kept an orderly road-house, and he was proud that no scenes of violence ever took place within its doors. Wives and mothers in the several Sheckems would have told another story, if they had been interviewed, for many a sad heart and many a disappointment came from the lingering of sons and husbands in that spot. The girls of Upper Sheckem opened a counter attraction in the shape of a pleasant little reading-room where coffee and crullers were served for five cents, and one could get a glass of lemonade or milk as he chose, for two or three cents.

Araminta Lucas said to me one day:

"Ma says times are turning back again to their old ways, and really now that Mr. Greene has drawn them out, we find that there are young people here, as well as in other places. We used to think they had all emigrated, but there are some left."

"Enough left to do something in the Lord's army," I said with a heart that rejoiced and gave thanks. For the way to accomplish anything whatever in this world, is to do it, and not merely to talk about it. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Progress in Siam.

The Once Heathen Nation Rapidly become Civilized — Christianity Extending.

LIKE Korea, the ancient Asiatic kingdom of Siam has profited by its misfortunes. Lately the struggle between Britain and France for supremacy in Siam has been the means of materially reducing the territory of King Chulalongkorn, as much of it has been absorbed by those two nations. But a wonderful change is now taking place in the entire kingdom. The people seem to have been wakened from a long sleep and are now actively adopting the methods and even to some extent the dress of Europeans, and are building railroads and telegraphs, and developing industries in the central provinces. Large numbers of Chinese and Japanese are colonizing in newly-opened rice-growing districts. Our illustration on this page shows what a personal interest the King and his Court are taking in the new order of things. At the opening of the Nagara-Rajasima Railroad, the monarch — who is the principal share-holder — presided at the ceremonies, attended by the leading princes, nobles and officials, and a number of Europeans. King Chulalongkorn, wearing the scarf which is a Siamese badge of royalty, can be distinguished in the group of courtiers and others who throng the car, which is just about to start. He had never before had the opportunity of making so long a journey by rail, or, indeed, of seeing much of the portion of his dominions through which the railway passes. Those who accompanied him on his trip were no less amused at the astonishment of the little princes and princesses, at their father's side.

THE KING OF SIAM AT A RAILROAD OPENING.

Buddhism is the natural religion of Siam, and the temples reared to the worship of the heathen gods are almost innumerable. Demon-worship prevails to a very large extent throughout the kingdom. Christian missions have been in operation in Siam for many years, under the Baptists, the American Board, the London Missionary Society, and later, the American Presbyterians. Only lately, however, has any marked favor been shown to the missionaries. There are now a number of very prosperous mission stations, with schools, churches and a steadily increasing body of communicants. There are also in connection with the missions, industrial schools, boarding-school and hospitals. Under the present regime, and with the new civilization which is dawning in Siam, the prospect for successful Christian work is now brighter than ever.

A Brave Armenian Prelate.

The Gregorian Armenian Bishop of Oorfa, Mgr. Khoren Mekhitarian, a witness of the extermination of his pastoral flock, sent to beg the authorities to make the massacres to cease, offering his own life as an expiatory sacrifice. Not having succeeded in appeasing the rage of these lunatics, and mad with grief, he opened of himself the main artery of his arm, and then he sent afresh his entreaties to these same authorities, telling them that already his blood was flowing, that he was dying, and that he entreated them, for the last time, to have pity on the poor Armenian people. These monsters, still immovable, instead of putting an end to the carnage, contented themselves simply in sending to the house of the bishop the municipal medical officer, who hastened to do the necessary bandaging to stop the bleeding, and to bring to life the poor old man, already fainting, and who was bathed in his blood.

My Prayer.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."

I COME to Thee, O Lord of love,
And fervently my heart doth pray,
For Thy name's sake, O take my hand,
And guide me in life's tangled way.
So weak I am I need Thy strength
To hold me in the trial hour,
That faith fail not, that Thou wouldst keep
My soul by Thy all loving power.

While I am still upon the earth
Give me celestial vision bright,
A confidence that naught can shake
In Thy eternal world of light.
Some token of Thy presence give,
That I may know the Lord is nigh,
May feel Thy nearness and Thy love,
When dark and cloudy days go by.

Oh, let me covet earnestly
The best of gifts,—the highest prize,
My heart's devotion prove to Thee,
By service and by sacrifice.
Still lead me through dark waters deep,
Thou who didst come from death to save,
That I may look by faith in Thee
Though the closed bars of silent grave.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Florida's Vanished Race.

THERE have been found in Florida the relics of a comparatively civilized race of people who lived there long before the days of Columbus. They were fishermen and traders by sea, maintaining a commerce with the West Indies and Yucatan. That they were a very numerous population is proved by the mounds of oyster and other shells which they have left behind. These are by far the largest shell mounds in the world, and the making of them must have required many centuries. The mystery is how the people were effaced, for there is no evidence that they survived as late as the first coming of the whites.

In several respects these people were different from any known Indians; but the most notable point about them was their method of living in houses over water, and elevated on piles. The region occupied by them was the west shore of Florida, southward of Tampa, and the outlying islands. That part of the coast of the flowery peninsula is very irregular, with numerous islands and points of mainland. There are numerous mounds which vary in size from two hundred yards to half a mile square, and the depth of the molluscan remains in places is as much as thirty feet. The vestiges of thousands of houses are found on the shell heaps. They seem to have been constructed in the simplest fashion, on small platforms of logs upheld by piles driven into the mud. Beneath the mud were old coral reefs, so that the foundation was fairly secure. The people depended for food almost wholly upon what they could get from the water, and their diet consisted mostly of shellfish of various kinds. The mounds are composed chiefly of oyster shells, but also contain immense quantities of the shells of other species of mollusks, such as clams, mussels and scollops. The shells of big conches are especially numerous.

Indians are more nearly omnivorous than whites. Depending on such food for subsistence, these prehistoric fisher folk found it most convenient to live on the shore. Their pile-supported dwellings kept them out of the wet and afforded some degree of safety from attack. As fast as they ate the oysters they dropped the shells into the water beneath, and thus, in the course of time, the accumulations rose to a level with the platforms. Finally, the houses came to rest upon the shell heaps directly, and in the latter are buried the relics of generation after generation.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Barbarity of War.

INDIAN tribes may scalp Indian tribes, and African horde may massacre African horde, and Asiatic jungle may be reddened with the fight of Asiatics, but let us hope that intelligent nations may be about through with bloodshed, and that treaty will be substituted for bayonet, and as the most useless thing in all the earth is a dead man, the art of killing will become obsolete, and hate and revenge and vindictiveness and cruelty will descend to their native place and the prison gates close on them with prolonged reverberation. On a large scale, or small scale, as God may call us, let us do our part toward hastening the consummation. By word, by deed, by cheerful look, by earnest prayer, by sympathy, by lives devoted to the best things in the best way, we may all be felt; and though our names may not once be mentioned on earth among the workers for the grand result, God will recognize us and ask us to take part in the final jubilee celebrative of a world emancipated and a world redeemed. There was a pathos and a beauty worth commemoration in that which the Irish woman in Boston said to the priest at the time moneys were being raised for the relief of starving Ireland. She brought $100 for the relief fund. The priest, with tears in his eyes, said: "You can't afford to give $100; better give half of that." "No," she said, "send on the hundred. I shall feel happier if I give a hundred to the suffering people of my native land." Opening the subscription book to make record of it the priest said, "What is your name?" "Never mind the name," she replied. "Send on the money; God will know the name!"

Stop Groaning.

THE nation is not going to ruin, as evil prophecy ever and anon declares. These times are dull and disastrous as compared with the better times about to dawn. None of God's wheels move backward. Providence makes no retreat. The command resounding through the ages is "Forward, march!" This is not the sentimentalism of a sanguine nature, but the oath of the God of a hundred Bible promises. If this country, in one century of republican institutions, has taken a position fully equal to nations that had ten and fifteen centuries the start of us, what may not the next two hundred years accomplish for this continent? I say that the far future is nothing to us. I very much differ with you. Is there no satisfaction in planting a tree for unborn generations to rest under? He who has no interest in the welfare of the future centuries is not worthy to enjoy the advantages which have been planted five hundred years, nor appreciative of a redemption which was launched two thousand years ago, or nearly that. As politicians, as patriots, as Christians, we do well to pitch our tent toward the sunrising.

Martyrs of the Pen.

ONE of the hardest ways to earn a living is to write for the press, and daily our sympathies are stirred! Let no one enter the field of literature for the purpose of "making a living" unless as a very last resort. There are thousands of persons to-day starving to death with a steel pen in their hand. The story of Grub street and poets living on thin soup is being repeated all over this land, although the modern cases are not so conspicuous. Poverty is no more agreeable because classical and set in hexameters. The hungry author cannot breakfast on "odes to summer." On every cold day how many of the *literati* are shivering! Martyrs have perished in the fire, but more persons have perished for lack of fire.

Why They Are Taken.

HEAVEN must be populated. There is not so much room on the Western prairies and table-lands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vestured, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illumined, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece.

Now, how shall God fill up his house except by subtracting from this world? The continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands. If so, I can understand why God should take a young brother rather than some of his comrades not half so useful, and my sister, rather than a thousand women who are of no Christian service.

Why, in almost all cases it is the loveliest one of the family that is transported. Heaven wants the best. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything? The half-and-half Christians will get into glory, but they need to be kept here a good while yet for polishing. Those who are ready God takes. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression upon its future character, and so heaven ought to have the best first.

Besides that, if there were a shipwreck and you went out with a life-boat, and you find some of your friends clinging to the hulk, you would be apt to take them ashore first. God seems to set his especial love on some; and when he finds them shivering amid this world's temptations and sorrows, he first lifts them out of the breakers.

Oh, weep not for the Christian dead! If they go through long sickness, in which there is opportunity for parting admonition, thank God for that. But if by sudden transition, and they have not a moment of consciousness, thank God that they escape the exhaustion of sickness, and that from the health of earth they stepped into the health of heaven.

Monday Rest.

WHILE on Sunday most people rest, the pastor works. Monday ought to be to him the day of rest. The Mondayish feeling sometimes comes to the ministry because that is the day the clerical profession do what they call "odds and ends," and visit the sick. Instead of taking it easy that morning, they are worried about the many errands they have to do. Monday is a poor day for visiting the sick. It is bad for the minister and the invalid to whom he goes. When I am sick, save me from a minister who himself has "the dumps." We need to be strong when we go to help the weak. What the sick most need is a dose of sunshine; and how shall we pour it out for them unless we have a steady hand? There is no use of going in to sit on the bedside and help the invalid groan. Better take to him your tuning-fork and give him the pitch of "the new song." Do not spend Monday in rushing about. "Odds and ends" have killed many a minister. Sunday is a trying day; let Saturday on one side of it, and Monday on the other side of it, take hold its arms and help it through. Do not spend Monday in going round to see "how the sermon took." If it was faithful, I warrant that in some quarters it did not take at all. Do not ask a child afterward whether he enjoys calomel and jalap; of course he does not.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

F. Wells, Philadelphia, Pa. What are the comparative figures of the modern European armies?

Russia, 868,772; France, 598,263; Germany, 584,784; Austria, 354,252; Italy, 252,829.

Mr. J. A. McNabb, of the Houston (Texas) Jail Mission, writes us to say that the Hospital referred to in our issue of May 6th as the scene of evangelistic services, is not the Prison Hospital, but the Stuart and Boyles Railroad Hospital—a different institution.

D. H. Rupp, Charleston. Where, and under whose pastorate, was Robert Moffat, the African Missionary, converted?

He had a Christian home, but it was not until he had left his home in Scotland to go to a position at Warrington, in Cheshire, England, that the reading of the Bible, the preaching of an excellent pastor, and the influence of a mother's prayers, resulted in Moffat's conversion. The name of the pastor is not known.

C. H. K., Sterling, Ark. To what did our Lord refer Luke 20: 17, in speaking of the stone that the builders rejected?

Probably to a Jewish legend of the building of the Temple, which ran that a certain stone beautifully sculptured was sent from the quarries to the site of the Temple, but the builders did not know where it was to be placed. It did not seem to fit anywhere. They thrust it aside as useless and during the progress of the building, it lay in the valley, dust and dirt accumulating upon it. But when King Solomon came to view the progress of the work, he was very angry. He wanted to know why the stone which he had sent to connect the Eastern tower with the wall had not been placed in position. Then the builders thought of the rejected stone. It was found and cleansed and put in its place and was the chief ornament of the building. Christ compared himself to this rejected stone.

Mrs. A. M., Farnam, Neb. 1. Will God hold us responsible for wicked thoughts, when we fight against them and pray for strength to overcome them? 2. Is there danger of our loving our dear ones too much? How are we to know if we love God more than our families? 3. Does God ever create anyone with the intention from the first that they shall be lost, like Pharaoh, Esau, and Judas? 4. Is it wrong for Christians to dread the end of the world, and wish that it might not be just yet? 5. Have the prophecies in Rev. 12: 6 yet been fulfilled? 6. Why do God's people think now that the end of time is near?

1. Not if you sincerely strive to repel them, and hate them in your heart. 2. If your duty as a Christian and your loyal devotion to God's cause are paramount, you will hold children, possessions, life itself, of less value. It would be foolish to withhold your affections from your children; they should have abundant love from you, but you are not to set them up as idols, nor to let that love blind you to your duties as a Christian. 3. It is impossible for mere human nature to comprehend the whole character of the Creator, but if we may judge from what we can grasp and understand, it is not believable that a God of infinite love and kindness would do so. 4. If you mean the second coming of Christ, it is not an event to be dreaded, but rather to be prayed for by Christians everywhere. 5. No. 6. Because the condition of the world resembles that which Christ described in his prophetic discourses as being a premonitory sign of his coming. See Matt. 24: 11-14.

Subscriber, Oil Cam. Does the statement I notice in a recent sermon, that "Man's pathway is never level from the cradle to the grave," imply that we are liable to accidents?

No, the statement had no such fatalist meaning, though many wrongdoers have tried to escape their responsibility by that doctrine. Every man knows when he is about to commit deliberate sin, that he is under no compulsion to commit it. The doctrine of the Divine sovereignty cannot be satisfactorily explained, because man cannot fully comprehend the Divine nature; but the practical human side is capable of test. Man is responsible for his acts and words, and that fact implies a freedom of choice. Sin comes most frequently by yielding to physical desires, as when the drunkard goes to his cups, but he knows even when he yields that he has power to resist if he had the will to use it. God doubtless foresees both the good and the evil in a man's life, but he leaves him free to choose between them. He sometimes interposes by his providence to check the evil. The book of Jonah was probably written by some one who had that problem in mind.

E. S., Montrose, Colo. 1. What became of the ark of the Covenant? 2. Who was the Prophet Esaias?

1. It is not known what became of it, and any conjecture is useless. The Jews still account it as among the hidden things which Messiah will reveal. 2. Esaias or Isaiah was the son of Amoz, but of what race or tribe not knew, (see Isa. 1: 1.) His father should not be confounded with Amos, the prophet. He was claimed by the Jewish rabbis that Isaiah was a brother of King Amaziah. He dwelt in Jerusalem, and prophesied during King Uzziah's reign, and also under Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. A tradition asserts that he lived on into Manasseh's reign, and was by him martyred by being sawn asunder. Your other question has long been, and still is, a fruitful cause of theological discussion.

Paedo-Baptist Truth-seeker. 1. Does baptism take the place of circumcision in the Christian economy? 2. Is there any New Testament authority for infant baptism?

1. It is regarded by the churches which practise it as an initiatory rite and so far occupies the place of circumcision. It is, however, more an act of consecration, the parent desiring to show that as far as he is able he will train the child in Christian light and influence. Only extreme ritualists believe that the child derives any benefit from the ceremony. 2. There is no direct New Testament authority for the practice, otherwise the whole question would be authoritatively settled. Such authority as is claimed for it, proceeds from the practice of the Apostles in baptizing "the households" of the converts. (See Acts 16: 15, 33.)

L. P. 1. What is the Millennium, and does any one know when it will come? 2. What did Christ intend to teach by his remark about putting new wine into new bottles Luke 5: 36-39?

1. The Millennium is the thousand years spoken of in Isaiah 11, Rev. 20: 4, and many other passages, when Christ will reign personally on the earth. It is to be an era of peace and submission and loyal obedience to him. Beyond the fact that it will commence at the second advent of Christ, no one can tell when it will come. People can form their own opinion as to whether the signs of his coming which Christ mentioned (Luke 21: 28 and other passages) are in existence. 2. The bottles referred to were made of skins which were liable to burst when the new wine fermented. The simile was used to show that Christianity could not be grafted on Judaism. The new life and doctrine could not be controlled by the old bondage to the law and the letter. The man who accepted Christ's doctrine would cease to pay attention to the puerile rules and regulations as to the Sabbath and the Jewish ceremonies. In short, that the Jewish dispensation was superseded.

F. I. S., Lombardville, Ill. 1. Why are some words in the Bible not apparently emphatic printed in italics? 2. Why is the Revised Version not more generally used? 3. Why were the cities of Refuge set apart when the commandment forbade killing?

1. The italics are to show that the words are not in the original, but are inserted to make sense in the English idiom. The device enables the translators to give a free translation while at the same time showing what was the literal translation. 2. Because people are attached to the old phrases, which are in many cases more beautiful and poetic than the new. They have a natural affection for the familiar forms of expression. The Authorized Version was a long time in winning its way into favor. When it first appeared, people regarded it in the same way as they now regard the Revised. It won its way by its superiority, as the Revised Version will. 3. Yes, killing was forbidden, but the man who killed another forfeited his own life, that is, put himself outside the protection of the commandment. The cities of Refuge were established to insure him a fair trial, so that unbiased judges could discriminate between murder and manslaughter. They were simply a provision against what we know as lynching.

Subscriber, Maweaqua, Ill. He would not be justified in marrying them, knowing the facts as you state them.——A. W. S., Springbrook N. Y. 1. You have been totally misinformed. 2. The passages refers to the prayer of the unrepent[ant] wicked, [which] is insincere and a mockery.——J. M., London, O. The only way to overcome your timidity is by prayer and persistent effort. If you really desire to take an active part, you should go on courageously, and soon the timidity, which is the result of inexperience, will wear off.——Clemie M. G., Los Angeles, Cal. We know of no other verses.——A. H. R. We cannot devote the space to it.——Mrs. A. P. G., Rodman, N. Y. That was the first occasion.——Mrs. F. E. W., Liberal, Oregon. The book is "The World's Religions," published by The Christian Literature Co., New York.——Mrs. E. A. Davis, North Topeka, Kan., writes asking that some reader send her the poem beginning, "O weep not that the stream is crossed."——Mrs. A. L. Wisher, St. Augustine, Fla. Already repeatedly answered.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

trocities in the South Seas.

A PRESS dispatch from San Francisco contains sad news which was brought to that port by the steamer *Monowai*, from the South Seas. No details appear to have been accessible when the steamer sailed, but the past history of the Solomon Islands furnishes only too abundant grounds for surmising the nature of the catastrophe. It would appear from the report that a trading schooner sailing through Manning Strait which separates the island of Ysabel from Choiseul sent a boat's crew ashore at Rubiana for some purpose, probably for trading with the natives. The crew was allowed to land, but was no sooner on shore than it was set upon by the natives and butchered. One Frenchman, one American and eight South Sea Islanders were the victims. The report goes on to say that not only had the trading station on the island been wrecked but the missionary station had been attacked, but providentially the missionaries had succeeded in effecting their escape and had reached Sydney. Two English missionaries, apparently stationed at Tounan Island with the rest, however, missing and it was feared that they had perished. The islanders had made a great feast of the boat's crew. This news is extremely disheartening as it shows a relapse on the part of the natives into their old savagery, from which it was hoped, they were being gradually reclaimed. Precisely what has occurred, cannot be known until further details are received, but it would appear that the people of the Solomon Islands had made an indiscriminate onslaught on all foreigners, traders, and missionaries alike, and have massacred all on whom they could lay their hands. The missionaries on the island at the last reports belonged to the Melanesian Mission, which originated in the work of Bishop Selwyn and was afterward conducted by Bishop Patteson, who was himself murdered at Nakapu, in the Swallow group of these islands in 1871. This plan adopted in view of the treacherous and savage nature of the people was to conciliate them as far as it was possible and to obtain from each island one or more native boys who were taken to an institution on Norfolk Island, and there educated and taught the principles of Christianity. It is hoped that when they returned to their native islands their good reports of the missionaries would prepare the way for establishing a mission station. The youth from the Solomon Islands was named Tapibnana, who when he came under Bishop Patteson's care in 1866 was twelve years old. He went home every year or two until 1877, when he settled down at Gela and began to teach his countrymen and try to improve their morals. At the end of three years he had thirty converts who were baptized. He labored until 1885, when his health broke down and he died. Other youths, similarly educated, carried on his work, under the superintendence of the missionaries who visited the islands at regular intervals. The precautions taken, show that the missionaries were aware of the danger, but they would not discontinue their work. They followed the example of the great Apostle when similarly menaced could say:

None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might . . . testify the gospel. Acts 20 : 24.

A VIEW ON SOLOMON'S ISLANDS THE SCENE OF THE REPORTED MASSACRE.

Voluntary Squalor.

A distressing story of privation and penury was brought before the selectmen of a Connecticut district a few days ago. It was reported to them that in an old house on the borders of the village, a man and his wife were starving to death. Both were very old and so weak from lack of proper nourishment, as to be almost helpless. An investigation was made at once. The couple were found as represented, living in dirt and squalor. The husband was seventy-two years of age and the wife seventy-eight. Both were emaciated and appeared to be hungry. There was no food nor fuel in the house and everything about the place bore the impress of extreme poverty. An examination, however, revealed the fact that the wife possessed a valuable collection of curiosities, including precious old china and rare pottery. The collection would easily sell for five thousand dollars. Her husband, also, had property. It was found that at a low calculation he was worth fifteen thousand dollars. The old couple had no one dependent upon them and were living in dirt and squalor of their own free will and not from necessity. They did not wish to spend any of their savings and had gone from one point of economy to another, until their apparent destitution had aroused the pity of their neighbors. They were entitled to their pity, but not in the form it took. People who have allowed their love of money to grow to such proportions as these, manifest a mental obliquity that is almost dementia. Yet between them and others who labor for riches, while they starve their souls, the difference is only one of degree. To both the words of the preacher apply:

There is one alone and he hath neither child nor brother; yet is there no end of all his labor: neither saith he for whom do I labor and bereave my soul of good? This is vanity, yea it is a sore travail. Eccles. 4 : 8.

The Destructive Tornadoes.

Ruin, devastation, and death were wrought by the dreadful tornado that swept over two counties of Northern Texas on May 15. The storm began near Justin in the south east of Denton County and passing north and east through Grayson County, it struck Red River in the Indian Territory where it broke up into several smaller storms which did great injury in Kansas, Kentucky and Illinois. The ferocity of the storm spent itself chiefly on Sherman, the county seat of Grayson, sixty-five miles north of Dallas, a town which at the last census had a population of 7335. It is estimated that the storm traveled one hundred miles and cut a swath about one hundred and fifty yards wide, uprooting and overturning everything in its course. The cloud was seen at Justin about four in the afternoon. It was revolving rapidly and trailing near the ground in the appalling way that the people of the west recognize with horror. Trees in its path were stripped of their foliage and torn up by the roots, and fine houses and public buildings, the pride of the section were left heaps of ruins. It reached Sherman half an hour later and there it continued its destructive and fatal work. A steel suspension bridge was torn to pieces and its huge girders were twisted like twigs. Not a tree or a house in the path of the storm remained standing after it had passed. Within forty-eight hours one hundred and five bodies of men, women, and children had been brought into the temporary place of reception and the number of persons reported missing, who it is feared are dead in the river, will it is believed number a hundred more. The money loss is said to be fully a million dollars. As we read of this terrible destruction before which men are so utterly powerless we realize how terrible is the meaning of the warning uttered by the prophet:

Behold the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind: it shall fall upon the head of the wicked. (Jer. 30: 23.)

A Somnambulist's Leap.

A sad fatality is reported from Paterson, N. J. The sixteen-year-old son of one of the citizens has been a somnambulist from early childhood. His parents have tried various methods to cure him, but without success. At irregular intervals, and without any symptoms to put them on their guard, they would hear the boy rise from his bed and go wandering about the house in his sleep. They have been apprehensive of his coming to harm during these nocturnal walks, but until a few days ago he never suffered any serious injury. On the morning of May 11, the boy's father was awakened by hearing him walking along the corridor outside his room. He rose and hastily throwing on his clothes, followed him. He hurried his steps as he saw the boy ascending the ladder that led to the roof. But he was not quick enough. Before he could overtake him, the boy had reached the roof, and poising himself a moment on the parapet, with his hands clasped above his head, in the attitude of one about to dive into the water, he plunged downward, and striking the pavement, crushed his skull. Probably the intense heat of the weather had suggested to the poor sleeping boy a dream of cool ocean depths, which his habit of sleep-walking turned to his death. It was a sad mistake that the dreamer made, but infinitely sadder is the mistake of those who, harassed by worldly trouble, or remorse, dream that in death they will find peace or oblivion, and deliberately take their own lives. Far nobler and wiser was the resolve of the afflicted patriarch, who said:

All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my release come. (Job 14: 14, R. V.)

Artificial Sunshine.

A scientific journal publishes an enthusiastic description of a new light originally produced by Mr. Tesla and improved by Mr. McFarlane Moore. At a recent meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, an exhibition of this light was given which astonished every spectator, and convinced all that a revolution in the system of lighting homes and public buildings was near at hand. Hitherto, says the report, we have been following the principle of our remote ancestors, who had no idea of illumination but that of the torch. We have improved on the torch in brilliancy, but we keep to the idea of spots of light. Now we are to have a pervading illumination which follows the natural method and fills our rooms with a gentle diffused light. At the exhibition, the sides of the room were covered with glass cylinders, seven feet long and as thick as a man's arm. They were plain plate glass tubes, in which a little air had been left, and there was a wire attached at the ends. When the current was turned on, the tubes became luminous, not with the concentrated light of the incandescent burner, but with a soft brilliance which spread itself like sunshine through the room. Scientific men who saw the light predict that when it is brought to perfection our rooms will be lighted by it at night as pleasantly and effectually as the sun now lights them by day. The journal describing the light, says that no one ever dreamed of such an achievement being possible until now. But what science is slowly and laboriously striving after, the Christian has long expected to witness in infinitely greater glory when he becomes an inhabitant of the heavenly city, which, as John saw it,

Had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it for the glory of God did lighten it. (Rev. 21: 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be glad to have from every church in which it has a subscriber, one copy of its latest annual statement, showing its numerical strength and financial condition.

In a Part of Last Week's Edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the legend under the portrait of Mgr. Vehabidian, was incorrectly printed "Patriarch of Constantinople." The distinguished Armenian prelate is Patriarch of Jerusalem.

In Spite of the Fact that so large a proportion of the English nation possess Bibles, there was a larger number of the sacred volume in whole or in part taken by the public last year than any other book. The British and Foreign Bible Society alone disposed of two and a half million volumes.

The American Tract Society at its recent annual meeting decided to abandon the system hitherto adopted of dividing its work into two departments and determined to unite both under one general management. The report showed that the rentals of the new building appeared likely to leave a balance after meeting all expenses, for the general work of the Society.

The American Baptist Home Missionary Society has closed its year with a debt of $86,245, which is a reduction of $22,553 on the amount at the close of last year.

The Total Amount Collected Last Year in America for the support of the McAll Missions in France was $37,690. At the annual meeting of the American auxiliaries recently held at Elizabeth, N. J., it was decided that part of the appropriation should be applied to Sunday School work carried on in the McAll Missions in France.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has been Conducting revival meetings at South Shields, England. They were held in the Methodist Church, which was crowded nightly. On several occasions overflow audiences were addressed in the lecture-hall. Over 340 persons professed conversion, among them several drinking men.

A Commission on the Liquor Traffic Appointed by the Canadian Government, sent queries to ministers of all denominations. To the question, "From your experience and observation as a clergyman, do you consider the use of intoxicating liquors in any shape, hurtful morally or socially?" 2,122 replied in the affirmative, and 272 in the negative.

Special Railroad Facilities have been arranged for persons desiring to visit Chautauqua or Niagara Falls during the sessions of the National Educational Association in Buffalo, N. Y., July 3-10. Tickets to Buffalo can be obtained at one fare plus two dollars for the round trip. For the convenience of visitors to Chautauqua tickets can be extended on application to July 31.

A Correspondent in Iowa Writes that the Women's Christian Temperance Union in that State is making remarkable progress. "The Unions known as non-partisan, have returned almost entirely to the old organization, and have received a hearty welcome." Mrs. Marion H. Dunham, the president of the Iowa Union, has displayed much tact in bringing about this desirable result.

Dr. B. C. Atterbury, the Eminent Presbyterian medical missionary of Peking, has been the recipient of a high distinction from the Emperor of China. The Emperor has conferred upon him the Order of the Double Dragon in recognition of the services he rendered in connection with the Red Cross Society during the war between China and Japan. This is an honor rarely given to foreigners, and then only to monarchs or their chief generals or statesmen.

The International Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations announce four summer conferences. Following are places and dates: Ashville, N. C., June 12-22; Lake Geneva, Wis., June 30 to July 9; Northfield, Mass., July 1-9; Mills College, Alameda county, near San Francisco, June 5-15. The order of the day will be, mornings, spent in conference and study; afternoons to be given up to rest and recreation, and evenings devoted to public meetings.

THE BOOK SHELF

Soon I Shall Go.*

SOON I shall go
From earthly grief and earthly fears
To where life's crystal waters flow
Beyond this vale of tears.

Soon I shall stand
Before the throne of God on high,
And sing with angels in that land
Where none shall ever die.

Soon I shall hear
The voices of the saints above,
Rejoicing, where is cast out fear
By heaven's perfect love.

Soon I shall sing
Surrounded by the saints in light,
The praises of my Lord and King,
Beyond the shades of night.

Soon I shall see—
Oh, blessed thought! Oh, truth sublime!—
The face of him who died for me,
Above the gloom of time.

—J. N. GORTNER.

A White House Hostess.*

WITH the departure of Jefferson the burden of office fell for the first time wholly upon Madison's shoulders, and it is little wonder that he was oppressed by the difficulty of worthily filling the position hallowed and dignified by the memories of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. It was no less serious a matter for Dolly Madison to feel devolving upon herself the responsibility of living up to the standards set by Martha Washington and Abigail Adams.

One of Mrs. Madison's predecessors was fully impressed by the solemnity of the situation. With somewhat irritating self-complacency, Mrs. Adams writes to her daughter in June of this year: "With respect to Mrs. Madison's influence it ought to be such as Solomon describes his virtuous woman's to be—one who should do him good and not evil all the days of her life. So that the heart of her husband may safely trust in her. I believe I may say with safety that her predecessors left her no evil example."

It must be admitted that under Mrs. Madison's influence, life at the White House lost something of its simplicity. Dress grew gayer, entertainments more elaborate, and when the Presiden's wife took the air, it was in a chariot drawn by four horses—a chariot built by Fielding of Philadelphia at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. The holding of levees and weekly dinner-parties at the White House, with all the inevitable household cares, proved a serious strain on Mrs. Madison's health and strength, but after all, as Monroe once observed when asked if he were not completely worn out by the weary hours of standing and hand-shaking at his receptions, "a little flattery will support one through a great deal of fatigue."

Mrs. Madison was surrounded in these early days of her husband's administration by a group of men and women whose fame has survived for well-nigh a century, and the universal and sincere regard with which they regarded her would in itself constitute a strong claim for her own distinction. Nearest to her naturally stood Madison's official family, George Clinton of New York, Eustis of Massachusetts, Gallatin the Swiss, with his American wife, Paul Hamilton, and Colonel Monroe, the Secretary of State.

James Monroe, the man who stood upon the stepping-stone of the presidency, was of "the Virginia dynasty," of tall figure, dressed in the old style, with small clothes, silk hose, knee-buckles and pumps. His brow was somewhat retreating and unimpressive, but his eye so clear and straightforward that it justified Jefferson's remark that Monroe was so honest that if you turned his soul inside out there would not be a spot on it. Inseparable from the Secretary of State was his wife, formerly a Miss Kortwright, famous as a New York beauty in the latter days of the Revolution, and known afterwards in Paris as "*la belle Americaine*." The South furnished its full share of conspicuous figures to Washington society. John Marshall towered above all. John Randolph was there with his high-pitched voice, his clean-shaven, "young-old" face and sarcastic mouth. Henry Clay, from Mrs. Madison's own Hanover County, once "The Mill-boy of the Slashes," now high in the councils of state, retained all his old-time simplicity. His face was peculiar and striking, with sharp eyes twinkling under overhanging eyebrows, with long, straight hair and deep lines drawn about the lips and nostrils. Calhoun, too, came in 1811 to take part in Congressional affairs, and was one of the most noticeable figures, his great head loaded down with a weight of shaggy, ragged locks. His wife was among the intimate friends of Mrs. Madison's circle, as was also the brilliant Mrs. Van Ness, whose entertainments were among the leading social events of Washington in those days.

In Mrs. Madison's occupations, charitable, domestic, and social, she was ably assisted by her two sisters, Lucy and Anna, both of whom were at this time living in Washington—Mrs. Cutts settled there by her husband's public duties, and Mrs. Washington (Lucy Payne) having made her home with Mrs. Madison after the death of her husband.

*From *Famous Folk: Sketches in Social Biography*, by Mabel Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated by the author at Newman Grove, Neb.

*From *Famous Folk: Sketches in Social Biography*, by Mabel Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. pp. 287. price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., publ's.

A National Warning.*

SOME time in the reign of Hezekiah, when the kingdom of Judah was still inviolate, but shivering to the shock of the fall of Samaria, and probably while Sargon the destroyer was pushing his way past Judah to meet Egypt at Raphia, a Judæan prophet of the name of Micah, standing in sight of the Assyrian march, attacked the sins of his people and prophesied their speedy overthrow beneath the same flood of war. If we be correct in our surmise, the exact year was 720-719 B.C. Amos had been silent thirty years; Hosea hardly fifteen; Isaiah was in the midway of his career.

Micah is no longer a book, or an oration, but flesh and blood upon a home and a countryside of his own. We see him on the housetop pouring forth his words before the hills and the far-stretching heathen land. In the name of every village within sight he reads a symbol of the curse that is coming upon his country, and of the sins that have earned the curse. So some of the greatest poets have caught their music from the nameless brooklets of their boyhood's fields; and many a prophet has learned to read the tragedy of man and God's verdict upon sin in his experience of village life.

Whatever be the origin of the separate oracles which compose this passage (Micah 4: 1-7), they form as they now stand a beautiful whole, rising from Peace through Freedom to Love. They begin with obedience to God and they culminate in the most glorious service which God or man may undertake, the service of saving the lost. See how the Divine spiral ascends. We have, first, Religion the centre and origin of all, compelling the attention of men by its historical evidence of justice and righteousness. We have the world's willingness to learn of it. We have the results in the widening brotherhood of nations, in universal Peace, in Labor freed from War, and with none of her resources absorbed by the conscriptions and armaments which in our times are deemed necessary for enforcing peace. We have the universal diffusion and security of property, the prosperity and safety of the humblest home. And, finally, we have this free strength and wealth inspired by the example of God Himself to nourish the broken and gather in the forwandered.

Such is the ideal world, seen and promised two thousand five hundred years ago, out of as real an experience of human sin and failure as ever mankind woke to. Are we nearer the Vision to-day, or does it still hang upon time's horizon, that line which seems so stable from every seer's point of view, but which moves from the generations as fast as they travel to it?

So far from this being so, there is much in the Vision that is not only nearer us than it was to the Hebrew prophets, and not only abreast of us, but actually achieved and behind us, as we live and thrive still onward. Yes, brothers, actually behind us! History has in part fulfilled the promised influence of religion upon the nations. The Unity of God has been owned, and the civilized peoples bow to the standards of justice and of mercy first revealed from Mount Zion. Many nations and powerful nations acknowledge the arbitrament of the God of the Bible. We have had revealed that High Fatherhood of which every family in heaven and earth is named; and wherever that is believed the brotherhood of men is confessed. We have seen Sin, that profound discord in man and estrangement from God, of which all human hatreds and malices are the fruit, atoned and reconciled by a Sacrifice in face of which human pride and passion stand abashed.

The first part of the Vision is fulfilled. The nations stream to the God of Jerusalem and his Christ. And though to-day our Peace be but a paradox, and the "Christian" nations stand still from war not in love, but in fear of one another, there are in every nation an increasing number of men and women, with growing influence, who, without being fanatics for peace, or blind to the fact that war may be a people's duty in fulfilment of its own destiny or in relief of the enslaved, do yet keep themselves from foolish forms of patriotism, and by their recognition of each other across all national differences make sudden and unconsidered war more and more of an impossibility. God help us to use this peace for the last ideals of his prophet!

May we see, not that of which our modern peace has been far too full, mere freedom for the wealth of the few to increase at the expense of the mass of mankind. May our peace mean the gradual disarmament of the nations, the increase of labor, the diffusion of property, and, above all, the redemption of the waste of the people and the recovery of our outcasts. Without this, peace is no peace; and better were war to burn out by its fierce fires those evil humors of our secure comfort, which render us insensible to the needy and fallen at our side. Without the redemptive forces at work which Christ brought to earth, peace is no peace; and the cruelties of war, that slay and mutilate so many, are as nothing to the cruelties of peace which leave us insensible to the outcasts and the perishing, of whom there are so many even in our civilization.

*From *The Book of the Twelve Prophets*; the latest volume of the Expositor's Bible Series, by George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. The extract here given is from the section on the Prophet Micah, who was to many a favorite of the Twelve. Pp. 440, price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

Life's Battles.*

LIFE is a round of battles, bravely fought,
Or weakly lost for want of noble will
To meet each foe before the standard brought
With weapons tempered with unerring skill.

Wrong, gilded o'er, is still more deeply wrong
In that deceit is welded with its taint;
So strength to meet it must be bravely strong
In eyes that quail not, hearts too bold to faint!

Far better to have fallen, pierced with blades
Which valiant, ardent blood has deeply dyed,
Than thus to creep beneath desponding shades
In hope that bloodless battle thus to hide.

Far better to meet life with noble scars
Than with weak hands to let the standard fall:
And fiends of evil triumph, as if wars,
That gave them victory, gave to you the pall!

*From *Echoes of Battle*, by Bushrod Washington James; a volume that will arouse the patriotic interest of every reader. Finely illustrated. pp. 222; cloth covers, gilt edges. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Measuring Time.*

THE earliest device for measuring t was doubtless the sun-dial. I is simply a round plate or dis metal, with a small piece of metal st ing upright in such a position that w the sun shines, the shadow will be thr upon the round cylinder or disc, aro which are figures like those on the fac a watch or clock. Such methods of m uring time we know were used at l seven hundred and thirteen years be Christ, for in the book of Isaiah, chapter and 8th verse, we find a direct allusion to it. King Alfred of E land used to use candles that were uniform length; each candle would b three hours, and by burning four canc one after another, he could measure hours of the day. In order to prevent air from blowing against the candle thus making it burn more rapidly or in fering with its accuracy in measuring t he placed a horn or shield around it, in the old cathedrals this was the they measured time. Later on they hour glasses, such as you sometimes placed on the piano when girls are p ticing their music lesson. Sometimes see small ones in the kitchen, which used for timing the eggs while they boiling, and it is to these forms of gla that various poetical allusions are m when death is spoken of as the "sand life" running out.

Later came the clocks. They were made about two thousand years ago, were very rude and awkward. The watches were made about four hund and fifty years ago, but they were large, and you would almost need a to carry your watch for you, it was heavy. Smaller watches were first m about two hundred years ago, and they have some that are so very sm that you could carry six or seven in vest pocket without inconvenience.

I was wondering the other day why clock should have the long hand to p to the minutes, and the short hand to hours; but after all, it seems very that the greater emphasis, that the gre importance should be attached to the lo er hand. It points to the minutes, though it were constantly saying to and to me, look out for these minut look out for these small parts of the ho and the whole hour will take care of its The big hand points to the minutes, cause after all, they are the import things. It is like the old saying, "if take care of the pennies, the dollars take care of themselves." If we will t care of the minutes, the hours will t care of themselves.

Did you ever stop to think that a m who is thirty-five years old has had solid years of Sundays. And the man is seventy years old has had ten years of Sundays? With ten years gi to worship and the study of God's Wo a man of seventy ought to know a gr deal concerning the teachings of the Bi May God teach us to number our days t we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

*From *Talks to the King's Children*, by Sylva Stoll, D.D.; pp. 249; price $1. Funk & Wagn New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Boys of the Central, a High School Story, by I. Thurston. A well-told story that will interest yo readers. Pp. 72; cloth cover with frontispiece I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Comedies of Courtship, by Anthony Hope. volume of clever and amusing tales by a celebra author. Pp. 377, cloth binding with gilt top frontispiece; price $1.50. Charles Scribners' So New York, publishers.

Through the Eternal Spirit, a Biblical Study the Holy Ghost, by James Elder Cumming, D.D scholarly and careful study of all the passages Old and New Testament that refer to the H Spirit. Pp. 315; cloth binding; price $1.50. Fle ing H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toro publishers. Also by the same firm of publishe *The Deeper Christian Life*, by Rev. Andrew Murr Pp. 127; cloth covers; price 50 cents, and *Glorious Lord*, by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. A lit volume which, like all of this writer's work, is cal lated to be spiritually helpful. Pp. 142; cloth; pri 50 cents.

The Standard Hymnal, for General Use; Edite by C. C. Converse, LL.D. A new and popular c lection of standard Hymns; price 35 cents. Fu & Wagnall Co., London, Toronto and New Yo publishers. Also by the same publishers: *Fisherman and His Friends*, a Series of Revi Sermons by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Pp. 3 cloth Binding with half tone frontispiece, price *Talks to the King's Children*, being the second s ries of object sermons to children by Sylvanus Sto D.D. Pp. 249; cloth, price $1. *A Handbook on C rency and Wealth*, by George B. Waldron, with numerous tables and diagrams. A valuable litt handy manual for reference. Pp. 150, limp clot covers; price 50 cents.

In an Old Spanish Town.

Valladolid and its Quiet Homes—A Seventeenth Century Palace.

AMONG the older Spanish cities there are few that possess more quaintly picturesque attractions than Valladolid. Our illustration on this page shows the market-place of this ancient town—a scene that is fairly representative of scores of other cities in Southern Europe from the Adriatic to the Atlantic. Valladolid lies in a small valley on the left bank of the little river Pisuerga, but the whole region is elevated ground, fully two thousand feet above sea-level. Madrid, the capital, is nearly 100 miles away to the southwest, and such is the extreme provincialism of the Spanish rural districts, even to this day, that very few of the people who live at such a distance ever think of visiting the metropolis.

All the buildings of Valladolid are of a substantial cast; indeed, the whole town impresses one with the conviction that it has been built to defy the ravages of time. There are fine streets and squares, the finest being the Plaza Mayor, and there is a grand cathedral whose foundation was laid in 1585, but which for some reason was never fully completed, only the nave and tower being finished. As in all Spanish cities, there is a plethora of churches, one dating from 1170, another 1286, and all others having been erected in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Some of the finest examples of the celebrated painter Rubens are also of Berruguete are found in an old fifteenth century classical building. There is, too, a royal palace, but it is now practically neglected, and rarely used for the housing of the kings and queens of Castile, as it was in the seventeenth century, (when it was erected) and for over a hundred years later. It is put to more utilitarian purpose and so also are several old-time convents which are now used as barracks. Formerly the Cortes met in the old city and in the fifteenth century King John II. made his residence there, but when the capital was removed to Madrid in 1560, Valladolid began to decay.

Its people are now engaged in the manufacture of silk, linen, pottery, jewelry and other articles, and as the section is a fine agricultural country, there is considerable revenue from farming also. Probably the most notable historical event in connection with the place—setting aside all its royal associations—is that Columbus died there in 1506. It is now very little more than a provincial town, with less than 60,000 inhabitants, who lead eminently quiet and industrious lives.

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Owing Like Each Other.

It is learned that some curious investigations have recently been undertaken by a photographic society in Geneva. The purpose was to show that the longer a married couple lived together—we apprehend harmoniously—the more and more became the resemblance which the two persons bore to each other. Photographs of seventy-eight couples were taken, as well as an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. Apparently, therefore, there seems to be a stronger force available for the production of "family likenesses" even than that of hereditary transmission. In accepting the statement of the society in question, it is not difficult, in a certain measure, to account for the phenomenon referred to. Human beings, for example, have quite a faculty for copying each other in their ways, movements, and temperaments.

Imitation, conscious or unconscious, often produces a resemblance in expression which may deceive at first glance, leading the observer to think he sees similarity of form and feature. Any society, however, that would attempt to draw a general conclusion from so small a number as seventy-eight couples, is ignorant of the first principle that should rule in such investigation, namely, that to establish a resemblance and avoid the possibility of accidental coincidence, a great number of cases must be taken.

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A Feast of Dolls.

Once a year in Japan is the "Feast of Dolls." How it originated is told by Susie A. Pratt, a missionary, as follows: In ancient times when the Empress Jingo was returning from her expedition in Corea she landed in the southern part of Japan. While there, she was prostrated and grew dangerously sick. Her ministers were much troubled and went to the temple, to inquire what they should do for her. The god told them to cut in pieces some of the men and throw their bodies into the sea, after the Empress had rubbed against them. To avoid this cruel deed, the officers made paper dolls and cut them in pieces and threw them into the sea, after the Empress had rubbed them with her hands. She soon began to recover, and finally grew very strong. So the parents through the desire of health for their daughters, made paper dolls in imitation of this incident and offered them some food. These dolls were thrown away every year. As years passed on people became dissatisfied with paper dolls, so they kept on improving and adding to the number. At first there were only two dolls, one representing the Empress and the other her son, but gradually her ministers and servants and many others were added. As the dolls were improved, they were not thrown away every year as before. Those who cannot afford to buy the whole set have only the principal dolls, but the rich people have them arranged on shelves with little tables in front of each one of them. Rice fried with sugar is the principal offering.

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Old Hungarian Customs.

At the exhibition in Budapesth, in honor of the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Hungarian Kingdom in Europe, there are many remarkably interesting articles shown. The horses and cattle men from the Puszta are dressed just as their forefathers were many hundred years ago, and armed with the old weapons—the hatchet and the lasso-like leather whip that has a ball of lead at the end, which they, no doubt, imported from Asia a thousand years ago. There are also fishermen from the Theiss and Danube living almost a savage life—huntsmen, forest peasants and wood-cutters from the Carpathian and Transylvanian mountains. For all these the world has not changed in a thousand years. In the three pavilions devoted to hunting, fishing, and the rearing of cattle, the oldest tools that are known will be exhibited, and it will be found that somewhere in Hungary they are still in use, though the Hungarians, no doubt, used them in their original homes on the Caspian Sea, or on the Ural and the Volga before they came to the Danube. The old carts, the yokes for the oxen, the ploughs, the pole-axes, the hoes and spades, and the saddles, all are still in use, and almost unchanged from the specimens preserved as antiquities.

THE MARKET-SQUARE OF VALLADOLID, SPAIN.

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Lost the Home Path.

The late Mr. Hughes of England, better known as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," used to relate this incident concerning Rev. Charles Kingsley and himself: One winter's night the two friends started to walk to a certain part of London and were caught in a dense fog. "Both of us," said Mr. Hughes, "knew the way, but we lost it half a dozen times. Kingsley's spirit seemed to rise as the fog thickened! "Isn't this like life?" he said, after one of our blunders—"a deep, yellow fog all round, with a dim light here and there shining through. You grope your way on from one lamp to another, and you go up wrong streets and back again. But you get home at last; there's always light enough for that."

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CLOTHE THE CHILDREN.

THE woodlands and fields around Mont-Lawn have already put on the dress of early summer. Great dog-wood blossoms and clusters of cherry blooms nod in the soft May winds, and already the apple-trees are in flower. Blood-root, jack-in-the-pulpit, wild violet and dragon's-tooth bespangle the paths on every side, and stray beds of the modest little wild-strawberry flower give hint of enjoyment for the little ones at our Children's Home during the weeks to come. Everywhere, nature is looking her loveliest, as if to welcome back the army of poor, little, pale-cheeked, tenement waifs, whose advance guard will arrive from the big city about the middle of June.

In anticipation of their arrival, the Home is now being thoroughly overhauled and put in readiness, for there will be no time for preparations when our little guests appear. Like a swarm of happy Brownies, glad of a temporary release from the hot and sickly city alleys and slums, they will capture Mont-Lawn, its House-mother and care-takers, its fields and woods and birds and flowers, and will literally overrun it, like a merry army of tiny invaders. To very many of them the charming country place will be a revelation, for, as in former years, doubtless a considerable proportion will be having the first country frolic and outing they ever had in their lives.

Our Children's Home Staff has been improved and strengthed this year. Under House-mother Collins (who has now had two seasons of experience in the work), there will be a corps of Christian young women with missionary training as care-takers, and a competent lady physician. Thus, both as to moral and material needs, our little guests will be well cared for, as it is the aim of the conductors of the Home not only to surround the children with whatever is conducive to a pleasant ten days' outing, but to make an impression on their young minds and hearts that will endure even after they have returned to their city homes.

We are constantly receiving letters that express the kindliest interest in our Fresh-Air work, some of the more recent, announcing an intention of holding Lawn Parties, Bazars, and similar entertainments, the proceeds to be applied in aid of the Home. One very kind offer comes from a lady, representing a number of young women who will shortly hold a "Sewing Circle" for the Home, the garments made to be such as are most useful for poor children. Contributions of suitable clothing—frocks, pinafores, hosiery, hats, boots and shoes, and undergarments for girls of from six to twelve, and boys from six to ten will be gratefully accepted, if sent to the Home by any of our friends. Many of our little charges come to us shoeless and hatless, and with such a tatterdemalion aspect generally, that we are compelled to equip them almost from top to toe, and this item of clothing alone, in the handling of several thousand children in the course of a season, is a very considerable one, as many hundreds of summer garments have to be supplied. All contributions of summer clothing should be addressed, expressage prepaid, to "The Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y." Nothing should be sent that is not in good condition and serviceable for children of the ages stated.

IN HIS HANDS

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY THE For the CHRISTIAN HERALD,

REV EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

Copyright, 1906

CHAPTER XXII.

Coming and Going.

SAD at heart, missing his friend at every turn, Sandy grew despondent and lost interest in all that was going on. He tried to "brace himself up," as he phrased it, but he felt sick and sorrowful and was no longer the bright, cheerful Sandy of old.

"Why don't you go to see your friend Nurse Morton?" a comrade asked him one night as he sat, his elbows on his knees and his face resting between his hands, sunk in a gloomy reverie. "You want toning up. One of those doctors will give you something to put life in you."

"Guess I will," said Sandy who was glad of any excuse to see Janet and talk with her about Ned. He applied for permission and received it.

Janet was busy when he arrived, and as he waited for her, his old friend in the ambulance service saw him and greeted him cheerfully.

"Waiting to see Nurse Morton," Sandy explained in answer to his question.

"Ah, you come from the same town, I remember, you said. We have a patient here from that town now,—a Captain Newhall. Do you know him?"

"Well, yes; sorter know him. He wasn't what you might call a bosom friend," Sandy admitted.

"I guess he'd like to see you, whether or not," said the man. "He's been asking for someone to take something down. Sort of statement or suthin he's got on his mind. Confession mayhap. He looks like a man as might confess a pretty long time before he got it all off. He ain't the kind of man you'd care to make a guardian for orphan children or to trust in a deal when you didn't see your way. Anyway he says this is important and he wants it written out so he can put his name to it afore he quits. It might do some one a good turn if you went to him. All our folks are too busy."

"I'm not very quick with the pen," said Sandy. "And I don't like the man. You've just about hit it in what you've said about him. But I'll see him. Maybe it'll be good for somebody else if it is no good for him. Where is he?"

"I'll show you. Glad you don't settle old scores at a time like this. Perhaps he'll go off easier for having seen you."

Even Sandy could see, as he looked at Tobias, that there was no hope for him. Death was written very plainly on that evil countenance. He was unconscious just then, but the nurse said he regained his senses at intervals, and he might do it again, though he would not do so many more times. The end was evidently very near. Sandy stood by the side of his cot waiting for the wave of intelligence that might cross the haggard face once more. At last it came. Tobias moved uneasily and opened his eyes.

"Here is one of your old neighbors," said the nurse. "Now is your time if you want to say anything."

Tobias looked at the tall figure standing by the side of the cot and recognized it. He motioned to Sandy to stoop.

"I am sorry, now," he whispered, as Sandy leaned over him. "I suppose I am pretty near the end. I'd die easier for doing the right thing. I can't write now. Besides there's no time for an affidavit. But you are an honest man, and they'll believe what you say. I made an affidavit before, and then I recalled it and said it was false—that I was delirious. Do you understand?"

"No," said Sandy. "But I will remember what you say. Go on."

"I can't explain now. I can't speak. All you've got to do is to remember I stand by the affidavit. It was true. Janet made me mad. She wouldn't listen to me, and I went back on what I said, to get even with her. But it was true—remember that."

"I will,"

"I'm glad that's off my mind. I wish you could see to some other things for me. "There's that child, Ethel, you remember Ethel, at the Skipper's? She must be found. She's Madame Morton's grandchild. I will tell you where she is. You——"

But Tobias was never to finish that sentence. The brief lucid interval was at an end. His very struggle to retain his senses seemed to exhaust him. He lapsed into a condition of coma and died without regaining consciousness.

Sandy sat down and laboriously wrote down from memory what Tobias had said, with a memorandum of date and circumstances. He also persuaded the nurse to add a line stating that she was present at the interview, though she had not heard all that was said.

He had just finished this precautionary measure, which showed that if Sandy had been placed in different circumstances, he would have done credit to the legal profession, when Janet, who had heard of his being in the hospital came to look for him.

Sandy told her of Tobias Newhall's death, and showed her his memorandum.

"I will send this to Squire Manning," said Janet. "He may find it important. He is taking more interest in the case than I am. I have seen so many deaths and so much suffering, that somehow this question of the property does not seem to stir my interest, as it would once have done. I am sorry the poor man did not live long enough to give us a clue to Ethel's hiding place. She must be found, but it is difficult to get upon her track."

"Had this man Newhall cheated you?" Sandy asked, having heard nothing of the case Janet referred to.

"He may have been mixed up in it," Janet answered, "but his story is that Lawyer Skeele is the guilty party, and the affidavit he mentioned to you was to the effect that the property of Madame Morton that Skeele said was left to his daughter, was really left to me. Lawyer Manning writes me that before the case is through, Skeele is likely to be disbarred and perhaps sent to prison. I hope it is not so bad as that; I could not bear the thought of the old man ending his days in prison on my account. Perhaps he will give up the property peaceably."

"I don't think Skeele is that kind of man," said Sandy. "He is the kind that holds on till the law compels him to let go. You may depend on his fighting."

Everyone who knew the old lawyer had the same opinion, but they did not know how he was being harassed by his conscience night and day—especially night.

Lawyer Manning had pushed forward the case and felt sure that Skeele would be landed where he belonged and where he ought to have been long ago. He waited only for Janet's return to put the spark to the train that would explode beneath Skeele's edifice of fraud.

Had Skeele a presentiment of what was coming? No one knew. He grew more silent and moody, day by day and looked more harassed. He persuaded Lavina to go on a visit to some friends in Washington and he stayed alone in the big house. But in Lavina's absence, he need not sleep in that dreadful room where Madame Morton died and where the Will was drawn, and where now he seemed to be haunted by Madame's presence. He was so gloomy that people avoided him and if any one spoke to him, his scowl almost scared them away.

But one morning Blakey was astonished to see the old man accosting him as they met near the Morton mansion. He had heard some news from Lavina and he wanted to ascertain what Blakey knew. Mrs. Blakey had heard from Washington, too, and Blakey was too full of the news to care who knew. The whole village would soon know.

"Yes," Blakey said, "Janet is married to Captain Melrose. The Captain is well and they are coming home. They are to be here to-morrow. Ethel, you remember Ethel, Squire, who used to be at Skipper Dan's? She is coming with them. She turns out to be the little daughter of Madame's prodigal son John, who died in Janet's house. Janet is her guardian."

That was enough. Skeele waited to hear no more. He turned back into his solitary house and was not seen again all day. The next morning, before it was quite light, he left the Morton mansion by the back door, and crept away carrying a carpet-bag which he had hastily packed with valuables during the night. Once clear of the premises, he walked quickly, as if anxious to get away without being seen. Perhaps, in the dim light, he might have succeeded, but for one pair of sharp eyes that saw and recognized him.

Blakey was out at the old well drawing an early bucket for Mrs. Blakey, who was making a vigorous clatter in the kitchen because expecting "a lot of comp'ny from Washington that very day." That she might be ready by twelve she had Blakey up in good season and set him to work by five.

"Why, ef there ain't Judson Skeele!" soliloquized Blakey at the well. "How one-sided he walks! He looks as if like the vane on the church-steeple he had got a knock on one side and can't seem to be back again! What is he up to at this hour?"

Blakey was so surprised that he let his bucket of water tumble into the well again. Mrs. Blakey spied this mishap and called it "a sheer waste of water."

"Well, mother"—which she never was in the world—"if you had seen Judson Skeele this time of day a-hurryin' down the road, you might have dropped not the bucket, but tumbled in yourself," asserted Blakey.

"Massy, he round at this hour! They say he's a dredful hand to lie a-bed. What mischief he up to?"

"See for yourself, mother! He's got a whole carpet-bag to pack it in!"

Mrs. Blakey's sharp eyes glistened at the window, and she saw for herself the lawyer as he hurried away, his head down and averted, a bag in his hand.

"What is he a-goin' that way for, and this time of day?" she wondered. "He is takin' the street that goes to the beach."

Two other women of the village with sharp eyes saw him hurrying off. At the fish-houses, Sandy noticed him on the beach. Opposite Castaway Ledge, he was seen by another fisherman. A boy asserted that he knew, yes, he could swear that he saw "Old Skeele," crossing the bare sands between the beach and the ledge, that he watched "Old Skeele" pacing the rocks and actually—yes, he could swear to it—actually saw "Old Skeele" sitting down on Mary's Rock. That was the last ever seen of Judson Skeele by any boy of that village.

What became of him then? Nobody ever saw him come back to the beach. What then? Was his body found after that, rolled ashore by some breaker unwilling that so much rascality should find a grave in the sea? No body was found on the gray sands under the far-reaching, lonely sky. What became of Judson Skeele if he never returned from the ledge? It was an endless subject of discussion among the fishermen. Did Skeele come back from "Mary's Rock" or not? If he stayed, did he wait for the wave that would roll itself over him and hide him from justice, or did he not wait, throwing himself and all his burden of guilt down into the deep waters just outside of Castaway Ledge? The fishermen oft discussed these points over the barre they were packing with mackerel, amor their pots of lobsters which they were bo ing, or when digging clams in the oozi flats. One votary of the marvelous d clared that on a certain afternoon wh the storm was chasing his boat home a he was off the ledge, he saw "'a-suthin on Mary's Rock, and it looked like O Skeele with his bag in his hand. As t person thus mentioned, never came asho to deny or confirm any of these report everybody along shore felt at liberty n only to discuss but believe them. As t months went by, it was true that som body from the villagers and absent abroa thought they saw him in Europe. Lavi Skeele, who had mysteriously disappeare was said to be with him, she holding u her nose and he hanging down his hea Then somebody saw or thought they sa the runaway in Egypt, away up on t Nile, while a third party wondered if were not "that rascal Skeele" they m one day far up an Alpine mountain. So i far off and near places that were inacces ible, this uneasy mortal was seen, as u easy, as vagrant as the Wandering Je himself. That, though, did not satisfy t gossips of the seashore.

"I know, well as I want to know an thing," said Skipper Dan, "that old Skee never left 'Mary's Rock' till a wale-wave I mean—came and took him whe he belonged."

Skipper Dan then would rap the flo with his wooden leg, and in his mind least, that settled it. And yet it w never settled.

Did Janet Melrose and her husban make their home in the big Morton ma sion? Of course, her claim to it was no undisputed, and it was conceded to he To Ethel came the share of property Ma ame Morton had bequeathed, minus seve al thousand dollars Lawyer Skeele ha "borrowed" for that mysterious journe which ended in Mary's Rock, or—som other place. Janet and her husband we made trustees of the balance of this pro erty, and honestly, wisely cared for it.

Somebody asks again, did Janet mov into the Morton mansion?

"No," said Janet—and like an obedie husband, Captain Melrose assented—"l us stay here. We will let the other hous Our roof is not so high as that roof, an our chimneys less numerous, but this more homelike."

One person would have been glad t have them stay here. That was Ne whose memorial stone in the corner of th village cemetery could be seen from th western windows of Janet's home, e pecially those of her room. Ned standin one day in that corner had noticed that th birds sang very sweetly there and tha Janet's house could be seen from the spo

"Sandy, when they put me away," h whispered the day he was dying, "yo see that it is in the sou'-west corner of th graveyard. The birds sing there."

The rest of his reason he hid in his hea like a perfume-box too precious to be oper ed without special reason.

Captain Melrose erected at his expens a beautiful stone. This was its inscription

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
EDWARD DAVIS,
AGED 20 YEARS.

He was a brave soldier and had a great heart. He fell during the Civil War at —— and this stone is gratefully erected by one for whom he yielded up his life. He died in faith, and of God he could say, that he was
IN HIS HANDS.

Yes, the grave where the birds sang an the noble soul it commemorated, are all i the watchful care of the heavenly Fathe May that be our nestling place.

THE END.

Next Week will appear in this Journal the first Chapters of

A NEW STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Edith Ferguson Black, entitled:

A PRINCESS IN CALICO;

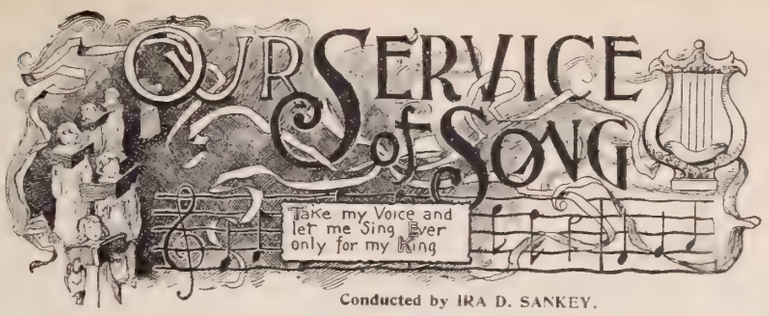
Or, The Nobility of Service.

A Story of Heroism and Self-sacrifice in an American Home, Which will have a special interest for fathers, mothers, sons and daughters.

The Grace of Humility.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 7. Mark. 9: 33-37; John 13: 1-17.

HOW strange to these disciples, who had been disputing about which of them should be the greatest, must have been Christ's definition of greatness! It was a reversal of all the current theories. The new kingdom was not to be like the kingdoms of the world in this respect. And it was the new kingdom that concerned these men. Their position in their own land among their own people was assured; and to the Romans they were contemptible. But in the new kingdom, that which they expected that Christ would establish, they might expect a high place. They had been faithful to their Master; his poverty and humiliation might they not look for in reaction when he took his rightful place as King of the Jews? But when the places were reassigned, who would have the place of honor? who would be the chief of the twelve? This dispute is settled by a paradox. The one who serves best should be the greatest. This is to be the law and practice in the new kingdom. The rule was not capricious or pragmatical. It was sound philosophy and strictly consistent with the other principles of the kingdom. He who would save his life should lose it, and he who was ready to lose his life should save it. So, the way to distinction in the new order is not to be in striving after it, but the path of humble service. We see how this principle is working in the world, where people are slowly and painfully coming to Christ's ideal. Time was, when the church was the hereditary, divinely appointed ruler of the people. But now, men chafe under such a conception of the position of a ruler. In constitutional lands the greatest man is the public servant who most wisely and faithfully executes the national will. In our own land, and in England, and in France, the public confides power to men of its way of thinking, and withdraws it so soon as they cease to be of its way of thinking. It amazed a President of France who had been reared in the traditions of despotic rule, when he was told that there were but two courses open to him—"to submit or resign." It was not for him to direct the policy of the nation. He was there to carry out a national programme. It is coming to be so everywhere—the most powerful statesman is he who obeys, he whom the people regard as their devoted servant. If he perceives, as occasionally he will, that the nation is wrong, that it is rash and would be precipitate, that it is mistaken in thinking that a certain course would be for its welfare, then he may and ought to oppose it. But even then, when he can get his own course adopted, only by performing another act of service, enlightening the people and convincing them of their error. In whatever walk of life a man is, if he cherishes ambition, though he may be only a clerk in a store, or a workman in a factory, there is only one way of attaining distinction, and that is by useful service. The way to rule is to serve. Honor comes to him who benefits others, who strives to promote the happiness and welfare of others, not to him who seeks his own welfare and prosperity. The world practically has the world adopted this principle of Christ's kingdom, recognizing its soundness, as in the end it will accept all its principles. Whosoever would be greatest, must be the servant of all.

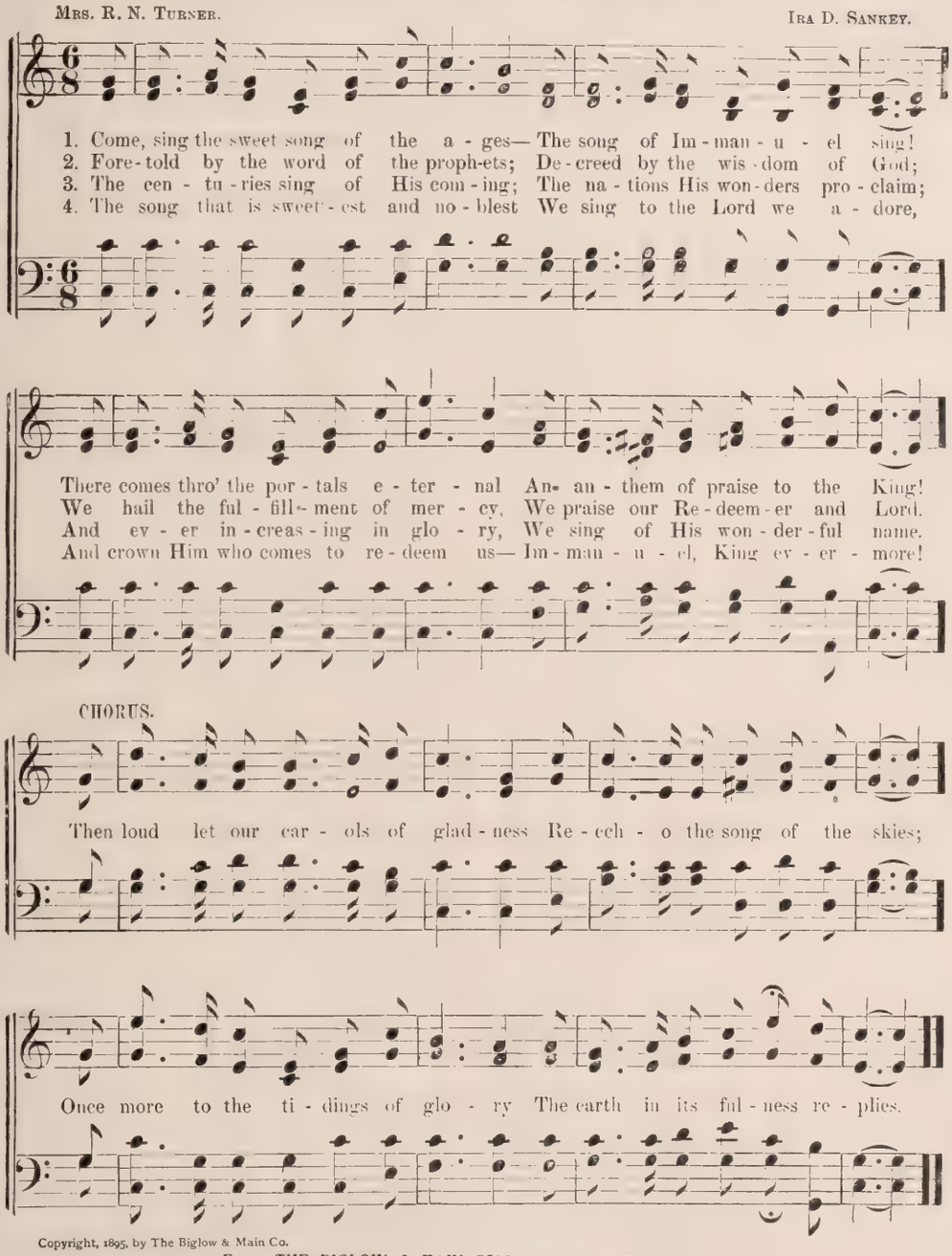


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

SONG OF IMMANUEL.

"THEY SHALL CALL HIS NAME IMMANUEL....GOD WITH US."—*Matt. 1: 23.* (R.V.)

MRS. R. N. TURNER. IRA D. SANKEY.



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A Prayer.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

WHEN the world is dark and drear,
And my bosom beats with fear,
When no worldly shelter's found
And the earth is sinking ground,
When the waves are on the sea,
Saviour, keep me close to thee!

When the darkness is so deep
That I dare not even creep,
When temptation's arrows fly
And obscure the very sky,
When beneath me all is sand,
Precious Saviour, take my hand.

When my friends forsake me here
And ten thousand foes are near,
When I lose my earthly stay
And my very hopes decay,
When the surging billows roll,
Saviour, then support my soul.

Newman Grove, Neb. —J. N. GORTNER.

Be True.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

A Chapter of Six Visions.

A Remarkable Series of Six Apocalyptic Scenes Described by the Seer of Patmos.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

Continued from page 399

THE fifth of these six visions described in this fourteenth chapter of Revelation is in some respects the most significant of them all. The vision presents a two-fold aspect to John. For, 1st, he has a golden crown on his head; 2nd, in his hand he holds a sharp sickle. The former imports his authority, dominion, and dignity; the latter his special mission and purpose at this time—viz., to gather the full harvest.

Ver. 15 records the mission of another angel, as if authorizing the ingathering of the harvest. On this we may observe that if the golden crowned angel with his sharp sickle (who is called the Son of Man) be indeed the ascended Lord of the harvest, the mission of this angel can only be understood by supposing the covenant occurrence of the Three divine Persons in the Eternal Trinity; and this angel expressing the will of the Father and the Holy Ghost to the Son through the angel in a phenomenal manner, so as to make it intelligible to our human perception.

On the harvest itself and the celestial reaper, we note the following things:

1. It is the harvest, and so, "the End of the Age," as taught in that most instructive parable of our Lord in Matt. 13: 39, a full and prayerful consideration of which, in connection with this chapter, will afford much light and valuable instruction on this subject.

2. It is ripe and ready for the ingathering. Here we learn God has a fixed time and purpose in regard to the spiritual, as he has in regard to the natural harvest; for "there is a time for every purpose under the sun." The great ingathering is "when the harvest of the earth is ripe."

3. That which is removed by the sickle is severed from the earth—taken out of the field where it grew, suggesting that in the great coming harvest, all the true wheat after the removal of the firstfruits will be taken out of the world when the harvest of the earth is ripe.

4. We learn from this also that all the saved will in the Lord's time be gathered home to glory. Not a grain of true wheat will be lost. Matt. 3: 12 is an instructive and solemn comment on this. Here is a source of sweet consolation to the bereaved, and a firm ground of assured hope to all.

VI. The last symbolic vision is seen in ver. 17-20. Here we have the Spiritual Vintage, as following upon, and contrasted with the final harvest. Another angel is seen coming out of the temple (to which heaven is here, as elsewhere, compared), and he has also a sharp sickle. And another angel is seen issuing from the altar, who has power over fire, and has apparently a judicial mission and authority. Here is concurrent action in a judicial mission. Both these we consider to be created and delegated angels, who act under the authority of him who is seated on the white cloud. The result is, the vine of the earth is gathered and doomed.

We learn from these visions three lessons: 1. The character and destiny of the future depends on the deeds and character of the present life. 2. The wheat and the vine may grow together in the earth, but there must be a final separation. 3. That our life purpose should be founded in the principle that "the first fruits belong by right unto God the Lamb."

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on May 17, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the pravers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. H.S.G., Russiaville, Ind., that a nephew whose father is dead might give his heart to God and that he may be reconciled to his mother; also for the conversion of a brother, sister and sister-in-law who are in need of God's grace for the performance of their family duties.——E.B.H., Weeping Water, Neb., for the conversion of her husband and her two sons.——"Friend," Oregon, Mo., that God would look upon her dear husband who is a backslider and mercifully restore him to his favor; also for two sons and two daughters who are not yet saved.——G. P. D., Cokesburg, S. C., for a beloved son to whom much has been given, but who has left his home, that God would find him and charge his heart.——Reader, Farmingdale, N.J., that three brothers and a brother-in-law might have grace and come out openly on the Lord's side. ——Sorrowing Mother, Hamilton, Ont., that a dear son who has fallen into dissipated ways may be rescued and saved.——"A Wronged Wife," Illinois, that her husband might be brought to Christ and his eyes be opened to the evil of sin and the deceptions that have imposed on him.——M. J., Texas, for the conversion of a brother. —— "A Child twelve years old," Bronaugh, Mo., that God would save her father "who is under a dreadful mistake."——A. A. J.C., Ont., for the conversion of a brother who has been led away by evil companions and become intemperate. ——H., Scotts, Mich., that her husband who is not a Christian, but in all other respects a good man, might turn to Christ for salvation. ——F., Williamsport, Md., for the conversion of a brother.——"Very Anxious One," Brockville, Ont., for the conversion of an aged father now heavily afflicted; also that her husband might be saved and that a dear sister might look to Christ for salvation from the evil surrounding her.——M. M., Carlisle, Pa., for the conversion of a brother.——— "Believer," Anderson, S. C. For the conversion of a whole family, including husband, wife, son and son-in-law, two daughters and a daughter-in-law, and several grandchildren who are all in need of God's grace.——Soldier's Widow, Allentown Pa., that a daughter and her husband, who is an unbeliever, might both be brought to Christ and be saved.—— "Praying Mother," Kimball, Neb., on behalf of two sons who are indifferent to their souls' welfare that they might be led to seek Christ. ——T. S. D., Ray, Neb., that a young wife who has been cruelly deceived by her husband may be divinely directed and be helped to win her husband to the Saviour. Prayer on his behalf is earnestly entreated.——J. A. K., Hampden, O., that husband and son might be converted and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. —— "Sorrowing Mother," Spokane, Wash., that the eldest son of a widow might be moved by the Holy Spirit to seek cleansing and regeneration, and might become fully consecrated to the Lord.——M.I.H., Avalon, Mo., that a dear nephew now in New York and exposed to temptation, might be kept from evil and made a child of God.——"Reader," Canada, for the conversion of two brothers-in-law, also for a nephew who is an orphan and disposed to be wayward.——"Believer," Flat River, Mo., that her husband who is addicted to drink, might be reclaimed and converted, and be kept by Christ's power from falling away.——Anxious Mother, Bougher, N. J., that her three sons might be made children of God through Christ and may be kept from evil.——Sister, New York, that her husband, who is out of Christ and who is very sad on account of business disaster, might turn to the Lord for strength and give his heart to him; also, that a brother who has become a slave to intoxicating liquor might be delivered and kept from falling by the power of Christ.——— "Earnest Reader," Jamesport, N. Y., on behalf of brothers and sisters who do not know Christ as their Saviour, that they may all seek salvation and become new creatures in him. ——— "A Sad Sister," Auburn, N. Y., for the conversion of an only son.———Father, Troy, N. Y., that a beloved daughter who has been led astray, might be found and restored and made penitent through Christ's love.——— Afflicted Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who has been the cause of much misery in the past, might be saved from sin and become a follower of Christ.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Believer," Vt., that a dear friend may be converted and be led to hate all evil and cling to all that is good. "Young Christian," New York, that one who is tenderly loved, but who deplores his becoming a Christian because of its breaking up sinful relations, might be converted, too, and might see with him the awful nature of sin.——"Sorrowing One," Scranton, Pa., that God in his mercy would change the heart of one whom she loves and make him a true Christian.—— Constant Reader, Philadelphia, Pa., that God would touch the heart of a dear young friend, delivering him from the power of drink and giving him a new heart. —— "Subscriber," Thurman, Md., that one who has long been a seeker after salvation might find Christ.—— "Anxious," Brooklyn, N. Y. On behalf of two men who once loved and served the Master, but are now out of communion, that the Lord would heal their backslidings and restore them to his favor.——C. R., Newark, N. J., for four friends in one family, that two of them may be converted and that the other two who do know the Lord may be drawn nearer to him and have more of his spirit.——"Sorrowing Girl," Syracuse, N. Y., that one whom she dearly loves, but who does not love the Lord might be drawn to him and learn to deny himself for his sake.——Penniless Widow, Toledo, O., that a friend of her dead husband who has provided for her and was in a recent sickness her sole support, may be led to Christ and be saved from his own evil nature, and may understand that the position she has taken is not due to ingratitude, but to love of Christ and righteousness. May the Lord save him from sin and Satan.——B., Newburyport, Mass., for a dear friend who lacks the one thing needful and does not appear to desire it, that God in his mercy would save his soul.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," Calf Creek, Ky., that a father and son may be restored to health through the healing power of Christ.——H.S. G., Ind., that two dear sisters and a beloved mother-in-law who are all sick might be restored to their families by the dear Lord who has borne his people's sicknesses.——D., Holt Co., Mo., who has not walked for two years, might cease to be a dependent cripple through the love of God, who can give strength to whomsoever he will.——E. B. H., Nev'r, that a dear friend in California may recover her health and be enabled to continue her work for Christ.—M.W.B., VanWagner, that God in his infinite mercy would restore health of body and mind to a dear father, who is sorely afflicted; also that a sick son may be raised up.—— Widow, Summer, Wash., that a dear daughter who has been three years a sufferer may be healed of the Lord.———A. M. P., Delaware, O., that a dear friend in a precarious state of health may be spared to her invalid husband and children. P. M. M., Winnebago, Miss., that a six-year-old boy now very low with consumption might recover if consistent with the will of God.———"Sorrowing One," Western, Ill., that the dear Lord who had compassion on the widow of Nain would recover her son now very ill, who is the soul support of his mother and she a widow.———"Ontario" asks fervent prayer for the recovery of a young man who has lost his reason, and that he may be restored to his family and the church, of which he was an active member.———Constant Reader, Bath, Mich., that the health of her grandson may be restored, and that God would save his soul.———"Believer," Sparrow Bush, N. Y., that her husband who is suffering from a disease which the doctors fear may prove fatal, may be healed of the Lord. ——J. S. T., Hannibal, Mo., that his dear wife, who is subject to fits, may be restored by the Great Physician.——D. B. S., Milford Centre, O., that Christ would heal a beloved friend who is afflicted with paralysis.———R. O., West Union, W. Va., for a father and daughter who are both suffering from pulmonary disease, that Christ would recover them.—— The following persons also ask prayers for their recovery from various maladies: "Faith," Salford, Ont.; "Subscriber," Frazeysburg, O.; "Believer," Tennessee; "One who has been six years sick," St. Paul, Minn.; "Reader," Canada, who has been ill three years; Constant Reader, Pittsburg, Pa.; "Believer," Walnut, Ill.; K. W., Westerloo, N.Y.; "Reader," Stanwood, Ia.

For Special Blessings. "Believer," Darien, Conn., that persons who assumed a heavy financial responsibility for the sake of others may be kept from incurring loss.——S. G., New Jersey, that the presence of God, once enjoyed, but now withdrawn, may be restored, and that peace and joy in him may again be experienced, also that such financial prosperity may be granted as will enable a family to pay its just debts, and the means may be provided for the culture of a mental gift.——"Troubled Sister," that a dear little girl who is being detained from those who love her may be given up, and that the prayers constantly offered for her restoration may receive an answer of peace.——"Believer in Prayer," Defiance, O., for grace to be true to Christ, and for the power to turn to account many rich opportunities of doing service for him.——"Troubled Heart," Belmont, S. D., that one who is passing through a great trial, and is on the verge of despair, may receive grace and an increase of faith to hold fast to Christ in the darkness.——J. D. M., Stroudsburg, Pa., for more grace and power to lead men to Christ, and wisdom to use the opportunities his position affords to win souls.—— "Anxious Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his wife who has left her home and family, might see the cruelty of her conduct and return; "full forgiveness awaits her."—— "Father," Boston, Mass, that a terrible disgrace apparently impending through the misconduct of a beautiful and finely educated member of his family might be averted.——— Friend, Berlin, Ala., for wisdom, strength and guidance in the midst of his difficulties, and for financial help in the struggle with terrible embarrassments. ——— H. F. K., Auburn, N. Y., that a dark cloud now resting over a Pastor and his people might be dispersed and the blessing of God rest on both. —— Reader, Jamesport, N. Y., that a quarrel between two friends might be amicably settled.——J. D. W., Litchchfield, Conn., for grace to overcome an evil habit and for strength and wisdom to resist temptation.—— "Sinner," Thornville, O., that one who has sinned deeply may be forgiven and that a loved one may be convinced of the injustice of his suspicions and may repent of his wrongdoing.——"In His Name," Mechanicsburg, O., that a mother greviously distressed, may have the wisdom she needs in her trials and that a man who has an irritable temper and is often unjust and inconsiderate might be led of the Lord to overcome his fault.—— "Believer," Mo., that God would deliver a perplexed family from its business worries.—— "Constant Reader," Orange Mountains, N. J., for the restoration to God's favor of one who has wandered from him and that an infatuation which can bring nothing but sorrow may be eradicated from her heart.——"Believer," Liberty, N. Y., that trouble and unhappiness resulting from a misunderstanding between two dear ones may be removed and that they may forgive each other and be reconciled.——M., Maryland, that one who has gone astray may be restored and that another may obtain employment, so as to be able to support dependent relatives.——"Praying Wife," Spokane, Wash., on behalf of her husband who is changing his business location, that he may be divinely directed and kept from evil.—— Believer, Knoxville, Tenn., who is oppressed with foreboding of adversity, that God would give more faith and open the way out of the impending calamity. —— "Despairing One," Jersey City, N.J., for the forgiveness of a grievous sin committed in a moment of strong temptation and that strength may be given to resist in future and that the dear Lord whom she and her friend both love may not cast them off utterly.——Anxious Mother, Hiawatha, Kans., for grace to enable her to forgive persons who have grievously wronged her family and for wisdom to train her children in the way they should go.——"Harassed Husband," Boston, Mass., that his wife, who despises him for his lack of education, may be led to think better of him and may repent of the violation of her marriage vow which he has forgiven.———Firm Believer, Monticello, Ga., that God would give needed help in a financial crisis that just obligations may be honestly and punctually discharged.——"Two Readers," Penna., that God would grant his favor and that their innocence of certain wrongdoing with which they are falsely charged may be clearly established.———"Believer," Leavenworth, Kans., who was converted five years ago but has been tormented by an evil desire against the indulgence of which neither good resolutions nor prayers seem to avail, that God would eradicate it and give the necessary strength to resist temptation. ——— Widow, Allentown, Pa., that God in his mercy would give her opportunity to earn a livelihood now that her pension has been withdrawn———"Reader," Sutton, Neb., that an alienation between two persons, causing much distress, may be removed, and that all misunderstanding may be cleared up.———E. B. D., Lincoln, Wash., who has fallen into heinous sin, knowing at the time the wickedness of the act, yet perversely committing it, and who fears that the Holy Spirit has been grieved away, that God would speak peace to the repentant soul, and give grace to resist temptation in the future.

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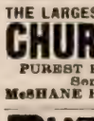

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Small Sins.

The Accumulative Weight and Power of Sins Called Venial.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.*

CLEAR your minds of the notion that anything is small which offers to you the alternative of being done in a right way or in a wrong; and recognize this as a fact — "sand is weighty," trifles are of supreme importance. My point is this, that the accumulated pressure upon a man of a multitude of perfectly trivial faults and transgressions makes up a tremendous aggregate that weighs upon him with awful overwhelmingness.

Let me remind you, to begin with, that, properly speaking, the words "great" and "small" should not be applied in reference to things about which "right" and "wrong" are the proper words to employ. Or to put it into plainer language, it is as absurd to talk about the "size" of a sin, as it is to take the superficial area of a picture as a test of its greatness. The magnitude of a transgression does not depend on the greatness of the act which transgresses—according to human standards—but on the intensity with which the sinful element is working in it. For acts make crimes, but motives make sins. If you take a bit of prussic acid, and bruise it down, every little microscopic fragment will have the poisonous principle in it; and it is very irrelevant to ask whether it is as big as a mountain or small as a grain of dust, it is a poison all the same. So to talk about magnitude in regard to sins, is silly to introduce a foreign consideration. But still, recognizing that there is a reality in the distinction that people make between great sins and small ones, though it is superficial distinction, and does not go down to the bottom of things, let us deal with it now.

I say then, that small sins, by reason of their numerousness, have a terrible accumulative power. They are like the blowflies on our rose bushes, or the microbes that our medical friends talk so much about nowadays. Like them, their power of mischief does not in the least degree depend upon their magnitude, and, like them, they have a tremendous power of reproduction. It would be easier to find a man who had not done any one sin than to find out a man that had only done it once. And it would be easier to find a man that had done evil than the man who had not been obliged to make the second edition of it in an enlarged one. For this is the great Nemesis of all evil, that it requires repetition, partly to still conscience, partly to satisfy excited tastes and desires; so that animal indulgence in drink and the like is a type of what goes on in the inner life of every man, in so far as the second ought to be stronger than the first in order to produce to an equivalent effect; and on *ad infinitum*.

And then remember that all our evil sins, however insignificant they may be, have a strange affinity with one another, so that you will find that to go wrong in one direction almost inevitably leads to a whole series of consequential transgressions of one sort or another. You remember the old story about the soldier who was smuggled into a fortress concealed in a hay cart, and opened the gates of the virgin citadel to his allies outside. Every evil thing, great or small, that we admit into our lives, still more into our heart is charged with the same errand as the spy: "Set wide the door when you are inside and let us all come in after you." He cometh with him seven other spirits worse than himself, and they dwell there. "None of them," says one of the prophets, describing the doleful creatures that haunt the ruins of a deserted city, "shall by any means want its mate," and the satyrs of the islands and of the wood join together, and hold high carnival in the city. And so, brethren, our little transgressions open the door for great sins, and every sin makes us more accessible to the assaults of every other.

Sometime I remind you how here, in these little unnumbered acts of trivial transgression which scarcely produce any reflection conscience or on memory, but make up so large a portion of so many of our lives, lies one of the most powerful instruments for making us what we are. If

*From his new volume, *The Beatitudes and other Sermons*.

we indulge in slight acts of transgression, be sure of this, that we shall pass from them to far greater ones. For one man that leaps or falls all at once into sin which the world calls gross, there are a thousand that slide into it. The storm only blows down the trees whose hearts have been eaten out and their roots loosened. And when you see a man having a reputation for wisdom and honor all at once coming crash down and disclosing his baseness, be sure that he began with small deflections from the path of right. The evil works underground; and if we yield to little temptations, when great ones come we shall fall their victims.

Let me remind you, too, that there is another sense in which "sand is weighty." You may as well be crushed under a sandhill as under a mountain of marble. It matters not which. The accumulated weight of one is as great as that of the other. And I wish to lay upon the consciences of all that are listening to me now this though, that an overwhelming weight of guilt results from the accumulation of little sins. Dear friends, I do not desire to preach a Gospel of fear, but I cannot help feeling that very largely in this day the ministration of the Church is defective in that it does not give sufficient, though sad and sympathetic, prominence to the plain teaching of Christ and of the New Testament as to future retribution for present sin. We shall "everyone of us give account of himself to God"; and if the account is long enough it will foot up to an enormous sum, though each item may be only halfpence. The weight of a lifetime of little sins will be enough to crush a man down with guilt and responsibility when he stands before the Judge. That is all true, and you know it, and I beseech you, take it to your hearts, "Sand is weighty." Little sins have to be accounted for, and may crush.

Faith Better Than Armies.

On the frontier of Austria, on a little stream called the Ill, is the town of Feldkirch. In 1799 when Napoleon was sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the town at the head of eighteen thousand men. It was Easter day, and the sun as it rose glittered on the weapons of the French, at the top of the range of hills. The council assembled to consult what was to be done. Defense was impossible and capitulation was talked of. Then the old dean of the church stood up. "It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning on our own strength, and that fails. It is the day of the Lord's resurrection. Let us ring the bell and have services as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands. We know only our weaknesses and not the power of God." His word prevailed, and from the church towers in Feldkirch, the bells began to clang joyous peals in honor of the resurrection, and the streets were filled with worshipers hastening to the house of God. The French heard with surprise the sudden clangor of the bells; and concluding that an Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing, not a Frenchman was to be seen. Faith in God had saved the little town and all its people.

Morals in Madagascar.

As a result of the French occupation of Madagascar there has been a great increase of drinking among the Malagasy, as well as of licentiousness, and there is now much Sunday trading in the capital—a thing which had not been known there for the last twenty-five years. The Resident-General has, however, already struck a deep blow at one of the chief blots on the Malagasy civilization, and has stopped the public sale of slaves in the markets. We may hope that other measures may eventually be taken so that slavery itself may gradually come to an end.

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The Blessedness of Giving.

There is a little incident which will make clear to the young people the pleasure and profit of consecrated liberality. In Connecticut a few years ago lived a lady who had a beautiful flower garden, in which she took great pride. The whole country was proud of it, too, and people drove miles to see it.

She fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large showy kinds in one basket and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped themselves, and studied the better for it, and the business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices that helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get into their forlorn lives.

"You cut such quantities," some one said to her, "are'n you afraid you will rob yourself?" The more I cut the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in *Pilgrim's Progress:*

A man therewas (thoughsome did count him mad),
The more he gave away the more he had."

Nansen and the Pole.

Dr. Frithiof Nansen's scheme was to enter the Kara Sea in his vessel, the *Fram*, a ship specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice-packs, and then to proceed in the direction of the New Siberian Islands, hoping to get well into the ice during the autumn of 1893, and then to drift northward with the currents past the North Pole. It is characteristic of the man, says a writer in *Travel*, that he has made no provision for return in case of non-success; I will go through the other side." It is pleasant to learn that the gallant explorer so thoroughly appreeiated the cordial interest taken in his expedition by the English people. It would be premature in the face of the difference of opinion among experts to express any opinion as to the truth of the report that he has reachrd the point desired.

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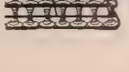

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He "Spoiled Israel."

The Newly Found Inscription of Pharaoh Meneptah Translated by Prof. Petrie.

ANOTHER important discovery has been recently made in Egypt by Prof. Flinders Petrie, the celebrated Egyptologist and antiquarian. It is an inscription relating to the triumps of Merenptah (believed to be identical with Meneptah), and here for the first time the name of Israel is found on an ancient Egyptian record. This is a sad blow to many critics of Bible history, who have questioned the validity of the inspired record of Israel's sojourn in Egypt and miraculous exodus therefrom. The inscription of Merenptah is translated in Prof. Petrie's article in the May *Contemporary Review;* and a second inscription of the same king is mentioned by Prof. Sayce. Both mention the name of Israel as a people conquered by Merenptah in Palestine. They have been found over and over again on Assyrian monuments, but for all the monuments have thus far revealed, there might never have been such a people as Israel. Part of the inscription is as follows:

"For the sun of Egypt has wrought this change; he was born as the fated means of revenging it, the King Merenptah. Chiefs bend down, saying, 'Peace to thee;' not one of the nine bows raises his head. Vanquished are the Tahennu (N. Africans); the Khita (Hittites) are quieted; ravaged is Pa-kanana (Kanun) with all violence; taken is Askadni (Askelon?); seized in Kazmel; Yenu (Yanoh) of the Syrians is made as tho it had not existed; the people of Ysiraal is spoiled, it hath no seed; Syria has become as widows of the land of Egypt; all lands together are in peace. Every one that was a marauder hath been subdued by the King Merenptah, who gives life like the sun every day."

Professor Sayce, writing in *The Athenæum*, gives this concerning the second inscription:

"Dr. Spiegelberg tells me that he has found another mention of the Israelites in another inscription of Meneptah [same as Merenptah.] It had not been noticed before, because only the first part of of the name is preserved. The name is written, I-s-i-r-a-e-l-u, with the determinatives of 'man' and 'woman.' Dr. Spiegelberg reads a paper on the inscription before the Berlin Academy at the beginning of next month. The *stele* is now on it way to to Gizeh; but I examined it before it was removed from the place where it was found. It is curious that the Governor of Kush under Meneptah was Mesu [Moses], whose inscription has been published by Lepsius, while the high priest of Amon was Lui [Levi], and one of the Theban princes was named Pi-nehas [Phinehas] 'the Negro.'"

This, by another and equally distinguished Orientalist is corroborative of the almost simultaneous discovery by Prof. Petrie. Both are of great interest to Bible Students, even though they do not shed sufficient light to settle any chronological point as to those events in the early history of the world.

The Gospel in Egypt.

American Missionaries Doing an Excellent Work in that World-Old Land.

AN English contemporary, in a recent issue, publishes a most interesting letter from a missionary reviewing the work of the American Missions in Egypt. The writer says:

Two leading agencies at work in seeking to reach the native population are the American Presbyterian Mission and the Church Missionary Society. It is about forty years ago since the founders of the American Mission began operations in Egypt. They and their successors have labored away steadily during that time, often amid great discouragement, but they are now seeing fruit to their labors. Their work has been very largely educational, as from the first they saw that their great hope lay in getting hold of the young people. The result is that now they have not only large schools throughout the country, but have many native Christian congregations, formed very largely from the young people who have passed through their schools. At present they have from Alexandria to the first Cataract, twenty-five girls' day schools, with 2599 pupils; 135 boys' day schools, with 8179 pupils. Of these three-fourths are Copts and one-fourth are Moslems. The education given is of a very high class. Many of the pupils pass from these schools to very responsible positions under Government and elsewhere. Seeing that the Bible is read and taught, we cannot shut our eyes to the great good which must result from such means.

The Sabbath Schools, of which there are 120, with nearly 4000 pupils, are doing grand work. It was our privilege to visit two of them, one at Cairo and the other at Assiout, with over 350 and 500 children present respectively. It rejoiced our hearts to hear these brown-skinned and bright-eyed little folks singing the songs of Zion in their own language. The mission has now 190 preaching stations, with thirty-six organized native congregations, and a membership of 5004, showing an increase last year by profession of faith of 577, out of which four were Moslems. There are twenty-two native preachers, some of whom are very able and eloquent men. We heard one preach at Assiout to an attentive native congregation of 500. The native colporteurs, of which there are twenty-seven, visit the towns and villages, where no other agency exists, selling Bibles, Testaments, religious books, etc. This branch of the work is giving every evidence of God's blessing upon it. We give one case in particular, where a Bible was bought by a young Moslem, and now there are ten meeting together in the same village to study it, in face of great persecution. There is a large mission college at Assiout, for the training of young men who are to become teachers and preachers; it is presided over by Dr. Alexander. There is also a medical mission at Assiout, where nearly 20,000 patients are treated annually, and to many of them the Gospel is preached. Zenana work is carried on throughout the country by Bible readers, together with night-schools and several other agencies.

The "Nightingale" Psalm.

The 23rd Psalm has been called the Nightingale Psalm, because it sings in the Valley of the Shadow; the 103rd Psalm is like the note of the lark sounding from a clear morning sky. It is a song of renewal, of delight in the blessings of health, of recovery, forgiveness and restored fellowship with God. One clear note of gratitude sounds throughout, faithful to its keynote in the face of all that is saddest and darkest in life. Some of the passages touch the high-water mark of sacred poetry, as where the sweetness of forgiving love and the pathos of life's transformation are described. In this glorious season, the psalm may fitly voice the Christian's delight in the natural blessings of life, crowned with the thought of the Divine mercy and compassion as shown in the spiritual gifts of his grace.

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China's Change of Front.

An Imperial Proclamation Approving the Work of the Christian Missionaries.

CHINA is coming to Christ, and the labors and earnest prayers of God's people for many years are at last bearing fruit. Rev. Geo. H. Ewing, a missionary of the American Board at Pao-ting-fu, North China, has translated and forwarded to this country, an imperial decree, recently issued by the Secretary of State, which proves distinctly more than anything that has yet been done that the cause of the Gospel has won a splendid triumph in China, and that the era of Christian oppression has passed away. This proclamation says:

"In order to clearly inform the public concerning foreign merchants and missionaries in China: The pledge of the Court to protect foreigners is recorded in the treaty which officers and civilians alike must observe as evidence of peaceful feeling. But the country people do not understand the Court's friendliness to the foreigner nor the Western teacher's custom of propagating their Church. They are often of suspicious mind, and local roughs in search of opportunity for plunder circulate false stories, thereby inciting further doubts until the people pass from suspicion to hatred and then to open outbreaks. After the deed is done the truth is examined into and the rumors all found slanderous. The culprits have plundered to the full and have disappeared while dutiful people suffer ill-repute, and the Government moreover on account of the affair is obliged to make redress. The foreigner is grateful for the Emperor's kindness and his anger is pacified, but at heart he is not satisfied. Foreign countries are all ill-pleased and consult privately.

"Accordingly China has certain doctrine and instruction to set forth whereby the people may receive for many hundreds of years the favor of the Emperor. Is it right when there is sudden discord between the people and foreigners to disregard the benefit of the Emperor and to destroy the unity of the nation?

"Western teachers have come many thousands of miles over mountains and through seas in order to exhort men to righteousness and spread abroad their Church. We inhabitants of this Eastern land ought, in accordance with what is right, to have respect in all matters for the foreigners, thus manifesting the benevolent spirit of China. If suddenly an outbreak should occur one ought also to bring the case before the local official, who should manage the affair with justice. Thus would justice be obtained. Persistently to disregard everything, to believe rumors, and to rashly manage the matter—is that right? I often think that the root of the Church's grievance is not necessarily in the fact that those outside the Church hold in contempt the church members, but that it is probably because local roughs egg on otherwise well disposed people, and also because they do not understand whence sprang the motives of preaching. In examining the three foreign churches, we see that although the names are not the same, they are fundamentally one; being alike in the God they worship, the Old and New Testaments which they read, and in their good works, such as training children, opening schools and hospitals. The only difference is in their rules of preaching. The spirit of their preaching is that of mutual fellowship, exchange of thought and common love and there is nothing whatever underhanded about it. These Churches have been in existence for over 1800 years. The expenses of the Church are all met either from the contributions of the members or from the treasuries of the country. The ministers are all selected on the basis of ability and scholarship; they must first pass an examination, after which they may be permitted to come to China. The men whom the Church has commissioned have not come sent by their Government nor have come to seek office. For their Jesus left them a charge, that whoever entered the Church must proclaim far and wide, thus maintaining their faith and love. Otherwise one, though he had entered the Church, could not be classed among the list. So it is, that now the ministers of the Church are not only in Europe and America, but are also preaching far and wide in Asia.

"In view of all these things we see that they have come to China to preach, not fearing danger or distance and not loving earthly treasure. Consider for a moment. If there were among them those who were as rumor reports, how could preaching have continued for so long or have extended so widely or have won so many followers? Hereafter we may be aware that the Church is not alone established in China, nor are the missionaries who come to China all from one country. We should also know that every country looks upon the Church as of the greatest importance. I have made careful examination of the Emperor's edict of five years ago to the effect that foreign missionaries are here to exhort the people to righteousness and to peacefulness; and also to the disturbances in Ching Su, Ch'eh Kiang and Sz'Chuen. I respect the Emperor's order that the culprits be seized and the Church be protected."

A Successful Industrial Work.

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama has had a successful year. Its work at Beloit, Ala., is among the most isolated, neglected, and needy negroes. Its plan is to afford a business chance with needful training. The Association designs to give nothing in mere charity but everything in teaching, counsel, and opportunity. Colored people can rent actual farms and homes with strict account and drill for honesty in paying and economy and thrift in common life. These renters, if ostensibly married, must live in lawful wedlock, and the effort is to train them in home-getting and home-making. In the face of business depression, the actual revenues from lands, store, and mills during 1895 were sufficient to sustain all the Association missionary work and leave a balance on hand. With sixty-five families actually renting, and one day-school in three departments, two other common schools, two night-schools, enrolling 250 pupils, three churches sustained or actively aided, four Sunday schools and prayer-meetings, and various other gatherings, one white farm superintendent, and one white mill superintendent, the cost of all these to the Association has been more than equalled by its business revenues. All communications and inquiries should be addressed to Rev. C. B. Curtis, Beloit, Dallas co., Alabama.

Armenian Relief Work.

Recent cable advices from Armenia are less pacific and would seem to indicate a renewal of the troubles in certain districts. Over fifteen hundred Armenians have lately been imprisoned by the Sultan's order, that tyrannical ruler dreading a similar fate to that of the Shah of Persia. Many of the students at the Armenian college in Galata have been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment each, for having in their possession subscription lists for the relief of the Armenians in Zeitoun.

The pupils of the Minneapolis Public Schools have contributed $633 for the relief of the Armenian suffers. The sum was made up in a week's time and most of the money came in pennies and nickels. It was sent to the National Armenian Relief Committee. It seems very appropriate that the children in this happy and favored land, should join in the effort to help the children in a less-favored country.

The following additional contributions were received in the closing hours of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund:

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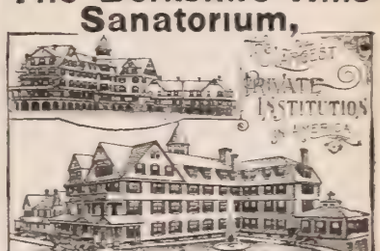

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Doings in Jerusalem.

The Celebration of the Passover Feast—A Missionary Assaulted in Bethany.

FROM a correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Jerusalem, the following letter has been received:

JERUSALEM, April 7, '96.

On the 15th day of Nisan, corresponding this year, to March 29, the Jews observed the Feast of Passover, in commemoration of two events which followed each other within two days; first, the sparing of the first-born of the Israelites, when the first-born of the Egyptians was smitten (on which account is called Pesach, or "passing over"), and in commemoration of the Exodus from Egypt in such haste that they had no time to leaven, hence, "The Feast of Unleavened Bread." The Passover was observed on the 14th and eaten in the evening, and the Feast of Unleavened Bread lasted from the 15th to the 22d. The rites and ceremonies connected with its observance amongst the strict Jews are as follows: Some days beforehand, the business of preparing the Matzoth or Passover Cake is entered upon. The wheat is first examined for the purpose of seeing whether there is any admixture of other seeds, or of grains already giving signs of sprouting by reason of being exposed to moisture. The grain thus selected is ground in a clean mill under the supervision of men appointed by the Rabbi and the community. A large oven is then heated several times in order to destroy every trace of chametz (leavened bread or substances akin to it). This being done, the families come together for the purpose of kneading and baking the matzoth. Every vessel used must be new, or at least used for no other purpose, and never touched by chametz. When the kneader has prepared the dough, it is cut in pieces and distributed to those who are to assist in making it up. These roll it out as thin as possible, and when this has been done a young man goes round with a little instrument consisting of a handle with a revolving pointed wheel, with which he punctures the cake in various directions. This is done that the dough may not rise or bulge out when put into the oven. Owing to the thinness of the cake it is quickly baked.

On the evening of the 13th day of Nisan, the father of the family takes in his hand a wax-candle and a small brush (generally consisting of a few feathers tied together), with which he goes to the corners of various rooms, collecting or sweeping together a few crumbs which had been previously left there, and as he gathers them he says a short prayer. These crumbs he puts carefully aside till the next forenoon, when the second part of the ritual is performed, that of burning, and thus removing the chametz, on which occasion another prayer is said. In the meantime the house has been thoroughly cleansed of every trace of leavened bread, and now nothing leavened may be eaten till the conclusion of the festival. In the afternoon this is done. The wine is put into flagons. The charoseth—a mixture of apples pounded up with cinnamon (the cinnamon represents the straw mixed with the clay), and other spices is prepared, in commemoration of the clay which the Israelites used for brick-making in Egypt. Into this compound, "bitter herbs" (maror) are to be dipped as commemorating the bitterness of their bondage. Besides this, some parsley or celery is procured, which is to be eaten, having been dipped in salt water. The Paschal Lamb and festive sacrifice are represented by a roasted bone and a roasted egg.

Next, three Matzoth are placed, one on another, in a pile and wrapped in the folds of a napkin. The upper is termed "Priest," the middle "Levite," and the lower "Israelite." A couch or bed is prepared for the father or head of the family to recline upon, this being a symbol of freedom. When darkness comes on, all go to the synagogue to say the evening prayer.

An English lady missionary about sixty-five years old, has been living for several years in Bethany (the home of Mary and Martha). On Easter Sunday, about 10 P.M. after supper, she retired, and her companion, an English lady, about twenty-one years old, also retired to her room. The servant is a Mohammedan, but it was supposed by our lady missionaries that he was a converted Christian. He was downstairs and immediately after shutting the door of the house, provided himself with a rope and a knife. He knocked at the room of the young lady and told her she was wanted; the elderly lady heard him speaking to her companion and called to her, "No, you are not wanted;" but her friend did not hear her and she appeared in the sitting-room. The servant's desire was to have the two together in one room. He tried to bind the two with a rope, but was powerless to do so. However, he succeeded in throwing the elderly lady on the ground and cut her on the neck. The young lady caught his hand but could not stop him and her fingers were badly cut. She left the room, running downstairs and shouting for the villagers of Bethany for help; but to her great surprise she found the door closed. Meantime, the servant seeing the blood running from his employer's neck, left her with the idea that she was slaughtered. He then caught the girl by her hair and twisted it around his hand and he brought her back to the room to slaughter her. Fortunately the cut on the old lady's throat was only skin deep. She drew near the door and closed it, and when the servant brought the girl he found the door shut. The young girl shouted to her friend to give the man some money, and on receiving 120 francs he left the house and ran off in the direction of Jerusalem. When he came to the cemetery of the Jews, which is near to the garden of Gethsemane, he fell and broke his leg and was carried by some people, passing by early in the morning, to the Russian hospital.

The two ladies were in a sad plight. The blood from their wounds kept running till next morning, when the young girl went up to the roof of the house and shouted for the villagers of Bethany to come for help. The news was sent at once to the British Consul of Jerusalem and with an English doctor, the women were both carried to the English hospital and placed under the care of Dr. Wheeler. The servant was brought from the hospital and imprisoned at once.

"The River of Death."

Death is frequently pictured as a river to be crossed, but for the Christian its stream holds no terrors, for he is assured that he will be safely led to the further side. Miss Williams, a missionary in China, writing of a visit to Paoning, says: "I was taken into a hut where a poor woman was dying. Quite alone, and eighty-seven years old, she lay on straw on the mud floor, covered over with rags and straw. She had no one to care for her, her nearest relation being a niece living some *li* away, who came once a day with a bowl of rice. When the poor old woman saw me she said:

"'My sins are great, and so I have this trouble. I am crossing a river, but not on a bridge; I am falling in.' The Chinese have the idea that at death a river has to be crossed. If during life they have done good, they will go over by a bridge; if evil, they will fall into the river. Thank God! I could tell her that there was one called Jesus, who loved her and bore her sins; he could take her safely across the river. Oh! why do not more Christians come out and help to give the Gospel to these people? Hardly one of the hundreds with whom I have come in contact this week had ever heard of Jesus before."

A Sacramental Hymn.

COME, my soul, in true devotion,
Turn thee from the world aside,
And behold with fond emotion
Him who for thy ransom died.

At his table hear him saying:
"Eat this bread and drink this wine."
Lo, the words, his love portraying,
Beam with light and truth divine!

Gracious Lord, thine invitation,
All unworthy, I obey.
With thy flock I choose my station
While with thee we feast to-day.

Eastford, Conn. —JOHN P. TROWBRIDGE.

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

The new botanic discovery Alkavis, is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 41 Fourth Avenue, New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we advise our readers to try it as it is offered free.

For Catarrh, Asthma and Throat Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Not Words, But Deeds — The Electropoise — Facts, Not Theories

An Oxygen Home Remedy Without Medicine

SCIATICA.

AUGUSTA, GA., July 16, 1894.

For two years I had not been free from sciatic pains, and sometimes they were so severe that I would jump out of bed while asleep. I spent a large amount for special treatment, and was sixty-seven times cauterized with a white-hot iron. Hearing that a partner of Gen. Alger, of Detroit, had been cured by the Electropoise, I determined to try it. At that time I was almost helpless and could not walk to my office. One year's use of the Electropoise cured me, and I have been free from sciatica for three years now. I would not take $5,000 for my Electropoise if I could not get another.

WM. C. SIBLEY,
(President Sibley Cotton Mills.)

We send free a little booklet describing the Electropoise and its workings. Shall we send one to you?

Electrolibration Co., 1122 Broadway New York

INDIGESTION.

WHITESTONE (L.I.), N.Y., July 10, '95.

For years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion, so that sometimes I could neither eat nor sleep and life became a burden. I employed several noted physicians in and around New York, and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine.

Through a friend I was induced to try the Electropoise. When I began its use I was unable to sleep or even lie down more than two hours each night. It was some time before the Electropoise made any favorable impression, but I kept at it, following directions closely. I have now no more use for the stomach tube; eat three meals per day; sleep like a child from seven to eight hours per night, and enjoy life.

REV. J. J. MOFFITT,
(Pastor Epworth Methodist Church.

This $75 "Maywood" Bicycle (complete) for $35 and Coupon

$40 is our Special Wholesale Price. Never before sold for less. To quickly introduce the "MAYWOOD" Bicycle, we have decided to make a ***Special Coupon Offer*** giving every reader of this paper a chance to get a first class wheel at the lowest price ever offered. *On receipt of $35.00 and coupon,* we will ship this Bicycle anywhere to anyone and guarantee safe delivery. Money refunded if not as represented after arrival and examination. We will ship C. O. D., for $36.00 and coupon, provided $5.00 cash is sent with order as a guarantee of good faith. The "Maywood" is the **STRONGEST AND SIMPLEST BICYCLE** ever made. Adapted to all kinds of roads and all kinds of riders; simple in construction, easily taken apart and put together again; has few parts; is of such wiry construction that its parts will hold together even in an accident; no hollow tubing to crush in at every contact; a frame that cannot be broken; so simple that its adjusting parts serve as its connecting parts; a one-piece crank in place of a dozen parts; always ready to give reliable and rapid transportation. **FRAME**—Improved Double Diamond, ***guarantee for three years.*** Made of ¾-inch cold rolled steel rods. Toughest and strongest metal for its weight known: joined together with aluminum bronze fittings in such a manner that it is impossible to break or any part to work loose. ***A marvel of novelty, simplicity and durability.*** Ball-bearings to every part, including wheels, crank-axle, steering-head and pedals. **WHEELS:** 28 inch; warranted wood rims; piano wire tangent spokes and brass nipples. **HUBS:** Large barrel pattern. **TIRES:** "Arlington" Hosepipe, or Morgan & Wright Quick Repair. **CUPS AND CONES:** Best quality tool steel, carefully tempered and hardened. **CHAINS:** High grade; hardened centers; rear adjustment. **REACH:** 28 to 37 inches. **GEAR:** 64 or 72. **FRONT FORK:** Indestructible. Fork crown made from gun-barrel steel. **HANDLE-BAR:** Reversible and adjustable, raised or dropped. **SADDLE:** P. & F. or Gilliam. **PEDALS:** Rat-trap or rubber. **FINISH:** Black enamel; all bright parts nickel plated. Each bicycle complete with tool bag, pump, wrench and oiler. **WEIGHT:** According to tires, pedals, saddle, etc., 27 to 30 lbs.

If you prefer examination before paying, send for our large illustrated ***catalogue with testimonials*** explaining fully how we ship bicycles anywhere, to anyone at the lowest manufacturers' prices without asking one cent in advance. Over 27 different styles and kinds to select from. Boys' and girls' wheels, **$10.75, $15.50** and **$30.00.** ***If you want a bicycle, now is the time to get one at a bargain*** direct from the manufacturers.

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is a chance of a life-time and you cannot afford to let the opportunity pass. Order today, as you may be too late if you delay. This is the most remarkable offer ever made by a reliable firm. *We refer to the First National Bank of Chicago,* Dun or Bradstreet's Commercial Reports. The editor of this paper knows we are responsible and will do as we agree.

Address (in full) **CASH BUYERS' UNION,**
162 West Van Buren St., Dept. 18, Chicago, Ill.

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COMPLEXION
Imparted by the Use of the
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The new and only rational way to treat the skin is by **VAPORIZING AND MASSAGE.** Humanity has for years been trying to discover some thing which would renew Youth and restore Elasticity and beauty to the face and form. **The Home Face Vaporizer** is a recently invented device by which a perfect complexion may be obtained, and all blemishes removed and cured permanently. **There Never was Anything like it.** Vaporizing produces a healthy and vigorous circulation. The most beautiful complexions are those now produced by the *Vaporizing and Massage Process.* Relegated to the past must be the face powders and poisonous liquids which fill up the pores and destroy its healthfulness rather than beautify the complexion. Pimples, blackheads, wrinkles, freckles, brown or liver spots, smooth ugly or muddy skin, sallowness, sun-tan, sea-tan, tetter, eczema, etc., quickly removed by the use of medicated vapor. To further introduce same into every household in the country, **the Home Face Vaporizer will be SENT FREE to any lady who desires to test its merits.** Address,
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DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of 117 West 45th Street, New York—the oldest Lung specialist of this country—explains in popular lectures the germ nature of consumption; the condition of the throat and lungs that leads to it, and the wonderful success of its treatment by specific germicides discovered by him and applied directly to the lungs by inhalation.

Those having weak lungs or any lung complaint can obtain Dr. Hunter's books and full information, free of charge, by addressing him as above.

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Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 an hour. You can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pad and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker; worth $1.00. Mailed for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and catalogue of 1000 bargains. Name outfit with figures if desired. Outfit for printing two lines 25c. postpaid.
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A Kaffir's Work for Christ.

Rev. T. Wainman, a missionary in the Transvaal, wrote recently describing the ...ers of a native named Michael, who h... done a great religious work in his ...trict. Michael went to a Boer farmer ...sk permission to preach to the native ...vants. "What do you want?" he was ...ed. "I should like to teach the na...ls on your farm about Jesus Christ." "What do you know? You know noth...," said the Boer. However, the farmer ...wed him to go and preach the Gospel. ...n a mud-and-wattle church was built, ... the natives gathered in. The Boer's ...ldren came walking round this church ...day, and heard the man preaching the ...spel. They told their parents that they ...rd the Kaffir preaching in their own ...nguage (Dutch) splendidly. The father ... mother would not go inside, but lis...ed outside the church, and, from what ...e heard outside, they were induced to ...o inside, and after a time they became ...d friends of the evangelist, and looked ...on the kindliest feelings on his work.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contrib...ed by the readers of this journal to the ...ious worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$23 87
Jane Hope	10 00
Friend, Sherborn	5 00
Friend's Name, Ohio	5 00
Total	**$43.87**

Sir Charlotte's Day-Star Home.

Jane Hope	5 00

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$11 50
Miss Caroline D Mills	1 00
Jane Hope	5 00
Total	**$17.50**

At the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$2 50
Jane Hope	5 00
Total	**$7.50**

Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	24 50
A Friend	1 00
Love of Jesus	60 00
In Memoriam, Cotton-wood Falls	1 00
Total	**$86.50**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$25 00
A Friend	1 00
Rev. C.	1 00
Love to the Lord, Enfield	1 00
A Friend	50
A Christian Friend, Strand	1 00
Jane Seig	3 50
Total	**$33.00**

For The Christian Herald S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$75 50
F. Bklyn	1 00
W. Baltimore	3 40
Mrs. M. Johnson	2 00
Milo Torrey	1 00
Friends of the cause, Berlin	1 00
A Friend	1 00
Jane Hope	10 00
King's Daughter, Cornwich Village	1 00
In His Name, Warren	1 00
Miss Spofford Wears	25
Total	**$96.75**

For Mrs. Williamson's Home.

Previously ack'd	$104 50
Wash. Arlington	20 00
W. Balto	1 00
Total	**$125.50**

For American Board's Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$116 41
Miss Jane S Reynolds	1 00
Per Bonn	50
Mrs. M Davidson	2 00
A. W. Brunswick	5 00
Mrs. T Campbell	5 00
Mrs. A M. Vt	5 00
Mrs. Wilcox	50
Mite, Carroll Co.	1 00
Friend of Missions	
In Amsterdam	1 00
Rev. Cunningham	1 00
Mrs. Johnson	50 00
Total	**$188.41**

Living Waters Mission.

H. Langenberg	1 00

Philafrican Liberators' League.

Previously ack'd	$6 00
Mrs. J. W. Wilson	1 00
Robt J Kellogg	1 00
John Anracher	25 00
Miss E Rutley	2 40
Herbert Lawrence	1 00
Mrs M Verhage and friend	2 00
Miss Marie Chatelain	2 00
Miss S Cordier	10 00
Henry Lefort	1 00
Total	**$51.40**

Five Points House of Industry.

Previously ack'd	$ 11
Jane Hope	5 00
Total	**$ 5.11**

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Previously ack'd	2 00
Mr Geo Baumgardner	1 00
Total	**$3.00**

For Mrs. Lamadrid, St. Andrew's ic. Coffee Stands.

Previously ack'd	$3 70
Mrs Edith K Scott	1 00
Jane Hope	10 00
Total	**$14.70**

New Orleans Mission.

Previously ack'd	$2 00
W. P. Balto	1 00
Total	**$3.00**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$20 00
In His Name, Gooding	75
C E S, Springfield	2 00
Sudie McLoughlin	50
Total	**$23.25**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$48 06
F B, Bklyn	1 00
W H Childs	1 00
W P, Balto	2 00
J L P, Highland	3 00
Mrs Eva M S, Washington	25
My mite, Carroll Co, O	50
Mr Geo Baumgardner	1 00
In His Name, Woodside	1 00
—, Lima, Ind	1 00
Total	**$58.81**

Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Jane Hope	10 00

For the Florence Mission.

Friend, Odelltown	1 00

For The Christian Herald Children's Home.

Previously ack'd	$33 36
Mrs Milo Torrey	2 00
Anonymous	1 00
Jane Hope	20 00
Miss M A Miller	1 00
Mrs J G Stevenson	1 00
In His Name, DeSoto	1 00
—, Nevada	1 00
Total	**$60.36**

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years standing, and Hon. L. G. Cline of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lay down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Fruit cured him at once. To make the matter sure, this and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in the wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

TO THE READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

After hearing the subscribers express their appreciation in such high terms, we are determined that **EVERY Reader** and **Subscriber** of **The Christian Herald MUST** have one or more of these **Crayon Portraits** before the offer is withdrawn. Many who sent in their first order with a coupon and $5.50 were so well **satisfied** that they immediately sent in other orders and willingly paid the regular price of $15.00.

Remember, the price **now** with coupon is $5.50, all future orders without coupon to be at the regular price of $15.00.

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New York, May 27, 1896.

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100 Bars Sweet Home Soap. 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
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The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
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Our offer explained more fully in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—The Larkin Soap Company have used the columns of *The Congregationalist* for two or three years past in advertising their "Combination Box of Soap" sent in connection with an oil heater, desk or chair. The publisher of this paper has written personally to a number of subscribers who have responded to the advertisement and purchased the soap. Without exception they state that they are perfectly satisfied with the goods and with the business methods of the Larkin Co. The letters speak in praise both of the soap and of the premiums that accompany it.—*The Congregationalist.*

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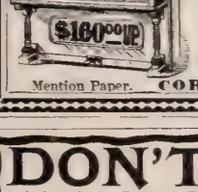

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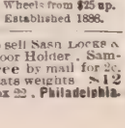

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WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks & Door Holder. Sample Sash Lock **free** by mail for 25c. stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Beats weights. $12 a day. *Write quick.* **BROWARD & CO.,** Box 22, **Philadelphia.**

What is Your Weakness?

Is it Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Rheumatism, or any other diseases of the Kidney, Bladder, or Stomach? If so, send for FREE PAMPHLET of the NEW and famous Stafford Mineral Springs Water near Vossburg, Miss.)

Astounding — Convincing Proof of Cures.

A letter from Rev. Dr. L. E. HALL, an eminent Baptist Divine:

HATTIESBURG, MISS., Dec. 15, 1892.

Gen. E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senator, Washington, D.C.

DEAR GENERAL—I enclose you a pamphlet recently published by a company of gentlemen of New Orleans, who are developing the Stafford Mineral Springs Water. The wonderful efficacy of this water exceeds anything that I have ever known. If any of your friends are suffering from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, etc., etc., kindly inform them of the water. If I had not seen with my own eyes the wonderful effect of it on parties who were on the very verge of the grave; If I had not seen their complete restoration to health after every available remedy had been exhausted and life had been utterly despaired of, I would not venture to hazard my reputation for integrity and truth on its virtue, as I have.

Yours truly, L. E. HALL.

Stafford Mineral Springs & Hotel Co. Limited.
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE GOSPEL AMONG THE RANCHMEN.

Sunday School Missionaries Write of their Experiences on the Frontier — Rough Lives Ennobled by Christianity—Saving and Training the Frontier Children.

AN INCIDENT OF WESTERN RANCH LIFE—MARKING THE CATTLE.

THERE is probably no single class of evangelical missionary work, the world over, which covers a wider

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re devoting their lives to uplifting the
Gospel standard in the remotest corners of our land.

These missionaries work especially in the scattered neighborhoods at the edge of the new settlements — places where no one has interest enough to carry on the Gospel work, and where the people are not sufficiently interested to support or even to start a religious work. To such localities every trained missionary goes with as much relish as the city pastor does to his pulpit. People who have come from the old settlements often seem to lose all interest when coming to such places. Especially is this true of the men. The rough, outdoor life, somehow, breaks the home training and its influences. Sunday becomes a visiting day, where men and women, who have been separated for a week or more, can camp together, renew associations and learn the latest news. These camps may be found all over the West. No better hearted men can be found anywhere. They have a rough, hard life of it and are not polished in their manners; yet they scorn anything but the pure Christianity. Always on the alert, they are good students of human nature and can judge the character of a man almost at sight. Once make a friend of them and you will find them as true as the trained ponies they love to ride so well.

FRONTIER CABIN.

One of the A. S. S. U. missionaries, Mr. Frank Kiser of Downs, Kans., writes us this interesting description of mission and Sunday School work in the newer portions of his State. To the class of people among whom he labors, "the little school-house on the hillside becomes to them a church. A person wrote to me they had no preacher, and so we commenced prayer-meetings all by ourselves. We had blessed meetings and three boys, whom we could not get last winter, came to the Lord. We prayed much over them and thought we never would get them. I know one of these men who left a Christian home in the State of New York when a boy, and came to the West to seek his fortune. In his wanderings he came to one of our meetings for a few nights and was converted. In his testimony he said: 'This is in answer to my mother's prayers. For ten years, back in the State of New York, she has been praying for me, and to-night her prayers have been answered. I am going back to her in her old days, to stay with her and to comfort her.' A few days afterward he did start, and

ON THE WAY TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

let us hope that he is cheering the closing hours of a sainted mother's life.

"Like hundreds of others in our mission schools, two rough boys attended the school from Sabbath to Sabbath coming on horseback with other boys. True, they supported a widowed mother, but, like the others, they blasphemed, ran horses and desecrated the Sabbath day. But the seed that was sown in the school was not lost for at our meeting one night, I noticed an aged lady come tottering into the crowded house, leaning on the arm of a young man that I took to be her son, as he was so kind to her. In the testimony meeting at the close of the service he arose and said: 'I was out husking corn to-day and was thinking about the sermon of last night. I just knelt down and gave myself to Christ. I came to the house about 11 o'clock and as I came in I asked mother to go to church to-night. Then she looked through her glasses with, 'John, what do you mean? What is the matter with you?' And I told her that I had been converted. Then she took me in her arms and I thought she would never let go of me.' When he was seated, the mother got up and told of her pleadings with the Lord for her boys and how happy she was that one had found peace in Christ. But oh! would we not pray for the other son who was still a

(Continued on page 430.)

WESTERN RANCHMEN EQUIPPED FOR A JOURNEY

(From a photograph taken by a Sunday School Missionary.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Flowers on Northern and Southern Graves.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Solomon's Song 4 : 4, *"The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."*

THE Church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David, and see the dented shields and the twisted swords, and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So at this season, a month earlier at the South, a month later at the North, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O walls, with stories of self-sacrifice, and patriotism, and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the South one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards, so yesterday we, the men and women of the North, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side: and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah, he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington, he was glad to put a sprig of heart's-ease on the silent heart of our dead.

In a battle during our last war, the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life, and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! don't fire! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field, the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private; and just before the two disappeared behind a barn, both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the Gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men." Now what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war. Even to them the years have no vivid appreciation. No one under forty-one years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment, or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail-car windows and steamboat wharves, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again, and never did see them again until they came back mutilated, and crushed, and dead!

Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of grave-digging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then news of thirty thousand slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead, and a long list of the missing. And among the last list, our boy.

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing! missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps, as she soliloquizes, "Missing! missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by North and South, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the North pay in money for the slaves as property, and set them free." The North said, "We cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have paid the money and saved the lives of five hundred thousand brave men, and might not the South better have sold out slavery and saved her five hundred thousand brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers, and sons to a new hatred for—the champion curse of the universe—war! O Lord, God, with the hottest bolt of thine omnipotent indignation, strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabres that ever glittered in battle, and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagrations of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall, and in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, but because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce in 1717, in his *Institutions of Military Law*, said of the European armies of his day: "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, and all dastardly feminine men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army then was ninety-five per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable because it destroys the picked men of the nations.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We yesterday put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it.

The Church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the Church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the mamby-pambyism of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffled, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle not with warriors' gauntlet but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword-hilt too tight lest the glove split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do-nothings for one do-everything. "Quit yourselves like men, be strong."

> The nations in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer, though they die;
> They see the triumph from afar,
> And seize it with their eye.

Again, we mean by this national observance to honor self-sacrifice for others. To all these departed men, home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out tomorrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive; for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes, and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and follow the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro, and the swamps of Chickahominy were not play-grounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three quarters for ourself and give one quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christlike. Put a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarious! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulchre for others.

Those who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—Unknown. When, about twenty-one years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was was not so much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth or with the attendance of President and Cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on the many graves at my feet. Unknown! Unknown! It seems to me that the time must come when the Government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the best loved sons of the Republic.

Would it not be well to take the statue of the heathen goddess off the top of the Capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one grand statue in all our national cemeteries—statue of liberty in the form of a Christian woman with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These are my sons who died that I might live. Take off the misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightier baptism of blood we know them, and yesterday the nation put both arms around them and hugged them to her heart, crying, "Mine forever!"

Again, by this national ceremony we mean the future defence of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for their country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can't gnaw something off it. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sectional strife.

No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defence. An inventor told me that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defence but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon you have introduced the millennium." I have no

right to go on my neighbor's premises and assult him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family and I can borrow a gun and load it in the and aim it straight enough, I will shot.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you don't think so, go to Montreal and Toronto and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know that those forts around New York Bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die! When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say, "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Hip! I go for God and my country! Hurrah!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battle-field: Seventh New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshooters. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our mad sectional wrangling. I have no fear in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of Union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds on our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This natural observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted thirty or forty years ago, and has swung the scythe through the long grass and has brought the stone-cutter to call out the half-obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting-place of father, mother, son, daugher, brother, sister.

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting-places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David. "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription: "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus will enfold you in his arms. The white-robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah Chorus.

An Opportunity in Calcutta.

CHRISTIAN work among the college students of India has a prospect of increased facilities in the new and imposing structure which the Young Men's Christian Association is trying to purchase. If some American millionaire who takes an interest in missionary work, would come to the help of the Association with a gift of fifty thousand dollars, he would be doing a service which would have far-reaching results. The Young Men's Christian Association in Calcutta has proved its need of better quarters. It is located at present in a private house which is as commodious as the funds available will allow, but already it has proved so utterly inadequate that more young men have gone away for lack of accommodation than have been received. They have come from the twelve principal colleges of Calcutta, and the Visitors' register shows that they belong to nearly one hundred towns and villages scattered over Bengal. If these young men could all have been received as members, there would have been a rare prospect of missionary evangelization. When during their vacation and at the conclusion of their college course they return to their homes, they might have carried with them Christian principles which would have made them centres of Christian influence. That the opportunity should have been missed was a great grief to the managers of the Association. They longed for more room and better facilities.

PROPOSED HOME OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF CALCUTTA.

At this juncture, when the need was so urgently felt, the opportunity of supplying it occurred. The Government desired to dispose of the building, a picture of which appears on this page. It was erected as a hospital for native women, but for that purpose its location was a disadvantage. It is too conspicuous. It stands on the great boulevard which the Government recently cut from the terminus of the East Indian railroad, straight through the most crowded native quarter, to the terminus of another important railroad on the opposite side of the city. Within five minutes' walk of it are six large colleges, each containing from six hundred to a thousand students, and these students pass the buiding every time they visit the athletic grounds in Marcus Square. A most unsuitable site for a woman's hospital in a land where woman's life, and especially a sick woman's life, is made extremely secluded. But the very characteristics which rendered the site unsuitable for that purpose, recommend it for a young Men's Christian Association. The Association fully appreciated its advantages and the Government being friendly to its work, offered to sell it to the Association at a lower price than could have been obtained in the open market. The fifty thousand dollars, however, that it is necessary to raise for the purchase, put it beyond the reach of the Association. Mr. D. McConnaughy, Jr., the General Secretary of the India National Union has therefore returned to this country to lay the opportunity before the generous, wealthy givers, who know how much good such institutions are doing in our own land. We sincerely hope that among them will be found some who will enable the Association to avail itself of this grand opportunity of adding to its facilities. It is distinctly a missionary work, inasmuch as it will enable the Association to reach that class of young men who in a few years will exert a paramount influence on the natives of India.

His First Prayer.

It is related of the celebrated preacher, Rev. Rowland Hill, that he was one day overtaken by a storm and compelled to pass the night at a village inn. At a late hour the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied: "I have been waiting a long time expecting to be called to family prayers." "Family prayers!" replied the waiter, "I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayers." The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, came hurriedly into the room and said: "Sir, I wish you to go to bed; I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out, I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply, "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayers." "All very well, sir, but it cannot be done here." "Indeed! Then pray get my horse, I cannot sleep in a house where there is no prayer."

The host, however, preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said: "I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how." "Well, then," said Mr. Hill, "summon all your people, and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord was called upon to pray. "Sir," said the landlord, "I never prayed in my life; I don't know how to pray." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands: "God, teach us how to pray." "That is my prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully, "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it." The man responded, "Thank you, God Almighty, for letting me pray to you." "Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, who then prayed himself.

Twenty years afterward he found in that village a place of worship and a school, as the result of that first prayer.

PERSIA'S NEW RULER.

MUZAFFER-ED-DEEN, the new occupant of the throne of Persia, was during the last year of his father's life, Governor of Azerbajan. His mother was the royal wife of the Shah Nasr-ed-Deen. Little is known of the abilities of the new

SHAH MUZAFFER-ED-DEEN.

Shah, but an English member of Parliament, Mr. G. N. Curzon, who was in Persia from 1889 to 1892, states that he is a man of good intelligence, and by no means one to be easily coerced either by Russia or any other power. It is claimed by others, however, that Muzaffer is a strong Russophile and that his reign will witness the decline of British influence in Persia. While Governor of Azerbajan, his friendship with Russia was so manifest as to incur his father's displeasure. He has been enthroned at Tabriz and the new regime seems to have been received with general approval. Amin-es-Sultan, who was Grand Vizier under the late Shah, has been retained in that position.

The new Shah, whose portrait appears on this page, is forty-three years of age. He is a tall, strongly-built man, and a keen sportsman like his father. His rule in the Azerbajan province was very popular. He has been more or less of a student and a close observer of events throughout the world. His acquaintance with politics, though not so extensive as was his father's, is still something remarkable for an Oriental prince, who has been but little out of his own country.

It is estimated that the personal wealth of the new Shah is somewhere between $200,000,000 and $250,000,000. In one apartment of his palace, it is said, is a collection of pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones of fabulous value. Shah Muzaffer is personally handsome and dignified in appearance, with regular features and a kindly expression. He has broad and liberal ideas and has made the most of his education.

The Abigail Free Kindergarten.

A few weeks ago, an article descriptive of the work of the Abigail Free School and Kindergarten, in New York, appeared in these columns. Since that publication, the institution has removed to new and more commodious quarters at No. 104 Sullivan street. All the departments are well attended, the Kindergarten being situated in the centre of a densely populated section, where there are large numbers of children of the class whom it is intended to benefit. Material encouragement in this philanthropic work will be welcomed by the management of the institution. Mr. C. P. Devare is Superintendent. In addition to the moral and educational work now being conducted, there is a free dispensary connected with the Kindergarten. Dr. E. F. Hofman, the physician in attendance, has volunteered his services among the sick children, while the Kindergarten managers supply any needed medicines.

Jesus Crucified.

Sunday School Lesson for June 14th. Luke 23: 33-46. Golden Text, I. Cor. 15: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SELF interest blinds human nature to all sense of right and justice. The presence of the Son of Man upon earth was a continual test to those who came in contact with him. Speaking or silent, he was among men One standing among them whom they knew not, and whom they could not understand. He was unlike themselves, all he did and said made them uncomfortable, for it struck at the root of all which was life to human nature. The flesh could not glory in his presence, there was nothing in Jesus which responded to the flesh which seeks its own glory, for he was ever seeking that of him that sent him. The self pleasing of the flesh ever had its rebuke in the presence of him who "pleased not himself."

In vain did the rulers of the people seek for a just accusation against Jesus; all the testimony of his life was that "he went about doing good and healing all them that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him." The devils had borne witness that he was the Son of God, his works, and especially the raising of Lazarus and the healing of the man which was born blind, bore the same testimony. His teaching was but the carrying out of the Old Testament Scriptures. All this was clear enough for such as had eyes to see, and yet the rulers and the chief priests had a deadly and malignant

Hatred Against Jesus.

Why was this? If Jesus were the true Messiah then they were proved to be false. Rulers, (whose office it was to rule men in the fear of God, if Jesus were acknowledged, lineal descendant of David that he was, and if he did come to sit on the throne of his father David, must lose their office; he could never rule with those whose life and spirit were so contrary to his own. The chief priests, whose office it was to bring men near to God, found the bitterest antagonism in their hearts against this man who did bring men near to God. If they acknowledged him, their position was at an end, they must renounce their office. For this they were quite unprepared. In the depth of their hearts, they worshipped another than the true God, they proved by their treatment of Jesus that self was their idol, their real god.

Justice lent no hand to the condemnation of Jesus; the heathen Pilate, again and again, enquired in vain, "What evil hath he done?" The miserable subterfuge of "false witnesses" failed, and "the rulers of the people and the chief priests" [illegible] accomplices in the vulgar mob, they accomplished, by tumult, that condemnation of the Son of the Man which they could obtain no other way. And thus sinful [illegible] It is easy to condemn these men in our hearts and to say, "If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have [illegible] the blood of the prophets" Matt. 23: 30), we would not have

Condemned Jesus.

But, alas! we, like the Jews of old, are witnesses to ourselves that we are their children, and that we inherit the same nature which is "enmity against God," "which is not subject to the law of God, neither can be," which "cannot please God" (Rom 8: 78), for which there is no remedy, and with which God can do nothing but bring it to the cross. Not only in our unconverted days, but even as converted people, whenever we have exalted ourselves, justified ourselves, depended upon ourselves, expected anything from ourselves, indulged ourselves, we have condemned Jesus who is come into the world, and into our lives, to carry our nature to the cross, to live his life, instead of ours, within ours, just as the Father dwelling in him did the works (John 14:10).

All that was written of Jesus must be accomplished; and among other Scriptures

THE HILL ON THE NORTH OF JERUSALEM BELIEVED TO BE CALVARY

Isa. 53: 12, "And he was numbered with the transgressors." That human nature, even at its best, cannot follow Jesus thus far, has been proved by the patient Job. The tremendous shock of the utter loss of all he possessed, combined with the heavy bereavement of his entire family in a single day was not sufficient to move this man of God from his steadfast reliance on his God. And even the greatest physical suffering in addition, such as in many cases has overcome some of the very truest children of God, found Job steadfast still. But when his friends began to number him among the transgressors, even Job broke down: human nature could go no farther, his patience failed him, and bitter retaliation and irony escaped the lips which up to this point had glorified God in all.

But Jesus, who was in all things made like unto his brethren (Heb. 2: 17) even to the living by faith in his Father's indwelling, as Christ dwells in our hearts by faith (Eph. 3: 17), accepted this wrong, and delighted to do his Father's will, and so fulfil the Scriptures. Then when they crucified him, and with him two malefactors, as though to imply that he who knew no sin was the fellow of such, he [illegible] the base personal insult, and only turned to his Father with the prayer of deepest love and consideration for his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This was not human nature; it was "God manifest in the flesh." Such fruit grows on no human stock, but where the flesh is denied and nailed to the cross, there Christ in us can bring forth such fruit, as we see in the martyrdom of Stephen. The life of the flesh which seeks its own, is death to the true spirit of Christ, the Lamb led to the slaughter, which openeth not her mouth, which doth not resist evil. The spirit of Christ cannot retaliate, which seeketh not her own (I. Cor. 13: 5) is death to the flesh, to fallen human nature.

"And the people stood beholding." O how many there are who stand thus, who are would-be spectators, neither for nor against the Christ of God. And yet it is for these that the Son of God suffered these things.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

LUKE'S narrative of the Crucifixion is a simple, unadorned account, told as if it were ordinary history, yet with each pathetic incident sympathetically recorded. A short passage of fourteen verses suffices for this, the most stupendous event of all time. Yet his picture is vivid, taking in all the accessories —the spectators could respond to a prayer of faith. The thief was looking forward to a distant time when Jesus would reign. It was a remarkable exhibition of faith, for to all appearance, all possibility of his reigning was at an end. But the thief must have heard something of the kingdom before this time and, though it had not affected his life, it had induced a faith which broke at the last. It is not of that distant time that Christ speaks when he answers him, but as he speaks now to believers with the assurance of immediate blessing. The third sentence is a note of triumph. The darkness and horror that had clouded his soul when he cried, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" was gone, and in the last moments the serenity that had characterized his whole life had returned. One peculiarity of Luke's description is the repetition of the taunt of the rulers, both soldiers and the impenitent thief. Three times Christ was reminded of his power, "Save thyself!" That was what he could not do. Satan had made the same suggestion at the beginning of his ministry when he had come to lay down his life. Now though he could save others, for him he could do nothing. It was his to suffer, not to avoid suffering. The constraint laid upon himself he retained to the end, and he could bear, in the greatness of his soul, to have his voluntary submission wrongly counted as weakness.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. These were the last words of Polycarp, Jerome, Luther and Huss, who, as they came to the verge of the dark river, committed them in the spirit of their Master. In the case of Huss there were circumstances which must have reminded him of Christ's last agony. When he was led out to execution at Constance in the year 141[illegible] priests and the officers of the civil power were in attendance and they joined in their taunts and execrations. A high hat was placed on the martyr's head as he was chained to the iron stake. The hat was covered with rude pictures of demons and Huss was told that they were the demons waiting to take possession of his soul. The brave man made no reply but as the flames curled around him he was heard to cry with an unfaltering voice, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

He saved others; let him save himself. The words were a taunt, yet we know how easily Christ could have saved himself had he chosen. But he chose to die that others might live forever. An illustration known to every school boy is that of the pilot of the river-boat who stood at the helm while his boat burned, holding it so as to keep the burning jammed against the bank while everyone on board got safely ashore. He might have saved himself, but if he had deserted his post the passengers must have perished, so he stood firm at the cost of his own life.

Father forgive them; for they know not what they do. From this it would appear that even sins committed in ignorance need forgiveness. After Tillotson's death a package of cowardly, brutal libels was found among his papers. They were endorsed: "These charges are all false. I pray God to forgive the authors as I do."

To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. An old divine says, "One instance of a man being saved in his last hour is given in the New Testament, so that none may despair; and only one, so that none might presume." A man was lying very sick and death was near. He had neglected his soul all his life, and was afraid to die. A clergyman was by his side trying to explain to him the way of salvation. The dying man's senses were dull and he groaned with the pain. "I cannot think, I cannot understand," he cried; "I shall be lost." The clergyman saw that his efforts were useless. "I can do no more," he said, "but Jesus can save you if you call upon him." "What, even now?" asked the dying man. "Yes, even now." The dying man in piteous accents entreated Christ to save a poor lost soul. There was a change in a few minutes. The mind grew calm. What passed in his mind no one knew, but a light shone in his face and he died in peace.

SLAVERY'S GHASTLY ANNUAL TRIBUTE.

Over 20,000 Lives Declared to be Sacrificed through it in Africa every Year—The Liberators' League and its Field of Effort.

AN AFRICAN FETISH HOUSE.

To the student of African affairs whose sources of information are limited to popular books of travel, and to periodicals which are not specially devoted to the anti-slavery movement, it is almost impossible to escape the agreeable illusion that the hoisting of a European flag over immense stretches of the African map, or the establishing of a few military or missionary posts in the heart of African savagery, are followed by a magical disappearance of slavery and the traffic in human beings on which the institution is based. This illusion is fostered by the false patriotism of colonial authorities and writers who are afraid that their political rivals would use the facts against them, if it were known that illegal practises are the rule in the territories over which their national flag is waving. Like every other untruth, this illusion is baneful in its effects; and it is the duty of the anti-slavery societies to correctly inform public opinion by the publication of facts. Of all European nations, Great Britain is unquestionably the one which has the best record for determined action against the slave-trade and slavery itself. Yet there is no doubt that these evils are still flourishing in her African dependencies, except a few South-African colonies largely settled, and entirely governed, by white settlers. Even in Zanzibar the establishment of the British Protectorate has not been followed by the abolition of slavery. In a recent editorial, the London *Christian* says:

"The continued presence of slavery in Zanzibar is a blot on the escutcheon of England. The Sultan of Zanzibar is nominally under our protection, but is really a vassal, and if we put our foot down would be at once forced to abolish slavery. It is stated that by at once adopting that course in this dependency we are losing much to perpetuate the "open sore" of Africa, and cause the sacrifice of over a score of thousand lives every year to supply the Protectorate with slaves, besides causing untold misery in Zanzibar itself. England has been associated the world over with the great anti-slavery movement; and yet, for reasons hard to fathom, she here perpetuates the vile traffic in human bodies. It is a disgrace to our name, and steps should be at once taken to put an end to it.

France is, of all European nations, the one which makes the greatest boast of the "rights of man," and shows the greatest enthusiasm for universal liberty, fraternity and equality. Yet in all her African colonies, south of the Sahara, the most flagrant negation of these rights and principles—slavery—is to this day an all-pervading institution.

Writing from Kita, in the French Soudan a thousand miles from the coast, in the midst of a highland of Alpine beauty, where two great feeders of the Atlantic, the Senegal and the Niger, have their sources, a well known missionary writes, in substance, as follows: "Yes, slavery exists in spite of all regulations. It is, indeed, possible to gradually establish very expensive posts at a few strategic points; to intercept a few slave-caravans which pass near these posts; to prevent slave-raids in the immediate neighborhood; to stop the herding of public slave-marts wherever military detachments can enforce the execution of the white man's regulations; but it is impossible, as yet, to prevent slave-caravans from circulating secretly between posts several hundred miles apart; slave-holders from bartering their slaves; parents from selling their children; polygamous husbands from buying and selling wives; native courts from condemning criminals to slavery; the strong from kidnapping the weak. This result could only be obtained by placing a European soldier alongside of every native—and even the European would have to be inoculated against the virus of money-making at all cost. Nothing short of the complete regeneration of native African society by Christian, religious and civilizing agencies, will effect the extinction of African slavery. The weakness of government action, unless supplemented by religious transformation of the native, who considers slavery a natural social condition, is best shown by the following example. A French officer sees two slaves, a young man and a boy, cruelly treated by their master in a caravan. He liberates them and lets them go free. As soon as they are by themselves, the young man overpowers the boy and tells him, 'You are my slave; carry my bamboo.' And the boy patiently submits to what he considers the natural law of society. Near every French post, there is a village composed of freed slaves, to whom the liberating authorities have given land to cultivate. Now, these freedmen are as inveterate slave-dealers as their former owners. Their willingness to help the government officers in catching slave-caravans is due to their desire to secure some of the slaves for their own service, as domestic slaves. Wherever the posts try to enforce the complete suppression of slavery most of the natives move out of

FOULAH WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SOUDAN.

their reach. To suppress and prevent public exhibitions of cruelty and slave-raiding wars is about all the military posts can, at first, be expected to do. In Wasulu, slaves are so numerous that they have very little commercial value, and as a consequence, all the cruel instincts of savage mankind can there have full scope and unchecked career amid this human cattle. The most frightful atrocities are there committed daily and in public without exciting the least comment. Nearly all the devastating wars of Samory—himself a former slave—were prompted by his desire to secure more slaves wherewith to increase his supply of European fire-arms, ammunition and merchandise, or to replenish his harem and those of his officers. In Mohammedan regions, any avowed and energetic attempt to hastily eradicate slavery would cause instant rebellion.

At the French post of Kita, the slave-trade was merely controlled by the authorities. The regular price of young people above ten years averaged between thirty and forty dollars.

Necessary and helpful as European legislation against African slavery is, it will become effective only in as much as it is supplemented by Christian schools and a systematic teaching, by example as well as by precept, of the sinfulness of slave-holding and of the respectability of farm-labor, for free men as well as for women or purchased bondmen.

All those who will compare the plan of work of the Philafrican Liberators' League as expounded in "The Open Sore of the World" with the problems to be solved will agree with an editorial in the New York *Sun* of April 14, 1896, which says: "It is believed by many who have carefully examined Mr. Chatelain's plans, based as they are on his long study of African problems in the field where they must be solved, that a more practical scheme for the elevation of the native was never devised."

Heli Chatelain has made the task of aiding, enfranchising and enlightening the enslaved native African the great mission of his life. As the founder of the Liberators' League, he will be able, with its powerful organization, to do much toward carrying out its beneficent programme. All who are interested in the work may become actively identified with it by addressing Mr. Chatelain, at Room 511, United Charities Building, New York City. Pamphlets containing full information, with instructions for joining the League, will be freely sent on demand.

A Saintly Life Ended.

ONE afternoon about two weeks ago, there was a very large and representative gathering of God's people in the First Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., to pay the last tribute of love and respect to a dear departed friend. The occasion was the funeral of Mrs. Millard, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Nelson Millard of that city. In the assemblage, many Christian churches and denominations were represented, and the eloquent addresses delivered manifested a very high appreciation of the noble character and useful life that had just closed.

Alice Isabel Boyd (Mrs. Millard) was the sister of Mrs. Sarah I. Bird, whose evangelistic labors among the "lost boys" of the Bowery are already well known to a majority of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers. Mrs. Millard was for many years a prominent factor in every scheme of Christian work in Rochester—beautiful, honored, and beloved by the whole city. Among the refined and cultured she was a leader, both spiritually and intellectually, and among the poor she was regarded as a very angel of love and goodness. She had among the humble hundreds of beneficiaries, who will greatly miss the gentle heart and generous hand that so often cheered and helped them. Her nature was one that kept constantly in view the high Christian duty of helpfulness to others, and she found a pure and deep pleasure in good works, bestowing on others time, strength, money, counsel, cheer, with a noble self-forgetfulness that made such service the more precious. Certain traits of her character cannot be better described than in these words, by an intimate friend of the deceased, and who lived in the same city:

"Her convictions as to right and duty were firm, and while she had the courage to express them, she never offended, for she spoke all in love. Earth was not 'forced on her soul's use while seeing heaven:' she loved earth and the beautiful things of earth, and this was another source of her wide helpfulness, she was so human. . . . The faintest effort of the humblest person to lift his purpose was detected and heralded by her clear and sympathetic eye. She was a teller of good tidings; nothing delighted her more than to relate a piece of what might be called heavenly gossip about the thoughtful deed, or the bright word of some one else. She was fond of telling of a friend 'who had religion enough to keep house with, and to go 'way through to the kitchen,' little realizing that the expression exactly described herself.

"One of the best lessons of her full, rich life has been given all unconsciously to her, during her last months of suffering. To visit her (she had no 'sick-room') was to stand within a glory-place. If one went to offer sympathy or cheer, she came away herself enriched. To no one did she seem'ill, because that bright, keen, luminous mind, that strong, loving, wholesome soul still radiated the life which endures forever more."

THE NEW MODERATOR.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which is held this year at Saratoga, N. Y., has placed the highest office in its gift in the hands of

REV. JOHN L. WITHROW, D.D.

Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., pastor of the Third Church of Chicago. By a vote of 315 the Assembly elected him Moderator on its first ballot. The election gives general satisfaction, for Dr. Withrow had the support of the Liberals in the Assembly, while his conservatism is so thoroughly known and recognized as to secure the confidence of the Conservatives. He is essentially a working pastor, with a profound conviction that the spirit and teaching of Christ are the greatest needs of our time, and that the Gospel is now as in every age the true remedy for the world's ills. In Philadelphia, in Indianapolis, in Boston, and now in Chicago, Dr. Withrow has carried on an aggressive work, standing for sound doctrine and for the practical application of it to daily life. During the eight years he has been in Chicago over sixteen hundred persons have been added to the church and though it contains few wealthy persons it has raised over three hundred thousand dollars. The church with its six Christian Endeavor Societies, its associations and clubs for the benefit of the people around it, is a centre of Christian helpfulness that is of inestimable value. Dr. Withrow's election to the Moderator's chair may therefore be taken as an evidence that the Assembly is looking rather to aggressive work in the world than to a continuance of the internal warfare which of late years has occupied its attention. His first utterance since his election confirms this opinion. It was a plea for peace in the church. The spirit of love, he said, had always proved itself more potent than the spirit of violence. Controversy hindered the progress of the church, as it always must.

An Imperial Poet.

Like the German Emperor, the ruler of Japan is something of poet. At the recent celebration at Court of the Japanese New Year a few weeks ago, the Emperor presented a poem (to be read at the fete), which was entitled "Congratulations." One verse read:

Ame no shita
Nigiwe yo kosu
Tanoshi keve:
Yama no oku made
Mieiri no iiraketc.

[Happy the age when
The country prospers: for then
Does truth reach the remoteness
Of remote mountains.]

The Empress also had composed a poem, a verse of which ran thus:

The rays of the sun
Of heaven reach to the dark
Mountain recesses.
Auspicious age! Each in
His sphere happily prospers.

Both poems were enthusiastically received.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged, $48,225.31. — A. R. Bartholomew, $1.; Mrs. L. G. Cutting, $2.; Haselton Union Sunday School, $2.25.; Eva Herrington, $1.; Mrs. C. A. Jones, $5.; Mrs. McElwe, $2.; Fannie Murphy, 25c.; C. E. Wing, $2.50.—Total, $48,241.31

The Gospel Among the Ranchmen.

Continued from last page.

wanderer? She was hardly seated, when a young man arose away back in the corner of the room, among a lot of boys who were seated on the floor. After clearing his throat somewhat, he said, 'Now that I have someone to help me, I am coming to Christ, too, and I want you to pray for me.' I did not know who he was, but the mother did, and she found her way to her boy and throwing herself on his neck, wept tears of joy.

RANCH BOYS ON A HUNTING TRIP.

"The churches seldom reach many of these places, unless the interest is sufficiently developed to sustain preaching, but the missionary could fill volumes with such incidents of frontier life, illustrative of what the Sunday Schools are doing to evangelize this land. A few hours on his part, with a donation of helps to start the school, and they will run the school and study God's Word for themselves. In nine years' work in the Kansas field alone, 350 points have been reached, and 137 churches organized from the schools."

Through the efforts of the missionaries many hundreds of churches and a multitude of Sunday Schools have been founded and established. It is especially interesting to note the methods of working—how the faithful missionaries, ever alert for an opportunity of spreading the Gospel, plant the seed which later bears blossom and fruit. "One summer day, several years ago," writes a missionary, "I was driving along a section I had never visited before, and came upon an old man cultivating corn by the wayside. I stopped to talk with him, in hope of hearing any Sunday School news about that section. I found they had no school in that neighborhood. He went four or five miles to divine service every Sunday. After much persuading, I induced him to try to establish a school in the neighborhood so that the children could have a place to learn of Jesus. Short as was our acquaintance, I felt that he was a godly man and I could trust him. The result was that a work was commenced that day which has extended to two neighborhoods, and been the means of changing many lives. These two Sunday Schools are about all the services the people have. With another brother, whom the first man I spoke of has associated with him in the good work, a large section of the country is supplied with the Word of God. The old gentleman is quite a singer and has a small bass viol that he always takes with him and seconds the music as they sing. The day-school at one of the school-houses where they hold Sunday School is the smallest school-house in which I ever held a service. Every Sunday they have to bring in the wagon seats to accommodate the crowds. The building is only ten by sixteen, but it is very warm and it does not take much to heat it, so that they hold school there the year round. Those two devoted men are poor, so that there have been several times in the past few years, when the regular [illegible] that I have had to draw on the Mission Fund to help them in the work. Their experience tells the story of hundreds of other mission points that are looking to the American Sunday School Union for encouragement and support. When the missionary comes around in his long-extended tours they seem overjoyed to see and hear him. Over three hundred such points are found on the Kansas field alone."

In Nebraska, too, a splendid pioneer evangelical work is in progress, and many new Sunday Schools are reported. Missionary E. B. Young writes from that State as follows:

"I visited a section of country last week, where the people live in sod houses, board shanties, and dug-outs. One family was living in a dug-out away back in the brush, and the only way of reaching the place was by crawling through two barb wire fences and following a zig-zag path down a ravine, and at the edge of a steep bank we came to their home. We were given a chair and, moving it to a smooth place on the earthen floor, sat down for a visit with the family which consisted of five persons—man and wife, two children and the grandmother. This family with many others were reached by the Gospel a year ago, and and the improvement is quite noticeable in every way. A Union Sunday School in the vicinity developed into a church organization, and a small building was erected. The missionary conducted a revival meeting, and a large percentage of the school were converted and the church more than doubled its membership. This family were brought in with others. One week last month I planted four Sunday Schools — all flourishing and in needy places. One was in a run-down church where they have no regular services, and there had been no Sunday School for over two years. Last Sabbath I was present at a school I organized two years ago—my first school in Otoe county. It is doing grandly."

Another interesting phase of the work is described in the following letter from Missionary Thomas Lain, of the A. S. S. U.:

ARBEKOCHEE, IND. TER., April 20, 1886.

Arbekochee is an Indian town about seventy miles southwest of Muskogee. With the Indians, a town is not necessarily a collection of houses where people reside and do business, but a considerable portion of country ruled by a petty chief. The office of town chief is elective, the term four years, and without compensation. The public service of this dignitary is to preside at the ball games, the dances and annual busks. He decides all points of order, and his decision is final. Membership in a town cannot be obtained by residence, or preference, only by inheritance, and the inheritance comes through the mother. All male members of a town must meet at the annual busk, and take medicine, or pay a fine of five dollars. "Cold Water Town," of the Creeks, is an exception; it gives no busks, nor are its members required to take medicine. A clan is different from a town save in membership, which comes by inheritance. The clanship ties are more sacred with them than those of blood. No clansman may marry a member of his own clan, but he may of his own family. However dishonorably a man may act toward others, he must never deceive a member of his clan. The clans are named for some natural object, beast, or bird, and the insignia of a clan, is from whatever the name is taken. Thus, members of the Eagle clan, decorate themselves with eagle feathers, those of the Turkey clan, with turkey feathers, while those of the Bear clan, use bears' claws. It is somewhat different with the Wind clan, as its members use no decorations, but are supposed to act somewhat like the wind. Many of the Indians are giving up their clans, and disregarding the claims of their towns. These customs form the strength of their tribal relations, and are the foundation of most of their heathenish practices. We labor patiently, and wait for the Lord's time.

The place from which we write is in Arbekochee town, and is known as Norburgs or Earlville. The village is located on a creek in the edge of the timber, and is composed of one storehouse, one blacksmith shop, hotel, barn, camp, and Mr. Louis Norburg's residence. At the request of the proprietors, I organized a Sunday School here a year ago, and last Saturday came to pay it a visit. And all enjoyed the meeting on Sunday. As the people finished singing that beautiful song, "Christ, the Solid Rock," at the evening service, a rough man called out, "That was good!" On Saturday night several United States marshals came in, bringing with them two prisoners, one a desperado charged with many crimes, the other a farmer charged with the crime of harboring desperadoes. There were two of the desperadoes in a camp in the mountains, and in making the capture the officers had to kill one of them in self defence. They then made a rough pine box, and left him for the people to bury the next day. So in this rough way he was buried as he had lived. I only heard one man speak a word of regret for the dead man. I do not believe that the desperado [illegible] as well to be once hid, though there are yet a great many.

In February I had a splendid month; organized [illegible] Sunday School. I visited the Chickasaw nation during that month. The weather was fine, and the people everywhere received me kindly. They were, it seemed, in condition to grant every request I could, as [illegible] they were alert. I organized [illegible] Sunday School for the Indians exclusively, and I believe it will do well. It was on the South [illegible] an Indian woman was [illegible] [illegible] Mr. [illegible] the Chickasaw country was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] I spent the night [illegible] people were infidels. It was Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, at my invitation, the old gentleman [illegible] that day, and again that night at a farmer's residence. That old man heard both sermons, and [illegible] other old man, who was an outspoken infidel, and [illegible]

Some of the dangers incident to missionary travel in new and comparatively unbroken country are illustrated in a letter from Missionary Armstrong at Colfax, Washington, He writes:

"In the fastness of the Blue Mountains I lately organized a Union Sunday School in the forenoon, and conducted religious services at the same place at night. At the close of the services, a friend invited me to his home. He was to drive ahead. We started up a gulch in the darkness. He drove faster than I, and when we reached the point to go up out of the gulch to the main road, it was so dark I could not see him, neither could I see the road, and my horse passed on and up the ravine until we came into brush and rock. Meantime, thinking I had lost my way, they took a lantern and went in search of me. I heard them calling, and they brought me into the road again, and piloted me to their home, where I was entertained for the night. Once before I lost my way on the mountains and darkness overtook me. I was obliged to camp out, and next morning found that I was within a short distance of an Indian camp. The Indians treated me kindly.

"In the last three Sundays I have organized four Sunday Schools."

Readers of this journal are familiar with the work that is now being carried on in the Southwest by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School Missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp. For several years past this devoted missionary has labored in that field, and his efforts, as shown by his reports, published in these pages from time to time have been very greatly blessed. Not a month in the year passes that does not add to the record of new Sunday Schools planted, churches founded in out-of-the way neighborhoods, and sinners brought to the mercy seat. In a very large part of Missouri, Mr. Sharp is a familiar and welcome figure. In many localities there he has been instrumental in bringing about a marked improvement in the morals of the scattered communities, and in supplying them with the means of hearing the preached Gospel, and providing the inestimable boon of religious training for their children. In his missionary work last year, he traveled 7522 miles, and the record of that year's results, already published, shows it to have been the most fruitful, spiritually, of all his years of service for the Master. This faithful missionary is supported in the field by voluntary contributions exclusively, and all who are interested in the progress of Christian work in the new localities of the West and Southwest, and especially in the inbringing of the children, may aid his work by forwarding their contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for that purpose.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by the missionaries themselves. On the first page one of the photographs shows an incident of ranch life, where, with the aid of his ponies, the ranchman is enabled to mark his cattle. The practice might appear to be a cruel one, but it seems to be a necessity to keep them from straying away and being lost. When this is done, they are known wherever found. In another picture, a view is afforded of a party of "ranch boys," as they are equipped for a journey. Both of these men, as a missionary assures us, are followers of Christ, even though they have a rough exterior. A group of children, on their way to Sunday School in one of the new settlements, is also shown. Still another illustration shows the snug, comfortable pioneer home of a white settler. The two figures on horseback on this page are ranch boys out on a hunting expedition.

There is still a great work to do, for the newer districts of the West can be said to be thoroughly evangelized, and it is the duty, as it should be the pleasure of every Christian, to help bring about this result as quickly as possible, that the name of Jesus may be known and His salvation spread abroad from shore to shore of our native land.

The Tallest Man Living.

ALTHOUGH the days of the great giants—the Anakim—may be assumed to be past, there are still occasional instances of men and women attaining truly remarkable stature. A short time ago, Vienna was surprised at the appearance in that city of a man of most phenomenal height. He visited the editorial offices of the leading Vienna newspaper.

This stranger proved to be an American gentleman named Wilkins. On the following day, the journal in question published a most entertaining article, in which it described the various amusing situations in which a person of such prodigious stature might find himself. It regarded him as a practical illustration of the utmost development in height which a human being is capable of presenting. It appears that the Austrian police were summoned and appointed because the possessor of such a colossal frame seemed to have no idea of localizing so mammoth proportions in any unusual way; in fact, because he should pay to attend to his own business and to be about as unobserved as pleased; and where everybody is pleased, a private gentleman instead of

MR. WILKINS, AN 8-FEET 1-INCH COLOSSUS.

ing as an extraordinary character.

Mr. Wilkins, whose portrait appears in this page, is about 8 feet 1 inch in height. The person who stands beside him is an average man, 5 feet 10 inches in height. It is said that the distinguished professors of the Vienna Anatomical Museum (which contains the largest human skeleton known), took a deep interest in the visitor's wonderful development. They say that his vast frame, unlike that of most giants, is harmoniously and normally developed at all points, and that nothing is disproportionate. Giants are usually dull, sick, and ungainly, even to uncouthness, but Mr. Wilkins is graceful in all his movements, extremely pleasing in his address, intellectually bright, and in the enjoyment of superb health.

A Cheering Sight.

"I do not know," writes Bishop Taylor from Africa to *Word and Work*, "that anything cheered me more on my way from the Nile to Mengo than to have pointed out to me church after church crowning this or that hill, on the right hand and on the left. There are now, I believe, more than two hundred of these churches scattered throughout the country. The decent and orderly way in which the services (so far as I have seen them) are conducted is another token of the great advance that is being made in spiritual things."

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY Margaret E. Sangster.

Tom Elder, and a Word to Mothers.

THERE goes Tom Elder down the street in his new carriage, with his new team, and isn't the whole equipage superb? Who is the little old lady with the round face and the merry eyes, sitting · Tom's side? Surely it isn't, but yes, :o believe it is, no less a person than m's mother."

"If you please, we will drop Tom Elder m our vocabulary now, and use a more spectful form of speech, Cousin Letitia. nce Tom became a great lawyer, and w that he is retained as their counsel by e City Railroad Company, we must say r. Elder. You have been away fifteen ars, dear; a great many things can take ce in that space of time."

"Well, so it would seem. I left Tom eeping out Squire Winslow's office and nning errands for any one who would ploy him. He was a big boy then, fifn years old, and strong and willing, but did not know that he was ambitious. d as I remember things, his mother was ry poor and hard-working, and sold kes and pies."

"All that you remember is true. But ere was much which you did not know. m was studying very hard even then, ng every spare moment, and sitting up e at night. His opportunity came unpectedly, as God's happenings do, and is was the way of it:

"Squire Winslow's eyes gave out, from erwork, suddenly and alarmingly. The ctor ordered entire rest, and several urs a day in a darkened room. Of urse the Squire could not get along with-t knowing what was going on. He anted the newspapers read to him, and oks, and legal reports, and by degrees e family were tired out, so constant ere the draughts on their time and pance. One afternoon, Miss Sophy, who is Tom's Sunday School teacher, prosed to her father that Tom should ofiate as reader a portion of each day, and e Squire agreed, finding Tom a very satactory substitute for his own eyes. It not everybody who can read so clearly d intelligently that the listener is not ubled by the reader's personality, and cepts the medium of interpretation, with l pleasure. This was Tom's good forne, and it was the first step on the ladr by which he climbed.

"He was promoted to an easier and more sponsible place as general assistant, nen the Squire was again, so to speak, s own man, and it goes without saying, at he studied evenings, and attended a w school which met at night, and never glected an occasion when he could be of rvice to others, as well as with diligence d faithfulness occupying every post at was given him.

"So the years went on, and to-day Mr. der is on the top wave of success."

"What about his mother?" said Miss titia. "It was a hard pull for her, to ucate her boy, on the profits of her little ke-shop; it must have been by the exise of great self-denial that she succeed-, for her success meant his, and his, rs."

"She may have had trials," was the swer, "but she never talked about them, d to-day she has her reward. Not a dy in the land is more honored than rs. Elder, and she presides over her son's egant home with grace and dignity. It a pleasant sight to watch her face in urt, when Tom makes one of his eloent speeches; there is no one there who ngs on his words with so much eager mpathy, and you should see her eyes ndle, and her face glow when he scores a point. What do you think she said the other day, when someone congratulated her on her brilliant son; just this: 'Tom is a good man, my dear. I knew he would be, for he was always a good boy.'"

I wonder whether mothers generally place the right estimate in their own minds on a good boy. This is a true story, as most of the sketches in this column are, and it is borne in on me that I ought to emphasize this point with the mothers who read. Mothers, do not suffer your sons to drift away from you, in sympathy, in effort, in aspiration for the truest and best. Do not be willing, for the sake of present ease, to let your young sons form associations of which you are ignorant, or play in the streets after nightfall, perhaps with the vicious, certainly with those who are not well cared for in Christian homes.

A boy is not injured in the grain by a little privation. Sacrifice and self-denial do not hurt him, if he keep the fibre of his nature clean and pure. What injures a boy is any yielding to temptation, any tampering with falsehood and dallying with intemperance. The boy who works hard with a purpose in view, who reveres his mother and obeys her, and who grows in manliness, is reasonably sure to gain the respect of the community, and to do well in life.

Mothers, try to bring your boys early into the kingdom. Never rest while one of them is out of the fold. Christ-loving, Christ-led, Christ-serving, Christ-paid, should be the aim and the hope and the motto of every Christian mother for the son who is dearer to her than life.

"I go into the kitchen, and the cook fires me out; I go into the nursery, and nurse chases me away; I go into the parlor, and my mother says, 'Run away Jack!' I don't know where they want me, and I'll go into the street!" said a lad I knew. Was it not sad? Mothers, keep your boys your own. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In a Japanese Sunday School.

Dr. Dalton, quoted in the *Zeitschrift fur Missionskunde*, describes the rapid growth of the Sunday School in Japan, and its great value in diffusing the Gospel. He describes a session, opening with hymns, sung to our Anglo-Saxon tunes. In one Sunday School Dr. Dalton was especially struck with two female helpers: one a young girl in somewhat inferior attire, somewhat distorted in form, but her features reflecting unmistakably her devoted care for the childish group entrusted to her, and her warm affection for the Word of Life, which she was setting forth; and it was plain to see by the attentively listening children that she understood how to touch the spot in the children's heart "where her word of the holy Friend of the children finds good lodgment." Yonder ten or twelve children around an old mother, by years, toils and cares bowed sheer to the earth, and the little ones clustered around her as around a grandmother who is disclosing to her grandchildren a strange and wondrous story-world.

The New Methodist Bishops.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church Elects Drs. McCabe, Cranston, and Hartzell to the Bishopric.

OUR readers will be glad to have the portraits, which appear on this page, of the two ministers whom the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has elected to the bishopric. They are Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., and Rev. Earl Cranston, D.D. Their election does not increase the number of bishops, as they take the places of Bishops Bowman and Foster, who, on the recommendation of the Committee on the Episcopacy, were placed on the retired list as "non-effective." The report of the committee advising the retirement of the two venerable bishops was received with general regret. The two men are highly respected and they have both rendered valuable services to the church during the twenty-five years that they have held the office. There was a very pathetic scene when Bishop Foster's tall form with its crown of white hair, rose on the platform of the Conference, and, with Bishop Bowman, in a voice broken with agitation, asked permission to retire while the report was discussed. The sympathy of all present went with them, and there was a general wish that they could have been spared the pain that the report of the committee caused them. The Conference, however, realized that the committee had the interests of the church in view in reaching its decision, and endorsed it by its vote. The two bishops were accordingly retired, and they were commended to the Book Concern, which is authorized to make generous provision for their support. At a later session the same decision was reached as to the apostolic missionary-bishop, William Taylor, whose work in California, South America, India, Australia, and latterly in Africa, has won for him the respect of the whole religious world. He, too, on account of advanced age and increasing infirmities, was placed on the retired list.

THE NEW METHODIST BISHOPS.

REV. C. C. McCABE, D.D. REV. EARL CRANSTON, D.D.

The election of successors to Bishop Bowman and Foster was a matter of some difficulty. The rules of the Conference require that two-thirds of the voters shall be necessary to an election. A proposition was made to allow a majority to elect, but the Conference decided that in view of the importance of the office and of the urgent necessity of having the right men elected, it was unwise to relax the rule. The balloting continued through four days and not until the fifteenth ballot was an election secured. On that ballot 344 votes, eight more than were necessary to elect, were cast for Dr. C. C. McCabe, and on the sixteenth ballot Dr. Earl Cranston received 366 votes, and both ministers were consequently declared elected.

Dr. C. C. McCabe, better known as "Chaplain" McCabe, owing to his distinguished services in the war and his sufferings and ministrations in Libby Prison during his captivity of four months, has been for the past twelve years Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. He is in his sixtieth year and is a native of Athens, O. He was appointed by the Ohio Conference and was stationed at Putnam, when the war broke out. In 1863 he went to the front as Chaplain of the 122d regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was captured on the battlefield of Winchester while minstering to the wounded and dying, and was sent to Libby Prison. After his release, his health was so broken that he was sent into the hospital where he slowly recovered. After the war, he returned to the regular ministry and was appointed to Portsmouth, O. Subsequently he was called into the service of the Ohio Wesleyan University. His great work, however, was done in connection with the Church Extension Society, which secured his services in 1868. He traveled through the whole Union pleading its cause and succeded beyond the most sanguine expectation in raising funds and promoting the building of new churches. Sixteen years he gave to this arduous labor, throwing himself into the work with a devotion and an energy almost unparalleled. His services in that field commended him to the Board of Missions, which in 1884 secured him as Secretary. He entered on his new work with the same vigor, and during the twelve years he has held the office he has succeeded in so stimulating the giving spirit of the Church that the income has risen from $735,000 to $1,242,000.

It is a curious coincidence that Dr. Earl Cranston, who was elected to the bishopric on the same day as Dr. McCabe, was also born at Athens, O. He is in his fifty-sixth year, and has been thirty years in the ministry. He was converted in early boyhood, and commenced his studies in Ohio University with a view to the ministry. He had taken his Bachelor of Arts degree when President Lincoln's call for volunteers stirred his heart and turned his career in a different direction. He enlisted in the Third Ohio Infantry, and rose during the following years step by step to a Captaincy. After the war he was accepted by the Ohio Conference, and had several charges, until 1870, when, at his own request, he was transferred to Minnesota. He subsequently labored at Evansville, Ill., Cincinnati, O., and Denver, Colo., and became Presiding Elder of the Southern District of the Colorado Conference. To his energy and persistent labors while on that field are mainly due the initiation and development of Denver University, which before he left it, was practically clear of debt. In 1884 he was appointed by the General Conference to the agency of the Western Book Concern, in which he has since labored with success.

On May 25 the Conference elected a successor to Bishop William Taylor. It was thought by the colored members that the opportunity would have been used to elect a colored minister to the bishopric especially as the Committee on Episcopacy had expressed the opinion that the time was ripe for such an appointment. The first ballot, however, showed that there was no prospect of such a result. Two colored ministers, Rev. M.C.B. Mason of the Freedmen's Aid Society and Rev. H. A. Monroe both received votes but nearly the half of the Conference voted for Dr. Hartzell, the Senior Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. On the second ballot Dr. Hartzell was elected by a vote of 335 out of 451. Dr. Hartzell is a native of Illinois and is fifty-three years old. He was educated at Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston. He was associate corresponding secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society for twelve years and had been elected by this Conference to the post of Senior Secretary. One of the first to grasp Dr. Hartzell's hand in congratulation after his election was Bishop Taylor who greeted his successor with a cordiality that showed the greatness and magnanimity of the man.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Is the Sultan Repentant?

FROM Constantinople there has come by cable a dispatch to *The New York Herald*, capable of two constructions. It states, substantially, that a "movement has been started, with the consent, and even at the desire, of the Sultan himself," looking to the reconciliation of the Armenians with Turkey. This nineteenth century Nero, in less than eighteen months, has given up to the sword and the torch, the plunderer and the ravisher, hundreds of Armenian towns and villages. He is said to have personally ordered the great massacres of Sassoun, Erzeroum, Trebizond, Cesarea, Baiburt, Arabkir, and Oorfa, and to appease his fanaticism nearly 100,000 helpless Christian men, women, and children, have been butchered, with an accompaniment of unparalleled horrors. This monster is now represented as regretting the "state of affairs in Anatolia," and as offering the right hand of friendship to the Armenians and expressing a desire for a reconciliation. Those survivors of the massacres, sitting naked and shivering beside their starving children, among the embers of their ruined homes, are asked to forgive and to forget the past. They are invited to grasp the hand now tendered to them by the desecrator of all they held dear, the man who has even deprived Armenia of its name, and made its sons and daughters a people without a country.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," and there has been so much that is noble and generous in the Armenian attitude, amid all these calamities, and so little of the spirit of revenge, that it would not astonish the civilized world to see the remnant of that outraged people accepting, in all trustfulness and hope, the proffered hand. Throughout their national history they have had abundant opportunities to exercise the cardinal Christian virtue of forgiveness toward their enemies, and we believe that, as the Master forgave his murderers, they are now ready to extend the same Christ-like charity to their ancient persecutors, the Moslems, and to the Sultan himself. Such an act would be a sublime sacrifice of personal feeling, characteristic of a race that has given so many martyrs to the cause of truth.

But while, in such a situation, there would be no doubt as to the genuineness of Armenia's forgiveness, the sincerity of the Sultan's repentance might well be called in question. There are three kinds of repentance, viz: that which arises from a sincere regret for sin, and a desire to do better; that which is suggested or inspired by selfish considerations, and that which is prompted by craven fear. To which of these three does the repentance of Abdul Hamid belong? Has he realized the enormities of his crimes against humanity and Christianity? Does he shudder with remorse when he contemplates the frightful butcheries of which he was the author? Is it diplomacy, rather than regret, that dictates the proffer of the hand of reconciliation—the desire to hoodwink Europe again for some ulterior, sinister purpose? Or, is it the dread of encountering a fate like that of the lesser tyrant, Nasr-ed-deen, that impels the overture of peace? Is this new promise to be believed when, as all the world knows, his very latest pledge to appoint a Christian kaimakam in Zeitoun, was broken by the appointment of a Mussulman after his own heart? Is he only planning another betrayal of Armenia?

There is still another kind of repentance, but it is of so extraordinary a character, that it is only once referred to in the sacred chronicle of the Gospel. It is the repentance of Judas, the betrayer, who, after he had accomplished the blackest infamy of all the ages, was stricken with remorse, and threw away his useless life on the field of Aceldama. Let us hope and pray that the repentance of Abdul Hamid be not insincere, but that, even at this late hour, he may have a touch of human pity awakened in his breast toward the poor Armenians.

Science and Religion.

THERE is no war between genuine science and religion. The same God who by the hand of prophet and evangelist wrote on parchment, by the hand of storm and glacier wrote on the rocks. But there is a science "falsely so-called" that disputes with God the government of the universe, and makes the Creator a superfluity, since all things were made by a fortuitous concourse of atoms; it throws away the archangel's trumpet which wakes the dead, and there is to be no resurrection. Yea, it proposes to build a bridge over into the next life, and men start on it with their long trains of immortal hopes, and they think the bridge is beautiful, and the bridge is strong—never such girders and never such arches — but midway the Lord blows upon it and they are destroyed without remedy.

Let human invention and science do their best—span widest rivers, scale highest heights, fathom deepest depths, start longest rail-trains in swiftest velocity; but let them be reverential before that God before whom Isaac Newton, and Kepler, and Professor Silliman, and Joseph Henry, and Louis Agassiz were not ashamed to bow. Herschel staggered back from his telescope exhausted and overwhelmed, unable any longer to look at the display of God's omnipotence. In every observatory, in every scientific school, in every museum, in every architect's studio, let there be an altar of worship as well as philosophic apparatus.

Conflicts Now, Crowns Later.

OUR business is to conquer the world. This is a greater task than most of us realize, and involves a wider view of life than we ordinarily take. We are not merely to kill sin in our own hearts but are to make the entire world better in its social, political, intellectual and religious life. Every department of human activity is to be infused with the sweet spirit of Jesus Christ. Then take your place in the battle. Be cheered by the fact that the faithful soldier of the cross will never lose his reward. As the traveler stands in the old Grevfriars' Churchyard at Stirling, Scotland, he may look up to the castle that towers above him like a huge sentinel of Scotland's rights. On the esplanade stands an imposing statue of Robert Bruce. He is clad in full armor and is looking out over the valley that was once the scene of the battle of Bannockburn. In the old burying-ground beneath the castle there is a more modest monument, known as "The Martyrs' Monument," erected to the memory of those who laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus. It is a simple brown-stone shaft, and might be easily passed by. On each of its four sides are carved four plain figures. The lowest is a Bible with its pages opened wide. The second is a star. The next is a cross. Topmost of all is a crown. How striking the symbolism! The Word points to Jesus, "the bright and morning star." To follow him means to carry a cross. Carrying a cross is guarantee of a crown. Thus the Word points upward to Jesus, through him to the cross, and through the cross to the crown.

Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. W., Leal, N. D. A good brother here very often in his prayer uses the following words: "Hasten the day, Oh Lord, when all shall know thee, whom to know aright is life eternal." Will you kindly say where the brother gets the above quotation?

It is undoubtedly suggested by the language of John 17: 3 and similar passages.

Reader, Kearney, N. J. Could you not sometime when you have space, talk of the difficulties of liberating slaves and the objects of the Philafrican Liberators' League?

For all information concerning the League, write to Heli Chatelain at room 511, United Charities Building, New York.

A. K., Hallstead, Pa. Is it right to carry milk to the the creamery on Sundays?

If it be a work of absolute necessity only, then it is right; if otherwise, then it is a desecration of the Lord's day. One's own conscience alone can decide in such matters. Sunday labor is never justifiable, except the duty be one of necessity or mercy.

I. E., Elkhorn, Wis. Do you think we could get some of the Armenians for help, if we would send money for their passage? To whom could we write? I have thought of Dr. Kimball, as she would know the ones suited to certain work. We have read nearly all that has been in your paper concerning the Armenians and their dreadful suffering, and I would like to aid in their relief even more. We are glad to get Christian help, and will give them a good home and Christian privileges. Do you know how much the fare would be?

This is one of several similar letters received concerning the Armenians. There is a likelihood that many of them will come to the United States soon. Meanwhile, any reader of this journal desiring to aid any Armenians by employment or otherwise, should communicate with the Armenian National Relief Association, New York City, which has special facilities for dealing with such cases.

Mr. Joseph Ruppa, Laird, Mich., writes: In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I noticed Rev. G. J. Miller's letter, where he said that the smallest church was at Juana, and that it is 16x20. Now, I had the honor to be present at the dedication of a church at Laird, Houghton County, Mich., which just measures 15x20. Indeed, it is a very small church, but as they have tower and even bell in it, it looks very nice. There are three benches on each side, each of which holds three persons. Then they have a pulpit in one corner, a place for a choir in another, and an altar in the centre. The builders of the church are a few very poor Finland farmers who hold dear the Lutheran doctrine in which they have been brought up.

Anna M. Blessing, Philadelphia, Pa. Was Herod a king? I have been told that he was not a king. The Bible says he was.

There were ten members of the house of Herod, the first of whom, Herod the Great, (referred to in Matt. 2: 16–18,) was king of Judea, having obtained the title from Rome. It was a vassal kingship. His son, Herod Antipas, inherited the kingdom and was also tetrarch (or governor) of Galilee and Perea. This is the Herod who figures so conspicuously in the narrative of the Evangelists and before whom our Lord was sent by Pilate for examination, when Pilate learned that Jesus was a Galilean.

Subscriber, Blenheim, Ont., Can. 1. Did Christ ever call us but his followers, brethren, or did he apply the term to all mankind? 2. To what extent should Christians associate with ungodly people and what should be their actions toward such?

Christ himself supplied the answer to this question in Matt. 12: 50. See also Col. 1: 2, I. Cor. 15: 6, and Mark 3: 33–35. There can be no spiritual relationship between light and darkness, between sin and holiness; consequently the appellation in its strictly spiritual sense, could not belong to all mankind indiscriminately. See also Matt. 23: 8. Employed in the merely human and social sense, the term is applied by the Saviour and his disciples alike to all men with whom we may have friendly or sympathetic relations. See Luke 22: 32, Acts 7: 26, II. Cor. 11: 26, I. Peter 5: 9. 2. Believers should not associate with unbelievers to the extent of participating in any of their wicked enterprises or actions, and they should be careful not to place themselves in an attitude that can be construed as consenting to or approving of ungodliness. It is not required, however, nor is it practicable, that believers should seclude themselves, as by doing so they would sacrifice all opportunities of influencing those who stand most in need of godly example and Christian advice. The true missionary idea which should inspire every Christian life. Nothing can be accomplished, if the believer withdraw from the field instead of working for its reclamation. The Saviour himself was repeatedly accused of associating with publicans and sinners, and his followers need not be ashamed to face like accusation, provided they can truthfully say that they have been about "their Father's business."

"Subscriber," Lancaster, Pa. In Matt. 10: 34 Christ is represented as saying that he came to produce strife and discord. Is that a correct account of what he said?

The words are a prediction, not a statement of the object of his coming. He did not come for that purpose, but it was the inevitable result. The persecution which ensued, the separation and alienation of members of the same family were actual facts due to the opposition and hatred aroused by confessing him.

J. M. Lawton, Cleveland, O. Who was the author of the lines we sing in most Christian Churches as the doxology, viz:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow?"

They form the concluding verse of a "morning hymn," written nearly 200 years ago by Bishop Thomas Ken of England. The verse is considered a masterpiece of comprehensiveness and compression, and is doubtless sung more widely by Christian people than any other verse in any language.

T. A. K., Marshfield, Oreg. Do the references in Ezek. 13: 18 refer to the fashions of the period?

The references are to the heathen practices into which the people had fallen when fearful false prophets were consulted, much as fortune-tellers are now. The sewing of "pillows to all arm-holes" typifies the assurances that women gave to those who consulted them and paid them, of peace and security in spite of their sins. "Kerchiefs on the head of every stature," probably refers to the magic veils thrown over the head, as the mediums now require darkness for the performance of their feats. "Every stature" indicates people of all ages.

Reader, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1. Will God answer prayers for friends who have died unconverted? 2. Is baptism essential to salvation?

1. There is no ground for hope that he will. The Bible contains nowhere any encouragement for the thought that the condition of those who die impenitent can be changed. 2. Baptism is a command, and no Christian will voluntarily withhold obedience. It is conceivable that a man might be placed in circumstances where baptism could not be administered, and you cannot suppose that in such case God would exclude him on that account. Baptism is a duty, but if it cannot be performed, God does not require the impossible. Whosoever believeth shall not perish. (See John 3: 16.)

"Faithful Subscriber." Do you think that the promises of answers to prayer apply to all prayers offered in faith?

No, there are some prayers which God in love refuses to answer. If we could have whatever we think necessary for us, simply by praying for it, we should wreck our own lives. As a wise father does not give his child every thing he asks for, so God exercises his discretion about answering our prayers, even when they are offered in faith. Paul mentions a prayer that he thrice offered, and it was not granted (II. Cor. 12: 8). God sees what is best for us, though he wishes us to make our wants known to him. Christ mentions a condition of soul (John 15: 7) in which the prayers offered are answered, but it is a condition of submission. It is right for you to offer the prayer you mention, but it should be in submission to God's better knowledge. We know of a case in which precisely that prayer was urged persistently for a long time and was ultimately granted, and has resulted in life long regret.

C. L. P., Deposit, N. Y. It is at Menlo Park, N. J. Back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or other religious literature can be used in Christian work by H. Hetzel, 2921 Woodstock street, Philadelphia, Pa.—Subscriber. You can procure another CHRISTIAN HERALD Library by sending $2 to this office.—J. Crawford. The chronology is that of Archbishop Ussher, not of the Bible itself, and is not claimed to be inspired.—Edwin James, East Norwalk, Conn. Write to Passmore & Alabaster, publishers, London, who can procure it for you.—H. C. Bock, Greenland, N. H. All the letters are pronounced, the "sch" being soft, the same as in "wish."—Old Subscriber, Columbus, N. J. Write to the mayor of the place, or the chief of the police.—A. G. L., New Barton, N. H. 1. No, he is a Presbyterian. 2. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, N. Y., for the information.—M. A. C., Woodland, Kan. Her home is Tarrytown, N. Y. She is a Presbyterian.—T. J. Valliant, Md. We know of no such institution here, but believe there is one in Boston.—Subscriber, Moweaqua, Ill. Article had already appeared when your letter came.—Mrs. F. S. B., Hopkins, Mich. It is regarded as a reliable concern, but we know nothing regarding personal merit.—E. S. Hartwell, St. Paul, Minn. The matter has been repeatedly explained in recent issues of the journal.—Constant Reader, Peanut, N. C. 1. There is not a line of plate matter in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. We do not know the concern

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Hungary's Thousand Years.

THIS is a festival year in Hungary and the whole summer is to be marked by a series of celebrations commemorative of the founding of the nation. It is a thousand years since the chieftains of the Magyar tribes, having entered the fertile land surrounded by the Carpathian Mountains which they were to overrun and subjugate, took Arpad the son of Almos, and raising him on their shields, made him the king of the united nation. They came from Central Asia seeking their new home and had early realized that only in union could they hope to wrest it from its Slavonic and Moravian possessors. Arpad quickly conquered the whole region we now know as Hungary, and it is the millennial anniversary of this settlement, conquest and organization that the Hungarian people celebrate this year. The celebration began on May 2, by the opening of a large exhibition in the city of Buda-Pesth. It consists of one hundred and sixty buildings covering an area of nearly two million square feet. Into these are gathered exhibits representing the progress of the nation in agriculture, manufactures, science, art, music and commerce. One beautiful exhibit on an island is a group of historical buildings, the models of ancient castles still existing in various parts of Hungary, the best example of each style of architecture. Into these are gathered relics of the times they represent, ancient arms and armor, primitive agricultural implements, and the rude tools in use in bygone centuries. Another interesting feature is a Hungarian village divided into sections, each of which represents the type of farm-house and peasant's cottage of some district of the country. During the continuance of the exhibtion which is to remain open till the end of October these village sections are to be occupied by peasants from the districts represented. In the centre is a real church, where services will be held, and in which, so long as the exhibition is open, youths and maidens may be married free of all expense. The Emperor of Austria, who is King of Hungary, opened the exhibition in person and presided at the dedication of the monument to Prince Arpad, his first predecessor. Next week there is to be a political celebration, when the new Houses of Parliament, which have cost the nation over eight million dollars, are to be formally opened, and the millennial session of the Parliament, the first held in any land, will take place. The crown, sceptre, and other regalia of royalty which were the insignia of the first king of Hungary are to be carried in state to Francis Joseph at his royal palace. Other features of the celebration are the opening, in various parts of the kingdom, of five hundred new schools, and in September the inauguration of the great ship-canal, at the Iron Gates of the Danube, which will then be declared open to the traffic of the world. Thus does the nation celebrate its millennial year. Having recently celebrated our own centennial, we can understand the enthusiasm of the Hungarians on attaining the thousandth year of their national existence. They are justly proud of the distinction, but to them, as to us, the still higher distinction is offered of belonging to a kingdom that has been from everlasting and of which there shall be no end—a kingdom the subjects of which cry, as they bend before their King in adoration:

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night. Ps. 90: 4.

MODEL BUILDINGS IN THE MILLENNIAL FAIR AT BUDA-PESTH.

An Explosive Gem.

A surgeon in New York was called a few days ago to a patient who had been injured in a peculiar manner. The man was bleeding from a jagged wound in his chin, which, he said, had been caused by the explosion of a diamond in his scarf-pin. The surgeon was incredulous, but when he dressed the wound, he found several minute fragments of the diamond imbedded in the flesh. The patient said that a few weeks previously he had purchased the diamond from a friend who had just returned from the diamond mines in the Transvaal, bringing with him a number of fine stones, which had been cut and polished in London. Among them was this gem, which attracted his notice through a peculiar mark in it. It was like an infinitesmal globule of water, in the centre of the stone. He bought the diamond from his friend and had it set in scarf-pin. He had worn it until that morning. As he was on Broadway sheltering from a thunderstorm, he was startled by a sharp report and a stinging sensation in his chin. He thought someone had thrown a fire-cracker at him. Finding that his chin was bleeding, he removed his collar and scarf, and as he did so, he noticed that his diamond had disappeared from its setting. A diamond expert, who was asked about it, said that he had heard of such explosions occurring before and he believed that they were due to the little globule in the stone, which, he thought, contained carbonic acid gas. However the explosion may be explained, there was no question that the costly gem was utterly lost and in a literal sense the warning was fulfilled:

Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away. (Prov. 23: 5.

Collapse of a Building.

The death of two persons and the serious injury of a dozen others resulted from the collapse of a building in Buffalo, N.Y., on May 21. The building was used for offices and stores, and occupied a conspicuous position at the corner of two streets. The Western Union Company had two floors in it until recently, but they had moved out and the owners were remodelling the building to suit other tenants. A portion of the building had been vacated before the contractors went to work, but occupants of the other portion remained, and about fifty persons, including workmen, were on the premises at the time of the disaster. There was no warning in the shape of falling plaster and cracking walls. The front wall fell outward into the street, and the floorings and ceilings and roof fell in with a crash. The fire department was soon on the scene and rescued several persons who were imprisoned by the fallen timbers without being hurt. Nine persons, however, were so badly injured that they were sent to the hospital and it is feared that some of them will die. Two dead bodies were taken out. One of the workmen said that the disaster was entirely due to carelessness. The pillars in the basement that suported the wall had been removed and only one slender support was left. This rested on the sidewalk, which collapsed under the weight. If that is true, a very grave responsibility rests on the contractors. They should have known that, substantial as the building was, it was not safe when the pillars were removed. That fact applies to character, too, though it is often forgotten by men who, in educating their children are careful to impart refinement and polish, but are heedless as to the religious faith which is the true foundation of character.

When the wall is fallen, shall it not be said unto you, Where is the daubing wherewith ye daubed it. (Ezek. 13: 12.

An Escape from Waterspouts.

A thrilling story of peril at sea is told by the officers and crew of the *Edith Sheraton*, a barkentine which is now unloading her cargo at her Brooklyn pier. She was on her voyage from Macoris in San Domingo on May 17, with a cargo of sugar, and was off Cape Hatteras, when the Captain went below to work out his reckoning. He was busy over his chart when an urgent message came to him from the first mate, whom he had left in charge of the ship. The vessel was on her northward course, and before her and behind her the sky was clear, but in the west there were heavy black clouds. But what had alarmed the mate was that, from the clouds, there were a number of strings like giant fingers pointing to the sea. The sight terrified both men, for they knew well what it portended. Those great fingers were waterspouts, and any one of them striking the ship would sink her. There were eight of them, as the Captain counted them through his glass. Where they touched the water they seemed no thicker than a man's arm, but they spread out in the shape of a mushroom as they approached the cloud, and they were whirling with terrific speed. They were coming right across the ship's course, and in a few minutes the vessel would be among them. The Captain ordered the sails shortened in the hope of delaying the ship until the waterspouts had passed, but they were too near to be escaped in that way. He took the helm himself and prepared to dodge the dread monsters. The first and second had passed and the third was just ahead of the ship's bows. Its crown was black and heavy and the sound of the water being sucked up by its spiral motion was an awful roar. In another minute the ship would strike it, and those countless tons of water above would fall upon her. A cry of mingled terror and despair came from the crew. But at that moment the Captain threw the wheel over with all his force. The vessel's head turned westward as the waterspout continued its easterly course. Another turn of the wheel brought the vessel back with its head to the north just in time to avoid the fourth waterspout bearing down upon her. The crew gave a shout of joy and turned to see the procession of monster dangers pass harmless astern of their ship. They are loud in their praises of the Captain's skill and coolness, which saved them from apparently certain destruction. So in the voyage of life has the Christian often had reason to praise his Divine Captain to whom he has committed the guidance of his life. Time and again he has gone safe and rejoicing on his way, after a period of peril in his domestic or business life, during which, in the language of the Psalmist, he cried in his distress:

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of the waterspouts. (Psalm 42: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Henry Varley is Again Laboring in Australia. He has been holding Sunday services in the Hawthorn Baptist Church, Melbourne, and has begun a series of Sunday afternoon lectures on popular subjects.

The Remarkable Fact is Disclosed by the analysis of the latest census in England that the Wesleyan Church has decreased in numbers during the past year, a fact probably unprecedented in the history of Methodism. The decrease in full members is 2,275, at a time when the population is increasing at the rate of 274,000 a year. In view of the large increase of population this reduction is a fact it is difficult to understand.

Evangelists Thompson and Gamble have been conducting successful revival meetings at various places in South Dakota. At Centerville all the churches united in the meetings and there were large audiences and many conversions.

All Local Christian Endeavor Unions intending to compete for the banners to be awarded at Washington, are requested to report their work to Secretary Baer by June 15. The banner goes to the union that has done the best work in Christian citizenship, in organizing the largest number of new societies since the Boston convention and in promoting proportionate giving

The Death of Rev. J. Halsey Moore, D.D., Secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Society, has caused sorrow in many homes. Dr. Moore's pastorate in New York and his ready helpfulness to churches in many States won him wide popularity. He was only fifty-two years of age and was doing energetic and valuable work for the society he served. He had been its Secretary seven years.

The Report of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions shows that the total receipts for the year amounted to $879,749. These included from the churches, $272,009; the Woman's Boards, $302,607; Sunday Schools, $30,222; Young People's Societies, $26,694; legacies, $146,828; interest, individuals and miscellaneous, $101,369. The income leaves a balance over the year's expenditure of $30,535, to be applied to the reduction of the debt carried over from the previous year which was $174,770.

Dr. Charles A. Berry, who is Well-Known in this country and whose sermons at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, were widely published, has been elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

The Jubilee Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, founded in 1846, will be inaugurated by a great meeting on June 29 of delegates from all lands. Over four hundred are expected to meet the English branch. The meetings will be held in Exeter Hall London.

The Presbyterian Pastor at White Lake, S. D., recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. His church and congregation refuse to listen to any of his hints that it is time he retired from the ministry, and at his birthday celebration sent a deputation to his house to wish him "many happy returns of the day."

Dr. Leach, a Medical Missionary, and his wife and son were brutally murdered in their dwelling-place at Sfax, near Tunis, on the night of May 6. The assassins are unknown, though four natives have been arrested. Revenge seems to have been the motive, as no valuables in the house was touched. As Dr. Leach was a most kindly man whose medical service to the Arabs was held by them in high esteem, his death is deeply deplored. He was only thirty-six years old. Dr. Leach was originally sent to the African field by the Amity Baptist Church of New York.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature has issued an extensive programme of Summer Schools. They include Chautauqua, N. Y., July 11 to August 28; Bay View, Mich., July 16 to August 28; Lakeside, O., July 20 to August 8; Montagle, Tenn., August 9-23; Winfield, Kans., June 16-27; Winona, Ind., August 12-23; Saratoga, N. Y., July 15 to August 15, and seven other points, a full list of which may be obtained from the offices of the Institute, Hyde Park, Chicago. Each school will be under the charge of an eminent theological scholar, and will deal with some special period of Biblical history with the books associated with it.

A Little Switzerland.

Herzegovina's Peasant Population—A Beautiful Country that Stands Still While the Rest of the World Moves.

IF one were to choose, anywhere in Europe, a country whose climate and natural scenery most closely resembled those of Switzerland, there would be little hesitation in selecting Herzegovina. This Austro-Hungarian province, which has a population of only about 250,000, scattered throughout its 217 miles of length, and 120 of width, is divided into a variety of mountain plateaus by the Dinaric Alps, the whole country being watered by the river Narenta, which flows through the mountain range toward the Adriatic. Along the sides of the valley through which the river flows, lies all the life of the province. Towns, villages, and highways all lie parallel to the Narenta's stream, and on either side the impression is given of a valley with a white mountain wall as a natural rampart. As in Switzerland, the climate is cold in winter and sometimes oppressively hot in summer. Through the mountain passes there sweeps at times a cyclonic wind, known as the bora, which overwhelms everything in its path. The snowfall is usually light, and does not last, save on the loftiest peaks.

A FRIGHTIVE FOOTFALL

PEASANTS OF HERZEGOVINA ON THE ROAD TO THE TOWN MARKET.

Herzegovina's population as far as the cities are concerned, is a composite, embracing besides the Slavonic race, Gypsies, Jews, and a few Mohammedans. The old Slavonic customs and methods of family life are widely preserved. Although the country was long under Moslem control, the majority never adopted Turkish ideas or customs. There is only one wife in the home and she rules absolutely in domestic affairs. Physically, there is no finer-looking race in Europe — the men tall, broad-shouldered and dark-complexioned, with a commanding cast of features; the women much fairer, usually comely, and with strong, graceful figures. They are a brave, courageous, patriotic people, rich in their heritage of folk-lore, folk-songs, and legends, which describe the romantic stories of old-time Herzegovinian heroes. Ancient tribal relations are still very largely preserved among them, and they are divided into clans, or nahias, each with its wai-wode, or military chief. The sturdy peasantry, trained to arduous tasks by a life spent among the hills, are noted for strength and endurance. Sheep-raising, fishing and agriculture are their principal employments.

Christianity, under the forms of the Greek Church, has a strong foothold in Herzegovina. Amid many vicissitudes, and in spite of fierce persecution, the faith has survived and flourished. A Protestant missionary work is conducted there by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Children of Genius.

It is not every father and mother who can distinguish genius in their children, even when others may see it. A writer in [illegible] says: Some [illegible] are driven to the plow and workshop when their place is at college. But we never know of this until a lightning stroke dazzles our eyes, and we see in the opaque background our boy standing out in grand loneliness from all the rest; standing there with his eyes dancing, his brain on fire, the air around him filled with strang whisperings, a sense as of a thousand willing hands beckoning onward. But such lessons are necessary. We cannot blame a lad for feeling bitterly over the instructions that have been persistently placed in his path. Patience ceases to be a virtue when the monotony of a hopeless life with unappreciative parents is threatened.

The Witchery of Home.

Even the plainest home, where love dwells, has a romance and a witchery of its own. In life's battle one finds many enemies, and much abuse and slander and detraction; but into home, if it is what it ought to be, such things never find their way. There, to the wife, the plainest man becomes a wonderful being. And if father says a thing, it is so by revelation to his children. At home the memory of vanished charms clings to the wife, who, there at least, remains a fresh young beauty there, long after she is a plain, middle-aged woman everywhere else. There grandpa's stories are never found tedious, and grandma's gingerbread is always appreciated, and the gawky girls are all pleasant, and the boys all embryo heroes.

Graces of Manner.

Some very earnest young Christians, writes Emily Huntington Miller, make a mistake in putting too light a value upon those graces of manner and little courtesies of speech and conduct which might commend their excellent qualities to others, and give them the vantage ground of personal influence. If a merchant has diamonds to sell he does not shut them up in a drawer, nor display them in a rough box. He does not say, "Nothing can add to the value of a diamond, and I will not condescend to any tricks to catch admiration or draw customers. If a man really wishes to buy he will come to me." Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness and graciousness. Neatness and good taste in dress, a careful avoidance of all rude and disagreeable habits, conformity to the customs of good society, these are by no means trifles to be ignored by those who claim to belong to the highest court of honor. You do not properly represent your sovereign unless you are not only a patriot but a gentleman.

A Too Common Fault.

There is, unfortunately, such a thing as being too outspoken. Indiscreet frankness may amount to brutality, and untimely censure, uttered heedless of other's feelings, has many times produced sore heart-burnings. Yet it is a habit that is prevalent in many Christian homes. How often do we hear among adult members of the same family the most unsparing criticism and harsh exposure of faults which, though troublesome, would better by far be censured less openly. Were the direction, "Tell him his fault between him and thee alone," more observed at home, many a turbulent sea of family discord could be calmed down easily. Children, who are always too ready to express their opinion of others, feel keenly the shortcomings of their associates. Why need we give additional emphasis to these weaknesses by open censure, thus alienating one from the other, until the very loving titles of brother and sister are empty, only in so far as they designate the same parentage!

The Children of Drunkards.

A sad and startling disclosure has been made by a Parisian scientist, yet it is one that will hardly astonish either Christian or scientist, since both necessarily believe that the sins of the fathers may be and often are visited upon the children. Dr. Paul Garnier of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion: "There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness." Here is a temperance lesson of unusual power for all to ponder.

Baby's Grave.

LAST fall I planted hyacinths
On baby's little grave—
Dear boy—whose life no tears or pr[illegible]ers,
Or love itself could save.

O, sorrow—none can understand
But they who, too, have known
And kissed some baby's flaxen hand
A grave and grief to own.

O, deep was placed his form that da[illegible]
Beneath the verdant sod;
But his sweet spirit fled away,
And he is safe with God.

The bulbs I planted, too, were place[illegible]
Deep in their earthly tomb,
In hope that spring would see them [illegible]ped
With fair and fragrant bloom.

They waited long in dark and cold—
Those bulbs so dry and brown—
But, O, the spring-time came at last
My grave with bloom to crown.

And spring shall come again to me,
Tho' hope is still denied,
And in heaven's garden I shall see
My baby glorified.

O, let my heart be patient then,
For God will answer prayer,
And give my darling back again,
A thousand times more fair.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BE[illegible]K.

Teaching Self-Helpfulness.

AS soon as children are capable o[illegible]derstanding the value of usefu[illegible]bor, they should be taught the [illegible]ments of some industry that may be u[illegible] in the after years. The German, Eng[illegible] and Austrian princes are usually ta[illegible] some light and useful vocation, partl[illegible] way of pastime, and partly also to [illegible] the habit of industry. A lady writes: "[illegible] taking care that my girls, as well as [illegible] boys, shall be taught to do something [illegible], and should it ever be necessary for t[illegible] to do work in their own households, o[illegible] self-support, they will be [illegible]pared for the condition o[illegible] in which they may be plac[illegible]" How many of the daugh[illegible]s of business men, or e[illegible]n well-to-do mechanics, are [illegible]ing thus prepared? In s[illegible] instances there may s[illegible] little probability that [illegible] daughter will need to [illegible] her own gowns, or the s[illegible] to labor, while in others t[illegible] is every likelihood that t[illegible] will be a necessity for [illegible], or other like work either [illegible] their own homes of mode[illegible] means, or, possibly, [illegible] needed self-support. M[illegible] times we see that the [illegible]s of recently successful men [illegible] less capable of self-sup[illegible] than those whose long [illegible] of wealth reaches back [illegible] generations of the past.

A Land Without Animals.

Most people would, [illegible] doubt, think it strange to [illegible] in a country in which th[illegible] were no domestic anim[illegible] Such a land is Japan. Th[illegible] are no cows—the Japan[illegible] neither drinks milk nor e[illegible] meat. There are but f[illegible] horses and these are impor[illegible] mainly for the use of forei[illegible]ers. The freight cars in [illegible] city streets are pulled [illegible] pushed by coolies, and the pleasure c[illegible] riages are drawn by men. There are [illegible] few dogs, and these are neither used [illegible] watch dogs, beasts of burden, nor in hu[illegible]ing, except by foreigners. There are [illegible] sheep in Japan, and wool is not used [illegible] clothing, silk and cotton being the stapl[illegible] There are no pigs—pork is an unkno[illegible] article of diet, and lard is not used in coo[illegible]ing. There are no goats, or mules, [illegible] donkeys.

A Child's Horizon.

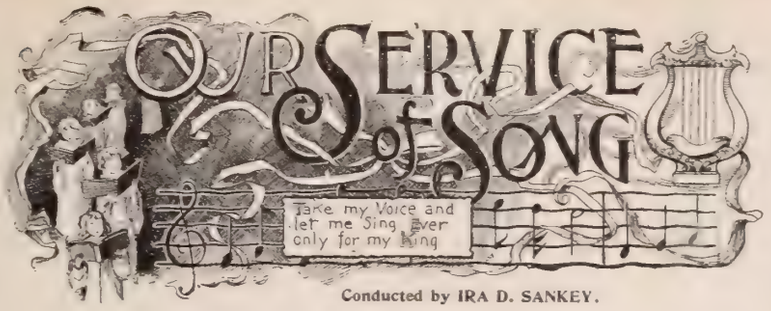
Spiritually, as well as physically, sa[illegible] an observant writer, a child is long-sigh[illegible]ed. His sky lies low above him, bound[illegible] by mother's roof. His world lies all abo[illegible] him,—so near, so safe, so dear. And the[illegible] is so much time to learn! To him, time [illegible] infinite. If death were a thousand yea[illegible] beyond, it could not seem more distan[illegible] We err in straining the child's vision [illegible] behold things beyond its humble, lo[illegible] lying world. We ask him to believe t[illegible] much and too soon. Surely the chi[illegible] whom Jesus "set in the midst of them [illegible] was nothing more than a child.

What Think Ye of Christ?

ggestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for the Week Beginning June 14. latt. 16: 13-19.

MEN are classed by many tests, socially, politically, intellectually and morally, but there is no test so radical and searching as the one that this question applies. What does a man think Christ? As he thinketh in his heart as im so he is. It is not a mere matter of nion. It is impossible to be neutral in ard to him. His claims are h that they must be accept- or rejected, and non-accept- e means rejection. If a man re in prison for rebellion, l under sentence of death, l he was informed that by f-sacrifice, or intercession of ne influential person, his don had been obtained, un- certain conditions, there uld be no difficulty in under- nding his attitude if he neg- ted to inquire what the con- ons were, and took no steps ward fulfilling them. If he ressed profound respect for person who had gained par- for him, thought highly of n, but did not avail himself the pardon, nor in any way w his gratitude to his ben- actor, his admiration for n would not count for much. it is with a man's attitude ward Christ. Indifference to n, neglect of him, implies tility. If the work Christ counts for nothing in a n's life, if it does not influ- e his conduct, does not af- t his thinking, speaking and ing, Christ's achievement l all that it cost was wasted, tar as he is concerned. What nk ye of Christ? is a ques- n, therefore, which becomes mentous in its issues, and answer to it which every makes, who knows any- ng about Christ, indicates character.

Christ stands before the rld in many aspects,—as a viour, as a Teacher, as a g, as a Mediator, as a dge, as a Friend,—and in all is most important that we nk of him rightly; but there nother aspect which should t be neglected. It is that to ich a great writer gives the me of spiritual dynamic ce. Christ came to give life d power. It is this that the rld specially needed. What man thinks of Christ as the rce of power, is a factor of mense importance in his life. eryone knows that ortho- xy is not Christianity. A n may be absolutely ortho- x, may have a mind like a binet in which every doctrine accurately defined, neatly eled, and put in its proper geon-hole, and yet he may be from being a Christian. ere is a link missing be- een his knowledge and his nduct. He may go farther. may have an admiration for e right and the good, and yet ve to say as Paul describes, he good that I would I do not; t the evil that I would not, at I do." The link is still ssing and it is this link that rist supplies. He gives the power and e force that are needed. How it comes know not, but we know how to get it. l things are possible to him that believ- n. The hand of faith stretched out to m grasps the power and a living connec- n is established which transforms the e. Those who have drawn on this pow- are amazed at the results. In the fierce ttle with evil, when the strength is well- gh spent the eye has turned to Christ in teous appeal and power has come. What ink you of Christ as a source of spiritual wer? is a question which every Chris- n may answer from experience.

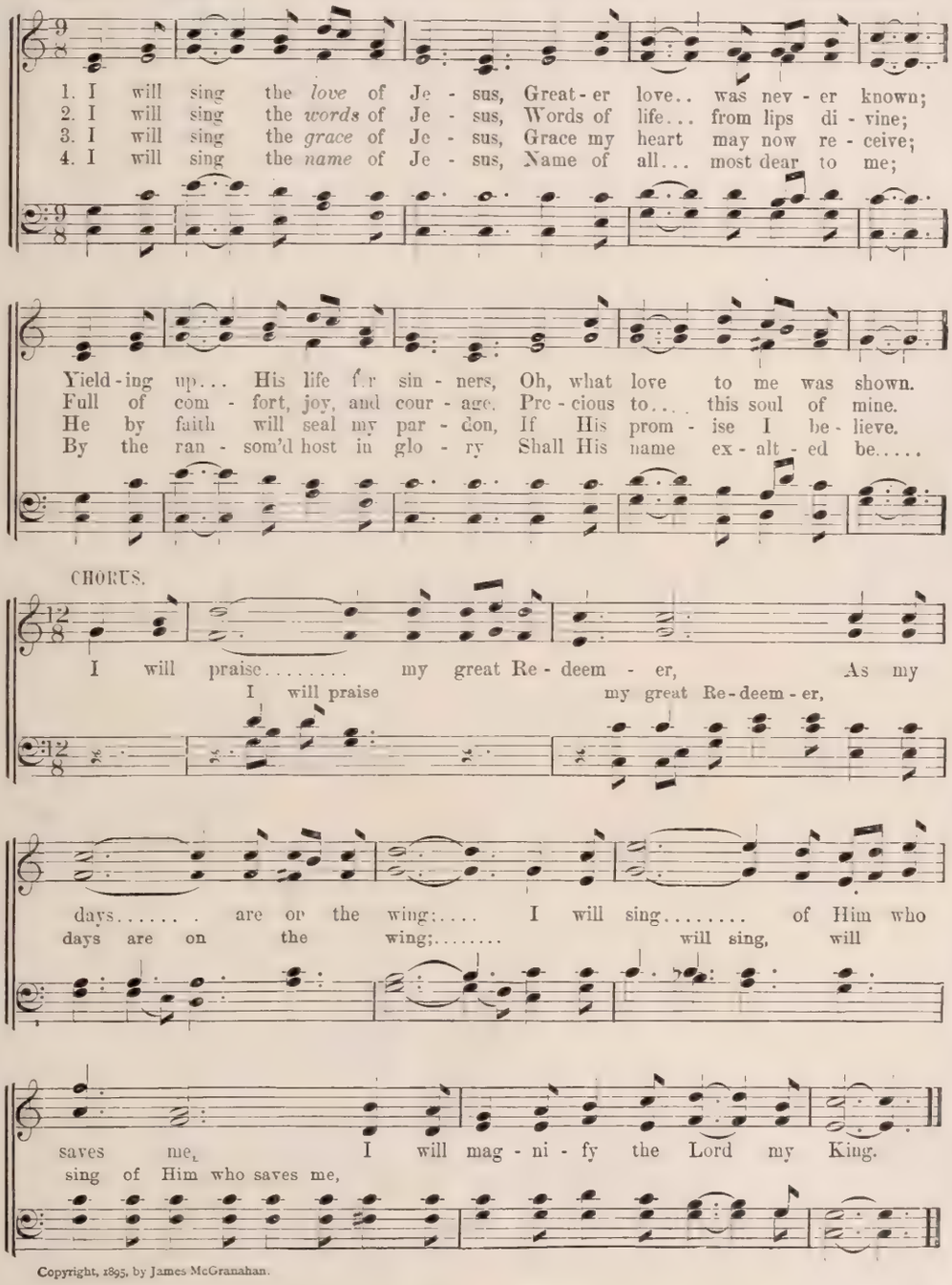


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

I WILL SING OF JESUS.

"O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."—*Psa. 98: 1.*

EDWARD A. BARNES, arr. H. H. McGRANAHAN.



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Russia in Prophecy.

Recent Events in Persia and Abyssinia Fulfilling Ancient Bible Prophecies.

TWO events reported by cable recently, deserve the notice of the students of prophecy. These are first, the accession to the throne of Persia of Muzaffer-ed-Din, and second, the friendly relations established between Russia and Abyssinia. The former event has a special concern for European statesmen, because it changes the attitude of Persia toward the rivalry of England and Russia in Asia. So long as the late Shah lived, friendship subsisted between England and Persia, which the former was anxious to cultivate. Persia is the gate by which Russia might, in the event of hostilities, pour her legions into India. It was important to England, therefore, that the Shah of Persia, in his capacity of gate-keeper, should be loyal to British interests, and should be ready to interpose an obstacle, should Russia desire to use his kingdom as a highway to India. The late Shah displayed this loyalty, and England was grateful to her useful friend. The assassin's bullet has changed all this. The new Shah is Russia's devoted friend. As a prince, during his father's lifetime, he made concessions to Russia, in the provinces of which he was governor, and was sharply rebuked by his father for doing so. Now, however, he has a free hand which Russia will undoubtedly grasp with the eagerness of hope long deferred.

The second of these events is the remarkable friendliness displayed by Russia toward Abyssinia. In the recent conflict with Italy, Abyssinia was congratulated by the Czar on the success that attended her arms. Russia also sent a Red Cross detachment to assist in caring for the wounded, and offers of military assistance, the full extent of which were not disclosed, were made by the Czar to King Menelik. As the Italians had been defeated and practically driven out of the country, Abyssinia did not need military aid, but the King, in declining, expressed his gratitude for the friendly offer. The news of these approaches caused world-wide surprise. But there is no question as to the facts, whatever the motives of Russian statesman may have been.

The significance of these two events to the student of prophecy consists in the predictions of the grouping of the great powers of the world in the titanic conflict which is to occur at the close of this dispensation. In his work on "Impending Judgments," published two years ago, Dr. Beverley O. Kinnear called attention to the peculiarities of this grouping. Referring (page 172) to Ezekiel's vision of the allied forces in the two hostile camps (Ezek. 38: 2-6), he pointed out the strangeness of the company of which Russia is to be the leader. Under the Russian banner the nations first mentioned are Persia and Ethiopia. Now, as King Menelik has most persistently insisted that his kingdom shall not be called Abyssinia, but Ethiopia, which he contends is its proper name, the significance of the prophecy is obvious. In 1893, there were no indications of the possibilities of any such alliance. There seemed then no national event more unlikely than that of Russia reaching out to Persia on the east, and Abyssinia on the west, with offers of friendship. Yet, this was what the prophet predicted, and this is what has come to pass.

Nearer.

NEARER my rest with each succeeding day
That bears me still mine own allotted task!
Nearer my rest! the clouds roll swift away.
And nought remains, O Lord, for me to ask.

If I but bear unflinchingly life's pain,
And humbly lay it at thy feet divine,
Then shall I see each loss a hidden gain,
And thy sweet mercy through the darkness shine.

Nearer my rest! the long, long weary hours
Had well-nigh gained the victory o'er my soul;
Thy mercy, falling soft like summer showers,
Upheld me, fainting near the victor's goal.

Patience—that I may never sink dismayed,
However dark and drear may seem the road;
Patience—through doubt, through every cross that's laid
Upon my heart — nor sink beneath the load.

Faith—that e'en though to mortal eyes be hidden
The reason why this life be oft opprest,
I only do, with childlike trust, as bidden,
And leave to thee, confidingly, the rest!

—MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

SHE stood at her bed-room window before going down stairs to take up the burden of a new day. She was just seventeen, but they didn't keep any account of anniversaries at Hickory Farm. The sun had given her a loving glance as he lifted his bright, old face above the horizon, but her father was too busy and careworn to remember, and, since her mother had gone away, there was no one else. She had read of the birthdays of other girls, full of strange, sweet surprises, and tender thoughts—but those were girls with mothers. A smile like a stray beam of sunshine drifted over her troubled young face, at the thought of the second Mrs. Harding stopping for one instant in her round of ponderous toil to note the fact that one of her family had reached another milestone in life's journey. Certainly not on washing day, when every energy was absorbed in the elimination of impurity from her household linen, and life looked grotesque and hazy through clouds of soapy steam.

She heard her father now putting on the heavy pots of water, and then watched him cross the chip yard to the barn. How bent he looked and old. Did he ever repent of his step she wondered. Life couldn't be much to him any more than it was to her, and he had known her mother! Oh! why couldn't he have waited; she would soon have been old enough to keep house for him.

The minister had spoken yesterday of a nebulous heaven where people were presumably to find their height of enjoyment in an eternity of rest. She supposed that was the best of it. Old Mrs. Goodenough was always sighing for rest, and Deacon Croaker prayed every week to be set free from the trials and tribulations of this present evil world, and brought into everlasting peace. An endless passivity seemed a dreary outlook to her active soul, which was sighing to plume its cramped wings, and soar among the endless possibilities of earth, it seemed strange that there should be no wonders to explore in heaven. Well, death was sure anyway, and after all there was nothing in life—her life—but hard work, an ever-recurring round of the same thing. She thought she could have stood it better if there had been variety. Death was sure to come, sometime, but people lived to be eighty, and she was so very young! Still, perhaps monotony might prove as fatal as heart failure. She thought it would with her—she was so terribly tired. Ever since she could remember she had looked out of this same window as the sun rose, and wondered if something would happen to her as it did to other girls, but the days went past in the same dull routine. So many plates to wash, and the darning basket seemed to grow larger each year, and the babies were so heavy. She had read somewhere that "all earnest, pure, unselfish men who lived their lives well helped to form the hero—God let none of them be wasted. A thousand unrecorded patriots helped to make Washington." It seemed to her Washington had the best of it.

"Help me git dressed, P'liney," demanded Lemuel, the youngest step-brother, from his trundle-bed. "You are loitering; why ain't you down helping Mar? Mar'll be awful cross with you. She always is wash-days. Hi! you'll get it!" and he tried to suspend himself from a chair by his braces.

"Come and get your face washed, Lemuel. Now, don't struggle, you know you've got to say your prayers before you can go down."

"You ain't be bossing," retorted that worthy, as he squirmed into his jacket like an eel, and darted past her. "I'm as hungry as Wobinson Crusoe, an' I'm goin' to tell Mar how you're loiterin'."

She followed him sadly. She had forgotten to say her own prayers.

"Fifteen minutes late," said Mrs. Harding severely as she entered the kitchen. "You'll hev to be extra spry to make up. There's pertaters to be fried, and the children's lunches to be put up, an' John Alexander's lost his jography. I believe that boy'd lose his head, if it twarn't glued to his shoulders. There's a button off Stephen's collar, an' Susan Ann wants her hair curled, an' Polly's frettin' to be taken up—it beats me how that child does fret. I believe I'll put her to sleep with you after this—I'm that beat out I can hardly stand. Here, Leander, go and call your father, or you'll be late for school again, an' your teacher'll be sending in more complaints. 'Bout all them teachers is good for anyway—settin' like ladies twiddling the leaves of a book, and thinkin' themselves sum pumpkins, because they know a few words of Latin, and can figure with an X. Algebry is all very fine in its way, but I guess plain arithmetic is good enough for most folks. It's all I was brought up on, and the multiplication table has kept me on a level with the majority."

Pauline smiled to herself, as she cut generous slices of squash pie to go with the doughnuts and bread and butter in the different dinner-pails. That was just what tired her, being on a level with the majority! The long morning wore itself away. Pauline toiled bravely over the endless array of pinafores which the youthful Hardings managed to make unpresentable in a week.

"Monotony even in gingham," she murmured; for Polly's were all of pink check, Lemuel's blue, and Leander's a dull brown.

"Saves sortin'," had been the brief response, when she had suggested varying the colors in order to cultivate the æsthetic instinct in the wearers.

"But Mrs. Harding," she remonstrated, "they say now that it is possible for even wall paper to lower the moral tone of a child, and lead to crime——"

Her stepmother turned on her a look of withering scorn.

"If your hifalutin' people mean to say that if I don't get papering to suit their notions, I will make my boys thieves and liars, then it's well for us the walls is covered with sensible green paint that'll wash. To-morrow is killing time, and next week we must try out the tallow. You can be as æsthetic as you're a mind to with the head-cheese and candles."

Pauline never attempted after that to elevate the moral tone of her step-brothers.

Her father came in at supper time with a letter. He handed it over to her as she sat beside him.

"It's from your Uncle Robert, my dear, in Boston. His folks think it's time they got to know their cousin."

"Well, I hope they're not coming trailin' down here with their city airs," said Mrs. Harding, shortly. "I've got enough people under my feet as it is."

"You needn't worry, mother; I don't think Sleepy Hollow would suit Robert's family—they're pretty lively, I take it, and up with the times. They'd find us small potatoes, not worth the hoeing." He sighed as he spoke. Did he remember how Pauline's mother had drooped and died from this very dullness? Was he glad to have her child escape?

"Well, I don't see how there's any other way for them to get acquainted," retorted his wife. "Pawliney can't be spared to go trapezing up to Boston. Her head's as full of nonsense now as an egg is of meat, an' she wouldn't know a broom from a clothes-wringer after she'd been philandering 'round a couple of months with people that are never satisfied unless they're peeking into something they can't understand."

"But I guess we'll have to spare Pawline," said Mr. Harding. "She's been a good girl, and she deserves a holiday." He patted Pauline's hand kindly.

"Oh, of course!" sniffed Mrs. Harding in high dudgeon, "some folks must always have what they cry for. I can be kep' awake nights with the baby, and work like a slave in the daytime, but that doesn't signify so long as Pawliney gets to her grand relations."

"Well, well, wife," said Mr. Harding, soothingly, "things won't be as bad as you think for. You can get Martha Spriggs to help with the chores, and the children will soon be older. Young folks must have a turn you know, and I shall write to Robert to-night and tell him Pawliney will be along shortly—that is, if you'd like to go, my dear?"

Pauline turned on him a face so radiant that he was satisfied, and the rest of the meal was taken in silence. Mrs. Harding knew when her husband made up his mind about a thing she could not change him, so she said no more, but Pauline felt she was very angry.

As for herself she seemed to walk on air. At last, after all these years something had happened! She stepped about the dim kitchen exultantly. Could this be the same girl who had found life intolerable only two hours before? Now the Aladdin wand of kindly fortune had opened before her dazzled eyes a mine of golden possibilities. At last she would have a chance to breathe and live. She arranged the heavy, common ware on the shelves with a strange sense of freedom. She would be done with dish-washing soon. She even found it in her heart to pity her step-mother, who was giving vent to her suppressed wrath in mighty strokes

(Continued on next page.)

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that [illegible]," said the old [illegible] looking at a copy of [illegible] the Herald [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Bay Eagle Herald we used [illegible] the week."

It Costs Nothing

[illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Princess in Calico.

(Continued from preceding page.

of er pudding-stick through a large bowl of uckwheat batter. She was not going to oston. When the chores were done, she caught up the fretful Polly, and carried h upstairs saying the magic name over sly to herself. She even found it easy to e patient with Lemuel as he put her th ugh her nightly torture before he fell in the arms of Morpheus. She did not m d much if Polly was wakeful—she kn w she should never close her eyes all nit. The soft spring air floated in th ugh the open window, and she heard th birds twitter and the frogs peep: she h d Abraham Lincoln, the old horse that sh used to ride to water before she grew bi enough to work, whinny over his hay; th Goliath, the young giant that had co e to take his place in the farm work, ar ver him sonorously; the dog barked in y as a night hawk swept by, and in th distant henyard she heard a rooster cr . Her pity grew, until it rested like a nizon upon all her humble friends, for th must remain in Sleepy Hollow, and sh was going away!

CHAPTER II.

Preparation for Departure.

suppose you'll be wanting some finery it girl," said Mr. Harding, the next m ing as he pushed away his chair from th breakfast table. "Dress is the first co deration, isn't it, with women?"

don't know about the finery, father," m Pauline laughed a little. "I expect I sh be satisfied with the essentials."

. Harding crossed the room to an old- oned secretary which stood in one r. Coming back he held out to her n dollar bill. "Will this answer? ey is terrible tight just now, and the gage falls due next week. It's hard k keeping the wolf away these dull s ."

uline forced her lips to frame a "Thank o" as she put the bank-note in her pock- t, nd then began silently to clear the ta- le with her thoughts in a tumultuous v . Ten dollars! Her father's hired n received a dollar a day. She had been w ng hard for years, and had received o g but the barest necessaries in the w of clothing, purchased under Mrs. H ing's economical eye. When Martha Sp gs came to take her place she would n her regular wages. Were hired help th nly ones whose labor was deemed w y of reward? Dresses and hats, and bo and gloves. Absolute essentials with v geance, and ten dollars to cover the w le!

ou can have Abraham Lincoln and th spring wagon this afternoon, if you w to go to the village for your gew- z ."

ery well, father."

don't suppose you'll rest easy till y ve made the dollars fly. That's the w with girls, eh? As long as they can w a lot of flimsy laces and ribbons and b rs they're as happy as birds. Well, y el young folks must have their fling I s ose. I hope you'll enjoy your shop- pi my dear," and Mr. Harding started o ue barn, serene in the consciousness th he had made his daughter happy in th bility to purchase an unlimited sup- pl f the unnecessary things which girls d ght in.

"You're a grateful piece, I must say!" re arked her stepmother, as she adminis- ter some catnip tea to the whining Pol- ly. "I haven't seen the color of a ten dol- ar ill in as many years, and you put it in ur pocket as cool as a cucumber, and go bout looking as glum as a herring. Wh 's going to do the clothes I'd like to kn ? I can't lay this child out of my ar for a minute. I believe she's sicken- ng or a fever, and then, perhaps, your in relations won't be so anxious to see y coming. For my part, I wouldn't be in ch a hurry to knuckle to people who w d seventeen years to find whether I w s in the land of the living before they sai 'How d'ye do.' But, then, I always wa proud sperrited. I despise meachin ."

guess I can get most of the ironing do this morning, if you'll see to the din- ner," said Pauline, as she put the irons on the tove and went into another room for the eavy basket of folded clothes. Dresses and ats and boots and gloves. The words kep recurring to her inner consciousness wi a persistent regularity. She wonder- ed what girls felt like who could buy what they didn't need. She thought it must be like heaven, but not Deacon Croaker's kind, that looked less attractive than ever this morning.

As she passed Mrs. Harding's chair, Polly put up her hands to be taken, but her mother caught her back.

"No, no, Pawliney hasn't got any more use for plain folks, Polly. She's going to do herself proud shopping, so she can go to Boston and strut about like a frilled peacock. You'll have to be satisfied with your mother, Polly. Pawliney doesn't care anything about you now."

Pauline laughed bitterly to herself. "A frilled peacock, with a ten dollar outfit!"

She began the interminable pinafores. The sun swept up the horizon and laughed at her so broadly through the open window that her cheeks grew flushed and uncomfortable. Lemuel burst into the room in riotous distress with a bruised knee, the result of his attempt to imitate the Prodigal Son, which had ended in an ignominious head-over-ears tumble into the midst of his swinish friends. This caused a delay, for he had to be hurried out to the back stoop and divested of garments as odorous, if not as ragged, as those of his prototype. Then he must be immersed in a hot bath, his knee bound up, reclothed in a fresh suit and comforted with bread and molasses.

She toiled wearily on. The room grew almost unbearable as her stepmother made up the fire preparatory to cooking the noontide meal, and Polly wailed dismally from her cot. The youthful Prodigal appeared again in the doorway, his ready tears had made minature deltas over his molasses begrimed countenance, his lower lip hung down in an impotent despair.

"What's the matter now, Lemuel?"

"I want my best shoes and a wing on my finger, an' the axe to kill the fatted calf."

Would the basket never be empty? Her head began to throb, and she felt as if her body were an ache personified. The mingled odors of corned beef and cabbage issued from one of the pots and permeated the freshly-ironed clothes. She drew a long, deep breath of disgust. At least in Boston she would be free from the horrors of "boiled dinner."

Her scanty wardrobe was finished at last, and she stood waiting for Abraham Lincoln and the spring wagon to carry her to the station. A strange tenderness toward her old environment came over her, as she stood on the threshold of the great unknown. She looked lovingly at the cows, lazily chewing their cud in the sunshine, she felt sorry for her stepmother, as she strove to woo slumber to Polly's wakeful eyes with the same lullaby which had done duty for the whole six; she even found it in her heart to kiss Lemuel, who, with his ready talent for the unusual, was busily cramming mud paste into the seams of the trunk which held her worldly all.

To be Continued.

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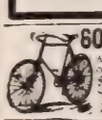

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on May 24, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. Anxious Mother, Austin, Tex., begs for prayer that her eldest son might turn to God and renounce his sins especially his indulgence in intoxicating liquor. ——R. L., Dodgeville, Wis., that three sons, especially one who is a wanderer might be brought to Christ and give their hearts to him and that their father might even yet become a follower of the Saviour.——J.R.A., Lorain, O., that two brothers, one of whom might be very useful if he were a Christian, might both be made sons of God and be kept by his power from all evil and also that they may have the help they need to do their duty in the world. —— "One that loves God," Brattleboro, Vt., that a nephew and niece may become subjects of converting grace and that the former be enabled to overcome his love of drink.——"Soldier of the Lord," Hackensack, N. J., for a father who has become a slave to drink, that God would save him and deliver him from his bondage; also for a brother exposed to temptation, that God would make him his own and shield him from the plots of designing persons. ——"Reader," Abilene, Tex., that a dear son who is out of Christ might be saved and that God in his infinite mercy would open the path to peace for one who is deeply distressed on account of sin.——"Anxious Mother," Merrill, Wis., on behalf of two sons, one of whom has caused his family trouble and sorrow, that God would save them both.——"Believer," Rochester, Minn., pleads for united prayer on behalf of her family, that two sons and a daughter might be converted, that an invalid brother might be saved before he leaves this world, and that her husband might have more of the Holy Spirit.——E.W., Fort Plains, N.Y., that an orphan nephew, an avowed sceptic, might be brought to Christ, and that a niece might be more fully consecrated.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Believer," Colo., that a dear friend who once professed Christ but has wandered far away might be reclaimed and made useful in Christ's cause; also that another dear friend might be converted.—— "Reader," Ont., Canada, that a friend might be redeemed from sin and made a child of God. ——Reader, Bonifay, Fla., that God would pour out his spirit on the whole community and that one family especially who are mourning over a bereavement might be brought to God.——"A Sister," New York, that a dear one who is falling under the power of drink, might be delivered and be brought through Christ into peace and safety; also that other friends whose need the Lord knows, might be saved by him.——"Anxious Friend," Vt., that a young man who has yielded to strong temptation and has fallen under evil influences, might be brought by the Holy Spirit to see the evil of his ways and turn to God for strength to burst the bonds of his sinful habit.—— M. W. B., Manchester, N. H., that God's blessing would attend a special effort in his name and that a class of thirteen young men might be won for Christ; also for all who have professed Christ in past years without having given their hearts to him, that they might become truly his.

For the Restoration of Health. Anxious Friend, Silver Creek, N. Y., that a dear friend about to undergo a surgical operation might be supported under it and benefited thereby.——"Reader in Wisconsin," that God would bless the special treatment a young man is about to undergo to his entire recovery.——R. A. A., Fort Spring, W. Va., that a sufferer from nervous prostration may recover and have the kindness and sympathy of family and friends. —— Distressed Wife, Monticello, Ga., for the recovery of her husband who is seriously ill and that he may have the peace that passes all understanding.——E. L. D., Chamberlain, S. D., that God in his great mercy would restore a beloved sister whose mental powers are under a cloud.——E. F., Parduville, Wis., that a dear mother threatened with blindness may recover her eyesight.——"Believer," Ind., that an affliction that has continued in a family for twenty-five years may be relieved.

For Special Blessings. E.J.W., New York, that God would incline the hearts of his people to contribute to the fund being raised for building the school needed so urgently by the colored people of Mayesville, S. C.——C. K., Ashtabula, O., that a devoted Christian woman now in severe financial trouble may be delivered from it. ——G.H.S., Sabine, Tex., for a blessing on his ministry and for the conversion of many souls. ——Reader, New York City, that a sum of money long past due might be paid in time to meet maturing obligations.——"Lonely," New York City, that in God's good providence he may make the acquaintance of some one who will prove a real friend, who will value his friendship and will in return give him honest and loyal friendly affection.——"Mother," Harrisville, Pa., for wisdom and grace to train the children of a beloved daughter who died recently, and whose loss has almost broken the hearts of her husband and parents. ——"One in Trouble," Essex Co., N. Y., for guidance in circumstances of extreme perplexity.——E. V. S., Lakewood, N. Y., for direction in a momentous decision.——A. A. M., Paw Paw, Mich., for support under heavy trial.—— G. S. H., Paterson, N. J., that some dear friends now in severe business trouble may be brought safely through it in God's own way. ——A. E. M., Philadelphia, who is arranging for the benefit of his family after his death, that he may be divinely guided.

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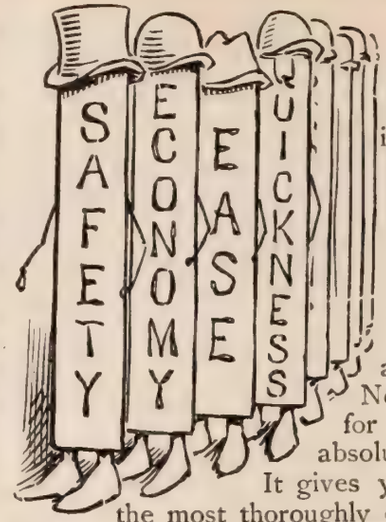
R. H. WOODWARD COMPANY of Baltimore, Md., are making a special offering of $200.00 to anyone selling 400 copies of "Talks to Children about Jesus." This is one of the most popular books published. Recent copies already sold but it is now selling faster than ever. Agents sell 10 to 15 copies a day. An Extra Organ retail price $70.00 given for selling 100 copies in three months. A $100.00 bicycle given for selling 80 copies in two months. A gold watch for selling 60 copies in one month. This premium in addition to commission. Complete outfit [illegible] paid, credit given. Other popular books and Bible also. They offer special and most liberal rates to Students and Teachers for summer vacation. Display and sentiment in large number of Students and Teachers engaged for their books. Among the list, there were 23 who made over $200.00. [illegible] Write them at once.

New Cure. Kidney & Bladder Diseases

[illegible]



Safety comes firs,

in washing. What is the e of making the work easy, s long as it's risky or dangero ? What does it matter how li e a thing costs, or how m y prizes you get with it, i t rots and ruins the clothes? t can't be that you want to t e any chances. Use Pearli . Nothing that has ever been u d for washing or cleaning is m e absolutely harmless than Pearli . It gives you the easiest, the quick t the most thoroughly economical work. 509

Millions NOW USE Pearlin

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Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st Street

A Special Announcement to Our Mail Order Customers

SILKS

In order to give those of our patrons who live out of t city an opportunity to secure one of the great silk bargains are now offering, we have reserved

10,000 yards of Dresdens and Persians

All of the best quality and newest designs (light and dark), a offer them exclusively to out-of-town residents, at

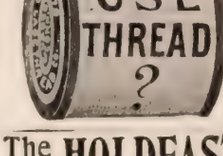
Samples upon application...

$1.00 yard

Regular $1.50 quality.

H. O'NEILL & CO., Sixth Ave., 20th to 21st St., N. Y

Mention The Christian Herald.



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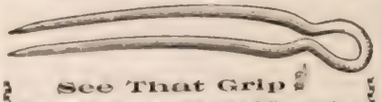
$1,000 CASH PREMIUMS

Extra prizes will also be given to those using the great amount of Glasgo Lace Thread. Particulars of competitio detail with sample of thread sent free. Sample spool of 600 yards, 10c
THE GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Box 3, Glasgo, Conn.

The HOLDFAST ALUMINUM HAIRPIN



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Superior to all others. If dealer hasn't them, don't take any other, but send five 2c. stamps for samples.

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192 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Largest house in the world. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

The many imitations HIRES Rootbeer simp point to its excellence—t genuine article proves it.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere

BABY CARRIAGES Sh Cat
Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices with ing onecent in advance. Wagons bought in factories save dealers' profits. Largest $18.50 carriage for $12.00 illustrated catalogue $5.00 free. Address CASH BUYERS' UNIO 164 West Van Buren Street, Il 15, Chica

GET Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate
Pure, wholesome convenient in a jif NO BOILI

REX BRAND Extract of BEEF
Sample, 4 cents. *Book free.*
OUDAHY - - SO. OMAHA
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LE CHANTING IN INDIA.

AN interesting story of Bible propagation was told at the recent Bible Society meeting in London by Rev. Henry Haigh of Mysore, in Southern India. Some months previously a man came to his study in India. He was a thin, -looking man, one who evidently n him a large capacity for mysticism devotion. The man explained that ears before he had begun to read a in Sanskrit. He became an enthu- student, and after he had studied out six months he proposed on his account to become an expounder of the He did not profess to be a Chris- and he had no desire to be baptized. k the Bible about with him wher- e went, and read it to the people. ould start out without giving any ng and stay away for two or three s, and then suddenly return. On ing as to the reason of his absence, "I have been on a long journey, and stopped at about a dozen different ." "What have you done?" "I is in one place: As soon as I got asked for the Chief Pundit [scholar] place, and was introduced to him. I him if he had any people to call together, and he called them togeth- ty of them; and when they came I wn and I opened the Bible and I be- chant from the Bible as we chant ur own Vedas[Hindoo sacred books]. ted from the Psalms, and then from e of Christ, and they said, 'What s that? it is beautiful. We have nev- d that Veda before.' I am to send ixty Sanskrit Bibles."

There was in Mysore a Guru [religious] who was perhaps one of the most ful ecclesiastical potentates in the of India. This man went to him— d said, "Your holiness, I have a book, e. I do not know whether you have , but if you will permit me I will a portion of it," and his holiness d permission, and so he began to portion of the Sermon on the Mount e Guru listened to it. He had nev- d that before, and he listened to it would listen to new and ravishing s and when he had done he said, you get me a copy of this Veda? I like to have it and to turn to it and again," and the man said, "I t you one if you will," and then he d I left him and I have come back to pecial copy for the Guru."

ve You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, botanical discovery found on the Congo st Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes ed him of Asthma of fifty years' standing. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that years he had to sleep propped up in a Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To matter sure, these and hundreds of other sworn to before a notary public. So great faith in its wonderful curative powers, the orting Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, t known is sending out large cases of the npound free to sufferers from Asthma and r. All they ask in return is that when cured you will tell your neighbors about it. Send one and address on a postal card, and they you a large case by mail free. It costs you and you should surely try it.

Royal Gems" Free.

y 30 cents we will send a three months' sub- to the Woman's World & Jenness Miller ur 24 page illustrated paper. 96 long col- of interesting and instructive matter, poems, k, cooking departments, care of children. also send ... delivered at each 's home prepaid — *Royal Gems*, by Frances vergal, comprising her five books:

The Royal Invitation,	An aggregate of 372 pages.
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ve sent free and postpaid, immediately to sending us 30 cents in stamps for a trial sub- n Woman's World & Jenness Miller Month- ant you to become acquainted with our val- lication. Hence, we make this liberal offer. erfully refunded any dissatisfied subscriber. H. Plummer, Publisher, No. 904 Temple lding, New York City, N. Y.

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We will mail on application, free in- information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and re- move scalp disease. Address, **Altenheim Medical Dispensary,** 127 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

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ATARRH. Send name for FREE package, sure cure, sent post paid to you. W. SODDARD, 1223 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y.

This picture made from photograph taken by the "Quad."

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A Practical Camera. (Not a mere toy for

$5.00.

THE QUAD

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The Largest Picture and the Smallest Camera combined ever made. A double Convex Corrected Achromatic Lens, and a Shutter for instantaneous or time exposures. Instructions with each Camera.

If you send 25 cents with your order as a guarantee of good faith we will ship Camera by express C. O. D. for balance $4.75, subject to examination before you pay for it.

Send 5 Cents in Stamps for Sample Picture and Illustrated Catalogue.

CLOSE & CONE, 114 Nassau Street, New York City.

The skeptic says: 'If I really believed that letter I wouldn't hesitate a minute."

Thousands *do believe*, and are being cured of their Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

Hay Fever, Rose Colds,

etc., by **Booth's "Hyomei,"** the Australian "Dry-Air" treatment, which *cures by inhalation.*

67 Elm Street, LAWRENCE, Mass., May 6th, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with Bronchitis for the last five years and never found any permanent relief until I commenced using "Hyomei." In January last I made application to one of our leading life insurance companies, but at the medical examination the examining physician said that he could not pass me as my lungs and bronchial passages were badly congested. Soon after, I commenced using "Hyomei," and improved so rapidly that in one month again went before the same medical examiner and this time passed without any further ceremony.

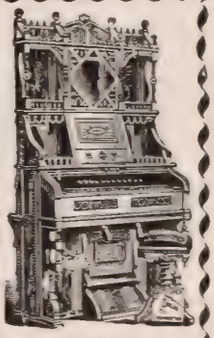
E. B. MOORE (with H. A. Buell & Co.).

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete in Sealed Case (see cut), by Mail, $1.00, to any part of the United States, consisting of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber (beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei,** a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are still skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Are you open to conviction?

Hyomei Balm cures all skin diseases—25 cents.

R. T. BOOTH, 23 East 20th Street, New York.

CATALOGUE **FREE**



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Pay $5 a month and upwards and no interest. Payments to suit purchaser. Number assigned in advance. Privilege of testing organ or piano in your own home 30 days. No expense to you if not satisfactory. Warranted 25 years.

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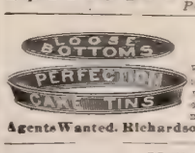
Send $1.00 and a Photograph of yourself and get 100 Stamp Photographs, all gummed and part rate the same as a postage stamp. Just the thing for exchanging in your cards, stationery, etc.

Mention this paper when ordering. Address

The Favorite Studio, 17 Union Square, New York.

Photograph returned.



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Easily removed without breaking. **Perfection Tins** require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. Cannot leave tins by mail. 50 cents. Catalogue free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co. 6 St., Bath, N. Y.

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DELIGHTFUL TRIPS BY SEA TO TEXAS —GALVESTON— FLORIDA. Tickets to all Winter Resorts in Texas, Georgia, Cuba, Mexico, California, Mexico, Georgia, Florida. Our 64-page illustrated pamphlet mailed free. C. H. MALLORY & CO., Pier 20, E. R., New York.

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DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of 112 West 45th Street, New York—the oldest Lung specialist in this country—explains in popular lectures the germ nature of consumption: the condition of the throat and lungs that leads to it, and the wonderful success of its treatment by vitalizing germicides inhaled by him and applied directly to the lungs by inhalation.

Those having weak lungs or any lung complaint can obtain Dr. Hunter's books and full information, free of charge, by addressing him as above.

The Corn won't linger longer after it's treated with **A-CORN SALVE.** 15c. box—druggists or by mail. GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 805 Cherry Street, Philada.

What is Your Weakness?

Is it Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Rheumatism, or any other diseases of the Kidney, Bladder, or Stomach? If so, send for FREE PAMPHLET of the NEW and famous Stafford Mineral Springs Water near Vossburg, Miss.

Astounding — Convincing Proof of Cures.

A letter from Rev. Dr. L. E. HALL, an eminent Baptist Divine:

HATTIESBURG, MISS., Dec. 15, 1892.

Gen. E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senator, Washington, D.C.

DEAR GENERAL—I enclose you a pamphlet recently published by a company of gentlemen of New Orleans, who are developing the Stafford Mineral Springs Water. The wonderful efficacy of this water exceeds anything that I have ever known. If any of your friends are suffering from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, etc., etc., kindly inform them of the water. If I had not seen with my own eyes the wonderful effect of it on parties who were on the very verge of the grave; if I had not seen their complete restoration to health after every available remedy had been exhausted and life had been utterly despaired of, I would not venture to hazard my reputation for integrity and truth on its virtue, as I have.

Yours truly, L. E. HALL.

Stafford Mineral Springs & Hotel Co. Limited. Department A 2. New Orleans, La.

NEW YORK OFFICE AND DEPOT: Department A 2. 256 & 257 Broadway.

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate, I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

OUR BOOK

How to Disinfect,

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We desire to mail **free** our complete illustrated book, prepared at great expense,

"How to Disinfect,"

giving rules in cases of infectious diseases, and also in everyday life. The care of sinks, sewers, etc. Remember—the intelligent use of true disinfectants is the surest defense against one half our sickness. Send your address to-day.

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IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th Street, N. Y.

CLOTHES WASHED

with the "BUSY BEE" are CLEAN. Here's the record: 10 pieces of flannel and no shrinking. Exclusive sale given to GOOD AGENTS. Write now

(BUSY BEE WASHER) **LAKE ERIE MFG CO.** 174 E. 13 St. Erie, Pa.

SPEX OUR MONEY IS SPECTACLES. Send for our ... Catalogue—free and new goods. Cut prices. F. E. BAILEY, Chicago, Ill.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

At all grocery stores east of the Rocky Mountains two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

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STOCKADE — Unequaled for all purposes. Stock, hog, sheep & poultry fence combination, in 8 heights of best Galvanized Steel Wire No. 13. Protects against rabbits. Meets all climatic changes. No breaking in Winter. No bagging in summer. ALL GOOD ROUND FENCE. Send for catalogue, etc. Hartman Mfg. Co., Ellwood City, Pa. Manhattan Bldg., Chicago. 271 Broadway, N. Y.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but have sold direct to the consumer for 23 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons $31 to $50. Send for large Catalogue.

No. 164—Surrey Harness. Price $14.50. As good as sells for $20.

No. 723—Price, with lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60.00. As good as sells for $90.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. Pratt, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

PLEASURE CARRIAGES, LADIES' PHAETONS,

BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS, SADDLES & BICYCLES

at Factory Prices. All goods guaranteed as represented and sent on approval anywhere. Write at once for our 1896 beautifully Illus. Catalogue showing all the **latest styles** and **new designs** in large variety, from a $10 cart to the most stylish Pleasure Vehicles. Prices in plain figures and Testimonials from every state, sent **free** to all who mention this paper.

Bicycle catalog sent free. Wheels from $25 up. Established 1886.

"A" Grade, $60.00 Manufacturers. ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., N. Court St., Cincinnati, O.

PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. You can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker; worth $1.00. Mailed for 10c, stamps for postage on outfit and stalogue of 1000 bargains. Same outfit with figures 15c. Outfit for printing two lines 25c postpaid.

Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 114 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

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Can't see how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00
$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100 000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address, (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 18, Chicago, Ills.

WHY PAY RETAIL PRICE

When you can buy a custom handmade oak leather **Harness** direct from the mfrs at wholesale price. Send 2c stamp for illustrated Catalogue, giving full description.

King Harness Co., Mfrs., 42 Church St., Owego, N.Y.

Ideal Spring Beds.

Our Booklet, "Wide Awake facts about Sleep," illustrating and describing them, sent free. An up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps. Foster Bros. M'f'g Co., 4 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN GERM-PROOF FILTER

An absolutely perfect sanitary filter. Filtering cylinder of porous rock, cleaned instantly by revolving against automatic rock cleaner—without opening filter. No other filter has or can have this device. Full description and prices of filters in a book that will be mailed free to you. Send postal for it. Also **Gravity Filters**—in which we use the Crystal Fountain Rock Tube.

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DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring, and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. **NO** Cracking.
NO Cleaning. **NO** Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

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Do you Know What a Delicious Drink yo Can mak With

"IDEAL" Root Beer or Lemonade Table

Add one "IDEAL" tablet to a glass of water and s the taste, no preparation necessary. Quick AND RE

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR T or send us 12 cents for a sample bottle.

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STARTLING THE WORLD!

It is Really the Chance of a Lifetim

This cut shows exact pattern and about two-thirds full size of spoons.

UNITED SOCIETY OF SHAKERS, at Watervliet, Ohio.
P. O. Box 914, Dayton, O.

DAYTON, OHIO, March 25, 1896.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Sirs:—Spoons I ordered last week received. *Am well pleased. They are well worth the money.*

In regard to your Tea and Orange spoons as per letter, don't quite understand it. Are there 6 in a set? Are they the same size and plated same as the ones I ordered. Please give description more fully and then I will see what I can do to gain the premium you offer.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) JOHN O. TYLER, Mgr.

SULLIVAN, ILLS., March 25, 18
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I am in receipt of the sou spoons and also your letter of the 24th The spoons are *very handsome indeed—in they exceeded our expectations a whole lot*

You will please send me 3 sets of No. two sets of No. 3 of your full size triple Souvenir Teaspoons—same as sent me order dated March 19th. I enclose draft to order for $4.95 to pay for same. This six sets I have ordered so if you feel dis to put in an extra set of spoons which is third of the premium you offer on 12 sets, not only be thankful but delighted. Aw your response, I am, Yours very truly,
T. H. SCO

We have thousands of letters similar to above on file at our office, and receive new ones

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever Offered. No scription will do justice to this Most Handsome and Ele Silverware; you never saw anything equal to them.

Just Think of It!

Six Heavy Solid Silver T Plated full size World's Souvenir Teaspoons, with Bowls Gold Plated both Inside and Ou and only **99c.** They are not the mon washed-over stuff, but are stamped "Leonard Mfg. A 1," which is a guarantee of reliability and square dea This is the most wonderful opportunity you ever heard o

Remember ORDER TO-DAY

We cannot supply these spoons after this lot is sold, and we reserve the right to refuse orders from dealers for more than two sets. As you may be too late if you delay. This is the most remarkable offer ever made by a reliable firm, and we refer to the First National Bank of Chicago, any Express Company, and Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Reports. The Editor of this paper knows we are responsible and will do as we agree. There are twelve different buildings:

Set No. 2 comprises the Manufacturers, Horticultural, Womans, Fisheries, Machinery and Transportation buildings.

Set No. 3 includes the Administration, Art, Agricultural, Electrical, Mining and Government buildings.

In your order please be explicit and say whether you want set number **2** or **3**. The set is put up in a very neat box, handsomely lined with plush, and is sent by mail se packed and prepaid.

Send **99 cents** by postoffice or express money or registered letter only, **as we do not accept personal check**

If the spoons are not exactly as represented you can your money back. You know our advertisement would in this paper if the offer was not genuine.

We still have some of the Souvenir Coffee Spoons on

LEONARD MFG. CO., Dept. B, 152-153 Michigan Ave., Chicag

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 24.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN ARMY.

Remarkable Growth of the Boys' Brigade Movement in Many Lands — Over 100,000 Young Soldiers of the Heavenly King—America Leads in Numbers, Enthusiasm, and Spiritual Results—Present Condition and Outlook of the Brigade.

LESS than seven years have elapsed since the Boys' Brigade movement first began to be recognized in America. In 1893, a brief history of the movement appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in which its rapid growth was remarked. Since that time, however, the expansion of the Brigade has been very phenomenal, and its increasing strength and influence are now felt in almost every Christian denomination in our land. In view of the widespread interest in this moral work among the boys, we give below an article on the subject contributed specially to this journal by Mr. W. M. C. Foster, the editor of the official paper of the Brigade, which presents a most attractive picture of the work as a whole.

* * *

The boy problem has been a very perplexing one. What to do with the happy-go-lucky, rollicking, healthy boy! The boy who is full of life, constantly going into hot water, and the genuine bad boy too. When the average lad reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, Sunday School and its associations become irksome, and the fact that he has become too old for these things soon enters his active brain. Once let him sever connections with the Sunday School, and the next step, severance of all church ties, soon follows. And what is the result? Here is the vast army of our non-church going young people, who, it is estimated, number over eighty-five per cent of the American youth. Then indeed is the old saying, "a stitch in time saves nine," verified. Personal inquiry work among this class will invariably be answered by, "I have enough of that sort of thing when a boy, and guess it will last me a lifetime."

The Christian Endeavor, and kindred organizations, — God-given and fostered movements,—were found to be admirable ways whereby young people could congregate, let off steam, and as a unit in working to be a power for good to mankind. The Salvation Army, a perfect and effective means for reaching the down-trodden and fallen, was met by much persecution and abuse in its infancy, which, however, only served as incentives, and to-day it stands in the foremost rank, a recognized power for good. The Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, with whose method and manner of work all are familiar, fill peculiar and important niches, and fill them acceptably. It would seem that in all of these societies, the boy would have been accorded some attention, but it is a lamentable fact that he was almost entirely ignored up to October 4th, 1883.

On that day a military company, called the "Boys' Brigade," was organized as an adjunct of the Free College Church, of Glasgow. Scotland, by William A. Smith, an energetic worker in the Sunday Schools there, and a member of the Lanark Rifles of that city. His aim was the rough and ready humble factory boys of Glasgow, and as an experiment, it proved to be surprisingly gratifying. The hoodlums became gentlemanly, well-behaved and orderly boys on short order, with a desire for right thinking and right living. The news soon spread to other churches, and companies were formed on lines similar to the original. It was immediately apparent that the Brigade idea was adaptable to any church, and to boys and youths of all classes and conditions, and it was evident that the "missing link" had been found at last. This was something that would interest the boy in that transitory stage between the boy and the man, when surrounding impressions and scenes are accepted as guides to manhood, and when, if surroundings be right, all is well, and if the reverse, the boy is lost. It became evident that this fact was appreciated, and companies were formed by scores and hundreds, both in the United Kingdom and abroad, and men of prominence began to investigate and champion the movement. Among these may be mentioned Prof. Henry Drummond, whose pen has added many treasures to the Brigade's literature; Rev. Donald McLeod, chaplain to Queen Victoria; the late Charles H. Spurgeon; and on this side of the ocean the late Dr. Gordon, of Boston; Dr. Wm. H. Knox, of Pittsburg; Dr. C. B. Morrell, of Cincinnatti; Dr. D. C. Milner, of Chicago, and Rev. J. Q. Adams, of San Francisco. One of the first companies in the United States to be organized along strictly Brigade lines, was formed in connection with the Westminister Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, on August 10th, 1889. The several distinctive features of the parent Brigade were embodied in the constitution and by-laws, and, with some minor and unimportant changes, are the governing rules to-day.

THE FOUNDER AND LEADERS OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

1. H. W. Bolton, D.D., *Commander-in-Chief.* 2. W. A. Smith, *Founder.* 3. O. L. Rickard, *Adjt.-Gen'l.* 4. P. S. Henson, D.D., *Chief Chaplain.*

The qualifications for membership are, briefly: The boy must be between the ages of twelve and twenty-one, and upon joining, promises to attend some Sunday School (an essential feature), and it is usually the one with which the company is connected. In addition, he assents to the following pledge: "I promise and pledge that I will not use tobacco nor intoxicating liquors in any form; that I will not use profane, vulgar, nor indecent language; that I will obey, faithfully, all the company rules, and that I will at all times set an example of good conduct to my comrades and other boys."

History, true to the legend, repeated itself here, and companies sprang up, as if by magic, all over the country. Denominationalism soon became apparent, however, and for a time threatened to hamper and retard the movement, which, in the minds of its progenitors, was distinctly undenominational. Boys' Brigade stood, principally, for Congregationalism and Presbyterianism; "B. B. B." stood for Baptist's Boys' Brigade, and the Methodists had their Epworth Guards, under the supervision of the Epworth League. It was not until the 31st day of January, 1895, however, that America recognized the value of undenominationalism in this work, and in the United Boys' Brigades of America bound all these in one central and harmonious whole. This was brought about through the efforts of broad-minded and thoughtful men, who, first to recognize the value, were as quick to see the threatened danger, and, by united efforts, effected the consolidation, and the "United Boys' Brigade of America," knowing no sect or creed, save Christ alone, stands ready to-day to do battle for their King against sin and vice in every form: their banner the stars and stripes, and for a slogan: "The advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends toward a true Christian manliness, with a view to the development of piety and patriotism."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Exodus 10: 13, "*And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night.*"

THE reference here is not to a cyclone but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthful quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs, of the world's existence, the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor'-wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides, and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the Church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject, I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptations that you cannot endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind [illegible]

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadnesss and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide his face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at his feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escaped it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick-room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by an excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick-room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some [illegible] the impatient father or husband of [illegible] sick one rushes out and gets another [illegible] ical practitioner, who comes in just in [illegible] to get the credit of the cure. Or, [illegible] are a lawyer, and you come in cor[illegible] with a trickster in your profession, [illegible] in your absence, and contrary to ag[illegible] ment, he moves a nonsuit or the [illegible] missal of the case; or the judge on [illegible] bench, remembering an old political gru[illegible] rules against you every time he ge[illegible] chance, and says with a snarl, "If [illegible] don't like my decision, take an exceptio[illegible] Or, you are a farmer, and the cur[illegible] stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into [illegible] wheat, or the drought stunts the corn [illegible] the long-continued rains give you no [illegible] portunity for gathering the harvest. [illegible] best cow gets the hollow-horn, your [illegible] horse gets foundered. A French pro[illegible] said that trouble comes in on horse[illegible] and goes away on foot. So trouble d[illegible] ed in on you suddenly, but oh, how [illegible] it was in getting away! Came on ho[illegible] back, goes away on foot. Rapid in c[illegible] ing, slow in going. That is the histor[illegible] nearly all your troubles. Again and a[illegible] and again you have experienced the p[illegible] er of the east wind. It may be blow[illegible] from that direction now.

My friends, God intended these trou[illegible] and trials for some particular purp[illegible] They do not come at random. Her[illegible] the promise: "He stayeth his ro[illegible] wind in the day of the east wi[illegible] In the Tower of London the swords [illegible] the guns of other ages are burnis[illegible] and arranged into huge passion-flow[illegible] and sunflowers, and bridal cakes, and [illegible] wonder how anything so hard as s[illegible] could be put into such floral shapes [illegible] have to tell you that the hardest, sh[illegible] est, most cutting, most piercing sorr[illegible] of this life may be made to bloom [illegible] blossom and put on bridal festivity. [illegible] Bible says they shall be mitigated, t[illegible] shall be assuaged, they shall be grad[illegible] ed. God is not going to allow you t[illegible] overthrown. A Christian woman, [illegible] much despondent, was holding her chil[illegible] her arms, and the pastor, trying to [illegible] sole the woman in her spiritual depress[illegible] said, "There, you will let your child dr[illegible] "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let [illegible] child drop." He said, "You will let c[illegible] drop." "Why," she said, "if I sh[illegible] drop the child here, it would dash his [illegible] out!" "Well, now," said the Chris[illegible] minister, "don't you think God is as g[illegible] as you are? Won't God, your Fat[illegible] take as good care of you, his child, as [illegible] take care of your child? God won't t[illegible] you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind b[illegible] just hard enough to drive us into the ha[illegible] of God's protection. We all feel we [illegible] manage our own affairs. We have h[illegible] and compass and chart and quadr[illegible] Give us plenty of sea-room and we sai[illegible] and sail on; but after awhile there co[illegible] a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, [illegible] we are helpless in the gale, and we cry [illegible] for harbor. All our calculations upset [illegible] say with the poet,

> Change and decay on all around I see,
> O thou who changest not, abide with me!

The south wind of mild providence ma[illegible] us throw off the cloak of Christian cl[illegible] acter and we catch cold, but the sharp [illegible] wind of trouble makes us wrap aroun[illegible] the warm promises. The best thing t[illegible] ever happens to us is trouble. That i[illegible] hard thing perhaps to say: but I repea[illegible] for God announces it again and again, [illegible] best thing that happens to us is trouble

When the French army went down i[illegible] Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, [illegible] digging for a fortress, came across a ta[illegible] which has been called the Rosetta st[illegible] There were inscriptions in three or f[illegible] languages on that Rosetta stone. Sch[illegible] ars studying out the alphabet of hiero[illegible] phics from that stone were enabled to r[illegible] ancient inscriptions on monuments and [illegible] tombstones. Well, many of the ha[illegible] writings of God in our life are indecipl[illegible] able hieroglyphics; we cannot underst[illegible]

m until we take up the Rosetta stone divine inspiration, and the explanation comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel of all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corn-bins of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did exile do for Richard Baxter? Gave him ability to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell: an unstrung harp; a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Phœbus lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth. "and my picture is done." Then he added a broken palate of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skilful than Hogarth's, pictures not falling, failing, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

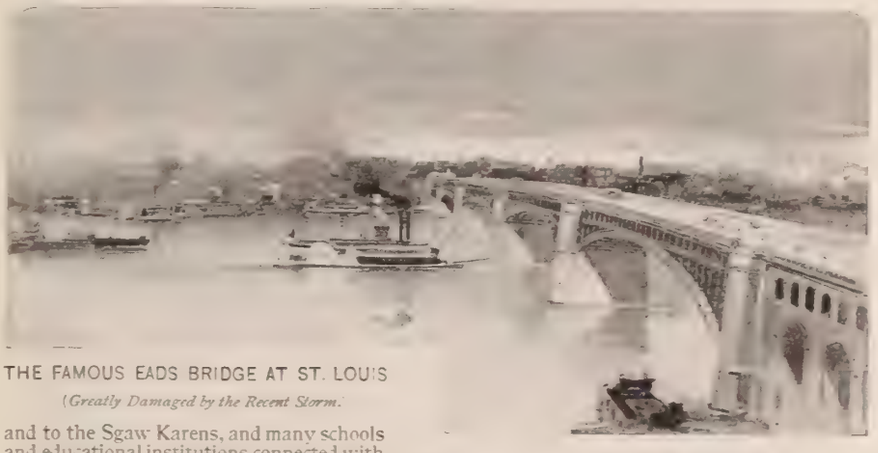
There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows forming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience: but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long-boat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed him for the south wind, and blessed him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless him for the east wind?

[illegible]
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
[illegible]
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Gospel Progress in Burma.

Rangoon is not only the headquarters of the British government in Burma, but of the Baptist mission work as well. Here are flourishing missions to the Burmans.



THE FAMOUS EADS BRIDGE AT ST. LOUIS

(Greatly Damaged by the Recent Storm.)

and to the Sgaw Karens, and many schools and educational institutions connected with the missions. In Insein, a suburb, is found the Theological Seminary, in which native preachers are trained for Baptist mission work among all the numerous races of Burma. In the city, says the *Missionary Magazine*, we find the Rangoon Baptist College for the training of students of all races. In Kemendine, one of the pleasantest parts of the city, is the Baptist-Mission Girls' School, which has long done splendid work in education. In this city are also the headquarters of the Rangoon Sgaw Karen Mission, with its excellent town school and missionary agencies. There are also a school for Eurasian boys and girls, a school for the children of the Telugu and Tamil people, besides other smaller mission schools. Here is located the Baptist Mission Press, which employs about seventy-five persons and issues every year millions of pages of tracts, scriptures and literature in all the languages of Burma. This is the only place in which printing in several of the languages and dialects of Burma can be executed. In Rangoon civilization, semi-civilization and barbarism are strangely mingled, and its people are gathered from all nations and represent a great variety of races. Here rise the temples of Christian worship, and the shrines of heathenism, but Christianity is gaining the day. The religious condition of Rangoon at the present day compared with even a few years ago, shows a vast improvement. As the capital, so the country, and Rangoon is but an illustration of the progress which the religion of Jesus Christ and its accompanying Christian civilization is making over heathenism, with its cruel barbarities and senseless superstitions.

St. Louis Tornado-Swept.

The Most Destructive Storm Ever Known in the Southwest—Hundreds of Lives Lost and over $15,000,000 Damage to Property.

SELDOM does it fall to the lot of the press to record a disaster so swift, so overwhelming and so complete as that which befel the city of St. Louis, Mo., and its surroundings on the evening of May 27th. For less than half an hour, the city rocked and reeled in the grasp of a tornado of immeasurable strength and destructiveness, and when it passed, the path of the storm was strewn with the wrecks of dismantled and shattered buildings, and hundreds of human beings lay dead or mangled amid the ruins.

There was but little premonition of the coming storm. The official record of the Weather Bureau said of the beginning of the tornado: A storm centre had moved slowly eastward during the day. By 3 P. M. the sky became thickly covered with clouds. By 3.30 these clouds had settled into a uniform mass, which commenced to assume a light green color in the northwest. The green colored cloud continued to advance from the northwest, spreading more toward the west and north, and at the same time the temperature commenced to fall. A violent secondary storm centre was created, as indicated by the continual falling of the barometer.

At 5:04 p. m. the storm broke forth in all its fury. The wind changed suddenly to northwest with rapidly increasing velocity. Rain fell in torrents; the green clouds still remained in the west and north, but the storm moved from northwest toward southwest, and large, angry-looking, detached masses of cloud moved from almost every point of the compass, crossing each other with great rapidity. At 5:15 p. m. the wind reached a velocity of eighty miles per hour from the northwest, the greatest velocity ever reached in the history of the St. Louis station. It had a strength and fury that were resistless, and carried all before it. The city was plunged in darkness—all the lights seeming to go out at once. There was a whirr and a roar that struck terror to all hearts, and which may have been described as like the falling of a thousand cataracts into some immeasurable abyss. The black air was full of flying timbers, limbs of trees, dust and even stones. One could hear the heavy crash of falling masonry and snapping timbers, the shivering of glass, the pounding of huge boulders on the sidewalks, and the creak and strain of great buildings that could not resist the destroyer. Shrieks of the mangled, groans of the crushed and the dying, and screams of the terror-stricken resounded on every side, and above all was the fierce, rushing blast of the wind as it raged through the doomed city, leaving havoc and desolation in its track.

It was the rushing together of two great storms, coming from opposite directions. Uniting their tremendous forces at a point near southeast St. Louis, they swept at a speed that could not be measured, over a path nearly fifteen miles long and half a mile in width, making a great swath of devastation, uprooting trees, twisting even iron buildings and bridges, derailing trains, and sweeping many of the Mississippi steamers from their moorings, to be shattered and sunk in midstream. Among the terror-stricken population there were few who had the courage to observe the course that had been followed by the tornado, but from points beyond its immediate path, its progress was clearly visible to onlookers. Some of those spectators say that the air was loaded with flying debris. In its course the tornado

THE ST. LOUIS S. S. "CITY OF MONROE."

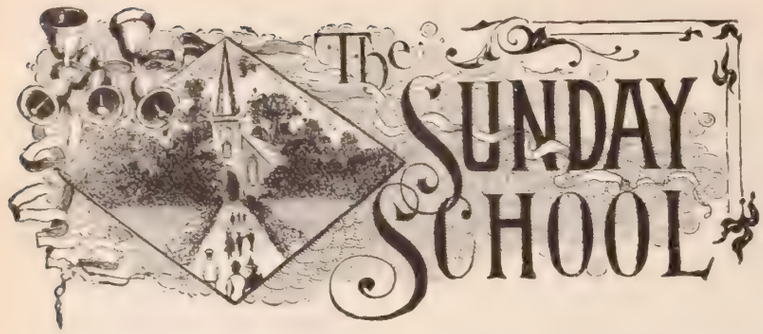
One of many Wrecked in the Tornado.

several times seemed to leap upward from the ground and then returned to earth to inflict still greater havoc. At a distance it bore a resemblance to a huge, inverted funnel shaped like a waterspout, and revolving upon its centre with frightful rapidity. From its vortex—which drew in everything it touched, like a maelstrom—there was flung high in the air such a miscellaneous collection of debris as can hardly be described.

Had this terrific aerial visitor prolonged its stay, the destruction to human life would have been appalling. As it was, the result was sufficiently fearful, for, during the few moments when the tornado was at its height—hours, as they seemed to the unfortunates who were in its path—many hundreds of lives were utterly crushed out. The streets of St. Louis and East St. Louis were strewn with dead bodies and shattered dwellings, while many lay dying under the ruins of structures that had collapsed, burying all within.

Among the structures injured by the cyclone was the famous Eads bridge across the Mississippi, which was so badly dismantled at one end, where the full force of the wind struck it, that it has been closed for traffic until repaired. The Merchant's bridge also suffered greatly. The "Four Courts," the New Union Depot, St. Vincent de Paul Insane Asylum, the Auditorium, Chamber of Commerce, Jail, Convention Hall, City Hospital, Scandinavian Church, and many others were more or less injured, some being almost completely wrecked. Hardly any part of the city wholly escaped, although the greatest damage was in a comparatively limited section. On the south side of the city, the dwellings were razed to the level ground, rich brownstone dwellings and humble frame cottages sharing the same fate. Factories, markets, warehouses, stores, electric power houses, club houses, hotels, schools, churches, breweries, trees, fences, tall chimneys were demolished and hurled through the air with the speed of an express train. Houses, barns, and wagons, the spectators declare, were whirled about as if propelled by a gun.

In St. Louis 187 bodies of recognized dead were found after the cyclone passed. There were also found 11 unknown dead, 20 fatally injured, and 800 less seriously injured, while over 60 were known to be missing. In East St. Louis there were 149 known dead, 5 unknown dead, 3 fatally injured, 350 less seriously, and about 20 missing. The total fatalities in the two cities will not fall short of 500. The loss to property in St. Louis alone is estimated at $15,000,000, while in East St. Louis, and among the river steamers, as well as in the outlying districts, the damage may reach two millions more. The loss on the river to steamer and other property is estimated at $500,000. Many points in Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, and Pennsylvania suffered simultaneously with St. Louis though in a less degree, and a number of lives were lost in country districts by the great storm of the 27th of May, which will long be remembered as the most destructive that has been known in the West in a generation.



The Risen Lord.

Sunday School Lesson for June 21st. Luke 24: 36-53. Golden Text, Luke. 24: 34. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT was the foretaste of his glory when Jesus rose from the dead. Up to that moment, humiliation upon humiliation had marked the path of him who left the glory which he had with the Father "before the world was" (John 17: 5), to take upon him "the likeness of sinful flesh." (Rom. 8: 3.) He took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men, and "being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." (Phil. 2: 7, 8.) This does not say all. Add to his temptation in the desert, his rejection by the chief of the people, his apparent failure, and the defection of his little company of disciples at the last, and still we cannot sound the depth of his humiliation. Only his Father knew the awful depth of those "lower parts of the earth" where he descended (Eph. 4: 9), when the sin and shame of all the human race lay on him. And this was

The Word

which was from the beginning, by whom all things were made, and who still upholds "all things by the Word of his power." O let our hearts bow down and worship our crucified and risen Lord! Before his death upon the cross, the Scriptures were sealed to the disciples; they had been able to preach the coming kingdom, he had given them power to cast out devils and to heal the sick, but all this was possible while they yet had very little knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The life of Jesus was a living out of the Word of God; he had said in his great high-priestly prayer: "I have given them thy Word;" "the words which thou gavest me I have given them;" and he speaks as though these words included all things that the Father had given him. And now, after his resurrection, he seeks, before all else, to lead his disciples to see what is the treasure which they have in the Word of God. In what sense did he give them the Word? Truly, in his own words to them, he quoted from the written word; but this was not all; himself was the fulfilling of the law, the accomplishment in his own Person, and in his own life, of all that was written. He had lived out the Word of his Father, and he alone is the power by which any of his people may live out the Scriptures. I have given them thy Word. In a deep sense, "God, having of old time spoken unto the father, in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son" (Heb. 1: 1, R. V.), in the Life which translated the Old Testament into a living thing, a breathing Life of "God manifest in the flesh." It was not Moses nor the Prophets, but he of whom they spake, and in whom the Father spake who could say with truth, "I have given them thy Word."

And yet, after having spoken it out to his Father in that prayer, how simply and unostentatiously did he open the Scriptures to his disciples! Two of them were on the way to Emmaus communing and questioning together over the great things concerning the Christ and the rumors of his resurrection. And he drew nigh. How [illegible] one with another over his Word, he still draws nigh. Waiting until they had told him out all their hearts, he said, "O, foolish men, and slow of heart, to believe [illegible]" And beginning from Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." After he had left them they said one to another, "Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the Scriptures." He was leaving behind him an inexhaustible treasure, but he must teach them how to make use of it. It was a new world which opened to them, and they hastened to tell "the eleven and them that were with them" (ver. 33), probably the hundred and twenty (Acts 1: 15), the things which had happened; Jesus risen, and

The Scriptures Opened.

As they spake with the eleven of him, and of his Word, he was again present, with his precious message of "Peace be unto you." But they who had not understood when he taught them about the cross could not understand the resurrection. The sense of terror which seized them on the lake of Galilee when they took Jesus coming on the sea to their assistance for a spirit, seized them now. Then "they were sore amazed in themselves; for they understood not concerning the loaves, for their heart was hardened" (Mark 6: 52); now their hearts were equally hardened about the sufferings and death of him whom they hoped should have redeemed Israel. But he said to them: "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself. Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." Pierced hands and pierced feet told the story of peace which they had not understood before; the light began to dawn, they knew now what Isaiah meant when he said, "The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." (Isa. 53: 5). The old expectations of earthly glory began to give way, a new horizon opened before them, their long inactive and sleeping inner man began to awake, and God's Christ, crucified, and risen, and coming again in glory, stood revealed before them. Joy as intense as their fear and [illegible] they believed not for joy." The revulsion [illegible] and the Lord's [illegible] thought he was speaking in parable. Not one of them appears to have looked for any such event. The report of the women who went to the sepulchre and found it empty, and the confirmation of the report by Peter and John, were only confusing to their minds. Even the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, had no suspicion of the truth, under circumstances which might have been thought directly suggestive of it. One perceives how remote from their minds must have been any expectation of Christ rising from the dead, when one reads that they could listen to such an exposition, from a stranger, of the meaning of the Scriptures, without suspecting their unknown Teacher's identity. It required a series of appearances under circumstances that admitted of no doubt, to convince the friends of Christ of the reality of the resurrection. They found it easier to believe in a ghost than to believe that their Master had taken again by his divine power, the life he had laid down. Even then, when Christ by eating before them, had given proof of the reality of his physical existence, one doubter refused to accept testimony. Nothing short of personal, tangible demonstration would, he declared, satisfy him. Christ condescended to offer it and Thomas was convinced. It is well for us that they were so slow to admit the fact. Their scepticism elicited proofs that might otherwise not have been given—proofs whose value is tested in every generation. The overwhelming attestation of the fact was thus placed beyond question for all who accept the testimony of [illegible] Evangelists in other matters. It is [illegible] part of their narrative and must stand [illegible] fall with it. And after all, it ought no[illegible] require so much faith to accept it. [illegible] resurrection and ascension form a fitt[illegible] termination of such a life as they descri[illegible] That a Being who lived such a life as is p[illegible] trayed in the Gospels, who did such mig[illegible] deeds as are there recorded, should a[illegible] from the dead and ascend into heaven [illegible] should not be hard to believe. Inde[illegible] without such a close, the life would be [illegible] complete. Paul was logical, when he [illegible] clared that if Christ had not risen [illegible] faith would have been vain. We co[illegible] not have trusted in a dead Christ, [illegible] who had himself been conquered by dea[illegible] It was necessary that he should arise [illegible] ascend into heaven that his people mi[illegible] be sure that he was and is the Lord of l[illegible]

It behooved Christ to suffer and rise f[illegible] the dead. An old fable describes a fox [illegible] approaching a cave about which there w[illegible] many footprints, showing that many fo[illegible] had been there before him. He was ab[illegible] to enter when he noticed that all the f[illegible] prints were turned the same way. Th[illegible] had all been made by foxes going into [illegible] cave; there were none made by foxes c[illegible] ing out. The fox at once drew the conc[illegible] sion that there was danger there, and [illegible] turned aside and did not go in. Such [illegible] cave there is at the end of our liv[illegible] Human footsteps lead to death, but th[illegible] were none returning. But Christ chan[illegible] all that. They who tread in his footst[illegible] will survive death and live because he liv[illegible]

Then opened he their understanding. W[illegible] derful things are all around that we c[illegible] not perceive without assistance. T[illegible] beauty of the fly's wing, of the dust [illegible] the butterfly's body we would not see i[illegible] were not for the microscope. The grand[illegible] and glory of the stars would be unkno[illegible] without the aid of the telescope. The n[illegible] discovery of the Roentgen rays opens u[illegible] field of vision into the inner living org[illegible] ism. It is so in the spiritual world. T[illegible] glory and beauty and profound truths [illegible] the Word of God are not discerned wi[illegible] out the illumination Christ gives.

It is I myself. The disciples knew th[illegible] Master was dead, and could not believe [illegible] was come back to life. They thoug[illegible] they beheld a spirit. His strangely s[illegible] den appearances and disappearances sho[illegible] ed that he was living in a world near [illegible] them, though invisible to them, and th[illegible] he had a spiritual body. What that bo[illegible] was we cannot understand, but the f[illegible] that the sepulchre was empty indicat[illegible] that the natural body was the basis fr[illegible] which it was constructed by divine pow[illegible] Dr. Halley uses as an illustration of t[illegible] change the story of a silver cup. He sa[illegible] that a silversmith's servant dropped a s[illegible] ver cup into a pan of aquafortis. T[illegible] cup disappeared in the strong acid, a[illegible] the servant feared he would be charg[illegible] with stealing it. Trembling with fear, [illegible] told his master and begged him to belie[illegible] his story. The silversmith infused s[illegible] water which caused the acid to precipita[illegible] the metal it held in suspension. The silv[illegible] was recovered and a cup was made of

Repentance and remission of sins. Th[illegible] was the boon Christ brought to the worl[illegible] A Chinese Christian thus vividly contra[illegible] ed this Gospel message with the religio[illegible] his countrymen believed in. "A man h[illegible] fallen into a deep pit and lay in the mire [illegible] the bottom helpless. Confucius pass[illegible] by and looking down on him said: 'Po[illegible] follow, I am sorry for you; you are payi[illegible] the penalty of heedless walking. If y[illegible] get out you must be more careful in f[illegible] ture,' That," said the Chinaman, "[illegible] Coufucianism. A Buddhist passed b[illegible] and he looked on him and said: 'Try [illegible] scramble out; if you can get up half wa[illegible] I can reach you and help you.' But th[illegible] poor man said, 'I cannot move.' That [illegible] Buddhism. Then Christ came by and [illegible] went down to the poor man and laid ho[illegible] of him and carried him up. That is Chri[illegible] tianity."

Power from on high. It is given still an[illegible] is suitable for all classes. When Joh[illegible] Wesley was at the height of his fame h[illegible] heard that some profligate noblemen we[illegible] coming out of curiosity to hear him preac[illegible] He took for his text, "O generation of vi[illegible] ers who hath warned you?" That sermo[illegible] said one of his hearers afterward wa[illegible] more fit for the prisoners in Newgate tha[illegible] for us. Wesley replied: "No, if I ha[illegible] been preaching in Newgate my text woul[illegible] have been: 'Behold the Lamb of God wh[illegible] taketh away the sin of the world.'"

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IT is not extraordinary that one who has looked on the dead should find it difficult to believe in the resurrection. The disciples were slow to believe in the fact that Jesus had risen from the dead. They had not believed him when he told them of his approaching death, and they seem altogether to have failed to apprehend his meaning when he told them that he would rise again. They

"HE LED THEM OUT AS FAR AS TO BETHANY."

IARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

FURTHER particulars have now been received of the murder of Dr. and Mrs. Leach and their child, briefly announced in this journal last week. The devoted family, whose portraits appear on this page,

MRS. LEACH AND CHILD.

DR. C. E. LEACH.

were murdered on May 7th in their Mission station at Sfax, which is about two hundred miles south of Tunis. The crime is believed to be the work of fanatical Mohammedans. There were no witnesses of it. Some reports of violence reached the ears of the British Vice-consul at Sfax and he accompanied by the Commissary, went to the station on May 8, to see what the trouble was. The sight that met their gaze was appalling. Dr. Leach's body pierced by ten awful gashes, lay upon the floor. Near it was the body of his wife whom he appeared to have been defending when cut down. She had received four separate stabs. A little way off was the body of their six-year-old son whose throat had been cut. In a cradle in another room was an infant of a few months old who was crying pitifully. It was the only living creature in the house who had escaped the assassins. All the rooms were in confusion, the furniture broken and the clothing scattered about. From the appearance of the house and the bodies it is conjectured that Dr. Leach fought bravely, but was overpowered, and driven, still fighting, to his bedroom in which he locked himself with his wife and child. The savage murderers appear to have battered down the door of the room and to have completed their shocking work there with Dahomeyan ferocity.

Dr. Leach had been at Sfax since August of last year. Prior to that time he had spent six years as medical missionary in Algiers. He was originally sent out by the Amity Baptist Church in West Fifty-fifth street, New York, of which Dr. Lighton Williams is pastor. He was the son of a Surgeon-Major in the English army, and was born at Rangoon, Burmah, fifty-six years ago.

He studied at Edinburgh University and there received his surgeon's diploma. For a few years he acted as surgeon on several vessels, and as resident surgeon of a Children's Hospital in England. But his heart was set on missionary labor, and ten years ago during a sojourn in New York, he made arrangements with the Amity Baptist Church to go out as a medical missionary from that church. After two years later he joined the North African Mission and removed to Tunis. There, for six years he patiently labored among natives, Mohammedans and Jews, and opened a dispensary for poor patients, treating with skill and free of charge, all who came. He was greatly beloved by all classes and nationalities. Last August, feeling that the work in Tunis was well established, and that he could be spared for pioneer work, he went to Sfax and opened a mission station there. His widespread popularity among the people rendered him absolutely fearless. He went alone with his wife and child to Sfax, and intended to conduct the mission until it was ready to be handed over to a successor. Mrs. Leach was a native of Rothsay, Scotland. She was in charge of a Sailors' Mission at Marseilles before her marriage to Dr. Leach. The death of this devoted pair has caused widespread sorrow not only to their numerous personal friends, but to the people of Tunis, who remember them with loving gratitude. Like their Master they died at the hands of the people whose welfare they sought and to whom they had come with the message of life for body and soul. Their cruel death is one of the mysteries of God's providence which will continue to puzzle us until we obtain the clearer vision that will come in the light of his presence. It would have seemed to human reason that a special protection would have been about lives so noble and useful, but God's ways are not as our ways.

The Gospel on the Zambesi.

The veteran missionary, M. Coillard, on leaving Zambesi for a furlough in France, made necessary by a protracted illness, has sent a touching letter to the directors of the *Societe des Missions Evangeliques de Paris*. With the aid of native boys he had made his sorrowful preparations and had said farewell to the people for whom he has toiled and suffered so much. The king said to him: "Ah, if I am not yet saved it is not your fault. You have given yourself no rest, but neither have you given me any!" Writing of the affectionate care of his boy pupils, Monsieur Coillard says: "Semonji, especially, has made an admirable nurse, foreseeing or divining my wants, trying to tempt my appetite and to make my room cheerful and doing everything earnestly, joyously, and noiselessly. He has never left me, day or night. At night, when the dear little fellow spreads his mat at the foot of my bed, he pours out his heart in supplications, asking a little relief, a little sleep for 'his father, the old servant of God.' And, through the night, instantly on his feet at the first call! The dear boy, learning of my resolve to leave the country to seek medical aid, instantly entreated not to be left behind. He did not want to to quit me till I should be better—'he would go wherever I went.' 'And if I should go to Europe?' 'Very well: he would go.' As to Nyondo. Poor boy! every time that my departure is spoken of he bows his head upon his knees and begins to weep." Monsieur Coillard goes on to say that his leaving Africa is a complete overturning of his plans and wishes, but that "a ray of light illumines his darkness and sorrow." "What a difference between this journey and that of 1884! Then not a soul in this vast region who knew even the name of the Lord."

THE WAR ON THE NILE.

ALTHOUGH there has been no important engagement fought thus far, in the Nile campaign, there is every probability that stirring events may be expected in Egypt in the near future. The progress of the Anglo-Egyptian military movement for the occupation of advanced positions on the Upper Nile, and with a view to the ultimate recovery of Berber and Khartoum, is proceeding with steady rapidity. The railway from Sarras, passing by the Second Cataract, is being laid at the rate of one mile daily, and now extends beyond the Ambigol road and to the Murad Wells: it will be completed to Akasheh by the end of June. Permanent garrisons have been placed in fortified positions at Sarras and other stations to the front. A Camel Corps is at Wady Halfa, and will be of great service in scouting over the Nubian Desert.

These arrangements on the banks of the Nile, under the supervision of General Sir H. Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's army, have been connected with the recent active movements of the garrisons at Suakim and Tokar, by which Osman Digna's section of the Mahdist or Dervish forces has been driven back from the coast region of the Red Sea, and is likely soon to be altogether expelled from the Eastern Soudan. It is announced at Simla, the headquarters of the British Indian Government, that that portion of the East African littoral temporarily is to be put under the military protection of the government, in order that the Egyptian troops may be removed to Wady Halfa, to join in the advance towards Dongola. A force of the Indian native army has sailed for the Red Sea, and will co-operate with the Anglo-Egyptian troops in their operations against the dervishes.

OSMAN DIGNA AND HIS DERVISHES IN THE SOUDANESE DESERT

Our illustration on this page, from a drawing published in the *London Illustrated News*, shows a group of dervishes, with Osman Digna in their midst, on the march through the desert. These warlike people are determined to resist to the last ditch, the Anglo-Egyptian advance, and a resolute struggle may be expected. Osman Digna has already displayed striking qualities as a military leader, and with the large numerical dervish and mahdist strength at his command, will doubtless make a strong stand. It is hardly to be expected, however, that he will be able to oppose an effective advance of the Anglo-Egyptian forces.

Osman Digna has had a strangely eventful career. He has been repeatedly reported as dead, but has unfailingly come to the front in every recent period of military activity among the dervishes and Mahdists. His father was a Turkish slave-trader, and his mother an Arab of the Hadendowa tribe. With his brother, Ahmed, he carried on the business of a slave-trader for many years, with his headquarters at Suakim, and branches at Khartoum, Berbir, Kassala, el-Obeid, and in the Equatorial Province. His trade was broken up by the British in 1883, and a number of his slave dhows, or boats, captured in the Red Sea and destroyed. Osman was eager for vengeance, and offered to raise a force in the Eastern Soudan, and the Mahdi conferred on him the title of Emir.

The Khalifa, who is the leader of the desert tribesmen, has an army of not less than 140,000 men, of whom 40,000 are riflemen, 60,000 spearmen, and 6,000 cavalry. All his arms are greatly inferior to those of the Anglo-Egyptian troops, less than half of his rifles being in good condition. Should the "jehad," or "holy war," be proclaimed by the Khalifa, the result would be to summon the entire fighting strength of the Soudan, and thus greatly augment the forces of the Anglo-Egyptian army would have to face in the field.

A Buddhist Saint.

In the Buddhist journals of Japan some remarkable stories are related concerning Enmo-gio-ja, the founder of the Shugen sect of Buddhists. These stories are fair examples of heathen beliefs. He was born about 665 A. D., in the village of Chihara, Japan. From infancy he exhibited wonderful ability, and was wise and active. Especially he read the Buddhist Scriptures introduced from Korea. In his thirty-second year he went out to lead a life of homelessness and self-mortification among the Katsuragi Mountains. For more than thirty years he lived alone in a rocky cavern in the mountains and practiced self-mortification, clothing his body with the leaves of ivy grass and feeding on the fruits of pine trees, to attain the superhuman powers. After this he went to Mt. Mino-o, in the province of Settsu. There he sat upon a rock near a great cataract. One day, in a vision, he entered the waterfall, was presented to a great deity, and received the Kujaku-myo-o-kio scripture. When he awoke, there was in his hand a copy of the book. He built there a monastery which he called *Mino-o-tera*, dedicated to Nagarjuna, and it stands to this day. It is also told that when he was exiled, he made daily visits to the top of Mt. Fuji. To-day pious people form parties and make pilgrimages to these sacred mountains, where it is said En had once manifested his wonderful powers and left many marvelous marks which are pointed out to pilgrims. They are usually led by one or two "Adepts," or *Sendachi*. These adepts are said to be able to perform various miracles: to devour keen-edged swords without any injury to them: to swallow red-hot iron balls: to breathe flaming fire: to walk on the surface of water; and to travel through the air.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

$18,241.31. —

—, Binghamton, $1; Sunday School Class, Texarkana, $4; C. M., Dover, $1; C. E. Soc. West Sunbury,

$18,290.16.

THE NEW A. M. E. BISHOPS.

The African Methodist Episcopal Conference Elects Drs. Derrick, Armstrong, and Embry to the Bishopric.

LIKE their brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the ministers and delegates of the African Methodist Episcopal Conference have had the responsible duty of choosing from among themselves three men for the Bishopric. On this

REV. W. B. DERRICK, D.D.

page we give a portrait of the well-known clergyman who was the first choice of the Conference, Rev. W. B. Derrick, D.D. It was a significant and well-merited tribute to his many excellences that Dr. Derrick was elected on the first ballot. Of the 319 votes cast, 204 were given to him, forty-three more than were necessary to a choice. Dr. Derrick is evidently a popular man among his brethren, and he enters upon his Episcopal duties with the the most cordial wishes for the success of his new career. The Conference had the advantage of knowing a good deal of the new bishop. Dr. Derrick has given it eight years of valuable and efficient service as Secretary of Missions, and prior to his election in 1888, he was pastor of the large church in Sullivan St., New York, and other important churches. It is therefore into no new or untried hands the Conference commits the responsibilities of the office of a bishop. His brethren have recognized the devotion and energy with which he has discharged the duties of the positions to which he has been called, and have said to him, as the Master of the Feast in the Gospels said to his guest, "Friend, go up higher." Dr. Derrick is to be congratulated on attaining the office of bishop, which St. Paul declared was "a good thing," and the church is to be congratulated on securing his services.

Dr. Derrick is a native of Antigua in the West Indies, and is in his fifty-second year. He came to this country in 1860, and two years later, though only nineteen years of age, he offered his services to the Union in the struggle it was then waging with the South. He entered the United States navy, and from that time to the close of the war saw a good deal of service. After the war was over the young colored sailor connected with a Methodist Episcopal Church, and his abilities soon marked him out for useful service. He was ordained deacon and elder, and served with success in various parts of New York State and his election to the Secretaryship of Missions, from which he now retires to become a bishop. His friends in this city who have known and respected him have marked their sense of his worth by inviting him to the Bethel Church in Twenty-fifth street, and presenting him with a handsome testimonial.

The church over which Dr. Derrick is [illegible] has been the parent of many [illegible] missionary work in Hayti, San Domingo, British Guiana, Liberia, the Leeward and other countries. Previous to the last Conference it had twelve bishops, and when the Conference met there were four vacancies to be filled that had been caused by death during the four years since the meeting of the preceding Conference. It was, however, deemed advisable to rearrange the dioceses and increase their sizes so that only three new bishops were needed. The ministers chosen with Dr. Derrick were Drs. Joseph H. Armstrong and James C. Embry.

The Philafrican League.

An important meeting of gentlemen interested in the promotion of the objects and purposes of the Philafrican Liberators' League, in its efforts to liberate and educate the native slaves in Africa, was held at the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., Twenty-third street, New York, lately. Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., presided. There was an informal discussion of the plans of the League, and steps were taken looking to an organization for making its work effective. A Committee on Constitution was chosen, consisting of Judge Charles P. Daly, Drs. Josiah Strong and L. T. Chamberlain, Dr. Louis Klopsch, Paul Du Chaillu, C. C. Adams, and Rev. John H. Edwards, D.D. An Executive Committee of three was also appointed, its members being the Chairman, Dr. Chamberlain, Dr. Strong, and Dr. Edwards. Reports will be presented at an early meeting and the organization will then be perfected.

An Image of Gold.

At one of the meetings of the Sunday School Union in London lately, Mr. C. Waters, a Christian worker, remarked that while in college in Bristol he had heard of a workman who, passing through a poor part of the city one day, saw in a pawnbroker's shop an image which attracted his attention. Enquiring the price, he purchased it for the modest sum of three pence, and took it home. He washed the image, and, while polishing it, noticed that what he had supposed to be iron began to shine, rousing a hope in him that it might prove to be brass. Further polishing raised his hopes still higher, and he carried it to a goldsmith, who pronounced it gold, and estimated its value at £2,000 sterling ($10,000). Eventually he got $15,000 for it, and this sum was the foundation of one of the large manufacturing businesses of Bristol. The pawn broker had been perfectly unconscious of the treasure lying in his shop. Is it not sometimes the same with God's Word? Do they always realize the treasure lying hidden in their Bibles?

The Dying Believer.

Lines suggested by the death of Richard Weaver, Evangelist

EARTH with its vanities no more
Shall pain my weary eyes,
I leave my prison for my home,
A mansion in the skies.
Though death extends his icy hand,
No terror does he bring,
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

All that the world calls good or great,
Recedes before my view,
Its honors, riches, pleasures, joys—
Its pomp and splendor, too.
All these I leave without regret—
I go to meet my King;
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

Weep not, dear friends, nor mourn for me,
Oh! stay the falling tear,
The righteous in his death has hope,
He has no cause to fear.
List! and my feeble death-bed song
Shall make my chamber ring—
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

My resting place, the lonely grave—
No terror has for me,
'Tis but the passage to the skies,
To immortality.
Entranced, with thoughts of Jesus' death,
I am with rapture sung,
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

My struggling spirit longs to burst
The prison house of clay,
And join the angels, round my bed,
Who [illegible] me every
My soul shall breathe these parting words,
While mounting on the wing,
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

Through fields of light, and joy and love,
I'm going, I shall roam
Until I see the pearly gates
Of my eternal home.
Angels shall call the portals back,
And I am going in,
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

MRS. SUSAN OLIVER.

A Young Christian Army.

Continued from first page.

National Headquarters were established in Chicago, with Dr. H. W. Bolton, known from Maine to California for his patriotism and piety, as Commander-in-Chief; Mr. O. L. Rickard, formerly adjutant of the B.B.B., and the man to whom, more than to any one other, the consolidation was due, as Adjutant-General; P. S. Henson, D. D., the witty and eloquent Baptist Divine, as Chaplain-in-Chief; and Dr. C.C.O'Byrne, as Surgeon-General. The Board of Trustees is composed of Fredk. L. Chapman, of Chicago, Ill.; Llewllyn Caley, of Pennsylvania; James M. Smith, of Minnesota; A. C. Kenyon, of New York; E. A. Girvin, of California; E. M. Fuller, of Massachusetts, besides many others, prominent in religious and philanthropic circles.

The progress of the movement in the United Kingdom, has been phenomenal indeed. Starting with thirty rough and boisterous lads, banded in one company, they have, according to the Secretary's report for the year 1895, 742 companies, with 32,379 boys and 2,559 officers. Canada has over 100 companies, with about 4,000 boys. The West Indies with 26 companies, and over 800 boys, several isolated companies in India, Australia, New Zealand, and South American countries, not to mention the twenty-two companies and 700 boys in South Africa, prove beyond a doubt that, as a missionary movement, it is meeting with marked success.

And now we have come to our own country: In the short time from 1889 to the present, we know of over one thousand companies, embracing in the neighborhood of 60,000 boys, and about 4,000 officers. National Headquarters has done much for the individual company, and is going to do more, but they have been unable so far to gather any reliable statistics. Requests for reports have, in the majority of cases, been unanswered. This is in part due to the independent spirit, and partly to the expense which such statistics would necessarily entail on the different corps.

BOYS' BRIGADE DRILL—THE AMBULANCE CORPS

The financial problem has been the hardest difficulty that has stood in the way of advancement. The movement is essentially a self-supporting one, and each company has all it can do to support itself, so that headquarters has been severely handicapped in its efforts. A small revenue is derived from the sale of official supplies to the companies, also from charters, commissions and warrants, and from the official organ, *The Knapsack*. This difficulty has been entirely and successfully overcome in Great Britain by means of company subscriptions, and sustaining memberships, yearly subscriptions of from one to twenty-five pounds sterling, by wealthy men who see and understand that it is money more than well invested. Some such plan will doubtless have an early adoption here. The near future will witness a perfect and well-organized central government, with direct and prompt communication with the most remote outposts.

A fair estimate of numerical strength may be gathered from the above, but it is as nothing compared with the spiritual results. For the year 1894, thirteen per cent. of the enrolled membership of the Boys' Brigade joined the church. There is not another Christian organization in the world that can point to a record as large. Statistics for 1895 have not been gathered, for the same reason that the numerical strength was not taken, but many accounts similar to the following are constantly coming in: The First Santa Barbara, California, Company has transformed forty street urchins into manly, a [illegible] church members. One Pennsylvania [illegible] pany paid entirely for the erection [illegible] chapel in the west during the year [illegible] The Fulton Guards of Cincinnati, a [illegible] pany with an enrolled membersh [illegible] sixty-six, all fully armed and equi[illegible] report sixty-two of these as church [illegible] bers. Col. Perrigo, of New Haven, C[illegible] reports ten men who joined the cl[illegible] from his own company in one month. I[illegible] dition to this the attendance at Su[illegible] School has increased fifty per cent. [illegible] the formation of the Brigade, the n[illegible] ity of whom are males. Before the [illegible] pany was formed two-thirds were gi[illegible]

Pennsylvania company, number 19 [illegible] port twenty per cent. of the boys as [illegible] ing joined the church since forma[illegible] This company is connected with C[illegible] Reformed Church of Philadelphia.

The following extract from a [illegible] speaks for itself:

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSH[illegible]

DEAR SIR:—Nearly every boy in the co[illegible] gave himself to Jesus in solemn covenant this [illegible] Very few of the parents are Christians. I [illegible] Boys' Brigade for the results. THE PAS[illegible]

A company recently organized in [illegible] Louis, Mo., report ten of the boys as [illegible] ing united with the church since the [illegible] mation, and twenty have stopped che[illegible] and smoking. Clarendon Street Ba[illegible] Church was the scene of a soul-stirrin[illegible] cident on January 22nd, 1896. Conn[illegible] with the church is a Boys' Brigade [illegible] has for three years been in charge of [illegible] L. A. Holman. The third Wednesd[illegible] January was chosen as a time when [illegible] attention of the company should be [illegible] fined strictly to the question of acce[illegible] Christ. After the leader's talk he a[illegible] that those of the boys who were wi[illegible] at that time to make the great profes[illegible] do so publicly. One after another [illegible] boys got up, until all had risen and [illegible]

individual instances of the Holy Spirit's p[illegible] er, but the above will, we believe, be [illegible] ficient to give some idea of results. T[illegible] ing 1894 as a basis for calculation, [illegible] figure that at least six thousand [illegible] have taken Christ for their Saviour [illegible] ing 1895, and publicly united with [illegible] people of God, all this directly trace[illegible] to the agency of the Boys' Brigade.

Opposition there has been, and obsta[illegible] to overcome. Alarmists and other p[illegible] have said that we were drilling and train[illegible] boys to fight. Well, so we are—train[illegible] them to fight the devil and his hosts, t[illegible] ing them to fight against vice and ev[illegible] every form, training them up into Ch[illegible] tian men who will accept no compro[illegible] from evil, save unconditional surren[illegible] Look at it also in another light: supp[illegible] war, real war should come; to whom c[illegible] we better entrust our forts and ba[illegible] ships than to men trained in coats of [illegible] and under the stars and stripes, to [illegible] Bibles as well as peaceful guns, and [illegible] love God and man? The plan has b[illegible] to let works rather than words be the [illegible] futation of all opposition. That this meth[illegible] has been successful is becoming daily m[illegible] evident. The future opens before us w[illegible] limitless possibilities, and a no dist[illegible] date will see a mighty army of Christ[illegible] young men marching on to victory [illegible] Christ, their Commander-in-Chief. [illegible] us then sound the keynote of unity. [illegible] boys for Christ, for our country, and [illegible] good government and Christian ho[illegible] all over this broad land.

W. M. C. FOSTER

Arbutus Buds.

UNDER the brown pine needles close to the foot of the old oak, half-way up Pittsfield Mountain, close down—yer know the spot, Cynthy—one always finds the thickest, sweetest, pinkest clusters of the arbutus. I always gather it in the spring, and bring it home to Madma, for she loves all out-doors more than ever, now that she can't walk out since her stroke. But I never knew, till last very year, that my darling flowers could help build a parsonage for some good people who were living in a dug-out.

It happened this way, Cynthy: I read in our dear paper that if anybody would send arbutus, nicely picked and packed in wet cotton, and laid straight and orderly in small boxes, to a certain street and number in town, people would buy them, and the money go to build a minister a home. So, I was bound to help. If I do go up-country, and only see the city once in two or three years, I don't mean to be left out o' what's goin' on, and no more I should.

I'm doin' my share here, and other folks are doing their's there, and between us all, the Lord's work is being done.

Cynthy Varden, when I hear about the need o' Sunday Schools and churches in new homes and mining districts way out on the frontier, and when I say to myself that the devil's never short-handed, but always on the alert with his saloons and his gambling shops, and his tempters, man and woman, and woman worse than man every time, I just up and wonders what the church is about. A sermon I heard rings in my ears. The text was, 'There remaineth much land to be possessed.' Well, I mean to help go an' possess it, and the home missionary and his wife, they are settin' about it in dead earnest.

It never seems quite fair that they're to have the hard end of the work all through. Small salary, old clothes, plain food, loneliness, second-hand reading, and a dug-out to live in, when if we'd every one take a hand, with a long pull, and a strong-pull, and a pull all together, we'd change the face of affairs. Trouble is we Christians don't play at missions; that's what old Dr. Duff said, and he spoke the truth.

I'm arrivin' at the arbutus, Cynthy. Don't hurry me. I'll take my time. I can't move out o' this kitchen anyhow till the bread's baked, an' it ain't more'n half done yet. When I heard that city people'd give twenty-five cents a box for arbutus, I couldn't hardly accept that statement, but, I know by the summer boarders, city people's dreadful free with their money. It's light come, light go with them. They don't make it sellin' butter an' eggs. An' they've a right to do as they're a mind to.

I never saw anything purer and lovelier than the arbutus this spring. It had been such a late, tantalizin', didn't-know-their-own-opinion sort of spring, that when at last the things began to grow, and the world began to laugh in the sun, we didn't know what to make of it. It was rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. Every blue-bird sang that, and every robin fluted it, and every jenny wren and song sparrow kept sayin' it over an' over.

I followed our arbutus, Cynthy, or what it turned into, across the continent. Half child! Not in drawing-room cars, but by the invisible lightning express, the air-line of thought, fastest flyer in the universe.

And out in Dakota what should I hear but hammers and saws a-goin an' a buzzin', and a whirrin', an' a whizzin', and a frame goin' up yellow and tall, and pretty children clappin' their hands, and men comin' and givin' hull days' works, when they hadn't money to give, an' women plannin' what they'd do when the time come fur them to do,-an' a parsonage risin' up, out of the flowers of trailin' arbutus picked on Pittsfield Mountain. And I said, Cynthy, with reverence, 'this is the Lord's doin', an' its marvellous in our eyes!'

"I agree with you, Cynthy, that a soul's a soul in one place as well as another. The Lord isn't one to show partiality among his children. He said, 'And other sheep I have, them also I must bring!' But its easier to reach the sheep in some pastures than others, and the shepherd that goes out in the desert places to find the lost ones, needs brave, loving people to help him, or he'll grow discouraged. So, I believe in doin' what we can for the home missionary, not only in the line of giving him must-haves, but with a few luxuries thrown in.

"When that parsonage is finished, I'm goin' to move that we ladies in our church raise the money to send the mistress of the manse a melodeon, and music to play on it. We can do it just as well as not, Cynthy, and enjoy our own parlor organs better for havin' done it.

"Now, Cynthy, this bread's baked. Light, sweet loaves crust browned, white inside, tastes like a nut. When you go home you shall have a loaf to take to your mother, and a bunch of arbutus, too. We haven't had to pick it all for the western parsonage. "The Lord's so lavish, Cynthy. Not stingy and meechin' like us. Millions of stars, millions of waves, millions of flowers, I tell you what, we needn't go 'round like paupers, when we've got such a rich Father. The Lord's lavish, Cynthy, lavish!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS AND BABY OLGA.

Motes that had a Mission.

JAMES HODSON was a Christian, but his brother John was not. John had a creed, however. He believed the heart by nature was not more prone to evil than to good, and that by moral culture the good would predominate and subdue the evil. "How is it," John said, "that you Christians are forever prating about the heart's depravity? Cultivate it as you cultivate your garden, and it will yield wholesome products and the fair flowers of virtue. Believe me, James, the cultured heart is not a bad place. After taking a peep into my own I feel quite comfortable." James quietly stepped to the window, and raising the blind let in a sunbeam. Instantly myriads of motes were seen, moving like living things through the room. "John, how came these motes into the room?" "Oh, they were here, but we could not see them until revealed by the sunshine." "Just so," replied James, "when a beam of the Sun of Righteousness enters the unrenewed heart, it reveals a motley multitude of unclean things, before invisible: 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life,' all its secret sins are brought to light." John was silent. There came a look of trouble into his face. He wandered about restlessly. Wherever he went the motes danced before his eyes; he could not get rid of them, and they seemed to cry, "unclean, unclean!" A shaft of divine truth, a ray of Christ's glorious light, had entered his soul. In that light his self-righteousness shrank away abashed. He now saw his heart, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He found no peace until he had given his broken and contrite heart to the Saviour. The mission of the motes was accomplished.

Russia's Young Princess.

Grand Dutchess Olga, the baby of the Czar and Czarina of Russia, is one of the most important little personages at the great coronation festivities lately held in the ancient city of Moscow. It will doubtless be a sad reminder of her babyhood, should she live to reacha woman's years, to be told that on her first great public appearance, a calamity occurred that overshadowed the whole Empire. The little one is, of course, a prime favorite at Court. Alexandra Feodorovna, her royal mother listens with a pleased ear to the petty flatteries which the courtiers bestow on her baby. She knows that not titles or dignities can make the child happy, for the Empress is reputed to be a woman of excellent understanding and a Christian mother who will train her little daughter well. Our illustration is from a recent photograph taken in St. Petersburg.

The True Story of Armenia.

There are indications that point to an early recurrence of the Armenian outrages. Already the civilized world has learned to distrust Turkey's promises of peace and protection for the Sultan's Christian subjects. But to those who are familiar with the story of the recent horrors in Armenia, as graphically disclosed in Rev. F. A. Greene's book, *The Rule of the Turk*, it will not be a surprise to hear of almost any new atrocity. Mr. Greene has let in more light upon the character of the Moslem ruler and his surroundings than any other modern writer. He has had the advantage of a life of residence and study in the East and his narrative of the sufferings of the Armenian fathers, mothers, and daughters—the bravery of the men and the matchless fidelity of the women—will appeal to every sympathetic heart. Mr. Greene is a missionary and a missionary's son, and his entire book is based on personal observation and accuration information. This finely illustrated volume originally published at fifty cents, can be had (in paper covers), postage paid, by sending twenty-five cents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

He Knows.

HE knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
He knows!

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world has never seen
He knows!

He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink;
He knows!

He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this.—
He knows!

He knows: O heart, take up thy cross
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And he will prove as gain our loss!
He knows!

Early Egyptian Tablets.

How the Letter-writers of 3000 Years Ago Conducted their Correspondence.

FROM the earliest records of civilized man, it is apparent that the written letter—in some form, crude, perhaps, but yet intelligible—has been the means of conveying ideas from mind to mind across great distances. From the clay tablets dug up in Egypt and Palestine within the last twenty-five years, much has been gathered concerning the early civilization of those countries. It is a profound mistake to suppose, as some people do, that these ancient writings are at variance with the authoritative Scriptures in any essential particular. The knowledge so attained is not altogether new, nor does it conflict with that which has been deduced from other records.

NEW GAS-DRIVEN STREET-CARS IN PARIS.

It is well known to scholars, says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, that Thothmes III., when he defeated the league of Hittites and Phœnicians at Megiddo in 1600 B. C. (a century before Amenophis III. acceded), reaped a spoil which indicates the advanced civilization of Syria, including not only the precious metals and chariots painted and plated, but also objects of art having a high æsthetic value, and that he found corn, wine, and oil abundant in the country, and many hundreds of walled towns, in which there were already temples of heathen gods. Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who regard the early Hebrews as uncivilized, and who think that, though placed in the very centre of the ancient civilized world between the Egyptians and the Assyrians, they were, nevertheless, unacquainted with any arts and uninfluenced by surrounding culture.

The new discoveries insist on quite another understanding of their ancient history. It is surely a lesson of humility that the modern student should learn from such discoveries. One author finds it hard to believe that Homer's poems could have been written down before 500 B. C., and asserts that papyrus had not been invented in Egypt in the time of Moses, though we now possess in the maxims of Ptahhotep, a manuscript as old as the pyramids. We find, on the contrary, that not only in Egypt or Mesopotamia was the art of writing known in the time of Moses, but that the inhabitants of Palestine also could pen a brick epistle, which in the space of a few inches contained as much information as can now be condensed into a sheet of note-paper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or in the folds of the shirt-bosom just as easily as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as witnessed by the fact that they are now being read three thousand five hundred years after they were written. In the brick tablets of the East we have absolute proof of a high civilization in most remote times.

Parisian Street-Car Travel.

Within the last few weeks a new feature in street-car travel has been introduced in Paris. The car shown in the illustration is driven by gas instead of steam or electricity. Thus far the experiment is said to have proved satisfactory, being less expensive and less dangerous than several other methods of propulsion. A considerable crowd assembled in the Place de la Concorde to witness the trial. It is proposed to extend the system to other cities in France.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Preaching Christ.

YOUNG ministers are told they must preach Christ and him crucified. Yes, but not as an abstraction. Many a minister has preached Christ and him crucified in such a way that he preached an audience of five hundred down to two hundred, and from two hundred to one hundred, and from one hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty, and on down until there was little left save the sexton, who was paid to stay until the service was over and lock up. It is not Christ and him crucified as an abstraction, but as an omnipotent sympathy applied to all the wants and woes of our immortal nature—a Christ who will help us in every domestic, social, financial, political, national struggle—a Christ for the parlor, a Christ for the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for the store, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the Congressional assembly, a Christ for the court-room, a Christ for every trial, and every emergency, and every perturbation.

It is often the case that the difficulty begins clear back in the home circle with misapprehension as to which child ought to be consecrated to the ministry. John is a keen, bright boy. He is good at a bargain. When he trades at school he always gets the best of it. Make him a merchant. He will soon gather a fortune, and go right up to take his place among the Grinnells and the Lawrences. George has great cerebral development. Phrenologically, language is large. Make him a lawyer. He will argue his way to the front, and he will take his place among the Mansfields and the Storys. Henry has large girth at the chest, and is military in step and bearing. Send him to West Point. We shall see him yet a brigadier-general. William is fond of sketching, especially of ships, and he knows as much about a vessel as an old sailor. Make him a shipbuilder; the vessel that he builds will successfully wrestle with the Caribbean whirlwind. Aleck is not very well. He has never had very good digestion. Since [illegible] at one figure in the carpet. His manners are so so mild, so soft, so gentle, so affectionate, so heavenly, and he cries easily. Make him a minister!

Now, that is a great mistake. If you [illegible] awake, the braniest, the most brilliant, the most irresistible, the most potent. A tremendous work opens before a profession whose one object is to lift the nations toward God and prepare them for heaven. Churches will be largely attended just in proportion as we ministers can meet their wants, meet their sufferings, meet their bereavements, and meet their sympathies. If there be a church with small help, small audience; medium help, medium audience; large help, large audience. If there be a famine in a city and three depots of bread, and one depot have a hundred loaves, and another depot five hundred loaves, and another depot ten thousand loaves, the depot that has a hundred loaves will have applicants, the depot that has five hundred loaves will have far more applicants, the depot that has ten thousand loaves, throngs, throngs, throngs.

Freshen Up.

THE old modes of presenting truth will not do in this day. This is true concerning the religious newspaper, or pulpit. What is the use of our being stale and obsolete and ancient when all around us are the evidences of God's grace, God's deliverance, God's mercy and God's wisdom? We have got to freshen up—freshen up in our sermons, freshen up in our songs, freshen up in our zeal, freshen up in our consecration, and if we do it, we will no more have to coax people to come to church than if you throw corn on the ground you have to coax pigeons to come and eat it, no more than you would have to coax a tired horse to eat the oats you throw in his manger. Yes, we must freshen up in our Sunday Schools, and in our pulpits. If Christ should descend to earth to-day, do you suppose he would deal with dry didactics? No; he would tell England how she must treat Ireland, and Ireland how she must treat England, and who ought to be Mayor and who ought to be President, and he would draw his illustrations from the year 1896. There is only one thing to do, and that is for the live churches of America just to go up and take the cities, fretting about nothing, scolding about nothing, worrying about nothing, taking in good nature the easy and cheap charge of sentimentalism—for every church that does not get on well will charge every church that does get on well with sentimentalism — going right on, taking everything in good humor, gathering the people in by scores and thousands, getting them soundly, grandly, gloriously, eternally converted with the old-fashioned conversion that has a half-dozen hallelujahs in it.

Let the Church of God stop its apologetic air. It is high time that the Church of God stopped writing apologies for Christianity. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the Church, they need not have it. It is a free country. If any man does not want the Gospel, he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the Gospel to the sixty millions of people of America who do want it. It is high time we stop skirmishing, and bring on a general engagement.

Battle and Victory.

LET our patriotism be not merely a sentiment explosive and noisy and pyrotechnic with Fourth of July, but during all our lives a holy impulse toward brave and self-sacrificing deeds. But why go so far away to find great events when in each one of our lives there is a Yorktown to be captured or surrendered? There come after long contests great victories. We fight against poverty or persecution or sickness, and then comes the day of res[illegible] We have great struggles like Bunker Hill, but the struggle still goes on; and like Monmouth, but the strife does not end; and exposure like Valley Forge, but our sufferings are not ended; cold and icy rivers to cross like the Delaware in revolutionary times, yet our war is not over; but at last comes Yorktown, and our enemies or our troubles or our sicknesses surrender, and the war is forever closed. Thank God for the prospective cessation of all that now perturbs us. Only go down on the Avenue and see the triumph of one of God's children. She was converted in our last great revival. I saw her near the grave with the most illumined and radiant face I ever gazed on. When I addressed her with the words, "You have nothing to fear, she said, "I have nothing to fear. Heaven used to seem to me a great way off, but it is now no further than the foot of the bed." After the suffering, the release; after the fatigue, the rest; after the darkness, the light; after the battle, the victory. At that Yorktown, pain and sorrow and death surrendered. Over such a release the poet wrote:

So she took the one grand step
Beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendor shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.
The zenith of the earthly life had come.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. R.W., Flintstone, Md. Please inform me through THE MAIL-BAG the meaning of the letters I.N.R.I. seen on most pictures of the crucifixion?

They are the initials for *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum* (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews).

M. D. McFarland, Walkerville, Ont., writes:

I saw your notice in your paper with reference to some books for the jails, and I am a jail worker, also a subscriber. I wish to get some. Other friends and myself take turns at the jail here, being about once a month.

J. D. R., Kinzers, Pa. Why do not all people repent and follow the Saviour; or, what is the greatest hindrance to repentance?

The innate love of sin and the allurements of the worldly life are the great hindrances. It is the war of the flesh and its lusts against the spirit. People will not repent until convicted of sin and feeling in their hearts the "godly sorrow that worketh repentance." (II.Cor.8:11)

J. G. Evans, Rome, N. Y., writes:

I was glad to see in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD under the title, "Armenia's Only Hope," that there is in contemplation an immigration scheme in behalf of the poor people of that country. I pray and hope there shall be every encouragement given them to carry out that scheme. My heart is bleeding in sympathy for them. If the scheme can be carried out, I would pledge $20. to help it. If the Island of Cyprus can shelter 200,000, let the rest of them come to the United States. Maybe the old Sultan will not let the objects of his hatred depart from his dominion, after all.

S. L., Easton, N. Y. What are Dominical letters referred to in almanacs and how are they fixed?

The first seven letters of the alphabet are used for Dominical letters. The first week of the year marks the letter, each day being identified with a letter, and the one identified with Sunday being the Dominical letter for the year. January 1, is always represented by the letter A. If it falls on a Sunday, A is the Dominical letter for the year. If it falls on a Saturday, B is the Dominical letter for the year and so on. In Leap years the Dominical letter changes after February 29. If it is B at the beginning of the year, it becomes A in March.

B. E. C., Rock Rapids, Ia. Do the terrible words in Ezek. 18:24, imply that there is no hope for a person who after conversion falls into sin?

No, they mean that a person living in sin and trusting to some past experience or ceremony for escape from punishment is deceiving himself. There are people who think that membership in a church or absolution from a priest is sufficient to insure them going to heaven no matter how they live. Ezekiel's words apply to such people. God is always ready to forgive the backslider who goes to him sincerely repenting, though chastening may be administered if it is for his good.

Lover of Jesus, Fort Mill, S. C. What South Sea islands are in need of Christianity, and what progress is being made toward opening the islands up? Each thing of you because I feel that God has put it into my heart to be a "Herald of the Cross" in some South Sea island, and I would like to know which are the most needy.

Missionary work in the South Sea Islands has been carried on by the London Missionary Society since 1797, and is now very general throughout all the islands. Cannibalism has ceased, and the Gospel is preached in the native tongues on the various island groups which include the Fijis, New Hebrides, Samoa, Society Islands New Guinea, Loyalty Islands, Cook's Islands, Friendly Islands, Marquesas, Aneityum, and others. There are still many places, however, that are practically new missionary soil. Write to the Secretary, London Missionary Society, London, England, for all information.

[illegible] Christian," Gilroy, Cal. I [illegible] to be a Christian for more than a year, and cannot understand why I do not have God and why I cannot keep my thoughts on spiritual things and why my heart is so cold.

Are you not thinking too much of your own feelings and looking to them for salvation? Remember, it is Christ who saves. He offers to receive you as you are and he will not reject you though your heart be hard and you do not love as you should. The fact of his being willing to do so should convince you how good and kind he is. Think more of him and less of yourself. Try to find out from the Good Book how he wants you to live and try to live in that way, being kind and gentle and forbearing with other people, and find some poor dark ignorant soul that you can talk to about Jesus and his love. He deserves that you should do something specially for him. Deny yourself some pleasure that you may do some kindness to some poor Christian for his sake. Never cease to ask him to soften your heart and he will do it in his own good time. Meanwhile, in the meantime, serve him, and if you find it difficult, ask his help. You have no idea how good and sympathetic he is. When you know him better you cannot help loving him.

Mrs. L. E. S., Williamsburg, N.Y. Was it not [illegible] treatment to exclude the wedding guest [illegible] 22:11-13 for not having on a wedding garment?

No, he was rightly treated. In Oriental lands, the host provided a suitable garment for each guest at the wedding. This man had refused the garment and had come among the guests in his ordinary attire. This was a great affront to his host. If he preferred his own clothes and despised the garments provided he should have absented himself from the feast, but to come in without the garment published the insult. Christ used the incident as a illustration of the conduct of men who trust in their own moral character and would not come to God in the way ordained.

E. B., Jersey City, N. J. 1. Do you think the Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, and Lazarus and Dives, were real persons? 2. If they were, was Lazarus the same man as was referred to as brother of Martha and Mary?

1. It is probable that they were not real persons. The stories were typical cases [illegible] as might have occurred. It was not necessary to Christ's purpose that they should be actual facts. The lesson they were intended to teach was the important matter. That lesson would be more impressive and be more likely to be remembered if put in the form of a story than in the form of an argument. 2. No. [illegible] the facts recorded about the family at Bethany indicate that they were comparatively well to do, while the Lazarus of the Parable was extremely poor.

"Inquirer," Troy, N. Y. If a man has been deserted by his wife and he knows that he could obtain a divorce, but does not for certain reasons sue for one, would he be justified in contracting a marriage? Is he not really released in the sight of God by his wife's misconduct?

No, he must not marry again until he has secured a divorce, otherwise he is liable to prosecution for bigamy, and he would do a grievous wrong to the person whom he might marry. The Christian should set an example of obedience to the law, whereas this man would, as we infer from your letter, is a Christian would be breaking the law by marrying again before obtaining his divorce. The weighty reasons you mention against getting the divorce must operate against a new marriage. It is unfortunate, but he must not try to escape from his misfortune by breaking the law. That way out is to make bad worse.

S., Minnewaukau, N. D. Suppose an unbeliever should accept Christ or Christianity on the following terms, viz.: I will accept, yield myself to Christian influences and live a Christian life for a certain period—say one year—if at the end of that period or before, I find a living reality in Christ and the Christian religion—a sense of sins forgiven, that "peace that passeth all understanding," and the promises which God's ministers hold out to sinner and unbeliever are fulfilled, I will accept him for life and live a Christian life—if I do not feel any change at the end of that period or before, I will give up the [illegible] and think there is nothing in the Christian religion. Do you think God will accept a person on these conditions? The Bible says, "Taste and see that the Lord is good."

Acceptance of Christ under such conditions is an impossibility. There must be no reservation; the surrender must be total and unconditional. Such restrictions as our correspondent would impose—really amounting to a year's option on eternal life—are proof to him that he does not comprehend the character and extent of the change involved in giving up the world and coming to Christ. There must be a conviction of sin and true repentance, together with a sincere desire for the better life—that is, the spiritual. But it is quite obvious that one cannot sincerely seek such a change with the at the outset there is a fixed disbelief in God's power and goodness which finds expression in the clause of limitation: "If I do not find it will change at the end of that period or before I will give up the effort." That is not in any sense accepting Christ, however our correspondent may delude himself about it. If one really desires to become a Christian, he must cast all reservation aside, and come to the Cross, not as a disputant, but as a child with a child's simple faith. When he has once begun to live for eternity and to spend himself for others, he will then better appreciate the reality and uplift of the Christian faith.

Mrs. Jane Armstrong. Let us know what your questions are.——F. Haimm and others. Any reader having a quantity of religious matter in good condition can put the same to excellent service by sending it to the State Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y. —— [illegible] M. L. Wellington, B. C. The Bibles will be supplied at 62 cents.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In the Land of the Shah.

RECENT dispatches from Persia report the peaceful succession of Muzaffer-ed-Din to the throne of his father. His elder brother, from whom opposition was most likely to come, made haste to tender homage and showed marked energy in pressing risings in several parts of his vince, which were apparently made in interest. There have been some outaks of lawless violence, but they appr to have had no connection with the cession, but to be the work of brigands d discontented leaders, who hoped to fit by the confusion liable to result n the accession of a new monarch in a ntry ruled by despotic power. These, wever, were promptly put down, and new Shah has apparently no reason to prehend any formidable opposition to government. He has been solemnly hroned on the famous jeweled chair of te, which was a trophy from Delhi in lia, and is said to be the most magnifict seat in the world. The diamonds, ries, and other precious stones with ich it is encrusted are at a modest comation valued at twenty million dollars. ke barbaric magnificence characterizes palaces and all the belongs of the monarch, and it is ted that in his treasury he s over two hundred million lars. The kingdom over ich he rules is small and unfluential compared with its ient condition. As we know m secular historians and from books of Esther, Nehemiah, ra, and Daniel it was once e of the most powerful of the gdoms of the world, so it even Babylon fell before The ancient buildings now ruins, especially those at Kernshah, show, too, that the rsians in the day of their ry were not only a powerful d warlike people, but were narkable for their artistic ill and their scientific knowge. Their decadence began th their subjugation by the eeks, and in later times, ssia on the one side and Turkey on the ier have fought with them and curtailed eir territories. The present Shah is said be an enlightened ruler with a profound spect for European civilization, but unppily for him and his country, he does t know that the secret of power and ie progress is in obedience to Him of om Darius, his great predecessor on the rsian throne. declared:

He is the living God and steadfast forever and his gdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his minion shall be even unto the end. (Daniel 6 : 26.)

lled at the Coronation.

A thrill of horror went through the civzed world at the news of the sickening lamity in Moscow, on May 30. In the idst of the jubilation and pageantry of e Czar's coronation, a large number of ople, estimated at thirty-six hundred, ere crushed or trampled to death. It apars that the programme of the coronation cluded an enormous feast, to which evsubject of the newly crowned monarch as welcome. There was to be food in undance, and unlimited beer was to be stributed in mugs bearing the portraits the Czar and Czarina, which were coved souvenirs of the occasion. The fesvities were to be held on the Khodynski lain, an immense level area, which retches from the front of the Petrovsky alace, far out to the horizon. It is capae of containing millions of people and is emorable as the plain on which Napoleon assed his armies at the taking of Mosw in 1812. Thither streams of people om all quarters of Russia traveled on oot and in quaint country wagons, to partake of the Czar's hospitality. Long before daylight, they began arriving from all directions, until fully half a million persons were on the ground. A space surrounded by Venetian masts, and flanked by booths, was the centre toward which all steps were directed. There were the tables and the stores of bread, cake, sausages, meat-pies, and beer; and the circuses, merry-go-rounds and open-air theatres. The pressure of the people to get to this space and obtain front places, was terrific. Barriers had been erected to prevent excessive crowding, but the people near the barriers were driven against them with the irresistible force of the mighty pressure from the rear. Suddenly the barriers fell and the immense throng swept forward. Hundreds of men, women, and children, fell and were trampled upon. It was impossible to resist the movement from the outer edge of the crowd, and those in front were stumbling and falling over the prostrate bodies, until there was a heap of shrieking, groaning humanity, dying and dead, crushed together in an awful mound. At last some regiments of soldiers made an entrance into the surging tide of excited people, and succeded in dispersing the crowd and holding it in check. The dead were removed and the wounded, some of whom were scarcely alive, were carried away in ambulancse and wagons to the hospitals. The calamity was due to the effort of the later comers to force their way to the desirable places at the feast. There was ample provision for all, and all would have been served if they had been content to wait their turn. But the outsiders would not wait, and in their struggle to make sure of their share of the good things, the weak were thrown down and trampled to death. It was a grievous and deplorable exhibition of the brutish self-seeking that shows itself in all walks of life. Everywhere men are commended for pushing to the front. But it is opposed to the first principles of Christianity. Christ condemned it when he noticed how those who were bidden to the feast sought out the chief rooms, and the Apostle warns his readers:

Where envy and strife are there is confusion and every evil work. (James 3 : 16.)

SCENE IN A PERSIAN CARAVANSARY.

THE SHAH'S PALACE

A Motorman's Warning.

The motorman of a surface car in Newark, N. J., was the means of saving several lives a few days ago. He was running one of the night cars on the Newark & South Orange line, and shortly after midnight was going through a densely populated street, when he stopped his car suddenly and jumped off. He had seen in a furniture store in the basement of a double tenement-house a great blaze shoot upward, and looking up, he saw smoke in great volume issuing from the roof. The house was evidently on fire, and the families on the four floors above the store were doubtless sleeping in profound ignorance of their danger. The motorman found the outer door open, as is usual in flathouses. He went in, ran quickly up the stairs arousing every one by knocking at the doors and calling "Fire!" When he came down again, almost blinded with smoke, he ran to the nearest fire-alarm box and turned in a signal to the fire department. Then he returned to his car and resumed his journey. The occupants of the flat lost no time in groping their way out, and soon the whole building was wrapped in flame. It was feared for a time that some lives must have been lost, but, thanks to the motorman, all escaped. They were very grateful to him; they did not think him officious, or feel as people sometimes do toward Christians who warn them of their eternal danger; yet their peril was not so terrible as that to which the impenitent are exposed.

Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord we persuade men. (II. Cor. 5 : 11.)

Saved by Presence of Mind.

A remarkable escape from a perilous position is reported by a New Jersey journal. It appears that a mechanic was sent to Rahway, N. J., to make some repairs to the machinery in a music-box factory. He had finished his work and the machinery was started to see if it worked smoothly. Something was wrong with one of the bearings. It was a small matter that he thought could be easily fixed, and without stopping the machinery he mounted a ladder to put it right. When he was at work, with his back to the rapidly whirling shaft, his blouse was caught in it. He felt a mighty tug which dragged him from the ladder. It seemed for a moment as if his weight falling suddenly would release his blouse from the shaft, but only for a moment. The blouse held, and he was being drawn slowly but surely across the shaft and would have been mangled to death. But he realized what had occured, and raising his arms to release the sleeves, he allowed the shaft to tear the blouse from his back and he fell to the floor, shaken but not otherwise injured. His presence of mind saved his life. If similar promptitude and decision of character were shown by men when they are assailed by temptation, they might save their souls. When some infatuation or propensity brings them under the power of the evil, they might generally escape if they were willing to cast it off immediately. It might cost them sorrow and pain, but they would hear the words the prophet spoke about the performance of another duty:

Thou hast delivered thy soul. (Ezek. 33 : 9.)

A Pardon Refused.

Among the reminiscences of prison life recently given by the warden of a famous prison to the reporter of a Philadelphia journal, is one of a prisoner who might have been pardoned, but refused the boon. He came of a good family and had served with distinction in the war, but afterwards he fell into dissipated ways, consorted with criminals, and soon became a criminal himself. He was arrested for burglary and was tried and convicted. After he had served two years of his sentence he was told that influential friends had interceded with the Governor on his behalf, and that a pardon would be issued if he would write a letter expressing contrition and promising to reform. The man took a day to think of it and then refused to write the letter. He said it was too late to reform. For many years he had associated with criminals, and was sure that he would not now be happy in respectable society. It would be useless to make good resolutions; he was sure to break them. Having become a criminal, he would remain a criminal, and preferred to finish his sentence and return to the society to which he had become accustomed. The man's frankness was a surprise, but he doubtless told the truth. He knew his own nature better than those people do who hope after a life of sin to repent in their last hours and be received into heaven. There is reason to believe that such changes are very rare. Of men who live in sin, as of men who live for God, it may generally be said, when this life ends, as it was said of the Apostles:

Being let go, they went unto their own company. (Acts 4 : 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church has elected as Moderator Rev. R. Q. Mallard, D.D, of New Orleans. The Assembly's sessions were held at Memphis, Tenn.

Evangelist R. G. Pearson has been Holding meetings at Gallatin, Tenn. Churches of four denominations united in the meetings and each has gained additions. Mrs. Pearson's Bible Readings were much blessed.

An English Statistician Computes that if Queen Victoria's subjects were averaged and classified according to religion, every group of eight would contain one Christian, two Mohammedans, and five heathen.

The Japanese Government has Issued a proclamation in Formosa forbidding the opium trade, on the ground that Formosa must come under the same law as the rest of Japan. Provision will be made, by means of a government office, for the medical treatment of old habitues.

Rev. Thomas B. Wood, D.D., Writing from Callao, Peru, to *The Missionary Review*, says: "Persecution, involving imprisonments, banishments, stoning of houses and persons, incendiarism, denial of natural and legal rights, are suffered constantly by the converts of our missions here, and they endure it with meekness and cheerfulness."

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Keyes, of Dr. Gordon's Missionary Training Institute are to sail in a few days for Natal, In East Africa, where they will labor under the auspices of the South Africa General Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Keyes are going out at their own cost, and the Mission is guaranteed all expenses of their maintenance for three years.

The National Christian Citizenship League asks again this year for a sermon on the duties of the Christian citizen from every pastor in the land and suggests that it should be preached on June 28 or July 5, as is most convenient to the preacher. Hints and suggestions helpful to preachers may be obtained by writing to the League, 153 La Salle street, Chicago.

According to the Statistics of the Baptist denomination, published by *The Independent*, the number of communicants is 3,720,285; there are 40,064 churches and 27,774 ordained ministers; the year's record of baptisms is 176,058, less than those of the preceding year by nearly 30,000. The total membership has also fallen off about 80,000. The number of Sunday Schools reported is 23,302, with 1,779,886 pupils.

Dr. Newman Hall, the Eminent London clergyman, celebrated his eightieth birthday on May 22. Dr. Hall is still active in the ministry and with his pen. He received congratulations from clergymen and friends of all denominations on attaining his eightieth year, and among them many by cable from friends here. Dr. Hall is the author of "Come to Jesus," that useful book which has been blessed of God to the conversion of souls in many lands.

The Next Annual Meeting of the Niagara Bible Conference will be held July 8-14, 1896. As it will be a meeting of importance to all interested in its objects, a special request is made that all who have taken part in the meetings during the years past be in attendance this year. The announcement of topics and studies will be made in the annual circular soon to be issued. All inquiries may be addressed to the Secretary, W. J. Erdman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Evangelist G. Emil Richter who has Labored successfully in many churches on Long Island, and conducted a series of meetings at Mt. Sinai, L. I. some time since, is arranging for meetings in various parts of New England for the summer. Mr. Richter is cordially recommended by Rev. Charles Herald, Rev. E. A. Hazleton, Rev. Charles W. King and other pastors of Brooklyn and the neighborhood. Letters for him sent to this office will be forwarded to him.

The Christian Endeavor Convention in Washington, D. C., July 8-13, will be held in three large tents on the White Lot, an ellipse south of the Executive Mansion, a [illegible] have been engaged. It possesses [illegible] assigned to each State, sending [illegible] headquarters and rallying place of that State's delegation. Sunrise prayer-meetings are be held each day in thirty-three churches, and there will be [illegible] Bible Readings from 8:30 to 9:30. Provisional programmes of the Convention may be obtained by sending stamp to Mr. John Willis Baer, 646 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Loving Help for Mont-Lawn.

Poor Girls who were Once at our Children's Home now Work to Help Send others there—A Dressmaking Circle.

MONT-LAWN is now in full summer array. Within a few days, all the preparations for the reopening of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home for the season will be completed, and our first party of little guests will arrive on the steamer *Chrystenah* from the city. Soon the woodlands and the fields will echo with the merry laughter of the young folks, who never fail to thoroughly enjoy themselves during their ten days' outing.

Mindful of the fact that our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn is a voluntary charity, many friends in different parts of the country have already shown a desire to share the burden of its support, and thereby add to the number of little waifs who will enjoy a sojourn there this year.

One very touching incident occurred lately, which illustrates the loving gratitude of the children who have shared the hospitality of the Home in the past. It is fully explained in the following letter from Miss Delaney, of the Catherine street Mission, in New York City:

"DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: — I take pleasure in sending you this accompanying package of clothing. It has been prepared for you by some little girls who went to the Children's Home two years ago. Some of them are now working, and, after their busy day in the store or factory, they are anxious to do something for dear Mont-Lawn; so they enlisted the sympathy of their shopmates, and, forming themselves into a little circle, have met at the home of one of their number—a tenement on a top floor in Cherry street. They asked me to come and see them and take charge of the garments which they had made; and they looked so bright and happy as they sat in groups, stitching away, that I asked their permission to have a photographer come in and take a picture of them for you.

"I have no doubt you will recognize most of the faces. 'Little One Thousand' and her sister are in the group, also the little girls who went up to the Bible House with their combined savings to give to you to help in keeping Mont-Lawn open for other children—Gertrude with the long curls, Katie and Pauline—you will remember them. They are working now. Pauline earns $2.75 and Katie $3.00 a week, so you see they could not do much, but I am sure you will not think the less of it for being only two mites—'they have done what they could.'

"In the rocking chair in the front of the picture, sits Gertrude's mother, at whose house they meet. I think the spirit of the founder must have entered into the little guests, and the desire to help others has been inhaled with the mountain air. When they started the work they said: 'Dr. Klopsch must require a lot of dresses, for he never lets a little girl come away from Mont-Lawn ragged.'

[illegible] sponsibility in the matter as much as the working girls do. It is a mistake to suppose, because other fresh air work is being [illegible] an opportunity to go away for a week. There are scores of children in the lower wards of New York who have never seen the country. A little girl, ten years old, came into our dispensary on Saturday last, who had not only never been to the country or the parks, but had never had a ride on a horse-car! 'Enlarge the place of your tent.'

"The accompanying ten-cent piece was brought to me by a little girl who was a guest at Mont-Lawn last summer. She had been hindered while there from going on a pleasure excursion of some kind with the other children, on account of having to care for her baby sister. To lighten her disappointment, you gave her this self-same ten-cent piece. She tied it up in the corner of her handkerchief and hoarded it till she came home. It was her very own, and nothing could tempt her to spend it. A few weeks later she walked from Charles street where she lives (about a mile and a-half), bringing in her hand her treasured dime. She said, 'I want this to be sent to Dr. Klopsch to help for next summer.' While I know you are a firm believer in the return of 'bread cast on the waters,' you don't often see it so literally fulfilled."

We think much of our little friend's gift, and still more of the beautiful spirit that prompted it. "For of such is the kingdom." If other children who read this paper in their nice, cosy homes in town or country, and who love a summer romp in the fields, will give a moment's thought to the poor little boys and girls of the hot and sickly tenements, they will try to do at least as much as our young friend toward giving some little waif a holiday.

The following contributions have been received for our Children's Home:

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
A D W, Brooklyn, N Y	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
In His Name, Warren	3 00
Joseph L. Mecom	3 00
Thank Offering, Brooklyn	3 00
Grateful Patient, Plant	3 00
Friend, Burnsville	4 00
E J Lee	15 00
D Thomas	2 00
Mrs. R. Dickerman	3 00
Mrs. Stephen South	2 00
Friend, Topsfield, Mass	5 00

OUR FIRST FRESH-AIR FUND DRESSMAKING CIRCLE.

The Sweet Sleep of Childhood.

Sleep, far more than the waking hours, is the period of growth in childhood. It is wise for us to make our children's sleep as sweet as possible. Give the dear little folks as little to worry over and to dream about as you can. Let your child always go to sleep with a glad thought in its heart and a smile on its face. The next morning, as it springs from its bed, the glad thought will burst out in songs, and the smiles in shout of laughter. If a wrong has to be reproved, let the child be assured of forgiveness and let the mother be assured that forgiveness is accepted before the eyes shall close. Let the child fall asleep loving all and assured of the love of all. Then, after the little prayer has been said, the child, at peace with all on earth and with the smile of heaven's love on its face, will drop away into peaceful slumber with its soul all unruffled and unsoiled, as white and smooth as a freshly washed and ironed piece of snow-white linen. It is a piece of downright cruelty, one of the crimes which law cannot reach, for a thoughtless and fretful mother to scold her children away from her presence at night and to drive them to bed with sharp and angry words. Can anything be sadder to look upon than the face of a child, drawn even in sleep with the poignancy of its youthful sorrows and with the wells of its grief suffusing its eyelashes and gemming its cheek with crystal tears!

Home Safeguards.

Some of the principal safeguards of morality grow out of the social relations, says a thoughtful writer. Among these are the restraints of the family, of the state, of public opinion. In the family the life of each is so bound up with the life of others that there arises a sort of social conscience; what one would not hesitate to do if isolated from such ties, he finds to be no temptation, or at most a slight one, when he considers the welfare of those near to him. This is not conscious altruism, but rather the normal, almost involuntary habit of a social being. When he violates it we call him inhuman. The penalties of all civil governments have their place among the safeguards of morality

Where's Mother?

BURSTING in from school or pla
This is what the children s
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize:
From the bronzed and bearded sol
Perils past and honors won:
Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

Outdoor Work for Women

LADY HENRY SOMERSET co
butes to a contemporary a ver
structive letter on the subje
"Outdoor Life for Women," in whicl
says: "If we are to do the work
is crowding into women's han
these days, we must be studen
the physical basis of life and ch
ter. Whoever chooses to ignor
laws of God written in our men
is flying in the face of unescap
penalties. It is wonderful to see
the fuller life of woman is
ing almost without observation i
new freedom granted her by p
opinion to share all the harm
healthful, open-air amusement
her brother. There is nothing
weighs upon our spirits more
fitted to arouse more gloomy fore
ings for the future of our cou
than the stooping, narrow-che
anæmic-looking girls who crowd
offices, factories, and shops of all
cities. An outing into the pure c
try air once a year has hitherto
the summit of their hopes; but
volution is being slowly wrou
that will entirely change the as
of life for working girls. The c
try with all its recreative cha
will soon be at their doors. The p
lege hitherto belonging only to
rich—a Saturday to Monday in
country when the sultry air ma
town intolerable—is fast becon
possible to them, and the new fr
that brings with it these fresh h
is none other than the swift stee
steel, the bicycle.

"In France its use is now clas
among those pleasures within
charmed circle of "good form."
most fashionable Parisian shops
with each other in their displa
costumes that unite taste, hygi
and convenience for feminine
of the wheel, and we are all painfu
aware that yesterday's fashions in P
will be adoptod in London and New Y
to-morrow; for once, however, we w
come the 'mode' of the gay city, an
hope we who live in the neighborhood
our cities and large towns may, in
practical fashion, turn the new dispen
tion to good account for working girls
arranging to receive members of bicyc
clubs either in some little cottage adjoin
our own homes or by now and then inv
ing a party of bicyclists to our gardens a
thus sharing with others the coun
delights that we have too long enjoy
alone."

A Verse for Fault-finders.

Someone with a pretty thorough app
ciation of the evils and vexations th
arise from fault-finding, has embodied
this verse a little moral which those w
are apt to be captious and exacting shou
remember:

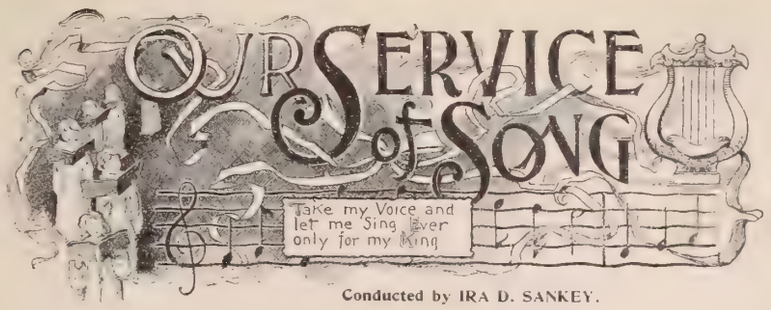
What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's ball
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And I on myself that care bestow
And let my friends alone.

Doubts and Difficulties.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 21. John 10: 1-17.

EVEN of the eyewitnesses in the days of our risen Lord, the Evangelists have to say, "But some doubted." Man is so constituted that he is sure to doubt, and the more intelligent he is, the more likely he is to doubt. Even to God it was impossible to reveal himself wholly to the human mind. The subject is so vast for us to comprehend. We know this and that about him, but we cannot by any effort of our mind, form a definite conception of him, or any complete and harmonious idea of what he is. We do not understand his government of the world, nor his dealings with the individual soul. We see so much in life that is at cross-purposes, so much that seems like caprice, or indifference, on the part of the divine Ruler, that we cannot help doubting. Bad men prosper; evildoing goes unpunished; the innocent suffer; temptation seems almost omnipotent; good parents have evil-disposed children; wealth, corrupt men thrive, while good men who would put money to a good use if they could, are thwarted and fail in all that they undertake; the righteous man whose life is a blessing to his family and neighbors, falls sick and dies, while the wicked man, who is a curse to all with whom he comes in contact, lives on to old age—as we look at all these things, we wonder whether God really cares what happens in this world, or whether if he cares, he is able to alter the course of events. It is only by faith that we retain our confidence in his wisdom and love. We do not know his plan; it is impossible that we should know it; but we know enough of him to be sure that it is right and good.

This is the attitude described by the Psalmist, in the passage associated with the topic, that resolves and resolves doubts and difficulties. Many a man has come out of the darkness by that path. The Psalmist says that he waited patiently for the Lord and was brought out of the miry clay and set upon a rock. There are some things for which we must wait, as there are things which a child cannot understand until he grows to manhood; but as the child knows enough of his father to be convinced that he is loving and wise, so the Christian may rejoice in the same confidence. With his feet on that rock, the storms that beat about him cannot harm him and he may wisely choose to venture on miry paths in which he may be hindered and hampered. The promise is given that he who doeth his will shall know the doctrine, and that promise is surely fulfilled. In the path of docile obedience, light comes. It is not the man who is humbly trying to do his duty and to impart to others the light that has come to him, who suffers most from the torment of doubt. God has the right to expect from us so much of confidence as will produce right conduct. It would be as unlawful on our part to demand the solution of all mysteries before rendering obedience, as it would be for the child to require an explanation from his parents of their reasons for every command they may give. We know that he who honestly and humbly endeavors to live according to the lines of duty clearly revealed in the Bible, will lead a useful and a noble life. Beyond, we may safely trust to the love and goodness of God, assured that in his good time the darkness will be made light to us.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

PROCLAIM THE GLAD TIDINGS.

"I THAT SPEAK IN RIGHTEOUSNESS, MIGHTY TO SAVE."—*Isa. 63: 1.*

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. Pro - claim the glad ti - dings o'er mountain and plain, Re - peat the sweet
2. His sav - ing hand reach-es our ut - ter - most woe, He loves and He
3. Come ven - ture right bold - ly and lay a - side doubt, No soul that came
4. This is the old Gos - pel to - day, still the same, God's pow'r to save

sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Our Je - sus is might-y to save.
makes us far whit - er than snow; Our Je - sus is might-y to save.
to Him was ev - er cast out; Our Je - sus is might-y to save.
sin - ners who trust in His Name, Our Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS.

f *rit.*

Might-y to save, and might-y to bless, Might-y to com-fort the heart in dis - tress;

Press in - to His presence, ye wea - ry ones, press, Our Je - sus is might-y to save.

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6

From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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Flowers without Fruit.

PRUNE thou thy word, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deeds more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

—NEWTON.

God's Love.

I KNOW where'er my feet may be,
Tho' prone to stray,—
His watchful eye is over me,
Both night and day.

And tho' oft-times this heart has erred,
'Mid worldly cares,
I know his pardoning ear has heard
My humble prayers.

At all times, e'en when I have failed
To do his will,
His love has in my heart prevailed,
And guides me still.

New York. —HENRY REED CONANT.

Jews in Palestine.

The Way being Prepared for the Predicted Return of the Jews to their Own Land—An American Traveler's Observations.

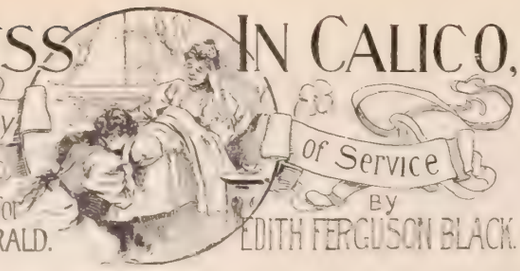
SOME notable facts of deep interest to students of prophecy are reported by Dr. Harvey B. Greene of Amherst, Mass., who returned last week from an extensive tour of several months duration in the Holy Land. Dr. Greene as our readers may remember, is the eminent botanist who made the collection of familiar flowers of the Bible from which were made up the Floral Albums issued by THE CHRSTIAN HERALD. Dr. Greene has been busy since the beginning of the year in and around Jerusalem, in Galilee and east of the Jordan searching for the flowers referred to by the Bible writers. His quest took him into all parts of Palestine and brought him into contact with the people who now live there in the villages identified with the lives of our Lord and the Patriarchs. He had consequently unusually good opportunities of learning the present condition and character of the people and comparing them with those he observed in them in his former visits.

One of the first matters forced upon his attention, was the prominence attained by Jews in the business of Jerusalem, Jaffa, (the ancient Joppa), and other towns. In some streets, notably in Jerusalem, nearly every store is in the hands of the Jews. Going out on the first morning after his arrival in Jerusalem to purchase implements, etc., for his work, he was surprised to find the principal stores closed. He could not understand the suspension of business at first, but looking up at the signs he recognized the Jewish names and remembered that it was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. Dr. Greene learned that there are fully forty thousand Jews in the city, which is double the number there were there fifteen years ago, and they are growing in numbers and influence. The number who went there at the time of the Exodus from Russia some ten or twelve years ago, was so large that the Sultan issued a special order forbidding any Jew of Russian birth to settle there. Those who had settled were not to be disturbed, but no more were to be admitted. Some, however, do gain admission still by the familiar method of backsheesh. With Jews of other nationalities there appears to be no difficulty. Dr. Greene was much interested in one colony managed by Jews. The property had been acquired by fifty families and five families have been sent forward to occupy the ground and prepare it for cultivation. The five families are supported by the other forty-five who furnish them with implements and materials. When they report that the colony is ready, the forty-five families will come out and take possession. The tendency, however, still is to settle in the cities, the Jew preferring trade as an occupation, to the tilling of the soil.

When we consider how many promises there are of the Jews being once more in the possession of their own land and the statement that they will be there when our Lord comes, these facts observed by Dr. Greene are very significant. The way is evidently being prepared for their return and the advance column is already in possession. To this must be added the suggestion of Holman Hunt, the famous artist, that the Jews should lease Palestine from the Sultan giving him guarantees of increased revenue—a proposal which Mr. Hunt says he would favorably consider.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

or, The Nobility of Service



Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER III.

COULD it be possible, Pauline asked herself, that she was really going away from the dreary monotonous drudgery of Hickory Farm? It seemed too good to be true. Of course she must come back to it some day, but at seventeen, one is not apt to anticipate the end of a pleasure before beginning it. Besides, who could tell but something might happen to prevent her ever coming back? Well, she meant to enjoy her visit, while it lasted, anyhow.

Her father came and lifted the trunk into the back of the wagon, and they started along the grass-bordered road to the station. He began recalling the city as he remembered it.

"You'll have to go to Bunker Hill, of course, and the Common, and be sure and look out for the statues, they're everywhere. Lincoln freeing the slaves—that's the best one, to my thinking, and that's down inCornhill, if I remember right. My, but that's a place! Mind you hold tight to your cousins. The streets and the horses and the people whirl round so that its enough to make you lose your head. Well, well, I wouldn't mind going along with you to see the sights."

He bought her ticket, got her a comfortable seat, then he said, "God bless you," and went away.

Pauline looked after him wonderingly. He had never said it to her before. Perhaps it was a figure of speech which people reserved for traveling. She supposed there was always the danger of a possible accident. Ah! if they could only have started off together, as he said, and never gone back to Sleepy Hollow any more!

To the untravelled girl the journey was a series of delightful visions. The world seemed very wide, and she was a mere speck on it, as the panorama rolled itself before her gaze which she could not take from the car-window. She was on her way to a new world, and she had no doubt of finding it delightful. It is later on in life that doubts arise whether it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. The years bring a feeling of use and wont, if not of content, that can be disturbed only with apprehension. We feel that we shall miss something that was pleasant, though something better may be given; as the prisoner of many years quitted his dungeon with the regret that he would never more see the single sunbeam that entered the gloom through the narrow slit in the thick walls.

To the day of her death Pauline never forgot the sense of satisfied delight with which she felt herself made a member of her Uncle's household. Her three cousins, Gwendolyn, Russell and Belle, greeted her cordially as soon as the train drew up in a station, which, for size and grandeur, surpassed her wildest dreams, and then escorted her between a bewildering panorama of flashing lights, brilliant shop-windows, swiftly moving cars and people in [illegible] for her Uncle Robert resided in the suburbs. [illegible] entrance of their lovely home, her Uncle Robert and his wife. With one swift comprehensive glance she took it all in. The [illegible] its crimson Mount Washington rockers, [illegible] ed with freshly-cut magazines, the pleas- [illegible] and big grandfather's chair, [illegible] supposed [illegible] Russell in his [illegible] [illegible] at least [illegible]

"So we have really got our little country blossom transplanted," said her Uncle, as he kissed her warmly. "I have so often begged your father to let you come to us before, but he always wrote that you couldn't be spared."

A hot flush burnt its way up over her cheeks and brow. And he had let her think all this time that they had not cared! Her own father! He might at least have trusted her!

She started, for her Uncle was saying, "This is your Aunt Rutha, my dear," and turned to be clasped in tender arms and hear a sweet voice whisper the all-sufficient introduction,

"I loved your mother."

And then she had been taken upstairs by the lively Belle to refresh herself after her journey, and prepare for dinner, which had been delayed until her arrival.

The dinner in itself was a revelation. The snowy table with its silver dishes and graceful centrepiece of hot-house blooms, the crystal sparkling in the rosy glow cast by silken shaded, massively carved lamps, the perfect, noiseless serving and the bright conversation which flowed freely, little hindered by the different courses of soup and fish, and game and ices; conversation about things that were happening in the world that seemed to be growing larger every minute, apt allusions by Mr. Davis, lively sallies by Belle and quotations by Russell from authors who seem to be household friends, so highly were they held in reverence.

Afterward there had been music, Russell at the piano and Gwendolyn and Belle with their violins, and she had sat upon the sofa by this gracious, new-found friend, who stroked her rough hand gently with her white jewelled fingers, and talked to her softly in the pauses of the music of what her mother was like as a girl. Verily Aunt Rutha had a wonderful way of making one feel at home!

She laughed to herself as the thought came to her. She felt more at home than she had ever done before in her life! She remembered reading somewhere that the children of men were often brought up under alien conditions, like ducklings brooded over by a mother hen, but as soon as chance was given they flew to their native element and the former things were as though they had not been. An inborn instinct of refinement made this new life immediately congenial, but—could she ever forget the weary servitude of Sleepy Hollow! She shivered as she heard in imagination the clatter of the dishes and the rough romping of the children as they noisily trooped to bed. Her nerves quivered as she listened to Mrs. Harding shrilly droning the worn out lullaby to the sleepless Polly, and Lemuel demanding to have "Jack, the Giant Killer" told to him six times in succession. It seemed to her the life in its bare drudgery had worn deep seams into her very soul, like country roads in springtime, whose surface is torn apart in gaping wounds and unsightly ruts by heavy wheels and frost and rain.

She looked up at her cousins with a feeling nearly akin to envy. Their lives had no contrasts. Always this beautiful comradeship with father and mother; and Aunt Rutha was so lovely—she stopped abruptly. She would not change mothers. No, no, she would be loyal even in thought to the pale, tired woman, whom she could remember kissing her passionately in the twilight while bitter tears rained on her childish, upturned face. She would not let the demon of discontent spoil her visit. She would put by and forget while she enjoyed this wonderful slice of pleasure that had come to her. There was just as much greed in her wanting happiness wholesale as in Lemuel's crying for the whole loaf of gingerbread; the only difference was in the measure of their capacity.

"What is it, dear?" asked Aunt Rutha, with an amused smile, "you have been in the brownest of studies."

She looked up at her brightly.

"I believe it was a briar tangle, Aunt Rutha, of the worst kind, but I shall see daylight soon, thank you."

Mrs. Davis laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"Your penknive, Robert. Our little girl here is tied up in a Gordian knot, and we must help to set her free."

Her Uncle laughed as he opened the pearl-handled weapon.

"If good will can take the place of skill, I'll promise to cut no arteries." Then he added more gravely, "But you have nothing more to do with knots, my dear, of any kind. You belong to us now."

They discussed her a little in kindly fashion after she had gone to her room for the night.

"The child has the air of a princess," said Mrs. Davis, thoughtfully. "She holds herself wonderfully in spite of her country training, but I suppose blood always tells," and she looked over at her husband with a smile.

"She has wonderful powers of adaptability, too," said Gwendolyn. "I watched her at dinner, and she never made a single slip, though I imagine there were several things that were new to her besides the finger glasses."

"But she is intense, mamma," and Belle heaved a sigh of mock despair. "I don't believe she knows what laziness is, and I'm sure she will end by making me ashamed of myself. When I told her we had a three months' vacation, she never said, 'How delightful!' as most girls would, but calmly enquired what I took up in the holidays, and when I groaned at the very thought of taking up anything, she said so seriously, 'But you don't let your mind lie fallow for three whole months!' and then she sighed a little and added, half to herself, 'some girls would give all the world for such a chance to sow.' I believe she is possessed with a perfect rage for the acquisition of knowledge, and when she goes to college will pass poor me with leaps and bounds, and carry the hearts of all the professors in her train."

"And did you see her," said Gwendolyn, "when I happened to mention that our church was always shut up in the summer because so many people were out of the city. She just turned those splendid eyes of hers on me till I actually felt my moral stature shrivelling, and asked, 'What about the people in the city, don't they have to go on living?'"

"She is plucky, though," said Russell, admiringly. "Did you notice when you

(Continued on next page.)

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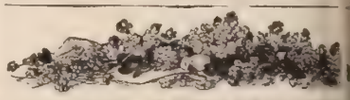

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A Princess in Calico.

Continued from preceding page.

...oth screaming because one of our ... caught in a street-car rail, and the ... nearly upset, how she never said ..., though she must have been fright... or we were nearly over? I like a ... that has spunk enough to hold her ...

... is a dear child," said Mr. Davis, ... she has her mother's eyes."

... airs in her blue-draped chamber, ... spoke her verdict to herself.

... are all splendid, and I'm a good ... puder of my relations than they can ... a regular woodpecker among birds ... radise. I wish I hadn't to be so ... lly plain. "Well, I'll ring true if ... mely, and character is more than ... anyway."

... ndressed slowly, her æsthetic eyes ... g in all the dainty appointments of ... which was to be her very own. ... e knelt by the broad, low, window ... said her prayers, looking away to ... s which glowed green and red and ... in the soft summer sky, and then ... at hush of delight she lay down ... the delicately perfumed sheets, ... e herself up to the enjoyment of ... ent which God had given her. She ... not think of Sleepy Hollow. She ... it by.

CHAPTER IV.

Problems of City Life.

... entered Pauline's room to find her ... evelling in the exquisite pathos of ... r's "Snowbound," before dressing ... er. The problem of clothes had ... lved by Aunt Rutha, in her pleas... ... ful way.

"... are just Belle's age, my dear," ... said the day after Pauline's arrival ... ifted a delicately pencilled muslin ... arge parcel which had been brought ... White's, and laid it against her ... ung cheek.

"... t is very becoming, don't you ..., Gwen? It is such a delight for ... ave two daughters to shop for. I ... ways had a craze to buy doubles ... ything, but Gwendolyn was so ... der, I could never indulge myself. ... s no need to say anything dearie," ... e kissed away the remonstrance ... s forming on Pauline's lips. "You ... to us now, you know, and your ... thinks he owes your mother more ... can ever hope to repay." Then ... her to the lounge which Gwendo... ... piling high with suits of delicately ... ...dered and ruffled underwear.

"... d not know whether you would ... ar sets to be of different patterns or ... Belle has such a horror of having ... o alike that I ventured to think ... stes would agree.

"... girls are going in town to-morrow ... their summer hats, so you can ... he rest of your shopping then, if ..., and get an idea of our city."

... chen had followed a morning such ... ad never dreamed of. The excite... ... driving to the station in the ex... ... g morning air, past houses, which, ... r Uncle's, seemed the abodes of ... us ease. Before many of them car... ...vere waiting and through the open ... he caught glimpses of white-capped ... s and colored nurses carrying babies ... robes of lawn and lace. A vision ... Pry in her pink-checked gingham ... before her. How could life be so ... t!

... ide in the cars was delightful, past ... ssion of elegant houses and beau... ...aid out grounds, till she began to ... had reached a new world where ... s an unknown quantity.

... the city with its delightful whirl ... and horses and people. She had ... imagined there could be so many in ... place before. She marvelled at ... descension of the gentlemen in the ... mely appointed shoe-store, and ... as one of them lifted her foot on ... kle. She looked in amazement at the ... ally furnished apartments of Madame ... and the wonderful structures of ... hs and lace and ribbon, which the ... saleswoman assured them were ... at thirty dollars, and was lost in a ... us delight, as, with the calmness ... experienced shoppers, her cousins went ... ne department to another in White's ... Lvey's laying in a supply of airy ... gs of which she did not even know ... e; always being treated by them with the same delicate consideration; there was nothing forced upon her, only, as they were getting things, she might as well be fitted, too. Then up past St. Paul's and the Common, and then home to a lunch of chicken salad and strawberries and frothed chocolate, in the cool dining-room, with its massive leather-covered chairs and potted plants and roses.

She was growing used now to the new order of things, and smiled a welcome to Belle from the velvet lounging chair in which she, Pauline Harding, who had never lounged in her life, was beginning to feel perfectly at home.

"What an inveterate bookworm you are Paul," and Belle looked at the pile of volumes Pauline had brought from the library, to study in the long morning hours which the force of a lifelong habit gave her before the rest of the family were astir.

"You forget I'm an ignoramus," she answered quietly. "I must do something to catch up."

Belle shrugged her shoulders.

"What's the use? It is surprising with what an infinitesimal moiety of knowledge one can get through this old world."

"Such a speech from a woman in this age is rank heresy!"

"Oh, of course, if you are going in for equal suffrage and anti-opium, &c., but I never aspired to the garment of either Lucy Stone or Frances Willard. I do pine to be an anatomist, and Professor Herchel says I have a decided talent for it, too. Last term we were on cats, dissecting them you know, and he said I took out the brain of my feline better than any of the rest of the class, for I never once cut into any of the twelve pairs of small nerves. It took me three hours to do it, but it paid for the trouble. However, papa is not progressive, at least he does not want his daughters to be, though I tell him I might be a Professor in Harvard some day, so there is nothing left for me but to fall into the ranks of the majority and do nothing."

"Why so? Is there nothing in the world but suffrage and opium, and—cats?"

"Oh, dear yes, there's philanthropy, but Gwen does that for the family. She is on every society under the sun. Let me count them if I can. There's the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Society for the Improvement of the Moral Condition of Working Women, and the Society to Improve the Sanitary Condition of Tenement Houses; she's a member of the Y. W. C. A., and the W. C. T. U., and the Y. P. S. C. E.; she's on the Board of Lady Managers of the Newsboy's Home, and one of the Directors of the Industrial School for Girls: in fact, she is fairly torn asunder in her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the 'submerged tenth.'"

"Submerged," echoed Pauline wonderingly. "Is anyone submerged in Boston?"

"You dear stupid, of course! The unseen population in filth, rags, and unrighteousness, and the rest of us in lazy self-indulgence, which perhaps, in God's sight, is about as bad. I often think if each professing Christian took hold of one poor beggar and tried to elevate him, we would solve the problem a good deal sooner than by starting so many societies to improve them in the aggregate. I can theorize, you see, but the practice is beyond me."

"But why don't you try it?" cried Pauline, her eyes sparkling. "It's a splendid idea."

"Bless you, my child, because it would involve work, and that is a thing I abhor."

"But Gwendolyn must work on all these societies," said Pauline.

Belle danced across the room, and seated herself on the arm of her chair.

"You dear old thing! You're as innocent as your own daisies, and it's a shame to take you from your mossy bed. Don't you know there is work and work? God says, 'Go work in my vineyard,' and we good Christians answer, 'Yes, Lord, but let someone else go ahead and take out the stumps.' The most of us like to do our spiritual farming on a Western scale. It's pleasanter to drive a team of eight horses over cleared land, than to grub out thistles all alone in a corner."

To be Continued.

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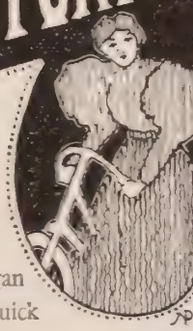
Branch Houses and Agencies are almost everywhere. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

All Columbia Bicycles are fitted with
HARTFORD SINGLE-TUBE TIRES
UNLESS OTHER TIRES ARE ASKED FOR.
WE KNOW NO TIRES SO GOOD AS HARTFORDS.

$65 BUYS A CENTURION



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Diamond
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Frames
Vim or Morgan
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CRIPPLES
Men, Ladies and Childrens Hand- and Foot Power—
TRICYCLES

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Mechanics Mechanical and Architectural Drawing; Steam Engineering (Stationary, Locomotive and Marine); Heating; Architecture; Mining; Plumbing; Civil Engineering; with *References Everywhere. Free Circular. State Subject you wish to Study.*

To Electrical ....Workers,

Machinists, Engineers, Steam Engineers, Carpenters, Pattern Makers, Steam Fitters, Millwrights, Foremen, Superintendents, and Practical men desiring to advance in their trades and professions.

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need be painted but once in 5 years, if first painted with DIXON'S Silica Graphite PAINT. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

A PERFECT WAIST

is essential to the perfect fit of a dress. A waist superb in form, possessing every requisite of health, beauty and style is the

Ferris' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAIST

Combines every requirement of the laws of hygiene with those of modern dress. Made with short or extra long waist, high or low bust. Children's, 25c. to 50c. Misses', 50c. to $1. Ladies', $1 to $2. **For sale by all retailers.**

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Easy to Light as Gas

Are the BEST in Every Respect.

Ratchet Wick Adjuster. Lift Burner. Double Center Draught. Give the Brightest and Best Light. Our Little Book, mailed free, tells more about them, and about our *Gas* and *Electric Fixtures, Fireplace Furniture,* Brass and Wrought Iron *Grille Work,* and *Railings, Art Metal Goods,* B. & H. Oil Heaters, Etc. Leading Dealers Sell Our Goods.

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DON'T buy Marble or Granite until you investigate

WHITE BRONZE.

It is much more artistic and enduring and much less expensive.

NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. **NO** Cracking. Crumbling.

Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Write for designs and information. Costs nothing to investigate.

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Send 10 Cents and write us what month your birthday comes in and we will send you this pin without fail, also our handsome summer catalogue, (illustrated), free. AGENTS WANTED.

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Your Dinner

can be cooked all at one time on one **burner** of any kind of stove, if you use the **Peerless Steam Cooker**

Prevents steam and odors. Whole dinner cooked under steam pressure. Catalogue **free.** The agents' bonanza. Agents wanted.

PEERLESS COOKER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stamped Steel Ceilings

Most Durable and Decorative.

Suitable for all buildings. Numerous designs. *Send for Catalogue.*

H. S. NORTHROP, 33 Cherry St., New York

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS in the World.
PUREST BELL METAL COPPER AND TIN.
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.

UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

What brings release from dirt and grease? Why, Don't you know?

SAPOLIO!

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on May 31, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. "Anxious Moher," Indiana, for the conversion of a son and daughter.——"Believer," Deposit, N. Y., that a dear mother might be called from a life of sin and be made a new creature in Christ; also that her sons and daughters might turn to Christ for salvation.——R. S., Burlington, Ia., that her husband may look to Christ for salvation and be saved from all evil; also for a son and daughter brought up in the fear of the Lord but now gone astray.——E. H., Essexville, Mich., that her husband might become a child of God and be saved from sin, especially from the sin of drink.——M. J. S., Maxwell, Ont., that an aged mother very near death might be prepared for eternity.——"Friend," Mondovia, Wis., for the conversion of children and grandchildren.——M. F., Charleston, S. C., that husband and son might both be saved, and that the latter, who is a wanderer, might return to his home.——L. W., Pine Bluff, Ark., that four nephews who have made profession of Christ, but have turned again to the world, might be arrested in their downward course and restored with clean hearts to God's favor.——A. R., Creston, O., that a wayward son might be turned to Christ and made a new creature in him, and that he may find employment where temptation will not so severely assail him.——"One who Believes," Allegheny, Pa., that an aged uncle and aunt might be saved before it is too late, and might have their eyes opened to mistakes they are making as to the attitude of other people.——E. D. B., Louisville, Ky., that her husband might be delivered from doubt and from trusting in his own good, moral life, and may go to Christ for salvation.——"Anxious Mother," Saco, Me., that a brilliant son who has become infatuated with gambling might be saved and delivered from sin; also for the conversion of nephews and nieces.——"Anxious One," Ohio, that her husband and her three children, who are all unsaved, might be converted.——Widowed Mother, Findlay, O., for the conversion of a son who is living in unconcern about his soul's interests.——"Constant Reader," Riple, Tenn., for the conversion of children and grandchildren, and of a son-in-law who is sceptical.——"Believer," Akron, Iowa, for the conversion of a dear brother and two brothers-in-law who sorely need God's grace.——M. A. M., Farnham, Neb., that her husband, who is not a Christian, might be saved and become a blessing to his family, and that her children might turn to God.——"Distressed and Worried One," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son might be delivered from his bondage to sin, and that his daughter-in-law may be saved from her propensities to liquor.——"Believer," Salt Lake City, Utah, on behalf of mother and six brothers, who are all unsaved, that God in his infinite mercy, would touch their hearts by his grace.——"Invalid Mother," Iowa, that her prayer might be heard for the blessing of seeing her only son a child of God before she is called hence.——Two Sisters in Wisconsin, for the conversion of a brother, and that he may keep his resolution to abandon the use of intoxicating liquors.

For the Restoration of Health. Two Sisters, Dublin, Ga., that one who is a burden to her family through a disease of the hands might be healed and that the other may recover the sense of hearing.——"In His Name," Evanston, Ill., that God would restore the health of a beloved relative on whom many are dependent for the happiness of their lives.——"Reader," Harrisburg, Pa., that a beloved mother and a dear friend for whose recovery many prayers have been offered might both be raised up and made whole by the Great Physician.——C. K., Ashtabula, O., that a dear sister now suffering from severe affliction may be healed that she may again minister to those dependent upon her.——S. A., New York, that the means being used for the recovery of a dear brother may be blessed of God to his complete restoration.——"Believer," Lacon, Ill., that a precious [illegible] that she may glorify and serve him.——The following [illegible] restoration to health: "Follower of Christ," California; "One that loves God," Brattleboro, Vt.; "Believer," Winthrop, Me.; "In His Name," New Milford, N. J., who has been an invalid for eleven years; E. H., Essexville, Mich.; M., Hopewell, N. S.; L. J. H., Union, Me., who is terribly afflicted; L. H., Herkimer, N. Y., who has had two whole years of suffering; "Constant Reader," Maysville, Ky.; "Believer," Higginsport, O., who is sorely needed by her children.

For Special Blessings. M., Baltimore, that God would grant succes to eforts now being made to secure employment and opportunity for study.——Sister in Christ, Ky., that justice may be done in a pending legal decision.——S. W., Springfield, Ill., that a brother and sister in danger of losing their all may be delivered from the impending disaster.——S. J., Manitow, Wis., that the home which has been so dearly loved may not be lost through financial stringency.——"Colored Subscriber," Houstonia, Mo., for more grace, that certain habits may be overcome.——"Earnest Believer," Corsicana, Tex., for help to meet maturing financial obligations.——"Believer," Cortland, N.Y., that one who has recently begun the Christian life might have more of the Holy Spirit to lead him to give up all that is hindering his progress in the divine life.——A Wife, Galena, Ill., that her husband who has been vainly seeking employment for two years past might be enabled to gain what he needs.——D. A., Saco, Me., that property unjustly withheld may be restored to be used in the service of Christ.——"Reader," Montana, that a young wife might be enabled to do her duty to her husband, and may learn to love him as she wishes to do.——M. E. B., Bridgeville, Cal., for grace to overcome two serious faults.——"Reader," Penna., that a perplexed girl may have divine guidance in a difficulty, and may have the joy and peace in Christ that she seeks.——"Constant Reader," Mason City, Ill., that grievous wrongs done to a family may be righted and restitution made.——"Believer," Charleston, Ont., that the heart of a persecutor might be changed, and the evil work that is liable to lead to serious consequences may be stopped.——"Distressed Father," Philadelphia, that a beloved and beautiful daughter who has developed terrible propensities, may be renewed in heart and kept virtuous and faithful to the Saviour, to whom she vowed fidelity two years ago.——"Anxious Husband," Boston, Mass., that his wife to whom he is devotedly attached, may be delivered from the wiles of a wealthy libertine who has fascinated her.——J. F. C., Ill., for grace to consecrate everything in life and property to Christ.——"Bellever," Lacon, Ill., that in some way the means may be provided for the purchase of a dear old home that otherwise must go into the hands of strangers, rendering an aged lady and two motherless girls homeless.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR, ECKSTEIN } Cincinnati.
ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION } New York.
SOUTHERN, SHIPMAN } Chicago.
COLLIER, MISSOURI, RED SEAL, SOUTHERN } St. Louis.
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"LET WELL-ENOUGH ALON" is a safe maxim to follow in pai[n]ting — as in everything else. Pre White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil are always have been the best and standard pai[nt]. To be sure of getting

Pure White Leal

examine the brand (see list genuine bran[ds]. For colors tint White Lead with NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s Pure White Le[ad] Tinting Colors. They are the best and m[ost] permanent.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing s[ix] of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of d[if]ferent designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades for[war]ded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New [York]

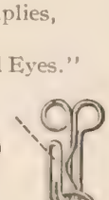
IT IS....
NOT PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLIS[H]
BUT REALLY ECONOMICAL...
To Buy the Shawknit Half-Hos[e]
OUTWEARING ALL OTHERS, THEY ARE FOUND TO BE THE CHEAPEST IN THE END
LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK Shawknit WHICH IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.
SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.
Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant. Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.
SHAW STOCKING C[O.] LOWELL, MASS.

Your shoe-keeper—
Brown's French Dressin[g]
For Ladies and Children's Shoes

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND SET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

"Here is some=thing as good,"
Said the clerk in the store.
Said the lady: "I think
I have heard that before;
Still, I need no advice,
As your statement implies,
But I do want a card
Of DeLong Hooks and Eyes."

See that
hump?



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Manufacturers of the CUPID Hair Pin

You are bound to succeed in making HIRES Rootbeer if you follow the simple directions. Easy to make, delightful to take.
[illegible] Philadelphia.
A [illegible] and Druggists.

DON'T BOIL Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate, about Cocoa. Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk. Sold everywhere.

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Steuben Sanitarium
At Hornellsville, N. Y.,
is to place at the disposal of the sufferer from disease —
The Best Surgical and Medical Skill,
The Best Remedial Appliances,
— INCLUDING —
ELECTRICITY, BATHS, MASSAGE, ETC.
The best care; the best diet; the best atmosphere; the *best conditions* generally for his or her complete recovery. Illustrated brochure on application to Superintendent.
Dr. J. E. WALKER, Hornellsville, N. Y.

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Contains entire digestible substance of 3 choice wheats. For Bread, Griddle Cakes, Gems, etc. Prevents and relieves Constipation and Liver troubles. At grocers or write. Please send for pamphlet about Cakes, Flour
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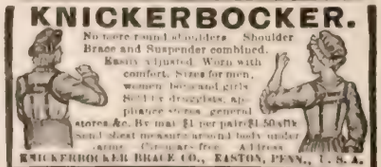
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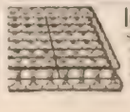

Ideal Spring Beds. Our book "[illegible] Awake" tells a good [illegible] comfortable, [illegible] Durable, sanitary. At [illegible] sells them. Sent, safely packed, on receipt of three 2-cent stamps. Foster Bros. M'f'g Co., 4 City St., Utica, N. Y.

The "New Idea"
IS A
PAPER PATTERN
For All Classes of Ladies' and Chil[dren's] Garments.

902 – LADIES' SKIRT.
Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30.
Mailed to your address for 10 cents, and guaranteed as perfect in every detail as any pattern [illegible] pressage and 500 designs, 5 cents. Monthly [illegible] Sheet FREE.
THE NEW IDEA PATTERN C[O.] Leonard St. and West Broadway, New [York]

ASTHMA CURE FREE! [illegible] Asthma Cure and a valuable treatise on Asthma and Hay Fever sent free to anyone who will [illegible] this advertisement was seen. Dr. B. W. Hair, Cincinnati, [O.]

BARLOW'S INDIGO BL[UE] The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELI[ABLE] For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, 238 N. 2d St., Philadelphia [Pa.]

REX BRAND Extract of BEEF FLAVO[R]
Sample, 4 cents. Book free. OUDAHY - - SO. OMAHA

Fleeing from Armenia.

Many Fugitives to Persia—Progress of the Relief Work in Oroomiah.

WHEN the Armenian troubles were at their height, several months ago, numbers of fugitives from the massacre districts fled to Persia, knowing that they would find safety and possibly food and shelter at the hands of hospitable Christian missionaries in the Shah's country. In this they were not mistaken. The greater number went to Oroomiah, where the famous missionary, Dr. Cochran, together with his associates of the Presbyterian Mission, undertook the work of relief. A sum of $1000 was sent to the Missionaries from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, a Committee was organized and the work was quickly under way. By last week's mail, we have received from this Committee the first report of its relief work. The report says: "The scope of the work done for the relief of the Christian families who have come to Persia to find help, and to flee from the dangers of their homes in Turkey, necessarily more limited than any similar work done in Turkey. In case the condition of the districts along the Perso-Turkish border gets worse, as the spring season, we are likely to have many hundreds of families seeking refuge here, if they are not prevented from coming. So far it has been our aim to employ only those who cannot obtain work elsewhere. The work in wool, which we have given what has been done by women only, and it gives them an employment which only they can provide for them. Up to the present, the work in the country has not been open, but we have been able to employ quite a large number of men who have families to support, in work in the snow bed, where the snow has been gone for some time. Now that the work is opening all over the country, and it is a question when work for such men as we have been helping, can be obtained easily, we will not do much in this line. The people who come from Turkey are not accustomed to spading in the vineyards. It is hard work for those not used to it, and these men cannot get the wages that are given to those of Oroomiah, so that they will need some help in addition to what they can get from their work. They are working in the stables throughout the country. These wretched people have passed the winter crowded (often several families together) in one end of a stable. We may find it necessary to provide clothing for them, now that they must come out of the warm stables. Many are nearly destitute of clothing, especially the women and children, and all are ragged.

"STATEMENT OF RELIEF WORK AT OROOMIAH FROM DEC. 19, 1895, TO APRIL 18, 1896.

	TOMANS.
Flour, 172 lbs.	530.65
Sugar, 157	103.15
Sewing needles, 14	2.16
Soap, 16	1.12
Tea, 3	9.01
Wire two days	5.00
Labor heating room for the carders	14.15
Building room for wool work	8.09
Wood, 4 loads	4.10
Seed wheat for five families	12.20.00
Flour for bread	18.4.07
Patients in hospital, total of 329 days	328.00
Wages for weavers and spinners	466.15
Wages for 1280 days' work on river dike	1247.11
Baskets made for the dike	27.2.00
Baskets, to be ultimately given to laborers	114.10
Bags used for drawing sand	1.06
Wages for native superintendent of work 4 mo	22.1.10
Tea	1.7.12
Bread am	3.14
	3.2.1.05

"One hundred men have had employment given them, and fifty-one women, representing 505 persons. Aided without employment 21, representing 85 persons. Received of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD £200 sterling."

The following translation of a letter from a native Armenian pastor will be read with deep interest by all who have shared in the relief work:

[illegible] S. March 14 [illegible]

Seeing your devoted and [illegible] toward the Armenian people, I am unable to remain insensible and unappreciative. The weighty importance of the difficult and sacred work you have undertaken, compels me in the name of thousands of my unhappy countrymen, with my weak pen, to declare my admiration and gratitude to you, who have without complaint and unwearyingly continued to wipe away the tears of multitudes of people, and that, too, in the midst of heart-breaking circumstances, growing out of the condition of those who are distressed and famine-stricken.

Yes, I know the magnitude of the work you are doing. I know also that the Lord our Saviour, in the time of trouble, raised up great and devoted men for the protection of his people.

Permit me to say that you have become to the people of Erzroum as the worthy Bishop, portrayed by Victor Hugo, whose wonderful [illegible] you have made your own, impressing it on your own person. To the poor, the fallen, the distressed, you have given bread; the naked you have clothed; the sick you have cared for. In one word you have wiped away the tears of the wretched and sorrowing. What [illegible] compassion, [illegible] benevolence.

In the name of the little flock which has been given into my care, in the name of the suffering people, with deepest feelings, I express heart-felt gratitude to you, and through you to all those benevolent persons who have been pleased to help with their substance, upon whom the Heavenly Teacher, Jesus, has pronounced eternal blessings. Therefore, with full heart, I beseech heaven that the Creator of the universe, in his boundless love, may preserve you in [illegible].

I beg that you will kindly express our very deep gratitude to all those who have so benevolently assisted this wretched, suffering people.

I remain in deepest gratitude, ——

To publish the writer's name would simply be to mark him as a victim of Moslem persecution.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Constipation

is an actual disease with thousands. Cathartics give only temporary relief. The cause of the disease, some obscure nerve trouble, must be reached by a nerve tonic, one containing phosphorus, in order to obtain action upon the brain and spinal cord.

Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant

is the only tonic containing phosphorus, chemically pure, perfectly harmless. Prompt, concentrated, powerful. IT WILL CURE CONSTIPATION permanently.

Regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. All druggists, or by mail. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
106-108 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Formula on Every Bottle.

BABY CARRIAGE $1.25
SHIPPED C.O.D. ON APPROVAL
with privilege of examination. We give Guarantee for 5 Years. No Money in advance. $5 Carriage, $2.50; $12 Carriage, $5.50, and others up to $25 in proportion.
Why Pay enormous profits to retailers? We sell first class goods only, and save you 50 per cent. Valuable present free. Our Special Catalogue, Free.
A. M. ROTHSCHILD & CO., STATE & VANBUREN STS. CHICAGO

Drum in position

DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum.** New scientific invention differ from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 1228 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1 R. 289, 1122 Broadway, N. Y.

THE IMPROVED
Elastic Truss
The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that [illegible] and cannot slip, no matter what position the wearer may assume. It [illegible] and is [illegible] Sent on trial. Send for illustrated circular. Mention this paper.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822-824 Broadway, Cor. 12th Street, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED
to its natural color by **LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT,** no dye harmless, pleasant odor, $1.00 a bottle
LEE'S HAIR TONIC removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth $1.00 a bottle
LEE MEDICANT CO 108 Fulton st. N.Y.
Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application **FREE**

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?
Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is our faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, will make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola Compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured themself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

With a Range as Wide as All Disease

An Ounce of Fact

THE Electropoise TRADE MARK

Better than Tons of Theory

An Oxygen Home Remedy Without Medicine

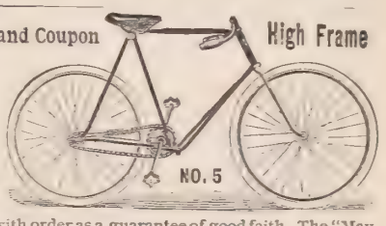
Cures

INSOMNIA NERVOUSNESS

I don't know what the Electropoise is, but know it is a wonder. It soothes my head, gives me sleep, dispels nervousness, and tones me up generally. Col. A. P. CONNOLLY, 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Correspondence Invited
Booklet by mail
ELECTROLIBRATION CO., 1122 Broadway, New York
346 Fulton St., Brooklyn

This $75 "Maywood" Bicycle (complete) for $35 and Coupon



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Discovered by Accident.—In COMPOUNDING an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and is simple and effective. It acts quickly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has been tested and is valuable for any delicate skin that is used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth of coarse, stubborn hair requires two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, as much of the hair will be removed at each application, and without discomfort to the most delicate skin when applied as directed. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

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Reclining Easy Chair or Desk

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100 Bars Sweet Home Soap. 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
9 Packages Boraxine. 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.
Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
If changes in contents desired, write.

The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
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From factory to family, Both **$10.**

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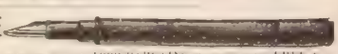
The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in The Christian Herald, Nov. 27th.

NOTE.—The combination offer of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., although unusually generous, is genuine. From personal inspection of the factory and experience with their goods and premiums we know that they are all that is claimed for them and can heartily recommend them.—*The Christian Work, New York.*

NOTE.—We have examined the goods and premiums, as described above and know they will give satisfaction. We know the Company, have personally visited their establishment in Buffalo, have purchased and used the goods and gladly say everything is as represented.—*Epworth Herald, Chicago.*

FREE 

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Sift with one quart of flour two te spoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Po der and one-half teaspoon salt. Ru in shortening (one-half cup butter a one tablespoon lard) and wet wit enough sweet milk or water to make soft dough. Handle as little as poss ble and roll out about one inch thic Cut the desired size with biscuit cutt and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Break in half and butter.

Have ready a quart of berries, crushed, and sweetened with one small cu of granulated sugar. Place lower half of biscuit, buttered side up, on pla on which it is to be served; cover with crushed berries, then on top t upper half, buttered side up, cover again with crushed berries, and serve once with or without cream or strawberry sauce.

Cleveland's Baking Powder "Pure and Sure."

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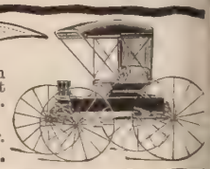

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It is Really the Chance of a Lifetim

This cut shows exact pattern and about two-thirds full size of spoons.

UNITED SOCIETY OF SHAKERS,
at Watervliet, Ohio.
P. O. Box 914, Dayton, O.

DAYTON, OHIO, March 25, 1896.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Sirs:—Spoons I ordered last week received. *Am well pleased. They are well worth the money.*

In regard to your Tea and Orange spoons as per letter, don't quite understand it. Are there 6 in a set? Are they the same size and plated same as the ones I ordered. Please give description more fully and then I will see what I can do to gain the premium you offer.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) JOHN O. TYLER, Mgr.

SULLIVAN, ILLS., March 25, 189...

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I am in receipt of the souve... spoons and also your letter of the 24th i... The spoons are *very handsome indeed—in f... they exceeded our expectations a whole lot.*

You will please send me 3 sets of No. 2, ... two sets of No. 3 of your full size triple pla... Souvenir Teaspoons—same as sent me by ... order dated March 19th. I enclose draft to ... order for $4.95 to pay for same. This ma... six sets I have ordered so if you feel dispo... to put in an extra set of spoons which is o... third of the premium you offer on 12 sets, I ... not only be thankful but delighted. Await ... your response, I am, Yours very truly,

T. H. SCOTT

We have thousands of letters similar to above on file at our office, and receive new ones d...

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever Offered. No ... scription will do justice to this Most Handsome and Elega... Silverware; you never saw anything equal to them.

Just Think of It!

Six Heavy Solid Silver Tri... Plated full size World's F... Souvenir Teaspoons, with t... Bowls Gold Plated both Inside and Outsi... and only **99c.** They are not the co... mon washed-over stuff, but are stamped "Leonard Mfg. C... A 1," which is a guarantee of reliability and square dealin... This is the most wonderful opportunity you ever heard of.

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ORDER TO-DAY ... delay. This is the most remarkable offer ever made by a reliable firm, and we refer to ...

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There are twelve different buildings:

Set No. 2 comprises the Manufacturers, Horticultural, Womans, Fisheries, Machinery and Transportation buildings.

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In your order please be explicit and say whether you want set number **2** or **3**. The set is put up in a very neat box, handsomely lined with plush, and is sent by mail secur... packed and prepaid.

Send **99 cents** by postoffice or express money order ... registered letter only, **as we do not accept personal checks.**

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We still have some of the Souvenir Coffee Spoons on ha...

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 25.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1886. Price Five Cents.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS IN CONFERENCE.

The Great Triennial International Sunday School Convention to Assemble Next Week in Boston, Mass—What it is expected to Accomplish.

MORE than a million and a quarter Sunday School teachers will be represented in the International Sunday School Convention, which assembles next week in Boston, Mass. Delegates to the number of 2,896 are expected, besides a host of persons who are interested in the Convention and its work. They will come from every State and Territory of the United States and from every Province of Canada, that has a local organization competent to elect delegates. The significance of such an assembly cannot be over-estimated. It implies an interest in Christian work and yearning for increased efficiency in the service of our Lord, which speaks volumes for the vitality of the Church of Christ. It is also significant of the essential unity of Evangelical Christians. All denominations will be represented in the great assembly, and a common purpose will animate the delegates. The one object all have in view is to devise plans for the extension of the Master's kingdom among the children and young people of our day, not to propagate any creed or "ism," nor to gain profit or distinction for themselves. How best to sow the Gospel seed in the soil that is more productive than any other, how to interest the rising generation in spiritual things, to so present Christ to their minds that they will love him and submit themselves to him—these are the problems to be considered by this army of earnest workers, coming together for mutual helpfulness in service.

The Convention will assemble on June 3, and it is proposed to hold three sessions on that and each of the three following days. Preliminary meetings for prayer and the arrangement of the programme will be held by the various Committees. There will also be special meetings in connection with the Primary Department and other special features of Sunday School work. The chief sessions will be held in the new Tremont Temple, the home of the church of which Dr. Lorimer is pastor, and which has lately been rebuilt. A picture of this famous building appears on this page. It is an ideal edifice for the purpose, with its large auditoriums, convenient Committee-rooms, and other facilities for the transaction of such business as the Convention has before it. Arrangements have also been made for a noon-meeting each day to be addressed by Mr. D. L. Moody, in Park Street Congregational Church, which is near at hand, and an overflow meeting in the evening will be held there if Tremont Temple proves inadequate to accommodate the audiences that may be gathered. Elaborate arrangements have been made by the Boston friends for the entertainment of the delegates. Lodging, breakfast, and supper will be furnished free of cost to all regularly elected delegates, who notify the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of their appointment, and the restaurants and hotels in the neighborhood of Tremont Temple offer special rates for dinners. An excellent musical committee has been at work for some time past arranging for the music of the Convention. Gospel Hymns 1 to 5, bound together, which many of our readers have as a premium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be the book used, as being the one with which the majority of the delegates are most likely to be familiar.

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.
DR. H. CLAY TRUMBULL — MR. B. F. JACOBS — DR. WARREN RANDOLPH.
Three of the International Sunday School Convention's Leaders.

Many important questions will be considered and decided at the business sessions of the Convention. Among others will be the proposal to extend the field of operation to the West Indies, especially to Cuba. This proposial indicates the aggressive spirit of the workers, as it is a distinctively missionary field into which it has not heretofore entered. It is also proposed to largely develop the organization among the colored people of the South, and to appoint specially qualified superintendents to assist in establishing schools. The Convention will have to decide how far such work comes within its sphere, and whether it might not be more legitimately performed by the Sunday School Union, whose missionaries are a carefully selected and trained body of men. Care will doubtless be taken to avoid duplicating machinery or anything that has the appearance of intrusion on a field of labor already assigned. The subject of finance will also be an important one as usual. The Executive Committee suggest that the States, Territories, and Canadian Provinces be requested to furnish twelve thousand dollars a year for each year before the next meeting of the Convention in 1899 and that a special fund of an additional twelve or thirteen thousand dollars a year be solicited from individual subscribers to support and extend aggressive operations. The selection of a city for the 1899 Convention must also be made, and several officers are to be elected. Arrangements are also to be made for sending a delegation to the World's Sunday School Convention which is to be held in England next year.

Probably the most momentous of the duties the Convention will have to perform, however, is the appointment of a Committee to select the International Lessons. On March 13 of last year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the portraits of the fifteen eminent scholars who form the present Committee. They were appointed in 1890, though some of them have served since the first Committee was organized in 1872. They have already selected the Lessons, it is understood, for next year and the year following, and will, prior to the assembling of the International Convention, choose the Lessons for 1899. This work has been done absolutely without compensation, their travelling expenses incurred in attending the meetings of the Committee alone being paid for them. Death made inroads on the Committee since its appointment, and several of its members now ask to be relieved from duty. There will, therefore, be several places to fill, even if, as is probable, many of the members be, as in former years, re-appointed. From several quarters the suggestion comes that the new members of the Committee shall be practical Sunday School teachers, who, having to explain and teach the Lessons to children, will know by experience the kind of Lessons that will be most useful. Such men, while respecting the instruction of the Convention to cover the entire Bible in the series of six years' Lessons, will be likely to avoid choosing Lessons on abstruse doctrines, and select such passages as are most easily applicable to the duties of modern life. Teachers in every land have reason to pray that the Convention be divinely guided in the appointment of this Committee, which will direct the studies of more than twenty million children in the Sunday Schools of the world.

The approaching Convention is the eighth of the International Conventions. Dr. Trumbull, who has written in the *Sunday School Times* an exhaustive history of these assemblies, claims that the great meeting which Nehemiah called in Jerusalem after the Captivity was practically a Convention of this kind, as the Bible was the theme of study "day by day from the first day until the last day" (Neh. 8: 18). The modern Convention so far as we know it, however, dates from 1832, when a National Convention of Sunday School teachers was held in New York, at which fourteen States and Territories were represented. This was followed by another the next

Continued on page 469.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Rev. 8: 10, 11, *"There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."*

MANY commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and Albert Barnes agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revelation, was Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man thus referred to, Attila, the King of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful, or the good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him, the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered, the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian Plains the fiercest battle [illegible] left on the field! On and on, until all those who could not oppose him with [illegible] bishop cried: "It is the aid of God!" and [illegible] "It is the aid of God!" As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing [illegible] the Scourge of God. The most unimportant [illegible] resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the siege, and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins—the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic is this reference in Revelation: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, *artemisia absinthium*, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the Church, or Attilas of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it [illegible].

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: is your life a [illegible] or an embitterment, a [illegible] or a curse, a balsam or wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, [illegible] the dawning life of [illegible] bright with glorious [illegible] ences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of Gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits, and whacked and cuffed and earpulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry? I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skilful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach.

They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep, and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying: "Cry aloud for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in am[illegible] ment at physical defects for which [illegible] victims are not responsible? Are [illegible] powers of mimicry used to put religio[illegible] contempt? Is it a bunch of nettles [illegible] invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn [illegible] it fun at other's misfortune? Is it [illegible] at their disappointment and defeat? [illegible] bitterness put drop by drop into a [illegible] Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia [illegible] sinthium into a draught already dista[illegible] fully pungent? Then you are the [illegible] Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a ra[illegible] snake trying how well it can sting. [illegible] the fun of a hawk trying how quickl[illegible] can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this and suppose [illegible] are a star of Worldly Prosperity. T[illegible] you have large opportunity. You [illegible] encourage that artist by buying his [illegible] ture. You can improve the fields, [illegible] stables, the highway, by introducing h[illegible] er style of fowl, and horse, and cow, [illegible] sheep. You can bless the world v[illegible] pomological achievement in the orcha[illegible] You can advance arboriculture and ar[illegible] this deathful iconoclasm of the Ameri[illegible] forests. You can put a piece of sculpt[illegible] into the niche of that public academy. [illegible] can endow a college. You can stock [illegible] a thousand bare feet from the winter fr[illegible] You can build a church. You can put a m[illegible] sionary of Christ on that foreign shore. [illegible] can help ransom a world. A rich man w[illegible] his heart right—can you tell me how m[illegible] good a James Lenox or a George Peab[illegible] or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Do[illegible] did while living, or is doing now that [illegible] is dead? There is not a city, town, [illegible] neighborhood that has not glorious spe[illegible] mens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of [illegible] poor. Suppose when a man's wages [illegible] due you make him wait for them beca[illegible] he cannot help himself. Suppose that, [illegible] cause his family is sick and he has h[illegible] extra expenses, he should politely ask y[illegible] to raise his wages for this year, and y[illegible] roughly tell him if he wants a better pl[illegible] to go and get it. Suppose by your mann[illegible] you act as though he were nothing a[illegible] you were everything. Suppose you [illegible] selfish, and overbearing and arroga[illegible] Your first name ought to be Attila a[illegible] your last name Attila, because you are t[illegible] star Wormwood, and you have embitter[illegible] one-third, if not three-thirds, of the wate[illegible] that roll past your employees, and ope[illegible] tives, and dependents, and associates; a[illegible] the long line of carriages which the unde[illegible] taker orders for your funeral, in order [illegible] make the occasion respectable, will be fi[illegible] ed with twice as many dry, tearless ey[illegible] as there are persons occupying them.

There is an erroneous idea abroad th[illegible] that there are only a few geniuses. The[illegible] are millions of them; that is, men a[illegible] women who have especial adaptation a[illegible] quickness for some one thing. It may b[illegible] great, it may be small. The circle may b[illegible] like the circumference of the earth [illegible] no larger than a thimble. There a[illegible] thousands of geniuses, and in some on[illegible] thing you are a star. What kind of [illegible] star are you? You will be in this worl[illegible] but a few minutes. As compared wit[illegible] eternity the stay of the longest life o[illegible] earth is not more than a minute. Wha[illegible] are we doing with that minute? Are w[illegible] embittering the domestic or social or polit[illegible] cal fountains, or are we like Moses, who[illegible] when the Israelites in the Wilderness com[illegible] plained that the waters of Lake Maral[illegible] were bitter and they could not drink them[illegible] cut off the branch of a certain tree an[illegible] threw that branch into the water, and i[illegible] became sweet and slaked the thirst of th[illegible] suffering host? Are we with a branch o[illegible] the Tree of Life sweetening all the brack[illegible] ish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on that mis[illegible] sion. All around us embittered lives—em[illegible] bittered by persecution, embittered by [illegible] hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, [illegible] embittered by pain, embittered by injus[illegible] tice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth [illegible] and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring [illegible] words, by benefactions, by hearty coun[illegible]

s. by prayer, by Gospelized behavior! It us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our ernity bitterer. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power ut it is sufficient. I have heard people asked in social company: "If you uld have three wishes gratified, what ould your three wishes be?" If I could ve three wishes met this morning I tell ju what they would be. First: more of e grace of God. Second: More of the ace of God. Third: More of the grace of od. In the dooryard of my brother John, ssionary in Amoy, China, there was a e called the emperor-tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows gher than its surroundings, and its leaves ce the form of a crown. If this emperore be planted by a rose-bush, it grows a le higher than the bush, and spreads r above it a crown. If it be planted by side of another tree, it grows a little gher than that tree and spreads above it rown. Would God that this religion of rist, a more wonderful emperor-tree, ght overshadow all your lives! Oh, more of the saccharine in our lives and s of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nans. God sets them up to revolve as ars, but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fraant with spices, coming in caravans to r fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the els of her laden merchantmen; her marts rich with horses and camels from Tormah, her bazaars filled with upholstery m Dedan, with emerald and coral and ate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, th embroidered work from Ashur and hilmad. Where now the gleam of her wers, where the roar of her chariots, here the masts of her ships? Let the hermen who dry their nets where once e stood, let the barbarians who set their de tents where once her palaces glittered, nswer the question. She was a star, but r her own sin turned to wormwood and s fallen.

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her razen gates and her embattled walls, the lendor of the earth gathered within her laces, her hanging gardens built by Nebhadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, ho had been brought up in a mountainus country and could not endure the flat untry round Babylon — these hanging rdens built, terrace above terrace, till at e height of 400 feet there were woods aving and fountains playing, the verure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a ountain were on the wing. On the tip-p a king walking with his queen, among atues snowy white, looking up at birds rought from distant lands, and drinking ut of tankards of solid gold or looking off ver rivers and lakes upon nations subued and tributary, crying: "Is not this reat Babylon which I have built?"

What battering-ram smote the walls? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out is light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the usic that poured from palace window nd garden grove and called the banquets to their revel and the dancers to their eet? I walk upon the scene of desolation o find an answer and pick up pieces of itumen and brick and broken pottery, the emains of Babylon, and as in the silence f the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the cene, I hear the wild waves saying: 'Babylon was proud. Babylon was imure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she urned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands, God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the warwhoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's axe forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail-car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers fruits from the South. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love, and mercy, and salvation upon 60,000,000 of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until Christ shall come again. But be not deceived! Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and

VICE-CHAIRMAN W. N. HARTSHORN.

improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, nor cyclone, nor earthquake; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a by-word in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it," while struggling and oppressed people looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation, "Look yonder! there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

Sunday School Teachers in Conference.

(Continued from first page.)

year in Philadelphia, after which there was a long interval of twenty-six years. In 1855-57 there was a movement for State organization, and in 1859 the third National Convention was held in Philadelphia. The outbreak of the war caused another interval, and it was not until 1868 that the fourth Convention was held. In 1872 the fifth National Convention was held at Indianapolis, Ind., and it was at this time that the International Lesson system was adopted. Canada was invited to co-operate, and the next Convention which was held at Baltimore, Md., in 1875 became the First International Convention. Since that time they have been held regularly every three years. At Atlanta, in 1878; Toronto, 1881; Louisville, 1884; Chicago, 1887; Pittsburg, 1890; St. Louis, 1893.

On this and on the first page, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives the portraits of five of the most prominent leaders of the approaching Convention. *Mr. B. F. Jacobs* is chairman of the World's Sunday School Convention and also chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Convention. He has been prominent in Sunday School work and superintendent of a Sunday School in Chicago for forty years. Mr. Jacobs was one of the earliest and most energetic advocates of the International Lesson system and has been a member of every one of the Lesson Com-

FIELD SUPERINTENDENT W. REYNOLDS.

mittees appointed since the system was adopted. *Dr. H. Clay Trumbull*, the editor of the "Sunday School Times" which has done more than any other journal to aid the teacher in his work, has been active in these Conventions for nearly forty years. He was secretary of the National Convention of 1859 and of that of 1867 and was chairman of the Executive Committee of the first International Convention in 1875. *Dr. Warren Randolph* is secretary of the International Lesson Committee, a position he has held since the first committee was organized in 1872. His devotion to the work is extraordinary. During the twenty-four years, he has been absent from the meetings only once and then only through the occurrence of a blizzard which interrupted his journey. His duties have involved his traveling over thirty thousand miles. *Mr. W. N. Hartshorn* is Chairman of the Finance Committee in connection with this Convention, and is one of the Vice-Chairmen of the Executive Committee. *Mr. William Reynolds* is International Field Superintendent and has been actively engaged during the past nine years in organizing State Conventions, and arranging for the co-operation of Sunday School teachers in County and State Associations. He was President of the Fifth International Convention held at Chicago in 1887.

"Ole Aunt Charity's Lam'."

SOMETIME ago, a white tramp was found one morning lying in an open field, just outside of the corporate limits of Danville, very sick. His case was reported to the authorities and the city physician went to see him; he pronounced the case small-pox, and had

"AUNT CHARITY'S" HOME.

it removed to a house standing by itself. As several persons were known to have been exposed, a general alarm was manifested. Every precaution possible was taken by the authorities to prevent the spread of the dreaded disease; the public schools, and the public generally, were vaccinated.

During the height of the scare, I was sent for to see a sick man; he dwelt in the poorer portion of the town, and lived a rather dissolute life. When I arrived at the place he called home, I found him entirely alone, all his friends having forsaken him under the impression that he had small-pox. It was a case of facial erysipelas. Such a case needed close nursing and constant care. I knew not what to do with him. Everybody was afraid of the small-pox. The colored people have no use for what they call "poor white trash;" his craven friends had deserted him. There was at that time no hospital in the city. It was impossible to stay personally or to give attention other than a daily visit. While I was trying to decide what to do, the door was darkened. Looking up I saw an old colored woman whom I knew; she greeted me with:

"I dun' hured 'burt dis yeer man's triflin' frins, an how dey dun' lef' him. Dese yere pore white trash ain't no 'count nohow. Ise cum to nurs him and take keer of him, he ain't fitin' to die, nohow."

"But, Auntie, have you ever had the small-pox?"

"No, I'se mitey skeered, I is; but dis yere po' man don' lay here an die fur want of nursin', kase if he die, de Marse up yonder gwine say to Ole Charity, wen I gits up dar, 'Charity, wat you let my pore lam' suffer fur? How cum' you don' go nurs him, wen he was sick dun yonder, an' tun to him like de good S'mariten, I dun tole you all about in de good Book?' Wat I gwine tell my Marse 'bout dat?"

An expression touched her homely old face that made it almost radiant, as she said this, at the same time taking off her hat and hanging it up with the air of one who had come to stay. Wishing to test her still further, I said to her:

"But, Auntie, this man is not able to pay you a cent; he will have to be fed by charity while he is sick."

"Bress you chile, de Lord dun' tole me to cum, an' he gwine take keer of Ole Charity; I don want no pay, nohow. Now, masse doctor, you do all you kin, an' tole me wat you want dun, an' I gwine do it; 'pears to me like he gwine go way from here mitey soon 'cept we do sumfin."

The good old soul had taken me into partnership at once, and getting some warm water, she proceeded to give to the poor fellow what he had not indulged in for sometime—a good washing. Leaving some simple instructions as to his care, diet, and medicine, I left her feeling sure that "our patient" would receive good care by such a noble, self-sacrificing spirit.

I related the incident to a few of my friends, and they took care that Aunt Charity and her protege had every comfort, and that she was recompensed for the two weeks that she remained faithfully at her self-appointed task. She has since gone to "Ole Marse up yonder," and could we all feel as certain of as bright a welcome as I believe awaited simple, faithful, trustful 'Ole Aunt Charity."

Danville, Va. M. E. DOUGLASS, M.D.

Review of the Quarter.

Sunday School Lesson for June 28. Golden Text, Luke. 24 : 47. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR Golden Text: "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His—Christ's—name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" agrees exactly with the teaching of the great supper, with which the series of lessons for the past quarter commenced. Repentance and remission of sins separate us forever from our past, if the repentance is a real leaving of all we are and all we have; a complete abdication of the throne of our being in favor of him who is our rightful King.

But, O, how many there are, who, like the prodigal son, cherish a sense of what is due to them; and live a self-centred life. All their ideas of justice are formed by what they consider to be their rights, and the general tone of their prayers is on the same line: "Give me the portion of goods which falleth to me." (Luke 15: 12). And too often their history resembles that of the children of Israel and of the prodigal son: "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106: 15). He gave the prodigal his portion, but it was soon wasted, and the leanness of his soul made him turn his thoughts to the home and to the father which he had despised. And then only could he appreciate the mighty love of a father's heart which claimed the returning prodigal as a cherished son, and overwhelmed him with the acknowledgment of that relationship which the humbled son had not dared to claim.

This lesson in our series brought us to the rich man and Lazarus; and a still deeper lesson of the corruption of the life of self was brought before us. Here is a man who has never disgraced either his father or himself, by "riotous living." He has done simply what most rich men do: indulged himself by ministering to his every wish, in food, in clothing, in all which money could procure. Probably a great majority of those people who are in a similar position might consider it a great impertinence to find fault with their manner of life. They discover, when it is too late, that they have awfully miscalculated: in their life time they have received their good things. Some poor Lazarus, who carried no purse for want of money to put into it, who owned neither house nor land, nor anything on earth, but who had made use of his life on earth to form a deep acquaintance with the living God, had secured rights and privileges incorruptible and unchangeable, in that after life where the [illegible] miserable and hopeless remorse.

Our next lesson was on Faith; and we learned that in this, also, we are to serve God, and not to expect him to serve us. Instead of praying [illegible] ready, although those mountains lie just [illegible] things: the forgiving of a brother who appears to lay himself out to provoke us on purpose, and who says, "I repent," while his actions give the lie to his words.

In the same line of putting God first, we had lessons on prayer. The widow with her plea to the unrighteous judge, strongly contrasted with him who day and night hears his own elect; the Pharisee so filled with himself, that he never perceived that God was not present to hear him; the Publican, broken down with the sense of his unworthiness, just because he had really met with God; the little children warmly welcomed by him who for their sakes had also become a little Child; all striking, as much as in the former lessons, at the root of that self-life which is the rival and enemy of God within us.

In our lessons on the Parable of the Pounds and the Destruction of Jerusalem foretold, we were led to see our immense responsibility in view of the blessed expectation—the coming of our Lord. Whatsoever may be the pound committed to us, in the family, in the workshop, in the office, in the parish, in the work of God, etc., the Lord Jesus appeals to us, "Occupy till I come" (Luke 19: 13), and shows us that our whole life, with all its attendant circumstances, is arranged in view of the coming of our Lord.

The lesson following was a Warning to the disciples. Again it was the self-life, a strife among them which should be accounted the greatest, and that at the very moment of the institution of the Lord's Supper. And he whose spirit was the [illegible] bore with them, and in the tenderest love explained to them the secret of divine greatness, which takes the lowest place, and within less than twenty-four hours, he sealed his [illegible] the Cross, that he might not only atone for our sins, but also provide a way by which we, redeemed sinners, might live a life like his; life of his life; spirit of his spirit; love of his love; patience of his patience. By the life which he imparts to us by his Spirit, we can live [illegible] which seeks not it own, which is among inferiors [illegible] right on earth but to suffer, to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (I. Pet. 2: 19); to die to its own rights instead of seeking [illegible]

"THEY SHALL BE AS THE STONES OF A CROWN." (Zech. 9: 16.)

ting of living through dying, of ascending through descending, of reaching the highest by first taking the lowest places. And that, not by effort, but the very power of in-dwelling God, "Christ in you the hope of glory." (Col. 1: 26.)

In our lesson on the risen Christ, we saw how the Christ before his ascension, left us as his most precious gifts, his Word and his Spirit, a complete outfit for the supernatural life to which he has called us, until he shall come. And we have seen how the very life of God within us is begotten by the Word and by the Spirit of God, and the absolute necessity we have to let the Scriptures sink down into our ears. (Luke 9: 44).

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE twelve lessons of the quarter were concerned with the events and teachings of the last four months of Christ's life which were spent partly in Perea and partly in Jerusalem. Luke devotes nearly half his Gospel to that period, as if he considered it the most important and representative part of Christ's ministry. Probably, Christ, knowing that the end was near at hand, compressed and epitomized the teaching of the previous three years, during that time, that the apostles, who were soon to be left without his guidance, might have a clear view of his principles. Each of the twelve lessons has its own special message. Six of them were on parables, four on Christ's discourses, and the other two on the story of his crucifixion and resurrection. The parables were: *The Great Supper*, showing how men might become so engrossed with worldly affairs as to neglect a great privilege; *The Prodigal Son*, a vivid picture of God's welcome to the penitent; *Dives and Lazarus*, teaching the duty of unselfishness and active philanthropy; *The Pharisee and the Publican*, indicating the attitude in which men should approach God; *The Pounds*, by which Christ intimated the principles of the final reward of service; and *The Vineyard*, a reminder of God's claims on the life and the danger of rejecting them. The four lessons occupied with direct teaching were on: The *Warning against Sin*, including the reminder that mere social and ecclesiastical connection with Christianity is not sufficient for salvation without a change of nature; *Faith*, showing its power and mode of operation; the discourse on *Greatness*, with its lesson [illegible] and humility, and the warning of the approaching *National Calamities*. The last two lessons on the Crucifixion and Resurrection appropriately close the series.

I pray thee, have me excused. (Luke 14: 18.) It is well known that the majo[rity] of Christians were converted in t[he] youth. Few are converted after reach[ing] the age of thirty, fewer still after fo[rty] and it is a very exceptional thing to h[ear] an old man converted. The reason is t[hat] the longer a man lives without God [the] more firmly the world fetters him. Thain Davidson, visiting a prosper[ous] business man whom he had known [in] his youth, asked him, "When are [you] going to begin to prepare for eternity?" His reply was one that ought to b[e a] warning to every youth. He said, "I know I ought to begin now, I have [not] postponed it, I want to attend to it, but [my] mind is so full of business that I can thi[nk] of nothing else."

I am not as other men. (Luke 18: 11.) T[he] familiar story of the penitent convict [is] an illustration of the publican's attitu[de]. In the reign of Louis XVI., a distinguish[ed] foreign visitor passing through Fran[ce] visited the galleys at Toulon. The co[m]mandant of the fortress was authori[zed] as a compliment to the illustrious guest [to] set free any convict whom he might sele[ct]. The prince wishing to make a good use [of] his privilege, talked with several, and ea[ch] assured him that he was innocent of t[he] crime for which he had been sent to t[he] place of punishment. At last, the prin[ce] came to one who admitted his guilt. [He] said his lot was hard but it was not as b[ad] as he deserved. He had led a wicked l[ife] and the punishment had been mercif[ul]. This was the man whose release the prin[ce] asked for. He could respect such a m[an] and could have faith in his future, as [he] could not in the futu[re] of the men who profes[sed] innocence while th[ey] were guilty.

Faithful in a very litt[*le*] (Luke 19: 17.) Go[d] does not require impo[s]sibilities of any one. H[e] expects that we shall [use] all we are able with th[e] powers and opportun[i]ties we have. A youn[g] minister was lamentin[g] to the venerable Joh[n] Brown of Haddington[,] that his church and congregatio[n] were so small. "Are you sure," asked the aged minister, "that it is a good thing to have man[y] hearers? It is a terrible thing t[o] be responsible for the enlighten[-] ment of one soul. You have [so] many hearers every time yo[u] preach as you will care to answ[er] for at the judgment." A boy or a girl wh[o] is filling well the place he is in, howev[er] humble it may be, is pleasing God bett[er] than is some one in a higher place who [is] failing to occupy it. Opportunity and re[-]sponsibility are joined indissolubly.

Watch ye therefore and pray always. (Luke 21: 36.) An American tourist writes: I went down to Southampton when I wa[s] in England to see the regiments land which had been fighting in Egypt. The norma[l] strength of each regiment was about [a] thousand men. It was sad to see som[e] regiments, of which only one or two hun[-] dred soldiers remained. There was on[e] regiment that was nearly full, and I asked my companion, an English officer, how i[t] was that it had escaped. He replied, "I think I know. Its colonel is a very care[-]ful and vigilant man. He has a habit whe[n] he sees that the enemy is preparing to fire a deadly volley, of ordering his men to fall to their knees, and many a time he has saved his regiment in that way. The deadly hail passed harmlessly over their heads." Christians may escape the shafts of temptation in the same way. They are not overcome if they take to their knees in the hour of peril.

Father, forgive them. (Luke 23: 34.) An officer accompanied by an orderly was going over a battlefield on which were many dead and dying. A wounded man lying on the ground beckoned to him, and as he approached begged for water. The officer saw from his uniform that the man belonged to the enemy, but he was a man, and in distress, and that was sufficient to entitle him to compassion. He bade his orderly get some water for him. As the officer bent over him, the wounded man treacherously leveled a pistol at him and fired. Providentially, the bullet missed its mark, but it was so near that it lodged in his cap. "Shall I shoot him?" the orderly asked. "No," said the officer, "give him the water all the same."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Moslem Pageant.

ONE of the most gorgeous spectacles of the Mohammedan year has just taken place in Cairo, the ancient capital of Egypt. This is the procession of the Mahmal, which occurs before the starting of the great pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. The Mahmal is simply a large, square, wooden frame, with a pyramidal top covered with red cloth richly embroidered with gold. It represents the litter used in her pilgrimages by Fatmeh Shegeret-ed-Door, a famous princess, who in 1250 caused herself to be proclaimed Queen of Egypt. It is six centuries since the queen's pilgrimages ended, but they are still celebrated by the carrying of a litter in which they are said to have been performed, to Mecca and back every year. At the appointed time, the Mahmal is brought with great pomp to the public square. Strong detachments of cavalry and infantry head the procession. Then come the dervishes, some of them bearing richly emblazoned banners, some beating little-drums, and some waving censers of incense. In solemn state, and with demonstrations of reverence, the Mahmal is borne through the streets to the Bab-en-Nasr, where it becomes a conspicuous object in the great procession which is starting to Mecca. Another treasured article carried by the pilgrims is the veil, or carpet, for covering the sacred stone. This is of black silk, on which are embroidered in gold, texts from the Koran. Every year a new covering is solemnly carried to Mecca, and into the famous enclosure called the Kaaba, at the north-east corner of which the sacred stone is placed. It is almost black with the kisses imprinted upon it by millions of Moslem pilgrims who come from all lands to touch it with their lips. It is a small stone, an irregular oval in shape, and about seven inches in diameter. The many fabulous stories told about it suggest the opinion that it is an ærolite. The devotees, however, insist that it came from heaven with Adam, that it was miraculously preserved in the Flood, and was afterward given by the angel Gabriel to Abraham, to form part of the Kaaba. The stone is without doubt of great antiquity. It was reverenced in the time of Mohammed, who in 605 rebuilt the Kaaba, and placed the stone in it with his own hands. In 1627, the building was destroyed by a flood, but in the following year it was again rebuilt, and the sacred stone replaced. A band of silver a foot wide now surrounds the stone, and every year a new veil is brought and put over the exposed surface of the outside of the Kaaba. This done, the procession returns to Cairo bearing the Mahmal and the old silk covering. The latter is the occasion of another pageant, and the veil which has done duty for a year is then cut up and distributed among the mosques. To enlightened people it seems childish thus to reverence the Mahmal, the Sacred Stone, and the cloth that has covered the stone, but people who despise such puerilities sometimes need to be reminded that there are other ways in which the idolatrous spirit may show itself. The Apostle says (Col. 3 : 5), that covetousness is idolatry. There is reason to fear that of some in Christian lands it must still be said :

Their idols are silver and gold. (Ps. 115: 4.)

Trees that Escape Lightning.

A collection of statistics as to the trees that are struck by lightning has been made by Dr. D. Jonesco, the results of which he sends to a scientific journal. He finds that certain kinds of trees are more liable than others to suffer from an electrical discharge. In a dense forest where trees of various kinds grow near together, the lightning will strike a particular one and leave the others unscathed. Among the sufferers the most frequent is the oak, while the tree most seldom struck is the laurel. The professor has arrived at the conclusion from his study, that the more oil a tree contains the more it is protected from lightning. The laurel contains much oil while the oak has scarcely any. The rule holds, the professor says, in every case he has investigated. In every group of trees in which one has been blasted, he has found that the injured tree contained less oil than any other member of the group. It is not explained why the electric fluid avoids trees impregnated with oil, but doubtless a scientific reason will be found. A spiritual counterpart of the phenomenon however, is easily understood. When Satan's shafts are hurled against the Church in the shape of false doctrine, worldliness, or temptation in any form, those who fall are always they who have least of the oil of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL FROM CAIRO TO MECCA.

But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you . . . . and ye shall abide in him. (1. John 2 : 27.

Emblem Pins.

An article in a journal connected with the jewelry trade, calls attention to a change in the public taste as to the wearing of emblematic designs. Formerly, it says, there was a demand for scarf-pins and charms indicative of the wearer's business. Druggists would buy pins bearing a minature mortar and pestle; a butcher, one with a cleaver; a printer, one with a composing-stick; a musician, one with a lyre. For tinners, there is a pin with a pair of shears for a head; for saddlers, a pin with a head in the form of a knife. There is a pin with a plane for a head for carpenters; a locomotive pin for locomotive engineers; a lantern for trainmen, and a ticket-punch for conductors. There are pins, one with a hook and ladder for a head, one with a fire engine, and another with a fire hat and trumpets made for firemen, and there are various other special scarf-pins. The demand for these articles has now fallen off, while the sale of society pins is increasing, more and more men preferring the society to the trade pin. Of emblem pins in general far more than ever before are now sold. They are worn by the members of various military, benevolent, veteran, trade, and social organizations, and by college societies. It would appear that men are now more desirous of marking their social than their trade affiliations: but the time is coming when neither the one nor the other will be so important to them as the question whether they belong to Christ:

I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified. (1. Cor. 2: 2.)

A Rescuer's Death.

A lamentable fatality occurred at an Elevated Railroad station in New York recently. The man who watches the ticket-box on a station at 135th Street and Eighth Avenue saw a passenger ejected from a train on its arrival at his platfotm. He was at no loss to understand why he had been put off when he saw him staggering about the platform. The man was intoxicated. He had evidently intended to board the next train that came along, but he was standing so near the edge of the platferm and was swaying so unsteadily, that he was in danger of falling over. The ticket-chopper, concerned for the man's safety, went to him and tried to draw him to the back of the platform; but the drunken man resisted and became abusive. In the struggle that ensued, both fell over on to the track, and a train coming at that moment, passed over them. The drunkard escaped with the loss of an arm, but his would-be preserver was instantly and horribly killed. One would hope that the drunkard would feel remorse, when he recovered his sober senses, and learned that a man had died in the attempt to save him from death. He must surely renounce the habit which had led to so deplorable a result. So much we would expect of him, yet we cannot be certain. Sinners for whose salvation Christ laid down his life, that he might deliver them from evil, often hear unmoved the story of his sacrifice, and remain in their sins.

Despisest thou the riches of his goodness . . . not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? Rome 2. 4.

The Effect of a Lily.

At a recent teacher's convention in Detroit, Mich., says a young people's journal, a teacher related a significant incident. She was in a school where nearly all the children came from the slums. She one day brought into school a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered around the pure flower in great delight. One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dusty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water. As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran away down the stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction. It would seem that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Ministers and Christian workers have often witnessed a still more radical change when wicked men have come to realize the goodness and purity of the Saviour.

What carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves. (II. Cor. 7: 11.)

A Peril of the Sea.

The pilot-chart of the Hydrographic Office in Washington, issued recently, contains the warning that no less than eight abandoned and waterlogged vessels are drifting in the steamship lanes of the Atlantic. One of them, which has a cargo of mahogany on board, and is level with the water's edge, has been drifting about for several months. The perils of collision at sea have been reduced since the steamship companies adopted what is known as the lane routes. Now, the route a steamer follows after leaving this port is fifty miles away from the route taken by steamers bound west. One steamer, therefore, is little likely to meet another and come into collision with her. But these abandoned ships, not being under control and carrying no lights are a continual source of danger. The government is doing a service by publishing the periodical notice to captains of the probable position of the derelicts. It would do a still better service by destroying them, as was suggested in Congress recently. The human derelicts, of whom there are so many drifting in society, are much to be dreaded, for "one sinner destroyeth much good," but in their case it is not their destruction that is desired, but that they may be rescued and through Christ brought into the haven of God's forgiveness, and a reward is promised to all who engage in that work.

Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. (Jas. 5: 20.)

A Fortune for a Bottle.

A problem for inventors is described in an article published by the *Literary Digest*. It says: "A large fortune awaits the ingenious person who shall invent a bottle or receptacle that cannot be emptied of its contents without breaking it or otherwise incapacitating it from being used again, thus preventing the use of copyrighted receptacles, at second-hand, for imitation products. Hundreds of such bottles have been patented, but none fill the requirements." The need for such a bottle is caused by the fact that purchasers are apt to conclude that the contents of a bottle are genuine, if the bottle bears a certain label or is of a certain shape. They often accept religious teaching in the same way. Thus a preacher belonging to an orthodox church may do more harm if he preaches error than one may do who is not so accredited. But even he could do little harm if the hearers would follow the example of the Bereans which the Apostle commended:

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they . . . searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so. (Acts 17 : 11.)

Building a Church by Prayer.

The Result of One Man's Zealous Desire to Win Souls for Christ.

IN the rural suburb of Sunnyside, near Long Island City, N. Y., a church is now in process of erection which when completed, will have a singular history. It is being built, stone by stone, brick by brick, and timber upon timber, by a little band of earnest men and women, who have resolved that with God's help the edifice they are rearing shall be free from the incubus of debt. With their own hands, the men and lads of the congregation dug the foundation and laid the stones for the building to rest upon. This new church, had its origin in the Christian zeal of one godly man, who inspired others with enthusiasm for the work. In the winter of 1892-93, Mr. Claus Olandt, Jr., of Brooklyn, came to make his home in Long Island City. Soon thereafter, seeing the spiritual need of the Sunnyside district, he began a canvass among his friends with a view to establishing an evangelical church there. Mr. Walter E. Frew, Rev. J. W. Geyer, of New York, and Rev. Lewis Francis, of Brooklyn, entered heartily into the project. A committee was formed, money was contributed by friends, and, mainly through the unflagging energy of Mr. Olandt, sufficient means were gathered to enable them to begin work. There is no Protestant evangelical plan of worship in the neighborhood, the only church being a Roman Catholic one at Blissville. Saloons are more than plentiful. There are 2500 inhabitants, composed almost entirely of the artisan or working class. It is a mission field with a crying need for organized Christian effort.

MR. [illegible] OLANDT.

In February, 1895, a few ladies under the leadership of Mrs. Olandt, organized a Ladies' Aid Society to assist in raising funds for the new enterprise. At present there are forty-six members, and $263 have been handed to the treasurer of the building fund from this source. Besides, several contributions have been given toward current expenses. In the latter part of June, 1895, a Sunday School was opened with twenty-nine scholars and a few teachers, in a room 14 x 46 ft., as temporary quarters. During September and October, Mr. Olandt and Mr. Otto, of Brooklyn, took charge of the morning and evening services. Since Sunday, November 10th, Daniel P. Doyle, of the Mt. Hermon School, has had charge of the Sunday School and the preaching services. The furniture used by a former mission, which was abandoned, was kindly loaned by the Third M. E. Church. A friend placed an organ at the service of the Mission. Notwithstanding disadvantages of location, the work has had a steady and encouraging growth. There are in the school 112 scholars and ten teachers.

Preaching services are held Sunday morning and evening, and during the week a prayer-meeting and a teachers meeting. At the start, there were only one or two who could lead in prayer and testify; now there are [illegible] conviction and deeply exercised about their [illegible] been redeemed but Christians have taken to the study of the Bible under the faithful leadership of Mr. Doyle, and are working for the salvation of their friends and [illegible].

During last winter, an elderly dissipated man, much given to profanity, came into the services and was converted. A month ago he [illegible] the new church now in process of building under such peculiar circumstances.

time in the prayer-meeting. He prayed in German, and but few could understand him. One man said afterward: "I could not understand you, brother, but I caught the spirit." This man's testimony and prayers are fervent and earnest. So it is with many others.

"The excavation," said Mr. Olandt, "was done in part on Thanksgiving Day, by the neighbors and friends, representing different sects and beliefs, who came with shovels, picks, horses, and carts. Some of the ladies prepared lunch, and in the evening the men went home to have their dinner with their families. The remainder was done by contract for $45. The evening before Thanksgiving Day, a religious meeting was held in my residence, adjoining the lots, and then the friends repaired to the grounds, where five friends each paid $5 for the privilege of digging some earth and taking it home. After a few words, a prayer, and a hymn, the company dispersed."

The two lots cost $700, and the excavating, breaking stone, and building the walls for a roomy basement cost $749, making the expenditure to date $1449. The corner-stone was laid Sunday, May 31, with appropriate ceremonies. The building will be occupied as soon as the walls are up and enclosed and roofed. So far $2248.51 have been pledged, of which $1486 have been paid. $2400 will be required to put the building under roof with doors and windows, and $1200 more to finish and plainly furnish. The basement will be fitted up and furnished as occasion demands and as funds are secured. The audience-room will be forty feet by forty-eight feet, with a seating capacity of three hundred. The architect made plans and specifications gratuitously; one friend gave ten iron pillars, another a neat pulpit, another a fine illustrated pulpit Bible, and still another has promised an additional five feet by a hundred of land on the south side of the building to insure air and light. A friend gave the corner-stone, and another promised brick for the chimney. Thus encouraged the projectors of the work are trusting in God and believe he will help them up, lift up Jesus and bring in many souls.

Mr. Olandt, who is a native of Brooklyn, of North German parentage, is a physician by profession. He was one of the founders of the German branch of the New York Y. M. C. A., and was attached to the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. During the last ten years, as an agent of the International Committee, he has been instrumental in raising large amounts of money in the United States and Canada for Christian work. Through his personal efforts many wandering souls have been led to the Saviour. Mr. Olandt, who lives at Sunnyside, L. I., will reply [illegible] for information respecting

CONGREGATION BUILDING A NEW CHURCH'S FOUNDATION. SUNNYSIDE, L. I

Work of Freedom Begun.

The Philafrican Liberator's League Organized and now Ready to Enroll Members.

WHEN Heli Chatelain, on December 15, 1895, for the first time made public his plans for the Philafrican Liberators' League, in a paper read before the African Congress, at Atlanta, Ga., Bishop I. W. Joyce stepped forward to submit the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously by a rising vote: "*Resolved*, that we, as a Congress assembled to discuss and consider the interests and welfare of Africa, do hereby express our sympathy with our brother, Heli Chatelain, in his great purpose and work, and wish him every possible success in his noble and humane as well as Christly mission; and as we have means we will co-operate with him."

Writing to Mr. Chatelain, in April, 1896, Miss Frances E. Willard thus pledged the co-operation of the World's W. C. T. U.: "The white-ribbon women are a unit in favor of your work, and will co-operate in it to the extent of their ability. My whole heart is with you in this sacred cause to which I have been devoted from my earliest recollection. I learned to read out of 'The Slave's Friend,' and have earnestly desired ever since to be a friend to every slave. Our Society is not rich in money, but it is rich in devoted Christian hearts, and we will give our work which is our choicest possession. I think the World's W. C. T. U. should have a department to co-operate with your Society." This generous offer was subsequently confirmed by an editorial in the *Union Signal*.

After a careful investigation, the Evangelical Alliance, on May 22, 1896, endorsed the Philafrican League by the following resolution:

"The Evangelical Alliance for the United States, in view of the resolution passed by the Ninth General Conference of the World's Alliances at Florence, Italy, in 1891, as follows: 'The Conference requests all Alliances to encourage National Anti-Slavery Associations, on the basis of the Gospel, and expresses its desire to see such Associations working together, as far as is possible, and in a Christian spirit,' which resolution was passed with distinct reference to the cruelties inflicted on the blacks in Africa and the possible liberation of African captives; and also in view of the special opportunity for concerted action which the plans and efforts of Mr. Heli Chatelain now offer to the Protestants of the United States, hereby expresses its hearty commendation of the formation of an American Philafrican Liberators' League, as outlined by Mr. Chatelain. We gratefully recognize Mr. Chatelain's devotion, his long experience as a self-supported missionary in Africa, his eminence a linguist, his success in mastering Afric languages and reducing them to writing grammatical form, and his thorough quaintance with the climate and geograp of the regions in which he proposes to gin his renewed labors in the Dark C tinent. That he himself is to lead t actual Christianizing and civilizing ent prise which he has planned, is certai greatly in favor of its practical succe May God bless him and all those who m co-operate with him in the attempt combat the slave-trade in Africa."

For the purpose of completing the ganization of the League a representati gathering of friends of the movement w held at the Y.M.C.A. parlors in New Yo City recently. Ex-Chief Justice Chas. Daly, Paul B. Du Chaillu, Louis Klopsc Rev. Drs. J. Elmendorf, L. T. Chamb lain, W. H. P. Faunce, Lyman Abbo Theo. L. Cuyler, Dr. Josiah Strong, a others attended. The meeting elected Committee on Constitution and an E ecutive Committee, and adjourned un June 3.

On this date, the meeting adopted t Constitution submitted by the Committe and elected the following Board of Dire tors, with powers to choose the officers the League, complete the organization, a direct all the affairs of the League in co formity with its Constitution: Ex-Judg Chas. P. Daly, Rev. Josiah Strong, Re L. T. Chamberlain, Dr. Loui Klopsch, D. Willis James, A. Low, Anson Phelps Stokes, Re David J. Bushnell, Cleveland H Dodge, Rev. David H. Greer, D T. B. Welsh, Rev. W. H. P. Faunc W. J. Schieffelin, Frederick J. Co dert, and Bishop Potter.

The Constitution is being printe It will be forwarded to the membe and to any address sent to He Chatelain, 511 United Charitie Building, New York.

A number of able youn men and women—physicians, mi isters, teachers, farmers, and m chanics—have already applied fo work in Africa. Mr. Chatelain an his chosen band of assistants ar ready to sail at short notice. It i proposed by the new organizatio to push the work vigorously by th enrollment of members of the Lea gue and the reception of contribu tions for its operations. All contri butions sent to this office will b duly acknowledged.

Previously acknowledged	$514
Woman's Working Band, N. C	50
Rev. John E Zeiten	10
Miss J M Harris	10
Miss Doggett	50
In His Name, Seneca, Ohio	20
Mrs M E Knapp	10
M Ada Elden	10
In memory of Gen G Gordon	10
Joh H Smith	10
Elden R Garner	10
Wm A Ingram	10
Miss J Purdy	10
G James Smith	40
Jno D Bowers	10
Peter Burdett	10
Mrs R Rushman	20
M V H, Tennessee	10
Friend, Topsfield	10
H B Frizzell	10
Rev A F Bussearles	40
Miss Edith Dowknott	10
Jacob and Son	20
Friend, Brady Island	75
Simon A Hershey	10
Mrs J Hazard	50
Dr and Mrs H Perdomo	20
Total	**$173.40**

Woman's Lot in India.

A sad picture of home life in India as it affects women and girls was given at a recent meeting by Rev. J. G. Hawker, a Belgian missionary, who has been working in the neighborhood of Calcutta. He said no words were too strong to depict the degraded position and ignorance of millions of Indian women. Their condition came not as the result of accident, but through injunctions having religious authority, which forbid their being taught to read or write. Seventy-six years ago there were no girls' schools in India; now, consequent upon missionary enterprise, about three-quarters of a million of women and girls are able to read, or are learning to do so. But then about a hundred and twenty-eight millions of women and girls are at this day ignorant of their letters. The girls in the schools are positively fascinated by the Gospel history; the character of Christ, so glorious, pure, and true, now occupies in their hearts the place that was formerly held by the legends of vicious and impure divinities.

MOSCOW'S JOY AND SORROW.

The Czar's Coronation Festivities Shadowed by the Great Disaster at the Khodynski Plain—A Calamity that Saddened a Whole Nation.

THE KHODYNSKI PLAIN, MOSCOW, WHERE 3600 PEOPLE WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH.

A RUSSIAN PEASANT.

THE month of May, 1896, will be recalled in the coming years by the people of Russia with feelings of the deepest sadness. What promised to be one of the most joyful episodes of the nation's history, was transformed, almost in a moment, into an appalling tragedy, that made the nation's heart momentarily stand still.

Moscow was *en fete;* the ancient capital was gayer than it had been in a century. From the most distant parts of the Czar's dominions the loyal thousands had come to attend the coronation ceremonies; from St. Petersburg, Nizni-Novgorod, Koslov, Odessa; from the shores of the Baltic and the Black Sea; from distant Asia and Mongolia; from Tartary, Siberia, and the confines of China, a strange and picturesque medley of races. Never in Moscow seen such enormous crowds, such enthusiastic loyalty, such brilliantly decorated streets, arches, pavilions, palaces, and churches; such masses of glittering uniforms, or multitude of equipages, and such lavish display of wealth. In the Kremlin, the coronation ceremonies were ended, and the round of festivities in which the nobles of the empire were to participate, had begun. On the great stretch of level meadow known as the Khodynski Plain, temporary structures had been erected, as at former coronations, and here was to be the scene of the popular merry-making in which the townspeople, the moujiks, and the countless throngs of visitors were to take part. There were theatres and circuses on the verge of the Plain, some with a seating capacity of many thousands. Besides, there were to be games on the Plain in which the people should enter and compete for tempting prizes. Free food and drink were to be distributed by the Czar's servants. These and similar inducements combined to draw to the Plain the greatest crowd Moscow had ever witnessed—denser and more compact even than that which filled the streets to observe the coronation pageant.

Very early on the morning of May 30, the people began to assemble in the Khodynski Plain. It was soon apparent that the police were not there in sufficient numbers to control the crowds. It was a workday holiday, and the artisans of Moscow swelled the mass of sightseers in front of the booths. Soon there were signs of serious trouble, and women and children began to scream in agony and terror, as they were caught in the deadly embrace of the huge crowds, from which escape was impossible. Shrieks and cries rent the air, and hundreds sunk out of sight, being dragged to earth by the twisting, writhing, wedge-like mass of human beings which trampled their bodies out of recognition. At the very beginning of the trouble, it was said, a number of the Czar's servants, without intending to do so, helped to make the disaster far more serious than it would otherwise have been. They were distributing free gifts of bread and drink, and the crowds, in their intense eagerness to secure the gifts, pressed forward fiercely, the tens of thousands behind forcing those in front against the barriers with such violence that the distributors were frightened and committed the fatal blunder of trying to quiet the mob by throwing a quantity of gifts among them. They even tossed among them hundreds of memorial goblets filled with mead, a sweet, intoxicating drink of which Russian moujiks are inordinately fond. These acts added fuel to the excitement and intensified the panic. The ground was made slippery by the spilled liquor and many fell there from that cause and were trampled to death. The earth was literally ploughed up by the heavy wooden shoes of the peasants. At the very height of the confusion, when half a million people were pushing, and swaying, and shrieking, while they cursed and prayed in the same breath, an attempt was made to separate the compact mass, whose condition was every moment becoming more appalling, but it was in vain. The few scores who were wrenched from the struggling mob had their clothing torn to rags. In the swaying crowd the faces of dead men and women could be seen, as the senseless bodies were pushed hither and thither. People were falling everywhere, their breath crushed out. Some were bleeding, others, with white faces, vainly fighting for life, and still others battling with one another.

A VENDER OF COFFEE AND CAKES.

A RUSSIAN POULTRY-SELLER.

After what seemed hours, although it was really only a short time, the panic ceased, and the wedged-in crowd broke apart and scattered. Then were seen the terrible effects of the crush. The Khodynski Plain was strewn with the dead and littered with the evidences of wreckage, viz: clothing, boots, canes and umbrellas. In all, 3,600 lives were crushed out and nearly 4,000 persons were injured, many of them mortally. Of the dead, nearly a third were unidentified. Long trenches were dug and there the victims were interred with scant ceremony, each bearing on his or her breast an "icon," or sacred image, placed there by the priests of the national Russian Church. Moscow's coffin supply was exhausted and many were buried uncoffined. Among the dead were many women and numbers of little children. The scene at the rude burial of the victims is thus described by an eye-witness:

"Some of the men were giants in stature; some were mere youths. The scene at the burial ground was really appalling. The dead were laid in long rows, and hundreds of moujiks were working as though for life, excavating huge trenches in the soil, extending nearly the entire length of the churchyard. Hundreds were buried during the night, but next day the hillside was still covered with rough coffins. Everywhere stood groups from which came the low wailing chant which the Russian peasants sing over the dead. In one spot stood a big watering cart. Male and female dead were being washed by their relatives there in the open field. Around a long table sat a score of clerks writing orders for coffins. Hundreds of bodies, however, were unrecognized and were placed side by side in trenches."

Owing to the great number of the injured, there was not sufficient accomodation at the city hospitals, and hundreds of the injured were taken to the Voganoffsky Cemetery, where physicians and surgeons were soon busy among them. Doctors were brought long distances from other cities. Meanwhile, distressed relatives, hearing of the disaster, poured in from all quarters to search for missing friends. Many of the scenes were pitiful in the extreme. Such a calamity naturally arrested the festivities, yet it was only a momentary interruption. Soon Moscow's sorrow was lost sight of in the resumption of the round of gayeties. But on thousands of peasant homes, the cloud of grief lay heavily. Among the moujiks the feeling against the Moscow authorities was intense, as they blamed them for the disaster, which might have been averted with proper precautions. The Chief of Police, mortified by the catastrophe, attempted suicide when its real extent became known. Emperor Nicholas has generously promised to aid the bereaved and will give to each family that has lost a member a thousand roubles, the state besides bearing all expenses of burial.

England's Oldest Methodist.

A lady, named Webster, who is believed to be the oldest female Methodist in England, is mentioned in the British papers. She is one hundred and seven years old and in possession of all her mental faculties. She has been seventy years a widow; has a daughter seventy-seven, a son seventy, and a grandson sixty years old. She has fifty-two great-grandchildren. She is a Methodist and regularly attended public worship up to her hundredth year. Two of her uncles died aged one hundred and four and one hundred and two.

Our Pioneer Sunday Schools.

How they are Hailed by the Children themselves—A Kansas Experience.

THE object of the planting of new Sunday Schools," writes Rev. George W. Sharp, our Missionary in the Southwest, "is the diffusion of Scripture knowledge among the children with a view to their eternal salvation." This is aptly illustrated by the following letter from Missionary Frank Kizer:

A MOSCOW MEAT-SELLER.

"Good morning! Say, Our Sunday School has stopped. Can't you come and see us again?" Such was the greeting to me as I passed a group of children on the road the other day as I was on my way to a Sunday School Convention. With dinner-pail in hand they were trudging to school and, from former associations they knew me. The Sunday School in their district had been started like so many other schools by the missionaries in neighborhoods where they had but little interest.

Every Sabbath the school-house would be crowded with children, and only a few old people would be present to take charge of things. At last they became discouraged and the school died.

The missionarie's visit from house to house, telling the story of the little ones asking for the school, made the older ones ashamed of themselves, and at a public meeting old vows were renewed, and again the little ones had the school they all loved so well.

In one of these schools, I came in just as they were considering the proposition to close for the winter, when one of the boys said, loud enough to be heard all over the house, "Now he has come, I bet you we won't stop."

It is a great thing to have the confidence of the little ones, and have them trust you, and look to you as an example. I often pray to God for help as I come before so many of them night after night. I remember I was holding a meeting one time to organize a school, and I could get no one to take hold of the work, until one of the little girls whispered loud enough for all to hear, "I think that they all ought to be ashamed of themselves, don't you?" That little remark set them all to laughing, and a good school was the result. A meeting in one of our schools was in progress one night, and a little girl heard the minister talk about "black hearts." As she was going home with her father, she looked up in his face with, "Papa, is your heart black?" The arrow went to his soul as he evaded the question, but the next night he was converted.

So I might relate many incidents, where the little ones have stood up for Christ and the Sunday School. But here are many who do not have these schools, and to these we missionaries are sent that they may be induced to start. We need more such men for the work.

FRANK KIZER, *A. S. S. U. Missionary.*

Mr. Sharp writes from Kirksville, Mo., as follows:

"I have lately organized four schools and have others in prospect, and am greatly gratified at the number of calls I am receiving for missionary labor." Those of our readers who are interested in Mr. Sharp's missionary work among the children of the Southwest, can aid it by sending their contributions for that purpose to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Outsiders.

THERE are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to Church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a drygoods box or a drayman's cart at a street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. There are in every church two hundred men who ought to be preaching. "What," you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer, If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there leave you to tell the story of Christ, until men redeemed from their cups, and women elevated from a life of pollution, and children whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be, by your instrumentality, saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination upon your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods — an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

[illegible]

Do you tell me Harlan Page had no right to preach when he stood in the Fourteenth Ward of New York, amidst scoffs and insults, telling the passers-by what [illegible] had done for them, and bringing hundreds to God—until, on his death-pillow, he cried out, "Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why wait [illegible]?" Had General Havelock no right to preach when, in a heathen temple in India, he seized candles in the hands of the gods around about the room, and by their light read the New Testament and offered his troops to live in the triumphs of the Gospel? "Go, Private my Comrade," God threatens to your case [illegible] and [illegible] you [illegible] penalty.

Some time ago a vessel in Portland harbor was burning. A man on the wharf threw a rope out of the window and held on, waiting for the firemen to hoist the ladders. A ladder was lifted, but it did not reach the man's feet. He held on for awhile and then dropped and perished. How foolish did provision in all our churches for the salvation of men by the Gospel of the grace of God mean! Many will swing wildly for awhile, and then drop off and die.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three hundred aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day, five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits'-end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious fire to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The Church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life.

Infidelity.

THE wretch, dying of small-pox, half attended, in the hospital, is not so much to be pitied as the man who has got this vile, polluting, agonizing distemper of the soul, called infidelity. Take my right eye, yea, take both eyes and leave me in midnight all my earthly days, rather than blast my vision of that Gospel truth which is my comfort for time and my hope for eternity. Will not some of those parents be comforted in the loss of their little children when they read of those who have grown up to reject Christ, notwithstanding early religious training?

It were better for us to put the forms of our little ones down where the infernal archer cannot strike them. How softly lies the sod upon the breast compared with the pressure of a destroyed spirit. Better have the little hand closed in death around the flowers that the playmate sends in than to have them open for pulling down the last hope of a ruined world. Thank God for the comfort, the joy, the broad noonday light of the old-fashioned Gospel.

Obscure Services.

WHEN we honor renowned Christian workers, we must not despise the widow with two mites, the doorkeeper of the Lord's house, the men and women who suffer in silence for Christ's sake. The day will arrive when all the great expeditions shall come back in the presence of many worlds. Not only the leaders, but the led; not only the commanders, but the commanded; not only the celebrated, but the obscure, shall get celestial and divine recognition. As Christ introduces, amid the raptures of heaven, his friends, and the question is asked, "Who are these thou introducest into our imperial company?" Christ will say, "This is the woman who gave the cup of cold water to the thirsty traveler; this is the child who read the Scriptures to her blind mother; this is the nurse who rocked the sick child's cradle; this is the female clerk of the store who patiently endured the insolence of customers; this is the mother who brought up her children for God; this is the man who forsook not his religion amid the ridicule of a hat factory; this is the fireman who fell dead in trying to get a child out of the third story of a burning building; this is the sailor of the Arctic exploring party who kneeling in the storm, prayed that his sins might be whiter than the falling snow."

And then Christ, the Saviour, waving his hand over a great "multitude that no man can number," will say, "They were cold, they were sick, they were poor, they were despised, they were wronged, [illegible] and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That day will be the rectification of everything wrong, and those who expected to take back seats in [illegible] will be called to the front seats, and those who would have been satisfied to occupy a footstool will be awarded a throne. [illegible] except to get inside the shining gate will be made rulers over many cities.

Hard Times.

WE give a recipe for keeping the times hard. Let everybody talk depressingly. When anyone fails, put it in all the papers. Let us have occasional editorials inciting bread-riots, and political speeches on the wrongs of the laboring classes. Let everybody prophesy a hard summer, a very hard autumn, an awful hard winter. Let us talk down instead of up. Let us take no account of the fact that flour is cheap, and that the crops look fine, and God is good. We shall in this way be able to take another faggot from the poor man's hearth, and knock another pane of glass out of his window, and hinder the manufacturer from employing him. Altogether now—ministers, editors, capitalists, and laborers—let us give a long, deep groan, and keep it going, and the times will be as hard as we could reasonably expect.

Don't Give Up.

JONAH was an unwilling guest. He wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day, and all the time. So he kept up a fidget, and a struggle, and a turning-over, and gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men that are so lethargic they would have given it up, and lain so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fish-bones, blow-hole and blubber. Now, we see men all around us who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whale-bone and give up. They say, "No use! I will never get back my money, or restore my good name, or recover my health." They float out to sea, and never again are heard of. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebrate, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light, and keep turning this way and that till, the first you know, they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to defeat bankruptcy decides financial deliverance. Never surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as th whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your feet against his ribs and some large upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for a tenant as you will be glad to get rid of him for a landlord.

* * *

Emigration is now very widely advised as the remedy for Armenia's troubles. Whether or not the Sultan's government would consent to the deportation of any considerable number of his Christian subjects is uncertain. Meanwhile, England, the United States, and the island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean, are variously spoken of as probable asylums for the exiles. Cyprus, being now practically an English possession, would seem to be the most available refuge. It is a beautiful island, possessing many advantages for such a purpose. Although unhealthy in the interior, its sea-coast is comparatively salubrious, and it is said that two hundred thousand Armenians could readily find shelter there, with the prospect of a living. Our illustration on the opposite page presents a view of Larnaka, the chief commercial city of the island, situated on the southern coast. It was on this island that Paul, the first Apostle to the Gentiles, preached the Gospel in company with Barnabas. In Crusading days, it was rendered still more picturesque by the erection of many convents and churches, the ruins of which may still be seen.

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has been Holdi[ng] a five weeks' mission in the Great Assembly [Hall], Mile End Road, London. Mr. Telford's recent [visit] to North and South Shields has resulted in [many] conversions.

An Appeal to Ladies has been Issued by [the] Duchess of Portland, who calls their attention [to the] fact that several species of beautiful birds are becoming extinct through the demand of fashion for feather finery.

Mrs. Van Cott, the Famous Evangelist, [has] been invited to take charge of the Holiness [Camp] Meeting at Mt. Tabor, N. J., Aug. 6-12. She [will] also attend the Sing Sing Camp Meeting by invitation of the Committee.

At a Recent Meeting of Temperance V[eter]rans in London, forty-one were present who [were] over eighty years of age, and it was stated by [the] secretary that there were over two hundred octogenarians in the Society.

The Government Statistics of New So[uth] Wales show that for some years past there has been a diminution in the drink bill of the colony with a corresponding increase in savings bank deposits, while the convictions for drunkenness have decreased fifty-nine per cent.

Lord Wolseley, the New Commander-[in]-Chief of the English army said in a recent speech: "There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than our newest weapons of warfare."

Two Large English Prisons—one in London and one in Manchester, now have in every cell a card suspended inviting prisoners to go, when they are discharged, to the offices of the Church Army where arrangements have been made to furnish them with work and give them a start in an honest life.

Evangelist C. Birch has been Holding a S[eries] of meetings at Dodge City, Kans., lasting three weeks. A Correspondent of the *Interior* reports that "he has proved a great blessing to the church and to the town. Rich results in immediate conversions and deepening the religious atmosphere are manifest."

The Open-Air Workers' Association at a recent Convention in Brooklyn, elected Dr. Teunis S. Hamilton, of Washington, President, and the following as Vice-Presidents: Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.; A. C. Dixon; Dr. Josiah Strong; Dr. L. W. Munhall; Dr. Jesse H. Brooks; Ballington Booth, and Rev. Edward H. Byington.

The Religious Tract Society is Printing Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress in the language of Uganda, by arrangement with the Church Missionary Society. The eminent Baptist preacher would have been incredulous if any one had predicted that his hearing that two such societies would have jointly undertaken the publication of his work in any form.

Dr. Newman Hall, who Recently Celebrated his eightieth birthday, and whose sermons and books have been the means of the conversion of thousands of persons, said, when the fact was referred to at his birthday recently: "I owe, under God, all I am to my mother, and my conversion came through the instrumentality of my sister."

Rev. H. Loomis, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, writes: When I called upon the Chief of Police in a large Japanese city, he told me that he had a Bible that he studied. He said the teachings were good, and if they were followed it would lessen his work very much. The Governor of Yokohama also told me that he had a Bible, and spoke in favorable terms of our work."

The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church of Newark, N. J., was celebrated on May 31, with appropriate services. It received its charter from the Church of England in 1746. Washington worshipped there during his march through New Jersey and it is said that at one time the church was used as a hospital for wounded continental soldiers. The church was rebuilt in 1810.

Commander Ballington Booth in an Address made recently in Philadelphia, said that the Volunteers have now sixty-eight posts all fully officered and organized; that forty-eight officers are employed at head quarters and that the *Volunteers' Gazette*, organ of the new organization, has attained a paying circulation of 10,000. Mr. Booth declared his firm conviction that "any organization that is to benefit this nation must be separated from the jurisdiction of a foreign government."

A Radical Experiment in Russia which will be watched with much interest is reported by the [illegible]. It states that the Russian Government has determined to take over the entire manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, and to abolish private dealing in it. Somewhat more than two years are to be allowed for the system to attain completeness. It is to be put in force in eight provinces on the first day of July, 1896, in seven other provinces on the first day of July, 1897, and throughout all the rest of the empire on the first day of January, 1898.

The United States Church Army is a new organization that has been started on the lines of the Salvation Army, but in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church. A similar organization has been in operation in England for twenty years past. Its object, as stated in the prospectus issued, is to win and save souls; add them to the Church; multiply the means of reaching all kinds of people; and train and reason, work, and provide, by training suitable workers to carry out the methods adopted. Col. H. H. Hadley is at the head of the movement. The first encampment is to be held at Asbury Park, N. J., in July.

At the Recent Meeting of the Managers of the American Bible Society letters were read from several of the Society's agents in foreign lands. Among them were letters from Turkey showing that the general situation is about the same, but that in Anatolia there was an increasing demand for the Holy Scriptures, "a most interesting interchange of correspondence," "human interesting interchange of letters from Rev. H. Loomis, reporting a number of inquirers among the soldiers and sailors and the organization of a Christian Seamen's Club in Tokio; from Rev. H. P. Hamilton, with information respecting the Gospel in two of his colporteurs; from Rev. J. H. Pyle, of China, reporting unusually large sales of the Scriptures in that empire; and from Rev. Wm. J. Wright, of Persia, with encouraging reports concerning the general conditions of that country, notwithstanding the assassination of the Shah.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. M. H. 1. Do we have to send in our names for enrollment as patrons of the Bowery Mission before we can make requests for prayer? What is the address of the Mission?

By no means. Anyone is at liberty to forward requests for prayer. 2. 105 Bowery, New York, but requests for prayer should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Mrs. W. W. Slocum, Indianapolis, Ind.; Geo. Geyer, Trenton, N. J., E. A. C., Germantown, Penn.; Aged Reader, Sufferns, N. Y.; Contributor, Brooklyn, N. Y., and several others. We have already mentioned, in previous issues, Mr. F. D. Greene's famous book on the Armenian massacres, entitled: *The Rule of the Turk*. This is undoubtedly the most complete presentation of those terrible atrocities, that has yet been published, and is copiously illustrated from original photographs. We can supply the volume to our readers at 25 cents per copy, postage prepaid; but as the edition is nearly exhausted, it will be necessary for those who wish copies to act promptly. The reduction in price from 50 cents to 25 cents was made with the view of putting this valuable and accurate source of information on the greatest crime of the age within the reach of the poorest. The outrages perpetrated upon the Armenian Christians by the Moslems under the Sultan's orders, form a part of history which every one possessing a spark of human feeling should be conversant.

A. Sandreczky, of the Children's Hospital, Salem, writes:

It has blessed and prospered our work during the past year. From all parts of the world gifts have been sent us. We began this year under very favorable circumstances. We long to have a building of our own for the work.

M. C. J. M., Otay, Cal. In the Lord's Prayer, which is correct to say: "Our Father who art," or "Our Father which art;" also the other terms, "in heaven," or "on earth," "them" or "those who trespass against us?"

While the modern correct English is preferred by the cultured ear and sense, at the same time the ancient form of the sacred petition has been preserved, because the whole Christian world is loath to modernize it. We might compare it, in its present form, to some greatly valued inscription that has been cut into the rock or marble, and to deface or alter which would be vandalism. So the Lord's Prayer in its venerable form is graved upon the hearts and souls of men, and they would not have it altered, preferring to retain it with all the peculiarities of the early Saxon translation which has now stood through so many generations.

Peer, Sodus, N. Y. 1. Is it sensible to continue attending Sabbath School when the superintendent never speaks to or recognizes us by even so much as a nod of his head? Would it not be better to stay at home? 2. Of what use are cancelled postage stamps, and why do some people collect them by the hundreds, and what can they use them for?

What you mention implies a strange lack of courtesy and an undervaluing of the affectionate respect that should be felt by Sabbath scholars for teachers or superintendent. It may be that your superintendent is an extremely modest and sensitive man, who finds it painful to make acquaintances. We do not think you would be justified in leaving the school, however, on that ground. 2. Collections of rare foreign or domestic stamps have a distinct market value, but the ordinary current stamps are valueless, save for decorative purposes.

Rose H. Keator, Polo, Ill. I want to be a medical missionary, but have no money, or rather very little, and I must depend entirely upon my own resources for an education. If I take but a three years' course in a medical college, I cannot finish before five years. Will I then be too old, being twenty-three this summer? If I take but a three years' course will I be fitted for my vocation, or for such work ought I to take a four years' medical course? Would it be better to take some special training in a Biblical Institute either before or after the medical course, or ought I to get into the field as soon as possible? Would not go out to the missionary field unprepared. An extra year or two spent in training will make your work much more valuable and effective, when once begun. Write to the Bible Institute, Chicago, for special training, and to Dr. George R. Dowkontt, 18 E. 45th St., New York, regarding the medical studies, which must be taken last.

Lakeside, Slaterville Springs, N. Y. 1. Why is it said that "Talk is cheap," while the Saviour says that for every idle word we must give account?

Why was not Absalom put in the place called "Absalom's Place," that he reared to keep his name in remembrance, because he had no son to keep it? 3. Why does not this or some other government stop the terrible outrages the Turks are perpetrating among the Armenians?

Why are there some women, even among us, who are slaves to their husbands, as much as to say: "You are here to wait upon me"?

The first is merely a sarcasm to show the emptiness with which a promise is made, compared to the difficulty of performance. The latter is a Divine saying that applies to all human conduct, and especially to the folly of trivial conversation. There can be no comparison. 2. Josephus, the famous Jewish historian in Ant., chap. 10, § 3, states that Absalom had three sons and one daughter. The passage in II. Sam. 18: 18, may mean that they were dead when the chronicle was written, or before the death of Absalom himself. No explanation can be furnished to the first part of the question. 3. Because they have been recreant to their duties as professedly Christian governments, otherwise the whole civilized world, acting unitedly through official representatives, could have put a stop to the atrocities long ago. 4. There is no accounting for the brutality of human nature, even among so-called civilized peoples. It is a pity that there is not a law to reach domestic bullies. Only the grace of God working in the heart can effect a change in such natures.

Armenia still comes in for a very large share of the sympathy of our readers, whom the following letter will doubtless interest:

My plan to help the Armenian Christians, is as follows: I advocate emigration to America—to Georgia, especially—of able-bodied, deserving men, women and children. Lands are cheap, and labor scarce in the rural districts. Middle and southern Georgia is fine agricultural country, not developed, and the climate especially adapted to people who cannot surround themselves with all the comforts of life. The suffering of this class would be materially less on this account. To make a thorough canvass of the well-to-do honorable and best farmers, asking them how many families and persons each could take, selecting homes only from such men as are able to care for the number agreed upon. This would be no special hardship for the average Southern planter, as he now is taking care of the negroes one year in advance. The cry would go up, "What will become of the negro?" Allow me to say, under any and all circumstances he will be taken care of in the South. The negro is a consumer more than a producer, and what Georgia wants now is a class of thrifty working-people, who know some lessons in economy, thrift, and industry, and who, under favorable circumstances can reach the point of self-support.

This plan could be put in operation in a very short time with no outlay of money save transportation. It is my opinion that 1,000 families could find homes by October 1st, 1896. A ship-load could be landed at Savannah, and undoubtedly the railroad companies could be prevailed upon to forward these people to their new homes free. The furnishing of homes to this Christian people under existing circumstances, would be sowing Christian seed broadcast over this beautiful South-land, and the example would undoubtedly be followed in the near future by other States.

I have talked to several prominent farmers in this locality, and each and every one has agreed to take from two to five families, and I can promise you now within a radius of fifty miles, to find homes—and such homes as the true Georgians only have—for fifty families. Will pledge themselves to furnish labor, food, and homes for them for one year from date of arrival. P. B. WATKINS.

Danville, Ga.

M. H. A., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. What authority have we to use in Divine worship any other psalms than David's which are in the Bible, any more than we would take a text from a good man's writings—not inspired? 2. What authority have we to use the name Sunday, for the Lord's Day? The word Sunday is not in the Bible, and I have always been taught to say Sabbath, and that the heathen worshipped the sun and called the day Sunday. Why should we call the Lord's Day Sunday, instead of Sabbath—the name given in the Bible for the Lord's Day?

1. We have the example of the apostles and early fathers of the Christian Church, who evidently were accustomed to the use of other psalms in worship, as well as those of David. In writing to the Ephesians (5: 19), Paul advises them to speak to themselves "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Besides, the earliest genius of the Church was employed in the writing of just such spiritual songs, some of which are even yet used on occasion. See also Col. 3: 16. 2. The word Sunday, it is true, does not appear in the Bible, but this may be explained by the fact that when the New Testament was written, there were many features relating to church ordinances and nomenclature not arranged. These were settled afterward, and in arranging the feasts and festivals of the early Christian Church, it was endeavored, as far as expedient, to have them fixed on the same dates as the old heathen festivals, which they were designed to, and afterward did, supersede. In some instances, traces of the ancient appellation remains, as in the case of Easter, which derives its name from the heathen goddess, Ostera, whose feast was formerly held at a date equivalent to our Eastertide. All the days of the week were originally named after heathen deities—Woden, Thor, Freya, Saturn, the Sun, the Moon, etc. The Sabbath was the original Jewish appellation for the seventh day—our Saturday—and is still so applied by orthodox Hebrews. With Christians, it would now seem to be a matter of personal preference which is used, although it is beyond question that in the earlier days of the Church, the expression, "Lord's Day," was almost universally employed when referring to the Christian Sabbath. On Scriptural grounds, it is doubtless correct.

Miss Emma Wright, Cripple Creek, Col., writes:

At the time our terrible fires occurred, our church, together with three others, was burned. The membership being small and financially poor, it is a big undertaking to rebuild. But we trust in the Lord. With his assistance we expect to rebuild, and do good work in this wicked city.

C. B. Winegan, Lebanon, Kan., writes concerning Mr. Frank Kiser's recent letter on sod houses:

This section of Kansas will compare favorably with most of the states. Most of our farmers have comfortable frame or stone houses, and good barns and other outbuildings. Ten years ago, sod houses and dugouts were quite numerous, but now, in a long day's drive, the chances are that not one will be seen. The country is dotted over every few miles with good frame school-houses, modern furnished, and where no church house is near, Sunday School and church services are held in the school-houses. There may be, and very likely are, isolated cases where a family is too poor to buy suitable clothing for church-going, but, this is the case in all sections.

E. A. Vail, City Missionary and manager of the Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans, writes:

Check to hand. Many thanks to the kind readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their contributions and donations to my work in this sinful city. I have by the help of the Lord opened a new mission in the slums. It is called the Pentecostal Mission. It was opened on the fifth of May. I invite the interest of your readers. We greatly need a few cots, as some of our people are now sleeping on the benches.

LARNAKA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF CYPRUS.

(See editorial article on opposite page.)

A. H. A., Rockstream, N. Y. What was the origin of Children's Day?

It originated in a suggestion to the Centenary Committee of the M. E. Church in 1865 to establish a Children's Fund in aid of the Sunday-Schools, and to appoint a day for gathering the offerings. In 1868, the General Conference recommended that the second Sunday in June be annually observed as Children's Day. In 1881, it was recommended by the London Methodist Ecumenical Conference; in 1882, the Evangelical Association; in 1883, the Presbyterians, and later other religious denominations fell into line.

Constant Reader, Arksvill, Ark. Please make plain this statement made by Rev. Dr. Talmage. I gave it to my Sunday School class and some in the school will not accept it. "There are 1,600,000,000 people now in the world, and 450,000,000 are Christians. Subtract 450,000,000 who are Christians from 1,600,000,000, and there are 1,150,000,000 left. Divide the 1,150,000,000 who are not Christians by the 450,000,000 who are Christians, and you will find that we shall have in the average less than three souls each, brought by us into the kingdom of God, to have the whole world redeemed."

His object was to emphasize the duty of greater Christian activity in spreading the Gospel and bringing souls to Christ. While recognizing the fact that it is impossible, through mere human effort, to redeem the world, we should realize that it is the duty of every child of God to labor for that end, which the Almighty himself will bring to pass in due time. The extract quoted is an object lesson in figures, intended to direct attention to the subject.

A. E. M., Decovia, Ill. Are the petitions in Matt. 6: 9-13, or the petitions in John 17, the true Lord's Prayer?

The prayer in Matthew is the model prayer which Christ gave at the request of his disciples as a pattern which they might follow. The prayer in John was his own prayer for his people. It could not appropriately be used by anyone else. In that sense, therefore, it is the Lord's prayer, though the one in Matthew is the one most frequently designated by that name, and not improperly, as our Lord was the author of it.

M. D., Everest, Kan. Is a person who is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church justified in uniting with a Methodist Episcopal Church if [illegible]

Certainly, or with any other Christian church if it happened that no other was convenient. A Christian of any denomination has not learned the spirit of Christ if he has not learned to recognize as a brother any man who loves his Lord. You will find that you have more in common with the Methodists than you are aware of, and we should be surprised to learn that you did not derive profit from your membership with them. Their mode of worship may not please the taste of one accustomed to a liturgical service, but the sincerity and earnestness of the prayers will compensate for any lack of elegant language there may be.

X. Y. Z., Baltimore, Md. Is it conclusive evidence that a young man has not been converted, that he is troubled with impure thoughts?

Certainly it is not evidence. Every man has some avenue by which temptation most easily besets him. His duty is to exercise special vigilance at that avenue. He should study himself and find out how best to deal with the temptation. In your own case you will do well to ascertain by recalling your periods of trial, what were the exciting causes, and avoid them in future. Plenty of hard work, physical and mental, the pursuit of some absorbing subject of study, constant occupation, the avoidance of reverie, and of suggestive books, a careful attention to diet, and, above all, earnest prayer, especially whenever the impure thoughts arise, are the means you should use. We have no doubt of your being cured by them. But you must be constantly on your guard against sudden temptation. The passages of Scripture you quote need not worry you. You have to fight your battle, and it will be a hard one, but you may count on divine help, and if you are really in earnest, you will win the victory. You must act intelligently, as you would if you were afflicted with some physical disease and were seeking a cure. Thousands of young men have fought the same battle and have won it. Do not doubt your conversion. That would undermine your strength.

"Anxious Wife," Topeka, Kans. My husband is a Baptist and I a Methodist. We agreed when we were married that we would go to our respective churches; but he is anxious about my salvation. He thinks that I cannot be saved without being immersed. Would it be a sin to do as he wishes, I having been baptized in infancy?

By no means. There can be no sin in it, and as it is likely to promote domestic harmony it is a thing to be commended. It can do no harm and it will satisfy his scruples, and probably relieve him of some anxiety on your account. Several well-known and conscientious Christians, not belonging to the Baptist church, have been immersed recently, having reached the conclusion that immersion was the true mode of baptism. Anyone coming to that conclusion does well to act upon it. The fact of their having been baptized in infancy need not be a bar to a second baptism.

L. C. T., Vesper, Ia. 1. Where in the New Testament is the command to keep the first day of the week as the Sabbath? 2. Why was the day changed?

1. There is no command recorded, and probably none was given. 2. In celebration of Christ's rising from the dead. At the first great council of the Church, when the question was discussed whether the Gentile converts should be required to obey the Jewish law, it was decided that only four observances should be required of them. (See Acts 15.) The observance of the Jewish Sabbath was not one of the four, and the Gentile Christians do not appear to have ever kept it. The Rabbis had made it ridiculous by a host of absurd regulations about what a man might, or might not, do on that day. Christ was frequently accused of breaking the Sabbath. The Jewish observance was most vexatious and onerous, and the Apostles very wisely did not attempt to bring the Gentiles under the bondage. The writings of the early Fathers show that very early in the Christian era, if not in Apostolic times, the first day of the week was uniformly the day of religious meeting and abstinence from secular labor, thus celebrating the new Creation as the Jewish Sabbath celebrated the old. Several incidental allusions in the Acts show that even in Apostolic times the custom was prevalent. But we do not observe Sunday as the Sabbath. It is seldom a day of rest to the earnest Christian, but of holy activity in his Master's service. He calls it the Lord's Day, not the Sabbath.

M. E. T., Manchester, N. H. Address her care *Harper's Bazar*, New York. —— Rev. C. H. K., Boston, Mass. 1. Repeat the questions. They are not at hand. 2. We believe it is a reliable book by a well-informed writer.——Mrs. Annie E. Thorpe. The International Teachers' Bible.——Hattie S. Gardner, Russiaville, Ind. They were acknowledged in our issue of April 22, to H. S. G. and Ed. W.——J. S., Mission House. 1. They are practically the same as those of an archbishop. 2. No.——Subscriber, Philmont, N. Y. Send them to Miss Emma Nason, missionary, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

Childhood's Happy Years.

Youth, in all Lands, the Season of Innocent Enjoyment—Some Unhappy Children.

SUNSHINE, birds, flowers, and children—these four seem to naturally belong to each other, and wherever one is, the others ought to be. In every land under the sun, the days of childhood are the happiest of our human lives. Free from care, guileless of heart, simple in desires, and with the kindliest affection for all, childhood is indeed a happy time. How strongly the mother's love is drawn toward her little lambs:

I loved them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale, and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade Him go.

But although, in a general way, it is true that children are happy beings, there are unfortunately many exceptions. In Armenia, at the present moment, it is estimated that there are not less than 50,000 helpless orphan children—bereaved of parents by the recent massacres. In every great and populous city of Europe or Asia, there are nnmbers of little ones, living dull, cheerless, monotonous lives, without the kind caress of a mother's hand or the gentle tone of a mother's voice to kindle their young hearts to love. London, Paris, Vienna, New York, all have to face this problem of the care of neglected children, who, through no fault of their own, have been deprived of their natural guardians.

In temperate and cold climates, these little ones are housed and fed and taught in orphanages, homes, and institutes of various kinds, established by God's Christian people, but in the East, where nature is prolific in the production of all that is needed to sustain life, the parentless child literally grows up amid its surroundings without either assistance or affection being lavished upon it. There are no Children's Homes such as our own lovely place at Mont-Lawn, where it may be taken for a holiday. It can swelter in the slums or starve in the streets. Such is the value set upon child life in the East.

Our photograph on this page shows how the children of the Orient enjoy a visit to the fruit garden, just as our own young folks love to roam through the orchard and pick the biggest and reddest apples and the juiciest pears. The banana is not peculiar to any part of the East, but may be found pretty generally diffused in all tropical and sub-tropical climates. From the East, the fruit is believed to have been brough to the West Indies and the islands of the Pacific, where it has now become one of the most prolific and valuable products. A single cluster will sometimes weigh eighty pounds. Compared with the productiveness of wheat, the banana stands as 133 to 1, and with potatoes 44 to 1. There are many varieties. In the Pacific islands it is so much of a staple that flour is made out of it and used very generally as an article of diet. In India—probably the country of its origin—the banana and plantain are both spoken of as "the fruit of the wise men." In Africa it is grown as universally as wheat is in America.

Some varieties of the species grow to an enormous size, producing a large fruit, but that which is most esteemed is a dwarf variety known as the fig banana, the fruit of which is most delicate and pleasant. The finest groves are to be found along the Malay peninsula, and in Central America and the Pacific.

Properly cooked, there is no more perfect or healthful food in the world, and the fact that our trade in bananas has doubled six times in the last thirty years, proves that this delicious fruit is gradually coming to be appreciated at its true worth as a healthful and nutricious article of diet.

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Peddlers of Damascus.

In the streets of the ancient Syrian city, the Western traveler finds endless interest in the bazaars, or streets of open shops, where the merchant sits cross-legged among his wares, nearly always smoking his beloved hookah. The native silversmith weighs his precious stones before he sells them to the over-charged Westerner, while the latter, looking over the piles of merchandise, is attracted by the cries of men passing up and down, and calling out their goods. One comes along—he carries sherbet and sweets, and he sings: "Buy of me! Ah, buy, buy, buy. Yes, buy of me!" Another pushes him aside, and thrusts forward his water-skin: "Ho, ye thirsty ones, come, buy of me, and drink." A custom, termed "Sebil," causes another man to cry: "Lo, the distribution! Lo, the distribution!" The crowd presses around this man with great eagerness, for there is nothing to pay. He is dispensing a sort of lemonade, some rich man having purchased of him his stock of this cool drink, which is to be given to all the thirsty ones who shall ask for it. And walking up in and down these streets in and out among these crowds, passing unseen through the highways of the earth, is One who, with a voice of sweetest invitation, cries, "Ho, every one that thirsteth! Buy, buy. I counsel thee to buy of me!"

CHILDREN OF THE ORIENT IN A BANANA GARDEN.

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A Little Evangelist.

Elizabeth M. was the youngest daughter in a large family residing at Wood View, a beautiful country place in Ohio. Delicate from infancy, and patient and gentle in spirit, she received the tender care and culture of a fragile home-plant of rare loveliness. While still a child she gave evidence of a change of heart, and deep religious feeling. As a sweet flower-bud, unfolding its modest petals to the light and heat of the sun, her Christian character rapidly developed in the genial atmosphere of home love.

One evening, her watchful mother, noticing that she had been out longer than usual, went in search of her. In a secluded nook in the orchard she found Elizabeth and her younger brothers. The boys were perched in the curved notches of an old apple tree that leaned half-way to the ground. Elizabeth stood close by, and was talking. So earnestly was she speaking and so attentively were they listening that they did not notice the near approach of their mother. The little evangelist was telling them the glad tidings of great joy; the sweet old story of Jesus and his love, and entreated them to give their hearts to the Saviour. Feeling her presence to be an intrusion, the mother stole away, thanking God from a full heart, for blessing their home with the presence of this little evangelist. The precious seed thus sown in those youthful hearts brought forth good fruit in after years.

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Little Graves.

A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement-house, writes Dr. Talmage, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folk." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said: "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that come from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast by the Church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, come back to your Father again with the heart of a child.

Jesus.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

I LOVE to think of Jesus
Who gave his life for me,
And who is now in heaven,
With spirits pure and free;
I love to think of Jesus,
Because I know he came
To save me from perdition
And from eternal shame.

I love to dream of Jesus
Who laid his robe aside;
His robe and crown of glory—
For me was crucified;
I love to dream of Jesus,
Because I know he'll come,
And take me from this valley
To his eternal home.

I love to rest in Jesus,
His rest, indeed, is sweet;
The saints—their crowns in heaven—
Are hanging at his feet;
I love to rest in Jesus,
For he can cheer my heart,
When friends and even brothers,
All leave me and depart.

I love to work for Jesus,
Although I can't repay
Him for the love that brought him,
From heaven's courts one day;
I love to work for Jesus—
Soon, soon, will set the sun,
And Christ will come and take me,
And he will say, "Well done!"

Newman Grove, Neb. J. N. GORTN

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A Micronesian Wedding.

A LETTER from Kusaie, in the So Sea islands, to *The Mission Herald*, gives this glimpse of a tive wedding: On the morn the *Star* was to sail, two yo men were married to two of the girls fr the same group, Abera taking Boaia his wife, and Taokai taking Abana. last couple came from Apaiang, the isl on which Dr. Hiram Bingham attemp to live, and did live so long. Of the w ding and of the brides, Mr. Garland sa

"Abana and Boaia, in spite of their s ple white dress, with the silver cross the neck and shining braids tied w white ribbons, stood beside the young r in their black clothes, with faces seri and thoughtful. It would be impossi to find two girls who will be missed much as these will be in the schoo Abana, strong, mature, always cheer and willing, a 'solid' girl in every w one on whom we could depend, and whom reponsibility could safely re Boaia, quick and deft with her han with a sense of the beautiful and an ar tic appreciation very rare among island quiet and gentle. Both girls came in 18 and have grown to be a very dear part the school family, and lately almost in pensable, since so many new memb have come and so many of the old sch ars have been sent out. But after all i those who can be least spared who best prepared to go. Can you won that these girls clung to us until last moment?"

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Home Conversation.

A New Hampshire reader writes: have read with pleasure the sermon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on "Bad C pany," and I wish it would supplement with a sermon on "Purity of Conversat in the Home." It is astonishing how ma parents, and Christian parents, too, dulge in conversation in their homes a before their children, that would be scandal if repeated anywhere in pub Now I believe the Bible speaks as ster against impure speech as against swe ing; yet many of these people think th are doing no harm, but I believe they sowing seeds in the minds of their child that may bear bad fruit."

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For Our Children's Home.

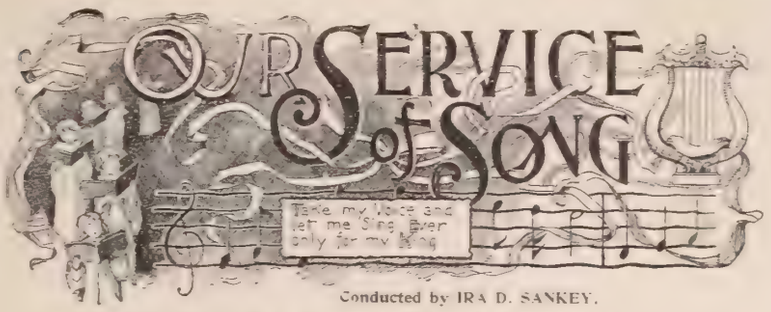
The following additional contributio have been received in aid of the Fresh-A work at Mont-Lawn, which begins th week:

Previously acknowledged	$149.
H. Kluderman	$10
John Connolly	1
Kate M. Farlow	
In His Name, West Phila.	1
A New Hampshire friend	3
Helen R. Garner	3
Thank Offering, Brooklyn	1
A. M. Hickox	10
H. C. Duckett	
Misses J. Tibbals	
Cash, Paterson	1
Sunday School, Ft. Calhoun	
Total to date	$221.

True Manliness.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 21. Psalm 37: 1-11.

RELIGION and manliness are supposed in some circles to be incompatible. The young man who gives himself to Christ and makes his commands the rule of his life is regarded as having deteriorated, as having become weak, foolish and effeminate. It is expected that he will be less efficient in business, less agreeable as a companion and as having less regard for the things that are pleasant in life. That religion does make a difference, must be admitted. It would not be religion if it did not revolutionize the moral being. But what does it take from him? There are certain pleasures that it forbids: but they are pleasures that are injurious to the man. He is better without them even if religion left him free to indulge in them. The gambling-house, the saloon, the ball-room and the theatre are places in which no man ever received real benefit. If he lived for this life only and wanted to make the best of life, he would do well to keep away from each and all of them. Their influence is wholly unhealthy. In these matters, therefore, religion does not impoverish the life. Nor does it impoverish the character. The qualities that really ennoble a man are not only permitted by religion, but enjoined. These are qualities which distinguish men from the brute creation. Generosity, kindly sympathy, compassion, magnanimity, forbearance, forgiveness of injuries, cheerfulness, fortitude, moral courage, patriotism, honor, truthfulness,—all these and other qualities that go to make the finest type of character are inculcated by Christianity. The Christian is urged to cultivate them and his religion supplies him with the motive and the power. These are all characteristics that tend to the better performance of his duties in every relation of life. The Christian has the highest of all motives to be a good son, husband, father, citizen, master, or servant, and he cannot fail in his duty to any one of these relations if he but, at the same time, be diligent to his religious duty. He is sometimes accused of "other-worldliness," of being too much occupied with the concerns of heaven and heavenly things, as to be negligent of his present duty, but the life of his life gives him no encouragement to any such neglect. He is raised above mundane affairs only in being made impregnable to their disturbing influence. When the losses, trials, annoyances and afflictions of life strike him, they fall upon one who is standing upon a rock, who has a support that they cannot shake. His faith in God makes him strong. Believing that God is his Father, and that all that happens to him is divinely permitted, he is not afraid of poverty or privation or sickness, or death itself, and he has therefore the fortitude which is the most prominent characteristic of true manliness. He is surrounded with incentives to rise above the passions and appetites which he possesses in common with the animals, to control and subordinate them to the higher nature which places him above the brute. His religion develops the spiritual side of his being, and thus elevates him in the scale of creation, bringing him nearer to God. So as he advances in spirituality he realizes the ideal of the Apostle: "Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord we are changed into the same image."

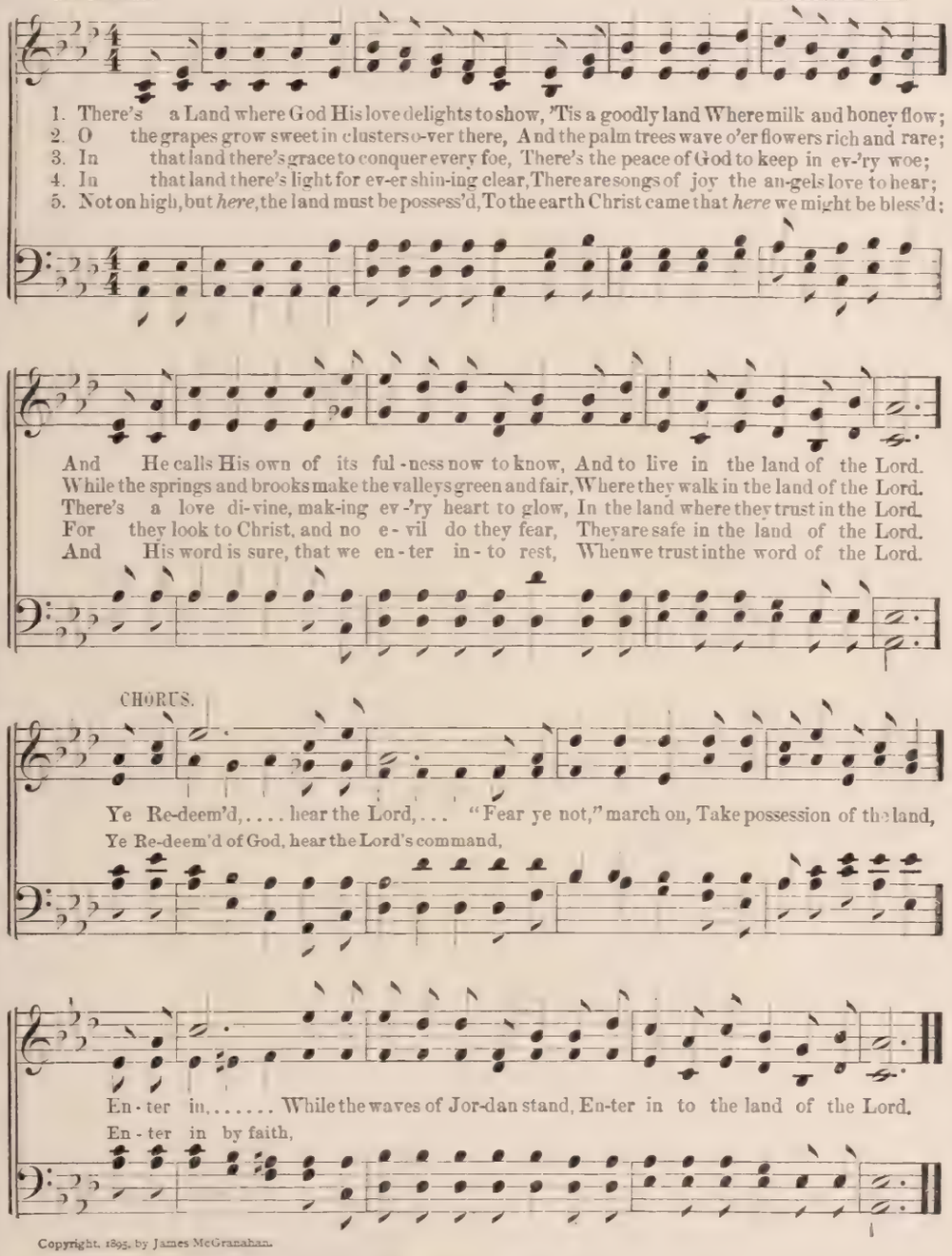


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

THE LAND OF THE LORD.

"A LAND WHICH FLOWETH WITH MILK AND HONEY. — Num. 13: 8.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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Walking With God.

THEY walk with God whom none can shame
From trusting in his holy Name,—
Who, looking for a glorious morn
Shrink not before the lip of scorn.

They walk in light, in safety, peace,
Awaiting patiently release.
Turn from the world and take the cross,
E'en though it be of life the loss.

Thus Enoch walked: while others strayed
In ways of sin, he God obeyed.
Till God took him: to him t'was given,
Undying here, to enter heaven.

Thus Noah walked—an ark prepared,
Thus all his house salvation shared.
What recked he worldly scoff and jeer,
Since God Almighty was his fear?

Thus Abram walked when called to go
Forth to a land he did not know,
A stranger and a pilgrim here—
Looked for a city to appear.

So Moses walked—serene endured
Affliction, and yon heaven secured.
And hence the wealth of all the earth
Compared with his, is little worth.

And thus the worthies of all time
Have walked with God, by faith sublime,
And earth was but a passage way
By which they reached the realms of day.

—EMILY C. PEARSON.

Science and Prophecy.

Prof. Totten's Forecast of the Results of the Approaching Perihelia of the Greater Planets on the Human Race.

IN a communication from Prof. Totten recently published by a New York daily journal, that famous expositor of prophecy calls attention to a planetary combination which is of very rare occurrence, and which he thinks may be the event of which our Lord spoke (Mark 13: 25), "The stars of heaven shall fall and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken." In all the descriptions our Lord gave of the events that would precede his coming, he made emphatic reference to signs in the heavenly bodies. When these uncommon and unusual signs were seen, then Christians were to "lift up their heads, knowing that their redemption was drawing nigh." Prof. Totten points out that as the planets, which, like the earth, revolve around the sun, vary so largely in the time it takes them respectively to make the journey, it is obvious that their situation relative to each other will be continually varying and is susceptible of almost endless combinations. Mercury makes the circuit in eighty-eight days; the earth in 365, while Neptune requires more than 164 of our years to complete its gigantic journey. The peculiarity of the situation of the planets at the close of this century, as calculated by Prof. Totten, is that while all or nearly all of the planets will be on one side of the sun, the earth will be almost alone on the other.

"Only twice in the Christian era," says Prof. Totten, "has it happened that three of the greater planets exterior to the earth have been in coincident perihelia [that is in line at the part of their orbits nearest to the sun.] This occurred in the sixth century and in the sixteenth, two periods famous in history as periods of plague, pestilence and social perturbation. Now, however, we are approaching a period far more portentous. For the first time in the history of man all of the planets, exterior as well as interior, superior as well as inferior, are approaching a coincident period of ominous and I cannot but believe malific influence. It will culminate only at the very end of this century, and may extend well over into the next. At that time all of the planets will be in line, tugging together at the sun, while the earth, upon the opposite side of the sun, will be subjected to their united action. I speak in general terms and upon premises that have been broadly published in standard journals. From the physical standpoint alone this condition of affairs cannot but result in widespread disaster, expressed in all the terms that nature knows, cyclones, earthquakes, tidal waves, &c., and among men, such an unbalancing of the normal condition as will try to their deepest foundations the institutions upon which the false system of modern society lives and moves and has its being. Already we can hear the mutter of the cosmic powers that are conspiring against us." These words bear a striking resemblance to the words in which Christ described the conditions which, when they existed, Christians were to recognize as signs of his approaching advent: "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars: and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke 21: 25, 26.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

NEW surprises on both sides were constantly occurring in the early days of Pauline's visit. Her Boston cousins were making discoveries on their side, as Pauline was on hers. One day Belle came to her room.

She leaned forward and began reading the titles of the books Pauline had selected for her study.

"Homer's Iliad and Plato. I told Mamma you were intense. Hallam's Middle Ages and Macaulay's History of England. I had no idea you had monarchial tendencies. I must take you to our little Chapel and show you the Communion Service that belonged to Charles the Second, or perhaps, it was one of the Georges, I'm not very clear on that point. My dear Paul, you're delicious! To think of anyone voluntarily undertaking to scrape acquaintance with all these dry as dust worthies. And in summer time!"

"It is not easy for you to understand how hungry I am," said Pauline, with a tremor in her voice. "You have been going to school all your life."

"Unfortunately, yes!" sighed Belle. "But don't pine for the experience. You will soon have enough of it. May I enquire when you expect to find time for these exhilarating researches?"

Pauline laughed.

"Between the hours of 5 and 8 A. M."

"Horrible!"

She faced round upon her suddenly, "I wonder what you think of us all? You are as demure as a field-mouse, but I know those big eyes of yours have taken our measures by this time. Come, let us have it, 'the whole truth,' you know. Don't be Ananias and keep back part of the price. 'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us!' I delight in revelations. Show me myself, Paul."

Pauline hesitated a little, then she spoke out bravely.

"I love you all dearly. You have been so kind! But Belle—if I had your opportunities, I would make more of my life."

"Do you believe in altitudes?" It was Richard Everidge, Aunt Rutha's favorite nephew, who asked the question, as they sat on the broad piazza after church, waiting for lunch.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that trilogy of exulting triumph over the trammels of circumstance that Mr. Dunn gave us this morning. Don't you remember? 'Life is what we make it. An anthem or a dirge. A psalm of hope or a lamentation of despair.' Do you believe anyone can live in such a rare atmosphere every day?"

"Of course she does," and Belle laughed merrily. "Anyone who has courage to stroll through the Middle Ages with old Mr. Hallam before sunrise must have plenty of altitude in her composition. It's my belief she lives on Mount Shasta, in a moral sense, and I shouldn't be surprised to hear of her taking out a building permit at the North Pole, if she thought duty called her. But, Dick, how can you be such an atrocious sceptic as to doubt the possibility of one's living above the clouds when you know my Lady!"

"Ah, but she is Tryphosa, the blessed."

"Tryphosa!" echoed Pauline in a mystified tone.

"That is her name," said Richard Everidge, with a tender reverence in his voice, "and she deserves it, for she is among the aristocracy of the elect. I never see her without feeling envious, and yet she has been a sufferer for years. I am amazed that Belle has let all this time pass without [illegible]

"There have been so many other things," said Belle. "Tennis, you know, and canoe practice, and tandem parties."

Her cousin laughed.

"But that is only when Russ and I are not reading up for exams. What do you find to occupy your leisure?"

"Leisure!" exclaimed Belle, solemnly. "Leisure, my dear boy, has been an unknown quantity ever since I undertook to pilot this most inexorable young woman among the antiquities of our venerable city. She is an inveterate relic hunter. Is enraptured with Bunker Hill and the Old South, delights in Cornhill and wherever she can find a crooked old street that reminds her of Washington, and pokes about all the old cemeteries till I feel as eerie as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. I believe she expects to come upon all the Pilgrim Fathers buried in one vault. But there is nothing special on the programme for to-day—we will go and see my Lady this very afternoon."

As they went in to lunch, Richard Everidge leaned over to Pauline and whispered:

"You have not answered my question. Do you think it is possible for common, everyday Christians to live above the clouds?"

"If I were a Christian," she said in a low tone, "I should want to get as high up as I could."

When they reached Tryphosa's, they heard her singing. They waited, listening.

Here brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
And ended the strife.

O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,
We press toward thee!
O Sion the golden,
Our eyes are still holden,
Thy light till we see.

We know not, we know not,
All human words show not
The joys we may reach.
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

Then Belle opened the door softly and went in.

Pauline saw a large bay window opening into a tiny conservatory which loving hands kept dowered with a profusion of blooming plants. The room was large and dainty, with delicate draperies, two or three fine pictures, and a beautiful representation in marble of the Angel of Patience, which stood on a buhl table where the invalid's eyes could always rest upon it.

Tryphosa turned her head to greet them from the low couch which was the battleground where she had wrestled with the angel of pain during years of physical agony. Her eyes were lustrous with a radiance not of earth, and a wealth of silver hair fell in soft curling waves about her face; her mouth, sweet and tender, parted in a smile of welcome as she held out her hands to the girls.

Belle caught them in her own and kissed them gently.

"This is our cousin, my Lady. Aunt Mildred's only child."

The thin hands drew Pauline's face down and she was kissed on cheek and brow.

"Your mother was my friend, dear child, in the long ago." Then she added softly, with her hands on the silver cross at her throat, "Are you a Princess? Do you be[illegible]"

Pauline shook her head. "No, my Lady."

"I am sorry."

They sat down then beside her. She held Pauline's strong hand between her wasted fingers.

"Dear Mildred Davis. You have her eyes and brow, my child. It does me good to see you."

"That's just like papa," said Belle. "He says he can almost fancy himself back in the old home, with Aunt Mildred getting him ready for school."

Pauline colored with pleasure. No one ever spoke of her mother at Sleepy Hollow. She looked through the French windows into the conservatory.

"How beautiful the flowers are."

"You love them? Of course you must, to be your mother's child. It is such a comfort to me to lie here and listen to them talk."

"Talk!" exclaimed Pauline. "Do they do that, my Lady?"

Tryphosa smiled. "Surely," she said gently, "'Every flower has its story, and every butterfly's life is a poem.'"

Belle broke the silence.

"We heard you singing, my Lady. I do not think Pauline had thought you would have the heart to sing."

A ripple of the sweetest laughter Pauline had ever heard fell through the quiet room, and Tryphosa's eyes flashed merrily.

"'The pilgrims kept on their journey, and as they journeyed they sang,'" she said. "Do you think there is anything to cry about when we are on our way to a palace, dear child? But Sunday is always my resting time," she continued. "I do not sing as much through the week as I should. I am tired often and busy."

"Busy," echoed Pauline involuntarily, with a glance at the frail body propped up among the cushions.

Tryphosa gave another soft merry laugh and drew forward a rosewood writing-table which was fitted to her couch.

"Here is where I do my work, when my hands are willing, and then there are my dear poor people, and my rich friends, and sometimes the latter need as much comforting as the former. Oh, there is a great deal to do, dear child, for some have to be taught the way to the Palace, and some have to be brought into audience with the King," her voice hushed itself into a reverent whisper.

"And how about the pain, my Lady," asked Belle. Pauline's eyes were full of tears.

"Just right," she answered brightly. "Some days are set in minor key and then the Lord calls me where the waves run high, but so long as I'm sure it is the Lord, what does it matter? Not one good thing has failed of all that he has promised, and soldiers don't mind a few sword thrusts when they are marching to victory. 'This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song,'" she closed her eyes and a triumphant smile played about her mouth.

"You seem so certain, my Lady," said Belle wistfully.

"Surely! 'For we know that he has prepared for us a city.'"

Continued on next page.)

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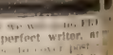

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Princess in Calico.

(Continued from preceding page.)

ow you mean heaven," said Pauline uously. "To me heaven is enveloped ."

won't be, dear child, when the have rolled away, and in the clear the Sun of Righteousness you look o the other shore."

ldn't you tell me what it is like, ly? You seem to know. I can't t, and everything seems so dark."

sa lifted a plain little book from ing bookcase of morocco-bound which stood within easy reach. eve I will let Miss Warner an- 'Would you like a heaven so human, that mortal words could and mortal wishes be its bound- things we look for are prepared hose thoughts are so far above hts as the broad star-lit heaven this little gas-lit earth. And do ak that people are to be all massed ven, losing their various identities, different tastes, their separate nat- Going from this lower world so f its adaptations, where color and take on a thousand changes, and life ursuit can be varied almost at will, here dead level of perfect felicity. To earth where no two things are and go to heaven to find no two nt! The Lord's preparations mean than that! We should learn better this lower world. No one pair of eyes is just like another, no two upon the same tree. And not a blossom can spring up by the way- without a red or a white one at hand ntrast. Are the clouds copies of each Are the shadows on the hills ever the same? Take for your comfort ll assurance that the very tree of which in Eden seems to have borne e manner of fruit—in heaven shall welve. But we can't imagine it— fulness. We must look, not to see utlines and distinct colors, but only d of heavenly light. From point t the promises pass on, with their touch; until the vacant places in s disappear, and the aches die out, d-sire and longing are lost in more eart could wish.'"

A ause fell, then a stillness, broken ily the tinkle of a little fountain whose to; fell among the flowers.

A hey rose to go, Tryphosa drew Paul- ce down until it touched her own. ar child, won't you claim your birth- gh"

ill, my lady."

T s the summer passed, and to Pauline a continual dream of pleasure. She d strictly to her habit of rising with n, and not the least enjoyable part morning were the three hours spent solitude of her Uncle's luxurious li- while the day was new. Her active woke from its enforced lethargy med itself for flight with a delight- se of freedom. The dream of her s coming true at last, and she was e a chance to learn. She had learnt t the Sleepy Hollow school could her long ago. She would take up ry, of course, and biology, mathe- and physics, French and Latin, ge- nd botany, and—well, she would ater upon the rest of her curriculum. her seemed to take it for granted uld stay in Boston, her Uncle er his own little daughter, and she tent. Her healthy nature enjoyed ll the innumerable diversions and s which Belle's active brain was ally planning. Picnics and garden- excursions to the beaches, where s never tired of feasting her eyes on y of the waves, or a run into the ear some special attraction. Al- ightness and fun and laughter, for utha's hospitable house was a fa- esort with many of the Harvard s, and it was the glorious summer hen all the world — their little was free to be gay. She—Pauline —was like other girls at last!

she must learn to row and to ride, chard Everidge for her teacher. ught her to swim, and Russell to nis, and Gwendolyn took her to the many meetings to which she her life.

hen there was Tryphosa. She al- ade time for a visit there at least ry week. She was hungry to hear could tell her about her mother. She began to understand how Richard Everidge, in the pride of his manly beauty, could find it in his heart to envy the woman who, day and night, kept close company with pain. Sometimes the shadows would lie purple under the brilliant eyes, and the thin fingers be tightly clenched in anguish, but the brave lips gave no sign. On such days Pauline could only sit beside her in mute sorrow, or sing softly some of the hymns she loved.

(To be Continued.)

A RAJA'S GRATITUDE.

AN Indian Raja, Jay Narayan, used to reside in Calcutta. Being taken ill there, the Brahmans told him that if he went to Holy Kashi (Benares), bathed daily in the Ganges, and drank its waters, he would soon be restored. He set out for Benares, followed the advice of the Brahmins, but became worse. At that time he met an Englishman, a Mr. W., who said to him, "Raja, you are very ill." "Yes," was the reply; "I am, you see, dying." "Why do you not apply to a doctor?" "I am dying, I have spent lots of money on doctors, but all to no purpose." "I," said Mr. W., "know a Physician who could make you well, but I don't know whether you would agree to his terms." "How much will he demand?" the Raja asked; "a lakh of rupees?" ($500,000). "No! that would not satisfy him." "Will he take $750,000? or what will he take?" The gentleman answered, "The Physician of whom I speak, does not want your money. He will ask you for your heart; for this Physician is the Lord Jesus! Pray to him, ask him to make you well: at the same time take some simple medicine." The Raja did as he was advised; he prayed morning, noon, and evening, and in four months he walked upward of three miles to the gentleman's house.

Having been restored to health, the Raja asked his friend in what way he could repay the good Physician? The reply was, "Give him your heart; establish a school and endow it." The Raja regularly read his Bible and prayed. The school was established, government also gave a grant. The school—really a Mission College — is now under the Mission Society, with a competent principal and is doing a great work for the Master.

A Blind Singer's Hymn.

The famous temperance orator, John B. Gough, used to relate this personal experience. He says: "I was in a church in a strange city once, and the usher conducted into the same pew with me a person whose looks impressed me very unfavorably. The stranger had a face like mottled soap, which twitched as if a sheet of lightning had run all run all over it, and every now and then his lips would twist and give utterance to a strange spasmodic sound. I got as far away from him as I could. Presently the congregation sang the hymn:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"I saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, 'He can't be so disagreeable, after all.' I got nearer. He would sing. It was awful, positively awful! I never heard anything like it. Occasionally he would make that strange noise with his lips. Then he would commence again and sing faster, to catch up with the other singers, and perhaps he would run ahead. They came to the next verse. He had forgotten the first line; and while the organist was performing the interlude he leaned toward me and whispered, 'Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse?' I did so:

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.

"'That's it,' said he; 'I am blind—God help me!' and the tears came running down his cheeks and the eyelids quivered; 'and I am wretched, and I am paralytic.' Then he tried to sing:

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.

"At that moment it seemed to me I had never heard in my life a Beethoven symphony with as much music in it as in that hymn sung by that poor man, whom Christ had made happy in his lot."

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For Mayesville Institute.

A lover of Jesus, Petoskey, Mich	10 00
Mrs I R Hill	5 00
Friend of the children, Newark	100 00
R L Wyckoff	25 00
S G, New York City	10 00
Thomas Hall	2 00
E L & W, Nazareth	1 00
Joseph E McGonn	2 00
E J Lee	50 00
Mrs Ida Marquis	25
E P Gates	5 00
H V Goble	1 00
Mrs James Green	25
Friend, Butlerville, Iowa	2 00
Mrs R Dickerman	5 00
D Thomas	2 00
Catharine Boyle	3 00
Total	**$223.50**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$96 75
Friend, Louisville	2 00
Arnold Subr, Ga	50 00
In His Name, Lowell	10 00
M A Churchill	1 00
M S H, Marlboro	2 00
Mrs Betty Crawshaw	25
Mrs Remsen Rushmore	2 00
Sub'r, DeKalb, Ill	1 00
J A M P, Mass	1 00
A mite for the Master, Essex	5 00
Mrs Eliza Rose	50
E W, Chamite	5 00
D I Wager	1 00
Mrs M J Banks	10 00
G G & Sarah E Smith	2 00
Friends, Brewster	2 00
Friend, Topsfield	5 00
Total	**$196.50**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$23 25
C W G, San Lucas	1 50
A Vermont sister	1 00
G Haub	6 00
Total	**$31.75**

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Previously ack'd	$3 00
C W G, San Lucas	2 50
Total	**$5.50**

For the Florence Mission.

Previously ack'd	$1 00
Alfred T Anderson	5 00
Total	**$6.00**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$58 81
Friend, Louisville	3 00
F A Reinstein	5 00
A friend, N Madison	1 00
C W G, San Lucas	2 50
J D Mark	2 00
Miss E Smith	25 00
M V H, Tennessee	2 00
Friend, Topsfield	2 00
Total	**$101.31**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$33 00
Mrs C T Nelson	50
A sorrowing mother, Hamilton	1 00
H P Carpenter	2 00
—, Mich	10 00
—, Pontiac, Mich	3 00
—, Fairfax, Vt	1 00
D D Whitaker	5 00
Mrs J A Bemis	25
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In His Name, Lowell	15 00
Mary Minthorn	1 00
"The Christian Herald"	100 00
King's Daughters, Mem Pres Church	2 00
M V H, Tennessee	1 00
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For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$43 87
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Friend, Topsfield	1 00
Total	**$45.87**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$17 50
Mrs M A Wylie	1 00
Mrs M J Banks	5 00
Total	**$23.50**

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	86 50
Miss Mary Montgomery	1 50
Mrs M J Banks	5 00
Total	**$93.00**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$7 50
Friend, Topsfield	1 00
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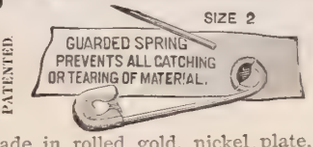

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The First Candidate for '96.

JOSHUA LEVERING, who has been placed in the field as the Presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party, is a native of Maryland, and was born in Baltimore in 1845. He received a private school education and then entered upon a business career, becoming his father's

JOSHUA LEVERING, OF MARYLAND

partner as a coffee importer. He is married and has three sons and four daughters.

Mr. Levering has all his life been a devoted supporter of the Church and an active Christian, carrying the principles of his creed into his business as well as his private life. He has been a member of the Baptist Church since 1858, and since 1881 has been Sunday School Superintendent of the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md. He was one of the originators of the American Educational Society, and has been treasurer since its organization in 1888. He has also been prominent in other work of the church. He has been President of the Maryland House of Refuge since 1887, and President of the Y.M.C.A. of his State since 1885. He became a Prohibitionist in 1884 and was Chairman of the State Prohibition Conventions of 1887 and 1893, and a delegate to the National Conventions of 1888 and 1892. He was a candidate for State Comptroller in 1891. He has a very large circle of friends, who value him for his sterling character as a Christian gentleman, and he is a striking illustration of the truth of the proverb, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business: he shall stand before kings." (Prov. 22: 29.) We are enabled through the courtesy of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls to publish his portrait accompanying this article. The opposing wing of the Prohibition Party has also nominated a Presidential Candidate, Rev. C. E. Bentley of Nebraska.

A Brave Lady.

An interesting report of a courageous act comes from France. An International Women's Congress was holding its sessions in Paris and an invitation was sent to Miss De Broen, the Christian lady, whose work among the people of Belleville, the poorest and most anarchistic quarter of the city has been most beneficent. The invitation was a recognition of her kindly work, and though she was aware that the members of the Congress were as a rule hostile to Christianity, she accepted it. The report shows that she was not ashamed to show her colors.

At one of the morning sessions a statement was made that many of the women employed in the shops of Paris were obliged to be on their feet, Sunday and week-day alike, from early morning till late at night, except at meal-time.

Miss De Broen [illegible] a resolution in favor of having rest, which she emphatically declared to be necessary for the good of the family and the prosperity of the country, and to be a commandment of God!

No sooner had she pronounced the name of God, that the most violent exclamations of hatred and blasphemy arose from all parts of the building and there was a scene of violence that was fearful to see, but she courageously stoood her ground.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 7, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. A Mother, East Liverpool, Ohio, asks prayers for the conversion of two sons, a grandson and a daughter-in-law.——"Believer in Prayer," that a wayward son might learn to walk in the way of righteousness. —— Reader, Los Angeles, Cal., that God would save two brothers now living in sin and firmly refusing to hear the Gospel. —"Anxious Believer," P. V., Pa., for the conversion of a father who is addicted to drink and who neglects his family; also that an aged grandfather who was once a believer, but has renounced religion, might be restored before he dies; also for two sisters whose undutiful ways cause trouble in the household, that their hearts may be changed.——T., Quincy, Mass., that God in mercy would save her husband whose vices are breaking the hearts of wife and children.—— "Anxious Wife," that her husband, once a consistent church-member, but who is now without faith and hope, might be forgiven and restored to God's favor.——H. L. C., Philadelphia, that her two sons might give themselves to Christ.——"Subscriber," Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband; also that her beloved mother might be saved and lose her propensity to strong drink. ——"Aged Mother," that her two sons and their children might all become children of God.——"Sister in Christ," Waterville, Kan., that a brother who has forsaken his family and his place in Church and Sunday School, might be found of God and restored to his favor.——S. A., Socorro, N. Mex., that her husband may be cured of his love of liquor and be converted to God.——"Sister in Jesus," Sockney, Tex., that three brothers and their families might all seek salvation and find peace in believing.——Christian, Phila., that her husband and a beloved son and his family might all yield themselves to Christ.——J. M. W., Kansas City, that six children might be saved in their youth. —— A. G. H., for the conversion of two sons who are still out of the ark of safety.——"One who loves the Lord," Paw, R. I., that her husband, son and daughter might turn to the Lord and consecrate their lives to him.——M. A. M., Rockford, Ill., that a son-in-law whose wife, a devoted Christian, is living a life of sorrow and sadness because of her husband's opposition to her church work, might be influenced by the Holy Spirit so that he, too, may give his heart to Christ.——L. E. N., Bloomsburg, Pa., that her husband might be brought to Christ and become a sincere believer.——"American Mother," Beloit, Wis., that her youngest son, the only support of his mother, a conscientious, moral man, may see that there is one thing needful and may seek Christ.——"Anxious Mother," Amherst, Wis., that her beloved only son might be saved and live a useful life.——"Faith," Drexel, Mo., that her husband, who is a good man but not a Christian, might turn to the Lord; also that her children might be saved, and that an aged uncle who has had a troubled life might go to Christ for the salvation of his soul.——"Sister," Geneva, N. Y., for the conversion of two brothers.——"Distressed Father," Brooklyn, N. Y., that God would save his two daughters who have fallen victims to a degrading vice and make a mock of sin, and that they may cease ministering to each other's perverted passions and seek spiritual joys.

For the Conversion of Friends. "Reader," Mich., for a dear one who is not a Christian, that he may give his heart to Christ and may be directed and guided in his worldly affairs so that a long cherished desire may be fulfilled.——"Anxious One," Waverly, Tex., that a beloved friend may be saved body and soul, that the cloud of sorrow his condition has brought may be dispersed.—— S. & M., W. Santa Barbara, Cal., that a young couple who might do much for Christ if they were his servants, might be saved for that purpose.——"Anxious Reader," Feddyville, Pa., that a dearly loved friend who feels his need of Christ but is hindered by some obstacle may be led to leave all that he may be wholly the Lord's.——"Believer," Atlantic, Iowa, that one who seemed to [illegible] to the temptations of liquor, might turn to Christ with all his heart, all their sisters and brothers might yield themselves to Christ and become wholly and entirely [illegible] "Sister in Texas," for two unconverted members [illegible] that they might be [illegible] Kings Daughter, New York.——"Reader," Ark., that a loved one might be converted to Christ that he may be prepared for the [illegible] and that he may realize that [illegible] "Young Christian," Brooklyn, N. Y., that a beloved aunt might be saved and that the Holy [illegible] it would be [illegible] W. L. Lowell, N. Y., that a [illegible] who might be [illegible] good if they were saved.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," Penn., that [illegible] dear son might regain health and strength. —— "Constant [illegible] "Reader," Pa., that [illegible] scriber," Chicago, Ill., for the recovery of a beloved [illegible] "Reader," Ind., for a beloved

sister who has lost the use of her right hand, might be healed of the Lord.—— "Reader," Cheyenne, Colo., that she may be spared to bring up her two little boys in the fear of the Lord and that her health might be fully restored.——I. A. H., Muscatine, Ia., for the recovery of a young lady dangerously ill who was once before raised up in answer to prayer.—— A. C. G., Morgantown, W.Va., who has lost the use of his limbs and has been a helpless burden on his family now for seven years, that the great Physician would heal him as he healed people when he was on earth.——"Subscriber," New York, that a beloved son who is threatened with pulmonary disease may be saved from the dread scourge.——"One who has sinned," Jersey City, N. J., that God in mercy would remove the affliction sent upon her in consequence of sin and may be enabled to overcome the habit that is destroying mental and physical power.——The following persons also ask for prayer for renewed health: "Believer," Burr, Neb.; "Subscriber," Camden, N. J.; "Reader," East Rye-gate, Vt.

For Special Blessings. E. G. B., New York, that God would incline the hearts of his people to contribute sufficient funds for the building of the school at Mayesville, S. C., for which many prayers are being offered by anxious hearts. "Not for us, but for those who are ignorant and out of the way."——Reader, Dayton, O., for grace to bear patiently and cheerfully the worldly trials of this life and for faith that never wavers. ——"Sister in Texas," that God would give strength to do faithfully the duty that conscience points out and that the fear of man may not deter her.——C. W., New York, who is very sick, that God would give her patience and that she may love the friend who has come to her relief in her hour of poverty and may not be ungrateful.——J. H., Petersburg, Ill., who is suffering for his past sins, that God would help him to resist the suggestions of Satan. ——N. J., Astoria, Oreg., whose heart is cast down because of conscious imperfections, that God would give him grace and faith and strength to resist evil. ——"Mary," Baltimore, Md., that she may become more entirely consecrated to Christ.——"Believer," Hamilton, O., who is discouraged on account of unanswered prayers, that more faith may be given and that she may have her heart's desire.——S.R.C., New York, that the path of life now so hard and thorny might be brightened by the light of God's countenance.——Mother, Titusville, Pa., that husband and son might be successful in finding employment, so that no longer might the family be reproached for non-payment of just obligations.—— "Young Widow," Brooklyn, N.Y., that evil thoughts and desires may be eradicated and she might be strengthened to resist temptation from within and without.——J. M. W., Kansas City, Mo., that a family of eight persons, once loving and devoted to each other, but now estranged, may be drawn nearer to each other and to Christ, and regain their lost affection and confidence in each other.——"Sister in Christ," Green Tree, Pa., that some way may be found by which she may earn an honest livelihood and pay just debts.——"Reader," Wis., that the way may be opened to obtain the education necessary for the profession of a physician.——H. L. C., Phila., for an opportunity of earning money may be found in order that a just debt may be discharged. ——Reader, Duncan Mill, S. C., that the Holy Spirit may be given to a locality in urgent need of quickening grace.——"Believer," San Francisco, Cal., that a grieved and heart-broken husband may be helped to believe that all things work together for good to them that love God; also that a lone woman may find employment in a Christian home.——W.L. B., Erin, Tenn., that strength may be given to overcome a bad habit.——"Believer," Riverside, Tenn., that mother, brothers and sisters might, by God's grace, be enabled to live together in peace and love and be more truly followers of Christ.——"One who believes," Kirwin, Kans., for God's help and deliverance from a heavy financial trouble brought about by misplaced confidence in the honesty of others. ——"Sister," that God would prosper an honest man who is striving hard to pay his way and to avoid causing a reproach to the church of which he is a member and to the name of Christ.

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Improved Mexica Hammocks

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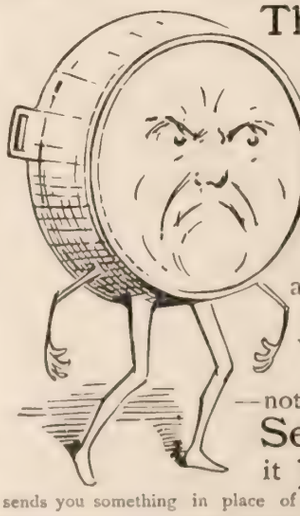
Samples mailed free. Prices from [illegible] $.35 a roll, 8yds. KAYSER & AU[illegible] 932-34 Market St., 418 Arch St., PHILA[illegible]

That terrible wash-tub[illegible]



This is the way it looks to [illegible] women who do their washing [illegible] the old-fashioned way. T[illegible] dread it—and no wonder. [illegible] because they won't use Pearl[illegible] Use Pearline—use it just [illegible] directed—soak, boil and rinse [illegible] clothes—and the wash-tub won't [illegible] a bugbear. You won't have to [illegible] over it enough for that. No l[illegible] work—no inhaling of fetid stea[illegible] no wearing rubbing—no torn clo[illegible] —nothing but economy.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous groce[illegible] tell you "this is as good as" or "the [illegible] as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pe[illegible] is never peddled, and if your [illegible] sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 510

The Glasgo Lace Thread Co., Glasgo, Conn., offers [illegible] in premiums for the best work done with Glasgo Tw[illegible] Lace Thread. The prizes are divided into 4 classes, gi[illegible] every one an opportunity.

$1,000 CASH PREMIUMS

Extra prizes will also be given to those using the gre[illegible] amount of Glasgo Lace Thread. Particulars of compet[illegible] detail with a sample of thread sent free. Sample spool of 500 yards, [illegible]

THE GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Box 3, Glasgo, Conn.

"Don't hide your light under a bushel." That's just why we talk about SAPOLIO

A Heathen Lad's Mission.

R. J. W. Dwane and His Work Among the Kaffirs.

THERE came to the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago a bright looking native African. He was Rev. J. M. Dwane, a preacher of the Gospel in the land of his birth. He was born in 1848 in Kaffirland, of heathen parents, and became a Christian at sixteen years of age, about the time when Bishop

REV. J. M. DWANE.

Taylor first went out to Africa. He first heard the Gospel through his mother, who had heard a missionary preach, and on returning she reported to those at home all that the missionary had said. "The truth came into my heart," said Mr. Dwane, and led me to see God."

Mr. Dwane has been a missionary since 1877 under the Wesleyan Board. He was ordained in 1881, and his first work was at Port Elizabeth in 1875, where he stayed two years, from there going to East London (Cape of Good Hope), thence to Graham Town, to Kimberly, and to Tembuland, where he has now been for ten years. In 1892 he received permission from the Wesleyan country to visit England in order to raise money for a school. In Tembuland he has organized a large church, and has several mission stations there, and has appointed good men over them.

"The people are very active," said Mr. Dwane. "We have from 300 up to 500 in the congregration, and have made much spiritual progress. They stick to it. They are all Kaffirs, and are pastoral and agricultural; some of them, however, work in the mines. Last November we made a new missionary connection with the Ethiopia Church, which has its headquarters at Pretoria; the association was organized in 1892. In my circuit, I am organizing what I call 'Clothing Schools,' to help the heathen children. In 1892, some ladies in England provided me with a lot of clothes. When the heathen children come to school every morning, they are first washed, and then we lend them clothes to wear while at school. After school they return them and take their own clothes. Any child who has been regular and well behaved in school, is presented with the clothes as an encouragement. I should be glad to get the ladies in this country to give some clothes.

"The antipathy of the Boers is not due to religion, but to our race. A native man is not allowed, under the Dutch law, to own land in the Transvaal or the Orange Free State."

About June, 1892, a number of native Wesleyan ministers and laymen severed their connection with that body to form the Ethiopian Church. The ministers were Revs. McKone, Dwane, Tantsi, and Jonas. They first established missions in the Transvaal, the Free State, and the Cape of Good Hope. There are six ordained ministers, twelve deacons, and one hundred church members. The work is spreading more in the Transvaal than in the Cape Colony; but, owing to many difficulties under which the native missionaries labor in the Transvaal, progress is not so satisfactory as it would have been otherwise. In the Transvaal, they have been persecuted. Rev. Philip Boarder, who went up to Skukunis country to preach the Gospel among his countrymen, was arrested and beaten, and finally driven from the country, and there are other instances of that kind; but, notwithstanding these conditions, the work is progressing, and prospects are encouraging.

"The Conference which was held in Pretoria, on March 17, 1896," said Mr. Dware, "passed a resolution to the effect that we should unite with the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America. It is thought that our union with that church will be the means of the conversion of the vast tribes of the dark continent, and the Conference elected Rev. Mr. Xaba and myself to go to America to arrange the terms of union with the African Methodist Episcopal Church. It is felt that unless we can have a native journal, and a good college where our young men and young women can secure a fair education, our work will be very difficult, and we have been instructed to make every effort to appeal in behalf of these two objects. In the old connection we have 14 chapels, 14 preaching places, 13 day school teachers, 15 Sabbath School teachers, 47 local preachers, 8 Sabbath Schools, 163 Sabbath scholars, 5 day schools, and 463 day scholars. The principal stations are Pretoria, Johannesburg, Vaal River, Buffelsdoarns, Maqashu, Cala, Hartingsburg, Vaalboschfontien and Ramo Kgopo's Location."

Even Oorfa is Hopeful.

"The immediate Trouble is Over," write the Missionaries—Relief Work Continues.

THE city of Oorfa in Armenia was the greatest sufferer in the massacres of last winter. It was estimated that 8000 Christians were slaughtered there. It will be remembered that Miss Shattuck, one of the American missionaries, together with her associates, played a most heroic part during those terrible days. Two remittances of $1,000 each were sent from THE CHRSTIAN HERALD Fund for relief work at Oorfa. A few days ago this delayed acknowledgment of the first remittance was received:

OORFA, May 5th, 1896.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

DEAR FRIEND:—I have been somewhat delayed in acknowledging the welcome gift sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the suffering people here, but you will not imagine that we were indifferent to the arrival of the thousand dollars, which have come in time to feed, clothe and otherwise sustain so many of those who contess the name of Christ amid sufferings of which you in America only know by such echoes as the telegraph and the postal service can give. Most of the help which we have been giving has consisted in clothes and in bedding, and so far we have been able to breast the wave of necessity; the immediate trouble is over. This is largely due to the fact that owing to the cheapness of cereals last winter, the poor people were not deprived of all their means of livelihood, because it would scarcely pay the plunderers to carry it away. But what shall we do next winter? I see little prospect of the people being able to store their usual supplies. Most of the bread-winners are dead, others are in prison, all are in straits and necessity.

The children of God in Oorfa send through me their loving regard and gratitude to their unknown friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

An attempt is being made to work up an industrial department for women and girls, in embroidery of felts and silk, embroidery of cottons, and also attempting the temporary care of a number of complete orphans.

I will give your some idea of what immense good you have done by your gift. The past week has been given exclusively to the widows and orphans in distribution of clothing. 565 new and 105 previous widows with 1885 orphans have received 2928 garments. The one piece which has been the general rule was a great joy as well as help at the Easter season. Most of them have had no butter and no meat during three months. The partial bread supply being mercifully continued by the government, and the cereals not having been generally taken by their plunderers, the people about us have not felt pinching hunger as was feared.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged, **$48,290.16.**—J W Bentz, $2; Mrs W V Drake, 50c.; John Honsel, $2.50; Chas A Krise, $1; collected by J H Ross, $2; G T Sloan, $5; Miss Lydia Teuscher, $2; In His Name, Lonsdale, $1; S D P, New York, $5; ——, Leon, Md., 30c.; Y P S C E, of Loda Baptist Ch, $1; Missionary friends, Soochow, China $51; United Presbyterian Cong of Argyl, $5; Children's Mission Band of the Cong S S, $2; Girl's Class, 1 Presb Ch, Newport, $6.87; a boy's bank, New York, $1.—Total, **$48,378.33.**

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

To impart strength purify the blood and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take only Hood's this spring

Women's Clubs in Persia.

Even the women of the Shah's country are in the line of social and intellectual as well as moral progress. It is delightful to hear, writes Rev. S. R. Dulles, of a club among some women in Persia, less well equipped, perhaps, in intellect and training, but not lacking in enthusiasm and the spirit of progress and desire to shine. "Our mothers' club," writes one of the missionaries, "last Friday was very nice, and fourteen were present. One lady talked well and profitably on 'Politeness.' Another woman also held forth, and when we were arranging who should speak on the next subject, 'Food,' with the naivete and conceit so characteristic here, said, 'I'd like to speak on that.' She was instantly frowned down by some one else. We are planning to have the club only once a month, for fear the novelty will wear off, and they will tire of it, but so far they are enthusiastic and want it once a week."

Jesus is Coming Again.

JESUS, our Saviour, is coming again,
Not as he once did, in sorrow and pain,
Glorious, with honor, with power, with might,
To clothe his own children with garments of white.

Those sleeping in Jesus awake and arise,
And God wipes away all the tears from their eyes

As morning dispels all the shadows of night,
So our Jesus is coming, our Sun and delight.
In a moment, perhaps, while the evening star
Is twinkling, the watchers will see him afar,
The redeemed are rejoicing, they shout and they sing,
Giving honor and glory to Jesus their King.
God's dealings with us—his mysterious way,
In the splendor of heaven shine clear as the day.
Many saints of the Lord, here despised as unknown—
In garrets and cellars, forsaken, alone—
With the Hundred and Forty-Four Thousand they stand,
Having bright golden harps and green palms in their hands.
I watch for this morning, the dawn of the day,
When Jesus is coming in glorious array.
When the good and the faithful are never to part,
But are resting for aye on our dear Saviour's heart.
Lord Jesus, my hope and my faith are in thee,
Help me that in heaven thy face I may see.

Pekin, Ill. JOHN H. RICKEN.

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Nervous Headache

few escape. It is one of the penalties of the age. Our grandparents never had it. They had nerve but not nerves. In their day more than half the physicians were not prescribing

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A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant

as a nerve sedative, as they are today. Contains no opiate of any kind. Perfectly safe. Prompt relief. Builds up and strengthens the whole system.

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Consumption

"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours,* to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for **$1.00** bottle of **Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.**

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR,** which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Chest affections.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

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Extract of Beef
add a rich, delicious
FLAVOR

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Individual Strawberry Shortcakes

Sift with one quart of flour two te spoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Po der and one-half teaspoon salt. Ru in shortening (one-half cup butter a one tablespoon lard) and wet wi enough sweet milk or water to make soft dough. Handle as little as pos ble and roll out about one inch thic Cut the desired size with biscuit cutt and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Break in half and butter.

Have ready a quart of berries, crushed, and sweetened with one small c of granulated sugar. Place lower half of biscuit, buttered side up, on pla on which it is to be served; cover with crushed berries, then on top t upper half, buttered side up, cover again with crushed berries, and serve once with or without cream or strawberry sauce.

Cleveland's Baking Powder "Pure and Sure."

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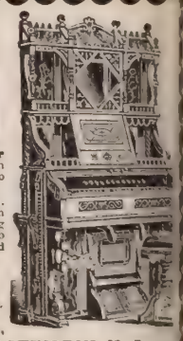
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Dear Sir:—I have suffered from catarrh about ten years and during these years have used almost every medicine recommended for this troublesome malady, besides different skillful doctors. I got some relief but no cure. The Electropoise cured my catarrh and also rheumatism. I have seen wonderful results. Yours very truly,
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"KEYSVILLE, FLA., Apr. 17, '94.

Dear Sirs:—About eleven months ago I bought from you an Electropoise for the purpose of treating cancer. I had one of about ten years' standing and it had reached a stage where it was making rapid progress, being about the size of a silver dollar. I am now happy to inform you that the cancer is no more; the Electropoise arrested the progress of the cancer perfectly in about 36 to 48 hours, and it gradually and slowly grew less until now there is a place about the size of a pin head that is not quite healed but gradually closing up. Very truly yours, M. M. LILLIBRIDGE."

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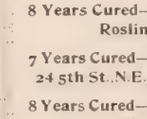
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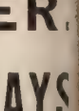
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies to Assemble at Washington, D. C., on July 8th.

SEC. J. W. BAER.

MRS. F. E. CLARK.

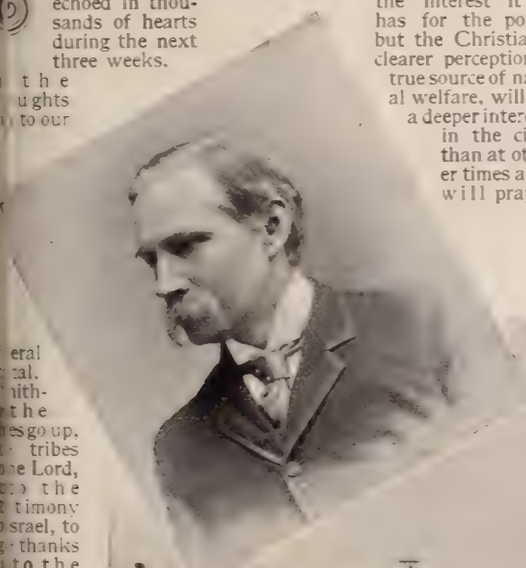
MISS A. P. JONES.

TREASURER SHAW.

THE prayer of the Psalmist for the capital city of his land will be echoed in thousands of hearts during the next three weeks. a the t ughts t to our f eral c tal. "nith- the es go up, t tribes o e Lord, t o the t timony o srael, to g thanks u to the n e of the L d." Fully eighty th sand p grims f m all p s of the l d and fr other l ds are e ected to re h Washi on, D. C y Wed- n ay, July 8th, to ta part in th great C istian E eavor C vention wch is to be eld in t t city th s year. E six days t s vast f of rep- e entative C stian m n and w en will be n con- fence, re- c nting th tri- u phs ac ved in th ause of C st and d ising new measures for extending his kingdom. For the time, Washington will lose the interest it usually has for the politicians; but the Christian, with a clearer perception of the true source of national welfare, will take a deeper interest in the city than at other times and will pray: "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, peace be within thee."

The interest in these assemblies increases from year to year, and the impetus they give to the religious life of the nation is felt in the remotest corner. The provisional programme that has been issued of this year's Convention shows the reason of this. A personal element runs through the whole arrangements. Individual consecration and personal devotion to Christ and his cause form the key-note of all the proceedings as they have been outlined. The first evening is to be one of prayer. In twenty churches of the city meetings are to be held, at which, after addresses on the "Deepening of the Spiritual Life," there is to be a "quiet hour" for personal communion with God and a renewal of the pledges of service. On Thursday morning, July 9, at ten o'clock the business of the Convention will begin. On White Lot, in the neighborhood of the Executive Mansion, there are three large tents, in which simultaneous meetings will be held. The tents are appropriately named, Tent Washington, Tent Williston, and Tent Endeavor. Portraits appear on this page of the three presiding officers: Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., President of the United Society, Postmaster-General Wilson, and Hon. John Wanamaker. Three large choirs, each of a thousand voices, will give musical welcome to the delegates. President Clark's annual address and Secretary Baer's report are to be read in each tent. In the afternoon there are to be Denominational Rallies in twenty-eight churches, each of a different denomination, and each to be addressed by pastors belonging to the denomination. These will show the diversity of the Christian Endeavor hosts as the tent meetings show their essential unity. They are twenty-eight strands of one mighty rope, which, like the three-fold cord of which the Royal Preacher wrote, "cannot be quickly broken." At night there are to be meetings in the tents and in five churches for the discussion of the duties of Christian citizens. Friday's proceedings are to open with prayer-meetings in thirty-three churches at 6.30 A. M. The Motto for the day is "Saved to Serve," and each meeting will present some practical application of the topic. Saturday's stirring Motto is

(Continued on page 200)



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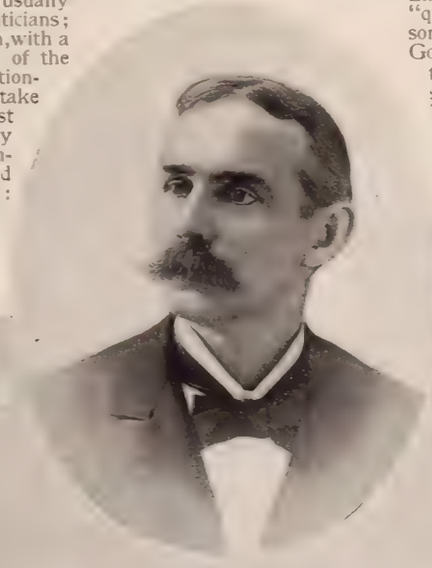


PRESIDENT F. E. CLARK.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER.

THE COMING CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON—PENNSYLVANIA AVE. LOOKING CAPITOL-WARD.

GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Matt. 10: 29, "*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.*"

YOU see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some Divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprey. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, will he not care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a Divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence, but cannot understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of the pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting him there to act out his stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under Divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough; but no more certain than he is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that he decides which road or street you shall [illegible] that God does not sit upon an indifferent [illegible] down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of import[illegible]

In the [illegible] pation for us. I am amazed to see how [illegible] the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other [illegible] time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason;" God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to attend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of regal dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jewelers and say, "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plough that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

I remark further that God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and he selected just that one house as better for you than any of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say. Proverbs 3: 33, "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

I remark further that God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certainly as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outposts of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends, warm- [illegible] friends; magnanimous friends; and when sickness comes to your dwelling, there will be watchers; when trouble comes to you heart, there will be sympathizers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh, we are compassed by a body-guard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends!

I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly, shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock-gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children.

My brethren, do not kick against the Divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will, Rom. 8: 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This band is rolling off this way, and another band another way; one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory!" Oh, no! all these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which he will advance your everlasting and present well-being.

Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage, are often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart, if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say, "O, Lord, I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into thy hands!" That is what religion is good for or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about: First, things that you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so desponding upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and, although your debtors may abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results.

Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteou[illegible] and at the end of the year you will just so many dollars and cents, ju[illegible] much wardrobe, just so much furni[illegible] just so many bonds and mortgages, [illegible] nothing more. I will give you one [illegible] dred dollars for every penny you ge[illegible] yond that. God has looked over [illegible] life. He knows what is best for you, [illegible] he is going to bless you in time, and [illegible] you for eternity; and he will do it in [illegible] best way. Your little child says, "F[illegible] I wish you would let me have that kn[illegible] "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife and [illegible] will cut yourself." He says, "I must [illegible] it." "But you cannot have it," you [illegible] ply. He gets angry and red in the [illegible] and says he will have it; but you sa[illegible] shall not have it. Are you not kin[illegible] keeping it from him? So God treats [illegible] children. I say, "I wish, Heavenly Fat[illegible] to get that." God says, "No, my chi[illegible] I say, "I must have it." God says, "[illegible] cannot have it." I get angry and say "[illegible] will have it." God says, "You shall [illegible] have it;" and I do not get it. Is he [illegible] kind and loving and the best of Fath[illegible] Do you tell me there is no rule and r[illegible] lation in these things? Tell that to [illegible] men who believe in no God and no B[illegible] Tell it not to me!

A man of large business concludes to [illegible] out of his store, leaving much of his [illegible] vestments in the business, and he say[illegible] his sons, "Now, I am going to leave [illegible] business in your hands. Perhaps I [illegible] come back in a little while, and perh[illegible] not. While I am gone you will pleas[illegible] look after affairs." After awhile the f[illegible] er comes back and finds everything [illegible] loose ends, and the whole business se[illegible] to be going wrong. He says, "I am g[illegible] to take possession of this business—[illegible] know I never fully surrendered it; [illegible] henceforth consider yourselves subor[illegible] ates." Is he not right in doing it? [illegible] saves the business. The Lord seems [illegible] let us go on in life, guided by our o[illegible] skill, and we make miserable work of [illegible] God comes down to our shop, or our st[illegible] and says, "Things are going wrong [illegible] come to take charge. I am Master, an[illegible] know what is best, and I proclaim [illegible] authority." We are merely subordinat[illegible] It is like a boy at school with a long s[illegible] that he cannot do. He has been work[illegible] at it for hours, making figures here [illegible] rubbing out figures there, and it is [illegible] mixed up; and the teacher, looking o[illegible] the boy's shoulder, knows that he can[illegible] get out of it, and, cleaning the slate sa[illegible] "Begin again." Just so God does to [illegible] Our affairs get into an inextricable ent[illegible] glement, and he rubs everything out a[illegible] says, "Begin again!" Is he not wise a[illegible] loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so lar[illegible] a difference between the divine and t[illegible] human estimate as to what is enough. [illegible] have heard of people striving for th[illegible] which is enough, but I never heard of a[illegible] one who had enough. What God c[illegible] enough for man, man calls too little. Wh[illegible] man calls enough, God says is too muc[illegible] The difference between a poor man and [illegible] rich man is only the difference in bank[illegible] The rich man puts his money in the Was[illegible] ington Bank or the Central Bank or t[illegible] Metropolitan Bank, or some other bank [illegible] that character, while the poor man com[illegible] up and makes his investments in the ban[illegible] of him who runs all the quarries, all th[illegible] mines, all the gold, all the earth, all hea[illegible] en. Do you think a man can fail when h[illegible] is backed up like that?

You may have seen a map on whic[illegible] is described, with red ink, the travel[illegible] of the children of Israel through th[illegible] desert to the Promised Land. You s[illegible] how they took this and that direction[illegible] crossed the river and went through th[illegible] sea. Do you know God has made a ma[illegible] of your life with paths leading up to thi[illegible] bitterness and that success, through thi[illegible] river and across that sea? but, blessed b[illegible] God, the path always comes out at th[illegible] Promised Land. Mark that! Mark that

I remark, again, that all those things

hat seem to be but accidents in our life are under the Divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say, "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under Divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with horror God met with perfect placidity, because he knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings.

Going up the White Mountains some years ago, I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains, I thought, Can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says, "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard about?"

"No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says, "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and, having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the Divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say, "Just and true are all thy ways." It is all right at the top. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you may be disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life.

One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West; all the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass-blade under your feet learn the lesson of Divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth, that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Blessed be his glorious name forever. Amen.

Where Missionaries Rest.

The Elim Home at Belle Island, Dedicated to the Service of Tired Christian Workers, by Rev. Wm. James.

SUMMER has come and with it the opening of the various homes for all classes and conditions of people. It is a privilege for the city missionary to be able to send some poor patient who has been struggling with pneumonia, in a room where the sun never shone, to a convalescent home where he will at least have a chance for his life, or, perhaps some poor little cripple, who, during the tardy Spring has been growing more white and pinched from day to day, to some breezy mountain home like lovely Mont-Lawn, where, from the broad piazzas, the child may enjoy the beauties of the landscape, with its poor twisted little limbs resting on the softest of cushions.

Homes for the working girls, homes for wandering girls, homes for babies, homes for mothers, fresh air parties for children of every size and description. And what a busy morning it is when fifty children must catch an early train, or boat! By five o'clock a. m. the missionary is out, scouring her district, prompting the tardy ones, providing a few garments for the most destitute, and, where a drunken mother, too thriftless to get the little ones ready, lies in bed, the missionary with her own hands must wash and comb the children, supplying substitutes when the necessary clothing has been pawned, buttoning the little shoes with one of her own hair-pins, assuring the mother that the children will be well cared for and can be sent for any moment, in case the mothers should want them, and even carrying the smaller ones down the dark stairway. Then the home-coming. In rapid succession, parties of children have to be met at the extreme points of Greater New York. Each little one has a story that must be listened to, and in most cases a bundle of treasures to show. These are carried in the skirt of the dress turned up to form a basket, and when a quantity of apples or other fruit, far beyond the child's strength, is added, it becomes rather a difficult bundle for the missionary to escort home.

When all the available children in her district have had an outing, and two or three weeks are granted to the missionary for a rest, where shall she go? Not one of all the Homes can open its doors to her. After diligent search, she finds that there is no such place as she dreams of, "where the weary may be at rest." At any seaside resort, board would cost from $10 to $30 a week. So the missionary sits down in her dingy little bed-room, and makes over some of her old dresses, and wishes it was time to go to work again, for even the street is preferable to her little room.

Is this a fancy picture? It is not, there are missionaries in New York City to-day who have labored on for years with a salary of $25 a month, and some there are who have had but $20 a month. Without any other income to meet expenses, they have had to pay lodging, board, and washing. How could they save up money for vacation? Under such conditions the weary workers plodded on without a ray of hope, but while they waited God was preparing a willing heart, that would devise liberal things. The Rev. Wm. James was led to bring all he had to the Lord and ask how he might open a Home for such workers. Step by step he was guided into all the "good works that God had before prepared that he should walk in them."

On last Decoration Day, a little company of consecrated workers met to dedicate "The Elim Home," for that is the name Mr. James has given to the beautiful sea-side villa which he has fitted up so pleasantly for a resting-place, for the tired Christian workers. The Elim Home is situated on Belle Island, a few minutes' walk or ride by the trolley-car, from South Norwalk, one hour's ride from the Grand Central Depot. It can also be reached by boat from New York City during the summer, an excursion trip costing only seventy cents. The view from the Home is unsurpassed. The Sound, which at this point spreads out into a broad, glittering sheet of water, some twelve miles in width, is studded with leafy islands, that are mirrored in the limpid waters until sea and sky and trees are so blended that they seem to be everywhere. Threading its way among the shining islands comes the endless procession of steam and sail. Hundreds of craft are always in sight, from the huge floating palaces of the Sound to the tiny, little, white-winged yachts. The lights of the passing vessels, as the night comes down, and the varied light-houses, each with its own distinctive character, add an irresistible charm, to the great, fragrant darkness, silent but for the soft music of the waves on the beach. "Beautiful for situation," the Elim Home is a model of comfort within. It was built a few years ago by a gentleman who intended it to accommodate large fishing parties during the summer, as this locality is the celebrated fishing ground of the Sound.

All The rooms are wide and airy, opening on broad piazzas covered with vines and shade trees. Here, reclining in an easy chair or a hammock, one can easily imagine oneself on the deck of an ocean steamer. The boat-house, nearby, has a number of boats large and small that all who come may enjoy the boating. Behind the house stretches a grassy slope and a circular, silvery bathing beach.

THE "ELIM HOME," OR MISSIONARIES' REST, AT BELLE ISLAND, N. Y.

On this broad beach, mid-way between the Elim Home and Roton Point, Mr. James intends to have Gospel services during the summer, with a view to reaching the thousands of pleasure-seekers who visit Roton Point. During the last of July, a ten-days' Convention will be held. It will be undenominational. The pastors and young people from the surrounding towns have promised their hearty cooperation. A Gospel tent will be spread, and men of God, mighty in the Scriptures, will speak the Word faithfully to all who may come. The tent was the gift of a devoted Christian woman, who has done more for Missions, home and foreign, than most other living persons, and yet so quietly has she worked that few, even of her nearest friends have the slightest idea of what she is accomplishing. Wherever she plants a Mission she supports it entirely, forbidding even her name to be mentioned in connection with it.

A number of guests are already at the Home, and Mrs. James is there, to welcome and entertain all who may come. Competent helpers provide for the wants of all visitors. Mr. James is at the Home four days in the week, the other three days he is engaged at the Five Points House of Industry, where for some years past, he has been Associate Superintendent and pastor. It was while working among these poor children that Mr. James became so deeply interested in City Missions. Becoming a member of the New York Rescue Band, and spending night after night with other workers in the Rescue Missions of lower New York, knowing the tension of heart and brain that is required to do such work in the best manner, there was no one better fitted than he to devise a resting-place for workers themselves. He is a man whom it is a privilege to know. Converted when a boy, and early called to the ministry, during thirty years of pastoral work he has been marvelously blessed and used of God. Every large dry goods house and many manufactories, accord to their employees a vacation, because they will be more valuable when they return. Will our churches and Mission boards be less wise? We have not grown any stronger and wiser since our Blessed Master advised his little staff of missionaries to "Come apart and rest awhile." Why not communicate at once with the Home, and let every worker have an outing, if only for one week? The complete cost is only five dollars a week, and if the worker cannot afford this, let the church take it up and if both are too poor, then send the worker, and God will provide means. Money has already been sent to Mr. James to open a fund for those who cannot pay. If any one feels led to do likewise, he or she can send to Rev. Wm. James, Box 61, Rowayton, Conn., or 155 Worth street, House of Industry, New York. Any gifts are publicly acknowledged, and will be faithfully used as God shall direct.

A Brave Hindoo Teacher.

In the *Woman's Missionary Friend* is told the story of Pundita Ramabai, a brave Christian woman of Poona, India. She recently left her native society because it repudiated her work, and she decided to go fearlessly to a public hall and deliver to them in Marati a short address on the moral and spiritual slavery of the Hindoos, frankly telling them it was no use to cry out for political privileges, so long as the misery of their own social system crushed their women to the earth. Then holding up her Marati Bible, she read from it the cause of their moral degradation, finishing by telling them she cared nothing for their threats to do her injury, that she was free because the truth, as found in the Bible, had made her free. Her audience, worked up to the highest state of excitement, listened to her to the end, after which she went out as did her Master of old, "passing through the midst of them," and went her way. Ramabai's school in Poona has come out of the fire of persecution with firmer foundation than ever. About three-fourths of her girls are Christians. Her influence in a very large section has been steadily increasing, and the latest episode will only serve to render her still more useful to the cause.

David, King of Judah.

Sunday School Lesson for July 5. II. Sam. 2: 1-11. Golden Text, II. Sam. 5: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SAMUEL, the prophet, had anointed David in the midst of his brethren to be king over his people Israel (I. Sam. 16: 1-13); but David had long to wait before the position of king was given to him in the presence of his people. All this long waiting time was an education for the son of Jesse; he learned through it the great truths which God teaches us through his Psalms: "None that wait on thee shall be ashamed," and "Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land" (Ps. 25: 3; 27: 9), and it became the habit of his life to wait on the Lord all the day (Ps. 25: 5). No one treated him as a king, the world knew Saul, God's rejected, as king; but David, God's anointed, was a fugitive. Thus are souls which God is preparing for future rule with him; they are called to exercise a kingly spirit in the midst of a world which knows them not, because it knew not Christ (I. John 3: 1).

How little we understand the ways of our God! We might have thought what a loss of time it was, when God had already chosen, singled out, and anointed David, that Saul should yet reign upon the throne of Israel as king after the Lord was departed from him! But all this time the people were making their experiences; they were learning what it was to have a king after their own heart, and they were being made ready, by their disappointment in Saul, to receive the king which was after God's heart. God hath "made all things beautiful in its time" (Eccl. 3: 11): the flower when it is opened; the fruit when it is ripe; the child in its childhood, all are beautiful

In Their Own Season.

David, God's chosen king, would not have been made such a blessing to Israel if he had come to the throne a little earlier. The people knew well that he was the anointed of the Lord, and they saw constantly before their eyes one who could wait God's time, one who had learned the great lesson not to retaliate, not to force things, not to assert his own rights, a man who thrice had within his power the very man, King Saul, who was occupying the place to which God had called him; and who had used every means in his power to take away David's life; and yet David would not stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed. Like Christ, the Son of David, he "committed his cause to him that judgeth righteously" (I. Peter 2: 23). When God himself had executed judgment upon Saul, it was David whose life he had sought, that wrote Saul's elegy, and who was, at heart, the chief mourner over him! There was every opportunity for the people to know what kind of king David would make, whether he would seek God's interests and the interests of the people or his own. There was

True Kingliness

in the way in which David had dealt with Saul, and it needed all the long discipline of those years of waiting that he might learn obedience to God by the things which he suffered as Jesus, David's Son, learned afterwards (Heb. 5: 8). And we who are made a kingdom of priests of God and of Christ (Rev. 1: 6, R. V.), have also our waiting time. All God's kings have to graduate in the school of patience and of submission; they have to learn to be little that God may show forth his greatness in them. They have to learn to obey, that, when their time to rule is come, they may let God rule through them and manifest himself, and not them. All our work for God is comparatively of little importance when compared to our education, which is in view of a future reign, on a vastly different scale from anything here on earth.

Saul was dead, and, by the will of God, David was Israel's rightful king. But should he do anything to assert himself, or to take the honor to which God had called him? David's lessons in waiting on the Lord had not been in vain: "David inquired of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah? And the Lord said unto him, Go up." And God's king knew now that God's time for him had come. But a direction in general is not enough for one who is wholly given up to God; he must know also every detail. And he asked again, "Whither shall I go up? And he said, Unto Hebron." And, therefore, David and all his family settled in Hebron. Blessed is the man who

Does not Choose

his own dwelling place, and who, when he makes any move, considers first, Where would God have me live? and not, Where would it be pleasant or convenient for me to live? Hebron was celebrated in history; the old and faithful Caleb, who had wandered with God's people forty-five years in the wilderness, and who had seen an unfaithful generation die in the wilderness, while his own vigor remained unabated, and his physical strength unimpaired. (Josh. 14: 11), had claimed Hebron for his inheritance, and had, at eighty-five years of age, driven out the giants, the sons of Anak, which had dwelt there. (Josh. 14: 10; 15: 13, 14.) And there in Hebron, without lifting sword or spear, but simply settling down in the midst of the tribe of Judah, to which he belonged, David was anointed king by the men of Judah over the house of Judah. It was a first step.

The first act of his reign was consistent with all that had gone before in his relation with Saul; and manifested a love to his enemy which is worthy of New Testament times. Hearing that the men of Jabesh Gilead had buried Saul, although that city was not included in the small kingdom which had owned him as king, yet he sent messengers to the inhabitants, saying, "Bessed be ye of the Lord, that ye have shewed this kindness unto your Lord, even unto Saul, and have buried him. And now the Lord shew kindness and truth unto you; and I also will requite you this kindness, because ye have done this thing. Now, therefore, let your hands be strong, and be ye valiant; for Saul, your lord, is dead, and also the house of Judah have anointed me king over them." Not a breath of retaliation, not a vestige of assumption, no trace of invidious comparison with Saul; David left his interests absolutely and entirely in the hands of God, and in true kingliness, dealt with others in complete independence of personal feeling. Such is the fruit of waiting upon the Lord!

But, having passed through his examination in God's school as to how he should represent his God in regard to his enemies, David had a much more difficult school to pass through in his relations with his friends and his adherents; and more especially with his nephew and general, Joab. Abner, Saul's general, had placed Ishbosheth, one of Saul's sons, upon the throne, and on his master's behalf, he disputed the claims of David. This finally brought about a state of warfare between Judah and Israel, in which Joab and Abner, the two opposed generals, played the prominent part: "David waxed stronger but the house of Saul weaker and weaker." (II. Sam. 3: 1.) But circumstances were constantly occurring which were not easy for David. Abner was a strong partisan of the house of Saul, but still a man who sought to prevent bloodshed when it was possible. He did what he could to save Asahel, the headstrong brother of Joab, and he it was who sought to put an end to the battle in which Asahel's death took place.

The strife of Abner and Joab did not bring about any definite result; God had another way. Ishbosheth reproached Abner unjustly regarding the woman, Rispah, and in his anger, Abner sent messengers to David making overtures regarding the kingdom. And David, who saw the hand of God in this thing, consented to Abner's propositions, on condition that Michal, Saul's daughter, whom he had married, and whom Saul had given to another, should be restored to him, and thus his honorable alliance with the house of Saul was re-established.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

HARDSHIP, privation and constant peril were the characteristics of the school through which David passed to the throne. Before he ruled his people, he had to learn what it was to suffer injustice, to be misrepresented and to be maligned. Some natures would have been soured by the experience, but David's strong manliness was invigorated by it and when most distressed, he drew closer to his God. With all his faults and all his sins, grievous as they were, there was an under-current of strong faith and reverence, which brought him back repenting to the right path, when his impulsive nature or strong temptation led him away from it. Six months ago, when our lessons on his life were interrupted, we left him consulting with his friend Jonathan and reaching the conclusion, in which Jonathan reluctantly concurred, that his life was no longer safe in Saul's court. He was in peril, not only during Saul's periodical fits of dementia, but in his sane moments. The king was jealous of him, and was convinced that David and not Jonathan would succeed him on the throne. Latterly, he seems to have thought that his own tenure of office was not secure and that David's popularity might so increase that he might be killed, or deposed, to make room for the young warrior. David must die, that was Saul's decision. It was dangerous to his own position to have the people applauding the young man, not only as a general, but as a man possessing that divine favor which had been publicly and formally withdrawn from himself. In Saul's distracted mind, the demon of envy had taken up its abode and would give him no rest while David lived.

David realizing the fact, left wife and home and the high position he had attained and fled for his life. During the next seven or eight years he was an exile and an outlaw. The historian tells many romantic adventures of this period. Hiding in caves and ravines and, when closely pressed, taking refuge in Moab, or among the Philistines, he lived the life of a hunted creature. In the meantime, Saul's misgovernment, his capricious tyranny and his mental incapacity caused popular discontent. David was not forgotten and his old comrades, persecuted for his sake, resorted to him. David found himself eventually at the head of an armed band of six hundred men. In the disorganized condition of the kingdom, he could employ them in protecting exposed positions from prowling bands of Philistines and from the nomadic tribes of the desert. That he lived by plundering these enemies of his people there can be no doubt, and the narrative makes no concealment of his prevarications and deceptions. For about a year he actually lived in a Philistine city formerly belonging to Israel, assigned to him by Achish, who supposed that David's raids were on Israel, while he was really raiding the Philistines and their allies. To prevent exposure of his deception he was driven to the cruel expedient of killing every man and woman who could acquaint Achish with the real facts. It was part of the conditions of the time, and while it is impossible to defend David's action, it would be unjust to judge him by modern standards. At last the time came when the Philistines resolved to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by Israel's distracted condition. Gathering their army, they marched northward and boldly invaded the land, intending, once for all, to crush Israel. If Saul could have had David's help then, Gilboa would have had a different ending. As it was, Israel was utterly defeated, and among the dead on the field were Saul and three of his sons. Broken and dispirited, helpless before the victorious Philistines, the hearts of the people turned to David. His own tribe of Judah took the initiative, and, disregarding the claims of Saul's surviving son, proclaimed David king.

David inquired of the Lord. Christian people sometimes forget to do this. An incident occurred a few weeks ago in New York, which shows how the habit of inquiring of the Lord may enter into daily life. A city-missionary was in need of the record of a certain incident of city life. It was needed immediately and very urgently. He remembered that he had seen it in a certain library and he went there to search for it. He described the incident and a search was made for him through catalogues and indices, but no trace of it could be found. The article might be in any one of a long array of volumes. There was no reason why it was likely to be in one more than another. It would take days to turn them over, page by page, and the missionary was told that without some clue it would be too much trouble to find the article. He admitted that he had no clue, but asked permission to make the search himself and it was granted. In a few minutes he had found the article. "How did you find it, when we, with the aid of our catalogues and indices, could not find it?" he was asked. "Oh, you know my way," he answered; "I asked the Lord to guide me and he answered, as he always does. In any difficulty or uncertainty I always ask counsel of the Lord. He keeps his promise: 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.'"

His two wives. The example of David, Jacob, and other good men, who were polygamists, is often quoted to justify polygamy. The argument is not quite fair. The important fact is overlooked that the practice was the fruitful source of trouble both to the man and his wives, and in the case of Jacob and David it caused lifelong misery. The argument from the instances of polygamy given in the Bible is that polygamy surely leads to sorrow. It is also apt to lead to crime as it did in David's case. A missionary reproving an Indian mother, who had killed her girl babies listened to this defence: "Why should I let them live? To be as miserable as we are? We work and slave and suffer for our husbands and when we grow old they bring a young wife into the home and we have to be her servants. I have suffered too much and have seen other women suffer too much to let my girls live. I killed them in their infancy."

They anointed David King. So they ratified the ceremony done by Samuel ten or twelve years before, by God's command. There was a great difference between the two occasions. At the first anointing David was a despised shepherd lad, but God saw his qualities and chose him for the throne. At the second anointing, David had proved his kingly capacity, and men recognized it. A story is told of a man wandering in South Africa who saw a child playing with a stone. He looked at it closely, and then asked the child's mother if he might have the pretty pebble. A present of a few coins and a piece of cloth was sufficient compensation, and he carried away the stone. He showed it to several persons who thought nothing of it. Finally he took it to Amsterdam to a lapidary there, by whom it was ground and polished. Then it was recognized as a diamond and was sold for a great price. God chooses his jewels in the rough. He knows their value before they are polished. Afterward men can see their beauty.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

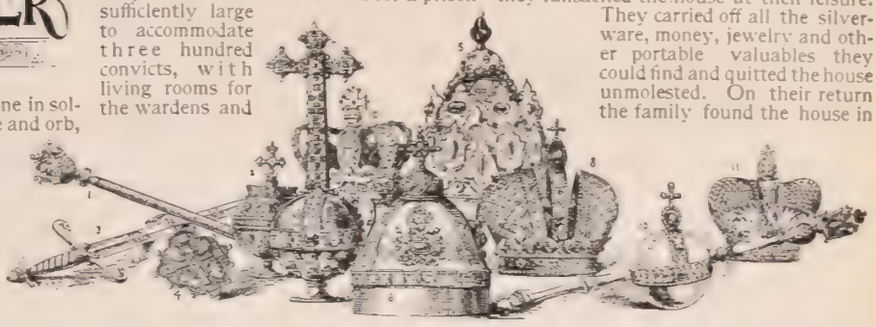
The Russian Pageant.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

THE press correspondents and the artists who attended the magnificent ceremony of the Coronation of the Czar at Moscow on May 26, have now supplemented the cable dispatches with fuller descriptions and with pictures. On this page is a reproduction of one of the most life-like sketches of the memorable scene of the Czar's procession to the Kremlin, where he formally assumed the crown and throne of his ancestors. The Petrovsky Palace, where he and the Czarina had been staying since their arrival from St. Petersburg on May 18, is outside the city. A salute of seventy guns from the guns of the grim fortress, announced the Czar's entry within the gates of the city. The procession was a marvel of barbaric splendor, representing Eastern and Western Muscovite dominion. A troop of cavalry led the way, followed by the Emperor's body-guard. Then escorted by Cossacks came the Khan of Khiva, the Emeer of Bokhara, and other tribes tributary to Russia. These, dressed in extraordinary robes, blazing with jewels, and mounted on magnificent steeds, looked picturesque in their Oriental grandeur. The next in line were the nobility of Russia, and then the carriages of the royal princes and dukes, who represented the monarchs of Europe. The representatives of the Imperial household followed, and then came the centre of interest — the Emperor himself, mounted on a white Arab steed, and clad in the uniform of his favorite regiment. Immediately following, were two sumptuously gilded carriages, in the first of which rode the Czar's widowed mother, wearing the ancient diamond crown that had been placed on her brows at a similar ceremony, thirteen years ago. In the second carriage was the Czarina, as yet uncrowned. At the City gate the procession was met by the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, who gave him formal welcome to the city in ancient fashion, by offering bread and salt to the young Emperor. Vast crowds filled the streets, occupying every point of vantage, some of the people having come the night before to secure good places, and had stood there all night. Cheers rent the air as the procession passed and entered the sacred gate of the Kremlin. The ceremony of the coronation was in accord with the ancient custom. The regalia had been brought under military escort from St. Petersburg to the ancient capital several days previously. A picture of the various emblems appears on this page; and a description of them was given in this journal on May 13. The only difference between this ceremony and that of the coronation of 1883 was that in this, three thrones were placed on the platform facing the altar, the third being occupied by the Emperor's mother. The Emperor received the crown from the officiating priest, and placed it on his own head, and having seated himself on the throne in solemn state and received the sceptre and orb, he laid them aside and standing up, proceeded to crown the Czarina, touching her head for a moment with his own crown, and then placing upon it her own crown. The solemn anointing with the Holy Chrism, emblematic of the anointing of the Holy Spirit, was then performed, the Emperor being anointed on forehead, eyes, nostrils, ears, lips and breast, the Empress on the forehead only. It may be hoped that the young man will not be deceived by the homage and these imposing ceremonies. The crown, sceptre, sword, orb, and imperial mantle with which he was invested, are only the symbols of his august station. For the faithful performance of his duties, for which he, like the humblest of his subjects, must give account, he will need other equipment, and this is provided for him as for every man who will seek it.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of righteousness. . . . Above all taking the shield of faith. . . . and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, etc. (Eph. 6: 13-17).

THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE KREMLIN.



THE REGALIA USED AT THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

IMPERIAL CROWN.
10. ORB FOR CZARINA.
11. DIAMOND CROWN.
12. CROWN OF POLAND.

A Child's Testimony.

A correspondent of the *Washington Star* thus described an incident he witnessed in that city: "In a herdic the other day a manly little fellow got up from his seat by the door and moved down to the other end, to make place for a one-legged old gentlemen, whose crutch would have made havoc of the dainty dresses. 'Thank you, my son,' said the old fellow. 'You have a good mother.' 'Best ever was,' was the smiling response of the little fellow as he raised his hat. That was a boy in a thousand, and his stockings were darned at the knee, and the hem let out of his short knee pants, so that riches had nothing to do with it. One must think sometimes, when riding in public conveyances, that 'good mothers' are a scarce article, or 'better boys,' boys with improved manners, would be more frequently met with." Christians, too, sometimes forget that the world may form its estimate of their Lord by their conduct.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. (Matt. 5: 16.)

Convicts Building a Prison.

Press dispatches from Montana describe the arrangements that have been made for the erection of a new States Prison at Deer Lodge. There is a penitentiary already there, but a new prison is needed, and it is proposed for convenience sake to have it in the neighborhood of the penitentiary. Plans have been drawn for a prison sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred convicts, with living rooms for the wardens and their families and other officers, a chapel, and the usual accommodations of a prison. The Montana people, however, have, it appears, encountered a difficulty common to many public bodies as well as private persons. Though the prison is needed, the funds in the State Treasury are low. It has, therefore, been decided to utilize convict labor on the structure. The prison consequently will be built by men, many of whom will be incarcerated under its roof. There is a grim irony about this arrangement which is almost ludicrous, but, doubtless, the convicts will be compelled to do the labor. It is one of the penalties of wrongdoing that the wrongdoer, if convicted, loses the right to choose his own occupation. Those who pity them may take warning of an analogous fate. It is easily possible to acquire an evil habit, or drift into an evil association that may become a bondage as much to be dreaded as a prison. There is little to choose between the man who builds a prison for himself and the man who forges a chain for his own wearing.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. (John 8: 34.)

Thieves in Disguise.

A bold attempt at robbery was committed in New York a few days ago. The house of a wealthy citizen was left in charge of a servant, an honest German girl whose character is irreproachable. The family had gone to a picnic and were expected home in the evening. Soon after noon two men rang the bell and the servant went to the door. They had a bag of tools and some gas-pipe with them and told her they had come to fix the meter. Suspecting nothing wrong, the girl admitted them and conducted them to the cellar where the meter is. There they showed their true character. Seizing the girl they forced a gag into her mouth and bound her hand and foot to one of the pillars which run from the foundation to the ceiling of the cellar. Leaving the poor girl there, they ransacked the house at their leisure. They carried off all the silverware, money, jewelry and other portable valuables they could find and quitted the house unmolested. On their return the family found the house in confusion and their faithful servant locked in the cellar, bleeding from nose and mouth and almost unconscious from fright and nervous shock. They do not blame her for their loss, as the men told so plausible a story which almost any servant would credit. The incident, however, will put other servants on their guard and prevent the trick being played elsewhere. It may also serve to put young people on their guard against a spiritual danger. They may never be bound and gagged by men who profess to have come to give more light to their house, but they may be made captives by Satan who often promises, as he promised Eve, spiritual and mental illumination.

Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. (II. Cor. 11: 14.)

Telephone Ear.

A Chicago journal has been investigating the affection known as "telephone ear," and getting the opinions of physicians who have made a special study of diseases of the ear. In giving its readers the result of its study, it says that the use of the telephone four or five times a day will produce in a short time a very decided difference in the power of hearing between the right ear and the left. The telephone, arranged as it is with the receiver at the left hand, cannot easily be used in any other way than that of applying the receiver to the left ear. "You press the black muzzle of the receiver close to the ear, the speech of your correspondent agitates the diaphragm at his end of the line, and the waves of air gently strike upon the drum of your ear, and what one of the aurists of Chicago calls massage, takes place. Your ear is subjected to the same kneading process that is so beneficial when wisely applied to the flesh and muscles. Its effect is an increase in the sense of hearing in that ear." The same principle applies to spiritual hearing. Those who listen to the still, small voice of divine guidance, find their ears become sensitive, and they get further directions.

Unto you that hear shall more be given. (Mark 4: 24.)

Swept Over Niagara.

A press dispatch from Niagara Falls reports that on June 8 there was a sad fatality there. While one of the vistors was standing on Luna Island, at the brink of the Cave of the Winds, his hat blew off, and, in making a sudden attempt to catch it, the man lost his footing on the slimy rocks, slipped into the water, and in an instant was swept over the falls before the eyes of the spectators. The fatal movement was doubtless wholly involuntary. No man, if he gave a second to thinking, would imperil his life for a hat. Unhappily, there are, however, many who are guilty of worse folly in risking eternal life in a frantic effort to make a large fortune.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. (Mark 8: 36.)

The Gospel in the Far East.

How Christ's Kingdom is Growing in Korea and Japan — Two Faithful Missionaries send Bright and Encouraging Letters.

Sowing Seed in Japan.

ONE of the most indefatigable workers in the mission field in Japan is Rev. J. W. Wadman, whose labors are known to thousands of God's people in our own land. He sends us this letter, full of information and encouragement, concerning the progress of the Gospel in that distant country:

TOKIO, May 17.

Your kind favor reached Tokio while I was away on an evangelistic tour in the country, and since my return, so many pressing matters have occupied my attention that I have not had the time which I wished to have in order to reply to your letter. I want to thank you with all my heart for your kind words about my work, and above all, for the timely gift. Rest assured it will be expended in the Lord's work, and I shall use my best judgment to have it applied in keeping with what I understand is the spirit which prompts the gift.

DISPENSARY AND GATEWAY OF THE SI PYUNG WON HOSPITAL, SEOUL.

And now let me outline a work which the Lord has laid upon my heart within the past few months. Ginza (Silver Place), is the principal business street of this great city of Tokio. It is our busiest thoroughfare, and it is largely made up of business houses of New Japan. For the most part these shops are owned and controlled by active, pushing, intelligent young men who have caught the spirit of the new life all about us, and who are pursuing Western methods of business and enterprise. Within the past two years, as head of the Methodist Publishing House, situated right on the Ginza, I have come in contact with scores of these young men, not only in a business way, but being also Superintendent of the English Night School and Gospel Society on the Y. M. C. A. plan, I have had opportunity of meeting a large number of these bright young men, teaching a little English occasionally, meeting them at our religious services, etc., etc. I have kept a record of their names and addresses, and as often as I can, drop into their stores and have a chat. They are always glad to see me and never too busy to converse. The Japanese are naturally the pleasantest people in the world to meet socially—when you come to know them and to speak their language. Now my plan—or rather the plan which I firmly believe the Lord has laid upon my heart—is to put into the hands of all these scores of young men, say two thousand, at least, a copy of the New Testament in Japanese, inscribing their name and, if desired, the name of the donor, with any words of exhortation one might wish. Do you not think this would be a noble work to carry out for Jesus? Surely his richest blessing would rest upon an effort of this kind, scattering the seed of his precious Gospel among the future commercial men of this [illegible] take the time and trouble (and this I intend to do), to interview each of these [illegible] and make the presentation in a kindly [illegible] and perhaps a tract, great good would be the result.

There are scores who would prize it as a precious treasure. It would take a year or more, for a work of this kind must not be done [illegible]. Of this there is no doubt. Unite your prayers with mine that it may.

In view of this plan of work, therefore, I shall proceed to spend this money which you enclose as the first expenditure in this direction, and shall trust the Lord to send me more help. It will surely come. In a day or so I will purchase 100 Japanese Testaments, inscribed within: "Presented by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York," and at once slowly and prayerfully begin this blessed work. I am sure you will be pleased with such a plan, and this expenditure will best suit the notion of those who contributed this money.

I wanted to say that these young men are for the most part without any religion whatever. Their minds are largely divested of prejudice to Christianity and they are really in a most receptive state. The old people of Japan are difficult to reach. The student classes are also difficult; but these young pushing business men are more inclined to Christianity (if they understood it) than any other class, and hence they are extremely hopeful. Let me cite an instance: A few weeks ago we were having special mission services in our Ginza church in the upstairs of which our Y. M. C. A. night-school is held. [illegible] was over, and on the way to the service below, I met a young man standing near the stair-case evidently waiting to say his pleasant "good evening" to his *sensei* (teacher). Putting my hand gently on his arm I said: "Mr. Kamiya, please come with me to the service to-night." "Yes, sir; I will go." So we went down together. As the service proceeded, an invitation was given to any who wish to become Christians to come forward and be prayed for. Some few started to the front. Turning to Mr. Kamiya, I ventured to ask him to join them who were seeking Jesus. He hesitated, but only for a moment, then arose and we walked up to the inquiry seats together. Then we conversed and prayed, perhaps an hour or so—together, when at last my young friend declared that light and peace had entered his heart and he sang the praises of God. After the meeting closed, the Japanese pastor said to her, "Do you know whom you have led to Christ to-night?" I replied that I knew the young man only by name. "Well," said he, "that youth is the eldest son of an alderman and belongs to a very fine and wealthy family. If he withstands the opposition of his home, he will become a power for God."

I was deeply impressed and continued to pray very earnestly for this young man, for I well knew some of the trials he would be called upon to encounter in the flush and joy of his new faith. The next day I called at his home, but he was absent. The next evening he was in his English class as usual, and after school closed I found him waiting in the same place where he was standing a few nights before. As soon as I spoke to him, tears filled his eyes, he grasped me by the hand and whispered, "Thank God." I knew by this that some victory had been won, and so I led him into an empty classroom when he told me all about it. It appeared that his father was at first very angry and threatened to disinherit and disown him, but gradually his indignation cooled and anger abated, until that evening just before he started for his school, the old gentleman had retreated from his stern attitude and said that since his boy had taken such a stand he hoped that he would keep it and make the life of a Christian honorable. What a victory! What power there is in prayer! Since that, young Kamiya, who is unusually intelligent, has decided to enter our theological school and devote his life to preaching the Gospel, the father consenting to pay all his expenses. Indeed, we have reason (I have become quite well acquainted with him) to believe that he and the whole house will shortly embrace Christ. There is no happier youth in Tokio to-day than this same Kamiya Keinosuke. Yours very sincerely,

JNO. W. WADMAN.

PATIENTS AND ATTENDANTS AT THE SI PYUNG WON HOSPITAL, SEOUL, KOREA.

The prayers of the readers of this journal [illegible] for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it, and that the circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Souls Won in Korea.

MANY of our readers w[illegible] took a deep spiritual [illegible] terest in the mission[illegible] work of the late Dr. H[illegible] in Korea, will be plea[illegible] to hear how the w[illegible] begun by that devo[illegible] laborer and his ass[illegible] ates is now progressing. The follow[illegible] letter comes from one of the medical m[illegible] sionaries of the General Hospital in c[illegible] nection with the Korean Mission of the [illegible] E. Church at the capital:

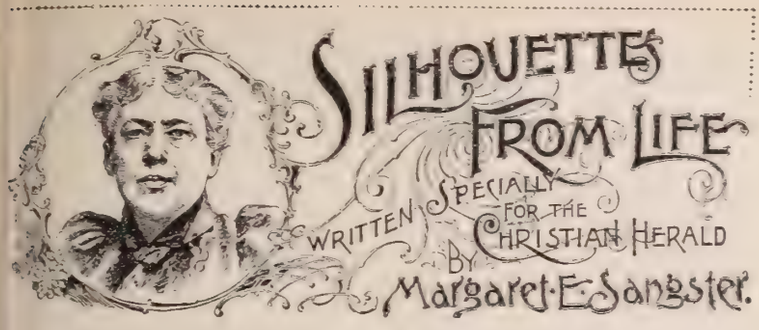
SEOUL, May 17, 1896

The $20 which THE CHRISTIAN HERA[illegible] forwarded to me to be used in the hospi[illegible] work was received just at a time when [illegible] were in need of funds for the support [illegible] several men who were injured in the d[illegible] turbances in the interior and who h[illegible] come to us for aid. The funds will be e[illegible] pended in giving relief to these wound[illegible] men, several of whom already have e[illegible] pressed their gratitude for the aid giv[illegible] them. One man who had received a gu[illegible] shot wound of the arm travelled 300 *li*, [illegible] about 100 miles, to the Si Pyung Won f[illegible] surgical aid, and I was glad to take him [illegible] and care for him.

A short time since, while there was [illegible] much disturbance in the interior, a[illegible] bands of armed robbers perpetrated ou[illegible] rages on the poor villagers, quite a nu[illegible] ber were attacked, some of whom receiv[illegible] severe gun-shot wounds. Several of the[illegible] have been in the hospital under treatmen[illegible] One man who suffered from a gun-sh[illegible] wound in the leg during the fight at Na[illegible] Han, about thirty miles from the city, [illegible] with us still. These gun-shot cases a[illegible] with us generally a month or more, ar[illegible] we have excellent opportunities of tellin[illegible] them of Christ and pointing them to th[illegible] Great Physician. One little boy who w[illegible] attacked by a robber a short distance fro[illegible] Seoul, his load of wood which he w[illegible] bringing to the city stolen, and himse[illegible] receiving a deep wound of the neck an[illegible] hand, was brought to the hospital by [illegible] sympathizing friend who found him. Th[illegible] day after admittance he had a high feve[illegible] and we were afraid serious results woul[illegible] follow, but with careful treatment he re[illegible] covered, and yesterday he was discharge[illegible] Best of all he took away a knowledg[illegible] of the truth as it is in Jesus, and, a[illegible] though such a young heart, God will bles[illegible] the seed. His father and mother visite[illegible] him several times while he was in th[illegible] hospital, and expressed great wonder a[illegible] the kindness shown by the missionarie[illegible] and the excellent accommodations.

Mission work is very promising at pres[illegible] ent in Korea. The openings are more than[illegible] can be filled by the present force of work[illegible] ers. Funds alone are lacking, but as it is[illegible] God's work the money will also come in[illegible] his good time. We must toil on, do what[illegible] we can, and thank God that we have the[illegible] privilege of laboring in such a promising[illegible] field. I enclose two pictures, one is a group[illegible] of hospital patients and their attendants.[illegible] The picture was taken in front of the sur[illegible] gical ward. This forms one wing of the[illegible] hospital and is all we have at present. The[illegible] doctor in charge is in the back group standing[illegible] with a sun hat in his hand. The gentleman sitting in front of the hospital doctor is Dr. Folwell, the new doctor appointed to Pyeng Yang. He is now at his station following the work which was so successfully commenced by Dr. W. J. Hall. The other is a picture taken from the front of the hospital compound, and represents in front the dispensary building and hospital gate, and in the background the surgical ward of the hospital. The dispensary door, as shown in the picture, is daily thrown open and before the doctor attends to their physical ills, a hymn is sung, and the doctor in charge or the hospital evangelist tells the people who gather from the street and the patients who have gathered in the waiting-room about their spiritual needs. This work to some may seem scattering and the people go back to their country homes and perhaps are never heard of again, but is it ours to say what the results will be? Has not the Master told us to preach? Oh, that the power from on high may descend upon the doctor in charge, the assistants and patients who gather in the Si Pyung Won, and that not only a great deal of suffering may be relieved but that many souls may be gathered in. Yours very sincerely,

JOHN B. BUSTEED.



The Crocus Bed.

"LAST fall," said Beatrice Irving, looking wistfully out of the window, across the small back garden, where the snow still lay, a white blanket over the sodden ground, though winter was on the wane, ve planted bulbs in that bed near the nce. Isadore and I broke our backs over all one day, but we've had such a chil- winter, so much storm, and rain, and eet, I'm afraid they will never come up."

"Why, sister!" interrupted Isadore in r cheerful chirrupy way, as she pinned dress-stuff to the lining, and gave a ll here and a pat there, "why sister, w you talk! Our flow- s always came up, same those of other folks."

"Oh! I don't know as ey do," said Beatrice arily, putting her hand ainst her side, and flush- g a little. "Seems as if ere never would be any ck again in this world me. I'm clear down d discouraged, and I ish I was dead, I do!"

A big tear rolled down r cheek, but before it uld fall on the white tin bridal gown she was itching, Miss Isadore ught the sheeny fabric vay, and held it at arms ngth.

"Beatrice Irving," said y Aunt Lucy, who had en reading by the win- w, while Isadore fitted v new gown. "You are ckered out completely, d that's all that ails u. Now, put on your gawl and bonnet, or stay, y niece will lend you r sealskin cloak, for it very cool to-day, and u jump right into my eigh, and I'll take you r a spin. Here, Emily," d Aunt Lucy, who was a ompt and peremptory little lady, turned me, "you sit down and toast your toes d read, or rest, till we get back. Beatrice ust have an airing, and the world'll look ighter in her eyes."

When the two had gone, with a merry ngling of bells, and a farewell laugh from unt Lucy, Isadore turned her grateful ce to me.

"That was good in you, Aunt," she id. "Not every lady would be so sweet d so thoughtful, I am worried on Bee's count, Miss Emily. She's sort o' pin- ng her faith to them crocuses." I may bserve that Miss Isadore was not an ed- cated woman, though 'the salt of the rth,' "and she thinks if they come up in e spring, Harry Jenks 'll come back, and they don't she's main sure she'll never e Harry in this life again. She's got it to her head, and she dreams about it ghts, and you can see she's all run down. 'orkin' on Kitty Cameron's wedding- wn 's been the last straw, and she's ar used up. I wish she had never seen arry, that's what I wish."

"But my dear Isadore," I said, "you ust not speak so of your sister's sweet- eart. I have great faith in his honor. ou know he was in my Sunday School ass. I know Harry is to be trusted."

"Then why doesn't he write, and why dn't he send Bee even a Christmas-card, a valentine, and how is it, his own lks ain't heard a word from him in two three months? No, I think in that great icked town of New York, Harry's fallen in love with another girl."

"Well, Isadore, I don't, and I don't believe Beatrice has that idea either. But this notion of hers about the crocus bed is silly. Of course they'll come up, when the spring sunshine coaxes them into the light."

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow over the pleasant places.
The same dear things lift up the same sweet faces.

I quoted, and Isadore smiled.

"I'm going to New York next week," I said after a pause, "and I'll look Harry Jenkins up for Beatrice, and let her know all about it."

And then I said no more, for the bells were jingling gaily at the door, and presently her pallor changed to pink, and her eyes quite bright, in ran Beatrice, looking like a picture in my sealskin, and as sweet as a girl could be. The air and my sensible Aunt Lucy's conversation had helped her, and she took Kitty's wedding gown in hand again quite cheerfully.

We went our ways, and in the course of a fortnight I packed my trunk and came to New York. After a few days of visiting and sight-seeing, I bethought me of the lad who belonged to my home up country, and to the girl he had left behind him, and I took a seat one morning in a Columbus Avenue car and went whirling round the curves, and tearing round the corners, away and away till I found myself far down town among tall warehouses and dingy edifices, quite different from the gala streets where fair ladies go shopping, and the windows are a wonder to see, with the rich stuffs and mingling colors and the jewels and laces, and everything splendid that money can buy.

Well, I discovered the place where Harry Jenkins had worked, and stepping into the elevator, I was borne up, up, up, a crazy height, and the elevator went at a dizzy rate, and I got to the room and asked for him.

"Hurt? you say he was hurt?" I asked of a grizzled and tired-looking elderly man who left a desk and came forward, seeing a bewildered young woman looking about her, in an unfamiliar spot.

"Yes, Harry Jenkins was hurt a week or two before Christmas; a cable car knocked him over, and he had concussion of the brain, and his knee is injured. You'll find him at the Presbyterian Hospital; he's doing well now, but he's had a close shave. Death and he ran a pretty near race of it for one while. Good-bye. Strange, nobody wrote to his people, but we didn't know them, and he's not been in a condition to inquire, and anyhow, it was nobody's business."

I went flying to the hospital, and fortunately struck a visiting day. Was this Harry Jenkins, white-faced, shaven, thin, but with the honest brow, and the plucky mouth, and the candid eye I knew. Of course it was, and I cried over him, and gave him all the home news.

"Tell my mother I'm all right," said the brave fellow, "though she knows it now, for one of the nurses has written for me, and tell Bee Irving, please, that I'll be at home with her again when the crocus bed is in bloom; I'll be at home all summer; I won't be able to work in this city for ages.

"And, Miss Emily, I want you to know that I haven't worried. God's been good enough to let me see I needn't. He's bringing everything out right. He can do it somehow.".

I wrote to Beatrice that evening. I did not preach to her, but I did preach to myself a little. For, who does not worry, wondering why this happens, and that is allowed; troubling his heart with doubts and fears. Often there seems good cause, but when you think of it, there never is, for the Lord's care is always over us, and even in times of accident, illness, poverty and danger, that care does not fail.

Harry Jenkins and the crocus bed together convinced Beatrice that she had been faithless in her fretting, and when later, the Hosfords came from the city and needed a gardener and chose Harry, and he and the little dressmaker were married and went to live in the lodge at the Hosford's gate, her last doubts vanished. For,

It may not be thy way:
It may not be thy way:
But yet in his own way
The Lord will provide.

That hymn comes in pat in a good many tight places.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE REVOLT IN CRETE — VIEW NEAR CANEA, THE "WHITE MOUNTAINS" IN THE DISTANCE

The Peace He Gives.

WHAT is the peace that Jesus had
He said, "My peace I give," and then
Went out to bear from cruel men
The scourge, the buffeting, the cross,
To bear the world's great load of sin.
And had he peace? Yes, peace within.

This is the peace that Jesus had:
A peace that gave him power to bear
The dreadful cross and all the woes
Inflicted by his cruel foes.
Without a murmur, but his prayer
Was made for those who placed him there.

This is the peace that Jesus gives:
A peace that helps us follow him
And suffer, and yet feel within
A calmness that the world knows not,
He does not give an easy lot,
But peace within, sweet peace within.

The Rising in Crete.

A Movement for Securing the Island's Independence of Turkish Dominion.

MANY recent events have been regarded by experienced observers as omens of the coming downfall of the Moslem power in Europe. The latest occurrence was the revolt in the island of Crete in the Mediterranean. For some time past the arrogance of the Turkish authorities and the Moslem threats to deal with the Cretan population as they had dealt with the Armenians, have served to keep the island in a ferment. A strong Reform Committee was organized among the native population, and it formulated demands which included the economic independence of the island, and the appointment of a Governor of their own choosing, to supersede Ferik Abdullah, recently appointed by the Porte. Athens was said to be the centre of a strong Cretan revolutionary movement of which four Cretan patriots were the military leaders. It was rumored that England was favorable to the revolutionary movement and that the Greek government would afford every facility to the patriots. Meanwhile, the Sultan's government, pursuing its usual tactics, arrested a number of supposed Cretan sympathizers in Constantinople. Orders were promptly given by the Ministry of War for the transportation of thirty-eight battalions of troops from Smyrna, Beyrout and Salonica to Crete for the suppression of the impending revolt, which thus far had not assumed very formidable proportions. A Greek vessel carrying munitions of war to Canea, on the island, was seized by the Turks. Several encounters took place between insurgent bands and the imperial troops, but the casualties were insignificant. The Turks, however, made even these small incidents the provocation for marauding and they pillaged and burned twenty hamlets in the interior of the island.

On the 8th inst. the Turkish troops occupied the principal military positions and controlled the roads, making it quite certain that any attempt at a popular rising would be quickly subdued. At the present writing, the trouble seems to be at an end, temporarily at least, though there is little doubt that Crete will sooner or later be prepared to strike a blow for independence.

The Sin of Laziness.

Concerning the widespread evil of laziness among those who might reasonably be expected to be active in the Christian life, a writer in the *Indian Witness* has this to say: That this universal unwillingness to expend life's fuel in work of any kind prevents many persons from meeting their religious obligations ought to excite no surprise. And we must not make the mistake of concluding that because laziness often trips us up, that therefore our feet are not in the right way. Laziness sometimes keeps men from praying who take more delight in prayer than in anything else. Laziness sometimes keeps men from reading the Bible who love that Book above all others. Laziness is a clog to many feet that are disposed to be swift for Jesus. Laziness often closes a mouth that would rather speak for Christ than for anyone else or for anything else. Laziness in some degree is a part of the garb we wear: it is one of the limitations of our being: it is one of the disabilities inseparable from the present life.

If it is asked, "What are we to do about it?" the answer is, do not let it control you, do not let it prevent you from doing or becoming just what you feel and know you ought to be; but on the other hand, do not write yourself down traitor to any good cause because sometimes you feel the hand of laziness upon you.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A Lost Season.

WE had no Spring this year. We jumped from Winter into Summer. The train of the seasons seems to be off the track. There is some doubt as to where April and May went. We have had all the people out looking for the two lost children. The crocuses and violets knew not what to do with themselves, and lost their way. The buds were mocked of the weather. We skipped the Spring. The bridge over which we passed had a snow-bank for pier at one end and a June rose for pier at the other end. We are quite sure, however, that the seasons are rightly driven, and that it is a great impertinence on our part to think that we could command the weather more wisely. But we are this season reminded of that large class of young persons among us who seem to be skipping the Spring. We have but few boys and girls now. Society tries hard to usher our young people from babyhood into manhood or womanhood without any halt between. We talk about manly boys and womanly girls, when we should not have anything of the kind, but only boyish boys and girlish girls. There is between infancy and mature life a season of frisk and frolic and glee and romp that ought not to be interfered with. There ought to be a good long period of roundabouts and short dresses. But the fashions are more and more changing, until now the boys of eight have stove-pipe hats, and the girls have all the flounces and frizzes and shirrs of womanhood. So they skip the Spring. The blossoms and flowers and buds are frosted. The children spring from March into June. Now we are certain that society will never improve on the old-fashioned boy and girl. Our children need a number of years shut from the frivolities and demands of society—years sacred to ball and bat and hoop and kite and marbles and boisterous fun. While the natural order of the seasons seems broken up, do not let society compel our young people to skip the Spring.

Religious Twaddle.

NO [illegible] of the Christian [illegible] the [illegible] ness and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but [illegible] It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and [illegible] nurse to pour out with steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waistband, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still.

Church Quarrels.

WE see an account of a clergyman severely chastised by his congregation and another minister who proposed to take the pulpit. The discomfited clergyman was flung down the pulpit stairs while the other minister was ascending the opposite side. This scene was rather lively for a church, and we protest against it. But while reading it, we thought whether or not there was any more sin in such a bellicose encounter than in many of the church quarrels of the day. How often elders and deacons look daggers at each other, if they positively do not wield them. How often people would hurl a minister down the stairs, if it would not read badly in the newspapers. How murderously Mary Jane looks across the church at Elizabeth Ann. What violent antipathy going down from generation to generation between the two leading families of the congregation. The minister which one family likes the other despises; and the sons and daughters take up the ecclesiastical grudge when their fathers and mothers yield it with their last mortuary struggle. Would it not be better for the two families to appoint each a champion, and let them go out on the village green, and in physical encounter, settle the disputation? Indeed we prefer to this greater evil of life-long embitterment the lesser evil of the aforesaid pulpit tussle. A disease that comes to eruption is better than that which lingers in the blood and kills the patient.

Present Opportunity.

YOUR Christian father and mother, who have been holding beneficent influences over you, do you not realize they are going away from you? Do you not notice that they do not get over sickness as soon as they used to? Are you not aware of the fact that they do not get over a cold as quickly as once? The fact is that they have made more prayers for you than they will ever make again. They have passed the last mile-stone on the road home, and if you are going to get any benefit from them, get it now, or get it never. Some of you do not know what it is to stand and look down upon the still and rigid features of a Christian father or a Christian mother. I do. In five minutes you will think of all the unkind words you ever said to them. You may cover up the coffin with wreathes, and crosses, and crowns; but you cannot make anything attractive out of it. It is trouble, and nothing but trouble, for those who sit and sigh with the consciousness that those dear lips will never pray for you again, and those lips will never sympathize with you again. When you stoop down and kiss for the last time the wrinkled brow just before the lid is screwed on, you will think of what I tell you now. O, if father and mother be still alive with their Christian influences, cherish them while you may. Take their example. Be profited by their prayers. They are ripe for heaven and cannot stay.

* * *

The first notable engagement of the new Anglo-Egyptian campaign against the dervishes, took place recently at a place known as Firket, near the Nile, and resulted in the rout of the dervish force which was superior in point of numbers. This Egyptian battlefield is shown in the illustration on the opposite page, which is taken from a photograph. After the first [illegible] the dervishes gave way, the Egyptian cavalry pursued them, killing large numbers and taking many prisoners. As the fugitives fled toward Suarda their pursuers followed and found that place—which had been lately the Khalifa's largest camp—deserted. This victory leaves the whole of the Nile valley, north of Suarda, in the hands of the Egyptians.

A Priceless Souvenir, Free!

ALTHOUGH you may never visit the Holy Land, such are the wondrous facilities at our disposal to-day that we can bring Palestine almost to our very doors. When the Palmers and Pilgrims of old journeyed to the land of the Saviour's birth, they themselves were almost worshipped on their return, and any memento they brought—such as a flower, a scrap of soil, or even a stone—was an object of deepest veneration to multitudes. Those times have long passed away, but to-day the soil, the hills and vales, the rocks, the flowers, and even the ruins of Palestine, are still very dear to true believers throughout the world.

Remembering this, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has secured, exclusively for its own readers and their immediate friends, a fragrant and precious souvenir of Palestine, which will be warmly appreciated. Amid the multitude of flowers that deck the Judean hillsides at this season, there is none so rare nor so highly valued as "the Lily of the Field." More than any other blossom, it gives color and variety to the landscape. Its deep tint enriches the floral carpet of the plain and brightens the waving flower-robes of the hills. Splendid, almost regal, in its dyes of bright carnation, leaves of poppy-red and stamens of black, it stands out boldly among all the others, and challenges the attention and admiration of the beholder. Studying these peculiarities, one ceases to wonder that "The Lily of the Field" should hold such a prominent place in the Sacred Writings, and that the wisest of men, King Solomon, should have conferred upon it most significant honors in connection with the building of the Temple, as the only flower that was chosen to serve as a model for King Hiram's "skilled workers" in the decorations. On the brazen pillars themselves and upon the chapiters, there was carved "lily work" of most marvelous beauty and delicacy and the brim of the molten sea "was wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies." And the Saviour, in recognition of the royalty of this peerless flower, contrasts its incomparable hues and textures with the coarse and showy tinsel of Israel's king, when he said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" (Matt. 6: 28, 29). We can picture in imagination Jesus, as he spoke these words, sitting by the lakeside in Galilee, and holding up to the gaze of his disciples a single royal-robed lily of Palestine, plucked from fields where its purple progeny still delight the eye and charm the sense of the beholder

Summer comes early in Palestine, and for several months, Rev. H. B. Greene, who returned to the Holy Land especially for this work, has been busily gathering these royal flowers, and preserving, pressing and packing them for shipment to New York. On arrival, each full and perfect flower has been artistically mounted, none that has suffered in transmission in the slightest particular, being used. The color, texture, and form of the flower, the spread of the purple leaves, and even the delicate foliage of the stalk, have been admirably preserved. It is our purpose to present one of these mounts, each bearing a perfect specimen of "The Lily of the Field," absolutely free, to each and every subscriber who will send us the names and mail addresses of **twenty-five friends** or acquaintances, who are not at the present time subscribers or readers of this journal, and no two of whom are members of the same family or household. These names should be plainly written and mailed to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, as soon as possible, and a "Lily of the Field" will be promptly forwarded. In this manner, without any outlay whatever, our readers can secure a Souvenir that could not be bought or procured, except at fabulous cost, and which, by reason of its intrinsic beauty and sacred associations, will afford them the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Every mount will be sent under cover, all charges prepaid, to any address desired.

BRIEF NOTES.

We Invite Special Attention to the [illegible] *Souvenir Offer to all* our readers on the preceding column. Every one should make an effort to secure one of these *beautiful "Lilies of the Field"* by complying with the simple conditions of the offer.

Four Slaving Vessels have been Captured by the English war ship, *Barrossa*, off the East Coast of Africa, and the parties responsible for their operations are in prison.

Baron Edmond Rothschild has Established another Jewish colony in Palestine, this time in Galilee. It consists of three thousand acres, and is intended to serve as an agricultural experiment.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society has succeeded in reducing its debt from $153,000 to $51,700. The Society held its seventieth anniversary at New Haven, Conn., recently. Its income last year was $788,818.

The International Good Citizens' League invites persons in sympathy with its object of purifying politics, abitration, and alleviation of suffering to attend its first annual Convention in Washington, D. C., on July 9.

Maine has Lost a Veteran Congregationalist minister in the death of Rev. P. B. Thayer of Garland. He was born in 1816, and was the oldest minister of any denomination in the State. He settled in Garland in 1847.

Rev. S. V. Robinson who has been Associated with Dr. A. C. Dixon's work in Brooklyn, has been holding services in Baptist Churches in New Jersey. He is now able to take engagements as evangelist or temporary supply during the summer months.

Mrs. Ballington Booth Held a Service in Sing Sing Prison on June 14. The convicts listened attentively to her presentation of the Gospel, and in response to her earnest appeals more than thirty declared their purpose in Christ's strength to live a new life.

The School for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., has leased a large building in its neighborhood for a ladies' home, where students can room during their course. An effort will be made to raise funds to purchase the building if it is found desirable.

Rev. Mr. Lichfield, Now of Wynberg, Near Cape Town, speaking at a recent convention, referring to Uganda, where he had labored under the Church Missionary Society, said that the native Christians were now sending out missionaries to their neighboring tribes.

A Census of Church Attendance taken in Toronto on the first Sunday in May, showed the worshippers at the morning service and 63,830 at the evening service, a total of 123,991. The population of Toronto is 200,000. The Methodists lead with an attendance of 36,655.

Delegates to the Jubilee Meetings of the Evangelical Alliance to be held in London, beginning June 29, to the number of four hundred have intimated their intention to be present, including representatives from every European country, from the United States, Canada, Australia, India, China, Persia, Egypt, and Palestine.

The Leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, whose condemnation to death was recently commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, have been released on parole. They were required to pay a fine of $125,000 each and give a pledge not to interfere in politics, or to be banished from the Transvaal for life.

The Bible School at Chautauqua, July 11 to August 21, will include among its subjects: Hebrew History: The Times of the Christ: Studies in the Earlier Prophets, and the Hebrew Psalter. The teachers will be Prof. Edward L. Curtis and F. K. Sanders of Yale; Profs. Shailer Matthews and W. R. Harper of Chicago.

Texas Correspondents of the *Congregationalist* report that Evangelist C. W. Byron has just closed a series of meetings with the First Church at Paris. There were over forty conversions, and Christians were greatly blessed. Mr. Byrom proceeds from Paris to Dallas to hold services with the Grand Avenue Branch. The meetings are held in a tent accommodating 1500 persons.

The News from King Khama's Country has been received of a drought and an insect plague which have destroyed vegetation, a rinderpest which has destroyed the cattle and made rich men suddenly poor. Trade is at a stand still, because there is no locomotion. Such calamities coming so soon after the king's decided stand for Christianity, were the faith of the Christians severely. English Christians are raising a fund to aid the people.

Delegates and visitors to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, D. C., will be glad to learn that the managers of the Central Union Mission at 622 Louisiana avenue, the model mission of the country, have arranged to furnish board and lodging to a number of guests at from one dollar to a dollar and a half a day. Rooms may be engaged by writing the Mission. The Mission has now a fine commodious building in convenient proximity to the Convention, and its guests will have an opportunity of studying its methods during their stay.

Mr. D. L. Moody has Arranged for a School of Systematic Bible Study for the summer months in connection with the Northfield Institutions. The Bible is to be the only text book and the subjects will include, The Pentateuch, The Person and Work of Christ, The Kingdom, Inspiration, Justification and Sanctification. The teachers will be, besides Mr. Moody; Prof. Howard Osgood; Prof. R. A. Torrey, Revs. F. B. Meyer, W. J. Erdman, George C. Needham, and C. I. Scofield. Applications for admission should be made to Rev. C. I. Scofield, East Northfield, Mass.

News of a Wicked Plot Against Missionaries in China comes from Tokio, to which place it appears to have been sent from the scene of the disturbance. It is that a Chinese physician charged the missionaries at Kiang Yin with having killed two Chinese children and buried them in their yard. A crowd collected, and the doctor being challenged to prove his charge, dug into a heap of shavings and rubbish in the yard and unearthed the body of a child that had been dead about twenty days. There is no doubt that the doctor had placed the body there himself, but the crowd became infuriated and destroyed the mission. Friendly natives helped the missionaries to escape from the maddened throng so, providentially, no lives were lost.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Every reader of this journal should examine the Free Souvenir Offer on page 480. These beautiful "Lilies of the Field" are *for all*, and may be secured by any reader who sends twenty-five names and addresses to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in accordance with the instructions.

Subscriber, Greenville, Tenn. Have Christians any reason for expecting such a baptism of the Holy Spirit as the apostles had at Pentecost? May they hope to attain sinless perfection by a new and gradual growth in grace?

The descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was for a special purpose. It was to endue them with special miraculous powers especially with the gift of speaking in languages previously unknown to them. Their exceptional circumstances required exceptional gifts. We do not think that Christians have any ground for expecting such gifts. At the same time, we think God does endow his servants with the powers they need for the work to which he calls them and many have been conscious, in preaching, and teaching of divine help in a remarkable way. The sinless perfection you speak of is an ideal toward which every man should strive. We infer from some of your remarks, however, that you regard it as a condition in which vigilance may be relaxed, when temptations cannot overcome you and when you cannot sin. You will never attain such a condition. Do not be deceived. There is need of watchfulness to the last. While man is in this world he will be exposed to temptation and is liable to sin.

"Querist," Berlin, Canada. The reason given by Luke for Christ speaking the Parable of the Pounds is "because he was nigh to Jerusalem." Luke 19: 11). What had that to do with it?

The next clause of the verse tells you. The disciples expected that when he reached Jerusalem he would declare himself King and claim the throne of David. He wished to disabuse their minds of these thoughts and to turn them to practical duties. The Parable was intended to prepare them for his rejection and death and also to afford them hope of reward for faithful, intelligent service at his return.

J. Graham, Lincoln, Neb. What is the creed of the Abyssinian Church?

Prof. Loofs, a distinguished authority, in a recent article in the *Christliche Welt*, of Leipsic, says that with the exception of a small percentage of Mohammedans and Falashas (Jews), the Abyssinians are all Christians. Gerhardt Rohlfs, the famous traveler, estimates that the number of Abyssinians is not less than 1,500,000. They are ecclesiastically ruled by an *Abuna* or bishop who must always be a Copt, and whose power is superior even to that of the king. The *Abuna* resides at Gondar, the capital. Next come the archpriests, sub-presbyters, deacons and sub-deacons. There is a monkish order, at whose head is the *Etsheghe*, and the manager of the church's property is an official known as the *Nebreid*, who has representatives in every church. The priests hear confession and grant absolution. There are probably 12,000 priests and monks, in all, who live on the common people. In one northern monastery there are over 2,000 monks, and a single village church has twenty priests. The service is liturgical and in its leading features approaches more nearly to that of the Greek Church than any other.

F. M., Rudley, Cal. Do you think it wrong or a [illegible] Gospel Temperance services Sunday evenings, under the auspices of the W.C.T.U.?

Decidedly not; you could hardly be better employed.

Raymond Hines, Washington, D. C. 1. Is lying or unskilled dissimulation common to savage peoples? Is it practised almost exclusively among our so-called civilized peoples? 2. Is it a justifiable practice under any circumstances.

It is claimed by travelers that certain uncivilized tribes in Africa and elsewhere, when they first formed the acquaintance of the whites, had no word in their own language to express a lie. Whether or not they were absolutely truthful under all circumstances is extremely doubtful. Among the aboriginal Zulus, truthfulness was a strong characteristic. The Ceylonese Veddahs are even yet said to be "proverbially truthful," and so also are the natives of Java who have not mingled with foreigners. But the lie, as is shown by some of the oldest records extant—the sacred books of India and Persia, the Zoroastrian and Egyptian theologies, the ancient writings of Greece—is doubtless known and recognized in every land under the sun. Unfortunately the complex life of civilization and its many vices have been the cause of increasing the tendency to dissimulation. 2. No, not even under the old, time-worn plea of necessity. A lie has no legitimate place in the universe, for it is in direct opposition to God, who is truth itself and who cannot lie. Therefore to lie, even in the slightest degree and under the most extreme provocation is to desert the side of truth and to oppose God, in whose image we are made and to whom we should strive to conform. It should not be forgotten, however, that there are often occasions when silence would serve us even better than words, and where the truth may well await a fitting opportunity for expression. But even in such cases, we must be careful that our silence does not produce an impression that would be the equivalent, in its effects, of a lie actually uttered.

C. S. M., Hazleton, Pa. What is the meaning of the [illegible] Hezekiah [illegible] around." What does the word "Salem" mean? Who were the daughters? Where and when did they weep?

"Salem" (from "Shalem," peaceful), is an archaic form of the name Jerusalem, and is sometimes used by writers when referring to that city. The leading Jewish commentators unite in this identification and the same name is applied to the holy city in Psalm 76: 2. The hymn refers to the scene at the Crucifixion where the daughters of Jerusalem or Salem who had followed Christ to Calvary, witnessed the last act of the Divine Tragedy. (See Matt. 27: 55, 56; Mark 15: 40; Luke 23: 27, 28).

FIRKET, ON THE RIVER NILE

Scene of the Recent Defeat of the Dervishes by the Anglo-Egyptian Troops. See opposite page.

Subscriber, Providence, R. I. I observed lately a statement published in the New York *Sun*, from a correspondent, that "Cain married his sister Ripha. It also, on the authority of Duprion's [illegible] tom said that this was the tradition of the Jews in his time. Other traditions, equally as good, make him the husband of his sister Calmana, Azrun, or Climia. Eve gave birth to twins every year for thirty years, always a boy and a girl. Cain and Abel, according to Jewish tradition, quarrelled over their wives, Cain desiring to have Abel's twin sister Deborah, Owain or Lebuda, instead of his own twin Calmana, Azrun, or Climia. Another tradition makes them quarrel over the division of the earth; and still another over the spelling of a word in the Pentateuch." This has [illegible] controversy, and not being able to arrive at any satisfactory decision in regard to it, I write and ask you to kindly explain through your valuable columns.

Such a statement needs no explanation. The *Sun's* correspondent has simply drawn upon some of the numerous myths that are still preserved in the East, regarding our first parents and their offspring and the beginnings of mundane things. Such legends are mainly referable to the early monkish and rabbinical writers, whose credulity and inventiveness, in their treatment of Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syrian and Egyptian legendary lore, were about equal. Although the church swept aside as apocryphal a great mass of literature of this description, some of the legends and traditions have been perpetuated even to this day. Every traveler in the East knows that the natives have a legendary or traditional, and partly or wholly mythical history for everything, and sometimes more than one. So with Cain's wife, who, Epiphanius says, was named Save, while Malalus, another writer, calls her Azura, and the Arabs give her still a different name. Buttman, Eisenmenger, Hottinger, and other writers give about all the mythology of the matter, including the various Eastern traditionary fictions about Cain and Abel's twin sisters, Cain's temptation by the devil, who showed him how to commit murder, and a variety of similar stories—the whole being as fantastic and unreal as any of the myths of Greece and Rome.

Faithful Reader, Portsmouth, O., writes: Will you please some time give the readers of your valuable paper a sermon for young men who are traveling with the many circuses that cross the country? None but those who have friends who are obliged to support themselves in that manner know what temptations they meet with. Many of them are sons of Christian mothers. They are too often forgotten and looked upon as lost.

Bereaved Mother, Lewiston, Me. Is there any Scriptural ground for hoping that I shall know my dear boy, eighteen years old, who is gone to heaven, when we meet?

David seems to have thought there was ground for such a hope and to have derived comfort from it. He said of his dead child, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me." (II. Samuel 12: 22). The Parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16: 23), appears to afford another reason for the hope. Of course allowance must be made for the intimation being in a Parable, which may not necessarily be true in all its details, but we cannot conceive of Christ misrepresenting the facts. He certainly represented Dives as knowing Lazarus. A third reason is the fact that Paul expected to know and be known of his converts "in the presence of our Lord Jesus." (I. Thess. 2: 19.)

L. A. Essler, Concord, N. H. What is the meaning of the word "Sheol?"

It means "the place of departed spirits," or "the state of the dead," and is derived from a verb which signifies to ask, conveying the idea of something which is never satisfied. The phrase, "The insatiable grave," conveys the same idea.

A. H., Berne, Ind. As Jacob is spoken of with great honor in the Bible I should like to know whether his conduct in forcing Esau to sell his birthright and his deception of his father were approved of God. Did he do right? Were there any exceptional circumstances justifying him?

His conduct is nowhere approved in the Bible. In fact it was most unjustifiable. The Bible does not conceal the faults or wrongdoing of good men. It tells the story of David's awful crimes without reserve. Jacob's wrongdoing led to his banishment from home, and separation from his mother between whom and himself there appears to have been a very tender affection. He suffered retribution too in being tricked by Laban and in the terrible anxiety he suffered later on, when he heard that his brother was coming to meet him with four hundred men; and still later when his own sons deceived him about Joseph. The whole story of his life shows that he was continually learning by hard experience the evil of his early vices of duplicity and hard bargaining.

Rufus Smith, Maryville, Mo.: [illegible] ligion give unto all who possess it, all the excitement they want? 2. Is there any recreation or amusement equal to that enjoyed by the Christian?

1. Excitement in the worldly sense, the Christian does not want; he would not exchange "the peace that passeth understanding" for all the world's distracting pleasures; yet he finds in the new life, a constant and unfailing source of interest. 2. Every aspect of life has a new meaning to him, and the way is opened to joys he never dreamed of before. His social life and surroundings, too, are more enjoyable, and he finds that no legitimate avenue of amusement is closed to him. He is debarred from nothing except that which is a detriment to spiritual growth and for such amusements or recreations he has no taste. It is a great mistake to imagine that the Christian life is necessarily dull. On the contrary, it has every reason and every facility for brightness.

H. C. N. Are visitors allowed at Mont-Lawn at the Children's Home? Also, if they can go and return on the *Chrystenah* or is that boat just used by the Home? I have a great many "Little Gleaners" [illegible] to send to the Home if they would be acceptable.

Yes, visitors are welcome. You can go there either by the S. S. *Chrystenah*, or by Northern R. R. of New Jersey, taking stage from Nyack. Our little guests at the Children's Home are as a rule plentifully supplied with reading matter. What is needed is wearing apparel suitable for boys or girls between six and ten years.

W. A. B., Bynums, Ala. Is it not reasonable to believe that one's capacity who has spent his life in the service of humanity and God, is further developed to enjoy more the pleasures of heaven than one who barely is saved?

Undoubtedly. Just as there are degrees of fidelity and service, so there are degrees of capacity for enjoying the felicities of heaven. (See Matt. 25: 20 to 26; I. Cor. 15: 41, 48, 49; Ps. 62: 12).

If the writer of a letter signed "One of the Sorrowing Mothers," will send us her name and address, we will send her a sermon which Dr. Talmage preached a few years ago on the subject she mentions. He holds the same views now as he held when he preached the sermon.

W. J. G., Mount Forest, Ont. What [illegible] the China Inland Mission belong to?

It is inter-denominational. Some of the missionaries are Episcopalians, others Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, &c. They work together harmoniously, because their supreme object is to preach Christ to the heathen.

E. M. R., Amphion, Tex. Can you give me the exact date of our Saviour's birth and death?

No, they cannot be ascertained beyond doubt. Prof. Samuel J. Andrews has made an exhaustive study of the subject, and in his *Life of Our Lord*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, you will find his reasons for arriving at his conclusions. He believes that the evidence preponderates in favor of December in the year of B. C. 5 for Christ's birth, and with still better reason that he was crucified on April 7, A.D. 30.

Reader, Vancouver, B. C. I have been impressed for some time past, that I ought to follow a certain course, the wisdom of which I have doubted, but still the question forces itself upon me. Would you take it as Divine guidance when any question continually comes before you and you are impressed that you ought to do it?

Not necessarily so. There are so many things that might combine to give you the impression spoken of. You may have in your secret heart a longing to do a thing which it would be altogether wrong to do. The better way is to pray over the matter and wait patiently for the unmistakable opportunity which will surely come if the course be divinely directed.

Christian, Lemon, Pa. Don't you think it would be [illegible] States at least if not all over the world—could unite in a week of praise to God? I do not mean to have any special meetings, but just in their own homes and where business calls them, to praise his name and not murmur or utter any complaints. Don't you think it would be a good way to commence a season of revivals?

It would indeed be a grand thing if the whole Christian world could unite in a week of general Thanksgiving instead of a comparatively small portion of it, as now, devoting a single day to that object.

Miss L. A. Taylor, Meriden, Ct. It means "city of peace."——C. F. W. P., St. Louis. Consult a physician. Such matters call for the judgment of a specialist.——Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont. Send it to him, care of Biglow & Main, Ninth St., New York.——Interested Reader, Hokah, Minn. It is wrong [illegible] way whatsoever.——Subscriber, Marshall, Mich. 1. Any sinner, who repents and comes to Christ will find a forgiveness as free as that accorded to the penitent thief? 2. Certainly, he can. No matter what a person's past life may have been, he or she becomes a new creature after conversion.——Mrs. G. M. L., Bunkerhill, O. We have laid your statement [illegible] Inquirer, Dayton, O. The address of our Children's Home is Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Family and Home Circle

Market Day in the Soudan.

How the Natives do their Trading—Honesty and Fair-dealing the Rule.

ALTHOUGH the Soudan is one of the most important and extensive tracts of African territory, comparatively little is known concerning it, either by Europeans or Americans. Its climate, for the most part, is inhospitable and deadly to the white traveler, and its peoples—for there are several nations, comprising many millions in all in the Soudan—are either Mohammedan or heathen. Biladesdan ("the country of the blacks") stretches from the Senegal river to Abyssinia, but only a very small part of it has ever been privileged to hear the blessed Gospel. Of the Christian missionaries who have penetrated there, with the message of love, a goodly proportion have sealed their devotion with their lives—victims of the climate.

There are, however, some sections of the Soudan to which the white man has brought something of civilization and progress. This is true of the French Soudan. On this page, we give a photographic illustration, showing a phase of commercial life among the people of the French Soudan that is most interesting. It is market day, and the native ruralists have come to town to dispose of their produce. They are not slow to cry their wares—which may consist of bananas, cassava, plantains, durrah, etc., which they exchange for cotton, game, iron utensils or cooking pots. At such markets may be found a great variety of products, cereal and otherwise. Nearly all transactions are in barter. A white visitor to such a market is at once struck [illegible] and the fine athletic figures of the men. They are remarkably honest in all their [illegible]

A VILLAGE MARKET SCENE IN THE FRENCH SOUDAN, WEST AFRICA.

It has been frequently stated, without reservation, that Africa is unfit for the habitation of white people. This, however, has been contradicted, in part at least. The personal experience of many missionaries, traders, and others has demonstrated that there are many sections of the "Dark Continent," where the European or American may live in comparative health and comfort to a good old age. Abyssinia, Mashonaland, part of Nyassa[illegible] and the Soudan are not now regarded as insalubrious. In Adamawa—back of the Cameroons—the land is said to be high and rolling and extremely healthful. In the fertile valleys, banana, maize, cotton, plantains, indigo, and durrah are extensively cultivated, and there are good markets. Yola, the Fullah capital, is finely situated at the foot of Mount Atlantika. Horses and cattle thrive in Adamawa. The Fullahs (so-called because of their comparatively fair skin, of light copper or bronze hue), are spread over a district embracing four great provinces or divisions, occupying a natural basin between the Niger and Bornu. All the land is rich in agricultural products, and nearly every variety of grain known in Africa is successfully cultivated. Originally from Senegambia, the Fullahs have multiplied remarkably in their present location and have become one of the most powerful, intelligent, and widespread of all the peoples of the Central Soudan and its neighborhood. There are in the four provinces between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 souls, and some of their towns have a population of ten thousand.

Travelers who have penetrated to the far interior of the Soudan, tell of great populations, considerable cities and a degree of commercial activity. Probably the most wonderful country is that around Lake Tchad, long regarded as mysterious, if not mythical, where native empires have risen and passed away, and races have come to power and dominion, only to be subjugated in their turn and superseded by others—all these changes being unknown to the outer world. The rapid march of civilization, the progress of railroad building, and the struggle for colonial expansion will ultimately result in opening up this tropical wonderland to the world and in bringing its vast variety of products, its peculiar industries and its people into contact with the younger and more vigorous races of the earth.

Beautiful Armenian Women.

Doubtless the most graceful and distinguished women in Armenia are those of Akhaltzikh. Their dress is the most elegant and the most original. The materials employed, although sombre in shade, are woven and dyed by them, so that they are found nowhere else. The ungainly Turkish trowsers have disappeared; a skirt well fitting, a bodice open on the [illegible] fastened with a narrow girdle of silk, compose the costume. But the dressing of the hair, the richness and good taste of the jewels, enhance, in the most harmonious manner, the beauty of the women of Akhaltzikh. The festive headgear, composed of a diadem of golden coins, from which hang down along the temples and even to the breast, pendants of beautiful pearls terminated in ancient pieces of money, is most becoming, especially when a veil of Indian or Persian muslin is thrown over it. It can be said of them in general that they are very active housewives. Their skilful fingers are ready at every industry. According to her social position, the Armenian woman spins and weaves wool and cotton, with which she makes the clothing for the family. It is she who, receiving from her ancestors the art of making these beautiful carpets, the secret of such designs and of such shades, hands them down in her turn to her children.

How two little Twins were Rescued.

A missionary, writing from China, tells the interesting story of how two little orphan girls were saved from a cruel death. A Bible-woman met a man carrying them in a basket, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, "Bury them." So she begged he would give them to her, and he was quite willing and they were brought to the Missionary Home. All the children there are girls whom their parents did not want, and would have got rid of in some way. It is dreadfully sad that the Chinese think so little of the baby girls. It is not so bad in every part of China, but in the Foo-chow district they throw any number of children into the river every year.

A Pretty Swiss Home Custom.

In a letter from a lady who was spending the season among the Tyrolean peasants, a very pretty custom is mentioned. On the morning after her arrival she was "awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the rooms adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolks, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in ever far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned. 'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked the landlord. 'Ach, nein!' he said. 'We don't make such a pother about young people. 'Tis grandmother's birthday."

Little Builders.

YOU are little builders,
Working every day,
Brick by brick, brick by brick
Of character you lay;
Every word you utter,
Everything you do,
Renders the foundation
Either false or true.

Here a brick of honor,
There a brick of truth,
While the work's progressing
Childhood turns to youth,
As the walls are rising,
See that they are plumb,
Strongly put together,
For the time to come.

Then by their own merits,
They must stand or fall,
For the Master-builder
Justice metes to all.
Building for the present,
For the future, too,
Character that some day
God himself shall view.

Cuban Hospitality.

THERE is no more courteous pe[illegible] on earth than the Cubans. E[illegible] the peasants are polite and w[illegible] bred. People a valley with half a d[illegible] half-naked children [illegible] poorly dressed [illegible] hard-worl[illegible] woman, an[illegible] man in pa[illegible] loons and sh[illegible] with a *mac*[illegible] lashed to [illegible] side and sp[illegible] on his cow-s[illegible] shoes, and [illegible] have a pictu[illegible] the mass of [illegible] ban peasa[illegible] and their hon[illegible] says a writer[illegible] *Travel*. Yet t[illegible] this man [illegible] will receive [illegible] most courte[illegible] treatment, if [illegible] take shelter [illegible] der his roof f[illegible] an impend[illegible] shower, or d[illegible] in any way [illegible] his hospital[illegible] There is a [illegible] markable gr[illegible] in his manne[illegible] and there [illegible] nothing in [illegible] bearing of [illegible] awkward ba[illegible] fulness and [illegible] sequiousness [illegible] generally ass[illegible] ates with [illegible] class. His [illegible] liteness nev[illegible] deserts him. He salutes the compa[illegible] on entering and leaving a house, tal[illegible] off his hat with a "Good morning" "God be with you" as he passes [illegible] in the fields. It would be an unpardo[illegible] ble breach of good manners in a Creole eat or drink without first offering to ea[illegible] one about him. The Creole is not o[illegible] graceful in his manner, but forcible in [illegible] expressions. While talking, his wh[illegible] frame is in movement, and one ignorant Spanish could almost guess the dritt[illegible] conversation by the pantomime. The i[illegible] morality of the clergy in Cuba is appallin[illegible] Left in gross ignorance and superstitio[illegible] there is perhaps much wanting to ma[illegible] the Cuban peasant admirable, but he [illegible] indeed a very lovable fellow. The ma[illegible] ners of a Creole girl are also remarkab[illegible] Whether bred in the thatched cottage [illegible] the poor montero, or in the stately ma[illegible] sion of the wealthy planter, she intuitive[illegible] acquires all the graces of a well-bred lad[illegible]

For Our Children's Home.

The following contributions have be[illegible] received in aid of the Fresh-Air work [illegible] Mont-Lawn, which re-opened last week

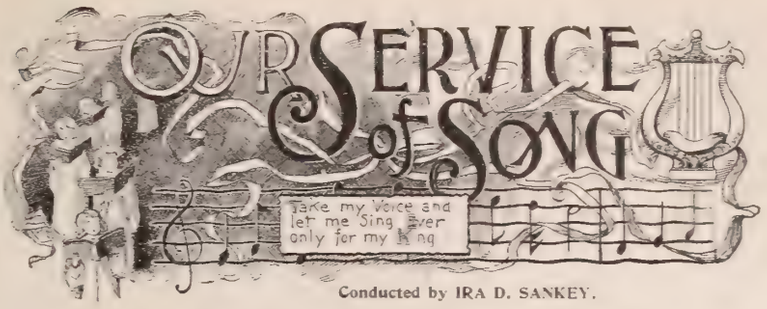
Previously acknowledged	$221.[illegible]
Mrs. E. J. Vawter	3
W. K. Desh	5
C. J. H., Minneapolis	3
Mrs. G. Van Zandt	[illegible]
Miss Lizzie Johnson	[illegible]
F. H. Mulford	9
Anonymous Reader, Vehland	[illegible]
A Child of God, Hanover	[illegible]
In Christ, Oldridge	[illegible]
Total to date	$251 5

Our Debt to Our Country.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 5. Psalm 122: 1-9.

PATRIOTISM as a debt and as a duty has a claim on every one. There are crises in which it it is recognized in that light, and when the response is general, as in our war, or when the land is menaced by a foreign enemy. Then there is no difficulty in finding men who love their country so well that they are willing to die for it. No one knows, until the crisis comes, how many such men there are. There was no greater surprise, in our time of trouble, than that with which many saw men quit their business and their families and endure the hardships of the march and the peril of the battle-field. Under both flags there were men who had made no noisy demonstrations of patriotism, and who before the war seemed engrossed in their own affairs, yet who could not bear to remain at home when their country was in peril. With the fullest allowance for the influence of mixed motives, there must have been a large number in both armies who would not have been there but for their love of their native land and their sense of their duty as citizens. Still more deeply would the patriotic spirit be stirred if a foreign enemy assailed us. Then the latent fires would spring into flame, and it would be seen how deeply men loved their country.

There are, however, other ways in which patriotism may be manifested besides that of fighting. It is not in the last extreme peril, only, that our country has need of the love of her children. In time of peace, we owe her duties which no true patriot can ignore. She has foes which do not come against her with panoply of war, inside foes, which would undermine her strength and degrade and debase her. As a father has sometimes had to say of his son or his daughter, "I would rather have followed my child to the grave than witnessed this shame," so patriots would feel about their native land if it became vile and corrupt. A worse evil than subjugation by a foreign foe, would it be that Satan should rule in the forces of evil should dominate our people. We owe to our country therefore, to our country the by every means in our power we should strive to save her from such a fate. To every generation in its turn the welfare of the nation is committed as a sacred trust. Education, law, order, liberty, religion have come down to us from our fathers: it is our duty to hand them intact to our sons, with the adaptation to the new circumstances which later experience has indicated. All that we inherited is entailed. It is ours to use, to improve and to transmit, but never to impair. Besides this, we owe our country the light of a beneficent life. If the religion of Christ means anything to us, it is a protest against the canker of selfishness. If we are followers of Him who laid down his life for the world, we shall not live for ourselves. A nation of individuals intent only on money-getting, who know no Gospel but the gospel of getting-on, who have no concern for the poor, no higher aim in life than the acquisition of riches, and who think lightly of the "righteousness which exalteth a nation," must inevitably become sordid and perish. Against this spirit every Christian should be a living protest. It is the evil that in this generation we have most to dread. The life of a man consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth.

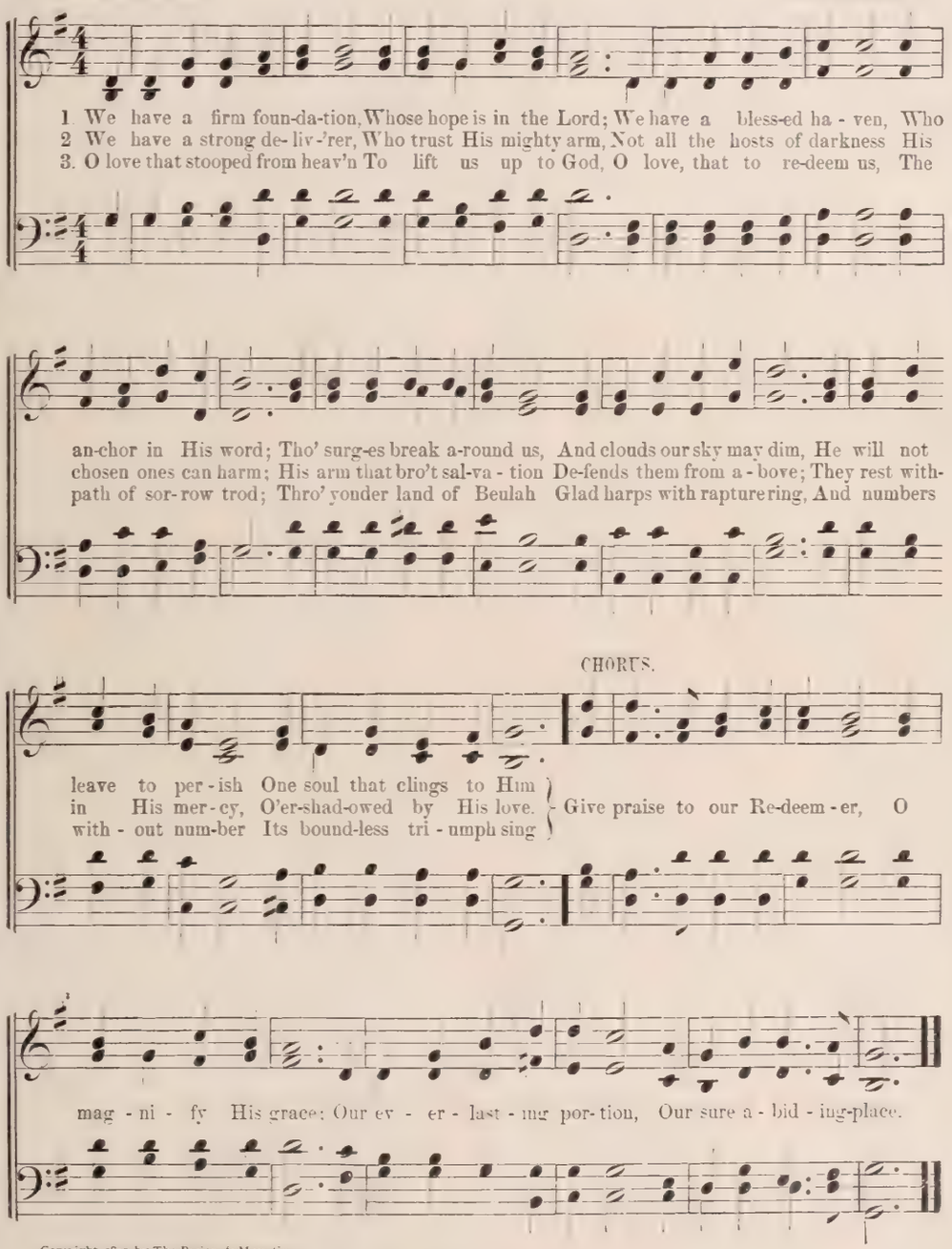


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

WE HAVE A FIRM FOUNDATION.

"OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY."—*I Cor. 3. 11.*

LYMAN G. CUTLER. IRA D. SANKEY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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He Cometh!

BEHOLD he cometh! Lo, the mountains
Are glowing with his light,
It flashes from the living fountains
And leaps from height to height.
Behold, he cometh! Yet in blindness
Earth's millions still reject his kindness:
Nor see the glory bright.

Behold he cometh! All creation
Feels an impending doom.
Behold he cometh; Every nation,
Surges in restless gloom.
Behold he cometh! Gnashing, raging,
All evil Powers 'gainst him engaging,
Disdain to yield him room.

Behold he cometh! Nought can stay him.
Nought can his hour delay.
All kings and rulers shall obey him.
Submit to his just sway.
Behold he cometh! Fierce resistance
Shall fade as night fades in the distance
Before triumphant day.

Behold he cometh! Ye who love him.
Break forth in jubilant song.
He cometh! See beneath, above him.
A wondrous, radiant throng.
Behold he cometh! Grand and glorious,
Majestic Lord, and King victorious,
All hail! the shout prolong.

Chillicothe, Mo. LOUISE J. STRONG.

Prophecy Misunderstood.

How the Apostle Paul Relieved the Distress of a Church.

BY RICHARD CHESTER.

ONE of the passages relating to the Second Advent most frequently misunderstood, is II. Thessalonians 2: 1-8. Many people draw from it the erroneous conclusion that certain events must occur before the Lord comes to summon his waiting people. If, however, we rightly understand the circumstances of the Thessalonian church, to which the words were addressed, we shall see that they were not meant to convey any such impression.

The Thessalonians were "shaken in mind and troubled" by a belief or opinion which had become prevalent amongst them concerning "the day of Christ," or rather, "the day of the Lord," for so Dean Alford affirms that all the oldest authorities give the passage. This "day of the Lord" is the day of his executing long delayed judgment upon an evil world. "The Day of the Lord!"

The day in which "the Lord Jesus Christ shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance upon them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." The belief of the Thessalonians concerning this day was not—as the palpable mistranslation in our Authorized Version has led so many to suppose — that it was "at hand," but that it was "present," that they were actually in it. Their belief—strengthened, if not in the first instance occasioned, by the severity of the trials which they were at that time undergoing—evidently was that the day of the Lord's judgment upon the professing Church and the ungodly world had even then commenced; that they were then, as it were, under the first droppings of that thundercloud of judgment in which the Lord, the Avenger was about to be revealed; that instead of having been "*taken*"—as the Apostle's teaching in his previ- Epistle had led them to expect —before that day of judgment had set in, they had been "*left*" to undergo its terrors.

Such a belief might well cause them to be "shaken in mind and troubled;" might naturally lead them to question either the truth of the Apostle's previous teaching, or the reality of their own Christian profession: to doubt whether they were Christ's people at all. To remove at once such utterly false impression from their minds, the Apostle proceeds to "beseech them by the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ and by their gathering together unto him," which, as he had previously instructed them, were to be the very first in order of all Second Advent events, "Not to be shaken in mind or troubled" by the notion that "the great and dreadful day of the Lord" had come. That judgment day, he goes on to assure them, could not come until a "falling away" had taken place, until a hinderer to the revelation of "the "Man of Sin" had been taken out of the way, and until "the Man of Sin" himself had been revealed. No judgments, however severe, which might be inflicted upon the professing church: no trials, no chastenings, however great or protracted, sent upon Christ's own people should, he teaches them, be regarded as belonging to that day of judgment, or as indicating its commencement, unless, or until, the Advent for his saints and their "gathering together unto him" shall have first taken place. Nothing is to have precedence of that event.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER VI.

Being and Doing.

LIFE took on quite another aspect for Pauline as the light was shed upon it in her talks with Tryphosa. The sufferer loved Pauline for herself, and still more because she was the daughter of her girlhood's friend. The girl's crude imaginings as they had come to her in her sordid life at Hickory Farm, were freely told into the sympathetic ears of this gentle, beautiful old lady, and they were heard tenderly, and their errors were gently exposed and the true way was pointed out. Never did disciple listen with more reverence to a teacher than Pauline listened as she sat by that couch of pain and patience.

"It is terrible to see you suffer so, my lady!" she cried one morning, when in the fulness of her strength, she had gone from the laughing sunshine into the shadowed room, where every ray of light fell like a blow upon the invalid's quivering nerves.

Tryphosa made answer with a smile.

"Not one stroke too much, dear child. It is my Father's hand upon the 'tribulum.' He never makes mistakes."

One day she slipped away directly after breakfast. She wanted to be sure of finding her alone.

It was one of the invalid's good days, and she greeted her with a bright smile of welcome.

"My lady," she began abruptly, "do you think I have forgotten all about my promise? I couldn't. It has haunted me through everything, and—I gave myself to the King last night."

Tryphosa's eyes glowed deep with pleasure. "Thank God!" she exclaimed softly. Then she closed her eyes, and Pauline knew from her moving lips that she was talking with the Lord.

She touched Pauline gently.

"I had to talk a little about the good news with Jesus. He is my nearest neighbor, you know. And now dear child tell me all about it. What a wonderfully simple thing it is! People talk so much about being a Christian when after all it is simply to be Christ's. We open the door where he has knocked so long, and let him in. We give ourselves away to Jesus henceforth to live in him, with him, by him and for him forever. Dear child when you were giving, did you include your will?"

"My will!" echoed Pauline startled.

"Why, surely. The Christian is not to direct his Master."

"But how do you mean, my Lady?"

Tryphosa began to sing softly,

[illegible]

"That is his message to me. Yours will be different, for no two of his children get the same training.

"Your lot seems very hard to me," said Pauline. "Do you think I shall have to suffer, too, in some way?"

"I cannot tell. Christ knows what is best in every case. We simply trust him, you know. We give ourselves to him for him to [illegible] Perhaps with you, the call may be to activity, with me it has been not to do, but to bear. The lapidary knows what each stone requires to bring out the qualities of it. The physician knows the kind of treatment his patient requires, and prescribes in the one case exercise, and in the other tranquility. The gardener takes one plant into the hothouse and sets another out in the cold. In [illegible] to promote development. Now if there is [illegible] be well. But suppose there is opposition. Suppose there is no confidence in the wisdom, and there is a shrinking from the course prescribed? What then?"

"Then," said Pauline, the best will be missed."

"Yes, and there has been no true giving of one's self. Something has been held back. It has not been a gift, but a conditional bargain. It is as if one had said, 'I retain the right to judge. I will do or bear what I am called to if I agree that it is best, if I see the object and purpose of it and if it is agreeable,' You see that is not a full and free gift of our lives to Christ."

"I suppose, now life will be all duty," said Pauline with a sigh.

Tryphosa smiled.

"That is not the way I read my Bible. Peter says, we must 'love the brethren,' and John, 'This is Christ's command ment that we believe and love,' because, 'he who loveth knoweth God,' and Paul, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' "

"But I must do something, my Lady."

"Don't fall into that snare little one. It is what we are, not what we do. The dear Christ wants us, not for what we do for him but what he does for us. Listen, 'He that abideth in me and I in him the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.' 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' The first great thing for you now is to get your meaning."

Pauline looked puzzled.

"I do not understand, my Lady."

"What are you going to stand for? How much better is the world to be for your having lived in it? The day is long past when people were satisfied with a Sunday religion. True Christianity means a daily concentration of purpose. Look at the men who have made their mark in the world. Reformers, inventors, discoverers, all men of a single purpose; and Paul says, 'This one thing I do.' Michael Angelo said, 'Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect, for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it, strives for something that is God-like. And remember, 'perfect has no clipped edges, no dreary blanks.' Little one, I want you to be a perfect Christian."

Pauline fell on her knees beside the couch and buried her face in the cushions.

"I am not worthy," she murmured.

Tryphosa laid her hand very tenderly upon the bowed head as she repeated in low triumphant tones: " I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation. He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.' 'This is the will of God even your sanctification.' 'That you may be holy and without blame before him in love.' 'Be ye perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect.' According to the measure of our capacity, that is the idea, just as the tiny cup may be as full as the ocean. But for this we must lay all upon the altar. There must be no closed doors, no reserved corners in our hearts. We must give Christ the key to every room, so that he shall be, not merely a guest in the guest chamber, but the owner of the house. Are you ready for that dear child?"

And Pauline answered humbly, "I want the very best God has to give me."

CHAPTER VII.

The beautiful summer had slipped away, and the glory of October was over the land. Pauline had crossed the borders and plunged, with all the zest of her thirsty soul, into the fair world of knowledge which lay stretched at her feet. Her three months of conscientious study had been of great service as a preparatory training, and [illegible] sors had complimented her on her breadth of view, and the rapidity with which she was able to grasp an idea.

A subtle sense of power stole over her. Every part of her being seemed to expand in the congenial atmosphere. A brilliant future seemed opening before her enraptured gaze. The world should be the better for her life. God had endowed her with gifts. She would lay them at his feet. She would devote herself to the uplifting of her race. Already in imagination she heard herself spoken of as the gifted woman whose sympathetic and exquisitely modulated voice thrilled the hearts of the multitude. Already in imagination she saw her audiences spellbound under the magnetism of her eloquence as she strove to lift them from the torpor of their commonplace into a higher life. Life was magnificent! Poor Tryphosa, in her narrow sphere of pain, how could she be so happy!——"

Belle hurried along the hall and stopped at the door of the blue-draped chamber.

"My dear Paul, do you know we are all waiting? What have you been doing? If I could only get a snap shot at you now I should call it the 'Intoxication of Success.' You would make a splendid Jeanne d'Arc, with the light of high and holy purpose in her eyes, etc., but as this is the last Saturday in the year that we shall have the chance of a ride to Forest Glen and home by moonlight, I move that we postpone our rhapsodies until a more convenient season. The boys are waiting below with the horses, and the servants started long ago with the hampers. Even Gwen has been wooed by the beauty of the morning to accompany us, though I think there are about a dozen meetings on her calendar. Here is a letter for you, but you have no time to read it now."

"Have I kept you? Oh! I am sorry!" and catching up her silver-mounted riding whip, Pauline threw her habit over her arm, and ran down to where Richard Everidge held the handsome bay mare which had been her Uncle's gift. The letter she had tossed lightly on her table. It was from her father, but it would keep. There was never any news at Sleepy Hollow.

Aunt Rutha watched the merry party as they cantered off.

"How well Pauline looks in the saddle. We have been very fortunate in our adopted daughter, Robert."

"Yes, she is a sweet girl, and her passion for knowledge is just the incentive that our lazy little Belle needs. I only hope her father will never take it into his head to claim her again. She is a blessing in the house."

On and on the riders travelled through the exhilarating Autumn air until they stopped for lunch on the borders of a forest which Jack Frost had set ablaze and which glowed in the sunshine with a dazzling splendor of crimson and bronze and gold. The hours flew by, and when they started homewards the sun was sinking in majestic glory, while on the opposite horizon the moon rose, silver clear. Pauline's every nerve quivered with delight. It was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

When she went up to her room that night her eye fell on the forgotten letter. She opened it slowly with a smile upon her lips. Suddenly the smile faded and a cold chill crept into her heart.

"It has been such a happy day," she had told Aunt Rutha, as, after the merry supper was over, she had stood by her side in the soft lighted library. "Such a

(Continued on next page.)

Tone

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Princess in Calico.

Continued from preceding page.)

...pp day, without a flaw!" And now ...reat it seemed to be fading into the ...m, ...m past! And yet it was only a few ...ur ...ince Richard Everidge had climbed ...ht up after the spray of brilliant leaves ...ic she had admired, and she had ...ne them against the dark background ...hriding habit, even now they were ...or her on the table. She looked at ...m ...ith a dull sense of pain.

"...r her has had a stroke, of some sort," ...l. ...arding wrote, "the doctor doesn't ...m know rightly what. She is some ...te but she can't leave her bed. The ...ch. are well, except Polly, who seems ...ick; the doctor thinks her spine has ...m ...rt. Mother had her in her arms ...e fell."

...e shivered; was this God's "best" ... The letter dropped from her hand ... sat for hours motionless, her eyes ...n every detail of the pretty, moon- ...ro- until it was indelibly engraved ...r memory.

... the morning came she took the ... Tryphosa. She could not trust ...o tell the others yet.

...eyes that looked up at her from ... sheet were very tender.

...- child, are you satisfied?"

... what, my Lady?"

... Christ, and the life he has ... for you?"

...esitated. If it had been this other ... she had been planning for herself ... day before, how gladly she would ...swered, but if it should be Sleepy ... could she say "yes?"

... her keen intuition, which had ...rpened by pain, Tryphosa divined ...ght.

... going to give you a new beati- ... he said, brightly. "'Blessed be ..., for it is the grey angel of suc-

... is a hard Gospel, my Lady."

...aps, but ease and victory are for- ...mpatible. The Father loved the ... he surrendered him to a life of ... Christ himself gave his chosen ... heritage of tribulation, crowned ... sweet, bright gift of peace. It is ... lives that ring the truest. The ... s all through the Bible, 'Silver ...e seven times,' and, 'Gold tried in ... and 'Polished after the similitude ...ce.' Have you ever thought of ...on that involves? The finest di- ...ear the most cutting, and it is the ...of the diamond to reflect the light. ...ould have our lives a success, we ... not happiness, but harmony."

...ony! with what, my Lady?"

... will of God, dear child. We are ... ne when God finds us. He puts ... e, with our great key-note Jesus, ... we are like an eolian harp. The ... the east winds make music ... it, and the shrieking storm the ... music of all. But remember, little ... the 'joy of the Lord' which is ...rgth. We must sit in the sunshine ... reflect the rainbow."

... ght Pauline spent upon her knees.

... diculous!" exclaimed Mr. Davis ... e next morning, she announced ... on to the family. "I will send a ... wn by the early train, but it is ... ork for you, my child, and be- ... cannot spare you."

... s filled.

... good of you to say that! But ... r has called me, I must go."

... es not say anything about your ... the letter," said Mr. Davis, as ... eyes over the words.

... nt my heavenly Father, Uncle ..., she said simply; "the message ... night."

... hat they could not shake her, ... belle hung about her tearfully, ... nd Gwen protested, Aunt Rutha ... her with sorrowful eyes, and ... s repeated that the very idea was ... s he paced up and down with a ... uskiness in his throat.

... come to say good-bye, my Lady."

... sa looked wistfully at the brave, ... te, which she knew she should ... re.

... n, dear child!"

... given Christ the key, as you ... now I am under orders."

... I knew it would come. It is only ... must travel by different roads, ... meet at the end of the journey."

"But you never told me that my way to the Kingdom lay through Sleepy Hollow!"

"Surely not, dear child! It is not for me to do the work of the Holy Spirit. I knew you would hear his voice speaking to you from out the shadows by-and-by."

Pauline sighed.

"I have so longed for culture, my Lady, and now I must put it by."

"I am going to quote again. 'Blessed be drudgery, the secret of all culture.' Someone has said, 'Latin, and Greek, and music, and art, and travel are the decorations of life, but industry and perseverance, courage before difficulties and cheer under straining burdens, self-control and self-denial are the indispensables. It is our daily task that mainly educates us and the humblest woman may live splendidly.' And remember, dear child, a life like Christ's is the grandest thing in the world. Angels may well envy us the opportunity of living it, for God himself has lived it in Christ and rejoices to live it again in each of us. We should glory in the thought that our King allows us to be the mirror in which the world may see Jesus. May the Lord keep you as one of his 'hidden ones,' my darling, and make you to realize that he who 'holdeth the height of the hills,' spreads the hush of his presence over the valleys."

Then she drew her close in a long, last farewell.

To be Continued.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 14, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives. "Believer," Shelby Co., Mo., asks prayer for the conversion of her husband and son, and that they may be fully consecrated to the Lord.——"Sorrowful Mother," that her sons might be saved.——"Despondent," Neb., that her husband might be brought to Christ and become an earnest Christian.——"Believer," Georgetown, Ky., for the conversion of a relative who has fallen a victim to the curse of strong drink, and that God would deliver him from its power.——Margaret L., Olney, Ill., that two brothers might be born again and become sons of God.——"Distressed Father," Philadelphia, that his two daughters might be redeemed from evil and turn to Christ for salvation from sin.——"Sorrowing Mother," Pittsburg, Pa., for her only son who is becoming addicted to drink, that Christ would save him and keep him from falling; also for a grandson that he, too, might be saved and helped to live an honest life.——C. B., Herman, Minn., that her husband, who has yielded to the wiles of a wicked woman, and has derserted his wife and family, may be found of God and turned from his evil ways to the salvation of his soul; also for her sixteen-year-old son that he may be kept from evil and give his heart to Christ; also for her four daughters that they, too, might become children of God.——"Reader," Hereford, Oregon, that a beloved daughter and her husband might turn to the Lord and be reconciled to each other.——C. A. J., Salem, Oregon, that her husband and sons, who are in danger of going the downward road, may be converted and saved from sin and Satan.——A. A. W., Newbern, Tenn., that a brother and a son-in-law, who are out of the kingdom, might seek and find salvation.——"Sorrowing Sister," Kans., that her dear husband might have grace to forsake an evil habit and seek the Lord with all his heart.——M. A. S., Canada, that a dear brother might be saved from his propensity to strong drink, and seek the Lord for salvation.——"Sorrowing Father," Du Quoin, Ill. that his son may be saved from scepticism, and be led to trust Christ for the salvation of his soul.——M. J. T., Georgetown, Colo., that her husband might be won to Christ and quit gambling and drinking; also for a dear son and daughter, that God would make them both his children, thoroughly devoted to him.——P. G. D., Oakland, Cal., that God would save her children, the youngest of whom is not a Christian.——"Constant Reader," that four sons may become consistent, earnest Christians, and that one of them may become a preacher of the Gospel.——Max, North Dakota, that a dear son might turn to God for the salvation of his soul, and be saved from drinking and other evil habits.——"Anxious Husband," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his young wife may seek Christ, and be saved from all evil, especially from the wiles of wicked, deceitful men, who are enticing her to the frivolities of the world.

For the Conversion of Friends. D. R., Weston, Oregon, that a dear lady and two men, who are all precious friends, but not lovers of God, might be won for him and serve him with all their hearts.——"Submissive One," Weaver, Ala., that Christians would earnestly pray for a dear friend, once an eminent Christian and a Sunday School Superintendent, who has fallen through drink and become a castaway, that God may touch his heart and restore him to his love.——"Subscriber," Prospect, N. Y., for the salvation of two young men who do not love God and are leading lives of sin.——"Young Believer," Bristol, N. H., for a dear friend who has had no chance of becoming a Christian and who takes no interest in spiritual things.——"Reader," Media, Ill., that a dear girl who is unenlightened may perceive her need of Christ and seek him.——"Young Believer," Newburg, N. Y., that one who is lovely and charming in every way, might be made a child of God and kept from temptation.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," East Lemon, Pa., that a beloved daughter who is going into a hospital for a critical operation may be supported and her life saved.——"Brother in Christ," Hartford, Conn., that his beloved daughter, who is suffering from mental disease, may be fully restored.——D. F., Newburgh, that a mother, now heavily afflicted, might regain her health.——A. A. W., Newbern, Tenn., for the recovery of a sister-in-law who is lame and has suffered terribly from neuralgia.——T. T. S., Strangfield, Ont., that a dear one whose disease threatens to end his life, may be raised up to serve the Lord.——"Widowed Mother," Baltimore, Md., that a daughter who is about to undergo an operation might have the grace and strength she needs, and be restored to her husband and little children permanently cured.——"Anxious Mother," Elgin, Wash., that her dear daughter, who is belisved to be in consumption, might be healed of the Lord.——"Friend," Nova Scotia, that two sisters who are very ill might be raised up to the praise of God.——"Believer, Georgetown, Ky., that God would restore the health of one who has been a sufferer a long time.——The following persons who are suffering from various maladies also ask prayers for their restoration to health: L. W. J., La Grange, O.; "Trusting One, Long Island, N. Y.; C. F. H., Frazee, Minn.; S. B. J., Roberts, Fla.; "One who Believes," Beaumont, Kans.; A. T., Philadelphia.

For Special Blessings. E. A. H., Vermont, who has to seek a new home, that God would give the help and wisdom that is needed, and that work might be found to relieve the pressure of sorrow over a sad bereavement.——"Reader," Grassmere, O., that a family in severe straits may receive the financial help they need.——"One who Believes," Cekato, Minn., that two dear friends now alienated might become reconciled to each other.——Believer, Mand, Mo., that urgently needed financial help may be granted.——Subscriber, Fayetteville, that the distressing apprehension of mental derangement may be removed.——"Repentant Wanderer," New York, that the way might be opened for him to return to his wronged wife, and that her heart may be inclined to welcome and forgive him.——"Ashamed," Brooklyn, N. Y., who feels the pressing need of God's grace to take out of her nature evil propensities which under temptation she is powerless to resist, that God in his mercy would save her from falling and cleanse her heart.——"Weak Believer," Chicago, Ill., that an infatuation that holds him helpless in a vise may be removed from his heart and he be kept true to God and his duty.——"An Almost Despairing One," Saratoga, N. Y., who has sinned grievously, for grace to do the duty that is plain, and that God would not take away his Holy Spirit's influence.

For Thanks for Answered Prayers. Believer, Harrisburg, Pa., whose desire has been granted, that God be praised for his great mercy.——G. I. H., Saugerties, N. Y., that God be thanked for the answer he has sent to prayers offered at her request two months ago.——Anxious One, Missouri, wishes to acknowledge the loving kindness of God manifested in answer to prayers recently offered.——"Sorrowing One," Houston, Tex., who asked prayers under that name some weeks ago, now wishes to gratefully acknowledge that his sorrow has been turned to joy.——"Deserted Wife," Duluth, Minn. "Please thank God that in answer to your prayers and mine, my wandering husband has been brought to repentance and is returning to his family."

Calvary's Fountain.

THE dying thief rejoiced to see
A fountain burst from Jesus;
Hear him cry, "Remember me!"
As he looked on Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh! precious is the flow
That washes white as snow;
No other Fount I know--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Jesus died for you and me,
Blessed, blessed Jesus;
Fearful groans on Calvary's Tree
Came from precious Jesus.

Now all ransomed nations sing
Songs of praise to Jesus;
And all heaven's arches ring
With the echo—Jesus.

Hallelujah! all is well!
Glory be to Jesus!
Saved from sin and saved from hell,
Thro' the Blood of Jesus!

Harrison, N. Y., 1896. —T. A. ABBOT.

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THE LIBERATORS' LEAGUE.

General Thos. L. James, ex-Postmaster-General and President of the Lincoln Bank, New York, has consented to accept the treasurship of the Philafrican Liberators' League. Ex-President Harrison will be invited to accept the Presidency of the League, whose purpose it is to realize and develop the wise programme of the Brussels Act which was negotiated and ratified under General Harrison's administration. The sum needed for starting the first settlement of ex-slavery, which is by Mr. Chatelain estimated at $10,000, will no doubt soon be furnished by the friends of freedom and Christianity, to whom the claims of the African slaves may be presented. The financial success of the undertaking is so far assured that the directors have approved Mr. Chatelain's proposal to improve the time during the summer season, when most of the directors are scattered, by visiting Europe and preparing the ground for the cordial and active co-operation of the American League of Liberators with the Philafrican Leagues and colonial governments of the old world. Mr. Chatelain will also represent the interests of the League at the tenth General Conference of the World's Evangelical Alliances in London, as associate delegate of the United States branch. He goes at his own expense.

A new pamphlet entitled: "The Duty of America toward Enslaved Africa: Opinions of American Leaders," is being printed and will be forwarded to members of the League and to any address sent to the Philafrican Liberators' League, Room 511, United Charities' Building, New York City. The Constitution of the League, its plan of work, and form for enrollment will continue to be sent to all who ask for them. Contributions and membership fees sent to this office or to the Philafrican Liberators' League will be duly acknowledged.

Opportunities for Service.

The claim of God to our Christian service is a claim that rests upon us all, says Rev. George F. Herron. Jesus did not die to give us an opportunity for self-seeking. We are not here on a vacation from God. He sends every man of wealth forth to be a saviour of his fellow-man; and the business man who fails to be a little Christ in the world has made a disastrous and irreparable business failure. A man of business has no more right to make personal profit the supreme purpose of his store, his shop, his capital, his railway, than Jesus had to work miracles for personal profit. We have no more moral right than our Lord to direct our social, domestic, or financial affairs for personal ends. The Christian has no more right to an unconsecrated horse, or house, or dress, than Christ to an unconsecrated cross. We are not our own; we are bought with a price; and nothing short of an unreserved surrender of self-interest to God's interest in humanity is moral or just. Not to be self-sacrificing in other's service is injustice. To be unloving, even to the unlovable, is to be ungodly.

The Armenian Relief Work.

Recent letters from the American missionaries in Armenia show that there is still considerable distress prevailing in several sections of those vilayets in which massacres took place last winter. Accordingly, in response to appeals, the following remittances were forwarded last week from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to the stations mentioned: Oorfa, Miss Corinna Shattuck, missionary, **$1,000;** [illegible], Rev. Mr. [illegible], **$1,000;** Gemerek, through Rev. Mr. Fowle of Cesarea, **$500.**

The following additional contributions to the Fund have been received:

[illegible]	$18,378.33
[illegible]	[illegible]
Sister in Christ, Brook Park	5.00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$18,119.16

Christian Endeavor Convention

Continued from first page.

"North America for Christ." Meetings for Men only, Junior Rallies, State and Provincial Receptions, and a Vesper service by the combined three choirs aggregating about four thousand voices, occupy the day. On Sunday afternoon and evenings the meetings will be devoted to missionary and evangelistic topics and several eminent missionaries and evangelists will take part. The closing of the Convention on Monday, like the opening, will have the key-note of consecration. At the tent-meetings, Dr. Clark will as usual preside in Tent Washington. In the other two tents, the presiding officers will be Secretary Baer and Treasurer Shaw, whose portraits, with those of Mrs. Clark, the devoted wife of President F. E. Clark, and Miss Antoinette P. Jones, President of the Floating Societies of Christian Endeavor appear in the vignettes at the head of the first page.

Mormonism Spreading.

In a letter from Utah, published in *The Occident*, Mr. N. E. Clemenson states some very significant facts concerning the present condition of the Mormon power, which, far from being subdued, is intensely active and rapidly reaching an influence and extent never before dreamed of. He declares:

The Mormon Church was never more confident of victory than at the present moment. It confidently expects not only to control Utah, but to both own and govern this whole nation. Of course it is folly, but fools never learn. Moreover things do appear to be coming their way at present. They get about what they ask for. Congress has not refused them a single thing since statehood was granted. They have tripled their missionary force since Chrismas, I am told. Instead of four hundred missionaries at home and abroad, they now have twelve hundred. This county—Cache—is said to have one man in the missionary field out of each hundred. Mormonism is not wandering. It is gaining. It is growing. It is becoming more and more a factor in our national life.

A man said recently, "We already have one State, and will soon have another, and finally the nation." The fact is the Mormons at this present moment hold the balance of power in Idaho. As the Mormon vote goes, so goes the State. And I am not sure that they do not also hold the winning card in Wyoming. They have large contingents in Colorado, Nevada, and Arizona. It would not surprise me if the Mormon church should be able to govern the votes of twelve United States Senators within five years from now. You have a colony of them in San Francisco at this very hour, and their contingents are honey-combing every State in the Union."

My Jewels.

SHALL I hold them back—my jewels?
Time has traveled many a day
Since I laid them by forever,
Safely locking them away;
And I thought them yielded wholly
When I dared no longer wear
Gems contrasting, oh, so sadly!
With the adorning I would bear.

Shall I keep them still—my jewels?
Shall I, can I yet withhold
From that living, loving Saviour
Aught of silver or of gold?
Gold so needed, that his Gospel
May resound from sea to sea;
Can I know Christ's service lacketh,
Yet forget his "Unto Me?"

"No, I lay them down—my jewels!"
Truly on the altar now.
Stay! I see a vision passing
Of a gem-encircled brow:
Heavenly treasure worn by Jesus,
Souls won through my gift outpoured;
Freely, gladly I will offer
Jewels thus to crown my Lord!

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

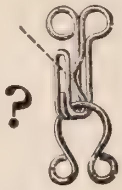
The new botanic discovery Alkavis is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, [illegible] Fourth Avenue, New York will send you treatment by mail prepaid free if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

Before the warm summer weather prostrates you, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives strength, purifies the blood and [illegible] to healthy digestion. Take Hood's and only Hood's.

There is no Substitute

Every card of the famous DeLONG Hooks and Eyes has on the face and back the words

See that hump?



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A positive Cure for DYSPEPSIA INDIGESTION and HEADACHE

A. J. DITMAN—*Dear Sir:*
I am happy to be able to state that I have found your Trigestia an excellent medicine. When I am imprudent in my diet—at a dinner party for example—and I take two of your little Tablets, I never have any discomfort afterwards. Some of my friends have tried Trigestia and are equally pleased and benefited. REV. HENRY C. MAYER.
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WASH SILK WAISTS, fine line of colors, regular $2.75 kind, our price, $1.98, Black China Silk $2.98, An extra fine silk in black and Colors, laundried collars and cuffs, the $5.00 kind for $3.75, Best Quality Silk Taffeties, that have sold up to $15.00, Our Closing Price $5.98. Order quick as these prices are for present stock. YOUR MONEY BACK if goods are not satisfactory. We send samples of all kinds of Piece Goods but cannot sample made up garments. Write us about wrappers.

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Dr. Hunter's Cure is applied directly to by inhalation, and is plainly described in sense pamphlet full of valuable informati complaints.

Dr. Hunter is one of the oldest lung spe this country. He graduated as a Doctor of at the University of New York in 1846, and licentiate and member of the College of and Surgeons of Canada. As a specialist eases he has attained a world-wide reputat skill and success.

Readers of the Christian Herald who a about their lungs will receive Dr Hun free by addressing him at 117 West 45th York City.

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For conscience sake, tuck those shoes under your skirt, or use Brown's French Dressing

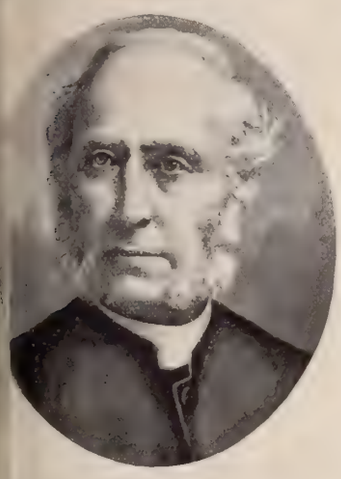
For Ladies and Children's Shoes

"To Save time is to lengthen life." Do you value life? Then use SAPOLIO

An Octogenarian Pastor.

. Newman Hall's Long Career of Usefulness — American Participation in His hurch Building.

NE of the most interesting churches in London is Christ Church in the Westminster district. Its graceful tower and spire, conspicuous above the surrounding buildings, are named the Lincoln tower, after our martyr President. The Stars and Stripes are inwrought in the masonry, and t cost of the tower was largely defrayed b contributions from American Christhis. The ex-pastor of the church is still re interesting than the building. He



REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.

re d four years ago, after a ministerial ca r of fifty years, and was succeeded by ev. F. B. Meyer, for whom he has a hety admiration. Dr. Hall recently celeb ed his eightieth birthday, when a gr meeting of his friends was held in Lon don to congratulate him and express ppreciation of his valuable services in th ause of Christ. Cordial letters were re from many eminent men of various de minations, declaring themselves indeb d to Dr. Hall's preaching, or books, of nspiration and stimulus, and speaking n the highest terms of the benefits of his labors. Among them were letters from Mr Gladstone, the Duke of Westminster, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Exete Sir George Williams, and a large number of clergymen.

. Hall's speech in reply to the addr es of congratulation was full of interesting reminiscences of religious life in th arly years of the century. He was bo in 1816, and was converted when he was sixteen years of age. He almost immediately began preaching, his first audien being the hop-pickers who loafed around his native town on Sundays. He decided at that time to become a journalist and had some experience in newspaper wo . But at the age of twenty-one his usefulness as a preacher had been so clearly indicated, that he was sent to college to prepare for the ministry. He graduated from the London University with high honors, and soon afterward accepted a pastorate at Hull, where he labored successfully for several years.

In 1854 he was invited to London to take charge of the work begun by the famous eccentric preacher, Rowland Hill. He accepted the invitation, which was all the more congenial because of its freedom from denominational control. It was emphatically Christ's Church with the utmost liberty as to minor differences. The Church of England liturgy was used, but there was no episcopal supervision, baptism either by immersion or sprinkling as the candidate preferred, was administered, and the polity of the church was Congregational. Dr. Hall's conception of his duty was to preach Christ as the Saviour from sin, and he made that the chief topic of his sermons. With disputed doctrines and questions of scholarship he would have nothing to do. The church was always thronged, and a great philanthropic work was organized. Eighteen Sunday Schools were established in various parts of London in connection with the church. Besides his pastoral work, Dr. Hall found time to write many books. One of them, entitled "Come to Jesus," has been translated into fifty languages, and four million copies of it have been sold. In his eighti-eth year he is still hale and vigorous, and preaches frequently. He attributes his good health to the fact that he has been sixty years a total abstainer, that he never smoked, and always retired early to rest, never working late at night or eating late suppers.

A Hindoo "Holy Man."

Saraswati, the Recluse of Benares—His Impressions of Christianity.

IN a recent letter from Benares, a missionary furnishes a most interesting sketch of a native whose piety and zeal have made him widely known. Swamiji Bhaskaranda Saraswati, he writes, is known all over his country as the "Holy Man of Benares," and his reputation has extended widely. He is a singular, and in many respects lovable, character. Sixty-three years of age, an earnest student of religion, and a constant reader of the Bible, he has sought to retain all that he deems pure and essential in every form of faith. He has repudiated caste, and lives the life of an ascetic. His house stands in a large garden, and is a substantial dwelling, but he sleeps in a small and low closet in the stone wall hardly larger than a dog-kennel, and straw forms his only bed. He usually goes half naked, and his slender wants are met by contributions from his numerous admirers. In spite of his lodgings he is a cleanly and wholesome-looking man, and so lean through abstinence that every rib in his body can be counted. He has been married but both wife and children are dead, and so ethical meditation absorbs most of his time. He claims to be free from all passions, having gained this state through thirteen years of penance. His mind has become so concentrated that at times he is wholly absorbed in the contemplation of God. He is credited with working many miracles. Once a boy tumbled a distance of 135 feet, and was taken up insensible. His father told Swamiji of the accident. Thereupon the sage touched a pot of water with his feet, and told the man to put some of the contents on the child's face, and he immediately recovered. At another time he cured a hopeless dyspeptic by telling him to eat, when he became strong and well. He also told a man that misfortune awaited him, and within a week his son died.

In virtue of such supernatural power and of his goodness, Swamiji is visited by throngs of his countrymen of all classes, and is actually worshipped. In a shrine in his garden is a white marble image of himself, the forehead stained yellow. He mildly deprecates this ascription of honors, and repudiates excessive praise. Christians who know him well affirm that they have observed evidences of dissatisfaction and unrest, and think that intellectually he is convinced of the truth of their religion. Pride, the love of praise, and the dread of persecution exert the influence over him that has been observable in the case of many other prominent Hindoos.

A Deadly Snake in a Temple.

Amid the ruins of many of the ancient cities of India, poisonous snakes, scorpions and other reptiles find safe hiding-places. White travelers in India very often take foolhardy risks. Recently an English naval lieutenant was visiting a planter, and making a collection of Javan reptiles. His only attendant was a sailor lad about sixteen, and these two, against all warning, went roaming the forests without a guide. In Choru, a ruined city, the lieutenant found a rich harvest, and killed a magnificent black jaguar, but an adventure with a snake ended his sport. One day he and the boy were under one of the long archways of the big temple, and, looking through the doorway of one of the dark chambers, saw something yellow in the far corner. Without a moment's thought he entered and gave the mass a punch with his cane. A tremendous hiss that fairly shook the walls was followed by an assault swift as the leap of a tiger, and the man found himself seized by a huge Bari snake, the most aggressive and dangerous of constrictors. His left shoulder was crushed in the brute's teeth, and quick as a flash a coil was around his body, and he felt the steel-like compression. But the courage of the boy saved his master's life. He had a heavy, sharp wood knife, and he struck the reptile two heavy blows just back of the head, the most vulnerable part of its body, because the thinnest. Its backbone was divided. The coil relaxed, but the powerful tail lashed out, breaking the boy's leg. It was two hours before they were found and brought up in a cart. The lieutenant's left shoulder was crushed beyond surgery, and the arm was useless. Both master and boy recovered after a spell of fever. The snake, a hideous object, black and yellow, was fifteen feet long.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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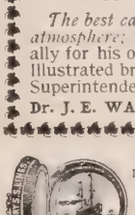

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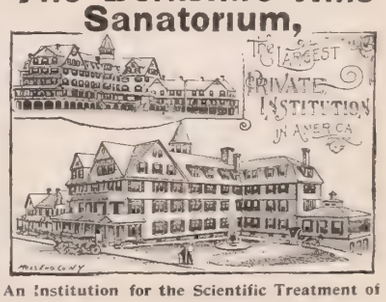

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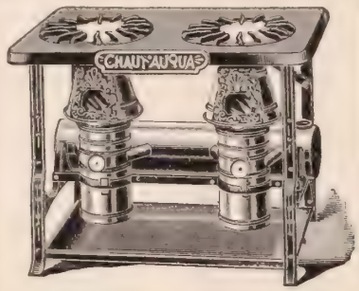

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Erysipelas.

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WEST COMPTON, N. H., March 4, 189

We purchased an Electropoise of you which I began to use about the last of August, 1 It has cured me of erysipelas of thirty years' standing, which came out in sores, or in spots, and then blistered if I chilled my face or hands. For the last ten years I was obliged cover my face with a shawl, if I went out of doors at any time from October till May, but t winter I have not needed to cover my face at all.

I have also been greatly benefited by it for liver, heart and bronchial difficulties. It broken up the ague chills for my husband, and is a wonderful invention. Gratefully yours MRS. (REV.) NATHAN JONES.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 27.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1886. Price Five Cents.

THE RIVERS OF LEBANON.

A Region of Grand and Awful Scenery—The Litany and the Bukah Valley, through which it Flows.

LEBANON is the Syrian Switzerland. Its wide, double range of snow-clad mountains, its deep, gloomy gorges, its rushing rivers, half hidden among sheer rocks, from whose cleft [illegible] they emerge to plunge madly down, [illegible]terfall and cataract, to still lower [illegible], present a succession of scenes of [illegible]alled picturesqueness. Nowhere else [illegible]ia, and, indeed, in few places through[illegible]e world, is such natural grandeur to [illegible]nd. Travelers unite in declaring that [illegible]non combines much of the peculiar [illegible]y of the Alps with the sterner splen[illegible]f the Himalayas.

Its highest and [illegible] celebrated [illegible]tain range [illegible]ria. [illegible]n s [illegible]e or-

shed near ancient Baalbec, at an elevation of 3,600 feet, being separated only a mile at their sources. One of the rivers is the Nahr el-Asy (the ancient Orontes), flowing north, and the other is the Litany (the ancient Leontes), which forms the natural division of Syria and Palestine. It runs southwest of Hermon and after passing through a deep gorge, turns westward to reach the sea, north of Tyre. In the lower part of its course, it has scooped out of the rock a deep and narrow channel for itself—doubtless a work of many centuries. At a point called Burghuz, it is spanned by a natural bridge, and at various other places, antiquated stone-bridges overhang its swiftly-rushing stream, casting dark shadows into the waters beneath. One of those bridges—known as the *Gissar el-Kardely*—spans it at a bend of the stream where the scenery is peculiarly beautiful. This is the spot shown in our photographic illustration on this page. During the greater part of its course, the Litany flows west, through the romantic valley of Bukah, (the plain of Cœle Syria), at an elevation of 1500 feet, until it reaches the imposing ruins of the old castle of Kat-at-esh Shakif, near one of the passes to Sidon. In its lower part, the river is know as the Nahr el-Kasimeyeh. There are hamlets or settlements scattered throughout the Bukah valley; but the dwellings, with few exceptions, are mere mud hovels. This long, narrow valley is extremely fertile, though but partially cultivated. It is the breeding-place of fevers that are generated in the deadly miasma which lies along its undulating surface, especially on the swampy lower levels.

Through the Bukah runs a post-road, following, to some extent, the course of the river Litany, and passing amid scenes of indescribable grandeur. Indeed, from the point where the river enters the Bukah till it breaks through the mountain chain, its entire course is through dark ravines and wild, rocky gorges, mountain-girt all the way. At several points it is hemmed in between banks of naked rock a thousand feet high, which are pierced by numerous caves. Sometimes the cliffs seem to meet overhead, and further on, the pent-up river bursts forth in a white torrent, leaping over rocks in its descent, only to be again lost in some frightful chasm below. The whole region is volcanic and gives evidence of the mighty subterranean forces that have, in some long past age, rent the great mountain chain in grand convulsion, and allowed the rivers of Cœlo Syria, to force their way through to the Mediteranean sea, instead of to their natural outlet, the Jordan.

THE GISSAR EL-KARDELY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER LITANY IN LEBANON.

(From a Photograph procured specially for "The Christian Herald."

Vegetation on the Lebanon range is scant, consisting chiefly of grass and low brushwood, but in the lower levels and the valleys it is more abundant. Sycamore, cedar, juniper, oak, locust and pine trees are scattered in clumps over the mountain-

(*Continued on page 502.*)

tine boundary of Palestine, and its twin eminences lie midway between Damascus and Sidon, and parallel to the coast-line of the Mediterranean, extending from north to south over two hundred miles. Lebanon, the western mountain range, is divided from Anti-Libanus, the eastern range, by the long Bukah Valley. Through the valley flow two rivers, which have their water-

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Gen. 10: 9, "*He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.*"

IN our day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practising archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man to-day who will begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters: at the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread: it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood him! But how few [illegible] how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, [illegible] through this country years ago, had a [illegible] came to my father's house one day, and [illegible] said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold: but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long-bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his scepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Galilean, Thou hast [illegible]"

In the armory of the Earl of Pembroke there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior, and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of body and soul, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Jesus — perhaps five hundred. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday Schools, the lay preaching stations, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly! And may the slain of the Lord be many!

Again, if you want to be skilful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the Church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar; yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hands. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the Church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the Church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The Church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the Church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the north-east storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the moonlight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands upon thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless, that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them o light to cheer them, no welcome to g them? I hear to-day, surging up from e lower depths, a groan that comes thro our Christian assemblages and through beautiful churches; and it blots out this scene from my eyes to-day, as by mists of a great Niagara, for the dash the plunge of these great torrents of dropping down into the fathomless thundering abyss of suffering and woe sometimes think that just as God blo out the Churches of Thyatira and Cori and Laodicea, because of their sloth stolidity, he will blot out American English Christianity, and raise on ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, mission Church, that can take the full meanin that command, "Go into all the wo and preach the Gospel to every creatu

I remark, further, if you want to suc in spiritual archery you must have c age. If the hunter stand with tremb hand or shoulder that flinches with f instead of his taking the catamount, catamount takes him. What would come of the Greenlander if, when hunting for the bear, he should st shivering with terror on an iceberg? W would have become of Du Chaillu Livingstone in the African thicket, wit faint heart and a weak knee? Whe panther comes within twenty paces of and it has its eye on you and it has squ ted for the fearful spring, "Steady ther

Courage, O ye spiritual archers! Th are great monsters in iniquity prowling around about the community. Shall not of the strength of God go forth combat them? We not only need m heart, but more backbone. What is Church of God, that it should fear to l in the eye any transgression? There the Bengal tiger of drunkenness t prowls around, and instead of attacking how many of us hide under the church-p or the communion table! There is so m invested in it we are afraid to assault millions of dollars in barrels, in vat spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces w marble floors and Italian-top tables, a chased ice-coolers, and in the strychni and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, a the nux vomica, that go to make up "pure" American drinks. I looked w wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tu It is the great liquor vat of Germa which is said to hold eight hundred h heads of wine, and only three times i hundred years it has been filled. But. I stood and looked at it, I said to myse "That is nothing—eight hundred h heads. Why our American vat holds t milllion, five hundred thousand barrels strong drinks, and we keep two hund thousand men with nothing to do but see that it is filled." Oh! to attack t great monster of intemperance, and t kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanne requires you to rally all your Christ courage. Through the press, through t pulpit, through the platform, you must sault it. Would to God that all our Am ican Christians would band together, n for crack-brained fanaticism, but for h Christian reform. I think it was in 1 that there went out from Lucknow, Ind under the sovereign, the greatest hunti party that was ever projected. There we ten thousand armed men in that huntin party. There were camels and horses a elephants. On some princes rode, a royal ladies, under exquisite housings, a five hundred coolies waited upon the trai and the desolate places of India were i vaded by this excursion, and the rhinoce os, the deer, and elephant fell under t stroke of sabre and bullet. After awhi the party brought back trophies wor fifty thousand rupees, having left the wi derness of India ghastly with the sla bodies of wild beasts. Would to G that instead of here and there a straggl going out to fight these great monsters iniquity in our country, the million men bership of our churches would band t gether and hew in twain these great crim that make the land frightful with the

rk, and are fattening upon the bodies a souls of immortal men! Who is ready f such a party as that? Who will be a ighty hunter for the Lord?

remark, again, if you want to be suc- ful in spiritual archery, you need not ot to bring down the game, but bring it id. I think one of the most beautiful pic- es of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." represents a sportsman coming home a standing under a grape-vine. He has a aff over his shoulder, and on the other er of that staff are hung a rabbit and a b e of birds. Every hunter brings h e the game. No one would think o bringing down a reindeer or whip- g up a stream for trout, and letting m lie in the woods. At eventide the c p is adorned with the treasures of the f st—beak, and fin, and antler. If you go t to hunt for immortal souls, not only b g them down under the arrow of the G pel, but bring them into the church of G d, the encampment we have pitched s side of the skies. Fetch them in; do n let them lie out in the open field. They n our prayers and sympathies and help. T t is the meaning of the Church of G d—help. But let me say, you will n er work any better than you pray. T old archers took the bow, put one end o t down beside the foot, elevated the o er end, and it was the rule that the s should be just the size of the archer; if were just his size, then he would go t the battle with confidence. Let me s that your power to project good in the w ld will correspond exactly to your own s itual stature. In other words, the first th g in preparation for Christian work is p sonal consecration.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

am sure that there are some here who s ome time have been hit by the Gospel a ow. You felt the wound of that con- ion, and you plunged into the world d per; just as the stag, when the hounds a after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, ex- ing in that way to escape. Jesus C rist is on your track to-day, impenitent m! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye s sed and panting souls! here is the s am of God's mercy and salvation, w ere you may cool your thirst! Stop t t chase of sin to-day. By the red foun- t that leaped from the heart of my L d, I bid you stop. Is there in all this h se anyone who can refuse the offer t t comes from the heart of the dying Son o God? Why, do you know that there a in the banished world, souls that, for t t offer you get to-day, would fling the c wn of the universe at your feet, if they p sessed it? But they went out on the m untains, the storm took them, and they d d.

There is in a forest in Germany a place b y call the "deer-leap"—two crags a ut eighteen feet apart, between them a arful chasm. This is called the "deer- l p" because once a hunter was on the t ck of a deer; it came to one of these c gs; there was no escape for it from the p suit of the hunter, and in utter despair i athered itself up, and in the death ago- n attempted to jump across. Of course, i ell, and was dashed on the rocks far b eath. Here is a path to heaven. It is p in, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for e ry man to walk in. But here is a man w o says, "I won't walk in that path; I w l take my own way." He comes on t il he confronts the chasm that divides i soul from heaven. Now his last hour i s come, and he resolves that he will l p that chasm, from the heights of earth t the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, a d give him full swing, for no soul ever c l that successfully. Let him try. Jump! J mp! He misses the mark, and he goes d wn, depth below depth, "destroyed w thout remedy." Men! angels! devils! W at shall we call that place of awful ca- t strophe? Let it be known forever as the g ner's death-leap.

A Great Jubilee.

Christians of Many Denominations from many Lands Celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Evangelical Alliance.

THIS week a number of eminent American clergymen and Christian laymen are to meet in London their English brethren and representatives of Christ's church from several other countries to keep with appropriate rejoicings the fiftieth birthday of the world-wide organization called the Evangelical Alliance. They will have a cordial welcome from their English hosts who have been at some pains to make their visit agreeable, profitable, and inspiring. The members of the English branch of the Alliance announce that they will keep open house and extend hearty hospitality to their brethren from other lands. The first business and public meetings of the Alliance are to be held in the historic Exeter Hall, the famous meeting place in the Strand whose quaint doorway thousands pass daily with no idea that behind its unostentatious portals there is so spacious and elegant an auditorium. Here, three meetings, the first a prayer-meeting, are to be held on the first day of the celebration. Dr. Josiah Strong, the General-Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, Mr. William E. Dodge, its President, Dr. John Hall, Dr. C. A. Stoddard, Mr. Heli Chatelain, and other eminent American Christians are to take part. The Rt. Hon. Lord Polwarth will preside, and Bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, and other churches are to speak. Delegates are to be there from France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Greece, Syria, Egypt, South Africa, Japan, China, Persia, India, Palestine, and Australia, to meet those from Canada and the United States in conference with the English brethren. A cosmopolitan assembly, but not a Parliament of Religions; for all who are on their way there, are profoundly convinced that there is but one name given under heaven by which men may be saved. They speak different languages; they worship Christ in different ways; they differ in their ideas of church government; they operate by different methods; but they are one in their loyalty to Christ and in their desire to promote his cause.

ENTRANCE TO EXETER HALL.

The Evangelical Alliance cannot claim nationality by birth. To an Englishman it owed its first vague inception, and to an American it owes its practical formation. In 1842 the idea of such an organization was first launched. John Angell James, the author of the famous little work which has been the means of leading thousands to Christ—"The Anxious Inquirer Directed," suggested that some kind of interdenominational association might be arranged for mutual counsel and edification as well as for aggressive work. Thomas Chalmers, the great Scotch divine, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the eminent Swiss historian, and other leaders endorsed the idea, and the Congregational Union, the Edinburgh Assembly and other public bodies commended it, but no practical action was taken. In the following year, however, Dr. William Patton, one of the founders of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, wrote to Mr. James a letter outlining the form of an organization which would give effect to his idea. The plan seemed feasible, and it was exhaustively discussed in the public journals and in the denominational councils. Finally in 1845 a meeting was held in Liverpool to consider the subject. Clergymen and laymen representing twenty different denominations were present.

That meeting appointed a committee to call a representative assembly in London in the following year. The call was issued, and in the summer of 1846 the Evangelical Alliance became an accomplished fact. Eight hundred delegates, representing fifty denominations, attended, and were in session fifteen days. It was discovered that with all their mutual antagonisms, the delegates were in accord on many subjects. The main topics considered were: Infidelity, Popery, the observance of the Lord's Day, and Christian education. The Alliance was organized "for the defence of religious liberty, and promoting the unity of all believers in the essentials of Christianity, and their co-operation for its progress."

The organization quickly took root in England, and a building was purchased for its offices, and a magazine, entitled *Evangelical Christendom*, was established as its exponent in the press. The American members, however, realized that membership in the parent organization would not be sufficient to cover the ground which might advantageously be occupied by the united forces of the Evangelical Churches. There were problems peculiar to ourselves with which Christians ought to deal, in which European Christians were not vitally concerned. Problems like the Indian question, Mormonism, Immigration, and the attempt to desecrate the Lord's Day, were pressing, and local united action was needed. In 1867 a meeting was held in the Bible House, New York, at which an Evangelical Alliance for the United States was organized. The late Hon. William E. Dodge was elected President, and Dr. Josiah Strong, the author of "Our Country" and other famous works on national topics, subsequently became its secretary. Other countries followed the example thus set, until now there is an Alliance in twenty-seven different lands besides the parent organization. This is the tenth time that representatives of the various

DR. JOSIAH STRONG.

Gen. Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the U.S.

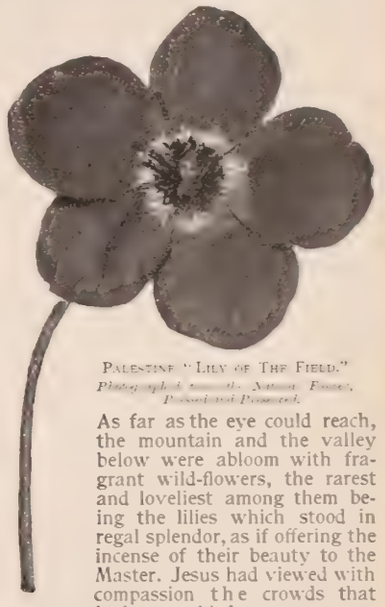
branches have met together in council. Places and dates are as follows: London, 1846 and 1851; Paris, 1855; Geneva, 1861; Amsterdam, 1867; New York, 1873; Basle, 1879; Copenhagen, 1884; Florence, 1891; London, 1896.

The influence of the Alliance has been felt in many ways. It has brought together leaders of many schools of thought and the adherents of many creeds, proving to them and to the world the essential unity of the churches, and aggregating in one united voice the protests of Christianity against evil, injustice, and oppression in all parts of the world. It thus promotes brotherly feeling in the churches and crystalizes the Christian sentiments of men of diverse creeds on public questions of humanity and morality. Thus it is probable that it will at the present council examine and endorse the project of the Phil-African League, organized by Mr. Heli Chatelain for the Christian education of liberated African slaves, which is a project in which all Christians without distinction of creed can co-operate. One of the best-known achievements of the Alliance is the Week of Prayer, which it arranged and the topics for which it issues.

"Consider the Lilies!"

The Beautiful Flower which the Saviour used in his Teaching—A Free Souvenir of Palestine.

WHEN Jesus sat upon the hillside in Galilee, which is now known as the "Mount of the Beatitudes" and spoke to the listening multitudes in those wonderful words of blessing and encouragement that are preserved to us by the Evangelists, it was the season of summer.



PALESTINE "LILY OF THE FIELD."

Photographed from the Natural Flower, Pressed and Preserved.

As far as the eye could reach, the mountain and the valley below were abloom with fragrant wild-flowers, the rarest and loveliest among them being the lilies which stood in regal splendor, as if offering the incense of their beauty to the Master. Jesus had viewed with compassion the crowds that had assembled, many among them from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem, from Judea, and even from beyond Jordan. As his discourse proceeded, his eyes rested for a moment upon the stately lilies, and from them he drew a similitude of the Father's loving care for his children. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field . . . . shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith."

Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since that day. "The Mount of the Beatitudes" has become a landmark in the story of the Christian faith. Its sides, scarred and seamed by time's ravages, still bear their annual tribute of lovely flowers and amid them, tall and queenly as ever, stands "the lily of the field," more richly robed than any Eastern monarch. Early this season, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent a representative to Palestine in the person of Rev. H. B. Greene, a skilled botanist, who with reverent care has gathered many of "the lilies of the field," choosing only the most perfect blossoms. These have been prepared, dried, pressed and conveyed to New York, where they have been handsomely mounted, each mount bearing a perfect, real flower—the actual blossom, from the land of the Saviour. The color, texture, and form, the spread of the purple leaves, and even the delicate stalk, have been admirably preserved. It is our purpose to present one of these mounts, each bearing a fine specimen of "The Lily of the Field," absolutely free, to each and every subscriber who will send us the names and mail addresses of **twenty-five friends** or acquaintances, who are not at the present time subscribers or readers of this journal, and no two of whom are members of the same family or household. The names should be plainly written and mailed to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, and a "Lily of the Field" will be promptly forwarded. This opportunity is one not to be slighted as it affords all a chance to possess one of these flowers, a gift that could hardly be duplicated in a lifetime, except at great expense. Our illustration on this page, photographed from the flower itself, is somewhat less than natural size; but no photograph can reproduce the delicate texture, the rich color and the velvety softness of the leaves. Every mount will be sent under cover, all charges prepaid, to any address desired.

David King over Israel.

Sunday School Lesson for July 12. II. Sam. 5: 1-12. Golden Text, II. Sam. 5: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DAVID had learned to wait upon the Lord: his was the dignity and power of a patient spirit. The death of the brave Abner, which was practically the death-blow of the house of Saul, did not lead David to make any effort to gain the allegiance of the remaining tribes of Israel. Abner's last work before his life was taken by Joab, was to encourage the elders of Israel to make David king; they had received proof that the foul deed of Joab did not proceed from the king; they were thus favorably disposed towards David; but, even under such circumstances, he would not move a finger to take the matter into his own hands. The anointing of the Lord was not only on his head but also in his spirit, and he counted it no loss of time to wait the Lord's hour. At the same time we read of no punishment of Joab, although the circumstances were so exasperating, for David took all from God.

Two ill-advised men sought to hasten matters. The two sons of Rimmon thinking to curry favor with David, and that probably they would be rewarded, entered the house of Ishbosheth, and murdered him in cold blood. Having done so they cut off his head and carried it to David with the words, "Behold the head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, thine enemy, which sought thy life; and the Lord hath avenged my lord the king this day of Saul, and of his seed." But David, far from recognizing the hand of God in the murder of Ishbosheth, saw only the deed of wicked men who sought to attain their own ends, and the evildoers received for their reward the capital punishment which is God's word for the murderer: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man." (Gen. 9: 6).

The Truest Kingliness

was manifest in David for he was superior to all personal feeling, and he reigned for God. But God's hour came at last. Seven years had David reigned in Judah, and many years before had he learned to wait with the anointing of God upon him; unknown, unrecognized, but all the time learning in the school of God lessons which fitted him for his future rule. And now without his doing anything whatever to bring it about, with one consent "came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron, and spake, saying, Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh. In times past, when Saul was king over us, it was thou that leddest out and broughtest in Israel: and the Lord said to thee, Thou shalt feed [or rule] my people Israel, and thou shalt be prince over Israel." At last after so many years, the people who had sought a king after their own heart came to recognize a king after God's own heart. And now that all was ripe, and the king was prepared to reign, and the people to accept his rule, the elders of Israel anointed David king over Israel. What a lesson to us all to wait God's time until he has made everything ready! What a rebuke to fleshly energy which seeks to hasten and to force things!

The future reign of our Lord is being prepared, but he is waiting until the regal character is formed in those whom the Father has given him, and whom he is perfecting into one (John 17: 23), one full grown man (Eph. 4: 13), the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. It is his purpose to make them with himself, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one, that the world may know that thou didst send me, and lovedst them even as thou lovedst me." The education of David was much on the same lines as that of many who are seeking, day by day, to be made ready for the return of our Lord and for eternal union with him. The kingly calling and the anointing is theirs already, they are already "a kingdom, priests unto his God and Father" (Rev. 1: 6, R. V.), "they are already a royal priesthood" (1. Peter 2: 9), "the anointing which they have received abides in them" (1. John 2: 27). Nevertheless "the world knoweth them not, because it knew him not" (1. John 3: 1).

The attitude of Saul and his people to David, their ingratitude, their injustice, their selfishness, etc., drove God's anointed closer to him, and at the same time served to bring out in David a character of forbearance, of patience, of superiority to his persecutors, and to those who injured him, which had far more power over those around him, than the grandeur and outward show of Saul's court had over his followers. So is it also with God's future kings. The persistent misunderstanding of those around them, the constant imputation of wrong motives, the suspicion of wrongs intended, etc., are a continual school to those whose citizenship is in heaven. It takes time and practice, but above all, it takes a habit of waiting upon the Lord, and of taking all things from his own and loving hand, to perfect in us

The Patience of Christ.

How many there are who long that things should move more quickly, they long for some extraordinary blessing which shall deliver them once for all from self-seeking and self-pity. But Jesus himself was "made perfect through sufferings," and himself "learned obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. 2: 10; 5: 8). There is no better way for his disciples than the way which he has trodden.

David was yet a young man, only thirty years of age when he began to reign in Hebron, thus he was thirty-seven years of age when he began to reign in Jerusalem. Jerusalem, God's chosen city, was preoccupied. The Jebusites, who had before possessed and inhabited it, had recourse to a stratagem by which they thought to keep a hold on the city. Knowing how David had forborne to slay Saul; how he had shown such magnanimity in the relations which he had had with all the house of Saul, and with Abner, who had formerly fought against him, they counted on his human sympathies, and filled the garrison with lame and blind people, thinking that such as David would never do any harm to a defenceless people such as they were. But they were not aware that David's movements were directed from a higher source and actuated by higher motives than fear for his reputation of forbearance and humanity. Such considerations would never be a sufficient ground to actuate a man led by God. How many there are who driven to do things, not by the direction of God in his Word, and by his Spirit's light upon the Word, but by the pressure of some person's opinion! "Ye were bought with a price;" become not bondservants of men!" (1.Cor. 7: 23). Having as they thought thus fortified their city, the Jebusites said to David, "Except thou take away the lame and the blind, thou shalt not come in hither," [or margin, R.V. Thou shalt not come in hither, but the blind and the lame shall turn thee away.] But a man who knew how to wait upon the Lord was not to be turned away from a purpose in which he was one with God. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion, the same is the city of David. And David said on that day, Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites, let him get up to the watercourse, and smite the lame and the blind that are hated of David's soul," or "that hate David's soul" [margin]. David hated God's enemies. God was indignant with the land of Canaan because of the iniquity which was practised there, and David took God's side and did not let even the most apparently righteous sympathy divert him from the straight line of doing the will of his God. Oh, how many of God's people cannot see quite straight because they are influenced by the opinion of someone whose good opinion they fear to lose! A man who lives constantly waiting upon the Lord is above all such influences. The subtle cunning of the Jebusites did not answer, the stronghold was taken and David as God's anointed, dwelt there. "And David waxed stronger and stronger," but not in his own strength, the secret of his strength was the same secret as that of Joseph's prosperity. "The Lord the God of hosts was with him."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE TOWER OF DAVID

ALL things, says the proverb, come to him who can wait. After the tribe of Judah had proclaimed David king, he waited seven and a half years for the fulfilment of the promise that he should be king over all Israel. Strength of character is sometimes shown as much in waiting as in activity. Such a spirit of impatience as Jacob and his mother displayed when they expedited the fulfilment of a promise by deceit, would have prompted David to attempt the seizure of the kingdom by force. One of the most common temptations of life is to adopt improper means to attain some desirable end. When some prize is almost in the grasp, and all that is needed is a lie, or some other course that the conscience condemns, there comes a struggle between duty and inclination that is very severe and often disastrous. There is no boy or girl who will not be the safer for having the principle firmly fixed in the mind that sin is too high a price to pay for the greatest prize on earth. When Christ indignantly rejected the offer of all the kingdoms of the world for one act of homage, he set an example that ought to settle that principle for all time. David waited, believing that in God's good time the promise would be fulfilled. He had now to seek a more central capital. About twenty miles to the northeast, was a city within the borders of Judah, but nearer to the northern tribes, which was well-fitted to be the capital—a city whose name will be famous to the end of time. Built on the tops of a cluster of hills, with deep ravines barring approach on three sides, Jerusalem occupied an ideal site for the capital of the land. This city David determined to have for his capital. The Jebusites, who had regained possession of it after the partial conquest by Joshua, were so confident that it was impregnable, that they boasted that the blind and the lame could hold it against David. Josephus says they actually put a number of maimed men on the walls in derision. The city was conquered, but the stronghold on Mount Zion withstood his attack. It was to the northwest of Mount Moriah and separated from it by the Tyropœon valley, a deep ravine at that time. It would appear that a secret way was found into it, probably through some system of water-supply, called "the gutter," in the Bible. To penetrate to the citadel through this subterranean passage was a feat of extreme danger, and David promised the man who succeeded in it the chief command in the army. From 1 Chronicles 11: 6, we learn that Joab won the honor. The citadel was taken and David strengthened the fortifications. The Millo referred to was probably an earthwork on the north side. The section of the narrative concludes with the pious description of David's success to the fact that the Lord had established him—a fact which men are apt to forget when they attain the summit of their fortunes.

Thinking David cannot come in. They had probably forgotten the secret way called "the gutter," or relied on David not finding it out. It is not safe to be over confident. Many a man who has been so sure of his own moral strength that he has had no fear of temptation, or trial has been overcome through some approach by which he never expected the enemy. Every man has some weak place in his character where he has need to be especially vigilant. There is a profound truth in the Greek fable of Achilles. We are told that his mother Thetis desiring to make him invulnerable dipped him in the River Styx. She immersed him completely, except his heel, by which she grasped him in the process, and there alone, according to the tradition, could a weapon pierce him. The phrase, the heel of Achilles, came to mean among the Greeks the weak point in a man's character.

The blind and the lame, hated of David's soul. This does not mean that David hated the blind and lame, but that he was exasperated by the taunt that he could be kept out of the fortress by these impotent defenders. One of the severest trials encountered in the spiritual life is when the sense of duty is opposed by natural piety or affection. When an ungodly father or mother or wife entreats a man to do something his conscience condemns, or not to do something that he knows he ought to do, he would be so glad to yield to them if higher duty did not require him to resist. He must steel his heart against his natural inclinations and obey God at the cost of giving them pain. A parallel passage is that in which Christ said: "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14: 26). Christ did not require any one to be so undutiful and unnatural, but he did require his followers to be so intent in his service that they would count as an enemy the dearest friend they had, if that friend hindered their spiritual progress. "I have been a faithful, loving, obedient wife to you," said a poor abused woman to her godless, dissipated husband; "you have made my life miserable; I have waited upon you as if I were a servant; I have born your taunts and abuse and blows and have never retaliated; but when you order me to stay away from church, I tell you plainly, I will not obey you. You may kill me, perhaps it is the kindest thing you could do, but I will not obey you." The man looked at the usually timid, shrinking creature in amazement and wondered where her courage came from. She did not hate him, but she was as firm as if she had done so.

David perceived that the Lord had established him. Kings are apt to think that it is they who have established themselves, or that their ancestors should have the credit. Few are willing to acknowledge that they owe the elevation to God, and must give account to him for their conduct. In this country we often speak of men as being "self-made," when they have had an humble beginning and have attained fame and fortune. One of these who in his prosperity showed his contempt for old friends who had not been so successful as he, and was even ashamed of his farmer father was pointed out to a pious old minister as a self-made man. "Yes," he said, "I can well believe it. If God had made him he would have been a better piece of work." This very city of Jerusalem is associated with an acknowledgement of a similar kind to that of David at a much later date. In the time of the Crusades the city was captured by Godfrey of Bouillon, but Gibbon says he refused, when he entered the city in triumph, to wear any of the insignia of royalty, remembering that within those walls his Lord had worn a crown of thorns.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Bible-Loving President.

A NOTABLE avowal on the part of Paul Kreuger, the President of the Transvaal Republic, is contained in the cable report of a recent interview. It appears that the Mayors of all the ...yns in South Africa resolved to wait the President and petition him to re...se the five leaders of the Uitlanders, ...o were convicted of inviting the James... invasion. Their sentence had already ...en commuted from death to imprison...nt for fifteen years, and the Mayors de...led to urge a further extension of mercy. ...fore, however, they waited on the Pres...nt, he had decided to let the prisoners ... on their agreeing to pay a fine of $125,... ...o each and give a promise to abstain ...m interfence in politics. The Mayors ...d consequently no petition to present, ...t as the arrangement for the interview ...d been made, they changed the pro...mme to an expression of gratitude to ...e President for granting their petition ...fore it was presented. Oom Paul, as ...e President is familiarly called, received ...s visitors graciously and listened atten...ely to their address of thanks. In his ...ly, he said that he had only one au...ority to guide him and that was "that ...ok," pointing to the large Bible lying ... his table; it had shown him the direc...n to follow. The President throughout ...e trouble has acted in a way that con...ms his avowal. In spite of the provo...tion offered and the pressure of his peo...e to have the prisoners punished in the ...st exemplary manner, he has shown ...e mercy and magnanimity of a man who ...s learned from the Bible the duty of for...ving his enemies. Much has been writ...n about President Kreuger's lack of re...ement and culture, but through all the ...gotiations he has proved himself a ...oroughly capable and astute man, con...entious and honorable in his dealings ...d fearless in his devotion to duty. His ...ivate life is declared by those who know ...m to be that of a humble, God-fearing ...n, careful in his religious duties and ...ving family prayer regularly in his ...me. The illustration on this page, ...ows him in the severely plain, unadorn... church he attends in Pretoria. In spite ... his distinguished position and the ...ealth of the Republic of which he is the ...ad, the service retains all the simplicity ... the Huguenot principles. Compared ...th the magnificence of rulers of less im...rtant states, the life of President Krue... seems very unassuming, but it is well ... the people he rules, as it has been for ...e men who have found mercy at his ...nds, that he knows where to seek that ...allible wisdom which is represented by ...e wise king as saying:

...y me kings reign and princes decree justice. ...v. 8: 16.

...e Sagging Gates.

The correspondent at Newport, R. I., of ...New York journal, reports a millionaire's ...appointment over a recent purchase. ... pair of magnificent gates have been ...de for Mr. Vanderbilt's mansion there, ...led "The Breakers." They are excep...nally beautiful and were made express... and at a great expense for their posi...n. But when they were set in place it ...s found, after a few days that they ...uld not close. The upper edges of the ...tes overlapped fully two inches, show...g that the posts to which they were at...hed were out of plumb. The posts con...t of blocks of granite laid one upon the ...er, and are not supported by any guy... or mechanical arrangement to keep ...em upright. As each gate weighs two ...d a-half tons, the burden on the posts is ...ormous and the swinging of the gates ...s drawn the posts inward at the top. ...e gates consequently cannot be closed. ...e mechanical experts who have charge ... the work are said to have decided that ...her lighter gates must be used, or the posts from which they hang must be strengthened, or supported in some way. At present they sag under the weight that is beyond their strength. Something like this often occurs as to moral character. A large business, or a great fortune inevitably tends to drag earthward the man to whom it belongs. He can be saved only by drawing nearer to God and clinging firmly to him.

Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God. (1. Timothy 6 : 17.)

Lost at his own door.

A singular bewilderment on the part of a belated diner-out is described by a San Francisco journal. It states that a convivial citizen was observed by a policeman making his way homeward in the early hours. He was evidently under the influence of liquor, but as he was not disorderly, the policeman did not interfere with him. He turned into the street in which he lived and went somewhat unsteadily down the block. The houses in the street are exactly alike, and the man being conscious apparently of not having full control of his faculties, looked attentively at the numbers on the transoms to be sure of going to his own house. At one of the houses he came to a halt and seemed about to enter, but on looking up at the transom he turned away and went on down the street to the end. He returned on the opposite side, but seemed to be utterly confused. Finally, he went back to the house at which he had halted and sat down disconsolately on the stoop. There the policeman found him and asked the cause of his trouble. The man said he was lost, but thought this was his home, but his number was 206 and this was 509. The policeman looked up. "Oh!" he said, "this is all right. This is 206, but the transom has been turned over." That proved the true explanation and the man gratefully accepted it and went in. He would not have needed the policeman's help in solving the problem, if his faculties had not been disturbed by drink. Prejudice operates to a man's detriment in a similar way. Like drink it affects the perceptive faculties. Many a man is outside a church home, who might find comfort and kindness inside, if it were not that its name, or some unimportant article of its creed, made unduly prominent, leads him to think that he would not be welcome.

PAUL KREUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL, AT CHURCH.

Why dost thou judge thy brother? Why dost thou set at nought thy brother? Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. Rom. 14: 10-13.

Miners Entombed.

Press dispatches from Helena, Montana, report the narrow escape from death of a party of miners in the Eureka mine at Rimini, a small mining camp in the mountains. The men were at work in a part of the mine known as the four hundred-foot level, and three hundred feet away from the shaft. Without the slightest warning a vast mass of rock believed to weigh over a hundred tons, fell between them and the shaft, completely blocking their way out. They were caught in a trap four hundred feet below the level. To make matters worse, water was flowing into the mine. Happily their situation was known to their comrades on the surface and every man lent willing aid to the work of rescue. Fifty strong arms plied pick and shovel and there was no cessation to their efforts for twelve hours. At the end of that time a passage way sufficiently large for a man to crawl through had been made in the rock and one by one the men crawled through to light and life. The water was then nearly three feet deep in their prison and they were almost stifled by the foul air. The men had no words strong enough to thank their rescuers for their escape. So men feel when, after realizing their lost condition and that the way to eternal life is barred by their sins, they discover that Christ has made a way for them.

A new and living way which he has consecrated for us through the veil. (Heb. 10 : 20.)

Panic in the Schools.

Three of the public schools of New York were the scenes of panic recently. On June 18, eleven hundred girls were in the play-room of the school in Rivington street and were talking about the devil having visited a school on Broome street, when one girl, with a piercing shriek, declared that she had just seen the devil with dreadful horns in the play-room. Instantly there was a wild stampede. The boys on the other side of the building heard the screams and the disturbance, and became panic-stricken themselves. Some foolish person outside, hearing the cries, called out in the street that the children were being killed in the school and immediately a crowd of mothers and fathers came rushing to the doors of the school. Meanwhile the principal and the teachers were doing their utmost inside to calm the terrified children, while a platoon of police on the street were vainly trying to prevent the parents breaking into the school. Cries of Fire! Murder! Help! the Devil! made the street hideous; and inside, the little children were being knocked down and trampled on by their bigger and stronger school-mates. It was a terrible scene and it was a long time before order was restored. A similar panic occurred the following day in a school on Stanton street and another at a Broome street school, all from the same cause. It appears that the children have been excited by some Old World superstitious tales that they have heard from their ignorant parents at home and have been repeating them to each other, until they were in a mental condition favorable to panic. The children are to have lectures on the foolishness of fearing devils, as a precaution against the recurrence of a panic. It may be hoped that the lecturers will also explain to the children the nature of evil of which the devil is the impersonation, and warn them that it is not the hideous, horrible appearance they have to dread, but the subtle, attractive guise in which temptation will approach them. Still more is it important to give them the assurance, for which there is Scriptural warrant:

Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Jas. 4:7.)

Wrecked in the Night.

News of an appalling catastrophe comes from the coast of France. On June 16th the steamer *Drummond Castle* on its voyage from South Africa to London, struck on the rocks off the island of Ushant and sank in a few minutes. Only three of the two hundred and forty-seven persons on board are known to have been saved. The first news of the disaster came from the light-house keeper at Ushant, who telegraphed that the steamer struck on a rock, and went down in three minutes. The British war-ship *Sybille* was near the scene of the wreck and lowered her boats to go to the rescue of the drowning, but could save none of them. Two seamen who managed to secure a plank and a panel-raft, floated about on these frail supports, until some fishermen saw them and took them on board their boat. Another man, a passenger, is reported to have reached Ushant. The sailors say there was a fog that night over the dangerous passage between Ushant and the Molene Islands. The passengers were chiefly women and children. The children were asleep below and the adults were on deck, watching for the first sight of the English coast. Suddenly there was a prolonged scraping followed by silence. The fore part of the ship plunged downward. The Captain, who was on the bridge, ordered the boats lowered, but before the order could be executed the vessel plunged beneath the waves. She went down, they say, like a piece of lead. Maritime men think that the vessel must have been a long way out of her course, either through an error in reckoning, or owing to the fog. The passage she took is an extremely dangerous one. A lighthouse has been placed there, but its light on the fatal night was hidden by the fog. To many of the poor drowned creatures, one may hope, the terrible disaster was but the way by which they would reach their heavenly Father's house. It would be infinitely more sorrowful if any of them found it only the prelude to eternal disaster, which every one may escape if in the voyage of life he will submit to the guidance of Him who is called the Captain of Salvation, and who has said:

Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none. John 18 : 9.

Electrified Bullets.

A remarkable discovery is reported in a Swiss journal. It appears that during the recent rifle contests at Thun, the marksmen were astonished at the deviation of their bullets. Though they were remarkably good shots and used the Swiss model rifle, firing steel bullets, not one struck the bull's eye in the target. Piqued by this, to them, unusual result, an investigation was made. It was found that the bullets had all struck the target to the right of the centre. Various theories were suggested in explanation of this fact. At last, the theory was broached that the bullets had been deflected by the electric and telephone wires suspended on the right of the rifle course. Confirmation of this theory came from the fact that the bullets extracted from the target proved to have become magnetic. A practical test of the theory was then made. Several electric wires carrying a current of eight thousand volts were fixed beside the track at a distance of forty yards and artillery and rifle practice was resumed. It was found that in both cases the missiles were deflected in their course, and followed the wires with absolute servility. A further proof that the electricity was responsible for the erratic fire was furnished in the fact that leaden bullets were not affected; only the steel bullets responded to the attraction. The erratic course of Christians in this life may sometimes be accounted for in a similar way. The Church and the world are surprised when some prominent church-member is found to be a defaulter, or to be guilty of some other crime, but it is generally discovered that there was some trait in his character as responsive to a strong temptation of a peculiar kind as the steel bullets are to electricity. Blessed is the man who can, like his Lord, say in the presence of temptation:

The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. John 14 : 30.

To Win Souls in Africa.

Bishop Hartzell to Shortly Begin his Work, in Charge of the Methodist Missions in the Dark Continent - His Projected Tour.

WHEN the old and the new Missionary Bishops of Africa met and clasped hands in fraternal greeting, upon the platform of the Methodist Quadrennial Conference in St. Louis, on May 25 last, the incident marked one of the supreme moments of that vast assemblage. After a career of life-long and rare success in the mission field, the veteran Bishop William Taylor had retired, and Joseph C. Hartzell, whose abilities have long since made him widely known and distinguished in the work of the Methodist Church at home, had been unanimously selected as Missionary Bishop in his stead. Together they stood, hand grasping hand before the great audience, the older man, in a voice full of emotion, welcoming the younger to the work that had long been so dear to his own heart. Bishop Taylor's warm greeting, no less than the cordial demonstrations of approval from the delegates on every side, showed that the General Conference had made a wise and fitting selection, when it chose Bishop Hartzell to carry forward the standard of Christ in the greatest of all missionary fields—a continent with nearly two hundred million souls yet to be won from the darkness of heathenism.

EX-BISHOP TAYLOR'S GREETING.

Bishop Hartzell was born in Illinois fifty-four years ago, of Christian parents, his father being an industrious farmer. He graduated in Illinois Wesleyan University and the Garrett Biblical Institute, and was also a student of marked ability in the Evanston School of Theology. Of hardy, robust frame, and with a high, courageous nature, he excelled in athletic sports and on one occasion, during a furious storm on Lake Michigan, he swam out with a rope to a wrecked vessel and heroically saved her crew of eight men from drowning.

From the outset of his career as a preacher and worker in the Methodist Church, he has been a man specially selected for emergencies. In the reconstruction days of 1870, he was transferred to New Orleans to succeed Rev. John P. Newman, and he remained there three years during political dangers and pestilence. He was appointed Presiding Elder of the New Orleans district and for many years was the active organizer and conductor of the Church's work among the negroes of Louisiana. While in that State he founded the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, and afterward turned it over to his successor in the work—a substantial and influential [illegible].

It was during those years that he became impressed with the conviction that the hope of the colored race in America lay in the direction of education. He accordingly entered, with his accustomed zeal, into this new avenue of service and rendered valuable aid in shaping the educational policy of New Orleans and the whole State. In 1888, he was elected Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, a [illegible] appointed by having previously assisted Dr. R. S. Rust until the latter's retirement from active service. Under Dr. Hartzell's skilful control, [illegible] advances, until now it has seventeen Conferences, over two hundred and sixty thousand communicants and twenty-two excellent educational institutions among the negroes of the South. The Society [illegible] among the poorer class of whites in the South, for whose benefit no less than twenty-two schools have been established. Dr. Hartzell's [illegible] direction has met with almost universal approval throughout the South.

It was peculiarly fitting that a man of such progressive character and with the qualities of leadership should be chosen for the African field. He had already found an Africa at home in which he had qualified for the broader mission by years of devoted service. Hence he was once again the man for the emergency—the Providential man; and in taking the place so long filled and now yielded up by the patriarchal Bishop Taylor, Bishop Hartzell bowed to a higher will and with cheerful self-sacrifice and a heart full of holy courage, accepted the new responsibility imposed upon him.

There are sacrifices involved in undertaking the duties of a Missionary Bishop of which the world knows little, and not least among them is the almost complete severance of all social ties that bind the incumbent to kindred, friends and native land, for his new duties lie wholly among the heathen, in a climate that may be inhospitable. There are other considerations, too, that make the post one from which any might shrink except the truly heroic Christian, who is fortified by a Divine courage and inspired with a consuming zeal to bring souls into the kingdom. Such a man is the new missionary Bishop to Africa,—now, as in the past, ever ready to go where God calls and to obey cheerfully what commands He may send, at whatsoever sacrifice.

Its is pleasant to know that Mrs. Hartzell, who has been her husband's companion and counselor through many trials and triumphs and amid not a few dangers as well, views his new commission with Christian complacency and without a tremor. Knowing that she may share his labors in Africa and also whatever of danger may come, she simply says, with beautiful confidence: "It is God's will and he will care for us both."

REV. JOSEPH C. HARTZELL, D.D.

(The new Methodist Episcopal Missionary Bishop of Africa.

Ex-Bishop Taylor will shortly sail for South Africa for an evangelistic tour in Kaffir-land, where he preached thirty years ago. His work will be thousands of miles distant from his mission stations on the West Coast and Zambesia. Before his departure he formally transferred on June 16th to Bishop Hartzell as his living successor, the title to all the Methodist Mission property in Africa, including buildings, land, cattle, crops, tools, and general equipment in Angola, Congo, Liberia and Zambesia. Several large bequests made to ex-Bishop Taylor were also included in the transfer. Both the bishops are in the most perfect accord.

Bishop Hartzell expects to sail for Africa in November next, when he will make a general tour of all the missions included in his new episcopal charge. Meanwhile, it is proposed to make all necessary arrangements to push the work vigorously at every point for the redemption of the Dark Continent, and all who are interested in the evangelization of Africa are cordially invited to co-operate with the new Bishop and his missionary workers.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the Missions of Caleb as presented and the [illegible] sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it, that the co-operation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Seventeen Years Among Heathen.

Mary A. Sharp's Missionary Experience in Liberia -- Heathen Barriers Down and Africa now "an Open Door" to the Gospel—A Brave Woman's Triumphs.

FEW missionaries who have gone from America to the Dark Continent and spent half a life-time there in the service of Christ have passed through a more remarkable experience than Miss Mary A. Sharp, whose letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is given below:

MONROVIA, AFRICA, May 3, '96.

Your letter, enclosing draft, is received. It was a great and glad surprise to me. I had for some time been thinking of enlarging my work, i. e., putting some in the field on a small allowance and taking more in my training-school, but had not even prayed for the wherewithal. When this came, I saw at once what I must do, and took it as from God, indicating his will concerning the matter.

The present condition and prospects of the work, are highly encouraging. We have a good church, frame sided, and roofed with corrugated iron; a membership of over fifty and a good congregation. The Sunday School varies greatly in numbers, but the Bible and Testament classes are nearly always filled. One reason is that these can understand English much better than those who are less advanced. I still preach through an interpreter as does also a Liberian woman who is a co-worker with me. Two that have gone out from our church are employed farther down the Coast.

In my home I have fifteen who all help in church work, except one, and she will, too, if she lives to be older. The prejudice against missions has all died out, and so have many of the old-time superstitions. Many of the congregation come well-dressed, and all try to have some article of clothing on more than a loin-cloth. "Well-dressed" does not mean what these words would imply in the United States. Very few wear shoes, and a few years ago the best dressed wore only a loin-cloth.

This week will complete seventeen years since I landed in Africa. I have made two trips to the United States, spending in the home country four months each time. I have not been confined to my bed a day during all these years, and there has been no break in the work. This is a rare experience in Africa, even where several have been sent to one Station. Kroo-town has a population of about eight thousand. There are hundreds of bright well-developed children and some quite grown up who should be in school. The parents are not advanced enough in civilization to feel the need of having their children educated. The majority are anxious for them to learn English, and would gladly let them go into a mission home away from them, and are proud to have them able to read, write and sing. It does not take more than thirty dollars per year to support a boy or girl in school. I have room for more than I now have, but with all my other work I cannot take any more. I am convinced that the permanency of the work in Africa will depend on those trained from c[illegible] hood in Christian schools. I get no [illegible] ry, nor is there one dollar pledged by [illegible] one to the support of this work; yet t[illegible] praise of God and his chosen ones, I [illegible] say that in all these years I have n[illegible] lacked any needful thing, though I [illegible] have extended the work more had I a[illegible] means. To do the mighty work of e[illegible] gelizing the millions of Africa, na[illegible] must be converted, and trained and [illegible] ployed as workers. They will need [illegible] superintended for years to come. T[illegible] are fewer obstacles to overcome her as far as the people are concerned, tha[illegible] most other fields. The great numbe[illegible] tribes, and each having their own t[illegible] language, and very few of them red[illegible] to writing is, in some localities, quite [illegible] obstacle. Not so, on the West C[illegible] however, where the great anxiety to k[illegible] English leads them to acquire it rea[illegible] Kroo men are our oarsmen. To a que[illegible] if any "know English enough to [illegible] word," there is a ready response, "Da[illegible] me know English, and me sabee God [illegible] aver proper." They are proud of t[illegible] even when they care nothing about "[illegible] palaver."

Over every Port of entrance to Afri[illegible] written, "Behold I set before you an [illegible] door." True, the dreaded African f[illegible] awaits most persons, but a person [illegible] good health and good breathing cap[illegible] (for one has to contend with the rapid [illegible] luxuriant growth of vegetation, fo[illegible] gen enough to amply support animal l[illegible] and a little attention to first sympto[illegible] may have fair health here. One caus[illegible] the great mortality since I have been h[illegible] is that so many have come with a l[illegible] theories to demonstrate. Death usu[illegible] comes between the theories and the s[illegible] tion. Work in Africa is no holiday af[illegible] It means downright, hard, patient, cor[illegible] uous labor. No hills to go to during [illegible] hot season. As far as Liberia is concer[illegible] no railroad,—just paths; if by the ri[illegible] one can go in a canoe or dugout; if [illegible] land, on foot. If weary, you can be [illegible] ried in a hammock.

If the time should come when [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD can send out [illegible] Evangelist, these hints of mine mi[illegible] serve in aiding you to select a proper [illegible] son. The good that might be done wo[illegible] be incalculable. Think of it. Yours [illegible] the King's service. MARY A. SHARP.

Armenians in Van Grateful.

Miss Kimball, American missionary [illegible] Van, through whom a considerable par[illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund [illegible] distributed, writes us as follows:

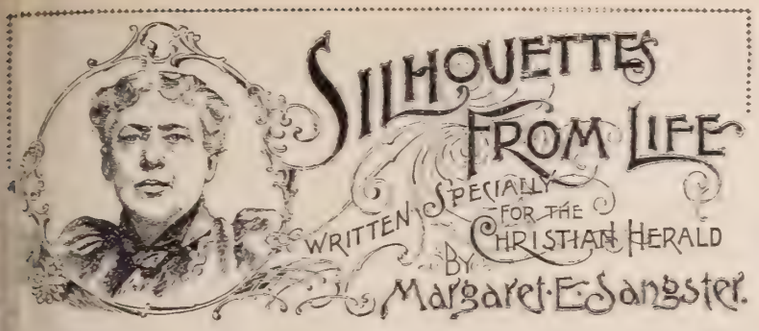
VAN, Turkey, May 20th

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH:—Your most g[illegible] ifying letter of April 9th was duly recei[illegible] and read with deep appreciation of y[illegible] kindness by myself and all my associat[illegible] We all thank you cordially for your w[illegible] of approbation and interest. Such wo[illegible] are most cheering and encouraging wh[illegible] one is as isolated from the world as we [illegible] I have already tried to express the gr[illegible] tude we all feel for the magnificent con[illegible] butions you secured for these poor peo[illegible] But I would again repeat them, and ass[illegible] you that they are never forgotten. Inde[illegible] Van has been most generously remembe[illegible] by all givers; and these gifts have b[illegible] effectual in warding off actual starvati[illegible] so far. What the future is to be, we c[illegible] not tell. When all attempts at restori[illegible] peace are nullified by the crazy and s[illegible] cidal movements of a band of ill-advi[illegible] boys, who call themselves "Revoluti[illegible] ists"—the Government has a task out [illegible] all proportion to its ability. We had hop[illegible] that things were becoming quieter, [illegible] yesterday three of our distributors, w[illegible] had been working in the district of Nordu[illegible] returned, escorted by a Kurdish Agha, w[illegible] had barely saved them from death at t[illegible] hands of his fellows. They report that [illegible] band of Revolutionists had been found [illegible] the region and had had a scrimmage wi[illegible] the Kurds, killing four and wounding ot[illegible] ers, and that now that the entire Kurdi[illegible] population had arisen, threatening to ma[illegible] sacre all the Christians in the place. Th[illegible] is the good the Revolutionists do.

G. W. KIMBALL.

The following additional contributio[illegible] for Armenian Relief have been received

Previously acknowledged..... $48,419.
E. J. L., Riverhead, [illegible]; Mrs. A. B. Daly, $5; A. K. D., Phila., $1; Mrs. Nancy Barber, [illegible]; Dwight and Gracie Christianson, $1; Rose Uni[illegible] Sabbath-school, $2; Llewella Malcom, $1.
Total..... $48,431.



Another Chance.

THE man about whom this story is to be told, died five years ago, full of years and honors. The story is true. It is the story of a man who would have been fatally wrecked in character, in reputation, in opportunity, had not a Christian woman's faith and love insisted on giving him another chance.

"What is the matter, dear husband?" asked Mrs. Goodrich as she observed the preoccupied looks and troubled manner of the gentleman in question. "You are eating nothing, and I made these muffins myself, and planned the nicest supper I could think of to refresh you after your journey."

"I will tell you by-and-by, my dear," said Mr. Goodrich, with a glance at the little ones who were seated at the table. "Something has distressed me to-day, and I will have no rest till I have gotten it off my mind. Pardon me for not doing justice to the meal. Everything is very nice, but I have no appetite."

Rising with a brief plea to be excused, Mr. Goodrich went to his library. As soon as the children were dismissed, the older ones to their evening studies, and the younger to bed, the wife sought her husband. He was sitting at his desk, his head bowed on his hands, his attitude that of profound depression.

"For pity's sake, Robert, tell me what is the matter?" exclaimed the lady. "Have you had bad news from home, and are you hiding it from me? Or have you met with losses? Whatever is the disaster, Bob, dear, let us share it together."

"Sally," said Mr. Goodrich, "I have met with an irreparable loss. One that I cannot share with me or help me to bear. I have lost my confidence in young Gerald Watts. We have had reason to fear that there was a thief in our employ for some time, the accounts have been tampered with, and I have privately been studying the case up. To-day it was proved to my satisfaction beyond the possibility of doubt, that Watts has been systematically robbing me for over a year. Watts! Whom I have treated with so much indulgence, a boy well brought up, a country boy, with such a mother as his! I am indignant beyond expression. Not for the money, remember, though nobody likes to be cheated, but that such a fellow, with such fine abilities, should stoop to stealing. Never mind. He'll be arrested to-morrow, and he's safe to get a good long sentence when the case is tried. Such an offender must be made an example of."

"Robert!"

"Now, Sally, it's useless to look at me with such pleading eyes. If you cried for years, I'd do my duty in this matter."

"But, husband, Gerald Watts is very young, only twenty years old."

"A man who is a thief at twenty should go to the penitentiary, Sally. A striped suit and prison fare will teach him that the way of the transgressor is hard."

"Think of his poor mother."

"He is the one who ought to have thought of her."

"He may have had bad companions, Robert. Temptations may have found him unguarded; having begun, he may not have known where to stop."

"Sally Goodrich, I tell you once more I will not change my decision. Watts will be arrested to-morrow morning."

"Suppose, dear, it were our own Harry, given to Gerald's age, and fallen into sin, would you not wish mercy to be shown him, tell me that."

"I cannot for an instant," said the husband, coldly, "fancy your son and mine in any such situation."

"Nor could you have fancied Alice Watts' son in such a one. Darling," and the wife's brown eyes, full of tears, confronted her husband's obstinate blue ones. "I have seldom asked a great favor of you, but I do now. For the sake of our own dear children, do not sadden me by a refusal. Give Gerald another chance. Let me talk to him."

Mr. Goodrich yielded.

"You desire to be his surety, if he shows penitence and a disposition to do right, and make restitution?"

"Yes, husband, I do."

"Then, please God, if Gerald shows humility, and promises improvement, I'll accept you as his security."

The next morning Mr. Goodrich sent Gerald Watts on an errand to his home. The boy, as the merchant noticed, was pale and had a hunted look. He started when suddenly addressed, and his movements were furtive.

When he reached the home of the Goodriches, he was shown to Mrs. Goodrich's own private sitting-room. There he had a long and very earnest conversation. Afterward, when she related the incidents of that talk to Mr. Goodrich, she said that Gerald put his head down on the arm of the sofa, and sobbed and sobbed, like a child who has been punished, and cannot overcome his weeping.

"But at last I prayed with him," she said, "and I have commended him to God, to the God who says, 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool.'"

Gerald Watts went straight to his employer and confessed the whole shameful story of the first dishonesty, of the accumulating thefts, of the burden of horror, and the chain of fear he had borne. Mr. Goodrich forgave him, accepted his offer of service without salary, allowed him to pay up his debt. Nobody ever knew, outside the immediate family, the story of Gerald's sin and of his repentance.

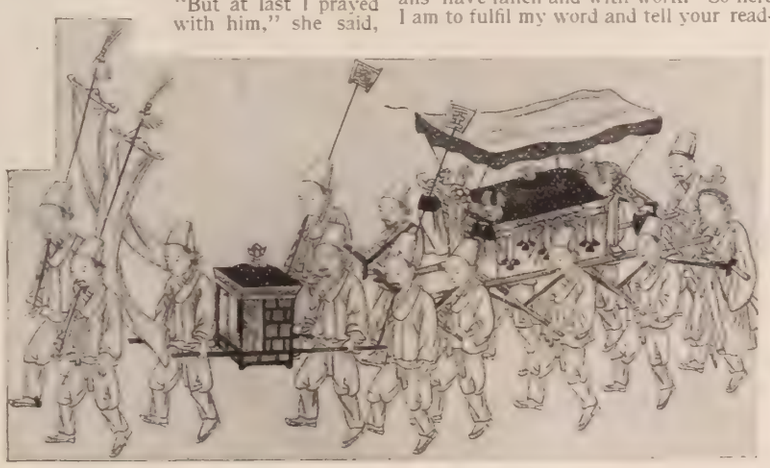
Years passed, and, rising from one step in advance to another, the youth became a partner in the firm. He was prominent in municipal and church affairs. He did good with a liberal hand. He was noted for his kindness to the young and friendless, and his readiness to extend a helping lift to those in need. The widow and the orphan never applied to him in vain.

He had been forgiven. One of Christ's followers had treated him in a Christ-like way. Gerald Watts had had another chance.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE DIVINE PARDON.

For he, thy God and Friend,
Shall keep thy soul from harm,
In each sad scene of doubt attend,
And guide thy life, and bless thine end,
With his Almighty arm.



"SIX COOLIES CARRIED ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF AN AGED COREAN WOMAN."

Christian Work in Corea.

Missionary Malcolm C. Fenwick writes of that Country's Spiritual Condition — Strange Customs and Superstitions.

COREAN FISHERMEN.

REV. Malcolm C. Fenwick, who lately returned to his missionary post in Corea, has written us a very interesting letter (accompanied by illustrations by a native artist) descriptive of the spiritual state of that country. As may be gathered from the letter itself, the field for Gospel labor is a most inviting and needy one. Any reader who may be disposed to assist Mr. Fenwick's work or to learn further particulars regarding it, should address him at Wonsan. His letter is as follows:

WONSAN, COREA, April 1, 1896.

The waters of the Pacific are crossed and also the Sunrise Kingdom with the waters lying between her and this "Land of Morning Calm," whose bleak hills once more look down upon me. As I write, seated on a stone brought from the hillsides to form the mound on which my native *sarang* (reception-room) is to stand, twenty-four idle men surround me, looking on, while three men on the other do the work of excavating. I had been telling them of Jesus, and just finished an entreaty for them to take hold and work, but all without effect. I then told them I would sit down and write a letter to my friends at home, advising them how Coreans have fallen and with work. So here I am to fulfil my word and tell your readers more about the people for whom our saintly Dr. Hall gave his life and whose benighted condition touches all our hearts.

As I entered the southern harbor, I felt the waters of Eternal Life welling up in my soul. Passing by some fishermen drawing their nets, I heartily wished them a good catch. Jesus delighted to have it so when he mingled with fishermen. Opportunity was soon found to once more tell them of Jesus both on sea and on land. Of seven to whom I preached Jesus by the way, not one had ever heard his name before. What a privilege! No overcrowding here. Even at our very doors, there are still "regions beyond."

I attended the morning service of one of our missionaries, last Lord's day, and found his assembly-room crowded to the doors. The little native house in course of erection where I sit, will be filled from its opening day with inquirers and worshippers. For there are still some left who in the early days, when I was alone in Wonsan, bowed their heads with me and worshipped Jesus as their Saviour and Lord.

Corea looks still the same. The war has come and gone. Her Queen has been cruelly murdered — so foul was the deed that it forms one of the blackest pages in history. I hope none of your readers believe the foolish story that was circulated by the Japanese that she was not murdered but is in hiding. Her murderers have slain the Chinese, too, for nought, as the King is safely housed in the Russian legation in Seoul, the pro-Japanese ministry dissolved, and one after the King's own heart formed. Thus Russia has quietly and unostentatiously secured the supremacy over Corea. Notwithstanding all this, the country looks just the same as when I left it a year before the war. The mountains still out-distance the eye, the coo-coo sings in the hedges, the robin red-breast builds as of old her nest in the scrubby fir trees, and the meadow lark soars just as high and sings just as sweetly as ever, Neither has sin been removed. The devil remains still unbound — still roams about to withstand the supremacy of Jesus. But, praise God, he is being foiled here and there.

Last Lord's Day (April 5), in company with Dr. Harder, I had the joy of seeing the shackles broken off seven sin-bound souls. Some had heard of Christ for years, some for months, one for one week, and two for the first time. Praise God, heathenism does not harden souls; it is committing that awful sin beside which all others are but nought, which hardens hearts — rejecting God's beloved Son.

"THOSE SORROWFUL DRUMS."

One of these seven—a poor, hard-working coolie—called around next morning, and, questioned, said: "I have eaten a new heart and am very joyful."

Hearing one of their sorrowful drums beating as we conversed, I asked: "What is that?" "The devil," was his reply. "A man is dying." "Do you worship the devil?" "Not since Sunday." "Why! You have straw and paper, and rags, and pine branches (all emblems of demon-worship) around your house, as all Coreans do, have you not?" "No, not now." "How's that?" "I threw them all away." "When?" "After I went home on Sunday." We say, "praise God!" and wonder.

This morning, while preparing to oversee the construction of the little dwelling to be known as "Jesus' House," an old familiar sound broke on my ears—a weeping and wailing for some one gone before. In a few minutes, a bier left the house near by. About six coolies carried all that was mortal of an aged Corean woman. The weeping and wailing were enough to touch the hardest heart.

THREE MEN TO ONE SHOVEL.

I had gone but a little way down the road when I met another heathen funeral —another immortal past redemption, another priceless soul gone to eternal doom. My heart is heavy as I write. Have I done all in my power to tell these perishing ones of Jesus? Cordially yours for Him.

MALCOLM C. FENWICK.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Exercise Overdone.

SO much is said about the importance and necessity of bodily exercise, especially to people of sedentary habits, that many carry the good advice to extremes. When I was a young man, Dr. Todd, Dr. Lewis, and Dr. Comb, sometimes set the student wild on the subject of physical exercise. He wakes up to the fact that he has been wickedly neglecting it, and resolves then and there to begin. He buys a bat, or calisthenic clubs, or dumb-bells, and opens the sanitary struggle. In most cases, he immediately overdoes it, and, for a time, is worse off than if he had remained lethargic.

Soon after entering the ministry, we were reading, one day, on the importance of physical exercise. The subject flashed upon us so overpoweringly that we resolved on a gymnasium in the garret of our country parsonage. We speedily extemporized such an institution, and, with coat off and slippers on, began exercise. We ran, and jumped, and swung, and lifted, and climbed, and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears expressed for the demolition of the parsonage. But we dislike to stop after we have started in anything. So we kept on jerking away at the pulleys and walking the horizontal bars, and bending over backward till our head touched the floor, and had gone through all the varieties of somersault. The second day our exercise was excruciating, because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day we resigned forever the duties of that particular gymnasium. We sat two days with our feet upon a pillow, in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. We doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly had been a damage to us. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, we have before us two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. We would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday [illegible] getting to church was one of the most difficult enterprises we ever conducted. We went early, for the pulpit was to be climbed, and [illegible] pathy of the audience. There was no one in church but the sexton, and we watched till he went to ring the bell before we began to climb the sacred hill. The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step up we took sidewise, the second backward, the third by a strong pull on the banisters. We then stopped to rest and wipe the perspiration from our brow, all flushed with the manly achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that we were half-way up, and that it would hurt us as much to go down as to go up, encouraged us in the work of ascent. But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule, and an indisposition on our part to create unseemly mirth in church, or to tempt any one to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If we had that day taken the text nearest to our heart, it would have been Paul's advice to a young man by the name of Timothy: "Bodily exercise profiteth little."

We learned by these experiences that anything overdone had better not be done at all. Gymnasiums are grand things; but let common sense dictate quantities and qualities, and do not allow the dumb-bells to drag down the shoulders, nor had you better hang by your feet to a ring till you get black in the face. Fencing is good; but do not be rough, nor play with loafers. Pedestrianism is healthful; but do not forget that the road back is a little further than the road out, though it may be the same road. Hunting is good, if you do not shoot sparrows, nor go to sleep on the edge of a marsh. Rowing is good, if you do not take a bottle in the boat, nor pull so hard that you get aneurismal trouble with the heart. When we forsook the fitful and extravagant use of gymnastics, and came to their gradual and intelligent use, we found them, next to religion, the best panacea for all earthly ills. We have put down all the burdens of a life-time at the door of the gymnasium, or hung them on the horizontal bars, or demolished them with the butt end of dumb-bells, or fastened them as so many Mazeppas to the wooden horse bounding off the precipices of forgetfulness. Let not, therefore, the wrenched muscles and swollen foot of the Belleville parsonage trip up any one on his way to the gymnasium. Only do not take so much of anything at once that you cannot take any more of it again. Moderation is a big word, which it takes some of us a long time to learn how to spell.

Donation Parties.

HIS congregation had kept him on a small salary, which they did not pay. Noticing that their minister's overcoat was getting shabby, and his wife looked very much troubled, the good people met together and resolved to atone for the past by giving him a donation party. The night came, the sleighs drove up, the people stamped the snow-clods off their heels, and the party began. The most of us had not eaten much during the day, in order that our appetites might be sharp and keen. Some had brought smoked beef, and others bread, and others cheese, and others tea, and others coffee, and others turkeys and cheese. The few liberal souls who brought largely and generously ate but little, and demanded no thanks; but we who had brought twenty-five cents' worth of provision ate fifty cents' worth, and we who had brought forty cents' worth ate nearly to the amount of one dollar, taking away in our handkerchiefs for the children at home enough to make up the full dollar. The carpets, which ought to have been replaced three years ago by something better, were about finished that night by the tramping of several hundred feet. We broke a lamp and dropped one tray-full of the crockery of Mr. and Mrs. Starved-to-death. We left, when we came away, many pieces of fruit-cake with the raisins picked out. Our horses had eight quarts of the minister's oats; for we had come a long way. We left the dominie ten or fifteen book-marks, more than enough to put on the empty plates of the parsonage some day when the fare is short. We added to the minister's library some fine copies of the "Patent Office Reports," which had been franked us by our Congressman in Washington at public expense. We ran our elbow through a pane of glass, which will help in the ventilation of the parsonage when the weather is warm.

And now, if any man in all the world ought to be happy and grateful, it is Dominie Starved-to-death. Let others, if they will, support their pastors by contributions of money, which has been the ruin of so many people; but improving on the words of the orator, we cry, "Give us donation parties or give us death."

Striking the Bull's-Eye.

WE are much interested in the games, or contests of the marksmen frequently reported, and when our American marksmen contend with the foreign marksmen, we always hope our side will beat. Would it not be wise for us who stay at home, and who have other targets to shoot at, and other cartridges to load, to be studying how to be skilful and felt in our departments? We want more spiritual workmen. We have enough ammunition and enough rifles, but we are very apt to miss our aim. The marksmen practiced a long while. Missing the target, they felt chagrined; but we go on year after year in our Christian work, feeling but little disturbance though we make a very poor score. We all need to study skilfulness in taking aim. Let us be improving our faculty as spiritual marksmen. "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." They shoot balls of the right calibre; but some ministers shoot cannon shot weighing nearly half a ton, while others use rifle balls, and some bird-shot. But it is not always the calibre that does the work. A spiritual mustard-shot that hits a man is better than a theological rifle shell which goes whizzing away in the air, exploding in empty space and not even frightening a chicken.

More Water.

WE approach a delicate subject. We must be cautious, for fear we make some of our readers mad. The world needs more careful ablution. We judge that many people do not wash themselves often enough and thorough enough. In city houses, with bath-rooms, and water pipes running everywhither, there is no shade of excuse for lack of cleanliness. Indeed, there is no excuse anywhere for neglect of ablution. You answer that you wash your hands and face every morning. What of that? Your hands and face could get along without immersion easier than the rest of your body, for the dirt would rub off by contact with fresh air and the implements of your occupation. You need frequent application of water from the top hair of you head to the end of the long toe. Once a week will not do. God washes the flowers every night with dew, and you are certainly no purer than the, jasmines and verbenas. Three-fourths of the world does not wash often enough either for health or decency. With three-fourths of the world water, the plan of frequent purification ought to be everywhere adopted and acted on.

* * *

Unless assistance speedily comes to Crete, that unfortunate island will probably be the scene of Turkish atrocities, equalled only by the terrible massacres in Armenia a year ago. Turkey is sending large bodies of troops thither and the situation is represented as deplorable. Greece, alone, is giving evidence of sympathy and is aiding the Christian women and children to leave Crete. Already, villages have been seized and depopulated by the Turks. It would certainly seem as though "the half furious madman, whom six Christian Powers still permit to shed Christian blood"—as the newspapers of the Greek capital describe Abdul Hamid—were not yet satisfied with the enormities he has committed. Canea, the capital of Crete, and at present the scene of great excitement, is shown in the illustration on the opposite page.

BRIEF NOTES.

By Means of the Electrophone the S[illegible] from a dozen places of worship in London [illegible] the wires for the benefit of invalids and oth[illegible] cannot go to church.

The New York Young Men's Christi[illegible] Association has just declined an offer of $750,00[illegible] building of the Twenty-third Street Branch, [illegible] $480,000 in 1869, and is now valued at $1,000,[illegible]

We Invite Special Attention to the *Souvenir Offer to all* our readers on another [illegible] Every one should make an effort to secure [illegible] these *beautiful "Tales of the Field"* by co[illegible] with the simple conditions of the offer.

The Wells Fargo Express Company [illegible] Francisco for the tenth consecutive year ha[illegible] the clerks of its city office members of the San [illegible] cisco Y. M. C. A., taking out 130 membership[illegible] each, and giving its check for $1,300 in payme[illegible]

The only Male Descendant of Mohamm[illegible] Prophet is Elsaid Ahmed Effendi Abdel [illegible] Chiek-el-Sadat. He is a prominent Arabian [illegible] man, now living in Egypt. The house which [illegible] cupies at Cairo has been tenanted by his an[illegible] for the last 800 years.

A Clergyman and his Wife—Rev. [illegible] Sprague and Mrs. L. F. Sprague—were ordai[illegible] June 14, joint pastors of the New South Chur[illegible] ton, Mass. They were graduated together [illegible] Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pa., an[illegible] their marriage have labored together in [illegible] churches in Wisconsin and California.

Mr. John L. Dube, a Zulu, who is n[illegible] this country preparing for missionary work [illegible] his own people is, with his wife, giving inc[illegible] lectures on life and customs in Zululand. [illegible] father was converted under the labors of Mr [illegible] ley, and became one of the earliest native pr[illegible] in that country. Mr. Dube's address is 69[illegible] Avenue, New York.

Those of our Readers, Interested in th[illegible] ticle that recently appeared in these columns [illegible] gard to the Boys' Brigade and desiring furth[illegible] fuller information, with working data, can [illegible] them by addressing, with stamp for reply: [illegible] quarters, United Boys' Brigades of America, [illegible] ciation Building, Chicago.

Mr. G. B. Lane, a Presbyterian St[illegible] School missionary in Wisconsin, writing to [illegible] nominational journal, says, "I have in three [illegible] traveled 1,300 miles, visited twenty Sunday S[illegible] and 250 families, delivered sixty addresses, [illegible] away 2,200 pages of tracts, 100 books, twenty [illegible] and fifteen Testaments." This is a normal [illegible] months' work.

The American Board Reports as its Re[illegible] for the month of May, $53,064, against $43,451 [illegible] corresponding month of last year. The incr[illegible] entirely in legacies, which have arisen from [illegible] to $21,577, the regular donations falling off [illegible] $31,768 to $28,605. The total income of the [illegible] months is less than the corresponding period [illegible] year by $27,867.

Miss Frances Willard Was One of the [illegible] gates to the Twentieth Anniversary of the [illegible] Woman's Temperance Association. Eight hu[illegible] delegates and thirty-superintendents of distri[illegible] ported. Fraternal delegates were appointed [illegible] tend the United States Convention in St. L[illegible] November, and the World's Convention to be [illegible] Ottawa next spring. One hundred London p[illegible] were occupied by women on the Sunday of the [illegible] vention week.

Dr. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland [illegible] sion records in his magazine a direct answ[illegible] prayer. The funds of the Mission had reach[illegible] very low ebb, the treasury being nearly empt[illegible] special meeting of the officers was called to [illegible] matter before the Lord. Between the date of [illegible] meeting and the close of the month, the amount [illegible] ceived was nearly double the amount that was [illegible] in during the corresponding month of last year.

Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt has been Appoi[illegible] Medical Director of the International Medical [illegible] sionary Society's College in Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible] Society has a Board of twenty-one Directors, a[illegible] whom are Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, Rev. Wa[illegible] Hoyt, D.D., and Rev. Wilbur J. Chapman, D.D. [illegible] President is Hon. Robert E. Pattison. The first [illegible] sion opens Sept. 15. Applications for admission [illegible] be obtained by sending stamped envelope to D[illegible] D. Dowkontt, 210 W. Coulter st., Germantown, P[illegible]

Prof. Pellmann, of Bonn University, [illegible] makes a special study of heredity, has been fo[illegible] the career of the descendants of Frau Ada [illegible] notorious drunkard, who was born in 1742 and [illegible] in 1800. Her descendants have numbered [illegible] whom 709 have been traced from youth by Prof[illegible] mann. Of these, 7 were convicted of murder, [illegible] other crimes, 142 were professional beggars, [illegible] ed on charity, and 181 women of the family le[illegible] reputable lives. The family has cost the Ger[illegible] Government for maintenance and costs in the [illegible] almshouses, and prisons, $1,250,000.

From the Year Book of the Internati[illegible] Committee of Young Men's Christian Associa[illegible] just published, it appears that their are now [illegible] Associations with an aggregate membership [illegible] 283,998. The number of Secretaries and other [illegible] at work has increased from 1,150 to 1,256, with [illegible] three vacancies to be filled. There are 112 Asso[illegible] tion buildings (an increase of ten during the ye[illegible] valued with other real estate owned by the Ass[illegible] ations at $18,189,300. Other property owned by [illegible] Associations will almost equal the debts upo[illegible] buildings. 28,886 different young men attended [illegible] educational classes, an increase of over 2,000. [illegible] ployment was secured for 9,450 young men. [illegible] has been an increased attendance during the ye[illegible] at both the Bible classes and the young men's m[illegible] tings, of the Associations.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, Publisher of this Journ[illegible] and Dr. J. E. Stevenson, of the Presbyterian Chu[illegible] have been appointed with Mr. W. D. Mayes, a[illegible] county committee to have charge of the funds [illegible] tributed toward the erection of the new building which is so urgently needed by the Educatio[illegible] and Industrial Institute of Mayesville, S. C. The [illegible] stitute is doing an excellent work among the col[illegible] youth of a thickly populated district, and could [illegible] still more if it could secure quarters of its own [illegible] which practical trades could be taught to the b[illegible] and sewing and cooking to the girls. About two [illegible] hundred dollars are still needed. Friends of the [illegible] cause have an opportunity of proving their s[illegible] paths with them by assisting in this enterprise [illegible] objects to help the negro nation to be self-[illegible] porting, law-abiding Christian citizens. Cont[illegible] tions may be sent to this office.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

P. Prentiss, Chillicothe, O. With regard to the proposed Armenian immigration plan, what progress has been made by those interested?

None whatever. The plan is rendered impracticable by the recent absolute refusal of the Sultan's government to permit Armenians to leave his dominions. The Porte has even refused to allow the missionaries to find homes for the orphan children of the Armenian Christians who were massacred last winter.

M. Field, Albany, N. Y. Why should there be a shortage in the money necessary for missions? Are not the Christians of America able to financially push the Master's work if they so desired?

They are unquestionably, but the world too often stands between them and their duty in this respect. It is stated by a statistician that over eight billions of dollars in money, lands, jewels, works of art, etc., are hoarded and lying idle in the hands of professed Christian disciples in America. Many good people are doing their duty nobly and voluntarily, fully realizing that they are stewards and servants, charged with a high moral responsibility. Others unfortunately, do not appreciate this great truth and so are cold and unresponsive to the call for Gospel service. They prefer the dross of earth to the treasures of heaven and are in the position of the man with the muck-rake described by Bunyan, who, with eyes bent on the ground, continued to gather straws and dirt, although the shining One hovered above him with a crown which he might have secured had he only dropped the rake and reached upward for it.

Mrs. J. F., Cape May, C. H., N. J. You say that Baron de Hirsch was not of the Jewish faith; what faith or creed did he believe in?

His sympathy with the Jewish race, which he showed so strongly, was as a race and not as co-religionists. He was not an avowed professor of any creed, but if we may infer anything from his life and actions, he cherished the broadest humanitarian views and was a philosopher and lover of all mankind. Lord Beaconsfield, the English Premier, occupied practically the same attitude as Baron Hirsch toward the Jewish race and faith.

L., Smithtown, N. Y. Do you not think the Revised Version of the New Testament could be improved by using "who" for "which," when speaking of God?

The Revisers have not attempted to modernize the English of the Holy Scriptures although the American Committee strongly urged it. The changes they made related more particularly to the text of the translation, which they were enabled to improve in many places, through having the advantage of recently found manuscripts and inscriptions excavated in Palestine, Syria and Egypt—none of which were at the service of the King James' revisers. In all cases, the old Saxon form has been retained, except where the exigencies of the new translation affected it.

From a reader in New Canaan, Ct., comes this letter (one of thousands like it), which shows what one dear, good Christian soul may do to spread the Gospel in her own circle:

The Bible was received safely. This is the third Bible I have received from you and presented to my three grandsons. I am an old woman, almost eighty-nine. My sands of life are nearly run, and I am soon going to a country of which I know but little, but my trust is in my Heavenly Father, and I know that all is well.

Subscriber, Beltmine. 1. What do the letters "cir," placed before so many of the dates on the margin of the Bible mean? 2. Which one book of the Expositor's Bible Series would you advise me to get first, if I can only afford to get one at a time? Have any of these books ever been offered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a premium? 3. In Num. 16: 32, we find, "And the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and the houses and all the men that appertained unto Korah." Yet in Num. 26: 11, we are told "the children of Korah died not." Who then were "all the men" who were destroyed?

1. They are a contraction of the Latin word, 'circa" (about or approximately), indicating that there is no means of ascertaining the precise date of the occurrence. 2. There are thirty volumes issued, among the ablest being that on Job, and that on Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther. The best way might be for you to select the volume dealing with your favorite Book. Those that deal with the Gospels would probably be of the greatest practical service. None of them have ever been offered by us as premiums. 3. It would appear that Korah and his associates in the rebellion, to "the number of 250 men," perished, but that the children were not involved in the dreadful punishment. Josephus, the Jewish historian, in chapter 2 and 3 of the "Antiquities," gives a full history of the conspiracy, doubtless compiled from the most ancient Hebrew sources. Nowhere is it stated that the women or children perished.

Reader, New Rochelle, N. Y. When was Cyprus ceded to England and under what conditions?

June 4, 1878, was the date of the "Convention of Cyprus." It was in reality an alliance offensive and defensive, in which England pledged herself to support the integrity of the Sultan's territories in Asia. In the event of Russian encroachment on the Ottoman Asiatic dominion, England engaged to join forces with the Sultan in resisting such encroachment. In return, the Sultan consented to assign Cyprus to be occupied, and administered by England, and he also pledged himself to introduce reforms throughout his empire for the better protection of his Christian subjects.

Constant Reader, Hudson, N. H. Does the word "brother," in 1. John 3: 10, refer to the natural relationship, to Christians, or to the whole world?

You remember that when Christ was asked the question "Who is my neighbor?" he replied by relating a parable in which the question was turned on the questioner. He was invited to ask himself who the people were to whom he was willing to be a neighbor. Brotherhood is a closer term but of the same order. "All ye are brethren," Christ said (Matt. 23: 8). In the passage you mention, probably fellow-Christians are primarily intended, but the limit need not be observed. In one sense every man is a brother and in need of our love.

THE PORT OF CANEA, ISLAND OF CRETE.

Scene of the Troubles between the Turks and the Cretan Christians.

J. M. M., Cornland, Mo. 1. Does the reference to Melchisedec in Heb. 7, imply that he was an angel or a supernatural being in some way? 2. Is it right to play the violin in church?

1. No, the writer was representing Christ as priest and king, and he referred to Melchisedec as an illustration of the combination of the two offices. He showed that as Abraham gave him tithes he recognized his priestly character and so Levi, through his ancestor had confessed the validity of an order of priesthood beside his own. Having neither father, mother, etc., simply means that his pedigree about which the Levitical priests were so strenuous, was unknown. As people say now of a man of humble birth "he was a man of no family." 2. Why not? If a harp was used with God's approbation, there is no reason why a violin should be excluded.

W. L. Crossman, Boston, Mass. Can private property in land be squared with the command, "Thou shalt not steal?" Can private property in land be justified according to Leviticus 25: 23, and Psalm 115: 16?

Ownership of land, acquired through settlement, gift, inheritance, or purchase, has been a recognized principle ever since the world began. It is recognized in many passages in the Scriptures (see Deut. 19: 14 and 27: 17; also Prov. 22: 22: 28 and 23: 10, and Job 24: 2). These passages indicate that, in the most ancient times, the just ownership and use of land were sustained alike by the moral and civil laws. But this approval is nowhere extended to include unjust ownership, or monopoly, the adding of field to field, or the extension of our possessions beyond our own natural and reasonable needs, and to the detriment of others. Land so acquired and held is unrighteously possessed. The soil is intended for the use of all God's children, and not to be monopolized by a few; but nowhere is it to be inferred that it is a sin for a man to regard as peculiarly his the piece of soil he has cultivated or used for his own or his household's needs. This was the principle followed by the patriarchs (see Gen. 23: 17-20, the first recorded instance of the use of money in such a connection). Some of Christ's disciples owned their homes, and presumably the land attached. Even John, the disciple "whom Jesus loved," was a householder and landowner (see John 19: 27). The spirit of Scripture can never be interpreted to justify the taking of land heretofore held by the people in common for cultivation or other uses, and diverting it to the uses of influential men, or transforming it into a waste or a hunting-ground for their selfish pleasure.

J. T., Portsmouth, Va. Is it pleasing to God to have memorial windows in a house dedicated to God? Would it not take the glory of God from the same? Is there any part of God's Word that will sanction it or condemn it?

There is nothing in the Scriptures that either approves or condemns such a practice. Memorial windows or tablets that are erected to commemorate the piety and consecration of some servant of the Master, now passed away, are not inappropriate in the Lord's house, and they are a reminder to those who still worship there of the beautiful and faithful souls whose lives are worthy of emulation, having been spent in God's service. It has been a custom for many ages and seems entirely appropriate that any distinguished service voluntarily and self-sacrificingly rendered to the Church of God, should be so commemorated, not by the doer of the service, however, but by posterity. For a servant to vaunt himself would be a vulgar offence, whereas a grateful remembrance by those who live after him, may be considered appropriate. Indeed, any memorial erected in a vain-glorious spirit, or to satisfy the desire for mere show, is a vanity and a desecration.

W. B. D., Mackey's Ferry, N. C. What were the names of the two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour?

They were supposed to be robbers and members of the lawless brigand bands then infesting Palestine and they had probably been captured and imprisoned at the same time with Barabbas. According to an old tradition their names were Demas or Dismas and Gestas, the former being the penitent. Still another names them as Titus and Dumachus, the former the repentant thief, while a third account, mentioned by Bede, gives Matha and Joca as the names. The first, however, has been most generally accepted, and St. Dismas has a place in Syrian, Greek, and Latin hagiology.

Z. M. B., St. John, N. B. Has time, place, or manner of conversion anything to do with its reality? What is the true test? Is it in the present or in the past?

There is endless variety in real conversions as to all the matters you mention. Men have been really converted in church, in the field, in the home, in all ways and times. The true test is in the life, in fact, the only test we can apply. God who sees the heart may judge differently, but we are obliged to judge by the life. There are, however, different standards. We have no right to expect the same conduct from the man who has been brought up in a wicked home, and the man whose parents gave him pious training from infancy. We have a right to expect a change and that the whole tendency of his soul shall be Godward. There should be kindness and love of all men and hatred of sin, and where we see these we have the right to infer that the man has been born again.

G. M., Middletown, Conn. Is it known for certain what books of the Bible Moses wrote?

There is now no way of obtaining absolute proof. The fact of the first five books being continually ascribed to him by the Jews is so far evidence in favor of his authorship. No one, however, supposes that he could have written the last chapter of Deuteronomy, describing his own death. Whether other chapters are by different authors cannot now be discovered. The general impression among Biblical scholars is that his work consisted mainly in detached records and memoranda and the code of laws. These scattered manuscripts, with others, were woven into the form in which we have them by another hand at a later date. Such expressions as "Before there reigned any king over the children of Israel" (Gen. 36: 31), seem to have been written at a time long subsequent to Moses. Some Biblical scholars place the date as late as Ezra. Others contend that Moses wrote all the five books practically in the form in which they have come down to us. Christ's references to "Moses and the prophets" indicate that Moses was at that time regarded as the author.

Inquirer, Salem, Ore. Are wicked thoughts an evidence that a person is not a Christian? Where there is unbelief and a tendency to atheism, is it a sign of the Holy Spirit having taken his departure, so that it is no use seeking Christ?

Very much depends on the mental constitution. There are some minds of a morbid character, given to introspection and gloomy views of things. With such people evil thoughts are no sign of being lost. Some of the best men have had them. The proper course, in such cases, is to ask God to forgive them; and as speedily as possible get about some active, useful work. Relieve some poor family, visit some one who is sick and lonely, or do some kind, self-denying act. That is a capital mental tonic. On the other hand, if you have honest mental doubts, it is best to investigate the matters that trouble you, praying earnestly for light and guidance. You may be quite sure that God will keep his promise to save those who believe on his Son.

E. B., Lancaster, Pa. When the Jews appealed to Jesus to tell them plainly if he was the Christ (John 10: 24), why did he not do so?

Probably because he understood their motive in asking the question. They wanted evidence on which to arraign him for blasphemy and he did not wish to supply them with it. His ministry would have been cut short. His works proved that he was the Messiah and they should have accepted him.

"Daughter," So. Dak. Some time ago I wronged a friend very badly by word of mouth. I have repented and have asked forgiveness for the wrong. She tells me it is too late now. Is it ever too late to be forgiven? What must one do in such a case?

If you have fully and honestly expressed contrition and asked forgiveness, it is probable that you can do no more. It is impossible in many cases to undo the wrong. That is the terrible consequence of sin. You can so seldom avert the results of hasty words or acts. Perhaps your friend suffered irretrievable injury by your words. If you can do anything in the way of atonement, you should do so. Then you have done your part. The responsibility rests with your friend. If she still refuses to forgive, the sin is hers. But you must seek forgiveness of God, against whom you sinned when you did the wrong.

J. M. T., Grandview, Ill. Is an elder justified in handing the elements at the Lord's Supper to persons who are not members of any church?

There may be exceptional circumstances which would justify him, but as a general rule confession of Christ before men should precede participation in the Communion. Christ did not organize a church with ritual and a system of church polity. That was done after his ascension. His idea in instituting the sacrament seems to have been that his followers who loved him should meet together to commemorate his death and show their brotherhood with each other.

Constant Reader, Washington, D. C. We are exhorted to give tithes, but is not every dollar we have the Lord's to be used for his glory?

The Christian is not under law; but that does not release him from the obligation to give to the Lord's work. His greater privileges would suggest that he should give voluntarily at least as much as was compulsory under the Jewish law. But he is not limited to a tenth, and as a matter of fact, many give a larger proportion of their income. There is the utmost freedom under the Gospel, but the more a man imbibes its principles, the more he will give of his own free will to propagate it.

Inquirer, Newfield, N. J. In none regularly, that we know of.——R. K. Garfield, Des Moines, Ia. 1. With none, in the purely partisan sense. They believe in good government. 2 and 3. Address the Census Bureau, Washington, D. C., for all information.——Mrs. W. B. A., Providence, R. I. It depends largely on the character of the questions. Repeat them and we may be able to satisfy you.——D. N. F., Cardington, O. There is no [illegible] accessible on the subject now.——N. B. [illegible] on City, Tenn. There is no contradiction the passage [illegible] we have several times explained in these columns, [illegible] the effect of both courses

The Family and Home Circle

Mont-Lawn's Opening Day.

The First Party of Little Folks Arrive at Our Children's Home—A Pleasant Welcome

MONT-LAWN is again merry with children's voices. Its sloping terraces are once more dotted with happy groups of boys and girls from the tenements of the big city, who have come to spend a pleasant ten days' outing. On Monday, June 22, the first party of children, seventy-six in number, assembled at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the Bible House, and after being duly examined by Dr. Rosetta S. Hall, the returned missionary from Corea, who is medical adviser of the Home for the season—they were placed in charge of the care-takers, and boarded the street cars which were to convey them to the pretty little passenger steamer, *Chrystenah*, at the foot of West 10th Street, North River. After a cool sail up the beautiful Hudson, they reached the boat-landing at Nyack, and were conveyed to Mont-Lawn in the Home Wagonette and stages.

It would be difficult to imagine a more delighted party than these young folks, whose spirits rose as they rode out into the lovely hill country now clad in the full greenery of summer. On reaching the Home about six o'clock p.m., they were warmly greeted by House-mother Collins and her staff of care-takers. A capital supper awaited them, and after hands and faces had been washed and the dust of travel removed, they marched to the big dining tent and did full justice to a hearty meal. A merry hour or more was then spent outdoors, the young folks roving all over the spacious grounds, lost in wonder and admiration. To many it was their first experience in the country, and the green fields, the flowers, the waving trees and the singing of birds, were all subjects of wondering comment. Before 8 o'clock, prayers had been said, and the little heads of black and brown and gold, were pillowed for the night in the scrupulously clean dormitory. Words fail to tell of the wonder of the children at the tidiness and snowy purity of everything around them. But the chatter of childish lips soon ceased, for the pure air of the hills wooed them quickly to refreshing slumber.

For two whole weeks preparations had been going on in anticipation of their arrival, and the Home was in perfect order. The work could not have been more enthusiastic[illegible] the care-takers had been expecting little princes as their guests, instead of the waits of the tenements and the slums. And the grounds [illegible] the wild roses were waiting for little hands to pluck them. Bouquets and nosegays are in great demand among the children, and they never tire of gathering the wild-flowers that bloom in great abundance. The food at Mont-Lawn is plain, wholesome and plentiful, and no child leaves the table hungry. Some of the little guests, [illegible] "square meal" in their lives, ask the care-takers if there "is anything to eat in heaven?" When they are told that the Heavenly Father has promised that they shall be "satisfied" there, they say, with a smile, "Well, heaven is worth trying for."

A new feature of the Home is the swimming pool, which has been constructed this season. What hogsheads of condensed delight it is for the boys! They have a bathing hour all for themselves, and the plunging and splashing and frolicking that take place in the running waters show how it is enjoyed. The girls, too, in their bathing hour, take just as much pleasure in it as though it were Long Branch or Ocean Grove—and it is just as effective, and much safer. A round dozen can bathe in the pool at a time. It is a tank ten by ten feet, and four feet in depth, and is supplied from the new 30,000 gallon reservoir which had just been completed within the last few weeks. The reservoir is fed by a mountain brook of spring water, clear and cool, and which has never been known to run dry.

The spacious parlor at Mont-Lawn is homelike and inviting, the walls adorned with beautiful pictures and Bible-texts; and the floor, as well as those of the dormitories, covered with new mattings. A prime favorite with the little guests is the chef, whom they dub Prof. Saul Gravi, a heathen in black from Georgia, with a heart as big as the sweet cracker barrel, from which he draws soothing balm for such youngsters as come to him with scratched fingers or bruised toes, the result of romping or rolling in the woods. Each child finds some object to attract its attention and admiration; the flowers, the [illegible] the rows, the trees, the great dining tent, and the big flag, "Old Glory." Some bubble over with chatter, but others are quiet, and the lips are silent, [illegible] with the thought of all the good things provided for them. It is a glimpse of a new world, something they have dreamed of, perhaps, but never known till now. The first night at the Home is rarely to be forgotten. It is the time when the vigilance of the care-takers is most frequently needed. One little lad creeps into bed with his clothes on; another sits surprised at the idea of going between sheets; a wee girl has forgotten her comb, while another little maid cries that she "doesn't know her prayers." One day usually suffices to teach them the simple regulations of the Home, and in nearly every instance the children prove tractable and obedient, behaving just as nicely as could be wished.

It is expected that nearly 3000 tenement children will be sheltered and fed at the Home this season. Religious instruction is a prominent feature of the work, and, as in the past two seasons, every effort will be made to reach the hearts of these dear little ones, and to plant there the seeds of Divine truth which shall produce an influence upon their entire lives. Contributions in aid of the work will be welcomed. Three dollars covers the cost of a ten days' outing for a tenement child, including fares, medical attention, and food and shelter. We trust that those of our readers who helped the Home in the past will not only do so this year, but will be reinforced by many others, who can thus become personally interested in the material and spiritual welfare of these poor, neglected waifs of the city slums. Gifts of clothing suited to girls between five and twelve, and boys between five and ten, will also be welcomed, and should be sent to Miss Collins, Superintendent at the Home.

FIRST ARRIVALS AT MONT-LAWN.

The following contributions in aid of our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$251.52
Miss S M C, Worcester	5 00
In His Name, Pittsfield	3 00
——, Bird Island, Minn	3 00
Friend, Waynesboro	5 00
Friend	1 25
Agnes Robertson	1 00
A poor widow, Ames, Ia	1 00
Mrs Jane A Minor	1 00
Hollister V Schrenck	1 00
Mr Lamed	5 00
Friends, Warrensburg	3 30
Beatrice, Bklyn	10
Adele R and Kate R Troup	6 00
For [illegible] the Children, East Brady	1 00
Christ Church, Lafayette	5 00
Mr & Mrs K, Brooklyn	1 00
Marcella, Grove, N Y	25
Friend, Bay City	3 00
Mrs Geo W Brown	3 00
Benevolence, Janesville	50
Mrs Julia Hodge	1 00
Mr [illegible] Cambridge, Mass	2 00
E [illegible]	1 00
Mrs E C Seymour	1 00
Mr H [illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs Mrs Wm McGill	3 00
Herbert Newby	3 50
C W [illegible]	1 00
[illegible] Charity, Lebanon, O	50
Total	$315.92

All contributions in support of the Children's Home will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

The Gold Beneath the Gray

A LUSTROUS gleam of sunlight
Crept in through an open door
Paused beside a laughing baby,
Playing on the cottage floor.
And the dimpled arms outstretched,
Tried to catch the brilliant ray,
But a cloud that moment passing
Hid the gold beneath the gray.

And the tiny, cooing darling,
Playing on the cottage floor
Wondered why the dancing sunbeam
Did not stay and play some more.
Ah, 'tis ever thus, sweet baby,
Those who tread the narrow way
Find the path which leads to heaven
Hides its gold beneath the gray.

'Tis the way, Oh, winsome darling,
Leading upward unto Him,
In the crucial fires of sorrow,
We are purified from sin.
And when, Oh, my pretty baby,
You have passed through all life's s[illegible]
You will find your golden sunbeam
In the everlasting day.

—HELENE WILLIAMS BURSHA

At a Child's Death-Bed.

Every parent who has lost a darl[illegible] will read with sympathy this tou[illegible] ing picture from an article by M[illegible] M. Austin, in the *Home Queen:*

How we fondled, how we tended h[illegible] How we watched and yearned for her [illegible] nal that she would exchange the we[illegible] bed for our eager arms. How we kis[illegible] her, scorning contagion as l[illegible] ever scorns peril, and how ev[illegible] meagre sentence from [illegible] lips was to our wait[illegible] hearts as the song of li[illegible] birds in spring!

"*Mamacita*," — lit[illegible] mother, a term lear[illegible] from her Mexican nu[illegible] and the sweetest of ap[illegible] lation to me—"*Mama*[illegible] stay near to me," she w[illegible] pered entreatingly one [illegible] ernoon when breath[illegible] was restricted to little ga[illegible] and a ray of westering s[illegible] touched into a halo [illegible] tangled curls about [illegible] brow. O, then my he[illegible] broke!

"Stay near to me." H[illegible] she phrased it! And ev[illegible] as she said it the lit[illegible] clinging hands that h[illegible] mine grew strangely l[illegible] She had ever express[illegible] herself with a quai[illegible] phraseology with little [illegible] childish inaptness. Remem[illegible] bered bits of infantile s[illegible] gacity come back to [illegible] now, echoes of her inc[illegible] viduality, even as the i[illegible] press of the little feet upon the much-wo[illegible] shoes I kiss recalls the pattern of her foo[illegible] steps.

Stay near to her! O, God! If thou hadst permitted me I should indeed nev[illegible] have denied her. Thou never should have gone alone, my baby. I would hav[illegible] stayed near to you, my darling, even unt[illegible] the dark and narrow house; no, not th[illegible] —I will not remember that—even unto th[illegible] portal where Jesus waited, even unt[illegible] transferring that precious tiny hand fro[illegible] my clasp to his!

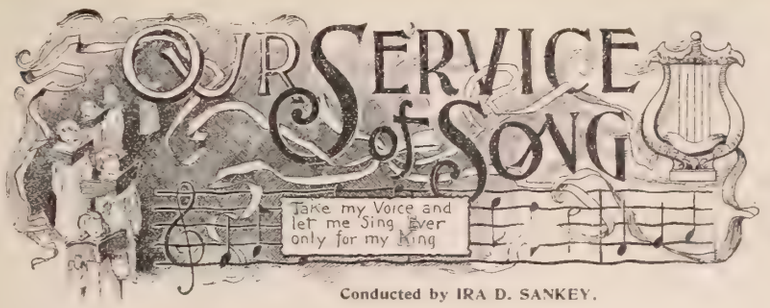
Criticise Kindly.

We should not be hasty or stubborn i[illegible] forming our estimates of others. Many considerations should enter into the forma[illegible] tion of an opinion. Do not take an irre[illegible] ligious man at his best and compare hin[illegible] with a religious man at his worst, an[illegible] then say there is nothing in religion. Thi[illegible] is a piece of shameful injustice. There ar[illegible] mean moments in every man's life, whe[illegible] the mercury goes down to zero; there ar[illegible] occasions when a second-rate man rise[illegible] into nobility. One reading is no indicatio[illegible] of what the average is. You must take the whole man, not one side; his whole life, not one bit. The most outrageous pattern that ever offended the eye and agonized the mind of any human being might give one inch of really good color, and out of the most exquisite web you might also get an inch of very bad color. One must not judge by inches. Hang up the web twenty feet square, and then no one can be mistaken. So, in judging character, we must not mistake a single aspect for the whole. Do not expect perfection.

Enthusiasm in Service.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 12. Acts 4: 13-33.

AN idle Christian is scarcely a babe in the religion of Christ. One wonders how a man who has once even tasted of the feast Christ spreads for his people can be silent about it. The very essence of Christianity is a constraint of service. The love for mankind that is one of the first signs of the renewed heart, bids longing to impart the knowledge that has brought happiness. All motives unite to compel speech. Because we love Him we want to bring subjects to his kingdom; because we love men we want to make them happy with the joy that has filled our own hearts. All the enthusiasm grows. The man who has had the joy of leading a soul into the light, longs to lead another there and the hunger for conquest is insatiable. The religion of Christ is spiritual energy. To be saved for eternity is not enough. To be saved from sin is not enough. The unselfishness that springs up in the heart that Christ has entered longs for the salvation of others. No matter what denomination a man belongs to, if he have the spirit of Christ in him he must be about his Master's business. This is one of the great objects achieved by Christian Endeavor—that it gathers men of every creed from the churches and unites them in a dynamic organization. The men of the Christ spirit, the men who are not in the Church for their own benefit, the men who are there at work, can enlist under its banner and become active forces in the cause of Christ. We sometimes forget that every generation must be judged by itself. The fathers pass away and the new generation comes on the stage to take their places and in spite of the overdoing, the world is all new. It depends on Christ's people what each generation should be. If they are such as the Holy Spirit can use, if they are ever to live the Christ life, anxious to let their light shine, and win souls, then the coming generation will be permeated and energized with the divine life. But if they are worldly, if their chief concern is to make money, if they are seeking amusement in the places where worldlings enjoy themselves, the cause will languish and the next generation will be more worldly than the present. The thought of such a catastrophe ought to inspire every lover of the Lord with untiring energy. Every circle whether it be large or small should feel the influence of the Christian who is in it. If it be the home only, or the workshop, or the store, the Christian is bound by the principles of the Master to make his influence felt, as far as it will reach. If the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, that candle should burn brightly; otherwise there will be some in darkness who ought to have had the light. The enthusiasm that sends a man into the foreign missionary field ought to be in every soul that has the hope of the Gospel in it. The opportunity to preach to the heathen, or the ability to do so, may not be given, but the spirit should never be absent. If we really apprehend the principles of Christ, if we really perceived what this world would be if those principles dominated the life of the nation, the family, and the individual, and if we had in us the love of humanity that we ought to have—the enthusiasm of service would be the chief element of our lives. No desire would be so strong as that for labor.



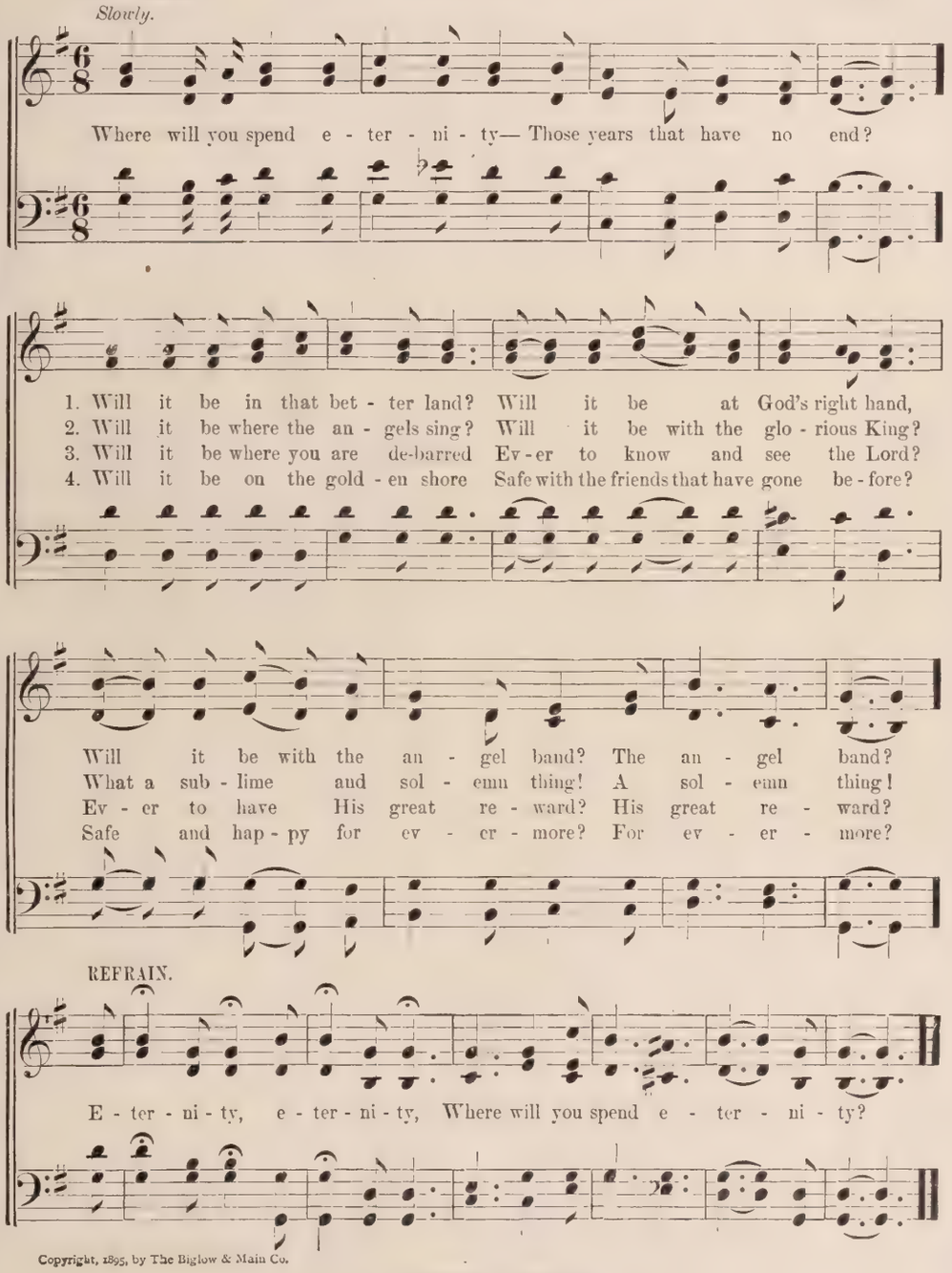
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY.

"REMEMBER HOW SHORT MY TIME IS."—*Psa. 89: 47*

ANDREW SHERWOOD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

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Reunion in Heaven.

SURELY our Father holds our loved and lost,
Safe in His sheltering hand till we shall meet.
Until that blest reunion,
Its sweet communion,
The joys of heaven, to them, are incomplete.

Our Father formed those hearts,—to hearts responding
In the sweet mystery of deathless love.
In pain of separation,
Gives bright anticipation,
Of meeting and reunion, in the home above.

Oh precious hope! abundant compensation,
To meet again, and know as we are known!
To part again? No never!
But in the great Forever,
To live and love:—and worship Jesus on his throne.

We shall be satisfied at that glad meeting,
And, wondrous thought, we shall be like our Lord:
Shall see Him in his glory,
Of his love, repeat the story,
And dwell enraptured, on His every word.

Boston, Mass. —MARY GORDON BURPEE.

The Closing Dispensation.

Signs in Government, in Society, and in the Church that the Dispensation is Ending.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. *

AS the four great Gentile kingdoms foretold twenty-five centuries ago, [See Dan. 2: 36-45] have in turn arisen and run their predicted courses, so the foretold fifth kingdom, "the kingdom of the God of heaven," which already exists in a spiritual form in the hearts of the regenerated, shall be revealed in an outwardly visible and glorious form, to destroy the corrupt "kingdoms of this world," and establish the prevalence of universal righteousness and peace. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matt. 13: 43.)

Prophecy foretells a glorious and eternal future, for the earth has yet to be inhabited by the perpetual generations of a redeemed and holy humanity. In the writings of the prophets of the Old Testament, and in those of the apostles of the New, and especially in the sublime visions of the Apocalypse, the new heaven and earth of the future are set before us, and the New Jerusalem is seen "descending out of heaven from God,"—"that great city," "having the glory of God" in whose light "the nations of the saved shall walk," into whose places "the kings of the earth" shall "bring their glory and honor," whose gates shall never be shut, and where God's servants "shall see his face," and bear his name upon their brows, and shall "reign forever and ever." While beholding in vision the descent of the New Jerusalem into the new earth, we hear the final utterance of a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new." (Rev. 21: 3-5.) What is the date of the present year? The reply to this question reminds us of the fact that the most civilized nations of the world reckon their dates from the birth of Jesus Christ. The times of all events which happened before his birth are measured from the date of his nativity, and denominated B.C. or, Before Christ; while the times of all events which have taken place since his nativity are distinguished as A.D. (Anni Domini), or are reckoned from the year of our Lord. Thus the chronological usage of the most civilized nations of the world recognizes the Advent of Christ as the centre of human history.

In A. D. 70, the year of the destruction of Jerusalem, Jewish sacrifices having continued with only one short intermission for 1,600 years, finally ceased to be offered. Since that terminal date the Jewish people have remained without an altar, without a priest, without a temple, without a prophet, without a king, without a land of their own, exiles and wanderers among the nations. Cæsar's Roman Empire was the last and greatest of the world's empires. Seven centuries were occupied by its growth to universal supremacy, and fourteen centuries more by its decline and fall. No efforts to reconstruct it succeeded.

(To be Continued.)

*Extracts from his new work, *Christ Centred in Creation*. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, N.Y.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

Or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER VIII.

"If you cannot realize your Ideal, you can at least idealize your Real."

As the train slackened speed Pauline lifted her eyes from the book which Richard Everidge had laid on the seat beside her, after giving her that last strong handshake, to see her father standing in front of the Sleepy Hollow station. A great pity filled her heart—how worn and old he looked!

They had all wanted to accompany her a part of the way, and Belle had pleaded to be allowed to go and help nurse, but she had said them nay. She knew the accommodations of Hickory Farm, and it was easier to leave them where she had met them first, at the entrance of what would always be to her the City of Delights.

Abraham Lincoln and the spring wagon! Had the whole beautiful summer been one delicious dream? Could it be only a week since she had stood entranced at that forest of flame? Here the leaves hung brown and shrivelled on the denuded branches, stray flakes of snow were in the air, and the early twilight fell chill and dreary.

"I'm terrible glad to see you, Pawline, though I hated to spoil your visit," said Mr. Harding, as he gave Abraham Lincoln a taste of the whip.

Pauline leaned toward him and laid both hands upon his arm.

"Poor father! I am so sorry for you! Now tell me all about it."

And the tired man turned gladly to the daughter who for his sake had left ease and beauty and friends, and shifted to her shoulders the burden which he found too heavy for his own!

The children crowded to meet her as she stumbled through the narrow hallway into the kitchen. How dark it was! Her quick glance comprehended the whole scene, and the contrast between it and that other home-coming smote her with a keen sense of physical pain. She looked at the solitary lamp with its grotesquely hideous ornament of red flannel, at Susan's expressionless, freckled face, at the boys in their copper-toed boots and overalls, at the good natured, but hopelessly common-place, Martha Spriggs, with her thin hair drawn tight into a knob the size of a bullet, and her bare arms akimbo. "Idealize her Real!" Would it be possible to idealize anything at Sleepy Hollow!

She got her welcome in various fashions.

"It's about time you were gettin' back!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding from the bed, where she was forced to lie, in bitterness of spirit, with Polly by her side. "I suppose nothing less than a stroke would have brought you. It beats me how people can be such sponges. I'm thankful I was never one to go trailin' about the country after my relations. I never was away from home more than a day in my life till I was married, an' it's been nothin' but work ever since. An' now to be laid here like a [illegible] log, with everything going helter-skelter to destruction! It's a good thing you've come at last, for the children are makin' sawdust an' splinters of every bit of crockery in the house, an' that Martha Spriggs has no more management than a [illegible] cow. I [illegible] suppose you'll be much better, though. You never did hev [illegible] up among the clouds so long you'll be more like to sugar the butter and salt the pies than before."

Pauline lifted Polly from her uncomfortable position [illegible] her heart which all the sick woman's complaints and grumbles [illegible] she could see Richard Everidge she would tell him she did believe in altitudes now. It was possible even in the valleys to live above the clouds.

"Do not seek happiness," Tryphosa had said, "but harmony with God's will," and God's will for her was Sleepy Hollow. "It is not what we do, but what we are, dear child," she seemed to hear her saying. She remembered reading that "the smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom as well as the great ocean." God could make a "perfect Christian" even in Sleepy Hollow.

"I'm powerful glad yer've cum, Pawliney," said Martha Spriggs, as she followed her into the dairy after the meal was over. "I'm that beset I don't know where I'm standin', for Mis Hardin's been as crooked as a snake fence an' as contrairy as a yearling colt, an' the childern dew train awful."

"Yer've got to tell me stories all night, miles of 'em," said Lemuel, as he bestowed his small corporealism on the floor with his legs in the air.

"No, no, Lemuel, you're going right to bed like a good little brother, so Polly can get to sleep. Poor Polly is so tired." And Pauline walked up and down the floor of her room trying to soothe the weary child.

"Hi! Poll's no 'count; she's only a girl. I ain't goin' ter sleep, nuther. I'm goin' ter stay up fer hours an' hours, an' if yer don't keep right on tellin' stories quick, I'll holler, an' that'll make Mar mad, and then she'll send Par up with a stick ter beat me. I don't care, he don't hit ez hard ez she duz, anyhow."

"If you'll get undressed right away, Lemuel, I'll tell you about a little boy who lived with an old, old man, and one night he couldn't sleep, but——"

"Huh! that's a Bible story. This ain't Sunday. Par never reads the Bible 'cept Sundays. I want 'em 'bout lions an' tigers, an' men tumblin' down mountains, an' boys gettin' eat up by bears."

"What did you do when I was away, Lemuel?"

His lower lip protruded ominously.

"Aint had nuthin'. Martha Spriggs don't hev any. She only knows the 'Cow that jumped over the moon,' an' that's no good, t'aint true, fer our cows don't do it.'

No time the next morning for the long hours of delightful study. It was churning day, and there was baking to be done, and the mending was behindhand, and the children needed clothes; besides the numerous "odd jobs" which Mrs. Harding's illness had deferred, but which she was prompt to require done as soon as she had someone besides Martha to call on. Then her meals must be given to her, and nothing tasted right, and the children were so noisy, and the older boys so uncouth!

Wearily Pauline toiled up the narrow stairs with Polly as the clock struck nine. She laid the sleeping child on her bed softly, so as not to wake Lemuel, and knelt down by the window. Not a sound broke the stillness. Her thoughts flew to the blue draped chamber, and the soft lighted library, where she could almost see Uncle Robert and Aunt Rutha, and Belle and Richard, and Russell and Gwen. But they might not be there yet, they had set apart this night, she remembered, to run over for a look through the big telescope. Last week that was, before she had decided to come to Sleepy Hollow, and broken up all their happy plans. Only last week! Then she thought of Tryphosa, lying with closed eyes in her darkened room, waiting patiently for the sleep that so often refused to come, while the Angel of Pain brooded over her pillow. Then her eyes sought the stars.

"You dear things!" she whispered. "God put you in your places and told you to shine, and for all these hundreds of years you've just kept on shining. Oh! my Lady, ask God to help me to make this dark place bright."

She knelt on in the clear, cold moonlight till at last the hush of God's peace crept into her heart, and there was calm.

The winter crept on steadily, Jack Frost threw photographs of fairyland upon the windows and hung the roofs with fringes of crystal pendants, while the snow-flakes piled themselves over the fences and made a shroud for the trees, and every day Pauline, with this strange peace in her heart, did her housework to the glory of God.

There were bright spots here and there, for the Boston letters came freely, and the magazines which she had liked best, and now and then a book, as Belle said; "to keep Mr. Hallam company." They would not let her drop out of their life, these kind friends, and she took it all thankfully, though she could only glance at the magazines and never opened the books. There would be time by-and-by, she said to herself cheerfully. There was so much waiting for her in the beautiful "By-and-by."

"It beats me," said Mrs. Harding fretfully, as Pauline hushed Polly to sleep, "what you do to that child. I used to sing to her till my throat cracked, but you just smooth her hair awhile with those fingers of yours, an' off she goes. I wish you'd come an' smooth me off to sleep. I'm that tired lying here, I don't know what to do. That new Doctor's no more good than his powders are! I don't see what old Dr. Ross had to die fer just before I was goin ter need him," and the sick woman groaned. Pauline laid Polly in her cot with a smile. This grudging praise was very sweet to her. To make darkness light, that was Christ's mission, and hers. She was putting her whole soul into the effort.

"What makes P'liney so different?" queried Leander of Stephen and John, as they rested from their daily task of cutting wood. "She used ter be as mad as hops if yer mussed up yer clothes, an' now she only laughs an' sez, 'Never mind, if it's a stain that soap will conquer.'"

"An' she's always singin', too," said John thoughtfully; "if mother didn't scold so, it would be real pleasant."

"I'd like to know why it is though," repeated Leander thoughtfully.

"Because she belongs to the King," said the clear, sweet voice of his step-sister from the doorway; "and she wants you all to belong to him, too."

When she went back into the house she found Lemuel brandishing a broomstick over the frightened Polly.

"Why, Lemuel! what are you doing?"

"I've casted the devils out of her," exclaimed that youth triumphantly, "an' they've gone inter the pig pen, whole leguns of em, an' they're kickin', orful!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Gray Angel.

Seven years had gone by, and every day of each successive three hundred and sixty-five had been full to overflowing of hard work for Pauline.

"Dear Tryphosa," she whispered to herself with a smile, "you little thought, when you gave me that new beatitude, what constant friends the gray angel of Drudgery and I were to be."

She climbed slowly up the narrow stairs to her room, and shaded the lamp that it might not disturb Polly's troubled sleep—poor Polly, who would be an invalid for life! Then she sat down with a sigh of relief to read Belle's last letter. It had been a hard day, her stepmother had been more than usually restless, and the farm-work had been very heavy, for Martha Spriggs was home on a visit, every nerve in her body seemed to quiver with the strain.

"My dearest Paul!" Belle wrote, "I can hardly see for crying, but I promised her that you should know at once."

"Tryphosa went away from us to 'the other shore' last night. We were all there,—her 'inner circle,' as she used to call us,—all except you, and she seemed to miss you so. I never knew her to grow fond of anyone in so short a time, but she took you right into her heart from the first. If I had not loved you so much I should have been jealous, but who could be jealous of you, you precious, brave saint! I have heard of the gate of heaven, but last night we were there. Dick was supporting her in his arms,—poor Dick he was so fond of her and it was so hard for her to breathe,—and we were all gathered round her, our hearts breaking to think it was the last time. She has suffered terribly lately, but at the last the pain left her and she lay with the very rapture of heaven on her dear face, talking so [illegible]ly of how we should do after s[illegible] gone. It was just as if she were g[illegible] a pleasure trip and we were to [illegible] later. She turned to me with her [illegible] eyes all aglow with joy and said:

"'Give my Bible to the dear child [illegible] valley' (that was what she always [illegible] you) 'and tell her 'the miles to [illegible] are but short and few.'"

"She had a message for us all, an[illegible] suddenly, just as the dawn broke, [illegible] light swept over her face and she [illegible] her head and whispered, 'Jesus!' j[illegible] if he were close beside her, and the[illegible] was gone, I shall never forget it. [illegible] always thought of Death as the K[illegible] Terrors, but last night it was the [illegible] of the Bridegroom for his own."

With a low cry Pauline's head dr[illegible] There could never be anyone jus[illegible] "My Lady," and she had gone awa[illegible]

The hours passed silently as she [illegible] numbed in the grasp of her great s[illegible] Suddenly she sprang up. Her fath[illegible] calling her from the foot of the stair.

"Mother's had a bad turn; send St[illegible] for the Doctor and come quick!"

She hurried down and mechan[illegible] heated water and did what she co[illegible] help the stricken woman, but befo[illegible] Doctor could reach the house the Ar[illegible] Death had swept over the threshol[illegible] Pauline and her father were left alor[illegible]

"Here's a letter for yer Pawliney. [illegible] yer wish yer may git it?" And Le[illegible] the irrepressible, waved it at her tar[illegible] ingly from the top of the tall hic[illegible] where he had perched himself, lik[illegible] monkey that he was. She saw the B[illegible] postmark and stretched out her hanc[illegible] it, longingly.

"Bring it down; there's a dear boy [illegible]

"Not much! I bet Leander that I [illegible] make you mad, an' he bet his new [illegible] knife that I couldn't. I'm goin' to [illegible] it up. It's awful thin, 'taint any [illegible] anyhow. You won't Miss it P'liz[illegible] and crushing the letter into a small [illegible] he put it into his capacious mouth.

It was, as Lemuel said, "awful t[illegible] not much like the volumes which [illegible] usually wrote. She had not been ab[illegible] distinguish the writing, but of cour[illegible] must be from Belle. The two cousins [illegible] grown very near to each other as the [illegible] rolled by, and a summer never p[illegible] without some of her Uncle's family sp[illegible] ing a week or two in Sleepy Ho[illegible] Those were Pauline's red letter days, [illegible] bright scintillating points where she [illegible] brought into touch again with the w[illegible] of thought and light and beauty.

"Throw it down to me, Lemuel de[illegible]

"Can't," said the boy cooly, "I'm [illegible] ter tie it to Poll's balloon, and let go [illegible] string and then it'll go straight to heav[illegible] and with the letter reposing in his ch[illegible] he began to sing vociferously:

I want ter be an angel,
An' with the angels stand—
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.

Git mad now P'liney quick, fer I w[illegible] that knife orful."

A cry from Polly made Pauline h[illegible] into the house to find that Martha Spr[illegible] had slipped while passing the ch[illegible] couch, and upset the bowl of scal[illegible] milk, which she was carrying, right [illegible] the little invalid's foot. In the confus[illegible] which followed, Pauline forgot Le[illegible] and her longed-for letter. When she w[illegible] out to look for him, he was gone.

"Give it to me now Lemuel," she s[illegible] as he came in to supper, "you've [illegible] enough fun for to-day."

"Can't, P'liney. I used it fer a gun w[illegible] to shoot a squirrel with, an' the cat eat [illegible] squirrel, letter an' all. Yer don't want [illegible] ter kill the cat, do yer, P'liney?"

"Oh, Lemuel," she cried softly, "h[illegible] could you! How could you do it!"

She sighed sorrowfully. She had t[illegible] so hard to make Lemuel a good boy, [illegible] nothing seemed to touch him, and, you [illegible] as he was, the neighbors had begun to [illegible] the blame of every misdeed upon [illegible] shoulders, and Deacon Croaker predic[illegible] with a mournful shake of his head, "[illegible] good will ever come to Lemuel Hardi[illegible] He's a bad lot, a bad lot."

"Sing to me," cried Polly, "the pai[illegible] awful!" and taking the weary little fo[illegible] in her arms, Pauline sang herself back [illegible] to her usual happy trust.

She would not tell Belle her letter h[illegible] been destroyed. She must shield Lem[illegible] from the blame.

To be Continued.

The St. Louis Convention.

In a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presented the portrait of the candidate of the Prohibition Party for President of the United States, with a sketch of his career. To-day, it gives the portraits of candidates chosen by the Republican party at the recent National Convention held at St. Louis. On that occasion, Hon.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

William McKinley was nominated for President on the first ballot, receiving 661½ votes out of a total of 000. The other leading candidates were: Thomas B. Reed, 84 votes, M. S. Quay, 61½, and Levi P. Morton, 58. For Vice-President, Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, was chosen, receiving 533 1-2 votes, the next highest being Henry Clay Evans, who received 280½. Both nominations were made unanimous. The great battle of the convention was, Gold vs. Silver. The conservative majority favoring the gold standard, while the silver men, representing a number of the Western States pronounced in support of a plank favoring the free coinage of silver. As the result showed, however, the gold men were the stronger, for the free coinage sentiment to the platform received only 84 votes in the entire gathering. Thirty-four of the silver delegates left the Convention, Senators Teller, Dubois, Pettigrew and Cannon leading the movement. The platform, as adopted, declares in favor of protective tariff, favors sound money, declares gold as the standard of value, and opposes free silver coinage except by international agreement with the leading nations of the world.

Governor McKinley, the candidate for President, is fifty-three years of age. He was born in Niles, O., and was the son of an iron manufacturer. When the Civil War broke out, he was a student at Allegheny College, and he enlisted as a private in a local company known as the Poland Guards, which was incorporated into the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. He served under Gen. R. B. Hayes, and later under Gen. Sheridan, and took part in a number of engagements. His promotion was rapid, and he was finally brevetted as Major by President Lincoln for gallantry on the field before being mustered out in 1864. Major McKinley then resumed the practice of law in Canton, where he has ever since resided, being active in political and social circles. In 1869 he was elected County Prosecuting Attorney, and in 1876, he was sent to Congress at the age of thirty-three. He was then continually for fourteen years. In 1891 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and re-elected two years later. During the latter part of his service in Congress, he was the Republican leader of the House. He was the foremost factor in the Tariff Bill of 1890. He has been mentioned as a candidate for the nomination for President at the last three Republican Conventions, and on occasion developing considerable strength, although not sufficent to secure the nomination. He is a man of strong, athletic physique, affable in manner, cogent and concise, with a faculty for organization and detail that has rarely been equalled. It is said that he has in his lifetime delivered more addresses to large audiences than any other man in public life to-day. In 1871, he married Miss Ada Sexton, who has been an invalid for a number of years.

Garrett A. Hobart, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, is fifty-two years of age, and is a native of New Jersey, having been born in Long Branch, in that State, in 1844. He was educated at Rutger's College, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1871 was City Counsel of Paterson, N. J. From that time forward his political advancement was rapid, and he became an influential participant in politics, being elected successively a member of the State Assembly and Senate and President of the latter body during two terms. Mr. Hobart, however, has also been interested in mercantile pursuits, and has been a successful manager of large properties, railroads, banks, etc., where legal knowledge and business ability were needed. He is President of the East Jersey Water Company, and has also governing interests in various other concerns, including gas companies, banks, railroads, electric lighting companies, and manufacturing

companies. Through his business ability he has accumulated a considerable fortune.

Both the candidates are men of integrity and high principle, stanch supporters of the church and Christian work generally, and highly respected in their own communities.

The Free Silver men who left the Convention, have issued a protest to the country at large and have named Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado as their choice for President.

Portraits of the Republican candidates appear on this page. For the photograph of Mr. Hobart we are indebted to the courtesy of the New York *World*.

China's Earliest Idols.

In the writings of the ancient Chinese philosopher, Mencius, a statement is given concerning the first images used in China. At first, they were made of grass and rushes, and afterwards of wood, to be buried with the dead, in order that they might be provided with servants in the other world. The art of statuary was not then known. But these cannot be called images to be worshipped. In the second century before Christ, an expeditionary force of 10,000 mounted men was sent past Lanchou to the mountain then known as Yenchishan, now Shantan, to attack the Hiungnu Tartars. It was on the way to the Kiayukuan at the west end of the Great Wall. Here about B.C. 140 they defeated the Hiungnu and captured an image used in sacrificing to heaven. It is called a "golden man," but it represented heaven. By the spread of Buddhism through Central Asia the Tartars had learned the use of images in worshipping God. It was gilt, as is the custom with images of Buddha, in all countries where that religion prevails. There can be little doubt that of the many ten thousands of large gilt idols now worshipped in China there greater part owe their bright appearance to Siberian gold. When the army was sent which captured this image, (the first mentioned by Chinese writers), at the chief seat of Tartar worship, it was not the earliest seat of worship. The powerful Emperor, Chinshihuang, had driven the Tartars away from the "Mountain of the Sweet Spring," a few miles to the north of the ancient Chinese capital Shangan, on the Ching River, where they had long maintained their worship, in a rich agricultural country.

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—
"Still I am something fashioned by thy hand."
—

AMID the myriad souls
That throng life's strange, sad way,
And go with hurrying feet
Through all the burdened day,
There comes a whisper sweet,
"The Lord still cares for you,"
His hand hath made and given
The work for you to do.

"No one can fill your place."
Oh, 'tis a happy thought
To know God's loving hand
My life hath hither brought.
He made and placed me here—
Lowly, I'm something still,
The work of hand Divine,
To do the Father's will.

Whatever lies before,
Within my path of life,
God wishes me to do,
To conquer in the strife,
None other may my work
Do for the blessed Lord,
None other bear my cross,
None hear for me his Word.

Then let me faithful be,
Listening to hear his voice,
A glad obedient child,
In all his ways rejoice.
No one can fill my place—
It makes me glad to know,
There is a place for me,
A work for me to do.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

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William McKinley

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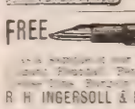

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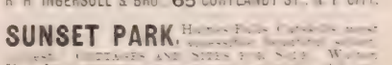

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 14, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. F. E. C., for the conversion of a beloved son.——Wife and Mother, Central New York, for the conversion of her children.——"Mother," Linden, Va., for the conversion of her son.——H. E. N., Rochester, Minn., that a beloved daughter in darkness and trial may have grace to commit herself to the Lord aud trust him for soul and body.——"Believer," Marine, Tex., that God would bless a dear son and cure him of his love for drink, and make him a true Christian.——"Mother," Baltimore, Md., that God would save her boy and cure him of his besetting sin.——B. W. L., Pittsford, N. Y., for the conversion of a son, son-in-law, daughter and grand-daughter.——J. K., Mich., that a wayward brother who is wandering in sin and breaking his mother's heart, might be brought to Christ.——"Reader," Portsmouth, O., for the conversion of a brother, whose love of strong drink is bringing him to ruin.——Reader, Hudson, Mass., that a beloved brother who is addicted to strong drink, and is being led astray by a wicked companion, might be wholly saved and delivered from all evil.——Sister, Briggsville, Mass., that a brother and brother-in-law, who are in need of God's converting grace may be led to Christ for salvation.——C. R., Kansas, that God would in mercy restore a dear mother, who once was a follower of Christ, but who has left her first love; also that two brothers and a sister may be converted; also that two friends now under bondage of strong drink may be delivered and made new creatures in Christ Jesus.——L., Rocky Point, N. C., that God would save a husband and a brother, changing their hearts and cleansing their lips and making them entirely his. —— "Anxious Reader," Ashland, Wis., for the conversion of father and brothers who are unconcerned about their souls.——L. J., West Lake, Ont., that an uncle and an aunt might be led to Christ.——M. R. L., Glen's Falls, that her husband might be converted.——B., Oakland Co., Mich., for the conversion of a brother, the son of sainted parents, and the child of many prayers.——"In His Name," S. W., Md., for the conversion of a friend who has abandoned drinking habits, but does not know God nor believe the Bible.——"Trusting," Godfrey, Ga., that one who has made a profession of Christ, but is intent on committing sin, might be brought to repentance, and be renewed by the Holy Spirit, and that he may be delivered from bringing others to ruin.——H. H., Memphis, Tenn., that one who is very dear might become a happy, useful Christian, and realize that all things work together for good to them that love God.——One in Distress, Allegheny City, Pa., that one who has fallen under the power of strong drink, may be delivered; may renounce his sin and have a new heart given to him.——"Reader in Canada," that God would convert two young men who are still out of Christ's Kingdom.——Anxious Mother, Albany Co., N. Y. For the conversion of a daughter, who has made an undesirable acquaintance and is drifting into danger.——E. C., Middleburg, Md., for the conversion of a man who has fallen under the power of strong drink, and is neglecting his business and family.——Believer, Penn., that a beloved son might be saved, and that a grandson who is falling into evil ways might be reclaimed and made a child of God.——Anxious Mother, Va., that a dear daughter who is living in sin might be convinced by the Holy Spirit of her sin, and might leave it and turn to Christ for salvation.

For the Restoration of Health. "Sister," Briggsville, Mass., that God would heal her mother, who is suffering from a nervous affliction.——J. K., Mich., for the recovery of a sick mother and grandmother.——"Constant Reader," Salem, Mass., that health might be given to a young man, whose nervous ailment keeps him in poverty and distress.——"Reader," Moravia, Ia., that a mother who is a great sufferer from a painful malady, might be recovered——O. K. M., Mountainburg, Ark., that a beloved sister, who has been a great sufferer for five [illegible] might be restored to health.——E. F. C., Mich., who has become nervous and despondent, that God would give health of body and soul; also that mother and stepfather [illegible]——J. A. C., Greenfield, Mo., that her husband may be restored to health.——[illegible], Tenn., that God in his mercy would raise up a dear [illegible] afflicted and is a source of anxiety to her family, [illegible] ed all who came to him in faith when he was on earth, would look upon them in their [illegible]

For Special Blessings. "Despondent Girl," Lamar, Mo., that a very bitter sorrow which has come to her through no fault of her own might be relieved, and that an affection which was the joy and hope of her life might be restored to her, and that God would help her to love him better who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.——"Reader," N. Y., that one who through folly is placed in a position in which it seems impossible to avoid sin might be delivered, strengthened and guided, and kept in the right way.——"Subscriber," that he and his wife may be enabled to walk in the way of holiness and be kept safe from persecution.——D. W., Eolian, Tex., that a home may be provided for a widow who is without relatives and in a sore strait.——"Subscriber," that God would put it into the hearts of some wealthy people to relieve the need of two aged sisters, who are unable to support themselves and are in danger of losing their little home.——S. S., Phillipsburg, Kan., that in some way help may come so that a property may not be lost.——M. A., Taylor, Ga., that God would hear the prayers continually offered for a blessing urgently needed and that a useless life might be devoted to him.——"One who Hopes," Wilmington, Del., that one who has caused a great deal of trouble may be led to see the error of her ways, and repent and seek pardon, and make restitution.——"One of the Sufferers," Vermont, that God would open the way to the establishment of a home for sufferers from asthma where intelligent, kindly help may be afforded.——"Reader," Moravia, Iowa, that a brother's innocence may be proved and he be released from the punishment he is unjustly suffering.——A. W. S., Clay, O. T., that God would stay the hot winds and send the rain needed for the fruits of the earth.——J. A. C., Greenfield, Mo., that a man who has committed grievous sin may be brought to repentance and led to make restitution.——"Afflicted One," that an unkindness which has brought sorrow and loneliness on a burdened life may be forgiven, and that those who did the wrong may repent, and the consequences of their conduct may be removed.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Jos A Walter	4 00
Friends of the cause, Rardin, Ill	2 00
Mrs Caroline D Mills	1 00
H Langenberg	1 00
Mrs Edith K Scott	2 00
Mrs D R S, Mill Creek, Pa	50
A reader of the C H, Ind	25
Emma C Johnston	1 00
Believer in Prayer	1 00
Lizzie Ann Tyson	8 00
In Jesus' Name, Oregon	1 00
Mrs Henry Yost	5 00
Mrs E S Hopkins	30
A S Stewart	1 00
Friend, Louisville, Ky	5 00
Family being led by Jesus, Gt Bend	2 00
C W G, San Lucas, Cal	2 50
Mr & Mrs J M Lewis	1 00
J H, Monticello, N Y	5 00
Mrs B F Woodworth	5 00
J D White	20
In His Name, Clarksdale	50
J F Macdonald	1 00
J A M P, Mass	1 00
Mrs Josiah Brown	1 00
Mrs Chrissy Burrows	3 00
Managan Union Society of C E	5 00
H C Duckett	1 00
Mrs A K Stout	25
Miss Sarah Polk	50
Mrs Higdon	50
F H Mulford	1 00
Mrs Jane A Minor	1 00
One in sorrow, Green Lake	1 00
Anna E Long	5 00
Sarah E Butterworth	1 00
G G Williams	10 00
Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co	5 00
Harry Kennedy	5 00
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[illegible]	5 00
Mrs Alpheus Williams	10 00
P M Barrow	1 00
Rev [illegible] Robertson	5 00
Miss M B Mitchell	1 00
E P Dutton	5 00
Mrs James Gamblin & Son	3 00
Mrs J Hazard	5 00
——, New York City	1 00
Reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Spencertown	50
J C Hogsett	5 00
Lucy E Spencer	1 00
Mrs H G Scoville	1 00
Joseph Warren Godbold	2 00
Alex Morton	2 00
Harshaw S S	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Total	$150.00

All contributions for the Bowery Mission should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and will receive due acknowledgment in its columns.

New Cure—Kidney & Bladder Disease

If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder diseases, pain in back, or rheumatism you should [illegible] York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it, as it is offered you free.

[illegible]

The Rivers of Lebanon.

Continued from first page.

sides, with thorny bushes by the edges of the streams. From early spring until July, there is a goodly sprinkling of wild-flowers. Along the rocky heights, the eagle and vulture make their nest, while the wild-hog, the hyena, the wolf and the fox, are found at the base of the snow-capped hills.

In the entire district the population probably does not exceed two hundred thousand, and includes Maronites, Druses, Mohammedans, Greeks, Catholics, and other religious sects. The Druses are a brave race and have on different occasions warred successfully against Moslem domination. Recent cable dispatches state that they have again risen and should the movement spread, the hills and valleys of Lebanon may again be the scene of sanguinary war and slaughter. The mountaineers are a fine-looking race, tall, vigorous, and athletic, and are engaged as cattle-breeders and herders of sheep and goats. There, too, is found the inevitable Bedouin, with his peculiar dress and nomad habits. An American mission has done some excellent work in Lebanon and established several schools, but its progress has suffered in consequence of the frequent troubles and dissensions among the natives themselves. The Free Church of Scotland in 1839 began missionary work there, and now supports seven religious schools and two missions with an average of about sixty students. The field for Gospel effort is a promising one and there is room for many more workers for the Master among the people of that ancient land.

The Fuller Life.

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears:
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hope or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf:
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly, my life is void and brief,
And tedious is the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud nor greenness can I see;
Yet rise it shall—the sap of spring;
O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl.
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul,
Or cordial in the searching cold.
Cast in the fire the perished thing,
Melt and remould it, till it be
A royal cup for him, my king;
O Jesus, drink of me.
—CHRISTINA. G ROSSETTI.

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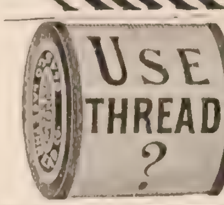
WASH SILK WAIST fine line of colors, regular $2.75 kind, our price Black China Silk **$2.98**. An extra fine silk in and Colors, laundried collars and cuffs, the $ for **$3.75**, **Best Quality Silk Taffeties**, th sold up to $15.00, **Our Closing Price $5.98**, quick as these prices are for present stock. **MONEY BACK** if goods are not satisfactor send samples of all kinds of Piece Goods but sample made up garments. Write us about w **A.N.ROTHSCHILD&CO.,STATE&VAN BURENSTS. CI**

There is lots of pleasu satisfaction and health con up in a bottle of HIR Rootbeer. Make it at hon

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Here is a picture that women will wonder at, of these days. They wo understand what the woman doing. Even now it loo queer to the users of Pearli to see a woman doubli herself up over a wash-tub. This old-fashioned, back bre ing way of washing clothes rubbing them to pieces ov wash-board can't last. It isn't sensible. The way that surely taking its place—the easiest, quickest, most economi way—is washing with Pearline. No soap with it—tha entirely needless—nothing but Pearline. 511

Millions NOW USE Pearlin



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Extra prizes will also be given to those using the great amount of Glasgo Lace Thread. Particulars of compet tion detail with sample of thread sent free. Sample spool of 500 yards, 10c. THE GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Box 3, Glasgo, Conn.

"A fair face may prove a foul bargain." Marry a plain girl if she uses **SAPOLI**

A Strange Temperance War.

PROBABLY one of the most remarkable temperance crusades ever recorded was that which took place in a village of Madagascar, called Loharano (The Well), lying half way between Antananarivo, the capital, and Ambositra. There is a resident missionary at Loharano. The people of Loharano some time since made an agreement among themselves that no rum or strong drink should be introduced into their market, and for some time none was introduced. At length, however, some rum-sellers, taking counsel together, resolved to force an opening for their trade. Accordingly, they combined to the number of seventy, concealed their short knives under their *lambas*, and one day took up a position in the market-place with their rum before them. Their idea was that the people would make an attempt to drive them out, and then, "the worse for the people." But their expectations were not realized. By some means the folk of Loharano got to know of the hidden weapons. They went to the missionary for advice, and then put their heads together and concocted a plan. All that day the purveyors of the forbidden liquor stood in the glare of the sun in the market-place, offering for thirsty customers to come and buy. But all day long the Loharano men left them severely alone, and passed and repassed before the eyes of the rum-sellers with aggravating stolidity.

When evening came on, the disgusted merchants loaded their donkeys again and went off to encamp for the night. But they were not to be daunted by mere lack of encouragement, and the next morning found them again, all seventy, duly posted in the market-place. Presently the townsfolk began to appear, and their numbers increased till the whole male population was crowded around the rum-sellers, who beheld with trepidation the gleam of the sunshine on naked knives and gun-barrels. Then a man stepped out from the crowd and made emphatic representations, advising the intruders to go away. The rum-sellers, seeing themselves outnumbered, had no alternative but to take up their demijohns and depart.

The First Christian Bells.

BELLS are of great antiquity, some made of bronze having been found even in the ruins of Nineveh. In an article on this subject in a contemporary, Miss Dixie Virginia Farley, gives this interesting information: About 46 A. D. bells were introduced into the Christian Church by Saint Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania. Their use in churches and monasteries soon spread throughout Christendom, and became intimately connected with the church service. Because they were associated in various ways with the ritual of the church, they acquired a sacredness of character. They were cast with religious ceremonies, were given names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and covered with the white chrism. In the Middle Ages it was the custom to put inscriptions on bells, like the following: "I call the living, I mourn the dead." "I praise the true God; call the people; assemble the clergy; bewail the dead; honor the festivals." In the service of the church of the Middle Ages the duties of the bell were many. The "Ave Maria" was tolled twice each day, and at its sound every one within hearing directed his prayer to the Virgin. The "vesper bell" was the call to evening prayer. There were also the "Compline" and "Sanctus" bells that called the faithful to their devotions. The "Passing-bell" was rung "to admonish the living and invite them to pray for the dying."

At first, the church bell was of a comparatively small size; and it was not until the fourteenth century that they reached a large size. The "Jacqueline" of Paris, cast in 1300, weighed seven and one-half tons; another, cast in 1472, weighed twelve tons. The most noted bells in the world are: one great bell at Pekin, the weight of which is fifty three and one-half tons; large bells at Olmutz, Rouen, and "Big Ben," of Westminster, each of which weigh fourteen tons; Montreal, thirteen and one-half tons; York, ten and three-fourth tons; and last and largest of all, the great bell of Moscow, Russia; it is called the "Czar Pushkin," or "Emperor Bell." It was cast in 1653, has a great deal of silver and gold in its composition, and weighs no less than one hundred and ninety-eight tons, and is the largest bell in the world, both on account of its great size and weight.

Led Her Father to Jesus.

At a recent revival gathering in England the Rev. E. Payson Hammond related this touching incident: In a back seat in an inquiry meeting I saw a little girl, who had found the Saviour a few days before, with her arms around her father's neck. With the tears rolling down her cheeks, she was saying, "Dear father, won't you come to Jesus? Don't you remember when you were almost killed by that accident, you said you would be good afterwards? But you did not come to Jesus. You forgot all about him after a little while, and became as wicked as ever. How can you help loving him? He loves you, father." I said, "Will you not listen to your child? His only answer was, "I am considering the subject." At this his child wept louder than ever, and said, "Oh, papa, don't reject such a precious Saviour." But he would not yield, and as the meeting closed the child seemed heart-broken. A few nights after a lady came to me and said, "My father is up in the men's inquiry-room, and my little sister is there with him. Will you go and speak to him?" She led me to her father, and there I found this same little daughter, no longer pleading with him to come to Jesus, but thanking God that he was coming. Her left arm was thrown around his neck, her right hand was uplifted, and she said, "O God, I thank thee that my dear papa is coming to Jesus. Dear, precious Saviour, I know thou wilt receive him." His handkerchief was wet with tears.

A few days after, just as I was starting with a company of young converts and Christians for Newville, a gentleman came to my room. It was the father of the little girl. "Oh," said I, "is it you?" and "did Jesus give you that smiling face? Has he answered yonr child's prayers?" "Yes, I believe he has. We now have prayer in our family, aud I thank God for my praying child."

The Stream That is Never Crossed.

THERE'S many a sorrow and pain, I know,
As we tread the path of life;
There's many a grief and lasting woe,
And the way is toil and strife.
But the hardest load we have to bear,
Is the labor and strength that's lost
In building the bridge with toilsome care
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

We have fretting and worry from morn till night,
And anguish weighs on the heart;
The thorny way seems hard to right,
And life is a bitter part.
But there is a burden greater yet—
Much peace of soul it has cost—
It is building the bridge with toil and sweat,
O'er the bridge that is never crossed.

There's looking for crossings all the day,
And searching along the shore
For a bridge or ford along the way
We shall never travel o'er.
There's sighing for useless toys in vain
And dreaming of chances lost;
But 'tis hardest to bridge with might and main
The stream that is never crossed.

Then gather the roses along the way
And treasure their fragrance rare:
Rejoice in the bright and joyous day,
Refusing to borrow care;
For sorrow and pain will surely come
And your soul be tried and tossed:
But don't be bridging to reach your home
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

Albion, Neb. —C. OWEN LARRISON.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Chosen by the Government

The War Department proposes to test the bicycle thoroughly for army use, and recently advertised for proposals for furnishing five bicycles for the purpose. Result: Bids from $50 to $85 each for other machines; our bid of $100 each for Columbias, their invariable price. And the Government selected

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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SCIATICA.

AUGUSTA, GA., July 16, 1894.

For two years I had not been free from sciatic pains and sometimes they were so severe that I would jump out of bed while asleep, I spent a large amount for special treatment, and was sixty-seven times cauterized with a white-hot iron. Hearing that a partner of Gen. Alger, of Detroit, had been cured by the Electropoise, I determined to try it. At that time I was almost helpless and could not walk to my office. One year's use of the Electropoise cured me, and I have been free from sciatica for three years now. I would not take $5,000 for my Electropoise if I could not get another. WM. C. SIBLEY, (*President Sibley Cotton Mills.*)

CATARRH, RHEUMATISM.

"KANSAS CITY, Sept. 14, '94.

Dear Sir:—I have suffered from catarrh about ten years and during these years have used almost every medicine recommended for this troublesome malady, besides different skillful doctors. I got some relief but no cure. The Electropoise cured my catarrh and also rheumatism. I have seen wonderful results. Yours very truly,

F. SIEVERS, *Pastor First German Baptist Church.*"

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on *gasoline, oil, gas* or common cook stove. The *steam whistle blows when Cooker needs more water.* **No steam in the house!** No offensive odors! **Burning, scorching** or overcooking impossible. Vegetables that always lose much of their flavor and become watery, soggy and indigestible by boiling, are made dry, light and healthful. Meats and poultry, no matter how tough, are made tender and palatable. **Will Pay for Itself in One Season for Canning Fruit. The Housekeeper's Friend; the Agent's Bonanza, Agents Wanted,** either sex. Exclusive territory. Address **PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N.Y.**

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High Arm

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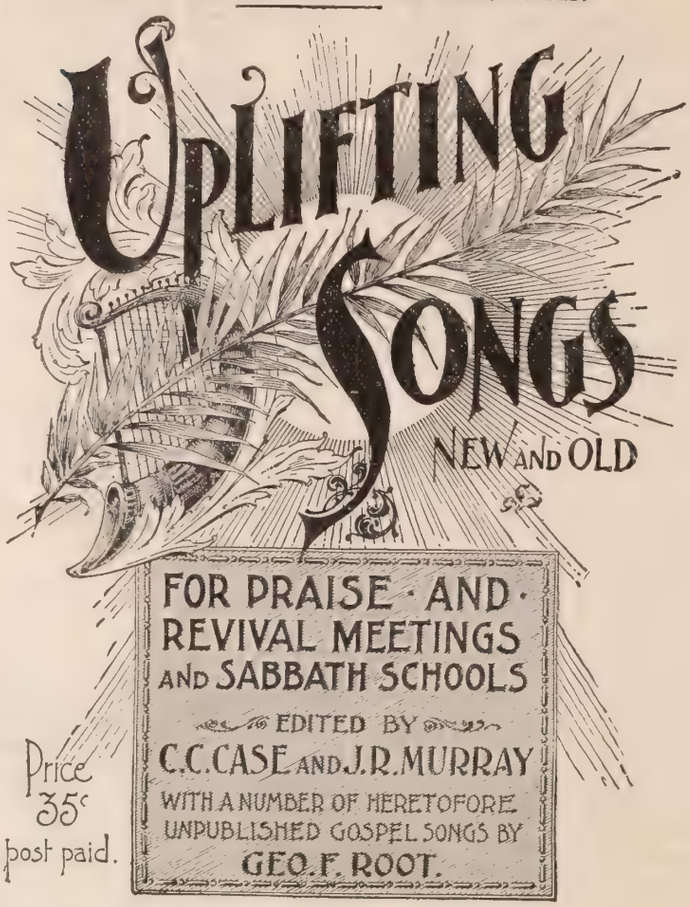

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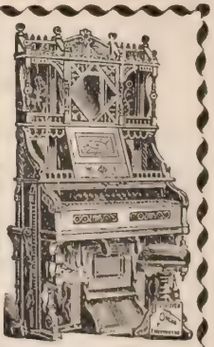

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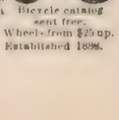

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
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Price Five Cents.

HOW HAWAII GAVE UP ITS IDOLS.

: Beautiful "Paradise of the Pacific," Now a Scene of Christian Activity—Gospel Work and Educational Progress—An Interesting Community.

REV. H. KIHARA.

ONE who has not been abroad in the lands where missionary work is done, can hardly realize the importance of the command to "Go unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." One who has seen the manifestation of the missionaries' work is t thoroughly impressed with the divin- of it. Christ spoke those words nearly thousand years ago, and they still go ndering down the ages. In no country the work of the ssionary met ter success n in the Hvaiian Isls. The good k has gone and on, unti he entire up is practi- Christized. The vaiian peo- had grown of their l-worship n before the ssionaries led among n. They e to realize their gods e false and r priests ostors, and October, , idolatry abolished, a large nber of the oden and he images e gathered and burned.

On March 31, 1820, the American brig, *Thaddeus*, brought the first missionaries to the islands. Their work soon began to show its effect on the people. Having no religion, and with souls hungering and thirsting after the blessed truth, they welcomed the teaching of the missionaries, and gladly learned of the true and living God. Soon after the work began there were conversions, and ere long little churches and school-houses began to appear. There was a general religious awakening among the natives, and hundreds, and in some cases thousands, were baptized in a single day. That these converted savages were sincere in their profession of faith cannot be denied. Some of the most pious Christians I have ever met were those old Hawaiians, converted to God long ago. Rev. Samuel Kapu, a native preacher of Wailuku, on the island of Maui, told me a touching story of his father:

The old Hawaiian had been converted under the preaching and teaching of the missionaries, and was serving God to the best of his ability. Kapu was very poor, and lived in an old grass house, with his little boy—all he had left of a once numerous family. He was aged and feeble, and knew that his days on earth were few. He was ready to wing his flight to his eternal home; but the thought of his little boy weighed on his mind, and gave him great anguish. One night, little Samuel was awakened by tears falling on his breast. Those tears issued from the eyes of his aged father, who knew his hour had come. When he found his little boy awake, he told him he was going to die soon, and urged him to seek the kingdom of heaven. Then, commending his child to the care of the Almighty Father, the poor old man died, and little Samuel was alone in the house with his dead parent. What must have been the feelings of that child thus suddenly bereft of his protector, as through the silent watches of the night, he sat in darkness by his dead father's side, in the gloom and silence of the old grass house!

The heart that loved him was forever still; the tongue that had spoken his name so often with affection was silent in death. Morning dawned, and he went to some distant relatives and told his story. The dead man was buried, and the lad went to live with those distant relatives. Early in life he was converted under the preaching of that able missionary, Rev. Titus Coan, and was educated for the ministry. He is now the native preacher of Wailuku, and is doing a noble work for God.

The missionaries meet much opposition among ungodly men, who hate all that is good and pure. They often seek to influence the converted Hawaiians against their best friends, and lead them into vices. Kamehameha III., the just and good king of Hawaii, loved the missionaries, though ungodly men often tried to persuade him they were his enemies. Once an enemy of the missionaries, talking with him, remarked:

"You would be much better off if the missionaries had never come among you."

"No," the Christian monarch answered. "You have done three things since you entered my presence, that, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life."

"What have I done?" asked the missionary-hater.

"You walked into my presence, instead of crawling; you crossed my shadow; you sat before me."

It was missionary influence that founded the Queens Hospital in Honolulu. In this elegant hospital, hundreds of sick and unfortunate people are relieved. Before missionary influence was felt on the Hawaiian islands, Honolulu was a long sandy beach or plain. Now it is a beautiful city, almost concealed in a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation. The bay presents a

(*Continued on page 507.*)

REDEEMED HAWAII AND ITS PEOPLE.

1. A GROUP OF NATIVE HAWAIIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN. 2. THE ENTRANCE TO HONOLULU HARBOR. 3. NATIVE CONVERT'S HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF KAUAI. 4. QUEEN'S HOSPITAL, HONOLULU.

e spiritual soil was well prepared for seed which was to be sown. Peo- cannot live without some sort of re- on. This would, indeed, be a gloomy rld, if all our hopes and fears were im- soned within its narrow bounds. When heathen of Hawaii abolished their ls, they were a people without a religion.

WOMAN SACRIFICED.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: Esther 1: 11, 12, *"To bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains; therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him."*

WE stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst and jacinth and topaz and chrysoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia, the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest bird and and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and dates and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ot course Ahasuerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin: but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put all her money into the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi?—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle-wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry and medicine to the sick and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti."

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day, with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their souls and lightning in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of her womly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle, but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society, with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homœpathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Look! look! Vashti has lost her veil."

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. O, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust. A little while ago ... proved and sought for; now, none so ... as to acknowledge her acquaintance ... Vashti the sacrifice! Ah! you and I ... seen it many a time. Here is a home ... palaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for ... home has been done; but Ahasuerus, ... husband and the father, is taking hold ... paths of sin. He is gradually going do... After awhile he will flounder and stru... like a wild beast in the hunter's n... further away from God, further a... from the right. Soon the bright app... of the children will turn to rags; soon ... household song will become the sobb... of a broken heart. The old story ... again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up ... marriage feast of Lapithæ. The house ... of outrage and cruelty and abominat... while trudging forth from the palace ... are Vashti and her children. There ... homes that are in danger of such a bre... ing-up. O, Ahasuerus! that you sho... stand in a home, by a dissipated life ... stroying the peace and comfort of t... home. God forbid that your child ... should ever have to wring their han... and have people point their finger at th... as they pass down the street, and s... "There goes a drunkard's child." ... forbid that the little feet should ever h... to trudge the path of poverty and wret... edness! God forbid that any evil sp... born of the wine-cup or the brandy-gl... should come forth and uproot that gard... and with a lasting, blistering, all-consu... ing curse, shut forever the palace g... against Vashtl and the children!

During the war I went to Hagersto... to look at the army, and I stood in t... night on a hill-top and looked down up... them. I saw the camp-fires all throu... the valleys and all over the hills. It w... a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, an... stood and watched them; and the soldi... who were gathered around them were, ... doubt, talking of their homes and of t... long march they had taken and of the b... tles they were to fight; but after awhil... saw these camp-fires begin to lower: a... they continued to lower, until they we... all gone out, and the army slept. It w... imposing when I saw the camp-fires; ... was imposing in the darkness when ... thought of that great host asleep. We ... God looks down from heaven, and he se... the firesides of Christendom and the lov... ones gathered around these firesides. The... are the camp-fires where we warm ou... selves at the close of the day, and ta... over the battles of life we have fought ar... the battles that are yet to come. G... grant that when at last these fires beg... to go out and continue to lower until fina... ly they are extinguished, and the ashes ... consumed hopes strew the hearth of th... old homestead, it may be because we hav...

Gone to sleep that last long sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now, we are an army on the march ... life. Then, we will be an army bivouack... ed in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look a... Vashti the silent. You do not hear an... outcry from this woman as she goes forth... from the palace gate. From the very dig... nity of her nature, you know there wil... be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it i... necessary to make a retort; sometimes i... life it is necessary to resist: but there ar... crises when the most triumphant thing t... do is to keep silence. The philosopher ... confident in his newly-discovered princi... ple, waiting for the coming of more intel... ligent generations, willing that men should... laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gi... and steamboat — waiting for long years ... through the scoffing of philosophica... schools, in grand and magnificent silence ... Galileo, condemned by mathematicians ... and scientists, caricatured everywhere, yet ... waiting and watching with his telescope ... to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses ... would fight for the Copernican system; ... then sitting down in complete blindness ... and deafness to wait for the coming on of

theenerations who would build his monumit and bow at his grave. The Reforer, execrated by his contemporaries, fasned in a pillory, the slow fires of public ntempt burning under him, ground nir the cylinders of the printing-press, yefalmly waiting for the day when purity soul and heroism of character will gethe sanction of earth and the plaudits of haven. Affliction, enduring without anrcomplaint the sharpness of the pang and he violence of the storm, and the heft of e chain and of the darkness of night. W ing, until a Divine hand shall be put or to soothe the pang and hush the and release the captive. A wife ab ed, persecuted, and a perpetual exile fro every earthly comfort — waiting, wa ng, until the Lord shall gather all his je children in a heavenly home, and no wo Vashti will ever be thrust out from the alace gate. Jesus, in silence and anwering not a word, drinking the gall, se ng the cross, in prospect of the raptro s consummation when

> Angels thronged his chariot wheel,
> And bore him to his throne;
> Then swept their golden harps and sung
> The glorious work is done.

woman! does not this story of Vashti bequeen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the acrifice, Vashti the silent, move your ow My sermon converges into the one plorbing hope that none of you may be sh out of the palace gate of heaven. You endure the hardships and the privaio and the cruelties and the misfortunes of is life, if you can only gain admission thr.

rough the blood of the everlasting co nant, you go through these gates ne ever go at all. God forbid that you sh ld at last be banished from the sociof angels, and banished from the comonship of your glorified kindred, and ba shed forever. Through the rich grace of ur Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel an Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti. Amen.

A Modern Simeon.

With the very aged Christian the desire to depart and be with Christ which is "far better," is frequently present. There is serene and peaceful outlook and a perfect trust in the Divine assurance that all will be well.

The well-known and learned Professor Duruck once travelled through Italy, and on his journey formed the acquaintance of an aged coachman. When he was about to leave, the Professor asked the old man what the greatest desire for the remainder of his life upon this earth was. Without any hesitation the old man answered: "*Morire in pare con Dio!*" "To depart in peace with God." That desire, which was now uttered by the aged Simeon (Luke 2:25-32), was also the greatest and last desire of this old Italian coachman. Thomas says that none of the beautiful, grand, and sublime things which he was privileged to see in Italy made such a powerful and blessed impression on him as this very incident.

Mennonites in America.

At the present time, the Mennonites in Manitoba number 2960 families, a total of 12,000 souls. They have 235,160 acres under cultivation. Last year they harvested 3,500,000 bushels of grain, exclusive of flax. Of flax they raised 950,000 bushels. They own 11,000 horses, 8,300 oxen and 10,000 young cattle. The colony borrowed $195,000 from the Dominion government at five per cent. and from their brethren of Waterloo, Ontario, $20,000 without interest. In 1891 they had repaid the whole amount of these loans with interest, and are now quite free from debt, and prosperous in every respect. The creed of these peculiar people forbids them to carry arms. They were originally expelled from Germany by Frederick III., and settled in Russia, where the Empress Catherine granted them exemption from military service for 100 years. Finding there was little probability of a further exemption, they emigrated to Canada, where the government granted them a fertile tract of ground and freedom from military service forever.

How Hawaii Gave Up its Idols

(Continued from first page.)

picturesque sight. It is usually crowded with ships, from nearly every part of the world; but in some of the shallow portion, one can sometimes see natives in their long canoes, with quaint out-riggers to keep them from capsizing.

Iao valley is on the Island of Maui, and is a famous resort for picnic, excursions, and native *luaus*. The scenery can hardly be excelled in beauty anywhere in the world. Not only do the missionaries bring joy to the soul of the heathen, but they help to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. The natives still love the deep, sylvan shades of their tropical forests and, after school hours, the children wander among them to gather tropical fruits and to enjoy the cool shadows, or they seek the rolling surf on the sea-shore, in which they swim and sport like young dolphins.

It is not the Hawaiians alone who have felt the beneficent influence of the missionary work. There are many Chinese and Japanese who, through them, have come to know the true God. When converted, the Japanese make earnest and devoted Christians. Reverend H. Kihara, the pastor of the Japanese M. E. Church in Honolulu, is one among the most earnest working Japanese Christians. He has a large membership, but his people are poor. Day and night he labors to bring souls to Christ. Not only does he preach in the poor hall which answers for a church, but he is constantly talking and preaching in the Japanese quarters of the city, telling the old sweet story of the Cross.

"It is very hard to convert my people," he said to the writer. "Bad white men sometimes undo all that the missionaries have done. It makes me sad when I think of it."

It makes any one sad. The white sailor, usually a reckless, dissipated fellow, teaches the natives and Japanese vices and immorality, and thus comes in constant conflict with the missionaries. It is of such influences that Kihara and others complain. The converted Japanese are live, wide-awake Christians, not those who dream life away. They are actively working, doing something for Jesus. Even the children, when converted to Christianity, become little workers in their Master's vineyard.

In the Hawaiian Islands, the labors of the missionaries have been amply rewarded. Islands where once were only *heiaus* and hideous idols, are now dotted with school-houses and churches. In traveling through the islands, one is hardly ever out of sight of one of those neat little temples of worship, whose spires, pointing heavenward, seem silently directing the sinner's thoughts to the throne of grace and eternal glory. JOHN R. MUSICK.

The Late Shah's Library.

Nasr-ed-din, the late Shah of Persia, had a room in the palace of Teheran hung with priceless tapestries, and next to it was the library, filled with manuscripts, many of them worth a colossal fortune. Of all the great Persian authors, Mir seems to be the most famous, and his writing is valued at two tumaris a line. At this rate the manuscripts by him in the Shah's possession must be worth several millions of dollars! The armory of the palance is small and inferior to many European collections. The crown jewels are worth many millions. Among them is the sister-diamond to the Kohinoor (Mountain of Light.) It is a huge diamond an inch and a half long and an inch broad, but not very bright, and could be pardonably mistaken for glass. It dates from 3000 B. C.

A Prayer.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

SAVIOUR, keep me thro' to-day;
Just for this I humbly pray,
And for this I bow my knee.
Closer draw me, Lord, to thee,
Let me learn to do thy will.
Keep my sinful longings still.
Lead me in thy own dear way,
Only, Saviour, for to-day.

So shall all my wand'rings cease,
Walking in thy paths of peace,
So shall I more humble grow,
When thy humble ways I know.
Thou wilt watch to-morrow's need,
All my suff'rings thou wilt heed.
So but this I meekly pray,
Keep me, Saviour, for to-day.

Pekin, Ill. —FLORENCE VENTURA EADS.

Slaves of the Soudan.

Some of the Evils the Philafrican Liberators' League will have to Face in its Work.

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 3, it was explained how prevalent the slave-trade still is in the Western Soudan, even in the immediate vicinity of the French posts. Slatin Pasha, who has recently escaped from the clutches of the Mahdi's successor, Khalifa Abdullahi, gives a vivid description of the infamous traffic in the Eastern Soudan. If the Khalifa prohibits the exportation of slaves from his kingdom, he encourages the importation of slaves from the adjacent countries, and no business is more flourishing, under his rule, than the trade in human beings. The Khalifa claims the monopoly of this lucrative commerce, and all the slave caravans hailing from Abyssinia, from Fashoda, from Darfur and other points, converge to the Khalifa's capital, Omdurman. The same cruelty which was evinced at the places of capture, when the able-bodied fathers and brothers were ruthlessly slain, is again manifested on the transport of the captured women and children to the Khalifa's royal slave-mart. Of the thousands of Christian Abyssinians captured by Abu

SOLDIERS OF THE EASTERN SOUDAN.

Anga, mostly women and children, the majority died on the path from ill-treatment and starvation. Many of the survivors were in such a wretched condition that nobody would buy them. After the defeat of the Shilluks, Zeki Tummal crammed so many thousands of captives into the transport boats that thousands were choked or crushed to death. Of those who survived, the young men were incorporated into the army, the women and girls sold at auction, and the sale lasted several days. Hundreds of the unfortunate women were so reduced by starvation that nobody would buy them. They dragged themselves to the brink of the river, where they perished. Their corpses were thrown into the Nile so as to prevent an epidemic.

It is impossible to conceive the sufferings experienced by the slaves from Darfur, on the way through the desert. Their conductors were instructed, as a proof of their faithfulness, to cut off the ears of those who died on the way, and they often cut off the ears of those who could not proceed, without awaiting their death. At El-Facher, there was a woman who had survived this mutilation. Lately, the importation of slaves from the Darfur has almost ceased because that region has been depopulated. To make up this deficiency, the Khalifa allows now his emirs to purchase slaves from the wandering Gellabas.

The *Sook er Rekirk* (slave-mart), of Omdurman is situated near the *Beit el Mal* (treasury). It is a plain building, made of sun-dried bricks. There the professional slave-dealers meet day after day, and exhibit their human merchandise to the gaze of the purchasers. The slaves stand all around against the walls of the house. They are all females, because the male slaves can be sold only to the Khalifa, who takes them at a nominal price. All those who are not fit to be soldiers are sent to the plantations.

The women and girls in the market are scrutinized by the customers as so many heads of cattle. Their mouths are opened, to see whether their teeth are in good condition. One limb after the other is carefully examined, especially the arms. They are ordered to walk forth and back. They must answer questions in Arabic, so as to show their proficiency in that tongue. They are subjected to a volley of personal questions concerning their moral weaknesses. The purchaser naturally tries to detect all the imperfections of the subject before him so as to reduce the price. When, at last the bargain is concluded, it must be ratified by a written document signed by two witnesses, one of whom must be a cadi (judge), certifying that the slave really belonged to the man who sold her. This law is intended to prevent the sale of kidnapped slaves. The average prices paid for slaves at the time of Slatin Pasha's captivity were: For an elderly working woman, $50 to $80; for a middle-aged woman, $80 to $120; for girls between eight and eleven, $110 to 160; for *suryas* (concubines), $180 to $400. The prices vary much according to the race, the beauty, the knowledge, or the character of the slave.

If the newly undertaken campaign of the Anglo-Egyptians against the Dervishes is crowned with success, thousands of slaves will no doubt be liberated. But, as in Gordon's time, they may be freed from the dervish yoke only to pass into the harems and plantations of the Egyptian victors who are inveterate slave-dealers. Native slavery will no more disappear from the Eastern Soudan, if it should come under British rule, than it has vanished from Zanzibar, the Niger Basin, and other British Protectorates. Government action has again and again been proved to be inadequate. It is necessary and desirable, but it must be supplemented by the patient, devoted, and disinterested efforts of Liberators' Leagues, which by their work of social reconstruction on Christian foundations, prevent the relapse of the ex-slaves, teach the honor of labor, and the sinfulness of slave-holding, while they render slavery unnecessary by the introduction of new ideas, new modes of life, and a Christian order of society.

Were the Philafrican Liberators' League sufficiently equipped, it might follow in the wake of British advance into the Eastern Soudan, and establish there some of its refuges and settlements of liberated slaves, to be object-lessons to all the surrounding heathen or Mohammedan communities. Devoted men and women are willing to go and work for the emancipation and education of the slaves. Who would not rejoice to give his mite to send them forth on their blessed mission?

The Philafrican Liberators' League, 511 United Charities Building, New York, will send to any address pamphlets explaining the programme and the constitution of the League.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$150.00
Isabella C Woodside	5 00
Mrs J Treadway	3 00
Mrs Thos Williams	2 00
Florence Sparks	10
E Glover Mansfield Jr.	50
H J Evans	5 00
Geo Haig	2 00
H C Kenneth	1 00
——, Montague, N J.	3 00
Mattie Gamble	1 00
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Geo W Sharpe	2 00
Lucinda Silsbee	25
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Melissa Haswell	1 00
——, West Hoosick, N Y.	1 00
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——, Canada	1 00
Mrs E Fisher	1 00
Mrs T F Jeremiah	10 00
Mrs J F Williamson	1 00
John Williams	1 00
Nellie S Bailey	50
Mrs Geo Westmoreland	4 00
Total	$236.10

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The Ark Removed.

Sunday School Lesson for July 19. II. Sam. 6 : 1-12. Golden Text, Psalm 84 : 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE ark of God was the pledge of his presence with his people. Made of wood, and overlaid with gold within and without (Ex. 25: 10, 11), it was a type of the union of the human and divine; God the Word made flesh and dwelling among us; Christ in us, the Hope of glory, making us partakers of his divine nature. The mercy seat, which formed the lid of the ark was all of pure gold; and "of one piece with the mercy seat," inseparable from it, were the two cherubims, those mysterious beings, first seen standing at the gate of Eden after the fall, as well as "the flame of a sword" which turned every way, "to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen. 3 : 24.R.V), were always connected with the presence of God. We find, again and again, that he is represented as, "Thou that sittest upon (or dwellest between) the cherubims" (Ps. 80 : 1, 2; Sam. 6 : 2; II. Kings 19: 15, etc.) Departing from the earth when the glory of God left the temple (Ezek. 10:2-4; 18, 19; 11 : 22, 23), they reappear in the midst of the throne of heaven (Rev. 4:6). Wherever the presence of God is especially to be found with his people, there they are to be found.

The mercy seat, with the cherubims was to be "above, upon the ark," and the testimony, the law was to be placed within. "Thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 40: 8). And God said to Moses, "And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above

The Mercy Seat,

from between the two cherubims, which are upon the ark of testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel" (Ex. 25: 22, R.V.) "And when Moses went into the tent of meeting to speak with him, then he heard the Voice speaking unto him from above the mercy seat; that was upon the ark of the testimony, from between the two cherubims; and he spake unto him" (Num. 7 : 89.) These solemn descriptions of the ark and its purpose in the worship of Israel, enable us to understand at least in some degree, the profanity and sin of the children of Israel, when, in the days of Eli, they were smitten before the Philistines, and, in order to ensure victory, they sent for the ark of God saying, "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that it may come among us, and save us out of the hand of our enemies (1. Sam. 4 : 1-3). God had ordained that the ark of his covenant should be veiled: no man might draw near, except the high priest, and he only once a year with blood offered for himself and for the sins of the people (Lev. 16). And now the profane and irreverent hands of Hophni and Phineas were laid upon the ark, and an unhumbled people did not scruple to make an impious attempt to force God, he who sitteth upon the cherubims to serve their purpose. In vain they shouted with a great shout when the ark came into the camp (1. Sam. 4 : 5-7). The God of Israel remained behind, and the ark fell into the hands of the enemy.

A Religion which Ignores Sin

and the need for atonement, is always popular, but it betrays the honor of God into the hands of the ungodly, and proclaims by implication that the [illegible] and the ungodly are found more righteous than professing believers. The ark in which the people trusted was taken by the Philistines, and thirty thousand infantry of Israel fell before the Philistines. How many are there in our own time who have fallen a prey to a specious form of religion which claims to have fellowship with God without any cleansing by the blood of Christ, and which carries the most sacred things into the world and lays profane hands upon that which God had hidden! And thus the world and the flesh can boast as the Philistines did of old, that the ark is among them; fear and reverence for that which is holy is dying out of our generation, and the world is fast ripening for the antichrist.

In God's wondrous grace, he raised up, just for this time, a witness in the person of Samuel, who, not of the sons of Aaron, was yet permitted to exercise priestly functions, not of the tribe of Judah, and yet practically governing Israel as God's instrument and mediator, for God "did let none of his words fall to the ground" (1. Sam. 3 : 19-21). And the presence of the Lord, which was not with the ark, was found in this one man, a striking type in many ways of him who should afterward be known as the Word of God. Samuel might offer sacrifice for all Israel, and his testimony must remain until God's king, David was anointed. Meanwhile, the ark of God had been no easy possession to the Philistines; their idol, Dagon, had fallen to pieces before it; they themselves were smitten with plagues, and their very priests recognized that the hand of the God of Israel was upon them. And finally they resolved to send away the ark of God not without guilt offerings, for they were more righteous than God's people, into the land of Israel, on a new cart, drawn by milch kine whose calves were kept at home, and which should be left free to follow their own course. They took the straight road to Beth-shemesh. But a people who had profanely carried the ark of God into the battlefield, and had not repented of their sin, were quite ready to yield to

Profane Curiosity,

and look into the ark, bringing down judgment upon themselves. Thus, twenty years the ark of God was kept in the house of Abinadab, but not brought to the tabernacle at Shiloh, not united with the altar. The sacrifices might be slain but the day of atonement when the offering for the sins of all israel was made, could not be held, as the holy of holies was absent. All the days of King Saul, the altar and the ark were separated; and one of the first acts of David, after he was anointed king over all Israel, was to bring up the ark of God from Baale of Judah, i.e., Kirjath-jearim. But in this, David did not follow his ordinary habit, inquiring of the Lord. How many there are who when they are quite sure they are to do a right thing, fail to wait upon the Lord for the right time or the right way to do it! David imitated the Philistines, and put the ark upon a new cart. But the holy presence of the Lord is not to be manifested by things but by persons; idols may be carried upon carts; the ark of God demands surrendered men. The oxen stumbled, Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the ark, and he died there for this act of irreverence. And David showed a wrong spirit, he lost his temper manifested impatience with his God; his plans were upset his immense concourse of people [illegible] that he had made a mistake and was mortified. So he carried the ark into the house of Obed-edom. But when he learned how God blest the man in whose house the ark was, David repented, and took up the thread of God's will, where he had dropped it; a lesson to many of God's children. Only, instead of taking thirty thousand chosen men of Israel to bring up the ark, just the number of men who were slain when the ark was taken, he took "all the house of Israel" with him (ver. 15), and he had learned his lesson and said, "None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites: for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God and to minister unto him for ever." And the king made a full confession, and took all the blame upon himself. In calling upon the heads of the house of Aaron and of the Levites he said to them in his call that they should bring up the ark, "Because ye did it not at the first, the Lord made a breach upon us, for that we sought him not according to the ordinance. So the priests and the Levites sanctified themselves to bring up the ark of the Lord, the God of Israel" (1.Chron.15:12.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

DAVID appears tohave reigned over all Israel about seven years before he made his capital the religious, as well as the political centre of the nation. Probably the work of rebuilding and reorganizing the city occupied all that time, but at last, the place was ready for the reception of the symbol of the divine presence, the ark which was made nearly five hundred years before. It was a box of acacia wood about four feet long and two and a quarter both in height and width, inlaid and overlaid with gold. The lid was of solid gold, and upon it were images of two angels face to face with outstretched wings. Within were the tables of the law, Aaron's rod, and a golden vessel of manna. It was to stand in the innermost part of the Tabernacle, but it had not been there since Eli's sons (as related in I. Samuel 4 : 4), removed it some seventy years before to carry it into the battle with the Philistines. The story of what happened to the Philistines who held it as a trophy is told in the two following chapters (I. Samuel 5 and 6). Saul had not troubled himself about it, but David wished to have it near him. The day of the removal was to be a national holiday and, as we learn from the fuller account in I. Chronicles 13, the Levites were summoned from their villages, and the flower of the army to the number of thirty thousand men, were gathered to make the occasion one of pomp and national pageantry. The whole company gathered at Kirjath-Jearim (or Baale as it was formerly called), a town about eleven miles south-west of Jerusalem, in the Bethlehem country. David wrote special Psalms for the occasion, one of which is numbered twenty-four in our collection. Probably Psalms 68 and 15 were also written for the same celebration. The pageant was brought to an abrupt close, before it had accomplished its purpose, by the strange fatality described in the lesson. It ie difficult to account for Uzzah's death. It seems a severe punishment for an act, which in the circumstances, as they are described, appeared natural, if not involuntary. Possibly a lesson of reverence may have been needed by king and people. They had disregarded the ordinance (Num. 4: 4-15), which minutely prescribed the method for the removal of the ark, and had adopted the Philistine method of a new ox-cart, and there may have been other circumstances, not recorded, which indicated a lack of proper respect for the symbolic shrine. David seems to have been terrified and would not proceed with the ceremony. The ark was taken to the nearest Levite and left in his house. Three months later, when David learned that blessing and not judgment was associated with the ark, he gathered the people together again, and had the ark carried, in the way appointed, into Jerusalem. He had learned the lesson which still needs to be impressed on the Lord's people. that the Lord's work must be done in the Lord's way. A church, or a mission, or any religious enterprise must be conc[illegible] on pure, unworldly principles. It is [illegible]cult to apply business methods to it. [illegible] the Philistine ox-cart they may a[illegible] more effective, but may involve dis[illegible] God is able to take care of his cause i[illegible] will trust him. It may seem to be in[illegible]ger at times, but it is saved not by h[illegible] might or human skill, but by the pow[illegible] God. When a man is glorified and [illegible] is forgotten the man may be rem[illegible]. simply to show the Church and the w[illegible] that God is not dependent for his wo[illegible] human help.

Put forth his hand to the ark and took [illegible]. There was a stringent prohibition ag[illegible] this, (Numbers 4: 15), but Uzziah, [illegible] thought at all, probably thought the e[illegible]gency justified him in disregarding it [illegible] is never safe to do that especially i[illegible]ligious matters. Those who serve the [illegible] must be careful to obey him and they [illegible] never succeed by disobeying. A New [illegible] journalist relates a case in point. A ch[illegible] on the other side the Atlantic, by a s[illegible] of troubles drifted into difficulties. [illegible] minister resigned and the treasury [illegible] empty. It looked as if the church w[illegible] collapse. There were some successful b[illegible]ness men in the membership, who belie[illegible] in business methods. Instead of calling [illegible] church together for prayer in the emer[illegible]cy, they resorted to a trick. A mini[illegible] was invited who had a strong followin[illegible] a rival church in the same town. It [illegible] hoped that he would draw away from t[illegible] church the members who admired him [illegible] so build up the other. The trick was [illegible] honorable, but the leaders though[illegible] would pay and they adopted other me[illegible]ods which seemed promising, beautify[illegible] the building, organizing a new choir, h[illegible]ing bazaars—all with the object of attr[illegible]ing pew holders and making the churc[illegible] financial success. There was no thou[illegible] of saving souls or doing the Lord's wo[illegible] The issue was a most disastrous failu[illegible] After a large expenditure of money to [illegible] purpose, the church building was sold a[illegible] the people scattered.

They set the ark of God upon a new ca[illegible] God had commanded that when it w[illegible] moved it should be carried by men con[illegible]crated to that special duty. But the a[illegible] was heavy, there were eleven miles to [illegible] over hills and through valleys, how mu[illegible] wiser to let oxen do the work. And t[illegible] cart was new, it had never been used [illegible] any ignoble purpose. But this was [illegible] the obedience God requires; it was t[illegible] application of human wisdom. Louis XI [illegible] of France was told that Lord Stair w[illegible] the most courtly man in Europe. His [illegible] votion to royalty was an example to [illegible] courtiers. "I will test him," said t[illegible] king. One day he invited the noblema[illegible] to accompany him for an airing in t[illegible] park. At the carriage door the king ba[illegible] Lord Stair enter the carriage first. A [illegible] ordinary man would have protested again[illegible] this breach of good manners and have i[illegible] sisted on following, not preceding his m[illegible] jesty. But Lord Stair obeyed unhesita[illegible] ingly. The king's command was suffi[illegible] cient. "The world has spoken truly, [illegible] said Louis. "There is no tribute equal t[illegible] prompt obedience."

David was afraid of the Lord. He ha[illegible] gained a new view of the Divine chara[illegible] ter. We hear so much in this day of Go[illegible] as a God of love, that there is danger [illegible] overlooking the converse truth that he i[illegible] a God of justice, who will by no mean[illegible] pass lightly over sin. The two nature[illegible] are not inconsistent. A gentle, loving [illegible] wise mother will fight like a tigress in de[illegible] fense of her babe. The more affectionat[illegible] a wise and honorable father is, the mor[illegible] likely is he to punish his son for wrong [illegible] doing. The story is told of a famous [illegible] judge, remarkable for his kindliness n[illegible] less than his learning, that a friend who [illegible] visited him one evening found him in tears. [illegible] Surprised at his agitation, he asked what [illegible] trouble had befallen him. "Trouble [illegible] enough," answered the judge. "To-morrow morning I have to sentence the son of [illegible] an old friend. His father has just been [illegible] here pleading with me for him. I would [illegible] do anything in reason for that good man, [illegible] who was my friend at school as a boy, but [illegible] I cannot do what he asks me. I must send [illegible] the young man to prison for a long term, [illegible] and it will break his father's heart. It is [illegible] the hardest thing I ever had to do, but [illegible] there is no escape for me. I must do my [illegible] duty, but it is hard, it is so hard." "I [illegible] shall never forget," says his friend, "how [illegible] that conscientious man suffered, knowing [illegible] that he must not yield."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Quaint Albanian Rite.

ON the shore of the Bosphorus, and forming a part of its beautiful panorama, is the Albanian village of Arnaut Keoi, which is the scene of a peculiar annual religious rite. On a certain day the Greek pas[tors] es to the margin of the sea and casts [in] he waters a silver cross. This done, [se]al pious Greeks leap into the sea and [co]for the cross, whoever succeeds in re[tur]ing it from the depths being rewarded [by] an offering of silver from the specta[tors] who never fail to gather in large [num]bers when the ceremonial of "Diving [for] he Cross" is about to take place. [Wh]sely what meaning the ceremony has, [if] not appear, but it is probably associa[ted] in some way with the rite known as [the] blessing of the waters." That it is [un]ematical of some doctrine of the Greek [Ch]ch, we may well believe. The re[war]d given to the man who finds the cross [and] restores it, is probably not large, as [the] people who contribute are poor, but [the] honor doubtless counts for something.

[To] Cross, with all it im[plies] were really lost to the [wo]rld, and men could no [lon]ger look to it for salva[tion] the loss would be so [gre]at that all the wealth of [the] world would not be [fou]nd enough to reward the [man] who could restore it. [Only] those know how [glor]ious it is who can say [with] the Apostle:

God forbid that I should glory [save] in the cross of our Lord Je[sus] Christ, by whom the world is [cru]cified unto me and I unto the [world]. (Gal. 6: 14.)

Struck a Wreck.

The Cunard Steamer [Um]bria met with a singular [acci]dent on June 27 in leav[ing] New York for Liver[pool]. The big Cunarder [with] 689 cabin passengers [aboa]rd was taken down [the] bay at nine o'clock. A [coas]t pilot was in charge [and] the passengers were [walk]ing about the deck in [the] highest spirits. Sud[denly] there was an exciting [inte]rruption to the voyage. In Gedney's [Chan]nel, about two miles off Sandy Hook, [the] vessel struck an obstacle, ground along [with] a crushing sound for a few minutes [and] stopped. Her head was low and her [stern] so high above the water that her [prope]ller was exposed. She had struck on [the] hull of a coal barge which had been [moor]ed in the channel on May 22. The [Cunar]der had gone three-fourths of her [length] over the wreck before she stopped. [There] was some excitement among the [passe]ngers for a time, but they were as[sured] there was no danger and they calmed [down]. All day the steamer lay helpless [waiti]ng for the evening tide to raise her [above] the submerged vessel. Four power[ful] tugs were sent to her and hawsers were [attac]hed to the great ship. At high water [they] began to pull, and after half-an-hour's [hard] work the Cunarder was dragged off. A [thor]ough examination of the interior by [the] officers and of the exterior by divers, [show]ed that no serious injury had [been] received, and the vessel accord[ingly] proceeded on her voyage. The [curi]ous fact about the accident is that [the] pilot was well aware of the obstruction [in] the channel, and had noticed the buoys [which] marked its exact position. Whether he [forgot] it for the moment, or whether [there] was any defect in the steering-gear [which] prevented his guiding the steam[ship] safely past, will doubtless be made [the] subject of inquiry. We know that [simi]lar explanations are given of spiritual [disas]ters. It often happens that vigilance [is] relaxed just at the time it is most need[ed], and even when the believer is aware [that] is danger, he sometimes feels himself [pow]erless to resist temptation. The Apostle Peter, who had sad experience of such occasions, utters the warning:

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour. (1 Peter 5: 8).

Saved by his Daughter.

News of a narrow escape from drowning comes from Monmouth Beach, N. J. A famous New York physician has a summer cottage there, where he has been staying with his family for several weeks past. One hot morning recently he went out for a swim. He was in deep water some distance from shore and had turned to swim to land, when he became exhausted and sank. His daughter happened to be on the beach at the time and saw her father's danger. There was no boat at hand to go to his assistance and no one was able to do anything for him. But his daughter would not see him drown without making an effort to save him. She grasped a life-preserver, to which a rope was attached, and,

THE ALBANIAN VILLAGE OF ARNAOUT KEOI ON THE BOSPHORUS

though she had ordinary clothing on, she waded out into the water. She went out as far as she dared and then, with all her might, she flung the life-preserver toward her father. He grasped it firmly and the men on the shore pulled him safely in. He was more dead than alive, when he came to the land, but he was carried to his cottage, where restoratives were applied and he is now fully recovered. He owes his life to his daughter's courage and devotion. It might be said that the men saved him, as it was they who pulled him out; or that he saved himself as his life depended on his firm grasp of the life-preserver. All were needed to his rescue. So it is in the salvation of the soul. Neither the work of Christ in the Atonement, nor the preaching of the Gospel can save the sinner, unless he takes hold for himself of the means of salvation:

Therefore, whether it was I or they, so we preach and so ye believed. (1 Cor. 15: 11.)

Fired by a Spark.

A remarkable fatality is reported from Yonkers, N. Y. There is a quarry about four miles from that town at which a large number of men are employed. They have been doing some blasting lately, and had a quantity of powder on hand to continue the work. When the rainy weather set in they removed the remainder of the powder to the blacksmith's shop, which has been built near the quarry for sharpening their tools. The blacksmith was cautioned against lighting a fire while the cans of powder were there. He took care not to do that, but on June 25, he went to the shop to sharpen one of the drills for a workman. He was busy at the job when a spark flew from the drill across the shop into a half-open can of powder. An explosion followed instantly, and the force of it fired the other cans, which were piled against the wall, thirty-three in all. The roof and walls of the shop were blown to pieces. When the workmen at the quarry, alarmed by the shock, went to the shop, they found the place in ruins and the blacksmith, fearfully torn and mangled, lying among them. A doctor was sent for, but before he arrived the man was dead. One spark had been sufficient to cause the disaster. There was no need of a fire to do that. It is so with the character. People often talk lightly of little sins, but the little sin, like the spark, is destructive in its nature, and is sufficient to ruin the soul.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. (James 3: 5.)

A Mad Dog Scare.

There was almost a panic on Broadway, New York, a few days ago, owing to the behavior of a small long-haired dog. It came out of Thirty-eighth Street, and tore wildly up the crowded thoroughfare. It was frothing at the mouth, and to all appearances was mad. Snapping viciously at every one in its way, but, happily, biting no one, it ran four blocks without being molested. People jumped aside to let it psss, and those who saw it coming turn into stores or doorways to escape it. At the junction of Forty-second Street it turned west. A crowd was following it shouting "mad dog." Suddenly, the cur turned round on its pursuers and started back toward Broadway. The crowd scattered quickly, leaving a clear passage for the frenzied creature. It ran down the street, badly scaring the people on the sidewalk, who ran anywhere for safety. The shouting crowd behind seemed to increase its fury. At the corner of an intersecting street the door of a store stood open, and the beast darted in. The proprietor jumped on his counter, out of its reach. The dog went straight through and leaped through a window into a rear yard, where its course was stopped. It lay down on a heap of rubbish panting and foaming. By this time a policeman had been found, who was taken to the window, from which he could see the dog. A bullet from his revolver soon put it out of its misery. The terror of the people was quite natural. They knew that if they were bitten by the dog, the virus from his bite might permeate the system and cause them to die of hydrophobia. They were therefore wise in getting out of its way. It is much to be wished that people showed similar wisdom in the avoidance of evil, which, when it enters the soul, leads to eternal death.

And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. (James 1: 15.)

An Invisible Partner.

The head of a large wholesale house in Chicago related a few days ago to the reporter of a daily journal the fact of a singular discovery he had made. Among the customers of the house was the firm of T. & H. Smith, who were the leading dealers in agricultural implements in one of the larger Illinois towns. The transactions between the two business houses continued for several years and were mutually satisfactory. Recently, on one of his business trips the Chicago merchant visited the town and called on the firm. He saw the junior partner and made him an offer of an extensive line of goods on advantageous terms. The country merchant hesitated. There was no question as to the price or quality of the goods, but he was in doubt as to whether the firm could handle so large a quantity. He said he must consult his brother who was the senior partner. He would do so that night. The Chicago man arranged to call in the morning for the decision and went to a hotel for the night. Casually mentioning to a chance acquaintance the cause of his being detained, he was amazed to hear that the senior partner of the firm for whose decision he was waiting, had been dead for twenty years. He remembered, when the fact was stated, that he had never seen him, but had always done his business with the junior partner. Yet the man had certainly told him that he must consult his brother. His informant was not surprised. He said that the surviving brother had always insisted that his brother conducted the business. If any question of doubt or difficulty arose he would postpone it till night when he could confer with the spirit of his departed partner. A practical proof of his sincerity was that the profits of the business were divided in the same proportions as when the elder brother was alive, his share being paid to his heirs. No one knew how the surviving brother professed to hold conference with his brother, but as he is a shrewd man himself, the ghostly decisions have not been detrimental to the business. That they were a delusion there can be no doubt in the mind of any one but a spiritualist. The only real supernatural help that can come to a man is that which comes from the fulfilment of the promise:

In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths. (Prov. 3: 6.)

An Imperial Gift.

A bright boy of ten years old in Philadelphia has had a gift from the Russian Emperor. The *Public Ledger* of that city says that the parents of the lad had been talking in his hearing of the imposing ceremonies of the coronation. The boy went to his room and was found there some hours later, busy over the composition of a letter. He finished it to his satisfaction at last, and showed it to his parents. To their amusement and surprise, they found that the lad's letter was addressed to the Czar of all the Russias. It referred to the fact that since the death of his majesty's fatner, he had doubtless received many letters from his friends in foreign countries who were sorry for him. As these letters would be stamped, the boy supposed the Czar would have quite a number of rare stamps. Perhaps his majesty would send him a few, as he was making a collection. It seemed absurd to send the letter, but as the boy had taken so much trouble in writing it, and it could do no harm, it was dropped in the mail. The boy was warned, however, that he must not be disappointed if he received no answer. It seemed unlikely that it would reach the hands of the Emperor. A few days ago, however, the mail brought a bulky package, addressed to the boy. It contained a large number of stamps of all nationalities. The simple, childish missive had evidently pleased its illustrious recipient, and its request was granted. One may hope that when the boy grows up and is in need of blessings which only the King of kings can give, he may remember his boyhood's experience, and follow the Apostolic advice:

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. (Heb. 4: 16.)

LITTLE WAIFS FROM HOT ALLEYS.

Our Children's Home Now Crowded with Tenement Boys and Girls for a Happy Outing—Many Ragged, and All from Homes of Poverty—The Fourth at Mont-Lawn.

IN all the length and breadth of our favored land, it would be difficult to find a happier band of children than the tenement boys and girls from New York, who passed the Fourth of July at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. For several days before the eventful morning, there had been an unusual buzz of preparation at Mont-Lawn, and even the youngest child felt that an important event was at hand.

Saturday is always "patriotic day" at the Home, and the "Glorious Fourth" happening to fall on that day this year, gave it a double distinction. The forenoon services in the little chapel, the romping on the lawn, the "recreation hour," in which songs, both patriotic and popular, are sung by the assembled young folks, or some amusing recitation is delivered—all were entered into with unusual zest. There was an extra feast for the children at dinner, in honor of the day, and the great tent at the top of the lawn resounded with the merry prattle of childish voices, and the clatter of busy knives and forks and spoons. In the mild summer evening, after the shadows had draped hillside and valley, a quantity of fireworks was set off on the lawn, to the intense delight of the little guests, who testified to their appreciation of each successive display by a chorus of "Oohs!" and "Ahs!" which sounded very comical indeed.

Every week-day is a busy day at the Children's Home. Under our system of rotation, parties of children are constantly either arriving or departing. Those who have completed their ten days' outing are taken back to the city in parties of twenty-five or thirty, while the newcomers [illegible] about the same. One of the ordeals that is usually very trying to a child is "passing the doctor." Our little folks, before they can be taken to the Home, are examined by Dr. Hall at the Bible House, only those with infectious skin or scalp diseases or other communicable ailments, being rejected. One group of four children—a brother and three little sisters—all passed satisfactorily except the youngest, who had nasal catarrh, but she was permitted to come, with the promise that she would be treated daily. Some with middle-ear trouble were also passed, promising to go to the Children's Home physician for treatment every morning. It seemed such a pity to deprive a little child of the great pleasure and benefit of a country trip on account of some slight, non-contagious trouble that will readily yield to the proper treatment—indeed it is such as these who most need to go.

In the illustration on this page our artist has presented an incident during the "[illegible]," A [illegible] between her three little [illegible] sick baby—and her household cares, is well-nigh distracted, pleads to have her [illegible] taken to the Home, so that [illegible] may be left free to give the [illegible] piece of humanity in her arms her undivided attention. It is a plea for a life. When she is told that the two will be taken, her eyes fill with tears of gratitude, and she kisses her baby and walks away, addressing soothing words to it.

Nearly a dozen nationalities are represented among the little ones who come to Mont-Lawn. Americans, Germans, English, Bohemians, Hebrews, Italians, Irish, and Scandinavian are to be found among the group of wee men and women who swing and gambol and stroll around the pretty walks and terraces, and who make up the parties that go to the woods to pick posies of "ox-eyes," white and red wild-roses and butter-cups, or to gather the earliest berries.

One girl of twelve had never been to the country before. Her mother died eleven years ago. She was rather dull and listless upon the boat, but as soon as she saw the slopes of Mont-Lawn, her eyes lighted up and her face beamed with delight as she noted the forest trees, the butter-cups and daisies, and when she learned she could pluck all the flowers she wanted to she said:

"Oh, I would love to pick flowers better than anything else in this world!"

The person whose three dollars paid for this child's ten days' outing would have been amply repaid to have seen the look of perfect rapture that came to her face and eyes.

All the children are so delighted with the flowers they see—even the elder-bushes and chestnut trees, now in blossom seem most rare and beautiful to them. One spied a purple clematis and announced to the others that it must be a lilac. When a group was asked if they had ever seen dandelions grow they all said "no"—none had ever been to the country early enough to witness so wonderful a thing.

Some who come are decently clad, and here and there a careful mother has even provided a change of clothing which the child brings wrapped up in newspaper; but there are many too thinly clothed and with shabby jackets or old shawls that tell of hard poverty at home. Housemother Collins has endeavored, as far as possible, to assist the neediest of the children to decent garments, being aided in this effort by the kindness of some friends who have made up and sent to the Home nice, strong serviceable dresses of washgoods. One package contained seven of these dresses, and the donors may rest assured that through their generosity seven little tenement children have been transformed from tatterdemalions to the neatest of maidens, and seven young hearts made happy. But such needs are on every side, and each new party of arrivals brings some who instantly bring to mind the old nursery rhyme of the "Raggedy Man." Any gifts of clothing, suited to the children and in good condition, will be welcomed by the Housemother at the Home. Many hundreds of frocks and underwear for girls, to say nothing of garments for the boys, could be used to advantage among our little friends, many of whom come as our guests from homes of poverty and destitution.

As was already stated in a former issue, it is expected that the Home will be able to accommodate more children this year than in either the two previous seasons. Our readers and all who feel an interest in the well-being of these little tenement waifs are invited to share in the work. Give one boy or girl a ten days' outing; the cost is only $3, and it will awaken more joy in one little heart than any number of expensive gifts. It will put a healthy color on the wan cheek, bring back the sparkle to the eye and buoyancy to the footstep of the little waif. And the memory of this modest gift—the brightening of a child's life—will be a source of pure pleasure to the giver.

"Oh, Do Take Them, So I Can Mind My Sick Baby"

(Scene at the [illegible] of Fresh-Air Children, Candidates for an outing at Mont-Lawn.)

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The following contributions in aid of our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$315.92
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Prentiss	5 00
Miss Mary Gates	2 00
Mrs. Mary Williams	6 00
In His Name, Washington	2 00
Ernest, South Bend	3 00
C. Wagar	50
In His Name, Barton	40
F. W. Clausius	1 00
A Lover of Children, Harrisburg	3 00
Friend, Providence	1 00
Mrs. F. D. Warren	1 00
Isabella L. Laying	1 00
Mrs. Louise Goodey	5 00
Jr. C. E. Society, Middle Valley	3 00
Mrs. W. M. Hall	1 00
Ann Miller	3 00
Harriet Potter	1 00
"Kennedy Avenue" Easton	1 00
A Kings Daughter, York Beach	5 00
Mr. Daniel P. Smith	1 00
One who loves children, Adrian	5 00
The Misses Wheeling	1 00
Mother and Daughter, Morris	6 00
Mrs. A. J. Eliot	1 50
[illegible]	25 00
[illegible]	50
[illegible]	25
——, Bklyn, N. Y.	1 00
[illegible]	10 00
[illegible]	5 00
C. E. Tracey Place	50
[illegible]	50
[illegible]	1 00
Total	$447.57

All contributions in support of the Children's Home will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Saved Even While Dying.

A Wonderful Instance of the Power of God's Pardoning Grace.

THE following path[illegible] cident—and one [illegible] should prove a le[illegible] to all out of Chris[illegible] curred recently in [illegible] town in Southern [illegible] gan. A young w[illegible] dying; beside her [illegible] babe, whose blue eyes had only [illegible] upon the light a few days. The ph[illegible] had given up all hopes of the reco[illegible] the mother and had told her so. [illegible] did you not tell me before, that I [illegible] not live?" she pleaded, as the [illegible] thought of entering eternity unpr[illegible] came upon her with crushing force. [illegible] why did you not tell me?" she re[illegible] Then, turning to her husband, wh[illegible] herself, was unsaved, she said: "Y[illegible] thought to be so happy with our ba[illegible] summer; but it cannot be."

She looked from one to the ot[illegible] if for help, then to her husbar[illegible] said, "I cannot go alone, I cannot go [illegible] Oh, Bernie, pray for me." He cou[illegible] pray, he replied. "Then say the [illegible] Prayer with me," she entreated, thr[illegible] her arms around his [illegible] Slowly and distinctly [illegible] peated the be[illegible] words, "Our F[illegible] who art in he[illegible] hallowed b[illegible] name." He evi[illegible] could not follov[illegible] When the last [illegible] died away on he[illegible] she closed her [illegible] and lay back ex[illegible] ted, saying: "[illegible] I'm ready." A [illegible] few moments t[illegible] cry, "I cant [illegible] alone," came a[illegible] ingly from the [illegible] the girl. "Oh, B[illegible] can't you go [illegible] me?" sh[illegible] "Yes, I [illegible] you," he [illegible] "And tal[illegible] with us?" [illegible] take the [illegible] us," — n[illegible] what els[illegible] comfort t[illegible] This seer[illegible] but little [illegible] for in a f[illegible] she turn[illegible] Long, th[illegible] tian in[illegible] implore[illegible] for her. [illegible] knelt b[illegible] and oft[illegible] to the [illegible] help, th[illegible] eyes of [illegible] man mig[illegible]

The sufferer tried to repeat [illegible] which had just been uttered i[illegible] "We will send for Mr. Gr[illegible] friend, referring to a mercha[illegible] a few doors away, and one [illegible] good works. Mr. Gray can[illegible] voiced, Christ-like, little ma[illegible] pleaded, as had Mrs. Long, f[illegible] cession of the Lamb of God, [illegible] this last hour, could pardon th[illegible] A hush pervaded the room—[illegible] the presence of the Holy Sp[illegible] face bore a subdued look, as [illegible] impassioned words ascende[illegible] Angels were ministering nea[illegible] girl seemed to grasp the impo[illegible] for "even me." A radiant l[illegible] overspread her countenance [illegible] mine! Jesus is mine?" she e[illegible] and over again.

She remained conscious to the last, [illegible] ding many of her friends goodby. O[illegible] come by weariness, with the shades [illegible] death falling fast, she closed her eyes [illegible] if to open them no more on earth. V[illegible] soon, however, she rallied. Raising [illegible] hands, as if to clasp them with the frie[illegible] who had gone before, she said, "the ro[illegible] are going to hold. Yes, I think they [illegible] going to take me over. I see mother [illegible] Wilma—Mother! Mother! Jesus!" [illegible] voice ceased. The spirit had gone to [illegible] who gave it. Again there was rejoic[illegible] among the angels of God over one m[illegible] sinner redeemed.

Wakelee, Mich. MRS. M. CHAPMAN

ıs a Brand from the Burning.

THE little missionary has a sweet, tender face, homely in the old sense of carrying about a look of mother-brooding and sister-loving, and her eyes are quick to answer yours with tears or niles as you need sympathy in sorrow or y. A dear and tireless worker she is, iss Emily McGonigle, and I have known er long; known her as she goes about ır city streets intent on doing good, now owing a mother how to cut and baste a ild's frock, now helping to make a pud- ng, again hushing a fretful infant, and ill again reading the Word of Life to a ind old lady. It is always one of the veet old chapters, a Psalm, or a bit from aiah, or a golden page of Revelation, or me tender message of the Master's very vn, that Miss Emily chooses when she ads the Bible.

She had been holding a prayer-meeting a little chapel in a certain crowded eighborhood, one summer evening, when s she said good-night to one and another her friends, she became aware of a wo- an lingering by the door, reluctant to go way. Drawing nearer, she recognized ıe face. It was that of Mrs. Garrish, a cotch woman, and a very nice, sensible ody, the mother of her little Sunday chool scholar, Margaret Ann. Other lit- e maids were called Maggie or Annie, but is blue-eyed little woman insisted on oth her Christian names, and was the nly Margaret Ann in the school.

"You are wanting to speak with me?" aid Miss Emily to Mrs. Garrish.

"Yes, ma'am," the woman exclaimed, reaking into sobs between her talk. "Yes, a'am, its himself, my man, Robbie, that must tell you about. He fell from a scaf- lding where he was painting a house, nd he's hurt internally, and the doctor ays he'll not last long. It may not be o-morrow, nor yet next week, but Rob- ie's struck with death, and my heart's reakin'!"

"But, dear," urged the missionary, 'don't give up this way. I've seen very ick people get well."

"Not sick people like my Robbie," said Mrs. Garrish, "and, oh! Miss Emily, the vorst yit is, Robbie's as hard as a stone. He's angry at God, and he'll not see a min- ster, nor hear a word, nor let Margaret Ann study her book, or say her prayers vhere he is. Robbie is set in his way, nd he'll die and go away from me, and 'll never see him more."

"Dear," answered the missionary, "do ou mind the hymn I read to you all to- ight?

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.

Go you home, dear; I'll be round to see ou promiscuous-like to-morrow morning. And I'm sure," she added, "God'll not et Robert Garrish slip out of his hand nto the adversary's clutches."

Bright and early the next day the little missionary appeared at the door of Mrs. Garrish's apartment. She had a bunch of roses in her hand, and the glow of them and the scent of them pervaded the small kitchen where Mrs. Garrish was ironing. Margaret Ann was of course at school.

After the interchange of a few sentences, Miss Emily said:

"And how is the good man to-day? He's in there I see in the bed-room. You'll let me step in and see him, as I'm Margaret Ann's teacher."

In she went. The man pallid with suffering, gaunt, thin, hollowed-eyed, shaken, a man with the blue eyes and red hair of Scotland, stared at her as she entered.

"I've brought you some roses," she said, "hearing you were sick, I thought you might like them. And I'm Margaret Ann's teacher; a bonnie little lassie as ever lived is Margaret Ann, and you've a right to be proud of her."

The hollow eyes glinted as when a sunbeam flecks a lake. "Yes," came the answer, "Margaret Ann's a good child."

The thin white fingers hard with toil caressed the roses.

"My mother loved flowers," he said.

"I always fancy," the missionary spoke very softly, "that our Father in heaven must have a corner up there, where he makes the pattern roses, that these are like; we cannot doubt his loving-kindness when we see the great pains he takes to make these beautiful things to cheer us. We get away from it, and forget it, and scorn it, but the love is there all the time."

"My mother thought so," said the man. "I—don't—know. I've been a sinful man."

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," was the missionary's gentle answer. "'God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life.'"

The first visit was followed by others. Every day Miss Emily went to see the Garrishes. Every day she won a little farther, by God's grace, into the confidence of the stricken husband and father now drawing near to death.

At last, one hot stifling night, she was sent for in great haste. As she climbed the stair and entered the room, the family, wife, child, sister, brother, in a sorrowful, hushed group encircled the bed, where already brooded the majesty of death.

It was clear to all that the passing soul was not unhappy. A light as from the gates ajar had touched it, and there shone a strange glory on the white drawn countenance.

"Mr. Garrish," said the missionary, "before you go, will you say the creed with me, and with us all here met."

They joined hands.

In that little chamber sounded sweet and solemn the hallowed words, which have comforted the saints of all ages, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord."

Sentence by sentence they repeated it all, and then joined in the dear petitions of the Lord's prayer.

"Are you trusting him to save you?" said the missionary.

"I have no other trust," said the dying man. "Christ is strong enough to take me over, he shows me the light."

And so, out of this darkness into the perfect peace of heaven went Robert Garrish.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Native Workers for India.

This is the Greatest Need of the Mission Field—Mr. and Mrs. Nikambe's Work.

AMONG the notable foreigners actively engaged in Christian work abroad, and visiting the United States at the present time, there are few more picturesque or interesting personalities that the Rev. Madhavarav Nikambe, of India, and Mrs. Shevantibai Nikambe, his devoted wife and co-worker. Mr. Nikambe, who is a Hindu Christian Presbyterian minister of Bombay, is now visiting Western Christian lands for the express purpose of observing the methods applied in Gospel, philanthropic, and educational work. He is a convert from Hinduism, having been baptized by the Rev. C. Harding, of the American Marathi Mission, Sholapur, at the age of fifteen, amidst much persecution. He received his education at the Government and Presbyterian educational institutions. In 1884 he was ordained pastor over the Native Church at Bombay by the Presbytery at Bombay. After ten years' faithful service in that capacity, he will now devote his time to evangelistic work among his countrymen. He is also a Vice-President of the Y.M.C.A. Native Christian Branch at Bombay, a member of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and the Bible Society, and a Committee member of the West India Native Christian Union.

REV. MADHAVARAV NIKAMBE AND WIFE, BOMBAY.

Mrs. Shevantibai Nikambe is of the third generation of Christians in India, and is the daughter of a government officer. Shevantibai is a matriculate of the Bombay University, being one of the first Hindu ladies who went up for that examination in the Presidency, and has been engaged in educational work among the Brahmin and other high caste ladies of Bombay for the past ten years. For five years she has conducted with great success her own school for child-wives in Bombay. Mrs. Nikambe is on the Committee of the Y. M. C. A. Marathi Branch, and the late Secretary of the W. C. T. U. of Bombay, Hindu Christian Branch.

In a recent interview with one of the editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Nikambe gave some account of his own work in Bombay and of the progress of Gospel work in India generally. He said:

"I went to a missionary school as a boy and there got the light of Christianity. I made my intentions known to my parents, and they were very much put out about it, and for about four months did not allow me to have anything to do with Christians. At last I had to run away from home in order to be baptized. I was then fifteen years old. I then went to Poona for an English education, and from there to Bombay to attend college, where I studied for the ministry, and on April 24, 1884, was ordained. I began work in Bombay in connection with the Free Church of Scotland's mission, and I was pastor of a native church in Bombay about eleven years, until July, 1894. I thought I would like to visit Christian countries to get more experience. We have seen some Christian work in Scotland, in England, and now in America. My parents were not Christians; I was born of Hindoo parents, who remained so until death. In my church I have about a hundred and sixty church members and ninety-seven communicants. Some of our converts are doing good work. We have Sunday Schools and native teachers, and I preach in my own language, Marathi, and occasionally in English.

"Polygamy," Mr. Nikambe explained, "does not prevail so largely in Bombay as it does in some other parts of India. A man may marry any number of wives in that country and there is no law to prevent it." The hope of the conversion of India, he declares, rests largely with the native church. The function of the missionary societies is to train the native preachers, but the hope of the conversion of the people and the initiation of an aggressive movement must rest with the native church. Christians in India will need missionaries a long time yet. The customs of India are so totally different from those in America, the language is so strange and the population so vast that it is not reasonable to expect so large reinforcements of missionaries and means as would be necessary for the conversion of the nation. This view is confirmed by the reports of the Missionary Boards. "We want the Missionary Societies to teach us to walk by ourselves," said Mr. Nikambe. "Their highest function is to train a native ministry and to help us establish a self-supporting native church, with native Christian leaders throughout the country, so that we can go among our own people and preach the Gospel. We want missionaries of all kinds—evangelical, educational, medical, industrial. There is no fear of the native preachers lapsing into heterodoxy."

How to make the church self-supporting is an important problem. The people, as they are, cannot be self-supporting. Many of the Hindu converts lose their means of livelihood when they become Christians. If there is a carpenter who becomes a Christian, (as a Hindu, he has his customers among his own caste), he loses his customers. They say to him: "You have become unclean; we cannot have anything to do with you, we will have a carpenter of our caste," and so he finds it hard to get along. Thus the people lose caste, whether high or low, when they become Christians, and likewise their business connections. That is why the native churches need assistance. There is a great need of industrial missionaries to help the converts to become self-supporting, and to give an industrial training to the native Christian youths. There is a reluctance on the part of missionary societies to give prominence and authority to the native converts. A little encouragement would induce them to make efforts for their own support.

Concerning her own work among the young girls and women, Mrs. Nikambe said: "I have not found any difficulty in getting the girls to come to school, but it is a very hard matter to reach the women, if one does not know their language. I just explain matters in their own way, tell them why girls should be educated, and why they should come to school, and then they feel attracted. Our people are not anxious for girls to be educated, so one has to be very cautious, and put matters to them in their own way. The girls must be married, the Hindu scriptures say, before they are ten. Then the girl goes to the husband's house, and his family control her. They obect to their wives going to ordinary school, but I have got many to come to mine, which is specially for wives and widows. I have been working among the high caste Hindu wives for ten years. Where the girls do not attend school, they grow up in ignorance. In India the women control the homes just as they do here. The Hindu wife influences her husband. She has the key of the Hindu religion there. The husband respects his wife, and she, being ignorant, is quite contented with her position."

Mrs. Nikambe's work among the wives and widows of India is mainly supported by Christian people in different countries who have taken a deep spiritual interest in its progress. Some of the girls pay a fee, but it is merely nominal. She has about seventy pupils in all, their ages varying from ten to twenty-two years. All are married, even the youngest among them. If a girl in India remains unmarried after her tenth year, her parents feel that they are disgraced. Her efforts have already been productive of much good both in a spiritual and educational sense.

Any letters for these native Hindu missionaries, sent to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be duly forwarded.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Associate Editors.

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Advice to Politicians.

WE hope the day will come when Christian men will have charge of the ballot-box. It at present wants cleaning inside and out. It is black and filthy. There have been unclean hands pushing it about for a good while. We are glad to know that the old crop of politicians are dying off very fast. They were a desperate race, and their reformation was impossible. We wish that consecrated Christian men would take charge of public affairs. The trouble is that when good men go into politics they do not take their religion with them. We, therefore, now that an exciting election is approaching, volunteer them a little advice. First, do not lie. There will be every temptation for you to say untrue things about the opposing candidate, and your country newspaper may yield to falsehood. But do not surrender your own veracity. All the good you have done before the campaign opens, and all the good you will do after it has closed, will be no excuse for present mendacity. Secondly, do not drink. When you are out electioneering, and get your feet wet, and the night is chill, you may be allured to take ardent spirits. When you cannot get a man to vote right, you will be tempted to invite him to the neighboring bar, knowing that a man's heart is not far removed from his stomach. One of the worst effects of election day is the fact that it leaves so many men damaged of strong drink. Thirdly, do not swear. Even Christian men, in hot political contests, are apt to use the name of God rhetorically. Beware! When you employ that over-emphatic phrase, your Sunday School boys may hear it, and the men who do not believe in sobriety of speech will copy your bad example. Scowl as much as is necessary, and bring down your foot very hard, and gesticulate wildly, but do not swear. Let all politicians, especially Christian politicians, pray for help to keep right side up till after next November.

The "Sluckkak Wukk."

THE King of Burmah wants an English editor for a paper to be published under the patronage of His Majesty. The salary is to be twelve thousand rupees a year. The King [illegible], however, that if said editor publishes anything obnoxious to the native Government he shall be punished on the bottom of the foot with five hundred strokes from the "Sluckkak wukk." We have no idea what that weapon is, but are very sure from the sound of the name that it must be something dreadful. We have decided not to enter candidacy for that editorial position. Newspaper men in all lands are exposed to dirks and canes, and cowhides, and had better be careful; but this is the first time any of our craft have been threatened with the Sluckkak wukk. We hope the King of Burmah may never get a newspaper! He deserves not such a glorious boon. We know of two or three editors who ought to have a short treatment of "cat-o'-nine-tails" on the back, but none of them would we have exposed to five hundred strokes on the bottom of the foot from this fearful Sluckkak wukk.

Yet how shall unprincipled newspaper men be reformed? They sit down and write things they do not believe. They despise the right. Their paper is a pestilence, smiting the house into which it comes. They put the fall of good men in capital letters, and write double-leaded editorials magnifying the frailties of Christian men, while the triumphs of the kingdom of God are printed in nonpareil. They are impervious to any moral influence. After all, perhaps you had better try on them a few whacks of the Sluckkak wukk.

The Sunday School Wave.

WE congratulate Christian people on the cessation of much of the Sunday School nonsense with which the land has been afflicted. For a long while there has been a mania on the Sabbath School question, showing itself in doggerel hymns, clap-trap, and superfluous religious machinery, which made the Sabbath a frolic rather than an improvement to the souls of the young. The Church is tired of this, and there is now coming up another wave of Sabbath School interest, which means the sound education and eternal salvation of our youthful populations. Sabbath Schools are a failure unless they secure an everlasting result. We want consecrated men and women to teach. Masculine teachers who sit twirling their whiskers so as to look handsome before the young ladies, and feminine teachers who spend half the Sabbath School hour in adjusting their fine millinery, are not fit for the revived and earnest Sabbath School of to-day. We believe that the last few years have reconstructed this institution. It has at last taken its place where it belongs, not as a mere Sabbath amusement, but a grand, aggressive, all-conquering influence for redeeming the world.

Tobacco Juice.

CONSIDERABLE admiration has been expressed for the fact that a Methodist Church sued and recovered eight dollars from a man who defiled the floor of the meeting-house by expectorations of tobacco. We like that movement of the Methodists for clean floors; but how much grander the crusade if we could also clean the mouths of the people of this loathesome stuff. We never want to hear a man lecture about the evils of rum if his breath smells of tobacco. We think it inconsistent for a minister of the Gospel to preach of purity when he has from day to day to balance himself cautiously lest there be from his lips an overflow of yellow slobber. The time was when it was thought a concomitant of orthodoxy for a minister to use the Virginia weed. The times of such ignorance God winked at; but now he commandeth all tobacco smokers and spitters to repent. We greet these brethren with the following advice: Go out into the field or back yard, take the cud of tobacco out of your mouth and throw the wad under the fence, and get your dog or cat to scratch something over the uncleanness and bury it out of sight forever.

Let all Christian reformers know that there is something in tobacco that seems to excite thirst for strong drink. Multitudes of men [illegible] beer shop through the tunnel of their own pipe. We know of many young men who seemed to be reformed from the habits of intoxication, who went back first to tobacco and then to the wine flask. Get a new toothbrush, have some fresh water brought from the spring, and for one hour submit gum and tongue and roof of mouth to scouring and absolution. Thus, at last come out a regenerated man, having not only a clean soul, but a pure body.

Camp-Meetings.

SOON the Methodists will be shaking out their tents and packing their lunch-baskets and buying their railroad and steamboat tickets for the camp-meeting grounds. Again the five thousand sit down on the grass and have surplus of provision to take home to those who were too stupid to go. From the arrangement being made for these meetings in July and August, we judge there will be so much consecrated enthusiasm that there may be danger that some morning, as the sun strikes gloriously through the ascending mist, our friends may all go up in a chariot of fire, leaving the churches in a bereft condition. If they do go up in that way, may their mantle or their straw hat fall this way! Why not have all our churches and denominations take a summer airing? The breath of the pine woods or a wrestle with the waters would put an end to everything like morbid religion. One reason why the Apostles had such healthy theology is that they went a-fishing. We would like to see the day when we will have Presbyterian camp-meetings, and Episcopalian camp-meetings, and Baptist camp-meetings, and Congregational camp-meetings, or what would be still better, when, forgetful of all minor distinctions, we could have a Church Universal camp-meeting. We would like to help plant the tent-pole for such a convocation.

Tell It.

The truth plainly told always makes a stir. The truth is a strong and jagged thing, and it crashes ahead across prejudices and ambitions and expectations. A lie is a weak thing and soon comes to *post mortem*. Tell the full round truth about anything, and you have immediate agitation. Weak people avoid the truth, and bad people hate it. But in the end truth shall win; in fact truth always comes out ahead:

> Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
> The eternal years — —— ——

There! we came near reciting that hackneyed quotation.

* * *

This is peculiarly the season of travel, when thousands of American tourists are viewing the sights of picturesque Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, and when other thousands, with probably equal good taste and certainly with more patriotism, are becoming acquainted with the natural beauties of our own land. It is doubtful if there is anything in the Old World which can be contrasted with the natural glories of Colorado, the splendor of its cascades, the grandeur of its giant mountains, and the loveliness of its wooded valleys and beautiful parks. Any one who has ever visited the "Garden of the Gods" — that marvelous region, where titanic forces have expressed themselves in grandly fantastic fashion — can never forget it. It is reached by a carriage-road from Manitou, two miles distant. Some of the strange rock formations found there are like towers, and others like the spires of some cathedral, while some are so full of the suggestion of beasts, birds or the figures of mythology, that the name "Garden of the Gods" seems not inappropriate. Great natural gateways, in solid rock, as though hewn out by titans, and buttressed by the adamantine rocks; conical pillars with curious flat tops, suggesting a corps of giant, white-capped chefs standing around; rocks, some shaped like Cleopatra's needle, some like beehives, one like an anvil, and still others like human faces, are plentiful. It is nature's show-ground, and should be visited by all who desire to see the wonder-spot of America. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the whole world.

BRIEF NOTES.

Bishop W. X. Ninde, of the Methodist Episc[opal] Church, succeeds Bishop James N. FitzGeral[d] President of the Epworth League.

At the Recent Conference of the Internati[onal] Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, N. Y. [the] almost unanimous opinion of the missionaries [as] found to be that the sending of converts to Chri[stian] lands to be educated was undesirable.

An English Journal Summarizing the Rec[ent] ly published statistical reports of the Governm[ent] says that the money spent in the United King[dom] in liquor last year amounted to $710,000,000, an[d] money spent on tobacco and cigars to $750,000

The Christian Alliance Convention will [be] held at Old Orchard, Me., July 25 to Aug. 10. [It is] expected that the offerings for Foreign Mission[s] year will exceed even the unprecedented sum [rais]ed at the meeting last year.

Rev. C. A. Towle, who has had charge [of] the Congregational Sunday School work in Iowa [for] the past ten years, says that thirty-three churc[hes] have grown out of Sunday Schools in the State du[ring] that time, and that twenty of them have already [se]cured houses of worship.

The West End Baptist Church of Brookl[yn] N. Y., had the pleasure of welcoming its new pa[stor] last Sunday. He is Rev. M. B. Russell of N[ew]ville, N. Y. He has just graduated from Co[lgate] University, and comes to the Brooklyn church [with] the brightest prospects of usefulness.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, D. D., has b[een] preaching at Central Presbyterian Church, Bro[oklyn], N. Y. He is now at liberty to accept tempor[ary] or permanent preaching engagements with Ev[an]gelical churches. His address is Post Office Sta[tion] O, New York City.

Evangelist John H. Elliott has been Lab[oring] ing in the new State of Washington. A correspo[nd]ent writes that at both Tacoma and Spokane the [re]sults from his meetings have been most blessed. [At] some of the services over two thousand pers[ons] were present. At Spokane four hundred pers[ons] made profession of faith.

The Present Condition of Japan is Rep[re]sented in a recent report by a Unitarian Mission[ary] as "a nation with idols shattered—but a nation co[n]fused and not growing spiritually." He thinks t[hat] all the native religions, except possibly a progr[es]sive phase of Buddhism, have lost their power o[ver] the people.

A Correspondent of *The Interior*, Writi[ng] from Cherokee, Iowa, says: The evangelistic me[et]ings held at this place under the leadership of M[r.] Williams of Atlanta, Ga., closed lately after a thr[ee] weeks' session, and as result of these meetings b[e]tween four and five hundred people were converte[d]. As this town has a population of only 3200 we thi[nk] this is remarkable work.

Dr. Griffith John, the Famous Missionary [in] China, calls attention in the London "Christian" [to] the statistics recently published by the Chin[a] "Recorder," which estimates the number of co[m]municants in the Protestant Churches of the Empi[re] at seventy thousand. The basis of calculation is t[he] record of 1893 which was fifty-five thousand. [In] 1842 there were only six native Christians in [all] China.

The Salvation Army Held a Special Meetin[g] of Divisional Officers in New York last week [at] which the organization was announced of two ne[w] departments. These are the League of Love [and] Rescue work among women and the Knights of Ho[pe] for rescue work among men. The workers in t[he] former department are to be called "angels," and [a] part of their duties will be to collect funds for th[e] work.

A New Society Organized to Resist th[e] American Protective Association generally know[n] by its initials A. P. A.), is the American Order o[f] United Catholics. It is intended that its member[s] shall encourage each other in business, in society, in politics and assist each other in obtaining em[-]ployment. Thus the A. O. U. C. and the A. P. A. will confront each other as the Orangemen an[d] Catholics do in Ireland, but, it may be hoped, n[ot] with like results.

The President of a New York Bank having [the] occasion to select from a large number of applicant[s] a young man for a position of trust, gave to each [an] paper containing the following questions, answers to which they were asked to fill in: 1. What church do you attend? 2. What Sunday School, and who is your teacher? 3. Where do you spend your evenings? 4. Who are your associates? 5. Do you ever use intoxicating drinks or tobacco? The young man appointed was the one who gave the most satisfactory answers.

Dr. Durand of the Christian Mission of [the] Hurda Central Provinces, India, announces that he has found in the poisonous fungus of Ergota a cure for the leprosy. In the early stages of the disease, he says, it is a sure cure and he has been able to arrest the disease with it, even at so late a stage as when the fingers or toes have been lost. The discovery has caused a great sensation in the medical schools to which Dr. Durand has sent a report of his experiments and a philosophical explanation of the principle on which it operates.

The Presbyterian Board of Relief has Reluctantly accepted the resignation of Dr. William[s] Cattell, who has served as its Secretary for nearly twelve years but whose health has now become so feeble that he can no longer perform the duties of the office. The resolution accepting the resignation says: "As an officer, the Board testifies to the great efficiency of Dr. Cattell in every direction in which the work of the Board calls for effort. He has done the Church noble service in the fulfilment of the trust that has been committed to him. His whole being has been given to it, and the profiting has appeared on every side.

The Slaveholders in Madagascar were Concerned about the Island becoming a French Colony because the Constitution of France forbids slaveholding in all its dominions. M. Lebon, the Minister for the Colonies, was examined on the question by a Legislative Committee. He declared that the erection of Madagascar into a French colony would entail the application to the island of the laws of France, including the law pertaining to the abolition of slavery. The government, however, reserved to itself the right of promulgating this law at the time which it deemed fitting, in order that the situation might not be complicated by a too hurried application of its provisions. Slavery in the island accordingly has another lease of life.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

L. Rome, Ia. If one sin after conversion, and repent and ask for God's forgiveness through Christ, may we believe that those sins are pardoned, or must public confession be made?

Almost cases public confession is unnecessa If, however, the sin has been public and conspicuous, the repentance should be equally public. A wrong done to another should be confessed, and restitution be made when that is possible.

"S. sor," Beaumont, Kan. 1. Who discovered the planet Neptune? 2. Is the fate of the unprofitable servant, mentioned in Luke 17: 10, the same as the unprofitable servant of Matt. 25: 30? 3. Explain Heb. 10: 26, 27. 4. Where can the Bible Dictionary, and The Imitation of Christ, and Spurgeon's Parables be obtained?

1. Galle of Berlin was the first to see it. Leverrier and Adams formed the opinion from the disturbance of Uranus in its orbit that such a planet existed, and asked Dr. Galle to look for it. 2. No, the unprofitable servant of Luke is a faithful servant who does his duty, but deserves no merit, while he of Matthew is a servant who does not do his duty, and is punished, while the other is rewarded. 3. Simply that God's provision for the salvation of human beings in this life is exhausted. If Christ's sacrifice does not avail, nothing will. 4. The Bible Dictionary is published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Several publishers publish The Imitation. Any bookseller can procure a copy for you. Taylor on the Parables is published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

Rev. Geo. H. Comelson, Jr., Malvern, Ark. Kindly send any information concerning organization of Boys' Brigade, which may be at your disposal. I read with interest your account of this work in issue of June 10, but I wish details with a view to work in my town.

For full instructions, write to Mr. W. M. Foster, office of *The Kossack*, Chicago, Ill.

G. Stewart, Wis. I heard the statement that there was not one theological school open to women in our country. Is it correct or not?

It is not correct. There are several, including the Moody Theological School at Northfield, the Bible Institute of Chicago, Taylor University, Upland, Ind., and others.

L. H., Champoag, Oreg. Is there any truth in the statement that John Wesley, when he was too old to tear down the sect he had built, said they were all wrong?

It is one of those stories evermore delight to invent concerning the children of God for the purpose of discrediting religion. Almost to the latest day of his life, John Wesley did not abate his zeal nor relax his efforts for the extension of Christ's kingdom. He preached his last sermon only a few days before he died, and then on his death-bed, his peace was perfect and his faith triumphant. He was confident that the work he had done was blessed and would bear abundant fruit.

Rev. Whalen, Stetson, Mich. 1. Who was James Hervey? I have a religious book written by him in 1747. 2. When was the use of the letter "f" instead of "s" discontinued?

1. He was a famous English divine, born in 17 Hervey became acquainted with John Wesley at Oxford, and received there his first serious impressions of religion. While he was curate of Biddeford he wrote his celebrated *Meditations and Contemplations* about 1746, and in 1747 he wrote *Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens*, and *A Winter Piece*. His *Theron and Aspasia*, a series of dialogues written in 1755, also obtained wide popularity. He died in 1758. 2. Early in the present century it was still in use, especially where the double "ss" occurred, but it was gradually discontinued during the first quarter of the century in printing, although in legal and other writing it is still to be found. It is now a mere, quaint affectation, however.

M. K., Painesville, O. My sister and myself, desiring to do something for the Master, have made some dresses. We would like them to reach the squalid poor—those who live in alleys and tenement houses—the children whom you send to Mont-Lawn. If you can make use of them, I will send them next week, charges prepaid; seven new calico dresses for girls from five to eleven years old.

This gift from these good Ohio friends for our little guests at Mont-Lawn is welcome, as it will be very much appreciated. It is astonishing what a quantity of clothing—whole dresses, single garments and odd pieces—our children can make use of in a single summer, to supply only what is obviously necessary. We wish our friends would remember this and that garments in good condition, suitable for boys from five to ten and girls from five to twelve, can be put to the very best use by Miss Collins, the superintendent of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

D. W. H., Chickasaw, Iowa. What caused the split in the Prohibition Party?

A difference of opinion as to the expediency of taking up the financial question and making a declaration concerning it in the platform.

E. W. L., Anderson, Ark. 1. Who founded the first Sunday School, and where and when? 2. Do you think there was any Sunday School in Bible times? 3. Do you think there was any corn in Bible times? Many say that when the Bible speaks of corn it means wheat.

1. Robert Raikes of Gloucester, England, in May or June 1784, founded the modern Sunday School. 2. Yes, in all propability there were Sunday Schools or their equivalent even in the earliest times. Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, who has made a very exhaustive study of the subject, propounds a very ingenious theory in support of the claim that Bible Schools—the equivalent of our Sunday Schools—existed in the earliest Bible times. He states that Jewish tradition makes Methusaleh a teacher of religion before the Flood and that Abraham, Melchisedec, Shem, Eber, Joshua, Samuel, Elisha and Hezekiah were in the long list of Bible School leaders. There are, of course, many who will not accept this interpretation of the offices of these prophets and public leaders. Nearly a century before the Christian era, according to Dr. Trumbull's claim, a series of uniform Bible lessons was in general use throughout Palestine. 3. The word so translated in the English version of the Scriptures can be properly used to mean grain of any kind. It is never intended to mean Indian corn or maize, which is thought to have been unknown to the ancients.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES IN "THE GARDEN OF THE GODS," COLORADO

See article on opposite page.

Mrs. J. K. Overocker, Schraalenburg, N. J. The Sunbeam Mission Band have raised $25 which I send you to be used for the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Some day they would like to visit the Home. They will bring their own lunches and would like to know if you have any woods or grove you could allow them to eat in?

The Children's Home is already open and the Sunbeam Mission Band will be welcomed any day they may choose to visit us. There are seventy acres more of wood and grove and lawn, and they are at perfect liberty to romp about and eat and rest where they please; though we will take pleasure in placing a cool corner of our big tent at their service.

Reader, Port Jervis, N. Y. 1. Which are the three most beautiful cities in the world? 2. Which are the three most beautiful cities in the United States? 3. Do you consider it wrong for a Christian to ride a bicycle on Sunday, if he attends church and rides the bicycle after church for exercise?

1. Rome, Athens, Venice, Naples, Paris, Damascus have each laid claim to the proud distinction. The choice probably lies in the order named. 2. Washington would probably be accorded first place, but it would be difficult to decide on the merits as to the second. 3. It is excusable if used as a matter of necessity, where there are no other means of traveling to church. If used for exercise or pleasure, it is a sin and a desecration of the Lord's Day.

Inquirer, East Lynn, Ill. Will you please tell me the names of the different books written by Dr. Talmage and where I can purchase them? Especially where can I purchase *The Pathway of Life* and at what price?

Dr. Talmage's works are contained in a number of volumes of sermons, essays and miscellaneous writings, which within the last twenty years or more have been produced by various publishers in different places. His books. *From Manger to Throne*, and *The Pathway of Life*, were issued as premiums to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The edition of *The Pathway of Life* is exhausted, and no more copies can be had. There are, however, a few copies of *From Manger to Throne* still left, and these will be sent to any address, postage prepaid, for $1 per copy. This offer, it should be understood, will only hold good as long as the supply lasts. We frequently receive such inquiries, and the offer is taken advantage of two months afterward, when it is entirely too late. Dr. Talmage's new book *The Earth Girdled*, is now in the market.

Inquirer, N. J. Will Dr. Talmage preach at Ocean Grove this summer?

He will preach at the Grove on Sunday, August 30.

L. S., Slaterville, N. Y. 1. Does not Isaiah 58: 13 imply a special blessing on those who keep the Sabbath? 2. Is the soul immortal without Christ?

1. The prophet appears to be reproving those who regarded the Sabbath as a burden and a deprivation. It was made so by the minute and ridiculous ordinances of Jewish teachers. They made absurd regulations about it such as that a man must not carry a handkerchief on that day, because that would be to carry a burden. The prophet wanted them to call the Sabbath a delight and keep it in the spirit rather than in the letter. Christ's own teaching on the subject was of the same kind. Our observance of the Lord's Day should be of that character though an effort is often made to turn it into bondage. 2. The assurances of eternal life through Christ, have led many eminent men to believe that there could not be any life after death apart from him. Whately of Dublin, R. W. Dale of Birmingham, Edward White of London, and many in our own land have held that belief. The general opinion of the Evangelical churches, however, is that the soul possesses inherent immortality. The essential thing for us is to accept Christ who promises that those who believe on him shall have eternal life.

M. E. H., Ambler, Pa. Does the answer to "Anxious Wife" in your issue of June 17, imply that you believe baptism by immersion to be essential to salvation?

The answer simply implies that in that particular case it seems essential to domestic harmony. We expressed no opinion on the other subject. It seemed to us that if the husband thought that the wife could not be saved without it, she had better satisfy his scruples and remove his apprehensions by submitting to the rite. It could do no harm and, if as it appeared, he thought it would do good, there would be no sin in her yielding to his wish. The Apostle Paul had to deal with people of that kind. See I. Cor. 1: 11-18.

Anxious Wife, Ont., Canada. Is a Presbyterian Elder justified in refusing to accept a certificate of membership from the Methodist Episcopal Church?

We do not know what the rules of the Church may be, but on general principles it would seem very illiberal to reject such a certificate. If the evidences of conversion had satisfied the Methodists, it would seem that they should be satisfactory to the Presbyterians. There may be circumstances affecting the question that we do not know of, but it appears to us that the Presbyterian Church should not require more of any person before admitting him to fellowship, than the Methodist Church requires.

Subscriber, Banker, Mich. 1. Does the Church of the Disciples believe in the Divinity of Christ? 2. Will other Christian Churches accept members of that Church and admit them to membership if they present letters of dismissal?

1. As the Disciples reject all creeds and confessions of faith as of human origin and have no creed but the Bible, it is possible that there are Unitarians and Socinians among them; but we believe that the great majority are firm believers in the Divinity of Christ. 2. Probably a member of the Disciples' Church applying for membership in another denomination, would be asked questions as to his belief, because he might hold doctrines not in harmony with those of the Church to which he applies. The fact of his being a member of the Disciples' Church might not of itself be sufficient to entitle him to admission without some definite statement of his attitude on particular questions, but it is not likely there would be an examination conducted in a hostile spirit.

Believer, McCallsburg, Iowa. Do you think a loss of peace and joy indicates that there has been [illegible]?

Not of itself. Many truly converted persons, some very eminent, have lost peace and joy for a time. In your own case, it would appear, from the circumstances you describe, that you have been looking to your own feelings for your basis of comfort and hope. This experience may be permitted as a discipline to you. God offers you salvation on certain conditions. If you comply with those conditions, he will keep his word and will save you. You will be saved because of Christ having made atonement, and because you believe in him and put your trust in him; not because you feel this or that. Do not entertain doubts or encourage them. You may depend on Christ saving you if you give yourself into his keeping and live as he commands. To doubt that would imply a doubt of his veracity, and would be an insult to him.

F. and A. M., Philadelphia. In THE MAIL-BAG you say there is no ground for hope that the condition of the impenitent will be changed after death. Does not that limit God's mercy? If a lost soul repents anywhere in creation will not God admit him to the mansions prepared?

Our answer did not limit God's mercy, because we did not presume to say what he would do in the circumstances. We said that he had given no ground for hope. It was not necessary that he should do so. The Bible is for men in this life and the offer of salvation is made to them here. If they reject it, hoping that another opportunity will be afforded them, they do so at their own risk, as there is no assurance given by him in his word that there will be such an opportunity.

S. S. Teacher, Topeka, Kans. Do you consider the children in our Sunday Schools are likely to be benefited by the study of the life of David on which we are about to enter in the International Course?

The lessons should be taught so as to give practical principles. If you can show the children that David, when placed in difficult circumstances, honestly strove to do right, you may easily make the lessons beneficial. The temptations of modern life differ in form from those that beset the warrior king, but they are the same in their essence, and have to be met in the same way by faith and prayer.

Rev. J. Albers, Chatsworth, Ill. The list is too long for reproduction here. Write to Geo. P. Rowell, New York.——L. E. S., Topeka, Kan. Certainly there is no law to prevent your keeping Saturday holy. If you can keep every day holy, so much the better, but we hope you will show your love for the Master by honoring the day on which Christendom commemorates every week his resurrection.——J. A. A., Canbro, Ont. The poem you mention is universally known, and appears in many collections. Almost any publiseer or bookseller can procure it for you.——Mrs. J. H., Ontario. England in point of priority; but at the present moment America is sending out more missionaries than ever before. It is a godly rivalry, and one that need not breed jealousy.——Mrs. J. H. P., Ypsilanti, Mich. They would be welcomed at some hospital, jail, or workhouse, or among poor people anywhere who have no means of procuring religious reading.——S. A. F., Port Arthur. The privilege of asking information through THE MAIL-BAG is open to all. The brief answers are put so as to save space. We have no time to write personal letters.——Geo. H. W., Ferndale, Calif. The best is Jamison, Fausett & Brown's.——E. R. C., Ida Grove, Ia. 1. We cannot do so without their permission. 2. The editors of this journal.——Mrs. A. E. W., Slick Rock, Ky. The latest intelligence from Armenia will be found in another part of this issue.——Mrs. Clara N. H., Lakeside, La. Is there not some nearby hospital or jail or poorhouse to which you could send them?——L. J. F., New York. There is no such passage in the Bible.——M. C. McF., Swann's Station, N. C. We cannot undertake to do what you ask.

The Family and Home Circle

In a "Doby" Village Home.

Life in New Mexico, where Everything is Slow and Behind the Rest of the World.

IN these days of rapid traveling by land and water, when steam, electricity, and other forces of nature are harnessed for the service of man, it is amusing to find one's self in some out-of-the-way locality where such latter day improvements are as yet unknown. There are, of course, many sections of this vast Union where the railroad has not yet penetrated. In many Southern villages, the slow ox-team is still used, both for the field and the road. But if it is desired to reach a locality where time seems to travel "with leaden wings," and which seems to have slipped altogether out of the current of human progress and into an eddy, it is necessary to visit New Mexico. In many parts of that sun-baked land, the dwellers of to-day are living under conditions which are really a compromise between civilization and barbarism. Our photograph on this page gives a glimpse of life in one of the adobe villages of New Mexico. There is the slow, stooping native, his skin tanned to the hue of leather, standing beside his lazy ox-team. The animals seem to share the inertia of their master. So crude and clumsy a piece of workmanship as the heavy wooden wagon might well be relegated to some museum. There may originally have been strength in such a wagon when newly made, but it certainly looks as though, with the drying of the wood, it would prove a most disappointing and creaky vehicle. The framework it supports would indicate that it is used either for conveying cotton or corn, or some such product.

There is said to be only one realy "doby" village in the United States. Both in New and Old Mexico, this peculiar style of architecture has been in use for centuries, being primitive, natural, and economical. Adobe bricks are large, flat cakes of sun-dried clay, and a town or village whose buildings are constructed of those materials, presents an Oriental appearance, the flat roofs, low doors, and narrow, infrequent windows recalling the buildings of Palestine, Syria, and Egypt. In New Mexican adobes, there is little danger of conflagration, since fires for cooking and other purposes are usually lighted in a small brick oven outside the house.

Of the "doby" dwellers, it must be admitted that, despite their poverty and their unprogressive character, they seem to be fairly contented and happy. It is the simple happiness of those whose minds have not yet opened to the wonders of the surrounding world. They have few, if any ambitions, and their social relaxations are confined to a few feasts and to the assembling for religious purposes.

Rev. C. K. Powell, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, who has served in the New Mexico field, gives this interesting description of the social and spiritual aspects of life in an adobe village: Costilla is forty miles from the nearest point on the railroad, and is on a plateau just over the Colorado line.

The plazas are built of the customary square adobe houses, all in a row, each man using his neighbor's wall for one of his own, the houses ranging around a court in the form of a square, with openings for exit on two sides, the village well being in the centre of the plaza. The doors and usually all the windows open on this court . . . At our evening service we had the men sitting on boxes and chairs, and the women on sheep or goat-skin rugs on the floor. The singing was good, attention excellent, and as a work of preparation for the Sabbath following, was highly successful. Their dark faces and bright black eyes kindled with interest and joy as the truth was unfolded to them. After the meeting I had Mr. Rendon, an associate, speak for me to a Mexican peasant who said he had never before heard the Gospel, had never heard the Bible read, and had always been told that the Protestants used rattlesnakes and a he-goat in their incantations, which were, as he supposed, a necessary part of the service.

A NEW MEXICAN "DOBY" DWELLER AND HIS OX-TEAM.

The Sewing-Women of China.

All along the streets, seamstresses may be seen wandering in search of work, or busy on their low stools, which, with a basket containing their threads, needles, etc., constitutes their sole outfit. These women are not remarkable for beauty, but they bear a good reputation. The are usually the wives of boatmen or men of that class, and have their homes in the stationary boats that line the mud-banks of the creeks and are used as dwellings by the poor. The work of these women is generally confined to "running": stitching and hemming being apparently unknown to them. Their idea of darning, too, is very primitive. But their skill, imperfect as it is, seems to meet the requirements of their patrons, and these sewing women are able to gain a livelihood.

A Fragrant Life.

That was a beautiful expression that was used regarding a young Christian lady, who recently went to the heavenly home: "Wherever she went lovely flowers sprang up in her path, and the air was sweeter when she had passed by." Such a tribute is far more precious than any mere eulogy. They describe in brief a pure and amiable Christian life that has been spent for others. Such a ministry of goodness is within the reach of every Christian. It requires no brilliant gifts, no large wealth. It is a ministry which the plainest, lowliest, and poorest may fulfill. Then its influence is simply incalculable.

Amusements to Eschew.

When a professed child of God goes to the feasts of Satan for entertainment, writes Rev. Wm Fawcett, of Chicago, when the theatre, the ballroom, or the gambling-saloon are his resorts for entertainment, he simply joins himself to the citizens of a far country, and his loss of manly estate is seen in his occupation. When a professed child of God is more interested in a social party than in a prayer-meeting, more attracted by a feverish novel than by the sanctuary or the Word of God, such a soul is but a spiritual tramp advertising his squandered fortune.

The Sweetness of Laughter.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh, remarks a writer in the *Home Queen*. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now lost, now found? We have, and we have pursued that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell. How much we owe to that sweet laugh!

The Queen of the House.

SHE rules with subtle art and skill
Excelling statesmen far,
And 'neath her changeful humors still
Her subjects loyal are:
No heart rebels against her sway,
Her actions meet no blame;
In all her moods from grave to gay
Her words attention claim.

Her tiny hands no sceptre hold,
No purple robe she wears,
Above her shining curls of gold
No diadem she bears;
But yet to her in beauty bright
Not Dido famed and fair,
Nor yet that queen, Troy's bane and blight,
Could ever once compare.

She owns no castle and no lands,
No ship, no warlike and;
Yet ne'er an emperor's commands
As hers were so obeyed:
My little daughter, aged but four
Short years, reigns royally
With pout and frown and laughter o'er
Her mother and o'er me.

A PRINCESS WHO SPIN

WHEN the Princess of Wales was a girl, at home with her parents in Denmark, the family was very poor. The old king was compelled to economize, for there were but small revenues attached to the Danish crown, and the Queen, like many other good housewives, had to be content with extremely plain housekeeping. But the three lovely and graceful daughters, appreciating the situation, resolved not to be behind their parents in helpfulness. Alexandra, the tallest and stateliest, spun the flax that made many an article for use in the home.

PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE WH

girls could weave, knit, ba cook, and sew, as well as could play, sing, paint. No part of the domestic education was neglected; and as they arrived at young womanhood, their excellent quali became known, the le ing princes in Europe with each other in pay them attention. Th were unanimously pronounced three most perfectly educated and char ing young women.

Even after her marria the Princess Alexand did not wholly neglect beloved spinning-whe for she took a pleasure sitting down by it, as s used to do in the times in her fathe castle. Recently, in or to help a charitable p ject in England, she busi herself with some sp goods, and her exam stimulated others to a li industrious effort. A Br ish poet, on seeing t Princess of Wales at h wheel, wrote a somewh rhapsodical sonnet on t subject, beginning wit these lines:

Spin on with flying wheel, lady fair,
And may the threads wh from the distaff twir
Beneath thy royal fingers, swift combine

An example of industry in exalted pla is an excellent thing to set before a nati and doubtless the example of this thrif princess who, like the housewife in Pro erbs, "seeketh wool and flax and worket willingly with her hands" (chap. 31: ve 13), has already produced a good effect i many wealthy homes in England, whe personal habits of industry were bef but little practised.

The Important Trifles of Life.

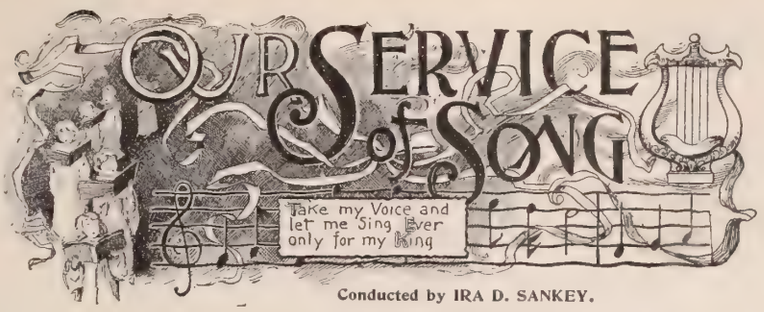
Small things, little incidents, trifles, g to making up our lives, writes Rev. Ste phen Merritt. Carelessness as to trifle leads to grievous falls; attention to trifle make us developed men or women. It i the little things, the minor duties that ar constantly occurring that form our charac ters and augment our powers. If we de spise the small, we shall fall by the small but if we are faithful in little, we shall b faithful in much. A word fitly spoker may seem a trifle, but it is full of joy an blessing; a trifling handshake may be a benediction; a cup of cold water shall no lose its reward. Little things are used o him; trifles tell. Accomplish the wee things well. Do your best; simply, sweet ly, quietly, and quickly; do it not for self but to the Lord. Strive, struggle not af ter great things; that is harmful, not help ful; that may be self-love and desire fo applause, and is not pleasing to God.

Books and Reading.

gestions on the Christian Endeavor opic for the Week Beginning July 19. rov. 3: 13-23; I. Tim. 4: 13.

A QUESTION that would elicit a wide variety of answers, if the truth were told in each case, would be, Why do you read? People do not ask themselves the question very often and many o spend a great deal of time in reading dnot know why they do so. It is to be ·ed that in many instances there is no her motive than amuse- ht. The statistics of our aries and the record of the ksellers indicate, by the ex- t of the demand for novels, t a large proportion of the r ling public belong to this s. Another motive which h a wide influence is the love gossip and scandal. The rspapers are perfectly well are of this fact and exert mselves to gratify the appe- t. The columns devoted to t sayings and doings of some eresting murderer, giving t full and particular account o his early life and especially t minute details of his crime, a pabulum of this kind. The r ·ds of the courts especially o he divorce court are more of t species of scandal and are ·ely read. It is necessary, are assured, to keep abreast h the events of the day and se events agreeably tickle ny palates. Then there are t people who read to acquire ormation—a much smaller s, particularly if it is limit- e to those who want useful ormation. Finally there are t few who read that they y become better, who have t supreme object of mental l spiritual training, who de- e to find wisdom and to get derstanding. All these mo- es and many others impel ple to read and for each re is provided an abundant ply of material of the par- lar kind they like.

The problem presented for topic, however, limits the estion. How to read so as to good, is the end proposed. ith that definite object in w, the reader will not forget t he cannot gather grapes m thorns, nor figs from this- s. He cannot get good from bad book, nor can he get od from a light and frivolous ok. There are times when can get relaxation, which is distinct good, from a novel the right kind, or from a morous sketch, but both ould be used sparingly, as e uses sweets in diet. The nd needs occasional rest, but e mind that is always resting ll be poorly furnished. It is sily possible to become so bituated to a kind of reading at makes no demand on the ntal powers, that a book th a serious and useful pur- se cannot be read without arings. But even with od books discrimination must used. The supply is so rmous, that unless a distinct d is kept in view a habit of cursive reading may be med, which produces only confusion d superficiality. The best results of ding come when some subject is chosen d all reading is directed to the object of tting a thorough knowledge of that ecial subject. History, Science, Art, The- gy, all present a wide range of such bjects, which may wisely be taken up turn. Biography, too, in small quanti- s is healthful, unless the reader has the d habit of introspection, and is perpetu- ly looking within and expecting in him- lf the mental and spiritual experiences hich belong peculiarly to another. The eat object to be aimed at is to get such ental equipment as will fit one for the ties of life.

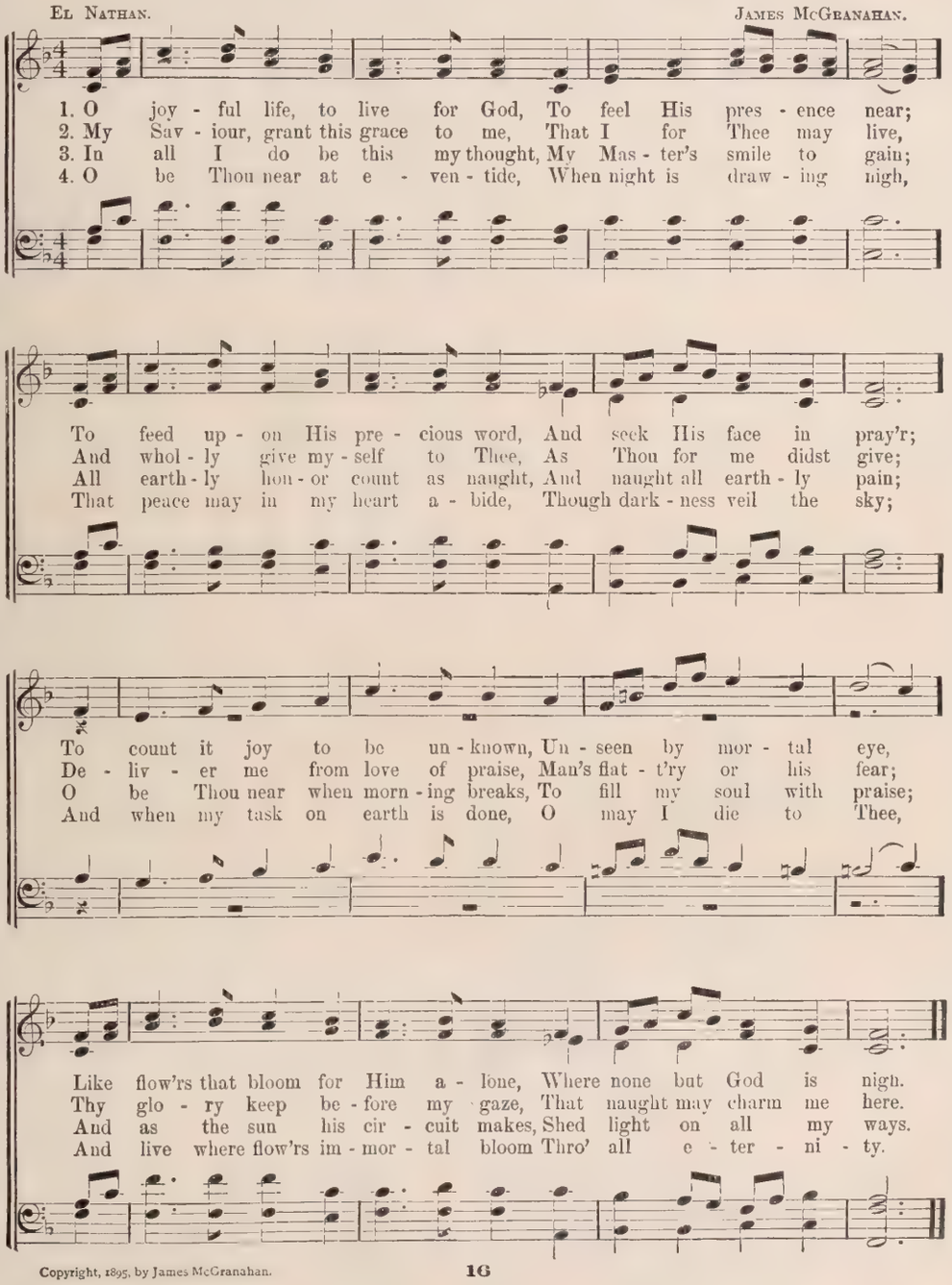


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

LIKE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM.

"IT IS A VERY SMALL THING THAT I SHOULD BE JUDGED OF YOU, OR OF MAN S JUDGMENT."—*1 Cor. 4:3.*

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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They Are Crossing.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

THEY are crossing o'er the river,
They are going one by one,
To the blissful shore of heaven,
Where they need no glowing sun;
Where the fields are ever vernal,
And the skies are ever fair;
Where the flowers are that blossom
With immortal fragrance rare;
They are crossing o'er the river,
And are meeting over there.

See the aged man and infant
As they slumber side by side,
'Neath the flower of the valley,'
With the bridegroom and the bride;
See that long and sad procession,
Bearing someone to the tomb,
While around them hang the shadows
Of the deepest kind of gloom;
Millions have to heaven journeyed,
And they say that still there's room.

Soon my time shall come, and laying
Then aside this robe of clay,
I shall mount from earthly shadows
And shall fly to bliss away;
And my feet shall tread the pavements
That are garnished with the gold
Of the city, whose eternal
Splendors never have been told.
I shall meet my dear ones yonder,
Sheltered from the heat and cold.

Newman Grove, Neb. —J. N. GORTNER.

The Closing Dispensation.

Signs in Government, in Society, and in the Church that the Dispensation is Ending.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. *

(Continued from page 499.)

OUR interest in the vision of Nebuchadnezzar as interpreted by Daniel (Dan. 2 32-45) centres in the fourth world-wide empire which was that of Rome which was, as had been predicted, strong as iron breaking and bruising in the earth. It was at its zenith in the first century of the Christian era when Augustus sat on the throne. In his reign Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem. He was crucified under Tiberius and thus he appeared on earth at a period when Gentile dominion had attained its widest range and loftiest authority, and thus at the central point in the long succession of historic ages.

The Roman Empire was for centuries the civil sphere of the Church's existence. In it, as far as her external life is concerned, she moved and had her being. Nor was the sphere a narrow one. Bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the west, by the Rhine and Danube on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, and the deserts of Arabia and Africa on the south, the Empire of Rome "comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind."

The remains of the temples, palaces, theatres, triumphal arches, aqueducts, and other structures erected during the existence of the Roman Empire abundantly attest the splendor of its history. The numerous and touching inscriptions in the Catacombs testify to the sufferings of the early Christians under Roman persecution. The noble arch of Constantine, built to commemorate the Emperor's victory over Maxentius, is a witness to the overthrow in the fourth century of the persecuting power and dominion of heathen Rome. The magnificent Pantheon, originally devoted to all the divinities of heathenism, has, ever since the beginning of the seventh century, been dedicated to the memory of the martyrs who died for repudiating their worship. Christianity early became (at the close of third century of the Christian Era) the established religion of the Roman Empire.

This same prophet gives us besides these historic facts some chronological numbers that well repay study. About the year A.D. 1750 a remarkable fact in connection with these numbers was discovered by a Swiss astronomer, M. de Chesseaux, a fact which is full of the deepest interest to both Jews and Christians, and which has never received, either at the hands of Bible students or scientists, the attention which it merits. It is this:

The prophetic periods of 1,260 and 2,300 years, assigned in the Book of Daniel and in the Apocalypse as the duration of certain predicted events, are soli-lunar cycles—cycles of remarkable perfection and accuracy, but whose existence was entirely unknown to astronomers until, guided by the sacred Scriptures, M. de Chesseaux discovered and demonstrated them to be such. And further, the difference between these two periods, which is 1,040 years, is the largest accurate soli-lunar cycle known. The cycle is an attempt to obtain absolute accuracy of time measurement. The soli-lunar cycle is the period it requires to bring the earth, the moon, and the sun into precisely the same relative position in the heavens.

To be Concluded.

* Extracts from his new work, *Christ Centred in Creation.* Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, N.Y

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER X.

The Light Shining.

HOW much there was of discipline in those years, none ever knew. The scene with Lemuel was typical of much of it, but it was varied, and seemed ever to be assuming new and more trying forms. At times Pauline felt her spirit sink. It seemed as if the vexations and trials must wear her out. It was all so sordid, too. Everything must bear its relation to the money question, and that side could never be lost sight of with safety. But night and morning the girl's spirit went into communion with her Lord and gained new sfrength to meet the recurring trial. She would not look ahead; she would not look back; she would ask strength for that day's duties and difficulties. And she received it. The path through the dark valley was the road the King had marked for her to tread, and who was she that she should repine? She had given herself to him, and this was the use to which he was putting her. It was well. It was not the life she would have chosen, but he had chosen it for her and that was sufficient. In faith she went on from day to day, and the gray angel of drudgery grew so familiar that she learned to love its face.

And the household? How they loved the patient creature who toiled and thought for all! Verily, her light was shining there. They imposed on her, they did not appreciate her, but they leaned upon her and loved her. Sometimes the natural mischievousness of the child could not resist taking advantage of one who could be trusted not to retaliate. It was seldom, however, that it received so trying a form as this of the abstraction of the letter. Lemuel rightly calculated that if anything could disturb the sweetness and tenderness of the girl's temper, it would be to keep from her one of the letters that brightened her dull life. There was nothing came into it so precious as they were. It was cruel of Lemuel to iput her to such a test.

Pauline stopped pleading with him. "I will not worry," she said to herself, "this is the hardest thing of all, but I will bear it patiently. God understands."

"Ain't yer mad yet?" whispered Lemuel, anxiously, as he peered into the bright, peaceful face, on his way to bed.

The hand that stroked his tumbled hair was very gentle.

"No, Lemuel, only sorry that my boy forgot the King was looking on."

With a shamefaced look the boy's hand sought his pocket, but Satan whispered, "She may be mad tomorrow," and he crept away.

"What are you teasin' Pawline about?" asked Stephen as he went upstairs.

"Ain't doin' nothin'," was the sullen reply.

"Yes, you are. She don't hev them sorrowful looks in her eyes unless you're cuttin up worse than common. You've just got to leave off sudden or I'll give you something you won't ever forgit."

"Aint goin' to be bossed by nobody," said the boy, doggedly, as he reached his room. "Was goin' ter give her the old letter tomorrer anyway, but now I don't care if she never gets it," and opening the chest which held his few treasures, he deliberately shut up the letter in an old tin box and went to bed.

"Father is gettin' so mortal queer," said Stephen discontentedly. "First he tells me to topdress the upper lot and then right off he wants me to harness up and go to the mill. I [illegible] know what to do. Most wish I'd gone West with Leander, it's a free life there, and he's his own master."

"One is your Master, even Christ," Pauline quoted softly. "Don't go, Stephen, you and Lemuel are the only ones on the farm now, and father is getting old."

She spoke sadly. She had noticed with a sinking heart how "queer" her father was.

The years had slipped by till Polly was seventeen. A very frail little body she was, but always so patient and sweet, Pauline never grudged the constant care.

The boys had all taken the shaping of their own lives and gone away, and Susan Ann had a home of her own with two little freckled faced children to call her mother.

"We'll jog along together, Stephen," she said in her bright, cheery way. "Father forgets now and then, but he doesn't mean any harm, and it's only one day at a time you know."

Stephen looked at her admiringly.

"You're a brick, Pawliney, and I guess if you can stand it I ought to be able to, with you 'round making the sunshine. I'd be a brute to go and leave you and Lem with it all on your shoulders," and the honest, good-hearted fellow went in to give Polly a kiss before he started for the mill.

Clearing out an old trunk the next day Pauline came across a soiled, tumbled envelope. It was the letter which Lemuel had tucked away and forgotten while he waited for her to "get mad."

She opened it eagerly. It was from Richard Everidge.

"I should like to come down and see you," he wrote, "in Sleepy Hollow, that is, if you care to have me, and it is quite convenient. Don't trouble to write unless you want me. If I do not get an answer I shall know you do not care."

Richard Everidge had been married for three years now, and had a little girl.

She clasped her hands with one quick cry of pain. What must he have thought of her all these years! Her friend, who had always been so kind! so kind!

"Pawliney," called her father, in the querulous accents of one whose brain is weakening, "Pawliney, I wish you'd come down and sing a little, the house is terrible lonesome since mother's gone."

And Pauline sang, in her full, sweet tones:—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

"God is good, Pawliney?"

"Yes, father."

"He never makes mistakes?"

"Oh, no, father!"

"You believe that, Pawliney?"

"Yes, yes, I know it, father."

And her voice rang out triumphantly in another stanza:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

CHAPTER XI.

Instead.

"Here's the mortgage money, Pawline," said Stephen, as he handed her a roll of bank notes, "it's not due for a month yet, hut I'll be away for a week at the Bend, an' if father gets hold of it he'll take it to make matches of as like as not — you'd better stow it away somewheres till the time comes."

"Very well Stephen, I'll put it in my strong box and carry the key in my pocket. You won't be away at the Bend any longer than you can help, Stephen? It's such a comfort to have you in the house."

They were standing by the light wagon, which Lemuel had brought round from the barn, ready for Stephen's journey.

"Don't know about the comfort part, Pawliney," said Stephen with a queer choke in his voice, "Seems like as if we all depended on you for that commodity. But I'll be as quick as I kin — good-bye all of you. Git along Goliath."

Three days had passed since his departure, and Pauline stood in the doorway feasting her eyes on the lights and shaddows which grouped themselves about the distant hills, when Lemuel brushed past her, clad in his Sunday best.

"Why, Lemuel!" gasped Pauline, "what will Stephen say?"

"I don't care what he says," said the boy roughly, "Stephen ain't my boss."

"Oh, Lemuel, you can't mean it!" cried Pauline, as she followed him down the path to the main road.

"See if I don't," and he strode away from her, and vaulted over the gate.

"But what will father do?"

"Git somebody that's ez loony ez himself—I ain't," was the jeering reply.

"Lemuel, you mustn't go, it will kill father!" and Pauline stretched out her hands to him appealingly.

A mocking laugh was the only reply as he disappeared round a bend of the road.

Pauline went slowly back to the house feeling bruised and stunned.

"Pawliney," piped her father in his shrill voice, "Where's Lemuel? I told him to take the horse to the forge and hoe the potatoes and weed the onions and go to the woods for a load. I don't see how I'm to git through with such a lot of heedless boys around. What hev you done with him? You just spoil them all with your cossetin."

"It will all come right, father," said Pauline soothingly, "Lemuel has gone away for awhile."

"Away," echoed the old man suspiciously. "Away, Pawliney? Did you know he was going?"

"Yes, father, he will be back by and by, and Stephen will be home next week."

She paced her room that night with a heavy heart. There was no way to hinder the misguided boy. Before Stephen could follow him he would be on the sea. Suddenly she stopped thunderstruck. The lid of her strong box had been forced open! With an awful dread at her heart she lifted it and looked in. The money was gone!

With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees. "A thief!" Her Lemuel, the boy that she had borne with and prayed over all these years! And the money was due in a month! What should she do! Stephen must never know; Stephen with his stalwart honesty and upright soul. His anger would be terrible, and she must shield Lemuel all she could; poor Lemuel.

All night long she pondered sorrowful. When the morning came she went to Deacon Croaker.

"I hear you are behindhand with your wool," she said in her straightforward way. "I will spin it for you if you like, and Deacon—may I ask you as a favor to let me have the money in advance?"

"Hard up, air ye, Pawliney? Well, well, don't color up so, we all hev our scare times. I aint partial to paying forehanded, but you was awful kind to Mis Croaker when the rheumatiz was bad on her, an' I aint one ter fergit a favor. Cum in, Pawliney, while I git the money. Mis Croaker will be rale pleased, she thinks you're the best spinner in the valley."

(continued on next page.)

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A Princess in Calico.

Continued from preceding page.

'No, thank you, I will wait out here." The man hobbled into the house and e stood waiting, clothed in her sorrow h shame.

'So Lemuel's been an' tuk French ave," he said, as he handed her the ney. "Well, well, I allers did say that t'd be a heart-break tew ye, Pawliney. ell, what's gone's forgot. Don't fret er him, Pawliney, he was a bad lot, a t lot. Ye're well rid of him, my dear."

I never shall forget him," Pauline said gively, "and he can't get away from d, Deacon Croaker."

he counted the bills as she hurried ng. It would just make enough, with butter money. That was all she had clothes for herself and Polly—but y had enough for awhile, and she d go without.

n the evenings, long after the others e in bed, she paced up and down the hen, spinning Deacon Croaker's wool smooth, even threads, but her heart as she prayed for her boy, and often, n in the still watches of the night y kept her vigils with pain, she heard cry softly,

Lemuel, Lemuel, oh! how could you could you do it!"

er uncle's family were living abroad , and it was from Paris that Belle te, announcing her engagement to Ronald Gordon.

Just imagine, Paul," the letter went on, "of all possible people, a missionary's w! But the fact of the matter is, my ous saint, your splendid consecrated made me tingle with shame to my fingtips when I thought of my aimless exce, and when I remembered how you up your cross and followed your Mas- to Sleepy Hollow, there seemed to be reason why I shouldn't follow him to Doucloo. If it will comfort you, I want to know that you have been the ding star which has led me out of the of my selfishness into active work the King."

e years slipped by peacefully after Her father grew daily more childish, needed more constant watching, but found time to read many a snatch from favorite authors to Polly, and Tryphena's Bible lay always open near her el.

last the day came when in the full tide her father had called to her in eak voice.

t's gettin' dark, Pawliney, and Lemuel not come home."

nd she answered with her brave, sweet

ot yet, father, but he'll come by-and- God knows."

es, God knows," said the old man a peaceful smile. "I think I'll go to sleep now, I'm very tired. You've been a good girl, Pawliney, a good girl. God bless you, my dear."

ou ought always to dress in silk, ne, instead of calico. I wish you ," and Polly's eyes rested on her a world of love in their depths.

Aline laughed, as she kissed her.

ou silly child! Don't you know cotrows and silk has to be spun, which s it costly; and cotton is content to ashed in spring water while silk has bathed in tea! Can you spare me whole afternoon do you think, if I Carlyle and Whittier by your pil-

here are you going?"

Well, I want to take some apple cusr to that poor Dan who fell from the w, and I must go and see how Susan children are getting through the es, then old Mrs. Croaker wants to g to, and the Widow Larkin wants read to, and Matilda Jones is 'jest fer a talk.'" She laughed merrily. ver saw anyone get so much into ives," said Polly wistfully. "I am less."

u blessed child," cried Pauline with ars in her eyes; "you are our Angel ience. Don't ever call yourself useless, you are the centre of gravity Stephen and me."

hen the twilight fell, she sat in her te position near the open door, lookp at the rose-tinted clouds, as she Polly laugh with merry descriptions different visits.

Suddenly she grew still, for a sunned, bearded man had crossed the threshold and thrown himself at her feet, saying brokenly—

"I've come home to you, Pauline, and I know you'll forgive me, for I've lifted the mortgage, and—I belong to the King."

Before he had finished, her arms were 'round his neck, and Polly heard her cry softly with the break of a great gladness in her voice,—

"Lemuel! Why, Lemuel!"

To be Concluded.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 21, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Anxious Mother, Troy, Ill., that three sons may be brought to know Christ fully and that the eldest, who is seeking salvation, might give himself wholly to the Saviour.——"Believer," Greenville, Me., that an only daughter who has lost her interest in spiritual things may turn to the Lord again and be renewed by the Holy Spirit.——E. H., Westboro, Mass., that a young man of great promise, who is about to enter college may be kept from temptation and be made a child of God.——M. J., Worcester, Mass., that a father in deep trouble, sorrowing over the loss of a beloved son, might turn to Christ for consolation in his bereavement and might give his heart to him; also that two nephews and a young brother might be led to Christ.——E. A. P., Buffalo, N. Y., for the conversion of a grandson, who has abilities of a high order, and might be very useful if he had the grace of God in his heart.——M. A., Washington, Ind., that a dear boy who has an ungodly, dissipated father, might be saved from sin and kept by Christ's power from the evil surrounding him.——M. S. M., Itaska, Tex., that two wayward sons might be led to Christ for salvation from sin and have new hearts given to them.——Anxious Father and Mother, Benlington, N. J., entreat that prayer be offered with their's, that their only son might be convinced of sin and might seek Christ for the salvation of his soul.——"Sister," Marshfield, Ore., that God in his mercy would save her husband who is not a Christian.——M. D. B., Middlebush, N. J., that her father who is not yet saved might be won for Christ and give himself entirely to him; also, that a dear cousin, the child of many prayers, might be aroused to seek salvation; also, that a dear friend, a young physician, might come to know Jesus and serve him.——"Reader," Baltimore, Md., for the conversion of her brother and herself.——E. C. S., Hartford, Conn., for the conversion of a brother and his wife and their daughter and her husband, that the whole family may be one in Christ.

For the Restoration of Health. W. C., Petersburg, Va., asks prayer for the recovery of a beloved daughter.——E. A. P., Buffalo, N. Y., who has been a life-long invalid, that she and her two daughters might be healed by the great Physician.——E. M., Litchfield, that a young wife, now sick, might be healed and restored to her family; also that a friend might recover her hearing.——L. W. E., Newport, R. I., on behalf of two dear friends who are heavily afflicted, that Christ, who healed such sufferers when he was upon earth, would heal them by his own power.——S. E. P., Chester, Ill., that a dear friend who has suffered from spinal disease might be healed.——Sympathizing Sister, Morris, Minn., that a dear brother who has been a sufferer from a sad disease for several years, might recover and give his life to the Lord's service. The following persons also ask prayers for their recovery from various maladies: Reader, Denning, Md.; King's Daughter, Me.; "One in Sorrow," Green Lake, Wis.

For Special Blessings. "Lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," that wisdom be given to him according to the promise, to make him in circumstances of extreme difficulty to take the right course, and that he may be saved from bringing reproach on the cause of Christ.——"Weary One," Wis., that God in his great mercy would send relief to a struggling and almost despairing soul, whose sorrow and loneliness are too bitter, it would seem, for human endurance.——"Constant Reader." Baltimore, Md., who has suffered from human injustice, and is unable to get righted, that God would interfere and cause justice to be done in the case.——"One who needs Christ." that the way of salvation may be made plain, and the spiritual darkness now so dense might be illumined by the light of heaven, and that help may be given so that an aged and dependent mother might be supported in comfort.——J. M., Dycusburg, Ky., that two dear relatives now at enmity might be reconciled.——M. P., San Francisco, Cal., to be delivered from wicked thoughts which have been long resisted, and that power might be given to lead a Christian life; also that financial troubles which have long restricted usefulness might be relieved.——M. E. C., Leetown, W. Va., that God, who knows all things, would in some way clear up a mystery involving the imprisonment of a man, who insists on his innocence of a crime of which he has been convicted. "If only the truth could be positively known it would relieve so much uncertainty."——A. B. D., Marshfield, Ore., who is in financial trouble and great spiritual darkness, that God would send deliverance.——"Constant Reader," Burlington, N. J., that God in his mercy would deliver the town from the curse of horse-racing, which is ruining many, and causing Christian people to be led into evil——"Distressed One," Parkesville, N. Y., that two young friends may have strength given them to resist a terrible temptation.——M. A., Palmer, Ill., for more spirituality and for grace to live holily in the midst of evil, and to be kept unspotted of the world.——A. T. C., Jefferson City, Mo., that the schemes of designing men to delude the unwary may not succeed, and that a great misfortune, involving the loss of a large sum of money and a local injury of a serious character, may be averted.——"Believer," Me., who made a profession of religion several years ago, but now finds that conversion has not taken place, that God would, in his great mercy, give the Holy Spirit in renewing power.——"A Sister in Nebraska," that a family once loving and united, but now estranged from each other, might regain their lost affection and confidence in each other, and be consecrated to Christ.——"In His Name," Susina, Ga., for grace to overcome an evil habit.

For Thanks for Answered Prayers. "Reader," New York, desires to thank those who joined him in prayer at his request early this year, and asks that they now thank God for answering the united petitions.——M. B., Middlebush, N. J., for those whose recovery from sickness prayer was offered on July 16, 1895, asks that thanks be rendered for her complete restoration to health which she believes was granted in answer to prayer.——J. W., Ashland, O., that thanks be given for the remarkable answer that has come to the prayers for help put up recently at his request.——"Sister," Pittsburg, Pa., that thanks be rendered to God for the conversion of a dear friend and her recovery from sickness, whose case was made the subject of prayer at the Bowery Mission a short time ago.

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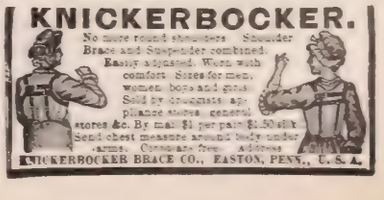

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The Sin of the Dance.*

THE dance was not originated for the promotion of health; it was never designed to be, and, in fact, never has been, promotive of health. Viewed as an exercise, as at present conducted, it is in violation of the soundest hygienic laws. The exercise of dancing, under limiting condition of time, place, scope, and participants, might be eminently healthful. Such it might be as an element of the gymnasium curriculum. But the dance of to-day is not conducted for the purpose of promoting health and longevity. Viewed as an exercise, leaving out of account moral considerations, the dance, as an institution of society, violates the laws of health. * *

The modern dance exerts a positive influence in withstanding the Spirit of God calling the human soul to a Christian life. This indictment is sustained by the testimony of living witnesses who declare that the seductive influence of the dance was for years the very stronghold of their resistance to the Spirit of God. All persons who have had a larger or smaller experience in evangelistic work of any sort have had frequent evidences of the truth of this indictment supplied to them. A number of cases have fallen under our own observation in which the thought that the Christian life involved the surrender of the dance as an amusement restrained many from entering upon it. There are persons in every Christian community or congregation to whom the question of their entrance upon the religious life or the service of God has been definitely negatived or indefinitely postponed by a determination to seek the life of pleasure, in which they believe the dance is a leading attraction.

The Presbyterian Church has again and again, in its General Assembly, uttered its solemn admonition against the dance as an amusement inimical to the Christian conscience. Some years ago the General Assembly put itself on record in the following resolutions, which we have no knowledge of having been repudiated:

"That whilst the pleasure of the ballroom and the theatre are primarily intended by the 'dancing and stage plays' forbidden in the answer to the 139th question in the Larger Catechism, the spirit of the prohibition extends to all kindred amusements which are calculated to awaken thoughts and feelings inconsistent with the Seventh Commandment as explained by the Saviour in Matthew 5: 27, 28. That whilst we regard the practice of promiscuous social dancing by members of the church as a mournful inconsistency, and the giving of parties for such dancing on the part of heads of families as tending to compromise their religious profession, and the sending of children of Christian parents to the dancing-school as a sad error in family discipline, yet we think that the session of each church is fully competene to decide when discipline is necessary, and the extent to which it should be administered."

The Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, has embodied in its "General Rules," which every person received into the fellowship of the great communion expresses "willingness to observe and keep," that all persons who desire to continue in the fellowship of this church shall abstain from "all such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." This rule has always been interpreted as prohibiting members from attending theatres, circuses, balls, dancing parties, etc. Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church who dance, or even attend dancing parties, not only violate one of the fundamental rules of their chnrch, but they are also guilty of violating a solemn pledge, given on admission to membership, to "observe and keep the rules" of the church.

Many able and distinguished bishops of the Episcopal Church, earlier and later, have pronounced upon the dance in unmistakable language. No severer restrictions can be met with anywhere within the Christian Church than is found in deliverance from prominent ecclesiastics within this communion. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont once said: "In the period of youthful education, I have shown that dancing is chargeable with waste of time, the interruption to useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, and the premature incitement of the passions. At the age of maturity, it adds to these no small danger to health, by late hours flimsy dresses, heated rooms, and exposed persons; while its incongruity with strict Christian sobriety and principle, and its tendency to the love of dissipation are so manifest, that no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism." Bishop Meade, of Virginia, speaking of the evil tendencies and accompaniments of the dance as an amusement, said, "We ought conscientiously to inquire whether its great liability to abuse, and its many acknowledged abuses, should not make us frown upon it in all its forms." He expresses his opinion further, that "social dancing is not among the neutral things which, within certain limits, we may do at pleasure, and even that is not among the things lawful, but not expedient, but that it is, in itself, wrong, improper, and of bad effect." Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, once declared of the theatre and the dance, "The only line I would draw in regard to these is, that of entire exclusion." He held that "they are renounced in baptism, that their renunciation is ratified in confirmation, and professed in every participation of the Lord's Supper."

The Presbyterian Board publishes the following: "The dancing school, instead of being called a school of easy manners, ought rather to be styled a place where girls are taught to substitute the finesse of the coquette for true feminine delicacy, and where boys take their primary lessons in the arts of seduction." An ex-dancing master, Mr. T. A. Faulkner, once proprietor of the Los Angeles Dancing Academy, and ex-president of the Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific Coast, gives it as his deliberate conviction that "two-thirds of the girls who are ruined fall through the influence of dancing." The matron of a home for fallen women in Los Angeles declares that "seven-tenths of the girls received here have fallen through dancing and its influence." Of the 2500 abandoned women of San Francisco, Professor La Floris testifies: "I can safely say that three-fourths of these women were led to their downfall through the influence of dancing." And, crossing to the other side of the continent, the chief of police of the City of New York is authority for the statement that "three-fourths of abandoned girls of New York were ruined by dancing."

In view of these facts and observations, that the Christian pulpit has something more than prejudice and fanaticism for the ground of its opposition to the modern dance. We believe, that here is a vice upon which "no minister of Christ must utter an uncertain sound."

[illegible] and the Christian Life, by Rev. Perry W. Sinks. Pp. 176; cloth covers; price 75 cents. F. H. Revell Co., New York, p[illegible]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ruhainah, the Maid of Herat; a story of Afghan life, by Thomas P. Hughes, D.D., paper covers, pp. 272, price 50 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Judith, the Money Lender's Daughter. by Evelyn Everett-Green. A very entertaining story, well told and with an excellent moral. Pp. 254, illustrated. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

In the Path of Light Around the World; a Missionary Tour, by Rev. Thomas H. Stacy. Beautifully illustrated, pp. 548, cloth binding, price $2. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Children of God and Union with Christ; (Part 1); by Samuel B. Schieffelin. A little volume that should prove spiritually helpful to many readers. Pp. 249; price 25 cents. Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America, New York, publishers.

Armenia and her People; or the story of Armenia, by an Armenian. A description of the country and its history and an accurate account of the recent massacres, by Rev. George H. Filian, a native Pastor of Marsovan. Copiously illustrated wiih half tone engravings, pp. 376, cloth binding, price $1.50. American Pub. Co., Hartford, Ct., publishers.

The Baritone's Parish, or All Things to All Men; by James M. Ludlow. The story of a consecrated voice and what it effected for the Master. Pp. 40; board covers, illustrated, price 30 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers. Also by the same publishers: *How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit,* by Prof. R. A. Torrey, of the Chicago Bible Institute. Pp. 121, cloth covers, price 50 cents.

A New Era for Woman, Health Without Drugs, by Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D. This is a book which preaches a new Gospel of health, one of the chief ideas being temperance in diet, and the abolition of the morning meal. This new health plan is in use in thousands of homes here and abroad, and a great advantage in health improvement has been the result. Pp. 371. Henry Hill Publishing Co., London, Eng., publishers.

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Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

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1 Broadway, New York

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

SPRING NO. 1.

FOR NERVOUS INDIGESTION.

Dr. WM. B. TOWLES, *Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica, University of Virginia. Formerly Resident Physician at the Springs:*

"Miss M——, aged sixteen, consulted me as to the use of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** She was pale and emaciated, weighing but **sixty-eight pounds.** For several years she had suffered from a severe form of **dyspepsia,** *with want of appetite, acid eructation, Nausea and Vomiting after eating, Headache, Constipation, Hypochondriasis, &c.* She was put upon the Water and directions given as to her diet. During a stay of two months at the Springs *her digestion was restored, there was entire disappearance of the distressing symptoms.* She gained largely in flesh, and *left the Springs in full health, and soon afterwards weighed* **one hundred and eight pounds."**

This water is for sale by druggists and grocers generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00, f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent free on application.

Springs open for guests from June 15th to Oct. 1st.

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va. On the Atlantic & Danville Railroad.

"If at first you don't succeed," Try **SAPOLIO**

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for [illegible] Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair to Hay-fever, [illegible] cured him at once. To [illegible] large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send [illegible] will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

MASSACRE AT VAN.

The Ancient Armenian City may Share the Fate of Oorfa and Erzeroum.

A cable dispatch from Constantinople it is learned that advices have been received there from Van in Armenia, giving the news of an outbreak in that city during which many Armenians were killed by the Turks, one account placing the number at 1500. A number of others [illegible] in the British Consulate. It is [illegible] that the massacre was the result of

MEMORIAL DANCE OF THE ARAB WIDOWS.

but also to perpetuate the wotship of the one who founded the trade or craft. Barbers, for instance, remember year by year the one who introduced shaving; and carpenters remember the first capenter; and they build temples, and periodically hold theatricals, and expend large sums of money in maintaining the worship. When a man becomes a Christian he has to cut himself adrift from these things.

A Strange Arab Ceremonial.

One of the artist-correspondents now in the field with the Anglo-Egyptian troops operating against the dervishes in the Nile valley, was the spectator of a very remarkable scene at a town called Monkallo. A number of Arab women, whose husbands had been killed in battle, engaged in a religious dance in honor of their memory. This strange dance (which is shown in the picture on this page) is intended as an expression of fidelity to the dead spouses and also of a desire for vengeance upon their slayers. To the ordinary observer it seems, however, an absurd and meaningless exercise, and is more of the nature of a heathen orgie, borrowed by the Arabs through contact with the blacks, than of a serious ceremonial that has come down through generations more or less enlightened, to the present day.

Eager to be Missionaries.

At a recent meeting, Miss Hanbury, a missionary in China, related this pleasant experience: After being at the Home a year and nine months, I went to take charge of the work in Cheefoo. Our schools in Chefoo are for the children of our missionaries and the children of missionaries of other societies, and for the children of Chinese merchants. This year we have 107 children in one school, and we could have more if our premises were larger. A larger place is now being erected. This is a very real work. We have an opportunity of training, as we trust, missionaries for the future. Last year the question was put in a little prayer-meeting in the girls' school, "Are any of you thinking of being missionaries?" and nine girls put up their hands. It was a settled idea in their minds that when they were old enough they would be missionaries.

Death-bed Confidence.

It is related that Faraday, the distinguished scientist, was asked on his dying bed: "What are your speculations?" "Speculations? I have none. I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed-and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him."

Calvary's Story.

I HAVE heard such a beautiful story,
The sweetest I ever have known;
It brought me such rest when my heart was distress'd,
I made that old story my own.

CHORUS: Wonderful story! O wonderful story!
'Tis greater than mortal hath dreamed,
O marvelous story of darkness and glory
That makes a lost sinner redeemed.

When I tell that sweet story to others,
It brings them a blessing like mine,
And hearts that were sad are made peaceful and glad
With Calvary's healing divine.

Are you telling that same blessed story
Wherever the sorrowful are?
A light they shall know that will banish their woe
And guide them to glory afar.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

rate attempt on the part of the [illegible] statives of the Porte to destroy the [illegible] art of the male Christian popula- Van, as they did that of Oorfa, , Malatia, Arabkir and other cities ter. Heretofore, Van has fortun- scaped the horrors of massacre owing to the fact that the Armeni- ulation greatly out-numbered the and were well armed, and also be- e Vali or governor, though a Turk, st official and would not consent themes for killing and robbing the ans.

e readers of THE CHRSTIAN HER- ve had a special interest in the wel- he American missionaries at Van, tributed a considerable portion of ef Fund among the Armenian suf- that province, an effort was made the true situation. The proprietor ournal cabled to Dr. Grace Kim- a/an a simple message of inquiry, whether there had been a massacre the missionaries were safe. This as seized at Constantinople by oman authorities who refused to sent through to Van, on the pre- t it was caluculated to disturb the the Sultan's dominion. This is in with Turkey's usual policy of off all means of communication ies or districts in which attacks on ns have been made. It strength- impression that Van is in desper- sts and that even the missionaries in peril.

hould the news of a massacre be con- ect it may mean the beginning of a cpter of horrors, since it is hardly ba that the fanatical Moslems will p il some attempt is made, on a still ate scale, to destroy the Armenians of n.

ets from the American Board mis- ars at Aintab and Sivas report con- progress in relief work. There is able distress in the Harpoot

ent Fuller, of the American Col- Aintab, writes that the missiona- on the whole, hopeful for the fu- om Sivas Mrs. H. T. Perry writes of the money sent from THE RISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to Sivas d for the relief of Gurun, where s great suffering.

The following additional contributions Armenian Relief have been received:

[illegible] acknowledged	$48,431.66
[illegible] Cerwood	100 00
[illegible] Clin	2 00
[illegible] Moffie	51
[illegible] Will	5 00
[illegible] and B C, Minetto	2 00
[illegible] Epis Church, Scranton	30 61
[illegible] W C T U	5 00
[illegible]	15 05
	$48,591.83

Business Gods in China.

In connection with every trade and business in China there is what is known as a guild, and this guild has been created, not merely to bind the members together,

Take a Combination Case of the LARKIN SOAPS

And a . .

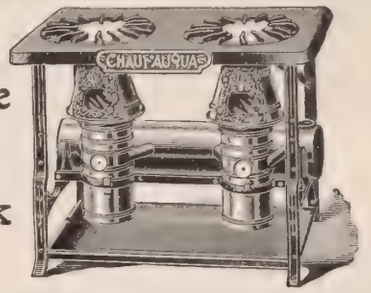
"CHAUTAUQUA"

Oil Cooking Stove

Or Antique Oak RECLINING

Easy Chair or Desk

On Thirty Days' Trial.



CASE CONTAINS
100 Bars Sweet Home Soap.
12 Packages Boraxine.
10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.
Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
IF CHANGES IN CONTENTS DESIRED, WRITE.

Oven 12×14×13.

The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
Either Premium is worth . . $10.00
Both, if at retail $20.00

From factory to family, Both $10.

And on thirty days' trial. If satisfied, you remit $10.00; if disappointed, hold goods subject to our order.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in The Christian Herald, June 24th.

NOTE—The Larkin Soap Mfg Co. make our readers a wonderful offer. Not only do they give you a box of excellent laundry soap and toilet articles of great value, but they also give each purchaser a valuable premium, and we personally know they carry out what they promise.—*The Independent, New York.*

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. ☞Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

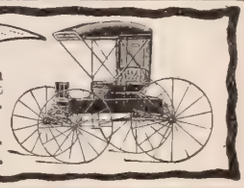
LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.
You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. & EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

DON'T BUY

A Carriage, Buggy, Phaeton or vehicle of any description without first getting our illustrated catalogue and price list (sent free). We sell only work manufactured in our factory.



GUARANTEED THOROUGHLY RELIABLE
at prices within reach of all. Capacity, 10,000 jobs per year.
THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE MFG. CO. Box 377 L Columbus, O.

knowledge....

gained by long experience, and

confidence

born of successes where others have failed, induces and permits us to offer to you if interested, an opportunity to examine for yourself . . . .

THE MILES'

Perfected Electric Belt.

We will send you one absolutely without any cost or expense,

....LOOK AT IT,

just as if you were buying or examining any article at your home store.

IT CURES many diseases most diverse in their origin and character: it promotes and renders more natural the processes of excretion and secretion, and corrects circulatory disturbances. Address for particulars.

UNITED STATES ELECTRIC BELT CO.,
62 Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

THE PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

Cooks a Whole Meal Over One Burner,

on *gasoline, oil, gas* or common cook stove. The *steam whistle blows when Cooker needs more water.* **No steam in the house!** No offensive odors! **Burning, scorching** or overcooking impossible. Vegetables that always lose much of their flavor and become watery, soggy and indigestible by boiling, are made dry, and healthful. Meats and poultry, no matter how tough, are made tender and palatable. **Will Pay for Itself in One Season for Canning Fruit. The Housekeeper's Friend; the Agent's Bonanza. Agents Wanted,** either sex. Exclusive territory. Address PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cardsan hour. You can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder Pads and Tweezers. Best Lines Marked; worth $1.00. Mailed for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and catalogue of 1000 bargains Same outfit with figures 15c. Outfit for printing two lines 25c. postpaid.

Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 111 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE ACME CAKE BEATER
is a World Beater for

AGENTS every family wants one. 100 per cent profit. Exclusive territory. $5.00 a day easily made. Some agents make $10. Ladies can do as well as men. Price $5.00 a doz. Sample Beater with full directions, recipes and circulars 75cts. prepaid. Butler Mfg. Co., 157 Madison St., Chicago

GRAY HAIR RESTORED

to its natural color by LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT, no dye, harmless, pleasant odor. $1.00 a bottle. LEE'S HAIR TONIC removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth $1.00 a bottle. LEE MEDICANT CO 108 Fulton st., N Y. Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application FREE

FREE TO BALD HEADS.
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 127 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.
The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, 233 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

2 Minutes for Refreshments

THE Handy Tablet

Mead
Lemon
Orange
Vanilla
Ginger
Sarsaparilla
Chocolate

requires neither sugar nor spoon to make healthful and refreshing drinks the moment it touches water. *By mail*, 30 cents.

The HANDY TABLET CO., 1021g N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When You Buy a Lamp Be Sure It's The **"B&H"** It's the BEST One Made.

Our Little Book, mailed free, tells why, and gives information about our other lines **Gas** and **Electric Fixtures, Fire-place Furniture,** Brass and Wrought Iron **Grille Work** and **Railings, Art Metal Goods,** B. & H. Oil Heaters, Etc. Leading Dealers everywhere will supply Our Goods.

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO., Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO. PHILADELPHIA.

1896 High Grade Bicycles

Shipped anywhere C. O. D., at lowest wholesale prices.
$100 'Oakwood' for $57.50
$85 'Arlington' " $45.00
$65 " " $37.50
$20 Bicycle " $10.75

Latest models, fully guaranteed; pneumatic tires, weight 17½ to 30 lbs., all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free.

Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St. B-18 Chicago

PIANOS! ORGANS! FREE!

TEST TRIAL FOR 30 DAYS IN YOUR OWN HOME. NO MONEY REQUIRED

PIANOS-ORGANS FROM $25.00 UP

Including a Complete Musical Outfit. CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

NEW SOUVENIR CATALOGUE

A work of art illustrated in 10 colors. Worth its Weight in Gold. We pay charges on it and send it **FREE**, and you have **to do is to ask for it to-day please.** Remember this is the old established house of CORNISH & CO., the only firm in the world selling **exclusively** from Factory to Family direct. A single instrument at wholesale price. We save you from $25.00 to $250.00. Write at once to

CORNISH & CO. Est. 30 years, **Washington, N. J.**

Special Offers Now Ready

Mention Paper.

PLEASURE CARRIAGES, LADIES' PHAETONS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS, SADDLES & BICYCLES

at Factory Prices. All goods guaranteed as represented and sent on approval anywhere. Write at once for our 1896 beautifully Illus. Catalogue showing all the **latest styles** and **new designs** in large variety, from a $10 cart to the most stylish Pleasure Vehicles. Prices in plain figures and Testimonials from every state, sent **free** to all who mention this paper. Wheels from $25 up. Established 1898.

"A" Grade $60.00 Manufacturers. Bicycle catalog sent free.

ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., N. Court St., Cincinnati, O.

FREE

As a Surprise to our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, and immense Lists Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage, etc.

R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y. CITY.

Ideal Spring Beds, Our Booklet, "Wide Awake facts about Sleep," illustrating and describing them, sent free. An up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps. **Foster Bros. Mf'g Co.,** 4 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

One Cent's Worth

of Cleveland's bakir powder will r batch of biscuit breakfast. Cleveland is an economical bakir powder—it does t best work.

$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your and we will tell how to make $3 a day, al sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; y in the locality where you live. Send us your add we will explain the business fully; remember we guara pront of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX E 6, DETROIT

ELEGANT FRUIT=DISH FREE!

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER.

Good only till Sept. 1st, 1896.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past two years know that when the Leonard Mfg. Co. make an offe — it is bound to be a grand bargain, no matter how impossible it may seem. Our name has become a household word a over the continent—in fact, is a guarantee of honest goods and square dealing.

Now we will make an offer that will startle you:

This elegant Fruit-Dish (see cut) is strictly high-grade, and has an elaborate design of the latest and most exquisite finish; the bowl is an excellent imitation of cut glass, and the pedestal is triple silver-plated on hard white metal. It stands 14 inches high and is a beautiful ornament for any table or sideboard. The dish would cost you at any jewelry store from $4.00 to $6.00. We offer to send it **free, absolutely free** to any one who will do a little work for us. The work we ask you to do is not hard; it can be done right in your own neighborhood. Simply call on your friends and show them our Elegant World's Fair Souvenir Tea Spoons. Nearly every one you call on will want a set of them. Secure orders for six (6) sets of our souvenir spoons at 99c per set and send us the amount ($5.94), and we will, immediately on receipt, ship the spoons and with it this handsome Fruit or Berry-Dish, as a premium. Remember we charge nothing for the dish. It is entirely free.

Evidences of **good taste** and **refinement** are perhaps better displayed at the table than elsewhere; the linen, silver, china and glassware all indicate the ignorant or educated taste; not always so much from the intrinsic value of the articles (as that only suggests the wealth of the possessor), as from their worth in utility and beauty. **This premium** will be at once recognized for its beauty and uses. The glass portion is an excellent imitation of a piece of cut glass worth about $25.00; it is detachable from the triple-silver-plated pedestal, thus permitting it to be used for other purposes and also making the cleaning a mere pleasure.

The World's Fair Souvenir Teaspoons have been advertised so widely during the last two years that they are well known throughout the land. A set is composed of 6 full size Teaspoons, heavy triple-plated on white metal, with the bowls gold plated both inside and outside. They are not the common washed-over stuff, but are stamped "Leonard Mfg. Co. A. 1," which is a guarantee of reliability and square dealing. Each bowl contains a different building. There are 12 different buildings, as follows:

Set No. 2 comprises the Manufacturers, Horticultural, Woman's, Fisheries, Machinery, and Transportation buildings. Set 3 includes the Administration, Art, Agricultural, Electrical, Mining and Government buildings.

Be sure to specify in your order how many sets of each kind you desire. Sets will not be broken, so do not ask [illegible].

The price at which we sell these spoons (6 for 99c) is so remarkably low that **every housekeeper** can afford to have a set. Remember these spoons are **not** Orange Spoons, nor "After Dinner" Coffee Spoons, but are regular, full size [illegible].

This is such a grand offer that we caution you not to delay getting your orders in at once. Under no circumstances will this offer hold good after September 1st, 1896. It is made only for the summer trade and the time will positively not be extended.

We know you will be delighted with the goods; read what our customers think of them. We receive, unsolicited, hundreds of letters like the following, daily:

LOWELL, Mass., June 15, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: The Souvenir Spoons for Mrs. Emma Brown came to hand this A.M. She is very much pleased with them and particularly so with your promptness. Accept my own thanks. Yours truly, P. PHILETUS BURNHAM.

Those Souvenir Teaspoons are a grand bargain at 99c. I sent for sets Nos. 2 and 3 and have used them. To say that I am satisfied does not give the right expression. I believe that I am proud of them. I would like to work for Leonard Manufacturing Company and secure some of the prize pieces, but could not act in the capacity of agent as I seldom go away from home—being very deaf—but when I see anything I want recommended, and have the money to pay for it, I am not afraid to invest.

SALLIE A. FOSTNEY, Farmersville, Montgomery Co., O.

WOODWARD, O. T., March 20, 1896.

Would say that I am more than delighted with my spoons and will try to work for the premium you offer. MRS. RALL CLARK.

108 HART ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I have received by mail to-day the set of Souvenir Spoons. Am much pleased with the spoons. MRS. J. M. HEARTH.

PEORIA, Ill, March 18, 1896.

I received the Souvenir Spoons and the Berry Dish. It is very handsome. Please accept my thanks for same. MRS. J. H. TIMKEN.

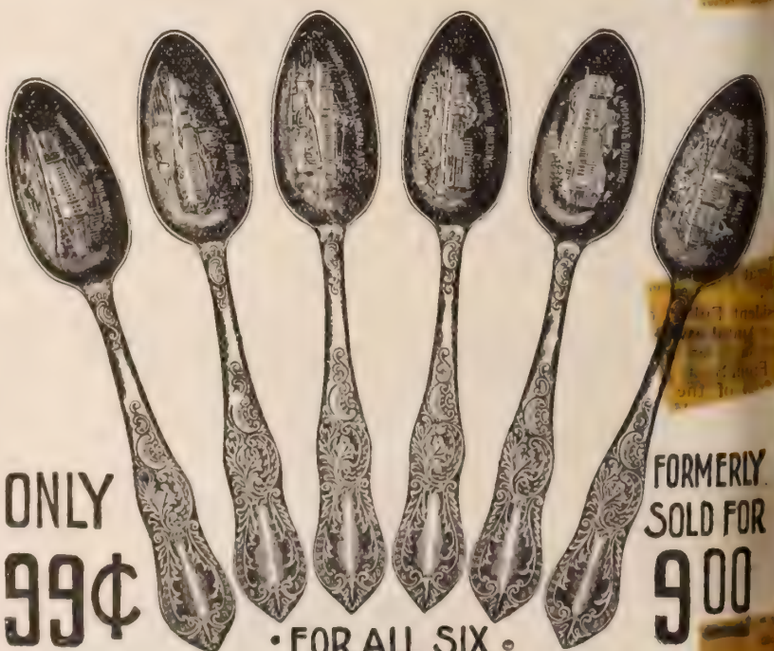
If you have never seen these spoons before, send us 99c for a sample set, and when you receive them you will have no trouble in inducing your friends to give you their order. Remember the following points:

(1) The Fruit-Dish is entirely free with every $5.94 order you send us.

(2) Send money by P. O. or Express Money Order, as we do not accept personal checks.

(3) Our References are the First National Bank of Chicago, or any Express Company.

(4) Always address in full.



This cut shows exact pattern and about one-half size of spoons.

LEONARD MFG. CO., Dept. G. R., 152=153 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. COPYRIGHT 1896, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 29.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

LITTLE BAREFOOTS FROM THE SLUMS.

Nearly 700 of Them Have Already Been Housed at Mont-Lawn this Season and Hundreds more are Anxiously Waiting to Come—Clothing Greatly Needed.

IF the casual visitor who happens to stroll through any of the densely populated sections of the great East-side of New York, these broiling July days,—when courts and alleys are as hot as ovens, and even gaunt poverty is forced to come outdoors to avoid suffocation — would look at the children he meets in these places, he would be melted with pity for their condition. Pale and wan, even through the grime of the sidewalk and gutter, these weak and emaciated for lack of pure air and wholesome nourishment, they either sit listlessly around, or play feebly under the dilapidated awning or in the shadow of a shed wall. The vivacity and sparkle of childhood seem to have gone out of these poor little ones — wee sufferers, who are denied the joys and pleasures that usually fall to the lot of childhood. It is in such neighborhoods THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home finds its guests. Our illustration tells the story of one missionary's visit, a few days ago, to a Hester street tenement court, where she was eagerly welcomed by the barefooted toddlers, who hung around her and implored to be taken to Mont-Lawn, the fame of whose rural delights had spread through the neighborhood. Nor were they more pleased than the old folks who showed their appreciation by warmly [illegible] the children [illegible] they need it, [illegible]," said the mother of one little group. "Oh, mum, it'll do them a world of good. I used to live in the country myself, when I was a girl and I love it—I love it!" And she glanced wearily around her at the impenetrable, depressing rows of wooden fences, fire-escapes, and clothes' lines, shutting out all of nature, save a bit of blue sky above.

Nearly 700 little guests have been received and sheltered at our Children's Home thus far, since the beginning of the present season. They include all ages, from the wee toddler of five to the child of ten or twelve. Very many, who come from the poorest localities, reach the Home shoeless and some with garments that are little better than an apology for clothes. Those of our readers who desire to help us clothe these little ones decently, can render valuable aid, by sending us such surplus garments for children as are not needed in their own homes; hats, coats, shoes and stockings for boys of from five to ten years, and waists, skirts, shoes and underwear for girls from five to twelve being badly needed. The garments should be whole and clean, packed in boxes and sent by express, prepaid, to Miss Collins, the Matron at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y. All such kind gifts will be welcomed and duly acknowledged. We believe there are among the thousands of mothers and sisters who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, many who will gladly aid in such a work.

Some of the letters sent home by those who are old enough to write and have received sufficient education, are very amusing. One wee maiden — Julia by name— though twelve years of age, had never been to the country before. She wrote:

Dear father and sister, Arthur and i is all wright. Arthur is staying with me, and we like it very much. Arthur has lots of fun, but he can't see Gertie, and that makes him feel bad sometimes. We like the food and we don't have to do a bit of work. We sit in the grass all day and pick flowers and swing. We have a bath to go in [illegible] day for boys and one day for girls. We will be home Monday.

A bright little lad writes:

Dear Mamma — I am having a fine time. Its nice eating up here and [illegible]. There is loads of flowers and trees, and scups aud horses. The teachers are ,nice and Dr. Klopsch.

This one, from a tiny lass of seven, is interesting:

Dear mother, We are getting along very nice. We do not feel home-sick at all. [illegible] nose was sore and the teacher took her to the doctor in the Home. We are all [illegible] ing you are the [illegible]

Some children never before in the country, call the lawn mower a "grass scraper," and a man they saw mowing with a scythe, "the man cutting grass with the funny knife." They found some acorn cups in the woods and thought they were "birds nests." They were much frightened one evening by a calf

(Continued on page 533.)

SEEKING OUT TENEMENT CHILDREN FOR MONT-LAWN.

Sketched from Life, during a "Christian Herald" Missionary's Visit to the East-side.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

KINDNESS FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE.

Sermon Preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., at Washington, D. C., on the Text: II. Sam. 9: 1, 13, *Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake? . . . So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet.*

WAS there ever anything more romantic and chivalrous than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up d Jonathan's family is down. As you ve often heard of two soldiers before go- into battle making a covenant that if e is shot the survivor will take charge of e body, the watch, the mementoes, and rhaps of the bereft family of the one at dies, so David and Jonathan had de a covenant, and now that Jonathan dead, David is inquiring about his fam-, that he may show kindness unto them r their father Jonathan's sake. Careful arch is made, and a son of Jonathan by e dreadfully homely name of Mephibosh- h is found. His nurse, in his infancy, d let him fall, and the fall had put both s ankles out of place, and they had nev- been set. This decrepit, poor man is ought into the palace of King David. avid looks upon him with melting ten- rness, no doubt seeing in his face a re- mblance to his old friend, the deceased nathan. The whole bearing of King avid toward him seems to say: "How ad I am to see you, Mephibosheth. How ou remind me of your father, my old end and benefactor. I made a bargain ith your father a good many years ago, d I am going to keep it with you. What n I do for you, Mephibosheth? I am re- lved what to do: I will make you a rich an; I will restore to you the confiscated operty of your grandfather Saul, and ou shall be a guest of mine as long as ou live, and you shall be seated at my ble among the princes." It was too uch for Mephibosheth, and he cried out gainst it, calling himself a dead dog. "Be ill," says David, "I don't do this on our own account; I do this for your fa- er Jonathan's sake. I can never forget s kindness. I remember when I was unded from place to place how he be- iended me. Can I ever forget how he ripped himself of his courtier apparel and ve it to me instead of my shepherd's at, and how he took off his own sword nd belt and gave them to me instead of y sling? Oh, I can never forget him. I el as if I couldn't do enough for you, his n. I don't do it for your sake; I do it r your father Jonathan's sake." "So d eat continually at the king's table; nd was lame on both his feet."

There is so much Gospel in this quaint here to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth, nd David, and Jonathan make you think s a gallantry, as a Don Juan; George and describes sin as triumphant in many r's knife, always shows sin as a great eculiarity; but the Bible presents it as a lephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, carry us, and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians haggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine, and some reject it. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall, that it has scarified, and disabled, and crippled our entire moral nature, until we cannot walk straight, and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition. There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and Paradise with its animals coming before Adam when he patted them and stroked them and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the cow, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentalists or the poets say in regard to sin; in the name of God I declare to you to-day that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Your modern theologian tells you that man is a little out of sorts; he sometimes thinks wrong; he sometimes does wrong; indeed, his nature needs a little moral surgery, an outside splint, a slight compress, a little rectification. Religion is a good thing to have; it might some day come into use. Man is partially wrong, not all wrong. He is lame in one foot. Bring the salve of divine grace and the ointment, and the pain extractor, and we will have his one foot cured. Man is only half wrong, not altogether wrong. In what is man's nature right? In his will? his affections? his judgment? No. There is an old book that says: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Mephibosheth lame in both feet. Our belief of the fact that sin has scarified and deformed our souls increases as we go on in years. When you started life you thought that man was a little marred by sin, and he was about one-tenth wrong. By the time you had gone through the early experience of your trade, or occupation, or profession, you believed that man was about half wrong. By the time you came to mid-life you believed that man was three-fourths wrong. But within these past few years, since you have been sobered about and sweetened and [illegible] that man is altogether wrong, and now you can say with the [illegible] and with the Bible: "There is no health in us. Now you believe with the prophet, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Whatever you may have believed before, now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text [illegible] to come to King David's [illegible] the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself, "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling on the tessellated floor of the throne-room.

No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king, and styles himself a dead dog. In the East, when a man styles himself a dog, he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of; but the mangy curs of the Oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is he going to destroy me? Is he going to wreak his vengeance upon me?" There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now, because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace! What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer, and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer, and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said: "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street, and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home? "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me; I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." O soul, that loud knocking at thy gate to-day is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to his palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin, and so lamed by evil habit, I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

And again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm to find that poor man, and then bestow upon him a great fortune, and command a farmer by the name of Ziba to culture the estate and [illegible] proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "auld lang syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this kindness on the part of David to Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, through the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the Senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, [illegible] have refused him; but when you [illegible] he was the son or brother of some [illegible] had been your benefactor in [illegible] by a glance you saw the [illegible] your old friend in the face of the applicant, you relented, and you said: "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's palace.

The most important part of every prayer is the last three or four words of it—"for Christ's sake." Do not rattle off those words as though they were mere [illegible] finishing stroke of the prayer. They are the most important part of the prayer. When in earnestness you go before God and say, "For Christ's sake," it rolls in, as it were, upon God's mind all the memories of Bethlehem and Gennesaret and Golgotha. When you say before God, "For Christ's sake," you hold before God's mind every groan, every tear, every crimson drop of his only begotten Son. If there is anything in all the [illegible] that will move God to an act of [illegible] benefaction, it is to say, "For [illegible] sake." God is omnipotent, but [illegible] strong enough to resist the [illegible] "For Christ's sake." If a little child should kneel behind God's throne and should say, "For Christ's sake," the Great Jehovah would turn around on his throne to look at her and listen. No prayer ever gets to heaven but for Christ's sake. No soul is ever comforted but for Christ's sake. The world will never be redeemed but for Christ's sake. Our name, however illustrious it may be among men, before God stands only for inconsistency and sin; but there is a name, a potent name, a blessed name, a glorious name, an everlasting name, that we may put upon our lips as a sacrament and upon our forehead as a crown, and that is the name of Jesus, our divine Jonathan, who stripped himself of his robe and put on our rags, and gave us his sword and took our broken reed, so that now, whether we are well or sick, whether we are living or dying, if we speak that name it moves heaven to the centre, and God says: "Let the poor soul come in. Carry him up into the throne-room of the palace. Though he may have been in exile, though sin may have crippled him on this side, and sorrow may have crippled him on the other side, and he is lame in both his feet, bring him up into the palace, for I want to show him everlasting kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal [illegible] The subjects might have [illegible] rail of the palace and [illegible] lights kindled, and might [illegible] the clash of the knives and [illegible] golden goblets, but not get [illegible] with stout feet could not [illegible] their lives to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be wofully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake, I hope we will all get in to dine with the King.

If you are invited to a company of persons ...re there are distinguished people ...ent, you are introduced: "This is ... Senator." "This is the Governor." "...his is the President." Before we sit ...n at the King's table in heaven I ...k we will want to be introduced. O what a time that will be, when you ... I, by the grace of God, get into ...en, and are introduced to the mighty ...ts there, and some one will say: "...is is Joshua," "This is Paul." "...his is Moses." "This is John Knox." "...s is John Milton." "This is Martin ...er." "This is George Whitefield." ... shall we have any strength left after ... a round of celestial introduction? ... We shall be potentates ourselves. ... we shall sit down at the King's ... with the sons and daughters of God, ... one will whisper across the table to us ... say, "Behold what manner of love ... Father hath bestowed npon us that ... should be called the sons of God!" ... some one at the table will say, "How ... will it last? All other banquets at ... h I sat ended. How long will this ...?" and Paul will answer "Forever!" ... Joshua will say "Forever!" and ... Knox will say "Forever!" and ...ge Whitefield will say "Forever!" ...d the wine at that banquet will be ... wine: it will be very old wine; it will ...e oldest wine of heaven; it will be ... wine that was trodden out from the ...lusters on the day when Jesus trod ... winepress alone. Wine already more ... eighteen centuries old. And no one ... deride us as to what we were in this ...d. No one will bring up our imper... sins here, our sins here. All our ... imperfections completely covered ...ed hidden. Mephibosheth's feet ... the table. Kingly fare. Kingly ...ra. Kingly companionship. We shall ...rever and ever. I think that ban... will mean more to those who had it ... this world than to those who had ...sy. That banquet in David's palace ...nt more to Mephibosheth than to any ... else, because he had been poor and ...pled, and despised, and rejected. And ... man who in this world is blind will ...er appreciate the light of heaven than ... who in this world had good eyesight. ... that man who in this world was deaf ... better appreciate the music of heaven ... we who in this world had good ...ring. And those will have a higher ...reciation of the easy locomotion of ... land who in this world were Mephib...eths.

... my soul, what a magnificent gospel! ...akes a man so low down and raises ... so high! What a gospel! Come ..., who wants to be banqueted and em...ced? As when Wilberforce way try... to get the "Emancipation Bill" ...ough the British Parliament, and all ... British Isles were anxious to hear of ... passage of that "Emancipation Bill," ...n a vessel was coming into port and ... captain of the vessel knew that the ...ple was so anxious to get the tidings, ...tepped out on the prow of the ship ... shouted to the people, long before he ... up to the dock, "Free!" and they ...d it, and they shouted it, and they ...g it all through the land, "Free! ...!". So to-day I would like to sound ... news of your present and your eternal ...ncipation until the angels of God ...ering in the air, and watchmen on the ...lements, and bell-men in the town cry ...hout it, sing it, ring it: "Free! free!" ...me out now as the messenger of the ...ace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. ...n here to-day to tell you that God has ...ealth of kindness to bestow upon you ... His Son's sake. The doors of the ...ace are open to receive you. The cup...rers have already put the chalices on ... table, and the great, loving, tender, ...mpathetic heart of God bends over ...u this moment, saying: "Is there any ...t is yet left of the house of Saul, that ...ay show him kindness for Jonathan's ...ke?"

The Gospel in Zululand.

Missionary John L. Dube, a Native Convert, Tells of the Work Among His People—A Promising Field.

THERE are now in this country for purposes of study and preparation for effective Gospel work in Natal, Rev. John L. Dube and his wife, two native Zulus, who for several years past have conducted an excellent Christian work at Mapumelo Mission Station, in the Colony of Natal, South Africa. At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Dube has written the following brief account of his field of labor:

"In writing these lines, I have to testify to the power of God, who alone is capable of lifting the veil of heathenism among our people. He it is who is alone able to make the civilized nations who enter Africa have a better desire than that of gain by war and rapine. My grandfather was a powerful Zulu chief, so influential that he excited the jealousy of Chaka, the 'Lion of the Zulu nation.' My grandfather was different from Chaka. He was kind to his subjects; so a large number of people, even some of Chaka's people, flocked to his support. Had he desired, he would have made things unpleasant for Chaka.

"Chaka made great pretensions that he was a friend of my grandfather. He called his advisers and said to them: 'I am afraid Dube is getting more powerful every day, and if we do not put down his power, he will some day fall upon us and kill us, and thus become the head of the Zulu nation. Let us send word to him that there is a fence to be built and that he should send his men to help.' This was done, and my grandfather, suspecting no treachery, sent a large number of his young men unarmed. When they reached Chaka's kraal, they were sent in the bush where the poles were to be obtained. He had already placed his warriors in ambush. They fell upon Dube's people and killed them, and went to Dube's kraal and killed him also.

"It was at this time that my grandmother with my father—then a little boy—escaped with the rest of the tribe and found refuge in Natal. It was at this time when the late missionary, Mr. Findley (*Umzilikazi*, as the Zulus call him), began his labors among the Zulus there. My grandmother accepted the Christian faith, and my father was reared in Mr. Findley's family and grew up as a Christian. His heathen friends wanted him to come and exercise the power of a chief among them, but stlpulated that he had better renounce his new religion, to which he said he would not for all Africa. Having received suitable instruction in the Word of God, he was ordained pastor of the Inanda Church, where he saw many of his tribe brought to the knowledge of God. After years of successful work, he died.

"I came to this country in 1887 to prepare myself for missionary work among my people. Mr. Wilcox sent me to Oberlin where I persued my studies, but my health failed, and I was obliged to return home before my plans were realized. Shortly after my return, my health improved and I was immediately engaged in Christian work in connection with the missionaries of the American Board. But having the conviction that I was called to preach the Gospel among those who have not had the advantages of Christian teaching, I told my friends that I wished to go to Incwadi and preach the Gospel there. The missionaries told me of the straitened condition of the Board. I knew God had infinite resources, and that he had bidden us to go forward. I and my wife started for our new field. We had to live in a hut for several months, before I built our house. We met with many difficulties but our God has wonderfully blessed our little faith. We have had a church built 50 x 20 feet. Mrs. Winslow of Henrietta interested some of her friends in the work and thus to-day the good tidings of peace are being proclaimed at Incwadi. There are thirty members connected with the church. We have a day-school with more than sixty children, and three out-preaching-places. In carrying on this work I have not received any salary but have depended on God that if it is his work he will carry it on. We had many difficulties among our people in preaching the Gospel to them. You are perhaps ware that it is customary with the Zulus to give ten head of cattle for their wives. Parents look upon their daughter just as one would look upon something he shall sell. Hence we had a great difficulty in getting them to allow us to teach their children. They feared that they would not get anything for them. As for themselves they say, 'Oh, we are too old, and what are we going to do with all these wives? You missionaries require us to give them up and become Christians.' This is one of the difficulties of mission work among the Zulus. They can get as many wives as they are able to buy. If one of their wives is converted, it is hard to know just what best to do. Shall she be received into the church? She is as much a polygamist as her husband, so long as she is his wife.

REV. JOHN L DUBE AND WIFE.

"Our people have customs which show that they came from the North, and that they once were in contact with the Jewish nation. They observe the 'Feast of the First-Fruits.' When the crop is ripe, no one is allowed to take even an ear of corn, until the king has eaten *uselwa* (a small kind of pumpkin). Then a great feast is prepared, when all the warriors go to the king's headquarters accompanied by the girls. A number of cattle are killed for the feast, which is followed by a dance, after which the girls take the first-fruits and throw them into the water as their offering, and that there may be plenty of rain and an abundant harvest.

"One of the customs similar to those of the Jews is *Ukugena* (taking the deceased brother's wife). Women are generally divided among the brothers, after an ox had been killed to 'bring home the deceased,' as the Zulus say; for be it known that our people all believe in the hereafter. They believe that if a person dies, his spirit is in the form of a snake. Before an ox has been killed, to bring him home (that is to have his spirit in sympathy with the spirits of the living), his wives will not be taken. However, after this ceremony has been observed, the wives can choose among the brothers. They say, as any one conversing with them will find out: 'We are mortal; there is a gulf which separates us from the world of *Amatonga*,' (signifying a spirit); 'there are good and evil spirits, the good watching over us; the evil ready to do us harm. These good spirits are allowed to assume the form of a snake, and by that means, not only form a link between us and the world of spirit, but in the guise of a snake they are permitted thus to watch over us.'

"I have felt that in order to lead my people in the ways of truth, I need more instruction in the word of God. I brought my wife, that she may come in touch with the ways of civilized people, and be a help in the work of lifting up Zulu women. If Africa is to be evangelized, I believe it has largely to be done by her own sons and daughters."

Mr. Dube and his wife, while pursuing their studies here with a view to resuming their work in the South African field, are dependent for support upon the voluntary aid that may be rendered by Christian people who have the cause of Africa's evangelization at heart. Any letters may be addressed to them in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Knife-Grinder's Bible.

M. Nardi, a Bible colporteur in New Orleans relates this incident: In New Orleans, about six years ago, a young Italian (converted somewhere else) was going through the streets of that city with a grinding machine, on top of which he used always to carry the Bible. Passing by an Italian well-to-do barber, he spoke to him about reading that book. The barber refused no less than ten times, but the grinder never passed by without making the same request. One day, tired of being annoyed, the barber said: "Leave it here, but to-morrow be sure to come back to take it." The grinder did not go back for a week, so giving time to read it; and, lo! when one evening he went back, the barber had opened a mission in his own store and was preaching from that book to a number of Italians. The barber's name is Signor Russo, now an ordained Presbyterian minister with a large congregation. Then an ex-priest who had heard of it went there to oppose him, and to fight him, and to get away those who went there, but he, too, took the Bible to look into it; and, lo! a month after that he had opened another mission and was ordained by the Methodists. He has built a brick church in New Orleans, and now he is preaching in Cincinnati—a member of the Methodist Conference in Ohio. Hundreds have been brought to Christ by these two men.

Unseen Protection.

Nature furnishes us with many similitudes of the Divine. It is related that a lady was awakened one morning by a strange noise of pecking at her window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backwards and forwards inside the window in a great fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass, wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. But all the while the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow. It is when we forget our Protector that our hearts fail us. Elisha's servant was in great fear when he awoke in the morning and saw the city of Dothan encompassed with horses and chariots and a great host; but when his eyes were opened his fears vanished. The unseen protection is ever present with the Christian.

What Small Things Accomplish.

Rev. Mr. Pentecost, speaking at a recent Gospel meeting, said he remembered visiting the Gatling gun factory in the United States, and there he saw a great bar of steel, weighing five or six hundred pounds, and eight feet in length, suspended by a very delicate chain. Some distance off there was also suspended a common bottle cork by a silk thread. He asked the superintendent what the experiment was, and the latter answered that they were trying the effect of the superimposition of motion. The experiment was intended to show whether the cork could set the steel bar in motion. He did not believe it possible. The superintendent swung the cork gently against the steel bar. There was no result. But he did it again and again, and so on for ten mintutes, till at the end of that time he could see that the bar of steel was beginning to feel uncomfortable. It had a kind of a nervous chill, and in half-an-hour that great bar was swinging to the utmost of its tether. Christians have a superhuman work before them in trying to evangelize society, but beyond and behind them all is the power of God, and if they keep on striking, in the end it will yield to the impact.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL

God's Promises to David.

Sunday School Lesson for July 26. II. Sam. 7: 4-16. Golden Text, Psalm 71: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DAVID was a man after God's own heart; he did not pay occasional visits to his God just when he was in sore need, and could get help no other way. Just as with all who live habitually in the presence of God, "the secret place of the Most High" (Ps. 91: 1), his thoughts turned to God, when he was in repose, as the magnet to the pole. When he dwelt in his house, "and the Lord had given him rest from all his enemies round about him," he did not count his prosperity as a reason why he should slacken his

Intercourse with God.

There are men of whom it may be said: "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them," (Isa. 26: 16), but the bent of their mind is not towards God. With them to seek unto the Lord is the exception; it was with David, and it is with true men of faith, the rule. The very comfort and beauty of his house, instead of filling him with admiration for his own taste, or conceit in his own prosperity, was in his heart, a reason for thinking all the more of the God at whose hands he received every good gift.

The thoughts of David's heart, surrendered as he was to his God, turned towards the ark of God which he had been privileged to bring up, and place in the tabernacle which he had pitched for it in the city of David. But the altar of sacrifice and the golden altar of incense were in the tabernacle at Gibeon, no longer in Shiloh as in Samuel's time. (Ps. 78: 60, 61, 67: II. Chron. 16: 1, 37-40). But, David thought, and he said it to his friend Nathan the prophet: "I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." It was almost insupportable to this man of God, that in external things he, the king, should be more honored than God. Let God be first, was in his heart. Nathan understood him, the two men were agreed in honoring their God, and he said to the king, "Go, do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee."

But this was only the beginning of the matter. That night God spoke to Nathan, and gave him a special message to the king. There were deeper things in the mind of God than he could reveal either to Nathan or to David. There was a dwelling place which God sought for and earnestly desired. Neither the curtains of the tabernacle, nor the costly stones, carved cedar, gold and precious stones of the temple, could form the habitation for which he longed. The true

"Habitation of God

in the Spirit" is a holy temple in the Lord, built of living stones, fitly framed together. Any [illegible] might be but could be only a type of this. He had said, when he ordained the construction of the tabernacle, "I will dwell among the children of Israel." (Ex. 29: 45). But the mystery which [illegible] generations, but is now manifest to his saints, is quite another thing—"Christ in you, the hope of glory."

"Go and tell my servant David," God said to the prophet Nathan, "Shalt thou build me a house for me to dwell in? Have I ever reproached my people and said to them, Why build ye not me a house of cedar? Now, therefore, so shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I took thee from the sheepfold, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel." When God comes near to us, we are always reminded of our origin, and of what we owe to him. His grace which has brought us out from our past, cannot, must not, be ignored. "And I was with thee whithersoever thou wouldest, and have cut off all thine enemies out of thy sight, and have made thee a great name, like unto the great men that are in the earth." No credit to David for any one thing; the presence of the holy God withers every breath of self-congratulation, and every self-conscious thought. "All things come from thee," said David, later on. All his glory was the presence of his God with him. David had never sought for a great name, but God had given it him, and it remains to this day, for he lives in his eternal Psalms.

And God knew that the heart of David was bound up with his people, and that he did not live for himself, and he said, "Moreover I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as before time." This part of the prophecy has never yet been fulfilled. The afflictions of the Jewish people have been proverbial to this day, and the Germans and Russians oppress them still. But when Israel shall be restored, after the time of the tribulation, during the thousand years (Rev. 20: 3), "they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make him afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it." (Micah 4: 4). And probably also in the new earth (Rev. 21: 1) the Jews shall have God's promises of perpetual habitation fulfilled to them.

But besides his promises to Israel, the Lord spoke to David personally, "Also the Lord telleth thee that he will

Make Thee a House."

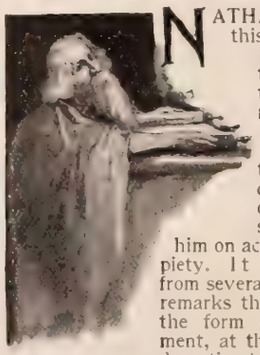
And then the prophecy goes on to include Solomon, his immediate successor, and also the great Son of David, the Lord Jesus. "I will set up thy seed after thee . . . and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build a house for my name." This evidently refers to Solomon. But again, "I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever," is the word quoted by the angel Gabriel concerning the Christ, "the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1: 32, 33). Again, "I will be his Father, and he shall be my Son," is especially spoken of God's King, "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree, the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." (Ps. 2: 6, 7).

But again the following words apply to Solomon, "If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of man and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee." O, how completely was this fulfilled! And then again, referring to Christ and to his future reign on earth, God says, "And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee, thy throne shall be established forever." Many may have been the thoughts passing through the hearts of the prophet and the king, as with reverent minds they sought and "searched diligently . . . what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did point unto." (1. Pet. 1: 10,11, R.V.) There were depths which they did not understand: God spoke from the standpoint of eternity. All was dim to them beyond the limits of this one life. There is infinity in all the words of God; only as we are ourselves developed by the Holy Spirit can we go on from depth to depth in his Word.

David realized the greatness of Him who had spoken to him; he was confounded, overpowered with the condescension of One so high, who had stooped down to one so low as he. "And what can David say more unto thee? For thou, Lord God, knowest thy servant." That God, who had perfect knowledge of him, who knew him better than he knew himself, could thus speak of him and of his house made him almost speechless, like Peter, when he held the draught of fishes, and said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." (Luke 5: 8.) O how this holy reverence for God is ceasing from among us! There is, however, no sign whatever of discouragement in anything which the King says; he looks at his God and sees that it is just like him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



NATHAN, who in this lesson appears for the first time in the narrative, was probably one of the trusted counsellors of the king, selected by him on account of his piety. It is evident from several incidental remarks that although the form of government, at the time was despotic, that there were some checks on the royal power. The different tribes must have been largely self-governing, with the king as the supreme resort in cases of difficulty. The check which David would be most likely to feel and which would have most weight with him, would be the opinions of the eminent godly men whom he gathered about him. His old friend Gad, who had been with him in his adversity was one of these, and we read of others. At this time Nathan seems to have been the one in whom the king had the greatest confidence. To him David communicates his wish to build a temple for God. He felt self-reproach at living in a beautiful house, while the ark which symbolized God's presence, was in a temporary tent. The project was creditable to him and Nathan on the impulse of the moment approved it. Thinking over it later, under Divine influence, Nathan perceives several objections to the work being done by David. The time was not propitious. The simplicity and majesty of the Divine presence, in contrast with the worship of surrounding nations, was a striking characteristic of the religion of Israel. The people, probably, were not prepared for the change, and it might affect them prejudicially. There was something awe-inspiring about the plain tent in which the presence of God was manifested which needed no adventitious aid from architectural grandeur. Besides this, David, with all his piety, had led a life of bloodshed. In I. Chron. 22: 8, this is given as the chief objection to his building the Temple. There was an incongruity about this fighting man engaging in temple building. The work of the Lord must be done with clean hands. The purity of his motive was recognized, but Nathan was commissioned to veto the project. If David entertained any exalted ideas or had in his mind any notion that he was doing God some great service by building him a temple he must have read reproof in the message Nathan delivered. God did not need a house to dwell in; it was he who had chosen David; he would build David a house in the sense of caring for his posterity; he was able to provide a place for the whole nation. What could David do for so mighty a Being? Men are not to suppose that God is dependent on them for honor, or that they can confer an obligation on the Maker of the universe. For the rest, the house should be built by a son of David, one who should be as a son of God, under discipline as well as under blessing, as the sons of God in all times must be, for the two go together in the Divine economy. The true temple of God, however, as David probably only dimly understood, was to be bui David's greater Son, who should us ing stones, and should himself be the corner-stone. In that Temple God w delight to dwell, and it would nev overthrown.

If he commit iniquity I will chasten The statement follows immediately o promise, "He shall be my son." T who are near to God must expect cha ing, because it is more grievous for Christian to sin than one who is n Christian. A great preacher draws a parison from the condition of a lawn. lawn near the house must be kept in condition. Weeds are promptly pulle out of it and it has scarcely any re from the mower. The grass out in meadows knows no such repeated a tion. It is thought sufficient to once or twice a year; but the grass lawn must be continually cut and and pruned. The nearer you are t the more frequent will be the trials.

In all the places wherein I have walked. is well that no church can claim a nopoly of God's presence. During first French Revolution one of the in sans-culottes said to a pious peas "We will pull down all your spires churches and take from you everyt that recalls the superstition of the and everything that speaks to you of God." The peasant was very sorrow "I hope you will spare our church," said; "but you cannot remove everyt that speaks to us of God. You ca reach the stars."

I took thee from the sheep-cote. D knew perfectly well that he was indel to God for everything he had. He wa to show his gratitude by building a T ple. People are not always so anxiou prove their sense of obligation; if t were, the cause of foreign missions other Christian enterprises would no so crippled by poverty. A person a to a man to become security for hi large amount, but not finding the m home explained the matter to hi "Certainly," she answered, "my hus will do it. If you will let him kno and when he is needed to attend to the bond, he will come." After the ap cant was gone, one of the woman's frie who had been present and had heard conversation, called her attention to fact that if her husband were ever ca upon to make good the amount for wh he would make himself liable, it wo leave the family destitute. The wom replied: "We owe everything to that m When we were in poverty he came to and gave us the start we needed. If lose all through becoming security for i it will only leave us where he found u

I will appoint a place for my people. "Y appear to have made a very bad b gain of life," said a wealthy land-owner a tenant, who in his old age, was dy in poverty. "I do not agree with yo said the old man. "I am content. I not go into religion to make money, but do God's work, and he appoints a pl for his people."

Shalt thou build me a house? What c a man do for God who owns the wo and all that is in it? But the man w desires to show gratitude, need be in difficulty for an opportunity. The l Dr. William M. Taylor, of New Yor used to tell a characteristic story of I grandfather. He was an old farmer Scotland. One day he was taking a sa of corn to the mill to be ground. It w thrown across the back of a horse. going up the mountain path the hor stumbled and the sack slipped off. T old man tried in vain to replace it. N one man could do it, especially so old man as the farmer. There was nothing it but to wait for help. It was an u frequented road. The farmer waited lon He wished some one would come and was willing to pay well for assistan At last to his joy he saw a horsem approaching, but when he came n enough to be recognized, the farmer s to his dismay that it was the Laird fr the Castle. He could not ask the help so great a man, but the Laird saw h predicament and without being asked, di mounted and went to his help. Betwee them the sack was put on the horse' back. Mr. Taylor stammered his thank and admitted that he had expected to pa for help. The Laird heard him throug and said, "If when you see a man in a bad a fix as you were in just now, yo help him, that will be paying me."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Massacres in Crete.

CABLE dispatches from Constantinople of recent date, announce that the newly appointed Governor of Crete has issued a proclamation, on behalf of the Sultan of Turkey, who is the ruler of the island and its quarter of a million inhabitants, offering amnesty to all the Cretans who will lay down their arms and return to peaceful pursuits. It is also announced that an excellent impression has been produced in the island by this offer, and by the promise that the reforms demanded by the Cretans will be immediately granted. It would not surprise the world if the next news we get from the island would be that the Cretans were slaughtered, instead of pardoned, after laying down their arms. That conduct would be quite in accord with Turkish traditions, and with the course of events in Armenia and elsewhere. But if the Turk is acting honestly for once, he is entitled to public sympathy. The campaign in Crete opened so gruesomely for the Mohammedans. The mountaineers of Crete, driven to despair by the cruelty, oppression, and exactions of the Turkish rulers, rebelled. They needed just the excuse for the inauguration of a period of rapine, murder, and outrage which is sweet to the Turk, when he has Christians at his mercy. The illustration on this page shows how he proceeded. He could not get at the mountaineers who had offered provocation. They were safe in their mountain fastnesses, but there were plenty of Christians on the plains who were easy to reach. The Turks sent a war ship around the coast which shelled the Cretan villages. After a village had been bombarded a detachment of troops was landed from the ship to the ruins, to outrage and kill to their heart's content. The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who sent the picture from which the illustration is taken, sketched it as he sat on the rocky summit of the little uninhabited island of St. Theodora. From this point he could count nine different villages on the coast that were burning at the same time, and from the nearest, the wind carried to his ears the shrieks of the men, women, and children, who, after nameless outrages, were being driven into the flames to perish. There was nothing surprising in such a scene. That is the way the Turk acted in Armenia, and how he would treat Christians everywhere if his powers were not limited. The cause for surprise is found in the proclamation offering amnesty. If the offer is not a cruel trap, as is probable, it may be due to a natural fear on the part of the Sultan that he is dangerously near the limits of European forbearance. Should he keep his promises he may avert for the time the storm that threatened to burst upon his head. He cannot, however, by his late-timed clemency, escape the righteous judgment of God, in whose ears the cry of the victims sounds like the voice of the martyrs beneath the altar which the seer heard:

[illegible] how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? Rev. 6:10.

CHRISTIAN VILLAGES ON THE COAST OF CRETE BURNED BY TURKISH IRONCLADS.

Unjustly Suspected.

A physician was arrested and haled to a police station in New York a few days ago on suspicion of being a thief. He had called on another physician to whom he was not personally known and told him that he wished to put him on his guard against a young man who was going around to physicians' offices and while waiting for consultation stealing any valuables he could lay his hands upon. Having given the warning he went away, and as he walked down the street he saw the sign of another physician on the opposite side. He crossed over and left the same warning there. The physician on whom he called first was watching him and was not satisfied of his honesty. He doubted whether any man would be so concerned for the welfare of others that he would spend time in thus going from house to house warning people that they were liable to be robbed. It seemed to him very probable that his late visitor was planning just such a robbery himself. He therefore went out and hunted up a policeman, who at his request followed the man and arrested him just as he was entering the house of another physician to give him a warning like that he had given at the other two houses. His arrest was a surprise and it aroused his indignation. He was easily able to prove his identity and was promptly released, but he felt very sore at a brother physician to whom he had tried to render a service, mistaking him for a thief. This is not by any means the first time that a disinterested man has been suspected of ignoble motives. The world is very sceptical about any one being disinterested. It would not be so if it saw every Christian obey the apostolic precept:

Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good. [illegible] I Cor. 10:24 R. V.

A Million Dollar Fee.

The result of an offer of a million dollars as a fee for the cure of defective eyesight is described in the New York *Sun*. The offer is genuine, and it is made by a wealthy New York merchant who is able and willing to pay a million dollars to any physician or oculist who will restore to him the power of vision which is almost lost. Sometime ago he noticed that his eyesight was beginning to fail, and it has been growing rapidly worse until now he can scarcely tell night from day. The oculists whom he has consulted agree that he is suffering from paralysis of the optic nerve, and believe that nothing can save him from total blindness. He dreads that fate, and, as an inducement to them to think out some way of saving him from it, he offers a million dollars to the man who will cure him. As may be imagined many are anxious to try. One man is confident he could effect a cure by sending a current of electricity of a hundred thousand volts through his brain. The merchant would willingly submit to that, or any other mode of treatment, however painful it might be, if it would restore his sight, but he is unwilling to undergo torture or risk his life without some good ground for hoping that it would benefit him. He, therefore, refuses to submit himself to experiment. Recently a poor man, afflicted with the same malady, went to the merchant and offered himself as a substitute. His offer was accepted. Now, when some one anxious to earn the million dollar fee, proposes to try some experiment on the merchant's eyes, he is told to try it first on the poor man. It is a curious arrangement by which the cost of the treatment is divided, one man bearing the expense and the other the pain of the experiments. It is, however, mutually satisfactory, and both are keenly desirous of success. Whenever the poor man is cured the merchant stands pledged to undergo the treatment that cures him and to pay a million dollars reward. It is a pity that people are not as anxious to obtain spiritual sight. That more precious boon Christ offers without money and without price, and to those who doubt there are multitudes now who can say like the blind man in the Gospel:

Herein is a marvelous thing that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. [illegible] 9:30.

Photographs of Thought.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of recent times was announced a few days ago to the Paris Academy of Medicine, by the discoverer, Dr. Baraduc, a well-known electropathic physician. His discovery is that thought can be photographed. He showed the process by actual experiment. A person was placed in a dark room and told to place his hand on a photographic plate. He was then directed to concentrate his thought on some object and remain quiet, thinking for some minutes of that object and no other. The plate was then developed, the man previously stating that he had been thinking of his child. When the plate was exhibited, there was upon it the child's portrait. A hint of the principle of the phenomenon was given by another experiment. In this, a person holds his hands over magneto-plates on which highly sensitive copper needles are fixed, like the needle of the mariner's compass. A sheet of glass covers the needles and prevents their being moved by a breath. In a few moments the needle covered by the left hand moves five degrees in one direction, and the needle covered by the right hand moves fifteen degrees in the opposite direction. If the room be darkened and a photographic plate, introduced between the hands and the needles, the result shows that rays of light have proceeded from the hands. Evidently thought is not so unsubstantial a thing as we have been accustomed to believe. If, as it appears, it can emit light and can be photographed, it must have a distinct existence for which we are responsible, before it is embodied in word and act. This fact helps us to understand how sinful man must appear in the eyes of Him of whom it is said:

The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man. Ps. 94:11.)

A Clue to Ownership.

An advertisement was printed last week in a daily journal of New York stating that, "if Robert wished to recover his parrot," he could do so by calling at a certain address and paying expenses. A reporter, whose curiosity had been stirred by the wording of the advertisement, called at the address given and asked its meaning. The advertiser admitted that she did not know who "Robert" was. She said that her husband had bought a parrot which talked volubly. Certain circumstances had come to his knowledge afterward which led him to believe that the persons who sold him the bird had not acquired it honestly. Being honest people themselves they wished to find the rightful owner, but did not know how to discover him. The parrot had furnished the only promising clue. It was continually calling for "Robert," and the inference was drawn that it had been in some home where Robert was often called. The idea of publishing an advertisement inviting Robert to come for the bird was accordingly adopted. It would be well if the world, reasoning on the same lines, could always infer to whom the Christian belongs. Frequent parrot-like references to his Lord would savor of cant in a man, but his conversation, even with people who know not God, should be of such a character as to show to whom he gives allegiance.

They took knowledge of them that had been with Jesus (Acts 4:13.)

The Czar on a Street Car.

An interesting story of the young Emperor of Russia comes from St. Petersburg. It appears that there exists among the aristocratic officers of the army a rather strict idea of what an officer may do in the way of mingling with the common people, and what he must not do. There is no absolute code of regulations on the subject, but the restrictions are as definite as laws. One day a young officer found himself in the dilemma of being obliged either to be late on duty or take a street car, either of which was an offence. He took the street car, but several officers saw him alight, and they reported seeing him. He was speedily taken to task for disgracing his uniform, and after a few days of persecution he was urged to resign his commission, as he could never wipe out the disgrace. The young officer was poor, his family would be distressed by his losing his position, and he would be practically ruined by yielding. He had a friend in the War Department to whom he communicated his situation, and by him the affair was brought before the Czar. Nicholas was very indignant when he heard of it. Calling an adjutant to accompany him, he started out, walked a short distance and boarded a street car on which he rode to the barracks to which the persecuted officer belonged. He alighted in full view of a group of officers who reverently saluted him. Since that time there has been peace in the officers' quarters of the regiment, and the young officer has had no further trouble. As the Czar thought it no humilation to use the common conveyance, it could be no humiliation for his officer to do so. The Christian who performs a menial service for his brother has similar justification for his conduct. His Master after doing lowly service said:

[illegible] Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. [illegible] 13:14.

NEARLY 40,000 LAMBS GATHERED.

Our Sunday School Missionary Tells of his Seventeen Years' Work in the Field — A Grand Showing of Spiritual Results.

TO the thousands of readers of this journal who have felt a warm interest in the spiritual work of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, the following concise report from Mr. Sharp will be read with keen appreciation. In much of the work concerning which he writes, our readers have an active personal share. Many have contributed of their means towards its successful prosecution for several years past. Mr. Sharp writes as follows:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD began its benevolent work in the Sunday School mission field June 1, 1891. I herewith furnish it a statement of the work up to the first of June of this year. A fire in Kirksville several years ago burned the building in which I had my office, and such of my 'daily journals' as were in it were destroyed. Fortunately, a little while before the fire I had published a very brief summary of my work and these publications answer pretty fully the place of the lost records, not in all the details, but in the aggregate. I have all subsequent records. The records usually furnished an underestimate of the number of teachers and scholars in the new schools, because many of them were organized on week nights, and were much more numerously attended on Sundays. The actual attendance was more nearly shown by reports from the schools about a month after their organization. But even these reports, as I have learned by later visitation and correspondence, fell far below the full attendance of many prosperous schools, some of which have doubled and trebled in a few months after they were planted. Taking all available facts into careful consideration, the following estimate, I am confident, is rather under than over the the whole attendance. I entered the American Sunday School Union Feb. 1, 1879. For the seventeen years and four months from that time to June 1, the estimates are as follows: Whole number of schools organized, addressed, or otherwise aided, 685, having 4,625 teachers, and 39,616 scholars — 44,241 teachers and scholars.

"The reports of visits to schools reorganized, and visits to schools previously reported began in 1890, and do not include that feature of the work prior to that date. Since then they have been as follows: Schools reorganized 15, having 67 teachers and 624 scholars. Visits to schools previously reported 193, having 1,284 teachers and 14,585 scholars.

"Sermons and addresses delivered during the whole period, 3,483; visits to families, 7,745; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 3,032. This includes the number distributed from my office, but does not include those distributed from other sources where they were more convenient. Missionary letters and cards written, 7,893; miles traveled, 81,564, or more than three times the circumference of the whole earth, a great deal of the time by private conveyance—in buggy or wagon, on horseback or on foot, as circumstance required. I have conducted or assisted about 75 protracted meetings, in which I have witnessed many hundreds of conversions and additions to churches, and have attended and aided about 70 other meetings in the nature of Sunday School Institutes and Conventions—township, county, district, and State. I have also urged communities to erect church houses, in some places writing out subscription papers and delivering addresses to encourage the work of building; and in many places where the schools were organized in halls, storerooms and school-houses, they now have comfortable houses of worship and flourishing churches.

"But great as have been the blessings of God in connection with my labors in conversions, etc., it was to have been hoped that far greater results would follow through the labors of others in places [illegible] have been planted, and I rejoice to know that such has been the case. I have especially sought to establish schools and preach the Gospel in sermons and addresses in the plainest, simplest manner possible, in the very poorest, darkest, most neglected places in my field —places where there was neither Sunday School, church organization nor regular preaching, and at some places where a sermon had not been preached for two and three years, and where I neither found, nor expected to find, many of the comforts of life; often the very reverse. But of this and the hardships and sufferings through which I have passed, I forbear to speak particularly. Sometimes

> Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
> The hedge of thorns was sharp.

But hitherto the Lord hath led me. His grace has been sufficient for me. I praise him for his numberless mercies and blessings. I heartily thank all who have aided me in this great and growing field of probably more than a million people.

My long experience has impressed me deeply with the great work of the American Sunday School Union, the great need there is for it, and its wonderful adaptation to it. And I am deeply sensible of the lasting gratitude I owe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for the great help of their contributions, prayers, and kind words. I have not always found time to answer all the letters of encouragement received, as I wished to do.

GEORGE W. SHARP.

"Christian Herald" Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

* * *

The following sums have been received in support of the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest:

Previously acknowledged	$196 50
F L P:	[illegible]
W M L Jarman, Ill	1 00
In His Name, Wimer, Oregon	1 00
One who longs for the light, N Y	1 00
Geo N Greene	5 00
Christian Endeavor Mandana	2 00
W K Dash	[illegible]
F L [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C C [illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs S M [illegible] Worcester	[illegible]
E M Mason	[illegible]
A [illegible]	[illegible]
Mr Jane A Mason	1 00
Children's Day Offering of S S, Lochiel	3 00
Theresa A Pomeroy	[illegible]
M D Shoemaker	[illegible]
C E [illegible]	[illegible]
Miss Parcell	1 00
L G K, Hudson	5 00
Sand, Illinois	5 00
The Misses Wiesling	5 00
Ellen J Ellis	50
C E, Tracey Place	50
Miss Annie U V Jamison	1 50
Margaret A Kittel	1 00
Total	$276 30

All contributions for this worthy cause will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

The third annual report of the John Crerar fund, a legacy of $50,000 left to the American Sunday School Union for the purpose of gathering the neglected children of the rural districts into Sabbath Schools, has been issued. During three years no less than 155 new Sunday Schools have been organized, with 590 teachers and 5,228 scholars, and a great amount of work done in the way of organizing and aiding.

The Seventy-second Annual report of the American Sunday School Union, just issued, contains some very interesting statements in connection with the pioneer work of its missionaries in the remote sections of certain Western States. Much of the work is similar to that now being done by our own missionary, Rev. Mr. Sharp, in Missouri, in districts that have not heretofore enjoyed any Sunday School or church privileges. Some have their field of effort among the ranchmen and workers on the great cattle ranges of the west (as described by Missionaries Lain and Kiser, in these pages several weeks ago.) Our illustration on this page, reproduced from a photograph taken by one of the Missionaries, shows the class of men with whom these faithful and energetic church and Sunday School organizers have to labor. From such people it is not at all unusual for the missionary to receive a greeting such as that described by Missionary J. W. Armstrong of the State of Washington:

> In one district I inquired of a man if they had a Sunday School in the community, and he said, "No, we don't need any: you git along; our children are spiled by sich hifalutin' fellers life you. They think they know more than pap or mam now!" I visited the community and found that the children were accustomed to running along the streams on the Lord's day, fishing and hunting, and then this was followed up during the week by dancing. I organized a school then and brought the children in.

Or, as Rev. W. R. Winans of Oregon, pictures it:

> One day I drove into a mining camp, and I was afterward told that men in the saloon bet drinks on me as I passed through as to who and was I was. In the same place the children who came to the children's meeting did not seem to know who Jesus was, nor whether he was God or simply a man.

The latest Annual report shows that the American Sunday School Union has 135 men in the field under commission:

> One result of their labors [illegible] new Sunday Schools were organized, having [illegible] teachers [illegible] were reorganized, and aid was given to existing schools [illegible] times. But in addition to this large number of [illegible] the evangelistic labors of the missionaries have been followed by the most gratifying results. Very often it has been impossible to obtain an exact statement of these results, men [illegible] having reported only "numerous conversions," or "many souls" brought in, in many cases only partial reports were given. And yet the very large [illegible] hopeful conversions has been reported as resulting from the work of these energetic and faithful men. They also made 104,825 visits to families for religious instruction and prayer, and distributed 6,887 Bibles and 9,353 Testaments. The Society has moreover made free gifts of literature to needy Sunday Schools and individuals amounting to $9,053.14. The organization of churches has followed in 117 cases.

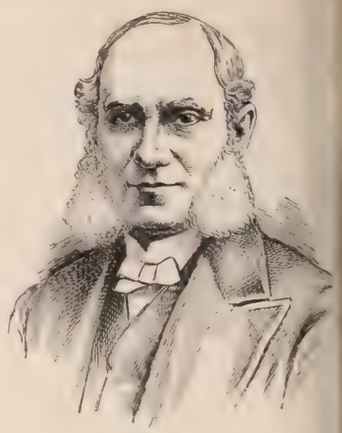
AN INDIAN TERRITORY RANCH WHERE A SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS BEEN FOUNDED

(Photographed by a Missionary of the A. S. S. Union.)

Fifty Years a Pastor.

Dr. A. S. Freeman Celebrates the Fift[h] Anniversary of His Settlement as Pre[s]terian Pastor at Haverstraw, N. Y.

A NOTABLE anniversary in ch[ur]ch circles at Haverstraw, N. Y., [w]as celebrated recently. Fifty y[ea]rs ago a young man who had just compl[e]ted his studies at Union Theological Semin[ar]y

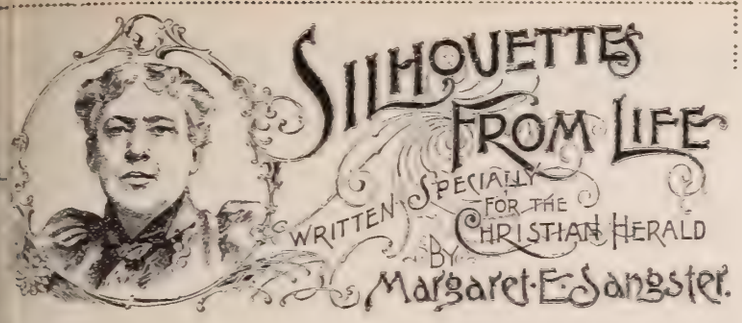


DR. AMASA S. FREEMAN.

and New York University, arrived in [t]own, and on the invitation of the Cen[t]ral Presbyterian Church commenced his lab[o]rs as its pastor. He has been there e[v]er since, preaching, teaching, encourag[i]ng the struggling, comforting the mour[n]ers and seeking earnestly to win souls [t]o Christ. During that long period his o[n]ly church, the Christian community and [t]own itself have witnessed his [u]tiring efforts and they joined c[or]dially in congratulating the vete[r]an pastor, who in his seventy-sec[o]nd year refuses to consider himself [a]n old man.

The anniversary exercises co[m]menced on June 28 with a morn[i]ng service in the Opera House. As it had been foreseen by the church office[r]s the Central Church would not [b]e large enough to hold all who wo[u]ld want to hear Dr. Freeman pre[a]ch his jubilee sermon. The large bui[l]ding was crowded to its utmost ca[p]acity. It had been elaborately dec[o]rated for the occasion, and on t[h]e platform, surrounded by his friend[s] sat the venerable pastor, still st[u]rdy and vigorous, alert of eye a[n]d clear of voice, and mentally acute [a]s in his youth. The choir appropr[i]ately sang the Te Deum, and af[t]er prayer had been offered by a brot[h]er minister, Dr. Freeman preached fr[o]m the text: "A jubilee shall th[a]t fiftieth year be unto you" (Leviticus 5: 11). He recalled the memo[r]ies of the day when as a young man [o]f twenty-two he came among t[h]ese people and mentioned with lovi[n]g recollection the names of some w[h]o had welcomed him then, but h[a]ve since joined the greater church abo[v]e. Some of his hearers who sat in t[h]e house with their grown childr[e]n around them, he said, were in t[h]e infant class when he began his ministr[y]. Such changes had time wrought. Dur[i]ng his labors in Haverstraw Dr. Freem[a]n said he had preached about six thousa[n]d sermons, had received over nine hundr[e]d persons into church communion, h[a]d united in marriage over five hundr[e]d couples and had officiated at nearly twel[v]e hundred funerals. The heartiness wi[t]h which the congregation crowded arou[n]d him at the conclusion of his sermon [t]o grasp his hand was a plain testimony [t]o the efficiency of all this work.

On the following day the Presbyte[r]y of Hudson County claimed its share [i]n the congratulatory movement, and in t[h]e evening the Christian Endeavor So[c]iety and the Sunday School held a joi[n]t meeting to express their indebtedness [t]o the pastor. The third day was the civ[i]c celebration. Haverstraw put on gala a[t]tire, flags waved from the public buildin[g]s, and a meeting was held in the Ope[r]a House at which clergymen of other d[e]nominations and public officials testifi[e]d to the value of the services which D[r]. Freeman has rendered to the communi[t]y during the past half century.



How Grandma was Won.

THE first hint of the coming Fourth of July was in the air that summer night, when Grandmother Murray told us how she spent it when she was young. Some boys in the street were ...g off torpedoes, and they sputtered ...exploded with the silly vehemence ...acteristic of such small affairs. Next ...c, a little fellow had a pack of fire-...cers, which, stirred to emulation by ...owners of the torpedoes, he lit and ...off one by one.

"...am thankful," said Mildred, "that ...an have a comparatively quiet Fourth ...ese days. We cannot easily go out of ..., but we do not have our ears deafened as we used to, by the incessant noise ...e people who keep Independence Day. ...year it was almost like Sunday, it ...so quiet. A change for the better, I ...."

"Well," said Grandmother Murray, ...ping her knitting and sitting up very ...ight in her chair, "I for my part like ...ood old way better than the modern ... We used to enjoy the Fourth when ...s a girl. It was anticipated as eagerly ...hristmas, and we had a good time—...est time of the summer then. Shall ... you about it, or will it tire you?"

"...o tell about it, grandmother," said ..., and the girls, Mildred, Lucy, and ...am, drew their chairs closer. I brought ... near the dear old lady, and she began ... low, clear voice, the color coming and ...g in her delicate old face, and her ...kled hands moving slowly as she ...led her needles. She was a picture to ... with her beautiful profile, her snowy ... and the white kerchief folded over ... black satin gown. There are few ...nlier women than our Grandmother ...ray, for all the four-score years.

"We lived opposite the Methodist ...rch in our young days," she began, "...l when we children woke up Fourth ...ly morning, it was always decorated ... flags; they floated from all churches ..., but the Methodist Church not only ... a big banner flung to the breeze from ... roof, but its columns and pillars were ...athed with red, white and blue festo...s, mingled with evergreen garlands. It ...as most elegant to see. Early in the ...ning the church bells rang, gaily and ...ly, and the cannon boomed for gladne..., and the city was full of rejoicing. So... the soldiers were astir, ready for the ...ch to the Town Hall, and the Sunday ...ool children, too. The girls all in white ... with blue and red sashes; the boys in ...iff, white trousers with blue jackets ... gilt buttons—every boy with a red, ...e and blue rosette. We all fell into ... and marched through the streets, and ... assembled on the Common, where so... great man, a judge, or the Governor, ... stately clergyman, read the Declara...n of Independence, and when that was d... somebody prayed, and then some ...r body made a speech, and we sang so... patriotic ode like, 'Our Fathers' G..., to Thee,' or 'Hail Columbia,' or the 'S... Spangled Banner.' After the religious ... patriotic exercises were over, we had ...eshments, and such loads of cake as ...ppeared then, such mounds of sand...es, and such barrels of lemonade! It ... on a Fourth of July I first met your ...dfather, girls."

"It was?" cried Lucy. "No wonder ...e love the day!"

"Yes, indeed, and the whole thing was ... funny. I had on a mull gown, ruffled ... trimmed with fluffy lace, not as simple ...own as I ought to have had, but mother ...was indulgent, and let me have my ...y. As we marched along we had to pass a dark stream of water called the Race. It turned the machinery of some paper and cotton mills, and it never looked happy and light-hearted like a river, but always solemn and mournful, as if it had to work hard, and had no time to be merry. We were just passing a bend in the Race, when there came a gust of wind and it blew my pretty blue parasol clear out of my hand, and into the very middle of the stream. I felt dreadfully, for I was proud of my parasol, and I was afraid mother would think I had been careless, but I shut my lips tight, and winked back my tears, and just marched on.

"'There's no getting that parasol back, little girl,' cried a big boy. 'It's going out to the ocean straight.'

"'No,' said another, 'its going into the teeth of the big wheels, and you'll never see it again.'

"It cannot be helped," I said. "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to spoil the Fourth of July with crying over a parasol."

"That was only accident Number One. By the time we reached the Common, my pretty gown looked draggled and dirty, and a bit of my ruffle had come loose and been stepped on. I felt much distressed, but I fortunately thought of a text I had lately learned about your adorning not being of pearls and broidered raiment, and that kept me up! The last straw was reached when Rulif Maconber spilled a glass of lemonade in my lap through his clumsiness. He was the most awkward lad. I was frantic in my mind then, for I was a spectacle to gaze at, but I was so sorry for him, that I controlled myself. I was a sight to behold! Not fit to march home with all the nice-looking children whom nothing ever happened to. What would my dear tidy mother say to me? I was much disturbed when, 'Jump into the carriage Miss Betty,' said a pleasant voice, 'and I'll drive you home.'

"It was young Chris Murray, on his first vacation from college, and he told me afterward that he fell in love with me that Fourth, all draggled and soiled and forlorn as I was. Any girl who could keep her temper as I did, he felt was a girl to tie to. And," added grandmother, musingly, "we were very happy together for fifty years, Chris and I."

We who listened, were silent then. We knew what a beautiful love-match it had been, and how sweet, and strong, and true had been the bond uniting those married friends; what a source of blessing that home had been, and how much good they had done to their generation. In the whole world there is no more perfect type of heaven than a Christian household, where husband and wife are united in love and fidelity, and both are serving the Master.

"Yes," said Grandmother Murray, going on, as if she had not paused, "we had fifty years of joy and sorrow, shared, here; we shall have all eternity and no sorrow, there!" A look of rapt illumination glowed in her countenance."

"Girls," she added, "I've often been grateful to my dear mother for teaching me not to make a fuss, to keep from showing impatience; to hold my tongue and my face in check, even when I was a child. Much of my life's happiness has come from that habit of outward serenity."

"And," she went on again, "I believe in patriotism, I believe in big guns, and flying flags, and drums, and bugles, and processions, and fireworks on the Fourth. I believe in loving my country and standing up for her, and never being ashamed of her, dear land of the free, and home of the brave. I believe in celebrating the Fourth of July! Even with thunder of cannon, and blazing of rockets, and beating of drums."

"So do we all of us, dear grandmother," said Mildred, soothingly.

Then Lucy went to the piano and struck up America," and we sang,

My Country 'tis of Thee.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Bible in Armenia.

One notable result of the Armenian persecution has been to greatly increase the love and reverence of the Armenian people for the Bible. Rev. M. Bowen, a missionary, writes: Prof. Rendell Harris, of Cambridge University, has recently gone into the Oorfa region with his wife, in the hope of being able to help in the relief work. He writes me from Aintab, that there is a great demand for Bibles in excess of the supply; the fact is we are in the midst of an increased and increasing interest in religion; the meetings are thronged, and the tide is rising. Now is the time to distribute Scriptures freely. In many other places also, the disposition to read the Bible is stronger than has ever been known. If one poor person receives a copy, it finds its way to the hands of others too poor to buy for themselves, by whom it is borrowed and read with great eagerness and reverence. In many places where Bibles have been carefully stored away in closets, they are now taken down and eagerly searched for the consolations which these poor people so deeply crave. At one place, a Bible left some two years ago in a Turkish prison is reported to be now doing a good work among the prisoners confined there. One colporteur describes it as one of the pleasantest experiences of his whole life to be permitted to visit the devastated villages, carrying to the impoverished people clothing and food, but above all things else, carrying to them the Bible, which the people eagerly welcome with tears of gratitude. The book must be distributed far and wide, whether money can be paid for it or not.

Bibles Burned in Peru.

It will be remembered by many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that a report was published several months ago to the effect that the Mayor of San Miguel, Peru, had seized and caused to be burned in the public square all the Bibles contained in the local agency of the American Bible Society. Particulars of the event have lately appeared in a newspaper of Callao. These show that the shameless proceeding was instigated by the parish priest in violation of the rights of property and without lawful authority. He wrote to the Alcalde (Mayor) requesting that the Bibles be seized and burned. They were seized and delivered to the priest who gave therefor this receipt:

I have received of the alcade, Hon. Jose Quiros, on account of the charges I have made, the following books which are all Protestant: 23 Bibles of different sizes, 26 Testaments, 37 Gospels, 8 Psalms, and 9 Gospel Hymns, all to be burned in the square of this city; and in testimony of the same, I give these presents. JUAN B. QUIROY.

The burning took place in the presence of a large crowd. Such an act speaks more eloquently than words of the dense religious ignorance, fanaticism and intolerance that still prevail in Peru. Christians everywhere should pray for its enlightenment.

In striking contrast with this are the facts recorded in a letter from Rev. I. M. Channon, from Kusaie, Gilbert Islands. There the Bible has been translated into a heathen tongue and given to the people, so lately savages, and they are now diligently studying it.

Hungary's Gala Year.

The Climax of the Millennial Festival—The New Parliament Buildings.

DURING the past month the brilliant festivities at Budapest, in connection with the Hungarian Millennial Exhibition, reached their height, the climax being the fetes and demonstrations in celebration of the anniversary of the coronation of Francis Joseph I. On that occasion, the splendid new houses of Parliament were the centre of universal interest. The Parliament Buildings (shown in the illustration on this page), are situated close to the river Danube, and facing the old Royal Castle at Buda. It is said that no existing Houses of Parliament can compare in architectural beauty or interior decorations with these buildings, which far surpass those at Westminster. The Hungarians have such an intense love of liberty that they have erected this grand edifice at a cost of almost sixteen million florins. No one homogeneous style has been adhered to; in the lofty cupola a resemblance to the Byzantine is observable, but Italian Gothic prevails. This mixture of styles, of course, it shares with most modern monumental buildings. The inside of the edifice is of fabulous magnificence, glittering with granite, marble, and gold. The grand staircase and the extensive lobbies are decorated with great magnificence. Though ten years have elapsed since the building was begun, the interior is not yet wholly finished. Some eighty over life-sized figures of Hungarian kings and heroes serve to adorn the House of Commons, and many statues of magnates, the lobbies and halls.

NEW HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT BUDAPEST.

About one hundred Congresses are to be held at Budapest during the present summer, representing the various literary, scientific, artistic, and other institutions and societies. On July 5, a superb monument to Arpad, the founder of the Hungarian state and its first monarch, was unveiled in the great Plain of Pustaszer, where he and the representatives of the people made their first Constitutional agreement. Six other great historical monuments are to be unveiled at different places between July 19 and Oct. 18. On Aug. 23, the new Parliament building will be formally opened. One highly important international event will be the opening of public traffic on the new canal at the Iron Gate in the Danube near Orsova, on Sept. 27.

The canal as now carried out by Hungary alone, will cost five million florins, while the cost of the whole undertaking will amount to eighteen million florins. Although the blasting was begun in 1890, yet the work will not be finished for another year or more. The loss of life connected with it has been great, some two hundred men having been drowned or killed while blasting. The canal is two kilometres long and seventy-three metres broad, whereas the the Suez Canal is only twenty-seven metres, and the Baltic Canal thirty-two metres broad.

A Soldier's Bible.

A Virginia paper relates that W. H. Rains of Treakies, Lancaster County, has in his possession a soiled and tattered Bible which he picked up on the battlefield of the second Chancellorsville, shortly after the battle. Its leaves bear this inscription: "O, may I its pages study and take heed, God being my helper. Wm. Owen, Co. K, N. Y. Volunteers." Over thirty have passed since the Bible was dropped on the field of strife. Now that it has been so strangely recovered, it will doubtless be cherished as a sacred memento of those anguished days when mothers were praying for their absent sons, many of whom they should never see again on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
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What Keeps Us Back.

WE all need a more intense Christian life, quicker heart-throb of affection, and stouter grip of duty. I am yet to find the man who has come up to the standard of Christian character which he has marked out for himself. We can, sometimes, in looking back upon our life, find that there were times when we were progressing quite rapidly in Christian experience; but when we look over the whole field of our progress, we are amazed that we have made so little advancement, that we have gone ten miles where we ought to have gone twenty, that there are so many heights above that we might have attained with only a little more courage and persistence. If we are in a public conveyance, and we do not get on as fast as we want to; if the speed of our travel does not correspond with the timetable, we look out of the window, and wonder what is the matter, and ask questions as to why all this tardiness, and are impatient until we have found out.

How strange it is that in this journey heavenward, in which so much more is involved, we should be so well satisfied with slowness of progress, or with no progress at all. I think we are all asking ourselves the questions: What detains us? What discomfits us? What upsets us? Why am I here on this low level of Christian experience when I might have gone farther on in acquaintance with God, and farther up in the attainment of a heroic Christian character?

One reason is the depressed religious and moral atmosphere all about us. It is a simple fact that we have very few specimens of eminent Christian character in our day. We are apt to be contented with being just what our fellows are. If they have gained fifteen degrees of spiritual life, we want just fifteen degrees and no more. We look at some man moderately consistent in the Church of God, and we say, "If I could only have his faith, I would be satisfied; if I could only have his consecration to God, that would do." And we struggle until we come to that plane, and stop and seat ourselves in some prayer-meeting, and look around and find ourselves just as good as the ordinary one. We need to recognize the fact that there is all around about us in this day a depressed religious atmosphere. There are few persons in the Church of God at this day, if there ever have been, whom we can afford to copy. I remember very well, when at school, I made the same mistake all the way down on every line, to the bottom of the page. And depend upon it, when we attempt to copy any man's Christian character, we copy all the slips, all the faults, all the defects. There is only one great example, and that is the example of Jesus Christ, so perfect that it is beyond all criticism, and the nearer we come to that the nearer we come to a thorough consecration to God.

I will say that if there were in your employ in the store a boy so unfaithful to your interests as we have been to our Master, you would not have patience with him for a single week. After the first day you would have discharged him. You would have said to such an one: "You have no regard for my interests. I am certain that you never can faithfully serve me with your ideas of what is right in a store." Yet God has sent us out in the world. He has offered us the largest wages; he has told us our chief business is to serve him; and yet at what a poor rate we have gone on in his service. I think the very first thing to do is to explore our own spiritual beggary. I think the Church of Christ will never march to a higher standard of Christian character until it finds out its own leanness in its present condition. Oh! for more faith and consecration, Instead of being satisfied when we have come up beside those who are just ordinary Christians in the Church, we must surpass them in our spirit of zeal, and in our faithfulness of service.

Challenged.

A DOCTOR challenged the proprietor of a soap factory to mortal combat on account of slanderous utterances. Here is the body of the letter, poor spelling and all:

"Sir I understand from Good Authority that you have been defameing my character I grant you the privilege of choosing between Long and Short Soards or pistols and the time and place. You will meet me with your Second. Waiting a reply I remain &c."

It is a mystery to us how the taking of another's life can cure defamation. If the proprietor of the soap factory was guilty of slander, he ought, to say the least, to have been dropped into his own vats,—the most appropriate punishment for falsehood being a plunge in lye. But not knowing either of the parties, nor the charges made, we are disposed to think that the derogatory statements were true, for duelling is murder, and if a man wishes to commit murder, we are ready to think him guilty of any other possible crime. Life is short enough at the longest, and we had better not do anything in its abbreviation. The world is large enough for us and our enemies. If the two parties just now spoken of cannot stand it anywhere near each other, we propose that the doctor set up medical practice on Montauk Point, and the proprietor start a soap factory in the south of Florida. That would be safest for them, being beyond the reach of each other's short swords, and it would be an improvement to all the intermediate neighborhoods.

For Sale.

WE read some time ago that the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was for sale. It is a great place of caverns and labyrinths, visited only by torches, its roofs illumined by rockets, sunlight finding no entrance there.

Offered for sale? It is a most enchanting place to visit, but it is the last property on earth we want to purchase. Who would want to buy the darkness. Rather should we prefer a half acre of sunlit land than ten miles of gloomy substratum. Yet ever and anon there are mammoth caves in the market. Gloomy books, gloomy theories, gloomy dispositions. Sometimes, while we read or listen or associate, we feel a chill creeping up our back, and a shadow falling upon our eyes, and we are overborne with depression, till some bright face or paragraph breaks upon us from an open door or portfolio. We would not give ten cents for all the caverns ever created. Give us a mountain-top of bracing air and wide prospect, and you may have the Mammoth Cave and all the other dampness.

Take the Wagon.

WE read that a merchant prince, the other day, not finding his carriage, got in his dry-goods wagon and rode to his place of business. The reason we do not get on better with our secular and religious work is that we start too late, and are apt to wait for the carriage. The worms are all caught before our birds get there. A day that does not begin before eight o'clock is apt not to begin at all. The vast majority of men are just too late in matters of business as well as in matters of the soul. We are all waiting for the carriage. We want to go in style, and be highly appreciated as we go along, and so fail of reaching the terminus in time. It is the men who are willing to walk, or take the first wagon that comes, who get set down at the point of honor and success. We have tens of thousands of Christians who would like to do good, but who want the work highly elegant and respectable. They let their entire day of opportunity go by while they are waiting for the carriage.

The Milwaukee Convention.

ON the opposite page is a picture, for which we are indebted to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, of the magnificent Exposition building in which the Baptist Young People's Union will this week hold its sixth International Convention. When at last year's Convention at Baltimore, Md., it was voted to hold the 1896 Convention at Milwaukee, Wis., the gratification manifested by the delegates from that city plainly showed how warm would be the welcome the Union would receive. Preparations were commenced at an early date, and when the delegates begin to pour into the city to-day from the Departments of the Gold, the Red, the Blue, and the Green, they will finds their hosts thoroughly organized to give them a truly Western greeting. All the Baptist Churches and missions in the city will have open doors to-night, and in each there will be songs of praise and many prayers for the blessing of God on the mighty gathering. Thursday is the first day of the Convention proper. The meetings begin at 6:30 A. M. with four prayer meetings, which will be held in four Baptist churches in different quarters of the city. At ten o'clock the great meeting in the Exposition Building will be called to order under the presidency of Mr. John H. Chapman, the President of the Union. Dr. Wilkins will read his report of progress which, it is understood, is of a most encouraging character. There will be an afternoon session, followed by four Workers' Conferences in adjacent churches at which various special departments of work will be considered. These are: The Prayer Meeting; Tracts and Publications; Temperance and Evangelism, and the State and Provincial Unions. These Workers' Conferences were found especially helpful last year and they will attract still larger numbers at this Convention. The evening session in the Exposition Building will deal with the same lines of work, each of which has a speaker of practical experience to speak upon it. Similar meetings will be held on Friday, varied by the State and Provincial Rallies when the delegations will march from the Exposition Building to the buildings assigned respectively to them, and will there hold informal reception meetings. Saturday morning will be given to the rallies of the four great Departments. The afternoon session is the property of the Juniors and will be a pleasant surprise to those delegates who do not know the progress that has been made in this department. Three sessions on Sunday, closing with the great Consecration Meeting, will bring this Convention to a conclusion. That it will be a time of enthusiasm, stimulus and abiding helpfulness there can be no doubt.

BRIEF NOTES.

Subscribers Responding to our Offer Send a Lily of the Field gathered in Palestine this summer, to any one who supplies us with two names and addresses, will please remember the names must be those of Protestant church members or Sunday School workers.

Rev. Horace N. Bonar, Son of the L Dr. Horatius Bonar, has been elected to the Free ch of Salton, in the Presbytery of Haddington, Sc

The Highest Price on Record for Lan was reached at the recent sale of a plot of land in London, near the Bank of England, which was sold at the rate of twelve and a half million dollars an a

The Reformed Dutch Church has Un taken en a mission among the Bohemians in New Y The Rev. Mr. Molnar, a Bohemian, recent gra of McCormick Seminary, has been commis to conduct it.

Evangelist James R. Pratt has secu the old buildings of Downer College, Fox Lake for use during the summer months for Bible The students are largely members of the Young Men's Christian Association, of whtch Mr. Pra State Secretary.

The Ocean Grove Season was Open on June 28. Rev. R. J. Daniels had charge Holiness meeting, and Rev. C. H. Yatman Young People's meeting. The latter preac the Auditorium. The surf meeting at six h tracted five thousand persons to the shore.

Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost and Dr. A. T. P are to preach in New York during the summ Pentecost preaches for Dr. John Hall, who is ing the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance don, and Dr. Pierson will preach in Dr. H Crosby's old church for his friend, Dr. Davie

Evangelist Cordner has been Cond meetings at Perry, Ia., with remarkable succ became necessary to remove the meetings to ing holding two thousand persons and this b quently been inconveniently crowded. Duri first week of the services two hundred made profession of faith.

The Enormous Wealth of the Late Hirsch, the famous Jewish philanthropist is stated by an English journal, ultimately his granddaughter, the child of his deceas She is being educated in Belgium as a Catholic. It is fortunate for Baron Hirsch's olent enterprises that he endowed them wit for their permanent support during his life.

Bishop Abram Grant, who Presided recent New York State Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in s and was sold in 1864 for six thousand dol Confederate money. He was then about se years of age. His former owner became exte poor and was relieved some four months ag the Bishop's pocket.

At the close of the Washington Chr Endeavor Convention, Dr. F. E. Clark will sail Europe, and be absent from this country Dr. Clark will spend a large part of the yea Continent in the interest of Christian En work, as Societies are increasing rapidly i mental countries. He will also visit India an tralia or South Africa, and possibly Japan and

The First National Convention of Me Christian Endeavor Societies was held rece Zacatecas. Delegates came from various p the country, from Yucatan, and from Vera Cru from Sonora. The usual features of a C. E. co tion were as successful in Mexico as in the U States. Some Endeavorers rode five days on back in order to be present, and two walked Guadalajara, 150 miles distant.

The *Independent* Publishes an Impo temperance fact: "In the excavation of the St at Delphi, by the French, an important inscr has been found which contains some prescri on the diet of the athletes. Among other r tions there is one which forbids them the use wine. New wine, of course, is not unintoxi wine; it is wine that has become thoroughly holic but has not been mellowed by age."

The Washington Correspondent of *Christian Intelligencer* reports that saloon-keepe that city are bitter and pronounced opponents bicycle. Their customers have taken to riding a the city and into the country, breathing pure a stead of loafing in the saloons, smoking or pla billiards or cards. The correspondent states th personally knows of more than one wife wh thanking God for her husband's deliverance intemperance through the bicycle.

Rev. and Mrs. Nikambe, the Hindu Ch tian workers from Bombay, whose portraits app ed last week in this journal, have a deeply int ing story to tell of life and work among their fe countrymen, and of the conditions of life in In where Mrs. Nikambe has been very succe among the child wives and widows. Any cle desiring to hear their lecture, which is intensely teresting and instructive, may communicate them by addressing them in the care of THE C TIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The New Committee Chosen at the Bos S. S. Convention to prepare the International L sons for the next term of years consists of Wa Randolph, D.D., Baptist; Mr. B. F. Jacobs, lay A. F. Schauffler, D.D., Presbyterian; A. E. Dunn D.D., Congregational; F. E. Kephart, D.D., Ch Brethren; Mr. John R. Pepper, Methodist; P John R. Sampey, D.D., Baptist; Mosheim Rhe D.D., Lutheran; John Potts, D.D., Methodist; Stahr, D.D., Reformed; Prof. J. I. D. Hinds, Ph. Presbyterian; F. E. Dyer, D.D., Christian; H Warren, D.D., Methodist; Prof. W. W. Moore, D. Presbyterian; and Principal F. I. Rexford, B Protestant Episcopal.

Pundita Ramabai, who was Severely Cr years ago in this country some years ago for not de ing her school near Bombay distinctly Christ has made a statement which places her attit among her people beyond mistake. Twelve ch widows in the school recently made public prof sion of Christianity. A disturbance followed, which the young men of the school developed ous tendencies. Pundita Ramabai bravely fa the hall full of enraged students and having decl ed that she had kept her promise not to use und influence in favor of Christianity, stated her fi conviction that Hinduism was the cause of the gradation of the community and that Christia was their only hope. Her courageous words calme the storm and peace was restored.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

In response to numerous inquiries concerning our Premium Library, we will say that we can supply, for the time being, a limited demand. The books contained in the Library are as follows:

Around the Tea-Table.....T. DeWitt Talmage.
Book of Golden Deeds.....Charlotte M. Yonge.
Readings and Recitations.....Fernie.
Golden Treasury.....Bogatzky.
The Children's Portion.....Sheppell.
How to Get On in the World.....Calhoun.
Capital Stories by Am. Authors.....Hawthorne.
American Citizens' Handbook.....Mann.
A Budget of Christmas Tales..Charles Dickens.
Parlor Amusements and Etiquette.....Sandison.

The price, including case, delivered all charges prepaid, is $2.

F. T., Hildreth, Nebr. What is meant in Heb. 6: 18, by the "two immutable things" in which it was impossible for God to lie?

The "two immutable things" are his word of counsel, and his oath, (see v. 17.) This was done after the manner of confirming covenants in which the oath is superadded to the word, and the Almighty was thus pleased to demonstrate to "the heirs of promise" beyond all question, the strength, endurance, and steadfastness of the divine promise.

J. At the Atlanta Exposition, there were many nude figures in the most public places; they were beautiful specimens, yet so true to nature that no modest person could look upon them without blushing. Do you not think such exhibitions cause evil thoughts in the minds of many people?

The average public taste is not educated up to the appreciation of such works of art, and they are consequently liable to be misunderstood, and therefore to be more likely to do harm than good. While they may be entirely suitable for an exhibition open to artists only, we do not believe they are helpful to people minds, but rather the reverse, and therefore undesirable in a popular exhibition.

J. V., Edentown, O. Why is the Bible called the Bible?

It is a term that has been Anglicized from the Latin, *Biblia*, and the Greek, *Libelli*, meaning simply "little books," and since the fifth century has been applied to the Sacred Scriptures, the phrase generally used being "Holy Bible." The Jews denominated the Sacred Books as the *Writings*. In early Anglo-Saxon literature, the term *Bibliothece* (the same as in Middæval Latin), was employed in referring to the Scriptures, as "the great treasure-house of books." This gradually became crystallized into the briefer term *Bible* (The Book), now generally used throughout the Christian world.

J. R. F., Pittsburg, Pa. I am one of your "Patrons" of the Bowery Mission, and am deeply interested in the result of the work there. Lately I have not seen much mention of the Mission in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Would you kindly inform me how it is progressing? My contribution was sent in two weeks ago.

We take pleasure in publishing below, for the information of our correspondent and all others interested, this synopsis of the work of the Bowery Mission during the year ending April 1, 1896:

RECAPITULATION:	
Gospel Meetings Held	469
Men Professed Conversion	3,674
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	40,768
Meals Served in Restaurant	588,321
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary opened Aug. 20, 1895	1,669
Surgical Cases	736
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was secured	913

J. A. E. Pitcher, Long Island City, N. Y. 1. Are Mrs. Palmer's class-meetings that were formerly held at No. 316 East Fifteenth street, New York City, continued yet and at what place? I have been to the old place at Fifteenth street but was told that her meetings, since her death, were stopped at this house. 2. Where can I obtain Mrs. Palmer's book, entitled: *The Way to Holiness*, and the cost?

1. They are now held at 253 East Eighteenth street, the residence of Dr. Miles W. Palmer. 2. You can procure it of Geo. Hughes & Co., 30 Bible House, New York; price, fifty cents.

J. Remsen, Providence, R. I. What is the legend of the Wandering Jew?

This has already been explained several months ago in THE MAIL-BAG, but for the benefit of others, the story may be briefly related: One of the fantastic legends of the wandering Jew is that a man spat upon the Saviour as he passed to Calvary bearing his cross, and the Master mournfully turned toward him and spoke these memorable words: "Tarry thou till I come." Another is that a shoemaker named Ahasuerus, whose shop was on the road leading from the Judgment Hall to Golgotha, saw the sorrowful procession coming with Jesus bending under the burden of the Cross. The Saviour was about to place the Cross against the building and rest on the steps, but Ahasuerus drove him away with curses. The legend adds: "As Jesus turned from press on, he turned to the shoemaker and firmly said, 'I soon shall cease my journey and lay this burden aside forever, but thou shalt wander over the earth until I come again.'" The astonished man shut his shop that day, and began the endless journey which should last until the judgment." Another legend, preserved by the Armenian Church, gives the wanderer's name as Cartaphilus, one of Pilate's door-keepers, who struck Jesus and commanded him to "Go faster."

S. C. T., New Lexington, O. When was the Bible first translated into the Chinese language, and by what denomination of Christians?

The first translation was that prepared by Robert Morrison, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, under whose supervision the entire New Testament was published in 1814, the Old Testament in 1818, and a dictionary in 1823.

R. Altman, Milwaukee, Wis. Some of the statements in Rev. Mr. Greene's book, "The Rule of the Turk," are so startling as to seem incredible. Is he a reliable writer, and possessed of good facilities for information?

Rev. Dr. Greene, himself a missionary, and the son of a missionary to Armenia, has not made a single statement in his book that is not absolutely true. Mr. Gladstone and nearly 100 eminent men here and abroad fully endorse it. Much of it is set down as the result of personal observation, and the rest is drawn from unassailable sources. As a whole, we consider it the best and most accurate presentation of the Armenian question, the atrocities and persecutions of that miserable people that has yet appeared. It has incensed the Turkish government because of its fearless truth-telling. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sometime ago, wishing to lay so thorough a work widely before its readers, obtained a supply of copies of the latest illustrated edition. A copy of the book will be mailed, postage prepaid, to any reader who sends 25 cents to this office.

THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION AT MILWAUKEE, WIS—THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

(See article on opposite page.)

Reader, Winnebago Valley, Minn. What is meant by the expression in Luke 6: 35, "And lend, hoping for nothing again?"

The word "lend" here may be interpreted in the sense of "relieve"—to aid, hoping for no return, or if lending, then to abstain from any demand for restitution. The purpose of the passage is to kindle the spirit of Christian helpfulness and benevolence without expectation of reward or return.

M. J., Hudson, N. Y. Can you kindly inform me how many children Roger Williams had and their names? We are direct descendants, but can only trace our own family.

Oscar S. Straus, who wrote his life, mentions six children. The eldest child was Mary, the youngest, Joseph; the eldest son was named Providence. Another son was named Daniel, who had a son named Roger, born May, 1680. Doubtless all the facts relative to his immediate family can be found in the life written by James D. Knowles, and published in Boston, in 1833, or in that written by William Grammell, published in Boston, 1846. They are sure to be found in most public libraries.

"Reader," Kewanee, Ill. 1. Does the great image of Daniel 2 refer to any modern nation? 2. Can the Roman Catholic Church be regarded as a Christian Church?

1. Daniel plainly declares the kingdoms which the various parts of the image typify (Daniel 2: 36-45). They were in the order of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome. Prophetic expositors generally believe that the ten toes typify a revival of the Roman empire, still in the future, in which ten kings, or Republican Presidents, ruling over the countries which eighteen hundred years ago constituted the Roman Empire, will be joined in a federation, and so reconstitute the Roman Empire, and that it will be overthrown by the kingdom of Christ typified in Daniel by "the stone cut without hands," which will then fill the earth. 2. The title cannot properly be denied it, though it is so corrupt and there is so much of Mariolatry, saint-worship, priestcraft, and reliance on form and ceremony, that the part of Christ in it is infinitesimal. There is enough of Christ in it to keep it alive, like the salt that preserves the carcass.

C. V. P., Camp Point, Ill. Why is this called the nineteenth century when we have not yet reached the year 1900?

It is the nineteenth century. The year 100 completed the first century; the year 101 began the second century, 201 the third, and so on until 1801 which was the beginning of the nineteenth.

The following from a well known missionary in Micronesia will interest many readers:

HONOLULU, H. I.

Since reaching these islands a few days ago, I have received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two letters, each enclosing drafts, one for two dollars and the other for ten dollars, and I write to say that they have reached me safely, and to thank you and the donors for this help for our work. I am on my way returning to Ruk, after an absence in the home land. There are many dark features in all parts of the Micronesian field, and we greatly need the prayers of all God's people that the Christian converts be more steadfast, that the island of Ponape may be again opened to missionaries, and that God's Spirit may be poured out upon missionaries, native teachers, and the great mass of people who are not yet reached. There are to be some unusual expenses in our mission at Ruk this year, and I doubt not we shall find just the right place to apply this money which you have so kindly sent. Yours in Christian service,

MRS. MARY E. LOGAN.

"Inquirer," Brooklyn, N. Y. A Mormon teacher who is here on a mission from Utah is claiming that Mormonism is a higher development of Christianity. Is there any ground for his claim?

No, it is rather a burlesque and degradation of Christianity. Their beliefs that Adam is another name for God; that the Book of Mormon is a revelation from God; that Jesus was a polygamist and other shocking doctrines, are sufficient to prove that Mormonism is antagonistic to Christianity. The history of the Mormon Church and the acts of the Danites prove that it is as completely opposed to Christianity in practice as it is in doctrine.

Miss J. B., Washington, D.C. In Dr. Talmage's sermon on the "Sparrows," he says: "Each man is probably doing the very work for which he is best suited," etc. I fear some ignorant people will think that those now engaged in the liquor traffic, may thus be excused; besides, does it not seem that many make grave mistakes in selecting vocations? It seems to me that many are in humble employments who have gifts for great work and *vice versa*.

There is no doubt as to the applicability of the passage in the sermon to the average case. Most people naturally gravitate to the class of work for which they are best suited, by inherited taste, training or environment. The remark is intended to be applied to all honorable industries or callings, but carries with it no excuse for the selection of an immoral or depraved business like rum-selling, any more than it is intended to excuse a pickpocket or a house-breaker.

Constant Reader, Grand Lodge, Mich. 1. Why does the Preacher appear to speak against righteousness. Eccles. 7: 16? 2. What is the meaning of Christ's advice about mammon (Luke 16: 9)? 3. What does the passage about the zeal of his house (John 2: 17) refer to?

1. The Preacher is recounting the various stages of his experience and putting in a dramatic form what he said in each stage while he was seeking for the highest good. At this stage he had the idea that in moderation and the avoidance of extremes happiness was to be found. He said, "Be not righteous overmuch," probably referring to asceticism, fasting and self-mortification. There was danger in that of a man losing all the good of life. He adds a caution against the other extreme which might cause a man to die before his time. But even this moderation did not prove satisfactory, and as you read on you find him searching for happiness in other ways. The book needs to be read as a whole to be properly understood. 2. The meaning is not clear, and several suggestions have been made. The most acceptable is that Christ showed how money might be appiled to yield eternal good. In his parable of the judgment (Matt. 25: 31-46) he intimated that the Christian who was careful to relieve the poor would receive a special reward. Thus his words might be paraphrased that those who devoted their wealth (mammon of unrighteousness, the god of the unrighteous) to succoring their needy brethren would find when they died that those whom they helped would be waiting to welcome them to heaven. 3. Simply that his love for God and his temple was the absorbing passion of his being.

"Reader," Norwalk, Conn. If a girl who is a member of a church receives gifts of flowers and other attentions from a married man and writes notes to him, is she not acting dishonorably, and has not the man's wife a right to demand that she vindicate herself?

Possibly if all the circumstances were told impartially, the affair might assume a different complexion from that it wears at first sight. The girl's conduct may have been indiscreet and thoughtless, rather than dishonorable. In any case, the man is chiefly to blame. The wife will be wise in adopting the most charitable view of the circumstances, and may save herself some sorrow and the girl much harm by a kindly and gentle talk with her, which is more likely to promote the good of all concerned than a fierce demand for vindication.

Reader, Deer Isle, Me. If in the resurrection the body is to be free from imperfections, neither maimed nor halt, how are we to account for the wounds which were distinctly perceptible in Christ's body?

The wounds were not imperfections like blindness or lameness. We can imagine that such marks might remain on one of Christ's followers as distinctions if they were inflicted in his service. The new body which God will give at the resurrection will be a spiritual body, and will without doubt be perfect in all its parts. (See I. Cor. 15: 35-44.)

N. B., Kansas City, Pa. 1. Can a candidate for office be a good man if he stands on a bad platform? 2. Please explain 1. Cor. 3: 15.

1. Good and bad in a question of this nature are apt to be doubtful terms. If you mean an immoral platform, that is, to be the candidate of a party pledged to do something contrary to the law of God, the answer must be in the negative. But if by bad, you mean detrimental to the public interests, there is some doubt, because the man may honestly believe that the policy which you and others consider bad is really good. 2. That a man who does Christian work from an unworthy motive, or does it in the wrong way must not expect a reward. He just gets into heaven but does not have the commendation—the abundant entrance that a man has who does good and faithful service.

C. Danielson, Evan, Minn. Have we any right to keep the first day of the week as the Sabbath when we know that Christ kept the seventh day? Have we any proof that Christ changed the day?

No proof whatever, and the probability is that he did not change it. Neither is there any proof that we observe the first day as the Sabbath. In fact we do not. The consistent Christian would be miserable on Sunday if he kept it according to Old Testament law. He is not keeping Sabbath (or rest), but spends the day in holy activity, in the Sunday School, or some other occupation in his Lord's service. Nor is there any proof that Christ kept the seventh day as the Sabbath. The only references to his connection with the day are complaints of his breaking it. Cavillers and people who were concerned about the letter of the law, and ignored its spirit, as many do in the present day, were continually finding fault with him for not observing the Sabbath, as some people of similar spirit now find fault with his followers for devoting the first day of the week to his service. If you will turn to Acts 15: 28, 29, you will find what Gentile Christians were required to do. No mention is made there of their keeping the Sabbath and it is expressly stated that no other burden than those mentioned is laid upon them. If you wish, however, to keep the seventh day as a Sabbath, do so by all means. There are specific instructions as to how to observe a Sabbath, and if you need more, any orthodox Jew will furnish you with a list of several hundred things which you must not do if you observe it properly. But do not neglect the Lord's Day, which by the common consent of Christendom, is dedicated to the Lord's service.

May Coe, Quincy, Ill. We know of no opening at present.——Subscriber, Pontiac, Mich. Write to Barnes & Co., publishers, New York.——Presbyterian, Oxford, Neb. There will always be found some Shimei, to stand by the wayside and abuse the passer-by. To heed such attacks would be a waste of precious time.——Several Readers. Write to Mr. Foster, *The Knapsack*, Chicago, Ill., for all information relative to the Boys' Brigade.——E. L. M., Ramer, Ala. 1. Presbyterians. 2. A good concordance, a commentary, and the Expositors' Bible series. Any bookseller can procure them for you. 3. We do not know the organization. 4. Under proper conditions, yes.——Thomas Lawson, Grayson, Mo. Write to A. S. Barnes & Co., or to the American Book Co., publishers, New York.——Mrs. N., Ripley, O. The address of the Bowery Mission is 105 Bowery, New York.——Robert Law, Stuart Burn, Man. Broadway, New York, is sufficient address.——Subscriber, Toronto, Can. Write to New York Coin and Stamp Co., 853 Broadway, New York.——Friend, Louisville, Ky. We can send you a CHRISTIAN HERALD Binder, for the whole year's issue for seventy-five cents.——H. Langenberg, Winside. We know of none.——D. A. B., Tataur Station, S. C. Write to Potter & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" passes away—A Remarkable Christian.

FEW names have been held in greater love and admiration in Christian homes the world over than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who died at Hartford, on July 1. For two generations, her literary genius and the deep, womanly sympathy that marked all she wrote, charmed the young and the old. Burdened with the infirmities of age, weakened mentally and physically by prolonged sickness and worn out with an unusual share of domestic troubles, death came as a merciful relief and she passed away as peacefully as a child that goes to sleep secure in the loving care of its Heavenly Father.

Her name is a household word in the homes of America, and the story of her life is one that interests all. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born at Litchfield, Conn., in June, 1812, and was the seventh child of Rev. Lyman Beecher and Roxana Foote, his wife. Both parents were possessed of a keen intellectuality and great moral courage and energy, and their daughter inherited these in no small degree. The mother was a woman of rare virtues, finely educated and highly accomplished, and a model helpmeet to the husband, who was a poor and comparatively obscure minister when they were married. The father was one who believed in making his children as happy as possible, and his humor and playfulness at times contrasted strikingly with his intense earnestness and devotion in all things relating to religion. Harriet's childhood was a happy one. She early gave promise of being the most brilliant daughter of a family of famous children.

THE LATE HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Rose Terry Cooke, her chosen biographer, gives this pleasing sketch of Mrs. Stowe's childhood:

[illegible] Litchfield from which can be seen still a long stretch [illegible] sad brown stretches of fallow field and rocky upland, here and there a glimmering pond; then, great [illegible] bright sky, its vast azure expanse swept with fleecy clouds, darkened with the black banners of the thunder, or livid with north-eastern rains. She ran wild among these trees and hills, went nutting into [illegible] berries, fragrant and sweet beyond the giants of today, enticed her into the June-sweet pastures; and [illegible] summer; there was nothing foreign or unknown to [illegible] face of the earth about her, and [illegible] the great mother those [illegible] In that crowded parsonage [illegible] alities of religion revered [illegible] and agitated; and all resolved the side of God the Creator and the Governor, which lifts the human soul above the misty passions of earth and gives to its vision the width and clearness [illegible]

She received the best educational advantages Boston could afford. Miss Catharine Beecher, her sister, established a school at Boston for young ladies, assisted by Harriet, and under their joint management the [illegible] by [illegible] a prosperous one. In 1836, Harriet married Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary in Cincinnati. Popular feeling ran very high on slavery, and the West became the great battle-ground between the Pro-slavery and Abolitionist parties. The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 awoke Mrs. Stowe's dormant energies, and inspired her with "a desire to exhibit, in living, dramatic reality," the evils of the system, and in 1850 she wrote and published her celebrated work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the *National Era*. Much of it—indeed nearly all—was written in the intervals of her family duties. The excitement produced by the book was something unprecedented, for it touched all hearts. Edition after edition was published, and "Uncle Tom" became familiar in every home throughout the land.

In 1853, she crossed the Atlantic with her husband and was warmly welcomed in England by many distinguished people, including the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Sturge, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Cobden, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Carlisle, and the Duke of Argyle. Although chiefly known as the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she wrote other works. Of these, "Dred: A Tale of the Dismal Swamp," is probably the best known. Among her other works are: "The Mayflower," "Agnes of Sorrento," "Town Talk," "Pink and White Tyranny," "Lights and Shadows of New England Life," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Dancing School," "Tales of Truth and Kindness," "Temperance Tales," etc. She always actively aided philanthropic work, and was a most earnest and genial Christian woman.

Toward the close of her life, she became very feeble, both in body and mind, but her Christian faith and beautiful nature at times shone out clearly and unmistakably. On one occasion, at a garden party given in her honor, she said of her own condition: "I am now, in my old age, more interested in the other side of Jordan than this, though life still has its pleasures." The closing years were spent in a quiet rural home in Hartford, Connecticut, where she was tenderly cared for and watched over like a little child. She was a great favorite with a very large circle of friends, and was a welcome visitor in many Hartford homes. Her weak mental condition became more pronounced toward the end. In her death, America loses one of its brightest women, a true Christian, a model wife, and a friend of the poor, the unfortunate and the oppressed.

Mrs. Stowe's literary talent might have availed her little had she not had the habit of industry, which enabled her to make the best use of every spare hour at her disposal. She wrote with her soul in her pen, and her heart running over with human sympathy and kindness. It was the first instance on record where a woman's hand and brain had so deeply impressed the feelings of a nation. Her final resting-place is in the quiet cemetery behind the chapel of the theological seminary at Andover, where her husband and son were buried. There, amid a most beautiful landscape, stands a granite slab and a cross which mark the grave of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MRS. STOWE'S RESIDENCE IN HARTFORD.

THE QUIET COUNTRY HOME WHERE SHE SPENT HER CLOSING YEARS.

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Childhood in Morocco.

In Morocco, boys are sent to school when five years old. They learn their letters on a thin board, painted white, upon which they are taught to write with a piece of charcoal. They go to school until they are twenty, and are taught the laws of their false religion all through those years, when they in turn become teachers of others. In the country and mountain districts, there is less fanaticism and more freedom, writes Miss Ella C. Baldwin, who has spent several years in Morocco. There the women and girls may go with unveiled faces, but in the towns they are never allowed to go out without being entirely covered with a large veil, or "haik," and must not have but one eye exposed to view. If at fourteen years of age the girl is unmarried, she is sold by her father or brother in exchange for sheep, goats, camels, or mules—usually to the value of about one hundred and fifty dollars. Henceforth she becomes the slave and drudge of the man who buys her, and is ever made to feel herself his inferior.

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Home and its Mistress.

Before all other things in our ordinary lives, writes Mrs. Beecher, there should come first the idea of home. No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its slave; be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside ov[er] a true home, that husband and children "[rise] up and call blessed?"

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Some Time You Shall Know

LAST night, my darling, as you slept
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept.
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your br[ow]
For oh, I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

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Social Life in Calcutta.

ALTHOUGH the city of Calcutta, dia, is in the torrid zone, with intensely hot climate, life there by no means as unbearable as might imagined. Europeans living there p sess a degree of vitality and activ that would seem to contradict the popu idea of the debilitating influence of a tr ical climate. A writer in the *Indian W ness* gives this pleasing description of t city in the evening hours: See the hu dreds of men driving home in Ralli car looking as fresh as if there were no tr ical sun. See the multitudes, thousan yes, tens of thousands on the *maid* (common), standing for an hour watchi a match of tennis or hockey or footba And the players have forgotten that th are in the torrid zone and that there such a thing as a vertical sun. Men a women and children ride and drive a walk and play as though they enjoy life. The breeze that comes up from t Sunderbans is neith cold nor hot; mar that were an hou earlier on the *maid* are now in the Ed Gardens; the band playing; little chi dren run and dan and older ones pro enade with as mu vivacity as in Europ an pleasure resort The sun was hot noon to-day; and will be perhaps a li tle hotter to-morrow But there is a wo derful quality in th moisture-laden a that comes up fro the sea which, whe mixed with the dr heat of a vertical su in a cloudless sky furnishes an atmos phere in which it is positive joy to live.

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Moonlight Evenings

In these beautiful summer moonligh nights, nature is s attractive that mos people are fain to linger outdoors. In a article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Alde W. Quinnby tells us something of the rea character of moonlight. An examinatio of it with the spectroscope shows the same spectrum as that of sunlight. It would take six hundred and eighteen thousand full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only sky room for, say, seventy-five thousand of them. Some heat comes from the moon, but very little. The inclination of the moon's orbit to accounts for the "harvest" and the "hunter's" moons, which occur when the tipping is slightest, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by refraction.

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A Child's Petition.

Dear Father, whom I cannot see,
Smile down from heaven on little me;
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings about my bed.

And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
Dear God, our Father, watch and keep
Father and mother while they sleep.

Claiming the Promises.

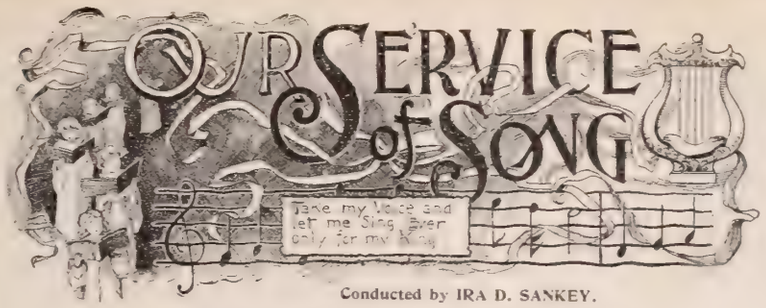
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 26. Isaiah 40: 25-31.

ONE of the most cogent evidences of the Divine origin of the Scriptures is their suitability to every age and every condition of life. They speak to the deepest needs of humanity which are the same in all times. The contrast between the conditions of our life in this busy, eager, nervous nineteenth century, and those of the times in which the books of the Bible were written could scarcely be greater than it is: yet when our turn, like our fathers or remote ancestors, turn to the sacred Book and find comfort and encouragement in its pages. Out of the skies the Lord speaks to us in its words with the Divine authority utters its promises. There is no circumstance, no crisis in human life that has not been foreseen and a special message set forth to help the man in his emergency.

The variety of these promises is never fully realized. We read a promise and there is no response found in our nature for that special boon and it passes us by without leaving any special mark; but our neighbor, the one associated with us in business, or sitting beside us in church, may be clinging to that promise with the might of his soul and risking all his hopes upon it. And by-and-by our own circumstances may change and a new value may come to us in the forgotten promise and we may seize it to help us in our need. Thus there are promises for the young, for the mature, for the aged. Promises for the rich and the poor, for the happy and the sorrowful, for him who rejoices and him who mourns, for the widow and the fatherless, and for men in every variety of spiritual experience. When the need drives us the promise awaits us.

We are not sufficiently practical about these promises. The promise of a parent or a friend counts with us and we build upon it, but the promise of God we treat with doubt and hesitancy. Take, as a specimen, the promise that he who believeth shall have eternal life. How many who know the promise and know that they believe, are yet in doubt and darkness! Innumerable promises of spiritual blessings are treated in the same manner. It is not that we doubt God's fidelity to his Word, or his ability to keep his Word, but that in some way we doubt if he means what he has said. We do not receive his promise as we would a human promise, which has infinitely less reason behind it to inspire us with confidence.

This manifestation of faith is an essential condition attached to many of the promises. It is to him that believeth that all things are possible. To take the promise and plead it in prayer and to go away with perfect confidence in its fulfilment, is an achievement possible with few. There is an idea that urgency and repetition are necessary and that God needs to be urged to do as he has said. The parable of the Unjust Judge is often quoted as confirming this practice. Yet it sustains no such view. It is true that God takes his own mode and time for the fulfilment of his promise, but the faith that he expects from us has no element of persistent pleading in it. It is the faith that is satisfied that the promise is sure and that though for his wisdom God may delay the answer, it will come when he sees that the right time has come. Such a faith is a sure source of happiness. The believer rests on the promise assured that in the end it cannot fail.

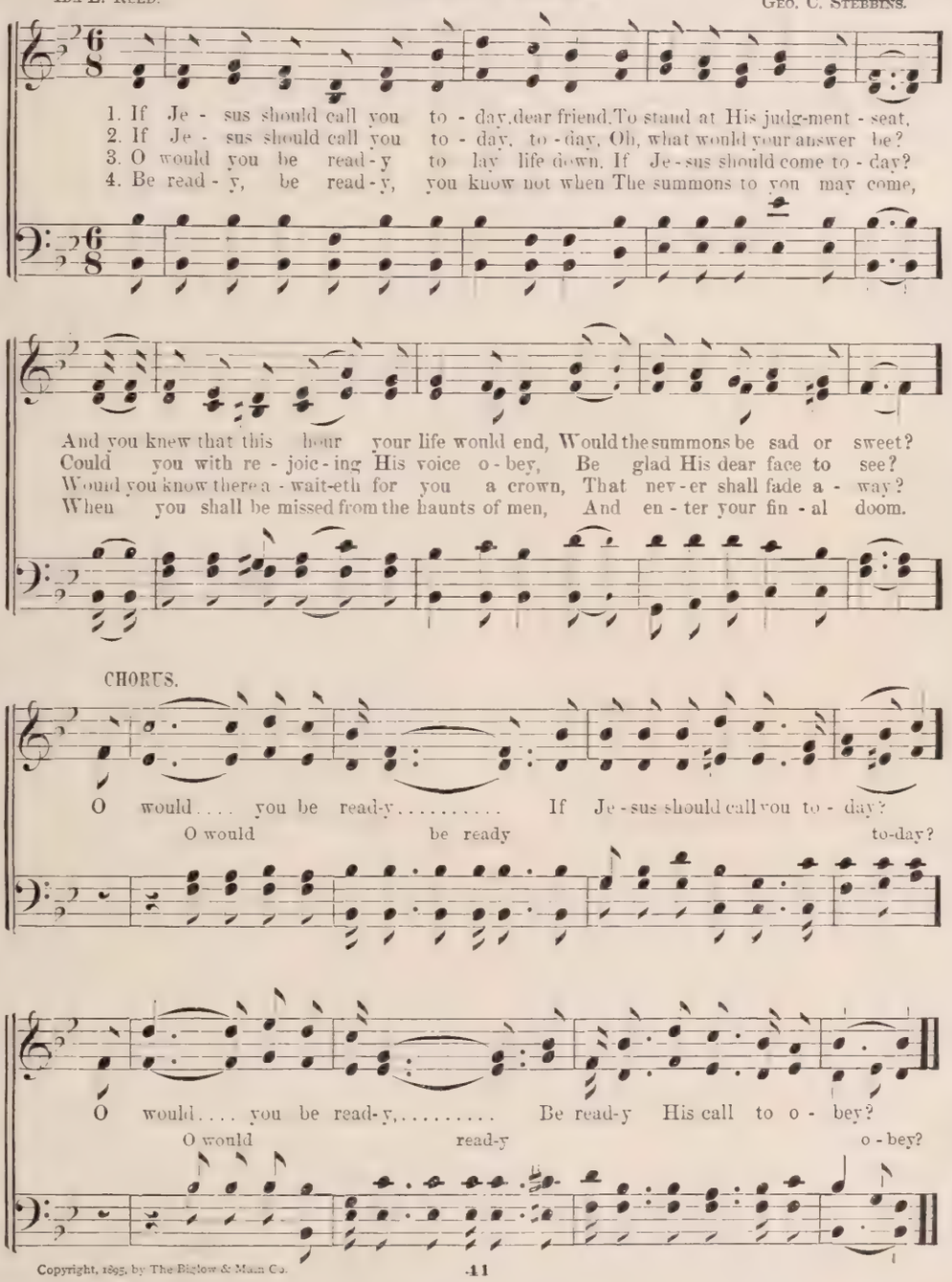


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

O WOULD YOU BE READY.

"BE YE ALSO READY."—*Matt. 24: 44.*

IDA L. REED. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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The Last Hour.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow.
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the night fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide thee,
Or heaven serene.
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise:
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If thou come late.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Closing Dispensation.

Signs in Government, in Society, and in the Church that the Dispensation is Ending.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. *

(Continued from page 515)

THE 1,260 years of the principal power of the Mohammedan Anticrist, and of the simultaneous treading down of the holy city, Jerusalem (Rev. 11: 2), reckoned from the Saracenic capture of Jerusalem and the subjugation of Palestine in A. D. 637, will terminate in the year 1897; and present events indicate that we are on the eve of the break-up of the Mohammedan power in the East. The terrible Armenian massacres will probably bring about a further and much more extensive disintegration of Turkish dominion, if not its total extinction. It may be noted that 2,300 years lunar form extend from B. C. 336, the initial date of Alexander's conquests (prominent in the prophecy of the ram and he-goat—Dan. 8), to A. D. 1897, the date of the expiration of the 1,260 solar years from the setting up of Saracenic rule in Palestine. Among all the signs of the nearness of "the end of the age," none, perhaps, are more important than those connected with the state of the Jewish people. The removal of Jewish disabilities, and coincident rise of Jewish wealth, learning, and social and political influence; the unification of the Jews by various alliances, especially the Universal Israelite Alliance, which has countless branches in the present day all over the world; the persecution of the Jews on the Continent, and particularly in Russia, where they are so numerous; and the constant growth of a national desire on the part of the Jewish people to return to the land of their fathers—all point to the proximity of the close of the "times of the Gentiles," which are throughout times of the depression and dispersion of the Jews.

The present widespread preaching of the Gospel as a witness to all nations is a further sign of the nearness of the end. To these signs it is important to add those which arise from the remarkable but much overlooked analogy of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, recognized in the foreviews of prophecy.

The Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians of the close of the Jewish dispensation have their counterparts in the present day. It is not too much to say that the fatal rejection of Christ which marked the termination of Jewish national history is being repeated on a wider scale in modern scepticism; while the cry, "Where is the promise of his coming?" and the the boast that all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation, are foretold features of "the last days," and proclaim to those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, that the advent of the Lord as a thief in the night is now indeed at hand.

"The Lord himself (1.Thess. 4), shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel," and swift as a lightning-flash, shall take place the Resurrection, the Transfiguration, and the Rapture of the Church! Assembled from earth to heaven, united, perfected, glorified, the saints shall meet the Lord in the air, and enter with him on the new life and triumphant joys and occupations of eternity. Satan shall be cast out and his dominion abolished. The saints shall judge the world and administer with Christ the affairs of his kingdom over the nations.

* Extracts from his new work, *Light for the Last Days: Or, Coming Events in the Light of Creation.* Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, N.Y.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO,

Or, The Nobility of Service

Written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER XII.

Light at Eventide.

RICHARD EVERIDGE sat in his handsome library one evening in early summer, reading a letter from his only child, Muriel, the joy of his heart:

"MY DEAREST PAPA:—We are stopping now in the quaintest little place, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, like its name, where Rip Van Winkle might have snoozed away for centuries without fear of being disturbed.

"As I told you in my last, we were on our way to Framingham, when something went wrong with the engine, and we had to stop here for repairs, and Mamma was so charmed with this little village that she decided to stay awhile; she says it seems to suit her better than any place she has seen; poor mamma, I wish she could find some place where she would be satisfied. To me, all the world seems so beautiful, but she says no one knows how to sympathize with her peculiar organization.

"That was Saturday. On Sunday morning I went to the little church; mamma was too tired, and now comes the best part of the story. I was looking 'round, watching the different families, all in their Sunday best, coming in and getting seated, when suddenly a woman's voice began to lead the little choir. I looked up with a start. She was tall and slender, and as she stood with lifted head, singing her heart out, I don't think I ever saw such a splendid carriage, even at the President's receptions in Washington. She looked like a princess among the plain, farmer folk; for a crown she had a mass of lovely soft, white hair, and the sweetest, clearest eyes I ever saw. When she was singing, 'Coronation,' which was quite appropriate for a princess, it seemed as if she would lift the whole congregation up to God.

"After the service I could not help watching her, for as you will have imagined ere this, my silly heart went out to her at once. She was the centre of a group, every one seemed to have something to say to her, and she was so nice with them all, kissing the children and having a bright smile and word for some of the most uninteresting women and stupid-looking boys I ever saw. Just as I was going out of the door, I felt a soft touch upon my arm and turned to find her beside me. I am free to confess I never received such a welcome to any church before.

"When I gave her my name she looked puzzled for a minute.—

"'Everidge,' she repeated. 'It is, it must be, she would be just about your age. I believe you are the little Muriel that my Cousin Belle used to write about. You must come home with me at once. Your father was my dear friend in the long ago.'

"And so here we are ensconced with my Princess. She has a wonderful way with her, for mamma came without making the slightest objection and seems happier than I have seen her for months.

"There are just four in the family beside Martha Spriggs, the funny old girl. My Princess, and her two stepbrothers, Stephen and Lemuel, and Polly, who has been a sufferer from spinal trouble all her life. It is the quaintest old house, with low, small rooms, except on the east side where Cousin Belle [illegible] with the prettiest bay windows, which are always full of flowers and sunshine. I think the neighbors are horrified [illegible] parlors done up in must and green paper, but the Princess says, 'Nothing is too good for Polly and the boys.' They just idolize her, and I [illegible] for, as Stephen said in his queer, blunt way, 'She comes as near to an angel as any mortal ever will.' Captain Lemuel has been all over the world and is very interesting. Mamma is so amused over his stories; Stephen is blunt, but I shouldn't be afraid to trust him with every cent I owned, and Polly is just a bundle of sweetness and patience. I wish you could see how gentle these great strong men are with her—Stephen won't let anyone but himself carry her to bed, and Lemuel is always ready to push her about in her wheel chair and talk nonsense to her till she laughs and cries together.

"And the Princess! She is just everything to everybody. I cannot fancy what the house would be without her. I only hope she won't die before Polly, for I'm sure it would kill her. She never takes her eyes off her when she is in the room, and when I teased her a little about it, her eyes filled and she cried softly.

"'It's little wonder if I do love her, after thirty years of such nursing as no one even dreamed of!' It made me almost wish to be sick myself.

"She has such a merry, tender way with her. I don't wonder Lemuel says they don't mind rainy weather since Pauline makes sunshine to order. And she is the busiest creature! I believe she carries the whole of Sleepy Hollow on her heart and shoulders. She seems to have all the destitute and afflicted under her wing, and dispenses beef tea and Bible promises with the same liberal hand.

"Oh! Papa, I am so glad we were detained at Sleepy Hollow, for at last I have found what I have been looking for—an absolutely Christian life! Your own little daughter, MURIEL."

Richard Everidge remained sunk in thought for a long time after he had kissed the large, girlish signature, then he drew a sheet of paper towards him, and wrote in his clear, bold hand,

"MY DARLING MURIEL:—I knew your Princess, as she says in 'the long ago,' and she is, as you have found her, pure gold.

"Make the most of your visit, for, next to your Bible, she is the best teacher you could have. Your loving father."

The days lengthened into weeks and the Everidges were still at the Farm.

"Why should you go?" Pauline said in her cheery, unanswerable way, when they spoke of leaving; "it does us good to have you, and it does you good to be here," and Muriel and her mother were content.

They saw much of the Princess, as Muriel called her, during their stay, but the impression the first acquaintances made on the girl increased rather than diminished. She looked at her sometimes in wonder at the perfection of her patience, and again in loving admiration as she witnessed some act of kindness or compassion. The two drew very near in those days of companionship. Muriel had her father's high spiritual nature and had imbibed his conceptions of grandeur of character. She had seen him living out his ideal and had reverenced him with filial affection. But his was a man's life, much of which was necessarily incomprehensible to the girl. In Pauline she saw a life she could more easily understand, and her feminine nature realized its difficulties and admired the spirit that overcame them.

Muriel accompanied Pauline in her visits in the village, and followed her about the house in her domestic duties. The girl was as eager to learn, as the tender, gentle woman was to impart the lessons of life. It was education in the highest sense, which is not restricted to the acquisition of knowledge. The fact is often forgotten in the training of children. Pauline had learned by hard experience the value of high and pure principles. The bitterness, the sadness the depressing monotony of her life had all done their work upon her, not in souring her, or crushing out the elasticity of her youthful spirit, but in developing the forces which draw strength from the depths of inexhaustible fulness. As the wind and the storm and the drought compel the tree to spread its roots to the hidden moisture, her nature had reached out for the grace of God.

Long conversations there were between the saintly woman and the girl in the early morning hours while the work about the farm was in progress, and Muriel could have her mentor to herself as she could not in the evening when the grave Stephen and the sprightly Captain Lemuel were on hand, and Mrs. Everidge and Polly joined in the talk. There could be no confidences then, but in the morning hours the girl could unburden herself and seek light on the problems that present themselves so perplexingly on the threshold of life. Muriel treasured the sweet encouraging words that were spoken to her so lovingly and wisely, with the tender sympathy of one who knew the cravings of the young nature, and had learned the secret of controlling them.

One morning they were together thus in the old kitchen, not now gloomy and poverty-stricken, but bright with tasteful touches that marked the presence of a cultured woman. Pauline was busy over a preserving kettle and Muriel was watching her and asking her questions about the household mysteries that were to issue in well-filled jars of preserved fruits. Both were startled by a hurried step outside and the entrance of a big boy, panting and bare-headed.

"Please, Ma'am," he said deferentially as Pauline looked up inquiringly; "Father's been run over and he's hurted dreadful and they've brought him over, and the doctor ain't come, and mother wants you to come if you can." The words poured out in a continuous stream, punctuated only by his hard breathing.

"Run back," said Pauline, "and tell your mother I'll come right away."

The boy ran away, and Pauline, putting aside her work and making a few rapid changes in her attire, set out at once.

"May I not go with you?" Muriel asked beseechingly.

Pauline hesitated a moment. "They will be in sad distress," she said, "I do not think you will like to be there, but come if you wish. It may be well for you to see real sorrow, that you may learn to sympathize."

"Do these interruptions to your work never make you impatient?" the girl asked as they hurried through the fields by a short cut to the main road.

"I remember the time when they did," Pauline answered. "I had to say over to myself, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' The law of the kingdom, you know. We, who want to be the loyal servants to the King, must know his laws and obey them. One needs to have them well in memory, and this one especially. The flesh does not obey them of its own accord. It becomes easy after a time, but at first the reminder is necessary. I am not distressed now. I am ready for service when there is opportunity. It is the thing I am here for."

They were soon among the afflicted family, and Muriel noticed how Pauline's very presence produced a tranquilizing effect. The agitated wife ceased to lament and wring her hands helplessly, and went hither and thither collecting such articles as Pauline thought might be needed by the doctor.

"I am glad to see you here," said that worthy, on his arrival, shaking hands with Pauline. "I shall have some one now capable of receiving instructions. These people would forget one-half."

Paulin went with him into the chamber where the injured man lay hovering between life and death, his trembling wife clinging convulsively to her hand.

Muriel waited with the frightened children in the outer room, doing her best to soothe them. The shadow was too dark to be lifted, but her kindly sympathy seemed to make them feel less lonely and forlorn.

Presently, Pauline came out with the Doctor. "It was all over," in the phrase of the country. The curtain had fallen on the tragedy and the wife was a [illegible] and the children fatherless. The [illegible] could be heard weeping hysterically [illegible] chamber of death.

"I must stay here awhile," she [illegible] Muriel. "You had better not wait [illegible] Polly how I am detained," and [illegible] kiss she sent the child on her errand [illegible] turned to give such comfort as she [illegible] to the bereaved family.

Many a time in the years that [illegible] past, had such a task fallen to [illegible] Every family in the village knew [illegible] could be counted on to give [illegible] and help in time of trouble. [illegible] loved by one and all in the whole [illegible] there was none who would have [illegible] large a blank if she were called [illegible] much had her discipline done for [illegible] So blessed to others beside herself [illegible] that decision been when she gave [illegible] and her life to the King.

"Princess," said the girl one day [illegible] watched her moving lightly about [illegible] kitchen, "I envy you your altitude."

Pauline laughed merrily.

"You dear child! Everyone gets [illegible] mountain if they keep on climbing."

"But I have not an atom of perseverance," sighed Muriel, "Christianity seems such a tremendous undertaking to me."

"Let me give you what was to me [illegible] beginning of all Gospels, 'The kingdom of heaven is just as near us as our work is,' for the gate of heaven for each soul [illegible] the endeavor to do that work perfectly."

"But, Princess, you are such a [illegible] creature. It seems such a waste for [illegible] to be buried here."

"The King never wastes, little one. If we have the angel aim and standard [illegible] can consecrate the smallest acts. [illegible] you know that he who aims for perfectness in a trifle, is trying to do that [illegible] holily!"

"You dear Princess! You make me think of one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre which we saw when we were abroad last year. It is the interior of a Convent kitchen, and instead of mortals in old dress doing the work there are beautiful white-winged angels. One puts the kettle on the fire and one is lifting up a pail of water and one is at the kitchen dresser reaching up for plates."

Pauline smiled.

"That's it exactly. How can anyone do be common when we remember our inheritance? You call me Princess out of love, little one, but I am a Princess in reality, for my Father is a King. Let me give you a good word which your father gave me long ago. 'If you cannot realize your Ideal, you can at least idealize your Real.' I have been trying to do it ever since."

"That is just like Papa," said Muriel with a proud smile. "He says you are 'pure gold,' Princess.

"Did Rich—did your father say that?" cried Pauline, and Muriel looked up to see a soft flush in her face, while her eyes shone—"The King's daughter is all glorious within," she repeated slowly. "Her clothing is of wrought gold." Then she chanted in her clear triumphant voice,

They have clean robes,
White robes—
White robes are waiting for me!

"Ah! little one, the 'Court dress' in heaven differs somewhat from that on earth!"

"But, Princess," said Muriel, wistfully, "farm work and cooking and washing dishes over and over—it seems such drudgery."

A great light broke over her face, and she cried in a low exultant tone,

"'Blessed be Drudgery!' Christ blessed it for thirty years, why should I mind it fifty-three? I have only to wait a little now for the 'fulness of joy' and 'pleasures forevermore.'"

Muriel threw her arms about her and kissed her softly.

"Then our Princess will be at home," she whispered, "in the Palace of the King."

[THE END.]

In Next Week's Issue will Appear a Remarkable Story, Complete in One Issue,

THE LIVING DEAD!

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF TOLSTOI,

Specially for "The Christian Herald."

It is a powerful [illegible] story of the Conversion of a Nobleman from a Life of Sin and Worldliness [illegible] Christian Service and Sacrifice.

Ltle Barefoots from the Slums

(Continued from first page.)

bowing in the woods, and refused to be coforted till it was explained to them it was only "a cow's baby crying for it mamma."

any of the children come with queer ids of the country. One little boy sked: "Are those your chickens?" He w told "No, they are the neighbors'." "ne neighbors!" he said; "why I gh ght they don't have any neighbors in th country."

chronicle the quaint doings of our litle uests at Mont-Lawn for a single day wld fill many columns. Dr. Klopsch, to rse the spirit of emulation among the h ren, and to establish a standard of g behaviour, has devised a simple sys- which has produced excellent results. It ticket has been printed:

> **e Christian Herald's Children's Home.**
> **FOR GOOD DEPORTMENT.**
> "Even a child is known by his doings." Proverbs 20: 14.

h child is well behaved, it receives one f ese tickets daily during its ten days' t at the Home. When it has ten tickts nd is ready to leave Mont-Lawn, it r nts the tickets and receives in return r e New Testament, or some other suitblbook. Each child who is well behavd so receives a handsome badge, either ue, crimson, yellow, maroon silk, and t ed in gilt like that shown below:

GOOD CONDUCT BADGE.

The wearers display their badges pinned on the front of their coats or dresses, and they are evidence that they are orderly and decorous children. The badges, however, have another purpose as well, and to the minds of the wearers a very important one—they entitle the wearers to share in all the sports that are going on, and this privilege is accorded to them as long as they wear them, which is just as long as they behave properly.

A child who displays the badge can join in quoits, marbles, "jacks," and a dozen other games indoors or out; can "take a swim" in the new bathing tank, and can always find some amusement, that will make the hours glide past swiftly. If by misbehavior he either forfeitor fails to secure a badge, he is debarred from all those recreations. This of itself as may be imagined, is sufficient to indce even the rudest to try to behave. The has already been a marked improvemen To the caretakers, the little folks re edient and polite; they are better bekind toward one another than before; hey are quieter at times when quiet is ssential and at bed-time, rather than forget their badges, and all the joys they seure the youngsters go noiselessly to their little white pillows after prayers have been said, and are soon fast asleep, dreaming probably of the frolics of the day to om

The Fourth of July has furnished a topic or the children for many days. They had a most glorious time of it. They still talk of the marching and the races—the division according to size—thirteen companies of boys and thirteen of girls, with six children in each division, and all racing in their turn and the lucky winners each receiving a prize. Then there were the swings and see-saws, and rope jumping, and the wonderful street organ all day long and fine fireworks at night. Only one accident occurred—a little fellow tumbled from an apple tree, breaking two teeth and cutting his under lip, but the Home doctor soon had him right again.

The following contributions in aid of our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$447.57
In His Name, Kansas City	1 00
Children's Day Offering, Forest Home S S	3 12
Mrs J W Andrews	3 00
A Post	50
Mrs Emma T Murray	5 00
Mr & Mrs Joyner	1 00
Margaret A Kittel	2 00
Friend, Louisville	2 00
Reader, Northwood	1 00
Golden Circle of K D	3 00
Miss Margaret A Butts	1 00
R W Allen	6 00
Elsie Allen	30
Mr & Mrs C H Thompson	2 00
Ronell E Cox	50
Ethel E Cox	50
Laura E Tefft	5 00
Wm Karstetler	1 00
Mrs E Wildenstein	50
M D S, Balto	1 00
M M B, Brooklyn	1 00
—, Saratoga Springs	5 00
H A Simpson	3 00
Mrs S J Matthews	1 00
Chas E Watkins	3 00
Lydia Frost	3 00
Queen Esther Home Missionary Circle	3 00
H Jay Brown	1 00
—, New York	25
Abbie C Johnson	2 00
Onaga Cong Y P S C E	2 35
Mrs M M Knapp	1 00
O T	3 00
Mrs Wm Ambridge	1 00
E G Lantman	3 00
I H N, Valton	1 00
Mrs H W Cock	50
Nina, Balto	3 00
Total	$524.09

All contributions in support of the Children's Home will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Armenia's Desperate Plight.

Turks and Kurds Seizing the Lands Once Occupied by Christians.

ONE by one, the promises made by the Sultan's Government of "reforms" for Armenia are proving worthless. Letters received last week from missionaries of the American Board, who have been engaged in the relief work, tell a sad story of the hopeless condition of the persecuted Armenians, who have been spared in the massacres only to face lives of lingering misery. A missionary writes from Harpoot as follows:

"We have kept the Armenian sufferers alive through the winter. Had it not been for the aid you sent thousands must have perished. But what touches me now, more than the actual destitution, is the hopelessness of their situation unless some permanent relief can be given them. Especially cattle are needed. The plowing for the fall sowing must be done now, while the moisture is in the ground. In the Village of Ashvan I found that Turks and Kurds were coming in from neighboring villages and plowing the lands. Some of them took the lands by force, some take them from the landlords, who give the lands to those who have cattle to work them. If the Christians lose their holdings, it will be only a question of time when they will have to give their houses also over to Turks and Kurds, and take to the cities, where they will live on charity or die.

"In the Charsandjak region Christians are being ejected wholesale by the landlords.

"As I passed through a village the other day the whole village came out to the road and stood there weeping and crying, 'We are hungry, we are hungry,' as we rode on. Their cry haunts me. I have sent them a little relief to put off the day of starvation; but their lands lie fallow, their houses are in ruins and no hand is stretched out to lift them up and set them on their feet. What is the end to be?"

Another missionary writes: "We tried to incite the people to go to work and rebuild their homes, but we were met by the word which is more current than any other word in this land: Fear! 'Fear and Hopelessness,' sum up their situation. They say 'we are afraid to do anything lest we should be attacked again.' A Turkish bey said to the Christians: 'I told you last fall what would happen, and you did not believe me. Now you are beginning to work in your fields, but I tell you your labor will be in vain.'

"From all quarters come the same stories. The Christians feel that there is no security for them and they have no heart to put their hands to the work. I said to them: 'What will you do next winter, if you do not provide some shelter for yourselves during the summer?' They replied, 'We shall die.' 'We have sold everything that was left to us. Our resources are gone.' Even in villages near Harpoot no effort is being made to rebuild their houses. They say, 'If no help comes to us we will try to flee from the country.' Our relief so far has been simply to keep the people alive.

"In the village of Kopey—once about 150 houses, of which only 15 remain—in some houses there was a little bread, in all there were little bunches of grass which is now their principal food. The faces of the women and children were emaciated and yellow. I asked one little boy if he had eaten a piece of bread that day, and he replied, 'No; he had eaten only grass.' Other children said they had eaten a piece of bread as large as my hand. When we sat down on the ground, surrounded by most of the villagers, some of the children were all the time pulling up grass and eating it roots and all. So far as I can judge there are only a few days between the people of this village and starvation. I hope to be able to help them before they reach that point. I am buying grain to take there and distribute.

"The appeals from Arabkir, Palu and Peri are urgent."

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$48,591.83
Barton, M	1 00
Bancroft, Jane	20 00
Hopkins, Mrs E S & Miss M E	2 00
Jamison, Miss Annie U V	2 00
Pogue, J K	70 00
Ludden, W W	50
D P Simmons	2 00
John H Smith	10
Friend, St Paul	3 00
M D S, Balto	1 00
Solebury Loyal Temperance Legion	4 00
T W B, Scriber	1 00
Total	$48,698.43

"Consider the Lilies."

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee,
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel plan.
The flower horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear the wide-world's echo,—
See how the lily grows.

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought,
The races rise and cluster,
Transfigurations fall,
Man's chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

—GANNETT.

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is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Dont give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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The Great Reformer.*

NONE who are acquainted with the history of Luther need to be told that he did not start upon his career as a Reformer, either from the point of view of a theological critic, or as an assailant of the authority of the Church or of the Pope. His simple motive was to put an end to certain practical abuses which, as he deeply felt, were working dire mischief both to religion and morality. The development of new theological opinions in his mind was closely connected with the progress of his religious experience. It kept pace with his gradual deliverance from the thraldom of fear and the attainment of freedom and peace, through the clear perception of the distinction between law and Gospel. In the cloister he had been a student of Augustine, and of Occam, D'Ailly, and other nominalistic Schoolmen. He was affected by Mystics, who partook of the spirit of St. Bernard, and by such writings as the sermons of Tauler, and that devout little treatise, which he edited in 1516, the "German Theology." But his strong, ethical feeling, his vivid sense of personality in God and man, and of personal responsibility, kept him from embracing Mysticism in its peculiar character as a system of devotion. It is possible to trace the progress of Luther's mind, step by step, from the year 1513, until he reached a distinct perception and firm grasp of the doctrine that salvation, from beginning to end, is an absolute free gift of God's grace. The vestiges of a notion of merit, which was inherited from Augustine and the Schoolmen, ceased at length to mingle in his enunciation of this profound conviction. As early as 1516, he propounds the statement that faith is our inward righteousness; that yet it is the gift of God, and the source, not the consequence, of good works. But utterances like these were simply a reflex of his religious life; they were not set forth in the way of opposition to the reigning orthodoxy. In 1517, in the 95 Theses, he affirmed that the Pope can remit no penalties which he has not the power to impose; that he has no more power in relation to purgatory than any other bishop, or even any other curate has within his own precinct; that true contrition seeks and loves punishment; that the true treasure of the Church is the Holy Gospel of the glory and grace of God. "At that time, so far was he from any thought of breaking with the Church or rebelling against Rome, that he describes himself as having been then a monk and a mad Papist." Inconsistent expressions respecting the Pope and his authority, signs of a vacillation of feeling on this topic, which continued for a considerable period, indicate not insincerity, but simply that he was feeling his way on a dimly lighted path. He tells us that he was of the number of whom Augustine said that he was one, who advance gradually, by writing and teaching. The Disputation at Leipsic, in July, 1519, was the occasion of calling out from him the avowal of a conviction to which he had now arrived, that the Church could exist without a Pope—a fact, he said, of which the [illegible] and that not even a General Council is infallible. It was during the last half of the year 1520 that there were issued from his pen three publications of great historic significance, both from the effect produced by them and as exhibiting his now ripened beliefs. In his Address to the German Noblesse, he struck a blow at the root of the entire hierarchial system by declaring that the priest is not distinguished from the layman, save that the priest exercises, at the bidding of the Church as its representative, a ministerial office. All disciples are priests. If an exigency should exist where consecration of bishops could not be obtained, it might be dispensed with. The choice of the brethren would be sufficient.

* [illegible]

At the Towers of Silence.†

ONE of the principal peculiarities of the Parsee religion is the disposition which they make of their dead. We visited the Dakhmas, or Towers of Silence, on Malabar Hill, where their dead are carried, to be devoured by the vultures. The drive to this place was delightful, the nearer approach to the garden being by a private way, which none but Parsees are allowed to travel without special permit.

At the end of the road we were obliged to leave our carriage, and our cameras as well; for the gatekeeper disappointed me by hurriedly seizing my tripod, and then rushing after my friend Dr. Mabie,—with whom we visited the hill,—and victoriously capturing his kodak. So we proceeded without them, up stone steps, by a way very changing in direction. At the top is a chapel, or house of prayer, where a fire of sandal-wood and incense is kept continually burning. This we were not allowed to enter. All the way by which we came were flowers, shrubs, and tropical trees in rich profusion; and from the top of the hill to the sea the same beautiful decorations slipped down in gorgeous parterres, and seemed to blend with that flood of water that stretches into the sunset. Behind us was Bombay, the harbor, and the range of receding ghats.

There are five towers, all white. The oldest has been built two hundred and fifteen years, and the others one hundred and forty-five, one hundred, sixty, and forty-five years respectively. They are round, about fifteen feet high, and of different sizes, the largest being ninety feet in diameter. The inside of these buildings are open to the sky; in the centre is a well which receives the bones after they have been acted upon by sun and rain. About this are three circles of receptacles for the bodies of the dead,—the inner one for children, with tender bones; the next for women; while the outer circle is for men, with harder bones. Upon one side is an iron door, approached by an inclined walk; through this door the dead are pushed, and left for the vultures to devour.

Flocks of these ugly, repulsive-looking birds sat upon the towers, and swept on logy wing over the garden, while, out in a palm tree overlooking the private way, an old sentinel sat to notify his fellows of the coming of a funeral train. When the gates are opened for the funeral procession none know it any sooner than the vulture.

We had seen the natives in their humble homes, on their farms, in their places of business, in their schools, and in their temples. We had seen their temples and their gods, all demoralizing and harmful, with no good thing about them. We had seen them making long pilgrimages, and gaining no satisfaction. Beside the way we had seen many a skull and skeleton, where a man or a woman had fallen down and died alone; while the cattle, when they became old or sick, were comfortably housed in hospitals. We had heard about the terrible self-torture for conscience' sake, and of the child-marriages, which are enough to crush out any people's life.

† [illegible]

Armenia's Greatest Hero.*

VARTAN Mamigonian is the most esteemed and beloved name in Armenian history. Tiridates founded the Christian kingdom; but when the religion was in danger of extermination throughout Persian Armenia at the hands of the fire-worshipers, Vartan saved it, and died for it, a faithful servant of God and his Saviour. It was said of him that he was an honest, modest, wise, brave, true, pure, childlike, and Christ-like Christian commander, a great soldier of the Cross. He was a lamb in nature, but when he came to defend his religion he was a lion.

In 439 Yazdegerd II. of Persia succeeded his father, Bahram V., the destroyer of the Arsacid dynasty, and began a furious persecution of both Jews and Christians, which lasted a dozen years, and ended in a complete victory for religious freedom. The king, like James I. of England, fancied himself a great theologian, he could always be victorioue in a debate by killing his opponent. One specimen will suffice. He called a convocation of Armenian priests and noblemen, and commanded them to embrace fire-worship on pain of death. "Your Christ cannot save you," said he, "for he is crucified and dead." "Oh, my gracious king," replied a young nobleman, "why did you not read further about Christ? He was indeed crucified, but rose again, ascended to heaven, and is living now and our Saviour." The king in a rage had his head struck off.

Finally, in 450 the people of Persian Armenia rose in revolt, and determined to fight for their religion. Vartan took command of them, and showed himself the ablest commander of his time. For a year he held at bay the overwhelming forces of the Persian Empire, and was victorious in every battle, even to the last. Finally the forces were arrayed for battle on the banks of the Dughmood river, in the plains of Avarayr, near the present city of Van. Vartan had 66,000 men, the Persians several times as many. Vartan prayed to God for help, and to Christ for his own salvation; then he made a speech, and with his troops, he crossed the river, fell on the enemy's centre, and scattered the huge army in rout, killing 3,544 men besides nine great princes and losing 1,036 of his own; but, alas! one of these was himself, dying from a mortal wound not long after. Yazdegerd saw it was impossible to conquer the Armenians, and granted entire liberty to the Christians.

* From *Armenia and Her People*, by Rev. George H. Filian, an exiled pastor of Marsovan, pp. 254, illustrated; cloth covers, price, $1 50. American Publishing Co., Hartford Conn., publishers

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confidence
born of successes where othe[illegible] failed, induces and permits us [illegible] to you if interested, an opportu[illegible] examine for yourself ....
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Without a supply of Tarrant's Effer[illegible] Seltzer Aperient, the common sense [illegible] for Sick Headache, Constipation and [illegible] dered stomach. Taken at the right time [illegible] prevented many attacks of serious [illegible] Should be in every household and can[illegible] every traveler. *Sold by druggists for 5*[illegible]

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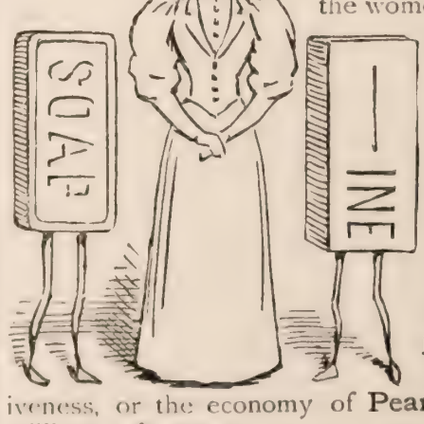

Between the two
—soap and poor washing powder—
the women who don't use Pearl[illegible]
have a troublesome time [illegible]
they want to make sur[illegible]
perfect safety, they h[illegible]
to take the hard work [illegible]
they try to make the w[illegible]
easier, then they have [illegible]
take the risk of harm.
Now, how much be[illegible]
it is to get rid of the h[illegible]
work and the risk, b[illegible]
together, by the use [illegible]
Pearline! Every quest[illegible]
as to the safety, the effe[illegible]
iveness, or the economy of Pearline has been settled [illegible]
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Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never ped[illegible] and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline [illegible] honest—*send it back.* 512 JAMES PYLE, New Y[illegible]

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."
Good Wife, You Need SAPOLI[illegible]

Requests for Prayer.

T the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on June 21, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

"Anxious Mother," Warwick, Kans., asks prayers for the conversion of an ungodly son who is addicted to drink, and that the appetite for liquor and the love of the society of evil companions may both be taken from him.——"Reader," Jacksville, Pa., that a beloved son may be converted and become a consecrated child of God.——"Endeavorer," Ohio, that a mother, son, and daughter might all be converted and live near to God.——"Widow," Lincoln, Neb., for the salvation of four sons, one of whom is very sick.——"Invalid," Hicksville, Mo., that a brother might be led to seek the God of his mother and father, and to him with full purpose of heart.——H., St. Louis, Mo., that her father might be brought to Christ, and trust in him for the salvation of his soul.——"Subscriber," Hot Springs, Ark., that an unbelieving friend might realize her danger and seek salvation through Christ.——"Believer," Maple Grove, Kas., that her child may be awakened and saved, and that her husband, who is a backslider, might be restored to God's favor.——"Anxious Wife," Dallas, Tex., that her husband, who has fallen under the power of liquor might be delivered and saved from the bondage and be made a new creature in Christ Jesus.——"Grandmother," Jefferson City, Mo., that two beloved grandsons who are going astray might be saved in their youth and made sons of God.——M. P., San Francisco, Cal., that a dear son, who is very sick and likely to die might give himself to the Saviour before it comes too late.——J. N., Dyensburg, Ky., that a son, who is exposed to temptation might be kept by the power of God from sin and may be led to Christ for salvation.——"Anxious Father," Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who seems bent on evil courses, and who is now exposed to temptation might be converted and have grace to lead a godly life. "It is impossible but nothing is too hard for the Lord."——C. M., Olympia, Wash., that the husband, who is a good, moral man may have his eyes opened to the need of a Saviour and may seek him with all his heart——J. W., Saginaw, Mich., for the conversion of two sinners.——"Distressed Father, Philadelphia," that his two daughters might be delivered from degradation, and may repent and reject the evil they are doing and that new hearts might be given them.——"Sorrowing Mother," Jersey City, N. J., that her dear boy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, might be delivered from the intoxicating cup and turn to the Lord.——M. A. L., Grand Rapids, Mich., that her children might be saved; also that a young man away from home and exposed to temptation might be kept from evil by the power of God, and be made a new creature in Christ.——Sister, Oldtown, Va., asks prayers for three brothers, the youngest of whom, being left motherless in infancy, she prayed for Christ. All of them now in maturity need the converting grace of God.——"Mother," Quebec, Can., for her son who is resisting his besetting sin, and has in answer to prayer been kept from intoxicating drink, that he may turn to Christ with all his heart, and be kept in a season of public excitement from falling into sin.——"Believer," Berkshire, N. Y., that her husband and son may both be led to believe in Christ as their Saviour and to cast themselves wholly upon him.——"Follower of Christ," Westfield, Mass., for the conversion of a dear son who is forming bad habits and going with evil associates and neglecting his studies, that he may be stopped in his downward course before it is too late, and be saved by the power of Christ; also that a school-girl who has been very wicked, but is now penitent, might be won to Christ, who is able to keep her from sin.——Aged Widow, Washington, D. C., that God in mercy would interpose for the rescue of her three sons, two of whom are addicted to drink, and the third to the use of an insidious drug; they are bright, intelligent men, but are incapable of breaking the chains of their bondage.——"Distressed Mother," Marshall, Ills., for the conversion of her son who is afflicted with an ungovernable temper and is alienated from his father; "pray that a new heart may be given him."——H. M. C., Winnipeg, Manitoba, for the conversion of a sister, brother, and brother-in-law who are all in urgent need of salvation.——H. S. P., Hamilton, N. Y., that a dear son, now very sick, might give himself wholly to the Lord, and that a beloved daughter who once professed Christ, but has wandered far away, might return to her Lord and be forgiven.——"Constant Reader," Crane, Miss., that three brothers might be saved; also that a dear friend who is exposed to strong temptation might be brought to see the evil of sin and seek salvation through Christ.——S., Eureka, Kans., that a dear one who has become alienated, may have a new heart given to him and may be saved through Christ and delivered from the sin of unfaithfulness.——"Broken Hearted," Fort Meade, S. D., that one who has been injured and refuses to forgive, may be brought through Christ into the joy of salvation, and may forgive as she hopes to be forgiven; also that a dying mother might come into the light and joy of salvation before she is called away.——"Widowed Mother," Gaithersburg, Md., for the blessing of God on her family of two sons and three daughters; one of the sons is very sick and all are in spiritual need.——"Reader," Lititz, Pa., that God would look on a dear friend and give him grace to seek and find Christ to the salvation of his soul.——"Old Subscriber," Quincy, Mass., who has prayed for years for the conversion of an unbeliever who has sinned deeply, asks for united prayer to the same end. The need is urgent.——U., Salt Lake City, Utah, that a son growing to manhood without the grace of God in his heart, may be brought by the Holy Spirit's power to seek Christ.——Subscriber, Morrison, Iowa, that a dear brother and his family who need salvation, might speedily seek and find it through Christ.——Sister in Iowa, for the conversion of a dear friend and of her sister and brothers.——In His Name, Southwest, Mo., that a man of brilliant parts who by force of will power has given up drink and profanity, but is an infidel, may be brought into the fold of Christ.

For the Restoration of Health.

Distressed Mother, Marshall, Ill., that a beloved daughter may be restored to health; also that another daughter, who is mentally weak and has terrible propensities may be healed in mind and body.——J. W., Williamsburg, Tex., that a brother, who is suffering torture from rheumatism might get some relief and recover.——Widow, Gaithersburg, Md., that her son, whose sickness is very distressing might be healed by the Lord.——Constant Reader, Sunbury, Pa., that a mother, whose duties are very trying, may recover her reason.——H., St. Louis, Mo., that her father might regain his health.——Anxious Believer, Falmouth, Ill., that a daughter-in-law, who for a year past has suffered from a painful disease may be healed.——Invalid, Hughesville, Mo., that a dear nephew might regain health and strength.——L., Danville, Mo., that an earnest Christian worker now prostrated by sickness and mentally afflicted, may be raised up in strength by the Saviour.——"One who Tries," Bridgeport, Ohio, that a beloved one now passing through severe mental and physical suffering, may be supported and restored to health.——The following persons also ask for prayer that the Great Physician who knows their afflictions may heal them: One Sorely Tried, Tex.; Sister in Iowa; Reader, Stockbridge, Mich.; E. M. T., Buckatuma, Mich.; Believer, Berkshire, N. Y.; J. E. Z., Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.; Invalid, Harford, N. Y.; Old Subscriber, Elyria, Colo.; Subscriber, Danville, Va.

For Special Blessings.

"Sister in Christ," Pittsburg, Pa., that financial help be afforded so that a cherished home may not be lost.——G. H. M., Stanford, Ky., that a dear Sister in Christ whose heart has been estranged from friends may once more learn the joys of loving kindness; also that efforts now being made to unite two churches may be blessed of God.——Sister in Maryland, who has been led astray, asks the compassionate to join her in prayer that God would forgive her sin and restore to her the joy of his salvation.——THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary in Missouri, for the blessing of God on his family and on his work.——"Tempted One," Harper's Ferry, W. Va., that he may have grace to resist evil thoughts and to cling firmly to Christ when under temptation.——"Sad Hearted," La Moelle, Iowa, that a trusted one who has proved false may repent of the evil and do his duty according to his promise.——"Firm Believer," New York, that if it be in accord with the divine will, a thorn in the flesh which has long been a heavy trial may be removed.——A. E. H., Richland Centre, Wis., that God would give grace to overcome doubts and fears which have been a burden and a bitterness for two years past.——M. A. E., Lincoln, Neb., for help in the payment of a pressing debt contracted in a time of severe stress.——C. E. H., Baltimore, Md., that her husband whose life is very hard and anxious may be cheered by the light of God's smile and may receive the help and encouragement he needs.——Anxious Mother, Warwick, Kans., for wisdom and help and guidance in the way, and that some means of earning an honest living and regaining a home may be found.——"Believer," St. Louis, Mo., that her husband, who is a worthy and capable man may speedily find employment.——Invalid, Harford, N. Y., who is very lonely and sad, that God would raise up friends for her and give her a more thankful, trusting heart. "Sorely Tried," Tex., for guidance in a very perplexing difficulty.——"Ashamed," New York City, that evil propensities may be removed from her heart and that she may be kept from doing wrong.——"Widowed Christian," Brooklyn, N. Y., that in her terrible loneliness she may be strong to resist evil thoughts and desires, and may find grace in her hour of need to hold fast to the right.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For Mrs. Williamson's Home.

Previously ack'd	$125 50
W K Desh	5 00
Total	**$130.50**

For American Board of Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$307 41
Subr, Belmar	5 00
Mrs Hill	1 00
Total	**$313.41**

Philadelphian Liberators' League.

Previously ack'd	$173 40
R Kirkham	1 00
Emma B Whittle	50
Mr & Mrs W McGill	1 00
Zelia, Balto	1 00
Margaret A Kittel	1 00
Total	**$177.90**

Rev. Jas. O'Connor.

W D Ward	1 00

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Previously ack'd	$5 50
Friend, Springfield	1 00
Total	**$6.50**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$101 31
J M P	1 00
D B Alexander	1 00
Mrs J P Evans	50
Ellen J Ellis	1 00
Fred Searcliff	25
Total	**$105.06**

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$45 87
C J H, Minneapolis	2 00
Friend, Fla	2 00
Total	**$49.87**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$23 50
Friend in the Adirondacks	1 00
Total	**$24.50**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$8 50
Jos Winter	88
C J H, Minneapolis	2 00
Total	**$11.38**

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$93 00
Managan Union Soc Christian Endeavor	5 00
Mrs Eliza J Brown	10 00
Lucy R Sly	55
Subr, Belmar, N J	5 00
Total	**$113.55**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$55 75
Catharine H Perry	1 50
H D Stearns	10 00
Sister in Christ, N Y.	5 00
Mrs L L Greenough	50
Total	**$72.75**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$31 75
W M, Rutland	1 00
Jos Winter	87
E W, Chanute	2 00
Ella Fitch Backers	5 00
Subr, Belmar, N J	15 00
Friend, Balto, Md	5 00
Total	**$60.62**

For Mayesville Institute.

Previously ack'd	$223 50
Miss M E Tucker	1 00
Mary J Wardwell	1 00
Miss L M Hawley	5 00
H D Hawley	3 00
Mrs E A Hawley	2 00
Mrs W S Alexander	5 00
John C Farley	1 50
Octavia S True	15 00
Mrs E J Vawter	5 00
Mrs Remsen Rushmore	3 00
S W Dana	5 00
Mrs Jas T Doyle	50
S A Durfee	1 00
J Seward Frank	2 00
Susan Luyster	5 00
Friend of the C H, Webster	5 00
Total	**$283.50**

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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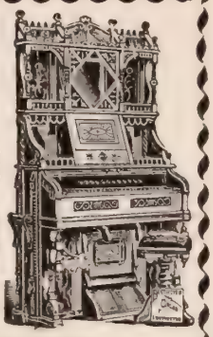

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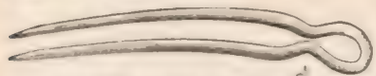

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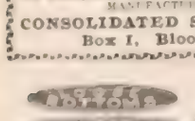

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VLUME 19. COPYRIGHT 1896, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 30.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

INDIA'S HEATHEN TRIBES.

The Lepchas, Demon-Worshipers of the Hills, and their Strange Beliefs—Through All the Ages, Christ Unknown Among them Till Now.

EVERY range of mountains and every extensive forest in India is peopled by a remnant of one of the original races of India, who were driven into the mountains and forests when the Hindoos came to the country, about 1,000 B. C. Those tribes differ altogether among themselves in appearance, language and customs; but they are all different from the Hindoos, in being illiterate, savage, and fetish-worshipers. I have been among a number of tribes, but there are many more I have not seen.

In the southern slope of the Himalayas in the northeastern corner of India, is a small independent State, called Sikkim, of some 1500 square miles in extent, and inhabited by not more than 7000 people. The inhabitants are called Lepchas, an aboriginal tribe who, although weak in physique and gentle in spirit, preserved their independence when the mountains south and west of them were overrun by Hindoos and the mountains north and east by Mogols. To this day they speak their own language, wear their own dress, and follow their own religion, greatly despised by their Hindoo and Boodhist neighbors. Their religion is demon-worship, without either idols or doctrines, and their priests are ignorant exorcist-charmers.

Sikkim lies exactly between British India and the inaccessible country of Thibet, and close to its southern border is the fashionable mountain retreat of Darjeeling where the seat of the British Government of Bengal is moved every summer from the sweltering heat of Calcutta. The mountains for miles around about Darjeeling are occupied by British tea-planters who have converted that wild, forest country into the centre of an immense and remunerative industry. Many Lepchas come down from their own country and work as coolies in the tea gardens, making money at a rate which would be impossible in the backward conditions of Sikkim.

The British Government has long been desirous of civilizing the Lepchas and raising them to be an intelligent and progressive people. For this reason the missionaries who work among them in British territory—for the Lepcha king is too much under the influence of Tibet to allow foreigners to enter his country freely — are cordially helped by the government officials and encouraged to open schools in the Lepcha villages near Darjeeling. Between twenty and thirty miles from Darjeeling is a place called Kalimpoong, where a great fair is held once a year, and in developing that fair, which would be a miserable thing but for this encouragement, officers, planters, and missionaries co-operate with great energy. Hindoos from the plains, Nepalese from the west, Bhooteas, or Bhootanese, from the east, and Lepchas and Tibetans from the north, flock into Kalimpoong with wares of all sorts to sell. The Tibetans bring wool and ponies, the others bring curious manufactures, and the poor Lepchas come with honey, wax, silk cocoons, and other products of the jungle. Every exertion is made to promote good fellowship with the strangers. Many European ladies and gentlemen go there for the holiday, and the natives enjoy watching them at tennis and other games. Sports of all kinds are provided for the people, and the English ladies give away the prizes. When the writer was there two years ago, two of the athletic contests were won by Lepchas.

A NATIVE LEPCHA CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.
(Photograph procured expressly for "The Christian Herald."

A HEATHEN LEPCHA HOUSE OF THE BETTER CLASS.

Military displays, bands of music, and magic lantern exhibitions show the strangers what the English can do, and the strangers, on their part, display the dances and amusements of their country.

One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows a band of dancers in masks, and the writer, who saw them dancing, will never forget the horrid spectacle. The missionaries who work among the Lepchas are Presbyterians of the Established Church of Scotland, and this particular Mission is maintained by a Young Men's Guild which has its headquarters in Edinburgh. There are nearly two thousand Christians scattered in about twenty towns and villages.

LEPCHA DANCERS IN MASKS.

Another illustration is a heathen Lepcha house of the best kind. It is raised above ground as a protection against the damp of the heavy rains and against wild beasts and venomous snakes. Cattle are penned under the floor. In front a man and two women are standing, the women with rice-pounders in their hands. What look like three wreaths are strings of wild turnips hung up in the sun to dry before being stored for use. A third illustration is a church with the congregation collected in front. These people are all Lepcha Christians. In their midst is a gong, or heavy disc of metal, which is sounded by striking, to collect the people to service.

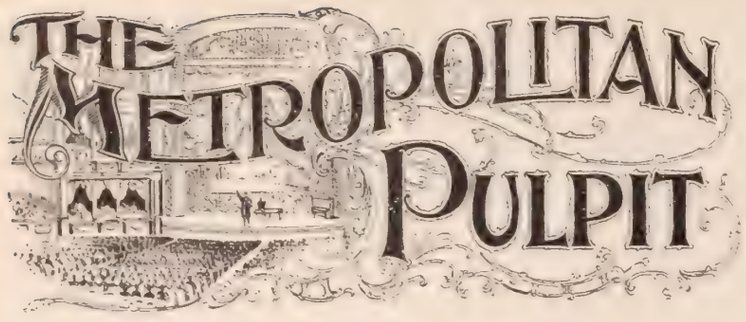
Calcutta, June 8, 1896. BENJAMIN AITKEN.

Mr. Aitken, the writer of the foregoing interesting letter, is the son of a famous Scottish missionary, who was in India during the mutiny of 1857. One of the son's earliest recollections is of his father and mother setting his brother and himself on the flat roof of the house in which they lived to keep a lookout lest the rebels should fire the building while the worn-out parents slept. The boys watched by turns for an hour at a time, and were ready to awake the sleepers at a moment's notice, should the incendiary parties of natives come near.

Mr. Aitken has been a great traveler, and has carried the principle of self-support into practice in missionary work for a number of years. His pen brings him a sufficient income, through his contributions to one of the leading Calcutta journals, to meet all his ordinary expenses and also to enable him to devote time and effort to Christian work in different quarters. It is his plan to limit his literary labors so that he may devote as much of his time as possible to missionary work. He is an accomplished linguist, and is able to preach in Hindostani and three of the native dialects of India besides. In the evenings, when in Calcutta, he can be found working in the schools and always with a spiritual purpose in view, and for the sake of the Master. On Sunday he preaches, and in the afternoon he has a class in Sunday school and tells the Gospel story in their own tongue. Occasionally he goes out as a commissioner for his journal to the further provinces of India, and at such times he neglects no opportunity to preach the Gospel. He always makes it a point to decline any compensation for Christian work, no matter how arduous it may be and what sacrifices it may involve.

During the Indian famine several years ago, Mr. Aitken was instrumental in disclosing the true situation of the suffering people, and in awakening public sympathy by his personal journeys to the scenes

(Continued on page 539.)



AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. Samuel 2: 19: "*Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.*"

THE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birth-place, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart; but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on; and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, to-day, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms, and dishevelled hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They entrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part, they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the pedlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpin, and rotten associations? For the most part, they come from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own; believing in witches and ghosts, and horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Again: Hannah stands before you to-day as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. O, this work of culturing children for this world and the next. This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back, and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. O, how much care and intelligence is necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dieteties, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practised more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around as voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstacy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again: Hannah stands before you to-day as a Christlan mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house; and exquisite music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something wofully lacking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to m fort, and a divine heart to sympa Thousands of mothers have been lec the kingdom of God by the hands of little children. There are hundre mothers to-day who would not have Christians had it not been for the p of their little ones. Standing some d the nursery, they bethought thems "this child God has given me to rais eternity. What is my influence upc Not being a Christian myself, how ever expect him to become a Chri Lord, help me!" O, are there an mothers, who know nothing of the in help of religion? Then I commend t Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel not think it is absolutely impossible your children come up iniquitous. O just such fair brows and bright eyes soft hands and innocent hearts, crime its victims—extirpating purity from heart, and rubbing out the smooth from the brow, and quenching the l of the eye, and shriveling up and po ing and putrefying and scathing and s ing and blasting and burning with sl and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremen possibilities; and whether that child come forth in life, its heart attuned t eternal harmonies, and after a life of fulness on earth, go to a life of jo heaven; or, whether across it shall eternal discords, and after a life of wr doing on earth, it shall go to a hon impenetrable darkness and an abyss of measurable plunge, is being decided nursery song and Sabbath lesson and e ing prayer, and walk and ride and and frown and smile. O, how many dren in glory! crowding all the ba ments and lifting a million-voiced hoss —brought to God through Christian entage! One hundred and twenty cle men were together, and they were tel their experience and their ancestry; an the one hundred and twenty clergyn how many of them do you suppose ass ed, as the means of their conversion, influence of a Christian mother? hundred out of the hundred and twer Philip Doddridge was brought to Goc the Scripture lesson on the Dutch til the chimney fire-place. The mother thi she is only rocking a child; but at same time she may be rocking the dest of empires—rocking the fate of natior rocking the glories of heaven. The s maternal power that may lift a child may press a child down. A daughter c to a worldly mother and said she was a ious about her sins, and she had b praying all night. The mother said: stop praying! I don't believe in pray Get over all those religious notions. I'll give you a dress that will cost hundred dollars, and you may wear it n week to that party." The daughter t the dress; and she moved in the gay cle, the gayest of all the gay that nig and sure enough, all religious impressi were gone, and she stopped praying. few months after, she came to die; an her closing moments said: "Mother, I w you would bring me that dress that five hundred dollars." The mother thou it was a very strange request; but brought it to please the dying ch "Now," said the daughter, "mother, h that dress on the foot of my bed;" the dress was hung there, on the foot the bed. Then the dying girl got up one elbow and looked at her mother, then pointed to the dress, and sa "Mother, that dress is the price of soul!" O, what a momentous thing i to be a mother!

Again, and lastly: Hannah stands fore you to-day, the rewarded mother. I all the coats she made for Samuel; for the prayers she offered for him; for t discipline she exerted over him, she abundant compensation in the piety a the usefulness and the popularity of son Samuel; and that is true in all ag Every mother gets full pay for all t prayers and tears in behalf of her cl

dh. That man useful in commercial life; th man prominent in the profession; th master mechanic—why, every step he tes in life has an echo of gladness in the of heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The sty of what you have done or what you hre written, of the influence you have erted, has gone back to the old home-stid—for there is someone always ready to carry good tidings—and that story nses the needle in the old mother's trem-us hand fly quicker, and the flail in the fher's hand come down upon the barn fr with a more vigorous thump. Parents le to hear good news from their chil-dn. Do you send them good news al-ws? Look out for the young man who s ks of his father as the "governor," th "squire," or the "old chap." Look o for the young woman who calls her m her her "maternal ancestor," or the "d woman." "The eye that mocketh a his father, and refuseth to obey his m ner, the ravens of the valley shall px it out, and the young eagles shall eat it. God grant that all these parents may h e the great satisfaction of seeing their c dren grow up Christians. But O, the p g of that mother who, after a life of s et gadding, and gossip-retailing, hang-s on her children the f peries and follies of t s world, sees those c dren tossed out on t sea of life like f m on the wave, or r entities in a world v ere only brawny a stalwart charact t can stand the s ck! But blessed b the mother who l ks upon her chil-d n as sons and d ghters of the Lord A mighty! O, the s sfaction of Han-n in seeing Samuel g wing at the altar; o Mother Eunice is s ing her Timothy l rned in the Script-t es. That is the r ther's recompense: t see children coming t useful in the w rld, reclaiming the l t, healing the sick, s ving the ignorant, h nest and useful in v ery sphere. That r ows a new light l k on the old fam-Bible whenever e reads it; and that ll be ointment to the the aching mbs of decrepitude, and light up the sing hours of life's day with the glo-s af an autumnal sunset!

There she sits — the old Christian ther—ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is most gone; but the splendors of the estial city kindle up her vision. The ay light of heaven's morn has struck rough the gray locks which are folded ck over the wrinkled temples. She ops very much now under the burden care she used to carry for her children. e sits at home to-day, too old to find r way to the house of God; but while e sits there, all the past comes back, d the children that forty years ago troop-around her arm-chair with their little efs and joys and sorrows—those chil-en are all gone now. Some caught up to a better realm, where they shall ver die, and others out in the broad orld, attesting the excellency of a Chris-n mother's discipline. Her last days are l of peace; and calmer and sweeter will r spirit become, until the gates of life ail lift and let the worn-out pilgrim into ernal spring-tide and youth, where the mbs never ache, and the eyes never grow m, and the staff of the exhausted and ecrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of e immortal athlete.

The prayers of the readers of this journal re requested for the blessing of God upon its roprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, rticles, or labors for Christ, are printed in ; and that its circulation may be used by the oly Spirit for the conversion of sinners and he quickening of God's people.

India's Heathen Tribes.

(Continued from first page.

of greatest misery and mortality. His story of the horrors of the famine was repudiated by the governing classes in India, who refused to believe in the existence of such terrible scenes as he had pictured, but when it was shown that the young missionary-journalist had been living right among the people in the very heart of the famine, public opinion changed and his array of facts and startling statistics were eagerly received and discussed, and measures adopted for relief. That thousands of lives were saved at that time was largely due to his conscientious efforts to place before the people the true state of affairs.

For a time Mr. Aitken was engaged in connection with the work of Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Church in India, but in order that he might carry out more fully the principle of self-support, he gave up his appointment and attached himself to the work of the Free Church of Scotland. At one time he was connected with the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, after which he returned to India to resume his missionary and literary efforts. He returned to Calcutta only a few months ago, after a visit to this county and Europe. His article, which appears on the first page, is the result of a recent journey to the region which he so interestingly describes, and where Christian missionaries are now doing a wonderful work.

THE GERMAN COLONY AT KHAIFFA, PALESTINE.

Khaiffa's German Colony.

Of the many colonies that have settled in Palestine in recent years, one of the most interesting and successful is that founded by a number of substantial German immigrants near Khaiffa. A photograph of the colony's lands and buildings is given on the opposite page. The houses are substantial structures of brick and stone, and the colony—a little town in itself—is laid out with broad avenues and neat, regular gardens, in marked contrast to the straggling and tortuous streets and the dilapidated dwellings of the average native town in Palestine. The German colony is said to be fairly prosperous. First a small party of pioneers came out and decided upon a location, the home organization meanwhile paying the expenses of the journey. This first experiment represented a great deal of self-denial on the part of those who were left at home. By-and-by the entire party—including mothers and children — came to find their new homes already fairly well established, and the land improved and ready for agricultural use. Thrift and intelligent industry have done the rest, and now there is no more attractive settlement than theirs anywhere in the borders of Palestine. It is belived that this well-located, young colony has a prosperous future before it unless some of those disturbances that chronically visit the Turkish dominions should affect it injuriously.

Savages Soothed by Music.

AMONG the most interesting experiences of the late Dr. Junker, the celebrated German savant and explorer in Africa, were those in which he resorted to his beloved music, instead of appealing to arms, to win his way through the territory of savage tribes. Livingstone, too, though not a musician, was a firm believer in the possibility of a peaceful traveler being able to cross Africa unmolested, if he dealt kindly with the natives. The power of music to "soothe the savage breast" was never more forcibly illustrated than in the recent adventures of Mr. Frederick Hurlstone, a young English trader, in the country of the fierce Mashakalumbe. He describes it in these words:

"We made great friends of them by the aid of my violin, and the chief himself paid such court to us that we were literally obliged to remain as guests at the Royal Kraal for over a week. My music did indeed have charms to soothe the savage breast, since they forgot all thought of hostility in listening to my simple melodies. It was most comical to see a great crowd of them squatting on their haunches at sunrise or sunset, and staring at me with reverent awe as I drew the bow backwards and forwards across the strings; and once when I played for them, I stirred them up to such a pitch of excitement that their delight knew no bounds. They could not understand how I made the thing 'talk' to them, and I fully believe they looked upon me as having been materialised from the spirit-world. The Chief had once courage to draw the bow across the strings as he had seen me do, but the result was such a horrid scream that he dropped the instrument into my arms and incontinently fled. I literally did fiddle them into a good humor, for they added a considerable number of curios to our already very valuable collection, and in exchange for beads and other articles of value in the savage estimate, we got some carved lids and pots of exquisite design, a quantity of ivory, barbed assegais—murderous-looking weapons these—curiously twisted bows and poisoned arrows; knobkerries made of rhinoceros horn, ivory bracelets and other native ornaments, and last, but by no means least, a bright-eyed little lad who had been stolen from some neighboring tribe and was in dire need of protection

"We parted from the Mashakalumbwes with many friendly expressions of mutual goodwill and regret, and as an assurance of the pleasure my music had given them, fully a dozen of the men who had once greeted us in such a hostile spirit accompanied us for nearly a day's march."

Armenia's Woes.

No Present Prospect of Bettering the Condition of Her Persecuted People.

THERE is no relaxation of the Turkish official attitude in Armenia. The people are despondent and seem to have lost hope. A missionary writing from Harpoot, says:

[illegible] was [illegible] extreme; and in fact they appall us in all directions. Something like a hundred thousand dollars have been distributed for relief in this district. We have been able to do little more than to preserve life. Summer has come and yet multitudes of people are unable to do anything to help themselves. The artisans are without tools; the farmers are without oxen and agricultural implements; the houses of many are in ruins and they have no means with which to build; and there is little trade, so thus the problem of putting these people upon their feet again, is one which no human intelligence can fathom. Naturally the people are thoroughly disheartened. Thousands of them would be glad to emigrate, but the government absolutely declines to give passports.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has earned the gratitude of thousands of people by its earnest pleadings of their cause. Thousands of prayers ascend to God daily, asking for blessings upon them.

In nearly all of the cities, native pastors of Christian churches have been arrested and cast into prison. One of these pastors writes from a Turkish dungeon to an American missionary this letter, breathing the spirit of Christian resignation and fortitude amid a multitude of trials:

"Thirty days have passed since we were imprisoned here waiting for the visitation of God. Our hopes are on the Lord, our families wail over us, as owls over ruins. You can imagine the sad condition of our families and our people, they are like sheep without a shepherd. Our spiritual condition is better in this prison than when we were free; I believe this imprisonment has become a great spiritual benefit to me and my comrades. I have my Bible with me. I read from it selected passages and explain them. We pray and get comfort and strength by prayer. Though we are imprisoned and secluded we cannot be careless and indifferent to the bodily and spiritual condition of our people. We are informed that they have a hard life to bear. They are most needy.

"The spring is past and the summer is here, but the people are scattered yet in the streets of the city. They cannot go out from the city, because those who go out do not return again. There is no work in the city at all, and no tools to work with. Some of the people have opened their shops, but they work only for Turks. There were some who had the rings and bracelets of their wives, saved from the plunder, and they sold them and used the money for bread.

"We pray for our benefactors, who helped us and saved us from the streets, and from the doors of the Turks. Had there not been this relief, a great many would have accepted Mohammedanism. Glory to God who, by his infinite mercy, moved the hearts of benefactors to feel and sympathize with us. They stretched out their hands to mitigate our sufferings."

This is a true picture of Armenia to-day—true to Christ and all her sufferings; faithful to the end.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$48,698.43
Mrs. Mary J. Thompson	5 00
First Baptist Church, Conn.	16 10
Friends, Dover, N. J.	2 00
Sun[illegible] Friends' [illegible] Pa.	2 00
Mrs. D. D. Hemmens	25 00
Poor Christian, Mechanisburg, Pa.	50
Sister, Newtown, Ct.	5 00
G. E. M., Port Ontario, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. J. M. Callaher	2 00
A. F. S. Spencer	5 00
Walter Jones	1 00
My Lord's Tenth, Pasadena, Cal.	4 00
Total	$48,769.53

David's Kindness.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 2. II. Sam. 9 : 1-13. Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DAVID, when he was in prosperity, did not forget the friend of his youth, the faithful Jonathan, who had once even stripped himself of his princely robes to put them upon David (I. Sam. 18 : 4). Nor could he forget the covenant which he and Jonathan had made together, when Jonathan, to all appearance heir to the throne of Israel, acknowledged the claims of David to that throne, on other than earthly grounds, as the "anointed of the Lord." Jonathan at that time besought David, "Thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not; but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever; no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David, every one, from the face of the earth" (I. Sam 20 : 14, 15). "So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David."

Now the enemies of David were cut off, his kingdom was established, and it was time that he should

Redeem his Promise.

"And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" An investigation brought to light that there still existed a former servant of Saul, whose name was Ziba. Oh, how fallen was the house of Saul! Once he had appealed to his people, "Hear now, ye Benjamites; will the son of Jesse give every one of you fields and vineyards, and make you all captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds?" (I. Sam. 22 : 7). Where was now the prosperity of Saul's adherents, that it needed investigation to discover so much as a servant remaining to the name of Saul? The man whom the people had chosen for their own glory, that they might be "like the nations," had miserably perished, and left neither name nor memorial nor posterity to keep alive his remembrance among his people. "The wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away" (Ps. 37 : 20).

David commanded that Ziba should be brought to him, and being satisfied of his identity, he inquired, "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto him?" "Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet," was the reply. "Where is he?" asked the king. "Behold, he is in the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, in Lo-debar," was Ziba's answer. And the same King David, who had given orders for the slaughter of the lame and the blind, which were "hated of David's soul," in the stronghold of Zion, treated the lame son of Jonathan with as much consideration as though he had been his own son. David's love and hatred were not regulated by impulse or personal feeling; God had his part in all. Mephibosheth could be of no use to David; his existence must be a burden upon somebody; but by grace, for the sake of his father, David sent for him and took [illegible] brought him once again to court. And when the [illegible] "fell on his face and did reverence." But the king called him by name: "Mephibosheth," and he answered, "Behold thy servant." [illegible] itude and allegiance. "Fear not," said the king, "for I will surely shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." Royally did David shew the kindness of God to the grandson of his greatest enemy. And Mephibosheth, cripple as he was in body, manifested a spirit which appreciated the disinterested love of David. "What is thy servant," he said, "that thou shouldst look upon such a dead dog as I am?"

Why should this little episode be told us in such detail, except it were to teach us of the love of David's Son? How it pictures the kindness of God to lost sinners, in him who, through his own death of shame, and his resurrection in our human flesh, has purchased the right to lift up the sinner and the beggar "out of the dung hill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people!" (Ps. 113: 7, 8.) If Mephibosheth was as a "dead dog," utterly useless to King David, much more are we utterly useless to our Lord, except by his grace and his Spirit. Saul's descendants, even Jonathan, fell in battle. Mephibosheth was only saved from a similar fate by his lameness. His utter weakness had been his salvation. And now that David sought him out, and put him in a place of honor at his own table, the cripple knew himself to be in himself

"A Dead Dog;"

not useless only, but offensive. And yet, the "dead dog" served a noble purpose: his presence at David's table was the constant proof of David's faithfulness to Jonathan; and while the cripple could neither expect nor receive honor himself, his presence served the purpose of justifying God that a man after his own heart was sitting on the throne of Israel. Let us take our place as the "dead dog" in ourselves, and we shall serve to honor our beloved Master and to reflect credit upon him.

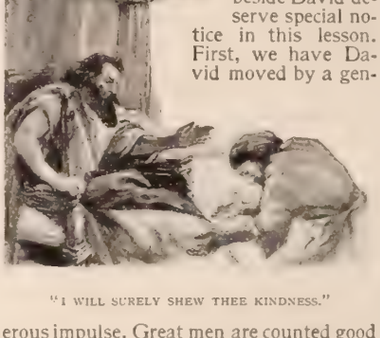
Ziba, the servant, was commissioned to act as agent of all the land that had belonged to Saul, that it might be cultivated for the benefit of Mephibosheth, but Ziba who could be of some use remained always a servant, while the useless Mephibosheth was always a king's son. Personal advantage may make a servant; but it cannot make a king's son. To be at the King's table we must have other than personal claims: it must be not by virtue of our service but for his sake. "We have forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore (Matt. 19 : 27) is the servant-spirit. "So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem; for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet." Wherever he went he must be carried, a helpless log, yet precious for the sake of another.

But every true child of God must be tried, and Mephibosheth was no exception. Absalom's rebellion against his father took place about sixteen years later; and Ziba, the servant, seeing his opportunity to recommend himself at the cost of Mephibosheth, quickly loaded two asses with provision, when David fled from Jerusalem, and met the king, just after he had ascended the Mount of Olives, and presented his offering. "What meanest thou by these?" was the first word of David, and the servant replied, "The asses be for the king's household to ride on; and the bread and summer fruit for the young men to eat; and the wine, that such as be faint in the wilderness may drink." It was a deep-laid scheme; his helpless master was at his mercy, and when David very naturally inquired, "And where is thy master's son?" he answered, "Behold, he abideth at Jerusalem: for he said, to-day shall the house of Israel restore me the kingdom of my father."

Without any possibility of verifying his words, the king believed Ziba, and said to him, "Behold, thine are all that pertaineth unto Mephibosheth." Poor, maligned, helpless Mephibosheth! But every man is only what he is proved to be when he is tested, and this was no small test to Mephibosheth. Ziba had accomplished his purpose, he did obeisance, saying, "I humbly beseech thee that I may find grace in thy sight, my Lord, O king." Ziba was a slanderer; and such are called in Greek, *diaboloi*, devils (I. Tim. 3: 2; II. Tim. 3 : 3, translated "false accusers"). It is such who do the devil's work. But through real injury done to us, God tests us and proves us, to see if we learn to look by faith not at "the things which are seen," the persons who injure us, but at "the things which are not seen," the education of our Lord who puts us to the test, as to whether we will keep the place of "dead dog" under such an injury, and count that "a dead dog" has no rights on earth.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"I WILL SURELY SHEW THEE KINDNESS."

THREE characters beside David deserve special notice in this lesson. First, we have David moved by a generous impulse. Great men are counted good when they respond to appeals for help. But here we have a man seeking opportunity for service. The Christian is not living up to Christ's ideal if he is not looking for objects on whom he can lavish his kindness. It is the right spirit. Your next door neighbor, or the family in the next block, is in trouble. Do you know it? You would if your kindness were so full and abounding that you were looking for some one you could help. In these days no one need waste much time in that way. No one need go far to find some one who wants help that he can render. And see what a pleasant surprise the search brought. David was looking for a descendant of his old enemy, and when he finds one, lo, it is the son of his best friend. It was a duty that David set out to perform, and when he puts his hand to it, it turns into a pleasure.

Then there is the character of Mephibosheth, a young man probably about twenty years old, afflicted with deformity. Once a prince and the direct heir to the throne, now a cripple and dependent on charity. Life had become very bitter to him before he would compare himself to the creature so repulsive to an Oriental as a dead dog. It seemed when the king sent for him that he was about to lose his life. Instead, he was made a royal guest, and an estate was conferred upon him. In one day the whole condition of his life was changed. He had been too hasty in regarding himself as a dead dog. Even in the darkest seasons men should not lose heart. No one knows what God may have in store for him.

Another character in the lesson deserving notice is Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth. Josephus says that he was a slave who was set at liberty when Saul and Jonathan were killed. He had evidently prospered, as at the time David sent for him he had fifteen sons and twenty slaves of his own. David's provision for Mephibosheth puts Ziba again in a position of servitude. The story of II. Samuel 16 : 1-4 and 19 : 24-30 impresses the reader with the idea that he plotted to get the whole estate by a mean trick on his master. One of the asses he offered to David was certainly Mephibosheth's, and it is evident that the lame man was thus prevented from following his royal patron. David evidently did not know which to believe, but apparently suspected Ziba of imposing on him. A man suddenly enriched has need to keep a close watch on himself lest the passion of avarice get hold of him and lead him into sin.

The other character is Machir of Lo-debar. He gave shelter to the unfortunate lame prince, an act which must have [illegible] quired some courage in those times, as [illegible] could not tell whether David might [illegible] regard the act as disloyalty to him [illegible] Machir, however, yielded to his gene[illegible] impulse, and later, when David hin[illegible] needed succor, came promptly to his [illegible] (II. Samuel 17 : 27-29). The kindly [illegible] does kindness to those in need with[illegible] concerning himself about prudence.

I will show thee kindness for Jonathan, thy father's sake. A pathetic story occurs [illegible] a work of one of our greatest novelists [illegible] is that of a miller, who, through busi[illegible] depression and litigation, becomes in str[illegible] for money. He recollects that the l[illegible] band of his sister owes him a large [illegible] which he had lent him when he [illegible] money to spare. He rides over to [illegible] brother-in-law's farm and tells his si[illegible] that he needs that money. The pallor [illegible] the woman's face shows what it will [illegible] to pay it. The wheat in the barn and [illegible] stock in the fields, even the furniture [illegible] have to be sold if her brother insists [illegible] his due. He listens to her story an[illegible] sorry, but necessity is upon him. [illegible] must have money to meet his obligatio[illegible] and if he cannot get that which belo[illegible] to him he will have to borrow. As [illegible] rides away stern and unrelenting, his [illegible] ter asks after his daughter. "A d[illegible] girl," continues the woman. "I h[illegible] Tom will be good to her, as you have [illegible] ways been to me. They are just tw[illegible] brother and sister—as you and I wer[illegible] As the miller rides away his sister's wo[illegible] do their work. If his dearly loved dau[illegible] ter should be in need after he is dead [illegible] hopes his boy would be good to her. H[illegible] would he like Tom to act in such a c[illegible] as this? He reins in his horse, tu[illegible] around and rides back to his sister's hou[illegible] and tells her not to trouble. He will m[illegible] age in some way to do without the mon[illegible] It was remitted for his daughter's sake

Is there not yet any of the house of Sau[illegible] David did not wait for them to appeal [illegible] him. He sought them out. A youth w[illegible] arrested for stealing a watch. Word w[illegible] sent to his father and mother in the cou[illegible] try. They were honest people, proud [illegible] their good name. When the mother hea[illegible] it she fainted, and when they brou[illegible] her around, it was found that she w[illegible] paralyzed. The father went to his son[illegible] rescue, and after restitution and earn[illegible] pleading obtained his discharge. Then [illegible] went to another son who was employed [illegible] the same city. "Why did you not lo[illegible] after your brother?" he asked. "W[illegible] did you allow our name to be disgrace[illegible] the boy to get a prison taint and yo[illegible] mother to be stricken down?" The you[illegible] man pleaded that he had no idea the b[illegible] was going wrong. "You were too mu[illegible] engrossed with your own affairs," said t[illegible] father. "If you had made yourself y[illegible] brother's keeper, as you ought, how mu[illegible] sorrow and suffering and shame we mig[illegible] have been saved!"

Jonathan hath yet a son. A Scottish clerg[illegible] man relates an incident which occurred [illegible] London a few years ago. A fellow-cou[illegible] tryman was in the great city on busines[illegible] As he hurried down Ludgate Hill, he sa[illegible] a half-clothed girl crouching in a doorwa[illegible] He caught but a glimpse of her face, b[illegible] that glimpse went to his heart. It was [illegible] face so full of sorrow and misery. He fe[illegible] that he could do nothing, he was compa[illegible] atively poor, he was very busy, and [illegible] was a delicate matter for a man to unde[illegible] take. So he reasoned and fully justifie[illegible] himself in leaving her in her misery. Bu[illegible] his heart would not let him do it. H[illegible] felt so uncomfortable that he turned bac[illegible] toward the cathedral, and plodded up ti[illegible] he came to the doorway where he ha[illegible] seen the girl. She was there still. He[illegible] reply to his question betrayed her Scottis[illegible] nationality. She was homeless, sick an[illegible] starving. "Come with me," he said, "[illegible] will not leave a Scotch lassie to perish." [illegible] He took her to his humble lodging, fe[illegible] her and bade her remain there for th[illegible] night, while he sought out another refuge [illegible] The next day he was to return to Scotland. [illegible] He asked the girl if he could do anythin[illegible] for her before he left. In her gratitude t[illegible] him, she told him her story. She was th[illegible] runaway daughter of his own landlord fo[illegible] whom her heart-broken father had bee[illegible] searching for three years. He could tel[illegible] her that her father was waiting to forgiv[illegible] her and she joyfully returned with him t[illegible] Scotland. "May God forever bless you," [illegible] said the old man, as he clasped his ten[illegible] ant's hand, "I'll never forget that it was [illegible] you that saved my bairn."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR'S HOST.

T Great International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies in Washington, D. C., Listens to the Record of the Year's Work—Meetings of Praise and Prayer.

THE NAT.ONAL CAPITOL NEAR WHICH THE C. E. CONVENTION WAS HELD.

WASHINGTON has seen many vast gatherings in the course of s history, but probably never has it ertained a Convention which presented th ombined qualities of size, consecration, an religious enthusiasm in such degree as hat which assembled in the city on Ju 9. The city gave the Christian En-de or hosts a right royal welcome. In ne of the previous fourteen conventions of Christian Endeavor Societies had so m n work been done to have everything in eadiness for the coming of the great ar y of Christian workers. So thoroughly sy ematized was every detail of the Com-m ee's work, that every delegation was m on its arrival, and found its head-qu ters prepared and decorated for its re-ce on, and every arrangement made for its omfort. For two years, preparations h e been making for this Convention, ar they have evidently been years of h and intelligent work. Mr. W. H. H. Sm h, the Chairman of the Committee, ar his colleagues were warmly com-m ded for the perfection of their arrange-m ts. On their side, they acknowledge th cordial co-operation they had found on al ands. Congress had passed, without a assenting voice, the act necessary to al y the Convention to meet on the pub-li reservation of the White Lots, and the se nty-five churches of the city had been fr y placed at the disposal of the Com-m ee. The Convention, therefore, found it f a welcome guest. The weather alone w unpropitious. Wind and rain com-bi d against it. They succeeded in over-th ing Tent Williston, one of the three gi ntic tents in which the meetings were to e held. But the meetings which should h e been held there were held in Central H , and after thirty-six hours the tent w again in position.

The preliminary meetings on Wednesday ening in the churches struck the key-n e of the Convention. As Dr. F. E. C k, the Christian Endeavor President sa in his opening remarks, the Conven-ti was for inspiring and uplifting, not fo business. The first meetings were th efore appropriately occupied with pr se and prayer. On Thursday morning th Convention proper assembled and th was seen what a mighty host had co e together. The two tents and the gr t Hall were crowded, and a vast choir of our thousand voices distributed in the th e meetings led such a volume of praise as rarely heard. The following Invoca-ti Hymn, written by Col. John Hay, for th occasion thrilled every heart:

INVOCATION.

Lord! from far-severed climes we come
To meet at last in thee, our Home;
From whom hast been our guide and guard,
Be still our hope, our rich reward.

Defend us Lord from every ill,
Strengthen our hearts to do thy will;
In all we plan, and all we do,
Still keep us to thy service true.

Let us hear the inspiring word,
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path "which leads to Heaven and thee."

JOHN HAY.

Mr. W. H. H. Smith realized how heartily his arrangements were appreciated in the ovation he received when he came forward to give his address of welcome. "Welcome!" he cried when he could make himself heard, "Welcome! A hundred times welcome! Welcome for all, of whatever nation, or people, or denomination, who own allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Welcome to heart and home;
Welcome to Washington,
Welcome this day."

President F. E. Clark's address was full of stimulus and inspiration. With a humorous reference to the great political conventions recently held, he proceeded to state the platform of Christian Endeavor. These were the planks as Dr. Clark recognized them: *First*, Our Covenant Prayer-meeting pledge—the Magna Charta of Christian Endeavor. *Second*, Our Consecration Meeting—guaranteeing the spiritual character of the Society. *Third*, Our Committees—giving to each active member some specific and definite work "for Christ and the Church. *Fourth*, Our Interdenominational and International Fellowship, based upon our denominational and national loyalty. *Fifth*, Our Individual Independence and Self-government, free from control of United Society, State or local union, convention or committee: all of which exist for fellowship and inspiration, not for legislation. *Sixth*, Our individual Subordination as societies to our own churches, of which we claim to be an integral, organic, inseparable part. *Seventh*, Our Christian Citizenship plank—our country for Christ, but, as a Society, no entangling political alliances. Our missionary plank—Christ for the world. *Eighth*, Our ultimate Purpose—to deepen the spiritual life and raise the religious standards of young people the world over.

Then briefly he gave figures which must have surprised people who have not kept track of the progress of the Society from year to year: Forty-six thousand societies have been formed. Five millions of Endeavorers have been enrolled, of whom more than two millions seven hundred thousand are to-day members. Two millions of others, Endeavorers in all but name, have probably been enrolled in purely denominational societies. Ten million Endeavor meetings have been held. Five million copies of the constitution have undoubtedly been printed, in forty different languages, and at least fifteen million copies of the pledge. Over one million of our associate members have come into the evangelical churches connected with fifty denominations, influenced in part, at least, by the Christian Endeavor Society; and it is certain that over two millions of dollars have been given in benevolence through denominational and church channels.

These were great figures, but Dr. Clark was anxious for further progress. Under the type of a marriage, he pointed out how Christian Endeavor was uniting denominations, uniting nationalities and uniting such ideas as patriotism and humanity. He concluded with the words: "As steel and copper, hitherto unweldable metals, are welded together by the mighty, subtle power of electricity in a union so complete that no human eye can find the seam, so, by the fusing might of God's spirit in Christian Endeavor, will be welded together fidelity that is true and fellowship that is large-hearted, responsibility that makes strong, and loyalty that makes humble and gentle, patriotism and humanity, organization and spiritual power, now and forever, one and inseparable. And 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

The report of Secretary Baer, always an interesting feature of these conventions, presented the year's progress under varied groupings. In the course of his report he said: "Of the States and Provinces that now have each over one thousand Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, Pennsylvania still heads the list with 3,273; New York next, 2,971; Ohio, 2,311; Ontario has now passed to fourth place, with 1,317; Illinois, 1,802; Indiana, 1,352; Iowa, 1,302. These figures do not include the numerous other kinds of Christian Endeavor societies that are now fast becoming sturdy branches of the mother tree, such as the Junior, the Intermediate, the Mothers', and the Senior.

"We have not time to investigate the branches in schools, in colleges, in public institutions of all kinds, in prisons, and schools of reform, in almshouses, asylums, institutions for the blind, etc., on board ships, men-of-war, at navy-yards, in life stations, and among life-savers, among the boys in blue in United States barracks in large factories, among car-drivers, policemen and patrolmen, in the Travellers' Union, etc., but we cannot pass by the growth of the Canadian and foreign "branches." All Canada has 3,292 societies, and in foreign and missionary lands there are now 6,399 societies enrolled. The United Kingdom has over 3,000; Australia, over 2,000; France, 66; West Indies, 63; India, 128; Mexico, 62; Turkey, 41; Africa, 38; China, 40; Germany, 18; Japan, 66, Madagascar, 93; and so on until every country in the world is represented, save three or four, making a grand total of 46,125 branches.

"In the United States the denominational representation is as follows: The Presbyterians still lead, with 5,458 Young People's societies and 2,599 Junior societies; the Congregationalists have 4,199 Young People's societies and 2,077 Junior societies; the Disciples of Christ and Christians, 2,641 Young People's societies and 1,087 Junior societies; the Baptists, 2,679 Young People's societies and 927 Junior societies and so on through a long list.

"There is to-day in the 46,125 societies throughout the world a total membership of 2,750,000. And the best of it all is that from our Juniors 21,506, and from our Young People's societies 210,400, have this year joined the churches of America. Praise God for that! In all, 231,900 have from Christian Endeavor taken their place in the church of the living God. What a blessed harvest for one year.

From Mr. Baer's report it also appeared that the Christian Endeavor Society has won marked distinction in their assistance to the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of the various churches. The Society has a roll of honor on which such contributions are recorded. On the roll are 5869 Young People's Societies, and 2331 Juniors. These 8200 Societies have given to the cause of Home and Foreign Missions during the year $154,022.68, and they have also given to other causes in the church, $206,150.21, making a grand total of $360,172.89, which has been given by these Societies for church purposes during the year.

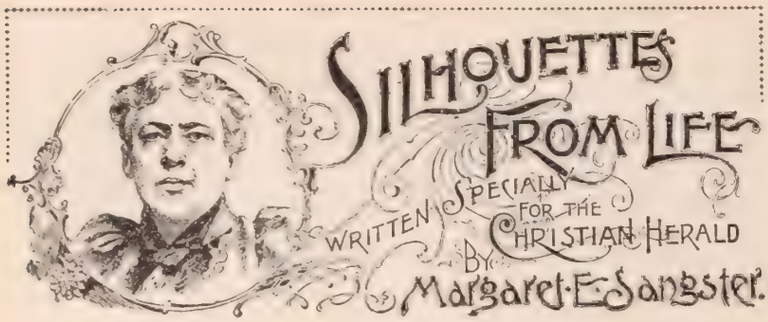
The presentation of two banners was another business, which like the report and the address, indicated the progress of Christian Endeavor principles. The banner for the greatest absolute increase of societies went to the English delegation. During the past year England has added a thousand societies and forty thousand members to her Christian Endeavor army. The banner for the greatest proportionate increase of societies also is to cross the Atlantic. It has been won by Scotland, which during the year increased the number of her societies from 200 to 315 and the membership from 9,500 to 14,560.

It would be impossible to give even a brief summary of the three hundred meetings which filled the week with joy and blessing. The programme as outlined in this journal on June 24 was faithfully followed and the Washington convention proved the most inspiring of all yet held in the History of Christian Endeavor. Its influence will be felt in every part of our land and beyond the sea.

A Missionary Incident.

The life of a missionary in tropical lands is by no means a bed of roses. He has many hard knocks to bear, many discouragements to face and many discomforts to encounter in the course of his varied experiences. In some parts of India, Arabia and Africa, it is impossible for the white missionary to travel any great distance afoot, owing to the intolerable heat which soon exhausts the strength of those who are not natives. Our photographic illustration on this page, shows one of the many discomforts of travel in such climates. It is an incident from the experience of Mr. Ramseyer, of the Basle Mission to the African Gold Coast. In crossing a patch of woodland, his hammock-bearers have stumbled and the missionary himself "has come to grief" suddenly, though fortunately little worse than a few bruises resulted from the tumble. Such slips frequently occur, when the carriers are tired after a long day's work, and their repetition may very reasonably be accepted as a sign that the dusky-skinned bearers consider their day's work done and want to go into camp at once. If the missionary be wise he will agree to this and save himself further trouble and the possibility of more "incidents" like that so graphically shown in the illustration.

AN INCIDENT OF A MISSIONARY JOURNEY.



Polly's Bee-hive.

TO begin with, Polly Antrim's beehive was not a real hive with real bees, yet her business in life was, speaking if I may in a parable, the manufacture of honey. She was a tall, slim girl, twenty years old, and very pretty, with her shining hair coiled around her beautiful head, her pale olive cheeks just touched with pink, and her dark-brown eyes. Polly Antrim made caps for a living, old ladies' caps, of delicate lace, with dainty bows and frills, and she had a number of customers, who always bought their new caps of her, and sent her their old ones to do over when they were a trifle shabby. As a general thing, old ladies don't wear caps in these days, more's the pity, for nothing is quite so becoming to a soft wrinkled face, and thinning hair, but there are always a few elderly women who adhere to old styles and who are willing to pay a good price for a handsome thing. Among these Polly had her trade, and, year in and year out, her nimble fingers and charming taste brought quite money enough in to keep her and her mother in comfort.

What about the behive? I'm coming to that. The Antrims lived on the top floor of a tenement house in a nice neighborhood, where very respectable people had their pleasant flats. This house, and the next, and the next, and the one across the street, and the one at the corner where the grocery was, and many another in the same part of the town, swarmed with children. Polly took it in her head one day to have a little evening school for some of these, and to call it a beehive because if she had called it a school they would never have come. There was a large empty room over the grocer's stable and she borrowed that, promising that there would be no mischief done, and holding herself responsible for the good conduct of her little friends.

"And pray, Miss Polly, what are you goin' to learn them?" asked Mr. Ashe, the grocer.

"To sing, and to knit," said Polly, confidentially. "I'm going to keep them out of the street till bed time, three nights a week, if they'll only be allowed to come to me. The first night there is a bit of trouble, Mr. Ashe, you can turn us all out, and never believe in me any more."

"Better let her try it," said the good natured policeman who had kept order on that street, and knew Polly's nice ways with children.

The first night they gathered around Polly, most of them had to sit on the floor, but they were not particular and the eight or ten who had been invited to form a club, were so interested in making plans and rules that they would not have found fault had they been compelled to stand up the whole hour. When Polly had at last said, "Now girls and boys, we're going to call this the Beehive Club, because bees are busy and bright and bold and brave." There was a general clapping of hands, and one little fellow piped up,

"Bees make honey, don't they, out of flowers. We haven't got no flowers."

"We've got to be flowers and bees both," said Polly. "We're bees—got to sweeten the world for our people at home, and help everybody to be happy. Jimmy Morrison, I nominate you the President of the Beehive."

Jimmy Morrison, a red-haired, rough-fisted little fellow of ten, had been sidling out of the room, and on hearing that he was to be elected President, perhaps, he concluded to remain. Knitting did not appeal to the boys, but whittling did, and Polly had provided work of some kind for everybody, and in the course of a few nights, everybody was sure to be present, at eight o'clock, when the proceedings began.

"There is a lady, one of my dear cap. ladies," said Polly, "who will buy all the lace and all the horse-reins the girls can knit at the Bee-hive, and also all the perfectly smooth, round sticks the Bee-hive boys can whittle. When the money for these comes in, we'll have a feast at the Bee-hive, so its worth while for everybody to work."

The gentle, white-haired cap-lady behind Polly was a shut-in. She had not walked a step for ten years. But she belonged to God's great hive of busy bees, and helped to make honey, even though she never left her room.

Well, the weeks passed by as weeks do, one day at a time, and there came a night when there were very sorrowful faces at the Bee-hive Club. They tried to sing, but sobs choked them. They tried to knit, butthe girls droppod their hands idly in their laps. The President didn't need to rap for order. Everybody was in order already. Polly Antrim was very ill indeed with diphtheria.

Mr. Ashe came to the door, "You young folks better keep still to-night,and not sing 'Glory, hallelujah!' Polly's very low, I've heard."

"As if we wanted to sing Glory, hallelujah!" said red-haired Jimmy in a flash. "I tell you wot we'd better do, kids! We'll have a prayer-meeting in this here Beehive, and ask God to let Polly get well."

"What good will that do!" said one little infidel. "The doctor can't cure her, they say!"

All the infidels in the world are not grown-up. There are chilren who have had such hard and bitter lives among evil associates that they have forgotten the sweetness and simple faith of childhood. God help such poor, forlorn children. God help us to open their eyes.

Jimmy turned on the young speaker.

"What good will it do to pray? It'll bring heaven down here to drive away the sickness, and it'll show the doctor what he must do next. Never ask such an ignorant question as that, Leopold—never again.

The scene in the next half hour was a curious and pathetic one. Voice after voice was lifted in simple pleading, "Do, dear Lord Jesus, do please spare our Polly. The Bee-hive needs her. The cap-ladies need her. Her old mammy needs her. Please, dear Christ, save Polly, but 'Thy will be done.'"

When the children left the Bee-hive and crept quietly home, they were very silent. Some of them cried themselves to sleep. Sturdy Jimmy alone marched to his house with head erect and confident bearing.

"God will answer our prayers!" he said cheerily, "I am not afraid."

We, who are more familiar than Jimmy was with the Bible, remember certain ringing phrases, "Is thine arm shortened that it cannot save? Thine ear heavy that it cannot hear?" Thank God, this never happens. God always hears, can always save. His right hand and his holy arm can bring the victory. Even over a foul fiend of disease, the only thing always is to be reconciled to the will that cannot make a mistake, the blessed, perfect will of God.

Polly lived. She still carries on the Beehive Club. She still makes caps for dear old ladies. And the earth is a happier place because Polly is in it.

As for Jimmy, I expect great things of him yet. He is a manly young Christian. What more can be said?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Persia's Royal Heir.

LIKE almost all Eastern monarchial countries, Persia has a history in which the violent deposition and the assassination of its rulers are strikingly prominent. Usually, after the death of a monarch, the country would be quiet for a little space, until new intrigues were developed and new plots were laid against the throne. Since the assassination of Shah Nasr-ed-din, Teheran, the capital, has been comparatively quiet, owing largely to the energetic precautions of the Prime Minister, Mirzi Ali Khan. The Premier is under forty years of age and is one of the most enlightened men in Persia. He visited Europe several years ago and is well acquainted with European customs and with many of the features of western civilization.

Prince Mohammed Ali, the son of Muzaffer, the new Shah has been proclaimed as the successor to the throne. He is not the eldest son, but is the only one of many brothers who is of royal blood, his mother being a princess. He has lately been proclaimed "Vali-Ahd" or Crown Prince. Prince Ali is a well educated young man of twenty-four, and is considered by many to be a prince of considerable promise and force of character.

PRINCE MOHAMMED ALI.

MIRZI ALI KHAN.

Mirza Riza, the assassin of the late Shah, was a peddler of Teheran. He is said to be neither a lunatic nor a religious enthusiast and the motive for his crime has not yet become apparent. He is well treated in prison (contrary to the usual custom in Persia, where political offenders or traitors are concerned), and is carefully watched, in the hope that by this treatment he may be persuaded to disclose his accomplices.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$236.10
H E & Mrs Peck	2 00
C A G, Hazleton	10 00
Mrs Zilla Huston	2 00
Miss S A Simonds	1 00
Mrs D Carpenter	15 00
O C Tarbox	1 00
D Stuart Dodge	20 00
Geo W Stephens	2 00
Thos H Payne	5 00
Mrs G A Bates	1 00
Mrs Roxa M Brooks	1 00
James Brand	5 00
M A K, West Milford	1 00
J A Walter	2 50
Mrs R F Fisher	1 00
Mrs Madge Nesbitt	5 00
Mrs A E Funk	3 00
Mrs M M Knapp	1 00
M D S, Falto	1 00
Total	$315.60

Lumbermen and Miners' Mission.

MISS EMMA NASON, the faithful missionary, whose labors among the lumbermen and miners of the Northwest are already known to many of our readers, writes as follows:

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., June 16th.

Yours was received with seventeen dollars from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It came at a timely and great need.

We [illegible] to go through our mission field in the Lake Region and through the Iron Range among the miners, starting out lodging and coffee houses and taking notes of the urgent need at every point of the work. We thank God it is on a good foundation. If only we can pull through this hard time. The great open doors are all opening and now the Gospel of our Christ must be preached to those many thousands who never before. There was such a [illegible] from Hurley and Ironwood for our evangelist from here, Rev. Geo. E. Shorter, and his Gospel wagon to come to those iron towns that the a[illegible] could not be resisted. Rev. Mr. Shorter an[illegible] family have already gone with the Gospel w[illegible] Thousands of the miners have no Gospel priv[illegible] and they are in constant danger of death. A [illegible] of men have been buried in one of these mines [illegible] I was there but after being for hours in their [illegible] grave they were brought out alive, perhaps t[illegible] our Gospel and be saved from everlasting d[illegible] We believe there will be great work at Hurley [illegible] helping Hurley, Ironwood and Ashland we are [illegible] without an evangelist at Sault Ste. Marie. [illegible] a young man of the Moody Bible Institute is rea[illegible] come as soon as his expenses can be paid.

Clearing Out Sales

Gospel Hymns.

THERE ARE many churches, espe[illegible]ly in small towns and villa[illegible] that would be glad of an opport[illegible]ity to get a number of copies of "Go[illegible] Hymns" at a greatly reduced price. [illegible] the benefit of such churches, we wo[illegible] state that we have on hand a numbe[illegible] copies of Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1 to 6 C[illegible] solidated, Music Edition, that have b[illegible] injured almost imperceptibly in packi[illegible] Otherwise they are in perfect conditi[illegible] Those who desire to obtain copies, [illegible] do well to write quickly to THE CHR[illegible] TIAN HERALD, as we are now closing the entire lot, and will be glad to have many of our friends as possible avail th[illegible] selves of this exceptional opportunity.

* * *

Library Premiums.

—OUR LIBRARY Premi[illegible] proved an immense success, a[illegible] we have a flood of letters in praise. While the sets w[illegible] being sent out by thousands few sets, the cases of which h[illegible] been slightly soiled or rubb[illegible] were laid aside. On examin[illegible]tion, we find that the books all those cases are perfect and i[illegible] tact, not a mark or blemish bei[illegible] distinguishable. The cases, ho[illegible]ever, are slightly scratched a[illegible] we have accordingly decided sacrifice those sets—there is on[illegible] a limited number of them—$1.50 each, we prepaying charges. Each case contains ten book[illegible] the entire lot constituting a charmi[illegible] little home library, that will afford ma[illegible] hours of amusement, summer or winter.

* * *

Bible Helps.

—"WHAT A FLOOD of illuminati[illegible] your little, compact volume of *'Bible He[illegible]* has proved to me," writes a subscrib[illegible] who teaches a Sunday School class in Vermont town. "I am no longer at a lo[illegible] in arriving at a clear understanding many of those passages that formerly we[illegible] more or less of a mystery and a tangle, f[illegible] in the *Helps* I have the aid right at hand the ablest theological scholars, past ar[illegible] present—a privilege that would have co[illegible] me many hundreds of dollars, had I to bu[illegible] their books, besides the labor of readir[illegible] and digesting them. All this I find dor[illegible] for me in the *Helps*. Even if I had no Su[illegible]day School class, and lived alone on son[illegible] mountain-side, still I should not want t[illegible] be without the little book, since it assis[illegible] me to read my Bible understandingly. Any of our readers can have a copy of *Th[illegible] Helps to the Study of the Bible,'* mailed, pos[illegible]age prepaid, by sending 50 cents to TH[illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD office. It is a librar[illegible] *in petto*, which should be in the possessio[illegible] of every Bible-reading man or woma[illegible] young or old in America.

* * *

Sen. Blair's Temperance Pamphlet.

—NOTHING THAT has been printed in r[illegible]cent years, has done more to revitalize th[illegible] interest in Temperance than ex-Senato[illegible] Blair's famous pamphlet, "The Temper[illegible]ance Reform." It is a masterly and com[illegible]plete presentation of this great and at[illegible]sorbing subject—one that goes to the roo[illegible] of our prosperity and happiness as nation and as individuals. Senator Blai[illegible] has not confined himself to "stock" argu[illegible]ments by any means; indeed, his pamph[illegible]let is striking in its bold and origina[illegible] treatment of the whole matter. One o[illegible] the finest and most practical chapters i[illegible] the pamphlet is that which shows th[illegible] duty of churches and Christian commu[illegible]nities, and we would be pleased to hav[illegible] it in the hands of our readers generally Copies of the pamphlet will be mailed t[illegible] any address at a cost of five cents each o[illegible] three dollars a hundred.

From Hot Slums to Cool Fields.

The Fresh-Air Fund's Work Among the Tenement Children — Puny Lives Saved and Sad Little Hearts Cheered.

To those readers of this journal and their friends who have aided in supporting our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn could only spend a few hours with the army of tenement children now gathered there, they would feel amply repaid for the effort and outlay. It is certainly simple and practical way of doing good, to send some little maid or lad from the grit and misery of a tenement for a space among green fields, with the advantages of wholesome food and Christian training and example. Quite a number of friends who have read of our work at the Children's Home, have contributed various amounts, some sending $3 to give one child a holiday, others sending an amount representing ten days of real enjoyment for two or more little ones. We could wish that every reader who has the cause of the wee waifs at heart might be represented by at least one child, provided with an outing at so trifling an expense. There are hundreds, indeed, thousands, who stand sorely in need of it at this torrid season.

During these sweltering midsummer days, when the poor, little morsels of humanity, who dwell in the foul and fever-breeding lanes and alleys of the crowded city, are suffering from those ailments that never fail to appear in such quarters every summer, it is a precious boon to them to be taken to Mont-Lawn. Away from the dirt and disease, from the vice and profanity, the poor food and pestilential atmosphere, to a region where heaven's pure air is uncontaminated, and skies are blue, and where the pretty surroundings, the nourishing food, the kind matron and assistants combine to make them as happy as children can be — that is, a change so radical and complete that the little guests are often at a loss to comprehend what it all means. But, with the philosophy, they soon accustom themselves to the change, although each new day brings surprises. Occasionally, amid the happy group, playing on the lawn or among the flowers out in the field, one sees a serious-faced wee man or woman and usually it is not very difficult to learn that the thoughts are far away with the fan mother and the little brothers and sisters in some rear tenement home, who never had no such good times as dis." Good times! There is a world of pathos in the words when we apply them to the case of a child of the tenements.

Sunday is always a day of special interest at the Home. On that day the games and frolics of the week are laid aside. In the forenoon, the little guests are called together and taught the International Sunday School lesson. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, they gather in the little chapel where an hour is spent in singing hymns, reading the Scriptures, prayer, and short addresses or possibly a harmonette. At the close of this simple service, which is always greatly enjoyed by the children, they march to the Dining Hall where tea is served. On a recent Sunday they were addressed briefly by Rev. Jacob Freshman and Mr. J. W. Cannon, the Evangelist, after which Dr. Klopsch spoke for a few minutes. At the Sunday School lesson their answers are frequently very bright, showing remarkably acute minds, quick to understand and appreciate the meaning of the lesson when it has been explained to them.

Among the children at the Home this season are many sickly and deformed, who in former years would have been rejected. This is owing to the presence of a house-physician at the Home, whose medical treatment has proved very beneficial to the little sufferers. One child had an ugly abscess on the lower jaw, another had eyes and ears and lips affected with persistent sores, but Dr. Hall's skilful treatment has already made a great change in the condition of the little patients. When it is stated that there are now seldom less than twenty-five sickly ones at Mont-Lawn at any time, the importance of the medical department will be better appreciated. These pale and emaciated little patients have already learned to love the Home and its kind doctor and nurses. It is surprising what an improvement a single week sometimes produces. When the child is obviously in need of a longer stay to effect a permanent improvement, the ten-day rule is relaxed in its behalf, and its outing is extended for a few days and possibly a week longer. Several of the little invalids have been sent home fully restored.

One seldom sees anything lovelier than the scene that occurs at Mont-Lawn every evening when the new party of children arrives. They drive up merrily singing the "Home Cry:"

Here we are! Here we are!
C. H.! C. H.! Ha! ha! ha!

and are received by House-Mother Collins and her staff of caretakers, each with a division of boys or girls under her charge, and all waving handkerchiefs or caps.

Each new set of children have all the beauties of the country to discover over again for themselves. Coming up on the steamer *Chrystenah*, they ask: "They bees flowers in the country, ain't they? Durst we take them home?" Some of the expressions used by these little street Arabs would puzzle a grammatical teacher to analyze. Here are some examples: "This is the nicest country what I was ever to." "Did you went with the teacher?" One child speaking of a favorite caretaker, who had gone, said: "I wish she had stood yet." One little boy was initiating another into the mysteries of blackberry eating, and he said: "These berries first bees green, then they bees red, then they bees black: you durst only eat them when they bees black or they'll make you sick." One little miss who was accidentally tripped by another girl, ran to her caretaker exclaiming: "Teacher, that girl tumbled me upside down."

Contributions of clothing and underwear for the children will be welcomed at the Home. The following contributions have been received during the week in aid of the Home:

Previously acknowledged	$524.09
Subscriber, Morrison, Ill.	3 00
Subscriber, Crescent Lawn.	3 00
" Sinking Valley, Pa.	2 00
George Jack	2 00
Mrs Clarence Palmer	3 00
Mrs Ellen Mahn	5 00
Opportunity Circle K D	2 00
C M W, Mt Gilead, O	25
Mrs A E Beard	50
In His Name, Bedford, N H	3 00
Mr and Mrs J W Godbold	3 00
M A Backus	3 00
Mrs Hazard and sister	10 00
Mrs J M Smith	2 00
Mrs E G S, Phila	10 00
Mrs V I Gilman	25
W R, Millville, Wis	2 00
B D L, Eatontown, N J	1 00
Friend of Children, Mechanicsburg	2 00
Edith Riggs	1 00
Friend of Little Children, Martinsburg, Pa	1 00
Mother and daughter, Lowell, Mass	3 00
Ada Carns	1 00
A M Hall	1 00
Christian Friend, Red Wing, Minn	6 00
Little Floridian, Dade City, Fla	50
A E S, Sumner, Me	5 00
H R Morrison	1 00
A E Yates	3 00
Transit Offering, Brooklyn, N Y	1 00
E L B, Poughkeepsie	6 00
Four Friends, Woodson, Ill.	1 00
Mrs R Hughston	1 00
"Wy"	5 00
Mrs Emma Maxwell's S S Class	4 00
Thos Holmes	3 00
Mrs L A White	3 00
Harriet Porter	3 00
Wm H Perdomo	8 50
—, Singapore	24 00
Stone School House Union S S	2 51
H A Ahern	3 00
Mrs R Rushmore	6 00
Friend, Williamsburg, N J	5 00
In His Name, New York City	2 00
Friends, Lowell, Mass	12 00
R L & M E Beevers	6 00
In Christ's Name, Adairville, Ky	3 00
A Subr and Friend, Manatee, Fla	3 00
Total	$726.60

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

A SUNNY FORENOON IN THE MONT-LAWN WOODS.

The Other Side.

WE go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide—
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore [runs,
And bear them where a stream of blessing
Instead we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

***

President Kruger at Home.

ONE who knows President Kruger writes thus concerning the many peculiarities of the Chief of the Boer Republic: When he leaves home nothing will induce him to make his bow in the house of Rimmon. During his visit to England he declined an invitation to a ball on the Queen's birthday, through no want of respect to Her Majesty, but because he considered such things an impropriety in Christian conduct. No more would he set his foot within a theatre for the same reason that the actors were dressed in immodest attire. The Parisians deemed him incurably scrupulous in refusing to attend a dinner party on Sunday on the ground that it would be a violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath. At home he is known to be a man of one book, but it is the book of books.—the Word of God. The Lord's Day he spends in reading the Scriptures in his family and in expounding them in the House of God. For all these things the profanely secular press holds him up to public ridicule, but he enjoys the confidence and respect of his own subjects, the commendation of Christians the world over, and the approval of his own conscience.

***

True Courtesy.

Courtesy demands and requires cultivation, like other Christian graces. Says a thoughtful writer: It seems to be born in some, and bred in others; but many must acquire the habit of thoughtfulness in mere trifles by persistent effort. Because one does not come naturally by an easy manner and unconscious grace, is no reason why he should despair of becoming a truly courteous person. The thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians is a manual of etiquette that never grows obsolete. Read in the light of those sentences, conduct is seen to be more than half of life, manners are dignified, love shines through little things and lifts them to its own high level, as "the greatest thing in the world." Our children should be taught the value of all the graces.

***

African Children's Games.

Bishop Mackenzie, while traveling with a party in Central Africa, fonnd games of whip-top, humming-top, and many others as common among the Africans as among the boys at home, so that that they could teach them nothing new. At last, in despair, they thought they would surprise them by making a kite. All the children assembled to see it: but it turned out lop-sided and heavy, and would not go up. So one of the missionaries remarked to them, "You never saw anything like this before, did you?" Whereupon the little fellow replied, "Oh, yes; only the things we have here are different from yours, for ours go up, and yours go down."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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Centenarians.

THERE has been much congratulation of a good man on the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday. That a man should be able to stand the climate of this world one hundred years is wonderful. It is fortunate, however, that such longevity is exceptional. Most people have no business to live as long as that. Better work well and hard for awhile, and then be off. If a man have no hope of higher and better residence, the longer he stays here the better. But it is no matter of congratulation that a Christian man is kept so long out of heaven, when his work on earth seems finished. The world is better off now than when its inhabitants lived three or four hundred years. Every few years the world needs a fresh population. The only way to make room here is by emigration. There seems to be a place for children and parents and grandparents, but great-grandparents are usually unhappy themselves, and disturbing to the happiness of others. After ninety years of age life is an affliction. Let us, by attention to all the laws of health and moral behavior, keep our foothold on the earth as long as it seems God's intention that we should stay here; but let us not be fretful and despondent when it seems to be time for embarkation for the next country. To those of us who are fitted for sailing, it will not be a landing like that of the Pilgrim Fathers on a rock-bound coast, amid ice and snow-storms, but a pulling up of our boat amid cacti and groves of orange.

Let Us Pray.

WE are all waiting for our national finances to get disentangled. We are expecting this or that wonderful thing to be done. Meanwhile, there never was so little praying for our rulers as now. In times of war, from Maine to California, in all the churches there was perpetual praying for men in authority. The petitions have mostly ceased, save in the Episcopal Church, where they are a part of the Litany. There was no more need of such supplication in the days of South Mountain and Gettysburg than now. You say those were days of blood, and these are days of peace. We reply, it is more easy to fight without God's help, than to manage public finances. In the art of bloodshed the devil will help us if we can get rich; [illegible] but in the work of alleviating business depression, we shall get no help unless we get it from the Lord. Some of us have depended on this and others or that, but it is quite time that we begin to look higher. Let us implore God's help for our Government as earnestly as in the days when our fathers and brothers were in battle. Let all our pulpits again take up the call on heaven for deliverance. On rail-car, and ferry-boat, and in drawing-room, and in legislative hall we hear plans for national relief. Now we propose this: let us pray.

Editor's Waste-Basket.

ON our way out the newspaper rooms we stumbled over the basket in which are deposited the literary material which we cannot use. The basket upset and surprised us with its contents. On the top were some things that looked like fifteen or twenty poems. People outside have no idea of the amount of rhyme that comes to a printing office. The fact is that at some period in everyone's life he writes "poetry." His existence depends upon it. We wrote ten or fifteen verses ourselves once. Had we not written them just there and then we might not be here. They were in long metre, and "Old Hundred" would have fitted them grandly. Many people are seized with the poetic spasm when they are sick, and their lines are apt to begin with

"O mortality! how frail art thou!"

Others on Sabbath afternoons write Sabbath-school hymns, adding to the batch of infinite nonsense that the children are compelled to swallow. For others a beautiful curl is a corkscrew pulling out canto after canto. Nine-tenths of the rhyme that comes to a printing office cannot be used. You hear a rough tear of paper, and you look around to see the managing editor adding to the responsibilities of his chip-basket. What a way that is to treat incipient Tennysons and Longfellows!

Next to the poetic effusions tumble out treatises on "Constitutional Law" heavy enough to break the basket. We have noticed that after a man has got so dull he can get no one willing to hear him, he takes to profound exposition. Out from the same chip-basket rolls a great pile of announcements that people want put among the editorials, so as to save the expense of the advertising columns. They tell us the article they wish recommended will have a highly beneficial effect upon the Church and the world. It is a religious churn, or a moral horse-rake, or a consecrated flytrap. They almost get us crying over their new kind of grindstone, and we put the letter down on the table while we get out our pocket-handkerchief, when our assistant takes hold the document and gives it a rip, and pitches it into the chip-basket.

Next in the pile of torn and upset-things is the speech of someone on the momentous occasion of the presentation of a gold-headed cane, or silver pitcher, or brass kettle for making preserves. It was "unexpected," "a surprise," and "undeserved," and would "long be cherished." "Great applause, and not a dry eye in the house." etc., etc. But there is not much room in a paper for speeches. In this country everybody speaks. An American is in his normal condition when he is making a speech. He is born with "Fellow citizens" in his mouth, and closes his earthly life by saying, "One word more and I have done." Speeches being so common, newspaper readers do not want a large supply, and so many of these utterances, intended to be immortal, drop into oblivion through that inexhaustible reservoir, the editorial chip-basket.

But there is a hovering of pathos over this wreck of matter. Some of these wasted things were written for bread by intelligent wives with drunken husbands trying to support their families with the pen. Over that mutilated manuscript some weary man toiled until daybreak. How we wish we could have printed what they wrote! Alas! for the necessity that disappoints the literary struggle of so many women and men, when it is ten dollars for that article, or children gone supperless to bed!

Let no one enter the field of literature for the purpose of "making a living" unless as a very last resort. There are thousands of persons to-day starving to death with a steel pen in their hand. The story of Grub street and poets living on thin soup, is being repeated all over this land, although the modern cases are not so conspicuous. Poverty is no more agreeable because classical and set in hexameters. The hungry author cannot breakfast on "Odes to Summer." On every winter day how many of the literati shiver? Martyrs have perished in the fire, but more persons have perished for lack of fire. Let no editor through hypercriticism of contributed articles, add to this educated suffering.

Crazy from Revivals.

A LEARNED physician in England gives as his opinion that religious awakenings are responsible for the dementation of many of the people. He says that persons are frequently in such a weak mental condition, that spiritual anxieties coming upon them cause aberration. Unless religion works differently on the other side of the water from the way it works here, we do not believe a word of the charge. Instead of enervating and unjointing the intellect, religion strengthens and gives beautiful equipoise. We can point you to a score of persons who were nerveless, insipid, and dull till religion put spunk and fire into them. The Bible lets us know that the first sane moment in the mind of the Prodigal Son was when he started for home: "He came to himself."

So we have divine authority for saying that instead of a man being made crazy by religion, the people are crazy who do not accept it.

There is nothing so adapted for improving the sanitary condition of the race as the Christian religion. Heaven is a state of eternal health, and conversion is the convalescence and recuperation necessary for admission. We therefore are willing to risk all the revivals that may come.

Making Wills.

FROM the law-suits now raging in the Orphan Courts we advise you to avoid the mistake of making your own "Last will and testament" unless you have great legal skillfulness. Better leave no will at all than one inefficiently constructed. The "Orphan's Court" could tell many a tragedy of property distributed adverse to the intention of the testator. You save twenty to a hundred dollars from your counsel by writing your own will, and your heirs pay ten thousand dollars to lawyers in disputes over it.

Perhaps those whom you have wished especially to favor will get the least of your estate, and a relative against whom you always had especial dislike will get the most, and your charities will be apportioned differently from what you anticipated—a hundred dollars to the Bible Society, and three thousand to the "Hook and Ladder Company."

"Good For Him."

HOW little sympathy for a man who misses his mark in life, and falls headlong! Where there is one person to help him up, there are a score to cry, "Good for him." There is a strange element in some natures that rejoices in the downfall of others. Men have the mistaken notion that over the shoulder of the defeated they themselves can climb to victory. No, no. You can gain nothing in life, but by hand-to-hand contest with obstacles in your own path. The failure of others will be no assurance of your success.

When you see a man fall, take it for granted that in the same circumstances and under the same pressure you would have done just as he did. It is unwise, ungenerous, and unchristian to say, "Good for him!"

BRIEF NOTES.

A few weeks ago we advertised for ta of 25 names of Protestant Church men rs in return for which we offered to se "Lily of the Field" souvenir free to ble person responding with a list. So l as responses have been received that we now compelled to call a halt, our supp of "Lilies of the Field" having been ent ly exhausted. Positively, no names un d after July 20 will be accepted.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has Promised to ge part in the Sing Sing camp-meeting which mences its sixty-fifth annual session August 6.

The American Bible Society Issued st month 77,037 volumes, including entire Bibl Parts of the Bible. Since April 1 it has is d 240,606 volumes.

The Central Society of Paris now Sup ts 140 agents and has over three hundred prea g stations in various parts of France. It also tains two schools for the training of evangelis

The Opposition to the Circulation of e Bible in Peru continues. At the recent meeti f the Managers of the American Bible Society Milne reported several cases of bitter persec n on this account.

The International Meetings of the mouth Brethren were held recently at Barnst England. Delegates were present from the U States, India, Africa, China and Spain, and lands. About six hundred representatives i took part in the meetings.

The Ocean Grove Summer School of The gy will have lectures this year by the fa Methodist Theologian Dr. Joseph Agar Bee author of "The Commentary on the Epistle t Romans," the "Credentials of the Gospel" other standard works.

The School for Christian Workers at Spr field, Mass., asks for one hundred leaders to be tered before September 2 to fill the demand. Ladies' Home increases its facilities for work. plications may be sent to Mr. J. Dixson, who furnish all particulars as to terms, etc.

Special Services were begun at Asbury P N. J., on July 5, when an audience of three thous persons assembled in the Auditorium to hear B. Fay Mills. The services are under the char the Westminster Church of New York. In the ing the Salvation Army held a meeting at the As Avenue Pavilion on the Board Walk.

Meetings to Express Sympathy with persecuted and suffering Armenians were hel July 5 in the Beach Auditorium, Asbury Park. Nearly all the pastors at the Park were pre Rev. B. Fay Mills gave a thrilling account of horrors perpetrated by the Turks and Kurds, a collection was taken up for the Armenian fund.

A Congregational Missionary in Madagas writes that since the French occupation there been "a great increase of drinking among Malagasy, as well as of licentiousness, and thei now much Sunday trading in the capital, a th which has not been known here for twenty years."

The Rev. Edward Davidson, the Wesley Connexional evangelist, speaking at Sheffield cently, gave a suggestive reminiscence show how active was the life of a Methodist evange He said that in the whole course of his ministry had never spent fourteen consecutive days at ho and in ten years had slept in 530 beds.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of King of Sweden and Norway, has a Sund School for the children of the higher classes. is a pleasant sight," writes a correspondent, see this royal prince standing at his desk in schoolroom, and touching to hear him, in his o earnest, unaffected manner, explain the Word God for his boys."

Buffalo, N. Y., has Adopted a New Syst of religious benevolence. The city has been vided into 171 districts and each district has b placed in charge of some church. Seventy churc have agreed to take charge of one or more distri each. They include fifteen Baptist, twelve Pres terian and ten Episcopal among others. Ea church is to be responsible for charitable work the district it undertakes to cover.

An English Clergyman who has been A moved by conversation in church during serv publishes in his church paper the following pun request: "Will the two ladies who sit in a rat conspicuous part of the chapel, and who so fr quently engage in conversation during public wo ship, kindly remember that their conduct is a sour of much annoyance to many members of the co gregation?"

Patriotic Frenchmen are deeply concern about the facts revealed by recent statistics. "J venile crime in France," says Mr. Soltau, of t McAll Mission, "is alarmingly increasing, its much that persons are being continually enlarge and French officials ask, 'How is it that our pr ons are being increased and enlarged, beyon those of other European lands?' The Republic h clearly not tended to morality."

The Presbyterian Women's Board of Foreig Missions has received a cable dispatch briefly a nouncing the death of Mrs. Roberts, who w stationed at Batanga, West Africa. She died fever, from which her husband had only just r covered. She was one of the six new missionari who went out two years ago. His death has cause sad depression as it follows so closely on that Mrs. Laffin, whose loss is still severely felt. Mr Laffin's dying words were: "Tell the Church t send many more missionaries in my place."

Mr. D. L. Moody asks us to Remind Ou readers that the fourteenth annual Bible Conferenc at Northfield, Mass., opens July 9 and will be a session until August 19. Accommodations may b secured at moderate rates in tents or buildings. Addressing Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass Among the speakers will be Rev. F. B. Meyer, D A. T. Pierson, Rev. R. A. Torrey, Rev. C. I. Sco field, Dr. George C. Needham, Major D. W. Whi tle and Mrs. Louise S. Houghton. Mr. Moody f his invitation refers to the fact that ministers a laymen who have attended former conference have testified that they have received help ther "which transformed the whole character of the life and service."

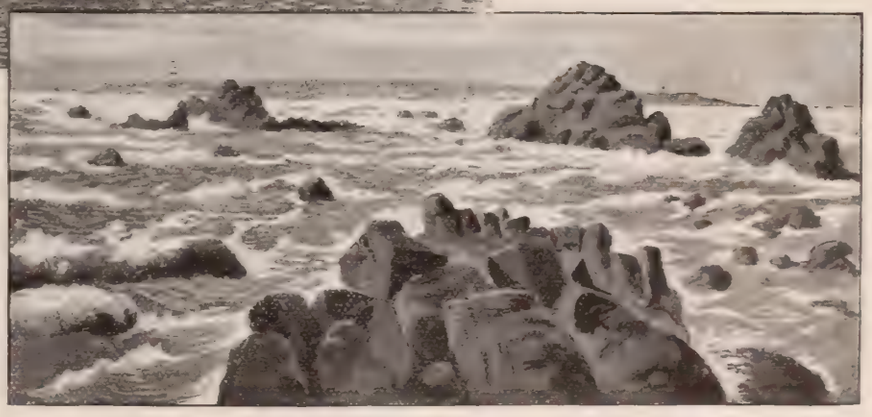
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Wrecked Steamer.

FOREIGN mails now to hand, add little to the sad story brought by cable three weeks ago, of the wreck of *The Drummond Castle*. As was stated in the account published in these columns on [illegible], it was hoped that some of the persons on board might have been saved [illegible] whom no report had been received. [illegible] hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. It is now clear that only [illegible] persons—one passenger and two of the crew—survived out of the 253 persons aboard. There were 148 passengers and crew of 105 on the steamer when she went down. The three men succeeded, with several others on deck, in getting [illegible] of spars or gratings, but only [illegible] held on till morning. How difficult it was to retain the grasp of the frail support in the boisterous sea around the fatal rocks, can be imagined. [illegible] Marquardt, the only passenger saved, who, by the way, *had ticket No. 13* on the voyage, says that during the [illegible] hours he was floating before he was picked up he [illegible] a bitter struggle: "Every now and then I was caught in a maelstrom, then the current would [illegible] upon me and take me off in another direction. I was at times within a hundred yards of shore, when another current would drift me a mile or more from land. I do not know how I kept hold of my spar." The [illegible] of the disaster is as mysterious as ever. That the captain should have taken the dangerous course intentionally, as a short cut, cannot be believed. It seems more probable that he was deceived as to the position. The currents around that part of the French coast are very strong. An officer of another vessel who has often sailed on the Bay of Biscay, says that on one of his voyages there was a drift toward the land of forty-five miles in twenty hours. The sailors who are saved from *The Drummond Castle*, admit that no soundings had been taken for two hours before the disaster. The captain may have been trusting to the sounding then taken and have forgotten the strength of the [illegible] current. If so, it was a fatal oversight. The dangerous character of the coast is known to every seaman and should have induced the utmost caution. It was a terrible thing to be heedless in such circumstances, as it is about our way in the voyage of life. No man is safe in his life if he depends on a past experience. He must be continually vigilant. A worldly-minded professor who thinks he is safe for heaven, because he believes that in his youth he was converted, may be as much mistaken as the captain was when he depended on the soundings taken two hours before the wreck. Even the Apostle Paul found it necessary as he tells us to be perpetually on his guard, lest, he says:

(Lest by any means, after I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. 1. Cor. 9: 27.)

THE WRECKED STEAMER.



ROCKS ON THE FRENCH COAST WHERE THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE" WAS WRECKED.

A Search for a Mother.

A young man named James Deming arrived in New York from Ohio last week to try, if possible, to discover his mother. He says that his earliest recollections are of living with a number of other boys in an institution, which he believes to have been St. John's Home, Brooklyn. One day, while he was quite a little boy, a lady came to the Home and inquired for him. When he was pointed out to her she embraced him, and declared that she was his mother. She gave him a little money and told him that in a short time she should return and take him away to live with her. He looked anxiously for her every day afterward, but she did not come. After some time he was sent with seventy-five other boys, inmates of the Home, to the West to work on farms. He was moved from place to place, until while he was at work at some place in Ohio, he was told that the Society would give up control of him, and he must earn his own living. He drifted about the State for several years, working for any one who would employ him. But he had not forgotten the incident of his mother's visit. As soon as he could save sufficient money to return to the East he set out. Eking out his slender resources by walking and riding on freight cars he at last completed the journey. He induced one or two of the daily journals of New York to publish gratis his portrait and the story of his life in the hope that his mother might see it and come to him. The hope cannot be a strong one. As she appears to have made but one effort to see him, and that many years ago, it would seem that even if she is living she is indifferent to him. It may be hoped that the young man will, in any case, find Christian friends who will urge him to seek his Heavenly Father, who has declared that his love for his children is stronger than a mother's.

She may forget, yet will not I forget thee (Isa. 49: 15.)

Cure for a Paralytic.

An extraordinary operation was performed at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on July 9. A man was lying there who has been paralyzed since October last. He was then in Venezuela performing as an aeronaut. He used to make an ascension in a balloon and when he was about three thousand feet from the earth's surface, descend by means of a parachute. His last ascent was at a fete at Caracas. When he stepped out of the car of the balloon holding his parachute aloft, the parachute would not open. The cords of it were entangled. The man shot downward like a stone with fearful velocity. He struck the earth with a thud and lay in a heap as if dead. He was, however still alive but horribly bruised and his limbs were dislocated. His dislocations were attended to in the hospital at Caracas and the man slowly recovered from his shock, but he was completely paralyzed from the waist down. Last month he was brought to New York and became a patient at St. Luke's. The surgeons there came to the conclusion that the paralysis was caused by the pressure of fragments of a part of the spine pressing upon the spinal marrow. An operation was performed and the broken fragments and a part of the spine removed. The result proved the correctness of the diagnosis. The man can now feel any touch of his lower limbs which before were perfectly cut off from sensation. The doctors think that in a short time he will be able to walk as well as ever. This wonderful cure has its parallel in the spiritual world. There are numbers of men now walking in the ways of the Lord and active in his service who once were dead to spiritual things and apparently incapable of doing good. When the Great Physician has their sin away they could serve him.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. (Isa. 30:29.)

The Coming Eclipse.

Every successive eclipse of the sun raises expectancy of important results, as astronomers obtain by the aid of photography and the spectrum new facilities for increasing the precision of their observations. Prof. Young, of Princeton, has described in a New York journal, the preparations now being made by the leading astronomers of the world to observe the eclipse which will occur on Aug. 8. It will, it appears, be visible in Norway, Finland, Siberia and Japan and in each land a party of scientific men will watch the phenomenon. The eclipse will be total and so will give another opportunity of testing the nature of the Corona which is visible only in a total eclipse. Scientists are not agreed about this strange envelope which surrounds the great luminary. It is pearly white in color, brilliant near the sun's surface and gradually fading away with no distinct outline as it extends into space. It is believed to be five or six million miles in depth and streamers or filaments of various lengths stretch out from it to inconceivable distances. That it always surrounds the sun there is no doubt, but we cannot see its delicate light when the great orb is shining in its strength. When the sun is completely covered by the shadow of the moon, the corona with its strange streamers, becomes visible. It was once believed that the corona was merely an optical illusion, produced by our atmosphere, but the spectroscope shows that it is an actual fact and that it contains a luminous gas peculiar to the sun, which does not exist on the earth. It also contains some element which gives dark lines in the spectrum and is thought to be composed of meteoric dust. The chief object of the expeditions of observation will be to gain further knowledge of the nature of this corona. Theologians have their mysteries, too, which like those of the astronomers are far from being solved. In spite of all their study they can tell us little of the nature of the Sun of Righteousness, which like the natural sun contains elements that are not found on earth. Of this, however, we have the assurance of eventually learning all by personal experience for,

We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is. (1 John 3: 2.)

A Race for a Life.

A Kentucky correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* reports an exciting incident which occurred in one of the country town of that State recently. He says that the Deputy Revenue Collector of the district had occasion to visit a neighboring city. He went to his home to make preparations before going to the railroad station. Before leaving his office he told his daughter, who acted as his clerk, to be careful to put the books and money in the safe before closing the office in the evening. The young lady's lover called shortly afterwards and assisted her in putting away the heavy ledgers, etc., in their receptacle. As a little joke he closed the door upon her when she was inside. In opening it again, he accidentally touched the combination and instantly the door was fast. The awful character of the situation burst on his mind. The only person who knew the combination, beside the girl, was her father, who in a few minutes would be whirling away as fast as the train could take him. His only chance of saving her life lay in the young man reaching the depot before the train left. It was a mile away, but he ran at his fastest speed. He reached it just as the train was starting, ascertained the combination and ran back as fast as he came. He was now able to open the safe-door and he found the girl still alive, though unconscious. She speedily recovered, and is no worse for her adventure. The young man must feel immensely relieved. The terror he must have endured while he made that mad race for her life is an experience he is never likely to forget. He will never play such a joke upon her again, but it will be well for them to remember that the time must come, sooner or later, when other gates will close upon her that no human power can open. She will be delivered then, too, if she has made her peace with her Heavenly Father through Him who has said:

I have the keys of hell and of death. (Rev. 1:18.)

A Dog Saves a Life.

A New York policeman was guided by a dog a few days ago to a case urgently in need of help. As he was patrolling his beat he heard a dog whining and when he reached a stone yard near the East River the dog ran out and jumped around him barking excitedly. The dog ran to and fro in the direction of the yard and so the policeman decided that an object of interest was inside. He followed the dog over heaps of stone to the far end of the yard. Finally, he stopped at two stones leaning against each other. He poked his nose into the cavity between them and barked and wagged his tail. The policeman looked in and, to his astonishment saw a baby wrapped in a piece of muslin. He took it up and carried it to the station house. It was left in charge of the matron who said that if it had been left out all night it would have died. The animal seems to have reasoned that as he could not save the child himself his best course was to go to the front of the yard and find some one that could save it. The Christian is sometimes in like circumstances. Seeing some one in danger of going to destruction and being unable to prevent it, he acts wisely if he makes his appeal to Christ who can save to the uttermost.

How long shall I be with you? Bring him hither to me. (Matt. 17: 17.)

THE LIVING DEAD;

A Story of the Re-Birth of a Soul.

By COUNT TOLSTOI.

Translated from the Russian, by Anna Rehbinder, Expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

WHEN I was on my way home to Moscow from Nizni-Novgorod, I saw in the corner of the station an aged man who was reading, with great attention, a little volume. I saw at a glance that it was surely a prayer-book. The appearance of the old man seemed to me very remarkable: his gray hair and beard, white as snow, were in strange contradiction to the deep, active, youthful look of his large, lustrous black eyes.

When he finished his reading and closed the book, I sat down beside him and entered into conversation. I learned that he was a regularly ordained cleric of the Russo-Greek Church; that he was going to St. Petersburg on the business of his parish; that he had been leading the life of an ascetic for more than thirty years, and that, in his early worldly life, he had been an officer in the guard of the —— regiment.

"How did it happen," I asked, "that you, from an officer in the guards, became a pious recluse? Surely, there must have been something extraordinary in your past life?"

"Willingly would I tell you the story of my life, or, better, of the Lord's grace that has chosen me, a poor sinner; but my tale is long; the bell will soon ring, and we are in different cars." (I was going in the first-class cars—he in the third.)

I changed from my car and went into his. Luckily, we were alone, and he told me the following history:

"It is painful, and shameful, for me to recall my past life," he began. "I was born of a rich and noble family. My father was General V——, and my mother, before her marriage, was Princess G——.

"I was seven years old when my father died, from a wound received in the battle of Leipzig. My mother had passed away before him. My grandmother, Princess G——, took care of me, as of an orphan. She found a governor for me—a Frenchman, a zealous revolutionist—who had fled to Russia to escape the guillotine. This pseudo-philosopher had no idea of God, the immortality of the soul, or the moral duties of man. What could I learn from such a teacher? To talk French with a Parisian pronunciation, to dance skilfully, to behave well in society, and many other such things.

"It is terrible for me to think about my childhood. My grandmother—the old lady of high circles—and my other relatives admired the adroit boy, and none of them suspected how much hideous corruption and premature vice was concealed under so handsome an exterior.

"When I was eighteen years old, I was already an under-officer in the Guards, and a land-holder with 2,000 slaves, under the curatorship of my uncle, who was a master in extravagance, and taught me the art of spending money, which is not difficult to learn. Soon I became a cornet in the same regiment. Two years later I became engaged to the Princess ——, one of the beauties of that time. The day appointed for the wedding drew near at hand, but I was destined by an Almighty providence to a different lot in life. It was almost [illegible] that my Saviour took pity on my poor soul, and that my spiritual eyes were opened.

"I [illegible] before that on which our marriage was to take place, September 15, 18—, I was coming home from the Guard in the Winter Palace. The day was beautiful. I sent my horse home and went [illegible] by the Nevski Prospect. An inexplicable anguish oppressed me, a presentiment like a burden lay on my heart. When I had to pass the Kazansky Cathedral, I went in; it was the first time in my life that I had ever felt the desire to pray in church. I do not know how it happened, but I remember that I prayed most fervently. I prayed for the removal of some unknown danger, and implored that happiness attend my wedlock.

"In the corridor of the Cathedral stood a woman, dressed in rags, with a baby in her arms. She stopped me and asked for alms. Till then, I had been pitiless to beggars; but this time, another sentiment moved me and I pitied the poor woman, and handing her some money, I said: 'Pray for me.'

"Walking from the church door, I experienced a strange sensation. I felt cold and hot by turns and my ideas were confused. As soon as I came to my lodgings, I fell senseless to the floor to the horror of my faithful valet, Stepan, who had been my attendant from childhood and who very often, alas, in vain! had warned me of my wicked friends and bad behavior. What followed I dimly recollect; it seems like a dream. I saw my room crowded with doctors and other people. I had a dreadful headache and all around was in a whirl. Then I lost consciousness. This unconscious condition lasted twelve days as I afterwards learned. At the end of that period, I felt myself returning to sensibility, but I had no power to open my eyes or to look; I was impotent to open my lips or even to whisper the slightest sound. I could not reveal any sign of life, nor could I move a single member of my body.

"I began to listen. A gentle, quiet voice sounded near me: 'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul,' (said the voice), 'O, my God, I trust in thee.'

"From a corner of the room I distinctly heard the conversation of two of my fellow-officers, even while the soothing voice continued. I recognized them by their voices.

"'I am sorry for poor V——,' said one of them. 'It is too early for him to depart. What a fortune! what connections! and what a beauty for a bride!'

"'Well, as for bride, I am not sorry he lost her,' answered the other. 'I am sure she accepted him for family reasons and on account of his fortune rather than for himself; but all the same I am sorry for V——. Now there is nobody from whom one can borrow money. V——, was always ready to lend and for a long time.'

"'For a long time?' 'Yes,' was the response. 'Many never returned his favors. But, apropos, it is very probable that his horses will be sold at auction cheap; it is a chance to buy a good saddle-horse.'

"'What is this?' I interrogated myself. 'Is it possible that I am dead? Is it my spirit that hears what is going on around me; around my dead body? Then it signifies that I really have a spirit separable from my body, maybe an immortal soul.' (Poor sinner it was the first time I had thought about it!) 'No, it is impossible that I am dead.' I feel how hard it is to lie here; I feel this uniform pressing against my chest—it proves that I am living. Well, I will remain quiet awhile and then, collecting my strength, I will open my eyes. Now everybody will be astonished and frightened!' Such were my thoughts as I lay there—dead yet living.

"Several hours passed. I could tell the time by the striking of a clock in the next room. The reading of the Bible continued. A great number of relatives and acquaintances came for the evening's requiem. First came my bride with her father, Prince ——. Both stood quite near me.

"'Thou shouldst have a very sad look; try to cry, if thou canst,' said the father.

"'Do not trouble yourself on my account,' answered the daughter. 'I know how to behave myself; but, excuse me, I can't cry. You know I did not love V—— I accepted him, as you know, to suit your wishes. I was sacrificing myself for the benefit of my family.'

"Oh, Master!" cried Stepan, "Why dost thou leave us?"

"'I know, I know,' interrupted the old man, 'but what would people say if they see you act as though indifferent? This loss is a great grief for us; a real one. Thy marriage would have improved our affairs a great deal, and now, where canst thou find another such advantageous match?'

"This conversation was maintained in French, so that the servants and the psalmist might not understand. I alone heard and understood them.

"After the requiem, my bride came forward to say me good-by. She firmly pressed her lips to my cold brow and stayed close to me long, just as though she could not move away from me. She was led away and some friends were persuading her not to kill herself with grief. I heard exclamations, 'How affecting! How she loved him!'

"O worldly ties, how deceitful you are! Such was the friendship of my guard-mates! Such the love of my bride! And I, stupid idiot, I loved her passionately and on her had set my all happiness and future!

"When all were gone, after the requiem, I heard the lamenting of my good Stepan. His tears were dropping like rain on my face!

"'Oh, master! Why dost thou leave us?' cried the old man, 'what will become of us now? I implored thee to take c[illegible] of thyself, my master; but thou didst not like to listen to me. Thy friends des[illegible]ed thee with wine and every corru[illegible] and now they do not care about [illegible]. Only we, thy servants, are weeping [illegible] thee.'

"With Stepan, also crying, were [illegible] peasants who were living in St. P[illegible]burg on passports. They had love[illegible] sincerely, because I did not oppress [illegible] and did not increase their rents. I co[illegible] that this happened only through my [illegible]lessness. I had money in abundanc[illegible] only for my necessities, but also fo[illegible] excesses and unbecoming deeds that [illegible] into my mind to do. Yet where did [illegible] the only traces of sincere love? In [illegible] hearts of these poor slaves! Cert[illegible] their grief could not be called a disi[illegible]ested one, but surely it was an unfei[illegible] one.

Then night came—a long, endless [illegible] as it seemed to me. I began to recall [illegible]tions of the reading of the psalm-b[illegible] which was quite unknown to me. I [illegible] never even opened that divine book. [illegible] to thee will I cry, O Lord, my rock [illegible] reading went on), be not silent to me [illegible] if thou be silent to me, I become like t[illegible] that go down into the pit. Hear the [illegible] of my supplication, when I cry unto [illegible] when I lift my hands toward thy [illegible] oracle. . . . O Lord, rebuke me not in [illegible] wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot [illegible] pleasure. . . . Forsake me not, O L[illegible] O my God, be not far from me. M[illegible] haste to help me, O Lord, my salvat[illegible]

"The words were engraved deepl[illegible] my heart. I repeated them mentally [illegible] the psalmist, and I prayed fervently. [illegible] my life was spread before my eye[illegible] white linen covered with impurities. [illegible] holy calm took possession of me, a[illegible] vowed to devote my life to the servic[illegible] the merciful God, if he would pardo[illegible] and let me live.

"'But what if I should never retur[illegible] life?' I thought. 'What, if this li[illegible] death should never cease? What, [illegible] should be hurried in the earth!'

"It is impossible now to express o[illegible] describe my feelings and my experienc[illegible] that dreadful night, which will neve[illegible] forgotten by me. Next day, my Ste[illegible] found a lock of gray among my fla[illegible] youthful hair. Long afterward, wh[illegible] dreamed of that night spent in the co[illegible] I leaped in my bed, with tearing cries [illegible] covered with a cold sweat.

"The morning came at last, and [illegible] moral sufferings increased, I was senter[illegible] to listen to my condemnation. I heard [illegible] voices near me. 'This evening will be [illegible] funeral procession to the Cathedral [illegible] Alexander Nevski,' said one.'

"When the morning requiem was h[illegible] somebody noticed drops of perspiration [illegible] my face and told the doctor about it. 'N[illegible] said the latter, 'it is not sweat; it is [illegible] cold evaporation on account of the heat [illegible] the room.' Nevertheless, he took [illegible] hand, tried my pulse and said, 'There [illegible] no pulsation; he is dead,—no doubt ab[illegible] that.'

"It was unimaginable torture—to [illegible] thought a dead man—to wait impatient[illegible] until the cover of the coffin shall be nai[illegible] up—the coffin in which I am to rest f[illegible] ever—living, yet dead; to wait until t[illegible] earth shall be strewn upon me. It w[illegible] awful torture to feel it all and to be po[illegible] erless to show life, either by look, sou[illegible] or any movement. My anguish increas[illegible] as I felt that my strength was more feel[illegible] than yesterday.

"No hope! Then horrible despair to[illegible] possession of me. I felt a congestion [illegible] the blood in my head; it seemed to [illegible] that everything in me was squeezing a[illegible] shuddering; from my heart were flowi[illegible] torrents of spite and curses!

"But my good angel was surely ne[illegible] me, for some feeling prompted me to utt[illegible] a prayer from the Holy Book, to which [illegible] had listened, lying in the coffin during t[illegible] previous night: 'My Lord, have pity [illegible] me; preserve me, I am perishing! I a[illegible] wicked, impure—my sins are great and i[illegible] numerable, but thy kindness is greate[illegible] Have mercy on me. Give me time to clea[illegible] my conscience, to expiate my past life. [illegible] am thine, save me!'

"So I prayed from the depths of m[illegible] soul, being agitated by anxiety at th[illegible] prospect of a living death in the grave.

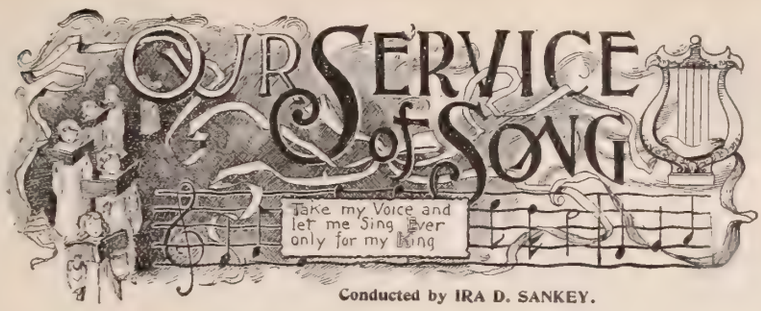
"More painful and hopeless hours pas[illegible]ed. I prayed now, not for a return to lif[illegible] but for a painless and quick death, as

(Continued on page 549.)

Little Kindnesses.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 2. Luke 7: 36-47.

WHAT a transformation there would be in this world, if every one were ready to do little kindnesses! If, instead of the surliness and selfishness which now show themselves in public and in the home, and sometimes in the church itself, there were sympathy, friendliness and the desire to promote the comfort and happiness of other people, how much brighter this world would be! Every one admits the fact, but it requires the desirable consummation not a whit nearer. It is strange that it should be so, when the experience has proved the benefit of it in every life. There is no one who has not been hurt by the angry, unkind word, and has thus heard what a pang his own hasty speeches may inflict on others. And then, too, we have the paradox the more selfish man is by nature, the more reason he has to be kind to other people. There is no way in which he can get more genuine pleasure for himself than in giving pleasure to others. Like mercy, kindness blesses him who gives and him who takes. But the lesson is still needed and in spite of reason and experience, society is still as much in the condition of a mining association, where each one is concerned for his own interests and cares nothing for the interests of his associates. Christianity has not done so much to promote the spread of kindness as it should have done, or as it might have been hoped to do. Few people realize that kindness is a religious duty. Yet the derivation of the word proves this. The word kindness shows that the word comes from the old Saxon word, kin. The kind man behaves to others as if he were kin to me, as if they were my kinsman. In those families that would not quarrel for much. There are homes in which the nice manners and the gentle words are kept for the visitors, and it is the wife and the sister who get the hard words. But the word implies the natural expectation that however harsh and unfeeling a man may be to strangers, he will be good to those of his own blood. Now, Christianity teaches us to regard the whole world as kin to us, and the brotherly feeling becomes the Christian's duty. At its first entrance into the soul of a man it produces that effect. There is no surer proof of conversion that a man can have, than the feeling of love for every one that springs up in his heart when he becomes a son of God. The divine nature implanted in him makes its influence felt. God is love and when God comes to dwell in the heart, his nature reproduces itself in the human nature. By and by, the old nature asserts itself and the influence of the world hardens and represses the new nature, unless more grace be sought and given. But the influence of Christianity—Christ in us—is essentially the influence of love. The fuller power it has, the less it is repressed, the more it prevails the life—just to that degree will the Christian be kind and loving. This fact is not realized as it should be. If the world is ever to be brought into God-likeness it must come in this way. What would be the effect if, say, the Christian Endeavor Society were to be of this spirit? What would be the result of two million persons, scattered through the world, being intent on doing kindness at every opportunity? That would be a beginning of the best revolution ever inaugurated.

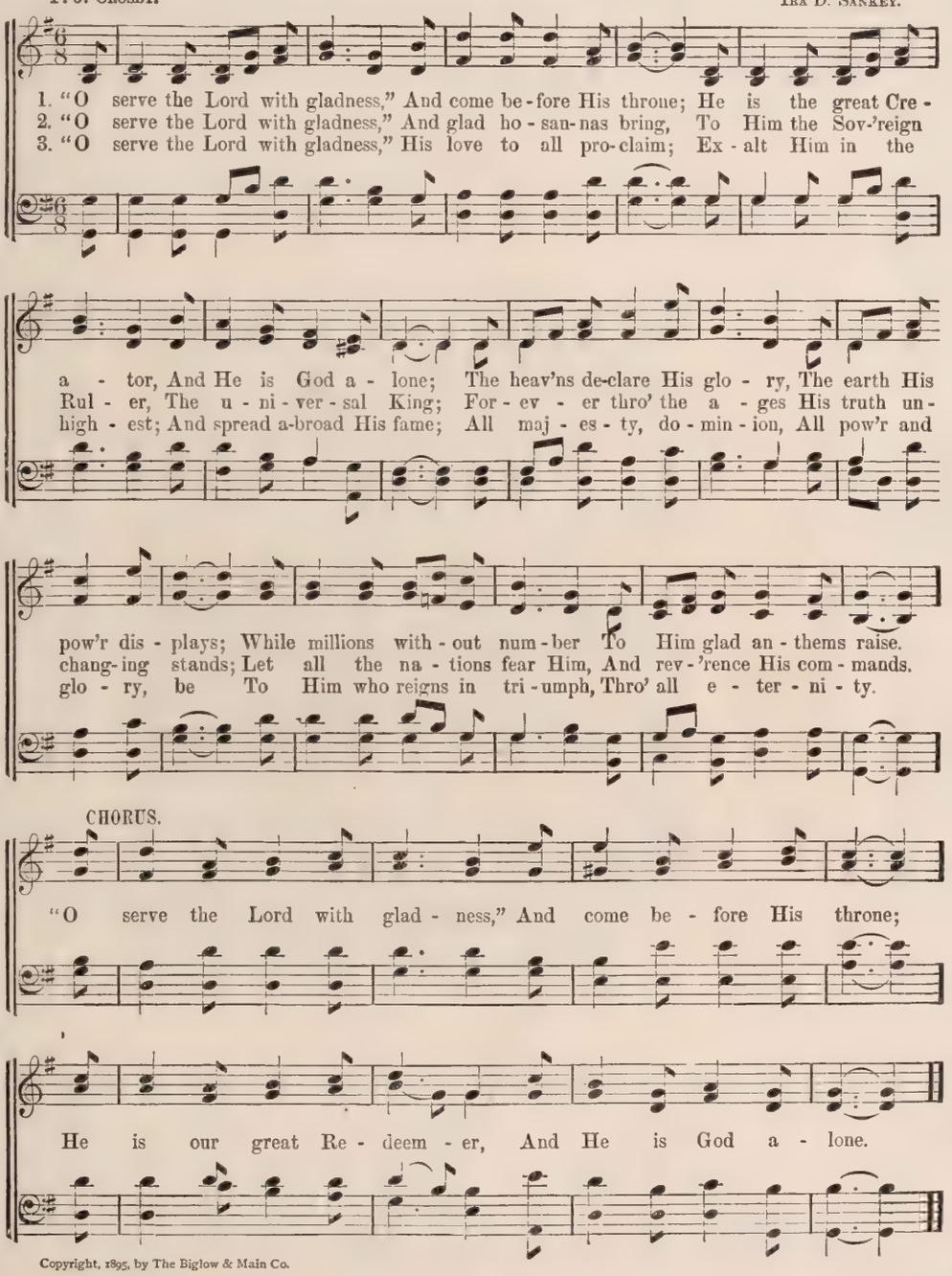


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

O SERVE THE LORD.

"COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH SINGING."—*Ps. 100 : 2.*

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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Answered Prayer.

I ASKED for bread; God gave a stone instead.
Yet while I pillowed there my weary head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upward to celestial mountains led,
And when I woke beneath the morning's beams,
Around my resting place fresh manna lay;
And, praising God, I went upon my way,
For I was fed.

I asked for strength; for with the noontide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
Went forward with the sheaves I could not bear. [feet,
Then came the Master with his blood-stained
And lifted me with sympathetic care.
Then on his arms I leaned till all was done;
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,
My task complete.

I asked for light; around me closed the night,
Nor guiding star met my bewildered sight,
For storm-clouds gathered in a tempest near.
Yet in the lightning's blazing, roaring flight,
I saw the way before me, straight and clear.
What though his leading pillar was of fire,
And not the sunbeam of my heart's desire?
My path was bright.

God answers prayer; sometimes when hearts are weak.
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when he does not speak;
For he whose name is Love will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true, his promises are sure
To those who seek.

The Two Witnesses.

The Identity and Character of the Two Mysterious Prophets of the Last Days.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.*

THE two witnesses prophesy during that time which is spoken of as twelve hundred and sixty days, forty-two months and three and a-half years—the time of the authority of Antichrist (Rev. 13: 5), the time of the sojourn in the desert of the sun-clothed woman. They prophesy in sackcloth. Unflinching they will be, men of righteousness and of judgment, on Old Testament lines. They do not show love to their enemies; the fire which proceeds out of their mouths devours any man who desireth to hurt them. Invincible in themselves during their days of prophecy, unflinching in their testimony, these men who, it would seem, prepare the way for the national conversion of Israel, witness as prophets during the whole three and a-half years of the Antichrist's reign. The question arises whether they are Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, or Enoch and Elijah, who have never yet died.

In the time of the prophet Zechariah, when the temple was rebuilt after the captivity, God had two men on his side on whom he could count, and whom he could use as his instruments: Joshua, the high priest (Zech. 3: 8, 9), who is spoken of as a type of Christ, and Zerubbabel, the governor (Zech. 4: 6-10),—these were the "anointed ones," or "sons of oil," of that day, "that stand by the Lord of the whole earth" (Zach 4: 14). In those days there was one candlestick, the Jewish Church; and the oil of God's grace flowed through these, his two witnesses of that day, to keep it alight.

Under the 5th and 6th trumpets, in the days of the great Antichrist, the seven candlesticks (Rev. 1: 19), will be shining no more: the overcomers will have been taken away to the throne; the Church will be hidden away in the wilderness. "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people" (Isa. 60: 2), in those days of awful terror. But God will have two men who will stand by him—two anointed ones, "two candlesticks," shining with an independent light when no outward church will be able to exist, all through that reign of fearful darkness. When the Antichrist shall compel all who dwell on earth to worship him (Rev. 13: 15-17), God, in his mercy, will keep a witness alive on earth.

Can we identify them? In the Book of Malachi (4: 5, 6) we read: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and terrible day of the Lord come: And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers: lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." It is true that John the Baptist came "in the power and in the spirit of Elijah, to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for him." (Luke 1: 17). But the Jews did unto him "whatever they liked." He did not, and could not, "restore all things," he did not, and could not, make ready a people prepared for the Lord, because the people only rejoiced in his light for a season, and did not accept his testimony of Christ.

To be Continued.

*From *His Last Word*. A Series of Bible Readings on the Book of Revelation.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

No more lists of names can be received after July 20 for the "Lily of the Field" Souvenir.

The Poor Farm, Buxton, Me., and the South Carolina Penitentiary at Columbia, S. C., are both in need of religious reading matter. Any of our readers having suitable matter, can use it to the advantage of the cause by sending it prepaid, to the Superintendent of either institution.

Subscriber, Morris Plains, N. J. In your issue of April 8th, you state that Abbas II., the present Khedive, ascended the throne in January, 1892, on the death of his father, Tewfik. Who was Tewfik and did he succeed Ismail? What was the length of his reign? Why was the name "Prodigal" assigned to him?

Ismail abdicated in 1879, and was succeeded by Mohammed Tewfik I. (the son of a Circassian slave-wife of Ismail). Tewfik was a conscientious and faithful ruler, but unpopular among the natives who knew he was under the control of France and England. He died at the Helouin Palace, Cairo, Jan. 7, 1892, and his son, Abbas (born in 1874), succeeded him. The splendor of Ismail's Court, his retinue, and his surroundings, together with his great and costly public undertakings, caused him to be called "The Magnificent."

Rufus Smith, Maryville, Mo. 1. If our nation by law can stop the unkind treatment of animals, cannot all the civilized nations unite in saying to the Sultan and his government, "You must treat Armenians kindly or let them go?" 2. If some of the people in Norway could stop rum-sellers could we not in many places in the United States have the same success?

1. Undoubtedly; but the trouble is the "civilized nations" are not in accord. Theoretically, they all condemn the Turk and sympathize with Armenia; practically they consent to the atrocities by permitting them to go on unchecked. Every European nation is *particeps criminis* with Turkey in this matter. 2. It has been tried with success in some localities. The rum strongholds are the great cities, and until local and state legislation is thoroughly transformed by Christianity and none but upright men are chosen to carry out the laws, the evil will not be eradicated.

J. Rose, Newark, N. J. Is it true that there are now over two hundred Versions of the Bible printed and published?

According to the latest reports of the British Bible Society, the Bible is now printed in 381 languages—no less than 52 Versions having been added in the last five years; 42 by English and Scotch translators and Societies, and 5 by American Societies. At the beginning of this century the Word was printed in 38 languages only, as far as can now be ascertained. The first English Bible printed in the United States was issued in 1782.

W. E. H., Cordon, Minn. 1. Which of the two classes of people should be at the head of Temperance Societies: Christian who know the evils of intemperance, or worldly people who do not know the value of abstaining? 2. Was Samson in Judges 14, justified in taking the thirty Philistines to pay his wages?

1. Unquestionably the first-named class. If you wish to accomplish good work in behalf of Temperance, we would advise you to procure and scatter as widely as possible, Senator Blair's famous pamphlet on "The Temperance Reform," which we can send you for 5 cents, postage paid. 2. We must take history as we find it, without qualification. Those were rude early days, when but little value was apparently set upon human life. The whole episode to which you refer is in the nature of a punishment placed upon Samson for having sought a wife among the idolators, and his wife's faithlessness brings heavy loss upon herself and her kindred.

A. Turner, Prospect, Ore. 1. How large is the Red Sea? 2. How large is the desert where the Israelites wandered so long?

1. The Jordan varies in width from 100 to 150 feet, and is 130 feet wide at its mouth where it enters the Dead Sea. Its entire course, being tortuous and interrupted by many rapids, is about 200 miles in length. 2. The desert of Sinai (or Arabian Peninsula) measured in a straight line across does not exceed 200 miles and from the point where the Israelites entered the Red Sea southeast to Sinai, and thence northeast to a point opposite Jericho (as the "further side" of Jordan) the close of the wanderings, the distance in a straight line would not exceed 500 miles, but their circuitous route and the many changes of their [illegible] made their line of travel many times that distance.

D. J. Miller, Shipshewana, Ind. In his command [illegible] custom?

The custom of foot-washing before a meal was common in Palestine in our Lord's day. The country was hot and dusty, and as sandals were worn which left the upper part of the foot exposed, the foot-washing was an act of necessary cleanliness and added to the comfort. It was usually performed for guests by a servant whose occupation was considered the most menial in the household. When the disciples were in the upper room the host appears to have considered the supply of a servant for the purpose as no part of his contract. The disciples, therefore, had to do the duty for each other, or sit down with it undone. As they had just been disputing which of them was the greatest there was none willing to surrender his claim to greatness by taking the servant's duty. Christ observed the omission, knew the cause and as a practical object lesson in humility took the duty upon himself. His commandment, therefore, was in the line of his teaching. They were to be ever ready to follow his example in rendering service to the brethren. It was an illustration of a lesson he had inculcated often and in that sense was consequently not a new commandment.

C. D., Hoboken, Pa. 1. Did Christ have any sisters or brothers? 2. Why was Peter surnamed Simon, and why was he like a stone?

1. The "brothers" of Jesus named in Scripture, were James, Joses, Simon, and Judas (See Matt. 12: 46; Matt. 13: 55, John 2: 12, and 7: 3, 5, and 10; Acts 1: 14; Gal. 1: 19; I. Cor. 9: 5, and Mark 6: 3. They are all named conjointly with the mother of Jesus and with Joseph. There have been many disputations as to whether they were "full" brothers to Jesus, by the same parents, or the sons of Joseph by a former marriage, and therefore, half-brothers only, and this view was strongly urged by some of the early Church writers. Still another opinion was that expressed by Jerome and others that they were the sons of Mary, Jesus' mother's sister (See John 19: 25), as she is distinctly said to have sons named James and Joses (See Acts 1: 13 and Matt. 27: 56). Sisters of Jesus are also mentioned in Matt. 15: 36; Mark 6: 3, and Mark 3: 32, but the last-named passage is of doubtful authority. Their names are not given. 2. The son of Jonas was originally named Simon, and being of firm and steadfast character, Jesus gave him as an apostle, the name of Peter, which signifies a rock.

A BRITISH FORT IN A TREE, NEAR BULUWAYO, AFRICA

See article on opposite page.

J. E. McQueen, Big Run, Pa. Where along the line of surrender is the blood of Christ applied to the soul let the repentant sin?

We do not understand your question, nor does it seem important. The promise is given to all who put their trust in Christ and confess him, that their sins are forgiven. We are also assured that the sins committed after conversion are washed away by his blood. More than that we do not need to know. We have to take the offer made to us and to take it in faith. Why the shedding of blood was necessary to the remission of sins, and how and when it is applied are mysteries which we cannot fathom. The fact is sufficient.

Nellie A. Valentine, Ind. Please let me know [illegible] I want the [illegible] how they are very good.

We can supply them at $1 each, postage prepaid.

"Reader," Lakeport, N. H. Who was the founder of the Roman Catholic Church?

Catholic writers claim that the history of that church began with the life of the Saviour on the earth, that he personally organized it with Peter as its head, and that Peter exercised episcopal powers. Impartial historians, however, are agreed that the Papal Church, as it is now known, did not come into existence until the close of the eighth century, when, what had till then been merely an episcopacy, was converted into a papal church, and its temporal power established, and the claim of "divine" asserted, Gregory VII. being the first incumbent who represented the new system, and being, therefore, in a sense, the founder of the Roman Church.

D. B., Tinsicula, Pa. What opportunities are afforded for visiting Mont-Lawn and other places in New York THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tells us of?

There are ample facilities for sightseers in New York and environs. To visit Mont-Lawn (30 miles distant, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson,) one can either go by river or by rail. The matron will make you welcome. Parties of visitors go there frequently and take a deep interest in our Fresh Air work.

James J. O'Hara, Waldo, Kan., and E. Moulden, Memphis, Tenn., and others. Whom did Cain marry?

You have all the information in the book of Genesis that is available. Various traditions are in existence but none of them is reliable. If you believe the Scriptural account that Adam and Eve were the first human beings and were a new creation, you must see that you have no alternative but to believe that Cain married his sister, whose birth is not mentioned in the inspired narrative.

Mr. J. T. Robbens, Me. 1. What is the meaning of the words in John 21: 23? 2. It is possible for any one who uses intoxicating liquors habitually to be a Christian? 3. What can be the reason of a minister preaching for more than a year without seeing one person brought to Christ? 4. Is it as wrong to call a person foolish as to call him "Thou fool?" (See Matthew 5:22.)

1. That the world would not contain the books in the sense of receiving or being influenced by them. Snfficient was set down for the purpose which the Evangelist had in view of convincing men of the divinity of Christ. More would have made the books too voluminous to be easily studied. 2. Yes, do not be eager to judge or condemn other people. Some conscientious Christians use intoxicating liquor, though we wish every Christian thought, as we do, that it is a duty to abstain for the sake of others. 3. If we knew the circumstances we might be able to answer. Perhaps it is the fault of the minister or the fault may be with his church. His people may be captious or hard-hearted. Perhaps his church does not pray for him or the members may be so repelling that no one cares to connect himself with them. 4. The expression to which Christ referred implied wicked perversity rather than the lack of understanding to which we give the name foolishness. "Thou fool," is an abusive expression more offensive than "you are foolish."

C. L. P., Eugene, Ore. 1. Who were the spirits in prison [illegible] 2. Who are the witnesses referred to in Revelations 11?

1. The explanation now generally accepted is that they were the Antediluvians to whom Christ preached through his spirit in Noah. As a minister might say, referring to one who after sitting under his preaching had committed a crime and been sent to prison, that he had preached to the man in prison, meaning that the man now in prison had heard him preach, not that the minister had been to the prison and preached to him there. The passage is difficult, and this explanation by no means wholly satisfactory, but it appears to be the only alternative to the still greater difficulty of believing that Christ preached in the realm of the impenitent dead. 2. The two divinely inspired men who are to witness for Christ during the reign of Antichrist at the end of this dispensation, and will suffer martyrdom. They are to be miraculously restored to life after three and a-half days. Some commentators believe that they will be Enoch and Elijah, the only two men who are recorded to have escaped death.

A. B., Corning, N. Y. Justin Martyr, in his First Apology to the Emperor, tells him to read the Acts of Pontius Pilate. Is there such a book, a record of ancient history, in existence now, and if so what does it say of the trial and crucifixion of Christ and where can the book be found?

It is not unreasonable to assume that there was an official record of the acts of Pilate as Procurator, and that it recorded among other matters, the trial and the surrender of Christ to the multitude. This record, or some copy of it, may have been in existence in the first centuries of the Christian era, and accessible to the early Christian writers and theologians, but like almost everything else in the nature of official records it has long since disappeared, possibly having been destroyed in some of the numerous wars that disturbed Palestine.

Lula Venable, Springfield, Ark. When, where and by whom was the first Sunday school organized?

It is impossible to say whether children were gathered for instruction on Sunday somewhere at early periods; but it is certain that the Sunday School which was the origin of our present system was that organized about 1784 at Gloucester, England, by Robert Raikes, a printer of that city. He was concerned at seeing the number of neglected children and employed four teachers to give them instruction.

"Inquirer," Otter Creek, Mich. Was it right in the sight of God for a man to have more wives than one in David's time, any more than it is now?

The revelation of God's will has been progressive. There were many things permitted to ancient Israel which it would be wrong for us to do. The Mosaic law permitted polygamy but made it so onerous by enjoining restrictions and duties upon the polygamist as to discourage it. In the providence of God it soon learned that polygamy and even bigamy usually involved jealousy and sorrow and rendered the man's life miserable. Nearly all the instances recorded led to misery. David did many things which were wrong. The lives of characters are not intended to be examples for us in everything. (See Mark 10:4-6, Acts 17:30.)

H. M., Nautucket, Mass. Would it be right for a member, say, of a Presbyterian Church, to be baptized by immersion and commune with different churches, without being a member of it?

There would be an advantage in it, in a way of escaping responsibility and avoiding onerous duties. You would, however, have many opportunities of rendering service, but your example would not be so beneficial as if you joined a church. The Christian should not always make his own comfort the supreme consideration, but should study in what way he can do most good, and best promote the interests of his Master's kingdom. In a campaign a soldier who did not wish to be enrolled in any regiment would be regarded as lacking in patriotism and proper military spirit. We do not think the Presbyterians would exclude you for being baptized by immersion, but if they did cast you out, the Baptists would receive you and you could get and do good among them. Do not be a religious vagrant.

E. M. Peebles, Avondale. Is not the real reason why the first day of the week is now observed as the Sabbath, instead of the seventh day, Satan desired to get God's memorial out of sight and so be induced people to observe a different day than the one appointed?

We do not think that is the reason. We read about Satan in the Bible indicates that he has more sense. His usual course is to get people to be very scrupulous about observing the letter of God's commands and to violate the spirit of them. The Pharisees who complained of Christ's breaking the Sabbath were people after Satan's own heart. If he had anything to do with the change of the day and the character of its observance he must ere this have deplored his interference. He must have found the spiritual activity of the Christian on the Lord's Day much more detrimental to his interests than a day spent in Sabbatic rest. It must also be very distressing to him to see how all Christendom shows honor to its Lord by celebrating the day on which he rose from the dead. He must feel every Sunday as the French feel when the Germans celebrate the anniversary of Sedan. Christ's resurrection was the severest blow Satan's kingdom ever received.

Geo. R., Fairfield, Ill. Send them to some [illegible] mission, almshouse, prison, or hospital.—Mrs. J. M., Myrtle, Minn. It has been given repeatedly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—W. G. Hayman, Kansas City, Mo. We are already burdened with similar requests from many different quarters.—Jotham Singer, Macomb, Ill. The American Bible Society will doubtless honor your demand. It is entirely right that they should desire identification, however, and the request is not intended in any sense as a reflection upon you, but merely a business custom.—A. V., Bushton, Kansas. As fiction with a strong basis of historical fact.—E. P. Sherwood, N. Y. It is not true. On the contrary they were received here from him by mail, while he was the

The Lost Wanderer Found.*

ONE day in the second spring after Rob had gone away, the first and last news of the wanderer came to Stanerigg, brought by the old one-eyed postman, Willie Chisholm, who had often wondered whether he could be privileged to bear some message from across the seas to the desolate house.

He did not see the mistress that day, to his keen disappointment, and it was Ailie Dow who took in the little package and the letter bearing the stamp of the Republic. He mistress took them tremblingly, and sat down at the open window, fumbling in her pocket for her spectacle-case, which was a new possession to which she had hardly yet got accustomed. And it happened that at the moment Stanerigg himself came in, and she bade him falteringly shut the door.

"The news has come, an' it's no Rob's writing. I'm feart to open it. Tak the letter first, faither."

He took it from her, and, quite unconscious of what he was doing, knelt down beside her so that he could open the letter at her knee. And they made a pathetic picture, the father and mother whom grief had aged before their time, the soft April wind playing with their gray hairs and bringing the flush of excitement on their cheeks. It was a short letter written by the clergyman of a Methodist Church in a little township situate among the distant wheat-prairies of Iowa, and it ran thus:

"CARTERVILLE, March 30th.

"MADAME: It is my sad duty to write to you concerning your son, Robert Gray, whom I was called a long distance to see yesterday, viz., to find him dying of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, contracted through exposure in one of the most terrible blizzards we have had for many years. I had not met Mr. Gard of him before, as the place where he has been working as hired man is thirteen miles from my home, and difficult of access. It seems he had been there for about ten months, working for a decent, well-to-do German Jew, to whom he has given the greatest satisfaction, being sober, industrious, and of an amiable disposition. I was grieved to find him too weak to say much, but he was able to tell me a little about himself, and to instruct me to carry out his last wishes. He had been wandering about a good deal, as young men will do out here without introduction or acquaintance; but so far as I could gather, he had never been in any sore straits, though sometimes in rather low water. I was surprised to find him possessed of a university training, though, indeed, I have met many similar instances. He did not detail to me his reasons for having left a home so comfortable and happy, and the memory of which he cherished so passionately that I was quite overcome. One thing you may take to comfort you that he has not been living a prodigal's life at here, but the reverse. He was reserved about his own state of mind, but told me quite frankly he had no fear of death. He asked me to send you the inclosed package, which I have now opened, but which he told me he had carried within his vest next his heart during the last two years. I remained with him till his death, which was painless and beautiful, and I feel sure that you may with the utmost confidence look forward to a happy reunion in a world where these sorrows are unknown. I regret that my letter must of necessity be briefer and unsatisfactory, as I only saw him once. He has been buried in a little cemetery near our from the farm on which he died. His employer defrayed the whole expenses, and all the neighbors turned out, showing that he was a general favorite. If there is anything further you would like to know, pray write, and I will do my best to reply. Meantime, with sincere Christian sympathy, I remain, madame,

Yours faithfully,
"ABIRAM MORSE."

They were able to read the letter through with that wondrous self-control which had distinguished them throughout, and to untie the string and cut the wrappings which held their boy's legacy to them. There was no letter. Within lay a little New Testament with brass clasps which his mother had given him on the day he first went to church. The clasps were intact, but would not close over something bulky within—a thick roll of dollar bills. They fell upon her lap, and then the book seemed to open naturally where lay the sprig of ivy, now dry and faded, which had once been living green on the gable end of the home at Stanerigg. On that open page two passages were deeply underlined—a message from the unseen to those who had now no child:

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

And again: "Behold, we count them happy which endure. . . . The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

By what tortuous ways that wandering soul had returned to the fold they would never know; and though the hand of God seemed heavy upon them, they were not without their crumbs of comfort. Stanerigg bowed his head, now so nearly white, on his wife's knee, and a great sobbing shook him, like the wind of winter in the trees. But she sat still and quiet, with a wondering and deep light in her meek, sweet eyes, conscious for the moment that the veil between the seen and the unseen was so thin that her sharpened vision could almost pierce it. Her life during the past two years had been one long prayer, and lo! the sore travail of her soul had its answer—her boy was safe. Being thus assured, she could wait for Daybreak and the light of heaven. So, tranquilly, she is waiting still.

*From *Heather From the Brae*, by David Lyall; a little volume of bright and charmingly written character sketches. Pp. 214; cloth covers; price 75 cts. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Matabele Uprising.

THERE is a prospect that the war begun by the natives against the British in Matabeleland, Africa, may assume formidable proportions. Skirmishes are of constant occurrence, and although the Matabele cannot be made to face a regular engagement, they have made a very strong showing in some of the encounters around Buluwayo. It is their custom to fall back whenever a formidable white force opposes them, and, on the latter relaxing its efforts, to immediately resume their harassing tactics. They are especially strong in the vicinity of the Umgusa River, at the Lower Insiza, and among the Matoppo hills.

Our illustration on the opposite page (which is reproduced from a recent number in the *London Illustrated News*), shows a peculiar-looking fort, which has been constructed in the outskirts of Buluwayo, by the British, for the purpose of protecting the friendly natives. A force of soldiers is posted in it, and as it is a sort of crow's nest, built in a tree, they can command a view of the country for miles around, and thus troops can be dispatched quickly to any quarter where raiding parties of Matabele are operating. It is a common experience to see an armed band of the enemy come over the hills, steal the cattle and drive them from the plains back to the mountains, keeping up a constant fusilade meanwhile. A number of these raiding parties have been discovered by the sentries at the fort, and overtaken and punished.

CONDEMNING THE TURK.

The special commissioner sent to Armenia by the Duke of Westminster's Committee to report on the present condition of Armenia has returned. He declares his conviction that there is no hope for the Armenians "unless the Governments of Europe join together and insist upon placing these provinces under European control, and giving security for life and property. Then, and then only, can permanent relief be given."

Sickness Among Children,

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

The Living Dead.

(*Continued from page 546.*)

deliverance from terrible torments. Little by little by soul appealed in the strong prayer. My view was changing, and I now looked upon the horrors of a slow death in the grave, as a merited punishment. I gave myself up to the Lord's will and prayed only for the remission of my sins.

'In this frame of spirit I was in the evening, when the last service was held. The last hymn was sung, and the people raised me with my coffin. In doing so they shook me up, and at the same moment a sigh escaped me without any effort on my part. One man said to another: 'It seemed that I heard the dead man sigh.' 'No,' answered the other, 'it only seemed so to you; it is impossible.'

"But my chest was freed by the spasm which had disturbed it, and I began to groan loudly. Everybody rushed to me, and the doctor rapidly loosened my uniform, put his hand on my heart and exclaimed with great surprise: 'The heart beats! He is breathing! He is alive! It is a wonderful case.'

"I was quickly transferred from the coffin to my bedroom, was undressed, put in the bed, and rubbed with some kind of spirit. Soon I opened my eyes and my first look fell on a picture of my Saviour, the same (as I knew afterward) that had been near the bolster of my coffin. Torrents of tears poured from my eyes, and thus relieved my heart.

"I spent a few days in absolute seclusion, during which I did not see any strange face. My consolation and my soul's nourishment were David's Songs. From them I learned to know and to love the Lord.

"My first act, after recovery, was to partake of the Holy Sacrament. Pastor M——, an experienced teacher in spiritual affairs, was my adviser. He strengthened my desire to renounce the world and worldly attachments; but it took time to arrange everything. My first deed in that direction was to refuse the honor of becoming the son-in-law of a notable prince and the husband of a beautiful princess. Then I resigned from the Guards, freed my slaves, and sold my furniture and horses, and found a use for this money in doing good to others. My entailed properties I gave away to my lawful heirs. So I spent a year. At last, comparatively free from worldly cares, I resolved to devote the rest of my life to the Master's service.

"I have served him ever since, through all these years, and am now finishing my days. I freed my faithful Stepan, and wanted to give him money enough for his old age, but he did not take the money, and did not even want his liberty. With tears he begged me not to send him away. 'I am still a poor sinner, not worthy to be a servant of Jesus,' said Stepan; 'it is grace enough to be permitted to live with the Lord's chosen people.' He wanted to be with me, and he died in my care."

The aged narrator finished his strange history with the following pious words: "In me you behold the wonderful work of the Lord's mercy. In order to save my soul, I was permitted to go through apparent death, and while I lay in the garments of the grave, he opened my spiritual eyes so that I might live forever in the future life." [THE END.]

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A Remarkable Convention.

Bryan and Sewall Nominated by the Free Silver Democracy for President and Vice-President.

THERE is little doubt that the Democratic National Convention, which was held in Chicago, July 9, 10 and 11, will pass into history as one of the memorable gatherings of an exceedingly active political age. The movement in the West,

HON. W. J. BRYAN, NEB.

in support of free silver, which played so prominent a part in the Republican and Prohibition National Conventions, held several weeks ago (whose proceedings, with biograghical sketches of the candidates were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time), had already assumed formidable proportions in the Democratic ranks, and long before the date fixed for the Chicago Convention it was foreshadowed that the battle between the gold and silver wings of the party would be a bitter one. This forecast was verified at the very opening of the proceedings when the Convention met. In the preliminary organization, the Free Silver men demonstrated their strength by substituting Senator Daniel, of Virginia, as Temporary Chairman, in the place of Senator Hill, of New York, who had been the choice of the National Democratic Committee. The permanent organization was also controlled by the Free Silver wing, and in several states where there were contesting delegations the Committee on Credentials seated the Free Silver delegates.

When the Committee on Resolutions reported, the first great struggle of the Convention took place. There were two reports, that of the minority representing the causes of the dissent from the Free Silver platform reported by the majority, and declaring that the experiment of Free Silver coinage and a change in the existing standard of value would imperil our national finances, retard the establishment of international bimetallism, disturb business, impair contracts, diminish the purchasing power of the wages of labor and injure our national commerce generally. The minority also declared in favor of the rigid maintenance of the existing gold standard, and that paper currency be kept at a parity with gold. This report was signed by the representatives of the States of New York, Wisconsin, Delaware, Maryland, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Michigan, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Dakota and New Jersey—these representing the "gold wing" of the party. The majority report, as finally adopted as the platform of the Convention, denounces the silver demonetization act of 1873, declares monometallism to be un-American, and demands "the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1," and that "the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender equally with gold, for all debts public and private." It condemns the issuing of interest-bearing government bonds in times of peace, and also condemns the issuance of national bank notes on the ground that the government alone should issue and control our legal tender. It condemns the McKinley tariff act and arraigns the U. S. Supreme Court for its adverse decision on the income tax. These are the leading features in the platform, which deals with a number of other topics as well.

The platform was not adopted without a strong protest from the gold men. Many earnest speeches were delivered, the most notable on the gold side being that of Senator Hill, the chosen spokesman of the minority, and ex-Congressman William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, for free silver. The brilliant oratory of the latter took the convention by storm, eclipsing that of Tillman, Altgeld and others who had preceded him in the advocacy of the new political doctrine. Until he ascended the platform to address the Convention he had hardly been heard of in that vast gathering. Yet a single speech, or rather a single remarkable sentence, served to bring him into prominence and make him the choice of the Convention. In his peroration, speaking of the demand for the gold standard, he said: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." This language fired the Convention, which stampeded for him, and in the subsequent voting he was nominated on the fifth ballot, defeating Bland of Missouri, Boies of Iowa, Pattison of Pennsylvania, McLean

HON. ARTHUR SEWALL, ME.

of Ohio, Teller of Colorado, and several other candidates. For Vice-President, Arthur Sewall, of Maine, was nominated on the fourth ballot. Throughout the Convention, both on the question of adopting the platform and on the balloting, the delegates from all the "gold" States declined to vote.

William Jennings Bryan, the nominee for President, was born in Illinois in 1860. He received an academic education, studied law and began practice at Jacksonville, removing in 1887 to Lincoln, Neb., where he became a member of the law firm of Talbot & Bryan. He was nominated by the Democrats and elected to Congress in 1890 from the First Nebraska District, and again in 1892. In 1894 he was defeated for United States Senator. Since that time he has been an active speaker in different parts of the Union in behalf of free silver, and is regarded as one of the ablest orators that cause has yet placed in the field. Mr. Bryan has his home at Lincoln, with his wife and three children—two daughters and a son. He is a man of intense earnestness, with a strongly intellectual face. As a debater he is said to have few equals. Mr. Sewall, the Vice-Presidential nominee, is a native of Bath, Me., and comes of Revolutionary stock. He is largely interested in shipping, railways, banking and iron-works, and is reported to be very wealthy.

The "gold" Democrats, who were defeated in the Convention, are yet undecided what policy to pursue. There is talk of holding a "bolting" convention, and nominating a second Democratic candidate on a "sound money" platform.

What Touched His Heart?

It is related that on an occasion when a brilliant speaker was once addressing a religious gathering, there was present a young man for whose conversion friends had prayed long and earnestly. The speaker was wonderfully effective that evening, and his audience was strangely stirred. There was a brief testimony meeting at the close of the address, and when a call for converts was made the young man mentioned came forward and knelt at the altar. "It was Mr. B.'s wonderful talk that brought you to take this step, wasn't it?" asked one of the young man's friends afterwards. "No, it was not," he replied. "What was it, then?" "It was what poor old Mrs. Crane said." "Mrs. Crane?" "Yes; I've known her for years. She has had poverty and sorrow all of her life, and when she got up and said so quietly and simply, 'I love God, and thank him for all his goodness and mercy to me,' I knew that she meant every word of it. I don't know just how or why it was, but I suddenly had an overpowering conviction of my own sin and ingratitude—I who have always been well and strong and happy. Something in poor old Mrs. Crane's simple words impressed me as I have never before been impressed. It may have been because of their absolute sincerity. I longed for the love she spoke of. I believe that I owe my conversion to her more than to any other earthly agency."

Sustained in Death.

To one who observed Archbishop Whately's sufferings and asked him if he suffered much pain during his last hours on earth, he said: "Some time ago I should have thought it great pain, but now I am enabled to bear it." His intellect was unclouded by illness. He could think and speak. Some one said to him, "You are dying as you have lived, great to the last." The reply was, "I am dying as I lived, in the faith of Jesus." Another said, "What a blessing your glorious intellect is unimpaired." He answered, "Do not call intellect glorious; there is nothing glorious out of Christ!" Another said, "The great fortitude of your character suports you." "No, it is not the fortitude of my character which supports me, but my faith in Christ." With such a witness on his lips and in his acts, Archbishop Whately passed away.

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission prayer was offered on July 5, in accordance with the requests of many persons among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Anxious Mother and Sister," Glen Mills, Pa., desires prayers that a near and dear one who has long resisted the Holy Spirit, and is now yielding to intemperance may be saved.——"Anxious Mother," that her children and the fatheir might all be brought to Jesus and made new creatures in him.——"Subscriber," Quebec, Can., for the salvation of an aged father, a brother, a sister and a dear friend who are all out of Christ, and the last named one who has been prejudiced against religion by the inconsistencies of its professors.——"Anxious Mother," California, that a dear daughter, who has been led away by false friends, and is in danger of losing her reason, may find peace in Christ, and give herself wholly to him. Prayer offered for her some time ago at the Bowery Mission was answered, but the need is now again very urgent; also for another daughter who is seeking Christ, but cannot find rest in him.——"Sister," Ranger, O., that two brothers may be delivered from the curse of strong drink and be made sons of God.——"F. M. W., Viola, Ill., that a young man who spends his Sundays in unholy pleasure might be convinced of his sin, and led to seek the Lord, and that his unbelieving father and his wayward brother might both become Christians.——"Believer," New York City, for the conversion of a brother who is willing to renounce intemperate habits.——"Anxious Sister," Sterling, Ill., that two brothers and two sisters who do not know the Lord might be led to love and serve him.——"Reader," Erie, Colo., that four friends, who might do good work for the Lord if they were his servants, may be converted.——"Believer in Prayer," that a wayward son may learn to walk in the way of righteousness.——"Subscriber," Philadelphia, on behalf of an unconverted brother for whom many prayers have been offered, but who firmly resists all appeals, and is now gradually yielding to the appetite for strong drink. His conversion is urgently desired——"Believer," Marine, Texas, who prays earnestly for the persons mentioned every week in these columns, now begs the prayers of others for a son who is in danger of going astray through drink that God would save his soul and keep him from sin.——"Reader," New York, for the conversion of a whole family who are all out of the Kingdom.——"One Who Believes," Norwich, Conn., that a dear friend, now in bitter trouble and in danger of losing his reason, may give his heart to God, and be kept by divine power from all evil.——"Firm Believer," Ill., that her two boys, who are led away through strong drink and card-playing, might be saved and made new creatures in Christ.——"Reader," Spencer, O., that the only one of Christian parents may give his heart to God and that two sons-in-law, who have Christian wives, may give themselves to the Lord.——"Reader," Springville, Pa., for the prayer sought conversion of three brothers and their families, and of two sons, and one son-in-law, none of whom have as yet yielded themselves to Christ.——L. L., Sunshine, Mo., that her children might be brought into the fold of God.——"Sorrowing Mother," Spencer, O., for the salvation of a daughter, who does not realize her need of Christ, and of a son who leads a good moral life, but is not a Christian, but especially of a son for whose conversion she has been praying for twenty years, yet who is still unsaved, and is subject to periodical outbreaks of intemperance to the intense grief of his friends.——"Reader," New, Can. for the conversion of a person in advanced age, who sadly needs the assurance of salvation; also of one who is interested in divine things, but has not yet yielded to the Saviour.——"Believer," Rockwood, Pa., for her husband who needs God's grace to take him in the path of peace, may be led to give himself wholly to Christ.——G. A. B., Elk Neck, Md., that God would bring all her children into the glorious light and peace of his love; also that an aged father might find peace in Christ even in the eleventh hour.——"Subscriber," Gainesville, that the mother of two dear children might become a child of God; that she may have grace to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.——A. L. G., Stanton, Tenn., for the conversion of a son-in-law, who has deserted his family, and is causing them great anxiety.

For the Restoration of Health. "Reader," New York. That two members of a family who are very ill and are losing their sense of hearing may recover through God's healing power.——"Anxious mother," that her children now passing through a dangerous disease may be spared to her.——A. H., Hartford, Vt., for the recovery of a dear sister who has long been a sufferer from throat and lung troubles.——D., St. Paul, Minn., that one who is affected with nervous disease, which causes cerebral disturbance, may be healed of the Lord.——R. M. F., Adamsville, W. Va., that the means being employed for the restoration of an only son now in Colorado may be blest to his recovery.——A. L. G., Stanton, Tenn., that a sister in distress may recover her physical health and mental vigor.——"Distressed mother," Brownsdale, Minn., that a demented son may regain the use of his mental faculties.——"Afflicted Wife and Mother," Lenox, N. Y., that her husband who has been prostrated through overwork and anxiety may regain health and peace; also that a daughter who has fallen a victim to nervous disorder may be restored to mental and physical health.——"Daughter," Clio, Mich., that she and her mother, who are both sick, may regain health and strength.——"Anxious One," Iowa, that a dear invalid daughter might be restored to health and that everything that may have been wrong in her life in the sight of God may be eradicated.——"Reader," Newark, N. J., that God would heal a young man who seems to be in a consumption.——"Reader," Larissa, Tex., that a dear friend, who is sick, may be healed of the Lord and enabled to resume his work in peace and happiness.——The following persons also ask prayers that God would heal them of the various maladies from which they are suffering and which are all known to him: "E. L. A., Mauch Chunk, Pa.; "Believer," Madison, Vt.; "Reader," Philadelphia, Pa.; L. M. W., Mulberry Grove, Ill.; "Reader," Anderson, Ind.; "Christian," Rockford, Ill.; "Believer," Rockwood, Pa.

For Special Blessings. B. A. H., that peace and healthful work may be found for a brother-in-law, and that a dear friend may recover piece of mind and contentment.——G. A. B., Elk Neck, Md., that a husband and father may soon be enabled to find employment.——"Anxious One," Iowa, that two dear ones who are alienated might be reconciled.——"Sufferer," Brattleboro, Vt., that God would cause a home for Asthmatic Sufferers similar to the Faith Home for Comsuptives to be established in New England.——"Reader," St. Joseph, Mo., that two dear friends now alienated might be reconciled to each other, and that a beloved son whose means are being won from him by designing persons, may come to himself and return to his family and friends.——"Reader," Murray, Iowa, that God would send financial aid to some who are in urgent need and that employment may be provided wherewith to meet necessities.——E. A., Southern Indiana, that a dear one who has proved false to his promises may be brought to see the cruelty of his conduct and atone for it.——"May," Senecaville, O., that God would save her soul and employ her in his service.——"Constant Reader," North Carolina, that God will dispel the clouds that now overshadow his life, and that he will enable him to earn an honest livelihood so as to educate his children, and that he and his wife may regain their love and confidence in each other.——H. D., Ridgefield Park, N. J., that a man and his son now out of work may be able to obtain employment so that the burden of debt now embittering life may be lifted.——O. A. S., Reading, Mass., for more faith.——J., Charleston, Va., for grace to know the right path and strength to walk in it.——M.A.O., Marton, N. C., who is in great distress, that God would give light and faith and peace.——J. M., New Bedford, Mass., that a saved man, a moulder by trade, may in some way be able to find employment.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

Congo Cannibals.

The Rev. Mr. Ruskin recently visited a tribe on the Lopori river, a branch of the Congo, hitherto untouched by the Gospel. His account is a thrilling one. He found the people cannibals of the most degraded type, living in constant feuds with the Arabs and other foes. "We welcome war," they said; "because it brings us meat. We eat all enemies slain in battle." Hunting for animals is unknown; but every few weeks these savages go out in search of human food. One day Mr. Ruskin received a formidable visit. A band of warriors appeared, tattooed and fully armed, with the king at their head, his eyes smeared with black powder, to indicate that he was angry and came prepared to fight. God preserved his servant.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the K. Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, will make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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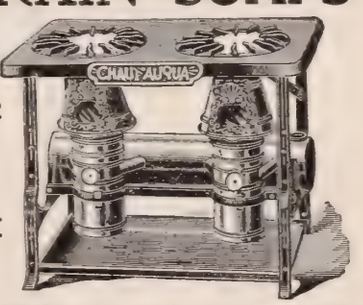

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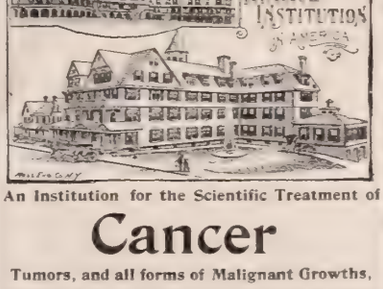

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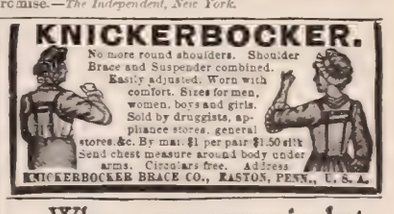

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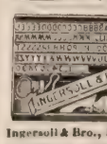

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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SUNDAY
ON BOARD A
U.S.
MAN OF WAR

WITHIN the recollection of the present generation, a great change has taken place in the *morale* and discipline of the navies of the globe. Formerly a man-of-war's-man was of little account, save as he was [illegible] and able at his work on board ship and lucky in a fight. The office of chaplain—when the vessel was fortunate enough to have one at all—was not particularly burdened with spiritual cares for the men's welfare, and Jack himself, both afloat and ashore, was anything but a paragon of the virtues. Rum, tobacco, cards, dancing and music furnished [illegible] all the enjoyment he cared for, and [illegible]e-of-absence after a long sea voyage [illegible] usually spent in dissipation, the poor [illegible] returning to his ship with empty [illegible]ts, aching limbs and a heart full of [illegible]s. Lives so spent had but one con[illegible]n—if the sea spared the sailor, he [illegible] ten found himself at mid-life a used[illegible] rheumatic, prematurely old man, fit [illegible] to do some light work ashore or to [illegible] he in[illegible]e of a [illegible]s' Hos[illegible] or Rest. [illegible] how[illegible] all this [illegible] been [illegible]ged and [illegible]ially [illegible] naval [illegible]sels. [illegible]d and [illegible]ers are [illegible]ly im[illegible]ed, so[illegible]y and [illegible]igence [illegible] encour[illegible] with [illegible]otion, [illegible] there is an earnest effort, both on board ship [illegible] in port, to help poor Jack to a better life and a higher manhood. Spiritual work is becoming more of a feature on our naval vessels than ever before and there is hardly a port of any considerable size here or in Europe which has not at least one Sailors' Mission where the seamen off duty can hear the Gospel and have the benefit of associating and advising with men who are devoting their lives to evangelical work among this neglected class.

[illegible]. H. H. CLARK, CHAPLAIN.

Sunday on board a United States man-of-war is in many respects similar to any other day in the week, save that the men are more quiet, the occasional games and recreations are suspended, there are no drills, and the morning "church" is the important feature of the day. The last-named is among the most beautiful and impressive services held on board the principal vessels of the American Navy. The congregation meets on the gun-deck, about midships, at 10:30 a. m., and is largely made up of the officers and crew, the gunners and marines. Usually the services are solemn and impressive, and are listened to with reverent attention by the men.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE ON BOARD THE U. S WARSHIP, "NEW YORK."

[illegible]NDAY READING "BETWEEN DECKS."

On board the *New York*, the flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron, the Rev. H. H. Clark, D.D., Chaplain of the Navy, officiates at "morning church." The services last about an hour, and a deep interest is taken in the responses from the book of prayer, as well as in the sermon and singing, music for which is furnished by the Admiral's band.

This quarter of the gun-deck, during religious services presents an interesting scene. At one end the Chaplain stands at his pulpit—a solid oak piece of furniture, draped with the Stars and Stripes—on which rests the open Bible. To the right, the officers of the ship are seated, and facing the Chaplain are the marines, in uniforms of white duck, with blue sailor collars. To the left, the rear of a powerful gun is visible, the muzzle projecting through a port-hole, while to the right, and back of the officers, a rack of rifles may be seen. Here, amid the deadly weapons of modern warfare, this body of men assemble to lift up their hearts and voices to their Maker.

Only war or the stress of a severe storm is allowed to interfere with "church." The average attendance is about one hundred and fifty when at sea, and from fifty to seventy-five when the ship is in port, this decrease being due to the fact that a number of the men are ashore on leave-of-absence. Sunday on board ship is resting-day for nearly all hands, and those who are inclined to attend divine worship, do so of their own free will. It is to the credit of our seamen that very few of them neglect this privilege. The government provides a Chaplain, and designates the hour for service, but does not compel the men to attend, so that it is very encouraging to find a large proportion of the ship's men at the Sunday morning service.

A beautiful custom in the Navy in this connection, is that when the ship's bell tolls for church, the national colors are hauled down from the peak, and the church pennant, consisting of a blue cross on a white field, is displayed instead. The colors are then hauled back to a position immediately underneath the pennant. Thus the sacred symbol of Christianity alone is permitted to take precedence of the Stars and Stripes, and this, the only flag that is ever hoisted above the national colors, remains flying during the hour of Sunday worship, from half-past ten until half-past eleven. It is then hauled down and the Stars and Stripes are again hoisted. Every flagship in the Navy carries a chaplain, and most of the first-raters, such as the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*. Some of the second-raters, like the *Texas* and *Maine*, also have chaplains. Every prominent Naval Station and Navy Yard is also provided with a chaplain, so that in the Navy the government provides in all for twenty-four chaplains, who at the time of their appointment must not be over thirty-five nor less than twenty-one years of age.

U. S. S. NEW YORK.

There are few finer fields for personal Christian work, for the duties of a naval chaplain have a great deal of promise, if he be a man full of consecration and zealous for the spiritual well-being of the seamen. Such a chaplain wins and holds the love and respect of all on board. Our naval chaplains represent different leading religious denominations, among them be-

Continued on page 555.

WHO WAS YOUR FATHER?

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. Samuel 17: 58: *"Whose son art thou, thou young man?"*

NEVER was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of braggadocio; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear; David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army, and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much accuracy and force as now can be sent shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummets inscribed with the irritating words: "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat. A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming it at that uncovered forehead, crashed it in like an eggshell. The battle over, behold the tableau: King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The [illegible] of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality: Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II., and all the other scoundrels of that line. Scottish blood means persistence, English blood [illegible] Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood [illegible] means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means fervidity, Roman blood means conquest. The Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselish. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs down in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. You see these peculiarities in all generations. Henry and Catharine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici, grandfather, son and Catharine, all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus, all warriors. This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I. a toll-gatherer. A descendant of Edward III. a doorkeeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland, a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity is entirely independent of social or political conditions. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory founded by worldly philosophy, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of a chosen generation, of the generation of the righteous, of the generation of vipers, of an untoward generation, of a stubborn generation, of the iniquity of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? So that the text comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" "Well," says some one "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents, we are bound to be good, and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage, we are bound to be evil, and we cannot help ourselves." Two inaccuracies. As much as if you should say, "The centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the centre, and therefore all come to the centre. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal force overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society eighty years ago, who had a Christian ancestry, while, on the other hand, some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence. The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or, if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook, I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head; but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

There is something in all winter holidays to bring up the old folks. I think many of our thoughts at such times are set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resources are able to make your sons and daughters. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

First, I accost all those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and their life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ. That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold, and it was "share and share alike." But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their sal[illegible]: I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion, which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope re[illegible] union when the partings of life are er[illegible] 'Share and share alike,' may they i[illegible]rit eternal riches. I bequeath to the[illegible] the wish that they may avoid my error [illegible]nd copy anything that may have been [illegible]or-thy. In the name of God who mad[illegible]ne, and the Christ who redeemed me, ar[illegible] the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I mak[illegible] his my last will and testament. Witne[illegible] all you hosts of heaven. Witness time [illegible]ri-ness eternity. Signed, sealed and de[illegible]er-ed in this our dying hour. Fathe[illegible]r and Mother." You did not get that will [illegible]-ed at the Surrogate's office, but I ta[illegible] out to-day and I read it to you. I take [illegible] of the alcoves of your heart. I shak[illegible] dust off it. I ask if you will accept [illegible] inheritance, or will you break the wi[illegible]

Oh, ye of Christian ancestry! [illegible] have a resposibility vast beyond all [illegible]-surement. God will not let you off [illegible] just being as good as ordinary people [illegible] you had such extraordinary advan[illegible] Ought not a flower planted in a hot-h[illegible] be more thrifty than a flower planted [illegible] side in the storm? Ought not a fa[illegible] turned by the Housatonic do more [illegible] than a factory turned by a thin and [illegible] low mountain stream? Ought not y[illegible] great early opportunity be better [illegible] those who had a cradle unblessed [illegible] father sets his son up in business. [illegible] keeps an account of all the expenditu[illegible] So much for store fixtures, so much [illegible] rent, so much for this, so much for t[illegible] and all the items aggregated, and the [illegible] er expects the son to give an acco[illegible] Your Heavenly Father charges ag[illegible] you all the advantage of a pious ance[illegible] —so many prayers, so much Christian [illegible] ample, so many kind entreaties—all t[illegible] gracious influences, one tremendous [illegible] gregate, and he asks you for an acc[illegible] of it. Ought not you to be better t[illegible] those who had no such advantage? [illegible] ter have been a foundling picked up [illegible] the city commons than with such mag[illegible] cent inheritance of consecration to t[illegible] out indifferently.

Now, my brother, ought you not [illegible] leave it as a matter of fairness with yo[illegible] ought you not to be better than those [illegible] had no early Christian influence? St[illegible] ing as you do between the generation t[illegible] is past and the generation that is to co[illegible] are you going to pass the blessing or [illegible] are you going to have your life the gui[illegible] which that tide of blessing shall drop [illegible] of sight forever? You are the truste[illegible] piety in that ancestral line, and are [illegible] going to augment or squander that sol[illegible] trust fund? Are you going to disini[illegible] your sons and daughters of the heirl[illegible] which your parents left you? Ah! t[illegible] cannot be possible—that cannot be p[illegible] ble that you are going to take such a p[illegible] tion as that. You are very careful ab[illegible] the life insurances, and careful about [illegible] deeds, and careful about the mortg[illegible] and careful about the title of your pro[illegible] ty, because when you step off the st[illegible] you want your children to get it all. [illegible] you making no provision that they sh[illegible] get grandfather or grandmother's religi[illegible] Oh, what a last will and testament [illegible] are making, my brother! "In the na[illegible] of God, amen. I, being of sound mi[illegible] make this my last will and testament. [illegible] bequeath to my children all the mone[illegible] ever made and all the houses I own; [illegible] I disinherit them, I rob them of the an[illegible] tral grace and the Christian influence t[illegible] I inherited. I have squandered that on [illegible] own worldliness. Share and share al[illegible] must they in the misfortune and the ev[illegible] lasting outrage."

Oh, ye of highly-favored ancestry, wa[illegible] up this morning to a sense of your opp[illegible] tunity and responsibility. I think th[illegible] must be an old cradle, or a fragment o[illegible] cradle somewhere that could tell a st[illegible] of midnight supplication in your beh[illegible] Where is the old rocking-chair in wh[illegible] you were sung to sleep with the h[illegible] nursery rhyme? Where is the old clo[illegible] that ticked away the moments of t[illegible] sickness on that awful night when th[illegible]

were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old stain some closet? We beg you to turn over a new leaf this very day.

Let I turn for a moment to those who had evil parentage, and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered—conquered. As good, as useful, as splendid a gentleman as I ever knew had for a father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day was the son of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But it must be resisted, it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and very answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both slow, and after you have written an answer, keep it a week before you send it and then burn it up. Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate boldness; read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul and see if you can not get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set soul, mind, and soul in battle array. Conquer you will. I think the genealogical roll was put in the first chapter of the New Testament not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat down successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line the jealous Rehoboam and Rahab and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the blighted families of the earth are to be regenerated and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph to turn in the line and reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary to arise in the line and reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brutes and stop that long line of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror." But whatever your heredity, let me say you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead, come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins, for there are crowns on our escutcheon, our Father is King, our Brother is King, we shall be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh! when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign, forever and ever. "Whose servant art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of immortality! Take your inheritance!

Sunday on Board a U. S. Man-of-War.

Continued from first page.

ing the Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Disciples of Christ.

To those chaplains on the active list, the moral and religious work of our churches in the Navy is entrusted, and each is required to do the work of his church without a shadow of sectarianism. Christian unity is aimed at and largely realized in the Navy, and to the building up of character the chaplains are to work with might and main. They are appointed and commissioned like any other naval officer, by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate. As in the case of other staff officers, they hold relative rank with the line, their rank terminating with that of Captain, so that theirs is the privilege of the ship. Their uniform is not military, neither is it unmilitary, since it consists of the ordinary clerical dress, which is especially becoming on board ship.

Some of the chaplains are much interested in establishing reading rooms for the seamen, not only in our home ports, but in the leading ports of our several squadron stations, and a great deal of good has already resulted. One of the illustrations in this issue shows a quiet little group of seamen on a Sunday afternoon, engrossed with their religious books. By encouraging the free use of good literature, the chaplains have been able to greatly advance the moral rating of the men as a whole. Thus the condition of our sailors is improving year by year.

The new ships

UNITED STATES WARSHIP "NEWARK"

they man have been an intellectual awaking to them. They are no longer mere "Jack-tars," and cannot be satisfied with the perfunctory attendance at "church," but enter into the exercises with heart and spirit.

All the men aboard ship are keenly appreciative of what the chaplains do for them. By popular lectures, and by earnest, practical, intelligent sermons and talks, the chaplains can reach them and have a great influence over them. On the big warships, many earnest Christians are to be found, both among officers and crews, and when the ship is not provided with a chaplain, there are usually men aboard who will unhesitatingly conduct the simple Sunday service, or the brief but earnest prayer-meetings. The Young Men's Christian Association has many members among the crews of the floating Navy, and the Society of Christian Endeavor is also well represented, both among the officers' staff and the marines.

When the men-of-war are at anchor near a seaport, or are in port, the friends and relatives of officers are cordially invited to attend the Sunday service.

Prayers are offered on deck every day at quarter after five o'clock in the afternoon, and this affords an opportunity to those who are so disposed to come together for a short time to unite their petitions. This is the custom on the flagships and first-raters, and many of the men on the other cruisers follow the same order.

Thus banded together as they are, each crew like a community by itself, on the great warships, these men attest their faith in the Heavenly Father, and in the Captain of Salvation, his Son, Jesus Christ. Whether resting at anchor in some home port or in foreign waters, or plunged in the heat of battle, many of these "heroes of the deep" place full dependence on God, and are living the lives of consistent Christians.

Little Guests at Mont Lawn.

A Haven of Rest and Recuperation for the Tenement Waifs—Happiness at the Home.

TO those who dwell in clean, cool, well-ventilated houses with every surrounding conducive to health and happiness, the actualities of tenement life in the slums of a great city are difficult of appreciation. It is not easy to understand why so many human beings should be cooped up in close, unhealthy quarters at such cost of life and comfort. This summer, the Health Board of New York has taken up the question of tenement life vigorously, and many of the old filthy rookeries where men, women, and children have been hived, are now doomed to demolition. In a single day, lately, 42 rear tenements were condemned as unfit for human habitation. They were found to be dark abodes of filth and squalor, such as are the unfailing breeding-places of disease and pestilence in the heat of summer. In some of these places the death rate has been abnormally high for weeks past, the little children being the heaviest sufferers. The normal death-rate of the city is twenty-two per thousand, but in such hovels it reached seventy-five per thousand. Every day the white-plumed hearses with the little white coffins, told the sad story of poor children cut off ere yet their young lives had fairly begun. In one double tenement 472 persons were herded together in quarters wretched beyond description. Many of the rooms were never visited by the rays of the sun, and the general condition was such as to invite disease. It is understood that the Health Board has over one hundred tenements of the same class under consideration, and that they will shortly be condemned.

It has been the effort of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh Air Fund to seek out the children of the very poor from just such homes of misery as we have described, and to give them the benefit of a ten days' outing among the fresh green fields and the flowery woodlands of Mont-Lawn, where they might find a brief respite from the hard and pinching life of poverty. One day lately, Dr. Talmage visited the Home and received a cheery welcome from our children. He spent a pleasant afternoon inspecting the Home and its beautiful surroundings and speaking kind words to its delighted little guests, many of whom stood by barefooted to listen.

On Sunday morning, breakfast comes a little later at Mont-Lawn, and while Matron Collins and her staff of co-workers are having family-prayers together in the reception-room, the children have an airing on the lawn. Then they march into chapel and go over the Sunday School lesson. Beside the usual good dinner, there are always some extras for Sunday, and the children sing with increased fervor the grace that always comes before each meal:

> God is great and God is good,
> And we thank him for this food;
> By his hand must all be fed,
> Give us all our daily bread.

The care-taker is often rewarded for a hard day's work by some thoughtful child coming up and putting her arms about her, saying, "Teacher, haven't we had a good time to-day?" They always greatly enjoy their walks to the woods, gathering birch and sassafras, ferns, and flowers. Some of the children try to get their ten days extended, and almost envy those whom the doctor needs to keep for treatment a little over their time. One boy anxious to stay longer tried to get someone to go home in his place, but did not succeed.

Contributions to our Fresh Air work are invited. This season, more than ever, the way is open to help these poor little children to an outing. For an outlay of $3 any reader of this journal can make some poor tenement child happy. The Washington Square M. E. Church has generously contributed $150 in aid of the work among the poor children of the tenements: During the week the following contributions have been received:

Previously acknowledged	$726 60
W P, Hanover, N H	6 00
A Friend, Lyons, N Y	2 00
Two Readers of C H, Lancaster, Mass	2 00
Mr & Mrs Newbury	2 00
A O, Nevada, Mo	1 00
L W Bates	3 00
My Lord's Tenth, Pasadena, Cal	2 00
Friends of Children, Wilton, N H	2 25
Mrs R R Powers	15
Mrs A S G, Laconia	1 60
E H, Merchantsville	3 00
In His Name, Waynesboro, Pa	2 00
One who Loved Him, Brooklyn, N Y	1 00
——, Easton, Pa	6 00
Estie Boddy	1 00
The Ever Ready Circle of K D	6 00
Mrs W A Pembrook	10 00
A B C, Haverhill, Mass	1 00
Friend, Brewer, Me	3 00
Mrs Heath	75
Mrs Steele	25
——, Fernando, Cal	3 00
Joseph H Pedro	1 00
E W Burleigh	1 00
Miss Norma Curry	6 00
Margaret E Crittenden	3 00
Friend, Hebron, Iowa	50
——, Phelps, N Y	2 00
L C Allen	3 00
Hiram F Clark	3 00
In His Name, Middleboro, Mass	3 00
Red Cross Knight, Lunenburg, Can	3 00
T P, Newark, N J	3 00
L Carter	2 00
Bethany Circle of Christian Ref Church	6 00
——, So Framingham, Mass	3 00
Mary Prentice	1 00
Mrs J A Hulskamper	3 00
H K Weston	2 00
A T	1 00
Mrs Mary Platt	3 00
Lizzie Hook	M2 00
M J Hensill	2 50
Junior Union of the Dixon Baptist Church	50
In His Name, Warren, Pa	3 00
S W Blanchard	1 00
B G Bryan	15 00
Mrs J M Hough	1 00
Mrs F B S, Westport, Mass	3 00
Mrs M A B Squyres	2 00
Mrs Goddard	1 00
Laura E Hunter	3 00
F Gilbert	6 00
For His Sake, Canastota, N Y	3 00
——, Kinsman	1 00
Friend, Milford, Conn	6 00
Levi Andrews	1 00
R H Hannah	3 00
One of a Circle, New York	1 00
Sarah A Howell	3 00
Mrs Allie Young	3 00
E P Milner	50
Madeleine Malcom	50
Julia B Gregg	1 00
Hugh Sloan	3 00
Taggart and Wilbur	3 00
Mrs G N Bodley	3 00
Anna R L	3 00
M D, Aquetuck	2 00
Mrs R Clark	3 00
S A W, Aurora, Ill	1 00
I B A, Chittenango, N Y	2 00
A Massachusetts Friend	1 00
Children's Friend, Dexter, Tex	2 00
J C Walser	2 00
L L Cutter	3 00
——, York Harbor	10 00
M W R, Lancaster	3 00
W E Atherton and wife	2 00
L A S of Stafford's Grange, N Y	3 00
W A Hines	3 00
Mrs W A Hines	50
Mrs E H Letterman	3 00
Thankoffering, Seque	5 00
S M Croft, Wash., D C	1 00
F J C, Marblehead Neck	5 00
I H N	12 00
Jimmy Beggs	1 00
Mrs J E Ervay	1 40
A Scotch Woman, Canada	5 00
W R B, Norway, Mich	1 00
M Lizzie Hen	3 00
Mrs I N Crawford	3 00
Primary Class 1st Pres Church	1 00
Geo N Foote	3 00
Mrs H H Hopkins	3 00
Friends, Chelmsford, Mass	3 00
For Jesus Sake, Rockport	5 00
F F Bell	10 00
A Friend of Poor	2 00
Mr and Mrs H, Newark	3 00
Reader, Bridgeton	1 00
A Sinner Saved by Jesus, Canada	10 00
Mrs A C Matthews	3 00
Inasmuch, Jamesburg	5 00
Ben Coy	1 00
Mrs John Cox	2 00
Wm Kleet	1 00
——, Anaheim	6 55
Mrs H W Smith	50
Friend, Humeston	1 30
Mrs A M Shaw	1 00
Husband and wife, Mitchell, Can	3 00
Total	$1,056.55

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. Gifts of clothing and underwear are solicited and should be sent direct to the Matron at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

David's Victories.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 9. II. Sam. 10 : 8-19. Golden Text, Psalm 27 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DAVID was a man of war; he "smote the Philistines and subdued them," and then went on to smite Moab, with the result that the Moabites "became David's servants, and brought gifts." He then proceeded to smite Hadadezer, the son of Rehob, king of Zobah, and when the Syrians of Damascus came to succor Hadadezer, David "slew of the Syrians two and twenty thousand men;" he also "put garrisons in Syria of Damascus, and the Syrians became servants to David, and brought gifts" (II. Sam. 8 : 1-6). Success and victory attended him, he was in the height of prosperity: "The Lord preserved David whithersoever he went" (ver. 6); he consecrated the spoil which he took to the Lord, and yet

Something was Lacking.

Throughout the life of David there had been, up to this time, one marked characteristic. He was a man who waited upon the Lord. In the time of his need he could say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," because he had inquired of the Lord; and he could testify, "Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication. The Lord is my Strength and my Shield; my heart trusteth in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him" (Ps. 28: 6, 7). In all the history of David's later wars, we miss this inquiry of the Lord which was so habitual with him in the time of his rejection, while Saul was still living, and also in the beginning of his reign (II. Sam. 5 : 10-25).

It is no healthy sign when a believer becomes more independent of his God. David's consecration was just as great; he dedicated to the Lord the "vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and vessels of brass . . . with the silver and gold that he had dedicated of all nations which he had subdued" (II. Sam. 19: 10, 11). But alas! "David gat him a name;" he ceased to be a nobody; he filled more room in his own thoughts and in the thoughts of others than had been the case earlier in his life, and his victories and his greatness prepared the way for his terrible fall.

Declension in Communion.

It is true that God continued to preserve him whithersoever he went, and it is true that on his part he "executed judgment and justice to all his people; but there was an evident declension in the habit of communion with God. "I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Nothing can make up for this; there may be the greatest zeal and [illegible] the greatest advance in even the intellectual knowledge of the Bible, while communion with God flags. "Who am I, and what is my house that thou had brought me hitherto?" was a safe position for David, [illegible] he began to be in danger.

Edom became subject to him, and so [illegible] was fulfilled, and it seemed as though [illegible] fore him. But a check, quite unsuspected to David, came to him through the misunderstanding of Hanun, the son of Nahash, king of Ammon, when David had said, "I will shew kindness unto Hanun, the son of Nahash, as his father shewed kindness [illegible] comfort Hanun, but, persuaded by some advisers, Hanun grossly insulted David's messengers and sent them back. David was indignant; he looked at the matter as between Hanun and him, and he did not inquire of the Lord why he had permitted this misunderstanding to take place. Had he done so, he might have received a warning from God which this reverse was meant to bring him; he might have drawn nearer to God, and his disgraceful sin which soon followed might have been avoided. Once David had said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." But now David was moved. The children of Ammon, seeing that David's indignation was stirred, and that they had roused the lion in his den, sought help from the Syrians, and hired them to come and help them. David, strong in his invariable victory, not in his God, sent Joab, his commander-in-chief, to the field. Hitherto David had gone to battle in person, but now he was relaxing in his ardor in the field, as he was relaxing in his communion with God. Joab saw that it was to be no easy victory, so "he chose of all the choice men of Israel, and put them in array against the Syrians," and instructed Abishai to marshal his men against the Ammonites, saying, "If the Syrians be too strong for me, then thou shalt help me; but if the children of Ammon be too strong for thee, then I will come and help thee. Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth him good." It was like Joab. "Let us play the men," was the first thought. "Let God do what seemeth him good," was the last. But Joab was more than a match for the Syrians; he had some faith in God, they had none at all. The Syrians fled from before him; and the Ammonites, seeing this, took fright and they fled also.

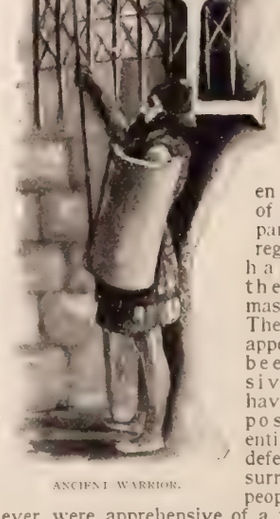
But the Syrians did not so easily accept of their defeat; when they saw that they were smitten before Israel, they were gathered together; national pride would not suffer that a comparatively little country like Israel, the inhabitants of which had been for years such an obscure, insignificant people, should subject them to tribute, they must rally all their forces to avoid such a disastrous contingency. They issued a conscription even to the Syrians living beyond the Euphrates, that they might swell their ranks, and come up in power to overcome Israel. And now David was aroused, and gathered all Israel together and went in person to the field. And victory attended him as usual; the very kings which were tributary to Hadadezer turned round to make peace with Israel and served them. And the Syrians were subdued, and without risking any further loss, abandoned the Ammonites and returned, leaving David master of the field.

But again David had not enquired of the Lord, and again no mention is made here of the Lord his God. A great and [illegible] preparation was being made in the heart of this man of God for the sin which followed. Sin does not overcome a real man of God suddenly. Satan lays his plans well beforehand. If he can intoxicate a child of God with his own success, he has already begun to turn his eyes away from God. If he can make him presume upon his acquaintance with God to relax in the habit of consulting him about [illegible] he has gained at the most important approach to the citadel of that man's being, and he soon turns the key against God, and leaves the door open to temptation.

A man who could undertake war after war without inquiring of the Lord, could [illegible] of a beautiful woman without inquiring of the Lord whether he was serving him with his eyes in this thing or not. It is the lack of habitual communion, communion in every detail, which makes the fall of a child of God possible. The lack of communion had come slowly and imperceptibly into David's life, but the fall was like a sudden, terrible fall over a precipice. And then the wicked devices by which David sought to cover up and to conceal his deed of darkness, show to what length a man of God may go when he has fallen away from real and constant communion with his God. A moment's independence of God is dangerous, our safety is to live in the fear of the Lord "all the day long." Not one of David's victories over the Philistines, the Syrians, the Moabites, the Ammonites or the Edomites was so great a victory as was the victory over himself.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.


ANCIENT WARRIOR.

LIVING among hostile peoples, David had little rest. The Israelites had taken possession of the fairest part of the region and had made themselves masters of it. They do not appear to have been aggressive, but to have been disposed to act entirely on the defensive. The surrounding peoples, however, were apprehensive of a time when the young nation might become sufficiently rich and powerful to be a dangerous neighbor. It was regarded with suspicion, and not without reason. Inter-marriages were forbidden, and alliances were not sought. Holding aloof from all the nations, the young Hebrew nation was believed to be unfriendly, and only waiting the time when it should be strong enough to subdue its neighbors. With this feeling prevalent, it is not surprising that the courteous embassy to the Ammonites which David sent to express sympathy on the death of their king, should have been regarded with suspicion. The young king insulted David's messengers, knowing perfectly well that the insult would be avenged. He took measures to meet the coming storm. It was not difficult to get allies. The tribes were ready to unite against the common danger. There was soon a formidable coalition in the field, and without waiting for David's expected attack, siege was laid to Medeba, one of the chief cities belonging to Reuben, near the northern end of the Dead Sea. Knowing that Medeba could not be easily captured, and feeling sure that the coalition was the work of the Ammonite king, David sent a strong force against his capital. It was a bold step to take, and it involved a peril which threatened the destruction of his army. The Syrians who were besieging Medeba suddenly raised the siege, and by a rapid march came on the rear of the Hebrews. The situation was critical in the extreme. David was not there. In one of the earlier battles he had come near being killed, and the people insisted that he should not expose himself again, lest "the light of Israel should be quenched." Joab, therefore, was in command, and the tone of his remarks shows that he knew he was in a desperate strait. "The Lord do that which seemeth him good," was the expression of a man who realized that he was in great danger. He was in an enemy's country, with a powerful foe in front and another advancing on his rear. Dividing his army, and placing one part under the command of his brother Abishai, they [illegible] battle to both forces simultaneously, and won a complete victory. Joab, however, was unable to capture the Ammonite capital, and as the coalition forces were preparing for a new and more formidable attack, he withdrew to Jerusalem. [illegible] new attack was the greatest danger [illegible] had yet menaced the young king [illegible]. The king of Syria raised contingents [illegible] all his tributaries and allies, and prep[illegible] for an invasion of Palestine. David [illegible] not remain at home in such a crisis. S[illegible] moning all his available forces, he cr[illegible] the Jordan and went out to meet his [illegible] midable antagonist before he entere[illegible] raelitish territory. The battlefield ca[illegible] now be identified, but it appears to [illegible] been on the northeast not far from [illegible] Euphrates. David won so decisive a [illegible] tory that the coalition disbanded. [illegible] Syrians left the Ammonites to their [illegible] and only escaped themselves by a [illegible] ment of tribute. They also suffered a [illegible] of prestige. Their tributaries finding [illegible] the Syrians were not invincible, transfe[illegible] their allegiance to the conqueror, and [illegible] vid extended the frontiers of his king[illegible]

The children of Ammon came out. D[illegible] believed that God had given him [illegible] kingdom, but he had to fight to kee[illegible] When a boy or girl becomes a Chris[illegible] there is often a hard battle to do ri[illegible] God will not keep away all enemies. [illegible] expects us to make a struggle against [illegible] own inclinations and against temptat[illegible] "How is it you can manage your re[illegible] tions so well?" asked one girl of ano[illegible] as they came out of school. "I pra[illegible] God to help me," was the reply. "I [illegible] I will pray, too," said the first. And [illegible] did, but meeting her companion the [illegible] day she said it had done no good; she [illegible] failed worse than ever. "Did you st[illegible] the lesson?" her friend asked. "[illegible] no," she said, "I did not think that [illegible] necessary if I prayed. I supposed [illegible] would help me to say it." God does [illegible] help people by doing for them what t[illegible] should do for themselves, but when a [illegible] son who is doing his utmost asks for h[illegible] it is given.

Against him before and behind. Pe[illegible] who want to live right, are often place[illegible] a position as difficult as this of Joa[illegible] When they have been accustomed to us[illegible] wicked words and telling untruths [illegible] taking what does not belong to them, i[illegible] very hard to give up those habits. W[illegible] a provocation comes, or an opportu[illegible] occurs, the old habit impels them to d[illegible] they have been accustomed to do, [illegible] they have thus an enemy without [illegible] within, as Joab had a foe before and [illegible] hind. A boy who lived in an Engl[illegible] town where his associates were wic[illegible] lads, who thought nothing of steal[illegible] from the fruit stands or the stores, wen[illegible] a mission school where he was taught t[illegible] such things were wicked. After a time [illegible] resolved to quit stealing and other e[illegible] ways, and he asked God to help hi[illegible] Some time afterwards, his teacher came [illegible] the school without a book that she need[illegible] and she asked the boy if he would go [illegible] her home and fetch it. He was glad to [illegible] so, but the teacher standing at the wind[illegible] of the school saw the boy turn south [illegible] the end of the block, when his dir[illegible] course lay north. When he returned, s[illegible] asked him why he took that longer wa[illegible] The boy blushed, and did not like to [illegible] swer. At last, being pressed, he said [illegible] avoided that street because there was [illegible] barrel of apples outside a grocery st[illegible] there. Old habit was so strong in him [illegible] yet that he did not want to fight inclin[illegible] tion and opportunity at the same time.

If the children of Ammon be too stro[illegible] for thee then I will come and help th[illegible] Joab's promise to his younger broth[illegible] would keep him from losing heart. H[illegible] would do his utmost, knowing that if [illegible] did not succeed his brother would come [illegible] his succor at the last extremity and not l[illegible] him be routed. Sometimes God acts [illegible] that way toward his children. When [illegible] seems as if they could not struggle an[illegible] longer and as if they must give way an[illegible] fall into sin God interposes and sav[illegible] them. In 1346, when Edward III. of En[illegible] land invaded France, a fierce battle wa[illegible] fought at Crecy. The king's son, th[illegible] Black Prince, had command of one of th[illegible] divisions of the army. It was engage[illegible] early in the day and word was sent to th[illegible] king that it was in urgent need of help[illegible] The king heard but did not send any [illegible] the reserves as his son seemed to be hol[illegible] ding his own. A second messenger an[illegible] afterwards a third came to him, but h[illegible] sent no help, wishing the young prince t[illegible] have all the glory of the victory, but [illegible] there had ever been serious danger of de[illegible] feat the king would have been quickly o[illegible] the scene with the flower of his army.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY

Margaret E. Sangster.

A Mission to the Rich.

THE "Inasmuch Ten" of the King's Daughters in Belmont Centre had devoted themselves all the year to helping the poor. There were not many very poor people in their neighborhood, but they had found objects of compassion in the nearest large city, and their boxes of clothing in winter and flowers in summer had gone impartially and constantly to asylums and hospitals, so that a host of thankful hearts cheered their loving work.

On her way to the meeting of the Ten, held at a member's house, every Friday morning at ten o'clock, the President stopped to leave a message from her mother at the home of a lovely old lady, said to be the richest woman in Belmont county. Lovely qualities belong to rich as well as to poor people, we all know, and Mrs. Squires was so amiable, so gentle, so kind, that far and wide she was famed for her kindness of disposition and her grace of manner. Katharine Hillerton was ushered into a little reception-room by a maid and asked to wait a moment. Presently Mrs. Squires entered and greeted her young visitor very cordially, but Katherine's quick eyes noted that she moved a little, and put out a hand to steady herself, by a chair or a table, as she came forward.

"Why, dear Mrs. Squires," she asked in much concern, "what has happened? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, dear child, I am not ill. I never was better in my life. But, Kathie, I am going blind. It has been coming on slowly a long time, first a dimness, and a feeling as if cobwebs were over my eyes, and I had to brush them away; then the veil grew thicker, and now, for the past week, the darkness is settling down. I am going to be deprived of much that I have loved and delighted in, Katharine, especially reading, which has been my passion, and my solace in sorrowful hours. But it must be borne, and I am praying for patience. God will help me to be brave and keep me from inflicting my trouble on my friends."

"But can nothing be done?" urged Katherine, who had all the hot and eager impetuosity of youth, and had never yet encountered an obstacle which refused to yield to her resolute onslaught.

"After awhile," said her friend, "there can be an operation, and the cataract can be removed; they tell me it is very simple, like a breath, just a click of the surgeon's little scissors, and the opaque covering will drop off; but one must wait for the right moment before this can be done. Oh, if my friends had to wait five years in the dark, Katharine. One must just have courage and patience, dear child."

Katharine went soberly on to her appointed place of meeting. The Inasmuch had gathered in force, and the ten beautiful maidens, true Daughters of the King, were all present. After the usual opening exercises, reports and proceedings were over, when in due order it came to "new business," the President asked somebody else to take the chair, as she had a proposition to make to the Ten.

In a few sentences she related the circumstances in which their old friend Mrs. Squires found herself, and then proposed that the Ten should add to their labors of love, that of entertaining and assisting the dear gentlewoman.

"She has means, and could pay a companion," said Maud Allaire.

"That is true," remarked Jean Marks. "But it is quite possible that her old servants would not get on so well with a young lady whom they did not know, and Mrs. Squires has no nieces or youthful cousins to call on. She has been by herself so long, with only her brother and her son coming home at night, that a change would not please her. I would like to hear a little more fully what Katharine has in her mind."

"Simply this," said Katharine. "We girls might arrange to go at a certain hour, agreeable to Mrs. Squires, every day and read to her. We could take turns, two each day, and in that way she could get through a large book, or a course of books this season. We could play and sing to her in the evenings, and, without seeming to intrude our efforts, I think we can brighten Mrs. Squires' gloom. Suppose we take this as part of our work?"

The suggestion met with favor, and Mrs. Squires found many of her hitherto slowly-moving hours filled with cheerful company, and gay occupation. Music was one of her favorite pleasures, and these girls gave her their songs and marches, and were at her call whenever she wished them, so that she always looked back on this period of her life, with genuine gratitude for their thoughtful care of her, and their sweet, girlish kindness. Nor did their other work lose in the least, for Mrs. Squires opened both heart and purse in channels made known to her by the Inasmuch Ten. Many a poor widow and many an ailing child were benefited in ways which would not have been discovered but for the rich woman's bounty, and her interest, quickened by her young friends.

One thing leads to another, and the Inasmuch Ten found out that there are missions needed to brown-stone fronts as well as to back alleys. There was Ruth Barclay, who rode in her carriage daily, but always with a look of dull misery and blank indifference which went to one's heart. Nobody could question Miss Barclay, but Louise Sinclair one day called on her, and going out, left a bunch of violets and a tiny book on the table; the violets told their story in fragrance, and Miss Barclay, as she lifted them to put them in water, saw the book, and picked it up with a scornful smile which would have grieved Louise had she been there to see it.

There is always this to be said, that one never knows where she is to meet Jesus, and to be impressed by his Divine love and goodness.

Ruth Barclay had been holding out against the Saviour's love a long time. The secret of her wretchedness was that she was so out of harmony with the love and peace of God, that she was in opposition to the best part of her own nature. As she opened the little book, a word rivetted her attention. She read a page, then another, and another. By the time she had reached the end, she took down her Bible from the book-shelf, and was soon lost in chapters which had for her the charm of a remembered melody, blending their music with the flute-like tones of a mother's voice, a voice now mingling with the songs of the ransomed beside the crystal sea. If we are on the lookout for them we can always find sweet opportunities for being helpful. Wealth and poverty are accidental conditions. Under the sheen of velvet and the frost of lace, a heart needing consolation may beat as under rags and threadbare garments. To be always at our King's orders, always ready and willing to do the next thing, this is to earn the plaudit bye-and-bye, of "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Oppressed Christians of Crete.

Turkish Persecution Causing a Reign of Terror on the Lovely Island.

HARDLY had the echoes of the frightful atrocities perpetrated by the Turks and Kurds in Armenia died away, when the island of Crete became the scene of barbarities of a like terrible nature. In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the cause of the persecution of the Cretans was fully explained and it was then shown that the Sultan's government, thirsting for more Christian victims, had seized upon the slight political agitation on that island as a pretext for pouring into Crete the armed myrmidons who have been guilty of the dreadful massacres of the defenceless Armenians. But Crete has apparently learned a lesson from the fate of the people of Armenia, for the Cretan leaders are making a bold stand in defence of their homes and their religion.

For many months the persecution of the Christians of Crete had been going on before Europe was apprised of the real situation. England sent an envoy to investigate, and his report was one that might well have aroused that country to instant action on behalf of the sufferers, but nothing was done to stay the barbarous hand of the Turk. Then Emperor William sent a representative on a similar mission, and this official—Dr. Dumiller—on reaching Athens on his return made this startling declaration:

"Civilized people can scarcely credit the outrages which the Turks have perpetrated on Christian women and children. Europe has but a faint idea of the horrors which have taken place. The Powers must absolutely intervene to prevent a renewal of such scenes. There is but one course to pursue, that is to turn the Turks out of Europe. The insurgents intend fighting, and they are receiving a plentiful supply of arms. The utmost disorder prevails."

This was confirmed by the foreign Consuls in Crete, who also announced to their governments that burning and pillaging by Turks were events of almost daily occurrence. As far as could be learned, reliably, Georgi Berovitch Pasha, the lately appointed Christian Governor of Crete, was strongly advocating the rights of his people to certain reforms which would secure good government and domestic peace, but owing to the open encouragement given by Turkey to the fanatical attacks on the Christians, he was practically powerless. Turks assembled in the public squares with the avowed purpose of attacking the Christians. Turkish warships lying off shore shelled and destroyed peaceful villages without a shadow of justification, and without any opposition or resistance. At some places, however, where premeditated attacks were made by Turkish land forces, they were repulsed by the patriotic Cretans with considerable loss. At others, scores of inoffensive Cretans were cruelly butchered in cold blood by the troops. At Kostani a company of Turkish regulars cut down seven men and two women who were at work in a harvest field. Villages were pillaged, houses burned, cattle and goods stolen, stores plundered, and women and girls assaulted, as in the towns and hamlets of Armenia. Protests by the foreign consuls were worse than useless. At Apokorona, where an armistice had been agreed to, the Turks deliberately ignored it, and having been reinforced, made an assault upon the place. The Vali, or Governor, tried to stop the fighting, but he was thrust aside. Abdullah Pacha, the military commander, made preparations to arm the Mussulman populace, in order that they might join in the slaughter. A large number of men, women, and children were massacred.

CRETAN REFUGEES SEEKING SHELTER IN THE GREEK SCHOOL-HOUSE AT RETIMO

It soon became evident that the Porte, pursuing the same fiendish course it had followed in Asia Minor, had resolved to either exterminate the Cretan Christians or to so completely subjugate them as to crush out all national spirit and supplant the religion of the Cross by that of the Crescent in every town and village throughout the island. The European powers made a formal protest to Turkey, insisting that the Ottoman troops on the island should act on the defensive, as the Porte had previously promised. This remonstrance fell on unheeding ears, Greece alone has shown practical sympathy with Crete, and has rendered material assistance in permitting the shipment of arms and munitions from Greek ports for the use of the Cretan patriots.

In May last, when the Turks made the first hostile demonstration against the Cretans at Vamos, the present troubles may be said to have begun. At that time 1,300 Turkish troops were hemmed in there by an inferior Cretan force. Then followed, probably by way of reprisal, the massacres at Canea and elsewhere. Since that date nearly a score of villages have been burned and pillaged in the province of Kissamo and as many in Kithonen. In June two Christian churches were pillaged in Kithonia and one at Kythmeus. Pillaging also took place at Blamo, Suda and other places. The Sultan sent to Crete detachments of the troops who had done service in Armenia, particularly those who had served in the Zeitoun district. These fanatics, fresh from fields of slaughter, came to Crete and openly boasted of the crimes they had committed in Armenia. They even sold in the streets of Canea the rings, jewels and rugs of which they had despoiled the Armenian families of the better class, whom they had murdered or plundered. Such were the men whom Abdul Hamid sent to preserve the peace on the Christian island. At the beginning of the year there were 6,000 Turkish troops in Crete; there are now over 20,000.

Our illustration on this page presents a sad picture of suffering in a schoolhouse at Retimo, to which the Christian victims of a Turkish attack have fled for shelter from their fanatical Moslem persecutors. These people came from the outlying towns.

A Heroine for Christ.

Mme. Coillard and Her Bravery in the Face of Danger in Equatorial Africa.

IN the long roll of consecrated men and women who have laid down their lives for the cause of Christ in tropical Africa, there is no more devoted or faithful name than that of Christina Mackintosh, better known as Mme. Coillard, the wife of the indomitable French Protestant missionary. A part of her life was spent with him in Africa, spreading the Gospel among the heathen tribes of the interior. Her friend, Miss Alice Bertrand of Paris, lovingly tells the story of Mme. Coillard's resolution to devote herself to the African work, and what blessed results attended her efforts.

Madame Coillard, she writes, lived one of those harmonious lives whose mature age is the realization of their youthful She already loved missions when a little girl, in her quiet Scotch parsonage of Greenock. She had subscribed, out of own pocket-money, to a missionary paper for children. In 1855 she was in Paris with her sister. There she made the acquaintance of a young theological student, Francois Coillard . . . He had already been for three years in Basutoland, when his betrothed joined him at the Cape of Good Hope. They were married there on November 23d, 1861. "Never," said Madame Coillard to her husband on her wedding-day—"never will you find me between you and your duty; wherever you have to go, be it to the end of the world, I shall follow you." The young couple settled at Leribe, a secluded spot of Basutoland, where French Protestants have a large mission.

They built a cottage, and had a garden with flowers. Madame Coillard hoped never to leave it, but the churches of Basutoland had decided to found a mission-field where native evangelists might find some scope for their activity, and for that purpose Monsieur Collard was requested to explore the land of the Banays. After an unsuccessful expedition to the Banays, they visited the region of the Zambesi, where the language of the Basutos was still spoken, and settled there.

Madame Coillard's favorite work was teaching. A few days before her death she was sitting among the prattling wives of the king, cutting out dresses for them, and telling them, in her own sweet way, the parable of the prodigal son. But the education of those coarse women proved a most arduous task, and Madame Coillard far preferred the children's school—that captivating school, as she called it—which was founded as soon as they had definitely settled among the Barotses. They hoped it to be a means of drawing the natives to the Gospel through their children. The school-room was formed by the shadows of the trees, and, instead of using slates and copy-books, the children wrote upon the sand. Children came in large numbers. King Lewanika held instruction in high reverence, and he had little huts built for his sons near the mission station, so that they should lose no opportunity in learning. What seems more wonderful still, the girls themselves would join their brothers. Fond of her home as she was, Madame Coillard decided to sacrifice it in some measure, in order to admit the daughters of the king and the little slaves into her family. The little Barotses were soon learned enough to pass a public examination in reading, singing, and reciting. That school festival must have been no common spectacle, honored, as it was, by the presence of the black king himself, who alternately encouraged or blamed the candidates, following the reading with a [illegible] to her black daughters all that a woman's heart contains of unspent motherly love, [illegible] Moral corruption is something dreadful in [illegible]

Madame Coillard had been sickly for years, and in her letters, she often alluded to fatigue, to fever, ophthalmia, or [illegible] and ruled it as a strong-willed pilot governs a disabled ship. She had consecrated her life to African missions, and nothing could have deterred her from her vocation. Once M. Coillard proposed to her to travel for her health. "No," she replied; "life is too short and our work here too extensive. Let us remain faithfully at our post. The Master knows that I want my health, and should it be His wish, He might give it to me here without my going to find it elsewhere."

One day, when returning from a missionary journey with her husband and Mademoiselle Kiener, a devoted Swiss young lady whom she considered as her own daughter, fever laid her low. After a day of great mental agony she became calm and serene, "talking of invisible things as one who is already on the threshold of heaven." The day before her death she said to her husband, "Dying is not so difficult as I feared. It is not painful, and then the passage is so very short. Underneath are the everlasting arms." A few hours later, she went quiety to sleep in the peace of the Lord.

An Excursion up Vesuvius.

During the recent visit of the British fleet to Naples, an excursion on a large scale was arranged, to which nearly a hundred officers were invited. It was a novel sight to witness this unusual company ascending the volcanic mountain on mule-back. The illustration on this page shows them on the second stage of their journey, while ascending from the Observatory to the foot of the famous funicular railway (indicated by a straight line on the right of the mountain), which leads up to a point almost overlooking the crater itself. It is a bold undertaking and, before the days of scientific railroading, would have been deemed foolhardy, but now tourists [illegible] would take even a greater risk in order to be able to see a volcano in active operation.

TOURISTS ASCENDING TO VIEW VESUVIUS IN ACTION.

Scandinavians and the Gospel.

In no part of the Union is a more interesting [illegible] work going on at present than that which is being conducted by the American Sunday School Union among the Scandinavians in the Northwest. In a recent report, F. L. Trelstad, a missionary of the A. S. S. U., in North Dakota, writes: "During the past year I have organized among these people 12 new schools; reorganized 9 schools; visited 58 schools; made 802 visits to families and delivered 138 public addresses. I had a conference of Scandinavian Sunday School workers this year—the first of the kind ever held in the State. The old schools are doing good work. There is a large attendance in most of them, better instruction, and a greater interest in all Christian work. Last summer a large number of my schools had regular preaching. God has also wonderfully blessed the revival work this winter. Forty persons or more have accepted Christ. The last revival held was together with a Norwegian M.E. minister at Moe Union Sunday school, twenty-seven miles from Valley City. This school was organized the 14th of April last. The school consists of Germans, Norwegians and one American family. The Norwegians have had a Lutheran minister preach two or three times there, and that is all the preaching they have had since the community was settled, about fourteen years ago."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its publication, and also upon those sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it, and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

TO THE POLE BY BALLOON.

SOMETIME ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced the proposed balloon exploring trip to the North Pole, plans for which were [illegible] being arranged by Dr. S. A. Andree, the famous Swedish explorer. He will undertake an aerial voyage from Spitzbergen across the [illegible] regions in a [illegible] balloon [illegible]

A TRIO OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS

PROF. STRINDBERG. DR. S. A. ANDREE MR. ECKHOLM.

car, designed by Mr. Eckholm, which [illegible] steered by a sail and well provided [illegible] ropes, ballast, and weights, and also [illegible] boats, for use in the event of open water [illegible] ing reached. The working of the apparatus [illegible] is in the hands of Mr. Strindberg. [illegible] Wilson will also be of the party, and the [illegible] will be a crew of competent seamen. [illegible] traits of Dr. Andree and his scientific [illegible] ciates, Eckholm and Strindberg, are given on this page. The last named will have the steering apparatus, which is liable to be deranged by any gale of wind or heavy snow that the balloon may happen to encounter aloft, or by obstructions which may be found among the rocks and fragments of ice that encumber the surface of land or sea. The polar balloon, named the *Svea*, which has been constructed with great care and labor in Paris, is one of 1000 cubic metres capacity, to be filled, on the shores of Spitzbergen, with hydrogen gas produced by the portable manufacturing apparatus used for military service; it will raise and sustain a car with three passengers, having with them provisions and stores for about four months, instruments for scientific observations, and a quantity of ballast, weighing in all 3000 kilograms, but Dr. Andree does not expect to remain in the air more than a few days at a time. He says that high winds and snow are in July and August of rare occurrence in the Arctic region, while thunder and lightning are there almost unknown; the sun will at this season be always by night and day above the horizon, so that there will be no actual darkness, and the voyagers will have a constant and uninterrupted view of all that lies beneath and around them. Considering all this, we shall not be much surprised with some gain to geographical and meteorological science.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$315
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Mr Marcus B Duvall	
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E K Scott	
Reader, Bridgton	
Total	$365.6

Street Merchants of the East.

Cake-Sellers of Cairo and Damascus—The Simple Diet of the Orientals.

No one who has walked the streets and paused in the market-places of any Oriental city, the scene presented in the photograph will be readily recognized. Along the thoroughfare of Damascus, Cairo, Alexandria and other cities, one encounters a multitude of venders of articles of almost every description. Fruits, cakes, sweets, pretty trifles for the adornment, and relics of the "sacred city," are all ostentatiously pressed upon the attention of the stranger. In the great bazaars, a bedlam of importuning voices assails his ears and he is driven to quick purchase or flight to save himself from the persistent attentions of the importunate venders. There are many little booths, each probably not more than a dozen feet square, crowding the pathway—which can hardly be called a street—and behind these sit the tradesmen making and selling their goods. Pottery, saddlery, gold and silver, cloth stuffs and silks, beads and rings, cakes, and endless variety of other articles are ranged side by side to tempt the buyer.

Bread-making in the East is a very primitive art, except in a few of the wealthier homes, where Western ideas and methods have been adopted. Cakes, such as those shown in the photograph, are almost universally made by the natives of Syria, Egypt and Palestine, and even of the Bedouins and Arabs. For home use the flour is mixed and kneaded, and set to rise in an earthen pan. After more kneading, the risen dough is cast upon a cloth-covered board or table, where it is divided and patted into thin sheets, apparently no thicker than linen. These are baked on a convex piece of heated iron or on smooth, heated stones, and require only a few minutes to cook thoroughly. The cakes when cool and ready for use have a top and bottom crust, with a space between and are sour in taste, besides being tough. They are altogether lacking in the crispness which is held to be an essential characteristic of the Western house-wife's baking. Still they are wholesome and nourishing, and dipped into milk, pottage or stew, as is customary in the average household, they form a conspicuous part of every meal. Rice, olives, oil, onions, cabbage, potatoes, lentils, and an abundance of smaller vegetables, not omitting fruit, constitute the main ingredients of the ordinary Oriental diet. Meat is a rarity, and in many homes is not even thought of. The whole cost of a family dinner, save among the rich, would hardly suffice to pay for a single meal for one person in the West, even though it should be of the plainest and cheapest description.

ARAB CAKE VENDERS ON THE STREETS OF DAMASCUS.

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The Habit of Work.

A good habit of systematic work is a great factor of success. Having once formed such a habit we are left free to look beyond the mere details of the work and to see how best we may accomplish that which we have undertaken. This is the way we should learn to do our work, wherever it may be. The details of it should never trouble us, but they should become as a second nature. We should be so accustomed to beginning the day at the same time each morning, that when an exception occurs we should feel somewhat at a loss. We should be hardly conscious of taking up each separate task, but should go to it as a matter of course. There is necessarily in most of our lives more or less routine. The same things, have to be gone over day after day, and, so far as they themselves are concerned, it makes little difference in what order we do them so long as they are done.

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Sunday in Norway.

A Sunday is an interesting day, writes Paul Lange in *Travel*, especially if it should happen to be the third Sunday, when church is held at Odde. The natives flock from twenty to thirty miles away, and as the chief communications are by water, dozens of most interesting boat-loads of families are brought here to land. Not many countries have national costumes left, but Norway is one of the exceptions; and here on Sunday the picturesque Hardanger costume can be observed and studied. The position of the women is denoted by their head-dress, the unmarried girls wearing either no head-dress or a simple handkerchief on their heads, while the married women and widows wear a stiff starched, picturesque-looking white cap. During the season Odde is in daily communication with Bergen; and little native steamers ply on the fjords, and one of the most interesting sights for travelers is to watch the scenes on board.

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Taking Tea With a Queen.

A young English girl, who had the honor of dining at Windsor Castle, has given her impressions of that event to the world. She writes:

I discovered that it was not considered etiquette to speak loud or talk much, and the proper thing really was to keep one's attention fixed chiefly on the Queen in the hope that she would condescend to address one. I must admit that this was the very last thing that I hoped for; and as I thought it highly improbable that she would speak to me when there were mamma and the Ministers' wives to talk to I allowed my eyes to wander and to admire the beautiful gold plate and flowers, the magnificence of the whole display on the table, the fine tapestry with which the walls were adorned. Her Majesty did not address me at all, but confined her conversation to my seniors—if that can be called a conversation which is chiefly carried on by one person. In spite of my intense awe, I almost burst out laughing at the sight of mamma sitting up so mum and saying so little. But after all there was a marvellous sameness between this and other dinners, when the first impressions had worn off a little. The plate was gold instead of silver, the servants were in scarlet and gold liveries, and there was the Queen! But otherwise the chief distinction was that it was more than usually solemn, and I was very glad when the Queen rose and we all followed her in silence. After dinner we adjourned to the corridor, and not as I had half hoped, to the drawing rooms. However, the evening was shorter in consequence, for the Queen made no pretence of sitting down. She went round and spoke to each guest in turn. There was actually a moment when I realized that she was addressing me. I answered like an automaton. And so my dinner party ended, for it was practically over with the departure of the Queen, though the evening continued for some time in an unofficial way. We left the castle early on the following morning and did not see the Queen again.

Hymn for the Children.

WHAT can I do for Jesus' sake,
Who bore such grief and pain;
Can I a little child so weak
Revere his blessed name?

Yes I can thank him for his love
And praise him for his grace,
His home of light and peace above
He left to take my place.

His kingly robes he laid aside,
Became a child like me,
Upon the Cross he bled and died
Love wondrous, rich and free.

But, oh! the hills are steep to climb,
My feeble efforts fail,
Unless thou help I fall behind
Exposed to every gale.

Teach me thy precepts to obey
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
And keep me in the narrow way
Close to thy wounded heart.

My mind relieve from thoughts impure,
My heart make snow-white clean
That every little child may know
That with thee I have been.

—J. McN.

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Love in the Home.

I FANCY that the home is always much rarer than we think, writes W. D. Howells. If there are more comfort and more widespread ease and leisure among us, the conditions for the home are more favorable, for it is useless to deny that where there is great poverty, as where there is great luxury, the conditions for the home are bad. The home flourishes best in that middle environment where the family is held strongly together by a common feeling of its supreme value. But where the habitation is bare and squalid there can be no sense of home; and where the social and material circumstances are full of invitation outside of it, the home cannot seem the first good of life.

It is the family, however, that makes the home; it is often, if not usually, one temperament, the temperament of the mother, that makes it; and this will have more effect in great poverty than in great luxury. We have all seen some woman nature holding a wretched household together, and shedding its own inner loveliness upon everything in it; and we have all seen some such woman-nature clogged with superfluity, denied its function of giving and blessing, and thrown back upon itself, in circumstances where want could not be imagined. Love expresses itself in help, and where the help is hired there must be less sense of love than where the help is given. Probably, then, there are more who look back tenderly to the house of poverty than to the house of luxury; but one cannot deny that it is possible to look back to a palace home with fond regret. I never heard of such a case, but it is possible to suppose it.

With the middle class, I believe the home is more than with the highest or the lowest class. The house where there is neither want nor surfeit is peculiarly the ideal shelter of the home. Its inmates, especially the womankind, are dedicated but not sacrificed to the care of it; they are its votaries, not its victims, and their love of it makes it beautiful and precious to all who dwell in it.

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Japan's Christian Wives.

During the recent China-Japanese war, the Christian wives of Christian Japanese soldiers made the light of their faith shine brightly. Appreciating their husbands' severe sacrifices, they kept their homes pure; and performed their duties toward their parents-in-law, as well as attended to the education of their children. So faithfully and wisely were these duties performed that their husbands, on their return, found their homes happy and in good condition. The difference, when compared with those of their heathen comrades, filled their hearts with joy and gratitude. Is this not good evidence of the power of Christian influence upon the very foundation of society—the home?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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Our Prayer-Meeting.

HERE we are in our week-night service. The meeting is open for remarks; but let us have no great speeches. There is nothing that takes the life out of a prayer-meeting sooner than rhetoric. I would as soon have a meeting buried in dry dust as to have it smothered in flowers. The best speech I ever knew a man to make in a prayer-meeting was by a young convert who got up, said nothing and broke down crying. We all cried with him. Rhetorical prayer-meeting talkers are apt to be cold and cheerless. Icebergs are brilliant to look at three miles off, but ships steer clear of them; and these men that float down cold, hard, and brilliant, are dangerous.

Is there any man here with a trouble? Let him talk it right out. Trouble handed around is like delicate glassware which, passing through a good many hands, drops and breaks all to pieces, and there is nothing much left of it. If you belong to a church where there are six hundred members, you ought to be obliged to carry only a six hundreth part of any one trouble. Every Christian, coming near you, ought to subtract his part of the annoyance.

Have you a joy? Out with it! Set your candle up on the mantelpiece. When in boyhood, in the country, I went to prayer-meeting, we went across the cornfield in groups, and father would take a lantern and go ahead, and we would all follow in the light of that one lantern, not stumbling or losing our way. Let your light so shine before men! Don't sit during prayer-meeting with your head down in your hands as though you had been asleep two weeks. The homeliest part of you is the top of your head. Let your face shine.

It is astonishing how dull religious audiences do look! In lecturing halls you see people with eyes wide open, nudging each other and nodding to the sentiments offered. In prayer-meetings the same people look dull. They cultivate the dull look. They have an idea that to be devotional they must look sleepy. A brother gets up to talk, and a father in Israel puts his head down on a cane, and a mother in Israel her head on the back of the seat in front of her, and another looks up to the ceiling and seems to be counting the cracks in it. Now when a man is trying to talk, look at him. There is inspiration in the human eye. Many a time I have, [illegible] are at rather sunny, gone into the pulpit with little to say, but in the upturned faces of the people I have seen twenty sermons, and the only bother was to know which I should preach. The venerable Dr. Tyng said after preaching an eloquent sermon: "It takes no brains to preach to such an audience as that! The very look of it is an inspiration, and you cannot help but talk!"

The reason there are so few good talkers in prayer-meeting is because there are so few good listeners. When a brother gets up and makes a slip of the tongue don't snicker, or, what is worse, look mortified. Let your countenance say. "Try that again! We have all been through the same process. We must all creep before we walk." It is a happy cross to carry. One-half of the people who talk in prayer-meetings go home discouraged, half sick, and cross about the remarks they have made. They feel disgusted. Seek them out, and tell them they did first-rate (that is, if you can do so without lying). The genuine Christian man never does half so poorly as he thinks he does.

The reporters do not get the best speeches. When a man, warm with religious hope, gets up to encourage others, though it be in broken sentences, and with a phraseology that no grammarian would attempt to parse, the speech is telegraphed to heaven before the man is done, and published before the throne, and not only the group in the prayer-meeting, but a million glorified spirits attend and approve. If we get to heaven we will not be stopped at the gate to see if we can parse, or whether we know the difference between the perfect and the pluperfect.

Before your prayer-meeting closes let us hear from the unsaved. There are men and women present who know Christ so well they could in five minutes put your case in his hands. The path between the house and the country well is worn, and the grass has no chance to grow there. Between these Christian hearts and the well of salvation the path is deeply worn.

Let us all be honest in our prayer-meeting duties. Sometimes the most inconsistent Christians make the most shining talks at class-meetings. One of the worst liars I ever knew was always talking in prayer-meetings about the imperfections of Christians. If your experience is at a discount don't pass it off as above par, or try to make us believe that a chromo is an oil painting.

I think the keeping of diaries sometimes gets people into the habit of religious inaccuracy. No man likes to put down in his diary just what he feels. I have no doubt that Payson and Baxter sometimes committed sins that could not very well be put into blank verse. If we keep a diary of experiences we ought to put down things just as they are. I tried that once, but soon tore up the book for fear somebody would get hold of it and read it.

God help us all to be honest and faithful in this night's work! Let us gather our chairs close up around the fire. Put more sticks on the blaze. Let us have a good hearty talk about the things that most concern us. Soon our company will break up, and our place will be vacant, and our last chance for helping each other will be gone forever. But God grant that the fire may still burn on the altar, and our children pile on the fagots, till all the world shall come and sit in the warm shining!

Anon the Author.

IN boyhood days we were impressed with the fertility of a certain author whose name so often appeared in the spelling-books and readers, styled Anon. He seemed to write more than Isaac Watts, or Shakespeare, or Blair. In the index, and scattered throughout all our books, was the name of Anon. He appeared in all styles of poetry, and prose, and dialogue. We wondered where he lived, what his age was, and how he looked. It was not until quite late in boyhood that we learned Anon was an abbreviation of anonymous, and that he was sometimes the best saint and at other times the most extraordinary villain.

After centuries of correspondence old Anonymous is as fertile of thought and brain and stratagem as ever, and will probably keep on writing till the last fire burns up his pen and cracks to pieces his ink-bottle. Anonymous letters sometimes have a mission of kindness and gratitude and good cheer. Genuine modesty may sometimes hide the name of an epistolary author or authoress. It may be a "God bless you" from some one who thinks herself hardly in a position to address you. It may be the discovery of a plot for your damage, in which the revelator does not care to take the responsibility of a witness. It may be any one of a thousand things that mean frankness, and delicacy, and honor, and Christian principle. We have received anonymous letters which we have put away among our most sacred archives.

But we suppose every one chiefly associates the idea of anonymous communications with everything cowardly and base. There are in all neighborhoods perfidious, sneaking, destardly, filthy, calumnious, vermin-infested wretches, spewed up from perdition, whose joy it is to write letters with fictitious signatures. Sometimes it takes the shape of a valentine — the fourteenth of February being a great outlet for this obscene spawn. If your nose be long, or your limbs slender, or your waist thick around, it will be pictorially presented. Sometimes it takes the form of a delicate threat that if you do not thus or so, there will be a funeral at your house, yourself the chief object of interest. Sometimes it will be denunciatory of your friends. Once, being called to preside at a meeting for the relief of the sewing-women of Philadelphia, and having been called in the opening speech to say something about oppressive contractors, we received some twenty anonymous letters, the purport of which was that it would be unsafe for us to go out of doors after dark. Three months after moving to Brooklyn we preached a sermon reviewing one of the sins of the city, and anonymous letters came, saying that we would not last six months in the city of churches.

Obituary.

WE have heard of the death of a veteran of world-wide fame. His beard and hair were very white and, we are sorry to say, white with sin; we mean bigotry. He took a bad cold standing in the door of the Evangelical Alliance. Since then he has been lingering on, sometimes better and sometimes worse until now he is dead. You may think you see him again but it will only be the ghost of his former self. The fact is that he has been for a long while failing in health. He has had some very bad falls on the platform of the American Tract Society, and American Sunday School Union, and American Board of Foreign Missions, and Christian Endeavor Meetings. Besides this he has been very much reduced in strength by a spare diet. Refusing to take the strong meat of the Word, and the bread of life, he has confined himself to creeds and liturgies and catechisms. He got weaker and weaker until now he is dead. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that his spleen was very much enlarged, and his liver was surcharged with bile, and the two alarming protuberances on his head turned out to be a couple of horns in state of embryo. No public announcement was made either of his decease or his burial. The overseer of the poor took charge of his remains as he did not leave enough to pay his funeral expenses. Some of our best clergymen and laymen served as pall-bearers, not because they had any affection for the departed, but because they thought it better to get him out of the way. The funeral sermon was preached from a text in the Old Testament. "Buried with the burial of an ass drawn forth and cast beyond the streets of Jerusalem." *Requiescat in pace!*

BRIEF NOTES.

Hawaii, the First Foreign Country to [illegible] Christian Endeavor, has just held its first [illegible] convention.

A Public Reception to Dr. Hartzell, th [illegible] M. E. Bishop for Africa, was held July [illegible] Mark's Church, New York, of which Rev. [illegible] is pastor.

The Adult Baptisms in the London [illegible] Missionary Society's missions are rep[illegible] nearly seven thousand for the past year, [illegible] Uganda, and in India, 2,013.

Dr. E. Payson Hammond held two m[illegible] for young people on July 12 in Ruggles St [illegible] Boston, Mass. Over one hundred of his [illegible] made profession of conversion.

At the Meetings of the Evangelical [illegible] the Archbishop of Dublin proposed an al[illegible] programme for the alliance. He advocate[illegible] F's: Fraternity, Federation and Fusion.

Rev. F. Young, Nephew of Rev. J[illegible] Wray, the famous Methodist minister and [illegible] has entered the Congregational Church. He [illegible] cepted a pastorate at Malton, England.

The Congregational Churches of [illegible] Canada have been holding a jubilee celebr[illegible] their Union at Keswick Ridge, N. B. The [illegible] B. Forbush was elected chairman for the [illegible] year.

An Invitation Signed by a Number of [illegible] gelical ministers in New York has been [illegible] Rev. J. McNeil, the Scottish Spurgeon, [illegible] him to hold union meetings in New York [illegible] Fall.

Munich, Bavaria, a Hundred Years Ag[illegible] but three known Protestants; but now the [illegible] tant community is so numerous that four c[illegible] hardly suffice to provide accommodation [illegible] worshippers.

Rev. John Dooley, lately Superintend[illegible] the Burnham Industrial Farm, and at one ti[illegible] pastor of the Broome street Tabernacle, Ne[illegible] is in charge of the Olivet Memorial Church [illegible] July and August.

The Church Missionary Society has n[illegible] stations and 6,382 workers, of whom 950 ar[illegible] peans. The remarkable fact about the Eu[illegible] workers is that 512 of them are women, 20[illegible] wives of missionaries.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, the Famous [illegible] Christian Hindoo Educator, had audiences [illegible] thousand persons at his illustrated lectures [illegible] at Asbury Park, N. J. Mr. Rutnam was he[illegible] both occasions with deep interest.

The Investigation Ordered to Discove[illegible] was responsible for the burning of the Bib[illegible] longing to the American Bible Society [illegible] Miguel, Peru, last December, has proved ti[illegible] act was instigated by the parish priest.

At a Recent Meeting at Cleveland, O., [illegible] Logan, who has been judge of a city police c[illegible] four years, said that during that time 40,[illegible] had come before him. Four-fifths of all the [illegible] brought into court were the result of intoxicat[illegible]

The Missionaries of the Paris Evan[illegible] Mission in French Congo are rejoicing o[illegible] conversion of a chief and his son, who calle[illegible] people together, boldly confessed their belief [illegible] one true God, and then collected their fetish[illegible] threw them into the lake.

The formation of a Christian Cycle C[illegible] announced by the *Christian Intelligencer*. Its [illegible] is: "I promise that I will not use the bicy[illegible] Sundays to attend meets, runs, or races, [illegible] mere pleasure riding, nor in such a way as to [illegible] fere with public quiet, personal rest and [illegible] worship."

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Plainfield, [illegible] has arranged to hold a Camp Meeting at Sale[illegible] Bible Readings will be held in the mornin[illegible] afternoon, and there will be preaching in the [illegible] ing. Particulars as to entertainment will be [illegible] ished on application to Rev. C. K. Hobbs, [illegible] mouth, Va.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Unite[illegible] ciety of Christian Endeavor, presided at a [illegible] meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society [illegible] Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 22. The meeting was [illegible] in the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Ch[illegible] At its conclusion, Dr. and Mrs. Clark went on [illegible] the steamer for their European tour.

A Fund is Being Raised in England to [illegible] vide for the support of the little girl who was [illegible] only survivor of the Leach family, the medical [illegible] sionaries who were recently murdered at St. [illegible] Northern Africa. It is hoped that from five [illegible] thousand dollars will be raised, which will [illegible] for her education and permanent support.

Pere Hyacinthe, the Famous French [illegible] priest, formerly Abbe Charles Loyson, will [illegible] his separation from the Roman Catholic Ch[illegible] final if the report is true that he is shortly to be [illegible] ried to an American lady. He has been a prom[illegible] figure in the religious world since 1869, whe[illegible] published his manifesto against abuses in the C[illegible] olic Church.

A New Sect has Appeared in Japan B[illegible] on the principle that right thinking in all t[illegible] will heal disease. The two gods of the world [illegible] Yo-ki the sun god and Ink-i, the god of dark[illegible] and evil. The members of the sect become insp[illegible] with Yo-ki by the practice of holy breathing, w[illegible] consists in standing in the morning sunshine [illegible] breathing hard for a certain time.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Suffe[illegible] sad loss in the death of Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland C[illegible] Bishop of Western New York, which occurre[illegible] Clifton Springs on July 20. He was seventy-[illegible] years of age, but was still vigorous and eloqu[illegible] The bishop belonged to the anti-ritualist branch [illegible] the Church and has done eminent service in ch[illegible] ing the Romanizing tendencies of the time.

Rev. G. D. Matthews, D.D., Secretary of [illegible] Pan Presbyterian Council which recently held [illegible] sessions in Glasgow, Scotland, gives the follow[illegible] figures of the Presbyterian Church: Presbyter[illegible] 1,456 congregations, 31,895; ministers, 27,944 [illegible] ing elders, 139,084; deacons, 94,198; licentia[illegible] 2,256; students, 3,609; communicants, 3,795,4[illegible] Sabbath Schools, 22,971; Sabbath School teach[illegible] and officers, 318,686; Sabbath School pupils, 3,345,[illegible] contributions—self-support and home work, $31,5[illegible] 1,500; Foreign Missions, $2,375,419.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Two Famous Veterans.

ONE of the most interesting pictures for the future historian, who will write the history of this wonderful nineteenth century, will be the photograph reproduced on this page. It represents Prince Bismarck of Germany and Li Hung Chang, the foremost statesman of China. The latter is now on a visit to Europe and expects to come to America before he returns to his native land. He was sent by the Emperor of China to represent him at the coronation of the Russian Czar. From St. Petersburg and Moscow, he went to Berlin and after paying his respects to Emperor William, he traveled to Friedrichsruhe to visit Prince Bismarck. The meeting of the two statesmen was extremely cordial and must have been interesting to both, as they have been in official correspondence for more than thirty years. The photograph of them was taken as they stood on the balcony of Prince Bismarck's residence. Singularly unlike each other in appearance, there is a strong similarity in their characters and there are points of resemblance in their careers. Both have given their lives to the development of their respective countries and have practically governed them through a long course of years, and both in their old age have experienced the vicissitudes of imperial favor. The history of Germany during this century is largely what Bismarck made it, and all the progress that China has made during the same period is due to the efforts of Li Hung Chang. There is a difference of five years in their ages, Prince Bismarck having attained his eighty-second year, while Li is only seventy-seven. Both have therefore passed the age at which some ecclesiastical authorities pronounce their servants "non-effective" yet they continue to wield an influence and to retain a mental vigor which it would not be wise to underestimate. There appears to have been a frankness about their conversation, which, on the part of the Chinese statesman, was probably due to his inexperience of European newspaper enterprise. If Li Hung Chang had been aware that his utterances would be carried by telegraph and cable all over the world, he would scarcely have asked Prince Bismarck what was the best way of acting successfully against the influence of the monarch and his friends. The German statesman has, it is true, had experience which qualifies him to give an opinion on the subject, but he must have been amused at his visitor's idea that he would give it so openly. With more diplomatic tact Bismarck told him that the statesman could not hope to act against the Emperor. He could only give advice which the Emperor might, or might not, accept. He then steered the conversation away from this delicate ground to the safer subject of health and exercise, and the two aged men compared notes as to their physical strength. The fact of his having the question, however, when it is known at Pekin, is not likely to increase Li Hung Chang's popularity at court. There, as at Berlin, the statesman who wishes to find out how to thwart the real will is not considered a desirable servant. Nevertheless, he may be the wisest and best a ruler could have, seeing that a throne does not necessarily give wisdom to the man who occupies it. A statesman who trusted implicitly to the wisdom of the king he serves might make many a blunder and do his country irreparable injury. It is not with the servants of kings as it is with the servants of God.

Whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe. (Prov. 29: 25.)

An Old Prescription.

The clerk of a drug store in Boston, Mass., had some difficulty in executing an order given him a few days ago. The *Herald* of that city says that a venerable lady, who lives in Connecticut, but pays periodical visits to Boston, called at the store and asked if she could have a prescription dispensed there. She did not have the prescription, but it had been made up at the store some years ago and had been copied into the books of the firm. She was told that if she could tell them the date, or give some clue to the prescription, they could renew it. She returned the next day, bringing an old-fashioned glass bottle, bearing the firm's name and the number of the prescription. The clerk made a search for it, and at last found it in a book which showed that the last time it was made up was April 30, 1847, nearly fifty years ago. He dispensed it again and the old lady was delighted to have the medicine. We may infer that it was something she kept by her for emergencies. If it had been medicine for frequent use, one bottle would not have lasted her for forty-nine years. Some people act so with religion. In time of danger, or some dire calamity, or at the approach of death, they pray to God, but while things go well with them they forget him:

PRINCE BISMARCK AND LI HUNG CHANG AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

Lord, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them. (Isa. 26: 16.)

A Boy Rescuer.

A little girl of Bayonne, N. J., owes her life to the presence of mind and courage of a village lad. The child, who is only seven years old, was sent a few days ago to a cistern near her home for a pail of water. In drawing it up she lost her balance and fell head foremost into the cistern. A fifteen-year-old boy who was passing at the moment, witnessed the mishap and ran to her rescue. But the child was beyond his reach. There was no time to get a ladder, or to go for help, for the water was deep and the girl was unable to keep her head above the surface. Some boys would have left her to drown, but this one had inventive faculty, as well as kindliness of disposition. He lowered himself over the side of the cistern, keeping a firm grip with his hands of the coping at the top. His feet were within a few inches of the surface of the water, and he called to the drowning child to clasp them. She did so and, thus supported, could keep herself from sinking. The boy's shouts for help soon attracted attention, and, some men coming to his aid, he and the girl were hauled out of the cistern. Many a poor soul in danger of perishing eternally has been saved in a similar way. Some compassionate Christian has gone down to them in their extremity and has kept them from being submerged, until permanent rescue came through Christ.

Fear not, believe only and she shall be made whole. (Luke 8:50.)

A Rule of Travel.

An American traveler, who has recently returned from a business tour in Europe, says, that thanks to a device of his own, he made his way about the continent without misadventure, although he speaks no language besides English. In France, Switzerland, Hungary, and some parts of Italy he frequently found himself among people who could not speak English, and he might easily have taken the wrong route. His plan was to have his trunk properly checked, or registered, as it is called there, and to see that the correct labels were put upon it before beginning a journey. Then he would take his seat in a car from which he could see the baggage car. Whenever he saw his trunk hauled out, he left the train and waited on the platform until he saw it put on board another train, when he followed it. We may hope that in the journey of life he has adopted a different system. It is quite as intricate as a journey among people whose language he does not know, but in that his property cannot be his guide. The day must come when he must leave it behind, but he will reach his destination safely if he has committed his life to the keeping of Him who has said:

My sheep hear my voice and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish. John 10: 27.

Reunited After Forty Years.

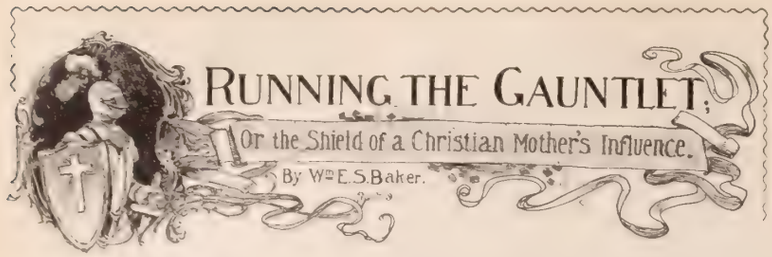
A singular reunion of two brothers took place in New York recently. They had not met before in forty years and each believed the other dead. When they were children they lost both their parents, but they had an uncle, a workingman in New York, who brought them up until they were able to earn their own living. They were steady and industrious, and both grew to manhood with the respect of their associates. They each joined the old Volunteer Fire Department and ran with the machine until 1855. In that year the younger brother came in contact with a man who had been out in California and had made money by mining. He was about to return, and the young man decided to go with him. After his departure, his brother had several letters from him, but the answers appear to have missed him, and as he was living an exciting life among the miners, he ceased to write. About a year afterward a New York man appeared at the mines who told the young man that his brother was dead. He, too, had been a fireman and he said he had attended the funeral. He had really attended the funeral of a man of that name, but it was of the cousin not the brother of the young miner. But the mistake was not found out. The young man mourned his brother as dead. He remained in California until the war broke out, when he enlisted and continued in service until the close. He returned to California, where the regiment was disbanded and resumed his old occupation. A few years ago, aged, broken in health, and suffering from old wounds received in battle, he secured admission to a Soldiers' Home. There, one day, he saw in a New York newspaper a reference to his brother. It occurred in the obituary notice of a deceased fireman, who, it appeared, had in the last years of his life been indebted to him for many kindnesses. The news seemed too good to be true, but on telegraphing to New York he learned that his brother was indeed alive and now in their old age the two brothers have been reunited. This is not the first time by many that kindness done with no hope of reward, has resulted in a great joy. In this case, the promise to those who show magnanimity and brotherly love was fulfilled in a sense more literal than was implied.

Thou hast gained thy brother. (Matt. 18: 15.)

Care for a Parasite.

A circular letter has been issued to the citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Secretary of the Tree-Planting and Fountain Society warning them against destroying the cocoons of the Tussock moth. As this moth has been a great nuisance in Brooklyn in other years, the circular would have been a surprise if there had been no explanation of it. The reason for leaving the cocoons unmolested is that they contain eggs of an ichneumonid parasite. They come from a small black fly, slender, like a wasp and quick in its movements. It lays its eggs on the cocoon of the Tussock moth, where they develop and feed on the chrysalides within. Thus instead of the chrysalides of the Tussock moth developing into moths to deposit eggs, which will become the voracious caterpillars that destroy the trees and swarm over the fences and houses, they become the prey of the parasite and the plague is stayed. The circular points out that as it is desirable to have as many of the parasite flies as possible, in order to be rid of the destructive caterpillars, it will be well to leave the cocoons undisturbed. But for this warning a citizen concerned for the welfare of the trees might destroy cocoons containing the parasite and thus defeat his own object. Perhaps if irreverent critics of the divine government had fuller knowledge, they might find a similar reason for facts on which they now base their blasphemous reproaches. Even the Christian sometimes wonders that an omnipotent God should suffer evil to exist, when he could destroy it by an act of his power; but we may be assured that God knows better than we how to destroy it effectually. His servants, eager to destroy the bane, might destroy the antidote, but he, like the householder in the Parable, restrains their ignorant zeal and says:

Nay lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest. (Matt. 13:30.)



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET;

Or the Shield of a Christian Mother's Influence.

By Wm. E. S. Baker.

CHAPTER I.

The Sunday School Picnic.

SIXTY or more children, with laughing eyes, climbed a grassy slope on the edge of a beautiful grove one bright summer afternoon, singing, "Old Mother Tiptytoe! Old Mother Tiptytoe! I don't care whether I work or no!"

They were nearly all girls, although here and there among the smaller children whom the larger ones held firmly by their hands, a boy might have been seen by the side of his "big sister." All of them were happy as princes, not knowing of the faulty grammar in their childish song, or, if knowing it, not caring a fig.

"Mother Tiptytoe" was about fifty feet in advance of the little ones, and near the top of the hill. She was a woman of small stature, carrying a willow stick, on which she leaned for support in her pretended lameness, and looking like a homely old woman; her blue cloak turned inside out, and a shabby old straw hat adding to the oddity of her appearance.

Suddenly, as the children approached nearer to her, she turned about, showed an angry, scowling face, and throwing her arms and cane into the air in a threatening manner, and muttering cross words, hastily ran towards the little ones as if to overtake and punish them.

Of course the youngsters, with screams and laughter, scampered down the hill at full speed, the smallest of them thinking it all in earnest. While "Mother Tiptytoe" appeared to be doing her utmost to catch them, yet, from her assumed age and lameness, she was never enabled to touch the hindmost child, until all had reached the bottom of the hill; when old, lame and infirm Mother Tiptytoe threw off her outward coverings, a handsome woman of thirty stood before them, her eyes brightened by the exertion, and her face aglow with pleasure.

"O! teacher, it is so nice, won't you do it just once more?" said a sweet child of ten years, as she went to the lady, put her hot cheek upon her breast, and asked for another turn of "Mother Tiptytoe."

"You are all too warm and tired, my dears; had we not better look at the others play awhile?"

Close by them a number of men and boys were kicking an immense rubber ball up and down the woods. Now it would be flying far up among the tree-tops; now dashing into a coterie of misses—who scattered as if a bomb-shell had exploded in their midst, now bounding over the uneven surface of the ground followed by the laughing, shouting, panting, perspiring, kicking crowd.

Still another party was playing base-ball in a field on the edge of the grove; while hand-balls and bean-bags were bouncing through the air in every direction; boys, girls, and adults all pitching, playing and catching, enjoying intensely the annual pic-nic of the Brookdale Sabbath School.

From several parts of the grove could be heard the songs of the girls, as they swung "around a rosy," and, while their songs and plays were more sensible, they also had a more practical ending.

Two hours later in the day, when the [illegible] were playing "Princess' Base," surrounded by a large crowd of interested spectators—when the crack of the croquet balls; the loud blast of the "hunt the hare" horn; the distant ring of the quoits; the cracking of swings; the ice-cream peals [illegible] the [illegible], the laughing and shouting from hundreds of joyous hearts, all told of the happy hours that were passing; "Mother Tiptytoe" might have been seen sitting on a bench close by a large ring of girls and boys, who were [illegible]. "Down in the meadow where the green grass grows." She was reading quietly, and yet kept an eye on the children, several of whom were in her class in the school.

The same little girl who had previously addressed her, suddenly left her companions at the rope, and with a red cheek and panting breast, came to her teacher, Mrs. Seymour, the lady who had personated "Mother Tiptytoe," and, putting her face in the woman's lap, and kneeling before her, said: "Oh, teacher, I'm so tired, mayn't I stay near you a little while?"

"Yes, Carrie, dear: you do look hot and tired," replied the teacher; "get upon the bench and put your head in my lap."

The child, who was a lovely girl, with sunny brown hair and hazel eyes, quietly did as she was requested, and was soon asleep.

How soon and how sweetly comes repose to the eyes of the innocent, in the guileless, happy days of childhood; before the love of pleasure, the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches injure our bodies, absorb our minds and sear our consciences!

Mrs. Seymour smoothed the warm brow of the child, and with her delicate fingers played with the silken, chestnut curls. Then her thoughts went back to her own early married life; to her husband, who had died some years before; to a dear little daughter, whom she had clasped to her bosom in its infancy, but which had then been snatched from her in a strange, almost mysterious manner. What a comfort would it be to have her darling baby girl with her now; for, had she lived, she would have been just of the age of little Carrie Walter. The widow, as a woman, lamented the loss of her darling pet, yet, as a Christian, she could not but say: "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

She looked down upon the little sleeper, and wiped a tear from her own cheek, as the child opened her soft eyes, and looking up into Mrs. Seymour's face, as she fondly nestled closer to her, said softly, but beseechingly:

"Teacher, won't you come to our house and be my mamma? I do love you so much, and I want to be a good girl, but I have no mamma to tell me, and——"

"Is not your papa very kind to you, Carrie? If you want to be a good little girl, papa will help you. Besides, the Lord Jesus promises to be a brother to you, if you trust in him."

"Yes, teacher, but I want a mamma. My papa is kind, but he is away so often on business. The girls beat me, and call me stupid, and make me sleep in a dark, cold room. Papa once was rich, oh! ever so rich; then he lost his money and we became poor. Now he is working hard to get rich again, and says we soon will be." After a brief pause, she continued: "I go to our barnyard and see the hen, calling her little chickens, and they come right to their mamma, and gather under her wings, and look so nice. Then our pussy, she meows to the dear little turtle shell kitties, and they come to her and get warm. A robin has built a nest just under my chamber window, and I see the mother bringing the food to the little birdies, and feeding them so kindly, and covering them with her wings to keep off the rain; but, Oh! teacher, I have no mamma to cover and love me, and I wish I was dead! I feel so lonesome, Oh! I have no mamma, no mamma."

Here the child sobbed and pressed her face and arms still closer to the tender-hearted widow, who could not restrain her tears; partly from pure sympathy with the confiding, sweet little creature that nestled on her bosom, and partly because of sorrowful remembrance of another little birdie, which had taken its flight heavenward when newly fledged.

"My little dear must try to think of happier things," replied the widow, stooping [illegible] and [illegible] the child on the forehead. "The good Lord knows that little Carrie has no mamma, and he will take care of her, just as the kind shepherd looks after his sheep."

"But will the good Lord give me a mamma?" innocently asked the little one. "Will you not, teacher, come to our house and be my mamma?"

This was a curious question for a handsome young widow of thirty to answer, especially when the father of little Carrie was known to be a wealthy and enterprising man, and a widower, respected by everybody; so she adroitly evaded the answer by saying:

"My child is fretting herself too much. She must continue to be good, and we will all love her, and do all we can to make her happy."

The child was not so easily quieted, for again reaching up her face close to the widow's, and opening her large eyes, she looked straight into Mrs. Seymour's face, with a loving, pleading look, and said, as she kissed her on the cheek:

"My papa will drive down to take me home this evening; mayn't I ask him, teacher, to take you home to be my mamma? Oh! I do want a mamma so much! I never had a mamma."

The widow could no longer endure this, and noticing her only child close by, sought a diversion from her dilemma by appealing to him:

"Milton, my dear, come here."

The boy, although at that moment deeply engaged in his game, and with a boy's energy was shouting: "Shinny on your own side, there!" dropped his crook in an instant, and came to his mother; and a noble, manly, polite fellow he was, some eleven or twelve years of age.

"Milton, this is Carrie Walter, one of my scholars. I want you to take her down to the meadow. She is not well, and the cool air will do her good."

Carrie and Milton were friends at first sight, and as she arose, adjusted her hair, and put on her hat, the young gallant gracefully offered his arm, which Carrie, not without blushing, accepted. They had not proceeded far when she met several squads of her young companions, for she was a popular and loved child, and a great favorite with them.

"It's real mean, Carrie Walter, that you don't come and play," said one of the girls.

"I guess she would rather play with the boys," insinuated a sharp-eyed vixen of ten summers, as she stuffed her white apron into her mouth, half ashamed of her remark.

Neither Carrie nor Milton cared for public opinion, but, liking each other from the start, they wandered outside of the bounds prescribed by Mrs. Seymour, and were happy as only children can be.

"Carrie," said Milton, "what were you crying about awhile ago?"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't tell you," said the little diplomat, not feeling the freedom in speaking to the son, which she had felt in addressing his mother.

"Because," resumed Milton, stretching himself up, and assuming a manly, dignified bearing, "if anybody insulted you, I'm the man to take it up!"

These were big words from a lad of one decade, and his high chivalric notions were somewhat demolished by Carrie's honest reply:

"No, Milton, that was not it. You see, I have no mamma, and your mamma was telling me about Jesus who——"

"Well, what of that?" abruptly broke in Milton, "I have no papa, so we are even."

"Then," said Carrie, innocently, and forgetting all about Jesus and his lambs, "if you have no papa, while I have one, and I have no mamma, while you have, why cannot your mamma be my mamma, and my papa be your papa? I'm going to tell him about it, when he comes to take me home, and ask him to take her along, for I do love her ever so much. Then, when papa is away on business, you can drive me out with the horses and carriage, and we will be so happy, and have a nice time. Wouldn't you like to be my brother? Your mamma told me that she knew of a friend that would stick 'closer than a brother;' I wonder if you are the one she spoke about? I feel so lonesome, that I do want somebody to live at our house, as the servant girls tell me naughty things, and make me have frightful dreams."

"Well, little Carrie, don't you fret so much. My mother is a good woman, that's a fact, and I guess I'm the man she referred to, and I do like you so much as any brother, and more too."

"But when you get to be a big man, you will not like me then?" inquired the young ster, raising her eyebrows inquiringly.

"Yes, I will, Carrie; you just trust and see if I don't. When I get to be man, you will be a woman. Do you t you will always like me?"

"Yes, I think I will," answered Ca with some hesitation.

"You must like me better than other boy in the world, Carrie, or el cannot like you at all!"

Just then, after crossing the Wingoh ing, they arrived at a lovely glade in edge of the grove, where a beech spread its branches overhead, and see to invite them to seats beneath its coo shade. Milton took out his pocket-k and began to cut his initials in the white bark of the tree.

As a seal of faithfulness to each ot Milton also cut Carrie's initials bene his—"C. W.", and when finished, they walked around the tree and vie the initials, two happier beings, perh never walked the earth. Too young too innocent to know of the tricks and ceptions of modern courtship, while dr ing the blissful cup of children's love; yet to realize that life brings its cares anxieties, its temptations and sorrows sin and death.

"Halloo! there, Seymour, that's cousin you're talking to," came in a str voice from the branches of the beech t under which Carrie and Milton were ting, and a boy swung himself to sward beneath, after having been qui hiding there, a silent witness of the ceedings beneath.

"Cousin George, you're real mean ugly, and I don't like you a bit," Carrie.

"All right, Cousin Carrie, but I am y cousin, you know, and the proper son to take care of you. I will take back now, so," turning to the other who was standing close by look troubled and confused, "Seymour, can go back to your mother. I will se my cousin."

"But my mamma told me that I m take care of Carrie," said Milton.

A simple solution of the difficulty wo have been for both boys to have acc panied the little lady back to the par but such a solution did not commend it to the boys. The words grew more an every moment, and at last a blow struck, and they were fighting fiercely. was a short, sharp struggle and both w hurt. Boy-like, they went side by side the river bank to wash away the traces the encounter, and as Milton was the o one who had a handkerchief in his pock it was used by both.

Having made themselves as presentab as they could they went with sham faces back to the party avoiding the oth children and making their way straight Widow Seymour, who saw from th blood-stained clothes that they had be fighting; so, sending Carrie off to play, took the boys aside, and spoke to them:

"My dear boys, I will not ask you w began this disgraceful affair, because, ge erally speaking, it takes two to make quarrel, and I will assume that both you are to blame. Now do you know t to fight is very sinful! You know wh the Bible says about fighting: 'Whe envying and strife is, there is confusi and every evil work.' 'A fool's lips ent into contention and his mouth calls strokes.' This is true, boys. Every and crime may come from strife. Jealous envy and disagreement lead to ang words; then to blows; then to injury, a even murder. When two boys or me fight they are not quite sane and the have wicked feelings. The Bible tells of one case where two men fought, a one of them in his anger cursed and bla phemed, and the Lord God ordered th they should be stoned to death! Beside this, boys, the great apostle Paul said th wrath and hatred and strife keep boys an men from heaven! The Scriptures every where command us to be peaceful, to lov and to help one another; and Jesus we further, and told us to love even o enemies, and do good to them that treat u badly! So I hope, neither of you will ev fight again. It may end in a crime whic will blacken your lives, and leave you n hope for eternity."

Milton Seymour was softened by hi mother's words, and promised not to figh again. But George Brown was stubbor and unmoved.

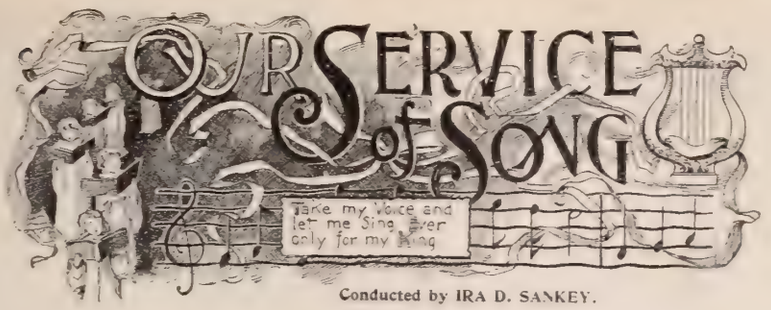
(To be Continued.)

The Conquest of Temptation.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 9. Ps. 6 : 10-18.

WE cannot exaggerate the importance of the power which the Apostle shows the way to attain. He tells his readers how they may stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. How many men there are in every land, and who want have been in every age, to know just that! In the many forms of evil—intemperance, gambling, unchastity, dishonesty, the willing victims are comparatively few. It is not every drunkard who says, "When I awake I will seek it yet again." It is not every sinner who yields cheerfully to temptation. There are more backsliders than we have any idea of who yield after a struggle; who resist until they are overcome, and the enemy is admitted by the traitor within. Every one is familiar with this conflict between duty and inclination in some form or other, and the knowledge of the fact should make us sympathetic with the evil-doer as with a man who has been defeated in a conflict in which the better part of his nature was fighting on the right side. We are apt to look at him as a moral leper, a social pariah who must be avoided at all cost out, when we should regard him as one who has had to contend with forces that were too strong for him, like one who has had to defend his life from assault with one hand while he holds a tiger by the throat with the other. The wall of the ancient city was built into the wall raised, is the way in which each of our character-building. Every man labors with his tools and carries a weapon. He is to fight as well as to work. Sometimes he must use the weapon in successive conflicts, and only in the intervals can he use his tools. To men who will want to fight this battle and to win it, the Apostle gives two words of advice.

With the custom current in his day, Paul personifies the enemy against whom the Christian has to contend. In our day we think of the enemy as an abstract principle. The Apostle views the struggle as Luther did after him, as one with the enemy of the human race a powerful and malignant being, with subtle forces at his command. Whether we assume the existence of such a being or not, we can have no doubt as to the necessity of a struggle before we can live a right and true life. It is not easy to do good. When the struggle commences in youth, it is hard, but where its beginning is delayed, its severity increases, and every year afterward renders the conflict more fierce and the prospects of victory more doubtful. But for young or old the Apostle has the same directions. The Christians at Ephesus, like the Christians of the modern American city, must be equipped in the same way if they is to succeed. He can win if he will put on "the whole armor of God." Paul has been a gladiator, compelled to fight with wild beasts for the amusement of the populace. He remembers how he was equipped, and he finds in his Lord's arsenal as effective an equipment for the spiritual conflict. He has truth to strengthen him, righteousness to protect him, the Gospel to shod upon, faith to turn aside the missiles of the enemy, salvation as a guard, the Scriptures as a weapon, and continual prayer as an unfailing resource. So equipped the Apostle believes the Christian to be invincible.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

O COME TO ME.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR."—*Matt.* 11:28.

Rev. J. CLARK. J. J. LOWE

1. Wouldst thou, O wea - ry soul, be blest? In Christ the Lord thy Sav - iour see;
2. He does not wait for great - er worth, Or more of ho - li - ness in thee:
3. Hast thou not sinn'd ten thous-and times? His pard'ning grace will set thee free;
4. E - ter - nal life is in His word, He asks thee now His child to be;
5. Be this thine an - swer now, and here: "Since Thou hast kind - ly call'd for me,

His grace a - lone can give thee rest, And lo! He call - eth, "Come to Me!"
He brings good news to all the earth, And still He call - eth, "Come to Me."
Count un - be - lief the worst of crimes, And trust thy Sav-iour's "Come to Me."
No sweet - er sound was ev - er heard Than His most gra - cious "Come to Me."
Thy ten - der love dis - pels my fear; I come, I come, O Lord, to Thee!"

REFRAIN.

O come to Me,..... O come to Me..... The Sav - iour
O come to Me, O come to Me,

call - eth, Come to Me:..... Ye heav - y - lad - - - - en, Come to
O come to Me, lad - en, heav - y - lad - en

Me,..... And I will give,.. will give you rest .....
Me, O come to Me, will give you rest.

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The Better Land.

I KNOW not where those temples lift
Their burnished spires in air.
I know not where the glory beams,
So marvelously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands
Upon that farther shore.
I cannot hear the rapturous songs
Of loved ones gone before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
Washed clear by contrite tears,
Catch glimpses of eternal light
From the eternal years.

When morn has flushed the eastern sky
And crowned the joyous day,
The splendor of ten thousand suns
Fades into space away,

When God's light shines into the soul—
A glory wondrous bright
All earthly objects fade away
Like stars in morning light.

All worldliness will flee apace.
All earthly idols fall.
Till all the dross is burned away,
And God is all in all.

There is a rapture of the soul.
The joy of sins forgiven.
For Christ, the Blessed, reigns within.
And where he is 'tis heaven.

—ANNIE E. S. JOHNSON.

The Two Witnesses.

The Identity and Character of the Two Mysterious Prophets of the Last Days.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.*

Continued from page 547.

THE ministry of Elijah the prophet, foretold by Malachi, has yet to be fulfilled. It is a striking fact that the Jews, up to the present day, in their observance of the Passover feast, place a cup of wine for the coming Elijah, and leave the door open; it is also a striking fact that a number of the early fathers of the Christian Church believed that Elijah and Enoch should come again and seal their testimony with their blood during the days of Anti-christ. Enoch and Elijah are the only two men who have never died: they stand as those shall "stand before the Son of Man" who shall "prevail to escape those things which shall come to pass" in the time of trouble (Luke 21 : 36). They have not yet fallen under death.

During the days of their testimony nothing harms these two witnesses, but no sooner is it come to an end than they succumb to death at the hand of the beast, or Anti-christ, who has come up out of the abyss as they have come down from heaven. Their death is the signal for great rejoicing and merry making among them that dwell on the earth, and the corpses of these witnesses of God shall be publicly exhibited as the great trophies of the Anti-christ's victories. There is something very awful in this description of the terrible malignity of the persecutors in leaving the bodies of the witnesses unburied, and in their daring levity at such a juncture. A universal holiday will celebrate their death, because these two prophets "tormented them that dwell on the earth."

But the triumph of the wicked is short. While thousands are exulting in what they have deemed a victory over the God whom they have rebelled against, and while jokes and sneers and every indignity are being offered to the still forms of the martyred prophets, those forms begin to move. "The breath of life from God" enters into them: they arise, no man daring to touch them; they stand upon their feet. In the midst of the awful hush which comes upon the trembling throng, a great voice from heaven commands them, "Come up hither." And, like their Lord and like those who shall be alive and left unto His coming, and who are ready and waiting for him, they go up into heaven in the cloud and their enemies behold them. They have rejected the last testimony; they have doubly sealed their doom and soon the voice of the seventh angel will sound the last trumpet, and "the mystery of God shall be finished."

When the Manchild ascends, the dragon is cast down: the witnesses ascend, and the earth is shaken. But terror does not convert men. Like the magicians of Egypt, when they said, "This is the finger of God" (Ex. 8 : 19), and yet did not turn to the Lord, so those who "obey not the Gospel" may be startled with a sudden terror, and acknowledge God for the moment: but the issue shows that the impression is but temporary, and judgment must go on to the bitter end. The long-suffering of God will at length have an end. "The second woe is past; behold, the third woe cometh quickly."

* [illegible] Series of Bible Readings on the Book of Revelation.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Employment is wanted for several industrious Armenians who have come to this country to escape Turkish persecution. Any reader wishing to aid them can best do so by finding them work. If you know of any opening for these men, write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. R. A. Duncan, Rocky Comfort, Mo. Do you consider, as I notice from a recent answer in THE MAIL-BAG, that a wife would be justified in being baptized by immersion just to satisfy the bigotry and selfishness of her husband?

We should not express it just in that way, but we think that, if a wife could satisfy her husband's scruples and relieve him of anxiety and distress by so simple a thing as being immersed, it would be a good thing for her to do. The Apostle Paul said to the Jews he became as a Jew that he might gain the Jews, and to the weak he became as weak that he might gain the weak (I. Cor. 19: 22). He was willing to yield for the good of others, as he did in the matter of the meat sacrificed to idols. He had a contempt, which he did not conceal, for the idea of the eating or not eating of it being a momentous matter, but for the sake of those who had less sense he counselled abstinence (Rom. 14: 13). He adds, "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace." We think he would give similar advice about baptism in such a case as the one you mention. The wife may think her husband foolish in laying so much stress on the rite, and she may tell him that his fears for her safety are groundless; but since he entertains the fear and is distressed by it, she would do a kindly thing in submitting to the rite for the sake of setting his mind at rest. It can do her no harm, and there is surely no sin in it.

Miss M. N. W., Mo. Is there any way I can get the Olive Wood with the Lord's Prayer engraved on it?

We do not know where you can get it with the Lord's Prayer, but we can supply you with a beautiful slab of genuine Olive Wood from Palestine with the inscription in Hebrew characters, "City of Peace," at a cost of twenty-five cents.

"Despairing One," Kentucky. Some time ago, I married an unconverted man, and since then I have lost my peace and assurance of salvation. Does that mean that my sin is unpardonable? Is it my duty to forsake all for Christ's sake in the hope of being restored to God's favor?

The sin is certainly pardonable, and if you will confess it humbly before God, and ask his forgiveness it will be granted. It is certainly not your duty to forsake all, if, as we suppose, you mean your husband. That would be a very wrong thing to do, after solemnly promising to be faithful to him. Your duty, as it seems to us, is to be such a faithful, affectionate, good wife, as to win your husband's confidence and respect; to do all in your power by entreaties and prayers to lead him to Christ. The better you perform your duties as a wife, the more likely he is to be attracted to Christianity. You have an opportunity of letting your light shine, and if you can be the means of your husband's conversion it will be a great joy to you. If God forgives you, as he surely will, do you not think that you should show your gratitude by devoting yourself to the work of winning your husband for Christ? You must not think of running away from your duty. To do so would be wicked and would bring a reproach on the name of Christ.

Anna H., Gray's Flat, W. Va. 1. Is it wrong to read fiction, such as is written by Dickens, Scott, &c., on Sunday? Is it right at any time? I am of a very nervous temperament and have a very vivid imagination, and find such reading draws [illegible] 2. Is there any [illegible] could be found in Mrs. Margaret Sangster's poems be bought in book form? If [illegible]

1. Yes, it is the Lord's Day, and should be devoted to his service, and not to secular things, or the reading of secular literature. 2. There are many places. Your nearest bookseller can doubtless give you a list of publishers of religious works. See their advertisements in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and among the book notices. 3. Write to Harpers, publishers, New York.

"Puzzled," Hoboken, N. J. In Matthew 27: 9 there is a quotation from Jeremy. I have read the [illegible] of Jeremiah and the Lamentations but cannot find it. Is not Jeremiah the [illegible]

Yes, the Evangelist meant Jeremiah, but it was Zechariah who uttered the prophecy to which he refers. (See Zech. 11: 13.) An ingenious explanation of the error has been offered. It is suggested that as Jeremiah stood first in the volume of the prophets, his name may have been given comprehensively to the whole book, just as quotations from the Psalms might be ascribed to David, though the passage occurs in the words of other authors. The error is of no importance save to people who aim to prove that divinely inspired men are not kept from error in unimportant matters.

"Subscriber," Please explain Heb. 6: 4-6. I thought the Saviour forgave at the eleventh hour and at all times.

You may still believe so. The passage you refer to does not contradict that fact. It does not refer to Christ at all, but to the sinner. It says that in certain circumstances the sinner will have no inclination to repent and seek forgiveness. Christ is willing to forgive the penitent backslider, but if the man does not trouble himself and does not ask for pardon, the fault is with him, not with Christ. The writer of the epistle seems to have tried to bring some backslider to repentance, and to have failed, and he declares that it is impossible when a certain time has been passed. We know by experience that there is no class so hard to convert as those who know all about the Gospel, or have "tasted," to use the word employed here, and have turned away from it without accepting it for themselves. They become "Gospel-hardened."

Reader, De Motte, Ind. What do you think of taking pictures on Sunday? It has become customary here to take pictures any time on Sunday. Is it not breaking the Sabbath?

It is unquestionably Sabbath-breaking, just as much as any other amusement or social indulgence would be. In many States it would come under the prohibitive statute affecting Sunday observance.

E. M. P., Cincinnati, O. Is it right to imprison men and [illegible] for their [illegible] offence but that of observing God's law and keeping holy the day he appointed?

We think that is very wrong, but is it ever done? The punishments, so far as we know of them, were not for keeping Saturday holy. People might keep every day in the week holy and the law would not punish them. They are punished for running their business on Sunday, which is against the law. Now, a Christian ought to obey the law, unless it requires him to do something that is wrong. There is nothing wrong in his closing his store on Sunday, and he ought to do it when the law commands it. If his conscience demands that he observe Saturday as the Sabbath, he should do that, too, as a matter of conscience. It will of course entail loss, but if he is a sincere man, he will glory in bearing loss for conscience sake. That is the true martyr spirit. It would be much more meritorious than trying to get compensation for the loss of his Saturday's business by keeping open on Sunday.

An aged volunteer for the Philafrican Liberators' League sends us this enthusiastic letter:

CRESCENT CITY, FLA., July 13, 1896.

I have been very much interested in what you have published regarding the "Philafrican Liberators' League." For more than thirty years—from 1852 to 1884—I was engaged in missionary work on the West Coast of Africa, at Sherbro and Sierra Leone, for twenty-four years, with the Mendi Mission of the American Missionary Association, and after that in Freetown, Sierra Leone, with the Church Missionary Society. I was the Industrial Agent of the mission, and in 1866 and '67 I built a saw-mill at a station in the interior, on the Bargro River, and also planted a coffee farm. These industries were successful, and exerted a great civilizing influence in the country. I often, while there, thought of just such an enterprise for that place as is now being planned. It is an excellent country, and room enough to locate many thousands of liberated ones, giving each land enough for a good home. The place can be easily reached at all times by vessels ascending the Bargro River to the highlands. The section of the country is under the English Government. There would be no trouble in getting a grant of land from the English Government. Since the A. M. A. retired from that field the mission property is held by the A. B. C. F. M., but the work is carried on by the United Brethren. The Bargro River country was selected by Messrs. Mills and Burges to locate the colored people sent out by the Colonization Society, and the first company went to Sherbro, but the chiefs refused to carry out their engagement, and after staying in Sherbro for a time, they went to Liberia. I am an old man, but if I could be of any service in getting such an enterprise started, I would be pleased to go again and spend the little time that I may still be spared, and there lay my bones in Africa. D. W. BURTON.

THE PEAK OF THE MATTERHORN, SWITZERLAND. (See opposite page.)

J. Almy, Providence, R. I. From which son of Noah are the people of America descended?

Japhet, unquestionably, as to its present white inhabitants. Some ethnologists hold that the Indian tribes had descent from the Tartars and they in turn from Magog (see Gen. 10: 2).

Old Subscriber, Liberty, Pa. 1. Would it be wrong to go to other churches occasionally, if your means are such that you are only able to support your own church? 2. Were not those babes slain by Herod the first martyrs for Christ? Matt. 2: 16.

1. It is well to have a fixed church home and to stand by it loyally, if we wish to derive the highest spiritual benefit. But there is no reason why this should totally prevent us from visiting another church, of our own creed and belief, on occasion. 2. In a sense, yes; although unconscious and involuntary. Stephen was the first martyr, according all the records of the Church historians.

R. R. M., Liberty, N. C. I saw recently in [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD your offer to send a [illegible] called *Helps to Bible Study*, and I write for [illegible] mation as to whether, after ordering a [illegible] copy, any number of copies may be [illegible] and at what price?

The price quoted (fifty cents), has already been brought down to the lowest possible point, in order to enable all who desire the *Helps* to get them at about one-half publishers regular rates. We can supply you the copies at that price.

G. I. S., Grantham, N. H. 1. Who was Thomas Kempis? 2. Was Christ equal with the Father as stated in John 14: 9, or was he inferior as stated in John 14: 28? 3. Where can Young's *Night Thoughts* be purchased?

1. He was one of the forerunners of the Reformation. He was born about 1380, became a monk in early life. He was ordained to the priesthood about 1413. His fame rests chiefly on his great work the *Imitation of Christ*, which has had more readers than any other religious work besides the Bible. John Wesley published a translation of it under the title *The Christian's Pattern*. It has been translated into almost every language in which the Bible is printed. 2. The passages you refer to apparently contradict each other, but if we could grasp the mystery of the Trinity we should doubtless find them harmonious. Christ's prayers and his reverent utterances about the Father indicate that while in the flesh he regarded himself as inferior to the Father, he yet claimed they were essentially one in pre-existence as in the future. 3. Almost any second-hand bookseller can supply a copy.

Robt. Samuels, Zanesville, O. What is the difference between a cyclone and a tornado? No doubt there are very many, who, like myself, find it difficult to draw the distinction.

The U. S. Weather Bureau gives this definition:

The tornado is a sudden outburst of wind [illegible] other is a quiet, sultry atmosphere; ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous peal of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500 feet wide; it moves, generally, from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it always accompanied by thunderstorms, with a bright glow in the cloud; this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance as that of a huge ball rolling forward. A cyclone is a very broad storm, oftentimes 1,000 miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock hands backward; the air pressure always falls as one approaches the centre. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado.

Ellen Thompson, Dayton, O. What was the name of Pharaoh's daughter who rescued Moses from the river and where do you find it?

It is found in tradition, and is given as *Thermitis* (see Smith's Bible Dictionary).

Inquiring Student, Waterbury, Conn. You say THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Damascus is proud of the oldest city in the world. What is your authority?

What was said was that Damascus is probably the oldest city now in existence. There are many of the "buried" cities whose age we can only know approximately, like Babylon, Nineveh, and Lachish, but they are gone. Damascus was contemporary with Sodom and Gomorrah (see Gen. 15: 2), and is alive to-day and a flourishing commercial and railroad centre.

Constant Reader, Lindsay. It is not unusual or improper for him to take his wife along with him. 2. No; decidedly bad taste.——Hoosier Subscriber. We cannot.——Annie, M. M., Hawleysburg, O. Somewhere.——E. C. R., Capitola, Md. It is not in the Bible; it is a comparatively modern saw or proverb.——W. B. S., Leroy, Minn. To the general reader or hearer and not to a class or special portion of society.——Anna. You will find it in Gen. 16: 13.——Mrs. L. R. Y. Griswold, Ia. No more lists can be received, the supply of lilies being exhausted.——A. Marshall, Sardinia, O., and others. See answer to C. Danielson, Evan, Minn., in a recent issue.——S. C., Ind. 1. We cannot. 2. We do not know where such help can be had. 3. Newfield, Mass.——Richard T. W., Walnutport. The plan is good and will certainly help.——Mrs. A. B., Owyhee, Oreg. 1. You will find it in Tevis' *Life of Washington*. 2. We cannot supply the information concerning missing relatives.——Constant Reader, N. Y. Yes, there will be another January next fall.——Clay W. W., Kingsley, Ia. 1. Not on those who use them in church, but in social indulgence. 2. It was not true. No such statement was ever made.——Geo. F. H., Bushton, Kan. Failed to keep his appointment.——S. F., Christ Brother. Certainly not. No such charge was ever made at Washington or elsewhere.——M. L. B., St. Paul, Minn. Binders will be supplied at seventy-five cents.——E. B., Oconee, Ill. What you suggest would involve many hours of research, and as the material can be found in almost every public library it would be well to look for it there.——Miss L. McKinley, N. Y. The matter would seem to be a proper one to lay before the Ladies' Aid, C. E., Epworth League Society of your own or some other church. Try it.——A. E. M., Oneonta, N. Y. This has already been explained repeatedly in THE MAIL-BAG.——Miss Jennie Curtiss, Mt. Horeb, Wis. It is said to have been lax, but not immoral. With no special church attachments. Beyond a little is known.——Mrs. L. H. B., Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, occasionally, when the subject permits such treatment.——Mrs. S. J. P., Centre Village, N. Y. They will be repeated at intervals.——Annie, Tunnicula, Pa. It is a very worthy object.——A. Scott, Ballard, Wash. *Barker's Paragon* is the best you want. Get it of an importing bookseller.

THE BOOK SHELF

THE PITY OF IT.*

WE may take warning of the danger of setting our affections on the things of this world and making ourselves believe that the treasures of greatest value are worldly possessions. In Judas [illegible] eed for wealth grew day by day, [illegible] t last he sold his Master for thirty [illegible] ece of silver. A physician told me the [illegible] day that one of the most terrible [illegible] he ever saw was a man afflicted [illegible] th paresis, in which the predominant [illegible] came into supreme control. This [illegible] could sit for hours and hours at a [illegible] ble, counting off with his fingers [illegible] nary bills, ever and anon announcing himself the number of thousands [illegible] ions of dollars which in his mind's [illegible] saw piled up in heaps on the table [illegible] him. Once the doctor came in unheedly. The man glanced up, but [illegible] on counting until he had finished [illegible] ndred thousand dollars. Then he [illegible] with flashing, excited eyes, and [illegible] 'My ship has just come in this [illegible] ! Splendid cargo! A great fortune [illegible] her!"

Mr. Moody tells a similar story of a man [illegible] of our insane asylums who walked [illegible] down in the mad-house constantly; his cry was, "If I only had!" That [illegible] cry from morning till night in all [illegible] waking hours. His story was this: [illegible] was employed by a railroad company [illegible] care of a swing-bridge, and he received a despatch from the superintendent [illegible] an extra train would pass over the [illegible] and that he must not turn the bridge [illegible] the train had passed. One after another came and tried to have him open the [illegible] bridge, and he refused to do it. At [illegible] friend came and over-persuaded him, [illegible] opened the bridge. He had no [illegible] than done so, when he heard the [illegible] coming. There was not time to close [illegible] bridge, and he saw the train leap, with [illegible] living freight, into the abyss of [illegible] His reason reeled and tottered upon [illegible] throne, and the man went mad. His [illegible] was: "If I only had! If I only had!" [illegible] but was the terror of poor Judas. [illegible] and remorse awoke within him [illegible] would give him no peace.

The story is told of a gentleman who [illegible] standing, one morning, on the platform [illegible] the Grand Central Railroad Station, New York City, holding the hand [illegible] little girl, only seven years old. [illegible] was some slight detention about [illegible] the car in which they wished to [illegible] and the child stood looking quietly [illegible] her, interested in all she saw, when [illegible] sound of the measured tramp of a [illegible] heavy feet made her turn and look [illegible] her. There she saw a sight such [illegible] young eyes had never looked on before—short procession of six policemen, [illegible] whom marched first, followed by [illegible] men between whom (chained to the [illegible] of each), walked a fierce-looking [illegible] and these were followed by two [illegible] who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the [illegible] ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his [illegible] to the State prison, to be locked up [illegible] for the rest of his life. The little [illegible] had heard of him, and she knew who [illegible] be, for only that morning her father had said he would have to be sent up [illegible] guarded, for it had been suspected [illegible] some of his comrades would try to [illegible] him from the officers. The little [illegible] halted quite near her. Her father [illegible] was talking with a friend, did not [illegible] them. The child stood and watched [illegible] man with a strange, choking feeling [illegible] her throat, and a pitiful look in her [illegible] It seemed so very, very sad to think [illegible] after his one ride in the sunshine by the [illegible]

* [illegible] *The Fisherman and his Friends*, a series of [illegible] sermons by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. [illegible] eloquent and earnest preacher makes his sermons [illegible] treasury of illustration which renders their [illegible] especially useful to other preachers and [illegible] workers. Pp. 265; price $1.50; published [illegible] Funk & Wagnalls Co., Lafayette Place, New York.

banks of the river, the poor man, all his life, would be shut up in a gloomy prison, no matter how long he might live. Even if he should become an old, old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again. All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion that told the little girl that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and, starting forward, she went up close to the dangerous man, and said, earnestly: "I didn't mean to plague you, poor man; only I'm sorry for you; and Jesus is sorry for you, too." One of the policemen caught her up quickly, and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had caught the quick words she had uttered save the man to whom they were spoken. But he had heard them, and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed beside into that dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that as time passed on he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, some months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what they had expected. "It is a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my heart."

Tarabin, the Hindo Child Hunter.*

THE whole household was in a state of excitement and confusion, but within half-an-hour, to their relief, the wheels of the carriage were heard, and Mr. Vasudevrav appeared. The telegram was at once handed to him. He opened it and read, "Brother dangerously ill, come immediately." His face turned pale and he looked at his watch. It was half-past eight. Kakubai and Anandibai ventured to come out and asked what was the matter.

"Dinnanath is ill, and I must go by to-night's train."

Anandibai immediately rushed into the kitchen and served dinner for her husband. Then she put a few things in a bag, while Mr. Vasudevrav looked to see if he had sufficient money, and snatching the bag, he jumped into the carriage which had been ordered to return, and drove to the Victoria Station.

Anandibai lay awake by her daughter's side until early morning, when she managed to get sleep for about an hour. Kakubai was simply prostrate. Every now and then she would exclaim: "Oh Narayan! What will happen to Dinnath? Oh! do not make his wife a widow I beseech of Thee, O God." She would, however, resign herself by saying, "We must submit to Fate."

It was a sad night, indeed; but all rose early and went about the daily duties. Mr. Vasudevrav did not write or telegraph. He had gone, and with his return, he would bring the news, whether good or bad, and the poor, anxious people in the house waited for his return every day. On the fifth day two carriages drove to the door in the early morning. Mr. Vasudevrav got out of the first one; and, without saying a word, walked in, and flung himself on a sofa in a disturbed manner. Out of the second carriage a most astonishing and pitiful figure stepped out, and seated herself on the ground, weeping loudly. Then, bending her head, which was shaved but covered with her "*padar*," she knocked it against a huge stone, and became desperate with grief. Anandibai and Kakubai rushed to the door and beheld Dinnanath's widow. They shuddered at the sight. In the study they found Mr. Vasudevrav prostrate but silent. The two ladies gave way to their feelings, but Vasudevrav, with emotion, told them to be quiet, and to take in the poor girl for his brother's sake. Then Kakubai wailed loudly, and said: "The wretch has swallowed our Dinu! Why did she marry him? To eat him up in this way! Why hast thou brought this ill-luck into the house? She will surely swallow someone here. Our Dinu has gone, and she is nothing to us now;" and the poor old lady shook and wailed most pitifully. The young widow again knocked her forehead against a stone in desperate grief. She would have indeed preferred to have followed her husband on the funeral pile. Her life was a blank now. The light—the god of her life—was no more. "What is the use of living!" thought she. She fell backwards and appealed to the god of death. "Oh, Death! carry me away," exclaimed the poor, stricken creature; and with the last word she fainted away. For two hours there was utter confusion. Naturally, the fainting and falling attracted the people of the house, and the servant was ordered to bring some water, which was sprinkled on her face; and when she came to herself, she was led into the veranda, where she sat down—a sight of pity and misery.

The whole house now went into mourning, except Ratanbai, who no longer belonged to her own family, having been already married into another. The ladies were in the inner apartment, and friends, caste brothers and sisters came in hundreds to pay visits of condolence. Mr. Vasudevrav kept in his office room, whither the gentlemen came. The ladies came and sat beside the mourners Anandibai and Kakubai. The young widow was in an inner apartment, prostrate on the ground. The mourners wept, and the visitors wept, and then the poor widow wailed loudly.

*From *Ratanbai, A Sketch of a Bombay High Caste Hindu Young Wife*: by Shevantibai M. Nikambe, the principal of a High Caste School in India and wife of a Hindu Presbyterian minister of Bombay, with preface by Lady Harris, wife of the Governor of Bombay. A most interesting little book, dealing with the whole question of Indian child-life and womanhood. Pp. 88; illustrated; cloth covers; price 75 cents. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

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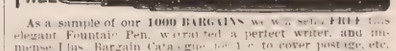

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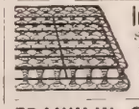

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The Gospel in the Levant.

What is being Done by Active Y. M. C. A. Workers along the Coast Cities.

IN a letter from Rev. J. E. Budgett Meakin, a most interesting and truthful picture is drawn of the progress that is being made in Christian work along the Levant. He writes: "I have recently visited the Y. M. C. A.'s of Beyrout, Jerusalem, Cairo, Alexandria, Athens, and Constantinople. The difficulties in these parts are greater than in the Orient, where there is, as a rule, a proportionately larger number of young men drawn from Christian homes and circles in England and America. Here the bulk of the clerkships and other subordinate offices, which would there be held by Englishmen or Americans, are occupied by polyglot Levantines, either natives of the various countries in which they are found or of race indeterminate. These being chiefly members of Oriental non-evangelical churches, or of no particular religious belief, are not easily attracted by evangelical associations. It is only those of their number who have either received the Christian faith in its simplicity, or who are thoughtful pupils in evangelical mission schools, who are to any extent approached by the various existing organizations.

"In organizing associations of any sort out here, there is another serious difficulty to be dealt with: that is, the general lack of backbone in these latitudes. Added to this is the lack of cohesion and perseverance which too often causes the disintegration of societies of all sorts. It seems that almost every, if not every, class of organization set on foot among these peoples, which is not directed and perennially refreshed by Western energy, must share the fate of the crumbling East, and fail. All this needs to be borne in mind in judging of success and failure in all branches of religious work as well.

"The most important centres for this class of work in the Levant lie in Egypt, notably at Alexandria and Cairo, and along the Suez Canal. Attempts have been made within the past few years, notably by Mr. George Holmes, to set associations on foot at these points, and for some time after his visits they appeared to flourish. But for want of someone who would undertake the responsibility of their direction, all have since come to grief, in spite of the willingness of many to assist. Only in Cairo does the nucleus of one remain in the Christian Endeavor Society at the American Mission. The Secretary, Mr. Ellis J. Humphreys, himself a business young man, will be glad to welcome those introduced by other Associations. What is needed for the whole circle of untouched centres is a thoroughly earnest and capable man to reside where most convenient, to undertake the administration of all with the help of local committees and secretaries. Such a man would need some foreign experience, and some acquaintance with the conditions of life in the Levant before he would be able adequately to direct operations.

"In Athens there is a flourishing little band among the members of the Evangelical Church of Greece. At their Sunday afternoon meetings practical subjects of the day, and the relations which should or should not exist between them and Christian men, are ably dealt with and discussed alternately with studies of the history of Christianity. This association is also opening a room for reading and discussing plans and methods with outsiders as a centre for evangelistic work.

"In Beyrout and Constantinople there are interesting associations in the American colleges, which, in common with many others, have received much blessing and a new impetus from the recent visit of Mr. J. R. Mott, of America. Constantinople has also a small English Association in [illegible] association for native Christians gathering at the Bible House [illegible]. Here the scattered nature of the city and suburbs renders any central association extremely difficult. Here, again, the need for extended work among our fellow-countrymen is great and pressing."

A Hindoo Bridegroom.

Probably in no country in the world is the marriage ceremonial attended by so many formalities and so much punctilio as in India. One of the peculiar customs is the ceremony of *pithi malna*, or the anointing of the bridegroom's head, arms, and shoulders with a mixture of turmeric, oil of jessamine, and attar of roses. At the recent wedding of the eldest son of Rajah Sahib Sir Wakhat-Suighi, at Lunawade—a very enlightened native ruler—the festivities were unusually elaborate and prolonged. The place was beautifully decorated, and a special pavilion was erected at great cost and fitted up like a bower of fairyland. Both bride and groom were arrayed in costumes that were marvels of the designer's art. No amount of persuasion could succeed in procuring a photograph of the shy and diminutive bride, in her wedding-robes, but the noble young groom—an intellectual-looking youth of about twenty-two—was not averse to the ordeal of the camera. He is shown in the illustration on this page, in all the wonderful finery of his gay ceremonial dress. His portrait is reproduced from the London *Graphic*.

A HINDOO BRIDEGROOM

Two Godly Women's Work.

Their Efforts to Establish a Church in a Neglected District.

IN a letter from a CHRISTIAN HERALD subscriber in South Carolina, a very interesting and instructive Christian work by two earnest women is simply described. The writer says:

"A little place of worship is at situated at Kalb, eight miles from Camden, S. C., in the country. It is in the midst of people who never go to any church, and who are very poor. There are a good many children among them, who need looking after. We have had no regular preaching until last year, but we have now secured the occasional services of two ministers—Presbyterian and Methodist, and we have preaching twice a month. Our building is in very bad repair—nothing more than an old shell, having never been sealed or plastered. There are a great many colored people who come to our church,—so many that when we have night services we have to ask them to stay away, because there is no room.

"Two women have vowed to God, with his help, to build him an house, so that all may come, both white and black, to hear the blessed words of life. There has been some gracious outpouring of the Spirit in this little sanctuary, and a church with God's blessing on it would be a mighty means of good, a beacon light to many a soul. The men in this community will furnish the lumber, and it rests on those two women to raise the money for the building. One of these women is almost an invalid. They have raised enough money to buy a small organ for our Sunday School and lamps for the evening services. There are only a few families in the place that are able to pay anything. Baptists friends have been very kind in helping. The women know they are undertaking a great work when they consider the poor neighborhood; but they hope to be like Nehemiah and remain on the wall until it is finished. We ask the prayers of all God's people who read these words, and also the prayers of the Bowery Mission."

The Gospel and the Life-Savers.

For two years R. Ashly Cake, an ordained Elder in the M. E. Church, has been preaching the Gospel among the life-savers at their stations along the New Jersey coast at his own expense. The work has increased in interest until now it extends along the entire coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, and Mr. Cake is practically unable to meet the demands that are being made upon him. The life-savers go on duty August 1, and for ten months are deprived of all church privileges. Mr. Cake, who is thoroughly consecrated to this work, stands ready to serve them on their lonely isles of the sea. His address is at Port Republic, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Christians and Stuffed Canaries.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, speaking at the Mildmay Conference in England, related the following anecdote: "It came to my lot, while staying in far-off Tasmania, to be shown into a room at a house to await the arrival of a friend. I did what I ought not to have done—I began to investigate the pictures on the wall and the articles on the table. Amongst other things I observed a canary bird in a cage before the window. I looked at it, and hoped it would sing. As it would not do so I began to sing to it, to say—'Sweet! sweet!' 'Pretty Dick!' If you want people to be kind to you, you should be kind to them. But this canary would not utter a note. I was disgusted, so I looked into the cage. Doubtless the bird was living, thought I, for there was the seed in the trough; then there was a vessel filled with water, and a piece of sugar was stuck between the bars. So I said, 'Sweet! sweet!' But still it would not sing. Then my friend came into the room, and, after talking a little while, I said, 'You have got a dumb canary; do what you will, it will not sing—at least to strangers.' 'Oh,' said my friend, 'it's stuffed—it's not a live bird.' And I confess that I have been into churches and into Christian homes where there was bread enough and to spare, where there was seed in the trough, and water—aye, and the sugar, too—but they would not say, 'Sweet! sweet!' or be glad in their songs. I pray no members of the Mildmay Conference may be Christians of the stuffed canary sort."

The Armenian Relief Work.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$48,762.53
Mrs T Louise Mayes	1 00
Hiram F Clark	5 00
Trinity Reformed Church	1 75
Jr C E Missionary Society of Evan Luth Church	1 50
Friend, Chicago	1 00
Mrs Kate E Van Ausdale	1 00
Mrs W S Beals	1 75
A L Richardson	50
Ladies' Aid Soc of Pres Church, Cal	9 90
Mrs O J Cuthbert	2 00
Ever Ready Circle of K D	1 00
Mrs J Baker	5 00
E E, Mass	1 00
Total	$48,794.93

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Here and Yonder.

THEY hope to wear a starry crown,
In yonder realms of day,
Who shrank from every cross their Lord
Would here upon them lay;
And they would bear the victor's palm,
'Mid that triumphant throng,
Who never made one struggle here,
For conquest over wrong.

They hope to hear a tender voice
Say "Well-beloved, come!"
Who never bade him "Welcome" here
Within their earthly home:
And some would join exultant strains
Of glad harmonious praise,
Who never here, with heart or voice,
One note of love would raise.

Can we expect to dwell on high,
In love and harmony
With those whom here, despised, condemned,
We shunned disdainfully?
Lord, how may we expect to live
In heavenly places there,
Unless in sweet humility
Thy easy yoke we bear?

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay Fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. J. C. Clark, of Gravelly, Iowa, testifies that [illegible] Asthma for [illegible] years. I put it to a [illegible] Hay Fever, after being unable to lie down [illegible]. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove to other sufferers these and hundreds of other cures are sent free by mail or express prepaid. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the [illegible] free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay Fever. Any druggist who cannot supply you should send to headquarters about it. Send your name and address on a postal card and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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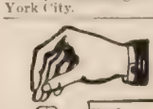

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission prayer was offered on July 12, in accordance with the requests of many persons among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Constant Reader, Malden, Mass., for the conversion of an only son who appears to be utterly indifferent to sacred things; also that two dear friends may be brought into the kingdom.——Reader, Wareham, Mass., that a friend whose godly ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, may be delivered from scepticism and be led to believe in Christ to the salvation of his soul.——G. A. R., Maryland, that a dear son may be saved.——"Reader," Thorneville, O., that a dearly loved friend might be led to Christ and saved from all evil.——T., Port Jervis, N. Y., for a mother and sister that both might turn to the Lord for salvation.——Subscriber, Independence, Mo., that a son who has lost his interest in spiritual things may renew his covenant engagements and become a consistent follower of Christ; also that a son-in-law and a cousin may with their families turn to the Lord.——Anxious Sister, Crewe, Va., that husband and sons may give themselves wholly to God.——F. M. Monroe, Mo., that husband and son may be converted and kept from all evil.——Believer, Cincinnati, O., for the salvation of a dearone who is becoming the slave of strong drink.——Daughter, West Philadelphia, Pa., that the salvation of a father who is growing old, but is not yet a Christian.——Sister in Christ, Aurora, N. Y., that a beloved husband and child may be saved and wholly consecrated to Christ's service.——M. M., Attica, Kans., for the conversion of a son over thirty years old, unsaved.——One who loves God, Atglen, Pa., that a dear brother, and sister-in-law, and a friend who is sick might all turn to God for salvation and become entirely the Lord's.——C. G. W., Free Soil, Mich., that an only son might be converted and delivered from a sinful association which is dragging him down to ruin.——A. P., for the conversion of a husband who is addicted to strong drink.——Edmonda, Pa., that a nephew be delivered from his bondage to the liquor habit and that he, and a dear brother, and an aged friend might be led to Christ and their souls be saved.——J. E. S., Winchester, N. H., for the conversion of husband and child.——"One who believes," Hermitage, Mo., that a dearly loved one might give himself unreservedly to the Lord.——E. M. D., Chillicothe, Mo., for the conversion of a dear brother who has brought himself to the verge of ruin by drink.——"Sorrowing Mother," Allegheny, Pa., that a beloved one who is in sore trouble may turn to God in his sorrow and find peace and comfort.——I. S., Pea Ridge, Ark., that two young men who have Christian wives may give themselves to Christ and serve him.——"Aged Sister," Union City, Tenn., for the conversion of three sons, and a step-son, and their families.——"Anxious Mother," Peoria, Ill., that salvation of her only son who has fallen in with wicked companions who are leading on to destruction.——Earnest Worker, Silver City, that two brothers who are not in the Kingdom may declare for Christ; also that a dear friend who has wandered far in the paths of sin and has become the victim of strong drink may be restored and made a new creature in Christ.——Workers, Fairmount, O., for the salvation of many unconverted souls through the Sunday School at this place.——"Sorrowing Mother," Kimball, Pa., for the salvation of her two sons for whom many prayers have been offered.

For the Restoration of Health. A. P., that a friend now in the asylum for the insane may recover her health.——Reader, Gazette, Mo., for the restoration of a husband and father who is suffering from nervous prostration.——Widow, Ionia, Mich., that her two beloved daughters may regain their health and strength, and that one who is losing the sense of hearing may be cured.——J. R. S., Springfield, Ill., for the recovery of a beloved daughter who is suffering from general debility.——"Old Subscriber," Hamilton, O., for the recovery of a son who is now in the State Hospital.——"Anxious Mother," Bouckville, N. Y., that a son, who, it is feared, is now in consumption, may be cured for the sake of his wife and family.——Huntingdon, Pa., for the recovery of a young man who is in an asylum for the insane.——"Believer," Cincinnati, O., that health and eyesight may be granted to a relative who is greatly depressed.——R. R., Belgrade, Me., that two sufferers, who desire to be the Lord's children may regain their health.——H. W., East Haddam, Conn., that a dear man may recover his hearing so as to continue his business.——"Subscriber," Buffalo, N. Y., that a young man who is sick may be restored to perfect health, and be enabled to lead a consistent life.——"Faithful," Brooklyn, N. Y., for the recovery of two young men whose sickness is keeping them from service for the Lord's cause.——"Anxious Mother, Crewe, Va., for the recovery of two afflicted sons.——"Believer," Elpasco, Ill., that a dear brother who is needed to care for a young family may be restored to health.——Constant Reader, Boston, Mass., that a sister who has been ill for many months may be healed by the Lord.——"In His Name," Oregon, Wis., that a dear mother who is very sick may be healed and restored to her place in the household.——The following persons also ask prayer that God would heal them of their sickness: "Penitent Sinner," Denver, Colo.; H. M., Nantucket, Mass.; J. K., Paso Robles, Cal.; A. B., Tyrone, Pa.

For Special Blessings. "Anxious Friend," Charleston, S. C., that one who is in great trouble and is reduced to beggary, may have the light of God's face restored to him and may get the help he needs for this life.——J. O. B., Libby, Mont., for grace and power in the midst of darkness and in the dearth of the means of grace to live a consistent life and lead souls to Christ.——Emma J. W., Mayesville, S. C., that God would hear the prayers of his people for the money to build the school-house so urgently needed by the children of this section. "Our hope is in him."——"Believer," Cincinnati, O., that in some way property now lying idle may be so disposed of as to save a family from embarrassment.——"Aged Mother," Union City, Tenn., that the members of her family who have confessed Christ may never turn back to the world.——"Anxious Sister," that a dear mother who is sorely cast down by a crushing bereavement might be enabled to say, "Thy will be done."——Edmonda, Pa., that a wandering husband may be brought to repentance and be restored to his family.——"Discouraged," Nevada, Mo., that grace may be given to resist temptation, and to get rid of vile, impure imaginations.——"Believer," that one who has done a grievous wrong may repent and make restitution.——Believer, Pleasant Hall, Pa., that a man who has been led astray by a wicked woman may be cured of his infatuation and may be restored to his wife and family; also that a mother may have penetration given her so that she may understand her daughter, whose mind is affected and cannot make herself understood.——"One in Distress," Seattle, Wash., that he may be delivered from the burden of debt and be enabled to pay honestly all he owes.——"Constant Reader," Manada Hill, Pa., for deliverance from a heavy financial trouble that is making life very bitter.——"Believer," Auburn, Ky., for direction in a search for employment, so that wife and family may have the things they need.——"Mother," Nettle Lake, O., that a son may have peace in his family, and love may drive away dissension.——"Troubled Heart," Ridgeway, Ill., that God will look upon her in her deep sorrow, caused by the desertion of one in whom she trusted everything, and will do for her whatever may be best in his sight.——E. E. M., Pittsburg, Pa., that a young man who is seeking employment may be directed to work by which he could maintain himself honestly.——H. L., Pattonville, Mo., that a distressed and impoverished family in Florida may be guided and directed so that all things may turn out for the best.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

An Algerian Betrothal.

Also Some of the Pleasant Social Amenities of Life in that Country.

ONE of the most entertaining of travelers who have recentiy visited Algeria, is Mme Dralla, a French lady. She went there a young bride, to whom everything was bright and new and full of interest. With a woman's quick powers of observation, she noted what she saw, and the result is a delightful pen-picture of Algerian domestic life. She dwelt at Bone, a somewhat important seaport, in a house upon whose flat roof she and her husband drank their coffee every morning and enjoyed the cool sea-breeze.

By slow degrees she became acquainted with her Algerian neighbors. They bade her "Aseemah," (good morning), from their roofs, in a tongue she could not understand, though she guessed at its purport. Some blessed her, while others cursed her for a Christian. The children called "Roumi! Roumi!" indicating that they knew she belonged to the race that had conquered their country.

"I bade my servant bring me lumps of sugar and other sweets," she writes, "and I threw these to the children. But lo! the whole party, old and young, mothers and children, rushed to pick them up! The rules of native politeness enjoin this, and having eaten the dainties, they all put their fingers in their mouths to thank me. A few hours afterwards, one of my neighbors (whose husband possibly wished to stand well with mine), sent me some coffee berries, some crumbs of bread and a pinch of salt. These gifts were intended to convey a message thus: 'Coffee—May thy life be bright. Bread—May'st thou never be in need. Salt—May disease never touch thee.' I returned the compliment by sending her a match, a cake, and an egg; which signified: 'May thy beauty shine in the eyes of a brave man. May'st thou be fed on the best of the land. Hidden by thy white veil, may'st thou bring comfort and life around thee.' It was all I could do. I was never able to call on her."

Mme. Dralla thus describes an Algerian bridal: Fatma and Ali, two young acquaintances, were to be betrothed. The father of the bridegroom was to pay a sum of money agreed on, and receive a receipt from the father of the girl—practically a certificate sealed by the cadi. The father of the girl and the bridegroom then sit on the ground, face to face, grasping one another's right hand, raising the thumbs and pressing them one against the other. The father of the girl says, "I betroth to thee my daughter, So-and-So, for a dowry of such an amount." The bridegroom answers, "I accept from thee the betrothal to myself." While these words are being spoken, a muezzin or a schoolmaster puts a handkerchief on the two united hands, and when the last word is said he recites a short prayer in praise of God, a form of blessing and some verses on marriage. Two or three days later the wedding takes place.

"On the wedding day a professional 'beauty-dresser' came forward to do her duty to the bride, who, poor child, looked frightened and amazed. She yielded her tiny hands and feet to be painted with the deep orange-red tint imparted by the leaves of the 'henna;' her nails were made perfectly black, but the back of both hands and feet were left of their native hue. On her head was placed a red, dome-shaped cap, sparkling with sequins and gold embroidery. This cap covered most of her hair, and left disclosed a fringe over her forehead and two long locks by her ears. Jewels were put on arms and ankles, and a necklace was fastened about her throat. When thus fully adorned, she was instructed to walk before us, that all might have full and equal opportunity of admiring her. She obeyed slowly and with a peculiar gait, inclining the lower part of her body from side to side as she walked, while with her hands she slightly raised the edges of her outer garments.

"Then the women veiled themselves. The bridegroom was coming out, and met Fatma at the foot of the staircase. He blew in her face to teach her submission, and put over her head a golden piece to pay the beauty-dresser, thus assuming his responsibility for her."

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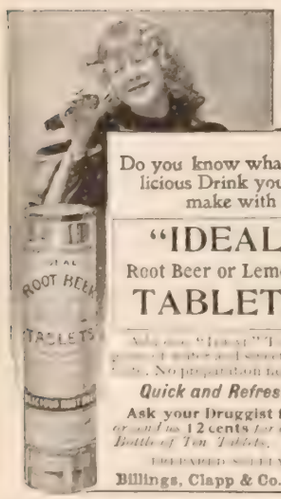

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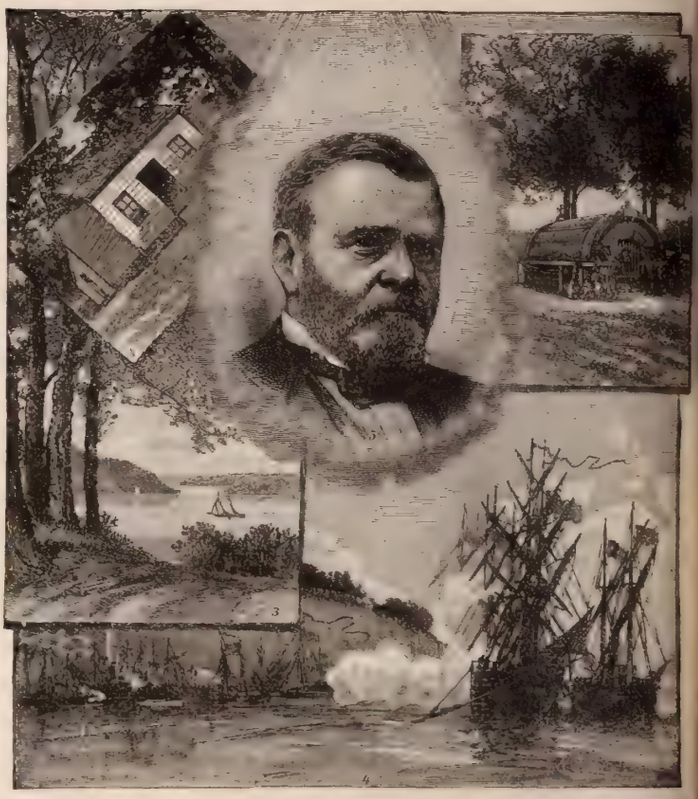

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 32.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices: — Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1896. Price Five Cents.

A MORNING SCENE AT THE "FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN," NAZARETH, PALESTINE. (See Page 574.)

THE GLOW OF SUNSET.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Luke 24: 29, "*Abide with us, for it is toward evening.*"

TWO villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time, and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware, have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without [illegible]. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a [illegible]. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadences of mercy. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everthing pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your soul; in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination! Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making special preparation for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feebler, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance-sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your Interests. A sudden crash of national misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul [illegible] flies to him for shelter. Let the [illegible] swoop and the euroclydon cross the [illegible]. Let the thunders roar—soon all w[illegible] well. Christ in the ship to sooth[illegible] friends. Christ on the sea to sto[illegible] tumult. Christ in the grave to scatt[illegible] darkness. Christ in the heavens t[illegible] the way. Blessed all such. His arm[illegible] enclose them, his grace comfort the[illegible] light cheer them, his sacrifice free t[illegible] his glory enchant them. If earthly [illegible] takes wings, he will be an incorru[illegible] treasure. If friends die, he will be [illegible] resurrection. Standing with us in [illegible] morning of our joy and in the noond[illegible] our prosperity, he will not forsak[illegible] when the lustre has faded and it is to[illegible] evening.

Listen to Paul's battle-shout with [illegible] fortune. Hark to mounting Luth[illegible] fire-song. Look at the glory that has [illegible] the dungeon and filled the earth and [illegible] ens with the crash of the falling man[illegible] of despotism. And then look at those [illegible] have tried to cure themselves by h[illegible] prescriptions, attempting to heal gan[illegible] with a patch of court-plaster, and to op[illegible] the plague of dying empires with [illegible] quackery of earthly wisdom. No[illegible] can speak peace to the soul. Nothin[illegible] unstrap our crushing burdens, nothin[illegible] overcome our spiritual foes, nothing [illegible] open our eyes to see the surrou[illegible] horses and chariots of salvation tha[illegible] all the mountains, but the voice and [illegible] mand of him who stopped one nigh[illegible] Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertine[illegible] us all, from the fact that we are ne[illegible] the evening of death. I have heard it [illegible] that we ought to live as though each [illegible] ment were to be our last. I do not be[illegible] that theory. As far as preparation is [illegible] cerned, we ought always to be ready: [illegible] we cannot always be thinking of d[illegible] for we have duties in life that demand [illegible] attention. When a man is selling g[illegible] it is his business to think of the ba[illegible] he is making. When a man is pleadi[illegible] the courts it is his duty to think of th[illegible] terests of his clients. When a cler[illegible] adding up his accounts it is his dut[illegible] keep his mind upon the column of fig[illegible]. He who fills up his life with thought[illegible] death is far from being the highest [illegible] of Christian. I knew a man who [illegible] often to say at night, "I wish I migh[illegible] before morning!" He became an int[illegible].

But there are times when we can [illegible] ought to give ourselves to the conte[illegible] tion of that solemn moment when to [illegible] soul time ends and eternity begins. [illegible] must go through that one pass. Ther[illegible] no roundabout way, no by-path, no [illegible] cuitous route. Die we must; and it [illegible] be to us a shameful occurrence or a [illegible] of admirable behavior. Our friends [illegible] stretch out their hands to keep us b[illegible] but no imploration on their part can h[illegible] us. They might offer large retainers. [illegible] death would not take the fee. The bre[illegible] will fail, and the eyes will close, and [illegible] heart will stop. You may hang the co[illegible] with gorgeous tapestry, but what [illegible] death care for beautiful curtains? [illegible] may hang the room with the finest wo[illegible] of art, but what does death care for [illegible] tures? You may fill the house with [illegible] wailings of widowhood and orphana[illegible] does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing the[illegible] Who wants to live here for ever? [illegible] world has always treated me well, [illegible] every day I feel less and less like scold[illegible] and complaining. But yet I would [illegible] want to make this my eternal reside[illegible]. I love to watch the clouds, and bathe [illegible] soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I [illegible] pect when the firmament is rolled away [illegible] a scroll to see a new heaven, gran[illegible] higher and more glorious. You ought [illegible] be willing to exchange your body that [illegible] headaches and sideaches and weaknes[illegible] innumerable, that limps with the sto[illegible] bruise, or festers with the thorn, or flar[illegible] on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an Inc[illegible] ruptible body and an eye that blinks [illegible]

here the jasper gates and the great white thone. But between that and this there ish hour about which no man should be reless or foolhardy. I doubt not your coage, but I tell you that you will want sgething better than a strong arm, a gd aim and a trusty sword when you coe to your last battle. You will need a beer robe than any you have in your wdrobe to keep you warm in that place.

ircumstances do not make so much diffe ce. It may be a bright day when you pu off from the planet, or it may be a dc night and while the owl is hooting thu the forest. It may be Spring, and yo soul may go out among the blossoms, ane-orchards swinging their censers in thway. It may be Winter and the earth in snow shroud. It may be Autumn, and th forests set on fire by the retreating sut: dead nature laid out in state. It ay be with your wife's hand in your nd, or you may be in a strange hotel wh a servant faithful to the last. It ay be in the rail train, shot off the sch and tumbling in long reverberation in the embankment—crash! crash! I w not the time: I know not the mode: th the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the when we have but ten days left, then n days, then eight days, then seven da, six days, five days, four days, three da, two days, one day. Then hours: t hours, two hours, one hour. Then on minutes left; five minutes, four minu, three minutes, two minutes, one mute. Then only seconds left; four seco, three seconds, two seconds, one sec Gone! The chapter of life ended! T book closed! The pulses at rest! T feet through with the journey! The hs closed from all work. No word on ips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair bed back to lie undisheveled by any han hands. The muscles still. The es still. The lungs still. The tongue st. All still. You might put the stethope to the breast and hear no sound. Y might put a speaking-trumpet to the e but you could not wake the deafness. N motion; no throb; no life. Still! still!

death comes to the disciple! What the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is t day-spring from on high; the perpet morning of every ransomed spirit. W at if the darkness comes? Jesus is the ht of the world and of heaven. What tgh this earthly house does crumble! Js has prepared a house of many mans. Jesus is the anchor that always hs. Jesus is the light that is never essed. Jesus is the fountain that is ver exhausted. Jesus is the evening st, hung up amid the gloom of the gathe g night!

ou are almost through with the abuse a backbiting of enemies. They will call m no more by evil names. Your good ds will no longer be misinterpreted nor ur honor filched. The troubles of earth vl end in the felicities! Toward evening! e bereavements of earth will soon be ied. You will not much longer stand ring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel eping for her children or David mourn- Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. unds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrys terminated. No more sounding of dead march! Toward evening. Death l come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids the babe, as full rations to a starving dier, as evening hour to the exhausted rkman. The sky will take on its sun glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every e a glassy mirror; the forests transured; delicate mists climbing the air. ur friends will announce it; your pulses ll beat it; your joys will ring it; your s will whisper it: "Toward evening!"

The prayers of the readers of this journal requested for the blessing of God upon its prietor, and also upon those whose sermons, icles, or labors for Christ, are printed in and that its circulation may be used by the ly Spirit for the conversion of sinners and quickening of God's people.

The Dead Champion.

A Life of Valiant Service to the Protestant Cause Closed in the Death of the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LAST week a brief announcement appeared in this journal of the loss the Protestant Episcopal Church had sustained by the sudden death of the Bishop of Western New York. We now give on this page the portrait of the famous divine with some facts about his distinguished career.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe came of Presbyterian parentage. His father was the Rev. Samuel Harrison Cox, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. The final letter of the Bishop's name was an addition of his own, based on his antiquarian researches. He was born at Mendham, N. J., in 1818, and had therefore attained the age of seventy-eight years when he died. He was educated at the University of New York, and early gave indications of a predilection for a ministerial career. He was, however, disinclined to follow in his father's footsteps, and in looking around for a church home he was attracted by the Protestant Episcopal Church which, to his mind, appeared to approach nearer to his idea of the primitive church of the New Testament and the early fathers than any other communion. He accordingly entered that church, was confirmed, and began his studies for the ministry in the General Theological Seminary. His first charge was at St. Ann's in New York, where the learning and eloquence of the young clergyman made a deep impression. He subsequently labored at Hartford, Conn., and Baltimore, Md. In 1863 he returned to New York to become Rector of Calvary Church. Two years were all that he was able to give to the work there, for in 1865 he was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Western New York to aid Bishop De Lancey in the arduous work of the diocese.

THE LATE BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

Three months later the death of the latter ensued and Bishop Coxe succeeded him in the Episcopate. Since that time his activity has been incessant. With tongue and pen he labored indefatigably and apparently without any decrease of energy until a few weeks ago, when he suffered from nervous dyspepsia. With Mrs. Coxe he went for a brief rest to Clifton Springs, N. Y., where he seemed to be regaining his normal robust health. He had so far recovered as to arrange a journey to Buffalo on Episcopal business on July 20, and was preparing to start when he was seized with severe pain, and died within a few hours.

Bishop Coxe was best known by his stalwart defence of the doctrines of the Reformation, and his sturdy opposition to the party in the Church which tended in the direction of Roman Catholicism. It was his hope to eventually reach so broad a comprehension as to win to the fold the Presbyterians, Congregationalists and even the Methodists. Here and at the Conferences in England he steadily labored with this object in view, and it was largely due to his efforts that the Lambeth Conferences were held. The Revision of the Prayer Book was also suggested and advocated by him. He was strongly in sympathy with the work of Dr. Dollinger and Pere Hyacinthe, and took a prominent part in every movement that had for its object the reunion of the sects. The Bishop contributed extensively to periodical literature, and was the author of several beautiful hymns.

In Chicago's Slums.

How College Graduates are Helping the Poor of the Great City to Bear Their Burdens.

IN several previous numbers of this journal the principle of the College and Social Settlement has been explained, and the practical working of it in New York and other cities has been described. We are now indebted to Mr. Walter V. Gulick for a picture and an account of one of the most successful of the Chicago Settlements, which bears the name of The Commons. It is under the auspices of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and is under the personal direction of one of its professors, Dr. Graham Taylor, who occupies the chair of Christian Sociology in that institution. It was the sixth of the ten Settlements of Chicago to enter the work, but its facilities and the earnestness with which the young students have labored have placed it in the forefront of them all, and have made it one of the model institutions of the kind in the world.

The Commons, of which a picture is here given, stands at the centre of one of the overcrowded river wards, near the junction of Union street with Milwaukee avenue. There is a tradition that the house was erected some years ago by a wealthy brewer as a residence for his family, before the flight of residents to the suburbs began. It is large and roomy, and after the decadence of the neighborhood began a large frame building was erected in its rear, which became a lodging house for Italians. Both buildings are now used by the Settlement, which has thus forty-four rooms at its disposal. It seemed as if Providence had arranged the building purposely for the Settlement, so exactly is it adapted for it in arrangement and location. It affords ample accommodation for the three families and the eleven residents who have taken up their abode there, that they may minister to the poor people who swarm in the surrounding streets.

As in other Settlements, there is no charitable work carried on in The Commons. Kindly gifts there may be occasionally, as there are between neighbors and friends everywhere, but no one expects to get relief there. The people around simply know that there are some nice, neighborly, genial people living there who are hospitable and good people to know. They have friendly parties frequently, when there is good music and conversation, and when the men and women of the neighborhood are welcomed without ceremony and without condescension. It is accounted a privilege by the people who live, eat and sleep in one dark, ill-smelling room in a tenement house, to come into one of the big, clean rooms at The Commons and spend an evening pleasantly, talking and listening to singing and music. Then, too, all day long there are two rooms open in The Commons, one for men and one for boys, in which, spread on long tables are the daily and weekly papers and the monthly magazines. A man or a boy can turn in there at any time, if through unfavorable weather or any other cause he has an idle day on his hands.

But this neighborly hospitality, though the foundation work of The Commons, does not cover all that is done there. Some of the good people who live there conduct a Kindergarten School to which

THE CHICAGO COMMONS.

sixty little children come, wisely preferring it to the sidewalk and the gutter, which were formerly their only places of play and amusement. Some of the residents are medical students from the colleges, and any one who is sick can get advice free if their cases are simple, and periodically one of the ablest medical experts is there to whom they can apply without cost if their cases are too complicated for the students to treat. Then, too, there are some young ladies there from Wellesley and Vassar colleges, who are able to teach the girls of the neighborhood cooking and dressmaking, as well as talk to them on subjects of higher interest. Not lecturing, but friendly conversations, which the factory girl appreciates. She knows these college ladies as her friends, who will listen to her troubles and difficulties, and sympathize and advise her. In the evening there are all kinds of friendly gatherings. Debating clubs are very popular there, and Bible classes are well attended.

The influence of this association with cultivated people is distinctly beneficial on the neighborhood. One instance in point will serve as an illustration. A lady held a kind of reception at The Commons one afternoon, when the boys of the neighborhood came and spent an hour or two there. The meeting ended pleasantly, and all left. But shortly afterwards two came back and asked to see the lady. They explained with some difficulty that they were volunteers who had come to make an apology. One of the other boys had seen some small coin in the room at the reception, and his habits and bringing up had caused him to yield to temptation. He did not know the code of honor existing as to The Commons, and he had stolen the money. But outside, conscience pricked him, and the thing becoming known it was decreed that nothing would meet the case but prompt restitution. But the boy was too much ashamed to come himself, and, besides, there was a doubt about his trustworthiness. These two boys volunteered to carry back the stolen money. The lady asked them how it was they were trusted. They explained that they were subjected to a plan that would have done credit to a first-class detective. They were deprived of all money and their pockets emptied. Then the stolen money was given to them, and when they came out their companions searched them to see that there was no coin in their possession. This way of providing for the fidelity of a messenger would not have occurred to boys of less mental capacity, or of less experience in the tortuous ways of low city life. It showed how sorely needed was some such refining influence as The Commons exerts, and the voluntary restitution showed that the influence is being felt. Many stories are told of the same character, indicating the beneficial nature of the results on men and women, as well as on boys. There is no direct reformatory or philanthropic effort but the neighborly and friendly interest is doing its work.

David's Confession.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 16. Psalm 32:1-11. Golden Text, Psalm 51: 10.

DAVID had evidently passed through a very bitter experience when he wrote the psalm which is the subject of the lesson. Even the critics who doubt so many things, as to date and authorship, generally concede that the warrior king did write it, and they now substantially agree that he wrote it after his disgraceful fall and restoration. The sentences of the composition have a ring of deep emotion which confirms this belief. It is no contemplative poem, or mere pious reflection, but a strong expression of personal feeling wrung from a heart still throbbing with pain. The words are those of a man who has passed through deep waters, who has escaped a terrible danger and has been under the dread of impending calamity. The psalm is inscribed, "Maschil," which indicates its teaching, or instructive, purpose, and this was clearly in the author's mind when he wrote it. He wants every man who falls into sin to know not only that God pardons, but that the only course open to the sinner that has in it the promise of peace and blessedness, is to make humble confession to God and seek pardon. He declares that he had taken that course and could therefore speak from experience. We can imagine how much it must have cost the king to come out thus openly before all his people and thus publicly confess his wrongdoing by writing the hymn which was to be sung in the public service of the Tabernacle. He does it for the good of other people, and we may well believe that the full story with all its horrible and repulsive details was put in God's Word with the same motive, and, therefore, should not be avoided or ignored.

The psalm is divided into three portions marked off by the word "Selah." This word still puzzles Bible scholars in spite of all the study that has been given to it. The general and most probable belief is that it is a musical term of direction to the choir. It indicates either a pause in the music when there was complete silence, or when the singers were silent and the musical instruments continued to play. The three divisions have each a separate message. In the first, David describes the joy of the man who, after a period of wretchedness and sullen impenitence, goes in contrition to God and receives assurance of pardon. The load is lifted from the aching shoulders, the sun rises and drives away the darkness of the night. In the second division, David takes consolation from the fact that to the end of time men will learn from his experience how good God is to the humble penitent, and will be encouraged by his example to go to God with confidence. In the third division, God himself is supposed to be speaking and urging men for their own sake to be docile, as the only way of escaping sorrow. They ought to have more sense than the brutes, who must be bound and harnessed, in order that they may do what they have to do. The child of God should be so receptive and so quick to do God's will, so thoroughly in unison with him that he does not need constraint or correction. God can guide him with his eye. There is no need of a pull on the bridle or a touch of the whip. A look is sufficient.

"Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

The sorrowful fact about this psalm is the hideous crime which preceded it. There will be some difficulty in explaining the facts to the children, but it will be unwise to be silent about them. They will be told at some time in their lives, and it is better that they should hear the story from one who will tell it with a warning, than that they should hear it first from some tempter, who will suggest the inference that there is no great harm in falling as did the "man after God's own heart." Briefly, it appears that David, yielding to the affectionate pleading of his people that he should not expose himself to peril, remained at home in his new palace in Jerusalem, while Joab commanded the army that was besieging the Ammonite capital. He was, it is believed, about fifty years of age, a man of strong passions, who had suddenly exchanged a life of hardship and activity for a life of luxury and comparative idleness. That is always a period of peculiar danger when temptation is most likely to succeed. At this time, David became intatuated with Bathsheba, a woman who, according to Jewish traditions, was not only beautiful, but singularly talented and cultured. If she had been an ordinary woman, there would have been no difficulty in those times in David adding her to his already numerous household. But she was the wife of a distinguished officer of his own body-guard, and she was also the grand-daughter of Ahithophel, one of his chief counsellors. If David had not been beside himself with infatuation he would have perceived that an intrigue with her was peculiarly disgraceful. But he gave way to his passions and after stooping to the grossest meanness, contrived, with the assistance of the unscrupulous Joab, the death of the husband. Then he made Bathsheba his wife and perhaps thought himself safe from exposure. After the lapse of about a year, during which his conscience must have troubled him, Nathan was sent to him to bring his offence home. He submits to David a case of oppression and asks his opinion. The King, severe as wrongdoers often are, would have a man put to death who had appropriated a lamb belonging to another. Then Nathan had the courage to denounce him to his face. The king quailed under the reproof, and confessed his sin. Nathan was authorized to grant God's forgiveness but not to relieve him of certain fearful consequences. There would be no more peace for him, the sword would not depart from his house; and from his own family would come trouble and sorrow and humiliation.

It is a sad story full of weighty lessons. One is sorry for the great king, who had endured so much hardship, and who had behaved so nobly under peculiarly trying circumstances, as we see him entering on his old age bowed with grief and shame under the weight of his guilt. All his dignity and wealth and glory were befouled with his horrible crime. Through all the remainder of his life he must go with the hideous stain upon him, his name in history tarnished, and his infamy never effaced. His power and influence, too, were maimed. His eldest son's sin must go unreproved because the young man could retort upon him with a reminder of his own guilt, and he must bear in meekness the insolence of Joab who had been his instrument in crime. The hour in which he yielded to temptation was fatal. Before he turned back he had caused his faithful servant to be put to death, and had put his future life in bondage. His fall ought to be a warning to every one to be vigilant against temptation, especially in hours of idleness, to be uncompromising in resisting allurements to sin and to seek divine protection, lest the foe, which could overcome so good and great a man, should prove too strong for us. It should teach us, too, that the way of peace for the sinner is the way David took, of humble penitence and submission to God.

In whose spirit there is no guile. There is really a blessing for the simple, disinterested, kindly nature, that the tricky, deceitful nature never gains. In Hawthorne's well-known story, the successful seekers for the great jewel are not the seeker who wanted to clasp it in his hand and have it buried with him; nor he who wanted to enchance his scientific reputation; nor he who wanted it only to sell it to the biggest bidder; nor the poet who wanted it to hide in his attic chamber where his soul could drink in its radiance; nor the lord who desired to add it to the treasures in his ancestral halls that it might shed glory on his family heirlooms; but the simple couple who hoped to find it that they might show it to their neighbors, and might have its light glow from the windows of their cottage.

When I kept silence my bones waxed old. Many a wrong-doer has had a similar experience, and has learned that confession must be made to relieve the unbearable suffering. In one of Miss Wilkins' beautiful stories the heroine has to confess to a kindly fault to save her life or reason. Her obstinate old husband had been brought to death's door by disease, but had resolutely refused to take medicine. The old lady had saved his life by secretly mixing a certain drug with his food. For weeks he had taken the medicine without knowing it and he recovered. But the old lady's conscience reproached her for playing the trick upon him. She could not sleep, she could not eat, and her poor body shrank under her mental torture. Her bones waxed old by her grief. She found relief at last by telling him what she had done. He was so angry that he drove her from home. She took refuge with her sister, pining under the separation, but no longer stung by her conscience. One day she crawled back to the dear old home where she had lived for nearly fifty years, and pleaded with her husband to take her back. "You just go right back to your sister's this minute," said the old man sternly. She obeyed meekly but she had not had time to remove her bonnet, before she heard her husband's step at the door. He entered and walking up to her formally said: "I've come to ask you to come home, Lucy."

Thou art my hiding place. A Boston journal tells the story of a young man who found a hiding place in his father's love. The young man fell in with evil associates, disgraced himself and ran away from home. His affectionate father searched for him, but could get no trace of him. Two years afterward he was in New York on business. One day he noticed a crowd following a policeman who was taking a prisoner to the station. One glance at the prisoner was sufficient. It was his son. He went to the young man's cell and putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "Henry, my boy." The kindness broke the young man's heart. "Can you forgive me, father?" he cried. Before the father left the cell he had all of the son's difficulties. One man was hunting for him for an unpaid board bill, another for the cost of a window and a valuable vase he had broken while intoxicated, and so on. The young man owned that he had made so many enemies that his life was a burden to him. "Come home with me, said the father the next day, when he had been around and settled the claims as far as he was able. The invitation was gladly accepted, and for the first time in months the son knew what peace was.

I will guide thee with mine eye. "I remember," says a Christian journalist, "two homes of which I was an inmate at a time in my young days. In one, the children were sulky, obstinate, and disobedient, and had to be often beaten. In the other there was peace and quiet. I have seen a child quelled by a look from the mother's eye, or brighten under her approving glance. I have seen her look like an open door and her child would anticipate her wish and run to close it." Oh, yes, it is a happy thing for children and parents when the eye will do the work of the chiding tongue.

RELIGIOUS WORK IN PRISON

AMONG the many avenues of religious effort, there are some that present features of peculiar interest. This is especially true of Christian work among the criminal classes. All over our land wherever there is a prison, reformatory, penitentiary, or other penal institution, there the Gospel is being preached to sinners, and free salvation through Jesus Christ is offered to perishing souls. Many persons who rarely even give the prisons and convicts a passing thought, would doubtless be very much surprised if they visited a large State Prison, such as those at Auburn, Sing Sing, or Joliet, to learn from the chaplain and others of the remarkable Christian work that is accomplished among the prisoners, many of whom are incarcerated for a short time only while others are doomed to spend the remainder of their lives behind barred and bolted doors. Society is disposed to think harshly of those who have been convicted and sentenced to State Prison, and seldom stop to consider the fact that perhaps if those unfortunates had been surrounded by better influences and better educated, they might not have been enrolled in the ranks of the criminals. Much is being done for the education and enlightenment of convicts, both by the State and private individuals so that, at the present time, schools and chapels are established and well attended in the prisons all over the country.

REV. J. C. S. WEILLS, Chaplain.

BIBLE STUDY AT THE CELL DOOR.

The State furnishes each prison with a good serviceable library, from which books may be drawn by the inmates of the institution weekly. Sing Sing Prison is equipped with a very complete library of fifty-five hundred books, which is constantly being added to by the authorities and by donations from outsiders. Of the thirteen hundred and fifty convicts there at the present time, about a thousand are drawing books regularly, and during the month of June the average weekly output was eight hundred and forty-three volumes. Of the prisoners who do not draw books, many cannot read, some do not care to, while others who would like to read, are foreigners, and the library does not contain books printed in their language. The libraries are under the personal supervision of the chaplains, and generally contain a very good assortment of books by standard authors. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already explained at different times, there is a great demand for good literature in all our prisons, and it is constantly growing, so that as many volumes are added to these libraries from time to time, as it is possible to obtain. Many of the prison libraries lack good books printed in foreign languages, which would be of great service to the prisoners.

THE YARD OF THE PRISON.

School is usually held in the Protestant chapels of the State Prisons every weekday, and those who wish to attend are excused from work in the shops. There is a marked and general desire for education, and the school part of the daily routine is entered upon with much enthusiasm. It is the aim of the authorities to afford every possible facility for education, and in many cases, this results in well-educated Christian men being released from prison who, when they were convicted, could not read or write, and only knew the Bible by name.

There is a demand for the more advanced school books, including arithmetic, rhetoric, English grammar, science, geography, and others such as are commonly used in high school and first college grades. Wardens and chaplains take a deep interest in the school and render all the assistance possible in helping those who desire to improve themselves morally and intellectually. Warden O. V. Sage, of Sing Sing Prison, whose portrait is given in this issue, is specially interested in the religious and educational work that is going on among the convicts under his care. To those expressing a wish to do better, and who try to live up to it, he is always glad to lend a helping hand, however severe he may be in discipline.

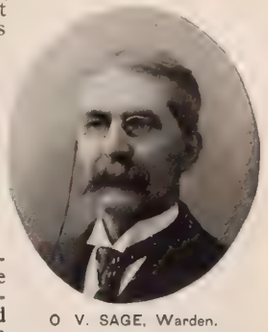
Every Sunday morning, services are held in the Sing Sing Prison chapel, the congregation being always large, although the convicts are not compelled to attend. It is encouraging, however, to find that many do so of their own free will. The chapel cannot accommodate all who desire to attend divine worship, and as only 850 can be seated, two or three companies of fifty or sixty men in each are unable to get in the building. Fortunately, this state of affairs will last only a few months longer, as a new chapel is in course of erection which, when completed, will have a seating capacity of 1,500, with room for more benches, if necessary.

The Sunday service is very impressive, though simple, and includes brief, earnest, extemporaneous sermons and prayers, orchestral music, and hearty singing by the congregation. Many of the prisoners look forward with eager expectation to the Sunday morning gathering. Excellent music is furnished by a band of convict musicians, and many prisoners have been drawn to the Saviour through the medium of this Gospel singing. Convicts who are unfamiliar with the Word of God or the teachings of the Bible, and to whom the ordinary church service would have little significance, have been softened at heart by the strain of sacred song and led to Christ, when nothing else would have been effective. Some of the most hardened criminals have been won over, first through their love of music, and finally through the influence of the preached Gospel, and they are to-day devoted followers of the Master.

Communion is administered once every three months to the prisoners, and is attended by a group of earnest and devoted men, a majority being long-term prisoners. Some of the chaplains make a practice of visiting the communicants a few days before the service, and talking with them, so that they may know the spiritual condition of each prisoner. This short talk has frequently held and strengthened those who otherwise might have been inclined to moody seclusion, but who are thus encouraged to openly declare their allegiance to Christ. In all the prisons, there are to be found earnest followers of the Saviour, who experience a special pleasure in being present at the Communion service.

CONVERTS' BIBLE CLASS IN SING SING PRISON.

In many of the towns near which State Prisons are located, there are bands of Christian workers, made up of members from the congregations of the various churches in the locality, who pay regular evangelistic visits to the prisons. Some noble work is done through these means. At Sing Sing there is a band of Christian women who, on the last Sunday of each month, visit the prison in the afternoon and teach a Bible class. The average attendance is about seventy-five, and after the meeting, the ladies talk to many of the convicts at their cell doors, pressing home the message of pardon and salvation. Occasionally, ministers of outside churches are invited to conduct Sunday morning service in the prison chapel. Prominent evangelists godly men and women who are laboring in the outer vineyard, and sometimes prominent public men who have havetaken up the Christian life, speak words of cheer and encouragement to the convicts. Christian workers are always welcome in the prisons, and any influence that makes for good is, as a rule, greatly appreciated by warden, chaplain and convicts.



O. V. SAGE, Warden.

Rev. J. C. S. Weills, chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, New York, is an earnest and indefatigable worker for the salvation of the convicts. Some of the most noted criminals imprisoned at Sing Sing in recent years have been drawn by his influence to become fellow-workers for the good of others. Whether the men be educated or ignorant, Chaplain Weills exercises the same patient, thoughtful and prayerful solicitude for all who show a desire to be led to better things and a purer life. He is an Episcopalian, but as a State officer his work covers a broad field, and is necessarily undenominational in its character. It is the aim of all chaplains to avoid sectarianism, as far as possible, so that nothing may be permitted to interfere with the success of the spiritual work among the prisoners. Chaplain Weills is beloved by the men, and to many of them stands in the relation of a close friend and intimate adviser. He is constantly going about among them on his mission of kindly advice, and his godly influence and example have been very fruitful in the past few years. By mingling with the prisoners, by entering into their daily life and by taking a real interest in all their affairs, he has been made instrumental in transforming many checkered lives and leading darkened souls into the light.

On the door of his office, Chaplain Weills has arranged a small box, through which he receives from forty to fifty notes each week from the prisoners, asking for personal interviews. This privilege is always granted, and a great deal of good and influential work is done by this close contact and conversation in the privacy of his office.

HOUSES ON THE PRISON GROUNDS.

About two years ago, a wave of revival passed through Sing Sing prison and many were converted. For a long while afterward, a number of the convicts held daily prayer meetings in one of the shops at noon-time, until the principal members were either discharged or other duties interfered with the gatherings. Some noticeable cases of religious awakening have occurred recently in the prison, and to-day there are those who, though incarcerated for life, are yet contented and happy in their confinement, and fully resigned to it, having taken the Saviour as their Guide and Master, and through him seeking to help those about them to do his bidding. Such prisoners are very helpful to the wardens and chaplains. In some cases they are granted privileges that are well-deserved.

GLIMPSE OF A CONVICT'S CELL

There have also been some remarkable instances of religious awakening among the prisoners condemned to death. For days before the execution, the chaplains have been in constant attendance upon the unfortunates. Rarely is the death penalty inflicted without the convict expressing some degree of contrition, and a desire that his soul may be saved, and that he may find Christ and through him, forgiveness for his sins.

The effect of punishment varies according to the disposition and temperament of the prisoner. It is noticeable, however, that there is a marked improvement in many, perhaps to a greater degree in those who are confined for a long term than among the short-term prisoners. In recent years, prison hardships have been lessened, many of the severe and unnecessary modes of punishment have been abolished, and in a majority of the prisons kindness has taken the place of harshness. Humane treatment has been found to work better than the old, severe methods of punishment, so that convicts who are orderly and behave themselves, are treated well; but the obstreperous ones are summarily dealt with and are usually confined in dark cells until they submit to the discipline. This latter mode of punishment is not frequently inflicted, however, as convicts would rather work than be locked up in the dark cells, where they are allowed nothing to eat but bread and water. As a class, the convicts desire to conform to the prison regulations, and one of their greatest hardships is to be deprived of the little freedom they enjoy within the prison walls, while at work.

It is everywhere apparent that the religious and humanitarian influences which have been active in recent years in behalf of the inmates of the various State Prisons have wrought remarkable changes in a multitude of convicts, who, by their conduct in after life, have shown to the world that their change of heart and mind was a substantial and enduring one and that their punishment had been turned into blessing.

ENTRANCE TO SING SING PRISON.

"The Fountain of the Virgin."

One of the Familiar Scenes of Christ's Boyhood, as it Appears To-day.

NEXT to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the scenes of the birth and death of Jesus, there is no place more sacred to the devout traveler in Palestine than the little village of Nazareth, where the early childhood of the Redeemer was passed and where, according to the sacred chronicle, "he was brought up." It is a beautiful village and has apparently suffered little at the hand of time, which has laid hundreds of other places, greater in size and importance, in utter ruin. Yet it has not been without its vicissitudes, for it has been a battle ground for Christians and Mohammedans, one of the most remarkable episodes being the defeat of 25,000 Moslems by 2100 French troops under Bonaparte. Visitors admire the beautiful situation of the village, which stands on a great, green slope, embosomed amid the surrounding hills.

To the inquiring pilgrim, the central point of interest in Nazareth is the "Fountain of the Virgin," which tradition declares to be the same well that existed in the days when Mary, the wife of Joseph, used to come there with the other women of the village, to draw water. Then, as now, the children often came with their mothers, and the boy Jesus, was doubtless among them at times. It is the only well in Nazareth and has been the only well in three thousand years. It stands at one end of the village in a delightfully cool spot, surrounded by olive groves and wide, pleasant spaces. Two or three persons can draw water at once, and it frequently happens, in the early morning, that a dozen or more are waiting their turn to dip their pitchers in the deep basin.

CHAPEL, SHOWING WALL DECORATIONS BY A CONVICT.

In Nazareth, as in Bethlehem, the traditions concerning the sacred places are well preserved. Any intelligent Nazarene will point out unhesitatingly "the Fountain of the Virgin," and its authenticity seems to be nowhere disputed. Over the fountain is a substantial arch, which has doubtless been repaired at different times during the centuries, and in front is a stout stone wall around which one must pass in order to descend the steps leading to the well. Here the Nazareth matrons and maidens set down their stone jars to rest and gossip a moment, just as other Nazarene women doubtless did centuries ago, when they came to draw water of a morning. Dressed in the bright-hued garments of which Oriental women are peculiarly fond; veilless (for the Moslem population is in the minority in Nazareth), and with bare, rounded arms, whose strength makes light of the great porous jars, they dip the vessels in the cool depths of the well, carry them easily to the head and then walk off under the burden with a gait a princess might envy. Here and there may be seen a Moslem woman with her veil. Men, too, come to the Fountain, with their thirsty pack-mules to drink, and the little children clinging to their mothers' skirts, peer curiously into the cavern-like gloom of the great well and listen in wonder to the echoes it gives back in response to the chatter and gossip of the women.

The whole scene, the picturesque groupings, the richly-colored dresses of the Nazareth women and the characteristic surroundings, have been faithfully reproduced by our artist in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue.

A Titled Christian Lady.

There are few persons engaged in religious work in Vienna, and indeed, throughout Austria, who are not familiar with the remarkable story of the Baroness Langenau and her devotion to Christian work in the face of the bitterest opposition. This lady belongs to one of the leading families of Austria. For many years her husband represented his country at the Court of St. Petersburg, and his wife lived a life of pleasure gayety at the Russian Capital. But a change came; the husband died and then the only son and the votary of pleasure was inconsolable. She found no comfort in any of the things she had before been absorbed in, and she realized how wretched a solace the world and its vanities are to a wounded heart. How she came into the light and joy of a new faith is best told in her own words:

"My days were taken up with good works; I toiled and slaved looking down upon others who were not as strict about teaching and doctrine; but the whole time my heart was as wretched as could be. A deep sense of sin bowed me down, and I felt on the verge of despair. For years and years I had been told that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, that he was always willing to save, but not I was told for the first time that he will not save us without our own consent: that he invites and entreats, but we must decide. At last my eyes were opened. I surrendered my will, I trusted, and was saved."

The Baroness came out into a new and gracious experience. To one who had so long been devoted to pleasure and had known only the form of religion, all this was strange and enrapturing. But her new faith was to be at once tried as by fire. The little Lutheran Church with which she was connected was sorely persecuted and finally the building was closed. She then threw open the doors of her baronial palace and for fifteen months the congregation assembled there to hear the Word preached and to enjoy the fellowship of the saints.

The Baroness had outgeneraled the official oppression. No policeman dared to enter her palace; the little society was able to worship in peace, with none to make its members afraid. At length she built a spacious and attractive hall and presented it to the society. The Baroness superintends the Sunday School and also the deaconess work. The depth of her interest in the cause is seen in her personal efforts and material contributions. On one occasion she sold jewels to the value of $10,000 and contributed the whole amount to the society. Rev. R. Moeller, the pastor, speaks of the Baroness in these words: "She is a real warm-hearted Christian. She will help me in everything, and every progress in God's work makes her glad."

Praise Him.

BECAUSE in this world there is sorrow,
Because in this world there is care,
Because hid from view is the morrow,
Because the clouds float here and there,
We oft' close our hearts to the sunlight,
But open them wide to the gloom.
Oh, let us dwell less on the midnight!
To thoughts rich with blessing give room!
The birds all around us are singing:
O, list to their songs full of cheer!
The grass and the flowers are springing—
Creator, thou surely art near!
Oh, then let us render him praises,
Along with the birds, grass, and flowers:
And work while to him our song rises:
And joy, peace and love shall be ours!

ELLEN M. WOOLSEY.

THE STRUGGLE IN CRETE.

Foremost among European topics the present time, the situation in Cret continues to absorb attention abroad. is no apparent disposition on the p Turkey to modify the policy of pe

SOLDIERS OF CRETE.

tion and the religious hatred which turned the once peaceful and prospe island into a region of massacre and lage. Although Turkey seems reso to employ, if necessary, its entire mil and naval resources for the suppressi the insurrection, it is not now prot that Europe will stand tamely by and mit the frightful atrocities of Armen be reproduced, even on a smaller scal this new fanatical Moslem crusade. S pathy with Crete is apparently grow The friendship of Greece and of the lenic people generally has been so nounced, that it will now be difficult King George and his government to w hold their assurances of sympathy, e at the request of the Powers, who are usual, afraid to open the irrepress "Eastern Question," in an acute form interposing between the Porte and its tims. It is not probable, however, in event that Turkey will be allowed to ceed to extreme measures. Almost ev part of Crete of any consequence ca commanded by the warships of Engla France, Germany, and Russia that lie at anchor off the Cretan coast, even the most bloodthirsty of the Sult generals would scarcely venture in any that would invite their intervention. D ing a temporary panic at Canea, late boatloads of armed marines were lan promptly from the British, French, German men-of-war, for the purpose preserving order and presumably of av ing massacre. What might have occur had not such timely help been at h may be left to conjecture. Canea wo have been a second Trebizond, its stre running with Christian blood.

Bibles in the Street.

An interesting personage who recen attended the Lutheran Joint Synod Ohio, and adjacent States, which was h in Masillon, Ohio, is Rev. A. R. Krodde of Allegheny. He was born of Hebre parentage in Russia. At the age of ni teen, through curiosity, he was prompt to pick up a fragment of the New Test ment, which had been translated into t Hebrew language by Professor Delitz At that time Testaments were being di tributed among the Russian Jews by m sionaries, and were promptly thrown in the street. Kroddell became interested a went to a Lutheran pastor in Russia f instructions, and was finally baptize Being disowned by his parents he w sent to Germany to college. He thorough mastered the German language in o year. He then came to Columbus, O where he entered the Theological Semina and was graduated a minister. He now at the head of the Jewish missio work carried on by the Lutheran Synod and is very successful.

THE NEGLECTED CONTINENT.

A "Christian Herald" Correspondent's Journey Through South America—The Giant Mountain Ranges—Social and Religious Condition of the People.

A VACQUERO.

TWO years ago, Mr. I. G. King, of Newark, N. J., left New York for Buenos Ayres, intending to take a protracted tour for the benefit of his health. After spending some two months at Buenos Ayres and Rosario de Santa Fe in Argentina, South America, he resolved to push forward, not following either the regular lines of travel. He built the first canvas canoe ever seen on the Parana river, in which he coasted the shore to Corrientes, near which point he entered the Paraguay river, and coasted to Asuncion, stopping at a few villages on the way. He diverged from his course several times to explore for a considerable distance the smaller rivers flowing into the Paraguay, among them the Tipucara, Virapind Pilcamayo the two latter flowing from the unexplored Gran Chaco inhabited by Indians only. He spent considerable time at Asuncion.

Leaving Asuncion in May, 1895, he coasted the river Paraguay to its head-waters, spending many days exploring its tributaries, the San Lorenzo, Cuyaba and Tres Hermanos Rivers. Cuyaba in Matto Grosso, Curumba and San Luis were each visited, all being places of note in Central South America. He had many adventures with Indians, tigers, boa constrictors, etc. In returning, his canoe sank and he lost everything except his camera and films — which floated, thus a life-preserver for him during five hours swimming the river. He was rescued by an Indian of a wild cannibal tribe, and stayed one month with the tribe. He then secured passage to Curumba on an Indian trading canoe, and took steamer at Corumba to Asuncion, thence south to Rosario, from which he crossed the Continent to Mendoza and there crossed the Andes to Valparaiso, in Chili. On Jan. 12th, 1896, he left Valparaiso on steamer for Panama whence he returned to New York. Mr. King traveled by canoe alone a distance of upwards of 4000 miles. This together with his journeys by steamer, horse-back and mule-back, makes a personal narrative of travel, observation and adventure, most interesting. His story written by himself, is as follows:

"At the very outset I cannot forbear expressing that it is quite surprising how little mission work is being done in South America by our Protestant Missions, and the more so as it lies at the threshold of our own land. Out of the two hundred and sixty-five mission societies at work in the world to-day, only sixteen are represented in the South American field. I mean that all the spiritual workers of the Protestant faith, counting clerics, laymen, women, wives and daughters of the workers, will not exceed four hundred to a population of 37,000,000 souls. It is a stupendous continent, and woefully neglected. Think of it! Seven million square miles in area, containing one-eighth of the land on the earth's surface, and the greatest and most magnificent river drainage in the world; eighteen thousand miles around the coast line, and two Rocky mountain ranges of extraordinary magnitude and continuity. It is appropriately called, spiritually, "The Neglected Continent." Romanism there is only another name for heathenism, and its followers, as far as I can see, are naught but idolaters.

While at Guayaquil, in Ecuador, I had an opportunity to gather some data relating to mission work in that Republic. I found that since the recent Revolution (1895), many of the the priests have been compelled to leave the country, being implicated in the disruption. There is no doubt that this has been the most priest-ridden of all the republics. President Alfaro is said to be more liberal and fearless than any of his predecessors in religious matters, making it possible that Protestant missions may be entertained, if founded, during his administration, with more liberal sentiments. At present, Protestant Bibles are declared contraband and not allowed to pass the custom house. No books or papers can be published which the Church does not advise. No mission has attempted to work in Ecuador, until within the last few months, when two young Englishmen attempted to open the way at Quito, the capital, and La Paz, but met with opposition so strong that they were forced to leave the country. Quito has a population of 30,000 souls. The whole population of Ecuador is estimated at 2,000,000.

Some people form a very flattering idea of the work done by the Catholic missions, among the Indians of Ecuador, but I am informed that as yet nothing has been done here that is really being done. I find only one Protestant missionary in Venzuela, nearly six hundred thousand square miles in area, 2,200,000 population. Colombia, more than three times as large as Japan—504,740 square miles—four million people, and only three mission stations of the American Presbyterian Church, although free worship was sanctioned ten years ago. The Republic suppressed all Roman Catholic seminaries in 1872. Ecuador has no mission at present and never has had any work done there except that which was done by the two young English lay-men within the last few months. As far as known it is thoroughly unevangelized as yet. There are here from one to two million people, and the country covers 157,000 square miles—much larger than Great Britain and Ireland. Peru with its three millions has only two mission centres. The American Bible Society and American Methodists are attempting its evangelization. The priests are using every means to hinder the preaching of the Word. One of the Protestant Churches is located at Lima and the other at Callao.

MOUNT CHIMBORAZO, ECUADOR, 23,000 FEET HIGH.

BREAKFAST AMONG THE GAUCHOS OF ARGENTINA.

Bolivia has a population of a million and a half; an enormous inland Republic, almost six hundred thousand square miles in area. Except by a very few passing visits from colporteurs of the American Bible Society, nothing has been done. There is no Protestant missionary station established.

Chili has a population of 3,300,000, including 500,000 Indians. There are working there twenty-four men and thirty-seven women, including a group of Bishop Taylor's mission teachers. The American Presbyterians have four stations and thirteen missionaries, and the South American Missionary Society with three stations worked by two chaplains, one layman and some ladies. This is the loveliest climate in the world and Chili's recent political advances make her especially open to evangelization. Chili is the foremost of all the Republics in enterprise and intelligence, and asserted her independence of Spain in 1818. She expelled the Papal Nuncio, suppressed an attempt of the clergy to incite revolution, carried the triumph of the liberal party through both houses of Congress, enacted important civil reforms and declared the complete and final separation of Church and State.

Argentina and Patagonia, now reckoned as one republic, contain a population of over four millions. They have four stations and nine workers of the South American Missionary Society, a few independent and Salvation Army workers, and three stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Paraguay, whose population has been decimated by the wars brought on by the tyrant Lopez, now numbers about four hundred thousand, and of that number there are one hundred and forty thousand uncivilized Indians. Here the South American Missionary Society has one station and six workers, and the American Methodist Episcopal Church with a group of native workers, an average of one foreign missionary to eighty thousand people.

Uruguay, the smallest of the South American Republics (area, 72,110 square miles and a population of 750,000), has two mission stations of Methodist Episcopal and South American Missionary Society, one each to 375,000 souls. Brazil, with its area of 3,209,878 square miles, occupying nearly one-half the area of South America, and a population of sixteen millions, has only eight American missions, one missionary probably to every 138,000 souls. Of its sixteen million people, at least fourteen millions are still unevangelized.

In contrast with South America, the northern part of this new world—puritan, prosperous, powerful, and progressive—presents probably the most remarkable evidence earth affords of the blessings of Protestantism. The results of Romanism left to itself are written large in letters of gloom across priest-ridden, superstitious South America. They bring forcibly to mind the emphatic language of Scripture:

> Many shepherds have destroyed my vineyards, they have trodden my portion under foot. They have made my pleasant portions a desolate wilderness. They have made it a desolation: it mourneth unto me being desolate. [illegible] is laid desolate, because no man layeth it to heart.

RIO BLANCO, CHILI, WEST SIDE OF THE ANDES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Next month we expect to resume the regular publication of our colored front pages. At this writing, our new color-printing facilities are nearly perfect, and we can confidently promise artistic results in the near future, far surpassing anything hitherto reached in this line.

Christian Work.

AN enterprising Church will not hold back its help from any good cause. It will send its members down through the dark lanes, and into squalid cellars, and among pestiferous fumes, to prophesy in God's name over the riven, scalded, mangled, and decaying carcasses of the morally dead. It will send its box of clothing to the colporteur in the West, and with its prayers help fill the sails of the clipper that carries Christian missionaries to Japan. It will rejoice over a blind girl taught to read in the asylum, and the throwing open of heathen ports to the Gospel. It will teach the black boy in the Sabbath class his A, B, C, and pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch forth her hands to God. It will light a taper in a sick man's room, and by prayer help roll up the Sun of righteousness to the noonday glory of the millennium. The prayer-meeting of such a Church will be crowded with worshipers, and long, dull prayers will be cut off at both ends, and set on fire in the middle. The psalmody will be buoyant and rapturous; old "Coronation" will ring out as though all the crowns of heaven were that moment thrown down at the feet of Jesus.

The field is white to the harvest! Men with the sickles, come on and lay to the work! In this age of the world, with so many Gospel advantages, and so many grand incentives to work, a dead Church ought to be indicted as a nuisance. Invention and discovery have quickened the world's pace. The age, no more a-foot, is on wheels and wings. Quiet villages have been roused up by the hum of machinery, the clang of locomotives, and the shriek of steam-whistles. We rise, after a short night's sleep, and find that the world has advanced mighty leagues. The pulse of the world beats stronger, the arm of industrious achievement strikes harder, the eye of human ingenuity sees farther, the heart of Christian philanthropy throbs warmer. The earth shakes under the quick tread of scientific, moral, and religious enterprises. In such a time, a torpid, lethargic, timid Church is both a farce and a blasphemy. If it do not march when God commands it to march; if it do not strike when God commands it to strike; if, when the mountains round about are full of horses and chariots of fire, it shrinks back from the conflict, God will mark it for ruin, and Christians will become inconsistent, and the minister will sleep in the pulpit, and the choir will quarrel in the gallery, and the shingles will rot, and sinners will perish, and the cause of God will be dishonored. One enterprising Church! How many tracts it might scatter! How many hungry mouths it might feed! How many poor churches it might help! How many lights it might kindle!

Bright Homes.

MAKE your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children into the high path of rectitude and religion. Do not always have the blinds turned the wrong way. Let God's light, that puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, stream into your windows. Do not expect your children to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with West's "Death on the Pale Horse," and Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents," but rather let there be on your walls some simpler pictures—"The Hawking Party," "The Old Mill, by the Mountain Stream," "The Fox Hunt," "The Harvest Scene," "The Children Amid Flowers," and "Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no lesson of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and squirrel's chatter, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which, from the rock on the mountain-top to the meadow fern under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just for the sake of hearing itself talk? If all the skies hurtled in thunder tempest, and storms perpetually wandered across the sea, and all the streams were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were eternal simoons, throbbing among the hills, and the world had neither lark's carol, nor hummingbird's trill, nor water-fall's dash, but only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl—then you would do well to bother and plague yourself all through life, gathering around you only the shadows; but when God has strewn our path with so many blessings, it is high time we took into our homes more of the brightness, more of the innocent hilarity, more of the good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls to be bad men and bad women.

Wide-awake Prayer-meetings.

ONE of the grandest results of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting is the fact that all the devotional services of the country have been revolutionized. The tap of the bell of that historic prayer-meeting has shortened the prayers and exhortations of the Church universal. But since it has become the custom to throw open the meeting for remark and exhortation, there has been a jubilee among the religious bores who wander around pestering the churches. They talk long and loud in proportion as they have nothing to say. They empty on us several bushels of "Ohs" and "Ahs." But they seldom get a chance, for we never throw the meetings open when they are there. We make such a close hedge of hymns and prayers that they cannot break into the garden. One of them we are free of, because one night, seeing him wiggle-waggle in his seat as if about to rise, we sent an elder to him to say that his remarks were not acceptable. The elder blushed and halted a little when we gave him the mission, but setting his teeth together he started for the offensive brother, leaned over the back of the pew and discharged the duty. We have never seen that brother since, but once, in the street, and then he was looking the other way. By what right such men go about in ecclesiastical vagabondism to spoil the peace of devotional meetings, it is impossible to tell. Either that nuisance must be abated or we must cease to "throw open" our prayer-meetings for exhortations.

Hot Weather Religion.

IT takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season; but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance. The spring is suggestive of God and heaven, and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footstep in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestion of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A June morning is a door opening into heaven. So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year remind the dullest of his own fading and departure. But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame unless by positive resolution and especial implorations. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September. But who can afford to lose two months out of each year when the years as so short and so few. He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At the season, when the fields are most full of leafage and life, let us not be lethargic and stupid.

Comfort for the Weakly.

THERE is a constant sympathy expressed by robust people for those of slight physical constitution. We think the sympathy ought to turn in the opposite direction. It is the delicate people who escape the most fearful disorders, and in three cases out of four, live the longest. These gigantic structures are almost always reckless of health. They say, "nothing hurts me," so they stand in the draughts and go out into the night air to cool off, and eat crabs at midnight, and doff their flannels in April, and carelessly get their feet wet.

But the delicate people are shy of peril. They know that disease has been fishing for them for twenty years, and they keep away from the hook. No trout can be caught if he sees the shadow of the sportsman on the brook. These people whom everybody expects to die, live on most tenaciously.

We know of a young lady who evidently married a very wealthy man of eighty-five years, on the ground he was very delicate, and with reference to her one-third. But the aged invalid is so careful of his health, and the young wife so reckless of hers, that it is now uncertain whether she will inherit his storehouses, or he inherit her wedding-rings.

Health and longevity depend more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit. Paul's advice to the sheriff is appropriate to people in all occupations: "Do thyself no harm!"

The Glorious Church.

I LOOK upon the Church of God as one vast hosanna. Joy dripping from the baptismal font, joy glowing in the sacramental cup, joy warbling in the anthem, joy beating against the gate of heaven with a hallelujah like the voice of mighty thunderings. Beautiful for situation! The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. It is the day and the place where Christ reviews his troops, bringing them out in companies and regiments and brigades, riding along the line, examining the battle-torn flags of past combat, and cheering them on to future victories. Oh, the joy of Christian assemblage!

BRIEF NOTES.

Gen. O. O. Howard was Elected P[resident] of the Congregational Home Missionary Soc[iety] the recent annual meeting of the Society [in] Haven, Conn.

At Huddersfield, England, a Vote [of] ratepayers was taken on the question of [running] surface cars on Sundays. The result was [a vote] against Sunday cars, and 2725 in favor.

Bishop Temple of London is Authority for the statement that during the past quarter [of a] tury four hundred million dollars have been [given] for religious purposes by members of the [Protestant] Episcopal Church.

The *Christian Intelligencer* states that [at a] cent meeting in Berlin, when the question of [evolution] ing infidelity was under discussion it was [stated] that, out of 275 noted scientists, only 4 were [Christians] atheists, 219 were deists, and 90 Bible Christians.

It is Proposed to Celebrate the Four-[hun]dredth anniversary of the birth of Philip [Melanch]thon, which occurs February 16th, 1897, by [establ]ishing a Melanchthon Museum in his native [town] of Bretten, Baden.

Evangelist W. A. Bodell of Crawfordsville, Ind., has been engaged to assist in the evangelistic campaign in Philadelphia, under the leadership of J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., during the months of November and December.

Dr. R. S. Storrs, President of the American Board, and pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, will celebrate in November [the] fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate. Subscriptions to a testimonial to be presented to him already exceed twenty thousand dollars.

The Recent Baptist Young People's Convention at Milwaukee is said to have been the largest gathering of Baptists the world has ever seen. There were eight thousand delegates in attendance beside visitors. The next convention will be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., July, 1897.

Evangelist John H. Elliott Held a Series of Union Evangelistic meetings at Tacoma, Wash., in June, which have led to a large ingathering of souls. At the recent communion of the First Presbyterian Church forty-one accessions were announced, and other churches have benefited largely.

As a Result of the Series of Meetings held at Cherokee, Iowa, in May, under the direction of Evangelist Williams, the churches have been powerfully revived, and large accessions of members realized. The Presbyterian Church alone received sixty new members.

Bishop H. C. Potter of New York has Received from the Archbishop of Canterbury an invitation to take part in the preliminary meetings of the great Lambeth Conference, which is to be held next year. The preliminary meetings are to arrange the programme and formulate rules of procedure, and are to be held this fall.

The Total Expenses of the Recent Methodist General Conference at Cleveland, including traveling and hotel expenses of delegates, entertainment of fraternal delegates, printing, stationery, etc., were $62,685. The receipts were made up of collections from the churches, and rent of boxes and chairs, and aggregated $64,790, showing a balance in the treasury of over $2,100.

Among the Speakers at the Recent Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, besides those from American and England, were Count Bernstorff, of Berlin; Count Bylandt, of The Hague; Mr. Baronilian, from Armenia, and Prof. Szabo, of Buda-Pesth. Dr. Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, welcomed the delegates in a speech which he delivered in English, French, and German.

A well-known Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church was being entertained at dinner by a famous European statesman. The conversation turned on the private character of the men who control the policy of the chief nations of Europe. The statesman said: "If the people of Europe knew the men by whom their affairs were managed they would rise in a body and hang them all!"

Rev. John Watson, D. D., who is well known by his literary nom-de-plume, Ian Maclaren, is coming to this country to lecture. Mr. J. B. Pond, of New York, who manages his lectures, says he is in greater demand than any foreigner who has ever come here, not even excepting Stanley. He has most of the fifty-five appointments for the fall which he will give on this side the water have been made.

The Presbytery of Philadelphia has taken final action in the case of Dr. A. T. Pierson, who recently baptized by immersion at Dr. J. A. Spurgeon's church in England. The Presbytery passed a resolution, erasing the name of Dr. Pierson from the roll of membership, and afterwards, at Dr. Pierson's request, adopted a paper, expressing confidence in his Christian character and his "orthodoxy and doctrinal soundness," except in the matter of baptism.

Rev. Sam Mead of Malange, Angola, acknowledging a contribution from the readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD toward the expenses of his work, says that he has now forty children on hand training up for Christ. He might have had more, and if he had possessed the means. He adds: "The work is great and our number is few. We wait with patience the time when the natives who have cost so much in life and money to teach will come to preach the Gospel to others."

The Observance of the Lord's Day as a day of rest is increasing in France. The Paris League for Sunday rest has enrolled over 4000 members. Many shops are closed on Sunday, including the great *Magasin de Louvre*. In the army Sunday is a day of rest, and contractors are not now obliged to work on that day. In Lyons there are more than 1000 shops and stores closed entirely on Sunday. This is the more gratifying because for many years France has been a leader in the bad practice of Sunday desecration.

The World's Women's Christian Temperance Union is sending out another round-the-world missionary. Miss Clara Parrish, of Paris, Ill., has arranged to begin her work this month. She will start from San Francisco, Aug. 26, on the steamer *Coptic*, stopping at the Hawaiian Islands and proceeding thence to Japan. The next missionary will probably be sent from the W. W. C. T. U. training school, 461 West 42d street, New York, and will go eastward, thus beginning the circuit of the world in each direction.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Recognition at Ferkeh.

LATER reports by mail of the fight at Ferkeh in the Soudan, show that the engagement was more serious and may prove more important than the cable account indicated. The Egyptian forces, under the command of the English General, H. Kitchener, having strengthened their position at Akasheh, made a further advance to Ferkeh, sixteen miles distant, where a strong body of the Khalifa's troops was encamped. The main body of infantry and artillery proceeded by the direct route along the river bank, while a force of cavalry, camelry, and horse artillery took a circuitous route across the desert end occupied the heights commanding the town of Ferkeh. The march of both divisions was silent, and, during the latter part, in the darkness before dawn. Ferkeh was reached at five in the morning of June 6. There was a simultaneous attack, followed by two and a half hours of hard fighting. The town was obstinately defended, and even when defence was obviously hopeless and the bulk of the Khalifa's troops had fled, the huts were still manned with armed men who refused to surrender and died fighting. It was learned that prior to the attack the Khalifa had preached to the army, assuring the men that he was divinely inspired, and that he was commissioned by heaven to take possession of the whole region, and hold that and Egypt itself in the name of the Prophet. He said it had been revealed to him that the end of the infidels had come; cholera had enfeebled their force, and the swords of the faithful would make a speedy end of the remainder. He was authorized to promise an immediate entry into Paradise to any who might die in the conflict. The killed numbered about nine hundred, and the prisoners about five hundred. The unarmed population received the conquerors joyfully. They reported that the oppression of the Khalifa and his officers had been barbarous, and had produced discontent throughout the Soudan. Many of the prisoners declared that they had been forced to fight for the Khalifa, and gladly accepted the offer to join the Egyptian army. They were amazed to see Col. Slatin among the victors. They knew him at once, and remembered his long captivity among them. They saluted him with a deference amusingly in contrast with their treatment of him when he was a poor prisoner in the Khalifa's power. One incident in which Slatin was concerned is sketched in the picture from which our illustration is reproduced. Going over the field after the battle, Slatin came upon a corpse that he recognized. It was that of Emir Hammuda, one of the chief officers of the Khalifa, who had been Slatin's bitter enemy during the whole eleven years of his slavery. The hands were clenched as if in passion, and a look of vindictive hate was still on the dead features. A more agreeable experience for Slatin was the finding among the wounded of Emir Tahir el Obeid, one of the very few of the Khalifa's officers who had befriended him. Slatin was glad to see him, and had him removed to the hospital, and saw that his wounds received skilful treatment. The wounded man learned by experience that kindness shown to some one who is miserable may receive an unexpected reward. The time is coming when many will make the same discovery:

Then shall the righteous answer: Lord when saw we thee . . . sick or in prison and came unto thee? And the King shall say unto them: Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matt. 25: 37-40.)

Shoes for Passengers.

A railroad official relates the cause of an item of expenditure which is unusual in running expenses. It appears that, some time ago, the passengers on a certain train, which reached Chicago in the morning hours, found themselves without shoes. It was the duty of the employees to go through the cars, collect the shoes, shine them and restore them to their places. The shining operation was usually done in the rear car, which on the train from St. Paul, Minn., was added at La Crosse and dropped at Milwaukee. The boys duly collected the shoes on this occasion, but fell asleep while they were polishing them and were asleep when the car in which they and the shoes were, was dropped at Milwaukee. When, therefore, the passengers wanted to go about their business in Chicago on their arrival, they learned to their consternation that their shoes were many miles away. As the misadventure was clearly due to the fault of the Company's servants and there might be actions for damages for delay, the Company sent for a shoe-dealer who supplied each shoeless passenger with a pair of new shoes at the Company's expense. They must have been glad to have been so promptly and completely relieved of their difficulty. It may be hoped that when they come to the end of their journey of life, when they and all others, not by mistake, but by inexorable law, arrive denuded of the body itself, they will find themselves supplied with that glorious body for which the Apostle hoped:

Desiring to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven. Not that we would be unclothed but clothed upon that mortality might be swallowed up of life. (II. Cor. 5: 2.)

Selected Subjects.

Complaint is made in a New York journal by a visitor to the city of the treatment he has received in some of the photographic studios. He was anxious to obtain a first-class photograph of himself, and applied to one of the best operators in the city whose name is famous here and in Europe. He knew the price would be high, but he was willing to pay it. To his surprise, however, the artist declined to take the portrait, and another artist to whom he applied turned him over to his assistant. The reason assigned for the treatment is that photography has become so much of an art that the experts in it devote their time only to selected subjects. One of these men, who has a public, is extremely exclusive as regards his own work. This photographer has refused to take photographs of about half the people who have presented themselves at his studio. He says that his time is too valuable, and that he can only devote himself to people who are good subjects. The photographer's object is to make good pictures which he cannot do with subjects whose features are coarse or commonplace. We may be thankful that there is no such restriction in spiritual matters. It is to the glory of Christ that the most beautiful results of his work are made out of the vilest material. Under his picture of corrupt evildoers the Apostle writes to the saints:

Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. (I. Cor. 6: 11.)

A Yale Student's Dilemma.

An indignant letter from a student of Yale University appears in a New York journal. During his vacation he is spending a good deal of his time in bicycling. One morning recently he rose at dawn and went for a spin up Riverside Drive. After a ride of several miles from the city he began to feel very hungry and was glad to see a hotel in the distance. He ran his machine into the yard and put it in charge of one of the employees. Then he went into the hotel and made his way to the restaurant to get breakfast. But he was stopped at the door by a waiter, who with many apologies, told him it was against the rules of the house to go into the restaurant without a coat. The Yale man was wearing a clean white flannel shirt tastefully embroidered, which, in his opinion, looked better than any coat. He protested that he must have his breakfast and was too far away from home to get his coat and insisted on going in. The waiter, however, was firm. He said that as so many bicyclists came there in a similar dress, the proprietor had laid in a stock of coats of all sizes. If the gentleman would choose one to suit him he was welcome to the use of it while he ate his breakfast. The young man indignantly refused to put on a coat that might have been worn by any dirty guest the day before. The waiter was sorry. He could do nothing else. The man was forbidden to go in coatless, and if he would not wear the stock coat, he must not go in at all. In the end, the bicyclist decided to go away with his appetite unsatisfied and he describes his feelings in his letter. We may hope, he will not indulge the same spirit in religious matters. It might lead him to reject the conditions of entrance into Christ's Kingdom which are not pleasant to people who are proud and self-satisfied. Christ compared them to a garment provided by a host, which was rejected in the same spirit that the Yale student displayed in refusing to put on the stock coat

The king saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? and he was speechless. Matt. 22: 12.

SLATIN PASHA RECOGNIZING A DEAD ENEMY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FERKEH.

Boarding-House Scruples.

The Saratoga, N. Y., correspondent of a New York journal reports an episode in a boarding-house in that town which involved an unjust suspicion. A gentleman came there with his wife and child, the latter about two years old. He stayed only one day, and having seen his wife comfortably established in the boarding-house, returned to his home, leaving her and their child behind. The lady expected soon to make friends with the other ladies among the boarders, but was painfully surprised at the unanimity with which they one and all repulsed her advances. The unpleasantness increased rather than diminished, and the lady tried in vain to ascertain the cause. Finally the mystery was solved by the action of the boarding-house keeper, who politely, but decidedly, told her she would have to seek new quarters. Being pressed for the reason she replied that the boarders had noticed that she did not wear a wedding ring, and had inferred from the fact that she was not married. The lady was deeply hurt by the suspicion. She explained that she and her husband were very poor when they were married, and had not money to spare for a ring. Since that time their circumstances had improved, but their expenses also had increased, so that the ring appeared to be one of the superfluities they could get along without. She produced her marriage certificate, but the objection was not removed by it. Finally her husband arrived on a visit, and to him she explained the embarrassment. He at once purchased a wedding ring, and that day she appeared at table with the symbol on her finger. The scruples of the boarders were satisfied, and there was no longer cause to complain of a lack of cordiality. One would have supposed that the marriage certificate would have been a better proof of the marriage having taken place than the mere presence of a ring, But people lay stress on symbols, not only in cases of that kind, but in religious matters. Many people think more of a rite or ceremony than they do of the change of heart it typifies.

Circumcision verily profiteth if thou keep the law, but if thou be a breaker of the law thy circumcision is made uncircumcision. (Rom. 2: 25.)

Identity of Race.

A Boston journal in reporting the discussion which has arisen over the finding of flint implements by Mr. Seton Karr in Somaliland, says that the discovery is considered by ethnologists one of the most important contributions of recent times to the evidence by means of which men of science hope, eventually, to be able to locate the cradle of the human race. The implements referred to are identical in form with those found in northwestern Europe and in India, and this fact is thought to be an indication that in the remote prehistoric times called the Palæolithic age, the inhabitants of Asia, Africa and Europe belonged to a single race. So that after all, the scientists appear to be coming to the conclusion announced centuries ago by the Apostle:

God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth. (Acts 17: 26.)

A Search for a Sister.

Strange news has reached the family of a wealthy farmer in Ohio, according to a local journal. It is that a daughter who for twenty years has been mourned as dead is living on the other side the Atlantic. It appears that in the early seventies the farmer's wife was sick and was advised to take an ocean voyage. She and her husband and their little son, then five years old, went to Europe and spent several months at a health resort in the south of France. There a daughter was born who, owing to the mother's delicate health, was intrusted to the care of an experienced nurse. Arrangements were made with the nurse to care for the infant while the family were traveling. She was to report to them regularly. The first report was that the babe was well, but the second announced that she was sick, and in a few days came the news that she was dead. The parents were greatly distressed and their home-coming was saddened by their loss. A few days ago they received a letter from the hotel-keeper in Southern France, at whose house they stayed, informing them that the French nurse in whose care they had left their babe had made a confession on her death-bed. She said that their child was alive and well. At the time it was left with her, she had also in her care, an infant belonging to a noble family. That infant died, and the nurse fearing to inform the parents of the fact, substituted the American child for it. The child had grown up and she stated where she might be found. The parents, being now unable to leave home, are sending their son over to search for his sister. Whether she will be willing, if he finds her, to leave her foster parents and go to her real parents may be doubted. The power of long association is sometimes stronger than ties of blood. Even the offer of becoming sons of God often proves insufficient to induce men to abandon the world with the pleasures and delights they have learned to love.

They all with one consent began to make excuse, etc. (Luke 14: 13-20.)

The Slaughter of the Babes.

Infant Mortality in the Tenements of New York. Bottle-Fed Baby Sufferers.

THERE is no great city in the world where the mortality is heavier among the little children than it is in New York at the present time. In view of the great number of infant deaths every summer, the Health Board, wishing to know the causes, has decided to require of physicians a report in each case stating whether the baby was bottle-fed or nursed by its mother. This action was taken in consequence of a report by Dr. Tracy, the Registrar of Vital Statistics, in which he showed how such a system of reports operated in Berlin. He gave from the Berlin annual report some very remarkable figures, which will be read with interest by all parents, and by guardians, nurses, and others, who have charge of the rearing of children. It is especially important to those having charge of children in large cities:

Year.	Deaths Under 1 Year. All Causes.			Deaths Under 1 Year. Diseases of Digestive Organs			Deaths Under 1 Year. Diseases of Digestive Organs			Deaths Under 1 Year. July, August, and September		
	Mother's Milk.	Otherwise.	Total.	Mother's Milk.	Otherwise.	Total.	Mother's Milk.	Otherwise.	Total.	Mother's Milk.	Otherwise.	Total.
1888	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	312	5,743	6,055	180	[illegible]	[illegible]	645	[illegible]	[illegible]
1889	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	347	4,477	4,824	92	[illegible]	[illegible]	129	[illegible]	[illegible]
1890	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	282	4,543	5,825	124	[illegible]	[illegible]	129	[illegible]	[illegible]
1891	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	237	4,436	4,673	119	[illegible]	[illegible]	457	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1,384	23,188	24,549	645	[illegible]	[illegible]	1,360	[illegible]	[illegible]
Annual average	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	272	4,638	4,910	129	[illegible]	[illegible]	452	[illegible]	[illegible]
Per cent.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5.54	94.46	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

From this table it appears that from all causes during the whole year ten bottle-fed babies died to one mother-nursed baby; from stomach ailments sixteen to one die, and during the three hottest months of the year, the tender little infants whose lives depend on the bottle, are swept off at the rate of nearly twenty to one baby nursed by a mother! One Bavarian authority, Dr. Minert, has shown that ninety-six per cent. of the child-deaths in Munich annually are of children thus artificially nursed, while in England only three per cent. of the infant deaths were mother-nursed.

Dr. Tracy writes: "It is nothing new to physicians that bottle-fed infants die in greater numbers than those who are nursed in the natural way. The second summer, which every mother dreads, is made dangerous chiefly by the fact that babies are weaned then, and become for the first time little independent creatures who take their chances with the rest. The story of Berlin and of Munich and of London, is the story of New York."

The cholera-infantum season is now at its height, and the babies, and even the older children—especially those whose constitutions have been weaked by hardship [illegible] in great numbers. The Health Board is sending out circulars by the hundred thousand instructing the tenement mothers what to give to the children as a substitute for [illegible] that slaughters the children with a re[illegible] Herod's soldiers.

Meanwhile, the little five and six-year-olds can be put beyond all immediate danger by being sent out of the heated city [illegible] we could take them all in together at our Mont-Lawn Home, and so check the terrible mortality among them.

HAPPY LITTLE WAIFS AT MONT-LAWN.

Nearly Fifteen Hundred Tenement Children Already Received at Our Fresh-Air Home this Season.

THERE is nothing brighter in the world than the joy of a child, and nothing sadder than its sorsow." So wrote an observant philosopher; but if he could have had a glimpse of the pleased and smiling faces and the sparkling eyes of the hundreds of little children of the tenements who have been our Fresh-Air Fund guests at Mont-Lawn these two months past, he might have added that no sorrow is so quickly turned into joy. Very many of the little people come to our Children's Home pale and listless, with not even the suspicion of a smile or the ghost of a laugh hovering about their drawn, serious-looking faces, yet so imitative and easily influenced is the childish nature that before they are fairly domesticated, they are romping, laughing and frolicking about with the rest, as though they had never known a moment's sadness in their poor little lives.

Every passing week brings new faces to the Children's Home and new responsibilities to its matron and care-takers. Not all the children of the slums are sweet and lovable; yet in each, there is some germ of good that may be cultivated, some spring through which the heart of the child may be reached and its better nature awakened. The beneficent influence of the moral training at the Home has already been apparent in a number of instances, affording abundant proof that the loving labors and the prayers of the workers have not been in vain.

DINNER HOUR AT MONT-LAWN—THE MARCH TO THE BIG DINING TENT.

Up to the present time, nearly 1500 boys and girls, from the very poorest tenement homes of New York, have been sheltered, fed, cared for, and taught at our Children's Home since it opened this season. To each new party of little guests, the sail up the Hudson on the steamer *Chrystenah* is an untailing delight. Many of the applicants are shoeless and stockingless, but they are not rejected; some are poor cripples, almost helpless, but the kind-hearted care-takers are ready to lend a helping hand, so that they may go with the rest. Wee, wan mi'gets of five and six, hatless, shoeless of course, and with perhaps a single garment of indescribable shape, or no shape at all, look up longingly through their tangled hair and whisper their wish to be taken. To resist such an appeal, made in pleading tones, in a hot tenement court, with filth and dust and foul odors everywhere, one would need to be callous indeed to the condition of the little sufferers. Three dollars—the cost a ten days' outing, fares to and from the Home, and all other charges included—would seem a trifling cost at which to give such a child a long, happy, health-giving holiday, such as it never knew before. It is not surprising that when such little ones get to Mont-Lawn they [illegible] "enchanted ground," and forget their childish sorrows, and even their miserable homes, in the new joys and happy faces that now surround them.

Our illustration on this page shows a number of our little guests at a most interesting period of the day—the lunch hour. The camera has caught them on the way to the big marquee tent, where all the meals are served in fine weather, and they have paused a moment in their march to steal a glance at the photographer. To the right are some of the boys of the Home Band, whose music—consisting mainly of a fife and drum—delights the children, although it might hardly be pleasing to cultured ears. Following these barefooted toddlers comes a big bunch of little maidens, who are not yet over their surprise at all the wonders and beauties of the country in general, and Mont-Lawn in particular. Then more boys—wee fellows—flanked by a bevy of bright little girls, who crowd the pathway that leads from the door of the main building across the lawn. The taller figures in the picture are the care-takers, each of whom has the guardianship of some fifteen children. Before the little folks take their seats in the tent, the waiters have brought the supply of food from the kitchen, and no sooner are the children in their places than grace is said by all the young voices in unison, and the meal is served. Everything is in perfect order, and there is no clatter or confusion.

These beautiful verses have been inscribed "To the Members of the Fresh Air Fund," by one who simply signs herself "A Scotchwoman." We are sure they will be read with appreciation:

AYE, gie[1] the bairns the caller[2] air,
I'm wae[3] to see them pine;
The wee bit hearts are longing sair[4]
For God's ain blest sunshine.

Oh! tak them frae the noisy street,
Where curses foul the air;
And let them hear the skylark's hymn
In meadows sweet and fair.

To the blue sky let them look up,
Across the green-sward run,
And pu' the gowden[5] butter-cup
That's glintin' in the sun.

Frae wee white cheeks dry off the tear,
And when ye comfort gie,
A voice will whisper in your ear
"Ye did it unto Me."

It seems almost a marvel that among so many hundred children going and coming on the *Chrystenah* that there are no accidents. Sometimes the boys are so frolicsome they keep their care-takers on the alert, lest they should fall over-board, but aside from a hat being blown off, now and then, nothing has occurred. As a rule, the two hours' sail up the Hudson is enjoyed to the fullest degree, and also the carriage ride from Nyack to Mont-Lawn. The hills that the country-road leads over are a never-ending source of wonder, and then the trees! Every now and then, some precocious youngsters discover, what they call a "Christmas tree." "It is so str[illegible] they have Christmas trees out the cou[illegible] in the summer-time!" sighed one l[illegible] maid in a pinafore. Another child ask[illegible] "Will this country be there next s[illegible] mer?"

1, give. 2, fresh. 3, sad. 4, sore. 5, pull. 6, golden.

Some of our readers have already kin[illegible] contributed toward the support of s[illegible] Christian work among the children of e[illegible] tenements. We will be pleased to h[illegible] the co-operation of as many as feel an[illegible] terest in the work, knowing that w[illegible] ever they do for the little ones "In [illegible] Name," will not be done in vain. [illegible] contributions sent to THE CHRIST[illegible] HERALD in aid of the Home will be c[illegible] acknowledged in these columns. The f[illegible] lowing have been received during the [illegible] week:

Previously acknowledged	$1,05[illegible]
Mrs Chas Phillips and daughter	[illegible]
I H N, Roseboom, N Y	[illegible]
Addie Dassance	[illegible]
Blount Children	[illegible]
Jake Nall	[illegible]
Mrs L A S H, Mesquite, Tex	[illegible]
Mrs A G V H, Passaic, N J	[illegible]
I H N, Star, Iowa	[illegible]
J T Turner	[illegible]
Mrs H R Copp	[illegible]
Mrs J R M, Salem, N Y	[illegible]
Mrs D F Humphrey	[illegible]
Mrs Julia Horr	[illegible]
Esther Needham	[illegible]
Birthday Bank of Children's Sunday School Class, Greenway	[illegible]
A and G P, Brooklyn, N Y	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs H C Townsend	[illegible]
Ray and Leon Robinson	[illegible]
Mrs S P Faris	[illegible]
Washington Square M E Church	[illegible]
Washington Square M E Church	[illegible]
Mrs Miriam P Bender	[illegible]
Friend of Children, Cohoes, N Y	[illegible]
Three Friends, New York Mills	[illegible]
Pleasant Grove Sunday School	[illegible]
Buttercups Friend, Lynn, Mass	[illegible]
Two Friends, Marinette, Wis	[illegible]
I H N, E Rockaway, N Y	[illegible]
Mrs Harriet Clarke	[illegible]
Mrs A A Emerson	[illegible]
D R McQuarrie	[illegible]
Mrs J H C, Arvada	[illegible]
C P F, Hookstown, Pa	[illegible]
Mrs C A Dyer	[illegible]
D B Chaffee	[illegible]
Helen and Celon	[illegible]
S H Fulmer	[illegible]
Bible Class, Ilion, N Y	[illegible]
——, Socorro, N Mex	[illegible]
Miss Elsie Lee	[illegible]
Mrs Harvey P Bissell	[illegible]
W E A, Thorndyke, O	[illegible]
Louis Schoelkopf	[illegible]
Mrs Wm London	[illegible]
Elias F Morrow	[illegible]
R A B, Centralia, Pa	[illegible]
John E Lasher	[illegible]
Mary M Weaver	[illegible]
M Catharine Woods	[illegible]
Mrs M Bailey	[illegible]
Earl Havnor	[illegible]
B Knight	[illegible]
A H L, Beverly, N J	[illegible]
Mrs S A Cochran	[illegible]
Mrs E B Campbell	[illegible]
C R D, Three Mile Bay	[illegible]
M A W, Dexter, N Y	[illegible]
Mrs R A Davenport	[illegible]
M E M, New York	[illegible]
Charlotte A Loesch	[illegible]
Mrs F Loesch	[illegible]
Lyman Cobb, Jr	[illegible]
Mrs Francis Keyes	[illegible]
Hattie L Batchelder	[illegible]
M F Wright	[illegible]
Horace O Ives	[illegible]
J S and S S, Taneytown, Md	[illegible]
Mrs Brown	[illegible]
Heathcote, Ky	[illegible]
L H M, New York City	[illegible]
I H N, Lowell	[illegible]
Mattie McWhorter	[illegible]
Reader of C H, Syracuse, N Y	[illegible]
S S teacher and class, Bridge Hampton, N Y	[illegible]
Rose and Mabel Goode	[illegible]
I H N, Providence, R I	[illegible]
Mrs G W Rennert	[illegible]
Julia Walker	[illegible]
H E Crankshaw	[illegible]
J E Baird	[illegible]
——, Point Pleasant, N J	[illegible]
In Christ's Name, New York City	[illegible]
Mrs Theodosia Emery	[illegible]
Mr and Mrs, Norwich, Conn	[illegible]
L Maynard	[illegible]
Cora, Port Hope, Can	[illegible]
In Jesus' Name, Brentwood, Cal	[illegible]
I H N, Phila, Pa	[illegible]
Widow, Sanquoit, N Y	[illegible]
B B B, Lebanon, Pa	[illegible]
Epworthian Young Couples, N Y	[illegible]
Will McFarland	[illegible]
Mrs E Larkin	[illegible]
Mrs J V Pitman	[illegible]
H C Ortman	[illegible]
C M S, Milton, Pa	[illegible]
L M L, Johnstown, N Y	[illegible]
In the Master's Name, Concord, N H	[illegible]
Friend, Ann Arbor, Mich	[illegible]
West Hampton M E Church S S	[illegible]
Total	$1,55[illegible]

The following contributions of clothi[illegible] have been received by the Matron at t[illegible] Home:

[illegible] Reformed Church Deaconess, the Ladies' Missionary Society of Second Reformed Church, clothing; P. C. M., 26 new garments; Mrs [illegible] Parker, clothing; Little Helen Babcock, clothing; Ruth Cooper, 1 package; Mrs Lillie Case, clothing; and Mrs. Jennie Finley, 1 parcel; sent M. C. C. Foss, 1 package.

Contributions of children's clothi[illegible] should be sent, express prepaid, to t[illegible] Matron, Children's Home, Mont-Law[illegible] Nyack, N. Y.

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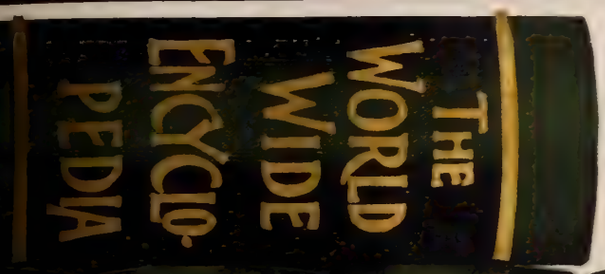

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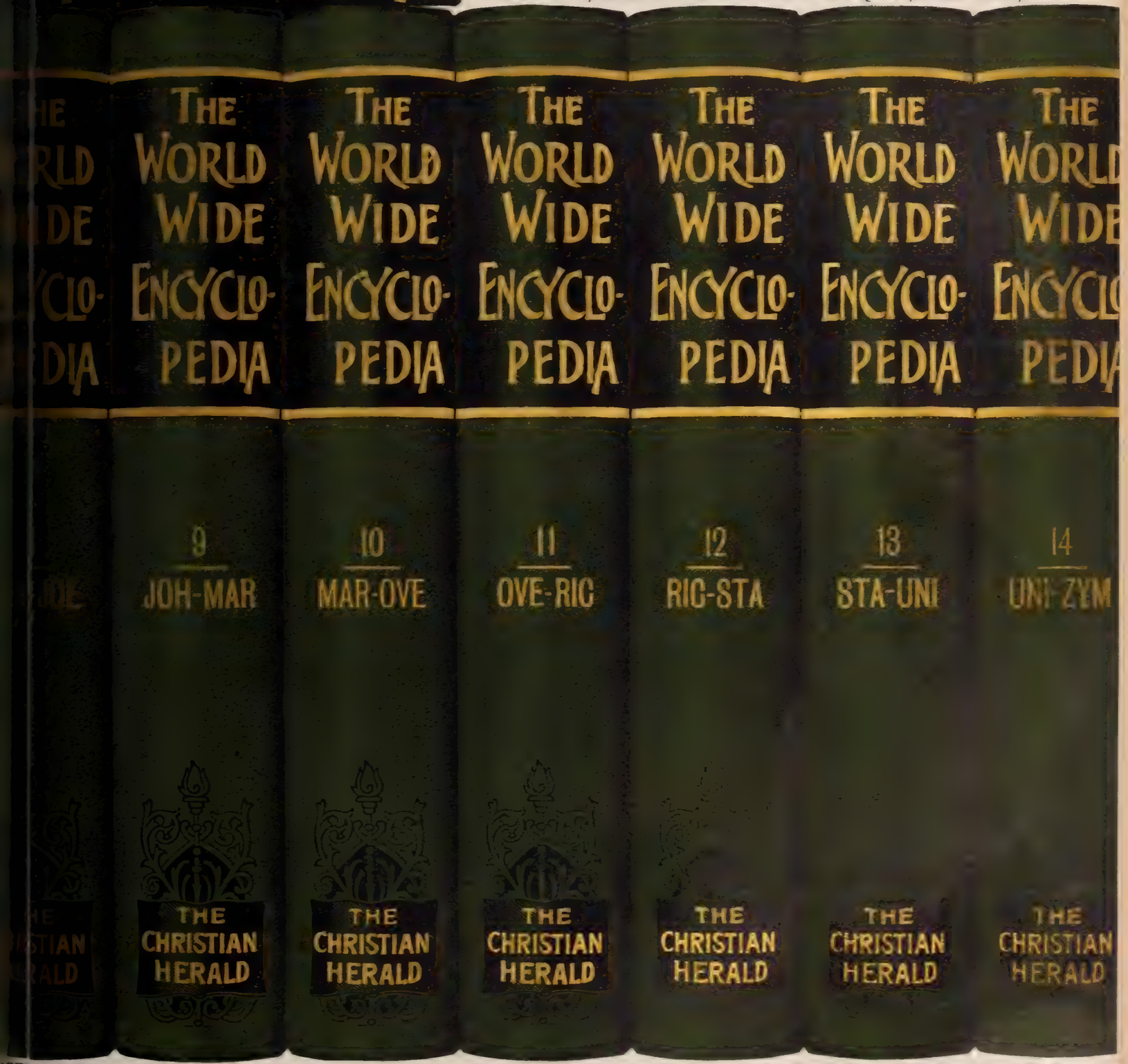

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I have read several books on Polar exploration, and wish you could recommend me to others.

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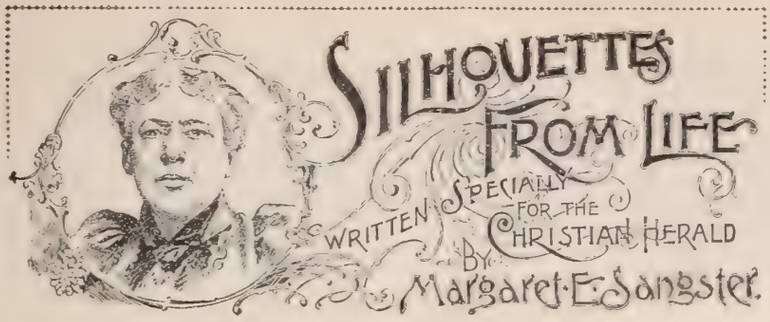
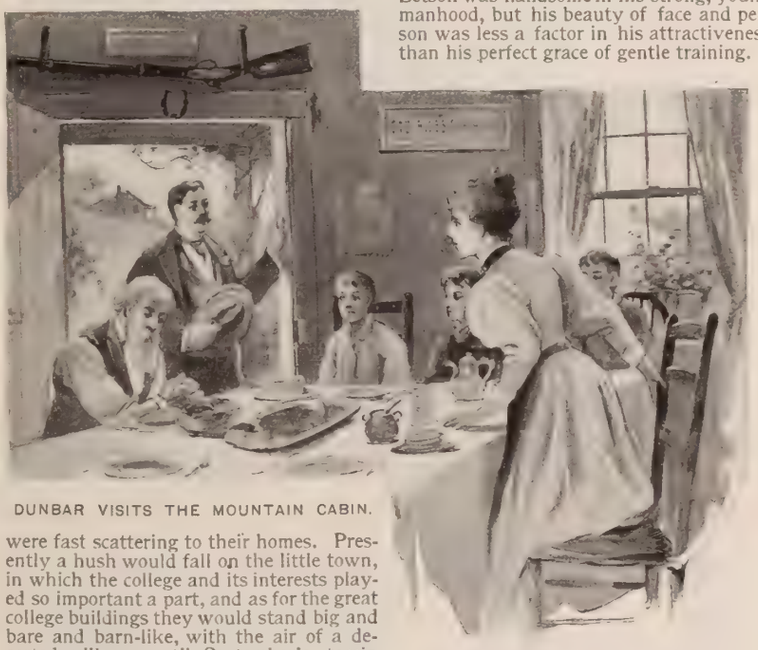
What books would you recommend as likely to be most serviceable for a young man whose education has not been very thorough, although he has a fair knowledge of some subjects? He cannot afford to purchase a library, and yet wishes to be accurately informed on as wide a variety of subjects as possible—such as are liable to come in social and debating clubs, and young men's societies.

"The sum total of wisdom and knowledge" gathered in books, would make a very large library indeed. If our young friend wishes to equip himself intellectually on ALL subjects of human interest—history, science, theology, botany, mythology, travel, art, biography, classics, physiology, &c., from the beginning of things down to the practical questions of our own day, he should study THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA. It is a fountain of knowledge on all subjects, each of its fifteen large volumes containing more compact wisdom than was ever stored in the brain of the greatest sage on earth.



The Test.

THE two comrades had been side by side in their classes during four years, in one of the great co-educational schools of the West. It was quite in the natural order of things that, having many tastes in common and being disposed to like the same studies, they should have fallen in love with one another. Commencement was over, and the students were fast scattering to their homes. Presently a hush would fall on the little town, in which the college and its interests played so important a part, and as for the great college buildings they would stand big and bare and barn-like, with the air of a deserted village, until September's tocsin should again rally their bright host of young people.



DUNBAR VISITS THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

"Dora," he said in their last quiet talk, "you have not yet said that you would be my wife. Give me my answer now, dearest. Let me go home with the best incentive a man can have, to work for success in life, the knowledge that the woman who fulfils his ideal will share whatever he attempts."

It was a long speech, grave and characteristic of Dunbar Letson. He did everything with a certain intensity and a momentum increasing after a leisurely beginning. He waited tranquilly, confident of Dora McBirney's reply. To his surprise she hesitated.

A girl and a man never arrive suddenly at such a conversation as this which culminates in a proposal. By slow degrees, by many unspoken thoughts, by sociable intercourse day in and day out, they are led to the stage, where courtship asks something more than nebulous hope, when a definite promise is desired and vows are exchanged. Dunbar did not fear a refusal, though his heart beat faster than usual, as he waited for Dora's anticipated yes.

"My friend," she said, after a pause, "you have never seen my home and my people. Till you do, I cannot allow you to commit yourself by any pledges. Come and ask me in my father's house, and I will then give you your answer."

With this, Dunbar had to be satisfied, and it seemed to him only the proper thing, and quite what a lady should exact. Train-time came, and they parted.

The Letsons were aristocrats by birth and breeding. Dunbar's ancestral home stood back from the broad, main street of his town, almost hidden by great elms and maples, and in the wide, stately rooms three generations of his family had lived in honor and pride. His father had been Governor of his State; his mother was a gentlewoman of the old regime, courteous, graceful, and highly accomplished. The traditions of his house and race were fine, and the deferent urbanity of his manner came to him by descent. In college he had been everywhere a favorite, not more because the professors and students alike admired him, but because he possessed the magnetism which makes a man a leader, and both in the class-room and in athletics, had been popular and beloved. Dunbar Letson was handsome in his strong, young manhood, but his beauty of face and person was less a factor in his attractiveness than his perfect grace of gentle training.

When he had his first confidential talk with his mother after his return from college, Dunbar told her of his wooing. He did not understand the mother's instinctive chill withdrawing, for sons cannot comprehend that mothers are jealous of the love which marks the departure of the days when they have been all in all to their boys. Mrs. Letson conquered feeling so far as to repress any spoken protest, but she asked two questions:

"Is this youg lady a Christian, Dunbar?"

"Yes, mother; one of the sweetest, truest, most sincere and active Christian workers I know. We were brought together first in the Christian Endeavor Society."

"Is she of good family?"

Dunbar stiffened. "I suppose so," he said. "She is, at all events, a gentlewoman, like yourself or my sisters."

"McBirney is a good name," the mother added, as if replying to her own inquiry. "But I hope her people are refined and thoroughly of our own class."

Dunbar rose.

"Mother," he said firmly, "if Dora's people were Comanche Indians, and she would have me, I would marry her before any woman in the world, I am not marrying, or seeking to marry, a family. I am going to marry the woman I love, and I am not afraid that she will not adorn any station in which she can be placed."

Mrs. Letson said no more. As well try to stem Niagara with a chip, as to interpose an obstacle in the way of a young man thoroughly in love, and in earnest.

A few days later, in a cabin home under the shoulder of an overhanging hill in the Blue Ridge country, the family were sitting down to supper. The table was of the plainest. No silver or elegant china embellished it, the cloth was coarse, the two-tined forks were old and bent.

The father of the household, an old man with a patriarchal beard, sat at the head of the table and reverentially asked a blessing on the food. His daughter, a slim, beautiful, brown-cheeked girl, in a dark-blue cotton gown, poured the tea, and her brothers and sisters barefooted and plainly clad, ate with little attention to decorum. In fact, except when Dora was at home, nobody cared how they ate or paid attention to their deportment; the father insisting scrupulously on obedience and truth, two cardinal points in home-training, but caring nothing for what he considered show or airs. Dora's superfine ways, since she had been at college, to which the legacy of an aunt had enabled her to go, were distasteful to her plain old father, and as for her mother, who was illiterate, they were the occasion of resentful comment and censure.

"She's plum spiled, Jonathan," would the old lady say to her husband. "I wish she never had Cynthy's money. She'll never amount to nothin!"

"Probably she'll go away and teach," the father would say. "Dora's a good girl. But I don't like her affectations any more'n you do. Just box any of the others if you see them imitatin' her, or send the boys for an interview with me. Plain, straightforward children are all I want, Jane."

Poor Dora! No wonder she had hesitated, and dreaded the acquaintance of her lover, with her family circle. We do not always recognize the fact that good people, children of the same heavenly Father, may be as far apart as the poles in their way of looking at daily life, their habits of speech, and their manners at the table.

But Dora McBirney was too sensible a young woman to make herself miserable over things which were after all, merely superficial. She adored her father, though she felt that he disapproved of what she was quite unaware of, a certain town-bred polish she had imperceptibly acquired, and as for her mother, she felt toward her the protectingness of a stronger to a weaker nature.

Dunbar's first introduction to the McBirneys was one evening as they were ready to sit down to their supper. Dora watched him, quick to observe whether he was critical or patronizing. But the young man was neither. Your true gentleman is at home in all society, and possesses the magical secret of setting everybody at ease. He won over the old people, and pleased the younger ones. The family appeared at its best before him. When at family prayer he joined his clear tenor to the other voices in the hymn, the father looked pleased. His bed under the eaves was clean and fragrant, his tenderly loving manner to Dora was more reverential than ever during his visit, and when he left, he had obtained her father's consent, as well as Dora's, to his marriage. Dunbar Letson had stood the test his longed-for bride had proposed.

As for her, his heart will safely trust in her, and she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$365.62
Esther Needham	1 00
W Woodside	2 00
Mrs Harriet Clark	5 00
Edw Morton	5 00
W D D, Hamburg	10 00
B C, Greenpark, Pa	1 00
Clara A Johnson	20
Georgia Thornton	50
Mrs Annie Storm	1 00
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Mrs Brown	1 00
Friend, Springfield, Mass	1 00
J E Bain	15 00
Mrs B F Wentworth	1 00
C A Breard	5 00
Mr & Mrs, Norwich, Conn	1 00
Total	**$425.82**

All contributions for this work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

In Old Moorish Homes.

Granada's Faded Glories, and the Days when the Mohammedans Ruled Spain—Its Present Inhabitants.

FOUR centuries have passed away since the Mohammedan power was driven out of Spain, by the fall of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, in the famous war conducted with such spirit by Ferdinand and Isabella. In that long and memorable crusade of Christian against Moslem, there were some episodes of terrible barbarity. The fanatical Moorish armies perpetrated excesses which aroused all Christendom, and the Christian princes banded together, resolved at whatever cost to expel the Moors. This was at last accomplished. Malaga and Granada, the strongholds of the Moorish empire, were captured, and Boabdil, the last of the alien monarchs of the Crescent to rule in Western Europe, was deprived of his power and possessions, and became a vassal of Spain.

The story of the Moorish period of occupation is now only recalled by the magnificent architectural remains of that period that still exist in many localities in Granada. Nowhere in Europe are there any structures excelling in dignity of conception and extreme delicacy of treatment those found in the Alhambra group. Combining many of the features of Saracenic and Arabian architecture, the Moorish workmen wrought in a style which, though replete with ornament, was yet conspicuously graceful and striking, lacking the heaviness of the Gothic and the Roman, and retaining in a multiplied form something of the beauty of the Greek. In the remains of their mosques, tombs, and palaces, and even in many homes of the wealthier class, this rich elaboration is still visible. Slender, graceful pillars, topped by ornate capitals, support the buildings, rising to delicately-formed arches, heavy with tracery that seems to the observer as fine as the filagree work of a silversmith.

The photograph reproduced on this page (the entrance to a country-house in Granada), gives an idea of the general style of such buildings. The house itself is surrounded by a cool, well shaded court yard, rich in foliage and still further cooled by the spray of fountains. The windows and doorways of their dwellings were made small to shut out the heat.

Much of the life of the Moorish household was and still is, passed out-of-doors, but in the privacy of the court—which served the same purpose as the Mexican *patio*. As Granada is rich in alabaster and other precious stones, the pillars and carvings of many of these old Moorish houses were composed of such material. To-day, however, Moorish architecture is a thing of the past, and the descendants of that scattered race are seemingly wholly incapable of the energy and artistic talents of their warlike ancestors.

In the older quarter of Granada, there are still many buildings that retain much of the ancient Moorish style, but the modern part is commonplace.

Karnattah, as the Moors called their capital city (meaning "the hill of the strangers"), has many beautiful squares, and one finely-shaded walk called the Alameda, where the beauty and fashion of the old town delight to promenade in the cool of the day. The climate is pleasant and healthy. Among the poor, however, the same condition of deplorable ignorance and neglect exists that is found in many other Spanish cities. The life of the wealthy is one of ease and indolent pleasure, with little regard for the welfare of those who live in humbler quarters, and whose horizon of hope and ambition is bounded by the dingy walls of some old, decaying courtyard. With a proper degree of enterprise and Christian consideration for the poorer class, the city might once again become, what it probably was in the old days, one of the finest, most prosperous and most important in the Spanish dominions.

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Petting and Pampering.

It is a pernicious habit to pet and pamper our children, going to the extreme of indulgence, just as many run to the opposite extreme of severity. In the home, in Sunday School and church, our whole study may be to please the child, and make the way easy. But when the household pet passes into the business world, the way is not made easy. Grim difficulties confront it on every hand, and nothing but pluck, patience, and perseverance will overcome them. But the child who has always been entertained and helped along an easy way is not likely to possess these important qualities. The result is impatience, restlessness, and fret and fever and violence. There is no surer method of making poor men than to begin by making spoilt children.

***

Vacation Pleasures.

At no time is parental supervision of the recreations of our childen more necessary than during the season of summer outing. Says a thoughtful writer: No family of Christian parents can afford to spend their summers amid scenes which will familiarize their children with coarse manners, profane language or vicious habits. Better that your boy never have an outing than that he take it outside good associations and clean living. Take your outings; take them regularly, freely, largely; but take them as you take all good gifts of God, with a good conscience, and let them be treasured in a memory that knows no stain of sorrowful remembrance. Let your vacations be recreation, and wherever you go, go as God's child to find fellowship with all of God's creatures. Then the vacation season may be looked forward to with fond anticipation, and back upon with pleasant recollection.

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Shepherd Women of the Tyrol.

Among the mountaineers of the Tyrol the women still bear a conspicuous share of the burden of daily labor, just as their mothers and grandmothers did before them. The shepherdesses—for in nearly every instance the flocks are tended by girls or women—live in absolute solitude; only the loudest blast of their horn or a piercing yodel can be heard by the nearest neighbor, who is miles away; it is thus that they know of one another's existence. The girls live, during the summer, in a low hut, without windows or chimneys, having an entrance (minus a door) opening toward the south. As a rule, a place beside a sheltering, hospitable rock is chosen as the building site, so that it may serve for one side of the cabin and at the same time be a protection from avalanches that come rushing down the mountains with such deadly power, sweeping all in their path to destruction. Under this rude shelter the young and sickly animals are gathered nightly to protect them from the cold and wet; here the milk is kept and the cheeses made. The girls' bed is an elevated shelf (so high from the ground that she requires a ladder to reach it), on which some leaves and grass are strewn. She is here safe from being trampled on by the cattle. The shepherdess has for a companion a large sheep-dog, and these women live for months at a time, like hermits of the mountains.

THE COURTYARD OF A MOORISH COUNTRY-HOUSE, GRANADA.

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Living for the Children.

COME, let us live with our children
Earnestly, holily live,
Knowing ourselves the sweet lesson
That to the children we give.
Fresh from the kingdom of heaven
Into this earth-life they come,
Not to abide; we must lead them
Back to their heavenly home.

Come, let us live for our children,
Leading them tenderly on
Into the fields that God's love-light,
Ever shines brightly upon.
Thne when our feet grow too weary
For the safe guidance of youth,
We shall be led like the children
To Him who is goodness and truth

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A Princess' Domestic Life.

PRINCESS MAUD, the youngest and cleverest of the daughters of the Princess of Wales, who was united in marriage a few days ago to Prince Charles of Denmark, is a young lady of more than ordinary accomplishments. In both London and Copenhagen, she is well known and greatly liked in society generally. But it is in the privacy of home life that her character has been best disclosed. She was her father's nurse during a recent illness, and performed the duties of the position in a way that surprised and delighted the doctors. Like her sisters she is thoroughly domestic in her tastes and although she loves to skate, ride and swim and is a capital amateur photographer she takes more pleasure in making good butter at her father's dairy at Sandringham, or good bread in the kitchen than in chatting about amid frivolous society. In London, when she rode about in London, it was generally for the purpose of attending some public meeting in the interests of philanthropy. She is a fine musician also, playing both piano and violin. Her husband, Prince Carl, is a tall, big six-footer and a lieutenant in the Danish Navy.

Copenhagen, where the young pair will probably make their home during a part of the year at least, is one of the most delightful of European cities, and lies on the margin of a beautiful bay. The seaside is bordered with fine gardens, and everything has an air of prosperity and contentment. One meets smiling faces everywhere, with pleasant features and clear, healthy complexions. The people of the Court, including even the king himself, are constantly to be met, walking, riding or driving without an escort, and in the most unostentatious manner imaginable. Copenhagen is essentially a Lutheran city and has some fine churches, built like old Greek temples. There are many picturesque places in the neighborhood. There is the fine Castle of Bernstorf, where the royal circle gathers, and where the old Queen Louise holds gently sway. In the winter, the sovereigns usually occupy the Amalienborg Castle, which is also in the city. At Klampenborg, another pretty suburban spot, towns-people go for a holiday, to dine, sup and listen to the music of a military band. Besides these, there are a hundred other attractions, easily accessible, that combine to make the Danish capital an exceedingly agreeable place.

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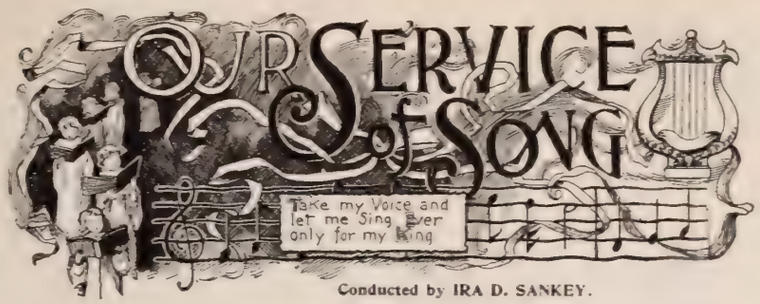
Ornament in Dress.

There is a medium in the matter of dress which it would be well to observe as far as possible. There are some good people, who are extremely rigid and who believe all ornament is a sin. They put forth "no ornament" as a law, and proclaim that the Christian life forbids all ornament in attire. Yet the earth is profusely adorned by the Creator's hand. Love of the beautiful is natural and universal, and, says a philosophical writer, he who "teaches that Christ condemns ornament, puts the Christ of the New Testament in direct antagonism to the God who created us." He who said, "Consider the lilies," does not lay upon men such heavy burdens as some of his followers would have them carry, and he who has filled the world with beauty and made it minister to human joy and human culture, has not laid upon us such a burthen. Everything else appears in attractive garb, and so do children and women and men too have full right to make themselves personally attractive to those around them.

God in Nature.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 16. Psalm 19: 1-6; 24: 1-10.

MANY persons have the idea that the tendency of modern science is to exclude God from the world. They think that if the scientists could have their way, they would substitute natural ... for God, and teach mankind that the manifestations of power and energy in nature are the only supreme and eternal forces in the universe. Yet there is probably far less infidelity now than in past generations. Men are not yet prepared to do without a God or to worship blind fate. But science has really had no atheistic object in view. It has patiently and persistently tried to understand the laws of the universe, and has found system, and regularity, and order, and the connection of cause and effect where former generations did not suppose them to exist. But what then? It has simply discovered the laws and laws in nature, and the devout believer welcomes the discovery as proving that God is wiser than his forefathers supposed. The wondrous adaptation of means to ends, the wondrous provision to meet natural needs which the scientist has discovered everywhere in nature, argues a being of infinite wisdom. As a great writer has said, "Science has built an altar at which Religion worships." It is as if a man were to take an intelligent child to see one of the modern printing presses and explain to him how the paper is carried over the rollers and is pressed on the stereotypes, and how the ink is distributed, and the paper being printed is cut and folded; and show him the complicated machine in operation, each part automatically and efficiently doing precisely the duty it was designed to do. The child looks at it in wonder, but does not for a moment suppose, nor does the man expect him to suppose, that the machine had no maker. Rather, the inspection tends to produce admiration for the wisdom of the inventor, and for the skill with which the parts of his invention have been made, and so exactly adjusted and dove-tailed to work harmoniously and soothly. So science has searched the universe, patiently investigating phenomena, and has found behind all, laws working regularly and evenly with an endless variety, yet with wondrous harmony. We no longer believe, as the ancients did, that thunder is God's voice. The scientist has explained how the reverberations are produced; but have we lost anything by losing the ancient belief? The intelligent mind is more disposed to reverence by the revelation of power than it was by the terror of the roar. The scientist is working from the near to the far, and as he goes forward, he discovers only everywhere and suspects that there is law where at present all seems to be chance. But he is merely learning the methods by which the Creator works. All his discoveries suggest the Origin of the Universe in infinite wisdom. He cannot discover the Origin. Far as he may go, it is still beyond him. He sees the footsteps and marks the evidences of the designing Mind, but he cannot penetrate into the presence. But that is precisely what the believer expected. Faith takes up the object at whatsoever point the scientist leaves it, and realizes that these wonders that are shown to him are what he would have expected of the God whom he worships. The God of nature is the God of the Bible. As adorable in nature as in grace.

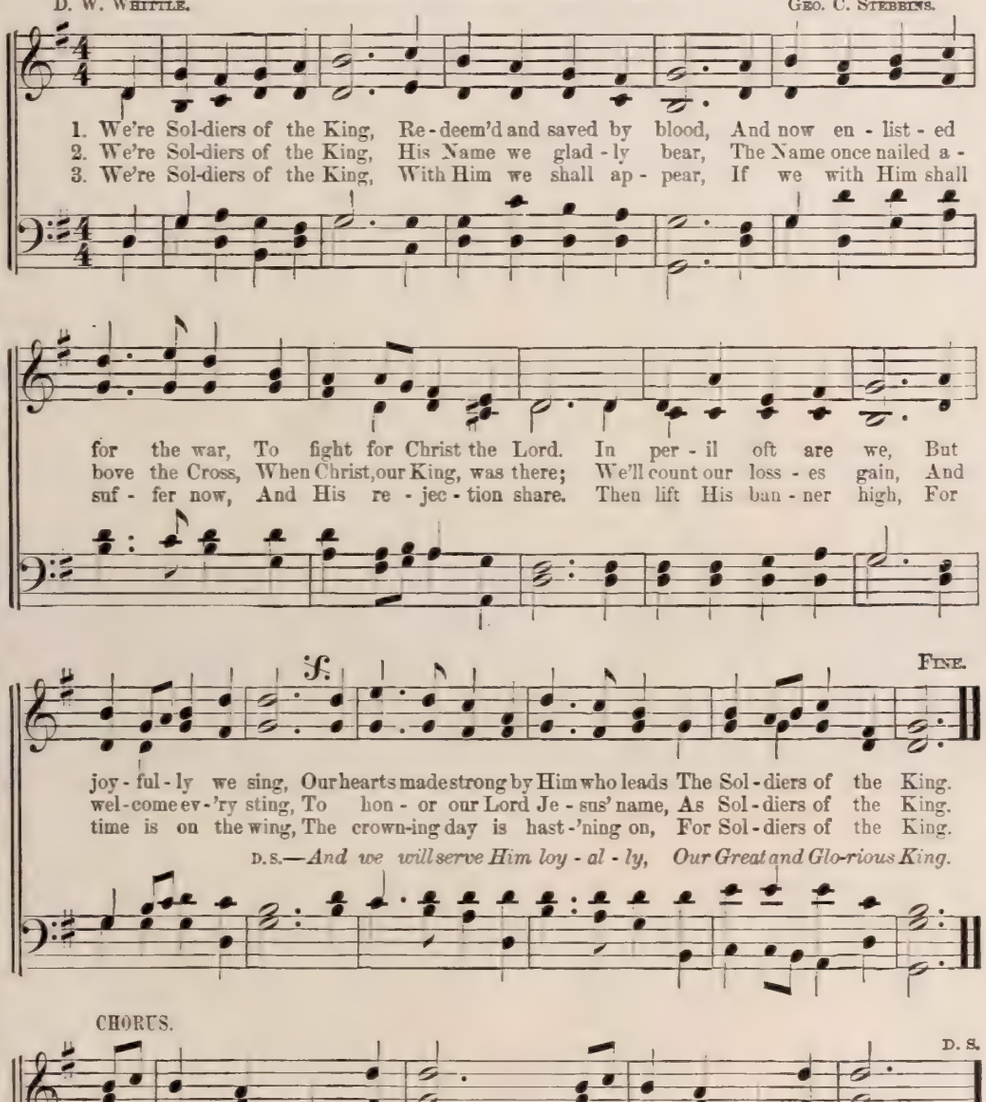


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

"ENDURE HARDNESS, AS A GOOD SOLDIER."—*2 Tim. 2: 3.*

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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My Debt.

O FRIENDS, whom I have never seen!
Who yet have helped me on my way,
Who've made earth look more fair and green,
And added sunshine to my day.

O Hero! through whose noble deed
My own weak soul has stronger grown;
O Poet! in whose lines I read
A message sweet, and all my own.

Clear thinker! who to me revealed
Some truth or beauty rare and fine,
To which my eyes had still been sealed.
Hadst thou not made thy treasure mine.

O Painter! who for me did place
Upon the glowing canvas there,
That sweet, that rarely beauteous face,
That woos me for a while from care.

O Saint! whose pure and holy life
Makes me long to be holy, too;
To wage with wrong unceasing strife—
How can I pay my debt to you?

O Friends, whom I have never seen!
Who yet are helping me each day:
The good you've done to me, I ween,
I never can to you repay.

But I can pass the cup along—
The cup of blessing fresh and sweet—
Into some mouth can put a song.
Can smooth some path for weary feet.

And this shall be the payment meet
I'll render for your gifts to me:
I'll try to make the lives more sweet
Of some whom you will never see.

— L. P. A.

Times of Culmination.

Twenty-three Reasons for Believing the Times of the Gentiles are Near Their End.

BY HENRY VARLEY.*

THE study of Matthew 24 and Luke 21, in relation to the conditions which our Lord said would be identified with the actual time of his coming to the earth "in power and great glory," yields, in the light of events which are now transpiring, some remarkable indications that the time of the end of this age is come.

Between the Scylla of human speculation in regard to Christ's coming and the Charybdis of an intelligent and cultured rationalism which either sets aside or ignores the plainest statements given by our Lord in regard to his appearing and glory, it is necessary that we steer a clear and definite course.

The fact stated by our Lord that "that day will come as a snare upon all them that dwell upon the face of the whole earth," is conclusive as to the unbelief and guilty silence which he declared would prevail at the time. The dividing-line between modern philosophic rationalism and the great supernatural facts revealed in "the sure word of prophecy" is found here. To set forth certain of these facts is the object of this paper.

1. The national and world-wide unrest which everywhere exists, and the readiness for war found specially among the great and highly-civilized nations of Europe.

2. The evident approach of the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, and the breaking up of the governmental rule of the Mohammedan power so far as Jerusalem and Palestine are concerned.

3. The striking indications of Israel's national renewal and resuscitation—that which the Holy Spirit in a national sense speaks of as "life from the dead" (Rom. 11: 15).

4. The fact of the receiving of Christ Jesus the Lord as the Messiah by large numbers of the Jews during the past twenty years.

5. The recent return in unbelief of more than 50,000 of God's people Israel to Jerusalem and Palestine, in great poverty and sorrow, and as the result of bitter persecution and oppression.

6. The actual "arising" of the city of Jerusalem at the close of the long and weary centuries during which the Lord Jesus declared she should be "trodden down" of the Gentiles.

7. The desolation of Jerusalem and the land was to continue until (but not beyond) the end of the great epoch called by our Lord, "the Times of the Gentiles" (Luke 21: 24).

8. "The Times of the Gentiles" comprehend 2,520 years, during which governmental supremacy, at the instance of Jehovah, was to pass out of the hands of Israel and Judah into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar the Great.

9. These "Times" began when Jehoiakim, the last king of the house of David that ever occupied his throne, was taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon.

10. The date, according to the most recent chronology, was near to, if not in, the year 620 B. C. Add 1896 A. D. to 620 B. C., and the total of 2,516 prove that we are very near the end of these Times.

11. The "Times of the Gentiles," interpreted in the light of Jewish and Gentile history, represent the predicted "seven times" of Moses, Daniel, and John.

To be Continued.

* From the *Prophetic News*. May be had, price six cents, from J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. H. K., Tarpon Springs, Fla. How old was David when he slew Goliath of Gath, the giant King?

The Scriptural record does not tell his age, but gives an indication of it in II. Sam. 16: 11, 12. Josephus states that David was "a youth—no more than a child in age, but comely and beautiful." The presumption is that he was a sturdy, fair-haired, growing lad of fifteen to twenty.

Mrs. M. R., Star Prairie, Wis. 1. When Jesus cried out on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," must we take it in its literal sense that Jesus in his great agony realized that God had forsaken him? If so, what lesson can we derive from it? 2. Is it right to ask God to [illegible] battle?

1. It means that Christ in taking the sinner's place drank to the dregs the cup of divine justice and felt himself an outcast from his Father's presence. His last cry, however, in commending his soul to God showed that he recovered his confidence before he died. 2. Yes, and every other grace. He knows how weak we are.

W. K., Carlin, Nev. In what language was it that our Lord spoke the words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama, sabachthani."

The Aramæan language. It is the northern and least developed branch of the Syro-Arabian tongues, and is a general term for the whole, of which the Chaldaic and Syriac dialects form parts. While the Jews maintained their national independence, Hebrew was the national language, but all this was changed after Assyria and Chaldea subdued the land. The Babylonish Aramæan dialect superseded the ancient Hebrew.

Silas D., Akron, O. Are there as many animals now as when Adam named them in Eden, or more?

It is impossible to satisfactorily answer such a question. At the present time, accord to zoological authorities, over 300,000 species of animals have been described by naturalists up to date.

Reader, Virginia. Could any circumstances justify a Christian man in asking a lady to grant him an interview after being warned by her husband never [illegible] the third [illegible]? If he wishes to be forgiven, and have confidence restored, how should he proceed to bring about a reconciliation in a right manner?

To attempt to continue acquaintance in the way suggested after such a demonstration, would be an impertinence and would probably meet with a prompt and forcible rebuke. Assuming that the parties are innocent of wrong, the better way to reach an understanding and restore confidence would be to personally explain matters to the husband, who has a right to expect to be considered, before any reconciliation is possible.

S[illegible], Tennessee, M. H. [illegible] the question asked by M. H. A., Brooklyn, N. Y. "What authority have we to use in divine worship any [illegible] than those found in the Book of Psalms?" [illegible] the early fathers of the Christian Church; and you [illegible] and spiritual songs." Do you think the Apostle [illegible] they are all in the Psalms, or do you honestly [illegible] human hymns in the church in Paul's day? Who wrote them and what has become of them?

In a book issued this year by Scribners, entitled *The Evolution of Church Music* (by Rev. F. L. Humphreys, with preface by Bishop Potter of New York), the whole subject is fully and conclusively discussed. The primitive Christian hymns (of the very earliest of which no authentic record now remains), were [illegible] and chiefly [illegible] and Dionysius by the Greeks. They were not [illegible] type. At first they were sung in antiphon, or [illegible] the same notes as the boys and women, but an octave lower. A report received by the Emperor Trajan, in A. D. 110, from Pliny, the [illegible] custom to assemble before daylight and sing [illegible] Word in the 5th century, made the first "arrangement" of sacred music, and compiled the hymns for the regular services of the church. A number of his compositions (doubtless modernized), have come down to us.

Lambert Bewke, Paterson, N. J. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 15, I read an article on "Armenia's Desperate Plight." Their sufferings ought to stir every Christian to prayer, diligence and a sense of obligation to help. What a vast difference between us and these our persecuted and down-trodden brethren! It occurred to me if twenty-five thousand self-sacrificing Christians would each give ten dollars, how many families could be brought to this haven or some other land of freedom, where no fanatical oppression exists. Perhaps you know of a more practical way. I will gladly change my suggestion for a better, but for one, though a hard toiler from morning till evening, I will gladly give the proposed ten dollars for a cause so well deserving our endeavor.

Hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women share the feeling of indignation expressed against Turkey in our correspondent's letter. The emigration scheme, however, is impracticable; we have made the fullest inquiry before reaching this decision. The Sultan, like Pharaoh of old, refuses to "let the people go," and the European Powers are too jealous of each other to interfere. America has done a noble work in succoring the destitute Armenians and it is still going on. Remittances are still being made from our Relief Fund, although contributions have practically ceased. Despite prohibitions and official vigilance, parties of Armenians are leaving Turkey and making their way to this country. As they usually arrive here penniless, and are consequently liable to be returned as paupers, under the Emigration Laws, the proprietor of this journal, with a view to saving them from such a calamity, has undertaken to furnish such guarantees for their temporary maintenance here as the law requires. Our readers and their friends can help materially in this work, if they wish, by finding employment for these people on their arrival. We shall be glad to have the co-operation of as many of our friends as possible, the writer of the foregoing letter included. Thus we shall be helping the persecuted Armenians at both ends of the line.

THE ANCIENT PORT OF ACRE, SYRIA, AS IT NOW APPEARS.
(See article on opposite page.)

A. C. I., Schaghticoke, N. Y. I recently happened to be present in a Sunday School class, where the teacher during a lesson, said there were many things happened here which we could not understand, but he thought the mysteries of earth would be partly revealed in heaven. My idea is that they will be fully revealed in heaven—at least there are many mysteries which I should like full light on. What is your idea?

Doubtless, the heaven-life will be the key to the earth-life, and when our spiritual natures are unfolded and our spiritual eyes opened, we shall then more clearly comprehend those things that have seemed inexplicable. (See I.Cor. 13:9-12). The teacher was probably right, as many things which we now deem important may then appear to be insignificant. Nothing is of real importance, except as it affects the development of spiritual character.

O. N., Rochester, N. Y. Our [illegible] with the cry from Armenia. Some of us have already contributed, but we wish to do more. We realize that [illegible] How many different societies are at work and [illegible] purpose?

The Armenian Relief work is now conducted by [illegible] The American Red Cross, the Duke of Westminster Fund (English), the Armenian Relief Association, of which Rev. Mr. Greene is secretary, and the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, through whose missionaries in the field THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has been expended at sixteen different stations in Armenia proper. The relief afforded has been temporary thus far, owing to the great extent of the suffering. 2. No; the European nations have not interfered and probably will not. 3. It has worked and still works in conjunction with the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. independent of other organizations. This seemed to us to be the most direct and surest way of reaching the centres of suffering and of affording prompt relief.

T. C. Lipscombe, Ninety-six, S. C. What became of the Ark of the Covenant?

No one knows. It appears to have disappeared before the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. If he had taken it we think it would have been mentioned in the list of treasures in II. Chronicles, 36, which he carried off. It was so sacred and so valuable that the historian would surely have mentioned it. It was probably hidden when the city was in danger of being taken, and all the people who knew its hiding-place may have been killed when the city was captured. The orthodox Jews have a theory that when the Messiah, for whom they are looking, appears, one of the evidences he will give of his identity will be to disclose the hiding-place of the Ark.

W. B. A., Providence, R. I. If a man has an invalid wife and four children, and has an income of thirteen dollars a week, is it his duty to give a tenth of it to the Lord?

The Christian is not under law but under grace. The law of the tenth does not apply to him. The only way in which it can be legitimately connected with his duty is on the ground that, being free from law and having greater privileges than the Jews who were under the law of the tenth, he will not give a smaller proportion of his income than they were required to give. In the case you mention we do not think it is the man's duty to give a tenth. It would be a much greater burden to him and a far more severe tax than would a much larger amount be to a man of larger income. A man who had an income of thirteen dollars a week with no one depending upon him would have to make less of a sacrifice in giving five dollars than this man would in giving one dollar. The surplus over and above expenditures for absolute necessities is the true measure of a man's income. The Christian will take a pleasure in denying himself some little luxury that he may give to the Lord's cause, but he should not incur debt, nor take the money that his children need for bread to give to religion.

A. L. R. 1. Does the prohibition of women speaking (1 Cor. 14: 34, 35) still remain in force? 2. Is a man called upon to forsake his family as described in Matt. 19: 30? 3. Who are the first and the last referred to in Matt. 20: 16 and parallel passages? 4. Why are contradictory directions given in Prov. 26: 4, 5 as to the treatment of fools?

1. We think the reasons which impelled Paul to give the prohibition having no longer any existence, that the prohibition is not in force. It is easy to see why in his day grave evils would have resulted from women taking a prominent part in meetings of the church, but such evils would not follow in the present day and we think Paul would not approve of the women being silenced. 2. No, but he ought to love Christ so well that if the alternative of forsaking him or of forsaking his family were ever forced on him he would give up all for Christ. 3. The first are men who esteem themselves superior to others, and also some whom the church regards as superior. In God's sight their pride is offensive, and some humble Christian will be preferred to them. 4. The directions are only apparently contradictory. The two verses simply describe the results of the two methods of treating them. You can choose for yourself which is the better way. Each has its danger.

"Perplexed," Richmond, Va. Is a young man justified in becoming a [illegible] after he discovers on more intimate acquaintance that the lady [illegible] which are liable to render [illegible] uncongenial?

We think he is justified, as we think the lady would be justified if she made a similar discovery. But in either case, there should be the utmost delicacy and kindness and consideration. It should not be done willingly lightly, but with extreme reluctance and un stern sense of duty. The man should reme ber that he was rash and should have kno his own mind better, before becoming engag To retreat afterwards must inevitably ca suffering and possibly humiliation, and should strive to render both as light as p sible. But an uncongenial marriage involv so much misery for both parties, that no p son should be compelled by a hasty or r promise to enter upon it. It is better for bo to break the engagement than to proceed i is clear that there will be bickering and d agreement after marriage.

J. B. C., Decatur, Ga. When persons have secu divorces, because of the unfaithfulness of partners, are they justified in marrying agai

The injured partners seem to us to hav right to contract a new marriage in conscie as in law, unless there has been provocat or connivance on their part. If a husba and wife find the bond irksome and agree t one of the two shall furnish the necess cause for the dissolution of the marriage; if there is a tacit agreement of that kind; o there is a deliberate plot to bring one of t partners under strong temptation, then seems to us that both are equally guilty a deserve no consideration. But when eitl partner has suffered innocently and witho contributory fault, it would be unreasona and unjust to require of that one perpet celibacy as a punishment for the fault of a other.

John Jones, Carleton Co., Neb. Was the late C. Spurgeon, of London, an ordained minister, not, was he competent to baptize and admini the sacrament?

Mr. Spurgeon was never ordained. As G honored his ministry by the conversion of immense number of souls both by his spok sermons and by their circulation in print form, we may conclude that he had the divi authority to preach, he might surely bapti and administer the sacrament. He w recognized and honored by his brother min ters in England, and we nev heard of his rig to officiate either ordinan being challenge

T. Belsher, Farge, Wis. Wi was the Sabb changed from seventh to the f day of the week?

It does not a pear that the o servance of t seventh day the Sabbath ev extended to a marked degr beyond the Jew ish nation. Wh the Gospel w preached amo the Gentiles l the Apostle Pa it would appe that the conver met together on the Sunday, regularly eve week, to commemorate the resurrection of t Lord. Acts 20: 7 shows that the practice observing the Lord's Day as a day of r ligious meeting had already commenced. Son Jewish formalists, as we find from the Ac and the Epistles, wanted to bring the Ge tiles under bondage as to circumcision a probably about the Sabbath, too. But Pa resisted. The struggle about the rite of circun cision is fully described in the Bible, and w have a hint of the other question in Col. 2: 1 where Paul tells his converts to let no ma judge them as to the Sabbath days. An effo is being made in the same direction now a the Apostle's advice is still pertinent.

A. F. B., Machpelah, N. C. There are seve pieces dealing with that subject, probably the be being that by G. W. Moon, an English writer, titled: "Who Shall Roll the Stone Away?"—Su scriber, N. J. Write to Tiffany & Co., N. Y., for i formation.—Mrs. Lydia S., Greenpoint, Pa. N —Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Differ seminaries have different standards. Better wri to the one you have in view.—M. L., Syracuse, N Y. None that we know of.—The Protestant O phan Girls' Home, of Baton Rouge, La., is in nee of good religious literature.—Three S. Jesse, Va. Both are a mild sort of gambling to whi reputable business houses would not consent.— —H. S. McH., Jay, Vt. By International mone order, if the amount be not large. Otherwise the some American banks.—N. G. C., Baltimore, the matter fully treated in Met[illegible] & Strong Biblical Encyclopedia.—John M. I. Farrell, Ja It is published by Randolph, N. Y.—J. C. M Germantown, Pa. 1. Methodist. 2. The editor.— S. S. Leland, Idaho. 1. The husband appears t have fallen into a trap set for him legally, and th wife's subsequent conduct to herself himself religio and moral obligation. 2. The wife could obtai God's forgiveness only by sincere penitence an humble faith in Christ. 3. The book is issued b Historical Publishing Company, Philadelphia.— I. S. Moorland, Mich. 1. That such ceremonie as Oriental funerals were not fit for one who had be come his follower. People who were not spiritually awakened might take part in them, but not one who had just become his disciple. 2. It is a most proper, simple and blessed, and we do well to meet 3. Nowhere is the use of tobacco explicitly forbidden in the Bible, as it was not known to the ancients are aware in Bible times. 4. The harm is liable to come later if it leads to a marriage engagement, as it may do. If either person is already married, the danger to be apprehended from a reconsideration of the kind you mention is very much the greater. In any case the practice is of doubtful utility.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

Brookdale's Sunday School.

BROOKDALE is not the name our village bears on the maps. If any of its people think I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in giving the village a new name for my story, I must remind them that I am only following an example that has been set by very revered people. William Penn and his friends took upon themselves to repudiate the name by which the Indians called the district; and as the name they gave it does not suit me and I do not know the original name, which is surely the only one the village has an indefeasible right to, I cannot be injured by my giving it the name of Brookdale for reasons as satisfactory to me, as the name on the map was to the people who preferred it the Indian name.

The village is not more, and may be less than a thousand miles from Philadelphia. Some people are interested in it on one account, others for other reasons, but my interest centres in a Sunday School there because among its teachers and scholars there are some whose lives are worth describing, and because I want my readers to know them and like them and get some good out of the record of their adventures.

First of all, I want to explain how it came about that this Sunday School had a picnic different from any that had previously taken place in its history. Before this time it had always been held on the afternoon of the fourth of July. Deacon Slowfoot, the time-honored superintendent, used to say, that "youngsters hadn't ought to go far away from home;" and, as to picnic-nicing on any other than Independence Day, the Deacon gave notice that he "couldn't listen to no sich nonsense."

Hence, every fourth of July afternoon, when it didn't rain, the Deacon and some sixty or seventy children, most of them little girls, climbed the hill which led to the grove, back of the old Brookdale Church, where they were called together and lectured by the good old parson, Dr. Lane. Then somebody read the Declaration of Independence, and others sung a few old style hymns, when they solemnly marched home again. This had been the programme for years, until the larger boys, as well as their parents, gave the picnic the cold shoulder, because, instead of a joyous, pleasant, health-reviving, all afternoon, they had a dull and stupid time of it generally.

Nearly two years before the time of the present picnic, the Brookdale population was increased by two persons, who henceforth exercised great influence in the social and religious affairs of the whole neighborhood. One of them was William Turner, a printer, who, with his wife and three children, came from the interior of Pennsylvania; and the other was Mrs. Seymour, and her only son, Milton.

Early in June, to the surprise of Deacon Slowfoot, a meeting was called to make arrangements for the annual picnic, and, on coming to attend it, he found the basement of the church nearly full of people. The old deacon forgot the dignity of his future office, and was angry because he had not been consulted. He presided at the meeting, however, gave out a hymn: "'Tis a point I long to know;" read the Epistle of Jude, and then made a long prayer.

"I suppose," said Deacon Slowfoot, "that the school will proceed as usual to the wood back of the meetin' house, on the fourth of July afternoon?"

"Not much," said Farmer Paramore; "that sort of thing is played out. Let us have a picnic as is a picnic, and none of your milk and water, white frock and blue ribbon affairs."

"Trust, beloved brethren in the Lord," said the dear old Father Jones, the pastor, his long, white hair being truly a crown of glory, as it waved in the evening breeze; "that the banner over us may be love, and that we may be among those who realize that it is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. I hope, therefore, that all will be peace and harmony, and that we may be of one mind in this matter."

Mr. Plummer here arose. A short, round-headed man, stout and staunch, just the sort of fellow the life-insurance people like to get hold of. His face was free from whiskers or beard, and shone as if polished. He was a true son of light, full of love to God and love to man, and especially love for children. Everybody liked Mr. Plummer, whether they were in sickness or in health; he was so kind, so charitable, so full of faith and good works, that old Parson Jones said of him: "Brother Plummer is like the summer, we all welcome its coming and regret when it has departed." So that, when Mr. Plummer arose, and in a fifteen minutes speech pointed out the objections to the old style picnic, and sketched what it should be, everybody listened attentively, and Farmer Paramore even said aloud: "Go it, Plummer!" Mr. Plummer concluded by making a motion that a committee of three be appointed to consider the propriety of having an excursion. This was carried, and the committee of teachers, consisting of Mr. Plummer, Mrs. Seymour, and the superintendent, Deacon Slowfoot, retired for consultation.

They soon returned with a majority report and a resolution recommending that the church, school and congregation of old and young people go to Fisher's Grove, a few miles south of Brookdale, on the morning of July 23d; that the neighboring farmers be applied to for wagons and carriages, as well as provisions; that the village brass band be invited, also the young men from the Academy; and that a Committee of Amusements be appointed.

Deacon Slowfoot put in a minority report, recommending that the school, as usual, go on the fourth of July afternoon; but the vote was almost unanimous for the Fisher's Grove excursion; so the old deacon, quite chagrined, "stepped down and out," and did not remain longer in the room; although a month afterwards he returned to his first love, and went with the largest picnic that ever left Brookdale.

On the morning of the picnic the Brookdale streets were alive with people at an early hour. Some say the excitement ran so high that many could not sleep all night, as an excursion in carriages and wagons, headed by a brass band, was an unheard of proceeding. Besides, the fact that the Academy youth were expected to participate, brought out an unusual number of lasses from the surrounding country. New dresses, hats, fans, ribbons, feathers and furbelows were rapidly sold, and the storekeepers clapped their hands and favored excursions!

To make matters still more agreeable, Mr. Plummer, big-hearted man that he was, went to Mr. Walter and insisted upon his closing his cotton mills on that day, thus giving the inmates a chance to attend the picnic.

Before six o'clock the village band, with feathers flying, were playing a lively march on the main street of Brookdale, while carriages and wagons arrived every moment, full of gaily dressed people of all ages; and by six the procession moved off. First there was the band, then came two or three hay wagons with canvas covers, filled with frolicsome and happy children. In the midst of the largest of these wagons was Mr. Plummer, singing and laughing like a good fellow. But before starting the committee arranged, as part of the programme, that there should be a hymn sung in the church and prayers offered for God's protection and blessing upon the little ones during the day.

Milton Seymour drove his mother in a two-seated, hired wagon, in which were also the sexton of the church, Mr. Smithers, and an aged woman, called by the people, "Granny" Sheridan, who was too poor to hire a conveyance, and yet was much interested in the school. She often said, when asked what was her religion, that she "loved God and little children." The Widow Seymour wore a veil to keep off the dust, and her son seemed very manly and proud, as he took the lines, and touched the horses with the whip.

Mrs. Seymour had seen all of her scholars, except one, comfortably seated in the same wagon wherein was Mr. Plummer. Carrie Walter was not present, but, after they had started, a team of spirited horses came along, driven by Mr. Walter, who was a widower. His only child, Carrie, was by his side, dressed expensively, but not with that delicacy and refinement which only a mother can prescribe. The child looked into all the wagons with a searching eye, as her father's carriage passed them; finally, catching up to the Seymour wagon, she spoke:

"Teacher, teacher, won't you come into our carriage? there is plenty of room."

Continued on next page.

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Running the Gauntlet.

Continued from preceding page.

"No, dear, thank you," said Mrs. Seymour; "I have some friends here that I cannot leave."

"Who was that lady, Carrie, dear?" asked Mr. Walter, when the carriage was out of ear-shot. "You should have consulted me before asking her to a seat in our carriage."

"Why, that is Mrs. Seymour, my teacher; O! papa, but she is such a sweet woman. I forgot to ask you."

"Oh, yes, I remember now." Then after a pause, Mr. Walter said: "Carrie, you never knew your dear mamma, but that lady looks something like her in the face."

"And I do wish she was my mamma."

Just as the procession of pleasure seekers reached the summit of the hill that overlooks the village as they looked westward, the sun shone brilliantly upon hundreds of farm houses in the valleys, and illuminated their windows with a glowing light, as if the whole visible world were in a burning flame of fire!

Before eight o'clock, Fisher's Grove was reached. It is on the slope and top of a steep hill, on either side of which is a creek. To the east, a mill-dam and pond are seen, with lovely views of the broad, green meadow, through the middle of which runs the sprightly river, and along its low banks, browse, every summer day, a score or more of handsome cows. The trees are large, affording ample shade, and on one edge of the woods a private road has been cut under the trees, where the horses find a good resting place; and beyond this is the baseball field. The pioneers of this excursion preceded the others, and, by the time the picnic arrived, two large tubs had been placed beneath the trees and filled with spring water, in each of which floated a bushel of sparkling ice, and a dozen tin cups and ladles were attached to each tub. The tables and stands had been erected, the seats prepared, and everything was in readiness for a day of pleasure.

Once there, the children seemed to have passed the Jordan into the promised land, and the shouts which went up from the boys, and the gay songs and laughter of the girls, who were brim full of enjoyment, as they climbed the hill again towards the main stand, would have made every lover of children full of joy, as he witnessed so much merriment and happiness.

When they had reached the hill-top, Mr. Plummer rang a bell, and told them that, after singing a hymn, and a short prayer, they would be allowed to spend the day as they thought proper, only observing the rules, and obeying their teachers. They were soon all in the height of their pleasure.

As I have already explained, the pic-nic had one unpleasant incident. The honor of being escort to little Carrie had led to a quarrel between her cousin, George Browne and Milton Seymour. There had been hot words and hard blows, as I have said, and as that first trouble on the subject was never forgotten by either boy, I have set it down instead of passing over it as a boyish quarrel. Milton, accustomed to his mother's gentle guidance and reverencing the Holy Scriptures as he had been taught to do, yielded to her reproof and buried the hatchet willingly. George Browne bore him no ill-will now, but he disdained the arguments of Mrs. Seymour. The fight in his opinion was manly, but this talk about the Bible was fit only for women and girls.

"Men and boys always fight, you will see that if you read history," he said to Mrs. Seymour. "It's natural, and as for the Bible saying we ought not to fight, why I am told the Bible has no weight now with educated people. Indeed, I know one teacher who says, the Bible is a bundle of antiquated fables and lies from beginning to end!"

This startled Milton, who, although somewhat of a wild and restless boy, had imbibed from the holy life of his saintly mother, at least an external respect for religion; but the widow, without showing any surprise, requested George to sit down, and asked him who had told him such a dreadful thing.

"Older people than any of us, George, have lived and died believing the precious truths of the Bible, and trusting in the Saviour whom it reveals. Is it right then, for a boy of your years, to condemn the sacred Book which has stood the attacks of bad men in all ages?"

"Well," replied George, "Professor Tynbull lectured last spring at our Lyceum, and he said the whole Book was a pack of lies, and proved it."

"Not so fast, George. How did he prove it?"

"Why, he said the Bible told that a whale swallowed Jonah; but that it was just as likely that Jonah swallowed the whale; because he proved from twenty-nine different naturalists that a whale's throat is so small that it could not swallow anything near as big, so a whale never did or could swallow a man. These big fish stories won't go down with this child;" and George kicked out his foot, rubbed his ear, and looked as if his argument was irresistible and unanswerable, just as he had seen his elders do.

"Professor Tynbull may be very learned but he is not fair," said Mrs. Seymour. "Just look George." handing him the Bible. "You see the book says nothing about a whale but that God prepared a fish. Now if he prepared one, you may be sure it was one fit for just the duty required to be done. Don't be too ready to listen to arguments against the Bible. The best people in the world believe it and love it, and those who obey it most fully and carefully live the happiest and most useful lives."

The boy listened and was evidently impressed by the argument, but he was eager to get back to his companions and Mrs. Seymour had too much interest in the happiness of young folks to be willing to spoil their fun at a pic-nic by a long talk. George's bold assertion must be met at once and on the spot, but she would not keep him from his play a minute longer than was necessary.

"Now run away and have a good time," she said, and George willingly obeyed her.

They were all having a good time and the hours sped away as time will when people are thoroughly enjoying themselves. It was not until the sun got low in the summer sky that the boys and girls realized that this grand day was near its close.

To be Continued.

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25 years I was almost totally deaf; coul understand a word; had to carry a slate sc people could "talk" to me. In one week commencing Aerial Medication, I surprise friends by discarding the slate, I steadil proved, and now can hear the slightest and can understand conversation perfe Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

For 22 years I suffered untold agonies Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured 1889, and I am still entirely free from th ease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment F

To introduce this treatment and prov yond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Cat Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a time, send Medicines for three months' t ment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati,

23,469

Collections of different Columbia advertisements were submitted in competition for the Columbia Bicycle recently offered as a prize. The winning collection was sent by H. F. Wendall, Leipsic, Ohio, and contained 2,089 different advertisements of

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

This contest has demonstrated in a remarkable manner the secure popularity of Columbia bicycles and the wide-spread desire to secure one. If Columbias could be sold for less, the use of Columbias would be universal. But Columbia quality can only be maintained at its unvarying standard by asking one unvarying price $100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Hartford Bicycles are the sort for which $100 is usually asked— $70, $65, $50, $45.

The Columbia Art Catalogue by mail for two 2-cent stamps, or is free if you call on the Columbia agent.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Houses and Agencies almost everywhere.

Pace Making

Is easy work wh Dixon's Cycle Chc Graphite is use Send 10c. for sample si Jos. Dixon Crucible Co Jersey City, N. J.

GRAY HAIR RESTOR to its natural color by LEE'S HAIR MI CANT, no dye harmless, pleasant odor. $1.00 a t LEE'S HAIR TONIC removes dandruff, hair from falling out and promotes growth $1.00 a t LEE MEDICANT CO 108 Fulton st., N. Y. Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application FI

CRIPPLES

Men, Ladies and Childrens Hand- and Foot Power— TRICYCLES

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FAY MFG. CO., 90 Pine St., Elyria, O.

DON'T BOIL Whitman's INSTANTA Chocolate—doesn't tne Made in a jiffy, boiling water or milk. Sold everyw

FREE

As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FR elegant Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, a mense Illus Bargain Catalogue, for 10c to cover posta R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y.

"The best is, aye, the cheapest."

Avoid imitations and substitutes for SAPOLIO

Publishers' Announcements.

We have already received applications from a number of churches in small towns and villages, wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity to get a supply of "Gospel Hymn" Books at a greatly reduced price. The books are the regular "Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6," Consolidated, Music Edition, and our only reason for disposing of the quantity on hand at such attractive figures is that some of the covers have been imperceptibly rubbed during the process of packing. Those who desire to secure copies, singly or in quantities for use in their churches, will do well to write very promptly, as the balance of the lot will not last long, and an equally favorable opportunity will again never occur.

* * *

We wish we could print a tenth part of the nice things that have been written to us by those who have received our "Library Premium." While we were sending out by the thousands the sets of ten books, each set in its own neat substantial case, a few score of the cases were slightly scratched—nothing to mar the case, really, and, of course, no damage whatever to the books. Those scratched sets we send to such as wish them at $1.50 per set. This is a famous chance to get a first-class compact home library, entertaining and inspiring, at very little expense—just such a collection of books as will assure you of pleasant and profitable reading for many months to come. The whole ten volumes aggregate over 2,000 pages, and are as follows:

Round the Tea-Table.....T. DeWitt Talmage.
Book of Golden Deeds.....Charlotte M. Yonge.
Readings and Recitations.....Fernie.
Gem Treasury.....Bogatzky.
The Children's Portion.....Shoppell.
How to Get On in the World.....Calhoun.
Classical Stories by Am. Authors.....Hawthorne.
The American Citizens' Handbook.....Mann.
The Budget of Christmas Tales..Charles Dickens.
Book of Amusements and Etiquette.....Sandison.

* * *

The renewed atrocities in Armenia gives a new and powerful incentive to every thinking man and woman to become conversant with the history of this great modern anti-Christian crime by the Sultan of Turkey. Rev. F. D. Greene's book on *the Rule of the Turk* is prepared by Mr. Gladstone and other eminent authorities to be the ablest presentation of this terrible history of cruelty and persecution that has yet appeared. It is a handsomely bound and finely illustrated fifty-cent book, but in order that our readers may learn the cold, sad truth for themselves as to the treatment of Christian men, women and tender children by the Turks, we have obtained a limited number of copies which we will forward to any address, post paid, at 25 cents each.

* * *

Among the treasures that are greatly prized by the possessors, there is, perhaps, none that is valued for its sacred associations more highly than those beautiful slabs of Olive wood from Palestine which we have sent already to very many of our readers and their friends. They are from Mount Olivet, highly polished, and show the wonderfully delicate grain of the wood with its rich colorings. We can supply them by mail, postpaid, at twenty-five cents a piece.

* * *

Never, in our own or our forefathers' time, has there been such multitudes interested in the study of the Word as now. To study intelligently and profitably, one needs all the light and collateral aid that can be had; and these are at hand in the form of our little volume of *Helps to the Study of the Bible*. It is a library of original information and a compendium of all the great theologians, scholars, expositors, etc., of the past and present have said and written on the subject that is worth preserving. These *Helps*, indispensable to the Bible student and to all who wish to make progress in religious knowledge, can be procured for 25 cents per copy, postpaid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The supply is limited, however, and orders should be placed as soon as possible by all who wish the *Helps*.

* * *

Rev. Harvey B. Greene, who made the collection of pressed flowers from Palestine, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered in such beautiful form to its subscribers last year as a premium, has returned from another visit to the Holy Land. He has made, with the assistance of a number of the native Arabs, a very large collection of the flowers of that country, which he has pressed and is now mounting in handsome booklets. These booklets will make most appropriate gifts for any occasion. Most of the flowers are those referred to in the Gospel narrative of the life of Jesus, and in the Old Testament. These booklets are published in two sizes—one containing twelve pressed flowers which this spring were growing in Galilee or near Jerusalem—and costing fifty cents a copy; the second, larger in size and containing sixteen flowers, is to sell for 75 cents. Mr. Greene wishes the names of one thousand persons who will canvass with these beautiful booklets their own town or neighborhood. He should be addressed at 42 Salem Street, Lowell, Mass.

More Armenians Slain.

News comes from Van, Armenia, of the massacre of many Armenians in the villages of that district by Turks and Koords. The wholesale slaughter is said to have been resumed in June. Miss Kimball states that about 500 were slain. In each village, however, an average of four males fell under the Moslem swords and bullets. Nearly 15,000 fugitives sought refuge in the American Mission premises at Van. All the missionaries' houses are filled with these terror-stricken people. The situation is desperate, and further slaughter is feared.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$48,794.93
Sympathizer, Smith's Mills, N Y	2 00
Miss Bessie McHenry	50
H F Rees	1 00
James Smyth	1 00
Flora Munro	50
Ann E Reid	80 00
Mr & Mrs Wm McGill	1 00
E B Stewart	1 00
Mrs Mary W Palmer	1 00
M A H, Chicago, Ill	10 00
Reader of the Herald, Opelika, Ala	1 00
Endeavorer, Washington, D C	1 00
Mrs Wm Hay	1 00
C W Richards	1 00
Total	$48,896.93

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
BEYNER-BAUMAN Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR, ECKSTEIN } Cincinnati.
ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION } New York.
SOUTHERN, SHIPMAN } Chicago.
COLLIER, MISSOURI, RED SEAL, SOUTHERN } St. Louis.
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO Philadelphia.
MORLEY Cleveland.
SALEM Salem, Mass.
CORNELL Buffalo.
KENTUCKY Louisville.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW, ask the practical, responsible painter—ask anyone whose business it is to know—and he will tell you to use Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil. They make the best and most durable paint. To be sure of getting

Pure White Lead

examine the brand (see list genuine brands). For colors use the NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. No trouble to make or match a shade.

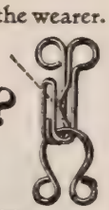
Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

Enameline
Enameline J. L. PRESCOTT & CO. NEW YORK
ENAMELINE
The Modern
STOVE POLISH.
DUSTLESS, ODORLESS,
BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.
Try it on your Cycle Chain.
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

The Famous

DeLong Hook and Eye stands first on the following points:
Simplicity,
Durability,
Finish;
and complete security to the wearer.

See that
hump?

Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia,
Also makers of the
CUPID Hairpin.

The Duplex Belt Holder.
An Improvement on the Best.

Patent applied for.
The swinging of the pin makes the fastening of the skirt to the waist easy, and conforms to the motion of the body, preventing the strain on skirt and waist, so objectionable in other belt holders.
Made in nickel plate or black; two widths, 1 1-2 and 2 inches.
If dealer don't keep it, don't take any other. By mail for 15 cents in stamps.
CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.,
Box I, Bloomfield, N. J.

Consumption

"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

If you value your Life
Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,
Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours*, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for $1.00 bottle of **Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.**

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Chest affections.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE, 367 Canal St., New York, and London, Eng.
Mention this paper.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
NERVE TONIC.

HUNTER McGUIRE, M.D., LL.D., *President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., referring to Spring No. 2, says:* "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER has never failed me as a powerful nervous tonic when I have it as such, producing a decided calming effect in men and women whose broken-down nervous systems had kept them in perpetual motion, who could not sleep, and who could not rest. It acts as a tonic and alterative."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

I print my own
cards, &c., with $5 Printing Press. Saves money. Makes money printing for others. Larger press, for circulars or small newspaper, $18. All easy; full instructions sent. Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

KNICKERBOCKER.

No more round shoulders. Shoulder Brace and Suspender combined. Easily adjusted. Worn with comfort. Sizes for men, women, boys and girls. Sold by druggists, appliance stores, general stores &c. By mail, $1 per pair; $1.50 silk. Send chest measure around body under arms. Circulars free. Address
KNICKERBOCKER BRACE CO., EASTON, PENN., U. S. A.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRES Rootbeer.
Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

The Complexion of your Walls
may be changed—made beautiful at small cost.
NEW WALL PAPERS
—all grades—50% less than common prices. Samples and guide to papering FREE. Describe rooms and state price you want to pay. Paper (about 8 rolls) and borders $1.
CHAS. M. N. KILLEN, 1233 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

LADIES, If you have superfluous
HAIR ON THE FACE
send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope
Mrs. M. N. PERRY, B 93, Oak Park, Ill.

SPEX $10 MONEY IN SPECTACLES. Send for our Optical Catalogue—just out. New goods. Cut prices. F. E. BAILEY, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES sending 6 cts. in stamps will receive sample copy; "Fashion & Fixing," and 15 samples "Dress Goods." Also our new way to get a Bicycle, or pair "Diamond Ear-rings" free. Address at once, Duncan, Keller & Co., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on July 19, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

"Wife," Green Brier, Tenn., earnestly desires prayer that she may see the desire of her heart in the conversion of her husband.——N. B., Slane, Ky., that her only brother might be brought to Christ.——T. L. J., New York, that a dear friend who has periodical fits of intemperance may go to Christ for strength to resist and find grace for his time of need.——"Believer," Tenn., on behalf of a beloved son, that he and his bosom friend may become children of God.——"A Sister," Illinois, that her prodigal brother may be restored to his family and saved for eternity.——"Hopeful," Cincinnati, O., that his brothers and their families and one who is very dear might be brought into Christ's kingdom.——A. F. M., Halldale, Me., that God would answer the many prayers she has offered for the conversion of her husband and two sons and two daughters.——"Reader," Yuba Co., Cal., that her husband, whose fondness for wine is hindering his conversion, may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ Jesus.——E. N. B., Millport, Pa., for the conversion of father, mother, three sisters and a brother-in-law.——S. J. M., Myrtle, Miss., that two old men once professors but now very wicked might be brought to penitence and faith; also, that a young man who has been dishonest might repent and be saved.——D. B. W., Oil City, Pa., that two sons who are church members, but are not saved, might be renewed by the Holy Spirit.——W. C., Brookfield, O., for the conversion of his father.——A. G. L., Jonesville, Ind., that a young man who is relying on his own strength for the power to lead an upright life may be led to look to Christ for help and have a new heart.——E. K. S., Gaylord, Mich., that two sons may be converted and become faithful servants of Christ.——"Reader," Bridgeton, N. J., that an aged father may turn to Christ for salvation before he dies.——R. A. H., Lakewood, N. J., for the conversion of three brothers and two sisters-in-law, and that they and their families may all be members of Christ's Kingdom.——"Constant Reader," Texas, for the conversion of children.——"Reader," Kansas City, Mo., that an unconverted brother may repent of his sins and turn to the Lord.——"Broken Hearted," Price's Forks, Va., that one who is dearly loved may turn from frivolity and pleasure and seek the Lord and may be led to fulfil his promises.——"Mother," Leesburg, Va., for the conversion of her eldest son and that he may become a faithful, useful Christian.——"Anxious Mother," Prairie City, Ill., that one who is distracted by business perplexities may seek the Lord in his trouble and become a true Christian.——"Anxious Mother," Annapolis, Md., that a son who is growing worldly and neglecting his studies may have a new heart given to him.——"Constant Reader," Lodi, O., that a whole family, now strangers to Christ, may be saved; also for a family in the West that they, too, might become the children of God.——"One Who Believes," on behalf of several dear friends for whom prayer is being offered that they might be saved, especially one who is gifted with many talents which might be made useful in the Master's service.——"Young Christian," for the conversion of father and mother. "Sad Father," Baltimore, Md., that his eldest son may be relieved of the burden that is causing him to do wrong and may become a child of God.——"Believer in Prayer," Lynn, Mass., that a young girl who has been a Christian but has fallen into sin may turn again and seek the Lord for the salvation of her soul.——"Sister," Troy, O., that two sons of a praying mother might renounce drink and all wicked ways and turn to the Lord; and that a daughter for whom many prayers have been offered might give herself to Christ.

For the Restoration of Health

"Mother in Israel," Herkimer, N. Y., that her daughter who has been an invalid, may be healed of the Lord.——S., Baltimore, Md., that a young man who has been in bad health for a number of years may recover.——"Young Christian," that an afflicted brother and sister may both regain their health.——"Reader," Kansas City, Mo., that a dear sister who is afflicted and has lost her hearing may be restored.——"Constant Reader," Texas, who has pulmonary symptoms, asks prayer for divine healing.——"One who trusts," New York, that a mother and two young men who are all sick, may recover, and that two girls suffering from painful diseases may be healed.——R. A. H., Lakewood, N. J., that an invalid sister might be recovered of severe sickness.——"Afflicted Sister," Arkansas City, Kans., who has four small children badly needing their mother's care, begs for earnest prayer that God would raise her from a bed of sickness and give her the strength she needs.——The following persons also ask prayer that God would recover them of their various diseases: "Believer," Tenn.; A. B., Odon, Ind.; D. O. W., Oil City, Pa.; W. C., Brookfield, O.; H. Miller; S. A. B., Marietta, N. Y.; Reader, Bridgeton, N. J.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

The Old Church.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

I WANDER' round its ruined walls.
I enter its old door;
I kneel in my accustomed place
On its uneven floor.

As fancy takes me gently back,
Back to the good old days,
Lo, suddenly around me rise
Voices of prayer and praise.

The old friends come from the dead past
And kneel upon the floor,
Their voices rise in prayer and praise,
Just as they did of yore.

The solemn exhortations rise
Mingled with praise and prayer,
And sinners kneel with saints, and pray
For strength the Cross to bear.

I hear the solemn tolling bell,
The sacred aisles we tread,
And take one last long, loving look
At our dear, sainted dead.

Oh! dear old church, thy crumbling walls
Soon in the dust must lie,
But love will ever to thee cling,
Thy influence cannot die.

Chickasaw, Ia. DAVID WHITEFIELD HINE.

(Cut this out. It will not appear again.)

$25.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in CONTESTANTS" You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Con, cost, coat, coats, on, test, tests, to, eat, etc. The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay $10 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word CONTESTANTS; $6 for the second largest; $5 for the third; $3 for the fourth, and $1 to the fifth, and a lady's handsome American movement watch for each of the seven next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome and valuable ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price $1 per year. It is necessary for you to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three-months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a large 100-page book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, one of the most fascinating books of the age. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than August 20 (time extended positively closes August 20) so that the names of successful contestants may be published in the September issue. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, New York City.

To replace our stock of **MUSIC**, we will send by mail **JUST TELL** **Them That You Saw Me,** full sheet music size, all parts complete vocal and instrumental together with **70** other pieces for only **10** cents or **3** lots for **$1.00.** **Money back if not suited. 100** songs words and Music for **5** cents. Address C. H. HATHAWAY, 429 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

MOODY'S NEW BOOK! 128 PAGES "Sowing and Reaping." Send 15 cents in stamps to A. P. FITT, The Bible Institute, CHICAGO.

10 cts. [illegible] BIBLE. and ENCLOSE **10** CENTS TO PAY POSTAGE AND PACKING, and you will receive, FREE AND POSTPAID, a package of goods to get new customers. Address at once H. M. WELL, Box 3, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

30 Oak Church Benches, 18 feet long and in good condition. For further particulars write to the German M. E. Church, 76 Stagg Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

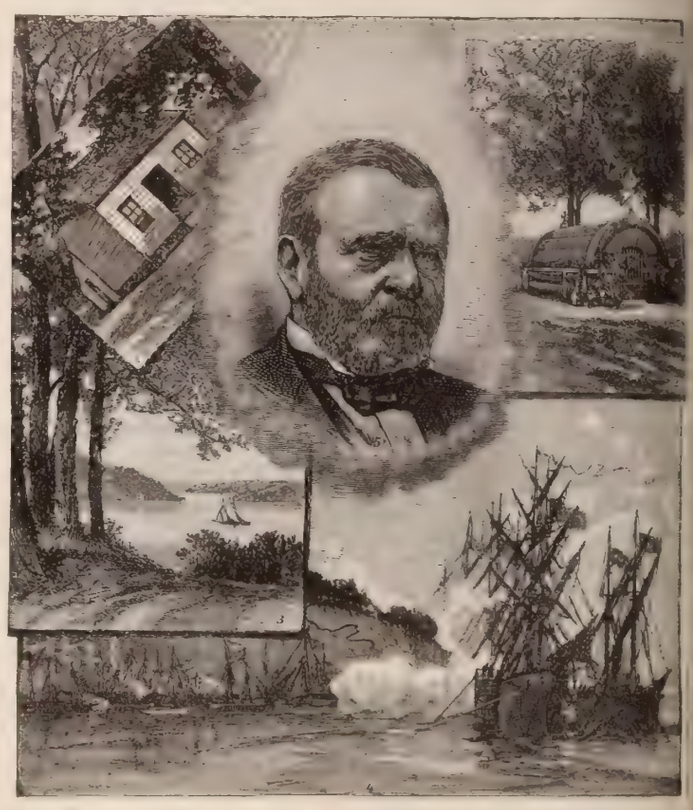
[illegible] and Hon. L. [illegible] chair in Hay [illegible] New York, [illegible] cases of the [illegible] when cured [illegible] it. Send [illegible] nothing, and you [illegible]

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

People's History Of the United States.

The Brilliant Story of Our Country and People.

By JAMES CLARK RIDPATH, the American Historian.



1. Birthplace of General Grant. 2. His Tomb in Riverside Park. 3. View from Riverside Park, looking north. 4. Fleet firing Salute in the Hudson River on the Day of his Funeral.

A Book for the Millions! It is a narrative of whatever is best and most inspiring in the annals of our country. The author has selected the most striking and important parts of the story, and has retained those parts with full and enthusiasm. All that is dull and commonplace in our history has been eliminated from the glowing narrative in the **People's History.** The vital essence is retained. The useless has given place to the useful, the dull to the romantic.

HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Among other important features this book contains portraits of prominent Statesmen, including:

William McKinley, Whitelaw Reid, David B. Hill, A. P. Gorman, Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst, President Cleveland, General John Bidwell, Gen'l James B. Weaver, Gen'l Nelson A. Miles And Others.

A Massive Volume of **600** Pages. **300** Illustrations.
Size, 10 inches by 8 1-2 when closed.
Regular Price, $3.75. See Special Offer Below.

SPECIAL OFFER to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In order to place this magnificent Book within the reach of every subscriber of this paper we make **this remarkable Offer:**

Send us $2.00 and we will send you the Book, all charges prepaid. Order promptly as we cannot hold this offer open, if the supply is exhausted when your order is received we will refund the money sent.

State distinctly your name and nearest express office.

P. B. BROMFIELD & CO., Bible House, N.Y.City.

Remarkable Conversion.

Sunday School Missionary Tells How a Doubter Was Brought to Christ.

THERE are opportunities of doing good constantly occurring in our Sunday School missionary work, and in a great variety of ways. As I was canvassing portions of Grundy and adjacent counties, a few years ago, I made a little railroad station, called Hickory, headquarters. It was suited to my ..., not because it was an attractive ... for it was not; but because it was ... to missionary ground, was itself a ... place, having neither Sunday School ... nurch; and it was the most conveni... st-office near where I was laboring. ... was no hotel in the village, and I ob... l meals at a private boarding-house—... was cheap in more senses than one. ... ere lived in the village a man who was ... talkative, friendly, but ignorant of the Gospel. He had received an injury ... h he thought would terminate fatally, and probably very soon, though he was not confined to his house from his accidental ... ld. He was anxious about his eternal ... re. One day as I came into the village ... t me and said:

"Brother Sharp, I'm going to join the ... n Catholic Church,—it's the oldest ... h in the world."

I had only time to say a few words to ... s to his spiritual condition, and then ... e on my way.

There was a section-house near the village and the section hands on the railroad were mostly Catholics. I was told their priest, in his visits to them, had indoctrinated the invalid. Upon my return from a tour in the neighboring county schoolhouses, late one evening, the sick man's wife asked me to conduct a service at their house that night, and I consented gladly. So the small room was filled by the villagers. I opened the service, and was proceeding to show from the Scriptures that salvation was of grace, through faith in the adorable Jesus, when the invalid exclaimed:

"That's so, and that's the reason I'm going to join the Catholic Church."

Without replying to the interruption, I proceeded to show that the offer of salvation was full and free, and that pardon was instantaneous to every sinner who turns from his sins to God and trusts in Christ.

"That's so, too," exclaimed our friend, "and that's another reason why I'm going to join the Catholic Church."

I answered that those truths were not peculiar to the Catholic Church, but were dear to Protestants.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of the Catholic Church?"

I was anxious to tell him, and all present, yet in such a manner as to benefit him. So I answered, "If I were to tell you it might be painful to you? You might think I had no right to speak against the church of your choice in your house?"

"No," said he, "it will not offend me. I really want to know what you think of the Catholic Church."

I replied, "It is Christ who saves. Simply joining a church, whether Protestant or Catholic, will not save you. You must be born again, born from above, and that being is obtained by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 1: 13; 3: 14-16.) Not long ago I read an account of the death of a Catholic prelate, from which I learned that he was very earnest in his devotions to the Virgin Mary, in preparation for death. The blessed Jesus says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' (John 14: 6.) No man come can come to the Father by the Virgin Mary. If the prelate, who at that time was a leading man in the Catholic Church in the United States, was so blinded by the errors of Romanism at a time of such solemnity, how perilous must be the darkness of others of that church less intelligent than he? It is written: 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.' (Luke 4: 8) Again it is written, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.' (Ex. 20: 4, 5.) To do these forbidden things is idolatry."

Such was the purport of my remarks. I believe the Holy Spirit blessed the truth; for a short time afterward he went to the nearest Baptist Church, confessed his faith in Christ and was received into fellowship. He did not die of his wound, but at last accounts was alive and leading, it is believed, a Christian life.

The fruits of this missionary work are garnered by the various Protestant denominations. The new schools I organized, and the feeble ones aided, in that part of the State, were numerous.

GEORGE W. SHARP,
"Christian Herald" Missionary, of Am. S. S. Union.

Persecutions in Persia.

Jessie Malck Yonan, the eloquent young Nestorian medical missionary, recently addressed large church audiences in the Western States on the American and Nestorian persecutions. Speaking at Wooster, O., Mr. Yonan said that at one time the war of the Moslems against the Christians in Persia had been so fierce that seventy Nestorian bishops were beheaded in a single day for refusing to accept Islam. Mr. Yonan's father was one of the first pupils who studied under the American missionaries in Persia.

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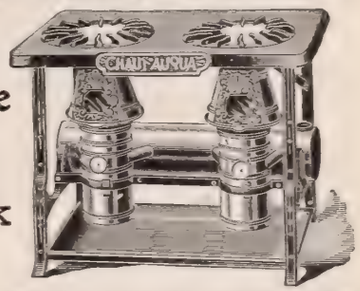

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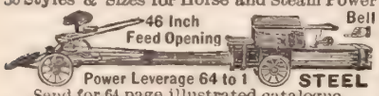

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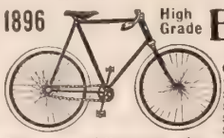

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Evidences of **good taste** and **refinement** are perhaps better displayed at the table than elsewhere; the linen, silve china and glassware all indicate the ignorant or educated taste; not always so much from the intrinsic value of the article (as that only suggests the wealth of the possessor), as from their worth in utility and beauty. **This premium** will be a once recognized for its beauty and uses. The glass portion is an excellent imitation of a piece of cut glass worth abou $25.00; it is detachable from the triple-silver-plated pedestal, thus permitting it to be used for other purposes and als making the cleaning a mere pleasure.

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We know you will be delighted with the goods; read what our customers think of them. We receive, unsolicited, hundreds of letters like the following, daily:

LOWELL, Mass., June 15, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: The Souvenir Spoons for Mrs. Emma Brown came to hand this A.M. She is very much pleased with them and particularly so with your promptness. Accept my own thanks. Yours truly, P. PHILETUS BURNHAM.

Those Souvenir Teaspoons are a grand bargain at 99c. I sent for sets Nos. 2 and 3 and have used them. To say that I am satisfied does not give the right expression. I believe that I am proud of them. I would like to work for Leonard Manufacturing Company and secure some of the prize pieces, but could not act in the capacity of agent as I seldom go away from home—being very deaf—but when I see anything I want recommended, and have the money to pay for it, I am not afraid to invest.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 33.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1896.

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VAN'S BRAVE MISSIONARY BAND.

The Courage Saves Thousands of Armenian Lives During the Three Days' Massacre—The City in Sore Straits—Dr. Kimball to Retire.

THE FAMOUS "ROCK OF VAN."

WHAT has long been dreaded in Van has at last taken place. The red wave of massacre, which twice swept over the hills and villages of Armenia in two years, had till now spared the ancient city by the lake, and it was hoped that the Armenians of Van might escape the fate of their brothers and sisters in the interior. But the hope was vain. Many times during the last few months has the pillaging Kurdish hordes swept up and down the plains of Van, and come up to the very gates of the city; but the Turkish Vali, or Governor succeeded in controlling both Kurds without any Turkish soldiery within, and the trouble was again and again averted. This saved the situation until the middle of June, when matters reached a climax, and the streets of Van for days ran with the blood of innocent victims of Turkish persecution. Briefly told, the story of the massacre of Van is as follows:

Van has a very large and influential Armenian population, a majority of whom desire to live at peace with all the world, the Turks included. In the city, however, there is a patriotic revolutionist party, small in numbers but intensely active and aggressive, and the attitude of its members in their public demonstrations against the Turks had greatly excited the Moslem population. On Monday, June 15, a collision occurred between Turks and Armenians, during which the Vali of the city sent troops to protect the premises occupied by the American missionaries, Dr. Grace N. Kimball, Dr. Raynolds, and their associates. On the following day, the Turks began burning and looting Armenian houses, and the British Consul, Major Williams, in order further to protect the American Mission, put his flag on the building and made it his Consulate for the time being.

One of the missionaries at Van, who kept a diary of the events of those exciting days, writes that on Monday the distant sound of guns could be heard at the Mission, and that the dense smoke indicated that many buildings were burning. This continued all day on Tuesday, and refugees were continually filing into the Mission, where the women and children were permitted to remain. That evening it was reported that an order had come from Constantinople commanding the irregularities to cease, and this restored confidence to some extent. Next day (Wednesday) the alarm was intensified by the news that the Kurds were approaching the city, and Turkish troops went out to prevent their approach. On Thursday, great crowds of refugees continued to arrive. Many were wounded, and Drs. Kimball and Raynolds cared for them. Some had frightful sword slashes on head and neck. The sufferers were of all ages and both sexes, and they had woful stories to tell of the murder of husbands, fathers, and sons. Again the authorities gave the missionaries assurance that the troubles were over and many of the people returned to their homes or to nearby houses, but thousands remained at the Mission. At 3 A.M. on Saturday the firing was renewed, the Turks using cannon against the Armenians, in some parts of the city where the latter made an attempt at a defence. The Armenians at one time during the struggle, secured possession of the guns, but were unable to hold them. After a time, the heavy firing abated and the Turks, who had been assisted in their attacks by the Kurds—with whom, as usual, they made common cause—withdrew, the Kurds also departing at the same time. As they retired, they pillaged the dwellings of the Armenians on the way.

At that time it was not known how serious the results of the uprising had been. The missionaries were so engrossed in caring for the fugitives and aiding the wounded that they gave little attention to matters occurring outside of Van. So great had been the crowds of fugitives seeking the shelter of the Mission that the gardens were trampled out of recognition. As the missionary's diary tersely stated: "the gardens were a waste, the houses like pigsties and the school-rooms worse. As many as 15,000 had found shelter on the premises. Hundreds from the nearby villages came in, naked, starving and wounded, adding to the numbers of the hungry, homeless throngs. I doubt if a single Armenian village is uninjured, and most of them are entirely destroyed."

From other reliable sources, it was learned that, when the Kurds in force surrounded the city, Major Williams, the British Consul, gave orders for all Armenians to flee to the Mission premises. This, and his prompt action in hoisting his flag there, and making it his headquarters, doubtless saved thousands of lives. But he was powerless to prevent the robbing and murder that were under full headway in the city. It would appear that the Turkish officials at first had intended only a demonstration in force against the band of Armenian revolutionists known as the Huntchagists, (who had many followers in Van), and that they had surrounded the Armenian quarters with troops hoping to find some of the Huntchagists, or to discover some hidden stores of arms; but the officials soon found out they could not control the soldiers, and violence and massacre soon reigned unchecked. It is admitted that the burning of the houses was ordered by the government, being intended as a punishment for the revolutionists. Leading Armenians begged the Vali to be merciful and he, in reply, offered to pardon the people and commanded them to go quickly to their homes.

DR. GRACE N. KIMBALL.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN MISSION IN VAN, ARMENIA.

In these Buildings and the Mission Grounds, 15,000 Fugitives were Sheltered during the late Massacre.

When Dr. Raynolds announced this, the women became hysterical. Some laughed and others wept. It was ascertained later that not less than five hundred Armenians and probably two hundred Moslems had been killed since the beginning of the outbreak. It was an almost miraculous escape from a slaughter which might have been greater than those of Oorfa and Harpoot.

In the villages surrounding Van, however, no such clemency was displayed and there was no benign influence at work to check the lust of murder and pillage. All the horrors of the earlier massacres were

(*Continued on page 595.*)

ANOTHER CHANCE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Eccl. 11: 3, "*If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.*"

THERE is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace: that as the defendant may lose his case in a Circuit Court and appeal it and have it go up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have ten thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog-shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different from the roseate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a-jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is [illegible] damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying: "Take these thing off me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times. Punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects. Why, you and I cannot imagine any worse torture from another world than we have seen men in in this world, and without any salutary consequence.

Furthermore, the prospect of reformation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If starting with comparative innocency the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a seraph can be evoluted? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure, white Parian marble than out of a black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of a half century? Could you not write a last will and testament, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it upon a sheet scribbled all over with infamy and blotted and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so uncommon-sensical as to believe that though a man starts in this world with infancy and its innocence and turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well. "But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the next world because our life here is so very brief; we scarcely have room to turn around between the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost striking against the marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got three hundred years old, and worse at four hundred, and worse at five hundred, and worse at six hundred, and worse at eight hundred; until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, the path descending, until at sixty-eight years of age he was the suicide. If eight hundred years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity. "But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawn and good influences will be substituted, and hence, expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chance, that will leave all those who have never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, alone—alone! and where are the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected that Dr. Duff, who spent his whole life in pointing the Hindoos to heaven, and Dr. Abeel, who spent his life in evangelizing China, and that Judson, who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to Burmah—can it be expected that they will be sent down from some celestial Missionary Society to educate and to save those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary and evangelistic influences will be ended forever, and the good, having passed up to their beatific state, all the morally bankrupt will be together, and where are the salvable influences to come from? Will a specked or bad apple put in a barrel of diseased apples make the other apples good? Will one who is down be able to lift others up? Will those who have miserably failed in the business of this life be able to pay the debts of other spiritual insolvents? Will a million wrongs make one right? Poneropolis was the city where King Rufus of Thracia, put all bad people of his kingdom, and whenever there were iniquitous people found in any part of the land they were all sent to Poneropolis. It was the great capital of wickedness. Snppose a man or a woman had opened a primary school In Poneropolis, would the parents of other cities have sent their children there to be educated and reformed?

If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deterioriating, depreciating and down. You would not send to a cholera or yellow fever hospital a man for his health, and the great lazaretto of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. The Count of Chateaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made him sleep in the turrets of the castle, where the winds howled and spectres were said to haunt the place. The mother and the sisters almost died of fright, but the son afterwards gives his account, and he says: "That gave me nerves of steel, and gave me courage that has never faltered." But, my friends, I do not think the turrets of darkness or the spectral world swept by sirocco and euroclydon, will ever prepare a soul for the eternal land of sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum in the College Inferno, where a man having been prepared by enough sin, enters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up, from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and the diploma is signed by Satan the president, and all the professional demiacs attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient time under their drill, and then enters heaven. Pandemonium, a preparatory school for celestial admission! Ah, my friends, while Satan and his shorts have fitted a vast multitude for it, they never fitted one soul for happiness—never.

Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness, he can fix it all right in the future. That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the dissolution of the human race. There are [illegible] who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are lost and unforgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence, is the [illegible] influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the line of sin. But this idea coming into his soul, this idea of another chance, he says, "I'll go to, now; I'll get out of this world all that is in it. Come gluttony and revenge and uncleanness and all sensualities, and fall upon me. It may abbreviate my earthly life by dissoluteness, but that will give me heavenly indulgence on a large scale in a shorter length of time. I will overtake the righteous before long, I will only come in heaven a little late, and I will be a little more fortunate than those who have behaved themselves on earth and then went straight to the bosom of God, because I will see more and have a wider excursion, and I will come to heaven via Gehenna, via Sheol!" Hearers! Readers! Another chance in the next world means free license and the demolition of this. Suppose you had a case in court, and all the judges and all the attorneys agreed in telling you the first trial of it—it would be tried twice—the first trial would not be of very much importance, but the second trial would decide everything. On which trial would you put the most expenditure? on which trial would you employ the ablest counsel? on which trial would you be most anxious to have the attendance of all the witnesses? "Oh," you would say, "if there are two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything depending upon that, I must have the most eloquent attorney, and I must have all my witnesses present, and I will expend my money on that." If these men who are impenitent and who are wicked felt there were two trials, and the first was of no very great importance, and the second trial was one of vast and infinite importance, all their preparations for eternity would be post-mortem, post-funeral, post-sepulchral, but this world would be jerked off into impenitency and godlessness. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you; we are on the same level, and though the platform be a little higher than the pew it is only for convenience, and that I may the better speak to the people; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to your souls—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, who treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you give twenty banquets a banquet a year; and you invite your friends, and every time you invite that man, who disregards your invitation, who sends back some indignity. After awhile you move into a larger house and are in more luxuriant surroundings, and you

e your friends, but you do not invite
t man to whom twenty times you sent
invitation to the smaller house. Are
u to blame? You would only make
yself absurd before God and man to
d that man another invitation. For
enty years he has been declining your
ers and sending insult for your kindness
courtesy, and can he blame you? Can
come up to your house on the night of
banquet? Looking up and seeing it is
ainer house, will he have any right to
: "Let me in. I declined all those
er offers, but this is a larger house, a
hter house, a more luxuriant abode.
me in. Give me another chance?"
d has spread a banquet of his grace be-
e us. For three hundred and sixty-five
's of every year, since we knew the dif-
ence between our right hand and our
, he has invited us by his Providence
by his Spirit. Suppose we decline all
se offers and all this kindness. Now
banquet is spread in a larger place, in
heavenly palace. Invitations are sent
. but no invitation is sent to us. Why?
ause we declined all those other ban-
ts. Will God be to blame? A ship is to
for Hamburg. You want to go to
many by that line. You see the ad-
tisement of the steamer's sailing. You
it for two weeks. You see it in the
rning papers and you see it in the eve-
ng papers; you see it placarded on the
lls. Circulars are thrown into your
e telling you all about that steamer.
e day you come down on the wharf and
steamer has swung out into the stream.
u say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come
k, swing up again to the docks. Throw
plank ashore that I may come on beard.
sn't fair. I want to go to Germany by
t steamer. Give me another chance."
re is a magnificent offer for heaven. It
been anchored within our sight year
er year, and year after year, and year
er year, and all the benign voices of
th and heaven have urged us to get on
rd, since it may sail at any moment.
ppose we let that opportunity sail
ay, and then we look out and say:
end back that opportunity; I want to
e it; it isn't treating me fairly. Give
another chance." Why, my brother,
u might as well go out and stand on the
ghlands at the Navesink three days aft-
the *Majestic* has gone out, and shout:
"Captain, come back; I want to go to
erpool on the *Majestic*. Come back
er the sea and through the Narrows and
to the docks. Give me another chance."
u might as well do that as, after the
t opportunity of heaven has sped away,
to get it back again. Just think of it!
lame on me yesterday in my study with
erwhelming impressiveness. Just think
it. All heaven offered us as a gratuity
a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting
rush against God, saying: "Give me
other chance!" There ought to be,
re will be, no such thing as posthum-
s opportunity.

You see common-sense agrees with my
kt in saying that "if the tree fall toward
e south, or toward the north, in the
ce where the tree falleth, there it shall
." You see this idea lifts this world
m an unimportant way-station to a
tform of stupendous issues, and makes
eternity whirl around this hour. Oh,
y soul! my soul! Only one trial, and
the preparations for that trial to be
de in this world, or never made at all.
h, my soul! my soul! You see this
es up all the emphasis and all the clim-
es and all the destinies into this life.
o other chance. Oh, how that intensi-
s the value and the importance of this
ance. Alexander and his army used to
me around a city, and they would kindle
great light, with the understanding that
long as that light was burning the city
ight surrender, and all would be well,
t if they let that light go out, then the
ttering rams would swing against the
alls and there would come disaster and
molition. Oh, my friends, all you and
need to do to prepare for eternal safety is
just to surrender to the King and Con-
queror, Christ. Surrender hearts, sur-
render life, surrender everything. The
great light keeps burning, light kindled by
the wood of the Cross, light flaming up
against the dark night of our sin and sor-
row. Oh, let us surrender before the light
goes out, and with it our last opportunity
of making our peace with God through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

A dream. I am in the burnished judg-
ment hall on the last day. The great white
throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet
taken it. While we are waiting for his
arrival I hear the immortals in conversa-
tion. "What are you waiting for?" says
a soul that went up from Madagascar to a
soul that went up from America. The
latter responds: "I was in America forty
years ago, and I heard the Gospel preach-
ed, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house,
and from the time that I knelt at my
mother's knee in prayer until my last
hour, I had great opportunities; but I did
not improve them, and I am here to-day
waiting for another chance.' "Strange,
strange," says the soul just come up from
Madagascar. "Strange, Why, I never
heard the Gospel call but once in all my
life, and I accepted it, and I don't want
another chance." "What are you waiting
for?" says one who on earth had very
feeble intellect to one who had great brain
and whose voice was silvery, and who
had sceptres of power. The latter replies: "I had great power on earth. I must admit: and I mastered languages and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power: but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul, and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance."

"BLANKET" INDIANS OF THE NEZ PERCES.

Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says, "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there is an aisle between them, a great aisle; and then a vacuum, widening, and widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throng, and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, he says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then he stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The Hall of the last Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

Among "Blanket Indians."

A Sunday School Missionary of the Am. S. S. Union Tells of his Work among Them.

"OLD JOE."

THROUGH several years past, Rev. J. W. Armstrong, one of the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union, has been conducting evangelistic labors among the Indians of the northwest. In a recent letter from Spangle, Spokane county, Washington, Mr. Armstrong writes some very interesting facts concerning the red men known as the "Blanket Indians," and also regarding the once numerous and powerful Spokane tribe. The veteran of the Spokanes is "Old Joe" whose portrait is given on this page.

"Where Spokane City now is," writes Mr. Armstrong, "was once their hunting ground. Joe was friendly to the whites, and would reveal to them at times the treachery of other Indians of his tribe. He eventually assumed the garb of the white man, but as you see he has fantastically adopted a lady's hat, trimmed with feathers, though he still wears moccasins. This photograph was taken among the rocks near Spokane City. Joe is very old, but no one knows his age, although it is supposed he is over a hundred. The other picture is that of two Indians of the Nez Perces tribe and was taken in Colfax. These are the 'Blanket Indians,' dressed in their holiday attire. This tribe was formerly very hostile toward the whites, and, although many experiments have been made, it has been found almost impossible to civilize them.

"On the Blue Mountains, about thirty miles east of Colfax, I organized a Sunday School among the pines. It is situated in a lumber camp with a saw-mill close by. The people have been gathering there from time to time, attracted by the growing lumber business, and they have been rather a rough class, with but little respect for the Sabbath. They appeared to know little about the nature of a religious service. We are now located here at Spangle, and there is not a Sunday School in any schoolhouse adjacent to this town in any direction, except two which I organized last Sunday."

This is the class of work these devoted missionaries are accomplishing year by year—spreading the Gospel among the adults and the children on our frontier or in the settlements on mountains and in lone valleys, where no one has carried the message of light and love to either white man or red.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Van's Brave Missionary Band.

Continued from first page.

repeated in aggravated form, and it is estimated that nearly 12,000 Armenians were ruthlessly butchered, churches were desecrated and burned, dwellings laid in ashes, and thousands of inoffensive and defenceless people perished. Nothing could be done by the Vali of Van to save the villages. It is said that in forty villages, every male over eight years old was put to death by the Kurds — the same class of mountain bandits that figured in the great massacres of Harpoot, Dalvoreeg, Sassoun and other fields of slaughter last year. At the latest accounts the situation in Van and neighborhood was distressing in the extreme. Thousands of women and children, half clad and emaciated from fasting and exposure, are still at the Mission and it is not possible to care for more than a part of this vast army of pleading sufferers. Many seemed stunned by the heavy calamity. The state of the children is not less pitiful than that of the mothers.

Worn out by the prolonged anxiety, and the arduous duties of her medical and missionary work, Dr. Kimball has announced her intention of retiring from the Armenian field and returning as soon as possible to the United States. Few laborers have worked more faithfully and successfully, and few have remained so long continuously, without an interval of rest and vacation. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar with the story of Dr. Kimball's heroism during the trying months of last summer and winter; how, with the aid of her associates, she conducted one of the grandest relief works ever known in the history of Christian philanthropy, and devised a system of industrial aid as simple as it was successful. Of the sixteen relief stations opened in Armenia by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, that of Van was the largest, and Dr. Kimball distributed upward of $15,000 of the Fund, affording aid to a multitude of the distressed, and saving thousands of lives. In view of the unprecedented suffering in Van, owing to the late massacre, and desiring to have Dr. Kimball remain in charge of the relief work during the present crisis, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on July 27 cabled her as follows:

Your withdrawal causes the greatest sorrow. Will a new pledge of **$10,000** toward the relief work justify your remaining?

It is doubtless true that the work of the Van missionaries among the sufferers must now necessarily be greatly hindered by lack of funds. Before the massacre, the relief work had been gradually diminishing; and it was hoped that affairs might soon reach a normal condition. This hope has been shattered and it can truly be said of Van that its last state is worse than the first.

Our illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs taken by Rev. F. D. Greene, lately a missionary in Armenia, and which have never before been published. On the first page, the central picture shows the buildings occupied by the American missionaries. To the left is the Girls' School, under the charge of Misses Frazer and Huntington. On the right is Dr. Kimball's Dispensary and the rooms of the lady missionaries. In the foreground are a number of persons connected with the Mission in various capacities. Mrs. Greene sits in a carriage on the left, next to a group of native young women, boarders of the Girls' School, with Miss Frazer standing in the centre. Further to the right are patients awaiting their turn to be treated at the dispensary. Dr. Kimball stands by the horse's head on the right of the group. The mission is situated on the eastern edge of the city. Another illustration shows the famous "rock of Van," the natural fortress which, rising like a camel's back, sheer out of the plain to a height of one hundred feet, is crowned with an ancient citadel and fortifications.

Van was the first station opened by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, and in view of its new and terrible misfortune, we believe that those of our readers who were so deeply interested in the work there last spring and early summer, will esteem it a privilege once again to sustain the hands of our missionaries there with their prayers and their offerings. Any sums sent to us for this purpose will be duly forwarded, by cable per American Board as formerly, to Dr. Kimball at Van.

Contributions to the Fund are acknowledged on page 606 of this issue.

Absalom's Rebellion.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 23. II. Sam. 15: 1-12. Golden Text, Ex. 20: 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SIN cannot enter the house of a man of God without spreading its contaminating influence around, so that all who dwell beneath his roof are more or less affected by it. David himself, Bathsheba and Uriah were not the only parties affected by David's sin. It was not very long after that his eldest son, Amnon, committed a terrible and unpardonable wrong against his half-sister, Tamar. Absalom, her own brother, avenged this by a sin of equal gravity; he caused his brother, Amnon, to be murdered. It was a terrible repetition of David's own sins, aggravated by the deep shame and mortification that the guilty parties were his own children, and that these abominable deeds of darkness were perpetrated in his own family, he whom God had called as a man after his own heart to reign over his people in Israel. The sins of the father were indeed visited upon the children, whom David saw coming into the inheritance of the nature which he had discovered as shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin. Terribly crushing as is the discovery of sin in ourselves, there is perhaps a still deeper shame, a more poignant anguish, when we discover the repetition and exaggeration of it in our chilren, and when it has to be graven upon our hearts that in our children's flesh, just as in our own, "dwelleth no good thing." Sin in the head of a household touches not only the children, but the servant, and the visitors. The head or heads of a house give a tone to their house, whatever they are; the most of the household take after them, except in exceptional cases. But as evil is contagious, and as lasting good can only come by direct contact with God, evil like a rank weed, spreads rapidly, while good—eternal good—works more slowly.

David was an Old Testament man, and he had not learned to die to his affections; so that at all times love to God through an indwelling Spirit should be the strongest principle which actuated him. He did not inquire of the Lord about his treatment of his son. Joab knew David's weak side and made use of a wise woman of Tekoah, who came to the king with the story of a son who was a manslayer that she might argue with the king the justice of bringing to Jerusalem the banished Absalom. The father's heart yearned to have his son within hearing distance and [illegible] to Jerusalem.

Absalom, more and more a slave to the enemy of souls, who had taken possession of him, far from being melted and won by his father's love conceived the wicked design of seizing the throne. All unknown to his unsuspecting father, [illegible] imagined that gratitude would bind his son to his interests. "Absalom prepared chariots, and horses, and fifty men to run before him." He thus made a show wherever he went and was a well-known personage; it was a first step in his wicked designs. But he went farther, his conspiracy was deeply laid. He rose early, and stood beside the gate, intercepting all who came to the king for judgment. Then he would inquire into the cause of each one, make himself master of the case, and then malign his father. He would say I have investigated your matter, you have the right on your side, but I cannot hold out any hope of justice; things are sadly mismanaged at court; "there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee." Oh, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!" And not only did he thus undermine the confidence of the people in his father, but also he changed the due etiquette which belongs to a court; and "when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him." The people were unused to this familiarity; naturally they drew invidious comparisons between the stately old king, and his handsome, gracious, fascinating son. "And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment. So Absalom

"Stole the Hearts

of the men of Israel," but hearts fully yielded to God are not so easily stolen. Thus evil was brewing out of David's own house, and he had no thought, no suspicion of what was going on. He was not aware how much his own weakness with his children had borne evil fruit. And it came to pass after forty years (some MSS. say four years, which is probably correct), Absalom came to the king with the petition that he might pay a vow which he had made during his residence in Geshur. Under his handsome exterior, an awful development of evil had been in progress: lying, deceit, and other foul sins had been added to the sin of murder. And now the basest hypocrisy took a prominent place in the dark deeds of this unrepentant sinner. "I pray thee," he said to his father, "let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed to the Lord in Hebron. For thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur in Syria, saying, If the Lord shall bring me again to Jerusalem, then will I serve the Lord" (II. Sam. 15: 7, 8). "Go in peace," was the king's answer. Had David no misgiving that all was not well? When a man is living near to God, and in line with his will in all things, God does not let him be deceived without giving him a certain uneasiness about things about which he needs to be on his guard. But just as far as we act from ourselves, and fail to be wholly dependent upon the Lord, and guided by him, we may be left without such warnings. Did David indulge a hope that Absalom at last shewed signs of drawing near to God? Was he deceived? Oh, how we need God to come between us and our dearest ones, even more than between us and our known enemies!

HEBRON WHERE ABSALOM WAS PROCLAIMED. (*From a Photograph.*)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ABSALOM'S is a sad story, disgraceful to the young man and full of sorrow for the father. Incidentally, it casts a light on the evils of polygamy. David had taken the course common among Oriental monarchs at the time, in multiplying the number of his wives. We might infer from the silence of the sacred historian on the subject, that God did not disapprove of it. He was apparently acting as he does in many other matters—leaving the evil to bear its own fruit. He did not forbid David increasing his household, he let him have his own way and learn by experience that it was a way that brings sorrow. God still governs the world much in the same way. He tells us in his Word what is the right way, but if we choose the wrong, he does not prevent us. Afterwards we learn in sorrow and shame that it would have been better for us if we had taken God's way. It is as if a child insisted on touching a hot stove in spite of its mother's caution. The child's pain is not a punishment inflicted by the mother for disobedience, but the natural and inevitable result of its acts. David's foreign wives, each apparently with her own establishment, brought up her children in her own way. Amnon grew up with sensual propensities which he was not trained to restrain. Absalom grew up vain, ambitious, vindictive, undutiful, and utterly godless. All the elements for a tragedy were present in David's household. It came in Amnon's despicable crime and Absalom's cruel, treacherous vengeance. By the time David was sixty years old his eldest son had been murdered and his second son was a fugitive from justice. After a time, he was permitted to return, but he came back not as a repentant prodigal, but with the bold effrontery of the aristocratic criminal, who knows that his position and his personal charms will protect him from punishment. Many young men are of his mind. The love of an indulgent father never moves them to respect or love in return, but is simply a fact on which they can count and turn to their own advantage. Absalom probably expec that as his father was becoming infirm, would be associated with him in the g ernment, as Solomon was afterwards, David must have seen that to place any sponsibilty in the hands of Absal would be to invite disaster. With all affection for the young man, he was blind to his faults. Absalom resolves force his father's hand, and if he will retire of his own accord and make ro for him, to force him out. The crafty w in which he ingratiated himself with people is fully described in the less

When the people were, as he judg ripe for revolt, he went to Hebron, ancient capital, which was far enough fr Jerusalem to be beyond David's obser tion, and near enough to be within e march when the revolution was organiz The news came on David like a thunc clap. He was utterly unprepared for His own son, his favorite son a reb Then whom could he trust? The o brave king was panic-stricken, and sou safety in flight. With his wives and c dren and a few friends he hastily quit his palace and hurried out of the c across the Kedron and up the Mount Olives and thence to the Jordan, prop ing to seek a refuge on the east of river among the tribes who had benefi most by his campaigns.

After forty years Absalom said. history shows that this should be fo not forty years. The entire length of D vid's reign over all Israel was only thir three years. It is impossible, therefo that the word fo in the passage be correct. Ab lom's plea for le of absence was t when he was a gitive from just he had made a v to offer a sacrifice Hebron, his bir place, if ever he w permitted to retu This may have be true or false, but served its purp of deceiving t king. The maki of vows was a co mon practice in t East. A story told of Mohamm administering a proof for a vow. is said that a wo an rode into presence on a can and told him th she had been attac ed by robbers. S made a vow th if she should cape, she wou offer the camel in sacrifice. Mohammed to her she must not keep her vow. "What he asked, "wouldst thou kill the animal whose speed thou owest thy life? G wicked woman, and care for the beast. is mine since thou didst vow it to me sacrifice and not thine. I give it to th and bid thee treat it kindly."

Oh, that I were made judge. Many king since David's time have had troub through the impatience of their son Henry II., of England, with all his trou bles from his enemies in France and Sco land, bore a brave, undaunted spirit, bu he broke down when his sons rebelle against him. The last years of his lif were embittered by their constantly recu ring plots and at the last he sank be neath the discovery of ingratitude. Whe he undertook to pardon all who ha plotted against him, and asked that a lis might be furnished him of those who de sired to take advantage of this amnesty he saw at the head the name of John, hi favorite son, whom he had never suspect ed of disloyalty. When he saw that name he received a shock from which he neve recovered. He fell sick, lingered a few days during which his mental distres was acute and died, the doctors said, rath er of a broken heart, than of any disease.

The people increased continually with Absalom. It is strange that they should have done so. They might logically have reas oned that no young man could be trusted who would deceive his own father, and try to depose him. It is safe to conclude that a man who betrays another, will break his promises in other cases if his interests lie that way.

THE LIFE LINE MISSION

ABOUT sixteen years ago, Miss T. M. Wadsworth, a lady of intelligence and refinement and a true Christian, felt impelled to do some work for the Master. She decided to leave the home of her dly years, and make another for herself in a tenement house in one of the prest sections of Brooklyn, N. Y., where e might help to lighten the darkened ves about her. For some time her work s limited to small meetings held in her m, and house-to-house visitations; then, erving the crowds that gathered on the cks for their Sunday recreation, she led to her aid a few friends and began hold open-air services.

The first service was held on July 4, 0, from the deck of a floating swimng-bath, and for the rest of the summer s place was used, until cold weather mpelled her to seek a better shelter. rough the kindness of Mr. Frank H. rston, who was present at the first reting, a store was fitted up as a readingm at 416 Van Brunt street, and there, th little assistance, Miss Wadsworth intained Gospel Temperance meetings th marked success.

This unique mission, conducted by a f-supporting missionary, aroused the erest of a number of personal friends, ho leased and fitted up more commodis quarters at 412 Van Brunt street. At e outset this mission was known as the Red Hook Reading-room," but in 1892 was rebaptized and incorporated under e name of "The Life-Line Mission." It non-sectarian and works as a feeder to e evangelical churches in the neighborod. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fraser, roughly industrious and good ple, who are in charge of the Mis- n at the present time, are doing excellent work among those nore are afloat. Mrs. Frazer goes out among the homes of the poor d the neglected, bearing the mesge of life and light. No more va- d or unique field for Christian rk could be found than that on the tle peninsula of Red Hook Point, hich projects, finger-like, from the uth-west side of busy Brooklyn. . Fraser, a Scotchman by birth, is ntinually going about among the merous vessels laid up in the Erie d Atlantic basins, where there is loating population of from 3000 to 00 souls on the steamers, sailing ips, canal boats, and barges. He familiarly called "Holy Joe" by e sailors, and he can speak to em fluently in several languages d is well-liked generally. Services' e held every day in the week and the open air as frequently as posple in the summer season. On nday afternoon, a dock meeting held and one of our illustrations ows a group of 'longshoremen, lors, women and children at ch a service, held only a few days ago. such gatherings, the sailors sometimes rch themselves in the rigging of their ssels, with a monkey or pet parrot beie them. Printed hymns are distributed ong them and singing is sure of hearty pport. Very simple is the order of exises. A little group of singers around a rtable organ draw the people who at the und of the familiar tunes, flock in from ighboring streets. A layman, or somenes a lady, reads a short Scripture setion or speaks to the crowd about Jesus. ther speakers follow, and much singing interspersed, the people joining heartily. sually the quiet and attentive audience nder the presence of a police officer uncessary. These Sunday afternoon meetgs are largely attended by ships' officers d sailors. In the winter time, the meetgs are held in the Mission rooms, and e well attended there also. They are aintained by men and women who, once in sin, can speak with the eloquence of personal sympathy direct to the hearts and souls of their auditors. The rooms are always open to those who have been out in the highways and byways or wandering on foreign shores, and many a lost one has there found peace in believing. Numbers of the rescued love to go there to give the testimony of a changed life and to bring others to a knowledge of the Gospel.

In the evenings there is usually a fair attendance at the Reading-room, which, with its circulating library, lighted lamps, and tables strewn with magazines and daily papers, offers an attractive opportunity for an hour's rest and intellectual recreation. Here may be found, sitting quietly side by side, representatives of almost every nation on earth. The library contains New Testaments and Bibles printed in at least seventeen different languages, besides a large variety of books of information and travel.

During the last few years, there have been some remarkable instances of religious awakening among those who have entered the doors of the Life-Line Mission. One of these is a case of a Swedish sailor from a foreign vessel, lying in Erie Basin. Four years ago he was a notorious sinner, and had led a godless life for many years. One night he was strolling along Van Brunt street, and, thinking perhaps that the brightly lighted Mission Hall was a saloon, he stepped in. The evening service was progressing at the time, and he quietly sat down at the far end of the room. Over the speaker's head hung a sign on which was printed the text, "He is able to save to the uttermost." Being able to read and understand English, he was visibly impressed with the earnest words of the leader and those who spoke with him. That night he gave himself to Christ. After the meeting he was spoken to by one of the conductors of the Mission, and encouraged to stand fast, and he promised faithfully to do so. Next day he brought in a mate from his ship, who also gave his allegiance to the Captain of Salvation. A few days afterwards the vessel sailed for China, and for four years nothing was heard of him. Finally, the vessel again touched at this port. The converted sailor again sought the Mission, bringing with him fourteen mates, who through him had been converted one by one during the four years' trip!

Last winter another case occurred where a seaman, who, through the instrumentality of the Mission, had become a Christian, was the means of bringing nearly a whole ship's crew, including officers and captain, to the Saviour. Mr. Marston met them all personally at the time, and was impressed with their sincerity. Several of them gave testimony at one of the meetings.

About six months ago, a meeting was held in the forecastle of the steamship *Bremerhaven*, while she was laid up in Erie Basin for repairs. Word of the proposed meeting was sent in advance, and in honor of the occasion the men arranged the compartment with flags, lanterns, and other decorations. An interesting service was held and afterwards the men were invited to attend the Mission rooms. At first they were somewhat shy, but finally several became constant visitors, so that, as a result, eleven were drawn to accept Christ during the few days the vessel was in the basin. Three years ago the vessel *River Bann* was visited by Mr. Fraser. He was ridiculed and laughed at, while on board, and when he left he felt as though nothing had been accomplished. That night, however, one of the men, on going ashore, on a few hours' leave, was hailed by a companion and requested to bring a fish-line with him on his return, in order that some eels might be caught. The man did not return that night, but in the morning, as he was going up the gangplank, he was asked for the fish-line which he had forgotten. His reply, given with a radiant smile, was that instead of getting a fish-line, he had found a "Life Line that had pulled him in at the Mission," where he had spent the night and had been saved. Several other men of the same crew have since found that Life Line and are holding on to it still. Among them are several who mocked and ridiculed "Holy Joe," in the most profane manner on his first trip aboard.

Several years ago an old lady owned the property where the present Mission is located. She became very sick and Miss Wadsworth visited her frequently. On one of these visits the missionary made a remark that the place would be an admirable site for a mission. The old lady was not in sympathy with missions nor any kind of Christian work, and flew into a violent rage, saying that she had rather see the building "burn down than be used as a mission." Some time afterward the old lady died, and the executors of her will sought out Mr. Marston and offered the present premises to him for the Mission. Whether this came about through the kindly influence and work of Miss Wadsworth, or was a change of heart in the aged owner, will never be known; but it is not at all unlikely that her visits and the Christian sympathy she showed must have helped to bring about the change.

IN THE CHAPEL OF THE LIFE-LINE MISSION.

AN OPEN-AIR MISSION SERVICE ON THE BROOKLYN DOCKS.

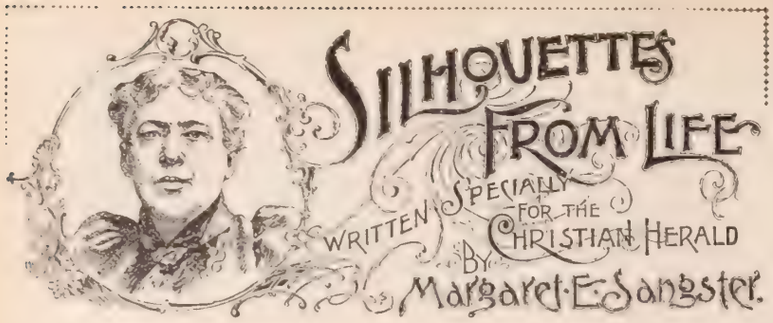
Japan's Great Earthquake.

What is said of it by a Celebrated Seismologist.

PROF. JOHN MILNE, F. R. S., is widely known throughout the scientific world as an authority on earthquakes. He was for a number of years the occupant of the Chair of Seismology at the Japanse Imperial University. Concerning the recent earthquake at Kamaishi and neighborhood, in which thirty thousand persons are said to have perished, Prof. Milne says: "At Kamaishi the origin of the disturbance was probably close to the coast, and therefore the waves rushed in with great violence. The cause may have been either a submarine eruption or a gigantic landslip at the bottom of the ocean. Strange to say, for many years past the origin of the large earthquakes which have been felt on the eastern coast of Japan has been traced to a point perhaps a hundred miles out at sea, and such a line lies, to use a technical expression, in the anti-clinal folding which forms the backbone of the northern island. It is quite possible that this folding is still in progress, and from time to time the crumbling crust reaches the limits of elasticity and suddenly breaks. That is the reason for probably ninety-five per cent. of these disturbances. In Japan there are about a hundred volcanoes that have been active during the historical period. Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, is said to have been formed about 200 A. D., when it marched from the south to its present position, leaving the depression behind which is now known as Lake Biwa. There is this to be said for earthquakes, that though they do an enormous amount of damage — five hundred lives and several million dollars is probably their annual cost in Japan—they ought to be a source of satisfaction to the survivors, for a shock is simply an announcement that the crust of the earth is buckling upwards and that the country is growing.

"The benefits that have been derived from the study of Seismology in Japan are manifold. The method of building bridges and houses have been revolutionized. For example, the piers of bridges are now made thicker at their bases and taper upwards, instead of being built with straight sides as in Europe, and brick factory chimneys have been replaced by structures of sheet iron. A severe earthquake now would not cause a fourth of the damage which would have been inevitable on such visitations as the recent one, had it occurred even half-a-dozen years ago."

Mr. Milne proposes that fifteen or twenty stations should be established round the globe, so that by recording earthquake movements the effective rigidity of the earth may be ascertained. This knowledge would be of enormous value to physicists and astronomers all over the scientific world.



Linda Harman's Dilemma.

"IF you are to do those people any good, Linda," said Miss Mackenzie, standing with her back to the door, and holding her parasol firmly in her hand, now and then brandishing it as an emphatic gesticulation showed how much she was in earnest, "you must go and live among them. This luxury, this garden, these rugs and couches and easy chairs are not for you. The Lord's servant must endure hardness. You cannot be a sybarite, Linda, and save souls. And the souls in Dearborn Court are crying out that no man cares for them. They are sinking to perdition, with none to lift a hand. Linda, take care how you disregard the Lord's call."

"I am sure, Cousin Harriet, all I want is to see my way clearly," answered Linda with spirit. "I do not care for state and splendor. The beautiful things in my home reproach me when I think of the poverty in the world. But I am not responsible for the furnishing of this mansion. Father and mother and brother Dick have done this, and my little room, as you know, is as plain as an anchorite's cell. I love those poor girls at the Court, and I long to work for them and live among them. But am I to disobey my own father, and leave my mother who needs me, that I may preach and teach the keeping of the Ten Commandments, in lanes and alleys, where there are no homes like mine? I must see my way first, Cousin Harriet."

"'He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me,'" repeated the elder lady solemnly. "Linda, how will you answer him in the judgment day, when he asks you why you scorned his little ones, and chose the primrose path?"

There came an interruption. A low and discreet knock, as of one who forebore to break upon a conversation, but acted under orders, made itself heard. "Come in," said Linda, and Jane entered. Jane, her mother's maid, black-gowned, white-capped, and pale-faced. A girl who looked tired to death, but steadfast not the less. Jane, though only an obscure maid servant, was a person of strong sense and real character, and while she adored Miss Linda, she disapproved of Miss Mackenzie, whose philanthropic movements so far as they had to with Linda Harman, were equally frowned on by every one in the household, from the Judge himself to the small boy in buttons, who attended the door.

"Your mother, Miss Linda, is took with one of her spells, and wants you as soon as you can come please," said Jane. Mrs. Harman's spells were not to be disregarded, and Miss Mackenzie took her leave.

Nobody who had met Linda, as three hours later, wan, white, and weary, she emerged from her mother's chamber of pain, would have fancied that the young girl trod a primrose path. In fact, there were days when the mother's life seemed to hang on a slender thread, and the least excitement, the least over-exertion might precipitate its breaking. Then there would be periods of comparative comfort, and the lady would be marvelously well, and undertake her usual tasks, and see the friends she dearly loved but always there was for her family the danger in the background. [illegible] that hour there might be a catastrophe.

Linda, whose piety was as single-hearted as a child's, and whose charm was that of a sweet flower, a lily or a rose not lovelier, had developed great power over other girls. She had the rare gift of conciliating the rudest, and in the Working-Girls' Club, to which she [illegible]

much of her endeavors, nobody sang or talked, or pleased the members, as she did. Many a girl, toiling in the stifling atmosphere of a factory, was strengthened and aided through the week, by what her friend, Miss Harman, had said in the social evening at the Club.

Latterly Miss Mackenzie and others had been desirous that a girl like Linda, rich and beautiful, and highly accomplished, should take up missionary work among such girls as those who came to the Club, living at the settlement near them, and devoting her whole life, instead of a part to their service.

Linda's mother, however, while not saying or even looking anything in opposition, felt that she had a claim on her daughter.

As Linda bent over her, fanning her softly, when the spasm of acute anguish passed off, on this afternoon of Miss Mackenzie's call, Mrs. Harman whispered:

"I—can't—be—a stumbling stone, dear, but wait—till God takes—your mother."

There are girls among those who read this story, able to comprehend Linda's dilemma. To such my word is, "Duties are never in antagonism." A girl should weigh the matter well, however, before she chooses between a plainly manifest need of her, in her own household, and a probably excellent opening for her in another field.

I am glad that Linda wrought out her problem over her Bible and in her closet. Next day she wrote to her cousin, "All that I can do, plus the work in my own home, I will do, but I cannot abandon my own dear mother, nor trust my home vineyard to other hands than mine. I am sure that my place is here."

A few days ago, I saw a happy throng of girls in Linda's drawing-room. They had a half-holiday, and Linda invited them to be her guests, and gave them a delightful entertainment. The lively home was lovly for these girls to enjoy. The bric-a-brac, the books, the pictures, the rugs, the music enhanced their pleasure. And I thought it was as well perhaps that they should come to Linda as that Linda should go to them. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Maronite City of Lebanon, Syria.

During the troublous days of 1860, when all Lebanon was in gloom over the massacre and pillage by the Druses, the Maronite city of Deir-el-Kamar, on South Lebanon, was the heaviest sufferer. This is one of the largest Maronite cities in the mountain district, and is the chief town of the settlement of the same name. It was estimated that 1800 Maronites were slain by the Turks and Druses, who united forces for the attack against the ancient enemy of the Druses. At the present time, Deir-el-Kamar has a population of about 2700, of whom 2340 are Maronites, and less than a hundred Druses. A good work is being done among the people through the American Mission at Beyrout. The Maronites are of war-like disposition, and every male inhabitant of a Maronite village does military service. Ignorant and superstitious, the monks practically control the entire Maronite population. This famous Maronite city is shown in the photograph on the opposite page.

They All Love the Waifs.

Many Friends in Different States, Interested in our Little Guests at Mont-Lawn.

EVERY year widens the circle of those good friends who take a lively personal interest in the little tenement boys and girls at our Children's Home. Many letters are received from contributors to the work, in which the writers ask to be told more particularly about the children for whom they are providing the means for an enjoyable outing. These are answered by House-Mother Collins, or some of her assistants, and the names of the children are sent to the patrons. Sometimes, if the child can write, a letter is sent from the little beneficiary, couched in the simple and direct phraseology of childhood, and such letters, we have no doubt, afford more gratification to the receiver than any formal epistle could possibly give. If our friends could only see the loving labor the little tots expend on such letters, they would be greatly amused. A group of such wee correspondents, under the direction of some patient caretaker, is seated at a big table, each with pen in hand and intent on the important task. It may be the first "real true letter" they have ever written, and it is penned with much twisting of elbows, blackening of fingers, and puckering of lips. Then the address is all important, and the ceremony of "licking and sticking the stamp" concludes the event.

Our patrons have not forgotten our appeal for clothing for the little guests, and a number of packages, containing light frocks, underwear, &c., have been received at the Home. These Matron Collins distributes to best advantage among the most needy ones, but it would be almost a hopeless task to attempt to shoe all the naked little feet, and substitute whole garments for all the patched, threadbare, and ragged ones. Contributions of clothing for the boys and girls will be gratefully appreciated, and nothing that is suitable for children between the ages of six and twelve will go amiss among the hundreds at Mont-Lawn.

Our photographic artist, when he took the picture which is reproduced on this page, found our little guests enjoying th dinner in the big tent. It is a bright, s ny day, and you notice Caroline has shade her eyes with her hands, as turns about from her tempting dinner see what the artist is going to do. T little miss is a very sweet singer—it bri the tears to one's eyes to hear her s "Only Me." Talent is by no means la ing among these children from the slu a number have natural musical or elo tionary ability that might well be env by those better able to cultivate s talents. Little Isabelle, a bright-faced with light hair, recites "The Blind B gar" beautifully. Isabelle is such a de thoughtful little girl, always asking care-taker, "What can I do to help you There are a number of helpful boys, t "Bruno" and Alfred, the two stand together in the rear of the tent, volunt to make their own beds, and are quite careful as any girl to remove each wrin from the pillow-slip and to adjust white spread "just so."

When the children finish their dinn at the first sound of the gong there "order;" next they rise, and then t march in two stately divisions, the g around one side of the Home and the b about the other, meeting in front of verandah. Here, at one tap of the b they face about, and, at the second sign they scatter, each running at double-qu speed to secure, if possible, one of "scups," as our children call the swings

August finds the Home filled to its most capacity. From dawn till dark it a scene of activity, for the care of so ma children is no light task the Matron and her st There are so many differe temperaments to be studi so many little hands and f to be kept out of mischief a danger, so many little hea to be led to learn and to lo Jesus. The material nee of the Home alone are enou to keep the caretakers bus but nothing is neglected. A not until the last frowsy lit head is safely pillowed for t night and the last little vo hushed in slumber, can t work of the day be said have ended.

DINING UNDER THE BIG TENT AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

All contributions in aid The Children's Home will acknowledged in these c umns. The following su were received during t week:

Previously acknowle'd..	$1,552
H Isabel	3
H E S, Danbury	
Henry G Meyer	
Almira and Ella Ferguson	
"The Pines," Suffern	
Elinor Jackson	3
In His Name, Lewisburg	
is Children, Middlebush	6
Virgia Cafferty	
I H N, So Trenton	3
May D Reid	
Mrs Charles	
A Canada Girl	
W W W, Port Royal	
Alice M Pollitt	3
Member of I A H Circle, Waupaca	
Mrs H Humiston	15
Mrs T A Price	3
Friend, Passaic	
Mrs J W Miller	
Claire Miller	
Sumter Miller	
Grady Miller	
X Y Z, Pitcher	
F E H, Catskill	
Mrs Katie Hitner	
Mrs V Newcomb	
Friend, York	
Friend in Christ, Madison	
Mrs A W Treat	
G Redpath	6
—, East Brunswick	
S S Class, Tangerine	
Watson Curtis	
Smith, Sharon	
Mr and Mrs Wm Selbie	
Charlie and Willie Selbie	
Lover of Jesus, Garrett	3
Aunt P, Danville	10
Mrs Mary E Kimball	
Mrs Avis Buck	6
Mrs John F Ryan	
Two Cleburne Friends	
Lulu, Eggleston and Louis D Froelich	
M T Ludlow	85
In His Name, Mo	
Miss Roberts	
J E W, East Williston	5
A T Ambler	
Mrs James Jessop	
F P Hooker	3
H T E, Sing Sing	
—, New York	
Sarah D Dwaet	
S V W, Deerfield	
I H N, Bowerston	3
Mrs Harriet Woolsey	8
Mrs G E Berner	3
Mrs B F Woodworth	
L R P, Derry Depot	3
Total	$1,777.35

And over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

No more orders for copies of *The Pathway of Life* can now be filled, our entire stock having been exhausted.

"Constant Reader," Sharon Springs, N.Y. 1. If no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, what will become of the drunkard-maker? 2. Is it right for a Christian to grow or deal in hops? Is it right for Christians to run their milk wagons to the creamery on Sunday?

The condemnation of the maker of drunkards is repeatedly pronounced in the Scriptures. (See Habakkuk 2: 15; Gal. 5: 21; Matt. 24: 49, 51; Rom. 14: 21, etc.) 2. Not if they are to be utilized in the production of intoxicating drink. There are, however, other uses to which they can legitimately be put. 3. If it be an absolute work of necessity, and if in no other way the cream can be saved from spoiling, then it would be justified. But even works of necessity, the actual labor should be reduced to a minimum.

A. L., Little Prairie, Wis. Why was David anointed kingly three times? Why did not the first anointing by Samuel cover his kingly office?

The first anointing was a private ceremony. If it had been widely known Saul would undoubtedly have killed David. Afterwards the ceremony was performed before all the people as ratification of the first ceremony.

S. W., Roseboom, N. Y. 1. What are the seven wonders of the world? 2. Does the Bible really teach that Christ will rule in person as King on this earth, or is it an idea without foundation? 3. Can a person be secretly converted without the world knowing it at the time?

1. They are the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Pharos of Alexandria. 2. The Scriptures plainly teach that Christ will reign on the earth. The statements must be, and are, spiritualized by some commentators, but the meaning on the surface is clearly that of a personal reign on the earth. See Rev. 20: 4-6; 5: 10; Matt. 19: 28, and many passages in the Old Testament, which have not yet been fulfilled and never will be until Christ reigns on the earth. 3. Yes; but it will not remain so. It is both a duty and a pleasure for a Christian to show forth his allegiance and confess Christ before men.

Mr. J. S., Blooming Valley, Pa. 1. Has the Gospel been preached to every nation under the sun? 2. Was Uzzah, the man who touched the Ark, and was struck dead, a Levite? If so, how do you prove it?

1. Tibet, Central China, parts of Central Africa, some of the desert tribes, and parts of Arabia are still without the Gospel. 2. Uzzah was one of the sons of Abinadab in whose house at Kirjath-jearim the Ark rested many years. Josephus (see *Antiquities*, ch. 6) states distinctly that Uzzah was of a Levitical family. It was because Abinadab, his father, was a Levite, that the Ark was taken into his house. Some commentators hold that Amminadab (spoken of in 1 Chron. 15: 10) was identical with Abinadab.

M. W., San Diego, Cal. If the evil of rum selling depends largely upon Christianity to be transformed, will not the Christian churches be held responsible for so great a curse upon our people? Have not the Christian churches already been drawn into the cesspool by the money power of rum in politics? Is there more than the one positive cure for drunkenness, which is, prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to do this will it not be necessary to amend the Constitution in regard to the manufacture of alcohol, and all distilled liquors?

These matters, and all others relating to the responsibilities of Christian citizens and churches in connection with the liquor traffic are ably and exhaustively treated in ex-United States Senator Blair's famous pamphlet, "The Temperance Reform," which can be procured of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at five cents per copy, or in quantities at $3. per hundred.

Martin F., Reading, Penn. I often see allusions to persons and stories, such as that some enterprise is like the labor of Sisyphus. I suppose that is sufficient for a college-bred man, but I do not know who Sisyphus was and what he did. Is there no book that would help me to such knowledge easily and quickly?

If you have the WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA on your book-shelves, you can turn to it and get the information you need under its appropriate letter, without any loss of time.

J. L. Cassell, Crown King, Ariz. I have heard it claimed that the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon publicly claimed that he smoked to the glory of God. Is it true?

We believe Mr. Spurgeon made the statement, but afterward expressed his regret that he did so, as it had been deemed irreverent. The facts were that an American minister, making an address in Mr. Spurgeon's church, denounced smoking, and declared that any Christian indulging in the habit was living in sin. Mr. Spurgeon, who was present, and was known to be an habitual smoker, could not be silent, as silence would be a tacit admission of guilt. He made a speech in which he referred to his known ailment of chronic rheumatism. He said, "When I found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God, and have blessed his name. This is what I meant, and by no means did I use sacred words triflingly."

J. M. B., Halifax, N. S. As the Bible does not say Blessed is the converted man, but Blessed are the meek, etc., and always gives character and growth and conduct as the condition of blessedness, can a man logically say: "I am a Christian because I was converted at such and such a time and place?"

The man who is leading a new life may logically refer to the time and place where he ceased to live for himself and the world and turned to God, if he can remember them, as he often can. There are many cases in which the change has been so gradual that he cannot fix on the time and place of the change; and conversions of this kind are often more reliable than sudden ones, which may be under excitement, and so be evanescent. If a wicked man forsakes his sins and determines henceforth in Christ's strength to live for God, and he is enabled to keep his resolution, he is not likely to forget the time that he made it. But if he has had a religious training and has not been guilty of gross sins and becomes more and more under Christ's power and love, he may not remember a change save as a very gradual accession of light and strength.

Mrs. L. Bonham, Clinton, Mo., writes: Please tell me where I can find words and music to this:

> The pearl that worldlings count
> Is not the pearl for me;
> Most surely will they perish
> Unless from sin set free.

Possibly some reader may be able to supply the desired information.

Wesley Dixon, Tarrytown, N. Y. Was there ever such a tale of woe as that which causes people to stand aghast, namely, that of Armenia? How grandly has this land of freedom responded to the call for aid from "over the sea." Yet, as all the reports show that matters are no better, that slaughter is still going on, and that even the plan to have them leave the country has failed, a new plan must be adopted, or the whole race will be exterminated. The nations are unwilling to join together and wipe out the accursed Turkish nation which should be done. What then shall be done, in order to break the chains of these worse than slaves? I answer, the same thing which was advocated so earnestly before the outbreak of our rebellion, namely, to buy their freedom.

Let it be inquired of the Turkish Government, the price it will take to allow them to leave their blighted land and come to this God-given country. When the price is named, let the amount be raised, not only by this land but others. Let us build an ark of money and bring them from their ruined homes. What a chance for the wealthy to do a grand act, give of their means, which the God of heaven and earth has placed in their keeping to accomplish good.

Our correspondent's suggestion is a striking one, bold enough to attract attention. It is doubtful, however, whether the Sultan would consent to liberate the Armenians under any circumstances. They are the workers, the producers of the country, and without them, vilely as they are used, the country would suffer material loss, and the Turks are fully aware of the fact.

J. B. Simpson, Atlanta, Ga. Will you consider it as sending in ten new subscribers for THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA if I should make a present of a year's subscription to each of ten of my Sunday School teachers (who do not now take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), and in that way secure for myself a complete set of THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA?

Certainly, you are quite at liberty to do so. It would be a most appropriate present to give each of your teachers THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year, and in doing this, and taking the Encyclopedia for your own personal use, you will be reaping a two-fold advantage—securing a valuable work of information and reference for yourself, and doing good to others.

J. W. P., Holman's Mills, N. C. Where can I get the best cheap book, giving a history and full explanation of our monetary system?

In the "History of the United States Mint, and of American Coinage," published by Geo. G. Evans, Philadelphia, you will find the whole subject exhaustively treated.

D. Huntington. Is it right to carry a person into church after death, who in life would never go, and to use the same ritual that is used for the Christian dead?

By common consent and usage, the rite of Christian burial is charitably extended to many who in life did not profess the Christian faith. Preachers, however, in their remarks to public audiences on such occasions, usually make a distinction between those who are known to have been true Christians in life, and others of whose belief no such statement can be made. Considerations for the feeling of relatives sometimes induce the preacher to be more charitable than wise, and to discover virtues where none existed; but, after all, it is better that we should not judge either living or dead too harshly. "Speak no evil of the dead" is an ancient proverb as truly philosophic to-day as when it was first uttered.

THE DRUSE CITY OF DEIR-EL-KARIM, LEBANON. (See opposite page.)

Mrs. Julia B., Hartford, Mich. Do you still have those pieces of Olive Wood? 2. Do you think the Bible forbids a woman to pray or speak in public meetings?

1. Yes; we can still supply the Olive Wood slabs in limited quantities at twenty-five cents each, postpaid. 2. You probably refer to the language employed by Paul (See I. Cor. 14: 34), but woman now occupies a wholly different position, socially and otherwise from that of Paul's day, and is not subject to the restrictions that were then imposed upon her sex. It is not now considered inappropriate for her to share actively in the labor of the church, the limits being fixed by considerations of suitability and good taste.

Subscriber, Hollidansburg, Pa. Our town is eight miles from another town connected by a trolley road. Our pastor exchanges pulpits with one of the other towns and uses the electric cars on Sunday to go out and in. Do they break the Sabbath? I hold that no Christian should use the cars on Sunday for any purpose whatever.

The distance seems to be too long to walk conveniently, and unless there are other and better means of conveyance at hand, it would seem to be necessary to use the trolley in such case. Thus, if it could be regarded as a work of necessity, it would be justifiable. The usual plan for those who wish to avoid traveling on Sundays is to make the journey on Saturday, returning Monday, but this would probably be impracticable in the case you mention.

Subscriber, Farmington. Who was Josephus? Some say he was a heathen writer; others that he was of Jewish descent. I have been taught from youth that he was a heathen?

He was a Jew and the descendant of a royal Jewish house. In early manhood he became a religious devotee, and, when about twenty years old, he joined the Pharisees. In his autobiography he gives his own genealogy, which leaves no room to doubt the purity of his Jewish descent.

M. A. C., Pella, Ia. 1. Should the Lord's Prayer be repeated in concert in a public place? 2. Was it given to mature individuals or children? 3. Was it given to converted or unconverted men, women or children? 4. Can you advise me as to where I can get a symbolical dictionary?

1. Yes. It is a very beautiful and appropriate part of the service. 2. To men, women, and children alike, since it expresses the spiritual and material needs of all ages and classes. 3. To believers, certainly; unbelievers can have no share in its petitions. 4. Inquire of some leading publishing house.

R. E. Mann, Albany, N. Y. In all the exploration of Egypt has there been no record found of the plagues or of the Red Sea disaster?

Nothing has been found as yet referring to either, so far as we have seen. Prof Flinders Petrie has found a reference recently to a war with Israel, apparently after they were established in Palestine; and he thinks he is on the track of other references to Israel. It is doubtful, however, whether he will find any on the two subjects you mention. The monuments are occupied with triumphs and successes. Neither Egypt nor any other nation would be apt to make an imperishable record of disaster.

De Witt A. Berry, Cedarville, Mo. Is there any really valid reason for believing that the days of creation were more than twenty-four hours long?

The condition of the strata of the earth's crust is the reason for believing that between the time of the earth's coming into existence and the appearance of man there stretches a vast period of time. It is evident that there were a number of stages each with its appropriate plants and animals. That they were successive is proved by the fact that in all parts of the world they are found in the same order. The stratum that is found above another in one part of the world, is never found below it anywhere else. Fossil plants and animals are found in these strata in various stages of development, indicating that each stage occupied immense periods. The story of the earth's cooling and development is told so plainly in the rocks that we are bound to believe it. The Bible is not impaired in value by our regarding the days as periods. As Peter said, "a thousand years are with the Lord as one day." (II. Peter 3: 8.)

M. B., Manville, Wyo. Will the ten tribes be restored to Palestine with the Jews? If not, what is the significance of their history being in the Bible?

From Zechariah 10: 6, and many other passages in his prophecy and in Hoshea and from Paul's statement that all Israel shall be saved, (Romans 11: 26), and from the sealing of the thousands of the tribes in Revelation 7, we conclude that the ten tribes will be restored. There is, as yet, some doubt as to their identity. Many students hold that the Anglo-Saxon race is the ten tribes, but this theory is stoutly denied by other students. The significance of their history consists among other things in the fact of God being unchangeable. As he governed Israel, so he governs other nations in modern times.

Mrs. H. N. W., Montour, Ia. We believe he is. Denomination unknown. —— Wilber B., Ashland, Kan. 1. They do not. 2. The U. S. S. *New York*. 3. He must have a majority of the Electoral College, which counts by States and not by individual votes. 4. In Asiatic Turkey. 5. Unanswerable.—— Mrs. Jennie S., College Springs, Ia. Methodist, the first; Presbyterian, the second.——W. E. M., Bardolph, Ill. Write to Rev. R. A. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.——S. H. H., Spencerville, O. 1. The poem is a familiar one and too long for reproduction in our columns. 2. Yes, at different times during the last few years we have published accounts of Diaz's wonderful Cuba.——Hessie Bennett, Johnston, Pa. You must decide such matters for yourself. It probably would not come until a year after next November.——L. Fulton, Mount Pleasant, N. J. Josephus, the Jewish historian, gives such an account. You can procure it of any regular publisher.——Subscriber, Basking Ridge. It is Christian, but like some other forms, it is tainted with idol worship and other evils that mar it greatly.—— T. P., Va. None that we know of except penal institutions.——Huntingdon. We do not care to discuss politics in a religious journal.——Garrett, Ind. Address Superintendent, Bowery Mission, 105 Bowery, N. Y.——E. T., Union City, Ind. Her address is 492 2nd Ave., N. Y. Her story has appeared in these pages.——Oscar C., Texas. We do not know whether they have appeared in book form.——J. W. Shaw, Carlinville, Ill. Write to Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for the information.——N. H. Stonebrink, Oregon. It is a poem by Alice Cary, we think. We do not know that it has ever been widely used as a hymn, although it may have been set to music.——August Verbiss, Baton Rouge. Write to the Librarian, Astor Library, New York, for full information.——James Love, Liberty, Mo. Write to American Sunday School Union, Phila., Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Children of the Street.

THERE is only one thing I have against the Sabbath Schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but, alas! for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and lost! A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath Schools; but what about the seventy thousand destitute children of New York, and a score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn, around whom are thrown no benign, no heavenly, and Christian influences?

It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them, or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropist and the statesman. O! if we could have all these suffering little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger, and wretchedness, and rags, and sin, and trouble, and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices of blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar for every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit—we would recoil, crying out, "Avaunt thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the Water of Life, will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blasted ruin—every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money-safe and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step, and bloodshot eye, and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog-shop and den of infamy in the land, to take the ballot-box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry, in her plain frock, will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying: "The world owes us a living." O! what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uneducated, and unrestrained it gathers full force, drowning like surges, crushing like rocks. By the Gospelization of the rising generation let us save this land for civilization and Christianity.

Extravagance.

YOU have no right to ride in a carriage when you owe the wheelwright who furnished the landau, and the horse-dealer who provided the blooded span, and the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and the liveryman who furnished the stabling, and the driver who sits with rosetted-hat on your coach-box. I am glad to see you ride. The finer your horses and the better your carriage, the better it pleases me. But if you are in debt for the equipage, and hopelessly in debt, get down and walk like the rest of us! It is well to understand that it is not the absolute necessities that we find it so hard to meet, but the fictitious wants. God promises us shelter, but not a palace; and raiment, but not chinchilla; and food, but not canvas-back duck. As long as we have enough to meet the positive necessities of life, we ought to be content until we can afford the superfluities. As soon as you see a man deliberately consent that his outgo shall exceed his income, you may know he has started on the broad road to bankruptcy and moral ruin. The young man who came from the oil wells in Pennsylvania, having gained a sudden fortune of two million of dollars, and then ran through the whole of it in less than two years, illustrated on a large scale what some are doing on a small scale.

This wholesale extravagance accounts for a great deal of depression in national finances. Aggregates are made up of units, and so long as one-half of the people of this country are in debt to the other half, you cannot have a healthy financial condition. The national resources are drawn off, not only for useless extravagances, but for those that are positively pernicious. The theatres of New York cost that city every year two millions of dollars. We spend in this country ninety-five millions of dollars every year for cigars and tobacco. In the United States we expend annually one thousand four hundred and eighty-three millions of dollars for rum. Now, take those facts, and is it strange that our national finances are crazied? If you have an exportation of bread-stuffs four times what you have now, and an importation of gold four times what you have now, there would be no permanent prosperity in this country until people quit their sinful lavishment, and learn honest economy.

From the Country.

THE young man comes from the country with industrious habits. His father worked; his mother worked: his brothers worked. He knows no better, and continues industrious for awhile. But he soon finds out that there are a great many around him who get along better than he without any work. They dress better. They drink the best wines. They have a good seat at the theatre. They have money to bet on the election, on horses, on the contest between the Atlantics and Athletics. The young man wonders where these idlers get their money. Four ways of getting money: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it. Some of these shining ones get it not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging.

The young man, in a fit of indignation throws up his work, and consorts with these idlers, and has soon learned the same tricks, and dies and is not as much mourned over as the fast horse they foundered and killed by a too hasty watering. When a young man earns a thousand dollars and spends fifteen hundred, he goes overboard. If he earns fifteen hundred and spends two thousand, he goes overboard. The thing is inevitable.

A man resolves to be honest, but here are fifty Shylocks on the street. They undersell him. They twist about so as to escape the penalty of the law, caring nothing for God, but a little anxious about the Sheriff. The young man says, "This is galling rivalry. Perhaps I had better give up my old-fogy notions about honesty. This transaction may be a little doubtful, but then they all do it." This temptation is augmented by the fact that professors of religion do not always stand up straight. It is an awful thing to be a member of a church, and yet by swindling operations prove you are a hypocrite. Such a man will not dare to knock at last at the gate of heaven, and in apology for his business misdemeanors say, "Oh! you ought to have heard me sing 'Rock of Ages' in the Church on earth."

There seems to be an idea abroad that charity can consecrate ungodly gains, and that if you give half of an unrighteous transaction to God he will forgive you for pocketing the rest. The man virtually says, "Oh, Lord! here are fifty dollars for the missionary cause if you won't say anything about the rest of it!" Ah! the Church of God is not a shop for receiving stolen goods! If you have gotten unrighteous gain, better make return to those from whom you took it, or if from the nature of the case that is impossible, then you had better get your stove red-hot, and then, when the heat is fiercest, throw in the blasted spoil. God does not want it.

Scowling.

DON'T scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our soul in such peace that it will reflect itself in such placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

BRIEF NOTES.

NEVER have we Placed a Proposition Be[fore] our subscribers which met with so enthusiast[ic] response or commanded such immediate succ[ess] as that of THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA. [We] would urge all who intend to take advantage o[f] remarkable opportunity to lose no time in w[riting] us, as the chance to secure a set will soon be [gone] and delay now will cause many regrets hereaf[ter]. There are thousands who would be willing to [pay] for years to acquire such a rich prize as is n[ow] placed within the reach of THE CHRISTIAN HE[RALD] readers FREE. Read the full announcement in [this] week's issue.

Last Week's Issue of THE CHRISTIAN HE[RALD] was **250,000** copies, the weight of which [ex]ceeded **60,000** pounds.

The Rhenish Mission in the Island of Su[matra] is meeting with great success. In its [four] bership are nearly a thousand converts from [Mo]hammedanism.

Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., who is now in Germany, expects to arrive in India [by] 15th of December and to give three months t[o] missionary addresses there.

Baroness Hirsch has added $20,000,00[0] to the munificent gifts of her late husband, for the [emi]gration of indigent Jews from Russia to the A[r]gentine Republic and elsewhere.

Mr. Agide Pirrazini, of Italy, After Sper[ding] two years at the International Y. M. C. A. Tra[ining] School, Springfield, Mass., has returned to [his] native country, to take up the general secretar[yship] of the Association at Rome.

The Congregational and Episcopal Chur[ches] of Williamantic, Conn., have made a new depa[rture] in holding united open-air services every Sa[turday] evening during the summer. The meetings a[re] several hundred worshippers.

A Wonderful Service was held in the Ken[tucky] State Prison at Eddyville by a large num[ber] of delegates at the close of the Kentucky Chri[stian] Endeavor Convention. Two hundred prisoners [pub]licly expressed a desire to lead Christian lives

The English Methodists are Following [the] example of the Methodist Episcopal Church in [this] country by seceding from Christian Endeavor [and] new society will be called "The Wesley Guild." It [is] to be "distinctly and exclusively Methodist."

William Warren, a Compositor, Commit[ted] suicide in New York on July 29. His wife, who [died] two years ago and who suffered for years from [the] cruelty prayed with her dying breath that he [might] be punished for his misconduct by dying a vio[lent] death.

Through the Efforts of the Rescue Wor[k] connection with Hugh Price Hughes' labors in [the] End, London, eighty-four girls were saved. O[ne] the "Sisters of the People" says, concerning [them] received into the Home, that not one of them [is] a good mother living.

The Missionary report of the English Soci[ety] of Friends shows that the contributions last [year] were sufficient to meet the current expenses and [to] leave a balance of $4,000 in the hands of the tr[eas]urer. With a membership of about 15,000 they [have] a missionary income of nearly $65,000.

The Crowd at South Beach, Staten Isl[and], N. Y., which throngs the Vaudeville pavilion [on] week-days was surprised on Sunday, July 26, to [find] the pavilion open as on week-days. It was quite filled, but instead of seeing a vaudeville performance of song and dance, they listened to a service by the Salvation Army.

The Gratifying Announcement is made [by] the Washington committee, which carried out [the] programme for the entertainment of the visitors [to] the great Christian Endeavor Convention, will [not] only pay off every debt incurred in providing [for] the Convention, but will have a small surplus, if [all] the contributions are all collected.

The Annual Report of the China Inland Mission shows that eleven of its missionaries died during the year. Of these nine died on the field, two during a visit home for recuperation. Three of the deaths were from cholera and two from small-pox. As the China Inland Mission has six hundred and forty-one missionaries in the field there is reason for thankfulness that the mortality is so low.

Miss Agnes E. Slack, General Secretary of the World's W. C. T. U., arrived in New York [July] 1 to attend the State Conventions of the Union, will remain to attend the National Convention at Louis in November. Miss Slack is a Methodist preacher and a most effective speaker. Arrangements for addresses from her may be made through Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, vice-president of the W. C. T. U., Portland, Me.

The prayers of Christian Endeavorers [all] over the world are asked for the Lone Star Christian Endeavor Society, recently organized in Guatemala City, Central America, in the face of innumerable difficulties and discouragements. The little band meets every Tuesday at 10 A. M. The society was organized by Mrs. Fitch, the mother of the Presbyterian missionary, Mrs. W. F. Gates.

Rev. F. Ramseyer, of the Basle Mission Society, who from 1869 to 1874 was in captivity in Kumasi, writes: The Lord has heard the prayers of his children, and here we are, free missionaries, and all Ashanti open for the Gospel. All the large towns and villages are wide open for us, and we are receiving invitations to settle among the people. God has worked changes in Ashanti which the most sanguine friend of Christian missions did not hope for.

Among the speakers at the conference of Women's Christian Associations at Lake Geneva, Wis., is Miss A. M. Reynolds, world's secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who has just returned from a tour around the world, in which she has visited the Y. W. C. A.'s and done much to encourage and strengthen their work. Her itineracy included Cape Town, Tasmania, New Zealand and Australia. She is an American lady, the daughter of the Rev. W. Reynolds, of New Haven, Conn.

The Russian Government is making a Tenta[tive] experiment in the interest of temperance of a peculiar kind. It has taken possession of all the saloons in the Southern Provinces and will conduct them in future under its own supervision. The new State monopoly was inaugurated by religious services in the saloons now transferred to the Crown. The traffic is to be regulated in order to improve the quality of the drink and to induce moderation in the use of it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Arctic Hardships.

EUROPEAN journals report the rescue of two survivors of an Arctic expedition, who were found by a Norwegian sailing vessel in the far North. The two men tell a sad story of suffering. It appears that in October of last year four Norwegians sailed in a sealing cutter for Spitzbergen. They succeeded in killing seals, walrus, bears and reindeer; but penetrating too late in the season into the fjords they were frozen in. They lived on board their ship for about a month, subsisting on the game they had killed and economizing their ship's stores with the utmost frugality. As the long day was closing and the long night of several months duration was beginning, they found that their ship was in danger of being crushed by the ice. They, therefore, determined to remove to the land while enough daylight remained to choose a suitable site for a hut and to erect it. They constructed their hovel and lived in it until the middle of January when they made an excursion to Cape Thordsen, where they knew that Baron Nordenskjold had built some houses on one of his expeditions. The journey was made over the ice and it took them fourteen hours. They suffered severely by the way, one man being badly frostbitten in feet and face. They found the houses, but no provisions. It was necessary to return to their hovel for food. The sick man was left behind, while the other three made the journey and returned, each man bearing all the provisions he could carry. They found their comrade much worse, and with little hope of life. The provisions were consumed in about two weeks and it became necessary to make another journey to the north for more. The three men reached it safely, but a storm arose which prevented their return, and when it had subsided the way back was completely blocked by ice and snow. The captain, also, was ill and unable to travel. They were kept prisoners in the house by the weather for six weeks, and the captain died. The two survivors were too weak to bury him, so they inclosed his body in two barrels and covered it with a sail from the ship. A few days later the ice broke up and the two survivors entered a boat that had been saved from the ship and made their way south as far as Bell's Sound, where, as a storm was coming up, they went ashore and made a tent with their sails for shelter. There they were, half dead with cold and hunger when the crew of the sealing vessel found them and took them home. Never had the two men seen a sight so welcome as the ship manned by their countrymen and bound for their own native land. They needed no urging to go aboard. They did not act as men do who are in danger of perishing eternally, but will not accept the offer of salvation though it is pressed upon them with tears.

Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words but they do them not. (Ezek. 33: 32.)

Entrapped Through Loyalty.

A cruel case of swindling is reported from New Haven, Conn. A well known citizen who has considerable property there, was formerly under the care of a conservator, as he had developed some mild eccentricities and was thought to be incapable of managing his property. He succeeded, however, in convincing the courts that he was mentally sound and that the people who wanted him cared for, had an interest in getting him under control. A few weeks ago he disappeared from New Haven after raising a loan of several hundred dollars on the security of one of his houses. He was accompanied by two strangers and went to Canada. Nothing more was heard of him until last week, when a telegram came asking aid from his friends. He says that the strangers with whom he left New Haven introduced themselves to him as messengers from Queen Victoria. They informed him that she desired him to visit her and had prepared a castle for his residence. He was to sail by a vessel then in a Canadian port. As the man has always claimed that he was by birth an English lord, he saw nothing improbable in their story and went with them willingly. When they were over the border they robbed him of all his money, but fifty cents, and left him to make his way home as best he could. He had walked until he was tired out and was obliged to appeal to his friends for help. Men, who are mentally sound, would not so easily have fallen victims to the swindlers; but they often carry their incredulity too far, and will not believe the messengers who come to them with an invitation from God himself to enter the mansions prepared for them:

SURVIVORS OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION AT THEIR HUT.

Now are we ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

Light-Carrying Birds.

A sportsman writing to a Philadelphia journal describes a phenomenon which has been suggested but not previously confirmed. It is that the heron, and probably other birds, have the power of emitting light. On a recent shooting excursion he was belated one night near a marsh, through which ran a shallow river. The moon had not risen and the night was intensely dark. He was astonished to see lights at various places on the marsh. He thought at first that they were the *ignis fatuus*, but as they appeared to be stationary, or to move with precision, he concluded that they belonged to some living creature. Going down into the river, he waded as near to a cluster of the lights as he could and then fired. Instantly the lights were extinguished. He waded to the spot to find out what he had shot, and found a dying heron. Examining it closely after he reached home, he saw that underneath the long feathers on the breast and sides of the bird, there was a yellow greasy patch of powder-down, flakes of which seemed to fill the feathers, and he believes that it is this material that gives the light. Each bird appeared to have three lights, one on the breast and one on each hip, and to have control of them, hiding or exposing them at will. It is thought that as the heron lives on fish, that the light is a provision of nature to attract them, and that when the bird stands in the water at night and lets its lights shine, the fish come toward it and become its prey. Exactly the opposite of this is the light to which Christ compared the Christian's life. That is to shine so that men may be saved:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. (Matt. 5: 16.)

A Local Vendetta.

The district of New York City, which is known as Little Italy, on account of the preponderance of Italians living there, was the scene of a disturbance recently. To a reporter, who went to investigate it, the policeman on the post gave a significant account of the methods of the people there. He has been in the district several years and has come to know them well. In this case, there was a quarrel between a boarder and his landlady, which ended in his striking her. She defended herself with a knife and stabbed him in the neck. He went to a hospital and was treated. He made no complaint, but when he was well sought out another boarding-house. He was not allowed to rest. The woman's husband called him to account for striking her and came near being shot as the boarder fired three times at him with a revolver. He was arrested for doing so and is now in jail awaiting trial. The policeman said that it would be difficult to get the man and his wife to appear against him as they were opposed to his arrest and declared themselves able to take care of themselves. When the man comes out of prison, the policeman says, there is little doubt there will be a tragedy. He and his friends will want to get revenge for his imprisonment, and the boarding-house keeper and his wife consider they have not had satisfaction for the original assault. They do not want any interference from the law, but are determined "to get square" with the man. "If they had been Americans," the policeman said, "they would be eager to have their enemy tried and would give all the assistance they could, but these people want to manage their quarrels by themselves in their own way. They cannot be induced to lodge a complaint against an enemy. They want to kill him." Unfortunately the same disposition is manifested in other matters by all nationalities. Those who are willing to submit their quarrels to the law, want to manage their lives in their own way, instead of following the advice of the Psalmist

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. (Psalm 37: 5.)

Suffering from Mind-Blindness.

A press dispatch from Philadelphia describes a peculiar case which is puzzling the medical staff of the city hospital. A physician from Lawrence, Kans., who was in the city recently, paid a visit to the hospital to see a friend who is on the staff. As he was going through the hosital, he noticed among the clerks a man whom he thought he knew. Looking at him more closely, he was convinced that he was right, and went to him and greeted him by his name. The clerk did not know him, and said so. Yet the visitor declared that he was positive about the identity, and that the clerk had been a class-mate of his own at college. Inquiries about the man in the hospital elicited the fact that he came there originally as a patient. In March last he went to a policeman on the street and told him that he was lost. He could not remember his name, nor his place of residence, nor any fact of his past history. The policeman took him to the hospital where he was examined. Apart from his utter loss of memory, he was well balanced mentally, and was a man of intelligence and education. He remained five months in the hospital as a clerk and did his work satisfactorily, but no clue to his identity was discovered until the Kansas physician saw and recognized him. A telegram was sent to his parents, who have been in great distress about him since January last, when he left home to go to Washington and was not heard of afterwards. The physicians say that his case is a form of mind-blindness, which is very difficult to cure. That he should be rational and intelligent on all subjects but this one is extraordinary. Christian workers who have to do with souls are familiar with such cases. There are many who are honorable and admirable in all their relations, but are unmindful of their obligations toward God and are unmoved by the love and self sacrifice of Christ on their behalf.

Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction; they have refused to return. (Jer. 5: 3.)

Death on the Rail.

Widespread horror and dismay have been produced by the appalling railroad wreck at Atlantic City on July 30. The tracks of the Philadelphia & Reading Road and the West Jersey Railroad cross each other diagonally at that point. Early in the evening a special excursion train from Atlantic City for Bridgeton and Salem, N. J., approached the crossing on the West Jersey Road. The engineer saw a train coming on the Reading track, but as the signals in the tower controlling the crossing were set for him to go ahead, he went forward. The engineer of the Reading train also went on, though according to the evidence thus far disclosed, the signals were against him. His engine struck the car next to the locomotive of the West Jersey train, knocking it off the track, and then running off itself and falling on its side. The car behind it was also overturned, as well as the second one of the other train and the other cars of both trains were telescoped. The overturned cars had rolled into a ditch and the boiler of the wrecked engine burst, scattering scalding water over all. The engineer of the Reading train was killed and his body, with the hand still grasping the air-brake, lay beneath the locomotive. Forty-four dead bodies lay around, some of them mangled almost beyond recognition, and fifty persons more or less severely injured were extricated from the ruin and sent to the hospitals. The inquiry that will be held may show who was to blame for the accident, but so far, it appears to rest on the engineer, who is dead. If, as the signalman and the surviving engineer insist, the signal warned him to stop, it will always be a mystery why he should have gone forward. One would have thought that the fearful consequences of disregarding the warning signal must have been present to his mind. It will be well if all who wonder at the man's recklessness are themselves careful to avoid disaster. There are thousands who hear the warning of God's Word and his servants, yet continue in a course that must end in eternal catastrophe.

Turn ye! turn ye! Why will ye die? (Ezek. 33:11.)

Our Mexican Neighbors.

The Poor, Ignorant Indian Women of the Country Towns and the Rich, Fantastically Dressed Ladies of Merida—A Contrast.

OUR good neighbors, the Mexicans, are an interesting people, and there is much in their slow-going, old-fashioned, domestic and social life that may be studied with interest. Every Mexican town of any pretensions to consequence has its market-place, and here, on certain days, is to be seen much that is quaint and picturesque. On every market-day, men and women come from the interior to sell some of their country products. In Mexico City, many come long distances, and among them not a few Indians. From the smaller towns of Textacalco, Aixtapalapa, and other suburbs, the Indian squaws set out early in the morning, laden with vegetables or fruit. Arriving at the market, they take the place allotted to vendors of their class, and then display their merchandise to the best advantage. One of our photographs shows a group of "enchilada" sellers in a street of the capital. These are Mexicans of the poorer class. The "enchilada" is a pancake, compound of maize, onions, mincemeat and pickles, and is a popular favorite. Should the market-woman happen to be a mother, she never thinks of leaving her child at home; but strapping it to her back on a sort of pillow, she takes it with her to market, never reckoning the extra load as a burden. As is usual, especially among the Indians, the wives are the chief workers for the family, bearing cheerfully the burdens and doing the heaviest part of the labor. Indian wives are obedient to the point of servility, and very timid. Notwithstanding their hard lives, they are seldom surly and depressed, but greet strangers with a pleasant smile and a gracious manner that shows them to be amiable in disposition.

Very different, in many respects, from these poor Mexican Indian housewives are the young women shown in our second illustration. They are natives of Yucatan, on the eastern side of the republic of Mexico, and therefore also our very good neighbors. Yucatan is the richest port of the republic, and is steadily growing in importance. Merida, the capital of the province, has a population of 50,000 souls. During the holidays, the ladies wear very costly and exceedingly odd costumes, made of the very finest embroidered linen of unapproachable quality and workmanship. These dresses are usually white and are trimmed profusely with very delicate lace "insertion," the whole being of some such pattern as that shown in the illustration. With the addition of an elegant sash, heavily trimmed with gold beads, and a colored silk cloak, with which they can muffle themselves at will, the Merida ladies regard their toilet as complete. The head-gear consists of an embroidered cap, and the feet are cased in dainty little shoes of white satin. This curious dress is worn by the Yucatan ladies with all the grace and dignity peculiar to Mexican women [illegible].

"ENCHILADA" VENDERS IN THE STREETS OF MEXICO CITY.

Pleasures of Camping Out.

There are few summer experiences that will afford greater pleasure and wholesome recreation than camping out. In many parts of [illegible] make it a point to camp under canvas for at least a few days every July or August, and they are all the better for it if the site be well chosen. One enthusiastic camper, writes: "You are brought near to nature's life when you dwell in tents. The ventilation problem is in the past or future. Ozone and air are at your call. At night the crickets and the katydids sing to you their half solemn, half mournful and yet quaint and entertaining song. The robin and the lark welcome you back to daylight with exquisite notes of beauty. You never mind the rain if your tent has been properly pitched and trenched. One remembers camp life and its incidents for years, and it is a wonder that so many people are content to lounge at fashionable watering-places at great expense when the camp is so much better every way."

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Thrifty German Mothers.

"The German mother," writes Mrs. Heintzelman, the wife of a Lutheran missionary, "is known, as a rule, to be a good housekeeper and rather a hard-working woman. She devotes all her time to her home and children, teaching them to sing and pray, to knit and sew, and to obey strictly, telling them stories while she is sewing and mending, and our church is greatly obliged to the mothers in our Women's Society. They help us in every possible way, though our congregations consist of the poorer class of people. We know a great many cases in which the head of a German family of six and seven earns one dollar a day, and is willing to contribute a small share to the monthly collection, and his children will not come to Sunday School without a penny, and that means much, with many children and but small wages."

***

Kindness to Mother.

It is too frequently the case that when the children are grown up, the mother is set aside. Those whom she bore and reared with the greatest solicitude do not always remember what they owe to her love. On this subject a lady writes these thoughtful words: "Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you how to read? Who has borne with your faults and has been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now let me ask you, Are you kind to her?"

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Mourning Here and Abroad.

All indications point to material changes in the mourning customs of Europe and America. In Europe, although it is true that some few countries cling to the old forms, there has of late years been a noticeable modification, and the insignia of woe is no longer displayed as prominently as it was. An authority on the subject says: "The inordinate wearing of mourning has been tabooed for hygienic reasons, physicians having pronounced it unhealthy and productive of a morbid condition of mind. In European countries the length of mourning for each relative is prescribed by etiquette; for instance, a widow must wear crape for a year and a day, a lesser period being imposed for other members of the family. In France the death of even the most distant cousin necessitates the donning of black; the period varies from one week to three months, according to the relationship; so rigid is the mourning code in that country that even the death of a friend's mother or father calls for a mourning tribute, in token of respect. The season for complimentary mourning is extremely short, and the transition to colors sudden. In our own country there is a movement in favor of less expensive funerals, especially among the very poor, to whom the death of a relative means an expenditure that is out of the question. It is no longer considered necessary to have a host of acquaintances, some of them of the most distant sort, follow the deceased to the grave. Private funerals, attended only by the immediate relatives and a few friends are growing in favor. There are instances without number where families have impoverished themselves in order to gratify a desire for a "fashionable funeral." People are beginning to understand, however, that the grave is the least appropriate place of all at which to indulge the passion for worldly display.

YOUNG GIRLS OF YUCATAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

POLITE EXAGGERATIONS.

WE all know what they are. [illegible] who indulge in them apply [illegible] aggerated phraseology t[illegible] commonest matters. A thing is "h[illegible] or "splendid," as the word co[illegible] to the lips. [illegible]son is "s[illegible] or "del[illegible] ful," a [illegible] "charmi[illegible] book or pure[illegible] "enchan[illegible] This poli[illegible] aggeratio[illegible] for the sake [illegible] ing some[illegible] pleasant [illegible] much of [illegible] lation of he[illegible] tru[illegible] is he[illegible] ph[illegible] em[illegible] ed [illegible] hos[illegible] M[illegible] wi[illegible] te[illegible] th[illegible] ho[illegible] an[illegible] co[illegible] "[illegible] yo[illegible] A[illegible] tell[illegible] a si[illegible] jar[illegible] hat[illegible] exa[illegible] ation prevalent in society in India, [illegible] leads to widespread insincerity of ch[illegible] ter. He says: "The moral atmosph[illegible] of India suggests and fosters the vi[illegible] of which we write. The grammatical s[illegible] ture and idiom of the Indian vernac[illegible] often seems to be the natural outcome [illegible] habit of exaggeration. Politeness req[illegible] us to practice forms of speech whic[illegible] sume as truth that which we know [illegible] untruth, and as real that which is ver[illegible] from reality. In speaking to a man [illegible] his own house, politeness requires [illegible] call it a palace, although he and we [illegible] it is but an ordinary dwelling. If w[illegible] a man to do anything for us we mus[illegible] him to cause it to be done; politely as[illegible] ing, which we know is not the case, [illegible] he is too exalted a personage to do [illegible] thing with his own hands. The dow[illegible] brides is written down in thousands o[illegible] pees when tens only are meant. In re[illegible] to many topics exaggerations are so r[illegible] the rule that the man who sticks to [illegible] facts conveys a false impression, bec[illegible] discount is always made for lying. A [illegible] sion catechist was once charged with [illegible] because he had told his friends his [illegible] was thirty rupees, whereas it was [illegible] twenty. His defence was that if he [illegible] said twenty his friends would have [illegible] posed he was really getting ten or fif[illegible] He had to lie to speak the truth."

Polite exaggeration is a growing evil [illegible] parents and teachers should employ t[illegible] influence at every opportunity to disc[illegible] age it and to foster in their children [illegible] love of absolute truthfulness in conve[illegible] tion on little things as well as great.

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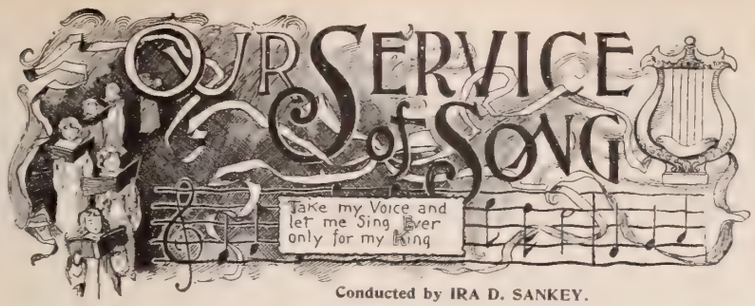
Family Privacy.

There are some families whose attit[illegible] toward their neighbors is that of respec[illegible] and even cordial friendship, yet keep [illegible] such matters as are distinctly of a fan[illegible] and private nature in the background. [illegible] the other hand, there are families—eve[illegible] body knows some of this class—who [illegible] not scruple to tell their neighbors the [illegible] nutest details of their innermost dome[illegible] life. This is a serious mistake. The grow[illegible] of a distinct and homogeneous family [illegible] is not possible without a certain isolat[illegible] from all foreign and extraneous influenc[illegible] We do not mean to say that families ough[illegible] to wall themselves off from one anoth[illegible] and attempt the policy of maintaining [illegible] independent existence. Any effort to [illegible] cure an impenetrable seclusion would [illegible] course be futile. But we do mean th[illegible] every family ought to be able to thro[illegible] around itself such a shield as will prote[illegible] its secrets from becoming the property [illegible] the whole community. Houses are n[illegible] built without doors. But it is bad poli[illegible] to leave the doors always open. The[illegible] should be a shrine in every heart to whic[illegible] only the very few are admitted.

Church Membership.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 23. Matt. 10: 16-33.

CONCEPTIONS of the Church have differed in every age, and have varied among people who are contemporaries. In the enormous number of sects there is still an endless variety of views about the church, the conditions of admission, the duties of members, and the way in which it should be governed. Christ left no directions on the subject, but his followers have been very industrious in supplying the omission. Formalities have been prescribed and elaborate systems devised to make the church exclusive and shut out from it all who do not believe this or that doctrine, or who would not submit to some particular rite. But it is only to read the four gospels to see how different all this is to Christ's intention. Personal loyalty to himself, repentance for sin, faith in him, love and obedience are all that is required of his followers. When we realize this fact, the question of church-membership is simplified. It becomes a declaration of allegiance to Christ, a pledge of fidelity to him. The convert thereby joins the church where the doctrines are held and fight that he believes, and that is a mere external. Joining a church is essentially a confession of Christ. It is as when a man enters the army. He may wish to be in the infantry, or cavalry, or artillery, or in the engineers' corps; but in whatever branch of the service he is, he is a soldier, and that is the service for him. He is expected to obey orders, to defend his country, and to combat its enemies. So the church of Christ has many departments and associations, but is essentially one. Every member is bound first of all in loyalty to Christ and afterward in brotherhood with his fellow-members of every name. The joining a church, whatever its name may be, is essentially an enlistment in Christ's service, a declaration of henceforth Christ's principles are to be the law of the life. With this is the love of the brethren. The people who are living the same life are sympathies, having the same objects: they have a community of interests and share the same joys and blessings. Christ expected them to associate together, and his institution of the Lord's Supper was expressly designed to emphasize this association. All who have joined themselves to him, having turned from the world and declared themselves his followers, are to show their brotherhood with each other by partaking of a meal together. This do in remembrance of me," is a command with a basis deeply pathetic. As we see men affiliated by their politics, their trade, or other bonds of sympathy holding their associate dinners and enjoying social converse, we understand the principles of Christ's institution. Thus, as one preacher has said, the line of division is vertical, not horizontal. We have not the upper classes separated from the lower, but all who are on the side of Christ, whether they be rich or poor, are on one side of the line, and on the other side those who are opposed to him or indifferent to him, and the rich and poor are found there. This is sufficient to indicate our duty. Those who expect to be saved through Christ are expected to put themselves on record. So much is due to Christ, so that the world shall not say that his followers are ashamed of him.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN!

(*Luke 24: 6.*)

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Andantino. *p* *pp*

1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead! Sad end to hope of glo - ry—
2. A wea - ry night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead! A night that knew no sleep - ing—
3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead! A sad and gloom - y morn - ing—

pp *f Allegretto moderato.*

Je - sus is dead!
Je - sus is dead!
Je - sus is dead!
Be - hold the stone is roll'd a - way! And shin - ing ones have

cres.

come to say: "He is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!"

The night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glo - rious morn!—

"He is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!"

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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

A Sabbath Service at Golgotha.

"As if a door in heaven should be opened, and then closed suddenly."

THE soft spring air unstirred by breeze,
By thin clouds veiled the golden light,
As in the Holy Land we wait—
The Holy City in our sight.
The sacred place where Jesus walked,
The Mount of Olives rising near.
A chime of bells through stillness sweet,
With silver voice to listening ear.
The Holy Land—Jerusalem,
The Home Land and the Heavenly Land
Are sweet because we trust our Lord,
And hold his tender, nail-pierced hand.
We sing the dear old sacred hymns,
The hymns so often sung at home,
And which we trust we still shall sing
When to our Father's Home we come.
Oh, wondrous Sabbath! hallowed place!
What memories in our souls uprise!
We almost see the blessed Lord,
Who for our sakes on Calvary dies!
Still vibrant is the soft spring air,
With the dear Sufferer's anguished cry
We hear its echo in our souls,
This blest Lord's Day on Calvary.
O Jesus, Master, dearest Lord!
Our hearts are full of love to Thee,
We consecrate ourselves anew
Where thou didst die on Calvary.
Again we lift our hands to Thee,
And gladly put them in Thine own,
And only ask the blessed boon
To live and die for Thee alone.
Oh, in a new and richer sense,
May thy dear presence with us go,
A holy power to fill our lives,
And lead us all our journey through.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Times of Culmination.

Twenty-three Reasons for Believing the Times of the Gentiles are Near Their End.

BY HENRY VARLEY.*

Continued from page 585

THE eleven reasons already enumerated are by no means the only ground we have for entertaining the opinion that we are nearing the time of final consummation. Twelve others, if less conspicuous to the public eye, are no less cogent.

12. The time for the fulfilment of the New Covenant, involving the national resuscitation and the spiritual regeneration of Judah and Israel, according to God's promise, is at hand.

13. The fact that the time of the "ingrafting" of Israel, in order to national pre-eminence as the Lord's chosen people and his "executive" on the earth, is contemporary with the time of his breaking in pieces of Gentile government.

14. The solemn truth, that if righteousness, peace, goodness, longevity, and well-being of the millions of the earth, be the Divine intention in regard to government, the incompetency and unfitness of all rule and authority to secure these results has been during "the Times of the Gentiles" fully demonstrated.

15. The proved indisposition and inability of all existing monarchies and legislatures to rule in righteousness, and their practical infidelity as to any responsibility on their part to God as the Supreme Lawgiver.

16. The fact that "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill toward [amongst] men," are results which have not been attained by any existing form of government on the earth.

17. The further fact that human government of every known form and character possible to men has, after an experience covering nearly 6,000 years, been proved an ignominious and disastrous failure.

18. That the greatest need of the world of 1896 is a wise competent ruler. That Jesus Christ the Lord is that Supreme and Competent Ruler.

19. That the coming of Lord Jesus Christ, is therefore, not only "the hope of the Church," but will bring and secure, after "the great duty of his wrath," the salvation and deliverance of the world.

20. The coming of the Lord Jesus Christ into the air, there to receive his prepared people to himself, may now, therefore, be anticipated with joyful confidence and expectation at any time, and for the following cogent reason:

21. The times of the Lord Jesus Christ, when He shall reign as King over the whole earth, are not contemporary with "the Times of the Gentiles," but they immediately succeed them.

22. The Stone (Jesus Christ) which Daniel saw fall upon the fully-developed image and break it into pieces, clearly gives the arrival of the crisis.

23. The scene is one of the most solemn judgment. The majestic words spoken by the great prophet may fittingly close this paper. "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them. And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth" (Dan. 2: 34, 35). Thus shall "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

*From the *Prophetic News*. May be had, price six cents, from J. E Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER III.

After the Picnic.

THE boys complained of having stiff limbs, from kicking the football; the girls yawned and were tired; and all were more or less hungry. Then it was, that Mr. Plummer's bell rang out again, merrily, and a host of children and adults soon came flocking to the stand, each to receive a large piece of cake; while Mr. Plummer, to keep off the stragglers and give the little girls a better chance, would occasionally throw a handful of peanuts to the outside crowd; or test their powers of vision by "skying" a few pennies and laughing heartily at the efforts of the scrambling band of dirty, ragged urchins to get the pennies, as they descended from the tree tops.

Mrs. Seymour was busy at the cake stand, when Farmer Paramore came along with his coat off, walking arm in arm with the pastor, Doctor Jones, and Deacon Slowfoot, who seemed quite mollified.

"You see, marm, we have made up, and it's all O. K. now, and no fuss whats'ever," the deacon said. "I tell you, that last game was just the best thing I ever see. I beat Plummer out of his boots; but, phew! it makes a feller tired at my age! Any more sponge cake left, marm? My appetite ain't subsided, neither."

Just then Mr. Walter's carriage was seen coming along the road, at the edge of the grove, driven by a servant. Close by was Mr. Walter, and, walking by his side, was his daughter Carrie, with her hair hanging loosely down her back, and her face red with the excitement and exertion of the day.

Mrs. Seymour recognized them when they were some distance off, and thinking that Carrie was looking for her, and that the child would bring Mr. Walter to her, and perhaps make some embarrassing remarks about "taking her home to be her mamma," Mrs. Seymour rose and walked rapidly in a different direction, far down the grove.

She happened to light just upon the spot where Milton and Carrie had been in the morning, and she saw the initials "M. S.," "C. W.," cut in the smooth bark of the beech tree, and could not help breathing a gentle "God bless them both;" a prayer which came not from her lips only, but from her heart. She also saw blood-stained leaves around, where Milton and George Browne had fought in the morning, and it impressed her most forcibly with the fact that her son was not perfect. She had tried to bring the boy up "in the way he should go," but, alas for human effort, he was still disobedient, full of mischief, and even inclined to positive wickedness.

Then her thoughts flew back to her home in another land, and certain sad circumstances connected with it, and in a dispirited mood she moaned out the verse of a song:

[illegible]
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
[illegible]

Then again, her mind dwelt upon Scripture, and she remembered two verses from Proverbs: "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give thee delight unto thy soul."

Wearied with the day's work, she sat down upon a fallen log, for a moment, and leaned her head against the beech tree, and, without intending it, or supposing such a thing were possible, she fell asleep, and was soon soaring off in the boundless regions of dreamland. She dreamed that a tall gentleman with a mask on, stood beside her, while close by was her son. Carrie Walter, an unknown gentleman, and a tall and handsome young woman, All around them were thousands of little angels, soaring about, and appearing to be very busy.

Presently, several of them began to hammer a black substance on an anvil, after heating the material in a fiery forge, fanned by angel wings, and soon there emerged a long golden bar, with a sharp point on one end, and a large round head at the other. When it was finished, ten of the little sprites flew with it right over to where the six persons referred to were standing, and, instantly, thousands of angels appeared, and surrounded the party, so that it was impossible to move an inch either way. Then the point of the golden bar was placed against Milton's side, and a dozen sprites began hammering upon it with small golden mallets, and driving it into his side, and clear through his person. He screamed before it touched him, and while it was being driven through; but after it had pinned him to a tall lady beside him, he laughed, and was happy again, and so it was with all of them. The mysterious bar was driven thus through all the parties, Mrs. Seymour being the last on the line. As it came near to her, she cried out with fear, and, as the continued strokes of the mallets forced it further and further, with great pain to her, through her side, she fairly shrieked, awoke with a sort of nightmare, and sprang to her feet, covered with a cold perspiration. Upon looking at her watch she perceived that she could not have slept more than two minutes, yet such are the boundless capacities of mental power, that a dream which covers even a year of time, really occupies but a few seconds.

Mrs. Seymour looked about her and was mortified to see Mr. Walter and little Carrie close by, and apparently going from her; and, although Carrie's head was turned, she repeatedly looked back. Could it be possible, thought Mrs. Seymour, that Mr. Walter had seen her in that ridiculous plight, and yelling like a wild Indian? The very thought of it made the widow tremble.

Returning toward the main stand, she had not walked far before she heard the sound of approaching music. The village band, followed by nearly the whole party of excursionists, was winding up the day with a tramp around the grove, singing in accord with the instrumental musing. The leaders in the march wondered why Mrs. Seymour was wandering, alone, so far from the focus of the picnic, and why she looked so pale and forlorn.

As soon as Farmer Paramore perceived Mrs. Seymour, he ordered the music and singing to cease, and, mounting a stump, made this little stump speech and proposal:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Whatever fun we may have had to-day, we owe entirely to the genius of the lady who projected this picnic, and to the man who executed it, so I propose three cheers for Mrs. Seymour, and three more for Mr. Plummer."

The drums began to roll instantly, and such a shout went up from the hundreds of happy participants as the oldest trees in that splendid grove had never heard before. Probably the widow was pleased with this little episode, but an observer of faces could readily perceive that, down beneath that smiling face and sunny eye, a worm was gnawing at her heart-strings!

The last bell had rung; the benches and tables were all collected and loaded into the wagons by the committees; and the line of march homeward was taken up. But before starting, Mrs. Seymour took her son Milton, and, passing along the edge of the grove, she paused at the curve of the lane on an immense flat rock, out of which was growing a large oak tree.

"See, my son," said the widow, "see that oak growing out of the solid rock; how can that be possible?"

"I do not understand, mother. It looks as if the tree had forced itself through the stone, but, as I suppose, that cannot be, do tell me how it is."

"My dear, the little acorn which was washed by the rain, or blown by the wind into the soil beneath this heavy boulder, took root there, and so stupendous are the quiet and steady forces of nature, that the little twig grew, year after year, up against the bottom of the rock, until finally, the pressure was so incessant and powerful that the small tree broke through a fissure in the rock, and saw the light of heaven for the first time, after feeling the sun's warming influences for years. Now you see that this noble and stately oak tree has silently and imperceptibly forced open the fissure, wider and wider, until the tree appears to have grown from the rock.

"My son, you may learn a useful lesson from this quiet, immense force of nature. I saw you this afternoon conversing with some rude boys, not belonging to our party. I heard them swear, and take even the sacred name of Jesus in vain. I heard them propose to go and rob 'old Hirst's' apple orchard, and, that proposition not being seconded, heard them utter filthy words; heard them accuse each other of stealing and lying; and finally listened to them coaxing George Browne and you to run away from home on next Sunday and come to this place, and they would take you to Kelly's dam to fish! Oh! my son, after all my instructions, how could you listen to their wicked words and be unmoved?"

"Why, mother dear, I meant no harm, indeed I didn't; and I would never go with such blackguards, nor do, nor talk, as they do——"

"Stop, my son; if you associate with vicious companions be sure that their influence, although silent and imperceptible, like the power of nature in this acorn, to force its way through the immense rock, will affect you. You cannot hear profane and disgusting language without its having an effect upon your mind. Oh! my son, when will you learn that little sins lead to great crimes:

A pebble on the streamlet's brink,
Hath turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant,
Hath warped the mighty oak forever."

The Seymour carriage brought up the rear of the procession home. They left the grove after the last rays of midsummer sun had ceased to tip with gold even the highest poplar on these grand old estates. A drive over hill and dale, partly by moonlight, brought them, by nine o'clock to Brookdale, tired, no doubt, and ready for rest; but that day was ever looked back to by the participants in the picnic as the brightest of the year, while Mr. Plummer and Mrs. Seymour had the great pleasure of knowing that their efforts to give others happiness has been successful.

Mr. Walter's carriage drove up just as Milton was hitching the horse to the post in front of his mother's cottage. It was driven by a servant; as Mr. Walter was on horseback and had gone home.

A little girl in the Walter carriage reached out and said:

"Teacher, mayn't I kiss you good night? Oh! we have had such a sweet time."

"And I want to kiss you, too, teacher," said Carrie Walter.

Who will not say that the two kisses from the lips of innocence and purity were not some compensation for the anxiety, toil and weariness of the day?

"Good night, dears; God bless you," said the widow.

The picnic was the subject of discussion the next day in every home in the village. It had stirred the stagnant church life and destined to do much more. Before many days were past the energy which had produced the picnic had already focussed on a new point. What that was may be gathered from the following conversation which occurred a few weeks after the picnic:

"There's trouble brewin' in the camp; I know it," said Deacon Slowfoot, addressing the staid and good old pastor, Dr. Jones.

"How so, deacon? We must not be suspicious, nor judge our brother, because, while man looks at actions, and listens to words, God regards only the heart, and judges by motives; pray what is it?"

"Well, you see's how it is; P[illegible] and that Seymour woman are [illegible] stuck up about that picnic."

"And you, deacon, were pleas[illegible] and benefited by it, I hope?" mildly [illegible] the pastor.

"No, sir! no, sir! it wa'n't w[illegible] the botheration. Them youngsters g[illegible]me a heap o' trouble."

"But the dear friends you speak [illegible] have infused fresh life and interest into [illegible] Sabbath School. How is it, deaco[illegible] you must give credit where it is h[illegible]estly due."

"Yes, and now they intend to t[illegible] their church, sir; and t[illegible] next thing'll be a preliminary meeting t[illegible] get rid o' the old pastor, and try a new [illegible]! I see it, parson, clear as daylight, a[illegible] I jist know it will be the ruination of Br[illegible]dale church, sir."

The deacon might have been mo[illegible] rank and explicit, and not have tried t[illegible] make himself out a prophet, for he had [illegible] requested to sign a call for a special [illegible]eting of the church, to see what could [illegible] done to improve the temporal and spiritu[illegible] condition of that branch of Zion. T[illegible] old pastor, who had not, as yet, heard [illegible] the movement, regarded the matter [illegible] other seriously, for he bowed his head, an[illegible] made no reply.

The church had dwindled down, [illegible] to a congregation of three hundred or [illegible], fifty or sixty worshippers, and the [illegible] consisted of the old standbys. The [illegible]ger portion of the community either [illegible] went to church at all, or walke[illegible] to neighboring village to hear a paste[illegible] who interested them. On the Sunday [illegible] ing the special meeting referred [illegible] pastor, Dr. Jones, preached from [illegible] ah: "Then how wilt thou do in the [illegible] ing of Jordan?" It certainly was [illegible] solemn discourse, and told them [illegible] that their support in death, as [illegible] their hope and trust during life, [illegible] Christ only. Not over fifty person[illegible] present, and they seemed to be th[illegible] more about living than dying; m[illegible] their own business than the Lord's [illegible] of their farms than the interests of [illegible] vineyard. And thus matters had g[illegible] years, until there was but little spiri[illegible] left in the church, and the decline [illegible] gion by the professed followers of [illegible] could not but affect unfavorably the [illegible] region. Only a few offered dail[illegible] Psalmist's earnest prayer: "Wilt th[illegible] revive us again; that thy people m[illegible] joice in thee?"

To make matters worse, old [illegible] Slowfoot, the Superintendent, an ig[illegible] and envious man, and, moreover, [illegible] Christian, forgetting how Moses, J[illegible] David, and the prophets and wort[illegible] old arose, "early in the morning," to [illegible] and worship God, had changed the [illegible] session from morning to afternoo[illegible] engendering indolence in the youth[illegible] this arrangement more than half [illegible] sacred hours of the Lord's day wer[illegible] ed in bed, or in idleness, if not mischi[illegible] fore the children received much, [illegible] religious instruction; because, when bl[illegible] worship is neglected, or indifferent[illegible] fered, the family altar and home se[illegible] are too often suspended, and Satan [illegible] omits to profit by such a condition [illegible] fairs. In this instance, finding old [illegible] and hearts full of worldliness, he [illegible] away with all his poisoned arrows [illegible] soft hearts and impressible minds [illegible] youth, while they were fresh, in the [illegible] part of the day: then, the teacher [illegible] others, while sowing the seed of the [illegible] dom, in the afternoon, invariably [illegible] that it had fallen upon the wayside [illegible] that the birds of the air, or the de[illegible] some shape or other, had scattered [illegible] stroyed the seed, and left the soil [illegible] he heart harder than ever.

The state of affairs had a most unf[illegible] able effect upon Milton Seymour. [illegible] mother was a godly woman; but all a[illegible] him he saw Christians whose practice [illegible] lied their professions, and it caused h[illegible] to unite with George Browne in thinkin[illegible] ligion a farce, and the Bible a mass [illegible] bles and myths, instead of the "pow[illegible] God unto salvation."

While the Brookdale people are prep[illegible] for their special church meeting, we [illegible] look a little into the social life of [illegible] Seymours and Brownes and Walter[illegible] they all play an important part in [illegible] story. But, first, we must record a [illegible] versation which occurred on the first [illegible] day after the picnic.

To be Continued.

THE BOOK SHELF

A Syrian Story-Teller.*

WHEN we reached the cafe, at least forty men were seated on the long bench, or on stools and mats around the one chair of the establishment. On this chair sat a striking figure a tall, slender man dressed eccentrically in a hybrid suit. Redhoes and checked European trousers covered the lower half of his body; while close-fitting scarlet vest embroidered with gold thread, white puff-sleeves, cape like those worn by women in our country, and a red tarbusch set on the back of his head among a mass of curls, completed his costume. His face, unlike the active, immobile countenances of the crowd about him, was alight with interest, the expression changing every second; his talk flowed rolling in anger one moment; a look of sorrow or fear coming into the next. He gesticulated wildly, and spoke now in deep guttural tones, now in a high falsetto. His audience regarded him with solemn interest, occasionally nodding or whispering to each other. The attendants arrived about noiselessly, pausing to listen whenever the speaker's voice rose to some special climax, then, as it subsided, moving on again.

At last the orator looked about, clapped his hands over his head, and stopped talking. He gazed into space during a moment more than a minute, then broke the stillness with a shout, and continued to speak.

"What is going on! Political primaries," I had whispered to David during a brief pause.

"What are political primaries, sir?" he asked.

I saw the folly of my question and did not repeat it, but asked what the speaker had been saying.

"He is a professional story-teller," answered David. "Poor people come here who cannot afford to go to one of the expensive places. They pay a penny for coffee, and then another penny apiece to this man, and he tells them stories all the evening. He has just finished one, and he will begin another in a minute."

Anxious to hear what wonderful tale could hold us fifty grown men's attention a whole evening, I asked David to translate the next story as it went on. I had scarcely finished my request, when the narrator began to speak, David following him with a whispered translation. I give the plot as nearly as I can remember it.

"There was once a prince (or sheik) who loved the daughter of a king who ruled a country across the desert. The sheik was poor, after the manner of heroes; and the king would not give him his daughter, but said she should marry a prince since who was in his court.

"The young prince watched his chance, stole the girl from her father's palace, and rode off with her. They had ridden a day's journey when they saw the king and his followers in hot pursuit. The sheik and his wife party turned and attacked the pursuers, enacting such prodigies of valor that the king's men were beaten. The lover raised his sword to kill the king, but the daughter (Pocahontas-like) threw herself between them and begged her father's life, which the prince, with true fairy-tale generosity, granted.

"The king, grateful for his deliverance, gave the lovers and invited them to come back to his court. The sheik accepted the invitation and, dismissing his followers, rode back with his father-in-law. Trouble, however, had they reached the palace, when his majesty ordered the youth to be bound and buried up to the neck in earth, forbidding all people to succor him.

In this uncomfortable state the unhappy sheik remained for three days, until a friend went secretly to his brother and told him the story. The brother raised an army and engaged the king in a prolonged and circumstantially related battle, in which, as far as I could gather, every combatant killed at least twenty men. How, from a sordid mathematical standpoint, they reconciled this Oriental Kilkenny cat problem, when they came to settle up at the end of the row, I don't pretend to say. In Eastern war-stories a hero seems to be of no earthly use unless, single-handed, he can kill anywhere from fifty to a hundred opponents or put a whole troop to flight.

I left the cafe in the middle of this interesting battle so I shall never know the outcome. Whether the half-buried sheik was released by his brother, or wholly interred by the king, must ever remain a mystery.

I have repeated the story at length to show in how slight things an Eastern audience may be interested. It is impossible to imagine an American restaurant crowd listening for three hours to the tale of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves, or Bluebeard. But realism in literature has not yet reached Syria, and at coffee-house recitals the romantic school is still all-powerful. Such an audience would make the fortune of a Western theatrical manager.

*From *Syria From the Saddle*, by Albert Payson Terhune. This well written and capitally illustrated volume is the story of a journey through the East and a description of Oriental lands and peoples as seen through a young man's eyes. It is of special interest just at present in view of the events that are occurring in Syria and elsewhere throughout the Sultan's dominions. Social life, both high and humble, is skilfully pictured and the stereotyped subjects usually written of by travellers are judiciously avoided. Cloth binding, pp. 328. Price, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago publishers.

Daily Bible Study.*

STUDY the Bible daily. Regularity counts for more in Bible study than most people fancy. The spasmodic student, who at certain seasons gives a great deal of time to the study of the Word, and at other seasons quite neglects it, even for days at a time, does not achieve the results that he does who plods on regularly day by day. The Bereans were wise as well as "noble" in that they searched the Scriptures daily." (Acts 17: 11; see also R. V.) A man who is well known among the Christian college students of America, once remarked at a student convention, that he had been at many conventions and had received great blessings from them, but the greatest blessing he had ever received was from a convention where there were only four persons gathered together. The blessing had come to him in this way. These four had covenanted together to spend a certain portion of every day in Bible study. Since that day much of his time had been spent on the cars or in hotels and at conventions, but he had tried to keep that covenant, and the greatest blessing that had come to him in his Christian life had come through this daily study of the Word. No one who has not tried it realizes how much can be accomplished by setting apart a fixed portion of each day, (it may not be more than fifteen or thirty minutes, but it surely should be an hour) for Bible study, and keeping it sacredly for that purpose under all circumstances. Many will say I cannot spare the time. It will be time saved. Lord Cairns, one of the busiest as well as most eminent men of his day, before his death testified that the first two hours of every day were given to the study of the Bible and prayer, and he attributed the great achievements of his life to that fact. It will not do to study the Bible only when we feel like it. It will not do to study the Bible only when we have leisure. We must have fixed principles and habits in this matter, if we are to study the Bible to the greatest profit. Nothing that we do will be more important than our Bible study, and it cannot give way to other less important things. What regularity in eating is to physical life, regularity in Bible study is to spiritual life. Fix upon some time, even if it is no more than fifteen minutes to start with, and hold to it until you are ready to set a longer period.

Select for your Bible study the best portion of the day that you can give to it. Do not put your Bible study off until nearly bed-time, when the mind is drowsy. It is well to take a parting verse for the day when one retires for the night, but this is not the time for study. No study demands all that there is in a man as Bible study does. Do not take the time immediately after a heavy meal. The mind is more or less torpid after a heavy meal, and it is unwise to put it on the stretch then. It is almost the unanimous opinion of those who have given this subject careful attention, that the early hours of the day are the best for Bible study, if they can be secured free from interruption. It is well, wherever possible, to lock yourself in and lock the world out, when you are about to give yourself up to the study of the Bible.

*From *How to Study the Bible With Greatest Profit*, by Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Chicago Bible Institute, a helpful little volume for Christian workers and Bible students generally; pp. 121; cloth covers; price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Patmos: or the Unveiling, by Rev. Charles Beecher, an exposition of the Apocalypse. Pp. 323; price $1.50; published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Colonel Hungerford's Daughter, by Grapho of the Advance. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

American Meditative Lyrics, by Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D., pp. 205; price $1; published by E. B. Treat, Cooper Union, New York.

David's Harp in Song and Story, by Joseph Waddell Clokey, D.D. Pp. 265, price $1. Published by the United Presbyterian Board of Publication, Pittsburg, Pa.

Beautiful Joe; the Autobiography of a Dog, by Marshall Saunders. Pp. 359, price 30 cents. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 182 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Stephen; a Soldier of the Cross, by Florence Morse Kingsley, author of *Titus: a Comrade of the Cross;* pp. 369; price $1.25; published by Henry Altemus, Cherry St., Philadelphia.

Readings from the Bible, selected for schools under the supervision of the Chicago Woman's Educational Union. Pp. 192; price 30 cts.; published by Scott, Fyreman & Co., Chicago.

White Satin and Homespun, by Katrina Trask; a story of self-sacrifice. Pp. 139: Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, Fifth Ave., New York.

Old-Time Stories, Fairy Tales and Myths, Retold for Children, by E. Louise Smythe. Illustrated. Calculated to interest young beginners. Werner School Book Co., Chicago, publishers.

Light on Life's Duties. By Rev. F. B. Mayer, M.A., with introduction by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Pp. 127; price, 50 cents; published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

A Year's Sermons, by S. D. McConnell, D.D. A series of fifty-two sermons originally published on the editorial page of a Philadelphia. Pp. 310; price $1.25; published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Where Satan Sows His Seed. Plain talks on the amusements of modern society, by M. B. Williams, Evangelist. Pp. 125; price 50 cents. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

Seven Times Around Jericho, a series of Temperance Revival Sermons, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., with an introduction by Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D. Pp. 134; price 75 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, Lafayette Place, New York.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By. The life of the Messiah compiled from the Authorized Version of the Four Gospels by Uriah Furman Rogers. Published at the Seminary Book Rooms, 41 East 69th Street, New York.

Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology, a series of lectures by Hugh M. Scott, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Chicago Theological Seminary. Pp. 390; printed by the Chicago Theological Seminary Press.

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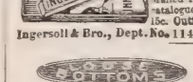

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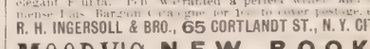

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on July 26, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Elder Sister, Cranford, N. J., asks prayer that a brother who is drifting without a Saviour and is indifferent to his danger may be aroused to seek Christ.——M. C., Columbus, O., that a dearly loved friend may be converted and receive strength to resist temptation and renounce evil associates.—— "Sister in Christ," Eastbrook, Mo., that a widowed sister and her son may be brought to a knowledge of the truth and that the son become a consecrated worker in Christ's cause; also that a friend who has been bereaved of his children and is rebellious against God, may turn to him and find peace.——Mother, Southboro, Mass., on behalf of a son, who has come to middle life without giving his heart to Christ, that he may be saved.——"Friend," Balm, Pa., that a dear friend now in a wicked city and without godly acquaintances, may be led to seek Christ whom he once vowed to follow.——M.E.G., Phila., Pa., that a young married man who has fallen under the power drink may be delivered and made a child of God; also for the salvation of husband and son for whom many prayers have been offered.——"Subscriber," Masonville, Mich, that two young men addicted to drink might be rescued and give themselves to the Lord.—— "Believer," St. Louis, Mo., that her husband who appears to be under conviction may yield himself to the Lord and find peace.——Believer, Stayner, Ont., that a young friend who is under severe temptation might be kept from falling and may become a child of God.——M. P., Cape, N.C., that a dear son may give himself to Christ and be born again.—— A. V. G., that a young man who has become the victim of drink may be saved and made God's child.

For the Restoration of Health. Believer, Stayner, Ont., for the recovery of a dear mother and a young friend, who are both very sick.——Subscriber, Masonville, Mich., that a beloved sister who has long suffered from a painful affliction, might be healed by the Lord.——G. A. M., Washington, D. C., that a beloved father might be raised from a bed of sickness and fully restored to health.——"Mother," in North Carolina, that an afflicted family might be healed by the power of the Lord.—— "Reader," Tyrone, Pa., for the recovery of her sick husband.——"Mother," Southboro, Mass., that a dear sister in very feeble health may be restored.——C. S., Calmar, Ia., that a daughter who has been a great sufferer may regain her health.——M. W., Philadelphia, Pa., that one who has suffered long and has prayed earnestly, may have more faith and patience, and in God's own time may be relieved of her affliction.——J. M. P., Brentwood, Cal., that a beloved daughter might be restored to health if it is God's will.—— Anxious Mother, Sterling City, Tex., for the recovery of a daughter who is sick.——Subscriber, Dover, N.H., that a son who has become partially insane may recover the full use of his reasoning faculties.——"Constant Reader," Utica, N.Y., that she and her husband who are both heavily afflicted may be healed by the Lord.——O. F.A., Galesburg, Ill., for a dear friend who is very sick and needs the healing of the Lord's own hand.——Reader, Springfield, Ill., for husband and son, that both may receive healing from the Great Physician and be renewed in their hearts.——"Anxious Reader," Mineral Springs, Tenn., that a severe wound may be healed and health restored.

For Special Blessings. E. J. W., Mayesville, S. C., that God in his great loving kindness would hear the many prayers being put up to him by the colored people of this section, and incline the hearts of his people to give the funds so urgently needed for the erection of the school, which will be a blessing to hundreds if it can be built.——Very Anxious Wife, Westwood, N.J., that her husband may have the moral and physical strength he needs to abandon the use of drugs, which are injuring him.——"Perplexed One," Boston, Mass., for wisdom and guidance in her work, and that she may have grace to know and do the Lord's will.—— "Poor Widow," Wallingford, Conn., that she may be removed of financial difficulties, and that her sons may be kept from indulging in idle dreams.——I. P. H., Marshall, Mich., who [illegible] and that God would give the grace needed to the change of words [illegible] B., Ont., for grace to overcome a besetting sin, and that an opportunity may be opened for earning a livelihood.——Anxious Friend, Stafford Springs, Conn.: that God may [illegible] estranged from each other, may be [illegible] Christian Family, Baltimore, Md.: now suffering financial embarrassment, that God would open the way for the rental or sale of certain property, which is now a profitless burden.——Anxious Father, Boston, Mass.: that two daughters, who are church members, but have become under a deceiving spell which they seem powerless to abandon, may have grace given them to overcome it.——"Distressed Girl," Jersey City, N. J., that one in whom she has trusted honor and all her future, might be kept from breaking his vows, and may be restored to his former state of mind.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

The Armenian Relief Fund.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$48,896.93
For Yecobia's Sake, Kirksville, Mo	1 00
Friend, Winchester, Conn	1 00
Mrs Miriam P Bender	50
Mrs Anna H Lloyd	2 50
Geo W Hawkins	5 00
Women's Miss'y Soc of Trinity Ref Church	2 00
Mrs E B Campbell	1 00
Mrs M E Poppino	2 00
Jane A Floyd	2 00
J T Turner	5 00
Amy H Arnold	2 00
Mary L Post	10 00
Mrs Brown	2 00
——, Manasquan	1 00
S S Hamden	2 00
Mrs A R West	3 00
Mrs G W Monkhouse	20
K K, Ontario, Can	5 00
Mary A Dopker	1 00
H H Scovell	5 00
K Allebaugh	1 00
Cora, Port Hope, Can	4 00
Mrs M M Cass	5 00
E G Sharp	1 00
James Lyle	10 00
Mrs Mary A Overpeck	1 00
Elizabeth Jackson	2 00
Junior Endeavor Soc, Rochester	3 00
His Children, Middlebush	5 00
B S Cole	75
Virgia Cafferty	5 00
Subscriber and wife, San Jacinto	2 00
A W and Friend, Ionia	2 00
Reader, Binghampton	1 00
Reader, Roseboom	5 00
Wm Cusac	5 00
Miss J Seymour	2 00
Sam'l Edwards	25 00
I H N, Hallettsville	5 00
Union S S, Cedar Rapids	4 30
E R Brown	13 40
——, Anaheim	4 75
John Hughes, Jr	100 00
——, Phila	1 00
Friend, Crested Butte	5 00
——, Madison, Kans	8 00
Mrs Jane C Miller	5 00
Juniors of Ventura	2 00
J R Chamberlin	5 00
Vestie Chamberlin	1 00
Baptist Church, No Hector	3 22
Julia C Kolbe	1 00
Mrs Hester Ayers	20 00
Union Mission S S	3 00
Whatsoever Circle, K D, Wash	2 00
Edward Foster	50
Mrs Ellen Laurell	2 00
Norman and Paul, Pittsburg	2 00
Mrs E M Caywood	1 00
Frederick R White	2 50
——, New York City	50
Friend and Reader, Troy	1 00
M A Himes	3 00
One Who Loves Jesus, Holbrook	1 00
Mrs Goodsir	1 00
——, Portsmouth, Va	2 00
Miss Sarah E Kepner	1 00
A R G Edwards	50
Friend, Petoskey	5 00
Mr and Mrs Wm C Bush	2 00
E F Black	4 00
Lois Cook	3 00
Friend, Peoria	3 00
Total	$49,248.55

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Persecuting a Convert.

Rev. Dr. Porter, a missionary of the North China Mission, writing from Pang-Chang, relates the experiences of Li Chin Chang, a Christian convert. He says: "Three or four of our converts received had been through one of those fierce bursts of persecution which test the strength of men's purposes. They are from a village ten miles north of us. The trouble arose just after the New Year's time, when one of the men refused to go to the graves and worship. He, with his wife, was driven away from his village home, and a company of men had determined to make mischief for all the group of Christians in the adjoining villages. Matters had gone to such a pass that these bad fellows had determined to seize Mr. Li Chin Chang and tie him up. They said in their rage, "We will drink his blood," and no doubt would have done some equally wicked deed unless they had been restrained. Matters were so serious that Dr. Peck, Mr. Smith, and myself went together to see the magistrate at Te Chou. It is fourteen years since we have been obliged to see that official. The mandarin declined to see us at first, but by patient insistence we succeeded in securing an audience. He was courteous and polite, and promised to give due protection. This was subsequently done. The villagers were aroused by his proclamation, and refused to put it up. They even tore it down in some places, but the result has been good, and we hope that the trouble will now pass away."

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo Free State, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. J. [illegible], of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair to [illegible] could lie down [illegible] The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the wonderful cures of Kola and hundreds of other [illegible] the great curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All those who suffer should send them a postal card and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

A Hint to Young Scholars.

The boys and girls of the future will have a hard and trying time of it with their geography and physical science. Every year is adding to the number of names on our maps, and soon the children will have a great deal more to learn than those who commenced studying geography fifty years ago. A gigantic map of the United States is soon to be made at Washington—a map more than half a mile long. Now a French geographer is going to build an immense globe 418 feet in diameter, and nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference. We talk about long lessons; but a geography lesson a quarter of a mile long is something awful to contemplate. But these large maps and globes will make it possible to get a correct idea of the earth's surface, and the comparative size of different countries. The lazy boys and girls can shirk their lessons on these big maps as easily as on the smaller ones, and those who want to learn will have a good time with the big globes and maps.

Sometime.

THOUGH clouds may gather 'round the way,
And stars refuse to come,
One land we know has perfect day,
In yon bright heavenly home.
Though friends forsake and all looks drear,
And heaven seems far away.
Cheer up, sad heart, no more repine,
Thou shalt find light—some day.

Let friends forsake and foes appear;
Our Saviour bore this all.
He knows how bitter is the cup,
His own was filled with gall.
Let earth and all its troubles go;
Look up—cast grief away,
Though clouds now gather dull and low,
All will be bright—some day.

Some day, sometime we all shall stand,
Upon that blissful shore,
And there the woes that grieve us now,
Will trouble us no more.
So then be brave, poor burdened one;
Hope on, trust on, and pray.
God knows it all and in his time,
Will give the light—some day.

—ALLA M. FOSTER.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Old Age

is usually another name for debi
Too much food, and improper f
is eaten, overtaxing the impa
digestive organs; the kidneys
not properly carry off the effete
ducts; the brain is sluggish.
these troubles are overcome by
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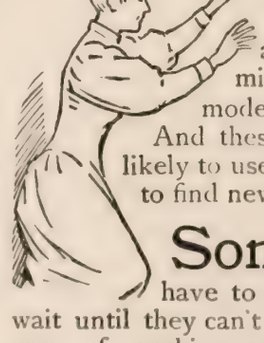
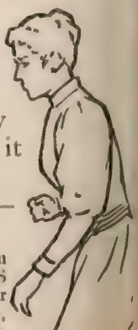


Some Women

jump at it. They're quick to see
advantages of **Pearline**, quick to eco
mize and save, quick to adopt all
modern improvements that make life eas
And these quick women are the ones that
likely to use **Pearline** (use without soap) in the right way, a
to find new uses for it, and get most out of it.

Some Women

have to be driven to it. They wait until they can't stand the old-fashioned way of washing any longer. Then they get **Pearline**. But ten to one they use it for only part of the work, or use it some way of their own, or use something else with it—and don't get half the help they ought to.



Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 514 JAMES PYLE, New York.

The Bards of Wales.

FEW races have done more toward preserving an ancient language and perpetuating the musical traditions of a once great and powerful people than the Welsh. Welsh societies for the preservation of the tongue spoken by the ancient Cymri, and of the music sung by the famous bards and harpers hundreds of years ago, exist to-day in many parts of the globe. It is claimed by their historians that no minstrels have ever sung so grandly or so sweetly as their own, and even those who have no love of music and rare skill in the

A GROUP OF WELSH BARDS.

instruments is a leading trait of the Welsh character.

One of the great annual events in Wales is the National Eisteddfod, at which prizes are awarded for poems, for musical productions and for playing. One of our illustrations on this page presents a group of Welsh bards (poets and singers) in national costume at the Eisteddfod which took place last month at Llandudno, where prizes of purses of gold, and silver wreaths were awarded on those whose efforts were most meritorious. So high was the standard of musical taste among the judges that the principal competition—an ode on Llewelyn the Great—was resultless, none of the compositions being considered of sufficient merit to win the silver wreath. Another competition was that in which two large choirs engaged in the rendering of one of Handel's masterpieces. Almost all the Welsh music is of an elevated character, grand and uplifting, such as might have been sung and played by the choirs of the court of David, the Harper King of Israel, who dedicated the finest efforts of mind and poetic talent of his time to the praise and service of Jehovah.

$30,000,000 for a Throne.

Doubtless the costliest throne the world ever knew was that of Shah Jehan, one of the famous Indian Moguls. It is related that his throne was built by a French-man, who had been forced to seek an asylum in the Mogul empire. It was called the Peacock Throne to distinguish it from other royal chairs, and because it was decorated with the figures of two huge peacocks. The throne was six feet long by four feet wide, and stood on six massive legs, which were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones. The tails of the peacocks were expanded fan-like behind the throne, and they, too, were inlaid with pearls, emeralds, and other gems of suitable coloring. The whole was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars likewise studded with diamonds and precious stones, the border of the canopy being made of a fringe of beautiful pearls. Between the two peacocks perched a life-size parrot, which was carved out of a single emerald. The royal umbrellas, which are appendages to most Oriental thrones, were made of the finest silks, and were fringed with pearls, the handles being of solid gold studded with diamonds. It has been said by many writers that the famous Ko-hi-noor diamond was at one time owned by the Shah Jehan. This throne has been valued at $30,000,000, and this figure is doubtless not exaggerated, for the Mogul Emperors were wonderfully rich monarchs. When the Persians sacked Delhi in 1739, they destroyed the Peacock Throne, and carried off its jewels. A simple block of white marble now stands in the private audience hall in the palace of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi to show where this gorgeous chair once stood, and from which it has been forever removed.

The Palestine Lily.

Lines written on receiving a Lily of the Field, from "The Christian Herald."

IN thought I go beyond the sea,
And stand in sacred Galilee;
Where Jesus walked in days of yore,
And spake as man ne'er spake before.
I view an eager multitude,
That round the Holy Teacher stood;
The wise and gentle words to hear,
Which filled their hearts with faith and cheer.

He taught them of their Father's care,
And pointed to the lilies fair,
In garments of rare beauty dressed,
More rich than Solomon possessed.
He said, "Consider how they grow,
Much more on thee doth God bestow.

"God notes the tiny sparrow's fall,
And swiftly hears each prayerful call,
That rises to his throne above,
Upon the wings of trust and love."
Though Christ from earth has gone away,
His teachings here abide to-day;
And longing hearts accept the Word,
The thronging multitudes then heard.

O, Lily, from far Palestine,
Reminding me of love divine;
Our Saviour looked on such as thee,
When he discoursed in Galilee.
Thy lesson, Lily of the Field,
Sweet comfort to my soul shall yield;
The hand that clothes the flower fair,
Will ever hold me in its care.

South Whitley, Ind. —JENNIE WILSON.

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism that a new botanic discovery Alkavis, is proving a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

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If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write us at once. My treatment is radically different from others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures speedily, without suffering, in 20 to 40 days. Free trial; if not satisfied it cost you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., 187 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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FREE

NOSE THROAT LUNG OR EAR.

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Maplewood Medical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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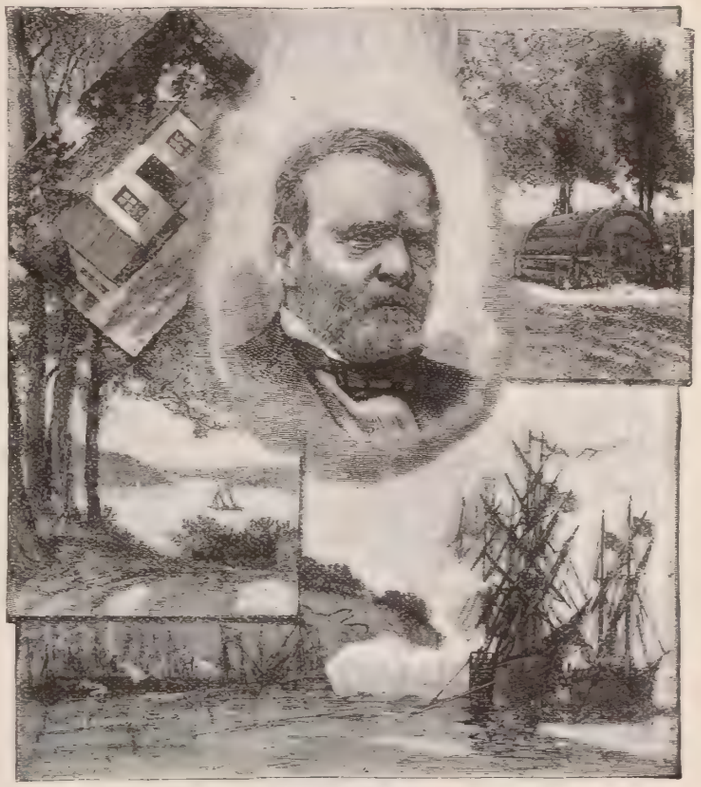

1. Birthplace of General Grant. 2. His Tomb in Riverside Park. 3. View from Riverside Park, looking north. 4. Fleet firing Salute in the Hudson River on the Day of his Funeral.

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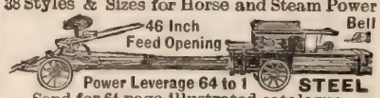

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 34.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices:—Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1896.

Price Five Cents.

WORSHIPPING BY THE SEA.

Multitudes Gather at Ocean Grove to Attend the Annual Camp-Meeting—A Tented Mecca of Methodism—Many Famous Divines and Leading Laymen to Participate.

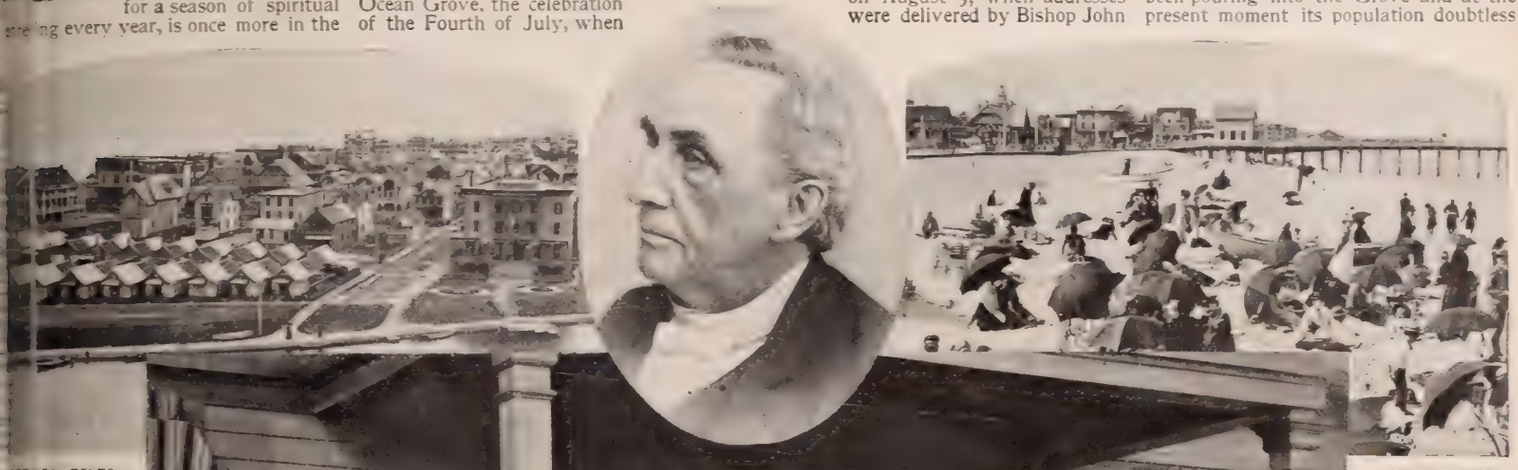
OCEAN GROVE, the green and beautiful oasis amid a desert of summer heat, the cool and inviting resting-place by the sea, where thousands of godly men and women meet for a season of spiritual [illegible]ing every year, is once more in the [illegible]stle of re[illegible] activity. [illegible]is always [illegible]ase, the [illegible] popula[illegible] Ocean [illegible] this year [illegible] to arrive [illegible] as the [illegible]ning of [illegible] Long be[illegible] latter [illegible] of that [illegible] the white [illegible]lotted the [illegible] camp[illegible]und, and [illegible]tagers be[illegible] flock [illegible] from near [illegible]r. This [illegible] the pro[illegible]e of Sum[illegible] ervices [illegible] specially [illegible]ive one, [illegible]g on June [illegible]th divine [illegible] at the [illegible] Auditori[illegible] oliness [illegible]g in Janes [illegible]acle, led [illegible]v. J. R. [illegible], and the [illegible] Young [illegible]'s Meet[illegible] the Tem[illegible]nder Rev. [illegible] Yatman, [illegible]ell-known [illegible]list. On [illegible]me day, [illegible]mmer Sun[illegible]chool was [illegible]ed, and [illegible]r. Han[illegible]amous Bible Class began its sessions. All [illegible]e meetings were largely attended, and [illegible]ere was no diminution of the old-time spiritual fervor that has characterized Ocean Grove during the twenty-seven [illegible]rs of its existence.

July ushered in a series of important gatherings and anniversaries. First came the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey on July 2, attracting a generous attendance of members of that organization. Then followed what has always been a notable event at Ocean Grove, the celebration of the Fourth of July, when thousands of visitors assembled to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mrs. Henrietta H. Forrest, and the oration by Rev. Dr. Willitts. On July 16, the Second General Conference of the Epworth League assembled for a three days' convention. The National Deaconess' Convention followed from July 20 to 23, one day being devoted to the Women's Home Missionary Society. On July 28, the Fifteenth National Temperance Camp Meeting was held, lasting six days, during which many notabilities in the Temperance cause, including Hon. John G. Woolley, Rev. C. H. Mead, Rev. A. G. Lawson, Col. Geo. W. Bain, and others, participated. Next, the King's Daughters held their Eighth Summer Meeting on August 3, when addresses were delivered by Bishop John P. Newman, Rev. E. H. Stokes, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Col. H. H. Hadley, Margaret W. Leitch, and several others. The Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology followed, from August 5 to 14, with a most imposing and attractive programme, including such distinguished speakers as Prof. Bowne, of Boston University, Rev. J. E. Price, Rev. G. K. Morris, Bishops Fowler, Hurst, and Foss, Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Rev. J. M. Buckley, and Gen. J. B. Gordon. August 15 and 16 were devoted to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

This week, what is always regarded as the crowning event of the year—the Annual Camp-Meeting—begins at Ocean Grove. Thousands of new arrivals have been pouring into the Grove and at the present moment its population doubtless exceeds that of any previous summer, not even excepting the "Silver Anniversary" season, two years ago. The Camp-Meeting lasts from August 20 to September 1 inclusive. On August 21, Rev. J. M. Buckley will preach the opening sermon, being followed on August 23 by Bishop A. Wilson and Rev. C. Campbell Morgan, an evangelist of Birmingham, England. The Camp-Meeting "Love Feast" will take place on Sunday, August 30 at 8.45 a. m., and on that day sermons will be preached by Bishop H. W. Warren, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

It is confidently hoped that a season of pentecostal blessing will be experienced. There are many other features of the spiritual work at Ocean Grove during the summer, that add greatly to the attractions it holds for Christian people who go there to worship by the sea. Surf-meetings are held every

(Continued on page 611.)



BETHESDA TENTS. ON THE SANDS.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D., AND A GROUP OF THE LEADERS OF THE OCEAN GROVE SUMMER SERVICES.

THE GREAT LAW-SUIT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. John 2: 1, "*We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.*"

STANDING in a court-room, you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any Oyer and Terminer or Circuit or Supreme or Chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O, Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the Cross rose before you. You remember how from the head and the hands and the side and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember Me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Saviour's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O, Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further: this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling, all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst! Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world; but it is our inconsistencies, my brethen, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get mid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the World on the witness stand today has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do; you may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white Throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the Atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who disgrace the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story and Kent, and Southard and William Wirt. The court-room has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in manly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster Hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster Hall, a place in which thirty kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign Ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clothed in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court-room, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian, for the life of his soul, the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flame of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law. He will have no friends and no money. But the judge will look over the Bar and say: "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay your counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see One rise. He is a young man, only thirty-three years of age. I see his countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood. And all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins

lo better. I think, perhaps, after all, y may not have to die. The best Advoca in the universe has taken your side. None was ever so qualified to defend y. He knows all the law, all its demds, all its penalties. He is always rdy. No new turn of the case can surpe him, and he will plead for you for nthing as earnestly as though you bught a world of treasure to his feet. Bides that, he has undertaken the case

ON THE BANKS OF WESLEY LAKE.

thousands who were as forlorn as you, a he has never lost a case. Courage, O Cistian soul! I think that, after all, te may be some chance for you, for the gt Advocate rises to make his plea. He s: "I admit all that has been proved anst my client. I admit all these sins, amore: but look at that wounded hand ofnine and look at that other wounded hd, and at my right foot and at my left f. By all these wounds I plead for his drance. Count all the drops ofy tears. Count all the drops ofny blood. By the humiliati of Bethlehem, by the sweat oGethsemane, by the sufferings ofhe cross, I demand that he go fr. On this arm he hath leane to this heart he hath flown; iny tears he hath washed; on righteousness he hath depend. Let him go free. I am the rsom. Let him escape the l; I took the scourgings. Let t cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the own of life, for I have worn t crown of thorns. Over ainst my throne of shame set h throne of triumph!"

Vell, the counsel on both sides ve spoken, and there is only o more thing now remaining, d that is the awarding of the gment. If you have ever n in a court-room you know t silence and solemnity when t verdict is about to be rended or the judgment about to given. About this soul on thl—shall it be saved or shall i be lost? Attention! above, ound, beneath. All the unise cries, "Hear! hear!"

The Judge rises and gives this decision, ver to be changed, never to be revoked: here is, therefore, now no condemnatn to them who are in Christ Jesus."

soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
ill not, I will not, desert to his foes;
at soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
never, no never, no, never forsake.

But, my friends, there is coming a day trial in which not only the saint but the ner must appear. That day of trial ll come very suddenly. The farmer will at the plow, the merchant will be in the unting-room, the woodman will be ringg his axe on the hickories, the weaver ill have his foot on the treadle, the manacturer will be walking amid the buzz of oms and the clack of flying machinery, e counsel may be at the bar, pleading e law, the minister may be in the pulpit eading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at mid-noon. The stars appear at noon to-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness: clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

A "SURF MEETING" ON THE SANDY BEACH AT OCEAN GROVE.

Liberal Korean Christians.

Mr. Miller, of Korea, reporting the opening of the new church at Seoul, says that the liberality of the native Christians is remarkable. Besides giving liberally of their small means, some of them carried wood ashes off the ditches and sold it to make money, the boys worked hard during play hours at preparing the site and carrying building materials—no small item in the cost.

Worshipping by the Sea.

Continued from first page.

Sabbath evening during during July and August, and Twilight-meetings in the Temple. No other place in America can accommodate such vast audiences as are often simultaneously assembled at the different services at the Grove, and probably nowhere else, the world over, can there be found in like proportion the same type of high religious enthusiasm and fervor that characterizes these vast Gospel gatherings as a whole. There is a subtle influence in the Grove and its surroundings, in its simple, unostentatious people, its whole-heartedness, and the absolute sincerity of its religion, that puts cold formalism to flight and renders unresponsive, lukewarm meetings an impossibility. For all who meet there, it is a season of spiritual and physical rejuvenation, giving health to both soul and body.

The official Camp-Meeting programme, which will interest many of our readers, is as follows:

Thursday, Aug. 20. Preparation Day and Sacrament.

Friday, 21, Dr. J. M. Buckley, New York; Dr. J. H. Willey, Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. J. G. Reed, Ocean Grove, N. J.

Saturday, 22, Bishop T. Bowman. Evening, Dr. Forbes, Duluth, Minn.

Sunday, 23, Bishop Wilson, M. E. Church South; Rev. G. C. Morgan, England, afternoon and evening.

Monday, 24, Rev. Dr. Harsha, Dr. Julius F. Grammer, P. E. Church, Baltimore, Md.

Tuesday, 25, Rev. S. Milton Frost, Central Pennsylvania; and Rev. Geo. H. Neall, Jr., New Jersey Conference.

Wednesday, 26, Bishop A. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., Rev. J. E. Adams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, 27, Rev. Dr. J. R. Boyle, Trenton, N. J., and Rev. W. W. Cookman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friday, 28, Rev. Dr. Vernon, Philadelphia, Pa., and Secretary M. D. C. Mason (Colored), Freedmen's Aid Society.

Saturday, 29, Rev. Dr. B. B. Hamlin, Harrisburg, Pa., and Dr. Swindells.

Sunday, 30, Bishop Mallalieu and Dr. R. H. Conwell and Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Monday, 31, Rev. B. Fay Mills all day.

Tuesday, Sept. 1, close of Camp-Meeting; Sacrament, etc.

Every year adds to the manifold attractions of this Mecca of Methodism by the sea. Its hundreds of snowy tents, and long rows of neat cottages; its wide piazzas, and verandas innumerable, open to the cool sea breeze; its roomy hotels; its clean streets, with nearly twenty-five miles of concrete pavement, its two lovely sheets of water—Wesley Lake and Fletcher Lake; its ocean pier and cool pavilions; its ever-crowded and famous board-walk, skirting the edge of the open Atlantic; its piney woods and abundant shade trees along streets and avenues, all combine to render it an ideal resort for the purposes for which it was planned. In the great Auditorium, capable of seating 9,600 auditors, there is now a magnificent pipe organ, which was presented by the Washington Square M. E. Church, of New York.

A GROUP OF SURF BATHERS.

All the musical services are conducted by Prof. Sweney, the well-known hymn composer. Rev. E. H. Stokes, President of the Camp Meeting Association, and "the Father of Ocean Grove," is foremost in all plans for Christian work, and is the head and front of every enterprise. Actively associated with him are Rev. A. E. Ballard, Geo. W. Evans, Rev. Geo. Hughes, Bishop Robert J. Andrews, Rev. Adam Wallace, Wistar H. Stokes, and many more consecrated men and women who for many years have devoted a considerable portion of their time and energies to the interest of the religious work. One of the photographic illustrations shows a group of well-known leaders in the religious world who take a prominent part in the Summer Services at the Grove. Included in the group are: Drs. Wallace, Thomas and Sweney, Rev. C. H. Mead, Profs. Chambers, Daily and Allott, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Revs. Snowden Thomas, Babcock, Pickard and Evans, and Messrs. Brown, Smith, Bailey, Cummings and others. Thus far, no season has passed without marks of signal blessing in numerous conversions, the reclamation of many backsliders and the helping of thousands toward that higher life which makes for immortality.

Hardened Hearts.

"Every one that exalteth himself." We know how that is in school and college and business. Those who in the current phrase "know it all," cannot be taught. Smiles quotes as an illustration a famous violin-player. Whenever a pupil came to him to be taught, he asked him if he had received any instruction. If the pupil replied that he had, the great master charged him double fees, as he would have more trouble with him, in eradicating faults and overcoming his preconceived ideas. The lad who knew nothing about the instrument and was conscious of his ignorance, could be taught more easily. A colored man, very poor and very depraved, was converted in a revival, while a well-to-do white neighbor who was under conviction, could not find peace. The colored man was asked how it was. He replied: "The deah Lord comes along with the robe of his righteousness and he offers it to you. You say, 'I have a very good coat, no dust, or dirt or stains on it and it fits me all right. I dunno as I need a different one.' He comes to me and I look at it and I say, 'I want it right away,' and I strip off my ragged, dirty old coat and fling it away and take his robe and glad to get it." A self-righteous man is often more difficult to win than a wicked man.

Absalom's Defeat.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 30. II. Sam. 18: 9-17; 32-33. Golden Text, Ps. 1:6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WITH the terrible blow which Absalom's conspiracy was to him, David came into a life of closer dependence upon God, and those who were true to God and to the king were put to the proof. The two hundred men that followed Absalom "in their simplicity" (II. Sam. 15:12), not aware of the plot which was brewing, could not have been so taken in if they had lived near to God. "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, and he shall pluck my feet out of the net" (Ps. 25:15); their eyes could not have been unto the Lord. Ittai the Gittite needed just this crisis that God might bring his faithfulness to light. When the king set before him how little he could expect him, a stranger and an exile, to follow the apparently uncertain fortunes of a government now in such a state of crisis, the noble reply of Ittai was, "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in life or death, even there also will thy servant be" (II. Sam 15:19-21). Hushai the Archite also came with his coat rent and earth upon his head, and offered himself for anything which the king shall appoint. With followers of such a type, David could go forward. Zadok the priest was among David's followers, and the Levites were with him carrying the ark of God. But the king knew that the Lord himself was with him: he

Did Not Rest in Externals

as did the people when, in the days of Eli, they carried the ark into the battlefield (I. Sam. 4:3-11). David knew his God better than to attempt to force his hand; he recognized God in all that happened, and no murmur or trace of self-pity comes out in his words to the priests: "Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it, and his habitation: but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." He spoke in the dignity of faith which submits to him whom it trusts, and he appealed to Zadok: "Art not thou a seer? return into the city in peace . . . See, I will tarry in the plain of the wilderness, until there come word from you to certify me." Zadok obeyed, and the broken-spirited king, weeping in the midst of his weeping people, went up the Mount of Olives, where, later on, Jesus also wept over Jerusalem. But David was not alone: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" and this was his bitter experience just now, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod, and thy staff they comfort me."

David's Communion with God

was continuous again: hearing of the treachery of Ahithophel, he prayed, "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness;" a prayer signally answered (vrse. 17). Reaching the summit of the Mount of Olives the king worshipped God. Again, when Shimei came and cursed the king, as his nephew Abishai, in hotheaded indignation, requested that he might immediately be slain, the answer of David, who saw all in the light of God, was wonderfully prophetic of David's son: "So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, curse David, who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so? . . . Behold, my son, seeketh my life, how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord had bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day" (II. Sam. 16: 5-14). God was present with David now.

Oh, how often has it taken some great trial and humiliation, some heart-breaking shock, to bring a child of God, who has once fallen, into the old child-like dependence which he had abandoned! Perhaps, also, with the addition of a brokenness of spirit which only those who have been deeply convicted of their sin, and who have suffered intensely on account of its consequences on others, can know. Now David could not count his wicked son Absalom, nor yet the cursing Shimei, nor yet the treacherous Ahithophel, greater sinners than he was himself. And yet he must no longer sin by laxity in his dealings with his children, as he had done; his son's rebellion was not only against him, it was open revolt against God who had chosen his father to sit upon the throne. It was God's cause, and not a personal one, that David must maintain against his rebellious son. If he had been true to his God in his dealings with Amnon and with Absalom before, things would never have come to this pass. Every man of God who is a father must serve God first in all his dealings with his children.

Ahithophel was an unscrupulous and utterly wicked man; so long as the end of his personal ambition was served, he stopped at nothing, the wisdom of the arch-enemy was in his counsels, and David had probably at one time leaned too much upon him (II. Sam. 16: 23) instead of inquiring of the Lord. But Hushai, David's friend, offered counsel to Absalom which should be more acceptable than Ahithophel's, which, had it been carried out, might have been fatal to king David. The sons of Zadok too were on David's side, and carried the news of what was doing in Jerusalem to the king. The crisis approached; the father and the son were prepared for battle, and perhaps never was there an encounter into which David went with less heart and yet with more consciousness that he was in the way of right.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF ABSALOM, NEAR JERUSALEM. *(From a Photograph.)*

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WELL worth careful study are the five chapters from the fifteenth to the nineteenth of this second book of Samuel which describe the events that form the subject of the lesson. The purely literary skill of the writer is masterly. Not in Shakespeare or in the works of our ablest historians is this simple but thrilling narrative surpassed. The characters of the leaders are depicted with the hand of an artist and we are able to see them in the strongest light. David stands in the front, a man of sixty-two, or three, years old, prematurely aged by remorse, sorrow and trial. Flying from the capital, distressed as much by the thought that the hearts of his people had gone from him, as by the thought that it was his own son, his beloved, handsome son who had rebelled against him and was seeking his life; enduring patiently the insults and curses of his enemy and weeping as strong men seldom weep, under his accumulated troubles. Yet the strange characteristic of the man was that in this harrassed condition, when his life was not safe from one hour to another, he could sit down and write Psalms. We can read his emotions in the Psalms that belong to this period, which in our collection are numbered 3, 55, 69, 109 and 143. Conscious, as he was, that his troubles were the result of his sin, he could yet turn to God and avow his unshaken trust in him. Only a truly great man could have done that. Absalom, this time about twenty-three years old, proud, ambitious and controlled by overweening vanity. The young man who could have chariots and footmen to run before him and carefully weigh the hair that was cut off his head every year; was acting after his nature. He was in Jerusalem now and his own master, no longer obliged to ask his father's permission to take a twenty mile journey. With his counsellors about him, he is putting on the airs of royalty. Accepting one of Ahithophel's suggestions, which was agreeable to his coarse nature, he rejected another, not because it included a cold-blooded provision to put his aged father to death, but because the alternative suggestion provided for a pageant in which he would be the chief figure. How low this young man must have sunk we may realize when we read of him considering a proposal to kill the old man whose love for him, even in his rebellion, is described in the most pathetic words of literature. In striking contrast is Ittai, a stranger who had been welcomed at David's court and had conceived so strong an affection for him as to pledge himself to the exiled monarch, though his pledge might involve death. Joab was in the camp, too, true to David, still, with crude loyalty, hard to manage, but unswerving in fidelity. He doubtless reproached himself for the part he had taken in bringing Absalom back, and when he heard of the young man's predicament, could not resist the temptation to put him to death and so deliver his master from his unnatural enemy. Then there is Ahithophel, whose desertion evidently cut David to the quick. A shrewd, clever statesman, with a grasp of the whole situation, yet so weak that when his advice was rejected, he went home and hanged himself. The group is one of the most interesting in history.

Under the thick boughs of a great oak. The scene of the battle was the wood of Ephraim. This was not in the territory belonging to Ephraim, but in a place east of the Jordan. It was chosen by David doubtless because it afforded vantage to a force so numerically inferior as his followers were to the enemy. An instance of this kind of warfare occurred during our early history. In 1775, in the disturbance occasioned by the French alliance with the Indians, against the English settlers, a fine English force was almost annihilated by an attack of a similar kind near Pittsburgh, Pa. David's trained warriors, some of whom had been with him in his younger days of wild warfare in the reign of Saul, would operate with deadly results in such a country.

Cast him into a great pit in the wood. That was a very different burial from the one Absalom had planned for himself when he reared in the valley the imposing tomb depicted in the illustration on this page. The monument still stands, and to this day the Jew casts a stone on it as he passes it. So suddenly may an illustrious man fall. As a great writer has said of another ambitious man who was suddenly hurled from a great position: Providence sometimes suffers a career of unexampled wickedness and ambition to go on from one degree of prosperity to another till the moment of doom arrives, when all is shattered by a single blow. There was long delay, but the hour of reckoning at length arrived. That hour at length came to Absalom. He had often been reproved and had hardened his neck. Now he was to be destroyed without remedy.

His head caught hold of the oak. It is almost ludicrous that the thing of which the young prince was so proud should have been the cause of his death. Yet it is often so. Many a girl who would have lived a happy innocent woman if she had been plain, has fallen into misery and died in poverty and neglect through the beauty she counted her greatest treasure. In past days many a man has come to a premature grave because of his skill in swordsmanship which made him arrogant and boastful, so that he provoked quarrels and at last fell in some fatal duel. King William II, of England, took an immense pride in the New Forest and heartlessly burned villages and made many of his villagers homeless that he might increase its size. It was in the recesses of that forest that he was murdered. There seems to be some mysterious law of retribution making fatal any object on which inordinate pride is lavished.

India and the Gospel.

A Great Work Still to be Done Ere the Heathen Strongholds are Taken.

A HINDOO FAKIR.

DURING each succeeding year there is a distinct advance of the religion of Christ in India. In that vast country, however, with its uncounted millions of population, its mingling of many races and religions, and its strongholds of ancient idolatry and heathenism, it cannot be denied that there is yet a great work to be accomplished before it can be claimed to have been conquered for the Gospel. Bishop Thoburn and his missionary co-workers in India proper, and the faithful Christian missionaries in Ceylon have from time to time told the American people of the triumphs and progress of Christianity in the face of the combined opposition of the Buddhists, Hindus, Mohamedans, Parsees, and a hundred other religious sects or organizations, all of which, through their priests and leaders, have recognized in the religion of Jesus the rival that is destined to overthrow their ancient faith and worship.

NATIVE WIFE AND HUSBAND AT A MEAL.

Our illustrations on this page are from recent photographs kindly furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the Misses Leach, American missionaries in India, and they present phases of life in that country that cannot fail to interest the reader. Here is a group surrounding a native story-teller, who is relating some merry tale for their amusement, each auditor giving him a small fee for his trouble. The story-teller is common in nearly all the Oriental lands. Another photograph is that of a fakir, or holy man—a fanatic who practises self-torture ostensibly to attain a greater degree of sanctity, and who sits in some public place, loaded with chains, or in such a distorted position as to excite commiseration from some and admiration from others. Concerning these fakirs, the most remarkable stories are related. It is averred that some can throw themselves into a trance-like condition and so remain for many days, even undergoing burial, so complete is the suspension of all animation. After this strange and seemingly incredible ordeal, they usually seem to suffer no serious inconvenience beyond a slight emaciation. It is hardly necessary to add that such performances elevate the fakir greatly in the estimation of the superstitious and mystery-loving Hindus.

Occultism has a prominent place in Indian philosophy, and whatever savors of the supernatural is widely venerated. Serpent-charmers, miracle-workers, magicians, mesmerizers, yogees, and spiritual jugglers of all sorts are accorded the utmost respect and attention. One of our photographs shows a fakir or devotee, with arms fastened in an upright position and surrounded by a curious group. The jugglers pretending to be endowed with divine power, but really by the use of tricks and devices common to jugglers and magic-workers, will apparently cause a seed to bud, grow blossom and bear fruit in a few minutes after planting; make a man enter a basket and then disappear, cause gold and silver to vanish, and do many other astonishing things. Some of these men call themselves Yahdoo-Wallah ("filled with god-power"), and their favor is sought by the people who really believe they have been specially gifted by their heathen deities.

Juggernaut, "the Lord of Life," though still worshipped, has no longer festivals of the sort that were common in India twenty-five years ago, especially in Calcutta. This hideous idol is six feet high, made of wood, painted blue, and usually seated upon a lofty car or chariot such as that seen in the illustration, and drawn by long ropes, held by thousands of fanatical followers. During the procession, a number of priests and priestesses usually stood on the car-platform, chanting the praises of their grim deity while he was taken to his country-house, a few miles distant from his temple. The people shouted, screamed, clapped their hands and made horrible discord with hundreds of instruments. It is a strange anomaly that, side by side with the cultured philosophy of the natives of Bengal, there should be found such a hideous and barbarous worship as that of Juggernaut, or of Kali the black goddess of Calcutta.

In the illustration showing peasants at dinner, the incident is taken from humble life in Ceylon. The husband, as head of the family, commands the respectful service of the wife, who not only places his meal before him, but waits by until he has eaten. The same social relation may be said to exist throughout India, if we except the status of women among the Parsees, the native converts to Christianity, and the Europeans and their descendants. Among the Parsees especially woman is honored as "the transmitter of life."

A HINDU DEVOTEE AND POSTURER.

Mission to Sailors in Japan.

Within the last few weeks a new Mission or Seamen's Institute has been opened at Kobe, Japan. It is intended for the use of European and American sailors manning the large merchant fleets which now frequent Kobe harbor, the crews of which are exposed to great temptations at that growing port. At Yokohama, where the Seaman's Mission has had a chaplain and institute for many years, a steam launch has just been provided to carry the chaplain afloat day by day to minister to the crews on board their ships. The small European communities at both these ports find it somewhat difficult to furnish the requisite funds for these missions.

Sore Distress in Van.

A Cablegram from Dr. Kimball—Need of Further Relief Imperative—Aiding Poor Armenians in America.

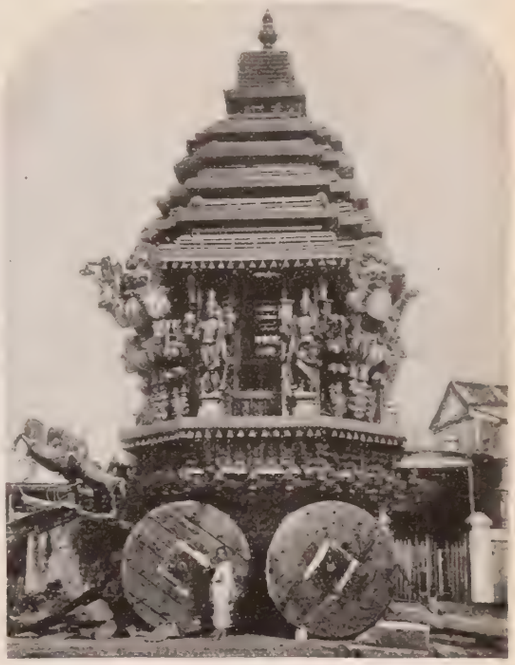
ACCORDING to the advices received by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, there is no improvement in the situation of affairs in Van, Armenia, where the recent massacre took place. Dr. Grace N. Kimball, the well-known medical missionary and chief of the relief work at Van, has left that city and is now on her way home to this country. It will be remembered that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two weeks ago, on first learning of the intention of Dr. Kimball to leave the field, cabled her offering a new guarantee of ten thousand dollars for the relief work, provided she remained in the field to superintend it. This offer was tendered under the impression that Dr. Kimball's retirement was due to discouragement and the lack of funds to carry on the relief work, which had been gradually diminishing as matters improved, but which the recent massacre and the widespread suffering that followed had made more necessary than ever. Every week before June 20, had witnessed a gradual improvement in the condition of the people, but the terrible slaughter which then took place, the destruction of homes and shops, and the wholesale pillaging of Armenians in Van and the surrounding country, had again plunged the Christian population of Van in misery and destitution.

Our cablegram to Dr. Kimball reached her at this juncture, when she was sick and discouraged in body and spirit, and her nerves overwrought by the scenes of bloodshed and the attention she had been obliged to bestow upon scores of wounded men, women, and children, gashed and mutilated by Turkish and Kurdish swords. For days the mission buildings had been both fortress and hospital, sheltering no less than 15,000 Armenian refugees at once. She no doubt felt her strength failing. Her grand courage had sustained her until the acute crisis of danger was past, and it was now imperative that she should withdraw from these scenes of excitement and rest awhile. So she decided to come home. Before leaving Van she cabled to Dr. Klopsch as follows:

VAN, Aug. 2, 1896
To Klopsch, N. Y.:
I leave on 4th. Dr. Reynolds guarantees continuance of industrial relief work. Need is imperative, and we beg your assistance.
(Signed), KIMBALL.

From time to time, as opportunity offers, assistance will be rendered to the workers at Van, who are laboring so faithfully to protect and preserve the remnant of the persecuted Armenians. Any contributions for that purpose sent to this journal will be duly forwarded.

A number of our readers in different States have written us offering employment to such deserving Armenians as arrive in New York, having escaped from Turkish tyranny, with the loss in many cases of their entire worldly possessions. We invite similar offers from other friends and shall be glad to place the writers in communication with worthy Armenians with a view to employment. Every week brings some of these refugees to our shores, thankful to escape the fate that has befallen their relatives and friends at home. To aid them by employment is a real charity, as it enables them to be self-supporting and also to help those in terrible need in Armenia. They are, for the most part, willing, capable and industrious young men.



THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

The following contributions to the Armenian Relief Fund have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$49,348.55
Mrs Lewis Reno	3 50
Gainsville Iron Works	5 00
Thos Kelley	10 00
H M V Z	1 00
——, Peoria	5 00
——, Staunton	1 00
M G, Phœnix	5 00
In His Name, La Otto	2 00
Friend, Greenwich	1 00
J L Dempsey	1 00
Chas Wolf	1 00
W M, Poynette	5 00
Mrs H B Edmonds	5 00
G M Gillespie	1 00
Poor Christian, Mechanicsburg	20
Solomon LXXVI, Paxton	25 00
By I D Hitcock from Sundry parties	13 00
F H Omittmeyer	5 00
Friend, Port Jefferson	5 00
Anna Simpson	5 00
Laura C White	1 00
Zion Cumberland Pres C E Soc	5 20
England Forever	1 00
M S M, New Berlin	3 00
E I B, Union City	2 00
Total	$49,369.45

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE PROFESSIONAL HINDU STORY-TELLER.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Encyclopedia Queries.

What the People Are Anxious to Know Concerning Our Great Offer.

The Business Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been deluged with inquiries of every conceivable kind in connection with our Encyclopedia Offer. Many people have heard of the Offer, but have not seen it, and they write to us for particulars. Others are interested in certain phases of the proposition, and in order to do justice, as far as possible, to all these inquirers, we repeat below the original proposition, and at the same time reply to some half dozen of the more important inquiries. This will probably be of great interest to many of our subscribers similarly circumstanced.

HOW IT MAY BE OBTAINED.

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The Subscriber who means to have a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia, need not wait for it until he has completed his canvass. You can send $5 to this office and we will ship you the whole set of 15 large volumes forthwith, you to send us the ten new subscribers as soon as possible, deducting from the amount you received from them the $5 you originally sent us, and forwarding the balance to us. We will not hurry the subscriptions, but allow you plenty of time to make a good canvass. In case you fail to get ten new subscribers, and we should order the books returned, we will refund your $5. Thus, you see, you run no risk, and can lose nothing either way by the transaction.

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Of course no commission can be allowed on subscriptions coming under this proposition. The Encyclopedia, securely boxed, weighs about forty pounds and is well worth $30.

SOME INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

We have only space for a few of the many letters received, and have selected those that are most likely to be helpful to others besides the writers:

A. W. Atkinson, Des Moines, Ia. Your Encyclopedia has come to hand. I have shown it to a friend of mine who is wild over it. He is not a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but would like to avail himself of the opportunity to get a WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA. I promised him I would write you and inquire whether non-subscribers may accept your proposition.

Your friend can qualify by becoming a subscriber himself, and we are agreeable to count him in as one of the ten new subscribers he must secure under our proposition, if he wishes to earn a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. In other words: Let him send us his own subscription ($1.50) and $5, and the set will be forwarded to him at once, he to send the other nine new subscriptions to us, (first deducting the $5) when his canvass is finished.

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET ABOU, THEBES, EGYPT.

This famous Palace, rather than Temple, sometimes called "The Theban Versailles," was erected to commemorate the glory of Rameses III. Its walls were covered with drawings representing domestic scenes in the royal household. The Coptic villags of Medinet Abou was built over the ruins.

A. P. Peterson, Duluth, Minn. Ten members of our church here have all subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with a view to presenting our pastor with a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. He talked yesterday in glowing terms of your offer. 1. Do you count us in thus bringing together for that purpose the amounts though one person secured ten subscribers? 2. Will you consent to ship the Encyclopedia [illegible] to the pastor's address—he lives at a distance from this city—or must it be addressed [illegible] the subscribers?

1. Yes, we shall consider it as though one person had secured the ten subscribers. 2. Will ship it to any address you may direct. Be careful to give full name, street number, town or city, county and State.

Frank I——, Scranton, Pa. I am a young man, a hard worker all day long—with very few opportunities to do any canvassing. Now, I want a set [illegible] I would like to take it without your understanding my situation. My [illegible] time to canvass. I have some [illegible] and last by means of a [illegible] I must have a set of encyclopedia, [illegible] I cannot afford to buy [illegible] I would like to have [illegible] time for canvassing to ten months, as I have [illegible] myself and this would help me to do so. It [illegible] sending five dollars now and the ten subscriptions [illegible]

Yours is by no means an exceptional case, since there are probably thousands of young men in precisely similar circumstances, with ambition and energy, yet lacking in education. To all such The World-Wide Encyclopedia would be of greater practical value even than a college course. Indeed, we cannot imagine any better source of mental equipment than these wonderful and comprehensive volumes. It would be a pity were any young man or woman, situated as you are, to be deprived of this opportunity for self-culture, and we are willing in such cases, to extend the time limit to ten months, as you desire. This will give you ample time for a canvass of one new subscriber every month.

David S——, Waterbury, Conn. I showed a neighbor of mine your remarkable offer, and told him I had availed myself of it, and that the Encyclopedia was now on its way to my address. He offered me a liberal figure for the set and I sold it to him. Now, if I send you ten subscribers for that set, will you send me another set if I send you ten additional subscribers? Or is your proposition strictly limited to only one set to a family?

We think you took something of a risk in selling the set before you had fully earned it by sending in your 10 subscribers, as pledged. However, we suppose you felt safe on that point, possibly having already secured them by promise. The purchase of the set was a golden opportunity for your friend, as he certainly could not buy The World-Wide Encyclopedia of us, nor even hope to get it without complying with the conditions. When you send us the 10 subscribers for the set you have already received, send also $5, and we will forward to you another set, you to send 10 new subscribers additional for it, as you propose.

Reader, Lincoln, Neb. I wish to get one of your Encyclopedias, but have not the five dollars to spare just at present. If I send you my order and two dollars, will you hold the Encyclopedia until I can get the other three dollars, which will be next pay-day—four weeks from last Saturday? I am a Post-Office clerk and am paid monthly.

Yes, we will accommodate you.

A. H. Smith, Augusta, Ga. My sister, who is a subscriber to your paper, has received an Encyclopedic set and is busily canvassing to get ten new subscribers for you. I have given her my name to go on her list, and I have concluded, on looking over her set of the Encyclopedia that I cannot do better than secure a set for myself. Now, as I am on her list as a new subscriber, and have paid her my subscription (although I am not yet receiving the paper), am I entitled on that account to the privilege of receiving The World-Wide Encyclopedia, if I send you five dollars now and ten new subscribers within a month or two hereafter? I believe I can get twice that number.

To all intents and purposes, having paid in your subscription, you are a subscriber and entitled to a subscriber's privilege, which we shall extend by sending you a set of the Encyclopedia on the conditions stated.

Walter Foster, San Francisco. 1. Which are the best books for one to secure to gain a brief summary of the history of the world, religious and [illegible] each period since Creation, with brief [illegible] of the most noted men and women? 2. Price? 3. Where to be procured?

1. The very best is The World-Wide Encyclopedia which contains in the best and most comprehensive form all you have indicated and a host of other things equally important. 2 and 3. It can be procured of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by complying with the conditions stated in the advertisement in our issue of August 5, on page 582. These fifteen large volumes furnish the finest intellectual equipment a man could desire, affordin[illegible] fullest and most accurate information o[illegible] ery subject of human interest, secula[illegible] religious.

Subscriber, Bristol Springs, N. Y. The qu[illegible] was asked in our Sunday School: "Wh[illegible] David's mother?" We cannot find it i[illegible] Bible.

His mother's name is unknown. Conc[illegible] ing Nahash (mentioned in II. Sam. 17:[illegible] there is much difference of opinion a[illegible] commentators. Some hold that Nahash [illegible] Jesse were identical and this view is sup[illegible] ed by the rabbins; others believe it to be [illegible] name of an Ammonite king, or an Isra[illegible] whose wife afterwards became the wi[illegible] Jesse, while still others (these being the s[illegible] er number), hold that Nahash was the [illegible] of Jesse's wife, and that the name might [illegible] belonged to either sex.

G. M. G., Springfield, O. If a Congregation[illegible] Methodist husband wished his children[illegible] tized by sprinkling, would you advise his [illegible] (she being a Baptist) to yield for the sake [illegible] mestic harmony?

Certainly. What harm could the ceren[illegible] do the child? If the father wished in that [illegible] to consecrate his child to God, the Ba[illegible] wife, while regarding the ceremony as an [illegible] form, and no true baptism either as to tim[illegible] mode, would do well to yield.

Reader, New York. 1. Why did not God mak[illegible] the different races of one color? 2. Is it a[illegible] ents duty to give aid to his children who h[illegible] hard struggle in a new Western countr[illegible] years, or to give to the Church and to othe[illegible] nevolent causes?

1. We cannot fathom the purposes of [illegible] Almighty, who has endowed [illegible] his creations with such abund[illegible] variety of color, form, text[illegible] and function. This is a ques[illegible] into which a thousand consid[illegible] tions besides those of climate [illegible] natural adaptation might er[illegible]

2. Where chil[illegible] have reached a s[illegible] sustaining age, t[illegible] should not be a l[illegible] den upon their p[illegible] ents, but in the ev[illegible] of sickness or [illegible] misfort[illegible] befalli[illegible] them, t[illegible] claim u[illegible] the pare[illegible] genero[illegible] must t[illegible] precede[illegible] (See I. T[illegible] 5:8). H[illegible] ever, suc[illegible] duty sh[illegible] not be all[illegible] ed to in[illegible] fere wit[illegible] parent's a[illegible] to the Ch[illegible] to the ext[illegible] of who[illegible] prevent[illegible] suppor[illegible] the Lor[illegible] work.

C. E. C., Greensburg, Pa. What are the name[illegible] the vessels of the North Atlantic squad[illegible] United States Navy?

The *New York*, *Columbia*, *Raleigh*, *Cin[illegible]nati*, *Amphitrite* and *Montgomery*, comp[illegible] the Squadron.

E. B. M., Marshalltown, Ia., writes:

To the question, "Whom did Cain marry?" answer, "His sister, whose birth is not mentio[illegible] in the inspired narrative." Gen. 5:4 last cl[illegible] reads: "And he (Adam) begat sons and daughte[illegible] this, if not a direct record of the birth of Cain's w[illegible] is a very clear indirect one. That Cain, under circumstances as recorded in Genesis, should [illegible] a sister to wife, is a natural conclusion.

Interested, Lidgerwood, N. Dak. Does not Heb[illegible] 6, clearly state that backsliders cannot saved?

We do not think so. In fact backsliders encouraged to return, and are forgiven and stored as Peter was. We may infer that member at Corinth who was a backslider [illegible] restsred, if, as is probable, II. Cor. [illegible] and 7, refers to him. The passage in Hebre[illegible] appears rather to be a statement of experie[illegible] than of doctrine. Every Christian wor[illegible] knows that the hardest man to win is he w[illegible] knows the Gospel, and has been thorou[illegible] taught, and yet has not given himself [illegible] Christ. One who has tasted of the heave[illegible] gift, but has become Gospel hardened, i[illegible] man so difficult to move that the writer of [illegible] Epistle to the Hebrews says it is impossi[illegible] We do not think it refers to persons who h[illegible] been really converted, but to nominal Chr[illegible] tians and those who have come near the kin[illegible] dom without entering it.

V. V. V., Penn. It is altogether unnecessary t[illegible] him. In our opinion, there is no principle in relig[illegible] or morals requiring such a confession. It could [illegible] no good to either party and might cause unpleasa[illegible] or a loss of respect which would be undesire[illegible] — Fannie F. P., Roanoke, Va. One Presbyter[illegible] the other Methodist. Write to Presbyterian Boa[illegible] Fifth Avenue, New York. — A. W. S., Aurora, [illegible] It is probably founded on fact, as nearly all [illegible] books are. — A. B. Corning, New York. See [illegible] name and address to this office. — W. S. M., Greensboro, N. C. Write to Barnes & Co., publi[illegible] ers, New York. — E. P. C., Weymouth, O. T[illegible] *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas A Kempis, can [illegible] procured of Dutton & Co., publishers, New Yo[illegible]

POOR MOTHERS BLESS MONT-LAWN!

It Brings Life and Health to the Sick Children of the Sweltering Tenements—A Season of Deadly Heat Increases the Sufferings of the City Poor.

DISEASE and death are exceedingly busy among the population of the tenements at this season. August has ushered in a period of intense heat, such as has not been experienced in the metropolis in recent years, and the suffering among the poor in the densely crowded districts is unusually severe. Broiling by day, night finds the courts and alleys without a breath of air, and the miserable population vainly strive to escape the heat by leaving the suffocating quarters and passing the night on stoop, roof or fire escape. The greatest sufferers are the children, and death has made a wide swath in the ranks of the little unfortunates, these two weeks past. But poverty cannot escape its miseries, and unless the hearts of those whom a kind Providence has blessed with the good things of life are touched with compassion and moved to help the poor and the unfortunate, their condition must remain unrelieved.

A scene of suffering of a kind all too common, was observed in an East Side street a few days ago. A poor family—father out of work and mother sick—had just been evicted, and their few pieces of wretched furniture had been thrown out on the sidewalk by a heartless landlord. Five or six little children, ragged and half-clad huddled about the poor mother who sat the picture of woe, the tears running down her thin cheeks as she looked at her children, now homeless. The father seemed to be stunned and sat by on a bundle of the bedding, mute and sullen. The little ones not realizing their parents' misfortune clamored for bread, for they were hungry as well as naked. Here, if ever, was a case where the Fresh Air Fund could do Samaritan work. What a relief if the children of such unfortunate families could be taken to our Mont-Lawn Home for a time and there cleaned and fed and sheltered until the poor parents could be helped in some way to regain their home. Such cases are especially deserving, and many a mother has blessed the Children's Home and its generous patrons, for taking her helpless little ones out of the heat and misery and hunger and poverty of the tenements for a week or two among the woods and fields.

There can hardly be more striking contrast between the surroundings of many of our children at their own homes and after they reach Mont-Lawn. Every happy little one in this photograph comes from some home of poverty, and every child owes to some individual patron the pleasant outing he or she is now enjoying. Many of them speak of this. "Who was the kind lady who paid for me to come?" asked a wee, fair-haired tot of seven, with eyes as blue as the sky. "I'm going to say my prayers for her to-night, ma'n't I?" One lady in Massachusetts wrote asking the name and address of the 900th child this season. That number on the home register was opposite the name of Jennie Tierola, a little Japanese girl of seven, from lower New York, very sweet and affectionate, so her name was sent to the inquirer. Our photograper has given us a portrait of our bright little guest, who is by no means the only foreigner in the Home at present, although she is the only Japanese who has ever come there.

Every season the one thousandth arrival is looked forward to with interest by all the children, and is accorded a demonstrative welcome. This year the thousandth was Jacob Reinhardt, a real, typical New York tenement boy, who, despite poverty and the lack of many advantages enjoyed by more fortunate children, has in him the promise of a bright, successful man. He is frank and obedient, amiable to everybody and universally liked.

Very odd and amusing are some of the notions our children bring with them to Mont-Lawn. One child, evidently used to being fed with tea in the city, told the other children: "O, yous don't have nothin' to drink in the country but milk, yous don't." However, most of our children are greatly pleased with this good change in their drink, and all thrive astonishingly upon it.

Dr. Valentine, who visited the Home recently, gave the children an interesting talk upon how to enjoy themselves in the country, pointing out the variety of toys and playthings they could make for themselves from the great store of nature all about them, and the interesting collection of leaves and flowers they could gather; the bird and animal life they could watch and learn lessons from, etc. Many were stimulated to make some very good collections through the week. Dr. Klopsch offered prizes for the best collections of leaves or flowers.

Since the first opening of our Children's Home, in the summer of 1894, up to the present time, **five thousand children** from the *very poorest and neediest sections* of New York City have been our guests. Race and religion are not considered in making the selection: it is enough for the city mis-

TWO LITTLE GUESTS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.
JENNIE TIEROLA. JACOB REINHARDT.

A MERRY GROUP AT THE SWINGS AT OUR MONT-LAWN HOME.

One Tenth, N J..... 18
Anita, Kingston.... 3 00
Mrs Mary F Jones.. 2 00
Mrs James Cline... 4 00
Reader, Pawtucket. 2 00
Mrs J B Olds..... 1 00
S F M, Heislerville.. 1 50
Mrs P G Sherwood..... 1 00
Adele Troup . 3 00
Mrs S Reid ... 1 00
G M Gillespie 1 00
—, Londonville 3 00
Amy A Stedman..... 50
Elmer Verrill. 50
Mrs E B Parsons..... 1 00
T W B, Balto.. 5 00
J M P, Mass.. 3 00
Our little one, Mahoning..25 00
Chas Reichert 3 00
S B, Peekskill. 3 00
Mrs Susanna Worley..... 2 00
Interested Sub, Ohio..... 3 00
L C Crosby... 3 00
Friend, Geneva 3 00
" Chauncey 2 00
Mr & Mrs Norris..... 3 00
P P, Highland Falls 3 00
S J Allen ... 6 00
Georgia S Brumfield 1 00
Mrs Archibald Parkhurst..10 00
Maharaba, Renovo 1 00
I H N, Albany 1 00
Seth Gamblin 1 00
Mrs J Gamblin 1 00
Miss E G Doremus. 5 00
In His Name, Holyoke.... 5 00
Norman and Paul, Pittsburg 3 00
Union SS, Pemberton. 3 00
King's Daughter, Chatham 2 00
Mrs Geo P Reynolds 3 00
A A Bundle & wife . 1 50
L I Schultz..... 2 00
Mrs Hannah Smith 5 00
Cong S S, Daytona. 6 00
S H B, Morristown . 3 00
Mrs W E Ballinger. 3 00
Geo B Miltenberger 1 00
"Twinkling Stars" Mission Band.... 5 00
Friend, E Orange .. 2 00
D M, Balto..... 6 00
England Forever... 5 00
Friend, Hastings... 3 00
Alice W Lindsey... 75
Mrs J M Seaves 5 00
Thomas Pearson .. 3 00
Peter Johnson..... 3 00
F W, Broomhill 1 00
I I W, Elizabeth 3 00
R G, New Bedford . 3 00
M, Conn .. 1 50
Willing Workers' Circle 5 00
E E Pohle 3 00
"Montana" .. 4 00
Mrs E P Knight.... 3 00
Louie & F Hawkins 1 50
Nantucket Family.. 2 00
Friend, Cohoes..... 6 00
E E Allen 12 00
I H N, Warren..... 3 00
Geo H Strong..... 3 00
I H N, Weymouth Heights..... 2 00
Junior Endeavor Society, Williamsb'g 3 00
Matilda Brooks 1 00
Credo, New Castle.. 3 00
Edith, Pierpont 6 00
Friend, Waddington 3 00
Mrs F Whitmarsh .. 6 00
Freely-given, Lambertville 3 00
Mrs Henry Hamilton & Mrs. Ida Brazee 5 00
Medo Union S S.... 1 05
Mrs M & daughter, Worcester..... 6 00
R S N, Cohasset.... 1 00
True Friend, Handcock 15 00
One who is interested, New York.... 3 00
C A H, Putnam 3 00
Few friends, Grimsby 3 00
J A Walter..... 3 00
C C Higgins..... 6 00
Susie V Webb..... 2 00
Amagansett K D... 5 00
Ralph Irving Bond. 25
Mr & Mrs J S Harter 3 75
Mr and Mrs Stanley 3 00
I H N, "The Braes" 3 00
Miss Anna M Dodd 1 00
Della, Mildred & Morton ....;.... 50
J M, Conn..... 3 00
H P Meech.... .... 1 00
Mrs Chas Nichols.. 1 00
H L Schick..... 50
W T Raynsford.... 1 00
Friend, Bath..... 3 00
Reader, Mill Hall.. 3 00
H S S, Lijoudville.. 9 00
J Runyon..... 3 00
The Baldwins..... 3 00
Lover of Children, Brooklyn..... 3 00
A cup of cold water, Pa..... 2 00
Friend, Norwalk... 1 00
I H N, Princeton... 3 00
Willis Nodine..... 5 00
Mrs E G Needham. 2 00
Mrs A S Perego.... 6 00
Mrs C C Smith..... 3 00
Miss M G Smith.... 3 00
J H G, Huntingdon 5 00
Mrs J C Keyes..... 3 00
Sub'r, Newton..... 3 00
Mrs Hattie R Cady 2 50
H Luella Johnson.. 3 00
FPG, Dixboro, Mich 3 00
A tarnished silver cross, Quarryville 1 00
Gainesville Iron Works 5 00
Mrs J W Corwin ... 3 00
Mrs W Scott 3 00
Guests at Rock Enon Springs..... 6 85
Junior C E Society Chillicothe 1 50
Mrs Graw..... 3 00
Mrs Smith 3 00
Geo W Stockwell... 1 50
GPM, Newport, R I. 3 00
Mrs N R Voorhis.. 5 00
In memory of little Ralph, Bunker Hill 1 00
—, Hackensack.... 1 00
Sister Annie, North Lansing..... 3 00
Mildred M Yonng, 4 years old. 3 00
Mrs L M P, Hartford 1 00
Henry Koeber 10 00
Virginia Butler..... 5 00
Mrs E Cordelia Shirtliff 3 00
—, Peroria, Ill..... 5 00
Comfort Circle K D, Piqua'..... 3 00
—, Staunton..... 1 00
Friend, Sycamore.. 6 00
Mrs G B Cook..... 1 00
Total..... $2,545 34

A R G Edwards.... 50
F H Dewey..... 1 00
N H Woodruff..... 50
Mrs K L Weaver... 50
Mrs C H Larrabee. 1 00
Mrs S Waddington 3 00
J M T, Pasadena... 2 00
—, Mich 1 00
King's Daughter, Pleasant Unity..... 3 00
Sub'r, Lewiston.... 3 00
Mrs E A Bailey 3 00
James Fraser..... 1 00
Mrs H Blauvelt 3 00
Widow's mite, Orwell..... 3 00
Mrs J D Biggs 3 00
Mrs O C, Tarpon Springs..... 1 00
Mission Band, Schraalenberg ...10 00
M A Hines..... ... 3 00
A Port 50
Mrs E J Lyon and daughter..... 4 43
Isaac Shank..... 3 25
Friend of Children, Post 2 00
Friend, Petoskey... 3 00
L O Brightbill 3 00
Two friends, Hughsonville 6 00
T M Gilbert..... 2 00
Friend, Hamden..... 5 00
C L Walker. 3 00
Mrs James Ecroyd.. 3 00
In His Name, York Village..... 5 00
O S Mills 6 00
M M M, Greeley.... 8 00
Frank S Watters.... 6 00
L C Tobias 4 00
F, Tarrytown 2 00
Mrs E H McEwen.. 1 00
Margaret Stauffer.. 1 00
F H Omittmeyer.... 3 00
Miss A Preston..... 3 00
Solomon 76, Paxton..15 00
Mr & Mrs H H Lynn 3 00
G H Kimball. 3 00
Mrs E H Nichols... 3 00
Mrs Wm B Alverson 3 00
Johnson, C F..... 6 00
Mrs C Gould..... 2 00
K D, Cir Agricultural Col..... ... 3 00
Mr & Mrs F Smith . 3 00
Mrs E L and D M A, Middle Dam..... 3 00
M S M, New Berlin. 3 00
C A Hagaman 5 00
C M B, Schenectady 1 00
Mr James Kitto 3 00
Friend, Hallowell .. 5 00
" Hyanisport .. 3 00
C W Charles..... 3 00
Mrs E N M, Bklyn.. 3 00
M E Bailey 3 00
An Epworth Leag'r. 1 00
— Palouse 1 00
Thos Armstrong ... 1 00
Mrs M E Munford.. 6 00
E A & J M Smith... 3 00
Two friends, Sidney 13 00
Cash, New York.... 1 00

Prev. ack'd..	$1,777.33
Miss Harriet E Strong	25 00
Mrs R V W, Santa Barbara..... ...	3 00
North River Steamboat Co	50 00

Our friends have sent in the following packages of clothing to Matron Collins at the Home, during the week. All contributions of this class should be sent to "The Matron, CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Mrs C H Ellinwood,	package clothing
Mrs Elizabeth Evans,	" "
Mrs A W Treat	" "
Miss M A Buchanan,	" "
Alice Walker and Bessie Morrow,	" "
Mrs Annie M Johnston,	" "
Mrs S D York,	" "
Friend,	box "
Mrs L L Sweeny	" "

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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A Card from the Editor.

August 11, 1896.

Most of the many interviews attributed to me on the Gold and Silver question have no foundation whatever in fact. I have a better way of saying what I think on public affairs than in an interview which may be twisted this way or that. The Lord Almighty alone knows what will be the decision of the ballot-box in November, but no one can make me believe that this country, which seems from the foundation of our institutions to have been under Divine protection, will be allowed, through the unwisdom of its friends, to go to ruin. Our best days are yet to come.

T. De Witt Talmage

Why Not a Christian?

VARRO, a Roman author, said he sent in many directions to find out from men what they thought to be the chief good. He received three hundred and twenty different replies; so many opinions were there in the world as to what was really the chief good to be sought after and the chief joy to be received. Blessed be God, we are not left to a wild guess upon this subject; but we have in the Bible a positive statement of the fact that the highest good and the gladdest joy of the soul is the service of God. The religion of Jesus Christ is compared in the Bible to the light; but it is brighter than that. It is compared to a rock; but it is firmer than that. And the Lord Jesus Christ, the great central force of that religion, is represented as a shepherd; but he is more careful than a shepherd. He is represented as a captain of salvation; but he is braver than any earthly officer. He is represented as the morning star heralding the day; but he is brighter and more glorious promise to the soul upon which he shines. Now, if all these things are true, why is it that the vast majority of men do not come and receive this Christ and accept this Gospel? Men act by the impulse of motives; so that if there are [illegible] why [illegible] a good reason or a bad reason.

In the first place, there are those who are kept back from the religious life because they feel they are too young to come. They say: "We shall live seventy or eighty years, and in that time we can get to God's mercy, there will be plenty of time to attend to these things. Meanwhile let us eat, drink, and be merry." Are you too young to serve God? Yes, if you are too young to receive mercies at his hand; if you are too young to sit at the table of his bounty; if you are too young to be clothed by his goodness, to be fed by his love, to be sheltered by his benefaction, to be cared for by his loving-kindness—then you are too young. But the fact of your youth, instead of being the reason why you should stay away from Christ, is the very reason why you should come. Especial promise is given to you now that will never be given you again. Besides that, my young friends, are you not aware of the fact that if you put off the day of grace until the years of your youth have passed, in all probability you put it off forever? Do you not know that if you take up the church records in any religious organization the world over, you will find that the vast majority of those who find their way into the kingdom of Christ come in their early days? Do you not know that if a man allows twenty-five years of his life to pass without having found the peace and the hope of the Gospel, the strong probabilities are—twenty to one, one hundred to one—he will never find them? Do you not know that the day of youth is the especial day of God's mercy; that you cannot without infinite risk to your soul adjourn the matter; that it is far easier to come to Christ at five years of age than at ten, at ten than at fifteen, at fifteen than at twenty, at twenty than at twenty-five; and that if there are obstacles in the way now, they will multiply and augment until Alps are piled on Alps and Himalayas on Himalayas, and you will never scale the heights?

There are others who are kept back from the religious life because they are, as they say, afraid that they will not hold out. They say within themselves, or they say to me: "How if I should start heavenward and get discouraged, and stop and go back, how I would be derided, how I would abhor myself—starting for heaven and yet not getting there." My dear brother, you do not act in that way in other things. Suppose I could show you a financial operation by which you could make a thousand dollars, it would be almost certain that you could run it, but there might be a little risk — would you say: "My dear sir, I will not enter into the engagement. I might make only nine hundred dollars: indeed, there is a chance that I might not make anything. I admit that the probability is that I will make a thousand dollars; there are a thousand probabilities to one that I will; but that one keeps me from entering into the operation at all." No, you do not reason in that way. But when it is a question of treasures at God's right hand — eternal riches—escape from immortal bankruptcy, you come to a dead halt. Where are the most risks? Suppose there is a possibility that you should go back after starting heavenward, I ask you on which side are the most risks?

Battering-Rams.

THE editor of this paper received the following letter. It is mightily suggestive and must be answered:

Suppose you were a young minister, with only a common education, and only a partial preparation for the work, with some little what we call "Western grit," which means energy and sincerity and enthusiasm. And suppose everywhere you preached, scores of souls, old and young, were brought to the blessed Jesus. And suppose just near where you were conducting a revival meeting there should be a brother minister in charge of a church, a very wise ex-Presiding Elder, one of the stiff, self-esteemed, self-exalting lords over God's heritage, and suppose he should sit at home within a stone's throw of your meeting where souls are coming to Jesus by the score every night, and never come near. And then after you had closed the meeting and had preached nothing but Jesus, he should come at you and your [illegible] as they say out here, "a ram at a gate-post," and as far as he could see, butt you out of existence, ecclesiastically, and then [illegible] over the [illegible] and butt them terribly, because they went over there to meeting. And suppose, as a result, a good share of his flock should come into your flock on profession of faith, would you receive them?

And further: Suppose you should go on preaching Jesus and him crucified, clubbing no sect or denomination, and sinners were converted continually; and this ecclesiastic ram should continue to butt at you, would you turn and butt him, or would you go on preaching Christ and let him alone until he had butted his whole congregation into yours?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Our advice is to make it as easy for the ex-Presiding Elder as possible. Make a soft place for him to butt against. He cannot help it. Probably somebody once butted against him, and he is only "making change" for what was once given him. Perhaps his wife keeps him awake nights with curtain-lectures. There must be something the matter. Probably if your liver and spleen were as much out of order as his are, you would butt against his fence as hard as he butts against yours. We apologize for him. We once had four or five rams with their heads down going for our gate-post as violently as he goes for yours. It is a case for sympathy; for we heard of one such case, where an unwise ram of the flock persisting in its rage butted against a stone wall until its forequarters were all gone, and kept on butting until its hind-quarters were gone, and not satisfied still kept on butting until the farmer in the morning found nothing left of the unfortunate ram except the tip end of its last extremity. Remember, my suffering correspondent, that it is worse for the one who butts than for the one that gets butted.

What Whisky Can Do.

A FRIEND of temperance puts upon our table an advertising card from a restaurant in Philadelphia. It proposes to regale and refresh the people in the "City of Brotherly Love." The liquor shop thus advertised is very near Independence Hall, and persons visiting that patriotic spot can take it in their excursion if they are very dry. It is well for those people who never drink, to understand what privileges they miss, and also what philanthropists the rum-sellers really are.

TIME-TABLE.

7 A.M.,	"Eye Opener,"	4 P.M.,	"Sympathizer,"
8 "	"Appetizer,"	5 "	"Social Drink,"
9 "	"Digester,"	6 "	"Invigorator,"
10 "	"Beautifier,"	7 "	"Straight-Out,"
11 "	"Big Reposet,"	8 "	"Chit-Chat,"
12 M.	"Stimulator,"	9 "	"Fancy Drink,"
1 P.M.,	"Ante-Lunch,"	10 "	"Entre Acte,"
2 "	"Settler,"	11 "	"Sparkler,"
3 "	"Charmer,"	12 "	"Rouser,"
	1 A.M., "Night Cap."		

Suing a Demijohn.

A PECULIAR breach of promise suit was brought in Manchester, England. A maiden appeals to the court for damages, now that a certain innkeeper refuses to take her in marriage after encouraging her to hope. It is proved that he had the delirium tremens in her house several times. She gets a verdict of ten pounds. Why any woman wants to marry the delirium tremens we know not. She deserves congratulation at escape from such a man, instead of ten pounds for the loss of him. No woman can afford to take a man if she has to have delirium tremens thrown into the bargain. A man is very well, but better no man at all than such an accompaniment. Let women be cautious how they marry men with highly-spiced breath, the spice put in to hide whiskey odor. Better pay ten pounds to get rid of him than sue him for ten pounds because he does not marry you. If a man makes for himself unhappy connubial relations, he may run away and so get rid of it, but for a woman wrongly affianced there is no escape. The young man may have glossy hair and bright eyes and immaculate broadcloth; but if he drinks, even moderately, make up your mind that before thirty-five he will do one of two things—either stop drinking entirely or else go to perdition, and if he does the latter he will probably take his wretched wife along with him.

BRIEF NOTES.

Ex-Queen Lilliuokalani, of Hawaii, is recently baptized and confirmed by the Bishop of Honolulu, Dr. Willis.

There are, According to a Recent S statement, 22,710 members of the Wesleya ist Church in the British army and navy.

Herr Theodor Ippen, a Jew, has b pointed consul at Jerusalem by the Aus garian Government. This is the first ti has thus represented a European Power.

Evangelist Parker Has Just Closed S of meetings at South Enid, Oklahoma. T ance was large, and a large number professed conversion.

The Statistics of the German Baptist again show steady growth, the membershi past year being 25,848—an increase of 1 are 120 churches in Germany, and 109 in nation.

The Indian Associations of San F and San Jose have engaged a Congregati ister to labor among the Indians in Hoo for six months at a moderate salary. He encouraged in his work.

In India there are 100,000 Boys and girls, under the age of fourteen, who ar married, while 8,600 boys and 24,000 have not attained the age of four, are mar age bonds as arranged by their parents.

A Number of Christian Young Brooklyn N. Y., have formed a League to ize the lower section of the city, where abound and vice is rampant. They will ly meetings, to begin with, on Atlantic ave the river and will organize a Sunday Schoo

Christians and Mohammedans have a common object in Africa. Bishop Tugwe learned that gin has been getting into Lon a meeting to protest against it. About 600 medans were present, most of whom w strong in their desire to maintain the prohi the traffic.

The Services Held at Victor, Co Evangelist H. W. Rankin were blessed t number of conversions. Before the begi the meetings there were sinister predictio one, in a town notoriously wicked, would but the large tent in which the meetings w was crowded every night.

As One Testimony to the Rapid Gro Palestine's population, it is stated on good that while ten years ago there were only 15, dents in Jaffa, to-day there are 42,000. Al square miles of land in Palestine have pas the possession of the Jews for agricultural p in the last twenty-five years.

A Recent Census of Church Attend Newcastle, Eng., showed that in the last fifte while the population has increased 142 p church attendance has increased only 22 p The denominations represented in the city creased from seventeen to twenty-five, but than one person in ten attends church.

Recent Reports from Africa Show th two hundred miles east, south and west from in Congo, on the Upper Nile, the country li open to the Gospel, to the north, for seventy hundred miles, it is open. Bishop Tucker has twelve hundred natives of Uganda into the since October last.

Commander Ballington Booth in Answ the question of the points in which the Vo differ from the Salvation Army, mentions other important matters, that the converts a mitted and encouraged to join churches, a all property is in the hands of trustees not head of the Army.

All Friends of Temperance will be G see the statement of the *Congregationalist* that first time in the history of the White Mount gion no liquors of any kind are sold this s over the bars of any of the hotels, small or This is convincing proof of the energy with the New Hampshire authorities are enforci Prohibition law.

The Correspondent of a New York Jo who attended the Christian Endeavor Conver Washington, made an estimate of the cost Society and the Washington friends and delegates in traveling expenses. His estima says is based on personal inquiries and he be it to be nearly accurate. The total is nearly lion and a-half dollars.

The Collection for Foreign Missions a Christian Alliance Convention at Old Orchard on August 9, was phenomenal. Rev. A. B. Sim delivered a stirring address and the collecti then taken up. The gifts included, besides m gold watches, bicycles, gold rings, jewels, a a homestead and 10,000 shares of stock. The mated value of the gifts is $101,324. Ten thou persons were present.

The Committee Appointed by the Re General Assembly to report on the advisabil retaining the new building erected in Fifth av New York, have it is understood agreed on the port and will advise the building being reta and a special effort being made to relieve the and Foreign Boards of the burden of their which curtails their usefulness. Ex President rison, ex-Governor Beaver, and ex-Postmaster eral Wanamaker were members of the Comm

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the Leader of the hibition movement in England has discover evasion of the law in an unexpected place. the Government has been prompt in instituting proceedings against any person selling liquor out-of-doors. No one has noticed that in the re rant of the House of Commons which has made intoxicating liquor is and has long been regu supplied. Sir Wilfrid Lawson proposes test the courts the question whether the Governme the right to break laws it is appointed to execut

An Anti-Opium Agitation is Now Going in Japan. The Japanese are seriously alarmed the habit of opium-smoking should reach their shores from the newly-acquired island of Form where it has long been widely practised. The anese Governor of Formosa has issued a proc tion bringing into force the Japanese law, w strictly prohibits the sale of opium, except for dical use, but making an exception in fav Formosans, who, having already acquired the ha should obtain certificates enabling them to ob their accustomed supply.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

News of Pharaoh.

LIKE a voice from the long-buried past is the inscription on the stone recently found at Thebes by Prof. Flinders Petrie. It is the story of certain successful campaigns inscribed by Merenptah, who is generally believed to be the Pharaoh who refused to let Israel go and who endured the ten plagues. The most interesting fact for the inscription for Bible students, is that it contains the only reference to Israel yet found on the monuments of Egypt. Prof. Petrie relates in the *Century Magazine* where he found the stone. It appears that last winter he obtained permission to excavate a desert which was the site of ancient Thebes. It was thickly strewn with stone chips to a considerable depth and had been deemed an uninviting field for explorers. Prof. Petrie removed the chips in several places and at last uncovered a beautiful slab of black granite, or more specifically, syenite. It was over ten feet high, five feet wide, and thirteen inches thick, and its face was brilliantly polished and glassy as a mirror. On its upper side was an inscription of three thousand characters by the most sumptuous of Egypt's kings, Amenhotep III., who is believed to have reigned about fifteen hundred years before Christ. It related to his offerings to his God, Amen, and was unimportant. But when the slab was raised, it was found that a much more valuable inscription of about equal length was on its under side. Merenptah had coveted the beautiful stone, had turned it over, and had caused an inscription of his own to be made on its vacant back. He had then built it into the wall of the temple and the inscription of his predecessor inward and his own inscription exposed. At the overthrow of the temple the stone fell forward without breaking and Merenptah's inscription has thus been hid with its face to the earth for nearly three thousand years. It has thus been protected from the ravages of wind and weather, and its colors are fresh and the incisions sharp and clear. The stone was photographed before its removal and portion of the photograph are reproduced in the illustration on this page. The king's record is boastful, as is usual in such inscriptions. He says that he has subdued all his enemies. He mentions them by name and Israel is among them. The king says that he had "spoiled the people of Israel," and had left them without seed. He does not enter into further detail. Whether the king is referring to his oppression of the people, or to the pursuit to the Red Sea, in which case he is misrepresenting the facts, or to some other later campaign of which the Bible has no record, is unknown. The significant fact is that he evidently knew the people by their name of Israel. But his boast was vain. He and his proud dynasty have passed into oblivion, and the people whom he declared he had left without seed still survive and will yet be the leaders of the nations according to God's promise.

Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord? . . . Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee and thou shalt tread upon their high places. (Deut. 33: 29.)

Saved by an Evil Reputation.

The recently published diary of a famous lawyer contains the record of a remarkable case which was tried in the early years of this century. The defendant was charged with obtaining money on false pretenses. The chief witness against him was a man whom he had defrauded of a large sum of money. He denounced him on the stand as a liar, a trickster, a man utterly devoid of integrity and principle. The defendant's lawyer said that was not the character he bore in Wall Street and among business men. But the witness contradicted him. He declared that all his associates knew him to be untruthful and dishonest, a man whom it was unsafe to trust. The witness had been almost ruined by him and he used the strongest language in describing his villainy. The lawyer, finding that this evidence was corroborated on all hands by witnesses whom his client had defrauded and who were anxious to have him severely punished, ingeniously used his bad character as a basis of defence. He contended that so bad a man could not be guilty of obtaining money on false pretences. That the man who could do that successfully must be a man of good character, who was trusted and respected. By their own admission, the witnesses had supplied money to a man notoriously unprincipled and therefore must have been aware of the risk, as his client could not have deceived them. They were, therefore, partners with him and there had been no false pretence. The judge took the same view of the case and the prisoner was acquitted. He was one of the few men who have been saved from prison by their bad character. Many a man has found eternal salvation in a similar way. The most difficult of all men to win to Christ are men of good moral character, who do not realize their need of a Saviour. The man who knows himself to be a sinner and is aware that he has no merits of his own to plead, is often willing to trust to Christ as his only hope.

The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. (Matt. 21: 31.

CHARACTERS IN PHARAOH'S RECENTLY FOUND HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION

1. Pharaoh's Record. 2. The Name of Israel. 3. Soul Worshipping a Tree Goddess. 4. Portrait of High Priest. 5. Picture of Girl and Dog. 6. Head of Amenhotep III. 7. The Princess Sat-Amen. 8. Assyrian Helmet. 9. A Jackal 10. Foundation Stone with Cartouche. 11. Brick Bearing Name of Queen.

A Rescue at Sea.

The French steamer, *La Bourgogne*, which arrived at New York on Aug. 5 brought to port the crew of a German bark rescued in mid-ocean. The French liner saw the bark when she was three days out. The weather had been very heavy with high seas. A signal was flying from the bark's mast denoting that it was sinking and asking help. It was a dangerous business to attempt to reach her, but the French captain had two boats lowered. They succeeded in reaching the bark and called to the crew to lower themselves by ropes. But the bark had a stout boat left and this was filled and pulled to the steamer. The captain and three men were still left on the bark. They waited nearly an hour for a favorable opportunity of getting on board the steamer's boats. Finding that the vessel was liable to sink at any moment, as it was leaking fast and there were ten feet of water in the hold, the men jumped one at a time and were caught and lifted into the boats, the captain being the last to leave. All were carried safely on board the steamer and brought to port. If men who are in danger of eternal death were similarly anxious to be saved there would be less difficulty than there is in inducing them to cast themselves into the arms of Jesus trusting him to save them.

I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. (John 10: 28.)

The Murderer of the Shah.

A new light on the cause of the recent murder of the Shah of Persia is obtained from a communication to the New York *Sun*. From this statement, we learn that the assassin was a member of a sect known as Babists. This sect dates from the preaching of an enthusiastic young Mohammedan, named Ali Mohammed who, about fifty years ago, returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca and began preaching in Persia. He was a radical reformer and a man of wonderful eloquence. He declared that the true follower of Mohammed ought to apply the spirit of the Prophet to the problems of the time; that evils such as polygamy, which the Prophet did not denounce in his day should be extirpated on his principles; and that woman ought to be taken out of the harem and educated. He took the name of The Bab, or gate, and his followers were called Babists. The Shah of his day favored him, but the nobles hated and opposed him. When Nasr-ed-Din, the late Shah came to the throne, he began a fierce persecution of the Babists. He put the Bab himself to death, and sent hundreds of his followers to prison, and torture. The persecuted sect became a secret order and its numbers rapidly increased. Among them was a fanatic of unbalanced mind, who brooded on the cruel executions of the best men and women in Persia until he became possessed of the conviction that whosoever put the Shah to death would do God service. This statement indicates that the Shah's death was a retribution for his own cruelty:

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. (Ps. 7: 16.)

Admitted Imprisonment.

In the course of a trial, reported by a Pittsburgh journal, a witness was on the stand who gave important evidence which appeared decisive on the question at issue. The opposing lawyer, who is noted for his skill in cross-examination, was anxious to break the force of his testimony. He tried to confuse him as to places and dates, but the witness kept his self-possession and told a straight story. As a final thrust he asked him the insulting question whether he had ever been in prison. To the surprise of every one in court, and to the intense delight of the lawyer, the witness admitted that he had been imprisoned, but it was many years ago. This opportunity of discrediting an important witness was too good to be missed, and the lawyer dexterously framed his questions to impress the jury with the folly of relying on the evidence of a "jail-bird." How long a term had he served? He had been in prison eighteen months. In what prison had he been confined? The answer was given modestly, but it completely demolished the lawyer's purpose. The witness said it was at Andersonville. That name was enough to show there was no disgrace, but rather honor, in his imprisonment. So the time will come when those who have endured reproach and poverty for the sake of Christ and the principles of his religion, will be honored and their sufferings will be a glory to them.

Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. II. Cor. 4: 17.

Regrowth of the Brain.

An astonishing discovery is reported to have been made by a physician in Paris. It is that the brain has the power of self-reproduction. If a man's finger be cut off no one expects to see a new finger grow in its place, or if his eye is removed no one expects to see a new eye grow in its socket, but according to Dr. Vitzou, if a portion of the brain be taken away, the remaining cells put forth their power to replace the part that is missing. Dr. Vitzou made the discovery through experiment. One of his patients whose brain was injured, and who was believed to be permanently incapacitated, unexpectedly recovered. The physician was so much surprised that he determined to investigate further. He obtained two monkeys and removed from them that portion of the brain which receives visual impressions. They were then totally blind. They had the eye and the optic nerve but the part of the brain that received the impressions of the organ being taken away, they were as blind as if their eyes had been put out. They remained blind for several weeks but afterwards it was evident that they were recovering sight. Gradually they regained their power and were eventually able to see as well as at first. Dr. Fitzou then opened their skulls and found that there had been a new growth of the brain and the missing part had been replaced. Dr. Vitzou thinks that if the brain of the monkey can do this the human brain has the same power. The discovery, if it proves true, is one of great importance, as it holds out hope in many cases which have hitherto been regarded as hopeless. If the brain has the power of self-development it is the only organ of the body that has it. As to the heart, we know that God alone can give a new heart.

A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. (Ezek. 36:26.)

Marriages in Java.

A Country Where the Wedding Ceremony is Peculiarly Fantastic and Picturesque.

IT has been frequently remarked by travelers in the East that there are three all-important episodes in a woman's life: her betrothal, her wedding, and her funeral. This might be said of all countries where marriage is a recognized institution. In some, however, so much importance is attached to the event of the wedding, that it easily overshadows all the other affairs of feminine life. This is especially the case in India, Persia, China, and Java.

Some time ago, an artist correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, while traveling between Malang and Kadoe, in the midland provinces of Java, encountered the queer-looking procession shown in the illustration on this page. It did not take long for him to learn that it was a wedding-procession, and that it was all the more an unusual one from the fact that the bride, who does not ordinarily appear in public on such occasions, was present. Very odd, indeed, was the dress of the bridegroom. His black hair hung loosely down his back, and a gilt crown of curious workmanship adorned his head. As far as the waist, his face and body had been colored yellow by the use of some pigments, and the skin had been powdered with rice or arrow-root flour. Large plates of beaten gold hung from his neck and lay on his breast. From the waist downward depended an ample skirt or *sarong* of silk.

A WEDDING PROCESSION IN JAVA.

His brilliant attire was, however, fairly rivalled by that of the bride, who was seated in a sort of arm-chair or *garuda*, as the conveyance is called by the Javanese. The chair was made of cane, heavily gilt and covered with cloth of gold, and was carried by four men. Like the groom, she, too, wore a crown, and her hair came to a point above the forehead, and was tied at the back into a sort of knot or *conday*. Her not unprepossessing face was painted and powdered, and from breast to waist she wore a corslet of steel, while the rest was covered with a rich silk *sarong* that reached almost to the ground. So novel a procession, with such abundance of rich display, naturally attracted much attention, even in a country where these are by no means uncommon.

Java is one of the pleasantest and most salubrious of tropical countries. Except in some marshy districts in the northern plains, the climate is healthy and the heat not intense. Of the 22,000,000 population probably 50,000 are European, and a quarter of a million Chinese. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people, rice, coffee and sugar being the main products. Java is believed to have received some degree of civilization from India in early ages and also its first religion — Buddhism. When the Hindu dynasty was overthrown in the fifteenth century the Mohammedans introduced their faith and to-day Islam is the predominant religion, although the system is interwoven with original spirit worship and with much that belongs to the worship of Buddha and Brahma. The Javanese try to propitiate spirits for the cure of diseases and they believe that all influences for good or evil emanate from the stars.

Christianity has secured a good foothold in the country and the religion of Christ is spreading. Mission work is carried on by the Netherlands Missionary Society, the Dutch Baptist Society, Netherlands Union, Protestant Church of the Netherlands, Ermelo Missionary Society, Christian Reformed Church and Dutch Missionary Society. There are over seventy missionaries at work in the field and nearly fifteen thousand native and foreign Christians.

***

Concerning "Home-bodies."

"Home bodies," as distinguished from those people who love to go gadding about and constantly visiting their neighbors, are certainly more desirable as acquaintances. Yet it is possible to overdo the staying at home. "My wife is such a home-body," is the familiar expression used by many a man who desires to say something pleasant of his life's partner; but the poor stay-at-home would very likely be better pleased if it were recognized that she is not quite so much of a fixture by the fireside. "Oh, mother never goes anywhere," remarks a daughter, in an off-hand way, that shows how little importance she attaches to the statement. Why should a mother, whose heart and hands are still young enough to enjoy the innocent pleasures of life, be set wholly aside and lost sight of in all arrangements for recreation?

We know it is quite the usual thing to praise the "home-body," and to speak of her as though her indisposition to go abroad were her chiefest charm. Yet we cannot but feel that such a view of a woman's life is narrow and selfish on the part of those who adopt it. True, it is the duty of mothers and daughters to sweeten the home and make it attractive, but in doing this, let us not make it a prison for them. In these days, there are a thousand demands upon woman's time and energies, and to limit the sphere of her usefulness and confine her almost exclusively to the home precincts, which she must decorate and adorn for the delectation of the sterner sex, is to apply, in a greatly modified way of course, the same principle of masculine domination that limited woman's possibilities in earlier days. Yet there always will be enough home-bodies—voluntarily so—to keep up the dear old traditions of the hearth.

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"Helping Somewhere."

"Is your father at home?" was asked of a small child on a village doctor's doorstep. "No," he said, "he's away." "Where do you think I could find him?" "Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he is helping somewhere." The inquirer turned away with this little sermon in his heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus, you've got to set out on a path of helping somewhere, of lifting somebody's burden, and lo! straightway one like unto the Son of Man will be found at your side. Are you "helping somewhere?" If so, you will often find that

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.

***

Keeping the House Cool.

The question comes up every summer, how shall we best keep our homes cool during the sultry part of the day? Shall we close them and shut out the heat, or simply darken them and allow the air to come in? My way, says a writer in *The Home Magazine*, has been to open every window, both at the top and at the bottom, early in the morning, flooding the house with the sweet cool air. Then, about ten o'clock, or earlier, close the windows, except for a few inches at the bottom and fasten shutters and blinds so they will not fly open. Darken every room which you are not using until the sun goes down. But do not sit to read, sew, or practice in the dark. Your eyes need plenty of light.

Life's Evening.

SO fades the day—above the wester
So fades the day.
I see the glory of its crimson change
To mauve and grey.
The hills grow indistinct unto my sigh
Pale lightnings flash upon the edge of
So fades the day.

When noon was here—I was so flushe
When noon was here,
I longed in vain to find one green retre
One crystal clear
Draught of cool water; but 'neath torri
I found no shade, and every creek was
When noon was here.

I am so tired—the way was long and s
So tired am I.
Above the range the silent shadows cre
Across the sky.
I feared night once, but I have with th
Grown old and cold—the eve is calm ar
So tired am I.

—MARGERY BRO

***

Lesson of a Wasted Life.

ON Sept. 30, 1863, there died in
town of Alsace, an idiotic
woman. She was an object
riosity to those who knew her stran
tory, whose one crowning moment
sane excitement she was never ti
mumbling an account of to her vi
For this woman was the very one
the godless mob, in the days
French Revolution, had eleva
be their "Goddess of
son." On that day, sl
sat on the al
Notre Dame, c
white robes, o
mented with a
mantle and re
and holding a p
her hand. The
had mocked at C
and there she
been hailed as th
deity who was
deem France fr
errors and distr
What a patheti
mentary on the
of sin was seen
beggar woman!
blind, idiotic, dy
want and
nearly seventy
afterwards. W
spectacle of th
venge of history
those who set
selves against
cause of Christ
is still too true
they who fall o
stone cut out fo
corner shall be
ken, but they
whom it shall
shall be groun
powder.

***

Royalty's Home

Much attentio
being directed, bo
England and on the Continent, to th
mestic life of the Danish Court, w
has figured so largely in recent royal
riages. The favorite home of the Da
princes is not at Copenhagen, beau
though the Amalienborg Palace and
senborg Castle are. The favorite hor
Charlottenlund, where the young pe
enjoy plenty of outdoor sports. T
are all energetic bicyclists, and are
stantly to be met in summer-time spee
over the roads to visit their grandpar
at Bernstorf, or to take a run into Co
hagen. Charlottenlund is only a few m
from the Danish capital, and is a r
picturesque residence. The grounds
beautifully timbered, while the house,
ing close to a large deer forest, forms
ideal residence for hot weather. A pl
ant breeze comes from the Sound close
as the Crown Prince and Princess
their children sit under the shade of
fine beeches and elms of their garden
perfect seclusion.

***

My Little One.

God bless my little one! how fair
The mellow lamplight gilds his hair.
Loose on the cradle-pillow there,
God bless my little one!

God love my little one! as clear,
Cool sunshine holds the first green s
On April meadows, hold him dear.
God love my little one!

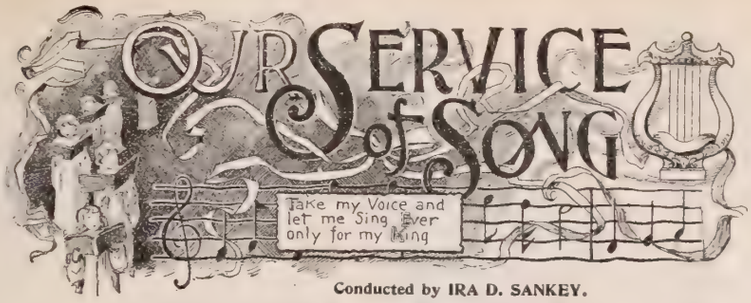
—EDGAR FAWCETT.

Heaven.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 30. Rev. 21: 1-7, 22-27.

IN ways more or less vague most people believe in the existence of heaven. Even savage tribes hold the belief, though their idea is generally that of a magnified or clarified earth. A popular writer recently argued that there is no scientific basis for a belief in a future life, but even he admits that science does not preclude and exhaust the question. Science deals with what is seen and can be handled or examined, and says that heaven is outside its domain. Our vision does not reveal to us all existing things, or enable us to say that by any approach to confidence that a thing or a place that has never been seen, does not exist. The telescope on the one hand and the microscope on the other prove that there is much beyond the unaided power of sight. Science hints, too, that the senses or instruments do not comprise all the aids we may eventually get to our sight. The Roentgen rays are a suggestion that there may be other found yet for further perfection of the senses into realms from which we are at present excluded. It would, however, be rash on the part of a scientist to declare that because there is no scientific evidence of the existence of heaven, that consequently it does not exist. But heaven is essentially a matter of faith rather than of reason. We believe in it because its existence is revealed to us, and our faith confirmed by our spiritual experience, and by the necessities of our present life. Even when we are driven to the last stronghold we have still the powerful argument left, that if the Christian's hope is baseless and all life ends in annihilation, he will not be conscious of disappointment, while if he proves to be right, the condition of those who have forfeited the future life must be one of conscious misery.

It is strange that so little is revealed to us about heaven. The Christian religion stands almost alone in this peculiarity. But it is not a defect. The conceptions of heaven found in other religions are so evidently the work of human fancy as to be entirely valueless. Heaven, as they describe it, is merely the idea they have of supreme felicity. Even the description in Revelation is tinged with the writer's fancy. A land in which the streets are of gold, and there are jewels large enough to be the foundations of walls are the view's notions of extreme delight. Whatever John saw from the shores of Patmos, was described in human imagery, and the figures are doubtless mere symbols of glory, which was, as Paul asserts, indescribable. But there were some characteristics of his description that appeal to others besides those whose chief desire is for gold and jewels. These are negatives, and they are negative of our chief ills. John observed that there was no death, no pain, no sorrow, and that all tears were wiped away. Such a place must be heaven, indeed. But the most important revelation he has to give is of the conditions of entrance. Heaven is for overcomers. Those who resist the evil around them and within them will inherit heaven. They will be fit for it having proved their capacity for its enjoyments. This is the corollary of Christ's own saying, The kingdom of heaven is within you. Those who are living on heavenly principles, whose desires are for greater purity, will enter there.

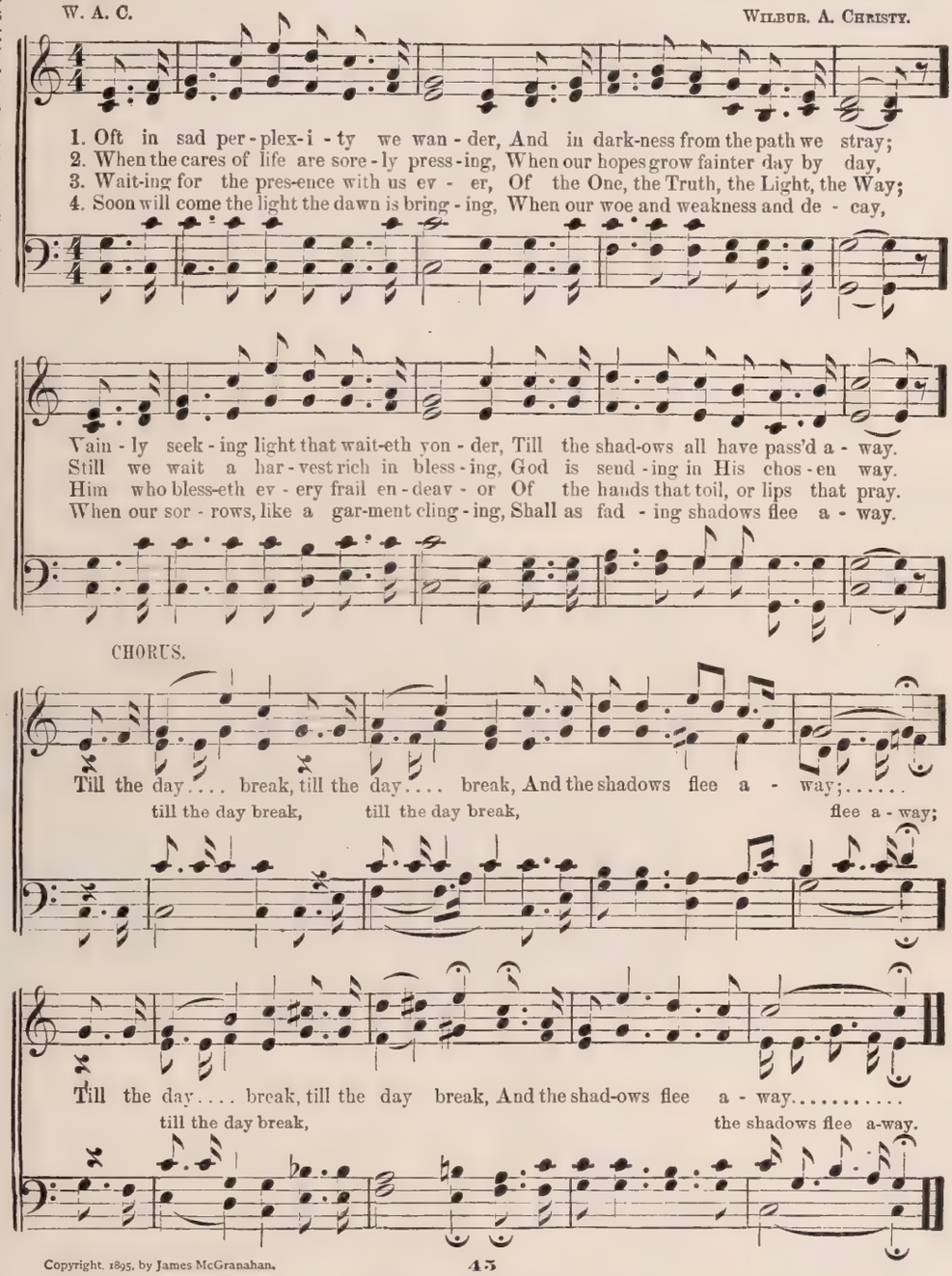


Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

TILL THE DAY BREAK.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."—*Sol. Song 2: 17.*

W. A. C. WILBUR. A. CHRISTY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Christ's Own Prophecies.

The Course of the Church's History Between the First and Second Advents.

BY REV. GEO. H. PEMBER, M.A.*

BESIDES other revelations in the New Testament, there are two great prophecies from the mouth of Christ himself, the interpretation of which appears to intimate that the acceptable year of the Lord is almost ended. These prophecies are the Seven Parables in the thirteenth chaper of Matthew, and the Seven Epistles in the second and third chapters of the Apocalypse.

The number of Parables and of Epistles is seven, that number being significant of dispensational completeness; and, in each of the two prophecies, we apparently have set before us seven successive phases, or characteristic epochs, of the Church, which embrace the whole of her career on earth. These epochs commence in the order in which they are given; but any of them may overlap that which succeeds it or even extend its influence, in a greater or less degree, to the end of the age.

These parables related in Matt. 13 are a revelation of a new order of things then about to be brought in. For, on the one hand, they relate the repeated offers of the kingdom to the Jews, the proclamation of its laws by the King, and the exhibition of his marvelous credentials; on the other, the ever-increasing hatred of the Jewish leaders, and their refusal to recognize the Lord's authority—a refusal prompted by so bitter a spirit that, when they are unable to deny his mighty works, they even dare to accuse him of doing them by the aid of infernal power. By this blasphemous assertion their true condition is revealed; and, at the end of the twelfth chapter, the Lord intimates that they are about to be rejected of God and delivered into the hands of Satan for a season. A crisis in the history of the nation had arrived, similar in some points to the time when Jerusalem was given up to Nebuchadnezzar, but involving a far deeper degradation.

For the earlier chastisement merely deprived the Jews for awhile of the right to be "the Kings of the Earth upon the earth." God still retained them as his people, though he sent them into captivity, and caused them to be bound in affliction and iron. Consequently it was only necessary to appoint temporary world-rulers, until the kingdom could be restored to Israel; and this was done by the transfer of the sovereignty to the Gentiles. And, since the secret of the Lord is always revealed to them that fear him, his purposes in regard to the change were disclosed to the godly Jews by the pen of Daniel.

Such were the circumstances connected with the assumption of supremacy by Nebuchadnezzar, and the plan of the Gospel of Matthew is in strict analogy with them. But, in this second crisis, the Jews, by the rejection and murder of the son of God, brought upon themselves a far more grievous punishment than the mere loss of their earthly dominion; for the covenant of Jehovah was now altogether suspended, and they were no longer recognized as his people. Yet it was necessary, during the interval which followed, that some witnesses should be chosen to maintain a testimony for him upon the earth.

To be Continued.

*From his work on *The Great Prophecies*, concerning the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God.

A Prayer.

Suggested by Francis Ridley Havergal.

MASTER: this my prayer to thee;
Let me now and ever be
Thine, where'er thou leadest me.
Be the duty great or small,
O, be with me, lest I fall!

Help me, Lord, thy will to do;
Teach me what is good and true,
No ill from my life accrue.
Chasten me, till I become
Fit to meet with thee, at home.

Precious Saviour, in thy love,
Teach me sweetness, and above
All, a perfect trust in thee.
Make my faith in Calvary,
Strong and sure and sweet and pure,
Through all trials to endure.

—N. E. WOODHOUSE.

In Service.

MAKE use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel, cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine,
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works;
The weakest things that be,
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and the little hill—
My God, O use me, too.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm E. S. Baker

CHAPTER IV.

By Special Invitation.

PLEASANT as were the recollections of the picnic in Brookdale, Widow Seymour, to whom its success was chiefly due, could not think of it without some little uneasiness. She had been grieved about the boyish fight in which her son, Milton, had engaged, and had been vexed by his conversing with the low Irish boys, and she was mortified as she thought of that hysterical seizure which came upon her when she awoke from her nap in the wood. She wondered what Mr. Walter must have thought at seeing his little daughter's staid Sunday School teacher start up screaming in that senseless way. She would like very much to know what he said about it, for she felt painfully embarrassed at the thought of meeting him again.

Carrie, with childlike simplicity relieved her mind on the last question the next Sunday after the picnic.

"Are you well, teacher?" she asked. "Papa told me to be sure I asked you, for he thought you must be sick by the way you screamed that day in the wood."

"Oh, yes, quite well, thank you, Carrie," said Mrs. Seymour. "I was not sick, only a little tired and excited by the picnic. I fell asleep and had a distressing dream. I suppose it did look rather strange my being so agitated."

"Papa thought you must be sick. He was looking at you while you were asleep and was saying how you were like my dead Mamma and just then you started up with that scream. I will tell him you are quite well, he will be glad to know."

It was satisfactory to learn that Mr. Walter's impression of the incident had been one of only kindly concern, and Mrs. Seymour now felt she could meet him without embarrassment. She hoped that the other disagreeable incidents might have an equally satisfactory ending. But one of them was destined to give her trouble.

The Irish boys finding that Milton and George Browne did not come over to see them, were not disposed to let the acquaintance drop. They paid a visit to Brookdale one Sunday and easily found the school identified with the picnic. They lay down on the grass outside the school and waited for the appearance of their two acquaintances. Unfortunately, it happened that Mrs. Seymour was not at school that afternoon, being detained at home by a severe headache. Milton consequently went to school alone and upon the way came upon the two lads and returned their effusive greeting. George Browne came along a few moments later and presently about a dozen of the smaller boys of the school joined the group. In spite of his mother's warning, Milton was fascinated by the talk of the Irish lads. They could tell funny stories, and as they had lived for some time in the slums of New York before their fathers moved into the country to work on the new contract, they had seen more of city life than Milton and the other boys had ever heard before. School was forgotten, while the country lads listened to stories about "cops" and the fun that was to be had playing around the big buildings. The stories were interlarded with slang and profanity, but the Sunday School boys thought this was an evidence of manliness. Presently the two boys intimated that they were hungry and that some kind of hospitality would be appreciated.

George Browne was fond of good food, and plenty of it, and this appeal touched him in a tender place; so, dropping the argument, he consulted with Seymour about the best way to get [illegible] to eat. As to taking them to their homes, that would end in a separation, and be fatal to their hopes of an afternoon of real pleasure. As all the shops were closed, they finally agreed to go to old Mrs. Sheridan, and try to get some bread and milk. They soon reached her paintless cottage, but before entering they heard her voice engaged in prayer, especially for her son, whom she spoke of in her petition as "my Johnny." She poured out her agonized spirit for Johnny's reformation from intemperance, and for his conversion to God.

When she had closed her prayer "for Jesus' sake, Amen," the boys entered, and George Browne spoke:

"We came to see if you would sell us some bread and milk, Mrs. Sheridan."

"Not on the holy Sabbath, my boys. Who wants the food? and tell me why you were not at school this afternoon?"

This latter question was addressed to Milton, who at first blushed and looked at the other boys; but when he saw their winks and grimaces, he became bolder, and, with a broad smile replied:

"Why, you see, Granny Sheridan, we have been doing missionary work for the school, and have got two recruits for Deacon Slowfoot;" whereupon the two Irish boys bowed, took off their caps, scraped their feet, and said:

"At your service, mum."

Mrs. Sheridan looked sharply at the strangers, and at the other boys, and did not know exactly how to take it, but she replied: "There is some bread and milk in the cellar, honeys; and there are some berries Mrs. Seymour was kind enough to send me—God bless her. You step down and get them, and you are welcome to them for the hungry lads. The Irish boys did not hesitate long in gulping down the old lady's stock of milk and berries, and made a raid upon the bread-box. In half an hour they were all sitting outside of Mr. Walter's garden-wall, listening to Mullin tell some of his wondrous adventures and hair's-breadth escapes; and the afternoon passed rapidly away.

Presently Mullin threw his cap up into the air and said, "This be'n't no fun at all, at all; I go in for a good old time when I am out on a spree. Ain't some rich old man about here got more apples than he can eat; there's no harm, me b'ys, in bagging a few apples. Thin we'll be about ready to quit, and how's O'Rourke and me to get home? Ain't none of yese big bugs got a horse and buggy to drive us over? What's the use of carryin' watches, and livin' in big houses, if ye can't entertain your friends like gentlemen?"

Again Browne and Seymour exchanged glances. Both admired their new-found friends, but neither dare take them home, either for supper or lodging. There was silence for awhile, when George Browne spoke, after an apparent struggle with his conscience:

"I say, Seymour, would Uncle Walter miss a few apples? They hang on his trees as thick as hops. And could not we borrow his big brown mare and drive these fellows over to Chestnut Hill?"

"Bully for yese. Hurrah for Browne!" said the Irish boys, highly delighted both with the prospect of apples and the ride home.

"How borrow? Speak out Browne," asked Seymour, his conscience hardening under surrounding influences.

"Why, just unlatch the stable door, and take out the old mare and hitch her up to the buckboard. Uncle Walter has often let me drive her. He will never be the wiser, and we will not hurt the mare, and return her when we get back; besides, some time I will tell him all about it," replied Browne.

Seymour did not like the project, but as the Irish boys must be got rid of somehow perhaps George Browne's plan was as good as could be devised. There was some risk in it, but the tales they had been listening to had put them in the humor for adventure. Milton, therefore, made no objection. Neither he nor Browne would take any part in robbing the orchard, but their new friends did not care about that. All they needed was for someone to show them the way to the orchard. It took but a few minutes to set a watch, and agree upon a signal of danger, while they stole the apples, and in a very short time the boys returned with pockets and hats full of fruit.

Both Milton and George were uneasy. They wished they had never seen the boys. Their talk had lost its charm and they were conscious of being lowered by the association. To see them munching the stolen apples was irritating and their deliberation kept them in an agony of fear of discovery. At last to their relief Mullins declared it was time to quit, and if Browne meant to keep his word and act the gentleman he had better fetch around that mare and buggy.

Browne started at once. He knew how to get into the stable where he had played on many holiday. It was far enough from the house for the mare's shoes not to be heard on the gravel and he calculated on being easily able to get away without the knowledge of any one in his uncle's house.

Milton was left alone with the two Irish boys, and he was eagerly waiting the coming of Browne with the mare, when Mullins sprang a fresh humiliation on him.

"See here, you Seymour," he said, "you've got to help us in a little job. O'Rourke and me found a melon patch at the bottom of the orchard, and we cut a few to eat on the way home. You've got to come with us and help us carry them out here. One trip for the three of us will do it better than two trips for two."

Milton hated to do it, but as it would quicken the departure of the boys, he agreed, and accompanied them through the orchard.

The melons were soon found and the boys with one under each arm made their way cautiously and noiselessly through the orchard to the wall, on the other side of which Browne would be waiting with the mare and buggy. The two strangers went first, and Mullins had scaled the wall when a step was heard and a man was seen coming through the orchard from the house. O'Rourke crept close to the wall, stooping low and Milton trembling with fear halted under the shadow of a big tree. The man evidently did not suspect anything and was soon out of sight. O'Rourke climbed the wall after putting the melons on top and then dropped on the other side. Milton started to follow him, but was more nervous and less careful of his steps. There was a splash and a loud cry and Milton was lying prone at the bottom of a deep cistern.

The boys meanwhile had clambored into the buggy, and hearing the cry and the splash and fearing they would be caught, they started the mare and left Milton to his fate.

He scrambled with difficulty to his feet, but the water was deep and his mouth and nostrils were full of it. Only by standing on tiptoe could he breathe.

"Help! help!" he shouted at the top of his voice; his fear of drowning being greater than the desire to avoid exposure. The sides of the cistern were too smooth and the top too distant, to afford any hope of escape; so, unless somebody rescued him he stood an excellent chance of drowning with the melons, the evidences of his guilt, floating close by his person!

Fortunately for him, his cries were heard by the gardener, who went to his assistance. The man, however, did not know what the trouble was, so in order to be prepared for eventualities, he waited to light a lantern and arm himself with a stout stick, and to inform his master of the shouts.

Milton had completely broken down when the rays of the lantern fell upon him. He was half choked and was crying bitterly. With the aid of a ladder and a stout rope he was drawn out.

The boy was mortified beyond measure at finding himself confronting Mr. Walter, and still more as he saw little Carrie Walter, pale and trembling, standing by her father's side. Her gaze rested on Milton with deep sorrow, and there was in it, too, pity and real sympathy. Milto[n] pleading with her father, thoug[h] not hear what she was saying. trying to shield him in her chil[d] he knew, but how could she wi[t] when there in the well were t[he] melons, which said plainly enou[gh] ton Seymour is a thief?"

The boy was shivering so tha[t] not walk, and the gardener ha[d] him to the Mansion House. As hi[s] increased, he began to cry, and be sent home, but so great was [his] and mortification that he covere[d] with his hands, and refused to an[swer] questions. Mr. Walter was, o[f] sure that the boy had been ste[aling] melons, but he was not the ma[n] prison stain on a lad for such a[n] He knew his mother would cor[rect] so he determined to leave his pu[nish]ment to her. He therefore ordered hi[m] hitch up the old mare to the wa[gon] drive the boy home, as soon as [he] able to stand the motion.

The man soon returned from th[e] almost breathless, saying that [the] and the buggy had disappeared, [and] the stable door on the lane side w[as] Mr. Walter questioned Milton a[t] matter, but getting no response [from] boy, whose burning cheeks were [tear]ered with his soiled and bruised ha[nd] gardener and his employer went o[ut] stable to get another wagon. Wh[en] were gone, little Carrie approache[d] and put her hand caressingly on h[is] der. The touch spoke her sympa[thy] his trouble and ignored the wro[ng] that had brought it upon him. T[he] girl had the true woman natur[e] goes out in pity to the suffering [and] no reproach to make. Many a man [is] ing under richly deserved punisnm[ent] found consolation in that trait of f[e]male character, when his own sex has [set] against him with a sense of justice

"Don't cry, Milton, I love yo[u], know," Carrie said. "It will be a[ll] soon. Are you hurt very much? are so wet and cold, but Papa w[ill] you home and Mrs. Seymour wi[ll] care of you. Please don't cry."

Milton could not look up, but he [let] head rest on the child's shoulder [and] the sobs shook his boyish frame. [He] was crying, too, but she was rejoi[ced] the woman nature will, in the m[ost] ceptance of her sympathy.

"Papa is coming," said the child, [the] sound of heavy footsteps was heard [in] hall. "Now you will go home and [you] be well."

"No, no," Milton moaned, "I sh[all] sent to prison, and mamma will [be] graced, and she will be angry, and [we] be ruined."

"Oh, no," Carrie cried, "you wi[ll] Papa, you are not going to send Mi[lton] prison. I am sure he did not mean [to] wrong. I could not bear to have hi[m] to prison."

"Then get him to say what has b[een] of my mare and buggy," Mr. Walte[r] "He seems to be acting very stran[ge] he is a good boy.

But Milton maintained a sullen s[ile] and Mr. Walter gave up the atten[pt] extract anything from him. He sat [down] and wrote a brief note to Mrs. Sey[mour] telling her how and where her so[n] found, and giving it to his man, despa[tch]him with it, directing him to put th[e] in his wagon and drive him home as [fast] ly as possible.

What mother who has suffered ho[w] such anxiety as Mrs Seymour had e[x]ed, feels anything else but thai[l] ness when she recovers her child! [She] caressed him and wept tears of grat[itude] over him as she clasped him to her l[ove]. In the pathetic language of the bo[ok] books, he was the only son of his m[other] and she was a widow. She would listen to his self-accusing words, but [by] such measures as she knew were n[ec]sary to ward off the illness that m[ight] come from his agitation and immer[sion]. She watched by his bedside all night [and] was thankful to see him at last re[st]peacefully in the health-giving sleep [of] boyhood.

The next day Milton told his story [with] shame and confusion, and the mother [was] bore to punish him. He had learned [by] painful experience the lesson she w[ould] have enforced, and she believed he [was] little likely to get into more trouble of [this] kind.

(To be Continued.)

ms Marching Through Palestine.

Sultan's Merciless War of Extermination Against the Druses of Lebanon—An American Church Burned.

W. E. GEIL, of Doylestown, Pa., who is now traveling in the Holy Land, has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a most interesting letter concerning the war begun by Turkey against the Druses of Lebanon. For many years the Moslems and Druses have been at feud, and there has been much

A WOMAN OF LEBANON.

bloodshed at intervals in the Lebanon district, but on the occasion of the great massacre of 1860 up to the present time. Abdul Hamid, the most fanatical monarch who has ruled Turkey in several centuries, following out his policy of destroying the enemies of Islam wherever found, had decreed the extermination of the Druses of Mejdel-est-shems, a village of the Lebanon district. The following is the story of the massacre, as told by Mr. Geil:

"Mejdel-est-shems is a village of about 3,000 inhabitants, situated on the slope of Mount Hermon, about 1,700 feet above the plain of Huleh. It is a Druse village, and is the largest village in the district of Jebel Heish. Its people are noted for their industry, and the village is surrounded by fruit trees and vineyards. Its houses are built of stone, and have flat roofs. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and are paved with stones. The village is supplied with water from a spring which flows from the mountain side. The water is cool and refreshing, and is much prized by the people. The village is also supplied with water from a cistern which is filled from the spring. The cistern is large enough to hold a month's supply of water for the village. The village is governed by a sheikh, who is appointed by the Turkish government. The sheikh is assisted by a council of elders. The village has a school, which is attended by about 100 children. The school is taught by a master who is paid by the government. The village has a mosque, which is used by the Moslems who live in the village. The mosque is built of stone, and has a minaret. The village has a market, which is held every Friday. The market is attended by people from the surrounding villages. The village has a post office, which is connected with the Turkish postal service. The village has a telegraph office, which is connected with the Turkish telegraph service. The village has a police station, which is manned by a few soldiers. The village has a hospital, which is run by a doctor who is paid by the government. The village has a bakery, which supplies bread to the people. The village has a butcher shop, which supplies meat to the people. The village has a grocery store, which supplies groceries to the people. The village has a blacksmith shop, which supplies iron goods to the people. The village has a carpenter shop, which supplies wooden goods to the people. The village has a tailor shop, which supplies clothes to the people. The village has a shoemaker shop, which supplies shoes to the people. The village has a barber shop, which supplies haircuts to the people. The village has a coffee house, which supplies coffee to the people. The village has a tea house, which supplies tea to the people. The village has a wine shop, which supplies wine to the people. The village has a beer shop, which supplies beer to the people. The village has a liquor shop, which supplies liquor to the people. The village has a gambling house, which supplies gambling to the people. The village has a brothel, which supplies prostitutes to the people. The village has a theater, which supplies entertainment to the people. The village has a circus, which supplies entertainment to the people. The village has a zoo, which supplies animals to the people. The village has a museum, which supplies exhibits to the people. The village has a library, which supplies books to the people. The village has a newspaper, which supplies news to the people. The village has a radio station, which supplies broadcasts to the people. The village has a television station, which supplies broadcasts to the people. The village has a movie theater, which supplies movies to the people. The village has a video store, which supplies videos to the people. The village has a computer store, which supplies computers to the people. The village has a software store, which supplies software to the people. The village has a hardware store, which supplies hardware to the people. The village has a repair shop, which supplies repairs to the people. The village has a rental shop, which supplies rentals to the people. The village has a sales shop, which supplies sales to the people. The village has a service shop, which supplies services to the people. The village has a consulting shop, which supplies consulting to the people. 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THE DRUSE TOWN OF MEJDEL-EST-SHEMS, LEBANON, DESTROYED BY THE TURKS.

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Mohammedans say that an unusu-
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The whole place told the tale of
We me up to a house with smoke
on he wall, dismantled, and roof-
We aced the horses inside, rested
one orch floor, over us an impro-
vised roof. A meal was hastily prepared, the floor answering for a table. Some thirty natives quickly surrounded us, one a woman with a child. Her husband went to the United States a month ago. Their curiosity held them; they watched every move with marked interest. Finally, I drew a bottle of powerful ammonia from my pocket and incidentally put the vial to my nose. Instantly all wanted a whiff. They got it! Great amusement! Each vieing with the other in catching the newcomers. One man brought a sick child, thinking me a doctor, and that the ammonia would do it good. Poor little child, it was dying of consumption, and when I refused to let it smell the strong stuff, they appeared greatly displeased.

"All this time I was hearing the story of the fight and the burning of the place. The goverment story is this: The news having reached the place that three divisions of Turkish troops were approaching to attack the Druses, the women and children fled to other places, the Christians to the mountains. The Ottoman reason for the attack was that a number of Druses residing at Mejdel-est-shems, having been engaged in robbery and murder, and the Druses generally refusing to pay taxes and acknowledge the right of the Porte to rule over them, them must be punished, hence the reserves of militia were called out and the troops sent in three divisions to attack the village.

"A few shots were fired into the town, when a white flag was displayed. A company of calvary then rode in and were told that the people would offer no resistance. The officer then warned the villagers that thousands of men surrounded them, and if any trouble arose, the place would be wiped out. The soldiers proceeded to prepare a meal on the threshing floor at the foot of the mountain on which the town stands. At an unexpected moment the Druse warriors rushed down and killed many soldiers, whereupon the troops charged, and killed and burned in all directions. This is the Turkish story. The other side of the story is as follows:

"The women and children of the Druses and the Christians having fled, the Druse men being the last to leave their homes, had crossed the threshing floor and were fleeing up the opposite mountain, when the Turkish force came up and murdered over 100 men and one woman—only two soldiers were injured. Not satisfied with shooting them, these fiendish Turks took ropes and tied them around the feet of the wounded Druses and galloped down the mountain-side and across the valley, dragging and horribly mangling the bodies. The dead bodies were left unburied—the jackals, hyenas and vultures having a banquet. A priest of the Greek Church came from another village and begged the general to permit the Christians to return to the village, as all the Druses had fled. This messenger of peace was seized by soldiers, his clothes torn off and thrown on the ground, and his bare feet severely whipped.

"The Bedouins then rode into Mejdel-est-shems, pillaging and destroying with-

AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH.
(Burned by the Turks.)

out respect to nationality or religion. The American Protestant Church was burned. Only a portion of the building, which had a metal roof and sides of stone, remained. The big bell was taken to the threshing floor. The Arabs stole all the books, including many Bibles from the American Church, and a native told me that many of the Arabs and Bedouins are reading them, or having them read to them. One man stole the large pulpit Bible, and has, as he thinks, very kindly offered to return it for $205, its market value being probably not more than $2.

"It was by no means cheering to look upon the sad faces of the orphans which the Turk had made. That fatal day, some dozen persons fled to Mt. Hermon, and in their haste took no food, and perished in a snow storm. One man was found with his tarbush on his head, and stick on shoulder, just as he had fallen in trying to find some place of shelter. A woman and a child were found frozen to death on the ice. Because Christians and the Consuls complained, a Governor was sent to Mejdel-est-shems with orders to repair the houses of the Christians, but as soon as it was found out that he was really obeying instructions, he was removed. The instructions were given for Europeans to read about. Some 20,000 Turkish troops are now moving into the Hauran, to 'finish' the Druses."

WM. E. GEIL."

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Little girls and boys;
With its pure and healthful air
And its many joys.

Welcome to the radiant fields
With the flowers gay,
And the concert of the birds,
Given every day.

Welcome to the happiness
Which each day does bring;
While your freedom you enjoy,
Gaily laugh and sing.

Welcome to the "Children's Home,"
And the gentle care
Of the thoughtful, loving friends,
Who these things prepare.

May you live for Jesus, who
Loves the children so;
Love and serve him every day,
As through life you go.

Trust him, he will be your Friend,
And when life is past,
In the Home prepared above,
Welcome you at last.

Wilton, N. H. A. R. PERHAM.

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The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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Previously ack'd	$49 87
Abbie C Johnson	2 00
"Wy	3 00
Total	**$54.87**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$24 50
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Total	**$29.50**

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Previously ack'd	$11 38
Friend, Louisville	1 00
S A Wing	1 00
"Wy"	3 00
Total	**$16.38**

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$113 55
Mrs. Mary J Twinem for Rev J W Wadman	5 00
S A Wing	1 00
"Wy	5 00
Mrs A L Butler	1 00
A K, Northport	1 00
Clara Craven	10 00
M M Wadsworth for Rev J W Wadman	5 00
Total	**$171.55**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$72 75
H H Pritchard	5 00
John McCollum	50
In Christ's Name, Morganville	2 00
Total	**$80.25**

Home Missions.

Previously ack'd	$9 00
"Wy"	5 00
Total	**$14.00**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training [illegible].

Previously ack'd	$60 62
M D S, Balto	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
Mrs Jeanne M Routh	20 00
"Wy"	5 00
J M P, Mass	2 00
Louis Schoelkapf	1 00
Total	**$91.62**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$105 06
Friend, Lawrence	2 00
Mrs James Anderson	8 00
A O, Nev, Mo	1 00
[illegible], Montreal	1 00
Total	**$117.06**

Philafrican Liberators' League.

[illegible]	$177 90
[illegible]	1 00
Hiram [illegible]	2 00
I H N	17 00
W H Jackson	2 00
Total	**$199.90**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$276 30
Abbie C Johnson	2 00
Mrs R Filer	1 00
M D S, Balto	1 00
Mrs E P Kingsbury	5 00
Subr, Morrison	1 75
J H, Monticello	5 00
S A Wing	1 60
Mrs L A Bruce	2 00
Thomas Holmes	2 00
"Wy"	4 00
L W Bates	5 00
Reader, Bridgeton	1 00
A P, Westville	5 00
A M Dale	2 50
Theo and Stuart Evanston	5 00
Horace O Ives	2 00
Mrs Brown	1 00
Mrs F Van Houte	2 00
L Maynard	25 00
—, N Y City	4 00
S F M, Heislerville, N J	50
Friend, Bloomington,	5 00
D'Drummond	5 00
Total	**$364.65**

For Mayesville Institute.

Previously ack'd	$283 50
Miss A Ethel Marble	30
Geo W D Naugle	1 00
J A Scheth	1 00
M Miller	10 00
L W Bates	5 00
M A H, Chicago	10 00
M W B, Lancaster	2 00
Esther Needham	1 50
Mrs E M Caywood	1 00
Total	**$315.30**

For American Board of Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$313 41
M H M, Macomb	1 00
Total	**$314.41**

Five Points House of Industry.

Previously ack'd	$5 11
R H Baldwin	60
Total	**$5.71**

For Mrs. Lamadrid, St. Antonio, Texas.

Previously ack'd	$14 70
J A M P, Mass	1 00
Total	**$15.70**

For Mr. Heydrick.

Abbie C Johnson	2 00

For Elim Home at Belle Island.

Mrs R Rushmore	3 00

For Mrs. Nikambe.

J M P, Mass	1 00

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Previously ack'd	$6 50
J L Pawlet	1 00
Total	**$7.50**

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$425.82
Mrs John D Rhodes	2 00
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—, Beverley, N J	2 00
L T Schultz	2 00
Mrs. John Hodge	1 00
F D Tartar, Jr.	1 00
Friend and Reader	1 00
L O Brightbill	2 00
Primary Class of No Danvers S S	1 95
—, Londonville	2 00
Mrs. F J Maxegun	1 00
—, Waguoit	5 00
W G, Phoenix	2 00
Prof. Chesapeake City	1 00
O M, Warner	25
Friend, Indiana	3 00
Mrs Sarah M Davis	1 00
Family being led by Jesus, Great Bend	1 00
Mrs J C Keyes	2 00
C V Broad	5 00
Total	**$464.02**
Deem subscription of $1.00 from Mrs. E. L. Woodworth acknowledged in error Aug. 5, intended for Children's Home	1 00
Total	**$463.02**

All contributions for this work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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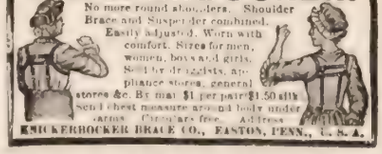

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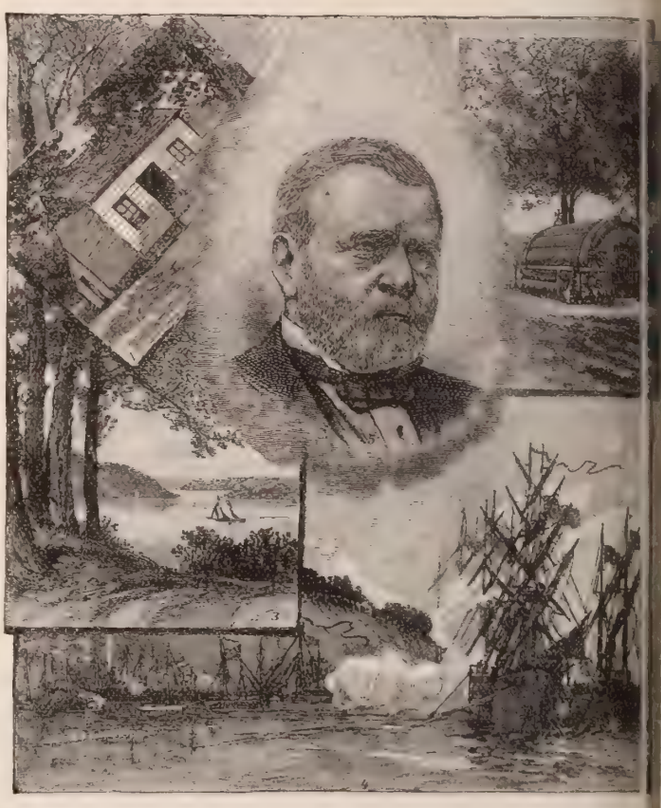

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Requests for Prayer.

The Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission was offered on Aug. 2, in accordance with the requests of many persons among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. H. G. Roy Pierce, Wash., on behalf of a son who is nominally a Christian, but does not know the power of the Gospel, that he may be made wholly a follower of Christ.——Mrs. wife, Beaver Co., Pa., for her husband, once a church-member but through drink now a backslider, that he may be reclaimed and restored to God's power.——M. grade, Mo., that his father and his family may be converted.——M. R. L., Scranton, Pa., that a dear friend, who does not believe in a hereafter, might be moved by the Spirit to seek Christ and give up his opposition to the Gospel.——Sorrowing mother, Ohio, that her only son, who is wicked and doubtful to his parents, may be brought to repentance and made a child of God.——M. E., Jersey City, N. Y., for the conversion of a brother and dear friend who do not know the Saviour.——F. B., Manchester, Va., that three members of a family may be converted. They are spiritually blind and have no concern for the safety of their souls.——L.W. G., Chicago, Ill., that God in his infinite mercy would look upon a husband who is a confirmed gambler and drunkard, now separated from her, and would save his soul and make him a humble, earnest Christian. —— Heart-broken mother, Cedar Rapids, Ia., for a dear child, who has been led astray by associates into grievous trouble, that affliction may lead to conversion.——Constant Reader, Harrisburg, Pa., that her husband, who has fallen under the power of drink may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ Jesus.——L. W., Berlin, for the conversion of her husband who is leading a sinful life.——"Lonely One," Sherwood, N. Y., that a brother, who is being kept from Christ by the appetite for cigarettes, might have strength given him to abandon them and give himself fully to Christ.——Sister, Mt. Selman, Tex., that the conversion of three brothers.——"Believer Kerr, Mo., for the salvation of a dear husband who is very sick; also for the salvation of husband and son.——L. S. C., Elmwood, Ill., for the conversion of her husband.——"Faith," for a dear brother who is an agnostic may be led to believe in Christ and trust him for salvation; also that a brother-in-law who is a victim to the captive of drink and sin may be delivered and be made a child of God.——Octogenarian, Florence, Md., that her daughter and son-in-law and their children might all be led to give themselves to the Lord.——King's Daughter, Berly, Mass., that her father and mother might be saved and serve the Lord.——"One of Many Tests," on behalf of a boy who has many evil companions that God would touch his heart and bring him to repentance; also that the neighbors who are straying into sinful paths may be stopped and turn to the Lord.——"Seeker," Vermont, that one who is in great danger owing to his being surrounded with temptation to which he is peculiarly liable may be led to Christ and have grace given him to resist the evil.——"Heart-broken Wife," Marshfield, Mass., for the conversion of her husband and son who are both in need of God's grace.——"Mother," Auburn, N. Y., that a dear son might be saved.——Anxious Sister," Aurora, Ill., for the conversion of her father and her brothers and sisters who are all in the bondage of sin, but believed if God will touch their hearts in answer to the prayers which have been offered in their behalf for many years.

Heart Restoration of Health. F. E. G., Cawker City, Kans., for the recovery of a mother who has long been afflicted.——A. L. B., Abbeyville, Ga., that her husband, who seems to be beyond the power of physicians, might be healed by the Lord.——"Reader," Rippey, Ia., that a dear companion, a sufferer for a long time past, may be restored to health.——M. B., Neuchatel, asks for the recovery of a mother in great distress of mind and afflicted with nervous disorder.——C. A. S., Napoli, N. Y., for the recovery of two dear friends, one of whom seems to be nearing death.——"Sister in Christ," Lancaster, Wis., that God would heal a little niece who is threatened with consumption and whose life is very dear to all her family.——Believer, Kerr, Mo., that a friend who is sick may be restored to health and her eyesight be regained.——L. A., Rhineland, Wis., that a devoted servant of Christ whose mind has become unbalanced by labor and study, may recover his faculties and resume his pulpit labors.——M. A. F., Sherwood, N. Y., that a daughter may regain her health so that she may be able to return to school and finish her education.——I.E., Nashville, Tenn., that two of God's children now in sorrow and suffering may be restored to health, and receive grace from God to bear their afflictions with patience.——F. B., Manchester, Va., that health and strength may be given to a precious mother who suffers from often recurring sickness.——C., Philadelphia, that her dear granddaughter, a sufferer from hip-disease, may be healed.——The following persons also ask prayers that God would heal them: A. B., Marion, N. Y.; Faith, Richmond, Tex.; E. S. D., Rockville Centre, N.Y.; L.B.J., Greenville,S.C.

For Special Blessings. E. J. W., Mayesville, S. C., that God would hear the prayers of his people for the money needed to build a school house, that the colored children might be helped to an education by which they can earn an honest living.——Frail Believer, Greensburg, Ind., that grace may be given her to resist evil thoughts and evil ways that are ruining body and soul.——Richard Dress, Los Angeles, Cal., that God would bless the effort being made in his name to reclaim lost souls and grant the means necessary to support a new mission.——"Faith," that a suffering mother whose life is fast ebbing away, may have light in her last days and grace to hold fast to her Saviour.——"Believer," Grant's Pass, Ore., that an aged couple, grievously embarrassed, may receive the help they need for the discharge of just obligations.——Worried Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that undutiful children and a wife who occasions anxiety may, by the Holy Spirit's influence, be brought into better relations and do their duty in their respective spheres, submitting themselves to the guidance of God and resting lovingly in his care.——Sorrowful, Mt. Selman, Tex., that members of a family now estranged may be united in Christ and love each other.——S. S., North Victory, N. Y., that the way may be opened to pay just debts incurred through business depression, and that a young man willing and anxious to work may find employment.——Reader, Northborough, Mass., that a dear brother who has fallen under the influence of a wicked woman, may have strength to quit her company and lead a virtuous life.——M. D. R., Baltimore, Md., for a dear father earnestly endeavoring to make his way to support himself and his family, that God would bless his efforts and give him success.——Subscriber, Woodhull, N. Y., for grace to overcome an evil disposition and follow the Lord with a true heart.——S. A., Marion, Pa., that one who has been well loved and fully trusted, may appreciate the love he once earnestly sought, but now despises and may keep the promises he made.——Reader, Penrith, Manitoba, for light on the way of salvation and grace to find peace.——"Faith," Baltimore, Md., for wisdom to see the path of duty and strength to walk in it.——Weak One, Orangeville, Ont., that obstacles in the way of consecration may be removed.——W. H. C., for deliverance from evil and wicked desires, and for more of Christ's spirit.—— "Sorrowing Father," New York, that his daughter whose violent temper is making home miserable, may be brought to see the evil of her ways and seek help from the Saviour whose name she bears.——"Anxious Husband," that his wife, whose love has been alienated, may come to love and trust her husband as she used to do, and may give up the society of wicked men.——"Apprehensive One," New York, who fears that his mind is becoming diseased, that God would give him mental strength that he may continue to support his dependent family.——"Submissive," New York, that a brother and sister may be enabled to pay a just debt contracted some time ago, and may see that it is their duty to pay it.——"Humiliated Father," Boston, Mass., that his two daughters may be delivered from an evil propensity, and be kept from bringing disgrace on their family and the church and C. E. Society, of which they are members.——Epworth Leaguer, Chicago, for wisdom to deal rightly as to two fellow members who have been guilty of secret sin, and that he may be enabled so to act as to save them from a repetition of the sin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ruth Endicott's Way. By Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. Pp. 286; price, $1.25; published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

Matthew, the first volume of the Preacher's Homiletic Commentary on the New Testament, by Rev W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A., and Rev. Henry M. Booth; pp. 679; price $3; published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, Lafayette Place, New York.

History of the Hebrew People, from the settlement in Canaan to the division of the Kingdom, with maps and plans, by Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. Pp. 220; price $1.25; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York.

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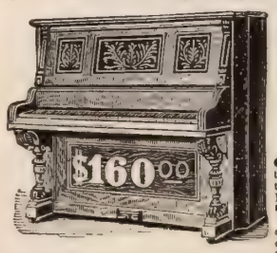

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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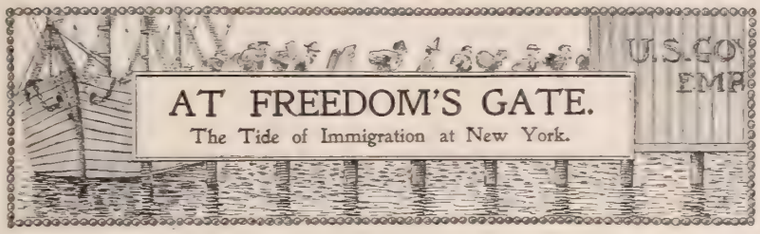


AT FREEDOM'S GATE.

The Tide of Immigration at New York.

...AND ARMENIAN IMMIGRANT.

WHAT becomes of the vast number of foreigners who arrive annually on our shores is a question often asked, but which is not always satisfactorily answered. They come here, representing every race national... ...d religion under the sun, and all ... enjoy the rights of freemen, guar... by our Constitution to those who ... adopted citizens of the Republic. ... the Stars and Stripes are the ... of freedom, and they thrill with ... sensation as they regard the flag ... to be their defence against tyran... persecution, and the guarantee of ... liberties. Where do ... vast armies of new... go? How are they ... ilated and ... the re... this con... process of ... ion upon ... untry, its ... ions, its ... and its ...

... than a ... of a mil... immigrants ... the Unit... States last ... rough the ... of New ... This great ... de, how... represents ... bout one... he total ... er who ... ither from ... t parts of ... world dur... at period. ... en two and ... housand of ... ivals were ... admit... in accord... with the ... hich ex... paupers, ... afflicted ... hysical or ... disease, ... ntract laborers. All immigrants com... this country through New York are ... to Ellis Island in New York Harbor, ... they have to pass inspection and ... nation. Some few years ago, it was ... paratively easy matter for immi... to come to the United States, as the ... were not so stringent, nor the re... ments so strict as at the present time. ... mmigrant is now required to answer ... nineteen questions. They are as ...:

1. ...ll name. 2. Age. 3. Sex. 4. Married ... e. 5. Calling or occupation. 6. Whether ... read or write. 7. Nationality. 8. Last ... ce. 9. Seaport for landing in the ... States. 10. Final destination in the ... States. 11. Whether having a ticket ... to such final destination. 12. Whether the immigrant has paid his own passage or it has been paid by other persons, or by any corporation, society, municipality, or government. 13. Whether he is in possession of any money, and if so, whether upwards of $30.00, and how much, if $30.00 or less. 14. Whether he is going to join relations and if so, who and where. 15. Whether he has ever before been in the United States, and if so, when and where. 16. Whether ever in prison or almshouse, or supported by charity. 17. Whether a polygamist. 18. Whether under contract, express or implied, to perform labor in the United States. 19. The immigrant's condition of health, mentally and physically, and whether deformed or crippled; and if so, from what cause.

Last year, 263,709 immigrants came through Ellis Island. They were from Austria, Hungary, Germany, Italy, Russia, Norway and Sweden, Great Britain, Ireland, Turkey and Greece. The greatest number from any one country came from Italy which sent us 66,445. As far as could be ascertained the sum total of all the immigrants' wealth was $3,534,399. 2,512 persons were returned to their port of sailing, being excluded under the law.

Ellis Island, on a busy day, is an interesting place. One sees there the various ordeals through which the immigrants must pass before being admitted. They are transported from the steamship piers to the Island on packet-boats and barges, some of which may be seen in the photograph of Ellis Island which appears in this issue. On arrival at the Island, they are conducted to the second floor of the large building and led to the "pen," a general reception hall, which is a floor divided in compartments by slight wooden partitions. From the various compartments, each different nationality is led by a passage-way to the desks of the recording clerks, when they are required to answer the nineteen questions we have already mentioned. If the answers are satisfactory, they are allowed to pass the desk and proceed to the railroad ticket-room, the dining-room or to the boat for New York City.

One of our illustrations shows the main hall with at least a thousand immigrants waiting to be admitted to the United States. There are sometimes several thousand on the floor at once representing a score of nationalities and all in their peculiar native costumes. Some picturesque sights are thus afforded. Emigrant steamer days are busy ones at the Island, and the officials are taxed to the extent of their ability when several steamers arrive simultaneously. Ellis Island is a Government station under the direction of the Treasury Department. Dr. J. H. Senner is Commissioner of Immigration at the port, with Mr. Edward F. McSweeney as Assistant and Acting Commissioner. More than 100 officials are employed at the Island, and are kept especially busy in the spring and fall, when the greatest number of immigrants arrive.

TRACTS FOR ITALIAN ARRIVALS.

On entering this country, each immigrant is taxed fifty cents, and this revenue goes to the Treasury Department of the general government, which appropriates $100,000 per annum for the fixed salaries and other expenses of the Immigration Department. Every facility is provided for aiding the new arrivals to reach their ultimate destination safely and speedily. Besides the general ticket office there are an exchange for foreign money, dining rooms where a thousand can feed simultaneously, sleeping quarters, detention rooms, a hospital, a contagious disease building, and missionary quarters. In the last named, from six to ten missionaries are stationed daily to attend to the spiritual wants of the immigrants. These devoted missionaries (a group of whom is presented in one of our illustrations), represent various Christian denominations. Among those who are most actively engaged are:

Sister Katharine, of the Shelter for Respec-

Continued on page 620

IMMIGRANTS IN THE "DETENTION PEN" AT ELLIS ISLAND.

"JUST LANDED" ON FREEDOM'S SOIL.

A SHADOW ON THE HARVEST-FIELD.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 4: 18, 19, 20, "*And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, my head, my head! And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.*"

THERE is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house, had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut, a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come—days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house, the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaning after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him and they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and a stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but O what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood; its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her, even under her destitution. You have forgotten [illegible] finely cut features and with erect posture [illegible] you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said: "Please to give me a penny." Ah! how often we have walked on and said: "O, that is is nothing but street vagabondism;" but after we got a block or two on, we stopped and said: "Ah, that is not right;" and we passed up that same way and dropped a mite into that suffering hand, as though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard-heartedness. With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the play-ground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily, and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the play-ground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the East, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. O, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation—how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some people that seem marked for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals. There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this one come to Me, and let it come to Me soon." While that one tarried in the house, you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did scatter the leaves, you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night; for you had often said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the pious boy, became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day, children who love God and keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarias floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood: Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the Gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and scepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-axe. But childhood; how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when religion starts in a family, it is apt to go all through. Jezebel a murderess, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life; if you touch a child, the results will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath School teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class, will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing of it. Higher than Parliament or Congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion? There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland one hot day; and Hannah Lemond was helping them gather the hay. She laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field, there was a flutter of wings in the air, and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe, and flew away with it to the mountain eyrie. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles before they came to the foot of the cliffs. Getting there, who dared to mount the cliff? No human foot had ever trod it. There were sailors there who had gone up the mast in the day of terrible tempest; they did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for awhile and looked up and saw the eagle in the eyrie, and then she leaped to her feet, and she started up where no human foot had ever trod, crag above crag, catching hold of this root or that root, until she reached the eyrie and caught her babe, the eagle swooping in fierceness all around about her. Fastening the child to her back, she started for her friends and for hom O, what a dizzy descent! sliding fro this crag to that crag, catching by th vine and by that root, coming down ther and further, to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goa the goat will know just which is the fest way down;" and she was led by t animal down to the plain. When s got there, all the people cried: "Thanl God, thank God!" her strength not givin away until the rescue was effected. An they cried: "Stand back, now. Give her r O, if a woman will do that for the spiri cal life of her child, what will y do for the eternal life of your bo child your girl? Let it not be told in th great day of eternity that Hannah Lemo put forth more exertion for the saving the physical life of her child than you, pa ent, have ever put forth for the r life of your little one. God help yo

I pass on to consider the power w child wields over the parental heart We often talk about the influence of t upon children. I never hear any thin said about the influence of children upo their parents. You go to school to them. You no more educate them than they e ate you. With their little hands the caught hold of your entire nature a cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and w from what you were before they ga you the first lesson. They have revolu ed your soul. There are fountains in your heart which never would been discovered had they not disc them. Life is to you a more stupe thing than it was before those litt started on the pathway to eternity. how many hopes, how many joys d many solicitudes that little one has c in your soul. You go to school ever —a school of self-denial, a school tience, in which you are getting wis by day; and that influence of the over you will increase and increase though your children may die, fro very throne of God they will reach an influence to your soul, leading y and leading you up until you mingl their voices and sit beside their thro

The grasp which the child has ov parent's heart is seen in what the will do for the child. Storm and da and heat and cold are nothing to they stand between you and your welfare. A great lawyer, when y known, one day stood in the court and made an eloquent plea before men of great legal attainments; and gentleman said to him afterward: 'could you be so calm standing in th gust presence?" "Oh," said Erski felt my children pulling at my skirt ing for bread." What stream wi not swim, what cavern will you n ter, what battle will you not fight, hunger will you not endure for you dren? Your children must have though you starve. Your children be well clothed though you go in You say: "My children shall be edu though I never had any chance." to you are weary limbs, and aching and hands hardened and callous, if the welfare of your children ca wrought out by it? Their sorrow is sorrow, their joy your joy, their adv ment your victory. And, oh, whe last sickness comes, how you fight the march of disease, and it is only a tremendous struggle that you surre And then when the spirit has flec great deep is broken up, and Rache not be comforted because her childre not, and David goes up the palace s crying: "Oh Absalom, my son, my would God I had died for thee, Oh lom, my son, my son."

There is not a large family, or har large family that has not bent over s treasure and lost it. In the family f there no dead lamb? I have seen such cases of sorrow. There is one eminent in my memory as pastor-

...e Haynes McCollum. The story of his ...th has brought hundreds unto God. He ...onged to my parish in the West. A ...through boy, nine or ten years of age. ...thing morbid, nothing dull about him. H... voice loudest and his foot swiftest on t... playground. Often he has come into m... house and thrown himself down on t... floor in an exhaustion of boisterous ...th; and yet he was a Christian, con...ated to God, keeping his command...nts. That is the kind of childish piety ...lieve in. When the days of sickness ...e suddenly and he was told that he ...ld not get well, he said: "Jesus alone ... save me. Jesus will save me. He has ...ed me. Don't cry, mamma. I shall go ...t straight up to heaven." And then they ...e him a glass of water to cool his hot ... and he said: "Mamma, I shall take a ...ught from the water of life after awhile, ...which if one drink, he shall never get ...sty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet ... I want him to do just what he thinks ...t to do with me," and he cried out: "O Death, where is thy sting? O ...ave, where is thy victory?" And so, ...ch a peace indescribable, he passed ...ay.

...Oh, there is nothing sad about a child's ...th save the grief in the parent's heart. ...u see the little ones go right out from a ...rld of sin and suffering to a world of ... How many sorrows they escape, ...w many temptations, how many trou...s! Children dead are safe. Those that ...e are in peril. We know not what dark ...h they may take. The day may come ... which they will break your heart; but ...ldren dead are safe—safe forever. Weep... parents, do not mourn too bitterly ...er your child that has gone. There are ...o kinds of prayers made at a child's ...k-bed. One prayer the Lord likes; the ...er prayer he does not like. When a ...ul kneels down at a child's sick-bed and ...ys: "O Lord, spare this little one; he is ...ry near to my heart; I don't want to ...rt with him, but thy will be done,"—...at is the kind of a prayer the Lord loves. ...ere is another kind of prayer which I ...ve heard men make in substance when ...ey say: "O Lord, this isn't right; it is ...rd to take this child; you have no right ... take this child; spare this child; I can't ...ve him up, and I won't give him up." ...he Lord answers that kind of a prayer ...metimes. The child lives on and lives ...n, and travels off in paths of wickedness ... perish. At the end of every prayer for ... child's life, say: "Thy will, O Lord, ...e done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled, ...Christ has kindled. Let us, old and ...young, rejoice that heaven is gathering ...p so much that is attractive. In that far ...and we are not strangers. There are ...hose there who speak our name day by ...day, and they wonder why so long we ...arry. If I could count up the names of ...all those who have gone out from these ...families into the kingdom of heaven, it ...would take me all day to mention their ...names. A great multitude before the ...throne. You loved them once; you love ...them now; and ever and anon you think ...you hear their voices calling you upward. ...Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these ...families, and you want no book to tell ...you of the dying experience of Christian ...children. You have heard it; it has been ...whispered in your ear, O father, O moth...er, O brother, O sister. Toward that ...good land all Christians are bearing. This ...snapping of heart-strings, this flight of ...years, this tread of the heart reminds us ...that we are passing away. Before we ...mount our throne, before we drink of the ...fountain, before we strike the harp of our ...eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And ...then, how we shall gather them up! O, ...how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again:
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
When these short years of pain are past
We'll meet before the throne at last.

A Notable Semi-Centennial.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Reformed Church of Bound Brook, N. J.—The Religious Home of the Talmage Family—The Church in which Dr. Talmage first Confessed his Faith.

THE twenty-seventh of August will be an eventful day in the history of the First Reformed Church of Bound Brook, N. J. It will on that day celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its organization. A picture of the church appears on this page. It is a plain, unadorned structure, and the fact of its holding a jubilee celebration would have but little interest outside the village, but for an association which appeals to great multitudes of Christians in this and other lands. As the Psalmist said of Zion: "The Lord shall count when he writeth up his people that this and that man was born there." It was in this little village church that the first step was taken in a Christian career which has world-wide influence. It was there that Dr. Talmage publicly declared himself on the Lord's side and consecrated his life to Christ.

The Church stands on the south bank of the Raritan, on a beautiful bend of that wide, sweeping river. It must have been a charming spot fifty years ago when the Church was first erected. The canal and river stretch away to the east and west, the morning and evening sun alternatingly glinting them both in beauty, while just across the river lay the old battlefield and the little hamlet of North Bound Brook, and behind them, the hills where Washington once encamped with his army. A great railroad and manufacturing village has since grown up around the spot.

When the old Presbyterian Church of Bound Brook became too small to hold its increasing attendants, this Church was built on the opposite side of the river. The congregation was formed principally from families who had been in communion with the Presbyterian Church, with whom were connected a few from Millstone and Somerville. It speaks well for the catholicity of Rev. Ravaud K. Rogers, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Chutch, that he favored this new enterprise, and took part in the services when the Church was dedicated, although it fell into the hands of another denomination. Surely there were liberal minds in former days as well as in our time.

The Church was organized in August, 1846, in the Franklin School House. But a church building was soon needed, and on May 10th, 1848, the present house of worship was dedicated. The ministers of the neighborhood came together to give it their benediction. The services were commenced by Rev. Dr. Messler offering prayer. Then the Rev. R. K. Rogers read the 84th Psalm. After singing a hymn, Rev. David D. Demarest, D.D., lead in prayer, and the pastor of the new church, Rev. George J. Van Neste, gave an address. Rev. George H. Fisher, of New York, preached the sermon from Heb. 11: 10, and dedicated the Church, and Dr. Rogers made the concluding prayer.

The Church began under excellent auspices, and with sufficient members to become at once an efficient and self-supporting organization. The first Consistory were: John Lane, Cornelius Messler, Jacob H. Wykoff, and Caleb C. Brokaw, elders, and Andrew Todd, Daniel H. Voorhees, Elias B. Van Arsdale, and Henry C. Brokaw, deacons. The first pastor was Rev. George J. Van Neste, an able and successful preacher. Mr. Van Neste is still living and vigorous, and expects to be present at the semi-centennial celebration. He was licensed to preach by the Classis of New Brunswick in July, 1846, and ordained in the Presbyterian Church, Bound Brook, May 18th, 1847, so that the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry nearly corresponds with the semi-centennial of the Church of which he was first pastor.

It was during Mr. Van Neste's pastorate that Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., then a young man of eighteen, united with the Church on confession of faith. Dr. Talmage's father was by that time an elder in the Church. Dr. Talmage expects to be present at the jubilee service, and has promised to preach at 2.30 p. m. His sermon will doubtless be rich in autobiographical memories. In accepting the invitation to be present, Dr. Talmage wrote: "Your letter touches me with many pleasant memories. I can see just where the old folks sat in the Church, and I remember well the affrighted day when I appeared before the consistory, applying for membership." It is with pardonable pride that the Church will welcome at the Jubilee her distinguished son, whose fame and usefulness are household words in the Christian homes of the whole world. Through him this little Church has brought its influence to bear upon all Christendom. How the importance of the family relation and of Church membership will be emphasized on that day!

REV. GEORGE J. VAN NESTE.

THE FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, BOUND BROOK, N. J.
In which Dr. Talmage made his Public Confession of Faith.

Dr. Talmage is the youngest of the ten children who filled the family pew in the old church half a century ago. He has often referred in his sermons to those boyhood days. He was the last of the family to give his heart to Christ, and his father and mother rejoiced as they saw the young man complete the family circle in the church. He was the fourth of their sons to become a minister. These were: James R., a young preacher of great prominence, who died at the opening of a career of usefulness; Goyn, a gifted speaker and writer, who died in 1891; and John Van Neste, the famous missionary to China, whose labors in that land were wonderfully blessed, and who died in 1892.

The Church has had a succession of able and godly ministers. Mr. Van Neste's successors were: William Demarest, from 1854 to 1857; Henry V. Voorhees, 1858 to 1862; Benjamin F. Romaine, 1862 to 1868; Jacob C. Dutcher, 1869 to 1879; John E. Lyall, 1880 to 1881; David M. Talmage, 1882 to 1884; Augustus F. Todd, 1884 to 1886; James F. Schock, 1887 to 1891; Albert L. Mershon, 1893 to 1896.

The present pastor is Rev. Charles T. Anderson, who was called to this Church in March last. He is a graduate of Princeton College and Theological Seminary. On his mother's side he belongs to one of the oldest Dutch families in Somerset County. His ancestors settled along the Millstone in 1688. His great grandfather, John H. Schenck, was a Colonel in the War of the Revolution, and his father, who was a native of Scotland, served in the war with Mexico. As a writer, preacher and pastor he has been eminently successful. Under his ministrations this now historic Church enters upon the second half century of its existence with bright prospects. An efficient board of elders and deacons, consisting of E. H. Redfield, Wm. H. Ayers, F. E. Smith, W. D. Voorhees, John Jennings, John Matthews, A. V. Hall and J. C. Tantum, earnestly co-operate with the new pastor. The people are making at this time a Jubilee Thank-Offering with which to enlarge the Church by the addition of rooms for Sunday School and Young Peoples' Societies.

David's Love for God's House.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 6. I. Chron. 22 : 6 - 16. Golden Text, Psalm 84 : 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THERE are special epochs marked indelibly in the life of every true child of God; times of meeting with the Lord, whether it be in mercy or in judgment, which cannot be forgotten. Such was the solemn meeting of David with his God in the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, after he had fallen into the snare of the enemy, and had numbered the people in the pride of his heart and not after God. Even the worldly, time-serving Joab had rebuked the king in this; but David persisted in having his will. Because "God was displeased with this thing, therefore he smote Israel." And David awoke to the consciousness of his sin, and confessed it fully before the Lord for his heart smote him. Then it was that, through the prophet Gad, God offered him one of three things; three years' famine, three months' defeat and flight before his enemies, or "three days the sword of the Lord, even the pestilence in the land, and the angel of the Lord destroying throughout all the coasts of Israel." David had chosen the last; he had said, "I am in

A Great Strait:

let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for very great are his mercies; but let me not fall into the hand of man." And the dread scourge of pestilence swept away seventy thousand of the number which David had taken a pride in numbering! There is always a relation between God's judgments and those things in our lives which he judges by them. In response to the intercession by David, who took all the blame upon himself (the mark of a man who lives near to God), and that of the elders of Israel, the destroying angel sheathed his sword over the threshing place of Araunah, and there David set up an altar and offered sacrifice. The land was consecrated by the blood of the offering where God was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed. Some men when they have sinned and found a sense of pardon through faith in the blood of Christ, say lightly, "Well, it is under the blood!" and they turn lightly to something else, as though that were the end of it. David, on the contrary, marked the place which reminded him of his sin and God's mercy, and he said, "This is the house of the Lord God, and this is the offering for Israel" (1. Chron. 22 : 1), and it is expressly said that it was "because God answered him there." And he continued to sacrifice in that place instead of at Gideon (1. Chron. 21 : 28-30).

It would seem also as though this fall and restoration had been instrumentally the means of stirring up David to make preparation for the building of the temple. God has set before us a much greater object than David had in his mind. The temple he sought to build was made with hands; it was destructible. But a temple

A Building of God

not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, a habitation of God through the Spirit is in course of erection, built not [illegible] but of "living stones." As David was impelled after his restoration, to turn from his own interests to the interests of God's house; so, if we know anything of the true zeal of the Holy Ghost, the true Spirit of Christ, we find our interests drawn out to the "spiritual house," God's building for his own habitation.

It was David's joy to make preparation for the house of the Lord. No longer engaged in subduing his enemies, all his last days were occupied, as long as his strength held out, in preparing the material for the temple. How blessed it is when a Christian who is growing old, and who is no longer in conflict with sin, because he knows the Lord himself, and has handed over all the conflict to him, spends his days as an instrument of the Holy Spirit to prepare the dear children of God around him, by his prayers and by any ministry of the Word given to him, in public or in private, to take their true place in the temple of the living God!

David assembled all the representatives of Israel and told them how it had been in his heart to build a house for the Lord. And the king made known to them how God had chosen Solomon as his successor, and had adopted him as his son, and declared that he should build his house, and that, if he proved faithful, his kingdom should be established forever. Then, in presence of the assembly, the royal father gave a charge to his successor: "And thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind, for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever." Did Solomon remember these solemn words after he had slipped back from God? "Take heed, now," continued David, "for the Lord hath chosen thee to build a house for the sanctuary; be strong and do it."

ROBINSON'S ARCH, A PART OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

David counted the first necessity for the building of the house to be knowledge of God. "Know thou the God of thy father." All the beauty of architecture, all the riches and grandeur of the building would not please God if he who built, and who worshipped there, did not really know his God. Oh, how blessed it will be, how certainly it will be when Christ reigns on earth, that all church architecture and church building will hold a very secondary place to that life eternal which is to know the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. And it was not enough to know him, "Serve him with a perfect heart," from whom no imagination of the thoughts is hidden. A living church often is a power where the external building is of little account. Christ was born in a stable and had not where to lay his head; he seeks not classic architecture but yielded human hearts to dwell in. "All this," said David, "the Lord made me to understand in writing by his hand upon me, were all the works of this pattern" (vers. 11, 12, 19). Those were holy moments, in which, pen in hand, he listened to God who taught him his mind about the building. If he would come thus near in those times in which the Holy Spirit was not given to dwell in us as now, how much more are we privileged and responsible to do every common thing in holy and constant communion with our God! Solomon was to do nothing whatsoever for the gratification of his taste: the building was to be an expression of God's thought, not man's. How different to the buildings raised now to glorify the architect, or the pride of the church members, or the wealth of a city!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

TWO pictures are given of David's closing years. In the opening chapters of Kings we have the pathetic picture of the once energetic, stalwart warrior lying helpless on his bed, shivering and decrepit. Though not yet seventy years old, his vitality is exhausted and his family and physicians are consulting how they can keep warmth in his emaciated frame. The hardships and troubles and mental conflicts of his eventful life had worn him out. Prematurely aged, he was lying almost unconscious of the events going on around him and needing to be aroused by others to the fact that his long cherished desire to have Solomon succeed him was being thwarted. In Chronicles we have a very different picture. David is busily arranging for the building of the Temple, collecting precious stones, gold, silver, rare woods and other materials for its adornment and contracting with skilled architects and laborers for the great work. He proceeds to further detail in organizing a choir and the succession of priests and Levites for the Temple services. Finally he summons a great national council and stands up and makes a long speech reviewing the events of his reign and formally abdicating in favor of Solomon and solemnly charging him to build the Temple according to the plans which he intimates (1. Chron. 28 : 18) God himself had prepared. Then he takes a touching farewell of all and lies down to die; and Solomon reigns in his stead. It is not difficult to understand the reason of the contrast in the two pictures. We do not know who wrote the Chronicles, but an incide[illegible] remark (1. Chron. 9 : 1) gives a clue t[illegible] date of his work. It shows that at l[illegible] six hundred years had elapsed since [illegible] death of David when he sat down to w[illegible] the Chronicles. The minute partic[illegible] he gives of the Temple services and [illegible] rangements indicate that he was prob[illegible] one of the Levites engaged in the Ter[illegible] services. We can therefore imagine [illegible] to him everything pertaining to the or[illegible] of the Temple took an importance [illegible] given to it by the older writer of the Ki[illegible] and how David, separated from him b[illegible] longer interval than that which separ[illegible] us from the time of Henry VIII. and El[illegible] beth, had become an ideal hero of a[illegible] tant age. He dwells on the good point[illegible] his character, and especially on his [illegible] sionate desire for the erection of a mag[illegible] icent Temple, and omits all mention of [illegible] signs of physical and moral weakn[illegible] which would detract from the gra[illegible] eur of his ideal. So we get [illegible] two pictures, the later one of a being [illegible] most perfect, and the earlier one from [illegible] pen of a man near enough to his sub[illegible] to see the flaws and blemishes and fa[illegible] and weaknesses of its nature. There [illegible] however, sufficient evidence in the ear[illegible] history to show that with all his fau[illegible] David had the grand qualities ascribe[illegible] him by the later historian, and we [illegible] sympathize with a man writing at a t[illegible] when the nation had no king and was [illegible] isting on sufferance, looking back w[illegible] pride to the glory of David's reign, a[illegible] painting his picture in glowing colors.

Timber also and stone have I prepared. [illegible] recent traveler in the Holy Land, w[illegible] spent much time in identifying anci[illegible] sites writes: "There are several places [illegible] the Temple area where stones have [illegible] bevelled joints, which are the signs [illegible] Solomon's workmen. These stones, a[illegible] looked at them, were, I was convinc[illegible] some of the stones that David collect[illegible] three thousand years ago, for his magn[illegible] cent son to put in the wall. There [illegible] also, three courses of huge stones, [illegible] which without doubt the handiwork [illegible] Solomon's workmen is seen. They are [illegible] such curious position that they seemed [illegible] have been fired out from the inside throu[illegible] a breach in the wall, there caught a[illegible] held fast instead of falling to the groun[illegible] A careful view leaves no doubt that th[illegible] formed the segment of an arch, for th[illegible] outward surfaces are worn to a true curv[illegible] They must have formed part of one of t[illegible] arches of the great bridge, over whi[illegible] Solomon and his grand retinue pass[illegible] when he went to the Temple to worship [illegible] The fragment of the arch covered wi[illegible] foliage was first noticed by Dr. Edwa[illegible] Robinson, and has been called Robinson [illegible] arch in honor of its discoverer.

A hundred thousand talents of gold. Th[illegible] with the silver mentioned would make [illegible] treasure valued at nearly five thousan[illegible] million dollars. It is inconceivable th[illegible] David should have amassed such sum[illegible] The prevalent opinion now is that the[illegible] has been a copyist's mistake in the figures[illegible] It may easily have been so when we se[illegible] that the Hebrew character for one thou[illegible] sand differs from the character for one[illegible] only in having two dots over it and th[illegible] character representing two hundred is s[illegible] like the character for four as to need ver[illegible] acute eyes to distinguish them. Beside[illegible] some allowance must be made for the na[illegible] tural disposition of a man whose whol[illegible] life was absorbed in the Temple when six[illegible] centuries after it was built he was writing[illegible] a description of the edifice. There is no rea[illegible] son to doubt, however, that David's col[illegible] lection was on a gigantic scale and was a[illegible] wonder of Oriental magnificence.

Build the house of the Lord thy God. [illegible] Orthodox Jews still cherish the hope that [illegible] their Messiah will yet come and build a[illegible] Temple in Jerusalem, surpassing in gran[illegible] deur that of Solomon. We know that [illegible] their hope will be fulfilled in a way they [illegible] do not yet understand. The Temple which [illegible] the Divine Son of David is building is [illegible] composed of living stones, that is of men [illegible] in whom God dwells. The magnificence [illegible] of Solomon's Temple even if we accept the [illegible] figures in Chronicles cannot compare in [illegible] value with that. What is a man worth? [illegible] We have heard recently of a merchant in [illegible] New York who stands ready to give a mil[illegible] lion dollars to anyone who will restore his [illegible] sight. If one sense is worth so much, [illegible] what must be our estimate of the value [illegible] of a man? So the Temple of Christ com[illegible] posed of living men will be a Temple of [illegible] infinite value and God will dwell in it.

At Freedom's Gate.

Continued from first page.

tal Girls, 341 W. Fourteenth street; Miss A. E. Mathews, of the Immigrant Girls' Home, 27

AC. COM'R E. F. McSWEENEY. U. S. COM'R J. H. SENNER. MAJ. CHAS. SEMSEY.

St. street; Miss Mary Melba, representing th Women's Baptist Mission Union; Miss Ir of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews, Na tional Headquarters, member of the Church of England, 281 Fourth avenue; Miss S. M. Sc k, General Missionary to the Immigrants; M Helen Lorenzen, Women's Baptist Home M ion Society; Mr. Ernst Jackson, New Yo Bible Society; Mr. P. Peterson, Swedish M ionary; Mr. Yonzr Weckbacher, American Tr t Society; and Mr. Carl Schiek, Swedish Lu eran Synod.

These faithful workers are provided wi h desks and cabinets for their corre sp dence and printed matter, and one of th largest and most commodious rooms in e building has been set apart for their us They are constantly on the outlook for hose in need of spiritual advice and, th gh the time in which they have to w r is short, the immigrants are greatly be fited by their counsels as well as by th racts and Bibles handed them. Dur in 1895, 56,030 Bibles and Testaments in t nty-one different languages were dis tr ted among the immigrants at the Is d, by the New York Bible Society, a this work of spreading the Word goes on ncreasing every year. It has proved in numerable cases, seed sown in good gr nd and many are the grateful letters re ce ed acknowledging kindness that has be shown to total strangers. Indeed, all th mmigrants are appreciative of what ev is done in their behalf, and in many ca s it is solely through the kindly in te st the missionaries take in them that st ngers are assisted in finding their rela ti's and friends in this country, and th escaping the danger of being sent ba to the country from which they came. M y settlers in the far West remember fo the kind words and cordial reception th ered them while on Ellis Island, have w ten to the missionaries warmly ex pr sing their gratitude.

In former years, the new-comers from fo gn lands were frequently plundered by unning rogues who laid traps to de ce them. Now, however, they are sur ro ded by safeguards on every side. The misstep and gone astray, had it not been for such timely assistance.

When an immigrant is held for inspection and examination, if not satisfactory at the outset, he or she is brought before the Board at Ellis Island. Last year there were 40,539 cases tried in the court-room. Many pathetic scenes take place in this apartment. Not a few of the strangers come here penniless and without a trade. Some are beggars and outcasts from other countries; others are contract laborers who come here already engaged. These all have to be returned under the law. The Board, however, is lenient, and only a small proportion of the whole is ever returned.

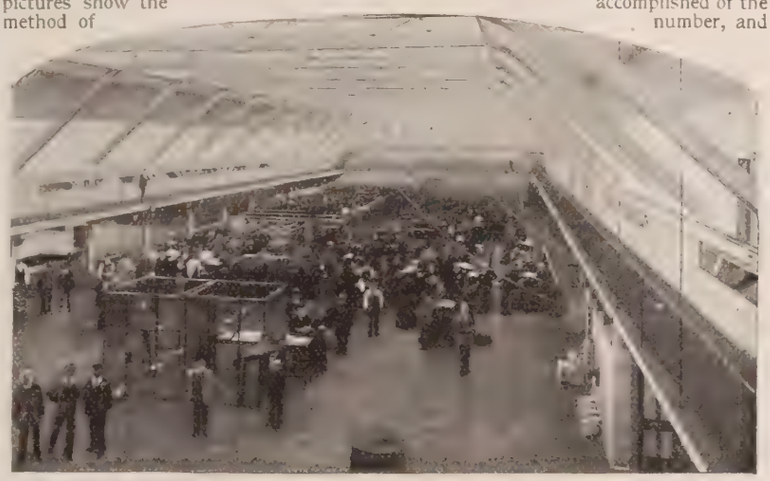
One of our photographs shows the "pen" at the rear end of the building with a number of immigrants who are waiting to be returned to the land from which they came, being either paupers, ex-convicts, contract laborers or cripples, and liable to become a public charge if admitted. Another presents a view of the Board or Court-room with a trio of new arrivals undergoing examination. Other pictures show the method of missionary work on Ellis Island, where all the missionaries have free access to the immigrants, and to converse with them on spiritual things. In one illustration a lady missionary has been caught by the camera in the act of handing a tract to a poor Armenian exile — a forlorn arrival, who is doubtless glad to escape from his own persecuted country. There is probably no class of immigrants arriving here at the present time, more deserving of pity and assistance than the Armenians. With the view of aiding them to employment and thus preventing them from becoming a public charge, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in a recent issue, invited those of its readers who knew of any opening for work at which the Armenian exiles could maintain themselves and possibly help distressed relatives at home, to write us, and we would endeavor to supply such help as they require. The men are tailors, laborers, silver-smiths, blacksmiths, and farmers, and are honest, obedient and easily taught.

One of the most vigilant corps of officials on the Island is the Contract Labor Bureau, which is under the charge of Supervising-Inspector John J. Quinlan. Its officers have to keep a sharp lookout for those coming to this country under labor contract. Last year, 756 arrivals were sent back, in consequence of having come in violation of the Contract Labor Law.

In dealing with the thousands of immigrants of all nationalities, it is necessary to have as interpreters men having command of many languages. The official corps of interpreters includes several men who can speak fluently in half a dozen tongues. Major Charles Semsey (whose portrait we publish) is probably the most accomplished of the number, and acts as interpreter for the court, which tries doubtful cases. He is a Hungarian and he has been long employed in the Immigration Bureau. Besides his services in that connection, has been a cordial helper in the missionary work at the Island.

It is an interesting and exciting experience to pass a few hours with the immigrants on busy steamer days. Thousands occupy the large hall at the same time, being divided off by latticed compartments. Visitors and relatives come to the Island to greet the arrivals, and are permitted to go in the galleries overlooking the main floor of the large hall. It frequently happens that some friend or relative recognizing his acquaintance in the throng below, will signal to him, or in some other way communicate with him, and prompt him to evade certain questions that may be asked. This is particularly the case where some doubt exists about the immigrant being able to pass the examination. For such intermeddlers the officials are always on the lookout, and compel them to leave the building, no prompting being allowed that will enable the immigrant to mislead or misinform the officials in charge. They its patiently until their turn comes to be interrogated by the recorders and interpreters, and, after passing the ordeal, are guided to the ticket office and safely forwarded to their destination. To those who are familiar with travelling in the West, it is a daily incident to see groups of foreign immigrants on the regular trains of every railroad that reaches out over our vast territory. All of these have passed successively through the various ordeals at Ellis Island, and are now *en route* for their new homes in the land of their adoption. Thus, from week to week, and year after year, the great tide of immigration flows on, bringing honest brawn and muscle from the Old World to the New.

A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AT ELLIS ISLAND.



THE MAIN HALL, IMMIGRATION HEADQUARTERS, ELLIS ISLAND.

IMMIGRANTS UNDER TRIAL WITH A VIEW TO BEING RETURNED.

The Emigrant Girls' Home is one of the greatest blessings for young and unprotected women, and through the Christian influence of these ladies connected with it, many young girls have been started on the right track, who might have made a misstep and gone astray, had it not been for such timely assistance.

The great responsibility devolving upon Commissioner McSweeney and his subordinates is one that cannot be overestimated. They are the guardians at the sea-gate of the Union, and upon their wisdom and judgment must depend the admission or exclusion of the tens of thousands who come here annually; but the Ellis Island system is a liberal one, and, without doing injustice to the immigrants, takes all necessary precautions to prevent the reception of any who would be a burden upon or a menace to the welfare of the community. Of late years, our immigration laws have been more and more stringent, as the number of arrivals has increased, and it is not improbable that this stringency may become still more pronounced, as new laws on this subject are passed by Congress. There are few greater problems before the American people at the present time than that which deals with the imposition of wholesome restrictions upon immigration—such restrictions as will result in admitting only the really worthy to the liberty and blessings of our common Union, and of closing the doors against those who may come unworthily seeking American citizenship.

Tibet Opening Her Doors.

After long striving, Tibet, till now a land sealed against Christianity, has at last been persuaded to open her doors to the missionaries of the Gospel. Within a very short time the borderland will be fully occupied by missions, and still others will be planted in the interior. The China Inland Mission has just arranged to open six new stations, under the direction of Miss Annie Taylor, the courageous woman missionary, who, at the risk of her own life, explored a considerable section of Tibet two years ago. Quite lately, also, the Scandinavian Alliance Mission has put six missionaries in the same field.

VIEW OF ELLIS ISLAND, FROM THE BAY.

SAVING THE TENEMENT WAIFS.

Taken from the Sweltering City, to Find Health and Rest at Mont-Lawn—Terrible Suffering in Poverty's Homes.

FIVE hundred stricken dead by the sun in less than a fortnight, and more than thrice that number prostrated more or less seriously; hospitals overcrowded and physicians and surgeons taxed to exhaustion; undertakers never so busy with their grim duty of disposing of the dead; men, women and children dropping on the streets, victims of the relentless heat, and others perishing at home from the same pitiless cause. Such is the appalling record of August days that are without precedent in the memory of anyone now living.

How the children suffered! In the tenements, the alleys and the densely peopled courts of the East and West sides of New York, those dreadful days left a train of little victims, many dead, others dying. Happy was the child who had the good fortune to be out of the big city during those days of death. But there were thousands for whom there was no escape from the heat. Even at night, when they would seek the roof with their parents, the hot air ascended from the baking sidewalks below like the blast of a furnace. The weaker among the little ones simply wilted and died: the stronger lived to suffer and continue the fight for air that was waging all around them.

Our artist has pictured one of the incidents of the torrid spell—a tenement roof scene, taken from life. On the night upon which he made his sketch there were thousands of roofs, all over the city, where similar scenes might have been witnessed, for the suffering was universal.

DRIVEN TO THE ROOFS BY THE DEADLY HEAT.

A Familar Night Scene in the New York Tenement Districts during August.

It seems like taking one's life in one's hands to go down into the crowded tenement districts at this extremely heated season, now so long protracted, and yet when one thinks of the poor people that have to live in these burning alleys day and night, it becomes a delightful task, a precious privilege, to gather up the little ones and remove them to the cool, pleas-[illegible]

One day, recently, when the mercury was crowding up to 100 degrees and the death rate for man and beast was being broken, our workers went down into Dover street—an alley so narrow, crooked and [illegible] frizzling in the noon-day sun: and here soon a party of children were quickly gotten together, cleaned up and inspected. [illegible] of walking measles" so broken out were they with prickly heat, yet they all "passed the doctor" satisfactorily, and under charge of the care-takers were soon on board of the *Christonah*. After a delightful two hours' sail, these children from Dover, Pell and Mott streets soon found themselves on the green slopes and under the cool shade-trees of Mont-Lawn.

Nearly six hundred tenement children were taken to our Home at Mont-Lawn during the prevalence of the deadly heat in the city. They owe their escape from suffering, and possibly their lives in many cases, to the kind patrons whose gifts procured them an outing. We are especially thankful that not a single case of sickness has occurred in the Home among the hundreds of children who have been sheltered there during this very trying season. Bright eyes and ruddy cheeks testify to the benefits they have derived from their stay there.

Of late, instead of having the children go into the chapel for the evening song and prayer service, it has been held upon the lawn to the west of the Home—the afternoon sun drops early behind the hills and leaves the lawn shady and cool. They are generally in the midst of these evening exercises when the stages with the new party of children arrive; and the hundreds of children sitting there on the green grass make a very picturesque sight as they wave their hymn leaflets, like so many white wings, in greeting.

Parties of visitors frequently come to Mont-Lawn and are greatly interested in our children. A few days ago, the officers and teachers of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday School visited the Home—making a [illegible] party of about fifty ladies and gentlemen. With them were several clergymen, and Mr. C. C. Martin, Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. They were entertained by the children with an impromptu concert, in which some of the young folks showed surprising vocal ability. They [illegible] of simple calisthenics under the direction of one of the care-takers, their exercises keeping graceful time to the music. The strangers expressed themselves as delighted with their experience. The following contributions have been received during the past week:

Prev. ack'd,	$2,545 34
M C, St Joseph	1 00
Mrs Rachel Tate	1 00
A A H, Mass	1 00
I H N, Curwensville	2 00
Mrs Lucy Lathrop	5 00
I H N, Addinsburg	1 00
Mrs F W Foye	3 00
Friend, So Bloom	2 00
S S Class, St. Paul	3 00
W K Weston	2 00
F—	6 00
Endeavorer, Alna	1 00
Mrs C S Orcutt	1 00
Miss S E Lasher	2 00
Subr, New Boston	3 00
I. C Hickman	1 00
Friend, St Clairsville	3 00
Estelle, Sargentville	3 00
G A Peirson	1 00
Lora Webster	1 00
Nora E Dodge	1 00
Inez G Dodge	1 00
Katherine & Pauline De Witt	3 00
For his little ones, Roberts	2 00
Thankful, Mystic	3 00
Mrs Jas T Doyle	1 00
Mary Wittby	1 00
I H N, Wheeling	3 00
Resolute Circle, K D, Ivoryton	6 00
Lord's 10th, Manville	3 00
Laura C White	1 00
Elmwood Busy Bees Bethel	15 00
Mrs Frank Woodside	3 10
S M E, Niles	6 00
J D Abrams	3 00
Miss N Hamm	3 00
I J N, Jordan Valley	3 00
I J N E Dixmont	6 00
Part of the Lord's Tenth, New York	3 00
Sub&wife, Louisville	5 00
Howard C Crane	1 00
Albert Brice Crane	1 00
Ida May Crane	1 00
Mrs G W Ostrander	1 00
Mrs S E S, Wash, DC	3 00
Wm Gibson	3 00
Thank offering, Blyn	3 00
W W Greene	5 00
Well-wisher, Belmar	5 00
Mrs Gertrude O Abel	6 00
—, Norwood	4 00
In memory of a dear wife and mother. One of God's child'n New York	6 00
I H N, Connersville	3 00
Mrs Lucy J Grimes	3 00
Mrs R J M, Dexter, Mich	1 00
Martha M Bishop	1 50
M E J, Poughkeepsie	1 00
—, Wabasha, Minn	3 00
2 friends, Far Rockaway	12 00
Miss L Betts	3 00
Miss Maud Betts	3 00
Mrs W P Ricketts	3 00
Esther M Sturtevant	5 50
Mrs Harriet Leonard	1 00
Mrs O Stanklin	3 00
Thank Offering, Fairport	1 00
Friend, Somers-worth	2 00
Kate R Troup	3 00
S De Mott	6 00
Miss Carrie E Roper	1 00
T W Riday	1 00
A C G E B J and G A O Danbury	3 00
The Misses Atchley	3 00
Mrs A E Galbreath	2 00
Mrs J W Robertson	1 00
Mrs I E Duesler	2 00
Friend, Ft Dodgeinson	1 00
Helen D Mills	50
Mrs Martha Swift	3 00
I H N, Lyndon Sta	[illegible]
Mrs E D Dearaw	[illegible]
Friend M. Harran	1 00
Mrs Geo Rickett	[illegible]
Miss Ida South	[illegible]
I H N, Winchester	[illegible]
Mr & Mrs H A W, Bristol	[illegible]
Mrs A S G, Laconia	1 00
A Scotch Woman, Holyoke	[illegible]
[illegible] Union [illegible]	1 75
Mr. Mary Palmer	1 00
Mrs J B Walkem	3 00
For my Saviour's [illegible] Phila	[illegible]
Jennie L Jennings	3 00
Thank Offering, Ashland	3 00
Mother & Daughter, [illegible]	[illegible]
I H N, Hemlock	[illegible]
Mrs A Turner	50
F A W, Wakefield	[illegible]
Mr. S C Long	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
J M and Nellie Dugan	[illegible]
Silver Cross Circle of 1st M E Church	[illegible]
Mrs Mathias	[illegible]
Mary A Mathias	[illegible]
J M A, Brownsville	[illegible]
E C Y, Liberty	[illegible]
H C K, Ilion	[illegible]
Mrs B A White	[illegible]
M S, Savannah	[illegible]
Friend, Park Ha Yonkers	[illegible]
Mrs Lydia Lott	[illegible]
E H, St Paul	[illegible]
Marg't Nicodemu	[illegible]
Mrs W S Taylor	[illegible]
Total	$2,9[illegible] 69

Contributions of Clothing, &c.

Mrs S D Holliday, pkg; Mollie Mitchell, Mrs G P Goodwin, pkg; Miss Alice Walk Miss Juliet E Watkins, pkg. Mrs Wm C K dresses, Miss Annie M Green, pkg; Mrs M Murran, pkg; Miss Emma Margwarth, pkg Nellie Fleming, pkg; Mrs S J Tillinghast, pkg A L Gaston, box; M B Wescott, pkg; Friend fern, pkg; Mrs L U Garland, pkg; Gertrude, and Bertie Winslow, pkg.

Here is a letter that one little girl back to her care-taker after going ho

Dear Miss H.—I will tell you how I enjoy place. I had a very nice time indeed, and Dr. Klopsch was so good to us. I told the of our church what a nice place it was. Viol Sophie said if you'd let them go they'd gi 5,000 kisses, and I would give 10,0 should be invited again.

Miss H., You were so us, when we got we were crying you. I love you, a do Viola and S that we would ju the Hudson river you!

All contribu will be pron acknowledged these colum Gifts of clot and underwear solicited and sh be sent direct the Matron at M Lawn, Nyack, N

Nile Boatm

Our illustr on the opposite is one of specia terest at the pre time, in view of war now going in the valley of Nile, between Anglo-Egypt troops and the M dist forces. present struggle continuance of long series of w more or less tracted, which h taken place wit the last half cent in that historic gion. These b men and fisher seen in the ph graph are evide dwellers in so peaceful distr where the ter and alarms of have not reached ancient town on banks of the g "river of Egypt.

The Soudanese are a simple, frugal r and their country may be regarded as true home of the Negro variety of m kind. The climate of the Soudan is tinctly tropical, with two well-defi seasons—hot and rainy, from April October, and warm and dry, during rest of the year. The rainy season is companied by tremendous thunder-stor and continuous rainfalls, flooding all t gorges and valleys, and raising the Nile such an extent that vast tracts of count are placed under water. The results this inundation, after the waters reti are seen in the rich and exuberant vege tion that springs up everywhere.

The towns and villages of the Souda for the most part, consist of long narr streets, excessively dirty, and bordered mud houses or dwellings of limestone, all sizes and descriptions, but all o serving the true architectural lines Oriental buildings: flat roofs, small, na row windows and terraces. There is attempt at regularity in the constructi of such places, and every street is more less of a labyrinth. In all the towns a found a mixture of races—Negro, Tur Arab, Copt, Jew, the Negro predominatin

OUR MAIL-BAG

UESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

He is one of many similar letters now ...ching us by every mail:

BELVIDERE, N. J., Aug. 13th, 1896.

I received on Tuesday, the 11th, THE WORLD-WIDE ...EDIA, O. K. I am much pleased with the ... I believe it is an offer that comes but once a ...ime, and many ought to avail themselves of ... I will send you the names and addresses ... new subscribers within a few days.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.

...ster Reader, New York. 1. Would it show a ...ack of faith if I consulted a physician about ... meat after praying the Lord to remove it? ... sin the unpardonable sin be committed in ... days? 3. I had an evil thought once ... a certain passage of Scripture and it re... now when I read it or hear it quoted. I ... prayed about it but the evil thought is still ... up. What should I do?

1. We think not. You pray to God to give ... this day your daily bread, but you expect ... for it. The physician's advice may ... the means God will use to answer ... prayer. 2. It is doubt... that the question need ...stress you. A person ... committed it would ... likely to wish for ...ness, but would be in... 3. Many persons ...ad a similar difficulty. ...minent clergyman in ...seventy-second year said ...ld give everything he ...the world, if he could ... from his memory a few ...es e read in a book when ... twenty years old. ...had been a perpetual ...ment to him. The best ...we know of would be ...study the true meaning of ...message and see how to ...it in a spiritual way so ...get the good association ...minate the bad.

J. Pratlie, Ind. 1. Can a ... be converted who does ... believe in the death and ...surrection of Christ? 2. ...re the Apostles converted ...re the Crucifixion?

1. The question is too in...ite. We cannot under...how such a man can be ...verted, but he may have ...me theory on the subject ...at might allow of his ...ving saving faith. 2. ...doubtedly they were, or ...would not have left all ...follow Christ. Enlighten...ent came afterwards and ...ow for service.

...T subscriber expresses his appreciation in ...ile but none the less satisfactory terms:

CHAPINVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 14th, 1896.

Gentlemen—Received the Encyclopedia all right. It ... nice, and makes a fine appearance in the ...case. I will do my best to get the ten sub...ptions soon. E. T. CARRINGTON.

J. ... Does dread of death or a fear of Christ's ...ond coming indicate that one is still outside ... fold of safety? 2. After the beginning of ...first's personal reign here on earth, has the ...ner any hope for salvation?

1. Yes. To the Christian, death is not in...ved with terrors; he simply regards as the ...sition to the eternal life, the mortal put...ing on immortality. Moreover, far from ex...encing fear or apprehension at Christ's ...ond coming, he prays for it earnestly and ...dently desires it to be hastened. 2. We can...not set limits to the grace of the Almighty. It ...ay be that the Second Advent will be the ...ans of bringing instant repentance and be...f to multitudes of sinners, who have not had ...the Gospel privileges or opportunities that ...others have had, who wickedly rejected the ...Saviour.

...Maie W., Walk Chalk, Pa. Who is the author of ...e sentence, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness?" ... any people think it is in the Bible, but it is ...t, and I have endeavored in vain to find who ...irst used it.

...It is an ancient Hindu proverb, and first ap...ed in the *Beraitha* as the last Mishna of ...So (the author's name) is called.

...Perexed, Pa. Is it wrong for an unconverted per...to sing in the church choir, or to sing hymns ... love or promise?

...While an unconverted person has not the ...ame powerful incentive to praise God that a ...Christian has, it would be a serious mistake to ...exclude him on that account from a share in ...your praise service. That very act may be the ...means of bringing him nearer to God and ulti...mately leading him to salvation. It is to be ...feared that there would be a considerable dim...inution in many choirs if the test of conversion were rigidly applied to the members. On the other hand, it would certainly be wrong to assign to one who persistently rejects the Gospel and mocks at spiritual appeals, any special part in the service of the Lord's house, as such a course could only have a bad influence upon others.

I. M. W., Scranton, Pa. I have received from you a WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA and have an opportunity to dispose of it at a high figure—even more than the ten subscriptions I am sending you amount to in the aggregate. If I dispose of this set, can I get another, provided I send in ten more new subscribers, or is your proposition restricted so that one person can receive only one set and no more? Kindly answer in THE MAIL-BAG, so that I may know whether I am safe in letting this set go to my friend, which I will not do unless I can be sure of another.

In view of the fact that the edition of THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA is strictly limited and that it cannot be increased, we do not believe we would be acting justly to our subscribers were we to send any one person more than one set. Present indications are that our supply will not be sufficent to more than meet the demand. Of course we cannot object to your selling the ENCYCLOPEDIA, and we are glad you have an opportunity to get a good price for it. Ordinarily, a modern Encyclopedia, purchased in the regular way, would cost you not less than $50; whereas our subscribers have the great advantage of being able to get THE WORLD-WIDE ENCLYCLOPEDIA, later and fuller than any other, and therefore more desirable, under an arrangement that makes it an absolute gift, in which we wish as many of our circle of friends as possible to share.

Another subscriber expresses her satisfaction with The World-Wide Encyclopedia in this cordial note:

NORFOLK, VA., Aug. 12, 1896.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York—DEAR HERALD: The Encyclopedia came to hand in good condition, and I am very much pleased. Accept thanks for the prompt attention given my order. I cannot understand how you can give so much for so little (I was about to say for nothing); for really it seems as if each volume is worth the subscription price for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I have secured three subscriptions, for which you will please find enclosed money order for the amount. As soon as I obtain the other names I will send the same. MRS. N. B. TAGGART.

Subscriber, Aurora, Pa. Kindly tell me, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Mail-Bag why Japan is a more progressive country than China?

Because it has adopted modern ideas and engrafted the civilization of the Western world on the old, time-worn unprogressive system of government; whereas, China still clings to its old forms, customs, beliefs, and traditions, and opposes everything that belongs to the new or modern school.

J. D. Penrose, Weehawken, N. J.; L. I. Manson, Dayton, O., and several others). What is meant by the terms free silver, unlimited coinage, ratio, parity of the metals, and similar terms now in use in the daily newspapers? Kindly explain in THE MAIL-BAG.

These simple definitions may help readers to an understanding of the subject now so generally discussed, viz.: the coinage question—

1. **Free Coinage** means that the U.S. Mints shall coin all silver bullion offered by the owners, into legal tender coins, without making any charge therefor.

2. **Unlimited Coinage** means coinage without limit or restriction, as to amount

3. **Ratio.** The ratio of 16 to 1 means 16 grains of silver to 1 of gold; thus, a silver dollar contains 371.25 grains of pure silver besides the necessary alloy, and a gold dollar one-sixteenth of that number of grains of pure gold or 23.22 grains. The ratio was fixed in 1792 at 15 to 1, in 1834 it was changed to 16.002 to 1 and in 1837 to the present rate, 16 to 1.

4. **Parity** means equality of purchasing power, and this is secured by the pledge of the Government, which obligates itself to maintain silver as equal with gold for commercial use, and to accept it in payment of all dues as well as to redeem it in gold, if necessary.

L. C. Pennell, Worcester, Mass., writes as follows:

The grand premium for ten subscribers—World-Wide Encyclopedia—was thankfully received, and in due time. It is the best and greatest premium, for the amount of labor and cost, I ever saw. Its articles seem to be fresh and up to date, and some of the articles are more fully treated than in some more pretentious works. Enclosed please find money order and list of ten new subscribers, with their post-office address, to whom you will please send your valuable paper for one year. Thus you have the fifteen dollars and the ten subscribers, to whom you will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I have an elegant addition to my library.

Mrs. Wm. E., Exeter, Me. Will you please tell me in THE MAIL-BAG when Jerusalem was founded, and by whom?

The founding of Jerusalem, like that of many other ancient cities, seems to be almost hidden in the mists of antiquity and tradition. Josephus, the Jewish historian, (Book 7. ch. 10, of *The Wars of the Jews*), declares that it was built by Melchisedek, who gave it the name of Salem. There are, however, various traditions, one of which identifies it with Cadytis, a city of Syria, mentioned by Herodotus, while Tacitus and Plutarch state that the city was founded by Hierosolymus. The statement of Josephus is accepted by all the early church fathers except Jerome.

E. P., Maywood, Neb. Do you think the passage referring to the inward struggle in Rom. 7: 12-25 relates to the converted or the unconverted man?

The question is disputed, but our opinion is that it describes the experience of a man newly converted who is striving to live according to the new nature imparted to him. In the last verses he learns the secret of the power of Christ, but until he learns it he is in a continual turmoil. The unconverted man does not experience the struggle, because he sins willingly.

E. E. S., Comersville, Ind., sends this excellent suggestion:

What do you do with your religious papers, periodicals, and other good reading matter when they become back numbers? Do you store them away in the attic for moth food? Do you file them away for future reference? Or do you give them away to others who perhaps do not get much good reading? To which class do you belong? If you have not much reading matter on hand go and solicit from others who have plenty and to spare, and if you have no neighbors in want of such matter, make up a package at least once a week and take it to the County Infirmary, if one is near, and take a few to the jail and they will be appreciated by some at least. If you have Sunday School papers take them to some Mission Sunday School. Follow out this plan, and you will not only feed his lambs, but you will be able to make use of a great deal of good matter which would otherwise go to waste.

This correspondent's verdict, "Better than I expected," will be repeated by every one who receives a set of our WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Here is his letter:

OWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 13th, 1896.

Gentlemen—I received the Encyclopedia in good shape, and am very much pleased with it. It is fully equal to your advertisement. The binding is better than I expected. Please accept my thanks for your very prompt shipment. HERBERT J. SMITH.

M. Wakefield, R. I. Do you not think vivisection a great sin? I do not think God, when he gave man power over the lower creation, ever intended that he should, to bring out a few points in science, subject dumb beasts to such cruel, heartless experiments.

Vivisection, except possibly in extreme cases, when the welfare of any considerable portion of the community justifies it, is a needless and inexcusable cruelty and a grievous sin. All life is sacred, and we should recognize this fact in dealing with even the lower animals. We might well take a lesson from the Hindus, who hold it a crime to deprive even the meanest insect of life, since it is something man is wholly powerless to restore.

SOUDANESE BOATMEN ON THE NILE.

See text on opposite page.

It is agreeable though by no means surprising to receive such letters as this:

CAMBRIDGE, MD., Aug. 14, '96.

The fifteen volumes comprising The World-Wide Encyclopedia were received in good condition on the 12th inst. I have not had an opportunity to carefully inspect the books, but am convinced, from a cursory examination of them, that they more than measure up to the standard you claim for them. To look at the volumes so nicely bound, and containing such a vast fund of valuable information, a thoughtful person could not do otherwise, than pronounce your offer a great boon to humanity. I am delighted with such a valuable addition to my library so easily obtained, and only hope that my future efforts in endeavoring to increase the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will to some extent show my appreciation. JOS. L. KERR.

Reader, Oak Lodge, I.T. 1. What effect do you think yellow-back novel reading will produce on a young mind? 2. Have any of our great men come from that class of young men?

1. It is deteriorating in the last degree, robbing both mind and body of their natural energy, and creating false and pernicious views of life generally, besides awakening passions and emotions of a low order. It destroys the mental taste for really good and helpful literature, and excites a morbid and dissipated craving for sensation. 2. No; the mind that has been fed on trashy literature becomes incapable of original effort in any direction. All our leading teachers and authorities hold this view.

C. B. F., South Ryegate, Vt. We think it time the Christian world rose up in its might and wiped out Mohammedanism from the face of the earth. Therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Behold, I will feed them, even his people, with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink. I will scatter them also among the heathen, whom neither they nor their fathers have known. And I will send a sword after them, till I have consumed them." Although these words were spoken by the Prophet Jeremiah in other years, yet is not the Everlasting Father speaking in the same language to Turkey to-day?

Several Inquirers. We cannot fill any more orders for copies of the *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, our entire supply being exhausted.

James Q. Marshall, Sardina, O. Similar questions to yours on the subject of the Seventh Day Sabbath were answered in these columns in several recent numbers of this journal.——Mrs. J. A. King, Marshfield, Ore. No it does not mean that they would be lost at all. Only that in the hurried flight from the city it would be very trying for persons in that condition.——E. L. Y., Canton, O. The foot-washing was merely an example, peculiar to the time and country, of the general principle of brotherly service.——Ellen, Effingham, Kans. The apostle was writing to believers who were disposed to break up their matrimonial relations. He forbade their doing so, and referred to the children's welfare as a reason for remaining with unbelieving partners.——Wm. Hay, Archer, Ont. 1. Yes, it is possible, as is proved by some eminent examples; but it is a habit which is not commendable. 2. It is not a question of right. Such a man would be out of place. 3. Probably nervousness which would disappear by practice.——Anna K. L., Jonesville, Ind. You can address the pastor, Baptist Church, Kalb, S. C.——Levi Hartzler, Goshen, Ind. What you ask has already appeared repeatedly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.——J. S. Burson, Neb. We have ... record of it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Sudden Exit.

THERE must be something in the condition of the atmosphere to cause this widespread sudden death. When we are told it is heart-disease, that does not sufficiently explain. All death is heart-disease. In every case of departure the mainspring of life fails to perform its office. But there is an unseen sickle in the unwholesome air which is cutting down unwonted multitudes, the more conspicuous cases illustrations of the fatality on all sides. Great heat, severe cold, rapid climatic changes sweep many out of the world. Satan no doubt has much to do with the weather. What does the Bible mean when it calls him "the prince of the power of the air?" From the epidemic of suicides and murders and casualties, and the distress abroad, I have no doubt but that there are especial satanic disturbances; but the victory which Christ gained over the devil on the Temple was only a type of the Christly victory to be gained everywhere. Let us in private and public implore the reformation of the climate, and then look to see the wind turn from the east to the northwest, and dry, cool, tonic weather to follow. As the tendency of our time is to make less and less of religion amid the temporalities, we somehow feel disposed to make more and more of it. If religion is not good for this world, it will be of no value for the next. The God who is willing to save the souls of men is willing to save their bodies, and one ought to put in his hands, by especial prayer, everything that pertains to this life as well as to the coming existence.

Boys on the Limits.

IT is not a good time to be a boy. The boys now do not seem to have as good a time as we had. Whatever the occasion of celebration, it is decided that boys must not burn tar-barrels, or set off fire-crackers. It has always seemed to me an exhilarating custom that on the night of the election our cities should be illumined with boyish glee. They were not baleful fires, or ill-natured groups assembled around them. The burning pile not only expressed the joy of the victors, but lighted up the gloom of the vanquished. But the orders go forth: Out with the bonfires. So, also, the Fourth of July, which was the day for exploding gunpowder among our youth, has been despoiled, and torpedoes and fire-crackers are silenced. Even Election Day is now forbidden by a better time. Candy is pronounced poison, and pie is organized indigestion, and nothing in the world could induce me to be a boy again, if that were possible. I rejoice that I passed my childhood days in times and places when roar and racket were not considered outlawry. Our public men ought not to forget that they were boys themselves once. It is by rollicking fun, and old-fashioned Fourth of Julys, and election times, that our youth are to gather up exuberance for the severe duties of after-life. What are our boys to do? The amusement thought to be most appropriate for them is to get up in the morning before they are slept out, and study conic sections. Laughter must be suppressed, because it is vulgar, and boys are men at fifteen. I protest against the abbreviation of youthful joys and youthful demonstration of good cheer and patriotism. Kindle up the election fires, and rouse up the old-time Fourth of Julys, and deal out sugar-plums in reasonable quantities, and put before the wide-open, hungry mouth of boyhood an isosceles triangle of pie such as our mothers used to make for Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. It is really a serious matter, this invasion of the sportfulness of childhood. Can you tell me what are the innocent joys before the young people in our cities to-day? We say, you must not do this, and you must not do that, and you must not do the other thing. What shall they do? Church of God, go out and give some recipe for the cure of these evils, and by stating what they may do, take them off from what they may not do.

Excommunicated.

BRETHREN of the Churches, is it not time that our religious societies be cleaned of their unfaithful members? Will not the world have more respect for the Church when it is understood that there is such a thing as Christian discipline, and that a man cannot live an obnoxious life and yet sit at the communion table? Let this cleansing process go on kindly but firmly, and the Church will mean more than it does now. The greatest dangers to Christianity to-day are not those who are writing against it, but the professor of religion who carry around contribution plates and communion cups, and stand prominent at prayer-meetings, while they are known as defrauders, slanderers, or inebriates. You wonder why the old Gospel ship has such rough weather. It is because you have a Jonah on board. Pick him up and let him drop over the sides very gently, and the sea will cease its raging. It is very hard to do so, but better Jonah go to the bottom than the entire vessel. One rotten apple will spoil the whole barrel.

Commercial Ethics.

AS never before, professors of religion are trying to live one life in the street and another life in the Church, and we hear men boasting of sharpnesses in trade that are positive dishonesties—the things that twenty years ago would have been denounced everywhere, now applauded as being "smartness" in business, and as being worthy of imitation by our young men. It is impossible for a man to practise a principle of ethics in business life that is obnoxious to God, and yet live anywhere near to Jesus Christ. If a man is wrong in the street, he is wrong in the Church. I believe the Lord God is yet to walk though our commercial circles and reconstruct them and upset them. There are men all the time going down-hill in commercial life—here and there a great defalcation ringing through the land, but the vast majority of moral defalcations never reported, never coming to public observation, never denounced. And how you and I are going out in business life, and attempt the attaining of a livelihood, and be honest in our store when there is dishonesty on the right and dishonesty on the left; how we are to serve God in our company while there are fifty companies taking away our business simply because they can afford to do wrong—that is a practical question which every Christian has to meet. But do not surrender to these depressing commercial influences. With your Bible in your hand, before God make up your mind to follow it, and remember that your spiritual attainment can never be satisfactory as long as your principles of commercial ethics are rotten.

Man Overboard.

WHAT a great temptation life is, and how much we all need the grace of God, not as a dormant or half-and-half principle, but as an all-controlling influence. Nothing else is sufficient. Family pride—you see that is not strong enough to protect. Education—you see that is not a defense. Dependence of others upon our right-doing—you see that is not enough to uphold. Respectability—even that may be sacrificed. Oh, we want an ever-present God around us and within us! Let the overthrow of others lead us to no supercilious toss of the head, as though we were invulnerable, but rather let it put us on our knees with the importunate prayer, "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." We will all either be examples or warnings—lighthouses to guide into the harbor, or buoys swung over the rocks. We want the Christ of Lydia, the seller of purple, to help us in our bargain-making; the Christ of Martha to help us in our housekeeping; the Christ of Matthew at the receipt of custom, to keep us in our official engagements; the Christ of the seven thousand in the wilderness who gathered up twelve baskets over, to help us in our economies; the Christ who opened the eyes of Bartimeus, to take care of our eyesight; the Christ who cast out the dumb spirit, to help us speak for the interests of his kingdom. Christ while we live, and Christ when we die, and Christ forever.

Forward the Church.

ONCE it was quite a protracted process to make a nail; now hundreds of nails are manufactured in a minute. The printing-press only a little while ago could make but two hundred and fifty impressions an hour; now many thousand. The mails went but once in two weeks from London to Edinburgh; now every few hours: and you must look out or you will be run over a dozen times a day by the wagon with United States mails that comes down the street to unload its tons of letters and newspapers. Has the Church advanced, developed, enlarged as rapidly as the post-office, as shipping and railroad transportation, as geology, as optics, as astronomy? Is the Church converting the world, or the world converting the Church?

A Higher Life.

HOW are we to come up to a higher style of life? Taking it for granted that we are, none of us, satisfied, I think the only way is to lay hold of Christ. I think we might put our hands on the "Rock of Ages" and clamber up that steep way. There are those who talk of the heights of Christian life as though they were Mont Blanc, a dangerous steep to ascend. A man might get up safely, but more probably would fall, and when we find a man who has come to a complete assurance of faith, and who says: "I have no more doubts about my adoption into the family of Christ than I have of my own existence," we are tempted to say: "Oh, what a brag!" We have so little grace ourselves we cannot appreciate the triumphs of grace in others. Now, my brethren, let us take it for granted that there is no height of Christian character we cannot gain. Let us struggle on with more earnestness than we have ever employed in Christ's service. First persuaded of our own wretchedness by reason of sin, before God let us cry out for his mercy until we get it.

BRIEF NOTES.

We regret to learn that some people in [illegible] *States have been victimized by persons pre*[tending] *be agents for this journal.* **It should be understood that we have no agents** *to receive subscriptions from anyone who will* [not] *whether their own or those of other peo*[ple] *would caution our friends against intru*[sting] *subscriptions to persons who are strangers.*

The definite Results of the French [census] of last March make the total population [of France] to be 38,228,969 persons, an increase of [1,000,000 in] five years.

The *Chinese Recorder* Estimates the [number] of Protestant communicants in China [at 100,000.] There are probably two or three times [as many] adherents.

Mr. Moody Stated at the Northfield [Conference] ence the other day that his Colportage [Association is] now putting Gospel books into homes at the [rate of] twelve hundred a day.

President Baily, of the National Temperance Society, says that during the thirty years of society's existence it has issued 522,999 volumes, 2,100 separate publications.

Rev. W. L. Whipple, Whose Work [in the] distribution of the Bible in Persia and other [Mohammedan] lands is well known, arrived in New York [recently] on a brief furlough for rest and recuperation.

Mr. Loomis, the American Bible Society's agent at Yokohama, Japan, reports that the government officials are facilitating his efforts to circulate the Bible in Japan and are generally friendly to the work.

A Creche, where Mothers May Leave their children while they are at work, is conducted by a Christian Endeavor Society in Toronto. The Christian Endeavorers have opened a public reading room in the church building.

The English Wesleyan Conference has decided to petition Parliament for permission to repeal the clause in the title deeds of the churches which prohibits a minister being continued more than three years in one charge.

There is a Boys' School in Pennsylvania with eight hundred inmates, and the only religious service held in connection therewith are the Christian Endeavor meetings. This Society was started by the boys themselves. It exerts a great influence in the school.

An Effective Reply to the Pope's Recent Encyclical on the pre-eminence of the Apostle Peter is given by the *Independent*, which reminds his Holiness that: "There is none other name given under heaven among men but one whereby we may be saved, and that name is not Peter.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is Endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a home in New York for discharged convicts, where they may be released from prison until situations can be found for them. An employment bureau is to be established in connection with the work.

When at Pretoria recently, Rev. Marcus Pearse paid a visit to President and Mrs. Kruger. "The President," he writes, "gets up at five o'clock and has his household together for prayer at half-past five. He is a man who seeks daily to do his duty in the fear of God."

A Committee has Waited on Mr. Moody to see if his plans for the fall and winter would admit of his holding in New York and Brooklyn a series of meetings for the deepening of spiritual life similar to those now being held at Northfield. Mr. Moody promised to take the invitation into consideration.

A Kindly and Thoughtful Act has been done by Mrs. Charles Green of Baltimore, Md., who established as a memorial of her daughter, a summer home for foreign missionaries at Old Orchard, Me., to be known as Minnie's Seaside Rest. The dedication several eminent missionaries took part in the exercises, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin presiding.

An Excellent Way of Honoring the Memory of a pastor was taken recently by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia. The pastor, Rev. Wm. H. [illegible] died a short time ago, and the Society sent to the American Sunday School Union to establish a Sunday School in memory of him. This is the church of which Dr. Talmage was formerly pastor.

The Twenty-first Report of the Indian Santhal Mission, Bengal, speaks of good work being accomplished in India by Pastor A. Boyd and his assistants. In the district where, twenty years ago, there was not a single Christian, there are to-day in no fewer than seventy villages members of the King's servants. During the year ending in March twenty-two persons were baptized into the church.

Religious Liberty has been Formally Proclaimed in Madagascar by the French Resident General. He said: "We guarantee liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. This liberty has been proclaimed in France for a century. We affirm the same principle here no less than in our own country. The Protestants, Catholics and others with their schools, will enjoy equal protection with our laws, and it will be contrary to our custom to favor any of them, and much more so to persecute any." He is a Protestant.

Rev. William James, whose Work at the Fresh Air Home, Belle Island, Conn., was recently described in this journal, has received several contributions toward the expenses from anonymous donors who wish them acknowledged in these columns. They are as follows: M. A. D., $5; D., $5; Poor Cripple, $1; Twilight Star Mission Band, $5; A Friend, $2. The Christian workers whom Mr. James has entertained at the Home this year have been greatly benefited by the rest and pure air.

During the Recent Hot Spell in New York, which continued for ten days, the mortality was unprecedented. The thermometer did not fall below ninety degrees in the shade. During the ten days from August 9 to 18, there were 1,551 deaths in the city from sunstroke alone. The mortality ran up to 1,800, an average of 1,155, which is more than double the average rate, and the highest ever recorded by the Bureau of Statistics. The deaths in the tenement districts numbered 1,113 as against 599 the preceding week. There were 351 deaths in Brooklyn, an average of 40.07 per thousand.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Turkey's Rule in Crete.

RUMORS are current in European capitals that Turkey has determined to make the concessions to the Christians of Crete, which a short time ago she declared herself unable to make. The Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables that at the eleventh hour the Sultan resolved to make peaceful settlement of the Cretan affairs, and had given Zihni Pacha a free hand in the negotiations. This result, if true, is probably due to the failure of the proposal, which was believed to have originated from Russia, to have the coast of Crete blockaded by the European powers, so as to prevent arms and munitions of war being sent to the insurgents from Greece. England was invited to join in the blockade, but refused. Public opinion throughout the country demanded that the Government should lend no aid in a work that was early in the Sultan's interest, and that he should do himself if it were to be done at all. Indeed, it was suggested that if a blockade were established, it should not include the prohibition of Turkish reinforcements, thus leaving the present inhabitants of the island to settle the matter by themselves. It is understood that the Cretans desire such an issue, and claim that they would have no fear of the conflict. It is evident that Turkey has few sympathizers in Europe. The powers are disposed to allow her to deal with Crete as she dealt with Armenia. Nor do they appear disposed to allow Greece to annex the island. Still less would they consent to a British occupation, though the suggestion was made in the course of the negotiations that England should become responsible for the good government of Crete and Russia should undertake the pacification of Armenia. The more probable issue at this date is that autonomy will be granted to Crete, the European powers giving guarantees for its maintenance. It is to be clear that the atrocities in any event will not be resumed, the Sultan being evidently aware that European patience with his misgovernment is well nigh exhausted. Public opinion everywhere in Europe is thoroughly aroused against him, and is demanding that his power be curtailed. It seemed as if he could escape punishment for his crimes, and it would surprise no one now if he lost not only Crete, but other territories, as he lost Bulgaria. The advice of the Preacher applies now as it did in his time:

If thou seest the violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for that is higher than the highest regardeth. (Eccl. 5: 8).

Nansen's Arctic Voyage.

News was received on August 14 that Dr. Nansen was safe at Vardoe, on the coast of Norway. He has been for three years beyond the confines of civilization endeavoring to reach the North Pole. Although he has not been successful in that attempt, he has come nearer to it than has any previous explorer. The Norwegian flag now floats in the icy breezes that blow over the frozen solitude, nearly one hundred and fifty miles north of the point which Lockwood planted the Stars and Stripes in 1883. About two hundred and fifty miles still remain to be crossed before the North Pole is found. Dr. Nansen's story is full of interest. His scheme was to push as far north as he could in his ship and then ram it into the ice with the deliberate intention of getting frozen in. He believed that there was a drift in the Arctic sea which would carry the ship in the ice floe across the Pole. He sailed from Christiania, June 24, 1893, in the *Fram*, a vessel constructed to resist the pressure of the ice. He expected to be away two years, but carried provisions for six years. Late in September he made fast to an ice-floe and the long drift northward began. It continued through the winter, but during the following summer there was a southern drift which carried the party backward. The next winter, however, brought again a northern drift, and on Christmas eve, 1894, the *Fram* entered a region never before visited. The northward drift continued until March, 1895, but then it began to recede as in the previous year. Nansen detetmined to leave the ship and explore the region to the north instead of remaining to drift southward again. Lieut. Johansen volunteered to accompany him. Leaving the *Fram* in the charge of Capt. Sverdrup, the two men started with sledges and dogs and two light boats. They found the travel on the ice very fatiguing, as it was not smooth but hummocky. They pressed on, however, always hoping to reach smoother ice, but on April 7

RETIMO, ONE OF THE CHIEF TOWNS OF CRETE.

having reached latitude 86.14, they climbed a high hummock from which they could see a long distance ahead, and seeing nothing before them but the same kind of ice they reluctantly turned back. Their provisions were almost gone and the dog food was quite exhausted. There was no land in sight, and Dr. Nansen believes that there is no land north of the point he reached. The cold was intense, often sixty-two degrees below zero. The depth of the sea had increased suddenly above the eightieth degree of latitude. It sank from ninety fathoms to nineteen hundred fathoms, thus effectually disproving the theory of a shallow Polar basin. It was not until August 6 that the two men reached land, and they did not know what land it was. They determined, however, to find a sheltered place where they could winter. They selected a place and then set to work to prepare provisions by killing bear and walrus. They remained until May of this year and then resumed their journey southward. They hoped to reach Spitzbergen, but their maps were incorrect and they had lost their reckoning. Finally after six weeks' travel they reached the northern coast of Franz-Josef Island, where they found Mr. F. G. Jackson of the Windward Expedition. They returned on the *Windward* to Vardoe, whence the news of their safety was sent. Dr. Nansen believes that the *Fram*, with the other members of the expedition will come out safely and will soon be heard from at Spitzbergen. We may hope that his confidence will be justified. Too many lives have already been sacrificed in this quest. Each explorer, finds, as he penetrates farther than his predecessor, that the patriarch was right when he said:

He stretcheth out the north over an empty place. Job 26. 7.

Harmonizing Calls.

An important change in military and naval matters is announced by a Washington journal. Previous to the beginning of this month, the bugle calls by which orders are conveyed, were different in the different branches of the army and the navy. The confusion liable to arise from this variation in time of war has been often pointed out. In the event of a ship's crew taking part ashore in an attack, in co-operation with the military, they would not understand an order to advance or retire unless it were given by a naval bugler and his signal might convey to the military an order quite different from that it conveyed to the naval force. A committee of the two arms has now arranged a new code which appiies to both. Each branch has a number of calls peculiar to itself, but these calls have no meaning to the other branch, while the calls common to both have the same meaning to each. We may hope that the time will yet come when all the servants of Christ, by whatever name they are called, will so reach a harmonious understanding and obedience of his voice.

The sheep follow him for they know his voice: and a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers. (John 10: 4, 5.)

A Novel Life-Saving Station.

The mention of a life-saving station suggests a salt-stained building on a storm-swept beach with surf patrols and life boats. But a new station has been constructed which has none of these peculiarities. It is a boat which will be anchored outside the breakers. This station is the first of the kind ever constructed. She is shaped much like an old-fashioned flat iron, cut off square at the stern. The most curious feature of the boat is the "harbor" cut out of the main deck. This is an opening cut into the stern 30 feet long and 17 feet wide. It is surmounted by a walk upon which boats may be hauled. As the "station" will continually lie at her anchors and head to the wind, it follows that the egress and ingress of small boats from and into the harbor will be conducted in a sheltered place, and one of the dangerous and disagreeable features which life-saving crews have hitherto had to put up with, will be obviated. In this harbor will be moored two naphtha launches for the use of the life savers, and surf boats will hang on davits near at hand. The life-savers on board will thus be able to shelter any boat coming from a vessel in distress, or launch a boat easily and safely to go to the relief of people in peril. The new station cost seven thousand dollars exclusive of fittings. The Church may take a hint from this departure. Beautiful edifices and ornate surroundings are not of so much importance to it as a soul-saving station, as the being out beyond the breakers where it can effectually do its work.

Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt and the blind. (Luke 14: 21.)

Property in a Gravestone.

An important decision rendered recently by Justice Davy of the New York Supreme Court, has caused widespread comment in the country. It was given in the suit of a citizen of New York to restrain a firm of monument-makers from desecrating a grave. The citizen, who was a member of a wealthy firm of merchants, lost his wife and daughter a few years ago. They were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, and a handsome monument was placed over their graves. It cost nearly two thousand dollors, and was paid for partly in cash and parly in notes. Before the notes came to maturity, the firm to which the purchaser belonged, suffered heavy financial losses and were obliged to suspend payment. Thereupon the monument-makers, in order to protect themselves from loss, put a lien on the tombstone. They were about to remove it and sell it at auction, when the owner interposed with a suit at equity. The monument-makers had the law on their side, Justice Davy, however, decided that the law was unconstitutional. No legislature, he said, could confer on any one the right to desecrate the graves of the dead or to disturb their remains to satisfy claims against their living relatives. This will be a satisfaction to people who depend on the monument to be erected over their graves for the perpetuation of their memory; but a better and surer way is that recommended by the Psalmist:

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. (Ps. 112: 6.)

An American Ex-Queen.

An American lady, who has the distinction of having reigned for several years as a queen, arrived in New York a few days ago on the *Lahn*, of the German line. Nearly half a century ago the United States had as consul in the South Seas, Hon. Jonas Coe, of Massachusetts, who married a native lady of Samoa. Among the children of this marriage was a daughter to whom was given the name of Emma. She was sent to Melbourne, Australia, to be educated. From her father she inherited American nationality, while from her mother she inherited aristocratic rights which were recognized throughout the South Sea Archipelago. A marriage with the scion of another family enhanced her local wealth and prestige, and ultimately she succeeded to the throne of New Pomerania. After a few years her husband died, and she reigned alone. Her son received a thorough education in Austraiia and was sent to a European university. On his return his mother abdicated in his favor and became the wife of a German lieutenant, who resigned from the army and settled in New Pomerania. Relieved of the cares of government she accompanied her husband to his native land, where they spent several months with his relatives. She has now come to America to visit her father's family at Haverhill, Mass. Thence, after a brief stay, she and her husband intend to go to San Francisco, and from there sail for their island home. Probably few people knew that the daughter of an American citizen had been reigning as a queen; but that distinction, coveted as it is, is small compared to the illustrious position offered to all women:

I will be a Father to you and ye shall be my daughters saith the Lord Almighty (II Cor. 6: 18).

In Venetian Homes.

Rich and Humble Dwelling Side by Side in the Queen City of the Adriatic.

ALTHOUGH Venice is essentially a city of palaces, there are nooks and by-ways within her borders where poverty dwells in the shadow of wealth. Our illustration affords a view of such a quarter, where the inhabitants are of the bourgeois class—gondoliers, small tradesmen, shop-keepers and laborers. It is a city famous for its beautiful women, and even among the very poor, there is a picturesque gracefulness and poise of figure that are hardly equalled in any other city in Europe. For many centuries, the line that divides the classes has been rigidly drawn and the poor have little in common with the rich, upon whom they are dependent for a livelihood. Their homes are little better than damp and dingy hovels, in narrow, gloomy streets; tall, old-fashioned buildings that have sheltered generation after generation of lowly workers, whose ambition rarely rises beyond the possession of a black-painted gondola or passenger-boat, and a few simple pieces of household furniture. They are a plain-living, frugal, earnest people, with few pleasures at their command, and no luxuries.

Very different are the lives of those who occupy the splendid buildings that once were the homes of the doges and princes of Venice. The city is divided into two great sections by the Grand Canal, which winds tortuously through it, and is intersected by 146 smaller canals. These serve the purpose of streets, and are spanned at short intervals by bridges, of which there are 306 in all. Venice has been picturesquely described by the poet Rogers:

> There is a glorious city in the sea,
> The sea [illegible] the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the entrance of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates: the path lies o'er the sea.

Saint Mark's Square, one of the finest in Europe, is a favorite resort for those who visit Venice. Three sides of it are enclosed by shops and cafes, while the famous Cathedral of St. Mark occupies the other. These shops are filled with the daintiest wares and productions of Venetian workmanship, and shoppers find them a paradise. Besides, there are the famous show-places: the Cathedral itself, with its four sculptured horses of bronze over the entrance; the equestrian statues in various parts of the city; the grand Church of Santa Maria Gloriosi della Frati; the Doge's Palace which has been five times destroyed and rebuilt; the Giant's Stairway, with its colossal statuaries, the Ponte Rialto—the principal bridge in Venice—and its double flight of stone steps; the Pesaro, Ca'd'Oro, and Manin palaces, and many other world-renowned works of art to claim attention. Historically, few cities have equal claims upon the student and the stranger.

In Venice, Galileo invented the telescope; the first Bible, the first editions of the classics, and also the first newspaper, were each issued from Venetian presses. Here artillery was first brought into practical [illegible] preserved there is the oldest in the world. Here Titian, the painter, Tintoretto, the carver, the world-renowned Canova, and [illegible] all born and lived. And here also, banking and bills of exchange were invented and first used in commercial life.

There is but little change in the ancient city in the passing of the centuries and the Venice of to-day presents, in many respects, the same aspect as in the days of the Doges. But its naval greatness, its commercial supremacy and all but the wondrous glory of its art, have departed forever.

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A Novel Custom.

Babies' "birth-cards" are a recent innovation. In sending announcement cards of a baby's birth the baby's name is printed in full on a small card which is enclosed with the parents' card. If desired, it may be attached to the larger card by a bow of very narrow white satin ribbon, or silver cord. The date of birth is added, but no other particulars of any sort whatever.

***

A Daughter's Part.

One of the most acceptable things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand of in the middle of the room, (says a writer, who is an authority on the subject), and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called; walk over to meet her; give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in at five o'clock. When no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches and cakes, and herself hands the cups, and takes them from the guest who would like to be relieved.

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A Strange Wedding Anniversary.

One of the most singular "Golden Weddings" ever known, was recently celebrated in Switzerland. Christian Almer is a famous Grindelwald guide, and he and his faithful wife celebrated their wedding anniversary at the top of the Wetterhorn. Christian is seventy-three and his wife only a few years his junior, but notwithstanding their old age, they are as brave and vigorous as many persons of forty. On the day before the anniversary, it rained heavily, but the courageous pair, accompanied by their two sons, Hans and Peter, and Dr. Huber, dared the journey. In three-and-a-half hours they reached the Gleckstein hut, and spent a day there in warm and brilliant weather. Many were the eyes that looked up at them that day from Grindelwald through field-glasses. At 6.30 next morning they were on the top of the Wetterhorn, whose summit the bridegroom forty-two years previously had adorned with a little fir tree, which has since become famous in the annals of Alpine climbing. In the evening they arrived at Grindelwald, where they were given a hearty reception. Frau Almer has the distinction of being the first woman of over seventy who has climbed to the top of the Wetterhorn.

A GROUP OF VENETIAN PEASANTS.

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Little Kindnesses.

How they brighten the lives of those around us! The one who is the cherished home treasure is the one who

> [illegible]
> [illegible]

rather than the one that spends large sums [illegible], but overlooks the little things which make up the sum of life. It is the little kindness, never overlooked, t[illegible] secures the firm friend. It makes the employe. It is one of the surest s[illegible] success in business or professional l[illegible] makes the charm of social and fam[illegible]

***

My Bible and I.*

WE'VE traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, wi[illegible]
or with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or c[illegible]
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp [illegible]
psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and
When life had grown weary, and deat[illegible]
was nigh,
But all through the darkness of mist[illegible]
wrong
I found thee a solace, a prayer or a son[illegible]

So now, who shall part me, my Bible a[illegible]
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights wh[illegible]
Shall shadow for substance, or stone f[illegible]
bread,
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly i[illegible]

Ah, no, my dear Bible, Revealer of Lig[illegible]
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to fl[illegible]
And still through life's journey, until [illegible]
sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

*These words were sent me by a frie[illegible] bookmark for my Bible. Mrs. B. F. Wo[illegible] Glastonbury, Conn.

***

Friends of Old Age.

IF a woman wants to have pl[illegible] friends when she is old, she [illegible] take care to keep her mind [illegible] to have a warm interest in [illegible] thing outside of her person [illegible] fairs, and to know how to listen [illegible] ligently to opinions that may [illegible] from her own. She should cu[illegible] cheerfulness, think and talk of her[illegible] little as possible, keep in touch [illegible] younger people and strive, in every [illegible] to prevent others from getting the [illegible] that she must be honored because [illegible] old. Above all, she must keep a [illegible] lookout for the little habits of carele[illegible] in dress, speech and manners, that s[illegible] ily grow to very unpleasant character[illegible] It is wonderfully easy to grow old, [illegible] requires considerable effort to gro[illegible] gracefully. If the heart be right with [illegible] age has no terrors and is hallow[illegible] grace. While there are many who [illegible] rather enter an old age in which [illegible] would simply be tolerated, than mak[illegible] exertion, there are others who w[illegible] thankful for the hint that sets th[illegible] studying themselves in time to prepa[illegible] a pleasant old age.

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In a Tetuanese Home.

A lady, writing in *Travel*, gives th[illegible] tistic description of a personal visit [illegible] home in Tetuan: "We traverse a m[illegible] tangled streets and alleys, until at l[illegible] we halt before a plain, wood door in a[illegible] wall. Before us stood the most cha[illegible] bijou residence — a gauzy, milk-[illegible] fabric wrought in lace-work, with t[illegible] ed galleries, horse-shoe arches and m[illegible] courtyards floored with choice mos[illegible] tender-tinted tiles. The house itself [illegible] built around a central court, like the [illegible] in southern France. Here, too, the [illegible] was pencilled out in rich design of co[illegible] pottery. A tiny fountain shot a sh[illegible] of silver spray into a central basi[illegible] black marble, and round the sides [illegible] orange bushes interspersed with fea[illegible] tufted palms in handsome pots—no, p[illegible] lains. Of course the household of [illegible] host retired on our entrance; the s[illegible] remained, however, and a very char[illegible] lot of girls they were. After showin[illegible] round the public rooms, refreshm[illegible] were served, and we retired with l[illegible] and thanks and wreathed smiles, and [illegible] host set out to count his spoons and [illegible] cups. I never saw such silver outsid[illegible] Strada Reale down at Malta."

***

The Value of Gentleness.

Of all the sweetest qualities man or [illegible] man can possess, among the rarest [illegible] the best is gentleness. It specially bec[illegible] the members of a Christian family. [illegible] tells its wordless story of heaven. I[illegible] band and wife are made more and [illegible] one under its gracious influence, and [illegible] children grow in desire for its eternal [illegible] ization. Some of us wonder why i[illegible] that we live, not in sunlight, but [illegible] shadow, and why our residence is a [illegible] bor for our offspring and not a home. [illegible] not because the angel of gentleness [illegible] visit us, but does not abide under our r[illegible]

The Bible.

...gestions on the Christian Endeavor ...pic for the Week Beginning Sept. 6. ...ent: 1-9.

HOW to get the most out of the Bible, is the full wording of the Topic. The problem deserves all the attention that can be given to it. In spite of all the attacks that have been made on the ...k, its foes and its professed friends ...ertains the one sure ...de have to a right life ...alth, culminating in ...nal life beyond the ...ve. It has often been mis...sed; it has often been ...ed to wrong uses, but it ...ains, and out of it we get ...ction, admonition, warn...ort, and hope. Peter's ...on of it is endorsed by ...ll have tried honestly to ...of its pages the lessons ...as tended to teach. Holy ...God spake as they were ...ed by the Holy Ghost.

...e shall get most good out ...Bible, however, if we ...ember a few things about ...ch are sometimes for...en. One of these is that ...ains a progressive revel...n. In communicating his ...th men, God dealt with ...n with children. The ...ks of the Bible are progres...e. In the earlier ones he ...t with the child race. ...re were many things they ...did not understand; there ...e many things they did ...ere offensive to God, ...ere not reproved. The ...ist says, God winked at ...as we sometimes say ...udicious parent or teacher, ...osed his eyes to wrong...ng which was afterwards ...corrected. When Christ ...ded his sermon on the ...ain he reiterated the words, ...ith been said . . . ...I say unto you," re...lin thus, words that we ...in the Old Testament. ...ime had arrived when ...were to pass into a higher ...de of education. Yet there ...ple still who attach im...tance to the passages thus ...desolete.

...t important also to re...mber that there are expres...ons in the Bible which are ...n its spirit and to God ...ss. These are not to be ...ved and were not intended ...be believed. A case in point ...the expression in Job 2: 4, ...kin for skin, yea all that a ...an hath will he give for his ...life." It is in the Bible and is ...times quoted as a Biblical ...ding yet a glance at the con...xt shows that it is repre...ented as being uttered by ...tan. So with other passages ...m Ecclesiastes, Canticles ...d other books of dramatic ...form. The characters are repre...ented as saying things which ...are true and are as far from ...truth is the words the Jews ...addressed (John 8 : 48) to ...Christ: "Thou hast a devil." ...Take such passages, di...ect from their context, and use them ...as proof-texts as is done in the catechisms ...and creeds, and

...To get the most good out of the Bible it ...is necessary to realize that it was not in...tended to teach science or politics but re...ligion. Each book should be read as a ...whole and the purpose and intent of the ...writer ascertained, and as much as pos...sible found out of the circumstances of the ...people for whom it was written. When ...people were running into error, they need...ed to hear the truth opposed to that par...ticular error and, so an emphasis was laid ...upon it, which gives it in the Bible a prom...inence it no longer deserves. It is, there...fore, necessary to get the spirit of the var...ious writers and to find out the general prin...ciples on which they based their utterances ...which we can apply to our case.

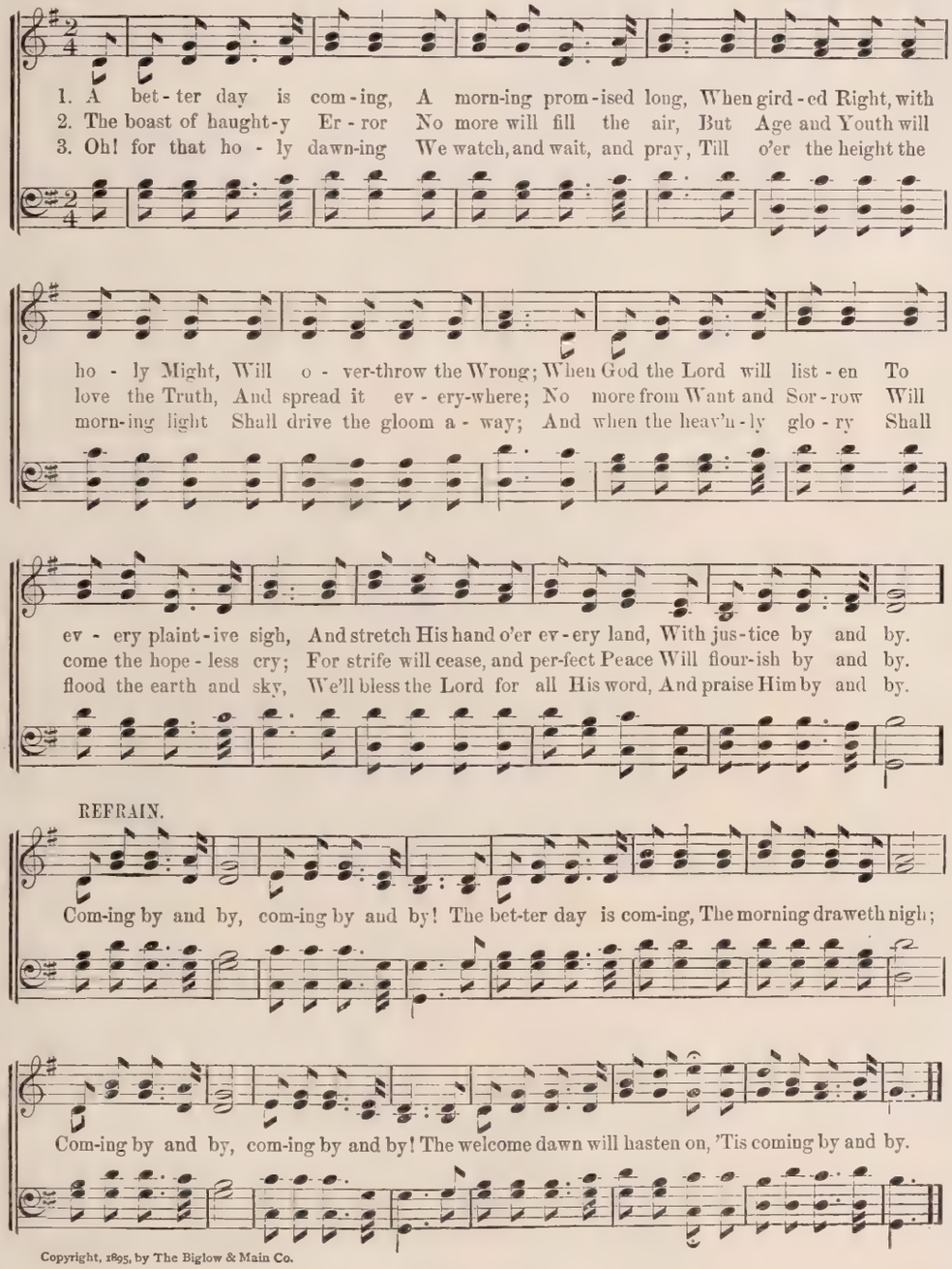
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

A BETTER DAY IS DAWNING.

"IT SHALL COME TO PASS IN THE LAST DAYS."—*Isa. 2 : 2.*

R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

No More Sea.

LIFE of our life, and light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but thee!
What time our souls, to thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave;
When its high billows, with a wild commotion,
Would sweep us down, then only thou canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
On whose bleak shore arriving, lone, benighted,
We fall, and lose ourselves at last—in thee.

—ELIZA SCUDDER.

The Field of the World.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock.
Drop it where thorns and thistle grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strewn.

Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Own Prophecies.

The Course of the Church's History Between the First and Second Advents.

BY REV. GEO. H. PEMBER, M.A.*

Continued from page 619.

On the very day in which our Lord announced the rejection of the Jews he proceeded to unfold the mystery which had been hidden from the ages, and to foretell in parables what should befall the people of God during the interval between the Sixty-ninth and Seventieth of Daniel's weeks.

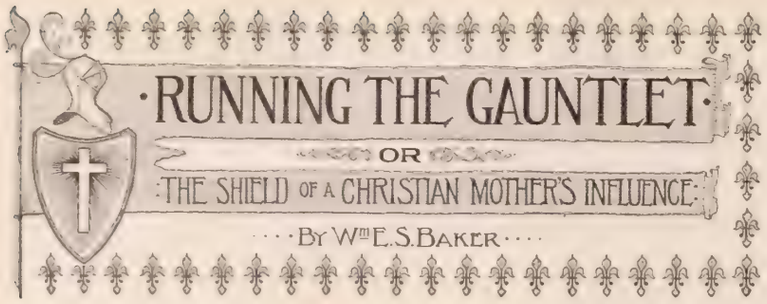
That his discourse contained an entirely new revelation, we are informed by the Evangelist who observes that, in delivering it, Christ fulfilled the prophecy; "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter *things hidden* from the foundation of the world. Indeed, we are more than once reminded in the New Testament that the purpose of God in regard to the Church and the heavenly calling had been kept secret, until the Lord himself disclosed it. Thus the Seven Parables were similitudes of the Kingdom of the Heavens, intended to foreshadow the varying conditions under which those who shall hereafter reign with Christ have, and are still being, gathered out of the present age. And the main burden of the prediction was that this body would, during its stay upon earth, be continually liable to become clogged and corrupted by admixtures of evil; that it would be interpenetrated surrounded, and even altogether concealed by a far greater multitude who would profess to belong to it, while they were in reality the children of the Wicked One.

The prophecy is, therefore, concerned with the whole number of nominal believers throughout the world, with every Church or sect which professes to derive its doctrines from the Word of God, and in any way acknowledges his Son, Jesus Christ. This vast and motley crowd spreads over the whole extent of Christendom in the largest sense of the term; while here and there in the midst of it, and ever acting more or less as a check upon the corruption around them, stand the scattered children of God, unable to extricate themselves from the press, and destined to continue unable, until heaven shall ring with the cry: "Gather my saints together, those who have made a covenant with me by sacrifice!"

Now the whole of this great mixed multitude or Christendom is, for time, called the Kingdom of the Heavens, because it holds within it—the true heirs of the Kingdom. Hence, each of the Seven Parables appears to foreshadow some characteristic of the nominal Church especially prominent at a particular time. And they seem to be arranged in chronological order; for, to pass by details they begin with the sowing, or first preaching, of the Word, and end with the separation of good and evil at the close of the dispensation.

Yet, although they indicate the true succession of the phases which they represent, it does not, of course, necessarily follow that the period of one Parable must be completely ended before another commences; on the contrary, it may overlap, and be contemporaneous with that which follows it. The seven Parables cover the whole period like the scenes of a panorama and they bear a close and intimate resemblance to that other seven—the epistles to the churches which John received.

*From his work on *The Great Prophecies* concerning the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God.



CHAPTER IV.

The Ring of the Transgressor.

WHEN George Browne and the Irish boys heard the splash of Milton's fall and his cry for help, they concluded that they would not have his company, and that they had better get away from the scene as quickly as they could. George touched the mare with the whip, and in a few moments they were en route for Chestnut Hill, where the Irish boys were to be dropped, to pursue the remainder of their journey on foot.

As usual, however, things did not turn out just as George intended. They had not proceeded more than five or six miles when, as they passed through a small village, they heard the sound of a violin and other unusual noises, coming from a small house, from the door knob of which black crape was flowing.

"Be jabers, Ted," said Mullin, "Loon's cousin lives here, and they are having a wake over his old granny. Git out, my b'ys, and have a turn."

George Browne knew nothing of wakes, but his curiosity was stronger than his fear, and, tying the old mare to the nearest tree, they all went in, Mullin leading the way, and introducing George as "the son of his boss."

There in a plain coffin, lay an aged woman cold and stiff in death, with a smoking dip candle burning at her head, while all around were her former friends and relatives, young and old; laughing, crying, praying, swearing, drinking whiskey, and smoking pipes; while in the adjoining room, small and cramped as it was, a dozen or more young men and boys were listening to the music of an old, cracked fiddle, and getting ready to have a dance.

"Mullin, ye spalpeen, we all be so dhry; ye must stand treat," said a bright, red-faced daughter of Erin.

"And sure, I'm the b'y for yese," boastingly said Muilin, taking out of his pocket the small change given to him by Milton and Browne. The younger Fenian was despatched for two more quarts of "old Irish rye whiskey," as it was called by courtesy. As a matter of fact, it had been distilled from sour molasses and kitchen slops, at the distillery a few furlongs off.

They all took a good round smack of it without water, shutting their eyes as they swallowed it, because the oil of vitrol and strychnine used in its distillation gave it a decidedly sharp taste, even to throats that were well greased with the "critter."

George Browne began to feel uncomfortable, as eleven o'clock struck, and to wish he was somewhere else. One of the buxom Irish lasses seem to anticipate his dilemma, so she said:

"Nivver a dhrop has the pale-faced lad taken; I guess he's afeerd his mammy will whack him."

Upon which Mullin said, with a flourish of his glass:

"Ladies and gintlemen, I propose the health of my friend, Misther Brown; may he live long to eat water-millions, and die happy!"

This raised a big laugh at George's expense, and, as above all things, a boy most hates to be ridiculed, when they sprang to their feet to drink the next toast, George could not resist, and drank off, with a cough, a glass of very bad whiskey and water. He privately excused himself, and reasoned that, as he had been doing so badly all day, it was impossible to do much worse, and, being [illegible] might as well "make a day of it," and en-

Twelve o'clock found Mullin and O'Rourke quite intoxicated, and fast asleep on the floor, as indeed were several others, and George, thinking it a good time to get away, watched until all who were likely to hinder him were out of the way, or asleep, and boldly pushed through the room where the corpse was lying, to the road. In passing the coffin, he noticed that somebody, with more whiskey in his head than sorrow in his heart, and forgetting the usual respect paid to their dead by the Irish, had put a dirty clay pipe in the mouth of the corpse, giving to the usual solemn appearance of the dead a most ludicrous and absurd appearance, which filled Browne's mind with horror. He found his head aching and reeling, too; still the mare knew the way home, if he did not, and soon she was trotting along the hard turnpike road, homeward bound.

Little Carrie Walter was so agitated at the mishap to Milton that she could not sleep, and lay in a nervous state for hours after retiring. Neither she nor her father knew then who had taken the mare. She felt sure, as she told her father, that Milton "never would steal;" and to confirm it, she dermined to lie awake and see if anybody did not return the stolen property. After being disturbed by several false alarms, Carrie heard the well known jog trot of the old mare coming up the avenue. Her father also apparently heard the sound, for he called for his servant, and both dressed themselves and went down stairs.

The drive in the night air had not sobered the lad but seemed rather to have stimulated the effects of the whiskey to which he was, of course, unaccustomed. He was singing hilariously and he drove boldly up to the front door of his uncle's house, reckless of the plans he and Milton had arranged to secure secrecy.

"John," he shouted to his uncle's hostler, "I say, John,—hic—come down here quick; mare and wagon's got into the water-wheel, I believe, and the mill's exploded or something,—hic—John, this wagon's spinning 'round awful."

Mr. Walter and the man were quickly on the scene, and the former, reaching into the wagon and taking the inmate by the collar, pulled him out without much ceremony, and shook him violently, not knowing who it was.

"Easy there—hic—Uncle Archy, can't you give a fellow suthin' to drink, or some water melons?"

Mr. Walter was astonished to find the horse thief to be his own nephew; and was shocked at his condition; a mere boy, and yet drunk! Taking him to the library, he roughly pushed him in and locked the door, leaving him to find the sofa in the dark; and then retired to his chamber, thoroughly disgusted. George slept soundly till nearly noon the next day, when, awaking, the night debauch came before his mind like a fearful nightmare, and he realized, not only his sinful conduct, but his present awkward position; imprisoned in his rich uncle's library. Finding no way of escape, he knocked at the door, and in the absence of Mr. Walter, he was answered by little Carrie, whose eyes were swollen with weeping.

"Cousin Carrie, I am very sick; is Uncle Archy at home?"

"O George, how could you be so naughty? How could you take Papa's horse and leave Milton to drown in the [illegible]?"

"Why, cousin, did—did Milton get drowned?" gasped out Browne, the disappearance of his friend on the previous evening now appearing in a new light; his courage, too, was breaking down. He became pale, trembled violently, and wished for escape from his predicament, as the cold sweat formed on his forehead.

"Was Milton drowned?" he asked, in dread of the answer.

"Nearly so, but Papa fished him out and sent him home," replied Carrie.

"Carrie, does my mother know about what I have done?" inquired the youth.

"She came here at five o'clock this morning, in great distress, to inquire if we knew anything about you, and papa, who was very angry, unlocked the library door and showed you to her, and ——"

"Oh! God forgive me, cousin, I cannot stand this,"—Georgs snatched up his cap and rushed out of the house, paying no attention to the cries of his mother, who saw him from a window and implored him to return.

As he approached the entrance to the Walter estate, he saw Mr. Plummer and Mr. Walter turn in from the lane, in the latter's buggy, and, George, who a day before had courage to face any mortal man, now hid away in the bushes, afraid to see them; fleeing even when no one was pursuing. He walked rapidly toward Mrs. Seymour's house, to ascertain whether Milton was dead or alive, and, to try to induce him to run away, go to sea, and escape the consequences of their disgrace.

"There's no other hope," soliloquized George in his flight. "This thing will be talked about all over the neighborhood and ruin our characters. Once at sea, we can do as we please and there will be no one to interfere with us. Perhaps we shall get rich and then we can come back to Brookdale and no one will remember this escapade against us." Poor George had read of the romance of a sailor boy's life, but knew nothing of its hardships.

Meanwhile, Mr. Walter and Mr. Plummer were discussing what course should be taken with the two wicked boys. Mr. Walter had sought Mr. Plummer early on Monday morning to get his views about the events of the past evening, as both George Browne and Milton Seymour were in Mr. Plummer's class in the Brookdale Sunday School.

Mr. Walter, not knowing positively that there was any connection between the acts of stealing his melons and running off with his horse, did not include his nephew, George Browne, in his denunciation of "that young 'scamp,' Milton Seymour."

"I feel very sorry, Walter, that this thing has occurred, both for the boy's sake and for his mother's," said Mr. Plummer, who was interrupted with:

"I tell you, Plummer, his mother ought to have brought him up better. Boys don't act in that way if they are properly trained. He and his mother are a curious couple, and while I will not proceed criminally against the young rascal, I must get you, at least, to take him in hand."

"That I will; but, my brother, I cannot agree with you about training. I have had too much experience of boys and I have seen the best trained boys go wrong. Why, look at your own nephew, I hear he is in the same scrape, and, if anything, deserves more punishment, because he is two years older than Milton; so be careful how you talk about a criminal prosecution."

"Who said my nephew was implicated?" demanded Mr. Walter, excitedly.

"I say so; for I saw him driving your mare along the road in a way that convinced me he had been drinking. He was 'hurrahing for Carrie Walter, and Fenian Hill,' and other things, persons, and places. Besides, I had the whole matter from Mrs. Seymour. Her son told her all he knew."

This gave Mr. Walter considerable uneasiness, which was increased, when he learned that George had left the house in an excited state of mind. So, after walking the floor for a few minutes, Mr. Walter broke the silence:

"Perhaps, after all, Plummer, we had better suppress this thing, and use our private efforts to reform the youngsters."

"That is my plan, sir, especially for the sake of their poor, heart-stricken mothers. It is a great trial for the boys to pass through, but what must it be to the widowed women to whom they are so dear. All their hopes are centred on their boys."

This being finally agreed to, Mr. Plummer continued: "The truth is, Walter, this trouble, and other difficulties which have occurred, have all risen from the low state of religion among us. When the professed followers of Christ neglect their religious duties at home, omit to worship God in his courts, fail to walk as becomes children of light, and live on so low a plane, that spectators cannot tell who are Christians and who are worldlings; depend upon it, there is a big screw loose somewhere. While this state of affairs lasts, the children around us will [illegible] in practical unbelief, and will have [illegible] ligious principle to enable them [illegible] stand temptation."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Walter, "I believe the trouble began in the church [illegible] are not what we ought to be."

"Well, sir," Mr. Plummer replied, "[illegible] ought to change, otherwise we will [illegible] more trouble of the same kind [illegible] worse. I will tell you what I have been thinking: I love our pastor, good [illegible] Jones, and am benefited by his preaching, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that his labors fail to meet the requirements of most of our members, whose interest [illegible] and whose numbers decrease month by month, that he does not command the attention of the youth, who either neglect the house of God, or go off frolicking to the other churches on Sunday evenings, receiving no [illegible]."

"Then, Plummer, you favor Dr. [illegible] removal?"

"I am not prepared to say that, [illegible] but I do say that we must attain a higher standard of piety, or our church will be ruined, and our youth destroyed. We propose to call a meeting of the Church and congregation to consider what is best to be done, and I want you to attend the call and promise to be present."

"I will do both," replied Mr. W[illegible]

"Thank you," said Mr. Plummer, "I want to have the matter arranged amicably. It is liable to be misunderstood. Dr. Jones has many friends, and I do not want to hurt their feelings nor his, but we must not sacrifice the interests of the Church to our sentiments. I am concerned about our young people. We must have a young man who will win their confidence. If we do not, we shall lose other families. I seem likely to lose your nephew and Milton Seymour. Now I will go and look after the two lads. I must save them if possible."

Mr. Plummer shook hands cordially with his friend, and hurried off to Mrs. Seymour's. He learned from her that George Browne had been there to see Milton, but she could not let him disturb her boy was sleeping, after his adventure of night. Besides, she did not wish [illegible] the two boys come together just at present. She had talked with George, but found him sullen, and he had gone away angry because he was not allowed to see Milton.

"Where did he go?" Mr. P[illegible] asked.

Mrs. Seymour could not tell. She would not listen to her reproof. He seemed to feel his disgrace, but was not repentant.

Mr. Plummer searched the town, but could find no trace of the boy. The night came and still he was not found. He grew anxious, and his mother was almost distracted.

Day after day passed, and there were no tidings of him. His mother feared he had committed suicide. She grew hysterical and blamed his uncle, and Mrs Seymour and Mr. Plummer. If they had been kind to him her boy would have lived. But she was sure he was dead. He was at the bottom of some river.

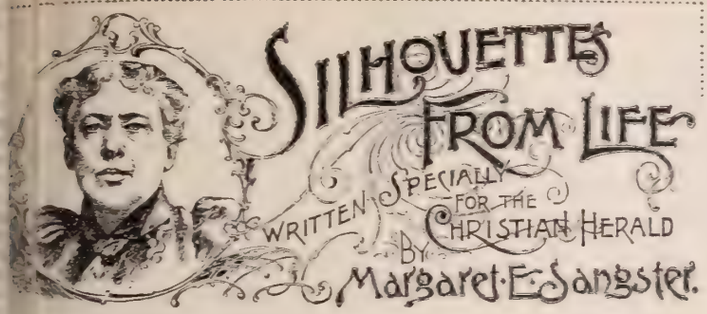
But one morning all this hysterical grief had to end. Little Carrie received a mail from Halifax, N. S., a letter from the boy. George had gone to sea, he said in his letter ran:

"I could not bear to stay in Brookdale where everybody would laugh at me for getting tipsy, so I have shipped on board a British barque for three years. I am going around the world and I expect to see a good many wonderful things. I promise I shall come back home, and try to be a comfort to my mother. I want you and Mrs. Seymour to pardon me for getting her son into such a trouble, for it was all my fault. Tell you must kiss my mother for me, and tell her not to grieve for me; that I will try to be good, although I confess there is a great wickedness on this ship, even worse than I saw at home. And when you pray, I hope, my dear good little cousin, that you will, for I love so much, that you will never forget to pray for one who needs it.

"Your Affectionate Cousin, GEO[illegible]

Carrie carried the boyish letter to [illegible] George's mother without loss of time, and relieved her of her sorrow. She was childless, as she had feared. But it made her very anxious. She was afraid George would be ill-used, that he would not have proper food, that he would be drowned, and she conjured up a host of fancies. But Walter told her hardship would do the boy good, but she would not be comforted.

To be Continued.



A Bit of Woods.

LANGDON AYLWARD was, as usual in the morning, hurrying to catch a train. Suburban residents who do business in town know how much may hang on a single minute, how often fortunes are imperilled because a tardy, how despairingly one looks after car disappearing at the far end of station when one arrives there an instant too late. But with his hand on the bell his eager haste to be gone, was stopped as a horse stops which is driven suddenly, stopped and stood and waited. His motherless little niece Madge, was trotting down the path with after him, with a bunch of flowers in her small hand.

"I'm my flowers wiv' oo, Popsy," she said in baby language.

He reached them up, he caught them, kissed her, and was off, and fortunately, just in time for his train.

"I must shave, Langdon," said a friend, "don't allow yourself more margin. But what have you there? Violets and buttercups? How sweet! They bring back my old home in Vermont, my mother, she was so fond of those early flowings."

Langdon, known among men as a hard, shrewd, unscrupulous fighter in the keen and struggling business world, looked at the fragile little fresh bouquet with eyes growing misty and tender. When he reached his office there was a violet in his button-hole, and the clerks observed it with amusement in their eyes. Though they did not suspect it, the bit of the woods saved them many dollars that day, and came between employer and a transaction in which he meant to take a hand, holding him from the narrow path of straightforwardness and rectitude. Not for years had he thought of his mother so often nor heard gentle words of counsel so plainly as that summer day, won by the poor withered buttercup.

Langdon Aylward's way down-town was a cable car. It was crowded, and he had to hang on by a strap. In the jostling and crowding out, he dropped the baby's flowers. He was sorry, but he consoled himself with the reflection that the darling would know nothing about it.

And how glad I waited for them;—little Madge always likes to send me off with her benediction just as her angel mother used to," he thought, his heart filled with wistful yearning for the "tender mother" of a day that was dead." Then business claimed his attention, and Madge faded into the background. To my thinking there is something very beautiful in that fashion of loving which husbands and wives have. You see that mechanic standing with his tools for a long day's work, that laborer toiling in the heat or cold, that lawyer bending over his desk, that merchant buying and selling in the mart. Each of these men in his degree is working hard for his family, the object of his earnings which he personally uses small; he spends his strength for others. But he does not talk about it much, nor proclaim his love from the housetops; he just loves them, and his love is the motive power which moves the machinery of his life. Ever his belief back of everything else, and so, even if I say it, God loves his world. Men are always back of the Divine purpose of the movements of the universe, the great heart of the Father.

Langdon's return to Langdon's lost wild flowers. They were picked up by a ragged child, clutched fiercely in her grimy hands, and borne off in triumph to her home. It was a poor place, one dingy room on the top floor of a swarming tenement, where the father and mother were quarreling bitterly at the moment Norah entered. The father was out of work, and had gotten to the point of utter discouragement. He had walked the streets day after day, looking for a job, but looking in vain. Now, he had arrived at the stage when a man feels ashamed to be seen idling in the streets when his neighbors have employment, and his wife, worn out with her share of the situation, was venting her ill temper on it and her husband, and relieving her nervousness with bitter words. The scene is a sadly familiar one in the homes of poverty, and out of it grow black and menacing storms, sometimes ending in murder, or in suicide.

John Mahoney was generally a patient man, but Bridget's reproaches were maddening, and he had picket up his battered old hat, and was desperately rushing to the door, when Norah came flying in.

WILBERFORCE'S HOME IN HULL, ENGLAND.

"Oh, daddy! oh, mammy!" she cried, "stop talking and look here. Flowers out of the woods, reg'lar fresh-air flowers, such as I found last summer when I went with the children 'way off to the big, green country!"

The child's earnestness arrested both parents. They were country born and bred, and the wild flowers appealed to them, as no garden beauties could.

John threw down his hat. "Look at me, Bridget, lass!" he said to his wife. "I'll stop for a job in my trade, and I'll seek work in the country. Men are wanted now on the farms; I'll go anywhere, for any wages, but I'll be idle no longer."

"It's me that has the bad tongue, John, my boy," said Bridget, with quick recognition of his changed mood: "forgive me, will ye, dear. Maybe we could both get work in the country. I can milk a cow, and make butter, an' it would be good for the child, to get out of this."

The very poor have, as a rule, a dislike to leave the city. Some instinct of gregariousness makes them cling to the herd, to the streets they know, to the excitement of the town. Both John and Bridget would yesterday have scorned the thought of taking places on a farm, and "a gentleman's place" where a man and his wife could be employed together, presented no temptations. But, lured by the spell of a few fading violets and by the hand of God, which touched their hearts, they changed their minds. John mounted the steps of an intelligence office and humbly asked for any open position there might be. By nightfall he and his family were on board a boat on their way to a farmstead on Long Island. Here, John's knack for carpentry and his turn for handling tools, supplemented his knowledge of farm-work, and he was soon regarded as a valuable man by his employer. The family had a neat little house to themselves. Bridget looked after a dairy, and Norah forgot street slang, and grew sweet, and brown and rosy, as a child should be.

Suppose that Aylward had not waited that hurried morning for his little daughter's flowers? What then? What then? How much good would have been frustrated; how much evil helped along. God meant that bit of the woods to be his own messenger, by whatsoever hands he sent it.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Home of Wilberforce.

THE town of Hull, in England, is about to lose a building that has become very dear to many of its people, and indeed to many in other parts of the world—the home of William Wilberforce, the great anti-Slavery orator. It is shortly to be demolished to make room for some new public buildings. This historic house is shown in an illustration on this page. William Wilberforce was born in Hull, August 24, 1768. After finishing his college course he was elected to Parliament, and served with much distinction. It was not until 1784, however, that the real work of his life began. He made a tour on the Continent during 1784-85 with Mr. Pitt and the Rev. Isaac Milner, whose influence, coupled with the reading of the New Testament and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, awakened in him serious impressions, and fixed in him the determination to devote his life to God and humanity. On his return to England he began to devote himself to all reforms which opportunity permitted. But in 1787 he began a series of efforts for the reformation of manners, the suppression of vice and immorality, and especially for the abolition of the African slave trade. He opened the debate against the traffic in May, 1789, and, during all the period that followed until the accomplishment of this great result, never lost sight of the one object of his public career.

A Famous Pastor Dead.

The Church of Christ has suffered a loss in the Death of Rev. George W. Samson, D.D., LL.D., formerly President of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and of Rutgers Female College, New York. Dr. Samson was an able and earnest scholar whose influence has done much for the training of young men and women in Christian scholarship. He was seventy-seven years of age.

The Second Summer.

many mothers believe, is the most dangerous in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers who have given their children Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

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* * *

Letters from several inquirers during the week justify us in again calling attention to the necessity for those who desire to secure any of the slightly damaged Libraries, sending in their orders soon. These Premium Libraries, each consisting of a full set of ten books, are absolutely perfect, except that some cases have been slightly rubbed in packing—not, however, to any visible extent, or so as to mar their appearance. The books themselves are in perfect condition, of course, and the few scratches that appear on the cases do not in any way interfere with the value of the set as a whole. We have put the damaged sets aside and will send them to such of our readers as wish them at $1.50 per set, expressage prepaid. This is an excellent chance to procure a capital home library at a ridiculously low figure, indeed less than one-half its value. The whole 10 volumes, which comprise fully 3,000 pages, are as follows:

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Our stock of Gospel Hymn Books is rapidly dwindling, but an opportunity still remains for such Churches and Sunday Schools as desire to have a new equipment of "Gospel Hymns, Numbers 1 to 6, Consolidated, Music Edition," to get a very good bargain by writing us promptly. We have a limited number of copies—a very small percentage of the original 50,000—which have been rubbed in packing but are otherwise all right, and these we are willing to sacrifice in lots at a figure that must prove attractive.

* * *

The Sultan and his advisers are still thrilling Europe with their atrocities, not only in Armenia, but in Crete, Macedonia and Mesopotamia. This phenomenal persecution of Christians is one concerning which every reader of this journal should be well informed, and the Rev. F. D. Greene's copiously illustrated and ably written work, *The Rule of the Turk*, presents the whole ghastly story of Mohammedan savagery and barbarism, holding nothing back. The regular publication price of the book is 50 cents, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will supply its readers, who order promptly, with copies at 25 cents each, expressage prepaid. This offer will be positively withdrawn September 1, when the price will be restored to 50 cents.

* * *

Harvest time is approaching in Palestine. The olive trees are in full bearing, and on the hillsides and in the valleys "round about Jerusalem," preparations are being made to gather the fruit. Those olive trees are pruned every year, and some time ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was so fortunate as to secure, from the orchards of Bethlehem and Olivet, a number of sections of the olive trees removed in pruning. [illegible] and polished by workmen in Bethlehem and each one shows the different markings and deep, rich color of the natural wood. Slabs have already been sent to very many of our readers, who highly appreciate them. Each slab is engraved with the words in Hebrew characters, "Olive of Peace." We will forward slabs to any reader in any part of the country at twenty-five cents each, postage prepaid. They make an elegant desk or mantel ornament, besides being priceless as a souvenir.

THE BOOK SHELF

THE IMMORTAL LIFE.*

THE "profit and loss" of life is real or fictitious, according to our standard. If death ends all, life is all a loss. It would then endure its hardships, carry its burdens, and pass away with no satisfaction to itself. It would endure hard struggles in commercial or other directions, and die unsatisfied. It would deny itself for the children, only to leave them forever. It would stand by the bedside of the idolized child, and turn away from the beautiful, though lifeless form, without one ray of hope. If there were no continuation of life independent of this physical body, it would not be worth living.

The conviction of the immortal life changes our estimate of everything. It impels hope. The poor anticipate a blessing of seeming inequalities. Sufferers speak of a world where there is no pain; where they never say, "I am sick," where there is no hunger nor thirst. In such a hope and conviction the dying assure us we shall meet again. The added years do not bring dismay. The weary and the aged speak complacently of laying down their burdens for the burdenless existence.

Man is pre-eminently an immortal being dwelling for his earthly life in material form. We who briefly deal with material affairs are to live on when the last of earth has come.

Within every one dwells this undying desire for an undying life; but after the most has been said, the history of human life is equally the history of death. There has always been a shrinking from the great change. It has made the gloom of Egypt deeper; it has put out the light of Athens; it has darkened the snowy summit of Olympus; it has bated the breath of men professing no timidity. Men have feared the Hannibals of history, but they have feared death more. They have shivered within sound of Alva's sword, but have preferred a life amid cruelties rather than a silence in death. With all the strength of hope there lingers yet in every human breast a shrinking which the power of God alone can remedy.

Our exalted conception of the immortal life makes even the legitimate affairs of this life seem tawdry and gross. How would an angel look counting money? We should doubt him as an angel. How would Gabriel appear giving his angelic attention to organizing a "trust?" The quaint dreamer pictures earthly things as refuse gathered with muck-rakes. In themselves, all these are worthless beyond the limitations of earth. As inhabitants of the earth, however, we have to do with them. All are valuable in their place. Yet, if the loss come, shall the immortal mourn? When bank-stocks grow less in value, shall this immortal imagine that God is leaving his throne? When knaves destroy his credit, shall he think that God's promise is failing? The wealth of a Rothschild is not of as much value to an immortal spirit as are our old broken playthings of childhood valuable to us. Who can imagine one of the redeemed sighing to come back to earth to take up a few mortgages? None could suggest any comparison between the mansion Christ has prepared and the mansion left behind on earth. We are to use these things as not abusing them; but we shall take none away with us. Why not, then, treat them at their worth, or worthlessness?

The conviction of immortality reminds us we shall meet again. We cannot sorrow as those who have no hope. Life is not ended with the last breath. The future claims the thoughts of the silent dreamer. The immortal hope reaches forward. What else could give the needed consolation?

"Without such a belief," remarks Max Muller, "religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss."

* In "Around Home," by Rev. D. O. Mears, D.D. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

A Noble Southern Matron.*

THE last public appearance of Mrs. Eliza Pinckney was one in which she must have taken great delight. It was when in 1791 General Washington, on his southern tour, stopped to breakfast at Hampton. The General left Georgetown early, and, traveling with four horses, reached Hampton on the South Santee by eleven, having crossed three large rivers in the fifteen-mile drive. He was accompanied by Major Pinckney and several other gentlemen, and turned aside about a mile from the high road to breakfast with the ladies. He was received by Mrs. Horry, with her mother on the one hand, her daughter on the other, and her nieces around her, under the handsome new portico with lofty columns which she had just added to the house.

The ladies were arrayed in sashes and bandeaux painted with the General's portrait and mottoes of welcome; and after a stately reception he was led to the large assembly-room, just built, where an elaborate breakfast awaited him, the gentlemen of his suite, and many of the neighbors, who had gathered to greet him. Before leaving, he observed a handsome young oak growing rather too near the house, which Mrs. Horry proposed to cut down, as it interfered with the view. The General advised that it should be kept, as an oak was a thing no man could make; and there it still stands,—"Washington's Oak" unto this day.

General Washington himself, at his own request, acted as one of her pall-bearers. No account of Mrs. Pinckney would be complete without some notice of the result of her life-work. She had spared no sacrifice or pain to train the young minds given to her care, and she was greatly rewarded. The services of her sons to their country continued with their lives. They were chosen by Washington himself for important offices, and performed them well,—Thomas Pinckney being sent as Minister to England and to Spain, where he negotiated the important Treaty of San Ildefonso, which secured to the United States the Florida boundary and the free navigation of the Mississippi.

Colonel C. C. Pinckney, was sent by Mr. Jefferson on the more difficult mission to the French Directory in 1797,—a mission which failed in its first effort (the securing of peace) because of the dishonorable terms proposed. It was in a these that the indignant Carol clared that his country would g lions for defence, but not one cen ute,"—an utterance which has n forgotten.

Both brothers were candidate presidency, and both were unsuc account of party complication: spirit then ran high between and Democrat; but even Mr. Ra biographer of Jefferson, the bitt tagonist of the Federalists, make able exception of the "Rutle Pinckneys" in the accusations heaps upon most of their party the "friends of Washington" wa pride of the two brothers. The to him never failed, and he regar with the utmost confidence.

The women of all the colonies mitted to them a great though pected charge: to fit themselves sons to meet the coming char government) in law and soberne riot and anarchy, as did the unh men of the French Revolution.

Those of the Southern States to do. They had to train and te of savages,—a race which h known even the rudiments of civilization, or religion; a race w spite the labors of colonists and aries, remains in Africa to-day a thousand years ago; but a rac influenced by these lives, taught Southern people for six generatio ed in the day of trial the most the most devoted of servants, an clared in 1863 by the Norther worthy to be its equal in civil a cal rights.

* From *Eliza Pinckney*. Biographical Series of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," by Harriott Horry Ravenel. A delightfully entertaining sketch of the life of a remarkable woman who occupied a prominent position in American society over a century ago. Pp. 332; cloth covers, price $1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Hero of the Ages: A story of the by Catherine Robertson McCartney. Pp $1; published by Fleming H. Revell Co York, Chicago and Toronto.

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is manifested every day in the remarkable cures which it accomplishes. It prevents malaria and cures dyspepsia.

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Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever? Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Cresco, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to introduce it known to sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured you tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission prayer was offered on Aug. 9, in accordance with the requests of many persons among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. H. K., Thayer, Neb., asks prayer for a disobedient son who is causing much sorrow and anxiety, that God in his great mercy will turn him from his wicked ways and give him a new heart; also that her husband, who was formerly a church-member, but has lost first love, may be restored to God's favor and serve him.——"Anxious Mother," Smithboro, Ill., that a dear son and his wife may give their hearts to God and become his faithful servants.——M. W., Calais, Vt., on behalf of her son and daughter and their families, that they may all become followers of Christ.——K. W., Asbury Park, N. J., that her son and a son-in-law might be saved from the curse of intemperance and consecrate their lives to the Lord's service.——"Anxious Mother," Nebraska, for the conversion of two daughters whose wicked tempers are making home miserable; also that her two sons might give their hearts to God.——"Friend," Lititz, Pa., for the conversion of husband and child that the father may have grace to overcome his propensity for intoxicating drink and be more reasonable with his son. We are in urgent need of the Holy Spirit's influence to make their lives right.——"Anxious Mother," Buffalo, N. Y., that her husband and children may seek the Lord and become Christians.——A. J., West Point, Ark., for the conversion of a member of the household, whose indifference to divine things can be overcome only by the Holy Spirit.——A. S., Chicago, Ill., that a young girl who is leading a sinful life may be brought to see the evil of her course and turn to the Lord for pardon and peace; power.——M. H. C., Philadelphia, Pa., that a son and his wife, for whose conversion many have been offered for many years, be led to Christ.——J. M. D., Somerdale, N. J., for the conversion of his children.——I. C., Fairchild, Wis., that a dear friend who is inclined to be skeptical may be brought to know the Lord and consecrate himself to him. He is a good man, anxious to do right, but without a personal interest in Christ.——L., Cleburne, Tex., that a dear brother might be converted.——"Troubled One," Georgetown, Cal., that someone might be lead to seek the Lord, become a child of God, and have wisdom given to see and do her duty.——"Sincere," Hagerstown, Md., on behalf of a beloved sister who is in special danger through evil influence, that she may be converted and able to free herself from her infatuation, and give herself fully to Christ.——"Stranger in a Strange Land," that God would save her two sons and daughter, who are good, moral persons, but without hope in Christ.——"Mother," New Brooklyn, N. Y., that his daughter, who is fallen under the influence of a godless friend might be drawn closer to Christ, and that the man who is leading her astray might be converted.——"Student," New Haven, Conn., that one whom he was instrumental in leading into evil before he was converted, may become a Christian. The horror of bloodguiltiness is taking all the joy out of life, and the cup is very bitter. If God would save him at all he would be very thankful.

For the Restoration of Health. P. G. P., Isom, Ga., that God would mercifully restore the sense of hearing.——J. F. D., Etna, Me., that one who has been an invalid for twenty years might be raised up by the power of Lord.——F. H. D., Tacoma, Wash., that his wife might recover her health.——Aged Reader, New Boston, Mass., that she may recover the use of a limb which has been helpless for two years, rendering her unable to support herself.——E. T. B., Jackson, Mass., for the recovery of her husband who is mentally and physically afflicted.——M. W., Caledonia, Ala., a poor sick woman living alone on a deserted plantation and suffering acutely, that God would have mercy on her in her loneliness and heal her of her fatigue. She knows she has no help but God.——Believer, Windham, Me., that a sick brother who has been a patient sufferer for a long time may be restored to health by the Great Physician.——Constant Reader, Manchester, Iowa, who gratefully acknowledges the answer to prayers offered recently for the conversion of a friend, now asks prayer that another friend who is in feeble health may be restored.

For Special Blessings. Widow in Oregon, that in declining years she may have rest and peace and that her sins may be forgive and forget the past.——Subscriber, Worcester, Pa., who has made a profession of faith but is conscious that she is not really converted, that God would enable her to come to him and give herself unreservedly to him; also that a boon earnestly sought may be granted.——Reader, Abilene, Tex., that the obstacle to the peace, spiritual development and prosperity of an unhappy family may be removed.——One Ready to Perish, that in some way God would send financial help, that it may not be necessary to go out with aching nerves and debilitated body to do battle for bread; also that persecution may cease and that a faltering faith may be strengthened.——L. S., Jonesville, for more of the Holy Spirit and power to lead souls to Christ.——Friend, Irene, Ill., that two families who are related but are now at enmity might become friends and work together in the Lord's cause.——Anxious Mother, Buffalo, N.Y., that financial difficulties might be overcome.——Faith, Greensboro, N. C., that a husband and wife now separated might be reconciled and reunited.——Believer, Racine, Wis., that financial help may be granted to a family in imminent and urgent need.—— A. H. D., Watrusville, Mich., that God would guide him to employment so that he may be enabled to support his young family honorably. The need is very urgent.——Reader, Tooele, Utah, that a husband and father may be enabled to speedily find employment and may obtain the help needed.—— G. G. & F. R., Oregon, that the way may be opened for the removal of a burdensome debt and that two brothers may be enabled to complete their education.——Believer, Cleburne, Tex., that a widow in debt and difficulties may receive the help she needs to pay her way and support her children; also that two young men may succeed in finding employment.——J. M. D., Somerdale, O., that the works in that town may resume operation so that the people who are depending on them for occupation may have bread.——G.H., who in a business transaction has been wronged, and who has suffered in other ways, asks prayer that God would come to her help and enable her to obtain the means necessary to her maintenance and would take her life and make it what he would have it to be, and give her grace to acquiesce in his will.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, initials, place or any means of identification.

The Armenian Relief Work.

LETTERS have been received from American missionaries in Baiboort, Erzingan, Harpoot, Mardin, and several other places in Armenia and Messopotamia, stating the present condition of affairs, and the progress of the relief work among the sufferers.

At Harpoot the situation is one of extreme destitution; no corn, no mattresses, and very little anything. The Kurds have pillaged towns and burned many of the dwellings. In some villages, the people are living on grass and have become pallid and sick in consequence. Moslems have seized the best farms and the cattle.

Baiboort needs more help, both for its own people and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages. Many of the Christians of Mardin, seeing that the Kurds and Turks together are determined to rob them of their harvest and all their belongings, have taken what little bedding and food they can carry, and have gone to the mountains. From a few districts, favorable reports have been received, showing that the destitution is decreasing and peace and confidence returning; but these are exceptional. In almost every section of Armenia, the outlook for the next fall and winter is ominous.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Previously acknowledged	$49,369.45
——, Norfolk	5 00
Friend, Tuscatia	1 00
M C, St Joseph	1 00
S E Henry	1 00
Mrs Ira J Sayre	2 00
William H Warren	1 00
Bridgewater, Mass	5 00
A S Curry	1 00
Thankful, Md	1 00
Ira B Smith	1 50
Jas Nugent	5 25
A A M, Grafton	5 00
Misses F and J Vawter	2 00
M N, Williamsburg	7 50
Part of the Lord's Tenth, N Y	2 00
Wellwisher, Belmar	5 00
C A Hagaman	2 00
A E S	1 00
Light Bearers, Stelton	1 00
A E K, Trenton	2 00
Robert Hines	2 00
Friend, Santa Barbara	1 00
"Oh, Lord, how long!" Jordan Valley	2 00
W H Lemmon	1 00
Mrs E A Byles	1 00
Anon	1 00
Rev. R Webb	5 00
W H Morse	35
——, Balto, Md	20 00
L C, Maple Ridge	20 00
Mrs O Shanklin	2 00
Nurse, Phila	5 00
Friend, Bridgeport	3 00
E B Stewart & wife	3 00
Total	$49,476.95

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

New Cure—Kidney & Bladder Disease

If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder diseases, pain in back, or rheumatism you should send for the new botanic discovery Alkavis, which will be sent you free by mail postpaid, by the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it, as it is offered you free.

African Modes of Speech.

Quaint Forms of Expression Used by the Gold Coast Natives.

MOST people are under the impression that after fairly mastering the vocabulary and the grammar of a language, they will be able to understand, speak and write that language. They are mistaken: the vocabulary and the grammar are simply the skeleton, the skin, and perhaps the muscles of organism called language. The blood in the veins, the magnetism in the nerves, the glow of the skin, the motion of the limbs—in one word, the life and the individuality of the organism, the language, are only to be found in its idiomatic expressions; in the way of looking at things, and expressing thoughts or feelings.

As in Hebrew and Biblical language, the arm is a metaphor for power, strength; and the bowels for compassion and affection; and as in modern English we are wont to say heart for sentiment, and brain for intellect, so the Gold Coast negroes speaking the Otshi language, make a figurative use of the body and its constituent parts.

In Oshti the body and the person itself are expressed by the word *ho*, which originally signifies locality on the surface, the outside of anything. Thus, the body is the outside of the person, and the latter is used to designate the *ego*, "self." "How do you do?" is rendered by "How does your self (or body, *ho*,) sit?"

"I am well," is "My self is good." "He is strong," is "His self is hard." "He is hard (hearted)," is, as in English, "He is hard." "He is vain," is "He exhibits his self." "He is impatient," is "His self torments, annoys him." "He is angry, exasperated," is "His self (body) cannot hold him," or "his skin is too tight for him." "He is well off, rich," is "He has acquired his self." "He has all he wants," becomes "His self has met his self."

The Head is used in the following figures: "His head is hard inside," for "He is perplexed." "He looks inside his head," for "He tries to remember." Considerable physiognomic discernmeut is shown in a number of graphic questions.

So with the Eyes: "His eye reddens," that is, "He covets." "His eye is fixed," meaning "He is homesick." "His eye is fixed to the ground," for "He is humble." "His eye is hard," for "He is bold." "His eye is hot," for "He is indignant." "His eye is dying," for "He is ashamed." "His eye (or face) is weighty," for "He is thoughtful."

I imagine the man staring into the palm of his hand, and indicating its language as follows:

"His hand is not at rest; he keeps his hand in motion"—"He is active, diligent." "The palm of his hand is hard"—"He is not generous." "His hand slipped"—"He did wrong inadvertently."

The Ear appears in the following:

"His ear is hard, stopped, or dead"—"He is disobedient." "He rouses, or hushes his ear"—"He hearkens." "He pulls my ear"—"He punishes me." "He withdraws his ear"—"He is indifferent; also confident (indifferent to risks)."

The Mouth, in these expressions:

"His mouth is hard"—"He is too critical, or "His mouth is heavy"—"He slanders." "He is reserved. "His mouth is sweet"—"He flatters," etc.

The Feet:

"His foot is light"—"He is fleet-footed." "His foot is strong"—"He is a good walker, runner." "He pulls his (foot) soles"—"He takes big steps, strides." "He shows his (foot) soles"—"He runs away," etc.

HELI CHATELAIN.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$463.02
S J Allen	5 00
Mrs E A C Shedden	1 00
Friend, Downington	1 00
M L R, San Francisco	2 50
Mrs E J Thornton	50
Mrs Emma Maxwell	50
On-the-Hill, Virtue	1 00
M S, Savannah	4 00
Robert Main	5 00
Total	$479.02

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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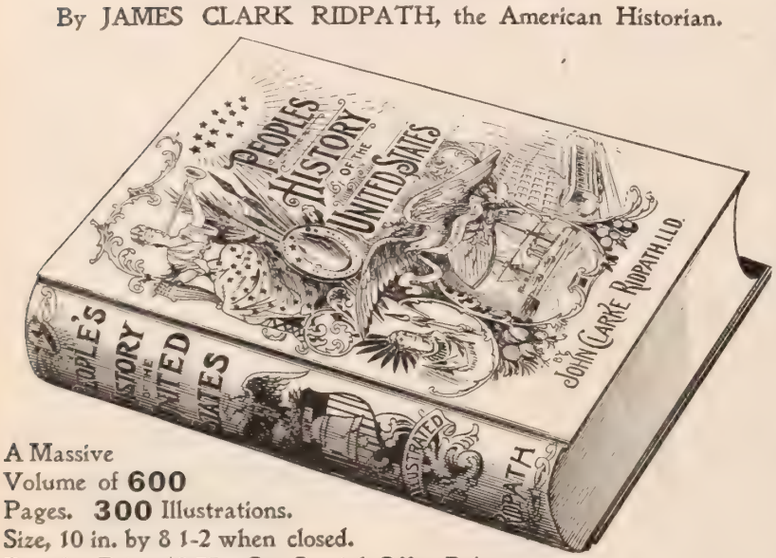

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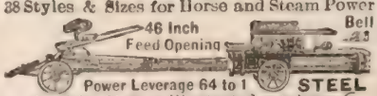

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Galilee's Ruined Cities.

[illegible]um, the Centre of Christ's Ministry, and the Scene of Many of His Miracles—The Sacred Associations of the Lake and its Borders.

IN the time of Christ, the Sea of Galilee was a centre of maritime life and activity. Fleets of ships and boats sailed over its blue waters, and its wharves were dotted with the huts [illegible]rmen of the same social rank as [illegible]om whom Christ drew his disci[illegible] [illegible]n the cities [illegible] shores there [illegible]ixed [illegible]on, [illegible] it [illegible]

AMID THE RUINS OF CAPERNAUM, ON LAKE GALILEE.

[illegible] Photograph procured specially for "The Christian Herald."

[illegible]riod of Roman occupation, and the [illegible] had brought with them into Pal[illegible] many races and nations, to make spoil [illegible] old Land of Israel. Even after the Rom[illegible] occupation, the province of Galilee was an important centre. For a number of years the Sanhedrim was at Tiberias, and there were thirteen synagogues and a school of languages there. Even yet, to be instructed by a rabbi of Tiberias is considered a great honor. From Tiberias one passes to El-Mejdel or Magdala, (the "Watch-tower,") a squalid litttle town, behind a low wall, and suffocatingly hot in summer. In its prime, Magdala must have been a place of importance and it is still one of the halting-places in the great caravan route from Jerusalem to Nineveh. From Magdala to Khan Minyeh—which some writers have held to be the real site of Capernaum—is a pleasant walk, during which one sees the Horns of Hattin ("the Mount of Beatitudes"), the flower-studded Plain of Gennesaret and the blue sea itself, all combining to make a beautiful and invigorating picture. At the end of the Plain, a huge, black cliff is reached, at the foot of which is Ain-et-Tin, ("the Fountain of the Fig"), another claimant for identification as Capernaum. There are ruins here of great aqueducts, fine buildings, evidences of artistic taste and a high degree of civilization. About an hour's travel to the north is Tell Hum, which many modern scholars have deemed to be the true site of Capernaum. It is now little better than a mass of ruins, but even in decay, the place possesses a wonderful interest for the scholar and the Christian. Many assert that the ruins of the synagogue, still visible, are those of the one erected by the Roman Centurion mentioned in Luke 7: 5, and in which Christ's discourse on the "Bread of Life" was delivered and the demoniac was healed. The synagogue is estimated to have been seventy-four feet in length, fifty-six in width, and with walls ten feet in thickness. It was richly decorated and was unquestionably the finest edifice in Upper Galilee.

It will be remembered that, after the expulsion of Jesus from Nazareth, where he was trained and received at least part of his education, Capernaum became his home. It was here that, seated in a boat, he began teaching; here he chose Matthew as his follower, and here also the brothers, Simon-Peter and Andrew, left their belongings to become fishers of men. On the beach near Capernaum, Jesus was wont to walk before he became widely known throughout the province of Galilee, and [illegible] the won-

(Continued on page [illegible])

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A Soft Tongue.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Proverbs 25: 15, *"A soft tongue breaketh the bone."*

WHEN Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defence, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defence. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to consider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him, and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About fifty-five years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after awhile some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults; and lo! the great Church quarrel was settled; and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian [illegible] Christian [illegible] that the Scripture [illegible]

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages; and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After awhile the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor, and say, "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great hand-shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and, above all, they conquered themselves. "O," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord, by his Spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become sceptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from scepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on "The Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when sceptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding-place. It says: "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After awhile the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high-water-mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling-hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his, have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond, Va., a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ. Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man [illegible] him that better times are coming, [illegible] him that you yourself were in a tig[illegible] iness pass, and the Lord deliver[illegible] Tell him to put his trust in God. T[illegible] that Jesus Christ stands beside [illegible] business man in his perplexitie[illegible] him of the sweet promises of God [illegible] forting grace. That man is dying [illegible] lack of just one kind word. Go to- [illegible] and utter that one saving, omn[illegible] kind word. Here is a soul that h[illegible] swamped in sin. He wants to [illegible] light of the Gospel. He feels like [illegible] wrecked mariner looking out o[illegible] beach, watching for a sail against [illegible] O, bear down on him. Tell him [illegible] Lord waits to be gracious to hi[illegible] though he has been a great sinne[illegible] is a great Saviour provided. Tell h[illegible] though his sins are as scarlet, the[illegible] be as snow; though they are red li[illegible] son, they shall be as wool. That [illegible] dying forever for the lack of o[illegible] word. There used to be sung at [illegible] many of the pianos all through th[illegible] try a song that has almost died [illegible] wish somebody would start it agai[illegible] social circles. There may not ha[illegible] very exquisite art in the music, bu[illegible] was a grand and glorious sentimen[illegible]

Kind words never die, never die:
Cherished and blessed.

O, that we might in our families [illegible] our Churches try the force of ki[illegible] You can never drive men, women, [illegible] dren into the kingdom of God. A [illegible] northeaster will bring out more [illegible] suckles than fretfulness and scold [illegible] ever bring out Christian grace. I w[illegible] in all our religious work we m[illegible] saturated with the spirit of ki[illegible] Missing that, we miss a great deal [illegible] fulness. There is no need of com[illegible] before men and thundering to th[illegible] law unless at the same time you p[illegible] them the Gospel. The world is d[illegible] lack of kindness.

These young people want it [illegible] much as the old. The old peopl[illegible] times seem to think they have a m[illegible] of the rheumatisms, and the neu[illegible] and the headaches, and the physic[illegible] ders of the world; but I tell you t[illegible] no worse heartaches than are felt b[illegible] of these young people. Do you [illegible] that much of the work is done [illegible] young? Raphael died at thirty [illegible] Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavu[illegible] phus died at thirty-eight; Innoc[illegible] came to his mightiest influence at [illegible] seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at [illegible] Don John won Lepanto at twent[illegible] Grotius was attorney-general at t[illegible] four; and I have noticed amid all cl[illegible] men that some of the severest batt[illegible] the toughest work come before [illegible] Therefore we must have our sermo[illegible] our exhortations in prayer meet[illegible] sympathetic with the young. [illegible] with these people further on in life. [illegible] do these doctors and lawyers ar[illegible] chants and mechanics care about [illegible] stractions of religion? What they [illegible] is help to bear the whimsicalities [illegible] tients, the browbeating of legal opp[illegible] the unfairness of customers, wh[illegible] plenty of fault-finding for every im[illegible] tion of handiwork, but no praise for [illegible] excellences. What does that brain- [illegible] hand-blistered man care for Zw[illegible] "Doctrine of Original Sin," or [illegible] tine's "Anthropology?" You mi[illegible] well go to a man who has the pleuri[illegible] put on his side a plaster made out [illegible] Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jur[illegible] ence."

In all our sermons there must b[illegible] for every one somewhere. You g[illegible] an apothecary store. We see other [illegible] waited on; we do not complain beca[illegible] do not immediately get the medicin[illegible] know our turn will come after a[illegible] And so while all parts of a sermo[illegible] not be appropriate to our case, if w[illegible] prayerfully, before the sermon is th[illegible] we shall have the divine prescript[illegible] say to these young men who are g[illegible]

...gh the Gospel, these theological stud...-I say to them, We want in our ser... not more metaphysics, nor more ...ination, nor more logic, nor more pro...ty. What we want in our sermons ...Christian exhortations is more sym... When Father Taylor preached in ...ailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars ...they had help for their duties among ...atlines and the forecastles. When ...ard Weaver preached to the opera... in Oldham, England, all the work...en felt they had more grace for the ...es.

...you not know that this simple story ...Saviour's kindness is to redeem all ...ns? The hard heart of this world's ...racy is to be broken before that story. ...e is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the ... remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is ... Descent of Christ from the Cross." ...one of Ruben's pictures. No man can ... and look at that "Descent from the ..." as Rubens pictured it, without hav...is eyes flooded with tears, if he have ...ensibility at all. It is an overmastering ...re—one that stuns you and staggers ...and haunts your dreams. One after... a man stood in that cathedral looking ...ben's "Descent from the Cross." He ... all absorbed in that scene of a Sa...r's sufferings when the janitor came ...nd said: "It is time to close up the ...dral for the night. I wish you would ...art." The pilgrim looking at that ..."Descent from the Cross," turned around ...e janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. ...t until they get him down." O, it is ...tory of a Saviour's suffering kindness ...is to capture the world. When the ...s of that great behemoth of iniquity ...h has trampled all nations shall be ...en and shattered, it will be found out ... the work was not done by the ham... of the iconoclast, or by the sword of ...conqueror, or by fhe torch of persecu... but by the plain, simple, overwhelm...force of "the soft tongue that breaketh ...one."

...ndness! We all need more of it in ...hearts, our words and our behavior. ...chief characteristic of our Lord was ...ness. A gentleman in England ..., leaving his fortune by will to two ... The son that stayed at home de...ved the father's will and pretended ... the brother who was absent was ...d and buried. The absent brother, ... awhile, returned and claimed his ... of the property. Judges and jurors ...e to be bribed to say that the returned ...her and son was no son at all, but ... an impostor. The trial came on. Sir ...thew Hale, the pride of the English ...t-room and for twenty years the pride ...urisprudence, heard that that injustice ... about to be practised. He put off his ...ial robe. He put on the garb of a ...er. He went to the village where that ... was to take place. He entered the ...rt-room. He somehow got empanelled ... one of the jurors. A verdict was ...ught in rejecting the right of this re...hed brother. He was to have no share ...the inheritance. "Hold! my lord," ...: the miller. "Hold! we are not all ...ed on this verdict. These other men ...e received ten pieces of gold in bribery ...I have received only five." "Who are ...? Where do you come from?" said ... judge on the bench. The response ...: "I am from Westminster Hall; my ...ne is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice ... the king's bench. Off of that place, ...u villain!" And so the injustice was ...ked, and so the young man got his in...itance.

...t was all for another that Sir Matthew ...le took off his robe and put on the garb ... miller. And so Christ took off his ...e of royalty and put on the attire of ... humanity, and in that disguise he won ... eternal portion. Now are we the sons ...God. Joint heirs! We went off from ...e sure enough, but we got back in ...e to receive our eternal inheritance. And ... Christ was so kind to us, surely we ...n afford to be kind to each other.

Galilee's Ruined Cities.

Continued from first page.

dering multitudes unto himself. Here was sounded the first missionary call the world had ever heard, when the Son of Man demanded that his followers forsake all and follow him, to do his work among the children of men. Capernaum as a centre and the seat of a synagogue was especially suited to the purposes of his ministry. Peter had a house there, and Jesus was always sure of a hospitable welcome. It was on the highway of a great caravan route, and besides gave ready access by sea to the cities of the Lake. He therefore made it the central point of his ministry for a year, preached and healed there, and made excursions to the surrounding towns, always returning to Capernaum to rest and pass the Sabbath. Here were wrought the miracles on the Centurion's servant, on Simon's wife's mother, on the paralytic man and the man afflicted with an unclean spirit. Here also dwelt the nobleman's son, whose cure was effected by words which Christ spoke while in Cana of Galilee. It was in Capernaum, too, that the remarkable discourse recorded in John 6 was spoken in the Synagogue. Much of the early labors of the Master were done in that town of Galilee, which, later, proved so unresponsive and unfaithful that it evoked his severest denunciation: "and thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day." (Matt. 11: 23).

Anciently known as the Sea of Chinnereth, and in the time of

		Matt. 4: [illegible]
	[illegible]	Matt. [illegible]
"	Coin in the fish's mouth....	Matt. 17
	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	Palsied man healed.....	Matt. 9
"	Centurion's servant healed.....	Matt. 8
	[illegible]	Matt. [illegible]
"	Miraculous draught of fishes (at or near Capernaum	Luke 5
Bethsaida.—The 5,000 fed		Luke 9
"	Blind man healed	Mark 8
"	Peter's mother-in-law healed ...	Matt. 8
[illegible]		Matt. [illegible]
	[illegible]	Matt. [illegible]
"	Leper cured.....	Matt. 8
On Lake Galilee.—Stilling the storm.....		Matt. 8
" "	Walking the sea	Matt. 14
Chorazin.—"Many mighty works" done....		Matt. 11
Nain.—[illegible]		Luke 7: 11
[illegible]		[illegible]
	resurrection.....	John 20:14

It was because this province was more honored with the presence and ministry of Jesus than any other that he was called a Galileean. Moreover, it was to Galilee that he commanded his disciples to repair and meet with him after his resurrection. (Matt. 28: 7-10). Of this favored country, almost all if not the whole of the apostles were natives, for which reason they were called "men of Galilee." (Acts 1:11). Nathaniel was a native of Cana, (John 21: 2). Bethsaida was the birthplace of Andrew, Peter and Philip.

Since the time of Christ the whole geography of the Lake and its surroundings has undergone a considerable change. The ruin that involved not only Capernaum but other cities of the Lake has given rise to differences of opinion as to identification. Concerning Capernaum it is held by some that the town was situated on the Plain of Gennesaret where, according to Josephus, the Jewish historian, there was a fountain called Capharnaum. Dr. Pococke and other eminent scholars

A MODERN FISHING-BOAT ON LAKE GENNESARET.

Christ variously called by the people of Palestine, the Sea of Galilee, Lake Tiberias, and the Lake of Gennesaret, the natives now know the sheet of placid blue water as Bahr Tubariyeh. It is oval in shape and only about thirteen miles long and six miles in breadth; yet a greater number of the striking events associated with sacred history have occurred along its shores and upon its waters than in any other locality in Palestine, outside of Jerusalem itself. On the eastern side are mountains nearly 2000 feet high, bleak and destitute of foliage and deeply furrowed by ravines, while on the west are beautiful valleys and charming defiles, watered by clear, purling streams. There is still an abundance of fish in the Lake, although its fisheries no longer furnish the principle occupation of its people as of old. It is subject to sudden and violent storms that sweep down the mountain sides, especially during the summer season. This fact recalls the famous miracle of the stilling of the tempest when Christ calmed the angry waters of Galilee and allayed the fears of his disciples as related in Matt. 8: 18-27. Indeed, the whole region round about may be accurately described as a land of miracles and divine teaching for on searching the Gospels we find that the following events took place in Galilee:

Nazareth.—Angel announced to Mary ... Luke 1: 26
Cana.—Water changed into wine..... John 2: 1-11

believed that an old spring, still further south and known among the natives today as Ain-Tel-Mudahe-warah (the "Round Fountain") was the true site, while Dr. Robinson disagrees with all other investigators, and holds that a mound of ruins known by the Arabs as Khan Minyeh covers the real location. As already indicated, however, the strongest claimant, and one which contains the greatest elements of probability, is Tell-Hum. There the shapeless remains are piled up in confusion all along the beach, including temple stones and ruins of synagogues and churches, of beautiful marble, evidently cut from the mountains to the northwest. Our photograph, taken on the scene of this heaped-up ruin, shows how terribly and literally the judgment of Christ against that city was fulfilled. Its picturesque remains are so broken and levelled as to be almost invisible from the sea, and the simple fisherfolk of to-day, who sail past the place in their ancient-looking boats, seem little to appreciate the fact that the great Nazarene spent there a portion of his life, from youth to young manhood, and performed many of his marvelous miracles.

Two hour's travel brings into sight Bethsaida. It is merely a squalid group of mud huts occupied by the poorest class of fishermen, but with most picturesque surroundings of mountain and lake. Kerazeh, believed to be the ancient Chorazin, is two miles north of Khan Minyeh. It is also a ruin, with great heaps of quarried

A BEDOUIN OF LAKE GALILEE.

stones, and the walls of several large buildings standing solitarily by, as though to emphasize the general destruction.

Led by a Little Child.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond relates the following touching incident of a child's conversion and how it was made the means of bringing a mother also to Christ:

"At a recent children's meeting in Washington a young mother was present with her little boy. Dr. Rankin, the minister of the church, approached the two, and addressed himself first to the mother. He then turned to the little lad, and soon found that his heart had been touched with a view of Jesus on the cross 'lifted up for him,' and very soon the little fellow was weeping for his sins. He prayed with him; the boy, too, prayed for himself, and finally looked to Jesus, and believed on him as the Saviour of little children. It has since been evident that he was truly converted by the spirit of God. The unconverted mother sat looking upon this with much displeasure. Finally she expressed her belief that the boy was too young to understand such a difficult problem. But said Dr. Rankin to her, 'You need not shake your head; this boy knows more than you do on this subject.'

"On the way home the boy seemed very much interested in his mother's salvation, and said, 'Mamma, what did Dr. Rankin say to you?' She avoided giving him an answer; and he added: 'Didn't you give yourself up to Jesus who died for us? I did; and oh, it's so easy, mamma! Won't you come to him too? I know he'll receive you, and we shall all be so happy!' The mother's heart was deeply moved. That night, after he had retired, he called his mother to his bedside. He arose, knelt down, and prayed to God to forgive him and her. The boy would not rest until his mother promised to go back to the meeting with him the next evening. She went and was glad to have Dr. Rankin talk with her: and now she and another of her children are rejoicing in Jesus."

Civilizing the Apaches.

It has been frequently contended that certain tribes of Indians cannot be civilized, but Carlisle Indian School stands for the civilizing and educating of the Red man. Not one in twenty of the well-trained graduates fails to make his or her way on equal terms among the whites. They are trained to use a savings bank, keep their own books and buy their own clothing with more or less supervision. A Congressman once said, "There is as much hope of educating an Apache as there is of educating the rattlesnake on which he feeds." But that view is exploded long ago. Dr. Carlos Montezuma is a full-blooded Apache, who was enslaved as a child, redeemed for $30 and who had part of a white man's chance. He has been the resident physician, and is now doing well in Chicago. Another graduate is a writer on a daily newspaper. Levi Levering, an Omaha Indian who has written often for the press, propose. an alumni reunion at St. Paul Institute July 20 to 25. They are learning self-respect and righteousness. Said one of the recent graduates: "I am proud of my sheepskin and of my red skin, too."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"PRAISE YE THE LORD"

David's Gratitude to God.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 13. II. Sam. 22 : 40-51. Golden Text, II. Sam. 22 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE ordinary course of David's life was an undeviating obedience to the known will of God, and an entire dependence upon him for all. It is not to be wondered at that when such a man did fall, the fall was a terrible one, for it was the fall of a man after God's own heart, a man who knew his God but who did not perhaps as fully know "the plague of his own heart." Yet David, before and after his fall, bore the invariable mark of a true man of God: the "new song, even praise unto our God," was ever in his mouth (Ps. 40: 3). Twice over in the Word of God we have on record David's song of praise to God, "in the day that the Lord delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies and out of the hand of Saul" (Ps. 18; II. Sam. 22).

In this Scripture, as in so many parts of the Word of God, the words have a meaning deeper by far than the surface meaning, David and Christ, the Son of David, are very clearly discernible;

The Trials of the Psalmist

himself, but also the sufferings of Christ, and the tribulations with which his people have yet to pass through in "the time of Jacob's trouble" (Jer. 30: 7), David, the greatest warrior of his time, attributes all his success to his God, no military talent, no experience, nothing whatever does he credit himself with. He counted neither on the high rock nor the strong fortress of this world; to him the Lord Jehovah was both; God was both his Deliverer and his Shield, the Horn of his salvation, his High Tower and Refuge. And if this was true of David, O, how true also of Christ, the Son of God, in the days of his life on earth, living, as he did, a life of faith in his Father who dwelleth in him (John 14: 10; 17: 23).

The Psalmist, in his description of some danger of death, perhaps when Saul sought his life, speaks as though it might have been Christ at Gethsemane: "the waves of death" (R. V.), or "the sorrows of death," "the floods of ungodliness," "the snares of death," and "the cords of Sheol," or "the sorrows of hell," described something more than any man passed through. We recognize the holy agony of him who was "made sin for us" (II. Cor. 5: 21). And then, the description of God's

Answer by Earthquake

which we do not find mentioned in David's history—how similar it is to the description in Revelation of the destruction of Antichrist and his hosts! "In my distress, he says, "I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God; he heard my voice out of his temple and my cry came before him, even into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled." This might be said of any earthquake. But he adds, "The foundations also of the hills (the Rev. Ver. says "of heaven"), moved and were shaken because he was wroth." How like this is to the description in Rev. 6: 14: "Every mountain and island were moved out of their places!" The "smoke out of his nostrils," "fire out of his mouth," so intense that coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also and came down, "looks much like the coming of the Lord to [illegible] on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. [illegible] ing fire taking vengeance" (II. Thes. 1: 7-8). Our Psalm says: "He rode upon a cherub and did fly. Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind." And "at the brightness before him coals of fire were kindled. The Lord thundered from heaven (or in the heavens), and the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire." May not this be a prophecy of that time at the end of the career of the Beast, or great Antichrist, when the seventh angel has poured out his vial into the air, and there came forth a great voice out of the temple from the throne, saying: It is done. (It was out of his temple that the Psalmist had been answered by the earthquake). And then were lightnings and voices and thunders; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since there were men upon the earth, so great an earthquake, so mighty . . . And great hail, every stone about the weight of a talent (125 pounds), cometh down out of heaven upon men: and men blasphemed God because the plague on the hail; for the plague thereof is exceeding great (Rev. 16, 17-21, R. V). Again, "When the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the world were laid bare, by the rebuke of the Lord at the blast of the breath of his nostrils" (ver. 15), the discription is of some tremendous catastrophe, which, had it happened in the time of David, would certainly be on record. God had full command over his prophet children of old time; he could breathe through them his thoughts and unfold his purposes, storing them up in his Word, just as he has stored up the precious metals in the bowels of the earth to be sought after by patient, perservering miners who bring these treasures to light. In verse 17, the psalm comes down more especially to

David's Own Experience.

"He sent from on high, he took me and drew me out of many waters . . . He brought me forth also into a large place (God's deliverances always give us more room); He delivered me because he delighted in me." But the following verses must surely be the utterance of Christ; who but he could say: "I was also perfect towards him and I kept myself from mine iniquity?" David clearly perceives how we must be like God in order to know him: "With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful, with the perfect thou wilt shew thyself perfect, with the pure thou wilt shew themselves pure," and very solemn it is that it should needs be added, "With the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward." An unsubdued will, a rebellious spirit, will not have eyes to see the mercy, the purity, or the love of God.

Very fully David sees how all things are possible to a man who is one with God: "By my God do I leap over a wall," and like the Son of David, later on, he finds his strength is in the Word of the Lord: "As for God, his way is perfect, the Word of the Lord is tried; he is a Buckler unto all them that trust in him. For who is God save Jehovah? And who is a Rock save our God?" (ver. 30-32). Gleams of New Testament light shine upon the Psalmist, when he sees that God's purpose is to make him resemble him in whose image he has been created. God's way is perfect, he has said, and now he sings, "God is my Strength and Power, and he maketh my way perfect." This is not Old Testament law, but New Testament power perceived by the Spirit of Christ which was in him (I. Pet. 1: 11). And most beautifully he describes the work of God upon his surrendered servant: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet (i. e., surefooted in the places where foothold is most impossible), and setteth me upon mine high places."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE historian is closing up the history of David. The hero king's chequered life is near its end. But before it closes, there are some notable incidents of the reign which should be mentioned, and these the historian briefly relates, grouping them apparently without any attempt at chronological order. It looks very much as if they were by a different hand from that which had inscribed the earlier chapters. We can imagine some later writer, reading the record and noticing that these events had not been mentioned, writing an additional chapter. Then

THE TRADITIONAL TOMB OF DAVID. *(From a Photograph.*

follows the psalm, part of which forms the subject of the lesson. Its date is not given, but it is assigned to a time of peace, when David could look back over the events of his life, assured that no danger was to be dreaded. The mention of Saul in the first verse of the chapter, might suggest the thought that it was written early in David's career, but "the strivings of my people," in verse 44, indicates a date subsequent to the rebellion under Absalom. It is characteristic of the man that in making this survey of the dangers which had menaced him, he gives all the glory of the escape to God. Not a word has he to say of his own prowess, or of the valor of his captains. God helped him and that accounts for all his victories. Probably there is no other instance in all the world's history of a king or general, at the close of his career, uttering this devout, self-forgetful ascription of praise. His had been a rough life, full of peril. From the time that he left his sheep and went to the palace to play his harp to the frenzied king, down to his old age, when he fled from his own son, his life had been in continual jeopardy. But God had delivered him, and to him he gives all the praise. It is an intensely Jewish psalm. There is in it none of the compassion for enemies that Christianity inculcates. His enemies were the enemies of God, and he rejoices in having exterminated so many. The time was to come—and in some of the Psalms there are indications that David [illegible] of it—when men would learn that there were better ways of dealing with enemies than killing them. But the new revelation that was to come from David's Greater Son, would have been incomprehensible to him. God was i[illegible] conception a Man of War, a Being int[illegible]ly good to his own people, but relen[illegible] and implacable to all others. Men [illegible] slow to admit any other conception. [illegible] after a thousand years had passe[illegible] shocked Jewish prejudices to learn [illegible] the Gentiles had a share in the G[illegible] Jacob. Nearly nineteen hundred [illegible] years have gone by, and still we are [illegible] slowly realizing that God is love, [illegible] that he is most like God who has [illegible] love in his nature.

'Blessed be my rock. The metaphor m[illegible] permanence and security. Mr. Be[illegible] used to compare men who do not tru[illegible] God to "birds who build their nes[illegible] trees by the side of rivers. The bird [illegible] in the branches, and the river sing[illegible] low; but all the while the waters ar[illegible] dermining the soil about the roots, t[illegible] some unsuspected hour, the tree falls [illegible] a crash into the stream; and then the [illegible] is sunk, the home is gone and the bi[illegible] a wanderer. But birds that hide [illegible] young in the clefts of the rocks are u[illegible] turbed, and after every winter, co[illegible] again, they find their nests awaiting t[illegible] and all their life long, brood in the [illegible] place, undisturbed by stream or storn[illegible]

It is God that avengeth me. Aftc[illegible] battle of Agincourt in 1415 there w[illegible] remarkable scene. Henry V. of Eng[illegible] had been intercepted there in his re[illegible] to Calais. He had invaded the cou[illegible] without provocation or justification. [illegible] had suffered heavy losses. He h[illegible] however, to reach Calais safely and t[illegible] embark for home. But his retreat [illegible] cut off by the Dauphin with an arm[illegible] fifty thousand men. The king, l[illegible] ever had no resourse but to fight, an[illegible] handled his little force so skilfully tha[illegible] won the battle. Persecutor though[illegible] was, he was a devout man. He ord[illegible] his whole force to prostrate themselve[illegible] the field, and as they lay there, the pr[illegible] chanted the hundred and fifteenth Ps[illegible] beginning, "Not unto us; not unto us

I will give thanks unto thee among [illegible] heathen. A missionary writes: Sur[illegible] here (Sandwich Islands), is a most [illegible] teresting day to the Christian and [illegible] missionary. An officer from one of [illegible] ships in port—a serious young man—s[illegible] the interval between the English and [illegible] native services with me at the Mis[illegible] House. As the congregation began tc[illegible] semble he accompanied me to the do[illegible] the chapel, intending to take leave w[illegible] the exercises should begin, as he was [illegible] acquainted with the language, and [illegible] been already longer from his ship than [illegible] designed; but after standing a few minu[illegible] and seeing hundreds of natives assemb[illegible] quietly and seriously from various di[illegible] tions, he suddenly exclaimed, "I can[illegible] go till I worship with these heathen!"

Thou hast girded me with strength. Th[illegible] are other kinds of strength that God g[illegible] beside that for which David thanked [illegible] A minister writes: "When I was a s[illegible] ent at college I knew a young wo[illegible] who lived at Acton. She was heavily [illegible] flicted. Her years were spent in one r[illegible] and for the most part on one couch. [illegible] sufferings were indescribable. Yet wi[illegible] her bodily strength rallied between [illegible] paroxysms, she filled the room, not w[illegible] wailing but with song and praise to G[illegible] Even among women I have never kno[illegible] another so strong in grace—in love, j[illegible] peace, faith, meekness. And what th[illegible] you was her own explanation of her m[illegible] velous strength? She gave it to me [illegible] evening after I had watched with [illegible] through a long paroxysm of neuralgic t[illegible] ture: 'He giveth power to the faint, a[illegible] to them that have no might he increase[illegible] strength.'"

Thou hast given me the necks of my enem[illegible] This refers to the practice in olden tim[illegible] of putting the foot on the neck of a pr[illegible] trate enemy in a fight, to give the fi[illegible] and fatal blow. Two stories are told [illegible] the opposite ways of dealing with enemi[illegible] When Marshal Narvaez was dying, [illegible] confessor asked him if he forgave [illegible] enemies. "I have no enemies, replied t[illegible] Marshal. The confessor said that it w[illegible] impossible that a man so prominent as t[illegible] Marshal could have gone through [illegible] without making enemies. "Oh, yes," [illegible] plied Narvaez, "I have had many enemi[illegible] but I have had every one put to death [illegible] The Emperor Sigismund was another m[illegible] who boasted that he had no enemie[illegible] "How is that?" he was asked. "I ha[illegible] treated them so kindly," he said, "th[illegible] they have become my friends."

ALL MAY HELP THE WAIFS.

A Opportunity for Everybody to Befriend the Poor Tenement Children—Our Mont-Lawn Home's Busiest Season Among the Little Sufferers.

SUMMER, which brings peculiar pleasures to many who dwell in city and country, has this year held new terrors for the poor. In every large city, and especially in New York, there are multitudes who regard the fierce July and August heats with greater dread than the winter cold. The phenomenal and long-continued heat this summer has more than doubled the usual high mortality of the tenements, and has brought unspeakable sorrow into many a home of poverty. During these blazing days and stifling nights, when the tenement population is fighting the heat as best it can, all the well-to-do who are able to leave the city do so. There is not always a thought given to the wretched family in the back alley or slum, who probably never knew what a holiday meant and whose little, bare-footed children, with white and pinched faces, make a sad contrast with the rosy, well-fed, well-clad children of comfortable homes. It is not an infrequent sight, these hot, sickly summer nights, to find hundreds of poor tenement dwellers seeking in the public parks the sleep they cannot find indoors. In view of the great heat, the authorities decided to permit sleeping in some of the parks, and this has been a great boon to thousands of the poor. Our artist has shown a nook of one of the public parks with its occupants—the fathers and wearied mothers with children more dead than alive. This privilege has been a blessing, since it has brought a few hours' respite from suffering. Our missionaries have been unusually active during the hot spell, searching out the worst cases of child-suffering to be taken to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn for recuperation. Among the children who were to be taken, one morning, were three whom the missionary explained she was particularly anxious should go, as they were all in great need of such a change, as their mother was very sick of consumption. The doctor "passed" them, prescribing for one who needed special medical attention, and they went joyfully home to pack their little bundles. Not returning at the time appointed to start for the boat, a couple of boys were hastily sent to their home to learn the reason. They soon returned, all out of breath, with the sad intelligence that the poor mother had just died. The motherless children were left in that poverty-stricken home! These children will probably all go to Mont-Lawn in a few days. As our physician resides at the Children's Home this year, we are able to give the children better medical attention than it was ever possible to give before, and many a little sufferer is made joyful, and an anxious mother's heart relieved, to learn that the doctor is not only going to "pass" the little one, but will give the necessary treatment while in the Home, which together with the fresh country air and the nutritious food, will insure the little patient's complete restoration to health. One wee fellow, so badly deformed that he could hardly walk, was treated so successfully that he is greatly improved. When the doctor comes homes at night there is generally a patient or two—a girl with an abscess ready to be lanced, or a boy who wants an aching tooth extracted, and before she can even eat her supper, the doctor will have attended to a number of little patients. Up to the present time over two hundred and fifty have received the personal attention of the doctor.

As the work of our Children's Home has been unusually heavy this summer, owing to the very widespread suffering, the expenses of conducting it have been greatly increased. This has been unavoidable, for it was impossible to refuse help when so many little ones were perishing.

> Their hollow and haggard faces
> [illegible]
> And wasted hands were extended
> To catch the crumbs that fall.
> For within there were light and plenty,
> And odors filled the air;
> But without there were death and darkness,
> [illegible]

Mont-Lawn this year has saved more little lives than in the two preceding seasons and it has yet a great work to do before the season is ended. We invite all our friends to help us by contributing, liberally and lovingly, to this work, which their generosity has thus far carried forward so successfully. Let every reader of this journal, who has the welfare of the poor little waifs of the tenements at heart, respond to the appeal for the little sufferers, and thus enable the Home to continue at its full capacity during the remaining weeks of the summer. No gift however small will be unwelcome, and all will be acknowledged in these columns.

It is a pleasure to read some of the kind letters that are received from patrons of the Home. We give below extracts from a few recently received:

Mrs. G. J. F., Henderson, N. Y., sends this kind note with a gift of $2.00 for the Home:

My heart has ached for the little ones ever since I read of the first arrival at Mont-Lawn. I have wished so many times I had lots of money to send to them. Last Saturday the thought came to me that I [illegible] give this to some child who is very anxious to go. May God bless you in your good work.

'TURNING THE PARK INTO A BED-ROOM.

An incident of the terrible heat in New York and vicinity.

"Three dollars to send *one little one* to Mont-Lawn. For Jesus' sake," writes L. M., Randolph, Md.

Bertha Schmutz, Paterson, N.J., writes:

Oh! how the poor little ones are to be pitied; when I read of the [illegible] is done under your auspices, I wish I could send you my contribution a hundred times larger. Nevertheless, I feel [illegible] *little souls* a bright [illegible] of the world which our Lord has made for all.

In the same cordial strain writes C. E. W., of Pasadena, Cal., ($2.):

I wish it was thousands. I never read of the work you and others are doing that I [illegible] and think of the pitiful faces I once saw on children in the slums of Boston, old in sin and suffering, while mere babes in years and size.

"I would gladly multiply it ($3) a hundred-fold if it were possible! Blessed work and blessed workers!" is the letter of B. C. F., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"The blessing of him who loves the children be with the workers, and with all who are seeking the good of the 'little ones,'" is the prayer that comes with the gift of Mr. C. R., of Marion, N. Y.

The King's Daughters of Twenty-fourth Street M. E. Sunday School, New York, have provided for five children, and in forwarding their gift ($15), write: "With prayers for the prosperity of this most worthy benevolence and assured of the very great good it is doing."

Mrs. J. S., Price Post-office, Mo., writes:

My husband is only a poor farmer, and we have suffered loss in nearly everything we had to sell, but our Bible says: "For if [illegible] blessing to follow it, and may it be the means of doing some good in his cause.

A blessing must surely follow such a gift!

How thoughtful is this note from Mrs. J. R. T., of Mineral Point, Wis.:

These three dollars are to send one little one to [illegible] please send that one.

During the week, a very pretty and touching gift to the Children's Home came from Jerusalem. Mr. Thomas J. Alley wrote to Miss Delaney, of the Catharine Street Mission, enclosing a number of cards of beautifully pressed flowers from the Holy Land, to be sold and the proceeds devoted to the Home. This gift was prompted by an article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which described the meeting of a group of girls who were eager to help the Mont-Lawn Home.

As a glimpse at the other side of the picture, we give this extract from a letter one of the care-takers received from the father of a little lad who had been at the Children's Home:

New York, Aug. [illegible]

[illegible] father, I want to thank you for the influence—God given—which has surrounded Jimmie since he first saw you. I pray God that it may ever abide with him. God bless and sanctify your labor of love among the children, and may your influence be as sweet to them as it is to my son. From his thankful [illegible]

J. S.

Here is a beautiful instance of self-sacrifice, for the sake of the little waifs. It is from a Christian woman of Beach Haven:

I have long thought I would like to respond to the many benevolences I read of in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but as my means are very limited, I have been detained from doing so. I have earned this by washing for an old pensioner. I hardly know what is the most needful thing but thought I should like to help some poor sick one to get pure country air. Send some poor child to the country with it.

The following contributions have been received during the past week:

Amount previously acknowledged $2,957.69
King's Daughters, [illegible] 15 00
F N S, [illegible]
[illegible]
Two friends, Gloversville 6 00
Mrs H L Swan 1 00
Mrs S D Burt 50
H L Somerville 2 00
Little Waif's Friend 33
Kay & Vivian Watkins & Friend of Children 3 30
S S Barnes and family 5 00

A QUARTETTE OF MULBERRY STREET WAIFS.

Friend, [illegible]
[illegible]
I H N, Me 5 00
Mr Kline 3 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
M J L, Steelton 1 00
——, Canastota 10 00
Fanny Brown 2 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 1 50
[illegible]
Friend, Water Mill 3 00
Pres Soc of C E, Me- [illegible]
I H N, Webster 3 00
Mrs Chas Niles & H A Forsey 3 00
Mrs G P Collins 3 00
[illegible]
Maria Gortner 3 00
Mrs Mary Taylor 1 00
M E J, Poughkeepsie 1 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ten O'clock Club 3 00
For Jesus' Sake, [illegible]
Coal Haven, Scranton 25 00
E C Steene 3 00
Mr & Mrs J D Gris- [illegible]
I H N, [illegible]
[illegible] & Mrs G T H 3 00
Clyde L & Hazel [illegible]
Class of boys of 2nd Reformed S S 60
Florence Bean, Hel- [illegible]
I H N, Sabetha 62
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Reader 1 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Bertha Schwartz 6 00
Mrs Jas Wymer 1 00
Union S S, Chelsea 3 00
[illegible] 75
[illegible]
24th St M E SS 10 00
[illegible]
J W Hervey 50
Mrs J G Smedberg 3 50
[illegible]
Mrs Jas Harvey 1 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
——, Bloomville 3 00
Friend of Children, [illegible]
C E W, Pasadena 2 00
S L Wildrick 2 00
[illegible] Edward Bapt Ch 3 00
Mrs J H Blauvelt 3 00
[illegible]
Elizabeth Woodman 3 00
Mrs F T B, West Winfield 4 00
B C F, Ann Arbor 3 00
[illegible]
H L H, Dubuque 1 50
[illegible]
I H N, Seneca 3 00
[illegible]
Mr & Mrs R J Quale 3 00
[illegible]
In Jesus Name, Fos- [illegible]
Little Sunbeams, [illegible]
Martha C Osborne 3 00
Mrs H H Slawson [illegible]
Mrs F H F, Batavia 3 00
Friend, Hazlet [illegible]
[illegible]
A G Hay [illegible]
Maggie C Hanna [illegible]
Two little brothers Norwich 25
Mrs F K R [illegible]
Mother & Daughter, Groveland 1 50
Althea and George [illegible]
Lou & Alvie Schen- [illegible]
Mrs C B Randall 3 00
Mr & Mrs [illegible] maker 6 00
Friend, Whitesboro 3 00
[illegible]
Aunt Maria, Minn 6 00
I H N, Carrollton 5 00
Friend, Foxboro 3 00
Mrs R P Edwards 2 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Flora Spurrell 50
[illegible]
S P Gordon 1 00
Mother & Daughter, [illegible]
Mr & Mrs H Shallies 3 00
[illegible]
[illegible]
Jr Christian Endeavor [illegible]
G Haig 3 00

Total [illegible]

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

OUR daily mail is still burdened with letters of inquiry and of praise concerning our wonderful Encyclopedia offer. It has awakened young men and women all over the Union to a sense of the splendid opportunity afforded of securing a most valuable practical aid to education. We can find space for only a few of these letters:

W. J., Paterson, N. J. I would like to have one of the Encyclopedias, but can only do so if you accept [illegible] and allow me to become a subscriber at the same time, and also allow an extension of time, say four months. Being a working-man, I am unable to do otherwise.

We will do as you ask, having made a similar extension of time in other cases.

Charles Herschling, 154 Academy street, Long Island City, N. Y., writes:

The World-Wide Encyclopedia arrived safely. I am greatly pleased with them. They far exceed my expectations. I shall send the list of new subscribers and balance due within a month.

This young lady writes appreciatively of her prize:

[illegible], Md., Aug. 18, 1898.

I just received my box of books, and am more than pleased with them. I sent in five subscribers yesterday and will send the other five by Sept. 1.

Miss Stella Tilly.

And so also do a host of others, including Mr. H. H. Jones, of Boydton, Va., who says:

I am very much pleased. I shall do all I can to get the subscribers as soon as possible.

Thos. T. Porter, Reading, Pa. I am glad I availed myself of your generous offer. When I first undertook to do it some of my friends tried to dissuade me, because, they said, "times were too hard." But when I started in to work I found it quite easy to get subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and no evidence of hard times anywhere.

Your experience is like that of many others. Begun in good earnest, it is easy enough to get subscribers, and with such a golden prize as the World-Wide Encyclopedia in view, the task should be a pleasant one from start to finish.

Here is a bright and cheery letter—such a one as we like to receive in our mail:

DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 18.

Enclosed I send you $15 in gold to pay for ten subscribers. Silver or no silver, I shall always continue to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is the best paper we ever took in our household. My two children solicited these subscribers among their Sunday School teachers, and they have now earned for themselves a set of your splendid World-Wide Encyclopedia. C. HARDING.

But we might fill many columns with these voluntary testimonials showing the high appreciation of the Encyclopedia by our readers who have thus far received sets. "I cannot thank you enough for otherwise I could not have gotten so many splendid books which I really need," writes Miss Annie Abbott, of W. Newton, Pa. M. F. C. Trimble, 113 Suydam St., Brooklyn, writes: "I congratulate myself on getting such a valuable work so easily. They are just what I have been looking for." "The books, I must say, are beautiful," writes Geo. E. Redemeyer, Camden, N. J. Bessie and Worrall Hodson, of Roxborough, Pa., write: "We worked hard for the Encyclopedias, but we feel rewarded, as the books will help us a great deal." "We are now 'in touch' with the whole world," writes Mrs. C. W. Babcock, 151 Athens St., Buffalo, N. Y. "You are conferring a life-long benefit, in this valuable present; and how you can afford to do it, is a mystery to us." T. W. Carhart, Hazlet, N. J., has this enthusiastic line in his letter: "People to whom I have shown them say it is the only valuable premium they have ever seen. To obtain only ten subscribers seems too few to secure such a present."

[illegible]

I may not be [illegible] according to his promises. Those who [illegible] the offer of salvation will receive condemnation. The descriptions the Bible gives imply that the persons judged will acknowledge the justice of the decision. The printed questions you enclose are not in our province. They are mere conundrums.

[illegible] height of the tower of Babel and is it still standing.

1. Because they were the descendants of Judah, one of the patriarchs, who gave his name to the tribe of Judah and the kingdom of that name. 2. He was the King of Salem who went forth to meet Abraham on his return from the pursuit of Chedorlaomer and his allies. He combined the office of priest and king, as was not unusual in patriarchal times. 3. The ruins of the tower or temple of Birs Nimroud, which many hold to be identical with the tower of Babel, show that it was pyramidal in character, the first or basement stage an exact square 272 feet each way and 26 feet in height. There were seven stages or stories each of decreasing square and height, and on the seventh was placed (or to be placed) an ark or tabernacle. The entire height of Birs Nimroud would have been 156 feet. It is proper to add that there are rivals to the claims of Birs Nimroud for identification as the Tower of Babel and that the great pyramid temples at Warka and Mugheir (which belong to an age about B.C. 2230 to 2300— little later than Babel), are probably equally fair types of the great tower mentioned in Genesis. 4. Elias Howe in 1845.

Dr. W. McDermott, Chaplain of the County Prison, Norristown, Pa., writes:

As Chaplain for about ten years past, and interested in work for the inmates of the county prison since 1859, I have been the recipient of papers, tracts, and other matter of that nature for the use of the inmates, sent by kind and very thoughtful Christian people. And if persons would only think of the good they might do in this line by a very little thought, many a mind of those who have been sinners, not above all others, however, would be turned into a better way of living, and no more a menace to the community. But the papers or tracts should be clean and attractive. If of that character, then the tendency will be elevating. Clean tracts can always be profitably employed.

J. Landers, Reading, Pa. In a recent conversation, an acquaintance contended that Queen Victoria, not the Sultan, was the richest monarch in Europe, if not in the world. Are there any means [illegible] her wealth?

She is doubtless very rich, but it is the merest guesswork for any one uninformed on the subject to put it in figures. Much of her wealth is said to be invested in securities. Her real estate consists of Osborne House, Abergeldie House, Balmoral Castle, some six hundred rent-yielding houses in various parts of England and the leaseholds of several thousand others. She has also large estates in Yorkshire, Oxfordshire, and Berks, others in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Isle of Man, and Alderney. These are all her private property. She has also four sea-going yachts.

"More than pleased," is what J. E. Rupp, Harrisburg, Pa., writes of the Encyclopedia He says:

[illegible]

Student, New Haven, Conn. I am pursued with the [illegible] evidence from the writings of secular historians [illegible]

Are you not expecting too much in requiring evidence from secular historians? Do you think that if a carpenter in some obscure corner of the world in our day were to go around teaching and preaching that our literary men would take notice of him, even now when [illegible] with unprecedented earnestness and unequalled facilities? He might be incidentally mentioned as a crank with a new form of heresy, but that would be all. The three years of his teaching would be speedily forgotten, and if he made no attempt to immortalize himself by writing a book, the world would hurry on and take no notice of him. There is no logical ground for doubting that Jesus lived. Indeed, you cannot account for Christianity without believing that he lived.

F. W. C., Florence, Minn., writes, to ask if The World-Wide Encyclopedia is "up-to-date and first-class for a young man." It is the most recent publication of its kind, and later than any of the other encyclopedias. No young man or woman could desire a finer or more comprehensive intellectual equipment than it furnishes.

H, S. P., Savannah, Ga. Are the words, "The mills of God grind slowly," original with Longfellow? Were they previously written, "The mills of the gods grind slowly?"

It is not improbable that the idea may have been used by some earlier writer, but the first use of it, in the poetic form which we now know, was in Longfellow's poem, entitled: "Retribution."

Jessie L., Danbury, Conn. What is the proper meaning of consecration—a word I frequently hear applied to persons who are endeavoring to lead godly lives?

In his little handbook, Rev. M. R. Drury has furnished a compact explanation of what consecration really is. It is to be set apart in a peculiar sense to the Lord's service, and it therefore implies that we must be willing to be, to do, and to suffer all that he requires of us—without reserve. This embraces reputation, friends, property, time, everything; all the powers of body, mind and heart, to be used where, when and how he directs. Such a consecration is for life. The consecrated one cuts loose from the world and from self and renounces all ownership of himself or his possessions. He is not his own, being bought with a price—the blood of Christ—therefore he loves to work for him and his glory alone. It is this complete consecration that gives the Christian worker power and fits him for the most effective service.

MARQUAND HALL, NORTHFIELD, MASS.

See article on opposite page.

"A great gift," says Elder B. A. Bonewell of Akron, O., writing of the Encyclopedia. Here is his letter:

DEAR BRO.—The World-Wide Encyclopedia you sent me arrived to-day in good condition. I am well pleased with it. So far as I have had time to examine it, it meets my highest expectation. It is a great gift. Accept my many thanks for the same.

B. A. BONEWELL.

A. S. B., Chicago. Do you still give the premium Bible to a new subscriber?

Yes: send $2 and it will be forwarded and you will be booked for a year's subscription.

Wm. Kinney, Montgomery, Ala. I want the Encyclopedia very badly but can't sent you any money now, but I'm not disheartened. I have already two subscribers and expect to have other eight inside a of month. Will you reserve for me one set?

You had better send us the two subscribers on account and on the strength of these we will reserve a set as you request and you can keep on sending subscribers until you have the ten required and we will then forward to you a set of the Encyclopedia. We cannot reserve any sets unless some subscribers or some cash is sent on account.

J. B. Mitchell, Kirkville, Mo. Do you not think there [illegible] to which Paul said he was all things to all men as quoted by you, and those of the wife who is [illegible] baptized? The truly manly husband, I would let her [illegible] but [illegible] and not give her any unrest in reference thereto.

Can you not imagine a truly manly husband being concerned for his wife's salvation? If he had the idea that being baptized by immersion was essential to salvation, he would be very likely, if he loved his wife, to urge her to go through the rite. The better his disposition and the more unselfish he was, the more likely he would be to press the rite upon her. The wife would have small chance of convincing such a man that he was wrong and he would fret and grieve. She could relieve his m[ind] by undergoing the rite, and if she loved h[im] she would probably do it. The circumstanc[es] different from those mentioned by Paul [in] man who would act as Paul describes in [those] circumstances would be re-baptized in [vain].

J. L., Detroit, Mich. I notice your reply to [a] Lincoln, Neb., in your favor of the 1[9th] Now, I have even a greater favor to ask, [if] you can see your way clear to consent [to] modification of your wonderful Encyc[lopedia] offer to the extent of my requirements, [will] place me under everlasting obligations. [I] a student who, because of poverty, is co[m]pelled by work during the summer to earn [my] winter expenses. This year I have be[en] exceptionally unsuccessful, but by dint o[f] economy and very hard work, I have m[anaged] to scrape together just enough to barely [get] through. I feel that I must have that E[ncy]clopedia, but I cannot send you even five do[llars] bind the bargain. Can I arrange with [you] vided I send you two subscribers now, [the] one set for me until I get the remaining [three] subscribers, which I can easily do by [Sept.] If so, I will immediately mail the two w[ith] have already secured, together with the [$5].

Yes; we will agree to reserve a set [of] Encyclopedia for you, as requested. Th[is will] allow you nearly nine weeks in which [to] your eight additional subscribers, [which] should be a comparatively easy task.

M. Lambert, Newark, N. J. 1. Now that th[e] heat is over, we hear of it having been pr[edicted] by certain astronomers. How is it th[at] never hear of these predictions before[hand] always after the event? 2. Who was Li[lly] were any of his predictions verified?

1. If the phenomenal heat was predic[ted] advance, we have not heard of it. 2. Lill[y] an English astrological quack of the s[ix]teenth century. About 1648 he pre[dicted] that in 1656 the conjunction of the [two] ets would produce a catastrophe in [the] land, affecting its king and govern[ment] also fires and a plague. A great fir[e] occur which led to Lilly's arrest and exa[mi]tion by a Parliamentary committee. [He] shrewdly suspected the star-gazer of [com]plicity with the incendiaries.

Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo. Can you tell m[e] to overcome a besetting sin?

If you are sincere in wishing to overc[ome] there is no doubt of your being succe[ssful]. Your explanatory letter implies that c[ure] but there is no basis for it. The trou[ble] that in nearly all such cases as yours th[e] self-deception. The victim is a willing [vic]tim. Assuming, however, that you are h[ere]and do not wish to lose your soul, a[nd] surely will, if you do not quit your si[n] give you advice. First of all, your hope [is] Christ. He is ready and willing to d[o] you if you wish it, but he will not save [you] in spite of yourself. If you, in your hea[rt] sire to continue in sin, you will get no[t] from him. You must prove your wish [to] delivered by yourself working to that [end]. You can do so by avoiding, as far as yo[u] able, the occasions and opportunities f[or] commission. Regulate your diet so [as] avoid the grosser condition of the flesh. [Take] up some study, or some course of readin[g] exercise, to which you are inclined. [Any]thing that will fully occupy your min[d] that you have no leisure for reverie a[nd] inclination to indulge sinful thoughts. P[ut] your study or amusement vigorously, res[olve] to become a master in it. Avoid such rea[ding] or such pictures, as suggest temptation [and] make it clear to all about you that you ar[e] termined to lead a new life. This is your [part] of the business. If you perform it hon[estly] and faithfully Christ will give you [the] strength you need. Pray to him const[antly] and you will be delivered.

H. C. R., Hammonton, N. J. 1. Am I right in [in]tending that there are two alternatives [for] every man: To do what he believes to [be] and be saved, or do what he believes [to be] wrong and be lost? 2. Why does the Bible [in] tion the execution of witches when we [know] there are no such creatures?

1. A man who does what he believes t[o be] wrong is certainly in danger of being lost [but] we should not be safe in saying that a [man] who does what he believes to be right [will] saved. He may be misinformed, or he may [be] prejudiced, and may do wrong believing [it] be right. Paul's is a case in point. He decl[ared] that when he persecuted the Christians [he] thought he was doing God a service. 2. T[here] were persons pretending to the power of wi[tch]craft and they did mischief in proportion to [the] degree of credulity in others. The legislat[ion] prescribed in the Bible was progressive [and] dealt with the needs of the time.

Several Inquirers. We can fill no more orders [for] "Bible Helps," our stock being entirely exhau[sted]. ——Constant Reader, Alexandria, O. We have [not] seen any reckoning of the sort and do not con[sider] it of any importance.——A. H. S., Sugarloaf. [The] This question was answered fully in a recent is[sue].——C. D. Pendell, Worcester, Mass. Write [to] Librarian, Smithsonian Institute, Washington [D. C.] for all instructions.——M.A.O., Bennington, O. T[he] probably would not grow on American soil. S[ome] are seed, others bulbs.——Harvey M. K., Allen[town], Pa. Yes; the price to subscribers is $2.——S. J[ones], Detroit. No, it is not.——Ann DeWitt, New [York] City. Longfellow wrote the verses entitled "A [Psalm] of Life."——Beatrice H., Savannah, Ga. We [can] pass a letter addressed to Copenhagen. Denm[ark] would find her.——W. B. A., Providence, R. I. [You] are asked to send full name and address to E. W. [Gil]le, New York Health Food Co., Oxford, N. Y.——[Mrs.] G. B., New Norfolk. To the editor.——Cora A. [Mc]Cabe, Pa. To all except Tibet, portions of Ch[ina], Central Africa, Arabia, and the Arctic regions.——[A] Reader, Chatham Centre, N. Y. We know of n[o]

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Rainy Night.

IT rained in torrents. The train from Jericho was late, but it pulled into the station at last, and the few passengers who had been waiting, stepped on board, found seats, and were presently whirled away into the darkness. The wind roared, the deluge poured down, the engine forged ahead.

"Tickets!"

The conductor had to speak twice before he gained the attention of the man in the rear car, on the last seat, a man in shabby clothes, muffled to his throat with a long tippet, which went round his neck in many folds, and with a broad-brimmed slouch-hat pulled over his eyes. The conductor saw nothing of the man's face, but the end of his nose and the shaggy length of beard which fell down on his breast: a dark, grizzled and unkempt, and in keeping with the general tramp-like air of the passenger.

"Look's queer," thought the conductor, as the man fumbled in his pocket for the ticket pasteboard. "I'll keep an eye on him. Isn't drunk, but may be crazy, or running away. I wonder what from, poor devil!"—and punching the ticket, the kind-hearted conductor passed on.

* * *

"I don't care if I never see you again. It was a bad day for me when I saw you first."

Those were the words, which over and over beat like the blows of a hammer on Morris Onslow's brain, as the wind blew, the rain fell, and through the black night the train forged on.

Lizzie had spoken then. Lizzie, his wife whom he loved, whom he had worshiped, whom, poor fellow, being one of those pathetic men born to ill luck and ill fortune, he could not support. Morris Onslow, to save his life, could not rise beyond a clerkship, and a small one at that. He was honest, but not quick nor clever, given to day-dreams, not given to saving, nor to making money, nor to any of the things in which most Americans are proficient. Given plenty of this world's goods, an inherited patrimony, and Morris would have been charming and lovable. As it was, his constant want of success embittered him, and in the household the wife who had borne much and been cheery and patient, became discouraged, too. Lizzie fled out of the window, and there were quarrels and recriminations, culminating one day in Lizzie's speaking with passionate vehemence the words I have quoted, and Morris's flinging out of the house in a tempest of anger, and with only one confused feeling hardening into resolve, that he would go away and never return.

The night, and the storm, and the cars flying on, on, on! No matter where, the farther off the better. Forge ahead, gallant locomotive with your soul of flame. Push onward, tireless wheels. Never mind Lizzie, back there, gazing into the rain-swept street through the streaming pane. Never mind her, at the open door, peering out into the wet, wet highway. She said she didn't care if she never saw her husband again.

What is that sound, spoken in Morris's ear heard through the roar of the storm and the rumble of the train. Heard oh! so plainly.

"Mamma, why doesn't Papa turn and kiss me thay my prayers, and tell me a story. I've been good, Mamma. Where is my Papa?

"No, Mamma, you are for day-times, Papa's for night-times. I want my fader to hear me thay, 'Now I lay me.'"

Nobody else acted as if there was anything strange in the car, but the passenger in the rear seat felt as if all the world must see his crippled, wee Willie in his night-gown and hear him pleading for his father's return.

"I always undressed the kid, and put him to bed myself," he murmured apologetically in the depths of the grizzled beard. And he pushed the slouch hat farther from his forehead, and a pair of blue eyes, tender as a woman's, looked at the rows of men and women before him.

In the fifth seat to the left, a lady was getting her golden-haired baby to sleep. The little one was weary. She wanted to go home. But the mother cooed to her, and kissed her, and soothed her with soft touches, and sang under breath, but somehow the low tones penetrated the air, and filled it with melody,

[illegible]

Outside the rain fell, poured down in a cataract, the wind tore on its way like a mad giant let loose, the train through the night and the storm forged on.

"Now, my darling," said the traveling mother, "fold your two little hands, and say, 'Now I lay me,' and then mammy 'll tell you you a story."

The train drew up at the station. It was not his station, that was hours and hours distant, but the passenger in the end seat slipped out and was gone. The darkness swallowed him up.

"Queer!" wondered the friendly conductor. "That poor Dick of a tramp has stepped out. Hope nothing'll happen to him."

Very late that night, long past midnight, Morris Onslow walked up the street and turned the latch-key in his door. He had caught a returning train. There was a light in the front room. In the back room Willie was at last asleep, tears on his pale cheek. As Morris opened the door, Lizzie ran to meet him, threw her arms around him, kissed him, clung to him.

"Thank God you're safe home, my darling," she cried. "Get off your wet coat; I've some supper for you, and we'll have hot coffee in a minute. Poor little Willie cried himself to sleep."

Outside, the wind, the rain, the tempest. But inside, peace and pardon and love. And in heaven, joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

At Northfield.

Never before has Northfield, Mass., been so busy a scene as this year. The fame of the summer conferences has spread far and wide attracting every year a larger number of eager guests. Mr. Moody has placed every facility in the way of Christian people desiring to participate in the benefits of the conference. They have the choice of hotels or boarding houses or tent life and they may if they choose bring their own tents and pitch them free of cost on the Seminary grounds. The leaders of the conference this year are eminent Biblical scholars and the hope expressed in Mr. Moody's invitation has been fulfilled.

The Cisamba Mission.

A VIVID picture of missionary life in Africa is contained in a letter just received from Dr. W. T. Currie, who is laboring at Cisamba. After gratefully acknowledging a contribution from the fund placed in the hands of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by its readers, for distribution among foreign missionaries, Dr. Currie mentions several changes which have occurred at his station recently. One of these is the increase in the white population owing to the development of the country. There are now, he says, over sixty whites in the neighborhood, whereas when he began work there eight years ago, there were only eight whites, five of whom were missionaries. The change has involved the removal of some difficulties and has introduced others. Among the new ones is the opportunity afforded to the natives of increased income through the traders and also of obtaining rum which proves a great curse in Africa as elsewhere. Dr. Currie finds that there are natives now whose love for rum is so great that they would rather take it in exchange for their rubber than cloth or any other commodity. In view of this situation the missionary feels profound gratitude to God that he is able to report encouraging results in every department of the work.

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN FAMILY AT CISAMBA.

Quite a little village has now sprung up around the missionary station inhabited by natives who have publicly professed faith in Christ and by adherents who are anxious to learn more of Christianity. The men have built for themselves neat, strong houses in rows outside the mission compound. There has been less sickness than in former years, but three deaths have occurred among the young converts which have caused much sorrow. One of them was of a very promising boy who was much beloved by all on the station. The parents were anxious to have the usual fetich ceremonies at the funeral but Dr. Currie eventually persuaded them to let the Christian boy have Christian burial.

The industrial department has been very successful. The boys have proved their capacity as carpenters, blacksmiths, gardeners, builders and cattle tenders. So skillful have they become that applications for their services are coming to the mission from native chiefs who are thus brought into contact with Christianity. This part of the work Dr. Currie is anxious to develop because it will keep the converts from the gipsy life of carriers, which takes them from under religious influence. He proposes to add if possible to the industrial work of the station a grist and flour mill which is sorely needed and will be of great benefit to all parties, relieving the women of the most laborious part of their work and removing the temptation to polygamy which generally comes from men desiring younger and stronger wives to do the labor of grinding corn.

The medical deparment has developed peculiar difficulties. Dr. Currie says:

We have been accustomed, until recently, to do all our medical work free; and to take what the people were disposed to give us in return. At first a number were accustomed to bring gifts of corn, meal, chickens, &c. Others not only refrained from doing so, but circulated reports more industriously than we could contradict them, that we did not want any return and that we were sent out and paid to do the work for them. Men began to come for medicine, and not only neglected to bring a gift, but even forgot to return the bottles and boxes in which they received their medicines. In time we found that drugs were, in some instances, carried away to be mixed with the mysterious compounds of the native doctors. In other cases, the patients took all we gave them free and paid the native doctors to treat them also, in order to get the supposed benefits of both treatments. If one failed the other onght surely to succeed. This was an evil under the sun! It endangered life, encouraged the growth of a pauper spirit, and wasted missionary money, given often by poor but generous and earnest Christians. We resolved, therefore, without making any sudden change which might alienate the people, to try quietly and steadily to bring all but the very poor and those settled at the station on to the list of those who pay something for the medical help they receive from us. As a result of the change we have received from natives, in small sums, during the past two months about eight dollars, and more gratitude and good will from all the patients than they were disposed to show us before, while the earnings of the department for the past twelve months have fully met all its necessities without the use of any grant from the society.

DR. CURRIE'S FIRST HOME AT CISAMBA.

One Woman's Good Work.

This incident is related by a writer in *The Woman's Missionary Friend*, which contains a wholesome moral: A Christian woman went from Switzerland to live in Paraguay. She saw there the need of Christian education. She felt the spirit of the missionary stirring within her—but how should she begin her work alone?

The Swiss woman gained the confidence of her poor neighbors, and asked some of them to let her teach their children. She made for these a Swiss school which educates the heart and the imagination, and is a charm. It grew. The garden of children filled her heart with delight. She founded a mission in this far-away land. Christ was in the work and seemed to take these grateful little wanderers into his arms and bless them. A church is likely to be the end of the effort. What this woman did, many others can do.

DRAWING WATER FROM THE CISAMBA RIVER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Coming Together.

NOTHING has more impressed me in this summer's travel than the great bridges that have taken the place of the rickety bridges that made one hold his breath while crossing them. The tendency is to bring together the whole race in sympathy. Formerly the centrifugal force in society was mightier than the centripetal, the tendency to fly off mightier than the tendency to bring together. So the Scotch clan cultivated hostility against other clans. Indian tribes had more use for scalping knife than for calumet. Nations were counted powerful in proportion as they had great armaments. Now they are powerful in proportion as they can afford to do without standing armies. Bridges across the Missouri, across the Susquehanna, across the Schuylkill, across the Ohio, across the East River, significant of amity and commerce and good will. Most of the old bridges were military bridges and they suggested bloody attack or disastrous retreat, Trajan's bridge across the Danube, Xerxes bridge across Hellespont, Darius bridge across the Bosphorus, and seven great bridges of Rome, one of which Horatius defended, and on one of which Constantine gained a great victory, and on one of which Cicero arrested the ambassadors with letters to Cataline. So most of the old bridges were links of death and further and further apart swung cities and swung nations. What a horror associated with the bridge that Napoleon had thrown across the river Beresina for his army to retreat over on the way from Moscow! Houses were demolished in order to get timber for the construction of the bridge. The historian says: "When the imperial guard began to move, the stragglers dispersed in the surrounding woods and villagers rushed from all sides and flocked to the river in one dense and confused mass, which soon choked up the narrow entrances to the bridges. The [illegible] were driven upon the guards who were endeavoring to keep a passage open for the troops. In repressing these crowds of fugitives many were trodden under foot in the melee; others thrown upon the floating ice, and great numbers, unable to regain the bridge, or reach the shore, perished in the river. The efforts of Napo[illegible] were unavailing. So great was the con[illegible] passage for the emperor to cross at about 2 p.m. with about 6,000 of the guard under Ney. The troops continued to pass till the morning of the 29th, but multitudes of stragglers, benumbed with the cold were unable to avail themselves of this last opportunity, and about 8 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Eble, seeing the Russians advancing, was obliged to set fire to the bridges, leaving vast quantities of ammunition, artillery and baggage, thousands of men and many women and children to the mercy of the enemy and to the rigors of the climate." When the ice of that river broke up in the spring, 12,000 bodies were strewn along the banks. Most of the bridges of other days meant excitement, tragedy and massacre, but in our land and day, a bridge means invitation, means peace, means prosperity.

Intense Weather.

THE seething, scorching, blasting heat has been the subject of newspapers columns and private conversation. Ordinarily people talk about the weather when they have nothing else to say, but recently they have talked about it because it was the most important theme. As Alexander Smith said, "Summer came down upon us like a panther from the mountains." Weather amounts to the solemn and appalling, when all exposed to it suffer too near the point of sun stroke or apoplexy. If any people are to be commiserated it is those who are compelled to toil outdoors when the thermometer has gone mad in the nineties. We do well at such times to avoid all excitement, while we rejoice that intense heat or cold in this climate generally ends in three or four days. At such times what a great blessing from God are our parks and seabeaches? The Psalmist asked, "Who can stand before his cold?" We may at such a time change the question and ask, Who can stand before his heat? The spring season, again and again, in the latter times, has seemed to fall out of the procession of years; it has been no failure of the divine promise, for after the flood the assurance was given of only two seasons, summer and winter. If, therefore, for the last few years there have been but a few vernal seasons worthy of the name of spring, there has been no infraction of the divine promise. If you think that in March, April and May we always have spring, or that in September and October we always have autumn weather, ask the merchants who had spring or fall goods to sell, whether I am right in saying that while according to the book of Genesis, summer and winter have not failed, a regular spring-time or autumn is the exception. But if there is anything about which we ought to be uncomplainingly submissive, it is the weather, for that must be of divine arrangement and in no wise the result of human imperfections.

Sudden Exit.

WE get so used to living we hardly think of our mortality until some startling event rouses us to think how swiftly the shuttle flies which shall finish the fabric of our earthly state, and how soon the thread of life will be cut. There is something overwhelming in this passing generation after generation off the stage to let other generations come on. Who are the merchants of our cities today? Many of them, children and grandchildren of the old merchants. Who are the ministers of religion in our pulpits? Nearly all of them new men, while their predecessors are gone out of service, and most of them gone out of the world. Who are the men in professional life? New doctors instead of the old doctors, young lawyers instead of the old lawyers. Were it not for the lights which the Gospel kindles over the next world, a wave of melancholy would drown the nations. If this life were all, and then obliteration, if this short journey ended in a gulf of nothingness, we might well sit down in despair, but with the theory that this is only the beginning, and that beyond and out of it is release and enlargement and coronation, the sting is blunted if not entirely taken away. If religion be a fallacy, I do not want to find it out. I want to live and die under the glorious delusion. I want to go clear out of life under the hallucination. Rather than pay some lecturer fifty cents or a dollar to prove to me that there is no hereafter, I would pay the last dollar I have and the last coat and the last shoe not to believe in annihilation. But while this life is filled with doubts, and human friendship is doubtful, worldly success doubtful, and health doubtful, God and Christ and the soul and heaven are everlasting certainties.

Ruined by Prosperity.

I HAVE known men, before their success, kind and humble, and loving and genial, and useful and obliging, and positively Christian, who, after their success, became hard and cruel, and overbearing and infidel. A man wants the grace of Christ at that crisis to keep him rightly balanced. Joseph was as much a Christian in Pharaoh's court as in the dungeon. Daniel forgot not God amid the roystering excesses of the Babylonian palace. Queen of Sheba bowed down before the King of Heaven amid the glitter of gold and the perfume of gardens of frankincense. A man can be as good walking upon Axminster carpet as though he lived on the floor of a shanty. It is all nonsense for men to talk against money as though it had no uses. But, success in life of any sort must be accompanied by the grace of God, or it is ruin. It was Solomon that said, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." And where there are one hundred men who can stand trouble, there is not one man that can stand success. The Israelites got along tolerably well when they were hungry, and when they were thirsty, but after awhile they wanted something more worthy of mastication, and they asked for meat, and the Lord sent a great flock of quails, and they darkened the heavens, and they fell all around about the encampment, and the people said, "Ah, now what a fine time we shall have!" and they ate of these quails, and they ate and they died. They got through with the hardship and the hunger, but not so with the prosperity. And I see scores of men who are going on in life, now persecuted and tried and set upon, and they are maintaining their Christian character; but give them a little brilliant success and they are gone. It is not the troubles of life that slay men. It is the quails!

Attractive Bargains.

Orders still come pouring in for the *Bible Helps* at fifty cents each. We wish it distinctly understood that we cannot furnish any more, as our supply is entirely exhausted. Our readers will please not send any further orders, as their doing so involves considerable correspondence and expense in refunding the money.

The same will apply to orders for *The Pathway of Life*, of which no more copies are left.

The only book from the pen of Dr. Talmage which we can now furnish separately, is *From Manger to Throne*, which contains, in addition to his Life of Christ, a full and graphic description of the author's travels in Palestine, and numerous illustrations, many of them full page, and we will dispose of the few remaining copies at seventy-five cents each, express charges prepaid. The book is set in large type weighs three pounds, and contains 544 pages, attractively bound in silk-finished cloth and gilt.

We are closing out the balance of our famous Palestine Albums, "Wild Flowers from Palestine," which contain an introduction by Dr. Talmage, an exhaustive and beautifully illustrated article on the flowers and trees of Palestine, and 14 cartons of interesting and valuable specimens of real flowers grown and pressed in the Holy Land. We have about 100 albums left, and these we will sell at $1 each, all charges prepaid—just one-half the price hitherto charged.

A more beautiful and desirable present cannot be conceived, whether used as a birthday gift or a souvenir to a friend. Each Album weighs one and one-half pounds, is very handsomely bound in olive green, and richly ornamented in solid gold. It is "gilt edged" throughout.

BRIEF NOTES.

We regret to learn that some people in ... States have been victimized by persons pr... be agents for this journal. **It should be ... understood that we have no agents** ... *ceive subscriptions from anyone who will ... whether their own or those of other peop... would caution our friends against intro... subscriptions to persons who are strangers ...*

Our Stock of *Helps to the Study of* ... is exhausted and no more orders can be fi...

Orders have been Sent to London ... Bibles, 5,000 hymn books and 5,000 catechi... sold in the Fiji Islands.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been Co... evangelistic services at Fort Dodge, Iowa ... which seats 2,000. The meetings are sup... eight churches.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has Accepted an ... tion to labor in Great Britain during the ... winter. He expects to commence his ca... Belfast on October 18.

Reports have Reached London that ... ant missionaries at Petrim, in Siam, have ... tacked by brigands who plundered the ... wounded the missionaries. No deaths are ...

Dr. R. S. Storrs is to Celebrate in N... next the fiftieth anniversary of his en... ministry and his colleagues on the Ameri... are preparing to make the occasion one ... show the high esteem in which he is held.

The American Baptist Mission on th... reports that at the close of the year it had ... missionaries, thirty-five native preachers ... churches, 1,160 members, of whom 164 w... tized in 1895 and thirty-three schools w... pupils.

A New Building, the Most Substantia... yet reared on the ground has been comm... Chautauqua, N. Y. It is to be called the H... Christ and is intended to be devoted e... recognition of the central fact of the ages ... ing and the work of our Lord and Saviour.

The Severe Criticism of Bishop Potter ... York by the *Arrow* has called forth a vig... fence. The Bishop's work was condemned ... it was philanthropy rather than religion. ... sence of the reply is that, love of God wh... not manifest itself in love to man is not wor...

The Salvation Army has Organized ... man's Cavalry Brigade. It consists of seve... who have arranged to make a trip in a coach ... Virginia, Maryland and Delaware throug... not hitherto occupied by the Salvatsion Arm... trip is to be a thousand miles long.

A New Social Settlement has been Op... Cleveland, O. It is managed by the fac... students of Hiram College, and is call... House. It is situated on the corner of Wa... and Hanover streets overlooking the Flat... of the poorest districts of the city. One of ... tures is the day nursery which is much app... in the district.

Mr. George Muller's Annual Report ... orphanage has been issued. He says that ... the past year the contributions have been ... that the trials of faith have been slight. ... institutions were founded in 1834 the ... money for the work has been over six mil... lars. The number of orphans received h... 9,532. Of these 2,586 were professing C... when they left the homes.

Rev. William James's Home for Tired ... tian workers at Belle Island, Conn., has bee... blessing to many during this trying ... Elm Home has been full all the time. Mr. ... has extended his hospitality far beyond ... sources to those who need it most, being ... pay their board. He would be glad to ... home open during September and October ... friends would come to his aid.

An Appeal has been Issued to English ... tians in all denominations to form a circle ... er. It is pleaded that at the present day, ... many influences—intellectual, social, and ... —opposed to the spread of Christ's kingd... that there is urgent need in consequence ... help from God. The appeal is signed by A... conof London, George Muller, of Bristol; C... Spurgeon, Dr. Moule, of Cambridge, Dr. S... moderator of the Established Church As... Dr. Monro Gibson, and many others.

A Thrilling Scene was Witnessed at ... son, N. Y., on Aug. 16, when the Memorial ... celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary. ... crowd attended the exercises, which were u... charge of the Port Chester Praying Band. ... was more remarkable than the testimonies ... who were living evidence of the power of C... deliver souls from the bondage of drink and ... vices and to keep them from falling. Loving ... ence was made to the late Dr. Deems and T... C. Cookman, who had frequently preached ... Memorial Chapel and had won many souls t... Christ.

Bishop Hartzell Makes an Urgent App... funds to continue the work commenced by ... William Taylor in Africa. He says that ten ... and dollars are needed at once to encour... gressive work planned for the evangelization ... Dark Continent. In order to encourage co... those the Rev. E. H. Richards, who has giv... teen years to the field, has donated to the ... his large supply of African curiosities, ... blankets, bows and arrows, axes, pillows ... and women's dresses, bowls, cups, drums a... sical instruments. These will be given ... order of certain sums to the missionary fund ... descriptive catalogue may be obtained by addr... Bishop Hartzell, 150 Fifth avenue, New York.

The European Correspondent of the ... York *Sun* reports that important discoveri... have been made in the ancient mound of Nipp... Hilprecht, who is in charge of the excava... behalf of the University of Pennsylvania. Th... houses, it is said, have unearthed ancient inscr... shedding a flood of light on the ancient hi... Babylon. The inscriptions already decipher... reported to carry written history further ... 2,500 years than any writing previously known ... of the tablets is believed to date back 7,000 ye... fore Christ. The tablets were found below a ... of debris which has been generally believed ... the foundations of a city dating 4,000 B.C. ... Hilprecht has through it and found to be ... remains of a still more ancient city with a lib...

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In a Soudanese Camp.

RECLAIMING the Soudan for Egypt now appears to be the acknowledged object of the Anglo-Egyptian Expedition up the Nile. The battle at Ferkeh, previously described in these columns, s idently convinced the Sirdar and the ments in London and Cairo that the st is feasible. The Anglo-Egyptian are to make an immediate advance n Kosheh, which they occupied after ttle, to a farther stage up the Nile. ess correspondents with the expedi- ave been forbidden to send dis- s until further orders. which is a gn that preparations for an advance ll forward. That there was any de- Kosheh appears to have been only e the condition of the river, hi was too low to float the ers of the expedition. The n of employing native has been fully proved, as have not suffered from so much as have the h officers. Their promin- owever, has caused a great f jealousy in the English nts. One man voiced the ents of his regiment after ttle of Ferkeh, when he at if he had known when unteered for service in the ign what was to be the of the generals command- he expedition, he would painted himself black and a Soudanese regiment would have given him an unity of fighting. As it is nglish regiments are for the r part merely holding the ons as they are won, and aining the line of commu- ons. They live in huts of with a thick covering of which are erected with as- ing rapidity by the expert nese at each stopping The straw roof is the protection possible from the but even with this protec- the heat is excessive. For s at a time, the thermometer in the of the camp has seldom fallen be- 29. The necessity of keeping open ne of communication is, however, of importance. It is impossible to sus- n army in the country by any other s than supplies sent from Egypt. The ss of the expedition thus far is al- entirely due to the efficiency of the Service Corps which has charge of luty. Every camp has all the com- it is possible to enjoy in the desert. soldiers are supplied with wholesome cooked in the camp. One of the interesting scenes is that of the open- itchen depicted in the illustration. ovens are merely segments of iron encased in mud or sun-dried bricks, n these the Soudanese cooks are able ke bread and do all their culinary . It is satisfactory to learn that as pedition advances, the proofs multi- hat its success will mean deliverance e people from a cruel tyranny. The of the Khalifa has been intolerably, st, and oppressive. His officers are all n from the Baggara, the most ruthless corrupt of all the Soudanese peoples, they have had full license to plunder outrage the peaceful villagers. The rings of the people under them have extreme, and there was no redress. edation and extortion were practised out compunction. The people now pay ttention to the Khalifa's visions and hecies of victory, and he has some dif- ty in filling up the ranks of his army. people are hoping for his defeat. s useless to rebel against a tyrant so erful as the Khalifa, but it appears now they might be delivered by a power that is stronger than he. As Christ said of the enemy of the human race:

When a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all the armor wherein he trusted. (Luke 11: 22).

SOUDANESE COOKS PREPARING A MEAL IN A DESERT CAMP.

A Baby Held in Pawn.

A New York Justice of the Supreme Court was called on to decide a peculiar case a few days ago. The complainant was the mother of a child, who, she claimed, was being wrongfully withheld from her care. She and her husband had confided the child, when an infant, to a woman who agreed to bring it up in consideration of a payment of ten dollars a month. Both the father and the mother were employed in service which precluded the mother from caring for her child. Recently, however, the father secured a better job which enabled him to support his family without his wife's aid. They were going to housekeeping, and the mother wanted her child. When she applied for it, the woman who had it in charge refused to give it up until a hundred dollars, arrears in its board, was paid. The mother contended that she did not owe so much, and she could not pay it, if she did. But she wanted her child, and appealed to the law for its recovery. Her lawyer obtained a writ of habeas corpus, in response to which the child was brought into court and the story of its detention was told. The Justice promptly decided that the child must be given to the mother. Though any kind of property might be kept as security for a debt, he said children could not be so held. The parents might be sued at law for their debt, but their child must be given up. The decision was just, though their creditor complained of it. We may be thankful that the same law prevails in spiritual matters. The negligence or carelessness of parents often cause a child to become a captive of the evil one, but he cannot retain it if it appeals to Christ for deliverance.

Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. (Rom. 10: 13.)

A Search by Balloon.

A remarkable suggestion has been made by a German engineer to the owners of the steamer *Chicora*, which foundered in Lake Michigan in January, 1895. The firm spent large sums of money in the attempt to locate the steamer with the view of raising her, but hitherto without success. A German engineer having heard of their failure, has written them, advising a novel method of search. He proposes to make a balloon ascent over the lake, or to have a captive balloon kept there. "Seen," he says, "from the height of a few hundred yards the bottom of a sheet of water is clearly visible as the fraction of light is nothing. It as if there were no water—nothing but air. At a height of two hundred yards a surface of several square miles would be in view and the bottom of the lake would be clearly seen." It is said that scientific men, who have been consulted, confirm the statement of the German engineer as to the transparency of water, when seen from a height, but the fact does not seem to have been generally known. We do know, however, that there are many things in life that are hidden and mysterious which we cannot discern until we get above the world into the clearer atmosphere of communion with God.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God. (Ps. 73: 16.)

A Mistake in a Hospital.

During the recent hot weather in New York when a large number of persons who had been prostrated by the heat were sent to the hospitals every day, two men were sent to Gouverneur Hospital. One of them was the driver of a wagon belonging to a grain merchant. Hearing of his prostration, his employer, who had a hearty liking for his man, went around to the hospital in the evening to inquire after him. One of the overworked officials referred to the register, and finding out the ward and the number of the bed to which the man had been sent, directed a boy to go up and ascertain how the man was progressing. The employer was much shocked when the boy returned with the news that the man was dead. He left with the authorities the address of his family and then went to their home to break the sad news to them. The body was to be sent around the next day and an undertaker was told to be in readiness. Friends were notified and all arrangements made for interment. The next day the body arrived, but when the parents of the dead man dried their eyes to take a last look at his features they declared that it was not the body of their son. If any corroboration of their statemeut had been necessary, it was supplied when the man himself walked in, quite recovered from his seizure. In the press of work at the hospitals a mistake of identity had occurred and the doctors did not know one man from the other. The parents, however, could not be deceived. Sometimes such mistakes are made as to spiritual identity. Both the church and the world are often mistaken as to who are children of God. It is, however, consolatory to remember that the mistake does not extend beyond this world.

The Lord knoweth them that are his. (II. Tim. 2:19.)

A Child Rescue.

A dispatch from Mount Vernon, N. Y., reports the rescue from drowning of a little girl by one of her child playmates. One of the residents of the town has been having an artesian well sunk on his property. The engine used for the work was supplied with water from a well on the adjoining premises. This well was forty feet deep and had twenty feet of water in it. It was usually covered by a shed, but the shed had been temporarily removed to facilitate the supply of the engine. A number of children were playing around the premises one afternoon recently and as they ran across the lawn, one golden-haired girl eleven years old suddenly dropped from sight. An affrighted cry that seemed a long way off, coming from the neighborhood of the old well told the cause of her disappearance. The children ran away screaming in distress, except one boy, a frail child, twelve years old. He looked over the edge of the well and saw the girl clinging far below to a projecting piece of masonry. She sank in the water, but, rising to the surface, had clutched the stone and held to it. But her hands were slipping and she was in mortal terror. Nearby lay the rope and pail that had been used in the well. The boy ran and fetched them. He quickly lowered the pail and called to the child to get into it. Then he dug his heels into the soil and held to the rope with all his strength. He could not raise the child, but he could hold her and he called to the other children to go for a man. They did so and two men were quickly on the scene and hauled the child to the surface. People who puzzle themselves about the part of the divine and the human in salvation may find this a helpful illustration. The boy had not the power to save the child, but he could put her in a position in which she could be saved. That is all that the most eloquent preacher or the most earnest worker can do for souls.

How shall they believe in him of whom they have nor heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? Rom. 10: 14.

To Protect the Trees.

An ingenious method of protecting large trees from the ravages of caterpillars is described in a Boston journal. It says: Circling the trunks of trees with some sticky substance to prevent noxious insects from ascending to the leaves is a familiar method of protection which has been applied on a large scale in the pine forests of Germany. Formerly the pine moth was a most destructive and dreaded enemy of those valuable forests, but now it is no longer feared. The caterpillars of the pine moth, being born at the end of August, do very little damage before the autumn frosts set in and compel them to go into winter quarters in the moss-carpeted ground at the foot of the trees. But in the spring, unless interfered with, they ascend the trunks and fall upon the green needles with ravenous appetite. It is estimated that a single caterpillar consumes, on the average, a thousand pine needles. By scraping a smooth band in the rough bark around each tree-trunk, and then smearing the band with a mixture of tar, grease and glue, an insurmountable obstacle is presented to the caterpillars, and in this simple manner the great pine forests of middle and northern Germany have been securely fortified against their insect enemies. It seems a pity to disfigure the noble trees by scraping them and smearing them with the greasy abomination, but that is a small matter if it will save the trees from destruction. Something like this often happens in human lives. Men of eminent character have to bear an infirmity or to go through a bitter humiliation to keep them from a worse evil. Even the Apostle Paul had to undergo this discipline to keep him from being proud.

Lest I should be exalted above measure there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me. (II. Cor. 12: 7.)

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

A Mexican Holiday.

January as a Month for "Outing" Parties in the Southern Republic.

MEXICO City is to the true native of our sister Republic what Paris is to the loyal son or daughter of the Republic across the sea. They have a saying that "outside of Mexico all is Cuatitlan," meaning that whatever does not belong to the capital city is rural, inconsequential and hardly worth a moment's notice. Cuatitlan is a village twenty-five miles north of the metropolis, to which the people go when they desire to indulge in certain sports that are prohibited in town—bull-fighting for example. Strange that those elegant, mild-eyed senoras should be partial to such amusements, yet the love of bull-fighting seems inherent in the national character. There are other suburbs much more picturesque and attractive to the visitor who may be sight-seeing, however. San Angel, Tlalpam, and several other points within easy distance of the capital still show evidences of extensive villa life, but the "art of living in the country," in the most refined sense, seems to have somewhat declined. In our American sense of the term, there are no watering-places or summer resorts. Haciendas or elegant country-houses there are in plenty, however, but there are no fierce heats to drive the population out-of-town to such places, and even in the summer, many of the country-houses are vacant. Still, the suburban towns and villages have a social life of their own and the residents celebrate "feasts of flowers," hold fairs and similar gatherings, sometimes lasting a week at a time.

A lovely suburban retreat is Santa Anita, which is a great favorite with picnic and boating parties, the wide canal and its sloping, verdurous banks offering advantages for this sort of enjoyment. Along this same canal of La Viga, are numerous hamlets, more or less like Santa Anita, each with its pretty country houses and graceful palm-trees, and these afford agreeable resting-places to visitors. There are few pleasanter ways of spending a holiday than in a little trip of this character.

Now and then, a section of fashionable society in the capital betakes itself to rural scenes at certain seasons of the year, which to our northern notions would seem to be most untimely. Our illustrations on this page show how our neighbors pass the time on such occasions. One of the favorite relaxations is the "Kermesse," a term borrowed from the German. The particular "Kermesse" with which our photographs are associated, took place at Tivoli, a suburb of the capital, in January, when our northern latitudes are snow-bound, though the sunny soil of Mexico then puts forth some of its choicest blooms. Booths were erected and a variety of fancy articles sold, concerts were given by amateur talent and the proceeds were devoted to the Guatemala Association for the benefit of the hospitals and charitable institutions. One of the photographs shows a group of young ladies belonging to leading families in the capital, with [illegible] in the centre. All, save the leader, are in holiday attire and the hall is prettily decorated with [illegible]. In the other picture are the [illegible] tea or the occasion, with guitars, flutes and violins. It is a pleasant way of spending an outing in the Capital city, particularly as the result is to aid worthy benevolences.

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In Persian Homes.

To see the homes of the Persian people, writes Dr. George Donaldson, who has traveled much in that country, it is necessary to go within the city walls. There, those who can afford it have some trees and flowers in the centre of the square, which is surrounded by a walk, and two sides of which are inclosed by the low one-story house, with rooms opening out upon the garden. Should we enter the house, we would find the floor covered with pretty carpets and rugs which serve as seats to squat upon, tables to set the food and dishes upon, and beds in which a mattress is unrolled for sleeping purposes. As there is no wood in this country except the fruit trees and vines, and a little poplar which is grown for shade, lumber is very expensive, and is not used in buildings except for doors, windows and supports for the roof; it is used very sparsely in these places, and the doors are made very low. Dried cow dung is the common fuel, but the wealthy buy the trimmings and roots of the trees and grape vines. All the straight wood is used for buildings and furniture.

INCIDENTS OF A JANUARY HOLIDAY IN A SUBURB OF MEXICO CITY.

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Fashion and Morals.

Vanity, the love of dress and the desire for continual novelty, writes a Christian philosopher, unite together to destroy all distinctions and wholly derange the morals of a nation. As soon as restraint is set aside in dress or in furniture, affectation only remains; and for the tables of individuals, it is what public authority can still less influence; each chooses according to his fortune, or rather without fortune, according to his ambition and his vanity. This ambition is the ruin of families, which brings with it corruption of morals. On the one side ambition excites in persons of low birth the passion of speedily acquiring a fortune, which they cannot do without sin, as the Holy Spirit assures us. On the other side, persons of quality finding themselves without resources, are guilty of wickedness and meanness to support their expenses; by [illegible] they insensibly extinguish honor, faith, integrity, and good feeling, even between the nearest relations. Many of these evils arise from the authority which vain women possess of deciding upon fashions. They look upon all those who wish to preserve gravity and simplicity of manners, as antiquated. Study to make your daughters understand that the honor which is derived from good conduct, and from true capacity, is more estimable than that which is drawn from the dressing of the head or from the figure.

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A Child-Bride's Presents.

When Bai, the daughter of the Hindu Rani, was married in her 12th year, to a noble spouse of 20, writes a lady missionary, a list of everything she had, including her presents, was given to her. Carpets were spread on the ground in the court of the Rani's palace, under the red cloth canopy which was arranged for the marriage. In the center stood a table with the jewels, and at a short distance from the table on the carpet, the display of silver was prettily arranged. A small silver table about one foot high, a large silver urn for holding drinking water—about ten or twelve quarts—trays and dishes, two silver sceptres and one gold one, a beautiful silver bedstead, covered with a green and purple velvet mattress and pillows of velvet, and each post tied with a silver cord and tassel. The bride and groom sat on this while the Rajahs and people of note came in and presented their gifts of money in gold and silver. (The bride sat veiled and her husband received the gifts for her). Then there were bags of rupees near the silver table, containing in all forty thousand rupees in cash. The bags were made of clean white cloth, and each held about two thousand rupees. Next came the clothing—sixty suits for the bride! Those large skirts trimmed with gold lace and lovely chuddas or veils made of pretty, thin material, excited much admiration.

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Blue Days and Bright Days.

There are days that are bright and days that are blue in every woman's life. Concerning the latter, Ruth Ashmore writes: "You get up a little late, and if you stop to say the prayers that you usually do you can't help the children to dress. What ought you to do? Kneel down for a minute and reverently ask God's help during the day, and thank him for his care during the night. Then go to your work. Go to it in a cheerful mood and it will come the easier to your hand. Don't do it sullenly, don't do itas if it were a trouble, but do it cheerfully as a sister should. Later on, different duties arise, and do not shirk one. I feel like saying many times that there is nothing so pleasing to God as work that is done cheerfully; it is a prayer of deeds. Try throughout the day to speak the kindly word, and be charitable even in your thoughts. If you have tim[illegible] alone for a little while, then the b[illegible] are fond of,or the prayer you wish[illegible] can be attended to, but God wi[illegible] you and placed you where you [illegible] who can read the heart, tho[illegible] understands that to do what you [illegible] findeth to do is worship."

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Weary in Well-Doing.

I would have gone; God bade me s[illegible]
I would have worked; God bade [illegible]
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpresse[illegible]
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go
Now I would rest; God bids me w[illegible]
He soothes my heart, tossed to and
My soul is wrung with doubts tha[illegible]
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil:
But, Christ, my God, when will it b[illegible]
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest in thee?

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A DOLL AS A PEACE-MA[illegible]

NOT often does it fall to the l[illegible] doll to fill the high office of [illegible] maker, as was the case w[illegible] that had been sent from an [illegible] State to the little daughter of an Ar[illegible] army officer, at a frontier post, so[illegible] ago. A large party of armed Apa[illegible] dians had left the reservation and [illegible] the warpath. The co[illegible] ing officer at the post h[illegible] in vain to bring them [illegible] One day a little Indian [illegible] pappoose of three and [illegible] years—strayed away fr[illegible] father's wigwam, an[illegible] found by a soldier n[illegible] fort. She was sobbing li[illegible] other "lost child," an[illegible] he took her to the f[illegible] would not be comforted [illegible] was a pretty child, an[illegible] the commander was int[illegible] in her. One of the [illegible] after listening awhile [illegible] outburst of grief, coul[illegible] it no longer, and sendi[illegible] the doll that had been r[illegible] by his own little dau[illegible] placed it in the arms [illegible] sobbing pappoose. H[illegible] brightened, and she ga[illegible] astonishment at the doll [illegible] was given to understan[illegible] she could keep it awhil[illegible] she fell asleep that nigh[illegible] the beautiful doll in her [illegible]

When morning cam[illegible] was happy the momen[illegible] opened her eyes and sa[illegible] little companion. She [illegible] it, rocked it, talked to i[illegible] as any little white child v[illegible] The soldiers hoped her p[illegible] would come or send afte[illegible] but they did not appear.

Several days passed, a[illegible] soldiers decided that the little pa[illegible] must be taken back to her family. [illegible] the doll in her arms, she started wit[illegible] protectors for the Apache wigwam. [illegible] she reached the tribe with her dol[illegible] created the greatest excitement The [illegible] iers left the child with her mother [illegible] returned to the fort. The next da[illegible] little papoose's mother appeared at th[illegible] with the doll to return it. She w[illegible] ceived with kindness and made to u[illegible] stand that her little daughter was to [illegible] the doll. The result was that the sol[illegible] kindness and courtesy created a chan[illegible] feeling among the wondering Indians [illegible] led to negotiations which resulted i[illegible] war party going quietly back to the [illegible] set apart for them by the United S[illegible] Government, without any trouble.

***

"Saying What You Think."

It isn't always wise or judicious, a[illegible] is sometimes positively cruel to be [illegible] spoken. When you hear a girl declare [illegible] always say what I think," you may [illegible] pend upon it, she has little respect for [illegible] feelings of others. "When she m[illegible] such a remark, (writes an obser[illegible] woman) she feels that she has given [illegible] self a license to say what she ple[illegible] and you must look out for her. No [illegible] gives it to her; she takes it. She for[illegible] the Apostle's injunction. The girl [illegible] says what she thinks, never seems [illegible] think kind things, or if she does, [illegible] fails to say what she thinks that time

The Tongue for Christ.

ges as on the Christian Endeavor Topic
r Week Beginning September 13.
rov. 1-28.

OR good or evil the tongue is an effective instrument. True, the source of the good or the evil lies back of it in the heart. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Before the tongue can be effectively harnessed in Christ's service the heart must be cleansed. The it uses the instrument be a good power, instrument can do ice. But how potent ment is! Weare apt estimate the import- its influence in our e. Our actions are nearly so influential. phemous ejaculation, ne story, the irrever- the angry retort, the reproof, the cruel he wicked lie, will do t is irreparable. In and the store and the tongue is doing its e service that is ren- the benefits that are are often neutralized ty word or the bit- ach. One nagging, contentious woman imple power of her an make a whole miserable and ren- home, which has d taste and elegance, re wretched than the the almshouse. The nt of a brother or a wound as deeply as and had wielded a the heart bleeds un- ith an anguish that could not know. ords," we sometimes re sounds that break ." but how potent

significant fact that ue is often the last he nature to yield to How often do we see or the woman who eat things and make rifices, incapable of g the tongue. Some ce, some petty vexa- stupid blunder of an messenger, the care- of an untrained ser- ill provoke utterances m a Christian which ite harm. It is very to bring the tongue ntrol, as every one who has made the at- James held that he ld control the tongue rfect man, and able to the whole body. In ion it was the most nd rebellious of all the —"a fire, a world of Yet how much good me from a tongue under control and con- to Christ! It is an ment worth most pa- or and the most untir- ance. The consecrated may never preach, but do in the home, service ective as it could do in pit. The tongue that has kindly hetic words for the troubled, that e provoked to bitterness, that will betrayed into uncharitableness, ers no piercing, wounding words, never guilty of impatience or incon- fretfulness is a treasure, which ithin sound of it, never fail to ap- . Here is an opportunity for Chris- ho deplore the poverty or the lack which excludes them from prom- heres of usefulness. If they can- ow churches and colleges; if they preach the Gospel at home or to then, they can at least speak kind mpathetic words. None are too too ignorant to do that. It is a in which few are engaged, yet how brighten dull lives!

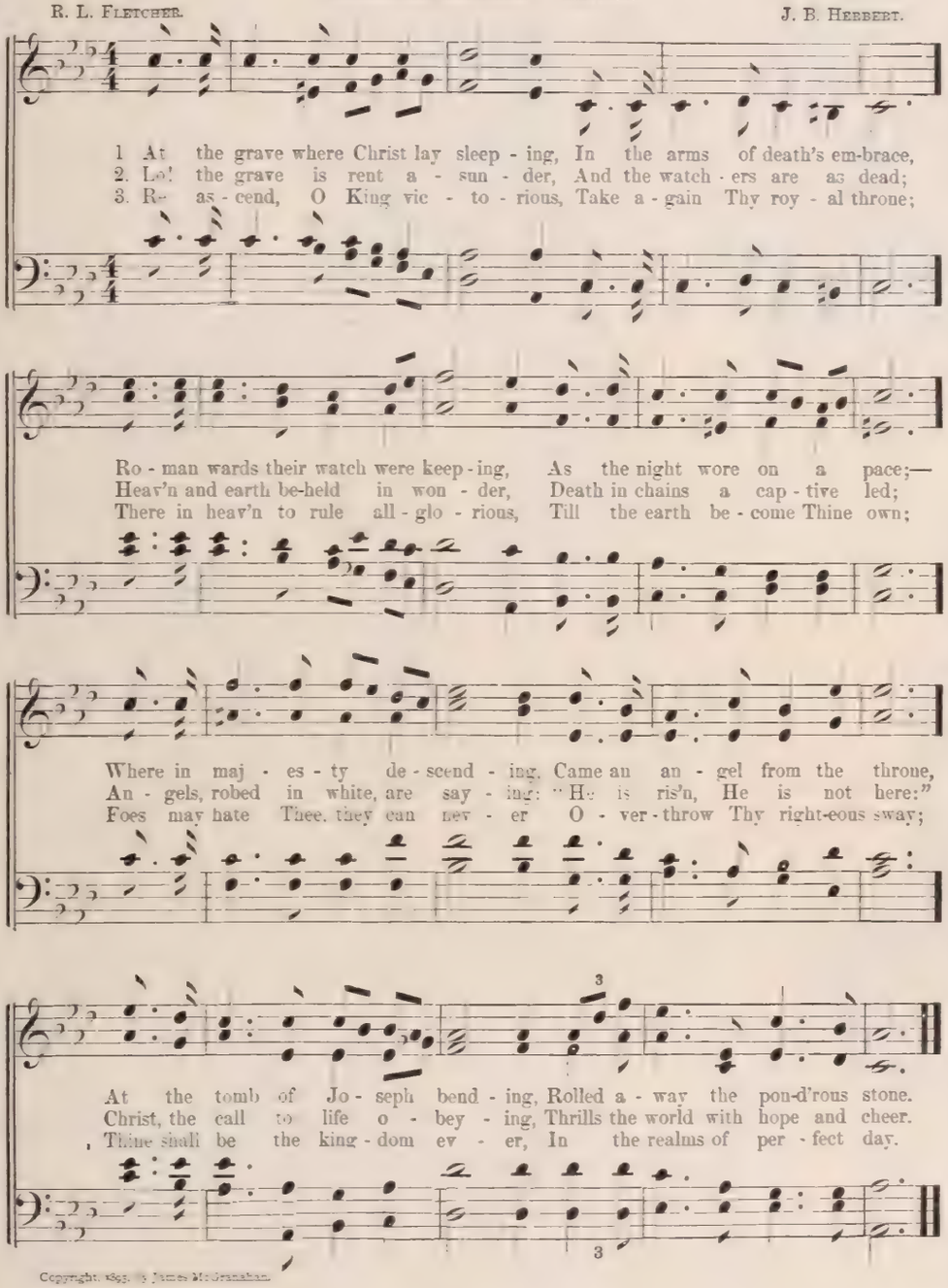
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

AT THE GRAVE.

"He is not here, but is risen. —*Luke* 24. 6.

R. L. FLETCHER. J. B. HERBERT.



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AT EVENING TIME.

AT evening time it shall be light:
Dark, darker grows the day;
The shades foretell the coming night.
The cheery sunbeams, golden bright,
Have slowly died away.

At evening time thy light shall rise,
Oh, patient, trustful heart!
Oh, loved of God, lift up thine eyes:
His starlight shall soon gem the skies,
The gloom shall yet depart.

At evening time thy soul shall see
The Lord thy God is love:
When lingering hopes 'mid shadow flee
He shall eternal sunshine be—
Around, beneath, above.

At evening time, when all grows dim,
And trembling prayers arise,
When oft the wistful tears o'erbrim,
Then, heavy laden, come to him,
Who wipes the weeping eyes.

At evening time, from fear set free
Thy song of praise shall ring:
The pity of the Lord shall be
A lamp of gold that burns for thee,
Thy footstep home to bring.

At evening time the bells of peace
Adown thy road shall peal:
The Lord will bid thy sorrow cease,
And grant thee from thy load release:
Thy heartache he will heal.

At evening time it shall be light,
In God's assurance rest!
Thou shalt not grope in lonely night:
His mercy is thy beacon bright:
Steal sunward to his breast.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

Prophetic Parables.

The Parable of the Sower an Initial Stage in the Condition of the Church.

BY REV. GEO. H. PEMBER, M.A.

THE scene which opens before us is a lage field already plowed and prepared for sewing. On one side of it runs a road, over which the wayfarers and wagons have passed so heedlessly that they have trodden down and pressed the bordering plowed land, until it has become well-nigh as hard as the highway itself. Extending underneath a considerable portion of the field lies a slab of rock, with but little soil above it; so that this part is quickly dried up by the sun. A third portion has rich and deep mould, but abounds in thorn-roots and seeds: the remainder of the field consists in soil both clean and good.

Pesently the sower comes, and scatters his seed broadcast over the furrows. Some of it falls upon the trodden ground near the highway, and lies exposed upon its hard and smooth surface. Possibly it might yet sink into the soil, if it could be left untouched till heavy rains set in; but there is no chance of that. Multitudes of little birds are on the watch, and, as soon as the sower's back is turned, snatch up and devour every grain.

Some seed, again, falls upon the rocky soil, and being unable to sink far beneath the surface, quickly sends forth blades of promise. But the sun arises in his strength, and they soon wither and die; for the thin-spread mould is speedily reduced to dust. Other seed is scattered over the place already occupied by the thorn-roots: it comes up well, but the thorns also appear with it. It is not injured by the sun, for it has depth of soil; but the ever-increasing weeds draw away its nourishment and take up its room, until, almost concealed by their luxuriant growth, it becomes sickly and thin, and cannot bring its fruit to perfection.

But the seed which falls upon good ground puts forth its blades in due time, and grows and produces much fruit, though in varying quantities: some grains a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold.

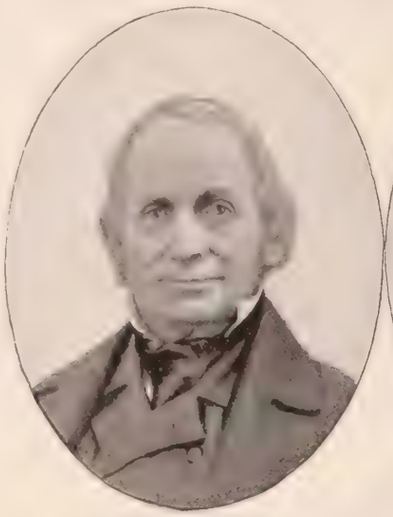
This parable exhibits the first period of the Gospel dispensation. The ploughed field is the world prepared for the reception of Christ by previous dealings of God: the untilled highway is the bordering Kingdom of the Air, tenanted by those fallen angels and spirits to whom the offers of Christ were not extended; so that their realm is neither plowed nor sown. The Sower is, first and principally, the Lord Jesus himself, and, afterwards, those who succeeded him in the work of carrying on all that he began to do and to teach. The seed is the glorious word of the Gospel: the various conditions of soil represent the four classes of hearers which are found among men. And the fact that but one of these brings forth the desired fruit is a hint, at the very outset of the discourse, that all expectations of the universal success of the Gospel in the present age are false; that the way of the strait gate will remain narrow, and only a few, comparatively, find it, until a change be brought about by the advent of the King.

Thus was the world sown in the first age of the Church: and during this time the prominent charactelistic of the followers of Christ was an earnest propagation of their faith in every land; though, after all, their efforts were baffled.

Bound Brook's Jubilee.

The Celebration at Bound Brook, N. J., of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church-Home of the Talmage Family.

LAST week we mentioned the approaching services at the Reformed Church of Bound Brook, N. J., that were to be held to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the church. At the same time we presented a picture of the church and a portrait of the first pastor, who had the gratification of receiving Dr. Talmage as a young man into church-membership. The services were a great delight to him, as they were to Dr. Talmage, who took a great pleasure in revisiting the scene of his youth. This week we are enabled to publish the address Dr. Talmage delivered on the occasion, with the portraits of his father and mother, to whom he refers with tender, filial reverence. Dr. Talmage said:



MR. DAVID T. TALMAGE.

MRS. CATHARINE TALMAGE.

"Among the multitudes who are gathered at the semi-centennial of the establishment of this church, no one can be more deeply stirred with the reminiscences than myself. Your parents and mine were neighbors and friends, sympathizing with each other's joys and sorrows, and standing shoulder to shoulder in the battle of life till they won the day. Their prayers, their tears, their hosannahs were built into this structure from foundation to top-shingle.

REV. CHARLES T. ANDERSON.

Pastor of the Reformed Church of Bound Brook, N. J.

They drank from the chalices of its first communion. They held up their children for consecration at its first baptismal services. From the gates of this church they entered the gates of heaven.

"I remember just where in this church the old folks sat. In my memory they come back and take their places to-day. In this elder's pew sat my father. As some of you know, he was the impersonation of everything generous and good. He may have had faults, but I cannot recall any. Yonder back of that pillar sat my dear old mother. She had reared a large household. The fatigues, the sicknesses, the anxieties, the bereavements of a long life had left their marks upon her. She always looked tired. I do not think she got fully rested until one autumnal day, the leaves crumpling under foot, we carried her out to sleep in the old cemetery at Somerville, where together they will hear the trumpet blast that wakes the dead. Your fathers and [illegible] many of them by name, but will not risk [illegible] best. Where are they? All gone. I see their likeness in some of your faces. The impression they made is in all your lives. Hail sons and daughters of a noble Christian ancestry! Hail! Hail!

"There was an October day when in the lower room of this church sat what in the Presbyterian Church is called "The Session," but that which in the Reformed Church you call "The Consistory." All of them good men, the most of them venerable. Presiding over the meeting was Rev. George J. Van Neste, honored and loved by all who ever knew him. He still lingers this side the Jordan. May it be a long time yet before the chariot wheels carry into the sky that Elijah! Trembling and half-affrighted I sat before that "Consistory," and had put to me the questions as to my hope in Christ, and my motives in joining the church. I had come to that hour through doubts and fears, and struggles too many to enumerate. Accepted into membership on the following Sabbath day, I had conferred upon me the highest honor of my life, the announcement of my name among the Lord's host, and though I have always felt myself unworthy, no power on earth or in hell shall ever rob me of that honor. The most of those who sat at that communion have passed over.

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Dear old church of Bound Brook! Forever sacred be her walls. To generations to come may she declare the same Gospel she proclaimed to generations past, and passing. We come back to-day, her long absent children, to visit her, and we look lovingly at the steps and doors, and aisles—up, and through, and along which trod the feet of a now enthroned ancestry. With my right hand solemnly uplifted toward heaven I tell to this rising generation the virtues, the faith, the self-sacrifices, the consecration of our fathers and mothers, your grandfathers and grandmothers. For the most part they were a plain people. They came afoot to the house of God, or in farm-wagons, their horses tied under the adjoining sheds.

"Those people heard none of our modern hymnology, but when they felt sad they sang Windham, and when they felt joyous they sang Ariel, and when Christ rode through on sacramental day they sang Coronation, and when they died they sang Mount Pisgah. What men and women they were! The inheritance of religious privilege they handed down to us, we this day hand down to you. Take it, guard it, cherish, and if need be, like the Scotch Covenanters, fight for it, and on this sacred spot may God be worshipped Sabbath by Sabbath, and from century to century until the angel with one foot on the sea, and the other foot on the land, shall swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer."

The portraits of the worthy couple whose distinguished son paid this tribute to their memory, appear on this page. They were the third generation of the Talmage family which settled in New Jersey. Its first representative was Daniel Talmage, who in the early part of the eighteenth century removed from Long Island to Elizabeth. His two sons, Daniel and Thomas, were among the militia which defended the frontier against the Indians in the latter part of the Revolutionary War. The former was one of the victims in the sanguinary massacre at Minisink, near Laxawaxen, on July 22, 1779. His nephew, a son of Thomas Talmage, was David T. Talmage, who settled on the Van Neste farm, two miles north of Somerville. He, also, was distinguished in his State, serving it as a member of the Legislature, as sheriff of his county, and in other important and honorable positions. He was a man of eminent piety, who thought less of the honors that came to him than of the fact that four of his sons became preachers of the Gospel. Dr. Talmage is the youngest of the four.

Of his father, whose influence over him was of the best kind, Dr. Talmage often speaks. In one of his sermons he said, "My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor that no one could despise—he was the son of a father who loved God and kept his commandments. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him. His recital of help afforded and deliverance wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had his manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to his last dollar; but right behind that last dollar he found him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills."

Of his mother he speaks in terms of the most touching tenderness. Speaking of the heaven unto which she had ascended, and comparing it to a palace, he says: "I have a mother in the palace window waiting for me. I was the child of her old age, and I remember how her voice used to tremble in evening prayer, with what kindness she started me out in life, and how she watched for me and cared for me all the way through; and then, giving each of us a blessing, she went away to the palace window, where she is waiting for good news from us."

Starved to Death.

[illegible] Milk is [illegible] *Infant* [illegible] Send for book of the New York [illegible] Milk Company, New York.

Pure

Rich blood is the basis of good health, and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood.

"My wife has been in poor health for some time and a running sore broke out on one of her limbs. She also had no appetite. She began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore has healed and she is much better. My daughter has also been cured of weakness by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Engelherd Eyer, Barr's Store, Ills.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. [illegible] in leavening strength. — *Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*

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TO WO[illegible] PROFES[illegible] YOU [illegible] and oth[illegible] afford to [illegible] work [illegible] *Circular Stating* [illegible] wish to s[illegible] The I[illegible] Correspon[illegible] Box 871, [illegible]

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Any number [illegible] people of small [illegible] realize that the [illegible] at home is too [illegible] starting out into the vast fertile fields of t[illegible] The *best* of these invest in **Irrigat[illegible] Fruit Farms!** We have some choice [illegible] (with perpetual water rights) which we [illegible] MOST LIBERAL TERMS. Depot, school, with [illegible] *R. R. Homes built for settlers.*

Send for literature and maps. **ADD[illegible]**
Any questions to Supt. of Lands.
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This Company is composed of men whose reputation[illegible]

GRAY HAIR RESTO[illegible]

to its natural color by **LEE'S HAIR [illegible] CANT,** no dye, harmless, pleasant odor, $1. **LEE'S HAIR TONIC** removes dan[illegible] hair from falling out and promotes growth $1. **LEE MEDICANT CO** 108 Fulton St. N[illegible] Illustrated Treatise on Hair on applicat[illegible]

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BANKRUPT SALE! Eries, etc. *Columbias, Ramblers,* Second-Ha[illegible] A. C. WARNER & BRO., 291 Wabash Av[illegible]

WRITERS WANTED to do copying [illegible] Law College, [illegible]

Requests for Prayer.

...e Converts' Sunday Afternoon ...Meeting at the Bowery Mis... was offered on Aug. 16, in ac... with the requests of many per... whom the following ask the ... of our readers:

Conversion of Wives and ...ds. "Aged Mother," Tecumseh, Okla. Ter., begs for prayer that her son and his wife, ... worldly, might be converted.—— ...Mother," Cleveland, O., that an ...usband whose persistent mis... ...kely to involve the loss of the ... separation of the family, may be ... kept by the power of Christ ... sin.—— "Sorrowing Moth... Me., that a dear son, brought up ... an influence and the child of ..., but who has gone astray in the ... may be found of the Lord and ...entance.——"Believer," Maine, ... conversion of four brothers and ...-in-law, and that they may be ... the evil appetites that are ... from Christ; also that a dear ... a Roman Catholic may be led to ... as it is in Jesus, and with her ...ace and rest in him.——Evange... ...lina, Md., that God would bring ... to his kingdom at the meetings ... this place.——"Widow," Dan... that her son, who was formerly ...edient, but has now fallen under ...ence, may be reclaimed and made ...——M. C. W., Watkins, Va., ...usband and son may be led to ...ive themselves to his service. ...Mt. Vernon, Me., on behalf of her ... once made profession of Christ, ... into evil ways and become in... ...t God in his mercy would save ...—"Sister," Chillicothe, O., that a ...ay give his heart to God and be ...mid temptation.——"Anxious ...man, Tex., for the conversion of ...s.——"One who Loves God," ... Ill. for the conversion of three ...—"Believer," Iowa, that her good, ... who is putting off the day of ... be led to seek Christ without ... and may find peace in believing. ...Texas, that God would deliver ...m the curse of strong drink and ... child of his.——"Subscriber," ... for the conversion of a dear ... three nephews.——"Christian ...ladelphia, Pa., that her son, for ...s been praying for many years, ...Christ and be saved from all sin. ...erer and a drunkard; also for a ... recently left home for the first ... may be kept from temptation and ...ld of God.——C. H., El Paso, Ill., ... brother, now an old man, may ... Christ before he dies.——"Anx... Honey Grove, Tex., for the con... ...rother.——"Praying Wife," Ver... ...r husband, who has wandered ...od, might be brought back and ...God's favor.——D. C., Denver, ...r three sons might be converted ...seful Christian men.——J. M. A., ... a kind and loving father may ...nd be saved from his appetite for ...——M. S. V., Dryden, N. Y., that ...ho is very ill and believed to be ...of cure, may be saved before he ...d Grandmother," Manitoba, for ...n of a young girl; also for the ... the girl's father and brother.

Restora... Health. M. L. R., San Francisco, Cal., asks prayer that God would restore to ...ng girl who is threatened with ...sease——Constant Reader, Mon... at a dear friend who is likely to ...ght might be healed.——J.M.A., ...ne recovery of two sisters, or if ...ccording to God's will that they ... peace of God in the trying hour. ... Mother, that her boy may re... ...lt and strength.——Sister, Conn., ...ery of an aunt, a dear sister and ...no are all seriously ill.——Sub... ...field, La., that one who is heav... ...d has no hope of recovery, but ...ver, may be healed by the Lord. ... Newburg, Oreg., that the daugh... ... who has been a great sufferer ...e and was in health an earnest ...rker, may be restored to health. ...r, Manchester, N. H., that his ...s been ill for many months may ... her diseases.——A. A. M., Wal... ...nn., that a young lady whose ... may be healed; also that the ...cover her sense of hearing and ... other infirmities.——The follow... ...also ask prayers that they may be ...ious maladies: Young Man, Ont.; ... Moores, N. Y.; Heavy Hearted ...Chillicothe, O.; One that lovos God. ...Tovr, Ill.; Believer, Iowa.; One who ...s, Cortland, N. Y.

For Special Blessings. Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo., asks prayer that he may be enabled to overcome a besetting sin.——Subscriber, Mansfield, La., that persons who have defrauded a family may be led to repent and make restitution.——Virtue, Tenn., that the way may be opened to employment, so that she may maintain herself without sin.——M. A. L., Lake Tapps, Wash., for grace to train up a family in the fear of the Lord.——L. C. C., Peoria, Ill., that a brother who is withholding money may see it to be his duty to repay.——I. H. N., Tex., that the peace of God may enter a heart that is full of trouble and anxiety.——One who Trusts, Booneville, Pa., that the way may be opened to obtain an education and to be kept from all evil.——H. I. J., Port Leyden, N. Y., that God would grant help for the payment of a debt which has long been a burden.——Reader, Baltimore, Md., that the father of a family may succeed in finding employment, so that his family may be saved from being scattered——Widow, Danbury, Conn., that goods and money wrongfully withheld may be restored to a family in straitened circumstances.——Believer, Me., Minn., that a useful servant of Christ who has fallen into sin may be reclaimed and again be used in winning souls for the Master.——Orphan, N. Y. City, that the man who had charge of her little fortune and is withholding it may repent and make restitution.——E. M. S., Lake Forest, Ill., that her son, who has long been out of employment, may be enabled to find work.

Many other letters containing requests for prayer have been received which were without name, or means of identification.

...ND MORPHINE "HABITS."
... friend who uses Opium or Morphine. ... My treatment is radically different ... contains no opiate or other narcotic; ... without suffering. Free trial; if not ... you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., ... Cincinnati, Ohio.

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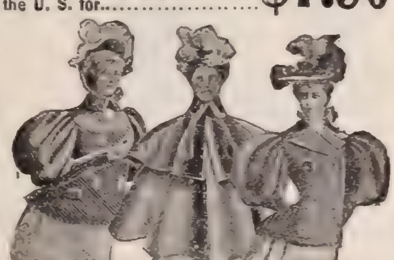

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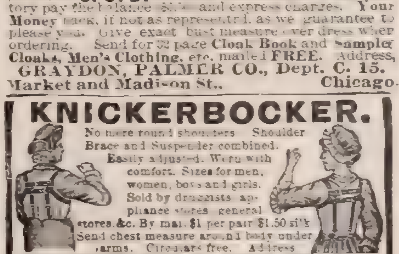
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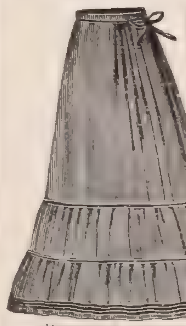
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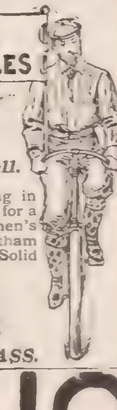
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OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER V.

The Church Meeting.

ONE of the largest meetings for business ever held in Brookdale Church, convened in response to the invitations issued, to consider what could be done to advance the interests of the Church and improve the morals of the neighborhood.

The pastor, Dr. Jones, who had for forty years preached to this flock, was getting old and feeble. Unlike Moses, the servant of God, his eye was dim, and his natural force was abated, and were it not for the fact that he was a kind-hearted man, full of grace and truth, who had been a faithful minister of Christ, and who was, to the best of his ability, leading his flock like a true shepherd in Israel, beside the still waters, efforts would have been made years before to place a younger and more active man in the pastorate. It was only when the absolute necessity for a change was apparent to almost everybody, that Mr. Plummer took the initiatory measures to bring it about.

Dr. Jones was a modest man, and wisely absented himself from the meeting, in order to give his brethren greater freedom; because, whatever they, after prayerful consideration, decided was best for the Church, he believed was best, even if it involved his removal. His faith was in a God who had promised him, half a century before, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and, as that promise had never been broken, he would trust still, and forever.

Mr. Plummer was called to preside, and proposed that before proceeding to business, they should have a season of prayer, for God's direction. Some half a dozen spirited hymns were sung, and fervent prayers offered, after which Mr. Plummer briefly stated the object of the meeting, and hoped that the brethren would calmly, and in a spirit of forbearance, discuss whatever subjects might be presented for action.

A long pause ensued, as nobody desired to begin what might prove an unpleasant subject, till at length Farmer Paramore arose. He said that, as nobody else would "open fire," in order to bring the matter before the meeting, he would; and he moved that the Church should procure a younger pastor after the expiration of the present year.

Deep sighs and groans followed this by a few of the older members, but the motion was promptly seconded and placed before the meeting for discussion. A few, in great surprise, opposed the very idea of removing good old Dr. Jones, and others spoke upon the opposite side, calling attention to the fact which was clear enough that the Church was dwindling away, its members were being scattered, and a change was needful.

Deacon Slowfoot here arose, very white in the face, as if moved by anger or strong feeling. He spoke at great length against this attempt at ousting his beloved and endeared old pastor, who had preached to them for forty years. He regarded as enemies of Christ any who would think of bringing a beardless boy to occupy the sacred desk where the good Doctor had, for so long a time, stood up to plead for his Master.

[illegible] said the Deacon, "that is not the way in which Brother Paramore has made the motion. If he had been discharging a drunken laborer or a dishonest gardener [illegible] I could the amendment at the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for his own. Brother Paramore has no word of regret for the pain he must know he is causing to a venerable Christian minister. There is no business house in town that would treat an aged employee in that manner. I shall be ashamed of this Church if it passes the resolution in that form. I object also to the resolution itself as well as to the harsh form of it. I come to this house to be taught, to hear the Word of God explained and to get help for my daily life. I think I am a great deal more likely to get it from a man of experience who has spent fifty years in its study and who has faithfully followed his Master all that time, than I am from a lad fresh from college who knows nothing but what he has learned from books. You will do as you think best, but as for me, I shall vote against the resolution."

Here the sexton, old Mr. Smithers, arose and said: "I have been sexton better'n thirty year, and I have seen this Church at ebb tide and at flood tide; but now I know that the youngsters are all a leavin' of us, and goin' to the bad, and unless we git up some change, it's all up with us—we'll dry up. I hope a new pastor will—"

"Come here, and turn the old one out to starve!" angrily interrupted Deacon Slowfoot.

"Not much," said Farmer Paramore; "we are not the people to do that, we have not come to that pint yet."

"Order," said the chairman, whereupon poor old Granny Sheridan arose, and asked whether she would be allowed to speak.

Upon being answered in the affirmative, she began rocking to and fro, and to rub the pew-tops in a nervous way.

"I love my dear old pastor as much as any of you," she said. "He has fed me with the bread of heaven for many years, and I am ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I am still benefited by his preaching; but beloved friends, the Gospel is intended for others beside us poor old people, who are on the brink of the grave, and ripe for eternity. I love the dear children and youth around us, and I know they are goin' to ruin—'specially my Johnny—"

Here the good woman broke down; but, after wiping her eyes upon her gingham apron, she proceeded:

"I want to see a young man here to assist our pastor, so that the Church may be built up and filled, especially with the young, and the good news of salvation be heard by many of the unconverted around us, who are now living in darkness. When Eli, the anointed high priest, became old and feeble, and the people forgot God and his house, the Lord raised up in place of Eli, young Samuel, who became a mighty prophet in Shiloh. For the sake of the rising generation I would like to see a young man here who would draw them to the Church."

Mr. Walter here spoke to the effect that many objected to the calling of a younger pastor, because of an indisposition to leave the present one in destitute circumstances. He would say that if the Church, for the sake of the rising generation, saw fit to invite a younger and more active man to preside over it, he would promise that Dr. Jones and his aged wife should have the ten acre Creek Farm as a residence during their lives, without rent, taxes, or expenses!

This made a sensation, and Farmer Paramore rose and said:

"That's talkin', that is. I promise to give 'em the finest cow on my place, and drive it over to the Creek Farm scott free, and I'll see they have some one to do their plowin'."

Here Mr. Plummer vacated the chair, in order to speak upon the subject. After reviewing both sides carefully, he spoke in favor of the early retirement of Dr. Jones from the pastorate, and the calling of a younger minister to fill the position. But he proposed that Dr. Jones should still be retained as a visiting missionary of the church, relieving the new comer in his pastoral work. He was opposed to putting the good old Doctor in a dependent position, and, while thanking Mr. Walter for his kind and liberal offer, he hoped there was enough right feeling in Brookdale to make it unnecessary. He moved that a pension, of an amount to be determined, be granted to Dr. Jones out of the church fund, and that he be respectfully asked to take charge of the pastoral work of the church, and that in consideration of his advanced years, a young preacher be invited to relieve him of his pulpit labors, but that he be cordially invited to occupy his old pulpit, which he had filled so efficiently in the past, at certain stated intervals.

(*Continued on next page.*)

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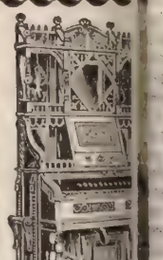

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Continued from preceding page.

"I know I ought not to speak twice on this question," said Deacon Slowfoot, "but I only want to say that I like that resolution, and I am ready to vote for it. The work is too much for our old pastor now, and it is only kind to take some of it off his shoulders. Since you propose to provide for him honorably, I agree."

There was no further opposition. Deacon Slowfoot's withdrawal left Dr. Jones' church without a leader, and his discharge was gladly voted by a large majority.

"I suppose it is all right," remarked another member as he left the meeting, "but I miss the age of young men. We shall see what they will do. The Church, like the world, is resolved on making the experiment. For my part, I do not feel so safe with a young man at the helm as I do with a man who has learned by experience. I am sorry for Dr. Jones, too. But things have been worse. That Paramore family have had no compunction in turning him adrift to starve."

The next thing the Church had to do was to find the young man who could make the Church a paying speculation by renting the pews and attracting the young people. After having several probationers, an invitation was finally sent to the Rev. Theodosius Hellings, a preacher who had won much his favor, and the not uncommon art of making a little thought fill a large space by dressing it up in high-sounding phrases and long words, which, if they did not precisely fit the meaning, could be depended reverberate with thrilling effect.

The new pastor did not find himself in a "white for the harvest." On the contrary, the members had become very cold; family altars were neglected, and there was insincere prayer, and the lifting up of hands, which the Psalmist compares to the incense, or as the evening sacrifice, were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Hellings preached and worked, prayed and hoped, he expected; but the winter come without any favorable thing being perceptible in the spiritual condition of his people; although both the Sunday School and Church had largely increased in the average attendance. Being young and ardent, he expected great results from his maiden efforts, and perhaps counted too much upon himself; his fine sermons well rounded periods.

"It is very discouraging," said Mr. Hellings to Mrs. Seymour, one evening in January, "to see no result to my labors. What more can I do to win souls to Christ?"

"You can," replied the widow, "be patient and wait. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,' saith the Lord. You would suggest that we hold special prayer meetings to ask God for the outpouring of His Spirit."

"I think the suggestion is wise," said the troubled young man. "I will speak to Deacon Plummer and one or two others and see if they will co-operate."

Even before the suggestion could be carried into effect, the town was called to go through a solemnizing experience. A contagious and fatal disease broke out in Dogdale, which the physicians were unable to control, and a score of poor people were sick, and several died of it. The disease was pronounced "ship fever," and was supposed to have been brought by a family who came from Philadelphia, and who died after a short illness in the almshouse near Brookdale.

The young minister, Mr. Hellings, was very attentive to the sick, as were his parishioners and friends in the church. By this service, an unoccupied house was converted as a hospital, and patients, when stricken with the early symptoms, were removed thither for treatment. A fund was raised to purchase whatever might be wanted for the sufferers, and the good people of Dogdale Church people became excellent nurses. Among those who daily went to the hospital, carrying delicacies, clothing, etc., for the sick, was a girl about twenty years old, a teacher in the public school, named Mary Burch,—a pious and devoted girl. When the disease seemed to be on the wane, and the worst fears of danger to have passed, she suddenly contracted it in the most virulent form, and in two days, had passed away to the Spirit-land! She was a sweet character beloved by everybody, and the sunshine and joy of her parent's house; but neither love nor prayer availed to save her from death. The death caused a profound sensation in the town and Pastor Hellings labored earnestly to turn the impression to practical account with his people.

The funeral service, held on the afternoon of the Lord's Day, was one that Brookdale is not likely to forget. The coffin was uncovered in front of the pulpit, and the once animated form, now even more beautiful in the icy embrace of death, lay there covered with flowers, so that those who loved her might take the last view of the sweet face, soon to be committed to the tomb.

From the first, a solemn stillness pervaded the place, and the hearts of all present were softened, so that when Mr. Hellings arose, and in subdued voice announced his text: "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth," there were but few hearts in the crowded room that did not melt into tenderness.

After a short and impressive sermon, the choir was to sing: "The Dying Christian's Ode to his Soul," and, as Miss Burch had been a member of the choir, (which was shouded in mourning out of respect for her), it seemed an appropriate hymn to sing at her funeral, especially as it was one of her favorite pieces of music. The voices from the start were weak and tremulous, and the singing had not proceeded far when one voice ceased in an outburst of tears. Soon after this another, completely overcome with emotion, stopped singing, and then the voices of two or three others suddenly were silenced, and nobody but the leader sang. Finally, the organist deeply affected stopped playing, and the wave of emotion swept through the crowded assembly.

There was an interval of silence broken only by sobs. Then Pastor Hellings announced the hymn beginning:

Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come at the mercy seat fervently kneel, [guish,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

There was silence for a few moments and then neither organ nor choir taking up the duty, Mrs. Seymour sang the words in a deep rich voice, one or two of the audience joining in. The first verse was finished and the sweet voice ceased awhile, but not other leader aking up the strain, the widow went on:

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the comfort er in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

It was a solemn moment. On one side of her Milton sat holding her hand in his quivering grasp, and on the other little Carrie Walter stood having crossed the church to her side. The child had thrown her arm around her teacher's neck and was weeping silently.

Mrs. Seymour could sing no more. Pastor Hellings offered an earnest prayer and then having invited any who were desirous of seeking Christ to remain, dismissed the congregation.

To be Continued.

Skill and Wisdom of Ants.

When the wise King advised the slothful man to go to the ant for an example of industry, he evidently knew a good deal about the habits of that remarkable little insect, whose intelligence and skill have astonished students and mechanicians in all ages. It has lately been learned that the finest engineers in the world, considering their size, are certain South American ants. Tunnels constructed by them have been traced a distance of two miles, one of them passing under a stream fifty yards wide. South African ants have also considerable mechanical skill, as in some of their subterranean homes have been found suspended bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning gulfs eight to ten inches wide.

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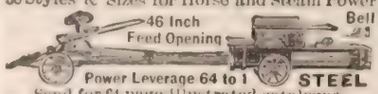

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...De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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...Hung Chang's Welcome.

...Gat Chinese Statesman's Visit to the United States —His Impressions of America.

RARELY has New York's magnificent harbor presented so animated and picturesque a scene as it did on the forenoon of August 28. Bright sunshine and cooling breezes contributed to make the ...perfect as the heart could wish. ...e line along the lower bay, leav... ...de channel between, lay the splen... ...sels of the Atlantic Squadron, ...g with bunting, and flying count... ...among which the great dragon ...China loomed conspicuous. On ...e of the channel were miles and ...steam and sailing craft, excursion ..., tugs, launches and yachts, many ...ay with bunting. And when, at ...e huge and stately ocean liner, *St.* ...

THE FLEET SALUTING THE "ST. LOUIS," WITH LI HUNG CHANG ON BOARD.

Sketched by a "Christian Herald" artist—The latest portrait of the Great Chinese Visitor.

...t inside of the Hook, the guns of the ...elched forth a vociferous greeting, ...ns of the land forts, from Wads... ...and Hamilton to Governor's Island, ... in unison, and a thousand scream... ...istles on tug and steamer united in a ...cted and deafening blast, expressive ...joy of the American people at wel... ...g to these shores the greatest living statesman of the East, Li Hung Chang. In anticipation of his arrival a formidable programme had been arranged, including receptions by the National, State and City governments. The *St. Louis* was met in the lower bay by the little naval steamer, *Dolphin*, with a distinguished party on board, including Gen. T. H. Ruger, representing the President of the United States, accompanied by two military aides Major Davis and Capt Mills, in resplendent uniforms, Assistant Secretary Rockhill and the Chinese Minister. They were transferred to the big liner and Li Hung Chang was then informed that the representative of the President was ready to greet him. Gen. Ruger's party were conducted to the ladies' drawing-room of the *St. Louis*, where, after a short delay, they were met by the Earl Li, who had arrayed himself in a remarkably gorgeous costume to honor the occasion. As he netered the salon, the Americans gazed at him in well-bred surprise. His jacket was of golden yellow silk, loosely made. From his waist hung a number of skirts or sections of silk all of different shades of blue, and upon his head rested a dark blue hat or cap, with a wide, upturned brim that made it look like a turban. The top of this hat, which was red, was jauntily decorated with a three-eyed peacock plume indicating high rank. Interpreted through Chinese etiquette, the whole costume conveyed the official respect and admiration of the wearer and his imperial master for this country and its ruler.

Li Hung Chang, surrounded by attendants all more or less picturesquely garbed, entered the salon leisurely and seated himself in a heavily-cushioned bamboo chair. Then an attendant hoisted above him a black silk umbrella, and the great Earl Li was ready for the ceremonial. Those who now met him for the first time, saw a dignified, elderly gentleman, noble in mien, some-what over six feet in height and with broad but slightly stooping shoulders and a powerful frame. His features are grave but pleasant in expression, and his gold-bowed spectacles lend an air of judicial dignity to his strong face. An officer of the steamer presented the military visitors, and conversation was conducted through Li's in-

(continued on page 652.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Full Corn-Cribs.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Genesis 43 : 3, *And Judah spake unto him saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.*

NOTHING to eat! Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women, and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest-field and grist-mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle,—Bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour-bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons, "Boys! hook up the wagons and start for Egypt, and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn-crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn-crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions around about—those who were famished—some paying for the corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money — even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons, "There is no need of your coming up here any more for corn unless you can bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell him you had a brother?" says the old man complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea that he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot [illegible] give up Benjamin." The [illegible] old man and [illegible] arm and other [illegible] ment in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said, "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party, the bread embassy, drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. Those corn-cribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for modern travelers in those lands, both in Canaan and in Egypt, tell us there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the Prime Minister, comes down to these newly-arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me today. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the Prime Minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for this Prime Minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? O, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the tables of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this word is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes:

[illegible] never came [illegible] life put on a new hat that it did not run [illegible] I never went out in a [illegible] because I was [illegible] and thought all eyes and the whole world knew me-down, that the sun did not come out in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead, than in an incredibly short space of time—I think thirteen months — I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread.

That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstasy; but one day, after all that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn-crib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in one phrase, that corn-crib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred miles broad, and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the Keeper of that corn-crib there comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the corn-crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the King and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables, he will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him, we are accepted. Coming without him, we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth, "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O, anxious sinner! O, dying sinner! O, lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the store-houses of heaven will swing [illegible] before your anxious soul.

Am I right in calling Jesus Benj[illegible]? O, yes. Rachel lived only long e[illegible] to give a name to that child, and [illegible] dying kiss she called him Benoni. [illegible] ward Jacob changed his name, a[illegible] called him Benjamin. The meaning [illegible] name she gave was, "Son of my [illegible] The meaning of the name the fathe[illegible] was, "Son of my Right Hand." An[illegible] not Christ the Son of pain? All th[illegible] row of Rachel in that hour when she[illegible] her child over into the hands of s[illegible] ers, was as nothing compared wit[illegible] struggle of God when he gave up hi[illegible] Son. And was not Christ approp[illegible] ly called "Son of the Right Hand?" [illegible] not Stephen look into heaven and se[illegible] standing at the right hand of God? [illegible] does not Paul speak of him as stand[illegible] the right hand of God making interc[illegible] for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! S[illegible] pang! Son of victory! The deepest [illegible] tions of our souls ought to be stirred [illegible] sound of that nomenclature. In your [illegible] ers plead his tears, his sufferings, hi[illegible] rows, and his death. If you refuse [illegible] it, all the corn-cribs and the pala[illegible] heaven will be bolted and barred a[illegible] your soul, and a voice from the throne [illegible] stun you with the announcement, [illegible] shall not see my face except your br[illegible] be with you."

My text also suggests the reason [illegible] so many people do not get any real [illegible] fort. You meet ten people; nine of [illegible] are in need of some kind of condo[illegible] There is something in their health, [illegible] their state, or in their domestic con[illegible] that demands sympathy. And yet [illegible] of the world's sympathy amounts to [illegible] lutely nothing. People go to the w[illegible] crib, or they go in the wrong way. W[illegible] the plague was in Rome, a great [illegible] years ago, there were eighty men [illegible] chanted themselves to death with th[illegible] anies of Gregory the Great — lit[illegible] chanted themselves to death, and [illegible] did not stop the plague. And all the [illegible] sic of this world cannot halt the plag[illegible] the human heart. I come to some [illegible] whose ailments are chronic, and I say [illegible] heaven you will never be sick." [illegible] does not give you much comfort. W[illegible] you want is a soothing power for [illegible] present distress. Lost children, have [illegible] I come to you and tell you that i[illegible] years perhaps you will meet those l[illegible] ones before the throne of God. But t[illegible] is but little condolence in that. One [illegible] is a year with them, and ten years [illegible] small eternity. What you want is [illegible] pathy now—present help. I come to t[illegible] of you who have lost dear friends, [illegible] say, "Try to forget them. Do not [illegible] the departed always in your mind." I[illegible] can you forget them when every figu[illegible] the carpet and every book and e[illegible] picture and every room calls out their[illegible] Suppose I come to you and say by wa[illegible] condolence, "God is wise." "Oh!" [illegible] say, "that gives me no help." Supp[illegible] come to you and say, "God, from all [illegible] nity, has arranged this trouble." "A[illegible] you say, "that does me no good." T[illegible] I say, "With the swift feet of prayer [illegible] direct to the corn-crib for a heavenly [illegible] ply." You go. You say, "Lord, help [illegible] Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. [illegible] comfort yet. It is all dark. What is [illegible] matter? I have found. You ought t[illegible] God and say, "Here, Oh Lord, are [illegible] wounds of my soul, and I bring with [illegible] the wounded Jesus. Let his wounds [illegible] for my wounds, his bereavements for [illegible] bereavements, his loneliness for my lon[illegible] ness, his heart-break for my heart-bre[illegible] Oh, God! for the sake of the Lord Je[illegible] Christ—the God, the man, the Benjam[illegible] the brother deliver my agonized soul. [illegible] Jesus of the weary foot, ease my fatig[illegible] Oh, Jesus of the aching head, heal my a[illegible] ing head. Oh, Jesus of the Bethany siste[illegible] roll away the stone from the door of [illegible] grave." That is the kind of prayer th[illegible] brings help; and yet how many of y[illegible] are getting no help at all, for the reas[illegible]

there is in your soul, perhaps, a se- trouble. You may never have men- ed it to a single human ear, or you have mentioned it to some one who ow gone away, and that great sorrow ill in your soul. After Washington ng was dead, they found a little box contained a braid of hair and a min- re and the name of Matilda Hoffman a memorandum of her death, and a ark something like this:

e world after that was a blank to me. I into the country, but found no peace in ude. I tried to get into society, but I found ace in society. There has been a horror ing over me by night and by day, and I fraid to be alone.

ow many unuttered troubles among No human ear has ever heard that sor- O, troubled soul, I want to tell you there is one salve that can cure the nds of the heart, and that is the salve e out of the tears of a sympathetic Je- And yet some of you will not take solace; and you try chloral, and you morphine, and you try strong drink, you try change of scene, and anything everything rather than to take the di- companionship and sympathy sug- d by the words of my text when it "You shall not see my face again ss your brother be with you." O, that this audience to-day might under- d something of the height and depth infinity of God's eternal consolations.

go further and find in my subject a as to why so many people fail of en. We are told that heaven has ve gates, and some people infer from fact that all the people will go in out reference to their past life; but t is the use of having a gate that is ometimes to be shut? The swinging gate implies that our entrance into en is conditional. It is not a monetary ition. If we come to the door of an isite concert we are not surprised that must pay a fee, for we know that fine hly music is expensive; but all the ories of heaven cost nothing. Heaven s nothing for its music. It is all free. re is nothing to be paid at that door ntrance; but the condition of getting heaven is our bringing our divine jamin along with us. If we come up to- the door of heaven at last, though come from all luxuriance and brilliancy urroundings, and knock for admittance it is found that Christ is not with us, police of heaven will beat us back ne the bread-house, saying, "Depart, I er knew you."

Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, lost everything on the way; if they come up utterly exhausted to the n-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found t Benjamin was with them, all the e-houses would have swung open be- them. And so, though by fatal ualty we may be ushered into the eter- world; though we may be weak and austed by protracted sickness — if, in t last moment, we can only just stagger faint and fall into the gate of heaven seems that all the corn cribs of heaven open for our need and all the palaces open for our reception.

My friends, you see it is either Christ amine. If there were two banquets ead, and to one of them, only, you ht go, you might stand and think for od while as to which invitation you better accept: but here it is feasting starvation. If there were two man- s offered, and you might have only , you might think for a long while, ing, "Perhaps I had better accept this , and perhaps I had better accept that ;" but here it is a choice between pal- s of light and hovels of despair. If it re a choice between oratorios, you might , "I prefer the 'Creation,' " or, "I pre- the 'Messiah;' " But here it is a choice ween eternal harmony and everlasting cord. O, will you live or die? Will sail into the harbor or drive on the ks? Will you start for the Egyptian n-crib, or will you perish amid the pty barns of the Canaanitish famine?

Li Hung Chang's Welcome.

Continued from first page.

terpreter, Loh Fing Luh. Gen. Ruger expressed the President's pleasure at welcoming so distinguished a stranger, and the Earl replied that he was pleased to meet the President's representative and hoped his health was excellent. Then followed some formal conversation. Chinese etiquette regarding introductions prescribes certain forms which, to any but an Oriental mind, would appear strangely out of place. The Earl asked many embarrassing questions: he wished to know when and where the President would receive him; where the President lived: what was Gen. Ruger's age and his exact official position in the army, and whether he (Li), would receive in advance copies of the addresses to be made at the various receptions, to all of which the General contrived to give satisfactory answers. Incidentally, Li remarked that he had been

LI'S INTERPRETER.

advised both by Russia and France not to come to America, but to return to China by other routes. Some lighter talk followed, during which Li Hung Chang displayed a keen sense of humor, and he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself, when it was politely intimated that he might wish to go upon deck. This, however, he was not disposed to do, and he sat comfortably in his easy bamboo chair while the naval squadron and a countless fleet of other vessels awaited his advent above. It would have been a proud moment for the American sea-dogs had Li ascended to look upon the glories of the assembled fleet: the *Amphitrite*, *Columbia*, *Cincinnati*, *Indiana*, *Raleigh*, *Newark*, *Massachusetts*, *Maine*, *Texas*, and *New York*, brave with their flags and with cannon pointed for the salute. While Earl Li lingered below, the *St. Louis* swept past the fleet, and Admiral Bunce's flagship, the *New York*, alone fired its guns. The land forts, too, thundered forth a welcome, and this was supplemented by a fusilade of fireworks from some Chinamen on various steamers.

Fully 5000 persons, including a number of Chinese residents, welcomed the great Asiatic diplomat at the American Line pier when the *St. Louis* steamed up to her dock. The Earl's party drove to the Hotel Waldorf. During the ride, the Earl carried on an animated talk with Mr. Rockhill in Chinese. He appeared particularly surprised at the tall business buildings on Broadway, expressed a keen delight at seeing the Chinese flag flying over the City Hall, and was interested throughout. On reaching the hotel, he mistook one of the brass-buttoned and liveried bell-boys for a high officer, and shook hands with him, to the astonishment of the youth. His apartments were the finest in the hotel —known as the "State Suite"—and here with his attaches and servants, Earl Li made his headquarters during his stay in New York. There are with him his nephew and adopted son, Li King Shu; Dr. George Mark, his Chinese physician; Mr. E. B. Drew, one of his trusted advisers; Dr. Irwin, another physician; three secretaries, seven attaches, two copyists, nine guards, a cook, and eleven other servants.

On the forenoon following the day of his arrival, Li Hung Chang was formally received by President Cleveland at the residence of Hon. Wm. C. Whitney, at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, New York, the White House and Capitol in Washington being at the present time in the hands of workmen. Mr. Whitney's home, however, is a palatial one, and well adapted for such an occasion. Li proceeded thither from the Waldorf, escorted by an troop of United States cavalry, the Earl, again in his famous yellow jacket and wearing his peacock feather, occupying a carriage with Mr. Olney, Secretary of State.

The President had arrived early in the morning and when the reception ceremonies began in the great drawing-room of the Whitney mansion, the Chief Executive stood surrounded by members of his Cabinet, the heads of the Army and Navy and members of the Diplomatic Corps, the whole gathering being a most distinguished and brilliant one. When the Chinese Viceroy was ushered into the room, accompanied by his adopted son and the Chinese Ambassador, he made a deep and formal bow to the President who acknowledged it in a similar manner. Earl Li then delivered his address in Chinese, speaking in a low, gentle voice and with the utmost respect in every gesture. In his address he stated that he had been specially appointed to convey a letter which expresses the desire of China's Emperor and people for the most cordial relations with America and the promotion of friendly intercourse between the two nations. He trusted that our government would continue to afford protection and kind treatment to Chinese immigrants and to render friendly assistance to the Chinese government when required. This being translated, the President replied briefly, highly complimenting Earl Li, expressing friendship for China and its ruler and regretting that the Viceroy's stay would not be of sufficient duration to permit him to form an adequate idea of our social and political life and progress. After a brief response by Li Hung Chang, also in a complimentary vein, he was introduced to the members of the Cabinet. He chatted freely for about a quarter of an hour, and then withdrew.

EARL LI VISITING GEN. GRANT'S TOMB.

Photographed for "The Christian Herald."

But this notable event was only the beginning of the long train of official and social honors that had been arranged. Banquets by the merchants, visits to notable places in the city and suburbs and various receptions were on the programme. He visited Gen. Grant's tomb at Riverside Park and laid a wreath on the grave of his old friend. Afterward he called upon Mrs. Grant and passed a pleasant hour with her and her family. At his hotel a multitude of callers visited him but he saw only a few. In conversation, he skilfully avoids all topics that might involve any expression concerning China's foreign policy. To the Missionary Boards who visited him he said that China feels the warmest friendship for all who come there from Europe and America and he wishes us to send more to establish schools, fight the opium evil and inculcate moral principles.

Li Hung Chang has had a remarkable career. The son of a member of the literati, he has risen, step by step, by virtue of his natural abilities and the faculty of making the most of all his educational and other opportunities, to be the foremost figure in the Chinese Empire next to the occupant of the throne. His titles are Ambassador of China, Senior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, Prime Minister of State, Earl of the First Rank, Su-Y, and Viceroy of China. He was born in 1822, and received a superior education, being an adept in classical studies, and while still a very young man giving promise of a fine future in either military or official life. His first opportunity for distinction came when the great Taeping rebellion was at its height.

From the Taeping war down to the present time Li Hung Chang has been identified, with steadily increasing prominence, with almost every event of military or civil importance in the Chinese Empire. He became not only the military commander of the imperial forces in the field, but the first counselor in the Empire and won a reputation as a statesman and diplomat equal to that he had already attained as a soldier. He was foremost in all that related to China's advancement and was a leader among those who desired that she be emancipated from the yoke of ancient custom and superstition. When Gen. Grant visited China, the two became warm friends, and even yet the aged Viceroy speaks feelingly of the great American soldier. But Li, though a soldier also, knows the value of peace. With Count Ito, the leading statesman of Japan, he attempted the adjustment of the difficulties between that country and China over Korea, and had not his object been thwarted, the war would have been averted. When China was exhausted, and sought peace Li, who had been temporarily in disgrace, was again sought by the Emperor as the only man to be trusted with the nation's interests in such an emergency. Once more he and Ito took up the task of reconciliation, a task which Earl Li performed so greatly to the satisfaction of his royal master and the nation that all his honors were restored.

It was after this stupendous task that Li, finding for the first time in his busy life a period of leisure, decided to make a tour of the world. Unquestionably his tour has an ulterior purpose beyond mere pleasuring and sight-seeing. China's commercial and naval growth, her valuable export trade, and her desire for wider and more profitable relations with civilized countries, — these and possibly other questions now considered of the first magnitude at Pekin, have no doubt been intrusted to his sagacious diplomacy. He is intensely earnest in the desire for his country's progress, and his natural shrewdness will enable him to discover where her best interests lie, and who are most likely to aid or impede her advancement. His visit here at this time will encourage Americans in all their relations with his people, and may be productive of great results. His assurances of China's welcoming attitude toward the messengers of the Gospel cannot fail to awaken joy in the hearts of all who have worked and prayed for the extension of Divine truth in the Flowery Kingdom.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Destructive Vices.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 20. Prov. 16: 22-33. Golden Text, Prov. 16: 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE first impression of the writer has been that, either the subject "Destructive Vices" or the passage, Prov. 16: 22-33, is a mistake; but as "all things work together for good to them that love God," she takes this as among the "all things," and trusts her God to use her in opening up the passage indicated.

Our golden text is a repetition of Prov. 14: 12. Every repetition in the Word of God is significant, and this is very much so. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Seemeth right! He is indeed a fool who does not

Make Sure

whether he is on the right or on the wrong way; "the wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." (Prov. 14:8). How earnest men are, when they are taking a journey, to make sure whether they are on the right train or the right steamer! Only a madman would take a train or steamship, without any idea of where it goes to.

When, by some mistake, a man gets into a wrong train or a wrong vessel, how he sets himself to discover by what means he may get right, and remedy his mistake! Time, money, engagements, may depend upon it.

How utterly foolish it would be for a man to take his seat in a train, and, without making any inquiry, to say, "Well, it seems the right train, a good many are going this way; if I am wrong, they are"—without taking the trouble to make sure! It is the man's wisdom to understand his way, and to take pains to understand, for there is a way "the end thereof are the ways of death." None of us are standing still, every day and hour of our lives finds us going forward; every night finds us farther on in the direction we are taking: the way of life or the way of death. Christ is the Living Way. (Heb. 10: 20; John 14: 6). Except we are in him, saved from sin by his precious blood, knowing by faith that our sins are pardoned, and by faith, walking in him, we are still on the way which leads to death, the way in which every man was born into this world. This "understanding is a well spring of life unto him that hath it." How then can true understanding be obtained? The Psalmist answers: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," "Through thy precepts I get understanding." And he could testify moreover: "I have more understanding than all my teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation." "I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts." God's Word, but God's Word meditated upon and kept, gives understanding for our way. And God's Word neglected, or read without meditation and without obedience, may leave us in that path of danger, "the end whereof are the ways of death."

There is very much in our subject for today which touches on

Talking.

"The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips." What does it teach his mouth? He must refer tells us, for it speaks of "pleasant words," which "are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." There are some of God's wisehearted ones of whom no man but a hypocrite is afraid. They from above, of speaking words which are "sweet to the soul and health to the bones." They have a way of saying the right thing, because they are constantly waiting upon the Lord for their words. Comfort, counsel, encouragement, seem to flow out from them. They are wise in heart, wise enough not to speak from themselves, but from him who dwells within them. And there is health in their utterances. Keeping up as they do in continuous communion with God while they speak to man; he gives them the clue to the situation, they can speak home truths just at the right moment, and instead of wondering, just because it is a word in season, it brings health with it, and the one who is helped by it will say, "O, you have done me a world of good, it was just what I wanted." And the one who has spoken knows that the help came from a higher source, and says so. What a contrast is he who is described as the forward man and

The Whisperer!

"A worthless or ungodly man diggeth up evil," he cannot let it lie. If a scandal which has once filled a neighborhood with its evil odor has become forgotten for a time, a man whose own heart is a hotbed of sin, will dig it up from oblivion, and maliciously spread it abroad. Such is the froward man and the whisperer! While health is on the lips of the wise of heart, in the lips of the ungodly there is as "a burning fire," "it setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." (James 3: 6.) It carries destruction in its breath. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Matt. 12: 34.) If the heart is full of bitterness, bitter words will certainly proceed from the mouth. "A froward man soweth strife, and a whisperer," a man or woman who is continually telling to one what others are not to hear, "separateth chief friends:" he is a disturber of the peace.

If this is so with the unconverted, O, how needful for the children of God to take warning! Every tree brings forth fruit after its kind. (Gen. 1: 11); If a Christian mistress, in giving orders to her servant, does it in a tone of voice, or with a turn of expression, which disparages the poor girl, and makes her to despair because all her efforts to please are in vain, it is evident that the lips of the mistress do not give forth the "pleasant words" which are health to the soul. Is there not then something unhealthy in the heart of the mistress? If a truth which needs to be spoken is spoken in the most disagreeable way by a Christian master to a workman, and wounds him, not because it is not true, but because it is spoken unkindly, is it not an evidence that there is something unhealthy in the heart of that master?

Words which sow strife instead of unity, which separate chief friends, which wound unnecessarily, and do not leave behind a savor of Christ, bear their own witness against the heart from which they came. "The violent man enticeth his neighbor, and leadeth him into a way that is not good: he shutteth his eyes to devise froward things, moving his lips (or, he that compresseth his lips), he bringeth evil to pass." And equally strong are the words: "A fool's lips utter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes." "A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul. The words of a tale-bearer (or whisperer) are as wounds, they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. (Prov. 23: 6-8). How necessary for God's sake, for the sake of others, and for our own sakes, that we should have

A Tongue Under Control!

And as no man can tame the tongue (James 3: 8), how needful that heart and tongue, too, should be under the immediate and constant control of the Lord himself! The words of the Lord Jesus were Spirit and Life, and he meant that ours, conveying his messages, should be the same; but the tongue of man, if giving out only that which is in his natural heart, "is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison" (James 3: 8). If the tongue, under the discipline of the Holy Ghost, expresses only Christ in us, our words will be health and life to all. And this is possible. Jesus Christ who died for us, lives in us to the end, and, at the same time, he ever liveth at God's right hand to make intercession for us, that in heart, in word, in life, we may be conformed to his image, as he for us, and in us, prevails in the hour of temptation.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

"THE WAYS OF DEATH."

THE twelve proverbs which the International Committee has selected as the subject of a lesson on Temperance, form part of the treasury of Oriental wisdom which in our Bibles extends from the beginning of the tenth chapter of the book to the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter. This section of the book, more clearly than the other parts, appears to have had Solomon as its author. Other sections are said to have been "the words of the wise" (Prov. 22: 17), and were probably a collection of aphorisms current in Jewish society of a later date. The first nine chapters of the book, whether by Solomon or some other writer have a different character and a higher tone. These twelve, like the remainder of the section, are doubtless some of the three thousand proverbs that the wise king is reported to have uttered. They are brief, pointed sayings consisting of a single antithetical sentiment, showing the consequences of good and evil conduct. For the greater part they are, as in this group of twelve, without order or connection, each standing by itself like a nugget of spiritual gold. They are entitled to our reverent attention as the utterances of a man endowed above all others of his time with wisdom and renowned in all history. That he fell and fell grievously, does not detract from their value. His fall indeed gives emphasis and authority to his warnings, as those of a man who knew what he was talking about and had proved by sad experience the bitterness of sin and the misery that comes from forsaking the way of the Lord. The picture he draws in this group of the wicked man (or as the Revised Version has it, the "worthless man") is remarkably vivid. He cannot be taught, but must learn wisdom by the consequences of his own misdeeds, instructed by his own folly. He labors to produce evil, digging as it were, to find more of it than is on the surface, and his lips are like a scorching fire, injuring all who come within sound of his voice. He delights in setting other people to quarrelling, and his whispers sever friendship. He is so intent on evil that he shuts his eyes, that he may give all his attention to his wicked designs; or the reference is to the leer and the wink of the sly plotter. And he is not content with going to ruin himself, but entices his neighbors to wicked ways. That is Solomon's portrait of the worthless man, and after nearly three thousand years, its accuracy is still abundantly proven. Sin has not changed its effects on the human soul. It finds new opportunities and new methods, but it produces the same results that it produced in Judea thirty centuries ago. Of the other pro[verbs] in the group, not concerned with the [wick]ed man, one refers to the words o[f] wise, which are declared to be not [mere] froth and sound, but taught from ex[peri]ence or of the heart. A second is a [warn]ing to people who claim that hones[ty] intention absolves a man from guilt, [even] though he has neglected the inform[ation] accessible to him. "There is a way [that] seemeth right unto a man; but the [end] thereof are the ways of death." A [third] shows the emptiness of a life of mere [physi]cal indulgence. It is a monotonous [cir]cle; the man labors for food that [he] may have strength to do more [labor]. His appetite consumes all he prod[uces], and if he has no higher life, he is a s[lave]. A fourth aphorism is more suited to [orien]tal lands, where they have respect [for] age, than for our land and time. Sol[omon] delicately suggests that old age ha[s no] claim on veneration, unless it is right[eous] old age. Another maxim gives the [true] king's conception of true greatness. [He] has more respect for the man who has [the] trol of his own temper than he has fo[r a] man of great prowess or mighty ach[ieve]ments. He who can rule his own s[pirit] so that he is not at the mercy of his an[ger] or vexation, or vindictiveness, is in [Solo]mon's opinion a greater man than he [who] conquers a city. Finally, the ide[a of] chance is an absurdity, God over-rule[s all] things. Even the casting of lots, w[hich] is resorted to because it apparently se[emed] the element of chance, is under divine [con]trol. The disposal of it is of the Lor[d].

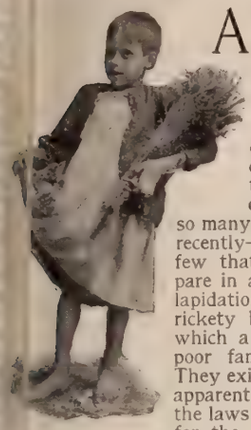
The whole disposing of it is of the L[ord]. People often talk of things as being [by] chance which are the result of nat[ural] law, and they often speak of natural [acts] as if it were not the work of God. A Christian philosopher was much annoy[ed] by an infidel telling his child that [the] world came into existence by developm[ent] and was not created by God. He did [not] attempt to convince the child at the t[ime] but took a practical means of doing [so] later. He went into his garden and m[ade] furrows in the soft earth in the shap[e of] the child's initials. These he sowed [with] garden cresses, smoothed the earth o[ver] and went away. A few days later [the] child came in glee to the father, beg[ging] him to come and see how his name [had] grown in the garden. "A curious co[in]dence," said the father, looking at it. "[Oh] no," said the child, "some one must h[ave] done it on purpose. They would not g[row] that way by chance." "Do you re[ally] think so?" the father asked. "I do [not] see any greater difficulty in thinking [that] they grew that way by chance than [in] thinking that this world with its mar[vel]ous adaptation of means to ends came [by] chance." The child saw the analogy [and] was convinced.

The hoary head is a crown of glory. "[My] are whitening fast," said a candid fri[end] to Dr. Rees in his old age. "That is s[o]," replied the famous preacher. "Have [you] ever noticed the white flowers that [are] the first to come out in the spring? So[me]times they do not wait until all the sn[ow] is gone; but we are all glad to see [the] snowdrop because it tells us that win[ter] is over and the summer is near at ha[nd]. My white hairs are like the snowdr[op] only a reminder to me that my winte[r] life will soon be over and my eternal su[m]mer is near."

There is a way that seemeth right. Tem[p]tation never comes with so much force [as] when it puts on the garb of right and j[us]tice. Paul deplored the persecution [he] had waged, but he declared that he did believing that he was doing God serv[ice]. Many persecutors since his day have h[ad] the same belief. The conscience needs [to] be educated; otherwise it may lead us in[to] wrongdoing. A Neapolitan shepherd w[ent] in great distress to a priest and beg[ged] with tears for absolution. In a mome[nt] of abstraction he had eaten a morsel [of] meat during Lent and his conscience t[or]mented him. "Have you no other sins [to] confess?" the priest asked. "None," [he] swered the shepherd. The priest persi[sted]. He said, "there have been many r[ob]beries and murders in the mountains th[is] year and I have my suspicions that y[ou] were one of the men concerned in them." The shepherd admitted the fact witho[ut] any hesitation, "but," he said, "we do n[ot] account such things, crimes. We all do [it] when we have an opportunity and I d[id] not know there was need to confess it. Yet, the same man was in terror, becau[se] he had eaten meat in Lent.

JUST A WEE, HUNCH-BACKED GIRL,

Buoyer Life was Brightened at Our Children's Home — Maggie, A Typical Child of the Tenements.



AMONG the grimy rookeries of Hamilton St.,—those that have escaped the demolition that has overtaken so many such places recently—there are few that can compare in age and dilapidation with one rickety building in which a number of poor families live. They exist there in apparent defiance of the laws of health, for the air is foul, the stench often sickening and the sunlight a stranger to most of the rooms, few of which are bigger than a good-sized hencoop. In one of these apartments, cleaner and tidier than the rest, lives an old washerwoman, with her grandchild, a pale little hump-back, whose spinal affection has dwarfed her growth. Maggie C— is twelve but she looks like a child of six or seven, although her wee, pinched face is almost like that of a woman. She has great, speaking eyes and a sensitive mouth, and her face, when she looks up at you, or when she speaks in her weak, childish treble, seems to quiver with timidity. When Maggie was only two years old, her father deserted the home, leaving her mother with a group of little ones to carry on the fight for existence single-handed. It ended as many a similar struggle has done, in the poor mother's death from overwork after two more years had passed. Then the little home was broken up, the children scattered and Maggie—poor, little broken-backed creature that she was—was taken in by the old grandmother.

It was a hard life that the old woman and the child led in that gloomy tenement. Never a holiday, never a pleasure; indeed they two were lucky to get bread, let alone luxuries. Times were hard, and work slack; but the rent had to be paid and they must live somehow. So the grandmother bravely kept up the fight, although many a time she heaved a bitter sigh as she went to the bare cupboard and thought not of herself, but of the little one—her own daughter's child—hungry and ill. If the tale of those years of constant struggle could be written, they would be a history full of interest and instruction for those who rarely give a thought to "God's poor," thousands of whom are fighting just such a battle as this noble old grandmother has been doing. She did the cooking for three families—plain enough, for all alike were poor — she washed, she scrubbed, she toiled and moiled, and, the result was just enough to keep the wolf of want away and hold the shelter over their heads. And so long as she could manage to do this, she and her little deformed grandchild were not unhappy.

But a red-letter day came into Maggie's life. Miss Delaney, one of the good city missionaries who are constantly looking out for the neediest and poorest children to go to Mont-Lawn, heard of the little hunch-back. She arranged with the grandmother to send Maggie to our Children's Home for a time, and as good fortune would have it, Maggie's name on the list of our wee guests stood directly opposite the register number 5000. She was **the five thousandth child** received since the first day the Home opened, two summers ago. On the day of her coming the news had preceded her, and our boys and girls resolved to give the little stranger a right cordial welcome. A dozen wee maids went gaily to the woods around Mont-Lawn and gathered great armfuls of golden-rod, with which they decorated a chair that was set apart for the little hunch-back girl. A chorus of merry, childish voices greeted her as she drove up in the Home wagonette, and the air was full of waving flags and handkerchiefs. Little Maggie looked bewildered, and her big eyes opened wider in surprise as the children crowded around her and bore her off to the great dining tent, where they set her down in a bower of wild flowers, to a table that was spread with what, to her simple mind, seemed a queenly feast. And for the first time in her life, the poor, afflicted child of the tenements found herself the centre of interest and everybody showering kindness and love upon her. Not a word escaped her lips, but her deep-set eyes shone with pleasure and her thin, white face flushed with happiness. It was indeed a new experience—a chapter from fairy-land—and she pinched herself to see whether she was awake or dreaming. Yes, it was all true; the flowers, the voices, the girls, and the nice, hot, appetizing dinner after the beautiful drive, all were realities. Yet it was so strange! And in the evening, when she was placed gently in the floral chair with the golden-rod nodding like a sceptre above her head and all around her, and carried to the chapel, she felt that she knew what it was to be a queen—a real, live, true, little queen—if only for a day. The children sang, and it seemed as if all their music was for her; and they spoke and recited and laughed and chattered, and she felt that she had somehow been lifted out of the dull, sad, tenement life, and dropped right down plumb into the mysterious "Land of Happiness," hidden somewhere among the clouds. Could it be true that these were tenement children like herself? Their voices still sounded sweetly in her ears through the mingled prayers that were said in the dormitories, and when her head was at last snugly pillowed, and the snowy coverlet tucked up about her by a kind care-taker, she fell asleep to dream of rambles among the flowers and still happier times on the morrow.

Ten days in the Home made a wonderful change in Maggie, and gave her a start toward health and happiness. Her case is not an exceptional one. During the present season, Mont-Lawn has fed and sheltered hundreds of children just as poor and wretched as she, not a few of them invalids, and some whose homes and surroundings are such as to excite the deepest commiseration. It is to brighten the lives and cheer the hearts of these neglected children, that our Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn is carried on. There are thousands of children situated like Maggie, suffering through no fault of their own, who might be made happy for a whole year by such a holiday, and we are grateful to have the co-operation of our readers in the work. Three dollars pays all expenses for a ten days' vacation for a boy or girl at our Children's Home. While we write, there are hundreds of tattered and barefooted petitioners for an outing—far more than the limited resources of the Home will allow. We invite all who love and sympathize with the children to aid us in making the season at Mont-Lawn a glorious success for the little folks, so that really no needy child may be denied the coveted boon.

Many visitors, some of them quite distinguished, come to Mont-Lawn, and all are greatly interested in our children. Recently Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the well-known author and editor, and a favorite contributor to this journal, delighted both the children and the care-takers with her presence for half a day. Her sweet ways and the deep interest she took in each little waif, won all hearts. Mrs. Amelia Barr, the greatest of living women authors, also visited the Home, and her gracious words and the charming way in which she spoke to our missionaries, were greatly appreciated. An Oriental, Mrs. Esther Kim Pak, of Seoul, Korea, the first woman to leave her native country for study, was another visitor. She was accompanied by her little daughter, the first and only Korean baby ever born in America. Mrs. Pak hopes to return a fully equipped medical missionary to her own country.

Mrs. Sangster, after her visit to the Home, wrote the following beautiful poem, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers:

Gather the Little Ones In.

DO you know any little barefoot boy
In a garret or a cellar, [old,
Who shivers with cold, and whose garments
Will scarcely hold together?

REFRAIN:

Go, bring him in! There is room to spare,
Here are food and shelter and pity;
And we'll not shut the door on one of Christ's poor,
Though you bring every child in the city.

Do you know any little bright-eyed girl,
Who likes to help her mother,
Who can stand by a tub and rub and scrub,
And care for her baby brother?

Do you know any children out at work,
In places dark and dreary—
Children who cry to the great wide sky
For help when they are weary?

"LITTLE No. 5,000," AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

Do you know who said we must gather in,
His lambs, where'er we find them
It was Christ our Lord, we obey his Word,
And he bids us feed and mind them.

The following sums have been received during the week:

Amount previously acknowl'd	$3,348 76	Feed my Lambs, E Haven	1 00
Mrs A E Hesler	3 00	Mrs T McKay	1 00
Artie Thatcher	1 00	Edith Scott	1 00
Mrs H E Freeman	2 50	Mildred, Brooklyn	1 00
Miss Andry Freeman	50	W H N, Whitewater	2 00
Lord's Tenth, Southbridge	10 00	Mrs F K, Vineland	1 00
Mrs Govenlock's Class	6 00	One who loves children, Vermillion	5 00
Dora Cadle	3 00	J E McEkron	1 50
Friend, Cal	70	Sam'l McCreedy	1 50
Mrs C L McCollum	1 00	C E, East Haven	2 00
Friend, Bismarck	6 00	Mrs A L Parker	3 00
Lynn Wallace Stevenson	3 00	H E A & J A H, Brownsville	5 00
Mrs F F Hanscom	1 00	Mrs M Hammon	3 00
W Frankfort L T L	2 00	King's Daughters, McMasters Corners	6 00
Alice M Lofthouse	6 00	Mrs Thos Jones	3 00
In Jesus Name, Newark	1 00	Miss M C Hammon	3 00
Mrs H M P, Arcadia	2 00	Visitors at Mont-Lawn	6
I H N, Quincy	5 00	Mrs Dan'l Parkhurst	5 00
I H N, Hartford, Ct.	2 00	Christian Endeavor Soc, Phila	2 00
Mother & Daughter, Allegheny	2 00	Jane M Waters	3 00
Mrs M J Hoogland	3 00	Adelaide M Travers	3 00
Martha Greaves	5 00	Mrs Wm C Ivey	3 00
Anxious Christian Mother, Lind	1 00	Mrs E M Beach	3 00
Jr C E Soc, Lynch	6 05	Mrs J A Edwards	5 00
G L Hall	2 00	Friend, Doyle's Mills	3 00
E and F W, Good Ground, Brooklyn	1 00	S M Ward & E M Parker	1 00
Delilah Hine	1 00	Cosmet S S	2 00
Mrs David W Hine	1 00	D M Buckwalter	1 00
D W Loomis	3 00	Mrs S W Mackrell & Daughter	10 00
Lienie Bewkes	1 00	For Jesus' Sake, Akron	1 00
Lillias B Griffin	1 00	Old Subr, Hastings	3 00
J C, Laurens	3 00	Mrs Warren Graves	26
Mrs F C Holmes	1 00	Friends, Lincoln	10 00
Kind Friends, Henderson	1 00	W H Shipway	3 00
Widow's Mite, Cross Hill	1 00	Mr & Mrs E S Brooks	1 00
Subr, Kingsbridge	7 00	R A J, Summit	3 00
Helen Mae Reynolds	1 00	M J J, Oshkosh	3 00
J S P, San Diego	1 00	Friend, Deckertown	3 00
Sister, Selma	2 00	Endicott and Rose Gardner	1 00
M E Page	1 00	Visitor at Mont-Lawn	50
Mrs P M Studley	5 00	Mrs Maria Tunnell	5 00
Friends, W Fairfield	3 00	W De Mott	2 00
Mrs M S, Newark	1 00	Total	$3,582.27
Sally, E Covington	3 00		

Contributions of Clothing, &c.

——, Crenshaw, pkg; Reader and Friends, pkg; Maud Wood and Alice Johnson, girl's outfit; The Lord's Tenth, Dunlap, boy's outfit; Mrs. Jane Bryant, pkg; Friends of the Needy Children, Levin, pkg; R A Anderson, pkg; The Willing Workers, Georgetown, pkg.

New Hebrides' Superstitions.

Rev. J. W. Landels, of the New Hebrides Mission, writes of the superstitions of the natives among whom he has been laboring for several years: "They spend their life in an atmosphere of superstition. Nothing comes to pass by chance or natural causes. Some personality is responsible for all that happens. A rainbow is seen in the sky, and they at once say that the spirits of the departed chiefs are come to call one or more of the number of chiefs on earth to dwell with them in Ndoria, somewhere away in the clouds. A meteor flashes acrbss the sky, and some catastrophe is about to happen. A chief, whose head is touched by the hand of anyone, is sure to die because of it. The system of caste, so prevalent amongst the people, is steeped in superstition. No woman can eat the same food eaten by her husband, neither dare she cook at the same fire, or use the same match or the same piece of firewood. No one grade of chieftainship—of which there are no less than ten—can eat the food belonging to that of the other. These and numerous other restrictions are the result of fears that the spirits or the sacred men will cause some sickness to visit them, by which they shall die and forever forfeit their place in Ndoria.

"In consequence of the superstitious belief that many evil spirits are always abroad at night, no native ever goes out of his hut without having in his hand a fire-stick or a torch, with which to keep away those spirits who do not love the light. Their superstition militates against them when sick, and it takes a long time before they can be induced to have confidence in the white man's medicine or submit to his treatment. In the last great epidemic which passed over the island, and to which many succumbed, of all those who submitted to our treatment, not one died, but they were only a minority of the affected ones. Then they are very cruel in their heathen state, cruel to the aged, whom they often cast out when unfit to work for their own food, and to the sick, who are often buried alive, because their friends cannot be troubled attending to them."

A Martyr and His Mother.

During the massacre of Christians at Marash, in Armenia, several months ago, a young man was given the option of death or a change of faith, and was instantly beheaded. When his headless body was taken to his mother to terrify and convert her, she, instead of being in the least frightened or affected by the sight, kissed the dead son's hand and said: "Rather so, my son, than living to deny our Lord and Saviour." Blessed mother of a brave son!

A Christian Hindu Lecturer.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, the brilliant young Hindu Christian lecturer, who has been lecturing with much acceptance on India, has just started on a lecturing tour to Canada. His eloquent utterances at the recent great Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington and at Ocean Grove Auditorium will long be remembered. Letters may be addressed to him to the care of the Y. M. C. A., Toronto, until September 15, when he returns to the United States.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[illegible], Minneapolis, Minn. I have but re- [illegible] of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, [illegible] dated Sept. 2, just re- [illegible] I am writing the Questions and An- [illegible] concerning the work enti- [illegible] The World Wide Encyclopedia, and am thoroughly interested. I want an Encyclopedia badly, especially if I can earn it by working for it. Will you kindly state in your next issue what the conditions are under which a new [illegible] secure a set of The World Wide [illegible] obtain it for the work? Is it up to date, and is it an Encyclopedia or a [illegible]? I bought an Ency[illegible] a year ago, and when I opened it, I found that [illegible] would not like to make the same mistake again.

Any one who sends ten subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the regular subscription price, $1.50 each, will receive a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia free. We do not pay freight charges, however. It makes no difference whether you are an old subscriber or a new subscriber. As the offer will positively be withdrawn this month, you should send us $5, on receipt of which we will immediately ship the Encyclopedia. Then apply yourself to getting the ten subscriptions. Send the subscriptions in as fast as you receive them, retaining a half dollar from each one. When you have secured the ten subscribers you will have refunded to yourself the $5 which you advanced to make sure of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. The sooner you get the subscriptions, the sooner you get your $5 back. We will allow you all the time required to make good the ten subscribers. Take your own time about it, and do the best you can.

All that is necessary under these circumstances is to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about as follows: "Enclosed, please find $5 for which send me a complete set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. Ship via (here state the route), to (here state the station). If the books are satisfactory, I will send you ten subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as soon as I am able to secure them, and I will send them separately as fast as I get them, retaining fifty cents from each subscriber.

"If I am not pleased with the books, after inspecting them, I reserve the right to return them within ten days after they reach my hands, in which case you will refund the $5 herewith enclosed." Sign your name and enclose the money either by money order, draft, or if you send in cash, register your letter.

In reply to your request for a *description of The World-Wide Encyclopedia*, we repeat from our issue of August 5: The World-Wide Encyclopedia answers every question, however difficult or abstruse. A digest of all knowledge from the earliest times is contained within its pages, and no person, however untutored, provided he can read, need lack for full information on any subject within the scope of human knowledge, when once he is the possessor of this work of universal interest. The World-Wide Encyclopedia is an epitome of the "sum total of wisdom and knowledge." It treats fully and exhaustively of every subject of human interest, whether history, science, [illegible] biography, classics, physiology, etc., etc., from the beginning of things down to the practical questions of our own day. It is a fountain of knowledge on all subjects, and contains more compact wisdom than was ever stored in the brain of the greatest sage on earth.

The World-Wide Encyclopedia contains [illegible] colored maps. The Encyclopedia consists of 15 *large volumes*, and these are handsomely and durably bound in rich silk-finish lined cloth, and stamped in solid gold. Each volume is 9 [illegible] shelf make a striking array *nearly two feet in length*. The set weighs about *40 pounds*, and [illegible] weight nearly *200,000 pounds*, and so great has been the demand for this wonderful work that within the first two weeks nearly **20 tons** were shipped to the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who availed themselves of this exceptional opportunity. The offer will *positively be withdrawn* late this month, and this is the final call to all who intend to secure this great work.

If you cannot send $5, send what you can, but not less than $1, and we will reserve one set for you until you have earned it. In several instances, persons who earned a set of the Encyclopedia by sending ten subscribers at $1.50 each, afterwards sold their set for $20 or more, and then started in to earn a second set. We have nearly 1,000 letters on file from people all over the country, who are congratulating themselves on their exceeding good fortune in having secured a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia, and we hope to number you among them.

J. W. W., Riverside, Cal. **Where are the Israelies?**

It is not known. Many students of prophecy believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is descended from the lost ten tribes; but the theory has not been generally accepted. Others believe that in some unexplored land they will yet be found and restored to their own land at the time that the Jews are restored before the beginning of the millennium. Prophecy certainly indicates such a restoration but as yet no way of fulfilment is conceivable.

[illegible] Have the Gospel [illegible] been circulated to the [illegible] extent in the last century [illegible] the Christian [illegible] How did the compilers of the concordances become known before the days of printing?

It is estimated by Norton and other leading investigators that over 60,000 copies of the Gospels were in circulation among Christians before the end of the second century of our era. Origen employed a large staff of skilled writers to copy the books, and Eusebius made fifty copies of the Bible for the Emperor Constantine. Thousands of copies were written out for private use. This was a slow and expensive process, but it was the only one then available.

[illegible] Dauphin Island Mission," and who conducts it?

It is on an island in Mobile Bay, Ala., populated by a rough class of fishermen and oystermen, whose spiritual condition was sadly neglected until Mrs. O. E. Stombaugh, an invalid Christian lady, settled among them and began a mission work, two years ago. It is a very poor and needy mission, yet it has been the means of gathering in many souls and has purified the morals of the whole island.

Rosa B. Moore, Indian Falls, N. Y. 1. Please state the price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, with the paper for one year. 2. I long for the World-Wide Encyclopedia, for I know its value. If you will be so kind as to hold one about two months, I think I could get the ten subscribers, or I would sent half of them as soon as it is possible.

1. The paper with the Library Premium, is $3. 2. See our general explanation to all inquirers regarding the Encyclopedia, on the first column of this page.

Miss Emma Nason, a missionary among the lumbermen and miners, writes:

Many thanks for the money from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for our Mission. When your favor came, I was absent on the Great Iron Range, where nearly all the large mines are closing down again. On returning, I found one of our twin waifs at the point of death, and we have just buried him. These beautiful twins were born in our home at Sault Ste. Marie on Washington's Birthday, and we adopted them.

Subscriber, Yiskilwa, Ill. I can't see how a man or woman, either, can be an habitual drinker and at the same time be a Christian. About how much influence for good would such a person have? There are too many people who think they may use strong drink and pass as Christians. The two don't go together, if I read the Bible correctly.

Christianity and drunkenness (the latter even in a modified sense), are wholly incompatible. A man cannot serve God and the devil simultaneously. It is our duty to preserve our material bodies as temples, pure and fit for the occupancy of immortals, and to respect those laws which the Almighty, through nature, has established, as essential to our material and spiritual well-being. In proportion as we violate those laws (and intemperance is a distinct infraction of them), we destroy our opportunities for Christian service and ruin our influence for good.

"The half was never told," is the burden of this and of many other letters of admiration from recipients of our World-Wide Encyclopedia:

HANNIBAL, MO.

GENTLEMEN:—The World Wide Encyclopedia arrived in good order, and to say that I am pleased does not half express it. I shall certainly make every effort to secure the number of subscribers required to entitle me the ownership of the set.

ALBERT ANDERSON.

Susan Whittaker, Trenton, N. J. Is not the Koran more widely read than any other so-called sacred or religious book?

Excepting the Bible, yes. It is read in the Turkish Empire, both in Europe and Asia, in Arabia, part of North Africa, and also certain parts of India and of other Asiatic countries. But the Bible is not only read by the four leading nations of the world: America, Britain, Germany, and France, but throughout Europe and in a large portion of Asia, Africa, South America, the Arctic, the whole of Australia and the islands of the Pacific.

M. B. Z., Janesville, O. I am somewhat late to thank you for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, Helps. I received them all right, without a [illegible] and I enjoy them very much. I have shown [illegible] to quite a few of my friends and they think [illegible] very nice. I may in time receive some subscribers for you.

Albert Clemens, Washington, Ont. Is the Pharos off Alexandria still standing at the present [illegible] and if so, in what condition?

No; it was still in existence in the fourteenth century, but has long since crumbled into ruin.

J. T., Cincinnati, O. Has Tibet yet opened its doors to the Gospel and allowed the missionaries to come in?

Not officially; Misses Annie Taylor and Belle Ferguson, are now at Yantung, in Tibet, where they have hopes of being able to open a mission station. Some very effective missionary work is being done on the Chino-Tibetan frontier.

Reader, Chicago, Ill. Does not 1 Timothy 2: 14 mean that woman's sin was greater than man's, and that her punishment will be greater?

We do not so understand the passage. People will be punished for the sins they actually commit unless they are pardoned through Christ. They will not be punished for the sin committed by Adam and Eve. The Bible passage where represents them as being held responsible for that. The Calvinistic doctrine which takes more account than any other of the [illegible] of man does not claim more than that the race suffered the loss of sonship by the Fall with all that it involves, [illegible] as the heirs of a once [illegible] man suffer poverty if he dispates the fortune that would have come to them from him. God is not unjust. Paul draws rather a fine distinction between the responsibility of the two. He appears to imply that woman in yielding to temptation showed her weakness, while Adam in yielding to Eve's suggestion showed his love for her.

S. S. Teacher, Philadelphia. Is there any reliable system of Bible chronology? Are all our Bibles wrong in giving the date of creation as 4,004 years before Christ?

The dates in the margins of Bibles are no part of the Bible itself, any more than are the summaries of contents at the head of the chapters. The date 4,004 is undoubtedly wrong. Professor Heilprecht, who is excavating in the ruins of ancient Babylon has found records dating back over seven thousand years before Christ.

J. B. V., Magda, Kans. 1. What is the house referred to in Heb. 3: 2. Can eternal life be lost if once obtained?

1. The meaning is not clear. It is generally understood as referring to Christ's indwelling. The expressions Paul uses in several of his epistles, such as "Christ in you" (Col. 1: 27) implies a conception of Christ dwelling in a man as in a house, giving him strength and confidence. The question of final perseverance has been debated in all times since the Apostolic age. On the one hand the injunctions to vigilance would imply the possibility of lapse, and on the other there is the assurance that he who believes shall never perish. We cherish the hope that none who are once united to Christ by a living faith will ever be finally lost.

Julia Balch, Washington, D. C. You will find in every collection of American patriotic verse [illegible] Reader, Durham Ont. I cannot answer your long list of questions adequately as it would require more space than we can devote to them. —F. M. Chandler, Trenton, Tenn. Such things proceed from purely natural causes and should not be attributed to any other. —Mrs. L. L. Pemlott, Kansas. We are already overburdened with similar applications. —Subscriber, Baltimore. 1. The International, unquestionably. It is the most recent and complete in all its supplementary features, and therefore the most valuable. 2. Yes, we could supply you. —I. M. G., Banner Mich. There is no authentic portrait of Christ in existence. —C.W.S., Genoa Bluffs, Ia. We have never heard that he had such a connection and we do not disposed to believe it true. —Subscriber, Charleston, S. C. The book may be ordered through Mr. J. J. Jewett, 76 Bible House. —Subscriber, Sealy, Tex. No one knows what becomed of the Ark. It was probably hidden and the secret of its hiding-place lost. 2. Because he was descended from David as was predicted. —John Wise, Harrisburg, Pa., writes that the reformation that Mrs. E. Bonham, of Clinton, Mo., desires can be found in a hymn book published in 1857 by Parkinpine & Higgins, Philadelphia. Part title of book, "Revival and Camp Meeting Minstrel." —H., Greensboro, N. C. We have published articles on the subject from time to time. —A. P. G., Virginia, Iowa. Yes, *The Ladies' Home Journal*. —E. E. B., Lawrence, Mass., and many others. The statement attributing such political views to Rev. Dr. Talmage are fully answered by him in his editorial card in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. —C. E. F., Nyer, Okla. Divorce, except for the causes stated, is [illegible] un-Scriptural and un-Christian. —J. F. Shearman, Dow City. The only way to accomplish results in that direction is through Congress. —Reader, Otego, N. Y. No, it is not permitted to be translated.

AN ANCIENT EASTERN CHURCH, NOW DESECRATED.

During the recent troubles in the Mohammedan Empire, hundreds of native Christian churches—many of them several centuries old—were desecrated by the Kurds and Turks, and after being pillaged and their sacred vessels stolen, have been converted into mosques. In the photograph above is shown the famous Greek Church of the Holy Apostles, which was the principal Patriarchal Church, and remained so for one hundred and thirty-five years. It is on a beautiful site, overlooking the Valley of Phanar in the Zelah Sokak. It was founded in the twelfth century by Michael Ducas and his wife Maria, sister of the famous emperor Alexius Commenus. The church was turned into a mosque by Sultan Murad III., and the tombs of Emperor Alexius Commenus the celebrated Anna Commenus, and Emperor John Paleologus, nearby were destroyed.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Angelo.

MY hero is a small Italian boy, with melting eyes of coal-black, a nut-brown skin, and heaps of raven hair, tumbled in picturesque disorder about his beautiful face. Such a face may a Roman boy have had in the days of Augustus, of such a face king's son might be thankful. But [illegible] Angelo is very poor, and is glad [illegible] a scanty living by selling newspapers near the City Hall in our own big city of New York, and by any odd jobs he can get. Small as he is and young, not [illegible] his tenth birthday, Angelo is a [illegible] mainstay of his family, and his mother depends on him, she often says, next to [illegible] God. When I look at Angelo's mother, especially when she has the baby in her arms, I am reminded of the stately [illegible] sweet women, dark-eyed, dark-haired, [illegible] pal-faced whom the old masters [illegible] immortal on their canvasses, and she [illegible] dear to me, if I were a painter, as my [illegible] of the Madonna. But she is only a [illegible] poor, or very ignorant, and very loving [illegible] woman. Still, I count her among [illegible] friends, and I love her, and her boy, [illegible]

[illegible] was hurrying down-town one chilly [illegible] morning wondering whether the [illegible] lilies and crocuses would soon begin to [illegible] and fancying the bare brown stems [illegible] the trees rustling with green leaves [illegible] before, when my steps were arrested [illegible] a pitiful sight. There was Angelo, [illegible] asleep. He was sitting beside Sammy [illegible] the blacking-stand, his head drooping [illegible] by the leg of the chair on which people [illegible] sit to have their boots "shined," his [illegible] face relaxed and pathetic, for at ten in the [illegible] morning an active little fellow does [illegible] not naturally to sleep. I stood still and [illegible] felt the worn, pallid countenance, and [illegible] a wave of sympathy swept over my heart, [illegible] I could read there that Angelo was not [illegible] starved, but hungry and distressed. He [illegible] had been crying before he fell asleep, and [illegible] tears had made furrows on the not over [illegible] clear though delicate and softly moulded [illegible] face.

One does not like to see a child's face [illegible] so complete a revelation of utter weariness. [illegible] When Angelo is awake, he is so alert and [illegible] keen alive in look and gesture, that I [illegible] forget to associate poverty and suffering [illegible] with so bright a personality; but asleep, [illegible] at ten o'clock in the morning, with throngs [illegible] passing, and street cars clanging, and the [illegible] elevated thundering overhead, and the [illegible] sun beaming down, asleep, little Angelo's [illegible] countenance betrayed secrets.

I said to Sammy Tate, "What ails Angelo? Is he ill, or starving?"

"His mother was turned out of doors last night, I hear," answered Sammy. "She couldn't pay the rent, and Angelo [illegible] is under the bridge, maybe; at any rate, it's all broke up now and I'm afraid he hasn't had his breakfast."

Having given Sammy some money to feed my little friend, I proceeded in search of Marianna, knowing that her need of help was great. The poor are kind to one another, and very generous. One neighbor had taken in the twins, Giovanni and Pietro, another was sheltering Angelo and the baby, and the father of the brood, a good-humored, shiftless, easygoing man who could never get on, was looking for work along the wharf. He never had any regular work, and it seemed as if he never would have any, though he tried diligently enough. There are people born to ill-fortune, or no success, which is as fatal, one way as the other.

The moment my eyes fell on Marianna, I saw that she had been weeping. Brave-spirited woman that she is, she seldom cries, but the one terror of the very poor, the not being able to meet their room rent, had crushed her for the time. This dreadful bugbear of rent, a spectre in the path, is forever menacing and threatening people in her estate of penury and want.

While I was talking with Marianna and planning a little, so that the family might again have a roof over them, and their little furniture be saved, there was a great commotion in the street. Up drove a splendid carriage, with two richly-appointed horses, their coats sleek as satin, their harness silver-mounted, the coachman and footman in livery on the box, and as the equipage drew up before the humble doorway where I was standing with Marianna, out stepped, the footman opening the door with a flourish, one of the prettiest old ladies I ever saw, a real fairy godmother in her sweet expression. She was dressed in gray silk and soft furs, and after her came a young woman with a complexion tinted like an apple blossom, and then a fair little girl with a poke-bonnet and long golden curls, and last of all—Angelo.

"Of all things!" I exclaimed, and Marianna stood speechless, her hands clasped.

The old lady spoke first. "Are you this boy's mother? I saw him do a brave deed. He pushed an old man aside just as the poor blundering fellow was going to step in front of a cable car, and as I saw him from my carriage, and I like to reward presence of mind and courage, I stopped to ask who he was."

"And then," said the younger lady, "the boy fell down in a dead faint."

"He hadn't had any breakfus'," chimed in the wee girlie.

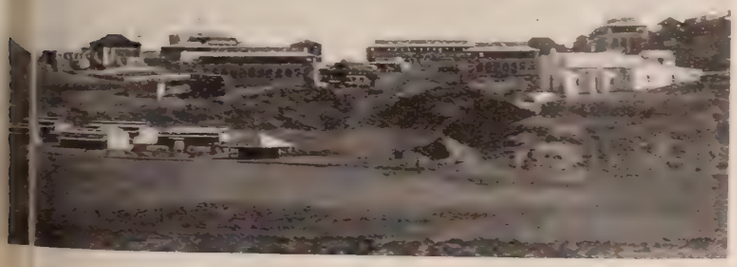
"Now," said the fairy godmother, "I'm going to look into this case. The boy is so pretty, my daughter is going to paint his picture. But first we must make you all more comfortable."

A little money, a heart full of good will, a measure of Christian consecration and love, how far they go. Mrs. Eller discovered that Angelo's mother knew how to make a very useful and really pretty kind of lace, and when the family, all debts paid, were established in a nice respectable tenement, Marianna was set up with a lace-maker's outfit, and patrons were found for her. For the husband a porter's place was secured, with a chance to rise, if rise he could. Angelo was sent to the Italian mission-school on Sundays, and daily, to school, though he still sold the evening papers.

The sum of it all is that the good God, of whom Marianna reverently speaks, never forgets his own. Also that there are always ready and loving hearts and hands in the world, and that the destitute will be assisted if only the right means can be taken to bring those who have and will bestow, and those who have not and want, together. And the connecting link is somewhere out of our sight in God's kind Providence.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE OLD SLAVE-MARKET AT ZANZIBAR.



THE FOREIGN CONSULATES AT ZANZIBAR.

Revolution in Zanzibar.

An Arab Usurper Seizes the Late Sultan's Palace, but is Driven Out by English Guns.

IN the Island of Zanzibar, off the east coast of Africa, which has, joined with it, a long, narrow strip of territory on the mainland, there has been a short-lived revolution. In the friendly arrangement that the European Powers made some time ago as to their "spheres of influence" in the Dark Continent, when Madagascar was surrendered to the French, Zanzibar fell to the English, who immediately established a protectorate there. There was at the time a dispute as to the succession to the throne, which was settled by the English espousing the cause of Seyyid Hamed bin Thwain, one of the claimants. Through their influence he was seated on the throne and proclaimed Sultan of Zanzibar. An income of $25,000 a year was assigned to him, which was especially welcome, as his sole source of income prior to his accession had been the proceeds of a plantation of cloves. The misery of his life had been his contests with the money lenders, to whom he was in the habit of mortgaging his harvest long before it was ripe. His gratitude to the English for the change in his fortunes was effusive, and was shown in his granting them all the concessions they asked. They became practically the rulers of the country, and have governed it with excellent results. The Arabs, however, have been discontented with the arrangement, which shut them out of the best places in the Sultan's service, and menaced their trade in slaves, which had been one of the chief sources of their prosperity in Zanzibar. In former times there had been an open slave market in the island, and even yet there are many slaves secretly sold there. The English proceed slowly in these matters, but the Arabs believed, not without reason, that when the open slave market was abolished and the trade had to be conducted in secret, it was nearing its extinction altogether.

PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

On August 25 came the news that the Sultan of Zanzibar was dead. Not a few people suspected that his death was due to the disaffection of the Arabs, who longed for a Sultan less amenable to English influence. Following closely on this news came the report that the palace had been seized by Seyyid Khalid, who with nine hundred soldiers, trained by European officers, had taken possession and been proclaimed Sultan. He is a cousin of the late monarch, and a man in whom the Arabs had confidence. The English, however, preferred Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Seyyid another cousin of the deceased Sultan, and they notified Khalid that they regarded him as a usurper. Khalid, being in possession, declined to surrender, and as he had trained troops and a war-ship built in England to defend himself, he bade them defiance. The act was one of temerity. The British had three gunboats in the harbor from which the palace was bombarded. It was speedily destroyed, and the ruins were in flames. The Sultan's war-ship which pluckily opened fire on the British ships was also sunk. A force of marines was then sent ashore to take possession. After a short but stubborn fight they were successful, and the British protegee was proclaimed Sultan. The defeated claimant to the throne fled for protection to the German consulate. He was sheltered there, but it is expected that he will be given up in response to an English appeal to the Berlin government. It is hoped that now that the British have made their power felt in the country, they will use it for the entire suppression of the slave trade, which has hitherto found at Zanzibar the convenient market it needs for its barbarous commodity.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Household Piety.

FAMILY prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the daily work that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with Amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a geneological chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they are speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading, you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the Sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate and gladly solemn.

Gospel of Hand-Shaking.

HE who knows how to shake hands vigorously and well has a high commission from the throne of heaven to bless and save. Shake hands with him who is returning from evil ways and it will give new muscle to his resolution. Shake hands with the troubled and they will rise triumphant over their suffering. Shake hands with the sick; it will be strength and balm. Shake hands with the good in promise of eternal association. Shake hands with the young, it will start them on the right road; with the middle-aged, it will lighten their burdens; with the old, it will radiate the evening of their days. Let us come nearer together. Standing wide apart, Satan comes in between us with bickerings and jealousies and hate. Close up the ranks. God speed the day when all the world shall shake hands. Russia with Turkey, Germany with France, Eastern Hemisphere with Western Hemisphere, Earth with Heaven. That will be the year of the world's deliverance, and lion's mane and lamb's fleece shall interlock each other, and the infant stroke the snake's crest, and there be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount.

Climatic Uncertainties.

WHILE the weather probabilities as announced to us are of great importance, we have, through them, constant proof of the impotence of humany prophecy. Because by study of the laws of weather, men come to a good guess concerning the conditions of the atmosphere two or three days ahead, we have now pretenders who propose to rifle Omnipotence of its secrets for two months approximate, and the valuable premising that advantages the shipping and puts the world on healthy guard, is discredited by the wild gamblers in weather. It will never be well for the world to know too long ahead what will happen. Part of the best discipline of life is the disappointment that comes from unexpected changes of climate. So our faith in God is cultured, and so we are made sympathetic with those who cannot escape exposure, however much they anticipate it, and so we are made willing at last to exchange a world of tempest for a world of calm, air without any chill, sky without any cloud, eternal spring-tide without any winter. I make earnest protest against the meteorological pretension which creates infidelity in regard to reasonable and well founded predictions. The only reliable prophecy for a long while ahead is that which is founded on Scriptural data. Hurricanes and euroclydon are to be laid away in their watery graves, and a kind of balmy atmosphere is to come in which there shall be paradise regained. All that is foretold, sometimes under one phraseology and sometimes under another. Fountains in the desert. Gardens swathing the earth with deep color of full blown rose. That settled weather of unbroken loveliness is coming as surely as the Bible is veracious, and God, who makes the seasons, can control them. About that weather it is safe a hundred or a thousand years before to make announcement. Alex. Pope set it to rhythm when he said:

The lambs, with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead,
The steer and lion in one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake.

You and I may not live to see those skies and breathe that redolence, but the bright genial days through which we are just passing are a hint of the coming brilliancy.

Revivals.

WHEN a candidate for admission comes before session in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions; but when he comes during a cold state of religion, I ask him twenty questions, and get the elders to ask him as many more. In other words, I have more faith in conversions under special religious influence than under ordinary. The best luck I ever had in fishing was when I dropped the net in the bay and brought up at one haul twenty bluefish, with only three or four moss-bunkers, and the poorest luck I ever had was when, after standing two hours in the soggy meadow with one hook on the line, I felt I had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded at the great size of the captive, until I flung to the shore a snapping turtle. As a Gospel fisherman I would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. I can soon sort out and throw overboard the few moss-bunkers.

Photographs FREE.

WE have concluded arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer for twenty-five names of adult Protestant church members, each name representing a different family, a cabinet size photograph of any one of the following persons:

1. **Abbott, Lyman,** Successor to the late Henry Ward Beecher as Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and Editor of the Outlook.
2. **Baer, J. Willis,** General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society.
3. **Booth, Ballington,** Commander of the Volunteers of America.
4. **Booth, Mrs. Ballington,** Wife of Commander Booth.
5. **Clark, Francis E.,** President of the Christian Endeavor Society.
6. **Conwell, Russell H.,** Pastor of the Temple (Baptist), Philadelphia, Pa.
7. **Crittenton, C. N.,** Founder of the Florence Crittenton Missions for the reclamation of erring girls.
8. **Crosby, Fanny,** the blind Poetess. Author of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Blessed Assurance," and hundreds of other Hymns.
9. **Hall, John,** Pastor Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.
10. **Harland, Marion,** (Mrs. E. P. Terhune), the author of the "Home of the Bible," and Able Contributor to the Religious and Secular Press.
11. **Klopsch, Louis,** Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
12. **MacArthur, R. S.,** Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York.
13. **Mead, C. H.,** Field Secretary of the National Temperance Society.
14. **Merritt, Stephen,** Eminent Philanthropist and Preacher.
15. **Milburn, W. H.,** Blind Chaplain of the United States Senate.
16. **Mills, B. Fay,** Most Successful Revivalist of the Day.
17. **Sangster, Mrs. Margaret E.,** Regular Contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and Editor of Harper's Bazar.
18. **Schell, E. A.,** General Secretary of the Epworth League.
19. **Smith, Samuel F.,** the Author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
20. **Stebbins, George C.,** Eminent Musical Director and Composer.
21. **Stokes, E. S.,** Founder and President of Ocean Grove.
22. **Stowe, Harriet Beecher,** Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
23. **Sweney, John R.,** Eminent Musical Director and Composer.
24. **Talmage, T. De Witt,** Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
25. **Taylor, William,** the Venerable Methodist ex-Bishop of Africa.
26. **Trumbull, H. Clay,** Eminent Oriental Scholar, and Editor of the Sunday School Times, the leading Exponent of the International Sunday School Lessons.
27. **Vincent, John H.,** Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Founder of the Chautauqua Movement.
28. **Willard, Miss Francis E.,** the President of the W. C. T. U.

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1. Write on **one side** of the paper only.
2. Give **full name** in each instance, and full post office **address,** and state what **denomination** the person belongs to, whether Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, or Disciple.
3. Do not send any other business communication in the same letter, or the same envelope, as these letters are not opened or handled in our Counting Room.
4. Write in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope enclosing the list of names the words, **"For the Million Edition."**
5. Select photographs by **number** only, and on a **separate slip of paper** write **your** name and address in full and the number of photographs selected.
6. For **100 names and twenty-five cents** in cash, we will send any **six** photographs of your own selection and a handsome, richly ornamented silk cloth photograph **case,** all charges prepaid.
7. Always make one additional selection to be substituted in case the supply of your first choice should be exhausted.
8. If you have already under some previous offer favored us with a list of names do not under this offer send us any of the same names. Let the new list be entirely distinct from any other which you may already have sent in.

BRIEF NOTES.

We regret to learn that some people in ... States have been victimized by persons pretending to be agents for this journal. **It should be understood that we have no agents.** *We receive subscriptions from anyone who will ... whether their own or those of other people, and would caution our friends against intrusting ... subscriptions to persons who are strangers.*

The New York State Christian E... Convention is to be held in Rochester Oc... and 7th.

A Consecrated Lady who is able to ... her own expenses is earnestly desired as teacher in a very needy field in North Carolina. Applications may be made to Miss F. E. Ufford, 7 Vi... Newark, N. J.

Pastor Chiniquy, in Spite of his Advanced age, is preparing for a preaching tour in Canada in the interests of Protestantism. He undertakes the work at the urgent request of the Protestant Alliance, and expects to devote six months to it.

French Protestants are awake to t... sponsibility in Madagascar. They have commissioned one missionary. A veteran African missions has offered his services, and two missionaries hope to commence work soon.

Another Vote, the Third in Four Y... to be taken in Toronto on the question of ... surface cars on Sundays. Twice the pro... run them has been rejected by overwhelming majorities. The most urgent demands for the ... from American visitors.

The Lutheran Church in Denmark h... two missionaries to Manchuria, hitherto ... almost exclusively by the Irish Presbyterian ... sions. The field is wide, and the two Pres... Missions are giving a cordial welcome to th... ish brethren, and allotting them a great di... their own.

The Girls in the Friends' Junior C... Endeavor Society at Traverse City, Mich., ... ganized a band of King's Daughters, which ... the "Sunshine Opportunity Band." Its w... darkened homes and hearts to which it g... to carry the sunshine of God's love. Th... praying as well as a working group of girls.

A Novel Form of Missionary Work ... undertaken by some Christian Endeav... Michigan. They have formed a Christian E... Bicycle Club, and make frequent runs on ... ings of week days into the surrounding co... form new Christian Endeavor societies, or ... help existing ones, and to do other religious ...

The Report of the English Baptist M... Missionary Society is unusually encouraging. The debt of $113,000 with which the year com... extinguished. The total gross receipts ha... $375,000—"the largest income the society h... received, excluding the Centenary Fund." ... new missionaries have been sent out du... year.

A Congregational Church has been ... ized at Walker, Minn., where Evangelist C. ... lows has been laboring. The town is a ... supplies for the Indians and a lumber tow... church now organized is the only Englishes... church within a radius of forty miles. At the ... nition service some of the Council had to ... journey to and fro of four hundred mile... present.

Evangelist H. W. Brown has been Sp... the spring and summer in union evangelistic ... ings in Montana. He labored with success ... conda, Butte, Dillon, Bowlder Valley, Grea... Livingston, Missoula, Philipsburgh, Parr... ton, Kalispel, Deer Lodge, Red Lodge, B... Hozeman. There were a great many conv... the greater number being men. During ... weather the meetings were held in the open.

When Li Hung Chang was in Lond... placed a wreath of flowers on the statue of ... Gordon. It was inscribed, "To the Soldi... Friend of China—a tribute of respect from ... Chang." It is evident that the Chinese st... can forgive and forget. There was a time ... was running for his life over house roofs and ... ing through shrubbery, while Gordon, rev... hand, was searching for him, resolved to sh... the moment he caught sight of him.

From a Report Just Issued by Dr. H. ... Roberts, stated clerk of the Presbyterian Ch... appears that the total number of churches i... against 7,496 last year. The membership is ... an advance of nearly 22,000 during the year ... number of admissions by confession of fa... 94,286. The Sunday School membership ... creased steadily from 883,680 in 1891 to ... The total contributions were $14,159,497, larg... last year by $500,000 and the year bef... $1,500,000.

The Danish Missionary Society Held it... nual meeting recently in Copenhagen. The ... comprises 600 branch societies, with a total ... bership of 20,000. The receipts for the ye... amounted to about $27,500. The first miss... of the society was in Southern India ... however, they have taken up mission work ... Four missionaries are ready to be sent out ... society employs sixteen missionaries. D... tion was discussed whether a third mis... Middle India, should be undertaken.

Dr. Barnardo States that "an Instru... and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich ... destitute child found begging is arrested a... ried to a charitable institution. On his arriv... photographed—dirt, rags, and all. After ... maintained and educated, when he leaves ... stitution to begin life, the photograph is g... him, and he is required to make a solemn ... tion that he will keep it as a reminder of the ... ed state from which he was saved and of the ... ness shown."

Grace Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. ... which we published a picture recently, is a ... edifice, as it is built in instalments. Wo... ceases when the treasury is empty. The unf... end is boarded up and the congregation wo... in the fragment, until money comes in to ... building. The church has five members pr... for Christian work—two in the Gordon T... School, Boston, two in the Union Missionary ... ing Institute, Brooklyn, and one in the Mari... legiate Institute, Marion, N. Y. It also sup... two missionaries in Africa, Rev. Norman W. ... and wife.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Clouds Hide the Eclipse.

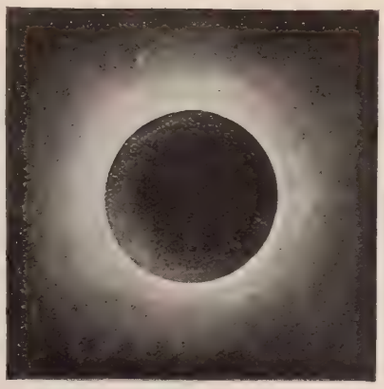
REPORTS now received from the various expeditions sent out from different countries, to observe the solar eclipse of Aug. 9, show that the astronomers were disappointed. The phenomenon was hidden behind clouds, and few of the observers caught any glimpse of it during the two minutes of total obscuration. As will be seen by the accompanying map, the path of the eclipse was through Japan, Siberia, Nova Zembla, and northern Norway. As the moon in its journey around the earth, passes between it and the sun, while the earth is swiftly turning on its own axis and going on its revolution around the sun, the shadow it casts on the earth takes a curved path, about one hundred miles wide, which this year lay as shown in the map. Although the sun is nearly four hundred times the size of the moon, it is completely covered by the moon in a total eclipse, because the moon is so much nearer to us, just as a silver dollar held close to the eye would blot out a landscape. But although the vast mass of the sun is thus covered, there is a mysterious halo visible around it, shining outside of the moon's edge. This luminous envelope as it appeared in the eclipse of April 16, 1893, is shown in the illustration. It is not visible at ordinary times, but it is a magnificent spectacle when the sun is covered. Astronomers are anxious to study it, and before the total eclipse they made elaborate preparations for observing it. Two expeditions, equipped with modern instruments, were sent for the purpose from this country to Japan, one of them led by Prof. D. Todd of Amherst College, and the other by Prof. J. M. Schaeberle of Lick Observatory. British expeditions went to Norway and the Isle of Yezo, Japan. The American expeditions report only partial success, and the British say that no observations of scientific importance were made. At Vadso, in northern Norway, the conditions were exceptionally favorable, if the sky had been clear. The view extended up a fiord to the opposite mountains thirty miles distant. The observers saw the deep purple shadow advance with majesty and sweep over the mountains, and their outlines became invisible. It traveled a mile every two seconds. As it reached the station of observation, the light was no greater than at full moon, but in the distance, the mountains outside the path of the shadow could be descried bathed in the sunlight. At last the darkness lifted and the light came with startling suddenness. It was not that the sun became visible, but when the moon had passed by, the sun illumined the clouds and gave the usual light of a cloudy day. The mystery of the corona and the gigantic streamers will therefore, unless other observers were more successful, have to wait for solution to some future opportunity. It is suggested that perhaps these repeated disappointments may lead some ingenious scientist to find a method of hiding the sun from his instruments and so produce eclipse conditions artificially. Then the corona and streamers may be seen and photographed on any sunny day. It is not easy, however, to so cover the face of the sun when it is shining in its strength. Unhappily what men cannot do with the natural sun, they do only too easily with the Sun of Righteousness:

Your sins have hidden his face from you. (Isa. 59:2.)

Carry Your Identification.

One of the lessons of the recent hot wave is urged by the *New York Herald*. It says that inquiries for missing persons have since then been received from many cities. Among the large number of persons who were prostrated by the heat and were sent to the hospitals where they died, were many who had no means of identification on their persons. The sudden emergency found the hospitals unprepared to deal with so large a number of corpses. They were kept at the morgue for forty-eight hours and were then shipped to Hart's Island for burial in Potter's Field. The majority of these were persons whose hands and dress indicated that they belonged to a class not usually buried there. Probably some of them are the persons for whom inquiry is now being made. The authorities did their utmost to discover the identity in each case, from marks on the clothing or papers in the pockets and in every instance, where any clue was obtained, the friends were notified. But when no such evidence could be found, they had no alternative but to send the body to the Potter's Field. Many families would be deeply mortified at such disposal of their dead and the *Herald* advises all who dread a similar fate to always carry with them their name and address, so that if accident befalls them, their friends may be informed. This may prevent their bodies going to a nameless grave. It is, however, much more important in view of the possibility of sudden death, that precautions be taken to insure their souls going to the abode of eternal life. They who are in Christ may be assured that no mistake can happen about them.

The Lord knoweth them that are his. (II. Tim. 2: 19.)



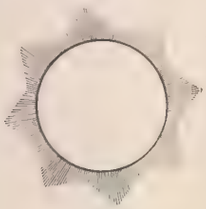


DIAGRAM OF THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Involuntary Journey.

One of the employees of the New Jersey Central Railroad was inspecting the freight cars which had just come into the depot at Jersey City on August 28, when he was startled by hearing a noise in one of the cars. As it was unsealed, he had supposed that it was empty. He opened the doors and, to his astonishment, found four little boys inside. They were badly frightened, but were glad to be released. They said that they lived in Philadelphia. They had been playing in the freight yard there, and had climbed into the empty car for shelter from a shower. They were playing inside when some one came along and banged the doors shut, not knowing of their being there. They kicked the doors and shouted but could not make any one hear. Presently they felt the car in motion, and they became alarmed. The car made occasional stops, some of them so long that the boys in the darkness thought that a whole day passed. The eldest was only thirteen years old, and his companions a year or two younger. The time passed slowly, for they were too frightened to play. At last, the door was opened and the boys learned that they had been prisoners for sixteen hours. They were taken to the police station, and telegrams were sent to their parents. It will be well if from their painful experience they learn a lesson of caution as to the places in which they seek amusement or shelter in later life. They will see many who contemplated merely an hour or two of diversion, entrapped and carried swiftly to their ruin.

Therefore my people are gone into captivity because they have no knowledge. (Isa. 5:12.)

Danger to Rescuers.

A press dispatch from Hazleton, Pa., describes a perilous work of rescue. There had been a fall of coal from the roof of the Coleraine cutting and a laborer had been caught under it. He was completely buried except his head, which alone projected from the debris. His comrades went to his assistance, but the coal was wedged about his shoulders and body so tightly that he could not be drawn out. It was necessary to remove it gently by hand, piece by piece. Willing hands were soon busy at this work when an ominous rumble was heard overhead. The coal in the roof was "working" again. Every man ran for his life. But no coal fell that time. The men returned and, to protect themselves, put up temporary supports to the gradually loosening masses of coal above them. Refreshment was brought to the man who was partially buried in his living grave. He was conscious, but complained of the pressure of the coal on his body. Several times the fall of small pieces of coal drove the rescuers away, but each time they returned, and after ten hours of hard work succeeded in releasing the entombed man. Five minutes after he was taken out, the whole roof, weighing several thousand tons fell on the place where the rescuers had been at work. They had a narrow escape and they knew all the time they were toiling to rescue their comrade that they were in danger of just that calamity. It speaks well for human nature that men will thus venture their lives to save another from death. There ought to be still greater devotion and earnestness to save a soul that is in danger of eternal death, and a sure reward is promised to all who succeed.

Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins. (James 5:20.)

A Reversed Memory.

A singular mental phenomenon is reported in a press dispatch from Portland, Ore. It appears that a young man whose father is very wealthy left that city recently on a pleasure excursion. He was liberally supplied with funds, which he spent freely. He finally went to Chicago, where he indulged in a period of dissipation. One night there, by accident or in a fit of depression, he left the gas in his bed-room turned on unlighted. He was found before life was extinct and the hospital doctors managed to save him from dying. His father was notified and went at once to the Chicago hospital to watch over his recovery. The young man is slowly regaining his strength, but his mental condition is very confused. He is unable to remember anything that has occurred. He cannot recollect even the events of the day immediately preceding; but he has a peculiar faculty of prevision. He mentioned an event as having occurred, describing it minutely which occurred several hours afterwards exactly as he had described it. He also stated that he had received a letter from his mother and narrated its contents, though he had received no such letter. But the next morning's mail brought the letter, the contents of which were precisely as he had stated them. The physicians cannot account for the mental phenomenon and say that it is, so far as they know, unprecedented. Perhaps, if it were more common there would be less difficulty in getting men to attend to the concerns of their souls. If they foresaw the fearful consequences of neglecting them they would better appreciate the offer of salvation.

Lord, make me to know my end and the measure of my days what it is. (Ps. 39: 4.)

A Child in an Ash-barrel.

A New York policeman made a startling discovery a few days ago. He noticed an intoxicated woman walking unsteadily through one of the streets in the upper part of the city. She had an infant in her arms which she was holding as carefully as her condition permitted. The policeman was reluctant to arrest her, as she appeared to be making her way home quietly. About an hour afterwards, as he was patrolling his beat, he heard the cry of a child. Soon he heard the cry again, and this time guided by the sound he crossed the street to where a half-empty ash-barrel stood on the edge of the pavement. Looking in, he saw an infant a few months old. He lifted it from its bed of cinders and refuse and started with it to the station-house. On his way he saw again the intoxicated woman whom he had seen before. She had no baby in her arms this time, and the policeman suspected that the child he had found in the ash-barrel was the one she had been carrying. He arrested her, and she was locked up to get sober, while the infant was placed in the matron's charge. When the woman was arraigned the next morning she admitted the identy of the child, but professed not to remember putting it in the ash-barrel. She was not its mother, but had been hired by the mother to take care of it. She had been shamefully false to her trust. Perhaps no mother would have done so heartless a thing, but there are many parents whose negligence of their duty to their children is infinitely more disastrous, and is, too, a betrayal of trust. To every parent God speaks the words addressed to the mother of Moses.

Take this child and nurse it for me. (Ex. 2:9.)

A Business Disaster.

Much surprise and excitement were caused in New York on August 26, by the closing of the great business house established by the late A. T. Stewart, nearly seventy-three years ago. There are few people in the most distant States who have not heard the fame of Stewart's store, or the story of the poor Irish clerk who started in business with a few hundred dollars of borrowed capital and made a fortune of thirty million dollars with it. The annual return of the business when A.T. Stewart died, was over forty million dollars and an army of two thousand employees was maintained to conduct it. The great merchant had several branches and mills here and across the Atlantic, in which goods were manufactured for the business. The history of the house for fifty-three years was one of continuous growth and prosperity. During the subsequent twenty years it has been one of decadence. The collapse surprised the public, but it had been expected by financiers and by the creditors, who knew that the funds of the house were extremely low and that for some time past it has had a difficulty in meeting its payments. From the statement made by the assignee it would appear that for years past, there has been a constant drain on private resources and that much of the money that A.T. Stewart left behind him has gone in the effort to avert the failure that at last became unavoidable. The great house collapsed at last and is now only a memory. Thus has the wise king's warning been fulfilled:

Riches are not forever and doth the crown endure to every generation? (Prov. 27: 24.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Outdoor Life in Japan.

Picturesquely Dressed Groups in Beautiful Gardens—A Missionary Excursion.

MUCH of the life of the "better class" in Japan is spent out of doors, and in this custom they are heartily joined by resident Europeans and Americans. One of the photographic illustrations on this page shows a party of missionaries on a pleasure excursion to Enoshima and Kamakura. They came thither in two railway cars, and a very pleasant party they were. Japanese railway cars are modeled somewhat after the European pattern, and divided into four classes, charging from four cents a mile down to one cent. The missionaries thought it rather odd to be shut up in the cars and to see neither conductor nor brakeman until they reached their destination. On leaving the train, they were conveyed in *jinrickishas*, to the sea-shore where they gathered curious shells for an hour or more. Enoshima is a picturesque pile of graves, temples, and terraces, with stairways of stone, clumps of bamboo, and wild flowers. Nearby is a large cave which they visited. It is 400 feet long, with a number of connecting passages. At one point the sea rolls in for a considerable distance. There is a temple-like chamber at one end of the cave, and led by a guide and lighted by candles, the missionaries saw themselves surrounded by idols, and shrines of Benten, the Japanese Venus, the goddess of the place. They explored several other passages, paid a few small coins to the native priests who keep the temple, drank of a cool spring that bubbles up in the cave, and again sought the open air. After resting awhile, they again entered the *jinrickishas* and set out for Kamakura, where they viewed the old temples and the colossal idol, Dai Butsu, which has already been described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago.

JAPANESE WOMEN WASHING AND IRONING.

Another photograph presents a glimpse of the domestic side of Japanese life. The Japanese never wear their shoes in the house. They wear in place of a stocking a sort of thick white cloth in the fashion of a gaiter, or perhaps more like a mitten, as it has a separate compartment for the great toe; this is for allowing their sandals to be fastened to their feet. When the weather is muddy, instead of putting on rubbers, the Japanese puts on "rain shoes," which are raised several inches from the ground on a couple of blocks of wood. When the Japanese woman wishes to wash a garment neatly, she always rips it apart, washes it, and then stretches it upon a board to dry. If it has faded, it is often re-dyed, and when it is made up again looks as good as new. One sees this little operation going on quite often when passing through the streets of Japan.

***

What we Should Live for.

It is astonishing to reflect that the vast majority of mankind, through a sad inherited fatuity, are apt to miss the very object in life for which they were created, and for which the Father of us all intended us to pursue. Some live for riches and pleasure, others for fame, still others for ambition, and others again for the gratification of the senses. Apparently there is in some lives no higher motive than the development of the passions, and those qualities that make man a foe to his race and generation, and a beast of prey. There are many, who stand well in the eyes of the world, yet whose lives will not bear the scrutiny of conscience.

Train your children in early youth to live for a right purpose. Tell them that unless they can so direct their acts, their thoughts, and their minds, as to make some portion of their fellow beings happier and better, they will be failures. A flower that gave neither bloom nor perfume, a fruitless orchard, a dry river, a desert mirage, are not greater mockeries of what they should be than a cold, selfish, loveless, worldly heart, which has failed to fulfil its right mission on the earth. It was Dr. Chalmers who wrote these burning words which might well be learned by the young: "Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more? They did not a particle of good and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you have come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be legible on the heart you leave behind."

***

Marketing in Yucatan.

An American lady, recently settled in Yucatan, gives this entertaining description of her efforts at marketing in that country: "When we set up our little household, I looked forward to going to market with the same pleasure that duty had given me in the north, but it resolved itself into a queer adventure. Jose kindly told me it was not the custom for ladies to go to market, but we were not deterred or dismayed, and one fine morning found Mrs. S., Kit, and myself, escorted by Jose, walking the streets to the market.

"By the time we reached the market place we and our followers made quite a procession. The market is in a court between high buildings. Here small tables and bits of straw matting are placed on all sides, and upon these the men and women display their wares. As we approached, every vender shouted prices and names of articles, begging the strange ladies to buy. My breath was fairly taken away, and I appealed to Jose—such a reproachful 'I told you so' look as he gave me! But he laid about him smartly with his hands, pushing back the too curious throng, and managed to gain a pathway for us.

"Vegetables, fruits, and goods of all descriptions were arranged in heaps; here one can find the products of every zone and clime, and all are very cheap. These vendore are sheltered from the intensely hot rays of the sun by crude awnings of cloth or matting. They all are polite, and with their bright smiles they easily gain customers. Under nearly every awning, mixed up with the vegetables or flowers, are fat, round babies, often with their black eyes the only clean spots on them, but sweet and charming for all that. The flower market is the place of enchantment, for the love of flowers is a strong trait of character in these people. Here we saw men and women arranging great bunches of most exquisite blossoms with a delicacy of taste which both delighted and surprised us. And they were so cheap!"

A PICNIC PARTY IN JAPAN.

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Economy in the Home.

These are the days when a prudent and careful mother, appreciating the difficulties and the struggles the father may have to face in the business world, will consider whether some saving cannot be effected in the home expenditures. She will bring her children to love the simplicities rather than the follies and the extravagances of life. Simple pleasures may be less lively, less costly and less enticing it is true; but they leave no hurtful impression. One of the best things we can do for children is to accustom them to a simple life, to fortify them by it, as long as we can, to forewarn them by fear of the dangers attached to costly and foolish indulgences. A mother who does this, and who both in dress, at table, and out of doors, helps to cut off all needless expenditures, will prove a blessing to many a weary overworked husband, and a benefactor to the entire household.

LEAD THE BOY.

OF a loving household band
He's the joy;
Father, may thy guiding hand
Lead the boy.
He's the child of hope and praye
From the wily tempter's snare,
From the depth of dark despair,
Lead the boy.

May the memory of home
Ne'er depart,
Round the fireside altar cling
Loving heart.
In the future years to come
As he wanders far from home
Guard him through life's journey le.
Lead the boy.

And when life is ended here
Safe at last,
Free from earthly strife and sin.
May he pass;
To the higher realms above,
Where, redeemed by thy dear lov
Saved at last our prayers will prov
Lead the boy!

***

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE

FLOWERS as a table decorati are again coming into popularit a leading London journal—*The L ...*, which is regarded as an authority o hat... ters of t... says that h... most n... feature in pr... decoratio... are bas... There is ... ing that u... be more t... ful than ... Louis V... basket wi... illumin... from ,insi... lighting ... mass of b... ful flowe... which it ... orated, an... enormous ... of satin ... by which ... suspended ... the ceil... These b... were for ... set in the ... ners of ... rooms, but ... took up a ... deal of s... and were ... to be drawn ... place by pa... skirts. Su... ded over-... this is av... and the ... is prettier. A master-piece for the table is a combin... of white sweet peas, and the de... feathery white gypsophilum. All de... tions are made low, springing from al... invisible foundations, every leaf and e... bloom asserting its individuality, ... never were orchids more in demand. ... those who cannot afford to invest in th... the long iris intermixed with grasses ... serve. Ribbon bows are not admitte... the table now.

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Mrs. Gladstone's Task.

In a recent article on the Gladstone f... ily, Mr. W. T. Stead gives this attrac... picture of Mrs. Gladstone's devotio... her husband: A famous poet, about ... time of Mr. Gladstone's wedding, wro... poem addressed to Mrs. Gladstone, ... before her marriage was known as ... beautiful Miss Glynne, and in this p... he set before her the task which to ... best of her ability she has performed. ... was her duty, he said, "to soothe, in m... a toil-worn hour, the noble heart wh... thou hast won." This she has perfor... admirably. She was a capital ho... mother, faithful and attentive; an ad... able nurse, who studied her husband ... doctor studies his patient; for all his ph... ical and social needs, she was all t... could be desired. The poet wrote:

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
His star whose light is never dim,
A pole star through the waste to guid...

"Balmy breeze" she was no doubt, ... "singing fountain," too; but it was ... her role to be a pole star to a great care...

...Home Missions.

...gests...ns on the Christian Endeavor Topic ... Week Beginning September 20. ...ials 2 : 1-12.

...VERY generation must depend on the generation preceding it for its enlightenment. It is so in education, in science and in morals, and it is peculiarly so in religion. In this dispensation, God ...ot ...ving nations or classes, but individuals It depends, therefore, ...individual work whether ...ne generation shall be ...er ...d than this, or farther ...hl. If every soul in a ...on...vere regenerated, it ...ld ...necessary to continue ...-...ang labor. Every child ...in the world would be ...eatf effort that he might ...orn again into the Kingdom ...of Christ. It is conceivable ...that whole nation might ...ollders of Christ, and in ...ind...d years it should be a ...on...f worldlings. It is ...equently a matter of in...portance that continued ...effo...be made to evangelize ...the...ew-comers. And the ...ter...is is done the better. ...It ...only easier to convert ...ildhan an adult, but it is ...er. The Christian who ...is ...erted in his youth is ...era...a better and stronger ...ist...than he who is converted ...in maturity. Our hope, ...ind...ed, is in the children. ...En...hildhood and youth ...are...d, the prospect of conversions small and the results ...in...vasion are poor. It follows ...that Home Missionary ...wo...k a more restricted ...se...se than the words generally ...use...d is the most hopeful ...and ...irst productive. The ...mis...ionary work is done ...at ...ome. The mother has ...an...n opportunity and the ...

...exc...o this is the work of ...Sun...ay School teacher. He ...wor...ks in good ground be...fore...th soil is trodden hard, ...or...bore the thorns spring ...to...choke the good seed. ...Her...is comes the work of ...pre...cher. He has to proclaim ...the...e Gospel to those who ...do...not know it, and to persuade...those who do know it ...but...not it. He has the other ...duty...of fostering and develop...ing ...the...egious life in the soul ...whe...e it has been implanted, ...and...all other duties are his ...ear...est business. Any preacher ...who...olives the pulpit without ...sou...nding the way of salvation ...in...his sermon incurs an awful ...pos...ibility. There may ...ha...e been some soul in his ...aud...ience who has that ...one...opportunity, and no other, ...for...making his peace with God. ...Whe...ther some dispensation of ...Pro...idence may ensue before ...ano...her opportunity occurs. ...Ther...e is field of Home Mission...ary ...wor...k work we come to the ...wor...t, which is the meaning ...ear...iest...ly applied to it — the ...exc...use of those who have ...miss...ed the other chances. The message ...of ...life...is to be carried into the lanes and ...stre...ets of the city to the halt and the lame ...and ...the blind. Missionaries are employed ...in ...this duty and their labors are greatly ...ble...sed. But every Christian ought to ...shar...en the labor. In the office and the ...shop...and the place of recreation, there are ...opp...ortunities for Home Missionary effort. ...The ...missionary has the disadvantage of ...bei...ng a stranger to the people he approaches, ...but ...there are some in every community ...whom ...some Christian can approach as a ...frie...nd. In business relations and as a ...neig...hbor he comes in contact with his fellows ...and ...should be concerned for their ...eter...nal welfare. If they are not already ...Chri...stians they become his special charge. ...Ever...y Christian, therefore, ought to be a ...Hom...e Missionary.

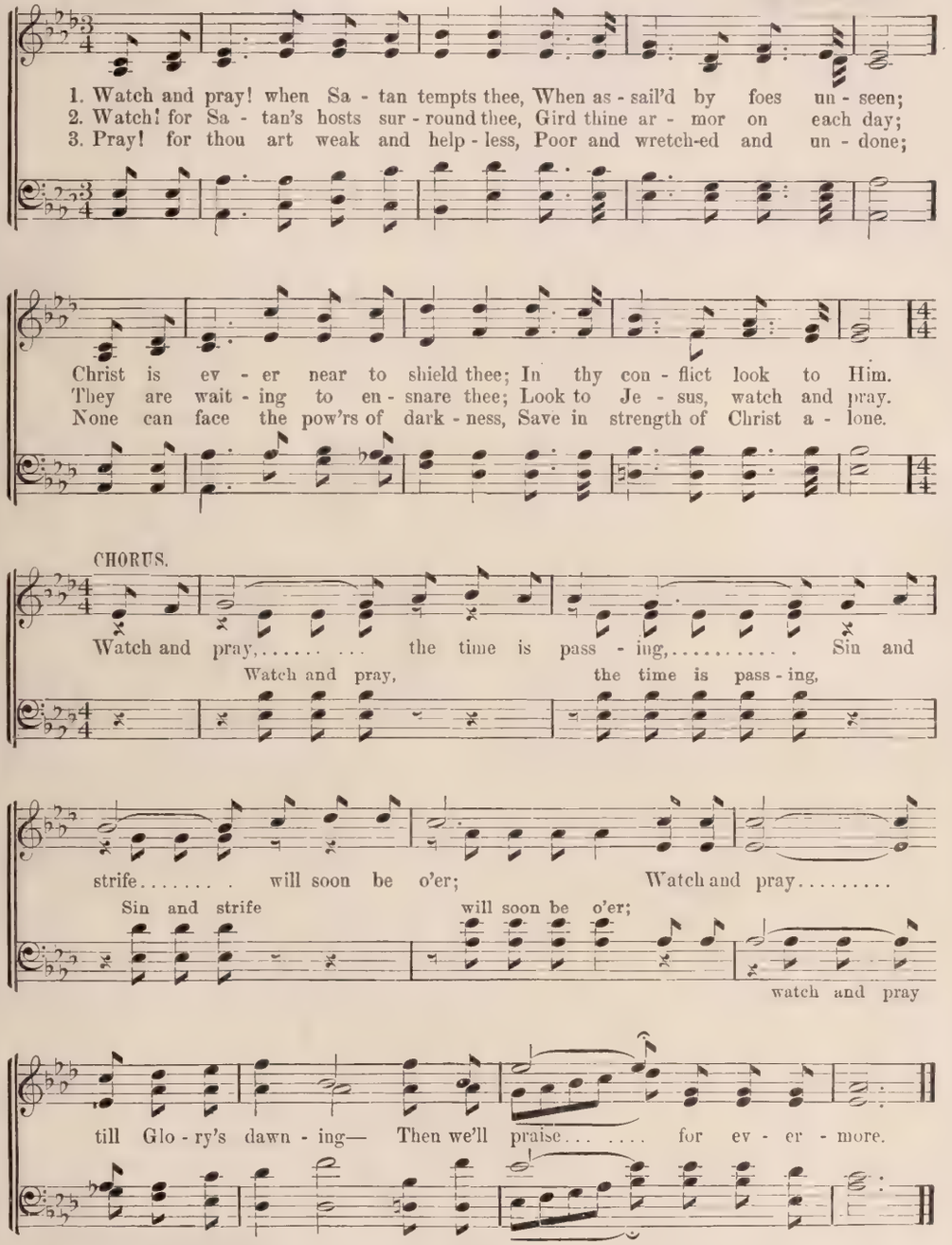
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

WATCH AND PRAY.

"WATCH YE AND PRAY."—*Mark 14 : 38.*

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Far From Home.

FAR from my heavenly home.
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest."

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns
And fain would hither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saint's abode?

God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

—HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

The Cross.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

Trials make the promise sweet:
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

Prophetic Parables.

The Parable of the Tares in its Prophetic Aspect.

BY REV. GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

ONE step farther in the history of the church is presented in the Parable of the Tares. The good seed has been sown, and one-fourth has fallen on good ground. We follow the fortunes of this fourth, the other three-fourths having failed of fruition. The life of even this fourth is not unmixed good. A malignant enemy follows the sower, and, while men are sleeping, scatters tares among the wheat, and then steals away unperceived. The tares used for this evil purpose are still only too well known in Palestine, and so nearly resemble good wheat in their growth, that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from it until the ear begins to ripen, when their fruit becomes black instead of yellow. In due time this proof of the admixture appears, and the servants of the lord of the field inform him of it, and ask if they shall go and pull up the noxious weeds. But he, after explaining that an enemy has done the mischief, tells them that the crops are now so inextricably mingled that they must be left to grow together until the harvest, when the reapers shall separate them, and shall bind the tares in bundles to burn them, and gather the wheat into the garner.

This Parable also is interpreted by the Lord himself. The field is the world, and the enemy the devil: but the meaning of the seed is not the same as in the first Parable; for it no longer signifies doctrines, but persons. "The good seed are the children of the kingdom; and the tares are the children of the wicked one." The latter are those hypocrites who are found to be suitable instruments for developing the deep and treacherous designs of Satan; who, though they know not Christ, will foist themselves among Christians, and make it the business of their lives to spread corruption, either in doctrine or behavior.

Many such men crept into the church even in apostolic times; but it is the history of the second and third centuries which affords the most terrible proof of the Lord's foreknowledge. During that period multitudes of grievous wolves entered stealthily into the fold, not sparing the flock; and many arose speaking perverse things to draw away the disciples after them. Then heresies began to spring up on all sides, heresies of every imaginable form and hue, and resulting in sects which in manifold ways weakened or altogether destroyed the power of the Word of God. The universal Church became corrupt, and has never thrown off the taints of this epoch: to the present day every Christian sect bears traces of them upon its tenets or ritual.

In regard to the harvest, a difficulty has arisen in the minds of many, because the command, "Gather ye together first the tares," seems to imply that Christ will execute judgment upon the wicked before he deals with his Church. It is, however, impossible that such a sequence of events could be intended, or this passage would stand alone, and oppose itself to the general testimony of Scripture.

We may, perhaps, add that a farmer would not be likely to trouble himself about the tares, provided they were carefully picked out of the wheat, until he had safely conveyed the latter to its receptacle.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER VI.

VACATION was over. Carrie Walter went away to a school sixty miles distant, and Milton Seymour returned to his studies at the Academy, his mother having determined to keep him near her for the better supervision of the development of his character. George Browne, too, appeared in his old haunts. It was bad, as he anticipated, to face the ridicule of the boys, but it was far worse to be on ship-board, where he was in the midst of drunkenness and profanity, where he was roughly and often cruelly treated by the sailors. Two letters were received from him in Brookdale, one of them by his mother and the other by his uncle, avowing his penitence and pleading for permission to return. He had evidently suffered much, and had brought down on his own head the chastisement for his faults. Realizing this fact, he was allowed to come back.

Milton was going back to school a changed character. The change began in the penitence which followed his exploit with the Irish boys, which had ended in his falling into the cistern, and it culminated that night in the church when after the funeral of the dead girl, Milton stayed behind with other seekers and gave himself to Christ. His old companions were not long in perceiving the change. Milton was no less companionable than before, but he was more sedate and earnest, and resisted any schemes for fun that seemed likely to involve sin. His attitude on these matters was so well known that his friends, with the fondness boys have for bestowing nicknames, gave him the soubriquet of "Doctor Sobersides," and this name, or its contraction, "Doc," was soon the name by which Milton was generally referred to in the play-ground and on the boys' excursions.

But there were many boyish expeditions in which Milton was not only a member, but the leader. One of these was a swimming party which had been organized in the school. They engaged old Mr. Smithers, the sexton, to drive them a few miles out in a hay-wagon, the object being to enjoy a swim in deep water. The place selected was a mast-yard on the gravelly shore of the stream, outside a village. At the same point a manufacturing establishment had built a wharf, to which was moored a large ship and this was being laden with bark.

"Hallo, Doc. Sobersides, here I go!" A score of bright eyes were suddenly turned towards the yard-arm of a ship, some twenty feet above the surface of the river, where one of the boys, Patterson Green by name, was standing. Putting his hands to his mouth, like a sea-captain, he again hailed to Seymour, and very loudly this time—"Ho! Doc! the top of the morning to you," after which he boldly plunged into the river.

An old Jack tar on the ship noticed the [illegible] and, twirling the quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, said deliberately:

"Well, [illegible] That fellow's got pluck, and he's a reg'lar Jonah, he is. Hope no whale or nuthin' swallers him."

We need not wonder that Green's companions in the swimming party from Brookdale, were startled at seeing him dive from this height into the deep waters below. The other boys were satisfied to [illegible] with less confidence, indulged in a gentle [illegible] which were anchored to the gravelly shore.

The boys were alarmed, and, like a flock of sheep, gathered around Seymour, who [illegible] naked breast, looking anxiously at the spot where Green had disappeared, and, seeing nothing but bubbles arise, wondered whether his friend would ever return alive. But as Pat's red head suddenly popped out of the water, and he called to Seymour, "How is that for high?"

"All right, my boy, except the slang; but rather foolhardy, eh, Green?"

This reproof disgusted Green, who expected approval, if not applause; but Seymour, as the leader of the boys, would not risk his judgment and reputation in commending an act which every one of the party thought dangerous.

The sailors on the ship, did not, however, endorse this sentiment, for one broad-shouldered fellow bawled out, "Three cheers for sorrel top," which were given as only seamen can do, and with a "tiger."

"I say, Pat, did you see the mermaids down there?" asked Morrison Rufe.

"Aye, my lad, and more, too," replied Pat, with a tremulous voice, as he rubbed his shoulder and hastily dressed.

"Tell us all about it," cried the boys. It was finally decided that Pat should relate his adventures at the bottom of the river while they were being driven back to the Seminary.

Green had broken the rules adopted for the excursion; had left the other bathers, and gone outside the bounds marked out by Seymour; and that experienced and wise captain of the hay-wagon told Green privately of his faults, and the risk he ran of breaking his neck.

"All aboard, boys!" cried Smithers, as he drove his old horse and hay-wagon to the end of the wharf. "All aboard; be quick; and trim boat now, as we have a three hours' trip before us."

For some reason the boys seemed indisposed to start for home. A bank of heavy summer clouds overhead, had been changed by the rays of the setting sun from fleecy whiteness to crimson, and the broad river, instead of its usual amber, sparkled in liquid redness, as the clouds reflected their color upon the clear water. How beautiful the river looked; how sublime the clouds; and how fruitful of thought concerning that God, whose holy Word tells us that the rolling clouds are but the dust of his chariot wheels.

The sailors, having finished their day's work and their suppers too, sat looking over the bulwarks of the ship, smoking their pipes, and enjoying a sight not often seen. Every ripple seemed to be crimson, and the heavens above, and water beneath were truly like a river of fire.

"All aboard!" again shouted the driver, and the boys bade good-bye to the sailors and jumped into the wagon, en route for Brookdale. As they started, Seymour lifted his eyes towards the heavens, and sang:

[illegible]
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Smithers drove on silently, but he seemed ill at ease. The boys noticed him visiting every pocket in turn, as if he had lost something.

"I [illegible] what's the matter with the old man," said Pat Green, "he is just like my father. He can't be happy without smoking, and he has nothing with him to smoke. Say, Smithers, what would you give for a cigar?"

The old man looked up ruefully. I have not much to give for anything these days," he said, but my will's good to give a big sum. How I came to be such an ass as to leave my pipe in the stable I don't know."

"Well, Smithers, old boy, you shall smoke. I did not know you'd be cornered like this, but I knew a veteran smoker would never object to a cigar, so I bought one to present to you. It's more welcome than I expected, it appears."

The cigar was passed over. Smithers lighted it and puffed contentedly. The boys began to ask Pat how he had fared in the water, when suddenly there was a puff of smoke, a sharp explosion and Smithers fell backward in the wagon. The cigar Pat had given him was a "trick cigar," in which some gunpowder was concealed. The elder boys went to his help, but the old man was more frightened than hurt. His face was blackened and a little scorched here and there, but otherwise he was unhurt. He climbed back into his seat and drove on surlily.

Every boy in the party professed to think this cigar trick unpardonable, and several declared that it would be only right to pitch Green out of the wagon, but nothing was done and soon all were silent when Seymour spoke:

"I say, boys, I will have to give you a lecture."

"All right," said George Smith, "go ahead."

"No, no," cried Marshall Farras, "let Pat tell us how he felt in the water;" but Pat rubbed his nose, felt himself under disgrace, and kept quiet.

"Well," said Seymour, "we are all students, desiring to receive mental culture to fit us for future usefulness, but I think some of us forget the moral training to which all should be subjected. We have rules for all our studies, but how many know the Golden Rule?"

"What's that? Get all you can, and keep all you get?" asked Brooks.

"No," said Seymour, who became serious, his every word being impressive, "you are wrong. You all know the Scripture Golden Rule, even if you do not follow it. The Lord Jesus Christ, whose follower I am, and in whose cross I glory, gave his disciples, as the sum and substance of all moral action, and an epitome of heavenly wisdom, a rule which is applicable at all times, places and peoples, and which is now called the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them!' That sentiment is the rule of my life, imperfectly as I may observe it. Now, while you all know, I am not opposed to enjoyment or fun, I still say boldly, no matter who is touched by it, that whoever put that powder into that cigar, and endangered this aged man's life, has not only grossly violated the rules which should govern decent people in their intercourse with each other; but he has broken a higher law, even Christ's own commandment in the Golden Rule, inasmuch as none of us would like to have so villainous a trick played on himself. That is the sermon; now apply it."

Pat, who was hurt by the lecture, seemed to be greatly depressed; he rose and said: "I suppose you won't believe me, but I assure you I knew nothing of the trick. I bought the cigar for Smithers, believing it was all right. There was a man standing by the cigar stand who saw me buy it. He asked me if I was a regular smoker and I told him I was not. Then

Continued on next page.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural," said the old soldier [illegible] which were anchored to the gravelly shore. "It's the Confederate Eagle [illegible] we used during the war."

Grand

Results,—blood purified, suffering relieved, strength restored, system built up, nerves strengthened, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to any one who is run down, and has that tired feeling, for it is a sure cure for all it is recommended. I was completely run down. I had the headache and backache, and no appetite at all, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me." E. E. ROBERTSON, 104 Franklin St., Owego, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Running the Gauntlet.

(Continued from preceding page.)

he opened his case and said that I should find one of his cigars better and he would ... it if I liked, so I gave him the cigar I had just bought, and he gave me one of his instead, and that is how I got the cigar. I am innocent of the trick."

"Ugly for you!" cried one of the boys. "Three cheers for Pat Green!" said several other: whereupon Seymour walked below and shook hands with Pat and so peace reigned in the wagon again.

Old Smithers drove on without noticing anybody, and three miles more of indifferent road were to be travelled ovre. It had become quite dark, and the old horse kept along at a slow pace.

"Now, tell us what happened under water," quietly said Seymour, and all drew around, with eyes, ears, and mouths open.

"Well, this story is as hard to believe as the other. I dived straight down and worked my way to the bottom of the river, and grabbed a handful of mussels. I could see clear for half a mile. I saw the wharf, the ship, and plenty of fish. It required an effort to rise, as I came up like a bottle; but as I started I received an awful blow on my thigh, which nearly knocked the breath out of me; and turning around saw a monstrous fish, six or seven feet long, which had hit me with its snout, and then swam after me. I struck out for the top, but it gave me another blow on the back with its tail, just before I reached the surface! I was scared, I tell you, and have made my last dive in deep water. I feel very sore now."

"Big fish story!" said Hill.

"Prove that, if you can!"

"Oh, right!" cried Pat in a half angry tone. "I can prove it;" and throwing off his hat, coat, and vest, and his shirt, he exhibited an ugly bruise as big as a tea saucer. There was a wound, too, on his thigh, and as they were not there when he first entered the water, all voted Green a brave hero. If he had not been swallowed by a whale, he had certainly received the treatment from the head and tail of a sturgeon.

The ferry was reached at last, and all separated in good humor. Milton and George Rowe walked homeward together. The latter was silent for some yards; then, referring to a dispute which had occurred earlier in the day, he said: "Doc, I cannot understand why you didn't thrash Cassellis to-day for calling you a liar."

"Well, in the first place," replied Seymour, "I am not a liar; and, secondly, his saying so will never make me one; and thirdly, to fight about it, and get whipped, or whip him, which ever might happen, would neither prove nor disprove the assertion. On the contrary, it would have engendered bad feelings, stirred up evil passions, and led to hatred and sin. We must love our enemies and do good to those who despitefully use us."

"Bosh, Doc, neither common sense, nor Scripture, nor custom, nor any rule of society, would allow a fellow to be insulted and spit upon," replied Browne.

"I am governed by higher rules than those of honor or society, my dear fellow," replied Milton. "As a Christian, I must try to do as Christ did in all things and to obey his commands. One of the most difficult is his law as to resentment, but I think he likes to have us obey it."

"Well, I remember a time when you did not. You and I had a grand fight once, you know."

"Oh, yes, that was because you objected to my being escort to your cousin, Carrie Well, I should have the same impulse now, but I have learned that I must control my impulses. I should have enjoyed giving that lad a thrashing to-day, but I am glad I did not. I have found out that when one obeys Christ about anything one is happier afterwards, than if one follows one's inclinations."

"Strange doctrine that; I don't understand it, Doc, and couldn't do it," said Browne; and the friends separated.

(To be Continued.)

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Armenian Aid.

WHILE the Armenian Relief work is still progressing, and many natives of that unfortunate country are being helped, both at home and abroad, news comes of an outbreak which may complicate matters and cause increased suffering. An attack was made by revolutionists upon the Ottoman Bank, and that institution—which is the principal banking establishment in the Turkish Empire—was for several hours in the hands of the revolutionists. They were finally dislodged by the police. Then followed a riot in which the Turkish populace, armed with knives and swords, slaughtered a number of innocent Armenians, who had not been invaded, their inmates buthered and the mangled bodies thrown into the streets. According to some reports several thousands of Armenians perished. An official inquiry is now under way, but will probably be fruitless, like other investigations of the same character.

Armenian fugitives continue to arrive in the United States, mostly men, as Turkish vigilance is so strict that very few women and can evade the port and frontier officials. An effort is now being made in New York to found a new Armenian colony in Southern California, and it is believed that several hundred fugitives may be settled there.

Many readers of this paper have responded to our appeal with offers of employment for the exiles not otherwise provided for, and some have already closed with the offers. The men are farm laborers, stablemen, gardeners, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc.

During the week these additional contributions have been received to aid the destitute in Armenia:

Prev. ack'd.	$849,476.75	Friend, Salem	1 00
Geo W Blackmon	1 00	Two Friends, Me	100 00
[illegible]	1 00	Young People's Christian Union	20 00
G O S, Eddyville	3 00	Mrs H G Scoville	1 00
[illegible]	1 00	Friend, Detroit	1 00
[illegible]	1 00	P H F	1 00
A Daughter of the [illegible]	1 00	Mrs Jas Harvey	1 00
S E Fond	5 00	Mrs A A Seely	1 00
Union SS, Ringtown	5 00	Miss Laura E Waterman	3 00
D M Stauffer	1 00	M M, New Haven	1 00
[illegible]	1 00	King's Daughter, Cotawall	5 00
William Deeble	1 00	Mrs L A Bliven	1 00
R A Barrow	1 00	Catharine Brechers [illegible]	15 00
[illegible]	1 00	Mr&Mrs E S Brooks	1 00
L E A, No Woburn	1 00	Miss A M Osborne	1 00
Friend, Nashville	1 00	R A J, Summit	1 00
F H Parcell	5 00	Mrs T McKay	3 00
B D, Pawtucket	1 00	Edith Scott	1 00
[illegible]		Edward Roberts	5 00
Henderson	50	Sympathizer, A S-bury Park	20 00
[illegible]		Pipersville Helping Hands	9 00
Mrs Clara D Maclean	1 00	—, Middleburg	5 00
M B Tillson	5 00	Friends, Milwaukee	75
L A Duncan	5 00	Jane C Rose	1 50
[illegible]		Ada Chaplin Mission Band	10 00
R A R, Whitefield		Dr O W and Emma Jewett	50 00
Esther Martz	1 50	E F, Jersey City	6 00
J F B, Hempstead	5 00	Friend, Durham	50
[illegible]		X Z, Chippewa Falls	2 00
[illegible]		W De Mott	2 00
Subr, Charlottesville	5 00		
[illegible]			
Zion Mennonite [illegible]			
[illegible]			
[illegible]			

Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission prayer was offered on Aug. 23, in accordance with the requests of many persons among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

Home Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Pastor, Greenwich, Conn., asks prayer that the unfaithful wife of a Christian man may speedily be brought to repentance and that God would overrule the trouble to that end.——M. C., that a dear friend who is unsaved may give himself to God and live a true Christian life.——"Sister in Christ," Greentree, Pa., that a sister and her husband who have been sorely bereaved may turn to God in their trouble and find peace in him; also that another sister who is greatly tried may be saved.——E. H., Rosebrook, Va., for the conversion of her brother-in-law and that he may have grace given him to resist temptation.——S. B., Ontario, that a dear friend may be converted to Christ and that he may have strength given him to resist temptation and to overcome his appetites.——S.S.C., Fort Scott, Kan., an aged widow who is deeply concerned for her son's salvation. He is disposed to be skeptical. She begs that prayers may be offered for his conversion.——Reader, Ontario, Cal., for the conversion of three friends who have wandered away from God, that he will graciously bring them to know and love him.——Anxious Mother, Baltimore, Md., that her husband his wife may both give their hearts to God, and may find in Christ the strength they can never gain from their own.——This is a very urgent case owing to the possibility of a domestic tragedy occurring.——His Name, Evanston, Ill., for the salvation of a poor wreck of humanity over whom a fearful doom is impending, that God in his mercy would deliver her.——L.B.W., Camden. ——The conversion of an only son and his wife and children, who have hard thoughts of God and his providential dealings, that they may come to trust him and give themselves entirely to him.——Mamie H., Paterson, N. J., that her mother and sister-in-law might both give their hearts to Christ, and that her sister-in-law might be cured of her love for intoxicating liquor.——Daughter, James Valley, Va., for her mother and father, brother and sister and sister-in-law who all are in need of converting grace, may be led by the Holy Spirit to give their hearts to Christ.——R.L.A., Kingfisher, Okla., for the conversion of her husband and two sons, the younger of whom is addicted to intoxicating drink.——Anxious Mother, Pa., for the conversion of her brother and his family who do not know that they are in need of a Saviour.——M.H.L., Danville, Ill., that her son may be converted and enabled to resist temptation and be kept from bad company; also that a niece who is easily misled and is now in circumstances of strong temptation may be kept from evil by the Holy Spirit and become a child of God.——C.S.H., Gardnerville, Nev., for the conversion of her believing husband and a dear father who is indifferent to Christ and religion, also that a brother who is seeking Christ may find him.——"Prayering Mother," West Chesterfield, N.H., that her dear husband, who is a good moral man but does not realize his need of a Saviour, may be led to look to Christ for a new heart, and be kept from trusting in good works for salvation, also that her child might become a child of God.——"Sister in Christ," Humboldt, Ill., for the conversion of her brother-in-law.

For the Restoration of Health. Father, Hamilton, Ont., that God in his mercy would restore his son, who is afflicted with melancholia.——A. S., Staten Island, that her daughter, who is in a critical condition owing to inability to secure medical attendance in a crisis, may receive healing from the Great Physician.——"Watcher One," Philadelphia, on behalf of a believing mother, that strength may be given her to endure a critical operation, if that may be necessary, and that her life may be spared for the sake of her family.——Anxious Mother, who has been confined to her bed for two years and endured great suffering, that she may be raised up and be able to minister to her young family.——Anxious Mother, for the recovery of a beloved daughter who is very ill.——C. B. M., Melbourne, Fla., that a sister may be healed of a malady which threatens to become malignant.——J. H. B., Oregon, that a friend who is critically ill of a disease that threatens to be fatal may receive healing from Christ.——Striving Christian, Perry, Mich., that a brother who is in very poor health may be restored——Reader, Amsterdam, N. Y., for the recovery of a niece who has been a long time sick.——"Anxious Mother," Juniata, Pa., that a son who is in an asylum for the insane might recover the use of of his reasoning faculties.——"Follower of Jesus," Nash Port, Ohio, for healing from a severe malady.——S. S. C., Fort Scott, Kans., who has suffered a long time from a painful disease that seems to be beyond the reach of medical help, that God would grant her healing.——A. L. L., Trenton, N. J., for the recovery of a mother who is suffering from a severe affliction.——E. H., Rosebrook, Va., for healing for her mother, brother and sister, who are all sick.——Anxious Mother, Baltimore, Md., for the recovery of a precious son who is very ill.——Afflicted Mother, Averett, Va., for the restoration of hearing,

For Special Blessings. "Believer," Glen's Falls, Md., that a family in sore straits through the alienation of relatives, may receive the help they need for their support.——"Reader," Stoddard, Va., that God would open the way for the payment of a debt that threatens to render them homeless.——M. E., South Carolina, that her husband and two sons may live nearer to Christ and lead more useful, Christian lives, also that Christians in her neighborhood may be more united and be enabled to get a house of worship.——C. E. F., Nye, Okla., for wisdom to know and do God's will.——M. J. L., Pa., for forgiveness of past sins, and that evil memories and imaginations may be taken out of the heart, and strength given to cleave to Christ.——S. F., Ill., that God would pardon one who has been a backslider, but is now earnestly seeking restoration, that He will give peace and assurance of salvation.——F. E. A., Mobile, Ala., for grace to live aright and rear her children for Christ.——"Sister," Brooklyn, that her brother may be enabled to get work.——R. L. A., Oklahoma, that her husband and son may be able to get employment so that they may earn an honest livelihood.——"Constant Reader," Greenville, O., that God in his mercy would send suitable weather for the crops, so that the funds needed for use in his service may be obtained.——"In His Name," Evanston, Ill., on behalf of a beloved family, that the young parents may have more forbearance, gentleness and self-control in their family relations, and bring up their children in Christ's service.——R., Baltimore, Md., that an impending calamity may be averted.——"Sister in Christ," Greentree, Pa., that thanks be offered to God for the answer to prayer published in this journal some time ago.——"Anxious Christian," Santa Barbara, Cal., that God will mercifully preserve this nation from the machinations of wicked men, and may cause the Protestant religion to spread throughout the country.——"Reader," Rome, Wis., who has been a backslider, but is earnestly desiring to be restored to God's favor, that God would receive her, and forgive and take away from her heart the evil thoughts and doubts as to his word which are now afflicting her.

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We can form the greatest number of words from the letters in READERS. You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. No proper names. No foreign words. Use any dictionary that is published. Use plurals. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Readers, read, red, sad, ear, ears, dear, etc. These words count. The publishers of WOMAN'S WORK and JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay $2.00 in gold to the person who can make the largest list of words from the letters in the word READERS. $50.00 for the second largest; $20.00 for the third; $10.00 for the fourth, and $10.00 for the fifth and $5.00 each for the next four largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors: price $1 per year. It is necessary for you to enter the contest to send fifty cents silver in stamps for a six-months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 50 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), a seamless dress pattern, illustrated book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, one of the associate editors of the Ladies Home Journal, "Home Dressmaking Made Easy," which tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than October 20, so that the names of successful contestants may be in the November issue published in October. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher 905 Temple Court Building, B 539, New York City.

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THE LIST:—**Prince of Waterloo**, pure white, large compact spike. **Rosea Maxima**, fine pink, very large. **Bouquet de Orange**, rich deep golden yellow. **Princess Royal**, deep scarlet extra large. **Jenny Lind**, blush white, with violet eye. **La Tour de Auvergne**, pure snow white. **Blok sberg**, finest of all light blue Hyacinths. **Sans Souci**, the finest pink Hyacinth in cultivation. **Monarch**, bright crimson, very large spike. **Ne Plus Ultra**, pure waxy white, very large bells. **Lord Wellington**, deep porcelain with blue stripe. **Grand Monarque de France**, beautiful creamy white. **Charles Dickens**, finest bright pink, extra large. **Czar Peter**, finest porcelain blue. **Gertrude**, large compact spike, bright red. **King of the Blues**, dark blue, very large spike. **Queen of Holland**, pure white, elegant. **La Citronelrre**, citron yellow, rich and pure. **Baron Von Thuyll**, pure, white, none better. **Gen'l Pelissier**, deep rich scarlet, none better.

We send 35 Tulips for 5c., 60 Crocus for 5c., 15 Narcissus for 5c. Get our catalogue before you order, it is sent free. **We Can Save You Money on Bulbs, Flowers, Trees, Etc.**

THE GOOD & REESE CO., 41 CHAMPION CITY GREENHOUSES, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH PERFECTLY DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In COMPOUNDING an incomplete DEPILATORY which accidentally spilled on the back of the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was entirely removed. We experimented a few times more and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all poisonous substances and will injure any one using it. It is simply but scientific and will be satisfactory and beneficial to every lady who uses it. It gradually but surely and entirely destroys the hair, leaving the skin soft, white and beautiful. Apply for a few minutes, wash off and the hair disappears as if by magic. It is the only preparation known which will destroy the growth entirely. It is positively harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. Used for a few minutes only, and not repeated often enough to injure the skin. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** After the growth is moved, as directed, with MODENE, it will remove it permanently. The heavy growth on the face, neck or hair on the arms, can be removed in a few minutes, and the roots are destroyed although a hair will be removed as soon as it appears, and almost instantly disappears. Sometimes two applications are necessary. MODENE SCIENTIFICALLY TESTED.

Guaranteed by the most eminent Scientists in America. Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen will find MODENE a most valuable article for shaving. It prevents the growth of the hair forever; prevents the formation of pimples and other impurities of the skin, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find a heavy growth coming on the face, can by the use of MODENE destroy the growth entirely before it becomes coarse. Sold by druggists, perfumers, department stores, hairdressers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by Express or Postoffice Money Order, or Registered Letter. (Can be sent C.O.D. if desired.) Full directions for using in every package. Prepared in two strengths, the same as used by the Scientists in their practice. Please state which strength is wanted. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Correspondence confidential.

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MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.
You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and in 10 minutes time or less. This applies to **Terriff's Perfect Washing Machine** without doubt, we present on trial to any responsible person and will finally sell one machine to every family we furnish. **Agents Wanted.** For circulars, terms and prices write PORTLAND MFG. CO., Box 62 Portland, Mich.

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is the first step in the poultry business and it reached failure with ninety-nine out of every hundred who undertook it. The reason for this was the use of poor incubators. There is but one incubator where success is absolutely guaranteed, and that is the **RELIABLE INCUBATOR**. It is fully warranted to be the product of the latest results of experience. **It has never been beaten in a Show.** It is not like its competitors—it is better. We can't write in your book on poultry, but we will send you our catalogue free. Send for it.

RELIABLE INCUBATOR AND BROODER CO. QUINCY, ILLS.

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The frequent use of a good soap like the Ivory will purify the complexion as no cosmetic can.

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We desire to mail you **free,** a valuable illustrated book prepared at great expense. Simple directions on disinfecting in cases of contagious diseases and in everyday life—sinks, sewers, etc. Send your address.

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TRY IT FREE

for 30 days in your own home and save $10 to $25. No money in advance. $60 Kenwood Machine for . $25.00
$50 Arlington Machine for . $19.50
Standard Singers, $8.00, $11.50, $15.00 and 25 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address in full, CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B-18, Chicago, Ill.

Whatever

details of her dainty attire a lady intends to keep invisible—will be so absolutely, if her gown is fastened with the famous

DeLong Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?

RICHARDSON & DE LONG BROS., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the **CUPID Hairpin.**

5 cents a dozen

for Tea Biscuit

That's all they cost when you make them yourself. This includes the cost of Cleveland's baking powder, the best made.

BANKRUPT SALE! Eries, etc., Columbias, Ramblers, Second-Hd. A. G. WARNER & BRO., 221 Wabash Ave.

So many people are requesting us to continue the following offer on account of the hot weather that we have decided to continue it two months longer, until

NOVEMBER 1st, 1896.

ELEGANT FRUIT-DISH FREE

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past two years know that when the Leonard Mfg. Co. make an offer — it is bound to be a grand bargain, no matter how impossible it may seem. Our name has become a household word over the continent—in fact, is a guarantee of honest goods and square dealing.

Now we will make an offer that will startle you:

This elegant Fruit-Dish (see cut) is strictly high-grade, and has an elaborate design of the latest and most exquisite finish; the bowl is an excellent imitation of cut glass, and the pedestal is triple silver-plated on hard white metal. It stands 14 inches high and is a beautiful ornament for any table or sideboard. The dish would cost you at any jewelry store from $4.00 to $6.00. We offer to send it **free, absolutely free** to any one who will do a little work for us. The work we ask you to do is not hard; it can be done right in your own neighborhood. Simply call on your friends and show them our Elegant World's Fair Souvenir Tea Spoons. Nearly every one you call on will want a set of them. Secure orders for six (6) sets of our souvenir spoons at 99c per set and send us the amount ($5.94), and we will, immediately on receipt, ship the spoons and with it this handsome Fruit or Berry-Dish, as a premium. Remember we charge nothing for the dish. It is entirely free.

Evidences of **good taste** and **refinement** are perhaps better displayed at the table than elsewhere; the linen, silver, china and glassware all indicate the ignorant or educated taste; not always so much from the intrinsic value of the articles (as that only suggests the wealth of the possessor), as from their worth in utility and beauty. **This premium** will be at once recognized for its beauty and uses. The glass portion is an excellent imitation of a piece of cut glass worth about $25.00; it is detachable from the triple-silver-plated pedestal, thus permitting it to be used for other purposes and also making the cleaning a mere pleasure.

The World's Fair Souvenir Teaspoons have been advertised so widely during the last two years that they are well known throughout the land. A set is composed of 6 full size Teaspoons, heavy triple-plated on white metal, with the bowl gold plated both inside and outside. They are not the common washed-over stuff, but are stamped "Leonard Mfg. Co. A. 1," which is a guarantee of reliability and square dealing. Each bowl contains a different building. There are 12 different buildings, as follows:

Set No. 2 comprises the Manufacturers, Horticultural, Woman's, Fisheries, Machinery, and Transportation buildings. Set 3 includes the Administration, Art, Agricultural, Electrical, Mining and Government buildings.

Be sure to specify in your order how many sets of each kind you desire. Sets will not be broken, so do not ask it.

The price at which we sell these spoons (6 for 99c) is so remarkably low that **every housekeeper** can afford to have a set. Remember these spoons are **not** Orange Spoons, nor "After Dinner" Coffee Spoons, but are regular, full size **teaspoons.**

This is such a grand offer that we caution you not to delay getting your orders in at once. Under no circumstances will this offer hold good after November 1st, 1896. It is made only for the summer trade and the time will positively not be extended.

We know you will be delighted with the goods; read what our customers think of them. We receive, unsolicited, hundreds of letters like the following, daily:

LOWELL, Mass., June 15, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: The Souvenir Spoons for Mrs. Emma Brown came to hand this A.M. She is very much pleased with them and particularly so with your promptness. Accept my own thanks. Yours truly,
P. PHILETUS BURNHAM.

Those Souvenir Teaspoons are a grand bargain at 99c. I sent for sets Nos. 2 and 3 and have used them. To say that I am satisfied does not give the right expression. I believe that I am proud of them. I would like to work for Leonard Manufacturing Company and secure some of the prize pieces, but could not act in the capacity of agent, as I seldom go away from home—being very deaf—but when I see anything I want recommended, and have the money to pay for it, I am not afraid to invest.
SALLIE A. FOSTNEY, Farmersville, Montgomery Co., O.

WOODWARD, O. T., March 20, 1896.

Would say that I am more than delighted with my spoons and will try to work for the premium you offer.
MRS. RALL CLARK.

198 HART ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I have received by mail to-day the set of Souvenir Spoons. Am much pleased with them.
MRS. J. M. HEARTH.

PEORIA, Ill, March 18, 1896.

I received the Souvenir Spoons and the Berry Dish. It is very handsome. Please accept my thanks for same.
MRS. J. H. TIMKEN.

If you have never seen these spoons before, send us 99c for a sample set, and when you receive them you will have no trouble in inducing your friends to give you their order. Remember the following points:

(1) The Fruit-Dish is entirely free with every $5.94 order you send us.

(2) Send money by P. O. or Express Money Order, as we do not accept personal checks.

(3) Our References are The First National Bank of Chicago, or any Express Company.

(4) Always address in full

This cut shows exact pattern and about one-half size of spoons.

LEONARD MFG. CO., Dept. G. R., 152-153 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 38.

T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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Our Sister Republic.

Moral, and Religious Condition of the People of Mexico — The Neglected Peasantry — Interesting Types of Humble Life.

MEXICO, says a well-known writer, has inherited the vices of two continents. This, he adds, is especially true of the lower classes of the Mexican people, in whom the Indian blood strives with the Spanish for preponderance. But the truth, as it appears any fair-minded observer while sojourning in that country, is that this condition is to be regarded as rather the misfortune than the fault of the Mexican country. Poor and ignorant, but rarely vicious, the peasant has some of those delightful qualities one sees among the lower class in every country: he has been deprived for generations past of the only opportunities that could have brought him up to the standard of the peasantry of other civilized countries.

Everywhere in Mexico, one encounters the same types he has met in the suburbs of the capital, the same picturesque gypsy cast of feature and picturesque of dress, common to both sexes, the same long, dark, unbending hair, good humor and even politeness.

STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

CARBONEROS OR FUEL VENDORS.

Mexicans have never grown into the habit of taking life seriously. Our photographs do not deal with the Mexican "quality," but with the peasantry. The street scene in which the overladen donkey—probably bound for market—figures so prominently, is a familiar one in Mexico City, where hucksters of fruit, basket-weavers, and other venders seem to compose a considerable part of the population. Many of these hucksters are women, dark-skinned, black-haired, short in stature, but not ungainly nor uncomely, their bright-hued skirts and wraps adding a dash of color to a costume otherwise somewhat dull.

Another character of the same class is the basket peddler, whose skill in preserving the pyramidal position of his stock, which he carries on his back supported by a head-strap, is really remarkable, seeing that he requires little less space to move in than would a load of hay. Still another variation of the same type is found in the *Carbonero* or coal vender, whose staple may either consist of coal, charcoal, or kindling-wood. As may well be imagined, the carbonero's garments do not long preserve a snowy whiteness; yet with the national love of display, he persists in wearing white to the same extent as the *tamale*-seller or the other artists of his class. Representatives of all these scattered industries may be met at the public market-place almost daily. There one sees Indian-looking women in blue cloth gowns and men in greasy-looking jackets, and hats several sizes too high and wide for our ideas of comfort, and all busy selling tortillas, tamales, sweet drinks, and fruits. On the whole, the population looks poor and degraded, and the Indian type seems to strongly predominate over the Spanish. In the City of Mexico, the *lavenderas* or washerwomen are, industrially speaking, a class apart. It is a pretty sight to see some half a hundred or more of them at work together, scouring, scrubbing, and rinsing the piles of linen, until they attain a pearly whiteness. Unlike the laundresses of Nice, whose spacious wash-house is on the banks of a river, the *lavenderas* of Mexico City have a comparatively small stream running through their capacious workshop, where the bare-armed women face each other in two long rows and chat together to lighten their labor. Six, seven, or even eight hours are considered a light day's work, for the Mexicans of the peasant class are strong and willing and inured to toil, although they have not the stamina of the natives of a more northerly clime. As a whole, they are wofully poor and ignorant, and their ambitions are limited by a very narrow horizon, indeed.

Much has been said of the spiritual darkness of Mexico, but when we reflect that it was not unfil 1827 that the first extensive consignment of Bibles entered the country, there is really occasion for surprise that there is so much spiritual enlightenment as is found there. Those Bibles in the Spanish tongue, read by stealth, were the pioneers of the work carried on by brave missionaries and Christian workers who have labored there in recent years. They were circulated at a critical time in Mexican history. After the liberation of the country from the Spanish yoke in 1810 Mexico passed under the domination of a tyranny far more oppressive than Spain had exerted. The Romish ecclesiastics were the only educated class capable of ruling the country. Practically they governed it until the rise of Juarez in 1848, and it was not until 1867, when Juarez became really the President of the Republic, that the grasp of the Romish hierarchy on the vitals of the state loosened. By that time the bulk of the property and wealth of the country had passed into the hands of the priests. Nearly half the real estate in the City of Mexico was owned by the archbishop, while the aggregate income of the priests of all orders was twenty-five million dollars. At this time the government was practically bankrupt. In the struggle under Juarez and Diaz for the liberation of the country and its financial rehabilitation, the patriots had no more formidable foes than the priests. They held the property of the nation and they refused to be taxed or to contribute in any way to the expenses of the government. It is not surprising that, knowing no religion but the Roman Catholic, the petriots of Mexico should have come to regard religion as the enemy of liberty. A

(*Continued on page 675.*)

BASKET-SELLER.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

The Cities Saved.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Zech. 8: 5. . . . . *And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.*

GLIMPSES of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing-press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! People who have had a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its Common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its Mint, and its Girard College. Washington must continue to point to its wondrous Capitoline buildings. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What mean thing have you done there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, Conqueror, hail!

I know there are harms, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are throwing out straw around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will come, so in the dark, winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat, or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, the will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain-makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak, taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through sensual indulgences. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who support the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvements, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empanelling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness. In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the Churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear any of the great queens of song are a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought, at the same time, for all matters practical I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it seem standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the Church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath School children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right on, and, afterward, a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord: let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the o- rious time coming in our cities, and in ne world, hosanna will meet hosanna, nd hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time also of which I speal all the haunts of iniquity and crime nd squalor will be cleansed and will be u- minated. How is it to be done? You y perhaps, by one influence. Perhaps a by another. I will tell you what is y idea, and I know I am right in it: he Gospel of the Son of God is the l agency that will ever accomplish this.

A gentleman in England had a th ri that if the natural forces of wind and o and sunshine and wave were rightly p plied and rightly developed it would r le this whole earth a paradise. In a bo- great genius, and which rushed from p tion to edition, he said: "Fellow-m promise to show the means of creati paradise within ten years, where e thing desirable for human life may be by every man in superabundance wit labor and without pay—where the v face of nature shall be changed int most beautiful farms, and man may in the most magnificent palaces, in a aginable refinements of luxury, and i most delightful gardens—where he accomplish without labor in one year than hitherto could be done in thous of years. From the houses to be buil be afforded the most cultured views can be fancied. From the galleries, the roof, and from the turrets, m seen gardens as far as the eye can see of fruits and flowers, arranged in the beautiful order, with walks, colonn aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, ar theatres, terraces, fountains, sculp works, pavilions, gondolas, places of ular amusement, to lure the eye and f. All this to be done by urging the w the wind, and the sunshine to thei development."

He goes on and gives plates of th chinery by which this work is to be and he says he only needs at the s company in which the shares sha twenty dollars each, and a hundred o hundred thousand shall be raised ju make a specimen community, and this being formed, the world will s- practicability, and very soon two or million dollars can be obtained, and i years the whole earth will be emparad The plan is not so preposterous as s have heard of. But I will take no in that company! I do not believe t will ever be done in that way, by an chanical force, or by any machinery the human mind can put into play. to be done by the Gospel of the S God—the omnipotent machinery of and grace and pardon and salvation. is to emparadise the nations. Archi destroyed a fleet of ships coming u harbor. You know how he did it: lifted a great sun-glass, history tel and when the fleet of ships came u harbor of Syracuse he brought to bea sun-glass, and he focussed the sun's upon those ships. Now the sails are of fire, the masts fall, the vessels Oh, my friends, by the sun-glass o Gospel converging the rays of the S Righteousness upon the sins, the wi- ness of the world, we will make blaze and expire!

In that day of which I speak, do y lieve there will be any mid-night caro Will there be any kicking off fro marble steps of shivering mendic Will there be any unwashed, unfe combed children? Will there be any phemies in the streets? Will there b inebriates staggering past? No. No stores. No lager beer saloons. No leries, where they make the three X' bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. In- struments of ruin and destruction. N pounded forehead. The grandchild that woman who goes down the with a curse, stoned by the boys tha low her, will be the reformers and p thropists and the Christian men a honest merchants of our cities.

Th .what municipal governments, too, w have in all the cities. Some cities e w se than others, but in many of our ies ou just walk down by the city lls id look in at some of the rooms oc- pie by politicians, and see to what a ast, loathsome, ignorant, besotted w y politics is often abandoned. Or ty and around the City Hall picking ir eth, waiting for some emoluments cr bs to fall to their feet, waiting all g, and waiting all night long.

Wi are those wretched women taken fo lrunkenness, and carried up to the rt and put in prison of course? What s: do with the grogshops that make fo rink? Nothing. Who are those en s in jail? One of them stole a shoes. That boy stole a dollar. I snatched a purse. All of them damaging society less than twenty y dollars. But what will you do he gambler who last night robbed ng man of a thousand dollars? . What shall be done with that o breaks through and destroys the f a Christian home, and with an ss and perfidy that beats the of hell, flings a shrinking, shriek- into ruin? Nothing. What will with those who fleeced that young tting him to purloin large sums of from his employer—the young man me to an officer of my church and story, and frantically asked what ld do? Nothing.

we do well to punish small crimes; ave sometimes thought it would be n some of our cities if the officials only turn out from the jails the riminals, the little offenders, ten- esperadoes, and put in their places the monsters of iniquity who drive an span through the streets so that honest men have to leap to of the way of being run over. e damnable schemes that ed Christian men will nes engage in until God e finger of his retribution e collar of their robe of sy and rips it clear to ttom! But all these will be righted. I expect o see the day. I think I the distance the rumbling King's chariot. Not al- n the minority is the of God going to be, or d men going to be. The are going to be filled with ated populations. Three d and sixty bells rang in when one prince was ! but, when righteous- nd peace kiss each other the earth, ten thousand ten thousand bells shall the jubilee. Poverty en- Hunger fed. Crime ed. Ignorance enlighten- ll the cities saved. Is not cause worth working in? you think sometimes it does not t to much! You toil on in your nt spheres, sometimes with great agement. People have no faith, y: "It does not amount to anything; ght as well quit that." Why, when stretched his hand over the Red did not seem to mean anything eally. People came out, I suppose, id, "Aha!" Some of them found hat he wanted to do. He wanted h parted. It did not amount to any- n this stretching out of his hand over a. But, after awhile, the wind blew ght from the east, and the waters r gathered into a glittering pali- n either side, and the billows rear- : God pulled back on their crystal its Wheel into line; O, Israel! march! ar! Pearls crashed under feet. Fly- g ray gathers into rainbow arch of vic- or the conquerors to march under. he of hosts on the beach answering he out of hosts amid sea. And when he st line of Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime, and sin, and wretchedness. "It don't amount to anything," people say. Don't it? God's winds of help will, after awhile, begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we shall be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us, and derided us, and tried to destroy us, will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

A Hindoo Catechist's Work.

Writing from a Madura mission station to the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Perkins gives the following testimony to the efficiency of native laborers: "There was a small congregation in an out-of-the-way place, consisting of about twenty-five people, poor, illiterate and superstitious. We had never been able to send them a catechist, and though for some years numbered among us, they were in a very backward state. At the beginning of this year a catechist was placed among them and a little thatched church built. The change to be observed in the congregation now after nearly a year's work is truly remarkable. The congregation has increased to seventy-five; they have abandoned many of their former habits; no work is done on Sundays, and the services are regularly attended. Though unable to read, and with mental life at a low ebb, it was refreshing and most encouraging to the missionary to hear these, perhaps to some, unpromising-looking people repeat Bible verses and relate Bible stories. A still further evidence of their improvement and earnestness is found in the fact that they have endured no little persecution from their Maravar employers, who are irritated with them because they refuse to work on Sunday. 'If you refuse to work in our fields on Sunday, you can keep out of them on other days," is the order which has been enforced for some months. I do not hesitate to say that the improvement in religious matters and the firmness in adhering to Christian principles are largely the work of an earnest and faithful catechist.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

MEXICAN LAVENDERAS AT WORK.

Our Sister Republic.

(Continued from first page.)

prejudice was thus created which all the efforts of Protestant missionaries have failed to overcome. Besides this, there was a prejudice against the missionaries themselves. Mexico had been under the dominion of Spain and later under that of France, and she dreaded the influence of foreigners, who might bring her again under a foreign yoke. She was proud, too, and resented the idea of being treated as a heathen land to which the United States was sending missionaries. Against these national prejudices the preachers of the Gospel have had to contend, and the wonder is not that they have had no greater success, but that they have had any success at all.

It was in 1854 that the foundations of really effective religious work in Mexico were laid. Melinda Rankin began in that year to send from her seminary at Brownsville, Tex., Bibles and Christian pupils into Mexico. The Bibles, sent a quarter of a century earlier, had been read ahd here and there through the country, were men and women who had learned the truth though only dimly and vaguely. For ten years the workers from Brownsville labored secretly and in constant danger from the malignity of the priests, but in 1864 Diaz had laid his strong hand on the clerical persecutors, and it was safe for Melinda Rankin to enter the country herself. She settled at Monterey, and prosecuted her work with vigor. One year later there was an unexpected and valuable accession to the army of Protestants workers. Francesco Aguilas withdrew from the Romish priesthood and began to preach the Gospel in its purity. In 1869, the Rev. Henry C. Riley arrived in Mexico City and commenced preaching under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union. His scholarship and his perfect command of the Spanish language soon attracted large audiences. The Roman Catholic priests became alarmed, and Manuel Aguas, an able Dominican monk, was called upon to oppose him. Aguas was an enthusiast, and entered on his work with earnestness and alacrity. To prepare himself for a course of sermons which should confute Dr. Riley he studied the tenets of Protestantism. Then a wonderful thing happened. Aguas was converted. Instead of denouncing Dr. Riley and his teaching, he became his most valiant supporter. Together they organized the first Protestant Church in the City of Mexico. In 1872, further help came to the pioneers in the advent of Presbyterian missionaries; the following year the Methodist Episcopal Church sent missionaries, and in 1880 the American Board included Mexico in its field. One year afterwards the Baptist Society sent a representative to aid in evangelizing the country. Thus the earnest and active work of giving the Gospel to our neighboring Republic has a history of only thirty-two years.

The work has been one of difficulty and danger. It has been sealed with the blood of martyrdom. During the excitement which followed the conversion of Aguas, forty Protestants were murdered. Since then one and another secret murder of prominent preachers has been committed or attempted. But the work has never halted. There are now in Mexico ninety centres of evangelistic work; twelve evangelical denominations are working side by side to spread the doctrines of the Cross; the number of congregations gathered is 615, and of these 444 are regularly organized churches. The number of communicants is estimated at 17,000, but there are many others who have accepted Protestantism, but have not avowed themselves.

MEXICAN CHILDREN.

It still costs much to be a Christian in Mexico. The missionaries report many cases of social ostracism and tell of young people, who are Christians at heart, who must pay as the cost of public profession the loss of home, fortune, and friends. That so many pay the cost is a testimony to the power of the Gospel.

Rev. D. S. Johnson, writing recently to the "Church at Home and Abroad," says: I venture to give briefly the story of one witness in Mexico, Bernabe, a graduate of the Girls' Normal School, of Saltillo. About three years ago this girl was sent out from the Saltillo school to Moravia, to establish a Protestant school in a district where were two other schools, a Jesuit and a public school. Nearly all the people were bigoted Catholics. She hired a room, put in some rough benches, and opened her school. Curiosity was excited. Word went to the priests that she was teaching out of a strange book, and when they came to inquire about it, she told them that it was, indeed, a strange book, but a good one, and it had many good stories in it for the children. She did not tell them it was the Bible, and how could they know that it was? for they had never read it. But Bernabe was not a coward. She soon made it known that she was a Protestant. Then they began to persecute her. Six priests appeared in a body and threatened violence unless she gave up the school. She sent a letter to the Governor of the State, telling him the facts, and appealing to him to protect her. He ordered four soldiers to Monclova, who stood guard before the school premises until the priests were overawed.

"At the last annual Mission Meeting in San Luis Potosi, word has come that the authorities of Monclova, where Bernabe had been teaching three years, had determined to abandon both the other schools and unite them with hers, and they offered to pay her the salary of a principal and also that of two assistant teachers whom the missionaries might appoint. Thus everywhere, little by little, the light is getting into Mexico."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

Review of the Quarter.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 27. Golden Text, Prov. 18: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"He Rent His Clothes."

THE name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. 28: 10.) The Lord's name and our name: how diametrically opposed! Glory belongs to the one; shame to the other. Everlasting victory to one; failure and defeat to the other. Holiness and purity to one; sin and corruption to the other. Life to one; death to the other.

Our lessons for the past quarter have been very largely taken from the life of David, the man who is said to have been after God's own heart. (I. Sam. 13: 14.) From his early years the name of our Lord had been great in the life of David. It was by the direction of the Lord, and therefore in his name, and not by any self-assertion that, after the death of Saul, David went up to Hebron, and the men of Judah anointed him King of Judah. And it was also in the blessed name of the Lord, when the elders of Israel recognized his will concerning David, that he accepted from God through them the kingship over all Israel, for he perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people, Israel's sake. (II. Sam. 5: 2, 3, 12.) It is safe to trust in the name of the Lord, and in living out our prayer, "Hallowed be thy name," to leave the care of our name in his hands. By this means, the very honor of God, the certainty that he will be true to himself, is engaged on our behalf.

But that the name of his God might be honored, David, far from seeking to establish his kingdom by strengthening his own cause, and currying favor with his people, made one of the first acts of his reign the bringing up to Jerusalem the ark of God "which is called by the name, even the name of the Lord of hosts that sitteth upon the cherubim" (II. Sam. 6: 2), thus de[illegible] as a servant of the Lord, to glorify, not himself, but Another, and that other, Jehovah the God of Israel. This was worship.

Thus it was that when David went and sat in his house before the Lord, meditating on his goodness, and considering how he might honor his God, and when he conceived the idea of building the temple, God sent Nathan to him with a message in which he said, "I have made thee a great name like unto the name of the great men that are in the earth." (II. Sam. 7: 9). God will make a name for those who renounce their name for his, but those who are touchy, captious, sensitive about their own name, what men say and think about [illegible] knew them will soon know them no more, and those whose praise they have coveted and sought will pass away even as themselves.

It was in his jealousy for the honor of God that David showed, not the kindness of his own heart, but the "kindness of God" to Mephibosheth; he dealt with the useless cripple as God had dealt with him, and thus manifested the name of the Lord, "merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin." (Ex. 34: 6, 7). Again it was in the same holy jealousy for the honor of his God that David, to whom God gave victory after victory over his enemies, attributed none of his success to any military prowess of his own.

And when the man after God's own heart fell into grievous sin, he makes no claim upon God through any of his past obedience and faithfulness. David does not mention one thing in his own favor, he sees that whatever he may have been is all spoiled, and his righteousness cannot be remembered (Ezek. 23: 12, 13), and he falls back utterly on the name, the charter, of his God: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." David was a man who appreciated God, his life in its activity, as well as in the contemplation which we read in his Psalms, was a life of worship, of attributing to God the glory due unto his name: such is a man after his own heart.

In one thing besides his great fall there was a deviation from this clear line of homage to God which ran through his life: it was in regard to his son Absalom. David's earthly affection for his son made him, for the time, disloyal to God. Perhaps there is no temptation so strong for us as parents as to look upon our children as our own. It is this very thing which paralyzes parents in their relations to their children. As long as we accept, in a personal way, either the honor or dishonor which comes to us through our children, we are powerless to bring them to God. Self in us raises a strong barrier between them and God, and we pave the way for a terrible unreality, a religion which exists in them to please us, and which stands between them and real, face to face, knowledge [illegible] with God. And all this is really idolatry: our children are God's redeemed property, they are no more our own than we ourselves are our own.

But this departure of David's was only temporary, with his whole heart he returned to his God, and his late years were spent in making provision for the building of the temple and in educating his son Solomon to be king in his stead, and to build the house of God. And in the end of his life, with a richer fulness than at the beginning, this man of God, the progenitor and type of the Lord Jesus, poured forth a constant stream of praise to God.

KIRJATH JEARIM, THE RESTING PLACE OF THE ARK.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE eleven lessons which fall within the range of this week's review cover the last forty years of David's life. They begin with his accession to the throne of Judah. He is believed to have been at that time thirty years of age. He had passed through a strange preparation for the kingly office. Emerging suddenly from pastoral life, coming from a home in which his father and his elder brothers evidently treated him almost as a child, he enters into the life of a court. Falling under the displeasure of the king he becomes an outlaw, and eventually the captain of a band of outlaws. During some eight or ten years, his life is scarcely worth a day's purchase. This was all the discipline that David underwent to teach him how to reign over a singularly stubborn and sensitive people. It is interesting to observe his success. David brought to his task natural qualities which were of more use than any powers that could have come from education. In those solitary hours in the Bethlehem pastures he had meditated much on God and had formed principles which guided his life, in very different circumstances. A strong, vigorous, prompt man, impatient of injustice and wrongdoing, yet generous and magnanimous, as such men are apt to be, he came to the throne with a consciousness of stewardship and a weighty sense of responsibility. It was remarkable that such a man should have been a poet. But the divine afflatus rested on him in overmastering power. His works, even that he could suffer nobly. His last [illegible] which were the subject of the last [illegible] our eleven lessons, show how clos[illegible] had walked with God, and how e[illegible] his wandering his heart was turne[illegible] ingly to the way he had temporari[illegible] serted. A truly great man, whose p[illegible] is not found in all secular history. [illegible] him the kingdom was extended and i[illegible] of the wars, which were an inevitab[illegible] traction, developed out of the ana[illegible] condition of its earlier stages, into [illegible] tled and civilized national life whic[illegible] gress was continued under Solomon.

THE BROOK KEDRON.

other lessons from his life, are cite[illegible] article on page 683.

He that ruleth his spirit. (Prov. [illegible] In a well-known story, an army o[illegible] represented as searching in every [illegible] for one of the enemy whose face he [illegible] membered. He wanted to kill him [illegible] it had been through his order that t[illegible] friend he had in the world had [illegible] life. On every battlefield he lookec[illegible] ly for that face, resolved to aver[illegible] friend at any cost. The war ceas[illegible] peace was proclaimed. His dead [illegible] mother, traveling for her health, m[illegible] acquaintance of the very man w[illegible] caused the death of her son. In [illegible] her the avenger saw and recogni[illegible] enemy. Even then he determined [illegible] lenge him to a duel and kill him i[illegible] ble. Then came the better and more [illegible] tian feeling. He had a struggle wi[illegible] self which cost him more than a[illegible] battlefield. He won it. He never [illegible] man of his enmity and met him o[illegible] of amity. It was a proof of greatr[illegible]

Thou wilt compass me about wit[illegible] (Ps. 32: 7). The most cheerful pe[illegible] not always the people who have [illegible] the good things of this world. T[illegible] the people who have glad hearts an[illegible] the best of what they have. Tw[illegible] girls were sitting near a brook [illegible] woods. "Listen to that noisy brook[illegible] one; "it scolds and scolds. I [illegible] would keep quiet." "Why, sister, [illegible] scolding, it is singing," said the [illegible] "The leaves are falling from th[illegible] How bare and ugly they look," cr[illegible] first speaker. "Oh, but it is so ple[illegible] gather the leaves," was the repl[illegible] we see more of the blue sky, and [illegible] shines on us better. The other f[illegible] angrily and said, "Your ears ar[illegible] must be made different from mine. [illegible] difference was not in the ears ar[illegible] but in the heart. If the heart is ri[illegible] brook will sing, not scold; the s[illegible] look blue, and through the bare b[illegible] God's love will shine.

Thou hast delivered me . . . thou [illegible] me (II. Samuel 22: 44). Sometime[illegible] who have attained prosperity for[illegible] much they owe to God. A mi[illegible] who had been born a poor boy, an[illegible] money had become his idol, was s[illegible] his house and grounds to a Quake[illegible] genial Friend praised them and sai[illegible] all wonderfully beautiful. "The [illegible] dollar has done it all," said the mill[illegible] "What cannot money do?" The [illegible] looked sadly at him. He said: "Th[illegible] tion reminds me of the people in [illegible] ert. They bowed down to the gol[illegible] and said it was that which brough[illegible] out of Egypt. As it turned out, it h[illegible] them and kept them out of the P[illegible] Land. It would be an awful thin[illegible] gold kept thee out of heaven. Y[illegible] 'What cannot money do?' It ca[illegible] liver thy soul."

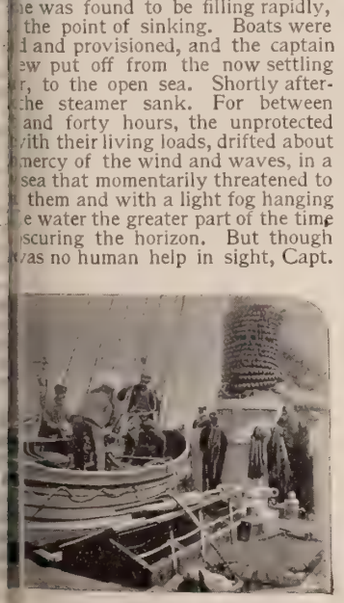
Pryer's Prevailing Power

The Wreck of the Steamer "Moldavia" and the Rescue of her Crew were Results of the "Circassia's" Praying Passenger.

MANY remarkable instances of answered prayer are recorded in the lives of eminent Christians, and the special providences of the Almighty are demonstrated in such a variety of ways that his children are everywhere encouraged to call upon him and to look for divine aid and guidance in all the emergencies of life. The late Pastor Spurgeon, of England; Dr. Cullis, the eminent American philanthropist; George Muller, founder of the Muller Orphanages, near Bristol, England, and many other Christians widely known, have placed on record their wonderful experience of answered prayer. Besides, there is an untold multitude of believers, many of them in the humble walks of life, who can testify to the prevailing power of prayer from their own range of experience and observation, while ever ready to bow to the will of the Lord in all things, feel that they have never moved by the Spirit to plead with earnestness for any blessing which God is disposed ultimately to grant. Missionary records are crowded with the narration of prayer answered in the crises of peril, when life and death hung in the balance.

"STOOD AMAZED."

During the past week, an incident which illustrated the prevailing power of believing prayer, was related to the writer, by one who was a participant in the events described. The 2000-ton steamer *Moldavia* (Captain Burnside), was proceeding from Cardiff to Halifax with coal when she encountered an ice-berg on Aug. 19. The weather was hazy, with a slight fog. The berg was sighted on the port bow, and was so extensive that the vessel found it impossible to clear it, and the engines were put full speed astern. A few minutes later, the ship collided with the great mass of floating ice. An examination was made and it was as first supposed that no damage was done, as no leak could be discovered; but a few hours later she was found to be filling rapidly, and was at the point of sinking. Boats were lowered and provisioned, and the captain and crew put off from the now settling steamer, to the open sea. Shortly after the steamer sank. For between thirty and forty hours, the unprotected boats with their living loads, drifted about at the mercy of the wind and waves, in a heavy sea that momentarily threatened to engulf them and with a light fog hanging over the water the greater part of the time obscuring the horizon. But though there was no human help in sight, Capt.



"THE BOATS WERE HOISTED BY THE DAVITS."

Melville and his crew were not despondent. They clung to the hope of being rescued, and he at least, on one of the boats—a man of prayer, as every sailor like the rest—during those hours of loneliness and misery, prayed long and fervently that help might be directed or sent to the poor, shipwrecked crew. Meanwhile, hundreds of miles away, on another part of the Atlantic, a great ocean steamship was ploughing her way to these shores. She was the *Circassia*, commanded by Captain Boothby. When in mid-ocean she encountered very heavy weather with frequent haze and heavy seas, causing considerable delay through loss of speed. The usual daily run was decreased about seventy miles for several days, and there was no sign of the weather abating. Many of the passengers felt the effects of the storm.

One of the *Circassia's* passengers was a godly woman approaching middle age. For the greater part of her life, she had been engaged in Christian work of a missionary character in New York, and she had long been consecrated to the winning of precious souls for the Master. When the storm began, this lady sought her cabin and she remained below while the rough weather lasted. During that time she felt strangely led to pray for those in peril at sea; not that there was any real danger on the stanch *Circassia*, but it was as though her heart were drawn out toward some shipwrecked crew whom she had implored the Saviour to aid, even as he stilled the storm on Galilee at the prayer of the disciples. Earnestly she prayed, and as the hours wore on, forgetful of all else, she continued "in fervent prayer," until the subject of her petitions became to her mind a veritable reality. At last the impulse to prayer ceased as suddenly and strangely as it had come, and she felt in her heart that her appeal had been effectual. A great burden was lifted off her mind and with a word of deep thankfulness to him who careth for all his children, she rose from her knees. Feeling bright and refreshed, despite her long vigil, she prepared to go on deck.

THE CREW FOR WHOM EFFECTUAL PRAYER WAS MADE.

On reaching the deck, she stood amazed. The last vestige of storm had disappeared, the blue sky was overhead with a bright sun, and there, now only a score or more yards away, was the shipwrecked crew of her prayers! The answer had come when the burden had lifted. Trembling in ever limb, she could only utter in broken syllables, her gratitude to God for this signal deliverance. The *Moldavia's* crew, in three boats were now under the bows, and soon boats and occupants were hoisted by the davit ropes and pulleys to the deck of the great steamer. All were safe and sound, like Paul and his friends who were wrecked off Melita and who all got safely to land, the apostle's believing prayers for their safety having prevailed. Who shall say that the prayer of that godly woman, and that of the helpless sailor, meeting before the throne, had not been answered by him who has promised to hear the prayers of the righteous?

The photographs on this page were made by Mr. Joseph Byron, a passenger on the Circassia, who kindly placed them at the disposal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The rescue was a scene of great excitement and joy. All the men in the three boats were worn out. They had given up using the oars and were continually baling out the water to prevent the boats from sinking. Now all were happily safe, even the dog and cat of the *Moldavia*, both of which were in the boats, being included in the rescue. Sincere prayers were offered for the remarkable deliverance.

Fall Days at Mont-Lawn.

Our Children's Home Still Filled with Tenement Waifs—The Spiritual Work There.

SEPTEMBER, whose cooling breezes have been the signal for the return to town of those multitudes whose means have enabled them to pass the hot summer at mountain resorts or watering places, has thus far brought no cessation to the activities of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Owing to the unprecedented heat of July and August, which was felt so severely by the tenement children, it was decided to keep the Home opened until the latter part of September this year, in order to permit as many little waifs as possible to be benefited by the outing. Up to the first week of the present month, over **two thousand tenement children** had been sheltered, cared for and instructed at the Home during the present season. This great army of little ones, drawn from almost every nationality and representing every conceivable shade and degree of poverty and hardship, has been brought from dingy tenement homes into the sunshine of Christian love in kindness for a little while; yet in these few months the seed has been sown that will doubtless find blossom and fruitage and Christian character in the coming years. Many were orphans, some were afflicted in various ways, and a few like poor hunch-backed, Maggie C.,—"Little Number Five Thousand"—were among those upon whom, even at best, the burden of life must bear heavily, because of permanent infirmities; but to one and all alike, their experience at Mont-Lawn has been like a foretaste of those "sweet fields" of which they sing so joyously in Sunday School in the little chapel. Although they are only ten-day guests, it is astonishing how quickly they learn to love Mont-Lawn and its surroundings: the great shady play ground in front of the Home, with its grassy slopes and venerable trees, the lodge by the gate where they have their play rooms in wet weather, the big barn—a never-failing source of delight—the woods where nuts, berries, wild flowers and birds' nests abound, and the big dining-tent, under which youthful appetites, sharpened by the pure air of the hills, have found keener enjoyment in simple fare than ever did epicures at a costly feast.

More of the patrons of the Home have visited Mont-Lawn this year than ever before, Saturdays and holidays being their favorite days. They have come from near and far, and have always been warmly welcomed both by the managers and our children as well. Some have come on Sundays and joined heartily with the children in their worship, as well as in the simple exercises of the Sunday School. All have been specially pleased to note the splendid discipline of the Home, the happiness of the children, and the visible effects of the moral training they receive at the hands of the missionaries. Many of the visitors have written us expressing their gratification at being among those who have helped to send the neglected waifs to Mont-Lawn, and states that the knowledge that they have brought joy to the darkened lives of some of these poor ones has proved a substantial comfort and a spiritual stimulus as well.

Many very nice packages of clothing have been received by the matron of the Home, and very kind letters accompany them, showing plainly the deep interest the donors take in the little waifs for whom they have prepared them.

Some amusing incidents frequently occur at Mont-Lawn. One day the mother of a couple of the children visited them while in the Home, and at noon-time was so astonished at the order and etiquette observed in the dining-tent that she exclaimed, "Why! me childen will learn manners here—I didn't know as how they could be so perlite!"

One day in chapel, when the subject was "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love," a dear little fellow piped out, "and sisterly love, too." It often proves entertaining to listen to little conversations and discussions these children have among themselves when they think no one is noticing. Going up the Hudson son one afternoon a little girl said to another, "Who put all this water here?" "Why, God did," promptly responded the other. They were leaning over the rail, and as some of the spray dashed in their faces, this little questioner continued: "How did the salt get into it?" and the other replied, rather hesitatingly this time, "God spilled it in, I think."

When a thunder-storm occurred one evening lately, the little girls at the "Annex," knowing that one of their care-takers had gone to the city that day, and that she must be then upon her way home, became quite alarmed for her safety, and one of them suggested that they should all pray for her, and when she walked in safe and sound a few moments later, she was greeted with a small chorus of "Teacher, we prayed for you!"

Among the letters received from our children—those of them who can write—after they have left Mont-Lawn and resumed their old life in the city, are some that demonstrate that the influence of Christian teaching and example has not been lost. One little lad, writing to a caretaker, says:

Please send me all the verses of "A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right," as my father likes it.

A copy of the beautiful hymn has been sent to the boy, as he requests.

We trust that all of our readers who are interested in this far-reaching, benevolent work will aid it to the extent of their ability before the close of the present month. The increased expenditures render this appeal necessary. It is for the sake of the children, who can make no plea for themselves, that we ask our friends to remember them. We wish no child to go back to the city shoeless or ragged this year, if it can be prevented.

The following sums have been received in aid of the work during the week:

Prev ack'd ..	$3,582.27	——, Moore's Mill ..	3 00
H G Meyer.....	1 00	Maggie, May & Mattie, Wellsburg...	1 50
E D Goodrich	10 00	E H Draper	5 00
Mrs E Winch.....	3 00	Mrs Madge Nesbitt.	3 00
I H N, Belle Prarie.	5 00	Mr & Mrs J W Goodhart	3 00
I H N, Clarksdale..	1 00	Mrs Co Easterbrook	1 00
Reader, Chambersburg	1 00	Mrs Margaret Kloch.	1 00
Widow C, Winthrop	1 50	Friend, Saharal.....	6 00
Sarah A Smith.....	10	Chas L Jordan	10 00
Margaret Barmby..	2 00	C Kramer Family ..	1 00
Mrs C Pucket	3 00	W K Weston.....	2 00
Mrs APH, Boothbay	2 50	F E S, Mantua Sta..	1 00
Mrs C P Clement...	50	——, Marblehead...	1 00
Andrew, Savannah.	3 00	L E Spink	3 00
Wm Karstetter....	2 00	Master Friend Schell	3 00
No Name	1 00	Friend, Franklin....	2 00
Mrs V H Field	15 00	Mrs Burnett	1 00
Agnes L Miller.....	1 00	Home Miss'y Com of Y P S C E	1 00
Mrs T J Willlams...	1 50	H O Wiland	5 00
Wm Reid	2 50	Mother & Daughter, Chicago....	1 00
Mrs D A Russell ...	1 00	W R B, Norway....	1 00
Mrs J E Bosworth...	1 00	C H Reader, Oakland	1 25
Anna Simpson.....	3 00	Martina Emnott	10
Subr & wife, Lo'sville	5 00	Marion Emnott.....	10
D A, Stoughton.....	3 00	Annie Smith.....	15
I H N, Saugerties ..	6 50	Augustus Woodruff.	5
Mrs Lizzie Aviett ..	3 00	A M A, Markleville.	3 00
Mrs W J McIntosh...	5 00	Mrs Clarissa Smith.	1 00
Mr & Mrs J H Pryor	3 00	Mrs M R Sanderson	26
——, Charlottesville.	1 00	Mr & Mrs J M Lewis	1 50
Leola McAuley.....	2	Mrs H J Dubb.....	1 00
Mrs E Lobdell.....	5	Mrs S & Daughter...	2 00
Mrs C Barber	10	——, Gasport.....	1 00
Mrs J Emnott.....	25	Mrs J S Thompson .	3 00
Friend, Broad Brook	1 00	Mrs E L Ramsdell .	3 00
Mrs A Newcombe..	50	Mrs M E Conroe ...	1 00
3 Sisters who love the Lord, N Y	20 00	2 Readers, Milton..	5 00
D B Winslow.....	3 00	A B, N J	1 00
——, Norfolk	5 00	Mrs Fred Hum.....	1 00
Marg't Crittenden..	3 00	Mrs F H Richardson.....	1 00
Mrs H B, Montrose	1 00	Ruth Hoag.....	2 10
Mrs A B Hepler....	3 00	Mrs M L Wilson ...	9 00
Mrs J L McCulloch.	3 00	Total.....	$3,817.80
Emma and May, Pottstown	5 00		
——, Falls City	3 00		
K E F, Orange City	3 00		

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

OUR readers will please take notice that the World-Wide Encyclopedia Offer will positively be withdrawn some time this month, just when, it is impossible to say at the time of this writing, but it now looks as though we shall not be able to fill orders very much longer. It would be a wise precaution on the part of such of our friends as contemplate availing themselves of the offer to write us immediately of their intention, that we may arrange to hold a set subject to their order until the end of the month.

G. R. C., Hollidaysburg. Can you tell us the name [illegible] Absalom hanging by the head from the oak and told Joab?

The man was one of David's soldiers, probably a spearman, but his name is nowhere recorded.

Va[illegible], Portland, Me. 1. Were there three walls [illegible]; Jerusalem encircled by three walls, built at different periods and by different persons, and if so were they concentric and how broad on top? 2. How many miles was Nazareth from Jerusalem? 3. Was the route over the [illegible] which Joseph and Mary took, 4. Where [illegible] was by [illegible] 5. What is a burro and how propelled?

1. There have been three great historic walls, the first or "old wall," with sixty towers, is described by Josephus; the second or "middle wall" is also described by the historian in his "Wars of the Jews" and the third or "outer wall" begun by Herod Agrippa about A.D. 43. The fourth or present city wall was built by Suleiman the Magnificent, in 1536-42 A.D., as is attested by inscriptions on different gates. The remains of the three former walls as they were thrown down, were used again. The present wall is two and one-half miles in circumference and from 35 to 40 feet high. 2. It was a "three day's journey" from Jerusalem, a "days' journey" being about 18 miles. 3. There were well-defined roads across plains and through mountain defiles. 4. Asses or camels, probably. 5. A Mexican donkey.

"Baptist Subscriber," Philadelphia, Pa. Is a judg[illegible] necessary if we go to heaven or hell at death?

We presume God thinks it necessary, otherwise he would not have appointed it. In the case of the righteous, it appears to consist in the apportioning of rewards, and in the case of the wicked there will probably be a difference in the degrees of punishment, which will be fixed at the judgment.

"Perplexed," Detroit, Mich. Is a young man justified [illegible] a lady after it has continued a year and a half, but without a formal engagement, if on reconsideration [illegible] he may meet with some one whom he will prefer?

The very fact of your asking such a question implies that an engagement or a marriage would be a mistake. You evidently have not the affection for a lady which is necessary to make the marriage a happy one. But you have acted very improperly in continuing your attentions so long. You may have done her an irreparable injury. The fact should lead you to show the utmost delicacy and consideration in breaking off the friendship. But it is better that the lady bear pain now than to marry you if you cannot give her the love she has a right to expect from her husband.

[illegible] N. Y. What were the spiritual gifts referred to in 1. Cor. 12: 13 and 14?

There is no clear description of them, but we infer from the Apostle's letter that they were [illegible] resulting from the Holy Spirit's influence, similar, but probably less in degree, to the result of the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. The guarded manner in which Paul writes, suggests the doubt whether he was quite sure that all the manifestations were genuine. He certainly disapproved of the spirit of pride which some of the possessors of the gifts displayed. We gather from his remarks that the gifts were in most cases an increase or intensifying of the [illegible] added, in some instances, the gift of speaking in an unknown tongue.

R. E. W., Westminster, Md. In Dr. Talmage's ser[illegible] the angelic world? 3. If so, is there not a [illegible] and not being forever safe? 4. Do you think [illegible] sonally to engage in secular work to make a [illegible]

1, 2 and 3. If we take the words and actions of [illegible] name of children is used by our Lord to express his greatest love. (See Mark 10: 24.) They are uncontaminated by actual contact with the world, and Christ expressly says: "Except ye become as little children," etc., (see Mark 10: 13-16; Matt. 19: 13-15; Luke 18: 15-17; II. Cor. 12: 14; Eph. 6: 1-4; Col. 3: 20, 21.) As to the angelic destiny of children who die in Christ and the ultimate possibilities mentioned in your question, there is no scriptural data or revelation on which to base a conclusion. 4. We think that it is no dishonor to one who is called to the Lord's work to labor with his head and hands to make a living meanwhile. Indeed, it is always well for the Christian worker to do thus. Paul was a tent-maker and supported himself. There are hundreds of earnest Christians doing effective service, who support themselves and families by secular labor, and thus leave themselves free and the spiritual work unburdened. If the work be blessed of God, it will speedily develop and leave no time for secular employment.

M. B., Carlstadt, N. J. Are the common class of Jews responsible for the rejection of Christ?

If you mean the Jews of our day, we reply that they are not, any more than we ourselves are responsible for the crimes that were committed in earlier days in the name of religion by our own ancestors. Nor were the "common people" primarily responsible originally; they were the mere tools of the scribes and the chief priests, who devised and carried out the conspiracy against the Saviour. (See Matt. 26: 3, 14, 47, 57, and Matt. 27: 1, 20, 41, 42, and parallel passages.)

L. T., Pampa, Texas. Will you please tell me where I can spend a little money to do the most good toward bringing souls to Christ? I am a boy and want my life's work to be for God. I have very little money, but God will bless a little as well as a great deal.

In these days of multiplied Christian effort, there are so many good works in hand in different directions, that it is difficult to judge as to their relative deserts. As you probably have a warm interest in boys and girls of your own age, it might be well for you to try to help the faithful Sunday School missionaries in their task of winning the neglected children of the Southwest and West to Christ. Whatever you decide to do, we have no doubt that the Lord will bless, if you do it with your heart.

Reader, Wilson, Kans. 1. If Adam was the first [illegible] living nation 7000 B. C.? Are not the Bible chron[illegible]

1. The chronology which appears on the margin of the Bible is not a portion of the inspired Scripture, but the result of computations by Archbishop Ussher, who lived 1580-[illegible] It has [illegible] disputed by eminent theologians and Bible students, and is not by any means regarded as essential to orthodox belief. The original Scripture itself [illegible] no date whatever for the beginning of the world or the creation of man. 2. Jewish writers describe the ceremony thus: The priest, placing one goat on the right hand and another on the left, took his station by the altar, and cast into the box two pieces of gold exactly similar, one inscribed "for the Lord" and the other "for Azazel" (that term being used to signify the scapegoat). After shaking them he put both hands into the box and took up a lot in each, that in his right hand he put upon the head of the goat on his right and that in his left on the other, and in this manner the fate of each was decided.

Subscriber, Mt. Ayr, Ia. In the Mail Bag of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Sept. 2, Student, New Haven, Conn., says "that he is troubled with doubts as to whether Jesus ever lived." Did he ever consider that every time that he affixes the date to a letter or other document that he witnesses to the fact of Jesus' earthly life? Is it not a tremendous reality that the reckoning of the ages date backward and forward from the life of this same Jesus whose existence some would ignore? What man ever lived whose existence is so often witnessed to?

Reader, Pello, Ia. Can a person use as a safe guide for a moral or Christian life, to follow strictly the true and honest dictates of one's conscience, or to what extent?

No; while it is true that an active conscience can distinguish infallibly between right and wrong, it is equally true that conscience alone is powerless to guide our lives unless divinely controlled. The sinner's conscience shows him the right and the wrong but he is too weak to embrace the one and avoid the other. Thus sin and the flesh are stronger than conscience, and override its judgment, unless conscience be divinely reinforced. With Christ in the heart, the conscience fulfils its true function as a moral guide. There are lives where conscience has been so dulled and seared and abused as to have become practically inop[illegible]

THE EXHIBITION AT NIJNI NOVGOROD, RUSSIA.

See article on opposite page.

erative, and in such cases it can only be kindled into new life by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, which quickens the whole being.

Many will be interested in this note from an Ohio reader of this journal:

MANTUA STATION, O.

In one of Dr. Talmage's sermons last May, he alluded to Ethan Allen. What he said about his daughter's dying was true. His wife was my great-grandmother's sister, and I have often heard my mother speak of things her grandmother said about him. He was very roughand profane, but I believe he was an honest and true soldier.

MISS F. E. STOCKING.

J. Tremper, Indianapolis, Ind. Do not the Buddhists claim for their deity an immaculate birth? What is the Buddha legend?

The Buddhist books say that Prince Siddartha was born immaculately of Queen Maya; that before his birth he dwelt among the gods in Tusita; that he took human form at the earnest request of the gods; that he was born in the Grove of Lumbini at Kapilavastu, under a *Sal* tree, and immediately after birth uttered the words: "I am the chief of the world, I am the supreme, I am the eldest, this is my last birth, no more is there another birth for me." Then came Brahma with all the lesser gods to do him homage. Such in substance is the Buddhist legend.

J. V., Marion, N. Y. Do you agree with a doctrine I have heard preached, namely that there is no ground to hope for the salvation of the children of unbelieving parents, if they die in infancy?

There is abundant ground for hope in such cases, because the fate of the children rests in the hands of God, who does no injustice and who is love. You cannot imagine his punishing children for sins that they did not commit. Christ's remark that "of such are the kingdom of heaven" should convince you that children dying in infancy will not in[illegible] ishment, whatever the condition of th[illegible] ents may have been. God has not se[illegible] take us into his confidence on the sub[illegible] parents who believe in his infinite [illegible] justice will be under no uneasiness [illegible] subject.

Subscriber, Liberal, Mo. How could Chr[illegible] Son of David if he was, as we believ[illegible] have been, the Son of God?

If his mother was descended from [illegible] would according to Jewish custom be [illegible] of as the Son of David, although many [illegible] tions intervened. There is good reaso[illegible] lieving that Mary was one of David's [illegible] ants, and that the genealogy in the thi[illegible] ter of Luke is her's.

L. A. B., Niagara, Ont. Do you think that [illegible] of death is an indication of the soul [illegible] right with God?

Not of itself. Many eminent Christi[illegible] had a dread of death. It is a sign of [illegible] weakness in many cases rather than [illegible] of faith. It is of a kindred nature to t[illegible] a man may feel of an operation in sp[illegible] conviction that the operation is neces[illegible] will be beneficial to him in the end. [illegible] ever, the dread is of meeting God, [illegible] person feeling it, should "examine [illegible] whether he be in the faith." The dre[illegible] be ground for serious doubt as to his [illegible]

Subscriber, London, Ont. Was the com[illegible] Jeremiah (1: 10) accomplished?

The commission, as we understo[illegible] lated to the work Jeremiah was sen[illegible] form in the reproof and instruction of [illegible] ple. The condition of the nation and [illegible] nations to which his words would c[illegible] one in which each branch of his w[illegible] needed. There were not only evils t[illegible] tirpated, but good things to be pla[illegible] fostered.

Inquirer, Change Island, Fla. 1. Why a[illegible] dictory instructions given (Prov. 26: [illegible] the right way to answer fools? 2. W[illegible] did our Lord intend to teach by his [illegible] the Laborers in the Vineyard (Matt. 2[illegible]

1. The passage simply states the [illegible] both ways of dealing with the fool. [illegible] swer is light and frivolous, the ans[illegible] like the questioner. But there is a [illegible] answering which shows the absurd[illegible] mode of argument which is most co[illegible] It is called the *Reductio ad absurdum.* [illegible] lay used the method in his essay on [illegible] Law of Population." He showed tha[illegible] ing to Sadler's principle of calculati[illegible] might be families of over a million [illegible] 2. The Parable appears to have been [illegible] ed by Peter's question at the clos[illegible] previous chapter. It teaches that [illegible] tains the right to reward his servan[illegible] pleases. The man who has labored [illegible] hour, may be a man deserving a f[illegible] pay, if he was willing to work but ha[illegible] opportunity. God takes motive, an[illegible] and intention into account. In his [illegible] none will be defrauded of their just [illegible] some will receive more than they exp[illegible] complaint of those who had wrought [illegible] was like the elder brother's reproa[illegible] father in the Parable of the Prodi[illegible] (Luke 15: 29, 30.) The sixteenth ver[illegible] that there are many who will offer th[illegible] for the Lord's service in response t[illegible] vitation, who will not be accepted [illegible] they come in the wrong spirit, just [illegible] day men go into the ministry to gain [illegible] honor, or a livelihood. They are no[illegible] and will receive no reward.

L. B. E., Bird-in-Hand, Pa. What is the n[illegible] Urim and Thummin mentioned in Ex[illegible] and other places?

No one understands the meanin[illegible] words although many have attempte[illegible] plain them. They evidently refer [illegible] means of communicating the divine [illegible] what they were or how they became [illegible] dium of communication cannot now b[illegible] The theory that has been most gene[illegible] cepted, although it does not meet the [illegible] is that they were two precious ston[illegible] the high priest's breast-plate which [illegible] with light to give an affirmative an[illegible] were dark for a negative. The wor[illegible] light and perfection, in the plural in b[illegible] In cases of doubt or difficulty reco[illegible] had to them and an answer was [illegible] some means now unknown.

M. W. Sowards, Versailles, Ky. The [illegible] Ambassador is Prince Cantacuzène, W[illegible] D. C. —— M. E. C., Haverhill, Mass. Wi[illegible] Librarian, Astor Library, New York. —— [illegible] Didsbury, Can. 1. It means sharp etchings [illegible] reality, partly imagination, just as it is [illegible] author. 3. Certainly she does. 4. Write to [illegible] New York. —Michael Bicard, Mifflinbu[illegible] Address the Secretary, African Inland M[illegible] They are distributed among other chur[illegible] P. Robertson, Oakland, Calf. Write to th[illegible] ry of the Society, Washington, D. C. —H. [illegible] Kelly, La. Presbyterian. —C. L., Long's [illegible] C. Already repeatedly answered in THE [illegible] —Clara V. D., Richfield, O. It would [illegible] much space. See the biographies of [illegible] Hawthorne. —Reader, West Berlin, N[illegible] know of none without it. The main questi[illegible] ready been widely discussed. —Subscr[illegible] Write to Librarian, Astor Library, N. Y. [illegible] A., Norwood, Ia., We believe not. —[illegible] Organ Church, N. C. I. Very likely [illegible] different family. —M. N., Conn. 1. If [illegible] tioned in Scripture. 2. Send your contr[illegible] this journal, and it will be forwarded. [illegible] Franklin, N. H., Yes, that is the correct [illegible] —G. I. S., is requested to send his name [illegible] dress to C. P. Meredith, 1505 Mosher str[illegible] more, Md.

AFTER a week of sight-seeing in and around New York, during which our distinguished Chinese visitor saw nearly every place of leading interest in the metropolis, entertained many per of note in official life, crossed the big e and paid a flying visit to Brooklyn, Hung Chang left his headquarters at Hotel Waldorf for Washington. He behind him many lively recollections s metropolitan sojourn. He had hob ed with the Mayors of New York and klyn and with high naval, military, civic dignitaries: he had met the ident and had also received a deiega of clergymen from the various mis ary boards who presented an address. at address they recalled with grati the various edicts and proclamations he Chinese government for securing safety and well-being of the mission . They expressed profound respect he wisdom and learning of the great ese sages, and also for many distinc features of the Chinese govermental em. They regretted the instances re Chinese immigrants to this country been rudely treated, and declared the ionary attitude toward them to be one incere friendship, pointing to the mis s for men and the refuges for Chinese en that have been established here as ence of the fact. In his reply to this ess, Li Hung Chang gave the most fa ble assurance of China's dship for the missionaries, and he desire of his government to ect them and afford them every ity for their educational and ious work in that country. In tally, he had remarked that Confucianism and Christianity agreed on the Golden Rule, that as far as he could dis r, "there was very little dif ce in the two religions." His ess was significant as the most tive demonstration of China's lute friendliness toward the ionary cause—a new departure h must bring joy to the hearts ll who are engaged in Gospel .

n the morning of his departure, at crowd gathered in front of h Waldorf. Our photographer eeded in securing a capital por of Earl Li at the moment of ring his carriage. He was n to the Pennsylvania Railroad , crossed the Hudson on a new handsome ferry-boat about h he asked a number of curi questions, and boarded a special of the Pennsylvania railroad, imself occupying the private car he Vice-President of the road. Philadelphia he chatted with Cramp, the builder of warships, a few moments. Arrived in hington, he and his party were escort the Arlington, where a suite of rooms in readiness for their reception.

ext morning the Chinese statesmen early and drove around the city, vis the Capitol and viewing the Senate mber and House of Representatives. he Rotunda, he became deeply inter in the historical paintings. He chat leasantly with Librarian Spofford, sat e Capitol portico and admired the view e surrounding country, and especially Washington Monument. He was great mused at observing that a contingent omen bicyclists followed him during a of the forenoon, giving up the chase when Li reached the Chinese Lega two miles out of town, where he took heon with Minister Yang, China's re entative to this country. Afterward, mpany with ex-Secretary Foster, the Viceroy made calls upon the members of the Cabinet now in Washington, and in the evening he attended a banquet given by Mr. Foster in his honor. There was considerable speech-making and Earl Li took occasion to express his gratitude to the American people for their generous reception of himself which he modestly regarded as a compliment to his master, the Emperor. During his remarks he said:

I cannot help, during my brief visit here, to be struck and impressed by the liberty and freedom enjoyed by the people, by the welfare and prosperity in their industrial and commercial pursuits, by the characteristics of their classical, historical, philosophical, and poetical literature, by the manner of application of the scientific discoveries and inventions for promoting the happiness of mankind, and by the display of their artistic taste in the architecture of the public buildings, sculpture, and paintings of historical figures and facts, which my old friend J. W. Foster has been kind enough to show me. These impressions I will carry home, not only as augmentations to my store of knowledge of the fruits of Western modern civilization, but as a means of enlightening the millions I represent, inculcating the introduction of these very means and ends of civilization into China, and amalgamating the oldest civilization of the far East with the most modern of the extreme West.

On the following day, escorted by Secretary Carlisle, Li Hung Chang visited the Treasury Department and inspected the Government's store of cash stowed away in the vaults. The sight of the great wealth in gold, silver and government bonds aroused his keenest interest and brought out many questions concerning financial methods. Altogether the distinguished visitor contrived to crowd into his brief stay at Washington as much sightseeing as could comfortably be arranged and when he departed with his suite for Niagara Falls, took with him a very vivid impression of our "city of magnificent distances." His parting tribute to the American people was thus interpreted:

The three foremost men in history have been Napoleon, the Chinese Emperor Yao and Washington. Napoleon created an empire which was speedily destroyed. Yao created an empire, and then preceeded himself to rule over it. Washington built up a great nation, then stepped aside, leaving others to govern it.

Li has been generous to all who have served him, and wherever he went he invariably left considerable sums of money to be distributed among porters, waiters, and attendants in hotels and elsewhere. To each of the fifty New York Chinese merchants who waited upon him him and presented him with a vase and "loving cup," he gave a silver medal. A number of the gentlemen who showed him attention, were surprised at receiving elegant souvenirs of his visit. In fact, nobody seemed to have been overlooked, and the capacious baggage of the great Earl, like the box of the fairy godmother in the fable, contained something for everybody —some little token of his appreciation of their kindness and courtesy.

From Niagara Falls he went to Toronto, thence to North Bay and on to Vancouver by special train on the Canadian Pacific road, sailing for China on the 14th inst. on the steamer *Empress of India*.

His reception in Canada was a most enthusiastic one, and showed how universal is the appreciation of the great Chinese statesman by the English-speaking peoples of two continents. Those who have been nearest to Li during his visit here, state that to him the most remarkable part of his tour has been his experience in America.

EARL LI ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE ON LEAVING NEW YORK.

LI HUNG CHANG'S DEPARTURE—THE FAREWELL ESCORT AT THE WALDORF.

God's Work in New Orleans.

What a Band of King's Daughters is Doing for the Neglected Boys.

ONE beautiful May morning just eight years ago, a small band of King's Daughters met in the Tstreet Mission Chapel, in New Orleans, La., and organized the "Mission Reading-Room Circle"; their object being to establish a free reading-room for boys and young men. New Orleans has a large and active branch of the Y.M.C.A.; but in this, as in every large city, there is a good-sized contingent of the poorest and roughest class, not reached by this excellent iustitution.

It was to reach this class—the boys and men whose whole lives are spent on the street corners and in whose homes the name of God is unknown except as profanity—that the "Mission Reading-Room Circle" was organized.

The Prytaina street Presbyterian Church (of which most of the band are members), allowed the use of their mission chapel on T street: and also donated a small organ. A "book social" was held which resulted in one hundred and twenty volumes as a nucleus for a library. Thus, with a pleasant, cheerful room, a small collection of books, and some bright papers and magazines, our work was begun. The rooms were opened every night from six to ten. It was a rough crowd that the workers greeted at first, but they were the very class they desired to reach, and the work of reformation progressed slowly. Yet the occasional news which came to us of "street gangs broken up" in the neighborhood; and from the homes, "my boy is kinder to me," made them feel that their labor was not in vain.

After some three years spent in this neighborhood, the mission was moved to 2610 Magazine street. Concerning its later progress Miss Eva D Anderson writes: "We are believers in the 'personal equation' in mission work. On two nights of each week some members of the Circle attend the rooms, spending the entire evening; and by personal talks with the boys strive to show them that we are their friends and desire to help them to live useful and happy lives. They have learned many of the hymns. We have good ular music for them, also, and sometimes make a special evening for them when we can persuade some busy pastor or energetic Christian worker to give them an entertaining and instructive talk, and we always celebrate with them such festive occasions as Christmas and Thanksgiving Day.

During the last year, the record, which is kept nightly, shows an attendance of over 2000 boys and young men, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-five years. Three hundred books have been taken out from the library. Some of our boys belong to the laboring class, carpenters, painters, longshoremen, etc.; the yonnger are cash and newsboys; the rest belong to the idle class found in all great cities. Some of these days we hope to have a building of our own, and extend our work, taking in many branches, such as a coffee-kitchen, employment and relief bureaus, gymnasium, etc. Should anyone desire to aid in this work by sending papers, periodicals, or otherwise, it will be appreciated.

Russia's Industrial Show.

For weeks past, the ancient Russian city of Nijni-Novgorod has been a centre of interest for the subjects of the Czar. In July last, the sixteenth Pan-Russian Industrial and Art Exhibition was publicly opened in the quaint old city by the Emperor and Empress in person, amid the clanging of numerous church bells and very general jubilation. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the city, especially in that part of the suburbs known as the "Fair District" (where the annual trade exhibition or fair is held), was generously decorated. General Baranoff, Governor of the district, and a number of other dignataries and merchants, received the royal visitors. A thanksgiving service was held at the Cathedral of the Transfiguration, and afterward, a special guard, composed of the principal merchants of Niini and Moscow, awaited their majesties at the Exhibition gates.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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An Autumnal Piece.

THE summer is ended, and we shall soon all be invited to attend the Funeral of the Flowers. It was on a long slope which at one side dipped into the warm valleys, and on the other side arose very high into the frosty air, so that on one boundary line lived cactus and orange-blossom and camellia, and on the other resided balsam-pine and Alpine strawberry, and all kinds of growths between, that the Funeral of the Flowers occurred.

Living midway that steep slope of land there was a rose, that in common parlance we called "Giant of Battle." It was red and fiery, looking as if it had stood on fields of carnage where the blood dashed to the lip. It was a hero among flowers. Many of the grasses of the field worshipped it as a god, the mignonette burning incense beneath it, the marigold throwing glittering rays of beauty before it, the mistletoe crawling at its feet. The fame of this Giant of Battle was world-wide, and some said that its ancestors on the father's side had stood on the plains of Waterloo, and on its mother's side at Magenta, and drank themselves drunk on human gore. But children are not to blame for what their ancestors do, and this rose, called Giant of Battle, was universally adored.

But the Giant got sick. Whether it was from the poisonous breath of the Nightshade that had insolently kissed him, or from grief at the loss of a Damask-rose that had first won his heart by her blushes, and then died, we know not; but the Giant of Battle was passing rapidly away. There was great excitement up and down the slopes. A consultation of botanical physicians was called, and Doctor Eglantine came and thrust a thorn for a lancet into the Giant's veins, on the principle that he had too much blood and was apoplectic, and Doctor Balm of Gilead attempted to heal the pain by poultices; but still the Giant grew worse and worse. The Primrose called in the evening to see how the dying hero was, and the Morning Glory stopped before breakfast to see if it could do any good. Every flower or grass that called had a prescription for him that would surely cure. Nectar [illegible] and Honeysuckle proposed sugars, and Myrrh suggested bitters, and Ladies-slipper, having taken off her shoes, said that all the patient wanted was more quiet about the room.

But too much changing of medicine only made the Giant more and more sick, and one afternoon, while sitting up in bed with the cup of honeysuckle to his lips, and with the fan of the South wind fluttering in his face, his head dropped and he died. As the breath went out of him a Clematis that had been overlooking the sad scene, said, "What time is it?" and a cluster of Four-o'clocks answered, "A little past the middle of the afternoon."

The next morning the funeral bells all rang: the Blue-bells and the Canterbury-bells and the Fox-glove-bells and Hare-bells and all flowerdom came to the obsequies of the Giant of Battle. He was laid out on a trellis, and on a catafalque, such as dead monarchs never had, of dahlia and phox and magnolia and geranium and gladiola. There was a great audience of flowers. Solemnity came down upon them. Even the Cock's-comb stopped strutting, and Larkspur ceased her fickleness, and Snap-dragon looked gentle, and Snowdrop seemed to melt, and Bachelor's-button wished it had some one to express its grief to. The Passion-flower came in and threw herself on the pale cheek of the Giant with most ardent demonstration of affection. Amaranth and Hydrangea and Daffodil and Spiderwort and Spirea having come far through the night and dew, stood around with their eyes full of tears.

The funeral services began. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley took part in them. The Star of Bethlehem sang a hymn to the tune of Bonny Doon. A Forget-me-not said a few words of commemoration. Then Heartsease arose for the work of comfort, and read the lesson of the day: "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." And all the bells, Foxglove-bells and Blue-bells and Canterbury-bells and Hare-bells, prolonged the strain through all that day, tolling and tolling out, "No more! no more!" And thus ended the Funeral of the Flowers.

Nature's Gospel.

IT is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small door-yard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden on a memorable occasion. No doubt Christ selected the garden of that country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling Christian. There are many prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find.

Of One Blood.

A DIFFERENCE in climate makes much of the difference in national temper. An American goes to Europe and stays there a long while, and finds his pulse moderating and his temper becoming more calm. The air on this side the ocean is more tonic than on the other side. An American breathes more oxygen than a European. A European coming to America finds a great change taking place in himself. He walks with more rapid strides, and finds his voice becoming keener and shriller. The Englishman who walks London Strand at the rate of three miles an hour, coming to America and residing for a long while here, walks Broadway at the rate of four miles in the hour.

Much of the difference between an American and a European, between an Asiatic and an African, is atmospheric. The lack of the warm sunlight pales the Greenlander. The full dash of the sunlight darkens the negro.

Then ignorance or intelligence makes its impression on the physical organism. In the one case ignorance flattening the skull, as with the Egyptian; in the other case intelligence building up the great dome of the forehead, as with the German. Then the style of god that the nation worships decides how much it shall be elevated or debased; those who worship the cobra become themselves only a superior form of reptile, while those nations that worship the natural sun in the heavens are the noblest style of barbaric people. But whatever be the difference of physiognomy, and whatever the difference of temperament, the physiologist tells us that after careful analysis he finds out that the plasma and the disk in the human blood have the same characteristics; so that if you put twenty men from twenty nationalities abreast in line of battle, and a bullet should fly through the hearts of the twenty men, the blood flowing forth would through analysis prove itself to be same blood in every instance. In other words, the science of the day confirming the truth of the Scriptures, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

Novelet Literature.

IS it right to read novels? I think in that literature the same principles will apply as in all other directions. There are good and bad novels (that, at any rate, is the abstract statement of it); but where the good ones are is somewhat difficult to tell. Printing-presses that in other days would have scorned to publish nefarious books, halt not now at the literary crime, and the most pernicious volumes are pouring out from the finest printing-presses in all this country, and it is high time that every Christian man looked out for himself and for his family. I remember very well when the question was discussed: Is it right and safe to read the writings of Walter Scott? and Christian men put the pen of sharp criticism through some of his novels; but so superior are the most objectionable books that Walter Scott ever wrote to the majority of the novels of this day, that we would be willing to go back and have the novel literature of the day one-half as good as the worst novel Walter Scott ever wrote. Oh, father and mother, look out for the influences that come upon your family through a polluted printing-press.

Hard Knocks.

THE air is prolific of defamation, but the factory of contumely, and billingsgate is a very old factory.

Tell us of any man greatly useful who has not been greatly abused. Crossing the sea, I used to hang over the side of the ocean steamer and watch the strokes of the waves against the ship's cut-water. I noticed when it was foggy and we were making only seven or eight knots an hour, there was little stir in the water, but when it was fair weather, and we went at the rate of four hundred miles a day, the ocean tossed in front of the prow and boiled on either side of us. So just in proportion as a Christian makes headway in Christian enterprise, in that ratio there will be commotion and excited resistance. If nothing be said against you, if you have never been assaulted, if everybody seems pleased with you, you are making little or no progress; you are water-logged. Instead of mastering the waves, the waves master you.

All of you who will do your duty must take a share of this hard treatment. Be not over sensitive. If you see two persons talking in a corner and occasionally looking over toward you, you are apt to be annoyed and think they are talking against you. Let not your mind sit brooding over one small egg of provocation till it is hatched out into a great filthy vulture of unhappiness.

BRIEF NOTES.

Our readers will please take notice th the World-Wide Encyclopedia Offer will pos ely be withdrawn some time this month, jus hen it is impossible to say at the time of thi rit- ing, but it now looks as though we shall t be able to fill orders very much longer. It ould be a wise precaution on the part of such our friends as contemplate availing themse s of the offer, to write us immediately of their ten tion, that we may arrange to hold a set ject to their order until the end of the month.

"Tibet," says a Missionary Contemp ary "is the only country of any large size now ab olutely closed against the Gospel. In all other land s ver- tianity has been preached.

Bishop Potter of New York Evidently ap pre- ciates the vital issues of the present elector paign. He has issued a prayer for God's g ance of the people at this juncture, to be used at di vine cretion of the clergy of the diocese.

Dr. Griffith John, of the London Miss ary Society, reports that he has secured a pie e property for a mission house in the province Hu nan, the first in that Chinese province to be any Protestant missionary society.

Although the Moravians Number only 13,000, they have seventeen mission fields, 3 stations, 1,500 converts under instruction, sion schools with 283 teachers, and 1,708 The annual cost of their work is $250,000.

Rev. D. M. Stearns has Resumed his ly Union Bible Classes. The New York C sembles in the Madison Avenue Presb Church. Mr Stearns has now fifteen other All the contributions are devoted to missions

At a Recent Series of Meetings at Creek Missionary Station, Chatham Co., N. of the ablest sermons was preached by a n was born blind. His quotations of Scripture his general theological knowledge astonis who heard him.

More Bibles have been Sold in Burma the beginning of 1892 than in the previous years. This is due in part to the issuance Judson's version in cheap and portable fo chiefly to the increased desire for the Word among the Burmese.

A Series of Lectures on the Bible are delivered soon in Calcutta, India, by Prof. White, D.D., of the Chicago Bible Institute auditorium capable of holding a thousand has been erected for the lectures by subscri prominent Anglo-Indians.

Rev. H. Loomis, the Agent of the Am Bible Society in Japan, received a letter from the Private Secretary of the Chief Secr the Japanese Cabinet, stating that if he wi send some copies of the Gospel to the distr fering from the earthquake, he would atten distribution.

Indiana Started During the Past Y average of seven new Sunday Schools ever or one for every day in the year. After com ing with twenty-four. In their organizat w State ranks as fourth of those who have Counties, being excelled only by New York Kansas with 39, and Illinois with 38.

Three Churches of Coral Rock hav built during the past year by the islanders sai, Micronesia. These new churches are the place of those destroyed by a hurric years ago. It required the labor of all the on the island for several weeks, and at the tion service the people attended in a body.

Dr. W. H. Leslie, of the Baptist Miss Union, writing from his station on the Congo "Easter time we can train them come the preachers and teachers. The station here an oasis in a great desert, the cool waters o encroaching upon the waste, change it fro derness of sin into a veritable garden of the

The Largest Assemblage of the So Friends ever held in this country, took place ly at Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia meetings continued seven days, and at s them three thousand were in attendance branches of Quakers holding the meetings w commonly known as "Hicksite," a title they dislike.

Rev. M. B. Nikambe, the Hindu Pres ian Minister of Bombay and his wife, who visiting this country, have recently spent weeks in Chicago, where they have delive eral addresses on the progress of missions i While at Northfield, during the late Convent and Mrs. Nikambe were very cordially rece two occasions by the great gathering, before they spoke on India's Gospel growth.

Six Missionaries of the United Presby Church, recently sailed for Old Calabar, in Guinea, West Africa, two returning after and four who have gone out for the first ti latter include Dr. S. P. Cowan, who goes medical missionary, after a most distin courses as a student. The natives of that dis making excellent progress, and their civiliz due in large degree to the efforts of the United Presbyterian Churches missionaries.

The National Woman's Christian Te ance Union has issued a call for a day of pr preparatory to the annual meeting which take place Nov. 13-18 at St. Louis, Mo. The day of prayer is Wednesday, Oct. 26. Arrangements are to be made for three meetings. The respective hours are: Waiting for the Spirit, Prayer for the Empowerment for Service. Request is made that prayer be offered for the removal of selfishness, self-seeking, pride, misunderstanding, and friction.

Commander Charles O'Neil, of the United States Navy, has written a manly letter to the New York *Herald* in reply to the cruel aspersions on American missionaries in Turkey, uttered by Peter MacQueen, of West Somerville, Mass. He says that during the past year he has met more than fifty of the missionaries in Turkey, and regards it "as a duty and a privilege to testify to the high character of our countrymen and countrywomen engaged in the Turkish Mission." He says: "I heard nothing except good of them from Turkish officials and people, most of them Mohammedans, not in sympathy with the religion of the people, but who were honest enough to say that the individuals they commanded their respect." This testimony from the honest sailor ought to help us weigh the unkind words of the clerical critic.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Cretan Conflicts.

IS the trouble in Crete amicably adjusted? The best-informed people do not know what to think. The concessions made to the insurgents by the Sultan of Turkey include the removal of the causes of discontent, and on the surface there would appear no valid reason for continuing the revolution. The Sultan agrees to appoint a Christian governor of the island; to organize a foreign police and to intrust the administration of it to foreign judges. These changes, are to be carried out under the supervision of the foreign consuls. Public opinion naturally asks what more the Cretan Christians can wish. The Christian powers cannot refuse these concessions without putting themselves in the position of appearing unreasonable. But it would probably have been better for Crete if the Sultan had persisted in his original refusal to grant reforms. Then the revolution would have gone on and might have ended either in the independence of Crete or its annexation to Greece. When in the spring of 1895 the sixty thousand Christians of Crete met and organized the committee for the pacification of the island they confidently hoped that the movement would end in the complete deliverance of the island from Turkish control. There was no expectation that the Sultan would grant their demands. He did refuse them as they expected, and sent a force to suppress the movement. But the Christians defended themselves so valiantly that the Turkish troops were continuously defeated in every encounter. The Christians were strong in the mountain districts, where their knowledge of the country compensated for their deficiency in numbers. The Turks stood on the defensive and the Sultan was helpless. If he could have pursued the barbarous methods he adopted in Armenia, he could have speedily crushed the insurrection; but he dared not do it in Crete, with all Europe looking on. He acted in Armenia. Besides, the Christian people of Greece sympathized with the insurgents and, in spite of the opposition of the Greek government, which did not wish to embroil itself with a powerful neighbor, they sent assistance in men, money and arms. Pressure, too, was applied to the Sultan by the foreign powers. He yielded and has practically granted all that was asked of him. But however the Christian deputies may do, the people are not disposed to trust the Sultan. They know that when they have given up their arms and are helpless, the Sultan may withdraw his concessions, as he did in Armenia after the Berlin Congress, and perhaps he may choose for doing so a time when the attention of the European governments is occupied with some absorbing question. The Cretans desire to be free, and not to have their liberties dependent on a man who has proved himself utterly vile and unscrupulous and cruel as a demon. They know that it is not safe to trust the promises which are made to them, because the Turks are like those of whom the Apostle wrote:

While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption. II. Peter 2: 19.

CRETANS HOLDING THE HEIGHTS NEAR CANEA AGAINST THE TURKS.

Gold by Roentgen Rays.

The remarkable recovery of a jewel through the use of the Roentgen light is reported in a European journal. It appears that a lady was taken to see the wonderful new light and was invited to make a test of it. She submitted her pocket-book to be photographed under the rays, and when the print was handed to her the coins within were clearly shown through the leather. As she counted the discs and compared them with the coins she noticed in the photograph a small black mark. It was too small to be a coin, but it was evidently something more solid than leather. There was nothing in the pocket-book when she emptied it that could have caused the mark in the photograph, but pressing it firmly, something solid was felt. It was something between the leather linings of the pocket-book. When they were separated it was easily found. It was a ruby which had once been in a ring that the lady wore. It had disappeared from the setting some time before and had been carefully sought for, but in vain. Evidently it had dropped from the ring into the pocket-book when she was taking money out of it, and had worked its way between the linings. The gem was valuable and its recovery by the photograph was very gratifying to the owner. If the pocket-book had not been brought into the light of the Roentgen rays the precious gem might never have been found. The search for it had been given up as hopeless after all ordinary means of quest had been tried without success, and the lady would in time have reconciled herself to the loss; yet as the event proved, it was not lost beyond recovery. It has been so with many precious souls. Men, judging by the light of reason thought of them as beyond salvation, but in God's light they have been revealed, and he has said of them:

They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels. Mal. 3: 17.

Hoist by his own Petard.

A man was caught by his own trap recently in a village on Long Island. He is in business in New York, but spends his leisure time at his home in the village, where he has a beautiful garden. He has been at some pains to cultivate some grapevines, and takes a good deal of pride in the fine grapes he has raised. He has been much annoyed of late by the depredations of the boys who entered the garden at night and carried off the grapes. He put up warning notices and raised the walls, but still he lost his grapes. Finally he resorted to the device of spring-guns. Several guns were placed in the grass at a low angle, and wires were attached to them in connection with small boards, so that if any one put his foot on one of the boards it pressed a spring and fired the gun attached to it. He thought that would punish the thief without killing him. His mind was full of business matters as he came home that evening, and he forgot all about the spring-guns. Passing through the grounds he stepped on one of the boards and instantly received the contents of a gun in the calf of his leg. The device was undoubtedly successful, but at the moment he did not feel so much gratification as he did pain. He managed to crawl to the house with some difficulty, and sent a servant for the nearest doctor, who extracted the bullet and bound up the wound. Perhaps now that he has suffered, he may bethink himself that the punishment of shooting was a little out of proportion to the offence of the boys. Men have to learn the philosophy of the Golden Rule sometimes in that way. There seems to be a law of retribution against plotters of mischief, especially against plotters who have not the provocation that this man had. People who plot against the innocent should remember the warning of the Psalmist:

He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. (Ps. 7:16.)

The Wine Spoiled.

A lawsuit has attracted public interest in France through the incidental discovery of a scientific fact to which it led. A wealthy retired merchant was the plaintiff. He testified that he had purchased from a wine merchant a cask of wine, having previously been supplied with samples of various casks, from which to choose the one that suited his palate. The cask was sent to his house and was drawn off and bottled. But when a bottle of it was put on the table, sometime afterward and the merchant drank some of it, he noticed a strange unpleasant taste in it that the sample which he had selected did not have. Other bottles were opened and the wine in each had the disagreeable flavor. He immediately complained to the firm and charged them with sending a different and inferior wine to the one he had chosen. Eventually, he sued them in court and brought some of the wine to be tested at the trial. One bottle of it was handed to a chemist for analysis. He noticed that the bottle was opaque, and he asked for a bottle that had not been used. One was sent to him and he saw that it was transparent. The cause of the change in the wine was at once apparent. The glass in the bottles had lost some of its lime, potash, and soda, which had passed into solution and impregnated the wine. It appears that people who drink wine need to be careful not only as to the quality of the wine, but as to the bottles in which it is contained. A like care is enjoined by the Apostle as to the body, lest its appetites and passions grow uncontrollable, and the soul which should be seeking after God and holiness become enslaved, and find its delights in the gratification of the senses. As the glass of the bottles communicated its constituents to the wine and spoiled its flavor, so may the body contaminate the soul that is in it:

Let not sin therefore reign in your body that ye should obey it. Rom. 6: 12.

From Tree to Newspaper.

A scientific journal records an astonishing feat of rapid transformation of material by mechanical process. It states that in order to ascertain the shortest time required to convert the wood of a standing tree into paper, and the latter into a journal ready for delivery, the experiment has been made at Ebenthal by Menzel & Co., paper and wood pulp manufacturers. For this purpose three trees were felled in a near-by forest at 7:35 A.M. and carried to the manufactory, where they were cut into pieces twelve inches in length, these being at once stripped of bark and split, and raised by an elevator to the defibrators of the works. The wood pulp produced by these machines was then put into a vat, where it was mixed with the necessary accompaniments, and, this process finished, the liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine. At 9:34 in the morning the first sheet of paper was finished, the entire manufacture having thus consumed two hours, lacking one minute. The owners of the establishment then took a few of the sheets to the presses of a printing office, and at 10 o'clock a copy of the printed journal was in the hands of the party — only two hours and twenty-five minutes having been consumed in converting the wood of a standing tree into a journal ready for delivery. To an earlier generation it would have seemed incredible that in so short a time a living tree could have been converted into a bearer of news. But the time is to come when moved by the Spirit a better message is to be borne by the trees:

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord. 1 Chron. 16: 33.

A Domestic Volcano.

A press dispatch from Portland, Oregon, reports the thrilling experience of a party of tourists who recently ascended Mount Hood. The mountain is near the northern border of Oregon, about seventy-five miles east of Portland. It is said to be about twelve thousand feet high, and is reputed to be an extinct volcano. The party who made the ascent consisted of twenty-one persons, among whom were several ladies. They spent some time at the summit and were leisurely descending when they came to a crevasse about four feet wide. About half the party had crossed the crevasse when there was a loud, angry roar like distant thunder or the discharge of artillery. The mountain seemed to quiver, and looking up toward the summit, the party saw a column of thick smoke suddenly rise from the towering height above them. A few moments later, the air was thick with a falling torrent of ashes, pebbles and fragments of rock descending from a height. One lady was struck by a large boulder which prostrated her and rolled her into the crevasse. The eruption lasted several minutes, and then all was quiet. One of the guides immediately went to the rescue of the injured lady, stepping carefully down the sides of the crevasse. He found her at the bottom, lying under a heap of stones and quite unconscious. He fastened a rope around her and she was drawn up. She was badly bruised but still alive, and when brought to the surface she recovered consciousness. The party hurried away as quickly as possible, not knowing how soon there might be another eruption. The scene was awe-inspiring in the extreme, and their utter helplessness on the quivering mountain in the midst of that shower of stones made every one afraid. The last scene of this dispensation is to be one of similar but universal panic. Then men will fly in terror to any kind of shelter.

For fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. Isa. 2:21.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Wonders of the Yellowstone.

Nature's Fairyland at Our Doors—Scenery Unrivalled by that of Other Lands.

"WHEN the wonders of Yellowstone Park are better known," said a traveler to the writer recently," our people will not be so eager to go abroad to see grandly picturesque scenery. From Sitka to New Mexico, our whole western possessions are a succession of natural wonders and magnificent surprises. To the north the glaciers and the higher mountain peaks are worth a year's travel to see. But the greatest of all sights is the Yellowstone, whose canon is, I think, the most awe-inspiring and uplifting scene of natural grandeur on earth." This enthusiastic observation might be regarded as exaggerated were it not fairly borne out by all who have ever visited the Yellowstone Park. That great public reservation, once part of the State of Wyoming, belongs to the general Government and is protected and cared for by the nation. One of the finest and most attractive scenes in the Park is the Mammoth Hot Springs (shown in the photograph). These springs, as Dr. Field has recently described them, are the overflow of mineral substances that have been dissolved in the boiling caldron under the earth and forced upward through the fissures of the rocks to be cooled in the upper air. At times the rocks over which their bubbling waters fall seem to glisten with all the colors of the rainbow. The crystalization of the mineral waters thus ejected through long ages, has formed natural terraces of great beauty, similar in many respects to the rocky terraces formed by the great Australian geysers, some of which were visited by Dr. Talmage during his recent tour of the world.

There are a thousand other natural beauties, besides the Hot Springs, to be seen by the visitor to the Yellowstone. Should he be new to the ground, he will need the aid of a guide, for in this vast park—sixty-five miles long by fifty-five wide—it is not a difficult matter to lose one's bearings. He will be constrained to visit the Fountain Geysers—a whole field of bubbling springs. The Lower Geyser Basin is another field for exploration. Such [illegible] "Hell's Half Acre," Fire-hole River, the Castle, and "Old Faithful," applied to certain springs and localities give some indication of the character of the sights to be witnessed. But the greatest admiration must be reserved for the grand Canon itself—a tremendous gorge among rocky, pine-clad heights between which flows the swift Yellowstone River, rushing to a series of falls that are incomparable, as viewed with the grand [illegible] of a great artist.

A week in this greatest of Parks—it can be pretty thoroughly seen in that time—will [illegible] reflections. It is an experience not to be forgotten.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK—AN INDIAN GUIDE.

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The Real Mary and Her Lamb.

Thousands upon thousands of children have put the questions to puzzled parents: Who was Mary and was there really a little lamb? In a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Companion*, Mother Stacy tells the true story of the of famous household poem. On a recent trip, she writes: "I found my neighbor on the steamer to be a Miss Sawyer, a very pleasant, intelligent lady, from Somerville, Massachusetts. In the course of our chats she informed me that she was the niece of Mary, the owner of the pet lamb of school-book fame. The heroine's name was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer. She was born in Sterling, a pretty farming community in Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 22, 1806. When a little mite of a girl, her father, who was a farmer, brought to the house one day a poor little lamb, almost dead. Mary asked her father if she might have it and he gave it to her. She nursed it with such loving care that it soon got well, and became greatly attached to its little nurse, and wanted to be with her and follow her about all the time. And when Mary started to the district school, the lamb could not see why it should not go to school as well as other folks. A young student by the name of Ralisteine happened to be visiting the school that day, and the amusing little incident stimulated his poetic genius. A few days afterward, as Mary was leaving the school, he rode up and handed her the first two verses of the poem that has delighted so many little folks, and immortalized Mary and her lamb."

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Careless Children.

An evil to be guarded against in childhood is carelessness. One who has had much to do with the training of young children, writes on this subject as follows: It is interesting to go into some room filled with boys and girls, and notice the heels of their boots and shoes. Many of them will be found to be brown and rusty. It is only a careful boy who blacks the heels of his boots. I know a good many persons who think if they can face the world well, appear honest, kind and good, they are doing all that is required. Back out of sight, as they suppose, in the home perhaps, maybe in school or in business, are the little, rude or careless acts that "nobody" [illegible] Is there nobody to see? Why do you suppose the Lord thinks of those unshined moral "heels?" Do they suppose they can go along and never turn around? Do they suppose [illegible] Just because they are smart enough to see only part, do they suppose no one [illegible] the whole?

A little girl was sent to put her bureau drawer in order. She smoothed over the pile of articles, and then carefully spread her nubia over the top. A boy was sent to put the back garden in order. How well it looked from the window when he had finished! Did he think any one would look into the corner behind the woodshed? Alas! for the "heels" of the bureau drawer and garden! Only the parts well done—carefully, conscientiously, honestly done—will ever stand for our credit.

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Saying Graceful Things.

There is a nice art in being able to pay a compliment gracefully, and it is one that ought to be cultivated in the home as well as the outer circles of society. There is no reason why the home circle should not be as polished and attractive in its behavior as the public assembly. It is a great error for fathers and mothers to permit such a relaxation of politeness among their children as we too often find under the family roof-tree. Company behavior and company manners may necessarily be more formal and precise than those of the fireside and sitting-room, when there are no strangers present, but it is fatal to good breeding to deliberately lay polish and compliment aside when our own dear ones compose the company exclusively. Teach the children to say graceful things — yet truthful things, of course — to brothers and sisters as well as to strangers; to be as careful of wounding their feelings and their self-respect as they would be of the feelings of a guest, and at the breakfast or dinner-table to take just as much pains to entertain and enlighten each other as though the entertainment of a party of invited friends depended upon the effort.

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Childish Imitation.

It often happens that the propensity children have for imitation produces a bad result, especially where they are under the direction of persons who are not governed by good moral principles, and who do not restrain themselves before the little ones. But God has given to children this pliability, in order that we may more easily lead them to what is good. Often, without speaking to them, we need only show them in others what we wish them to do, and thus right obedience is readily given and the habit of following a wrong example is discouraged.

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Recipe for a Happy Day.

Take a little dash of water cold,
A little bowed prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold,
Dressed [illegible] mercies in
And [illegible] some merriment,
And the right for [illegible] aim,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.
Flavor well with essence of love,
And a little dash of play;
Let [illegible] and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

You Will Be Sorry Some Day.

MY brother, now groping in blind[ness],
Refusing to turn to the light;
That God in his mercy and kindnes[s]
Has given to show us the right.
No longer neglect his salvation,
Or turn from his pleading away,
Despise not the great invitation,
Or you will be sorry some day.

Delay not, my brother, still thinkin[g]
There's plenty of time by-and-by
For brother, your soul will be drink[ing]
The waters that ne'er satisfy.
The Water of Life everlasting,
That thirst would forever allay,
Away from your soul you are castin[g]
And you will be sorry some day.

O, turn from the follies alluring,
That only were meant to deceive,
And you shall have gladness enduri[ng]
If you will on Jesus believe.
The strivings of God do not smothe[r]
Repentantly, earnestly pray;
O, get on the Lord's side, my broth[er]
Or you will be sorry some day.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. B[ell]

***

Educate Daughters to Work.

The poorest girls in the world ar[e]
who have never been brought up t[o]
There are thousands of them. It
that indulgent parents have pette[d]
and they have been taught to despi[se]
and to depend upon others for a[ll]
and are perfectly helpless. The m[ost]
lorn women belong to this class.
duty of parents to protect their da[ugh]
from this deplorable condition. T[o]
them a great wrong if they neg[lect]
Every daughter
be taught to e[arn]
own living. T
as well as the p[oor]
quire this traini
rich are likely
come poor, a[nd]
poor rich. Skil
to labor is no dis
tage to the rich
indispensable t
poor. Even we
parents should
their girls to w

***

Sand Maps for Ch[ildren]

Here is an e[xcellent]
suggestion for
tertainment a[nd]
struction of chi
home. A moth
vided a sand
which she mad
self, taking
about three fee
two feet wide,
inches deep, and
it with sand; f
had heard that
map would be u[seful]
showing the l[ocation]
of the Israelites
Sinai, with pape
to picture the e[n]
ment; and th
same sand-box
be used to make a very accurat[e]
of Palestine, locating Jericho in t[he]
son about crossing the Jordan; al[so]
six cities of refuge, and even b[oys]
would serve to trace the journey-[s]
the Israelites on their way from E[gypt]
Canaan. On clean, white sand the
ical outlines are easily made, and le[ss]
geography thus becomes a pleasure i[nstead]
of a task.

***

Royal Gardeners.

There are few pleasures so delight[ful]
that of gardening, and some of the
est characters the world has ever
have been extremely fond of it. V[ictoria]
of England and all her children and
children love to "potter in the gar[den]
The Queen has always made a prac[tice]
teaching her children to dig, and
flowers, fruit, and vegetables in the
son. Each child was given a se[parate]
garden, but each was furnished wit[h the]
same kinds of flowers and veget[ables]
There were fourteen beds in each g[arden]
two for flowers, two for strawberries
for gooseberries, two for currants
two for raspberries—then there wa[s one]
row each of beets, turnips, potatoes, o[nions]
carrots, asparagus, peas, beans, par[snips]
and artichokes. These gardens ar[e still]
kept up exactly the same as the p[rince]
and princesses cultivated them year

David's Life.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning September 27. I Samuel 22 : 1-22.

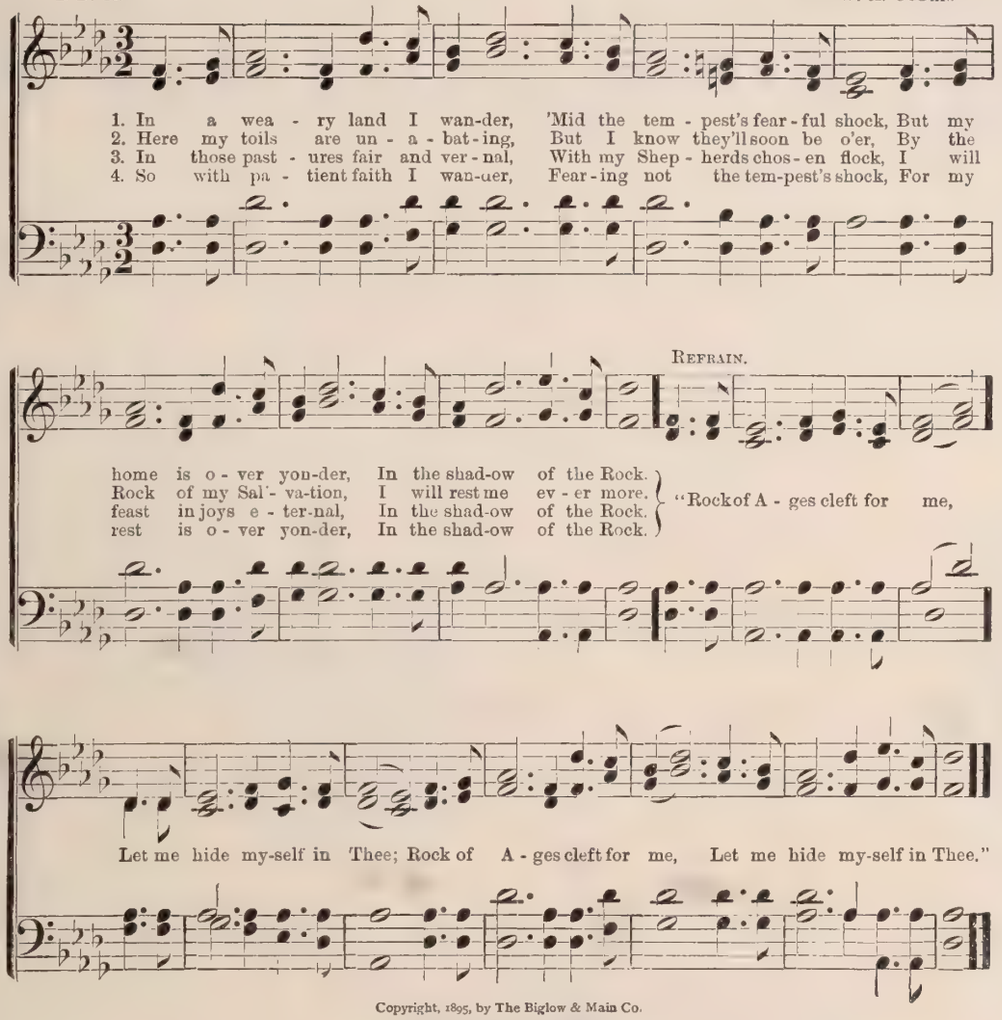
LESSONS from David's life are many and varied. As with so many of the Bible characters, his career suggests lessons applicable to lives and circumstances widely differing from his own. The following are a few out of the many: His first appearance in the Bible story suggests the lesson that *it is not well to depend on a youth*. Samuel would have anointed Jesse's eldest son; he had been left to his own discretion. Jesse did not even think of summoning the shepherd who was attending to the flocks, until all his other sons had been rejected. Even after the anointing, David's brother reproved him for appearing in the camp. They could not see the man in the boy as God saw it. Another lesson is that *a trusting soul overcomes formidable obstacles*. There were many brave men in Saul's army who had not the courage to meet the big Philistine. David had no hesitation in going against him, and won because he trusted in God. So now, those who do the best work for God are not usually men of physical prowess, but men who have strong faith in God. A third lesson is that *valuable and disinterested service is often unappreciated*. David received the reward promised to the man who killed Goliath, but he incurred Saul's jealousy, and was hated of the man he had saved. Nothing but disappointment awaits the man who looks for his reward to human gratitude. A fourth is that it is best to *await God's time for the fulfilment of a promise*. Although David was anointed and was promised the throne, he would use no measures to win it for himself. Jacob and his mother could not wait for the fulfilment of the promise that the younger son should serve the elder, but tried to bring it about by fraud. David would not take a step, even when he was urged and had the opportunity, to promote the fulfilment. He was the man after God's heart. Again: *Duty becomes pleasure in the doing*. David wished to show kindness to some member of Saul's family, and to a descendant of the man who had been his most resolute and implacable enemy. It could not have been a pleasant thing to do, but he undertook it as a duty. When the man was found, he proved to be the son of Jonathan, David's best friend, and the duty became a pleasure. To the man who goes on boldly from a sense of right and duty and justice, the way is often opened to unexpected pleasure. Again: *Great triumphs should never lead to self-confidence*. The man who had killed the giant and performed mighty deeds of valor, fell before temptation in the form of a woman. The strong became weak when assailed by the tempter in a different guise. Another lesson is that: *Heinous sin is forgiven to the penitent*. No man need despair of obtaining God's forgiveness if he will approach him in humility, acknowledging his sin, and pleading for pardon. Finally: *No man must be judged by isolated acts*. It is the general trend of his life that shows his character. If we were to judge David by the story of his fall with Bathsheba, we should condemn him as vile and corrupt, unfit for decent society. Yet how false would such an estimate be! We know him to have been a great and good man whose lapse into sin was a deplorable exception to his ordinary course. The fact should make us merciful in our treatment of a fallen brother. When a Christian commits some glaring crime and brings reproach on the name of Christ, we are not to condone it, or treat it lightly; but neither on the other hand are we to assume that the man is a hypocrite who must be repudiated.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

MY REST IS OVER YONDER.

I. D. K. W. A. OGDEN.



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IN HIS CARE.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

ART sad? The friendly willow droops
Its gentle head and weeps.
Art glad? The sunbeam, smiling, stoops
To wake the bud that sleeps.

Look up; the blue of heaven is ours,
Its crimson and its gold.
Look down, and drink from wayside flow'rs
The love their dewcups hold.

The Father-care, that wraps us 'round
With watchful tenderness,
In shade or shine is always found—
His love and nothing less.

Oregon, Ill. —LIZZIE HARDING UNDERWOOD.

THY WILL BE DONE.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath:
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

—SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 't is short,—if long, 'tis light,—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land!
The end is this;—
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss!

—HENRY ALFORD.

DIVINE LOVE.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost and swallowed up in thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
In thee the blest abide.
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place!

The Prophetic Parables.

The Era of the Fulfilment of the Parable of the Mustard Seed.

THE third of the seven prophetic parables is that of the mustard tree. The mustard seed was proverbial in Palestine as the smallest of familiar seeds. It is sown by a man in his field: and, with a solemn significance, the Lord tells us that this plant, although really belonging to the class of pot-herbs, or garden vegetables, grows, nevertheless, into a tall tree. In becoming a tree the mustard throws out great branches, so that the fowls of the air, which in the first Parable caught up and devoured the good seed, are able to come and lodge under its shelter.

The grain represented the principles of the Church as sown by Christ in the world: the description of its unnatural growth signified that those principles would be abandoned as the age rolled on—a prediction which was very manifestly fulfilled.

For the Lord charged his disciples to learn of him, and be meek and lowly in heart during their sojourn upon earth; to cast aside every high thought, and follow their despised and rejected Master. But Satan, by means of false teachers and errors stealthily introduced during the period of the tares, prevailed on the great body of professing Christians to turn from the words of golden hope, "Behold I come quickly"—inscribed, as it were, by the Lord upon the blue veil of heaven through which he ascended—and to fix their eyes upon earthly things. He taught them to think of the cessation of human enmity, and of their own growing importance; and so allured their community in the direction of an eminence to which they could attain only by forsaking Christ and serving Mammon. Then, when the fitting moment had arrived, he approached them, and offered the present favor of earthly kings in exchange for the hope of the King from heaven. And, forgetful of their Lord's example, they accepted the offer: like Eve, they were beguiled, and blindly consented to receive their power and influence from the Prince of this World.

The phase represented in the Parable began to be developed in the early part of the fourth century, when Constantine was carried to the imperial throne upon the shoulders of his British legionaries, the great majority of whom were Christians, and a nominal Christianity became the state religion of the Roman Empire.

Now it has been a frequent custom of the polytheistic Romans to acknowledge all the gods, while they selected one of them as a special patron and object of adoration. And, accordingly, Constantine, in deference to the feelings of his soldiers, placed Christ in the Pantheon, and adopted him as his favorite God; though, at the same time, he continued to worship the heathen deities, giving the preference to Apollo. His religion was dictated by motives of policy, and his desire was to weld his Christian and Pagan subjects into one people. To promote this end he introduced the Mystic Tau and other sensual Pagan symbols to which he gave Christian spiritual meanings.

The confusing and corrupting effects of Constantine's policy may be easily imagined: Christianity was transformed into a kind of Paganism with new names, and the world ceased to view it with disfavor. And, meanwhile, the private conduct of the emperor, inasmuch as it had to be condoned by the Church, must have greatly contributed to laxity of morals. This caused his enemies to say that he had become a Christian because no other religion offered pardon for such atrocities as he chose to commit.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER VII.

The New Student.

ONE evening down at the Brookdale Church, a small company of Christ's followers met for social prayer and conference, and before adjournment, Milton Seymour rose to speak. He had often tried to speak and found that confidence was gained by repeated efforts. Like everything else, it had to be learned; still, when the heart is full, and God's Spirit prompts, the power soon comes.

It was a boyish speech, but it came from a heart that was reaching out after Christ and it indicated sincerity and earnest piety.

"A good speech," said Deacon Slowfoot. "That boy is destined for something great. He will be either a lawyer or a preacher, I should say, but in either case he will be distinguished. I hope the pulpit will have him; we need good preachers and they make good men."

Mrs. Seymour's thoughts ran in the same channel. Her heart had been deeply stirred by Milton's simple speech. She went home and while he was busy with his books preparing for the Academy she was in her own room pleading with God for him.

During their quiet half hour mother and son always spent together before retiring for the night, Milton said: "There is a new student coming to-morrow, mother. I understand he is something superior. He comes from New York and his father is very rich. One of the boys tells me he knows the family and they are at the head of society. Should you be willing to have me bring him here to see you if he is all that is reported?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, my son," said the mother. "I do not feel sure that he would care to come in that case. We are plain people and not the kind that such boys care to associate with. I have not much pleasure in the acquaintance of very rich people generally. They often condescend and patronize and make one feel uncomfortable. I prefer to choose my friends on account of their character, rather than their possessions. If the new student is good, I shall be glad to welcome him, but if he has nothing to recommend him but his wealth, neither you nor I will want him."

"All right, mother, you are sensible as usual. I would rather have you for an adviser than the wisest man living."

The new student did not come until a week afterward. Milton and Pat Green saw him arrive. He was quite an imposing young man, two years older than they and much older than the majority of youths were who came to the Academy. He had idled away his time, so that he could not enter the University as young men of his age expect to do. His father had explained this to the Principal in his letter about him and expressed the hope that he would be induced to study there so that he could be prepared to enter the University in a year or two.

Milton looked at him in amazement. He was loudly, not to say vulgarly dressed. A heavy gold watch chain swung from his vest, while diamond shirt-studs, large [illegible] badges, a stove-pipe hat, lemon colored [illegible] necktie, a long-tailed overcoat, a thin cane, and other peculiarities made up a costume [illegible] to show me around. What are your [illegible]

Both boys gave the required information.

"[illegible] name is Pemberton Fitzroy, at your service, Seymour."

"I [illegible] you can make Brookdale pleasant to you," said Milton.

"Hope so too. Where's your billyad saloon?"

"What's that?" asked Green, who was entirely innocent on that point.

"We have no saloon here," said Seymour.

"Disgusting! I feah I can nevah enduah this small potato place. Seymour, have you a natatorium?"

"We do our swimming in the mill dam in summer, with an occasional visit to the river."

"You fellahs must show me around a little. I feah it is an abominably slow place. No billyads; no swimming bath. I suppose I can find a tonsorial artist for a quiet shampoo, eh Green?"

Pat, who was in doubt whether that meant a restaurant or a livery stable, wisely kept quiet, while Milton explained that city fashions, follies, and vices followed the line of the railroads; but the small town of Brookdale, being approached by a stage, three miles from the nearest railway station, was somewhat primitive in its ways; still they did boast a barber in old Sam White, the colored barber, who could no doubt attend the young man's wants.

Fitzroy continued to talk: "I see a couple of sample rooms around heah, which is encouraging. Are you Brookdale chaps so tied to your mamm's apron strings as to be afraid of a cocktail? Come let's liquor."

This was too much for both Green and Seymour, as neither ever thought of touching liquor. The latter was indignant, and both of them were saved the humiliation of admitting the fact by the appearance of Mrs. Seymour, who passed at that moment, and bowed to the boys.

"A sweet pretty gal that," said Fitzroy, taking out a gold-framed eye glass, and eyeing her critically; "all except the cheek paint. I should like to know her; why didn't you fellahs introduce me?"

The great bell of the Academy rang out clearly in the frosty air, and the three boys made a bee line for the scene of their studies, without stopping to discuss the question of a cocktail. That last remark, however, had ruffled Milton's temper, and put bitter thoughts into his heart. He remembered the Golden Rule, but it did not seem to apply. He felt that if he should ever sink so low as to call another boy's mother, "a sweet pretty gal," and charged her with "cheek painting," he would deserve that somebody should knock him down instanter; and if Fitzroy got thrashed for his insolence, he for one, would not be sorry. A little reflection calmed his thoughts, and without condoning the coxcomb's folly, or forgiving him, he could let the insult pass without resentment, coming from the source it did.

Brookdale Academy was not different from hundreds of similar institutions in every northern State; yet it had one peculiarity, its chief Professor was blind; and being unable to enforce discipline by sight, every pupil, upon entering the school, was put upon his honor not to take advantage of this infirmity of Professor Smart.

Do my readers think that there was great disorder in the Brookdale Academy? Our thoughts go back to our early school days, when we used to loosen the leg in the master's arm-chair, so that, when he took his nap, on a hot summer afternoon, the first nod upset him upon the floor! Or, in winter, when he scolded because we had made a slide along his front pavement, we would throw cayenne pepper into the stove an hour before dismissing time, and [illegible] in early afternoon, being

False Economy

[illegible] Mass., N. Y.

willing to accept the punishment for our folly. But Brookdale school being put upon its honor, and sincerely respecting its blind professor, but few pupils violated the rules imposed.

At exactly the hour of nine, every pupil, save the dandy Fitzroy, was seated, and Prof. Smart, a short man wearing green glasses, and with a large, well-developed head, struck a gong and rose. He would have spoken, but hearing noisy footsteps, he reseated himself and waited until Fitzroy was comfortably seated at his desk. Then the professor again rose, opened a large book, and began to feel the embossed letters in a blind man's Bible. Feeling his way carefully with his finger, he read from Matthew's Gospel, the passage beginning: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto him a wise man who built his house on a rock." Then with a few well-chosen words to the boys on the importance of right principle as a foundation of character, he dismissed them to their studies.

A few days subsequent to this, a notice was given to the boys in Class B, of the Academy, to meet that evening in Pat Green's room for important business.

About thirty lads answered the summons, Milton being one of the oldest; and, on motion of Green, Milton was asked to preside over the meeting; but he, with some confusion, declined, and suggested the name of George Browne as a suitable president, to which all agreed. Browne was the tallest and the largest boy in the class. His experience on board ship when he ran away from home, had by this time passed out of ridicule and had given him something of the character of a hero. Besides he was a nephew of Deacon Walter, and Carrie's first Cousin. He seemed to have none of Carrie's vivacity or good looks, however, but resembled her father somewhat, and had his abrupt, frank way. Not easy to excite or arouse to action; but, when once started, and on the seeming right path like the Deacon, George was full of fire and as irresistble as a steam engine.

Browne walked to the head of the room, and facing the class, said: "Well, there's no use mincing matters. I suppose you all know what we came here for—to make arrangements to give the new scholar, Pemberton Fitzroy, a suitable reception. Any suggestion or motion will now be in order.

All was quiet for a few momenes, while several glanced at Milton, who, being a leader, was naturally expected to take a prominent part. But he remained silent, the truth being that a stuggle was going on in his mind between Christian principle and the wish to see young Fitzroy taught a lesson in good behavior. The boys evidently disliked him intensely and were disposed to stretch the usual good-humored tricks on the newcomer to a point as near haxing as was safe for themselves. Milton did not know how far his principles called upon him to interfere. It seemed to him that his duty was done if he refrained from participation. His sympathies were strongly with the boys and it was very much against his inclination that he held aloof.

Pat Green was the first to voice the gen-

(Continued on next page.

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Running the Gauntlet.

(Continued from preceding page.)

sentiment. He moved that Pemberton ... newly become a student at the ... ldy be accorded a welcome according ... the time-honored custom of the Acade... so that it would be of such a char... would mark the opinion of his ... and conduct entertained by his ... s. The motion was passed unani... and was duly recorded in a book ... had been purchased by subscription ... years before for the "minutes of ... tings." Several remarkable en... are already on its pages, but were ... essible to boys who had been one ... the Academy and the teachers were ... of the existence of the book.

... motion was recorded, Geo. Browne, ... man, declared that the next logical ... was to ascertain the opinion re... in the motion. One after anoth... ys rose to give their idea of Fitz... haracter, citing reasons for it in ... rds of his, or in something he had ... The opinion was altogether unfav... No one had a good word to say ... young man. In one way or an... had disgusted everybody with ... had come in contact. The opin... put in parliamentary language, ... moved, seconded, passed and re...

..." said the chairman, "I am ready ... suggestions as to the most suitable ... of giving expression to our esti... the character of the gentleman in ..."

... were no suggestions made for ... minutes, no boy apparently being ... with any scheme which ade... expressed the opinion of the meet... ference was had to the minute... om which it appeared that various ... left-handed welcome had been ... at different times in the past. ... as a record of a boy's bed having ... ed with chestnut burrs. Another ... as of flour being blown, by means ... genious arrangement of tin tubes ... through the transome of a bed... er the head and body of an un... boy just as he had completed his ... A third, recorded the removal on ... es from a boy's best coat late of ... ay night, which involved his be... urch in his old coat on Sunday. ... ere many ingenious devices, but ... t were deemed adequate for the ... emergency.

... se Preston Hellings, the brother ... minister, a sober, intelligent lad, ... ved that "a committee be appoint... the matter before the Professor." ... pathized with the meeting, but ... thing undignified would be done, ... the Academy rules would not be ...

... notion was seconded by Milton ..., but when the vote was taken, ... nt except the mover and seconder ... the negative, and the motion was ...

... pose my valued friends, who made ... onded the late motion," said the ..., "did it with proper motives, and ... respect their honorable intentions; ... is matter may lead to trouble, I ... that the manner and matter of the, ... be referred to a committee of six, ... ver to act."

... tion to that effect prevailed; and ... e President was forming the com... Milton Seymour left the room with ... Hellings.

... e, the President, finally announc... committee of six, including Pat ... which, by motion, the chairman ... ed. The meeting then adjourned, ... knowing what would happen, or ... nd without involving more than ... mittee, in case of trouble. All ... ling to leave the arrangements in ... nds.

... e seven young gentlemen met, and ... themselves to secresy, and, after ... urs' deliberation, resolved upon a ... which in their judgment met the ... y. It seemed to them to promise a ... to the young man with the pros... eaching him better manners.

To be Continued.

Missionary Fitness.

... recent letter to a young missionary ... Isabella Thoburn writes from ..., giving in compact terms, her view ... qualifications a missionary ought to possess. She says they are these: Good health, a fair education, adaptation to circumstances and to people, some experience in Christian work, and a consecration to the extent of utter self-renunciation. I have sometimes included common-sense in this list, but common sense is that which enables us to adapt ourselves to our environment. Anything you can add to these qualifications is so much gain. For instance, you will be more useful if you can sing and play. I know by personal experience what a lack it is to do neither. If you can sew and cut out clothing you will find place for the knowledge. Bookkeeping is so important as to be almost worthy of a place among the necessities: you cannot fail of having some kind of accounts to keep, and they must be put in shape for mission auditors, who do not like hap-hazard work such as some of us do who have had no training. If possible, spend a year in a mission training school, or two years, if you find you need them. If you have already had the advantages of thorough Bible study and of practical Christian work, you may not need the training school, but so few have had these that it is safe to advise you to go.

CHANGED BY GRACE.

A REMARKABLE spiritual experience is that of R. E. Redding, Superintendent of the Alexandria, Va., Union Mission. Nearly five years ago he was a drunkard, with a home broken up by his dissipated habits and his whole life devoted to liquor and the gratification of sense. This was his condition when, as he expresses it, "The Lord found me." His conversion took place at the Central Union Mission of Washton, D.C. During these five years, the work of grace in his life has been steadily growing, and he has devoted his entire energies and income to the spread of the Gospel and to personal work among fallen men.

MR. REDDING TO-DAY.

MR. REDDING 5 YEARS AGO.

Mr. Redding's efforts have been greatly blessed and this "brand plucked from the burning" has lighted many others to the Cross. Fifteen months ago, he came to Alexandria, Va., and organized a rescue mission. Alexandria is a city of about 17,000 inhabitants, with eight churches, each having an average membership of about 300,—a large majority of the population being, therefore, non-churchgoers. It was to reach these masses that he made that city his field. There had at one time been a branch Y. M. C. A. there but it was allowed to die out several years ago; and outside of the regular services in the churches, there was no religious work of any kind, even the prisons and hospitals being neglected. After considerable effort Mr. Redding completed his organization, his board of directors being composed of members from the different churches. It was no easy task, in that spiritually dead community, to awaken enthusiasm in Christian work; but the awakening came at last. The report of the Union Mission's work during a period of six months showed 139 meetings held, with an average attendance of 320, and a total attendance of 44,480. Ninety-three visits were made by the missionary, and seventy-one converts were reported.

Since the outset, the Union Mission has been supported by voluntary contributions, but the dull times have resulted in a very large reduction of the amounts usually given for the work and the Mission has suffered in consequence. Indeed, there have been occasions when its managers have even gone hungry, in order that the work should not suffer. The position of superintendent is unsalaried. The Mission has the warm approval of nearly all the pastors of Alexandria, who recognize in such a work a valuable supplement to the efforts of the churches.

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

The new botanic discovery Alkavis, is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 41 Fourth Avenue, New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

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Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For the Bethesda Home for Friendless Women.

Previously ack'd	$54 87
E M Johnson	15 00
Jos Winter	1 00
Total	**$70.87**

For Mrs. Bella Cook's Work.

Previously ack'd	$29 50
E M Johnson	5 00
MWR, Lancaster	2 00
Total	**$36.50**

For the Door of Hope.

Previously ack'd	$16 38
E M Johnson	5 00
Total	**$21.38**

For Foreign Missions.

Previously ack'd	$171 55
E M Johnson	20 00
J H. Manchester	3 00
FOR JOHN L. DUBE:	
L C Inch	1 00
Mrs ChasGladney	1 00
Mrs R Rushmore	5 00
Sister in Christ, Glen's Falls	4 00
Lena Wood	1 00
Matilda Brooks	1 00
Total	**$207.55**

For Any Good Cause.

Previously ack'd	$80 25
CJH, Minneapolis	5 00
Jas R Miller	2 00
Total	**$87.25**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously ack'd	$91 62
E M Johnson	5 00
Anna Waldron	1 00
Mrs E A Peers	1 00
Total	**$98.62**

For Mayesville Institute.

Previously ack'd	$315 30
Geo W Stockwell	1 50
Friends, Aspen	5 00
On-the-Hill, Virtue	1 00
J M P, Mass	2 00
Total	**$324.80**

For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Previously ack'd	$364 65
E M Johnson	25 00
Mrs B H Edmonds	5 00
Mrs G S Tarbox	1 00
Mrs Sarah M Davis	1 00
Mrs M A B Squyres	1 00
Chas Toy	2 00
—, Wimer, Oreg	1 00
Subr, Bristol	1 00
S P Gordon	1 00
Adelaide M Travers	1 00
Mrs Lucy A Bliven	1 00
Mrs H H Pratt	1 00
Total	**$405.65**

For Mrs. Williamson's Fund.

Previously ack'd	$130 50
E M Johnson	5 00
Adelaide M Travers	1 00
Total	**$136.50**

Philafrican Liberators' League.

Previously ack'd	$199 90
—, Peoria	5 00
E M Johnson	5 00
M A Mills	1 00
Total	**$210.90**

For Bapt. Church, Kalb near Camden, S. C.

Mrs R Rushmore	3 00

For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Previously ack'd	$7 50
E M Johnson	5 00
Friend, Springfield	1 00
Total	**$13.50**

Africa Inland Mission.

Mrs Jas T Doyle	50

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Previously ack'd	$117 06
E M Johnson	10 00
Mrs R Rushmore	3 00
Mary Wittby	1 00
M C Putnam	1 00
Total	**$132.06**

A Native Siamese Pastor.

The Presbyterian Church of Bangkok has called a native pastor, making special pledges for his salary apart from the church fund. His name is Kroo Yooan. He is the first native to be installed as pastor of a church in Lower Siam.

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Aug. 30, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Anxious Mother, Cumberland, Me., asks that prayer be offered for the conversion of her children especially that her son might be kept from temptation and live a clean life.——R. A. E., Ottawa, Ont., that two brothers might be led to trust in Christ and live and work for him.——Reader, Tecumseh, Okla., Ter., for the conversion of a son, and that his wife, who is very worldly, may also be led to Christ——Invalid, Long Branch, N. J., for the conversion of a neighbor who is over seventy years old and is blind, but has no hope in Christ, also for two girls who are leading lives of shame and who want to reform but have no opportunity of earning a decent livelihood, that the way may be opened for them and they may become good Christian girls.——Praying Mother, Canon City, Colo., that her son might be delivered from the bondage of liquor and give himself to Christ.——S. J. B., Baltimore, that her son and daughter who do not believe in their mother's God, may turn to Christ and seek salvation.——H. L. M., Baltimore, that two dear brothers who are out of the fold may be saved.——Reader, Annandale, N.J., for the conversion of an only brother who is past three score years old but still unsaved, also that an only child a boy of seventeen may quit his evil companions and seek salvation.——"One who Hopes," Philadelphia, that a dear brother may be led to see his danger and may turn to the Lord for salvation; also, that a despondent sister may find peace and rest in Christ.——R. R., Belgrade, Me., for the conversion of the ungodly members of the choir of a certain church.——Sorrowful Wife, Lithia Springs, Ga., that her husband who has left the path of honor and rectitude may be reclaimed and seek pardon for his sin through Christ and may become a true child of God.——C. S. N., Lost Creek, W. Va., that her aged husband might give his heart to God and be saved even at the eleventh hour; also that a beloved grandson may become a child of God.——L. A. T., Kiota, Iowa, that an unsaved brother might see his danger and seek safety in Christ.——Aged Widow, Bridgeport, Ill., that her two sons might be saved from their love of drink and be converted.——E. W., Fall River, Mass., that a beloved one who has been long absent may be converted and return to those who love him a new creature in Christ.——J. E. B., Chatsworth, Ont., that a young man who has fallen a victim to strong drink may be delivered and seek from Christ the power to resist temptation.——C.S.R., Providence, R.I., that a dear kind son may seek Christ and become a child of God.——J.S.P., San Diego, Cal., for the conversion of sons who are good moral boys but are not yet decided for Christ.——P. M. S., Thomaston, Me., that a dear husband might turn to Christ for salvation; also that two little grandchildren might be saved in their youth.——Earnest Reader, Grantham, N. H., that a gifted friend may give his heart to Christ and become a humble follower of the Saviour; also that an only son may be brought into the fold of Christ.——Lover of Peace, Herkimer, N. Y., for the conversion of one who has received much love and kindness but has given only ingratitude and misery in return, that she may see the error of her ways and seek a new heart from the Lord and henceforth live in peace with those with whom she is at enmity.——Believer, South Henderson, Ill., for the conversion of two brothers and a friend.——Anxious Mother, Phila., that God in his mercy would save her boy, who was consecrated to God from his birth, but who seems to give himself up to sin.——"Sister," Brooklyn, for the conversion of her brother.——F. E. A., Mobile, Ala., that her husband, who has fallen into grievous sin, may be reclaimed and brought to Christ.——"Anxious Mother," Knoxville, Tenn., that her son, who has imbibed infidel sentiments, may be led to believe in God and look to Christ for salvation.——K. Bardolph, Ill., for the thorough conversion of two sons and her brother, that all of them might seek Christ with true penitence of heart.——Reader, Rome, Wis., for the conversion of her husband, who is addicted to drink and is very profane, that Christ, who saved Paul, the persecutor, may save this man.——Anxious Mother, Margaretville, for the conversion of her son and that he may be useful in Christ's service——"Trusting One," Ill., that a beloved friend may realize his lost con[illegible]——Loving Mother, that an only son who studies the works of Paine and Ingersoll and [illegible] Springfield, Ill., that a dear husband, once a believer in Christ, but now a sceptic, may be [illegible] turn to Christ for salvation and give their hearts to him.——Subscriber, Sangatuck, Mich., that a talented friend who is very wild and wayward may give his heart to God and be saved from his sins through Christ.——Anxious Mother, Lind, Wis., that her husband and children might be brought to Christ and that the Lord's work may be revived in an ungodly neighborhood.

For the Restoration of Health. Trusting One, New York, asks prayer that a dear nephew who is prostrated with lung trouble may recover.——J. B., Decatur, Ill., that a beloved son who is far from home and is very ill, may be healed and raised up in his wonted health——Constant Reader, Gratz, Pa., for the recovery of failing eyesight.——Believer, Maitland, Pa., for the recovery of an aged lady who has been helpless for ten years with chronic rheumatism.——C. S. R., Providence, R. I., that a dear, kind son may be healed of a painful disease.——S. W. H., Vantura, Cal., that her husband who has been a sufferer for four years past, may recover.

For Special Blessings. Believer, Indiana, that if it be the Lord's will some small provision might be made for an aged couple so that they may not have to be separated in their declining years.——L. A. T., Kiota, Iowa, for help in passing a difficult examination and for wisdom to see the right course to take in life and for guidance in all things.——J. G. V., Fort Wayne, Ind., on behalf of a young man who through the stringency of the times has lost his situation. He has two young children to whom he is tenderly attached and whose welfare is the object now of sad concern. He begs prayer that in some way he may succeed in obtaining employment so that those dependent upon him may be provided for.——H. L. M., Baltimore, Md., that two dear brothers whose present whereabouts are unknown to their family, may be brought back in peace and in the love of God.——Wife and Mother, Hull, Mass., that a way may be opened out of various difficulties and the means be provided for the payment of debts.——Invalid, Long Branch, N. J., that one who has a besetting sin which she cannot overcome of herself may receive strength from Christ sufficient to her need.——Troubled One, Claremont, N. H., that God would forgive some very grievous sins, remove present temptations and cause the one who is tenderly loved to return.——One who believes, Hancock, Iowa, for grace to live a consistent Christian life in very untoward surroundings, and for wisdom to train a family of children in the Lord's way, and that help may be given for the settlement of pressing financial difficulties.

A Convert's Trials.

In many countries there is a significance in Christ's promise to those who give up father, mother, wife and children and property for his sake, that is not perceived in Christian lands. Dr. Jones, of Pasumalai, in India, reports in a recent letter a case in point. He says: "In a remote village, where nearly all the people live by robbery, the seed sown by itinerant preachers found a lodging in the mind and heart of one of the leading men of the village. After some thought and hesitancy he decided, three years ago, to profess Christ openly. This was the cause of an immediate outburst of persecution. It was claimed that the presiding god of his caste would not tolerate such an apostasy; that he would, therefore, pour his vengeance upon the whole village. It is no wonder therefore that all means, fair and foul, were used to compel this new brother and his good and equally firm wife to return to the worship of idols. First his brothers showed the most bitter opposition, and the oldest was almost beside himself with rage. The village brought its many means of caste tyranny to bear upon the convert. His home was threatened with fire, and as an earnest of this menace his stack of straw, worth forty-five rupees, was burned to the ground. The family was banned and shunned. But nothing could shake them in their Christian purpose and in their new-found life in Christ. Their meekness, patience and boldness under all were not without effect upon the community. The influence was seen first among their immediate relatives. The brothers one by one relented and became friendly, and are now in turn being persecuted because of their tolerance of and kindness to him. A few earnest inquirers are found in the village, and about twenty of the young men have taken the first and important step of protest against heathenism by ceasing to rub the sacred ashes. Some are sending their boys with our new convert's sons to our boarding school for Christian training; and a substantial prayer house is being erected there at considerable expense, the largest part of which is met in the village itself. There is every prospect that in a short time the Christian congregation of that village will become a large and prosperous one."

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Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and How to Live, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be yours*, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for **$1.00** bottle of **Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.**

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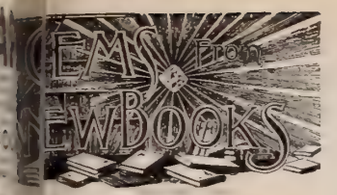

Little Evangels.*

YUNG lady was preparing for a ncing party, and standing before arge mirror placed a light crown, me ed with silver stars, upon her hile thus standing, a little fair- ster climbed into a chair, and put er y fingers to examine this beauti- dress, and was accosted thus, hat are you doing? You should t that crown!" Said the little was only looking at that, and n of something else." "Tell me are thinking about—you, a lit- "I was remembering that my School teacher said, that if we ers by our influence we should for our crown in heaven; and w those stars in your crown, I could save some soul." The el- went to the dance, but in solemn the words of the innocent child lodgment in her heart, and she enjoy the association of her At an early hour she left the hall ned to her home, and going to ber where her dear little sister ing, imprinted a kiss upon her , and said, "Precious sister, you one star for your crown," and t the bedside offered a fervent God for mercy.

g ago the mayor of a town con- th in Christ, and told the people g story of how he was awakened ath of his only little boy. Just e dear child died, he looked up very earnestly—"Up! up!" His ought he meant that he wanted -stairs, and said, "Yes, Willie; carry you up-stairs." "No," "higher, higher; Papa don't e way; let Mamma come." He , that his little boy was dying, tood one side while the mother held him in her arms and prayed . He said the thought that in of death he could not pray with oy, and the words, "Papa, don't e way," led him to resolve to seek our.

andle represents the man who ney and is blinded by it to the his soul and the reality of heav- r country has thousands of such ne of them was dying not long old his little daughter how dread- felt because he must die. She him: "Why, Papa, you have a home in the city; and a beauti- in the mountains; and a beauti- in Florida; and a beautiful home sea. Haven't you a beautiful Heaven, Papa?" He was obliged his head sadly and say that he know.

ord Jesus cannot force himself in- eart. He comes as far as he can, you know that he is there and has come for, and then you must the bolt, and turn the key, and the door, and say "Come in." of a little girl whose mother gave etty card with this verse, and with ure upon it. She was deeply in- in the explanation her mother its meaning, and took her card to bed. The next morning she lamma, I lay awake a good while t after you had heard me say my thinking of Jesus outside the And Mamma, I prayed him, O, so y, that he would come into my nd stay there always! and Mam- lieve he has come in, and I am go- his little girl." Now this is just that people, whether big people people, have to do. They must us to come in, and invite him to , and he has said, if they do this, come in."

Gospel Pictures and Story Sermons for Chil- . W. Whittle. Illustrated, pp. 125, price Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New cago and Toronto.

PIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."
ave a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, t at once. My treatment is radically different thers; contains no opiate or other narcotic; rely, without suffering. Free trial; if not cost you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I once read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said, "I am tired of my house and grounds. Come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge, and said, "I want you to take my place. I am weary of being in court day after day. I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled Old Tommy, and said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave. I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys?

The Gothenburg System.*

THE Gothenburg system prevails largely in Sweden and Norway, and takes its name from a city in the former country, where it was introduced in 1765. Briefly stated, the Gothenburg system places the retail and bar traffic in spirituous liquors in the hands of private corporations, which conduct the traffic under regulations intended to discourage consumption. All profits arising from the traffic except a fixed moderate interest—usually six per cent. upon the capital invested—are devoted to public or philanthropic purposes. The six per cent. interest on capital invested goes to the company conducting the traffic. The traffic in beer and wine is not generally monopolized, but is conducted largely, as in this country, under individual licenses; but every company license to sell spirituous liquors carries with it the right to sell the lighter drinks.

The Gothenburg system is coupled with Local Option. The people of each town, city, village, or country district are empowered through their representative, to adopt the company or Gothenburg system, the system of individual licenses, or no license. The wholesale traffic in beer and spirituous liquors does not, as a rule, come under the above-named restrictions. The Governor is the nominal head of the license system, giving his assent or refusal to each application for license; but he rarely, if ever, interferes with the decision of the authorities in particular localities, nor can he grant licenses where a locality has decided against license.

Dr. E. R. L. Gould, in his special report to the United States Commissioner of Labor on the Gothenburg system, says:

"The company system bids fair to prevail wholly both in Sweden and Norway. Thirteen towns, mostly small, still dispose of licenses at auction. In two villages, no spirits are sold either at retail or over the bar. In country districts, prohibition practically prevails."

† From *The Prohibition Handbook*, by Geo. B. Waldron, A.M. Pp. 158; cloth covers; price 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

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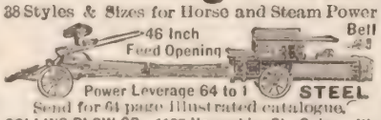

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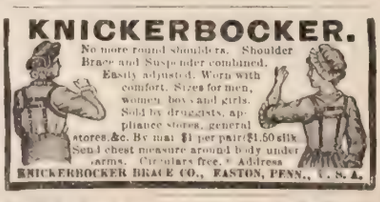

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ME 19. NUMBER 39.

T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896. Price Five Cents.

A Consecrated Band.

Devoted Missionaries at Mont-Lawn and their Spiritual Work Among the Waifs—sing Days at Our Children's Home—An Outing for Little Mothers and Babies.

SEPTEMBER'S golden days will soon be ended, and "the turning of the leaves" has already begun in the woods about Mont-Lawn. Our Children's Home, which has been a scene of the live- activity during the summer, will y be closed and the last party of lit- ests will be back among the tall ten- s and narrow courts of the big polis, car- with them us memor- he delight- ays they pent in the try this Each suc- e summer itnessed an se in the er of chil- received at Home, and year the number red, fed, ared for hot fall far of 2,300. It

ld r lt to n e ge r HE S- HER- all s in- d in re of reat y of little en, or the if arious es that a respon- y neces- imposes upon the Matron of the and her energetic corps of mis- y assistants. The band of godly women, who have performed these this season, have done so in the pirit of Christian love and kindness, and have become very dear to the children, indeed. Besides the routine work of the Home, which was admirably done, they gave many hours, lovingly and patiently, each day, to the care and entertainment of the little folks, and entered into all their childish pleasures and occupations with the zest of sisters, sharing their joys comforting them in their sorrows, nursing the weak and sickly ones and bringing back color to their faded little faces. Under their training, rough youngsters became better behaved and the rowdy gamins of the slums forgot for a time their rudeness, and tried hard to be better "for teacher's sake." It was their hands, too, that folded the rebellious little fingers in prayer at night-fall, and their lips that taught the hushed and bowed little white-robed waifs to say, "Our Father" and "Now I lay me"—unfamiliar, alas! to many. And so it was every day, from dawn till after sunset, whether at prayer or praise in the little chapel, romping on the lawn, dining in the big marquee tent, or flower-gathering in the woods—the same constant, conscientious service was rendered, looking both to the bodily and spiritual welfare of the little charges. There are abundant evidences that the loving labors of the missionaries have influenced many of those childish hearts and lives in a way that will outlast all the memories of Mont-Lawn and its pleasant companionships.

Our group of portraits in this issue is therefore one which we feel assured will interest a very considerable number of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Miss Helen Collins, the Matron, or "House-Mother," as our children lovingly call her, is a native of Brooklyn. She has been engaged in missionary work during the last five years, and had a two years' training course in the Christian Alliance College. Miss Collins was actively identified with the extensive relief work conducted by this journal in the winter of 1893, and at the time when our Children's Home was first opened in 1894, she entered as a missionary helper, and in the following year was Assistant Matron. During the winter months she is engaged in city mission work in New York. Many of her staff have had wide missionary experience, indeed, ever since the Home was first opened

(Continued on page 691.)

MATRON COLLINS AND HER MISSIONARY STAFF AT MONT-LAWN.

1. Miss Helen Collins, Matron. 2. Miss May B. Van Name. 3 Miss Jessie Thomas Dr. Rosetta S. Hall. 5. Miss Esther Bornstein. 6. Miss Lillian Drane. 7. Miss Emma Weidenkopf. 8. Miss Mary S. Wright. 9. Miss Bessie Ferris. 10. Miss Lizzie Silbernagel. 11. Miss Eleanor Gearheart. 12. Miss Edith Kelso. 13. Miss Antoinette Hughes.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A Rapturous Outlook.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Rom. 13: 12. . . . . "*The day is at hand.*"

BACK from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farm-house, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep ploughing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel," and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and in the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the 4th of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on November 3d, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the sea-board, we shall be standing in a sunburst of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blest this nation as he hath blest no other.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the Evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the Divine Christ who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing [illegible] I believe that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and [illegible] and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep [illegible] illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad centre, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about six o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood! By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled." Peace! Peace! England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said, "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said, "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say, "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan [illegible] in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which which might have ground this nation to powder. Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war four billion seven hundred million dollars. and the South pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war-paint, and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave General Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A general of the United States Army in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until, after awhile I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and fired by t[illegible] hardships I hew you in twain. Forth[illegible] all the world comes to your funeral to [illegible] nounce eulogium, comes to my execu[illegible] to anathematize me. You are the he[illegible] am the culprit. Behold the United St[illegible] Government and the North American [illegible] dian. The red man has stood more wr[illegible] than I would, or you. We would l[illegible] struck sooner, deeper. That which is r[illegible] in defence of a Washington home is [illegible] in defence of a home on top of the S[illegible] Nevada. Before this dwindling red [illegible] dies completely out, I wish that this [illegible] eration might by common justice aton[illegible] the inhumanity of its predecessors. In [illegible] day of God's judgment, I would rathe[illegible] a blood-smeared Modoc than a swin[illegible] United States officer on an Indian rese[illegible] tion! One was a barbarian and a sav[illegible] and never pretended to be anything b[illegible] barbarian and a savage. The other pr[illegible] ded to be a representativeof a Christia[illegible] tion. Notwithstanding all this, the [illegible] eral disgust with war and the substitu[illegible] of diplomatic skill for the glittering [illegible] of keen steel is a sign unmistakable [illegible] "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of dawn in the [illegible] pression of the world's distances. W[illegible] a slow, snail-like, almost impossible t[illegible] would have been the world's rectifica[illegible] with fourteen hundred millions of poo[illegible] tion and no facile means of commu[illegible] tion; but now, through telegraphy for[illegible] eye and telephonic intimacy for the [illegible] and through steamboating and railroa[illegible] the twenty-five thousand miles of [illegible] world's circumference are shriveling u[illegible] to insignificant brevity! Hong Kon[illegible] nearer to NewYork than a few years [illegible] New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, [illegible] dras, Melbourne within speaking dist[illegible] Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by[illegible] blue lines see the telegraphs of the l[illegible] and by the red lines the cables under[illegible] ocean. You see what opportunity th[illegible] going to give for the final movemen[illegible] Christianity. A fortress may be mo[illegible] or years in building, but after it is [illegible] structed it may do all its work in tw[illegible] minutes. Christianity has been plan[illegible] its batteries for nineteen centuries, [illegible] may go on in the work through other [illegible] turies; but when those batteries are [illegible] oughly planted, those fortresses are [illegible] built, they may all do their work in t[illegible] ty-four hours. The world sometimes [illegible] rides the church for slowness of moven[illegible] Is science any quicker? Did it not [illegible] science five thousand six hundred [illegible] fifty-two years to find out so simp[illegible] thing as the circulation of the hu[illegible] blood? With the earth and the sky [illegible] of electricity, science took five thou[illegible] eight hundred years before it even gue[illegible] that there was any practical use [illegible] might be made of this subtle and mi[illegible] element. When good men take po[illegible] sion of all these scientific forces, an[illegible] these agencies of invention, I do not k[illegible] that the redemption of the world wi[illegible] more than the work of half a day. D[illegible] not read the Queen's speech at the [illegible] roguing of Parliament the day befor[illegible] London? If that be so, is it anyt[illegible] marvellous to believe that in twenty-[illegible] hours a Divine communication can r[illegible] the whole earth? Suppose Christ sh[illegible] descend on the nations—many expect [illegible] Christ will come among the nations [illegible] sonally—suppose that to-morrow mor[illegible] the Son of God from a hovering c[illegible] should descend upon these cities. W[illegible] not that fact be known all the world [illegible] in twenty-four hours? Suppose he sh[illegible] present his Gospel in a few words, say[illegible] "I am the Son of God; I came to pa[illegible] all your sins and to heal all your sorr[illegible] to prove that I am a supernatural bei[illegible] have just descended from the clouds. [illegible] you believe Me, and do you believe[illegible] now?" Why, all the telegraph stat[illegible] of the earth would be crowded as nor[illegible] them were ever crowded just after a s[illegible] wreck. I tell you all these things to s[illegible] you it is not among the impossibilitie[illegible] even the improbabilities that Christ [illegible]

...r the whole earth, and do it instan-... When the time comes. There are fore-...kenings in the air. Something great is ...ing to happen. I do not think that ... is going to run us down, or that ...e of the world is going to break; ... I can something great for the world's ...ing and not for the world's damage is ...o happen. I think the world has ...hard enough. Enough, the famines ...agues. Enough, the Asiatic chol-... Enough, the wars. Enough, the ...ecks. Enough, the conflagrations. ... our world could stand right well ...ssion of prosperities and triumphs. ... be on the look-out. Better have ...bservatories open toward the heav-... the lenses of your most powerful ...pes well polished. Better have all ... Leyden jars ready for some new ...on of mighty influence. Better ...ew fonts of type in your printing-... to set up some astounding good ... Better have some new banner that ...ver been carried, ready for sudden ...sions. Better have the bells in your ... towers well hung, and rope within ... that you may ring out the marri-... the King's Son. Cleanse all your ...houses, for the Judge of all the earth ...ppear. Let all your legislative halls ...ed, for the great Lawgiver may be ... to come. Drive off the thrones of ...ism all the occupants, for the King ...ven and earth may be about to reign. ...arkness of the night is blooming and ...ing into the lilies of morning cloud, ...e lilies reddening into the roses of ...er day—fit garlands, whether white ... for him on whose head are many ...s. "The day is at hand."

... more ray of the dawn I see in facts ...logical and mathematical. Come ...lo not let us do another stroke of ... until we have settled one matter. ... is going to be the final issue of this ...contest between sin and righteous-... Which is going to prove himself ...ronger, God or Diabolus? Is this ... going to be all garden or all desert? ...et us have that matter settled. If ...lieve Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Hosea, ...Micah, and Malachi, and John, and ... and Paul, and the Lord himself, we ...e that it is going to be all garden. ...t us have it settled. Let us know ...er we are working on toward a suc-... toward a dead failure. If there is a ...in your house sick, and you are sure ... going to get well, you sympathize ...present pains, but all the foreboding ...e. If you are in a cyclone off the ...la coast, and the captain assures you ...essel is staunch and the winds are ...cing for a better quarter, and he is ...e will bring you safe into the har-...ou patiently submit to present dis-... with the thought of safe arrival. ... I want to know whether we are ...g on toward dismay, darkness and ...t, or on toward light and blessedness. ... and I believe the latter, and if so, ... year we spend is one year subtract-...m the world's woe, and every event ...passes, whether bright or dark, brings ...e event nearer a happy consumma-... Then every summer gone by ...s us nearer unfading arborescence. ...our Algebra down on the top of your ... and rejoice.

...ere is a class of phenomena which ...s me think that the spiritual and ...enly world may, after awhile, make ...nonstration in this world which will ... all moral and spiritual things to a ...ax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but ... intelligent man has noticed that there ...strange and mysterious things which ...ate to him that perhaps the spiritual ... is not so far off as sometimes we ...ecture, and that after awhile, from the ...tual and heavenly world there may be ...monstration upon our world for its ...rment. We call it magnetism, or we ...t mesmerism, or we call it electricity, ...use we want some term to cover up ...ignorance. I do not know what it is. ...ver heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport Brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars' Hill! English history says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they should be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Knavesmire Heath and turned out these old war-horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done in other days. One day a thunderstorm came up and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle—and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old Scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm-branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon." The old war-horses mingling in the fight.

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand, that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O Christ, how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars gotten in thy service? If we do not suffer with him on earth, we cannot be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come. Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

A Consecrated Band.

(Continued from first page.)

three years ago, it has been our aim, as far aspracticable, to have as helpers preferably those who have already done active personal service in the field of Christian work, either at home or abroad.

Miss Esther Bornstein is a native of Constantinople, Turkey, and was educated at the American College for Girls in Scutari. She is now a junior in the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, preparing there as a medical missionary to work among the Turkish women. She has been engaged in mission work in New York for two years. This has been her first season at Mont-Lawn. Miss Mary Swift Wright is from Lock Haven, Pa., where her father is a Presbyterian pastor. She is a graduate of Wellesley College, and has been a teacher for three years past. This is her first year of missionary work. Miss May B. Van Name, of New York City, and Miss Bessie Ferris, of Chatham, N. S., have both had their first missionary experience at Mont-Lawn this year. Miss Lillian Drane, of Brooklyn, is a public school teacher of ten years' experience, and has just had her first missionary season. Miss Edith Kelso, of New York, has been connected with the Children's Home for two years. She is a kindergarten teacher in one of the schools under the direction of the "Home for the Friendless Society," in New York City. Under her clever tutelage, the calisthenics of the children at Mont-Lawn have been a very pleasant feature of the season. Miss Antoinette Hughes, of New York, Assistant Matron at the Home, has been with us for two seasons. She was a student in Mr. Moody's Training School, at Northfield. Miss Eleanor Gearheart, of Lock Haven, Pa., has also just finished her second season at Mont-Lawn. She was drawn to the work by reading the accounts of it in this journal, while she was attending the Christian Endeavor Convention at Boston. Miss Emma Weidenkopf comes from Cleveland, O., and this has been her first summer in the work. Miss Lizzie Silbernagel, of Brooklyn, has just completed her second season at the Home, and so also has Miss Jessie Thomas, who resides in New York City. Dr. Rosetta S. Hall, the Home physician, is already known to many of our readers. She is the widow of Dr. Hall, the devoted missionary of Pyeng Yeng, Korea. She is a graduate from the Liberty, N. Y., Normal Institute, the State Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., and the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She was physician in the New York Deaconesses' Home, and has done medical missionary work in the New York tenement districts. Dr. Hall conducted the first Woman's Hospital in Corea.

During the summer, we were frequently compelled to decline to receive applicants for admission to the Children's Home, on account of age, many being either too old or too young. Lack of accommodation prevented us from receiving some who would doubtless have greatly benefited by an outing. The moment the opening of the public schools relieved this pressure upon our facilities it was decided to afford the neediest of the rejected ones an opportunity of spending a short season at Mont-Lawn. Accordingly, last week, a number sufficiently large to be comfortably accommodated were chosen, without regard to age. It was a strange gathering that assembled in the examining-room at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices one forenoon to "pass the doctor,"—literally a room-full of the maimed, the sick, and the blind. Sickly little mothers, and frail, delicate babies, and the crippled, and the disabled, were specially chosen. One wee girl, hunch-backed, like little Number 5000, was among the number, and there were others laboring under different forms of physical affliction. Yet all seemed to share the general happiness at the prospect of a pleasant health-giving holiday in the country.

Silent, but with her thin white face beaming with joy, a girl sat back of the others and next the wall of the room. A glance at her revealed the fact that she was blind, indeed, almost eveless. She had been so afflicted from birth. Never had she seen the sweet light of the sun, nor the color of the flowers, nor the smile of a friendly face.

"It's Mary M—," said Mrs. St. James, a kind lady who had brought the poor blind girl and several others as candidates for admission to the Home. "She is a dear, gentle creature, patient amid her afflictions. Poor thing! She never had a holiday before, I believe, and now she is perfectly delighted to think that she is going away. Aren't you, Mary?"

The blind girl nodded, smiled, and gave utterance to some words which, owing to a defect in the vocal organs, were only half articulated. Inquiry revealed a sad story. Mary is an orphan, and lives in rear rooms in a tenement on Avenue A, with her brother and sister. Her brother's wife is insane and his little daughter lives with Mary and the rest—worse than motherless. For many months the brother has had no work and Mary's sister—a brave little woman with a heart of gold—has fought the battle for all.

Many a day they have gone hungry, but as the little woman looked at poor, blind Mary—her care since childhood—her heart rose again to the conflict, and she worked the harder. But there were times when work was scarce and money was scarcer, and had it not been for the kindness of some of the neighbors the household must have fared sorely indeed. On another floor of the same tenement, lives a widower with his three little motherless children, whom Mary's sister has looked after while the father was away at work. For this she receives a trifle in pay, but when there are so many mouths to be fed, and the rent to pay, such trifles hardly count. But the good-hearted widower, knowing there were poor and hungry folks overhead, has sometimes befriended them by having Mary's sister cook his Sunday dinner, and then the blind girl's family are sure, at least, of one hunger-appeasing meal weekly.

Blind Mary looks like a child—many a girl of twelve or fourteen is more of a woman than she, though she is twenty-eight. She is utterly helpless, and so weak intellectually that she can learn little or nothing. Some one of the kind patrons of our Children's Home has made her happier than she ever was in her life, for it costs no more to care for her at Mont-Lawn than it did for any of the little tots who have been there during the summer. Her's is a sad history, but it has its duplicate in many a home of poverty in the great city.

A BEVY OF WEE TENEMENT MAIDS AT MONT-LAWN.

The following contributions were received during the past week in aid of the work at Mont-Lawn:

Prev ack'd ..	$3,817.80	E C Carr	1 00
A W Parkhurst . .	5 00	Susan and Sarah Judson	6 00
Friend of the Children, Ottawa.....	2 00	A O, Asbury	9 00
2 Epworthians, Salem	2 00	G R Depue.....	1 00
C S W, Coventry....	1 00	E H Newton.....	50
L D Jordan.....	5 00	Anna L Gates	25
M A W, Dexter	2 00	Little Missy Sue....	3 10
Mrs Geo P Davis...	50	Mrs C N Townsend.	2 00
Lizzie Stewart.....	3 00	J H M, Patchogue ..	3 00
Mrs J McClurkin...	1 50	Stowe Kindergarten	1 00
Mrs E F Hanatord..	3 00	May A Hayden	6 00
Mrs J W Gavette ...	1 00	Pamelia Seely.....	3 00
Geo Redman.....	50	John Williams.....	1 00
Helen & Jesse Court	2 00	S S Austin.....	3 00
Mrs F A Butt.....	2 00	Dr Orville Nalle....	5 00
Susan D, Bloom'gton	5 00	A M S, Brooklyn....	3 00
I F, Elwood	3 00	Subr, West Prospect	3 00
Mrs L M McKnight.	5 00	I H N, Old Subr....	12 00
Ladies of Burlington	3 00	Annie & Elsie Coe..	10 00
——, Charleston	5 00	Neal Stroup	10
I H N, Worcester...	3 00	T P, Newark	3 00
E T B, Springfield..	3 00	W C T U, Moodus..	3 00
——, Freedom.....	2 00	Friend, Dorchester.	2 00
Josephine Fuller...	2 00	Union YPS C E, Herring Row.....	6 00
Justin M Copeland .	3 00	Mrs M V M, Shushan	3 00
Friend, Ky.....	3 00	Dorcas, Phila	2 00
F G T, E Pepperel..	2 00	S G & M H, Lock Haven.....	3 00
Miss M A Schlagle.	3 00	Mrs M J Miller.....	3 00
Subr, Salt Point....	2 00	Mrs A W Canfield..	3 00
Mrs H C Moore	3 00	Mother, Red Bank .	3 00
P G Northup	6 00	——, Pottstown	3 00
I H N, Amsterdam.	3 00	Total.....	$4,025.50
Sub'r, Ft Stockton ..	3 00		
——, Anaheim. ...	6 00		

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Solomon Anointed King.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 4th. I. Kings 1: 28-39. Golden Text, I. Kings 2: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SOLOMON was the son of Bathsheba, the partner in David's grievous sin, and yet he was the chosen of God to succeed David on the throne, and to build the temple "for the name of the Lord!" A man and woman who had shamefully fallen, and caused the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, were yet in their deep repentance and brokenness of heart, brought near to the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity! David and Bathsheba were chosen of God to be the parents of a man whom God should endow with wisdom beyond anyone who had lived before him, and with power and glory which should bring him into prominence throughout the known world of his time, and in remembrance throughout all ages. Truly God brings forth glory

Out of Shame!

David was advanced in age when Adonijah, probably his eldest living son, "exalted himself, saying, I will be king." "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself, shall be exalted" (Matt. 23: 12), and Adonijah was no exception. God had already spoken to David about his successor; it was not left to be settled by the ambition or party spirit of men. Even before David's sin, God had foreseen and chosen the son which should succeed him: "When thy days be fulfilled and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, . . . he shall build a house for my name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever. I will be his Father, and he shall be my son." (II.Sam. 7: 12-14). After the birth of Solomon whom the Lord loved, Amnon, David's first-born son died by the hand of his brother Absalom; probably also Chileab or Daniel, his second son had died. Later on, Absalom died in the midst of his rebellion, leaving Adonijah as the next in succession by birthright. But David had not inherited his throne from a long line of royal ancestors. God took him from the sheepfold to be king over his people, and he would in the same manner exercise his right to choose David's successor from among his sons. Adonijah had followed the example of Absalom in preparing chariots and horsemen and fifty men to run before him. His vanity and assumption were not unknown to his father, but the old king had never rebuked him (I.Kings 1: 5-6). Now things went farther; he won over to his side the priest Abiathar, the only remaining representative of the house of Eli, and also Joab who had always been such a thorn in David's side, and yet had remained true to him until now.

Nathan the prophet, whose concern was that God should be glorified, and his word fulfilled sought out Bathsheba. Why should the prophet seek her rather than go directly to David or to Solomon? May it not have been, is it not more than probable, that of all who lived at the court of David, this forgiven sinner lived the nearest to God, and Nathan, directed by the God he served, could trust a delicate and difficult business to one who knew how to wait upon the Lord, especially as the powers of the old king were, by this time, on the wane. God [illegible] moment which he has prepared that a thing shall be done, and those who are in the habit of hearkening to him are not left [illegible] as to what she should say to the king, and how she should remind him of his oath to her in accordance with God's word to him (I.Chron. 22: 7-11), and the prophet promised her that he would follow her into the chamber where the aged king was, and confirm her words.

How much might hang upon a few moments! How powerless in herself must Bathsheba have felt! According to earthly custom, Adonijah had the human right on his side; if he were persistent, another civil war might break out. But Bathsheba had the word of God to rest upon. Strong only in the Lord, she went forward, entered the chamber, bowed and did obeisance. "What wouldest thou?" said the king. "My lord, thou swarest by the Lord thy God unto thine handmaid, saying, Assuredly, Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne: and now behold, Adonijah reigneth; and now, my lord the king, thou knowest it not: and he hath slain (or sacrificed) oxen, and fat cattle, and sheep in abundance, and hath called all the sons of the king, and Abiathar the priest, and Joab the captain of the host; but Solomon thy servant hath he not called. And thou, my lord, O king, the eyes of all Israel are upon thee that thou shouldest tell them who should sit on the throne of my lord the king after him. Otherwise it shall come to pass, when my lord the king shall sleep with his fathers, that I and my son Solomon shall be counted offenders."

Hardly had Bathsheba ceased to speak when Nathan, with the same obeisance, approached the king, and said, "My lord, O king, hast thou said, Adonijah shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne?" And the prophet described in yet stronger language the assumption of the throne by Adonijah and how his adherents were saying: "God save king Adonijah," and he added, "Is this thing done by my lord the king, and thou hast not shewed it unto thy servant, who should sit on the throne of my lord the king after him?" Nathan had been David's truest friend, and his appeal added to that of Bathsheba was used of God to rouse the failing powers of the king for a last effort.

And the Thing was Done

that same day. With no previous preparation, no high state or grandeur, but in the blessed consciousness that they were carrying out the mind of God as well as the mind of the king, these men anointed Solomon. What about Adonijah? When men are in the line of God's will they may leave all consequences to him. Wicked men are afraid when they see that the tide turns against them. There are no such cowards as they who know they are not in the will of God. David never exalted himself, never made a position for himself. God had chosen him, and he was satisfied that God should call him to the throne in his own time. Absalom and Adonijah, born princes because they were David's sons, both of them were ambitious for something more. Each of them wanted the kingdom for himself. It was not for the benefit of the people they sought it, but the position for themselves. God could not be with them in such a pursuit.

While the adherents of Adonijah were feasting, a sudden and then increasing sound first of the trumpet and then of musical instruments, mixed with a multitude of voices, made the city ring again. What could it be? Joab inquired, "Wherefore is this noise of the city being in an uproar?" And Jonathan the son of Abiathar, one of the very men who had been so true to David in the time of Absalom's rebellion told the startled company what had occurred, and how Solomon was sitting on the throne of the kingdom, and [illegible] Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which hath given one to sit on my throne this day, mine eyes even seeing it." And the rebellion of Adonijah and his pretensions to the kingdom melted like smoke before the wind. Fear seized upon the guests, they disappeared before their names could be known, and Adanijah fled to the tabernacle, and laid hold of the horns of the altar in terror for his life. Thence Solomon sent for him and he did obeisance to him and retired to his own house. Thus God undertook, civil war was averted, and God's chosen king reigned. But this is not all, God had said of Solomon, "I have chosen him to be my son, and I will be his father. More over I will establish his kingdom for ever if he be constant to do my commandments and my judgment as at this day."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

GIHON

THE tragic death of Amnon and Absalom left Adonijah the next heir to the throne. Whether he felt sure of succeeding, or had any apprehension of Solomon being preferred, does not appear. However it may have been, he assumed the position of heir-apparent and, like Absalom, set up a chariot and a large retinue of servants. David had become a chronic invalid and appeared to have lost all interest in public affairs. He probably knew nothing of Adonijah's proceedings. Apparently he had made Bathsheba a promise at some earlier time that her son Solomon should be his successor. Bathsheba, alarmed for the safety of herself and her son in the event of Adonijah becoming king, by the advice of Nathan, reminded David of his promise. It was not too soon, for Adonijah, too impatient to wait for his father's death, was conspiring to seize the crown and was actually holding a feast of his friends which was to end in his proclamation. Even Joab who had held aloof from the previous conspiracy, was concerned in the plot. With a flash of his old promptitude, David roused himself to thwart the plotters and directed that Solomon should be made king at once, without waiting for his own death. Josephus says Solomon was only fourteen years old at the time, but other facts show that he was mistaken and that Solomon must have been about twenty years of age.

It was a very different position that Solomon occupied from that of David, thirty-three years earlier, when he became king. In the interval Israel had become a powerful nation. Moab had been subdued, Ammon humiliated, the Philistine power was broken, and even Syria was forced to pay tribute. The borders of the nation had been extended and the peoples on all sides had learned to respect the new power. The treasury was full to overflowing, and a large well-organized and well-equipped army had taken the place of the poor three thousand warriors who responded to Saul's call to arms. A great opportunity was in Solomon's hands. David was anxious that he should use it for the welfare of the kingdom. The records show that the old king pleaded with him tenderly and eloquently to walk in the ways of the Lord, assuring him that in that way alone could he hope to prosper. He had secured the independence of the nation, and it rested with Solomon to make it great in the sense of being good. That was Israel's role in the family of nations. Other e[illegible] ples have been eminent in war, oth[illegible] science, others in civil government [illegible] others in art—it was Israel's genius [illegible] the leader in spirituality and godl[illegible] She was to be the religious teacher [illegible] world. Solomon might make it an [illegible] nation, or he might degrade it and hi[illegible] by idolatry, or by giving himself [illegible] voluptuous pleasures like other Or[illegible] kings. The same opportunity, in le[illegible] gree, is before every youth. He ha[illegible] destinies of the kingdom of his being [illegible] hands. It is open to him to sink b[illegible] indulgence to the level of the beasts. [illegible] live as a son of God.

God save King Solomon. The wises[illegible] best men need to be saved and God [illegible] can save them. People sometimes [illegible] that the world might get along wit[illegible] religion, but it is the best thing the [illegible] has. An eminent missionary, who [illegible] traveled far and seen much, recently [illegible] this testimony: "I have visited the Is[illegible] of the New Hebrides; I have visite[illegible] Loyalty Group; I have seen missio[illegible] work in the Samoan Group; I know [illegible] the Islands of the Society Group; I [illegible] lived ten years in the Hervey Grou[illegible] nine years among the savages of [illegible] Guinea; I have had twenty-one year[illegible] perience among barbarians; I have [illegible] the uncivilized and the semi-civilize[illegible] have lived with the Christian native[illegible] I have lived, dined, and slept with[illegible] cannibal; but I have never yet met [illegible] one man or woman, that civilization [illegible] out Christianity has civilized."

I have appointed him to be ruler. It w[illegible] magnificent position, but its respon[illegible] ities were great. There is nothing in [illegible] universe more terrible than to be fals[illegible] the duties of the position we occ[illegible] whether it be humble or exalted. [illegible] Moody tells the story of a visit t[illegible] asylum for the insane, where he sa[illegible] most pitiful case. It was that of a [illegible] who never ceased uttering one cry, a[illegible] walked from morning till night the [illegible] of the asylum, groaning and wringing [illegible] hands. His only words were: "If I [illegible] had." This was his story: He was [illegible] ployed by a railroad company to take [illegible] of a swing-bridge, and he received a [illegible] spatch from the superintendent that a[illegible] tra train would pass over the road, [illegible] that he must not turn the bridge until [illegible] train had passed. One after another c[illegible] and tried to have him open the sw[illegible] bridge, and he refused to do it. At l[illegible] friend came and over-persuaded him, [illegible] he opened the bridge. He had no r[illegible] than done so, when he heard the t[illegible] coming. There was not time to close [illegible] bridge, and he saw the train leap, with [illegible] its living freight, into the abyss of de[illegible] His reason reeled and tottered upon [illegible] throne, and the man went mad. His [illegible] was: "If I only had! If I only had!"

He shall sit upon my throne in my s[illegible] David was conscious of senility. He [illegible] quite willing to commit the honors and [illegible] sponsibilities of royalty to his son's ha[illegible] He evidently had confidence in Solom[illegible] ability which must have been a relie[illegible] him. The story is told of an aged Ro[illegible] General, who was moved to tears as [illegible] watched the front ranks of a process[illegible] They were composed of veterans who [illegible] fought in many battles. "They cannot [illegible] much longer," said the General, "and w[illegible] is fit to take their place?" By-and-[illegible] came the men of middle age in their p[illegible] in the procession. "These are brave me[illegible] said the General's friend, "they have t[illegible] en the place of the fathers." The Gen[illegible] admitted that they were brave, but t[illegible] would become old, too, in a few years. [illegible] rear of the procession was made up [illegible] young men and children. The old [illegible] scanned their bright faces as they pas[illegible] and, lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaim[illegible] "It is enough, the Empire is safe!"

The Lord God of my lord the king, say[illegible] too. Kings sometimes forget that G[illegible] confirmation of their decrees is necessa[illegible] They boast that they have done or wil[illegible] this or that involving the fate of empi[illegible] forgetting that God rules the world. [illegible] naiah ventured the hope that God wo[illegible] confirm David's words. It is related t[illegible] a modern instance of a similar remin[illegible] came from the other side of a colloquy. [illegible] a speech of congratulation to Queen Eli[illegible] beth on the defeat of the Spanish Arm[illegible] the Speaker of the House of Commons s[illegible] that the Queen's mighty arm, meaning [illegible] English fleet, had delivered the count[illegible] "No," the Queen exclaimed, "the coun[illegible] was delivered by the mighty arm of Go[illegible]

A CAMPAIGN AMONG THE PINES.

Tent Work by American Sunday School Missionaries in Wisconsin—Many Conversions—A Number of Schools Founded.

A REMARKABLE campaign of Gospel Tent Meetings has just closed at Petersburg, on the lower Kickapoo River in Crawford county, Wis. Early in the spring the attention of W. W. [illegible]er, an earnest missionary of the [illegible]an S. S. Union, was called to this [illegible] Upon his first visit, he found a [illegible] of communities peculiarly ready, [illegible]ly for the organization of Sunday [illegible]s, but also for spiritual harvests, [illegible]sions attending even his first visit. [illegible] facts will show the religious destitution of the region. Crawford county, [illegible]d between the Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers, has a population of 17,203. [illegible] the exception of Prairie du Chien, [illegible]re no towns with a population over [illegible]. Taking the portion south of a line [illegible] east and west at Belle Centre, there [illegible]rritory twenty miles north and south [illegible]enty-six east and west, with a population (largely Protestant) of 8,244, exclusive of Prairie du Chien City. In this [illegible] there are only ten English-speaking [illegible]ant Churches, with a total average attendance probably not to exceed 800. [illegible] are 3,155 children of school age, [illegible]obably not 500 of these are enrolled [illegible]day Schools, including eight schools [illegible] Mr. Wheeler organized. From Belle [illegible] to Wauzeka, following the Kickapoo [illegible] valley, a distance of twenty-five [illegible] and for several miles back on each [illegible]here was but one Sunday School before Mr. Wheeler began his work.

THE WORKERS' CAMP AT HARRIS RIDGE, WIS.

Mr. Wheeler organized his first school [illegible] region April 17. In a very short [illegible]even more schools were in operation. [illegible]ing to the plan of the American [illegible]y School Union he sought to place [illegible] schools under the care of some [illegible]. Funds were secured for a new [illegible]ng for the Gospel Tent, the old canvas having been shattered in the cyclone, [illegible]rrangements were made whereby [illegible]ohn Willan of the Upper Kickapoo [illegible] give his whole time to the work. [illegible]markably clear and scriptural presentation of the Gospel contributed largely [illegible]the success of the campaign. His [illegible]end daughter, efficient helpers in testimony and song, accompanied the tent. [illegible]nary Wheeler also gave his full [illegible]e to the work, assisting in the meetings [illegible]aving a general oversight of all that [illegible]one. Others, A. D. Maes, Missionary of the American S. S. Union; the veteran minister, Rev. A. Pinkerton, and [illegible]. L. Cheney, General Missionary [illegible]e Congregationalists, rendered assistance at various times.

The Kickapoo Valley has been called [illegible]e Gem of Wisconsin." Beautiful valleys imposing bluffs, ridges crowned with [illegible]k and maple forests in every direction, [illegible]elight the eye. The large tent for the assembly and the smaller one that housed [illegible]e workers, made a beautiful appearance [illegible]; the great trees. The campaign began May 28, when the tent was pitched at Barnum, a little village on the Kickapoo Valley railroad. In close succession five places were visited: Barnum, Steuben, Harris' Ridge, Foskett's, and Petersburg. Twelve days' meetings, including two Sundays, were generally held in each place, excepting Fosketts, where the interest was so great the workers tarried the third week. A very interesting feature of the work was the Sunday School rallies, which were held at four of the points visited From six to eight schools were present in force at each rally. At Harris' Ridge, where the tent was pitched in a beautiful grove, the interest was so great that although the harvest was pressing, large audiences were in attendance nightly, and when Sunday School "Rally Day" came, eight tired teams were sent to Wauzeka to bring the Sabbath School there to the rally, although it involved a drive of twenty miles. Mr. F. G. Ensign, of Chicago, Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union, came all the way to be present at this meeting. The rally at Barnum was pronounced by "old settlers" to have been the largest and most enthusiastic Sunday School gathering ever held in the Lower Kickapoo. The closing day at Foskett's was a memorable one, and the tent could scarcely contain the audiences. At night it was filled with people who came through a drenching rain. The service was one of marked power, and as the rain steadily beat upon the tent, the meeting was continued till a late hour, and after dismissal, the people remained to sing hymns and to talk over the meetings they had enjoyed together. The campaign closed at Petersburg, Aug. 5th, where eight days of services were held, which took strong hold upon that community. Unfortunately, a furious storm the last afternoon overturned the tent, slightly injuring one of the workers.

Although the religious privileges in this region have been meagre, yet the people are most intelligent and well disposed toward religious things, very kindly receiving the messengers as well as its message. As a partial result of these ten weeks of tent work, one hundred and ten sermons have been preached to people many of whom otherwise would scarcely have heard a sermon, and to audiences ranging from a score to nearly seven hundred. Four large Sunday School rallies have been held which have done much to awaken interest in Sunday School work in the county. Six regular meeting places have been opened, three regular prayer meetings have been started, and two Christian Endeavor Societies, and two Congregational Churches are soon to be formed with prospect of at least two more in the near future.

RALLY OF EIGHT SUNDAY SCHOOLS AMONG THE PINES.

It is difficult to tell the number of conversions. At Barnum, sixteen signed a covenant to live for Christ, and about thirty expressed a desire to live a Christian life. At Steuben, eighteen persons signed the covenant. One of the brightest conversions here was of a man sixty-seven years of age. At Harris Ridge, thirty-four signed the covenant, and nearly every person of the large number who regularly attended the meetings expressed a purpose to live a Christian life. Probably more than one hundred and fifty persons in all have taken their stand for Christ and are now under the care of a pastor, Mr. F. C. Bliss of Yale Seminary, who has done good work in following up the tent meetings and will hold this ground until permanent arrangements can be made. Great credit is due the American Sunday School Union, which entered this region, opened the eight Sunday Schools and co-operated through the ten weeks of meetings. The results, whatever they may be, will be largely the outgrowth of this admirable system of missionary work.

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$479.02
A Daughter of the King, Livonia	1 00
S E Fond	5 00
Mary Ash	50
Mrs Remsen Rushmore	3 00
I H N, East Rockaway	1 00
J D McCullough	5 00
Wm. I. Marshall	1 00
W H Veza	1 00
Friend, Lassie Kidge	1 00
Mrs Elizabeth M. Rogers	15
Mrs J A Hulskamper	2 00
Constant Reader, Cohoes	1 00
Mrs J McKay	1 00
—, Decatur	1 00
Dayton C F Sunday	2 [illegible]
Andrew, Savannah	2 00
Mrs C Puckett	2 00
Dan'l Puckett	2 00
E C T, Mercer Co	50
Mrs & Mrs J W Godbold	2 00
Mrs Margie Nesbit	3 [illegible]
Reader, Iowa	1 00
Family belonging to Jesus, [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Mrs D A Russell	13
Miss Julia Fabian	1 00
I H N, East Rockaway	1 00
Invalid, Me	2 00
Mrs M V M. Shushan	[illegible]
Total	**$525,85**

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Sabbath-Breakers Rebuked.

Our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest Relates some Interesting Experiences.

IN a letter just received from Kirksville, Mo., Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Mission

A KANSAS SOD-HOUSE, VISITED BY OUR S. S. MISSIONARY.

ary, writes as follows: "I am in receipt of very gratifying reports concerning the progress of the schools organized this year, and have been continuing the work of organizing in the heated term: made twenty-five visits to families in a country district one day; addressed the people and organized a school at night, fifty-nine persons having promised to attend it. Another country district visited was very indifferent about a Sunday School, but hearing of a picnic in the woods, not for Sunday School purposes, but for amusement and dancing, I attended it and obtained permission of the master of ceremonies to deliver an address. When there was a pause in the music, I stepped into the arena, and asked them to unite with me in singing, 'The Sweet By-and-Bye.'

At the conclusion of the singing I addressed them, telling them the glad tidings of salvation, and urging everyone to make sure of heaven by accepting Jesus. Their instruments were an organ and a violin, and dancing was their principal exercise, but they also had a greased pole, slender and tall. If any youth succeeded in climbing to the top he was to have a dollar as a reward. I did not remain to witness the dancing and climbing. When I closed my address I announced an appointment for a Sunday School meeting the day following (Sunday), at a neglected old church building, at which time I organized a school which has now five teachers and forty-five scholars.

"The next neighborhod visited was also in great need of a school, but the encouragement to effort was very little — just such a place of moral darkness as needed missionary work badly. Besides the general apathy of the people, it was said the trustees would not allow us to organize in the school-house. I drove several miles in a most oppressive heat, to see each trustee, and having secured the consent of a majority, succeded in organizing, with an earnest Christian for Superintendent.

After that I visited and addressed a Sunday School Assembly which met in a grove. Five schools were represented and with their friends, made a large concourse. It was a township convention, under the management of a brother who was converted at a meeting I conducted several years ago. Next day, I drove to a picnic somewhat like the one first mentioned, having music and dancing, with the addition of a political speech, in a grove. I obtained consent to deliver a Sunday School address, and it received an attentive hearing from a portion of the audience, but I think it had not much influence with another portion, who, after the sermon and songs, resumed their fiddling and dancing."

In the course of his work our missionary has frequently to put up at strange places. The photograph above shows one of these—a Kansas sod house, out on the lonely plains. Not a very inviting mansion, but the Divine grace can illuminate even a hovel and transform it into a palace.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

IN order to avoid sore disappointment to our friends who contemplate availing themselves of our marvelous World-Wide Encyclopedia offer, we hereby give due notice and timely warning that we cannot fill any orders for The World-Wide Encyclopedia MAILED after the 30th DAY OF SEPTEMBER. This is absolutely final, and it will save us and our friends a vast deal of annoyance and useless correspondence if they will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

In reply to numerous inquiries as to how long we will hold a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia for persons who cannot now afford to deposit more than $1, as an earnest of their serious intentions, we wish to state that when requested so to do at the time the deposit is made, we will hold a complete set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia for SIX MONTHS FROM SEPT. 1st, 1896, and that as soon as the balance of $4 is sent in, we will ship the complete set of fifteen volumes. And now that those who are anxious to possess themselves of this invaluable Compendium of Knowledge may act intelligently in this matter, we here, and for the last time, REPEAT THE OFFER IN FULL, and trust that it may prove profitable reading to many.

Under no circumstances will orders or first deposits on account of the Encyclopedia mailed after September 30th, be recognized at this office.

Any one sending ten subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the regular subscription price, $1.50 each, will receive a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia free. We do not pay freight charges, however. It makes no difference whether you are an old subscriber or a new subscriber. As the offer will positively be withdrawn this month, you should send us $5, on receipt of which we will immediately ship the Encyclopedia. Then apply yourself to getting the ten subscribers. Send the subscriptions in as fast as you receive them, retaining a half dollar from each one. When you have secured the ten subscriptions you will have refunded to yourself the $5 which you advanced to make sure of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. The sooner you get the subscriptions, the sooner you get your $5 back. We will allow you all the time required to make good the ten subscribers. Take your own time about it, and do the best you can.

All that is necessary under these circumstances is to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about as follows: "Enclosed, please find $5 for which send me a complete set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. Ship via (here state the route), to (here state the station). If the books are satisfactory, I will send you ten subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as soon as I am able to secure them, and I will send them separately as fast as I get them, retaining fifty cents from each subscriber.

"If I am not pleased with the books, after inspecting them, I reserve the right to return them within ten days after they reach my hands, in which case you will refund the $5 herewith enclosed." Sign your name and enclose the money either by money order, draft, or if you send cash, register your letter.

In reply to your request for a *description of the* [illegible] we repeat from our issue of August 5: The World-Wide Encyclopedia answers every question, however difficult or abstruse. A digest of all knowledge from the earliest times is contained within its pages, and no person, however untutored, provided he can read, need lack for full information on any matter within the scope of human knowledge, when once he is the possessor of this work of universal interest. The World-Wide Encyclopedia is an epitome of the "sum total of wisdom and knowledge." It treats fully and exhaustively of every subject of human interest, whether history, science, [illegible] classics, physiology, etc., etc., from the beginning of things down to the practical questions of our own day. It is a fountain of knowledge on all subjects, and contains more compact wisdom than was ever stored in the brain of the greatest sage on earth.

The World-Wide Encyclopedia contains [illegible] durably bound in rich silk-finish lined cloth, and stamped in solid gold. Each volume is [illegible] thick. The 15 volumes when on the bookshelf make a striking array *nearly two feet in length*. The set weighs about *40 pounds*, and not many years ago it would have taken $200 to buy it, but this is the day of labor-saving machinery, enterprise, and low prices. The proprietor of this journal, in order to make this remarkable offer, and with a view of offering every man, woman and child who desires a liberal education, an opportunity of acquiring it without any financial sacrifice, purchased **six car-loads** of Encyclopedias, aggregating in weight nearly *200,000 pounds*, and so great has been the demand for this wonderful work that within the first two weeks nearly **20 tons** were shipped to the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who availed themselves of this exceptional opportunity. The offer will *positively be withdrawn* late this month, and this is the final call to all who intend to secure this great work.

If you cannot send $5, send what you can, but not less than $1, and we will reserve one set for you until you have earned it, or until you send the balance of the deposit. In several instances, persons who earned a set of the Encyclopedia by sending ten subscribers at $1.50 each, afterwards sold their set for $20 or more, and then started in to earn a second set. We have nearly 1,000 letters on file from people all over the country, who are congratulating themselves on their exceeding good fortune in having secured a set of the World-Wide Encyclopedia, and we hope to number you among them.

THE SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE, SHOWING THE RAPIDS.

See article on opposite page.

Subscriber, Winterset, Ia. 1. What is your opinion of a professing Christian consulting a gypsy fortune-teller and then slandering a Christian as a result of the information obtained? 2. Do these gypsies possess any ability to tell anything or predict other people, and if so, by what power or agency is it done?

1. Such conduct would certainly not be an evidence of Christianity, but the contrary. 2. No; such persons are simply charlatans who make a living out of the credulity and superstition of ignorant people.

Seeker, Jersey City, N. J. 1. Is the ancient Talmud printed in English? 2. What does the Talmud say about Jesus and the Apostles?

1. An "Introduction to the Talmud," by M. Mielziner as published by the American Hebrew Publishing House, Chicago, but we do not know of any publication in English of the Talmud as a whole. It is not one volume, but a series of twelve folio volumes, of religious, moral, and civil laws, science, antiquities, maxims, legends, and, parables. 2. A certain part of the ancient Talmud was called the *Toledoth Yeshu ha Nossri* ("the Generation of Jesus the Nazarene"). It contained the statement that Jesus was hanged at the direction of the Jewish rulers and that the body was taken down at sunset and buried outside the city. All mention of Jesus was with a view to depreciate him and his work. The Toledoth Yeshu was expunged from the Talmud in 1030, by order of the Jewish Assembly at Jaroslav in Little Poland, and all mention of Christ was directed to be suppressed in the Talmud thereafter. These circumstances are familiar to most Jewish scholars. Jesus is incidentally mentioned by several Greek and Roman secular authors, including Tacitus, Annal. XV, 44, 3; Pliny, Epistle X, 97; Lucian, Suetonius, Eusebius, and others.

A "Mother" sends us this note which many will read approvingly:

A. M., Macomb, Ill. Don't you think if fathers were what they ought to be, every child would be born with heart attuned to the "eternal harmonies"? The mother cannot change the impure nature the father may have given his child. We mothers would be glad if preachers everywhere would preach more to the boys and impress them with the great responsibility of being good men. It seems to us that there are very few real fathers in the world at present. I have two boys, and my greatest wish for them is "that they may be genuine, true, good fathers."

M. M., Colon, Neb. 1. When a Christian feels that Christ has forsaken him, is he justified in thinking that Christ is trying his faith? 2. Are Christians bound to be friendly with persons of an inferior class, if they are Christians, too?

1. He would be more likely to be right if he looked for the cause in himself. Jesus remains the same and does not needlessly or causelessly withdraw himself. The alienation comes usually from consciousness of some duty neglected, or some wrong feeling indulged, or from sin. When a Christian becomes proud and self-sufficient, Christ often withdraws his loving presence and the Christian learns by sad experience how weak he is. 2. The consciousness of brotherhood in Christ should be a stronger bond of union than social rank. There ought to be cordiality and kindliness, and care that the brother in Christ should not have his feelings hurt by any heedlessness. There are, however, some Christians whose disposition and manner and bent of mind are such that another Christian could not find pleasure in their society. He is not bound to make close companions of people who are not congenial. But he can be cordial and kind even to those whom he does not admit to intimate friendship.

L. M. P., Stoudsburg, Pa. What is the religion of the Stundists?

They are Protestant and Evangelical, with reformed tendencies. They hold that the Lord's Supper is merely a memorial feast, reject infant baptism and the sacraments generally, read the Bible diligently, are opposed to war, will take no interest on money loaned, and are clean, honest, temperate, and moral. They have no common Confession of Faith.

Reader, Essex Junction, Vt. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to play cards and teach the young people how to play, if he thinks it isn't wrong?

We cannot comprehend how any pastor can regard card-playing as otherwise than detrimental to morals. It has proved a road to ruin for millions. Cards are the favorite amusement of the gambler, and their very touch is contaminating to the self-respecting man or woman. They are to be classed as among those obstacles to spiritual growth which the Christian should carefully avoid.

John H., Bethany, Cal. Have you any historical data as to the height of the Tower of Babel?

Nothing definite is now known as to its height, although the tradition of its existence is found among other nations besides the Jews. The Chaldeans are probably the earliest authority. Plato declares that the tradition dated back to the "Golden Age," and Josephus the Jewish historian and Hestiaeus both [illegible] tion the Tower in detail. There are two mounds near Hillah (supposed to be on the site of ancient Babylon), in Mesopotamia, one being the ruin of the so-called *Birs Nimroud*, the other a ruin called *Babil*. The former, which some eminent scholars and investigators believe may be the remains of Babel, consists of seven stages or stories, in pyramidal form with a shrine or chapel on top, the whole structure being 153 1-2 feet. The height of *Babil* (the other ruin) is 140 feet.

Subscriber, Clermont, N. Y. 1. What did our Lord mean by saying Mark 4: 11, that he taught the people in parables so that they might not be converted? 2. Why did our Lord who is called the Prince of Peace say Matt. 10: 34, that he came not to send peace but a sword?

1. We cannot conceive of Christ ch[illegible] that form of teaching with the deliberate [illegible] pose of preventing the people benefiting by his words. There were a number of people who came to listen to him out of idle curiosity, and with no serious intention of obeying him. His disciples and others who had cast in their lot with him listened that they might be what they wanted them to be. The two classes would be tested by the plan of teaching in Parables. The curious, idle people would hear and not be pleased with the story, without perceiving the spiritual lesson, while the disciples would be intent on the lesson Christ wished to convey. The former class would probably have listened at all to direct unadorned preaching. They would listen to the story, and they had a sincere desire to learn they would see the truth, if not, they would forget the story. 2. It was a prediction, not a purpose. As a matter of fact, discipleship did produce the severance of domestic ties by hatred and persecution. If a member of the family became a Christian, he was [illegible] sailed and persecuted.

Subscriber, Adrian, Mich. 1. How can I get back the peace and joy I had when I was first converted? 2. If the Holy Spirit will lead us into all truth, have we any need of human help? 3. How can I satisfy a child as to the existence of God?

1. Prayer is an effectual [illegible] Another good method is to get away from yourself to Christ. If no person is well who is constantly feeling his own pulse, taking his temperature, and watching his symptoms, so no Christian can be in a satisfactory condition who is too much introspection. Try to lead a good life, free from sin; try to save some soul for Christ and cease to trouble about your peace and joy. They will come as you grow in grace and usefulness. 2. The Holy Spirit uses the preacher to lead you into truth. Human help is not to be despised. 3. The child can satisfy himself that things do not come into existence of themselves, that there is an active cause for everything, that a builder for the house, a maker for the watch. Even a child must understand that there is a first original Cause for all. You cannot make him understand God; the human intellect cannot grasp the infinite, but you can tell him about God and he will be impressed by what you say. Children have more faith in their parents' belief than is usually realized.

Mrs. R. T. S., Grove City, Pa. [illegible] faith or denomination are the Armenians? Where can Bibles at the most reasonable rate be procured, as I wish to get four for premiums?

1. This has been repeatedly answered in detail. They do not belong to any of the existing denominations, but are Christians in forms of worship and liturgy very similar to the Orthodox Greek Church. 2. You can obtain the very finest editions of Internal Teachers' Bibles as premiums through a subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, either $2 or $3, according to the quality of Bible desired. The subscription entitles you to the paper for one year in addition to the premium.

Rev. George T. Smith of Chicago writes: You were right in saying in answer to a question in THE MAIL-BAG that it was probable that there were Unitarians or Socinians among the ministers of the Disciples of Christ, but a matter of fact there are none. In a long [illegible] try of twenty-seven years among them I have met with only one instance of a minister holding Unitarian doctrines, and he was obliged to withdraw.

Mrs. J. Hagen, Utica, N. Y. No.—E. Shaw, W. Va. American and Congregational[illegible] believe.—J. R. J., Auxonville, Pa. We cannot undertake to discuss politics.—Rob. M, Manchester, Vt. 1. MSS should be typewritten, on one side of the paper, mailed flat, with stamps for return postage. 2. There are many; it depends upon the class of publication you want. 3. Write to Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, Washington, for copyright information.—Mrs. C. V. V. Consult a reputable lawyer.—Mrs. W. W., Accord, N. Y. During the present month.—Reader, Salem, Ill. We have no exchange with them.—Rev. I. Peltz, Kingsland, N. J., who conducts Christian work among railroad men there, can use religious literature to great advantage.—D. F. McK., Orlando, Fla. It is not true.—Mrs. G. J. F., Monroe, Ga. The Converts' Meeting is held at 10 A. M. in the Bowery Mission.—Mrs. J. C. H., Rich Mountain, Ark. Don't know it.—Reader, Wardensville, W. Va. Write to Tiffany, Union Square, N. Y.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

onversion the Best Cure.

I MET my friend, Mrs. Bentley, the other evening at a mother's meeting. She looked very sad, and all the hour of the meeting I had noticed that her worn, sensitive face had a preoccupied ession, so that she hardly heard what going on. But when we sang, "Even her rare contralto voice joined in sweetly and clearly, a pathetic vibran the tones, and I heard her, syllable llable, as we repeated in unison the 's Prayer. Everybody went at last. linger usually for a little social talk our exercises are over, and finally Bentley came to say good-night.

thought perhaps I'd walk home with she said, "if you'll let me. I've thing to tell you. I'm going to leave ."

Oh, no! Mrs. Bentley," I answered. an't bear to think that matters een you two, who love each othave reached such a pass. John's nope is in you standing by him."

have stood by him," she replied. have endured his rough usage n he is not himself, have interd my own body as a shield be- n my children and their father, have toiled and slaved and suftill my patience and my strength ll gone. I've pawned everything I could raise a dollar on, and at moment I'm afraid we'll be ssessed for the rent. Not that 's anything much left, but we under shelter! And John gets e and worse; each time he goes n one of those awful bouts, he s deeper. I don't think its my to stay with him, and I mean to my children and go back to my er."

And John?" She shook her head impatience.

I tell you, I've done with John. will be in the gutter next, and he t drag us there with him."

s she said, Emma Bentley, like another tempest-tossed wife mother, had reached the end of patience. Yet, notwithstanding, ted to let this partnership of husband wife dissolve in such a way. I knew e were still possibilities of good in n, if he could only be saved. And he d Emma, and Emma loved him, and loved their children. Nevertheless, two months or so witnessed a spell n the usually affectionate husband transformed into a demon or a brute, n he squandered his wages and went with low companions, and was somes demented for all practical purposes days. The Bentleys grew poorer and rer. He had been a brilliant business ; he grew to be so uncertain and so his grip on the world that he belongo the company whom no man would . Mrs. Bentley took in sewing, took ne washing and ironing, did whatever e to her hand, and held on to John ly and loyally. But at last she was perate and discouraged.

There is a cure!" I said to myself, ing the floor of my room that night, nized for these two. For before them, w, if they separated, only ruin, swift him, slow for her. The hardening of nature, the weakening of his, and in any nt, the dreary, dreary years stretching y before their feet, a veritable *via olorosa*, a path through the desert.

There is a cure! John Bentley must brought to Christ. No soundly conted man will be a drunkard. Any unkard, soundly converted, will give up sin that fetters him, and become rist's free man."

waylaid John Bentley. I met him next , slouching along, ragged, ashamed, bittered, frying to avoid my glance and outstretched hand.

"Hello John!" I cried. "I've been looking for you. Come up home with me; there's something wrong with our old clock."

John Bentley was an amateur mechanic and loved tinkering. He had worked with my grandfather's clock before now, and was not a little proud of his success in setting it right when took a stubborn fit and went wrong as it did occasionally.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "now and again the mainspring gets out of order. Nothing ever does go right, when the mainspring's not what it should be."

He had hit the nail on the head. From talk about the clock we got to talk about the man. John told me frankly that he'd made a hard fight but he'd been beaten.

"And where are you going?" I asked.

"Straight to the devil!" he answered, like a flash. "I've tired out my friends, I've tired out myself, I've tired out my wife. The sooner I'm dead and done with it the better."

"John Bentley," I said, "there's one you haven't tired out, and he isn't going to let the devil have you. The Lord Jesus Christ claims you, John, claims you for his man, his soldier, his servant. You can't resist that claim. Christ's going to save you, and you've got to yield to him and be saved."

"I've no will left," he moaned.

"The Son of Man came to seek and save just such as you. He has a new will to put into you." John Bentley, will you resist, or will you consent to be saved?"

"Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," cried John, falling on his knees beside the tall old clock, that ticked, and ticked, as the solemn moments sped. * * *

That's ten years ago. John has never tasted liquor since. The Bentleys are happy and prosperous.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Cataracts of the Nile.

In the advance of the Anglo-Egyptian Army toward Dongola, the troops are under the necessity of going considerable distances by water. This is not an easy matter, for the river Nile, for hundreds of miles, is little else than a mass of rocks and rapids. Our photograph of the First Cataract (on the opposite page), shows how difficult must be the task of taking even small steamers and gunboats up such a narrow channel. One gunboat, the *El-Teb*, when taken up through the Second Cataract, had to be temporarily stripped of her guns, the only weight left being her coal supply. 500 soldiers on the east bank pulled at the hawsers and on board the gunboat men regulating her course with fenders and pushing-off poles. All communications between those on board and the men on the bank had to be carried on by signal, owing to the noise of the rapids.

In a Laos Hospital.

How Healing for the Body and Salvation for the Soul Have Been Brought Within the Reach of a Strange People.

ONE of the most interesting, though little known countries of the world is the Laos country, which lies to the north of Siam, and is separated from China by an arm of Tonquin on the northeast and an arm of Burmah on the northwest. By the courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions we are privileged to give on this page a picture of the Royal Temple which stands on a broad street running north and south through the great city of Chieng Mai. The face of the temple is covered with gold embellished with bits of mirror and colored mica. The horns upon the roof are gilded and hung with little bells that ring sweetly with every breeze that stirs. When the morning sun shines upon the gorgeous temple the reflection is glorious. Within its walls a great altar is placed at the rear, upon which is seated a colossal image of Buddha covered with gold and robed in rich garments. The curious tower rising to the left of the temple is called a Pra-ch-dee. It contains relics of Buddha—possibly a tooth or a few hairs—and is venerated by the Laos. It is built of sand and bricks, the exterior covered with mortar and outside whitened or gilded.

THE ROYAL TEMPLE AT CHIENG MAI IN THE LAOS COUNTRY.

In this Laos country Dr. James W. McKean is doing a noble work for Christ, and many a poor heathen has had reason to bless God for the blessings he has received for body and soul through the labors of this devoted missionary. In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received a few days ago, Dr. McKean thus writes of the country and tells the story of two of the patients who have come under his care:

This whole land is full of both physical and spiritual sickness and death. A very broad field for the exercise of the healing art, combined with the widest possible opportunity for the proclamation of the Gospel lies before any Christian physician who is willing to give himself to such a work.

Two of our recent cases will show both the need of the work and the benefits of it. One of these was the case of a nobleman at Miung Sing: This man was a person of some wealth and influence in the province where he resided, being one of the governor's chief men. Shortly after having built a large dwelling house he was taken with a very painful disease. Fearing that he had in some way offended the spirits in the building of the house, he made frequent and valuable offerings to them but all to no purpose. His disease growing more painful, he tore down his fine house, hoping thereby to placate the spirits, but this also failed. Native medicine gave no relief and the man was in despair.

After he had suffered four years, he met a man who had formerly been afflicted with the same disease and who had been cured by an operation in the mission hospital in Cheung Mai. To Cheung Mai he resolved to go. But he met many obstacles. Cheung Mai was very far away. He was so ill that travel was almost impossible. There lay before him a long journey over mountains, through forest and jungle and across many rivers, the great Cambodia being one of them. His friends tried to dissuade him. The princess tried to prevent his going, and even the governor refused to give his consent. But he was resolved. As he said, he "set his heart" to go. So selling much of his property and getting together seven hundred rupees, a large amount of ready money for a man in his province, he set out for Cheung Mai.

He was too ill to walk so must hire men to carry him on a litter. Several days after leavinng home he learned that the men who carried him were opium eaters. A few days later under threat of being deserted in the forest he was compelled to yield seventy rupees of his precious seven hundred for the purchase of opium for his men. One night while sitting by his camp-fire, unuable to sleep on account of pain, his carriers and servants having retired, robbers sprang into the camp and putting out the lights, robbed him of his guns, ammunition and other valuables. On account of his severe illness he was compelled to make long and frequent stops on the way, so that when at last he entered the mission hospital in Cheung Mai he had been a whole year on the road and his seven hundred rupees were entirely gone. He was welcomed to the hospital as befitted his office and his need as well as his faith and persistence in seeking the only hope of relief. After preliminary treatment he was submitted to an operation with the very gratifying result of a complete cure. He had been a great sufferer. He told me that for five years he had not been able to sleep with any degree of comfort, but that every single night he had sat on his bed racked with pain until exhausted nature claimed a few short hours of disturbed and unrefreshing sleep. It was a great joy to us as well as to him that he was so entirely relieved from all suffering. During his stay of several months he was daily instructed in the Christian religion. Learned in the Buddhist faith he readily comprehended the superiority of Christianity and seemed to receive it gladly. When he left for his distant home he professed to be a believer in Christ.

Other cases of interest might be mentioned. One in particular is that of a man who had long suffered from mental disease. All disturbances of mental functions are here attributed to spirits. This man surely seemed possessed of the devil. So violent had he become that his friends had removed him from his house and had bound him with two chains to the posts of the rice granary. His brother who was a noted spirit doctor, had tried all his charms and incantations for the poor man's relief, but without avail.

It happened—aye, did not He who orders all things cause it to happen?—that two of our native evangelists were teaching in this village. Indeed, relatives of the sick man, including the spirit doctor, were receiving instruction in the Christian religion. These evangelists, taking pity on the poor maniac, applied for medicine for his relief. It must be confessed that it was with little hope of cure that medicine was given. A few days later, however, the evangelists reported that after taking the medicine for two days he was so much improved that his chains were removed. After continuing the treatment for several weeks the man was apparently cured. A few months later we had the joy of seeing this man, clothed and in his right mind, received into the visible church, together with his whole family including his brother, the spirit doctor.

Almost a whole year has elapsed. The man is well and to all appearances is a devout and consistent disciple of the Lord. A few days ago, at a Sabbath service at which this man was present, the native Christians were remarking upon his cure and agreed in saying that the divine power manifestly exercised therein closely resembled that exercised in the apostolic times, when Satan was cast out of men's hearts and bodies to make place for the spirit of truth.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Brotherhood.

WE can express our interest in other Christians by a simple nod of the head when we meet them on the street. You say, "There are Christians connected with our church I cannot speak to, because I have never been introduced." You dare not accost them because of the conventionalities of society. We must come upon a higher platform than that. We must remember that we are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We must feel that as it would be a very strange thing for two brothers, born of the same parents and nurtured at the same fireside, to pass each other from time to time on the street without any personal recognition; so, and far more than so, it is outrageous when two men, children of the same Heavenly Father, having been seated at the same communion table, and baptized by the same Holy Spirit, and on their way to the same home, do not recognize each other, whether according to the ordinary laws of society they have a right to express such recognition or not. If you are sure that you are a child of God, and you are sure of the fact that the man you meet in the street is a friend of God, you have a right to give him your brotherly sympathy by a nod of the head. God made the muscles of the neck so pliable, and the bones of the neck so easily adjusted to a bow, that he intended we should recognize those who are our brothers in Jesus Christ. And when you go along the street, let there be a lighting up of the face and a gleam in the eye and a congeniality in your manner for all those who love Christ. Let it not be an outward and hypocritical demonstration; but from a heart warmed up with love for God and love for his kingdom, bow to every Chris-[illegible]

Another way in which we can culture Christian sympathy, and demonstrate it, and make it practical, is by a shake of the hand. We do not refer to an unmeaning touch of the hand, to an indefinite sprawling out of the fingers; but we mean one warm, decided, positive grip which seems to say, "Here is my regard—my help, if you want it—my sympathy, my brotherhood." If secret societies have their signals—and it is stated that when one of [illegible] not we have some grip by which a child of God, who has with him the secret of the Lord, shall recognize those who are of the same brotherhood, of the same secret society? For the secret of the Lord belongs only to those who fear him; and whenever you find a man in that brotherhood, give him the grip.

A Wide Gospel.

IF it had been possible, religion would have been monopolized. Some would have said: "Let us have all this to ourselves—no publicans, no plebeians, no lazzaroni, no converted pickpockets. We will ride toward heaven on fierce chargers, our feet in golden stirrups. Grace for lords, and dukes, and duchesses, and counts. Let Napoleon and his marshals come in, but not the common soldier that fought under him. Let the Girards and Barings come in, but not the stevedores that unloaded their cargoes, or the men who kept their books." Heaven would have been a glorified Windsor Castle, or Tuilleries, or Vatican; and exclusive people would have strutted through the golden gates to all eternity. Thank God, there is mercy for the poor! The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon; and the text was: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Lazarus went up, while Dives went down; and there are candidates for imperial splendors in the back alleys, and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up his throne in a manger, and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and swung the gate of heaven wide open. The nations of the earth will one day come into this refuge. The windows of heaven will be opened: God's trumpet of salvation will sound, and China will come from its tea-fields and rice-harvests, and lift itself up into the light. India will come forth; the chariots of salvation jostling to pieces her Juggernauts. Freezing Greenland and sweltering Abyssinia will, side by side, press into the kingdom; and transformed Bornesian cannibals will preach of the resurrection of the missionaries they have slain. The glory of Calvary will tinge the top of the Pyrenees; and Lebanon cedars shall clap their hands; and by one swing of the sickle Christ shall harvest nations for the skies. I sing of a world to be redeemed. In the rush of the winds that set the forests in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills. I see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as he comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, I hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea." Come in, Black Hottentot and snow-white Caucasian; come in, mitred official and diseased beggar; let all the world come in. Room in Castle Jesus! Sound it through all lands; sound it by all tongues. Let sermons preach it, and bells chime it, and pencils sketch it, and processions celebrate it.

Get Them in!

GET men into the Kingdom of God. Who cares about the way you get them in? I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth five hundred dollars. If the trout and deer of Saranac Lake and John Brown's tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels! Such bait boxes! Such cartridges! Such Bradford flies! Such pocket flasks for soda water and lemonade! Suffice it to say that I did not interfere with the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a mountaineer with an old blunderbuss [illegible] deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure, if we cannot catch souls.

Returning to Work.

NOW that the holiday months are over, it will not be amiss to consider some facts regarding holidays, and their inevitable sequence of buckling to work again. To many who have been wandering amid the glamor of foreign cities, or else shut apart in lonely unplanted places, the first sensations of a return to business must be that they are out of time and tune with their surroundings. Yet this is a mood a thoughtful man may well encourage for an hour or two; for it will allow him, before stepping back into his real position to see it morally, as he never can see it, when in the full tide of active life. If his aims and ambitions are impure, he must feel how low he has to stoop, in order to grasp what has drifted away from him; and the very act should be a revelation and a reproof. If his work is noble, and influential for good, he cannot but realize its importance, as he steps back into his place and his opportunities.

For after all, holidays are desirable, more for their moral, than for their physical necessity. Physically, this necessity is far overrated. The common talk about our working too hard is just a little bit of pretence. Few people really work hard; if they do, it agrees with them; for it is very rarely indeed, the intellectual power is disproportionate to the physical power. Let anyone in a good, honest hurry, walk down Wall Street at high noon, and he will be quickly irritated at the pottering crowd of professedly busy men, encumbering the sidewalks. Legitimate business, in the ordinary business hours, will not injure anyone; it is only when a man's business is studying the ups and downs of stocks, and staking money on the result — it is only business that swings constantly between ruin and fortune, that overworks and fits a man for permanent holidays. Therefore, it is a libel on the holy sacrament of Work, to call Anxiety by its name; real honest work, being of all influences, the most serene, soothing and consoling. No one perhaps realizes this until the day comes when he fears his work is over. Then, there is a sense of such hopeless regret, as no other loss in life can awaken.

Which of us would like to live in a world where it was always holiday? Thank God for daily work! It is daily blessing! Thank God that he reaches us good things with our own hands! Thank God that the holiday-makers in European cities, and American woods, are all turning homeward, and workward again, and that mostly with satisfaction. For though they may have wandered amid the inspiring relics of a splendid and heroic past, and even trod on ground linked with immortal deeds, it is not these things, it is the routine of a regular and a busy life, which is the native air of all the solid virtues.

And what of those who have had no travel, and no holiday—who have been forced by financial circumstances to stay at home? Blessed are they who have had the courage to do this, rather than to borrow money to travel with, and leave their debts unpaid, and carry their cares with them! There is little doubt that those who have had the honor, and strength of character, to trust to their own hearths and homes, have had many little unexpected pleasures—such pleasures as are always coming to those who look for, and expect them; "Godsends" which have stolen upon them unawares: which they did not plan for, which cost them little, and left no regrets behind them. So that, though those who have travelled this summer may have done well, it is possible that those who have stayed at home may have done better. They have probably learned to make happiness in unaccustomed conditions; learned to cheerfully "do without;" to run themselves into new shapes; to make the best of small pleasures; and to throw off that care,

> Though wise in show
> That with supreme affliction loads the day
> And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

Well then, both those who have wandered far away, and those who have stayed at home with honor and duty, may alike thank God that the holidays are over, and that they have their work and their place in a world which is not indifferent either to their absence or their return. Holidays, or no holidays, such men never repine; they outlook shadows; they turn necessity into glorious g[illegible] they breathe on every event the perpe[illegible] joy of hope; and amid pleasant yesterd[illegible] and confident to-morrows,

> Travel on Life's common way,
> In cheerful gladness.

AMELIA E. BAR

BRIEF NOTES.

A Christian Endeavor Society Has [illegible] formed in San Francisco of rescued Chinese [illegible] girls. Their interest in the convention next ye[illegible] shown by their plans for a reception to the dele[illegible] and by their pledge of fifty dollars for conve[illegible] expenses.

Rev. George C. Needham, D. D., is Gi[illegible] lectures on the Epistles in the Sixth Avenue Ba[illegible] Church, Brooklyn, every Friday evening durin[illegible] month and next. He also preaches in the [illegible] church each Lord's Day.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of [illegible] Canada will hold their first national conventi[illegible] Ottawa, October 6-9. Special meetings will al[illegible] held at Aylmer, Quebec, where Dr. F. E. Clark[illegible] President of the United Society, was born.

Mr. Laurier, the New Premier of Can[illegible] announces that he will submit and support [illegible] legislation at the next session of Parliament to [illegible] permit the electors of the Dominion to deter[illegible] whether or not all traffic in liquor in the Dom[illegible] shall be prohibited.

Evangelist E. P. Telford's Friends Wil[illegible] glad to learn that his meetings at Newcastle-on-[illegible] have been the means of bringing in a multitud[illegible] souls. He expects to hold meetings during the [illegible] son at Manchester, Cardiff, Hartlepool, Car[illegible] Gateshead, and other towns.

London has Among its Roman Cath[illegible] priests Prince Max, a nephew of the King of Sax[illegible] He renounced his rights in the line of succession [illegible] the throne to enter the priesthood. His action [illegible] caused genuine surprise, as he was a thorough [illegible] of the world. He is now working in Whitech[illegible] the poorest district in London.

A Correspondent of Marshalltown, Io[illegible] reports that the services conducted in that tow[illegible] Evangelist Williams are increasing in interest d[illegible] and that in spite of criticisms by the press the [illegible] and stirring sermons of the evangelist are attrac[illegible] large audiences and are blessed to the conver[illegible] of many souls..

The American Methodist Episcopal Chu[illegible] and the English Wesleyans have agreed to u[illegible] their forces now laboring in the evangelizatio[illegible] Germany. They will take the name of the Amer[illegible] branch of the church. This will bring under A[illegible] ican control twenty-nine churches with an aggre[illegible] of 2,300 members.

St. Bartholomew's Church, New York[illegible] carrying on a cosmopolitan work in addition to [illegible] English services. It has now a Chinese, Arme[illegible] and Swedish Mission, where services are conduc[illegible] in the respective languages. The Chinese presi[illegible] ts Jin Fuey Moy, M. D., the Armenian is Rev[illegible] Yohannian, and the Sweedish Rev. H. Holmgre[illegible]

Louis Rhead who is Famous in the Ameri[illegible] world of art is quoted by the "Congregationalist" saying to his brother artists: "You will never [illegible] good art of any sort if you do not believe in a di[illegible] Creator who made this world. . . . Artists [illegible] think they can lead immoral lives destroy their e[illegible] promise. They go to the dogs, somehow, and s[illegible] them right."

The Congregational Church of Simsbu[illegible] Conn., is about to celebrate the two hundredth a[illegible] versary of its organization. Liberal friends h[illegible] contributed to a suitable celebration. One of th[illegible] has given the church a new $4,000 organ, and oth[illegible] have paid for the erection of a handsome cha[illegible] and for the restoration and renovation of the inte[illegible] of the church.

The Italian Evangelical Mission in New Y[illegible] has been doing active work during the summer [illegible] A. Arrighi has held services in the Broome St[illegible] Tabernacle which have been largely attended [illegible] the Italians. A lady interested in the work has [illegible] fered to give ten thousand dollars toward the e[illegible] tion of an Italian church if sufficient funds can [illegible] raised to build a suitable edifice free of debt.

The Death of Dr. John M. Stevenson, f[illegible] merly Secretary of the American Tract Soc[illegible] comes as a personal bereavement into a large ci[illegible] of homes. During the time that he had charg[illegible] the Society's benevolent work he came in cont[illegible] with Christian people through all the land and m[illegible] a host of friends. Dr. Stevenson had attained [illegible] eighty fourth year. He retired from office f[illegible] years ago.

Bishop Joyce of the Methodist Episco[illegible] Church has been holding conference in Jap[illegible] Writing from Nagasaki, he says: "The confere[illegible] was a good one in every way. We had a revival [illegible] influence from the first day to the last. Some [illegible] preachers have gone to their work happy and ho[illegible] ful, and with a strong faith that God will give th[illegible] great victories during the year. We sail for Co[illegible] day after to-morrow."

In the Island of Madagascar, prior to t[illegible] French occupation, the London Missionary Soci[illegible] had fifteen hundred congregations, most of th[illegible] worshipping in substantial churches. There w[illegible] these church members and the entire census [illegible] persons attending Protestant worship was 250[illegible] There were forty English missionaries in the Isla[illegible] The population of the island is about four milli[illegible] of whom nine-tenths are heathen.

A Local Journal Reports an Interest[illegible] celebration at Babylon, N. Y. It was of the nin[illegible] third birthday of Ex-Sheriff Stephen Wilson of t[illegible] town. Mr. Wilson was an old Methodist, a[illegible] his younger days collected the funds for the erect[illegible] of the first church of that denomination in the to[illegible] In spite of his ninety-three years, his sight i[illegible] some good and has step firm. He holds the off[illegible] of tax-collector and performs the duties unattende[illegible]

The Mission Services in Lower Atlan[illegible] avenue, Brooklyn, to which reference was made [illegible] two columns ago, are being greatly blessed. [illegible] Mission was commenced by some Christian ladies [illegible] in one of the dry-goods houses of the city, who w[illegible] interested in the vicious and infamous abounding [illegible] that section. The Mission is surrounded on [illegible] sides by saloons and vicious resorts. Rev. R. R. [illegible] well, of the De Kalb Avenue M. E. Church has [illegible] cepted the presidency of the League which h[illegible] been formed to take charge of the Mission.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Royal Betrothal.

PUBLIC announcement is made in European journals of an approaching royal marriage. The Prince of Naples, the only son and heir of the King of Italy, is to be married in November to Princess Helene, a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. The young man is seven years of age, and has been for years seeking a bride. The eligible ... royal birth, to whom overtures ... de, for various reasons declined ... though it included the prospect ... ne. Princess Helene, too, has had ... monial disappointments. She was ... e of the dowager Empress of Rus... had her educated with great care ... nperial Palace of St. Petersburg, ... that she should be the bride of ... the present Emperor. Her hope ... red by the powerful Pan-Slavist ... Russia, which was strongly op... the Czarewitch marrying a Ger... and Lutheran Princess. In spite ... rishes of his mother, and of the ... uential of his subjects, Nicholas ... refused to marry Princess Hel... deeply mortified, she had to re... her father's dreary court at Cet... During her stay at St. Petersburg ... developed into a very beautiful ... f stately figure, with a wealth of ... k hair and dark, flashing eyes. ... fter her return, an offer of mar... ge to her from King Alexander of ... ut it was promptly rejected. The ... anners and objectionable habits ... ung king were repulsive to the ... rl whose delicate tastes and ... ies had been cultivated ... e personal supervision ... charming and accom... Czarina. But her life ... ge must have been al... ncongenial. Her fath... Prince of Montenegro, ... ved man, whose court ... nted by drunkards and ... like himself. He is ... the brave people over ... e rules. The little ... ty contains less than ... dred thusand popula... they are a fierce and ... ople whom the Sultan ... y has often tried, but ... ailed, to subdue. The ... receives the largest ... is income as a stipend ... Czar, to whom, in the ... war with Turkey, he ... rove a valuably ally. ... ice has nine children, ... the Princess Helene, who is ... three years old, is third. One of ... sisters is married to a Russian ... uke and the other to a German ... In point of rank, she is making a ... arriage than either of her sisters. ... y, however, it cannot be called a ... rted match, as, while she is six ... her future husband is less than ... and is exceedingly frail and deli... During the interval before her mar... will change her religion. She was ... up in the Greek Church in the ... on that she would be the wife of ... , but now that she is to be the ... Roman Catholic Prince, she is to ... ed into that church. The transfer ... less considered, in royal circles, a ... ice to pay when a crown is in... In humbler homes a change of ... uld not be made except on convic... a Princess is expected to change ... ired as a matter of policy.

... it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we ... ruptible. (1. Cor. 9: 25.

...ondent's Complaint.

... proceedings have been taken ... a newspaper in Berlin and another ... by the Correspondent of the ... *Herald*, whose dispatches from Constantinople have caused surprise wherever they have been read. The dispatches appeared to be written by some one anxious to defend the Sultan and to make excuses for the hideous massacres which that miscreant has authorized. They retailed the false charges made by Turks against the Armenians, and minimized the cruel wrongs which the latter have suffered. The German and Austrian papers criticized the dispatches and declared that the correspondent had misrepresented himself to the Sultan, and had incited him to take still more severe measures against the Armenians and added: "He thus bears some of the responsibilty for the massacres." The correspondent complained that he was libelled and insisted that the journals retract their charges. There is no conduct, howsoever vile, that will justify a newspaper, or a person, in making false statements or insinuations: but when people eulogize what is evil and champion the cause of the tyrant and the oppressor, they should not be surprised if their motives are suspected and a dishonorable construction is put on their actions. Christians in all walks of life are warned that an expression of sympathy with wrong-doers makes the sympathizer a partner with them in responsibility.

He that biddeth him Godspeed is a partaker of his evil deeds. (II. John 11.)

Doomed Towns.

A press dispatch from Ontonagon, Mich., describing the destruction of that town by fire gives emphatic warning against the mode of building adopted there. It says that the town had adequate fire protection

CETTINGE THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

—as nearly adequate as possible. The full department of New York or Chicago, with all their steamers and all their brave men, could not have saved Ontonagon after the flames had caught among the sixty-five million feet of dry lumber piled along both banks of the river. Possibly the destruction was delayed half an hour by the heroic work of the village and mill firemen—that is the utmost that can be said, and it is much to say when the nature of the fight is considered. The lumber mill towns of the pine districts are, as a rule, built not only through lumber, but of lumber, and upon sawdust also, in many cases. The buildings burn in an incredibly short time, but were they of brick or stone they would go down almost as quickly, with millions of feet of dry lumber behind them to feed the flames. At Ontonagon the fine three-story brick stores were apparently burned almost as quickly as their wooden neighbors. There is probably but one measure that can protect the lumber towns from forest fires. Were a strip of ground at least half a mile in width cleared thoroughly about the entire place immunity might be secured. The mere cutting down of the trees would not suffice, as it would be necessary to clear the ground of underbrush and stumps and even of the great branching roots of the pine, filled with resin, which carry the fire underneath the surface of the soil. Analogous measures are needed in human nature to save it from destruction by the ravages of sin. Everything on which temptation feeds must be eliminated.

PRINCE OF NAPLES

PRINCESS HELENE.

Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly . . . and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. (Isa. 33: 14, 15.

Contagion in the Cup.

A warning has been given to the Board of Health at Newark, N. J., by an official connected with the Bureau of Contagious Diseases. It appears that there has been an increase of late in the number of cases of diphtheria and other contagious diseases in the city and an investigation was ordered. Among the precautions suggested was one affecting the schools. The Superintendent of the Health Department advised the Board to remove the drinking cups and dippers from the water supply in the schools and to require each child to bring his own cup or glass. He said that there was no more likely way of disseminating diphtheria than that of drinking from a mug or dipper after it had been used by a child who was suffering from the disease in its early stages. The microbes of the disease adhered to the edge of the cup and passed to the lips of the next child who might use it. Doubtless the superintendent is right, and it would be wise to take the precaution. It may save some from contracting the disease. It would be well if there were a similar dread of another contagion, which does infinitely more mischief and which involves a far greater number in danger. More to be dreaded than the lips of a diphtheretic child are the lips of those foul-mouthed persons of whom the Bible says:

Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips. Rom. 3:13.

A Patriarchal Couple.

A newspaper reporter who had an assignment in Indiana recently, visited a remarkable township. He found the majority of the people related to each other, and the greater part of them bearing the same name. It appears that two brothers came from Germany with their families in the early thirties of the century and settled in the town. One of the brothers is still living there. He is over ninety years old. His wife is only two years younger. The couple have had ten sons and two daughters, all of whom have married and reared large families. Four of the sons are fathers of twelve children each. The head of the family recently became a great-great-grandfather. His brother, who is dead, also left numerous descendants. Within a circle of two miles there are one hundred and sixty persons of the same name. It has become, says the reporter, quite a difficult matter now to find a given name for a new arrival in the family, that is not already borne by some members of the family, and it needs a prodigious memory to avoid duplications which cause confusion. People who are fond of puzzling themselves about the conditions of life beyond the grave have sometimes asked whether similar confusion will not arise in heaven when different generations of a family are there and there must be many persons of the same name. They forget that provision is made for that difficulty.

I will give unto him a white stone and on the stone a new name written which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it. (Rev. 2:17.)

Diamonds sold Cheap.

A profitable bargain which was spoiled by the police was made by a Williamsburg, N. Y., jeweller last week. A wealthy lady had married a widower who had one son, a lad of about sixteen years. As she had no reason to suspect this stepson of vicious propensities, she was not so careful with her valuables as she would have been if she had known him better. The youth recently needed money for some boyish indulgence, and not being able to obtain it, he took a necklace and a pair of diamond ear-rings belonging to his stepmother. The ear-rings were single diamonds and the necklace was set with the same stones. Together, the owner says, they were worth fully five hundred dollars. The youth, however, knew nothing of their value. He pledged the necklace in one pawnshop for a dollar, and the ear-rings in another for seventy-five cents. Then he sold the tickets to a jeweller for fifteen cents. When the theft was traced to him, he frankly confessed what he had done with the jewels. The police went to the store where the tickets had been sold, and found that the purchaser had just removed the stones and was melting the settings. It seems almost incredible that even a boy should not have known that the jewels were too valuable to be given up for so paltry a sum. If the denizens of the other world know what goes on in this, they probably feel like amazement when they see men display such dense ignorance of the value of their souls that they sacrifice them in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure getting nothing in return, but things which perish in the using—an ignorance infinitely more inexcusable and a recklessness infinitely more disastrous than that the boy displayed as to the value of the jewels he had stolen.

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 16: 26.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Dwellers by the Sea.

The "Beach-Combers," and their Lonely, Precarious Lives Along the Coast—Wreckage their means of Livelihood.

On almost every habitable sea-coast of the globe, there is to be found a class of people who have received the general appellation of "beach-combers." In some instances, dangerous stretches of coast have acquired a sinister reputation, the charge being made that the "beach-combers" there were little better than human vultures who prowled among the rocks and hovered over the sandy beaches watching for any unfortunate vessel which a gale might have driven into a position of danger. Along the coasts of Southern Europe, at certain points of the coast of Great Britain, along the shores of the West Indies, and in not a few of the islands of the Pacific, there are localities that are still pointed out as having once been the resort of "beach-combers" who took part in many a tragedy of the ocean. Tradition tells that many an unfortunate shipwrecked crew, falling into the hands of those lawless creatures, met a fate more cruel than that of engulfment by the angry waves, and that many a good ship was plundered and stripped bare to the hulk, and left with her bones to bleach on the jagged rocks.

But a vessel might almost search the world over for the old type of "beach-comber" to-day in vain. Everywhere, the patrol of the coasts is now so thorough and so general that it would be next to impossible for a lawless community of "wreckers to exist." Besides, the number of light-houses, signal stations and life-saving stations has been multiplied at all the points where danger to vessels is apprehended.

There are still many who live by the wreckage of the sea. Along our Atlantic seaboard, down by the Florida Keys, and on the shores of the Gulf there are many lonely cabins, whose occupants are "beach-combers," subsisting upon the tribute of the waves. There are localities where the countless eddies and currents of the ocean deposit the debris of innumerable wrecks, frequently casting up on the beaches valuables that are sure to be redeemed by the owners. Still, the income of the "beach-comber," is a very precarious one.

Our photograph shows a "Comber's" cabin and its surroundings on the New Jersey coast. The aged couple, who have probably spent all their lives in the same neighborhood, are thrifty and respectable folks of their class. Their little frame cabin, with its red brick chimney, affords but a slight protection against the storms that sweep over the sea and break against the mainland; but all weather is alike to these "children of the surf," and they love the storms best of all—because they bring them a harvest of wreckage. What with the diligent patrol of the beach, and the fact that one needs to be half fisherman half agriculturist in order to get enough to eat, such a life can hardly be called one of leisure. Yet it seems to hold a singular fascination for those who enter it, probably because it has in it so much that savors of uncertainty and adventure.

A "BEACH-COMBER'S" HOME ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

Crossing the River.

A touching incident, illustrating the love that is "faithful unto death," is forwarded by one of our readers, Miss Annie Whitney of Germantown, Phila. She writes: "In one of our Homes in the northwestern section of our city, there dwelt an old lady, who had been an inmate for many years. During the time of our great Rebellion her husband was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The old lady [illegible] the idea taking possession of her mind was that she must cross the water to meet him. After making her toilet each morning, she would put on her bonnet and keep it on all day. When she first entered the Home she would wander away frequently and sometimes get lost, so that it became necessary to keep her in her room by means of a gate. At any time during the day, one going through the corridors would see an old lady with silvery locks and a sweet, patient smile on her face, standing by the gate, with her bonnet on her head, and a little basket in her hand. On speaking to her each one was invariably met with the same answer, and the same sweet smile: "'I'm going across the river to-day; husband's waiting for me.'

"So the weeks rolled into months, and the months into years, and still the old lady waited at the gate, until one morning the nurse, on entering the room, found the patient watcher weaker than usual, so she summoned her friends. They entered the room soon after, to find the old lady sitting very still, with her bonnet on her head and her little basket by her side. Her faithful vigil was ended forever. She had crossed the river.

A Moment on a Throne.

One young American girl, at least, has the proud distinction of being able to say she [illegible] a throne, if but for a moment. A party of Americans were visiting the Parliament House at the Hague, Holland. One of the number thus describes the incident which took place: "The party assembled in the large hall looking at the seats of the councilors, that of the president and the throne of the young queen, Wilhelmina. It struck one of the gentlemen that we had among us a girl just about the queen's age, so he came up to her, offered her his arm, and said with a profound bow, 'May I conduct your Majesty to the throne?' The girl got up, allowed him to lead her up the steps, and took her seat on the throne with a charming modesty and a wonderful absence of self-consciousness. After the ubiquitous camera had done its work, another gentleman put the finishing touch to the scene by coming up to the girl, putting his hand on her shoulder and saying: 'I arrest you as a usurper. Come with me to the dungeons,' and we all followed the queen and her jailer."

It was a daring adventure and in other lands and other days might have caused serious trouble; but it only goes to show that the children of the Western Republic look upon royalty as something of a tinsel show after all, and that true royalty has no need of thrones and diadems.

A Bridegroom's Gift.

In Travancore, India, there is a singular wedding custom which has prevailed there for many generations. Before the ceremony, the bridegroom proceeds to the Arapura—the most important apartment in the house—accompanied by his relations and friend. He makes obeisance to his father, Karanaven, and other elders present, distributes presents to a few Brahmins, and instals himself in the orthodox fashion on the appointed seat. One of his kinsmen (known as Machampis) sits by him with the cloths to be presented to the bride—the cloths being folded, wrapped in silk, and placed on a plate. Meanwhile the bride arrives, makes obeisance to her mother and other female relations, distributes gifts to Brahmins, and is c[illegible] ed to the bridegroom's presence [illegible] male relation. The bridegroom's M[illegible] pis then hands a package contain[illegible] bridal dress to the bridegroom, w[illegible] sents it to the bride. The girl make[illegible] bow and receives the dress. Wh[illegible] is being done the ladies assemble[illegible] the customary applause. The gu[illegible] then treated to a feast.

The Little Ones He Bless

I WONDER if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master
Forgot he had made them his treasure
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guic
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair
Aud low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wron
And were lost from the peace and the
Shut out from the feast and the son
To the day of gray hairs they rememb
I think, how the hands that were r
Were laid on their heads when Christ
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in h
If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the son

MARGARET E. SANG

CHILDREN AND TEACH

VACATION days are over, a young folks are back again t studies. If teachers could realize what they hold in they would surely feel the import their responsibility, and many of t feel it keenly and carry out into n tion the high sense of this respons Were it not so, then far better th dren should be kept from learning taught in schools; better they shoul know nor care that the verb mus with its subject in person and numt that numbers may be tortured and ed, added to and taken from.

Companionship at school, writes servant teacher, is one of the adv of schools over private teaching, b shall it be guarded and guided? E most careful so often fail, and mis done before it is suspected. If t years of life are protected and stre ed, much must be trusted in th that good will drive out evil, becaus is no place for it; there will be no where there is love, and no coarse a thoughts where there are pure and ones.

Teachers have a great responsib the formation of child character. mould the lives of their pupils to tent that is not always fully appre A lady famous as one of the most and lovable among the leaders of Ar society says: "If I have been able complish anything in life, it is d word spoken to me in the right when I was a child, by my teacher. exceptionally plain in personal ance. One day my teacher found ing. 'O, madame, I am so ugly!' I out. Presently she took me to he and said, 'I have a present for you, ing me a scaly, coarse lump, covere earth. 'Plant it and water it and sun for a week or two.' I planted watched it carefully; the green came first, and at last the golden Ja lily, the first I had ever seen. My t came to share my delight. 'Ah!' s significantly, 'who would believe beauty and fragrance were shut up little rough ugly thing!' It was th time that it ever occurred to me t spite of my ugly face, I, too, might to win friends and make myself b in the world."

This little incident may furnish as to the influence the teacher can if she chooses, in the development o acter among the children under her c

The Atonement.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning October 4. Heb. 9:11-28.

WHY we believe in the Atonement is not a superfluous or unnecessary question. In these days the doctrine is spoken of as "the doctrine of the shambles," and is stigmatized as unreasonable and incredible, and a doctrine dishonoring to God. But to the great majority of Christians it is a doctrine inexpressibly precious, the foundation of their hope and peace. We believe in it because to us it appears to be a fact. Even if it was as repulsive as it is represented to be we would be justified in denying a fact. Now the plain meaning of Christ's own words uttered in many forms is that his death was necessary to the salvation of men. He said that he laid down his life for the sheep; that no man took it from him, but he laid it down of himself. The Apostles declared the same doctrine with an emphasis and confidence that could have come only from a very clear belief that Christ had declared it. St. Peter and Paul reiterate what made it the cardinal doctrine of their preaching and writing. Our own experience confirms the truth of the doctrine. We find it is the way of God, the way to peace. It satisfies the craving of the soul. It relieves the dread we have of punishment for past sin. There is no system of philosophy, ancient or modern, no performance of penance that will do it so effectually. To the soul that realizes the guilt and the impossibility of undoing the past, the doctrine of the atonement comes as the one and only satisfactory way of cleansing and rehabilitation.

The objections which are made to the doctrine are not so strong as they appear at first sight. It is urged that as we do not require an atonement from us we are willing to forgive, God who is much better and wiser, would not demand it. But the cases are not parallel. God occupies a very different position toward us from that we occupy toward each other. A father might forgive his brother for striking him a cruel blow, but the father would have nothing to say about it. The offender must be punished and however reluctant the father might be to punish him, he would be recreant to his duty if he neglected to do so. When the prosecutor wishes to withdraw from a prosecution and have the wrongdoer go unpunished, the judge frequently refuses to permit it. When the wife, who has been beaten by a cruel husband, tearfully forgives him and pleads that he be not punished, he may be sorry, but he is not cleansed from his guilt. The forgiveness of the injured wife leaves him disgraced, and his conscience is the heavy load of iniquity which is all the greater because of the magnanimity of his victim. It is a profound truth that none can forgive sins but God only. No man can redeem his brother. As we cannot place ourselves, even in imagination, in the position God holds toward the world, it is presumptuous to say on what terms he can forgive sin. Still more presumptuous is it for us to think of the sacrifice of Christ which he ordained, as unnecessary and to cavil at it, dishonoring to God. Like Namaan at the house of Elisha, and the serpent-bitten Israelites in the desert, our duty is to accept the terms that are offered, assured that God who is infinitely wise has good reason for all that he does.

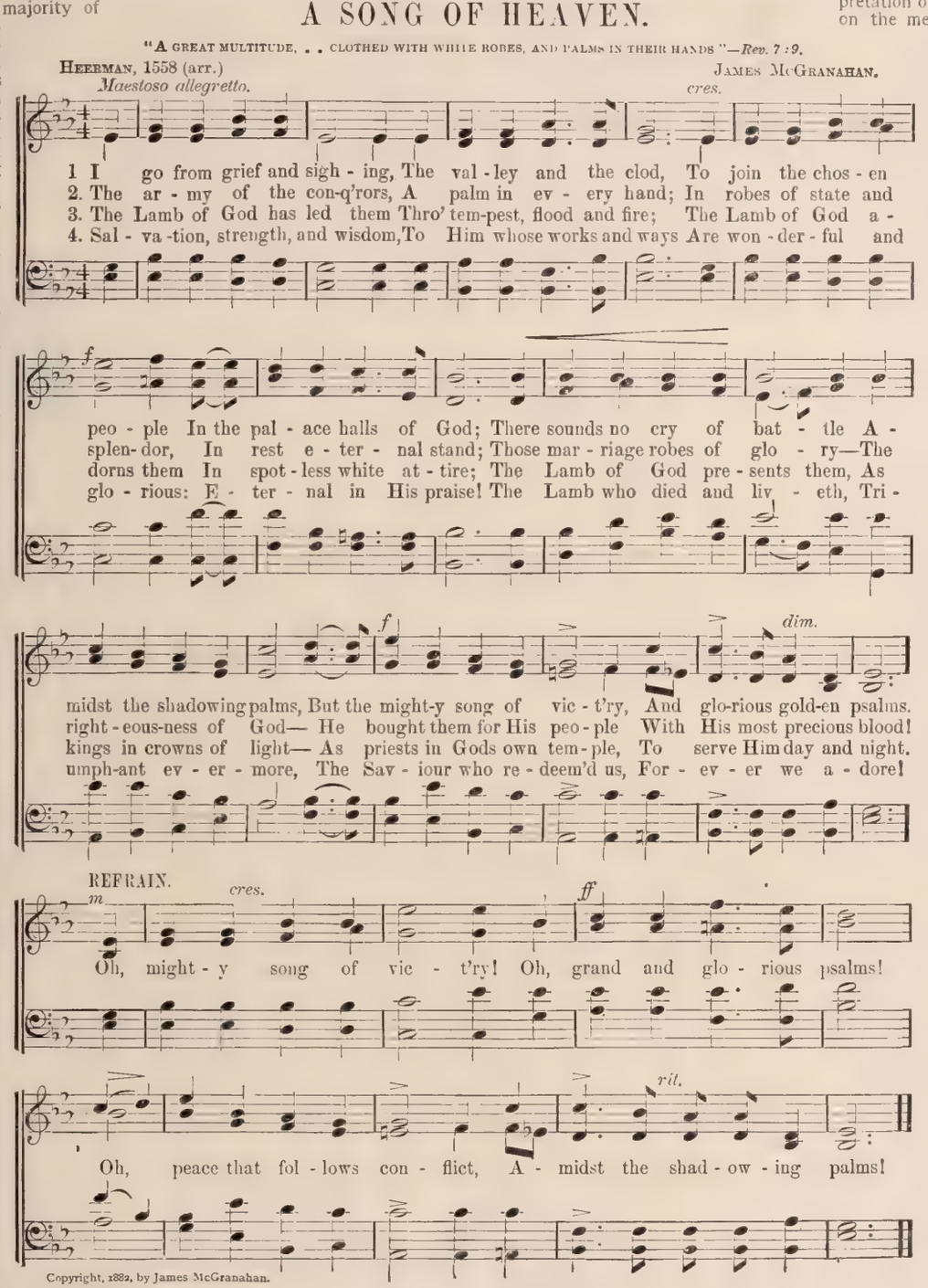
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

"A GREAT MULTITUDE, . . CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev. 7:9.*

HEERMAN, 1558 (arr.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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CHRIST THE WAY.

AMID life's wild commotion,
Where nought the heart can cheer,
Who points beyond its ocean
To yonder brighter sphere?

Our feeble footsteps guiding,
When from the path we stray,
Who leads to bliss abiding?
Christ is our only Way.

Who fills our hearts with gladness
That none can take away?
Who shows us, midst our sadness
The distant realms of day?

Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the heart's wild strife?
'Tis Christ! our friend unfailing,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

JOY IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field shall wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

The Prophetic Parables.

The Period Prefigured in the Parable of the Leaven, and its Characteristics.

BY REV. GEORGE H. PEMBER, M.A.

IN this Parable we see before us a woman hiding leaven in three measures of fine meal; so that the process of fermentation commences, and silently proceeds, until the whole is leavened. The interpretation of the scene depends, of course, on the meaning to be given to leaven, which has been commonly supposed to represent pure Christianity. but such an explanation is manifestly wrong, for leaven is an unmistakable symbol of sin and corruption; and, in the New Testament, the Lord gives some hints respecting special forms of this evil by warning his disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Herodians—three Jewish sects which are never without their counterparts in the professing Church.

The agent in the scene is a woman—the usual symbol of a system or Church; and the fact that she is secretly corrupting the fine flour, acting like the enemy who sowed tares upon the wheat, proves her to be the false Church.

The leaven is corrupt doctrine, and is explained for us by Matthew in the words,—"Then understood they how that he bade them not beware of the leaven of bread, but of the *teaching* of the Pharisees and Sadducees."

We have attempted in our remarks on the other Parables, to describe the manner in which Christianity began to be heathenized. The process of transformation continued, until the truths of revelation were entirely changed by the gradual admixture of human traditions and philosophies, which, like leaven, were not merely corrupt in themselves, but had also the property of imparting their own nature to that with which they were mingled. The earthly agency by which this strange result was achieved became more and more powerful until in time the whole society of the Roman world was interpenetrated with its influence, and men regarded themselves as Christians when they were really polytheistic idolators who had changed the names of their gods. Three kinds of leaven mentioned by the Lord may be easily distinguished in this apostasy. In both the Greek and the Latin communities there has ever been a sufficiency of Pharisees, those who have, perhaps, some kind of faith in which they teach, but who put their trust in outward forms, in the traditions of men.

And again; there is always a plentiful sprinkling of Sadducees, men who decline, more or less, to believe anything which they have not experienced, or cannot understand.

Of Herodians, who would support religion by the arm of secular power, and who consider political intrigue a fitting means for advancing the interests of Christ's kingdom, it is needless to speak. Men of this class have ever been conspicuous in communities of apostate Churches, and in none more than that of Rome. But there are also many misguided believers, of more orthodox views, who so mind earthly things that they are often found to be practically regarding the political questions of the day as more important than the far weightier matters of the heavenly Kingdom. Such, then, was the period of the leaven; nor have reformations or revivals, however great their partial success, been able to free Christendom from its pernicious influence.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm E. S. Baker

CHAPTER VIII.

THE committee having Fitzroy's matter in charge had held several stormy sessions before arriving at any decision. The fact that Seymour and young Hellings refused to act with them, made the older boys very cautious, and the result was that many modifications and changes were made before any plan could be perfected.

George Browne urged that, as Fitzroy was a "city chap," used to delicacies, hot baths, and warm rooms, he could not stand treatment which a robust country youth would consider but child's play. Besides this, rumors were afloat that Fitzroy carried a pistol. Hence, they finally agreed upon the following method of hazing the scapegoat, who had made so many enemies in the neighborhood of Brookdale Academy:

Blake's room was fitted up like a mock court of justice. A barrel, draped with green muslin, was the judge's seat, with chairs for the lawyers, jurors, and witnesses. Browne was to act as the judge, and he was dressed in a black gown, such as clergymen wear, and which had probably been "borrowed" from a neighboring parsonage. His head was to be covered with a mask, representing a huge owl's head, and the effect was strikingly ludicrous.

Around and over the judge's seat were to be upright sticks, bearings little tin cups filled with a sponge and alcohol. The four posts of the bedstead were to be topped out in the same way, and half a dozen of the boys were to have flambeaux, a sort of home-made torch, with a sponge of alcohol on the end.

When these were all lighted for the final trial, and the boys put on their grotesque regalia, the scene defied description. Every one was ready to explode with laughter as they looked at each other, and yet, by Browne's command, not one would dare to laugh. He knew perfectly, and they all realized, that one giggle would start the whole crowd, like a spark of fire to a train of powder.

The plan was to go thus to Fitzroy's room, knock, and whether finding him in bed or otherwise, to get him to open the door; then seize him, and put a gag down his throat, to prevent his crying out; then bind his hands behind him, and secure his ankles, carry him over to Blake's room, and put him in the prisoners' dock, facing the court and jury. Such a demonstration would frighten any ordinary mortal; but it was rendered perfectly hideous by the blue flames of the alcohol, which threw a ghastly pallor over the scene.

The prisoner would then be accused of various crimes, including the violation of the Ten Commandments. Upon being proved "guilty" by the witnesses testifying against him, the jury would convict him, and he would be finally sentenced to three hours' residence in the purgatorial fire to burn away his past offences, destroy the evil in his nature and teach him manners.

Milton Seymour knew scarcely anything of these arrangements. He had satisfied his conscience by protesting at the meeting and had convinced himself that it was no part of his duty to prevent the students from [illegible] Schoolboy honor forbade him notifying the authorities of the Academy of what he knew of the [illegible] But he was uneasy at the [illegible] he had heard [illegible] and on the Monday when the hazing was to take place, he was so distraught that his mother remarked it. She [illegible] worry, but he was reluctant to speak of it. At last, one [illegible]:

"Well, mother, I expect there will be high times down at school to-night."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Seymour, looking at him with interest, "pray what will happen?"

"Oh! nothing much; only the boys will give that new sprout of city aristocracy an initiation which will eclipse anything ever known in Brookdale. He is the dandy who intimated that your cheeks were painted! They will paint him to-night, no doubt, and give him all he deserves."

Mrs. Seymour seemed to be thoughtful and serious, and at this point turned her face full upon her son, as if to read his thoughts, and said:

"Milton, you are an acknowledged leader in that school. May I trust your discretion, not to involve yourself in any boyish difficulties? What part have you taken in this matter? You seem to know all about it."

"Pardon me, me, mother dear; I know nothing whatever of the details. Hellings and I moved to refer Fitzroy's conduct to Professor Smart, and you remember my promise to you. I am trying to be more manly."

This was said with sincerity, and with rather a wounded air, but it did not satisfy his mother.

"I feel thankful, Milton, that you can say so; and now can you assure me that you have not encouraged these proceedings?"

"Yes, I can say I have not," replied Milton.

"But have you discouraged them?"

"Well, not exactly that; no, I can't say——"

From her look and manner Milton feared that his mother was displeased. She asked to be excused for a few moments, and went into the library, and wrote as follows:

ROSE COTTAGE, *Monday Evening.*

DEAR PROFESSOR SMART:—

My son Milton, who is spending the evening here with some friends, tells me that a demonstration is to be made to-night against Pemberton Fitzroy. Fearing that something serious may result from it, I deem it proper to advise you, at the risk of being considered officious.

Asking your pardon, if I cause you any unnecessary alarm, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

MAUD C. H. SEYMOUR.

A wise little woman was Mrs. Seymour. She knew now that her son was not directly implicated in the affair, and she wanted to shield him entirely, even from the suspicion of having encouraged it. But suppose Milton had seen that letter; it might have spoiled the evening's fun, and have belittled him before his fellow students as a tell-tale. The letter went, however, and Milton was in blissful ignorance of the fact,

As may be imagined, her note caused a sensation in the Academy. After reading it Professor Smart sent for three of the teachers. After a conference, it was agreed that they should proceed at once to the scene of war, bivouac on the outskirts, and, like cavalry, only enter the fray, if needed.

The committee to haze Fitzroy met by appointment, at eight o'clock to complete arrangements. It was finally agreed that their rendezvous should be Blake's room, directly opposite to that occupied by Fitzroy. The boys intending to participate were all there at the appointed time; the doors and windows were muffled with blankets, so as to allow neither light nor sound to be seen or heard from without, the carpet was taken up, and all the furniture piled upon the bed.

Every evening at ten o'clock one of the teachers came around and tapped at the door of each room, and pupils not responding, were marked as being absent after hours, contrary to the regulations of the Academy. His footsteps and knocks were already heard in the entry, and upon approaching Fitzroy's room, he noticed a strong odor of cigar-smoke, and heard loud talking within. Taking a chair he stood on it and looking through the transome, he saw a sorrowful, sickening sight. Fitzroy, and two young men of the fast and fancy type, were playing at cards, and evidently for money, as there were several piles of it on the table. They were all smoking, and a bottle of liquor and pitcher of water, with plenty of tumblers and lemons, were there also and the liquors did not stagnate for the want of drinkers. They had been drinking and gambling for several hours, and from present appearances would not be through for another, all of which was duly reported to the professor. The teachers were still on the look-out, but not having seen or heard any signs of the hazers, they went for a few moments down to the Professor's room to ask him if he wished the watch continued.

As it happened, their absence was the very moment of action. The boys issued from Blake's room, and George Browne headed the party. They had not the slightest suspicion that Fitzroy had friends with him, nor of the bad character of his associates, but supposed he was alone, and in bed, it now being past eleven o'clock.

The knock at Fitzroy's door was promptly answered in a rough voice, "Who's there?" when the lamp was turned down, and the door opened a few inches; whereupon the boys rushed in and seized Fitzroy, who yelled furiously. Being more than half intoxicated, he was seized with panic. He struggled desperately, while his companions seemed paralyzed with fear.

They soon recovered themselves, however, and went to Fitzroy's assistance. With their aid he broke loose from his assailants and leaped across the room to where a bureau stood. He opened a drawer and drew out something which glittered in the lamp-light. There was a flash and a loud report and then a sharp cry. Patterson Green lay on the floor shot in the side.

Consternation fell on all at the sight.

(*Continued on next page.*)

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[illegible] the patiently large per- [illegible] Like [illegible] and [illegible] Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has [illegible] little lives.

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Running the Gauntlet.

(Continued from preceding page.)

the hazers fled to their rooms to
f the tell-tale evidences of parti-
but a few remained gazing sor-
at the wounded boy. The report
stol awakened the whole academy,
corridor was soon crowded with
che and boys eagerly inquiring what
urred. Green was picked up and
o his room, and a surgeon was
ed.

an anxious time until the doctor
for poor Pat's face was so deathly
tt the teachers who watched him
at he would die before the doctor
or was the anxiety dispelled when
he surgeon arrived and examined
was a dangerous wound, he said,
as impossible to say how things
. The boy might die or live, it
twenty-four hours before a relia-
on could be given. He must be
quiet, and an experienced nurse
tch him.

h I could see Seymour," said Pat
was told that his case was doubt-

do you want to see him, Pat?"
e teacher who was standing by

different from the others, and he
s against this business. I believe
hristian, and if I am likely to die
sooner see him than a minister."
e you won't die," said the teach-
ymour will be here in the morn-
ay and then you can see him."
I may die to-night, and then it
o late," said the poor lad. "I
I should die. I wish you would
Seymour."

restless and feverish during the
r, and again asked for Seymour.
or had been lying down in the
, and when he came to look at
e was shocked by his changed
e.

is too much fever here," he
This is the thing I feared. It
s recovery very doubtful. You
r send for the boy he wants to
ay calm him."

enger was accordingly dispatched
eymour's house to summon Mil-

ew minutes after receiving the
ton was dressed and ready for his
l errand to his friend. On going
irs he was surprised to find his
waiting and ready to accompany
ith her usual thoughtfulness it
red to her that a suffering, per-
g boy, without a mother or sis-
y, might need a woman's atten-

in silence they approached the
. Upon entering the ante-room,
d several of the teachers and the
from whom they learned the par-
f the affair. As Mrs. Seymour
er services and those of her son,
the wounded lad, they at once
is chamber.

ounded boy tossing restlessly on
saw them the moment they en-

our, old man," he said, "I am glad
u. It is kind of you to come.
our forebodings have come true."
grasped his hot hand in silent

is that you have with you? Car-
rs?"

said Milton, "that is my mother.
ght you might like a lady to make
seful as you have no sister or
ere. She will stay with you if

is very kind of her; I hope she
ds I am grateful. I am very ill,
say I may die. That is why I
see you. From things you have
the way you have acted, I be-
are a Christian. I want you to
. I have never had any religious
but if I am going to die I ought
something about it. Tell me,
what I ought to do."

you would let my mother tell
Milton. "It is she who taught
now."

looked to Mrs. Seymour as she
Milton's side and said: "It seems
l thing to die."

she answered, "but it can be
so dreadful,

Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"How?" asked Green.

"He gives such sweet peace to those who trust in him. He makes them feel that they are safe in his hands."

"I wish he would do that for me."

"He will if you believe in him."

"I do not understand."

Mrs. Seymour explained in simple terms how God forgives those who come to him through Christ.

"But the past sins?" suggested Green.

"Are all forgiven, if we now repent and believe."

"What, at the last hour?" said the sufferer.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Seymour, "listen to this:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Green, looking with intense interest at Mrs. Seymour, who replied:

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
He will not, he will not, desert to its foes,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

"I can't see, but can hear," said the sick boy, faintly, as he stretched out his hand. "Seymour, are you near? Will you and your mother pray with me, and I will try to believe and trust." So saying he closed his eyes, and breathed irregularly.

Mrs. Seymour and her son knelt by the bedside, and in tender earnest words the good widow prayed that God would enlighten the dark mind of the sufferer and lead him to peace and rest in Christ.

Green lay still when they rose, but he took hold of Mrs. Seymour's hand and held it in a firm clasp. Presently he fell into a light sleep, from which he woke with a start. His gaze wondered about the room till it rested on Mrs. Seymour. He beckoned her to his side.

"Do you know any passage of Scripture that would suit me?" he asked. "I think I am going to die. I feel so faint."

They gave him the medicine the doctor had left for him, and then Mrs. Seymour, sitting by the bedside and holding his hand, thought of such verses as seemed appropriate. She spoken in a low sweet voice at intervals.

"Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee.

These were the last words that Green heard, and with a smile of peace as he uttered the words "thanks." he closed his eyes, and slept for an hour.

To be Continued.

UNDER THE ROD.

GATHER up the broken play-things,
Lay the little shoes away,
For the darling feet that wore them,
Never more on earth will stray.

Put away the little dresses,
And the hat with its torn brim
For I cannot bear to see them,
They remind me so of him.

He was all I had to live for,
He my light, my life, my all!
Now the world seems dark unto me,
Shadowed with a funeral pall.

Can it be that God still loves us,
When he lays us down so low?
Is his heart now filled with pity,
As he looks upon my woe?

* * * * *

Daughter, in thine hour of anguish,
When thy tie to earth was riven,
Did'st thou in that solemn moment,
Think by whom the gift was given?

And that God with loving kindness,
Had recalled what was his own,
And although his hand lay heavy,
Yet he left thee not alone.

Over thee he bent with pity,
With thy tears his own were shed,
But for thee his tears were falling,
Not for him whom thou call'st dead.

For his little feet have entered
Through the gates of pearly white:
He before the throne is singing!
Robed in garments, pure and bright.

Oh, look up! behold thy Saviour,
See his arms are open wide,
He is ready to receive you,
He'll sustain whate'er betide.

He will never, never leave thee,
But will guide thy weary feet,
Till the sands of life cease running,
Till you walk the golden street.

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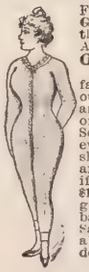

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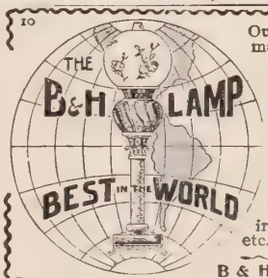

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Sept. 6, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. O. B., Moscow, Ia., asks prayer for the conversion of a son who does not regard the Lord's day; also that her husband and brother may be led to trust Christ for salvation.——Wretched Mother, Topeka, Kans., that her son who has left his home to associate with godless people, may see the error of his way and may seek pardon of God through Christ.——M. N., Fulshear, Tex., that her husband who is without faith in Christ may realize his need of a Saviour and give his heart to the Lord.——Reader, Strubie, Iowa, that her husband's heart may be changed so that he may love God and lead a Christian life; also that her son who is in bad company might become a child of God and give up his evil ways.——A Virginia Lady, Lynchburg, for the salvation of a cousin who is a great sinner, and that God would use him in his service.—— M. J. M., San Diego, Cal., that a son and daughter who are far from God may seek him through Christ and be made new creatures in him.——Villager, Franklin, N.Y., that her husband who has fallen under the power of drink, may look to Christ for deliverance and may consecrate his life to the Saviour.——J. H., Farnhamville, Ia., that an invalid who is sorely troubled about the salvation of his soul may find peace in Christ.——Anxious Mother, that her son may be delivered from the power of drink and become a true Christian.——Believer, Bodka, Ala., for the conversion of an untruthful woman who has caused deep suffering by circulating false and slanderous reports, that she may see the evil of what she has done and make reparation by declaring the truth.——J. S., Lawrence, Kans., for the conversion of her husband for which she has been praying for many years.——One who Loves, Erie, Pa., that a dear friend who was brought up in the Catholic faith may, with his wife, find salvation in Christ.——A. M., Ouray, Col., that her husband may give himself to the Lord and be delivered from all his sins.—— Believer, Royersford, Pa., for the conversion of a man and his wife and their two sons; also that the writer's husband may learn to know and love Christ.——Believer, Texas, for the conversion of a brother who was tenderly reared but is now alone in the world and in danger of falling through strong drink as he is without faith in Christ.

Thanks for Answered Prayer. H. H., Hamilton, Ont., asks that praise may be given to God for the improvement in the condition of his demented son, for whose recovery prayer was recently offered at the Bowery Mission.——Distressed Father, Boston, Mass., desires gratefully to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering the prayers offered a few weeks ago in respect to his two daughters. The answer has been most complete, and it came in a way that surprised the whole family.

For the Restoration of Health. H. O. W., Louisville, Ky., asks prayer that a certain weakness which is interfering with usefulness in Christ's service may be removed.——O. B., Moscow, Idaho, for the recovery of a daughter and sister-in-law, both of whom have suffered long from painful diseases.——I. C. N., Philadelphia, that a young girl who is very sick may recover her health.——V. M., Columbus, Ky., that her dear grandmother and an uncle, who are afflicted, may be restored.——"Daughter of Affliction," Averett, Va., that God would mercifully restore the sense of hearing.——J. S., Lawrence, Kans., who has been a lifelong sufferer, that God would raise her up and remove the dread she has of a fatal disease.——"Believer," Wheeling, W. Va., that an affliction which has resisted all the measures adopted for its removal may be healed by the Lord.——M. C. D., Colorado City, Colo., for the recovery of a daughter who has been a sufferer for eight years past, but is not beyond the power of the Great Physician.——"Reader," Lynchburg, Va., that a friend who is very sick and who is anxious to recover that she may do her duty at an appointed time, may be raised up by the power of God.——E. R., Colorado City, Colo., that a dear brother who is very sick may be healed.——"Believer," Lynn, Mass., that a child of God who is approaching a very trying ordeal, may be supported and brought safely through, and that it may have the desired effect in the relief of a distressing sickness.——J. L. I., Kankakee, Ill., that a sick mother whose family sorely need her services, may be raised up from a bed of sickness.——M. E. A., Stockton, Cal., for the recovery of her two daughters, who are very sick.

For Special Blessings. E. J. W., Mayesville, S. C., that it may please God to incline the hearts of his people to provide the funds so urgently needed for the erection of a school-house for the colored people of that section, who could do so much if they had an education.——H. M. L., Rochester, N. H., that a young woman who is in urgent need of employment may be enabled to obtain a situation in which she may have an opportunity of study; also that a family may be relieved of a hindrance to their spiritual progress.——Reader, Niagara, Ont., that God will mercifully grant deliverance from the fear of death.——Almost Hopeless, that one who has long been out of employment might be enabled to find work.——Faith, Wilmington, Del., that one who has prayed for a long time and is much discouraged, may have grace to believe and trust in God and may be able to acquiesce in his will.——E. M., Kankakee, Ill., that one who is in great darkness owing to doubt about her conversion, may be led into the right path and may have assurance of being a child of God.——Distressed One, Va., that a calamity apparently impending may in God's mercy be averted.——Reader, Lynchburg, Va., that a son who is striving hard to obtain employment may be guided to some one who will give him work.——Believer, Wheeling, W. Va., that a family at variance with each other may have the spirit of love and cease their quarreling.—— Distressed Husband, New York, that his wife may be preserved from the allurements of the theatre, and give up evil companions who are leading her to forsake her Saviour to whom she consecrated her life in her youth.——Subscriber, Jersey City, N. J., that God in his mercy would give him the power to resist the temptation to which he is daily exposed, and in some way remove the tempter in whose company he is powerless.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Speaks, and His Opponents Create a Disturbance—Comments of the New York Papers.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 6th, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., announced that he would preach on "The Political Crisis," and probably 4,000 people gathered at the Academy of Music—the "People's Church"—to hear this brilliant pulpit orator who is not afraid to think for himself and tell his thoughts to the public. During the sermon he was again and again interrupted, but as the *New York Herald* of the following day says, "The hisses that broke in on the preacher's vigorous sentences were drowned by cheers and applause." The unusually clear and penetrating voice of Mr. Dixon stood him in good stead in this clamor. In this connection the following letter, written only a week before, seems particularly to the point.

New York, August 26, 1896.

Dear ——:

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kind-Hearted Princess.

e Cns a Holiday Home for Poor Children in London.

ngland, where there is a great deal suffering among the poor at all asons of the year, and where there e thousands of children in the same iful and nelected condition as the hement waifs of New York, royalty as at last begun to take an active in Samaritan work among the

THE "PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOME."

ns. For ears e Rag- hool ision has had fil prac- ls o it- nd it s one a rful acious among ift" Mr. the and set Ar- th in blish- sum- d win- ces and training schools.

eval years ago ago, Princess Chris- nember of the royal family, whose d been touched by the condition eglected little ones, hired, furnish- opened a small house in London iday Home for poor boys. She and ghters entered enthusiastically into k, which rapidly expanded under nds. By-and-by a larger cottage ted, and this in turn was displaced autiful new home, just opened by cess, assisted by a very prominent uential company.

new Holiday Home is situated on der of Windsor Park and almost e shadow of the stately castle, in ngland's Queen resides. An idea ppearance may be formed from the ion on this page. Several acres of surround it. On the occasion of ning recently, Princess Christian did the honors, conducting her ver the place and telling them the of its beginning and progress.

leasant to know that one in such ation is a co-worker among the . Our own Children's Home at awn, with its seventy acres and reds of little tenement guests, is a source of pleasure and blessing to visit there, or who by prayer or to send the little sufferers there ew summer weeks. These kind find, like Princess Christian, the pleasure in life in bringing health heek and joy and love to the heart d.

Europe and the Sultan.

RING the past week the rumor of oncerted action by the European owers with regard to Turkey has vived. It is stated that England last, decided that the day of re- nce has passed, and that the Porte nger to be allowed to carry out its of hate and extermination in Ar- Emperor William and the Czar a) said to have reached an under- g on the same subject which may th a speedy change in the attitude respective governments on this h. One step in the new policy the placing of Sultan Hamid under tage of the Ambassadors and con- his official appointments in Ana- d elsewhere, thus gradually re- peace to the Turkish Empire with- out dismemberment. Hopes based on concerted action by the Powers, however, have hitherto proved so disappointing that these rumors afford slight encouragement to those who are most deeply interested in the protection and welfare of the remnant of the Armenian nation. Many Armenians are leaving Turkey.

The following sums have been contributed to the Armenian Relief Fund:

Prev ack'd..	$50,156.61	One interested, Albany	1 00
Mrs E B Adams....	2 00	WCTU, E Chathamio	00
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		Mrs Stagnott	2 50
		Mrs Julia Fabian...	5 00
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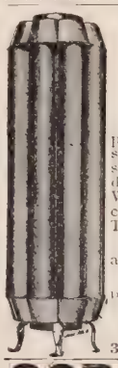

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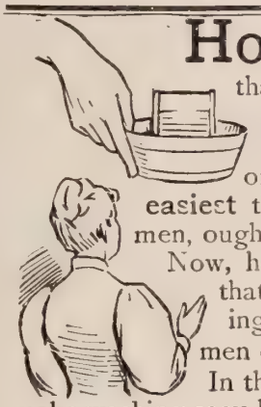

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that the old-fashioned, laborious way of washing was ever given to woman as her particular work? It's an imposition on her. She ought to have had only the easiest things to do—and men, strong, healthy men, ought to have taken up this washing business. Now, here is a suggestion. In those families that still stick to soap and make their washing needlessly hard and unpleasant, let the men do that work. They're better fitted for it. In the families that use Pearline (use without soap) and make washing easy, let the women do it. They won't mind it. 517

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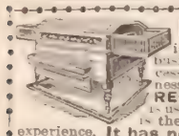

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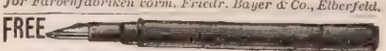

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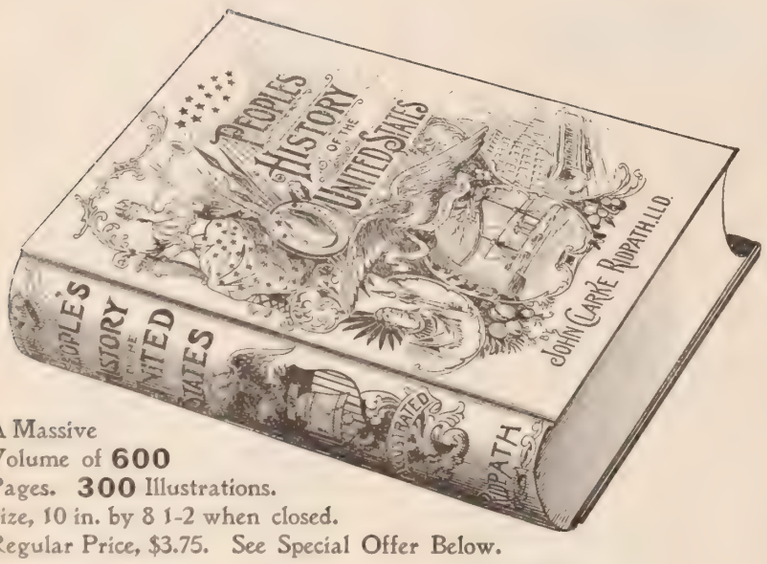

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1896. Price Five Cents.

WORKMEN OF JERUSALEM.

The Various Handicrafts of the Holy City in Ancient Times and To-day — Skilled Syrian Stone-Cutters — The "Royal Quarries" Where the Stones Were Dug for the Building of the Temple.

OUR illustration recalls to memory the period of Jerusalem's greatest industrial prosperity, when her skilled workmen in all branches of mechanical labor, were famous throughout Syria, and when the public, as well as many private buildings of the Holy City itself, were regarded as models of beauty and stability. From the time of the Temple until the Roman invasion, Jerusalem existed in strong and graceful architecture, and in David's city, as the Psalmist declared, it was compactly built. (Ps. 122: 3.) Zion's sons and daughters gloried in the strength of her towers and the beauty of her palaces, and in her massive walls, the bulwarks of the Holy City. In those days strength in architectural design was not sacrificed to beauty; yet the early Jewish master-builders were men of much talent and adepts in their art, as is attested by the ruins of buildings believed to have been erected in David's time, and still standing, although the ancient city, as a whole, lies buried under many layers of debris.

Solomon was undoubtedly the first of the Jewish Kings to invest labor with its highest dignity. When he began to plan the construction of the great Temple, he cast about to secure the services of the ablest workmen not only in his own dominions, but in the lands adjoining. Timber was brought from the cedar forests of Lebanon for the carpenters. Great massive boulders of white limestone were hewn out of the royal quarries, that extended like a network beneath the city, and the entrance to which was only rediscovered by the Palestine Exploration Society in 1852, near the Damascus Gate, after having been a mystery for centuries. In these vast subterranean quarries, chisel marks and mason's marks were found on the stones that strewed the floor; niches were seen in the rocks where lamps had been placed to give light to the workers. There the stones for the Temple were hewn and dressed and prepared, each one ready to set in place, for it was decreed that in the building itself neither sound of axe nor hammer nor any tool should be heard. It is generally admitted that the large stones in the west wall of the Temple area, and in several other places, belong to the age of Solomon, even though the wall itself may have been reconstructed. Some of those massive blocks, dug from the underground quarries by Jewish masons, have been actually kissed smooth by devout Hebrews, to whom the very dust of the city is precious. Probably no building on the globe has had larger corner-stones employed in its construction than the Temple of Solomon. The masons fitted into the southwest angle of the wall one huge block fourteen feet in length and three feet, eight inches in thickness; another at the southeast angle was twenty-six feet long, six feet high and seven feet

(*Continued on page 710.*)

A GROUP OF SYRIAN STONE-CUTTERS AT WORK IN JERUSALEM.

Reproduced from a Photograph Specially Procured for "The Christian Herald."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Gates of Carbuncle.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Isaiah 54: 12. . . . . } *"And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles."*

PERHAPS because a human disease of most painful and ofttimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

[illegible] its name
[illegible] known to time.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb-nail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone he ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the Church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the wine-press alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a [illegible] because all the struggles are over and [illegible] raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of [illegible] but the twelve gates [illegible] could be nothing [illegible] their parts. But Christ [illegible] gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as he lifted the gates [illegible] it crimsoned and left from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now, went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance, you cannot mention twenty men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of body, mind, and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who [illegible] obstacles. How many of the eighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States Senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the White House, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much scorn and scoff, and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the State House overlooking "The Commons?"

Read the biography of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce at school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence; and of George Peabody, who never owned a carriage, and denied himself all luxuries, that he might while living and after death, through last will and testament, devote his uncounted millions to the education of the poor people in England and America; and of Bishop Janes, who in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America, and became the joy of Methodism and a blessing to the race. Go to the biographical alcove in city, State, or national library, and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle, and of carmine gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac river. Scalping-knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war-whoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink, and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across three thousand miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Long Island battles, and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, and starvation, and widowhood, and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper, and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battle-field, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American Revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration Day, for the calla lilies on the grave-tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after [illegible] are dead your children will be able to [illegible] with the Psalmist, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, a conflagration of cities, and see them lap up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the North and the South saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! What such mortal antipathies Northern and Southern men could never come to amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the Representatives of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it did come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on Parliaments and Reichstags and lowered the flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep graves had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead Republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American Republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged eighty-five years and seventeen days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies were quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried, "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of flame! See Norfolk Navy Yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! Gate of glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi, and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than it was before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is not followed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last two presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never ha

andever will turn the pulpit in which I pren into a political stump. Every minter must do as he feels called to do, and will not criticise him for doing what he nsiders his duty; but all the political har gues from pulpits from now until the l of November will not in all the Unid States change one vote, but will leav many ears stopped against anything tha uch clergymen may utter the rest of the ives. As a general rule the laymen of urches understand politics better tha the clergy, because they (the laymen study politics more than the clergy, and ave better opportunity of being intelige on those subjects. But good morals, nonesty, loyalty, Christian patriotis and the Ten Commandments,—these we must preach. God says distinctly in e Bible, "The silver and the gold are ine," and he will settle the controsy between those two metals. If ever this ountry needed the Divine rescue it need it now. Never within my memory saw so many people literally starved to dea as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men nd women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger There is not a day that we do not hea he crash of some great commercial staishment, and as a consequence many peop are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable cir have come privation and close calculation and an economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. The are millions of people who do not ask charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing left to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the Presidency, the wheels of Government turn so slowly, and a caucus in some white building on the hill may tie the hands of any President. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, we can pray, and my prayer this night shall be, "O, God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hadst not where to lay thy head, pity the homeless. Thou who has brought to exhaustion the cotton of the South and the wool of the North, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give relief to the shivering. Bring bread to the mind intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate of struggle. It is a gate of penury. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know any one to whom it is not a struggle. In all styles of life there is disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be seventy years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be fifty years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition, and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

A friend told me the other day of a shoemaker in a Russian city whose bench was

STUDDED ORIENTAL GATE IN THE PALACE OF BETTDIN, LEBANON, SYRIA.

in the basement of a building, and so far underground that he could see only the feet of those who went by on the sidewalk. Seated on his bench, he often looked up, and there went the swift and skipping feet of children, and then the slow and uniform step of the aged, and then feet with shoes old and worn out, and then crippled feet, and he resolved he would do a kindness to each one who needed it. So when the foot with the old and worn-out shoe was passing, he would hail it and make for it a comfortable covering, for he had the hammer, and the pegs, and the shoe-lasts, and the lapstone, and the leather to do it. And when he saw the invalid foot pass he would hail it and go out and offer medicine and crutch and helpfulness. And when he saw the aged foot pass he hailed it and told the old man of heaven, where he would be young again. When he saw the foot of childhood pass on the sidewalk he would go out with good advice and a laugh that seemed like an echo of the child's. Of course, as the years went on, under this process the shoemaker became more and more Christian, until one day he said to himself: "I wish among all those feet passing up there on the sidewalk I could see the feet of the dear Christ passing. Oh! if I could only see his feet go by, I would know them, because they are scarred feet." That night the shoemaker dreamed, and in the dream he saw the glorious Christ, and he said: "O Christ! I have been waiting for thee to pass on the sidewalk, and I have seen lame feet, and wounded feet, and aged feet, and poor feet, but in vain have I looked for thy scarred feet." And Christ said to the shoemaker, "Man! I did pass on the sidewalk, and you did see my feet, and you did come out and hail me, and bless me, and help me. You thought it was the foot of a poor old man that went shuffling by; that was my foot. You thought it was the foot of a soldier that went limping past; that was my foot. You thought that shoeless foot was the foot of a beggar; that was my foot. The shoes, the clothing, the medicines, the cheering words that you gave to them, you gave to your Lord. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'" My hearers, with the humble spirit of that Russian mechanic, let us go forth and help others. Having shoved back the carbuncle gate for yourself, to pass in, and pass on and pass up, lend a hand to others, that they also may get through the red gate, and pass in, and pass on, and pass up!

But mark well and underscore with heavy dashes of the pen the order of the gates. Gate of carbuncle before gate of pearl. Isaiah the Prince saw the one gate centuries before St. John the Exile saw the other. The one you must push open. The other stands open. Gate of a Saviour's atonement before the gate of Divine pardon. Gate of poverty before gate of affluence. Gate of earthly trial before gate of heavenly satisfaction. Through much tribulation you enter the kingdom of God if you ever enter it at all. But heaven will not be so much of a heaven to those who had everything in this world. A man who had everything in this world enters heaven, and the welcoming angel appoints such a newly-arrived soul to a mansion, and says, "Go in and live there. That mansion is yours forever." That man thinks to himself, "Why, I have for many years lived in a mansion; a mansion is no novelty to me." The welcoming angel appoints some prospered soul of earth to a fine landscape in the heavenly country and says, "Walk there and enjoy yourself." The soul thinks to itself, "The place I owned on the Hudson," or, "The castle I had on the Rhine was almost as picturesque, and then I cannot see the sunset on the river, for it is here everlasting day. Let the welcoming angel then say to a prospered soul of earth, "Go now and rest; this is the everlasting rest." "Why," the soul would think, "I am not tired; why do I want to rest? I have not done a stroke of work for the last twenty years. I spent my winters in Florida and my summers in the Adirondacks, and I am not in need of rest." My hearers, heaven will not be so much of a heaven for those who had no struggle an earth. But when those who had a hard push with the red gate of my text, the gate of carbuncle, come to the gate of pearl and find it wide open, they will say, "Why, how strange this is. This is the first gate of valuable entrance in forty years that I have found open." And the welcoming angel will say to some Christian mother who reared a large family of children and prepared them for usefulness and heaven, "Go where you please and sit down on what velvet bank or cushioned throne you may prefer." And I hear the newly-arrived soul saying, "Oh, my! What a good thing it is to rest. I was so tired. I was tired for forty years. Angel, tell me, is this an unbroken rest? Can it be that there are no sick children to take care of? My head was so tired, planning for the household on small means, my eyes were so tired with sewing and knitting, my back ached with doing work that made me stoop for so many hours. There was nothing in the universe I so much needed as rest. Now I have it. Blessed Jesus! Blessed heaven! Blessed rest!" Then the welcoming angel will say to some Christian that on earth was deaf and had not heard voice of song or voice of friendship, "Hark now to the choirs in white as they are about to join in the opening piece of the Temple Worship," and as the baton swings and as the deft fingers begin to feel the pulses of the harp, and lips of martyrs breathe on the soft lutes of praise, I hear the surprised soul, just entered heaven, saying, "Music! Why, that is the first I ever heard. Will it keep on? Tell them not to stop. What is the name of that anthem? Why, I never heard anything like that. I never heard anything at all." Then the angel will say to a lifelong invalid, "Did you ever breathe air like this? Such balm! Such tonic! Did you ever have any climate on earth like this climate of heaven?" And the soul says, "This is the first time in many a long year I have been freed from pain. As I passed through the river by that gate the last ache left me, and I am well, gloriously well, everlastingly well. I have swallowed the last bitter draught. I have felt the last cut of the knife. I have passed the last sleepless night, and now I realize the beauty of what St. John said in Revelation, "There shall be no more pain." And then the martyrs and the prophets and the Apostles will take up the chorus, and all the recovered invalids from earth will join in the triumphant refrain that surges to and fro, from east gate of heaven to west gate. Chorus: "No more pain, no more pain; no more pain, no more pain!"

My hearers, it will be a great heaven for all who get through, but the best heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Solomon's Wise Choice.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 1l. I Kings 3: 5-15. Golden Text, Psalm 111 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SOLOMON was a young man when he came to the throne of Israel, but he was a young man chosen of God, and for whom much believing prayer had been offered by his father. David had learned many and bitter lessons through his family. It was an exceptional thing in his experience that prayer should remain unanswered; yet, with regard to his sons, it was so more then once. He besought the Lord for the life of the child which Bathsheba bore to him, he "fasted and went in, and lay all night upon the earth" (II. Sam.12 :16), but this prayer was not heard, nor yet were his prayers for Absalom. God could not be one with David in a natural affection which usurped his own claims. How often parents who live in an atmosphere of prayer have been astonished when almost the only exception to their unanswered prayers has been those which lay nearest to their hearts, their

Self-Made Prayers

for their own children! How many a parent has yet to learn the difference between soulish, emotional, self-proceeding love for their children — a love which seeks its own—and divine love which enters into God's infinitely loving purpose for them. God always hears the prayer of faith for our children. David's love for Solomon was quite different from his love for Absalom. He loved Solomon as being God's choice, as being loved of God; "the Lord loved him (II. Sam. 12 : 2), and "Solomon loved the Lord (I. Kings 3 : 3). David loved Absalom with a father's pride in his beauty and natural attractions, but Absalom loved neither the Lord nor his father, but only himself. When David gave commands to Solomon, he did not expect the fulfilment of them from his son without asking from his God for Solomon what he required of him. "Thou, Solomon my son," he said "know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind;" "O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel," he prayed, "give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart to keep thy commandments, thy testimonies, and thy statutes." (I. Chron. 28 : 9; 28 : 19.)

After the death of David, Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter, but the first notable act of his reign was an appeal to "all Israel, to the captains of thousands and of hundreds, and to the judges and to every governor in all Israel, the chief of the fathers," to meet him in an act of national worship at Gibeon, where the tabernacle was then pitched. It was a recognition of God which every person in his dominion must know of. The young king would let it be known on whose side he was, and that he expected every office which was held under him to be held in the fear of God. It was an acknowledgment of his loyalty and his obedience to, and his dependence on God. The king offered "a thousand burnt offerings" on the [illegible] Altar

God Responded.

"In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee" (II. Chron. 1 : 7). Oh, how many a child of God has read these words with a wistful, yearning heart, and thought, "Would that God spoke thus to me!" Oh, how blind can God's children be! Our Lord has taken such pains to make us see the grace of God towards us, and yet how few of us know the heart of our God. After teaching his disciples the Lord's Prayer, he spake a parable to shew how great the contrast is between the heart of a mere friend and that of a father. A friend indignantly refuses his friend who disturbs him at midnight. And the only way to obtain from such an one is to continue troubling him until he finds it the best policy to yield, that he may at length get rid of the importunate disturber of his rest. But a father: will he deal thus? If his son asks bread, will he give him a stone? If he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent, or a scorpion, instead of an egg. Has he any claim to be a father who mocks his child when he is hungry and asks bread? And in connection with this strong argument, our Lord says: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." The very same God who appeared to Solomon in a dream that night at Gibeon, says to you, "Ask and it shall be given unto you," but ask as one who knows and counts upon a Father who will not, who cannot, refuse his children's bread. He appeals in the strongest way. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit (the true children's bread, or "good gifts," Matt. 7 : 11) to them that ask him" (Luke 16 : 5-11). What was

Solomon's Reply?

The Almighty God, infinite in resources, had placed at the disposal of the young man, and unconditionally, unlimited possibilities. But God knew his man; young as Solomon was, he had shown in this gathering together of his people to worship that he was not ashamed to declare himself all for God, and God was not afraid to shew himself all for Solomon. The king's answer was one of the deepest adoration, worship, and devotion: "Thou hast shewed unto thy servant, David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness that thou hast given him, a son to sit on his throne as it is this day." No boasting of his father's greatness, he saw only God's mercy towards him; no self-conscious assumption, as is so commonly the case with young men, he saw only God's kindness to his father in his own succession to the throne. "And now, O Lord, my God—my God as well as my father's God—thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father, and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or to come in." These are God-taught words in the lips of a young man, and how full of grace they are! They show that Solomon knew his need and that God could supply it.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

GIBEON was a high hill about seven miles from Jerusalem. It was an important place in Solomon's time, because the Tabernacle which had accompanied the Israelites in their wanderings through the desert of Sinai had long been set up there. Until the Temple should be built it was the visible symbol of God's presence in the land and the centre for national worship. Venerable associations clung about it and though the ark had been removed from among its curtains, neither king nor people could forget what it had been to their forefathers. To Gibeon, therefore, Solomon went in solemn state at an early period of his reign, to make reverent acknowledgment to Jehovah on behalf of himself and his people. He made his offering on a scale proportioned to his magnificence. A thousand beasts were slain and offered on the altar as a sacrifice. The number might seem incredible were it not that secular history records similar and even greater numbers offered by other Oriental potentates. Herodotus says that Xerxes made an offering of a thousand oxen to the Trojan Minerva, and Crœsus made an offering of three thousand beasts at Delphi. As a large number of people would undoubtedly be present, the parts of the animals that were unconsumed and were not the perquisites of the priests would probably not be more than were necessary to supply the feast which followed Solomon's national sacrifice.

GIBEON, THE SCENE OF SOLOMON'S SACRIFICE. *From a Photograph*

The occasion would be one to stir the soul of the young king. We can imagine how a youth of twenty years must have felt at such a time. He was firmly established on the throne, his enemies had been subdued, and one of the greatest and proudest of earth's potentates had honored him by conferring his daughter upon him in marriage. What might he not do with such opportunities? A great career was probably mapped out in his mind, as a young man is apt to plan the future at the threshold of active life. To him, thus situated, comes the dream of the blessing. What to a young man at the beginning of his career would be the thing most to be desired? Solomon chooses wisdom. What would be the choice of a young man in our own day if he were informed that he could have the one thing he most desired? It is worth thinking over. Judging by the eagerness displayed in the pursuit of wealth, it is likely that many would choose riches. Some might choose political advancement. How many would choose wisdom? Probably few, yet still, as it was with Solomon, it is the best choice, the one that has in it the greatest promise of happiness and usefulness. Solomon's choice pleased the Lord and he gave him in addition the things he had not asked. To all men comes a similar message from the lips of our Lord: Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

That I may discern between good and bad. The ability to do that is very important. Many go wrong through lack of it. They are deceived and fall before temptation. But as Solomon found, something more was needed to a religious life. No man knew better than he what was right and what was wrong, bnt he lacked the power to do the right and avoid the wrong. Many are like him, doing wickedly, but under a misapprehension, but with a clear knowledge that what they are doing is wrong. "There is no need to tell me of the sin and folly of drunkenness," said a degraded victim of the intoxicating cup. "I know them better than you do. I hate and loathe myself for yielding to it but it holds me captive like a child in the grip of a giant. I resolve I will not touch it but if I smell it or see it, I cannot resist. I have had delirium tremens and the doctors tell me that if I have it again I shall die, but I must have the drink, cost what it may." Something more is necessary than the blessing Solomon asked and that we can have from Christ.

Behold it was a dream. But it was a dream Solomon would never forget. It brought clearly before him his chief need, and he received definite assurance of its being supplied. Like the dreams of Jacob and Joseph and Daniel, it shed light on his future. This dream, as we are explicitly informed, was supernatural, but it has often happened in modern times that natural dreams have shed light on difficulties. Dr. Buckley, in his work on psychological phenomena, relates an incident of this kind. A man was grappling with an arithmetical problem and failed to solve it. He went to bed and to sleep. In his dreams the problem still disturbed him. He thought he saw his old school-master who upbraided him with his clumsiness. "I am ashamed of you," he thought the old man said. Sitting down by him he showed him how the problem should be solved. When the man awoke he remembered the mode adopted by the schoolmaster in his dream, tried it, and successfully solved the problem.

I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked. God does so very often. The really important thing is to be right with God and if a man sets his heart upon this and does not crave riches as his chief good God seeing that he may be trusted with them, gives them to him. A quaint writer, discoursing on this theme, says: See there two snails. One hath a house on his back, the other hath none. Now both are only snails, and it is a question which of them is better off. He that hath a house hath more shelter; he that hath none hath more freedom; the privilege of cover involves a burden. You see if one hath but a stone to climb over, how it has to strive and strain because of the load on its back and if the passage is strait it finds no entrance; whereas the empty snail goes easily. If he misses the shelter, he bears no burden. The wise man is he who is content with his lot. If he has no riches he does not have the responsibility of them. Riches are a burden and a snare.

Japan's Great Mart.

The Busy City of Osaka, its People, and its Institutions and Missionary Activity.

OSAKA has been called the Venice of Japan, its many canals and branching river, and its innumerable bridges reminding the traveler of the beautiful Italian city. But there the resemblance ceases. Factories of all kinds and people busily intent on their trade and the making of money give no reminder of Venice, but of New York or Chicago. Osaka, with its half million of population, the centre of a district containing double that number, is the busiest and most enterprising of all Japanese cities, and its manufactures are to be found in every part of the empire. It once had a magnificent castle and fortress dating from the seventeenth century, but only the ruined walls now remain, the place having been destroyed by fire. The chief pride now is its arsenal, in which the great guns that have covered down the pride of the Chinese empire, are made, and the mint where the coins are produced that are rapidly monopolizing the worship which the Japanese once gave to their innumerable idols. So much Japan has learned by her contact with Europeans and Americans and by the stern force of circumstances. Her thrift, her enterprise, and commercial genius have developed with almost incredible rapidity, and at Osaka they are even more conspicuous than in her greater sister, Tokio. The pictures on this page are reproductions from photographs of some of the characteristic scenes of the commercial metropolis.

JAPANESE SERVANT.

Osaka has not altogether, in form at least, turned from her ancient religion to Mammon worship. Many rich and splendid temples still rear their roofs heavenward and attract a multitude of worshippers. It sometimes puzzles the traveler to understand how such magnificent buildings stand in a country where earthquakes are so frequent. A visit to the basement or vault, however, explains the mystery. Hanging from the topmost girder is an enormous pendulum of heavy beams bolted together and reaching almost to the base of the pagoda. When the inevitable vibration comes and the tall building sways, the pendulum slowly swings and restores the building to its perpendicular. Near one of the pagodas is a tall tower which is devoted to the welfare of the children. There tearful mothers go when the life of a little one hangs in the balance to pray and obtain the sacred water and the wooden shavings or prayer-bars which are thought to have healing virtues, if cast into the reservoir in the court yard. There, too, is a fountain gushing from the mouth of an enormous turtle while the mother goes when all is over, and casting into the gushing water a wooden tablet bearing the name of her dead darling hopes that the current may carry it to Buddha and gain his favor for the departed spirit. Osaka also boasts a large Buddhist monastery, and has an annual Buddhist celebration which attracts priests from all parts of the empire. But even in its religious character, Osaka shows the commercial spirit. It does a large trade in temple furnishings and rosaries, and the brocade triangles which cover the shelves that in Japanese houses support the household idols.

CHIEF STREET OF OSAKA.

THE GREAT BRIDGE IN OSAKA.

Letters from the missionaries and the reports of Christian visitors to Japan have since the close of the war with China, taken a somewhat gloomy tone. Mission work has evidently received a check, which, it is hoped, is only temporary, but for the time is unmistakable. The statistics of the missionary bodies show no increase in the number of members, and in some instances they have not made up the losses caused by death. The view taken by Rev. Satori Kato, which was published in this journal, has been justified by events. It is evident that the work of reaching the Japanese must be done by native evangelists, and that the missionary societies will have to concentrate their efforts on the training of these men, who know how to meet Japanese prejudices and to preach effectively in their difficult language. The present difficulty appears to have arisen mainly through a lack of training in these men. It is matter for regret, too, that some church buildings and Christian institutions appear to have fallen under the control of men who do not hold in their integrity the essential doctrines of Christianity. This difficulty has arisen from the Japanese law, which does not permit the foreigner to hold real estate outside certain concessions. The property has, therefore, been vested in Japanese trustees, and in the case of the American Board an unhappy difference of opinion has arisen as to the terms of this ownership. It is evident that the mission work in Japan is passing through a crisis.

Writing to the *Church at Home and Abroad* recently, on the situation, Dr. T. T. Alexander, a professor in a Christian college in Tokio, says: "The lower and peasant classes are still powerfully under the influence of the past and largely Buddhistic in faith. The middle classes are more hopeful, but still largely indifferent, not to say hostile, toward Christianity; while the higher classes, for the most part, are sceptical and distant in their attitude. To meet these hard conditions and overcome them is the problem. Many thoughtful and earnest Japanese preachers and laymen are giving their time and strength to its solution. But a higher type of Christian living in the Church, a deeper consecration and sense of responsibility and most of all a baptism of the Holy Ghost are the desiderata at present. I bespeak for the struggling Church militant in Japan the earnest prayers and the helpful sympathy of all in Christian lands who love the cause of Christ.

The Language of Jesus.

IN a recent work by the distinguished Dr. Arnold Meyer, of the University of Bonn, entitled "Jesus Muttersprache" (Jesus's Mother-tongue), the very interesting subject of the language in which the Master spoke during his earthly ministry is ably discussed. From a translation prepared by *The Literary Digest*, we take the following extract:

"The question as to the language spoken by Jesus did not particularly interest the earliest Church fathers. They confined themselves in this regard to the question as to the original language employed by Matthew in the preparation of his gospel, which, Papias declares, was 'Hebrew.' The current opinion was that the Lord had employed the 'Syriac' as his vernacular, which term was used interchangeably with 'Hebrew and 'Chaldee.' This was the settled tradition of the Church down to the Reformation and later, and when in 1555 Widmanstadt published the first edition of the New Testament in Syriac, this work was greeted with a warm welcome on the ground that now the Church possessed the very words of the Lord as he had spoken them. Only a few sceptical minds, such as Scaliger and Grotius, doubted the correctness of this conclusion, and claimed that the Saviour had spoken a mixed dialect then current in Palestine. Among the Jesuits the idea early gained ground that the Lord's vernacular must have been the Latin. This view was first promulgated by the Pater Inchofer in 1648.

"A century later another Jesuit scholar, Hardouin, assigned as a new reason for this view the fact that the Vulgate, or official Bible of the Roman Catholic Church, was also written in the Latin language. On the other hand, Protestant scholars began to maintain that Jesus spoke Greek, the language of the New Testament. So good an authority as the late Professor Delitzsch believed that Christ spoke a relatively pure Hebrew, the study of this language having been rigidly taught in the schools of Palestine.

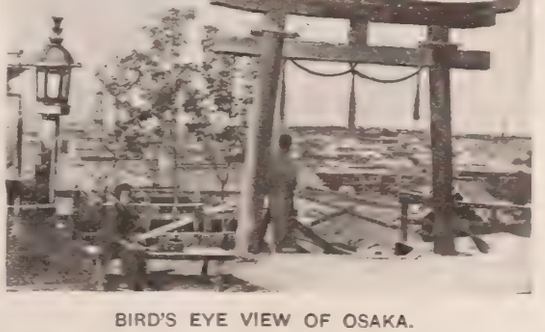
"The facts in the case, especially as seen in the words of the New Testament other than Greek, show that the Lord spoke an Aramaic language, and of this language again a Galilean dialect. The Aramaic is a branch of the north Semitic, and as such a sister tongue of the Hebrew Long before the close of the Old Testament canon, the Aramaic had supplanted Hebrew in popular use in Israel and had become the universal language of trade and business between the peoples of Syria and countries farther East. Already a Jeremiah and an Ezekiel show the influence of this tongue. The same is true of the later Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and especially Ezra and Daniel, both of which contain portions written in this dialect. During the Maccabean period the Aramaic had virtually supplanted Hebrew in Israel. It is used in the Talmud, and its general use is reported by Philo, a contemporary of St. Paul, and by the historian Josephus, who calls it the 'language of the fatherland.'

A NOTED BUDDHIST SHRINE.

"Only in one respect the old Hebrew maintained its hold. It was the language of the sacred writings of Israel and the official tongue of their Scriptures. In the synagogues these books were read in the original Hebrew, but were interpreted to the people through Aramaic paraphrases called Targumim. Testimonies abound and agree that such was the case regularly, so that the common people could no longer understand the sacred tongue of their fathers and of their Scriptures. The current language of the day was accordingly the Aramaic, and this language beyond any reasonable doubt was the tongue employed by Christ in his discourses with his disciples and with the people. The Hebrew as such was known well only to the learned, but was not understood thoroughly by the common people.

"The correctness of this conclusion is attested by the words cited in the New Testament. The names of persons taken from other sources than the Greek are Aramaic in form and sound, as are also the terms found in 1 Cor. xvi. 22, and the citation from the Psalms spoken by Christ on the cross; also Mark iii. 17; vii. 34; v. 41, and others.

"It is accordingly only fair to conclude that Christ spoke the language of his people. In fact it is even probable that we can conclude that of this Aramaic he spoke the Galilean dialect. At that time three dialects of this tongue were used in Palestine, namely, the Jerusalem, the Samaritan, and the Galilean. Peter, in the night when Christ was before Pilate, was betrayed by the fact that he spoke the 'Galilean' tongue. It is well known that the Galilean was the mother-tongue of Jesus. In this dialect he called his disciples, addressed the multitudes, uttered his parables, delivered the Sermon on the Mount, and he employed it throughout his ministry. Just what the exact form of this dialect was we know from the so-called "Jerusalem Talmud," written in the third and fourth centuries after Christ in the city of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. This work is written in the popular tongue of Galilee, and is the only work, either of a religious or secular kind, extant in the exact dialect spoken by our Lord during his career on earth."



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OSAKA.

A. B. C. F. M. Missionaries Re-engaged.

Thirty Native Teachers and Preachers whom the American Board was compelled to discharge in order to reduce expenses have been reengaged. Their united salaries aggregate $[illegible]

Quaint Indian Legends,

Current in the Folk-Lore of the Indians of the Northwest.

AN INDIAN SQUAW.

THE red men of the forest are rapidly disappearing as civilization progresses, but many of the quaint legends and traditions of the different tribes have been preserved in literary form by American and European students of the Indian race. A few ofthese recently collected by a traveler are given briefly below:

The Vancouver Indians hold that Quawteaht is the Supreme Being—the originator of all things. The first Indian was named after him, and it was he who named all the tribes, and who taught men all the arts. Before his day men lived in holes in the ground, until he taught them to make an axe out of the elk's horn, and cut down the cedar trees and make board lodges. Formerly they could not fish, but caught salmon in immense weirs thrown across rivers, or at river-mouths. He taught them to chisel out a canoe; but it was a fatal art, for then they went from home and engaged in war, and from that day to this the Indians have been on the decrease. When men die, the all but universal belief among the Indians of the northwest coast is, that they go into birds—a sort of transmigration of souls. Owls are supposed to be the chief recipients of these spirits, and Indians are very careful not to mention the name of the dead. Often when encamped out in the woods with them at night, the Indians, in great affright, would draw over to my fire, and whisper that some one must have been talking about the dead. A woman once begged of me not to shoot a fine specimen of the great owl, because it contained the soul of her grandfather. Of course, I spared the lady's feelings. However, they have also on the west coast of Vancouver Island at least a belief in an after country of bliss, which they describe as a happy country, situated somewhere up in the sky, though not exactly over the earth. Everything there is beautiful and abundant. There a continual calm prevails, and the canoes float lightly on the sleeping waters; frost does not bind the rivers, and the snow never spreads its white blanket over the ground. In this pleasant country of continual sunshine and warmth and gladness, it is believed that the high chiefs, and those natives who have been slain in battle, find their repose, the chiefs living in a large house as the guests of Quawteaht, and the slain in battle living in another house by themselves.

In those remote tribes that have not yet been civilized (notably some branches of Arapahoes and Sioux), the members attribute illness to the malevolence of evil-disposed persons—a superstition which has its counterpart in every country. The person who may have bewitched the ill-fated may be a slave, a stranger who has arrived in the camp, or (more likely) a person with whom the sick or dead man may have quarrelled. In such a case, the death of the person is often the only way the bereaved relatives can be consoled. When an Indian quarrels with another, he will say, "You will soon die." As likely as not the threatened person, frightened at the threat, will fall sick or die, in which case the dead man's relatives may take the first opportunity of shooting his "bewitcher."

Among their folk-lore tales are some that might be reasonably identified with certain pretty tales current in the nurseries of the white race, including wonderful stories of bears and ogres and such like fancies. Every hill has a tale attached to it; every silent lake frequented by the Indian is the subject of a tradition, and the number of these stories is very great. On the Snoqualami Prairie, in Washington, is a large rock, and the story connected with it is that once on a time this rock was suspended from heaven, but the Great Spirit, offended at the improper conduct of some minor deity and his inamorata, cut the rope, when it dropped down on the prairie. Their gods are of like passions with themselves. The conversion of human beings into animals, shows a striking similarity to Greek and Roman mythology.

The Northwest American Indians have no decided theory on the subject of the creation of the world. The world was always as it is now—a big, flat plain, and if they have any further notions about it, I have not yet been able to clearly ascertain them. Most Indian tribes have some tradition or another about a great flood which once covered their country, but in most cases these are merely "myths of observation." They see shells, rolled stones, and bones of whales, or other marine animals, high on mountains, and they then set their wits to discover how they could possibly have come there. The tribe among whom a particular tradition is extant may be pagans, to whom no teacher of religion has come, but these people are so fond of mythological lore, that a curious story of the great flood will permeate from tribe to tribe in a hundred conceivable ways.

The Indians point out constellations and give them the names of animate and inanimate objects. For instance, the "milky way" is a collection of fishes; the Pleiades are three men in a canoe, and so on. The sun is a great chief, driving a fiery sledge, and the old people, when they wake up in the morning and see it rising, will often be heard to say, "There goes my lord the sun; he's a great traveler." The moon is also a human being, and is worshipped. The Cowichan tribes think that the moon has a frog in it—a superstition equivalent to ours of "the man in the moon." Among the Aht, or Western Vancouver Indians, the moon is the husband, and the sun (not as among the eastern coast Indians) is the wife. The moon is among all the heavenly bodies the highest object of veneration.

Our Indian photographs on this page present the red man in his uncivilized state—a condition which is, fortunately, becoming less frequent every year. The splendid civilizing and Christianizing work of the Hampton Institute and other agencies is gradually transforming the once-savage tribesmen into quiet, industrious, and peaceful citizens. Returned Indian students of the Hampton Institute are now settled among their Indian brothers and sisters in many parts of the West and Northwest, some as teachers, catechists, and missionaries; others as farmers, tradesmen, and school employees. Some are in the Indian Territory working among the Cherokees, Osages, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Pottawatomies, Kaws, and Creeks. Others are in North and South Dakota among the Standing Rock Indians, the Pine Ridge and Rosebud bands, the Yanktons, Poncas, Santees, Brules, and Sissetons. Ten years have witnessed a marked change in the character of our Indian population, and another decade of like progress will go very far toward eliminating the once turbulent element, except, perhaps, in a very few localities. Many of the Hampton students are excellent Christian teachers, whose influence and example are producing the best results, winning many from careers of violence and crime to lives of industry and peace, and spreading the light of the Gospel in the tents of darkness and superstition.

TENT LIFE IN AN INDIAN CAMP.

The Hardest Road in Palestine.

Writing from the East, Rev. C. L. Goodell gives this graphic description of a rugged Syrian highway: From Baalbek to Hebron there is no road more difficult than that from Bethel to Jericho. In a gentle rain we ride out from our camping-place and face the east. The horses that have been so sure-footed do not fail us today. Over loose stones and across slippery ledges they pass in safety. About two miles to the east of Bethel we passed a rocky, desolate hill. We approach it with reverence, for this is no less a place than the ancient Ai. It is now called El Tell, or, "The Heap." There are many Tells in Palestine, but this is the only one distinguished as "The Heap."

The student of Old Testament history will feel the force of it as he recalls the worlds of the historian: "Joshua burnt Ai and made it an heap forever, even a desolation unto this day." The way in which Joshua worked his famous strategy is plain as we look over the contour of the country round about. To the north is the deep valley where Joshua and his army were located; on the west the five thousand were stationed (Josh. 8: 3-30); and to the east is the place where the battle was fought.

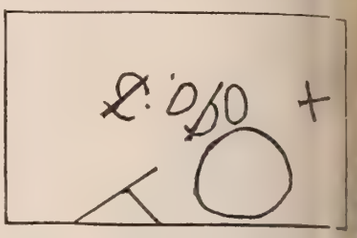
A CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

There are many piles of stone hereabout. We are now upon the road along which many pilgrims go. Little mounds of stone are to be seen frequently by the roadside, erected as pious memorials. As these little piles are made, the pilgrims are accustomed to say, "O stones, I witness with thee to-day! Witness thou with me on the Resurrection day!"

Workmen of Jerusalem.

(*Continued from first page.*)

wide, a mammoth slab of hard limes[illegible] weighing over 100 tons. The west wall [illegible] a still larger block, whose length meas[illegible] thirty-eight feet, nine inches. On [illegible]



MASONS' MARKS ON THE TEMPLE STO[illegible]

of these gigantic slabs, recent explora[illegible] have brought to light letters and num[illegible] in red, still clear and distinct, which [illegible] been deciphered as the special mar[illegible] the Phœnician masons of the da[illegible] Hiram, King of Tyre.

For many centuries, Jerusalem [illegible] focus of industrial activity, and its tr[illegible] men, artisans, and artificers constitut[illegible] important part of the population. [illegible] of the practical arts had been learned [illegible] Egypt and Phœnicia. Certain trade[illegible] gan to flourish in Israel during the da[illegible] the Judges, but not until the reign o[illegible] "wise king" were architecture and [illegible] kindred trades encouraged. Some o[illegible] trades had powerful guilds or orga[illegible] tions, and in the Talmud mention is [illegible] of tailors, glaziers, builders, goldsm[illegible] plasterers, shoemakers, and blood-l[illegible] or doctors. A few pursuits were less h[illegible] thought of, but labor, as a whole [illegible] honored and even influential. Sor[illegible] the trades were assigned to special l[illegible] ties, thus in Jeremiah (37: 21), we [illegible] of "the bakers' street," while the *Mi*[illegible] Josephus, and other authorities [illegible] mention of other localities of like ch[illegible] ter. Masons and workers in stone [illegible] ranked high among the handicrafts[illegible] They are mentioned repeatedly in [illegible] Holy Scriptures as well as in the [illegible] Jewish writings. (See I. Chron. 14: [illegible] Kings 12: 12 and 22; II. Sam. 5: 1 [illegible] Chron. 24: 12; Ezra 3: 7.)

To-day, those once famous handi[illegible] have almost disappeared among the l[illegible] ites. The workmen engaged in [illegible] trades in Jerusalem and elsewhere in P[illegible] tine are usually Syrians, of the cla[illegible] which the interesting group in our co[illegible] illustration on the first page bel[illegible] These Syrian stone-masons hav[illegible] bright, intelligent faces, and it is ev[illegible] that they comprehend quite clearly [illegible] the master-workman, who stands b[illegible] them, expects them to do. With [illegible] stone-cutting is not a lost art, as [illegible] work can testify; for whether they u[illegible] take the repair or renovation of some [illegible] cient edifice, or the erection of new [illegible] pretentious buildings, they are eq[illegible] sure to do satisfactory, though slow w[illegible] All their methods and their tools are [illegible] itive by comparison with ours, and [illegible] use of labor-saving machinery is p[illegible] cally unknown in Syria.

A Persecuted Evangelist.

A pastor, while recently travelin[illegible] Russia, wrote that, at a small meetin[illegible] Muscovite evangelists, which he conv[illegible] in St. Petersburg, one of the number, [illegible] came from the centre of Russia, told [illegible] how he had gone into a village and pre[illegible] ed the Gospel. They laid hold of him [illegible] put him in the form of crucifixion. T[illegible] stripped him, put him against the w[illegible] a drinking-house, and beat him most [illegible] ally. Then they took him down, and [illegible] him on one stage, to the next village. T[illegible] the inhabitants beat him again, and [illegible] him on to another village. His bones [illegible] already broken.

Then there was a cry went u[illegible] beat him again, but the people said, [illegible] we beat him again he will die, and [illegible] will bring trouble upon ourselves." S[illegible] was taken to the hospital, where he [illegible] partially recovered, but in the midst [illegible] weakness and pain he counted it a [illegible] and an honor to have been called to s[illegible] for the name of the Saviour whom [illegible] loved. There are many brave Christ[illegible] in Russia who, at different times, h[illegible] been subjected to similar persecution.

Armenia's Heroine

Home Again.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball Returns from Van—She Thanks the Readers of "The Christian Herald" for their Gifts, which saved Thousands of Lives.

A SLIM-BUILT, bright-eyed, business-looking little woman walked down the gang-plank of the ocean passenger steamship *St. Louis*, on Saturday, Sept. 19th. She was not heralded by roar of cannon nor greeted by bands of music nor welcomed by crowds such as usually assemble to greet some famous arrivals on these shores; yet this little woman—whose coming was known only to a little party of friends, had just concluded four years of service of a character that should win her the warmest love and admiration of America and the gratitude of Christian people throughout the world. Dr. Grace N. Kimball, the missionary heroine of Van, in Armenia, the *St. Louis*' passenger, is already well-known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as the beloved missionary who, when that whole country was deluged in blood, through the terrible massacres of Christians, remained at her post and besides sheltering the fugitives and tending the wounded, established a system of relief which resulted in the saving of many lives. How our readers became identified with that glorious work at a most critical time and by their generous gifts expanded it and made it instrumental in saving thousands from starvation has already been told in these columns in the published correspondence of the missionaries at the front.

Dr. Kimball, who visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office on the day of her arrival said: "I desire to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its proprietor and editors, and through its columns also to thank the Christian people of America for the noble manner in which they responded to Armenia's appeal for help. Your gifts came unlike a blessing from heaven, at a time when we were in sorest distress, and through your generosity thousands have been saved from starvation and untold distress averted."

Dr. Kimball, whose trying experiences had brought her almost to the verge of nervous collapse, found it absolutely necessary to return to this country to regain her health. She has not passed through the ordeal unscathed for she shows evidences of the rightful strain in many ways. She came out with her from Van sixteen Armenians whom she had aided in rescuing during the fearful massacre of last June. This party—which includes several women, arrived on the steamer *Marsala*, Dr. Kimball having shipped them from Hamburg. Some of them were servants at the Mission, and all are connected with it in several ways, being true, earnest, Christian people. The money for their transportation was raised by Dr. Kimball from her own slender purse; but she felt constrained to do this rather than to leave them behind, in the presence of the condition of affairs, would have been to expose them to peril of death at any moment at the hands of the fanatical Moslems. A sum has been appropriated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to enable Dr. Kimball to forward these refugees to points in the South and West where they will be cared for by friends and provided with suitable employment.

Armenia is a vast graveyard, where people martyred parents and the friends are a great army of helpless little children, who are now left to the cruel mercies of the Christian-hating Mohammedans. Perhaps the story of the orphans of Armenia may never be fully told; it is too terrible, too awful, too harrowing for the ears and the possibilities of men and women in such a land as ours, where our Saviour's injunction of kindness toward the little ones is everywhere known and widely obeyed. No Armenian children are permitted by the Porte to leave Turkey. They will grow up good Moslems by-and-by, and the little lads, when grown to manhood, will fight the battles of the Sultan and even slay Christians who may oppose them.

We have received from a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, stationed in Armenia for many years, but at present visiting this country, two photographic groups of school children of Cesarea and the neighboring town of Talas. The missionary writes of them as follows: "*These children are all orphans.* One of the most difficult problems at present is what to do for the orphans and widows, whose numbers have been so vastly augmented by the massacres."

One of the photographs—a group of girls—is presented on this page. The sad, grave faces of these little orphans must touch many hearts. They will be fortunate children, indeed, if the missionaries succeed in keeping them out of Mohammedan control.

Letters from different points in the interior show the condition of affairs to be gradually improving, as far as the suffering is concerned in some districts, while it is unchanged in others. A Mardin writer says: "The situation does not improve because there is no increased security for life and property of Christians."

From Bitlis come details as to the Garjigan district, in the Van province, but nearer Bitlis city. Out of twenty-seven villages nine to thirteen are reported as wholly plundered, and seven to ten as partially plundered. People killed are almost wholly male adults—the bread winners—leaving a large number of widows and orphans. Out of a population of from 5,000 to 8,000 some five hundred were killed. Massacres were almost simultaneous on 8 p.m., June 19. Owing to this massacre the people were unable to give the last necessary irrigation to the fields, hence the crops are largely ruined.

ORPHAN ARMENIAN GIRLS OF CESAREA AND TALAS.

During the week the following contributions have been received:

Prev ack'd..	$50,381.95	Carthage M E S S ..	1 00
Mr & Mrs D Harter	5 00	Mrs J N Seagrove ..	10 00
Mrs A S Robinson..	2 00	Friends Church, El Modena	30 75
Y P S C E, Mohawk.	3 87	IAP, Highland Falls	1 00
K E P, Erie	50	Sub'r and wife, San Jacinto	2 00
Ida C, Chicago.....	50	Y P S C E, Lakota..	20 00
J F. Elwood	5 00	John Porter.....	2 00
Susan D, Bloomington	5 00	C A Hagaman	2 00
Pamelia Seely.....	2 00	Wm S Schench.....	5 00
C M B.....	1 00	Friend, Winnepeg..	1 00
Mrs J A Robinson..	10 00	Miss A M Ingersoll.	5 00
Dorcas, Phila	2 00	Mrs W G Johnson..	1 00
James McCulloch ..	1 00	Mrs H C Terrel	1 00
—, Chessaning	3 00	Fanny E Purinton ..	2 00
Friend, Ohio	2 00	—, Round Lake	25
S A Hommer.....	7 00	Mrs M J Lynch and daughter	1 05
Rich Rowe.....	1 00	In His Name, Phelps	50
Mrs M M Geissler..	3 00	Friend, Maxeys	50
Friend, Bangor.....	20 00	Mrs Sallie Johnson.	5 00
Westminster Pres Y P S C E	5 00	In Jesus' Name, Mt Airy.....	1 00
A B, East Lynn.....	5 00	Peter Johnson	2 00
G M Getzendauer ..	5 00	K X Z, East Grafts-bury.....	1 00
Eliza B Cole.....	1 00	Total ..	$50,574.78
—, Vergennes, Vt ..	5 00		
My Mite, Mendon..	25		
The Ladies Union Miss'ry Soc'y.....	2 66		

Dream-Life of the Bible.

NO subject has more universally fascinated philosophers of all ages, than that of dreams; and very numerous and plausible, are the theories formed, regarding them. I pass them all by, for it is not possible to explain by human reason, things surpassing human reason. And what philosopher can tell me the operations of my mind, when he knows nothing of his own? Therefore, it is not any theory of dreams, but dreams themselves which are worthy to be considered; and this chiefly because they prove in a very forcible way, the separate existence of the soul. Dormant and incapable of motion lies the sleeping body; but its companion—controlled, yet uncontrolled, dependent yet independent, and bound to its tenement of clay—is yet free to wander very far off; and to meddle in actions and events of which its keeper is quite unconscious.

Who has not suffered and rejoiced in dreams, with an intensity quite impossible to waking hours? Who, in dreams, has not striven with things impossible, and accomplished them, without even a feeling of surprise? Ah, dreams reveal to us powers and possibilities for the soul, which we never realize, until this mortal puts on immortality!

For five thousand years, there has been a certain sacred recognition of the verity of the impalpable teachers of humanity. But the shadowy land of dreams rests upon the *terra firma* of revelation. The dream literature of the Bible comprises some of its most delightful and important passages. By a self-interpreting dream, Abimelech was preserved from sin; and Abraham's honor saved. God did not the less confirm, and fulfil, all his promises to Jacob, because they were made in a dream; nay, but in a second dream he encourages Jacob by the memory of his first dream, saying, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow." Take the dream-life out of Joseph's history, and you take from it much of its spirituality and beauty.

All through the historical part of the Bible, this spiritual world presses close on its humanity; while the sublimity and beauty of the prophecies is nowhere more remarkable than in the dreams of these spiritual sentinels of the people. In all the realms of poetry, where can there be found anything to equal that prophetic dream of millennium peace which Zachariah saw; of the angel standing among the myrtle trees, and the angelic horsemen walking to and fro in the happy earth? Would to God the days were come in the which these holy watchers might always report, "Behold, all the earth sitteth still, and is at rest!"

Everyone is familiar with the dreams of the New Testament. By one, the life of the infant Saviour is preserved; by another he is called out of Egypt. There seems, however, to have been always a distinction between visions and dreams. Visions imply the agency of an angel; but dreams occur in that state which Job so beautifully describes—complaining at the same time of man's dullness of spiritual perception — God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man in slumberings upon the bed, etc.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

There is one remarkable thing about the dream-life of the Bible which may be left to individual thought—the fact that these spiritual and prophetic dreams were not given to women. It is the *men* of Bible History, who see visions and dream dreams. Only one exception to this rule is recorded the dream concerning Christ, which was given to the pagan wife of Pilate; but of this dream we are told no particulars. Why was this distinction made? Was the masculine soul then more apprehensive and comprehensive? more prescient and spiritual than the feminine one? Individual speculations on this subject would be highly interesting.

Can we declare that God has ceased so to speak to man? Are there not in every Christian life, exigencies and sorrows, which He only knows and in which He only can give comfort and counsel? And I pity that Christian whose spiritual life has never touched the boundaries of the Invisible—to whom God has never sent secret intelligences, either in his waking or sleeping hours.

Who has not watched a baby sleep and smile, and smile and sleep? Tell me, now—you who hold to "association of ideas," what ideas has this infant of days? How many sources of pleasant impressions from this world's objects? Holds it not converse with the angels? For,

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter darkness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God; who is our home.
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Never has there been an age in which there were so many creeds, and so little faith. People take credit to themselves for being practical and material, forgetting that our spiritual life is beyond all such laws; that it rests entirely on one Spiritual and Miraculous Book, and one Spiritual and Miraculous Life.

Amelia E. Barr

The Hymns of Childhood.

It is related that a boy of Scotland had learned to sing the old psalms that were known as household words in the church and by the firesides of that country. When he grew to young manhood, he wandered away from his native country, and was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery. One evening sailors on board an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" come floating to them over the moonlit waves. Quickly arming themselves they found the captive and succeeded in getting back to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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To Our Readers.

WITH the present issue, the colored first page is permanently restored as a weekly feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Every issue hereafter will contain a beautiful illustration in colors, in artistic execution and effectiveness greatly surpassing any that have yet been presented in these pages.

In an early issue — probably a few weeks hence — THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will begin the publication of a new and exceedingly dramatic story, just completed by America's greatest authoress, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. This glorious tale, by far the ablest she has ever written, is entitled:

"THE KING'S HIGHWAY,"

and it interweaves, with one of the most delightful histories of the heart, a study of some of the burning questions of the present day, that are agitating society to its foundations. It is a story that will be a profound revelation to many, and we promise our friends an exceptional pleasure in the reading of "The King's Highway," which Mrs. Barr pictures so grandly and attractively, that all will be enthusiastically drawn to walk therein. As the appearance of the opening chapters will be classed among the notable "literary events" of our time, we trust that our friends will value the opportunity and grasp it accordingly.

Summer Fruit.

WHEN Amos, the prophet, who lived much out-of-doors wanted to extol religion, he compared it to summer fruit. That is, the Gospel, when a man rightly sees it and tastes it, is very pleasant. Whether summer fruit be piled up in the orchard, or on the barn floor, or on the platter at the table, the commingling of green, and gold, and red, and brown in the cheek of the fruit is very fascinating. You know that some artists deal chiefly with pictures of fruit; and while Correggio delights to sketch physical beauty, and Turner drops the sea-foam on the canvas, and Cuyp drives up his cattle at evening tide, and Rosa Bonheur catches by the halter the rearing steeds at the "Horse Fair," and Edward Landseer whittles up the dogs, there are many of our modern painters who are putting all their power on fruit pieces, and I do not wonder at it. There is beauty in fruit indescribable. So it is with the Gospel of Christ. It charms the young and the old, the healthy and the sick, the wise and the ignorant. It has the glitter of the wave, the aroma of flowers, the fascination of music. It is the luxury of the ages. Religion is not an abbess—is not a cenobite. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." In June, 1815, there was a noble party gathered in a house in St. James's Square, London. The Prince Regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music, and banqueting, and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought, and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned; the party dispersed; lords, ladies, and musicians rushed into the street and, in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news, the house was emptied of all its guests. O, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world, or whirling in its gayeties or frivolities, if now you could hear the sweet strains of the Gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance. The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-Chief has won the day.

Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison you have; bring it to me that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, David another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipations.

Right Side and Wrong Side.

THERE are persons who, from childhood, while they are not at all petulant, yet show a sad and melancholy turn of mind which seems ineradicable. Although their lot may be comfortable, they have, all their life long, the appearance of having met with affliction. Others are from infancy light and happy. They romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color go out of the rose, and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with useful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed. Ah, me! Ah, me!

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find trouble on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth, in its revolutions, manages about right; it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China; but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will in almost every instance come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters," and the suspicious lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows."

The Printing-Press.

THE newspaper is the greatest educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural, or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art-galleries feel the quaking of the printing-press. I wish I could bring to your parlor-tables the periodicals that are worthy of the Christian fireside, and try to pitch into the gutter of scorn and contempt those newspapers that are not fit for the hand of your child or the vision of your wife. In our pulpit we preach to a few hundreds or thousands of the people; the newspaper addresses an audience of twenty thousand, fifty thousand, or two hundred thousand. We preach three or four times a week: they every morning or evening of the year. If they are right, they are gloriously right; if they are wrong, they are awfully wrong.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. Four centuries ago, in Germany, in courts of justice, men fought with their fists to see who should have the decision of the court; and if the judge's decision was unsatisfactory, then the judge fought with the counsel. Many of the lords could not read the deeds of their own estates. What has made the changes?

"Books," you say.

No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. The newspaper under God has done the glorious work. In the clanking of the printing-press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth—"Lazarus, come forth!" And to the retreating surges of darkness—"Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past ten years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations.

Useful Invalidism.

TAKE from the world the work of the invalids, and you make an appalling subtraction. Robert Hall an invalid. Edward Payson an invalid. Richard Baxter an invalid. The men of Bryan in Ireland heard that the battle had gone against their country, and they said: "We are too weak to stand up and fight, but you drive some stakes into the ground, and then carry us out of the hospital and fasten us to the stakes, and then we will fight with the other arm." And so it was done. The stakes were driven into the ground, these wounded men were brought out of the hospital. Not able to stand alone, they were fastened to these stakes by the one side, and with the other arm they fought to desperation, and fought to death. The great victories for God and the truth have not been gained by those who have full equipment. John Milton saw further without eyes than thousands of men ever saw with them. Look out for the soldier's crutch and the old man's staff if they be wielded for patriotism or Christianity. In garrets, in cellars, in sick-rooms, in hospitals, how many of the Lord's troops! Some in one way and some in another way efficient for good.

Many a man with one arm has accomplished more for the kingdom of Christ than others with two arms. It is not the number of guns we carry, but the way we unlimber them. It is not our grandeur of opportunity, but the use we make of it. With two eyes and two ears and two feet we may not be worth the space we occupy, while many an invalid has made his wheeled chair a conqueror's chariot.

BRIEF NOTES.

As we are in Constant Receipt of many letters regarding Premiums, we must request all our readers to please take notice we have no more:

"Pathway of Life,"
"Wild Flowers of Palestine,"
"The Rule of the Turk,"
"Helps to the Study of the Bible."

Please do not write concerning these Premiums. We have no more on hand and consequently cannot fill your orders.

Mr. John H. Wyburn, long identified with Rescue work in New York City, has been appointed Superintendent of the Bowery Mission. Mr. Wyburn, a thorough man of God, is peculiarly qualified for this work, and his labors will undoubtedly contribute to larger spiritual results than have yet been attained. Very interesting mission services were held on Friday last, which was the eighth anniversary of Mr. Wyburn's conversion. Mr. Wyburn asks for the prayers of all our readers. Mr. Wyburn will be ably assisted by Mr. D. Talmage Mershon, a nephew of the editor of this journal.

The Christians (or Disciples of Christ) of Minnesota gave more than ten dollars per member to benevolent purposes last year.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Baltimore, Md., provided the means for sending children from the slums of the city to the country two weeks each.

During the Past Twelve Months there have been 7,527 inquests held in London. Of this large number of cases in which the verdict was, "died of starvation," was 107.

A Journey of One Hundred and Ten Miles was taken recently in a wagon by a party of Christian Endeavorers in South Dakota in order that they might attend the State Convention.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reports as its total receipts for nine months $718,175, against $659,409 for the corresponding period of the preceding year. This includes the sums received for the raising of the debt.

The Rescue Mission Workers of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City have arranged to hold a monthly conference for consultation and mutual encouragement. The September conference took place on September 17 at the Wilson Memorial Mission, West Forty-second street, New York.

Statistics published in *The Moravian* show that there were in the United States alone at the close of 1895, 20,795 members of that body; in Great Britain and Ireland about 6,000, and on the European Continent about 7,000, making a total of 34,800 in the three home provinces. They support 345 missionaries in heathen lands.

A Congregational Church in Minneapolis which a few years ago was reduced to one member, and he a non-resident, is now flourishing, having last year erected a parsonage and raised $1,300. The change is due, under the blessing of God, to three men who were converted and threw themselves with enthusiasm into religious work.

Baltimore, Md., has Suffered the Loss of a benefactor in the death of Mr. Enoch Pratt, which took place on Sept. 17. Mr. Pratt went to the city in 1831 from New England, taking with him his entire capital of $150. He amassed a large fortune and in 1882 presented the city with a Free Library which cost him $1,145,833.

Few Churches have a Better Record than Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, which recently received about one hundred and twenty-five probationers into full connection. This is a result of revival services last winter. During the five years' pastorate of Rev. Dr. S. W. Hor the church has made a net gain of four hundred members.

The American Board Closed its Fiscal Year on August 31, with a balance in its treasury of $5,000. The total receipts for the year were $743,104, which included $114,632 for the removal of the debt with which the Board began the year. The total expenditures were $627,969. These figures do not include the sums forwarded by the Board for relief in Armenia, which amounted to $130,036.

Commander Ballington Booth of the Salvation Volunteers, was ordained in Chicago a minister of the Evangelical Churches. Bishop officiated, and ministers were present from the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches. Commander Booth made a declaration that the object of the Volunteers was to be auxiliary to the churches in reaching people whom the churches did not reach.

Two of the American Board Missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, the Rev. Dr. Elias Bond and Mrs. Julia Montague Cooke, died recently. Dr. Bond was a native of Hallowell, Me., a graduate of Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and went in 1840 as a missionary, and soon gained the love of the Hawaiian people. Mrs. Cooke and her husband went out in 1837.

An Outbreak of Persecution is Reported from Mexico. On Sept. 15, a lawless mob attacked the Presbyterian Church at Aguas Calienta, on the following day the Morelos Protestant Church in the same city. They broke all the windows, but did other damage. The Government is making strenuous efforts to discover the leaders and bring out severe punishment to them.

The Mission Stations in the Districts of Madagascar occupied by the French are suffering terribly. A dispatch to the London Missionary Society announces that over two hundred stations have been destroyed by the insurgents against the French regime. The French commander is unable or unwilling to protect the stations which were safe before the invasion. One good feature is that the missionaries have no loss of life to report.

The effort to Organize a conference in New York for Bible study and for the deepening of the spiritual life, similar to those held at Northfield, mentioned recently in this column, has been successful. It is expected that the meetings will be held in Cooper Union the second week in November, in charge of Mr. Moody. These will be followed by evangelistic services especially for Christians, conducted by Rev. A. C. Dixon, and held morning and afternoons at the same place. In the evening general evangelistic services will be held in the churches in several districts of the city.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In the City of the Sultan.

LIFE in Constantinople during the past few weeks appears from the cable dispatches to have been a series of panics. One day there is a mutiny of troops guarding the Sultan's palace, in the Minister of War has to go to suppress it by force. Another day, there is a rising of the Young Turkish party and the is rioting in the streets. No one knows what may occur and the apprehension of danger is general. The dispatches declare that the lives of foreigners of all nationalities are in peril. That this is no exaggeration is evident from the fact that ships from the English ships were summoned to protect the British Embassy, and soon afterwards the French and Russian ambassadors followed the example and placed guards of their own nationalities at the embassies. A measure so unusual indicates the anarchic condition prevailing in the city. When foreign ambassadors have fears for their own safety, ordinary people must be in imminent peril. The Armenians especially, are in danger of another massacre. The frightful slaughter, which followed the seizure of the Ottoman Bank, has gone unpunished. Even the men who murdered inoffensive Armenians under the windows of the British Embassy and were fully identified by British witnesses, have been acquitted. The Armenians who were slaughtered in that massacre are now said to number five thousand. They were killed by the mob in the presence of Turkish police and soldiers, who made no attempt to prevent the outrage. Even the seizure of the bank which was made the pretext for the massacre, is now believed to have been a Turkish plot, hatched in the Sultan's palace. The fact of the men who occupied the bank being allowed to escape and of their being unconnected with any of the Armenian patriotic associations, as well as the bootless nature of their enterprise as an Armenian demonstration, give color to the suspicion that they were Turks in disguise, or Armenian traitors who lent themselves to the designs of the Sultan. As the facts are disclosed, the indignation of Europe becomes intense, especially in England, where the Government can with difficulty resist the demand of public opinion, that with or without the co-operation of other powers, it shall dethrone "the great assassin," who with the ferocity of a maniac is slaughtering his Christian subjects. At present, however, there appears to be little probability of England securing the consent of European powers to her interference, or to her proceeding without it. It is plainly stated that if England attacked the Sultan she would find herself at war with Russia and probably with France, who, to their everlasting disgrace, are protecting the Ottoman miscreant. She is not prepared for so gigantic a conflict, and apparently will have to wait for the agreement of the other powers which may never come. The Sultan doubtless depends on these mutual jealousies for his immunity, but he cannot eventually escape. God will hear the cry that goes up from his martyred people:

How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood? Rev. 6: 10.)

A Noted Murderer Caught.

The arrest of P. J. Tynan the famous Number of the Irish Invincibles, who planned the cowardly murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1882 has caused some excitement on both sides of the Atlantic. He has been "wanted" so long and has boasted with so much effrontery of his detestable crime that there is general satisfaction at his being at last in the toils. When it is remembered that Cavendish went to Ireland with the avowed purpose of remedying Irish grievances, and that he was brutally butchered by the people he went to help, just as he was beginning his work, there can be no sympathy in any right mind for the cowardly murderer. The satisfaction at his capture, however, is modified by the fact that he was caught on French soil and therefore may not be surrendered by the French Government. Almost simultaneously two other men were arrested in Rotterdam and another in Glasgow. It is alleged, and proof is said to have been found in incriminating documents in their possession, that the four were engaged in a plot to kill the Emperor of Russia and the English Royal family during the Czar's visit to Scotland. Balmoral Castle was to have been blown up with dynamite. Why the Irishmen should have wished to kill the Czar, with whom they have no quarrel, was not at first apparent; but it is now stated that they were instructed in the use of bombs by a Russian professor, who exacted a promise from them that they should pay him for his tuition by including the Czar in the massacre. It appears that the character of such men has not changed much in the three thousand years that have elapsed since Solomon described them as saying:

Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: let us swallow them up alive as the grave: and whole, as those that go down into the pit. (Prov. 1: 11, 12.

CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE BRIDGE.

Eviction from a Grave.

A conflict between American and Jewish law has arisen out of the careless mistake of the managers of a Jewish cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y. Three years ago a Jewish merchant died in New York and was buried in Machpelah Cemetery, in the family plot he had purchased some time before. His widow paid visits to the grave at frequent intervals since the burial. She was there a few days ago and was surprised to see a mound, newly turfed, close beside the grave of her husband. Inquiries at the offices of the cemetery elicited the statement that a man had been buried there by mistake, the authorities having overlooked the fact that the whole plot was owned by the widow. She was very indignant, because she had cherished the hope that when she died she would be buried beside her hdsband, in the very place now occupied by the body of a stranger. She insisted that the body be immediately disinterred and removed from her plot. The cemetery authorities, however, reminded her that Jewish law forbade the removal of dead bodies from the place in which they were buried, and they offered to reserve a place for her as near as possible to her plot. But she would not consent to this arrangement, and has commenced suit for the eviction of the dead intruder from her plot. If she presses her suit the cemetery officials will have to remove the body, in spite of Jewish law, as they had no right to use for one person the land they had sold to another. Their blunder is unfortunate, but happily it cannot do any harm to the man. It is of no concern to him now where his body rests. It is a much more serious thing when people put faith in priests who profess to have the right to secure them an abiding place for their souls.

None of them can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him. (Ps. 49: 7.)

A Slandered District.

A French civil engineer has recently published a description of the great Sahara Desert in Africa which has caused genuine surprise. He says that the guides purposely conduct caravans over the most arid routes to keep them in a condition of dependency and discourage travel. He was assured by the Tuaregs who conducted his expedition that they would have to march two or three days at a time where no water could be obtained. His geological knowledge, however, made him suspicious of the truth of the statement, and he made short excursions out of the regular route to test it. In every instance he found water, sometimes in streams and sometimes in wells which were carefully concealed. He found rivers which in the spring are full of water, and are, in some cases, three miles wide. The beds of them become fruitful meadows when the water retreats, and date seeds planted in the soil soon become fine trees. He believes that by digging, water might be found in almost any part of the Sahara. He declares that if some means could be found to fix the flying sand there would be little difficulty in turning the Sahara into a garden. He mentions one or two chemical compounds which have proved successful in solving this problem. It would appear that God is making provision for the fulfilment of the prophecy:

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. (Isa. 35: 1.)

Bees in a Church.

A strange discovery is reported in a dispatch to the New York press from Cassville, N. J. A man who had considerable experience in tracing bees in that neighborhood, spent some hours in "lining" a bee which he noticed outside the village. It led him near to a Baptist church, where he lost sight of it. Concluding that the bee belonged to some bee-keeper in that locality, he gave up the quest. The other day there was some kind of celebration in the church, and there was a necessity for some one to go into the belfry. When the church was built, it was intended to hang bells there, but owing to a dispute as to the propriety of having bells on a Baptist church and also to a scarcity of funds, the bells were not purchased. The belfry has consequently stood empty, saving for the storage of a few seats and other articles not in general use. The man who went up there the other day, quickly returned with the surprising news that the belfry was full of honey. He was not believed, but on investigation, the news proved to be true. It took two days to clear out the belfry. The honey and comb weighed nearly seven hundred pounds, and its sale put over a hundred dollars into the treasury of the church. The men who had tried to line the bees and had traced them to the church were greatly mortified to think that they had not looked there for the honey, but they never thought of finding it there. Perhaps, like many other people, they associated the idea of a church with what is sour and disagreeable. If they had made a closer acquaintance with it they would have found the honey, and if they will attend its services with an earnest desire to know the doctrine that is taught there they may learn, as the Psalmist did, that the knowledge of the Lord is

Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb. (Ps. 19: 10.

An Agricultural Warning.

A notice to New York farmers has been issued by Mr. V. H. Lowe, the State Entomologist. He calls attention to the appearance in various parts of the State of the dreaded Chinch Bug, which is a well-known pest in Kansas, Nebraska, and Ohio. It was reported to the Station at Geneva, N. Y., in 1894, and since that year in increasing numbers. It is found at the foot of grains and grasses, in some instances adhering to the stalk. It does not eat the tissue, having no mouth development. It has, however, a powerful sucker with which it extracts the sap from any grass or plant on which it settles. Mr. Lowe says, that the eggs which are very numerous, usually come to maturity in July or August. They pass through various stages until they appear as a pretty insect, with a dark body almost black, with white wings. A second brood is soon laid which survives the winter, and in spring feeds on the young and tender crops. It attacks chiefly wheat, barley, and Indian corn. When the bug is found in the spring, Mr. Lowe recommends plowing a strip six feet wide around the field, with a deep furrow in the middle. If the sides of the furrow are pulverized almost as fine as dust, the bugs fall into it and, being at that time unable to fly, cannot extricate themselves and die of exhaustion. If it is detected earlier, he advises the burning of the field and afterwards, deep plowing and harrowing. That is always, he thinks, the most effective course. An analogous course is that which God sometimes takes to rid a soul of the sins which prey upon it. The fire, and the deep plowing, and harrowing are experiences many Christians have been called to pass through. They are painful, but as the apostle said:

No chastening for the present seems to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby. (Heb. 12: 11.

An Immigrant Detained.

The Immigration Commissioners in New York have an extraordinary case under consideration. Among the immigrants landed last week from Germany was a musician who is an expert on the zither, a peculiarly difficult instrument to play. The man can, not only play it with his hands, in the ordinary way, but can play it either with his nose or his ear. He gave the Commissioners a specimen of his accomplishment which excited their amazement. The reason the man was held for examination was that he had been on trial for the theft of a leg of mutton. As our immigration laws forbid the entrance of criminals, the man was detained. He insisted that he had not been proved guilty of the theft, and contended that, even if he was guilty, so small an offence should not exclude him from the country. He was much incensed when he saw the men who had come with him depart after passing the examination before the Commissioners, and declaimed volubly on the injustice of his being excluded on account of a paltry piece of meat not worth a dollar. He had to learn, as many will have to learn at the last, that it is not by the extent of a man's offence that he is judged. The fact of his offending at all stamped his character as that of a criminal and was sufficient to exclude him. The Government does not want criminals here. The Bible warns us that this principle is applied to those who are excluded from heaven.

Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all. James 2: 10.

The Living Presence.

Sermon Preached by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D., in the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn. Text: Matt. 28: 18-20, "*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*"

JESUS gave this commission to his apostles after his resurrection and just before his ascension. It was a command, not to the eleven apostles only, but to all Christians in that age and in every subsequent age of the world. It is to the inspiring truth contained in the last clause of the text that I would direct your attention this morning—"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I cannot see how Unitarianism can live in the burning light of these words. No mere human being ever made a claim so tremendous as this. Christ claims all power in heaven and earth, and promises to be with his people always and everywhere. That means that he is both omnipotent and omnipresent. These attributes belong only to God. When Unitarianism, therefore, says he is not God, it accuses him either of insanity or insincerity.

The Christ of the New Testament is "Immanuel"—God with us. He is not simply an historic personage; he is more than the hero of a buried generation who played his part on the stage of time and then passed into another world. "I am with you alway," means that he is personally present with his people everywhere and at every moment of their history. These are not the words of a dead man, but of one who ever liveth. Looking backward we see, all along,

His Foot-Prints

on the pathway of the centuries. We see how he has guided human thought, molded human character, and shaped human society. To-day we recognize his personal presence and his mighty power behind every human undertaking that is pushing the world on and up to something better.

It is only when we feel the inspiring presence and the guiding hand of the living Christ that Christian ministers are prepared for the work to which they are divinely commissioned. They are sent forth to conquer the world for Christ; to vindicate his claim to universal homage, and to emancipate our fallen humanity from the power and bondage of sin. In doing this they must encounter indifference, unbelief, prejudice, hatred and persecution. To perform such a work in the face of such difficulties they need a constant sense of the presence and power of their divine Leader.

Jesus said to the apostles, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." The history of these men shows that this prophecy was exactly fulfilled. For their deeds of love they were hated, maligned, imprisoned and put to death. Their experience was prophetic of the trials of the true Christian ministry down to the close of the gospel dispensation. It is true, except in a few countries, that such physical cruelties as the early Christians were subjected to, have ceased. The Turks still massacre

Armenian Christians,

and they will continue to do it until Turkey receives her death blow and ceases to exist as a separate nationality. The Chinese, in some localities, still mob our Christian missionaries, burn our chapels and school houses, but the rapid encroachments of Western influence and civilization [illegible] Romanists in Mexico, Brazil, and a few other countries, are still repeating the cruelties of the old Spanish Inquisition; but Romanism cannot much longer withstand the sentiment of the civilized world which demands that religion shall everywhere be free.

Opposition to Christianity now is just as intense and bitter as it was when Christians were incarcerated in dungeons and tortured at the stake. The spirit of it is the same from age to age. It changes only in its methods of manifestation. The modern infidel is just as intolerant of the Christian religion as Herod and Nero were. He differs from them only in his methods of warfare. His weapons are not physical, but intellectual. The whole infidel horde is assaulting the very centralities of our faith. They claim that the realities of the universe are limited to the things of which material senses take cognizance. While only a few, comparatively, have absolutely forsaken Christianity and accepted this

"Gospel of Dirt,"

many have been affected by the audacity of its advocates. It has not put God out of their creeds, but it has put him much further from their thoughts and lives. Proof of this is found in the intense secularism of the age. Millions of people who would not openly deny the existence of God, have dismissed from their minds all thoughts of him, all concern about judgment and eternity, and have surrendered themselves wholly to the pursuit of money and sensuous pleasure.

Even with hundreds who are enrolled as members of Christian churches, belief in God and the world to come is no longer a practical and regulating principle. It does not control them in their business, or their politics, or their pleasures. If there be any God in their thoughts, he is afar off. He is too distant to be consulted about any of their earthly affairs. Not, "What would he have me to do?" but "What will best promote my material interests and my earthly pleasures?" is the question which determines their conduct in every event of their mortal lives. Having shut God out of their hearts and lives, they care nothing for his sanctuary, beyond the æsthetic and intellectual entertainment which they get in listening to the music and the sermon. They do not worship. They are untouched by any sense of God's goodness and mercy to them. They are inspired by no feeling of gratitude. They covet no real personal intercourse with the great Father of Spirits. Every spiritual faculty is closed. To them nothing is real that does not come within the range of their physical senses.

A Source of Inspiration.

Under these circumstances, where is the minister to get inspiration for his work? Where can he get strength commensurate with the magnitude of his undertakings? By what power can he overcome the resistance that confronts him? Christ answered these questions when he said to his apostles, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

When Moses was called to the grand enterprise of freeing the enslaved people of Israel, distrustful of himself, he drew back from the herculean task. Knowing the power and cruelty of Pharaoh, and his own weakness, he saw nothing to inspire hope of final success. But at the moment when he was most profoundly impressed with his insufficiency for the mission, Jehovah spoke to him, and assured him that he should go forth to the work, not only with his authoity, but with the guidance of his wisdom, and the support of his power. When Moses heard that, he was willing to go. Assured that it was not any ambitious scheme of his own—that he was in no sense self-sent—and that at every step he should feel the touch of God's sustaining hand, he was willing to begin the task.

It must be perfectly apparent to every reader of the sacred narrative, that, amid all the stupendous difficulties of the undertaking, Moses was supported by the belief that it was a work of divine determination, and that a covenant-keeping God had committed himself to its final and complete success. He surmounted every barrier, because at every step he saw the hand and heard the voice of his divine Leader.

I am just as confident that the true minister of Jesus Christ is not self-sent as I am that Moses did not undertake the emancipation of Israel without the warrant of divine authority. Back of my commission to preach the Gospel, and back of every honest preacher's comission, stands that majestic Being who says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

Divine Authority.

Oh, that I had the ability to emphasize this truth as it deserves to be! In view of the magnitude of the work, the difficulties that environ it, and all the trials incident to it; in view of all the intense worldliness of the age; the sceptical thought which everywhere pervades society, and the religious apathy resulting from such scepticism, how much the preacher of the Gospel needs a profound sense of the divine authority in which his commission is rooted and grounded.

I think too much of my life to spend it in attempting impossibilities. I trust that I have too much self-respect to be engaged in such folly. Convince me that I do not stand here by divine authority—that my commission is not stamped with "the eternal heraldry and signature of Almighty God"—and that the Christ whom I preach is not a living and abiding presence, guiding and upholding me in this dark conflict with the enemies of his cause, and you shall never see my face again in this pulpit. If God's authority and God's power are not back of my vocation, my life is worse than a failure. It is a miserable travesty which deserves your deepest reprobation.

"Go, teach all nations; lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." What a transformation these words wrought in the spirit and purposes of the apostles. When Jesus was crucified, they were thrown into utter confusion. They stopped preaching the word of the New Kingdom, and went back to their boats and fishing-nets. After his resurrection, and his appearing to them on the seashore,

Their Hopes Revived—

joy returned. But they did not know when and where, and under what conditions they should begin again the preaching of the Gospel. These last words of the risen Christ removed the mystery and made plain to them the path of duty. "All power is mine. Go preach my Gospel to all nations and I will be with you alway and everywhere. When they heard that, doubt and fear forsook them and they were at once inspired by a courage which neither difficulties nor dangers could daunt. The assurance of his personal presence and support wherever they might stand to proclaim the story of his redeeming love turned their timidity into lion-hearted boldness and made them immortal heroes.

In saying, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," he declared that the kingdom which he had planted by his teachings, sufferings and death, should descend from generation to generation, even to the very end of time. No mere human leader of men was ever audacious enough to assert such a claim and express such a hope. Think of Alexander or Cæsar saying to his subjects: "I have all power in heaven and earth; I will be in the world through every age; and therefore my kingdom shall stand and flourish until time shall be no more."

Vaulting was the ambition of these men; insane at times was their lust for earthly power and glory; yet they never dared to hope for a continuance of their dominion to the end of the world. But here is a man, the son of a carpenter, with a following only of a few humble peasants and Galilean fishermen, who, knowing the chances and changes of fortune, the fickleness of human thought and feeling, is bold enough to proclaim a universal and indestructible kingdom, sustained through all ages by his own personal presence and power. No great temporal monarch could be more serene in suppressing the feeblest and most ephemeral provincial insurrection, than Jesus was in asserting his purpose to [illegible] rule all human thought, to make himself the centre of all human affection, the lawgiver of all humanity, and the object of universal adoration.

The words, "Lo! I am with you always," do not mean that Christ will be with his people in a merely representative sense. It does not mean that he is with his people as I am present in some distant court through my attorney, or as the Emperor of Germany is present at Washington through his Ambassador. In such cases the principal is really absent. Christ's promise is that in his own person he will be with his servants everywhere and at all times.

I stand here to-day performing the sacred functions of Christian ministry not only by the authority of Christ, but supported by his actual presence and power. The Spirit—the third person of the adorable Trinity—is here to quicken, illumine, and to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us; but his presence does not preclude the presence of the Second Person of the Trinity—Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God.

It is the conviction, or rather the consciousness of Christ's presence that imparts earnestness and power to the "living ministry."

The True Minister

knows the truth because he knows Christ. He knows him, not simply as an historic character, but as an actual living presence. Christ is in him the bread of life, the life of the soul, the strength of the heart, and the hope of glory. Conscious of Christ's indwelling, he feels that he may dare to speak the truth in the face of any foe, and that success is as certain as the infinite resources of God can make it.

I sometimes hear a sermon that excites in me such emotions as I have when looking upon a beautiful picture, or a lovely landscape. Now and then I hear one that thrills me like an alarm bell. It awakes me from a delusive dream, makes my conscience ache, uncovers the poverty of my soul, and flashes upon me an awful sense of God, judgment and eternity. I sometimes hear a sermon that grates upon my sensibilities like a chime of cracked bells. Occasionally I hear one that is like a vision of heaven. I am so transported in thought and feeling that I can scarcely tell whether I am in the body or out of the body. I seem to walk the golden streets and hear the angels sing.

Why are the sermons of one man full of power, while those of another, of equal gifts and opportunities, are almost destitute of any quickening and transforming energy? It is because some ministers realize, not only that they are directly commissioned by the risen and glorified Christ, but that he is actually with them person to guide and shield and support, while other ministers perform their functions without any sense of divine authority and help.

Baptism of a Nun.

In a letter to the Baptist Missionary Magazine, Rev. C. L. Davenport reports the baptism of an interesting convert. He is laboring in Burmah, the land made dear to the heart of all Christians by the memory of the sainted Adoniram Judson. His station is at Sandoway, but he has supervision of the Arakan district, where this conversion occurred. He says: One of those baptized was formerly a Buddhist nun. Her conversion is the first one of the kind in the district, and caused much excitement among the heathen and great joy among the Christians. All she knew of the Christian religion when she came was that Christ gave eternal life, and that was what her soul desired. Three years' patient teaching by Mah Lay, our Bible woman, brought her through, and she passed a searching examination before the committee, and again before the church. She married one of the native preachers. We realize more and more that faithful work has been done through this region. The ingathering seems to be upon us. Villages hitherto hostile are sending down to us and asking for teachers and teachers. I have sent out; men that our money will support, and there are calls to which I cannot respond.

The Work at Mont-Lawn Ended for the Season.

LAST week witnessed the close of the third season of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Our party of little mothers and babies, who took the children's places as our guests during the closing week, had delightful time, the weather, fortunately, being fine. No one seemed to find greater enjoyment in the outing than poor, lame Mary, the afflicted girl whose sad history was related in last's week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. But it was sad to witness the yearning expression on her childish face when some of the mothers would sit by her and tell her of the beauties of the fields and woods of Mont-Lawn, and the glorious Hudson that flowed at the foot of the low range of hills, of the big lawn round, the pretty chapel, and the other attractions of which she seemed to wish to form some mental picture of her own.

On Sept: 19, the last of our guests were safely and happily returned to New York, and the Home, with all its appointments and belongings in perfect order, was then closed for the season. A peep into the dormitories, with their white-draped cots, used to full of life and chatter, now empty and silent; a look around the grounds, where by the barn, where no merry shouts now awaken the echoes; down by the bathing-pool, where the boys were wont to splash and play like young dolphins; up in the orchard, where the last of the apples are ripening untouched; the swings hang idle, the big tent flaps emptily, and even the birds have seemingly stopped their song because our children have gone. The House-mother, with a heavy heart, looks over the place. The last door is shut, the wheels of the departing carriages roll smoothly over the walks, now strewn with fallen leaves, and our Children's Home is once more left tenantless until the returning birds and flowers of another year shall welcome us back again.

In all **2208** children have been fed, cared for, and sheltered at the Home this season, making a total of **5544** children since the first opening three years ago. This year, owing to various necessary improvements (including the enlargement of our dormitory accommodations, and the construction of a reservoir, and pumping station to assure a sufficient water supply), the expenditures have been largely in excess of the contributions received. Doubtless, there are many of our readers, having such a work at heart, who would be pleased to aid in perpetuating the Home, but who, during the past season, may not have had an opportunity of sending in their mite to help the tenement children to an outing. We especially wish that as large a number of our readers as possible should be personally interested in this Christ-like mission among the children of the very poor, the orphans, and the neglected. All contributions for the Children's Home, however small, will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

The following contributions were received during the past week in aid of the work at Mont-Lawn:

Previously'd	$4,025.50	Mrs W G Johnson	1 00
Merry of Glanis	6 00	Mrs H C Terrell	1 00
S Conant	3 00	Mrs Kate F Stone	1 00
A T Loudenback	1 00	Mrs R H G, Hobart	3 00
Mrs J D T[illegible]	2 00	Miss S A Phelps	3 00
I H N, E Rockaway	1 00	N H, Crawfordville	6 00
Union Square S S	3 00	Friend, Rutgers [illegible]	1 00
Mrs L M L Swift	1 00	Marjorie Hoagland & Nan McKinney	3 70
Friend, Providence	3 00	Mrs Chas L Dow	3 00
Mrs Sargent	2 50	Mrs T R Phillips	3 00
Friend, Odelltown	1 00	E H Sellers	2 00
Mrs Julia Fabian	1 00	Young Ladies of Wash Pres Ch	2 20
Mrs E Stebbins	2 00	I H N, Bedford	1 00
Mother & Son, Bethlehem	3 00	Mrs Ellen See	3 00
—, Nicholville	1 00	Mrs R Hughson	2 00
Mrs N C Metcalf	2 00	C P, Balto Co	5 00
Sarah A [illegible]	1 50	Mr & Mrs C H C, Brockton	3 00
Jas A Longstreet	3 00	C M B, Prattsville	1 00
Gratitude, Sterling	1 00	Mrs E McKinney	6 00
Invalid, Me	3 00	T H S, Westboro	3 00
Mrs M A H, Louisville	1 50	E Gaskill	5 00
—, Harlem	3 00	S S, New Berlin Centre	3 00
Mrs M E Butcher	1 00	Mrs R E Moore	3 00
Reader, Fairfield	2 00	Mary L Sutphen	1 00
E J, Chester	10 00	Turkey City, Sabbath [illegible]	3 00
Herman Palmer	8 00	Mrs A E Eaton	4 00
One who loves Christ, West Hampton	10 00	A E Carder	1 00
J P Sterling	1 00	Mrs M Springer	1 00
Peter Sterling	2 00	Wm Woodside	3 00
Mary Sterling	2 00	Primary cl & cl of [illegible]	3 00
Mrs Henry Breck	1 00	Miss S Johnson	3 00
Frances Steele	3 00	L W Spencer	3 00
Mrs Otto Arnold	1 00	A J H, E Pepperell	1 00
Sisters, Erie	1 50	M Verhage	2 00
Nellie Brand	10	Frances I Gay	5 00
Swanie Shinkle	10	G W F Merrill	2 00
Hazel Prentice	10	Mrs J HC Hamilton	10 00
Orvile Homer	10	Chas Fenton	1 00
Harold Prentice	10	A A Amonett	5 00
Frankie Prentice	10	P B Bromfield	25 00
I H N, Oxford	1 00	Imogen, Averett	30
Miss Tucker	3 00	D S Clement	3 00
Jesse Mourer	1 00	Mother & Daughter, Weymouth	3 00
L Robertson	12 50	Julius Heidenrich	1 00
R C, Cropsey	1 00	Friend, Eagle Pass	1 50
Mrs J F Butler & Mrs E M Hurlburt	3 00	Mrs J B Verdin	3 00
John Cochran	20 00	Friend, Ft Wayne	3 00
Mrs N J Goodrich	3 00	Mrs L, McClure	50
Friend, Uncasville	3 00	Lady, Peekskill	10 00
M & M Miller	1 25	James Evans	6 00
Mattie A Dean	3 00	Mrs L McOmber	1 00
M J R, St Louis	1 00	Mrs M Thompson	6 00
Mrs Wm Knowlton	2 00	J L, Grand Rapids	5 00
Thomas H Payne	3 00	E S Springfield	1 00
Mrs John Avery	1 00	Carrie E. Gould	1 00
Mrs Lizzie M, Vassal- [illegible]	2 50	I Girod	3 00
Maharba, Renovo	1 00	W I Hines	2 00
Mrs E Tourtelotte	2 00	S A Hargrave	3 00
Mrs Margaret Missy	4 50	Friend, Ohio	1 00
G Bishop and F B Bentley	2 00	Mrs J R Haynie	1 00
Friends of the little ones, Franklin	3 00	Mrs J H S, Lemoore	1 00
Reader, Pawtucket	2 00	M J P, Harris	1 00
Wm F Kraus	3 00	Mrs J J R, N Y C	3 00
Mrs Kent's Class	2 50	H Brinkmeyer	2 00
Sarah & Newton	20	I A H Circle, Malaga	5 00
Norman W Adams	3 00	Mrs T W Gerrard	3 00
F Dean Adams	3 00		
John Leslie Young	3 00		
Friend, Ontario	1 00	Total	$4,424.25

Contributions of Clothing, Etc.

Friend, Ware, pkg; Reader, Big Flats, pkg; E B Kite, 1 dress; R A Anderson, pkg; Aramantha J Thompson, 1 pair slippers; Mrs G W Baker, pkg; Mrs H L Trent, pkg; Mrs E M Ware, pkg; Mrs A A Waltman, pkg; A native daughter, Cal, pkg; Ladies Missionary Society, Closter, pkg; Mrs J Deggleston, pkg; Mrs F D Page, pkg; Mrs L P Taylor, pkg; Mrs. Angeline Waldron, pkg; Mrs Dr J B Tuttle, pkg; King's Daughters M E Church, pkg; Epworth League, New London, pkg; The Christian Endeavor Society, Port Henry, box; Mrs Joshua Sherman, pkg; Woman's Missy Soc of Pres Church, box; Mrs C E Wilmarth, 2 scrap books; Mrs A C Crane, pkg; Mrs C T Tucker, pkg; M Emma Kratz, box; Friend, Grand Bay, pkg; May Russell, pkg; Mrs E L Lea, pkg.

A Convert's Rich Reward.

A Christian Chinaman, named O-Hu, whose mother was baptized, was beaten and nearly drowned because he refused to perform ancestral worship. As soon as I heard of it, writes a missionary, I took Mr. Doherty and Messrs. Liu, Li, Du, native helpers and a colporteur, and went to his home. We called the head men of the village and had a talk with them. About one hundred people witnessed the outrage, and several of them helped to save the poor man's life. After a long talk we told the head men that if the four men would come to us and acknowledge their wrong, and pay the injured man an indemnity, we would agree to the matter being settled. They seem to think this fair and departed. The men came the next day, accompanied by the head men and several others. They confessed their wrong, and testified that O-Hu had done nothing amiss. We exhorted them to become such as he. They departed, after having agreed to do all we asked. They kept their word. Thus were O-Hu's sufferings richly rewarded.

The Invalid's Midday Song.

A WOMAN sitting near a window on one of the days of most intense heat, sang in sweet, clear notes:

Nearer, my God to thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me!

A man in shabby workman's garb, as if spell-bound, stopped an instant, wiped the sweat of honest toil, mixed with the grime of hard labor, from his face, looked upward to the blue vault above, felt a hallowed thrill of hope and trust pass through his entire being, and his spirit raised above the toil and pain. He looked beyond his weariness and trial, knowing he was nearer to God for that song.

Another followed, one far on the downward road — one who once stood high among the upper class,—and heard what sounded like a wail of some spirit:

[illegible] a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me.

Tears, the first that had dropped for years, trickled down his furrowed, fevered cheek, and a wild rush of passionate emotion, surged and resurged through his soul, while he quickly sought a hidden place, to pour out his penitence and remorse before God. A man of the world, wholly engrossed in its affairs, getting fast hardened under the cares and accumulation of wealth listened:

There let my way appear —
Steps unto Heaven;
Angels to beckon me.

Like the soft touch of an angel's wing, like a breath of melody from the clouds, fell those words on his ear. Memories of a mother's lullaby stole over him, and the solemn question, "Are my steps heavenward?" fastened on his upbraiding conscience, producing a new and a firm resolve to turn the steps from gross gold-seeking, to the city whose streets are paved with gold.

A beautiful woman in the full flush of her magical charms and power, decked in richest raiments of fashion, just risen from her couch of indolence and ease, and gone out to seek something to satisfy the insatiable longings of an immortal spirit and give zest to life, heard as in a dream:

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise;
Bethel I'll raise!

With every unstrung nerve quivering, with breath panting, with steps faltering, and a face all aglow, heart beating high, she retraced her steps and entered the luxurious room just vacated, tore off the gay insignia of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and bowed and prayed as never before. Bowed in deep contrition; prayed in deepest conviction and penitence. Henceforth his praises, not her own, were to be the ruling passion of her consecrated life.

The same words as they fell in the noontide's torrid heat, echoed and re-echoed through a sad, lone, aching, bereft heart. One whose "stony griefs" had well-nigh driven her to despair. Then and there, quick as a lightning flash, the Angel of Peniel touched the spring of life within and faith, like a halo of glory, shone out and surrounded her pathway forevermore.

Next came a child of God, consecrated, following in his Master's steps. With no desire for any wide gate or broad way, he felt a sense of exultation overspread him, and his lips took up the song in glad refrain,

On [illegible] wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.

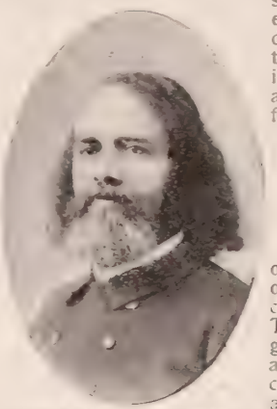
The voices ceased and a restful, solemn hush fell upon the world around. It seemed as if a messenger from "the far-off shore" had been there and winged his way back to heaven. Oh! pale and suffering woman, sing thy songs with hope and faith; some weary wanderer may hear and turn homeward; some aching heart may be cheered and uplifted, some sinful soul give up its sins and find God.

Fairmont, Ind. L. AMELIA BROWN.

The Gospel in the Army.

Evangelistic Work of the Chaplains, as Described by One of them.

IF there is one class of men, which, more than any other, needs the sustaining power of the Gospel as a guide and strengthener in every-day life, it is to be found in the Army and Navy. A few weeks ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an article descriptive of the work of the naval chaplains. To-day, we give space to a communication from an Army Chaplain, Rev. T. G. Steward, of Fort Messoula, Mont., who eloquently pleads the cause of the enlisted soldier. He writes:


CHAPLAIN T. G. STEWARD

"The Army of the United States consists of 25,000 enlisted men, and something over 2,000 officers. Counting with these, the families of the officers, and of the few married soldiers, and the necessary civil employees about the garrisons, the total population living at the military posts of the country cannot fall far below 30,000. To minister to these the government employs thirty-four chaplains, thirty of them designated as post-chaplains, and four regimental-chaplains. The chaplains are from all of the leading denominations, and each must be officially endorsed by his own church. They are not required to pass any professional examination upon entering the service, but must take the oath and pass a physical examination at the hands of the army surgeon. They are commissioned by the President and hold the rank of captain; and are subject to military rule as other officers, though seldom required to take any part in military ceremonies other than funerals.

"Their work is evangelical rather than pastoral. By law they are required to hold at least one service on the Sunday, and to supervise the schools at the posts where they are stationed. As a matter of fact, the present corps of chaplains consists of a fairly representative set of Gospel preachers, possessed of the usual degree of energy and zeal. Among them can be found the popular writer and platform orator, as Chaplain C. C. Bateman; the systematic and tireless worker, as Chaplain I. N. Rittner; the laborious author, as Chaplain O. J. Nave; and many others whose labors are recognized by all who know them. They are not permitted to do much reaping, but they keep on steadily sowing.

"Many a young man who hears God's call from the lips of the army chaplain, postpones his response until after he has left the army, and then gives it to the village or city pastor. Often, however, they do not forget to drop a line back to the frontier chaplain to cheer him to keep on sowing. I know of three young soldiers who have left the ranks to give their lives to Jesus in the sacred ministry.

"The army is so scattered that many go without religious attention. There are eighty-two posts and but thirty-four chaplains. Hence, more than half the posts must be without chaplains. The Christian sentiment of this country needs to be more thoroughly awakened as to the importance of having the army adequately supplied with chaplains; and the Christian churches could do more, it seems to me, to bring the chaplains and their work into the healthful glow of Christian fellowship. I think I speak for all the chaplains when I say to the churches: 'Brethren, we are not complaining, but we hunger and thirst to be remembered in your prayers.'"

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Russia's Peasant Homes.

Hard Life of the Poor—Women as Workers Indoors and in the Fields.

IT would be difficult to find anywhere a more monotonous life than that of the peasantry of Russia. Both in city and country, the hours are long; indeed, it is a common thing for the workers in towns to begin at earliest daylight and to continue till long after dusk or until tired nature gives out and rest becomes imperative. In provincial towns workers can be seen fast asleep on the ground, after their hard day's toil. In the country, the farm laborers or the wood-choppers usually begin work at four o'clock in the morning, and their labor is only finished when the fading twilight, about 9 p.m., settles into the darkness of night. One would naturally suppose that to endure such protracted labor the workers would need an abundance of nourishing food; yet the usual fare of the Russian peasant is the simplest imaginable. There is a national proverb which says that coarse bread, tea, and cabbage-soup are the three best friends of the nation, and this probably still holds good in very many country districts; yet in spite of pinching poverty and wretched fare, the people have a hardy look and are capable of great endurance. They are patient and rarely murmur because life has brought to them few pleasures, but their simple homes are not altogether strangers to enjoyment.

As one travels through the country, especially the interior provinces, an opportunity is afforded of seeing something of the life of these people. Here and there are little villages, frequently built in a clear space, amid vast forests of fir and birch.

The huts of the peasants are generally rude dwellings of logs with board or thatch roof and probably only a single window. A patch of garden or a small field of grain marks the cultivator as a person of some means and ambition in the little community. Inside the huts, one is almost certain to find an icon or a picture of Russia's patron saint, Nicholas, with a tiny lamp burning before it. For the rest, there are a few roughly made pieces of furniture—strange contrast to the cosy pillows, blankets, feather beds, fur wraps, couches and shining samovars of the Muscovite homes of wealth.

But if the peasant be very poor, he is also very pious. On leaving his hut and also on entering it, he never fails to salute the icon or little framed image hung against the wall. He considers himself as being under its special protection and would never dream of omitting to remove his cap, when in its presence. And, if he lives near a city, he rarely fails on the recurrence of the sacred festivals to mingle among the vast audiences that fill the green-and-gold domed cathedral.

On the banks of the river Neva, near Schlusselberg, are peasant villages, consisting of long lines of wooden cottages, weather-worn and guiltless of paint. The dwellers are agriculturists mainly, although some are engaged in lumbering in the extensive forests. Their wives—whose lot is probably even harder than that of the men—cook at home and, in the season, work afield as well. It is usually a coarse *menu* in these households: the inevitable cabbage soup (the national dish), sour black bread, badly-cooked vegetables, potatoes and turnips, and for accompaniment, either "vodki" or "kvass." The latter being a drink composed of barley-meal, salt and honey. Meat and butter are classed among the unattainables. Once in a long while there is a variation in this dull dietary routine, as at Easter, when every orthodox Russian housewife produces either "paskha" or "kulitsh," two sweet but very popular dishes in which flour-cake, curds, plums and palm-twigs are leading ingredients.

Ignorance, superstition, and the reaction from many generations of priest-craft, have combined to unsettle the mind of the Russian peasantry on religion, and, as a consequence, they are split up into nearly two hundred sects, all differing more or less from the Greek church in matters of doctrine, and each worshipping according to its own peculiar lights. This religious dissension has spread greatly of late years, especially among the laboring classes, and is doubtless responsible for much of the unrest and unhappiness among the Czar's subjects. There are indications that the empire may yet pass through an experience, social and religious as well as political, in which the peasant will be a factor of no mean importance.

RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

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The Value of Little Things.

Children are more readily taught by anecdote and illustration than by theory. This beautiful incident, related by Rev. J. R. Miller in a recent address, teaches the value and importance of attention to little things: There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright line of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects. So the lamp may be burning brightly in your soul or in mine; but little faults—pride, ugly temper, selfishness, half-heartedness, bad habits of tongue, carelessness about paying debts or keeping promises, a hundred other things—may so cloud our lives as to obscure the image of God in our souls.

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Tainted Associates.

Evil companionships constitute a grave danger in the path of the young. "I will not be satisfied," said a dissipated workman to a lad beside him, "till I make you just like myself—till you have seen it all and gone through what I have. Then you'll be a man!" This moral viper, himself a wreck, would have deliberately ruined the morals and health of the youth. He is a fair type of a class whose very touch is regarded by the moral and upright as contaminating, and it is well known that any intimate visible intercourse with such persons would be a forfeiture of their good names. But it is men of fair professions and unsuspected wickedness, and plausible yet insidious address, who are most to be feared as to their influence for evil. Describing this class, the Rev. J. R. Burgett writes: "Practiced in the arts of temptation, they make a gradual advance on the ingenuous and unsuspecting, until they succeed in insinuating themselves into their confidence and friendship. When finally they have learned a young man's scruples and fathomed his character, then they begin in earnest the work of drawing him on to their own desperate state of hypocrisy and crime. At first they appeal to curiosity, and then make that the road to crime by alleging the possibility of concealment, and insisting that we could not have been endowed with propensities which it is unlawful to indulge. They represent as manly what is really mean and debasing: and they sneeringly and tauntingly ascribe to superstition what is but the sober dictate of reason and religion. By every possible mode of attack, by persuasion and ridicule, by professions of friendship and sneers of contempt, they assail the principles and conduct of their victim, until at last reason and conscience give way, and like the bird lured on by the fowler, he goes directly into the fatal snare."Beware of their first approaches."

Peace of Resignation.

WHEN adverse winds of fortune blo
And all life's efforts turn to woe
Then resignation brings sweet peace,
And all my earthly turmoils cease.

When friends prove false and love seer
When on dark waves of sorrow toss
Then resignation, soulful trust,
Proclaims the truth, "That God is jus

When hope seems crushed by darkenin
And wailing cries, too late, too late,
Then resignation, calm and still,
Restores my soul to God's own will.

When death comes thief-like in the nig
And earth shall fade from mortal sig
Then resignation's sheltering arms
I'll seek, and flee from life's alarms.

Then whatsoe'er on earth my fate,
I'll murmur not, but calmly wait,
Though life may lose its precious charm
There's strength in resignation's arm

How soft and sweet its magic spell,
It chants the song, "that all is well,"
What peace in resignation's arms,
All fears and terrors it disarms.

—LEANDER THOMAS

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Home Religion.

RELIGION in the family or fami rel
gion is a safeguard for all the n
says a pastor in *The Reformed Messenger*. Parents who are earnest for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their ch ren, will strive to secure for them the be conditions for happiness and peace. Re ous habit and expression, devout manne and pious example, from parents in the me, go far to mold the child's life. P ents who do not live religion as an i ard principle are not able to attract th hildren by a mechanical or didactic a ication of its gracious power. If they ver talk of religion to their families, it cks the true fire. Seldom is it possible enforce a mere theory without a living ample to illustrate the truth. So it ha ens that very little account is made of it the family intercourse. Parental love uld do much for the religious life of the ild if it only entered into the true spirit.

From whatever cause, it is lamen bly sure that piety is not cultivated as it should be by precept and example our Christian families. Few parents us the privilege of enforcing religious exa les. They do not make themselves acqu ted with the spiritual state of their chi en. About school or home duties, or bu ess employment, they take occasion to mine in relation to the young. But sp ual matters are left in the background. aving neglected family worship and pe nal converse with the members of the fa ly the parents are ashamed to begin and thus to confess their fault. They d not even ever pray with the child in p ate or in family assembly, either morni or evening. They do not ask a blessi at their tables. They do not teach the ildren the catechism, nor expect the to "learn by heart" its answers. No one is made to awaken a sense of bapt al obligations, or to call forth to activity ele covenant grace. No wonder children br ght up in such circumstances evince sma inclination or tendency to spiritual gr th.

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Longfellow and the Children.

The great American poet was espe ly fond of children, and in his writin as well as in his domestic life, gave thy evidences of the fact. Readers wi remember many of his poems that sho his love for the little ones and the deligh he took in joining in their pleasures, a he wrote, on the occasion of his study ing invaded by a merry childish band:

Do you think, O, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

An anecdote is related which show is love for the children: It seems that one little fellow was fond of spending his no in the great poet's library. One day, ef a long and patient perusal of the title to him great cumbersome works), that d the shelves, the little lad walked up Longfellow, and asked in a grieved so of way: "Haven't you got a 'Jack the Gi Killer?'" Longfellow regretted to y that in all his immense library he did ot have a copy. The little one looked at m in a pitying way and silently left he room. The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped his chubby fist, and laying them do told the poet that he could now buy "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.

God or Mammon.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning October 11. Matt. 6: 19-24.

MAMMON signifies, in its strict etymological meaning, something in which trust is placed. So far as we know, there never was an idol of that name, like Baal or Moloch. But the word in Christ's time had come to be significant of riches. People trusted in them, made them the supreme object of concern and were willing to sacrifice anything to gain them. So riches practically became a god, whom the people served. A man may openly enter such service now, as he could in Christ's day. Realizing how much a competence can do to promote happiness, he may in the beginning, seek money from the most laudable motives. He has seen a widow struggling for bread for herself and fatherless children. He has seen the insulted, threatened, harassed and oppressed. As he has looked at his own beloved wife and little ones, and realized the uncertainty of his own life, he has resolved to labor and strive to save them from such a fate. There is nothing misleading in this. It is natural affection and a very proper and praiseworthy aim. The man curtails his pleasures, takes care of little sums, practises small economies, that he may raise a barrier between his beloved ones and the wolf of danger. By and bye the habit of getting and saving becomes almost a slavery. Everything gives way to it. The man refuses to give to charity, he declines to help a brother in adversity, he neglects his religious duties that he may have more time to get money. Now Christ's warning begins to apply to him. He is enlisted in a service which is not God's. He owns a divided allegiance. How will he act, if a dilemma confronts him, in which he must be faithful to God and money, or be unfaithful to it and gain money? By telling a lie, by misrepresenting the quality of his goods, he can make a large sum. By telling the exact truth he may lose the opportunity of a sale and the goods may remain on his hands until they become unsalable. How will he act? If the craving for money is strong upon him, he will tell a lie and save himself from loss. Then he is serving Mammon. His money is a rival to God and he serves it instead of God. That is where the snare comes in. Christ has no quarrel with wealth or its possessors; but he has irreconcilable hostility to the service of Mammon. He declares that the service of mammon and of God are incompatible. A man may possess money when he comes to Christ, or he may be penniless, Christ takes no account of it. It is the man himself, soul and body, that he wants, not his money. He is no better for having it, no worse for being without it. But if the man is giving part of his heart to his money, if he has limitations, so that there are things he could not give up for Christ's sake, if occasion arose, then Christ has no room for him. When the rich young man came to Christ he was required to give his wealth away; but the apostle John was not required to give up the house he owned in Jerusalem. The difference was due to the fact that the young man was trusting in his riches making mammon of them, while John loved his Master with all his heart. Christ requires the whole heart of every man whom he accepts as a disciple and will not share it with riches or any other rival.

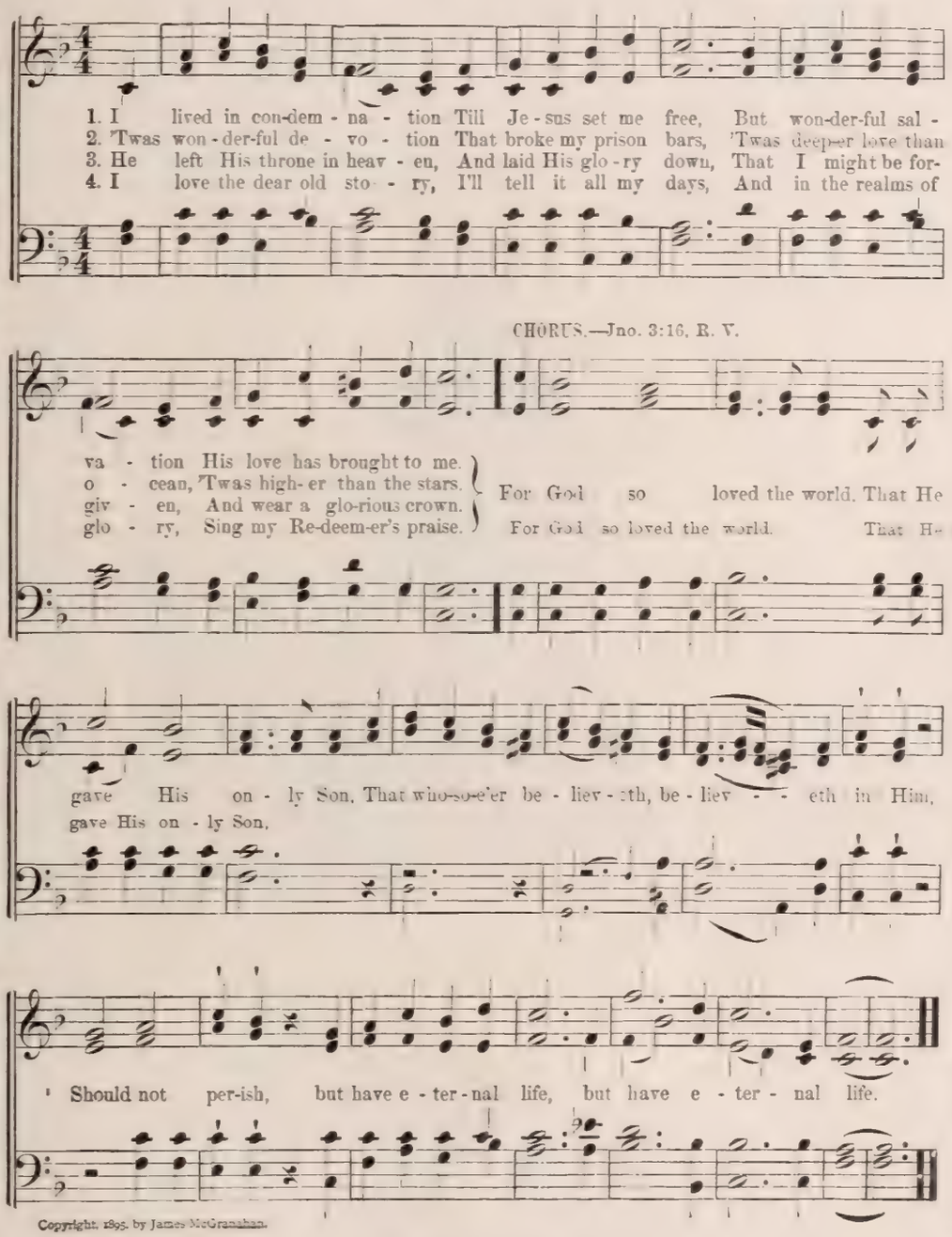
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

FOR GOD SO LOVED.

John 3:16. Revised Version.

CARRIE E. BRECK. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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THE GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Suggested by study on "The Christian Heroes" Aug. 5

THE Church of God, one blessed psalm,
One vast hosanna to our Lord;
A voice of praise unto our King,
For blessings from his precious Word.

Joy drops from the baptismal font,
As all to him is gladly given;
Joy spreads the sacramental feast,
That weds us to our Lord in Heaven.

Joy warbles in the anthem sweet,
In sacred chimes so grand and long;
Joy beats against the gate of Heaven,
A hallelujah burst of song.

For situation beautiful,
Mount Zion, joy of all the earth,
The Church where Jesus meets his own,
And rays his light and beauty forth.

O, joy of meeting here on earth
With those who serve and love our King,
All one in Christ, our heaven begun,
To him our glad thank-offerings bring.

Berea, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER

THE SEASONS.

SO soberly and softly
The seasons tread their round,
So surely seeds of autumn
In spring-time clothe the ground,
Amid their measured music
What watchful ear can hear
God's voice amidst the garden?
Yet, hush! for He is here!

No mere machine is nature,
Wound up and left to play,
No wind-harp swept at random
By airs that idly stray
A spirit sways the music,
A hand is on the chords,
Oh, bow thy head and listen,—
That hand, it is the Lord's!

ELIZABETH CHARLES

The Prophetic Parables.

The Period Prefigured by the Parable of the Treasure Hid in the Field.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M.A.

THERE is now a pause in our Lord's discourse, and the remaining Parables are spoken to the disciples alone. Some turning-point is indicated, and possibly a more confined area, as though the action of this scene would, in the main, be restricted to a few favored countries of Christendom. And so we seem to recognize the results brought about by the Reformation. The ceaseless working and rapid progress of the leaven is checked; but that is all: the leaven is not itself purged away. Only that which has been active for evil now settles down into a cold inert mass; so that the outward appearance of the nominal Church is that of a field. Nevertheless, hidden beneath its unpromising surface lies the heavenly treasure.

The description is wonderfully true when applied to the times of Protestant deadness which, following the Reformation, lasted on with but few signs of life to vary their monotony until it was broken by the preaching of Wesley, Whitefield, and others. For after the enthusiasm of the conflict with Rome had passed away, men settled down to a mere form of godliness, while they denied its power. They thought it a duty to go through their heartless services, but love had grown cold: they boasted of their pure faith, but failed to show the works which it should have produced. And a mournful proof of this may be found in the fact that two centuries had elapsed before they aroused themselves to any general missionary effort.

Soon the peoples of Christendom among whom the Reformation had triumphed were divided off into sharp-defined sects, like fenced birds. Each of these sects held the life-giving doctrine of the atonement: but it was often concealed more or less by other teachings, which in some cases seemed to have been very imperfectly purged from the leaven.

During this period the number of believers was usually increased in the manner indicated by the Parable. A man would, as it were by chance, hear of the Gospel of Christ, and, having received it, would in his joy buy the whole field, that is, accept, at any cost to himself, all the doctrines of the community of Christians in which he had found his treasure. This was a very characteristic feature of the times from the Reformation to the middle of the present century: the generality of good men, after finding the heavenly treasure in some professing body, while holding firmly, indeed, to fundamental and vital truths, would in other matters thenceforth read the word of God, not independently, but by the light of, and to prove the correctness of, the doctrines which they had adopted. And the various Protestant Churches, while conceding salvation to all believers in Christ's atonement were wont, nevertheless, to preserve strongly-marked lines of separation, and to give undue prominence to their distinctive tenets.

The time described under the figure of the treasure hid in the field was that of the first gray dawn of revival. Men were finding a power in religion the existence of which they had not suspected. It was something they could use and they knew its value. By and bye there were to come seekers, but this discovery was accidental.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WE find it necessary to repeat that our stock of the following publications is entirely exhausted, and that orders involving the supply of any of the following articles necessitate useless correspondence and expense:

Please remember that we have no more
"PATHWAY OF LIFE,"
"HELPS TO THE BIBLE" (Separately),
"WILD FLOWERS OE PALESTINE,"
"RULE OF THE TURK," by F. D. Greene;
and also that the offer of
"THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA" (15 volumes), for ten subscribers is limited, positively, to orders mailed bearing post-mark not later than October 1st.

Others have written us concerning "THE LORD'S COMING," a popular little work by Mrs. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday-school Lessons appear every week in this journal. We can supply copies of the Third Edition — Revised and Enlarged — at fifteen cents each.

We have had many inquiries also, concerning Gospel Hymn Books, our stock of which is now rapidly diminishing. Any Church or Sunday School desiring a new equipment of "Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1 to 6, Consolidated, Music Edition," can secure it at very attractive figures, by writing us. We have a limited number of copies slightly rubbed in packing, which we are willing to sacrifice in lots at nominal figures.

To those readers and others who have inquired concerning Ex-U. S. Senator Blair's great pamphlet on "The Temperance Reform," we would say that we can still supply copies at 5c. each or $3 per 100. It should not be forgotten that this is by far the ablest and most convincing, compact little work on Temperance that has yet appeared. It gives the whole gist of the question in a nutshell.

Subscribers who contemplate availing themselves of the **Free Photograph Offer** in exchange for twenty-five names and addresses, as published in our issue of September 9th, will please take notice that our supply of photographs of B. Fay Mills and Frances Willard is entirely exhausted; also that all lists sent in under this offer must bear the post-mark of a date not later than October 1st, and that the lists must contain only the names of adult church members or Sunday School workers, each representing a different family.

O. N. B., Janesville, Wis. Are the following words in the Bible: "There is no one perfect, no not one?" If so, please state where they can be found.

The identical words quoted are not in the Bible, but reference is doutless intended to the passages found in Matt. 19: 17; Luke 18: 19; Rom. 3: 10 and 12.

E. N. G., Alma Centre, Wis. Would it be right for a wife to leave the church to which she belonged before marriage and join the church to which her husband belongs?

If the difference between the two churches is merely one of Church government, or of doctrines which are not essential, she would be wise in so doing. We would not recommend her to leave a Protestant for a Roman Catholic church, but the change from one evangelical Protestant sect to another would involve so little sacrifice of principle that either she or her husband would do well to make it, so that both might worship together.

Reader, Kansas. Where is the "Bowery Mission" located? Please give its number and state between what streets on the Bowery. Who is the superintendent of the Bowery Mission? Is Mrs Bird still connected with the Mission?

The "Bowery Mission" is located at 105 Bowery, between Grand and Hester Streets. Mr. John H. Wyburn is the superintendent of the Mission. Meetings are held there every night in the year, and also on Sunday mornings. Yes, Mrs. Bird is still connected with the "Bowery Mission," and, as usual, conducts the Thursday evening and Sunday morning meetings.

Reader, Kansas. 1. Do you think that when a couple [illegible] did not know their own minds, and afterward discovered that they did not love each other, [illegible] 2. Was Paul [illegible] 3. Is it possible [illegible]

[illegible] would soon be in a [illegible] the marriage tie could be lightly broken. Marriages are entered upon with too much lightness and carelessness, as it is; if when the mood of either party changes it were made easy to sever the union, a premium would be put on hasty, unconsidered marriages. It is too sacred a bond to be broken without weighty reason. Such a discovery as you mention is terrible, but we would rather counsel patience and the fulfilment of the vows the parties have taken upon themselves and an effort to win and give the love that should be the joy of marriage. Many a couple have grown to love each other when each has seen in the other an honest endeavor to do the right thing, and there has been mutual forbearance. 2. Not in all points, as he is careful to explain, but you can see that the principle of his teaching is on the same lines as our answer to your first question.

L. M. Terry, S. D. Ought not a person who was baptized in infancy to be re-baptized on joining a church, if since his first baptism he has led a wicked life and has repented?

If he is joining a Baptist Church he would have to be re-baptized, but in a church of any other denomination he would not be required to undergo the rite. If his conscience tells him it is necessary, he had better obey. It is a symbol of the washing away of sin, but no evangelical Christian supposes that it does wash away sin. It symbolizes the inner charge which is the important matter.

M., Brooklyn, N. Y. Some years ago there came over me a sense of spiritual darkness and doubt which I have never been able to get rid of. I am not sure of my salvation. Is it possible that God has taken his Holy Spirit from me?

Do not entertain the thought; there is no basis for it. If the Holy Spirit had left you, you would not be anxious, but careless and indifferent. If you are trusting to Christ for salvation and are leading a Christian life, avoiding sin and doing all the good you can, it is strange that you are "not sure of salvation." You have the word of God for it, and you ought not to want more than that. God does not promise salvation to people who are joyful and ecstatic, but to all who believe in Christ and turn from their sins. You would be happier if you had full assurance, but you would not be any safer. Trust in Christ and be you assured that God will keep his promise.

W. M. H., Lidgewood, N. Dak. A tramp came to a farm-house on the prairie, in this village, and menaced the lady, who was alone. She called to her husband, as though he had been in the upper room, and the tramp ran away. The lady could think of no other way to protect herself, and probably there was no other method by which she could have avoided violence. Did she commit a sin by thus deceiving the tramp?

We believe that it may have been a perfectly natural and unpremeditated thing on her part, being in fear of attack, to call aloud for her husband. Such an outcry might have been spontaneous and without the slightest intent to deceive. We should not be too ready to condemn the acts of others without knowing all the circumstances.

Mary Townsend, Grand Island, N. Y. By whom and where were the books Matthew, Mark, Luke and John written?

The four Gospels are all believed to have been composed during the latter half of the first century, and their authenticity is more firmly established than that of any other ancient writings. They were gathered and used as one collection throughout the Church in the second century. No Gospel MS. earlier than the third century is now in existence, but Origen, Polycarp, Tertullian, Irenaeus and Clement all agree that the original Gospel was in existence in written form during the first century. Matthew, according to Papias, wrote his Gospel in Hebrew about A. D. 42, and an edition in Greek was issued about A.D. 69. He may have written either at Jerusalem, or Capernaum, his native place. Mark, who was attached to Peter (from whom he got most of his materials), probably wrote at Jerusalem. Luke, the colleague of Paul, wrote in Greek, probably at Antioch, his own city, and John wrote later than any of the others, either at Ephesus or Patmos, presumably the former, about A. D. 70. Irenaeus, Jerome and Theodore of Mopsuestia, all declare that John was living at Ephesus, then a centre of active Christianity, when he was moved to write his Gospel. Two others assert that he dictated it while in banishment at Patmos and afterward published it in Asia. In his recent work on *Who Wrote the Bible?* Rev. Washington Gladden has this interesting paragraph on the subject of the Gospels:

Are we entitled, then, to say that these Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? We should be cautious, no doubt, in making such a statement. The Gospels themselves are not so explicit on this point as we could desire. Their titles do not warrant this assertion. It is not "The Gospel of St. Matthew" or "The Gospel of St. Mark;" it is the "Gospel according to St. Matthew" or St. Mark. The import of the title would be fully satisfied with the explanation that this is the story as Matthew or Mark was wont to tell it, put into form by some person or friend of his, in his last days, or even after his death. But the testimony of Papias, to which I have referred, is to my own mind good evidence that these Gospels were written by the men who bear their names. In the case of Luke, as we shall presently see, the evidence is much stronger. And after going over the evidence as carefully as I am able, the theory that the four Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear, all of whom were the contemporaries of our Lord, and two of whom were his apostles, seems to me, on the whole, the best supported by the whole volume of evidence. The case is not absolutely clear; perhaps it was left somewhat obscure for the purpose of stimulating study. At all events, the study which has been given to the subject has confirmed rather than weakened the belief that the Gospels are contemporary records of the life of Christ.

AN ANCIENT AZTEC IDOL.

The photograph reproduced above is that of an ancient Aztec idol, such as are still to be found buried among the ruins of pre-historic cities in Mexico and along the Isthmus generally. This crude and hideous deformity of stone was once an object of worship as the recipient of divine honors.

Leonard A. Bradley, New York, writes concerning the reference to Christ elsewhere than in the Talmud, Josephus, and the Holy Scriptures:

In Tacitus' Annals, Book 15 and 44 Translation of A. Murphy, Vol. 3, page 144 and 288), the persecutions of the Christians under Nero are mentioned, and Christ is referred to. I think, by study, one can find other references to Christ in Pliny also?

E. D. M., Red House, Va. 1. Can you approximate the expense of the reception of the Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, in New York, Aug. 28? 2. What would have been the weight and cost of the gun powder exploded, had all the ten war vessels fired a salute? 3. Could not our nation have done him ample honor without that useless expense?

The Government, it was stated, appropriated $40,000 for the purpose of his reception and entertainment. We do not know the expenditures in New York. Your other questions are immaterial, it seems to us. Li Hung Chang is a very distinguished statesman and undoubtedly deserved all the honor and respect paid to him here and abroad. When General Grant visited China, Li Hung Chang expended from his own means a sum far in excess of that appropriated to his entertainment here. As a nation, we cannot afford to be ungenerous.

Mrs. J. E., Muscogee, I. T. Suppose some of the subscribers wanted certain of the premiums with the paper, would they be allowed to subscribe for them and still have their names counted for the Encyclopedia?

Any subscribers with their own subscriptions can receive premiums, but their names cannot then be counted in the list for the Encyclopedia. The Encyclopedia subscriptions must stand alone, on the conditions already explained in previous issues of this journal.

G. W. Ramsey, S. D. 1. In the Parable of the Virgins (Matt. 25: 1-13) mention is made of a place where oil could be bought. If God provided a place of the kind, why was not mercy extended to the foolish virgins? 2. Does the elder brother represent the Pharisee in the Parable of the Prodigal Son? 3. Is it possible to harmonize with science the view that the days of creation were days of twenty-four hours?

1. The Parables were never intended to be typical in all their details. They were stories related to teach some one special lesson. The Parable of the Virgins was to inculcate readiness. The virgins who slept instead of watching represent the worldly Christian who will not be ready when the Lord comes. There will be mercy for him, but he will miss the privilledge of escaping the great tribulation. W[illegible] the cry is raised that Christ is coming t[illegible] will be many who hurriedly and anxiously [illegible] to obtain in a day a sanctification w[illegible] should have been the growth of years. [illegible] Probably so, at the time, but the figure [illegible] not be limited. It may stand for any man [illegible] is proud of his own record and position ar[illegible] indisposed to welcome a penitent wrongd[illegible] The expression, "All that I have is thi[illegible] merely indicates that the man has the rew[illegible] promised for goodness and that the co[illegible] quences of the Prodigal's wrongdoing (he [illegible] squandered his patrimony) will not be rem[illegible] ed. He would be a poor man dependen[illegible] the bounty of his father and brother. [illegible] penitent sinner is forgiven, but he suffers [illegible] his sin. 3. No, there is no foundation for [illegible] theory in the Bible nor in science.

A. H., Cowlesville, N. Y. Can a minister of a Free Will Baptist Church be disciplined for refusing to preach that hell is a place of material fire, in which impenitent sinners will be through all eternity?

It is possible he might be arraigned, but he would have a fair chance of avoiding conviction. The confession of faith simply says that the wicked will be assigned at the last judgment to eternal misery. If the minister holds the eternity of punishment and that the punishment involves misery, he seems to be holding all that he is required to believe and to preach by the confession which says nothing about material fire.

A. S. B., Renovo, Pa. 1. What is the meaning of Christ being the Saviour of all men (1. Tim 4: 10)? 2. Why was Timothy prohibited from admitting young widows into fellowship (1. Timothy 5: 9)?

1. Christ is the Saviour of all men, in the sense of his being able to save all men. All who come to him will be saved. There is no limitation to his power or the virtues of his atonement. But in a special manner he is the Saviour of them that believe, because they avail themselves of his power. 2. Paul first explains why he was reluctant to admit young widows to the Church, in the next few verses. They were liable to bring a reproach on the Church by marrying unbelievers, rather than remain unmarried.

C. A. B., Newton, N. J. Such promises as Matt. 21: 24 and John 14: 14 seem to me to imply that conditional assurance of our prayers being answered; yet, as a matter of fact, there are many prayers that are not answered. How is it?

There are some prayers that are not answered because it is better that they should not be answered. Even Christ's prayer in Gethsemane was not granted. The promise you speak of are to those so thoroughly in harmony with God's will that they can be trusted to ask nothing that he will not grant. Paul prayed for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, but even that was not given. It was needed to keep him humble. It is right to pray for what we need, but it should always be with the conviction that if God who knows what is best for us so much better than we do, perceives that what we ask is not for our good he will be right in withholding it. There are men who have had their importunate prayers answered who would now be very thankful that God had not given them the boons they once so earnestly begged for.

Subscriber, Baltimore, Md. Who were the Sons of God and the Daughters of men mentioned in Genesis 6: 2?

Volumes have been written on the question which is really of no practical importance even if it could be settled, which it never can be. The most rational interpretation is that even in that early time there was a marked difference in people, some being spiritually minded like Abel and some being earthly and sensual like Cain. The difference was more clearly marked when the Israelites settled in Canaan where the original inhabitants were of a very degraded type. Marriage with them was strictly forbidden. The daughters of men, probably indicates women who had nothing to recommend them but their beauty and were carnally minded. Some scholars contend that the sons of God were angels, but there appears to us no sound reason for the belief.

J. W. P., Burlington, N. C. At present, yes.—Mrs. E. A. P., South Union, Me. By preachers from Rome.——J. E. S., Norwood, N. J. We have no information on the subject ——Frances Z., Reedsville, Pa., writes that the sentence "the mills of God grind slowly," is an old proverb, current in Switzerland.——H. J. S., Farmingdale, N. J. Our Children's Home is at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.——Mrs. Theo. McC., Ethel, La. The tomb was visited, but the balance of your information is incorrect.——S. B., Seneca, Mo. Read the statement regarding the Encyclopedia offer in "The Mail Bag" in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.——Miss S. A. Pheil, North Port, Huron, Mich. No, they are an application to the creed and liturgy of the Greek Church.——D. W. W., Orleans, N. Y. Send $3 for the best International Teachers' Bible and the paper for one year. Let us know if any other premium is needed.——Lulu W., Montgomery, Tex. We believe it has been published in book form by a Boston firm.——Reader, Forest Grove, Ore. We cannot discuss politics in the columns of a religious journal.——Stranger, Ga., No, we know of none.——Mrs. S. F., Tarrytown, N. Y. None have ever come to our notice.——J. T. W., Clarksville, Tenn. *The Chinese Americans*, as we lately published in New York. A postal to the editor would probably reach.——Constant Reader, Logansville, N. J. There is doubtless many good Christians among them.——City Subscriber, New York City. Not that we ever heard of.——Miss A. J. F., Chillicothe, Mo. 1. It may be published shortly. 2. There are so many ways that we cannot discuss them here.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

At the Cletheroe's.

"A BETTER husband never lived," said Mrs. Cletheroe to her daughter, "but your father does not comprehend that a woman can have any need of money."

"Well," said Elizabeth Cletheroe, "I am not going to talk against my own father, but you must own, dear, that he is as close as the bark of a tree. I would sometimes rather do without a few of his virtues, in exchange for a wee mite of generosity."

"Hush, Libby," said the mother, warningly. "There are worse men than your father."

"And very few harder to live with," added Elizabeth, "How much money has he given you in the last year?"

"I've had my egg money," said Mrs. Cletheroe.

"That is not the question I asked. Mother, has father given you for your own spending, ten dollars in the last twelve months?"

"No," said the mother, "But then he spends very little on himself."

"That again is not the question. Papa has not many personal wants. But he is building an addition to the barn, which could have been done without, he gets the new tools he wants, and hires as much help as he cares for, and he has the money in his pocket, to keep or to spend, or to save as he likes, while you never have a penny to call your own, though you certainly are a partner in the firm, and help him in making a livelihood. I say it isn't fair."

"Well, Libby," said the patient mother, soothingly, "don't work yourself up into a state about it. When you are as old as I am, you will have learned that a fuss isn't worth one's while. Now, the present distress with me is, how to get a couple of dollars to send as my subscription to Armenia. Those suffering Christians are always before my eyes. There is nothing that I can do without, and no way that I can earn anything. Father would't let me go out sewing or washing if I had the time. And there's no use in asking him for the money. I never ask him for a penny if I can do without, for though he gives it, he always does it reluctantly, and there is no peace in the house that day."

"Yet," said Elizabeth, "you call my father a good husband! Before I marry Jim Pettigrew, he and I will come to a clear understanding about the finances! That you may be sure of! You can't get ten dollars for the Armenian subscription, and my father the richest farmer in the county, with money in the bank, and always a roll of bills in his pocket? I'd take it when he was asleep!"

Mrs. Cletheroe's delicate old face flushed hotly.

"Elizabeth," she said, "never suggest such a thing again. I am vexed that such an expedient should so much as enter your head. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I am going to sell Grandmother Fuller's blue China bowl."

"Oh! mother; not the rose-bowl?"

"Yes, dear, the rose-bowl. Mrs. Karl Dana, the bride at the inn, saw it when she stopped here to rest the other day, and," Mrs. Cletheroe paused, and caught her breath, "she offered me twenty dollars for it. I have never had twenty dollars at one time in my hand since I was a bride; since before that, indeed, when I taught the district school at the Centre, before I met Silas Cletheroe."

"Mother, I hate to let you sell the bowl; it is our one heirloom."

"And I hate to sell it, my dear, but when I consider what twenty dollars means, what freedom from worry, what chance to buy whatever I want — new gown, a new ribbon, a religious paper and the wonderful premiums that come with it for another year—the means of putting a little into this charity and a little into that, perhaps of taking a trip across country to see my sister, I cannot resist the temptation. The bowl is dear to me, and I will grieve when it is gone, but I think about that twenty dollars and its possibilities till I am fairly wild. It is dreadful to be a pauper, Libbie, doubly dreadful when you are a rich man's wife. But your father is a good man, dear. He does not even dream of the way I want a little bit of money of my own. And nothing can open his eyes."

Elizabeth gave in at last. She went to the darkened parlor, and brought out the big, beautiful bowl. A wonder of a thing in the rare, blue delf-ware which everybody in these days prizes. She, too, felt that twenty dollars was the gate to much delight, that her mother had right to spend her substance, including the sale of an ancestral bowl, if she chose.

But the conversation, from first to last, had, quite unsuspected by the women, had a very uncomfortable listener of one. Mr. Cletheroe, contrary to his custom, had gone to his own room at an hour when he was usually afield. The morning had been close, and he was weary, and the chamber was cool and restful. He sat down in his wife's Boston rocker, and fell asleep. From a short and blissful nap, he was awakened by hearing the indignant voice of his daughter declaring him to be as close as the bark of a tree. He listened, fascinated, hot and cold by turns, and certainly in his case, the old proverb, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," was near to being verified.

Now, Mr. Cletheroe was, according to his illumination, a just man, and he was also fond of his wife and proud of his daughter Elizabeth. In common parlance Silas Cletheroe was what is known as a good provider. There was plenty to eat beneath his roof, and the house was substantial and amply furnished. Coal and wood were laid in ungrudgingly in the winter season, and repairs were made whenever they were needed. Mr. Cletheroe was but one of a thousand men who look on women simply as grown-up children, and to whom it never occurs that their wives may inwardly chafe against being in the position of respectable mendicants.

As he sat there, fearing that Mrs. Cletheroe or Libby would have an errand into the room and discover him there, he grew more and more wretched. It is not often that we hear precisely what our dear ones think of us with entire candor, and Mr. Cletheroe saw himself in the mirror of unsparing domestic criticism for the first time in his life.

"Sell her blue bowl!" He almost jumped from his chair. His wife disposing of her China to get a paltry sum of money. Why didn't she ask for it outright?

Why, indeed? Memory brought up the last time she had done so, and his own words:

"Of all the wasteful, improvident, utterly irresponsible women, Mary, you are the worst. You cannot keep a cent in your pocket. If it were not for me, we would go to the poor-house. No madam, I haven't five dollars for you to-day, not five cents!"

He remembered it, the pitiful, shameful scene, and his wife's grieved look. She had not asked him for any money since. No wonder!

"And I call myself a gentleman, and a Christian!" he murmured. "The Lord forgive me!"

The ladies went upstairs fortunately, in time to let the prisoner escape unseen. And the blue rose-bowl was not sold, after all. For Silas experienced a change of heart.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Faithful Corean Converts.

Missionary Fenwick Tells of the Cheering Gospel Progress in that Far-off Land.—New Mission Buildings.

FROM Rev. Malcolm C. Fenwick, missionary at Wonsan, Corea, we have received the following interesting letter, relating the progress of the work under his charge:

In my last letter I made mention of some heathen funerals I had witnessed. I wish to tell you now of a Christian funeral in Corea, having just returned from one.

MISSIONARY FENWICK'S NEW $50 MISSION HOUSE, KOREA.

No noise, no heathen singing, no emblems of demon worship characterized it, but a plain bier, carried quietly to a high hill behind the town, and accompanied by two score or more believers. It was my privilege to preach there this morning. In front of me, with his face bowed to the earth, knelt the eldest son of the deceased mother, a faithful witness of Jesus' power to save. When I had done speaking and extended to him sympathy, his only reply was, "I have no sorrow."

We have been building a native guest-room to live in, and hold preaching services, and I am glad to be able to send you a photograph of it with this letter. It cost only between $50 and $60, and I think it a model bachelor missionaries' house for Corea. My last mail from America brought me the cheering news that three missionaries and their wives were ready to join me and spread the joyful message throughout the benighted land.

This means that I must hury along the construction of a reception home for them. According to the plan it will contain six bedrooms, a dining-room and a kitchen. Like the reception room for natives, it will be built in the native style throughout and probably cost $250. The furnishings will be extra—a folding-bed, a couple of chairs and matting will have to be purchased for each room. We hope to make dressers, washstands, writing-tables, etc., out of packing-cases and gauze curtains. We believe the life of faith is an economical one, and the money should be cared for much more carefully than our private purse. We shall need a duplicate of the reception room now completed, for lady workers on the other corner of the lot, and we will then be able to live and work according to Corean Custom.

Now is the church's time to evangelize not only this province, but the whole of Corea. I am persuaded it is God's will to have Corea evangelized at once. May the blessed Spirit constrain many who read these lines to pray without ceasing to bring about such a consummation.

We have every reason to rejoice and praise God for the thoroughness of the little flock here. They are already giving of their substance unto the Lord, and hope to support a worker in China. The church here, in her infant innocency, is ready to do all these things unto the Lord. May she ever remain so. Yours in Christ,

MALCOLM C. FENWICK.

The Great Eclipse of 1898.

EIGHTEEN months hence, in January, 1898, India will be visited by scientists and savants of every nation, to view the extraordinary eclipse of the sun which takes takes place on January 21 of that year. It will be visible in totality in India alone. It will commence in Central Asia at sunrise, the first contact of the two discs being in longitude 18 degrees E., and almost on the equator. The central line of the moon's shadow will then cross the Indian Ocean, enter India on the Bombay coast at Ratnagiri, move thence in a northeasterly direction, and finally vanish in Kamchatka. The zone of totality will be fifty miles broad, aud at all places within this belt the sun will appear wholly eclipsed by the moon. At many places in India and on Mt. Everest the total eclipse will be visible, and the darkness of night will appear at mid-day. At certain other places the eclipse will appear almost total, but a thin crescent of one limb of the sun will be seen. The eclipse will be partially visible at every part of Asia from Spitzbergen to Sumatra.

The period of actual totality and absolute darkness lessens as the eclipse proceeds; at Ratnagiri the sun will remain wholly concealed for two minutes and eleven and one-half second; at Nagpore totality will last for one minute and fifty-five seconds, and the snow-capped peak of Mt. Everest will be enveloped in darkness for one and one-half minutes. These short periods are the durations of absolute totality, but the actual eclipse will be visible during its different stages of progression for some three hours at every place. At Nagpore, for instance, the moon will first begin to interpose itself at 12-8, Madras time, just after mid-day, but it will not have wholly shut out the sun's rays till half-past one in the afternoon; absolute darkness will then last for nearly two minutes, the stars will be seen, the birds will go to roost, the flowers will close, there will be a sudden and considerable fall in the temperature, and then the moon will slowly uncover the sun, the last contact of their two discs occurring at 2:56 p.m., or nearly three hours after the first contact.

The Wonderful Star, Algol.

Astronomers the world over are still interested in that most wonderful star, Algol, which has probably been the subject of more observations than any other star in the heavens in two centuries. Spectroscopic observations now show that the well-known variations in the light of this star are caused by the intervention of a dark body between our system and the star. Before a minimum, it is found to be moving away from our system wholly independent of a continuous translation toward us, at the rate of over three miles a second, and, immediately after a minimum, approaches us with equal speed. By the aid of spectroscopy and photography, Dr. Vogel, of Potsdam, Germany, has lately determined the following most interesting elements of the system of Algol: Diameter of Algol, 1,600,000 miles; diameter of dark body, 800,030; distance from centre to centre, 3,230,000 miles; orbit velocity of Algol, 26,000 miles per second.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER IX.

Investigation.

THE patient, calmed and soothed by Mrs. Seymour's kind and mothly attention, grew more composed and toward morning fell into a natural sleep from which he awoke refreshed.

His parents having been telegraphed for, came with all speed, and found their son in a sad condition, but certainly past the crisis and likely to improve. They thought it imprudent to leave him at the Seminary, surrounded by so much confusion: and to remove him to his father's house would be attended with great risk, so at his own request, his parents arranged for him to stay under Mrs. Seymour's roof.

A few days afterwards, just as the noon-day sun gave warmth and a balmy odor to the wintry air, six youths, including Seymour and Browne, might have been seen with large blankets, bearing the sufferer to his temporary home; where he occupied a room adjoining Milton's. A man was engaged from a Philadelphia hospital, to relieve the Seymours of unnecessary trouble.

The school reassembled for the first time, three days after the hazing affray, and every face showed that something unusual had occurred, and some important business must soon be settled. The younger boys trembled for fear of suspension or expulsion from the Seminary. The presence of the trustees also, gave importance to the meeting. For two days past a change had come over the minds of many people, unfavorable to the pupils engaged in the affair. Some said that all of them should be expelled from the school. Others blamed Seymour as the instigator of the whole business, and Deacon Walter, one of the trustees, had been heard to express the opinion, that Seymour engineered the matter, and should be punished for it. Others, who knew the facts, were indignant at these charges, and not only exonerated Seymour, but considered the whole thing a very harmless amusement. Its almost fatal result, they said, arose from the nature of Fitzroy's reception, and rather was caused by the bad character, drunken condition, and violent behavior of the young roue. Professor Smart therefore took the matter into his own hands, determining to know everything.

After opening school, he briefly spoke of the late disturbance, and wanted to ascertain first: who planned it; second, who participated in it; and third, to what extent was it to have been carried? He then, being blind, announced his intention of putting every pupil upon his honor. He would ask them the three questions, calling each by name, and requested each to make honest and truthful answers. The boys sat with folded arms, and pale, anxious faces, feeling very uncomfortable, and wishing that the business of the day was satisfactorily adjusted.

The roll being called, all answered "no," decidedly, to the first question, until one of the leaders was reached. He replied frankly: "Nobody in particular planned the affair, but I made some suggestions about the masks, and the matter grew into shape without any one specially fathering it; as it was all to have occurred within doors, I do not believe it was in violation of the Seminary rules against hazing. The boys meant no harm, and were deeply grieved at the result." This caused sundry sighs of relief, especially from Browne and the committee.

The Professor proceeded to the second question. A number answered "no," a few "yes." In rather trembling tones, and when the Professor called out, "Seymour," he arose and said "yes." Supposing he had made a mistake, the question was repeated, when, "yes," was the prompt response; while "no," "no," "no," "no," came from every part of the room.

"Order!" cried the Professor; and the calling of the roll was resumed. After some twenty boys, thus put upon their honor, had answered in the affirmative, and all the other scholars in the negative, the third question was taken up.

George Browne, or as he was already called by the Boys "Judge Browne," was the third called upon, and he boldly replied: "Fitzroy is a gambler, ruffian, and coward, and is unfit to associate with decent people."

"Order!" said the Professor; "Fitzroy is not on trial at present, and you must simply answer the third question."

"Well, after Fitzroy had been told," continued Browne, "by his masked comrades of his faults, he was to have been taken to his room, surrounded by the burning torches, and then, after the boys in the secret had a chance to look at him, quietly released. I did not consider that as hazing, or breaking any rule of the Seminary. I and the other boys are very sorry for the murderous attack that followed."

The answers to all three questions were recorded, and then Deacon Walter asked Milton Seymour to explain what he meant by saying that he had participated in the affair, while others denied it positively?"

Milton, somewhat confused, arose and said: "A few weeks ago I criticized Fitzroy's behavior severely, but latterly my course of conduct changed in various matters."

"Why did you say yes, then?" said Mr. Walter.

"Because I was fully aware of the time the affair was to come off, but not the details; and as I might have used my influence against it, but didn't, I must take the responsibility, and take my share of the punishment the others receive."

"Did you not plan the whole affair, sir, and then stay away to avoid the consequences?" asked the deacon.

"No, sir, I did not."

"It is generally believed that you did, sir."

"I don't care what is generally believed," said Milton, losing temper, "ask the boys, who know all about it!"

The deacon rose and stated that from reports brought to him, he had reason to believe that Seymour planned the whole matter which so nearly ended in the loss of life.

Milton, hot with excitement, arose, and was about to make a sharp reply, when, upon glancing around the room, he saw his mother, standing inside of the entrance door. She gave him one searching look of reproach, caution, sympathy and tender love. He understood that look, as well as if she had spoken, and, convicted in his own concience of the impropriety of his conduct, which was contrary to his profession of not reviling, when others revile; not returning evil for evil; he merely said, calmly: "Let it then be investigated," and sat down.

Here another Director arose; our friend Mr. Plummer, who always had been a friend of the young people, and their hearts beat lighter when he began to speak;

"Mr. Professor," said he, "and you gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, this farce has gone far enough, and the curtain ought to drop and allow us to go home. These youths have done almost nothing that is contrary to the laws of this Seminary, and for what they have done, I, having once been a boy myself, am willing to forgive them, and overlook the matter. The real culprit in my opinion is Fitzroy and I move that Pemberton Fitzroy be expelled from this Academy, for entertaining gamblers, drinking whiskey and shooting a fellow pupil."

"Hurrah for Plummer!" "Run him for Congress!" came from several boys, rapidly.

"Order! silence!" sternly from Professor Smart, soon quieted the the rising tumult. After the question of Fitzroy's expulsion was put and unanimously carried, Mr. Plummer continued:

"I am sorry that anybody should attack Seymour. His conduct has been magnanimous in assuming blame which he is not properly chargeable with. Now, sirs, I listened at the door of that chamber as the wounded boy seemed to be breathing his life away, and I heard Seymour's touching words of comfort and cheer to the sufferer, and I heard his mother point his trembling soul upward to a Saviour, who stands with open arms to receive all penitents. From what I have since learned, there is every reason to believe that God's sanctifying Spirit blessed the efforts of the Seymours, and that young Green is a convert to Christ's religion, which is some compensation for his present sufferings. Let us all thank God that matters are no worse. Such a youth as Seymour ought to be the pride of his mother—so magnanimous and forbearing under great provocation. He has noble principles, and with God's blessing will make his mark in the world; and this Seminary will be proud of him too. And, as to the other boys, they all seem to be sorry for what has occurred and profess not to have intended any violation of the rules. I move, sir, that this whole matter be dropped, that hazing and personal violence be strictly forbidden in future in this Seminary, and that the studies be suspended until next Friday."

The President of the Board, who seemed to acquiesce entirely, put the vote and it was carried; the whole Board voting "Yea," except Deacon Walter, who, feeling a little sore after what had occurred, voted "Nay."

(Continued on next page.)

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Sunday School Banners

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Running the Gauntlet.

Continued from preceding page.

The Professor arose to dismiss the pupil when one of the leaders jumped up, and on behalf of the pupils of the school, thanked Director Plummer for his kind and considerate address. Another boy shouted out in a strong voice: "Three cheers for Mr. Plummer!" Three rousing, yelling cheers, that shook the walls of the building, went up for Director Plummer, the man who worked the boys out of the biggest "scrape" they had ever seen at Brookdale Academy.

"Bang, bang," went the gong, quiet was restored, all the scholars were dismissed in order, and they were the happiest lot of fellows on the Atlantic slope. Although but twenty boys were directly involved and open to punishment, still all of the programme was that as most of them knew of the contemplated movement and intended to drop in to see Fitzroy before he was ungagged and released, nearly the whole school was in sympathy with the concert.

That evening a mass meeting of the pupils was held and a collection taken, to be applied: first, to the purchase of grapes and delicacies for Green; and second, to hire the village brass band for a serenade to Mr. Plummer.

Mr. Seymour, who, with other parents of the students, had come to witness the investigation, walked up to Deacon Walton and was in earnest conversation with him about his son, when Mr. Plummer approached, and interrupting them, said: "I ask your pardon, deacon: hope you didn't take offence." Then turning to Mrs. Seymour, he continued: "Madam, your son of yours is not so bad a fellow after all, and you must convince the deacon of the fact," and off went Mr. Plummer with a bound.

The deacon was nervous, and evidently wished to end the interview with the mother, while she endeavored to exonerate her son from complicity in the hazing affair. The father of Carrie, and mother of Milt parted, however, after a long talk, better friends than when they met.

An hour later, Mrs. Seymour and her son were on their way home from the Academy. The mother was low spirited and nervous, and Milton, with some reaction or self-satisfaction, if not vanity, at the flattering speech of Mr. Plummer, still showed but little of his usual animation. He was getting older rapidly, and forgetting the things that were behind, he took account of, and looked only to those approaching. He was growing out of boyhood into manhood, and was dissatisfied with his past record, and present position and attainment, having no definite plans for the future.

"Milton," spoke the mother, breaking a long silence, "to-day's proceedings show that we have enemies in Brookdale, as well as friends, and I must enjoin upon you great discretion."

A neighbor was waiting for their arrival who brought in the last issue of the *County Record*, a small sheet published in the next town. The item which attracted attention was as the following:

"School frolic and sad denouement. At the Brookdale Academy, on last Monday night occurred a circumstance not soon to be forgotten in this neighborhood. A new pupil having recently been admitted, named Fitzroy, the boys, headed by a notorious character named Seymour, who is said to be foremost in every mischief, attacked Fitzroy while in bed, intending to bind him and dip him in the neighboring mill pond. His friends, however, showed fight, pistols and knives were freely used, several were wounded, and one of them, named Green, it is feared, was fatally injured. The trustees will offer a reward of five hundred dollars for Seymour's arrest and conviction."

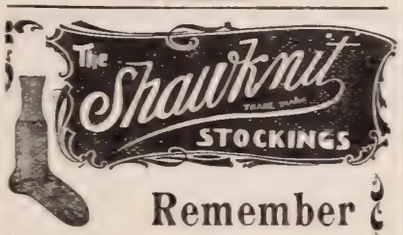
Fim real or imaginary causes, Mrs. Seymour's nerves had already been worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and this last newspaper item nearly prostrated her, although apparently a mass of absurdities. In vain did Milton laugh at it, and tell her that it was the stupid blunder of a country editor; she would not be comforted, and retired to her room.

Shall we follow her there and pry into family secrets? Something unusual had taken possession of her mind. Perhaps it was only a woman's fancy; perhaps a woman's instinct and perception were at the bottom. Something, besides Milton's past life, and future prospects, was worrying the Widow Seymour. While her son was reading God's Word, and meditating upon the events of the day, the mother was asking her Heavenly Father for light, strength and grace, and seeking wisdom and guidance until—

Heaven came down her soul to greet,
While glory crowned the Mercy Seat.

Milton, left to himself, with no lessons to study, no mother to converse with, and a dread, undefined something depressing his spirits, was in a forlorn condition; on the very day people would have thought he was as happy as a king. His mother's depression seemed to have been contagious.

To be Continued.



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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Sept. 13, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Sister, Westmoreland Co., Pa., asks prayer that an uncle, who is indifferent to religion, may be brought to a knowledge of his danger and may seek Christ.——Mother, Forestville, Conn., for the conversion of a daughter-in-law, who is in danger of losing her character, having yielded to the wiles of a man who is apparently trying to make her unfaithful to her marriage vows. God alone can keep her from falling; will Christians pray for her that she may be saved.——Praying Mother, Greenbush, N. Y., that a dear son, who has fallen under the power of strong drink, may be delivered by the power of Christ and may give his heart to God.——C. M. W., Duhamel, Canada, for the conversion of a whole family, consisting of six sons and two daughters, not one of whom is a Christian; also for the conversion of a neighbor, who with his wife is leading a life of sin, and is in urgent need of a change of heart.——C. A., Lisbon, N. H., that her young son may give his heart to God in his youth.——Sister, Cass Station, Ga., that her brother may be delivered from the power of strong drink, and may put his trust in Christ to keep him from falling; also for his two sons, that they, too, may become Christians and workers in the Lord's vineyard.——Reader, Cleveland, O., that a dear brother may renounce drink and other sins and turn to the Lord with all his heart. ——One in Trouble, Killbourne, O., that a mother and son, who do not know Christ, may be aroused to seek salvation through him.——Believer, Grinnell, Iowa, for the conversion of a man who has become infatuated with a wicked woman and is neglecting his home; prayer is earnestly asked that he may repent and seek Christ with full purpose of heart.——Reader, that her husband, son and daughter might become true Christians and live lives of usefulness. —— Sad Wife and Mother, Saratoga, N. Y., that her husband and only son might be saved through the power of the Holy Spirit and may be delivered from the power of strong drink.——Mother in North Carolina, for the conversion of an only son.——M. J., Worthville, Pa., that a son, who has made profession of religion, but who is not consistent and is breaking God's law, may be truly converted and lead a godly life; also for the salvation of five children who are out of Christ.

For the Restoration of Health. M. W. E., Rosedale, Md., asks prayer that her dear little daughter, who is suffering from a disease that renders her lame, may be healed by the Great Physician. ——Anxious, Brooklyn, N. Y., that a beloved relative, who is in danger of losing reason, may recover and regain her wonted health of body and mind for the dear Lord's sake.——Afflicted Mother, Greendale, O., that the suffering she is enduring from nervousness may be relieved and she may be enabled to resume her duties.——Constant Reader, Juniata, Pa., that God in his mercy would relieve her daughter of her excruciating pain and that she may be spared the horror of an operation.——E. F. S., Mexico, N. Y., that a son, a young physician, may be spared for years of usefulness and may look for healing to the Great Physician.——C. A., Lisbon, N. H., that she may be healed of a disease that is said to be fatal, or if that is not the Lord's will, that he will give her grace and strength while she lives. ——Reader, Edmonda, Pa., that a dear father may recover his sight which is almost gone. ——M. D., Howell, Tenn., that a man who is about to undergo a critical operation, may have the strength he needs and that it may be successfully performed. —— Believer, Litchfield, Ill., that God in his mercy would give back lost health, and grace to overcome a besetting sin which is hindering usefulness.

For Special Blessings. Widow, Brooklyn, N. Y., for grace to give up a secret sin which is causing her to lose her hope in Christ and for power to keep wicked thoughts and desires out of her mind.——Friend, New Haven, Pa., who is much discouraged because of unanswered prayer, that God would increase faith and give grace to do and suffer whatsoever the will of God may be.——I. H. W., Kansas City, Kan., that a family in urgent financial trial may receive the help needed and that the estrangement which has come into it may be removed.——Believer, Mission, Cal., that God would help him to overcome the tobacco habit.——A. M., Ouray, Colo., for grace to bear the severe trials under which she is passing and to keep true to Christ.——C., Catskills, N. Y., for help in finding a position, the [illegible] fulfil.——Reader, Catawba, N. Y., that a [illegible] to find a suitable position in life, and one by which she can earn an honest living.—— Believer, Grinnell, Iowa, that two persons who have become estranged might be recon[illegible] N. Y., that a painful experience apparently impending may be averted, and that strength may be given to keep the vows of amendment made in the hour of anxiety.——C. M. W., Duhamel, N.W. Ter., that God's blessing may rest on a humble effort to win souls for Christ and that none who have sought him may backslide.——Reader, Philadelphia, Pa., that a man who is seeking employment might be enabled to obtain it, and that his daughter may have an opportunity of going to school. ——E. J. W., that God would send us money to build the school-house so urgently needed by the colored people of South Carolina.—— Sister, Penn., that God would send his Holy Spirit into a cold, indifferent church, and answer the prayers for a revival that have been put up by the pastor and others.——J. E. W., Litchfield, Ill., that the blessing of God may rest on an enterprise begun in faith on his name and for grace to trust him in everything. ——Reader, Edmonda, Pa., that in some way financial help may come to a family in urgent need and in imminent danger of calamity.——Mother in Israel, Greendale, O., that an only son on whom the burdens of life are pressing very heavily, may be helped to bear them and that some relief may come to him in his sore affliction.——"One in Trouble," Lena, Ill., that in some way means may be provided to pursue a course of study and for guidance and strength; also that relief may come to some dear friends who are financially embarrassed. ——Mother, Durham, N. C., that wisdom may be given her to train her only son for the Lord.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

The Life Savers' Mission.

The Life Savers' Mission along the New Jersey coast, with headquarters at Port Republic, is doing good work. Prayers have been offered and graciously answered, stations where card-tables and gambling once were, are now covered with Bibles and good books, family altars have been erected and worship is engaged in by the life savers every morning. R. Ashley Cake, evangelist, is laboring among these men at the stations. At other stations along the coast some have been convicted of sin and the spiritual outlook at these stations is most encouraging. Evangelist Cake deserves to be sustained in the excellent work to which he is devoting himself so energetically.

A LITTLE BIRD.*

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee!

Naught have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind!

*Mme. de Genlis' famous Hymn, republished by request.

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New B. & O. Station in Baltimore.

The new Passenger Station of the B. & O. R. R., at the corner of Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md., was opened for business [illegible]

The new station, which will be known as Mt. Royal Station, is one of the finest buildings of its kind in America. It is located in the residential [illegible] and is reached by street [illegible] all parts of the city. [illegible] trains running over the Philadelphia Division will [illegible] Station. All [illegible] baggage will be checked to either Station at the option of the passenger.

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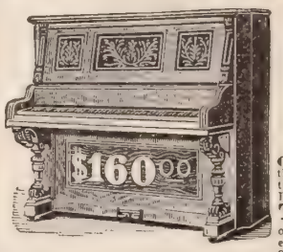

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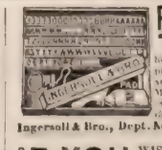

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Gospel Growth in the East.

ONE of the foremost Christian missionaries of the present day is Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, who is regarded as a leading authority on missionary work in Asia Minor and Syria. Dr. Jessup in a recent letter, gives this comprehensive glance of Gospel progress in the East:

"In Syria and Palestine, the field is well occupied with laborers. I include in Palestine the cities of Safed, Acre and Gaza, and all the region between these points, with the trans-Jordanic region south of Hauran. Syria includes all north of Acre as far as the Taurus mountains. There are in Syria and Palestine 252 foreign laborers, men and women; 168 being in Syria, and 84 in Palestine. Of the 168 in Syria, there are men, 73; wives, 34; unmarried women 61. In Palestine 84 in Palestine, there are men, 34; wives, 14; unmarried women, 36. The wives of the 252 in Syria and Palestine be- 7 men, 48 wives, and 97 unmarried women. Of the men 53 are ordained, and physicians, and one of the unmarried women is a physician. This is certainly a large corps, and should be effective in doing great good to the souls and bodies of the people.

"The population of Syria and Palestine is far from two millions six hundred thousand. This gives, on an average, one foreign laborer to every ten thousand of the people. But it should be borne in mind that a large part of these laborers are engaged in educational work, having under instruction not far from nineteen thousand children and youths. For this reason certain centres, like Beirut, Damascus, and Jerusalem, have more than their share of foreign laborers, while some of the outlying districts have none.

"Beirut has fifty-two foreign laborers, with a population of one hundred thousand. Of these, twenty-two are in the Syrian Protestant College, and almost all of the rest are in the various institutions, American, English, Scotch, and German. Jerusalem, with a population not half that of Beirut, has twenty-eight laborers, who have charge of schools, hospitals, and general evangelistic work. Probably few, if any, of the missionaries in Syria and Palestine would ask for any increase in the number of foreign laborers, unless the restrictions of the Turkish Government were removed, and the two prohibited districts of Hauran, south of Damascus, and the Nusairiyeh mountains, north of Tripoli and south-east of Antioch were thrown once more to missionary effort.

"The question naturally arises: What is being done by this large body of missionaries in promoting the principle of self-support among the Syrian people? Is this large body of laborers to continue indefinitely? Can any of these numerous educational and benevolent institutions be handed over to the Syrian people to be supported by themselves? Is there a Protestant constituency growing up in the land that will soon build their own churches, and support their own pastors and teachers? There are not a few who are laboring sincerely and faithfully to win men and women to Christ who seem to have no definite plan or policy for the future. The large institutions like the Syrian Protestant College, the Prussian Orphanage, and the British Syrian Training Institution for Educating Teachers, the American Female Seminary, and the Hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut, with the boarding-schools, orphanages, and hospitals in Damascus, Brummana, Nazareth, Jaffa, Bethlehem, Tiberias and Jerusalem, will no doubt remain for many years to come in foreign hands, and be maintained by foreign funds. It will be a long time before the men or the means can be found in this land to conduct such institutions.

"All in the evangelistic work, the founding of churches and communities, the objection to self-support are very great. The people seem to be growing poorer instead of richer. In Asia Minor, the flourishing self-supporting churches in Aintab, Marash and Harpoot have been well-nigh blotted out by the recent massacres. In Syria and Palestine tens of thousands of the active and enterprising young men have emigrated to North and South America, and Australia, depleting and almost destroying entire little country churches. Whatever may be said by defenders of the Government it is not denied that it is the fixed policy to obstruct the building of churches and the opening of schools by Christians, everywhere and always.

"On the other hand, the Eastern and Western Churches, the Russian and the Roman, are now engaged in a desperate struggle for the preponderance of political and ecclesiastical influence in this historic land. Russian and French gold are pouring into the country. Priests, monks, fathers, brothers, sisters, clerical and lay, swarm in all the historic and non-historic sites. Rival buildings, churches, schools, and hospitals spring up in Galilee, Samaria, and Judea, and all through the mountains and sea-coast cities of Syria. They fight one another, and only unite, in opposition to Protestant missions. The Russians now have thirty-four schools in Palestine and Syria. With the Jesuits on the one side, and the Russians on the other, bidding for pupils, you can hardly expect the principle of self-support to gain ground in the little Protestant communities.

"And yet, solid progress has been made. The natives of Syria have contributed during the past year for the education of their children in Protestant schools and for church expenses, the sum of $19,000. The native churches are gradually working toward self-help by their regular contributions. No Arabic Scriptures are now given away, unless in special cases of great poverty. The thousands of Arabic Bibles sent to various parts of Asia and Africa are all sold.

"The Bible Lands will always attract visitors; and independent laborers, responsible to no board or society and holding all shades of religous opinions, will swarm more and more to this centre of attraction. With no fixed policy, no plan of purpose to encourage the people to help themselves, each new scheme and enterprise, by giving employment and wages to additional numbers of the people, thrusts the day of self-support farther into the future."

To Help the Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$525.85
——, Catawba	1 00
Clara Higbee	1 00
Wm Woodside	2 00
L E Spencer	50
John McNab	1 00
W W Atterbury	5 00
C D Smith	26
Miss M B Mitchell	3 50
Total	$540.11

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

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Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD who are sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Time is Coming, a story of the second coming of the Prophet Elijah, by W. B. Bolmer. Pp. 282, cloth binding, price $1. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, publishers.

A Vanished Hand, a new story of remarkable interest and with a strong moral, by Sarah Doudney. Pp. 193, cloth covers, price $1. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

How to Speak Latin: A Series of Latin Dialogues with English Translation; by Stephen W. Willby. Pp. 264, cloth covers. John Murphy & Co., New York, publishers.

Married in the Making. An interesting story of spiritual struggle in every day life, by H.W. Shrewsbury. Pp. 253, illustrated, cloth binding, price $1. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Some Eastern Mysteries and Occultisms: A consideration of the claims of Hindooism, Christian Science, Spiritualism, and Socialism, &c., by Rev. George W. Shinn. Pp. 87, cloth binding, price 50c. Thos. Whittaker, New York, publisher.

The Washington Sketch Book: A Social Souvenir by Ida Hinman. Containing over 100 portraits of prominent people at the Nation's Capital, and 50 views of public buildings and statues. Artistic vellum building. Hartman & Cadick, Washington, D. C., publishers.

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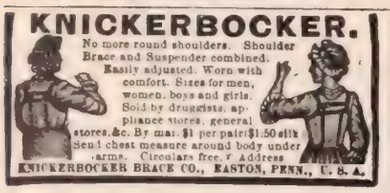

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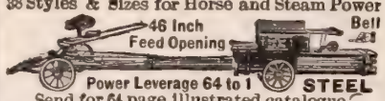

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 41.

R. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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THE COOKING CLASS AT THE BETHESDA MISSION, BROOKLYN, N. Y. (See page 730.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Divine Chirography.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Luke 10:20. . . . . *"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."*

CHIROGRAPHY, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be exactly alike, and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad." In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides his egotism or modesty, and the way one writes the letter "O" decides the height and depth of his emotions. It is declared a cramped hand means a cramped nature, and an easy, flowing hand a facile and liberal spirit; but if there be anything in this science, there must be some rules not yet announced, for some of the boldest and most aggressive men have a delicate and small penmanship, while some of the most timid sign their names with the height and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immortal document. Some of the cleanest in person and thought present their blotted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy-plate set before us in our schoolboy day, decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a fashion in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated, and in the next minified: now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autograph album is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the seventy disciples standing before him, he said: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Of course the Bible, for the most part, when speaking of the heavenly world, speaks figuratively while talking about book and about trumpets and about wings and about gates and about golden pavements and about orchards with twelve crops of fruit—one crop each month—and about the white horses of heaven's cavalry; but we do well to follow out these inspired metaphors and reap from them courage and sublime expectation, and consolation and victory. We are told that in the heavenly library there is a Book of Life. Perhaps there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all written by the author on that subject. I cannot tell how large those heavenly volumes are, nor the splendor of their binding, nor the number of their pages, nor whether they are pictorialized with some exciting scenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by type, but written out by some hand, [illegible] disciples to whom the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their eternal salvation, surely have their names written in heaven. It may not be the same name that we carried on earth. We may, through the inconsiderateness of parents, have a name that is uncouth, or that was afterward dishonored by one after whom we were called. I do not know that the seventy entrances of the names of the seventy disciples correspond with the record in the genealogical table. It may not be the name by which we were called on earth, but it will be the name by which heaven will know us, and we will have it announced to us as we pass in, and we will know it so certainly that we will not have to be called twice by it, as in the Bible times the Lord called some people twice by name, "Saul! Saul!" "Samuel! Samuel!" "Martha! Martha!"

When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is Christ's, and that the letters were written with a trembling hand. Not trembling with old age, for he had only passed three decades when he expired. It was soon after the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday. Look over all the business accounts you kept or the letters you wrote at thirty years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well, then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more troubles than ever smote anyone else, and all of them troubles assumed for others. Christ was prematurely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Palestine. He had slept out of doors, now in the night dew and now in the tempest. He had been soaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pillows for others, but he had not where to lay his head. Hungry, he could not even get a fig on which to breakfast; or have you missed the pathos of that verse, "In the morning, as he returned unto the city, he hungered, and when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it and found nothing thereon." Oh, he was a hungry Christ, and nothing makes the hand tremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon the nerves, and the agitated nerves make the hand quake. On the top of all this exasperation came abuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunkard? but Christ was called one. What respecter of the Lord's Day wants to be called a Sabbath-breaker? but he was called one. What man, careful of the company he keeps, wants to be called the associate of profligates? but he was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? but he was charged with it. What man of devout speech wants to be called a blasphemer? but he was so termed. What man of self-respect wants to be struck in the mouth? but that is where they struck him. Or to be the victim of vilest expectoration? but under that he stooped. Oh, he was a worn-out Christ. That is the reason he died so soon upon the cross. Many victims of crucifixion lived day after day upon the cross; but Christ was in the court-room at 12 o'clock of noon and he had expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 3 o'clock the time taken to travel from the court-room to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, there could not have been much more than two hours left. Why did Christ live only two hours upon the cross, when others had lived forty-eight hours? Ah! he was worn out before he got there, and you wonder, oh, child of God, that, looking into the volumes of heaven for your name, you find it was written with a trembling penmanship,—trembling with every letter of your name, if it be your earthly name, or trembling with every letter of your heavenly name, if that be different and more euphonious. That will not be the first time you saw the mark of a quivering pen, for did you not, oh, man, years ago see your name so written on the back of a letter, and you opened it, saying, "Why, here is a letter from mother," or "Here is a letter from father," and after you opened it you found all the words because of old age were traced irregularly and uncertain, so that you could hardly read it at all. But after much study you made it out,—a letter from home, telling you how much they missed you, and how much they prayed for you, and how much they wanted to see you, and if it might not be on earth that so it might be in the world where there are no partings. Yes, your name is written in heaven, if written at all, with trembling chirography.

Again, in examination of your name in the heavenly archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written with a bold hand. You have seen many a signature that because of sickness or old age had a tremor in it, yet it was as bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannonade, has had evidence of excitement in every word and every letter and in the speed with which it was folded and handed to the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups, and yet that commander, notwithstanding his trembling hand, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. It was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll of Carrollton signed his name to the Declaration of American Independence, but no signer had more courage and when someone said, "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is," he resumed the pen and wrote Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Trembling hand no sign of timidity. The daring and defiance seen in the way your name is written in heaven is a challenge to all earth and hell to come on if they can to defeat your ransomed soul. The way your name is written there is as much as to say, "I have redeemed him; I died for him; I am going to crown and enthrone him. Nothing shall ever happen, down in that world where he now lives, to defeat my determination to keep him, to shelter him, to save him. By my Almighty grace I am going to fetch him here. He may slip and slide, but he has got to come here. By my omnipotent sword, by the combined strength of all heaven's principalities and powers and dominions, by the twenty thousand chariots of the Lord Almighty, I am going to see him through." Bold handwriting! It is the boldest thing ever written to write my name there and your name there. He knows our weaknesses and bad propensities better than we know them ourselves. He knows all the apollyonic hosts that are sworn to down us if they can. He knows all the temptations that will assail us between now and the moment of our last pulsation of the heart, and yet he dares to write our name there. Boldness! Nothing at Saragossa, or Chalons, or Marathon, or Thermopylae to equal it! Nothing in the sack of gun-powder which one English soldier carried under the blazing artillery of the Mohammedans and blew up the gate of Delhi! Can you not see the boldness in the penmanship that has already written our names there? Apostle Peter, what do you think of it? And he answers, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Oh, blessed Christ, what dost thou mean by it? And he answers, "I [illegible] shall never perish, neither shall any [illegible] pluck them out of my hand." "Y[illegible] names are written in heaven."

Again, if according to the promise of [illegible] text you are permitted to look into [illegible] volumes of eternity and shall see [illegible] name there, you will find it written [illegible] lines, in words, in letters unmistaka[illegible]. Some people have come to consider i[illegible] tinct and almost unreadable penmansl[illegible] mark of genius, and so they affect it. [illegible]cause every paragraph that Thomas C[illegible] mers, and Dean Stanley, and Lord By[illegible] and Rufus Choate, and other potent [illegible] wrote was a puzzle, imitators make t[illegible] penmanship a puzzle. Alexander Du[illegible] says that plain penmanship is the br[illegible] of incapacity. Then there are some v[illegible] through too much demand upon t[illegible] energies and through lack of time, lose[illegible] capacity of making the pen intellig[illegible] and much of the writing of this wor[illegible] indecipherable. We have seen piles o[illegible] explicable chirography, and we ourse[illegible] have helped augment the magnitude. [illegible] have not been sure of the name signe[illegible] the sentiment expressed, or whether [illegible] reply was affirmative or negative. Thr[illegible] indistinct penmanship last wills and t[illegible] ments have been defeated, widows [illegible] orphans robbed of their inheritance, [illegible] road trains brought into collision thr[illegible] the dim words of a telegram put into [illegible] hand of a conductor, and regiments, in [illegible] wise, mistaking their instructions, l[illegible] been sacrificed in battle. I asked Bi[illegible] Cowie, in Auckland, New Zealand, [illegible] Bishop having been in many of the w[illegible], what Tennyson, in his immortal po[illegible] "The Charge of the Light Briga[illegible]" meant by the words, "Some one had b[illegible] dered," and the Bishop said that the [illegible] ful carnage at Balaklava was the resu[illegible] an indistinctly-written and wrongly-[illegible] military order. "Some one had blu[illegible] ed." But your name, once written i[illegible] Lamb's Book of Life, will be so unmis[illegible] able that all heaven can read it at the [illegible] glance. It will not be taken for the n[illegible] of some other, so that in regard to it t[illegible] shall come to be disputation. Not o[illegible] the millions and billions and quadrill[illegible] of the finally saved, will doubt tha[illegible] means you and only you. Oh, the [illegible] ious, the rapturous certitude of that [illegible] trance on the heavenly roll. Not save[illegible] a promiscuous way. Not put into a [illegible] ified mob. No, no! Though you c[illegible] up, the worst sinner that was ever sa[illegible], and somebody, who knew you in [illegible] world at one time as absolutely abande[illegible] and dissolute, should say, "I never h[illegible] of your conversion and I do not believe u[illegible] have a right to be here," you could [illegible] laugh a laugh of triumph, and tur[illegible] over the leaves containing the name [illegible] the redeemed, say, "Read it for your[illegible] That is my name, written out in full, [illegible] do you not recognize the handwriting? [illegible] young scribe of heaven entered that. [illegible] anonymous writer put it there. Do [illegible] not see the tremor in the lines? Do [illegible] not also see the boldness of the lett[illegible]? Is it not as plain as yonder throne [illegible] plain as yonder gate? Is not the n[illegible] unmistakable and the handwriting [illegible] mistakable? The crucified Lord wrot[illegible] there the day I repented and turned. H[illegible] it! Hear it! My name is written th[illegible] There!"

I have sometimes been tempted to th[illegible] that there will be so many of us in he[illegible]en that we will be lost in the crowd. [illegible] Each one of us will be as distinctly pic[illegible] out and recognized as was Abel when [illegible] entered from earth, the very first sin[illegible] saved, and at the head of that long [illegible] cession of sinners saved in all the [illegible] turies. My dear hearers, if we once [illegible] there, I do not want it left uncertain a[illegible] whether we are to stay there. After [illegible] and I get fairly settled there, in our h[illegible] enly home, we do not want our title p[illegible] ed defective. We do not want to be e[illegible] ed from the heavenly premises. W[illegible] not want some one to say, "This is [illegible] your room in the house of many mansio[illegible]

you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you had more carefully examined the writing in the register at the gate, you would have found that the name was not yours at all, but mine. Now move out, while I move in." Oh, what wickedness, after once worshipping in heavenly temples, to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after having joined the society of the blessed, to be fed to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long-lost kindred in heavenly embrace, to have another separation! What an agony would there be in such a good-by to heaven! Glory be to God on high that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that neither Christ, nor cherub, nor seraph, nor archangel shall doubt it for one moment, for five hundred eternities, if there were room for so many. The oldest inhabitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaven can read it. You will not just look at your name and close the book, but you will stand, and soliloquize, and say, "Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there? Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and daughters of martyrdom and with the choice spirits of all time! But there it is, and so plain the world and so plain all the letters!" And you will turn forward and backward the leaves and can see other names there, perhaps your father's name, and your mother's name, and your brother's name, and your sister's name, and your wife's name, and apostolic names, and say, "I am not surprised that these names are here recorded. They were better than I ever was. But astonishment overwhelming, that my name is in this book!" And turning back to the page on which is inscribed your name, you will stand and look at it, until seeing that others are waiting to examine the records with reference to their own names, you step back into the ranks of the redeemed, with them to talk over the wonderment.

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the State Department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper, yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name, and perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations; but he carries also chemicals with which he can eat out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about indelible ink, but there is no such thing as indelible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete obliteration of all earthly signatures and engrossments. But your name, put in the heavenly record, all the millenniums of heaven cannot dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner. There will be new generations coming into heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many-mansioned residence, and though your name were once plainly on the books, suppose it should fade out. How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incurable of being cancelled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a reinforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in heaven may give out, and will give out. There are records there in which the Recording Angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writing there cannot be read or even guessed at. The Recording Angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots; for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if some one in heaven should remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about them, the Lord would say, "Oh, I forgot them. I completely forgot those sins, for I promised, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all the title deeds, and all the halls of record, and all the libraries will disappear, worse that when the 200,000 volumes and the 700,000 manuscripts of the Alexandrian Library went down under the torch of Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose inhabitants will exclaim, "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be only one conflagration in heaven, and that will not destroy but irradiate! I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubied and diamonded walls in the light of the sun that never sets. Indelible!

There is not on earth an autograph letter or signature of Christ. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he knew so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it soon shuffled out by human foot, the time that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But when he writes your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from cycle to cycle, from æon to æon. And so for all you Christian people I do what John G. Whittier, the dying poet, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a hay mow a whole summer afternoon, and heard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window-curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last, in the morning hour, in his home in the Massachusetts village, the nurse thought that the light of the rising sun was too strong for him, and so pulled the window-curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full gush of the morning. And I thought it might be helpful and inspiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, and so I pull up the curtain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your doxologies! Wave your palms! Shout your victories! Pull up all the curtains of bright expectations! Yea! hoist the window itself, and let the perfume of the "morning glories" of the King's garden come in, and the music of harps all a-tremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the throne of God and the Lamb.

But there is only one word on all this subject of Divine chirography in heaven that confuses me, and that is the small adverb which St. John adds when he quotes the text in Revelation and speaks of some "whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain." Oh, that awful adverb "not!" By full submission to Christ the Lord, have the way all cleared between you and the sublime registration of your name this moment. Why not look up and see that they are all ready to put your name among the blissful immortals? There is the mighty volume: it is wide open. There is the pen: it is from the wing of the "Angel of the New Covenant." There is the ink: it is red ink from Calvarean sacrifice. And there is the Divine Scribe: the glorious Lord who wrote your father's name there, and your mother's name there, and your child's name there, and who is ready to write your name there. Will you consent that he do it? Before I say "Amen" to this service, ask him to do it. I wait a moment for the tremendous action of your will, for it is only an action of your will. Here someone says, "Lord Jesus, with pen plucked from angelic wing, and dipped in the red ink of Golgotha, write there either that which is now my earthly name or that which shall be my heavenly name." I pause a second longer, that all may consent. The pen of the Divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and it touches the shining page, and the word is traced, in trembling and bold and unmistakable letters. He has put it down in the right place.

'Tis done! The great transaction's done.
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.

And if there be in all this assembly a hopeless case, so-called hopeless by yourself and others, I take the responsibility of saying that there is a place in that Book where your name would exactly fit in, and look beautiful, and you can, quicker than I can clap my hands together, have it there. A religious meeting was thrown open, and all those who could testify of the converting grace of God were asked to speak. Silence reigned a moment, and then a man covered with the marks of dissipation arose and said, "You can see from my looks what I have been, but I am now a saved man. When I left home a thousand miles from here I had so disgraced my father's name that he said, 'As you are going away I have only two things to ask of you, first that you will never come home again, and next you will change your name.' I promised. I have not heard my real name for years. I went the whole round of sin, until there was no lower depth to fathom. But I am by the grace of God a changed man. I wrote home asking forgiveness for my waywardness, and here are two letters, one from father and another from my sister. My mother died of a broken-heart. But these two letters ask me to come home, and boys I start to-morrow morning." The fact was that his name was written in heaven, where I pray God all of our names may be written though so unworthy are the best of us, and all of us. If you have ever been in the thick woods and heard the sound of village bells you know the sound is hindered and muffled by the foliage, though somewhat sweet, but as you come to the edge of the woods, the sounds become clearer, and more charming, and when you step out from the deep shadows into the sunlight you hear the full, round, mellifluous ringing of the bells. Oh! ye, down in the thick shadows of unbelief and who hear only the faint notes of this Gospel bell, come out into the clear sunlight of pardon and peace, and hear the full chime of eternal harmonies from all the towers of heaven. Oh! Come out of the woods!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A Columbus Relic.

ONE of the sights pointed out to visitors in Funchal, Madeira, is an old and extremely dilapidated building, which is said to have been at one time honored by the occupancy of Christopher Columbus. A writer in *Black and White*, says:

Perestrello was Governor of Porto Santo, and Columbus married his daughter. He lived for some time at Madeira, and on his third voyage of discovery, in 1498, touched at both Porto Santo and Madeira. Funchal is the capital of the Madeira group of islands, in the North Atlantic. It is believed that the islands were first discovered by Phœnicians at a very early period. The inhabitants are of Portuguese descent, with a mixture of negro and Moorish blood among the lower classes. Funchal is one of the hottest localities in the tropics, has a beautiful site, picturesque with foliage and rich in color, and with a variety of tropical fruits and flowers in the greatest profusion. Apart from the beautiful scenery and the climate, however (which is especially beneficial to certain classes of invalids), there is little to tempt strangers to linger in those lonely Atlantic islands. The people are ignorant and bigoted, and Christian work encounters difficulty and opposition. The war vessels of the United States and Great Britain, as well as merchantmen of several European nations call at Funchal. Missionaries have opportunities to do good among their crews. There are Sailors' Homes and Rests there, where seamen find comfort and protection from vice and the contamination of bad companions.

THE "COLUMBUS HOUSE," AT FUNCHAL.

"The Sorrowing Tree."

In a recent writing, Dr. Talmage incidentally referred to a rather remarkable tree in India, which he called "the sorrowing tree." In the *Indian Witness* of Calcutta, of a recent date we find the following comprehensive description of this strange tree:

"Rev. A Campbell of Pokurea, confirms a previous correspondent's identification of Dr. Talmage's 'sorrowing tree' with the botanical Nycthanthes Arbortristes, and adds: 'The flowers are much used in Hindu worship, and as native offerings. The plant is supposed to have been brought from heaven by the god Krishna for his wife Satyabhama. A tale given in the Vishnu Purana explains the origin of the name Parijataka. This shrub was a king's daughter, named Parijataka. She fell in love with the sun, who soon deserted her, on which she killed herself and was burnt. This shrub rose from her ashes. Hence it casts its flowers in the morning, as it cannot bear the sight of the sun."

A Blind Girl's Love for Jesus.

"One of the happiest girls I ever saw," writes Rev. J. C. Ryle, "was a little girl whom I once met in a railroad carriage. She was eight years old and quite blind; but she was quite happy and contented. She said, when she got into the carriage, 'Tell me how many people there are in the carriage, for I am quite blind, and can see nothing.' A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. 'No,' she said, 'I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me.' But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy. She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her; for already she had sought and found Him."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Solomon's Wealth and Wisdom

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 18. I. Kings 4: 25-34. Golden Text, I. Samuel 2: 30.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"THEM that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed" (I. Sam. 2: 30). We have seen how, in the beginning of his reign, the youthful Solomon honored his God. And God, according to his promise, honored him by giving him the riches and honor which he forbore to ask of him. His kingdom was larger than it had ever been, extending from the river (Euphrates) unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt; they (i. e., the subdued and conquered inhabitants) brought presents, and served Solomon all the days of his life. The provision for his court in one day was enormous. "For he had dominion over all the region on this side the river, from Tiphsah (quite in the northeast) to Azzah (or Gaza in the southwest), over all the kings on this side the river, and he had peace on all sides round about him" (I. Kings 4: 24). Solomon was to be

"A Man of Rest,"

the subdued provinces, as well as the land conquered by Joshua, must have prospered under his rule, which was a rehearsal of the reign of Christ upon earth when he shall reign in righteousness. Ps. 72 is in a measure descriptive of the reign of Solomon, but still more prophetical of the reign of Christ. In Solomon's time the righteous did flourish and abundance of peace, but not "so long as the moon endureth." "They that dwell in the wilderness" did bow before Solomon, the kings of Tarshish and of the isles did bring presents, and the kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts, but "all kings" did not "fall down before him;" all nations "did not serve him" (Ps. 72: 7-11). But these works shall be literally fulfilled in the future reign of Christ. It was, however, indeed a time of blessedness when Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even unto Beersheba, all the days of Solomon. He was like his forefather, Abraham, blest and made a blessing.

"And God gave Solomon wisdom as he promised him." (I. Kings 4: 29.) The terms of his promise were, "a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee," (I. Kings 3: 12), and the terms of the fulfilment, "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the seashore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country and all the wisdom of Egypt, for he was wiser than all men," surprising [illegible] was in all nations round about."

Have we not something to learn here? In this day of pressure in the schools, of [illegible] and students, of mental powers in numerous cases ruined for life in the attempt to [illegible] "Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding"? (Prov. 8: 14.) O if the ambitious greed for honor could give way to a calm

Reliance Upon God

[illegible] real, lasting, and fruitful knowledge would be obtained and retained, and study, far from being the feverish thing it often is, [illegible] outcome of communion with him? Then the successful young student, instead of being inflated with pride, would acknowledge his dependence upon him who had answered his prayer and given him understanding. This was so at first with Solomon, he could attribute to his own unaided researches the masterly acquaintance which he had of all kinds of knowledge. Many a diligent student is proud to have mastered one branch of learning: but Solomon, divinely instructed by his God, when he was author of three thousand proverbs, and so excelled in moral philosophy, was also a poet, and wrote "a thousand and five songs;" but none the less was he a naturalizer and a botanist. No man living ever had so varied and extensive a style of knowledge as this man who possessed a hearing heart. And yet the same Word of God which tells us of his disinterestedness in the choice he made of the blessings which God had offered him, tells of how, not content with the riches which came from God, he multiplied them in the very things forbidden him in the Word of God.

The king whom the children of Israel would set over them was not to "multiply horses to himself," nor cause the people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses. He was not to "multiply wives to himself that his heart turn not away," he was not greatly to "multiply to himself silver and gold" (Deut. 17: 17). Yet all these things Solomon did. Not content with the glory which God gave him, he sought to increase it, and so failed to take the warning which God attached to this prohibition to the kings of Israel.

God had his special purposes in three distinct things which he had prohibited to the reigning sovereigns of Israel. Solomon in multiplying horses in having "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen, was gathering around him an outward strength [illegible] dependence and the dependence of his people from his God. God would always have his children expect from him alone.

There was also a special reason stated why a king of God's people should not like the heathen kings around him multiply wives unto himself. Not only was it God's order from the beginning that a man should have one wife but also in connection with the special prohibition God says "that his heart turn not away," and it is sadly stated of Solomon that "his wives—seven hundred in number,—turned away his heart."

And he was not greatly to multiply to himself gold and silver. "To himself," spoken three times. This is the keynote of the whole prohibition. God must be supreme in all, then a life, whether of small or of great gifts, is a life full of the savor of Christ and a blessing to all around.

SOLOMON'S GARDENS AT WADY URTAS, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

SOLOMON is presented to us in the lesson in the threefold character of a king, a merchant and a philosopher. As a king, he introduced Israel to the first spectacle it had yet had of the magnificence and state and pomp of an Oriental court. In his later years David had surrounded himself with luxury and grandeur, but his court was simple and plain compared with that of his son. The narrative mentions various officers, such as the Chamberlain, the Remembrancer and the officer "over the tribute," which indicates a court organized on the pattern of other Oriental monarchs. His retinue must have been enormous. The list is given of the provisions which were consumed daily in the palace and they are sufficient to feed from ten to twelve thousand persons. The cost of the household was stupendous. The king's annual income is given (I. Kings 10: 14), as six hundred and sixty-six talents of gold. Scholars differ as to the amount this represents in our money, but Dean Farrar thinks it must have been over twenty million dollars. When we consider that the size of the kingdom was only half the size of the State of New York we can understand how heavily the people must have been taxed, even after allowing liberally for the tribute of subject kings and the presents of visitors. It is easy to see from the petition of the people to his son and successor (I. Kings 12: 4.), that the burden must have been very heavy.

[illegible] was an enormous development of commerce during Solomon's reign. Not only in spices from Arabia and horses from Egypt, but in the more venturesome expeditions by sea, was there extensive tr[illegible]. From Tarshish, which is believed to [illegible] been in Spain, and from Ophir, whic[illegible] thought to have been the Hebrew nam[illegible] India, Solomon's ships manned by Hir[illegible]'s sailors brought costly products to ad[illegible] the splendors of the capital. There [illegible] pears to have been general prosperity [illegible] a time, but it must have been shortli[illegible]. That the king's personal treasury was [illegible] nigh exhausted seems probable, other[illegible] he would not have been willing to [illegible] twenty cities of Galilee to Hiram, in [illegible] tlement of that monarch's claim upon [illegible]. It was a direct contravention of G[illegible]'s covenant with his people when he [illegible] them the land. But Solomon is not [illegible] in having brought himself by extr[illegible] gance into a situation in which sin ag[illegible] God has seemed the only way of ge[illegible] out of a difficulty.

During the early years of the reign [illegible] people appear to have taken pride in [illegible] king, and especially in the astuteness [illegible] penetration he displayed. Many tradi[illegible] are still preserved in the Talmud o[illegible] wonderful wisdom. Doubtless ma[illegible] the Proverbs in our Bibles are his, b[illegible] the thousand and five songs with w[illegible] he is credited, not one remains whic[illegible] can be sure he wrote, unless it is the [illegible] that bears his name, of which the [illegible] some doubt. Neither in the Proverb[illegible] in the Song do we find the deep [illegible] which, with all his faults, characte[illegible] David. Nor could his influence have [illegible] so beneficial to the nation as that o[illegible] father, though David was far inferi[illegible] him in culture and learning. His rei[illegible] reckoned as the period when Israel re[illegible] the zenith of her national greatness [illegible] it was not the period of her most em[illegible] service. Israel's mission was that o[illegible] religious teacher of the nations, and [illegible] function is not developed by wealth [illegible] luxury. The world's debt to Israel [illegible] that incurred when she was in sorrow [illegible] suffering, when David wrote his P[illegible] and Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and M[illegible] wrote their immortal works. Neithe[illegible] nation, nor an individual, are wealth [illegible] wisdom sufficient of themselves to s[illegible] goodness, which is a higher if less [illegible] liant characteristic.

Wiser than all men. The Rabb[illegible] books contain many stories of Solo[illegible] wisdom which was most esteemed in [illegible] days, the detection of an imposition, [illegible] the case of the two women who cl[illegible] the child (I. Kings 3: 16-28), and the [illegible] tion of enigmas and dark sayings. [illegible] of the instances cited is that the Q[illegible] of Sheba brought into Solomon's pre[illegible] a number of boys and girls, and bad [illegible] king tell the boys from the girls. H[illegible] dered basins of water brought, say[illegible] legend, and told them to wash their h[illegible]. The boys, from habit, at once put [illegible] hands in the water, the girls stopp[illegible] turn back their sleeves. Another te[illegible] Queen applied was to hold in her l[illegible] two bouquets, one of real flowers an[illegible] other of exquisitely made artificial flo[illegible] and asked Solomon without moving [illegible] his throne to distinguish between t[illegible]. He ordered the lattice to be opened [illegible] bees came in and settled on the real [illegible] ers. Another legend is of a judgmen[illegible] man bought a house, and digging i[illegible] cellar, found a treasure. The king [illegible] required to decide whether the tre[illegible] belonged to the purchaser who found [illegible] to the vendor to whom the house h[illegible] longed. Solomon suggested that [illegible] vendor's son should marry the purcha[illegible]'s daughter, and should have the trea[illegible], which was done, and all were content[illegible]

They lacked nothing. Solomon's w[illegible] provided so fully for all his retainers [illegible] they lacked nothing. But the phrase [illegible] only to physical needs. Not even [illegible] wealth of Solomon could purchase fo[illegible] one all that he needed. The menta[illegible] spiritual qualities necessary to happ[illegible] cannot be acquired by riches, and [illegible] have been occasions when they could [illegible] supply physical needs. Peloubet tell[illegible] story of a Russian who was in a d[illegible] mine, and filled his pockets with the [illegible] est and purest of the stones. He was [illegible] beyond the dreams of avarice. But he [illegible] his way in the mine and was unable t[illegible] out for several days. He grew fear[illegible] hungry and thirsty. It seemed as [illegible] would surely die. All the strains o[illegible] being concentrated on his cry for w[illegible]. He would have given the largest [illegible] diamonds, or indeed all the diamonds [illegible] one glass of water. He was dyi[illegible] thirst, and the jewels were useless.

A WAR WAGED FOR A BRIDE.

v. Wm. E. Geil's Adventures among the Druses — How a Moslem Pasha was Thwarted—Gallant Mountaineers.

TURKISH MOUNTED ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

FOR the last six months, Rev. Wm. E. Geil of Doylestown, Pa., has been sojourning in the East. In the letter ...ed below, written specially for this ...al, he relates his experiences among ...ruses of the Hauran:

...e Druse nation is divided into three ... There are the Lebanon Druses, ...number about 200,000, and who live ...e the great cedars are, coming under ...nternational instrument called *Regle... du Liban*, which provides that they ... be free from conscription, ruled by a ...stian governor, and have the protec... of the treaty powers. They may, ...ever, be called on to do militia service. ...ough this region Turkish soldiers go ... few days, visiting the homes of the ...e to discover whether any of the ...folk have gone to the Hauran to fight ...st the star and crescent of the Sul... and the green flag of the Prophet.

...northern Palestine may be found ... twenty-five villages of Druses who ...rse off than their kin elsewhere, ...ey receive no protection, nor are they ... to protect themselves. They ...ubject to conscription, and 'tis ... and truthfully, I think, that ...ut of every ten Druse recruits ... from the Turkish Army in a ... time. This is not due to the ...es being cowards, for they are ...ious for their bravery; but ...not being Mohammedans, the ...ish officers claim that their ... (if they have any), are less ...ble than the Moslems'; hence ... put them in the front of the ..., where they are sure to be ..., and killed first. When they ... they flee to the Jebel Hauran, ... it is not possible for the Turk... authorities to capture them.

...e third division is in the Hau... The Sultan's firman, which ... issued while I was in that coun... was for the subduing or annihil... of this last and most warlike ...on of the Druses. Some ...ths previous to the issuing of ...irman a Turkish army was ... against the Druses in the north ...lestine, and at Mejel-est-shems ... a hundred men were murder... by the Sublime Porte's army. In this ... their coils were shuffled off: a soldier ... shoot a Druse in the leg, then place ... around his feet; the other end of ... rather novel foot-cuffs having been fas... to the saddle-girth, the soldier would ... down the rut, across the plain, drag...

DRUSE SHEIK.

ging the wounded man till his brains were emptied out of his skull upon the ground. This is what the Turk calls fun! Others of the troops compelled the women and children to flee to the snow-covered mountains, ...the two weeks afterward some sixteen ... found frozen to death. One woman ... a little boy clinging to her garments ... side of her and a little girl on the ..., were discovered stiff and quite dead. ...ter this the government (which over ... is another name for Satan), thinking ... the Druses were subdued, sent a pasha and troops to the Hauran to collect a heavy tax. In one village owning between six and seven hundred acres of cultivated land the tax was some £330 being probably $2.30 tax on an acre of land, the market value of which which was $4.00. These people refused to pay, but made no hostile demonstrations.

The new Pasha did not try to force the collection of the tax, but fell in love with a beautiful Druse lady; he paid his respects to her quite frequently and finally wanted to marry her, which simply meant he had in mind a new inmate for his harem; she knowing the uselessness of refusing, set the day as distant as possible and at once notified the Druse chiefs. The wedding-day arrived. The Pasha sent a guard of honor of twenty-five cavalry to bring her to the palace. She refused, they laid hands on her, when suddenly rifle shots were heard and the whole troop lay dead. When the General received the news, he was mighty wroth and swore by the Koran and the green flag of Islam that he would immediately punish the infidels and ordered a regiment of eight hundred men and two cannon to do the work. The Koran forbids the use of intoxicating drinks, except just previous to a battle. The soldiers were served with liquors, and started with high glee to punish the men with rifle balls and the women by slavery. Well, the Druses were ready. Four hundred men made as if to charge the Turkish regiment, then turned and ran. Orders were given to follow double-quick; the ambush was complete, the troops entered the trap. Quickly surrounded by the mountain-hunters, eight hundred men lay dead—all who came, save two and they were sent back to tell the Pasha that all who insult Druse women would share the same fate. This is the story given in confidence by a government official from the Hauran, and the account was heard by myself in Damascus.

I crossed the Plain of Esdraelon with four thousand men of the Turkish army going to exterminate the Druses. One Moslem said to me, "I'd like to go and kill a Druse." Why? I asked. He quickly gave reply: "To get his donkey." A human life for a donkey, "too cheap," I answered. He only smiled. The women and children of the soldiers were nearly wild with grief. They did not expect to ever see their men folks again. There are about sixty thousand Druses in the Hauran Mountains; fifteen thousand of them are said to be warriors, armed with the Martini rifle and capable of taking a bird on the wing with a musket ball. In Asia, I've heard it said, that a Turkish soldier shoots thirty times before he hits anything, but that a Druse never shoots unless he has a place to put the ball.

Hence the Sultan's recent order that twelve more battalions be sent against the Druses, may be understood that the thousands of armed men, many of whom I saw on the plains of Palestine and marching through the streets of Damascus, are by this time underground. The government called together all the chiefs of the Bedouins in that region, and after giving them beautiful and costly robes, asked them to form a cordon around the Legar, which is a volcanic plateau, whence the Druse have retired and not to allow any one to come in or go out, and the government would do the "finishing," and that all the cattle and goods should go to the Bedouins. The chiefs agreed, but I learned when on the slopes of Mt. Hermon that the Druses had sent their women and children far eastward to the tents of the desert Bedouin, and that the nearby tribes were proving friendly to the besieged.

WILLIAM E. GEIL.

MILITARY LEADERS OF THE DRUSES IN COUNCIL.

Training Syrian Girls.

From Mrs. Rebecca Jamal, of Jerusalem, who is conducting Training Classes among the poor, neglected Syrian girls of Jerusalem, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter, from which we make the following extracts: "Two of my class girls have been married last month, after being three full years in my class. One of the bride-grooms had received a good account of the character of the girl from her neighbors. He informed me on the day of the wedding, 'I am quite content, so far as she has been educated under your care.' What still more delighted me was, to see that all her clothes has been cut and sewed by herself; this also astonished her relations greatly.

"Thank God for the fruits we see from time to time! That is all owing to the kind contributors, who have really given a great help and uplift to these poor ignorant girls. I hope many hearts will sympathize with them, and help them and their reward will be in heaven.

REBECCA JAMAL."

WORKING IN THE VINEYARD.

IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning.
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly,
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.

A CITIZEN OF CANA.

CANA, the scene of Christ's first miracle, was a thriving village on the great highway through the hills west of the Sea of Galilee. From the main road a number of narrow, irregular streets wandered up and down along a low hillside, and were bordered by houses that were built mostly of stone. The inhabitants had need for thrift and industry, if it were only because of the tax-gatherers. There were no signs of actual poverty in the vicinity of the well, writes a traveler. It stood several paces in front of a dwelling two stories in height, which seemed somewhat better than its neighbors. The porch along its lower story was thickly clad with vines, and from under these a girl had come to bring her jar to the well. A Jewish maiden of nearly fifteen was accounted a full-grown woman. Ranged on either side of the well were six large, cumbrous-looking waterpots of stoneware, partly filled for the convenience of any person wishing to perform the hand or foot ablutions required by the exacting ceremonial law of the Jews.

A DRUSE GIRL.

The vine-clad porch was a pleasant place. It was provided with wooden benches, and on one of these sat a man who seemed to consider himself a person of importance. Every movement, and even his attitude when sitting still, might be said to accord with a conviction that he, Rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur, was the wisest and the most learned man in Cana. He was very tall, as well as broad and heavy, and his thick, gray beard came down to the voluminous sash which was folded around his waist. He was dressed as became a rabbi, or any other highly respectable Jew, in a long linen tunic with sleeves, which was belted by the sash. Over this he wore a long, loosely-flowing robe, called an "abba," also of linen. Around his shoulders, with the ends falling in front, was a broad, white woolen scarf, with narrow bars of red, purple, and blue, and with blue tassels at the corners of each of its two ends. This was the "tallith," and was worn as a reminder that the wearer must remember all the commandments of the law and faithfully perform them.

The World's Largest School.

The largest school in the world is one mainly supported by Lord Rothschild, in one of the worst slums of London. There are in it thirty-five hundred children, coming from the families of the poorest foreign Jews, and there are a hundred teachers. It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and were it not for his munificent support the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish Passover. An idea of the poverty of the children may be had from the fact that not more than two per cent. decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them. A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department, instituted by the president. In order to encourage habits of thrift, he allows an interest of ten per cent. per annum on all savings. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of this bank.

HELPED TO BETTER LIVES.

How a Band of Christian Ladies in Brooklyn are Laboring to Reclaim their Fallen Sisters and Restore them to Society through the Bethesda Home.

THE scene depicted in the picture on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week has a special interest for our readers. The Bethesda Home has, from the beginning, had the prayers, sympathy and the pecuniary support of Christian people who have read of its work in this journal. Their letters, accompanying their contributions, show that they esteem it a joy and a privilege to co-operate in this Christ-like effort to raise the fallen and rescue the perishing. The consecrated ladies who manage the Home have been greatly cheered by these kindly messages of sympathy and by the knowledge that all over the Union, prayers are going up to the throne of God for his blessing on their efforts. They have, also, felt deeply grateful for the contributions which have enabled them to pay the rent and the current expenses of the Home. They give their labor without recompense to the work and as they toil on amid discouragements and disappointments, they have felt the inspiration that comes from the sympathy of people of like faith with themselves. Our readers who have made the existence of this Home possible, by their generous gifts, will be glad to learn how God is blessing the effort put forth in his strength and how many and fervent are the expressions of gratitude that have come from the poor creatures who were ready to perish, but have through its instrumentality been lifted out of the mire and restored to society.

MISS HELEN H. MARSHALL

The cooking-school represented in the picture is a feature of the work suggested by experience in the difficult task of reclaiming the girls from their lives of sin. Many of those who have come to the Home could be restored to their families, when they become truly penitent, and it has been a delightful duty in those cases to carry to the home desolated by a calamity worse than death, the glad news that the lost has been found, and the daughter who was dead is alive again. Many a home of darkness and bitter sorrow has thus been made the scene of rejoicing through the work in the Bethesda Home, and fervent blessings from the lips of godly fathers and mothers have been poured on the heads of the workers there. But there were other girls who came to the Home, for whom there was no such welcome waiting. Parents dead, and all friends alienated, there was no one to rejoice over their rescue, no one to make provision for their necessities. In many instances such conditions had preceded their fall, and in some, had been the occasion of it. Hearts that craved love as a necessity of their existence were easily deceived by the lust, which is its hideous counterfeit, and were led to ruin through the impulses which, under happier circumstances, would have rendered them the joy and pride of some honest man's home. With a heartlessness and cruelty, which [illegible], the victim is cast off without compunction and left to go to ruin in her own way. No more terrible fate can be conceived than that of a girl thus flung on the streets to perish. Shut out by her fall from every decent home, every avenue of livelihood closed against her, there seems no future before her but to sink from one stage of infamy to another, until the cold river seems [illegible] the world. Ye delicate ladies who gather up your garments as you pass such a woman, lest you be contaminated by her very touch, might well spare her a thought of pity as you pass. "Ye know her sins; ye know not her sorrows," nor the hard fate which has made her so different from yourselves.

There is a significant pathos in the surprise such women often manifest when some lady, with the spirit of the master, greets them kindly. They are evidently so unused to it, so unprepared for it. In the letters that come to the Bethesda Home from girls who are living a new life through its efforts and in the testimony of those who lovingly visit it, as their spiritual birth-place, this surprise is again and again referred to. They confess that it was the kindness and sympathy that broke them down and overcame their hollow ribaldry or their sullen defiance. It is with them, as it was with her to whom the Master said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more;" they melt under the power of love, when they would have repaid scorn with scorn.

The practical question, however, must always arise, even after the girl's heart has been changed and she resolves to lead a new life in Christ's strength, which the managers of the Bethesda Home believe to be the only sure ground for hope in her permanent reclamation—the question how when she has no parents or relatives to care for her, she can earn an honest livelihood. Neither she, nor her new friends, wish her to be a permanent pensioner on the benefactions of the Christian public. Yet, in the majority of the cases that have come to the Bethesda Home, the girl has no knowledge of anything by which she can support herself. Many of them know absolutely nothing of domestic affairs and some of them do not even know how to sew. With the best wishes and the most intense desire to lead an honest life, they have no ability which can command compensation. Early in the history of the home this difficulty was anxiously pondered by the managers. Happily in Miss Kate Dolan, the matron of the Home, they had an officer who could instruct the girls in the rudiments of domestic service and in plain sewing. They were anxious to learn and their readiness to do work that they would formerly have considered menial, was recognized as an evidence of the sincerity of their desire to reform. There has never been any need of a servant in the Home. The inmates have vied with each other in their exertions to keep it immaculately neat and clean. At first their work might be clumsy and ill-done, but they soon became expert and many for whom places were secured have given thorough satisfaction in domestic service.

A LESSON IN SEWING AT THE BETHESDA HOME.

Something better than kitchen drudgery was needed, however, for many who had received a fair education and had been accustomed, while living lives of sin, to the luxuries and attentions that their ill-gotten gains could purchase. The Managers of the Home were reluctant to devote the funds, so urgently needed in the initial stages of their work, to the salaries of teachers, as they would have done if abundant means had been at their disposal. They were relieved of their difficulty by the kindly offers of two ladies connected with the Pratt Institute. Miss Helen H. Marshall volunteered to give a weekly lesson in cooking and Miss White undertook to teach the inmates the higher mysteries of needlework. [illegible] a beginning was made in the practical education of the girls. Each of the inmates constructed white half-sleeves, caps and aprons for herself, on the same pattern as her teacher's and thus arrayed, the weekly cooking-lesson has been a [illegible] every Thursday evening during the past season. Practical experiments have enlisted the general interest, and the intelligent questions put and cheerfully answered have made the evening one of the most delightful of the week. The sewing class has proved equally popular, and both classes have been as much a pleasure to the teachers as to the learners. The girls who have gone out from the Home during the past season have thus been much more valuable in the homes secured for them than if they had not received instruction.

The unalloyed success of the experiment encourages the managers to hope that during the coming season a further extension of the educational advantages of the Home may be made. There are some of the girls who have become at various times inmates of the Home who might have succeeded as milliners or dressmakers, if they had received competent instruction. Others again were better qualified to become clerks if they could have been taught shorthand and type-writing. Possibly during the coming season experts in these arts may be found with the desire to aid in the glorious rescue work, who will give their services as a contribution to the undertaking.

It has also been suggested that a laundry might be established, which would do something toward replenishing a treasury which is necessarily afflicted with chronic emptiness. Any enterprise that promises this result will be eagerly adopted, for there is no lesson more conspicuously obvious than the one that there are unlimited opportunities for usefulness, if there were means to take advantage of them.

At the present time every bed in the house is occupied every night, but there are empty rooms which might be filled if they had anything in them beside the bare boards. Nor is there any lack of candidates for admission. In New York alone there are said to be over twenty thousand women of the class the Home seeks to rescue, and there are over ten thousand in Brooklyn, and it is the testimony of the girls who have been received that large numbers would gladly quit their lives of sin if the way could be opened to them. It is sad to think that so small a sum as that which would fully furnish and equip such an institution as the Bethesda Home is all that stands in the way of the salvation of more of these lost souls. The Home has fully proved its efficiency, and God has given it a rich blessing, but the harvest of souls might be still greater than it has yet been, and the fields are white with it, if there were the means to gather it.

During the past season over sixty girls have been rescued by the instrumentality of the Home, and it is believed that a large proportion of them have become true and sincere Christians. A much larger number have been inmates of the Home for longer or shorter periods, who have relapsed into their former life through various causes, but in by far the greater number, through their love of intoxicating liquor. This propensity is one of the most potent of the many obstacles that the workers have to contend with. In many instances it has been pitiful to witness the struggle that the older women have [illegible]ged in trying to overcome it. Two [illegible] number were so moved by the appe[illegible] of the Managers of the Home and, a[illegible] same time so distrustful of thems[illegible]es, that they applied voluntarily to the [illegible]rts for commitment to a State instituti[illegible] in order that for a definite period they

MISS KATE DOLAN,
(Matron of the Bethesda Home.

be forcibly prevented from falling [illegible] into habits that at the Bethesda [illegible] they had learned to regard with loa[illegible] and horror.

Of the girls who have been reclaime[illegible] testimonies received of their conduct [illegible] been most encouraging. In all cases [illegible] employers were informed of their pa[illegible] that no dread of discovery might h[illegible] the girls in their future. The unifor[illegible] ply to all inquiries has been given b[illegible] employers, that they are honest, ind[illegible] ous and well-behaved. A correspon[illegible] is maintained with the girls thems[illegible] who were at a distance, by Miss [illegible] Eginton, the President of the Boa[illegible] Managers, or by some of the other [illegible] on the Board, and those who are i[illegible] city are visited and are encouraged t[illegible] the Home, when they can leave [illegible] duties. There is often in the Ho[illegible] gathering of former inmates that gla[illegible] the hearts of the managers, as they [illegible] forth their gratitude for the unspea[illegible] blessings that have transformed [illegible] lives.

"When I think of what I was [illegible] I entered the Home," says one [illegible] is now herself engaged in rescue [illegible] "and think of what it did for me [illegible] heart is so full of gratitude that I c[illegible] find words to express it." Another wr[illegible] "God bless the Bethesda. May it [illegible] continue to raise my poor, degraded s[illegible] as it has raised me." Miss Meury [illegible] well known Rescue Missionary, o[illegible] Women's Auxiliary City Mission, [illegible] probably sees more of the female depr[illegible] of the city than any one else, says "I am very much indebted to the Beth[illegible] Home for the great help it has been t[illegible] and still more to the poor friendless [illegible] who have found such love there and [illegible] been led to Christ. I have been bri[illegible] fallen girls to the Home for three [illegible] past and it has been wonderful to n[illegible] witness the results. My hearty symp[illegible] is with the Home and the Christian l[illegible] who manage it."

It is with cheerful hearts, and mor[illegible] tense consecration that the manager[illegible] entering on the work of this se[illegible] They earnestly hope that in the futur[illegible] in the past, they will have the pra[illegible] the sympathy and the practical aid of [illegible] readers of this journal.

The Berlin Exhibition.

During the late summer Berlin's [illegible] attraction has been the "Gewerbe-[illegible] stellung," or exhibition. It is worth [illegible] ing, chiefly because it is essentially [illegible] man. There is a colossal telescope [illegible] Exhibition, called the "Riesen Fernro[illegible] or "Giant Spy Glass." The telepho[illegible] the "Fernsprecher" or "distant tall [illegible] The Exhibition is not very extensive. [illegible] it is arranged in beautifully laid [illegible] grounds with lakes and a profusio[illegible] flowers. It seems to have attracted [illegible] foreigners, but has been quite a succes[illegible]

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Little Child's Leading.

THE great house stood at the end of a beautiful avenue, and fronted a lovely lawn where the turf was like the greenest velvet, and over which elms and maples and stately spreading ...cast their soft shadows. Birds had ...homes in these green boughs, flowers ...d the borders of the grass, and in the ... a fountain threw its silver spray in ...w drops all the day long, till the sun ...down. Inside, the home was filled ...are curios, brought from many lands ...e traveling sons and daughters of the ...; costly rugs lay on polished floors, ...s stood in niches and pictures adorn... walls. Everything which money ...ul do, and taste could do, had been ...n to make the superb home a fit shrine ... inmates.

...il a month ago, the home had been ...happy. Gay voices had resounded ...corridors, and merry feet had tripped ...gh the long suites of rooms, and songs ...ated down to the wide verandas ...the chambers above. Suddenly a ...fell on the music, and there came ...h appalled silence and then the low ...g of a broken-hearted mother, and ... instant moaning, "My daughter, my ...ter, my Marie, my child," over and ... and over, till Marie's father and ...rs, weary with vain efforts to com... the mourner, turned and left her in ... Even the man whom Marie had ...ed to wed was less grief-stricken ...er desolate mother, for whom heaven ...arth were alike hung with sack...

...ie had been in full health one day, ...d the next. A heart trouble, quite ...pected, had been stirred into action ...e fright she sustained when her ...l ran away, and almost before the ...es and lover and brothers were aware ...Marie Wainwright was no more.

"Mrs. Wainwright cannot be roused ...m his stupor of agony, she will be the ...t to go," said one friend to another. ...astor, her physician, her acquain... tried in vain to create a diversion ...feelings, but they simply could not ...ch. She was nothing the better for ...attempts, but rather grew worse. ...d no thought of the living Marie in ...Her Marie was dead, dead. Hers ...h experience akin to his whom our ...bet Whittier had in mind when he ...:

> ...for him who never sees
> ...stars shine through his cypress trees,

...ell, when his penning of "After the ..." brought tears to sympathetic eyes,

> In the darkling gulfs of sorrow,
> When the helpless feet strike out
> To find amid breakers to leeward,
> No footing so solid as doubt.

Doubt had laid its arrests on Mrs. Wain...'s faith, and she had for the moment ...r hold on Christ. There is no com... any soul in sorrow, unless that ...n cling to the ever-living, ever-lov... Saviour.

...n at the foot of the back garden, ...the stables, past the gooseberry bush... and the current bushes and the kennel ...the mastiff lived, and the hives ...the bees made honey, there was a ...ge of a house, in which the coachman ...ved. The coachman and his wife had no ...ildren, but every summer, little nieces ...d nephews from New York came to see ...and a good time they had with Aunt ...ny and Uncle Dick, just as good a time ...as if the whole fair domain had been their ...Uncle's property. And in a way it was as ...much his to enjoy, as if he had been its ...owner and had to pay its taxes; perhaps ...more so, for he had his share of the sky, ...and the river and the blue mountain range, ...free as old none can buy or sell.

...Little Edith McBarney heard her Uncle Dick ...and Aunt Fanny talking about the lady in the big house, and she felt very sorry for her. And when, one morning, Aunt Fanny was too busy with her green apples, the sauce, and dumplings and pies, that she was helping the cook to make, (who, poorthing, had burned her hand) to notice Edith who therefore rolled off on her own account.

The little girl in her sun-bonnet and blue checked gingham wandered along the winding paths and strolled through the gardens, never picking a flower, for she had been instructed not to touch any of the beautiful things which belonged to the people in the large house. But she looked at them and loved them as she looked, and presently she saw a door wide open, and a lady sitting in a low chair just beyond it. The lady's hands were crossed in her lap and her head was drooping. As the child came nearer she saw, wonderingly, that tears were falling on the lady's gown.

Edith walked up to her, the strange lady, and laid her little soft, chubby hand on her crossed ones.

"Yady!" she said solemnly, "Yady, stop crying! Crying is very naughty, yady!"

Mrs. Wainwright looked up, much astonished. There was reproof in the child's manner; reproof was in the large blue eyes. Edith herself was never permitted to cry, and she honestly thought it a very naughty thing to do.

"Little girl," said Mrs. Wainwright, "I cannot help crying. My heart aches, it feels like a stone. I have lost my darling daughter, and I must cry."

"Where is she lost to?" asked the little one. "Tan't you find her?"

"God took her away from me, dear. He has taken her to heaven, and I can't live without her."

"Heaven!" said the child reflectively; "Where is it, and isn't it as pretty there as it is here?"

"Much, much prettier," the lady answered, gathering the small questioner into her arms; "but I did not want Marie to go till I did. Why did God take my darling first?"

The question was not directed to the child, but hurled, as a challenge, against the blue smiling sky. Twenty times a day did this bereaved mother thus send her question to the ear of God.

But the child answered unexpectedly. "I s'pose he loved her so much, he wanted her up there in his house. Yady, don't you cry any more. God doesn't want you to cry."

Just that, in substance, her pastor and her friends had been telling her over and over, but she hardly took it in, till the message was given in the silver-sweet syllables of a little child's lips. Mrs. Wainwright arose like one of old, who anointed his head and washed his face and took up his kingly tasks.

"I shall go to him," said David the king, "but he shall not return to me."

So whispered the sad mother to herself, and taking Edith with her, she went to the dim and hushed room that had been her darling child's. She entered, opened the windows, and let in the excluded sunshine. On the wall hung Marie's portrait. A golden beam fell on the rare brown hair, and touched it as with a halo; the face was very winsome which smiled down at the mother and the small visitor.

"She is an angel now," said little Edith.

An angel! Yes, and perhaps sent with comforting thoughts, who knows, to those she had left behind. And if not an angel, what is better a redeemed saint, forever with the Lord. Not at once, but by degrees, the consolations which are neither few nor small were poured from the living Christ, upon the material heart, and Mrs. Wainwright took up her life once more.

> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green.

But tear-blinded eyes cannot always discern them. Well for those who are led into peace as this sufferer was, by the hand of a child. Did not our Lord say, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven?"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

PUEBLO GIRLS OF NEW MEXICO.

The Lesson of a Handkerchief.

On the occasion of John B. Gough's funeral, a little handkerchief was placed over the back of his chair—the latter being at the head of the coffin. The story of that handkerchief was once told by Mr. Gough in an address in New York. "I have in my house," he said, "a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me. A woman brought it, and said to my wife, 'I am very poor; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this.

"'I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me; but my husband took to drinking and things went wrong. The pianoforte my mother gave me and everything was sold, until at last I found myself in a miserable room. My husband lay drunk in the corner, and the child that was lying on my knee was restless. I sang, 'The light of other days has faded,' and wet my handkerchief through with tears.

"'My husband,' said she to my wife, 'met yours. He spoke a few words and gave a grasp of the hand, and now for six years my husband has been to me all that a husband can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again. I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through that night with my tears; and I want him, when he is speaking, to remember that he has wiped away those tears from me—I trust in God forever.'"

This little anecdote never failed to produce a marked impression on Mr. Gough's audiences, wherever he related it. He was especially fond of illustrating his point by brief, simple anecdotes, and they were always told with a pathos and an eloquence that thrilled and convinced the hearers. As a general thing the incidents were drawn from his own experience.

Daughters of the Pueblos.

Their Lot in Life is a Dreary One—Peculiar Customs of an Ancient People.

PROBABLY the dullest and most monotonous lives on this continent are those of the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona. There are nineteen of these villages in New Mexico, most of them very ancient, and their 8000 inhabitants obtain a livelihood by cultivating the soil, raising maize, wheat, vegetables, fruit, and cotton, and having also good-sized herds of cattle, horses, mules, goats, and sheep. As the climate is practically rainless, the land has to be irrigated by an intricate and extensive system of ditches.

A MEXICAN INDIAN MOTHER.

The women of the Pueblos are taught in childhood the arts of spinning and weaving cotton and wool into fabrics for clothing and heavy blankets, and in manufacturing and decorating pottery.

In these Pueblo homes, which are almost all situated in regions very difficult of access, it may well be imagined that the domestic life of the women undergoes little change in the passing generations. Their houses are of stone or sun-dried brick, three or four stories high, and usually stand on the summit of some *mesa*, or isolated hill, so steep as to be almost inaccessible to an enemy. Lumber is a luxury, and is very little used. A few rude pieces of furniture constitute the equipment of a Pueblo house, a sheep-skin or two to sit upon, the floor for a table, a few pots, and some blankets being considered a sufficient assortment for all ordinary purposes. The girls and grown-up women have plenty of out-door work to do; they are, in fact, the drudges of the villages. Some of the woven cloth is very beautiful, and it is astonishing how they are able, with such primitive facilities, to turn out such work.

One of the photographs on this page represents a pair of young Pueblo girls in their ordinary attire for cold weather. Their blankets, heavy skirts, and peculiar footwear are all of native manufacture, and designed for comfort. It frequently happens that from birth to burial, a Pueblo girl does not venture beyond the confines of her native village. Of late years schools have been established among them and many of the young children are attending with good results.

A contrast to the Pueblo women is found in another of our photographs—that of an Indian woman of Txtacalco, Mexico. The Mexican Indian women are of better stature and finer figure and they possess, besides, something of that grace which is peculiar to all Mexican woman, patrician or humble. The Indian squaw, who comes with her pappoose to sell produce in the markets of Mexico City, may stand as a model for a sculptor. Poorly clad as she is, her skirt and bodice are embroidered with rustic skill and the colored fibres used in the manufacture of the cloth give it a brilliant and picturesque appearance. Timid and gentle by nature, these Mexican mothers dearly love their children, and they carry them strapped to their backs in a sort of pillow, something after the fashion of the women of certain tribes of our northwestern Indians.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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The Coming Elections.

As our city, State and national ballot-boxes are soon to be appealed to for important decision, there are some things important to say on the right and wrong modes of conducting a political campaign. Of the two styles we may make selection. One way is to gather up the scum and slush and turpitude of a community into a great reservoir, and then let it run down through the appointed aqueducts on the candidates presented. Take the character of a man whom you do not expect to vote for and find out who his ancestry were, and if any of them were hanged or imprisoned or boodlers of public funds, make the son or the grandson now up for office suffer for it. Many of those who are hot against the theological theory that we suffer for Adam's transgression are glad in political life to make the descendant nominated for office take the consequences of ancestral delinquencies. Never forgive good Eleazar, of Bible times, because Jehosaphat was one of his forefathers. A candidate has no business to have had a bad grandfather. Bring up the graveyards and array those under the ground against those still above ground. Then marshal all the candidate's early indiscretions and follies and with them from behind the barricade of the ballot box fusillade and bombshell your antagonist. Then come on to the later periods of the candidate's life. Take his utterances and put them into a twisting machine and turn them this way and that, and invert them and disjoint them and decapitate them and caricature them and crucify them. Paint him black from head to foot. Be sure to begin with the blacking-brush at his head and show that he has no brain, no mental qualification, no shrewdness, no acumen, no sound judgment. Then put the blacking-brush on his mouth and show that he cannot make a speech, or, if he does speak, he says the wrong thing. Then come down to his [illegible], putting upon them the responsibility of the wrong deeds of others. Then paint his heart black, showing that he is cruel, mean, arrogant and oppressive to the poor. Then paint his pocket black and show that [illegible] ers, and much of what he has in that pocket he got dishonestly. Then come on down and paint his knees black, showing that he never prays, or is a bigot and only kneels on his own sectarian footstool. Then come on down and paint his feet black, showing that he has often walked in forbidden places and that he has often slipped in morals. Then paint his house black, as often in years past both candidates for Mayor's or Gubernatorial chairs were by infamous doggerel and caricature and campaign song, assailed for their home life. Then, having worn out the blacking brush on the opposing candidate, get a load of lime, dump it at the feet of your favorite candidate, slack it and stir it, and then take your whitewash brush in hand, whitewash him from head to foot, cover up all his defects, make him wise, eloquent, patriotic, efficient. Let us lie as much in favor of the man whom you like as you lie against the man whom you dislike. Talking to temperance people, make him out the eternal friend of sobriety, and talking to the beer-loving population, make him vehement against sumptuary enactment. Say to those who are in favor of unrestrained immigration that he is in favor of foreigners, and to those who are opposed to immigration that he cannot bear an Irishman. When you are near the line between North and South represent him as believing the war is over and there ought to be no more sectional strife, but up further toward the north star, represent him as in paroxysm of indignation because General Longstreet's hand was kissed by his old soldiers in Georgia. Have your candidate on a pivot so you can turn him around this way and that, like Mrs. Jarley's wax figures. "Now, fellow-citizens, take my candidate or suffer the consequences. With him, prosperity, good government, less taxes, reform in all departments. Reject him, and misrule, depleted treasury, poor wages, bankruptcy and ruin."

Now, having given three times three for the solid ticket, we adjourn for the polls. Have near the polls two or three saloons with free drinks. If it be against the law to have the front door open on Election Day, have the back door unlocked; or, if that be also watched, have some private house where we can all go for refreshments. You cannot expect a man to stand out from morning until night on a cold November day without some kind of physical reinforcement. Go out and meet people as they come to the polls and give them your package of tickets. If they are prepared with another kind of ballot, persuade them of their folly and beseech them by all they hold dear to pause before they throw the city or the country into disasters from which it will never recover. If you are at the head of a factory or large commercial establishment, tell your employees you do not want to interfere with their political sentiment, that you never have used and never will use your influence as an employer to decide what your employees shall do; but get a spy among your men to report to you how his comrades vote, and after awhile, during the course of the year, let those who voted a different ticket from that which you preferred drop out of their places not knowing what hurt them. If it is a close election, fix up the returns. Do not for so paltry a thing as 200 or 300 votes let the wrong Sheriff, or Mayor, or President be elected. Yes, that reminds me, I made a mistake in one of those returns and I put the figure three where it ought to have been the figure six. Hurry up to headquarters with that correction. A few hours ago it seemed as if we were about 150 votes short, but now by this correction we are about 150 ahead. Huzza! the cause is safe. Kindle the tar barrels all up and down the street. Long live the dear people! That is one style of election and it is very popular, and there will be thousands of that kind this Autumn.

Temptation of Applause.

THE approval of the world is destructive. It is right that we should want to be thought well of. God says a good name is better than precious ointment. It is an immense power for good. Always be on the right side, ready to speak or to act for the cause of God, and one's country gives one a reputation that is fit to be the ambition of any man. But he who lives for the approval and applause of the world is already under a destructive process. There are thousands who have gone down under it. Across holocausts of the dead, men have fought their way just to add one star more to their shoulder-straps. Beauty, genius, everything that men and women have, have been sacrificed for this; and it has generally been the case that in proportion as they went up in fame, they went down in character. Some of them took to their cups. Some floundered in political dishonesties. Some stood in the high places of the earth, or sat in presidential chairs, displaying a stubbornness and spite, the laughing-stock of all nations. Byron wrote that he felt more pain from the criticism of the most ignorant man than he felt joy from the praises of all intelligent men. The same admirers that applauded Sheridan's wit, wrangled over Sheridan's coffin. Dryden was kept from being buried several days after he ought to have been buried, because the roughs hooted and howled and quarrelled about his dead body. Burns, after being spoiled of popular caresses, is flung into an inebriate's grave. And the devil now takes a man up to the top of the temple, and shows him the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them, and then pushes him off the pinnacle. The world slew, by its flatteries, Charles Mathews, and De Quincy, and Campbell, and Aaron Burr, and Pierrepont Edwards; and it has paved Westminster Abbey and the Congressional burying ground with the hollow skulls in which genius and art and eloquence once lived.

Why?

THE question we ask every day and never get successfully answered is, why so many good people are taken away, and so many useless people live on? Let us postpone the mystery to the day when we shall find out why John Sommerfield, the flaming evangel, expired at twenty-seven years of age, just as his grandest work seemed opening before him, and why John McClintock died before he had completed his cyclopædia of biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical literature, and until the day when we shall know why in the fifty-seventh year of his age, William Morley Punshon closed his lips forever, while on his shoulder rested the interests of the English Missionary Society, and there were yet so many words of fire waiting for him to speak. Yea, until that day when we shall find why Beethoven was struck with complete deafness so that he could not hear the loudest organ crash rendering his own music, and that day when we shall find out why so many authors never finished their manuscripts, and why so many artists dropped their pencils just as they were making the outline of a great masterpiece, and why so many poets stopped midway the rhythm, and why so many bright days halted at noon.

Revenge.

ALMOST dangerous feeling of the heart is the spirit of retaliation. Stamp out this spark of a sulphurous match before the entire temple of your nature is wrapped in the conflagration. Take no revenge by stiletto, or carbine, or critic's pen, or printer's type, or Frenchman's shrug, or tattler's tongue, or innuendo. Revenge is a knife without any handle. It cuts you as you clutch it, long before it stabs him. With all our boasted Christianity, we ought to have as much moral equipoise as did Pericles the heathen. He was one day berated in the most outrageous way, and in such a hot passion that the scold did not notice it was getting dark, and when the fusilade was over, Pericles said to his servant, "Bring a lamp now, and light him home." The spirit of the Gospel in the heart of a man who had never heard the Gospel.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Estimated Expenditure of the Church Missionary Society for the fiscal year just commenced is $1,540,000. Last year the expenditure exceeded the income by $133,000. It never has sufficient faith to send out seventy new missionaries this fall.

There are Few Countries in which the Bible Society receive greater facilities for their work than Russia, and the London committee have just presented the Czar with a beautiful copy of the Bible which he has accepted in a gracious letter.

The annual report of the Maine Bible Society shows that ninety-five towns in the State have no place of worship, that of 22,000 families visited last year, 10,000 are outside Christian influence. The Society has distributed 5,400 copies of the Scriptures.

Dr. George F. Pentecost Received a Warm welcome from his London church on his return to New York. The sermons he preached during his stay here, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, have been published in book form by Messrs. Nisbet, Silver & Co., under the title of "Grace Abounding."

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions reports a falling off of income. In order to close the year in April next clear of debt the Board will need $833,607. Last year $750,607 were received during the corresponding period, so that there will be an advance of $81,321 in order to meet all obligations.

Major Whittle has been Holding Gospel meetings in Perth, Scotland. Considerable interest has been aroused, and some have professed conversion for Christ. Mr. Whittle, who expects to have the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, will probably evangelize in different Scottish cities for the next three months.

Rev. Max Magil, a Young Christian Hebrew, who has had a wide experience in evangelistic work, would be glad of engagements to preach and give evangelistic addresses. He preaches in English, German or Yiddish. Rev. Herman Warshawiak, whom he has been assisting in his work in New York, cordially recommends him.

Christian Endeavor is flourishing in the university city of Oxford, England, which numbers in its vicinity fifteen societies. The Secretary, says the secretary of the British Christian Endeavor Council, "give promise of becoming the Protestant bulwark against Romanism and high Anglicanism will beat."

Fulton St. Daily Noon Prayer Meeting celebrated its thirty-ninth anniversary on Sept. 28, Rev. J. B. Calvert, D.D., presided. Mr. Charles Cutler, who succeeded Mr. J. C. Langdale in charge of the meeting, made an address in the course of which he said that during the past year over twenty-one thousand requests for prayer had been received.

The Christian Endeavor Societies in Canada have won a victory in the cause of the observance of the Lord's Day. Their united protest against Sunday opening of the Exhibitions of the Ontario Coast Fair Association was taken into consideration, and the Association has announced its deference to Christian sentiment the fair will not be open on Sunday.

Rev. C. J. Dodds has Arrived at his Station at Yukusu on the Congo. It is near Stanley Falls, the heart of Central Africa. He writes that he is much impressed with the opportunities for Christian work which present themselves; there is a population of 10,000 within a radius of eight miles. It will be necessary to learn three or four different dialects in order to give them the Gospel.

According to the Latest Report of the Methodist Church of Canada, it has 1,257 ministers in active circuit and mission work, 228 superannuated and supernumerary ministers, and three evangelists and twenty ministers left without appointment; there are also 227 probationers. The total of ministers and probationers is 2,251, showing a net increase in the past year of seventeen.

The New Class Just Forming in Connection with the well-known Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has taken the name of the "Nineteenth Century Class," in view of the fact that it will be the last C. L. S. C. to graduate in the present century. The vigor of this great organization, in spite of the fact that hard times have been felt severely by people everywhere, is an evidence of the hold which it has upon American life. The Circle has undoubtedly done more to stimulate mental activity than any other agency of our times, except the common schools.

The Annual Report of the London Missionary Society, just issued, shows that the receipts of the Society for the fiscal year now closed were £101,000, of which $71,550 was raised at the Missionary Stations. India and China are its principal spheres of labor, but labors also in Madagascar, Southern Africa, the Polynesian and South-eastern New Guinea. The Society's European missionaries in these spheres number 152, and its native laborers 2557. The latter does not include the native pastors in Madagascar, of whom, prior to the persecution, there were 1,000.

At a Recent Trial in Calcutta a Brahmin sued the father of his child-wife who had, he alleged, taken her away and sheltered her in his house. The evidence showed that the wife was only eight years old and that she was married when she was seven. The marriage had been arranged by the child's grandmother and uncles in opposition to her father's wishes. She had been badly treated in the house of her husband, and the court held that if the judge ordered her restoration her husband's own words would amount to a command to obey. The chief contention was against the Christian representatives of Brahminism at the World's Parliament of Religion did not dwell on the merits of their faith.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance, which Dr. A. B. Simpson is President of, held its thirteenth annual convention in New York in September. The sessions continued each day for a week. The regular meetings are held in the Tabernacle Church, corner of Third Avenue and Fortieth Street, Sunday services in the Academy of Music and Carnegie Hall. Among the prominent men to be present during the week are Mr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, the Rev. John Robertson, of Glasgow, and several missionaries from China, Congo, Switzerland, India. Rev. A. B. Simpson will conduct daily Bible teaching. The annual missionary meeting and collection will be in Carnegie Hall on the morning of Oct. 11. Mr. Moody will preach in the Tabernacle in the afternoon and evening of that day.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Nansen's Return.

EUROPEAN mails supplement the details previously given by cable of the cordial welcome given to the great Norwegian explorer, who has succeeded in placing his country's flag ahead of all others, on the way to the North Pole. Dr. Nansen made the last part of his voyage on the *Fram*, the staunch vessel in which he drifted for eighteen months through the polar seas. He left the ship in March, 1895, and with Lieut. Johansen, attempted to make his way to the Pole over the ice. The two intrepid explorers penetrated to a point two hundred miles beyond that attained by Lockwood of the Greely expedition in 1882. Dr. Nansen went forward alone about twelve miles farther, but finding nothing but the same rough ice ahead, which had exhausted them to a perilous condition of fatigue, they reluctantly turned their faces southward after getting within two hundred and fifty miles of the Pole. A trying march of four months brought them to Franz Josef Land in August, 1895, where they determined to remain for the winter. They built a hut of stones, moss and seal skins and made themselves as comfortable as possible until spring. Then an attempt was made to go westward to Spitzbergen over the ice pack, but it had to be abandoned owing to the roughness of the ice. In one day's march they found they had not made more than half a mile. Another attempt was made in June. They traveled about three miles and then rested for the night on their kayaks over which they set up a tent. Early in the morning the barking of dogs was heard and Dr. Nansen set out to see what it meant, leaving Johansen in charge of the tent. Going in the direction from which the noise of the dogs came, Nansen saw a man approaching him with outstretched hands and heard himself greeted by name. It was Mr. F. C. Jackson, of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition which is exploring Franz Josef Land. Dr. Nansen and he had last met in London and now to their astonishment met again on an ice floe in the Arctic. They had passed the winter within a few miles of each other, neither being aware of the fact. Jackson sent one of his party to fetch Johansen and in the meantime took a photograph of Nansen. He was a strange looking object. His blond hair and beard had grown long and his skin and clothing were black with grease and the smoke of the blubber. He was taken into the comfortable quarters of the expedition and for the first time in months enjoyed the luxury of a bath. The two explorers compared notes and found that both had reached the same conclusions as to the conditions existing between them and the Pole. In a short time a vessel arrived from England bringing mails and provisions for Mr. Jackson and one for his Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen sailed for Vardo. While there, Nansen heard that the *Fram* had made her way out of the ice and had reached Skjervo. He immediately went to greet the companions he had left on board her in the Arctic, seventeen months before. He found them all well and the reunited party sailed homeward on the *Fram*. So it may be with friends who have passed through the trials and sorrows of life together and have been separated after long companionship in tribulation. At the Second Advent those who have gone before will join those who were left behind and both enter together into their reward.

Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 Thess. 4: 17.

THE WELCOME OF THE "FRAM."

Why the Timber Decayed.

Microscopical investigation is said, by a scientific journal, to have revealed the cause of decay in certain pieces of timber. It has been noticed that of two logs cut from the same tree and carved into gate-posts, one may decay much more quickly than the other. It is quite common, too, to see the staves of a barrel which is kept partially full of water, vary in the degree in which they absorb moisture, though they may be of the same kind of wood. One of the staves will be always moist from bottom to top, while another will be quite dry above the level of the water in the barrel. The solution of the puzzle suggested by the journal, based on the revelation of the microscope is that the pores of the wood retain the same direction and partially the same power they had in the tree. Thus, if the gate-post is set up in a position the reverse of that it occupied when part of the living tree, the end that in the tree was nearest the root, being the head of the post, the rain falling upon it will circulate through the post, while if it is set in the same position as it occupied in the tree, the rain will not affect it. Just so with the staves of the barrel: the one that is moist to the top is the one that is in its natural position and the pores are conducting the moisture upward as they used to do the sap. This, if true, is a very significant fact, showing that death in a tree does not cause its organs to cease their functions. It may be that there is an analogous law in the human constitution, and that after death, the old habits and propensities may remain, continuing their old ways and involving the bitter consequences. One of the sentences of doom appears to imply this:

He that is unjust let him be unjust still: and he who is filthy let him be filthy still. Rev. 22: 11.

Saved by a Human Chain.

A remarkable rescue of a man from drowning occurred in New York on Sept. 25. He had driven a cart laden with stone to a pier on the East River. The horse suddenly became balky and backed over the edge of the pier into the river. The driver came to the surface bleeding from a severe cut on the head. A rope was thrown to him by the men on the pier, but he was too dazed and weak to hold it. One of these men ran off to get a boat. Another threw himself face downward on the pier and tried to reach the drowning man, but the tide was low and the water was over twelve feet below the level of the pier. Seeing that the man could not keep afloat many minutes longer and was becoming faint with loss of blood, the would-be rescuer called to a strong man to hold his feet and lower him over the edge of the pier. It was done, but still he could not reach the drowning man. Two other men seeing the urgency of the case seized the second by his feet, and lowered him, too, over the edge, he still clinging firmly to the feet of the first, whose hands now touched the water. Just then the drowning man floated within reach and was grasped by the lowest link of this human chain and his head raised above the surface. He was so held until the men with the boat arrived and safely lifted him in. The rescuers were hauled on the pier looking pretty well tired out by their exertions. The earnest co-operation of these men is an example to Christian workers. Sometimes a soul might be saved from perishing, if the man with love in his heart were aided in reaching the soul by the man who has eloquence, and the man who has money, the three making a living chain of rescuing power.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit . . . there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. 1 Cor. 12: 4-6.

Signals Over Sea.

Preparations are being made by the Signal Corps of the Naval Reserve for a series of experiments with the flash-light in New York. The largest and most powerful flash-light in the world has been constructed and will be placed on the roof of one of the tallest buildings in the city. A war ship is to take its place at a distance of ninety miles from land and an officer of the signal service with a good glass will be on board to read the signals. It is believed that a light so strong as the one prepared will be visible at that distance, although in the day time the shore could not be seen with the unaided eye. Another officer will be on the ship who will take down the signals as the one with the glass sees them and dictates, while a third has the code and deciphers them. The light will be fixed on a stand having a ball-and-socket arrangement which will permit the light to be easily moved in any direction. The code is arranged on a system of numbers, each number having a distinct order indicated by it. A steady light straight out to sea of a certain duration, means that signalling is about to begin and the officers on the ships are to watch it. A swerve to the right indicates number one in the code; to the left number two; and a quick elevation skyward, three. Referring to the code the officers on the ships may learn from the numbers that a telegram has been received that an enemy has appeared off the southern coast and ships are to be sent at once to intercept him. Or, a suspicious looking vessel has been observed off the northern coast, and notice has been sent by telegraph to New York, so that a vessel may be sent to watch it. It is easy to see how useful such a system would be in a time of national peril. The principle has long been in use. As far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the fleet which guarded the English coast against the Spanish Armada, received signals by bonfires lighted on the cliffs; but this is the first time that an attempt has been made to signal on so elaborate a scale and at so great a distance. It may be hoped that the time for using such signals in earnest may never come, but we are assured that a time will come when deliverance for the waiting people of God will be heralded by signs in the heavens visible all over the world, bringing hope and joy to those who are watching and have learned to read the signs of the times.

For as the lightning cometh out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven so shall the Son of man be in his day. Luke 17: 24.

CAPE GRANT AND BELL ISLAND IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND

DR. NANSEN IN THE ARCTIC.

Thieves in a Lariat.

A travelling salesman just returned from a journey in Mexico, related a strange experience to the Washington *Star*. He said that he and another American were obliged to spend a night at a small town some fifty miles from Mexico city. The hotel-keeper, in conducting them to the room they were to occupy, cautioned them to lock the doors, as there had been several robberies lately by half-breeds, who were liable to commit murder if they were resisted. The room was out in the yard, a kind of summer-house affair, with a door on each of its two opposite sides. The doors had locks upon them, but the upper part of the door was like a Venetian shutter, with slats for ventilation. As the travellers had rather a large sum of money with them, they were concerned about the security of the doors. They were not disturbed until the first gray light of dawn, when one of them, hearing a slight noise, rose from his bed and looked at the door. He saw a dirty yellow hand thrust through the shutter and grope around to find the lock. He noiselessly awoke his companion, who examining the other door, found that another thief was at work there. A strong lariat was hanging on the wall and it suggested an idea to the intended victims. They made a running loop at each end and passed a loop around each of the two intruding wrists. Then drawing the lariat tight and knotting it over a beam, both the thieves were held fast. They appeared to guess what had happened to them, for another hand holding a knife was thrust through the lattice, but the rope was out of its reach. They were thus held until the hotel-keeper rose in the morning and found them there and had them arrested. It was a ridiculous predicament to be tied together in that ingenious fashion, neither being able to withdraw without maiming the other. Many evildoers have found themselves so situated when their hands have been free, but they have been bound as securely to their comrades in sin by ties of false honor or affection, as if they had been bound to them by ropes. Such connections have brought ruin to multitudes, who, if they had been free, might have escaped. In many ways has the warning of the wise king been fulfilled:

His own iniquities shall take the wicked and he [illegible] with the cords of [illegible] Prov. 5: 22.

A Gospel on Wheels.

How the Evangelistic Wagon of the Brooklyn City Mission is Employed in Local Work — Reaching the Non-Churchgoers.

EVANGELIST C. H. SEMKEN.

HOW to reach the great masses of our population who never enter a church door, is a problem that is constantly uppermost in the mind of the city missionary and Christian worker. Cottage meetings, out-door services, house-to-house visitation and various other methods have all been tried, with more or less success. One of the best and newest methods is by means of the Gospel wagon. Several instances of the successful employment of these vehicles as carriers of the glad message of salvation, have been noticed from time to time in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

During the past summer, an energetic Gospel wagon campaign has been conducted by the Brooklyn City Mission Society. The wagon is a strong, commodious machine, capable of holding nine persons. It is under the charge of Mr. C. H. Semken, a missionary of experience. During the months of June, July, August, and September, seventy-four wagon services were held in Williamsburg, Greenpoint, South Brooklyn, East New York, and Brooklyn proper. Additional services were also held in the interest of various Baptist, Methodist and Congregational churches. Over 20,000 persons attended the entire services, of whom it is estimated that at least 15,000 were non-churchgoers.

Speaking of the work, Missionary Semken says: "The Gospel Wagon is the gift of a gentleman of Brooklyn, who is interested in Christian work. We carry a telescope organ. We are able to seat nine persons, and we have a platform arranged to pull out from under the wagon, with stays to prevent it from giving way. We carry a number of Gospel hymn books. Our season of outdoor work begins May 1 and runs on until Oct. 1. It is our aim to work with the churches so as to get Christian people interested, and also to gather the masses into the churches, so that they can hear the Word. We hold meetings anywhere, invariably seeking tenement districts. We are undenominational in our labors, and aim to reach the class that the Church does not reach. Seventy per cent. [illegible] We [illegible] conduct meetings in the different settlements [illegible] Swedish, Italian and even Chinese, in their own language. We are able [illegible] noon. Our average attendance [illegible] We support the wagon by voluntary contributions. We have gone this [illegible] We want to keep it there the next [illegible]"

[illegible] been richly blessed in a spiritual sense. At one of the earliest services held by the Gospel Wagon Mission at the Manhattan Avenue Baptist Church, Greenpoint, N. Y., two persons stood up and confessed that they had not been in a church in six or seven years, and they then and there decided for Christ. At Red Hook Point, even amid very rowdy audiences, souls were won for the Master. At times, while conducting street services, the Gospel band in the wagon would be treated with jeers, oaths, and volleys of stones; but the goodwill of the crowds was generally secured after a patient and prayerful appeal to their better feelings. On one occasion, while the band of workers were singing, "Throw out the Life-Line," a man came up to where the crowd stood, attracted by the hymn. The theme that evening was, "Be sure your sins will find you out." God sent the truth home to his heart. He went away, but could not get rid of the thought, "My sins will find me out," and for six months it troubled him, until he finally gave himself to God, and is to-day living a faithful Christian life.

There is something peculiarly attractive about the Gospel Wagon service, especially to the poor, among whom the efforts of the band are mainly directed. Whenever the wagon goes to a locality where non-churchgoers abound and the Gospel is sorely needed, crowds gather with astonishing rapidity. People stand on the street, on sidewalks and stoop, or lean out of windows to listen to the message.

One specially interesting experience during the Summer occurred when the Gospel Wagon visited Coney Island, some parts of which are probably as wicked and irreligious as any on this continent. It was desired to labor in the Bowery and Midway Plaisance sections, which are the resort of the lowest characters. Half a dozen workers went in the wagon. Soon they had 500 or 600 people around it, listening intently to the Gospel story. Fifteen hands were raised for prayer, and after prayer about twenty-five came up who desired to thank the workers.

Sixty-four wagon meetings were held out on the highways, sometimes as many as four in an afternoon.

Charles H. Semken, the leader of the Gospel Wagon, was born of German parents in Charleston, S. C., in 1865. His early life was spent amid evil surroundings; literally brought up in a saloon, and at the age of fourteen assisting at the bar. Leaving the saloon and gambling-house, he came to New York in 1882, and began a career of sin and dissipation. He was converted at the Mayflower Mission in 1884, and started on a life of trust in Christ. After his conversion he returned South and assisted some workers in a street [illegible] Soon after, he left Charleston for Brooklyn, and began open-air Gospel work with C. C. Leigh, speaking [illegible] With a voice that enables him to reach the ears of thousands, a courage that is indomitable, and an energy untiring, he has done the work of three men during the [illegible] on the streets, at the mission, and the church. Though lacking in early training, he does not betray any mark of ignorance, but possesses unusual common-sense. It is this last characteristic that has made him so successful in reaching men, thousands of whom have heard the Gospel from his lips, and many of whom have been reached by its blessed truths. His zeal is shown by the fact that it is by no means an unusual thing for him to hold five open-air services a day in as many different parts of the city, and then conduct services in a mission or in some church in the evening.

THE BROOKLYN CITY MISSION'S GOSPEL WAGON AT WORK.

All Europe Interested.

The Fall of Zanzibar and African Slavery—The Liberators' League.

SINCE the recent fall of Zanzibar, the focus of the slave trade in Africa, public attention here and abroad has been more than ever directed to the opportunities that new developments may open up in that country to the Philafrican Liberators' League. During his recent visit to Europe, Mr. Chatelain, the founder of the League, succeeded in enlisting very general support for his philanthropic project. At the World's Conference of the Evangelical Alliances in London, he read a paper on "The African Slave-trade and the Evangelical Alliance." At the Conference he met Count St. George, President of the Swiss Liberation League, and Count Bernstorff, a prominent member of the Evangelical African League, of Germany. At the Foreign Office he had an informal interview with Sir Percy Anderson, Assistant Under-Secretary of State, and with Sir H. H. Johnston, the Commissioner of Nyassaland, who has done very effective work in suppressing the slave raids of the Arabs around Lake Nyassa. As the Philafrican League will probably establish settlements in territories assigned to the British South Africa Company, Sir Percy Anderson recommended Mr. Chatelain to Mr. Canning, Secretary of the company, who gave very encouraging assurances.

The venerable British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has recently sent out a special commissioner to investigate the condition of the slaves in East Africa, and it is partly owing to his startling report that the Society has secured from the Government the promise that the legal status of slavery in the Protectorate of Zanzibar shall be abolished this fall. The Society of Friends is preparing to establish a refuge and settlement of liberated slaves on the island of Pemba, as soon as the promised abolition becomes effective. Several mission stations have received and cared for ex-slaves whom government officials have saved from the clutches of slave traders. In Nyassaland, the Zambesi Industrial Mission and the other coffee planters are helping in the solution of the problem by introducing a system of free paid labor. Although slaves are also used in this plantation work, the secretary of the Zambesi Industrial Mission assured Mr. Chatelain that the remuneration is paid, at least by his mission, directly into the slave's own hands, and not to his master.

Several English papers have opened their columns to notices of the progress of the Philafrican Liberators' League, and it is hoped that an English organization will, in time, be formed with purposes and methods similar to those of the American League.

The most positive assurances of practical co-operation were received at Berlin from Dr. Kayser, the head of the Colonial Department, who said he would not only receive the agents of the League with open arms and grant the needed land, but so gave some financial aid. The secretary of the German Colonization Society expressed a desire to become a member of the American League and will ask his committee to give the League a proof of their appreciation in the form of a contribution to its fund.

At Brussels Mr. Chatelain met the General Secretary of the Congo State and the Secretary of State both of whom took a deep interest in the special feature of the League project, and promised that the Congo State would be behind no other government in helping the League in its efforts to reconstruct the social order of Africa on Christian principles.

In a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was announced that a young ladies' school at Lausanne, Switzerland, had volunteered to work for a bazaar on behalf of the Philafrican League. The results have exceeded the hopes of those who started it. Through the combined generosity of givers and buyers, this modest sale netted over $150, and the total contribution to the League will be about $5. This contribution from little Switzerland to the American Society is so much the more touching, as the Christians of Switzerland already have to support their own Society for the relief of African slaves.

Mr. Chatelain has written to the Portuguese government, explaining both the purposes and the plans of the Philafrican League, and applying for the following favors: (1) Authorization, (2) concession of land, (3) promise of liberated slaves, (4) subsidy. As the other Colonial Powers have already expressed their willingness to aid the League in its philanthropic work, it is expected that Portugal will not refuse the authorisation applied for. As soon as this is granted, and the funds needed for the first step in Africa are raised, the League will probably send Dr. E. E. Evans, a physician at present in charge of a sanitarium in New Jersey, to one of the Mission stations in Bihe, in order to inquire as to suitable sites. Bihe is a salubrious highland, 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea-level and a few hundred miles inland from the old city of Benguella, one of the principal sea-ports of the Portuguese Province of Angola. Rev. W. T. Currie of Cisamba, Bihe, in whose work the CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are already interested, will render all possible assistance. The plan is to establish at first a chain of free settlements, between Benguella on the West Coast and Mozambique on the East Coast, along the high and comparatively salubrious table-land which forms the watershed between the Congo and Zambesi Basins. This territory falls within the Portuguese, British, Congo States and German speres of influence. It is one of the hot-beds of the slave-trade and is still destitute of a single refuge for slaves. It contains no great slave-trading chief who might try to break up the settlements by force. It is not too difficult to reach either by the West or the East coast, or by the Congo route; and it has been fairly well explored by Livingstone, Cameron, Capello and Ivens, F. S. Arnold and several Congo State officers. The illustration on page 740 of this issue shows a view of Colombella, long a centre of the slave trade. The language of the district of Benguella, called U-mbundu, in which the American Board missionaries have already produced an elementary Christian literature, is the trade language almost as far east as Lake Nyassa, and the few mission stations scattered through this immense area have been, so far, exempt from pernicious fevers and conflicts with native or European authorities. Thus, the field seems peculiarly inviting for that section of Central Africa, and no more favorable time than this could be found for entering it.

Should the reply of the Portuguese Government be favorable, as is expected, the work of locating a site and establishing the pioneer mission station of the League will then be pushed forward vigorously. The League invites the co-operation of all who are interested in this philanthropic work.

200,000 Premiums

Enormous Supplies Required to Meet the Demands of Our Friends — An Interesting and Instructive Time-Table.

On another page of this issue we publish a premium announcement of peculiar interest to most of our readers, and in connection with this offer we would direct attention to an important matter, which, if borne in mind by our subscribers, will contribute largely to their comfort as well as our own.

* * * * * * *

Many people, after having mailed a letter containing money, become *prematurely* impatient for a response, and feel considerable disappointment in not receiving their premium at an *unduly* early date. The trouble generally is that they do not make a sufficient time allowance for their letters to arrive in New York and the goods to reach their hands.

* * * * * * *

It has happened that orders sent from the Pacific Coast on Monday, and requiring six days to reach New York, were followed the *very same week* by complaints to the effect that no answer had yet been received to the original communication. This, of course, is unreasonable, and not infrequently have we set a train of elaborate investigation in motion only to ascertain that there was no ground whatever for the complaint, and that had the writer stopped to reflect how much time the round trip must necessarily consume, the complaint would never have been penned.

* * * * * * *

During the months of October and November we can fill orders invariably within a few hours after they reach our hands, but during the Christmas month, when the holiday rush comes in, we may require a little additional time. We are not conscious of a single instance (except when our supply of some particular premium was exhausted, and we were awaiting new supplies in order to fill belated orders) where we required more than twenty-four hours to forward an order, even though we handled five or ten thousand letters a day at such time.

* * * * * * *

This year we are determined more than ever to please our many friends, and it will be our aim and object to fill premium orders with the greatest dispatch, and to satisfy every reasonable expectation in point of time. And now to guard against miscalculations that may result in disappointment, we append, for the information of our subscribers, at the foot of this article, a table indicating the time which must of necessity elapse between the mailing of a letter and the delivery of the premium to the subscriber either by express or mail, and if our friends when they order, will kindly bear this table in mind, we are sure that the hundreds of thousands of transactions involved in the extraordinarily heavy Fall and Winter trade which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD enjoys will be handled with uniform satisfaction to all concerned.

* * * * * * *

Of course, it is always better to order at as early a date as possible. We have found that sometimes the most generous supplies are unexpectedly exhausted by an unusual and wholly unprecedented demand. Last year, for instance, our almost incredibly large stock of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library vanished so rapidly that it was absolutely impossible (even with the aid of enormous additional supplies), to keep pace with the demand, and as for our Bibles, though *fifty thousand* orders were originally provided for, it kept two forces working respectively day and night, to meet the requirements.

Now, as to the time which must necessarily elapse between the mailing of an order and the delivery of the premium, we would direct the attention of our readers to the following figures. In the first column are the States from which the orders are supposed to emanate, and the figures opposite them represent the *days* that it requires for the letters to reach New York, and the goods to reach the subscribers:

STATE.	Days Required.
ALABAMA,	5
ARIZONA,	11
ARKANSAS,	7
CALIFORNIA,	12
COLORADO,	7
CONNECTICUT,	2
DELAWARE,	2
FLORIDA,	6
GEORGIA,	4
IDAHO,	9
ILLINOIS,	4
INDIANA,	4
INDIAN TERRITORY,	5
IOWA,	5
KANSAS,	5
KENTUCKY,	4
LOUISIANA,	6
MAINE,	3
MARYLAND,	2
MASSACHUSETTS,	2
MICHIGAN,	4
MINNESOTA,	4
MISSISSIPPI,	5
MISSOURI,	4
MONTANA,	9
NEBRASKA,	5
NEVADA,	10
NEW HAMPSHIRE,	2
NEW JERSEY,	2
NEW YORK,	2
NEW MEXICO,	8
NORTH CAROLINA,	3
NORTH DAKOTA,	6
OHIO,	4
OREGON,	12
PENNSYLVANIA,	2
RHODE ISLAND,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA,	3
SOUTH DAKOTA,	6
TENNESSEE,	4
TEXAS,	6
UTAH,	7
VERMONT,	2
VIRGINIA,	3
WASHINGTON,	12
WEST VIRGINIA,	3
WISCONSIN,	4
WYOMING,	6

CANADA.

We prepay freight and duty on all our 1897 premiums.

BRITISH COLUMBIA,	15
MANITOBA,	8
NEW BRUNSWICK,	6
NOVA SCOTIA,	6
ONTARIO,	4
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,	8
QUEBEC,	5

* * * * * * *

Those who order early are always sure of getting what they want and when they want it, while those who are late must, of course, take some chances. This year, whenever requested so to do, we will, **at our own expense,** telegraph our subscribers when we find it impossible to fill their orders immediately, so that they may make other provision elsewhere, and in every instance of such compulsory disappointment we will, of course, immediately refund the money.

* * * * * * *

Never before have we ordered larger quantities than this year, and it will interest our readers to know that we have made provision to supply two hundred thousand subscribers with premium selections from stock which is now coming in, and which by the time this reaches our readers will actually be stored in our mammoth warehouse. Our arrangements with the express companies are also more perfect than ever, and will ensure the promptest handling of our goods, and we feel that we can safely promise that no delay at any point will ensue in the filling of any orders entrusted to us.

* * * * * * *

We have made specially liberal provision for the Thumb Index Bible. An offer like this is simply unprecedented. Thumb indexes command a high price and are in great demand, yet comparatively few people can afford the additional expense involved. The enormous quantity ordered at one time by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD makes it possible for us to offer this beautiful, large type, silk-sewed, red under gold, Divinity circuit Teachers' Bible, leather lined to edge, *without* any additional *expense* whatever for the *thumb index*. We are thoroughly alive to the fact that the demand created by this exceptional opportunity will be unprecedentedly large. We have, therefore, made preparations on a most gigantic scale.

* * * * * * *

But do not indulge in needless delay. If you feel that you want one of these Teachers' Bibles, order it now, and should your subscription not yet expire for some time to come we will date it a year ahead from your present expiry date. You, thus, lose nothing by anticipating the date. If you cannot now subscribe, or do not care now to subscribe, but want to make sure of one of these Bibles, send us a postal card to that effect, and we will hold one for you. It is an opportunity that should not be missed by any one who has occasion frequently to use the Sacred Word.

* * * * * * *

There is no Christmas present like one of these Teachers' Bibles, whether it be given to parents or to children; to Sunday School teacher or to superintendent; to pastor or to friend. It is a very welcome, serviceable, useful gift, one that you will never regret having made.

* * * * * * *

It is very important that our readers bear in mind that all the premiums shipped or mailed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are invariably sent **ALL CHARGES PREPAID.** While the Express Companies endeavor to do right in every instance, it will sometimes happen that the station agent by mistake collects charges on delivery. In every case of this kind reported to us, the Express Companies will refund the money thus collected.

* * * * * * *

Of course our friends understand that we can defer delivery of premiums purchased now but intended for Christmas until the proper date. This plan offers two advantages. In the first instance, we relieve our subscribers of all the care, worriment and expense connected with delivery, and secondly, it insures them against the possibility of disappointment. Waiting until Christmas may prove deferring things until it is too late, but ordering goods in October, and giving December as the date of shipment, is a sure guarantee of getting what you want and when you want it.

* * * * * * *

While we always pack our premiums in a manner to ensure their safe and undamaged delivery, we cheerfully make good any damage they may accidentally meet with while in transit.

* * * * * * *

If for any reason, our 1897 Bibles should fail to give entire satisfaction, we will, on their return, and without asking for any explanation, gladly, cheerfully, and promptly refund the full amount involved.

Interesting Data.

Very few of our friends can have any intelligent conception of the magnitude of our premium transactions. It will no doubt surprise them to learn that within the year ending October 1st, nearly 1,000,000 volumes were required to supply the premium demands of our subscribers.

* * * * * * *

During the month of December last, the express charges on premiums shipped in the twenty-six working days of that month exceeded the enormous sum of $26,000, or an average of one thousand dollars a day. We believe that there is not another concern in the United States or in the entire world which does a larger express shipping business.

* * * * * * *

Over 235,000,000 pages of wholesome literature were distributed last year in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premium offers, and in addition to this, there were 90,000,000 pages of the Sacred Word, making the enormous total of 325,000,000 pages. The weight of this vast mass of material exceeded 400 tons.

* * * * * * *

Long before our readers took their Thanksgiving dinner last year, arrangements had been perfected with authors, paper-makers, printers, binders, cloth-manufacturers, and box-makers in various parts of this country for the production of the premiums which are this year intended to gladden the hearts of nearly 200,000 subscribers.

* * * * * * *

The magnificent Bible, with its **wonderful thumb index,** its soft, flexible binding, its beautiful red under gold edges, its clear open print, is one of the results of their industry and ingenuity, and no Bible superior to this has ever been offered.

* * * * * * *

It affords us intense gratification to be permitted this week to present a premium proposition so remarkable, so attractive and of such intrinsic merit and worth as this. We now believe that we have reached a point where improvement, at the price involved, is outside the range of possibility, and that we never, even under the most favorable circumstances, will be in position to offer the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a better Bible, a more beautiful Bible, or a more complete Bible, than the one more fully described on the following page.

* * * * * * *

The number of letters received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office during Christmas month frequently exceeded 10,000 a day, and the number of separate packages forwarded in the twenty-six working days of the same month was about 110,000, running from 2,700 to 8,000 a day. It is needless to say that it requires a small army of packers and shipping clerks to satisfactorily handle this enormous volume of business.

* * * * * * *

During the week preceding Christmas, for the accommodation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its friends, some of the Express Companies worked uninterruptedly day and night in order that the packages intended for holiday gifts might reach on time; but, unfortunately, some orders came either altogether too late to permit return shipments to be made on time, or after our premium stock was exhausted. But we are happy to say that the number of disappointments were few and far between, and very insignificant when compared with the whole number of transactions involved.

* * * * * * *

It is safe to say that we have received literally tens of thousands of letters from our subscribers expressing the greatest satisfaction with the character of our premiums and the promptness with which their orders were handled.

Our INDEXED Minion Circuit, Red Under Gold, Silk-Sewed, LEATHER

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Brightest and Best Weekly Family

This Beautiful Bible, Bound in Soft Flexible Leather, with Overlapping Edges, Silk Book-Mark, and Durable LEATHER I
Pastors, Evangelists, and Y. M. C. A. Members. IT OPENS FLAT WHEREVER YOU CHOOSE, and the THUMB IN

Thumb Index

···1897···

"INTERNATIONAL"

Self-Pronouncing

Teachers' Bible

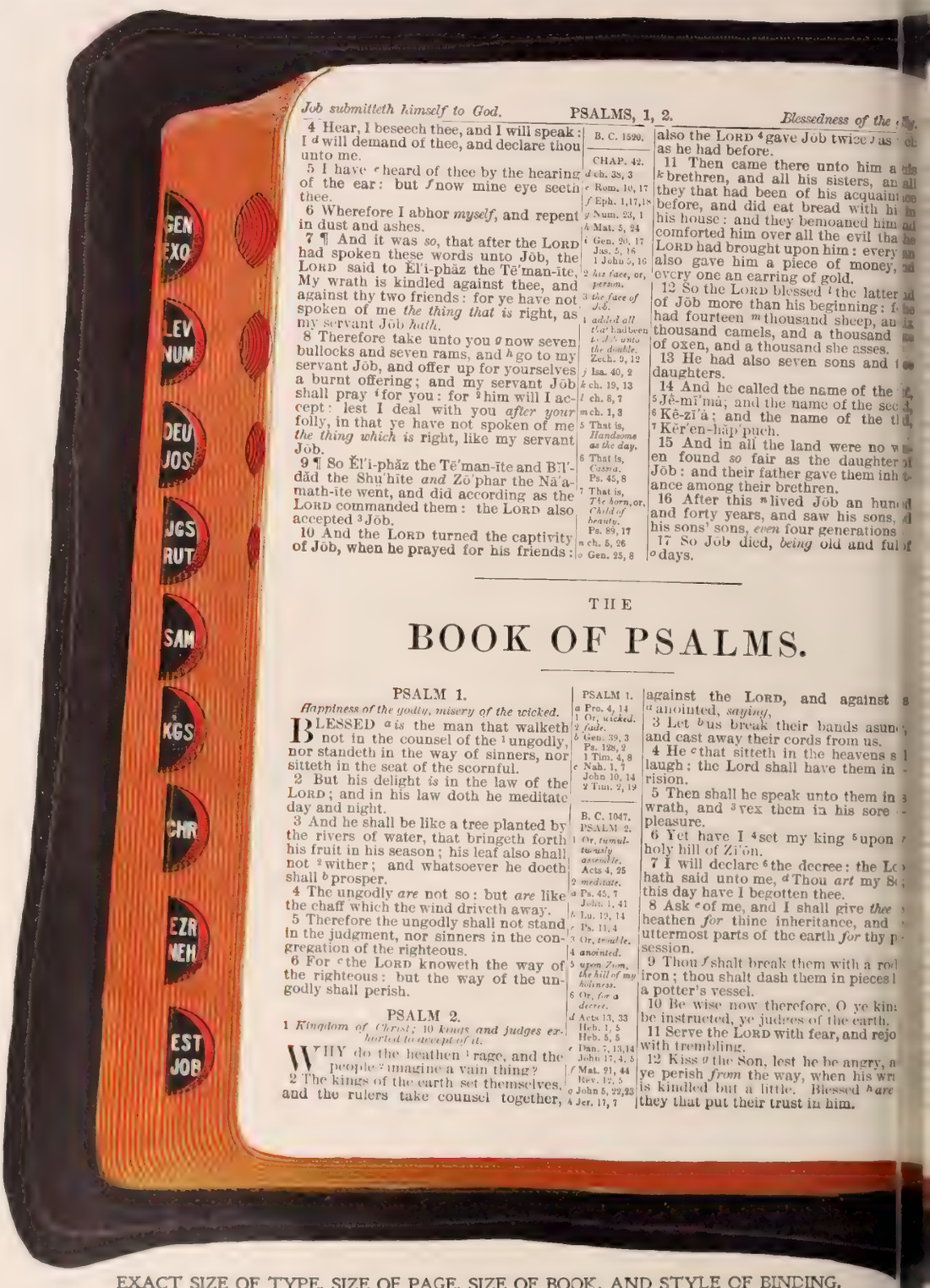
This Bible has the Latest Maps, and All the Helps, Fully Illustrated, and all the Chapter Numbers are in Plain Figures.

THIS GREAT BIBLE IS

Self-Pronouncing.

Not One in a Hundred can read the First Chapter of Matthew, the Third Chapter of Luke, the Sixth Chapter of 1st Chronicles, the Second Chapter of Ezra, or the 7th Chapter of Nehemiah without Stumbling. It requires a Hebrew or a Greek scholar to do it properly, unless you have one of our Self-Pronouncing Bibles and then even A CHILD can READ all the HARD Scriptural NAMES Correctly AT SIGHT.

All our Bibles are Bound in Rich AMERICAN LEVANT, and have Silk Head-bands and Silk Book-mark.



EXACT SIZE OF TYPE, SIZE OF PAGE, SIZE OF BOOK, AND STYLE OF BINDING.

A MINION, Divinity Circuit Teachers' Bible, Overlapping With R

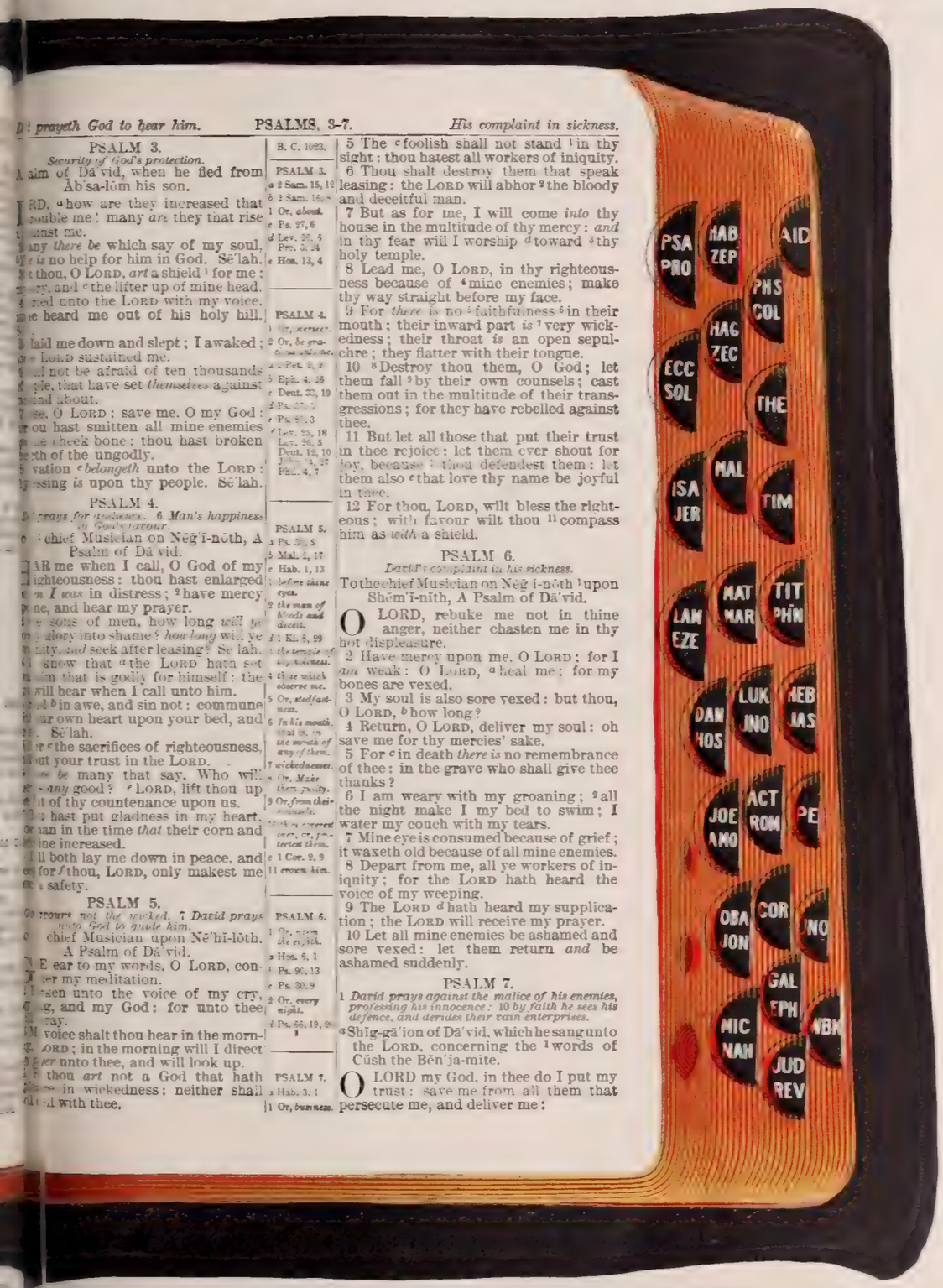
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Brightest and Best Weekly Family Pa

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO BIBLES OFFERED ON THIS PAGE is not in the Paper, Size of Type, top and bottom of this Page are in all these respects the same. They both have Red Under Gold Edges, but the Cheaper Bible poor get the same size type, but if you can afford it, you will get Greater Value by accepting the $3 Proposition. The INDEXED

...LED TEACHERS' BIBLE PREMIUM OFFERS.

...E) TO EDGE, TEACHERS' BIBLE, - Worth $6.50) TOGETHER FOR ONLY
...in the World---52 TIMES, - - Price, $1.50) $3.00.

...e Most Perfect Bible ever Offered to Sunday School Workers, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, Baptist Young People, ...e Best Bible for Quick and Ready Reference now on the Market. It will Last a Lifetime.



D: prayeth God to hear him. PSALMS, 3-7. His complaint in sickness.

PSALM 3.
Security of God's protection.
A aim of Dā'vid, when he fled from Ăb'sa-lōm his son.

1 RD, [a]how are they increased that ...ouble me! many *are* they that rise ...ainst me.
2 ...any *there be* which say of my soul, ...e is no help for him in God. Sē'lah.
3 ...t thou, O LORD, *art* a shield [1] for me; ...ry, and [c]the lifter up of mine head.
4 ...ied unto the LORD with my voice, ...e heard me out of his holy hill.
5 ...laid me down and slept; I awaked; ...e LORD sustained me.
6 ...ll not be afraid of ten thousands ...ple, that have set *themselves* against ...und about.
7 ...se, O LORD: save me, O my God: ...ou hast smitten all mine enemies ...e cheek bone; thou hast broken ...eth of the ungodly.
8 ...vation [e]*belongeth* unto the LORD: ...ssing *is* upon thy people. Sē'lah.

PSALM 4.
D...prays for patience. 6 Man's happiness in God's favour.
...chief Musician on Nĕg'ĭ-nōth, A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 ...AR me when I call, O God of my ...ighteousness: thou hast enlarged ...n *I was* in distress; [2]have mercy ...pon me, and hear my prayer.
2 ...e sons of men, how long *will ye* ...y glory into shame? *how long* will ye ...vity, *and* seek after leasing? Sē'lah.
3 ...know that [a]the LORD hath set ...im that is godly for himself: the ...will hear when I call unto him.
4 ...d [b]in awe, and sin not: commune ...ur own heart upon your bed, and ...Sē'lah.
5 ...[c]the sacrifices of righteousness, ...ut your trust in the LORD.
6 ...be many that say, Who will ...any good? [c]LORD, lift thou up ...ht of thy countenance upon us.
7 ...hou hast put gladness in my heart, ...an in the time *that* their corn and ...ine increased.
8 ...ll both lay me down in peace, and ...for *thou*, LORD, only makest me ...a safety.

PSALM 5.
Go mourn not the wicked. 7 David prays unto God to guide him.
...chief Musician upon Nĕ'hĭ-lōth. A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 ...E ear to my words, O LORD, con...der my meditation.
2 ...sten unto the voice of my cry, ...g, and my God: for unto thee ...ray.
3 ...My voice shalt thou hear in the morn...LORD; in the morning will I direct ...er unto thee, and will look up.
4 ...thou *art* not a God that hath ...ure in wickedness: neither shall ...l dwell with thee.

B. C. 1023.

PSALM 3.
a 2 Sam. 15, 12
b 2 Sam. 16, ...
1 Or, about.
c Ps. 27, 6
d Lev. 26, 5. Prov. 3, 24
e Hos. 13, 4

PSALM 4.
1 Or, *correct.*
2 Or, *be gracious unto me.*
a Deut. 33, 12
b Eph. 4, 26
c Deut. 33, 19
d Ps. 37, 5
e Ps. 81, 3
f Lev. 25, 18. Lev. 26, 5. Deut. 12, 10. John 14, 27. Phil. 4, 7

PSALM 5.
a Ps. 30, 5
b Mal. 2, 17
c Hab. 1, 13
before thine eyes.
2 *the man of bloods and deceit.*
d 1 Ki. 8, 29
the temple of thy holiness.
e *in which observe me.*
3 Or, *watch-tower.*
4 *In his mouth.* Matt 18, 19 *the words of any of them.*
7 *wickedness.*
a Or, *Make them guilty.*
9 Or, *from their counsels.*
their secrets over, or, frustrate them.
c 1 Cor. 2, 9
11 *crown him.*

PSALM 6.
1 Or, *upon the eighth.*
a Hos. 6, 1
b Ps. 90, 13
c Ps. 30, 9
2 Or, *every night.*
d Ps. 66, 19, 20

PSALM 7.
a Hab. 3, 1
1 Or, *burden.*

5 The [c]foolish shall not stand [1]in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor [2]the bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship [d]toward [3]thy holy temple.
8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4]mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.
9 For *there is* no [5]faithfulness [6]in their mouth; their inward part *is* [7]very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 [8]Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [9]by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [1]thou defendest them: let them also [e]that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11]compass him as *with* a shield.

PSALM 6.
David's complaint in his sickness.
To the chief Musician on Nĕg'ĭ-nōth [1]upon Shĕm'ĭ-nĭth, A Psalm of Dā'vid.

1 O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a]heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b]how long?
4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.
5 For [c]in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
6 I am weary with my groaning; [2]all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 The LORD [d]hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.
10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.
1 *David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence: 10 by faith he sees his defence, and derides their vain enterprises.*
[a]Shig-gā'ĭon of Dā'vid, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1]words of Cūsh the Bĕn'ja-mīte.

1 O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:

PSA PRO HAB ZEP AID PHS COL HAG ZEC ECC SOL THE MAL ISA JER TIM LAM EZE MAT MAR TIT PHN DAN HOS LUK JNO HEB JAS JOE AMO ACT ROM PE OBA JON COR NO GAL EPH MIC NAH JUD REV VBM

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The Christian Herald
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Europe and Abdul Hamid.

The Attitude of England, Germany, France, and Russia Defined—An Era of Shame.

WHAT shall be done with the Sultan? is at this moment the great overshadowing question that perplexes all the European governments. Some idea of the attitude of the different governments and nations on this vexed question may be gathered from the facts published below:

The French newspapers have displayed a lamentable apathy with regard to the Armenian question. In the leading French journals, the Sultan is credited with a desire to "improve the position of his people and especially of the Armenians." The French newspapers, in fact, have been prostrate at Abdul Hamid's feet. They protess to doubt the genuineness of the agitation in England, one writer remarking that "the friends of Armenia have positively made the position worse and prolonged the misery they had meant to relieve."

In Germany, the agitation is gradually growing in opposition to the Armenian policy of the Sultan, but official influence prevents its free expression in the press. Gladstone's Anti-Turkish speech has excited much opposition among certain portions of the German press. The *Vossische Zeitung*, however, expresses the hope that the words of the former Prime Minister of Great Britain will have a sobering effect upon the Sultan and the palace clique behind him. At the same time it thinks Gladstone may reawaken the fanaticism of the Moslems and the Armenian revolutionists and their followers, leading to the very results which he so strongly de[illegible]. The *[illegible] German Gazette* attacks Gladstone viciously. German papers are stung by the taunts of Russian journals, which ask why Germany now shows itself awed before the phantasm of war, as a consequence of an attempt to coerce the Sultan.

Feeling in England runs higher daily and the climax must soon be reached. Especially is the pulpit fervid in its denunciation of the Sultan. Canon Rawnsley of Carlisle, who may be quoted as a sample of many other noted preachers, in a late sermon, used this thrilling language:

"At last Christian England has this chance of preaching to Turk and Armenian alike the Gospel of a living faith and a living God, and fervent charity to all men. Out of the deeps of agony insupportable Armenia calls and calls, and this in more senses than the captive. Do you know that two months since a diver went down to his work in the Bosphorus, and found himself suddenly in the presence of what seemed an army of men standing upright in the swaying tide? There they stood with lead weights at their feet and heavy stones tied around their ankles, but they were an army of dead men all. He counted forty from where he stood; this was but a detachment of the hundreds of poor Armenians who had secretly been caught in Constantinople and cast into the deeps, none heeding but God alone. Can we wonder that many divers in the past few months have struck work in the Bosphorus? Do you know that eight weeks ago three hundred men were spirited aboard an old vessel, [illegible] put out in the dead of night into mid-tideway, and was no more heard of? There are three hundred more dead men standing up upon their feet, an exceeding great and mighty army in the [illegible]

"These martyred people, for they died for Christ, call unto us from their deeps of death to move England and Christian Europe to her deeps of life and compassion; and still their voice goes up unto God clear over the sounding sea, and still of each poor murdered man in that melancholy tide it is true in the words of the psalmist, 'Out of the deeps have I called unto Thee. Lord, hear my voice. Oh, let thine ears consider well the voice of

Some incidents of the recent troubles, not hitherto published, are almost incredible. The captain of a French steamer which conveyed some refugees to Marseilles, gave a realistic account of what he had witnessed. He saw an old white-headed Softa installed inside a door looking on to the balcony of a minaret. The Softa was amusing himself shooting at Armenians on a roof. As soon as he brought down one or two, Turkish policemen rushed up to the roof and completed the slaughter by stabbing the men with knives or crushing their heads with their boots. The captain raised the French flag over Armenians whom the Turks endeavored to kill on the gangway of his ship, and the murderers turned scowling away. An American negro sailor and two Italians saved the lives of fifteen Armenian porters who took refuge in a house. They placed themselves at the door and beat off the cowardly mob. One correspondent compares the massacre to "a great rat hunt." Boys of ten and gray-beards of seventy joined with equal eagerness in the sport. An Armenian postman of the British post-office was beaten to death before the office door. While the massacre was going on, the Sultan enjoyed a little duck-shooting in the Palace grounds, and spent a pleasant evening in the Palace theatre. The only thing that has troubled him is the fact that the Ambassadors did not illuminate their residences as usual on his accession day. That "deeply moved him."

RICE-THRESHING BY WOMEN, AS DONE IN SIAM AND LAOS.

All foreign ships leaving Constantinople are crowded with Armenian refugees. The men who captured the Ottoman Bank and compelled the Sultan to grant their lives, and give them free exit from the country, were conveyed to Marseilles, where they were lodged by the French police in jail.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

"WHO bids for the little children—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young, and without a stain?
"Will no one bid?" said the nation,
"For their souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
[illegible]
[illegible] young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

[illegible]
Said Crime, "Ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
[illegible]
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
[illegible]

"Oh! shame," said true Religion,
[illegible]
I'll take the little children—
Oh! give them all to me!
I'll raise them all in kindness,
[illegible]
I'll teach them words of blessing,
And lead them up to God."

[illegible]

Gospel Growth in Laos.

Missionaries Tell of Wonderful Conquests For Christ in that Distant Land.

IN an article published in this journal a few weeks ago, much interesting information, from missionary sources, was given concerning medical mission work in the Laos country, which borders on the north of the kingdom of Siam. There is an interesting social and religious side to the Laos people that well repays study. Rev. Jonathan Wilson of Lakawn, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, tells about the work of preparing and printing a Laos Hymnal, and of its cordial welcome by the people. This touching incident forever fixed in his memory one of the hymns chosen for translation:

"For two days and nights we had been anxiously watching for the life of a babe, dangerously ill. Symptoms for the better had, we hoped, appeared. Pain gave place to a night of restful sleep. In the early morn, the hymn, 'Come, ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish,' was rendered in Laos. Our first sight of the sick babe suggested new hopes of recovery. But a sudden change came and two hours afterward it died in its mother's arms. We prepared the body for its cradle-coffin. It rested amoug fragrant flowers, and as we sat near it, this newly written hymn was repeated to the weeping mother. Her tears were hushed. In way of repetition the hymn was sung to her. It was sung again in the early evening of the funeral service. Often as I may hear this Laos hymn sung, I shall think of the little babe that went to sleep in its mother's arms, and the comfort that the hymn seemed to give her."

Since its opening in 1867, the growth of the Laos Mission of the Presbyterian church has been steady and encouraging. Seven years ago there were four churches, ten elders, and 241 church members in the Laos Mission. Now there are 11 churches, 36 elders, and 1,841 communicating church members. The latest statistics show ordained missionaries, 8; imissionary physicians, 5; wives of missionaries, 11; single lady missionaries, 5; ordained native evangelists, 2; native helpers, 57; churches, 11. In many parts of the country, the work of the missionary is done by visiting the scattered villages. A sample day's work is recorded by Rev. Robert Irwin, stationed at Lampoon:

[illegible] I made a tour of the villages of the Southern part of the [illegible] Everybody was pleased to see us. All the villages we visited turned out en masse from the first day. We studied Matthew through together and read two chapters a day. Business was transacted and we read sometimes in concert and sometimes [illegible] He interpreted while I was superintending. The teachers and all the Christians who knew a little bit were pressed into service, taking a class or [illegible] I left [illegible] to continue the work. An opportunity was given for baptism and we worked till dinner time. After dinner the Christians met [illegible] and the pastor left for another district of evangelistic work in the villages around.

Frequently the missionaries in Laos and those in Siam are brought into friendly contact in the Gospel field, owing to the proximity of their stations, and the meeting is a pleasant one and the work goes on with increased fervor. There is a great desire for education among the Laos and books are in eager demand. There are, if anything, better pupils than the Siamese, being of more vigorous physique, thrifty, industrious, and with fairly good normal stamina. Another advantage is that the Laos are not ruled, like Siam, by the Buddhist priests, but though nominally Buddhists, are really spirit-worshippers and their cruder belief makes them more ready to accept the teachings of the Gospel.

An annual event of great importance in Laos is the Festival of Lampang-kung which is held in the largest temple in the land, that of the Governor at Lakawn. This event is interestingly described by Dr. J. S. Thomas stationed at Lakawn:

"The temple is built on a high hill which is completely taken in by the temple wall. In the centre is an immense pagoda of brass, terminating in a lofty spire at the top of which are said to be many valuable and precious stones. The pagoda is covered with many layers of gold leaf, the accumulation of centuries. We saw many people going up this pagoda by ladders, 150 feet, and putting this leaf on it—this was merit-making. Around this huge and beautiful structure are erected many temple buildings, containing innumerable idols, before which priests and people were constantly prostrating themselves. Then around and outside these buildings was a complete line of sheds, in which the people could sleep, and where they had their waiting offerings. And outside of all this was the temple wall. The approaches to the wall on two sides were brick work and solid masonry, made into long, curved, but easy stairways. Outside the wall were the houses of the princes, the common salas of the people, and on this occasion our tents. The people from all the villages bring in to the respective princes their offerings. The people enter the verandas and prostrate themselves before the prince who asks the name of each village, and pronounces his benediction upon it, the people and their offerings. The offerings are given by and prepared by the common people, and the princes make the merit.

Saturday afternoon was the climax of the festival. The princes were in all their gorgeousness with their huge gold betel boxes, some worth $1,000, and still more huge cuspidors, and their hundreds of costumed attendants, while back of them were many priests from the other temples, their wives and attendants, and still further back the whole temple ground was literally covered with people, with their heads covered with flowers, and their bodies with scraps of all colors. There were thousands of people. The governor and all the attendidg princes held flowers and lighted candles in their hands, in the attitude of prayer, while the priests were chanting their incantations and calling on their gods. This part of the ceremony was impressive. The governor was then giving two ponies, ten slaves (who would now become temple slaves these were dressed in white), and many other gifts.

Then came the more common gifts which in turn also touched the pagoda and then began a desecrating performance. Scores and hundreds would rush in from the crowd, and there occurred a scrambling and grabbing which was terrible—men wild with determination to get some thing—while later on it was heathenish to see the little children grab the pieces of cooked rice and vegetables, and crowd them into their bags—betel, tobacco and all. If a short part of the ceremony seemed solemn, the rest of it was the reverse."

The faithful missionaries held Gospel services on the temple grounds and told the story of the Cross to large native audiences.

ITS DEBT LIQUIDATED.

The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church announces through its general secretary, Rev. Dr. William S. Langford, that the debt which hampered the work of the society has been discharged, and that the entire financial year, Aug. 31, 1896, finds the books balanced with a small amount to the credit of the society.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Chinese Gardeners.

Hung Chang's Countrymen in California —A Colony of Caterers.

CALIFORNIA, ever since the earliest days of Chinese immigration, has had a larger number of Celestials within its borders than any other State of the Union. They are scattered widely rough the State, but in San Francisco, ey are as thick as bees in a hive, and oc- py the very heart of the city. They are presented in many different industries, t probably none is more familiar than at shown in the photographic illustra- n on this page. Chinamen are exceed- gly industrious, and as Li Hung Chang, eir distinguished countryman, recently imed, they are generally success- l because of their industry and rift. Truck-gardening and fish- g keep many Chinamen busily gaged in San Francisco, and with eir queer-looking baskets, metimes containing several hun- d pounds weight, they are daily itors in the residential part of the y, where they dispose of their h and vegetables. The bay ounds in fish of many kinds, rimps, smelts, bass, eels, cod-fish, d other varieties—and sometimes dozen different kinds of fish, all ve, are heaped together in e basket, a squirming, wriggling ss. At one time, the Celestials ed dynamite in fishing, but the ughter was so great that the em- yment of the explosive was pro- ited, and now they use net and e in the bay, which extends ny miles and is probably one of finest fishing-grounds in the rld. Occasionally, a pelican may seen swooping down upon the ters and rising with a live fish in mouth. But even these aerial ers are not more expert than the inese anglers.

To a large extent, Chinese have perseded white men in the traffic fish and vegetables in the coast es of the Golden State. Many nilies employ Chinese cooks (one pears in the photograph), and y, of course, prefer to patronize ir own countrymen. There are all between twenty thousand and enty-five thousand Chinese in San ncisco, hence Chinatown—the locality ere they hive together—is in itself suf- ently populous for a fair-sized city. It an odd agglomeration of small stores, ap eating-houses, and rows upon rows dwellings without window-curtains, tters or signboards, and with the bare dows barred across. The stores and taurants are lavish in their display of olls of red paper, with Chinese charac- s printed in black, and at night many of se business places are illuminated with er lanterns. Two-thirds of the stores meat, fruit, or grocery stalls. There bundles of sugar cane from the Sand- h Islands; watermelons, pork, poultry; oked fowl, tame and wild; dried and oked fish from China; tubs full of d, boiled rice; cakes with Chinese char- ers, and in which one finds a queer xture of rice, watermelon seeds, bacon, l hazel nuts; fishing-rods, Chinese ks, wooden shoes, etc. Mongolian n, women, and children, all in their ive costume, move about in this nge quarter in crowds, and trav- rs who have been in China declare t with the exception of the ar- tecture of the locality, the scene is an act reproduction of what goes on daily Canton or Pekin.

The little Chinese children of both es are dressed in gaudy green or blue tumes, and their little round faces with bright eyes and healthy complexions, are a pleasant sight.

Unfortunately, the morals of China- town are of a very low order, and had Li Hung Chang visited it, he would doubt- less have found much to criticise with dis- approval. Gambling, opium-smoking, and other forms of debauchery and vice are ev- erywhere prevalent. The vice of Chinatown has done much toward fixing the popular idea of the Chinese in America, perhaps unfairly, but, nevertheless, not without some foundation. There are, however, many bright exceptions where Chinamen who have come under civilizing and Chris- tianizing influence through mission work have abandoned their heathen belief and the peculiar vices that are its accompani- ment.

***

Social Life in Athens.

In a letter from Athens, describing life in the Greek Capital, Rev. J. B. Risk gives this glimpse of the most moral city in Europe: "Athens is, I think, without doubt, the most moral city in the world. There are no open and visible solicita- tions to vice.

The modern Greeks have still the same characteristics of the ancient race—a re- gard for measure and moderation which is truly wonderful. The people seem to have no violent passions; they are, as they say themselves, 'philosophic.' They do not cherish hatred or revenge. Modern Athens is full of interest, and the aspect of life it presents is highly picturesque. Here one sees well-dressed men and women elegant- ly attired according to the latest Parisian fashion, jostling with the villager in his Albanian costume, or with the rude moun- taineer in his capote and sheepskin. And in every detail of daily life the same con- trast is observable—the new civilization displacing the older, which still clings to its skirts." Athens is certainly a charm- ing city to live in, and Americans who have visited it are enthusiastic over its beautiful scenery and excellent society.

***

A Wilful Princess.

In one of the leading English magazines an interesting and instructive anecdote is related of Queen Victoria, as illustrating how her children were brought up. The children, except the eldest, (afterward Empress Frederick, mother of the German Emperor), are said to have obeyed their parents implicitly. The Prince Consort, her father, had a physician in attendance named Brown, and as is the fashion with persons in his position, addressed the doc- tor merely by his surname, Brown, omit- ring any title or prefix. The royal chil- dren took up the form of address, and were promptly reproved. The younger ones became more respectful, but the princess royal continued to call the doctor Brown. She was told that if she repeated the of- fence she would be sent to bed. The next morning as the doctor entered the break- fast room, she rose and said, "Good morn- ing, Brown;" then seeing the Queen's eye fixed sternly upon her, she added, "And good night, Brown, for I'm going to bed," and without waiting for orders, marched off to her room. She stayed there until the full measure of her punishment was fulfilled.

***

Sharing Childish Pleasures.

We should be careful how we repress childish enthusiasm over discoveries that seem to us to be unimportant, but which, to the child, so new to everything here, are of absorbing interest. When there is no sympathy with child life, no stooping of the larger to the lesser mind to take in its pleasures, its fancies, its daily discov- eries and its griefs, there is sure to be mis- understanding, which not only brings pain to the child, but an imputation of wrong motives. Can there be greater injustice? It is a delicate undertaking at any time to correctly estimate the secret motives of another. It is doubly so in the case of children, whose inner lives are so little ap- prehended. The boy comes running into the house, his face aglow with eagerness to tell of the pleasure he has found. He comes with a slamming of doors, a whoop and hurrah, and dust on his flying feet. Mother's thoughts are fixed more on spot- less carpets than on the mental exaltation of her child.

A sharp rebuke comes for the racket and the dust, a hurried fetching of the broom, and a total indifference to the child's message meet his enthusiasm. The fire dies out in the eager little heart. The lad retreats crestfallen, miserable. Just as miserable as you are, O mother! if you have brought to your bosom friend news that gives you exquisite delight and you find him as unsympathetic as a rock, as cruel in words as a poisoned arrow. The fire dies out in the boy's heart, but not the sting of injustice, although he is unable to analyze and give it a name. The sting is so sharp that it alone abides in his con- sciousness, the noise and dusty feet make no impression.

CHINESE FISH AND VEGETABLE SELLER, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

EVENING HYMN.

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
I pray thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to thee;
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

***

Mothers and Daughters.

IT is sometimes painful to observe the lack of sympathy between the daugh- ters of to-day and the poor mothers, who may be old-fashioned and out-of- date. On this subject, Mary Lowe Dickinson, addressing the daughters, writes as follows: Do not think, because your mother never had any special cultiva- tion in music, and knows nothing of it scientifically, that she will not be interest- ed and pleased if you, in your little musi- cal parties and gatherings, always see that she has a place, and that not the place of the chaperon, to be neglect- ed, but of the companion, who will try to understand what you appre- ciate, that she may enjoy what you enjoy. In you conversation at home and around the table, do not keep strictly to the topics with which you think she is familiar, and so show her no other range but that of household life, but try her on the new subjects, tell her the new ideas that you hear advanced by other people. Speak to her on topics of general interest. Tell her what you have been reading, and get her to tell you what she thinks, at the same time that you frank- ly share your thoughts with her. It is natural for the mothers to feel it much when the girls and the boys go away to school or college, and they find at vacation time that everything is changed. The new things that are filling the minds of the students are not talked of in the homes. Between the mother and daughter, or mother and son, is a great gulf fixed. The young people know the change but dispose of it by saying, "Mother doesn't care for those things." Of how much mother would care if only they gave her a chance, they are, perhaps, in- capable of judging. Certainly, in the two matters of dress and con- versation, and, in many cases, in the books and the higher intellec- tual life, the mother might share if only the child were not too eager to be with younger friends and too indifferent as to whether the mother moves by her side or not.

***

Bismarck's Love of Frolic.

Old as he is, the great German ex- Chancellor is still fond of amusement, but he is now too decrepit to join in the merry- makings as he was once wont to do. An acquaintance of Bismarck tells this inci- dent which occurred some years ago in the royal palace at Berlin: It seems one day considerable noise issued from an apart- ment used by the young princes. Bis- marck, who was passing by, put his head within the door and found the young princes dancing and shouting to the tunes of a barrel-organ played by the crown prince. The moment they saw him they invited him to have some fun, too. Bis- marck declined, but agreed to play the or- gan. Right merrily went the fun, and right lively Bismarck ground away, when into the midst of the shouting, laughing, danc- ing group stalked the Kaiser. A smile swept over his face when he saw that great statesman. Bismarck, the man of iron, grinding away on a barrel-organ, and after greeting his sons, he turned to him in mock displeasure and remarked: "You are beginning in good time to make the heir apparent dance to your music. It seems that this is about the fourth gener- ation that has done so."

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Yes.

Rosa R., Ida Grove, Ia. 1. Can you tell me whether there is anything which could take the place of alcohol in making medicines and drugs? 2. In what position should I sleep? 3. I think it would purchase a good book, in a good binding, and start it out in the world, with written instructions to pass it on. The book should be interesting and of good moral tone. Any of T. S. [illegible] would do.

1. Not yet discovered. We understand, however, that there are hospitals (in England and in the United States), where alcohol is not used in compounding drugs or otherwise. 2. On the right side, preferably. 3. The idea is a good one. Why not try it?

Mary S., Wyndmere, N. D. 1. How can you justify [illegible] other purpose, when you claim as in a recent number that even an untruth, or the least deception [illegible] justified in making a feigned attack on an enemy's right, and so distract their attention, while he employed his main force to turn the enemy's left?

1. War is at all times an evil, but sometimes a necessary one. There may be causes which make it justifiable, as when it is waged in defence of life, honor, and liberty, or against oppressors, invaders of our homes, or despoilers of our firesides. Wars of ambition, aggression, conquest, fanaticism, [illegible] are utterly unjustifiable. War for the protection of the Armenians need not be based on either untruth or deception. 2. Such a movement as you have described is a part of the art of war which is open to all nations alike. Tactics and strategy as a whole are designed to baffle and deceive. But as we have already shown, war is an evil throughout, and nothing in it will bear rigid moral analysis, although some wars are defensible and even righteous, by comparison with others.

J. M., Davenport, Ia. What is the exact meaning of "cloture," which I see [illegible]

"Cloture" (or "closure") is from a French word, signifying the closing of a thing, and in parliamentary language it means the closing of a debate. It is the custom in the French, Spanish, Italian, Belgian, Norwegian, and Swedish Parliaments to call for a division, when the subject has been sufficiently discussed, notwithstanding the fact that a small majority may object and wish to continue the debate. This custom was introduced in the English Parliament in 1883 to guard against prolonged discussion.

D. L., De Graff, Gloversville, N. Y. Does a former sub- [illegible]

Yes, not being at present on our list, the name would be counted as that of a new subscriber.

[illegible] heard that the so-called dis- [illegible] endorsed by the Palestine [illegible] vestigated and accepted by [illegible] horities (who cannot afford [illegible] that sheds light on man's

Martha Van N. Trenton, [illegible]

[illegible] earliest, though hardly [illegible] ordinary sense, was the [illegible] however, [illegible] Venice claims [illegible] *Post-Boy*, which appeared in 1695. It should not be forgotten, however, that China has a a weekly journal, published in Pekin, which is said to have been established over a thousand years ago. It is printed on rolls of silk.

J. M. C., West Union, S. C. 1. Were there any Sadducees in the Jewish Sanhedrim? 2. Have the three men who started from Spitzbergen to ex- [illegible] North Pole ever been heard of since they started?

1. There were certainly Sadducees in the Sanhedrim at the time of Paul's trial (see Acts 23:6), as he took advantage of their presence to excite dissension and party spirit between them and the Pharisees. 2. Yes; it is understood that the project has been postponed until next season.

I. V. M., Old Cape. 1. What would be the duty on the complete set of Encyclopedias to Canada? 2. When Moses was blessing the twelve tribes, why did Simeon receive a blessing also? What had they done?

1. Six cents per pound, or about $2 for the set. 2. The non-appearance of Simeon's name in the blessing of Moses is explained by the circumstance that the tribe was not regarded as having an independent existence. Originally, it had no separate allotment of territory, but only a series of cities, and it was finally dispersed, owing, probably, to some corrupting or sinful elements in the tribe itself (see Gen. 49: 5-7), which in the end caused it to dwindle and disappear.

Reader, Ottawa, Ill. Do you think it is right for a Christian to save up money and accumulate [illegible] treasures on earth, but in heaven? Don't you [illegible] tenth of my income to the Lord and I found such [illegible]

The true course for a Christian is, not to scorn wealth, but to regard it as a stewardship—a means placed at his disposal, to be employed to best advantage for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind. There is no divine injunction against worldly prosperity; on the contrary it is frequently spoken as a blessing. (See Gen. 13: 1; I. Sam. 2: 7; Prov. 10: 22. I. Chron. 29: 12; Psalm 112: 3; Prov. 22: 4; Job 42: 12, and a multitude of passages). But we are warned against setting our hearts on worldly wealth and against riches that come by dishonest means; also against the improper use of wealth, and against hoarding, usury, extortion, covetousness, greed, miserliness. If we use our wealth for the Lord it will be multiplied and increased (see Prov. 11: 24, etc., etc.), but employed for any other [illegible] (See Matt. 19: 23: 24; Mark 10: 23; Luke 6: 24; Jas. 5: 1, and others). God's work has [illegible] and we should take pleasure in cheerfully giving that work a fair proportion of our substance, feeling secure in his promise to care for us. The larger our means the greater our responsibility and the more he expects us to do. Right giving is a great developer of spirituality and brings joy and blessing into our lives.

Mrs. M. N., Hudson, N. Y. Is it the spirit of true worship, or the desire for professional show, that prompts a church to have professional vocalists for its choir?

The service of praise should be as truly an expression of adoration and gratitude as the prayers. A leading divine has written on this point: "The utterances of the finest singer are an offence to God if they be not the vocal expression of heart worship."

S. H., Reed City, Mich. Will there be preaching in Hell? Do you think it possible that any lost soul might, by repentance, or in any other way, escape from perdition and gain an entrance into heaven?

We have no warrant in the Bible for entertaining the hope. If, in the infinite mercy of God, there is a provision made for the ultimate salvation of the lost, it does not appear to us that he has revealed it. It was not essential that he should do so. He has made it clear how men in this life may obtain salvation, and if any one rejects it or neglects it, he has no ground for hoping that he will have another opportunity beyond the grave. It would be an appalling risk for a man to make the experiment.

Inquirer, Providence, R. I. If, as you said in a recent answer to a correspondent, we should make our prayers with the proviso that they are in accordance with God's will, why should we pray at all? Will not God's will be done whether we pray or not?

His will is not done in us without our consent. It is necessary to pray that we may do his will and submit ourselves to it. Back of that, is the desire that our hearts may be attuned to his will, and it is necessary that we pray for that. When we are so in accord with him, that our desires are such as he takes pleasure in granting, we may ask what we will, with assurance that we shall receive it. But even then we must limit our desires with respect to his omniscience. He can see better than we what is really good for us, and in his higher wisdom may refuse what appears to us a blessing. The case of Paul's thrice repeated prayer for the removal of the "thorn in the flesh," is an instance in point.

A. L. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Are repentance and conversion [illegible] terms? Is there "a second blessing," as I have heard it called, which is a stage beyond conversion? If so, can a man be saved without the second blessing?

Repentance should lead to conversion and it is generally the first step to it, but it is not conversion. There are many who repent when punishment falls upon them, or when they are in great peril, who never exercise that faith in Christ which is essential to conversion. By the "second blessing," we understand the process of sanctification. Christians who use the term, however, usually regard it as a sudden and complete act by which a man becomes practically raised above temptation and, as some contend, incapable of committing sin. Sanctification, on the other hand, is a lifelong process of growth into Christlikeness. A man's salvation is assured by conversion and then the process of sanctification begins. It is [illegible] that he might die immediately after his conversion and might never have the second blessing or sanctification in this world, though he might gain them in the other.

"One who has Sinned," Lapland, Kans. If a person who has committed a great sin, has fallen into trouble, poverty, or sickness through his sin, [illegible] He should certainly bear his suffering patiently, knowing that he has brought it upon himself, but that does not preclude him from using all proper means and remedies for relief. A more rational view of the government than you appear to have is that God has established natural laws which work their own penalty on transgressors. It is as a mother strictly forbade her child to touch the pretty red metal of the hot stove. When the child disobeys and lays his hand on the hot metal, there is no occasion for the mother to punish him for his disobedience. He suffers from his burns, and she does her best to relieve him relief. God does not delight in our suffering, but it pleases him when we learn from it to avoid the sin which caused it.

Subscriber, Jersey City, N. J. Is it known how many inhabitants of Europe are divided as to their faith? Are Roman Catholics or Protestants the more numerous?

The latest statistics we have seen give the population of Europe as about three hundred and fifty millions. Of these, the Roman Catholic Church claims 105,000,000, but [illegible] many men in France, Austria, and Italy are counted as Roman Catholics who have no religion of any kind. The Protestants are set down at ninety millions. The Greek Churches, chiefly the Greek Church, number eighty-five millions, and there are about five million Jews and five million Mohemmedans.

"In Christ," Fern Hill, Wash. I am a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and should be obliged if you would state what reason there is for keeping Sunday holy, when Saturday was the day set apart in the Commandments.

We keep Sunday as the Lord's Day in celebration of Christ's resurrection. When the Gospel was preached among the Gentiles, the question was raised in the Council of Apostles whether they should be required to keep the Jewish law. You will find the decision in Acts 15: 28, 29 and you will see that no mention is made of their being required to keep the Jewish Sabbath. But we do not ignore the day as a Sabbath which should be a day of absolute rest; we spend it in holy activity in the Lord's service. There seems good reason to believe that the Apostles and the early church kept Sunday as a weekly day of worship and celebration, and we know certainly that for fifteen centuries it has been the day observed throughout Christendom.

Student, Baltimore, Md. What is the meaning of the expression in Psalm 84: 5: "In whose heart are the ways of them?"

The Psalmist had been dwelling on the happiness of the people who were continually in and about the Temple, taking part in the services. He goes on to say practically that still more blessed is the man whose heart is a temple of God. The earthly temple service brought the worshiper near to God, but the man was still nearer who not being able to go up to the Temple, found in his own heart the ways of God, and could worship him in spirit and in truth.

M. P., Broadhead, Ky. What is the meaning of the exclusion from business of the people who have not the [illegible] the beast mentioned in Rev.

Students of prophecy generally believe that in the time of persecution, under Antichrist, in the last years of this dispensation, the great enemy of Christ will be able to forbid any person buying or selling who does not acknowledge allegiance to him. The sign of such allegiance will be the wearing of some [illegible] or token which will indicate the person's being his follower. The number is thought to be the sum of the values of the Greek letters forming his name.

"Subscriber," Bella Vista, Cal. 1. Is it necessary to belong to a church to be saved? 2. Will a person who has lived a good life on earth have a higher place in heaven than a person who was converted just before his death? 3. Will a Christian mother grieve even in heaven for a wicked son she tenderly loved and who lived a lower life than herself owing to his having lived the greater part of his life in sin?

1. Joining a church is in our time the recognized mode of confessing Christ before men. Christ requires an open and public confession of him, and says that he will be ashamed of the man who does not render it (See Luke 9: 26). It is not, however, essential to salvation because a man might be so situated as that it would be impossible for him to join a church. 2. We are distinctly taught that there are degrees of glory in heaven (See I. Cor. 15: 41), but not that they are determined in any way by the number of years of service. Indeed the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard (Matt. 20: 1-16) seems to imply the contrary. 3. We believe that grief will be excluded from heaven, and that in such a case as you mention, the mother and son will cheerfully acquiesce in the arrangements whatever they may be.

R. W. G., N. S., Can. 1. She is the same [illegible] 2. You [illegible] [illegible] — Thomas W. H. [illegible] It is said to be of Chinese origin and [illegible] grows as a means of [illegible] — Rev. [illegible] N. Y. Address her at Harper [illegible] Franklin Square, New York. — Subscribers, [illegible] Write to the Secretary, Society of [illegible] the Signet, Edinburgh, Scotland.

AN AFRICAN SLAVE CENTRE, CATOMBELLA, NEAR BENGUELLA.

Our photograph presents a view of Catombella, the suburb of Benguella (whence the caravans start for Bihe and the far interior), with a glimpse of the old caravan road, by which so many thousands of slaves have, for two hundred years, been brought down to the port of Benguella and thence shipped to the American plantations. Now they are shipped to the plantations of San Thome and Prince's Island.

Responsibility.

uggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning October 18. Matt. 5: 13-16; 25: 14-30.

ARE we doing our best? is the question propounded for our consideration this week. It is well that it is put in the first person, because in the second, it might be an impertinence and in the third it might rovoke unjust and uncharitable criticism. lo one knows besides the per- concerned, whether he is ing the best work of which e is capable, and even he may iscover that there is still bet- r work that he might do, if e would take the right meas- es for the development of his wers. Perhaps the best rvice that can be rendered uld be to suggest some hin- nces, which often prevent me young Christian doing e best he has the power to . One of the most common diffidence. There is a lack courage, a shrinking from ublicity, a fear that he has ot the capacity for the work at needs doing. Some of e best workers have exper- nced this timidity. Even nox, the mightiest of Scot- h preachers, shrank from r work, believing that he d not the necessary qualifi- tions and was almost forced to the pulpit against his ill. While there are more eople who force themselves to the pulpit at the prompt- g of ambition, there are still me who hold back from fear failure. It is, however, in e humbler duties, that diffi- nce operates as a hindrance ost frequently. The word at should be spoken for hrist to a business acquaint- ce, the kindly invitation of stranger to church, the effort gather a few children from e street into the Sunday hool, all these require moral urage and are frequently left ndone through diffidence. We ed to remind ourselves that duty close to our hand, needs ing and that we are respons- le for its performance. We e not responsible for success, t only for doing the best we n. The poet Young, says: He that does the best his cir- mstance allows, does well; ngels could do no more." God es not expect from us the rk that we are disqualified om performing but he does ex- ect that such powers as he has ven us shall be used. The an in the parable, who had ained two talents, received e same commendation as he ho had gained five, he hav- g had less capital to work ith. It was the man who d not use his talent that was lamed. He probably thought was too small to use with y effect.

Another hindrance is world- ness. It is astonishing how uickly worldly thoughts will aralyze the power for service. third hindrance is self-indulgence. The ody needs constant vigilance, lest it as- rt its power over the spirit and clog it nd impede its operations. Every one nows how his energies are impaired after heavy meal and other forms of physical ndulgence, and it is easily possible for the npairment to become chronic. A famous reacher likens the spirit in the body to a ndle shining in a lantern, and warns us at the glass may become so coated with ust, that the light can scarcely be seen. nother hindrance is lack of faith. A right iew of the promised blessing would con- ince us that the power is not in ourselves, nd that God can bless the weakest if he oes forward trusting in him. Our best ay be inadequate, but the power of the oly Spirit, which is promised to the arnest worker, is almighty.

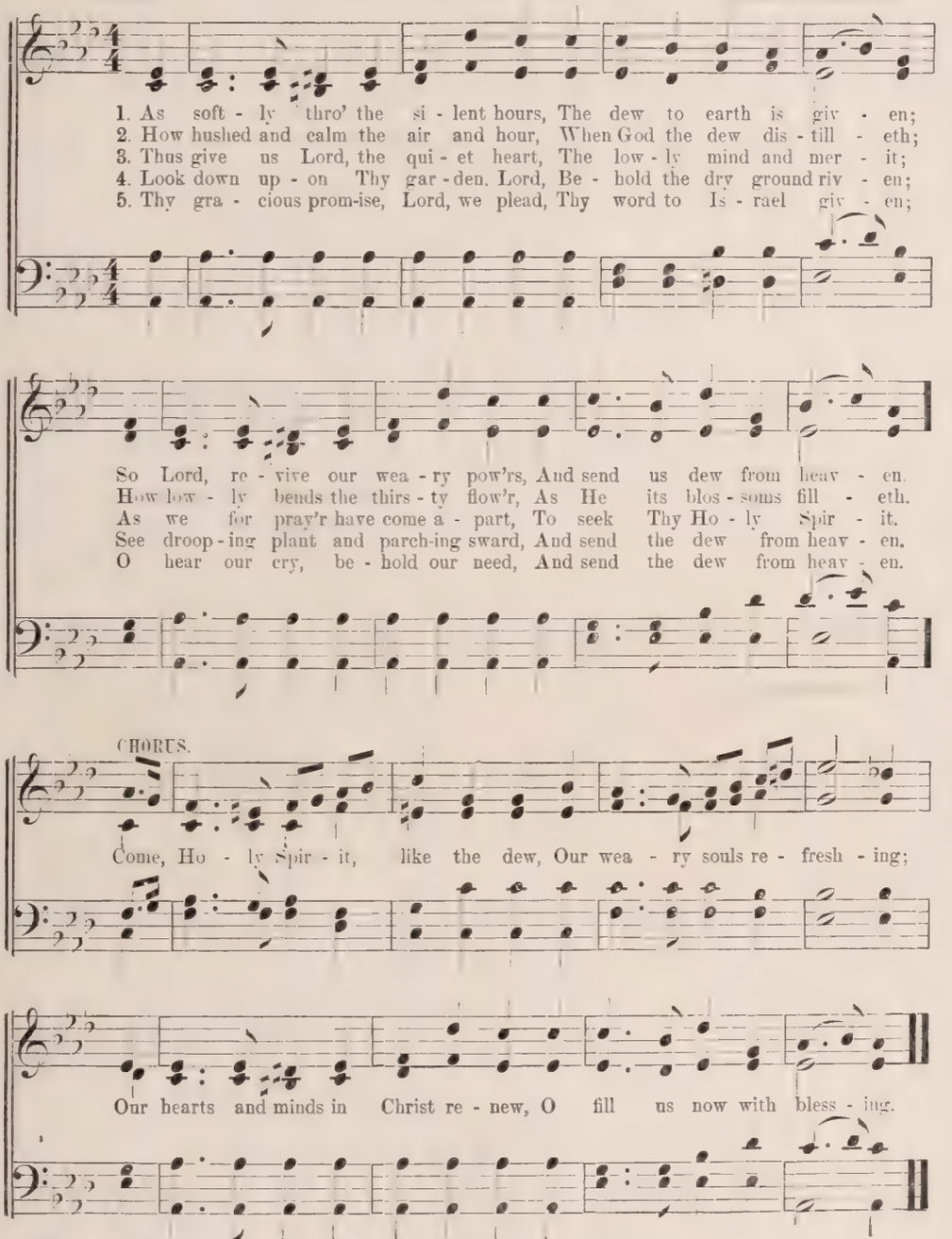
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

"GOD GIVE THEE OF THE DEW OF HEAVEN."—*Gen. 27: 28.*

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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NOT MINE.

IT is not mine to run
With eager feet
Along life's crowded ways,
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And linen fine.

It is not mine to break
At his dear feet
The alabaster-box
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for his sake,
All pain and loss.

Yet, Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter, for thy sake,
Through one short hour;

If I, in harvest-fields
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
For Love to keep;

May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To bear thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more.

—MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

The Prophetic Parables.

The Era of the Parable of the Pearl of Great Price.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

IN this similitude the scene changes: the solid field breaks up into the ever-shifting waves of the sea, and the secret of the Kingdom is found as a pearl in its lowest depths. This points to times like those on which we seem already to be entering; times in which the narrow boundaries of sect are becoming indistinct, and are little noticed, while almost every man holds his own peculiar opinions. And, just as the pearl lies far beneath the restless surface of the waves, so, in no distant day, will the Word of God be hidden beneath the many waters of perpetually changing confessions, creeds, sects, opinions, and philosophies; and still later, at the culmination of the great apostasy, its very existence will be almost forgotten. The truth of God will be no more found, as it were, accidentally—as a man unexpectedly stumbles upon treasure-trove—but only by means of earn-inquiry.

For in this case a merchant, who knows the value of pearls, is seeking for them; and the reward of his dilligence is the discovery of the pearl of great price, to obtain which he gives up all that he has. The Lord thus signifies that, even in the perilous times of the end, those who are really desirous of truth will be guided to the great truth. But, as we learn from other prophecies, their sincerity will be sorely tested; they will have to turn away from that which is exciting the enthusiasm of the whole world in order to begin the search; and, when they have been successful, may be required to surrender family, position, property and even life itself, if they would possess the prize.

Since, however, the merchant is able to find the pearl, we are taught that God will not leave himself altogether without witnesses, while the Lawless One is reigning: there will yet be fishers, blessed of him, who will be empowered to bring up his truth from beneath the troubled waters of human opinions, and to offer it to those who are honestly seeking for "glory and honor and immortality."

If we look around us, we cannot but suspect that we are living in the transitional period between the previous Parable and that which we are now considering. Already, on every side, the fields of dogma are breaking up, and where one distinct and unalterable law was wont to prevail, there is nothing but uncertainty and innumerable opinions—opinions, too, which rarely claim to be derived from the revelation of God, but are avowedly based upon human authority, whether ancient or modern, whether ecclesiastical or secular.

The Protestant sects, as communities, attracted by human traditions and philosophies, are ceasing to hold fast the Head, and becoming less and less able to withstand the powerful influx of corruption. Those principles which used to characterize them are, like houses surprised by an inundation, already tottering, and threatening every moment to fall through the violence of the floods; so that shortly nothing will be seen but the tumultuous waters out of which Satan will evoke the last great enemy of Christ. The scarcely noticed summer stream has swelled into a broad and foaming river, and is bringing destruction with it from the mountains. But those who are in the ark will be safe.

THE BOOK SHELF

Tyre and Jerusalem.*

IT was the misfortune of Tyre that she had no son among all her merchant princes with genius universal and deep enough to bear to distant ages a record of her inner life. Life in Tyre took the form of sails which were spread to every breeze, and the strokes of oars heard in the waters at every sea. Her life stood in many storied houses, rustled in the silk of Tyrian purple, and uttered itself in the ears of the world. But what the people of Tyre thought about death, or immortality, or duty, or righteousness, or religion, or philosophy, or poetry, or literature, or farming, or plowing, or cooking, or even seafaring or trade, we can never know.

Her life simply lifted itself into the mammoth and unparalleled products of the merchandise of ancient times. It took the form of wharves, of ships, of purple awning, of revelry, of eating, of drinking, of low sensual pleasure; hence it has been utterly swept away. It stood only in masts, shipboards, ivory benches, sails, pilots, mariners, towers, silver, iron, tin, lead, brass, horses, mules, broidered work, fine linen, coral, agate, honey, oil, balm, wood, cassia, calamus, precious clothes, chariots, lambs, spices, chests, merchants, riches, sardius, topaz, diamond, beryl, onyx, jasper, sapphire, emerald, carbuncle, tabrets and pipes.

Through these it lifted itself up and defied the laws of God and man. It brought them together and piled them the one upon the other without reference to the moral law, which is to the spiritual world what the laws of gravity are to the physical. Hence, though they made of them the highest and most glittering heap that ever responded to the rays of the sun on earth before, they were disintegrated and scattered by war and caught by the sea and to-day are buried under its ever-moving waters.

Of Tyre we know something from Ezekiel, something from Hesiod, and something from Strabo, and something from the Bible and historians among surrounding nations. But as far as the people of Tyre themselves are concerned, they have mingled with the dust or gone to the depths of the sea without leaving a single record that enables us to get the history of that splendid, wealthy, thundering, unrighteous city. It was a magnificent pageant; it was a lurid, multitudinous dream; it was a vision, streaked with will-o'-the-wisp fire, thrown up from the damps of appetite and passion. It was an unreal air castle, raised at great labor, without foundation, and harmonizing with nothing that was fixed or eternal.

Tyre was so busy eating and dressing and drinking and trading and reveling that she raised no son to give eternal setting in poetry or history or tomb or art or religion to her dark, unsounded and unuttered life.

Jerusalem has been plundered and pillaged seventeen times; but no city has existence so secure, because it has been transmuted from the realm of rock and marble and gold and war and hate and blood, to the realm of undying thought and unfailing spirit. There is the Jerusalem of Melchisedec, transmuted by his faith into an eternal city rising above the storms and clouds and changing fortunes of time, beautiful and fair as the morning.

[illegible] of Olives in song, charming the ear and refreshing the hearts of the saints of all ages. There is the Jerusalem of Solomon, with its temple covered with gold, glittering under the sun of the deep Syrian sky throughout all time. There is the Jerusalem of Nehemiah, built with a weapon of warfare in one hand and an implement of industry in the other, fixed and serene in the everlasting sky. There is the Jerusalem of Isaiah, living in thought, breathing in prophecy and falling in tears, but rising in aspirations that are never to pass away. There is the Jerusalem of Jeremiah, changing with the cadences of his sad and mournful poem, but unchanging and unchangeable in the fact that that poem will float it forever. In the deep and wailing heart of the prophet of God raised up to tell Jerusalem of her sins, the holy city will sail like a majestic ship to the period when time shall be no more. There is the Jerusalem of Nicodemus and of our Lord Jesus Christ, with its temple, its palace of Herod, its garden of Gethsemane, its Mount Calvary, rising in holiness and falling in sin, but fixed in its elements and in its inhabitants and in its gardens and walls forever in the literature of the New Testament.

What to Do With the Children.*

CHILDREN, to be truly happy, must have the companionship of other children. Most parents, believing this, allow their children friends and playmates; but there are mothers who, in their desire to keep the child's mind uncontaminated, deprive him of this necessary stimulus. Students of child-nature are beginning to think that there is less danger from chance companionships than has been imagined, presupposing a sound home training. Just as a sound body resists exposure and contagion, and throws off disease which is the undoing of a weaker one, so a sound mind and healthy soul will resist evil. Unless a child's companions are known to be really objectionable, the evil of no companionship is apt to be greater than the risk run in letting him play with his mates.

Other mothers there are who, in their devoted absorption in their children, forget or ignore this need of child-life. That their own companionship is not enough does not occur to them. Such mothers should at least try the experiment of allowing their children to play with others of the same age before coming to the conclusion that playmates are unnecessary.

Our country is full not only of children who are suffering for companionship; it is also full of respectable, hard-working families who have so many children that but few advantages and little attention can be given them. Some sort of social exchange, with schools and kindergarten for centres, seems a possibility for the future in the consideration of these problems.

It has been stated that there are 350,000 homeless children in the United States, but happily we hear every little while of one family and another who has taken one of these little ones in, either to brighten a childless home or to bring companionship to a lonely little only child. In this latter case, it is hard to say which child is the most benefited.

Radical as it sounds water makes a delightful plaything, but it is seldom used because—it is too much trouble! Happy is the child equipped for play in a fresh puddle left by the rain, or in a tub of water in the back yard! Happy is the child who is sometimes dressed for a frolic in a warm summer shower, who on hot days is allowed to play in the bath-tub or with the hose! Happy are those children who, when taken to shore or beach, are dressed, or undressed, so that they will not have to be cautioned every other minute not to get wet! The old familiar rhyme beginning "Mother, may I go out to swim?"—you know the rest—would be appreciated by many children on lake shore and ocean beach if they happen to know it.

Mother Nature with her sunshine, rain, wind, hail, snow and various commotions and combinations of the elements is always ready to play with the children, and they with her, were they only allowed to do so. They are not allowed because of the fear that they will soil or injure their clothes, hurt themselves, take cold, or be too much trouble to some one, and so they lose many hours which, through the happiest play, might bring to them health, courage, freedom and joy.

The Veteran's Death.*

"WHAT has Dr. McAll done for France?" exclaimed the eminent Pastor Theodore Monod, speaking at the memorial service of his friend. "Time will not allow us to retrace the history of the work. Its nature will be sufficiently understood when we recall the good woman who declared, 'Our home was formerly a hell upon earth, now it is heaven;' that old soldier who knew nothing about the Bible, but now 'feeds upon it;' that young girl who, when dying, begged her mother to go on reading the Bible, and comforted her, in a charming French way, by saying, 'Dear mother, you will not grieve for me when I am gone; you will think now happy I shall be there, dancing with the angels!'

"The health of the President of the Mission was far from robust, and was not commensurate with his indefatigable activity. Several times he was reluctantly obliged to take a season of rest. He suffered especially from frequent attacks of excruciating headache. Last year he grew worse. He felt it was necessary to relinquish the daily cares of the Mission and tire to London for some months in each year, hoping still to forward the work by his counsels, and by helping to secure the needful resources. But this was not to be. The hand of God laid him low: he became seriously ill and unable to attend meetings. He worked to the last, however, preparing an enlarged edition of his invaluable hymn-book, no small part of the inheritance he has left us.

"In his solitude he pined for France and for his work. I had almost said that he felt 'home-sick.' As soon as he could persuade the doctors to allow it, he returned to Paris. But he grew weaker day by day. He was able to revisit some of his beloved conferences, ond to take part in the deliberations of the committee. Only a fortnight ago yesterday he conducted the meeting at the Rue Royale in the afternoon. He grew rapidly worse. His great desire was for quiet and solitude. Very few saw him during those days. On the last of all, almost his last words, spoken with great difficulty, were, *Laisseq-moi mourir; laisseq-moi seul* ('Let me die; leave me by myself.')

"On the preceding day, the Rev. S. H. Anderson, in the course of a short interview, asked him, 'Is Jesus still near you?' In his extreme weakness, Dr. McAll replied by nodding his head affirmatively. 'How glad we are to know that all is free grace!' Again the sick man smiled and signified assent. 'Christ Jesus has been made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,' said the pastor. Dr. McAll again smiled, stretching out both hands with the palms turned upwards, and gazing into heaven with an expression of rapture.

"Mrs. McAll wrote me," added Pastor Monod, "'he fell asleep like a little child in his mother's arms.' We saw him the next day on the bed where he breathed his last; it was strewn with flowers and palm leaves and our national colors; his coat was buttoned up, as though he were about to rise and walk to the meeting, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was on his breast.

"Dr. McAll has given permanent shape to a new method of evangelization. Listen to a man who is entitled to be heard on such a subject. Mr. Moody says: 'I consider the McAll Mission as a model Mission for the world. Its special characteristic is that it preaches the Gospel daily, not in churches or chapels, but in shops on the public thoroughfares.'

"If you desire to accomplish great things for God, do not try to make a great beginning. Let your own concern be to do faithfully whatever work the Master sets before you.

"Serve God only. How few give to God the whole of their heart and life! What strikes me most in these Anglo-Sa[illegible] Christians, some of whom have been s[illegible] a power for good, is the thoroughnes[illegible] their consecration.

"We must always be at God's dispo[illegible]. When God said to Dr. McAll, as to Al[illegible]ham of old, 'Get thee out of thy coun[illegible], and from thy kindred, and from thy fa[illegible]er's house,' he was over fifty years [illegible]. He had an excellent position, as a belo[illegible]d and honored pastor; he might well h[illegible]e pleaded to be excused from undertakin[illegible]a work so full of uncertainty, and leavin[illegible]a position so full of usefulness. But, hav[illegible]g recognized the voice of God, our belo[illegible]d friend did not hesitate."

Society's Sins Rebuked.*

DRAWING upon a knowledge of [illegible] man nature, an extent of exp[illegible]ence, a breadth of observation, [illegible] a keenness of insight, which only suc[illegible] man could have, he touched in regular o[illegible] upon the sins of the age, of the Chu[illegible] of the classes of people present. The l[illegible]urious living of the successor of the Ap[illegible]tles, whose conveyance is a prince's cha[illegible], whose abode is a palace, whose table is [illegible] epicure's feast, whose raiment is pu[illegible] and fine linen, whose ornaments are [illegible] and precious stones, useless except to i[illegible] vanity, was set forth as one of the c[illegible] hindrances to a sadly needed reform. [illegible] example of extravagance, of selfish di[illegible]gard for the needs of the poor, of flaun[illegible]g wealth before the envious eyes of th[illegible]e less wealthy, was thus set which [illegible]e clergy of all classes, Christians at la[illegible], and the world in general, were far o[illegible] ready to imitate. He assailed the adm[illegible]istration of the Church, particularly in [illegible]e matter of pandering to the rich and put[illegible]g off the poor man with the second best [illegible] disciplining only the feeble who offen[illegible]d the strong, in depending upon the rais[illegible]g of money for almost every object by m[illegible]ods that were purely worldly, and q[illegible]tionable if not positively iniquitous. [illegible]e next aimed his missiles at the perso[illegible]d sins of men and women. He stripped [illegible]e disguise with ruthless hand from the f[illegible]ionable crimes from which respectabi[illegible]y seeks to defend itself by denying their [illegible]istence. Men, and women too, winced [illegible]s though the secret history of their [illegible] lives was being told, and the pro[illegible]t would in a few minutes point the finge[illegible]t them, exclaiming, "Thou art the ma[illegible]" After this the speaker held up to conte[illegible]t the unmanliness of the man who lea[illegible]s the duty of serving God as a good sol[illegible]r of Jesus Christ to his wife and child[illegible], who cannot brave a storm to report h[illegible] self for duty in the church, whose spirit [illegible] constitution cannot endure the strai[illegible]n more than one service on Sunday, wh[illegible]e voluntary contributions for the advanc[illegible] the Gospel are less than the amount sp[illegible]t by him on cigars, who is willing to acc[illegible]t salvation by the cross of Christ with[illegible]t exerting himself in the slightest degree [illegible] deserve it. There was no escaping t[illegible]s either; the most hardened of the easy-[illegible]ing gasped for breath, and held hard to [illegible] seats in the agony of their self-contemp[illegible]

*From *The Time Is Coming*, by W. E. Blatchford, a book dealing with the spiritual and social development of the future. Pp. 282; cloth covers; price $1.00. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York, publishers.

*From *The Life of Dr. R. W. McAll*, Founder of the McAll Mission, Paris. Pp. [illegible]; price $1.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, [illegible] and London.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

How the Children Raised the Wind. By Edna L. *Adolph.* By Fannie J. Taylor. Two books for [illegible]dren. Price 25 cents each. Published by Fle[illegible] H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and [illegible]ronto.

The Inspiration of History. By James Mulcal[illegible] S. T. D. Pp. 135; price $1. Published by Tho[illegible] Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

Five Lads: Masks, Faces and Shadows. By [illegible] Joseph Parker. Pp. 288; price 75 cents. Publi[illegible] by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, [illegible]cago, and Toronto.

The Pilgrim Child. By Theodora C. Elmslie. [illegible]28 illustrations; price 75 cents. Published by [illegible] American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

Evolution or Creation. A Critical Review of [illegible] Scientific and Scriptural Theories and certain [illegible]ated Subjects. By Prof. Luther Tracy Town[illegible] D. D. Pp. [illegible]; price $1.25. Published by the [illegible]ing H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, [illegible] Toronto.

How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon, with [illegible] duction by Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D. [illegible]ous illustrated; price $1.75. Published by the [illegible] Publishing Company, Chicago.

Church Unity. Five Lectures by Charles [illegible] Shields, D. D., E. Benjamin Andrews, LL.D., J. [illegible] L. Hurst, D. D., Bishop Henry C. Potter, and A. [illegible] H. Bradford, D. D. Pp. 231; price $1. Publis[illegible] by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Through Egypt to Palestine. By Lee S. Smith. [illegible]223. Illustrated with Photographs taken by the [illegible]thor; price $1.25. Published by the Fleming [illegible] Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Lo[illegible]

Strange Countries. A story by Fannie L. Ne[illegible] berry. Pp. [illegible]; price $1.25. Published by A. [illegible] Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER X.

Reminiscences.

A WINTRY day, snow deep on all the roads, but getting hard and promising sleighing. In Mrs. Seymour's home everything was bright and cheerful. The open fire cast a ruddy glow - the room and mother and son sat ding and writing till the sun grew low he West.

"Two ladies to see you, ma'am," said the servant, throwing open the door of room.

The words were scarcely spoken when young arms were thrown around the low's neck and her face was covered h kisses. Carrie Walter had returned school that day, bringing her school nd, Nellie Price, with her, and had n unable to spend the evening content- till she had seen her beloved Sunday ool teacher.

"How you have grown," exclaimed the dow, when she had released herself from girl's embrace and had greeted Carrie's nd. "You seem to have developed denly from a child to a young lady. I er saw such a change in so short a ."

nd she is more like you than ever, mma," said Milton.

That is your way of paying a compli- t," said Carrie. "I think you could pay me a higher one."

t is true," said Milton, "and you will other people will tell you so, too."

Well, never mind my looks. Tell me ything that has happened while I been away. I am just dying to hear. tells me no news in his letters."

ey sat talking happily for some time, the sound of sleigh-bells was heard side.

That is Papa come to take us home," Carrie.

We told him we were coming here, and e had a call to make in the town, he ised to drive around for us."

is was the Deacon's first visit to Mrs. our's cottage, for it could hardly be a visit to herself. Having stamped snow off his boots and blanketed his e carefully, he came in.

am happy to see you, Deacon Walte" said the widow, blushing, and trying forget old differences. "This is the visit we have received from you. k up to the fire and be seated."

Well, now," said the Deacon, as he anically threw off his great coat and up to the fire, "Mrs. Seymour, you w I don't visit much—a lonesome man, f business, and with an only daughte t school, I seldom go visiting."

e Deacon seemed to be disconcerted under restraint, and stood gazing at Mrs Seymour intently.

nless some one meets with an accid or gets sick or poor," said Carrie, a never visits. You must first re- yourself in distress to Mr. Hellings, that will bring Deacon Walter to house inside of three hours, Mrs. our."

Really, Carrie," said Mrs. Seymour, hose are the conditions, one would esire to see your father often; but I remember your directions." Then, ng to Mr. Walter, she continued: have never called during the ten s I have lived in Brookdale. This g the first, I hope it will not be your visit, Deacon Walter; we are nearly s at home, and will be pleased to see

es, thank you," answered the deaco abstractedly, and with some confusi still staring at the widow.

oking around, he saw two rooms of a e, not half so large as his own apartm s, and yet the parlors had more taste displayed in their furnishing, and evidences of more real comfort than he had seen since leaving his cottage in Scotland, fourteen years before.

It carried his thoughts back to his youthful home, and made him almost think that he was again in his own parlor there, beside the little grate fire, talking to the daughters of his poor neighbors, whom his wife would sometimes bring in at evening for a friendly talk. Then his countenance changed, as his mind recurred to that awful shipwreck, after he had started for America. He remembered the howling tempest, the furious waves dashing across the ship's deck; the shouts of the captain and seamen; the groaning of the machinery; and, finally, the fearful crash which threw one hundred souls into the boiling waters. Deep down in his heart, and stamped indelibly upon the tablets of memory, was the scene where he had tied two spars together; then, lashing his wife and only child to them, had leaped with them into the sea.

He remembered how the shock was too severe for the delicate constitution of his wife, who died upon the spar, with her tearful face turned toward him, as she grasped her baby in her stiffening arms. How the vessel went down, and how, almost by a miracle, after floating about on the debris for several hours, he and his motherless girl-baby were finally picked up and carried to Algiers, whence they sailed for America.

All this flashed across his mind, and induced silence, which might have continued, had not Carrie spoken to him. Turning suddenly, his eyes rested upon a portrait, which hung on the wall. It was a life-size head of Mrs. Seymour's only sister, long since deceased, and a sweeter face was seldom seen. The deacon looked at it earnestly, and, lifting the lamp, walked up to take a closer view.

He gazed at the portrait for a moment, when, staggering backward, as if about to faint, he was with difficulty prevented from falling to the floor by Milton, who led him to a chair.

"It is nothing," said the deacon. "I feel unwell, and my thoughts have taken me to strange places to-night. I ask pardon if I have caused you alarm."

Both Mrs. Seymour and Carrie were much concerned, and did all in their power to relieve him. As the deacon looked at the widow, with her pale face, another strange sensation came over him. He trembled violently, and nothing but a strong will saved him from again being overcome.

The cause of his trouble was that the widow, as well as her sister's portrait, brought forcibly to his recollection the face of his once beloved and now deceased wife.

Once in the bracing air, he was again the same stern, but frank and kind-hearted Deacon Walter. Milton offered to drive them to the Walter house and walk back, but the deacon declined his aid, and off they started. They had passed a very pleasant evening, although it was marred by a scene shrouded in mystery to every one save the deacon.

The only explanation he gave to Carrie was, that something about Mrs. Seymour and her cottage brought up recollections which made him very unhappy, and he hoped he should never be called upon to go there again!

"That was a strange attack the deacon had said Milton, as he and his mother drew their chairs to the fire when their visitors had departed. "I wonder what caused it."

"Some distressing memory, I suspect," said Mrs. Seymour. "He sees very little of domestic life and perhaps a cozy home like this recalled sad associations. He said something of the kind you remember. You will find as you grow older that life is very apt to have such associations. There are rooms we close and never mean to look into again, but some unexpected event or some familiar scene flings the door open in spite of us and we have to look at the past."

"Well, he need not dwell in the past, with so beautiful a girl as his daughter by his side. Is it not strange how like you she is growing?"

"Now you are flattering me. I have more reason than Carrie had to complain of you. Her fresh young beauty is so sweet that I wonder she thought you were praising her. If there is a resemblance and I think there may be in her expression it is not so extraordinary. I have often been struck by strange resemblances in people who have never even seen each other. I have met several people since I have been in America who are very like people I knew in Europe. When we remember that nature has only five or six features to operate with it is wonderful that she is able to produce such endless variety in faces as she does. I wonder there are not more duplicates."

Milton was silent for some minutes looking thoughtfully into the fire. Suddenly he looked up and said: "You spoke just now of closed rooms and you seemed to speak from experience. Are there any closed rooms in your history. Tell me about them, mamma, if there are."

"Yes, it will be painful, but you ought to know. I have often thought I would tell you, but I have never had the courage"

Mrs. Seymour covered her eyes with her hand, silently praying for strength. Then, with sudden decision, she said:

"My maiden name, as you know, was Maud Caroline Heath. I was the younger of two sisters, living with our aged father, Robert Heath, at his mansion in Leicestershire, England.

A yonng scion of nobility, the third son of an Earl, had been very attentive to me for a year, and, being smitten with an attachment that he thought was love, and encouraged by my father and elder sister, sought my hand in marriage. But, knowing of his dissipated habits and gambling propensities, I declined to marry a man whom I did not even respect, much less love. Besides, I had a preference for another. My father and sister were both against me, daily arguing and urging me to accept the suitor, until my home became a very uncomfortable place.

Mr. Harrison Seymour was an American, an *attache* of the United States diplomatic service, with an office at a seaport town, three miles from our home. He frequently visited us, and a warm attachment sprang up between him and me. Hearing that the Earl's son was forcing his attentions upon me, and of the cruelty of my family, Mr. Seymour told me of his love, of his past life, his present position, and his future hopes and prospects.

"I confessed affection for him in return, and we were soon engaged. My conscience, however, smote me for taking this step without my father's consent, and, at my request, Mr. Seymour sought the old gentleman to converse with him upon the subject. He was not only repulsed, before he could explain himself, but was forbidden to enter the Heath Mansion again.

"This led to a family quarrel which resulted in my withdrawal from my father's house. Mr. Seymour heard of my leaving home. He found me and we were soon after married in the little chapel.

"My father relented, however, after hearing of the marriage, and sent his carriage for us, with assurance of forgiveness and apologies for his conduct. The accompanying letter also stated that my sister, who had been very officious and disagreeable, had gone to Scotland, to be absent for a year or more.

"This sister frequently wrote to her father, but never to me; and we prolonged our stay at the homestead, not because my father seemed to be entirely reconciled, but because I felt that a man of seventy-five years needed my affectionate attention in the absence of his other daughter. The old gentleman sometimes seemed like himself, but always bitterly regretted the failure of his favorite scheme to have an aristocratic son-in-law; and, besides, he never liked Mr. Seymour, while my sister declared before leaving home, that she would not recognize her sister's marriage to "a Yankee politician." You were born in my father's house: an event of no small moment in the Heath household. You appeared to be a peace offering between your grandfather and us. The old man seldom passed an hour in the day without seeking you, whom he loved tenderly, and this rendered our stay more agreeable. In the meanwhile my sister in Scotland, unknown to us, but with the knowledge and consent of her father, had married a wealthy cotton and woolen manufacturer, and the son of one of my father's college chums.

"When you were two years old a sweet little sister came to add to our happiness. Contrary to the usual workings of nature, you resembled your beloved father in all external appearances, while the little babe looked, so far as a soft baby face can look, like me. About the same time my sister wrote to my father that she, too, had become the mother of a daughter.

"When the dear babe, who was named Maud after me, was about six months old my husband was in Hungary, having been ordered there by his Government at Washington, to investigate some complications arising from the arrest of an American citizen. He was taken ill with a fever while there, and the Consul, fearing that he would die, telegraphed to me to come immediately to his assistance. Making the best arrangements I could for the babe, and for my father's comfort, I took you with me and left England with a heavy heart, but with the consciousness of doing what seemed to be right. The voyage was an errand of love and duty, and strength equal to my day was given to me.

"My sister still cherished her resentment against me on account of my marriage. She had never written to me nor been home, but now taking the opportunity of my absence, she came on a visit to her father, bringing her babe with her. While at Heath manor, a remarkable resemblance of the babies to each other was apparent. So much alike were they that the family physician, in a joking way, advised grandfather Heath to 'get one of their ears clipped, to prevent a disagreeable mixing up, some fine day,' and he actually did touch one of their shoulders with caustic. They were dressed differently, and each had a separate nurse; but their resemblance was very striking.

"I cannot bear even at this distance of time to describe the terrible calamity that occurred. My darling little girl was drowned. Drowned through the carelessness of the nurses, while the two children were taking their morning bath. The nurses left them playing in the bath-tub, and went away to see some sight from the windows, and in some way the tap was turned, the bath-tub filled, and my sweet girl was found face downward at the bottom, dead.

"Soon after this event, old Mr. Heath died, leaving all his property, by will, to my sister, not recognizing my claims at all; and this was followed by a most unfeeling letter from my sister, enclosing a copy of her father's will, and telling me of his death. This, added to my anxiety for my husband made me ill.

"I have never seen the home of my childhood since that time. I could not go there after receiving such a letter as my sister wrote me. As soon as my dear husband was able to travel, we sailed for America, hoping that his native air would complete his recovery. But we were disappointed. He had a relapse soon after we landed, and he never recovered. I was alone in the wide world save for you, my dear son. Now I have told you all, and you know what a troubled life your mother has had, and can account for my frequent fits of depression."

"Poor mother," said Milton, "I am glad I know; I shall love you all the more, and try to make up to you for your troubles. Have you heard of your sister since?"

"Not directly. I did hear that all her property had been swept away in a panic, and that she was drowned at sea while on a voyage to America, where she and her husband were coming to retrieve their fortunes, but the news was not confirmed. Recently there came news of some one having made a confession of some wrong done me by which my sister had profited, but I have not inquired into it. There can be no wrongs that can be redressed now. I am trying to forget the past and to hope for the future. If you turn out well, that will be better to me than any redressing of past wrongs."

"With God's help, mamma," said Milton, solemnly, "you shall have that consolation."

(To be Continued.)

THEY MAY SAVE ARMENIA YET.

The European Powers Aroused by Abdul Hamid's Latest Butcheries — Mr. Gladstone's Clarion Call—The Armenian Immigration to New York.

AFTER [illegible] with the Sultan, who has broken every promise he has made in relation to the Armenians, the European Powers have apparently become ashamed of their wicked toleration of the man whom Mr. Gladstone has aptly called "the Great Assassin." Public sentiment in England and on the Continent has been growing at a tremendous pace for weeks past, and the demand for the adoption of a policy that will effectively prevent further atrocities by Turkey against the Armenians has been loudly sounded. At a recent public meeting held in England, Mr. Gladstone made one of the strongest speeches of his life, denouncing Abdul Hamid and declaring that England's unaided interference to save Armenia would be justified, and that it need not necessarily precipitate a European war. But the pressure of public opinion in Britain is so great that Lord Salisbury's government, even before the delivery of Gladstone's address, had felt that it might ultimately be forced to face the situation alone and take the initiative in coercing the Sultan. Salisbury's programme, which he is said to have already outlined, is to either secure the deposition of the Sultan or to put the affairs of Turkey's administration in the hands of a Council of Ambassadors, Abdul Hamid retaining the [illegible] with the sanction of the European Powers. Some color is given to this report by the statement that the Czar, who is now visiting Queen Victoria at her castle at Balmoral, in Scotland, has instructed M. Nelidoff, his ambassador at Constantinople, to report to him regarding the Sultan's moral and mental condition. It is believed that Queen Victoria will not fail to exert all her [illegible] adopt a policy toward Abdul Hamid's government that will prevent that royal madman [illegible] d. Fresh massa[illegible]gin, in the dis[illegible] Details are not [illegible] ter is said to have [illegible] st year.

[illegible] that fully five [illegible] ERALD. Amid the [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Lady Somerset's hands, of relieving much dis[illegible]

REMOVING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE MASSACRE

mander of the troops, several aides-de-camp of the Sultan, and the general commanding the Hamidieh regiment. Mr. Herbert, the British Charge d'Affaires, was passing through Galata when one of the refuse-carts belonging to the municipality was driven by. It was heaped up with corpses of Armenian porters. A correspondent of the London *Graphic* counted over two hundred of these carts laden with dead bodies being driven to the Armenian cemetery at Shishly. The representatives of the Powers have sent a collective note to the Porte demanding an inquiry, and that the guilty parties shall be punished. The Porte, replying to the note, threw all the responsibility on the Armenians.

Within a few weeks over 20,000 male Armenians have been deported from Constantinople to towns and villages in the interior. Many of those who have contrived to make their way from scenes of massacre in Armenia to the Turkish frontier have succeeded in escaping, and large numbers of the refugees have reached the port of Marseilles. They are entirely penniless there and dependent upon public generosity. Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, both now at Marseilles, are endeavoring to arrange, with the co-operation of the W. C. T. U., in England and America, some practical emigration scheme for the benefit of the exiles. These noble Christian women are meanwhile doing all that lies in their power to relieve the most pressing wants of the exiles, but as the funds at their disposal are exceedingly limited, they cabled this message to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Marseilles, France.

[illegible] *Christian Herald,* [illegible]

[illegible] *Will you not open subscription for Armenian re-*

Pray send us help at once! [illegible] *Frances Willard.*

Lady Henry Somerset.

In reply to this appeal, the sum of **one thousand dollars** [illegible] ed from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund and transferred by cable to Marseilles. This remittance will doubtless [illegible] in Miss Willard's and Lady Somerset's hands, of relieving much dis[illegible]

[illegible] of Armenian refugees continue to arrive in New York. They come, in almost every instance, direct from those scenes of slaughter that have made their historic country a graveyard. A number of the most deserving cases are now being aided by the Fund.

As the fresh outbreak of massacre at many points in Armenia has caused renewed suffering, it has been decided to extend special aid from the Fund to the survivors in such localities, and with this object to expend $1,000 per week, until further notice. Accordingly, the following sums were cabled last week through the American Board in New York City to the localities named:

Harpoot	**$500**
Egin	**$250**
Gemerek	**$250**

Contributions to the Fund during the week were as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$50,574.78
Maple Grove C E	8 00
Friend, Paterson	2 00
Evangelical Sunday School, Pa	10 00
I C K, Absecon	1 00
Susan E Spooner	6 36
M A Haynes	1 00
C E Gill	2 00
Mrs Georgina McKinnon	5 50
M A R, P E I	5 00
Mrs H D Arkwright	50
Sybil Egerton	1 00
E F Backus	5 00
Nettie M Dougherty	5 00
Mrs Murchison	2 00
Wm Holliday	1 00
Mrs F Parvine	1 00
Mrs F J Martin	4 00
Fanny J Shearin	25
In His Name, Melbourne	1 00
Total	**$50,625.89**

The Shipwreck of a Life.

At one of his recent meetings, Mr. Moody, the well-known evangelist, read this letter from the platform:

"Dear Sir,—I am the son of an aristocratic family in Europe, was expensively educated, and at college at Leipsic was ruined by drink. I was expelled for gambling and dishonesty. My parents were greatly grieved at my conduct, and I didn't dare to return home, but left for America. I went to St. Louis, and remained there for want of money to get away. I obtained a situation as book-keeper in a dry goods house. Hearing from home of the death of my parents, this made me more wretched than ever, and I plunged deeper into sin. I heard one of your sermons, which made a deep impression on my mind.

"I was taken sick, and the words of your text came to me over and over. I have tried to find the peace of God but have not succeeded. My friends have tried to reason with me that there is no God. The thought that I am sinful and approaching the grave, and of my blaspheming and my bad example, causes me to mourn. My life is drawing to a close. I have not yet found God's favor. Will you not remember me in your prayers, and beseech God to save my soul from eternal destruction?"

Mr. Moody added that he hunted long for that man, but could not find him. How sad to see such a wrecked life—a young man after such a carreer going to meet his God!

The Bowery Mission Installati[illegible].

An unusually large audience assem[illegible]ed in the hall of the Bowery Mission, No[illegible]os Bowery, New York, on the evenin[illegible] of Friday, Sept. 25th. The occasion [illegible]as the installation of Mr. J. H. Wyburn [illegible]as Superintendent of the Mission. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, re[illegible]sided, and introduced the new Superintendent. Mr. Wyburn, who has [illegible]en prominently identified with Rescue [illegible]rk in New York for a number of years, [illegible]a convert of the McAuley Water Street [illegible]ission, and was for a time Superinten[illegible]nt of the Grand Army Mission in C[illegible]nal street, in the founding of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD took an active [illegible]rt about three years ago. Among those present at the Bowery Mission to extend a brotherly greeting to the new Superintendent were Rev. Stephen Merritt, the well-known preacher-philanthropist; Geo. H. Corfield of Jersey City, N. J.; Miss C. Coffin, State Superintendent of the W. C. T. U.; Major Susie Swift, of the Salvation Army, who is a graduate of Vassar College; Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of Upper Montclair, N. J., who for a number of years past has conducted special services at the Bowery Mission on Thursdays and Sundays. Mr. D. Talmage Mershon, nephew of the editor of this journal, was installed at the same time as Mr. Wyburn's associate and assistant. Both are consecrated men, of wide experience in Christian work, and under their energetic and conscientious management, the old Bowery Mission will continue to be a light house for the wanderers and the moral [illegible] wrecks of the great metropolis, and a [illegible]ven of safety and welcome for those whose sins have set them adrift among the "[illegible]lls and strays" of the great city. It is [illegible] eighteen months since the Mission came under control of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and during that time it has made remarkable progress, spiritually and materially. Friends in every part of the Union have rallied around it, and the services have been blessed beyond all expectation in the ingathering of souls to the kingdom. At its Converts' Prayer Meeting, every week day afternoon, hundreds of request for prayer are presented and made a subject of supplication. In a philanthropic sense, also, it is doing a great and needed work among the poor. Last year 588,000 meals were served, and 40,000 men and boys were sheltered during the same period.

RECENTLY MADE ARMENIAN GRAVES IN THE SUBURBS OF VAN.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$5 11
Sarah L Montague	[illegible]
Reader, Franklin	[illegible]
Sarah Bancroft	[illegible]
Hattie R Johnson	[illegible]
Total	$5 [illegible]

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Preacher from Arimathea.

Nicola Eyoub Tams, and his Labors for Christ in his Native Land.

A FEW weeks ago, an eloquent Oriental preacher, with a career of more than usual interest, arrived in New York, and at the present time is engaged in addressing religious audiences throughout the country. His name is Nicola Eyoub Tams, and he is a native of the ancient village of Arimathea in Palestine, which was the dwelling-place of Joseph, the rich, devout Hebrew in whose new sepulchre the body of Jesus was laid after the crucifixion. Mr. Tams' parents were descendants of Greek Crusaders who, unable to return to their native land, settled in Palestine and ultimately became reconciled to their new Syrian homes. Mr. Tams' parents were born in the village of Nedyob, near Nablous, and about three miles distant from "Jacob's Well," where they cultivated the soil. Like many others, however, they suffered from Turkish oppression and extortion. They were compelled to submit to insults, to yield compulsory labor without return, and to endure scourging, cursing, plucking of old men's beards, spitting on venerable faces, and many other grievances. Their wives and sisters were subjected to gross insult, and so intolerable did the oppression become that many were glad to flee to remoter districts leaving all their property behind. Mr. Tams' parents removed to Arimathea, where the aged father, once the owner of farms, became a hired laborer for others. There the eldest son was born, and was hopefully named Nicola (meaning "I conquer"), a second son being called Jessa (Jesus, or "Deliverer"). In all five sons were born to the persecuted household. All were baptized in the Christian faith, according to the rites of the Russo-Greek Church.

PREACHER TAMS OF ARIMATHEA, AND FAMILY.

Nicola was educated at Bishop Gobat's College on Mount Zion, Jerusalem, and besides a thorough training in church and secular history, he became proficient in the use of five languages, English, German, French, Italian, and Arabic. Early in life he had deep religious impressions. It was a hard struggle for the poor young student, whose family (his father being now dead), could give him no financial aid, but he worked at bead-making, at olive-gathering, at cemetery wall building, and in various other ways to earn money for books. To recount his struggles at this period would occupy columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After several years of this hard experience, he was engaged to assist in the Mission school classes conducted at Jaffa, by Rev. J. R. Longley Hall, and afterward became native schoolmaster in his own birth-place, Arimathea.

Nichola's experiences did not end here. He worked at many callings in the effort to make a livelihood. Once he labored as a builder for the Church Missionary Society on a new Mission House and School; at another time he invested his small means in a mule and some goods and undertook to trade among the Galilean peasantry, but a dishonest partner left him again penniless. Next he engaged in the timber trade between Jaffa and Tarsus and Asia Minor ports, and had charge of native laborers who handled the timber at "Moon's Pool" in Jaffa (directly under the traditional house of Simon the Tanner.) At this time Nicola was leading a godless and irreligious life, and as he himself describes his state:

"I slighted the Church of my fathers, neglected fastings, prayers, etc., and so in a very short time, gradually I was an established infidel and reviled my Maker, and used such language as would make heaven shake by my blasphemous utterances. I used all my power to oppose the good mission work and so became a stumbling block and great offence to many, full of pride and iniquity, denying the demands of Heaven's laws."

About this time, he received a letter, announcing the death of a brother, and shortly afterward his aged mother grew sick unto death. Several dear friends died in rapid succession and Nicola, stunned by these calamities, reflected remorsefully upon his own backsliding. The rites of his own church gave him no comfort, and he was in great distress of mind and cried to the Lord for mercy. His heart was directed to the Redeemer, and after a season of sharp trial and earnest prayer, he found peace in believing.

Since that time, his life has been totally changed. No longer a formalist, he has become an ardent disciple and follower of the man of Galilee. By the Grecian clergy he was denounced as a heretic and excommunicated, but he cared nothing for these things. He united with the Evangelical Church at Jaffa, and was elected on the board of the native Church Council. He married in 1884 an excellent Christian native lady, who was educated in the German Deaconesses School, the "Talitha Cumi," at Jerusalem. Four children blessed the union.

Shortly after his conversion he visited England, where he did missionary service for a time in connection with Mrs. M. Baxter's Missionary Training School in London. In Leeds, he became a member of the Primitive Methodist Church, and was accredited as a Local Preacher. He traveled, preached, and lectured in twenty-five counties, including many large cities, and his meetings were largely attended, many souls being won through his earnest appeals. He has since labored among the Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free Church, Presbyterians and various Missionary Societies, and his efforts have been most signally blessed. He returned to Palestine in 1895 and in the winter of that year again visited England, where he remained until lately. His visit to this country is for the purpose of preaching the Gospel and lecturing on the manners, customs, and people of the Holy Land. Few speakers are better equipped, for, being a native of superior education, wide travel, and with a genuine talent for oratory, Mr. Tams has the rare faculty of interesting his auditors, and awakening their enthusiasm. He has already lectured and preached acceptably in different American cities. His lectures, with the accompaniment of beautiful costume and illustrations, are a faithful and graphic portraiture of modern Oriental life. He intends to devote the money earned in this way to founding an Ophthalmic Hospital, Orphanage, and Mission Church in Arimathea, his native place, the great prevalence of eye diseases among all classes—and especially among the poor—rendering such an institution most desirable. Pastors or Church Committees, or Sunday Schools wishing to communicate with Mr. Nicola Eyoub Tams can address him in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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The "Holy City" of Macao.

China's Wicked Port, where Pioneer Missionary Robert Morrison Planted the Gospel Standard.

(By Dr. John G. Kerr, of Canton.)

THE city of Macao is a Portuguese colony on the southeast coast of China, ninety miles south of Canton, and forty-five miles west of Hong Kong. It is about three hundred years since it became a Portuguese settlement and for more than two centuries it was the only port of trade in China for the Western nations. In 1842 Hong Kong was ceeded to Great Britain, and now has become the great commercial centre for foreign trade in Southern China.

DR. JOHN G. KERR.

Macao was the headquarters of the East India Company for China, and the spacious buildings erected by the agents of that monopoly indicate that the "Wealth of the Indies" was a genuine reality in those days for a select few who were willing to face the dangers and privations in these far-away regions.

Macao is of course Catholic, and by reason of the number and splendor of its churches, it has been styled the "Holy City," but its history does not confirm its claim to peculiar sanctity. These Eastern seas have been infested with pirates, Chinese and Malay, but there have not been wanting Portuguese from Macao who were ready to take a hand in expeditions which promised both adventure and spoils. The advent of steamers has in a measure put a stop to piracy on the coast of China.

The Macao coolie trade was an episode in the history of the holy city which has left a dark stain on its fame. This was a system of emigration very nearly akin to the African slave trade, and tens of thousands of poor coolies were shipped off to Cuba and Chili, very few of whom ever saw their native land again. Some of the largest buildings in Macao were converted into barracoons, and agents were sent through the country collecting emigrants. Some went willingly, many were deceived by false promises and many were forced, but once in the barracoons there was no escape. The coolie agents became so notorious for their crimes that many were beheaded, and the ships of Western nations were finally forbidden to carry the coolies, and the nefarious traffic came to an end.

The fluctuations of trade left Macao with comparatively little commerce, and the question of revenue became one of importance, but there being a population of some 80,000 Chinese, it was deemed advisable to cater to their tastes in order to replenish the exchequers. Gambling houses were therefore licensed, from which a large annual revenue is derived, and the monopoly of cooping opium for smoking purposes was also sold, from which the annual income is a large amount. From these sources the revenue for the support of the government of the city is derived.

But Macao has a record of a more honorable character and has been the scene of Christian missions, and all friends of missions will have an abiding interest in this part of her history. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, landed here in 1807, and this was the port of destination for all the earlier missionaries. During the twenty-seven years of Dr. [illegible] convert, and here in the Protestant Cemetery [illegible] years, and year by year Christian pilgrims [illegible]

When Dr. Morrison landed on the borders [illegible] teach him the [illegible] attempt [illegible] ready to [illegible] Not- [illegible] Morrison went and [illegible] those with the most [illegible] preaching the Gospel. In 1807, with everything against him, he stood alone on the borders of that vast empire, calling upon the 300,000,000 to repent and believe in Jesus Christ. To the end of his life his faith never wavered.

Nearly nine decades have passed, and what would he now see were it permitted him to look over this empire to-day? The one missionary has become two thousand, working in almost every province. Bibles and Christian books and tracts are multiplied by the million; churches numbered by the hundred, and the one convert of 1814 has become more than 50,000. Schools, colleges and hospitals are scattered over the land.

JOHN G. KERR.

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—HAMLET

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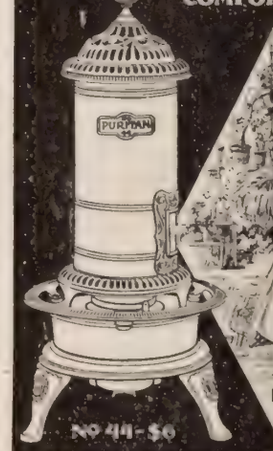

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HIS WAYS.

ASKED for grace to lift me high,
Above the world's depressing cares;
I sent me sorrows—with a sigh
I said, "He has not heard my prayers."

asked for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road:
ut clouds and darkness shadowed me
When I expected light from God.

ut soon I found that sorrow, worn
As duty's garment, strength supplies,
nd out of darkness meekly borne,
Unto the righteous, light doth rise.

nd soon I found that fears which stirred
My startled soul God's will to do,
n me more real peace conferred
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

hus, Lord, in thy mysterious ways
Lead my dependent spirit on,
nd whensoe'er it kneels and prays,
Teach it to say, "Thy will be done!"

he Monkeys of Ceylon.

e Who Knows Themand Their Pecu-arities—The Folly of Darwinism.

OF all animals, monkeys most resemble man. My home is in the north of Ceylon, and the history of my early days is rather closely associated with adventures among monkeys. When I was a mere used to spend much of my time in company. About one hundred of lived in our large compound, with ll palmyra and cocoanut trees, its s of mango and jack-trees, its thick-nd its peerless white sand-banks. ometimes said that man is the only ng creature, but monkeys often make sions that look very much like ng, and they are clever in grinning facially expressing anger. It is an sting spectacle to see them march in t perfect, orderly manner, like a well-lined regiment of troops. They would sometimes in a single file, sometimes e, according to their pleasure and m. As a rule, monkeys are quite dex-in using their hands. They handle as men do, and some of their ex-such as leaping from the branch of palmyra tree over one hundred feet o another of the same height at a e of about twenty yards, with their ones all the time firmly clinging to is enough to make one's hair stand . The slightest mistake they might in their leap would result in instant ; yet they never make mistakes. are always very active. Sometimes rtably seated on the branch of a tree, ewing it to an extent that threatens arate the branch from the tree, but are too clever to make any such calculation.

nkeys take great pleasure in playing t and frightening children. I have been maltreated by my monkey s. I would be surrounded by a num-them, and they would rob me of my r other dainties with dexterity and t composure. Any hostile demon-on my part would merely bring their wrath on my head. But they dared to touch me if some elderly was near.

bright summer day, just before , a number of them came to pay me , and unfortunately I was alone. I saw them at a distance of about ards, I ran into a room and bolted r, being unwilling to entertain such when no one else was at home. I through the key-hole to see what nkeys were doing. The leader walk-vards the kitchen, opened the door is hands, and invited all his follow-step in and partake of the food had been cooked and kept ready for nner. It was amusing to see them the room in orderly fashion, pass the dishes containing food, and di-among themselves. Having dined, of the younger and more energetic ys leaped about and turned somer-. and then all took their way to-the adjacent palmyra grove.

re are two kinds of monkeys, those about in company, and those that ut singly. The latter are very un-e, and much larger in size. They ed upon as outcasts, and are often d by the other kind of monkeys, g between them being of everyday ence.

gers in India and Ceylon teach eys to play tricks. It is not difficult to catch them. A small hole, just sufficient to let the monkey's hand in, is bored in a tender cocoanut, which is placed beside a tree. The animal will come and put his hand into the cocoanut, gather from inside as much as it can hold in its hand, and then try to extricate the hand, which of course is impossible, the closed hand being too large to come out through the hole. While engaged in its foolish task, one can run to it and make it an easy prisoner. The monkey will not lose its hold, even if it knows its life to be in imminent danger. In Ceylon a man who most tenaciously and stubbornly holds to his opinions, right or wrong, is said to take a "monkey-hold."

When the monkeys see a gun leveled at them, they will raise their clasped hands above their heads, and in every possible way entreat you not to shoot. I have often, by directing a mock gun against them, made them cringe and bow to me. Of all the lower animals, they are the most amusing, but I can never persuade myself to be a Darwinian. There is a great variety of animals, and doubtless the monkey

MONKEY AND TAME DEER IN INDIA

resembles man to some extent in outward form, but to one who knows them it seems pure lunacy to think that man descended from monkeys.

Princeton, N. J. S. C. K. RUTNAM, B. A.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Sept. 20, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Subscriber, Columbus, N. J., asks prayer for the conversion of a young man who is now away on a debauch, his character and position sacrificed. God alone can save him and he has promised to answer prayer.——Father, Hanona, Minn., for the conversion of his son, a physician, who has great influence on the people around him. He is an unbeliever, and has no realization of his need of a Saviour.——C. N. J., that two lawyers, and a physician and his wife, who are leaders of society, may be brought to seek Christ and to give themselves to him.——"Sister in Christ," for the conversion of her husband and that he may be delivered from drink and profanity.——L. L. B., Pittsburg, Pa., that a son, who has wandered from his Saviour, may be restored and may give his life to the Lord's service.——Troubled One, Winnebago City, Minn., that a young man, who is in deep trouble and fears that it is impossible to get pardon for his sins, may learn the power of Christ's salvation and may find peace in him, and that he may be kept from committing a fearful sin that he is being tempted to commit.——Sorrowing Wife, St. Johnsbury, Vt., that God would touch the heart of her husband, who has deserted her and his home, and would cause him to seek pardon for all his sins through Christ, and that he may become a new creature by the power of the Holy Spirit.——S. M. T., Columbus, Ga., for the conversion of three brothers and a sister, all of whom need the grace of God for the salvation of their souls.——J. K., Hancock, Mich., that a dear brother, whose sinful ways are a great grief to his family, may be reclaimed and led to renounce sin and trust in Christ for salvation.—— Constant Reader, New York City, for the conversion of two brothers, whose profanity and irreverence of holy things is a source of distress to their Christian relatives; also that a dear son, whose bondage to tobacco is keeping him from Christ, may renounce that and every thing else that is a hindrance to his salvation.——Anxious Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of his wife, whose evil passions are making her home a miserable place, and are driving her children to places of amusement as a refuge from her viperous speech. Pray that God may convert her and change her nature, especially her tongue.

For the Restoration of Health. Afflicted Mother, Averett, Va., that it may please God to give her back her health and hearing.——Reader, Morristown, N. J., that one who is very sick may be raised up and be fully restored if it is God's will.——Loving Sister, Newmarket, Iowa, that a dear brother may be cured and restored to his right mind.——Christian Friend, Harrisburg, Pa., that one heavily afflicted with disease may recover, and that she may be kept from discouragement.——One who has Sinned, Lapland, Kans., that God in his mercy would give back lost health and would pardon past sin and give grace for a new life of atonement.——Faithful, Adams, Neb., for the recovery of lost sight and the restoration of health.——J. K., Hancock, Mich., for the recovery of an invalid mother.

For Special Blessings. Firm Believer, Denver, Colo., begs prayers that her husband may have guidance and success in his efforts to obtain employment.——E. J. W., Mayesville, S. C., whose faith is faltering through many discouragements, asks prayer that God would send the funds necessary to build the school in that place, so that the promising young people who are so anxious for an education should receive it.——Minister, Hanover, Ind., that God in his mercy would look upon a family in a destitute condition and provide the means of support.——L. L. B., Pittsburg, Pa., that a Christian man who is out of employment and in sore straits may be able to obtain a position that will give him the means of supporting his family.——"Sister in Christ" for guidance and more of the Holy Spirit.——M. E. B., Kalb, S. C., that God's people in that section may be blessed in their efforts to build a house of worship.——"Distressed One," Newfoundland, Pa., who is almost crazy with pain and mental anxiety, asks prayer that her soul may be saved and that she might find rest and peace in the Lord.——"Despondent," Grandview, Tex., that the dread of a terrible disease may be removed and that she may be spared to rear her young family.——"Stranger in a Strange Land," Michigan, that in some way the means may be provided for support, so that it may not be necessary to go out with aching nerves and debilitated body to battle for bread.——C. N. J. and others, that in a certain city there may be a revival of religion soon, and that a class very hard to reach might be brought under the power of the Spirit.——Emma B., Belgrade, Mo., for grace to overcome a violent temper and to lead a holy life.——Faithful, Adams, Neb., that God would bless a special effort soon to be made to win souls to Christ.——Christian Friend, Harrisburg, Pa., that two dear friends who have been alienated from each other may find out the true cause of their alienation, and that it may be removed.——J. E. M., Bryson, Que., that power be given for service and that God would show him plainly whether it is his duty to devote all his life to Christian work.——J. K., Hancock, Mich., that a dear friend who is seeking employment that he may be enabled to support himself and his young wife may soon find it; also that the people of Ontonagon, who have lost employment and their property in the fire that consumed the whole town, may in the mercy of God be kept from starvation and that they may find work speedily, and that the desfroyed industries may soon be built up again.——Constant Reader, that God would open to her some Christian home where she and her little ones might dwell in peace.

Thanks for Answered Prayer. L. L. B., Pittsburg, Pa., gratefully acknowledges the answer to prayers recently asked for in these columns, that he soon might secure employment.——Distressed Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., desires humbly to offer thanks to the readers and the Bowery Mission for their prayers and to devoutly praise God for the answer that has been received. The request was made in fear and trembling and in grave doubt if it could be answered and with profound consciousness that he did not deserve the blessing sought, but God has been better to him than his fears. For the encouragement of other distressed souls he wishes to publicly testify that "this poor man cried and the Lord heard him." Our God is very long-suffering and full of compassion.——Believer, Buffalo, N. Y., "Thank God for me for the answer which has come to the prayers you offered at my request for the recovery of some members of my family who were very sick when I wrote you, but are now getting well."——Subscriber, New York, "The prayers you were kind enough to offer in my behalf recently have been answered. Praise God."

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

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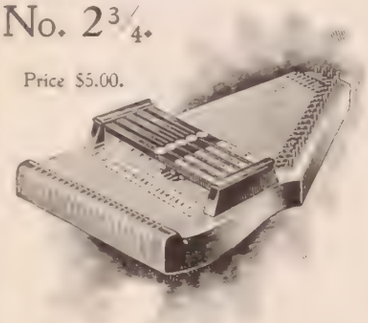

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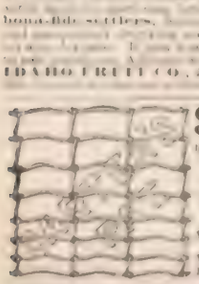

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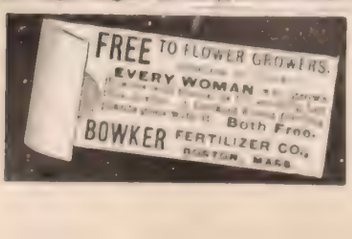

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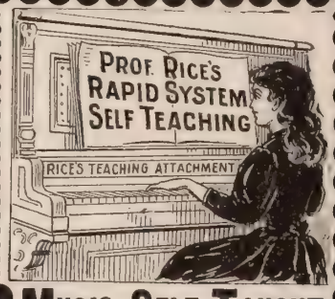

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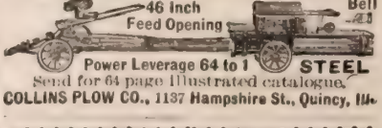

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LUME 19. NUMBER 42

. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1896. Price Five Cents.

THE SAILORS' GOSPEL SERVICE ON THE "FLOATING BETHEL," BROOKLYN, N. Y. (See page 753.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Armageddon.

Sermon by: : : : : : : : : : Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Text, Revelation 16: 16: | **"And he gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon."**

MEGIDDO is the name of a mountain that looks down upon Esdrælon, the greatest battle-field that the world has ever seen. There Barak fought the Canaanites; there Gideon fought the Midianites; there Josiah fought the invading Egyptians. The whole region stands for battle, and the Armageddon of my text borrows its name from it, and is here used, not geographically, but figuratively, while setting forth the idea that there is to be a world's closing battle, the greatest of all battles, compared with which the conflicts of this century and all other centuries were insignificant, because of the greater number of combatants engaged, the greater victory and the greater defeat. The exact date of that battle we do not know, and the exact locality is uncertain. It may be in Asia, Europe, Africa or America; but the fact that such a battle will take place is as certain as God's eternal truth. When I use the superlative degree in regard to that coming conflict, I do not forget that there have been wars all along on stupendous scale. As when at Marathon Miltiades brought on his men, not in ordinary march, but in full run, upon the horsemen of Persia and the black archers of Ethiopia, and scattered them, and crying, "Bring fire! Bring fire!" set into flame the ships of the invaders. As when Pizarro overcame Peru. As when Philip the Second triumphed over Portugal. As when the Huns met the Goths. As when three hundred Spartans sacrificed themselves at Thermopylae. As when the Carthaginians took Agrigentum. As when Alexander headed the Macedonian phalanx. As when Hannibal invaded Italy. Battle of Hastings! Battle of Valmy! Battle of Pultowa! Battle of Arbela! Battle of Tours! Battle of Borodino! Battle of Lucknow! Battle of Solferino! Battle of Fontenoy where 100,000 were slain! Battle of Chalons where 300,000 were massacred! Battle of Herat where Genghis Khan destroyed 1,600,000 lives! Battle of Neishar where 1,747,000 went down to death! 1,816,000 slain at Troy! And American battles, too near us now to allow us to appreciate their awful grandeur and stupendous carnage! [illegible] North [illegible] South! But all the battles I have named put together will not equal in numbers enlisted, or terribleness, or grandeur, or triumph, or rout, the coming Armageddon contest. Whether it shall be fought with printers' type or keen steel, whether by [illegible] ders of Christian eloquence, I do not know, and you may take what I say as figurative or literal, but take as certain what St. John, in his vision on the rocks of the Grecian archipelago, is pleased to call "Armageddon."

My sermon will first mention the regiments that will be engaged in the conflict: [illegible] ders on both sides; and then speak of the battle itself and the [illegible] Regiments Diabolic. In this very chapter from which my text is taken we are told that the spirits of devils will be there. How many millions of them no one can tell, for [illegible] have never been reported and the roll of that host has never on earth been called; but from the direful, and continental, and planetary work they have already done, and the fact that every man and woman and child on earth has a tempter, there must be at least sixteen hundred millions of evil spirits familiar with our world. Perhaps as many more are engaged on especial enterprises of abomination among the nations and empires of the earth. Beside that there must be an inconceivable number of inhabitants in realms pandemoniac, staying there to keep the great capitals of sin going from age to age. Many of them once lived in heaven, but engaging in conspiracy to put Satan on the throne, they were hurled out and down, and they are now among the worst thugs of the universe. Having been in three worlds,— heaven, earth, and hell,—they have all the advantages of great experience. Their power, their speed, their cunning, their hostility wonderful beyond all statement! In the Armageddon they will, I doubt not, be present in full array. They will have no reserve corps, but all will be at the front. There will not only be soldiers in that battle who can be seen and aimed at, but troops intangible and without corporeity, and weapons may strike clear through them without giving them hurt. With what shout of defiance will they climb up the ladders of fire and leap from the battlements of asbestos into the last campaign of hell! Paul, the bravest of men, was impressed with their might for evil when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, and against powers, and against the rulers of the darkness in this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Oh, what an agitating moment, when the ranks diabolic move up and take their places for conflict in the Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march into the fight will be the Regiments Alcoholic. They will be made up of the brewers' companies, distillery owners, and liquor dealers' associations, and the hundreds of millions of their patrons. They will move into the ranks with what the Bible calls the "Song of the drunkard." And what a bloated, and soaked, and bleared, and blasted, and hiccoughing, and nauseating past! It was, according to a scientist, in England there are fifty thousand deaths annually from strong drink, and in the United States, according to another estimate, ninety-eight thousand deaths annually from strong drink, what an army of living drunkards that implies, coming up from the whole earth to takes their places in the last battle, especially as the evil increases and the millions now staggering on their way may be joined by other millions of reinforcements: brigade after brigade, with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of beer barrels the dead march of souls. These millions of victims of alcohol joined by the millions of the victims of arrack, the spirituous liquor of China, and India, and Arabia, and Egypt, and Ceylon, and Siam!

Other regiments who will march into the fight on the wrong side will be the Regiments Infidel. God gave but one revelation to the human race, and these men have been trying to destroy it. Many of the books, magazines, and newspapers, through perpetual scoff at Christianity, and some of the universities, have become recruiting agencies for those regiments. The greatest Brigadier of all those regiments, Voltaire, who closed his life of assault upon Christianity by writing: "Happiness is a dream, and only pain is real. I have thought so for eighty-four years, and I know no better plan than to resign myself to the inevitable and to reflect that flies are born to be devoured by spiders and man to be consumed by care. I wish I had never been born." Oh, the God-forsaken regiments of Infidels, who, after having spent their life in antagonizing the only influence that could make the earth better, gather with their low wit and their vile sneer and their learned idiocy and their horrible blasphemy to take part against God and righteousness in the great Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march in on the wrong side in the battle will be the Regiments Mohammedan. At the present time there are about one hundred and seventy-five million Moslems. Their plain mission is to kill Christians, demean womanhood, and take possession of the earth in the interest of ignorance, superstition, and moral filth. The massacre of fifty thousand Armenians in the last two or three years is only one chapter in their effort to devastate the earth of everything but themselves. So determined are they in their bad work that all the nations of the earth put together dare not say to them, "Stop! or we will make you stop." My hope is that long before that last battle of which I speak, the Turkish Government, and with it Mohammedanism, may be wiped out of existence. The Turkish power for the last four hundred years has been the mightiest hindrance on earth to religious liberty and moral improvement. Her extermination is prophesied in the Book of Revelations in the figure of the drying up of the river Euphrates, and she is going rapidly, thank God! In 1820, by the Greek insurrection, she received the first destructive blow. In 1823, the Turkoman army of thirty thousand was destroyed and the cause of liberty advanced. In 1827, England, France, and Russia, not so cautious as they have since been, at Navarino humiliated the Turkish fleets, and Greece was free. Weaker and weaker the Turkish power has become, and it has lost Algiers and Wallachia, and more than all, during the past decade, through her cruelty, has lost the sympathy of every good man and woman in all the earth, and if William E. Gladstone were Prime Minister of England the Turkish Government would very soon either quit her outrages, or go down under the bombardment of the men-of-war from many nations now hovering near the Bosphorus. But if the Bible prophecy concerning the drying up of the Euphrates is not fulfilled before the battle mentioned in my text, Mohammedanism will march in with sword, and poison, and torch to take her part in the great Armageddon.

Yea! to show the magnitude of the forces on the wrong side, I have to tell you that what is left of heathenism at that time will march into the conflict. There are one hundred and fifty million fetish idolators, two hundred and twenty million Brahmins, four hundred million Buddhists. Through the sublimest movement of this century, the missionary movement, all the time gathering in momentum, I believe all, or nearly all of that seven hundred and seventy millions of heathendom will be converted to God. But that which is not converted will come into the Armageddon on the wrong side.

Other regiments on that wrong side will be made up of offenders of all sorts—the defrauders, the libertines, the dynamiters, the anarchists, the oppressors and the foes of society, the criminals of all nations, by whatever name they are now called, or shall then be called. They may not before that have openly taken sides, but then they will be compelled to take sides. With what venom, with what violence, with what desperation they will fall into line at the great Armageddon! Is it not appalling, these uncounted regiments of [illegible] earth, to be joined by the uncounted [illegible] ments from perdition? Can any power [illegible] with them? Especially when I tell [illegible] who their commander is, for so much [illegible] all wars depends upon the chieftain. I [illegible] leader will not be a political accident [illegible] military "happen so." By talent, and [illegible] roitness, and courage, and unceasing in [illegible] tries he has come to the bad eminence [illegible] disputed the throne of heaven with [illegible] Almighty, but no one has ever disp[illegible] the throne of eternal night with this [illegible] arch who will in the last battle take [illegible] field in person. Milton calls him Luc[illegible] Goethe calls him Mephistopheles, the [illegible] brew calls him Abaddon, the Greek [illegible] him Apollyon. He is the imperson[illegible] of all malevolence, of all oppression, [illegible] cruelty, the summing up of all falseh[illegible] In his makeup nothing bad was left [illegible] and nothing good was put in, and he [illegible] be the General, the Commander-in-C[illegible] of all the forces on the wrong side in [illegible] great Armageddon. He has been in [illegible] battles than you have ever read a[illegible] and he has gained more victories [illegible] have ever been celebrated in this w[illegible] But I guess this old warrior of Pander[illegible] ium will not have an undisputed fiel[illegible] guess there will be an army to dis[illegible] with his forces. I have mentioned [illegible] supremacy of this world. I guess [illegible] troops will not have to run when, on [illegible] day mentioned in my text, all the infe[illegible] batteries shall be unlimbered. We [illegible] been reviewing the troops diabolic. [illegible] have been measuring the calibres of [illegible] guns. We have been examining [illegible] ammunition wagons. Now let us loo[illegible] the forces to be marshalled in the A[illegible] geddon on the right side.

First of all, I mention the Regim[illegible] Angelic. Alas! that the subject of de[illegible] ology seems better understood than [illegible] subject of angelology. But the glo[illegible] spirits around the throne and all the b[illegible] immortals that fill the galleries and l[illegible] of the universe are to take part in that [illegible] great fight, and the regiments angeli[illegible] the only regiments capable of meetin[illegible] regiments plutonic. To show you s[illegible] thing of an angel's power, I ask yo[illegible] consider that just one of them slew [illegible] hundred and eighty-five thousand of [illegible] nacherib's hosts in a night, and it is [illegible] tough arithmetical question to solve, i[illegible] angel can slay one hundred and eig[illegible] five thousand troops in a night, how m[illegible] can five hundred millions of them s[illegible] The old Book says that "They exc[illegible] strength." It is not a celestial mob [illegible] a disciplined host, and they know [illegible] rank. Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, [illegible] cipalities, and powers! And the le[illegible] of those regiments is Michael the Arc[illegible] gel. David saw just one group of a[illegible] sweep past, and they were twenty-t[illegible] sand charioted. Paul, who in the G[illegible] lian college had his faculties so wonde[illegible] ly developed, confesses his incapacit[illegible] count them by saying, "Ye are com[illegible] Mount Zion and an innumerable com[illegible] of angels." If each soul on earth h[illegible] guardian angel, then there must be [illegible] teen hundred million angels on earth to-[illegible] Beside that, heaven must be full of an[illegible] those who stay there; not only the tw[illegible] angels who, we are told, guard the tw[illegible] gates, but those angels who help [illegible] the worship, and go on mission [illegible] mansion to mansion, and help [illegible] build the hosannas and enthrone [illegible] hallelujahs and roll the doxologies [illegible] the service that never ends. But the[illegible] if required, will be in the last fight [illegible] tween holiness and sin. Heaven [illegible] afford to adjourn just one day, and em[illegible] all its temples, and mansions, and pal[illegible] and boulevards into that one battl[illegible] think all the angels of God will join [illegible] The one that stood with sword of flam[illegible] the gate of paradise. The one that pom[illegible] Hagar to the fountain in the wildern[illegible] The one that halted Balaam on the h[illegible] way. The one that warned Lot to [illegible] the doomed city. The one that took [illegible] with Joshua against the Canaanites. [illegible]

of that informed Mary of the approach of the Nativity. The one that wrestled with Jacob at the brook Jabbok. The one that swung open the gate for the incarceration Apostle Peter. The one that strengthened Christ in his last paroxysm. All, I think, will be there,—their velocities inconceivable, so that when Daniel was in prayer, Gabriel, we are told, came from heaven to speak to him, and if heaven be at the centre of the universe, that angel must have traveled thousands of millions of miles in an instant. Talk of earthly regiments on double-quick march! What will be the speed of the regiments angelic, when, at the command of the archangel, "Down to battle! Forward into the battle!" those regiments angelic, lightning-winged, rainbow-girdled, fire-footed, shall sweep into the great Armageddon!

The next regiments that I see marching into the fight will be the Regiments Ecclesiastic. According to the last account, are practically only in the beginning of the great Gospel movement which proposes to take the whole earth for God, there are four million six hundred thousand Methodists, three million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand Baptists, one million two hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and thirty-three Presbyterians, one million two hundred and three thousand Lutherans, and six hundred and forty thousand Episcopalians. But the present statistics of churches will be utterly swamped within, after all the great denominations have done their best work, the slowest of all the sects will have more numbers than the present enrollment of all denominations throughout Christendom. You see by that time an Atheist or an Infidel will be a curiosity, and one will be looked at as we look at a man with long hair reaching below his shoulders, and long finger-nails that are never cut, and a stare in the eyes indicating incipient lunacy,—not to be argued with but to be pitied; while it will not be an unusual thing to see men as much devoted to their religion as Francis Xavier was devoted to his religion, when he went through the streets asking all to come to hear his faith expounded, in ten years planting the Gospel in fifty nations and baptizing over a million souls. And the great hosts of believers will fill the earth, making the two million three hundred and seventeen thousand combatants that Xerxes reviewed a corporal's guard in comparison. I see there, the regiments ecclesiastic, moving into that last battle. The Lutherans headed by some great Martin Luther yet to be born. The Methodists headed by some George Whitefield yet to come. The Presbyterians headed by some John Knox yet to rise. The Episcopalians headed by good Bishop Charnock yet to be enrobed. The Baptists headed by some Missionary Carey yet to bless the world. The Congregational Church headed by some Doctor Kirk of pentecostal power yet to take tongue of fire. I see them moving into the ranks, carrying a standard striped and starred; striped as suggesting him by whose stripes we are healed, and starred as with the promise that those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Into that battle on our side will roll those mighty engines of power, the printing-presses of Christendom. Into that battle will also move the mightiest telescopes, that shall bring the stars in their courses to fight for our God.

Again, the regiments elemental will come into that battle on the right side. The winds! God showed what he could do with them when the splintered timbers of the ships of the Spanish Armada were strewn on the rocks of Scotland, Norway, and the Hebrides. The waters! He showed what he could do with them when he put the whole earth under them, leaving it subaqueous one hundred and fifty days. The earthquakes! He showed what he could do with them when he let Caracas drop into the open mouth of horror and the islands of the sea went into entombment. The lightnings! He showed what he could do with them when he wrapped Mount Sinai in flame, and we have all seen their flashing lanterns moving with the chariots of the midnight hurricane. All the regiments elemental will come in on our side in the great Armageddon. Come and let us mount and ride along the line, and review the troops of Emanuel, and find that the regiments terrestrial and celestial that come into that battle on the right side are, as compared with those on the wrong side, two to one, a hundred to one, a thousand to one.

But who is the Commander-in-Chief on this side? Splendid armies have been ruined, caught in traps, flung over precipices, and annihilated through the incompetence or treachery of their general. Who commands on our side? Jehovah-Jireh! so-called in one place. "Captain of Salvation," so-called in another place. King of Kings. Lord of Lords. Conqueror of Conquerors. His eye omniscient. His arm omnipotent. He will take the lead. He will draw the sword. He will give the command. And when he plants his foot for the combat, the foundations of the earth will quake, and when he shall give the battle-shout, all the gates of hell will tremble.

DEPOT AT MOMBASA.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY—MAKING THE BRIDGES CONNECTING MOMBASA WITH THE MAINLAND.

But do not let us shout until after we have seen the two armies clash in the last struggle. Oh, my soul! The battle of all time and all eternity opens. "Forward!" "Forward!" is the command on both sides given. The long lines of both armies waver, and swing to and fro. Swords of truth against engines infernal. Black-horse cavalry of perdition against white-horse cavalry of heaven. The redemption of this world and the honor of the throne of God to vindicate, how tremendous is the battle! The army of righteousness seems giving way; but no! It is only a part of the manœuvre of the infinite fight. It is a deploy of the host celestial. What a meeting in this field of splendor and wrath, of the angelic and of the diabolic, of hosanna and blasphemy, of song and curse, of the divine and the satanic. The thunderbolts of the Almight burst and blaze upon the foe. Boom! Boom! By the torches of lightning that illumine the scene I see that the crisis of the Armageddon has come. It is the turning-point of this last battle. The next moment will decide all. Aye! the forces of Apollyon are breaking ranks. See! See! They fly. Some on foot, some on wing; they fly. Back over the battlements of perdition they go down with infinite crash, all the regiments diabolic! Back to the mountains and caves the armed hosts of earth, crying as they retreat to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand." And while Apollyon, the prisoner of war, is being dragged in chains to his dungeon, and our Conqueror is remounting his throne, I look off upon the battlefield, and among the slain I find the carcasses of Mohammedanism, and Paganism, and Atheism, and Infidelity, and Dissipation, and Fraud, and multitudinous Wrong, strewing the plain, and I hear the angel that standeth in the sun crying, in the words of Revelation, to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven,—the eagles, and the vultures, and the hawks, and the albatrosses,—"Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them them that sit on them."

The prophesied Armageddon of the text has been fought, and Christ and his followers have won the day. The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. All the Christian workers of our time, you, my hearers, and you, my readers, and all the Christian workers of all the ages, have helped on the magnificent result, and the victory is ours as much as theirs. This moment inviting all outsiders, through the ransomed blood of the everlasting Covenant, to get into the ranks of the conquerors, and under the banner of our Leader, I shall not close the service with prayer, as we usually do, but immediately give out the Moravian Hymn, by James Montgomery, appropriate when written in 1819, but more appropriate in 1896, and ask you, with full voices, as well as with grateful hearts, to chant it.

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheathed his sword: He speaks,—'t is done
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

A Mammoth Petition.

One of the most numerously signed petitions ever presented to royalty has just been laid before Queen Victoria. It is signed in forty-four languages by her women subjects in all parts of the world, praying for increased protection against the evils of the liquor traffic and the opium trade. The petition contains over 7,000,000 signatures and endorsements, and has been gathered during the last few years by the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. As it is impossible to present the immense roll which contains the names of the British subjects to the Queen, the pages have been photographed and magnificently bound in two large volumes. The title pages are beautifully illuminated, and as a document of historic interest and a work of artistic merit, this polyglot petition is well worth a visit. The Queen never received any document signed by so many of her subjects the world over. The names of Frances Willard, President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, Vice-President, head the list.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Marvelous Doings in Africa.

An Almost Miraculous Transformation Going on in Uganda—The New Railroad A Death-Blow to Native Slavery.

LONG before the close of the present century, according to its present rate of progress, Africa will have ceased to be known throughout the world as "The Dark Continent." There will no longer be a justification for the title. So amazingly rapid has been the march of civilization and Christianity throughout its vast area in the last two decades, that the Christian world has good cause to hope for its complete evangelization in the not distant future.

As recently as 1893, the Central African kingdom of Uganda was in a condition of heathenism. Readers of this journal, as well as all who have watched the course of events in Uganda, will remember the events that made it at one time a centre of missionary interest. Alexander Mackay, the devoted missionary, wrote of the dark days the early Gospel workers spent in that heathen kingdom, and Stanley, the explorer, has described Uganda under King M'tesa. One after another of the faithful missionaries laid down their lives for the truth, some dying of the fevers and other diseases peculiar to the country, others perishing under the cruel weapons of the native tribesmen, or slain by those whom the Moslem Arabs had set upon them to "kill the Christians."

In 1884, while M'wanga, was king, the martyr-Bishop Hannington met his death in Uganda, and then followed a great persecution of the missionaries. The year 1885 was one of the darkest in the history of the work. Many native converts were butchered by the king's order. Then came the revolution, and the dethroning of the tyrant king, who became an exile from his own capital.

Anarchy, exile and suffering continued till 1890, when the British East African Company came into the field and the missionaries were once more assured of protection. The Arabs, who had practically ruled the territory during the interim, were now driven out, and M'wanga was restored to the throne; but the whole country was practically governed as a British protectorate. And now has come the wonderful development. The Uganda Railway Bill, which was recently passed by the English Parliament, devoted the sum of $15,000,000 towards the construction of a railway to connect Uganda and Mombasa. Lord Salisbury, in his speech on the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, pointed out that the construction of the railway would deal a fatal blow to the slave trade, since no slaves would be conducted by it, and it would dry up the cavaran traffic and the trade which supports it, for when once the railway is complete, the caravans will become unprofitable, and will, therefore, stop. Uganda is about 600 miles from the coast. The railway starts at Mombasa Island, which is now connected with the mainland, and will run in a northeasterly direction through Tsavo and Kibwezi, and then past Lake Nairasha, and finally will reach the Victoria Nyanza by a course parallel with that of the River Nzoia.

Rev. E. H. Hubbard, of the Church Missionary Society's station at Nassa, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, on his return after five year's residence in Central Africa, described the country as developing at a very rapid rate, the contrast between Uganda of to-day and that of 1893 being marvellous. King M'wanga has been presented with a brougham by the government, and dogcarts and other vehicles have been ordered for the government officials. Even bicycles are expected to arrive in Uganda shortly. Everyone in that country, Mr. Hubbard said, was eagerly looking forward to the completion of the railway. Caravans were altogether too long on the road, and were sometimes not heard of for months.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

The Proverbs of Solomon.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 25. Proverbs 1: 1-19. Golden Text, Proverbs 1: 10.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is the instinct of life to propagate itself. There was life in Solomon's wisdom; he could not keep it to himself. "He spake three thousand proverbs" (1. K'gs 4: 32), of these, a large number are conserved for us in the Scriptures under the title of "The Proverbs." The first six verses of the chapter form simply the introduction to the book. The author tells us that

The Purport

of it is "to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receceive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity." This Old Testament sage teaches in these words what afterwards the Apostle James puts in other words: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (James 1: 22). To hear the word of God is not enough, nor yet to perceive its instruction; it must be received, taken in, made our own. "Let these sayings sink down into your ears," said our Lord. (Luke 9: 44). "Son of man, all my words that I shall speak to thee, receive in thine heart and hear with thine ears," said the revealed Christ to the prophet (Ezek. 3: 10). And the Preacher tells us that a wise man will hear, and will increase learning;" he did so himself. (Eccl. 1: 13, 17).

The first of Solomon's proverbs is all inclusive: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." All folly begins where men begin to ignore God. Those who glorify him not as God, neither are thankful, become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart is darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools; and because they do not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gives them up. (Rom. 1: 21, 22, 28). It is a terrible career of folly, ignorance, shame, ruin; and the majority of men are living this life of folly, a life without God. As long as a man is united to God and in communion with him, he cannot be really at fault for anything, for he is at the source of all things. The life of our beloved Lord was

A Perfect Example

of a life in the fear of the Lord. Made in all things like unto his brethren, our Lord lived a life of momentary dependence upon, and obedience to him. His wisdom was a ceaseless communion with his Father, from him he received instruction, strength and direction as to the place he should go to and the time in which he should do such and such a thing. Like Enoch, only far more perfectly, and in a detail which is left on record for us, Jesus walked with God, in the fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom. Once at peace with God, through taking our place at the cross, where our sin was laid, leaving our own self-life there, receiving Jesus as our Life, our wisdom is to walk in contact with our God as he walked. He lived his life on earth to make it possible for us to live the same life.

The Lord Jesus, when a child on earth, was subject to his parents, and the wise man says: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." We are living in a day of disobedience to parents and of impatience of all control, a day of the prevalence of folly, for "fools despise wisdom and instruction." Make inquiry about the early years of almost any man who is esteemed a hundred years after his death as a truly man of God, or one who has done real good to the men of his generation and you will find that he bore the yoke in his youth (Lam. 3: 27), he yielded to discipline, and respected the control of his parents. Look into the early life of any man of straw, and you will find he is one who has broken away from control, rejecting the discipline of God and his parents alike; such is a fool in the eyes of God. There is

A Terrible Accession

of folly in the age in which we live, consequent upon departure from the fear of the Lord. The fear of the Lord is little recognized in our governments, and consequently they become more and more powerless, and such disgraceful wickedness as the wholesale murder of over fifty thousand Armenians can go unpunished! The European nations fear one another because they have lost the fear of God. For lack of the fear of God, the mad demon of gambling is taking the possession of all all classes in our land, and the fatal excitement of games of chance is laving hold of large numbers of our population, making them hate honest labor, and refuse steady work, while their course cannot but be downward, downward to ruin.

And still more sad it is that in the education of the day and even in religion, self interest is taught before the fear of God, and even children smile incrediuously when a real answer to prayer is related. "The fool hath said in his heart, No God" (Ps. 53: 1), and popular society, popular religion, and popular education "do not like to retain God in their knowledge" (Rom. 1: 28), and they have not so much as the elements of wisdom for the want of really knowing, really taking account of God.

The wise man supposes that his readers will meet with temptation and it will be on the line of self-interest and of taking advantage of others. He supposes some to say, "Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause." Is not this the spirit of the speculator and the gambler? They hold out the inducement, "We shall find all precious substance; we shall fill our houses with spoil." Solomon says, "My son, consent thou not;" "my son, walk thou not in the way with them."

In the course of his instruction, the wise man speaks of several types of such as, not living in the fear of God, are fools. The "sluggard," the impure man, the harlot, the "scoffer," the "foolish son," the "man that worketh shame," the "talebearer" or whisperer, the "proud," the "treacherous, the liar, the "backslider in heart," the "prating fool," etc. All who are not living in the fear of the Lord are to be found somewhere or other in this category, even though, for the time they may be "highly esteemed among man." "Man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish" (Ps. 49: 20). Made to have dominion over the work of God's hands, made a little lower than the angels, God made man to know and understand him, and has given to man the exercise of trusting him in all things; but man, when he does not understand his God, has no more wisdom than the beasts. His fancied wisdom, of which he is proud, is only folly.

"Cast in Thy Lot Among us; Let us all Have One Purse."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE Book of Proverbs consists of seven sections: 1, the introduction, in which the object of the book is stated; 2, the section ending with the close of the ninth chapter, chiefly concerned with wisdom and admonitions to "my son"; 3, the collection of four hundred sayings, or maxims, generally disconnected and for the greater part consisting of anithetical or parallel distichs; 4, the words of the wise, probably a collection made by Solomon, or a later author, of current sayings by various wise men; 5, a short collection of verses of a similar kind at the end of the twenty-fourth chapter, beginning at the twenty-third verse; 6, Hezekiah's collection of sayings of his time, which were ascribed to Solomon; 7, the three appendices in chapters thirty and thirty-one, of which the last is an acrostic poem on the good woman, evidently written at a time when the true conception of feminine character, not always found in other parts of the Bible, had come to recognition.

The design of the book, as stated in the first seven verses, is to furnish a manual of morals, conduct and behavior for young men, and the key to the whole is in the words: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. With the true Hebrew spirit, the author bases all teaching and knowledge and culture on goodness. Religion is the chief, the indispensable the very beginning of all progress. It is not a religion of theory, or of creed, but of conduct. There are but the vaguest and most distant refences to the ritual, or temple-services, or to formal observances, but right principles are insisted upon and sound morality. The philosophy is not of the highest, nor of the noblest, but it is practical and profoundly true so far as it goes. Wickedness is folly according to this author. A wicked man does harm to himself: he is foolish and will suffer for his folly. In a variety of ways this fact is urged and emphasized. The author limits his view chiefly to this life and shows that even on that lower ground, and if the young man does not look to any life beyond the grave, it will still be better for him to do right and to live a godly life. It is remarkable that so much of the book should deal with morality in the restricted sense in which the word is commonly used. The fact when taken in connection with our knowledge of Solomon's life, has suggested doubts of his authorship. But the argument is not valid. No man of his time knew more than he of the miseries that came from polygamy and immorality and in writing for the benefit of young men he would naturally warn them against the temptations which had done so much to wreck his own life. The book, throughout, has the tone of experience. It is not the work of a theorizer, so much as a man of the world, who knew life and had seen and experienced the evils about which he writes. It is the tone of a shrewd observer who is giving young people the benefit of his observations and experience. One remarkable characteristic of the book as Dean Farrar points out, is its cosmopolitan character. "The intense nationality and exclusiveness of some of the other books of the Bible does not appear here. Solomon writes for mankind.

A man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels. A significant testimony is given by Mr. Gladstone, the octogenarian statesman who still wields an immense influence in England. He said recently: "The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and forty-seven in the cabinet of the government. During those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master-minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

Cast in thy lot among us. The picture is that of a youth being invited to become a member of a band of bold brigands, or murderous highwaymen. Probably no Sunday School boy will ever receive such an invitation, but he is scarcely likely to escape temptation to dishonesty, or accept money to which he has no just claim. Sometimes the temptation comes in the form of a commission on the purchases he may have to make for his employers, which is never more nor less than a bribe. Sometimes it comes in an invitation to enter a combination. An instance of this latter kind is told in the furniture trade. A number of dealers in a certain town used to meet previous to a sale at aucfion, and compare their lists of commissions. Arrangements were then made as to the bidding at the sale by which both the estate and the intending purchasers suffered, and the ring of dealers secured large profits. The system was complicated, but it was extremely profitable. A Christian young man succeeding to a business on the death of his father was invited to enter the combination. After a long struggle with his conscience he declined. His competitors persecuted and thwarted him, but in the end his straightforward dealing was rewarded with the confidence of the public and the acquisition of an honest fortune.

Forsake not the law of thy mother. Speaking at a meeting in New York, the late Thomas H. Benton, long a United States Senator, said: "When I was a boy my mother exacted three pledges from me: that I would never gamble, that I would never touch intoxicating liquor, and that I would never use tobacco. I gave the promises she required of me and I now say to you ladies, who may have sons of your own growing up, that whatever service I have been able to render to the community and whatever honor has come to me in the course of my career, is due under God to that law of my mother, and the fidelity with which I obeyed it."

Surely in vain the net is spread. Solomon thinks the bird will not go after the bait if it sees the net spread for it, but young people sometimes have less sense. John B. Gough used to tell a story of an aged clergyman who was present at one of his addresses when he was warning young people against being lured into drinking places and dens of vice. The clergyman came to him after his address and said: "You were right, Mr. Gough, in giving that warning. I know it by experience. I once went to see a collection of pictures and other abominable things that had been got together by a Christian worker who was waging war on vice. Experienced Christian as I am, those things took such an effect on me that I would willingly give my right hand if by doing so I could blot out of my mind the recollection of what I saw." How must a young man be afflicted by such things if he has not the grace of God in his heart!

GOSPEL BEACONS FOR "POOR JACK."

he Floating Bethels and Sailors' Missions of New York and Brooklyn, and their Good Work.

CAPT. HIRAM L. MEEKER.

WITHIN the last twenty years, Christian work has multiplied with amazing rapidity on every hand, and has assumed many varied and interesting forms. Where, only a few ars ago, hardly a thought was given to e spiritual condition of the uneducated isses, there are now, in every city and mmunity in the land, excellent organiion for the dissemination of the Gospel d the betterment of the material condins of our fellow-beings. Besides, the ny of Christian workers itself has mulied so grandly that one finds everyere devout men and women who are ending their lives and their substance in ssionary effort, and whose example a living and inspiring evangel to others. Among the many forms of Christian rt which have arisen in our coast cities, that which aims specially to benefit e toilers of the sea." Poor Jack is be with so many temptations, afloat and nore, that he stands in sore need of all at can be done to help him. In too many os a godless captain and profane mates ike a sea life the very worst calling a ung man can follow. It is needless to umerate the dangers of such a life, the e companionships that arise, and the es that are all too quickly acquired. In irt the poor wandering sailor, like "a h out of water," is the ready prey of d-sharks of either sex, and it too often ppens that the dull routine of a sea-yage is followed by a carnival of dissiion that ruins both body and soul.

Fortunately, this condition of affairs is w greatly improved. There is hardly a rt of conseence in any ilized country here there are t Seamen's thels, Mis-ns and Rest mes for Sail-s, and Chap- and Temper-e Homes, ecially for this ss. In these ces, which e established d maintained Christian ople, and fre-ently by liber-minded cor-rations, the lor finds safe- and comfort, d is surround- by pleasant d beneficent fluences. New rk and Brook-n have a num-r of such ex-llent and deserving places, and some ases of the work now conducted in the ore prominent institutions are indicated in e illustrations in this issue of THE CHRIS-AN HERALD. The senior institution is the New York Port Society, which has now been established seventy-eight years. It began to care for the spiritual needs of the men of the sea in 1818, and has done so since that time steadily without intermission, its corps of missionaries visiting the sailors on shipboard and looking after them ashore as well. Religious meetings are held week-days and Sundays.

There are three branches, two in New York and one in Brooklyn, and the Society's place of worship is the Mariner's Church, 46 Catharine street, New York, where Rev. Samuel Boult is pastor. The reading-rooms are well supplied with attractive literature and the religious meetings are suited to the needs of seamen. Last year twenty-seven persons were received into the church on confession of faith, and there are large numbers, almost all seamen, who owe their conversion to the means used by the Society to win souls to Christ. These services are held in many different places: in church or chapel, on the great steamers, and sometimes on the docks, and consist of hymns, prayers, and short addresses. Besides the daily religious services in English in the Mariner's Church, meetings are held in "Lettish," (Russian), Scandinavian, Japanese, and Spanish. The records of work for the year ending April 30, 1896 show: Total attendance at religious services, 37,211; visits at reading-room, 49,295; to boarding-houses, 11,230; to vessels, 5,317; to shipping offices, 775; to hospitals, 72. The missionary staff includes Messrs. Paulsen, Hocking, Podin, and Haggland, and Miss Mary Flora Wight. Assistance is rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Holt, Miss Eva Hawes, Miss Rosella A. Smith, Mrs. Jane Cassera, and others. Testimonies of the new life awakened in many hearts through the instrumentality of the Port Society's workers have been received from almost every quarter of the globe, where the converted sailors have traveled.

Next in point of age comes the New York Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society for Seamen, which has now been fifty-two years in the field. Its President is Bishop Potter, and it has a very distinguished list of managers, clerical and lay. This Society has three Mission Chapels and reading-rooms for seamen along the East river, at which a total of 107,000 attended last year. It has, besides, the "Floating Church of our Saviour," which is anchored at the foot of Pike street, New York, and a view of which is afforded in one of our illustrations. There is also a Sailor's Home at 52 Market street, and the Sailor's "Church of the Holy Comforter," at No. 341 West street. At the Floating Church, of which Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield is pastor, regular religious services are held, and there are, besides, clubs, reading-rooms, and entertainment for the sailors. An aggregate attendance at all services at the Floating Church during the year was 5,503, and at the other branches equally large in proportion. Since the organization of the Society 9,060 seamen have signed the pledge at its solicitation. The worship is hearty, the music excellent, and the appeals to the men are direct and convincing.

One of the most effective missions for seamen is that conducted by Capt. Hiram L. Meeker, under the auspices of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society. At the foot of Joralemon street, Brooklyn, Capt. Meeker's church swings at anchor. It is a strongly-built canal boat which has been transformed into a floating Bethel. The Captain, who has spent almost a lifetime afloat, has a tender place in his heart for the sailor men and he knows, far better than most men could possibly know, the nature of numerous temptations that beset them. About three years ags, when he had retired from active service, the Brooklyn City Mission requested him to undertake evangelistic work among the seamen along the docks. He accepted and soon decided to devote the remainder of his life to the work. But he labored at a disadvantage, having no appropriate meeting-place for those whom he gathered in to his simple Gospel services; so he resolutely set out to raise money for the purchase of a suitable place. After a hard struggle, he succeeded and the canal boat *D. A. Crandall* was bought and fitted up as a Floating Bethel. It is really a floating shelter, mission, reading-room, church and dining-room, and the needy sailormen who go there are fed, kindly spoken to and afforded a comfortable bunk.

"THE MARINERS' CHURCH," NEW YORK.

"FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR," NEW YORK.

THE "FLOATING BETHEL," BROOKLYN, N. Y.

But it is as a sailor's church that the Bethel finds its greatest field of usefulness. Regular services are held Sundays and also on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and many a poor Jack tar has dated his conversion from the time he attended these gatherings. At these evening services the Bethel is bright with lights, the lamps being polished till they shine like mirrors. Speedily the men come trooping in, nearly two hundred in all—sailors from every quarter of the globe. Quite recently a Turk was converted there. They are of all ages, from the man grown gray in the service of Neptune to the fair-haired, rosy-cheeked lad. The most perfect order prevails. During the three years there has never been the slightest occasion for one word of reproof or reprimand. The "Captain" is everywhere; now welcoming a stranger, now assigning seats to the newcomers, now conferring with the organist and choister about the singing. The exercises open with a "Praise Service," and the hymns can be heard for blocks away. A minister offers a brief prayer At its conclusion the whole congregation unites in the Lord's Prayer. Then a Scripture reading and an earnest exhortation from some sailor or the minister present. Then "A Little Talk With Jesus" is sung with great vigor, and is evidently a great favorite. Testimonies follow, and these are usually of such a strong, clear, earnest, and convincing character that no one can hear them without being convinced of the power of Jesus to save even the poor, wandering, sin-sick sailor.

The Bethel is not only the sailors' church; it is the club-house as well; so there are often entertainments well-worth hearing, songs, music, recitations, for many talented young people have become interested in this work, and frequently come to the captain's assistance.

It has seating accommodation for 250 men, and at the forward end of the boat is a raised platform, with reading-desk, piano, and chairs. At the other end is a sort of writing-room, where the sailor boys may pen their letters to friends at home. All the current papers and magazines are furnished, and there is a fairly good library of several hundred books. Simple amusements are also supplied, and everything is done to make the Bethel a really attractive place for seamen. Its bluff, old captain is greatly beloved by all. He considers not only the spiritual, mental, and social wants of the men, but their physical needs as well. On his boat no man need go hungry for he declares: "It's hard to make a Christian out of a hungry man. Our Saviour fed five thousand. He knew the way to men's souls better than any other pilot that ever lived." And so, after every meeting, the long tables are spread, and plenty of rolls and cakes and hot, steaming, fragrant coffee, are served. When the men are seated the captain says, "Now, boys, let us ask God's blessing." Every head is bowed. During the months of June, July and August of this year 4,029 sailors were present at the Bethel services; 459 requested to be prayed for and 47 came forward for prayer, 239 signed the pledge, and 2,097 free meals were served during the same period. This average is fairly maintained the year round. The floating Bethel is maintained by voluntary contributions and is unquestionably one of the worthiest of our sailors' missions. Mr. John Englis is Commodore of the Bethel, but the burden of executive duty rests upon bluff old Captain Meeker, who has a full staff of officers from First Officer to Boatswain, organized on the principle of a transatlantic liner, or a man-of-war. The Bethel is shown in one of our illustrations and the colored picture on the first page gives a truthful representation of an evening service on board.

The Seamen's Christian Association of New York has been eight years in existence, and has its present headquarters at 665 Washington street, corner of West Tenth street, just one block from the Hudson river. It is accomplishing a good work among the ships and along the docks of the West side, in aiding and directing sailors who have wandered from the right path.

By these and similar means, adopted by the Christian men and women of the metropolis, the Gospel light is kept brightly burning before the wandering sailors who come to our port It is a work that expands with every passing year, and is missionary in the highest sense, since it not only appeals to the unconverted at home, but sends the Gospel message abroad to all lands.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber, N. Ridgeway, O. In sending Dr. Kimball's money by cable how [illegible] of that [illegible]

In sending money to our missionaries in Turkey, the exchange is made by drafts on Baring Bros., bankers, London, on a gold basis. Dr. Kimball has returned to the United States.

Amy S., Newburg, N. Y. I see by the papers that experiments in suspended animation, induced [illegible] Will you kindly tell me what is meant by [illegible] cated modern cases of vital suspension, by whatever means?

There are unquestionably well authenticated cases of long-continued trance, like that of Mollie Fancher, in Brooklyn. Besides, there are sufficiently authentic cases of trance and living burial among the fakirs of India. Gruselbach, a German savant, of Upsala University, sometime ago announced the construction of an apparatus for freezing living people and keeping them torpid for a protracted time. We have not heard whether he ever succeeded.

Hopeful, Iowa. Ought I be justified in continuing to teach a class in a Sunday School of an orthodox church since I have come to believe that the doctrine of eter- [illegible]

We think the fact of the change in your belief should be frankly stated to the superintendent of the school, or to the pastor of the church. If they raise no objection to your continuing to teach, we see no reason for your giving up the work. We apprehend you would urge the children to believe in Christ, to avoid sin and to earnestly seek to inherit the life promised to all who give themselves to him; and that you would not let your belief, that the punishment of the impenitent is not eternal, render you less earnest in exhorting them to flee from "the wrath to come."

Inquirer, Des Moines, Ia. Can the [illegible] Evolution?

The Christian preachers who have accepted it claim that it can. Evolution does not profess to explain the origin of life; it professes only to trace its developments. The main practical difference between the evolutionist and the believer in the older theology is that the former believes that the tendency of man has been upward from the beginning, while the latter believes that man was originally sinless, and fell by disobedience from his exalted position. It does not appear to us that there is as yet sufficient evidence to prove the evolutionary theory; but we would not be so uncharitable as to condemn those Christians who are able to believe in both evolution and the Bible.

M. C., Boston. Does not the Jewish law [illegible] of the tithe was enacted, the Jew's contribution of a tenth covered his payments for the state and [illegible]

It is generally believed by Biblical scholars that the Hebrews paid two tithes in the year. (See Lev. 27: 30-33; Numbers 18: 24-32; Deut. 12: 5-8.) One tenth went to the Levites and the other tenth to the festivals. Every third [illegible] the third year three tenths were required or [illegible] the poor is uncertain. The probability is that in no year were more than two tenths demanded. [illegible] the plea is made that he ought to do as much voluntarily as the Jew did under compulsion. [illegible] scrupulously give a tenth yearly to the Lord [illegible] to secure the blessing, but as a matter of conscience. We do not think that taxes can be legitimately considered a part of the tenth, but [illegible]

[illegible] interest; those which are asked for a definite purpose, and not out of idle curiosity, or out of a spirit of controversy, and those which can [illegible]

hensive that a whole page would not suffice to answer them. Others, such as who was Cain's wife? and how thick was the veil of the Tabernacle? cannot be answered, as there is no source of information accessible. We do not know what your questions were, but if you will send them in again we will endeavor to answer them.

Observer, Kenansville, N. C. The Sunday and Monday issues of the daily newspapers are both [illegible] on Sunday. I desire to ask whether you think it right to read them at any time?

The Sunday newspaper, however we may regard it, is an accepted and established fact. Its invasion of the Sabbath rest has been viewed with regret by a majority of Christian people, but there are some who contend that since it is here to stay, it should be made an influence for good. This might ultimately be done, but in its present form, it is certainly a worldly and secular production at best, calculated to distract the mind and unfit it for the spiritual duties of the day.

E. R. B., Marion, S. C. How can we reconcile God's justice with the statement in Exodus 20: 5 and 6 of his visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children?

We may be quite sure that what God does is right in all cases. In this particular matter we know as a matter of fact that children do suffer for the sins of their parents. It cannot be avoided. How many children are there who miss an education and grow up in poverty and ignorance because of the dissipations of their fathers? How many children are there who are physically and morally unhealthy through the sins of their ancestors? It is one of the most sorrowful aspects of sin that the innocent suffer with the guilty; the sinner drags down his family, the wife suffers with the husband; the mother's heart is broken by her wayward son. God merely proclaimed an inevitable law which was not arbitrary.

M. C., Spencerville, Ohio. Can you tell me why Christ [illegible] to the other [illegible] on earth? What is the meaning of [illegible] the twelve apostles?

1. We cannot. The question of the origin of evil is profitless and more time has been given to the discussion of it than it deserves, because all our speculations upon it are mere guesses. How to succeed by Christ's power in keeping it out of our hearts and lives, is a much more pertinent question. 2. There is only tradition to guide us. The following is the generally received account. Peter, crucified; James, beheaded, John, a natural death; [illegible] Philip, hanged; Thomas, pierced with a lance; Bartholomew, flayed alive; Andrew, crucified; Matthew, beheaded; Judas (not Iscariot), shot with arrows; Simon Zelotes, crucified; Judas [illegible]

Rev. D. M. Stiles, of Livermore, Ia., writes in reference to a recent answer on the subject of Baptism that the rite as performed by immersion is not a symbol of the inner change, or the washing away of sin, but rather of "Burial. The old sinful body is dead (to sin) and must be buried, i. e., it died in him. [illegible] Christ buried death [illegible] when [illegible] The Saviour is buried into [illegible] [illegible] the world [illegible] in the efficacy of His death. The believer is 'planted * * in the likeness of his death' when he is 'buried with Him by baptism into death.' And when he comes up out of the water he shows his faith in the resurrection of his Lord. Instead of baptism being a symbol of the 'washing away of sin,' it is a symbol of death, burial, and resurrection." Mr. Stiles does not say whether he understands such passages as Acts 1: 5, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost," in the same way.

Mrs. M. M. K., Cuba, Kan. Will you please give me some facts regarding the "Unknown Life of Jesus," written by Nicholai Notovitch, a Russian, and translated into English from the French, as I have a friend who believes it to be true, and that it is an obstacle to the correctness of the Life of Jesus as it is in the Bible.

The work you mention is not accepted as authentic by any of our leading Orientalists here or abroad. It is classed as a clever compilation of legend and fiction.

W. G. S., Brooklyn. Will you kindly let me know through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD what led Mr. P. P. Bliss to write his beautiful verses, "I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils my eyes," also whether it was the last hymn he wrote, and how long before his death, and how he met his death?

The verses, entitled: "God Knoweth," and which begin:

I know not what shall befall me
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes.

Was written by Mary G. Brainerd. You have probably that in view.

F. M. C., Moscow, Idaho. Is it a sin to eat swine's flesh? I see in several places in the Old Testament it is very emphatically forbidden. Is the Old Testament to have no influence on our lives?

The question of Gentiles being subjected to Jewish laws was very fully discussed in the days of the Apostles. There was a tendency in Peter, James and some others to insist on circumcision, and the dietary and other laws, which Paul strenuously resisted. Finally, at a council of the Apostles, the question was decided. The decision is given in Acts 15:20-29. You may see from Galatians 2:9-16 and other passages in Paul's epistles, that the controversy had been a very bitter one, but the settlement of the council was final and authoritative. There can be therefore no sin in eating swine's flesh It would, however, be very wrong to say that the Old Testament should have no influence on our lives. The question of diet occupies a very small portion of the Old Testament. The Psalms and the Prophecies especially, should be very helpful reading to the Christian and should influence his life.

Saul, Milwaukee, Wis. What shall I do with that [illegible] which keeps me from coming to Christ? I am the one son of my mother (my father being dead) and she thinks much of my clinging to the religion in which I was brought up. Will I break the Fourth Commandment by my conversion or not?

There is no ground for your mother's apprehension that your conversion will separate you from her love, or will in any degree weaken it. But even if it did involve this result, your duty is clear and paramount. (See Matt. 10: 37.) You break no commandment in obeying the call, even assuming that her faith is different from yours.

M. S., Springfield, O. Is hell a place or a condition? Is there actual fire?

You have all the material that we have for forming an opinion on the subject. No man can know anything about the doom of the impenitent beyond what is revealed. The words of Christ indicate that it is terrible, and the images he employed to describe it were sufficient to show how appalling it must be. If you think the fire is not actual, but merely symbolizes mental torture, you do not mitigate the [illegible] There are sorrows of the soul, unrelieved remorse and bitter humiliation more to be dreaded than fire and infinitely more distressing than burning. The important du[illegible] in regard to it is not to speculate as to the [illegible] ture and kind of suffering, but to avoid [illegible] periencing it by trusting in Christ and li[illegible] a godly life.

R. E. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. In several places in [illegible] New Testament reference is made to a peri[illegible] of time called "a watch," to what hours do it correspond?

There were four watches from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. of three hours each. That from 6 to 9 was called the evening watch; that from 9 to 12 the midnight; from 12 to 3, the cock-crowing; from 3 to 6 the morning watch. They were times during which a sentinel remained on duty. Some historians contend that prior to the Roman occupation the Jews recognized only three watches of four hours each of the twelve hours.

Subscriber, Chickasaw, Ia. Is it right for a Christian to own a race-horse and go into the [illegible] with him?

There is no sin in owning a speedy horse, but to use him for gambling purposes on a race-track is a sin. No true Christian would indulge in such wickedness.

A. B., Timicula, Pa. 1. What is the length and breadth of the valley in which Petra is situated; how high its mountain walls, and do they entirely enclose it? 2. Were the excavations mostly or entirely within this valley, or also in the mountains?

1. The valley in which the ruined city lies is about a mile in length from north to south and half a mile in width. The cliffs that almost entirely enclose it, vary from 40 or 50 feet to 250 feet in height. 2. The excavations are on both sides of the valley, on the rocks. Practically, all the excavations are in the valley proper.

Anxious Inquirer, Java, La. 1. Does not the statement (Rev. 22: 12) that every man shall be rewarded according to his work, conflict with the teaching of the Parable of the Laborers (Matt. 20: 1-16)? 2. If a Christian were to commit some grievous sin and die without repenting, possibly without [illegible] space for repentance, would the soul be lost?

1. We see no ground of conflict. The promise of reward in Revelation is "according as his work shall be," that is according to God's estimate which is the true one, not according to the estimate that the man himself puts on it. God takes many things into account, we think, in estimating the value of a work, which man might overlook. Motive is one of these. If the Christian had done some conspicuous service in the hope of having the plaudits of the church, which had been given him, God might decide that he had already received the reward he wanted, and might give him nothing. On the other hand, as in the case of the laborers, he might give an abundant reward for some service that men thought small, he perceiving that the man had enjoyed no opportunities for doing more. 2. It would be presumptuous to dogmatize on such a question. God is very merciful and would do right. He does not pass lightly over sin in his children, but on the other hand, might take circumstances into account that the world might know nothing of such as the suddenness of the temptation, the man's being burdened by hereditary propensity, etc.

Mrs. M. H., Baltimore, Md. I read that there are many destitute Armenian children in Marseilles. Miss Frances Willard asked the question, "Who will give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?" I said, "Lord, I will take one and work for it myself." We have no little ones in our home, and the thought has often come to me, when I read about those poor little motherless boys and girls, how gladly would I take one of the little girls. Please inform me about it through the Mail Bag.

We have many letters like the foregoing. Up to the present time, very few women and children have been permitted to leave Armenia. We are unable to state whether the U. S. Government will consent to the Armenians now in Marseilles coming to this country.

U. Z. M., Brooks, Ia. It is not authoritative and consequently should not be accepted as [illegible] correct.——W. J. J., New Britain, Ct. Any effort to name or identify her would be mere speculation. ——L. Sterling, Maxwell, Ont., writes that the Boston Bethel in that city is in need of good reading for sailors.——J. M. Wells, Cambridge, Mass. would be a desecration of the Sabbath.——W. Taylor, Bethlehem, Pa. She will no doubt publish her report in due time. We are publishing the news about Armenian affairs from week to week.——Mrs. H. L. B., Enfield, Mass. Send them to the nearest hospital, prison, almshouse, or mission that will be appreciated.——C. Gehring, Ballard's Lake, Kan. They have been authoritatively denied.——Albert Armentrout, New Market, Ind. Probably some expert optician could explain it to you.——Subscriber, Ripley, O. We don't know it.——H. S. H., New York City, is sufficient address.——E. A. L. To what particular paragraph do you refer? and when did it appear?——E. Farrar, Arkansas City, Kans. We cannot undertake such a discussion.——G. R. I., Green Top, Mo. It is impossible to answer satisfactorily.——S. W. C., Prairie View, Ark. It is probably a bumble-——Mrs. Lizzie H., Cumberland, Wis. None can penetrate the veil and speak with perfect assurance of the conditions that will characterize the immortal life. A Christian accepts the word of Christ and to trust all the rest with him

SITE OF STATION NO. 1, OFFERED TO THE PHILAFRICAN LEAGUE.

On the banks of Zengo River, Africa. See article on page 763.

Sall the Armenians Come to America?

A lovement to Bring Numbers of the Ex- s to this Country—Consultation at "The ristian Herald" Offices—W. C. T. U. d the Salvation Army at Work.

DEEP and growing indignation is stirring the Christian nations over the Armenian question. No decided step has yet been taken by any government, however, and the Sultan and his advi-s, in sheer contempt of Europe, have permitted and encouraged new outrages. M sacres are reported at different points in ne interior and there are omnious evidees of a purpose on the part of the Mohamedans to repeat the horrors of last mer, by slaughtering thousands of helpless Christians, unless action is taken by th Powers conjointly, or by some one str g fearless govenment in the interest of vilization and humanity, and regardless of all other consequences. That interve on will occur at no distant date is now ge ally expected.

anwhile Armenian refugees are flocking European ports. There are in Marseils at the present moment fully hundred refugees. Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somers, who are still in that city, are ha at work trying to arrange for the emigration to the United Sta-. Whether they will be permi d to come, or excluded under migration laws is yet undecid-d, at the promoters of the plan to enlist sufficient sympathy and support here in our official circle o allow of the exiles being re-ei-ed, and also to establish colies on new lands in the West, wh they would be self-supporting agriculturists. On no account wi they be allowed to remain in cities, but would be shipped on to their destination, in the ne colony. Scattering groups of Armenians continue to arrive in Ne York. Those among them who are without friends, and practically helpless in a strange land, are heltered at the cost of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund in a idest building on Third Avenu New York, kept by an Armenia where meals and shelter are pro ded until such time as they can nd employment, or leave the city o join Armenians settled elsewhe-. A photograph of a group of ese exiles standing in the doorway of this temporary shelter is giv on this page. It is really a hou of refuge for the moment, son stopping there only a few days, others a wk, and very few more than two or three weeks. They are in the care of an Armenian business man, who has lately devoted much of his time to the welfare of h unfortunate fellow-countrymen.

An important conference was held in the offic of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the Bible House, New York, a few days ago, at which the entire subject of Armenian immigration and colonization in the United Stat- was discussed. There were present Commander Booth-Tucker and Mrs. Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, and Colonel Higgins and Lieutenant Lewis of the me organization; Dr. Bushnell and Mrs Andrus, international delegates of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (of hich Miss Frances E. Willard is Pre-ident), Miss Mary Leitch, the well-known missionary of Ceylon, Rev. F. Greene, Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and G. H. Sandison, its Associate Editor. It was stated at the meeting at a cablegram had been received announcing that 150 Armenians were then on their way from a European port to New York, and requesting that provision be made for their reception here. This is probably the forerunner of a large Armenian immigration. At the conference in question it was arranged that the exiles, if properly admitted by the immigration offices at Ellis Island, could be sheltered temporarily at the Salvation Army's farm settlement near New York City, the cost of land transportation and food during the period of their stay to be defrayed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. The establishment of colonies at the West and South was also discussed and met with considerable favor, as this would remove the Armenians from the cities and from competition with labor, and would aid them in becoming self-supporting agriculturists in new and undeveloped sections of the country where they would be a welcome addition to the population. The present prospect is that the Salvation Army, the W. C. T. U., and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will co-operate harmoniously in any plans that may ultimately be adopted for the benefit of the exiles. Christian people everywhere in this country will be asked to help in such a movement, by finding employment, either in their own homes or in the homes of friends, for such of the exiles as are suited to domestic or farm labor. The others will be settled in colonies. Misses Mary and Margaret Leith have renewed their generous offer of a gift of some 350 acres of fine farming land in Southern California (valued at $7,000) for a colony and other tenders of a like character are fully expected. The Conference closed with prayer, offered by Commander Booth.

Any reader of this journal who desires to be practically identified with this new effort in behalf of the Armenian exiles should communicate with us at once.

TEMPORARY ARMENIAN SHELTER, SUPPORTED BY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miss Willard is expected to return to New York in a few days, and her arrival will doubtless be the signal for intense activity all along the line of the W. C. T. U. circles throughout the country in behalf of this new movement for the rescue of poor, persecuted Armenia.

The second sum of **one thousand dollars** per week has been sent to the points in Armenia where the present suffering is known to be greatest, and the need most urgent. These points are:

Harpoot	**$500**
Erzeroum	**250**
Oorfa	**250**

This second weekly remittance was made, as were all the others, through the American Board in New York, by cable direct.

During the week the following contributions to the Relief Fund were received:

Previously acknowledged	$50,635.89
——, Marengo, O.	13 00
Lillie L. Hermitage	1 00
Mrs M Jackson	1 00
Rev. Crawford	25
Miss Ida E Ellis	4 00
M L C, Boston	3 00
Mrs J C Miller	5 00
Salem Sunday School	4 25
Mrs T J Wills	2 00
For Jesus Sake, Green, Pa.	1 00
——, Wilmington	35
C M, Mew Martinsville	1 00
C A Hagaman	2 00
Ten Per Cent Account, Guaymas	15 00
Hudson City, Y M C A	6 00
Mrs Mary Jane Brown	1 00
Friend E, Bixby	10 00
Total	$50,705.74

Some Unusual Private Charities.

ASSOCIATE Charity is a form of virtue that is of comparatively recent discovery, a newer and later revelation of the Gospel unto the poor and suffering. It is charity based on duty and principle; and administered with that method and regularity, which is the only security for the discharge of obligations of every kind. Indeed it is only by cooperative charity, that the poverty and suffering in large cities could be reached. It is true that the church in this manner loses all the picturesqueness of individual administration; but the church must move with the world. And she cannot therefore afford to rely on this method any more than the world can afford to go back to the poetic distaff, and the cottage loom.

Nevertheless individual charity is not to be abrogated. It is within everyone's power and duty; and in this respect, we may remember that sending a check to some Associate Charity, will not be accepted as a vicarious propitiation; and that the punishment of Dives, was mainly for *not knowing the beggar at his gate.* Now, both in the city, and in the country, the beggar is ever at our gate. There is always someone, with whom we can come in direct contact; upon whom we can *lay our hands.* This is a kind of charity that needs infinite tact and forbearance; it is troublesome and laborious; it exacts time, judgment, large sympathy, and self-denial. It is to exercise daily the highest of all the virtues, and such a duty cannot be lifted and laid down like a new novel. Associate charity must needs work in certain grooves, and by well-defined methods; but individual charity can seek out abnormal cases of suffering and do good in the by-ways of lowly life; and some of these unusual movements of really noble loving-kindness I am going to indicate.

Two years ago while visiting in Bury, Lancashire, I heard of a lady who gave nobly to a self-constituted charity of this kind. She went one day, after an absence of some months, to see a woman who had always done her fine sewing. She found her in great poverty. "I have lost my sight," she said pitifully, "and all my misery is in consequence of it." Her rich friend took her at once to an oculist, and so discovered that all she needed was a proper pair of spectacles. In a few days, the poor seamstress was singing happily at her work again. But this circumstance set the rich woman to investigating the number of poor women and men, who suffered in the same way, and who could not afford the fee for the skilled examination and the first cost of suitable glasses. She took upon herself the supplying of this want in her own locality; and though to give proper and effectual spectacles to poor ageing men and women does not appeal to our æsthetic tastes, it is really a noble charity—it is virtually to restore sight; to give work, to preserve self-respect, to prevent pauperism.

And I shall now venture to speak of another charity still less æsthetic in character, yet quite as essential to the welfare of many—I mean false teeth. The poor suffer from the decay and loss of teeth, even more than the rich. Their food is coarser, and not so easily digested; and the loss of teeth for proper mastication means, in their case, as well as in the case of the rich, chronic dyspepsia with all its physical and moral evil tendencies. In this respect also, one woman may feel for another woman in the simple loss of her good looks and pleasant expression. Such little things are great things! The love of a husband, the getting of a good place, the respect of neighbors, may possibly hang on just such a trifle as the replacing of lost teeth. If the oculist and dentist are necessary for the rich, they are much more so for the poor. Meat and money are not all: it is always better to create the conditions which make meat and money natural results.

I know of another lady who can always be relied on to give tonics to poor hard-worked women on the verge of nervous prostration. She was led to this charity by noticing the frequent quarrels in the house of a working man living near her. The couple had been noticeably happy, and she resolved to discover the cause of the change. She found it in the condition of the wife, who had worked and nursed until she was nervously worn out. Trembling and hysterical, ready to fly to pieces at a word, she was quite unable to control herself. Some phosphates, and iron, and nourishing food, restored the woman to herself; and peace and happiness to the whole family. This form of charity has been continued for years by the same person without notice, and without eclat; but only God can reckon the moral welfare, and domestic comfort which have been the result.

Women of wealth may always find poor women who need respectable clothing to get respectable work. They do not want the cast-off clothing of rich women, but one entire suit of decent garments *suitable* for the work they are fit for. Indeed, they need not limit their kindness to women; many a poor clerk has to take less wages, because of his shabby coat; for the tendency of human nature is always to rob the poor, because they are poor. But if people are honestly desirous of finding ways to imitate "Him who went about doing good," they can find them at every turn of every-day life. It is not necessary that Charity should be great or poetic; the gracious word, the decent garment, the aids to sight and health, the cup of warm tea, or of cold water, shall all go to profit, and not to loss.

We had better give too much than too little; even to the wayside beggar we may venture our dime, trusting that Charity will not miss her mark, though shooting at random. We may not be able, like Whitefield or Moody, to preach to thousands; but we can each, in our own locality, nourish the weak, clothe the naked, and succor those ready to perish, from such small every-day sorrows as I have indicated, for the little leak destroys the boat just as surely as the overwhelming waves. And God so often uses the smallest and humblest means, that we have every reason to believe these small unrecognized charities may prove the wicket gate leading to the Interpreter's House, and the Cross, and the Heavenly City, having for our encouragement this promise: "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law"—yea, and the Gospel, too: for the "end of the Commandment is Charity out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned."

Amelia E. Barr

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

R. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
[illegible] New York City.

[illegible]

Another Kind of Election.

WHETHER in your day or mine there will be another style of political campaign. It will come as surely as that this world is to be Edenized and the crooked made straight. The candidates for aldermen, or sheriff, or governor, or legislature will be nominated, not in a dirty grogshop caucus, but in a place where a man can go without being nauseated by the malodor of whisky, onions, cabbage, and tobacco.

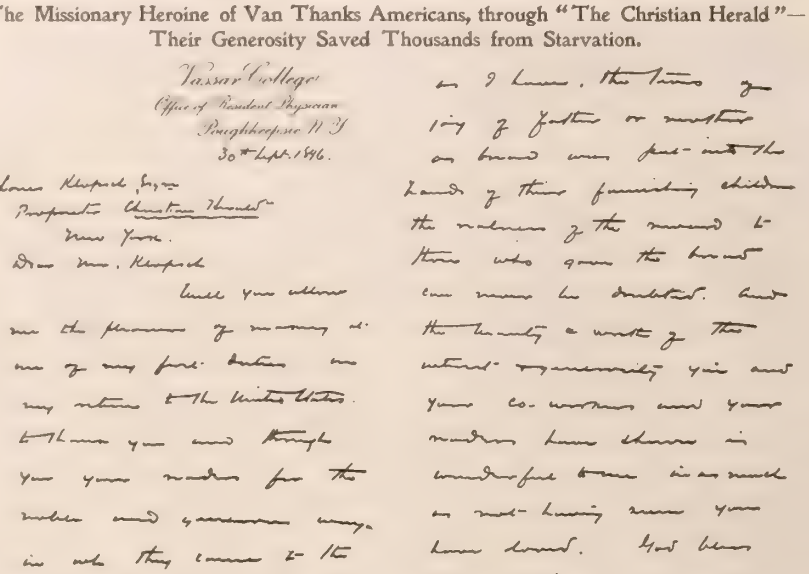
Among all good people in social life we have the rule that you should put the best construction upon a man's action, and if you cannot say something good of him, say nothing at all. That rule in the election of which I speak will be applied to the political campaign. We will take our candidate and extol all his better qualities. We will have a picture of him in his best moods, and a biography bringing out all the noble deeds of his life. When we speak of the opposing candidate, we will admit all his excellencies, but compare the two men and say our man is the better. Our platform speeches and our newspaper columns will have nothing that sounds and reads like billingsgate or rancor. On election day if the wind blows from the northeast, and we feel chilled by standing at the polls, we will have a hot lemonade or mocha. A man will be as moral and pure on election day as on sacramental day. If nothing is involved in the election but the question who shall have official position, instead of standing in a political meeting haranguing the audience by the hour upon questions not at all involved, we will come out on the platform and practically say: "Gentlemen, this is a very important election, because it decides the question of a livelihood for a great many people. There is the Mayor's salary of so many thousand dollars, and the District Attorney's salary of so many thousand, and the President's salary of so many thousand, and we have a great many [illegible] these men now in office have had emolu[illegible] I have myself my eye on an office, and although I am not a candidate on the ticket [illegible] under the administration, and that will be [illegible] hard up and I want the lawful salary for some good position. Some of these men in office have had opportunity not only of [illegible] beautiful children and some relatives dependent upon my success, and I tell you plainly that my reason for being on this platform to-night is not because I am afraid the American eagle will be shot in her sublime flight, but because I want and the presiding officer of this meeting wants, and all the vice-presidents of the meeting want, and the committee who got up the meeting want, and many of the gentlemen who clap their hands at the eloquence of the speakers want, a good honest living for hard work done in the service of the city and country." There will be no hypocrisy in that and nothing wrong in that. If a man get $2,000 or $5,000 or $10,000 salary in the public service it is just as honorable as though he got it by selling dry goods or sawing logs. The ideal electioneering campaign of which I speak may be very distant, but so far as you and I are concerned we may ourselves practice it. Remember, that an election lie is as bad as any other lie, and that slander in November is as bad as slander in June.

But few men come out of the ordeal of city or State or national politics as good as when they went in. But I cannot help sympathizing with the disappointed people who have already failed to get nomination and the many others who in a few days will be disappointed by non-election. For every position there are at least 100 applicants. Hence, of necessity, ninety-nine applicants are or will be disappointed. By an inexorable law we cannot have more than six Presidents in a single generation.

If you have a mission in public affairs advance confidently. Whatever our hands find to do in any department of civic or religious duty, let us do it, and that quickly, or we will never do it at all. Napoleon said that the Austrians failed at Rivoli because they did not know the value of ten minutes. I have known men who in some crisis of life where great responsibilities converged lost two worlds—earth and heaven—because they did not know the value of one minute.

Dr. Kimball Voices Armenia's Gratitude.

The Missionary Heroine of Van Thanks Americans, through "The Christian Herald"—Their Generosity Saved Thousands from Starvation.



FAC-SIMILE OF DR. GRACE KIMBALL'S LETTER OF THANKS.

Dr. Grace Kimball's letter is as follows:

LOUIS KLOPSCH, ESQ., Proprietor, *Christian Herald*, New York.

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH: Will you allow me the pleasure of making it one of my first duties on my return to the United States, to thank you, and through you your readers for the noble and generous way in which they came to the relief of distress in Armenia. I wish you would extend to each contributor (be his contribution large or small) my own sincere, personal thanks, and the blessings and benedictions of the many thousand suffering Armenian fellow Christians, who by their generosity were kept from experiencing the pangs of starvation. Those blessed words "I was an hungered and ye gave me bread" often become in a way trite to our Gospel-fed ears; but to one who has seen as I have, the tears of joy of father or mother as bread was put into the hands of their famishing children, the realness of the reward to those who gave the bread can never be doubted. And the beauty and worth of the interest and generosity you and your co-workers and your readers have shown, is wonderful to me inasmuch as not having [illegible]. God bless you all for it, and grant that no one of you may ever lack for the means to help others, and to make your own souls richer and more Christ-like. Ask those who have in the past befriended the Armenians to still bear them on their hearts, for [illegible] through the coming winter

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Very gratefully, and sincerely yours,

G. W. KIMBALL.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission [em]ploys 122 Europeans, 175 Christian teachers, a[nd] 70 Bible-women.

A Boys' Republic on the Plan of Mr. W. R. George, which has been fully described in pre[vious] articles in this journal, has been founded at [illegible] Villa, Ill.

An Effort is Being Made by Mr. Loomis [t]he American Bible Society's agent in Japan, to p[ut a] copy of the Bible in Japanese in each of the [fifty] thousand dwellings of Nazoya.

Charles Inglis, the English Evangelist, [w]ill spend the winter in the United States. After [some] weeks work in the east he hopes to begin [in the] west about January 1st. Letters may be addr[essed] to him at this office.

Evangelist Arthur Crane, Assisted by [t]he Gospel Singer, Mr. Hugh A. McLean, is cond[ucting] Gospel services at Elizabeth, N. J. He exp[ects] to go from there to Norfolk, Va., where a se[ries] of united meetings are to be held.

Reports from Macedonia, Ia., Descri[be] a successful series of meetings conducted b[y] the Rev. Edwin H. Baker and W. L. Anderson. [Many] conversions occurred and the churches of th[e town] were quickened with spiritual life.

Pastor Chiniquy, in Spite of his Adv[anc]ed age, is undertaking a six months' preachin[g tour] in England in connection with the Protesta[nt Alli]ance. He was welcomed in London by a rec[ept]ion at the National Club on Sept. 23d.

The Congregational Church in Engla[nd] is gaining at the expense of the Methodists. [illegible] the leading pulpits of London Congregatio[nali]sm are now filled by ex-Wesleyan ministers. Th[e] Highbury Quadrant, Dr. Allon's old churc[h, and] Westminster Chapel.

Throughout the Summer the Presby[teri]an Endeavorers of Glenolden, Penn., have been [holdi]ng weekly open-air Gospel services, with an a[vera]ge attendance of three hundred persons. Sco[res] of other Christian Endeavor societies have be[en en]gaged in similar work.

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, Who is Lab[ori]ng among the Indians in the Indian Territory ha[s com]pleted a translation of the Book of Psalms in the Muskokee language, which she has asked the [Amer]ican Bible Society to have printed for circu[lati]on among the people of that tribe.

Some Important Concessions Have [be]en made by the New Zealand Government to the [Salva]tion Army. Permission has been granted to t[he offi]cers to visit the jails of the colony, and in ac[diti]on to this the old Immigration Barracks in [illegible] church have been placed at the Army's dispo[sal] for social purposes.

The Directors of the American Cong[reg]ational Association have appointed a comm[ittee] of five to procure plans for the new Congrega[tion]al House in Boston. The building will be a [illegible] steel frame structure of the highest order, [mon]umental in character, a credit to the city a[nd] the denomination.

The Pathetic Death is Announced of [M]iss Emma Entwistle, a young missionary in the pr[ov]ince of Si Chuca, China. She remained at h[er po]st during an outbreak of small-pox. She labor[ed] all through the epidemic, attending to the sic[k a]nd consoling the survivors, but at the last caug[ht] the disease and died. She was to have been m[arr]ied soon. Her death is sincerely deplored.

The Teachers and Officers of the S[und]ay School of the German Reformed Dutch Chu[rch] of New York passed a formal resolution at thei[r] [illegible] meeting expressing sincere thanks to Dr. [Lou]is Klopsch for the privilege extended to the ch[ildr]en of the school of spending a holiday at the Chil[dre]n's Home at Nyack and for the care bestowed [on th]em while there.

The Chautauqua Reading Circle is Wid[eni]ng the scope of its four years' plan by the intro[ducti]on this year of French History. What is call[ed] the French-Greek year opens up a most attracti[ve fie]ld for the student. The books are all prepared b[y spe]cialists who are not only fully acquainte[d w]ith the subjects but have skill in presenting them [in] at[tractive manner]

At the Suggestion of Dr. F. E. Clar[k t]he Christian Endeavor Societies will unite wit[h] [so]cieties in Great Britain, in a week of pray[er f]or Armenia. The second week in November ha[s be]en agreed upon, and a cable message has been [sent] to Dr. Clark who was in Scotland when he ma[de] the suggestion, heartily pledging the acquiesc[ence] of the American Societies.

Many Hundred Poor Families in New [Yo]rk will mourn the death of "Mother" Sherwoo[d, w]ho for twenty years past has given her time, lab[or] and money unceasingly to their service in the na[me] of Christ. She was sixty-five years of age and [was] a sister of ex-Governor Phineas Lounsbury [of Con]necticut. Her quiet, unostentatious, Christ[ian] [li]fe of helpfulness was a blessing to the whole city.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ame[rica]n Missionary Association, which has [illegible] for the evangelization of the colored race [illegible] celebrated in Boston, October 20 to 22, [illegible] The addresses of welcome will be deliv[ered on] Tuesday afternoon, October 20, by Govern[or] Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, and Rev. E. S. H[illegible] D. D. The sermon will be preached by Rev. [Lym]an Abbott.

The Preliminary Programme of the F[if]tenth annual meeting of the Baptist Congress [to be] held in Nashville, Tenn., November 10th-12th [has] been issued. The topics to be discussed are [illegible] far has New Testament Precedent the Auth[ority of a] Divine Command?" "Christianity and War" [illegible] Problems of the Country Church," "Is God the F[ath]er of all Men?" "The relation of Baptists to Other [De]nominations" and "The Pastor a Soul Winner."

Mr. Rutnam, the Young Hindu Chr[isti]an preacher lately held meetings in Toronto and [Ham]ilton, Can. He also visited other points. He [was] greeted with large audiences in both cities [illegible] Thursday eve, 17th Sept., had a crowded h[ouse in] Cook's Presbyterian Church, the largest Pr[esbyterian] church in Canada. He gave his stereopticon l[ecture] "Marvellous India," and his descriptions of [his na]tive land were very interesting and thorough[ly en]joyed. He returns to his studies in Princet[on with] the well wishes of many Canadian friends, a[nd] earnest invitations to return and resume his l[abors] in that country at Christmas vacation.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Turkey's Mentors.

WARNING of European intervention has, according to recent cable dispatches, been given to the Sultan by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Constantinople. With the unanimous support of the representatives of Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy and England, M. Cambon informed the Sultan that the recent outbreak of anarchy in Constantinople had caused "uneasiness" in Europe, and declared that a repetition of the disorders would lead to European intervention. In diplomatic language, he advised the Sultan to behave himself, if he wished to keep his crown. Doubtless, the Sultan knew enough to interpret the studied moderation of the Ambassador's courtly phrases, and is perfectly well aware that it is something more than uneasiness that his diabolical cruelties have aroused in Europe. The unanimity of the foreign Ambassadors will, however, have been a disagreeable surprise to him. Hitherto, his safety has been secured by the mutual jealousies of these gentlemen and of the governments they represent. He knew that British interference would not be tolerated by France and Russia, and that any move of Russia would provoke the opposition of England and possibly of Germany and Austria. So long as the protection of England and France alone kept him from being swallowed up by his northern enemy, he was bound to keep on good terms with his protectors; but since France has transferred her friendship from England to Russia, he has realized that the English alliance is not worth the price it cost him in good behaviour. In the new grouping of the powers England stood alone and there was no longer any need to consult her susceptibilities, by putting a restraint on his bloodthirsty propensities. He had nothing to fear from her while France and Russia distrusted her and he could count on the indifference of Germany, Austria and Italy. England could not punish him without the assent of the other powers, nor was any other power likely to undertake the task. The Sultan felt himself safe in this mutual distrust and must have been alarmed when he learned that the Ambassadors were unanimously agreed in supporting M. Cambon's warning. There is nothing he has so much reason to dread as such an agreement which, whatever course it may take, must operate to the prejudice of his interests. It may be hoped, in the interest of the peoples whom Turkey has so long oppressed, that the unanimity of the Ambassadors may be maintained and that the powers they represent may unite in abolishing the rule of the oppressor. So may the warning of God's Word be fulfilled:

The eyes of the Lord God are upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from off the face of the earth. Amos 9:8.

Harassing the Enemy.

A singular instance of a dangerous element being turned into useful service is given by a mining journal. It appears that at the Comstock silver mine lode, in spite of being in a mountainous district, the miners were continually being troubled with the influx of water. A mining engineer suggested that if a tunnel were driven through the hill the mines would be drained. The tunnel was accordingly made and it completely effected the purpose. The water drawn from the mines flowed through the tunnel. Then a new idea occurred to the engineers. A chamber was excavated in the bottom of the mine, 1700 feet below the surface and a shaft was sunk to it from the tunnel. The water from the hill rushing down the shaft was directed through nozzles against several Pelton wheels which have small buckets attached to their outer edge. The stream filling the buckets turns the wheels and thus power is obtained which is sufficient to drive electric generators. These, in turn, by an electric cable, drive electric motors and in this way all steam machinery has been dispensed with and the heavy cost of fuel saved. Thus instead of the company having at a great expense to keep the mines clear of water by pumping, it now uses the water that was so difficult to get rid of, to do the work of the mines. Something like this has happened at times in the experience of Christians. The things which seemed untoward and unfortunate have turned to the benefit of Christ's cause.

The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel. (Phil. 1:12.)

SIGNOR A. PANSA. (Italy.) M. NELIDOFF. (Russia.)
M. P. CAMBON. (France.) BARON CALICE. (Austria Hungary.) PRINCE RADOLIN. Germany. SIR PHILIP CURRIE. (Great Britain.)

THE AMBASSADORS OF THE GREAT POWERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From a Photograph taken for the London "Graphic" in the Garden of the Austrian Embassy.)

A Warning Saves Lives.

Fifteen men working in a pit at Wilkesbarre, Pa., belonging to the Kingston Coal Company escaped death or serious injury on Oct. 2, through the heroism of a workman. He was superintending the operations on the planes, where the trucks bring up the coal. There is a double track there and an arrangement of a rope and pulley, by which the momentum of a train of loaded cars is used to pull a train of empty cars up a slope. The empty cars had reached the top of the slope, when in some way not explained, one of them became detached and ran swiftly down. At the foot, it struck several cars to which the rope was attached, starting them on the downward track. Thomas Jones, who had charge of the cars, knew that fifteen men were working on the track below, and unmindful of the danger to himself, he ran forward and shouted a warning to them. The rope tightened suddenly, before he could get out of the way. It struck him on the back, killing him instantly. The men at the bottom all escaped injury. But for Jones's warning, they must have all been killed. Happily they heeded it and his life was not sacrificed in vain. They did not act as some do who are in danger of eternal death and who, though Christ died to save them, pay no attention to the warning.

The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness. 1 Cor. 1:18.

A Hero on the Locomotive.

A daring rescue was effected on Sept. 26 by a fireman of an engine on the Northern New Jersey Railroad. The man, whose name is Charles Williams, is a big, strong fellow in the prime of life. He was at work on his engine that morning when it was approaching the Bergen tunnel about two miles out from Jersey City. The tracks of the Erie Road at that place lie side by side with the Northern. Looking out of the window of his cab, he saw a woman on the track walking deliberately in front of his engine. She saw the train coming and stepped out of its way, on to the tracks of the Erie. But she did not see that a west bound Erie express was emerging from the tunnel behind her and coming down upon her at a speed of thirty miles an hour. She had stepped out of the way of the slow train right into the path of the fast train. The noise of both trains was in her ears, but she saw only one. A horrible death seemed inevitable. Calling to the engineer to slow up to give him a chance to save her, Wilkins ran to the step of the cab. As he came almost level with her, he jumped and recovering his footing with a celerity truly marvelous, he was quickly at her side. His strong arms were thrown around her and she was lifted bodily to the strip of clear sand beyond the tracks. In a moment the Erie train thundered past. Leaving the woman he had saved, he ran back across the Erie tracks just in time to swing himself on board the last car of his own train, which had slowed up for his leap. We rightly honor a man who would thus imperil his own life to save that of another. Yet how many listen unmoved to the story of him who laid down his life to save them from everlasting destruction!

For scarcely for a righteous man will die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But . . . while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. 5:7, 8.

Braving the Dromedary.

A surprising spectacle was witnessed in Central Park, New York, a few days ago. Among the animals in the menagerie there is a dromedary which has been for nearly a year past the terror of all the keepers. It was separated from its mate last fall, and it seemed to resent its loss. It became sulky, and finally had fits of savage ferocity that made it dangerous to approach it. The keepers had as much dread in going near its cage as they had of the Nubian lion. Among the visitors last week, were three Arabs dressed in red and yellow turbans, baggy red trousers, blue stockings, and brilliant red sashes. They took a lively interest in the animals, some of which they had apparently never seen before. When they came to the dromedary's enclosure, the animal was snorting as usual and in a vicious mood. One of the Arabs stepped lightly on the fence and dropped inside the enclosure a few feet from the dromedary. The angry animal seemed astonished at the visitor, and peered curiously at the representative of a race which has driven the ships of the desert for centuries. The keepers called to the man to come away, if he did not want to be killed; but the Arab was not alarmed. He uttered some words in his native tongue to the dromedary which had a soothing effect on the furious beast. Then he spoke to it in a tone of command, and to the amazement of the keepers, the dromedary followed him around the enclosue as meekly as a lamb. The dromedary had evidently been trained to obey, and was ready to obey when addressed in tones that it could understand. It is the same with Christian people who have the spirit of the Lord. The world calls them cranks, and wonders at their scruples and their obstinacy, but when they recognize the voice of their Lord, they are meek and obedient.

The sheep follow him: for they know his voice, and a stranger will they not follow. (John 10:4.)

Why the Building Collapsed.

A half-finished five-story flat-house in Madison avenue, New York, collapsed suddenly a few days ago, killing one man and injuring nine others. Happily, the front wall had not been carried up beyond the second story, so the injuries were confined to the workmen inside the building, on whom the rear and side walls fell. When the building department's inspectors arrived to examine the ruin, they found that the walls had been of brick, veneered with dressed stone. The mortar was little better than mud, and the bricks came out of it clean, and could be lifted off with the hands. Badly built, however, as the walls were, they might not have collapsed for some time if the foundations had been properly laid. They were of stone, and rested on a bed of sand which had once been the bottom of a stream. The inspectors said that at the place where the rear wall stood the excavation for the foundation ought to have been carried down thirty feet, to reach ground sufficiently solid to support the wall of a five-story house; but the contractor had not dug lower than six feet and had laid his lowest tier of stone in the sand. Perhaps if he had expected to live in the house he would have been more careful as to its safety. Men do not often risk their own lives in that heedless way. There are many, however, who commit the far worse blunder of putting their souls in peril through building on a false foundation. They rest their hopes of salvation on their morality, or their good works, or on their baptism, or confirmation or church membership, forgetting that on Christ alone they must depend.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 3:11.

The Mind of the Master.

A Sermon Preached at Hampstead, England, by Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D. Text: Phil. 2: 5: *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ.*

THERE will only be time to-day for me to refer to a few of the great truths which occur in the teaching of our Lord, and which have not been maintained, at any rate, in the right place in the usual teaching of the Christian Church. I shall just touch upon this as briefly as possible, only reminding you that there are many others of the same kind. Now, I will say a word first about this truth that the Fatherhood is the final idea of God; the truth that God is the Father of every human being. Dr. Watson says very beautifully in his work, "The Mind of the Master," in speaking about the Old Testament, the Psalmists, and the Prophets, that they did not understand this truth, they did not know it. "It is not," he says, "a refusal to say Father, because the idea is an offence; it is an unconsciousness—because the idea has not yet dawned. The clouds which have gradually risen from the base and sides of the doctrine of God still veil the summit." And the great central idea of our Lord Jesus Christ is that he unfolds the summit of the idea of God. It is his great central truth that he shows God as the Father of man. "No man knows the Father," he says, "but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him," and this notion all along was that he was in the world, that the world might see the Father—his Father, the world's Father,

The Father of Men.

Of course he never proceeds by the method of dogmatic assertions upon the subject of the Fatherhood. It is not the method of our Lord Jesus Christ to dispute and argue upon religious questions. His purpose seems to be not so much to get men to believe as to perceive the Father who is God, and accordingly he summons men to himself, convinced that if they would come to him they will see God is their Father, and the Father of all; and that is what has happened, and is happening to-day.

Coming to him we verily find it is as he says. Looking at the world through his eyes, making allowance for the numberless sayings of his which at first might seem to tell in the opposite direction, bringing all his sayings to a focus, trying to see exactly as he sees, we reach the astounding conclusion that all human beings, literally all are the children of God, *lost children* some of them may be, ignorant children most of them are, rebellious children a great number insist on being, but still they are children, the children of God. For when in the great chapter, the 15th of Luke, our Master was rebuked because he would consort with sinners, his defence was of the kind you all remember: "Do you object to these sinners?" He said, "To me they appear like sheep that have wandered from the fold, like good money lost out of the purse, like the son that had left the Father's house." That torn and stained thing is a sheep still, and a sheep from the fold; and the piece of money, though it is lost and no man can tell where it is, is a piece of money still, and when it is found it will be the money's worth just the same: and the foolish boy in the rags, there among the swine, is not a swine, but a man, and a son of the Father still.

Now it is not astonishing that the world has found it very difficult to grapple with [illegible] thought of Jesus. They have hesitated to believe and to apply it. It seems, as it were, more reverent to deny, to repudiate the Fatherhood of God in relation to the [illegible] in your pulpit, or to [illegible] Sunday that [illegible] great way. You [illegible] more reverent to say the Fatherhood of God, and [illegible] atics pounding their brothers to death, no children of God. We suppose that we are vindicating the character of our Father by denying the childhood of his children. The Church as a whole has never seriously grasped the great thought. She has always taken the Fatherhood into her own hands, and disposed of it according to her taste. You, there, accepting my dogmas, you, there, baptised at my font, are the children of God; but you, unhappy, unbaptized heathen, miserable sectary and schismatic, you are not the children of God. And, therefore to-day, even after all these centuries, it savors of heresy for anyone to say in

The Broad Way of Jesus,

"He is Father of all human beings." But oh, brothers and sisters, children of the Father, how it changes all your view of life, and all your view of men if you seriously accept the teaching of Jesus. You look out upon these men around you. They may be wicked, ignorant, atheistic; so much more sorrow over them, so much more loving effort to recover them. They may be even, by a fatal misbirth, born again, as it were, into the childhood of the devil, and being by their perverted choice children of the devil; but you cannot alter your great faith for such appearances as these. The Son of man is manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and to recover those who are made captive at his will. And you take the very worst and most hopeless of your kind, and with unswerving faith you say, "He is a child of God." It is a sorrow that it is a child of God who has sunk to this, and defiled the heart that came from the heart of God.

The Meaning of the Cross.

But let me touch for a moment upon another of these great truths which Jesus taught which we are slow to understand. I refer to the meaning of the Cross. Now, it is a great stumbling-block to many people—the teaching of the Cross. To the men of the first age it was the Cross that was the stumbling-block; to the men of our age it is the teaching about the Cross that is the stumbling-block. The difficulty appears in the doctrine of the Atonement, as it is called. It seems to many minds somewhat arbitrary, somewhat unjust, in some forms of its statement; it seems remote from experience; it is abstract. But it is not in the words and teaching of Jesus exposed to any of these objections. The difficulty all came from the attempt to compare the truth of the Cross with the Jewish conception of sacrifice. Look at the teaching of Jesus upon this subject, and you find that he moves along the simplest and the plainest lines, in which everyone can follow him. One might almost summarise it in a sentence. He puts it thus: If a man loves men absolutely, he will lay down his life for them; and if men are very bad and sinful, they will in their blindness and ignorance kill the very man who loves them. "And I love men," he says, "and men will slay me, and then men come to understand; and as they see I loved them, and as they see their sins have slain me, they will hate the sins that slew me, and will have them crucified to my Cross." Theology has taken the whole conception up into the arid and barren region of the intellect, and there exposed it to the pitiless criticism of the arid and barren intellect. But Jesus kept it in the higher region of the heart, of the passion for purity, and of the quick response which every human heart makes to a love that will die for it.

The Ageless Life

Or I might touch upon another of his great thoughts. To what Dr. Watson calls the "Ageless Life." It is the teaching of Jesus which has been perverted, which has been constantly treated as if he referred to a future world, when all the time the Lord Jesus was speaking about a present life, a life which he calls the ageless life, a life which is not bound by the world but above it, and his thought always was, "Though I know the world unseen, though I myself am the revelation of it, yet I do not talk about it, I do not satisfy your curiosity upon the subject. I am not here, strictly speaking, to tell you about the world to come, I am here to bring into this world a life that is a life indeed, the ageless life. He that believeth on me hath this life." And it is very important to see and to understand that wonderful meaning of Jesus, because undoubtedly the reason

Why Men are not Saved,

as we call it to-day, is that they are always thinking of salvation as something which refers to the world to come, while Jesus thinks of it as something here. There is thus a striking contrast between the conception of life produced by the misunderstanding of Jesus, and the conception of life which follows from our Lord saying what he means.

Upon the subject of ageless life you remember how history records that the great Emperor Charles V., in the middle of the sixteenth century resigned the Imperial throne while he was yet in the comparative prime of life, that he might give himself to fasting and prayer in a Spanish monastery for the rest of his days and so secure Heaven. Now, in contrast of that which is a misunderstanding of the thought of Jesus, there is the familiar story of the Puritan fathers of the United States, who were assembled in the Senate House at mid-day when a sudden darkness veiled the sky, and no man could see his brother's face. There was confusion and fear, and several murmured along the benches of the House, "It must be the Day of Judgment come," and then presently one man arose and said, "Whether it be the Judgment Day or no, I know not, but this I know, that it is God's will we save our country, and we shall be judged accordingly. I move that the candles be lit, and we go on with our business." That was the spirit of Jesus; that was the way in which he applied religious truth. He would not have you say, "Lo! here and Lo! there," searching into the dim future which is not to be revealed, but he would have you understand the Kingdom of God is within you, and our business is to go about the duties which the Kingdom enjoins. Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when he comes finds doing what? Speculating, constructing schemes? No, doing the daily humble task which the Lord has set him.

The Kingdom of God.

But now that leads me to mention the last which there is time to discuss of the great thoughts of the teaching of Jesus which the world has been slow to apprehend, that idea which fills so large a place in the words of Jesus, and so insignificant a place in the teaching of the Church—the Kingdom of God. It was a saying of the great Italian patriot, Mazzini, "The first real faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds will transform the whole of our actual social organization, because the whole history of humanity is but the repetition in form and degree of the Christian prayer, 'Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'" Will you allow me to point out the significance of this saying? You will admit that Mazzini was among the greatest of nineteenth century men, one of the few men who deserve the great name of prophet; a man who in the midst of confusion kept his head high and knew that the great and good time was coming for his nation and for the world. Now, has it ever struck you how significant it is that the greatest patriot and political thinker of the nineteenth century should find that all his ideas are summed up in a single brief sentence from the words of Jesus, that he sees it all in the paragraph from the Lord's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"? Is not that the justification of the truth that the ages will not get beyond our Master, and if there is a three thousandth century, they will still be using some words of his?

May I just in closing suggest two or three indications of what is meant by the Kingdom of God? I have no time to enter into detail, but let me recall your mind to this: Jesus was always speaking about the K[illegible]dom of God. It was by speaking a[illegible]out the Kingdom of God that he put the t[illegible]sures of this world in their right place, [illegible]k the absolutely true view of what we all wealth, gave it the name of mammon, [illegible]d us that we could not serve God and m[illegible]mon too. Through his absolute appre[illegible]nsion of the Kingdom of God, the Lord [illegible]w the mighty picture of the rich man [illegible]d Lazarus, and turned away contemptuo[illegible]ly from a paltry person who wished to oc[illegible]by him, the Saviour of the world, in ge[illegible]ng his miserable inheritance divided bet[illegible]en him and his brother. It was through u[illegible]r-standing the Kingdom of God that he f[illegible]nd himself in sympathy with people o[illegible]all kinds and all creeds; it was through u[illegible]r-standing the Kingdom of God that he [illegible]k that high tone in reference to wha[illegible]he called politics. He would have nothi[illegible]to do with what were called politics, th[illegible]is, the great question who is to govern. [illegible]ot that that is unimportant in its place [illegible]ut in the light of the Kingdom of God al[illegible]he questions of politics are quite subordi[illegible]e. The great point is: Shall God reign? [illegible]d the second point is: What method of [illegible]v-ernment will get his reign establishe[illegible]on earth?

It is through the apprehension of [illegible]he Kingdom of God that the Lord Jesus C[illegible]st is so intensely interested in every indiv[illegible]al—never loses sight of the person i[illegible]he multitude. And it is through apprehe[illegible]n of what each person is meant to be, [illegible]at each person may become, that he com[illegible]to the glorious thought of the Kingdo[illegible]of God. When a man grasps the King[illegible]m of God as Jesus presents it, he goes o[illegible]to work for men full of life,

Full of Renunciation,

full of humility, refusing to j[illegible]ge others. He works by the way of [illegible]he cross, because that is the way of the K[illegible]g-dom of God. There are many empire[illegible]n the earth to-day, but none is so domi[illegible]nt as the Kingdom of God. It is a bl[illegible]ed truth. According to the conceptio[illegible]of Jesus, that Kingdom of God work[illegible]in Russia, in India, in China; it works thr[illegible]gh all the abominations of Turkey. [illegible]is more beautiful to us every year, an[illegible]we are beginning to grasp with a passio[illegible]te love, and to say as we never used to [illegible]y, "Oh Father in heaven, let thy King[illegible]m come: let thy will be done on earth [illegible]it is in heaven."

But let me remind you that the K[illegible]g-dom of God as Jesus described it is con[illegible]g, is upon the earth, is growing, and is [illegible]re to conquer. A few months ago in [illegible]at fiendish massacre at Urfah, when [illegible]he Turks had butchered and burned t[illegible]ee thousand helpless persons in the [illegible]nt church, they mockingly cried to C[illegible]st. They cried to him now to prove hims[illegible]a greater prophet than Mohammed, [illegible]d surely the cry was answered there [illegible]d then. The proof was there for all to s[illegible]— those helpless souls perishing because [illegible]y would not deny their Lord were C[illegible]s-tians, they were there perishing for Ch[illegible]t, and Christ was with them, and those [illegible]g devils defying, marauding, destroy[illegible]g, were the disciples of Mohammed. T[illegible]y were in Mohammed's name, shouting [illegible]e name of their prophet over their dee[illegible]of lust and blood. And in heaven a[illegible]e Christ listens, and the horrified earth s[illegible]s, "There is no greater proof, no mor[illegible]s needed." But our Christ is a gre[illegible]r prophet than Mohammed. The King[illegible]m of God, like its founder, achieves its [illegible]- tories by the Cross, by patient suffe[illegible]g and sacrifice, by praying for the sav[illegible]s who know not what they do.

And now as we close let us remem[illegible]r that hardly anyone has yet understood [illegible]e mind of the Master. We are all scho[illegible]s in that school, and most of us are still [illegible]n the first standard of the school, and [illegible]e know no one who has passed out in [illegible]e seventh standard. We are all scholar[illegible]s that school, and you, I trust, each ma[illegible]of you, tries to understand the mind of [illegible]e Master for your daily life, for your ho[illegible]e, for your work, for your country, for [illegible]e world. There is no country which has [illegible]t been ordered and governed by the mind [illegible]f the Master, no continent has shaped [illegible]s policy according to that rule—"Thy k[illegible]-dom come." As Mr. Ruskin has so fo[illegible]-bly said, "When you pray 'thy kingd[illegible]m come,' you either want it to come or [illegible]p don't. If you don't you should not p[illegible]y for it. If you do you must do more th[illegible]n pray for it, you must live for it, and la[illegible]r for the Kingdom of God." May G[illegible]d will be done upon earth as it is in heav[illegible].

THE BOWERY'S GOSPEL LIGHT-HOUSE.

New Superintendent and his Assistant Already at Work, and Keeping the Lamps Trimmed and Burning—A Beacon for Moral Shipwrecks.

ALTHOUGH only a few days have passed since the installation of the new Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, Mr. J. H. Wyburn and his Assistant, Mr. Mershon (as briefly mentioned in our issue of last week), the result of the appointments is already felt in the new impetus that has been given to the spiritual part of the work at the Mission. All the week-day evening services are largely attended, and the meetings on Sunday last were as fervent and deeply spiritual as any in the long history of the grand old Mission. Especially was this the case with the Converts' Prayer Meeting on Sunday afternoon, when a great number of letters from every quarter of the Union, were presented as subjects of special supplication.

Owing to the limited space at our disposal last week, the services at the formal installation of Messrs. Wyburn and Mershon were only briefly referred to. These services were extremely interesting. The gathering was a representative one, and the speeches were of a character to encourage the new incumbents to energetic performance of the work under their charge. In introducing them, Dr. Louis Klopsch spoke as follows:

"In the eloquent prayer that has just been uttered up, the "Bowery Mission" was aptly designated as a Gospel light-house. Situated on one of the greatest thoroughfares of the greatest city of the greatest country in all the world, may it ever prove a fair type of a Gospel light-house and a haven of rest to every homeless, friendless and sick soul, and may it, under the blessing of the Almighty, be the means of delivering countless thousands from the enslavement of appetite and passion, and lead them to that blessed Saviour whose invitation is world-wide, and whose promise is 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"I am especially thankful this evening that while the Bowery Mission is a great agency for good in this its peculiar field, it is at the same time, through these workers and other workers who have gone out to spread the good tidings abroad, exerting a blessed influence in other sections of this country, and the fire burning here so brightly will help to light torches elsewhere, and set many hearts aglow with zeal in the service of our Lord.

"To-night it is my privilege to introduce to you our new Superintendent, Brother Wyburn. When I first sent for him and communicated my intention of making him the Superintendent of this great work, Brother Wyburn hesitated somewhat, but after a few days he came and told me that a powerful consideration of the subject had led him to decide to accept the call, because he believed that he could gather here a large harvest of souls, and as he told me this, I said in my heart 'this is the kind of man we want in the Bowery Mission.'

"And now, Brother Wyburn, I place into your hands this great trust. May God graciously bless the Bowery Mission as never before, and bless you in your every effort in its behalf. May, through your gentle, kind, sympathetic and loving ministrations, multitudes be brought to Christ; and I charge you solemnly to see to it that the lamps of this light-house are kept trimmed and burning, in order that it may be the means of lighting many a shipwrecked mariner on the sea of life to the haven of safety and to life everlasting.

"You will be assisted in this work by Brother Talmage Mershon, who is a nephew of Dr. Talmage. May he prove worthy of the name, and while his illustrious uncle is preaching the Gospel to countless multitudes and turning many to Christ, may his nephew here pick handpicked fruit for the Master, and 'show himself a workman approved of God that needeth not to be ashamed.' It is a great responsibility which I now place in your hands, and may God bless you, and by his Holy Spirit help you to acquit yourself acceptably in his sight."

Mr. Wyburn, the new Superintendent, made the following response:

I am glad to see so many of my friends here. In accepting the responsibility of this work, I did it with a good deal of hesitation. For years it has been my desire to see a mission on the Bowery, run just as we run our work in Water street. Our work down there is a peculiar one; our meetings are very quiet, and yet the Spirit of God is with us constantly. I realize that the Spirit of God is working in this place; I have always felt that one of the ambitions of my life was to work on the Bowery and I accept this responsibility; I have prayed over the matter quite a good deal, and every time that I have prayed, God has seemed to put it more and more on my heart, and so I am glad to-night that I am here; glad that the Spirit of God has led me into this work.

I want specially to speak to-night to the converts of this mission; I want you to rally around me, boys. This is the second time that I ever have had the privilege of speaking in this place; I want you to become acquainted with me; it will afford me a good deal of satisfaction to know the converts of the Bowery Mission.

Eight years ago to-night I was led by the Spirit of God into the McAuley Mission; I never expected while I was on my way there that I was going to a mission; never thought for a moment that I should ever enter the doors of a mission, because I was an atheist; had very little use for religion. A friend of mine sent me with a letter to Brother Hadley. I was told by the converts of the work and the way that Christ Jesus had come into their lives. I had often heard sermons; I suppose I have heard the most gifted men of the present day, but they did not touch my heart. I believe in a living Saviour, who comes into the lives and the hearts of the people. I shall never forget the things that led up to it. About a month prior to that, I had been an inmate of a Christian Home on the corner of Eighty-sixth St. and there I heard the wonderful story of Jesus and his love; it was simply like pouring water on a duck's back, as far as my life was concerned. That night, in Water St. Mission, men got up there and said that they were saved, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and from that moment up to the present time I have been looking upward—looking to Jesus. I praise him to-night for his wonderful goodness to me; if I was to stand here till to-morrow morning and talk, I could never tell you what a difference it has made in my life; Jesus became my Saviour, my Redeemer.

THE BOWERY MISSION'S NEW LEADERS.

J. H. Wyburn, Superintendent; D. Talmage Mershon, Assistant.

As I look back at the condition I was in that night, and then just take a look at myself to-night, it is wonderful! The love and the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ coming into my heart and into my life. I shall never forget, as I went up to the penitent seat and looked up into the faces of Brother Bernard and Brother Hadley; I was told to pray, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and God heard and answered my prayer; I was just on the verge of delirium; I had been drinking very hard and I had tried often and often to stop it, but this night Jesus Christ did the thing that nobody else could do; the old chains which had bound me for so many years—the chains were broken.

While Brother Corfield was reading the Scripture lesson, it struck me, if God could come into your hearts and your lives, by his wonderful power your life can be changed; God grant that some one in this room will start to-night. I am glad, my dear friends, that I have the blessed privilege of coming into this work in the Bowery Mission.

Mr. Mershon, the new Assistant Superintendent said:

My heart is very full to-night, and I feel very thankful to God, that he, in his infinite mercy and love, saved me, and has brought me here to stand as I do to-night, an assistant in this work. Christ said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." I want to say to-night, that it will be my meat and my flesh to do the will of my master. About ten days ago, I received a note from my dear brother, Dr. Klopsch, asking me to "come to this city"; it was late in the afternoon when I read his letter. I hastened over to the telephone, asked the proprietor as to whether I could leave. I said, "if the Lord calls me I will go." He said, "how about the wife?" I said, "we are one in Christ." On reaching home that evening, my wife (having read the letter) said to me "are you going?" I replied, "most certainly." I journeyed on to the Bowery, and to you my brothers, I want to tell you, that you will always find me at any time of the day or night, if I can be of any assistance to you, in leading you to that Christ in whom I found peace. I will always be glad to do what I can for you, and Brother Wyburn knows, that he will always find me ready to help. I trust that I may be able to work in this part of the city, and that we, as a band of people, may be the means of leading many to Christ, seeing many flocking to Christ, and crying, "what must I do to be saved?"

Rev. Stephen Merritt being asked to speak, responded briefly in these terms:

I have not felt as much at home in years as I have felt to-night. Forty-five years, one month and twenty-three days ago, I was led out of my bondage of sin into the liberty of God's dear children. I am rejoicing more and more, day after day, as the years go by, for my blessed deliverance, and the path shines more and more, unto the perfect day; glory be to God! I never was so happy or comfortable in my life as I am to-night; he gives me everything I need; he gives me himself, and with himself he gives his grace freely. I feel so much at home; I look at your bright and smiling faces; I feel so delighted. Our brother John has been congratulated on his eighth birthday, and on his access to this Mission. I pray that the blessing of the Holy Spirit may come upon him and upon all.

This is the grandest spot on the globe. I have been in all the missions all over the country, 'way out to Vancouver, and I really believe in my heart this is the grandest spot.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, who, for a number of years, has been the leader of the Thursday evening and Sunday meetings, said:

"I knew that Brother Wyburn and Brother Mershon were going to bring us many good things; I am thankful that they have brought us so many sisters. Nearly five years ago, I started Sunday Services for men, and I want to bear witness here that they have always treated me with the utmost courtesy. We never admitted women in the audience, because there was not room enough to seat even the men; but now we are going to do something for the women. Dr. Klopsch and I have been talking it over, and we have decided to enlarge the work, and broaden it out, and to bring women under the blessed ministrations of the Bowery Mission, by giving up one afternoon each week for a good old-fashioned Tea for women."

Mrs. Whittemore, founder of the "Door of Hope," said:

I will just take but one little moment or so, just simply to give out a thought that came to my heart. In the beginning of this meeting, something was said about the Light-House here in the Bowery. I just want to bring that precious light before you to-night; never have I had more need of the light than I have at this present moment, and to his glory I can truthfully say, that never has the light burned in my heart brighter than to-night; the same Jesus, yesterday, to-day, and forever, the wonder-working Jesus! There will be very much need here in this place, after to-night, through the ministry of prayer, to hold your dear leader very close to God. You dear boys here, you have given your hearts to God, keep in close touch with the light yourself, and through the ministry of prayer keep your leaders very close to God. Breathe it out into your hearts, and so one and all, be co-workers for God. I do love my precious Lord, and the desire within my heart is to know him and do his bidding. Glory be to God!

Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, also spoke, wishing Brother Wyburn god-speed, on his eighth anniversary. He had been present at the conversion of Mr. Wyburn in Water street. He added: "I can only say, God bless him! and he will have our prayers and our love, and I believe that God is going to reward him here in this work. I see in this hall to-night, men who need so much to start for the Kingdom. Fourteen years, two months, and five nights ago to-night, Jesus touched my heart. In one moment's time, I ceased to be a drunkard, a gambler, everything that is vile, and salvation has flowed like a river, and my life from that time until now has been a glorious summer day, and is it any wonder that I want people to know Jesus Christ?"

Mr. Charles Bernard also spoke briefly. Of Mr. Wyburn, he said: "I know those who have had the mission in charge have placed it in the hands of a man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ. I congratulate you, Brother, and I pray that this place may re-echo with testimonies of those who will be saved. Twelve years ago, I gave my heart to God, and to-night, from the very bottom of my heart I say that the old things have all passed away. Blessed be God, for a salvation that does a complete work in Jesus Christ."

Mr. J. H. Wyburn, the new Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, was born in London, England, in 1858, and came to this country in 1879. He went into the baking business soon after coming here and did a large business, having several stores. For years he enjoyed prosperity. He was married in 1884, and shortly afterward his drinking career began and for about four years he was a habitual drunkard, losing business, home, friends, and everything that makes life happy in this world. "I had never lived a Christian life," Mr. Wyburn explains, "and knew nothing of the love of Jesus. I was a confirmed infidel, but eight years ago, God directed my footsteps to the McAuley Mission, 316 Water street, and on that night his spirit touched my heart through the testimonies, and the old life passed away, and Jesus (bless his name!) came in to stay. I am, indeed, a new creature through his cleansing blood. From that time until the day when I took charge of the Bowery Mission, I have worked with S. H. Hadley in the dear old mission where I was converted."

Mr. Wyburn was for a time Superintendent of the Grand Army Mission in Canal street, New York. He has a wide practical experience in Rescue work, and is already giving evidence that his selection as leader of the Bowery Mission was in every way a suitable one.

Mr. D. Talmage Mershon, Mr. Wyburn's Assistant and Associate, is a native of New York State, and was born in the Presbyterian Parsonage at East Hampton, Long Island. He is the son of the late Rev. Stephen L. and Mary Talmage Mershon. He was married at the age of twenty-two to Ethel V. Hoagland, of Glen Head, L. I., and three years after his marriage went to Colorado on account of his wife's health. She died soon afterward, leaving him with one child, who is still living. After spending six years in Colorado, Mr. Mershon went to California, where he remained six years. He was engaged in the real estate and insurance business in both places and was a successful man. He returned from the West last winter. Mr. Mershon, as a pastor's son, had all the advantages of the training of a Christian home, and has been for many years an active and zealous Christian worker.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

In Ancient Nuremberg.

A Town with a Remarkable History — Its Quaint Customs.

LIKE a mediæval city, which has somehow crept into our nineteenth century civilization, the ancient Bavarian town of Nuremberg, stands out prominent and picturesque. It is one of the most remarkable cities in Germany, as well on account of its architecture and its history, as by reason of the fact that many ancient customs still prevail there. There is much that strongly recalls the wealthy burgher-classes of the Middle Ages; the gabled houses, stone balconies, and quaint carvings; the double line of fortified walls, separated by public walks and gardens; the many antique-looking bridges that span the little river Pegnitz, and the seventy towers, all point to a period when the old town was a place of military importance. There are many grand old buildings that have been preserved in excellent shape, among them being the old palace or castle, rich in gems of art; the town hall, which has also a priceless gallery; several fine churches, some over four hundred years old, and many other structures gabled and decorated after the manner in vogue several centuries ago. Our photographic illustrations show two points that never fail to attract the attention of visitors, viz.: "the Executioner's Bridge," across which, in olden times the condemned were wont to tread, and from which, it is said, the victims of the "Maiden" or the "Iron Virgin," were often dropped into the sluggish tide beneath; and the "King's Bridge" of the ancient Castle of Nuremberg. In the Castle itself, in [illegible] collections, was kept a miscellaneous collection of instruments of torture, such as only the fiendishness and cruelty of an inhuman age could have devised. The Castle was a favorite residence of the German Emperors, and there the imperial regalia [illegible] from 1424 to 1806. It is said to have been built about nine hundred years ago. The [illegible] great wealth, being a centre of trade for many years, and there is [illegible] among its people [illegible] "Nuremberg's hand goes through every land." Its rich [illegible] princes. It also flourished as an art centre, and some of the most famous German [illegible] architecture were those of natives of Nuremberg [illegible] throughout the world. It was one of the first [illegible] tion, and embraced Protestantism with vigor. Tourists and others who go to Nuremberg are charmed with its venerable and [illegible] are exquisite specimens of carving and [illegible] the famous nobles and the humbler dwellings of such celebrities as Albert Durer, [illegible] Palm, the patriot book-seller who was shot by Napoleon's order in 1806 are pointed out with pride by the citizens. Its present educational, scientific, charitable and artistic institutions are worthy of its dignity and its venerable record.

"THE EXECUTIONER'S BRIDGE" IN NUREMBERG.

KING'S BRIDGE, NUREMBERG.

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Wedding Ring Inscriptions.

Many quaint and beautiful inscriptions are engraved on the inner surface of wedding rings. Here is a list of inscriptions on wedding rings collected by a gentleman during forty years' experience in the jewellery business:

In thee my choice I do rejoice.
May God above increase our love.
I've obtained whom God ordained.
Let our contest be who loves best.
Hearts united live contented.
May God decree we two agree.
I like my choice and do rejoice.
In God and thee my comfort be.
God did decree our unity.
God hath sent my heart's content.
Happy in thee hath God made me.
The love is true that I. O. U.

***

Strangely Named Babies.

The Chinese are nothing if not peculiar. Usually they do things, in almost every instance, in a way just the reverse of ourselves, and there are cases where their own customs seem to be oddly at variance with each other. Thus: it is a well authenticated fact that a Chinese father or mother does not try to conceal disappointment when a girl-child is born into the family instead of a son. Yet, the names selected for the girl babies are expressive of the greatest pride, joy, and affection. Mrs. Arnold Foster, a missionary, writes about the little ones under her care: As I was calling the girls up one after another to be examined, I was struck with the strange [illegible] "Golden Gem," "Phœnix Orchid," "Glory," "Joy," "Accomplished Excellence," "Forty-seven," "Hoping for a Brother," "Obedient Joy," etc. These are their "school names." It takes the children some time after they come to school to get accustomed to them. Often after calling a child several times, I have to use her "baby-name," and then she will come at once. "Grace Glory" is often called "Twelfth Month," her mother having given her that name because she was [illegible] that month, and "Golden Bright" often [illegible] till I say "Little Autumn" before she comes to my call. A little boy whose parents are Christians, is called "Gracious Gift."

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Joyless Young Lives.

Here is a little incident which will doubtless remind many readers of a somewhat similar one, in connection with many of our little guests at our Children's Home at Mont Lawn. Thirty-five boys and girls in Chicago who applied for admission to the Medill Summer School, were asked to answer the following six questions:

1. Were you ever in the woods? 2. Did you ever see the lake? 3. Did you ever pick a flower? 4. Were you ever in the park? 5. Did you ever ride in a wagon behind horses? 6. Did you ever ride in a car on the railroad?

On examining the answers it was found that thirty out of the thirty-five had never picked a flower. During the writing one little girl was found crying bitterly. On inquiry it was discovered that she had been obliged to answer no to nearly all the questions, and "was afraid she wouldn't pass." The boys and girls who have had the privilege of roaming through the woods, riding on lake or river, and culled flowers can scarcely understand what it is to be deprived of these pleasures.

***

"Cinderella Skates."

One of the latest and prettiest inventions is one that will interest the young folks greatly, being neither more or less than the making of skates of glass. By the new process, the glass is hardened to the consistency of steel. The entire skate is made of this substance, the upper part resembling a slipper, opened up behind with split leather lace up heel cap—a Cinderella skate! Among the several advantages claimed for the new skates is that they are much faster than the steel blade. They are made very sharp and, owing to their extreme hardness, it is impossible to blunt them, furthermore, they need no grinding and they cannot rust. The crystal skates are nearly transparent, although it will be possible to make them any color to match the dress of the skater. Thus a winter pleasure, wholesome and ancient, acquires new interest and attractiveness.

***

Household Frets.

IT has now come to be generally recognized in the medical faculty that fret and worry are more destructive of health and happiness than hard work or privation. Especially is this the case in domestic life, where the horizon is narrower than in the business of the outer world. House-worry oftener than house-work is the cause of poor health, says a sympathetic writer. Frettingly waiting for the plumber and painter to come and go; for the tea-kettle to boil, the cake to fry, the custard to cool—impatiently waiting for the grocer, the milkman, the iceman, for the children at breakfast time, for the husband at dinner time, for the sound of the servant's latchkey at bedtime; anxiously waiting to get through house cleaning, preserving, the measles and whooping cough; wearily waiting for the even footsteps at the midnight hour—these are things that warp, impair, and prostrate womankind. On the other hand, the varied movements of the body required in general housekeeping promote as good circulation of the blood as the most approved requirements in a gymnasium. In the early days of our country, women of intellect did not despise the practical housekeepers. And if our environment has become so complex that only hired servants are capable of household work, and the mistress enjoys cooking only with the chafing dish, it is time to call a halt and institute a thorough revival of simplicity and the Pilgrim idea, that will make housekeeping as popular as the club.

***

Believe in Your Mother.

Mother-love is one of the purest things on earth and sons and daughters should cherish it as such. A man, says Henry Drummond, believes in his mother; abiding in her love and character keeps him straight. I have known such men. You have known the influence of a sister and a pure girl whom you love, and you do not that rational. Tell me, then, is it not rational to have a Friend to wind his arms around us and inspire us? Can any one exert greater influence on us than our Elder Brother? The way to get over sin is to get into friendship with Christ. Begin at once. Yo can strike up a friendship in a single evening. Open the Book, and he will say something to you.

***

Bejewelled Hindu Girls.

Vanity in dress and personal adornment is a feminine trait the world over. As Mason, a missionary at Batala, India, writes: "This year we have succeeded in opening a school in the city for Hindu girls. On the first day fifteen little girls came, but to our disappointment, a few days after, the number, instead of increasing, dropped to five. Then we heard there had been preaching in the bazar against the school. It is a touching sight to see these little much-bejewelled heathen girls standing with hands reverently folded, repeating verses such as: 'Their idols are silver and gold; they have mouths but they speak not.—They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trustest in them.'" It is recorded by many missionaries that when these Hindu women are converted to Christianity they do not hesitate to sacrifice their jewels and to give up the little vanities of dress that they formerly delighted in.

Favorite Proverbs.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning October 25. Prov. 2: 1-9.

ONE cogent proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures, is the fact that so large a part of them should be appropriate to conditions of life, so radically different as are our own, from those of the age in which they were written. In this age, so busy, so full of mental activity, so eager in the pursuit of knowledge, the old Book is more actively appreciated and more carefully studied than in any former one and it still proves, as it will to the end, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." There is no class, no single description of men, but finds itself mirrored in the Word and may find there, too, admonitions pertinent to its duty. Even the committee who select the topics for these meetings—a function of which Solomon could have had no conception, could find in the Book of Proverbs, a multitude of passages which with marvelous fidelity he portrays them and the way in which they perform their duty.

Every one who knows himself and is not blind to his own faults and deficiencies, has felt the sharp, penetrating gift of the wise king's words at home. Whether he be given to avarice, or sensuality, or irreverence, or indolence, or pride, or vanity, or ambition, or any other of the sins that mar the human character, he finds that Solomon in his day had seen and perceived the evil, and uttered a word of warning.

The warning word, however, is little likely to be the favorite proverb. Until the longing of the poet be fulfilled and men see themselves as others see them, the medicine the soul needs will not be palatable. The proverb most frequently in the mind or on the lip is likely to be some consolatory or stimulating thought which suits the need of our nature. Of these the Book is a rich treasury. The youth who represses his anger and is silent under provocation may refresh himself by remembering the tribute: "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." In perplexity, he may find rest in the word: "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." When he hears men talking of luck he may remember the assurance: "The curse causeless shall not come." When he feels his own weakness and incapacity in the Lord's service he may recall the appointment: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." If he is depressed by the slowness of his progress, he may take comfort in the fact that, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." When temptation drags merciless eyes at him, Solomon's appeal to self-interest may be his weapon: "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." When he is falsely traduced he may be consoled by the promise: "The wrong tongue is but for a moment." And when his duty as a citizen is to be decided and expediency as opposed to principle is urged upon him, Solomon is at his ear with the words: "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." And when it seems as if he must be crushed in the conflict of life, he may take courage as he remembers: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies be at peace with him."

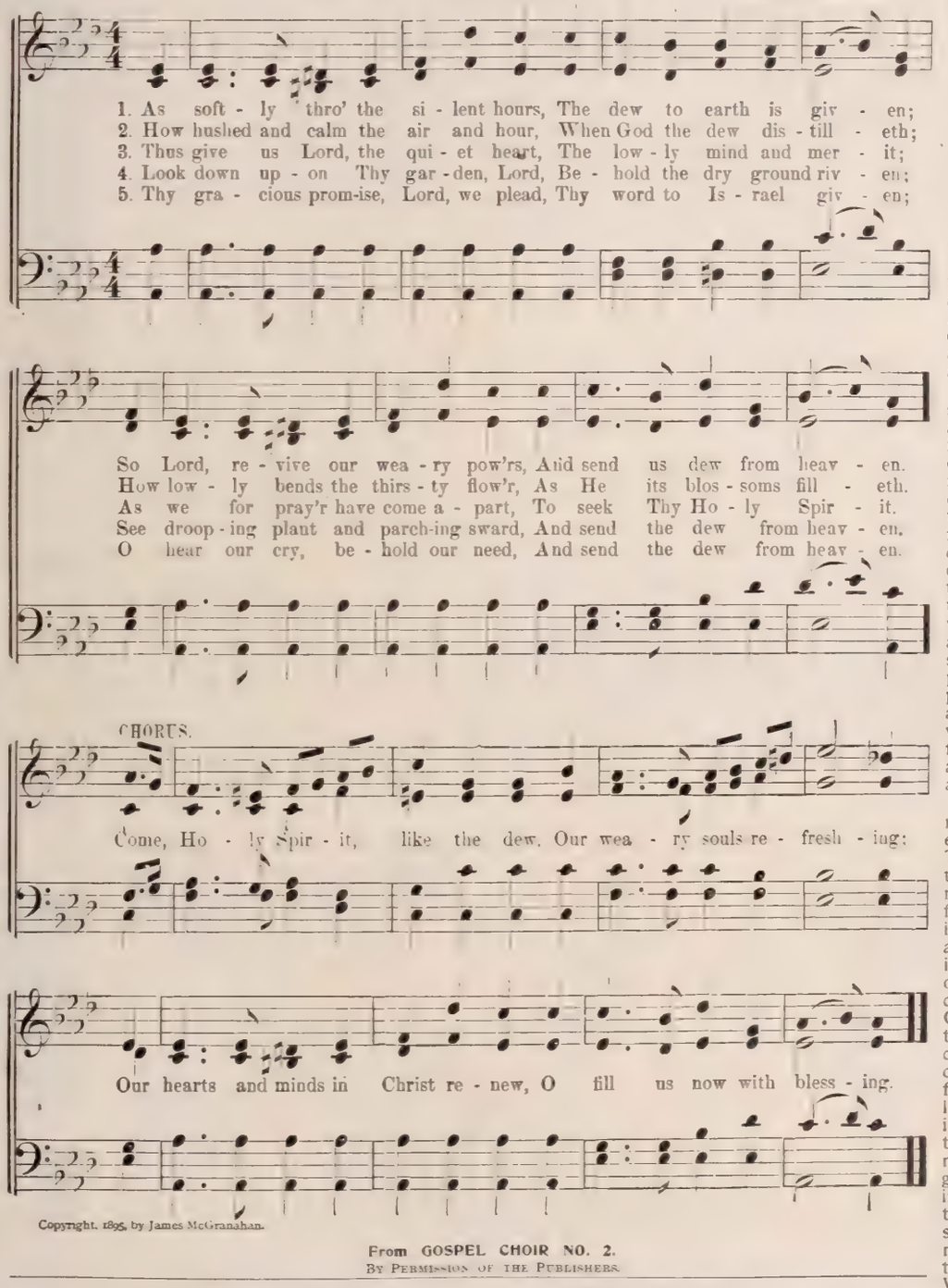
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

"God give thee of the dew of heaven."—Gen. 27:28.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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MARAH.

GOD sends us bitter, that the sweet,
By absence known, may sweeter prove;
As dark for light, as cold for heat
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, us to show
He can both sweet and bitter send:
That both the might and love we know
Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreathe around our heads the rose,
And count our right what heaven each day
As alms bestows.

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed)
The sweetness of life's heavenly tree,
And grief is healed;

And lo, before us in the way
We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

HE LEADETH ME.

IN pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine, into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this, I know he holds my hand;
So whether led in green or desert land,
I trust—although I may not understand.

And by still waters, no, not always so;
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go!

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the dear Lord standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, when he leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

The Prophetic Parables.

The Period Pictured under the Figure of the Net Cast into the Sea.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

THE Lord has now completed the sad story of the mingling of Satan's tares with the wheat of God: it only remains to speak of the final separation, which shall once more make it easy to discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. And this time of judgment is depicted in the Parable of the net.

The sea here, as often in Scripture, represents the world in agitation. So the Psalmist says of the Lord: "Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of the waves, and the tumult of the peoples."

The net is the circle of the visible Church, all the Christian sects which are used for the gathering in of God's people. We may, however, remark that nets do not catch all the fish of the sea, nor is even a mere profession universal. Also that, although fish of every kind are caught, there are at last but two sorts: all are either good or bad.

The net is not brought to the shore, which is the end of this age of restless confusion, until it is full; for God has foreordained how many of the human race shall come within the circle of the Gospel during the times of the Gentiles. And the first indication that it has been drawn up will be the removal of a number of believers into the presence of their Lord: then the separating process will be continued by a second ascension of saints, at the sounding of the seventh trumpet; and finished by the appearing of the Lord in glory and the destruction of the wicked. Thus the good will first be gathered into vessels, and then the bad will be cast away.

Such, then, is the first great revelation in regard to the career of the nominal Church. The Lord sows good seed; but the bad soil of human hearts renders it for the most part unfruitful. And where it is growing well, an enemy causes disastrous confusion by stealthily introducing disguised children of the Wicked One among the children of the Kingdom. Changed by this evil admixture, the professing Church casts off her humility, and, ceasing to wait for the Lord from heaven, strives to establish herself upon earth. Throwing aside the cross, she desires to say, "I sit a queen, and am no widow;" and, in order to gratify her ambition, enters into a shameful alliance with the great ones on earth, and suffers the Powers of Darkness, the devourers of the word, to take shelter in her branches. With such counsellors and helpers she organizes herself, and so corrupts the whole word of God by the teachings of demons that it can no longer be recovered, any more than fine flour can be again purified from that which has once leavened it. After a while there follows a time of partial revival, which soon subsides into apathy and deadness. During this period, however, the word is able to be separated from the field, though it could not be recovered from the leaven, and many a one comes upon it unexpectedly, and receives it with joy as a great treasure, although in order to obtain it he must needs buy the whole field. Then the word is again hidden; not, however, at this time by fixed and rigid dogmas, but by opinions of perplexing variety which are ever shifting like the waves of the sea. This is the history of the Church.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

An Opportune Angel.

YOU may say what you like, Louise, I will never believe in the Christianity of a young lady who rides to Sunday School on a bicycle. It strikes me as breaking the Lord's Day. And besides, it is not proper for a girl. I cannot allow you to remain in Miss Raymond's Bible Class any longer."

"But, father," said fifteen-year-old Louise, with pleading eyes, "you would not mind if Miss Raymond rode on a pony. You know she lives five miles off, and it isn't always convenient for her to be brought in a carriage. Very few people come her way, and her mother has no conveyance. She couldn't be asked to walk, could she?"

"There is no use in argument, my daughter," answered Mr. Smith. "The habit grows on you. When I've taken my stand, I've taken it, and there's an end of the matter. You may ask the Superintendent to place you in Mr. Clement's class. If Miss Raymond inquires why you leave hers, you may refer her to me. I will take the responsibility. My shoulders are quite broad enough. I am scandalized that a young woman should go to and from church in this community on a wheel. In fact, I don't approve of ladies riding them on week days. It isn't *lady-like*. Now, Louise, let us dismiss the subject."

Louise retired with as cheerful a face as she could manage to keep, for she had been brought up to love and obey her parents, and to further resist her father's will never even entered her head. But, once in her own room, she dropped her head down like a heavily-burdened flower on which rain and storm have beaten, and cried, as girls cry, when nobody sees them, and their hearts ache. Louise was very tenderly attached to her dear Sunday School teacher. Through Miss Raymond's influence she had found her Saviour, and the bond between the two was very strong. In Miss Raymond's Bible Class there were sweet hushed hours very close to the Master; and, no matter what the passage of Scripture studied, the clear mind and faithful preparation of the teacher threw new light upon it.

If others had been consulted, it would have been discovered that Mr. Smith was not the only person in the large country neighborhood, a conservative settlement deep among the hills of West Virginia, who disapproved of the riding of wheels by women. Horses were, of course, in order. All over the valleys and mountains, girls and their mothers were seen fearlessly riding on horseback wherever they wished to go, whether to church, or to visit a friend, to call on the sick, or to buy provisions and dry-goods in the nearest town. The bicycle has won its way to popular favor among women rather slowly and it had not yet conquered the opposition to something novel in that portion of the land. Miss Raymond had learned to ride it, a year before, when staying with cousins in Boston, and when she and her wheel came home, they, girl and wheel, were received with grave surprise. But everybody loved Allie Raymond, and nobody objected to her going the long five miles to Sunday School to the help of our pastor, except Mr. Harrison Smith, [illegible] father. He did not hesitate to express his mind freely.

The [illegible] conversation with [illegible] Smith [illegible] to [illegible] It was a very lonely spot, but he had business with a farmer not far off, and he jogged placidly on, his sober white horse knowing the way as well as he did himself. But one can never be fully insured against accidents in this world of strange chances. The old horse, as steady as Father Time himself, caught his foot in a loose rail on the corduroy road and went down on his knees, throwing his rider, who was just then in a brown study, clear over his head. Mr. Smith gathered himself up, much bruised and shaken, and went to examining the hurt of the horse. As he did so, he became aware that his right arm was very lame and he wondered ruefully what would happen next.

As for the horse, it was all in a tremble and its knees were scratched and bleeding. A man dislikes such an injury to an old friend, and a horse is an old friend if he has carried you for years. "We're growing old together," said Mr. Smith to the poor horse, which had a crestfallen air that matched his own.

Just then, whistling along on the upper road, a road considerably higher than the one which had caused the mishap, came Alice Raymond, on her bicyle.

"Oh! Mr. Smith," she called in a clear voice, full of sympathetic vibration. "I see what has happened. I'll come round the bend and do anything I can for you. Just wait a second."

"Miss Alice," said the old gentleman, lifting his hat, "there isn't very much you can do, unless you'll ride on to the next house, and borrow another horse for me. I'll lead mine on, but he's knocked up for the present, and I'm in the same condition myself. I fear I've sprained my wrist.

"I always carry liniment along on my rides," said Miss Raymond, "for I never know what may befall me, though my wheel has served me very faithfully thus far. Let me bind up your wrist."

Out from her bag came old linen and a lotion, and she bathed the suffering wrist and bound it up, as a doctor might have done. Then away she went, like a bird, Mr. Smith said afterward, and presently she was at the nearest neighbor's, and before long a horse and a friendly colored man came down the road to relieve Mr. Smith.

"Louise," said that gentleman a day or two later, "I withdraw my hasty words in reference to Miss Raymond. She played the part of the Good Samaritan to me in my need, and I am willing she should continue to teach your class, or rather that you should stay in hers. A man must be on his guard against narrowness. In my dislike to the bicycle I came near offending one of these little ones, and I am sorry."

"Do you think you will let me learn to ride one, father?" asked Louise.

"I will think about it, daughter. I am not yet prepared to say that I will consent to that."

But Louise is hopeful, for the man who deliberates may yield.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Emperors at Breslau.

A correspondent of the London *Church World* thus describes the recent meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Russia at Breslau: "A brilliant staff, on the most magnificent horses I have ever seen, and showing the uniforms of all nations, surround the two young men who come riding side by side. I was within twenty yards of them, and saw them well. William is nearly thirty-seven. His proud, strong, sunburnt face has on it an expression of conscious power. He has grown used to empire, and his appearance shows that he likes it. Not so the young Tsar; he looks awfully weary. Truly he is to be pitied. It is not his fault that he is in a position apparently of omnipotence, and really, as the lives of his predecessors have shown, of practical impotence to contend with the awful corruption that afflicts his government. May the amiable, kindly-looking, too-early-weary-looking boy, and who, nevertheless, is the almost almighty Tsar, have a happier destiny than his predecessors!"

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BEFORE us our repast is spread;
Before us are thy bounties shed;
Oh, bless, Most High, these gifts of thine,
That we may grow in grace divine.
To all the creatures lacking food
Thou art the generous and good.
The land with peace and fruitfulness
Enrich; air, earth, and water bless.
Nourish us with the bread of life,
Bought by Christ's grand and deadly strife.
With humble, grateful heart may we
Accept whatever flows from thee!

We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health.

If you want to learn more of it we have a book, which tells the story in simple words.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

An Ounce of Prevention

Scrofula

Is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been wonderfully successful in curing scrofula. It expels from the blood every trace of the impurities which cause scrofula and leaves the skin smooth and healthy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, cure headache. 25c.

Notice this to-day. This ad. will not appear again.

$250 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in EDITORS? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. No proper nouns. No foreign words. Use any dictionary that is standard. Use no plurals. Here is an example of the way to work it out. Editors edit, sot, dot, dots, so, etc. These words count. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay $250.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word EDITORS, $25.00 for the second largest, $15.00 for the third, $10.00 for the fourth, $5.00 for the twenty next largest, and $2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest list. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price $1 per year. It is necessary for you to enter the contest to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine) of a large 192 page book, "The Master of the Magic," by Robert Buchanan, a remarkably fascinating love story. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Nov. 20, so that the names of successful contestants may be in the December issue published in November. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. ELLIMAN & Publishers, 205 Temple Court Building, B 1154, New York City.

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L: MOREIRA BASTOS.

·an·no round about him suffer and die ·al·t slavery and without religion. As ·ave well educated in Portugal and ·el·nnected with Portuguese families; ·a ·ell-known merchant in his native ·nd, ·nd former partner of the largest ·ane plantation in Angola, he is well ·ble to realize the woes of slavery and ·e·difficulties to be overcome if the "open ·re the world" is to be healed. He ·ow there is no hope of a spontaneous ·re the evil; that the remedy must ·me ·om abroad. He has written on the ·ject in the papers of Angola and Portugal ·ut he has been preaching in the ·ser In the Liberators' League he sees ·ray·f hope for the despairing slaves, ·d·pe incites him to action. Those ·no ·ve sympathized with this new and ·vi· movement, will be glad to read ·nio Bastos' own words as he writes, in ·ke English:

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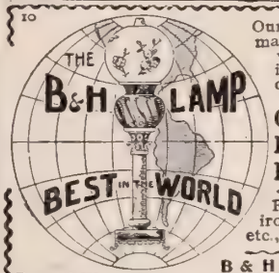

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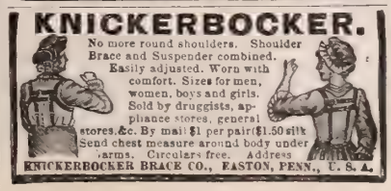

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RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER XI.

ONLY a short period remained for Milton Seymour of student life at the Academy, but during the later weeks an incident occurred, which must be mentioned because of its influence on subsequent events. Although the Academy no longer numbered Pemberton Fitzroy among its students, that interesting young man had not severed all connection with it. There were two young men in the senior class named Brooks and Carter whose acquaintance he had made and he kept it up by correspondence after his return to Philadelphia. They belonged to a fast, dissipated set, whose allowances from home were always spent soon after they were received, and during the remainder of the month they were ready to borrow, or cheat, and some said, even steal, if they had opportunity, the funds they needed for dissipation. In some one of these ways they secured a little money to enjoy a trip to Philadelphia on a day when there was a holiday at the Academy. Milton and his mother having business in the same city availed themselves of the opportunity to go, too. One of the junior students named Blake, a lad whose father was a wealthy merchant, also went to Philadelphia at the same time, taking with him his father's check for two hundred dollars with which to pay a tailor's bill and buy some clothes and books. The two older students saw him on the train.

"There is Blake," said Carter. "What is the little beggar doing here?"

"He is going to buy, I bet," said Brooks. "He has money you may depend. He is always in funds. His father is as rich as Croesus."

"He would be a mighty useful companion just now, if we played our cards right," said Carter. "Let us see what we can do. Hallo Blake, old man, come into the smoking-car and have a cigar. You are [illegible] now."

Flattered at being noticed by his seniors, Blake complied and was soon puffing at a big cigar that made him feel very sick.

"A business trip, Blake?" Carter asked [illegible].

"Partly business," said Blake. "I am going to buy a few things."

"So are we, let us go together" Brooks would like to have added, like the man Solomon writes about: "Let us all have one purse" but that would have put Blake on his guard.

"Well," Blake answered, "I have to go to the bank first to get a check cashed."

So Blake's money was in the form of a check. The two conspirators noted the information and secretly resolved to get that check. Blake was looking very pale by this time from the influence of the cigar and Brooks produced a bottle from his pocket.

"You are looking seedy, old man," he said. "Take a [illegible] up."

Blake wanted setting up, so, though he was suspicious of the bottle he applied his [illegible] than he knew and it made his head dizzy. In a few moments he was glad to lie along the seat and take a doze.

That was the opportunity his two companions wanted. As soon as he was soundly asleep, they found his pocket-book and in it was the check. They would like to have taken possession of it but Blake had not endorsed it. There was too much risk in [illegible] but they succeeded in finding it from him [illegible] Blake's father wrote a wretched hand and a change could not easily be detected. They hoped that Blake would be so muddled that he would let them count the money for him when he went to the bank and that they could withdraw the three hundred excess.

It was a shrewd scheme but it went astray. Blake was waked at Philadelphia and he was in a bad humor. His head was aching dreadfully and he was angry at Brooks and Carter for giving him the whiskey. If his headache continued his holiday would be spoiled. He noticed them whispering and grew more suspicious of them. As the three left the train Blake caught sight of Seymour and his mother on the platform. His resolution was taken at once. "Excuse me," he said, and loosing Carter's arm, he was gone before they could protest and had joined Milton.

"Let me go with you, Seymour" he said. "I believe those fellows mean me some mischief. You and your mother will take care of me, I know. I can trust you. They gave me some stuff that has made me sick."

They took the poor lad to a drug-store and gave him some soda, but he still felt dizzy and was glad when Mrs. Seymour consented to go with him to the bank, and promised to take care of him.

As they entered the bank together Milton saw Brooks and Carter watching them, and Fitzroy came up and joined his two companions. As they had foreseen, Blake was not able to count the money. He endorsed the check and handed the bills to Milton Seymour.

"Please to see it is all right," he said. "Give me fifty dollars and take care of the rest for me."

The teller heard the request, and as he was an old friend of Blake's father, he took the precaution of getting Mrs. Seymour's name and address. Milton put the money in his pocket-book and the party left the bank. After they were gone the teller was still uneasy and looked again at the check. He took out a magnifying glass and examined it minutely. His suspicions were confirmed. The check looked as if it had been altered. He immediately telegraphed to Blake's father from whom he learned the amount for which the check was originally drawn. Then he notified the police.

Knowing nothing of the impending unpleasant results of his kindly assistance to Blake, Milton Seymour was spending a particularly pleasant evening. A note from Carrie Walter had come to Mrs. Seymour, begging her and her son to come to tea and spend the evening with her and her friend, Nellie Price, before they returned to school. Mrs. Seymour willingly accepted, but on the day named she was prostrated with a severe headache, and Milton had to go alone, making apologies for his mother's absence.

The old experience of his boyhood came into Milton's mind as he approached the mansion of the deacon and skirted the low wall, over which he had clambered at the instance of the Irish boys. But now he went boldly up to the front door and rang, as became an invited guest. The young

Continued on next page.

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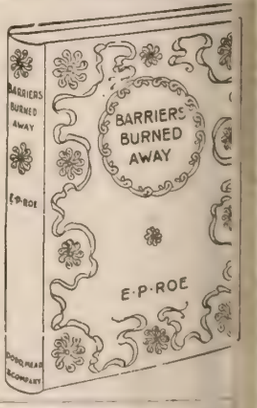

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Running the Gauntlet.

Continued from preceding page.

ies came out into the hall to give him a cere and hearty welcome, as he extend- a hand to each of them.

They were soon summoned to the tea le, and found there no extravagant dis- y for a rich man's table. Milton had er been in the Walter dining-room be- e. It was a large room with an open mney place and brick hearth, covered h blazing logs, cut from the deacon's ods. Neither the parlor nor the dining- m looked well, however, although both e handsomely furnished. There was a nt of order, a lack of harmony in ar- ging the different parts to form a ole; a great contrast to the parlor and lary in the Seymour cottage. The dea- felt the loss of a woman's deft hand contriving mind to preside over his ant establishment.

One thing at the tea table struck the ng man, and that the peculiarity of the er. The style was older than any ttern pattern, but beautiful in design rich in finish. His mother had but le silver, except spoons, but she owned relic which was prized very much. It a silver mug, of peculiar pattern, ped like a barrel with hoops and staves, it had been brought with her other ef- s from England. Upon it was engraved name of her little baby girl, "Maud oline Heath Seymour," it having been n to the child by its grandfather Heath. rs. Seymour was not aware that when sister's baby was brought to the Heath vision house, in England, its grandfather ordered a duplicate mug for it. Con- r, then, Milton's surprise when taking ne silver mug, having been attracted by his familiarity with the duplicate ome, to find thereon, "Maud Caroline Walter!"

"This is my mother's cup," said Milton, out stopping to read the last name, d I must take it home so her."

"O! never, never, Milton; that is my " answered Carrie, "and your mother er saw it."

here might have been an explanation which would have disclosed the fact the Deacon's dead wife was Mrs. Sey- r's sister, but at that moment a carri- drove up to the door, and Nellie arose ily and walked to the window. She been expecting somebody and he had ce. A few moments brought to the door ell-dressed gentleman whom Nellie in- uced as "Mr. Barclay."

e was a junior partner of Nellie's father he had come to escort her back to ol.

r. Barclay took supper and proved to well bred, intelligent man. The eve- passed pleasantly in merry talk and nt games. Their pleasure was at its ht when the bell rang and a servant ered and said that a lady wished to k to Mr. Seymour. He went at once, was astonished to see his mother, pale excited.

"Why, little mother, what has hap- ed?" said Milton.

rs. Seymour drew Milton aside and iedly explained to him that there had some fraud in connection with Blake's k, and as the police were investigating it and would need to see him, he had bet- meet them at home than at Deacon ter's house. She had, therefore, ght a carriage so as to lose no time.

ilton made brief adieus, explained that something had happened to Frank Blake, on his coat, and was about starting n a heavy wagon drove up, and out ng two officers, and demanded to see lton Seymour and wife.

"I am Milton Seymour, and this is Mrs. Seymour," said Milton, "but she is my ner, not my wife."

"You are our prisoners!" said the offi- exhibiting their warrants.

"This is some horrible mistake," Milton aimed, "but we will go to the squire's e with you, and unravel the mystery."

e Squire received them with all the posity of a country justice, and after ing the warrant of arrest, said to the ers:

"Well, gentlemen, what is your pleas- "

"To take the prisoners to Philadelphia to-night by the first train," said the leader.

"Mercy!" almost shrieked the widow, whose powers of endurance were failing, and who was horrified at the idea of a rail- way journey in the character of a prisoner.

"Gentlemen," said the Squire, "this lady is one of our most respectable citizens, and without prejudging the case, I express the opinion that there is some mistake on your part. Anyhow, I shall not consent to your removing her and her son until they have had the advice of their counsel. I shall adjourn the case for three days, and will hold the lady in her own recognizance for her appearance, and accept her as bail for her son. We now stand adjourned." And the justice put on his hat.

The Philadelphians were in a foam of anger and excitement, but after some sharp contention with the Justice, they concluded to retire for the present.

Poor Blake was distressed, the next day when he heard of the arrest of his two kind friends and telegraphed to his father to come and put matters right. That gen- tleman with one of the officers of the bank came immediately. A conference was held in Mrs. Seymour's house. Blake could do nothing but protest that his friends had been kind to him, and had, at his request, taken care of his money for him as he was not feeling well. Milton had given him the money on the next day, and he had it in his pocket then.

"But," said Mr. Blake, "that does not explain how you came to present a check for five hundred dollars, when I gave you one for two."

"I never presented a check for five hun- dred dollars, and I did not receive more than two hundred, did I Seymour?"

"Certainly," said Milton, "you received five hundred. I counted it and kept it for you and gave it you next day."

"You say you have your money now," said the bank official. "Let us see how much you have. If you have not the five hundred less what you have spent, we shall have to get this young gentleman who kindly took charge of his friend's money for him to explain the deficiency, and how the check was raised."

Blake produced his pocket-book, and to his own amazement there were four hun- dred and seventy dollars in it.

"That lets you out," said the bank of- ficial to Milton. "Now can you throw any light on the change in the check?"

Blake then told his father about riding down with Brooks and Carter, about the cigar and the whiskey. He was very much ashamed and listened penitently to his father's reproof.

"Be careful, young man," said Mr. Blake, "what company you keep. I hope this will teach you a lesson. If it had not been for this lady and her son I suspect you would have been robbed by your black- guardly acquaintances. To you, madam," he said, turning to Mrs. Seymour, "we owe sincere apologies and many thanks. You and your son have rendered us a ser- vice, and have been repaid by humiliation and annoyance. I am extremely sorry, and if the time ever comes when I can show my gratitude in a different fashion, I hope you will let me know."

(To be Continued.

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Persia Under Muzafer-ed-Din.

The New Ruler of the Ancient Empire Described by One of His Ambassadors.

ALTHOUGH the new ruler of Persia has not yet been long enough on the throne to afford to the world absolute evidence of the fact that he is an improvement upon his predecessors, his brief experiences full of promise. The Persian Minister in England has given to the world, through the London *Illustrated News*, a most interesting interview, descriptive of his royal master, which discloses the fact that he begins his reign in high favor with the Persian people as a whole. Some portions of the interview are so entertaining that we reproduce them below:

THE PREMIER OF PERSIA.

"Three master minds have to be reckoned with in the destinies of modern Persia," said the Minister, "the late Shah, his successor, and his Premier. Amin-es-Sultan (the Premier) has been the chief officer of State for the last fifteen years, although the title of Premier was conferred on him only four years ago. He is about five-and-forty years of age. His father held the same position for many years until the time of his death. He is popular with all classes of the Persian people. A deeply religious man, he is recognized by the priesthood. Let me give you an instance: The town of Kum, which is about a hundred miles distant from the capital, is a sacred shrine, and a perpetual stream of pilgrims finds its way thither from all parts of the country. Well, the Premier, at his own expense, has erected on the road a series of hostels. All classes may put up there, rich and poor alike, with no expense whatever. Every year he makes a tour of inspection, by which means he meets all manner of subjects, and thus comes into closest contact with the people. Again, when the town of Kuchan in the northwest was demolished by the earthquake, he liberally subscribed for the relief of the sufferers, and induced the government to build a new town a few had settled down to prosperity. The miles off, all taxes being removed. Muzafer-ed-Din since he was sixteen years old has been Viceroy of the province of Azerbaijan, which comprises about a fifth of the entire country. The Crown Prince is always ex-officio Governor of this province, and the post calls forth the highest administrative faculty. Azerbaijan gives the finest men to the army, the infantry and artillery being almost exclusively composed of its people. Now these very qualities call forth a very strong hand to direct them. During the raids of the Kurdish tribes headed by Sheikh Obeidullah, the present Shah was directly responsible for the suppression of these hordes, who, numbering about eighty thousand, were mainly armed with Martini rifles acquired by plundering the battlefields in the Russo-Turkish War. He proved his military skill by inflicting severe defeats upon Sheikh Obeidullah (who fled to Turkey, and passed a miserable life in confinement at Taif, where he died), and dispersing his formidable army, which was devastating the country.

"The late Shah's eldest son, who is three years older than Muzafer-ed-Din, never has had any idea whatever of succeeding, because in Persia the heir-apparent must be the son of royal parents on both sides. His Majesty's eldest son, Etezaz-es-Sultaneh, a very intelligent and well-educated prince, fulfils this condition, and will accordingly succeed his father. Muzafer-ed-Din is better qualified by nature to rule than his brother, able as the latter is believed to be as the Governor of a province. He has the kindliest disposition, is extremely generous—and he has gained the good-will of everybody."

MUZAFER-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA.

"What is he like in personal appearance?"

"He is a powerfully-built man, fond of outdoor sports. Deeply versed in theology, he reads and speaks French with greater facility than his father, having studied from his childhood, not only the language, but all that is taught in Western schools, and not at the expense of his Eastern learning, in which he excels. He often amuses himself by rendering Persian poetry into Arabic, doing so with ease and elegance. His theological acquirements have placed him in the very good graces of the priesthood; and, like his father, he has studied European politics. Since succeeding, among the numerous edicts he has issued is one for the perpetual abolition of all taxes and dues on bread and meat, and another is for the strict observance of the rule that honors and distinctions should be conferred for merit alone."

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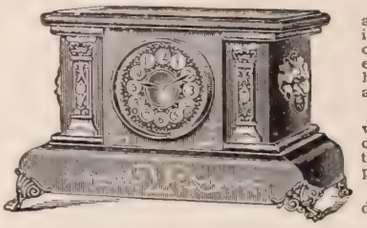

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Requests for Prayer.

T the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Sept. 27, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of their readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

"Anxious Mother," Bridgeville, N. Y., asks prayers for the conversion of her daughter and her three sons, who are employed on the railroad and exposed to temptation.——T. H., Fox Lake, Ill., that her husband might be led to give himself wholly to Christ and confess him before men; also that her children might be seeking Christ might find peace.——"Reader," Fairfax, N. S., for the conversion of a son for whom many prayers have been offered, but who is being led astray by evil companions.——"Theresa," Newark, N. J., that God would bless her brother "who has begun to earn his own living. He is fatherless and motherless, but his young sister has read that God will take care of the orphan and hopes the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will pray for him, as he has no mother to pray for him, that he may be a good boy and a Christian."——S. C. P., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the conversion of a man who was once a member and a worker in the church, but has strayed away; also that a son may give his heart to God while he is young.——"Follower of the Lord," Plainfield, N. J., for the conversion of a woman who is leading another soul and to sin and is driving him to evil ways by her wilfulness and scoffing disposition. God alone can change her heart. Many friends are praying for her.——R. R., Ida Grove, Ia., for the conversion of three brothers, one of whom is a backslider.——"Praying Mother," Sherd, Minn., for the conversion of a son and daughter who are both married and are bringing up families in a godless, irregular life. The daughter once made a profession of religion, but is now entirely careless about spiritual things. —— "Constant Reader," Bickton, Ia., that her husband, who, through the action to drink, has lost health and property might be converted and kept by the power of Christ from falling into sin; also for the conversion of a son and his wife, who do not know Christ. —— Harassed Husband, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his wife, whose violent temper makes all the family miserable, might have her heart touched by the Holy Spirit and might find peace in Christ and have power given to her to control her tongue.——"Sorrowful Sister," Littleton, Ia., for the salvation of three beloved ones—a husband, a sister, and a brother, the last named especially needs the grace of God, as he is the slave of a terrible drug, from the bondage of which he cannot deliver himself.——"Lonely Virginian," that a dear brother who is under the influence of the intoxicating cup may be delivered and become a true Christian and that his wife might be led to Christ for salvation.——Heartbroken Wife, Fenville, Mich., that her husband, who is leading a life of shame, may repent and turn from his evil ways and seek salvation through Christ; also that her sons and daughters might become children of God.——Subscriber," for the salvation of three brothers, who have not the protection of religion to keep them safe and they are exposed to strong temptations; also that a friend who is trying to contend with a hereditary propensity for strong drink may, through the power of Christ, be delivered from all evil.——Lonely Girl, Deep Creek, Va., for the conversion of a mother and sister and sister-in-law, and for their families might become Christian; also that a widowed sister-in-law, with her children might willingly give their hearts to God.——"One who Fears the Lord," Shady Side, Vt., that a father and mother who have reached old age without giving themselves to the Lord, may seek peace with him and become true Christians before they are called hence.——"Anxious Mother," Washington, D. C., that two sons who have long been the subjects of earnest prayer, might be converted.——F. N., Spring Hill Flat, that three children, married and living in different places, might be led to seek Christ for the salvation of their souls.

For the Restoration of Health.

M. C. H., Blanden Springs, Ala., requests prayer on behalf of her dear husband, who is very ill, that the Lord will recover him in his great mercy.——"Reader," East Lynne, Mo., that one who is suffering from severe brain trouble, and is also afflicted with deafness, may be healed and restored to mental and physical health.——"Believer," Tracy, Minn., that three friends suffering from painful maladies may be healed.——E. P., Yakima, Wash., that one whom the physicians seem unable to cure, may be healed by the Great Physician.——"Believer," Butler, Pa., that a dear friend who is very ill from nervous prostration, brought on by heavy affliction, may be restored to peace of mind and health of body.——"Sister," Washington, D. C., that God would bless the means now being used to save one who is afflicted with deafness.——C. T., Plymouth, Mich., that she and her sister might be healed of their diseases.——"Believer," Boulder, Colo., who has suffered long and has borne much at the hands of the physicians, that God in his mercy would grant recovery of physical and mental health.——L. A., Rhinelander, Wis., begs earnest prayer for the recovery of a sick boy.——W. J. W., Aulander, Wis., that God in his mercy would grant restoration of health.

For Special Blessings.

"Believer," Butler, Pa., that a father, greatly discouraged, may be enabled to earn a livelihood for the loved ones depending upon him.——"Believer," Tracy, Minn., for financial aid in exceptionally urgent circumstances, and that avenues of employment may open in the crisis.——"Widow," New York, who has prayed long and earnestly, begs that Christians will join her in beseeching God to raise up friends for her in her bitter need in time to save her from sorrow and humiliation.——Subscriber, Frankfort, Ind., that God will in his great mercy look upon a family in dire need and that the five dependent ones may have a home provided for them.——Believer, Baltimore, Md., that a Christian man, who through the stagnation of business has been thrown out of employment, may be so guided and helped of God that he may again be able to provide for his dependent family.——A. L. R., Marshall, Ill., that God would mercifully forgive past sins, and remove wicked desires and imaginations, and give a clean heart.——Reader, Franklin, Mass., that a trouble which has been a great drawback for years may be removed, that the friendship of one who was very dear may be restored, and that a minister who has fallen a prey to the tempter may be delivered and restored to purity and usefulness.——Christian Endeavorer, Ohio, whose faith is being terribly tried, that God would give more faith and that she may have a happy issue out of her afflictions.——Burdened One, that God will be the help of a distressed mother in great affliction, and enable her to secure employment for her children.——Reader, Central City, Neb., that God would bless the effort being made to provide a home for a Christian woman and her invalid husband in their old age.——"Believer," Beatrice, Neb., that people who are in financial straits may be helped by the Lord.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

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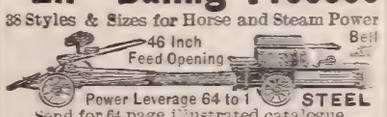

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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ev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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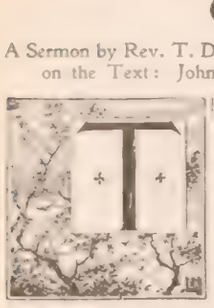
NEEDY APPLICANTS IN THE LOAN BUREAU OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK. See page 771.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Gospel Farming.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: John 15: 1: . . . . . "My Father is the husbandman."



THIS last summer, having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Nebraska the United States Government on payment of $16, years ago gave pre-emption right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into worldliness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he [illegible]"

They were not small crops raised in [illegible] the plow turned up very rich soil, and [illegible] ers. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that [illegible] turning a river wherever it was wanted. Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but sometime in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine-press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine-vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and [illegible] previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathesome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said, "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath School teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plow-share struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the Cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and [illegible] les the seed-corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know w[illegible] he is doing. He is doing a very import[illegible] work. He is scattering the winter gr[illegible] and though the snow may come, the n[illegible] year there will be a great crop. Now, t[illegible] is what we are doing when we are pre[illegible] ing the Gospel—we are scattering the se[illegible] It is the foolishness of preaching, but [illegible] the winter grain; and though the snow [illegible] worldliness may come down upon it, it [illegible] yield after awhile glorious harvest. [illegible] us be sure we sow the right kind of se[illegible] Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk [illegible] come up. Sow Canada thistles and C[illegible] ada thistles will come up. Sow wheat [illegible] wheat will come up. Let us distingu[illegible] between truth and error. Let us know [illegible] difference between wheat and helleb[illegible] oats and henbane.

The largest denomination in this cou[illegible] is the denomination of Nothingari[illegible] Their religion is a system of negati[illegible] You say to one of them, "What do [illegible] believe?" "Well, I don't believe in int[illegible] baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the persevera[illegible] of the saints." "Well, now tell me w[illegible] you do believe?" "Well, I don't beli[illegible] in the eternal punishment of the wicke[illegible] So their religion is a row of ciphers. [illegible] lieve something and teach it; or to resu[illegible] the figure of my text, scatter abroad [illegible] right kind of seed.

A minister the other day preached a [illegible] mon calculated to set the denominati[illegible] of Christians quarrelling. He was sow[illegible] nettles. A minister the other day ad[illegible] tised that he would preach a sermon [illegible] the superiority of transcendental and [illegible] ganized forces to untranscendental [illegible] unorganized forces. What was he s[illegible] ing? Weeds. The Lord Jesus Christ n[illegible] teen centuries ago planted the divine s[illegible] of doctrine. It sprang up. On one s[illegible] of the stalk are all the churches of Christ[illegible] dom. On the other side of the stalk [illegible] all the free governments of the earth, [illegible] on the top there shall be a flowering mil[illegible] nium after awhile. All from the Gos[illegible] seed of doctrine. Every word that a p[illegible] ent, or Sabbath school teacher, or city m[illegible] sionary, or other Christian worker spe[illegible] for Christ, comes up. Yea, it comes [illegible] with compound interest—you saving [illegible] soul, that one saving ten, the ten a h[illegible] dred, the hundred a thousand, the th[illegible] sand, ten thousand, the ten thousand, [illegible] hundred thousand—on, on forever.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the fa[illegible] there must be a harrowing. I refer n[illegible] not to a harrow that goes over the field [illegible] order to prepare the ground for the se[illegible] but a harrow which goes over after [illegible] seed is sown, lest the birds pick up [illegible] seed, sinking it down into the earth [illegible] that it can take root. You know a h[illegible] row. It is made of bars of wood nail[illegible] across each other, and the underside [illegible] each bar is furnished with sharp tee[illegible] and when the horses are hitched to it [illegible] goes tearing and leaping across the fi[illegible] driving the seed down into the earth u[illegible] it springs up in the harvest. Perse[illegible] ment, sorrow, persecution are the harrow to sink the Gospel truth into the heart. These were truths that you he[illegible] thirty years ago, they have not affected y[illegible] until recently. Some great trouble ca[illegible] over you, and the truth was harrowed [illegible] and it has come up. What did God m[illegible] in this country in 1857? For a centu[illegible] there was the Gospel preached, but a gr[illegible] deal of it produced no result. Then G[illegible] harnessed a wild panic to a harrow [illegible] commercial disaster, and that harrow we[illegible] down Wall Street, and up Wall Stre[illegible] down Third Street, and up Third Stre[illegible] down State Street, and up State Stre[illegible] down Pennsylvania Avenue, and up Pe[illegible] sylvania Avenue, until the whole la[illegible] was torn to pieces as it had never been b[illegible] fore. What followed the harrow? [illegible] great awakening in which there were 50[illegible] 000 souls brought into the kingdom of [illegible] Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the fa[illegible] there must be a reaping. Many Christi[illegible] speak of religion as though it were a m[illegible]

f economics or insurance. They ex- to reap in the next world. Oh, no! N is the time to reap. Gather up the of the Christian religion this morning, afternoon, this night. If you have much grace as you would like to , thank God for what you have, and for more. You are no worse enslaved Joseph, no worse troubled than was D, no worse scourged than was Paul. Ye amid the rattling of fetters, and amid loom of dungeons, and amid the hor- f shipwreck, they triumphed in the of God. The weakest man in the to-day has 500 acres of spiritual joy e. Why do you not go and reap it? ave been groaning over your infirmi- r thirty years. Now give one round over your emancipation. You say ave it so hard; you might have it . You wonder why this great cold e keeps revolving through your soul, g and turning with a black hand on rank. Ah, that trouble is the grind- on which you are to sharpen your To the fields! Wake up! Take ur green spectacles, your blue specta- our black spectacles. Pull up the s of your mouth as far as you pull down. To the fields! Reap! reap! in, I remark, fn grace as in farming is a time for threshing. I tell you y that is death. Just as the farmer flail beats the wheat out of the straw, th beats the soul out of the body. sickness is a stroke of the flail, and k-bed is the threshing-floor. What, you, is death to a good man only tak- wheat out of the straw? That is n aged man has fallen asleep. Only day you saw him in the sunny porch g with his grandchildren. Calmly eived the message to leave this . He bade a pleasant good-bye to his ends. The telegraph carries the tid- nd on swift rail-trains the kindred wanting once more to look on the dear old grandfather. Brush back ay hairs from his brow; it will ache again. Put him away in the r of the tomb. He will not be afraid t night. Grandfather was never of anything. He will rise in the g of the resurrection. Grandfather always the first to rise. His voice eady mingled in the doxology of n. Grandfather always did sing in . Anything ghastly in that? No. reshing of the wheat out of the That is all.

T Saviour folds a lamb in his bosom. ttle child filled all the house with sic, and her toys are scattered all d down the stairs just as she left n What if the hand that plucked locks out of the meadow is still? wave in the eternal triumph. What oice that made music in the home st? It will sing the eternal hosanna. white rose in one hand, a red rose in r hand, and a wreath of orange- sms on the brow: the white flower victory, the red flower for the Sa- sacrifice, the orange blossoms for rriage day. Anything ghastly about Oh, no! The sun went down and r shut. The wheat threshed out straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," lying boy, the son of one of my el- dear Lord, give me sleep." And he se his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condo- e to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

was not impurely, not in wrath
That the Master came that day:
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

There one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sow- , of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a mo- ment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after awhile the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner.

The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

GOD'S PEACE.

Phil. 4 : 7.

HOW oft amid the griefs of life—
Perplexed, misjudged, distressed—
O God, I waver in the strife,
And long and cry for rest.
How oft I feel—so great my need,
My courage so outworn—
As though my griefs were now indeed
Greater than could be borne.

Yet oft will come in times like these—
Come like a gracious balm—
A sense of peace, of joy, of ease,
A sense of heaven's own calm.
Ah! then my heart would fain express
What I have felt before—
'Tis not I feel my griefs are less—
I feel thy love is more.

And some are here, O God, to-day,
Here with their voiceless grief,
O give the aid for which they pray,
O give such sweet relief.
O give thy peace, thy calm, thy joys,
Here as they humbly bow—
Such gifts nor time nor change destroys.
Give them, and give them now.

MACKENZIE BELL.

A Church that Makes Loans.

How the Poor of St. Bartholomew's Parish are Helped by its Loan Bureau.

EVERY passing year witnesses a vigorous expansion of Christian activities in our churches everywhere throughout the land. So widespread is the spiritual interest, and so general the desire to do something for Christ and for humanity, that the average minister of the Gospel, in addition to regular pastoral duties, finds himself confronted by a group of subsidiary organizations within his own church, which represent the aggregate energies and resources of his flock for Christian work over a wide parish. Fortunate, indeed, is the church whose pastor, like a true shepherd, can lead his flock into all manner of good works, and who, by systematizing those energies and resources, can render them productive of the best spiritual results.

Probably no finer example of the operation of this beneficent principle can be found anywhere than in St. Bartholomew's Parish, New York City. St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Rev. David H. Greer (whose portrait appears on this page) is rector, is one of the leading churches of the metropolis, and has a large and influential congregation. Few parishes can show so remarkable a record of Christian work. Besides the regular services in English there is a Swedish Mission, an Oriental Mission, a Chinese Guild, and a large and steadily growing Rescue Mission. Under the auspices of the Parish, services are conducted every Sunday in English, Swedish, Chinese, Syriac, Turkish and Armenian. In the line of philanthrophy there are the Lodging House, the Employment Bureau, a Loan Bureau, a Tailor Shop and a Provident Fund. These are only a few of the many organizations that combine to form the working army of this great Parish.

REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D.
Rector of St. Bartholomew Parish, New York.

In the operation of the Loan Bureau, as originated and conducted by St. Bartholomew's, there will be found much that deserves attention. The Parish extends from the very centre of the wealthiest section of the city to the heart of the East Side, where squalid tenements are crowded with poor, and it was for the purpose of affording a helping hand to the needy and really deserving that the Loan Bureau was devised. Three years ago it began by making loans at six per cent. per annum, and a small extra amount to cover expenses, graded in proportion as the total amount of the loan was paid by the borrower. In 1895, the Bureau was incorporated as the "St. Bartholomew's Loan Association," and was authorized to make financial loans "on a mortgage of personal property." Under the general law regulating such organizations, they are entitled to charge a high rate of interest, but St. Bartholomew's has adjusted this to suit its absolute necessities, and its interest rate has never been equal to one-half the legal limit, being simply intended to cover the actual cost of operating the Bureau. Its authorized capital is $50,000, and it began business with $40,275. From the outset the Bureau gave promise of early self-support. A much more important consideration, however, was the good it accomplished.

Hundreds of worthy men and women—many of them heads of families, who had felt the pressure of the hard times—were saved from domestic calamity, eviction, and ruin by the timely aid rendered, which enabled them to bridge over the period of distress. They were saved from the clutches of usurers, whose extortions have dragged down multitudes of honest families and broken up innumerable homes. During the year 1895, the loans repayable by instalments averaged over $1,000 per week. Occasionally, sickness, misfortune, or death would interfere with the repayment; but the great majority were prompt and honorable in their settlements, recognizing that the benefit they had received had its source in the Christ-like desire to help them in their extremity for His sake, who was the steadfast friend of the poor and the oppressed, and not for financial gain. In 700 loans aggregating $25,000, the loss was $157, or a little over five-eighths of one per cent. on the total amount loaned—a wonderful showing and one that speaks well for the honor and punctuality of the borrowers.

Mr. William E. Allen, Superintendent of the Loan Bureau, has made several decided improvements on the original system within the past year, and under his skilful management, the Bureau has reached the point of absolute self support and is no longer a tax upon its stockholders. The percentage of loss through bad loans is smaller than ever and it rarely happens that a borrower, who contemplates defrauding the Association, succeeds in doing so.

Under the management of Mr. Allen, the class of people assisted by the Association has been vastly improved. Many young lawyers, physicians, and clerks, and others, who are of good family and good position in society, find times when a sudden demand is made on the household purse, such as the illness of the mother, or the temporary disability of the father. At this time a loan of $50 or $100 may represent the difference between privation and great mortification, or comfort. An application is made to the Loan Bureau, the loan, being obtained, is repaid by easy instalments from the monthly income, and the emergency is overcome—perhaps the little home saved.

In the colored illustration on the first page of this issue, our artist has given an every-day scene at the offices of the Loan Bureau in the St. Bartholomew's Parish Building on East 12th street. Its business is something like that of a bank, and customers are continually making application for loans on approved security while others repay their loans by instalments.

When a loan matures, or the mortgage is due, it would be an easy matter to realize by foreclosure, but as the clients are honest in their intention to pay, extreme measures rarely become necessary, and the association is fully secured. During 1895, the net earnings on capital after all working expenses were paid were at the rate of 3⅓ per cent. The total number of loans repaid in full and cancelled during that year was 855. The total loans paid out (including those still current at close of year) aggregated $64,073.60, and the total repayments including interest, instalments and fees, were $46,337.39. As already stated, the current year, when completed, will make a still better showing.

Rev. D. H. Greer, rector of the parish, views the Loan Bureau experiment with high approval, and is gratified at the many valuable opportunies it has afforded of extending relief to worthy and well-meaning people temporarily distressed. He regards it as a success, in both a philanthropic and financial sense and a valuable adjunct to parish work. Mr. Allen, the manager of the Bureau, and who comes into personal contact with the applicants, is a gentleman of business experience, and though kindly disposed at all times toward the applicants, who are treated with uniform courtesy, he finds it necessary occasionally to discriminate. The wheat is sifted from the chaff under his painstaking and judicious system of investigation, and no applicant who is really deserving of aid, and who gives proof of honest intention to repay, is ever turned away disappointed. Altogether, the Loan Bureau of St. Bartholomew's is an institution whose efficiency and eminent practicability are now so well established that it affords an excellent example for other churches, similarly situated.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Building the Temple.

Sunday School Lesson for November 1st.

I. Kings 5: 1-12. Golden Text, Psalm 127: 1.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD'S choice of Solomon from among the sons of David to be king over Israel was especially in connection with the building of the Temple. Solomon himself recognized that he was called to the kingdom for this purpose, and he accepted it as his great vocation. At this time God was first in Solomon's heart and life. Endowed as he was with wisdom so that he was "wiser than all men," (I. Kings 10: 31), Solomon did not lean to his own understanding (Prov. 3: 5), he sought in every detail of the great work which he had to do, the will of God and the will of his father. It is possible that Hiram, King of Tyre, had been brought to the knowledge of the true God through David, for Solomon said to him: "Thou knowest how that David, my father, could not build a house unto the name of the Lord his God for the wars which were about him on every side," etc., leaving us to infer that David felt free to communicate to Hiram God's dealings with him, and moreover it is stated Hiram was ever a lover of David. Thus instead of striking out a path for himself and establishing new business relations, Solomon sent to the friend of his father to make a contract for timber that the house of the Lord might be built. Young men who are not wise seek to improve upon their elders. Solomon

Appealed to Hiram.

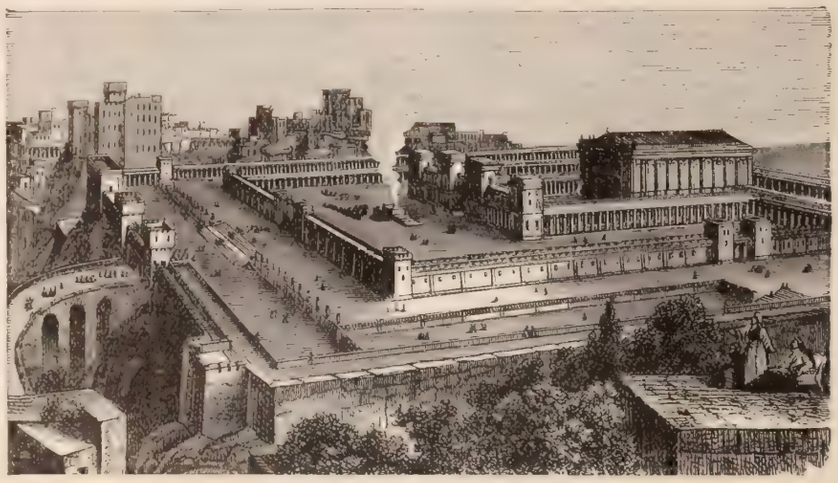
"As thou didst deal with David, my father . . . even so deal with me." (II. Chron. 2: 3.) "Behold, I build a house to the name of the Lord my God, to dedicate it to him . . . and the house which I build is great; for great is our God above all gods." And the king was not afraid to let Hiram know how he estimated his God: "But who is able to build him a house, seeing the heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him? Who am I then, that I should build him a house, save only to burn sacrifice [or incense, R. V.] before him?" And with such an introduction to a letter of business, he stated the terms of the contract on his side for a man of skill who could superintend the execution of the work of which he should give the designs. Also for a large consignment of timber, and for men to hew wood; and he covenanted on his side to send provisions for Hiram's court which should be a fair equivalent to the cost of the timber and the men which Hiram should supply. Hiram accepted the contract, and said moreover: "Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel, that hath made heaven and earth, who hath given to David to bring a wise son, that should build a house for the Lord and a house for his kingdom." Surely there are marks of a real knowledge of God in this king of Tyre!

The site of the temple was on the threshing floor of Araunah or Ornan the Jebusite where David had offered sacrifice when the destroying angel had threatened Jeru- [illegible] This was a hallowed place, for it was the same spot where Abraham's faith had [illegible] man can fully yield to him and trust him against all appearances. The actual put- [illegible] ing of the cedar beams, etc., was by no [illegible] the Temple. Before any part of this work could be commenced seventy thousand men must be set apart for service "to bear burdens" and fourscore thousand to to be hewers in the mountains with three thousand three hundred overseers, and these were gathered from "the strangers that were in the land of Israel." (II. Chron. 2: 17, 18.) How many "strangers" may be, unconsciously to themselves, God's instruments in the building of his Temple which is now in progress!

When the house was in building it was "built of stone made ready at the quarry; and there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." (I. Kings 6: 7). We cannot but think of

The "Habitation of God

through the spirit" (Eph. 2:22) which has been in building so long, and which is built of "living stones" made ready in many a quarry where the discipline of many and diverse trials is preparing God's stones to fit the one into the other, "that they all may be one," "that the world may believe" that God has sent his Son.



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED.

Many a hard blow as from an iron hammer separates from the world stones which are destined for his temple, and the dislodged stones fall with noise and confusion losing their substance in measure as they fall, unprepared upon other quarried stones. All seems to be confusion and loss in the quarry, many "strangers" intermeddle, but the fall of the stone is the first step toward ultimate glory; the rough contact with other stones only makes ready for the time when the great Master-workman shall have chiselled and fashioned it until not one little excrescence shall hinder another stone from lying flat upon it. Then it shall have its part in the glory of the temple which is being built in stillness and in secret but which the Lord, when he has gathered all his own from their quarries, will manifest openly with him. (Col. 3: 4). Every test through which he is putting us, day by day; in the humiliations, the crosses, the disappointments with ourselves and with others, in the constantly seeing wrong which we cannot put right, and the apparent triumph of evil over good, the increasing tests of faith in the wisdom and the love of God in our own life and in the Church of Christ—all goes to square and form and polish the stones and to prepare the timber for the building of his temple. He who sees the end from the beginning has before him his perfect pattern, and he knows how to make all things work together for good until he has worked it out. The temple was

To Supersede the Tabernacle

and many things in it differed from the tabernacle reared in the wilderness. Every thing was on a much larger and more gorgeous scale. Instead of the simple laver, (Ex. 30: 18), Solomon made a sea of brass standing upon twelve brazen oxen, and ten lavers; instead of the one candlestick, there were ten; and ten tables for the shewbread. (II. Chron. 4: 1-8). He also made two wondrous pillars of brass to stand at the door of the temple which he called Jachin and Boaz, "he shall establish" and "in it is strength." (II. Chron. 3: 15-17). Besides this, he made two cherubim of wood, overlaid with gold, ten feet high, which should stand with their faces "toward the house." But when the ark was brought into the temple, the original cherubim, made of one piece with the mercy seat, must have been brought in too, and placed under the wings of the wooden cherubim. (I. Kings 8: 4-7).

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE Temple of Solomon is, of all buildings that have ever existed in the world, the one that has evoked the most passionate love of the human heart in the Hebrew and the greatest interest of Christians of all nationalities. Solomon commenced its erection in May, 1012, or 1010, as some writers believe. Three years had been spent in preparing the vast stores accumulated by David. Four hundred years had elapsed since the Hebrews had settled in Palestine, and during all that time as we learn from an incidental remark (I. Chron. 26: 26-28), a fund had been growing for this grand na- [illegible] the outer from the inner court, a[nd] the latter appears to have been reache[d by a] flight of steps. In this was the hu[ge cis-] tern or laver, full of water, and th[e great] altar, reached by a flight of steps. The Temple itself was small, not so l[arge as] some of our modern churches. The inter-[ior] appears to have been ninety fe[et long,] thirty wide, and forty-five high. It m[ade up] in costliness and splendor all that it l[acked] in size. Two enormous bronze pillars [stood] at the entrance, like the two obelisk[s that] the Egyptians set at the doors of [their] temples. The walls were of whit[e stone] and the roof was covered with g[old.] was probably the Phœnician style of [architecture,] but of this we cannot b[e sure.] Within, there was an inner wall of [cedar] overlaid with gold. Narrow slits [through] upper part of the thick walls ad[mitted] the light, and there was more lig[ht from] the ten great candlesticks, which [stood] five on each side. Here were the [tables] with the shew bread and the golde[n altar] of incense. At the extremity of thi[s door] was the Holy of Holies. It st[ood] across the Temple and was thirt[y feet] deep and thirty high. It thus oc[cupied] one third of the area of the interi[or]. floor, walls and ceiling were covere[d with] gold an eighth of an inch thick, in [plates] fastened to the wood with gold na[ils.] was dark within and was never ent[ered] any one except the high priest, wh[o went] a few minutes within once a year. [In] was the ark containing the tables [of the] law, and Solomon added two huge [cherubim,] with wings outstretched ov[er the] ark. Gold and precious stones [in abundance] everywhere and the building was [rich] as it could be made. We cannot l[ook] to a modern house of worship. Th[e sacri]fices continually being made, the [blood] from them flowing over the pav[ement] the burning of the fat and flesh [on the] great altar, made the place utte[rly unlike] like our ideas of a sanctuary. [It was] rather a house erected as a hab[itation] of Jehovah, than a place of m[eeting.] The king had to rely on foreign [artificers] men for skilled labor and he a[lso found] to have made a levy on his own [people] and the subject races for the dru[dgery.] Thirty thousand men working [in re]lays of ten thousand at a time [did the] hard work, while eighty thousa[nd men] were working in the quarries [under] three thousand overseers. In s[pite of] this enormous army of workers, [about] seven and a half years to bu[ild the] Temple. It was, however, well [built] for it stood four hundred yea[rs and] only twice do we read of repairs [being] needed—once a hundred and fift[y years] after it was built and the secon[d in] three hundred and fifty years af[ter the] building. The peculiarity of th[e work] was that it was done in silenc[e. All] the stone-cutting and the carvi[ng was] done at a distance and the parts were [fitted] tailed so as to fit each other exactly [when] put in their places.

A house unto the name. God's [name] means so much to us that it represe[nts all] the good that can come into our live[s. As] the Mohammedan ornaments the m[osque] and palace with the name of Allah w[rought] in gilded arabesques on walls and ro[und] window and cornice so should ever[y part] of the Christian's life speak of Goc[l to] who behold it.

God hath given me rest. Sometim[es the] acknowledgment is not made. In t[he] trouble and peril God is remembere[d and] his help is sought, but when there is [peace] and quietness he is forgotten. In the [early] days of the Pilgrim Fathers their d[ifficul]ties and hardships were very severe. [As] one trial after another fell upon them [fast] days were appointed and kept. C[hief] occasion, when a proposal to appoi[nt an] other day of fasting and humiliatio[n was] before the Assembly, a farmer rose [and] pose it. Their trials, he said, were [so] great as might have been expecte[d and] were diminishing every day as the [crops] strengthened; the earth began to [reward] their labors and to furnish liberal [food] their sustenance; the seas and rivers [were] full of fish; the air sweet, the c[limate] wholesome; above all they were i[n the] enjoyment of civil and religious libe[rty.] he would move that, instead of a [day of] fasting, a day of thanksgiving be ap[pointed,] ed, and he carried his motion.

Wisdom, as he promised him. This [testi]mony is worth remembering because [there] is a definite promise given (James [1:5]) of this identical blessing to be gi[ven] any man who lacks it and asks God

A GODLY WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Casts her Lot with the Suffering and will Nurse Victims of Cancer in the Tenements—The Lowly learn to Love "the Little Lady in Black."

ROOM WHERE THE CANCER PATIENTS ASSEMBLE.

CHRISTIAN work is not all a "bed of roses." There are, it is true, many phases of philanthropic effort that are both attractive and picturesque; but on the other hand, there are many that involve the visiting of scenes and places and the mingling with individuals of a sort to shock the refined tastes of those who have not enough of the spirit of the Master in their own hearts to make sacrifice of their personal feelings and comfort for His sake. It is well, therefore, that there are engaged in His service men and women consecrated and chosen for any task that may fall to their lot, no matter what sacrifice it may involve. A very large part of the earthly ministry of the Saviour was devoted to those who were probably classed as pariahs by the society of that day—the leprous, the incurably sick, the fevered, the blind, the lame and the palsied. What too many of His followers, in these times of ours, are wont to do by proxy, He did in person and His disciples followed his example. There are still to be found in almost every land, faithful ones who, like Paul, are ever willing and ready to "spend and be spent" for His sake and in behalf of their fellowmen.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the wife of the well-known American author, George Parsons Lathrop and daughter of the famous Nathaniel Hawthorne, is a lady of culture, whose life till now has been one of refinement. Surrounded by comforts, she had much at command to make her happy. But the world cannot assure happiness. Mrs. Lathrop, in whose heart the love of the Master and his work has glowed brightly, felt that she had a mission in other fields and that a higher duty than the demands of society called her to labor among the poor and neglected sick ones of the New York tenements. In order to prepare for this work, she voluntarily withdrew from society, and hiring apartments on the east side, she resolved to devote herself wholly to nursing and caring for the victims of that terrible disease—cancer, who are far more numerous in New York than is generally known. There are not enough hospitals to treat half the cases that arise, and the result is an amount of pain and suffering, mostly in humble tenement homes, that few are aware of. To deal with such cases, to relieve pain, cleanse and dress the wounds and perform offices that few would have the courage to do, even if they possessed the necessary skill, will be her daily task. Cancer generally runs its course from two to four years before the patient dies. When a case is found to be absolutely incurable, it not infrequently happens that the patient is dismissed from the hospital after six months' treatment, and thereafter, until the end comes, it is a miserable battle between life and death, the sufferer being a burden to himself and avoided by others.

Mrs. Lathrop intends to devote herself to nursing women and girls who are afflicted with the dread disease. Her life will be almost as complete a sacrifice and an isolation as that of the devoted missionaries who went to the lepers of Molokai. She has been in training for this work and with the surgical knowledge and skill at her command will be able to do much to alleviate suffering in many darkened homes. Her own rooms at No. 1 Scammel street are situated in a neighborhood where squalor abounds, and the dwelling itself is a typical tenement. On the second floor she has a suite of three plain, little rooms, their entire area not quite as large as her own roomy, home parlor used to be. But she never for a moment regrets the change; on the contrary, "the little lady in black," as all the women in the neighborhood already call her, is bright and cheerful and full of confidence and hope that her mission of charity and healing, under divine blessing, may accomplish good to many. One of the rooms is a reception room, and another is a consultation room or office. In the latter, "the little lady in black" receives those patients who are able to come there; those who cannot come she visits at their homes. Although she has barely begun her work, the genial influence of her presence is already felt in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Lathrop, in conversation, speaks very modestly of her adopted work. She hopes, in a humble way, to imitate a great foundress, Mme. Garnier, of the Hospital for Cancer at Lyons, France. She expects soon to be joined by another Christian lady, an experienced Boston nurse, who will enter heart and soul into the work. Later, there may be a third, and the trio will labor without any expectation of gain or reward, for His sake who went about doing good. They will both love and respect those whom they attend, and will try to win their hearts as well as to ease their sufferings. Usually the incurable class of poor patients find little consideration, and this is specially true of the victims of cancer.

Although Mrs. Lathrop's rooms are in a tenement they are, all three, models of neatness, with quiet-tinted paper on the walls, painted floors, and snowy window-curtains that do not shut out any of the sunlight. With her own delicate hands this cultured woman has scrubbed and decorated and painted the apartments, saving for her work what she would have paid to others for doing this. She hopes in time, with the aid and co-operation of those who may feel a sympathetic interest in the work, to be able to found an hospital; but for the present her own time, energies, and meagre income will all be needed to conduct the duties on hand. Growth must be left to the future, and to the interest the work may kindle in the hearts of God's people everywhere. Her field of operations is one that has within its boundaries probably as much of suffering as any section of its size in any large city on the globe, and more than many; and she believes that when this is once known and understood, generous impulses will bring many workers to it, especially if the facts are investigated by those who are interested in the effort she is now making.

This "little lady in black," who has so nobly thrown her life on the side of suffering humanity for conscience sake, deserves the special prayers, and the heartiest support of the Christian mothers and daughters of America.

HOME OF THE HAWTHORNE CANCER HOSPITAL.

MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP IN HER TENEMENT OFFICE.

A Chinese Baptism.

In a letter from Rev. W. H. Cossum, a Baptist missionary at Ningpo, China, the following incident is related: "I took one trip to Nying Kong Gyiao while at the hills and had a very interesting time. I had the privilege of baptizing the most influential man of the village where my young assistant is working, and another with him. The work is moving there and at Kyin Ao, and the Evil One has not been idle, which is a good sign that active work is doing. We are planning a men's class at New Year's time after the pattern of the women's class now in session. We can, however, only get the men together for a month at the best, but that is better than nothing and we hope the stimulus to their interest in the Word will lead them to more sacrifice next year. The influential man from Kyin Ao is a most modest man, and he requested that he be baptized on Saturday, as the next day was the monthly market day and the town would be flocked with people, and he was a little ashamed to be seen by so great a crowd. I knew this was more from bashfulness than from desire not to witness for the Gospel, for he had already refused to perform the ancestral rites at his father's grave; and as he was the only one left to do it, the pressure brought to bear on him by his mother was very strong, and he had been witnessing for a long time amongst his neighbors. But when he was examined at the Covenant Meeting, I asked him if he would be willing to be seen to-morrow by all the people, and he said he would. And as the Lord would have it, a very strong friend of the man's came along just at the baptism, and said, 'What!' Jingling being baptized!' And as he was a violent opposer of the Gospel, we knew that the witness was perfect, for from this man the news would spread everywhere that Jingling had united with the church. We were all rejoiced at the incident."

By such brave examples as this, the Gospel has won many noble hearts in China, and there are evidences on every side that the influence of a life like that of "Jingling" is a power for good among these simple people.

Our Children's Home.

The following contributions in aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, have been received during the week:

Prev ack'd	$4,743.73
Mrs S Mills	1 00
Friends, Aspen	5 00
Mrs H P Merritt	2 00
Mrs M L Cranton	2 00
S S Hussey	50
Endeavorer, Chesapeake City	1 00
Lillian, Pittston	3 60
Spencer Purser	3 00
Jennie E Dunn	3 00
Friend, Sabinal	4 00
D Kent	1 00
Mrs A J Williams	3 08
A D, Holmdel	3 00
Mr and Mrs Wm Rand	2 00
Mr and Mrs A F Lane	2 00
Ruth De Puy Lane	50
Ferdie C Lane	50
Mrs F M G, Newburyport	1 00
Mr and Mrs S H Dixon	1 00
R B Maxwell	1 00
G P D, Chesterfield	50
I S I, Los Angeles	3 00
A A and C L Dikeman	20 00
Ladies Prayer Meeting, Danbury	2 00
Harriet L Sweetser	55
William Ellis	3 00
Ten Per Cent. Account, Guaymas	15 00
Mrs J B Harris	1 00
Ernest and Ruby Del Rosa	$ 2 00
Mrs. D. Carpenter	5 00
Friend, Oshawa	1 00
F and E S, Grapeville	15 00
Friend, San Diego	1 00
Sunday-School Class, Three Rivers	1 00
In His Name, Manchester	1 00
Mrs. A. A. Waltman	1 00
Friend of Mont Lawn, Houstonville	1 00
Friend of the little ones, Brooklyn	1 00
Frances Wickeshimer	25
Mary Steinley	7
Ella Russell	1 00
—, "Delphos"	2 00
P E C, Vermont	3 00
Friend, Louisville	5 00
Y P S C E, Mott Haven Reformed Church	5 00
Anonymous, New York City	5 00
—, Sheldon	50
Violet Koch	3 00
Total	$4,882.81

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Dauphin Island Mission.

Mrs. O. E. Stombaugh, of the Dauphin Island Mission, Mobile Co., Ala., writes that a post office has been established on Dauphin Island. The mission workers though still facing many hardships are greatly encouraged, and are now planning for a Tabernacle to extend the work. They thank their friends for past help, and will be glad of suitable religious literature, and any other aid that can be sent.

DISCIPLES IN CONFERENCE.

The Year's Work of the Young and Energetic Church of the Disciples Discussed in the Annual Conference of Ministers at Springfield, Ill.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

THE City of Springfield, Ill., is this year the Mecca of the representatives of one of the youngest and most aggressive of denominations. It is estimated that not less than two thousand ministers and lay delegates of the Church of the Disciples are assembled in the Illinois State Capitol, in their annual Convention. Among all the religious conventions of the year this assembly always attracts attention, because of its wonderful energy and progress. That the church has in its membership a million persons, is practical evidence of its marvellous vitality and force. The convention is a conference rather than a legislative body. As it boasts no creed but the Bible, and as the utmost latitude is allowed to its ministers in interpreting it, there are no questions of revision to consider, nor are there any cases of heresy to be tried. The convention's business is to hear from its officers the condition of the finances of the Church, to hear from its Mission Boards what have been the enterprises of the past year, and what they propose to do in the ensuing year; to hear from the workers at home and abroad the story of their efforts, their successes and failures, to discuss the best measures and methods for spreading abroad in this country and in foreign lands the knowledge of the Gospel. We are indebted to Rev. S. T. Willis, pastor of the Second Church of the Disciples in New York, for the portraits of the leaders of the Convention which appear on this page, and for the statistics of the year's work which will by this time have been given to the Convention.

One of the most important departments of the work of the Church, the report of which is always anticipated with interest is the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, over which Mrs. O. A. Burgess, of Indianapolis will preside. This Mission Board has just passed the twenty-second anniversary of its organization. It is a most energetic and vigorous society and has done a rapidly increasing and abounding work. This Board has about fifty missionaries in the United States, India, and Jamaica. Each state sustains an auxiliary organization, which looks after the women's work in its territory. In different portions of the West the Board sustains a number of general evangelists, and supports a flourishing Chinese Mission at Portland, Oregon. Their work both in India and Jamaica is prospering, and they are constantly reinforcing it by adding new missionaries to the staff of workers. Some have been sent out during the past year, and others [illegible] Last year they raised [illegible] mission work, about [illegible] The [illegible] Women's Board [illegible] correspondence of Mrs. J. C. [illegible] Little Builders' Band. The principal addresses before the Woman's Convention will be on "Missions in Jamaica," "Orphanage Work in India," "The School of Missions," "Missionary Martyrs," and "Woman's Missionary Social Unions."

Not less important is the American Christian Missionary Society, which will have two days' sessions under the presidency of Dr. J. H. Hardin, President of Eureka College. Corresponding Secretary Benjamin L. Smith, in a recent letter describing the work of this Society, says: We began the year with an indebtedness of $8,600, from which our missionaries were suffering keenly. During the year there has been no diminution in the work, and all the indebtedness has been paid and we have a small balance in the treasury. We are maintaining work in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Mississippi, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Nova Scotia, Oklahoma, Ontario, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington. One of the most hopeful features of the work is that of city evangelization. In Chicago alone our evangelist organized four churches and three missions during the past year. The calls for money and men are many and urgent, and the outlook for next year is full of promise. The recommendations of the Society are: that the work of negro evangelization be united to the work of the Home Board, and that the two secretaries be joint agents for both works. The appointment of a Christian Endeavor Day for Home Missions is necessary, in order to a symmetrical missionary education of the young people. That a Jubilee Fund be created by a permanent endowment fund upon which the Board can borrow money in time of special stringency.

In these two days' sessions special attention will be given also to church extension, which is under the supervision of Secretary George W. Muckley.

The Board of Negro Education and Evangelization, of which Rev. C. C. Smith is secretary, will report and be discussed at the same time. The work of redeeming the Afro-American population within our gates is one of the grave problems confronting our American Christianity and civilization, and the adequate solution of which has not yet been proposed. Though this work is comparatively new among the Disciples of Christ, they are nevertheless accomplishing great things. They sustain a colored Bible School at Louisville and industrial, educational enterprises at Mt. Willing, Ala., and Edwards, Miss., all of which are in a flourishing condition and [illegible]

The reappearance of Secretary McLean in the Foreign Christian Missionary Convention, after an absence of twelve months on a missionary circuit of the globe will be the occasion of joy to many hearts. Mr. McLean will report on his world-wide tour. This Society is carrying on a great work in England, Scandinavia, Turkey, India, Japan, and China. It has about sixty-five stations and out-stations and sustains prosperous schools in Japan, China, and India. The whole number of accessions from the beginning is about 9000. They support about 140 missionaries and helpers.

The Christian Endeavor Societies and Sunday Schools give liberal sums on special days, to the foreign work. Last year, however, only about one-third of all the churches gave anything to Foreign Missions. And while the percentage is increasing each year, the problem with the Disciples as with most other churches is how to increase more rapidly the number of contributing churches. Though the past year has been one of some grave difficulties on account of protracted hard times and great political excitement, yet substantial progress has been made. Five new missionaries have been added to the force, more churches and Sunday Schools have made offerings than ever before, more missionary intelligence has been disseminated, and more money has been received than ever before in the history of the work. A month ago the receipts had reached $90,000.

Other special features of this convention week, will be the Christian Endeavor sessions presided over by Rev. J. Z. Tyler of Cleveland, Ohio. Christian Endeavor has made rapid strides among the young Disciples until now they stand third in point of numbers in this country. In most places the Church takes the organization to its bosom and encourages it in every way to fulfil its peculiar and blessed mission.

One of the newest organizations is the Board of Ministerial Relief, whose Secretary, A. M. Atkinson, of Wabash, Ind., will make a strong report and an appeal in behalf of destitute and helpless preachers.

The Board of Education representing nearly all the forty colleges and universities of the Disciples of Christ, will hold special and important meetings, as will the Sunday School forces under the national Superintendent, Mr. R. H. Wagner.

All these agencies indicate the wide scope and general character of the convention, and altogether they represent a mighty host of aggressive Christian people whose activity, energy, and liberality give them a high place among the American churches.

OFFICERS, CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

1. Rev. A. P. Cobb, Pastor of Church at Springfield, Ill.
2. Rev. Benj. Smith, Cor. Sec'y Am. Christian Miss. Soc.
3. Rev. J. H. Hardin, President of Missionary Board.
4. Rev. A. McLean, Cor. Sec. Foreign Missions.

THE STATE CAPITOL, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

A Great Churchman Gone.

IN the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England and Metropolitan, who was stricken with apoplexy while in Hawarden Church in company with the Gladstone family on Sunday, Oct. 11, the Christian world has lost a worker who will be difficult to replace. Edward White Benson was born near Birmingham, England, in 1829, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honors in classics and mathematics. After graduation he became Assistant Master in Rugby School and, later, Head Master of Wellington College. His next step in the ladder of promotion was as examining chaplain to the late Bishop of Lincoln and he was successively appointed Prebendary, then Chancellor, and afterward Canon Residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral. Between 1864 and 1882 he was repeatedly chosen as select preacher to the University of Cambridge, and in 1875 and 1876 to Oxford. He was afterwards appointed Chaplain to the Queen and in 1877 was consecrated Bishop of Truro. By this time he had established a reputation as one of the leading theologians of the United Kingdom and on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation he was chosen in 1882 to succeed Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury, and he continued in this eminent post until the close of his life.

Archbishop Benson bore a striking resemblance to John Wesley, the famous divine. As a preacher he was logical and direct rather than rhetorical, and his greatest power was as an expounder of the Scriptures, a task in which his profound scholarship was displayed to advantage. His home was at Lambeth Palace, opposite Westminster, on the Thames. He was exceedingly amiable, and to a serene and beautiful Christian character added a capacity for vigorous work that was wonderful. He delighted in philanthropy and was actively connected with many of the great movements of his time for the spiritual and physical uplifting of the English people. He co-operated with Cardinal Manning in the effort to settle the strike of the London dock laborers several years ago. Such a man could not fail to be widely loved and esteemed, and the learned and the lowly alike will remember him with gratitude and affection.

A Sister's Prayer Answered.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, relates the following incident: "I received a letter from a young woman to this effect: For years my mother, who is now in heaven, and myself, prayed for a wayward son and brother, who had given himself up to strong drink. For eighteen years I had not seen his face. This winter I had been praying that he might be led into some of the religious meetings you were going to have in the West. Now hear how the Lord has heard and blessed my prayer. I have just had a letter from my brother, in which he informs me that he found himself at Chicago; and while there, he went to one of your meetings. So impressed was he with the truths you spoke, that he rose for prayer, and the Lord then and there changed his heart, took away his appetite for strong drink, and he is resting on Jesus' love.'"

PRINCETON'S SESQUI-CENTENNIAL.

The Great University to Celebrate This Week the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Granting of its Original Charter—A Glorious Record of Work.

EMINENT scholars and representatives of American and European seats of arning come this week to join the profes- rs, alumni and students cele- brating

RESIDENT FRANCIS L. PATTON, D.D., LL.D.

e one hundred and fiftieth anniversary the foundation of the great educational stitution at Princeton, N. J. On Oct. 23, 46, a royal charter was grant- for the College of New Jersey d until the present time that s been its official designation. his celebration, however, will rk a change in that respect. he State Legislature having anted permission, the an- uncement is to be made that e College of New Jersey has come Princeton University. he institution has won its title services in the cause of educa- n which rank it with Harvard d Yale at the head of the col- ges of America. The list of its aduates includes the names of multitude of men who have ained distinction in public life. ese are by no means limited the pulpit, although in that partment Princeton has a fame cially her own. President adison, Vice-Presidents Burr d Dallas received their educa- n at Princeton and among her dents have been many who ve graced the bench of the preme Court or have become overnors of their States. It has d among its own Presidents n of world-wide fame. Such n as the mighty Jonathan Edwards, therspoon, a signer of the Declaration Independence, John Maclean and James Cosh, the greatest metaphysician of his y have made Princeton's name honored rough the world.

Princeton is in many respects an ideal titution. It is situated midway between

MARQUAND CHAPEL AND MURRAY HALL.

w York and Philadelphia, near enough both cities to benefit from their metro- litan life and sufficiently distant to pre- clude the students paying frequent visits for dissipation. Its position on the crest of a high tableland with seventy acres of fine lawn shadowed by glorious trees ren- ders it a delightful place of residence. Its campus is the finest in the country and the new buildings which have sprung up dur- ing the last thirty years are exceptionally fine. During the first fifty years of corporate existence Nassau Hall was the only ac- commo- dation afforded for Pro- fessors and stu- dents. The old Hall is still the pride of the University though its glory has been eclipsed by the newer and statelier edifices. It is dented by cannon balls of the Revolutionary struggle and out of its doors Washington's troops drove the British forces. The battle of Princeton was the turning-point in the great struggle and two cannon left behind after the battle and now set up on the campus have been the centre of many an assembly of patriotic orators. Old Nassau is now used as a museum and laboratory and scientific read- ing-room. The University now has a host of handsome buildings group- ed around the historic pile. The School of Science, which cost $200,000; the Library, which cost $125,- 000; the Halsted Observatory; the newly com- pleted Alexan- der Hall, used for assemblies, Marquand Chapel, one of the most beauti- ful ecclesiastical buildings in the country; the Art Museum; the President's Mansion; the Gymnasium; besides the living quarters, which include Witherspoon Hall, a com- manding edifice of five stories and one of the finest college buildings in the world.

It is a singular coincidence that Prince- ton owes its reputation, power, and pros- perity mainly to two Scotchmen. It was John Witherspoon, who became its Presi- dent in 1768, who raised the institution from a mere academy to a seat of learning of national importance. Men trained under him made their mark in the Cabinet, on the Bench, in Congress, and in the pulpit. Just a century later, Princeton again need- ing a President, turned her eyes again to Scotland, and invited Jas. McCosh, the greatest of all her Presi- dents, to take charge of her des- tinies. The energy of that grand old man, fifty-sev- en years old when he was installed, have made Princeton what she is to-day. He found the college poor- ly equipped with a few overworked teach- ers, and only 265 students on its rolls. Now it has eleven hundred students and eighty instructors. During Dr. McCosh's reign of twenty years, he so presented the claims of Princeton to the wealthy men of the country that two and a half million dollars were placed at his disposal for the development of the institution. The courses of study were multiplied, the standard of learning was raised, and the reputation of Princeton for sound education was put on a firm basis. When Dr. Mc- Cosh resigned, at the age of seventy-seven, feeling that the conduct of so large an institu- tion should be in younger hands, there was no man so revered by the students and the gradu- ates who had been under his care. In his hearty approval of his successor, Dr. Francis L. Patton, the pres- ent President of Princeton, and the loyal support he gave him, the new President was strengthened for his arduous work.

THE CAMPUS OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

NASSAU HALL. THE OLDEST BUILDING IN THE UNIVERSITY.

THE LATE PRESIDENT JAMES McCOSH, D.D.

One remarkable feature of an institution which has given so many preachers to the country, is that the University is bound to establish no chair of theology. The The- ological Seminary has the exclusive func- tion of training the young divines who come to it from the University. The ori- ginal charter provided that "those of every religious denomination may have free and equal liberty and advantage of education in said college, any different sentiments in religion notwithstanding." Nevertheless, the number of stu- dents who became ministers formed a large proportion of the whole. But the number of stu- dents seeking a purely secular education steadily increased and the foundation of the Theologi- cal Seminary became a necessity, in order to keep faith with the founders. The Seminary was established in 1812, and, al- though it has had no legal con- nection with the University, it has been its most important ad- junct. It is chiefly by its un- compromising stand for ortho- doxy in religion that Princeton is best known through the country and the voices that have been raised most eloquently and effectively against the rising tendency to materialism, scep- ticism and infidelity have been those of Princeton men. It could scarcely be otherwise with men trained under McCosh, the erudite and profound theologian who at the close of his long life exclaimed: "I have for most of my life been a student of philos- ophy. I have been called to study all its systems, ancient and modern. None of them could make up for the want of the Bible. However important in en- larging and establishing the mind, they cannot give peace and stability to the soul. In all my experience I have found no other name than the one by which I must be saved. The mind feels that it has nothing to rest on and the heart repose, till it sees a Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the Throne."

WITHERSPOON HALL.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Neglect of Our Own Affairs.

THE writer of the Canticles mourns, "They have made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." So there are Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither looking after Sunday Schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting sweat about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's wheel, and weave it on somebody else's loom for somebody else's back. Meanwhile their own souls are shivering to death. So there are women busy collecting money for benevolent institutions and managing public affairs, while their own children go with faces unwashed, and stockings undarned, and minds uneducated, and souls unsaved. Busy everywhere but in their own vineyards.

Now, the first thing for one to do is, to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train going at thirty-five miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go forty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Besides, if our own piety be thin, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have [illegible] good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab. The world sees straight through it, while some man who says little but feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Christians seek- [illegible] at the wharf blowing off steam are so

man of deep religious experience is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in your garden, you cannot raise them in mine.

Struggling Young Men.

TAKE care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who, thirty years from now, are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and State—are now on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of his playing he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman of a colliery to the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books, and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting-room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him.

More Critics Called For.

ONE of our best magazines recently had an article by the Editor of that periodical saying that in order to elevate our literature, we ought to have more men giving themselves to the art of criticism. Perhaps that is so. But we do not need any more of the style of critics who, we rejoice to say, are passing out and passing off. The character of their work was well illustrated by the way they pounced upon an article of our excellent friend, the late Doctor Samuel I. Prime. The doctor took a ride one summer with a family by the name of Nightingale. The ride was prolonged into the evening and the doctor, in a letter describing it, said, "the stars and the nightingales saw us home." Forthwith some learned fools rushed into print, to show that there are no nightingales in this country, and some one else as learned came forward to prove there are nightingales. And we all pitch in on one side or the other, firing away at the nightingale until all our ammunition of wit and ornithological learning is exhausted. Meanwhile Dr. Prime and the Messrs. and Misses Nightingale, of Newport, kept a merciless silence, and let the great joke go on, and the newspaper world to a great extent made itself ridiculous.

Was there ever better illustration of the fact that some people can never understand a bit of pleasantry? You might as well play a horn-pipe expecting an elephant to dance to it, as to offer them anything musical in the way of witticism. They cannot see a joke till the week after, and their friends have labored with them, trying to get them to understand it. They are the trial of the literary and moral world. They stand related to vivacious people as the owl to the nightingale; we refer to the bird called the nightingale, and not the Newport Nightingales. How drones get on in this world of hard knocks without the lighting up of innocent mirthfulness we cannot tell. Even lambs frisk, and brooks frolic, and the ass, pronounced the most unemotional of beasts, seemed to us to have its sly facetiousness as on the way up to the *Mer de Glace*, Switzerland, it lifted its hind foot to scratch its right ear and let us fall off. We never knew a man incapable of a laugh who was worth anything either to Church or State. He might make a very good lay-figure for the show window of a mourning store, but nothing else.

We once sat in a church beside such a looking man; it was the only time we ever had our pocket picked. When such impenetrable people are in the room, and we have heard of something pleasant to tell, we wait till they are gone, or else take our especial friend into the hall as though on a matter of private business, and bid him smother his laughter in the waterproof on the hat-rack.

But we put it down as a case of cruelty to animals that Doctor Prime sat at Thirty-seven Park row, making himself merry at the discussion his innocent lines had made North and South, East and West, amid the learned fools. They were as glad to discover what they supposed an error in a Doctor of Divinity, as ever a nightingale was to find a caterpillar.

Home Struggles.

NINE hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to economy—some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. If a man take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. That is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make $5 do the work of $7. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economies, this lifelong attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhaust millions of housekeepers. Oh, my sister, this is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Besides that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robes they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and it is a mansion at that.

Slovens.

IT is a curious fact that some ladies, who in the street and in the parlor are attractive in appearance, come down to breakfast in what is called deshabille. Our opinion is that the whole family ought to look well in the morning. It is important that the calico and the breakfast dress be rightly adjusted as well as the afternoon silk and the basque. It takes but little longer and it pays well.

The children of the household ought to understand that whatever can be done by brush, and mirror, and ribbon, should be done at the start of the day. The first hour of the morning decides whether our children shall be gentlemen and ladies, or boors and slovens. But the younger members of the family will not observe domestic order if the father and mother look like a "fright." Parents are the mirror by which their children dress.

BRIEF NOTES.

Please take notice that we have no more
Pathway of Life,
Floral Albums,
Bible Helps (Separate),
and under no circumstances can we fill all further orders for the World-Wide Encyclopedia. That offer was positively withdrawn October 1, and we would esteem it a favor our friends would not send any more orders as it necessitates our returning the money.

The Demand for the Thumb-Index Bible which we are now offering as a Premium, has been simply unprecedented. Orders come pouring in and we have never offered a Premium that has instantaneously found so much favor in the eyes of our people as this Index Bible. Among the letters from those of our readers who have already received the Bible, are many that speak in the highest terms of eulogy and commendation of this most valuable and beautiful premium. Others write enthusiastically and gratefully of the prize they have received, and all unite in declaring it a gift whose value and utility cannot be overestimated.

Bishop Walker of North Dakota has been elected Bishop of Western New York, in succession to the late Dr. A. Cleveland Coxe.

Major Whittle and Mr. Stebbins are Holding their first united mission at Dunfermline from Sunday, Oct. 4. Other arrangements are in progress.

Mr. Jacob Garrard, Minister of Education in New South Wales, has joined the Salvation Army. He made a public statement of his conversion at the Centennial Hall, Sidney.

Mrs. Bardsley, the mother of the Bishop of Carlisle, England, who died recently at the age of ninety four, had seven sons, all of whom were clergymen. Her husband, too, was a clergyman. They were intimate friends of Charlotte Bronte.

A Farewell Meeting was Held on Oct. 9, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, to bid God speed to Miss Mary H. Irwin, M. D., who is going out to Ceylon as a medical missionary under the auspices of the American Board. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., presided.

The circulation of the Bible in Siam has largely increased of late. Mr. Carrington the agent of the American Bible Society in that country reports that during the first six months of this year there were sold in Siam 15,561 volumes of the Scriptures, and 422 volumes had been given away.

About twenty missionaries are going out shortly for the English Baptist Missionary Society. Three of these are going for the first time, seventeen are returning to their old stations in India and China. The Society has now 1,016 stations and stations in different parts of the world, with 214 European missionaries.

At Calvary Baptist Church, New York, there was an interesting service on Oct. 4. Rev. Vernon J. Charlesworth, manager of the Spurgeon Orphanages, attended with the Orphanage choir of sixteen boys, and several pieces of music were beautifully rendered. Mr. Charlesworth expects to visit most of our chief cities during his visit.

A Friend of Mr. Gladstone Being Asked how it was that in his eighty-seventh year the veteran statesman retained so much vigor of body and mind, replied, "I attribute it to his religious faith. In his bed-room in a conspicuous place on the wall where Mr. Gladstone's eyes rest on it morning and night is the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staved on thee."

The polyglot quality of Chicago's daily speech may be inferred from the fact that the City Tract Society reports that its colporteurs are distributing tracts written in German, French, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Lithuanian, Italian, Spanish, Welsh, Greek, Hebrew, Chinese, and Arabic, and finding eager readers for them.

The New York State Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union has been held in Brooklyn, N. Y. Among the speakers were Mrs. Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army; Mrs. Helen M. Barker, of Illinois; Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi; Mrs. Helen G. Rice, of Massachusetts; and Miss Agnes Slack, of London, Secretary of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Rev. A. J. Diaz Speaking on his Work in Cuba, at the Baptist Conference, said that four years ago there was no Bible and no Protestant organization; 2,700 have been baptized, not one of whom has been excluded. Great care is exercised in admitting converts. The church members observe Sunday and do not attend theatre. Two of the Generals in the insurgent army and a thousand of rank and file are members of Mr. Diaz's church.

The Wife of Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute, has accomplished a great deal for the elevation of the women of her race. She began her labors four years ago in a shabby upper room, with the cooperation of only six other women. Today there is a weekly conference of every where talks on useful subjects are given, and discussions are held. Classes and a library for children have been established, and the tone of the neighborhood has been improved.

The American Board's Annual Report Shows that it has now 102 stations, 1,100 sub-stations, 1,430 places of stated preaching in its field, a number of missionaries employed is 178, of whom twenty-nine are qualified physicians. Besides these there are 356 women in the field, of whom 178 are the wives of missionaries. The number of native pastors is 227 and of native school teachers 1,0 The number of churches is 471 and of church members is 43,043, of whom 2,987 were added during the year.

In a Recent Address Dr. J. Wilburn Chapman gave the following outline of the plans proposed for revival work in Philadelphia this winter. "It is hoped to unite a number of Bible conferences in the churches, and thus create a thirst for God's word. It is proposed to have a noonday meeting every day in the year in the old Church of Epiphany, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, and also a conference at the same church at three o'clock on Monday afternoons. Mr. Moody has given the assurance that he will be here during the month of December. The Winter Circus, beyond city limits, has been placed at the disposal of the Committee.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Great Seismic Wave.

LATE mails bring appalling details of the disaster which, as previously reported by cable, recently overwhelmed the north-eastern district of the main island of Japan. So far from the earlier reports being exaggerated, as was hoped, it appears that in the awful ten minutes less than thirty thousand persons were killed and twelve thousand dwellings were destroyed. The people seem to have had no apprehension of the approaching disaster. They were celebrating "The Feast Festival," and at the close of a holiday were enjoying a beautiful summer evening. Suddenly, about half-past seven, three or four shocks of earthquake were felt; not violent shocks, but of the peculiar kind that the people of Japan have learned to dread. No damage, however, was done and the people went on with their festivities. Half an hour afterward there was a dull, booming noise heard from the sea. It was variously accounted for, the majority of the people paying no attention to it, and the few, who realized its terrible significance, secured their safety by running inland at their fastest speed. The noise increased until it was like the roar of innumerable cannon. Looking out to sea the people saw a sight that chilled their blood. An enormous wave fully thirty feet high was rolling in on the coast with fearful rapidity. Another minute and the whole coast for a length of fifty miles was beneath the sea, which receded, leaving towns and villages in ruins, and then a second and a third avalanche of water followed to complete the destruction. A scene of desolation beyond description stretched for miles along the coast. Where, a few minutes before, there had been thriving towns, filled with activity, there was now nothing but heaps of ruins among which lay the wounded and dying people. Many, too, had been carried out to sea by the mighty suction of the receding wave, to be dashed on the rocks or drowned in the ocean's depths. At Aneishi, a town on the shores of an inlet, at the foot of a precipitous hill, only a hundred and forty houses remained out of the five hundred, and of its six thousand inhabitants four thousand seven hundred were killed and five hundred were wounded. Under the ruins of the houses. About fifty villages were swept away. As to the cause of the disaster several opinions are expressed. The one that is generally held by Japanese scientists is that there was an eruption of a submarine volcano. This is confirmed by the fact that quantities of deep-sea shell fish were found on the wharfs visited by the big waves, plainly showing that water from the bottom of the sea had been thrown up in enormous quantities to swell the bulk of the colossal waves. Such disasters are among the mysteries of our present life. We have to trust our faith in the love and wisdom of God and wait for the light of his presence before we can understand the reason for such destructive phenomena. Why he permits them to come is as unknown to us as to the ancient patriarch, who wrote:

[illegible] as a wise [illegible] they killed [illegible] (Job 36:14)

THE DESTRUCTIVE TIDAL WAVE IN JAPAN—MATUSAKI—THE RUINS AT KAIOUMATCHI.

An Unhappy Adventure.

To Newark school-boys who have been reading novels have had an adventure which will probably have a fatal termination. They determined to run away from their home at Newark, N. J., to see the great world. They were not provided with funds, so they stole on board a freight train and hid themselves. At the close of the first day, they had not travelled beyond New Brunswick, N. J., and they were thoroughly tired out. They were hungry, too, and homesick. At the first opportunity they left the train and waited beside the track for the coming of a train that would take them homeward. They waited a long time, but at last a freight train came along which was going so slowly that they thought they could board it. One of them succeeded in climbing aboard, but the other missed his footing and fell with one of his legs across the track. His companion saw his peril and jumped off to rescue him; but he was too late. He dragged the poor, bleeding lad from under the cars and stood over him crying bitterly. The engineer of the next train that came along saw his plight and in kindly sympathy, stopped and took the injured boy on board. He was taken to the hospital, where his leg was amputated, but the surgeons think there is little hope of saving his life. It was a terrible penalty for a boyish freak: the poor lad could have had no thought of the danger he incurred when he left his home. There are some Christians who have had a similar experience. Some temptation has drawn them away from their Heavenly Father's care and they have had to go through life afterward maimed in their power and influence by their fall.

[illegible] and see that it is an evil thing and a bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord, thy God. Jer. 2:19.

A World of Contrasts.

The astronomical observers at the observatory founded by Mr. Percival Lowell at Flagstaff, Ariz., confirm the discoveries made some time ago by Signor Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer, as to the planet, Venus. They say that the planet revolves on its own axis so slowly that its day is the same length as its year, which is equivalent to two hundred and twenty-five of our days. Its axis, too, is at right angles to its path, so that it turns like a wheel, keeping one of its sides always toward the sun and the opposite side always away from it. The consequence is that while on one side of the planet there is light and heat, on the other it is always dark and cold. The heat must be almost twice as great as it ever is on our earth and the cold is the cold of space, far more intense than we can conceive of. The planet being round like our earth, there must be a belt about a hundred miles wide between the two sides in which there is moderate light and heat. If there are inhabitants on the planet, as some astronomers think, they must have a wide range of choice as to climate and conditions of life. If they are creatures like ourselves, they probably leave the dark side of their world uninhabited. We may hope that there are none of whom it may be said as it is of some of us:

[illegible] their deeds were evil. (John 3:19.)

A City Hermit.

Local journals report the recent death at Hartford, Conn., of an eccentric man who for nearly twenty years has led the life of a hermit. He had always been somewhat of a recluse from the time he settled at Hartford some sixty years ago. But he had a wife and two children then, and kept a small store which brought him in contact with his neighbors. His wife died and his children married and left him. Then the man, who scarcely could be called old, retired from the world. He sold out his store, and with the proceeds built a little brick house of two rooms. There, and in the Public Library he spent all his time, rarely speaking to any one. He became a hard student and accumulated an extensive library of scientific books. He was also a student of general literature, and especially of poetry. He provided his own meals, performed his own domestic duties, and held no communication with any one. The only times that he left his home were on his visits to the Public Library, to read books that he was unable to purchase. When he fell ill, he still shrank from contact with the world. He had purchased a coffin and prepaid the expense of his funeral. He informed the doctor who visited him that he was dying from exhausted vitality, and he named the day on which he would cease to live. His prediction was fulfilled within a few hours. It may be hoped that as he had foreseen the time of his death, and had provided for the disposal of his body, that he did not neglect the infinitely more important duty of securing the welfare of his soul. He is a wise man who can say with the Apostle:

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a [illegible] (2 Cor. 5:1.)

Two Beings in One Body.

Two remarkable crimes committed within a short time give special interest to a work of a French physician, a translation of which has just been published in New York. One of the crimes was the brutal murder in the street of an inoffensive little girl by a man usually good-natured; and the other a burglary committed by a man of good reputation and respectable position. In each case the criminal professes to have no recollection of the crime he undoubtedly committed. The physician's book deals with precisely such cases. He contends that some minds pass into a condition similar to somnambulism. Just as the sleep-walker will do things of which he has no recollection when he is awake, so in this form of aberration the patient will do things alien to his natural disposition, which he will not remember on returning to his normal state. In the cases he has investigated, he has found that the patients are descended from hysterical mothers, and he believes that they are the victims of a disease, wholly distinct from other forms of dementia. This theory may be true in extreme cases, but it would be a dangerous thing to hold irresponsible every man who has this dual consciousness. Nothing is more common than to find men who are under the control of propensities that seem like a mania, but which through the power of Christ may be restrained and brought under subjection. Paul describes just such an experience:

[illegible] I do. (Rom. 7:19.)

A Tree Turned to Iron.

A remarkable discovery was made recently on a farm in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. One of the men on the farm was digging a trench and had reached a depth of ten feet when his spade struck something very hard that looked like iron ore. Further digging disclosed a cylindrical mass about ten inches in diameter and fifteen feet long. It had evidently once been the trunk of a tree, for the bark was still clearly perceptible. A Professor in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences was informed of the find and he examined it. He said that it was a tree which was slowly turning to iron. Parts of it were carbonized but the main mass was hematite ore. The soil around the place where the tree was found, once contained enough iron to make it of a red color. The rain water percolating through the soil had caused a precipitation of the iron and coming in contact with the tree, there had been an interchange of particles, the woody matter being replaced with iron. The Professor extracted a knot from the trunk, which had become solid iron ore. The tree had evidently been an enormous time in the earth, the professor could not say how long, but long enough to work a complete change in its nature. How mighty must be the forces of nature which can thus silently change wood to metal! But a change of nature far more important to the human race is that which through the power of God may be worked in men:

We all with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same [illegible] (2 Cor. 3:18.)

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Mamie.

SHE was a colored child, so black that it looked as if the hue would rub off, but for all that, when she came dancing in from Aunt Hannah's kitchen, her great eyes shining, her wool crinkling in tight curls all over her head, and her black dimpled arms and shoulders lifting out of her short scarlet frock, she looked like a brilliant flower of the tropics. When she played with Mrs. Stewart's children it made a pretty picture, Ralph and Edith with their golden hair and blue eyes, and the tiny baby Willie as white as a snow-drift with a fleece of flaxen ringlets. Mamie was always with the Stewart brood of high-bred, dainty little ones, and they were all of them as happy as the day was long, for the big house was separated from the little one only by a tiny paved walk, and Aunt Hannah, Mamie's mother washed and ironed and cooked there, keeping a watchful and loving eye on the group at play times on the grassy lawn or on the steps of the broad piazza.

A lovely home it was, that dear homestead on the banks of the beautiful Elizabeth river, and often my thoughts turn to it with tender memories. The river was full of all sorts of craft, from tiny fishing smacks to stately men-of-war, and mothers let their children play fearlessly on the brink of the waters, or paddle about in canoes, or small boats, confident that if they fell overboard, and could not swim, somebody would happen along to pick them up.

Aunt Hannah was a character. She was very tall, and carried herself finely with head erect and shoulders back. One day, when I was telling her how easy and sunny my life had once been without any cares to speak of, and no anxieties or burdens, and I remarked that then I had had more faith in God, and more courage than I had now, Aunt Hannah looked at me, her brown face breaking into an amused smile.

"Yes, honey," she said; "yes, I knows. How pious-like you once toted youseff in dem days! Since den, de good Lord, he try you. He try you as silver is tried, an' he 'spect you cum out well re-fined, honey!"

Mamie learned to read with the other children, and, hovering around when Ralph took his music lesson, she picked up the tunes, though she could not decipher the notes. Her fat, black fingers twinkled along the keyboard, and one day Mrs. Stewart called me in to listen and look. The child was perched on the stool, her whole frame swaying in an ecstasy of enjoyment. She was music incarnate, and Mrs. Stewart said, regretfully:

"To think how I have to drive Ralph to the piano, and see that midget to whom music would be better than bread. I believe I'll have her taught, too."

But Aunt Hannah answered: "No, Miss Mary," she said to her friend, for Mrs. Stewart was more than a mere mistress to her servants. "No, Miss Mary, Mamie well enuff for a pickaninny, but I can't hab her spoiled. She ain't the stuff for a fine lady. I teach her to cook 'reckly. She done play now in her play spell, but Ma-[illegible]"

The play-days glided by, one by one. There came a summer morning when baby Will, with a long stick for a fishing-pole, [illegible] a bit of [illegible] at the [illegible] piano, with Mamie in [illegible] taking a lesson. The long [illegible] the floor, and the sun [illegible]

[illegible] between the gay beds of [illegible] and sweet peas, and the tall [illegible] Nobody saw the sturdy small figure marching through the bean poles, and pass the golden squashes and tasselled corn, and featherly asparagus. Will had it his own way, and the way led him to the water. There he began to fish, and presently, nobody near him, in he fell, head foremost.

But, from the distant parlor window, Mamie, looking out, with marvellously far-seeing eyes, had seen the baby's predicament. She flew like an arrow, screaming for her Mammy as she passed the kitchen, and Aunt Hannah's turbaned head, and long, lithe limbs, went hurrying after her. As Mamie reached the river bank, the flaxen poll rose to the surface, and the little scarlet figure threw itself into the waves, and caught the child with a firm clutch. A boat had directly come to the rescue, and black and white child were fished out, and handed dripping to Aunt Hannah, who hugged Willie to her broad breast, and scolded Mamie because she was so relieved and thankful that both little ones were unhurt.

A year after that, Mamie, who became more than ever a pet in the family of the Stewart's took a heavy cold. At first no one felt any solicitude, but as the hacking cough did not yield to remedies, and weeks rolled by, we all perceived that Mamie was fading away. It was the gentlest and most gradual of declines, and all that medical skill could do was done, but the child somehow had not a very strong hold, on life, her vitality was low, and little by little, she slipped and slipped, farther and farther, till it was evident that soon the tide of death would carry her out to the deep sea of immortality.

Mamie was not in Aunt Hannah's kitchen. She had been brought to Mrs. Stewart's own house, and a lovely big room, opening off the parlor had been prepared for her. There from her bed she could watch the white sails on the beautiful river, and hear the silvery notes of the piano, when ladies who loved her came and played Chopin and Mendelssohn for her pleasure. Sometimes Aunt Hannah sang to her "Go down Moses!" and "Swing low, sweet chariot?" and she lay still, suffering little, always smiling, going home, her small shallop of life floating out peacefully to meet the fleets and argosies which evermore go sailing up to the city of God.

"Mamie," I said, when the last day came, "Where are you going, dear child?"

"I'se goin' to my Jesus!" was her confident reply. "I'se goin' to be well and hear music, and I'se goin' home!"

So passed into the light and the love, one of the sweetest souls I ever knew. Under that little black face was a purity and graciousness only given to those who are washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Dear Mamie. Hers was the sweet hymn:

[illegible]

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

At School in Africa.

The following quaint details of school-life at Likoma, in Africa, are given by a missionary in *African Tidings:* "The African does not take kindly to figures, but [illegible] as well as the [illegible] by the name of 'mental arithmetic.' In this latter [illegible] are brought into play, and, what will [illegible] Quite [illegible] bered by shoes, they prove most convenient. We treat the [illegible] copy-books, and they all learn to write remarkably well. [illegible] many were [illegible] it must be owned, somewhat to her teacher's horror. The pen-wiper is her own, [illegible] every [illegible] I now look upon it as a [illegible] provision of nature, and offer no expostulations. If ink gets spilt on the table it is wiped off with their own hands no one being a penny the wiser; another advantage of the shiny black skin."

Education Under Difficulties.

How a Brave Colored Girl Learned to Read and Write, and what She is doing at Mayesville, S. C., to Elevate Her Race.

EVERY one is stirred by a story of true, unselfish heroism. Hard and cold as the world is, its heart goes out in love and admiration to the man or woman who gives life and labor to the cause of the unfortunate. We do not grudge the man of aristocratic birth, or the man of wealth, the prizes that have fallen to his lot, but we keep the best prize, the crown of heroism, the highest places on the scroll of unforgotten worthies for those who scorn to live a life of ease and luxury, or to toil for their own aggrandizement, but lay their lives on the altar of self-sacrifice. When a man or a woman lets the good things of life go, content if by devotion and hard service, some wretched, miserable people can be lifted out of their misery, we honor such an one as one who has the true spirit of Christ. Such honor may justly be given to the devoted woman whose portraif appears on this page. That she belongs to a despised race, and that she labors in a humble sphere, are considerations that do not enter into the account. The quality of her work, the purity and disinterestedness of her motives, and the sacrifices she has made, are the elements that made her a heroine, and that will win for her at the great day the approval of Him in whose steps she walks.

MISS EMMA J. WILSON.

it was on a plantation near Mayesville, S. C., that Emma J. Wilson was living, a little child only a few years old when President Lincoln's proclamation gave her liberty. Already she had gained the first rudiments of an education. Her owner's son, concerned for the welfare of the children on his father's estate, had done a little teaching and from him she learned the alphabet. A newspaper had served as a primer, and she had learned to write with a pointed stick as a pen, and the sand as a copy-book. It was the roughest kind of learning, and the children of our northern cities may smile at such very elementary teaching; but there is something pathetic in the spectale of the eager little child, thus getting her first initiation to the temple of knowledge. A child who would spend her time in that way, instead of in play, had true grit in her which, under favorable circumstances, would make its mark. For a long time after she was set free there seemed no prospect of her enjoying such circumstances. But she was bent on getting an education if it were possible. She coaxed her mother to buy her a spelling-book, and eventually the poor woman, whose cents were few, and who was not very sure that her child would benefit by the purchase, was induced to invest in a Webster's blue-back primer. With this treasure she was d[illegible]ed, and eventually the girl was able t[illegible]

The achievement only whetted he[illegible] desire for knowledge. Books were [illegible] be had, and the Primer was exha[illegible] It seemed tantalizing that no furth[illegible] gress could be made. But after [illegible] waiting, the opportunity of att[illegible] school came. The Good-will scho[illegible] seven miles from her home, and th[illegible] open to her. Miss Wilson remembe[illegible] the delight with which she tramped [illegible] seven miles morning and night to ta[illegible] vantage of the opportunity. She s[illegible] hard, her teachers were interested [illegible] and eventually to her great delig[illegible] won a scholarship in Scotia Sem[illegible] Her outfit then became a problem [illegible] poor household that was hard to [illegible] They were proud of her progress an[illegible] anxious for her to enjoy the fruits [illegible] hard toil. A few articles in the poor [illegible] were turned into money, and the pe[illegible] the village, both white and colore[illegible] knew of the child's hard struggle [illegible] help. Clothing, and a little money [illegible] few books came from one another, p[illegible] gifts not to be measured by their [illegible] value, but by the sacrifices they inv[illegible] Thus equipped the girl went to [illegible] where she remained two years, grad[illegible] with honors at the end of her term.

The question of a career had ofte[illegible] discussed during her studies and s[illegible] urged by several Christian friends t[illegible] herself as a missionary to Afri[illegible] work would have been congen[illegible] the girl had given her heart to [illegible] and had become a member [illegible] Presbyterian Church. There [illegible] have been an assured incon[illegible] she would have been lifted [illegible] the squalid surroundings [illegible] home life. But her heart [illegible] over her own people, girls li[illegible] self whom she knew, who [illegible] growing up like heathen at [illegible] for lack of the instruction she [illegible] give. There were boys, too, [illegible] and intelligent, near at hand [illegible] needed her help as much as th[illegible] zens of an African forest. She [illegible] mined to give her life to he[illegible] people.

From the time of her leaving [illegible] Seminary to the present, this [illegible] ed woman has toiled for the he[illegible] of her race. How sorely her [illegible] were needed she saw still more [illegible] ly after her two years' res[illegible] among the refinements of th[illegible] inary. The people were w[illegible] hard, but had no idea of eco[illegible] ing. Their daily life was squal[illegible] miserable. Early out in the [illegible] father, mother, and children [illegible] toiling until noon; then ho[illegible] their poor meal, which m[illegible] them ate sitting on the floor in a [illegible] around a common dish, and at night [illegible] ing on their wretched "pallets" [illegible] ground. They needed to learn [illegible] beside book-knowledge. Patiently [illegible] cheerfully the girl, who had seen [illegible] white people live, set to work. She t[illegible] the little ones in an empty gin hou[illegible] later in a church placed at her dis[illegible] she helped the elder women to mak[illegible] homes better and gave herself to the [illegible] of her people in every way that was [illegible] to her.

Our readers know from our forme[illegible] cles and from the picture we publis[illegible] the teachers and pupils in the In[illegible] what has been the outcome of the [illegible] of this consecrated woman, and the f[illegible] of her own race educated like herself [illegible] have labored with her. They are a [illegible] band, toiling in poverty and under[illegible] difficulties, but supported by the [illegible] Christian spirit, that like the M[illegible] gives life and labor that others may [illegible] To this little band of laborers the s[illegible] thetic gifts of THE CHRISTIAN HE[illegible] readers have come like rain on pa[illegible] ground. They now see nearing reali[illegible] their long cherished desire for a bu[illegible] of their own, in which the boys [illegible] taught useful trades and the girls [illegible] taught sewing and cooking. The $3[illegible] ready received is in bank, at the ca[illegible] Committee, of which Dr. Klopsch, [illegible] proprietor of this journal is a membe[illegible] suitable site can now be secured on [illegible] able terms, and as speedily as con[illegible] tions come in, the work will be p[illegible] forward. It is a delightful pleas[illegible] help such people, and we will gladl[illegible] knowledge in these columns all con[illegible] tions sent to us for the work.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This letter is a fair example of hundreds that are now reaching us daily:

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 10.

PUBLISHER CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Our leather-lined Index Bible came to hand safely, and I shall never again use anything but a limp-leather Bible. It is the greatest convenience in the world, and I am charmed with the facility with which we can find any part of the book. We bought a Bible some time ago that was paper-lined, but we didn't then know the advantages of the leather lining. [illegible] your Bible came to hand we at once perceived the great superiority of the leather lining over the paper lining. J. R. ANDREWS.

Reader, Phila., Pa. Please state in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the exact name and address of the Treasurer to whom money is to be sent for "The Mout-Lawn Home."

Contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

P. S., New Athens, O. Should a young married man, with the promise of a good farm home, having five years yet to attend school, continue his studies and enter the ministry, or remain on the farm as his parents wish him to?

Such a question ought to be prayerfully considered before a decision is reached. If the young man is of a high spiritual nature, a true Christian, with some natural talent and with an unmistakable call to a life of active service for Christ, he would do well to continue his studies with the ministry in view. But even if we were not sure of this, and were to decide that the farm, that need not prevent him from serving the Master acceptably; for even the humblest walks of life present opportunities for doing good and making others happy.

W., Davenport, Neb. 1. Give names of some of Chaucer's literary productions. 2. Some of his contemporaries. 3. A few words descriptive of the society of his time. 4. One canto from Canterbury tales. 5. And a few lines from *Faery Queene*. 6. Who were some of Spenser's contemporaries and what he wrote and the society of his time?

The *House of Fame*, *Canterbury Tales*, *Legend of Good Women*, *Court of Love*, *Book of the Duchess*, and *The Romance of the Rose*, are among Chaucer's leading works. Any biographical dictionary will furnish the data you desire concerning both Chaucer and Spenser. We cannot devote the space to it.

M. McAfee, Harrisburg, Pa. Who is the "Grand Old Man of Japan," so-called?

Yukichi Fukuzawa. Though the junior of Bismarck and Gladstone by probably twenty years, he is yet a most distinguished statesman and has done more for his country's intellectual and social advancement than any other Japanese living. He visited America forty-five years ago and on returning home introduced the study of the English language, and advocated the opening up of Japan to western influences. He is founder of a great university, senior editor of an influential journal and a noted author. He has persistently declined to receive decorations and similar honors from royalty.

Mrs. S. M. F., Riverside, Cal. It is claimed by the Unitarian Church folks here that the distinguished people whose names are enclosed are members of their church, and do not believe that Christ was the Son of God. Is their claim justifiable?

Such a claim is mendacious and unworthy of serious consideration. On the other hand, were is ample evidence, did space permit, to show from published biographies that the majority of the names you enclose are those of Christian men and women. Such a claim as you mention cannot be maintained and is made wholly regardless of the truth. Do not permit yourself to be dragged into a controversy on the subject.

W., Rochester, N. Y. Where can I find the following verse in the Bible: "Blessed are they who believe in the Lord, for they shall see God?" This was put on my wife's grave-stone through some mistake and I cannot find such a verse in the Bible. Is there any similar verse in the Bible?

The precise language quoted in your letter is not in the Bible. The nearest approach to it is found in the passages, which you can compare, in Matt. 5: 8 and Rev. 14: 13.

Mrs. John H., Collinsville, Tex. Where in the Bible can we find that Jephthah killed his daughter?

The passage in Judges 11: 39, "who did with her according to the vow," is capable of such construction, but authorities differ greatly as to the true interpretation. Josephus, in *Antiquities* (Book 5, Chap. 7, Sec. 10), distinctly says, "when the time was over, he sacrificed his daughter as a burnt offering," and unsparingly condemns the act in the same sentence. Most all the Jewish writers, as well as the early Christian fathers, take this view. On the other hand, Joseph Kimchi, Leviben-Gerson, Clarusus, Grotius, Bishop Hall, Dr. Hale, and many other eminent men, hold that the vow was one of consecration, not destruction, and that she was shut up for the remainder of her life and condemned to perpetual virginity. They point to the fact under the Mosaic law such a sacrifice was impossible, the Israelites being expressly forbidden to indulge in human sacrifices.

W. G. R., Oneco, Fla. Where is there a good training school for foreign mission work?

Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass.; Moody Training Schools, Chicago; Baptist Missionary Training Institute, La Salle avenue, Chicago; and Christian Alliance Institute, Eighth ave., New York. All four are excellent.

Lemuel Marsden, Sacramento, Cal. 1. In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you mention the great age of some of our California redwoods. Are there not trees in the Eastern States and elsewhere that attain as great an age? 2. What trees live the longest?

1. There are trees in some Oriental countries whose legendary life counts up into the thousands of years. Thus, in Ceylon, one great tree of incredible age is pointed out, and there are others in Arabia. An aged olive in Gethsemane is said to be almost as old as the Christian era. 2. The comparative ages of trees are: Elm, 300 years; ivy, 355 years; maple, 516 years; larch, 576 years; orange, 630 years; cypress, 800 years; walnut, 900 years; lime, 1,100 years; spruce, 1,200 years; oak, 1,500 years; cedar, 2,000 years; yew, 3,200.

H. T. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. What was the origin of "the Apostles' creed," and when was it first used? 2. Can the Encyclopedia referred to in your paper be purchased? If so, what is the price for same?

1. It is held by early writers that the creed was composed by the Apostles themselves, during their stay at Jerusalem, shortly after our Lord's ascension. 2. It cannot, and our advertisement distinctly so states.

Subscriber. Suppose a wife complains that her husband does not give her any pocket-money? Her husband is not rich. His salary comes fully to the house and remains there till all is spent for the needs of the family. He spends nothing for his own pleasure, nor is he given up to any vice, and he keeps the purse only because the money comes naturally to him and he considers himself as the treasurer of the family. If the treasury allows it, she gets from it for special purposes as much as she needs; but still, she thinks she ought to have a treasury also. The husband, on the other hand, regards her as the father in the parable did his oldest son: "Thou art ever with me; all that I have is thine;" and that therefore there is no need for her to have a separate treasury. What do you think about it?

This is doubtless the position of affairs in many homes, but although the attitude, as expressed by our correspondent, has its defenders, it is not all that a faithful, loving, intelligent wife might reasonably expect. She is really the partner of her husband, sharer of joy and sorrow, of fortune and adversity, and she should be a counselor and guide, rather than a dependant. If the husband is head of the house, she is its queen and should have a voice in all that relates to its management, handling of finances included. To deprive a wife of all power over the family purse is to degrade her to the level of a servant. (See Proverbs 31: 11 to 31.)

J. R., Clayton, Ala. 1. Who was the first missionary to China, and when did he go? 2. How many missionaries have we in China? 3. Who was the first missionary to Japan? What has been the growth of Christianity there? 4. What has been the growth of Christianity in the world for the past twenty years, for the past ten years, for the past five years? 5. About how many churches have been built in foreign lands? 6. About how much money is given annually to the missionary enterprise?

To answer all these questions accurately and satisfactorily would require more time and space than we can devote to any single inquirer. In the volume called *A Hundred Years of Missions*, published by Funk & Wagnalls, you will find the information you want.

Husband, Chicago, Ill. Is a Christian man whose wife has been unfaithful, bound to forgive her and restore her to her place if she confesses her sin and asks to be forgiven?

We would advise you to do so, if you can. You may save a soul from death. You must forgive her, but there is no compulsion to restore her. It would, however, be a Christ-like thing to do. Forgiveness without restoration would leave a stigma upon her that would deprive it of its virtue.

Knight Templar, Philadelphia. One of your recent answers in the Mail-Bag appears to indicate that you believe there is no chance of pardon beyond the grave. Do you not think that God will pardon the sinner who repents wherever he may be?

Have you not misunderstood our answer? We said there was no warrant in the Bible for entertaining the hope. That if there is a provision for the salvation of the people who die impenitent, God, as we believe, has not revealed it. That does not controvert your position. It is simply a question of fact. Has God revealed it? However, we do not think the argument in your letter is sound. You know that even in this life repentance is sometimes useless. A man or a woman repents a hasty marriage, but the burden is life-long. A man endorses a friend's notes and is ruined; his repentance does not bring back his lost property and he may go to the poor-house in his old age, however sincerely he repents. Still, it may be as you say; but is it not the lowest depth of folly to run such an awful risk?

J. K. B., Fayetteville, N. Y. By what law is the punishment of the second death Rev. 20: 12–15] inflicted? Was not the penalty of sin the termination of man's natural life (see Genesis 3: 17–19)?

We are not sure that we understand your meaning. The generally accepted theology teaches that by sinning in Eden, Adam lost his immortal life, that he involved himself in death, and brought the same fate on his descendants. The second death is the punishment for individual sins. In other words, a man pays the penalty of his descent from Adam when he dies, and if he dies impenitent, he pays in the second death the penalty of the sins he has actually committed.

D. D. Doane, Geneva, Fla. Where in the Bible does it say that David was a man after God's own heart? And does it refer to him as king only, or as man?

The expression occurs twice, I. Samuel 13: 4, and Acts 13: 22. David was by no means a perfect man, but he was a man who sincerely repented of his sins, and earnestly sought forgiveness. There is a great difference between a good man falling into sin, and a bad man who persistently lives in sin and pays no heed to reproof. Both are deplorable, but of the former there is hope. You cannot separate the two characters. The story is told of a bishop who was also a prince. He was a profane man; one day after uttering an oath, he asked a pious servant why he looked so surprised. "To hear a bishop swear," said the man. "I swear as a prince, not as a bishop," said the prelate. The servant answered: "Will your lordship tell me what will become of the bishop, when Satan gets the prince?"

C. G. Kimalyan, Dorchester, Mass. 1. Who was the Man with the Iron Mask? 2. If it is not known does it not disprove Matt. 20: 26? 3. Shall we accept partial or verbal inspiration? 4. Does the theory of evolution prevail among scientists? 5. Is it a fact or a theory? 6. Does the Bible teach revolution?

1. It is not known, but as you are probably quite aware, many romantic suggestions were made as to the identity of the prisoner in the Bastile who was said to have worn the mask. 2. No, because the time of revelation of secrets was not stated. 3. If you mean the verbal inspiration of our English Bible, you can scarcely accept that, unless you believe the translators were inspired. 4. It does. 5. It is a theory. 6. It teaches submission to authorities, except in matters of conscience. But in cases of grievous oppression, revolution is justifiable.

Jessie M., Leavenworth, Kan. 1. How many bees are there in a hive—the average? 2. Where can I get bee-keeping instruction? 3. How much honey can a hive gather daily?

1. A hive may contain anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 bees, only one-half of them being honey-gatherers, while the others do duty in the hive. 2. Perhaps the editor of some one of the Bee-keepers' publications may afford information. 3. A hive with 20,000 outdoor workers making from six to ten trips and exploring 500,000 flowers, or perhaps more, will gather in good weather and under favorable conditions about two pounds of honey daily.

Constant Reader, Rogers Prairie, Tex. What reason had Paul for forbidding women to speak in the churches: Cor. 14: 34?

The customs of the time. Corinth was a very licentious city. It was above all things necessary, as the history of the Church proved, that the infant religion should not be regarded as countenancing immodesty in women. To speak in a public assembly was regarded as bold and immodest. Paul was anxious to have no further scandal, as there had already been one serious one in the Church. We cannot believe that in the present condition of society, he would have written such a prohibition.

W. S. F., Finch, Ont. Referring to the story of Balaam in Numbers 22, is there not an inconsistency in God being angry with the man for going after he had told him he might go?

If you study the whole story the apparent inconsistency will disappear. Balaam at first heeded the prohibition. He would not go because he was told not to go, inasmuch as Israel was blessed, and he must not curse those whom God had blessed. Then the king sends more distinguished messengers with more valuable presents. Balaam's cupidity was excited. He wanted the presents, and he hopes to get a different answer from God, as if the value of the presents could make any difference with him. He is allowed to go, but is warned not to say anything but what he is told to say, and he knows what that will be. Balam goes, and there is no doubt he intended to earn his money by cursing. God who sees the heart perceived his intention and interposed. That would account for his being blamed.

Louella Farney, Beaver, O. I am convinced that Saturday is the proper Sabbath. Ought I to keep it when all around me are keeping Sunday as the Sabbath?

You should obey your conscience whatever others may do. But as we suppose you have not renounced Christianity for Judaism, we may hope you will not desecrate the day on which all Christendom concurs in celebrating the Lord's resurrection. That would be to dishonor him. Keep Saturday holy as the Jews do, if you like; and you may keep Friday holy too as the Mohammedans do, if you wish; but do not neglect the Sunday, which is the day Christians observe. In short it will be well if you keep all the days of the week holy in the sense of refraing from sin.

Reader, Brooklyn. The statement is unfounded. —— Hattie Johnson, Galloway, O. We have no means of ascertaining his name. —— L. M. O. T., Eagle Nest, Tex. [illegible] such as the paper really requires.——Mrs. M. E. D., Methuen, Mass. Yes.——Julia A. Bennett, Farmer, N. Y., James Smith, Lowell, Mass., and others. Express is the cheapest.—— F. M. L., Philadelphia. Address him care of Mr. Wyburn, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission.——Annie M.G., Lynn, Mass., We cannot.——J. O. D., York, Pa. Address all communications intended for our Mout-Lawn Home should be simply addressed to "Children's Home, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."——Mary, Burnside, Ill. The fine is $1.——Mrs D. P., Mt. Pisgah, N. B. We cannot take it up [illegible] other [illegible] ——Mrs J. S., Casey, Ia. 1. No, the offer is withdrawn. 2. We cannot supply the information.——M. L. J. B., St. Paul, Minn. It is not yet published in book form, we believe.

AN EGYPTIAN WELL, OPERATED BY OXEN.

In many Eastern countries, where water is scarce, the precious fluid is brought by various mechanical devices from deep wells in the bowels of the earth. One of these is shown in our illustration. The wheel is a clumsy, wooden affair, and is furnished with a set of buckets or earthen jars, which descend empty and return full as the wheel revolves. Oxen are yoked to a pole which passes through the axis of the wheel, as shown in the photograph.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Antwerp and Its People.

An Old-World City Full of Quaint Customs and Picturesque Scenes.

FEW cities in Europe have a more attractive history than Antwerp, the old Belgian city by the sea. It was founded by the Saxons over nine hundred years ago, and its people were converted to Christianity by teachers from the western isles. As early as 726 A. D., mention is made of a market-toll being enforced in Antwerp, showing that even in those early days it was a centre of some trade. Wool and other materials for the great manufactories of the continent were imported through Antwerp for many years, and its merchants were among the richest on the globe, and old-time writers, including Guicciardi and Scribanius, have left glowing accounts of its greatness. Its annual fairs attracted merchants from all parts of Europe. Five hundred ships would enter its port in a single day and five hundred laden wagons would pass through its gates daily.

But the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were evil times for the grand old city, which was despoiled alternately by French and Dutch, its citadel captured, its citizens impoverished, and its commerce almost destroyed. In recent years it has regained much of its old volume of trade, although commercial supremacy has gone elsewhere.

There are many fine old buildings in Antwerp, including the Gothic pile called the Exchange (built in 1531), the massive and venerable Hanseatic League House and the splendid cathedral of Notre Dame (of fourteenth century construction), whose paintings, shrines, chapels and decorations are world-famous. In the town gallery are nearly six hundred pictures, including famous specimens of Rubens, Vandyk, Titian, Teniers, Jordaens, Quintin Matsys, and other masters. There are, also, a number of fine educational buildings devoted to literature, science and art, schools of navigation, zoological and botanical gardens, and a library of 30,000 volumes.

There are numerous nooks in Antwerp where the appearance of the people and their general surroundings demonstrate how slow are the changes in dress and customs in certain parts of the world. The old fisherman and his wife who are shown in the photograph reproduced on this page are familiar types of their class. Hardy, weather-beaten and courageous as are all the fishing people of the River Scheldt, and of the North Sea, they belong to a race that has lost none of its characteristics during the centuries. Their dress is simply a sufficient protection against the [illegible] he with the sou'wester, the stout wooden [illegible] with the fishwife's stiff-starched muslin cap and the creel or basket laden with the finny prizes that have fallen to her husband's skilfully-thrown net.

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Mr. Gladstone on Music.

At a recent musical fete on the grounds of Hawarden Castle, Mr. Gladstone took occasion [illegible] to the "dignity, fervor and majesty" of the music sung in Welsh chapels and religious meetings. He was [illegible] by these remarks:

"I [illegible] without musical faculty and feeling. If they are without it, it is because [illegible] it is all nonsense to talk about music as a gift to the generality of mankind. The talent [illegible] to one man here and one woman there, and [illegible] endowment. I deny that. I say, if it is properly tended and properly brought out, it is a general gift in civilized countries, and even in barbarous countries, and most certainly it is a gift that pervades the people of this country, so far as nature's part is concerned. But people used to say to me 'I cannot sing,' and I said, 'Now, supposing that when you were a baby, and when you grew out of being a baby your nurse always continued to carry you in her arms, do you think you would be able to walk?' I am sure not. Well, you must learn to walk by practising walking, and you must learn to sing by practising singing. Beyond singing lies instrumental music, and there the progress made has been astonishing. It was to the last degree rare when I was young, and it has now become very common."

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A Smiling Face.

Everybody welcomes a smiling face. All doors are open to it; all social circles welcome it. It is an open sesame to heart and home. By it burdens are lightened, cares dispelled, sorrows banished, and hope made to reign triumphant, where fear, doubt and despondency held high carnival. Get the glow and radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to his own. Bring from a holy and divine communion a face luminous with light, and let it glow and shine on all around. A little child on the street of a great city, wishing to cross at a point where the surging throng and the passing vehicles made the feat dangerous to the strong, and especially to the weak, paused, hesitated, and then asked a sunny-faced gentleman to carry her across. It was the sunny face that won the child's confidence. Childhood makes no mistakes.

ANTWERP PEASANTS—A FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

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An Artist's Moral Lesson.

One of the strangest lessons ever told by an ebbing life was that which is related by Hogarth, the famous artist. His last drawing, [illegible] needs no comment: A broken bottle; the butt end of an old musket; an old broom worn to the stump; an unstrung bow; a crown in pieces on the floor; towers in ruins; a cracked bell; the sign-post of an inn, called the "World's End," falling down; a waning moon; an empty gibbet dropping [illegible] Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a wrecked ship; Time, with his glass and scythe broken; and an empty purse. After finishing it, he broke his palette and brushes, sketched the remains with his pencil, and never wrought more. A month later he died. Such a death carries its own moral.

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Tea in a Mandarin's Home.

Miss K. B. Stayner, a missionary at Wun-chau, China, in a recent letter gives this entertaining description of a social visit to the home of a mandarin:

"In the morning of the day we intended to visit them we sent our boy with our cards announcing our intention, and in the afternoon we and the Bible-woman set off in chairs. This young girl proved to be the daughter of an official under the Tao-tai, or mandarin, called Koh Da-lao-yeh, who has charge of all affairs in connection with foreigners, and whom we know seems favorable to them. The other three ladies were mandarins' wives, who lived near our young friend. We were received in a very friendly way. Koh's wife, a pretty, young-looking woman, came out to meet us, and we were led up to seats of honor. Soon several more of the old T'ai-tais came in, and before we left there must have been at least six of them. The neighborhood must have been in a perfect nest of mandarins! We were treated first to tea, then to very nice Chinese cakes. After that we presented some of the children with colored handkerchiefs, balls, and Christmas cards; then I was asked to preach the Gospel to them, as on the last visit some of the ladies seemed quite interested in what the Bible-woman had told them. This was quite a formidable ordeal, and I first suggested the woman speaking instead, but no, they wanted to hear the foreigner, so at last I began, and really it was not so hard after all, for they listened most attentively, and of course understood things far better than most of the country people, being more intelligent. When I had finished speaking they wanted to hear more, so the Bible-woman spoke on for a long time. Some sweet rice balls were brought for us. The young girl showed us all over their house, picked some pretty flowers for us, gave us a couple of pretty bits of needlework, and we had some more talk, and then returned to the guest-room to make our adieux."

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The Value of System.

In training the young, the importance of system cannot be too much impressed upon their minds. It is the open sesame of smooth and rapid work. Systematic people get over the most ground with the least friction, and have the greatest capacity for enjoyment of well-earned leisure. When our minds are harassed by the thought of duty undone, real pleasure is impossible. Lack of system makes a lumber room of many lives that might otherwise be capable of accomplishing great results.

LIFE'S TASKS.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

How slow God's children are the tasks learn,
Meant for their culture in the heav'nly w.
Much less their erring reason can discern
The meaning he designs they should conv
As wild, unruly children thrust aside
Their books unlearned, in discontent a blame.
So they in the perverseness and the pride
Of wilful hearts, have dared to do the sar

How might they thrive beneath God's tea. ings blest!
Were they to give them diligence and hee
Surely a teacher so divine knows best,
What daily task a child of his may need.
Alas! they deem themselves already wise—
Wiser than any philosophic sage,
And hence the reason that before them lies
The slighted lesson, and neglected page.

Yet all the while this heav'nly Tutor, God,
Over his truant children yearning bends;
In place of angry frowns and threat'ning r
The look that kind forbearing love porten
But if they would his gracious favor win,
They should be ever learning to submit—
(A life-long task) and 'neath his discipline
And rule, like dear good children deign to

New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. MARY LU

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Made Happy in Old Age.

ALMOST beautiful story was o related by the well known E lish revivalist, Denham Smi He made the acquaintance o Baron and his Countess in Ita They were a genial, wealthy, and acco plished couple, advancing in years, t still able to travel about from place place, with all the attendants suitable their position and rank. Mr. Smith ne had any direct spiritual conversation w them till they were about to part; wh seizing the hand of the Baron, he sa "Good-bye; I hope we shall meet agai "Many thanks, sir," said the baron, "t at my time of life it is scarcely possible shall ever meet again; if you come ba to this neighborhood, the probability that I shall be gone." "Yet I hope shall meet again." "Ah, sir, you me in heaven." "I do, indeed." "Ah shall never meet you there," replied t baron; "I am too great a sinner ever meet you there." The aged couple w deeply affected, and the countess sa "Sir, what would you do with one l me? I was religiously brought up, a over in England I attended the minis of a Protestant clergyman, but since th years I have wandered away from G and amid the pleasures and excitements the world I have forgotten what I used know. What would you do with a ch who had left the father's house?" "D replied Mr. Smith, "I would point her the 15th chapter of Luke," and openi that chapter and putting it into the har of the countess, he asked her to read it

She read it until tears dropped from bo her own and her husband's eyes. Comi to the verse which describes the prodi coming to himself, she said emphatical "Is that me?" "O yes, it is you Again she read on till she came to the ther clasping in his arms the returni prodigal. Said the baron, "Is that Go Is that father God?" "Yes, with arms around that bundle of rags." "C will you stop a minute?" he cried; a pulling out his note-book, said, "Let write that down." The two afterwa trusted in Christ, believed in the Gosp and were made happy.

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Mrs. Stowe on Spiritual Comfort.

There were few more beautiful liv than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, w recently passed away. In a letter t friend, written not very long ago, she giv this inspiring glimpse of her faith a hope, when nearing the close of life: am coming to that stage in my pilgrima that is in sight of the river of death, a I feel that now I must have all in readin day and night for the messenger of t King. I have sometimes in my sl strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual l near to and with Christ and multitudes holy ones, and the joy of it is like no oth joy; it cannot be told in the language the world. What I have, then, I kn with absolute certainty; yet it is so unli and above anything we conceive of in th world that it is difficult to put it in words. The inconceivable loveliness Christ!" Her splendid faith stayed wi her to the end.

mplete Self-Surrender.

Su estions on the Christian Endeavor Topic r the Week Beginning November 1. hn 15: 1-10.

CRUDE ideas of Christianity are responsible in a large degree for the slow progress it is making in the world. An impression prevails within, as well as outside the Church, that religion is d of spiritual life-insurance; that the stian pays the premium bstention from certain ures, and in return es at his death escape perdition and entrance everlasting bliss. How uch a notion of Christian- from Christ's idea of it, nay realize by a study of erses associated with the . He conceived of the stian as so closely united himself, that the union like the union between branch and the vine. st said very little about en in his discourses, but at deal about the King- of Heaven, and again and he said to his disciples, Kingdom of Heaven is n you." It was not a d to be conferred at some e time but a condition to joyed now, which should to full fruition in the e life. The heaven he nted to his hearers was resent life set free from sing conditions and ening out and deepen- The life which he came part, is received here and to permeate the being, ving and elevating it, so in the new and better undings it shall have pre- the conditions it most and has been desiring. is the mysterious condi- that he calls abiding in As the branch grows the vine and has no sepa- existence, but draws all e and nutriment from the so the Christian was to e life from Christ. And life was to be eternal, go- n uninjured, but rather ised, by the death of the —the same life enlarged oosed from the confin- imits of the body. He distinctly that he gave e to his people. It is ob- for the full development h life there must be per- ubmission to him. Pur- the figure which he for it, we see the vine- er cutting and pruning ixing the branch to the that supports the vine, the one object of getting from it. If the branch feeling, we can imagine rocess being very painful. o in the human branch, e end is desirable. That hould make the process ble. Indeed, we should in it. But it involves g up our own way, sub- ng to the discipline that s to us, never fretting uncongenial surroundings, but ac- g them as appointed of God for the opment of our character and powers, r whole duty cheerfully, waiting for ext step in the process. It is easy to ow such a disposition and such a of life would raise us above anxiety are, and keep us free from repining discontent. Whatsoever our lot may e should be satisfied that God has l that such surroundings will be the or us, and will best tend to eliminate ults and increase our fruit-bearing r. If that end is achieved why should y to God for relief from trial? Should t rather yield ourselves to his will, only for a larger measure of strength hat grace which is sufficient for us? s hands who sees the end we may our lot and be at peace.

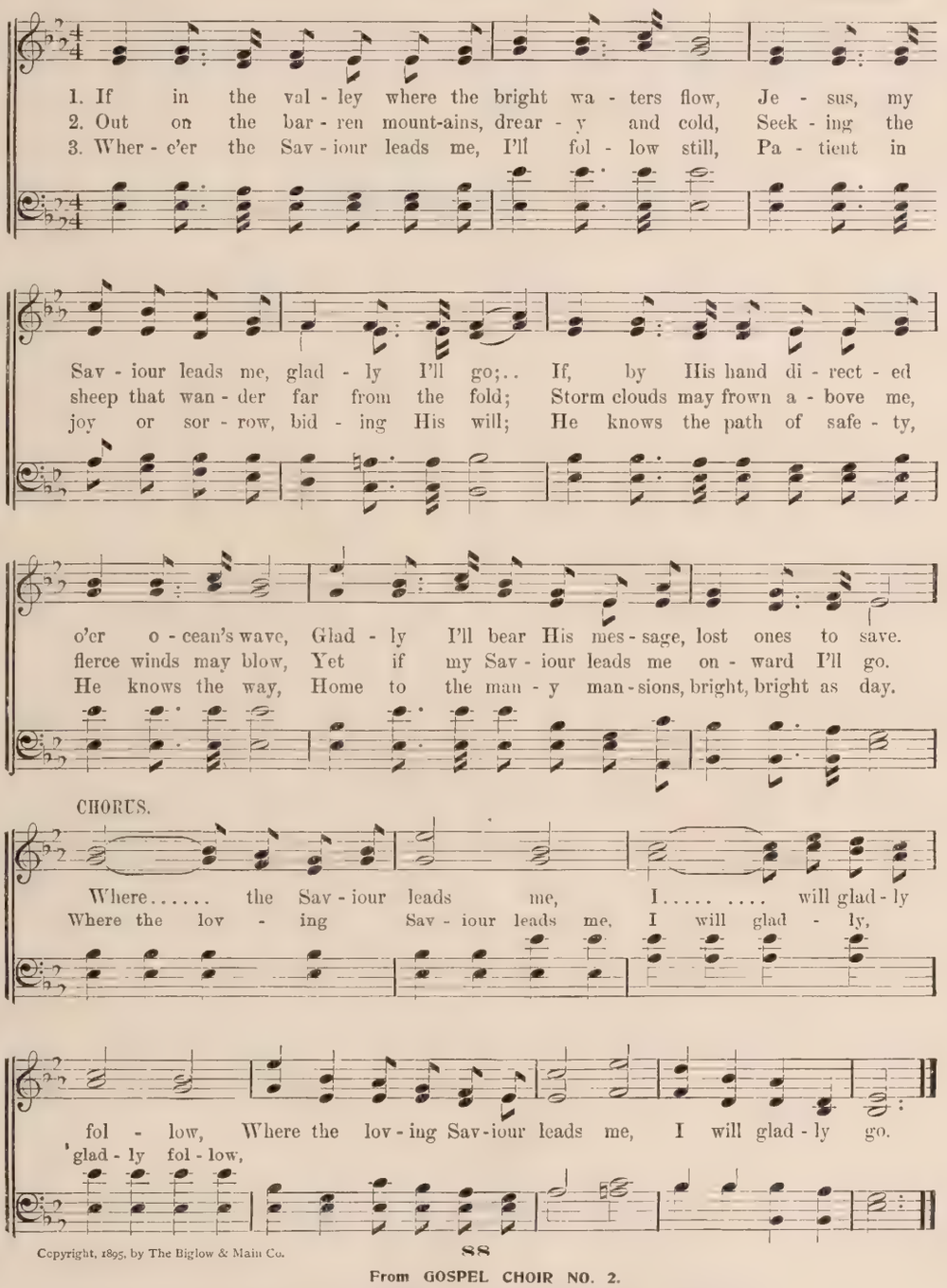
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

WHERE THE SAVIOUR LEADS.

"I WILL FOLLOW THEE WHITHERSOEVER THOU GOEST."—*Matt. 8: 19.*

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

WHEN from the scenes of earth I rise
With Christ, my Saviour, to abide,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the skies,
I shall be satisfied.

I shall behold my Saviour's face
Illumined with the light of day,
And I shall rest in his embrace,
Far from earth's cares away.

There I shall see the faces fair,
Of all my loved ones who have left
This world of sin, this vale of care,
Of whom I've been bereft.

And I shall tread the streets of gold,
And listen to the angels' song,
While glory to me shall unfold
Through endless ages long,

I'll join the songs of praise and sing
Of him who once was crucified,
And in the presence of my King
I shall be satisfied.

Newman Grove, Neb. J. N. GORTNER.

A SINNER REDEEMED.

IN the darkness I wandered alone,
But light from God's glory hath beamed,
To soften my heart and bid sorrow depart,
And make me a sinner redeemed.

CHORUS—

I praise the dear Lord for his mercy—
'Tis more than I ever have dreamed—
He died to redeem every sinner—
So I am a sinner redeemed.

From the heart of God's wonderful love,
The fountain of mercy hath streamed,
And there have I been to find cleansing for sin
And now I'm a sinner redeemed.

The Lord who left heaven for earth,
Who came—but lightly esteemed—
Hath counted no cost in redeeming the lost—
And so I'm a sinner—redeemed.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Times of the Gentiles.

The Era of Gentile Supremacy, Beginning with the Destruction of the Temple, soon to Terminate.

BY J. R. CALDWELL.

PARALLEL with the period of Israel's last captivity, scattering, and final tribulation, run what our Lord calls "the times of the Gentiles (Luke 21: 24). Of these much is written in the prophecies of Daniel, and to this book it is that Christ himself refers when speaking of the period of Israel's oppression under Gentile supremacy. (See Matt. 24: 15.)

The promise made to Israel under the law, and conditional upon their obedience, was that they should be "set on high above all the nations of the earth"; that in everything they should be manifestly a blessed people. All the people of the earth were to see that they were called by the name of the Lord, and to be afraid of them. But on account of their subsequent disobedience and utter apostasy from Jehovah they forfeited all these blessings, and instead thereof the curses that follow in Deut. 18, have come upon them to the full. It was not until after long trial, during the times of the judges and of the kings—after many warnings by prophets, many partial judgments and deliverances—that finally the threatened scattering and captivity took place, first of ten tribes (see II. Kings 15: 29, and 18: 9-12) and then of the remaining two—viz., Judah and Benjamin. (See II. Kings 25: 1, 2, and II. Chron. 36: 15-21.) "Thus was the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people, so that he abhorred his own inheritance. And he gave them into the hand of the heathen; so that they that hated them ruled over them" (Ps. 106: 40, 41).

It is of this period of the supremacy of Gentile power, called by the Lord the "times of the Gentiles," that the book of Daniel principally treats. We have there recorded two distinct visions, each of which embraces the whole period from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar to the second coming of the Lord Jesus to execute judgment upon the nations. The first of these is that which was given in a dream to King Nebuchadnezzar himself (Dan. 2: 31).

The interpretation that follows is plain and explicit. The head of gold represents Nebuchadnezzar himself. After him was to arise another kingdom, inferior represented by the silver, then a third represented by brass, and a fourth by iron, and lastly, the deterioration still continuing, this fourth kingdom assumes the form of a mixture of iron and clay. That these kingdoms were the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, there can be no doubt—indeed, upon this all are agreed.

More details are given in the interpretation by Daniel as to the fourth kingdom than any of the others. In the course of its duration it undergoes a change in its character, the clay being introduced in the feet and toes, and not before.

It is upon this fourth kingdom, in its final form that the stone falls. The Stone is one throughout Scripture, the same that being rejected by the builders, is made the Head of the Corner, and which shall grind to powder all upon whom it shall fall. The end of Gentile supremacy is thus shown to be in judgment, by the setting up of "a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE the investigation of the raised check was taking place at Mrs. Seymour's house, another investigation in which Milton was concerned was going on at Deacon Walter's. The Deacon had fortunately been absent when the officers took Milton and his mother away, and as he had been busy all morning he had not heard of the unpleasantness. If he had been a witness of it, his prejudice against the young man, originating in the boyish escapade when he was taken out of his cistern, with the watermelons beside him, would have been increased.

The deacon's dinner-table that day was unusually brilliant. Mr. Barclay and Nellie Price were surprised to see the display of plate and flowers which were there by Mr. Walter's orders. When all were seated the deacon said:

"It has been my custom for many years to honor this one day of the year above others. It is the birthday of my dear wife, whose untimely death has been the great sorrow of my life. In my own country, it was my habit to open a bottle of priceless wine from a bin that was never touched on any other day. But since I have been in America I have learned the evil of all intoxicants and I have abjured them. But I like to remember the day by a special dinner, and that is why you see the change in the table to-day."

The meal proceeded quietly until the deacon glancing around the table, said: "Carrie, my dear, why are you not using your silver cup? On this day I would like you to use it especially. Ring for it, my dear."

The cup was searched for, but could not be found, and Carrie remembered, with alarm, that Milton had handled it on the previous evening; but she could not imagine where it was. She called the butler and asked him:

"What became of my cup, last night?"

"Sure, and do yees mane the one as is shaped like a beer barrel?"

"Yes, where is it?"

"Why, Miss, when them police officers was here, arristing them people last night, that young feller put it in his overcoat pocket!"

"Put what in his pocket?" asked the deacon, with some austerity.

"Miss Carrie's silver barrel, sir."

"What young fellow do you refer to, and what officers? Who was arrested?"

They all tried to explain last night's proceedings to the deacon. Mr. Barclay knew the particulars, and talked the most; the young ladies trembled as the deacon knitted his brow, and finally said:

"Has he stolen your silver cup, my child? You know I have no confidence in [illegible]"

"Milton Seymour is no thief. Papa," Carrie said, her cheeks burning. "I remember now his taking up the cup and saying it was his mother's. I did not understand it, and we forgot it afterwards, [illegible]"

"[illegible]" the deacon. "But I shall insist on the [illegible] other's gift to you intimately, and I value it very highly. When a young man is arrested by the police and a silver cup disappears with him, I do not think I am unreasonable in regarding the disappearance [illegible] is not promptly returned, I shall take [illegible] it."

"Never fear, papa; it will be here to-morrow."

But no cup came the next morning nor any message about it. Carrie grew uneasy. Not that she had any doubt of Milton, but she feared that some mistake had occurred and that Milton really believed that the cup belonged to his mother. She therefore decided to go to the Seymour cottage and make inquiry. Her cousin, George Browne, accompanied her. They found the widow lying on a sofa, looking as if she was incapable of much exertion, the excitement of the past few weeks having seriously shattered her nervous system. Besides, Patterson Green, who was still in the house, required much of her time. She looked pale and languid. The young people, therefore, after spending an hour with Green, sat in a group in the parlor, leaving the widow to enjoy her reverie on the lounge.

"Milton," said Carrie, "I want to tell you a Bible story, or rather refer to one. See if it will quicken your memory, and reveal to us, as did the story of old, that we are brother and sister. Now, 'be attentive.'"

"All right, I am listening;" but he did not observe that his mother seemed excited by Carrie's remark, and was also listening with intense interest.

"Well then," resumed Carrie, "to begin my story, when Joseph dismissed his brothers from Egypt, he secretly ordered his silver cup to be put into Benjamin's sack, and soon after dispatched his servants in pursuit of them; and, finding the cup, to the suprise of all, brought Benjamin back a prisoner. Now papa has missed my silver drinking mug, which he values highly; and as it was seen in your possession, he holds you responsible for it, so Cousin George and myself have come to recover it."

"The cup," gasped Milton, springing up, "yes, your silver barrel; what did I do with it?"

"What is it, my son?" said the widow, rising from her couch, facing them, and looking anxious and worried, her eyes glaring unnaturally. "Has anything been lost?"

"Well, yes, mother; a silver mug. What did I do with it?" replied Milton, deliberately and thoughtfully.

"When and where did you last have it?" asked his mother, with a woman's wisdom.

"Just as the police officers arrived at Mr. Walter's house," replied Milton.

"Then," said the widow, "possibly it is in the pocket of your overcoat."

"Ah! well said, mother," and he bounded up the stairway to feel in the pockets of his overcoat, and found there the missing cup. In the later excitement the whole circumstance had faded from his memory; but a sight of the mug, and its mysterious inscription, again brought the scene at the tea table vividly before him.

In a few minutes the beautiful silver piece was placed on the table, while Mrs. Seymour, looking at it from her lounge, said:

"Why, my dear, you have brought down your little baby sister's mug, by mistake."

"O no, dear Mrs. Seymour, it is my own baby cup."

Mrs. Seymour asked to see the cup, and Carrie handed it to her. She critically examined it, and turned it around; and when the name appeared: "Maud Caroline Heath Walter," her heart stopped its beating; a death-like pallor spread over her features, and, with a long, low, agonizing moan, she sank back upon the lounge, stiff and motionless, having fainted.

Young men generally know nothing about fainting, and these two, active and willing enough under ordinary circumstances, stood looking at each other in bewilderment, not knowing how to proceed. Not so with practical Carrie Walter, who, in one breath, dispatched Browne for ice water and Milton for ammonia, both of which were in Green's room. Then the door was opened to admit fresh air; but ordinary means failed to restore the sufferer, and Browne went for a doctor. An hour of anxiety and pain to all present had passed before consciousness returned, when the doctor, observing that there were feverish symptoms, directed the patient to be put to bed, and kept in quietness.

"Do you think it was the sight of the cup that made her faint?" asked Carrie, who trembled nervously with the reaction usually following excitement and exertion.

"I am not so sure of that," said Milton. "There is some mystery about it for, you see, mother has a duplicate cup and the first three names on each are the same, which is more than a coincidence."

Carrie made up her mind to ask Mrs. Seymour the history of the cup, but she was too ill then to be questioned. Having seen her comfortably transferred to her room, Carrie bade mother and son goodnight and left them, to ease her father's mind by restoring the cup to the family plate chest.

Milton passed an anxious night. His mother was restless and scarcely conscious of her surroundings. At times she was quite delirious.

"A few hours hence we can tell better," said Dr. Benton, the next morning, in response to Milton's anxious questions about his mother's health. "At present she has high fever, and her nervous system is completely prostrated. We can only do our best and hope for favorable results."

His words went like an arrow to Milton's heart. His dear mother dangerously ill! Suppose she died, thought Milton; suppose that sweet voice which taught me, "Now I lay me down to sleep," should be silent forever; suppose that soft hand which provided for my every comfort and exercised a soothing influence over me, putting to rest the angry passions of the soul, should become stiff and cold in death; suppose those dear eyes, which have wept tears of sorrow for me should cease to shine forever! Horrible seemed the bare possibility to the young man, whose spirit sank within him at the thought of future loneliness. But he was too fond of the dear sufferer to give his time to idle forebodings while present duties required his attention.

A neighbor volunteered to find a suitable nurse, while Milton promptly sent his resignation to the Academy, and prepared to devote his entire attention to his mother. The sick woman was carried to the large, well-ventilated guest's room, where as spring was approaching, she would be more comfortable. He then prepared to occupy her former chamber, which communicated with the guest's room, and be thus ready for any emergency.

It was an anxious time. The delirium increased and the words of the sufferer indicated severe mental disturbance. She looked at her son with a blank countenance, the eyes seeming like balls of fire, and then said, "Joseph's cup in Benjamin's sack; brother and sister!"

"Yes, mother, dear, but it is all right now; the cup is restored, and we want nothing now but to get you well again."

Her eyes wandered a little, and a restless spell came over her; but apparently without hearing a word, she went on talking of matters strange to him, but all more or less tinctured with the mysterious cup. For days the fever raged, baffling the skill of two physicians and two faithful nurses.

The poor sufferer raved of places and names which were unintelligible, and yet Milton knew that it all concerned her early married life; when he was a baby, when his little sister was drowned, and his mother cruelly treated by those from whom she should have received kindness. From this morbid strength, she would relapse into a pitiable state of weakness; but whether quiet as a sleeping infant (which she was most of the time), or raving like a maniac, her every thought seemed to be on her father's house, her deceased baby, and her unnatural sister.

The close of May found Mrs. Seymour still in her bed, with but little strength and small hopes of recovery. The fever was broken but she was weak in body and mind. Milton had never left her; like a faithful and loving child, he remained near her by day and by night. His face had, however, grown five years older in as many months, and he looked mor[illegible] man. Passing through difficulti[illegible] trials unknown before, his experien[illegible] developed his character, and he [illegible] longer be called a boy.

One morning a consultation was [illegible] the Seymour parlor, Doctor Bent[illegible] old Doctor Chapman from Philac[illegible] being present; besides Rev. Dr. H[illegible] Milton and Plummer. The visits [illegible] latter were frequent, and his kinc[illegible] tion and sympathy were promp[illegible] Christian love. The doctors a[illegible] that the case seemed beyond the r[illegible] their skill, but believed that the [illegible] had some harrowing care, or deep[illegible] trouble unknown to others, and t[illegible] efforts to hide it, had caused the [illegible] and might derange her mind perma[illegible] unless circumstances favored an un[illegible] ing of her sorrows.

"Have you no idea," Dr. Hellings[illegible] speaking to Milton, "what is the c[illegible] your mother's anxiety? Perhaps i[illegible] be relieved. Have any letters c[illegible] her since she was taken ill?"

"Yes," said Milton, "there are t[illegible] eign letters waiting. I noticed the[illegible] I did not open them as my mothe[illegible] not like me to do so."

"I think you had better read [illegible] what do you say Brother Plummer [illegible]

"I agree with you Dr. Hellings [illegible] Mr. Plummer, "there may be news [illegible] that would do her more good tha[illegible] cine."

That evening Milton found the [illegible] and read them. They referred to a [illegible] correspondence, and evidently relat[illegible] lawsuit then in progress for the pos[illegible] of a large estate in England. One [illegible] was from a lawyer, who informe[illegible] Seymour that if she retained him [illegible] confident of securing the estate for [illegible] with the title of Baron Evington [illegible] two litigants were rival claiman[illegible] neither had so clear a title as h[illegible] Money was needed, and perhaps [illegible] vexation at not possessing the funds [illegible] sary to press Milton's claims that [illegible] have disturbed his mother's minc[illegible] evidently knew of the suit to wh[illegible] letter referred. There was also re[illegible] to an investigation that was bei[illegible] ducted for her of some confession m[illegible] a former servant of her father's, [illegible] appeared, had been paid to keep ou[illegible] way. It related in some way to M[illegible] mour's infant daughter who, as it [illegible] remembered she told Milton, was ac[illegible] ally drowned at her father's house [illegible] her absence.

Evidently there was nothing in [illegible] letters that could be considered gooc[illegible] but they shed a light on the ar[illegible] which were harassing the widow.

Weeks ran into months, and sti[illegible] Seymour was a sufferer. At one ti[illegible] ton would be cheered by signs of re[illegible] his mother was able to sit up, and [illegible] take a carriage drive on a warm afte[illegible] But the inevitable relapse would [illegible] and she would sink again to a cond[illegible] weakness from which it seemed imp[illegible] she could rally. She could not thinl[illegible] out suffering, and yet her business i[illegible] land required constant attention. [illegible] gal expenses were absorbing all of [illegible] come that she could spare from her [illegible] mode of living, and, latterly, part [illegible] principal had to be expended. Si[illegible] agents and lawyers kept writing for [illegible] money," but gave her small promis[illegible] she would receive definite infor[illegible] about the fate of her baby; or an[illegible] tangible concerning the speedy recov[illegible] the property lawfully belonging to [illegible] although every letter assured her c[illegible] mate success. All attempts at pro[illegible] thought, or at writing, brought on [illegible] vous ailment, and during the next[illegible] years she had several attacks of [illegible] As a consequence, her son could no[illegible] home for college to complete his edu[illegible] even were she able to spare the mor[illegible] his fees. He therefore sought oppo[illegible] ties to study privately; and recited [illegible] village lawyer of Brookdale, payin[illegible] in return by copying deeds and leg[illegible] uments.

During all the time Mr. Walte[illegible] aloof, though now both Milton a[illegible] mother were convinced that the me[illegible] had been the husband of Mrs. Sey[illegible] sister, and that Carrie, whose likene[illegible] her so many had remarked, was her [illegible] The silver cup, with its inscription, [illegible] proof positive on that head. Still Mr[illegible] mour shrank from claiming relation[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

AN HOUR WITH A DOUBTER.

Sunday School Missionary Tells of the Conversion of One who had Trusted to Feelings, Rather than Faith—A Season of Busy Work.

REV. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary, makes this encouraging report: The results of my work for August are as follows: Schools organized, addressed or otherwise aided, eleven, containing sixty teachers and 659 scholars; sermons and addresses delivered, twelve. Besides the Sunday School literature furnished the schools, I distributed a considerable quantity of Gospel literature on the highway, at homes of the people, etc., consisting of tracts and religious papers. This way-side ministry is of great importance.

Reports to hand from the schools show that this year are rather better than the average, as to the permanence of those in out-of-the-way districts. The growth of the interest in Sunday Schools is marked. Places where the idea of having a Sunday School was hitherto almost impracticable are now enjoying flourishing schools. Even in the face of local opposition, which is rarely the case, the people show a determination not to be debarred in their efforts to have a Sunday School. At one place where I organized a school there is a latent opposition, of which I was aware when the school was planted. But I knew the people in general were in favor of the school, and I was confident a good man had been selected for Superintendent. In a recent note he writes: 'We started out of school-house the first Sunday, but we took to the woods and had school just the same.' He reports that the school has four teachers and fifty-two scholars. It is a great pleasure to meet such devoted workers and scholars.

In the fall and winter there are many calls upon a missionary to hold protracted meetings. I was thus engaged one fall in Methodistic work, where I had organized a Sunday School in the spring. God greatly blessed the meeting. There were some thirty who gave evidence of being converted. One of the inquirers was a young lady who had been a faithful attendant of the school, and early in the meeting manifested an earnest desire to be saved, but day after day passed without evidence of her conversion. Others were filled with hope of heaven who, at the beginning of the meeting and during its progress, manifested no deeper interest in religion than the Lord than she. I relate the substance of a conversation, as nearly as I can recall it, which revealed her difficulty. She says she had submitted to the Lord, had asked him earnestly, longed to be saved as she thought she believed on Him; but she did not feel as she wanted to; that she did not feel happy as others whose conversion she had witnessed, and therefore was not satisfied that she had been pardoned.

I had a large print New Testament, a gift of her mother.

"I want to knew whether you have eternal life," said I, "whether your sins are pardoned, whether you are born of God, and whether you shall finally be saved?"

"Oh, those are the things I want to know."

I urged her then to pay no attention for the present to her feelings, or to the feelings of others, but to examine what God says in his Word about each of the above subjects, all of which go together. She agreed to mark each text referred to in her New Testament. The first read was 1 John 5: 13. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

"Do you believe on the name of the Son of God?" I asked; "that is, do you put your trust in him?"

"I think I do," she said.

"Then," said I, "it says nothing about what you feel, nor to compare your feelings with others. We are not told we shall know whether we have eternal life by our feelings, but by what is written; and the Bible most expressly says: 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.' We are to settle these questions by what is written."

We next read Verses 11 and 12. "And this is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life."

I asked, "Have you confessed to God that you are a sinner?" She said, "I think I have."

"Have you, in your own way or words, told the Lord Jesus, solemnly and from your heart, that you submit to be His servant, and that you take Him as your Saviour?' She answered very emphatically, "I have."

I continued: "And do you trust in him as your Saviour?" She said, "I do."

"What does the Scripture say concerning those who have the Son?" "They have 'life.'" "What does it call that life?" She answered. "eternal life." Then she said, "I believe, I am satisfied."

As I do not aim to "profess religion" for anyone, I referred to various Scriptures to show what is written under the heads eternal life, born of God, and receiving remission of sins, such as John 3: 14. 15; 5: 24; 6: 47; 1 :12, 13; Acts 10: 43; and others.

The last Scripture we examined was Rom. 10: 9: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

She had confessed with her mouth Jesus as Lord, and her Lord. I pointed out to her "that it was not enough to simply *say* that God hath raised him from the dead. Multitudes of unconverted people will say, or acknowledge that he is the Son of God, and that God raised him from the dead; but you must believe in your heart that God hath raised him from the dead. Do you, in your heart believe it?"

"I believe in my heart that God hath raised Him from the dead," she answered.

I asked, "What does it say concerning the ones who confess him with the mouth and believe in the heart that God hath raised Him from the dead?" The answer was: "*Thou shalt be saved.*" Then she added, joyfully: "I was saved, and did not know it."

I had desired that the Holy Spirit might show her from the Scriptures that, in order to be saved, the sinner has only to receive Christ by believing on Him, trusting Him; that Salvation is obtained by taking Him as our Saviour; and that our joy, peace and comfort result from believing what God has written about these precious things. Her life has proven the genuineness of her conversion.

God has condescended to bless these truths to hundreds, probably thousands, of souls, many of whom were converts; and many others were doubting Christians who had walked too much by feelings instead of by faith in what God says.

GEO. W. SHARP.

"Christian Herald" Missionary of Am. S. S. Union.

Converted While in Peril.

Mr. S. Donaldson, a well known evangelist, relates this stirring incident of Gospel experience: "Some time ago I came in contact with a sailor, who was brought to God under very peculiar circumstances. The ship to which he belonged was in port, and he obtained leave to go ashore. When he returned he was intoxicated. The ship was only connected with the wharf by a narrow plank about a foot wide, and, when he attempted to walk over it, he slipped and fell, but succeeded in seizing hold of the plank. The fright sobered him, and he felt the plank move; but after a quiver or two it stood fast, and he hung suspended over the water. He was afraid to move, lest he should bring both plank and himself down into the water. He shouted for help, but there came no reply. Then there came to his mind the words of the preacher whom he had heard in the Seamen's Bethel: 'After death the judgment.' Well he knew that for him judgment was only another name for condemnation. The beads of perspiration were breaking out on his forehead from fear of death and what would follow. Direct from heaven there then flashed the message that brought peace to the stricken heart. He knew that God had saved him—that he had passed from death unto life. But God had work for him to do on this earth. Lights began to move on the wharf; the man gave a shout for help; he was heard and rescued. He blesses that night when God by his providence brought him to see his need of a Saviour; and though it is now years ago, he has ever since rejoiced in the Lord, and striven to make known to others the good news that Jesus loves and saves."

Homes For the Armenians.

A Movement in Which all Our Readers May Aid—Miss Willard's Eloquent Appeal.

ANOTHER company of exiles from persecuted Armenia is now nearing our shores; indeed, before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers' hands, the exiles will probably have landed on the soil of liberty. Intelligence comes of still another company of nearly 200 men, women, and children, who have just started from a European port, with their faces set toward the land of their hopes and prayers—America. For weeks and months, the universal desire of the Armenian people has been to come hither, but they have been restrained by the vigilant Turkish authorities who, like Pharaoh's hosts in dealing with Israel, would rather slay them than permit them to go. As already stated in these columns, many of the exiles have been stripped of all their worldly possessions by Moslem rapacity. They come to this country eager, hopeful, glad to be free to breathe, and to worship God and name the name of Christ whom their fathers served and for whom their brothers and sisters died; but many are penniless. Still, they will not in any sense become a burden on the community, for good friends are already at work to help them to self-supporting labor. On their arrival, they are cared for at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Temporary Shelter in Third Avenue, and by the Salvation Army. Commander Booth-Tucker having made arrangements. It is desirable that suitable employment should be found as quickly as possible for these worthy emigrants, who have a sacred claim on the sympathies and support of the Christian people of America. Already a number of our readers and their friends have written us with offers of employment for both men and women, and probably forty Armenians have already secured places in good Christian homes, on farms and in towns and villages, through such means. We ask the active co-operation of all our friends in this work. Let every householder, in town or city, farmer, shopkeeper, business-man, tradesman, or whatever his calling may be, try to give some temporary employment to at least one Armenian; or if this is impossible in his own home, let him find out whether some well-disposed neighbor cannot do it. And remembering the sad fate of those poor Armenian wives and daughters who are yet waiting a day of escape from Turkish domination, let every wife or mother who reads these lines ask her own heart whether she cannot do something, however little, to procure work for those wanderers, who have been persecuted for Christ's sake. We are confident that there are many homes into which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes, where this opportunity of doing practical Christian service will be appreciated. Armenians are honest, truthful, industrious, obedient and painstaking, and will be found faithful and intelligent in any capacity in which they may be employed. Remember, that employment found now for *one Armenian*, by any family, in any capacity whatever, will be very gratefully appreciated. All letters on this subject should be addressed to the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and will receive prompt attention.

The following letter from Miss Frances E. Willard will be read with interest, bearing as it does on the same subject:

MARSEILLES, Sept. 25, 1896.

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH:—You have certainly shown a most generous and helpful spirit in cabling us one thousand dollars, and the money shall be used to convey Armenian refugees from here to other countries, where they will find friends and earn their bread in peace. Those who are here are blacksmiths, carpenters, porters, farm-hands, and there are a few bank clerks, students, etc. and a few women and children. Others are arriving, and we cannot tell how soon fresh massacres may bring more. Meanwhile, we have arranged to keep the Refuge open, with trusty ones to look after it, visit incoming ships, etc.

It may be that Lady Henry and I shall go to England in a few days with about 150 bound for America, and if, through your widely-read columns, we could find homes for them, that would solve the problem. Will you not try and open a book of record of the responses, with explicit instructions as to who makes theses responses, whether they will take one or more, etc.?

This is a simple and practical way of helping. These people are very industrious and skilful, strong, and will do good service.

Believe me, yours gratefully

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

There seems to be little doubt that the hideous butcheries which have marked the reign of Abdul Hamid, are at last to be permanently stopped by the European Powers. England, France, and Russia, it is said, have agreed to act harmoniously for the purpose of preventing further Armenian massacres, Russia being delegated to take the necessary steps for this purpose.

Letters from the missionaries state that efforts are being made at Smyrna, Broussa, and Constantinople to care for the orphaned children until they are able to earn their own living.

In a letter from Van, Dr. Reynolds, the successor of Dr. Kimball in the management or the relief work, writes as follows:

"By the 1st of August, when Dr. Kimball left the city and passed the work over to my hands, the mass of villagers had withdrawn, and we were able to look over the situation and lay plans for the future. It had now become clear that the hope we had entertained, and which found expression in Major Williams' report for May, was no longer tenable. Not only was any gain that had been made in the recent months lost, but the people were thrown back to a position much worse than that which prevailed a year ago."

The third weekly instalment of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was cabled to Armenia last week to be distributed through the American Board Missionaries. This instalment will be used as follows:

Harpoot	$500
Malatia	250
Smyrna	250

The following contributions to the Relief work have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$50,705.74
Mr and Mrs Hiram F Clark	5 00
Miss Frances L Farrell	1 00
Friend, Sag Harbor	1 00
Miss S Washburn	5 00
Mrs P A Underwood	5
A Hag	2
D N Johnston	50
Miss Laura McKee	2
Jos Fenwick, Hoboken	5
R M S, Great Neck	2 00
Friend, Mt Ayr	4 00
Mrs Mollie F Skeen	50
Mrs H D Arkwright	75
Miss A J Bennett	1
A S Palmer	1
W Cornelius	1
Wm T Morris	1 00
Anon, Baltimore	1
Rev Mr McPherson	1 00
Alpheus Ballard	1 00
Mrs Aldana Brooks	50
Mrs Carrie Lane	25
Mr Joseph W Harned	25
Baptist Sunday School, Antrim	2
Benj Dutton	2 00
Green Dell Union Sunday School	5 00
Total	$50,767.03

A Hindu Child-Widow Rescued.

Miss Bates, of the American International Missionary Alliance, tells of a Hindu widow of thirteen years of age, who was most cruelly used by her guardians, but who, in some way, heard of a Christian refuge for such as she. Miss Bates continues: "She managed to send word to these people that she greatly desired to escape from her life of bitter suffering, and come to them, and as both her own and her husband's parents were dead, and no one had a legal claim upon her, effort was made to remove her to this Christian home. She met a lady at an appointed place, and she disguised herself by a different style of dress, having her face entirely covered. It was necessary for them to take a train at a station near by. Before the train started she had been missed, and men sent to search for her. They came to this station and examined every woman and girl there, a man lifting the cloth from her head, and holding a lighted lantern square in her face; but his perceptive faculties were blunted, so that he said, 'This is not the girl we are looking for,' and she was taken away in safety, and is doing well in her new home. I met her last autumn, and she had such a bright, happy face, and was progressing well in her studies. Of the nearly 23,000,000 widows in India, at least 281,400 are under fifteen years of age."

THE BOOK SHELF

CRADLE SONG.*

NIGHTINGALE, oh, leave our garden,
Where soft dews the blossoms steep;
With thy litanies melodious
Come and sing my son to sleep!
Nay, he sleeps not for thy chanting,
And his weeping hath not ceased.
Come not, nightingale! My darling
Does not wish to be a priest.

O thou thievish, clever jackdaw,
That in coin findest thy joy,
With thy tales of gold and profit
Come and soothe my wailing boy!
Nay, thy chatter does not lull him,
And his crying is not stayed.
Come not, jackdaw! for my darling
Will not choose the merchant's trade.

Wild dove, leave the fields and pastures
Where thou grievest all day long;
Come and bring my boy sweet slumber
With thy melancholy song!
Still he weeps. Nay, come not hither,
Plaintive songster, for I see
That he loves not lamentations,
And no mourner will he be.

Leave thy chase, brave-hearted falcon!
Hapiy he thy song would hear.
And the boy lay hushed, and slumbered,
With the war-notes in his ear.

—RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

The Outcasts.†

DRIVEN now from the haunts of sin, as if the devil himself had grown tired of him, he was tossed as mere scum upon the great ocean of humanity. Lost to his friends, and lost to himself, he deemed his life scarce worth the odd coppers he spent on daily food. What could life ever be worth to him? He knew that his constitution was undermined, and that a grave—a pauper grave—must be opened out somewhere before long. Then, in grim pride, he reflected, a pretty thing to leave his body about to trouble other people with, when no one would spend a thought upon it whilst animated with life. Best at one stroke to forestall death, and arrange for his own burial. Only a plunge, and one long gasp, and all would be over. The night was chilly. He drew his torn jacket over his chest, and, coming quickly down the steps, walked on with long strides and a swinging gait towards the landing-stage, whilst, as an echo from days long past, the words, "What thou doest, do quickly," rang in his ears. He passed down the covered way, and, turning to the right, made for the far end of the stage. The long line of lights gleamed brightly across the river, and lamps on passing steamers glided swiftly to and fro. He scarcely marked them. Lights had no charm for him. He was hurrying on into eternal darkness. A stream of people advanced towards him. They were coming from the Birkenhead boat. He turned aside slightly to avoid them. A childish voice on his left arrested his attention. "Please, sir, can you spare me a copper?" "Get away, child; be off, now!" was the gruff reply from a tall man, warmly clothed in an ulster, who brushed past. The outcast from the music saloon looked round for the beggar child. The sad voice strangely touched him. A little girl in a ragged frock had sunk down by a post. Her head and feet were bare. She squatted there, all huddled up, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing bitterly. Youth in rags stood over against childhood in

"What is it, little one?" he asked. The child looked up, and wondered where the voice came from. "What's the matter, little one?" he asked again. "Ha! was it you that spoke?" the child exclaimed. She marvelled that so gentle a voice could come from one so ragged wretched looking. For the light of [illegible] upon him. "I don't get anything at

† From [illegible] Publishing Company, [illegible] Mo. A [illegible] pp. 282, cloth covers, illustrated, price $1. A

night," she said, "and mother's ill i' bed, and dad'll whop me agen." The young man took her by the hand. "I'll see you safe home," he said. "Where do you live?" "Off London Road." The child tightened her clasp on the hand that held hers. It was long since she had felt the kindly touch of a friendly hand. Presently she glanced up and asked, "Are you a real gent? You talk like one." "All are not gents who are dressed fine," was the answer, and no more was said. They came at length to the court where the child lived. The young man pulled from his pocket a coin and put it into the girl's hand. "Oh, thank yer, sir," she said, and vanished; and the scum of society was alone again. He turned his steps once more to the river, but his resolve wavered. He had made a child happy. It was not much, but perhaps there was room for him in the world after all. Why not wait until to-morrow? He turned aside into a cheap lodging-house and paid for a bed, and whilst he slept the Sabbath dawned.

The Gospel vs. Drink.*

AN acquaintance of the writer—a man of intelligence, proud spirit, great will-power, and great business capacity—was afflicted with this demon. He was a good citizen, a radical prohibitionist. After a certain defeat of a prohibitionary movement in which he was interested, he cried like a child, and said: "Why could not my neighbors have helped me put this thing beyond my reach? I am all right when I cannot get it; but there are spells which come over me I cannot control; they are stronger than myself, and if the thing is where I can get it I am cursed."

He experienced religion and became humble and happy as a child, and active in promoting the cause of the church. But on one occasion, when he was feeling ill, his wife, unguardedly, gave him a drink of weak cider. It roused the lion in him. He told her she had done wrong, and by no means to give him any more. The fiend in him was pitted against the man's whole better nature. He begged for the cider; for stronger drink. When lucid intervals came he asked if they had given him any, and thanked them they had not. He charged them not to give him a drop, whatever he might do or say, and, if he must die, let him die a sober man. Then the appetite would rage, and a most piteous begging, crying and pleading for the drink succeed. His neighbors and church friends came to his relief and watched with him, held him, prayed for him, and joined all they knew to help him out; and, after a week's struggle, night and day, a final calm came. Never was there a happier man, nor one more thankful than he that he had gained the victory. I shudder when I think of the struggle of this "strong man is his agony," and it puts meaning to those tears when he said: "My neighbors know my weakness, and why did they not help put the thing beyond my reach."

The subject of the insanity of inebriates is so full of interest that I cannot leave it till I add the answer of Dr. W. W. Godding, Superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, at Washington, D. C., which he gives to his own question: "What shall be done with them?" It may be suggestive to some other physician: "As scientists, curious of the baccillus, we forget the worm of the still. As savants, we show a pardonable enthusiasm over the shards of a jug on which we may, with laborious pains, decipher the symbol of Anubis or Osiris, but manifest an inexcusable indifference to that human 'treasure' which we have in these frailer than 'earthen vessels,' on whose shattered fragments we might still trace the lines of the image once stamped there. It is time that the scientist and the scholar spoke; that he turn from the contemplation of the cliff-dwellings and bone caves, and draw out from dens of infamy and caverns of despair, where he has been hiding this troglodyte of our time. When the medical men of the community move in earnest in this we shall have public sentiment, and out of that sentiment will come law and an answer to the prayer, 'Lord, that I might be healed.'"

* From [illegible] Publishing Company, [illegible] Mo. A [illegible] pp. 282, cloth covers, illustrated, price $1. A

Missionary McAll's Methods.*

THE history of the McAll Mission is full of instruction for those who love to trace the hand of God in his dealings with men. The long-continued miseries of the siege, and the horrors of the Commune, must have done much to prepare the working people of Paris for the Gospel, by making them, for the time, a sadder and wiser race. And the bountiful supplies of food which England had sent for the starving population, after the two sieges, had doubtless made many far more willing than they would have been before the war to hear what an Englishman had to say. The invitation which Mr. McAll printed for distribution at the doors of his mission rooms, "Des amis anglais desirent vous parler de l'amour de Jesus Christ," was well worded for those days, but would not, I fear, be too attractive now.

Besides the qualifications which are to be found in every faithful messenger of Christ, and on which therefore I need not here enlarge, I think that Dr. All was specially fitted for his work by a rare combination of prudence with energy and courage. The wonderfully rapid growth of his Mission—from four rooms in 1872, to more than thirty in Paris and its suburbs, and more than eighty in the departments, at the present date—was mainly due to the eagerness with which he was ever pressing forward. When the cry, "Come over and help us," was heard, from whatever quarter it might come, it was hard for him to refuse. Yet at the same time he was eminently cautious when caution was required. A physiognomist would, if I mistake not, see in his portrait a large amount of benevolence accompanied with great firmness and decision of character. Yet his firmness was not that of one who can break through briers and thorns without feeling them. His temperament was a highly sensitive one, and his manner in speaking indicated great nervous susceptibility.

His kindly spirit and remarkable courtesy of manner were well calculated to gain the hearts of the French. These are no doubt valuable qualities all the world over, but I think that all who have lived in France will agree that they are peculiarly appreciated in that country. The kindly hand-shaking and friendly smile which awaited the audience at the door of the mission rooms when Dr. McAll had been presiding, as they went out, had no doubt the effect of making them the more ready to come again and hear the Gospel message. The spirit and manner of the messenger were altogether in harmony with the message which he delivered.

There are two particulars in which Dr. McAll's method of work, might, I think, be successfully copied, not only in France but in England. One is that of renting empty shops as preaching places. A man in working dress will not enter a handsome church or chapel, where he knows that he would find a congregation in their Sunday clothes; but if he hears the sound of speaking and singing in a mere shop he may be induced to look in, feeling that he can easily make his retreat if he wishes to do so. And if he finds an audience containing people in working clothes like himself, he may be induced to stay.

*From *Robert Walker McAll*, Founder of the McAll Mission, Paris, a most interesting Memoir with portraits and other illustrations, pp. 252, cloth binding, price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Miss Daphne. A Story of the City and the Sea, by Rev. T. S. Millington. Pp. 344. Published by A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

Don Malcolm. A Story by I. T. Thurston. Pp. 311; price $1.25. Published by A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Cycle of Cathay; or China South and North, with Personal Reminiscences. By W. A. P. Martin, D. D., LL. D., with Illustrations and Map. Pp. 464; price $2. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures. By Wilbern Campbell Seofield. Pp. 392; price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

The King that is to Come.

From an Address on "Triumphs of Missionary Gospel" by Rev. J. D. Rankin, D.D.

DEFEATED by Charlemagne, Didier, the Lombards, the huge in Pavia. Who was Ogier, the Dane, former friend of the warrior. From the chronicle of the time Guizot takes a description of the of the besieging army and the terror duced. "Didier and Ogier ascended er of vast height whence they could the approach from afar. First the countless engines of war such have fitted the armies of Darius Cæsar. 'Is not Charles with the army?' asked Didier. Ogier answered 'No.' Next the horizon was with armies gathered from all quarters the vast empire. 'Certes, Charles eth in triumpth in the midst of this said the king. 'No, not yet,' was swer. 'What shall we do then the frightened king, 'should he come companied by a large band of wi 'You will see what he is when he replied Ogier, 'but as to what will of us I know nothing.' Next invincible guards that knew no rest this sight the Lombard King, with dread, exclaimed: 'This surely Charles.' 'No,' answered 'not yet.' In their wake came the the abbots, the ordinaries of the royal, and the counts. Then Didier out with groans, 'Let us descend ourselves in the bowels of the from the face and the fury of so foe.' Trembling, Ogier, who knew power and might of Charles, swer: 'When ye shall behold shaking for fear in the fields, gloomy Po and Ticino overflow walls of the city, with their waves ened with steel, then may ye Charles is coming.' He had speaking when there appeared in as it were, a cloud which turned day into awful shadows. As it the gleam of arms caused to shine city a day more gloomy than Then appeared Charles, his head in a helmet of steel, his hands with gauntlets of steel, his heart and his shoulders of marble, a cuirass of steel. All those who fore, those who accompanied who followed, even the whole armor of steel. The fields and ways were covered with steel; spears of steel reflected the rays And this hard steel was borne with hearts still harder. Through the city. The hearts of ple melted with fear. 'Here,' 'here is what you have so sought. This is Charles.' uttering these words he fell less."

The glory of Charlemagne will rivalled. Our King comes. armies, barriers have disappeared lost "Atlantus." The Occident Her schools appear. Ignorance a thinker loose in the world, trembles." Listen to the tram citizenship of to-morrow. Is this ing of the King? No. Christian ship moves into view. It come throne the Christ and apply his to civil affairs.

Certainly he is in its midst. not here. A vast concourse appear has never raged fierce enough; of the enemy have never been deep their charges fierce enough to dr from the standard of our King were "last at his cross and first at ulchre." Certainly the King adv the midst of this great host. No.

The Orient appears. From eag crowded China, the pagodas of H the sacred haunts of Buddha, the Nile, the strongholds of Islam are coming. From all oceans, the stray children of the continent com the shadow of St. Peter's dome mosque of Omar they come. Su is the King. No. But when th see all people flowing to the mo the Lord, * * * when thou shalt heaven opened and a white horse upon it and armies following h white horses and clothed in line and clean: then may ye know King has come.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Oct. 4, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Anxious Wife," Prairie View, Ark., that her husband, who has been delivered from the curse of drink in answer to prayers offered at the Bowery Mission, at her request, may now give himself to the Lord.——Beaver, North West, Tex., that a man who was once a follower of Christ, but has strayed away into sin, might be led to repentance and be restored to God's favor; also that his partner in business may be brought into Christ's fold and become a true disciple of the Lord. ——Reader, Galion, O., that his wife and children might be saved from sin and made new creatures in Christ Jesus.——"Sad Subscriber," Mobile, Ala., that two brothers who are addicted to strong drink, might be saved by the Lord who alone can deliver them. ——J. E. R., Tacoma, Wash., on behalf of a young Indian who wants to be a Christian, but it is much discouraged, that God would open his eyes and give him a new heart and the strength he needs.——"Believer," Butler, Pa., that God would graciously hear and answer the prayers of a son for the conversion of his father.——E. P., Yakima, Wash., for the conversion of her husband.——"Earnest Subscriber," Kalama, Wash., for the conversion of a fellow-workman, for whom many prayers have been offered.——"Anxious Mother," Duluth, Minn., on behalf of her two sons, one of whom has made a profession of Christ, but has wandered away from him, and the other who is away from home and exposed to temptation. Oh, that God would bless them both, and give to each the grace he especially needs. ——"Interested Subscriber," Hagerstown, Md., that God would convert an intemperate sister and deliver him from his bondage to drink; also that a young married man whose wickedness is breaking the hearts of those who love him, might be renewed by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit and saved from the power of sin.——B. S. T., Fallbrook, Mt., that one who has become discouraged and by not give up seeking Christ until he is fully saved.——"Mother," Milwaukee, Wis., for the conversion of a son who is a slave of the intoxicating cup, and that he may be saved from its power.——"One of God's Lambs," C. Will the dear Christian people please pray for my poor mamma, who is heartbroken, that God would cheer and comfort her, and especially that he would make my poor papa repentant of his wickedness, and give him a new heart and make him a good man (the writer is a girl of eleven years and in deep sorrow).——"Aged Widow," Danbury, Conn., that a dear man who was believed to be a Christian, but has yielded to temptation and fallen into grievous sin, may repent and be restored to God's favor.——A. L. R., Marshall, Ill., for the conversion of two sons, one of whom has been alienated from his family by unhappy differences and is acting cruelly. May God change his heart; also that two other sons and two daughters, none of whom know Christ, might be saved and made consistent followers of the Saviour.——"Reader," New Boston, N. H., for the rescue and reclamation of a very dear friend, a young lady who has left home and friends and has fallen very low. God can save her even now and restore her. Oh, that she may be brought to repentance and be saved from utter ruin.——"Praying Mothers," Everett, Va., that two sons of a Christian mother who prays for them day and night, might renounce drink and other sins and turn to the Lord.——B., Boston, Mass., earnestly requests prayer for a wayward young man now in prison for burglary, that he may be brought to repentance and reformation of life through Christ's power; also for the conversion of another young man who does not know that there is one thing he lacks; also that a woman who is earnestly trying to overcome a besetting sin in her own strength, may give it to Christ and give herself and all her difficulties into his hands.——C., New Brunswick, that her father, who is very wicked and profane, might be led to the Saviour and made a good man through the Holy Spirit's influence.——M. M., Ont., Can., that a dear boy far away, for whose conversion many prayers have been offered, might come back to his home a new creature in Christ.——I. M. L., Otumwa, Ia., for the conversion of a brother and sister.——Young Girl, Selwood, S. C., that no worldly men might be saved.——Anxious Mother, Petoskey, Mich., for the conversion of her three children.——Subscriber, Randolph, Ma., that a whole family, mother as well as children, may be saved from sin and give themselves wholly to the Lord's service.——Subscriber, Delaware, Pa., that four brothers who are not saved, may be led to Christ and become his followers, and live together in brotherly affection.——King's Daughter, Little Rock, N. Y., that a husband, who through the influence of bad companions has been led astray, may be restored to his wife and son, and by the grace of God be turned from sin to righteousness.——Lone Widow, Hartford, Ind., for the conversion of her only son, who is an unbeliever.——Friend, that God would take away from a dear friend his cruel thirst for strong drink, and give him the strength he needs to resist temptation and make him a true child of God.——An Aunt, Attleboro, Mass., that a young married man and his wife may be truly converted and have the blessing of God on their home.——Mother, Unionville, O., that God in his great mercy would interpose to save a daughter who is in circumstances of strong temptation, and that he would convince her of her sin, and arouse her to a sense of her danger, and keep her from straying from the path of virtue.——Anxious Mother, Beaver, Neb., earnestly begs prayer on behalf of her family of ten children, who with their father are in urgent need of God's converting grace, that they may turn from their evil ways and seek salvation through Christ.——Anxious Mother, North End, Okla. Ter., for the conversion of two sons, the elder of whom has a fatal love for the society of evil men and women.——Mother, Antigonish, N. S., that her dear son, who has become sceptical, might become a believer and a follower of the dear Lord.——Loving Mother, Wilkesbarre, Pa., that two dear sons may be delivered from the power of strong drink and might become sons of God.——Anxious Mother, Richmond, Va., for the conversion of two sons, one of whom has fallen under the power of strong drink.——M. T. H., Fox Lake, Ill., that her husband, who has recently been delivered from an evil habit, may become a true Christian and trust in Christ to keep him from all evil.——Wronged Wife, Tolono, Ill., who desires to thank God for answering the prayers offered at her request recently, now asks for prayer that her husband, who is nearing the end, might be converted before it is too late.——R. R., Ida Grove, Ia., for the conversion of a dear friend and his two brothers, who are all without Christ and without hope.

For the Restoration of Health. Anxious Husband, Claysville, Pa., who desires to thank God for answering prayers offered recently at the Bowery Mission at his request, now asks that prayer be offered for his wife's complete recovery.——S., Lexington, Ky., for the recovery of an afflicted son.——J. H. G., Stone Arabia, N.Y., that a dear friend afflicted with St. Vitus Dance, may be healed of the Lord.——B.F.S., Danville, Pa., the daughter of a Christian minister, that God would mercifully cure her of a distressing malady.——W. H. L., Rochester, Minn., for the recovery of a sick husband, and that God would grant the financial help so urgently needed.——H. H.C., Durham, Ont., that a beloved daughter, who has lost her reason, might be restored to Christ as he restored persons similarly afflicted when he was upon earth.——C. B., Danville, Ia., that a dear friend, who is trusting in Christ for the healing of a disease of long standing, may receive an answer of peace and hear the Saviour say to her, thy faith hath healed thee.——J. E. W., Harmonsburg, Pa., for the recovery of a dear boy, who is very low with typhoid fever. ——Constant Reader, Maple Grove, Ia., that a dear one, who is in very poor health, may be restored and may return to the Lord from whom he has wandered.——M. T. H., Fox Lake, Ill., for the recovery of a dear sister, and that God would avert from her a dreaded disease.——L. J. T., Howell, Tenn., for the restoration to health of an afflicted son.—— N. S., Winfield, Kan., who has three children sorely needing their mother's care, that God in his mercy would relieve her of a painful disease and restore her to health and strength. ——Reader, Grattan, Mass, for the recovery of two invalids.—— H. S., Prospect, N. J., for healing for mind and body and the peace that passes understanding.——The following persons also request prayers that the Great Physician would undertake their cases and heal them of their diseases: S.R.C., Greenup, Ky.; Reader, Pittston, Pa.; Hope Spring Valley, N. Y.; Believer, Denision, Ia.; M. M., Ont., Can.; Young Girl, Selwood, S. C.; Suffering Woman, Bayard, Ia.

For Special Blessings. Believer, Hamilton, O., who is much discouraged because of unanswered prayer, that God in his mercy would give her grace to know and do his will, and that he would grant her an answer of peace to her many prayers.—— Reader, New York, that a dear friend in Pennsylvania who is being tempted, may have the grace and strength she so urgently needs.—— S., Lexington, Ky., that a poor old father, who is laboring under a heavy load of debt, may receive the help he needs for his relief.—— Believer in Prayer, that God would mercifully give grace for the control of a hasty temper, and to be cured of the habit of using profane language.——R. P. M., Chicago, that a young man, who is earnestly seeking employment, may be guided of the Lord and may succeed. ——Believer, Averett, Va., that God in his great mercy would avert a misfortune that seems to be impending.——Anxious Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that an anxiety about absent relatives may be speedily relieved, and that a beloved one about whose mental condition he is anxious, may be kept well in body and mind and be preserved from trouble.——"In His Name," Melbourne, Fla., that a young husband and father may be enabled to obtain remunerative employment.——F. E. S., that her mother may be comforted for the death of her husband, and may cease to reproach herself for her conduct to him in his life.——R. R., Ida Grove, Ia., for grace to overcome a terrible habit.——B. B. G., Kentucky, that a gentleman in urgent need of financial help, may receive the resources on which he is depending for the payment of his obligations.——W.G.B., Carman, Ill., that in some way God would enable a mother and daughter to support themselves honestly.——Believer, Stuyvesant, N. Y., that a couple who were about to be married, but were separated through a misunderstanding and the utterance of hasty words, may be reconciled and not wreck their lives through being too proud to own themselves in the wrong.——R. L. H., Lynchburg, Va., that some of the Lord's wealthy children would see it their duty to build an orphanage in a district where one is urgently needed.—— C. E., Tecumseh, Mich., that dear aged parents, who are in danger of losing their home, may receive such financial help as will enable them to retain it; also that a dear friend may obtain a position.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

Siam's Young Ruler.

On the occasion of the birthday of the young King of Siam, this portrait was published in *Black and White*, a London illustrated weekly and is doubtless one of the best that has ever been taken of that progressive ruler. Among the innovations he has introduced in the ancient kingdom are the telegraph and the telephone, electric lighting and railways. In Siam, as in other oriental countries that have come under the influence of Europe, the natural conservatism of the rulers is gradually being undermined, and the people that sit in darkness are beginning to see the light of Western civilization. Siam has been slow to advance, but its people have a certain cleverness and adaptability which should make their progress a singularly rapid one, as soon as they have made up their minds to enjoy the benefit of inventions and discoveries to which the whole wide world is heir.

THE YOUNG KING OF SIAM.

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE.

"COME," said a voice to to a poet, as he sought an elusive rhyme,
One night when the world was sleeping, in the heart of the sweet May time:
"Oh, how can I come?" he answered, "let me alone I pray,
For the verse which I now am weaving the hearts of men will sway."

"Come," said the voice to a statesman, as he stood in the senate hall,
And men moved on at his bidding like troops at a bugle call:
"How can I come?" he answered, "my sun in its zenith stands—
Before it sets for ever my name shall be known in all lands."

"Come," said the voice to a mother with her children at her knee,
Dreaming how safe and happy their life by her side should be:
"Oh, I cannot come," she answered, "I pray you let me stay—
For how can I leave my darlings to wander far away?"

No other word was spoken, but the poet left his pen,
The statesman's name was heard no more upon the lips of men,
And the children found no mother, though they called with sobbing breath,
For the voice which spoke all must obey—it was the voice of Death!

In Distant Mission Fields.

Latest Notes of Gospel Work in Other Lands.

IN this missionary age, it is pleasant to note the energy and zeal with which the faithful servants of Christ are publishing the Gospel of Salvation in distant lands. Below will be found the substance of late reports from several fields.

THE GOSPEL IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Sir H. Johnson, British Commissioner in Central Africa, in his latest official report says: "No person who desires to make a truthful statement can deny the great good effected by missionary enterprise in Central Africa. There are missions and missionaries out here of whose work nothing but praise can be uttered, though much just criticism might be written of their mode of life, which in some instances is singularly and needlessly ascetic and uncomfortable. I think that if white men and women are expected to live in Central Africa and to carry on an active work, whether it be educational, religious, commercial, or political, they should first of all be comfortably housed, and, secondly, they should eat the best of food. If they will do this, then they may be able to spend ten or fifteen years of their life in Central Africa without serious results."

A LEPER ASYLUM OPENED.

A leper asylum has been opened at Asansol in Bengal, India, where a good and growing work is being done among these poor sufferers. The institution bears the name of "Christaram," meaning "Rest in Christ," and not a few of its afflicted inmates have found rest and hope in Him. The asylum is on a piece of broken, sandy ground, which in a few years will be a shady grove and orchard, with two rows of houses for men and women, and a little church midway.

FINLAND'S LONG REVIVAL.

A spiritual rebirth has been progressing in Finland for several years past. In 1879 Lord Radstock came to Finland, when visiting St. Petersburg. His visit resulted in a revival. Many ladies and students were converted in Helsingfors, and the religious movement began which has quite changed the spiritual atmosphere in Finland. Dr. Grattan Guinness and Dr. Baedeker visited Finland, helping the movement on its way, and in 1884 Mr. Reginald Radcliffe went through Finland from town to town proclaiming the Gospel. The churches were open to him in many places. Very soon evangelistic work began in earnest, and there arose revivals in many places; from that time till now there have been some thousands converted. There are about one thousand communicants in the free churches, and about thirty evangelists, including some women evangelists. Since this revival in the free churches, Methodist and Salvation Army friends have entered Finland.

PARIAH VILLAGES OF MADRAS.

W. Raju Naida, a missionary of Madras, writes of the despised and ostracised pariahs in that district of India: "They are in the deepest ignorance and are slaves to gross superstition and meaningless customs. Theirs is the hardest lot imaginable. I visit daily six Pariah villages, in two of which we have day and night schools for Pariah girls and boys. These schools have at present eighty children, who learn English as well as Tamil. They are conducted purely on Christian lines. Christian education is an undoubted blessing to this poor, despised class. I proclaim the glad tidings to the Pariahs in their villages. Some have already become Christians, and attend our Sabbath services; we have five Sunday-schools, attended by 350 pupils."

SICK MISSIONARIES IN EGYPT.

An epidemic of typhoid has visited the staff of the North Africa Mission in Egypt. Four ladies—Misses Dickins, Watson, White and Mills—have been prostrated. Dr. H. Smith was expected to die, and several others were more or less ill.

Sickness Among Children.

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

Alpine Disasters.

ALMOST every season, some lives are sacrificed to the passion for Alpine adventure. Though difficult mountains are presumably dangerous, easy mountains are by no means universally safe. Mont Blanc is one great instance to the contrary. It is the easiest large peak in the Alps, and it also has the longest death-roll. The Lyskamm—where the latest Alpine accident took place—is another case in point. An amateur of fairly athletic habit might go up the Lyskamm and down again and never suspect that he had been in danger. But the guides know better. They know that when once you get on the *arete*, you are in danger all the time. All along the great *arete*, which is so smooth and broad and easy

SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE LYSKAMM.

from the Gornergrat, there runs a terrible cornice of snow directly overhanging the glaciers at the mountain's base. The width of this cornice varies from year to year, so that the climber cannot always be quite sure whether it is a mountain or cornice that he is treading upon. If he does tread upon the cornice, it will probably break away under his feet, and he will go careering down the ice-slopes to the glaciers. The Lyskamm long remained unclimbed. In August, 1871, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hall found their way to the top and got back safely. The chapter of accidents did not open until a few years later. One of the accidents, (the scene of which is shown in our illustration), was a cornice accident and five persons perished. William Arnold Lewis, and Noel H. Patterson, with the guides Niklaus Johann and Peter and Joseph Knubel. The cause was that a snow cornice on the *arete* about 500 feet below the summit of the mountain, had given way under the weight of the party, and they had fallen some 1,200 feet on to the glacier beneath. Death must have been instantaneous.

The other great Lyskamm accidents were of a somewhat different character. A Mr. Chester left the Riffel to make the ascent of the Lyskamm and before ten o'clock in the evening of the same day his guides returned with the news that he was dead. He had fallen off the *arete*, and, being roped to them, had dragged them down with him for a distance of a thousand feet. It was established that the two guides had first saved their lives by their cowardice. Their services were no more in demand in Zermatt and the

"Faithful Unto Death."

At [illegible] China Inland Mission in London, Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, illustrating Christian fidelity, related the following instructive historical incident:

[illegible]

Have you ever read that story which Gibbon tells of Abu Taher? At the head of the Carmathians he was approaching Bagdad with five hundred men, and they had thirty thousand mercenary troops to meet him, and he was told, "We have broken down the bridges, and we have cut off your retreat, and the best thing you can do is to make the best possible terms, for we will annihilate your five hundred soldiers in a very short time." His answer was, "Your master has not in his thirty thousand men three men who will do his bidding as any one of these five hundred men will do mine." Then said he to one of his soldiers, "Plunge a dagger in your breast," and he did it. He said to another, "Leap off yonder precipice," and to another, "Drown yourself in the Tigris," and soon there was a mangled form on the rocks on the one side, and a drowning form in the river on the other. "Now tell your master what you have seen, and tell him that before night I will chain his generals with my dogs." And he did. How? Because he had five hundred men that would go where they were told to go, and would do what they were told to do. What could not Jesus Christ do if, with the forty millions of Protestant church members in Europe and America, every man and every woman was ready simply to go where they were told, and ready to do what they were told to do? This is the thing that we need, not a pitiful, transient enthusiasm, but absolute, unhesitating obedience to the Master's command.

HE LEADETH THEM OUT.

A DAY of Summer beauty,
The earth with sunshine bright,
Sweet flowers, glad insects humming,
Joy in the golden light.
Yet on my heart a shadow,
A gathering cloud of fear—
When came this precious promise
From Unseen Presence near:
"He leadeth them out."

Going before, he leadeth
Unto fair pasture green;
By sweet, still waters flowing,
'Neath soft, blue skies serene.
Out of earth's strife and tempest
Into a hallowed calm,
When his own peace is hovering,
And all the air is balm,
"He leadeth them out."

Oh living hand still leading
Through all the unknown way,
Where darkness falls around me,
Dimming hopes cheering ray,
How dear amid the darkness,
The prison hours of fear,
To know that thou art with me—
The shepherd's voice to hear.
"He leadeth them out."

Out of all sorrow leadeth,
By tender, nail-pierced hand,
Giving me strength for weakness,
In this oft-weary land,
Out of myself and evil,
Into a larger place,
To dwell with Him forever,
In glory see His face.
"He leadeth me out."

FIDELIA HOLDER.

Your cough, like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough.

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The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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E C Melvar	1 00
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Prev ackd	$21 38
Endeavorer, Chesapeake City	1 00
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H B Brown	50
Hon Robt A Livingston	8 50
F, New Canaan	6 00
C H Reader, East Haven	1 00
Total	**$103.25**

Home Missions.

Prev ackd	$14 00
Mrs C A Taylor	5 00
Total	**$19.00**

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Prev ackd	$58 62
Mrs F H Tafford	10 00
Mr & Mrs J M Lewis & friends	50
Mrs M VM, Shushan	4 00
Mary C Austin	12 00
S J Allen	5 00
Total	**$130.12**

For Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen.

Prev ackd	$132 06
—, Idlewild Media	5 00
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For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev ackd	$405 65
Widow C, Winthrop	1 50
Friend, Franklin	3 00
Invalid, Me	5 00
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A D Chambers	5 00
Rev W F Stewart	10 00
Joseph Parmley	5 00
Dr H N Biddle	1 00
Clara Craven	15 00
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For Foreign Missions.

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Clara Craven	15 00
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For the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev ackd	$13 00
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A Brother's Love.

This little anecdote carries with it a strong and beautiful spiritual lesson. A cry of "fire" was raised at a children's entertainment. Amidst the confusion and terror a lad sat quietly in his place, with a smaller child in his arms. When the danger was past, he was asked, "Why did you not try to escape?" "I couldn't carry baby through the crowd, and I couldn't leave him—he's my brother," he said. The Bible tells us of a Friend who both can and will carry us safely through danger, never leaving us alone to face it.

Look

Sharply to the condition of your blood. At this season peculiar perils assail the system. There are sudden changes in temperature; fogs and dampness, chilly nights, lowering clouds, drenching rains. These sudden changes bring on colds, fevers, pneumonia, bronchitis and other ailments. Keep the blood pure, rich and full of vitality and you will be well.

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ROBERT J. REED.

well as for aiding the helpless and uplifting those who have fallen in the struggle with are multiplying every year. Among many Christian philanthropies, the Helping Hand Mission is doing a notably good work. In his latest report, Secretary and Treasurer Robert J. Reed writes this interesting description of the character of the Mission's labors and their spiritual result:

"Night after night, we tell the story of love. A year has elapsed since we opened the mission. God has blessed us! Our gospel light has been burning brightly, and the mission is cherished in the hearts of hundreds who have found here the termination of their downward career, and taken their first steps in the path which grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

"The Mission's headquarters are at No. 509 South Halsted street. Meetings are held every night in the year, consisting of a second prayer service, short Gospel addresses, testimonials and inquiry meeting. On Mondays and Fridays the workers are assisted by a volunteer choir. During the last months the song services have attracted large audiences, and during the entire year it is estimated that not less than 5,000 have heard the Gospel message at the Mission Hall. Every night numbers are brought salvation. A Converts' meeting is held every Sunday forenoon, and this has been a source of blessing and encouragement to all who have participated in it. During the months from April to November free meals were distributed to an average of 200 men at each of these special services. Shortly after the opening of the Mission, a Sunday School was organized, and now eighty scholars are in attendance at every session.

The Mission is supported solely by voluntary contributions. Its expenses are somewhat under $2,000 a year. Its officers are: Ed. S. Curtis, President; Wm. Davidson, Vice-President; Robt. J. Reed, Secretary and Treasurer, and Henry Adams, John Stewart, F. M. Lindsley, Associate Directors.

Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

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[illegible]	5 00
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A A a[illegible] L Dr[illegible]	100 00
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[illegible]	24
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Friend E, [illegible]	5 00
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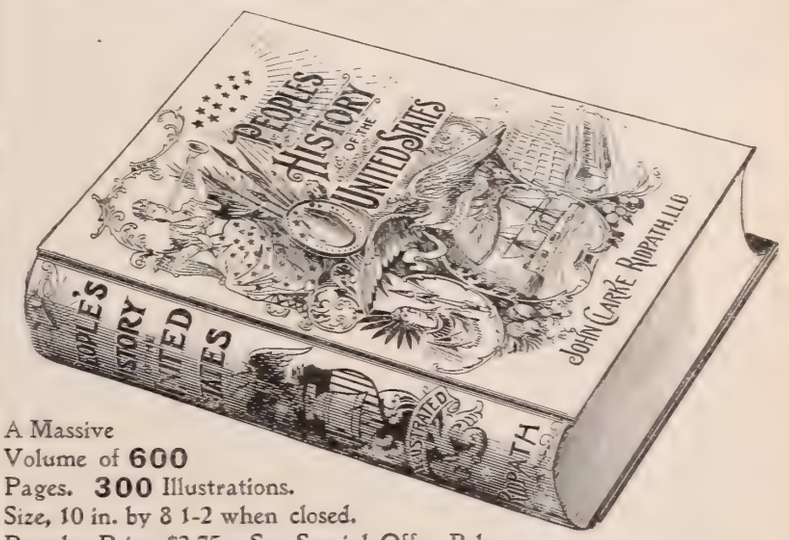

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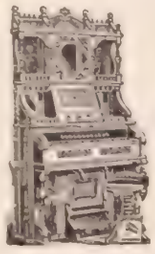

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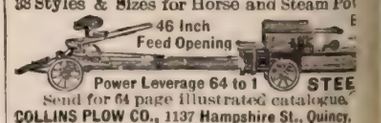

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OLUME 19. NUMBER 44.

ev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1896. Price Five Cents.

EGYPT'S MUSHROOM CITY.

ort Said and its People of Many Races and Tongues — A City Built on Sand and which was Created by the Suez Canal Trade — A Visit to the Native Quarter — Cairo and Port Said Contrasted — Street Scenes in Both Cities.

TO those who pass through e Suez Canjourneying or from the st, there are w stopping- ces along e line of that nous waterway that seem ss inviting n Port Said. e little town a strange dley of the cient and modern, ary enough aspect, and king like a ster of cheap ldings lying a sloping d barren nd-bank, h little to dicate its imtance. It is mushroom , the newin a land of es that are old as hisy itself. Yet tourist who find time to it it will be ply repaid the labor. no other city its size in e whole rld, probaly, is there to found a ater variety nationalis. Egyptns, Turks, eeks, Engs, Germans, bs, Syrians, bians, Malse, and hers, are nd there. a total ulation of s than 20,-, nearly onef reside in a etched nae suburb, a rt distance st of the n proper. But, alugh Port id is little re than a ling station the great nal, it possses an interest for the servant veler that tweighs its mmercial importance. If one has artistic tastes there bundant material for study on that treeless and desoe-looking strip of sand upon which the town lies. ere are few hotels and only one that makes any pretentions to modern conveniences, and its guests have at first been puzzled and then amused to discover that no female help was employed there, even the cooking and chamber-work being performed by men in an odd costume of blouse and trousers. In the streets of the little town, few women are seen, and when the wives and mothers of the population of Port Said do venture out, to do their shopping or marketing, it is a rare thing, indeed, to see them unattended. Our artist has seized the opportunity, in the color picture on this page, of showing how a Port Said matron appears when she goes to market. It is a sketch from the life. The Arab husband and father sets his wife and child on the family donkey, the mother wrapped in the folds of her *milayeh*, (the cloak which serves as hood, veil, and mantle, and is always worn outdoors), and her face is effectually hidden from the vulgar gaze of strangers. On certain days, in the native quarter of the town, women are seen in greater numbers. Marion Harland, who visited Port Said a few years ago, describes them in her famous book, *The Home of the Bible*, as sitting "in the doors of their houses, or upon the ground, knitting, tending babies, and gossiping; they stirred messes in brass pots over braziers of charcoal. They sold beads, sweetmeats, sausages, apples, dates, and lemons, at stalls set right in the street. However engaged, they were covered up to the eyes in a sort of combination suit of circular cloak, hood,

AN ARAB FAMILY OF PORT SAID GOING TO MARKET.

(*Continued on page 791.*)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Pageantry of the Woods.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Isaiah 64: 6: . . . . . } "We all do fade as a leaf."

IT is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet;" a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of Nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a [illegible] into the autumnal leaf a glance that none [illegible] mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the Far West, and one autumn, about [illegible] of Cropsey and other skilful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand [illegible] God stretches his canvas! A grander [illegible] and scarlet. Here and there the trees [illegible] into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepare to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghanies, and then it had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

First. Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves to-day, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the Church nor the State will suffer for it. There will be others to take the places. When God takes one man away, he has another right back of him. God is so rich in resources that he could spare five thousand Summerfields and Saurins, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well-pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands—some working on deck; some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin, sound asleep in the hammocks.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams; they will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's lair, and fill the eagle's eyrie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over two hundred thousand of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. Cæsar is there, and all his subjects. Nero there, and all his victims. City of kin and paupers! It has swallowed up in immigrations Thebes, and Tyre and Bab lon, and will swallow all our cities. Y City of Silence. No voice. No hoof. wheel. No clash. No smiting of ha mer. No clack of flying loom. No j No whisper. Great City of Silence! all its million million hands, not one them is lifted. Of all its million milli eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all million million hearts, not one pulsat The living are in small minority.

If, in the movement of time, some gr question between the living and the de should be put, and God called up all t dead and the living to decide it, as we lift our hands, and from all the resting-places the dead they lifted their hands, the de would outvote us. Why, the multitu of the dying and the dead are as these tumnal leaves drifting under our feet day. We march on toward eternity, by companies of a hundred, or regimen of a thousand, or brigades of ten th sands, but sixteen hundred million abrea Marching on! Marching on!

Again: As with variety of appearar the leaves depart, so do we. You have ticed that some trees, at the first touch the frost, lose all their beauty; they sta withered, and uncomely, and ragged, wa ing for the northeast storm to drive th into the mire. The sun shining at noond gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leav Dead leaves! No one stands to study the They are gathered in no vase. They hung on no wall. So death smites mar There is no beauty in their departure. O sharp frost of sickness, or one blast off t cold waters, and they are gone. No tin of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Th spring was all abloom with bright pr pects; their summer thick foliaged wi opportunities; but October came, and th glory went. Frosted! In early autur the frosts come, but do not seem to da age vegetation. They are light fros But some morning you look out of t window and say, "There was a black fr last night," and you know that from tl day everything will wither. So men see to get along without religion, amid the noyances and vexations of life that them slightly here and nip them the But after awhile death comes. It is a bla frost, and all is ended.

Oh, what withering and scatteri death makes among those not prepared meet it! They leave everything pleasa behind them—their house, their famili their friends, their books, their picture and step out of the sunshine into t shadow. They quit the presence of bir and bloom, and wave, to go unbeckon and unwelcomed. The bower in whi they stood, and sang, and wove chaplet and made themselves merry, has go down under an awful equinoctical. No b can toll one-half the dolefulness of th condition. Frosted!

But thank God that is not the way pe ple always die. Tell me, on what day all the year the leaves of the woodbine a as bright as they are to-day? So Christi character is never so attractive as in tl dying hour. Such go into the grave, n as a dog, with frown and harsh voic driven into a kennel, but they pass aw calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly! the leaf! As the leaf!

Why go to the death-bed of distinguish ed men, when there is hardly a house this street but from it a Christian h departed? When your baby died the were enough angels in the room to hav chanted a coronation. When your fathe died you sat watching, and after awhi felt of his wrist, and then put your han under his arm to see if there were an warmth left, and placed the mirror to th mouth to see if there were any sign breathing; and when all was over, yo thought how grandly he slept — a gian resting after a battle. Oh! there ar many Christian death-beds. The chariot of God, come to take his children home

speeding every-whither. This one lts at the gate of the almshouse; that le at the gate of princes. The shout of otives breaking their chains comes on e morning air. The heavens ring again d again with the coronation. The elve gates of heaven are crowded with ascending righteous. I see the ac-nulated glories of a thousand Christian th-beds—an autumnal forest illumined an autumnal sunset! They died not shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! the leaf!

astly: As the leaves fade and fall only rise, so do we. All this golden shower the woods is making the ground richer, in the juice, and sap, and life of the the leaves will come up again. Next the south wind will blow the resur-tion trumpet, and they will rise. So fall in the dust only to rise again. "he hour is coming when all who are in r graves shall hear his voice and come th." It would be a horrible considera-to think that our bodies were always e in the ground. However beautiful flowers you plant there, we do not t to make our everlasting resi-e in such a place.

have with these eyes seen so y of the glories of the natural d, and the radiant faces of my ds, that I do not want to think when I close them in death I never open them again. It is enough to have a hand or foot tated. In a hospital, after a er had had his hand taken off, aid, "Good-by, dear old hand, have done me a great deal of service," and burst into tears. a more awful thing to think aving the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must my body again, to see with, ar with, to walk with. With and I must clasp the hand of ved ones when I have passed over Jordan, and with it wave triumphs of my King. Aha! hall rise again—we shall rise . As the leaf! As the leaf!

ossing the Atlantic the ship founder, and our bodies be by the sharks; but God tam-eviathan, and we shall come . In awful explosion of factory our bodies may be shattered a hundred fragments in the ut God watches the disaster, ve shall come again. He will the deep, and ransack the , and upturn the wilderness, orture the mountain, but he nd us, and fetch us out and up to dgment and to victory. We shall come ith perfect eye, with perfect hand, perfect foot, and with perfect body. ur weaknesses left behind.

fall, but we rise, we die, but we again! We moulder away, but we to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As e leaf!

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

WEN I have time, so many things I'll do
o make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll p to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

Wh I have time, the friend I love so well
Sha know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll d her feet in pleasant paths always,
And heer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

Wh you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May e beyond the reach of all your sweet intent—
May ever know that you so kindly meant
To her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now s the time! Ah, friend no longer wait
To tter loving smiles and words of cheer
To se around whose lives are now so dear,
The nay not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

Egypt's Mushroom City.

(Continued from first page.)

and veil, usually black, and of some opaque material. How a native woman, thus muffled up and swathed, can discharge even the few domestic duties incumbent upon one who lives mainly in the open air, is a puzzle to the foreign observer.

That nothing may be lacking from the discomfort of mantle, wimple and veil, our Arabian, or Egyptian, or Syrian matron wears, in token of her honorable estate of wedlock, a brass tube, nearly an inch in diameter, strapped perpendicularly upon her forehead directly between her eyebrows and in a line with the bridge of her nose. Close scrutiny showed us the black string attached to one end and losing itself in the close black hood which forms the upper part of the mantle; how it was attached to the veil below is still to us an Oriental enigma. Through this pipe, Mohammed, or some other Moslem authority in spiritual matters, is supposed to breathe admonition, counsel and consolation as the married devotee requires it.

In the native quarter, apart from the picturesqueness of the people themselves, there is little to attract the visitor. It is an evil-smelling, insalubrious section from which one is glad to escape. An open roadway leads from it to the edge of the canal. This road terminates in a cemetery two miles from town, and no spot could be drearier or less inviting. All the cemeteries—Christian, Coptic and Moslem—lie in sandy wastes, and are exposed in places to the ravages of the sea and the destruction wrought by the desert winds. Boxes, some of wood and others of cement, are fitted over the graves to protect them as far as possible from decay. On Fridays—the Moslem Sabbath and mourning day—veiled women may be seen in the Mohammedan cemetery weeping over their dead.

It is somewhat of a relief to get away from Port Said, especially in the hot season. The only part of the population that seems to fully enjoy life is the little Arab lads who paddle around the steamers in tiny skiffs that dance on the waves, and who are ready at a moment's notice to dive for a coin tossed into the clear, blue waters, by some generous passenger, as the steamer ploughs her way toward the east.

Port Said deserves the title of the "Mushroom City" of Egypt, for it is a creation of the Suez Canal and sprang up on the sandy slope almost magically. It is by no means a charming place in any sense, nor is that part of the Canal peculiarly pleasing. Some travelers have described its banks as rendered gay and brilliant by beautifully plumaged birds, including the pelican, flamingo, and spoonbill, but the usual experience is either intense heat or a sand-storm that fills eyes, ears, nose, mouth and everything.

In striking contrast to the newness and bareness of life at Port Said and its lack of picturesque surroundings, are the scenes that greet the traveler in Cairo, one of the very oldest of Egypt's most remarkable cities. Our photographer has given us an idea, in the illustration on this page, of some of the peculiar street sights to be witnessed there—an Oriental barber at work, his customers kneeling on carpets spread on the stones of a public square, or courtyard. Regarding his visit to Cairo, Hon. Z. T. Sweeney wrote:

"Cairo is a much handsomer city than Alexandria, and more than twice as large. It is the largest in Africa, and next to Constantinople the largest under Mohammedan rule. It is really cosmopolitan. Here is a mixture of all nations and creeds. The sons of Shem, Ham and Japhet buy and sell in her markets. The mosque, cathedral and chapel adorn her streets. You can pass along one of the main streets of Cairo and imagine you are in England or America, while you can go two blocks away and conceive yourself to be in Bagdad, or in the land of the Arabian Nights.

A STREET SCENE IN CAIRO—THE PUBLIC BARBER AND HIS PATRONS.

"Upon the broad verandahs of the hotels men of India display their wares, and the snake-charmer of Central Africa performs for your enjoyment and his profit. One of the miserable creatures used to come every evening, and bring his "school" of snakes of all sizes, and give his loathsome performances with deadly reptiles, to the great disgust of nearly all the guests, and the extreme delight of a few, whose tastes seemed to be in sympathy with his own.

"The first point of interest is the Citadel. This was a fortified place erected by Saladin, 1166, and the only place of defense in the city. The Turks let it fall into ruin, until it was thoroughly repaired by the late Pasha. It is now occupied by British troops. It is situated about one hundred feet above the general level of the city, and when built thoroughly commanded the city. Since the invention of gunpowder it is of little use, however, as a place of defense, being too near the Mokattom range of hills, from whence the British easily cannonaded it. Within the precincts are a cannon foundry, printing press, and the mint. Here also is the celebrated Gate where the Mamelukes were slaughtered by order of Mehemet Ali. Only one escaped, and he jumped his horse over the wall, down forty feet upon some rocks. The horse was killed by the fall, but the man escaped, only to be overtaken and killed in the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, near by. In this latter Mosque, which is considered the finest piece of Arabian architecture in the world, they still show the spot where his blood stained the marble floor. I noticed a great many similar stains on the floor in other parts of the Mosque, and came to the conclusion that there must have been more than a dozen Mamelukes killed in the Mosque, if the discolored spots are any testimony.

"Here is also what is known as Joseph's Well. It is a remarkable well, about 15 feet square, and cut down 250 feet into the solid rock. The guide tells you that Joseph, when under Pharaoh, had it built in commemoration of the pit into which he was cast by his brethren. The guide-book tells you that no one knows the origin of the well, though one Yussuf (Joseph) had it excavated and put in repair about seven hundred years ago. The reader can take his choice of the versions."

The view from the citadel is by far the finest around Cairo. To the west, the Great Pyramids and Boulac, with its museum. To the east, Heliopolis and its obelisk, with the Virgin's tree and ostrich farm. To the north, Shoubrah and Ghezirah Palaces, with the grounds and drives; while southward are seen Memphis and Sakkara, with a whole group of pyramids centering around the "Step Pyramid."

A Mission on a Race-Track.

There are few places where profanity, anger, dissipation, gambling and other forms of vice are so glaring as on the average race-track. A novelty in Christian work, in the form of a Race-Course Mission, has lately been established in Doncaster, England for the purpose of carrying the Gospel message to the frequenters of the various race-courses of that country. Josiah Nix was the organizing secretary, and Joseph Jackson, the general secretary of the new movement. Mr. Jackson was formerly connected with the East London Wesleyan Mission. The Race-Course Mission paid its first visit to Doncaster during race week this year. Two furniture vans were placed in convenient positions and at the outset the mission workers were reinforced by numerous volunteers and crowds came from the race-track to listen to the services. Many were deeply affected and promised to leave off their dissipations and begin a new life. One remarkable incident took place on the last day of the races. Among the workers was a well-known minstrel, who was converted three years ago. He and his banjo had been busily engaged during the week in Gospel work. Old companions and acquaintances were sought ought out on the track, and the story of his changed life was told with good effect.

On returning to the town after the last race, his attention was called to a saloon. The window of the bar-room was open, and a large, broad-brimmed hat was visible. A touch of the hat brought round the face of the wearer. His blackened face soon told his calling; bnt he was alone, and was drinking. To their mutual astonishment they recognized one another as old acquaintances. The convert gave particulars of his conversion, and urged his new-found mate to give up his mode of life and serve Christ. 'I can't come now,' was the reply, 'I'm blackened up.' 'Never mind that; when I came to Jesus he washed my heart white while my face was black.'

It was a novel and delightful sight. As the man was on his knees, tears made furrows down his black face. Soon his sorrow was turned to joy."

The Racecourse Mission promises to be a potent force for righteousness in a locality where it is greatly needed.

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$675 00
L. L. Dewar	1 00
Widow, Gilmanton Iron Works	1 00
Total	$675.00

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Temple Dedicated.

Sunday School Lesson for November 8. 1 Kings 8: 54-63. Golden Text, Heb 2: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A HOUSE for the Lord, and the Lord not there, would be a useless and unmeaning structure. A "house for the name of the Lord," where anyone or anything should take precedence of his holy name, would be but a mockery of him; a place for the Lord to dwell in, where his presence was welcomed only from time to time, where he may be as "a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night," this would be only a dishonor to our God. Are we, as his temple, his continual, glorious dwelling place? It was not God's thought, but David's, to build the Temple at Jerusalem; but God respected and accepted the homage of his servant, and David put all his heart into the work. But the thought of a living Temple, built with living stones, to be "eternal in the heavens," is not of man's originating, it emanated from God himself. He could say indeed, "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest forever: here will I dwell, for I have desired it" (Ps. 132: 13, 14), yet "My rest forever" points to something beyond the transient experiences of this passing world.

The True Dedication

of Solomon's Temple was not the king's prayer, nor was it his offering nor that of the priests. All this was indeed necessary, as it was man's part of the transaction, but that which really hallowed the temple was the cloud which "filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord." "The Lord is in his holy temple; be silent all the earth before him." (Hab. 2: 20.) It is not the fervor, the self-sacrifice, the entirety of our consecration which makes us "holy unto the Lord," but the true reality that the Lord himself comes to abide in us. The mystery hid from ages and generations, but which is manifest to his saints is not the superiority of self-devotion in God's people, but it is "Christ in you the hope of Glory" (Col. 1: 27), it is the Lord in his Temple, making it possible that the flesh shall yield and be brought to silence before him. In the death of Christ our old man was crucified, and Christ can live his own holy life in such as accept that identification with him in his death and resurrection, which Paul calls "buried with Christ," and "risen with him by faith of the operation of God who raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 12.) The flesh, in which dwelleth no good thing, and the very goodliness of which, as the flower of the field withers and dies, must be put to silence, and cease to have a voice where "the Lord is in his holy temple." He has come to supersede the flesh, and in his presence no quarter must be given to that which his very death for us condemns. Our rights, our wishes, our feelings, our susceptibilities, all in us which others can hurt, and wound, and offend, cannot, must not, have a voice, or the smallest consideration in the Temple where the Lord is. Be silent, O our rights! be silent, O our wishes! be silent, O our susceptibilities! The Lord Jehovah is here. It is becoming in such a Presence

[illegible] is a shame in such a Presence that your existence should be recognized. The

A Living Temple,

[illegible] forming the dwelling-place of such an One that there should be response to no other therein; recognition of no other except in relation to him. Every other stone, precious because part of the temple, a lost world, loved because he hath so loved the world; our dear ones, doubly dear from the moment we cease to hold them for the satisfaction they give us, or the honor we may obtain through them, but only as committed to us in a holy trust by him. As we enter into the realities of the living temple of which we form a part, it becomes more and more a habit to look at all things in their relation to God, rather than to ourselves. We learn how to "know no man after the flesh" (II. Cor. 5: 16), no man for our own selfish ends. "All things are of God," all things working together for good to them that love him (Rom. 8: 28).

The first act of Solomon in his dedication of the temple was to assemble all the representatives and head men of Israel to bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, and he set it under the wings of the wooden cherubim, which he had overlaid with gold. The golden cherubim made "of one piece with the mercy seat," were still an integral part of the mercy seat, which formed the cover of the ark, within which were the tables of stone with the writing of God upon them: the type of God's union with the man who has his law within his heart. This done, Solomon and the people sacrificed numberless sacrifices to the Lord. They did not reckon. It was something of the same spirit which animated the early Church when they had "all things common," and no man would own as his any of his possessions (Acts 4: 32). It was then that the cloud of God's glory filled the temple. The offering was accepted,

God Had Taken Possession.

And now Solomon takes the position of an intercessor for his people. Recapitulating all that God had done, and omitting altogether what his father and he had done, to lead up to the present moment—for the presence of Jehovah shut out that of man—he went on to plead with God for his people in divers situations. It was a long prayer and very inclusive, and all the king's heart was in it; it must have been unforgetable by those who were gathered there together, and God also did not forget it. "And it was so that when Solomon had made an end of offering all this prayer and supplication unto the Lord, he arose from before the altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his knees with his hands spread up to heaven. And he stood and blessed all the congregation of Isreal with a loud voice. Nearer to God than to man at that solemn blessed moment Solomon, no priest of the house of Aaron, but a true priest at heart, exercised priestly functions and blest in the name of the Lord (Num. 6: 24-27; Deut. 10: 8).

The blessing of Solomon was characteristic: it was first of all a tribute of praise to God: "Blessed be the God that hath given rest unto his people Israel according to all that he hath promised: there hath not failed one word of his good promise by the hand of Moses his servant." The king could only bless his people as he led them to have confidence in God. The greatest blessing we can bring to any man is to lead him to know and count upon God. Next the king in his blessing says: "The Lord be with us as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us: that he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, which he commanded our fathers (I. Kings 8: 57, 58). Every blessing, of basket and store, of wealth and long life, of peace and prosperity, and above all, every spiritual blessing was included in the words," The Lord our God be with us." When our beloved Lord gave his last charge to the eleven, he left with them as his special parting blessing, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20). Solomon knew well that to have God with us is to have a heart inclined to obey him. Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments (I. John 2: 3). It is impossible to know him and not love him; and we cannot love him who is Almighty in his love and holiness, as well as his power, without trusting and obeying him. Solomon's great wisdom did not make him independent of his God, he knew, by the very "wise and understanding heart" which God had given him, how dependent he was upon him for the very inclination to obey him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

IN all the history of the chosen people, there was no day so glorious as the day of dedication. It was a day of rejoicing, of solemn pageantry, and of devout consecration. In seven and a half years, the vast army of men had built up the foundations of the temple, and practically completed the magnificent little edifice, a perfect gem of a building, lustrous with gold and precious stones. The dedication appears to have been hurried forward about a month, in order to make it coincide with the Feast of Tabernacles, or, as some scholars think, it was delayed eleven months to bring it to that date. The Feast of Tabernacles commemorated the goodness of God during the forty years wandering in the wilderness. The completion of the temple was splendid evidence of the settlement in the land when the wandering had ceased. It was also a harvest festival corresponding with our Thanksgiving, an appropriate time for such a ceremony as the dedication. The Ark had been carried with solemn reverence from the place in Zion, where David had temporarily deposited it, into the Holy of Holies and placed in that dark room in the Temple prepared for it. The staves with which it was carried, were drawn out of the rings and placed by its side, in token of its wanderings having ended in that permanent and magnificent abiding place. Then the great assembly was held to dedicate the Temple to the worship of God. The spectacle must have been a memorable one. The vast array of priests, clad in white robes, grouped around the altar, blowing their silver trumpets, the dense crowds of people from all parts of the kingdom filling the courts and, over and above all, visible to every person in the huge assemblage, the king alone on the brazen platform erected for him. Kneeling down, the first time that that attitude of prayer, so familiar to us, is mentioned in Scripture, he besought God's blessing on the completed work. An introduction, seven petitions, and a sublime conclusion compose the beautiful prayer. That the Temple might be recognized as the abode of God, by the people of Israel wheresoever they may be, is the king's desire, and he beseeches God to encourage them by answering them when in future they presented their petitions toward the Temple, and also to answer even the stranger who might realize that God dwelt there, and pray to him. Yet the king's idea is more intelligent than his prayer might appear to imply. He realizes that God cannot in very deed dwell in any building. He knows that the house is only a symbol, after all. Then the king rises, and in a brief address to his people, urges them to righteousness, sincerity and fidelity. Following this address, came the huge sacrifice which showed the munificence and grandeur of Solomon's consecration.

A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR.

Let your heart be perfect. The injunction is not, as to any particular calling or work, but as to readiness for service. A young man of ecstatic temperament called on a veteran preacher and declaring his intention to become a minister, asked his help. The clergyman seeing that the young man was intellectually weak, advised him to stick to his calling. "But I want to glorify God," said the youth. "Young man," said the preacher, "you can glorify God in any honest business. If your heart is right and you are ready for the work near at hand, you will not have to complain of lack of opportunity. Don't make the mistake of thinking that you have to preach in order to glorify God; you can glorify him if you have no business but making broom-handles."

That all the people of the earth may know. A widely-read story by a famous author describes the home of an infidel gas-fitter. It was a dreary place, with a drunken wife and poor neglected children. The gas-fitter was a shrewd, clever debater, and his chief pleasure was to attend a socialistic meeting and argue on politics, religion and social economy. His tongue was a bitter one, and the miseries of his lot increased its venom. He made the acquaintance of a Christian man who helped him in developing the club, gave lectures on music and science and travel, brought into the club the fruits of study and extensive reading, and worked with the men to brighten their dull lives. The gas-fitter came to know him and went to see him in his trouble and difficulties, and found in him a true friend. He could get sound, practical advice from him, and when he was sick the Christian friend helped with the expenses of the household. He did more, for he won the confidence of the drunken man and persuaded her to abstain. The man's whole life was changed by the good will of his Christian friend. But no word of religion had been spoken. One night the club the question of religion came up and its opponents expected that the gas-fitter would speak out on their side as usual. But to their surprise, he declared that he had changed his opinions. He believed in God, and pointing to his Christian friend he said, "I have found God in him."

As the matter shall require. How varied are the wants of men; yet God supplies them all. The tradition runs that a hermit, seeing an olive tree growing at the entrance to the cave in which another hermit lived, asked him what he had done to it to make it so strong and flourishing. "I had an olive sapling planted by my cave," he went on, "and I longed for it to become a fine tree like this. When I thought it needed water, I prayed to God and he sent rain; and when I thought it needed heat, I prayed to God and the sun shone, and when I thought it needed bracing I prayed to God and the frost came. God sent me everything I prayed for as I thought it needed it; but my tree died." "And I," said the other hermit, "asked God to take care of my tree, and left it in his hands to arrange the how and when, thinking that he knew best what was good for my tree, and the tree has flourished."

The Lord hath given rest unto his people. One of the most difficult passes to climb in the Scottish mountains is the Pass of Glencoe. The road winds in and out and there are many dangerous places where the slightest a foot might end in death. But when the head of the pass is reached and the beautiful prospect lies spread out before the traveller like a map, he is repaid for all his exertions. At this point there is a stone bearing the inscription, "Rest and be thankful." We can imagine the Christian at the end of a troubled life, safe in his heavenly rest, all danger and toil and sorrow and trial ended, obeying the summons gladly.

The Lord be with us. An incident of maritime life is told of a certain Christian traveler. The vessel was approaching a vast ice-field, and the captain grew anxious. Soon there was only one narrow channel left between the ship and open water. Could the vessel make it? If not she would be crushed like a nut between crackers. Suddenly the wind dropped and she had no steam. The Christian man who was standing by the captain and knew his anxiety, proposed that they should pray. The captain consented and all who believed in prayer might go below and join in the prayer. Presently he joined the little company himself. When they returned on deck the first words he heard was the mate saying, "She's saved; it's blowing nor-nor-east." Some of the men suggested that more sail should be spread; but the captain refused. "Don't touch her," he said; "some one else is managing this ship."

EVANGELIST MOODY'S CLARION CALL.

Righteousness and Intelligence, he Declares, are Needed to Save the Nation—"The Church that has no Sunday Evening Service is Dead!"

THE days of divine inspiration have not passed away. At intervals, great communities are stirred by the almost prophetic utterances of godly men and women, whose lives and talents are consecrated to the salvation and spiritual enlightenment of society. It is well for those who, hearing the voice of warning or admonition, take the message to their own hearts: but too often it falls on unheeding ears, and its importance is not fully realized until the golden opportunity has passed.

Dwight L. Moody, the well known evangelist, who has probably exerted a more extensive moral influence than any Christian worker of our time, has long been a careful and deeply interested observer of the nation's spiritual progress. In an interview at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few days ago, he sounded a note of alarm that should be heard in every Christian Church and congregation in America. It is a clear trumpet-call to duty, and cannot be misinterpreted.

"Righteousness and intelligence are needed to save the nation," said Mr. Moody. "We need a revival of Gospel preaching—the plain, old-fashioned, unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ—in all our churches. And let me emphasize the fact, right here and now, that the church that has no Sunday evening Gospel services, or what amounts to none, is dead! Dead! You cannot impress this great truth too strongly upon our people. Use the columns of your journal, which goes everywhere, to spread it. The church that has no Sunday evening Gospel service is dead! And every such service should be followed by a after-meeting for personal work. Why do I lay so much stress on the Sunday evening service? Because it is and always has been, the best of all services for reaching the common people. They do not come to the meetings week-day evenings for various reasons, and on Sunday mornings, many of them rest at home, instead of coming to church. Then on Sunday afternoons, they are tempted to some form of recreation, indoors or out. So, if you don't get them to church Sunday evening you won't get them at all.

"Now, this is the situation among the churches in New York and Chicago, and other large cities. The neglect of Sunday evening Gospel services, and the after-meeting for personal work, is producing disastrous results everywhere; I meet it on all sides. A service which is not based on the Gospel, that does not preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, is of no value to meet this emergency. Nothing can hold the people but the Gospel; no 'higher criticism' sermons or discourses on other topics, can attract them or hold them for meet their real needs. I am convinced that if the glorious Gospel of Jesus alone were presented in a majority of our pulpits Sundays, we would not have any occasion for the complaints, now so generally heard, of small audiences and lack of spiritual interest."

I was reminded of an incident that particularly illustrated this: A man entered a store and wanted to buy a yard of cloth. The salesman measured off thirty inches, but the customer objected. "That's not a yard," said he, "it's six inches short." "Oh," replied the salesman, "it's all they're giving to the yard in So-and-So's, and it's all we're giving, too." But it did'nt suit the buyer, so he came away, saying he wanted the good, old-fashioned yard of thirty-six inches or nothing. So, nothing short of the good, old-fashioned Gospel of Jesus and a full-measure salvation will satisfy the hearts and souls of our people to-day.

That the lack of earnest, genuine Gospel preaching, and the preference given to the "isms" of the day, or to immaterial and transient topics for pulpit discourse in the churches, is the real cause of their spiritual inertia and numerical decay, does not admit of argument. The hearts of men are not satisfied with such things, and when the heart is not right, nothing is right. It is a palpable fact that 'dry rot" invariably strikes a church where the Cross and the Sacrifice are not faithfully presented to its people. In such churches, conversions cease, spiritual advancement is arrested and there are few or no accessions. The Cross is not "lifted up" to draw the sinners. There are churches in many cities whose pastors and people can identify this as part of their own sad experience, if they are frank enough to make the admission. There are certain denominations the united membership of whose churches in some of our largest cities is now smaller, in proportion to population, than it was forty years ago, although the local population has nearly trebled during that period; and this is due to the same cause—neglect of the plain, old-fashioned, unadulterated Gospel sermons. These are not Mr. Moody's words: but they are nevertheless based on facts, and are corroborative of his statements.

"On looking around in New York," continued Mr. Moody, "I find that at the present time every hall suitable for evangelical services is engaged for many Sunday evenings ahead, some for sacred concerts and others for various social or secular purposes. Now, they could and should all have been secured for the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus. The Christian laymen of New York should see to it that there is no lack of facilities for presenting the Gospel to the masses Sunday evenings: it is clearly their duty to do this."

He would apply the same suggestion elsewhere; the need of a revival of Sunday evening Gospel preaching is general throughout the entire country. If the people are to be reached, and the dangerous unrest and discontent of the masses allayed, it can only be done by the Gospel. Strikes, riots, disturbances and agitations of the body social and political, can be affected or influenced by no mere human philosophy or argument, however attractive. Only the love of Christ can change the hearts of men and bring about a happier condition of society, restore tranquility and fair dealing to business and purity and integrity to public affairs.

There is food for serious thought, for pulpit and pew alike, in Mr. Moody's declaration. If his advice were taken by a goodly number of churches in our cities and towns, we might reasonably hope for such a widespread spiritual awakening as has not been felt for many years.

"MOTHER SHERWOOD," OF THE McAULEY MISSION.

An Ancient Nestorian Temple.

Mr. Herbert J. Mason, a missionary, sends this interesting item from the interior of China: "While in Si-gan I visited the place where the Nestorian Christians had their temple during the T'ang dynasty, 1,100 years ago. Quite near the tablet is a beautiful font, supposed to have been the baptismal font, and the pillars of the sanctuary are also standing in good repair. It was difficult for us to realize that upon that spot, so many years ago, songs of praise and adoration had been sung to our blessed God! The missionaries hope that a Gospel hall may yet be erected on the spot. The English Baptist Mission have a nice work some little distance from Si-gan. One whole village being nominally Christian, neither temples nor shrines are to be seen, and it is now called the 'Gospel village.'"

INTERIOR OF THE McAULEY MISSION, NEW YORK.

"Mother Sherwood" Dead.

An Earnest Christian Life that was Devoted to Rescue Work in the Slums.

"MOTHER Sherwood" is dead! The sweet-faced, consecrated woman, whom the converts of the McAuley Mission greatly loved, has passed to her reward. No more will they hear her kindly greeting, or listen to her gentle pleadings for the wanderers to return to the fold and abandon lives of sin and sorrow. No more will they enjoy the blessing of her presence, and her prayers at the Rescue Meetings. But her memory will long be cherished, and the influence of her Christ-like ministrations among the lowly and the fallen, will be felt in the slums for many a year.

Mrs. Sherwood died at Ocean Grove, on October 1st, after two months of severe illness. She had been ailing for the past year, and had gone to Ridgefield, Conn., her former home, to rest. She came back feeling no better, and after three days' stay at the McAuley Mission, she went to Ocean Grove to stay with a friend, hoping she might regain her health. She rapidly grew worse. Medical assistance proved unavailing, and finally, she died while undergoing an operation. She was sixty-four years of age, and was the daughter of two good Christian people, Nathan and Delia Lownsburg, of Ridgefield, Ct. Her father and mother lived to a great age, and for fifty years were stalwart Methodists in that locality. She had two brothers, one being State Senator George E. Lownsburg, a prominent shoe manufacturer of South Norwalk, Conn., and the other Ex-Governor Phineas C. Lownsburg, president of one of the leading banks on Broadway, New York. A sister is Mrs. Joel Rockwell, of Ridgefield, Conn. Mrs. Sherwood was a widow, and for the past fourteen years was the faithful, and much beloved missionary of the old McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street. In her death the Mission has sustained a great loss.

Perhaps no woman living has shaken hands with as many drunkards and thieves as "Mother Sherwood." She was a woman of indomitable courage, faith, and love, and her bright smile and friendly greeting, and warm shake of the hand, have encouraged hundreds to turn from a life of sin and shame, to Jesus Christ for help. She was powerful in prayer, of strong good sense, and no one could detect a fraud or an impostor, and at the same time know how to help them, more quickly than "Mother Sherwood." She could pick them out in spite of themselves, and no amount of deception could hide their real character from her. Here patience and love were amazing, and while she did uncover their duplicity, it was not to scold them, but to get them into a position where she could help them to be honest, and to begin a Christian life. Many times during her work at the Water Street Mission, tramps and outcasts came in who, after giving their hearts to God, were found to be the husbands and fathers of families, their wives, perhaps, in some distant place, or their children in some asylum. Mrs. Sherwood was particularly successful reuniting such people.

She was possessed of some means, and was not dependent upon her work at the Mission for her support, although she lived there and generously entertained people there. She was always giving. Hundreds of poor fellows who needed help would come to her to borrow. She did not loan money, but she gave it, and when they repaid it, it was received as a gift to the Mission. It was her custom, an hour or two before the meeting opened, to take circulars announcing the service, and go around to the various dens and dives, which until recently abounded in the Fourth Ward. She could walk into the barrooms filled with drinking and fighting men, and with women of vile character, and as she entered the room a hush would come over the audience, and the blasphemies would cease. The proprietor would step forward and bow, and if anyone who did not know her, persisted in unruly conduct, he was sent from the place, and the proprietor would say: "Dont you know who this is? This is Mother Sherwood from the Mission, and she is our friend." Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hadley, Superintendents of the Mission, with whom Mrs. Sherwood lived, labored together with her for over ten years without a division, and there are no more sincere mourners over her loss than those two. On the way from Ocean Grove to Ridgefield, where Mother Sherwood was buried beside her aged father and mother in the village church-yard, a stop was made, and a short funeral service held at the old John Street Methodist Church, where she had been a member for many years. Although only a brief notice was given of this service, fully two hundred men and a few women, who had, either directly or indirectly been led to Christ by Mrs. Sherwood, passed before the silent form, and shed tears of love and bitter sorrow over the dead one. Most of these men had been lifted from the depths of crime, and the majority of them had come into the Mission absolute tramps and outcasts, but anyone who saw them on that day—prosperous-looking men and women, well-dressed, some with their families with them—would have realized to some extent their loss, and the great loss the McAuley Mission had sustained. Many who have been brought into the Kingdom through Mother Sherwood, have already gone on before, and her sweet and intense individuality, and pure and blameless Christian life will remain to strengthen and encourage those she left benind.

Little Chinese Missionaries.

Native Lads Who Come Here to Learn "Jesus Doctrine" and Carry the Gospel Message Home with Them—A Novel Training School in New York.

NOT many individuals outside of the churches know of the interesting work being done in New York City among the Chinese. A number of the denominations have taken in hand the christianizing of the Orientals found in our laundries and in the Chinese places of business, and have organized Sunday schools, to which these people are invited to come to be taught to read the Bible, and thus learn about the "Jesus doctrine." Probably the most interesting of these mission schools is one that is continued through the week. It is situated at No. 14 University place. This work is under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and yet is distinct from its regular work. The Superintendent, Rev. Huie Kin, visited China during the last Winter and Spring, returning in June with thirty Chinese lads who came on students' certificates, to be educated here and learn, among other things, our Western ways and methods. These boys are between the ages of ten and sixteen years, and are mostly the sons of farmers who live in remote provinces from the sea-coast; and as their parents are heathen, with one or two exceptions, they knew nothing of the Christian religion; but Mr. Huie assured the parents and guardians he would do all he could to teach them the precepts of Christianity. According to the terms of their certificates, these students are to remain in the United States for several years, in order to obtain the education they have come to acquire, when they will return to their homes beyond the seas; where, Mr. Huie says, they will carry the Gospel more effectually than the average missionary can do.

REV. HUIE KIN.

As they arrived late in June, after the day-school of the Mission had been closed for the Summer vacation, it was not [illegible] the kindness of friends which made it possible, a home was rented at Metuchen, N. J., where they were kept until the first of October, when they were brought to the Mission in University place. An effort [illegible] Chinese homes in New York City, where they [illegible] hours, doing domestic service which may be required as a compensation. Mr. Huie would be glad to learn of such opportunities.

Their education began as soon as they [illegible] Methodist Deaconess, a Christian Chinese woman, assisted Mrs. Huie in instructing them in culinary and domestic matters, Miss Thixton, Mrs. Marshall and Miss Palmer [illegible] daily instruction in matters literary. The [illegible] at once, as they [illegible] of everything they saw and handled; but being very wide-awake boys and anxious to learn, they made rapid improvement, and by the time the school was opened for the Fall term in New York City, they had acquired a vocabulary of several hundred words—sufficient for ordinary conversation—and had begun to read.

But these boys have been learning something else. Mr. Huie's evening and morning lessons from the Bible in Chinese are producing results. They have been overheard, talking together, by the Christian helper and teacher. One said, "God pulls at my heartstrings;" another, "God speaks to my heart;" a third, "God says I must pray." So these little fellows of ten years old got down to pray like "Uncle Kin" (Mr. Huie). One prayed aloud, and thanked God for bringing him over the wide, wide waters that he might hear about Jesus; he prayed that his mother might hear of him, too. After this, other boys in the next room began to pray also, before they retired at night. One of them had found a book of prayers printed in Chinese and read that carefully, and said he learned much about God there.

The little fellows come from the Sing Ming district, about 150 miles back of Canton, and they are mostly farmers' sons. All can write the Chinese language, and they have received considerable training according to the Chinese methods of instruction. The present is the fourth year of Mr. Huie's training work here, and already some fifty boys have been educated and sent back to China from the school. The system employed is known as the Verlitz method, and includes conversational and object teaching. In two years the pupils are prepared for the American seminaries. Throughout the entire period of their education, Bible study occupies a prominent place. A number will take the higher education here, and all will return to China, taking back with them to their own country the better things they have received while here. There they will be home missionaries to their own people and friends, and carry the Gospel message with them wherever they go.

Truly, God has given his people a great opportunity to help in the work of Christianizing these Chinese boys, and sending them back to their home-land, not as ministers, necessarily, but as missionaries nevertheless, to help bring China to Christ.

The present need of the work is a larger house for the mission work, which shall contain accommodations for the growing day school, and for the services of the Sabbath, as well as a home. A suitable house is at hand, not far from the present building, but the means to secure it are wanting. There are doubtless many friends of the Gospel who may be sufficiently interested to aid in this work of evangelizing China by means of her own sons.

CHINESE BOYS NOW TRAINING IN NEW YORK AS HOME MISSIONARIES.

"We All do Fade as a Leaf."

NOW is the time to let the gusty winds blow to our feet the many-tinted leaves of Autumn, and to read what is written upon them. For they are full of divine hieroglyphics and old romance; and they may say to our hearts, what can be said in no other speech or language. This morning I went early into my garden. The sky, the air, the trees, rained influence; and the very birds floated about in a dim, prophetic way. I was going to take into the shelter of the greenhouse some palms, and it was impossible not to remember the tales of victory and rejoicing, with which the plant is blended—its memories of Elim and Jericho; of Mount Ephraim and Deborah; of Jewish festivals, and of that wondrous day when Zion's King came to her, and the "very great multitude" went out to meet him with hosannahs! Then the palm spoke for all the trees of the forest, and shouted "Victory!" And well it might, for to this plant is added one grace above its fellows. It is planted for eternity. St. John, in the Apocalypse, shows us the redeemed clothed in the garments of holiness, waving the palms of triumph.

And who can go now under the apple trees, and not remember that they are of an elder creation, and were present at the birth of man; that their fruit

Brought death into the world; and all our woe.

For this fact, asserted by Scripture, is also a universal tradition. Aphrodite, as well as Eve, holds it in her hand; and all the great deities of the North—Woden, Thor and Freyya—lie under the apple tree. These deities never intruded into the primeval races of Assyria and Egypt, yet the same tradition is written on all their vast monuments. Kitto indeed tells us that the citron, and not the apple was the Tree of Knowledge: and the Targum of Jonathan says the fatal fruit of sin was neither apple nor citron, but the Vine which intoxicates the world, and in which is also hidden the mystery of the expiation of sin.

But, sitting under my apple trees, I like to think of the traditions which make the fruit taste wondrously—that Adam, when at the point of death, received a branch of the tree of which he had eaten, with orders to plant it, and the promise that it should bear fruit for the healing of all nations. I like to believe, as the tart juices linger on my tongue, that from this tree came Aaron's rod, and the staff of Moses, and the pole on which the serpent w[illegible] in the wilderness. I like to put a[illegible] cavilling, and think that traditi[illegible] which asserts this tree lay in the [illegible] Bethesda—giving to its waters th[illegible] ing properties—until the coming of [illegible] that it then rose to the surface, [illegible] taken by the Jews for the Cross [illegible] vary. Yes indeed, from the beginn[illegible] story of the apple blends with the [illegible] mankind. Will it not be good [illegible] upon this story as we lift the r[illegible] and lay it away for our eating?

Surrounded by the dying leaves [illegible] and forest trees, I found a few [illegible] flowers, that are faithful to us to [illegible] —the ardent marigolds, with their [illegible] loving faces turned heavenward; [illegible] hopeful looking periwinkles, wi[illegible] glossy leaves, and delicate blue [illegible] By some unwritten scripture of th[illegible] this flower is almost universally d[illegible] to the dead. In the north of Engla[illegible] ways saw it woven into garlands, [illegible] on the coffins of little children. Th[illegible] it is called "widows' tears," and a[illegible] a spray, I remembered not only th[illegible] an emblem of immortality but t[illegible] Culpepper in his quaint herbal say[illegible] leaves eaten together by man ar[illegible] cause love to grow between th[illegible] would not deny this covenant of lo[illegible] perhaps it would not be a bad plan [illegible] unhappy couple instead of going t[illegible] yer, to seek out a plant of periwin[illegible] eat its leaves together; for nature

The vicar of the Almighty Lord;

and surely such a vicar, might be [illegible] than a lawyer.

Oh how dear amid the [illegible] leaves of summer are the [illegible] flowers of autumn! the aste[illegible] the chrysanthemums, whose [illegible] ing is "do not leave me!" C[illegible] we not fancy we hear earth [illegible] ped of all her sweet offspri[illegible] this last dear flower, pouring [illegible] heart in that pathetic cry [illegible] leave me!" And then th[illegible] Michaelmas daisy, dressed in [illegible] and black, as if in mourning [illegible] its kin, how readily it bends [illegible] wind, how cheerily it shakes [illegible] dust, how brave and conte[illegible] looks with its lonesome lot A[illegible] what ghosts of dead love [illegible] hopes haunt us, as we put [illegible] leaf here and there, in our [illegible] ite book; a geranium leaf b[illegible] it embalms love's young [illegible] an ivy leaf, because it "reca[illegible] home of childhood, lost but [illegible] gotten! These things surel[illegible] to us, like a pleasant thought [illegible] one is wanted. For after a [illegible] "pensive melancholy autumn [illegible] special season of religious [illegible] The flowers have gone, the [illegible] faded and dropped, b[illegible] before they sowed the seeds [illegible] newed beauty and life. Wi[illegible] at hand, and the rough win[illegible] toss the dead blossoms and leaves [illegible] and thither; but in the very mi[illegible] winter, God has set his Christmas [illegible] the rainbow pledge of he coming S[illegible] and for this reason it is our glorious [illegible] to claim the words of the prophet [illegible] promise and a hope. "We all do fa[illegible] a leaf." Let us fade. Let us lan[illegible] Let us feel that mortality is upo[illegible] Death is the gate of life. In the [illegible] of God we shall grow to fairer st[illegible] and more perfect beauty; for

These everlasting Springs abide
And never wither nor decay.

Amelia E. Ba[illegible]

The prayers of the readers of this jo[illegible] are requested for the blessing of God u[illegible] proprietor, and also upon those whose [illegible] articles, or labors for Christ, are print[illegible] it, and that its circulation may be used [illegible] Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinner[illegible] the quickening of God's people.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Burden of a Grandmother.

"YOU must see for yourself Lucy," said Mrs. Ephraim Beck, pausing in her work of quartering pears for preserves, "that I can't be expected to take the whole charge of grandmother all the year round. I am willing to do my share of looking after my husband's relations, but the old lady has children of her own, and they have a right to look after their mother. Besides, she's getting to be a great care, flighty and forgetful as old people often are, and so feeble she may slip away any moment. Then again, she may live a good while. I hope I hope she will." She stopped a moment to weigh her pears, and apportion them, the neighbor holding the scales. "Ephraim likes to have her round. Bless me!" said the lady, speaking doubtfully, as one who felt her way and did not wish to give offence.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Beck irritably, "Ephraim Beck is a perfect fool about his mother, though so level-headed and sensible in other subjects. But la Lucy, what can a man know? He isn't in the house all the time, and he doesn't understand what it means having an old person always under foot. It's worse than a child that can't play, or to school; but mother's always hanging around, wanting to help, and getting full as much as she helps. There, there in these pears if I'd given her a little encouragement. She used to be a good housekeeper, once."

"It's a little hard on both of you," ventured the neighbor who, in her heart, compassionated the case of "old lady Beck."

"Well, it's hard on me," said Mrs. Beck. "I don't mind that: and on my young people. There are things May can't do on account of having a grandmother in the house. I've put my foot down though. I'll keep her from the flies, but she's got to spend the afternoon with Sarah or Kate. That's all there is to it;" and she swung the kettle of pears from the table to the range as if it had been a feather.

There was a rustle in the hall, and presently the door of the kitchen was pushed open, and a tiny old lady, white haired and tripping, came faltering into the room. "Can't I help you, Amy?" she asked, timidly.

"No, mother! Great help you'd be. Have done almost," was the answer. "Why don't you stay upstairs, where it's cool? The south chamber's much pleasanter than this hot kitchen."

"But it's pleasant," piped the quavering voice, "but it's lonesome. I don't like to be useless either."

"Come over home with me and stay to tea," said the visitor. "Aunt Martha's there, and she'll be glad to see you. Come as you are, you needn't stop to change your dress."

"I'll just slip my second-best alpaca," replied the old lady, "and then I'll be ready. I'd like to see Marthy."

"It was real good of you, Lucy, taking her out of my way," said the daughter-in-law. "If it wasn't for Ephraim, we would club together and put mother home, but he'd never hear of it."

"Oh, no!" said her friend, "don't ever do that. She wouldn't make herself contented away from the farm. Why, Amy, this must be her house, and her children must be here. It's natural she should wish it. But I see it's hard for you, dear.

"Nobody feels that: outsiders can't tell what riders go through. Ephraim's so good. If I ever say a word, you'd think his mother was Queen Victoria. Here's the pears now. All ready? I'll send one of the men to bring you home, mother."

"No," said the grandmother. "I'll come myself. I'm not infirm. Or, I'll watch for Ephraim when he passes on his way home, five o'clock. Don't you be worried, Amy. Good-bye."

Lucy Peabody and her guest walked slowly through the garden, where the great clumps of white and purple phlox invited the honey-bees, and closing the gate after them, were lost to sight on the road.

Amy Beck, pouring the hot juicy pears into their jars, was uncomfortably aware that her old schoolmate thought her harsh and unlovely to her mother-in-law. Probably the other neighbors and the church-people were of the same mind. It was all very well for them. They might criticise. They hadn't on their hands the burden of an unloved, barely tolerated grandmother. A grandmother who had been a brisk, important person in her day, and who could not be happy laid away on the shelf of a sunny south chamber, even if the shelf had a feather-bed, and a rocking chair, and dainty curtains and a footstool.

Ephraim came to the mid-day dinner, a big man, with a merry face and a ringing laugh; a man with a will of his own, but easy to live with if you only managed him right.

"Where's the little mother?" he inquired. His wife said nothing. His daughter answered briefly:

"She's gone out to dinner with Aunt Lucy Peabody."

"That's well," he said. "I hope you won't ever let your grandma feel neglected here, lassie. Sometimes I wish she wouldn't stay by herself so much. She used to take hold of everything that was going, but I suppose she's tired of the rough part of life. Anyhow, I want her evening days to be full of luxury and peace."

Over at the Peabodys, the poor soul, who knew and loathed the knowledge that she was a bone of contention in her son's family, was pouring out her woes to her old spinster-friend, Martha Anderson.

"I don't know as Amy can help it, but she 'n I aren't congenial, and when I go to Kate's and Sarah's, I can see that they're twice glad: glad to have me come, and glad to have me go. I've outlived my usefulness, Marthy, an' I've outlived my welcome, and I'll not be sorry when I'm out of it and safe home yonder, with Jabez and the babies that never grew up to be tired of their old mother. I cried when they went, but I've had worse sorrows since."

"You have Ephraim," said the old friend. "Ephraim's a good son, devoted to you."

"Yes, I have Ephraim, and he's one in ten thousand," said old lady Beck, with pride. "Ephraim's good as gold."

'Tis a true story I'm telling you friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, true as truth and life, so I can't make up a happy ending as I wish I could. The slow years wore on, grandmother occupied the south chamber, summer and winter, made her carpet rags into rugs, patched trowsers for her grandsons, drew more and more into herself, and really, under the repressive influence of her stirring daughter-in-law, and thoughtless granddaughter, grew "cranky" and cross, and as they called it among themselves, childish. To humor her, to take her about with them, to bring pleasures and share frolic and fun with her, did not occur to the heedless, and I fear, heartless people, under Ephraim Beck's roof. She lived a long time, and had a long illness, and everybody, except her son (who was tireless) was tired out before God took her to himself.

The night she lay dead in the south chamber, her son sat and looked wistfully at the old face. Death had smoothed out the lines on her brow. She grew younger and more beautiful every hour. The peace of the Father's hand had smoothed out the wrinkles. She almost smiled. She was where she was "wanted" now, with Jabez and the children.

"Aren't you going to bed, father?" inquired a girl's voice.

"Not to-night, dear. I'll never have my mother's face to watch after she's carried out to the graveyard. And I'm not sure that we were as good to her as we ought to have been, the sweet little mother."

So the strong man grieved. But the angels hovered near him with comfort, for he had been faithful and loving to the end. And up above him, in his Father's house, there was a happy, bright mother, ready to greet him by and by, when he should come home.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Our Children's Home.

The following contributions in aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, have been received during the week:

Previously acknowledged	$4,882.81
S D Williamson	1 50
Louisa Farley	5
J R, Mendota	50
C Journell	20
W K Dee	1
H K, Mari	1
C W, Le	1
Mrs H Gothard	1
Catherine Pa	1
Total	$4,899.01

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Royal Family Group.

THE old palace at Copenhagen is annually the scene of gatherings almost patriarchal in character. The children of the King and Queen of Denmark have never lost their affection for their early home. The daughters came regularly from London and St. Petersburg to join the family party, bringing their children with them. The King and Queen cordially welcomed their grandchildren, who made the old palace ring again with the sound of childish laughter. Russian and English boys and girls made the acquaintance of their Danish cousins, and, forgetting all about court etiquette and the forms and ceremonies which restricted their freedom during the other months of the year, gave themselves up to youthful gaiety. Latterly the circle has been growing apace. The boys and girls who romped about the palace twenty years ago are men and women now, with children of their own. But they keep up the pleasant old custom of gathering once a year in the home of their grandparents. The King and Queen still survive to give cordial welcome to their grandchildren, and are delighted and proud to receive their great-grandchildren. A lady photographer of Copenhagen who is a devout admirer of the princesses, took a photograph of the family group this year, from which the illustration on this page is copied. In the centre is the King of Denmark with a great grandchild on his knee. The lady standing on his left is the Queen of Denmark. On his right are his two daughters, the one nearer to him, the dowager Empress of Russia and the other the Princess of Wales. The young man with his hand on the Empress' shoulder is the present Czar. The lady sitting on the King's left with her child on her knee is the present Czarina. Standing behind her, with another great grandchild of the King in her arms, is the Princess Victoria of Wales, who is still unmarried. The lady on the left of the Princess is the Princess Waldemar, whose husband, the third son of the King of Denmark, appears on the left of the picture standing near his sister, the Princess of Wales. The three boys in the foreground are the children of the Prince and Princess Waldemar.

Progress in Uganda.

That African kingdom where Bishop Hannington was martyred, is the scene of a wonderful Gospel triumph. Mr. G. L. Pilkington, an African lay missionary there, reports that in the capital early this year five hundred were avowed Christians awaiting reception into the Church, and three hundred more at another station. Two hundred churches have been built in native style in which services are held on Sunday and week days for instruction. Sunday after Sunday at the large church in Mengo, the capital, four thousand natives are packed together, listening to the everlasting Word, and about one thousand on week days. About one thousand five hundred candidates are awaiting baptism. Within the capital it is not uncommon to baptize seventy persons week after week.

Outside the capital the capacity of the ordained teachers is tried in the interviewing of candidates for baptism. Natives are also licensed as lay evangelists, teaching in the churches, and receiving support from their fellow-Waganda. One of the brightest signs of this blessed ingathering is the desire of the Christian Waganda to carry the Gospel to the nations beyond. Some of these have gone into adjoining countries, where baptisms have taken place.

Mr. Pilkington said that the native church was working in a radius of two hundred miles from Mengo, but the need was the better supervising of the work which required the presence of Christian men to train the native teachers and send them forth thoroughly equipped. He believes that two European missionaries could evangelize 2000 square miles by means of native helpers.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

We specially direct attention to the article, on another page of this issue, containing Mr. Moody's suggestion for a general revival of Sunday evening Gospel Services in Christian churches throughout the Union. All our readers are invited to send us their views on this very urgent and important question. Let us hear from pastors, church officers and churchgoers of every denomination. It is particularly desired that those who write should inform us on these four points:

[illegible] your choice.

2. Are Sunday Evening Services now held, and, if so, are they simple Gospel services or of a miscella-

[illegible]

4. What is the number of conversions in same

It is not intended to publish the names of churches, or of those who write, but simply for the purpose of tabulation that we request this information. Let all who desire to aid in spreading the Gospel, answer the four questions.

Subscriber, Adrian, Mich. Christ spoke of [illegible] Matt. [illegible] called [illegible] whale could not a swallow a man whole?

If you will turn to the account in the book of Jonah, you will see (Jonah 1: 17), that the fish was one divinely prepared for the purpose. If you accept the story at all you must admit miracle, because without miracle, Jonah could not have existed, much less have been so free from agitation as to compose a poetic prayer while inside the whale. A miracle cannot be reconciled with science; but admitting miracle, the size of the whale's throat is not a difficulty, because the miraculous preparation of the fish would include the suitable size of the throat. The book of Jonah, however, is not concerned so much with that incident as with the lesson, that it is futile to try to evade the performance of a divinely appointed duty. If that lesson is learned, the object of the book is attained, and all speculations as to the kind of fish referred to may be treated as unimportant.

[illegible]

If he is a Christian man he will find rest in service. He will take a delight in doing something for his Lord and will not feel happy in spending the day in absolute inactivity. The complete change of occupation will afford him as great or greater relaxation than would mere passivity. The blessing that comes to the soul in striving to help others and win souls for Christ is much more beneficial and stimulating to the man than would be the rest you speak of.

1. [illegible]

2. Thursday. 2. No particular rate can be specified. Usury is taking advantage of your neighbor's necessities to exact from him a higher rate than you would charge him if his need were not so urgent. You are under no compulsion to lend your money, but if you wish to lend it, you must do so at the ordinary market rate, and must not make the borrower pay more on the ground that he is in a difficulty.

Subscriber, Long Moor, Ia. Do you think that Sol- [illegible] in which we use the word?

[illegible] satisfactory result. Chrysos- [illegible] believed that he was saved; [illegible] was not. Whether he repented of his evil deeds, we do not know. That sin in so wise a man [illegible] regarded as very heinous, [illegible] that he would find mercy if, being [illegible] sought it, there can be no [illegible] would do so, but we are not told that he did.

[illegible]

What has come to be used as an every-day [illegible]

Over 250 years ago, competitions with a cake as a prize were common in England at Eastertime. At a still earlier period, there was a custom at weddings of "riding for the bride-cake." A pole three or four feet high was erected in front of the bride's house, and the cake put on top. On the instant she set out from her old home, a company of young men on horseback also started and he who reached the pole first received the cake from the hands of the prettiest bridesmaid, and had the distinction of setting it on the table and cutting it.

This is only one of many such letters received by every mail:

The CHRISTIAN HERALD Library with [illegible] accompanying note saying, "If you are pleased I say so." We say so many times. It is pretty to look at; interesting to read, full of information, amusement, and good things of every kind. I have always been taught you cannot get value for nothing, but this is a great approach.

A Subscriber in Muritton, Ont., sends this excellent suggestion concerning the Armenians:

In praying and thinking of the Armenians this promise is ever before me: "I am the Lord: I change not." When Paul was putting the Christians would do nothing toward washing away your sins. You might undergo it as a mode of publicly confessing Christ, or as a symbol of the change in your life, or as an act of obedience to Christ's injunction if you are convinced that he requires it of you; but you must not delude yourself with the hope that the application of water to your body can wash away sins from your soul. If you have sincerely repented and have renounced your sin, and are steadfastly living as a Christian ought, if you have sought God's forgiveness through Christ, trusting implicity in him, you may be assured that you are forgiven.

Mrs. S. S. A., Atlas, Ind., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the 14th October there is a question asked about Mr. P. P. Bliss and the piece of music, "He Knows." Mr. Bliss was a dear friend of ours. He set Miss Brainerd's beautiful verses to music, which was found among his papers after his death and published, and is one of the Gospel Hymns, "He Knows." He and his lovely wife were of that great number who lost their lives in the terrible accident and holocaust, when the train went down at Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29th 1876.

The subject of the Christian work in the U S. Army is attracting attention very generally, and we are glad to give publicity to this letter for the sake of the cause.

I notice I an article in your paper by Chaplain I. G. Steward, U. S. Army. I fully agree with him regarding the present number 34 of Post and Regimental Chaplains being insufficient for the spiritual needs of our army. It is simply impossible for thirty-four men to do justice to thirty-seven thousand men. The reason for the law not allowing a larger number of chaplains in the army is, doubtless, due to the idea that only frontier Posts need them; that soldiers at Posts near towns or cities will attend Divine service there. This is not likely, the majority of them are not present when services are held at their Posts, and it is not probable that they attend service elsewhere. And, if they do they are not likely receiving the pastoral attention that they so much need. The ministers of the churches in which they may happen to be present on Sunday, will not probably look after them on Monday. Their hands and hearts are full in taking care of their own flock. But should they take take upon ourselves this additional work, I question the ability to satisfy themselves or the soldiers in the matter. Soldiers look upon a Chaplain not only as a preacher, but as an adviser. They learn to lean upon him as a counselor outside of the pulpit as well as in it, and it is a part that no one is as competent to give them needed advice as the minister who knows their surroundings and comes in touch with their experiences. Yes, we need a Chaplain for every Post in our army.

S. N. PILCHARD, Chaplain, U. S. A.

MOSQUES OF THE MOSLEM FOUNDERS.

These are the mosques of Sultans Orchan and Othman, the founders of the Ottoman Empire. They are held as sacred places by the Moslems, and no Christian is ever allowed to cross their thresholds, which are carefully guarded by Turkish soldiers. They are in the city of Broussa, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which became the first Ottoman capital in the thirteenth century. Broussa is the city to which the present Sultan was once advised to remove in case of an emergency rendering Constantinople no longer tenable by Turkey. It may yet happen that the advice may prove wise for Abdul Hamid to follow.

to death, God stood to him. Would it be a good prayer for everyone who claims God as their Father to pray God to speak to the Sultan of Turkey? My faith is God [illegible] we believe this the best and quickest way to get help to them.

Mrs. Ellen Marcy, New York City. I read with [illegible] account of the excitement at St Paul's [illegible] Church, which is very [illegible] the control of the French Mont de Piete [illegible] the latter originate.

Hardly: the Mont de Piete is a great pawnbroking establishment, conducted under government auspices, and established in 1777 by Louis XVI., whereas the New York experiment is a church work, strictly confined to a single section of the metropolis, and is intended for the benefit of the deserving poor of St. Bartholomew's Parish.

W. A. Marsh, Bunker Hill, Kan. What does the ex- [illegible]

The commonly received opinion is that the curtain of thick mist in which the gradually cooling earth was enveloped was lifted, and the sky with the sun, moon and stars became visible.

L. F., Fort Meade, S. D. I was baptized in the Methodist Church, but I lived a life of sin since then, and I am distressed about it. I have repented and sought forgiveness, but I cannot rest assured that I am forgiven until I have been [illegible] do something to wash away my sins. What

It would not be wrong to be baptized again, and [illegible] of the Baptist Church and of the Church of the Disciples would baptize you if you satisfied him of the genuineness of your [illegible] But the rite

Dr. Carl Muller, a German scientist, in a recent publication, stated that the oak had the greatest attraction for lightning. In a period of ten years, in one district of that country, 56 oaks, 20 firs, 4 pines, but no beeches were struck, and this notwithstanding the fact that seventy per cent of the forest trees of Germany are beeches. It would also seem that trees standing in wet ground are more liable to be struck than those in dry soil.

Reader, [illegible], N. J. What is "the blessing of the moon," and by what people is the custom followed?

It is an ancient Jewish ceremonial, having possibly some connection with the annual harvest festivals. It took place in the open air and when the moon was seven days old; the worshipper, standing with one foot upon the other, looked at the orb and repeated: "Blessed be thy Former, blessed be thy Make[illegible] bless[illegible] ed be thy Possessor, blessed be thy C[illegible]ator. Then he had to skip thrice, pronounc[illegible] thir[illegible] the words: "Fear and dread shall f[illegible] up[illegible] them; by the greatness of thy arm th[illegible] sh[illegible] be as still as a stone." He then tu[illegible] bd a[illegible] saluted his neighbor, which conclu[illegible] t[illegible] ceremony.

C. O. R., Chambersburg, Pa. Suppose y[illegible] wer[illegible] the employ of some one who required [illegible] ser[illegible] your conscience could not approve, a[illegible] pl[illegible] ployee has no such scruples and woul[illegible] be [illegible] ling to do the work in your stead, [illegible] a favor or for a small compensation. W[illegible] Up[illegible] right for you to avail yourself of his se[illegible]

No, it would not, unless there w[illegible] so[illegible] special reason, apart from general mo[illegible] pr[illegible] ciples, that made it wrong for you to [illegible] wh[illegible] another man might do honorably and [illegible] os[illegible] entiously. But if the act be sinful [illegible] a[illegible] one to perform, it would be utterly unj[illegible] tha[illegible] to lead another to do what you yourse[illegible] wo[illegible] not do.

J. S. L., Minetta, Ala. Do not the Scriptu[illegible] te[illegible] that the actual bodies buried in the [illegible] ch[illegible] be raised at the resurrection?

The Apostle Paul's description in [illegible]e teenth chapter of first Corinthians is th[illegible] fun[illegible] and most exact we have of the resu[illegible]ct[illegible] His idea there appears to be that Go[illegible] new body. He asks, "With what body [illegible] come?" and answers that "God g[illegible] body as it hath pleased him," and [illegible] analogy of the wheat, which corres[illegible] the seed sown, but is not the identical [illegible] humed.

Constant Reader, Rahway, N. J. Do you [illegible] it possible that any Roman Catholi[illegible] saved when they worship images, a[illegible] believe in the necessity of regenerati[illegible]

Happily no human being has the [illegible] of the question who will, and who [illegible] be saved. The all-wise, all-see[illegible] retains that prerogative in his ow[illegible] We imagine that he will t[illegible] account the influences of birth [illegible] cation, temperment and environm[illegible] judgment. Our duty is to do our [illegible] spread the knowledge of the trut[illegible] convince by all means in our po[illegible] sons who are in error of their e[illegible] having done all we can, leave th[illegible] sition of their case in the hands [illegible] rejoicing for our own sake as well [illegible] that he is a God of infinite love.

Anxious, Williamsburg, N. Y. I hav[illegible] cause of leading another person [illegible] but since then I have, as I hope, [illegible] verted. If I give up my sin I a[illegible] cause of that other person doing [illegible] desperate or falling into a worse [illegible] must I do to avoid doing more mi[illegible]

You are in an extremely painfu[illegible] and are realizing what a fearful [illegible] is and how terrible its conseque[illegible] be. You do not tell us sufficie[illegible] your case for us to be sure that th[illegible] way left of avoiding the alternat[illegible] presume from your statement tha[illegible] not. If so, you will have to [illegible] course that will cost you pain [illegible] involve pain to the other par[illegible] must do right at all hazards an[illegible] cost. You dare not as a conve[illegible] continue in sin. But you must r[illegible] yourself in endeavoring to pre[illegible] evil you hint at falling on the pers[illegible] you have injured. Your duty is earn[illegible] er that the blessing you enjoy m[illegible] to that person and any sacrifice of p[illegible] or labor, you can make by way of at[illegible] and to prevent calamity of any kind [illegible] from your change of life ought to b[illegible] fully made.

THE SECOND BLESSING. A corre[illegible] in Missouri, who speaks authoritative[illegible] editor of a holiness journal, informs [illegible] our answer to a query in this journa[illegible] 7, page 740, does not accurately repre[illegible] attitude of the "Advocates of entire s[illegible] tion." He says: We do not teach "[illegible] sanctified are above temptation, but [illegible] sanctified do not yield to temptation. [illegible] not teach that they cannot commit [illegible] that so long as they are in a sanctif[illegible] they do not commit sin." We are glad [illegible] the correction, as our correspondent th[illegible] difference between his statement and [illegible] nition is important.

A. M. J., Elginburg, All are not precis[illegible] The name of each is printed under the [illegible] Reader, Greenville, N. H. They are im[illegible] sketches written to illustrate a point.——Sa[illegible] Sherman Tex. Li Hung Chang [illegible] the bellhop, not because he wished t[illegible] contempt for people in high places, but [illegible] mistook him for a prominent official o[illegible] owing to his brass buttons.——Mr. Lamb[illegible] tert, Ky. Write to American Bible So[illegible] City.——Nicholas B., Wolcott, N. Y. Dr. [illegible] has made no such pronouncement.——A. [illegible] C., Alexandria Bay. 1. Write to Americ[illegible] School Union, Philadelphia, for the book[illegible] have hymnbooks, but not psalm-books [illegible] the Bible.——Frank Bishop, Albany, N. Y. [illegible] tising you she no doubt acted from the b[illegible] Correction by reproof, however, is better [illegible] accord with Gospel living.——E. B. S., Go[illegible] Va. Write to Smithsonian Institute, Wa[illegible] D. C., for information about the stamp.——Harrison, Natrona, Pa. Yes: the book is [illegible] Funk & Wagnalls, New York.——Monit[illegible] Write to The Fleming H. Revell Co., [illegible] New York.——K. M. H., Batesville, Miss. [illegible] not acquainted with it.——W. B. M., New [illegible] N. J. Yes.——E. D. P., Turney, Mo. Th[illegible] a number of others, affording wide opport[illegible] selection.——A. H. H., Junction City, Kan. [illegible] the equivalent of premiums into an [illegible] count in bank, instead of to an insurance

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Austria's Hardy Peasantry.

Leading Simple Lives, Yet Trained to Useful Employment and Excelling in the Domestic Arts.

IT has been averred by many well-informed writers that the German or Austrian lady of station who is not an expert in the arts of housewifery does not exist. As a rule, she is conversant with the minutest detail of domestic management, and has made *cuisine* a scientific as well as a practical study. Even the princesses of the royal household of Austria have been in the habit of attending a course of lectures from a *chef* in order to excel in proficiency in these matters. Where the heads of a nation set so much store by such accomplishments, they exert an influence that is not likely to be lost upon those beneath them in station. As a result, even the poorest among the people are stimulated to effort in the same direction. Austrian peasant women, in particular, are not only taught early in life to be industrious, but they seem to have the power to turn every task into a pleasure. Many of them are large-limbed, brawny, and heavy-muscled, and work in the fields or at other out-door callings, when they are not bound down to indoor routine. But though they may be emancipated from the kitchen, they well know all its requirements, and can meet them with perfect grace whenever occasion demands.

Our photographic illustration on this page represents two young peasant women—Slavonian girls—in the odd yet not unpleasing costume of their class. No prettier costume can hardly be found than this simple dress of white lawn or muslin, with its broad pleats and loosely drawn waist; the neat, serviceable boots, the hussar-like cap and the dash of color which is added to the whole by the strings of bright-hued ribbon that dangle from and are tied on the neck. It is a dress that would delight the heart of an artist, and rivals one of the costumes of Saxony or the Tyrol.

Among the peasant villages of the Danube valley there is little to vary the extreme monotony of existence. The Hungarian villages, with few exceptions, are not specially attractive, but the people themselves are exceedingly pleasant and hospitable, and their lives are patterns of industry and frugality. Every passing day witnesses the same routine, the going forth at sunrise and the sunset return from the fields; the hearty home-coming and greeting, the herds on the hillsides, the cluster of gabled farm-houses, huddled together as if for protection, while the flat land stretches for a long distance in all directions. These houses are low, with narrow doors, sloping roofs, and far-reaching eaves, and are usually thatched with reeds or straw. On the shaded veranda of nearly every house is a bench, which the Hungarians call *szohord*, or "bearer of words," indicating the fact that the bench is used as a nook for friendly chat or gossip with a visiting neighbor. Within the house, the floors are of packed earth, more frequently than of boards. Geese, that wander all over the farm village, often stroll through the pretty gardens of poppies, acacias, and sunflowers, into the rooms. Rude, strong furniture (decorated with painted flowers, if one of the family should happen to be artistic), fills all the place. Bedsteads in many houses are a luxury, and the beds, with their gay-striped covers, are spread on the floor.

But, despite disadvantages, the village peasants of both Austria and Hungary are a splendid people physically, and the latter especially, deserve all the admiration that has been lavished upon them by writers and travelers. The wedding-day is the great event in the lives of these simple people, and a peasant bridal never fails to attract large gatherings of kinsfolk and neighbors from the surrounding country.

***

Mother—Live for the Boys.

M. M. E., Minneapolis, Minn., writes as follows: "I have been reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lately, 'A Mother's Thoughts,' in which the writer says that a mother cannot change the impure nature the father may have given his child. I too, believe that the child very often inherits the father's disposition; but what can we say when there are such differences in one family. We often see one bright sunbeam that differs from all the rest. Is there always a Joseph in the family? We would be glad to have the preachers everywhere to preach to the boys, and may every Christian mother lift her heart in prayer to God for the precious youths. My prayer is that God may lead them tenderly, and that they may walk before Him, for my heart yearns for the boys."

***

Dressing the Baby in China.

"Just look at the Chinese baby lying in its big bamboo cradle," writes Rev. G. S. Miner, "its big black eyes peering curiously out of a small round sallow face. In the summer the baby is not troubled with much clothing, but in the winter time he is muffled in so many wadded garments that one might easily take him to be a large football. His clothes are not white, but of some bright color, often scarlet. White is the color for mourning. To make the little fellow less mischievous and more obedient in future life, a red cord is tied around his sleeves. To guard him from the attacks of evil spirits, and ward off numerous childish ailments, another red cord is fastened about his neck, from which numerous small ornaments and ancient 'cash' are suspended. An earring is put into one ear to fool the bad spirits, and make them think he is a girl. When baby is three days old special thanksgiving is made, and offerings are laid before the family shrine of the goddess 'Mother.' When he is one month old a grand feast is prepared, and relatives from far and near are invited. The great event is the shaving of the baby's head, which is done before the ancestral tablet or the shrine of 'Mother.' The maternal grandmother is the principal guest of the day, and if wealthy her presents are numerous and costly. The most important one is a gay little cap, ornamented with embroidery, and eighteen figures of the disciples of Buddha, which are believed to attract all the good influences toward the little wearer."

***

A Girl More Than Queen.

A beautiful anecdote is related of the gardener of a queen in Germany who had a little daughter with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterward she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father brought the child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. When she saw the queen she kissed her robe and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her by the queen's order. From this spot she could overlook the table at which the queen was dining with the ladies of her court; and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on a simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the royal party, the gold dishes on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then, folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice:

Jesus! [illegible]
Are all [illegible]
Fearless, with [illegible]
I'll view the splendors of thy throne.

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"

SLAVONIAN PEASANTS IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child,—
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

***

A Child's Trust.

A SENSITIVE, timid little boy, long years ago, was accustomed to lie down to sleep in a low "trundle-bed," which was rolled under his parents' bed by day, and was brought out for his use by night. As he lay there by himself in the darkness, he could hear the voices of his parents, in their lighted sitting-room across the hallway, on the other side of the house. It seemed to him that his parents never slept; for he left them awake when he was put to bed at night, and he found them awake when he left his bed in the morning. So far this thought was a cause of cheer to him, as his mind was busy with imaginings in the weird darkness of his lonely room, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull.

After loving good-night words and kisses had been given him by both his parents, and he had nestled down to rest, this little boy was accustomed, night after night, to rouse up once more, and to call out from his trundle-bed to his strong-armed father, in the room from which the light gleamed out, beyond the shadowy hallway, "Are you there, papa?" And the answer would come back cheerily, "Yes, my child, I am here." "You'll take care of me to-night, papa, won't you?" was then his question. "Yes, I'll take care of you, my child," was the comforting response. "Go to sleep, now. Good-night."

A little matter that was to the loving father; bnt it was a great matter to the sensitive son. It helped to shape the son's life. It gave the father an added hold on him; and it opened up the way for his clearer understanding of his dependence on the loving watchfulness of the All-Father. And to this day, when that son, himself a father and a grandfather, lies down to sleep at night, he is accustomed, out of the memories of that lesson of long ago, to look up through the shadows of his earthly sleeping-place into the far-off light of his Father's presence, and to call out, in the same spirit of childlike trust and helplessness as so long ago, "Father, you'll take care of me to-night; won't you?" And he hears the assuring answer come back, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord shall keep thee from all evil. He shall keep thy soul. Sleep, my child, in peace."

And so the child is brought to realize the twofold blessing of a father's good-night words.

***

Fill the Hours with Work.

There is none so happy as the busy one. Teach the children the Gospel of work. They can serve God in studying art, in doing their lessons, in running of errands, in sweeping the floor, in washing dishes, and in any honorable work, no matter how humble. In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen: but those who are doing the work are not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful angels. One is putting the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water, and one is at the kitchen dresser reaching up for plates. The painter depicts every one as so busy, and working with such a will, that you forget pans are pans, and pots are pots, and think only of the angels and the work that seems so beautiful. Here is a beautiful life-thought:

[illegible]
[illegible]
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household work, on common days.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Mr. Moody's Warning.

WE heartily commend to the attention of ministers and church members the suggestion Mr. Moody makes on another page of this journal. It is an earnest plea for the Sunday evening service. Mr. Moody is anxious that every church have a service on the evening of the Lord's day, and that it shall be a thoroughly evangelistic service, to be followed by an "after-meeting" for personal conversation with inquirers. We are sure that the words of so eminent a worker, and one who has had so wide and blessed experience in soul-winning, will receive the respectful consideration that they deserve.

The suggestion, moreover, claims attention by its own merits. The mission of the Church is to save souls. The upbuilding of Christian character and the promotion of the growth in grace of its own members, should never absorb the attention of a church. If it would fulfil its mission and gain the approval of its Lord, it must reach out and win souls for him from the unsaved masses around it. Experience proves that its own advance in spiritual life will be best promoted by such activity. Mr. Moody points out several reasons why such work can be done most effectively on Sunday evenings. Then, the tired working man, the careless and indifferent wanderer, the young man from the country, who has promised his Christian mother to go to church, and other classes of people are most likely to be found within the doors of the church if they are open. That is the opportunity afforded of warning them of their danger, and pleading with them to forsake sin and seek Christ. The church cannot choose the opportunity. That choice is with the ousider, and if he should avail itself of the opportunity of not recommend anything sensational. As cient for the purpose. The "after-meeting too, is important. There, an inquirer who has been impressed by the sermon, tion with the preacher and his helpers, can describe his individual difficulties, and can receive counsel and help, specially adapt-

it may see an additional reason in the multiplication, now witnessed in all our cities, of Sunday evening concerts and other entertainments. The world is aware that there are large numbers of people with an unoccupied evening on their hands, and is providing for them. While places of amusement are beckoning the multitudes, the church should not be closed. It should be open and alive, and its members earnestly striving to win trophies for Christ. Mr. Moody's suggestion is a timely one, and if it is generally adopted we may hope that this winter will witness an ingathering of a large harvest of souls.

Among the Leaves.

I DO not known what the spiritual history of Horatius Greenough, the celebrated artist, was, but I think he must have been a Christian, for he said when he came to die: "It will not do for me to pass away and give no sign that I, having by the grace of God been born in this land, have found life to be far from the irksome task with which they scared my youth." I think if we enter into the spirit of the Lord Jesus, the natural world will be prophetic, inspiring, and grandly elevating. As I went through the woods to-day, I thought what grand things the frost—though so much maligned—can do. We usually suppose that the business of the frost is to blast, is to tear apart, is positively to kill, and yet no painter ever made such exquisite tints as to-day I have seen scattered by the finger of the frost all through the woods. And just so, I thought, it is with the trouble which God sends upon a Christian soul. Some have supposed that it is to blast and destroy. Far from that. The mission of trouble in the Christian heart is to beautify and adorn and glorify. As the frost changes the colors of the leaves, so God intended trouble to kindle in the Christian soul harmonies and glories. I have seen men go into misfortune and trial, and the world said: "They will be utterly trampled on and crushed out," and we expected them to come out from the scene of their misfortunes without any heart left; but they came out singing the praises of God. Had it not been for the trial that God sent upon you, O Christian soul, you would not have attained one-half the height of Christian character that you have already attained, and you know that whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.

I thought to-day, further, as I went through the woods; What a grand place heaven must be. If out of this sinful and ruined world, God can make so much that is attractive to the eye, what must that land be where there are no hurricane-blasts strewing the leaves into the dust—where sorrow and trouble never come. If you look at a piece of tapestry, and find that the wrong side of it is exquisite, you argue that the right side must be more superbly beautiful, and I suppose all the colors God has scattered in the autumnal woods to-day is only the wrong side, while heaven is the right side.

Oh, what a land that must be! They hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. If out of this sinful earth God can weave so much that is attractive to the physical eye, out of the grandeurs of heaven, what a spectacle of light, and love and joy will God weave for our souls in the time that is to come.

I thought to-day, also, as I went through the woods, how everything is "passing away." Unless within a few days you go out in the forests, you will see nothing of this glory of which I have been speaking. They have already begun to sweep up the falling leaves, and in a few weeks all that now attracts the eye in the forests will have perished. And so it is with all earthly beauty, and all earthly associations. The places which know us now, will soon know us no more forever. Those with whom we mingle on earth must be scattered into other circles, or with ourselves must be gone.

But though the world perish, and its beauty be gone, and everything of an earthly nature go out of our grasp, holding Christ, we hold an eternal possession!

The Duty of Labor.

PRIDE and avarice are the motive springs of many a man's devotion to his daily business avocation. While there is a dollar to be made he would like to make it. If there is work to be done, no one, in his estimation, can do it quite so well as he. Again, each man wants to keep himself abreast of others in his social circle. So he keeps himself still in the harness that others would gladly wear, and the causes he might help remain unaided, so far as he is concerned.

After all "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world" and pass into eternity with a record that can be written down in no other earthly characters than those which represent dollars and cents? Such a record being interpreted in the light of eternity will read, "Weighted in the balance and found wanting." It behooves every one of us to take time to be healthy, time to be godly, time to do good. Our men of means should be found actively engaged in the furtherance of plans for the world's betterment.

Leisure legitimately secured and properly spent is by no means laziness. The man of leisure need not be a lazy man. Our Creator would have us work and enjoy the fruits of our labor. If from any cause beyond our control we cannot work we need not starve. No one among us is called upon to do that. Of all the millions who dwell in the land it is not the will of our Father in heaven that any should perish. There is bread enough and to spare, for old and young, for strong and infirm. The Gospel has provided for the supply of all human need by bidding those who possess share with those who lack. At the same time lest lack be the outcome of laziness, it is ordered that if a man work not, he is not to eat. Labor of some kind, as far as native faculties and added advantages permit, is meant for us all, save the sick and the helpless. He who can work and does not work ought to be made to work. He who shirks his share of the common toil and yet reaps the benefits of the toil of others, the same is a thief and a robber. He may not dress in Robin Hood's garb, and he may not lay himself open to the charge of larceny, but the fruits he enjoys are not the fruits of righteousness.

Tempered Praise.

WE have just now been reading a column of obituary notices. They read well, but we stopped several times to ask ourselves whether all this was true. When our acquaintances die, we are apt to remember only their good qualities, and, taking pen in hand to sketch them, we make a picture all sunshine and no shadow. Let us be a little more cautious in our eulogiums. When you are in funeral sermon praising the deceased Christian man, who was in his lifetime fond of trading horses, there may be in your audience a man who got from the aforesaid saint a horse with "the heaves," the disease not discovered until a week after the bargain. Therefore do not make out the departed man too angelic. Hold up a little in obituaries and funeral orations. We know and have felt the temptation to exaggerate on the favorable side of our departed friends's character, but do not let us yield to the temptation. Falsehood on tomb-stones, and "In Memoriam" is as reprehensible as anywhere else. If we want a complimentary notice of ourselves after we are dead, let us by a decent, and upright life prepare the way for such obituary.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Baptist Prayer Union, of which Re F. B. Meyer, of Regent's Park Chapel, Lond is President, comprises in its membership eight hundred ministers and missionaries various parts of the world.

From an article by Mr. T. Thomas For on the Afro American Methodists it appears t the aggregate membership of the six branches the church is about 1,184,000, with 8,935 ministers Mr Fortune thinks that the colored Baptists n ber 1,350,000.

Evangelist Ralph Gillam has been En ng a season of blessing in New Hampshire. At Keenestown there was a remarkable series of m lasting twelve days. The neighborhood was stirred and there were many additions the churches.

Evangelist Horton held Meetings dur summer at Indian Creek near Red Cloud, Ne outcome of his work is the organization of a of twenty-four members who are actively at and full of enthusiasm. There is a large School and a devoted corps of teachers.

Major James H. Cole, the well known E gelist, has been paying a visit to Chicago. H ducted an evangelistic service for his former Dr Hill, at Austin, on Oct. 11, to a crowded gation. Several persons decided to confess He held a meeting on Oct. 18 at the Pacific Mission.

Rev. Grant C. Tullar has been Condu a series of services in Brooklyn, N. Y. The St. Presbyterian Church was well filled every ing by an attentive congregation. Mr. Tullar' trative anecdotes and humorous sayings gave to his pointed appeals and kept his audien terested by the hour.

A Church at Stockbridge, Wis., has had stages in its history. The Gospel was first pa ed there by the American Board in a mission Stockbridge Indians. Then the Home Mission took charge of the work. It has now become dependent church and has called a lady—Mis Margett—to the pastorate.

Rev. Thomas Houston, the Blind Pre and Singer, has been conducting successful services at Delaware, N. J., at the Presby Church of which Rev. Albert L. Kelly is Mr. Kelly writes that besides additions church, the Christian people of the town were benefited by Mr. Houston's work.

The Second Annual Convention of th tional Gospel Mission Union will be held in November 17-19. Among the speakers who wi part in the proceedings are Rev. Stephen M Rev. Dean Peck, Rev. E. D. Bailey, Mr. Char Bunting, and Mayor George A. Hilton. Last convention was a time of great blessing, a prospects for a similar blessing this year are

Rev. John C. Collins, Secretary of the national Christian Workers' Association, ha pared a suitable set of envelopes and coupo weekly offerings. Churches proposing to intr this system, which has proved successful many places in increasing the revenues churches should send to Mr. Collins, New Conn., for particulars, enclosing a two cent

Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Pre terian Church, baptized ten Jewish convert Oct. 11th in the Hall of the American Mission Jews, at 424 Grand street, New York. Six adults and four were children of the converts. Hermann Warszawiak, who conducts the Mi expects to welcome several more of his J brethren soon, as there are many inquirers.

A Recent Letter from Miss Isabella Na of Batanga, West Africa, describes the loss th sion has sustained in the death of Mrs. Flo Nightingale Roberts, paying a beautiful tri the character of this sweetly-simply, earnest stionary, truly another Florence Nightingale ministry to the sick and suffering. She was t and patient in her care of the sick, and treate less than 900 cases medically.

A Conference of Christians will Assemb Cooper Union, New York, from Nov. 9th to The object is the deepening of spiritual life the meetings will be of the same character as recently held at Northfield. Mr. D. L. Mood preach each morning at ten o'clock, and ther be addresses beginning at 2.30 p. m. by Wilbur Chapman, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Rev. G Needham, Rev. R. G. Pearson, and others.

Prohibition is Practically Enforced in o the districts of Liverpool, Eng. The district saloon within its boundaries, although it contain hundred streets, and has a population of sixty sand persons. Thirty years ago, the landowners gan making a stipulation that no house in t trict should be used as a saloon, and has contin the prohibition. The death rate and the tax the support of the indigent poor, both feel the effe the exclusion.

The Church Missionary Society is Adv ing into Central Soudan. Bishop Tugwell, a panied by two other missionaries, has visited eral points in Sokoto with a view to establishin a mission among the Hausas, the most important tion of the Soudan. The king and chiefs at K received them graciously, and Mr. L. H. W who is familiar with the language, will probabl turn in a few months to open Christian work i dark corner of Africa.

A Request is Made to us to Caution Re ers, living at a distance from New York, a the indiscriminate support of professedly char and philanthropic institutions in this city. plaint has been made that persons conduc doubtful enterprises, when they are unable t funds in New York, owing to exposure of methods, have gone outside the city with obj monials, and have succeeded in collecting m Any appeal that is made should be for well-k institutions, or should be endorsed, under t date, by well-known men.

The Canvass of New York City rece made by the Federation of Churches and Chr workers show that the city has a larger perce of persons to the acre than London, Paris, Berl Tokio. The percentage is 103.2. A diligent vass of the district west of Eighth Ave., betwe and 23d streets, showed a population of 9 whom 1,281 answered questions as to their re ious connection. The church attendants numbe 15,612, the number who did not attend church 18,426. The population of this district belong twenty-seven different nationalities.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Philippine Islands in Revolt.

SPAIN'S new trouble appears, from recent cable dispatches, to be more serious than was at first supposed. Her representative in the Philippine Islands, so far from having suppressed the "glorious demonstration" of the people, reports as late as October 15 a defeat of a little army by the insurgents, and confesses his request for immediate assistance. Next to Cuba, the Philippine Islands are the most valuable possession left to Spain. They are a group of about twelve hundred islands, lying south of Formosa between that island and Borneo. Their aggregate area is about 120,000 square miles, and their population is about seven millions. The islands are extraordinarily fertile, containing forests of ebony, cedar, iron-wood and gum-trees. Oranges, citron, banana, guava, sugar-cane are among their products, but their coffee, tobacco and indigo are their largest exports. The people are chiefly negroes of the Papuan type, but there are a large number of Mestizos, a race of half-breeds descended from Chinese fathers and negro mothers. Spain has held the islands since the sixteenth century, but has never thoroughly subdued the people. She appears to have been intent on getting revenue from the islands, rather than introducing civilization. The trade has been vested chiefly into the hands of German, English and American traders, and has been an extremely profitable. The English trade alone amounts annually to fifteen million dollars. Manila and three other ports are the only places open to foreign trade. Spain exacts a high tariff, and besides, retains in her own hands the monopoly of tobacco and cigars. Roman Catholic missionaries have labored in the islands for over a century and some three millions of the natives were reported to be converts, but even these are only nominally Christian, and the large bulk of the people are heathers. The present trouble appears to have been of Japanese origin. An outlet for her surplus population is indispensable to the Island Empire, and since she has been excluded by the greed of Russia from Korea, she has turned her eyes longingly to the Philippines. With Formosa as a base of operations, Japan has sent colonists to the islands, who, it is alleged, have fomented discontent among the natives. Nominally the movement aims to establish a republic, but if Japan is really aiding it, there is little doubt that annexation and not independence, will be the outcome of success, if it is achieved. Spanish reports compute the insurgent strength at fifteen thousand men and their own forces scattered over the islands are about twenty thousand. Insurgent enthusiasm is growing rapidly owing to the heavy taxation and intolerable tyranny of Spanish rule, which the people believe there is now a prospect of shaking off. Public sympathy goes out naturally to all people struggling for liberty, but in this instance there is ground for hesitation. Independence to a people unaccustomed to self-government may mean only anarchy; and annexation to Japan would mean the supremacy of a government avowedly unchristian. Neither alternative presents to the Islands the true bases of happiness and prosperity. These are to be found only in submission to Christ, of whose rule the prophet sang:

He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law. (Isa. 42: 4.)

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Opaque to the Roentgen Rays.

A new discovery has been made in the study of the Roentgen rays. It was at first supposed that metals and bones were the only substances that the rays could not penetrate. A German chemist who has been making experiments, however, adds several articles to the list. The chemist had a number of glass tubes made which he filled with certain liquids. These were submitted to the rays and found to resist them, in various degrees of strength. The liquids were of the kind known to chemists as halogenics, that is, substances which form salts by entering into combination with metals. Chief among them are iodine, bromine, and chlorine, all of which make a deep shadow on the plate when photographed by the rays, showing that the light has not penetrated them. The curious fact was noticed that several of these substances offer no resistance to ordinary light though they are impervious to the Roentgen Rays which penetrate wood and flesh. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are transparent to the rays, and as these are the main elements of flesh, it is easy to perceive why organic substances can be penetrated by the rays. Incidentally the chemist who made the discovery detected a case of adulteration by means of the rays. He was puzzled by the fact that one of the substances which on the new principle should have been opaque, was transparent. He was unable to solve the mystery until he analyzed the substance and found that his specimen had been adulterated. The pure substance gave the shadow under the rays which he had expected it to give. Doubtless the adulterator had no idea that so clear a test would be applied to the material he supplied. A similar surprise awaits many whose characters and work are now respected but which will be declared worthless under the clear light that will be applied to them at the last.

Every [illegible] day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire. (1 Cor. 3: 13.)

Forgot Her Child.

A New York policeman relieved the distress of a young mother a few days ago. He found her in the street crying and wringing her hands. She was too hysterical to explain her trouble at first, but eventually she made him understand that she had lost her baby. She had left it somewhere and could not remember where. By dint of many questions that the woman was too excited to understand, the policeman succeeded in finding out the place she had been to since she left home in the morning with the infant in her arms. She had been hurriedly summoned to Bellevue Hospital to see a relative who had been hurt. She was very much distressed by the interview, and was thinking of it as she went homeward, when she suddenly thought of her child. The policeman took her back to the hospital as the most likely place to find it. At the gate, the gatekeeper recognized the woman at once and took her into his lodge, where the child was lying fast asleep. Seeing her excitement when she went in, he had offered to let her leave the child while she went up to see her relative. After her visit she went out at another gate, and he did not see her leave. She must have been very much pre-occupied to have been so forgetful. Rare as such an occurrence is, the incident shows that it is possible, and therefore the prophet was right when he described the love of God who never forgets his children as greater than even the love of a mother:

Can a woman forget her sucking-child? Yea they may [illegible] (Isa. 49: 15.)

Prescriptions by Pigeon Post.

A British journal describes the novel device of a physician in Scotland whose practice lies in a widely scattered district. The doctor carries with him when he makes his visits several carrier pigeons. In urgent cases, he writes a prescription and confides it to one of the birds which flies to his home, where his dispenser makes up the medicine and sends it to the patient. Nor is this the only service the pigeons render. When a patient is liable to need the doctor's services in a hurry, the doctor leaves a pigeon with him and if the patient needs the doctor, he simply releases the pigeon and its arrival at the doctor's home is sufficient notification that he is wanted and he mounts his horse and rides off. The patients have full confidence in this novel messenger service. It is much to be wished that Christians had the same confidence in the prayer service placed at their disposal. Then they would more frequently say with the Psalmist:

This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles. (Ps. 34: 6.)

American Mummies.

Egypt does not enjoy an absolute monopoly in the preservation of the bodies of the dead. There are several bodies in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., which prove that the art of embalming and mummy-making were known to some of the Indians in our own land. They were found in a cave in Alaska, and a romantic tradition of Indian origin about them was given to a reporter of the New York *Herald* by an Alaskan priest. He said that the remains were those of a chief and his family, who lived nearly two hundred years ago. The first to die was a beautiful boy, the only son of his father, who idolized him. He was drowned, but his body was recovered. It was preserved by arts known to the Esquimaux, and wrapped in its finest clothes was placed in the best house in the village in the place of honor and a funeral procession to see it was formed. The chief's daughter, who was in the procession slipped on the frozen snow and falling, so injured herself that she died soon afterward. The chief was heart-broken and refused to allow the funeral rites to continue. He had the bodies wrapped in spices and covered with grass-cloth. They were then placed in a cave and the chief left minute instructions that when he died his body should be treated in the same way and placed in the same cave. He was obeyed and the bodies were found one hundred and seventy-six years afterward in a good state of preservation. Their appearance resembles Egyptian mummies which have been found in the rock tombs in the land of the Pharaohs. Like the Egyptians, the Indians seem to have had a longing for eternal life, but did not know that it was to be attained by the soul, and not by the body. Long before, unknown to them, the patriarch had reached a truer conclusion:

[illegible] (Job 19: 25, 26.)

MANILA, THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Wedded in Prison.

A wedding took place in the jail of Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago, which effected the bridegroom's release from confinement. He is a restaurant keeper. Some two years ago he became engaged to be married. Lately he changed his mind, and informed the lady that he desired to be released from his engagement. Thereupon she commenced proceedings for damages. As the young man was unable to furnish bail, he was locked up. Two days imprisonment brought him to repentance. He sent for the lady and informed her that rather than remain in jail he would marry her. Her lawyer, who accompanied her, advised her to stipulate for the transfer of the man's property to herself before the ceremony. The man objected, but as he was unable to make better terms he finally yielded. The ceremony was then begun and another hitch occurred. When the bridegroom was asked the usual question whether he would take this woman, etc., instead of answering, "I will," or "I do," he said, "I've got to." The bride objected to so dishonoring an answer and demanded an apology. The man refused, but again yielded when the bride was going away and leaving him in jail. The wedding then proceeded, the bridegroom making the responses properly and meekly. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bridegroom was set at liberty, and he and his wife left the prison arm in arm. It was obvious to every one that the man was marrying as the only way to escape punishment, and not because he loved his future wife. The same motive often impels people to seek Christ: they are fearful of the doom that awaits the impenitent, and they turn to Christ as the way of escape, and not because they love him or hate sin. That fact accounts for the lack of enthusiasm there is in some who are called Christians.

Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father. (Matt. 7: 21.)

To Recall a Letter.

A fact that will be news to many people, even those well-informed on the Postal service is stated by the *Evening Transcript*, of Boston, Mass. It says that a letter can be recalled by the sender at any time before it is delivered to the person to whom it is addressed. "This can be done, even if the letter has reached the Post Office at its destination. At every Post Office there are what are called 'withdrawal blanks.' On application they will be furnished, and, when a deposit is made to cover the expense, the Postmaster will telegraph to the Postmaster at the letter's destination ask that it be promptly returned. The applicant first signs an agreement indemnifying the Postmaster." This privilege is useful. In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent parties or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone, and have succeeded in recalling them. There are probably many other letters besides those containing money that the writers wish to withdraw after taking time to consider consequences. Some people have had reason to wish the same thing about their prayers. When people are very importunate in pleading for something they desire, and are not content to let God choose their lot for them, he sometimes gives them what they beg for, and allows them to learn by sad experience that they were unwise to take the management of their lives into their own hands. Many a burden has to be borne, because, as with the Israelites

He gave them their own desire. (Ps. 78: 29.)

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California,	12	New Hampshire,	2
Colorado,	7	New Jersey,	2
Connecticut,	2	New York,	2
Delaware,	2	New Mexico,	8
Florida,	6	North Carolina	3
Georgia,	4	North Dakota,	6
Idaho,	9	Ohio,	4
Illinois,	4	Oregon,	12
Indiana,	4	Pennsylvania,	2
Indian Territory,	5	Rhode Island,	2
Iowa,	5	South Carolina,	3
Kansas,	5	South Dakota,	6
Kentucky,	4	Tennessee,	4
Louisiana,	6	Texas,	6
[illegible]	4	[illegible]	7
Maryland,	2	Vermont,	2
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3
Michigan,	4	Washington,	12
Minnesota,	4	West Virginia,	3
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Marriage is a subject universally interesting and tremendously important. The wise counsel which **Dr. Talmage** in his captivating volume, **"The Wedding Ring,"** offers to young folks and their parents, his advice on "How to Choose a Husband" and "How to Choose a Wife," and his able talks on "The Relations of Wife to Husband and Husband to Wife," will help his many readers to act wisely and judiciously in matters that may decide the destiny of loved ones for time and for eternity. His two chapters on "Clandestine Marriages" and "Woman Enthroned" should be read by every member of the gentler sex.

2. The Secret of a Happy Home.

By MARION HARLAND.

"The Secret of a Happy Home" is not yet generally in possession of the people. Many homes, in which all the conditions for happiness exist in generous measure, are yet unhappy, and the book which **Marion Harland** here sends forth into the world is calculated to transform many an abode of comparative misery into an Eden of felicity. Get this precious volume, and read it aloud in the family circle. It offers suggestions and hints which will help each member to contribute a proportionate share toward making home what it should be, a veritable haven of bliss.

3. Notable 19th Century Events.

By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, D.D.

The nineteenth century is the most remarkable of all the old world eras ever seen. Never was history made faster, never did [illegible] never were discoveries and inventions more numerous and more potent for good. Of course, a volume of [illegible] cannot contain every event and circumstance that occurred during the past ninety-six years, but in **"Notable Events of the 19th Century," Dr. John Clark Ridpath,** whose name is a synonym for good authorship and erudition, has very cleverly selected and very ably handled those particular events in the political, military, naval, scientific, and religious world that have exerted the mightiest influences during the present century. A marvelous subject and a marvelous book.

4. How to Succeed.

By ORISON S. MARDEN, M.D.

Everybody in this world is eager to achieve success. Countless thousands who are plodding on day after day, making little or no progress, could turn their industry to mighty advantage did they but enjoy the benefit of proper and intelligent guidance. In his grandly inspiring book, **"How to Succeed," Dr. O. S. Marden,** the famous author of "Pushing to the Front," and "Architects of Fate," supplies just what is needed in that direction, and no one can read this excellent volume without deriving infinite advantage. We keep well within the limits of fact when we claim for this book that it is the best one of its kind ever published.

5. Holiday Stories for the Young.

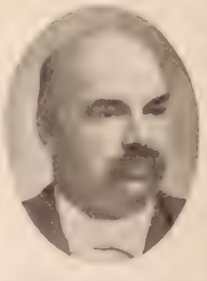
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Young people will read stories, and it is right that they should; but too much care cannot be exercised in making proper selection. A bad story has often blighted a life that might have been beautiful, and a good story has not infrequently given a tendency in the right direction that has told for time and eternity. In **"Holiday Stories for the Young," Margaret E. Sangster** has made a contribution to literature for young people which clearly demonstrates the fact that good stories can be made much more attractive than vile ones, and that purity does not necessarily go hand in hand with insipidity. This fascinating collection will speedily commend itself to our young friends, who will find in it a mine of delightful entertainment.

6. The Land we Live In.

By HENRY MANN.

"The Land We Live In." God bless it, and preserve it! No better land in all the world! How we love it! What a privilege to dwell in it! How interesting its history and the story of its growth and its marvelous development! Here is a volume that tells us all about it. It reads like a fairy-tale. Things we never knew, but which every American should know, are told in a manner so captivating that we read on until the eyes tires and we are compelled to lay it aside for awhile, only to take it up again for another draught on its inexhaustible treasures. **Mr. Henry Mann,** who has contributed this grand volume to our Library, has, through it, done excellent service to his country.



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In **"Recitations for the Social Circle," James Clarence Harvey,** the well-known poet and author, has succeeded in presenting a collection of charming prose and poetry which agreeably combines the elements of delightful entertainment. We here find hundreds of literary gems, humorous, pathetic, sotto witty, and patriotic; all pure, elevating, with not a questionable word in the whole collection. Old and young will find amusement and entertainment in this handy little volume, which does infinite credit to its talented compiler.

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By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

We are very prone to go through the world with our eyes shut. Half the beauties are missed because we do not suspect their existence, and are therefore blind to see them. Read **"The Fairy-land of Science,"** and learn why we have not known so much that we might have enjoyed. Do not think it dry or tedious, for it reads like a romance, and once read, the eyes are opened and things now tame and uninteresting are suddenly and permanently invested with wonderful interest and attractiveness. One hour spent with this delightful volume will reveal a multitude of nearby wonders hitherto hidden from view.

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The Christian Herald for 1897.

IN once more extending our annual greeting to our world-wide circle of friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cordially invites them to accompany it into fresh fields of literary and artistic enjoyment, and new avenues of Christian usefulness. As a band of brothers and sisters, they will be associated in a multitude of good works, will visit and explore new scenes in many lands, and will be brought into pleasant and profitable acquaintance with the greatest men and women of our day and generation.

AMELIA E. BARR

While all the standard features that have made THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a universal favorite will be retained, there are many new and delightful surprises in store for our readers during the coming year. Of course, **Dr. Talmage,** our Editor-in-Chief, will continue to consider, editorially, the leading events of the day, and his sermons, carefully revised by himself, will appear regularly as heretofore.

Pastor **Thomas Spurgeon,** who has succeeded his eminent father as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, and who preaches to the greatest audiences on the other side of the Atlantic, is now on our staff of regular contributors. Mr. Spurgeon has that wonderful pithy, humorous and cheerful good sense, and that marvelous power of condensing a sermon into an epigram, that made his much-lamented father's sermons such delightful reading.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Amelia E. Barr, America's greatest authoress, has written, exclusively for our columns, the most remarkable and fascinating Serial Story that has ever come from her gifted and prolific pen. It is entitled "The King's Highway," and is so charming and dramatic, that it cannot fail to afford exceptional pleasure to all our readers. Mrs. Barr will also contribute a series of unique articles, dealing with questions closely allied to our home and social lives.

Hon. Selah Merrill, for eight years United States Consul in Jerusalem, who has made life in Palestine the subject of closest observation and study, has engaged to write a series of articles on "The Modern Jew In His Ancestral Home." He will describe the street life of the Holy City, the amusements of its people, their festivals, their newly-founded colonies, and many other attractive and picturesque phases of their social life. The illustrations, being from photographs taken by Dr. Merrill with his own camera. These wonderfully graphic articles afford a truer conception of Jewish home life than can be had from any other source.

GEN. JOHN EATON

Margaret E. Sangster, [illegible] to all lovers of sweet poetry and helpful prose, and [illegible] with the sympathetic, will conduct a series of "Home Talks With [illegible]" which will, undoubtedly, contribute to a happier, healthier and more beautiful home life [illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is read.

Ira D. Sankey, whose name [illegible] good music is appreciated, [illegible] are sung in every land and in every tongue, will continue to supply each week [illegible] specially adapted to the requirements of the Home Circle.

Another gratifying addition to our staff is the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, [illegible] beloved Editor, who has inherited, in no small measure, the genius of his illustrious father. A careful student, and a talented, pleasant and ready writer, his contributions will be read with a peculiar interest by the countless thousands who, for many years, have been accustomed to associate the family name with the highest type of pulpit eloquence.

Gen. John Eaton of Washington, D. C., contributes a series of articles on "Mormonism of the Present Day," that will be a revelation to our readers. Gen. Eaton, while U. S. Commissioner of Education many years, had exceptional facilities for obtaining acmurate information, and unmasks therefrom this infamous iniquity, which is neither dead nor dying, and shows that its poison is permeating the social and political life of many States, that its propaganda is rich and powerful, and that its aim is treason and national debasement. These articles, splendidly illustrated, should be read by every one who values national purity, and the permanent well-being of our Republican institutions.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The whole world knows and loves **Fanny Crosby,** the blind hymn-writer, whose life has been one long, sweet song. This gifted Christian woman, now nearing the close of a beautiful life, but still hale and intellectually vigorous, will tell our readers how some of her famous hymns came to be written. Nearly every consecrated poem that has come from her lips and heart has an interesting history, and sometimes a romantic one, which will make delightful reading peculiarly acceptable to her numerous friends and admirers.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. Wm. E. Geil, the American author and Evangelist, traveler, just returned from the East, will [illegible] Patmos, the Apocalypse; Seven Churches; [illegible] memorable interview at Jerusalem with Rabbi Elyacher, the Head of Orthodox Judaism; his adventures among the Druses, now at war with the Turks, and many other notable incidents of his Travels. These letters, written specially for this journal, are superbly illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Geil's own camera, and representing many scenes never before published.

REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE

Dr. H. G. Yoseph, a talented native of the Orient, is now on her way, as a medical missionary, to that part of Asia which adjoins the Turkish, Russian and Persian borders, under the sacred shadow of Ararat, the mountain of the Deluge. There Dr. Yoseph will labor, under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, both as teacher and physician. In her ministrations she will doubtless aid many poor Armenian fugitives, who, by crossing the mountains, have escaped the fate of their massacred friends. [illegible] Yoseph's letters, which she will write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be illustrated with photographs, and will be particularly interesting, as they will deal with a remote portion of the world, little known to travelers or to Christian missionaries, and full of various Gospel opportunities.

DR. H. G. YOSEPH.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., the eminent and eloquent Methodist divine, will arouse the spirit of emulation by a series of wonderfully attractive anecdotal articles, on "Heroism of Character," in which interesting and instructive episodes in the lives of the distinguished and noble men and women of our own day will be related for the first time. Dr. Banks is a Master of anecdotal literature, and his contributions dealing with actual events in the experiences of living people, will charm and inspire all who read them. These "Living Stories" will find a warm welcome from all our readers, who cannot fail to feel the spell of this fascinating writer. His ardent sympathy with struggling humanity and his strenuous desire to help them has led him to study the lives of those who have achieved success in all walks of life and his mind is consequently stored with anecdotes, the brightest and best of which he will now recount for the delectation of our army of readers.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Besides those already mentioned, a host of other brilliant writers in all parts of the world will contribute to our pages. There is hardly a country on the round globe that has not added at least one personality to this phalanx of literary talent, thus giving infinite variety to every issue of the paper. Among the contributors are Mrs. **Grace Kimball,** the Missionary Heroine of Van; Dr. **Sheldon Jackson,** the Alaska Missionary and Explorer; **Ex-U.S. Senator Henry W. Blair,** of New Hampshire; **Rev. C. H. Mead, Rev. R. S. McArthur, Rev. Hawthorne,** of Atlanta, Ga.; **Mrs. Baxter,** of London; **Heli Chatelain,** the Angola Liberator; **Rev. A. S. Gumbart,** of Boston, the writer of Delightful Sermons for the Young, and Missionary Correspondents in Central Africa, Arabia, Mesopotamia, China, India, Japan, Corea, Asia Minor, and the Islands of the Pacific.

REV. W. E. GEIL.

The **International Sunday School Lessons,** which the topic of the week is interestingly discussed and beautifully illustrated; the **Mail-Bag,** through which all our readers may ask and receive advice and information on any topic; the **Bible and the Newspaper** (full of live illustrations for preachers and Sunday School Teachers), the **Family and Home Circle,** with its pleasant prattle and friendly counsel in behalf of the younger generation and the "old folks" as well; Advance Suggestions on the **Christian Endeavor Topic,** and the multitude of other features which in the past have endeared THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to its hundreds of thousands of readers will all be continued, including its magnificent front pages printed in many **bright and beautiful colors,** and a thousand and one superb artistic attractions besides those mentioned above.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

SLAVES UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG.

ow the Traffic in Human Flesh is Conducted at Zanzibar, in Defiance of Treaty Promises—Horrors of the Traffic.

THE PORT OF ZANZIBAR, LONG THE CENTRE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE attempt of Said Khalid to usurp the Sultanate of Zanzibar, in opposition to Hamoud, the protege of the British, terminating in the bombardment and destruction of the palace and in the speedy pression of the revolt, was probably a nifestation of the wrath with which the abs of Zanzibar have received the news Lord Salisbury's promise that Consul- neral Hardinge shall, in the fall, return Zanzibar with instructions to abolish status of slavery without delay. The ure of this uprising and this demonstra- n of England's power will no doubt atly facilitate the enforcement of imme- te abolition; for nobody in Zanzibar now dare to resist any orders of the itish rulers. Nevertheless this long- ked-for-reform remains a plicated and laborious task those entrusted with its ex- ution. The attention of erican readers has been ed to the anomaly of slav- thriving under the British in a recent denunciation a weekly publication, no American paper thus far given a full and urate presentation of this portant question. THE RISTIAN HERALD readers o are now interested in the vement which aims at wip- out slavery from the face the earth, will be glad to d the following account tten especially for them by Chatelain who has made ecial study of this subject.

he Protectorate of Zanzi- consists of the islands of zibar and Pemba with a of the mainland facing n. The protectorate was med by Great Britain in with the consent of Ger- ny and France to whom Heligoland and agascar were given up as a compensa- for the relinquishment of their right to fere. Since 1890, Zanzibar and Pemba e been administered by British subjects er a puppet Sultan, and England is re- nsible for whatever the Zanzibar gov- ment does or fails to do. Ever since the mption of the protectorate, the Eng- government, whether liberal or con- rative, has promised again and again speedily abolish the status of slavery; not until recently has it been possible the advocates of immediate abolition mpel the British government to fix an roximate date at which abolition shall place. The principal difficulties in way of immediate abolition are: First, Mohammedan law under which the ds are still administered and which lizes slavery. Second, The fact that Zanzibar government derives its nue chiefly from the clove plantations ch are entirely worked by slave labor. rd, The fact that the Sultan is himself largest slave owner and that the Brit- officer who rules the protectorate is at same time the manager of the Sultan's es. In these material interests is found reason why, instead of diminishing, the e-trade has considerably increased e the advent of British rule.

he actual state of affairs in these isl- s has been revealed to the British pub- by Mr. Donald Mackenzie, special com- sioner of the British and Foreign Anti- very Society, who made a thorough in- tigation on the spot. The population Zanzibar and Pemba is estimated at 400,000 souls, 266,000 of whom are slaves. The Arabs, who number about 10,000, are the lords of the soil; the East-Indians, some 8,500 in number, are the financiers; and the Europeans, perhaps 100 strong, are merchants or government officials. The slaves may be divided into four classes: First, Domestic slaves, principally composed of concubines, household slaves and eunuchs. Second, Plantation slaves, who cultivate the *shambas* (estates) without pay, being allowed Tuesday and Friday in each week to raise their own food. Third, Town laborers (including many women), who do all the hard work in the harbor, the warehouses and the streets. Four, Porters who carry goods into the interior of Africa and bring back produce.

The so-called "free-labor" consists of slaves who are hired by British subjects, and have to pay their non-British proprietors half of their earnings. These "free laborers" must find enough work to satisfy their proprietors, or they are punished. The mortality among the slaves is appalling. It is estimated that thirty per cent. of the caravan porters who are taken to the interior die from exhaustion, ill-treatment and other causes.

One explorer went into the interior with 450 men, and he came back with only 190. A slave is said to live on an average only eleven years. Prolific as negroes generally are, the slaves have very few children. This is partly attributed to the ill-treatment of very young girls by the Arabs and others. Owing to this great mortality, it is computed that 7,000 slaves have to be annually imported in order to supply the deficiency. Most of these slaves imported by contraband are now brought from the mainland in sailing canoes which easily escape the attention of the men-of-war.

From Zanzibar the slaves can be transferred to the island of Pemba where there is no European resident (except quite recently an English Vice-Consul), and thence they are shipped to Persia and Arabia without great difficulty. Mr. Mackenzie thinks that 11,000 slaves are annually shipped from the mainland and Zanzibar to those countries. As the dhows used in this trade number 1,516 that would make an average of seven per dhow, which is a low estimate. In most of the dhows which have been captured were found small boys who had been horribly mutilated.

In the province of Zanzibar, women prisoners may be seen every day chained together in gangs of about seven and working under the supervision of a policeman armed with a stick. The greatest slave-holders are: the Sultan who owns 30,000, Abdullah ben Salam, who possesses 18,000, and his principal wife 1,000 more, and the famous Tippoo Tib who has 10,000.

In order to place the present 266,000 slaves on Zanzibar and Pemba, the sacrifice of human lives at the places of capture in the interior and on the road must have been, according to the lowest estimate, over 1,000,000 souls. To supply the local demand of the two islands, 24,000 are sacrificed year after year, and over 40,000 are claimed by the export to Arabia and Persia.

The great loss of life on the road is such that a slave who cost in the interior a few yards of calico is worth at the coast from $50 to $100. As the plantations of the Arabs are all mortgaged to British-Indian financiers, these are the real slave owners hiding themselves behind the Arabs, who cultivate the plantations for them, because British law will not allow them to hold slaves. Even the slave-raiding expeditions to the interior were financed by these British subjects. It was a well known Indian who started that arch-slaver Tippoo Tib in business. The rate of interest which the Indians get from the mortgages ranges from 20 to 30 per cent. The plantations are mortgaged to the amount of $1,100,000.

Commissioner Mackenzie was the first European to explore the island of Pemba, and his description of it is therefore particularly interesting. It lies twenty-two miles north-eastward of Zanzibar, and is like this a coral island. About forty miles long, it is fairly compact on the eastern coast, but on its western side there is a fringe of some one hundred strange looking islands which run parallel with the main island, from which they are separated by a sheet of water perhaps nine miles wide. In the numberless creeks and mangrove swamps of the main island any number of dhows can safely hide, and land or embark slaves, without being detected by Her Majesty's cutters. Pemba is perhaps only thirteen miles wide in some places. Its fertility is unsurpassed. The population is composed of Arabs (5000), Indians (1000), Wa-Pemba, that is, the free natives who hold the eastern side (7000), and slaves (82,000). The free Wa-Pemba buy, sell and hold slaves like the Arabs. The Arabs have given the climate of Pemba a bad name so as to scare Europeans from going there; and they have succeeded so well, that none of the European merchants of Zanzibar have ever ventured to visit this island. Mr. Mackenzie, however, thinks its climate is rather better than that of Zanzibar. The condition of the women is terrible. "They mix mortar, carry loads of sand, stone or any other material, and if hired out, they have to pay all they receive to their Arab masters who live luxuriantly on the hard earnings of these poor women." The plantation slaves are sometimes treated with great cruelty by their masters; "they are often beaten to death in order to strike terror into the minds of the others. The punishment of slaves is left to the masters' own discretion with no check of any sort on the part of the authorities." Some masters, of course, are fairly humane. Toward Mr. Mackenzie, who had a letter of recommendation from the Sultan, the Arabs were very hospitable and obliging. Their questions showed that they had but very vague notions of European nations and politics. But for the curse of slavery, Pemba, with its ridges and valleys and luxuriant vegetation would be one of the pleasantest islands in the tropics.

On his way back, Mr. Mackenzie passed, near Lamu, on the continent, "a place full of human bones. It was said that this was the place where slaves used to be shipped to the Arabian coast, and that these were the bones of the poor creatures who were too weak and sick to be shipped."

Among the British officials with whom he conferred in Africa concerning slavery, the Commissioner found some quite decided in favor of a prompt abolition of the abominable system, some advocating a gradual change, and some cynically enlarging on the virtue of slavery, asserting that the African has always been a slave, that he is not fitted for anything else, and that he is almost in love with the lash, the chain and the fetter. No wonder that on recommending the earliest abolition of slavery, Mr. Mackenzie should add: "Unless the carrying out of such measure is entrusted to a special staff of English officers appointed for the purpose, it will share the same fate as former treaties and decrees." No wonder, too, that his report should have raised a storm in the British press and Parliament. It appears that not one of his statements has been contested by the government or by the opponents of abolition.

AFRICAN SLAVES ON A COCOA PLANTATION AT MT. MACACO, ST. THOME.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, has confirmed facts and conclusions in most unequivocal terms. He sent to the *London Times* a vigorous protest against the rumor that he was in favor of deferred abolition. Provided proper precautions are taken, he strongly urges immediate abolition and claims that "no question of £30,000 a year (revenue from clove plantations), should for a moment interfere with the doing of the right. Our fathers, thank God, had sufficient moral courage to insist on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, even at the cost of millions. Has England degenerated?" To the stereotyped contention that the African will not work unless he is forced to do so, the Bishop answers: "the African will not work more than he can help in a state of slavery; but, as a matter of fact and experience, he will work and does work in a state of liberty: the abolition of slavery, in my opinion, will not lead to less, but rather to increased production." In reply to the objection that emancipation would increase immorality, the Bishop declares his disbelief in such a condition resulting.

Most of the country papers and a large proportion of the city papers demand the immediate cessation of legalized slavery in all British possessions. Several non-conformist churches have sent memorials to the government urging the same reform. The Society of Friends has done more. It has decided to open an industrial farm on the island of Pemba, where the freedmen may find a shelter, employment, and education in handicrafts and Christianity.

The Philafrican Liberators' League, newly organized in the United States, exists for the purpose of arousing public interest in the cause of Africa's enslaved millions and of bringing practical and permanent relief to those of whom the explorer Cameron said: "The lot of the most miserable victim of the worst of sweaters is paradise compared with that of these poor wretches." Information, pamphlets, constitution and forms of membership will gladly be furnished by Heli Chatelain, 511 United Charities Building, New York.

Gospel Workers in Conference.

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

A WONDERFUL series of inspiring meetings has just been concluded in the Gospel Tabernacle at Eighth avenue and Forty-fourth street, New York. As our readers are aware, this is the headquarters of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, which is devoted to the fourfold Gospel: Christ our Saviour; Christ our Sanctifier; Christ our Healer, and Christ our Coming King. Conventions of the Alliance are held during the year in various parts of the country; but in the Fall the great Convention of all is held in New York, when reports of progress are made, missionaries from foreign lands return to tell of their triumphs, and testimonies are given by converts and believers who have been healed by divine power through faith and prayer. The Convention continued this year with three sessions each day from Sept. 27 to Oct. 11, the concluding sessions being held in Carnegie Music Hall, when Mr. D. L. Moody preached to overflowing congregations in the afternoon and evening. In the morning Dr. A. B. Simpson, President of the Alliance, made his annual appeal for funds to carry on the Foreign Missionary work of the coming year, and the unprecedented sum of one hundred and twelve thousand dollars in money, jewels and pledges was contributed. The scene was one of never-to-be-forgotten enthusiasm, people stripping themselves of watches, rings and ornaments and casting them on the glittering heap on the platform, to be used for Christ in the salvation of the world.

These services were the culmination of those of the previous fourteen days, during which the spirit of self-sacrifice and consecration had been growing. They were wonderful meetings. Wonderful not only in the great things accomplished by its members, but wonderful also in the courage, earnestness and consecration of these workers for God and humanity. The men and women who spoke with fire and eloquence in this Convention of the saving power of God in their lives, and through them, the lives of others, evidently knew whereof they spoke.

Of all the series of meetings, none were so productive of interest and good realized as the series devoted to the Rescue Mission Workers of New York and vicinity. Under the direction of Rev. Dr. Wilson, Col. H. H. Hadley, and Dr. S. E. Furry, many representative workers from each mission made brief but forceful addresses at the sessions set apart for that purpose. Some of the speakers who carried conviction home to all of the hearts of those who heard, were Mrs. Booth-Tucker, the sweet-voiced, refined, and courageous daughter of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army; Col. H. H. Hadley, of St. Bartholomew's Mission; Mr. George Graff, Superintendent of Dr. Parkhurst's Mission; Mother Prindle, of the Florence Crittenden Mission; Mrs. Ballou, of the Jerry McAuley Cremorne Mission, at 104 Thirty-second street; Supt. H. A. Gould, of the Erring Girls' Industrial Home, 208 East Fourteenth street; Miss Ruddy, of the Italian Mission, located in that part of the city known as "Little Italy;" Mr. Law Sing, Chinese Missionary of the Doyer Street Mission; Mrs. Messler, Supt. of the Jersey City Mission; Dr. Simmons, Supt. of the Industrial Home for Men in Newark. Mr. Watson, a Scotch Missionary from the Coal Mines Mission, and many others; all with histories and stories of deep interest connected with their lives, the growth of their missions, and the lives of other people brought by the hand of God to the open door of the missionary's heart and home.

"I was a homeless, ragged, dirty, penniless, drunken tramp," said Mr. Graff, "when I walked into the door of Dr. Parkhurst's Mission one year ago. After my [illegible] sent among tough people. I went to Chicago, and was given the worst mission in the city. I was twenty-seven years old [illegible] er in God to save. And I wanted tough people. I wanted drunkards—to tell them what I had been, and that there was the same Power to save them that had saved me." Mr. Graff is now actively engaged in Dr. Parkhurst's New York Mission.

A pitiful illustration of the degradation of small boys in big cities, was given by Mr. Frye, Assistant Superintendent of Rescue work in Patterson, N. J. Mr. Frye is an Italian, and has a class of thirty-five boys who are all bootblacks, and have known no home but the street. When this class was organized, Mr. Frye asked three questions of the boys he was seeking to reclaim. "How many of you swear?" he asked. "How many of you drink? How many lie?" And thirty-five small grimy hands went up in answer! Mr. Frye says that an enormous number of young men are now being reached by the Rescue work of Patterson.

The Industrial department is a great feature of the "Whosoever and Gospel Rescue Home," over 90,000 brooms having been manufactured since its organization. A "shelter" attached to this mission accommodates the very worst types who apply for admittance. As an illustration of the depths and heights to which a man may sink or rise by the force or weakness of his own will-power and action, Mr. Raws repeated a striking incident connected with his mission. The incident was an actual fact in wnich a man who was a scholar, a gentleman, a fine linguist, a civil engineer and an explorer, came to his mission one night a hopeless, forlorn drunkard, begging for a chance to get the mastery of himself and lead a better life. The chance was gladly given, and now that same man, who once stood by Stanley's side as an explorer in his African expedition, is again a man whom men respect, with a good name and a fine position.

Dr. Simmons, of the Newark Industrial Home for Men, said before the convention that he was such a bad man that his own uncle, who was a preacher of the Gospel, refused to recognize him. He opened his home with $7 in his pocket, and unlimited faith in God. The Home has so grown that Dr. Simmons has lodged 7,800 men since last May. Each man who enters must cut and saw an eighth of a cord of wood. His willingness or unwillingness to help himself determines a man's stay, and future opportunity of development of character. The Newark Industrial Home is supported by voluntary contributions, and also by the churches.

The Hudson County Jail Mission in Jersey city, has an interesting Superintendent in Mrs. Messler. The mission was organized four years ago in a bare, untenanted store in the worst part of the city. This mission aims to help and reclaim the most hardened and vicious specimens of depraved humanity. It is self-supporting. Ten of its reclaimed converts were baptized last month in the New York Bay, and it counted five converts at the end of its first month of official existence.

Mrs. Ballou the Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission, told of her work among the prisoners of Sing Sing all last year. She visits them now each Sunday, and reads and sings and prays with them. She says it is an inspiration to her to look into the earnest, upturned faces of seven or eight hundred men listening to the Word of God, some of whom are manifestly sincere in their desire to lead better lives. "I shake hands with each man until my own hand and arm aches for a week after," said Mrs. Ballow when describing her weekly visits to Sing Sing. "These men come to me, to our home and our mission, when they are released, and we do what we can for them all."

The New York Rescue Band has several missions, and forty districts in which to carry on its work of reclaiming and rescuing women and girls from the street, and an evil life. One of the worst of these districts is in the heart of Chinatown, where the Doyer Street Mission is located. The object of this Mission is to reclaim the six hundred white girls who dwell in Chinatown, as the slaves and mistresses of Chinamen inhabiting this locality. To the betrayed girl out of employment, who has nowhere to hide her shamed face and aching heart, there are moments when opium offers relief. Such unfortunates sink into these Chinese dens of vice, and if the Chinaman is kind to her, she is apt to remain. The Doyer Street Mission reaches out for these women, and those who are known to the Bowery. H. A. Gould, Superintendent of the "Erring Girl's Industrial Home," 208 East 14th Street, made the statement that "in one night thirty-five girls were taken out of a cellar like rats in a hole," taken care of by the Rescue workers. "During last year," said Mr. Gould, "One hundred girls were taken out of these holes and put into the Industrial homes." A part of Mr. Gould's personal work is to visit the Jefferson Market Court on Sunday mornings, where, to prevent an acumulation of criminal cases, the Judge keeps open Court until mid-day, disposing of each case as rapidly and indifferently "as an auctioneer would sell articles of merchandise."

In this terrible place Mr. Gould finds from fifty to a hundred girls huddled together in the pen awaiting trial; many of them for their first offense. It is these poor girls, standing shoulder to shoulder with the worst criminals known on Blackwell's Island, that Mr. Gould goes to see and seek, and, if possible, save and reclaim.

DR. A. B. SIMPSON.
President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance

The history of Charles Crittenden, and the thirty-two Homes and Missions founded by him and through him in the name and memory of his daughter Florence, are known throughout the entire United States. "Mother Prindle," of the New York Florence Mission, is also widely known and beloved by the women she has helped and saved by her tenderness, her sympathy, and her love, and trust in God and the higher nature of woman. The sweet, calm face and tender eyes of "Mother Prindle" show her to be a consecrated woman. For eighteen years she has given her love and heart and time to the saving of erring and unfortunate girls and women.

"I feel it a great privilege," said "Mother Prindle" in her address before the Christian Missionary and Alliance Convention, "to work in the rescue field. When I first undertook the work, I felt that it would not be possible for me to speak on the subject. But God has given me holy boldness to speak for those who dare not speak for themselves. There are two hundred and fifty thousand erring women in the United States to-day. Not because they love the life, but because the hearts of many of them are bleeding and dying for love! Because the man who promised to protect and care for the woman who loved him has cast her aside, has abused and insulted her, and finally thrust her upon the streets to die."

These are but a few of the testimonies of the power of Christ to save from sin and degradation, that were given at the Convention, and they awoke a responsive echo in that assembly. Songs of praise, and joyful thanks to God were given as the believers heard one and another telling how he was honoring and blessing their labors. There is no jealousy among such people, but all rejoice that by any instrumentality souls are being saved. As, at all other meetings of the Convention, the key note—"Jesus only," was the thought of all, and whether it was in his aspect as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, or Coming King, the members glorified him with full hearts.

Among the Star Worshippe

A Strange People in Mesopotamia wit a Peculiar Creed and Weird Rites.

SOME interesting facts about a lit known people are published by R S. M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S., Arabia, in the current number of the "M sionary Review." Mr. Zwemer says:

In the towns along the lower Euphra and Tigris, there dwell an interesting p ple variously known as Sabeans, Nas eans, or St. John Christians. They themselves Mandaee (Mandæans), although only numbering four or five th sand, they yet have always been and main entirely distinct from the Je Moslems and Christians among wh they have dwelt for conturies. Th origin is lost in obscurity, although it traced in a measure to ancient Chaldea

Isolated by creed, cult, and language their own, they love their isolation, a do not intermarry with strangers. Nea all of them follow one of three trad they raise the finest dairy produce of M opotamia; they build a peculiar kind light canoes called Mashhoff; and for rest are silversmiths.

A recently published translation of th sacred writings into German contains o one-fourth of the "great book" of Mandæans. What is this great boo What does it teach? And what do th really believe? Although meeting beans for the past four years, and be their guest on frequent journeys up a down the rivers, I found no satisfact answer to these questions from their o lips. They turn to the North Star wh they pray, and "baptize" every Sunda these were the sole articles of faith t one could learn. Books gave fragment and conflicting statements, all hing around these two plain facts. Accord to one account they were gross idolate another classed them with Christia Light dawned from an unexpected quart An anonymous article was recently pu lished entitled "A Prayer-Meeting of Star-Worshippers." Whoever wrote must be perfectly acquainted with th religious mysteries, or be one of the selves! Let me quote one paragra only of this account:

"Toward midnight the Star-Worshippe men and women, come slowly down to Mishkma by the river side. Each ent the tiny wattled hut by the southern w disrobes and bathes in the circular res voir. . . . On emerging from t water each one robes himself in the ra —that is, the ceremonial white garme . . . crosses to the open space in fr of the door of the tabernacle, and se himself upon the ground, saluting th present with the customary 'Sood Ha lakh ('blessing be upon thee'), and ceiving the usual reply, The sacred boo Sidra Rabba, is laid upon the altar. T high priest takes one of the two l pigeons handed to him, extends his han towards the Polar Star, upon which fixes his eyes, and lets the bird fly, calli aloud: 'In the name of the Living O blessed be the primitive light, the ancie light, the Divinity self-created.' C kindles a charcoal fire in the earthenw stove by the side of the altar, and t other grinds small some of the bar brought by the deacon. He then presses some oil from the sesame seed, a mixing the barley meal and oil, prepare mass of dough which he kneads a separates into small cakes. These quickly thrust into the oven and bake The fourth deacon now takes the pige left in the cage, cuts its throat quick with a very sharp knife, taking care th no blood is lost. The little cakes are th brought to him by his colleagues, and st holding the dying pigeon, he strains neck over them In such a way that fo small drops fall on each to form a cro Amid the continued reading of the litur the cakes are carried around to the w shipers by the priests, who themselv pop them directly into the mouths of t members with the words, 'Marked be th with the mark of the Living One.' T four deacons inside the *Mishkn* walk rou to the rear of the altar and dig a little h in which the pigeon is then buried."

What a mosaic of ceremonies! No wo der that Professor Kessler calls Mandæis a most striking example of religious sy cretism. Judaism, Islam, and Christia ty engrafted on one old Chaldean trun Gnosticism, star-worship, baptisms, lov feast, and sacrifice in one confusion.

Foreign Missions.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning November 8. Acts 17: 16-31.

MANY are the aspects in which it would be profitable to view the question of the topic "What is the most interesting thing you know about foreign missions?" Whether we consider the wonderful progress they have made; the devotion of the missionaries who have given their lives to the work; the amount of money contributed by the Christian community for the expenses; the enthusiasm and fidelity of the converts from heathenism; or any other of the many grand features of the movement, there are innumerable points of interest presented. The fact of the position attained within a century of the birth of the missionary enterprise is in itself deeply interesting. In his recently published work on missions, the Rev. Delavan L. Leonard states that there are now more than twelve thousand stations in heathen lands where the gospel is preached, and that over five thousand men and as many women of European or American birth are now laboring in heathen lands to spread the gospel of Christ. Besides these, there are a great number of native helpers, who, having been saved from heathenism themselves, are aiding the missionaries in their efforts to extend the knowledge of salvation among their countrymen. These, Mr. Leonard believes, number fully forty thousand. Thus, at the end of the century, whose beginning witnessed the birth of the mission spirit, there are fully fifty thousand persons actually engaged in the work.

To this army of laborers must be added the vast number who have laid down their lives in the cause, and have gone to their reward. Scarcely any missionary sphere has been opened without the price of blood. In India, China, Africa, the South-sea-Islands, and South America, men have died a martyr's death at the hands of the people whose salvation they sought. Many more have been killed by the deadly climate, and others have toiled on through longer life, and have passed away after seeing the fruit of their labors. Missionary heroism is a chapter of the world's history which has no parallel in all the wars of conquest that have ever been waged. Christ has been served with a courage and endurance and devotion that were never given to any earthly sovereign, and his kingdom has been extended by suffering and death willingly borne for his sake. Of the expenditure of money it is scarcely fitting to speak in this connection. Yet the church at home could tell of sacrifices made in the cause. Individuals and families have denied themselves that they might give money to the support of these heralds of the cross. The authority previously quoted estimates that exclusive of the gifts to Bible societies, which are actively engaged in missionary work of the most effective kind, there are fifteen million dollars a year given directly to missionary societies.

Of the results, any estimate in figures must necessarily be misleading. Dean Vahl gives the number of communicants as eleven hundred thousand, but that number does not include the children and young people who are being educated in Christian institutions, nor that very large class who are Christians at heart, but are held back from public confession by the restraints of government and social life.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

O COME AND SING HIS PRAISES.

"I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD FOREVER."—*Psa. 1: 89.*

M. FRASER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. Wher - ev - er I may wan - der, Wher - ev - er I may be,
2. When sun - shine streams up - on me, When friends be - loved are near,
3 And when my bark is drift - ing Up - on a storm - y sea,
4. His dy - ing love has con - quered, The heart He came to win,
5. And now my heart is dwell - ing, Where Je - sus dwells a - bove,

O dy - ing love of Je - sus, I pray Thee, fol - low me.
O dy - ing love of Je - sus, Do Thou be dou - bly dear.
O dy - ing love of Je - sus, Speak peace and calm to me.
With all my soul I love Him, And hate my ev - ery sin.
And o - ver me He spread - eth The Ban - ner of His love.

CHORUS.

O come and sing His prais - es, Ye ran - somed of the Lord;
Sing forth the love of Je - sus, Who saves us by His blood.

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4

From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

PEACE.

If sin be in the heart.
The fairest sky is foul, and sad the summer weather.
The eye no longer sees the lambs at play together.
The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing so sweetly.
And all the joy of God's good earth is gone completely.
If sin be in thine heart.

If peace be in thine heart,
The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty.
The midnight lightning flash but shows the path of duty.
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory.
If peace be in thine heart.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

Thou Art My Friend.

THOU art my Friend, whatever befall me.
Thou art my Saviour, Helper, and Guide:
Gladly I go wherever thou call me—
Thou art my Friend—with thee I abide.

Thou art my Friend when sorrow shall smite me
Trial may come, but trial shall cease:
Thou art my Friend, no ill shall affright me.
Thou art my Friend, to whisper of peace.

Thou art a Friend for hearts that are aching.
Bearing them balm for bitter distress;
And if the heart be nigh unto breaking,
Thou wilt be near to comfort and bless.

Thou art my Friend in time of temptation,
Thou art my Friend when foes shall annoy;
Thou art my blessed Rock of salvation,
Light of my life and source of my joy.

Thou art my Friend in holy endeavor,
Patience and wisdom ever to show;
Thou art my Friend, to love me forever.
Thou art my Friend, wherever I go.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

A New View.

How One Minister Changed his Attitude Toward the Second Coming of the Lord.

BY REV. J. H. BROOKES, D.D.*

FRIENDS have asked me to print the story of my conversion to pre-millennial truth. During the first years of my ministry the subject had never occupied my attention. There was a vague and indefinite idea in my mind that after a long interval, probably many thousands of years, there would be a general resurrection, and a general judgment; even then there was no thought of our Lord's personal return to the earth. It was supposed that at some place, perhaps in the air, all would together, or one by one hear the sentence that must fix their eternal destiny.

At last a morning came when it was necessary to read the Book of Revelation in family worship. On that particular morning, discovering that the Book of Revelation was before us, some other place in the Bible was found, and when the family went out of the study, the question was put to my conscience and heart, "Why do you omit the last book God has given us?"

The reply made to myself was, "Because I do not understand it. The book is full of strange beasts and mysterious symbols, it does me no good." But did God make a mistake in putting that book into the canon of sacred Scripture? That it had a right there was as clear as the inspiration of John's Gospel, or the Epistle to the Romans, and after all might it not be my fault that it was so meaningless?

Convicted and condemned at the bar of my own conscience, I opened the book and read it straight through at a single sitting. My mind was engaged and interested in an unusual degree, and my attention was arrested by a statement in the very beginning—"Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein," Rev. 1: 3. It struck me that the Holy Ghost had said nothing about understanding it: but, "Blessed is he that readeth."

Then it occured to me to commence with the Old Testament prophets and the whole of the New Testament, with a lead pencil in my hand, marking every passage and verse that bears upon the future of the church and the world. The four greater prophets and the twelve minor prophets together with the entire New Testament were carefully and prayerfully perused. Probably a month passed in the investigation, and not a single human book nor comment, nor exposition of any sort was touched.

Having gathered up the marked passages and brought them together, three conclusions were definitely reached. First, Jesus Christ is coming back to this world as truly, bodily, visibly, personally as that he was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Second, things shall not always remain as they are now, but "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," Isa. 2: 4; "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," Isa. 11: 6; "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity," Isa. 33: 24; "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Hab. 2: 14. This glorious change shall not precede, but succeed that personal coming.

* [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was during Mrs. Seymour's indisposition that Carrie and Milton, one bright afternoon in October, had their second interview in Fisher's grove, beneath the beech tree, upon the bark of which the initials of their names had been cut eight or ten years previously.

Carrie had been requested by her father to take some provisions and clothing to the family of a former workman at the Brookdale Mills, who had recently died, leaving a widow and six children penniless. They lived at a place called Crescentville, quite a distance to the southward, and George Browne, who was now a clerk in his uncle's factory, was engaged to drive the horses and accompany Carrie on her errand of mercy. Being very busy, and, perhaps, unselfishly thinking that the drive would benefit Milton Seymour, George asked his friend to take his place in the carriage; an arrangement which certainly gave great pleasure to Milton and Carrie, although it might not have been approved by her father, had he been consulted.

"Carrie, do you know where you are?" asked the young man, of the charming young woman by his side, after they had delivered the packages, and when the horses were gaily trotting homeward.

"I have not the faintest idea," replied Carrie. "But pray, do not get astray, as papa will be uneasy."

"Don't you fear, Carrie; I will take you safely home. Presently I will show you something which you have seen before. It was a long time ago, but I think you have not forgotten it."

A paper chase was in progress at the time, and several times Milton and his companion caught sight of the gay throng. They watched them for some time, and then slowly climbed the hill memorable to Milton as the scene of that Sunday-school picnic some eight years before.

Passing to the left, Milton and Carrie saw in the distance the old homestead, with its famous coffee-tree, and lovely boulevard of maples, and at last reached the spot Milton had been searching for. He helped Carrie to alight and pointed to the old beech tree, on which were the now distorted letters: "M. S. — C. W.," rudely cut in the bark.

"Carrie, will you renew the promise signified by those four letters," asked Milton, rather bluntly.

She blushed her deepest scarlet at his abrupt query, not knowing what further questions might follow, but, recalling the original agreement, after some hesitation, she replied:

"The promise is, that we let each other know, if we find a friend we think more of—yes, I renew that promise, heartily."

"Thank you, dear friend," said Milton, and taking out his knife, he again cut the bark, so as to improve the form and pre-

Hearing the distant applause of the mul-

hillside to the mill race bank, where a splendid wood maple spread almost a celestial glow around them, as the lowering sun shot his golden rays through the crim-

and refinement is in every

"But papa seems to consider the sons of rich men as generally dissipated," replied Carrie.

"I am not sure that your father is altogether right in that, Carrie. Perhaps he has been unfortunate in the specimens he has seen. An old gentleman whom I know who has seen much of men in many lands, says that dissipation, vice, and crime are not confined to any class of people. Wherever the unsanctified heart has full sway, there wickedness abounds, whether in prince or peasant. Many children of wealthy parents have gone to destruction, because they were indulged with too much money, while many a child of poverty has met a similar fate from having too little money."

"But, Milton, doesn't the Bible say that money is the root of all evil?"

"No, Carrie, no; but it does say that the love of money is the root of all evil. There is in this world, nothing more God-like than to see a truly benevolent Christian unselfishly dispense a fortune; but even then the possession of wealth carries with it a fearful responsibility. On the other hand, there is nothing more debasing and corroding than wealth, unaccompanied with grace and wisdom. It almost invariably corrupts and destroys its possessor or his children. Besides, that gay and happy party of hunters are not all wealthy people. In this country a good moral character, taste, education, and politeness, will admit a person into the most favored circles. There may be, here and there, little coteries of exclusiveness, but generally speaking, worth and brains are the American Shibboleth."

"But I have been told that all our great men descend from poor parents," said Carrie.

"It would be worth while to test that, Carrie, and you can easily do so," answered Milton. "In America we know all about people's origins. My own impression is that the truly great and good come from all conditions of life. The great middle class, who are the conservators of virtue and the bulwarks of society, furnish the larger proportion, because of superior numbers, of their virtuous habits, physical strength and self-reliance. But some of our most noble minds have sprung from the ranks of the wealthy, although to acquire their greatness they had to forego the ease and self-indulgence which frequently accompanies riches. Greatness is seldom rocked in the cradle of luxury."

"I cannot argue the question," said Carrie, "but I do not want to misjudge any class. I will certainly see whether I have not been unjust to the wealthy. But we must not stay any longer now, or papa will worry."

They returned to the carriage, and in a short time, like all other pleasant times, the delightful drive came to an end. Milton was looking happier and stronger than he had looked for many a day when he entered his home and greeted his mother. He found her in the midst of preparations for a sudden journey. The physicians had insisted for some weeks past on a change of air for their patient, and the opportunity for obeying had come. Patterson Green's parents, grateful for the attention Mrs. Seymour had shown their boy during his illness, had often pressed her to come and stay with them; and now, hearing of her wish for change of air, they had sent a more pressing invitation, which Mrs. Seymour resolved to accept without delay. She meant to leave on the following day, and with her characteristic energy, had set about her pack-

party at the Seymour cottage. George Browne, Frank Blake, and a number of

speed to the widow and her son.

Before starting, Frank Blake showed signs of weakness, as he took Seymour's hand to shake "good-bye," for the tears started and rolled down the face of the tenderhearted but misguided youth. He knew that Seymour was his best friend, and felt sorry at parting with him; and after the carriage had started, Blake ran after it, and taking from his scarf a valuable diamond ring (a birthday gift just received from a wealthy, but eccentric maiden aunt, living in New York), threw it at Seymour, saying as he did so, "take it, old fellow, and keep it as a perpetual memento of our friendship. It's yours, by right, anyhow." He then ran away, without giving Milton an opportunity to reply.

The ring, which was admired very much, was a beautiful stone, and it blazed like a ball of light in the soft summer sunshine. Milton put it on and looked at it admiringly.

"Surely you do not intend to keep it?" said his mother.

"No longer than until the next time I see Blake. His feelings overcame him, and a noble sympathetic fellow he is, if he could only resist temptation and let liquor alone. The last time I saw him, he told me something about a handsome present which his Aunt Betsy would send me. Not knowing the lady, I was surprised to hear it. Perhaps he meant this diamond."

"Seymour, I'll bet a big apple," said Browne, "that Blake will go right off and get drunk, because he feels so lonesome."

"I don't bet; but really your prediction distresses me, George, and I sincerely hope it will not be realized."

"Well, it's so; and if he gave you his big diamond ring, just keep it, as he would not retain it a week, and he told me his aunt said it was your's anyhow. I know a strong temperance man who says that fellows who drink, make every occurrence an excuse for doing so. When hot, they drink to get cool, and when cold to get warm; when sick to get well, and when well to avoid sickness; when making money, and when they lose it; when in trouble, and when they are happy; when meeting a friend, and when parting with him; and a thousand other excuses. I suppose it's so. For my part I don't care for it, and I think you are the same, but I feel sorry for anyone who does."

At last, farewells and good wishes were all spoken, and mother and son were alone speeding swiftly toward Atlantic City, where Green's parents were then staying. Little was said between them on the way, for Mrs. Seymour, after the excitement of preparation, was suffering from depression. But a few days rest in the life-giving sea-air did wonders for the invalid, and she was soon able to take regular walks on the beach.

The sight there was diverting and cheering, for the faces of the promenaders on the plank roadway were bright and happy. Never is this so marked as on the Saturday evenings when fathers and brothers and lovers who are detained by business through the week join the ladies by the sea for the Sunday. Mrs. Seymour and Milton were interested in observing these meetings, and stayed until the full moon rose and bathed the waves in silver sheen.

"There, mother, did you ever see a grander sight?" exclaimed Milton, rapturously. For half an hour previously the heavens had been aglow with a crimson light, as if coming from an immense conflagration. But now, as the moon advanced majestically and the red rays changed to a golden hue, and then again to a beautiful soft light, floated from the globe of light, down a long sparkling pathway for miles.

"Charming, my son, that flittering reflection of the moonbeams on the sea, reminds me of Jacob's ladder, with its base at our feet, and its topmost round in the skies! This scene before us ought to draw our thoughts from earth, up to the Creator of all things, in Heaven."

Just then, and for a few minutes previously, Milton's thoughts had been busy with corporeal things. In front of them walked a gentleman of middle-life, with a lady upon his arm. He was a splendid specimen of humanity indeed, standing a head and shoulders above most of the promenaders; while the lady was also tall and [illegible], but both were dressed plainly, although tastefully.

"Mother, dear, do you see that couple? I know them, as there is but one lady in the world who has such a neck and shoulders; that young lady is Nellie Price."

There was a refreshing, brisk sea breeze blowing as usual this evening, and it carried Milton's words directly to Nellie. She turned her queenly head, and, as the moon shone directly upon the Seymours, recognized them at once.

"Ah!" said Nellie, laughing heartily. "What unexpected pleasure is this, dear Mrs. Seymour," and leaving her father she first shook hands with Milton, and by the time Mr. Price turned, had covered Mrs. Seymour's face with warm kisses which her loving nature and a sincere affection inspired.

The introductions were soon over, and the party again fell in line, and moved along with the human current; but as Milton and Nellie kept up a continual fire of talk, her father, probably at her suggestion, offered his arm to Mrs. Seymour, which left Milton and Nellie to themselves. They improved the opportunity to the best advantage; and if there is one thing in this world calculated to arouse interest in each other, or to develop the latent passions and affections of the heart, it is for a gentleman and lady to take their first stroll together along the seashore, under a full moon.

We need not draw up the curtain and expose secrets, but will briefly say that eleven o'clock found Mrs. Seymour in her room, at Green's cottage, with the window open to admit the health-giving air, as she looked out upon the moonlit sea, which reminded her of that "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal." Then her thoughts went from the glorious scene, to that "city, built of pure gold, like unto clear glass, * * * which had no need of the sun, neither of the moon." She was better and happier than for months past, and soon slept sweetly.

The same hour found Mr. Price comfortably asleep in his room at the United States Hotel; while Milton and Nellie stood at the entrance of the ball room of the same, looking in at the hundreds of people, who were seeking pleasure in the mazes of the giddy dance. The full blaze of gaslight revealed to Milton for the first time, that Nellie had grown out of girlhood to be a graceful young woman, beautiful in feature, and charming in manner. The absence of useless finery and jewelry showed that Mr. Price had probably forbidden Nellie to wear them: she had never worn so much as a finger ring; but this evening, on the finger of her left hand, shone in all its oriental splendor, little Frank Blake's diamond. It had not, however, been given to her, and no significance attached to wearing the jewel.

With many adieus, plans, hopes and promises for the coming week, the young people separated before midnight; Nellie to blissful dreams of her first affection for a fascinating young man, which was surely creeping into her heart, and Milton, to excite himself all night over divers heroic and impossible feats of dream-land, performed for the comfort and protection of "beautiful Nell;" while poor, little, faithful, loving Carrie Walter, stood in tears looking on.

The Sabbath dawned upon the seaside city, and found its handful of native inhabitants swelled to fifteen thousand people. The morning was cloudy and dull, and an easterly wind was blowing, which might increase to a gale before evening. The Seymours were out of doors long before they could find anybody stirring, as an early hour, either in retiring or rising, is not considered a cardinal virtue at watering-places. The usual time of commencing public worship passed by, and found many still in their beds, sleeping off the effects of the previous night's dissipation, and as the bells rang out their lively calls to worship, less than five hundred persons, or about one in thirty, attended service in the different churches—a melancholy comment upon the neglect of sacred duties, by even true followers of Christ, when away from home influences. Mrs. Seymour and her son were on their way to church when Milton informed hiss mother that Miss Price would go, too, if they called for her. Mrs. Seymour cheerfully consented, being evidently disposed to encourage her son's intimacy with the handsome girl, although for years previously she never seemed so happy, as when thinking of the affection existing between Carrie Walter and Milton; but for reasons only known to herself, she had changed her mind.

To be Continued.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Oct. 11, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Widow, Shamokaway, Wash., begs Christians to unite with her in pleading for the conversion of her six wayward sons, who are unconcerned about their eternal interests.——"Trusting Young Heart," that a very dear friend may soon be converted and that father and brother may give their hearts to Christ.——Firm Believer, Conway, Mo., for the conversion of a son, who does not love his home and is given to roaming; also that a brother-in-law, who is a slave of strong drink, may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ.——Subscriber, Williamsburg, O., on behalf of a young man, who is rapidly going the downward road, that he might be delivered from evil habits and evil companions and become a child of God.——T. J. M., Round Top, Pa., for the conversion of a man of remarkable ability, who might do distinguished work for God, but is doing nothing in his service and is not a Christian.——Believer, Denver, Mo., that a son, who is deluded by designing persons and has deserted his family, may be led to see the error of his way, and may turn to the Lord for pardon and be led to Christ. His Christian mother is praying for him night and day.——Anxious Mother, Bram, Ont., for the conversion of a son, who is in danger of going to ruin through drink.——Anxious Mother, Milton, Ont., that a son, who is in Chicago exposed to strong temptation, may be led to Christ, and have grace given to him to lead a godly life.——Anxious Mother, Ont., for a dear son, who once made a profession of Christ, but has been led into sin by a hypocrite in whose presence he is powerless to resist the evil, but God can deliver him and his mother entreats prayer on his behalf.——M. T., Waseca, Minn., that God would change the heart of a son, who is getting wild, and does not agree with his family, and seems to be going to ruin.——Anxious Sister, Newark, N. J., that her brother, who is fatherless and motherless, might give his heart to God and be kept from sin.——Anxious Mother, Rochester, N. Y., that a dear son may feel his need of Christ and seek him with all his heart; he is the only one of the family out of Christ.——Anxious Mother, Worcester, Mass., that a dear son may abandon his bad habits and become a Christian.——Burdened One, Ambler, Pa., for the conversion of her husband, who is far from home and under the influence of wicked people, that God in his mercy would cause him to a sense of his danger and give him a new heart.——J. A. B., Farmer, N. Y., that a brother-in-law, who is in urgent need of God's converting grace, may have his eyes opened to the evil of sin, and be led to Christ for pardon and deliverance from an infatuation which is ruining him and making his family miserable.——Widowed Mother, Norton, Ohio, that her family may be truly converted and all live godly lives.——Reader, Bethel, N. Y., that a dear friend, who has fallen under bad influence may be delivered, and may go to Christ for help to become a child of God.——Troubled Mother, Pulteney, N. Y., for the conversion of her only son, and that his whole life may be consecrated to the Lord.——K., Chicago, that God in his mercy would look on her beloved husband, and give him a new heart and grace to resist all evil.——Believer, that a dear son, who has strayed away from God, may be brought back and may give himself unreservedly to Christ.——J. R., Clayton, Ala., for the conversion of a mother and two brothers.——Reader, Selma, Ala., for the conversion of husbands and sons who do not believe in Christ or feel any concern about the 'conversion of their souls.——Reader, London, Ont., that two families who are leading a most unhappy life might have grace to turn to Christ for salvation and be enabled to live in peace.——Believer, Marshall, Minn., that an aged man who is utterly indifferent to religion may be convicted of sin and of his need of a Saviour and may give himself to the Lord; also that a man and his wife, who seem to be almost beyond hope, might be brought through the mighty power of the Holy Spirit to seek salvation through Christ.——S. D., San Francisco, that a beloved daughter might be led to seek salvation, and may be protected in her very trying circumstances.—E. L. B., Alton, Pa., for the conversion of her husband, and that he may be delivered from his besetting sins of drink and profanity.——J. S., Coutlee, B. C., that a family now grown to maturity without giving themselves to Christ, may all be brought by the power of the Holy Spirit to seek the Lord.

For the Restoration of Health. Subscriber, Altoona, Pa., who has a young family depending on him for support, that God in his mercy would restore him to health.——Reader, London, Ont., that an afflicted mother and daughter may be raised up if it be the Lord's will.——Reader, Cayuga Co., N. Y., that her husband, who is very sick, might be healed by the Great Physician.——J., Chicago, Ill., for recovery from sore sickness.——Troubled One, La Fayette, Ala., for the complete restoration of health.——C. L. C., Philadelphia, Pa., that an affliction which is blighting the lives of a mother and daughter may be removed.——Distressed Mother, Monroe, Me., on behalf of a demented son, that Christ would cure him as he cured the maniac when on earth.—— Sister, Millersburg, Pa., that a dear brother who is greatly distressed may be healed in body and mind.——D. M. B., Crescent City, Fla., that an active Christian worker, whose usefulness is being hindered by his deafness, may recover his sense of hearing.——Believer, Wynnewood, Ind. Ter., that God would restore her equanimity and relieve her from the nervous affliction which is distressing her.——S. P. R., Fayetteville, N. Y., for the recovery of a dear friend who is deranged.——W. P. O., Arcadia, La., who has a wife and six children depending on him for support, that he may be healed of nervous prostration and be enabled to provide for his family.

For Special Blessings. Troubled One, La Fayette, Ala., that God would remove from her life, something which hinders consistency and usefulness.——Believer, Lond., Ont., that a body of Christians may receive help to erect a plain building for the worship of God.——A. B., Big Bend, Wash., for grace to overcome an unruly temper.—— Friend, Hudson, Mass., that a dear friend who has long been out of employment, may be able to get work soon.——Distressed One, Averett, Va., that God in his great mercy would avert an impending calamity.——H. M. G., Marshall, Minn., that a family of professing Christians may have grace given them to lead a more consistent life.——Suffering Mother, San Antonio, Tex., that her sons may, in their new surroundings, get their letters of transfer to a new church, and lead consistent Christian lives.——Believer, that her husband may be delivered from the bondage of the tobacco habit, also that her daughter's family might be provided for in their great need.——Reader, Bethel, N. Y., that a bereaved family may look to God in their extremity, and may be comforted and have all their needs supplied.—— Sister, Elkton, Va., that her son who is a professing Christian may have grace given to him to live a consistent Christian life.——Reader, Lyman, Neb., that a beloved one who is alienated may be reconciled to one who grieves over his absence.——Grateful Friend, Newtonville, Mass., that God would interpose to avert an almost intolerable injustice.——E. S., Fairbury, Neb., that farmers who have lost their crops, might in some way be helped in their extremity, and may be enabled to live and support their families.——S. C. R., Union Grove, Wis., that a poor and aged minister of the Gospel may find a home where he will have opportunities to work for Christ.——One in Trouble, Boston, Mass., who is in sore affliction through business depression and who has a family dependent upon him, that God would in mercy send him such financial aid as will relieve his embarrassment, and give him a measure of former prosperity.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

Found Christ as She Went.

B. Fay Mills, the well-known evangelist, relates this beautiful instance of saving faith: A young lady was very much concerned about her spiritual interest, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the horse-car, in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked where she was going. The tempter immediately said, "Don't tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way." At the same time the Spirit whispered to her: "Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you." She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went alone. When she came to the minister's house he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant, and then said: "Doctor' I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ; but now that I am here I have come to tell you I have found him on the way as I came."

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Armenian Exiles Welcomed.

A Cheering Prospect of Several Colonies being Established in the West and South

Is Turkey Relenting at Last?

INCOMING steamers last week brought more Armenian refugees to these shores. They came from Hamburg and Marseilles, where they had met with much kindness at the hands of the representatives of the International W. C. T. U. On arriving here they were welcomed by friends and by others interested in the work of Armenian relief. Numbers of them are now temporarily sheltered in the Salvation Army farm at Ramsey's, on the Erie railroad, where they will be kept until plans are matured, looking to the establishment of colonies on new lands in the South and West. Others have been sent out to farmers in different States. None of these new arrivals will be kept in the cities or towns, where they would enter into competition with native labor. The cost of their land transportation is defrayed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund.

Mr. Manassian, an Armenian merchant of New York, and founder of the first Armenian colony at Fresno, Cal., has returned from a prolonged visit to the West. He inspected the colony at Fresno, and also his second Armenian colony at Patterson, Tex. Both colonies are prosperous and contented. At Fresno, the colony is located two hundred miles south of San Francisco, and between it and the city of Los Angeles. It contains about four hundred Armenians, in families, and notwithstanding the recent trade depression, the colony has been fairly busy, and is making good headway. In the Texas colony, which has only been founded a short time, there are thirty Armenians, also grouped in families. They are engaged in raising cotton and cereals, and have been fully able to meet expenses ever since the start. They are now doing well. Mr. Manassian is busily arranging for the establishment of a third colony, and will, in all probability, co-operate with the Salvation Army in its colonizing project.

Letters from missionaries, received during the week, represent a condition of affairs in Armenia as far from encouraging. In Van, the distress is still very great. In Harpoot, Oorfa, Malatia and Sivas there is a large amount of destitution, and the outlook for the winter is appalling. Some [illegible] American Armenians who have been separated [illegible] of the recent Constantinople riot, and shows a scene at the British Consulate

ARMENIANS APPEALING TO THE BRITISH CONSUL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

and the smallest incident frightened them. One day some glass was broken in the tunnel between Galata and Pera, and immediately all who were within hearing became greatly excited. A mixed mob of Armenians, Kurds, and Turks rushed into the Consulate, unitedly imploring the protection of the Consul. Such scenes are even yet repeated in the Turkish capital, whenever any incident occurs that would bear the construction of an attempt at renewing the disturbances.

During the week the following contributions to the Relief Fund were received:

[illegible]	$50,767.03
Mr and Mrs H S Koppes	5 00
I Girod	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs Mark A Pearce	2 00
W K Desh	4 00
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Emma L Parshley	3 00
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R H Neelands	10 00
Mrs A B, Washington	50
Y P S C E and Epworth League, Anaheim	33 —
E Kinney	25
Little Fred, Scranton	25
Little Walter, Scranton	10
Baby, Scranton	10
Rodney Epp Sunday School	3 60
——, National Soldiers' Home	1 00
Geo W Stockwell	5 00
— Williamson	2 00
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W H Veza	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
W H Davis	5 00
C A Hagaman	[illegible]
Hattie F Welch	8 00
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[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Friend, Soulan	3 00
Geo Jack	2 00
M Cook	2 00
Miss N Pierce	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$50,979.17

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Eastern Ancient Temples.

Java's old temples consist of vast masses of sculptured stone, built on enormous mounds, covering sometimes two or three acres of ground. They are built terrace upon terrace, with stone passages running round the entire structure, which is conical in shape. The walls of these palaces are a mass of extraordinary sculpture. The stones themselves are of immense size, and the whole is in a wonderful state of preservation. The age of these monuments [illegible] and their gigantic structure is ascribed to immigrants from India and Ceylon. Huge statues of stone, [illegible] and pinnacles of the temples, to which there is no interior beyond a few small cells.

In Burmah's capital city, Mandalay, there are many interesting structures, among them an Anglican church, a beautiful structure of wood and formerly King Theebaw's palace, and the famous incomparable "Pagoda." The bell at the Mingoon Pagoda is the largest in the world, not excepting the great "Kolokol" of Moscow. Pagoda

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Lost Girls of The Bowery.

s. Bird's Effort to Reach and Rescue Them—A Gospel Tea Service for Women at The Bowery Mission.

AN "Afternoon Tea" in the Bowery Mission. Just think of it! But that is just what has taken place; for the writer was present at the initiatory Tea, and can testify to the innovation. know that "Five O'Clock Teas" have g been the fashion in select circles of iety, but seldom elsewhere. New and ommon as the fact may seem, it is ally true, that the afternoon of Satur-, October 17, 1896, saw the same asant social feature inaugurated in the wery Mission.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the wery Mission," and the beloved worker Christ among the lost men and boys that great, wicked thoroughfare, was leader in the new departure. She had g had in mind a special Woman's eting to take place once a week at the ms of the Mission. Dr. Klopsch fully roved her plans.

hursday and Sunday meetings for men already established features of the sion, through which many a wanderer been drawn from a wicked life, to tes- to the saving power of Jesus. But re are throngs of women—poor, suffer- , sinning women and girls—to reach, the Bowery Mission now stretches out hands to these also, with welcome in- tion. The Mission's proximity to Chi- own, where hundreds of American girls n twelve years and upward, lead lives sin and shame, has been a great incent- to throw open its doors one day in the k, with the hope that women and girls o pass and repass to their homes in that , black spot, may be induced to stop enter, and perhaps be reclaimed.

We want to start weekly meetings e in the Bowery for women and girls, use we think much good can be done," Mrs. Bird, during her afternoon talk. nd because the movement may be the ns of saving others who have erred, as many of you who are now present, e been saved. We especially want to the young girls of the neighborhood our meetings. We want them while y are young, so that they can be trained erve God, and save their companions, perhaps their fathers and mothers, thers and sisters. We want every girl welve years and over, to feel that our rs are open especially for her, one after- n in each week. We want her to feel t we love her, and that we are here to all we can to lead her to the love of d, and a pure life. This is a wonderful for us, I believe. I never thought that Woman's Meeting and Mission could be d in this place, surrounded by rough, men; in this room now consecrated to work, and which was once a dance l, and a godless place! But your pres- e here to-day, your sympathy, interest, courage in coming, all show that the k we wanted to do, the work of women and for the women in this place, has dy begun, and in a spirit and way t make me feel strong in the belief t God is with us, and will bless our ertaking and our prayers."

n addition to many other young women were present at the first "Tea Drink- and Gospel Service," there were ty or more young girls from China- n, the eldest of whom was scarcely een. Many were old and faded in ap- rance, though young in years, dirty unwashed, but the eyes of all shone h interest, and in a short while the g books were all opened and the voices the thirty rang out sweetly in the pel hymns. The sight of those young s from Chinatown stirred the soul of the ristian mothers and daughters present. e after another arose and appealed ctly to the hearts of the gathering, had entered the Mission hall attracted the singing, the lights, and the music.

You are each of you God's own d," said Mrs. Bird, "and I want you ome and see us every Saturday after- n. We will try to teach you how to - God, and to grow up to be good nen."

nteresting and helpful testimonies were en by saved women. Such life's his- ories! And they came from the lips of sweet-faced, comely young women, who had been rescued at the peril of their souls and the souls of others. One frail-looking girl, with delicate face and modest bearing, stood and confessed her love for strong drink acquired through sinful habits. She begged the prayers of the Mission to help her overcome her horrible thirst. Another, of older years, made a passionate appeal to the young girls from Chinatown and declared that she stood there saved, through God's grace, from her own evil desires and love of intoxicating drink. Many others spoke in a simiiar touching strain.

After the meeting was over, a social hour followed in which hot tea and cake were served to all present, seventy or eighty in number, including the young girls from Chinatown. Several solos were sung by the girls present, and many brilliant-hued autumn leaves and big chrysanthemums, brightened with a touch of crimson and gold the platform and desk now consecrated to God, and the efforts of Christian women, to secure and save their sad and erring sisters.

Church Education in Syria.

A missionary letter from Beirut, to the Y. M. C. A. of New York City, contains the following: "Every year the Protestant Syrian College sends forth a dozen or so qualified men to the mission field to preach or teach their countrymen, and many of them have proved to be eminent leaders in the Syrian army of evangelization. Some thirty years ago the students of the American High School of Abeih held the leadership and effected a great part of the evangelization of Syria and gained many victories for the Syrian Mission. At present our college, with several High schools in Beirut, Sidon, Tripoli and Suk-el-Gharb continue to send forth annual re-enforcements to furnish and maintain a larger army of Syrian evangelists. This force is put under the direction of the American missionaries, whose reports contain the blessed results and outcome of its actions and proceedings. Edncational centres alone could furnish such a strong army. These centres have gained more souls for Christ. No educated Syrian youth, though he be a non-believer, could keep his trust in the erroneous and misleading teachings of his native church or sect. Education alone and the scientific light it gives are sufficient to create in him a distrust of the religious teachings and superstitions of his old faith, no matter how intense his former conviction may have been. These facts and others of my experience in this land, and other mission lands makes me believe that education is one of the chief and indispensable factors in the evangelization of the world. Most of our students are unable to pay their whole college fees, so we do not expect them to send helps and missionary aid to foreign lands. But we train them, and rejoice to see them earnest and well devoted to their mission."

A Hindu Fakir's Hymn.

In the report of the work of a native evangelist of the London Missionary Society in India, the following instructive experience is related: As the evangelist was one day visiting a country district, he saw a Vishnuvite mendicant approaching and supposed that, according to the habit of men of his class, he was going about among the houses and shops with his instrument singing hymns of praise of Vishnu. For such service these mendicants usually receive from the people a small gift.

But as this man drew near, and began to sing, the evangelist was astonished to find him singing a Christian hymn instead of one in praise of the Hindu God. It seems that the man had bought a little book of Christian hymns, and they pleased him and his hearers so much, that now as he went his rounds, he was singing them in place of his old Vishnuvite hymns. He was also reading to his small audiences a translation of an English tract, entitled, "The Mine of Salvation."

The most interesting feature of this incident is the fact that the people welcomed the Christian utterances rather than the Hindu, even when uttered by one who knew not the full meaning of the words he sang.

MARAH.

GOD sends us bitter that the sweet.
By absence known, may sweeter prove;
As dark for light, as cold for heat
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, us to show
He can both sweet and bitter send;
That both the might and love we know
Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreathe around our heads the rose,
And count our right what heaven each day
As alms bestows.

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed)
The sweetness of life's heavenly tree,
And grief is healed.

And lo, before us in the way
We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

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MORMON CHARACTERISTICS.

IN a recent article in the *Central Christian Advocate*, Rev. F. O. Holman gives this grapic description of some aspects of Mormon life: The claim is often made that they are an exceptionally thrifty and industrious people. I do not think the facts support the claim. The Mormon farmer is thriftless, with the appalling thriftlessness which is the curse of so many western farming communities. Here and there may be found a farm which evidences economy, enterprise and intelligence. I am informed that there may be found in one or two counties in the northern part of the state communities in which this is generally true, but in the main, at least in the southern part of the state, the rule is broken fences, straying cattle, rusting and unhoused machinery, and haphazard and thriftless farming.

Kindred to the claim of unusual industry is the claim that the Mormons take care of their poor, andthat there are no Mormon paupers. While this is partially true, two facts must be remembered. First, Utah is shut in by impassable deserts and vast mountains and so escapes the tramp nuisance, which is the problem of philanthropy in other localities; and second, in entirely Mormon communities the line between church and State is purely formal, and the question of whether the poor shall be supported from the tithing fund or the county tax, is merely a question of book-keeping, since in either case the poor are supported by the pro rata taxation of the same people. A singular case of this inter-relation of Church and state came under my observation in one town, where the postmaster, a notoriously incompetent old man, is endured in his present position, because (so I was told) if he was turned out of the post-office he would have to be supported by the Temple or the Tithing Fund.

I do not find the Sabbath well observed among rural Mormon communities. This was explained to me by local Church leaders on the ground that the Mormons do not recognize the distinction between sacred and secular, but all days are equally sacred, and the Sabbath among Mormons is regarded much as it is among Roman Catholic or Continental State Church communities.

One of the most disagreeable as one of the most intrusive peculiarities of the Mormon people, is the fearful profanity and obscenity which prevail at least in the country, among all classes, conditions, ages and sexes; men, women and children use language which would put to blush a London fish-woman. Technically the Mormons recognize as profane swearing only the direct use of the name of the Deity; all other blasphemous and obscene expressions are catalogued as idle speaking. The result is that all classes of people would shut them out of decent society in any Gentile community. Nor is the presence of ladies any check whatever to the flow of profane and vulgar talk. High priests of the order of Melchisideck never curtail their liberty of expression because of the presence of their "women." Why should they? The women themselves under stress of proper excitement can rival their lords in wicked speech. Profanity and obscenity are frightfully common among all ages and both sexes, especially in rural communities.

A Chinese Solomon.

Many instances are related of the wisdom and sagacity of Oriental judges, but few are of a more Solomonic character than this. A district magistrate of Shanghai had brought before him a man charged with stealing a table. The man denied the charge, alleging that he was so feeble from ill-health that it was physical impossible for him to commit such a crime. The magistrate listened gravely to the tale and professed his sympathy and sorrow for the poor man. "Go home," he said, "and get cured, and, as you are very poor, take that bag, which contains about 10,000 copper coins (equal to our penny) as a present from me." The prisoner made obeisance, threw the heavy bag over his shoulder, and departed. He had not gone far before he was arrested and taken back, and found guilty, the magistrate remarking that a man who could carry off a heavy sack could take a table. As this man tried to deceive the magistrate, so do self-righteous sinners attempt to deceive God; but, "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty" (Job v. 12).

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for [illegible] River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. [illegible] and Hon. I. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that [illegible] night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make it sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the [illegible] to make it known, is sending out large cases of the [illegible] fever. All they ask in return is that when cured your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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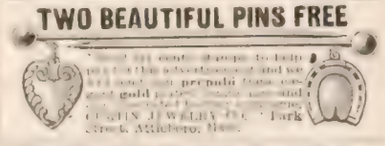

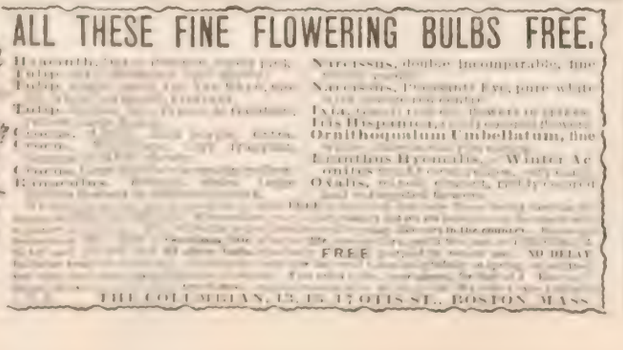

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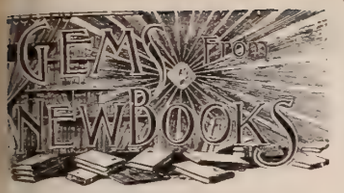

CONVERSION.*

WE may think of a father intent upon the happiness and success of a beloved son. In his own m l he has already fixed upon a plan for th life of the lad. He desires him to enter a certain vocation. To secure this e t he brings to bear all possible influ- s upon his son's mind and heart. He ts his education with the cherished ob- n view. He speaks favorably of the pro- l trade or profession. He watches the s aptitudes and tendencies, and strives ide them in the desired direction. His wish and effort is to mould the young nto that form which satisfies his own . In due time the son comes of age. nust enter upon his life's work. To ather's great joy he chooses that vo- n upon which the father had set his e. In thus choosing, the young man nscious of no constraint upon his will. decision is left with himself, and he makes his choice, and enters upon s ccomplishment. And now he learns this has been his father's will con- ng him from the beginning. He dis- s that parental love all along has d his young life to the very result n appears in his own free choice. t is his feeling? Certainly one of ning gratitude that he was not left s youthful impulses in choosing his And as he grows in years, and be- s more fully satisfied with his chosen g, he will more deeply appreciate the and wisdom which denied him the freedom of unbridled inclinations, secured to him the true liberty of y desires. And if asked who chose im this way, he will reply, "My chose it for me. I chose it myself." h an event, which has occurred sub- ally thousands of times, fairly illus- the bearing of God's choice of us our choice of him. We have only to nber that God's choice is eternal, and his resources for shaping our course finite. The earthly father might not bly secure his end; the heavenly r cannot fail. Having chosen he ules events to the accomplishment of ill. His choice becomes the sinner's , and that is conversion. There is act; there is man's act. There is grace; there is free will. It is not sary to try to "reconcile" these two s. They are harmonized in the ex- ce of every converted heart. Do not im the one from the housetop and her the other in the closet. Each is y true. Each rests upon incontest- vidence. The Christian is conscious e freely chose God at the time of his rsion. He is just as conscious that hing was done in him at the time h he did not do. These two pillars pon one foundation and support the of his hope. Do we then fully com- nd that change in the soul's life n we call conversion? No more than mprehend the soul itself. Fully ex- ain your conversion and you never were rted. Neither can we comprehend ght of day and the sight of the eyes. e know what it is to see. Results pprehend. And we know that this which we name conversion has been d through the action of God's will ar own.

The Choice of Books; a Fable.†

T more and more useless to try to read ll books. As Holmes has said, we ight as well try to race with a loco- e as with the modern printing press. an shake hands and say a word to ne he meets along a country road, t in a city. Literature was once like untry, but is now like a metropolis. we go at once to the great books and r them, we shall in a measure be rs of all other books. If we have seen Niagara, we have seen the essence of all cataracts. If we have seen the big trees of California, we do not need to go to visit smaller trees. If we have been in a storm at sea, no other storm can teach as much. If we have heard Webster or Demosthenes, we have heard the best that any orator can say. When we are masters of Milton and Browning, a few glances will give us all that we need from a lesser poet. Great books are like great cities. As London contains more Irishmen than Dublin, and more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more Jews than Palestine, so Shakspeare contains more lyric beauty than Shelley, more of historic interest than Scott, more knowledge of the human heart than Browning, though these, too, are great. When we are masters of a book that has been the seed of a new literature, we are masters largely of that literature, and more broadly when we are masters of the book that has been the seed of a new civilization.

But beyond dispute the greatest of all books is the Bible. Each year this book towers up more emphatically into supreme importance. The more sin and evil accumulate as a present fact or as a record, the more valuable do the great remedial principles in this book become. As the details of life increase and become multitudinous, the importance of the general principles in the Bible increases. Whatever adds to the sweetness or brilliancy or blessedness of life adds to the value of the Bible.

In the Arabian Nights we read of a princess who, having heard of three wonderful objects, a talking bird that could reason, a singing tree every leaf of which made delicious music, and a yellow water which when put in a dish could rise of itself and form a cooling fountain twenty feet high, was pining away with longing to possess them. In order to gratify her, her two brothers, having discovered after long search the hill on which these objects were, proceeded in turn to ascend it. A host of demons gathered behind them, and shouted threats and insults. On turning about to face these demons, they were turned into stones as had been the fate of multitudes of others before them in making the same attempt. The sister, more unhappy than ever, resolved to attempt the achievement herself, and what manly strength and courage had failed to do, feminine ingenuity succeeded in accomplishing. For putting some wax in her ears, she safely reached the top of the hill, and there possessed herself of the three treasures. The talking bird told her that if she would sprinkle some of the yellow water on the stones on the hillside, they would all change back into men. Under the magic touch, up sprang princes in full armor, the brave and handsome of many ages, and among them to her infinite delight her lost brothers. The final scene has a chief meaning to us here. The hillside covered with stones is a bookcase full of books. The princess sprinkling water on the enchanted stones and causing them to spring up living men and brothers, is that faculty of man, part of the divine breath breathed into him at the beginning, a spiritual imagination, which changes books from lumps of matter to breathing, thinking, human beings. It causes the fraternal essence of printed fact and story to stand out alive, and enables us to clasp it to ourselves in a tie as of one blood and one soul, and to face the world with a fuller creative power.

* *Chosen of God*, a book designed to lead the reader to the richer experiences of Christ-life: by Rev. W. Lathe; pp. 366, cloth binding, price $1.25. Revell Co., N. Y., Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

† *A New Life in Education.* By Fletcher Durell, Ph.D. Pp. 287. Published by the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia.

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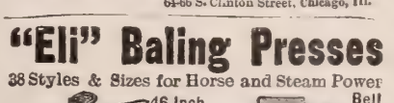

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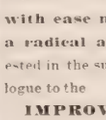

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LUME 19. NUMBER 45.

T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1896. Price Five Cents.

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"TURNED OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME"—AN EAST-SIDE EVICTION IN NEW YORK. (See page 815.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

THE CHANT OF THE STARS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Job 38: 6, 7: . . . . .

"Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together."

WE have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note-books fluttered in the wind, and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has [illegible] the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the [illegible] make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness harmony. That, in general, things are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of [illegible] lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight, and alert ear and easy respiration, and regular pulsation and supple limb, and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: the judgment wrongly swerved or the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune: only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within. Society out of tune: labor and capital their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and subterfuge, and double-dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge, have for six thousand years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen North and blooming South all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fabled winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels towards nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry-goods stores are with other dry-goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same street. And in what a eulo[illegible] doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, until the [illegible] roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, my brother, [illegible]

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faulty, for all melody descends from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and deific! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and, before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host.

But the worst of all discord is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God! People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-a-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, the hautboy, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions, and emotion—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord.

The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave two hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another six hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear her in Boston, and another six hundred and fifty dollars to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean War cost one billion seven hundred million dollars, and the American Civil War over nine and a half billion dollars, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about fifteen billion dollars. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of blood and bones, and death agonies, and desolated cities, and ploughed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner-stone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep, and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious [illegible] to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, international nationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

In olden times the choristers had a tuning-fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In a modern orchestra the leader has a common instrument rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and draw the bow over the string and listen, and sound it over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one grand symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are rapt with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are impeccable voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off, and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for the Almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord us will with his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure, and self-sacrificing, and heavenly! The strings of our natures are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything melodious. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demoniac. O master hand of Christ, rest on this split, and fractured, and despoiled, and unstrung nature, until first it shall sing out for our sin and then thril with Divine pardon!

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks Weighing Scale Manufactory, Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in the beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behaviour made the great enterprise: So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony. Y[illegible]

y have heard what is called the "Anvil orus," composed by Verdi, a tune yed by hammers, great and small, now h mighty stroke, and now with heavy oke, beating a great iron anvil. That what the world has got to come to—il chorus, yard-stick chorus, shuttle orus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, kaxe chorus, gold-mine chorus, rail-ck chorus, locomotive chorus. It can done, and it will be done. So all social will be attuned by the Gospel harp. ere will be as many classes in society now, but the classes will not be regu-d by birth, or wealth, or accident, but the scale of virtue and benevolence, people will be assigned to their places ood, or very good, or most excellent. also, commercial life will be attuned, there will be twelve in every dozen, sixteen ounces in every pound, and les at the bottom of the barrel will be sound as those on the top, and silk is will not be cotton, and sellers will have to charge honest people more the right price because others will pay, and goods will come to you cor-onding with the sample by which purchased them, and coffee will not hicoried, and sugar will not be sanded. milk will not be chalked, and adulter-n of food will be a State prison offense. all things shall be attuned. Elec-in England and the United States no more be a grand carnival of defa-on and scurrility, but the elevation of eous men in a righteous way.

the sixteenth century the singers call-he Fischer Brothers reached the low-ass ever recorded, and the highest ever trilled was by La Bastardella, Catalini's voice had a compass of and a half octaves; but Christianity re wonderful, for it runs all up and the greatest heights and the deepest s of the world's necessity, and it will pass everything and bring it in accord the song which the morning stars at the laying of the world's corner-All the sacred music in homes, and rt halls, and churches tends towards consummation. Make it more and hearty. Sing in your families. Sing ur places of business. If we with r spirit use these faculties, we are re-ing for the skies.

aven is to have a new song, an entire-w song, but I should not wonder if, metimes on earth a tune is fashioned many tunes, or it is one tune with riations, so some of the songs of the med may have playing through the songs of earth; and how thrill-s coming through the great anthem saved, accompanied by harpers with harps, and trumpeters with their ets, if we should hear some of the s of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and ation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hun-How they would bring to mind the g circles, and communion days, and ristmas festivals, and the church ip in which on earth we mingled! no idea that when we bid farewell eth we are to bid farewell to all these old Gospel hymns, which melted aptured our souls for so many years. if sin is discord, and righteousness mony, let us get out of the one and he other. After our dreadful civil as over, in the summer of 1869, a national peace jubilee was held in ., and as an elder of my church had honored by the selection of some of sic, to be rendered on that occasion. mpanied him to the jubilee. Forty nd people sat and stood in the great um erected for that purpose. Thou-of wind and stringed instruments. e thousand trained voices. The pieces of all ages rendered, hour hour, and day after day—Handel's Judas Maccabæus," Spohr's "Last Judg-ment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Eli-jah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons were in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal to hear, and, while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound forth eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph, the voice of Christ, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang together."

A CORNER IN THE HEBREW QUARTER.
Localities in New York where Evictions are Frequent.

Homeless on the Streets.

The Misery Caused by Evictions Among the Poor of the New York Tenements. Two Typical Tenement Localities.

HUNGRY and homeless! The words convey a sense of misery and wretchedness that makes the reader shudder, yet they describe the actual condition of many poverty-stricken families in the tenement districts of the great metropolis. Hardly a day passes that does not witness the infliction of the cruel summary process that follows the service of a "dispossess warrant" on some wretched household to whom prosperity and plenty have been strangers. Indeed, the tenure of the poor in their meagre domicile is at all times a very slender one, and when lack of work or sickness or other misfortune overtakes them, making it impossible to pay the rent or to satisfy the landlord or agent with well-meant promises, it generally results in the inevitable "warning" to vacate. Should this be unheeded, after a few days' grace, the formal dispossess warrant is served, and the little stock of domestic belongings is taken from the rooms bodily and deposited on the sidewalk. Then, and not till then, do the poor bewildered creatures realize the full meaning of what they may long have dreaded and bravely struggled to avert.

EAST-SIDE UPTOWN STREET.

Out in the cold world,
Out in the street.

Our artist in the colored illustration on the first page has given us a realistic and faithful representation of an eviction in process of accomplishment. The poor mother, stricken dumb with her misery, scarcely conscious of her surroundings, sits on the sidewalk straining her baby to her breast, while a wee toddler clings to her skirts. The day is wet, but to the men who are acting under the landlord's orders, rain or shine, makes no difference: the rooms must be cleared, so the few cheap and well-worn pieces of furniture are being tossed with no gentle hands out on the curb. Already the mother's thin gown is soaked with rain, and the chill may mean death to the babies or to herself; but she heeds nothing. She is thinking of the little fireside that is to be theirs no longer: of the crib that will not hold her two darlings to-night when the darkness comes down, and of her poor "man," who is perhaps many miles away, searching for work, and unaware that his wife and little ones are now on the sidewalk, and may have to pass the night with only heaven's starlit canopy for a covering. Her heart is too full, too sad, to send even a moan to her dry lips. It is such mute sorrow that makes suicides, and drives to madness. What will not a mother do for her children—for the poor innocents that cling so close to her in their new terror, and who have done nothing that should make them suffer? What more can a mother do, in such a case, than breathe a prayer to Him who hath pity when all human pity fails?

But, while there is unquestionably much misery in every large and populous city, it is also true that there is much sympathy. All are not cruel and harsh, and there are many who are quick to offer sympathy and practical aid to the homeless and friendless. As the picture shows, the passers-by, like the good Samaritan in the parable, are touched with the scene of suffering and destitution. It is a story without words, but eloquent to the last detail. They know just what has happened without being told, and as they pass, some of them drop a coin or two in the palm of the poor mother—enough probably to secure her a shelter for her babies and herself over-night, and possibly a bit of supper. But it goes hard with the honest poor when they are confronted with the alternative of begging or starving, and one can readily imagine the pain it costs this homeless mother to accept the gifts of charity, even though she feels that it is God-sent, and that she must take it if the children are to be saved from exposure and possibly from death.

The duplicate of our illustration may be witnessed on the East Side of New York almost any day the year round. Just now, with winter near at hand, the fate of the dispossessed is peculiarly hard. God grant they may all find good Samaritans in time to avert still deeper misery, and they may learn, by their sad experience, to look to their Heavenly Father for succor in all their troubles, and to put their trust in him.

The tenement-houses of New York are from four to six stories high, the better class of them with twelve rooms to a floor, and housing from four to five families on a floor. There are instances, however, where a family of parents and five or six small children are all living in one room, their only home and abiding-place. Both classes of tenants, however, are subjected to what is known as the "dispossess" warrant, the fear of which hangs like a black and dreaded shadow over all these sad pretences of a home, as found in the typical New York tenement-house. An instance lately came under the immediate observation of the writer, in which a thoroughly respectable and worthy little woman of thirty, with six small children, the youngest three months, the oldest nine years, was ordered to pay her rent within three days or be put upon the street. In addition to the six half-starved children clinging and calling to her, and the fact that her husband, a steady worthy man, was out of work, the woman in question was in constant attendance at the bedside of her sick brother, a young man of eighteen, dying of consumption and heart disease. Almost as the breath was leaving this poor lad's body, the landlord came and threatened the distracted woman with an immediate "dispossess" if she and her family were not out of the house on a certain day. Unable to pay the rent, or to leave her dying brother, to whom she was devotedly attached, the mental misery and agony of this poor but good woman may be better imagined than described. The brother died, and as his corpse lay in the room the landlord came once more to exact what the now distracted creature could not possibly pay. On going to court an extension of a few days was granted, and in the mean time help came, and the woman and her family of little ones were saved from spending a wretched night in the street.

Another case, in which a tyrannical landlord figured, was that of a woman whose child lay dying of scarlet fever, and who being unable to pay her rent when it fell due was immediately served with the dreaded "dispossess." Half mad with misery, this woman also appealed to a court of justice. Time was allowed for the child's death and burial, and then, in the first hours of her grief and sorrow, the now childless and widowed mother, with all her meagre belongings, was set forthwith into the street to fare the best she could, a piteous object for the highest love and charity of mankind.

The incidents related occurred on the East Side within a stone's throw of Chinatown, and the dark, narrow, evil-looking Mott and Dover Streets, which swarm day and night with the saddest phases of forlorn humanity.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

God's Blessing upon Solomon.

Sunday School Lesson for November 15. I. Kings 9: 1-9. Golden Text, Prov. 10: 22.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SOLOMON had completed the great work with which God and his father had charged him; and moreover he had finished the building of his own house. It had occupied twenty years. (II. Chron. 8:1), and during this time of much business, not only was God true to Solomon, but Solomon was true to God, and a blessing to his people, for he brought them near to God. "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing," or "be thou a blessing," (Gen. 12:2), are two things which are inseparable. A blessing from God which does not bless others through us soon ceases to be a blessing.

The king had done "all Solomon's desire which he was pleased to do," or (II. Chron. 7:11): "All that came into Solomon's heart to make in the house of the Lord, and in his own house, he prosperously effected." And now the Lord, who had so graciously appeared to him at the commencement of his reign, "appeared to him the second time, as he had appeared to him at Gibeon." Some people mourn that God seems never to draw near to them as they would wish. Very often people act as spoiled children, and desire a manifestation of God for the sole purpose of enjoying the feeling of satisfaction that God is near them without expecting any permanent result for the advancement of the glory of God. Our Lord has linked the manifestation of God to the obedience of his children: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him," (John 14:21). Solomon had been till now walking in obedience to his God, and the Lord appeared to him. He did not sulk or get discouraged during the intervening twenty years because he had no special manifestation, but went on quietly and continuously obeying his known will, and had the testimony of a good conscience that he pleased God.

God's communication to Solomon at this time was on this special point of obedience. In the first place he assured him that he was accepted in his intercession for his people at the time of the temple dedication: "I have heard thy prayer, and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house which thou hast built to put my name there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall [illegible] perpetually." (I. Kings 9:3). I "have chosen this place to myself for a house of sacrifice," (II. Chron. 7:12). It was by night, when the king was alone, that God vouchsafed him this answer to his prayer. It is mostly when we are alone with God that he makes his communication to us. Solomon's people might be permitted to hear the breathing of his soul to God on his own behalf and on theirs, but no one must stand by and listen [illegible]

It was especially necessary for a man who [illegible] of time that he should maintain an inner life of communion with the Most High.

All which the king had asked for his [illegible] Perhaps the Lord, of whom the king said, "[illegible] of men," saw what Solomon did not see so [illegible] prosperity, that the king was more in dan[illegible] turned in the last part of his communication entirely to the king in person. "And as for thee," if thou wilt walk before me as David thy father walked, in integrity of heart and in uprightness, to do according to all that I have commanded thee, and wilt keep my statutes and my judgments, then will I establish the throne of thy kingdom upon Israel for ever, as I promised to David thy father, saying, There shall not fail thee a man upon the throne of Israel," (I. Kings 9:4, 5). It was David's solemn charge to Solomon, "Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. Take heed now," (I. Chron. 28:9, 10). It was his prayer for his son: "Give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart to keep thy commandments," etc., (I. Chron. 29:19), and he repeated this exhortation to Solomon on his dying bed, saying, "Keep the charge of the Lord thy God to walk in his way . . . that thou mayst prosper . . . that the Lord may continue his Word which he spake concerning me, saying, If thy children take heed to their way, to walk before me in truth with all their heart, and with all their soul, there shall not fail thee (said he) a man on the throne of Israel," (I. Kings 2:1-4; II. Sam. 7:25; Ps. 132:12). The Lord, when he appeared to Solomon, spake in the same strain (I. Kings 3:14), and now, for a fifth time in his life, the same message of warning is brought home to him. Would this constant repetition ensure the obedience which would be a necessary condition if the Lord should continue to commune with the king?

Alas, the latter days of the highly favored, highly gifted man prove the contrary. It was possible to serve God fully under law: "Moses was faithful in all his house" (Heb. 3:5), but few, indeed, there were, under the law, who kept the beginning of their confidence firm unto the end. (Heb. 3:14.) "The law made nothing perfect," (Heb. 7:19), and it was only those, under the Old Testament, who broke through to an immediate knowledge of and walk with God, who continued steadfast unto the end. We of the new Covenant may draw nigh. There is no excuse, now that the rent veil has opened the way into the Holiest by the blood of Christ; we can draw nigh and live nigh to God. We only fail to continue to the end if we fall back under the law, "I ought, but I can't," instead of living in the glorious fulness of the Gospel: I am crucified with Christ; but Christ living in me can, by his precious blood, and shall live out his perfect life in me, to do the will of God."

A solemn warning was spoken to the king. God had said to him, "If thou wilt walk before me," etc., but now it is, "But if ye shall at all turn from following me," implying the tremendous responsibility of the high position of the king. If he turned away, his people would be sure to do so, too. "If ye shall at all turn from following me, ye or your children, and will not keep my commandments and my statutes which I have set before you, but go and serve other gods and worship them; then will I cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight; and Israel shall be a proverb and a by-word among all people." How terribly has this threat been carried into execution! Israel has indeed been cast out of their land, and what people is there which has not, at some time or other, made Israel a proverb and by-word!

RUINS OF THE ORIGINAL WALL OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE. *(From a Photograph.)*

Solomon that his prayer was answered, would not, without some very weighty reason, be delayed thirteen years, if it was to be given at all. That question, however, is not so important to us as is the tone of the assurance. The answer to the prayer is wholly conditional. Solomon is not to suppose that his sacrifice, the magnificence of the Temple and his singularly beautiful prayer, placed the Lord under an obligation. God will grant him all that he has asked; and the Temple shall be all that he hoped it would be to the nation; and his own dynasty should be perpetuated, on one condition. He and his people must serve God with undivided hearts and must serve him exclusively. There must be no divided allegiance. They must not regard this gorgeous Temple as a bribe offered to God for his continued favor. The only terms on which the king and the nation would be blessed were that they should obey the Commandments and be faithful to God. If they set up idols and worshipped them, or ascribed their prosperity to some mythical deity of the Egyptians, or Canaanites, God would be offended and would cast them off. Their Temple and their offerings would count for nothing, and, beautiful and imposing as their Temple was, it should be scutterly destroyed, that even the heathen would wonder. The condition of Jerusalem today shows that the warning was not superfluous. Indeed, such warnings would not be superfluous even in our day. Costly churches and gorgeous ritual do not commend themselves to God, though men often think they do. No man can buy his way to heaven. The rich, like the poor, can enter the kingdom of God only in one way—they must love and serve [illegible] honor him by living according to his [illegible] No individual, no nation can hope to [illegible] his favor by splendid churches or servi[illegible] if they are living in sin. God's deman[illegible] for a clean heart and a pure life. [illegible] man who hopes to compound for sel[illegible] dulgence by making large gifts to chur[illegible] or colleges or missions in his lifetim[illegible] in his will is under a delusion. God [illegible] cepts our gifts, but he will not accept t[illegible] as a substitute for righteousness.

If thou wilt walk before me. Soloi[illegible] was in danger of making an atte[illegible] which must always fail. He wante[illegible] live a life of self-indulgence while po[illegible] as a servant of God. His offering c[illegible] sacrifices, and building a magnifi[illegible] Temple, and making a beautiful pr[illegible] could not rectify the inconsistency. [illegible] two could not exist together in one per[illegible] It was like the ice palace built for [illegible] Empress of Russia, which was beau[illegible] as a dream, with elaborate architect[illegible] and glistening like a jewel in the [illegible] But it was intensely cold, and the Emp[illegible] ordered a fire to be built in it. The a[illegible] tect had to explain to her that the [illegible] would destroy the building. She c[illegible] not have an ice palace and warmth at [illegible] same time. A man may live for Go[illegible] for himself and the world, but he ca[illegible] live for both at the same time.

Serve other gods and worship th[illegible] This prohibition may seem to som[illegible] have lost its force. In this Christian l[illegible] there is no idolatry. It is true we do [illegible] bow down to blocks of wood and st[illegible] but if men of ancient time came amon[illegible] they would say that the worship [illegible] Bacchus had not ceased when they [illegible] men staggering about the streets. Th[illegible] are libertines among us now who are [illegible] as great sinners as those who worship [illegible] Venus, and avaricious men who s[illegible] Mammon as if it were a god. Whe[illegible] man does things that God forbids, h[illegible] not serving God but some other powe[illegible] may be his own propensities which, be[illegible] a rival of God, are practically in the p[illegible] of God to him. "If I had a plant," [illegible] Dr. Maclaren, "which I had watered [illegible] tended for ten years, and it had never [illegible] forth a leaf or a twig, I should be justi[illegible] in thinking it was dead, and if a man [illegible] not in ten years shown any of the gr[illegible] of Christian character, yet persists in [illegible] ing himself a Christian, am I not righ[illegible] saying, his Christian character is dead

Wilt keep my statutes. "I have n[illegible] forgotten," says an aged minister, "an [illegible] perience that I had in childhood. It [illegible] burned into my memory by a sorro[illegible] shall feel to the end of my life. My fa[illegible] I do not remember to have seen. He [illegible] when I was little more than an inf[illegible] My mother I loved with all my heart. [illegible] was a frail, delicate creature with a fe[illegible] like an angel's. All her love was cent[illegible] on me, all her prayers were for me. [illegible] was very sick and I, a lad then of [illegible] years of age, was in her room. She [illegible] falling asleep when she said to me, ' [illegible] not leave the room on any account un[illegible] wake; I may need you to give me [illegible] medicine!' She was soon asleep. I st[illegible] at the window looking out into the gar[illegible] There were beautiful flowers there. H[illegible] pleased my mother would be to se[illegible] bouquet on her table when she awoke. [illegible] looked at her and saw that she was sle[illegible] ing soundly. I should not be away m[illegible] minutes, and I thought I might ventu[illegible] I was longer than I realized. When I [illegible] turned she was on the floor, gasping [illegible] breath. She had risen in one of [illegible] paroxysms, and as I was not there to g[illegible] her the medicine, had tried to get it [illegible] self, and in her weakness had fallen to [illegible] ground. When she was able to liste[illegible] told her why I had gone from the ro[illegible] and showed her the flowers. She wo[illegible] not look at them. 'My boy,' she s[illegible] 'caused his mother to suffer much p[illegible] by his disobedience. Never forget t[illegible] obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

Why hath the Lord done this? A gr[illegible] of mourners in a palatial mansion in N[illegible] York passed, one by one, by a casket which lay the remains of a white-hea[illegible] man. One young man wept bitterly; a[illegible] well he might, for his conduct had hel[illegible] to whiten those hairs. A few days la[illegible] he wept again. He had read his fath[illegible] will, in which his father had left hin[illegible] small income, and divided his fort[illegible] among his other sons. "I have oft[illegible] warned him," the old man had writt[illegible] "but he paid no heed. He would o[illegible] waste the money if I left him his share.

GREETING TO THE EXILES.

A Great Public Demonstration at Carnegie Hall—Sympathetic Addresses and a Stirring Cable Message From Mr. Gladstone

SURELY, since the days of the wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, subject to war, pestilence, famine, and persecution, no people of any land under the sun have been so buffeted, and bruised and driven om place to place as the exiles from Arme-

RECKED ARMENIAN HOUSES IN STAMBOUL.

. Escaping from the cruel fate decreed them by the Turk, they found no rest the soles of their feet in Russia, Gerny, France, or England. Wherever ty halted for a momentary respite, they e "moved on" by the authorities. ey are a quiet, orderly, law-abiding sim- Christian folk, whose sole wish is to e God and live at peace with all men; through fear that interference with the slem time-honored prerogative of mas- ring Christians might breed undesirable plications, the impotent "Powers" ided to make no attempt to save them, to afford them no lasting shelter anyre in the event of the Armenians com- within their borders. It was natural, refore, that the refugees, sick of the hyrisy of European governments, should their faces toward America.

ut our immigration laws have been le very much more stringent in the last ade, and United States Commissioner ner, in charge of the great immigration ot at Ellis Island, even on a most libe construction of the existing law, could no more than permit a portion of the e hundred and upward who arrived last k, to leave the island and join their ing friends. Those who were detained, e to be further interrogated as to their ibility under the law. It was believed few if any would be sent back to the of sailing. Meanwhile deputations the Salvation Army, W. C. T. U., and lar organizations appealed to the Comioner on their behalf, and an offer of seties and even bonds was tendered. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered to supply wants of the detained exiles and to delicacies to any weak women and ren. Those newly-arrived Armenians were liberated were soon scattered in ous directions, some going to employ- who had written to THE CHRISTIAN RALD in response to its appeal for offers mployment; and others to the Salva- Army farm settlement, at Ramsey's, ., on the Erie Railroad, there to await s of employment. Two hundred pairs arm blankets were sent to Ramseys by CHRISTIAN HERALD, to aid in makthe new arrivals comfortable. It is pararly desired that all offers of em ment, coming from readers of this nal should be received as soon as poss. Address all such letters to the Edito of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible se, New York.

popular demonstration of welcome held at Carnegie Hall on October 26 r the auspices of the Salvation Army, onor of the refugees. The great building was crowded. On the platform were many prominent people, including Rev. B. Fay Mills, the well-known evangelist, Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, New York, Dr. Grace N. Kimball, the heroine of Van, Rev. Josiah Strong, Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and many others. There were also a number of the exiles upon the platform, accompanied by an interpreter. Addresses of welcome were made, and most of the speakers were eloquent in their denunciation of Turkey's frightful barbarity and Europe's supineness. All the speakers agreed that the case of the Armenians was not one to be treated like that of ordinary immigrants to these shores; they were fleeing from a persecution worse than that which beset the mediæval Christians, and to deport them, on the ground of a technical noncompliance with the immigration laws, was virtually to send them back to death.

Dr. Kimball was enthusiastically welcomed, and made one of the most interesting speeches of the evening. She reviewed the causes that drove the Armenians from their native land to these shores, and graphically pictured the forlorn condition of that persecuted people and their sufferings. She spoke of the Sassoun and Constantinople massacres, and the 100,000 who had been martyred by the Moslems. America should glory in being the helper of the oppressed—the land of freedom. Her reference to the aid rendered to the Armenians by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at a most critical time, when thousands were perishing, was enthusiastically cheered. "Dr. Klopsch cabled $15,000," she said, "and we soon had six bakeries running, and were saving the people from death by hunger." She also briefly outlined the history of her industrial bureau which had given employment to many thousands in Van alone. Her realistic picture of the terrible barbarities perpetrated by the Moslems. Of the Armenian character she spoke in the highest terms.

Fourteen years spent among the Armenians had qualified her to say that they would make good American citizens. They are most temperate, law-abiding, industrious, and not the kind who will in any event become tramps or a burden on the community. In a word—they are fellow Christians who deserve our warmest aid in their extremity. To welcome them is good business and an act of the highest Christian charity. Speeches were also made by Mrs. Booth-Tucker, Rev. Dr. Strong, Rev. Dr. Burrell and others.

Dr. Klopsch read the following cable message from Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone:

"I rejoice in the rescue of any fra tion of Armenians from the fangs of the great assassin. So long as the inaction of the powers continues, the situation will be shameful as well as sad; but the deeds are recorded both in heaven and before man, and constantly accumulating horrors may yet work the downfall of that crying iniquity known as the Turkish Empire. GLADSTONE."

Tremendous applause followed.

Letters of regret were read from a number of prominent people expressing sympathy. Among the well-known writers were Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Rev. John Hall, D.D., Justice David J. Brewer, of the U. S. Supreme Court, Bishop L. M. N. Stevenson, President W. C. T. U. for Maine, Rev. Henry Wilson, Mary Lowe Dickinson, General Secretary Kings Daughters and Sons, Rev. W. Cuthbert Hall, and many others. Amelia Barr, the famous author, wrote: "It is meet and right that we should bear their sufferings on our hearts, and make their urgent necessities our immediate care. We are ready to go wild over some barbaric prince; we empty our purses for foreign artists and singers; shall we not also go to meet the martyrs and confessors of our own day with welcome, and bless them in the name of the Lord?"

Suitable resolutions were adopted urging the United States Government to extend specially lenient consideration people as may come to this country with the view of making it their permanent home. The meeting was a most sympathetic and enthusiastic one. Ira D. Sankey, the sweet Gospel singer, delighted the audience with his fine solos. A collection was taken in aid of the Relief Fund. Dr. Klopsch pledged $1,000 toward the support of the exiles, until they are permanently provided for.

Our illustrations on this page show two widely apart phases of the Armenian question, one being a view of the principal street in which the recent Constantinople riot occurred (showing the great damage inflicted to the Armenian dwellings), and the other, the examination of Armenian immigrants from the steamer *Obdam* at Ellis Island, before formally granting their admission to the United States. The two pictures are in striking contrast.

EXAMINING NEWLY-ARRIVED ARMENIANS AT ELLIS ISLAND.

The fourth instalment of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was sent last week to be distributed by the American Board missionaries in the field as follows:

Harpoot	**$500**
Diarbekir	**250**
Baiburt.	**250**

The following contributions have been received during the week in aid of the Armenian Relief Work:

Previously acknowledged	$50,979.47
J E Palmer	1 00
Eliza E Lincoln	5 00
Abbie Phillips	1 00
Crane Family	2 00
Asheville	1 00
H M Boardman	2 00
Mrs J C Fitzwater	2 00
By A Mellander	1 75
J Cadwallader	1 00
Frederick Galiwas	2 00
Walter Jones	2 00

THE LATE MISS LOUISE COLLINS.

H C Zirk	2 00
Mrs S F Dickson	10 00
Edward G Sharp	2 00
Mrs Wm B Sherritt	1 00
Mrs Dr M Jenkins	1 00
Christian Endeavor, Portersville	3 00
Mrs D B, Warrensburg	2 00
Loyal Temperance Legion, Pennsdale	2 00
A R G Edwards	50
Mrs J Oliver Hogg	50
Sophie D Ewell	2 00
Mrs M Ginder	1 00
Miss Cordelia Dairs	2 00
Mrs Matilda Brooks	2 00
William Howard	10 00
A L Brown and wife	15 00
C A Hagaman	2 00
Y P S C E, Second U P Church	11 43
E R Edmonds	50
Mrs Frank Chadbolt	2 00
Friend, Rockwood	1 00
J G M, New York City	6 00
W O R, Morristown	1 00
S A B, Trenton	1 00
Thomas Calderwood	100 00
J W T, Plainfield	1 00
Mrs McRinnon	2 00
Geo H Foote	4 00
Geo M Horster	3 00
R E W, Bucyrus	1 00
L A Randall	2 00
Subscriber, Spartansburg	1 00
Clark Morhous	1 00
Mrs Wm E, Evansville	1 50
K K, Ontario, Can	10 00
Mrs Henry Breck	1 00
In His Name, Edythe	1 00
By A Mellander	4 25
Rev J L Stevens	4 00
Mrs C P Page	2 00
F P Drew	2 00
C P, Balto Co	5 00
For the Sake of Jesus, Kingston	1 00
Osage Missionary Union	5 50
William Skelton	5 00
A R M, Lebanon	2 00
Total	**$51,250.40**

Died for Christ in Africa.

INTELLIGENCE was received in New York City a few days ago of the death in the heart of Darkest Africa of Miss Louise Collins, a devoted Christian missionary. Miss Collins went to the Congo, the scene of her loving labor for souls, on May 20, 1896, under the auspices of the Christian Alliance. She landed at Matadi, and after an eight days' journey inland, reached her station at Dyema, on the Chiliango river. The deadly African climate soon taxed her physical strength, and within a month after her arrival, she was stricken with African fever. Her illness lasted thirty-eight hours, during seven of which she was unconscious. Toward the end, however, consciousness returned, and her last afternoon on earth was one of great joy, and was spent in praise and rejoicing.

Miss Collins' grave is the first in the little mission plot at Dyema. The natives, who had learned to love her much, gathered around it in awe and wonder, and were deeply grieved over the loss of their dear teacher, who "being dead, yet speaketh" to them through the sweet and helpful influence of her work!

Miss Collins, before leaving for Africa, was engaged in active service in the Baptist Church at Greenpoint, N. Y., where her loss is keenly felt. She spent a year and a half in the Christian Alliance College, preparing by the study of missionary methods and the African language, for efficient work in the distant field. Her sister is Miss Helen J. Collins, as a well-known city missionary in New York, and who for several years has been associated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, where as matron he had charge of the work last summer.

CHRISTIANS IN COUNCIL.

How the Coming Conference in Cooper Union, New York, may be an Influence of Potent Force in the Evangelization of the City.

PRAYER is earnestly desired of all Christians throughout the country that God's blessing may attend the meetings which commence next Monday in New York. As announced in this journal last week, Mr. D. L. Moody is to preach every morning in Cooper Union, the services commencing at ten o'clock. In the afternoon there will be another service, beginning at half-past two, when several eminent evangelists will speak on the different days, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. George C. Needham, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Evangelist R. G. Pearson and other famous preachers have promised to take part in the meetings. How long the services will continue depends largely on the interest that may be aroused, but it is hoped that there will be such an outpouring of the Spirit as will give an impetus to Gospel work in New York that will be felt in every church in the city, and will make the coming winter a memorable one in New York.

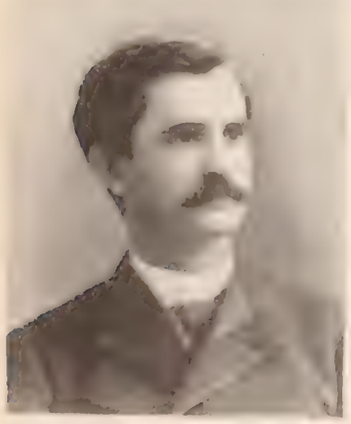
The movement is based on the principle of the true revival in the proper sense of the term. It seeks to make every Christian an active force in soul-saving effort. If the Christ-life in the soul of the believer can be quickened so that he not only realizes his own privileges, and draws nearer to his Lord in love and holiness and consecration, but is stirred to go out and win souls and use his opportunities for service, a far-reaching influence will be exerted which must result in blessing. No Christian is so isolated that he does not come in contact in the course of his life with people who are strangers to Christ. Some of these would probably pay more heed to words from his lips than from any other. Yet how often are they unspoken! How many unsaved people there are who daily come in contact with Christians in society or in business, without knowing that they are Christians! Sometimes there are inconsistencies of word and conduct which would make the statement of their being followers of Christ a surprise. Their worldly friends do not suspect them of being Christians, as they see little difference between them and themselves. And even when the Christian does not dishonor his Lord by worldliness, he often manifests no concern for the salvation of his associates, his employees, or his neighbors. In the home, the family, the store, or the cars, his conversation might easily be a testimony for Christ, and without being obtrusive, might so declare the joy and happiness that religion brings to him, as to lead others to seek the blessing for themselves. A layman has frequently more power in this personal influence than man using the terms of every-day life bears a witness to the comfort and peace he enjoys, and tells his friend what Jesus has done for his soul, his words carry weight through their very disinterestedness. Mr. Moody and his associates are therefore acting wisely in trying to get the Christian people of New York to use this influence.

The leaders in the movement are men in the forefront of Christian activity, who have been blessed in many cities to the salvation of souls. Mr. D. L. Moody is too well known to need any introduction to our readers. Though in his sixtieth year, he has lost none of the energy and power that have made his name famous for a quarter of a century throughout Christendom. On both sides the Atlantic the people have gone in thousands to listen to his preaching, and the largest buildings have been inadequate to hold the multitudes who desired to hear the Gospel from his lips. Probably there is no living man to whose labors so many people ascribe their conversion as to him. Yet there is little of the grace of rhetoric, or what is commonly called pulpit eloquence in his sermons. Mr. Moody does not preach learned sermons, or controversial sermons, but he is tremendously in earnest and he has the faculty of presenting the Gospel in most convincing terms. A plain, simple, common-sense presentation it is, which wins the attention and commands respect.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, though comparatively a young man, being under forty years of age, has a grand record as a revival preacher. Born at Richmond, Ind., he studied at Lake Forest University, and soon became known in the churches of the State as an energetic, earnest preacher. After holding a charge at Schuylerville, N. Y., and subsequently at Albany, N. Y., he was called to succeed Dr. A. T. Pierson as pastor of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, where he labored successfully until his calls from the evangelistic field became so imperative that he recognized it as a duty to devote his time to that sphere of labor.

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

Dr. A. C. Dixon is the pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. He is a Southerner by birth, the son of an indefatigable frontier preacher, to whose devoted labors the South and West owe the organization of many of the churches now centres of Gospel influence. His son was converted in childhood, and in his early years had charge of two pastorless churches near his home. After his theological course he labored at Asheville, N. C., and at Baltimore, Md., before settling in Brooklyn, where he has done a great work in the cause of Christ.



REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

Another effective worker whose voice is to be heard, is Evangelist R. G. Pearson, who labored in New York in 1893. Mr. Pearson is a native of Mississippi and is about forty-three years of age. His early [illegible] with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and he had charge of churches of that denomination at Nashville, Tenn., and other places, but for thirteen years past he has devoted himself exclusively to evangelistic work.

Rev. George C. Needham, who is widely known through his "Bible Readings," which he has held in all the great [illegible] of this country and Great Britain, is an Irishman by birth, and passed [illegible] of age. He took up his work under the advice of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who continued to the close of his life to take a warm interest in the young Gospel worker. Mr. Needham is a man of one book. He has made the Bible his life-long study, and he uses it with wonderful power and effect in all his work. Many ministers who have attended his "Bible Readings" have said that not until they heard Needham talk had they any conception of the fullness and beauty of the Scriptures. Mr. Needham's services in New York are sure to be among the most valuable of the series.

Turned from their Idols.

Two Experiences that Caused the Temples to be Neglected in a Hindoo Village.

MISS HATTIE L. BRUCE, a missionary at Satara, India, in a recent letter to the *Indian Witness*, relates the following remarkable incidents as having occurred under her own observation:

One evening a young Marathi woman, Bañubai by name, living in the village of Arali, was bitten by a venomous snake. Her friends in great alarm took her to the temple of their goddess Wadzai. They would not hear of the suggestion that remedies be given the dying girl. Wadzai was all their confidence, so through the night-watches they poured out their lamentations before her. "Mother, mother, look upon us and be gracious. Oh, thou who art chief amongst the goddesses, whom have we in all the world but thee? Mother, to whom shall we go? Thou alone canst heal. Restore the sick one, we beseech thee!" Alternately with these pleadings they blew the temple horns as though to awaken the slumbering sympathies of their stone goddess; but "there was neither voice nor any that regarded." Thus the long hours of the night wore on till sunrise, when Banubai died. As it was now evident that Wadzai either could do or would do nothing for her worshippers, they bestirred themselves to take more practical measures for the resuscitation of the corpse. Two men were sent to Mahuli, five miles to the southeast, two others to Limbgova, five miles to the west, and two to the Christian preacher at Waduth, an adjoining village on the opposite bank of the Krishna river.

"Come!" said the breathless messengers upon reaching their respective destinations, "A woman has been bitten by a snake. If you can do anything, hasten!" "Is she dead or alive?" was the first inquiry elicited by this news in each of the three villages. "Dead. She died at six this morning. Oh, hasten!" "Has the breath left the body?" "Alas, yes!"

Said the holy man at Mahuli, "My charms are ineffective outside my own district." Said the sorcerer at Limbgova, "Return, and bid them not to await my coming. The spells I know are potent only while life lasts."

Said the Christian preacher at Waduth, "It is too late to give medicines now. Is not this what I am continually telling you, while life lasts, make provision for the needs of body and soul? For there is no remedy after death." So, when the six messengers returned to Arali at about ten o'clock, hope expired in the mourners' hearts, and they took the body to the banks of their sacred Krishna for burning.

In Waduth, just across the river from Arali, a Marathi lad named Yadu was bitten by a cobra as he stepped out of his house one evening not long after Banubai's death. Immediately there was a confused clamor of noises: "Let incantations be pronounced, or medicines given!" "Take him to the Christian Master's house!" "No, to the temple! To the temple! Mahatoba is our village god! he will save!" The grief-stricken mother stepped forward and silenced them all by saying: "The temple is near, only a stones' throw from us, and the Master's house beyond it. Think you Mahatoba would be honored by taking the boy directly past his temple to any one else? No, we will trust in the village god." So Yadu was taken to Mahatoba's temple where Vithoba, the Christian preacher, soon followed, attracted by the outcries of the worshippers. Upon his offering to help in some way, either by giving medicines or watching through the night, the boy's moth-

REV. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

answered: "No, we have committed h to the care of our god. There is to be implication that others would do more him than the guardian of our villa stands ready to do. He will save."

Vithoba reminded them of Wadzai's c spicuous failure of the week before—h to no purpose. The people were confid that their superior deity, Mahatoba, wo most assuredly manifest his power. "F give us our sins, and in token of forgi ness heal the sick one!" thus th continued praying aloud with renew enthusiasm till twelve o'clock. No ne to pray longer, for by that time Yad sufferings were over.

A day or two afterwards, Vithoba ported the event to us: "The people knowledge their foolishness in placing confidence in Mahatoba," said he. "Th will never trust them idols again."

Thanksgiving for the Homele

A special effort is now being made Superintendent Wyburn and Assist Superintendent Mershon, of the Bow Mission, to provide a Thanksgiving din for as large a number of the homeless a destitute persons as possible, and also provide the material for a "home dinne for such poor families as are known to in need and really deserving. Any read of this journal who are interested in Mission and its work, may aid this ben olent project by sending contributions potatoes, apples, fowls, fruit, etc., to t care of Mr. Wyburn, Superintendent the Mission, at No. 105 Bowery. All su gifts will be acknowledged.

A friend at Quaker Hill, N. Y., Mr. F. Osborn, writes:

DEAR BROTHER WYBURN. I ship you

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

day as freight by Harlem R. R. nine ba potatoes and one barrel apples. The frei is paid to New York. Enclosed find bill lading.

Mr. Osborn's gift will go towards t Thanksgiving dinner plan, and will doul less be the means of appeasing hunger some poor household at that time general rejoicing.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sue's Organdie Gown.

SUE EVERETT had saved her money for three months to buy an organdie gown. From her weekly wages she had to help her mother pay their room rent, and e clothed her little sister as well as her-lf, so the purchase of a new gown was a atter of no slight importance. Bit by t, a car-fare saved to-day, a piece of pie itted from her luncheon to-morrow, Sue d accumulated the amount she needed twelve yards of fine sheer organdie slin, with linings, and ribbon and lace trim it with, and now, the money in her tle pocket-book, she set out to make the rchase.

Her employer had given her an after-on off, and she went tripping down the airs and out into the street as merrily as er a girl started on an errand in the rld. There is, to the average mind, a od deal of enjoyment in shopping, and e was prepared to extract the full sweet-ss from her visit to the great Broadway re. Yet she knew precisely what she ant to buy—an organdie, with a white ound, over which should go trailing eaths of faintly colored roses, with dim en leaves—fady-green, she called it to rself, and fady-pink; she would have thing loud or showy in this dainty sum-r costume. She had seen something e her ideal in a window, and she had ught of it, and talked of it till it stood t before her mind's eye, clear and dis-ct as a picture. And she had eight dol-s to spend on it, and could spend the ole of it if she chose.

Sue went gayly along the street, and in l career, whom should she meet but le Harold Gintry, her youngest Sun-y School child, for Sue had a large class a mission, and attended to it very faith-ly. Harold greeted her with a joyful clamation, and then walked very soberly at her side.

"Is mamma well?" asked Sue.

"No, teacher," said Harold, "she's sick, d baby's sick, and we fink baby's goin' die wiv the heat. The heat's arful."

Sue knew it must be. The heat had n dreadful for days. In the streets n and horses were falling and dying, m its effects, and in the crowded tene-nts the babies withered like flowers on ir stems. Days and days passed in the nace-like flame of the sun, and the hts were gone before the blistering vements were cool; people sat all night the doorsteps longing for a breath of to relieve them, and the deadly heat l held its sway, unmitigated even by nder-showers.

Sue thought quickly. She had eight llars in her pocket, and she longed for r organdie gown, but she could do with-it. Her old white muslin could be al-ed, and made to do. Sue turned to rold smilingly, and took his small hot nd in her cool clasp; it was character-c of Sue to have firm, cool hands, and er to look flurried or heated, let the perature mark what it might; the two nt straight to Harold's home.

Mrs. Gintry," she said, as she met the e, tired-looking woman, scarcely able to nd on her feet, and glanced at the white e of the babe in its cradle, "I've come send you to the country."

That's what the doctor says would cure up, but, Miss, what's his advice worth, en there's no money to be had, and the dren's wanting bread?"

I know a place where you can go with rold and the baby, this very day, and 'll pay nothing while you're there, and ave money enough to keep the house e going on while you're gone, and to your next month's rent in part, and . Gintry earns something, doesn't he?"

He do pick up odd jobs at times," said wife, her face kindling as she thought cool breezes and the plash of waves, d health coming back to herself and her le ones.

Sue bundled them away that afternoon. There was little time to lose, and the fare to the Seaside Home she knew was a mere trifle. She had an aunt who was matron at the place she sent her friends to, and she knew that even if it was crowded to the overflow, this lady, being a person of resources, would secure some spot for Mrs. Gintry and her children.

Sue's friends wondered when they saw her wearing her old muslin, for there were none of them but had heard of the organdie she had meant to have. But she kept her own counsel. "At the last moment, something happened that made me change my mind," she said, cheerfully, and thus her left hand did not know what her right hand did. It was a small bit of self-denial, regarded from the standpoint of the world's great givers, but in the sight of him who accepted with praise the widow's two mites, the gift of Sue Everett's organdie gown was not despised. For he, looking on the heart, and at the motive, saw that the young girl had put herself and her own wishes aside for one of his little ones, and he sent her the blessing, which comes to those who may claim the "Inasmuch."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Moody and the Students.

How the Great Evangelist Quelled a Disturbance at Cambridge.

IN the occasion of his visit to the English University at Cambridge, some time ago, Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, had a singular experience, which he thus describes: "We received a pressing invitation—Mr. Sankey and I—to go to Cambridge when we were in England, and I refused. I thought I had got no call to go to universities. But when we were over there again, another call came, signed by a list of names six or eight feet long; and I said, 'I will go.' The first Sunday night we were in Cambridge, the students tried to break the meeting up. I had preached to all classes of people—to the hoodlums of California—and never had that happen before. It looked very much as if they were going to snatch the whole thing out of our hands. I don't believe there were fifty students out of that roomful that heard the songs of Mr. Sankey, and right on through the whole meeting it was just the same.

"On Monday night the disturbance was just as bad or worse. On Tuesday the outlook was darker than ever. But on that day, a lady—a bedridden saint—who was very much interested in the work, sent around an invitation to a few Christians to get together in a little upper room and plead with God for a change in those students. That turned the tide. It wasn't the preaching. They had heard better sermons. They had had sermons from the best preachers of the Church of England. It was these Christians in that upper room praying with God that made the difference. And how they did pray! It seemed as if their prayers burst into heaven, and I said, 'The victory is ours.' That night I preached. I don't think I had much power. When I asked, 'If any man in this audience wants to become a Christian, will you go into the inquiry room?'—they had their gowns on—of course they were known—if you know anything about universities you know it is pretty hard to get them moved. When I gave this invitation I didn't know there would be a man. But there was a hush over that audience, and fifty-two men sprang to their feet and went up in that gallery, and that night we had all the inquirers we could attend to. About one o'clock—I was getting pretty tired—a man came to me, saying, 'I wish you would come and talk to this man.' They were on their faces crying to God for mercy. God had broken not only their stubborn wills, but their hearts were broken.

"It wasn't the preaching; the preaching was pretty weak that night. I talked to this man, and the tears were running down his cheeks; but he found Christ that night. Some one said to me, 'Do you know who that was? That is the head wrangler in Cambridge,' the highest in books. Among the three thousand students at Cambridge, he was the best—the leader. There he was on his knees, and the power of God just came in answer to prayer. Next Sunday night there were two hundred or three hundred broken hearts, of men who wanted to be for God.

"It isn't preaching we want, it is prayer. I would rather be able to pray like David than to preach with the eloquence of Gabriel. We don't want any more preachers in this country—we have got enough. What we want is to pray. Let us open up communication with heaven, and the blessing will come down."

A Boy Missionary.

He Comes Across the Ocean to Tell of the Gospel Needs of His People.

THE young African lad Samuel, whose portrait appears on this page, is a native of Sierra Leone, having been born at the village of Robonke, about seventy-five miles from the coast. It is a village of the powerful Temne tribe, and the local chief, who is named Bifoke, rules over a large territory which skirts the coast for a considerable distance, and also extends far inland. There are a number of other Temne villages under his control besides Robonke.

When Samuel was ten years old he was adopted by Rev. Matthew Francis, and he went to the Christian Alliance Mission

SAMUEL, THE BOY MISSIONARY.

School at Robethel, where Mr. Francis was stationed as missionary. Samuel visited the United States recently. He is training to be a missionary, and he expects to stay here three months longer, when he will return to Africa. He will ultimately do good service for the Master among his own people. There are not very many Christians out there, but the missionaries are teaching the boys, and the prospects are very encouraging. In the Christian Alliance School there are now about twenty-five boys, and there is, besides, a girls' school, where there are fourteen attendants, Mr. Trice being the missionary in charge. After the pupils leave school, on finishing their educational course, they go out to teach their own people.

Mission schools have now been in operation in the Temne territory about three years. Samuel has been taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar, and he has a remarkable knowledge of Scriptures.

Samuel is the young lad who made a notable address at the Missionary Alliance meeting on Sunday, October 11th, at Carnegie Hall, New York, when he touchingly appealed to an audience of 5,000 to help to send missionaries to his country Mrs. Twining, a Christian lady of Boston, and other friends are taking a warm personal interest in his welfare and advancement. He will yet doubtless be a valuable worker in the Gospel field.

A Christian Countess.

Adeline Schimmelmann's Sacrifices for the Master—Work Among Baltic Fishermen.

THE name of the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann is already a familiar one to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The daughter of a wealthy Danish nobleman, she has devoted her whole life to Christian work and the labor of saving souls. Her history is a remarkable one, and her experience as a Gospel worker, of a nature seldom met with in the life of an ordinary evangelist or missionary, at home or abroad. Her religious convictions carried her as a very young girl to visit prisons, penitentiaries, and other criminal and reformatory institutions, where her spiritual ministrations were a source of help and comfort to the wretched and often depraved human beings with whom she constantly came in contact. In the very beginning of her career as a fisher of souls among men, she was met by the violent opposition of her family and friends, many of whom were known to the highest circles of the German Empire. So high in favor was she, in fact, with the potentates of royalty, that she held the enviable position in Germany of chief lady of honor to the Empress Augusta. As her work grew and spread in the great German cities and villages, and the fact of her own life of denial and sacrifice became known abroad, her relatives at the Prussian Court began to look upon her work and ways as of one demented. Unable to comprehend or appreciate her motive in thus bestowing all her means, time, and energies in seeking out the wretched, lost, and vile, she was stigmatized as insane, was arrested, and finally placed in an asylum. After a short period of test and imprisonment in the insane asylum, the Countess was released and allowed to return to her chosen field of labor.

Much of the Countess' work has been confined to the fishermen of the Baltic provinces, men noted for drunkenness, and for rough and riotous living, who have been helped and redeemed through her efforts to lives of Christianity and material prosperity. As a direct evidence of God's love for those who work in his name, and for the souls he loves, this persecuted but zealous servant of the Lord seems to be hearing the "Well done, thou good and faithful," even in her earthly habitation. Most encouraging accounts have been given of her recent work along the Baltic shores, and her seamen's home at Gœhien, formerly demolished by her persecutors, has been rebuilt, and is now filled with the fishermen who owe their redemption and better lives to the sympathy, prayers, and efforts of the Countess Schimmelmann. She has also been especially successful in Pomerania, even among the middle and upper classes of society.

Recent meetings held at Strasland, and in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, show that not only the seafaring men and working classes have been interested and reached, but many of the most worldly-minded people in what is known as "high life." A number of the proudest of these people have been seen in tears and private conversation on the days following the meetings. Many have been converted, and others are still ardently seeking salvation. Incidents come to hand which tell of a young nobleman who wept like a child at one of the meetings because of the aimless, unfruitful life he had always led. At another meeting, a Prussian general offered his money to build a home for sick children. And so the good work of the faithful Countess grows and spreads, to the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls.

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

Previously acknowledged	$675 00
Boys' Primary Class, North Dennis	1 22
Mr and Mrs Julia Rockwell	2 00
Mrs M Ginder	1 00
A R G Edwards	50
Mrs L C Snow	50
J W T Pennell	1 00
J H N, East Rockaway	1 00
C A Breard	5 00
Total	$687 22

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Letters ...
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
... New York City

Our Own Vineyards.

HOW was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train, going at thirty-five miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go forty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Beside, if your own piety be thin, your work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab. The world sees straight through it, while some man who says but little, yet feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Rickety and unsafe machinery always makes a great racket. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off ...

A man of deep religious experience is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in your garden, you cannot ...

Friends, the Lord of the vineyard will, after awhile, appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times were gathered, ... What kind of clusters shall we be able to ... Will they be stunted and sour, or ripe and ... the trimming and the watching, the vintage will be glorious. Let the messengers ... the wine press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chord ... wine in our Father's kingdom. God forbid ...

"They made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

The Only Salt.

ONE of the sayings of our Lord, which is continuously illustrated in the history of the world, is "Ye are the salt of the earth." Addressed to his disciples, it was symbolical of the character and influence of his Church. It means that his Church is the only conserving power in this world of corruption. Christ represented his Church as the "kingdom of heaven," which he erected amid the general apostasy expressly to act as the regaining and preserving agency of the earth. It has always been, and is today, the only element which preserves the world from total corruption and withholds the outpourings of divine wrath. There is at this hour iniquity enough to precipitate the vengeance of heaven. The partial disclosure of it in the daily press oppresses our limited judgment.

How must it appear to God's omniscience! The demon of iniquity seems to possess the paths of mankind. Hell "lets slip the dogs of war." Mammon consumes the sympathies and petrifies the heart. Intemperance from its cup pours out distress and damnation, burning up sensibility, desolating homes, flashing through the soul the red lightnings of remorse. Despotism with its cruel hand lashes the free-born children of God and tramples ruthlessly on human rights. Treachery abuses its trusts, scandal sows the seeds of discord, and intrigue is breaking up domestic ties and civil order to gratify lust and ambition.

There is sin and crime enough here to part the heavens and let down a fiery flood of wrath. Why then does God withhold it? Because of his Church. It is the object of his love and care, it is the sanctuary in which his whole family is to be gathered before he expends his judgment. Let the churches as they resume work, realize that no agency, organization, or institution can take the place of the Church of Christ in "overcoming the evil that is in the world" and saving it. Personal consecration to Christ and the personal enthusiasm of the Holy Ghost will conquer the world and make it an abode of righteousness.

The Stove Pipe Season.

NOW the day for putting up the stove has come. The children fly around with expectation, and are somewhat in the way during the undertaking. The pipes are brought out and emptied, and thumped clear of soot and dust. The housewife goes over all the surfaces with blackening polish, making the homely dark a handsome black, and then the work of carrying the stove into the sitting-room commences. There are not enough hands. There never are. We have put up stoves a dozen times, and never had help enough. Stoves are so unwieldy, and they feel so heavy when you set them down on your instep. Father, with his lower lip clinched on his teeth, lifts and pulls the stove, and gets fast in the doorway. Mother and the serving-maid come to the rescue, but pull the stove the wrong way, and get an invocation upon their carelessness. "Don't you see what you are doing? Pull it back the other way! Ouch! Just look at the back of my hand, black and blue from this scourging! There! You have set that right leg of it on my sore toe! My side is stove in!" But with an altogether lift the heavy burden ... the middle of the room. Now begins the work of finding one of the lost legs. One of them is gone. There is always one of them gone. The sheds are ransacked to no avail, and two bricks are temporarily substituted. Then the pipe is to be joined and set up. This requires more conscientious and determined consideration ... than on other parts. A man who will keep correctness of speech in all the rest of the process needs some toning up here.

Every time the attempt is made, the line of pipe parts at a new place, until at last, to the relief of the whole household, the undertaking is completed. Then the first fire is kindled, the smoke at first not knowing whether to come out in the room and be sociable, or go up the chimney and disappear. But at last the great black instrument of comfort roars with a chorus of congratulation and good cheer, and in the evening all the family gather about to hear it laugh and crackle. Good old stove! For the coming Autumnal and Winter months it will draw the family together. Let the winds howl down the chimney and the snows drift over the tops of the fences, on the floor of your country home will stand this great, warm-hearted benediction. May there be as many feet on the hearth next Spring as this Autumn, and no loss, or sorrow, or bereavement turn the damper.

Happy Unions.

JUST in proportion as the institution of marriage is honored in any community is that community prospered: and there is no exception. Just in proportion as men have loose ideas in regard to marriage are their lives corrupt. And what is most beautiful about this heaven-descended institution is that its happiness depends not on worldly successes. Indeed, those are apt most to appreciate their homes who are maltreated of the world, and who fly to them as a refuge. I warrant there is as much domestic love in $800 a year as in $8,000. The exquisiteness of the marriage-robe and the length of the white veil trailing through the church-aisle are no surer prophecy of a happy life than the plain promise of that one in fustian and the other in calico. What multitudes of men and women have in this relation proved themselves heroes and heroines. Their unfaltering love turned the crust into a banquet, and the one room in a fifth story, without any elevator, becomes an Alhambra. They started at the foot of the ladder together. Not dependent upon the whims of the world, which one day may blow from the west and the next day may blow from the east, they were content with their own home. Upon it God came down in blessing, and their lives were hallowed. Though the outside world knew little about them, God knew; and when angel would point out to angel the happy homes of earth, the finger of light would sweep around that dwelling. Oh, how much a man and woman can stand of trouble if they stand together!

There is a way of laughing off many of the hardships of life, and blessed is that man, blessed is that woman, who has at home one who can make light of misfortune and turn tragedy into comedy. But far better than the power of caricature and a natural disposition to make the best of things is religion dominant in a household. That explains and sanctifies and irradiates as nothing else can. May the divine spirit sanctify all our homesteads.

High Places.

THE ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, has walked amid obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power. Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. By patriotic devotion, by honesty, by Christian principle, I would have every reader seek for the favor and confidence of his fellow-men, but not to look upon some high position in society as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its ... and ... upon whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Baptist Missionary Society is about to establish a boarding school in Shensi, China, where the most promising lads attending the day schools may receive such further training as will fit them to become teachers and evangelists.

Evangelist Edward O. Guerrant has been holding a series of Revival Services during the past ten days in the Church of the Strangers, New York, of which Dr. D. Asa Blackburn is Pastor. Dr. A. C. Dixon and other ministers have been assisting in the meetings.

A Committee of a Christian Endeavor Society in San Francisco makes a practice of distributing good literature every Sunday evening to the persons on the public square. Just before their own meeting, the society holds an outdoor evangelistic service.

The one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church of New York was celebrated on Sunday, October 25. Rev. Dr. John Atkinson delivered an address on the history of the Church, which is believed to be the oldest Methodist Church in the country.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the friend of street waifs, has just sent a party of 214 trained emigrants (127 boys and 87 girls) to Canada. These added to the 8,511 previously sent, bring up the grand total of emigrants placed out in Canada to this date to 8,725. Of those previously placed out it is stated that rather more than 95 in every 100 have made good emigrants, and are doing well.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations have issued a letter giving suggestions How to Observe the Day of Prayer for Young Men. This important concert of prayer inaugurated thirty years ago will occur on the week including November 8th and 14th. The leaflet may be obtained from the office of the association in New York.

Rev. H. Loomis, the American Bible Society Agent in Japan, would be glad to receive old numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for use in the hospitals, and among converts to Christianity who can read English. The postage on a single number is two cents, but two copies may be sent for three cents. His address is Rev. H. Loomis, Yokohama, Japan.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, in succession to the late Dr. Benson, is the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, who was formerly Bishop of Exeter. He belongs to the Broad Church, and was one of the clergymen who collaborated in "Essays and Reviews" the famous work which caused a sensation in the English Church some years ago.

An extremely interesting ceremony was performed at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, on October 22. It was the marriage of the Catholic Bishop of Minnesota, the Right Rev. H. B. Whipple, to Mrs. Evangeline Simpson. The Bishop, who is called "Straight Tongue" by the Indians, is almost idolized by them, and is beloved by a multitude of friends of all denominations on account of his devoted labors. All will heartily wish him happiness in his new relation.

Count Tolstoi has written a vigorous article in favor of total abstinence. "The defenders of wine, vodka, and beer," he says, "used formerly to assert that these drinks promote health and strength, that they warm and cheer. But this is now indisputably shown to be untrue. Intoxicants do not increase health, because they contain a strong poison—alcohol—and the use of poison can not be beneficial. Crime and ill-health are the products of drink."

The converts to Christianity in Uganda, where Bishop Hannington was murdered, are themselves becoming missionaries. Men from Uganda are now preaching at Nassa, at the south end of the Victoria Lake, and at Kabarega's capital in Bunyoro, places 400 miles apart, south and north respectively of Uganda; then from Busoga to Toro, east and west, in both of which countries Uganda teachers are working, a distance of 300 miles intervenes.

Letters from Madagascar continue to report a great reaction towards heathenism. Hundreds of Christian churches have been destroyed, and many of the native teachers and evangelists have had to flee for their lives. At one mission station an armed mob of fifteen hundred men for three days and three nights besieged the station. When the means of defense were nearly exhausted a troop of French soldiers appeared, and the rebels fled; only, however, to plunder and destroy elsewhere.

Arrangements are being perfected for an evangelistic campaign in Philadelphia. A correspondent of a contemporary in that city writes: The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., is superintendent of the campaign, and the great body of the pastors are heartily cooperating. Other evangelists are to take an active part in the work. Mr. Dwight L. Moody will be here for several weeks. The Rev. George C. Needham, Dr. L. W. Munhall, and other workers will be with us, and some of the pastors also will conduct evangelistic services.

A famous missionary has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the foreign field. Dr. S. B. Fairbank has been for fifty years in the service of the American Marathi Mission. So far as is known there are only two Protestant missionaries in India who have labored for a longer period. Dr. Fairbank was for a long time responsible for the management of the Mission Press in Bombay, and in this connection he did much literary work. But the Wadale district, where he began a new work in 1857, especially bears witness to Dr. Fairbank's energy. He organized preaching and schools in villages which now have a large number of churches and many communicants.

The National Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to be held in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 13-18, will be in many respects one of the most important in the history of the Union. The sessions will be held in Music Hall Exposition Building. The convention sermon will be preached by Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, national superintendent of evangelistic work. The musical part of the programme is in the hands of Mrs. Anna Hardcastle. Persons desiring to secure reserved seats may address Mrs. E. B. Ingalls, 4110 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo. For one dollar a ticket can be purchased which will secure a seat at every session except those of Sunday.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Buluwayo Kraal.

AN idea of the kind of people the British are trying to subdue in South Africa may be obtained from the picture on this page of a Matabele Kraal, or village near Buluwayo, which is the capital of Matabeleland. That they are a people who will not easily be governed on British principles is evident from the rising which has just been put down. It originated in an outbreak of the Rinderpest which extended through Matabeleland and Mashonaland. In England the government finds no difficulty in stopping such an outbreak by slaughtering suspected cattle. The people understand that the slaughter is for the general good. Steel is the only effectual means of stamping out the disease, and they accept the inevitable. The British seem to have expected similar acquiescence in the Matabeles, and were amazed when the natives, rather than lose their cattle, rose in revolt. That they were unprepared for the outbreak is evident from the fact that more than a hundred white people were murdered, including four women, before a sufficient military force could be collected to suppress the rebellion. As in our own Indian wars, the disciplined forces, before on the ground, easily defeated the savages. The superiority of weapons and equipment more than counterbalanced the inferiority of numbers. The Matabeles fought with reckless bravery, and came in overwhelming numbers to the conflict, but the British maxim guns, firing over two hundred rounds a minute, mowed them down with unceasing slaughter. The survivors fled to the caves in the hills, whence they will, it may be hoped, return peacefully to their villages. It is contended by the British that these outbreaks are the work of only a few among the survivors of Lobengula's army, who cannot forget the exploits of their youth and the prestige of the Matabele as the invincible warriors of South Africa. They claim that the majority of the people are naturally peaceable and will yield ultimately to civilization. The slaughter is one of those deplorable results of the contact of civilized people with barbarous races with which our own experience with the Indian has familiarized us. It may be hoped that missionary effort among them will be tried with better results, and that in the propagation of the Gospel the colonizers will find a better protection than in maxim guns. For their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the Matabele people, the white settlers should make no effort to bring their colored neighbors under the power of Christ, which alone can change their natures. Until then they will surely realize that, as the Scriptures say:

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of violence. (Ps. 74: 20. R.V.)

A MATABELE KRAAL NEAR BULUWAYO, IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An Explosion in a Subway.

Several persons had a narrow escape of their lives in a New York street last week. There is a subway in East Twenty-third street in which there is a gas main and several cables carrying electric wires which give light and power to factories in the neighborhood. The subways are supposed to be gas and water proof, but the water filtered in at the manhole at the corner of the street and surrounded the cables. There was a defect in the gas-main at the corner which was to be repaired as soon as a gang of men could be set to work upon it. The rainy weather had delayed the job for two or three days and had increased the water around the cables. In one place, the insulation of the cables was imperfect, and the water acting as a conductor, electric sparks leaped from one cable to another. No harm would have been done if the gas, which was escaping from the main, had not penetrated the subway, but the narrow tunnel grew thick with it. The electric sparks fired it; there was a rumbling like an earthquake for a minute and then the heavy iron cap of the manhole was sent flying into the air, and fifteen feet of stone pavement was torn up, and the stones flung higher than the heads of the lamp-posts. Fortunately, few persons were passing at the time, and these escaped with slight injuries, but if the explosion had occurred a little later, when the street was crowded, many lives would have been lost. It is through an analogous combination of destructive causes that the moral convulsions by which characters are destroyed, are brought about. Temptation can do no harm to a man unless he has in his nature the elements on which it can operate. The man who is safe is he who can say with his Lord:

The Prince of this world cometh: but he hath nothing in me. (John 14:30.)

The Ascent Failed.

An officer of the Signal Service made an experiment a few days ago at Governor's Island, New York, which failed, but happily without causing serious injury. The Lieutenant has invented a plan for ascending without a balloon to a great height, from which, in time of war, he could survey an enemy's position. His method is to have a series of three enormous kites attached by a rope. Two of the kites are covered with ninety square feet of cloth, and the third, which is the lowest, with twenty-four. Attached to the lowest kite is a kind of swing, such as children use in their play. In this he seated himself, with a loose rope at hand, two thousand feet long, which was to be used for guiding purposes. The rope by which the kites were raised was a half-inch manila, which was wrapped around a windlass. He had previously experimented with a dummy soldier, which the kites carried to a height of twenty-five hundred feet. As all had passed off well on that occasion, the Lieutenant felt sure of making a safe and successful ascent. He seated himself in his swing, when the highest of the three kites had risen to a height of two hundred feet. He had not ascended more than four feet, when he was suddenly thrown to the ground. The spine of the highest kite had broken under the strain. The Lieutenant is now busy making a new kite with a stronger spine, and feels sure of being able with its assistance, to ascend among the clouds. His dependence, of course, is on the strength of the upper kites, which must be capable of bearing his weight. Should this fail when he is far above the earth, his life will surely be lost. We may be thankful that no soul can ever be lost in that way. They who hope through Christ to ascend to heaven at death, can be sure that no failure on his part is possible.

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. (John 12: 32.)

A Strange Election Bet.

A novelty in election wagers is reported from Wisconsin. We are familiar with men who undertake, if the candidates they favor are defeated, to allow their hair to grow uncut for a term of years, or to do other ridiculous things, but the two Wisconsin men have pledged themselves to something more serious. The election of President will involve one of them in lifelong exile if the terms of their bet are fulfilled. A local journal reports that two prominent business men of Milwaukee, who are on opposite sides in the pending campaign, have set their hands to a contract, duly recorded by a notary, that in the event of the election of McKinley one of them, who is a supporter of Bryan, shall sell out his business interests and leave the United States never to return, while, on the other hand, if Bryan is elected the McKinley man pledges himself to like expatriation. The loser is to have time to dispose of his business, but he is to use his utmost endeavors to be out of the country by January 1, 1897. The friends of the two men expostulated with them when they heard of their making the rash contract, and pointed out to them how serious it would be for a man in the prime of life to quit his home and old associations to begin life anew in a foreign land. Their protests, however, did not avail. Each man declared that his candidate would win. They accordingly signed the document, apparently with the full intention of fulfilling its provisions. There can be little doubt that the loser will bitterly regret his wager. He will probably find in his adopted country, wherever it may be, political and social conditions more galling than that of seeing the candidate to whom he is opposed installed as President. So long as men are free, they will never be of one mind as to the man most fit to be their ruler, until that long-desired day arrives when Christ shall come to reign in all his glory, and all men shall serve him.

His name shall endure forever: and men shall be blessed in him: All nations shall call him blessed. (Ps. 72:17.)

A Gold Mine in a Factory.

An extraordinary recovery of gold has been going on for several weeks in Brooklyn. A company has had a factory on Warren Street where, for twenty-five years past, watch cases have been made. The company are removing their plant to Sag Harbor, L. I., and are closing their Brooklyn factory. It was suggested to them that before renting the factory they should make an effort to recover some of the gold that might have been lost during the past quarter of a century from the lathes which do the turning on the watch cases. As great care has always been taken to prevent waste, there was some doubt whether an attempt would be worth the trouble and expense. Work was begun with the ceilings, which were scraped. Then the walls were thoroughly washed and the water sifted. Lastly, the flooring was torn up and reduced to ashes, and the doors and wainscoting burned. Each operation has been highly productive. Gold of the value of sixty-eight thousand dollars has been recovered from the ashes and scrapings. The company have completely gutted the building, sacrificing everything that they may get the gold. So, at the last, when everything is to be tried in the fire, God will gather that which is more precious than gold—the righteousness of his people.

The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire. (1. Peter 1:7.)

Attacked by a Fish.

A mysterious leak in a ship was explained recently in the harbor of San Francisco. The *Examiner*, of that city, says that the crew of the barkentine *Irmgard* were puzzled during their voyage from Honolulu by the leaking of the ship. When its cargo was taken out and the ship rose about five feet out of the water, the cause was discovered. Protruding about two inches from the side of the ship was the sword of a sword-fish. The fish had attacked the vessel with such fury as to drive its sword completely through the ten-inch planking. Its point extended three inches into the hold. The fish had been unable to withdraw it, and it had broken off short. The planking had split on each side of the weapon, and the water had made its way in through the apertures. The injury to the vessel will be easily repaired, but the fish must have been badly, if not fatally, injured. It probably thought, if a fish can think, that the hull of the vessel was an enemy, and instinctively attacked it, with suicidal effect. It could not be expected to know any better, but it is surprising that men should act after the same manner, and, as predicted, with similar results.

His mischief shall return upon his own head: and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. (Ps. 7:16.)

Hemmed in by the Tide.

The narrow escape of an American girl from drowning is reported from Brittany, in the North of France. She is being educated at a Parisian school, and is now nineteen years old. During a vacation at the school, she, with her mother, sister and brother, went to Parnichet, a picturesque resort by the sea, for a few days' recuperation. The girl made friends with another lady from Paris, who was staying there. The two went for a walk along the cliffs, which run along the coast and rise to a height of over one hundred feet. A circuitous path at the extremity of the cliff leads down to a sandy strip, like a tongue, which at low water runs out for about a mile. The young ladies followed it, and at the base of the cliff found themselves in a depression like a narrow valley. Climbing its side they reached a lovely stretch of level, sandy tableland, hard and smooth. They sat down to admire the prospect, and must have remained longer than they knew, for when they rose to return to the cliff, they found that the tide had come in and filled the valley they had crossed on their way. The tableland was now an island around which the waves were dashing, and they could see that in a short time it would be submerged. The American girl lost hope, but the French girl determined to save herself and her friend if possible. She swam across the little valley, scaled the cliff, and ran to the coast-guard station for help. It was impossible to send a man by the same route, as the tide beat heavily against that side of the cliff. But on the more sheltered side, which was precipitous, a descent could be made by lowering a man by a rope. He went down, and fastening a rope around the waist of the half unconscious girl, he carried her to the base of the cliff, where she was drawn up. The rescue was only just in time. The sand on which the girl stood was wet when she was taken off, and fifteen minutes later it had disappeared beneath the tide. The prompt action of her French friend, which was the means of saving her life, was an example which might well be followed by Christians who have friends in danger of perishing eternally. Their efforts may not only save their friends from a terrible doom, but may bring a blessing to themselves.

Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. (James 5: 20.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Old Subscriber, Newark, N. J. 1. Will there be [illegible] that of the Bible in issue of Oct. 7th, and when will they be announced? 2. In writing a story, about how many words would be required to make a chapter?

1. Yes; the new list of premiums will be announced shortly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. [illegible] 2. Different writers vary in the size of their chapters, but a fair average is from 1,500 to 2,000 words, if the story be a long one.

C. E. Y., Jackson, Mich. Is the Book of Job a [illegible]

There are no means accessible at this distance of time of proving that Job actually lived. All the inferences are in favor of his being a real person. Probably he was an Arab sheik, who, although a good man, was heavily afflicted. The absence in the book of any reference to the law or ritual of Judaism, appears to indicate that he was not a Hebrew. It may be that the question of God's providential dealings puzzled some deep thinker in early times, as it does us. He may have been afflicted himhimself, and in his misery been stung by cruel suspicions that he had committed some grievous secret sin, for which his affliction was a punishment. Such a man might have taken the history of Job and woven it into dramatic form, putting into the lips of Job's friends the aspersions uttered against himself. The purpose of the book is to show that it is rash to infer [illegible] afflicted that he has been a great sinner. The [illegible] shows that it is conceivable [illegible] may have been much better, rather than much worse, than his fellows, and that God suffers him to be tested in that severe way to prove to others how good a man he is.

Alexander P. W., Wheeling, W. Va. Who was the boy that held the basket containing the loaves and fishes that fed the multitude?

Tradition declares that the lad was Ben [illegible] sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples.

F. W. H., Olinda, Ont., Can. 1. Who answers the questions in THE MAIL-BAG? We are de[illegible] 2 young minister should study and practice elocution and rhetoric, or preach the Gospel in [illegible] terest in the affairs of his children each day, or has he simply established laws which account for their fortunes? 5. Is there an valid objection to church socials as a means of raising [illegible]

1. The editors jointly. 2. It is stated by travelers that no people, however savage, have yet been discovered who do not possess some [illegible] Being. 3. They are very efficient aids to ministerial effort, and should not be neglected. 4. See Matt. 10: 30. 5. None, if properly and decorously conducted. They are, however, in [illegible] building.

Reader, Belmont, Mass. 1. Did Christ's cry on the [illegible] saken me?" indicate a failure of faith? 2. Does Galilee because the Jews sought to kill him, therefore did not possess divine power? 3. Is [illegible] men.

faith had not failed. 2. All through his life Christ showed extreme reluctance to use his divine power for his own benefit. He wished in all things, except sin, to lead a human life. Nevertheless, his withdrawal may have been on account of his work rather than to insure his safety. He could not hope to do much good in a region where the authorities were plotting to kill him. 3. Yes. It is not known who wrote Kings, Chronicles, Esther, Ruth, Job, and many others. 4. The oldest Bible in existence is believed to have been transcribed in the fourth or early in the fifth century.

T. S. Robie, West Hawley, Mass. Our answer was a perfectly proper one, for human beings or animals will in moments of peril cry aloud for their protector, whether that protector be within hearing or not. Consequently, the question of deception does not apply in such a case.

Robert S., Syracuse, N. Y. Can the extermination of the Canaanites, men, women, and children, be justified? Was not the massacre as repugnant to Christian ideas as the recent massacre of the Armenians?

The massacre did not take place in the Christian dispensation, and Joshua is not to be judged by Christian standards. The revelation of God's character has been progressive. Joshua's conception of him was as a God of justice and righteousness. The Canaanites had obtained possession of the land by just such methods as were used against them. They were, moreover, reeking with horrible vices, a people who must contaminate any who came in contact with them. As a matter of fact, those who were spared did infinite mischief to the Hebrew people. God designed to have a pure nation, who should become the teachers of religion to the whole world, and in those times the utter extermination of the foul and filthy nation of the Canaanites was in accord with the spirit of justice. The Armenian massacres are not parallel in any particular. They committed no crimes deserving such savage vengeance as was meted out to them.

W. O. R., Pa. 1. Is it lawful to use God's name in novels? 2. The members of a certain congregation are in the habit of visiting each other on Sundays after the church services are over. Can it be the right thing to do? If not, how can it be remedied? 3. How would you spend the Sabbath in case you would receive visitors on that day?

1. It depends entirely on the manner in which it is used. 2. No; the day is not to be devoted to social recreation, but to "rest" or abstention from all that relates to secular employments and pleasures. Still, a gathering or reunion of friends or neighbors might be turned to advantage by choosing topics of a religious nature for conversation, or by joining in a [illegible] as many families do. 3. A Sabbath "Hour of Song" would be enjoyed by all, and could not give offence to any visi[illegible]

S. D. B., Waterville, Minn. Are you taking contributions now for the suffering Armenians?

Yes. Notwithstanding our intention of closing the Armenian Fund months ago, the great [illegible] appeals to continue the good work, left us no alternative. All contributions for this purpose [illegible] to the relief work in the field, the money being distributed through the American Board of [illegible]

Mrs. J. J., Fortyfort, Pa. A friend of mine says [illegible]

the Christian religion first of all; to wean them from their idols and heathen practices, and then, with the love of Jesus implanted in their hearts, to educate their minds. All missionaries find this method the best. The rest of your letter refers to the talk of a sceptic, to whom you should give no attention.

I. A. H. What is the proper course for one who believes he is called to preach, but who realizes that only the well-informed can succeed, and that his education has been limited? If he is sincere, to whom and where could he go for the necessary aid, he being only twenty-two years old?

There are excellent institutions established for the training and equipment of young men, who are situated just as you are. Among them are the Moody Schools at Northfield, Moody Institute, Chicago, and Baptist Training School, Chicago. The fees are almost nominal. If you cannot go to any of these, however, you can doubtless find some means of supplementing your education near at hand, and you can meanwhile undertake such simple lines of Christian work as are open in your own locality, trusting and waiting for the development of future opportunities in larger fields.

Subscriber, Alburtis, Pa. Where is the guardian angel of an innocent child, for which parents prayed every day for protection of soul and body, and still the poor child is suddenly taken away? We do pray now, but are under a dark cloud.

The Christian religion teaches us that death is not the evil that the unspiritual mind holds it to be; that there are many things to be far more dreaded than death. The old Greek mother, so runs the legend, prayed that her two sons might receive the highest blessing heaven could bestow, and she found them both dead, which proved to her heart that her petition had indeed been heard, and that the greatest of all blessings was to be released from earthly trials and sorrows, and received into the heavenly mansions. We are overcome by human sorrow on the death of a loved one, but if we could only see behind the cloud—as we shall both see and know hereafter—our sorrow would be turned to joy. Children who depart early are saved from many of the temptations that might have beset them. They are lambs safely folded in the Shepherd's bosom. See Matt. 19: 14; Acts 2: 39; Isaiah 40: 11.

Mary, J. A., Boise Valley, Idaho. 1. Who was the founder of the first Sunday School, and where did it start? 2. Also, what was its denomination?

1. It was founded by Robert Raikes, a printer, of Gloucester, England, in 1784. 2. As he was a regular attendant at Gloucester Cathedral, it is fair to assume that he was an Episcopalian, but the school he founded was undenominational.

E. S., Egan City, Ill. 1. How may a person, who works in the night, keep the fourth Commandment? 2. Does the Scriptural Sabbath include all the time from 12 o'clock Saturday night until 12 o'clock Sunday night?

1. Only works of necessity or mercy are justifiable, and the individual conscience must discriminate whether the work in question belongs to either category. 2. It is almost universally so construed in Christian communities.

J. Mc. A., Detroit, Mich. What is the object of the proposed observance of a "Bird Day," as has been suggested in some quarters for our public schools?

It is a humane suggestion, intended to stimulate the love of the children for the feathered race. It is understood that the Agricultural Department of the United States Government regards the proposition favorably.

J. H. Black, Halifax, N. S. Some time ago I forwarded some questions to THE MAIL BAG, which have not been answered. Will you kindly answer? * * *

Your questions were answered in our issue of August 12 on page 500. As the questions you now ask are practically the same as those to which we replied then, you must excuse our repeating the answers. We would specially ask you to note, however, that a man may be both a Christian and a gentleman. On the other hand, it is inconceivable how one who loves to parade as a bully, who makes false charges and supplements them with senseless threats, can lay claim to either title. If you should happen to know such a person, kindly persuade him to let a little Christian brotherly love into his heart. It will be a great conquest if you win him over.

Miss Emma Nason, the missionary among the Michigan lumbermen, writes us from [illegible] Ste Marie as follows:

Received yours with $15 from your generous readers for the work here. We cannot express our thanks for this timely help. We had been sent from home after a poor young orphan girl who was in a disreputable log-cabin in the woods. We had hardly money to reach home, but through your aid we received the girl, and since then have received three others. One we had prayed almost a year to find.

J. A. L. Why did not Zebedee follow Christ [illegible] as is recorded in Matt. 4: 21, his sons left the nets to go after him?

There is no mention of Jesus having [illegible] him. Perhaps his age may have been too far advanced for him to endure the hardships that the disciples had to bear. There is no intimation of his being afterwards identified with Christ, though Salome, his wife, is mentioned among the women who ministered to him and watched him on the cross. It is conjectured on several grounds that Zebedee died early in the career of Christ.

Reader, Pleasant Grove, Pa. Is there any [illegible] tural warrant for the statement which a [illegible] er made in my hearing, that once the pardoning voice is heard, God will keep him safe to the day of Christ?

There are several passages which encourage the hope that none who have been united to Christ by saving faith will ever perish. One of the most important is John 10: 28: "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish." Another is 1. Cor. 1: 8, 9: "Who shall also confirm you unto the end," etc. Another is 1. Peter 1: 5: "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." But besides these, there are many passages in the New Testament, implying the unchanging love of God, who is able to keep those who trust him faithful to the end. The doctrine [illegible] ever, [illegible] shall never [illegible] to a [illegible] lax [illegible] of [illegible] ilar [illegible] Christ [illegible] have [illegible] en [illegible] sin [illegible] Peter [illegible] and [illegible] repented [illegible] but [illegible] all the [illegible] life [illegible] no one [illegible] over [illegible] fall. [illegible] if any [illegible] were [illegible] sure [illegible] ing [illegible] in the [illegible] he [illegible] be [illegible] guard [illegible] he bring reproach on the name of Christ.

AKHOR-KAPOU LIGHT-HOUSE, ENTRANCE TO THE BOSPHORUS . . . IMPERIAL PALACE OF BEYLERBEY, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The cables have lately brought intelligence of the probability of an American warship being allowed to enter the Dardanelles and act as a guardship for the protection of American interests on the Bosphorus. Such a vessel would pass the places shown in our illustrations after entering the Straits.

S. S. Teacher, South Manchester, Conn. H[illegible] was Solomon when he began to reign, a[illegible] long did he reign? 2. Was he the au[illegible] Proverbs, Solomon's Song and Ecclesias[illegible]

1. He was probably about twenty ye[illegible] age. Josephus says he was fourteen and [illegible] historians say twelve, but as Rehoboam was born before the commencement of Solomon's reign, he was little likely to have be[illegible] young as that. He reigned forty years (1 King 11: 42), and Rehoboam was for [illegible] years old when he succeeded him. (1 Kings 14: 21.) 2. A portion of the Bo[illegible] Proverbs is expressly attributed to other men; another portion to Agur and another to Lemuel. These, we may take it for gr[illegible] were not written by Solomon. Of th[illegible] mainder, probably he was the author, th[illegible] they may not have been written by him [illegible] treasured up by persons about the cou[illegible] compiled with similar literary matter at [illegible] period. Modern scholars do not think Solomon wrote either the Song or Eccles[illegible] It is believed that both books are of late [illegible] but the inspired author, in the former [illegible] with an incident of Solomon's reign and, [illegible] latter, described Solomon's experience. [illegible] are so true to life, that it is difficult to [illegible] whether this theory is true, or whether Solomon actually wrote the book.

Reader, Denver, Colo. Was Job justified in challenge (Job 6: 24), "Cause me to [illegible] wherein I have erred"?

The author is depicting a man under [illegible] affliction, who is distressed because his friends assume that his suffering is inflicted as a punishment for some grievous sin. Job feels [illegible] unjust is such a charge and he naturally [illegible] to his accusers "I am not conscious of having committed any sin so heinous as to call for such punishment. Show me, if you can, where I have sinned?" As we know from the first chapter of the book, Job's affliction was not punishment, but in those days any man [illegible] cially afflicted was liable to be suspected of secret sin. The book was probably written with the object of correcting that cruel theory. After all these centuries, however, there are many people who still hold it.

Indian Peasants of Mexico.

Home, Social and Industrial Life of a Picturesque People.

MEXICAN STREET PEDDLER

MUCH has been written and said about Mexico: the land of poetic beauty and tropical fertility: the country of mountain, valley, lake and plateau, described by its discoverer, Cortez, as "a fairy creation, rather than the work of mortal hands." ut unique and unequaled as its picturesque soil and people undoubtedly are, ke Aladdin's lamp, the magic soil of lexico has always some new wonder, resh, novel and beautiful, with which to harm the eye of the tourist, the pen of he poet, or the brush of the artist.

Class distinction in Mexico is almost as reat as that of India. Since the disunion f church and state in 1857, however, the ative Aztec—Indian peon and laborer—nd the *mestizos*, or half-breed, have ained, with freedom, many educational nd industrial advantages, without losing, s yet, quite all of their native picturesqueess and flavor. When the old ecclesiasical institution and University of Mexico as abolished and replaced by special hools of law, medicine, letters, agriculire, sciences, commerce, and the like, toether with numerous lower and public hools, supported by the State and pubc grants, the *peon* and the *mestizos* (halfste Indian and white) were given their rst chance by Spain for industrial imrovement and education. As the Indian id *mestizos* element predominate in exico, forming a total of 8,000,000, the rewdness and foresight that provided tter equipment for the native tillers and orkers of the soil must be commended. least for the advantages thus gained the poor peon and peasant, looked wn upon as they are by the Spanish andee and cultured Creole.

With 8,103 public schools and a large mber of mills and factories, employing, one instance, upwards of 1,400 operaes, it will be seen that the educational d industrial condition of the Indian *on* and *mestizos* of to-day is steadily adncing and improving.

The bulk of population in Mexico is nfined to its high plateaus, thus affordthe native residents of the country the eat advantage of living in the *tierra nplada*, or temperate land or climate. is division of her three zones is charmfertile and productive, having none of climatic drawbacks peculiar to the *rra caliente*, or hot land, or the *tierra a*, cold land, which covers half the ntry. The *tierra templada*, or temperland, grows coffee, sugar and vegetas in abundance. From the "cold d" come the cereals, hardy vegetables, l the *maguey*, or aloe—out of which native liquor is made—with paper, ead and cord. The hot region furhes cotton, rice, vanilla, hemp, sarsapa, peppers, anise-seed, cocoa, cassia, l other original local products, and pical fruits. The native vegetables are rly all grown on the famous "Floating nds," and towed down the Viga canal the city markets. Our illustration on page shows how some of these prots, raised by peasant truck farmers, brought to market.

he future industry and commerce of xico is largely dependent on her natl products, and while agriculture is ited to topography of land, it is the xican's one powerful resource. Everyng can be grown in Mexico: and as rainy season comes in summer, the ner and gardener sows in May and ps in October usually gathering two ual crops of wheat and Indian corn. In Vera Cruz, three crops are realized. The farm lands of the Indian peasant in Mexico are not such as are known in New England. Their methods are primitive, and climatic lassitude has its effect. Threshing machines, reapers, ploughs, and mowers are now seen at work, however, in northern and central table-lands.

As the climate is mild, and the demand for daily necessities less than in the United States, the peasant class of Mexico live cheaply. The scale of living lies between the luxuries of Eastern civilization and the frontier life of the West. It is far inferior to the scale of living among the poorer classes of the South, and home life, as we know it, is wholly absent. There are no independent peasant houses, and the rooms occupied by the family are usually on the ground floor, badly lighted and ventilated. The country peasantry own the mud or adobe cabins in which they dwell, and their domestic life is a strange one. All its details are seen by the passer-by, and the common laborer has no use for chairs, tables, or bed. A roll of rush matting is used for the latter. The women employ the morning hours grinding corn on a "metate," or flat stone for making the tortillas, which are eaten with "frijoles," or boiled brown beans. The native dress of the peasantry is quite picturesque. The men wear straw hats, white cotton shirts and trousers, and carry the brilliant hued zerape or blanket for the chill of early morning and evening. The costume of the women is equally simple, consisting generally of a white bodice and skirt, with a shawl or *reboso* of gay colors, wound gracefully about the head and shoulders. Their petticoats are also gay in color, and

HALF-CASTE MARKET WOMEN.

much cheap jewelry is worn. Sandals of rawhide are worn by both sexes.

The most lovable side of Mexican character centres in domestic virtues and qualities: tenderness towards the young, and veneration and care for the aged being fixed rules of conduct with all classes. Manual labor is seldom performed by the upper classes, and while ingenuity and skill are not lacking, there is everywhere need of good technical training.

The hold of Protestantism on the Mexican people has doubled in the last ten years, and while the Mexicans are not a reading population, nearly 4,000,000 pages of religious literature is annually published. True bravery and a spirit of courage has been needed for effectual missionary effort in Mexico, but all that can be done for the protection of missionaries and religious liberty to-day is done by the Liberal Government. Protestantism is represented by the following missions: Methodist Episcopal Church (South) 1886, 3 missionaries and their wives, 21 out stations, 17 churches, 445 communicants, 18 Sunday Schools, 337 scholars, 269 students, 1 theological seminary, 10 students, 5 girls' schools, 110 scholars. Methodist Episcopal Church (North) 1873, 1 missionary and wife, 2 other ladies, 219 church members, 145 Sabbath scholars, 128 day scholars. Presbyterian church (North), 2 missionaries and wives, 2 other ladies, and 2 native preachers.

Worried to Death.

TO say "we are worried to death" is a common expression; but do we really comprehend the terrible truth of the remark? Do we realize that the hounds of care, and anxiety, and fretful inability, may actually tear and torment us into paresis, or paralysis, or dementia: and as virtually worry us to death, as a collie dog worries a sheep, or a cat worries a mouse? And yet, if we are Christian men and women, worrying is just the one thing not needful: for there are more than sixty admonitions in the Bible against it; and the ground is so well covered by them, that between the first "Fear not" and the last, every unnecessary anxiety is met, and there is not a legitimate subject for worrying left.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Are we troubled about meat and money matters? We are told to consider the fowls of the air; they sow not; neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Have we some malignant enemy to fight? Fear not! If God be for us, who can be against us?

Are we in sorrow? I, even I, am He that comforteth you.

Are we in doubt and perplexity? I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

Do we fear that our work is beyond our strength? He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might. He increaseth strength.

Are we sick? He has promised to make all our bed in our sickness.

Do we fear death? He has assured us that in the valley and shadow of death He will be with us.

Is the worry not for ourselves, but for wife and children that will be left without support and protection? Even this last anxiety is provided for. Leave thy fatherless children to me, and let thy widows trust in me, and I will preserve them alive.

Now, if we really believe that God made these promises, how shameful is our distrust! Do we think that God will not keep his word? Do we doubt his goodwill toward us? When he says, that he will make all things work together for our good, is the Holy One lying to our sorrowful hearts? Thirty years ago, I was thrown helpless, penniless, and friendless upon these assurances of God; and in thirty years, he has never broken a promise. He is a God that keepeth both mercy and truth. I believe in his goodness. I trust in his care. I would not, by worrying, tell him to his face, that he either has not the power or the good-will to help and comfort me.

Worriers live under a very low sky. They allow nothing for probabilities and "Godsends." They suffer nothing to go by faith. All times and all places, supply them with material. In summer, it is the heat and the dogs, and the hydrophobia. In winter, it is the cold, and the price of coal. They take all the light and comfort out of home pleasures; and abroad, their complaints are endless. Yet to argue with worriers, is of little use: convince them at every point, and the next moment, they return to their old aggravating, vaporing *credo*.

What remains for them then? They must pray to God, and help themselves. Egotism and selfishness, is at the bottom of all worrying. If they will just remember, that there is no reason why they should be exempted from the common trials of humanity, they may step at once on to higher ground; for even worrying is humanized, when it is no longer purely selfish and personal.

It is usually idle people who worry. Men and women whose every hour is full of earnest business, do not try to put two hours' care and thought into one. Even a positive injury or injustice, drops easily from an honestly busy man. He has not time to keep a catalogue of his wrongs, and worry about them. He simply casts his care upon him, who has promised to care for him—for his health, and wealth, and happiness, and good name: for all the events of his life, and for all the hopes of his future.

Worriers would not like to see written down, all the doubtful things they have said of God: and all the ill-natured things they have said of men;—besides, they might consider, that they are often righteously worried; and only suffering the due reward of some folly of their own. Would it not be better to ask God, to put right, what they have put wrong? to lay hold of all that is good in the present; to refuse to look forward to any possible change for the worse. I know a good man, who when he feels inclined to worry over events, takes a piece of paper, and writes his fears down; and so faces "the squadron of his doubts," finding generally, that they vanish as they are mustered.

Come, let us take Cheerfulness as a companion. Let us say "farewell" to Worrying. Cheerfulness, will bid us ignore perplexities and annoyances; and help us to rise above them. God loves a cheerful liver; and when we consider the sin and sorrow, the poverty and ignorance, on every side of us, we may well hold our peace, from all words, but those of gratitude and thanksgiving. Worrying is self-torment. It is always preparing "for the worst," and yet never fit to meet it. Cheerfulness, is a kind of magnanimity: it listens to no repinings; it outlooks shadows; it turns necessity to glorious gain; and so breathing on every gift of God, Hope's perpetual joy, it enables us, mid pleasant yesterdays, and confident tomorrows.

To travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness.

Amelia E. Barr

An Infidel's Late Repentance.

REV. HOWARD OSGOOD, the eminent Biblical scholar and critic, is the authority for the following remarkable story, for the truth of which he vouches: Abraham Kuenan, the leader of the destructive school of critics in Holland, published a book some time before his death, entitled: *Prophets and Prophecy in Israel*. The book was written, as it now appears, at the request of a wealthy man, who delighted in Biblical studies, but who was a disbeliever in the supernatural, and who denied the authority of the Scriptures.

The book appeared in London, with a long preface by the man who had called it forth, and who paid the cost of its publication. The year of its publication was 1878. Suddenly, in 1881, the sale ceased; no copy could be bought from the publishers in England, or the Continent. The remnant of the edition unsold had been evidently suppressed. Only a Dutch edition of the book could be had.

Dr. Osgood wrote to Prof. Kuenan for an explanation of this withdrawal of the volume from sale. Dr. Kuenan explained that a year before his death, the proprietor of the book began to suspect that he and Dr. Kuenan were both wrong, and immediately ordered the circulation thereof to be stopped. In other words the man who had sent it forth, repented of his deed, and, as far as possible, attempted to repair the damage done.

His earlier belief in the supernatural seems to have come back to him. Slowly, but surely, the Bible regained its authority over him, and, as Dr. Osgood says: "The strongest book written against the Bible and published in England in this generation was withdrawn by the very hand that sent it forth."

Children's Home.

The following sums have been received for our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn:

[illegible]	$4,899.01
Mrs [illegible]	50
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs F H Meadsker	30
Total	$4,900.81

Slavery in the Soudan.

The Traffic in Human Flesh Still Prevails in Hausaland—Slave-Raiding Chiefs.

THAT the slave trade with all its horrors still continues to flourish in the Western Soudan, within the French sphere of influence, and in the Eastern Soudan, under the rule of the Khalifa, we have shown in previous articles. In the intervening region, the Central Soudan, or Hausaland, within the British sphere of influence, the inhuman traffic is to-day, as in years gone by, claiming annually its thousands of hapless victims. Some time ago, a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who had traveled through Hausaland, gave an interesting account of that country, and also of the slave trade he had witnessed there. His statements have been corroborated by members of government expeditions, and by the British and Foreign Anti Slave Society.

CONGO STATE OFFICER AND ARAB SLAVERS.

The great centre of the slave trade in Hausaland is to be found in its commercial capital, the City of Kano, situated at about equal distance from the Niger River, the Benue River and Lake Tshad. Kano has rightly been called the London and the Manchester of the Central Soudan. Here "the Tuareg of the desert comes in touch with the natives of Adamawa and the South; the Arab merchant meets with traders from Lake Tshad on the one side, and from the Niger or the Atlantic seaboard on the other. Here, too, are to be found Mussulman pilgrims, from far and near, on their way to or from Mecca." The caravans which come from North, chiefly from Tripoli, bring about 1,200 camel loads per annum of European produce. The importance of the town as a commercial centre is due as much to its extensive native industries as to its position. Chief among these industries is the weaving of cloth from native cotton, and the making and dyeing of various articles of clothing. Kano-made cloth is sold at many points of the British West Coast, where, owing to its superior quality, it still holds its own in competition with European makes. The height of the city above sea-level is 1,690 feet, and it would be tolerably comfortable for European residents, but for the presence of large pools of stagnant water and the lack of [illegible]. Its population, which is certainly not inferior to 100,000, [illegible] by a lofty mud wall, which is from thirty to forty feet in height, and fifteen miles in circumference. Their language, the Hausa has become the *lingua franca* or trade language of [illegible] French Soudan, and from the Sahara to the tribes of the Guinea Coast. Fifteen millions are said to speak this language, [illegible] Hausa Association of Great Britain has been founded with a view to develop a Christian literature in this most important language.

Hausaland is made up of a number of semi-independent provinces, the rulers of which pay annual tribute to their feudal lord the Sultan of Sokoto (the political [illegible] Gando. This tribute is paid partly in cloth and partly in slaves, the latter forming [illegible] slaves per annum to the Sultan of Sokoto.

In order to raise this tribute, a sultan makes war, first with this vassal chief, then with that, then with a third one, and so on, until the required number of slaves

"From Loko to Egga, a distance of 800 miles, we had frequent opportunities of seeing this system at work," says a writer, who traveled in that country. "At Nassarawa, the chief was absent on a slave-raiding expedition; at Jimbambororo, the chief was not 'feeling sweet,' owing to the fact that twenty of his people had that very morning been seized and carried off as slaves by the people of an adjacent town; a little further on, fifteen native merchants had been seized and sold as slaves; still further a similar fate had befallen five other travelers. At Zaria, where 200 slaves were exposed for sale in the market; the Emir was absent on a slave-raid; at Kano itself, as many as a thousand slaves were brought into the town on a single occasion as the result of another such expedition. In the course of our march from Kano to Bida, we passed so many towns and villages that we ceased to keep count of them, all of which had been recently destroyed, and their inhabitants sold as slaves, not by any foreign invader, but by the king in whose territory the places were situated. Every town of any size throughout the Hausa States possesses its slave-market, where Hausa slaves are traded off by Hausa people."

Four principal slave-routes leading to Kano have been distinguished. The first is that to Tripoli, 1,800 miles in length, mostly through desert tracts; the second leads to Karka, the capital of Bornu, a town of 60,000 inhabitants; the third leads to Loko, on the River Benue; the fourth is that from Kano to Sokoto the political capital of the Hausa States.

As Hausaland lies within the British sphere of influence, we may hope that as soon as British occupation becomes effective, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and those members of Parliament who have the honor of Great Britain at heart, will use all their influence to induce the British Government to take such measures as shall first, stop these suicidal intertribal wars, and then gradually abolish the legal status and the practice of slavery. Let us hope that when that time comes the Philafrican Liberators' League may be enabled to enter this needy field.

Our illustrations on this page are from recent photographs taken in the Congo district, where the hottest warfare has been waged against the Arab slavers. The Congo warriors belong to a remote tribe, whose members practice a peculiar mutilation of the ears.

Gospel Among Pima Indians.

Mr. W. U. Gill, Missionary of the A. S. S. U. at Phœnix, Ariz, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a brief account of a very interesting Gospel work in his vicinity. He says: "Within four miles of my home is a branch of the Pima tribe of Indians who, until very recently, have been almost entirely deprived of Gospel privileges. Prof. Geo. Blount, of the Union High School at Phœnix, his daughter, myself, wife, and others have been holding meetings with them since June last. [illegible] as [illegible] to the Gospel. We [illegible] under a bush arbor, but will soon need a house of worship even in this warm climate. I suggested to the Indians that if they would go to work and make the adobes and put up the [illegible] white friends would put on the roof and otherwise finish the building. This they have agreed to do, and have selected the site [illegible] middle of their reservation. We need several hundred dollars for the work."

Explorers Slain by Cannibals.

NEWS has been received of the massacre of a party of Austrian explorers, on the Island of Guadalcanal, the most savage of all the Solomon Island group in the Southern Archipelago. The intelligence was brought by the steamer *Monowai*, which reached San Francisco on October 22. Guadalcanal is the only island that explorers had not entered for the purpose of scientific investigation. Its mountains rise to an altitude of 8,000 feet, and there is an active volcano and a mountain called the "Lion's Head." The exploring party left Sydney in the Austrian man-of-war *Albatross* for a cruise around the islands, and Baron Foulton von Norbeck, Lieutenant Budick, two midshipmen, twenty sailors, the Baron's two servants and two native guides started for the summit of the mountain. After a fatiguing march of two days one midshipman and seven sailors returned to the ship, the Baron, Lieutenant Budick and their men continuing their journey up the mountain. Several bushmen were met on the way. As the party neared the mountain top Baron Norbeck suddenly observed a bushman, who appeared to be a chief. As the bushman came into view, near the summit, two shots were immediately heard lower down the mountain in direction of the camp, seemingly a signal for attack. A score of bushmen rushed out from hidden places, and the Baron was struck on the neck with a tomahawk. The bushmen attacked the party with clubs, but were repulsed by the sailors, many of them being wounded. Baron Norbeck died three hours after his return to camp. Of the party who remained in camp, Midshipman Debenfort had been cut to death, two sailors and a native guide had been killed, and five sailors and a guide wounded. A relief party was sent from the *Albatross* to convey the dead and wounded back to the ship. The Austrian officers and men who lost their lives are: Henry, Baron Foulton von Norbeck, Midshipman Arand Debenfort, Jacob Dokivio, seaman; Gustave Chalanpak, a nat[illegible] guide from Titari, and Petty Offi[illegible] Marasca.

This tragedy of the Guadalcanal is [illegible] double significance, coming as it do[illegible] immediately after the catastrophe in M[illegible] of this year, in the same group of islar[illegible] A crew from a trading schooner be[illegible] allowed to land at Rubiana, they were [illegible] once butchered by the natives, and [illegible] missionary station was also attack[illegible] These islands are the most savage [illegible] uncivilized on the Pacific, Guadalca[illegible] and Rubiana being the home of cannib[illegible] The Spanish navigator, Mendana, is c[illegible] ited with the discovery of the Solon[illegible] Islands, but the passing of three centu[illegible] finds them still in a state of savagery, [illegible] mission work is carried on with the utm[illegible] difficulty. Cannibalism is still common [illegible] the smaller islands, and prisoners [illegible] slaves are usually the victims.

AN ORE TRAIN ON THE WAY TO THE SMELTERS.

NATIVE WARRIORS OF THE CONGO.

Ore Wagon Trains of the Wes[illegible]

RUDE and rough as its surroundi[illegible] usually are, there is always a [illegible] tain picturesqueness and fasci[illegible] tion about the atmosphere of a mine, [illegible] feature of interest connected with the n[illegible] ing districts and towns of Colorado, Ut[illegible] Idaho, Montana and other mining St[illegible] is the ore wagon mule train used to ca[illegible] the crude product from the mines to w[illegible] is called the smelters. These trains [illegible] often seen passing through such west[illegible] towns as Ouray, Silverton, Leadv[illegible] Creede, Fairplay and Cripple Creek. [illegible] Colorado and New Mexico they are v[illegible] frequent, the mules often having m[illegible] miles to travel with their heavy lo[illegible] The train is usually composed of twe[illegible] or sixteen mules and as many wagons [illegible] the output of ore calls for. As will be [illegible] served in our illustration, two or m[illegible] wagons are often linked together [illegible] drawn by the whole train of mules [illegible] front. The still more primitive and bu[illegible] ensome method of strapping sacks of [illegible] ore upon the backs of the patient li[illegible] "burros," is still to be met with in some[illegible] the rougher and more mountainous [illegible] tricts. Later methods and improveme[illegible] show tunnel, railroads, and cable tracti[illegible] sometimes down the steep incline o[illegible] great mountain, where the ore is s[illegible] down a chute to the distant smelter [illegible] short order.

After the ore reaches the smelter [illegible] is crushed and reduced, and the g[illegible] and silver extracted by "leaching." In [illegible] process of leaching tanks are filled w[illegible] two-thirds of the pulverized ore, wate[illegible] turned on, and the running mass is allow[illegible] to filter through and run to waste. Af[illegible] passing through other processes, the [illegible] terial left is heated in crucibles, again [illegible] duced to the metallic state, and cast i[illegible] bars.

Why Birds go to the Arctic.

The number of birds that go to the A[illegible] tic region is inconceivable. They go [illegible] by thousands, but by millions, to rear th[illegible] young on the *tundra*, or vast, barren, [illegible] bound fields of the North, where, stra[illegible] to say, there is abundant vegetation, [illegible] consisting of cranberry, cloudberry, [illegible] crowberry bushes, bearing heavy crops [illegible] fruit during a short season. Each y[illegible] the snow descends on this immense cr[illegible] of ripe food before the birds have time [illegible] gather it. It is then preserved benea[illegible] the snow, fresh and pure, and the melti[illegible] of the snow discloses the bushes with [illegible] unconsumed last year's crop hanging [illegible] them, or lying, ready to be eaten, on t[illegible] ground. The frozen meal stretches acr[illegible] the breadth of Asia.

A Good Education.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning November 15. Proverbs 6: 1-11; 9: 9, 10.

WHAT education is, and what it is for, are matters on which there are wide differences of opinion. In these latter days we have resorted to the system of loading a child's mind with a quantity of facts which he is expected to remember, and to be able to state when required. We try to make him a living encyclopedia of useful information — that the scholars of whom we are most proud can tell in a moment the distance of the sun from the earth, the date of a battle, and the Latin name of a plant. All this is useful in its way, and the child, when he comes into the business of life will find it an advantage to know all these facts. Some of them he may have no occasion to use, but that cannot be foreseen and if he is well-equipped he will have the information he does need as a nucleus which can be enlarged, and the facts that are useless for him in his walk of life, can be forgotten. But when all this has been done, is the child educated? No, there is more to be done, he needs various accomplishments. He has to be taught to read, to write, to spell, to speak grammatically, and to reason. If the child belongs to the classes that are called the upper classes, there are other things that the parents want him to be able to do, such as to speak one or two other languages beside his own, to dance, to know how to bear himself according to the laws of etiquette. So we have two features of education, the acquisition of knowledge, and the training to do certain things.

When these two objects are accomplished, is the child educated? In too many cases, the answer is in the affirmative. But the one quality which can preserve the child from evil, and provide for his exerting a wholesome influence on society, has not been touched. We can conceive of a young man having a thorough knowledge of science and history, and being an expert logician and mathmetician, yet being an altogether bad man, a Frankenstein's monster without conscience or moral sense. The better educated such a man might be, the more mischief he might do. So something more is required in order that the world may be a better world than it now is, and that the new generation may be more educated than the present one. The child needs to have right principles, to know right from wrong, and to be trained to keep his animal propensities in subjection. It is precisely this important feature which is so often omitted in education. The child does not get it at school where the teacher is too busy imparting information, and giving mental training to teach righteousness, unselfishness, and purity of life. Nor does he always get it at home where the father is exhausted by his hard labor, and the mother is engrossed with her domestic duties. In the Sunday School once a week, the child may get some glimmering of the needs of this neglected part of his being. With this poor substance, the youth is thrust into a world full of strong temptations, and we wonder that he falls into sin! We have to re-constitute our ideas of education if we are to get better results, and to begin where the wise king advised us to begin: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding."

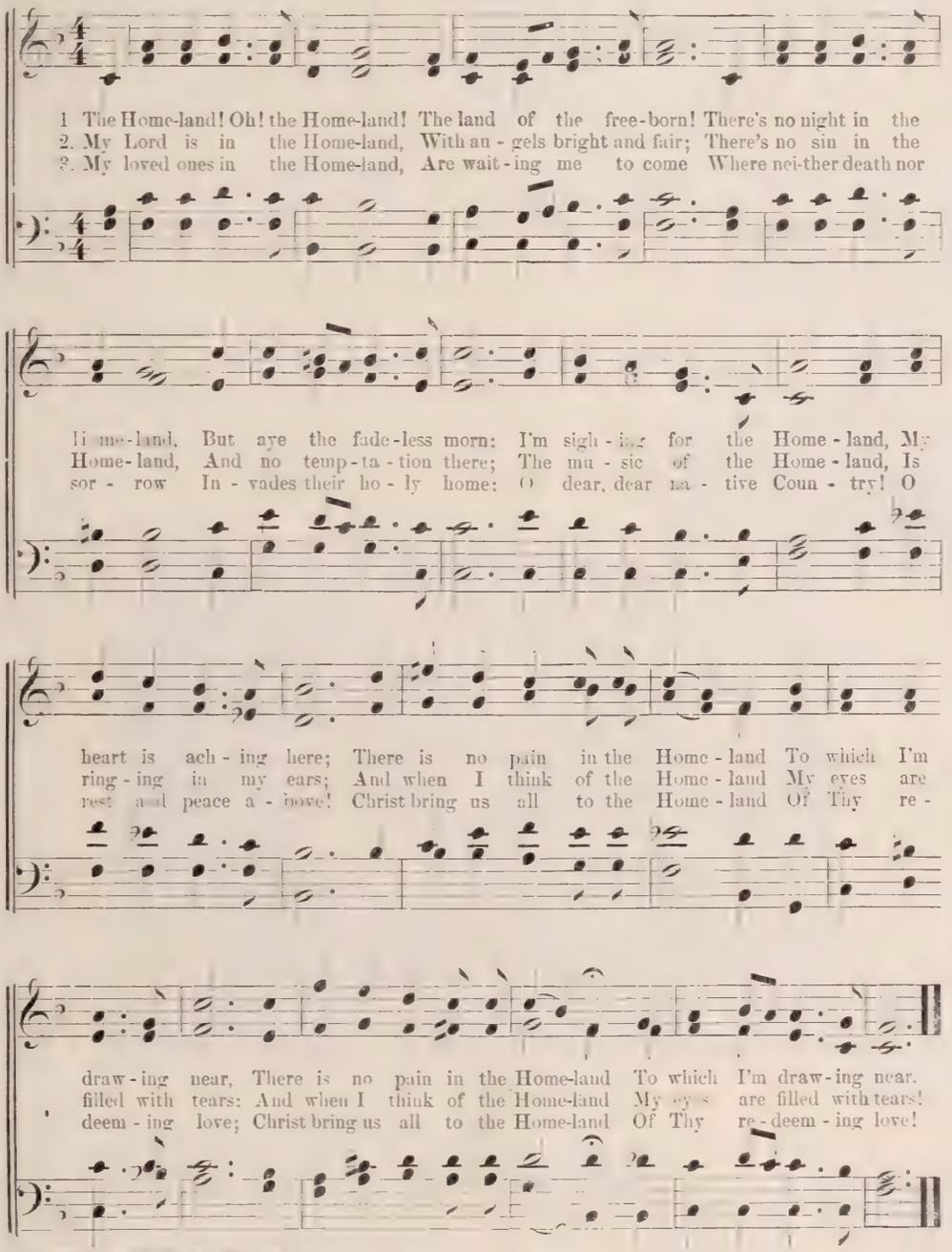
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

THE HOMELAND!

"NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN."—Rev. 21: 4.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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WHAT SHALL I DO?

WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never! [unknown
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain
Whom thou know'st not? [blown—
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled.
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

—SCHILLER.

OUR CHRIST.

HOLDING His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet,—
Lights up all mysteries:
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only: He is ours:
Humanity's close bond:
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond.—
What yet we shall be, none can tell;
Now are we His, and all is well.

—[illegible]

International Combinations.

Prophetic Aspect of the New Grouping of the Great Powers of the World.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR.*

EVENTS are now taking place of a most striking nature, not only to the prophetic student, but to every thoughtful observer, in every country and in every nation. Many secular writers upon the actions of the various great Powers of the world in late years forecast vast territorial changes all over the earth in the near future.

This is an era of mighty combines—both financial and national. A combination of European Powers extending from the Euphrates to Spain has long been the dream and hope of a multitude in Europe.

For twenty years, with an increasing longing, the British race have dreamed of and hoped for "Imperial Federation," until, in this present year, it is spoken of as feasible, and a probability in the near future. And not only a federation of Great Britain and her colonies, but an earnest desire is expressed for an alliance between the two great English-speaking nations—the United States and Great Britain.

Russia is rapidly extending her control of the East in China, to the South in Persia, and at present has the chief attention of the "unspeakable Turk" or Edomite. France, under Russia's potent influence, may hold out her arms to Prince Louis Napoleon, who is now a Russian officer, and may presently obtain either supreme power or great power in France through Russian influence. That he will become a prominent figure before the world a little later on we have but small doubt.

Here, then, we have three great combinations of powers believed to be imminent by thinkers and statesmen.

How do such unions agree with the "Word of God" in its presentation of the conjunctions of peoples in the days previous to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to rule the world personally? In Ezekiel (chapters 36-39) we have a minute account of the final union of the two houses of Israel (Judah and the Ten Tribes) into one nation, upon the mountains of Palestine, received again into God's favor, and of a great battle between Gog [Russia], the chief prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal, and the "Merchants of Tarshish, and the Young Lions thereof," which is simply another name to represent Great Britain and her colonies, with which may be joined the United States, forming a vast and mighty confederacy.

Such a combination, impossible as it once appeared, and even now astonishing, is not only dreamed of, but considered seriously, as a possible event. God says that this union takes place only at a time when he will deliver Israel from all her enemies, and make her one nation for evermore. The inference from this is, that the Lord's coming to do this must be near at hand.

We are told in Isaiah 26, that at the end of this age God is coming out to punish the Gentile nations for their iniquity, and Israel is told to "enter into her chambers and close her doors (or strong places) about her, until this indignation is overpast:" therefore: the whole nationality of Israel must form an offensive and defensive alliance in the last days.

* From his article in the October number of "The Prophetic News," continuing the exposition of Prophecies [illegible] "Impending Judgments," in the light of recent events.

THE FAMILY AND HOME ·CIRCLE·

Adriatic Fisher-Folk.

Their Lives Passed on Sea, Lake and Canal. An Industry that is Never Dull.

AMONG the many "toilers of the sea," the fisher-folk of the Adriatic may be said to constitute a distinctive class. Their calling is one in which they take a peculiar pride, and it has, in many instances, been the chosen industry of families through many generations. In and out among the numerous islets of the Venetian Archipelago, along the shores of the beautiful city, their picturesque boats—still rigged after a fashion prevalent more than a century ago—have drawn their nets and brought to market their living cargoes. There are few coasts in any country that afford better fishing-grounds. The city itself stands on 117 islands intersected by 150 canals, and this vast network is, in turn, almost completely surrounded by the Mediterranean tide-waters. No wonder that Venice is still the paradise of gondoliers and fishermen, as it once was the haven of the greatest navies and the richest merchant fleets in the world.

One of our photographs on this page, shows a typical modern Venetian fishing-boat. Strongly built and seaworthy, it has something of the appearance of the ancient caravels of the days of Columbus. The second illustration gives us a glimpse of a nook of the fish-market, where the vender, with his stall covered with newly-caught fish of the species peculiar to the Mediterranean waters, is carefully displaying them to best advantage and awaiting the arrival of customers, while several persons, some of them doubtless fishmongers like himself, stand about. The slow, easy-going life of the Venetians, rich or poor, is in strange contrast with that of our own people, as any visitor to an American fish-market, such as that in Fulton Street, New York, cannot fail to remark. But everything is slow in Venice, and time, which seems to fly with the speed of lightning in our Western latitude, seems to drag on leaden wings on the shores of the beautiful Adriatic.

A STALL IN THE FISH-MARKET, VENICE.

Have You a "Thinking Corner"?

It would be well if every young man and woman had some nook where they could get away by themselves occasionally—at regular intervals, if possibly—for study and reflection. He should have a time [illegible] and without interruption. Parents should [illegible] any place won't do, and they cannot share with another. They should encourage their [illegible] shrivels a boy's budding thought, encouragement will ripen it. Then, too, get away by yourself for prayer; you will enrich your [illegible] influence over all your life if you make it a resort where you can examine your own heart and let it come into harmony with [illegible]

Health in Wood and Field.

It is every housekeeper's duty to keep her house in sanitary condition, says a thoughtful writer, but there are many ways of economizing time and labor if pride is put away. There are many superfluous trifles in our rooms, attractive no doubt, but they must be cared for, which may be put away for awhile; we can make our cooking plainer, perhaps; and the family's health will not suffer if the kitchen stove is not polished every day, and the floor may be slighted a little; less time spent in the "corners." If we only try we can find the time to spend with the children in the open air, in woods and fields. The benefits will come to the mothers and children alike, in better health, closer bonds between them, and an increase of the love and knowledge of the ways of dear, beautiful, old Nature.

Borrowing Trouble.

The world is full of borrowed troubles—troubles that never come. It is related that an aged man when dying, said to his sons: "I have had a great deal of trouble in my life, but most of it never happened." A clergyman of Virginia told his congregation one Sunday, "I declare unto you, brethren, the sharpest troubles that I ever had are those which never reached me." Others can deliver like testimony. Most people will anticipate, get into fanciful moods, imagine with great and sore imaginations what will happen, and thereby get into the sorrows. They will do it, and there is no help. What they need is a little wisdom and a little faith, and borrowed troubles will cease to annoy, either in home life or in business, or anywhere else.

Making the Children Strong.

What shall be done to make the children strong and healthy where there is a predisposition to weakness? On this subject Frances W. Leiter, who has given it much study, writes these helpful suggestions: "It is of little consequence that our children become mental prodigies if, so far as vital force is concerned, they [illegible] grades and classes of public schools. [illegible] even if it must be secured at the expense of some other privileges provided by the State. The greatest possible lung capacity involves the highest possible physical conditions. We should have systematic, definite physical training, under experienced instructors, just as mental development is secured. The district school must not be left out, if the country boy and girl secure the all-around development which makes efficient men and women in the various avenues of life."

The Passion for Display.

There are few persons who can resist the temptation to display their possessions at times. It is a touch of vanity that seems almost universal. A writer on this subject relates a recent experience, which shows a trait of character that most of our readers will recognize in some of their own acquaintances. "I went four miles to call on a friend who is usually a delightful conversationalist, and what do you think she did? She spent every minute showing me her dresses and bonnets." It is well, in our own homes, to repress any temptation to vain display of our own belongings or abilities. Pride and vanity are poor diet on which to feed the youthful minds of our children, and are certain to injure in the end. A boastful purse-proud father, a vain or frivolous mother, are unfit examples for the rising generation.

A Hint for Young Men.

Carry your religion with you and don't be ashamed of it. People will respect it wherever you go and will trust you and like you all the better for it. It is learned that a prominent bank in New York recognized this principle in a very emphatic way, recently. A young man was wanted for a responsible position and there were many applicants. The following questions were asked by the president of the bank:

What church do you attend? What Sunday School, and who is your teacher? Where do you spend your evenings? Who are your associates? Do you ever use intoxicating drinks or tobacco?

So much for the commercial value of religious profession and good habits. But there is a higher value, which the world cannot estimate.

Pleasant Home Gatherings.

Don't be too exclusive if you want to really enjoy life. Home is all the pleasanter for being thrown open occasionally to our friends. A farmer's wife even can have her social chat with neighbors in her own cozy rooms, and can find it much nicer than the old way of gossiping across the fence, or at the store in the village. The wife of a farmer in Illinois declared: "The cry that the farmer's wife has the hardest of lives is not true, as a general thing; life is usually what we make it. I believe in being kind and pleasant with one's neighbors; the less you have to do with some, the better. We run in and out, go to town together, share our goood things in the way of fruits, vegetables, ice cream, etc. If one requires help, the rest are ready to lend a hand. This is what I call an ideal social life among farmers. The farmer's wife or daughter usually has her horse and carriage, and goes and comes where she pleases at her own sweet will."

MY WORK.

MASTER, to do great work for thee, [illegible] hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may su[illegible]
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and gran[illegible]
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced; or many ski[illegible] combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrou[illegible]
Just one by one, as they were given by th[illegible]
Not knowing what came next in thy [illegible] thought;
Set each stone by the master hand of grac[illegible]
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple pavement give it place.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGA[illegible]

Going to School in China.

ETIQUETTE is carried [illegible] almost alarming excess [illegible] China. Probably no m[illegible] interesting description [illegible] the extravagant langu[illegible] and, to our eyes, aln[illegible] absurd forms in use in Chinese soci[illegible] has ever appeared than this truthful [illegible] ture of the reception of a new scholar [illegible] Protestant school. The narrator is [illegible] F. L. H. Pott, a missionary and the P[illegible] cipal of St. John's College, Shanghai:

"The fathers of the boys attending [illegible] college," said Mr. Pott, "are usually [illegible] ticians, merchants, or scholars. They [illegible] all Chinese gentlemen. Of course I h[illegible] to adapt myself to the etiquette of [illegible] Chinese; and so, when a father arr[illegible] with his boy, I escort them to my Chi[illegible] reception-room, where the father an[illegible] each shake our own hands most hear[illegible] and bow profoundly. I then say to h[illegible] 'What is your honorable name?' He[illegible] plies, 'My mean, insignificant name[illegible] Wong.' Then I say, 'Please be seat[illegible] and point to a seat in the back of [illegible] room, at the left of the table. He imm[illegible] ately takes the right-hand seat nearest [illegible] door—the post of lowest honor. I t[illegible] him to go up higher. He declares tha[illegible] is unworthy. Then I catch hold of [illegible] to force him to go higher, and he ta[illegible] hold of me to prevent it. We have q[illegible] a vigorous struggle, lasting some ti[illegible] Finally he accepts a compromise, [illegible] takes a seat about half-way up the sid[illegible] the room. I sit down on the lower s[illegible]

"Before beginning our conversatio[illegible] send for tea, and when it arrives I [illegible] 'Please use tea.' When he has ta[illegible] some tea we talk. He asks innumer[illegible] polite questions about myself. A Chi[illegible] gentleman never comes to business f[illegible] quarter or half an hour. Time n[illegible] troubles an Oriental. He begins by [illegible] ing, 'What is your honorable name?' [illegible] of course, reply that my mean, insig[illegible] cant name is Pott. The next ques[illegible] from him is, 'What is your honor[illegible] kingdom?' And I am obliged, much [illegible] dislike it, to say, 'The small, petty dist[illegible] from which I come is the United St[illegible] of America.' 'How many little st[illegible] have you sprouted?' he says. That is [illegible] way he asks how old I am. 'I h[illegible] vainly spent thirty years,' I reply. [illegible] ing after my father, he says, 'Is the ho[illegible] able and great man of the household [illegible] ing?' It is shocking, I know, but I h[illegible] to answer, 'The old man is well.'

"Then he comes to business and s[illegible] 'Venerable master, I have brought y[illegible] little dog here, and worshipfully int[illegible] him to your charge.' The little fell[illegible] who has been standing in a corner of [illegible] room, comes forward, kneels before [illegible] puts his hands on the ground, knocks [illegible] head on the floor, and worships me. I raise him up and send him off to sch[illegible] and arrangements are made about [illegible] dormitory, course of study, etc. [illegible] gentleman rises to take his leave. I have tormented you exceedingly to-d[illegible] he remarks. 'Oh, no!' I answer. I have dishonored you.' As he goes tow[illegible] the door he keeps saying, 'I am gon[illegible] am gone;' and I reply, 'Go slowly, [illegible] slowly.' As I follow him to the gat[illegible] the garden he says, 'Please retrain y[illegible] golden footsteps.' When we arrive t[illegible] the gate we bow reverently to each oth[illegible] and he is gone."

The Blessing of Kind Words.

Never think kind words are wasted;
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day,
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of sharp distress:
So, my friend, let's give them freely,
Gift and giver God will bless.

Requests for Prayer.

T the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Oct. 18, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Weary One" Eagle, N. Y., asks Christian friends to join her in praying for the conversion of her husband, and that he may be more become the kind and affectionate husband he used to be.——"Anxious Mother," Her son who scoffs at religion and is in danger may be rescued by the power of the Holy Spirit and made a new creature in Christ.——"A. A. J. C.," Milton, Ont., for the conversion of a young brother, and that he may be kept from sin; also for the conversion of a friend, now at college.——"Reader," Dunkirk, Ill., for the conversion of a young man who now seems very far away from Christ. ——"Reader," Du Bois, Pa., on behalf of a man who was formerly a professor of religion, but has lost faith in God and in a future life, that God would mercifully restore him to his right mind and bring him back to himself.——"Reader," Greenville, Conn., that a man who is neglecting the Bible and takes no interest in religion and is exercising a bad influence on his godly young wife might be brought to the feet of Christ and seek salvation.——"One Who Prays" desires the prayers of Christians that a son who is causing great anxiety may become a Christian and may be preserved from temptation and from bad company and may be made a child of God.——"N. T. A.," for the conversion of a husband and a brother-in-law who are addicted to drink and in urgent need of God's grace.——"C. K.," La Crosse, Kan., that two sisters who have strayed far away from God and who are living in sin may be brought under the power of the Holy Spirit to seek salvation and to give themselves to the Lord. ——"Anxious Mother," Wrightsville, Pa., for her dear boy who does not truly know the Lord might be led to give himself unreservedly to him.——"Sister in Christ," Providence, R. I., for the conversion of a dear friend long absent from his family and that he might be brought back a new creature in Christ.——"E. C.," Providence, R. I., for the conversion of three brothers who are unsaved and are indifferent about their eternal interests.——"Constant Reader," Warren, O., for the salvation of a careless mother who is making no effort to train her children aright; also for one who is expecting to be saved by good works and does not realize her need of a Saviour; also for one who is being kept from Christ by the inconsistencies of professing Christians that God would do for each what He sees each requires.——"Two Sisters," Danielsville, Conn., for the conversion of a man and his son, both of whom are addicted to drink and have been in great danger through this propensity; also for the conversion of a dear relative who is going out of life without the hope of salvation; also for a dear brother who is still out of Christ.——"Friend," Marysville, that a father grown old in sin might turn to the Lord even at the eleventh hour and find salvation; also that a dear brother who is the slave of an insidious drug may be liberated and become a child of God.——"Miss C.," that two brothers may be converted and become earnest Christians as their sister was.——"Broken Hearted Mother," Birmingham, Ala., for the conversion of her wayward boy that God would bring him home to repentant and changed in heart.——"Miller," Aberdeen, S. D., that a man who seems to be almost beyond hope and who has actually been given up by his long-suffering family may be saved by the omnipotent power of God, to whom nothing is impossible.——"Anxious Mother," Iowa, that four sons who have been led into temptation through worldly environments may be led to Christ and become Christians.——"Subscriber," Solon, O., for the conversion of her dear husband who has become a slave to drink.——"Anxious Wife and Mother," Mount Vernon, N. Y., for the conversion of husband and son, for which definite prayer has long been offered.——"Our Girl," Pueblo, Colo., that a man and his wife who are indifferent to spiritual things may be converted.——"Reader," Stratford, Ont., for the conversion of two young men. ——"A. S.," Weston, Mich., that God would be pleased in mercy to arouse a dear friend to a sense of his danger and cause him to seek salvation.——"O. M. W.," Lafayette, Ind., that her husband may be saved and help in bringing up their children in the fear of the Lord.——"S. O.," Solon, O., that a beloved friend who is becoming undutiful and indifferent to conversion has been earnestly sought of God and may give up her evil ways and seek salvation through Christ.——"Subscriber," Cleveland, O., that a precious daughter might be brought to Christ and her heart might be changed.——"Firm Believer," Danville, Va., that a man and his two sons who are all out of Christ's fold might be led to Christ for salvation.——"Anxious Friend," New York City, on behalf of a young man, well educated and talented, who has been stricken down with an incurable disease and is going into eternity unsaved that he may not die till he has given himself to God.——"Anxious Mother," New Hampshire, for the conversion of her son.——"A Brother," Norristown, Pa., that God would be pleased to look upon a dear brother who is concerned about his salvation but cannot find peace and would lead him to trust in Christ.——"Reader," New Mexico, for the conversion of four men and their wives, who are all without hope and without God in the world.——"Praying Mother," on behalf of an only son, that God would make him his own child and use him in his service.——"L. K. Jensen," Utah, for the conversion of two sons and a daughter, and that they may renounce sin and lead consistent Christian lives.

For the Restoration of Health. "Distressed One," Missouri, for the recovery of three dear friends who are very ill.——E. V. W., Baltimore, Md., that her dear husband who is critically ill may be healed of the Lord.——G. L. R., Manchester, N. H., for the recovery of a beloved daughter who is in a very critical condition.——"Mother," Racine, Wis., for the recovery of three sons, one of whom is demented; God alone can recover them, and his power is earnestly besought.——"Reader," Friendship, Tenn., that the superintendent of a Sunday School in that town who is very ill may be raised up by the power of the Lord. ——"Anxious Father," Freeman, S. C., on behalf of a dear daughter that she may be restored to health; also for healing for himself.——"Friend," Hudson, Mass., that God would mercifully restore a friend, who is very sick, to his usual health.——"Sister in Christ," Providence, R. I., that a sick sister may be healed of the Lord.——M. C. B., Goshen, Va., that God will cure one who is afflicted with deafness and give the spiritual blessing so much needed.——J. F. H., Dubuque, Ia., for the speedy recovery of a dear wife and mother from a serious disease of long standing.——"Hope," Nashville, Tenn., that God would restore the sense of hearing to three members of a family who are now precluded from attending the means of grace.——"Constant Reader," Myerstown, Pa., that a dear father who is very ill, might receive the blessing he needs for soul and body.——"Anxious One," Sheffield, Ala., that a dear child who has bravely borne long suffering may be healed, and her life devoted to Christ's service.——"Husband," Lyme, Conn., that a lady who is in a critical condition may be healed of her infirmity and be restored to her anxious friends. ——"Weary One," Eagle, N. Y., that a dear mother may be restored to health.——L. R. East Waterford, Pa., that God would mercifully restore the reason of her son who is now in an asylum for the insane.——"Believer," Lynn, Mass., that a young girl who is a child of God, but has had a great deal of trouble and is now heavily afflicted, may be healed, if it is God's will, and that a suitable home may be provided for her,——"One Who Has Faith," Minneapolis, Minn., that her husband may be restored to health of body and mind.——The following persons also ask prayers that the Great Physician would heal them of their various maladies: "Christian Friend," Monkton Ridge, Vt.; "Sister in Christ," Terre Haute, Ind.; "One Who Has Sinned," Kitanning, Pa.; "Persecuted Widow," Gilmanton, N. H.; "Believer," Carlton, Wyo.; "Sister in Christ," Jacksonville, Fla.; "Afflicted One," Philadelphia, Pa.

For Special Blessings. "Maligned Widow," Gilmanton, N. H., asks prayer that God would clear her good name of the false aspersions circulated by unprincipled persons.——"Believer," Salinas, Cal., that grace may be given to one in distress over a terrible temptation and power from on high to overcome it.——"Wronged One," Proberta, Cal., that God would put to silence slandering tongues, and vindicate the character of one who has been foully maligned. ——"Apprehensive," New York City, that God would, in mercy, interpose to prevent the success of a crafty man who is undermining his position and endangering his chances of honestly supporting his family.——"Firm Believer," Indianapolis, Ind., that he may soon be enabled to find employment.—— "Reader," Paonia, Colo., that children who are drifting into a lawsuit over some property may be able to amicably settle their differences. ——H., West Liberty, O., for the relief of a terrible burden that peace may come and help from the Lord.——"Mother," Springfield, Mo., that a widow and her family may be relieved of their financial embarrassment, and that their home may be saved to them.——"One in Spiritual Anguish," Eagle, N. Y., that light may come to one who is in dispair and is tempted to commit a fearful sin, that God would give peace and assurance of acceptance and faith to trust his promises.——H. F. B., Alburtis, Pa., that God would comfort the bereaved parents and give grace to trust him and love him even in the thick darkness, and especially that the mother, sorrowing over the death of her child, may cast her burden on the Lord and find peace.——O. S. M., Charlottesville, Va., that grace may be given to one who for years has been trying to live a Christian life, and the help that God sees is needed.—— "Father," Bethlehem, Pa., for relief from business perplexities, and for opportunities for Christian service of the kind for which he has special adaptation.——J. T. M., Portsmouth, Va., for grace to live a pure and useful Christian life, wholly consecrated to the service of Christ.——"Mother," Jacksonville, Tex., that her daughter might be delivered from an infatuation which threatens to wreck her life, and that the wickedness of the man to whom she has given her affections may be so clearly disclosed to her, that she may refuse to trust her happiness in his hands.——F. M., Glenwood, Ill., that God would help a poor sister and brother in their efforts to earn an honest living.

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A Rich Damascus Home.

FROM the outside it looked like a dozen other houses in the narrow, winding street; the front having a dingy, ill-kept air. We knocked at the low door, and were admitted by a gorgeously liveried porter, who ushered us into a small, dark corridor. Opening on this corridor were several little rooms, with the usual sleeping-mat on the floor. These rooms were used as sleeping places for servants and for such messengers from a distance as were obliged to stay in town all night.

It was, doubtless, in some such lodging that the Hittite captain lay, when, recalled from the field, he foolishly "slept at the door of the king's house with all the servants of his lord, and went not down to his house"; an act of fidelity that cost him his life.

Crossing the corridor, we came into the court around which the house was built. Here, for the first time (except at Turkish baths), I saw the fabled Oriental magnificence. The court in which we found ourselves was paved with white marble and surrounded by walls of black and white stone. A fountain, shaded by blossoming orange trees, played in the center, the breeze throwing a silvery spray halfway across the marble pavement. The orange blossoms were fragrant, and an atmosphere of drowsy coolness filled the whole place.

Beside the fountain stood a tall, dark-eyed slave-girl, with a Greek or Circassian face, dressed in a long robe of some clinging, white material, her sandaled feet half-hidden by its folds. She held a tray on which were glasses and a decanter of mastic (a colorless Syrian drink, like anisette); and on the ground beside her were two nargilehs. I had scarcely seen her when the master of the house came forward to greet us. He was one of the richest men in Damascus, and a Jew. I shall call him "Ismail." His real name is too well known in Syria to mention here.

I had been expected, the mastic and nargilehs having been prepared beforehand. My host, after examining the camera, led the way to his "winter parlor," as he called it. The floor of this was of black and white marble. From the door and running to the opposite wall, was a space about five feet wide, where the floor was on a level with the outside court and doorway. This space was unfurnished, and it is here guests take off their shoes. As a foreigner, I was luckily exempt from this custom.

A platform three feet high formed the flooring of the rest of the room. This platform, a room by itself, was heavily carpeted in soft rugs, and furnished (shades of Mohammed!) with a regulation "parlor set" of pale blue silk upholstered furniture, evidently imported from Paris or London. About the wall, however, ran a low Eastern divan, which partially atoned for the glaring chairs and sofa. The walls had a groundwork of colored marble, but were paneled with inlaid mother-of-pearl and ivory. A heavy chandelier hung from one end of the carved ceiling, and

In a corner at the back of the room was

Arabic tomes; English and French works; but foremost and evidently most used were copies of Rousseau. I believe that

long since forgotten his teachings. Still, I saw here common ground to work on, so, calling my host's attention to the

the theories

than limited, so we

beaten in the

ment. Indeed, cons

remotest knowledge of the subject, my defeat is hardly to be wondered at.

My declaration that I was unable to contend against such an *homme des lettres* as he evidently was, completed the conquest; and, charmed with his easy victory over a foreigner, he himself proposed what I had longed to ask—that he should show me over his house.

Recrossing the court, we came to the "summer parlor"—I use Ismail's terms—which was twice as large as the room we had left, the lower floor being about ten feet wide, with a fountain in the center. Two platforms, one on each side, rose from this, furnished like that in the winter parlor. On a wall shelf stood fragile vases and antique pottery (Ismail is a famous collector of such things), and the walls were paneled like the others we had seen. Directly over the fountain hung a chandelier; thus placed that its light might be reflected by the water.

We visited several other rooms: sleeping rooms (these were on the floor above), dining-room, etc. A sort of summer house opened on the court. This was built in on three sides, the fourth being entirely open to the air. The walls were formed of three large mirrors, the floor was mosaic, the ceiling frescoed and inlaid; a low stone bench covered with carved figures served as a divan.

Next to this was the synagogue. Most wealthy Jews have a private synagogue, and a rabbi who officiates there at stated times. This synagogue was the most plainly furnished room in the house. The furniture consisted of a few wooden benches and a reading-desk. On the walls hung two cheap, uncolored French prints: one representing Ishmael and Hagar; the other, Ruth and Naomi. These, except for an oil painting representing Ismail in his uniform of foreign ambassador, were the only pictures in the house. Two cupboards were let into the walls and held two religious books; one, a part of the Old Testament, the other, the Talmud. These works were written on huge parchment rolls, fastened within gem-studded silver cylinders. One servant is hired merely to guard these cylinders and to keep them in proper order. As the servant is a Jew, he treats the holy rolls with great respect, and, unable to steal any of the gems, guards the cylinders jealously.

The synagogue ended our tour of inspection. We went back to the winter parlor and lounged on the divans, to recuperate from our exertion. When the nargilehs and mastic glasses were refilled, I asked Ismail how he passed his days, and if life ever grew monotonous in such surroundings.

"I usually rise at seven," he said; "I pray and read religious books for an hour. Then I breakfast, and, during the morning, I attend to whatever business I may have in the city. After that I sleep, read Rousseau, entertain or visit my friends, and pass the day as my fancy directs. Sometimes in the evening I receive; sometimes I go to the houses of others. We are not energetic here."

"You must be a very happy man," I said, as he finished.

I meant it. A quiet, sensuous life; nargilehs and mastic *ad libitum*, consumed among orange-blossoms, with the cool plash of the fountain always sounding: no hurrying, no business troubles, and plenty of sleep—all offer strong attractions to a traveler fresh from the land whose motto is "Man was made to hustle."

But the Jew thought otherwise.

"Happy!" he exclaimed, with a portentous sigh. "Ah, monsieur, it is not at all as it seems."

Wanderer Found Through Prayer.

A gentleman from Philadelphia came into the Bowery Mission Converts' Prayer Meeting, last week, and said that a request for prayer had been sent in for a man who had been employed by a firm in

from the concern. The man had been found through the prayer sent into the mission and had now begun a Christian life. He is now on his way back to his

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Accompanying illlustration (above) shows t machine operated with hearing tubes for two peop Tubes for **two** people go with each machine. Ext hearing tubes, so that any number of people m hear, are furnished at 75 cents extra for each perso Two records are included with every machi Extra records 60 cents each, $6.00 per dozen.

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The Danube's Iron Gates.

An event of considerable commercial importance in Europe was the recent opening the Lower Danube river to navigation. his places Austro-Hungary in direct communication with the outer world, and will much to attract attention to Hungary's

THE "IRON GATES" OF THE RIVER DANUBE.

terprise and resources. Within the last enty-five years important works of improvement have been carried out by the strian and Hungarian governments on Upper Danube and by an International Commission at its mouth. These rks, however, still left untouched the ef impediment to navigation, namely, a ies of reefs and rapids occurring at invals, along a distance of over sixty-five es between O-Moldava and Sibb. The t and most serious obstruction is that own as the "Iron Gates," which the anpanying photographs illustrate. When river is high the other rapids can easily passed, but here navigation is always et with difficulties. To overcome this rier a canal had to be made on the right Servian bank of the river. When the panlements were laid a cross dam was t at the upper end of the canal, and the er being thus diverted, work was carrl on in the dry bed. On the completion he canal another dam was constructed ve the cross dam, which was then reved, and the rocks beneath it levelled, r which the second dam was blown up the waters of the Danube turned into canal.

Navigation has hitherto been carried on boats drawing at most six feet, but se could only pass the rapids for part he year, and for a period of four to t months trans-shipment was rendered essary. The original estimate of 9,000,-0, florins has already been largely exceede and it seems probable that the eventual will approach 20,000,000.

his opening of one of the chief natural ries of international communication commerce, uniting the East and West, attempted by the Romans 2,000 years a, constitutes one of the most remarkab engineering feats of the present cen-y, and furnishes yet another demonstrati of "the empire of man over the uni-se."

Modern Travel in Palestine.

he British Consul at Jerusalem, says a iter in *Travel*, has lately called attention the extraordinary development of Palesti as a field for foreign travel, which he tes to the British occupation of Egypt. T English and Americans who go to Cro in such numbers during the winter on find it easy to proceed from Alexaria to Jaffa or Haifa; and what was a ly and adventurous expedition when n Stanley made his celebrated journey w the Prince of Wales has now become a ry ordinary episode of travel. Twenty s ago there was but one decent hotel Jerusalem; now there are several, besi s boarding-houses and hospices. There at three first-class hotels at Jaffa, and g hostelries at Mount Carmel, Nazareth a Tiberias. One great difficulty, howe, in the development of Palestine traffi s the want of good harborage at Jaffa. T Consul made the suggestion that if a g harbor could not be constructed there, t railway from Port Said might be exed to Jerusalem, a distance of only 230 m s over a country almost perfectly level th ughout. This would obviate the necessi of the sea voyage from Alexandria to Ja a and the much-dreaded landing at th port.

An Officer's Testimony.

ecently a German military officer, Lieute nt Von Francois, has issued a volume on The Nama and Damara in German Southwest Africa," in which he gives the following remarkable testimony to missionaries and the work they have accomplished: We quote from a translation in the *Chronicle* of the London Society: "What merchants, artisans, and men of science have done for the opening up and civilizing of this country, is as nothing in the balance compared with the positive results of missionary work. And this work means so much the more, because of self-regarding motives, such as always inspire the trader and the discoverer and are to be found even in the soldier, are usually altogether absent in the missionary. It must be an exalted impulse which leads the missionary to give up comfort, opportunities of advancement, honor, and fame, for the sake of realizing the idea of bringing humanity into the kingdom of God, into sonship to God, and to instill into the soul of a red or black man the mystery of the love of God. Self-interest is put aside and the missionary becomes a Nama or a Herero. He gives continually, not only from the inner treasure of his spiritual life and knowledge; in order to be able to do that, he must unweariedly play now the artisan, now the farmer, now the architect; he must always give presents, teaching, improvements, never take; he must not even expect that his self-sacrifice will be understood. And to do this for years, decades even, that truly requires more than human power; and the average mind of the European adventurer, hardened in self-valuation and self-seeking, cannot understand it. I used not to be able to understand it; you must have seen it to be able to understand."

BELGIUM'S DRINK MORTALITY.

A Belgian journal, which has been investigating the social drinking customs, declares that fully 25,000 Belgians die each year of the results of alcoholism. In Brussels, as has been statistically shown, more than 80 per cent. of all the deaths in the hospitals result from this cause.

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RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER XIV.

In Search of Work.

WHEN two young persons are thrown together with no particular occupation on hand, there is a strong probability of their getting sentimental, especially if they are at some pleasure resort where neither has any friends. Milton Seymour and Nellie Price soon discovered this fact. They were so much together in their walks on the beach, their rides, and the Sunday services, that during the few weeks of their stay a warm attachment sprang up between them. Both derived pleasure from their friendship, and neither was conscious for some time of its drifting into anything more than friendship. Milton did not realize that there was any need to fulfil his promise to Carrie of "letting her know," and Nellie was innocent of any sense of treachery to her friend. She knew that Carrie loved Milton; the warm-hearted girl had confessed the fact. Nellie had felt from the beginning that Milton belonged to her friend, although there was no engagement between them. She did not intend treachery, but one night, returning from a moonlight walk with Milton on the sands, a few words from him at parting revealed to the girl that his heart had turned unconsciously from Carrie to herself, and, alas! that her heart had passed into his keeping. Then she blamed herself and reproached herself as a treacherous girl who had stolen her friend's lover.

Thus from the pinnacle of bliss to which Nellie had ascended, she suddenly dropped down, down, to the borders of despair! The impropriety of her conduct was so apparent that she was stung to her heart's core, and she wept bitter tears of remorse, not at the idea of parting with Milton, which seemed to be her duty, but because of her thoughtlessness in permitting matters to drift into their present channel, and of the serious results which would follow, unless she changed her conduct immediately.

Nellie's trial had come. She must either cultivate her relations with Milton (the prospect of which was so charming to her) and thus sacrifice her friend Carrie, and her own self-respect; or she must break off the intimacy, or at least limit it to indifferent friendship, and tell Carrie all about the matter at the first opportunity.

Nellie's principles were built on the true foundation, and she did not hesitate to condemn her own conduct severely. Bitter as was the draught, severe the sacrifice; the moment she saw her wrong she turned about, and sought for light to guide her in the right way; and God's word tells us that they who confess and forsake their sins, shall find mercy; and so Nellie Price received comfort and strength to do her duty, and she did it [illegible]

To devise a way of carrying out her decision practically, without wounding Milton's tender sensibilities, occupied Nellie's thoughts during most of that night. [illegible] softly creeping into her chamber window [illegible] still at her writing desk, or walking the floor in nervous agitation.

How difficult it was to reject the love of [illegible] duty. But when the child of God looks [illegible] the Lord; that walketh in darkness, and [illegible] tian church, but probably she had not hitherto experienced that complete turning unto the Lord which makes the thorough, active, trusting Christian. A sermon she had lately heard thundered in her ears, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and she sought strength to obey. If she never before prayed, that night her heart went out in supplication for strength in her weakness; and did the seed of Jacob ever seek God's face in vain? Her little Bible, the gift of a loving mother, was all stained with tears, as she on her knees pleaded the promises of God in Christ, and found the Spirit ready to help in her infirmities.

Letter after letter had been written to Carrie, to Milton, to his mother, and torn up again, being imperfect and unsatisfactory. The flood-gates of her soul were opened, and tears blotted sheet after sheet of writing; and it was sunrise before the shadow of a definite plan could be devised for future action, although she had fully determined upon a modification of her intercourse with Milton.

Oh! could mortal eyes have seen the invisible inmates of that room during the sweet girl's temptation and triumph; not only have seen Nellie, whose face was white as marble, and contrasted strangely with her long raven hair—that of itself was a picture, as the struggle raged within her soul. But could we have seen the evil spirits, suggesting to her heart "to go forward and win the young man's love." Alas! how many have yielded to similar influences, sacrificed their bosom friends, and taken fatal steps which were beyond redeeming!

Could we further have seen the angels of light in that chamber—"ministering spirits sent forth, to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," strengthening her to resist temptations which were almost overpowering, and opening the way for the Sun of Righteousness to shine into her dark mind, and illumine it with heavenly light, we should know that there are ways by which the godly receive help in their hour of trial.

By his providence, her Heavenly Father provided a way for Nellie to gracefully retire from her false position, after all her efforts had failed to devise means of doing so, honorably. In the morning, before leaving her chamber, a note from Milton was brought to her. He had been flattered by her familiarity with him, enchanted with her beauty and loveliness of character, and, perhaps, encouraged by his mother, so that, in the fulness of his vanity, and apparently forgetting his promise to Carrie Walter, he wrote to Nellie a brief, but indiscreet, passionate note, hoping thereby to ascertain whether she reciprocated his growing passion; and he deserved the rebuff which his unfaithfulness and conceit brought upon himself.

Briefly, Nellie told him, with all the kindness that could soften the blow, of her own struggle and the decision to which she had come. They had been untrue to the absent girl, and henceforth must be only friends, and not even that if their friendship could not be restricted to friendship. There were no reproaches of [illegible] self-reproach over her thoughtlessness. "If we can meet as friends,' [illegible] But if we cannot, if we cannot come together without feeling the affection that is treachery, we must not meet again. No blessing could ever come on a relation that began in our being untrue."

As Milton read this note, any observer might have judged of its contents by looking at his face, which changed from the ruddy bloom of early manhood, to the [illegible] went out by the side door of the hotel, down to the beach, and, avoiding everybody, walked rapidly, talking to himself [illegible]

"What a miserable, inconstant scoundrel I am!" he muttered: "What a fool I have made of myself, and how villainous my behavior! What will mother say? What will dear little Carrie think? Does Nellie despise me? Brotherly friendship and sisterly regard. Well, if one of those big waves would just roll in and swallow me up, I would be contented!"

Nellie's letter required an answer, and upon arriving at the inlet, he wrote and dispatched a note to Nellie, whom he called "Sister Nellie," and signed it "Brother Milton," accepting the new regime.

Nellie spent the morning in writing an affectionate letter to her friend Carrie Walter, to whom she now felt she could write in the strength of her new resolution. She mentioned her rides and walks with Milton, but told her nothing of the struggle which she had fought to be true to her friend. Carrie would only be distressed by it, and it could do no good. She felt better after she had written it, and had in her own mind placed herself in her true position.

But Carrie did not get the letter. She was then on her way to Atlantic City with her father, who, through Mr. Barclay, was bringing to a satisfactory conclusion his arrangements with Mr. Price, for becoming his agent in the sale of the products of his mills. The final settlement was now to be made, and Mr. Walter went down to Atlantic City to see Mr. Price personally and get the matter out of hand. Knowing his daughter's friendship for Nellie Price, and feeling that both would enjoy a few days by the sea, he took Carrie with him.

The girl looked forward joyfully to the prospect of meeting both her friend and Milton, and was shocked and amazed when she found the gossips of the hotel busy with the topic of Nellie's engagement to Milton, which, with the usual exaggeration, they assumed must exist.

Can we blame Carrie Walter for being jealous? Is that not one of the instincts of our nature, but the real or imagined cause of, alas! how much misery in this world. What perfidy on the part of Nellie, what treachery and faithlessness for Milton so to behave. Carrie felt like turning homeward, and never again speaking to either, but a better spirit prevailed.

Nellie was out when Carrie arrived. She was riding with Milton and had no idea that Carrie was coming. She threw off her riding dress and came down to breakfast without seeing Carrie, but yet Nellie longed not only to see her, but to unbosom her burdened heart to her friend. With her cheek on her hand, she sat with a hopeless countenance, and left her breakfast almost untasted. Serious thoughts filled her mind, and she evidently found it difficult to meet the present responsibility. It was clear to Nellie that Milton was only suppressing his feelings for her; and while he called her "Sister Nell," he sighed for liberty to address her in more endearing terms. And as to herself, she tried her utmost to think of him as a friend only, but the new affection was returning; and she finally determined that, unless she could see Carrie, she would bid good-by to Milton forever, and return home.

Brave girl, "Lead us not into temptation," is your Saviour's prayer, and you are showing the sincerity of your daily morning petition, by resolving to leave the place of temptation, and fleeing to one of safety! Oh! that Carrie knew your nobleness and steadfastness; and oh! that your example had many followers!

But Carrie knew nothing of the struggle. She knew only that the interested people around regarded the two as lovers. From the window of her room she saw them saunter along the beach absorbed in

(Continued on next page.)

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Running the Gauntlet.

(Continued from preceding page.)

ach other's talk. She flung herself on her ouch in a passion of tears. The weeping lieved her, and when her father called r to join him in a stroll she had re- ined her equanimity.

On the way down to the beach Carrie ought the situation over and determined show both Milton and Nellie that she lly understood the position of affairs be- een them, and to treat both with the ldness which their supposed misconduct served.

The group sauntered slowly along the ach watching the merry bathers and the throng on the sand, Mr. Walter and r. Price walked on discussing the pros- cts of their business arrangement, while rrie and Mr. Barclay followed, discuss- anything but business. The sea s getting rough, and looking around. Barclay said, "I think there is going be a storm." The bathers seemed to think too, for one after another they came out the water and went to their dressing- ms. A few of the more venturesome ained. Two of these, far out, and evi- tly strong swimmers, attracted the at- tion of the strollers.

Good swimmers, those," said Mr. Wal- as he and Mr. Price stood to look at m, and Carrie and Mr. Barclay came up.

They'd need be," said a boatman who od near enough to hear the Deacon's ark. "If their strength gives out while are over there, it will go hard with m. Those waves are pretty high."

nother man standing near was watch- them through a field-glass. "I shouldn't li to have much hanging to their lives," said, as he laid the glass down. "If I that girl's father I'd lose no time in ding 'em a boat."

ome uneasy presentiment crossed Mr. e's mind. "May I look through your s?" he asked. The man passed it to with a nod.

ne look was enough. "It is Nellie young Seymour," he exclaimed. I give a hundred dollars, if anybody go out and bring them in alive," he d, his voice so stifled with emotion, he could speak only with difficulty.

And I will give another hundred," said con Walter.

You will? hey, well, I'll jist signal for life-boat to row this way double ick, and try to bag them two hundred; I 'spect it's all up wid them youngsters e they can get to them. How much give for the bodies, if drownded?" ly asked the man, who seemed utterly titute of the tender sensibilities of our re.

Would that surf-boat never come? Every te seemed an hour. Suddenly another shot out over the waters. Two vigor- rowers were pulling out toward the g couple. One of them seemed fa- r to Carrie. Looking around she ed Mr. Barclay from her side and then sure that one of the rowers was he.

e sky was now dark with the quick- ering clouds from which at intervals came a flash of lightning. The two mers could not be seen from the h, and the boat was almost indistinct. ching through the field glass, Deacon er reported that the boatman was g alone and Mr. Barclay was leaning the side.

He is lifting one of them in," he cried excitedly. "That must be Nellie. She hangs limp as if she had fainted. Where is the other? Oh! I see. He is climbing over the side. Now they are turning. It will be a stiff job coming back."

It was weary waiting for the boat to return. Some one ran to the cottage to tell Mrs. Seymour that her son was drowned and in a few moments she had joined the waiting group of watchers. At last the boat was within reach, and Nellie, pale as death and quite unconscious, was lifted out. She was wrapped in the blankets for which Mrs. Seymour had sent and was carried to the cottage, while two men helped Milton to walk there, as he was scarcely able to stand.

The widow had the girl placed in her own bed, and she and Carrie and the doctor, who had been summoned, worked over her, trying by artificial respiration to recall the life that seemed to have departed. They were beginning to despair, when Milton, who stood watching them in an agony of suspense, cried: "See! see! she is alive, her eyes are moving, her chest is heaving."

"Thank God, thank God," broke out from five hearts at once, the first to speak being Deacon Walter, who summoned Mr. Price.

At first the breathing was mechanical, but soon became more natural, and a little redness returned to the lips. The wounded finger bled freely, and it was evident that her left wrist was either dislocated or broken. While Carrie was bathing her forehead, the large eyes of Nellie opened, and recognizing Carrie, the sufferer whispered:

"Is—Milton—safe? Oh!—that—fearful—dream!"

After a pause, during which her breathing improved, and the pallor of her face was tinged with the color which indicated returning life, she again looked at Carrie, and said:

"Dear—Carrie,—will—you—ever—forgive—me?"

The sweet girl by her side pressed her warm lips to the pale cold cheek of her friend, and whispered: "Yes, everything," and with that, every particle of resentment left Carrie's heart. Much had she been forgiven, should she not forgive much?

All her intentions of being revenged upon those whom she supposed had injured her, all her dislike, her jealously, had passed away with that kiss of love. She conquered her natural feelings, in trying to follow in the footsteps of him who could pray even for his murderers.

(To be Continued.)

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Bronchitis.

New York, Aug. 26, 1896.

My Dear Sir: I am very loath as a minister to give an endorsement to a patented article, but I feel it but just to you to say that I have used your Hyomei for Bronchitis with perfect success. I had a chronic cold last winter which stubbornly resisted every remedy for seven weeks. Your Hyomei gave me relief in one day, and enabled me to fill all my subsequent lecture dates with satisfaction.

(Rev.) **Thomas Dixon, Jr.,**
Pastor Peoples Church.

Clifton Forge, Va., May 14, 1896.

Dear Sir: The patient for whom I ordered Booth's Hyomei Pocket Inhaler, and who was suffering from Purulent Bronchitis, expectorating large quantities of purulent, offensive sputum, made a perfect recovery, and is now a healthy, robust young man.

R. S. Wiley, M.D.

Catarrh.

Newry, S. C., Aug 12, 1896

Dear Sir: I have used your Pocket Inhaler for Catarrh of the head and throat, and it has benefitted me wonderfully. I think there is nothing that equals it. I believe it is all that you claim it to be. I can highly recommend it to any one suffering from any kind of Catarrh.

W. W. Veal.

Colds.

Lyceum Theatre,
London, Sept. 6, 1896.

Dear Sir: It is quite true that I am using the Hyomei Pocket Inhaler and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending it.

Faithfully yours, **Henry Irving.**

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New Haven, Conn., May 5, 1896

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23 Marshall St.,
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La Grippe.

The author of the $1,000 prize story "Titus" says:

Staten Island, May 7, 1896.

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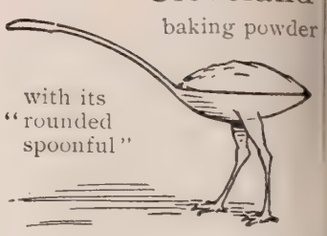
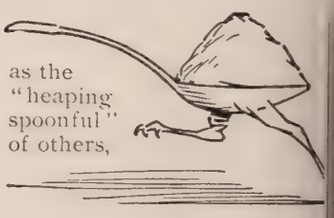


with its "rounded spoonful"

does not go so fas



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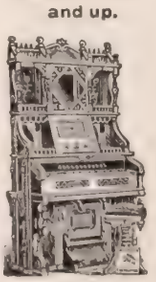

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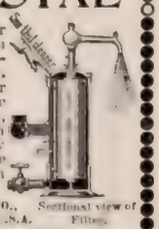

THE GEO. L. SQUIER MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y., U.S.A. Sectional view of Filter. Page G

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LUME 19. NUMBER 46.

v. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1896. Price Five Cents.

MULBERRY STREET, NEAR THE FIVE POINTS MISSION, NEW YORK. (See page 837.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A Passion for Souls.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Rom. 9: 3: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A TOUGH passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All-absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are, up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmaries, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skilful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh! it is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and ever intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes. May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in [illegible] But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donnas, have been those of whom it may be said, "They had a passion for souls." You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall, who in the last, the eighteenth century, were so characterized. All the names of those you could recall in our time as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to every-[illegible] of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my [illegible] self and yourself. When a committee of [illegible] ber replied, "I had a dream in which all [illegible] lean'." So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own souls. Some one whispers up from the right-hand side of the pulpit and says: "Will you please name some of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Oh, no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one whispers up from the left-hand side of the pulpit, "Will you not then mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of three hundred years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal, and the public burning of his book, "Lex Rex," in Edinboro, and his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his two hundred and fifteen unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passion for souls. Richard Baxter, whose "Paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries, who howled at him as "a rascal" and "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing one hundred and sixty-eight religious books, his "Call to the Unconverted" bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the Gospel, and his "Saints' Everlasting Rest" opening heaven to a host innumerable. Richard Cecil. Thomas-a-Kempis, writing his "Imitation of Christ" for all ages. Harlan Page. Robert McCheyne. Nettleton. Finney. And more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overtowering passion for souls. A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. I. S. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp had it. Dr. Bachus, President of Hamilton College, had it, and when told he had only half an hour to live, said, "Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees, and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known only in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What unction they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer-meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

But the most wonderful one of that [illegible] the world ever saw or heard or felt was a Peasant in the Far East, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings, one for the neck, and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodic mania out of his native land, to live [illegible] madman. His path strewn with slain dropsies and catalepsies and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain, and ascending from another mountain—the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful Being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts who heard our Saviour's prayer; tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your surf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha who heard the stroke of the hammer on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnoon, did anyone like Jesus have this passion for souls?

But breaking right in upon me is the question, How can we get something of this Pauline and Christly longing for saved immortalities? I answer: By better appreciating the prolongation of the soul's existence compared with everything physical and material. How I hope that surgeon will successfully remove the cataract from that man's eye! It is such a sad thing to be blind. Let us pray while the doctor is busy with the delicate operation. But for how long a time will he be able to give his patient eyesight? Well, if the patient be forty years of age, he will add to his happiness perhaps fifty years of eyesight, and that will bring the man to ninety years, and it is not probable that he will live longer than that, or that he will live so long. But what is good eyesight for fifty years more as compared with clear vision for the soul a billion of centuries? I hope the effort to drive back the typhoid fever from yonder home will be successful. God help the doctors! We will wait in great anxiety until the fires of that fever are extinguished, and when the man rises from his pillow and walks out, with what heartiness we will welcome him into the fresh air and the church and business circles. He is thirty years of age, and if he shall live sixty years more that will make him ninety. But what are sixty years more of earthly vigor compared with the soul's health for a quadrillion millenniums—a millennium, as you know, a thousand years? This world, since fitted up for man's residence, has existed about six thousand years. How much longer will it exist? We will suppose it shall last as much longer, which is very doubtful. That will make its existence twelve thousand years. But what are or will be twelve thousand years compared with the eternity preceding those years and the eternity following them? Time, as compared to eternity, like the drop of the night dew shaken from the top of a grass-blade by the cow's hoof on its way afield this morning, as compared with Mediterranean, and Arabian, and Atlantic, and Pacific watery dominions.

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it—would only let it. The stranger hired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop three hundred years were necessary. That was a practiced deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unending ages.

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Gaius, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things, he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Another way to get something of the Pauline longing for redeemed immortalities is by examining the vast machinery arranged to save this inner and spiri[tual] nature. That machinery started to rev[olve] on the edge of the Garden of Eden, after the cyclone of sin prostrated [its] sycamores, and tamarisks, and will[ows], and will not cease to revolve until the soul of earth shall get rid of its last and enter the heavenly Eden. On stupendous machinery for soul-saving, patriarch put his hand, and prophet hand, and Evangelist his hand, and Apo[stle] his hand, and Christ his hand, and aln[ost] every hand that touched it becam[e a] crushed hand. It was the most expen[sive] machinery ever constructed. It cost m[ore] to start it, and has cost and will cost m[ore] to keep it running than all the wheels ever made revolution on this planet. T[hat] machinery turned not by ordinary mo[tive] power, but by force of tears and bl[ood]. To connect its bands of influence, m[ade] out of human and Christly nerves, [from] all parts of the earth, millions of g[ood] men and women are now at work [and] will be at work until every wilder[ness] shall become a garden, and every tea[r of] grief shall be a tear of joy, and the sw[ord] of divine victory shall give the wound [to] the old dragon that shall send him how[ling] to the pit, the iron gate clanging aga[inst] him, never again to open. All that, [and] infinitely more, to save the soul! Wh[at] must be a tremendous soul—tremend[ous] for good, or tremendous for evil; treme[ndous] for happiness, or tremendous for w[oe]. Put on the left side of the largest shee[t of] paper that ever came from paper-mi[ll a] single unit, the figure 1, and how m[any] ciphers would you have to add to [the] right of that figure to express the so[ul's] value, each cipher adding tenfold? W[hat] ing into that scheme of the soul's rede[mp]tion, how many angels of God, descend[ing] and ascending! How many storms swe[ep]ing on Lake Galilee! How many ea[rth]quakes opening dungeons and strik[ing] cataclysms through mountains, from [top] to base! What noonday sun was put [to] retreat! What Omnipotence lifted, [and] what Godhead was put to torture! [All] that for the soul! No wonder that P[aul,] though possessing great equipoise [of] temperament, when he thought what [his] friends and kindred were risking conc[ern]ing their souls, flung aside all his ordin[ary] modes of speech, argument, and apt sim[ile] and bold metaphor, and learned allus[ion] as unfit to express how he felt, and see[izing] upon the appalling hyperbolism of [the] text, cries out: "I could wish my[self] accursed"; that is, struck of the thun[der]bolts of the Omnipotent God, sunk [to] unfathomed depths, chained into servit[ude] to Abaddon, and thrust into furnaces wh[ose] fires shall never burn out, if only th[ose] whom I love might now and forever [be] saved. Mind you, Paul does not say, [I] do wish." He says, "I could wish." E[ven] in the agony he felt for others, he did [not] lose his balance—"I could wish mys[elf] accursed." I could, but I do not. O[nly] one being that ever lived was litera[lly] willing to give up heaven for perditi[on], and that was the Divine Peasant whom [I] mentioned a few moments ago. He w[as] not only willing to exchange dominions [of] bliss for dominions of wretchedness, [but] he did so; for that he forsook hea[ven to] witness the stooping star and all th[ose] who saw his miracles of mercy, and t[hat] he actually entered the gates of the wo[rld] of perpetual conflagration the Bible [dis]tinctly declares. He did not say, w[ith] Paul, "I could," but he said, "I will do," and for the souls of men he "descend[ed] into hell."

In this last half of the last decade [of] the nineteenth century the temperature [of] the churches is very low, and most of [the] piety would spoil if it were not kept [on] ice, and taking things as they are, or[di]nary Christians will never reach the po[int] where the outcry of Paul in the text w[ould] not seem like extravaganza. The pr[o]prieties in most of the churches are [so] fixed that all a Christian is expected [to] do on Sunday is to get up a little later [in] the morning than usual, put on that wh[ich]

next to his best attire—not the very st. for that has to be reserved for the ee—enter the church with stately step. w his head, or at any rate shut his eyes prayer time, or close them enough to k sleepy, turn toward the pulpit with y dullness while the preacher speaks. a five-cent piece, or if the times be d, a one-cent piece, on the collection tter, kind of shoving it down under the er coin so that it might be, for all that usher knows, a $5 gold piece, and in, after the benediction, go quietly ne to the biggest repast of all the k. That is all the majority of Chris- is are doing for the rectification of this net, and they will do that until, at the e of life, the pastor opens a black k at the head of their casket and is, "Blessed are the dead who die in Lord: they rest from their labors and r works do follow them," The sense he ludicrous is so thoroughly developed ne that when I hear these Scripture ds read at the obsequies of one of the cious do-nothings in the churches it is much for my gravity. "Their works ollow them." What works? And in t direction do they follow them—up own? And do they follow on foot or the wing? And how long will they w before they catch up? More ap- riate funeral text for all such religious l-beats would be the words in Matthew : "Our lamps are gone out." One ld think that such Christians would at least under whose banner they enlisted. In one of the Napoleonic a woman, Jeannette by name, took position with the troops and shouldered oomstick. The colonel said, "Jean- , why do you take such a useless on into the ranks?" "Well," she "I can show at least which side I n"

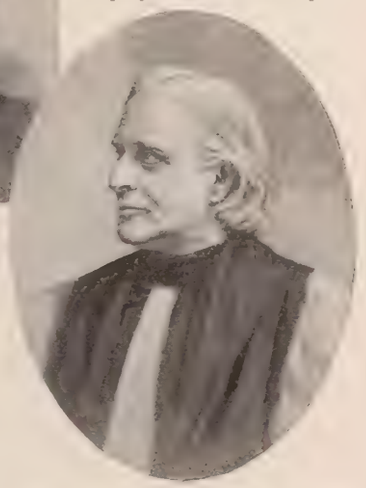
w, the object of this sermon is to t least one-fourth of you to an ambi- for that which my text presents in ng vocabulary, namely, a passion for . To prove that it is possible to much of that spirit, I bring the con- tion of 2,990 foreign missionaries. It ually estimated that there are at least missionaries. I make a liberal al nce, and admit there may be ten bad onaries out of the 3,000, but I do not ve there is one. All English and rican merchants leave Bombay, Cal- . Amoy, and Pekin as soon as they their fortunes. Why? Because no opean or American in his senses d stay in that climate after monetary ements have ceased. Now, the mis- ries there are put down on the barest sities, and most of them do not lay ne dollar in twenty years. Why, do they stay in those lands of in- able heat, and cobras, and raging s, the thermometer sometimes play- t 130 and 140 degrees of oppressive- twelve thousand miles from home, se of the unhealthy climate and the ling immoralities of those regions elled to send their children to Eng- or Scotland, or America, probably to see them again? O Blessed t! Can it be anything but a passion uls? It is easy to understand all quent depreciation of foreign mis- ries when you know that they are all sed to the opium traffic, and that in- ies with commerce; and then the naries are moral, and that is an e to many of the merchants—not all m, but many of them—who, absent all home restraint, are so immoral ve can make only faint allusion to nstrosity of their abominations. would like to be at the gate of n when those missionaries go in, to w they will have the pick of coronets, hrones, and mansions on the best s of heaven. We who have had pulpits and loving congregations, ng heaven, will, in my opinion, have e our turn and wait for the Chris- workers who, amid physical suffer- and mental privation and environ- ment of squalor, have done their work: and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrificing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their celestial preferment.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York, or London. Bible in hand, and a little package in which are small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among those "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat to-day, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud, her every act of kindness for the body accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy street along which she walks and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, but she is accompanied by an unseen cohort of angels with drawn swords to defend her, and with garlands twisted for her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts. I tell you there was not so much excitement when Anne Boleyn, on her way to her coronation, found the Thames stirred by fifty gilded barges, with brilliant flags, in which hung small bells, rung by each motion of the wind, noblemen standing in scarlet, and wharf spread with cloth of gold, and all the gateways surmounted by huzzahing admirers, and the streets hung with crimson velvet, and trumpets and cannons sounding the jubilee, and Anne, dressed in surcoat of silver tissue, and brow gleaming with a circlet of rubies, and amid fountains that poured Rhenish wine, passed on to Westminster Hall, and rode in on a caparisoned palfrey, its hoofs clattering the classic floor, and, dismounting, passed into Westminster Abbey, and between the choir and high altar, was crowned queen, amid organs and choirs chanting the Te Deums—I say, there was not much in all that glory which dazzles the eyes of history when it is compared with the heavenly reception which that ministering spirit of the back alley shall receive when she goes up to coronation. When she goes in, what welcome on the River of Life, its banks of pearl lined with splendors seraphic, and in temples of eternal worship, whose music is commanded by swing of archangelic sceptre, and before thrones where sit those who have reigned a thousand years, but have just begun their dominion. Poor Anne Boleyn, in two years after that pageant, lost life and throne by one stroke of headsman, but those who on earth have a divine passion for souls shall never lose their thrones. "They shall reign forever and ever."

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

But after all, the best way to cultivate that divine passion for souls is to work for their salvation. Under God save one, and you will want right away to save two. Save two, and you will want to save ten. Save ten, and you will want to save twenty. Save twenty, and you will want to save a hundred. Save a hundred, and you will want to save everybody. And what is the use of talking about it, when the place to begin is here, and the time is now? And while you pray I will in one minute tell all there is of it: Full pardon for the worst man on earth, if he will believe in Christ, whose blood can instantly wash away the foulest crimes. Full comfort for the most harrowing distress that ever crushed a human being. At your first moment of belief, a process by which the whole universe of God will turn clear around for your eternal advantage. For the mere asking, if the asking be in earnest, and you throw everything into that asking, complete solace and helpfulness for the few years of this life, and then a wide-open heaven, which you can reach in less time than it takes me to pronounce that imperial word, flashing with all the joy that an Infinite God knows how to bestow—Heaven!

In this world God never does his best. He can hang on the horizon grander mornings than have ever yet been kindled, and rainbow the sky with richer colors than have ever been arched, and attune the oceans to more majestic doxologies than have ever yet been attuned; but as near as I can tell, and I speak it reverently, heaven is the place where God has done his best. He can build no greater joys, lift no mightier splendors, roll no loftier anthems, march no more imposing processions, build no greater palaces, and spread out and interjoin and wave no more transporting magnificence. I think heaven is the best heaven God can construct, and it is all yours for the serious asking. How do you like the offer? Do you really think it is worth accepting? If so, pray for it. Get not up from that pew where you are sitting, nor move one inch from where you are standing, before you get a full title for it, written in the blood of the Son of God, who would have all men come to life present and life everlasting. If you have been in military life you know what soldiers call the "long roll." All the drums beat it because the enemy is approaching, and all the troops must immediately get into line. What scurrying around the camp and putting of the arms through the straps of the knapsack, and saying "Good-bye" to comrades you may never meet again! Some of you Germans or Frenchmen may have heard that long roll just before Sedan. Some of you Italians may have heard that long roll just before Bergamo. Some of you Northern and Southern men may have heard it just before the battle of the Wilderness. You know its stirring and solemn meaning; and so I sound the long roll to-day. I beat this old Gospel drum that has for centuries been calling thousands to take their places in line for this battle, on one side of which are all the forces beatific and on the other side all the force demoniac. Here the long roll-call: "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Quit yourselves like men." In solemn column march for God, and happiness, and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed," and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole convention of heavens,—heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven,—and while I dwell upon the theme I begin to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever! Amen!



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

Two Great Churchmen.

The Old and the New "Primate of All England"—Archbishop Benson's Successor.

THERE is a very decided, though by no means a violent contrast between the newly appointed Primate of All England, Archbishop Temple, and his predecessor, the late Archbishop Benson. The latter was distinctively "High Church," while Archbishop Temple has a leaning toward "Broad Church" principles. Our readers will remember that, in the brief biographical sketch of Archbishop Benson, which appeared in these columns shortly after his death, it was stated that his profound scholarship, pleasing manners, oratorical gifts, and thorough orthodoxy early marked him for promotion in the Church of England. It is related that when Dr. Tait was Bishop of London, he wrote to Dean Stanley, asking him to assist him in finding a number of men from whom he might select his chaplains. Dean Stanley's letter in reply said: "By far the best Cambridge man of fit age and the like that occurs to me is Benson, Fellow of Trinity, now at Rugby. He has very pleasing manners, is a very good scholar and divine, preaches well, and is a thoroughly religious man. I think he might be worth inquiring after."

These same conservative qualities characterized his whole career. His Primacy meant hard work and for the first eight or ten years of his tenure of the Archbishopric he could deal with an almost unlimited amount of business without injury to his health. His day began at 6.30 a.m. From 9.30 till lunch he had to attend commissions or committees, or else prepare sermons or speeches, or deal with his vast correspondence. In the afternoon he would have to attend one or more public meetings, and give an address. Then came the House of Lords, and frequently a public function, at which another speech was demanded. Or else he would be presiding over the Session of Convocation, or discharging a heavy round of episcopal duties in the diocese, or examining and preparing his Ordination candidates. No one who has ever held the high office was more widely loved and respected.

His successor, Archbishop Temple, has already had a career full of surprises, the latest being his appointment as Primate. Rt. Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, Provincial Dean of Canterbury, and Dean of the Chapels Royal, is unquestionably one of the ablest men in the Church at the present day. He is considerably over seventy, and has already, in his long life, conquered many honors and distinctions in University, in Church, and in the field of literature. At one time he was master at Rugby, and afterward Bishop of Exeter. Some years ago he wrote a series of *Essays and Reviews* which stirred up a great controversy, their general tone being the reverse of conservative, but in his later life he has discarded liberal tendencies and adopted a more conservative attitude in all that relates to the affairs of religion, practical or theoretical. It is not expected that the new Primate will make any serious effort at innovation, and the prevailing impression is that, all things considered, his appointment was wise and deserved.

Dr. Temple has been and still is regarded as a broad-minded, thoughtful, scholarly man, more perhaps of philosopher than prelate, and with a striking disregard of consequences whenever his intellect and sympathy were enlisted in any worthy cause that might demand a bold course of action. Yet he is eminently practical and sound, and it is generally believed that he will follow, to a large degree, in the footsteps of the late venerated Archbishop Tait, whose admirable policy as Primate he seems to favor greatly. He is the son of an officer in the army, and was born in 1821. At Oxford he became a scholar of Balliol College, and took his degree of B. A. in 1842 as a double first class. He has held various important posts, educational and clerical. While one of the Queen's Chaplains, in 1868, Dr. Temple took an active part in support of Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In April, 1883, he was elected Bampton lecturer at Oxford, and on the death of Dr. Jackson, in January, 1885, Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of London.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"RAISE YE THE CORE"

Rewards of Obedience.

Sunday School Lesson for November 22.
Prov. 3: 1-17. Golden Text, Prov. 3: 6.
By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MAN got out of line with God through disobedience; when he is, by the grace of God, restored through the blood of the Son of God, he can only keep in line with God through faith and obedience. Man sinned through taking his own way, "We have turned every one to his own way" (Isa. 53: 6). Christ died for our sins, not only to make atonement for us, but also that he might be to us both the Pattern and the Power of a new and living way, by which we might walk and please God. Human nature frets against the yoke, and hates subjection; everyone wants to be master, and seeks to escape from servitude; impatience of control is becoming more and more manifest in all classes and conditions of men, and will continue to be so until the Lord shall come. The dignity of obedience, which the Lord Jesus Christ has hallowed in a human life, is understood only by the few; only by "him that overcometh" in these days of a degenerate church.

Before Abraham could be made of God the leader of a new dispensation, he

Must Learn to Obey.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called out into a place which he should receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11: 8). Before the Lord Jesus could become the Author of eternal salvation unto all that obey him, even he first must learn obedience by the things which he suffered (Heb. 5: 8, 9). In order that we may enter into the glorious fulness of this blessed dispensation of the Spirit in which we live, we, too, must learn obedience for God hath given the Holy Spirit "to them that obey him." The mystery which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations—*i.e.*, Christ in you the Hope of glory—was made known for the obedience of faith. How can we be ready for the Lord's coming except we obey him?

"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments." "Put your heart into it," says a teacher to his scholar. No one can obey God from constraint. The apostle Paul teaches believing servants: "Be obedient to them that are your masters according to the [illegible] with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye service as men pleasers, but as [illegible] of God, doing the will of God from the heart" (Eph. 6). The servants of God, who are his true servants, cannot [illegible] with from the heart obedience; [illegible] keep. We are his workmanship, "it is God that worketh in us," but we are so far "[illegible] with [illegible] diently all the means he uses for the accomplishment of his purposes in us. Here is the spirit of disobedience as well as unbelief [illegible] pity, in every anxiety, harass or worry.

"[illegible] truth; [illegible] loved, [illegible] revealed to us in [illegible] and [illegible] of our Lord, bind [illegible] and hedge in our [illegible] and yielding to Christ in us by the Holy Ghost, he keeps us in these lines. How much light Solomon must have had on such walk when he says: "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. And this was the man who was wiser than all men! If any man had good ground for leaning to his own understanding, it was this giant in wisdom, King Solomon, whose wisdom, however, taught him to lean upon his God. "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." How few really do this! The majority even of converted people do not dream of going to God about every little thing of life. They do not think, "In all thy ways" means really all, but only just a few specimens of things. They would look upon it as childish to seek direction constantly from the Lord, and would even regard it as uubecoming their age and their experience. But our Lord himself has set us the example of the closest attention to his Father in the smallest detail of his life on earth. He understood the dignity of the call to express in a human life the hidden thoughts of God; he would not spoil a single detail of his Father's will by initiating anything in the human will which he had taken on him. His life was a life of power and

A Life of Rest;

he never was so pressed with one thing that he had to neglect another; the claim of one which seemed to interfere with another, as when the woman who touched the hem of his garment interrupted him on his way to the dying child of Jairus, produced no ruffle in his spirit, he trusted in his Father's arrangement with all his heart, and leaned not to his own understanding, and all that he did was done in a quiet power which made him always Master of the situation. It is involved in such a course that we cease to be wise in our own eyes, that we fear the Lord and depart from evil.

What, then, is to be the reward of obedience? What is the effect of a life regulated from above by the direct and constant control of the Most High God? "Length of days, long life and peace." (ver. 2) and wealth (ver. 8). Nothing shortens life as much as constant uncertainty, disappointment and worry; and the vexation attendant on finding one has made mistakes; little things are constantly turning out contrary to one's expectations. O! what tales might be told of broken down and exhausted physical powers from the want of that quiet calm which comes from always seeking, finding, and walking in the will of God, and then trusting him with the consequences, whatever they are, knowing that he takes the responsibility of all obedience to him. Another reward is "favor and good understanding, or success in the sight of God and man" (ver. 4). That which is done according to the will of God always answers in the long run.

Another detail of obedience, but a most important one: "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase." This will answer, too, "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." (Ver. 9, 10.) It is not— Honor [illegible] but with thine increase—the whole of it. How few recognize all that they have as the Lord's, and not their own! And yet [illegible] stead of thinking, "We must get such and such a thing; everybody has it," the question [illegible] thou have the money, of which I am the [illegible] same things as others in our position; it is [illegible] we, then, be servants of men? Are we not "bought with a price" that we may be free from bondage to man? (1. Cor. 7: 23.) If the Lord would be honored by the thing in question, is he not capable of shewing us how we should get it? And if it would not honor him, should we not act in obedience, and fail to do the will of God from the heart, if we obtain it.

Yet another detail of obedience, is the recognition of God's respect for us as his sons, by his chastening or education of us. My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction, for whom the Lord loved he correcteth, even as a father, the Son in whom he delighted." In the days when God's holy order was set aside, and a man having married lawfully took also concubines; the lawful sons must go through the most severe discipline to fit them to be leaders, while the sons of the concubines were not thought worthy of education.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE chapter from which the lesson is taken is part of the introductory section of the Book of Proverbs. It is singularly beautiful and tender in its wooing of the youth, addressed as "my son," to the ways of righteousness. If

WHICH WAY WILL HE TAKE?

Solomon was the author of it, as is generally supposed, its pathos would be pointed by his consciousness of his own wrongdoing and his bitter regret that he had not followed in the path he was commanding. The teaching is altogether opposed to the world's conception of religion. The young man is assured that all the best things of life come to the devout soul. If he will obey the divine law, be humble and tractable and if he will distrust himself and honor God, he will enjoy wealth and peace and honor among men and long life and the contentment which is more desirable than any treasures that can be acquired. He is cautioned against being discouraged by chastisement. If trouble comes to him from God, he is not to be restive under it, but to receive it meekly as evidence and proof of God's affection for him, and to regard it as education and discipline, which will benefit him and develop his character. Wisdom is the chief thing to be desired; nothing is to be compared with that, in value and in the blessings it brings to its possessor. So the young man is beckoned to the way of life and is promised happiness and prosperity and all other blessings that are worth having if he will only be docile and attentive to the direction that God will give him.

Write them upon the table of thine heart. Dean Hook tells us that, in his old age, Latimer was examined before the Roman Catholic inquisitors and was challenged to hold a public discussion on the doctrine of transubstantiation. The aged scholar declined. "When I was young," he said in effect, "and in the full possession of my mental faculties, with my books to consult, and friends to advise with I examined this subject and I rejected the idea that the bread and wine were changed by a priest's word into the body and blood of Christ. I am now an old man worn by suffering, and though I adhere to the belief I formed in my young days, which is written in my heart, I am not going to injure the cause of truth [illegible] entering on a contest with younger [illegible] versaries who are in full possession of [illegible] advantages denied me. I examined, [illegible] studied, I prayed, I was convinced, [illegible] by that conviction I now hold. I can [illegible] argue, but I am ready to die for my fai[illegible]" The Commissioners took him at his w[illegible] and burned him at the stake.

Trust in the Lord with all thine he[illegible] An example of such absolute trust is gi[illegible] in a description a traveler gives of [illegible] visit to the Pyramids. In descending [illegible] great gallery in the interior he and [illegible] guide had to walk along a narrow le[illegible] overhanging a deep chasm. It was [illegible] pery, and the darkness was illumined [illegible] by a bit of candle that the guide carr[illegible] They came to a turning, and as they [illegible] tered the new channel a gust of wind [illegible] out the light. The guide proposed to [illegible] the traveler on his back and carry [illegible] around a chasm. The traveler refu[illegible] He said: "Let me make my own way, [illegible] ing one hand on you and the other on [illegible] rock." "No," was the reply, "you n[illegible] rest both on me." The traveler demur[illegible] "You don't know how heavy I am, [illegible] said. "You quite safe if you trust you[illegible] to Arab," was the reply. It was hort[illegible] this getting on the back of this villain[illegible] looking man and letting him carry [illegible] where he would, and in the dark, too, [illegible] there was no alternative. He mounte[illegible] the guide's shoulders, and was safely [illegible] ried over the chasm. "Never," he s[illegible] "did I put such trust in a man befo[illegible] since, never had I such misgivings, b[illegible] came out safe."

In all thy ways acknowledge him. [illegible] Hugh Brown, speaking of people's fo[illegible] fulness of God in every day life, tells o[illegible] incident he witnessed on a trip down [illegible] St. Lawrence. As the vessel went thro[illegible] the Lachine Rapids, every passenuer [illegible] frightened. Even he who had often pa[illegible] through was terrified at the unusual [illegible] ume and force of the waters. The ve[illegible] shook and rocked like a cockle shell. [illegible] it seemed every moment as if it mus[illegible] dasked to fragments. But they c[illegible] through safely under the guidance o[illegible] old Indian pilot who, silent and st[illegible] kept his hand on the rudder. After [illegible] reached smooth water and were drop[illegible] anchor at Montreal, the passengers [illegible] busy preparing to go ashore. Dr. Br[illegible] heard a little girl among them spea[illegible] earnestly to her mother. He had not[illegible] the child's quiet solemn look in the [illegible] of danger and had seen that she [illegible] alarmed, though she had remained q[illegible] She was saying now: "Mamma, do [illegible] think the pilot would let me shake h[illegible] with him and thank him for savin[illegible] from those dreadful waters?" The mo[illegible] with an amused smile, said she thought [illegible] would. So the little feet ran along [illegible] deck until the little hand was sudd[illegible] pushed into that of the astonished [illegible] Indian, and the child's treble was he[illegible] "Please, Mr. Pilot, I want to thank [illegible] for your kindness in bringing mamma [illegible] me and all of us safe through the rap[illegible] The great bronzed hand tightened [illegible] the child's and the stern face relaxed [illegible] as it stooped over the child and ki[illegible] her, we thought we saw a tear on [illegible] weather-beaten cheek.

He shall direct thy paths. The ph[illegible] thropic Earl of Shaftesbury, the En[illegible] nobleman whose efforts to better the [illegible] of the poor of London made him a p[illegible] lar favorite in the city, came home wi[illegible] beaming countenance one evening. [illegible] said that in walking along Cheapside, [illegible] of the busiest thoroughfares in Lon[illegible], he saw a child of about ten years [illegible] ing wistfully at the opposite paven[illegible] She obviously wanted to get across, [illegible] the swift cabs, the omnibuses and [illegible] vehicles were so thick at that hour [illegible] she dare not venture. She waited s[illegible] time, apparently hoping for a break i[illegible] seemingly endless stream. Then [illegible] turned and looked earnestly in the f[illegible] of the men near her. Her eyes pa[illegible] from one face to another, until they re[illegible] on the Earl. She ran to him with[illegible] most perfect confidence and said: "Pl[illegible] sir, will you help me to get across [illegible] street?" She put her little, trembling hand in his, and walked bravely by[illegible] side among the carriages to the [illegible] sidewalk. "I have received many g[illegible] tying proofs of confidence in my ti[illegible]" said the aged Earl, "but I never wa[illegible] pleased in my life as I was with [illegible] child's trust. I would have protected [illegible] with my life; she trusted me and [illegible] fided in me so implicitly."

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION

CHRISTIAN WORK

JST which city in this land may now be the "wickedest" is a mooted question. t fifty years ago probably all would have

REV. H. K. SANDFORD, D.D.

eed that New York City with its Five nts, and Mulberry Bend stood pre- nent in this hemisphere as the ref- e of criminals and the nursery of ne. For many years one of the worst -beds of vice and crime, the Five nts and the "Bend" were spoken of ost with bated breath, but through the rs that have followed, changes have n wrought that to-day have almost iterated the old structures and im- ved the moral tone of both districts to arked degree, while many of the old dings have been replaced with modern ctures of towering height and impos- appearance. Originally the Five nts section was a low swampy pond, ch was gradually filled up, and as it came susceptible of occupation, low ne houses were built, that were the re- s of a poor and dissolute population, as always exist in large cities. The lity by degrees became so notoriously orderly that it was not considered safe a respectable man to pass through it. ere were underground cells and pas- s connecting blocks of houses on dif- nt streets, and the well-known names Cow Bay" and "Murderer's Alley" e too sadly characteristic.

was a God-forsaken place, which was no spot where want and woe were more apparent. Every house was the resort of vicious persons of both sexes, and of every age and color: almost every store was a dram shop when the thieves and abandoned characters of the town whetted their depraved tastes and concocted future crimes and villanies.

As late as 1850 the Five Points was a spot where was concentrated more of crime, filth, and corruption than on any other this side the ocean. Its dark rooms and underground passages harbored thieves and murderers, and enabled them to defy arrest and conviction. Vice polluted the night and crime stalked unblushingly through the day. Children brought up in this school of iniquity were graduated accomplished burglars and criminals, so that for the welfare of a growing city like New York the population soon found it to their interests to give more attention to Five Points.

In the spring of 1844, a few determined and good Christian women banded together in the name of the Lord, and resolved that some concentrated and immediate effort should be energetically made to solve the over mastering problem of the relation of applied Christianity to this poor and neglected portion of the city of New York. After several attempts to reach the homes and help the children of the poverty and crime-smitten districts to which their labors had thus far been directed, they decided to devote their efforts to the Five Points. They secured the "Old Brewery" as their mission building, and here, under the act of incorporation passed March 20, 1856, by the Legislature of New York, the New York Ladies' Home Missionary Society has carried on the Christian work for the past fifty years with these objects:

First.—To employ one or more missionaries to labor among the poor of the city of New York, especially in the locality known as the Five Points.

Second.—To provide food, clothing, and other necessaries for such poor.

Third.—To educate poor children, and provide for their comfort and welfare.

Fourth.—To maintain a school at the Five Points, and to perform kindred acts of charity and benevolence.

The practical methods by which the threefold objects of this mission have been carried on may be briefly summarized as follows: A day school of eight departments, each under the care of a competent teacher, with Mrs. G. Van Aken as principal, has been maintained for many years. The Board of Education for the city of New York has supervision of this school, and all its pupils are obliged to pass examination at the same times as in the regular public schools. Nearly 40,000 children have sat at the desks and on the forms of this school since its history began, many of whom are now filling positions of honor, trust and responsibility in the professional, commercial, and mechanical circles of New York and other cities. Most of the children come from homes of extreme destitution and poverty, therefore it is necessary to supply them with food at noon each day, and on Saturday something is given them in their baskets to sustain them over to the following week. Their parents are unable to furnish them with suitable clothing to attend the regular public schools, consequently they are clothed and provided with hats and shoes from a general wardrobe, contributions to which are received from all over the country. In addition to this a visitation is made to the homes of the children, and on advice and judgment of the lady Visitors, donations of bedding and other family supplies are made when it is necessary and the cases are worthy. The sick are supplied with medicine, the disheartened encouraged, the bereaved comforted, and the tempted ones are counseled and admonished. Precepts of honesty, cleanliness and sanitary instruction are kindly but pointedly given, and in consequence the Visitor of the Five Points Mission has come to be the personal friend and confidential adviser in hundreds, if not in thousands of homes.

There are at present eighteen different nationalities represented in the school, and while the teachers are giving the little ones their first and most permanent impressions of an English education, and also imparting the first principles of American institutions, the Visitor carries into their homes the air, and inculcates the habits and methods of the true Christian home life.

In addition to the vast responsibility and care of the educational, charitable and material interests of the well-equipped and permanent institution of benevolence, the Superintendent is the spiritual shepherd and guide of the church, which embraces the activities and work of a well-organized parish. Marriages are to be solemnized, the dead buried, and seeking souls to be led to Christ under the watchful care and personal attention of such a pastor. Stated preaching services, a fully equipped modern Sunday School, and other means of grace, are properly conducted and maintained. Evangelistic services are held daily at the noon hour, and in the evening all the practical departments of an institutional church are maintained by the united efforts and generous support of the friends of humanity and of Christ. Such is the nature of the work now in progress at the Mission, and with the new and commodious quarters at 63 Park street, the work can be carried on with still better results.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

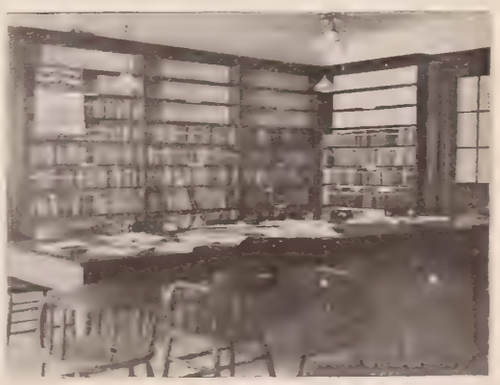
One of our illustrations on this page shows the beautiful structure that is the home and headquarters of a band of earnest workers, and where eight hundred children come daily to be instructed and fed, and when necessary clothed and shod. The girls' entrance is on the left, and to the right the boys' entrance and door to the reading-room can be seen. Back of the reading-room and office on the first floor is a large, well-ventilated and light church room, with a seating capacity of 750. On the second-story front are two classrooms, with folding doors, thus making front galleries to the church when needed. On the third story front at the left are two rooms and a toilet for the teachers, where at noontime they can retire for a much-needed rest. Back of these is the large assembly room, and at the right of the teachers' rooms is the kindergarten. On the fourth-story front are two spacious classrooms, which, with the one in the rear and the kindergarten and infant classrooms, open into the large assembly room when necessary. On the fifth-story front is the day nursery and on the right of it a similar large, airy room is used as a classroom until the nursery overflows.

OFFICE OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

A few statistical facts regarding the work of the Five Points Mission, may be interesting. The Mission has furnished more than 5,000,000 meals, including the daily luncheon of the children. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been expended for food in time of great necessity. Two hundred and fifty thousand garments have been given to clothe the naked. More than 5,000 children and adults have been provided with places, some of them adopted into comfortable homes. Over 45,000 children have been taught in the school. Many children trained in the Mission school are now leading industrious lives, and are well known in business and social circles.

Rev. H. K. Sanford, D. D., is the Superintendent of the Mission. He entered the New York City Conference in 1852, and served for six years in important charges. In 1858 he was appointed to the Five Points Mission, and then served for three years. He was then appointed in succession to several of the leading charges until 1872. His heart and energies are thoroughly enlisted in the Five Points work and in the redemption of the children of the slums. The colored illustration on the first page of this issue is a truthful portrayal of one of the quarters from which the Five Points Mission children are drawn—a section of all that remains of the rapidly vanishing "Mulberry Bend."

MISSION CHILDREN AT DINNER.



LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

her education nor religion was per- ed to enter, and the respectable in- bitants of New York, though then liv- ng not far from the scene, were callous nd indifferent to the fearful degrada- on that existed there. No spot of ground on this continent had the reputation of being a witness to more crime, and there

COSTUMES OF THE ORIENT.

An Interesting and Accurate Representation of the Attire of the People of Palestine at the Present Day.

DRESS or costume in the East is the badge or mark which infallibly indicates the social status of the wearer and the class to which he belongs. There are three different classes in Syria, with as many characteristic costumes, of which our photograph is a striking illustration. There are, first, the Belladeen, or city people, the Fellaheen, or country people, and the Bedouins, or sons of the desert.

To the right of the group in our illustration, stands a tall, swarthy son of the desert. The dress of a Bedouin is picturesque in the extreme. He wears a silk-striped robe, a cloth coat, and a *kaaffeyah*, or turban, from which falls a square of cloth or silk upon his shoulders. He also wears a large pair of red morocco boots. Into his belt is thrust a brace of pistols. Next to him sits a woman of Jerusalem, dressed in bridal ornaments and attire. She represents the wife of a rich young man, and her garments are fine and beautiful to behold. Over a dress or petticoat of pink silk she wears a fine cloth jacket, embroidered in gold thread, and a leathern girdle thickly massed with gold embroideries. Upon her head is worn a *moon-tire*, consisting of a piece of silver, shaped as the moon, and placed over a toque, from which hangs a long fringe of silken cord and golden threads, to which are attached numerous silver pieces, falling over her hand as seen in the picture.

The next figure is a lady of Bethlehem in festal costume. This dress is also rich and gorgeous, and consists of a *jobehareer*, or silken robe, heavily embroidered by hand down the front, sides, and sleeves. She also wears a tasseled girdle of fine striped silk, called *mahzam*. Over all this is worn a rich *takseerah*, or jacket of red and brilliantly-colored silk. The Bethlehemite wears a *saffah*, or crown, composed of woolen cloth, gold pieces and blue beads. Over the festive *saffah* is thrown a *ghattah*, or veil, of different colors—sometimes white, and sometimes royal blue or purple. Attached to either ear and falling under her chin is a silver chain, having a large Turkish dollar as the centre-piece. The chain is thickly strewn with blue beads, supposed to defend her from the "Evil Eye," a superstition still current in the East. Standing beside the first Bedouins is a fellah, or countryman. He wears a *leffay*, or turban of colors, a black cloth *abba*, or outer coat, and a Persian cashmere girdle, in which is carried an inkstand.

This division of our interesting picture brings us to the small table in the centre of the group. On the top [illegible] native *narghileh*, a small clay lamp, or *fanar*, as it is called in the Arabic language, with its accompanying supporter, a silver censer. The dress of the priest is too elaborate and symbolical to attempt a [illegible] as their meanings, are very beautiful and suggestive. The square shield at [illegible] in the middle of which is a large [illegible] of silver spoken of in the Bible. This is called *butrascheen*, and indicates the priest's responsibility for the people's spiritual guidance and welfare. A girdle of white and silver cloth is worn to symbolize the love which "engirdles the people to his heart," and for whom he stands. The last, and finishing robe is the great ephod of violet velvet, gold, and silver threads, and rich embroideries.

To the left of the table sits a Bedouin woman. A distinctive feature of her costume is the *burko*, or covering for the eyes. From three to four hundred old coins fall from the *burko* around the woman's face. She wears a blue cotton robe, bracelets, and a silver chain. Next we see a young citizen of Jerusalem wearing his fez, or *tarboosh*, and full orange trousers, several yards wide, a girdle and embroidered jacket. Next to him sits a lady attired to receive visitors in her home. She wears a silken *conbaz*, a pink silk *satla*, or over dress, with a linen girdle threaded with silver. A *mandeal* covers the hair, over which is thrown a *tarha* (veil or scarf) of thin silk gauze, ivory-white in color. The figure adjoining, is another city lady, in her outdoor dress, or *izzar*. The *izzar* is of chocolate and gold-colored silk, and is used to envelop the woman of Jerusalem as she walks abroad. She also wears the *mandeal*, as the eyes, face, and hands of a majority of the women of Palestine must not be seen as they leave the privacy of their dwelling for the street.

GROUP SHOWING COSTUMES OF PALESTINE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a Photograph Presented Expressly for "The Christian Herald."

Standing behind the "city ladies," we see the *ra'ee*, or shepherd of the East, just as he might have appeared, on the starry plains of Bethlehem when Christ lay cradled, a Divine Babe, in the manger and the stall. His farweh, or coat, is of sheepskin, and a leathern girdle encircles his waist. He carries a leathern bag for provisions, such as was worn in the time of John the Baptist, and a club, or *naboot*, for defense. He also carries a reed [illegible] which likens him to the shepherd of David's Psalms, or to Da[illegible] "maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

The two children are a brother and sister of the country people. The children represented here are garbed just as the little ones probably were when Jesus went up and down the country paths of Palestine. The coat worn by the boy represents [illegible] what the Scriptures call "an ornament to the head." The girl wears a garment of silk and linen, and a girdle similar to, but [illegible] ture of her headdress is a triangle from [illegible] of silver spoken of in the Bible.

[illegible] Eyoub Tams, the converted native and preacher of Arimathea, who forms one of the [illegible] to give to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a faithful representation of the costumes worn in the Palestine of to-day. A biography of Mr. Tams, and an account of his successful work as evangelist and lecturer, here and abroad, appeared in the columns of this journal a few weeks ago. Mr. Tams is a native Syrian, of Crusader descent, and since his conversion, a number of years ago, has labored with great zeal for the spread of the Gospel in his native land. His visit in this country is in furtherance of that purpose.

"Come, Let Us Sing unto the Lord."

COME, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the God of our salvation": for of all the services of the heart and sanctuary, singing and making melody is the most heavenly, and the least selfish. It is the worship of angels. Before we have any mention of prayer, we know that the "sons of God" sang at the creation of the world. It was a familiar exercise to the early Jews; or Miriam would not have instantly celebrated the passage of the Red Sea, by that inspired hymn which still echoes in our sanctuaries. Singing also formed a large part of the Jewish ritual; and priests from either side of the great altar, answered one another in those noble antiphones, which are the jewels of our own Church.

When the fulness of time had come, the angels learned a new song, and introduced the dispensation of love and mercy, with singing. And when the great sacrifice was ready to be offered up, he gathered his friends round him, and after comforting them, and praying for them, he sang a hymn with them. Oh, to have heard Christ sing! It seems natural that he should preach and pray; but it is an amazing grace, to think of him singing with his disciples.

This singing at the first sacrament was a most emphatic recognition of song, as a part of Christian service. From the first it was so regarded. Paul and Silas doubtless prayed in prison, but it is their singing that the Evangelist notices. James and Paul gave specific directions about the ordinance, and the early Church is remarkable for its exquisite hymns; indeed, it was to the magnificent *Gloria in Excelsis*, that the first martyrs marched to triumphant death.

The Psalms of David were doubtless used in the early Church, but with all their beauty, there was a want in them, the first Christians must have imperatively felt—the want of Christ. Accordingly, we find the earliest hymns of the Church steeped in the spirit of Jesus. The hymn in the Communion Service of the Episcopal Church beginning "Therefore with Angels and Archangels," is doubtless as old as the *Gloria in Excelsis*. These early hymns, though without metre, are poetical in the highest degree; full of tender thoughts, and bright with hopes of heaven. And who would desire to see in metre such exquisite lines as the following:

The Just One saw that iniquity increased upon earth;
And that sin had dominion over all men.
So he sent his messenger and removed
A multitude of fair little ones,
And called them to the pavilion of happiness.
Like lilies taken from the wilderness,
Children are planted in Paradise:
And like pearls in diadems,
Children are inserted in the kingdom.

or again—

Most sweet Jesus! long suffering Jesus!
Heal the wounds of my soul,
Jesus! and sweeten my heart.
I pray thee, most merciful Jesus, my Saviour,
That I, saved, may magnify Thee.

Their doxology also is very beauti[illegible] and worthy to be used by every cl[illegible] of God:

God is my hope,
Christ is my refuge,
The Holy Spirit is my vesture,
Holy Trinity, glory to Thee!

It was from the lips of Ambrose the gra[illegible] *Te Deum* burst in an ecstasy of adoratio[illegible] and the unearthly magnificence of *Dies Irae*, with its shuddering consciousness of needed mercy, and its intense [illegible]ploration, represents the mediæval hyr[illegible]ologists:

Low I kneel with heart submission;
See like ashes my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me;
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

The Great Reformation was acco[illegible]panied by a remarkable revival of popu[illegible] singing. When Luther began to prea[illegible] all Germany began to sing. The sa[illegible] effect accompanied the apostolic labors [illegible] Whitefield and Wesley: and in our o[illegible] day, the Gospel services of Moody a[illegible] Sankey. For nothing is more certain t[illegible] that any powerful religious feeling [illegible] show itself by singing; since in all [illegible] lective spiritual singing there is a sp[illegible] of devotion that is infectious: the co[illegible] est are touched by its heavenly fi[illegible] and the most careless interest[illegible] Yet this joyful act of public w[illegible] ship is now considered in ma[illegible] of our churches quite vulg[illegible] We have paid quartettes, w[illegible] are presumed to know a[illegible] interpret our emotions,—if [illegible] have any,—while we sit cal[illegible] and critically listening to th[illegible] Will there be paid choirs [illegible] heaven, or will it be individ[illegible] and congregational singi[illegible] there?

There is a sin of omission [illegible] regard to singing, which can[illegible] be passed over—the almost u[illegible] versal neglect of it in family w[illegible] ship. In Scotland it is a nev[illegible] failing adjunct to househ[illegible] prayers; and Oh, how ma[illegible] tender home memories must [illegible] blended with those old Psal[illegible] and hymns sung round [illegible] family altar! "O God of Beth[illegible] by whose hand," "Rock of Age[illegible] "Who are those arrayed in white[illegible] "There is a land of pure delight," etc., bri[illegible] back to me some of the most touchi[illegible] heart memories. Those that sang th[illegible] with me have passed into the skies, [illegible] their voices still linger in the noble wo[illegible] and echo in my heart. Do not paren[illegible] then, by ignoring singing in househ[illegible] worship, neglect a very powerful means [illegible] influence: —a charmful channel, throu[illegible] which they might speak to their sons a[illegible] daughters when they are far away [illegible] earth, or have joined the Church triumj[illegible] ant in heaven?

One thing is certain, if we would si[illegible] in heaven we must sing on earth, for t[illegible] song to be sung in heaven must be learn[illegible] on earth. Prayer and preaching we sh[illegible] leave behind us; they are the exercises [illegible] the Church militant; but many a ge[illegible] man and woman has gone singing ov[illegible] Jordan, and so carried the melodies of t[illegible] Church militant into the glorious courts [illegible] the Celestial City.

Amelia E. Barr

Children's Home.

The following sums have been receiv[illegible] for our Children's Home at Mont Law[illegible]

Previously acknowledged	$1,500.
One of the Kings Daughters, Zion	[illegible]
Friend N. Y.	[illegible]
Mr. and Mrs. B. Hale	[illegible]
Mrs. Marvin Bennett	[illegible]
Total	$1,510.

All contributions for this work will [illegible] duly acknowledged in the columns of T[illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Storks of Strasburg.

ilding in the Gabled Roofs and Chimneys —A Bird That Many Nations Reverence.

A NEST-BUILDER AT WORK.

SACRED and secular literature makes much of the stork, and bird is regarded by many nations with erence, superstition, and affection. In Western Europe, in Germany, Denrk, and Holland, the home of the stork, always identified with the dwellings of en. In Germany, and especially in the nerable city of Strasburg (where our otographs were taken), the white stork ilds among the chimneys and gables of houses, among the peaks and spires the famous cathedral, and amongst the most branches of the poplar and oak. ne nests shown are made by binding nches together with twigs, turf, earth, , and covering the surface with moss, aw, and feathers. Stork instinct selects loftiest spot to support his huge nest, love for the proximity of man causing n to thus build among roofs, gables, d towers. The word "stork," as known us comes through the Icelandic, Danish, edish, German, Hungarian, and other est European languages, the strange d being regarded with almost as much erence and superstition in Western rope as in the East. They are espeally protected in Switzerland, Western rmany, and Holland, where they may seen at Middleburg (Holland), walking h perfect composure even in a crowded vetable market.

The stork is a migratory bird, and his nderful flight through the air with his g neck and longer legs equally stretched is a curious spectacle. He is believed fly, without alighting, from the lower ine or vicinity of Strasburg, to Africa, l the Delta of the Nile. The migration es place in October, the great birds ming in single or double columns, unit- in a point as they cleave the air. As less molested by man the nests are rebuilt and repaired for generations on the same site. They are attached to each other, and exhibit wonderful care and tenderness for their young and aged. They have two broods a year, and live to a very old age. Weaker birds remain and breed in the South.

The little maid (shown in the photograph) upon the quaint, carved bench, tying her silken flax, is a peasant girl of Strasburg, and, like many other Strasburg maids, has doubtless fed the storks many a time.

Because of its propensity for eating frogs, toads, newts, lizards, and other like creatures, the stork was placed in the list of unclean birds by the law of Moses. In many passages of Scripture, however, the singular bird is tenderly mentioned: As, "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time." This allusion by the prophet Jeremiah is to the peculiar regularity of the bird's annual return at stated periods to its nest, and its long flight through the air, which never varies or falters until its destination is reached, north and south. The stork is a beautiful bird, being nearly four feet high, and one of the largest known to land. Its wings are jet black, its bill and long slender legs bright red, and its plumage snowy white. The presence of the white stork, or *goshawk*, extends over the whole of Europe except the British Isles, and over Northern Africa and Asia as far as Burmah. Both the black and the white stork are numerous in Palestine, but the black stork is found in the marshy places of forests, and never about the habitations of man.

The very word "stork" derived from the Hebrew means "kindness," and may have something to do with the paternal and filial attachment of which the bird seems to have been a type, not only among the Hebrews, but also the Greeks and Romans. The ancients recognized the stork's claim to protection and reverence, and it was held as sacred by the Egyptians. Pliny tells us that in Thessaly it was a capital crime to kill a stork, and it has the same honor in Egypt. A pretty story comes to us in this connection from Morocco, which says that there is a hospital at Fez endowed for the purpose of nursing sick cranes and storks, and burying them when dead. This would go to show the high honor and affection, sometimes of a superstitious nature, in which the bird is held by some nations.

The Turks in Syria say that the stork is a true follower of Islam, as he shows such partiality for the Turkish and Arab over Christian quarters. This is an actual fact, as the species is more abundant in Palestine and the East than elsewhere on the globe. But the quantity of offal found about Moslem dwellings may have something to do with the bird's preference. The Moroccans hold that storks are human beings in that form from distant lands. Everywhere in the East, their nests are found among towers and ruins. A pair of storks have possession of the only tall piece of ruin in the plain of Jericho. They are the only tenants of the tower of Richard Cœur de Lion at Lydda, and they gaze on the beautiful plain of Sharon from the lofty tower of Ramleh, while several are located on the top of isolated pillars at Persepolis, and nests are still found in the trees that grow by the Sea of Galilee. "As for the stork," says the Psalmist, "the fir trees are her house." (Ps. 104: 17.)

A STRASBURG PEASANT GIRL.

t birds usually start in the night, this arkable flight is seldom witnessed. T only note emitted by the stork is a spping, rattling sound of their long, red and they arise in the air with clapping gs and great rapidity. The flight is thward, where they remain until the of April, when a leisurely return is in made to the North. They return yr after year to the same nest, and un

A Joyous Reunion.

"Some time ago," said Mr. Denholm, an evangelist, during a recent address, "there met in a foreign port five brothers, all captains of vessels who by a strange coincidence were anchored in the same harbor. There was great rejoicing on the part of the five brothers: such a thing had never happened before, and would be most unlikely to happen again. While they were congratulating each other, yet regretting that the sixth brother, also a sea-captain, was absent, there came word that his vessel had also been signalled, and was entering the port. So the whole six, after the lapse of many years, met again. When we get to heaven, will it not be something akin to that unexpected and joyous meeting? We shall come across our loved and dear ones, and who can express the joy it will be to us?"

Gospel Work at Cisamba.

Mrs. Currie Describes the Missionary Work, at Her Husband's Station in South Central Africa—A Hospital now Needed.

IN the course of a letter just received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Cisamba, where Dr. W. T. Currie is laboring for Christ under the auspices of the American Board, Mrs. Currie gives the following details of missionary life at that tropical station:

A couple of weeks ago we were nearly having a serious conflagration. The wind was high that day, and a fire—started some two or three miles back by a thoughtless woman—came on straight for the girls' houses with a roar and fury which threatened to sweep everything

STORKS' NESTS IN THE TALL CHIMNEYS.

before it, buildings included. However, all the boys ran over, and were just in time to burn a good space behind the girls' compound when the main fire rushed up, and finding its way stopped, made a detour to the northwest, where the stream soon damped its ardor. The smoke was dense—we all had weeping eyes. The boys and girls fought bravely to keep down the fires they had started themselves so as to make a barrier—else the cure might have been as bad as the disease. In the midst of all the excitement some of the girls called out that the donkey who was tethered in the woods had been burnt. Dr. Currie sent some of the boys to see, and sure enough they found the poor thing badly burnt. It is getting better, however, but it will be a long time before it can be ridden again, thus causing a serious hindrance to visitation of those villages too far to reach on foot: that is, as far as the missionaries are concerned, for there are now four native evangelists who go out two and two, visiting two districts each week. Yesterday they attempted again to visit a village where preaching permission had been refused by the chief some time ago. The young men found that a new chief is now ruling, the old one being a wanderer, going from place to place seeking where he can live. He is a rum-drinking, quarrelsome man, and the natives are tired of him. The present chief and his sekulu (old man) received the evangelists very kindly, saying, "Why should we not listen to these words? they are good," and invited them to come again.

Three caravans are now on the road—bringing our longed-for loads from the coast. With each are two or more church members to look after the spiritual welfare of the carriers, most of whom being men from distant villages, cannot attend the services at the station. The mission boys will hold morning and evening worship at each camp, and surely God will bless the reading and expounding of his Word. The singing of hymns is always a great attraction, and most of the lads sing very sweetly. The journey occupies six or seven weeks. The heathen carriers must see from these living examples of God's power to save, that the Christian young men are none the worse for not drinking at the villages they happen to pass, or not plundering some hapless traveler for food or tobacco, etc. When they arrive at the coast, our boys always refuse the rum invariably offered at the trading houses, where they dispose of their rubber, etc. At first, the clerks used to say, "Where do you fellows come from, that you refuse rum?" Now, those who know, say, "It's no use offering those Cisamba boys drink." So they get bread or salt, sometime a knife, instead—a much more profitable present, as their fellow carriers soon perceive.

The medical work at the station is also prospering. Our latest Portuguese patient was well enough to go home yesterday—after a most serious illness—severe hæmaturic fever, contracted at the coast. Dr. Currie spent two or three nights watching him. Scarcely hoping he would rally. He was a very patient young fellow, the only son of a widowed mother. He came to Africa to earn money for her and his sisters. We were thankful to have a copy of John's Gospel in his own language to put into his hands, with some illustrated papers. Several times he would take up the Gospel and seemed to read it with great interest.

The study served as a hospital ward in his case, for every available house was occupied with patients; four were slaves, or overseers, of various traders, one was brought at night, quite delirious. The Chief Cituamanga was also here under treatment; he and his numerous followers occupied two good sized houses. We need a hospital very badly. Mr. Currie would be able to do more if he did not have to go from one house to another (by no means adjacent) several times a day. (He is doctor and nurse.) The medical work is frequently the stepping-stone to higher things. Many of our young people, and many adherents among the chiefs, headmen, and women at the villages, first came here as patients.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a very welcome visitor not only to us, but to our young people. In the evenings, after supper, many of them delight to look at the illustrations, and often ask very interesting questions concerning them, for they cannot read English. Very sincerely yours,

AMY CURRIE.

A Policeman's Opinion.

In a recently published address, Dr. A. H. Quint tells an interesting incident of a policeman. The man was stationed at a crossing in Boylston street, Boston, Mass., and he had a busy time of it. The crossing is a narrow one, and the electric cars and other vehicles and the bicycles are apt to become congested at the busy spot. Dr. Quint often stopped on his way to his office to look at the policeman and admire his skill in disentangling obstructions. One day a boy with a big bundle of pasteboard boxes on his shoulder, tried to cross the street. A horse's nose touched the middle of the big pile and they fell out of the string that held them together and were scattered about the pavement. The boy was almost crying when the policeman went to him. Dr. Quint heard him speak kindly to the lad. He said: "Pick up your boxes and hold them together, and I will tie them up for you." This was done. "Is it a part of your work to help boys with bundles?" Dr. Quint asked the man after he had done the kindly deed and seen the boy safely over. "Ah, sir," said he, "we are all here to help each other." The minister nodded assent and went his way thinking how much trouble and sorrow would be relieved, and how much happier life would be if every one had the same opinion as to what we are here for.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Unchristian Critics.

WE often sit with amazement and hear people tear to pieces reputations that have been a quarter of a century forming. Men, and women, too, seize with avidity evil reports, and like maggots run in and out the carcasses of fallen character. Society becomes a [illegible] in which honorable names are strangulated and butchered. When a man begins to totter a little in his integrity or Christian principle, instead of gathering around to steady him, and keep him from complete prostration, we come out from our homes and our associations to put him flat down. Tale-bearers almost always deal in superlatives. If a man shows a little impatience, they say he was livid with rage. If he was seen taking a glass, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blowpipe of their exaggeration into the slightest inconsistency, and blow till the cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are hounds, good for nothing but a chase. When you hear evil of anyone, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defense. Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men would never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction. Perhaps the devil that inhabits you is avarice, a more respectable vice. You grind the faces of the poor. You have an infernal clutch for the throat of the unfortunate. There is no more mercy in your heart than there is grace in a lion's paw or a rattlesnake's tooth; and though your [illegible] so much of social opprobrium as the conduct of the [illegible] God [illegible] He [illegible] dered to another. You don't know what [illegible] have an infinite soul-force. If grace di- [illegible] influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been [illegible] member that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Instead of going about town slashing this man's bad temper and the other man's falsity, and this woman's hypocrisy and that one's indiscretion, go home with the Ten Commandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your own derelictions.

Our mode of deciding upon others will be the mode which others will employ in deciding upon us. A harsh man, with cast-iron criticisms, will some day meet cast-iron. You flay others, and others will flay you. Let one of these merciless critics of character, overcome by temptation, some day step a little out of the right path, and he will find himself in hailstorms of denunciation. You have not the entire monopoly of spikes and goads, and pincers. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." More than all, we ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought into high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy. You who are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations and listening to no appeals, what will become of you, when, at last, with all your imperfections, you appear at the bar of your Maker?

Another Chance.

I AM in the burnished Judgment Hall of the Last Day. A great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says: "I came from America, where forty years I heard the Gospel preached and the Bible read, and from the prayer learned in infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had Gospel advantage, but for some reason I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the Judge to give me a new trial and another chance."

"Strange," says the other, "I had but one Gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."

"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had feeblest intellect, to one who had great brain, and silvery tongue, and marvelous influence. The latter responds:

"Oh, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries, and had learned titles from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my soul and I am here waiting for a new trial."

"Strange," says the one of the feeble earthly capacity: "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ, and made him my partner, and I have no need of another chance."

Heavenly Messages.

EVERY Christian carries a dispatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfil your mission. You may have a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in your pockets; you forgot to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it!

A week-night meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it. Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week-nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he goes to the praying circle he must give up these things. The man who goes to the weekly service regularly through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle deep, will in the book of judgment find it set down to his credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good and the weather comfortable, and the services attractive, which and his health perfect. That service costs nothing God accounts as nothing.

If you are on a railroad train, and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent or it would not be brought there. Now if while we are rushing on in the whirl of every-day excitement, a message of God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

Last Wills.

HOW common, and yet how beautiful it is to see so many legacies left for humane and Christian institutions! But there have been last wills and testaments where bequests have been made to charities, as if to atone for the unscrupulous manner in which the estate has been gathered, the legacy left seemingly with the idea of compromising with the Lord, as much as to say: "Accept this bequest as an atonement for the wrong way in which I got my money and let me into heaven." It was that principle which moved a man who had never given a farthing in all his life to call in a minister and say to him: "I am going to die, and do you think if I give $10,000 to an orphan asylum it will take me into the next world in safety?" And the minister replied: "I cannot warrant that it will do so, but I think it is an experiment worth trying."

Happy Exit.

WHAT a rough time most of our public men seem to have! I told the late Martin Farquhar Tupper, the last time he was in this country, and disposed to complain of some things said and written in regard to him: "Why, we in America never think much of a man until we have rubbed him down with a crash towel." But Christian men do their work and go. This world is no place for a man to stay in when his work is done, and no one but the Lord knows when a man's earthly mission is fulfilled. Some get through their life's work at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, some at 6 o'clock, some at three and some at noon. Blessed are they who have done their work and have done it well, and are early dismissed into everlasting festivities.

Epidemic of Crime.

WHAT is the matter all over the country now? Some ascribe it to electric currents and some think the world's last day is approaching. My theory is that all this time Satan is on a special rampage and the powers of darkness are making a special assault. Assured as Apollyon is that his reign must end and the whole earth be brought under Christly sway, he wants to do all the damage he can before the dawn of that morning when there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all the earth. By prayer, or increased fidelity in all we are called to do, let us hasten the time when kindness and righteousness shall dominate and the earth become an echo of heaven.

BRIEF NOTES.

The fiftieth anniversary of the installat[ion] of Dr. R. S. Storrs as pastor of the Church of [the] Pilgrims, Brooklyn, is to be celebrated by ap[pro]priate services. The first meetings will be [held] Thursday, November 19, at 3.30 and 7.30 P.M., w[hen] Dr. Storrs will hold a reception in the Church.

The Missionary Review says that in [ten] years the Christians in the Northwest Province[s of] India have increased from 13,000 to 22,000, an[d in] Bengal from 112,000 to 189,000. Sir Charles Ell[iott,] Governor of Bengal, says: "The missionaries [are] filling up what is deficient in the efforts of [the] government."

During the past year the islanders of Kus[aie,] Micronesia, have built three new churches of native coral rock to take the place of those [de]stroyed by a hurricane five years ago. It requ[ired] the labor of all the natives on the island for sev[eral] weeks, and at the dedication service the people [at]tended in a body.

A prominent Dutch gentleman, who trav[elled] for years in the Dutch East Indies, speaks thu[s of] his approach to the village bordering on T[oba] Lake, where the missionaries had establi[shed] churches: "To be welcomed in the land of canni[bals] by children singing hymns, this, indeed, shows [the] regenerating power of the Gospel."

A missionary writes that, as in Tibet, [the] social order is somewhat reversed in Laos l[and.] The man leaves his home and family at marri[age] to go to his wife's, giving up all his property. [The] wife holds the home and lands in her own na[me.] The husband cannot lend an att (a Siamese [coin] worth one cent) without the wife's sanction.

The Czar of Russia has presented a l[arge] bell to the Church of St. John the Evangelis[t at] Chatellerault, France, a town noted for its fam[ous] rifle factory. A Russian order for half a mi[llion] rifles was recently executed there. The Czar's [gift] is in recognition of the service thus rendered t[o his] army. The bell bears the satirical inscrip[tion:] "Ring in peace and fraternity among the natic[ns."]

The Missionary Society of the Metho[dist] Episcopal Church reports the receipts for [the] month of September as $276,906, an advanc[e of] about $4,500 on those for the corresponding m[onth] of last year. The total receipts for the el[even] months were $1,039,802 against $957,579 for [the] corresponding period of the preceding year. [This] includes both domestic and foreign missions.

Evangelist Clement Palser, of London, [has] arrived in New York on an evangelistic tour. [He] is strongly recommended by some of the [most] eminent clergymen and laymen in England, [who] speak in the highest terms of the benefits [the] churches have derived from his Bible readings [and] preaching services. Letters addressed to hi[m at] this office will be forwarded.

Recent statistics as to the public libra[ries] of the United States show that Massachu[setts] ranks first with 212 free public libraries with a [total] of 2,700,000 volumes, or 1,233 volumes to every [1,000] of the State's population. New Hampshire c[omes] next with 42 libraries and 175,000 books, or 464 [vol]umes to every 1,000 of population. Illinois r[anks] third, having 42 libraries, or 130 volumes to 1000 of population.

A Convention of the Brotherhood [of] Andrew and Philip will be held in the first [Re]formed Church, Seventh ave. and Carroll [st.,] Brooklyn, N, Y., of which Rev. J. M. Farr[ar is] pastor. A large number of clergymen will at[tend] from this and other States. The convention wi[ll be] in session November 18 and 19, at 2 and 8 P.M. [The] organization is now in operation in sixteen e[van]gelical denominations.

In addition to the meetings being hel[d in] Cooper Union, New York, this month, Mr. M[eyer] will preach every Sunday afternoon at Car[negie] Music Hall, in West Fifty-seventh st., at [4] o'clock. Tickets entitling the holder to rese[rved] seats may be obtained at the rooms of the Ame[rican] Tract Society, 110 East Twenty-third st., o[r by] writing Mr. W. E. Lougee, 40 East Twenty-[third] st., and enclosing a stamped envelope.

The Evangelical Alliance of the U[nited] States has issued a call for the observance of [a] "Quiet Day," by the ministers of the va[rious] churches of the United States as a means of [pre]paration for the campaign of the coming winte[r. It] suggests that a day of conference and praye[r be] spent together by all the ministers in each [com]munity, and that that day be November 17 [and] that in the evening of the same day all the offi[cers] of all churches be invited to be present.

A college village has been established a[t St.] Anne, Ill., where students who are skilled in [farm] work are supporting themselves and gaining a[n ed]ucation. The students rise at four o'clock, [and] after breakfast and chapel, work on the land [till] noon. This is dinner hour, and after that the[y] study in classes until half-past five. Then sup[per,] recreation and private study until nine o'c[lock,] which is bed-time. The proceeds of the farm [be]long to the college, and are devoted to the b[oard] and education of the students.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Chris[tian] Endeavor Society, writes: "I am in Belfast[, the] great metropolis of Northern Ireland, where the [best] Christian Endeavor convention that Ireland [has] ever known, and one of the best I ever atte[nded] anywhere, is in progress. In London we atte[nded] a succession of great Christian Endeavor meet[ings] which you can imagine, but which I find it ha[rd to] describe. The welcome meeting in the Taber[nacle] (Spurgeon's) filled that magnificent auditoriu[m to] the topmost gallery; yet there had been no p[aid] advertising and not a line of notice in the pa[pers.] Mr. Meyer presided, and spoke most enthus[iastic] words for Christian Endeavor as a spiritual fo[rce."]

Recent letters from Mayesville, S. C., [re]port that the Trustees and Teachers of the I[ndus]trial Institute are greatly encouraged by the [con]tributions of the readers of this journal. We [are] not that they have determined that the new [build]ing shall be free of debt, its erection would [have] been commenced this Fall. About eight hun[dred] dollars are now needed to make the building [thoroughly] adapted to its purpose. The work [al]ready done by these noble, self-sacrificing co[lored] teachers, to give their poor brothers and sister[s an] education is beyond praise. The value of t[he] work and the need of the building are abunda[ntly] proved. Dr. Asa Blackburn, pastor of the Ch[urch] of the Strangers in New York, and Bishop [Der]rick, of the A. M. E. Church who know the dis[trict] well, commend the Institute in the strongest te[rms.] Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of this journal, [is a] member of the committee in charge of the fun[d.]

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

At Napoleon's Tomb.

DURING the recent visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia to Paris, there was one episode of historic significance. The young potentate and his suite went to the crypt in the Invalides, where the ly of the first Napoleon rests in its gnificent sarcophagus. This is one of most interesting sights in Paris, and Czar would not be likely to miss it. hen, in 1840, England gave up to France corpse of the great Emperor, the nch people reared for it one of the st magnificent mausoleums in the rld. Among the buildings known as Hotel Invalides, which were erected to lter the aged and invalided soldiers of nce, the stately edifice rears its head. s a square structure, surmounted by a er of twelve windows, over which is a y dome ornamented with beautiful re- s and resplendent with gilding. Above tomb is a lantern, and over this a deli- spire and a cross. Within, are chapels rned with statues, frescoes, and paint- . In the centre, under the dome, the y of the dreaded warrior lies in its e stone coffin. This is a single block ranite, brought from Finland at a cost wenty-eight thousand dollars. It is teen feet long, over six feet wide and rteen and a half high, and weighs y-seven tons. The pavement on which ests is a symbolical mosaic. In a circle und the sarcophagus is a band bearing names of Napoleon's victories, and Czar would notice Moscow among n. Outside this band is a wreath of els surrounded with rays. From the ery above, from which the ordinary tor looks down on the sarcophagus, the e is indescribably solemn and sugges- . At the entrance are caskets contain- the remains of two of Napoleon's most inguished and faithful generals, and in ds around the crypt are flags and hies won in Napoleon's battles. long these scenes the young Emperor Russia was taken to look on the coffin he enemy of his nation. It would be if every monarch in the world went e, if he would learn from the spectacle lessons it teaches. Napoleon with all genius and his mighty power, having le his name a terror in the world, shed miserably in prison, and of all the quests he won, his country retains cely anything. His career is an object on to every monarch who is tempted mbition to disregard the warning of Bible:

that leadeth into captivity shall go into cap- : he that killeth with the sword must be l with the sword. (Rev. 13: 10.)

Furniture Destroyed by Ants.

he Washington Government has suf- d a trivial loss in a foreign land for h it can get no compensation. Our sul at Amoy, China, being directed to e an inventory of the furniture in the sulate was obliged to admit that it was tically worthless. The only article, ays, that he can report as being in an amaged condition is the iron safe. ry wooden article is the prey of white . This pest, he says, is no larger than e needle when it enters the wood, but rives and grows until it becomes five s as large as the garden ant. By that it has eaten its way deep into the ar- of furniture it has attacked and it begins to eat its way outward. When erges it makes a hole a quarter of an in diameter. It leaves the wood a honeycomb. Millions of the crea- s are in the consulate. Chairs, tables, bookcases, racks, doors, windows, and the ing have been eaten away and have collapsed without warning and have had to be replaced. The consul says he knows the ants are busy inside a dozen articles of furniture in the house which show no signs of the coming collapse, but he can do nothing to prevent their ravages and must patiently wait the end of them. Happily we have no such pest in this country, but we have many examples of similar ravages in moral character. Many a man, whose character, like the furniture in the consulate, has seemed to be solid and substantial, has by its sudden collapse showed that it must have long been a hollow mockery, undermined by secret sin.

Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. (Matt. 23:27.)

A Marriage in a Hospital.

The spectacles in a hospital-ward are not all associated with pain and suffering and death. An official in a hospital at Elizabeth, N. J., describes a marriage ceremony which took place in the accident ward of that institution. One of the city pastors visited the ward by request, and was conducted to the bedside of a patient who had broken his leg. Two ladies were there, and the pastor had been sent for to marry the patient to one of them. The other acted as bridesmaid, and the house-surgeon performed the duties of best man. The patients in the other beds raised themselves to look at the interesting scene. The simple service was soon performed, and the usual congratulations being tendered, the group separated, the newly made wife alone remaining to minister to her injured husband. On being asked for an explanation of the ceremony taking place there, the bride said that she and the patient had been engaged for some time and had fixed on that day for the ceremony. The fact of the bridegroom having met with a misfortune did not appear to them a sufficient reason for delaying the ceremony. Indeed, it was an additional reason for celebrating the marriage, as the man would be benefited by a wife's attentions. It was a charming explanation, and one which shows that the bridegroom is entitled to congratulation. We can but wish that people who have promised to give themselves to Christ were always like-minded, and did not permit unforeseen circumstances to prevent the fulfilment of their promise, and especially that they recognized an opportunity for service as a reason for making the surrender. Too often the conduct of the guests in our Lord's parable is the rule.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. (Luke 14: 18.)

Testing Moral Strength.

A saloon keeper at Tampa, Ga., was behind his bar one day when a miserable looking man entered, and telling a deplorable story of want and suffering, begged for relief. The saloon keeper was no stranger to the signs on the man's face, and he preceived that his real trouble was protracted dissipation. "If I give you money," he said, "you would go and get drunk with it." The man protested vehemently. "Well," said the saloon keeper, "I will try you. I will lock you in that room with a glass of whiskey and a five-dollar bill. If, at the end of an hour, you have not drunk the whiskey you shall have the money." The tramp's eyes glistened at the sight of the bill, and he readily agreed. Ten minutes after he had entered the room he clamored to be released. He had drunk the whiskey. Although he could have gained five dollars by one hour's abstinence, he was unable to resist his craving. So, men will commit sin, though they are assured on the highest authority that through indulgence they will lose their souls.

I tell you before, as I have told you in times past, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. (Gal. 5: 21.)

How Electricity is Measured.

The mystery about the system by which the electric light companies learn how much electricity is used by their customers, was explained, in the course of a trial in a Brooklyn court, soon after the meters were introduced. The company had charged the customer a larger sum than he considered he ought to pay, and they sued him for the amount. The manager of the company said that it was impossible there could be any mistake to the disadvantage of the customer, as the meter could not register more than was used. The instrument consisted of two discs of metal suspended in a jar of acid. They are connected with wires in such a way that when the current passes through them, one piece is decomposed, and the other gains the particles of metal detached from its companion. The electricity supplied to the customer must pass through the jar, and the process of disintegration and accumulation goes on only during the time that the electric current is turned on. At certain intervals the two pieces of metal are taken out and weighed, and the difference in the weight of each indicates how long they have been subjected to the action of the electricity, and consequently how long the lights in the house have been kept burning. The same result might be reached from the weight of either piece of metal, but is made absolutely certain when both are weighed. An analogous principle applied to the two natures that every man possesses, would reveal the extent to which the Christian's light had been kept burning. While it shines, his higher nature gains in strength and purity, while his lower nature loses its power.

If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live. (Rom. 8: 13.)

To Generate Its Own Light.

A novel invention for lighting railroad cars has been submitted to a number of railroad magnates. A car which was fitted up with incandescent electric lamps was attached to a train. At the rear of the car was a closet in which an electric generator was placed, connected with the axles of the car as to obtain an armature speed of twelve hundred revolutions a minute. The generator was in connection with secondary batteries under the car, which fed the twenty incandescent lamps. The experiment was a complete success. It needs now only the perfection of the storage arrangements, which will keep the lamps alight in the interval between the stopping and the starting of the car. So long as the car is running, the same power that gives it motion gives it light. The economy of the device will probably soon bring it into general use. It has long been known that an analogous principle operated in the spiritual world. Those of God's children who were most active in his service have always been those who have enjoyed the most spiritual light; and both light and power have come from the same divine source. Christ's promise always holds good:

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (John 8: 22.)

An Aristocratic Foundling.

The sergeant in charge of Police Headquarters in New York, some time ago, was astonished to see a policeman bring in a handsomely dressed babe. He reported that a man had stumbled over it in a hallway an hour or two earlier in the evening and handed it to him, as he did not know to whom it belonged. The child was a boy, apparently two or three weeks old. He was exquisitely dressed in the finest linen and wore a robe liberally adorned with flounces and lace. The person who had left him in the hallway had taken care to wrap him up warmly in flannels and place him where he would surely be seen. He was taken to the matron's room, after the record of his being found had been entered in the sergeant's book. As there was no clue to his name, he was recorded simply as No. 62, he being the sixty-second child who has been found in the year under similar circumstances. No. 61, also a boy, had been found the previous night, and was still in the matron's care. He was insufficiently clad when found, and what clothing he had on him was of the commonest quality. He was evidently the child of poor parents, while the newcomer must have belonged to persons of means. Both were sent together to the Island to become wards of the city, and both will receive the same treatment. The little aristocrat will have no advantage from his having worn expensive clothes in his infancy. The wealthy and aristocratic sometimes forget that as the city treated the two children, so all men are treated when they stand before God:

Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. (Acts 10: 34.)

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Gilfeathers.

IT is never pleasant to visit the Gilfeathers," said my cousin Louise, pinning on her veil with a sigh. She was going to make church calls and the Gilfeathers were on her list.

"They have a pretty house and well-behaved children," she added, "but Mrs. Gilfeather is so afraid that you will bring in a speck of dust, or displace an article of furniture that she makes you extremely uncomfortable, and as for living at the Gilfeathers', it is enough to wear me out. Robert is my cousin, and I know what I am talking about. Well, dear, if you are ready, come along."

Louise Rodney is my cousin, and Bob Gilfeather is her's, but the Gilfeathers are no kin to me. When we entered the beautifully appointed drawing room that day, so spotlessly and aggressively clean, so shining with good order and neatness, I thought anybody might be happy there. But the lady of the house entered with a frown upon her brow, and several times during our conversation she interrupted the talk in the middle of a sentence to raise or lower a blind, to brush an invisible bit of fluff from the back of a chair, or to wipe a spot from a mirror. Louise displaced a book on the table from its precise angle, and Mrs. Gilfeather nervously arose and readjusted it. By-and-by her husband came home and welcomed us with cordial geniality, but he had scarcely taken his seat before his wife exclaimed:

"Robert, dear, where have you been with those boots? They are covered with mud, and you are tracking it in on the carpet. Pray excuse yourself and go and change them."

Mr. Gilfeather rose ruefully.

"I guess I'll say good afternoon," he blurted out. "When I was at home with the folks, Louise, my mother and sisters thought me a pretty neat sort of a fellow, but Mary is completely worn out with me."

"Now," remarked Mrs. Gilfeather, "Bob's gone off hurt, and he'll have nothing to say for the rest of the day, yet it was a very reasonable request I made of him. I try and try to keep the house decently, but I have a fight over it, and sometimes I am ready to give it up and sink into the dirt. Why, I never enjoy one moment. At family worship I am possessed to discover something wrong, and if I do, I hear nothing more, but am just in a flurry till Robert gets to Amen. And in church I see cobwebs above me and lint below—but then, I'm not responsible for the church housekeeping, and I'm thankful for it."

We came away.

Louise said, sadly:

"Mary Gilfeather reminds me of the [illegible] in the Pilgrim's Progress. I'm sorry for her. I'm sorry [illegible] their family peace on the reefs of fiendish order and system. There are order and [illegible] in their effects are almost diabolical."

[illegible] which keeps a house always looking as if [illegible] on, "have to play softly, so that they [illegible] taken to the street, and I have seen him [illegible]

reaction. And you heard what Mr. Gilfeather said."

"I heard what his poor wife said," I answered. "That her idol of domestic nicety should come between herself and the Lord, in the very hour of prayer, is a most pitiful thing. But, Louise, do we not all, more or less, allow our earthly pursuits and ambitions to come between us and heaven. Who are we that we should cast a stone at our sister? If we were more careful about the toilette of the soul, if we kept ever in mind that here we have no continuing city, how much more beautiful and tranquil would our lives be. No, dear, I will not too harshly censure poor Mrs. Gilfeather."

Days passed by. I was not surprised one sultry summer afternoon to hear that my friend Mrs. Gilfeather was very ill, and a trained nurse installed.

"What is the matter?" I asked, anxiously.

"A low fever, brought on by too much housework, and too much worry over trifles," Louise Rodney answered. "She has been on the edge of nervous prostration for some weeks, and now Robert says that when his wife is better, he fears that they may have to break up their home, send the children to boarding school, and go to a hotel themselves."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

An Enemy Changed.

As is well known, nearly every outbreak of persecution of the missionaries in China is preceded by the appearance of scurrilous posters on the walls. Dr. Griffith John, of Hankow, the famous missionary, who has been seeking the origin of these posters, and has traced them to a man named Chou Han, now publishes an interesting statement in regard to this man. He was proved by Dr. John to be the author of many of the most violent and obscene attacks on foreigners and on the Christian religion, which incited the mob to outrages on Europeans. The foreign Ministers in Pekin demanded his arrest and trial, and after a long interval the Chinese authorities reported that he was insane, and he was accordingly released. Dr. John now reports that two native Christians, who went into Hunan preaching and selling books, entered Changsha, and there got into communication with Teng, who was one of the chief printers and publishers of Chou Han's writings. Teng stated to his visitors that Chou Han had greatly changed of late, that he was now studying Christian books, and had renounced Spiritualism and his former anti-foreign associates. He would like to visit Hankow, and there inquire of the missionaries concerning Christianity, but was afraid that he would be seized for his past misdeeds. Dr. John has written, inviting both Chou Han and Teng to visit Hankow and study Christianity for themselves.

There is greater significance in this news than would be recognized by people not familiar with Chinese customs. There is no one the missionaries have so much reason to dread as the men who produce and circulate the posters. The massacres which have horrified the world, like that at Kucheng last year, are generally the result of these posters. They are prepared with the design of inflaming popular passion against the missionaries. Usually they play upon Chinese fears and [illegible] that the medicine foreigners dispense is [illegible] and that Chinese parents must take care of their children, otherwise the foreigner will steal them to replenish his stock of drugs. These ghastly falsehoods find ready credence among the lower classes of Chinamen. That men thus deliberately exciting passions that may be murderous should be inquiring about Christianity is indeed a triumph of grace.

King Leopold will Investigate.

The Slave Horrors and Barbarities of Congo State Officials to be Fully Looked Into—Cruelty that Almost Surpasses Belief.

LEOPOLD, King of the Belgians, has been aroused to the necessity of investigating the startling charges made against the Congo State officials, who are accused of cruelties in connection with the slave trade of the Upper Congo. Few stories of slavery are more appalling than that given below, which is taken from the official report of Mr. Alfred Parminter on the slave traffic of the Upper Congo. Grave charges of cruelty had already been made against certain officers of the Belgian government, and concerning these Mr. Parminter says:

"I am sorry to say that notwithstanding denials from State officials on the spot from Brussels, they are, as a whole, only too true. Since 1884 the condition of the natives has gone from bad to worse, and the reasons are not far to seek. They are: (1), the absolute inexperience of most of the officers; (2), the impossibility of checking their actions from headquarters. For the most part officers arrive straight from Belgian towns. They have probably never been outside their own country before; and on being suddenly thrust with almost unlimited power among conditions that are strange, dangerous, unhealthy and depressing, it is no wonder that they lose their heads and adopt their own means of obtaining rapid promotion and wealth, in order the sooner to return to Europe. Hence the endless cases of brutality that occur. These are denied officially, but I will mention one or two cases which came [illegible] my immediate notice. Take, for instance, the unchallenged stories of cutting off hands and ears. On one occasion at Bopoto, having dined with Lieutenant Blochteur, whose steamer was moored with mine alongside the quay, I was smoking with him on the bank; it was late [illegible] the evening, when suddenly a force of [illegible] troops returned from an expedition on which he had sent them in the morning. The sergeant held up triumphantly a number of ears fastened together on a string, and brought with him some half a dozen native prisoners. No white officer had been with these soldiers, and they were praised for their success, and ordered to go next day to capture the ch[illegible]. In some cases this kind of thing goes [illegible] in the presence of the State officers; [illegible] very often they are not on the scene; th[illegible] have gone off to lunch, or are on th[illegible] steamers dining, while the soldiers pl[illegible] der, ravage, or murder to their heart's c[illegible] tent. My agent (a Belgian) at our stat[illegible] of Iringi, told me that during the op[illegible] tions in that village, the officer in comm[illegible] (Lieutenant De Keyser) was actually lur[illegible] ing at an adjacent Dutch factory while [illegible] troops were raiding right and left. A [illegible] this raid the old chief came to my ag[illegible] and showed him the mutilated body of [illegible] daughter, whose feet had actually b[illegible] hacked off so that the soldiers might [illegible] tain the heavy brass anklets she wore, [illegible] which were worth a few pence. On [illegible] return the girl's grave was opened, an[illegible] saw for myself what had taken place.

"On voyage once, in July, 1895, fr[illegible] Equator Station to Bangala, I met a car[illegible] in charge of a native sergeant of the *f[illegible] publique*, returning to Coquilhatville. T[illegible] encamped for the night close to us. [illegible] sergeant told me that the natives of the [illegible] age on the opposite bank to where we w[illegible] then encamped had not furnished their [illegible] per tribute of rubber, but that he had f[illegible] made up for it. He then showed m[illegible] gruesome little native cloth bag filled w[illegible] some half-dozen hands of negroes. Wh[illegible] ever these native soldiers make war u[illegible] a village they scarcely by any chance [illegible] able-bodied men—almost always old m[illegible] women, and children; very frequently [illegible] white officer, who, as I have said, m[illegible] often than not keeps judiciously in [illegible] background, comes up after the fight [illegible] utters not a word of reprimand to his m[illegible] when he sees the hacked bodies of wor[illegible] and children lying about the raided [illegible] age.

"One of the most horrible instances [illegible] cruelty that ever came to my knowle[illegible] occurred in the district of Quelie. A l[illegible] gian officer, a lieutenant, had been [illegible] spatched with a force of men to a vill[illegible] to capture the chief, who had been gu[illegible] of some fault against the governm[illegible] The force arrived in the village, but c[illegible] found it apparently deserted; in rummag[illegible] in the huts for plunder, however, t[illegible] came upon two women, mother and dau[illegible] ter, who had not had time to get aw[illegible] owing to the mother being ill; they w[illegible] brought up before the officer in comma[illegible] who demanded of them where their c[illegible] was in hiding. The women either [illegible] not know or would not tell. The off[illegible] could only get the same answer from th[illegible] after repeated inquiries, and finally [illegible] his temper. He ordered them to be [illegible] cured, and laid out on the ground, wh[illegible] they were held down by eight of [illegible] strongest men, and a stalwart officer t[illegible] proceeded to administer fifty strokes [illegible] 'chickotte' to each. The 'chickotte' [illegible] strip of dried hippopotamus hide, ab[illegible] five feet long, and an inch wide at the l[illegible] end, tapering down to a thin, cruel la[illegible] After fifty lashes had been administe[illegible] the lieutenant again asked them for in[illegible] mation as to the whereabouts of the ch[illegible] only to receive the same answer. [illegible] flogging continued until each had recei[illegible] two hundred lashes. Finally, this Belg[illegible] officer ordered his men to cut off [illegible] breasts of the women, and then left th[illegible] to die where they lay.

"These are instances of the kind [illegible] warfare that is waged against the Co[illegible] people, and is at the bottom of the [illegible] settled condition of the State. High St[illegible] officials can scarcely be blamed; they [illegible] what they can to improve matters, bu[illegible] is impossible to deal with this sort [illegible] thing from Boma. What control [illegible] possibly be had on the actions of he[illegible] strong young officers several wee[illegible] journey distant? Belgian officials [illegible] receive so much per head for sla[illegible] whom they send down to the differ[illegible] training camps. I have often s[illegible] the slave steamer coming down the r[illegible] packed with slaves—State men call th[illegible] *liberes*—sitting on deck in rows, with[illegible] a spare inch to move in, and at nig[illegible] when the steamer stops, chased ashore [illegible] to the bush to find shelter as they m[illegible] I have often seen the poor wretches [illegible] dled together in groups around trunks [illegible] trees, trying to shelter themselves fr[illegible] the pelting rain of a tropical torna[illegible] Many who go ashore in the evening n[illegible] come aboard again in the morn[illegible] Numbed with cold and chattering w[illegible] fever, too ill to crawl on board, they [illegible] left to die there in the forest."

A NATIVE PATH IN A CONGO FOREST.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Roumania's Peasant People.

A Picturesque Country with Many Old-time Customs—Homes of the Roumanians.

F the many picturesque countries of Europe, there are few more interesting or romantic than the comparatively new kingdom of Roumania, which lies between e Carpathian Mountains in Southeast urope, the Black Sea, and the beautiful lue Danube. The accompanying illustra- n pictures two Roumanian peasant rls resting by the country roadside ter a day in the fields. Their faces are imated, and they appear in the national ess of the peasant which, like the type people it represents, is a composite of e several characteristics of the Latin, lavonic and Romani races, from which e Roumanian has sprung, and by which is surounded to-day. The "Vlachs" or oumanians have a strong belief in their oman origin and ancestry, but while ere seems to be no absolute ground for e belief, their features do bear traces of oman characteristics, especially those ho live in the Carpathian valleys. They e often short and dark in appearance, d some show features more sharply cut an others. Taken as a whole the Rou- anian peasantry are a picturesque people manner, dress, and language. They are so good-humored, frugal, cleanly, and ber, despite their wretched homes and vellings, made of thatched roofs, covered th grass, and insufficiently constructed. urder and larceny among the Roman- peasantry are things unknown. They cel as builders and artisans, and show tural capacity for trade and manufac- re. They also make good soldiers, and ch Roumanian from 26 to 46 years of e is compelled to serve his time in some anch of the army.

As in manner, appearance, and dress, so the Romance language and literature, ere are evidences of Latin and Slavonic fluence. All the old traditions assert emselves in the customs, folk-lore, and guage of the Roumanian. Although e actual vocabulary of the Romance guage is only about one-fifth Latin, yet rds in common use are all from the tin. Such words as those connected th the home, heart, and affection, wever—as mother, love, etc.—are of avonic origin. The black soil of ssia, which entrenches upon the fair main of Roumania, and the proximity her cold, bitter winds, which annually eep through the country, have their ect and influence upon the customs, nes, and even dress of the Roumanians. e strongest influence brought to bear on them, in fact, is that of the Russian d Slav peoples by whom they are sur- nded.

ome idea of the religious status and lief of the Roumanians may be formed m the fact that out of the five million ple living in the two principalities of kingdom, Moldavia and Wallachia, r million belong to the Roumanian nch of the Orthodox Greek Church. ere are only 13,800 Protestants in all umania. Against 18,452 priests, monks, d nuns, however, there are 684,168 agri- turalists and 83,061 artisans and laborers. e educational status is also fairly good. charest and Jassey, the two largest es, and capitals, showing two universi- . There is also a woman's college, ed Asyle Helene after the founder, ncess Helena Cuza, which accommo- es 230 girls, many of whom are orphans. e Academy at Bucharest has a national ary of over 30,000 volumes, and a fine hæological museum.

Of the estimated population of 5,376,000, 000 are Jews, and 200,000 Gypsies. umanians seldom eat meat except on st days, their favorite food being a l of maize meal and salt. Vegetables. ie, and fruits are produced on the foot- s of the Carpathians, and plums are tivated to a large extent. The rearing of domestic animals is also one of the chief industries, sheep and cattle raising being extensively carried on. Buffaloes and oxen take the place of horses in the fields.

While the people of the dreary lowlands are subjected to marsh fever, those who live on high ground are prosperous and comparatively free from disease and discomforts. Roumania is thickly covered with forests, and the higher elevations, rising to a height of 6,000 or 8,000 feet, are crowned by pines, firs, larches, and beeches. Even the plains are more than one thousand feet above sea level. Ground improves farther inland, and there are sections where vines, plums, peaches, and Southern fruits grow in profusion. The plain to the left of the Danube is, however, dreary and unproductive, subject to inundations, and with large areas covered by coarse grass alone.

The climate of Roumania is very trying. Spring exists only in name, and the terrible icy Russian wind, or *crivets*, blows 155 days in the year. Another wind from the south, scorching in its heat, torments the people 126 days of the year. Snow is nearly always present in winter, and autumn, the longest period, is the only enjoyable season, usually lasting to the end of November.

PEASANT VILLAGE GIRLS OF ROUMANIA.

* * *

Canada's Motherless Girls.

In our Canadian cities and towns, says a writer in the Toronto *Sunday School Era*, there are many girls who are practically motherless, and homeless save for the four walls of their boarding room. There is a tremendous responsibility resting upon the teachers of such girls—a responsibility that reaches beyond the Sunday afternoon class, and involves the opening up to them of Christian homes where they shall find loving counsel and helpful and healthful companionship. One of earth's most pitiable sights is a woman child alone in a great city that has no time to think of her, no glance to give her, no ear to lend to her sob. It becomes the old, old story too soon, of love, trust, desertion, and then—why then, the mad delirium of a suicide's death. This is not romance, dear reader—would that it were. In our cities such stories are as common, and too often as little noticed as the dust we tread underneath our feet. Death comes and brushes such dust away, but it gathers again on the morrow.

* * *

The Beggar's Knock.

Beggars have a characteristic knock. This man with a printed certificate that he was blown up with Vesuvius, and drowned in the Mississippi, and afterward killed on the railroad, and considerably injured in other respects, comes against your basement door with an emphasis indescribable. He feels that you have what belongs to him. His knuckles are hard by much practice. When he strikes your door, it means, "Stand and deliver!" but some night, about ten o'clock, you hear something at the basement. It is a cold night, and you think it is only the wind rattling the shutters; but after a while you hear it again—a faint tap, as though it were not made with the knuckle, but the nail of the little finger. You open the door, and before a word is returned, you read in her face: "No fire! No bread for the children? No coverlets to keep them warm! No hope!" She had been at a dozen doors before, but had knocked so softly there was no response. She did not dare to touch the bell lest it might with garrulous tongue tell all her woe.

Is any one watching that woman in the thin shawl? Did any ear listen to the craunch of that woman's foot in the crisp snow? When she struck the nail of her little finger against the cold basement door, was the stroke drowned by the night wind? No! It sounded farther than the heavy bang of the sturdy beggar—louder than the clang of forge, or pounding of gauntleted fist of warrior at castle gate. Against the very door of heaven it struck, and sounded through the long, deep corridors of Infinite pity. "Rip—rap! Rip—rap! Rip—rap!"

IN HIM WE LIVE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distrust of souls since
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that thou art good.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

—WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

* * *

Children's Songs.

IN all homes, whether the children attend a kindergarten or not (writes Miss Katherine Beebe, a famous kindergartner), the beautiful song books of these latter days should be in use. Mother and children should sing together, the children should be taught to sing for others, and where it is possible, the song-story should be acted out in a play spirit. These song books furnish music for almost every occasion in child-life, and songs learned by the children can be used in a way that will make life happier for all who hear them. No kindergartner needs to say that she disapproves unqualifiedly of showing children off. Mothers still do this to their own and the children's undoing, and the songs and plays of the kindergarten seem to furnish added temptation to these fond and foolish parents to go on with the process of brushing off the bloom of childish unconsciousness. But children can sing for others without being shown off. Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter songs can be sung on the occasions for father. Groups of neighborhood children can give little serenades and concerts to friends and neighbors judicious enough to listen respectfully and comment sensibly. What invalid or convalescent would not rejoice to hear songs sung by happy children's voices? What family festival would not be sweeter for the childish songs which voice the soul of the occasion? There are homes where the mother or father, or both, can and will take the time to sing with the children, to teach them the beautiful songs which are so many that the teacher can only use a fraction of them, to learn the songs which they sing in school or kindergarten, and so to have in their home music for the children as well as for themselves.

With any or all of these books many a happy evening hour can be passed and many a profitable Sunday afternoon, for the devotional songs in these collections are *good music*, which is more than can be said of most Sunday School melodies.

* * *

Impromptu Housekeeping.

In a leter from Marseilles, Miss Frances E. Willard thus describes her housekeeping experience in caring for the Armenian refugees: "The chief of the police gave Lady Henry and myself leave to go backwards and forwards and even to set up a kitchen. Then came six hours of feverish activity. The Armenians were delighted to have something to do. They cleaned uninhabited rooms on the ground floor that were filled for twenty years with plaster and other rubbish. A large room was called the refectory and another the kitchen. Lady Henry hired for forty francs for a month a stove, cauldrons, etc. I bought five dozen mugs, as many plates, and badly needed miscellaneous articles. The whole cost thirty-one francs. In the evening, to the delight of all, the stove was in working order, and one hundred and fifty Armenians each received a pound of bread, an onion, a capsicum, salt and a few olives. A responsible manager was appointed out of the number, and a cook. Lady Henry bought herself all the provisions and did her marketing. She spared herself no trouble. The food she gave seemed a miracle, and if it had come down straight from heaven could not have given rise to more religious thankfulness."

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A Reader of this journal in New York City, who does not give his name, sends us a clipping from some unidentified publication, which inquires about the disposition of the $50,- [illegible] by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for Armenian relief purposes. It is evident that the writer of the paragraph in question is not familiar with our relief work. Of the money raised, $15,000 was cabled to Van, where Dr. Kimball and her associates, American Board Missionaries, used it to the best advantage. $1,000 to Rev. Dr. Cochrane, American Missionary at Urumiah, Persia, for aiding refugees. $30,000 cabled through the A. B. C. F. M. in New York, to these sixteen relief stations in Armenia: Erzeroom, Erzingian, Harpoot, Diarbekir, Mardin, Gemarek, Aintab, Sivas, Arabkir, Oorfa, Malatia, Palu, Marash, Gurun, Hodjin, Cesarea. $1,000 per week is now being forwarded from the Fund to the neediest points in Armenia, through the A. B. C. F. M. Besides the above, $1,000 was sent to Miss Frances E. Willard for work among the refugees at Marseilles, making a total outlay of $46,000 up to date, and extending over a period of nearly ten months. The balance of $6,000 is now being remitted at the rate of $1,000 per week to the neediest places as above stated, and before the end of the year the Armenian Relief Fund will have been fully expended.

Ralph M., Plainfield, N. J. Is it possible to harmonize the two genealogies of Christ given respectively by Matthew and Luke?

Many efforts have been made to do so and several hypotheses have been suggested which are reasonable. The one that commends itself to the largest number of scholars is that of the able scholar, Dr. Barrett, who contends that Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph and Luke that of Mary. The husband and wife belonging to the same tribe would naturally have in their genealogical lines some ancestors common to both. After a great deal of research, he discovered that the Jews had a habit in tracing the female line, of speaking of a woman's husband, as the son of her father, when really he was the son-in-law. Thus Luke speaks of Heli as the father of Joseph, when he was Mary's father and Joseph's father-in-law. If that theory is correct, Jesus could trace his genealogy through Mary to David and Abraham. That there was no flaw in it we may be sure, otherwise the Jews would surely have pointed it out when his Messiahship was claimed. It is matter of history that this question was never raised during his life or for a hundred years after his death.

Minnie F., Walla-Walla, Wash. 1. Have we au- [illegible] two brothers and his answer. John 17 : 9, and in fact the whole chapter reads as though the true followers of the Saviour will have no de- [illegible] I could multiply such references, but fear I have already written too much.

2. The Christian, above all others, has a [illegible] to make politics what it ought to be, viz., the [illegible] lege to have a voice in the selection of our rulers and to be able to place in positions of trust and influence men of Christian character [illegible] America would act as a unit on all questions that affect public morality and public welfare, and for the elimination of every vicious element from public affairs, politics would soon be purified. Such a reform would be a step [illegible]

E. H. [illegible] last degree, to lift the veil from your past life for the sole purpose of embarrassing you after [illegible]

Lorin S. St. J., St. Louis, Mo. Where was the Garden of Eden supposed to have been situated?

In Armenia, near the Euphrates. Legend, tradition, and Scripture point to that as the location, and geographers and scientists are almost united in the belief that it was the cradle of the human race.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. What must a person whose greatest fault is selfishness do to overcome it?

Cultivate generous impulses, and embrace every chance to do generous deeds. You will not lack opportunity if you watch for it. Try to both feel and act kindly, and to anticipate the wants of others. If you are a member of the Epworth League or King's Daughters, take an active part in all missions of benevolence and charity. For the rest, pray God to help you to overcome your selfishness, and [illegible]

J. L. O., Ocean Grove, N. J. Is it right for a Christ- [illegible] to parties on Sunday to take pleasure rides and go visiting?

We are somewhat surprised that it should [illegible] No Christian would knowingly lend his prop- [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

M. E., Everett, Va. I am trying to bring my little children up to love the Lord, reverence the Bible, and be dutiful in saying their prayers. I tell them what I think their little minds can comprehend. I haven't tried to frighten them into obedience, by telling of the punishment of hell. I want them to serve the Lord through love. Am I right? The oldest is nine years old. Is she old enough to become convicted of sin and seek forgiveness of the Lord? Should I teach her this?

The earlier a child is made to understand the simple and beautiful story of Christ's incarnation and sacrifice for a sinful world, the better. Children readily grasp all the essentials of the Gospel story. Love will draw them; it is not necessary to frighten them into the kingdom. A child of nine is not too young to learn to love Christ, and to accept him as her Redeemer.

THE FAMOUS "GOLDEN GATE" OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

This Gate is the principal entrance to the "Seven Towers." Over it is carved the imperial Turkish monogram. It was the Gate by which the Greek and Roman Emperors entered after triumphant battles. In 1453 after the city was captured by the Turks, Mohammed II. walled up the Gate and issued a proclamation in which he declared that no Christian Emperor should ever enter Constantinople as victor thereafter.

much as possible. Join in the conversation, though you may be able to contribute very little to it, and strive by every means to overcome the disposition to reticence and silence. Read interesting books on recent topics, and store your mind with good material for conversation. An excellent help is to join a debating club.

Subscriber, Wabash, Ind. What is meant by the "Holy War?"

The "Jehad," or Holy War, is declared by the Sheik-ul-Islam, the head of the Mohammedan religion, who can summon the Moslems all over the world to defend the standard of the Prophet.

Samuel S., Dayton, O. Do you think it is right for a Christian to make a practice of spending the Sabbath at home reading sermons instead of going to church?

A true Christian will not neglect the appointed ordinances of religion, and if church be available, he will go there to worship, no matter how simple the service. For a healthy man or woman, professing Christianity, to remain at home Sundays instead of going to church to publicly join with others in divine worship, is seemingly without excuse. Sermon-reading is a poor substitute for the audible Word, and may be a mere pretext for indulging laziness.

Inquirer. If persons marry without caring for each other except in friendship, are they guilty of breaking the Seventh Commandment?

Such loveless unions as you describe are a desecration of the divinely ordained rite of marriage and a mockery of happiness; yet it is possible to maintain such a relation throughout a long life with a show of dignity and respect. Such marriages, though they cannot be characterized as violations of the Commandment, are usually unhappy ones, and result in the wrecking of two lives that might otherwise have been useful and beautiful.

J. F. W., Edison Park. Can I subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD now and get the Premium Library for 1897, or must I wait until New Year?

You can subscribe now, and as the libraries are now ready, there will be no delay in sending your premium.

Subscriber, Zanesville, O. What is the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost mentioned in Luke [illegible]

Many volumes have been written on the subject without any sure result being reached. The opinion generally accepted now is that it consisted in attributing to Satanic influence the works and wonders worked by Jesus through the power of the Holy Spirit. Whether it may be committed in these times is doubtful. The nearest approach to it is perhaps in [illegible] at conversion, and in saying that the converted person is under the influence of Satan.

J. D. H., York, Pa. Are the Armenians connected in any way with the Roman Catholic Church or strictly Protestant?

They are under the ecclesiastical rule of the National Armenian Church (Gregorian), which is allied in creed and form of worship with the Russo-Greek Church. They are n Catholics. Many are avowedly Protesta and members of Protestant congregations.

T. G. Stauffer, Pittsburg, Pa. Will you plea state: 1. Total number of Armenians mas cred? 2. Total value of property destroye 3. Number of people left destitute? 4. Amou of money contributed by America? 5. Amou of money contributed by other countrie 6. Number of missionaries employed?

1. Estimated between 50,000 and 100,0 2. Reaches into the millions. 3. Estimat 275,000. 4. About 200,000 from all sour 5. No data at hand. 6. Upwards of 100 m and women.

W. B., New York City. How can a young m secure a cadetship at West Point?

Write to the Congressman of your distri for information.

A. J. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. Please inform n through your inquiry column, whether Jes had any brothers or sisters.

See Matt. 12: 46; John 2: 12; John 7: 3, 10; Acts 1: 14; 1. Cor. 9: 5: Matt. 13: 5 Mark 6: 3; and other passages.

W. W., Chicago, Ill. I love THE CHRISTI HERALD, and will not be without it. Ca get the paper and the Premium Library a other way than to send $3.00?

We have on hand several sets of CHRISTI HERALD Library No. 1 (ten volumes in cas which we will forward at $2 per set to any dress, expressage prepaid by us.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. I believe God has cal me to the ministry, but my father being de my mother and sister are dependent on earnings, ought I to resign my position and to college?

We would not advise you to do so with knowing your reasons for believi you are called.

J. R. Spear, Charleston, S. C. Is proper for a minister of the Gos to kiss young women, who are related to him, in the congregati publicly, or under any circumstanc

Such practices are nauseating all sensible people, and are not t erated in decent society anywhe We know of no Christian sect denomination that would encour public and promiscuous osculati and those individuals who make habit of it need to be shar looked after. Kissing among re tions within certain degrees, even between very dear frien may, under certain circumstances, permissible as an expression of or sorrow at meeting and parting

J. B. R., Bevier, Mo. We have n of the Revised Version Bibles.— B. M., North Branch, Mich. know of no market for them.— vant of God, Union, Ind. Write the War Department, Washington, C.—Walter J., Seattle, Wash. T are not in general demand.—Geo Bunner, Perkinsville, Ind. The st ment you have heard is a delibe untruth, instigated by malice.— M. E., La Porte, Tex. She has her r edy at law, if amendment is beyo hope.—Subscriber, Marion Centre. They will be supplied for $5.— K., Rose Hill, Kan. He is a Method —Mrs. Eliza R., Stoutsville, O. S them to the nearest prison, hospi almshouse, or mission.—Miss J. L., Watsontown, Pa. No; it is abs and almost impious.—Mary H. Buton Centre, N. Y. His address The Arlington, Washington, D. —Mrs. C. W. C., North Sal N. Y. Write to Revell, publis New York.—M. C. A., Julian, Pa. Procure tractive and helpful books for him to read. Th is no other way.—Susan H. C., Ottawa, Kan. is entirely untrue.—Sorrowing Mother, Ida Write to Medical Director, State Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich., and you will be promptly inform —R. A. S., Fitchville, O. We have already p lished an article giving Mr. Moody's advice how mark your Bible.—Subscriber. Unquestiona the Bible teaches that the husband is the head of the house, but that headship is to be one of ki ness, and not arbitrary or tyrannical.—Lou S., Cincinnati, O. 1. The one you mention is v good. 2. An opportunity may be afforded he after.—Subscriber, Racine, Wis. 1. No. 2. are already greatly overcrowded with MSS.— Reader, Hammonton, N. J. It is absolutely ge ine, and is so attested by the U. S. Consul at Je salem.—Reader, Orrville, O. Send $2 extra. Subscriber, N. B. Write to The Fleming H. vell Co., publishers, New York.—Maud Z. Fonda, Ia. We have not the information at ha —P., Newark, N. J. No.—Subscriber, Pet burg, Ind. His address is Bible House, New Y —J. F. M., Uniontown, Pa. The case you m tion is peculiarly annoying, but should not disco age those who have the Lord's work really at he Pray that the avaricious may become generous, a that wealth may be held as a stewardship, and as a personal possession.—B. B. E., West Mo tain, Tex. The list is altogether too long to printed here.—Maude McK., LaSalle, Colo. C tainly not.—Subscriber, Attica, Kan. There much to be said on both sides of the question. cannot discuss it here.—Subscriber, Polo, Write to Historical Publishing Co., Philadelp for the book.—R. McC., Pine River, Ont. the best Christians of our day oppose dancing.— Tired Mother, Columbus, O. We believe so. you should consult a lawyer, as the laws of inhe ance vary in different States.

A. I. R., Medina, O., writes: "Referring to 'Mail Bag' in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, O ber 21st, and the answer to Jessie M. Leavenwor with reference to bees, your report will do all ri as to the amount of honey gathered in a day, bu very much below the actual amount gathered un the conditions you present. A good hive has b known to gather twenty pounds daily, when ther plenty of honey to be had in the flowers."

Unrecognized Mercies.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning November 15. Psalm 104 : 1-35.

RECENT discoveries, like the discoveries of past centuries, have all tended to prove the universality of natural law. In the child age of the world, devout men felt the nearness of God in every phenomenon. The thunder was God's voice; the volcano was the place where his finger touched the world; the sun was created to give light to the world by day, and the moon to give it light by night; the clouds were God's chariot; the mountain torrents were the waters flying at God's rebuke. Men no longer think so of God. The earth is not so important a part of the universe as these ideas implied. Men seeking for God have found a law. They thought that God was behind that law, but seeking him there, they found another law, and so God has seemed to recede farther from us as we learn more of the world, and the universe of which it is a part. There is danger lest, realizing these facts, we come to put God out of our thoughts altogether. There is a possibility of our being satisfied with the reign of law, and assuming that at the remote point in the series, where our knowledge ceases, there are still other laws yet to be discovered, which account for the origin of all material things. It should never be forgotten, that back of all the phenomena we are studying, God lives and reigns. These wonderful processes, which amaze us by their adaptation, are only God's mode of working, and we ought to feel a greater reverence for him, as we find that instead of unscrutable and capricious interference with the material universe, he proceeds in an orderly and regular manner.

He is but a very superficial student of science who can hold to the theory of a self-existent, self-originating universe. The Psalmist's call to men to bless the Lord, who is very great and is "clothed with honor and majesty," evokes a hearty response from the Christian scientist. The more he discovers of God's ways, the more exalted does his wisdom become manifest. The world with its teeming life, and its stores of coal and minerals, and its mighty forces of electricity and other agencies, which we are just learning to harness as our servants, is no less the product of his wisdom than it seemed to be to the Psalmist, who imagined it to be the centre of the universe, filled into existence at a word. It is still true that "all things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made." The theologians are alarmed at the bold theories of science, but their alarm is no new sensation. They tried to silence Galileo because his theories apparently contradicted the Bible. The Copernican system was denounced as heretical, but both have been accepted, and religion has lost none of its influence over the human mind. The newer discoveries will ultimately be accepted, too, and men will see in them new reasons for adoring the wisdom and love of the Supreme Origin of all things. The Captain of the vast machine that now carries a small army to sea, and navigates the waves in defiance of winds, is no less the Captain of his ship, when his orders are telegraphed to his subordinates in the hold, than was the captain who shouted his orders through the speaking trumpet. So the Psalmist's declaration is still true: The glory of the Lord shall endure forever.

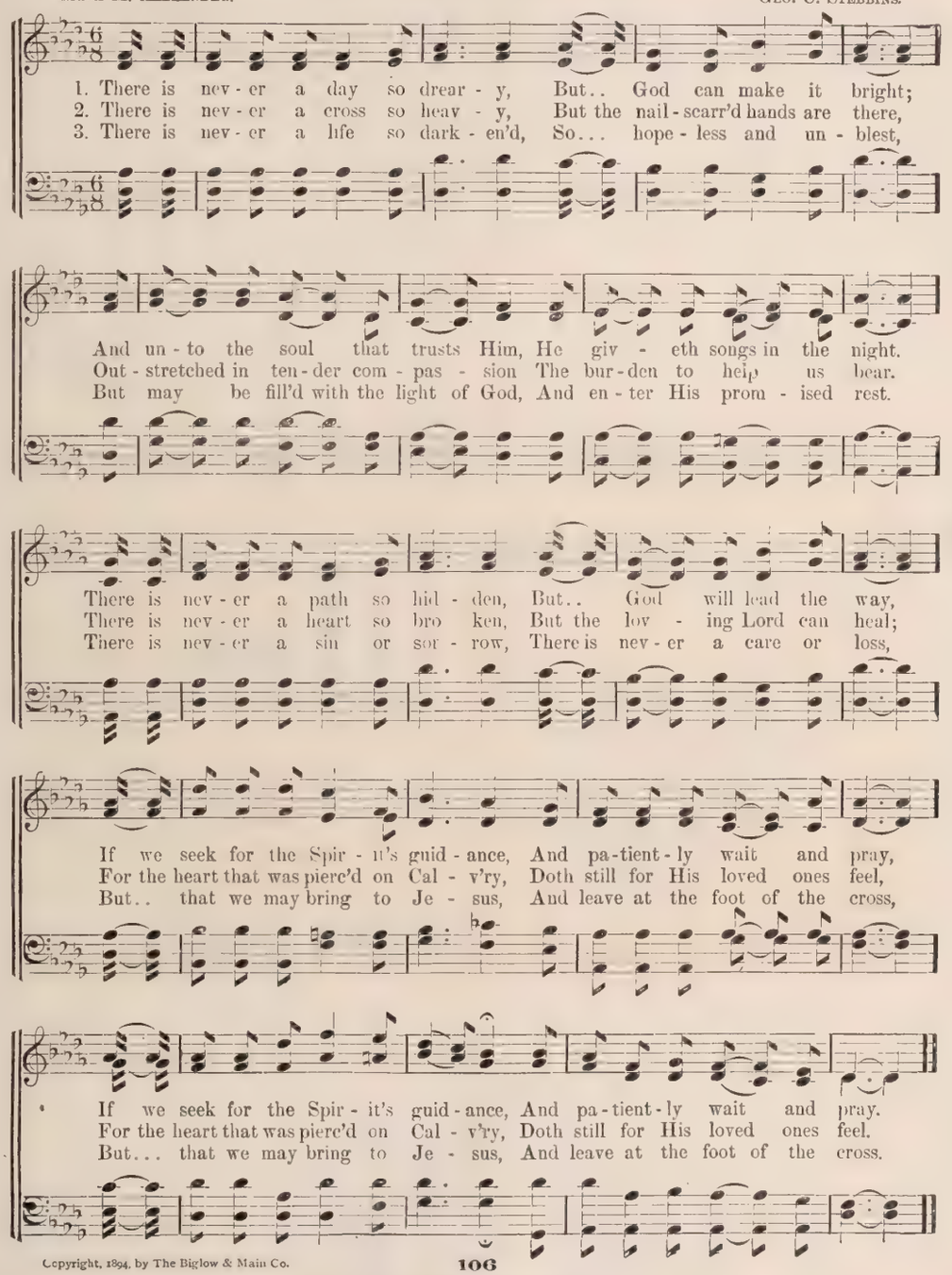
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

THERE IS NEVER A DAY SO DREARY.

"AND LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."—*Matt. 28 : 20.*

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Turkey in Prophecy.

The Great Assassin Bringing the Long Career of Turkish Crime to the Culmination When Judgment will be Executed.

TURKEY'S cup of iniquity has been filling for centuries. It has seemed as we have read of the outrages in Armenia as if God did not take any notice, but all history teaches that no nation can give herself to cruelty and vice and immorality as Turkey has done without incurring the punishment God metes out to offenders against his laws. In a recent article in the *Prophetic News*,* Dr. J. Martin gives reasons for believing that the time is near at hand when this monstrous anomaly of Mohammedan rule in Europe will be brought to an end. He says:

Does it appear to any that the righteous Governor of the universe will allow the crimes of a nation to go unpunished? Look at three instances in Holy Writ of vengeance on a nation of wrongdoers, falling at last with appalling force after the long suffering patience which God exercises toward sinners is exhausted.

1. The Destruction of the Antedeluvians. God bore with them patiently for a long period, but at last he used the elements of nature for their annihilation. It is written, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh" (Gen. 6 : 17). No doubt there were many "physicians" who framed prescriptions for the cure of "the world that then was," but the Lord took hold of the case and after he had provided for the safety of the few faithful ones, swift destruction fell on all the rest.

2. The Destruction of Sodom and the Cities of the Plain. These were destroyed by fire from heaven, notwithstanding the prayers and labors of Abraham and Lot.

3. The Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The end of the Jewish nation was brought about by the Roman army, who were instruments in the hands of God to perform his will. That the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the nation was no mere accident but was the punishment of God for their sins is evident from the way Christ spoke of it before it occurred. He evidently saw that it was coming. "They shall fall by the edge of the sword," "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh."

These three historical illustrations will help the reader to perceive how God carries out his purposes with regard to the human family, and how he deals with kings and nations who persistently defy him.

It is not necessary that God should bring a flood upon Turkey, as he did on the Antedeluvians; nor that he should rain fire upon it, as he did on the Cities of the Plain: there is an instrument at hand in Russian greed, that he can use as effectively for the destruction of Turkey as he used the Romans for the destruction of Jerusalem. Hitherto England, France, and Austria for their own reasons have held back Russia's hand. In 1856 and in 1878 Turkey was protected from the Russian bear. But now France has become the friend and ally of Russia. England has grown ashamed of her Turkish protegee and will not raise a finger to help him, and Austria's consent to Russian aggrandizement can be purchased by a share of the spoils. That is the present situation.

(To be Continued.)

* For sale at J. E. Jewett's, 76 Bible House, New York, price 6 cents.

LITTLE MOTHERS.

STRANGE mockery of motherhood!
They who should feel the fostering care
Maternal, and the tender good
Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
Of age and sacred duties, be
Thus wise to guide, thus deep to know,
The artless needs of infancy.

The little mothers! Will they win
The bitter-sweet of elder years?
Will love protect them from the sin,
And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
Of childish joy; and when they come
To woman-ways and woman's cross,
Give them a fate more frolicsome.

—R. BURTON IN *Century*

THE MASTER'S CALL.

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast.
She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise then meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have her not seen yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft;
But she hath made no answer; and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

—HENRY ALFORD.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Nellie recovered her senses sufficiently to realize the extent of the peril from which Seymour's heroism had delivered her, with the help of Mr. Barclay, she desired to see both the young men that she might thank them. Her father brought them to her and added his own grateful words to hers.

"Milton," she said, "I grieve to tell you something that I fear will cause you annoyance. I have lost your ring. I had it on my finger when that dreadful wave came, but now it is gone." She extended her white hand as she spoke.

Milton was really vexed, though he would not show it in that hour when there should be no feeling in any heart in that party but devout thankfulness for the great deliverance from death. It was the ring that Blake had handed to him, and he was not sure whether Blake had given it to him, or whether he had merely put it into his hands for safe keeping. He was therefore sorry to hear of its being missing. His mother was able at once to relieve his anxiety.

"No, dear Nellie," she said; "the ring is safe. I took it off your finger when we were rubbing your hands. Here it is."

She placed it in Nellie's hand, but the girl did not restore it to its place. Calling Carrie to her side she put it on her finger saying; "It ought to have been there from the first."

Carrie did not affect to misunderstand her, but permitted her to put the ring on her finger, and she held out her hand admiringly as the glittering stone sparkled in the light.

"Why, Carrie, dear," said Mrs. Seymour, who was looking on, "where did you get that other ring from? Did Milton give it to you?" She had taken Carrie's hand in her own and was looking at a crown-diamond ring that the girl was wearing.

"Oh, no," said Carrie, "papa gave me that. It was mamma's, a present from her father on her marriage. Papa saved it for me, and he gave it me only yesterday, when we were coming here."

Among Mrs. Seymour's most cherished relics of her early life, was a duplicate of that ring, which her father had given her. She was now assured that Carrie must be the daughter of her dead sister, whose unkindness had been one of her bitterest troubles. She gave no explanation then, however, as the investigations then in [illegible] matters which would have to be more fully explained than was possible at this stage of affairs. Even then a letter was partially written to the English lawyers, clearing up certain points over which they were puzzled, and Mrs. Seymour went to her room to finish it. Mr. Price, too, went to resume his talk with Deacon Walter, leaving the four young people together.

[illegible] Deacon and Mr. Price was by this time perfected, and they were arranging various schemes for developing the trade, in which Mr. Barclay usually assisted. His pres- [illegible] and he was summoned from the more congenial company in Nellie's room.

"Well," said Mr. Walter, "everything is arranged satisfactorily. If you and Mr. Barclay have nothing more to suggest, consign the first lot of goods in September."

"Everything seems straight," Walter," replied Mr. Price, and Mr. Barclay also nodded affirmatively, as Mr. Price continued: "The goods are the best in the market, and we will do our utmost to sell them. But why not stay here a few days longer, Walter, and enjoy the sea air?"

"No, I am restless until I can get back," said the Deacon. "I shall be away before you are around in the morning. Good-bye, take care of yourself, also of that lovely daughter of yours, and keep her out of the ocean, and away from Seymour. There is something wrong about him, and I cannot endure the fellow."

"But his heroism saved my child's life," said Mr. Price, with emphasis.

"Not a bit of it, sir," said Deacon Walter. "It was he who led her into danger. Mr. Barclay saved both their lives. Now, sir, Seymour's foolhardy conduct calls, in my opinion, for blame. He could not have done less than he did for your daughter's rescue, having been the cause of her peril. Beware of him; and be kind enough, also, to keep an eye upon my daughter Carrie."

"Good-bye to you," said Mr. Barclay, rising, "but Mr. Walter, you do great injustice to a worthy young man, and you will live to think better of him. I know him well, and am satisfied that a fellow with his principles will make his mark in the world."

Saying which the friends separated, Mr. Walter returning home early in the morning.

On the afternoon of Deacon Walter's departure, Milton wandered down to the beach in a depressed state of mind. He felt half afraid to see Nellie, and ashamed to meet Carrie, and conscience, that ever present monitor, admonished him that something was wrong in his own heart, and until it was righted, he would have no peace.

While seated on the ribs of an old wreck (which was half buried in the sand), his cheek resting on his hand, looking forlorn and forsaken, and staring vacantly at the ocean, he observed Carrie and Mr. Barclay approach. She had taken his arm, and they were chatting in a friendly manner. Milton could not hear a word that was said, nor did he attempt or desire to do so, but he saw them writing on the wet sand with their fingers.

After they had passed on, from curiosity he went to the spot, and read in Carrie's hand: "Milton Se——," the rising water having washed away part of the name. He also saw underneath, "Carrie W——," while Mr. Barclay had formed in the sand, one of those modern absurdities called a "monogram," in handsome old English capitals, wherein the initials of the draughtsman's name and those of Carrie were entwined together.

Later in the day Milton again sought the comparative solitude of the water's edge, and again examined the letters and characters written in the sand. The water had obliterated Carrie's name and his own entirely; but the monogram remained beyond the reach of the tide. The young man seemed to read his fate in the shifting sand and rising tide. Not only did he feel jealous of Mr. Barclay, but suspected that Deacon Walter had taken some measures, probably in concert with Mr. Price, to prevent intercourse between Carrie and himself. He could not blame Carrie, but wondered whether Carrie still thought well of him; whether Nellie was beyond recovery. He had a loving, soft heart, whose tendrils would necessarily twine around somebody, and he was without the moral strength which gives constancy to the character—for such a heart to be without an object of affection was like a man who had suddenly lost his sense of sight or hearing. He was wretchedly unhappy, and could not tell his troubles to his mother, as his own misconduct had been its cause. While thus ruminating, doubtful as to what he should do, and almost wishing himself dead, he heard the sound of horses behind him, and turning, he saw Carrie and Mr. Barclay approaching on horseback, riding the identical pair of black trotters which Nellie and Milton had ridden so recently. They gaily cantered by, without noticing Milton. At a little distance they stopped, and Mr. Barclay seemed to be pointing out to Carrie a steamship setting out to Europe.

(*Continued on next page.*)

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A Good Child

Running the Gauntlet.

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"No, Mr. Barclay, I never could cross the ocean again," said Carrie. "My experience has been an unhappy one."

"But wrecks are very unusual now on these big ocean steamers. There would be a thousand chances to one that you would land there safely in nine days from the start," replied Mr. Barclay, and then they proceeded up the beach.

Milton wondered what all this meant: why Mr. Barclay should talk of taking Carrie to Europe? Was it a wedding tour? Were they engaged? Had Carrie so soon forgotten him, and without letting him know? The young man sighed, and grew heavy of heart.

Meanwhile Carrie and her escort were slowly going homeward. Their horses had dropped to a walk, and the two riders found the journey so pleasant that they did not quicken the pace of their steeds.

"Miss Carrie," Mr. Barclay was saying, "do you know that I may possibly sail for Europe next week?"

"So soon as that?" asked Carrie, surprised.

"Yes," he replied, trying to elicit her sympathy, or at least to extract some sign of regard, "and I may never return, having but few ties in this country."

"But will you still be connected with Price's and papa's business?"

"Probably," answered the young man. "Then pray do not forget your old friends at Brookdale. For one, I will be very happy to hear from you whenever convenient. In these days of degeneracy, we cannot afford to lose a friend."

Mr. Barclay was elated by this kindly response, and turning his eyes full upon Carrie, with all the tenderness of love, and all the pathos and fervor of a true lover, he said: "Miss Carrie, can I presume ever to hope for a deeper feeling than friendship from you?"

This was so entirely unexpected to her that she could not immediately reply, although knowing exactly what duty dictated her to say. Her silence misled Mr. Barclay, who proceeded, getting more tender and loving in tone and manner:

"Are you free, my dear friend, to accept the love of a sincere and devoted friend?"

"Oh! Mr. Barclay, spare me," said Carrie, putting her hand before her face, and trembling violently.

Mr. Barclay was deeply moved by her emotion, but was resolved to know what fate he might cherish. "Dear Miss Walter," he said, "pardon me and be honest with me. Forgive me if I have offered. If you must refuse me pray let me know if your refusal is owing to objections to me personally, or love for another? Is not Milton engaged to Nellie Price?"

This diversion somewhat reassured Mr. Barclay, who replied: "He is not *engaged* to anybody; but I thought you knew of our childish promise to each other."

Here was another crisis, a time to try and see what foundation their respective characters were built. Carrie admired Mr. Barclay more than any other man she had met. Her girlish affection for Milton had ripened, but he had shown that he could not transfer his regard to another. For Milton had the close, friendly, affectionate intimacy, which began in girlhood and had fully developed at nineteen; but for Mr. Barclay she entertained a real attachment, with great respect, and some little fear, and she was not too ignorant to perceive that he was deeply interested in her.

But what were these young people, or any two in similar circumstances, to do? What young woman of nineteen would reject the love of a gentleman of twenty-seven who was of excellent reputation, established in business, of good education and address, because of a romantic promise given her by one who was still young, comparatively poor, without business, and unwilling to be able to marry for years to come? What man, after living to that age, and finding then for the first-time a lady who seemed to possess every requisite that he could desire in a wife, would quietly retire from the contest, especially when he knew his advantages over his rival, and the supposed weakness of the other sex?

To the honor of manhood, and of true womanhood, be it said that, unlike so many of her sisters, Carrie Walter was true to her implied promise to Milton Seymour; and Mr. Barclay gracefully yielded to circumstances, being unwilling to disparage Milton, or to attempt to displace him in Carrie's affections.

The conversation soon arrived at a point where she could not explain herself understandingly, without telling him the whole story of the childish agreement, under the beech tree, and of its subsequent renewals, especially the promise to "let" the other know if either met another whom they liked better. He affected to be amused at the agreement, although really Mr. Barclay carried a heavy heart on that occasion. Carrie was relieved from all embarrassment, however, by his kindness, and his very natural mistake respecting Milton's behavior to Nellie Price. She was also touched by the sincerity with which he pleaded to be forgiven for any annoyance he might have given her, and hoped that their friendship, at least, should continue as heretofore.

"Miss Carrie," said Mr. Barclay, "that is a splendid arrangement between Seymour and yourself. Ha! ha! to 'let' one another know! If all lovers would do that what torrents of bitter tears would be saved in this wicked world. But why cannot *I* be a party to that covenant, and so form what the statesmen call a triumvirate? Do you think Milton, and my dear friend Miss Carrie, would be willing to admit me into the compact?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Barclay."

"Why, my dear friend, I mean just this. Seymour has promised to 'let' you know, if he ever falls in love with a lady; eh!" said Mr. Barclay, giving her one of his most searching looks.

"Yes."

"And Miss Carrie has promised to 'let' him know if she ever has reason to change her mind. Is that right?"

"Yes, that is what I have been telling you."

"Well, then, all I ask is for Miss Carrie to promise me, that if Seymour should 'let' her know, at any time in the coming ten years, that she will 'let' me know the fact soon after!"

"It may not be quite conventional, Mr. Barclay," said Carrie, with some hesitation, and after a long silence; "but I do not pretend to misunderstand your meaning; so I promise."

"Thank you, my dear friend," said Mr. Barclay, guiding his horse to her side, and reverently raising her hand to his lips, "the compact is sealed."

(*To be Continued.*)

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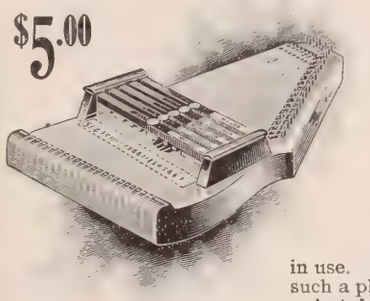

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To Lift Up Erring Girls.

What the Social and Gospel Tea Services at the Bowery Mission are Accomplishing Bringing in the Wanderers.

THE recently inaugurated afternoon "Social and Gospel Services" at the Bowery Mission for women and girls, have already been a means of blessing to all concerned. The movement originated with Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Mission," whose Christian labors for many years among the waifs and strays of the Bowery are already widely known. The "Social and Gospel Services" are held regularly on Saturday afternoon, and are largely attended by a class who stand sorely in need of the ministrations of such consecrated ladies as Mrs. Bird has gathered around her in this work.

A GOSPEL TEA AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

"If you saw the women of the Bowery as I see them," said Mrs. Bird to the writer, "drunken, reckless, and leading sinful lives, you would understand the great need of making an effort to reach out a helping hand to draw in and save these poor creatures whose principal home, night and day, is the streets of that bad thoroughfare. We must save the Bowery girls; and by the grace of God, we will save them."

Our illustration on this page is photographed from the second gathering of the Saturday Afternoon Social and Gospel Service at the Mission, 105 Bowery. The room is large and well lighted, and the numbers present are an encouraging sign and inspiration to Mrs. Bird and her assistants at the beginning of this new work for women. Sad and touching incidents arise at each meeting; each woman's testimony giving evidence of a life either misspent or wronged by the bold and selfish crimes of others, the shadow of whose evil deeds must ever envelope as a pall, the heart and memory of the victim, and the unfortunate one.

The sins of heredity are sometimes manifested in a startling way, through the heart and life stories of many of these women, who, when they feel that they are surrounded by true, sympathetic friends, do not hesitate to avow their hatred of the life they have been leading.

One of the most [illegible] incidents was developed recently in the story of a woman who opened her heart in unso[illegible] [illegible] She had been a [illegible] teat her, and came of a respectable name and family. Domestic trouble, in which a dearly-loved brother had married and cast [illegible] her affections, and left her to [illegible] tare towards destruction. Having had a [illegible] and [illegible] thought and desire was drink "to drown her troubles," as men are fond of saying. As her trials grew, so did her habit. She first became reckless, and the inevitable consequences, loss of her position, followed.

Beyond her grief and humiliation at being rendered homeless by her brother [illegible] ing addicted to the terrible habit was the fact that her father had been in like manner, cursed before her. The woman in question is quiet, intelligent, and [illegible] thirty, and her story was told without a tear, a quiver of the lip, or any sign whatever of active grief or of emotion. [illegible] and of erring souls [illegible]

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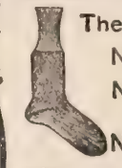

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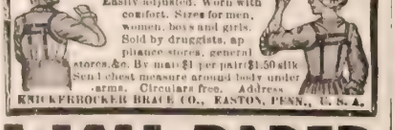

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A Pastor Who Sowed Nickels.

HOME missionary relates a very interesting and instructive story showing how one little mission church in New England helped the cause by a decidedly novel method. One Sunday in May e pastor brought out some nickels and ered one to every man, woman, and ild who would use one apiece as capital invest in some profitable way for mis- nary work. The returns were to be ade at the Thanksgiving season, and ch person was to report how his nickel s used and say to what missionary ganization he wanted his money to go. a few days thirty-two "talents" had en given out. Along with this plan re put six dollars which had just been eived from the sale of potatoes raised year before on "the missionary lot." e various gatherings, or "bees," for the tivation of this land had aroused con- erable missionary interest. These thods did not seem to be sufficient. veral times during the summer and fall blic inquiry was made as to the fate of nickels, and the Sunday School super- endent hinted that they would have to stle if they got ahead of him when the of reckoning came. Finally the day reckoning did come, and the Thanks- ing week prayer meeting was given up hear the reports upon the "talents." e had bought material and made cat- and sold it; another, picture frames; other, candy; another, cookies; and so Two little boys had bought corn, ped it, and sold it at fivefold increase. ne had worked all summer, while ers had barely escaped bringing their kel back in a napkin. The pastor con- sed to one failure on melons, but saved nself by buying an egg with the rest of nickel and raising a lusty chicken. e girl—who does not find it easy to take t in prayer meeting, but knows how to k, and once flew out of the house like wind and stopped a pair of horses ich were running away and dragging father along the ground—said that she de her money on raising beans. We rned that she had found a piece of und near the house, which her father plowed, and captured it easily. Some were not natural traders earned ey and handed it in along with their kels, and a few gifts were made by ers. At length the superintendent was minded that "the day of reckoning had ne" for him. He had bought some eet corn with his money and had planted cared for it. The largest single re- n up to this point had been a dollar and -five cents. Gravely rising, the super- ndent said: "'I knew thee that thou an hard man, reaping where thou hast sown, and gathering where thou hast strewed; and I was afraid, and went hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there hast that is thine': three dollars and ty cents." A round sum was raised.

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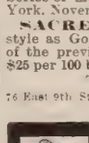

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Oct. 25, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. O. B., Mobile, Ala., asks the earnest prayers of God's people for the conversion of two friends who have not yet been able to give up their own way and accept salvation through Christ.——E. S., Pierce City, Mo., that four sons who are on the road to ruin, may be brought to realize their danger and to seek salvation through Christ.——"One in Great Sorrow," Greenview, Ills., that a mother and [illegible] may become Christians, may have the light they need to understand the way of salvation.——M. M., Nyack, N. Y., that a son, who has a hard heart and a stubborn will, may give himself to Christ and be born again.——"Praying Mother," New York City, on behalf of four sons talented and successful in their professions, but not converted, and exposed to strong temptation in the clubs and resorts of the city, their mother asks Christian people to join her in praying for their conversion.——Reader, Cambridge, Mass., that a beloved father and a dear friend, both of whom are addicted to strong drink, may be led to renounce the vice and may seek and find salvation in Christ.——L. E. S., De Kalb, Ala., for the conversion of two sons.——"Broken Hearted Wife and Mother," for the conversion of her husband, and that grace may be given him to enable him to renounce strong drink.——S. B. W., Grant City, Mo., that a son, for whom many prayers have been offered, may decide for Christ, and become a useful Christian——Anxious Mother, Concordia, Kans., that a son nineteen years old, who once made a profession of faith, but is now far from Christ, may be really and truly converted, and may be active in the Lord's service.——Reader, Memphis, Tenn., that two young men, for whom many prayers have been offered, may give themselves to Christ.

For the Restoration of Health. C. M. D., Kiowa, Kan., asks prayer for the recovery of a dear son and daughter, who are both very sick.——J. K. B., Arkadelphia, Ark., that her mother's hearing may be restored.——"Believer," Oneida, N. Y., that God would mercifully restore to health a dear friend whose case has been given up by the physicians.——"Believing Wife," Fort Apache, A. T., that her husband may receive of the Lord healing for body and soul.——"Follower of the Lord," Pine Valley, Tex., that a dear friend afflicted in body and mind may receive of the Lord the healing of both.——"Reader," Delight, Md., for the recovery of a dear nephew who is dangerously ill.——J. C. Z., Fort Wayne, Ind., that a beloved grandmother who is a great sufferer may be relieved of her pain and may be fully restored to health.——E. S., Red Bud, Ill., that a daughter-in-law, who is in danger of losing her eyesight, may be saved from blindness.——"Believer," Georgetown, Ky., that a beloved relative may be fully restored to health.——"Sorrowing Mother," Saute Centre, Minn., for the recovery of a dear son who is very sick.——"Reader," Greenview, Ill., for the recovery of a dear grandchild and a niece who are both [illegible] Oklahoma Territory, for the recovery of a mother and her children.——The following persons also ask prayers for their recovery from various maladies: E. S. Pierce City; "Troubled Sister," Bessemer, Ala.; "Reader," Hopewell, Ky.

For Special Blessings. A Church at Pleasant Grove, Pa., that God would bless the special meetings now being held to the deepening of Christian life in his people and to the conversion of many souls.——"Reader," Iowa, for more courage and confidence in leading the devotions of a meeting in which there are some who are not [illegible] Pa., for guidance and direction in difficult circumstances.——M. H. B., Selins Grove, [illegible] employment.——"Discouraged," Auburn, N. Y., that the way may be opened so that he may be enabled to discharge just debts and [illegible] Springfield, Mass., that the heart of a neighbor who has long persecuted her may be changed so that there may be no more sorrow on that account.——"Burdened One," Hartford, N. S., that one who has for years been a [illegible] New York.

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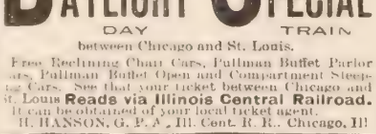

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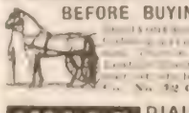

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The Armenian Fund.

THOSE Armenians who arrived in this country recently on the steamers *Obdam* and *California* have nearly all been provided with employment, a large proportion through the kind offices of readers of this journal, who became interested in their behalf. A considerable number of the newcomers were temporarily detained on Ellis Island, the government immigration station, but were afterward released on bonds being given in their behalf by responsible parties. Nearly all have been sent to employers in different parts of the United States, none remaining in the great cities.

The fifth regular weekly instalment of 1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund was last week sent through the American Board, to be distributed at the following stations in Armenia:

Harpoot	$250
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The following contributions to the fund were received during the week:

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All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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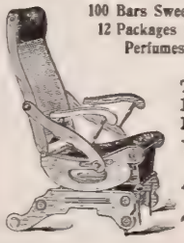

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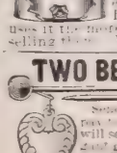

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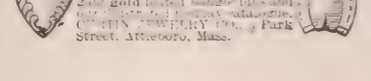

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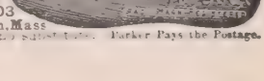

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19. NUMBER 47.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1896. Price Five Cents.

A "CHILDREN'S SERVICE" ON THE RAILWAY CHAPEL CAR, EMMANUEL. (*See page 857.*)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Wrestling With the Supernatural.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Gen. 32: 25, 26: "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he [illegible] his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

THERE is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the goodwill of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a severe struggle, that lasts until morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh-bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an Angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the Angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. With financial misfortune some of you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted, fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you, or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold, he found himself alone, by the brook of Jabbok; and it was midnight. That evil appetite [illegible] in long line of light, to look from above, [illegible] ed their fist, and cried with a blood-red [illegible] they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit; but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness.

But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home; and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings, coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok, the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive: and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call cross-prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now, I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject, that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, [illegible] ise prosperity for him and for his children. And so, many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment, and shipwreck, could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent, and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, with the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

> The Hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets.
>
> Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry:
> We're marching through Immanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in great multitudes, all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life: it is the quails! it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and to save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What ploughed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. Are we Stoics, that we can unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of hope put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble touched.

Again: we may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the day-dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of earth are falling flat in the dust. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth, "fair as the morn, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, "the day breaketh."

As I look around about me, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. "The day breaketh."

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm, 'God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble.'"

Death to many, nay, to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave, I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its autumnal fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counselled in manhood. In that night like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage or widowhood; or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but, if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hours of death's night will pass along: one o'clock in the morning; two o'clock in the morning; four o'clock in the morning; five o'clock in the morning; "the day breaketh."

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here twenty years and preach this Gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on, and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming, Let me go—let me go! The day breaketh.

Beautiful Middle Age.

EVERY season of life has its charm, and the loveliness of a noble middle age, is well worth our examination. The grace and beauty of youth have gone, and the thoughtful, pious woman may well sit down, and muse upon her quickly coming grey hairs. For in them she sees the first touch of a chill hand, that shall finally prevail; they are manifest decay; and no worthy human being can see them, without a solemn thought.

The ideal woman of middle age grows old beautifully; she has a happy face and loving heart, and unites in some subtle way the hopefulness of youth, and the mellow light of experience. Her hair may show silver threads, her figure may have lost its grace, her face its fresh color — but far more has been gained than lost. On her calm brow the dove visibly broods; her loving, thoughtful eyes are full of soul; her mouth has become sensitive and expressive, and her fine tact and sense have taught her not to make an anachromism of herself in dress. Her clothing is grave and rich, in tone with her motherhood and age; and she is lovely, because she is in harmony with all her surroundings, for harmony is the key-stone of beauty.

The material beauty of sixteen has been idealized into something fairer than mere form and color. In the first place, she is essentially a mother. She can forget herself; she can give, without thought of repayment; she can live for others; she is the "happiness maker" of her household; and she does all this, because it is her joy to do it; because it is the outcome of that grand, maternal instinct, which must find expression in some line of unselfishness. And to live thus is to live beautifully; and to become beautiful. All who know the ideal woman of middle age love and trust her. She understands young people; for she has been close to her own children, in all their doubts, hopes, griefs, and perplexities; and her unselfish life has also kept her yonng. Her face may be full of sympathetic expressions; but it has not become wrinkled and puckered with the lines of fretful discontent. Men of her own age respect and admire her; and young men come to her with their trials, and first-love anxieties; to everyone she is the sweet idealization of those two sweet words—womanliness and motherhood.

She is certainly "wearing away," but it is in the service of a loving life, which always spiritualizes decay. Heart and flesh may faint and fail; but her better part is growing daily, in all those graces which make her a little lower than the angels. And the conviction that she is growing better, as she grows older, strips age of that sense of "falling off" which is the bitterest thing about it. She has also gained, through years and experience, a clearer insight into God's ways with her. He is more and better to her now than ever he was in youth. She knows now in whom she has believed. The young say she is "going down hill." She knows she is going upward and onward. For she has come to understand that Truth and Soberness—how fittingly they are joined—are noble things; and Life has taught her what St. Paul means when he says, "Experience maketh hope."

I have been led to these reflections by my dahlias, which in these exquisite, fading days of autumn, seem in some subtle and fitting manner to be the very flower of middle age; just as daisies are the flower of childhood, and roses the flower of youth and love.

Come then, and give us dahlias with both arms,
E'en till the topmost touch our throat and lips
Bright golden dahlias, holding sunset's charms,
And red ones, crimson to their red leaves' tips;
Upon their white and pink and purple page,
We'll write the story of our Middle Age.

Yes, in the autumn of our Middle Age,
We hail thee, dahlias, as our fittest sign!
Thy stately splendor at this later stage
Befits us more than rose or trailing vine.
So strong and straight! so staid in all thy ways!
Meeting the sun and wind with steadfast gaze.

Our childish hands have held the daisy stars,
And on our breasts love's roses oft have lain;
But orange flowers and honeysuckle bars,
For whitening heads, will never bloom again—
So, in the prime and harvest of our year,
We choose the dahlia's circle, bright and clear.

Amelia E. Barr

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"Little Moses."

A Parisian Waif, Saved from the Seine, where his Mother Perished, becomes a Devoted Christian.

ALMOST interesting work among children is now going on in Paris. It was commenced in 1875 by Miss Lydia Hocart, daughter of Pastor Hocart of the French Wesleyan Church, Lausanne, Switzerland. Miss Hocart was engaged to be married to a young man who was studying for the ministry. He was taken very ill just before the date set for their marriage, and he never recovered. Miss Hocart shortly afterward went to London and entered a Christian Home, and there learned how to care for and instruct little friendless children. Returning to Paris, she opened a home for little unfortunate and friendless children, purchasing a house and lot outside the walls of Paris.

In a recent letter, Miss Hocart thus describes her work: "We have now two families, one for boys, the other for girls, numbering in all fifty children. Several of the older ones give us great satisfaction. I will just mention one case: The story of this dear boy is one of the most tragical we have met with. His father committed suicide when he was an infant, and shortly afterward the mother threw herself into the Seine with her child in her arms. She was drowned and the little fellow, only fourteen months old, was rescued and brought to us. On account of the wonderful way in which his life was preserved, he was known under the surname of 'Little Moses.' He was a very clever boy, and as he grew up he sometimes caused us some anxiety; but quite recently (he is now seventeen), he writes to tell us of his conversion. He says he has decided to give his life to the service of the Heavenly Father, who has so mercifully watched over him ever since his birth. He has asked to become a member of the church he attends, and, quite spontaneously, out of his first earnings, he has sent us a subscription for our Home as a token of gratitude.

"A friend who has visited him recently tells us how examplary his conduct is, and his employers testify that they have never had in their service such a steady, trustworthy lad. They hope he will not leave them till he setiled on his own account.

"Among our newcomers we have a large proportion of children left alone in the world through the suicide of one of their parents. Unfortunately, the crime seems to become more and more general in France. Is it not needful that the young generation should be early taught how happy and useful the humblest life may be when consecrated, in all earnestness, to the service of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ? "LYDIA HOCART."

Light from the Monuments.

Writing on the question of the date and facts of the Book of Daniel, Rev. John Urquhart refers to the charge made by sceptics that no such schools existed as that in which Daniel and his companions are represented as being brought up. He replies: The monuments have supplied an answer in the face of which it becomes impossible to maintain the charge. We now know that the greatest attention was paid to the education of the young nobility who were destined to hold high offices in the state.

The tablets which have now thrown such light upon the ancient language of Accad, and which have furnished us with copies of the ancient classics of Babylonia, are part of the library of one of those very palace schools. But the Book of Daniel does more than imply the existence of such a custom. It goes further, and intimates that the benefits of the palace school were extended to foreigners and even to captives. Was this so? The reply here again is "Yes." In an inscription of Sennacherib's we read: "Belibni, son of a learned man of the race of Babylon, who as a young child had been educated in my palace, I have established upon the throne of Sumir and of Accad." This case is an exact parallel. Sennacherib selects those whom he intends for high functions from the conquered land of Babylon, just as Nebuchadnezzar, the great king, selects Daniel and his companions from the conquered land of Judea.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

The Fame of Solomon.

Sunday School Lesson for November 29th. 1. Kings 10: 1-10,13. Golden Text, Matt. 12: 42. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN her far off land, the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon. It was not so much the riches, the magnificence, the extensive commerce, the renowned architecture, or even the great skill he manifested in governing his people, which had left an impression on this remarkable woman of times gone by: it was his fame concerning the name of the Lord. The Queen of Sheba was dissatisfied; the mummeries and deceits of heathen priests could not commend to her the false gods they professed to serve: her heart longed for a truth and reality which their superstitions could not convey to her. Whenever tidings reached her of King Solomon, another name was linked with his: it was that of Jehovah, his God. If the worship of their gods produced such evil men as this penetrating woman had discovered the heathen priests to be, what then must be the glory and wisdom of Jehovah whose devoted worship had brought forth a man

An Oracle of Wisdom

to the then known world? The Queen of Sheba was not singular in leaving her country that she might benefit by his wisdom: there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all lands of the earth which had heard his wisdom. (1.Kgs. 4: 34). But the Queen of Sheba came in person; she would not trust a subject with this mission. Questions were surging in her own heart, they were personal and she must get an answer: the welfare of her own soul and that of her people depended upon it. So this enterprising queen undertook the then very difficult journey, and came from her own land, perhaps not far from the Soudan, to Jerusalem. It must have been no light undertaking to travel "with a very great train" which had to be provisioned for such a journey, through perhaps hostile lands, of which probably no maps existed, or if they did, may not have been seen by her. But she would probably accumulate all the information possible from the traveling merchants through whom the fame of King Solomon had come; and then, by the aid of the constellations, which served before compasses were invented, she would have found her way to the land where she anticipated, and not in vain, a solution of all her difficulties. "Solomon told her all

Her Questions."

[illegible] Him who is omniscient, he need never be at a loss. This woman was in earnest. The Father seeketh such to worship him [illegible] spirit and in truth. This truly queenly [illegible] taught Solomon how to answer her. She took pains, and spent time, money, and energy to get acquainted with the truth. She did not know how to get at God without some intermediary, and she came to the man whose fame was concerning Jehovah. But a greater than Solomon is here. Here where I am, there where you [illegible] tion and solve every honest difficulty [illegible] there are who talk over their difficulties with man, carrying them from one to another, [illegible] this woman had, that Jehovah would give [illegible] because they do not seek unto the Lord, God knows everything. The very problem which perplexes me at this moment is clear as noonday to him: He can impart to me what he knows. Does he want me to arrive at a solution? Is he waiting for my attention and my faith in his Fatherly love to instruct me, or must I wait until he shall be at leisure, and willing to give attention to me? The Word of God shall answer, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." (James 1: 5, 7.) What causes wavering? It arises almost always from a self-will which is not yielded up to God. If he has so far conquered us that we will with him in all things, he can trust us with the answer to all our questions; he knows we shall no longer misunderstand him.

The Queen's Wonder.

The Queen of Sheba came to King Solomon as an equal. If he was rich, so was she; if he was gifted, so was she; if he had great wisdom, she had questions which the wisest she knew had been unable to answer. But the presence of his God with Solomon entirely subverted all her former ideas regarding the relative importance of Solomon and herself. Eastern potentates to this day ascribe to themselves, in their list of titles, glories and power such as provoke a smile; and doubtless the Queen of Sheba had been accustomed to these flatteries. But Solomon had introduced her into the presence of the King of kings, and her spirit failed before him (Isa. 6: 16): "There was no more spirit in her." And she said to Solomon, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words." How little can human conceit believe in anything better or wiser than itself! "I believed not the words," she said, "until I came, and my eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard.

What was it that so struck the queen? First of all, Solomon's wisdom. He had brought her in contact with God. All else was seen in the light of this, the greatest benefit which she could probably receive. Then the house that he had built, the meat of his table, the sitting of his servants (slaves), the standing (masquin) of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up to the house of the Lord. She saw how God honored a man who honored him. God had dawned upon her, and her heathenish ideas vanished before the glory of a God of holiness and of love. Her heart came out in the deep admiration which she felt when she said, "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom."

A new horizon had opened, a new morning dawned upon the daughter of the South. Her long and tedious journey had not been undertaken in vain. After giving to King Solomon the magnificent present she had brought from her own land, "one hundred and twenty talents of gold and precious stones, and such an abundance of spices that no future consignment of the spice merchants equaled them, the queen, instead of being a poorer, was a richer woman, for she had found in Jerusalem the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and wisdom is 'better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold,' more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst [illegible] (Prov. 3: 13-15). She had learned the way of God, and she now possessed the same source of knowledge as King Solomon himself.

And the king appreciated this earnest inquirer. King Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty." All her desire. It had become now an enlightened desire, and it was as much a joy for Solomon to give to her what she asked, to be a help to her new life, and new reign in her kingdom, as it was for her to receive. And this was over and above what he gave her of his royal bounty. There was a wonderful reciprocity between the wise and glorious king and this illustrious queenly enquirer.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

MANY legends have grown around this visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. The location of Sheba, itself, has been the subject of controversy. Josephus appears to identify it

ROUTE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

with Ethiopia, and so general was this opinion, that the Abyssinians, who now occupy that region, have long claimed that their kings are descended from Solomon and this queen, who, they assert, were united in marriage. The basis for the belief is wholly mythical. Modern scholarship identifies the country from which the queen came with the district on the other side of the Red Sea, now known as El Yemen, in the south of Arabia. It was occupied by a people descended from the patriarch Eber, one of whose grandsons (mentioned Genesis 10: 28) was named Sheba. As will be seen from the accompanying map, the journey must have been a long and arduous one of some fifteen hundred miles. That a woman should undertake it in those days, indicates a very intense desire for a personal investigation of the reports which had reached her ears. Her remark after witnessing the wonders of Solomon's court shows that she had deemed the reports exaggerated. It was probably from the extensive commerce organized by Solomon that the news of his grandeur reached her. Sheba was noted for its gold, precious stones and spices. In searching for materials for the Temple and his other buildings, Solomon would be little likely to overlook the southern Arabian kingdom, and from his merchants and those of Hiram, the queen (to whom the Arabs give the name of Balkis) doubtless heard of Solomon's glory. Great must have been her wonder and [illegible] to have led her to emerge from her seclusion in that land of lassitude [illegible] trains, and undertake the journey across the desert to see it for herself. She went in state, with such a retinue as Jerusalem never could forget. Centuries afterward the stories were current of the camels laden with treasures, and the long train of servants that came with her. The wealth and grandeur of the city and court she would observe with the critical eye of a queen accustomed to surroundings of barbarian splendor. She was struck dumb with amazement when she saw the king's magnificence, so that, as the record says, "there was no more spirit in her." But it was the wisdom of Solomon that most interested her. From the first verse of the chapter it would appear that she had heard the current reports of the occult powers exercised by the king, through the mysterious, incommunicable name of his God, and she came prepared to test them in Oriental fashion, by submitting riddles and dark sayings to him for solution. Solomon appears to have abundantly satisfied her. The record says vaguely that he gave her all her desire and, after an interchange of presents, she returned to her own land full of wonder and admiration at all she had seen and heard. Her earnestness, and the trouble she took to gain wisdom from Solomon were characteristics used by our Lord as a reproach to the people of his day, and applies to the people of our day. If we were half as much in earnest as this queen was, to avail ourselves of our opportunities, we should go to Him who is greater than Solomon, and who has infinitely greater benefits to impart. Light and life have come into the world in Christ, but there are comparatively few with the spirit of the Queen of Sheba, who appreciate them sufficiently to seek them at his hands. The news of the discovery of gold in any land would draw men from the uttermost parts of the earth, but the news that eternal life may be had by the earnest seeker is heard with indifference

She came to prove him with hard questions. A Christian man who put the fullest trust in the Bible as the word of God was much worried by a sceptical friend who frequently came to him with difficulties and apparent contradictions. "Look here," he said, at last, "I cannot explain all these things, but they do not disturb me. I am like a boy at school just learning to read who receives a letter from his father. He cannot make it all out, there are some words in it he does not understand and one grown-up person tells him it means this, and another that it means that, but the boy answers: 'I do not know what it means, but I know my father to be one of the best of men. He would not say what is not true, nor what is foolish and contradictory. I can trust him.' That is my answer to you. I know God."

There was no more spirit in her. The Queen was completely subdued by the wonders she had witnessed. A different kind of surrender, but one still more remarkable, is the subject of a story told by Rev. Mark Guy Pearce. A man named Anthony had been converted and his wife was very bitter about it. To use the man's own words: When I found the Saviour, she said to herself, 'I will see how much that man can bear,' and when I saw what she was about, I said 'Lord help me to show her how much the grace can do.' She went on, bit by bit, till she became what you might call aggravating. She did everything she could think of to vex me. I would light the fire and fill the kettle, and shine her shoes, and the more she did to rile me, the more I did to please her. One night, when I came home from prayer meeting, the door was shut and barred, and my wife had gone to bed and would not let me in. It was snowing, and the old feeling coming over me for a moment, I looked around for a hammer or something to beat the door in. But I remembered, and I went away, and found a sheltered place where I could sit under a hedge till morning. It seemed to me as if the Lord was pleased and stood by me, and I asked him to forgive my wife because she did not know any better. I had been like her once and hated religious folks, and I could make excuse for her. I was talking to him just as if he was there when I saw the house door open and my wife came out and looked around. She soon saw me, and she came over and said: 'Anthony, can you forgive me? I am ashamed of myself.' I kissed her, and we went into the house and knelt down and prayed together. She was cured."

EVANGELISM BY RAIL.

he Remarkable Gospel Work Effected by Four Chapel Cars in the Churchless Towns and Villages of the West and Northwest—Thousands Turn to Christ.

WITHIN recent years many new lines of Gospel work have been developed, and there are now very few sections of the United States where the message of salvation is not heard. One of the ost unique developments is the Gospel ır. Several leading Protestant denom-

BOSTON W. SMITH.

ations have placed in the field vehicles atare capable of being transported by rail d on which religious services can be ld at the most out-of-the-way places to ich the railroads run.

There are few more interesting narra-es of Gospel effort than that of Mr. Bos-n W. Smith, the manager of the Baptist apel car work. During the summer of 90 he received a note from Rev. Way-nd Hoyt, of the First Baptist Church of inneapolis, Minn., which led to a eeting at which the need of missionary ork in the West was discussed. Pastor oyt had recently traveled by rail a con-derable distance through a section al-ost totally destitute of religious privi-ges. Indeed, it did not seem that the ilroads were doing anything for that rticular section of the country, as far as uilding up a moral community was con-rned. It thad occurred to Dr. Hoyt that mething might be done towards giving e Gospel to the towns and villages rough which he had been riding, and here there seemed to be a superabund-nce of saloons. Like an inspiration me the thought, "Why not build a mis-onary car?" This idea he communi-ted to his brother, who was a represent-ive of the railroad interests in the orthwest, and the latter promised that e would inquire about it. Some time terward, Dr. Hoyt announced that the uilding of a missionary railroad car had en definitely decided upon, and that a hapel Car Syndicate had been organ-ed in New York, for the purpose of nstructing a car which would be suit-ble for holding services. An Ohio build-undertook the work, and in due time e first chapel car, "Evangel," was fin-hed, and the dream of the workers be-an to be realized It was dedicated on ay 23, 1891, and was immediately after-ard put in active commission in the orthwest, first having been furnished mfortably by the ladies of the Baptist hurches of Minneapolis and St. Paul. ermission was given by the Northern acific Railroad Company to attach the car any train and to sidetrack it whenever s manager desired, and then, as Mr. mith enthusiastically declared, he felt as he "owned the whole railroad system." The first trip extended one thousand iles west of Minneapolis, stopping from ne to three days in a place. The car be-ng attached to the rear of westbound pas-enger trains, an excellent opportnnity was fforded for the distribution of circulars nd Gospel tracts. As they tarried for or-ers, each person at the station was handed a small package containing one of the circulars, inside of which was placed a bit of Christian literature. In this way the Gospel was carried into thousands of homes along the line of the Northern Pacific, through Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. It was soon very apparent that the chapel car would be a most efficient means of distributing the word of God and religious literature in needy and destitute neighborhoods. Within the first month enough invitations for the car had been received, to keep it in constant service for at least two years, with two meetings every day in the week and from five to seven services on Sunday. Early in the winter of 1891, the car was taken to the North Pacific Coast for six months. It was placed in charge of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wheeler. Churches and Sunday Schools were constant results of these devoted workers with the "Evangel." In May, 1892, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler accompanied the car to the anniversaries held that year in Philadelphia.

An urgent request was received from the Pacific Coast for a chapel car to continue the work inaugurated by the winter visit of the "Evangel." An evening session of the anniversary meeting was devoted to chapel car work. So wonderful was the story of God's blessing upon the work of the first year, that at the close of the addresses it was proposed that an offering be made toward the building of "Chapel Car Number Two." In a short time $4,500 in cash and pledges were received from churches, Sunday Schools, and individuals in all parts of the land. Within a few months sufficient means was provided to pay for the construction of a larger car than the "Evangel," and the new car, named "Emmanuel," was soon completed and was dedicated at Denver in 1893. It seemed more evident than ever that God's hand was in the chapel car movement for all the railroads over which the two cars were to be carried granted transportation for the missionaries and the cars. At Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were given full charge of the "Emmanuel," and the Pacific Coast was assigned as their field of operations. It was remarkable to see the cheerful and ready response to the story of God's blessing upon the chapel car work. There had been no urging or soliciting of funds, but a simple relation of the way in which God's blessing came. Following the dedication service a letter was read from Mr. William Hills, of New York, to the American Baptist Publication Society, in which Mr. Hills offered to bear the entire cost of "Chapel Car Number Three," upon condition, that the Society secure from the Baptist denomination funds to construct and put in operation Chapel "Car Number Four" by the close of 1894, and that the third car be used in work in certain States. The offer was accepted, and in a few months the amount necessary to build "Chapel Car Number Four" was subscribed. Mrs. Hills christened the third car "Glad Tidings," and the fourth was named "Good Will." Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rust, graduates of the Gordon Training School of Boston, were appointed missionaries in charge of "Glad Tidings," with the Northwest as their field of labor. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stucker at once took charge of the "Good Will," and it was most thoroughly furnished by the Baptist ladies of Dayton, O., Was at once taken to the Southwest, and God has greatly blessed its work in the needy field of Texas.

While the car "Glad Tidings" was being dedicated, a lady residing in Brooklyn came with friends to look over it. She said: "If you are sure you will get sufficient money with which to build 'Chapel Car Number Four,' I would like to give the first one hundred dollars toward 'Chapel Car Number Five.'" A lady who accompanied her said: "And may I have the second one hundred dollars in 'Number Five?'" A few hours after, other ladies came, and when they learned what the others had done, several subscribed one hundred dollars each. In a little while the tenth lady gave her name for one hundred dollars, and suggested that "Number Five" be built entirely by Baptist ladies and known as "The Ladies' Chapel Car." The names of twenty-eight ladies were soon given, pledging one hundred dollars each, and before the close of 1896 "Number Five" will be an assured fact. Voluntary contributions have also been received for a "Young Men's Chapel Car" to be built on the same model as the others.

In many parts of the South, West, and Northwest, blessed results have followed the chapel car services. Scores of railroad towns and villages where there is neither preacher nor chapel, have had the Gospel preached with earnestness and power and many souls have been won to the Saviour. An idea of the work may be gathered from the following extract from the report of one car's work in Arkansas alone:

THE CHAPEL CAR "EMMANUEL" ON THE ROAD.

The car has visited twenty-five points and remained from four days to three weeks in each place. There have been one hundred and thirty-one professions. Eight churches organized, viz.: Bradford, Sherill, Keo, Clarendon, Vincent, Marvel (reorganized), Garner (reorganized), Earle. Eight church houses have been built and are now being constructed as a direct result of the work, viz.: Garner, Gurdon, Sherill, Keo, Clarendon, Vincent, Cotton Plant, Tupelo. The car has organized twenty-four Sunday Schools, and distributed twenty-seven thousand pages of tracts. We have given away three hundred New Testaments and one hundred Bibles. Many other points have been visited by the car in passing, and one or two services held.

At Bradford, Ark., where the first church was organized, a lot of rude fellows became very troublesome. They were made special object of earnest prayer, admonished, then reprimanded, and the annoyance ceased and the leader of the gang was converted; and when the car left the place, he seemed loth to leave it. Many similar instances might be recorded. One infidel came into the car to "do up the preachers." Ten days later a church was organized and he was elected clerk. Sixty days later they had a new church home.

In one meeting a woman who joined the church pulled the wedding ring from her finger with which to purchase a family Bible, so that her child might not be able to remember the time when there was no family Bible in the house.

Occasionally all the cars had rough experiences, and this was specially the case in the new and untried fields of the Northwest. Cold weather and storms were encountered and hardships often assailed the occupants of the little chapels on wheels; but they were brave and never flinched, and their well-built cars kept out the zero blasts. One of the missionaries writes: "Strangers have very vague ideas of the towns and cities which dot these vast plains of the Northwest. A community of some two or three hundred people in North Dakota and Minnesota forms quite a town, and one from a thousand to ten thousand is a city. In most of these little towns an immense amount of business is done, as the merchants have to supply the country for miles around. As a rule we seldom visit a town which has more than five hundred people in it, and in a great many instances only thirty, forty, seventy-five, and one hundred. In these smaller places there are no churches nor Sunday Schools as a rule. In the larger towns there are churches, but with hardly an exception they are weak and struggling. We do not limit the work to towns where there are only Baptist churches; on the contrary many towns and churches of other denominations can testify to the fact that God has used our car as a means of great blessing to them."

All classes of people were met in these lonely districts: infidels, atheists, backsliders, and the great mass of godless and reckless, who were living absolutely without religion. Even among the worst, converts were made and many came out boldly for Christ. Here is a graphic picture of a 'churchless town" which was visited by one of the chapel cars:

"'Glad Tidings' fits into the needs of these little villages on the North Dakota prairies and in the Minnesota woods. Here are small companies of people, with few or no religious privileges. They do have opportunities once in a while to hear the Gospel, as some itinerating preacher happens around. I remember sending my circulars to one of these towns. It was on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. I addressed them to the station agent, but when we arrived, lo and behold, there was no station and no agent, the place not being large enough to warrant the railroad company's placing an agent there. However, the post-mistress had been kind enough to open the package of circulars. As we were being sidetracked, we looked over the town and saw perhaps a dozen occupied dwellings. Only about forty people in the place, but we had seventy-five out many a time. They came for miles around. Only stayed four days, but during that short time the Lord did much. A goodly number of the older boys and girls came out for Jesus. The Lord enabled us to get the scattered Sunday School interest together in prayerful consecration. In a town like this, when a number turn to the Lord, the question arises, What do you do with and for them? It does not seem advisable to think of organizing a little church. So we get them together for prayer and consecration before we leave; suggest a cottage meeting every week after we are gone. They accept the suggestion and meet every week, and thus continue in the way of the Lord. These are lonely places to live in, and the event of the chapel car is appreciated. It is not forgotten, we know, as we hear from the towns visited."

Many benefits, social as well as spiritual, have resulted from the Chapel Car work. Old feuds have been settled and family quarrels healed; many marriages have been celebrated and baptism administered, where before, such ceremonies were practically unthought of; dead or dying churches were revivified and enkindled, and Sunday schools were planted and encouraged. A single year shows the following record of work done by the Chapel Cars:

Miles traveled	65,000
Number of meetings held	4,500
Sermons and addresses	5,800
Families visited	2,700
Scriptures distributed	2,800
Books distributed	975
Number of churches organized	31
Meeting-houses secured	40
Sunday Schools organized	82
Baptisms as result of chapel car work (est'd)	500
Professed conversion	5,000

CHAMPIONS OF THE HOME.

The National Women's Christian Temperance Union Holds Its Twenty-Third Annual Convention at St. Louis, Mo.

THE familiar initials W. C. T. U. have been very much in evidence in St. Louis, Mo., for some days past. The leaders in the great war, which woman is waging against the curse that blights the home, have traveled from every State and Territory in the country to that city, to report the progress of the crusade and to encourage each other to new efforts. These annual conventions, of which this is the twenty-third, are times of celebration and renewed consecration, the stimulus of which is felt to the remotest corner of our land. The women who attend them go back to their homes strengthened and nerved to take up again the battle against the gigantic and ruthless enemy which is robbing thousands of family circles of their choicest ornaments and breaking the hearts of millions of mothers and daughters. It is no wonder that woman, who has suffered so much from its cruel outrages, should take a hand in the campaign against it. She has done noble service in the cause and the enthusiasm displayed at this Convention shows that her valor and her implacable hostility have not abated. From November 13 to 18 the leaders in this great conflict held their council of war and listened to inspiring words from the veterans who have led the hosts in many a hard-fought field. This convention, like its predecessors shows that the struggle will still go on in its old-time spirit and that there will be no truce in the war.

The sessions of the convention were held in the music hall of the building erected in 1884 for the St. Louis Exposition. It is a spacious auditorium, seating in the main hall 4,000 people, with a stage capacity of 1,500. There is in addition, a small adjoining hall which seats 1,500 more, with numerous smaller rooms for committees and other purposes of business. Besides the seats reserved for delegates, two thousand seats were at the disposal of visitors at the regular sessions of the Convention. About five hundred regularly appointed delegates attended the business meetings, the representation being one delegate to every five hundred members of the Union.

The programme of the Convention covered a wide field. Beside the regular business which deals with many branches of the Union scattered through every State and Territory of the country with sister societies in Canada and European countries, there were to be public meetings dealing not only with Temperance but with other topics in which the members of the great organization feel a womanly sympathy. Prominent among the latter was the suffering in Armenia which stirred the indignation of the President, Miss Frances E. Willard, during her recent European trip and enlisted her active co-operation with other agencies in assisting refugees to escape from Turkish oppression and settle in this land of freedom. The Armenian Mass Meeting partook of the na- [illegible] and martyrs who have been slaughtered by the Turk [illegible] the platform [illegible] the victims.

[illegible] work, and one entire evening [illegible] to the department of the [illegible] Temperance Union [illegible] people are enrolled [illegible] Temperance settlement under the direction of Mrs. Helen G. Rice and Mrs. Mary H. Hird, [illegible]

The Convention [illegible] Night," which showed the extent and objects and work of the Union in an effective way. Each State delegation had been drilled to marching order, and moved on the platform under its State banner, the band playing, meanwhile, appropriate music. The delegations having taken their seats at the rear of the stage, with the beautiful silk banners for a background, the spectacle changed to a representation of departments of work, which were artistically symbolized in the costumes of the representatives. A lady whose costume was decorated with grapes and wheat-heads entered, representing the sanitary and economic cooking department. A lady in a red semi-military costume, wearing a crown and a profusion of medals, represented the W. C. T. U. medal contests. A third lady, attired in Indian dress, and bearing the Indian banner, made of embroidered skins by the Indian W. C. T. U. of Deer Lodge, Oregon, represented the work among the Indians. So, through all the departments of W. C. T. U. work, an appropriately costumed lady gave effective representation of the operations of the Union, and there was a march by all in procession in intricate figures over the stage. This was one of the prettiest and most suggestive scenes of the Convention, and did credit to the artistic skill of the ladies who organized it.

The entertainment of the delegates at St. Louis was something of a departure from the usual methods adopted on such occasions. The churches undertook the entertainment of the representatives according to states. The Union Methodiat Episcopal Church took Ohio, and there the Convention sermon was preached. Nearly all the churches gave their buildings for use of the delegates and their meetings.

LEADERS OF THE W.C.T.U.

1. MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.
2. MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS.
3. MISS ELIZABETH W. GREENWOOD.
4. MRS. CLARA HOFFMAN.

Portraits appear on this page of some of the officers of the Convention. Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National W. C. T. U., presided ex-officio; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, vice-President at large; Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary; and Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Treasurer, all of whom are enthusiastic workers and eloquent speakers. Besides these the Convention had the pleasure of listening to Miss Agnes E. Slack, the brilliant young English girl who has been appointed Secretary of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Slack comes of a family long celebrated in England for its activity in religious and temperance work, and for its devotion to public philanthropy. She has done valuable service in Great Britain and Ireland to the Temperance cause, and the Convention gave her a most hearty and cordial welcome.

Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, whose portrait is one of our group, was the preacher of the Convention sermon. Her home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., where her name is a household word. The daughter [illegible] Heights she consecrated herself to God's work when only fourteen years of age. She entered the Women's Temperance Crusade at its beginning, and her work has now extended beyond her native State to the nation. In addition to her duties as pastor and preacher, Miss Greenwood has been for eighteen years President of the W. C. T. U. "On the Hill" in Brooklyn, as well as being constantly engaged as lecturer and evangelist. She preaches to a large, intelligent congregation each Sabbath day during the warm months, at her summer home among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. This is the work she loves most. Miss Greenwood is also superintendent of the evangelistic department of the World's W. C. T. U., and national superintendent of evangelistic work. She has also done valuable service at the Mayflower Mission, which the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher organized in connection with Plymouth Church.

Of the world-wide fame of Miss Frances E. Willard as a temperance crusader the whole nation knows. Miss Willard's work began as early as 1874, as champion of the Woman's Temperance crusade in Ohio and other States. She has been an indefatigable worker, often traveling fifteen thousand to twenty thousand miles a year, averaging one meeting a day. In one year she visited every State and Territory in the Union, and part of Canada. Miss Willard has a facile pen, and her books, pamphlets, tracts, and articles, bearing more or less on the temperance question, have been widely published and read. Miss Willard is a New England woman, of rare intelligence and ability, and is now fifty-six years of age. She has been successively teacher, public speaker, college president, temperance crusader and editor. Miss Willard is an eloquent and pleasing speaker and successful organizer.

Mrs. L. M. Stevens, Vice-President N. W. C. T. U., is a woman of great force and all-round personality. She was the President of the Maine Union and founder of the Industrial Home for Women in that State. She was appointed one of the Woman's Commission for the Columbian Exposition, and is possessed of excellent practical and executive ability.

The Recording Secretary, Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, is a woman of striking personality. She has great platform ability, and her strong voice, forceful ideas, and spontaneous humor at once win the hearts of her hearers. She is fearless in her promulgation of truth, and was for years the President of the W. C. T. U. in Missouri.

The Convention proves, if proof had been needed, how thoroughly in earnest these ladies are in the gigantic work they have undertaken and how loyally they are supported by their sisters in the towns and cities of all our States. The work that is being done by the W.C.T.U., is distinctly on Christian lines, and from all the speeches and reports it was evident that with this organization, at any rate, religion and temperance are marching hand in hand. The Union is pledged to prohibition, but until that end is secured it is working earnestly and energetically to promote individual reformation, and to win to the cause of total abstinence Christians who are concerned for the moral well-being of their fellows. It is gratifying to notice the success that has attended the work among children. This is a very hopeful feature. If the children can be trained to total abstinence the prospects of a better future are bright, and this work can be done best by the W.C.T.U.

A Gifted Soul-Winne[illegible]

Evangelist Palser's Work for Christ in [illegible]land and Canada.

AS briefly announced in our news[illegible] umns last week, the Christian [illegible] ers of the U[illegible]

MR. CLEMENT PALSER.

States are to have the assistance o[illegible] Evangelist, who both in England a[illegible] Canada has been signally used of Go[illegible] many years past in the conversion of s[illegible] Mr. Clement Palser, who has just la[illegible] in New York, is cordially commende[illegible] the Christian public of the United S[illegible] by ministers whose opinion always [illegible] mands respect here. Dr. George F. [illegible] tecost, who has had a wide experi[illegible] in Evangelistic work, bespeaks for [illegible] Palser a cordial welcome, and write[illegible] the strongest terms of his usefuine[illegible] the English churches. From still an[illegible] London pastor, Rev. George Huckl[illegible] comes the testimony of many year[illegible] quaintance that God has put his se[illegible] approval on Mr. Palser's work, both i[illegible] salvation of souls and in the buildin[illegible] of the Lord's people. Mr. Palser is [illegible] cordially endorsed by some of the [illegible] prominent pastors in Canada and U[illegible] States in whose churches he has prea[illegible] and by Drs. McArthur, Judson and [illegible] eron of this city to whom he is well k[illegible] by reputation.

Mr. Palser is a native of the busy [illegible] of Birmingham, England. He was [illegible] verted when a lad of sixteen, and al[illegible] immediately began active servic[illegible] Christ's cause. The neighborhood ar[illegible] his home furnished abundant oppor[illegible] ties for aggressive Gospel effort, [illegible] these he used with all the energy [illegible] young and enthusiastic Christian. S[illegible] very remarkable conversions took [illegible] under the lad's preaching, and in one [illegible] a meeting held in a farm-house befo[illegible] he was eighteen years of age, was the b[illegible] ning of a movement which issued i[illegible] organization of a church and the ere[illegible] of a substantial church-building.

After some time he removed to the [illegible] of Bristol, where the young man conti[illegible] his Gospel work. His Gospel ser[illegible] held in the churches of that busy [illegible] port were greatly blessed in the [illegible] version of souls. There could be but [illegible] occupation for a young man whose [illegible] were thus early proved. Mr. Palser's [illegible] to preach the Gospel was unmistak[illegible] and he dare not refuse, even had [illegible] wished. As a matter of fact, however [illegible] service was a delight to him, comp[illegible] with which any business or social [illegible] cesses would have seemed mean [illegible] sordid. Mr. Palser, by the advice o[illegible] friends, took the preliminary steps to [illegible] a theological training which would fit [illegible] for the regular ministry. He was a[illegible] to enter Mr. Spurgeon's college, whe[illegible] was led to reconsider his decision, [illegible] finally decided that he would abando[illegible] idea of becoming a pastor and contin[illegible] to devote his talents and means to the sp[illegible] evangelistic work which he has ever [illegible] so deeply interested in. Since that [illegible] Mr. Palser has labored most suc[illegible] fully in all parts of Great Britain. [illegible] year he spent a blessed season in Can[illegible] preaching in Toronto and other l[illegible] cities. He found time to make a [illegible] visit to Chicago, where one of his sern[illegible] at the Pacific Garden Mission led to [illegible] conversion of a man who had resolve[illegible] suicide that night. Mr. Palser may be [illegible] dressed 31 East 22d Street, New York.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Mrs. McIverton's Teas.

I CAN'T help it. I do feel hurt and a little lonesome, and left out in the cold since I came to live in Barkerville. You see, at home I knew plenty of people, and y one knew me, and there was always ething going on, but here, though 's enough going on. I am on the out- I like my work well enough, and the I board with is very kind and motherly. I'm a girl, and I would like to be nted in, more than I am."

he speaker was a slender, dark-eyed, very graceful young woman, not much twenty. She had gained a business tion which included book-keeping, -writing, and stenography, in some rks," which were located in one of e old-fashioned, exclusive and con- ative towns, which are still to be d on the shores of Peconic Bay. eral times a day she traversed the elm-shadowed street of the village, g to and fro, between the objective ts of her office and her boarding-house. slim, erect figure, poise of the head, carriage, and singularly free and har- ious motion in walking, made people to look at her as she passed. But dy, except her employers and the ds with whom she lived, noticed her he least, although the minister's wife e kindly to her when she came to rch, to which she brought a letter from ne she had joined in her childhood, her Sunday School teacher, a gray- d and dignified deacon, always in- ed perfunctorily about her health.

uise Reimer felt not a little embittered e situation, and expressed herself to an older woman, also employed at w rk."

When the Summer people were here there was so much going on, I did not for any attention. Then I had my tion, and went home, which made a ming week. But now, with winter set- down on us, I cannot stand it. I have to give up my place, and try hances at whatever I can find at my me."

What did you expect, Louise?" said friend, quietly. "Surely you never ght these aristocratic families, who to their own set strictly, would take e of you?"

don't know just what I expect. There ciety here, companies and teas, and d good times, though, and we are not You don't mind, and I do, that's fference."

st as these words were spoken, Mrs. erton chanced to pass, leading her son Walter by the hand. Walter was two years old, and couldn't step along rapidly, so that his mother had time ance at the young women whom she and to give them a very cordial bow. did not hear a syllable of their low- conversation, but a subtle wave of sphere enfolded her with them, and Walter had been laid in his crib for ap, she began to plan and fancy and in thought on some scheme which t include the two young ladies, and s similarly situated in the place, in at a few of the agreeable diversions and ations of the season.

tell you what, Edward," she said to husband, "life must be fearfully dull Mrs. Reimer and Miss St. Clare, just readmill round. Miss Reimer, too, is oung. I must somehow bring them my circle of friends."

here are difficulties, Amy," answered McIverton. "Those girls are en- d nearly all day: just at present they k off early, say at four, but when ness is brisker they'll stay till five. people in this town require cer- tes of birth and breeding before accept others as guests and com- ns."

said Amy, firmly, "am your wife. and Judge Hillyard's daughter. I believe I can set the fashion if I choose."

A day or two after this, Louise Reimer, sitting by the western window of her room, saw Mrs. McIverton's carriage, with the team of glossy bays, stop at her door. The lady alighted and swept under the shadow of the veranda roof. She was beautifully gowned, and Louise fancied the rustle of her soft silks, the lustre of her rich furs. A moment, and her card was brought to Miss Reimer by the little red-cheeked maiden of the house, her hostess's one daughter.

"I have seen you passing, and I ventured to call," said the lady. "And as we can chat as well out of doors as in won't you slip on your jacket and hat and take a drive with me?"

How long Louise remembered that spin over the hills in the late autumnal afternoon, when though

"[illegible]
The saddest of the year,"

there was blue sky overhead, and the wild ducks in long wedges were following their leader to the South, and here and there the grass was yet emerald green, and in sheltered slopes a few asters lingered. They talked, freely and confidentially, the girl and her new friend, and out of that talk grew Mrs. McIverton's teas.

These teas left nobody out. That was the first thing. Mrs. McIverton asked her own friends and they came. Then she widened the group and invited those who had fewer friends than herself, especially strangers in the village, weary housewives, burdened young matrons with their children clinging about them, and glad now and then of a brief little outing, and young women like Louise. At the teas, these grew acquainted and others liking them, asked them to whatever was on foot in the village. The tea itself was simple, a cup of coffee, chocolate or tea, thin wafer biscuits, delicate sandwiches, tiny cakes, and perhaps a silver dish of bon-bons or salted almonds. There were flowers and palms, and a lovely, sparkling open fire, and above all there was a Christian woman's cordial welcome. Louise Reimer is happier now. And as for Mrs. McIverton, a new joy beads her cup, for she has learned what sweetness is at the heart of every unselfish effort for others, the blessedness that is given to all who bear one another's burdens, and to fulfil the law of Christ.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A NEW CONTINENT.

At the Recent Meeting of the International Congress the Norwegian explorer, Borchgrevinck, expressed the conviction that there is a great continent in the South Polar circle eight million square miles in area, or twice the size of Europe.

Carolina Mountaineers.

Missionary Work Among a Simple People of Whom Little is Known by the Busy World Beyond Their Native Hills.

IN the mountain districts of North and South Carolina, there are many white people and a sprinkling of colored, living far from towns or villages, and having few Gospel privileges. The missionaries of the American Sunday School Union are doing a good work among them. Mr. E. P. Bancroft, Missionary Secretary of the Union, has lately made a tour through these sections, and we are indebted to his kindness for two photographs which appear on this page, and which were taken with his own camera. They are typical pictures. One represents a pair of horsemen, "mountain whites," on the way to market. There are few roads in those altitudes and the mountain trails are hardly suited to wagons so traveling has to be done on horseback. The men who go to market in this way are sometimes weighed on either side by quite heavy loads of goods for sale, eggs and even live chickens being carried in this fashion. They are generally fine horsemen and sit their animals like centaurs. The other photograph shows what is probably the most unique Sunday School in the land—a mountain school for negroes. The building is little better than a huge packing-box but it serves the purpose admirably.

A missionary of the A. S. S. U., in North Carolina sends this experience:

"One afternoon, early in June, a lively-looking lad, who lives in a log cabin not far from Fanning's Ford, came down to the creek with hook and line, just as I was about to venture into waters whose depth my buggy wheels had not previously measured. 'I'll show you the shallowest place to cross,' said the boy, who seemed to know all about the by-ways. Presently the right place was reached, and a safe crossing put us both on the other bank near a foot-log and a fish-hole towards which the lad was making his way. A restful, shady spot was easily found, and while the boy sat on a log, baiting, waiting, and watching his cork float, my own part of the pastime consisted in fighting flies and looking at lizards. Two trout and a catfish being caught, the youth agreed to wind up his line and go with me to a few cottage homes among the foot-hills, where we could try our luck with books instead of hooks, in catching a long string of children for a new school the coming Sunday. Mr. Young, who lives in the first house on that side of the creek, stopped his mule and plow long enough to say there had not been a school in his part of the district since he was a boy, and it was quite likely a dozen families or more could be found willing to come together in a Union Sunday School. We next saw some boys playing by the roadside, gave them some cards and picture papers, and they all agreed to spread the notice of our first meeting. An empty shed on Mr. Young's premises was the appointed place. And the well-attended primary meeting Saturday afternoon showed how successfully our cards had been scattered. Six new schools were opened, and four others aided this month, and there is good prospect in another creek settlement.

"Our schools are now favored with soul-stirring Gospel meetings, and there is such a season of revival interest as is rarely experienced in this mountain region. Our Union services are largely attended. Long-standing disagreements among some neighbors have been settled up on the Bible plan of 'making friends.' One man whose bitterness of heart had been sweetened by the spirit of reconciliation gave his hand to the neighbor whom he formerly hated, saying, 'Henry, I never thought I could do this, sir, but I am now fully convinced that heartfelt religion has made me willing to confess my faults.' An old dance-house manager said to me, 'I have been a pensioner of the government ever since the Mexican war, but I now realize for the first time that I have been fed all these years by the hand of God, through the United States Treasury.'

"A little girl from one of the country schools, happy in the love of Jesus, came to see me a few days ago, bringing a bunch of flowers, saying, 'O I feel just like these flowers look. I want to put some in the school-house next Sunday, right close to the Bible, on the table.' When the school was opened the following Sunday, little Julia's brother came in with a basket of flowers, and brought word that his sister could not be there. 'She's too sick to come, sir,' said he, 'but when I left home she was in her bed, singing and looking at the pictures in that Sunday School paper you gave her.' God bless that little girl. She has already led seven other children into her Sunday School, which was organized last Spring by your missionary."

A Mountain Sunday School.

MOUNTAINEERS GOING TO MARKET.

Woman's Lot in India,

A VIVID portrayal of the condition of women in India has been given by Rev. J. G. Hawker, of Belgium, who has labored many years in India. It is an object-lesson which should be studied by Americans who listen with delight to the glowing descriptions of Hindooism as they are given by Brahmin lecturers.

Mr. Hawker said that the women of India formed a most important part of the population. They were in a very degraded social position, having been kept in gross ignorance for many generations. This ignorance was not the result of accident, for the most dire penalties had been pronounced against those who had attempted to do anything so unfeminine as to read or write. Seventy-six years ago there were no girls' schools in India. There were now about three-quarters of a million of women and girls who had learnt to read, but these only amounted to about one in 200, and many of them had only the most elementary education. It was taught in India that the very sex of a woman was imparted as a punishment for some sin in a former state of existence. The women of India were kept in an irksome and unhealthy seclusion, and they were debarred from the acquaintance of enlightened persons. He had heard men say that they had never spoken to their wives, and that their verbal communications with them were made through their mothers. It was no wonder that the women sought amusement of the most questionable kind. The women of India were ruined by the marriage customs. Among the Brahmins girls were married before they were ten. In the census of 1891, no fewer than 258,000 girls of under five years of age were returned as married, and there were only 11,939 left unmarried at the age of 15. The consent of the girl was not necessary for her own marriage, and many of the children scarcely knew the significance of the ceremony: and yet, though the girls were not parties to the wedding, they were obliged to go to live with their husbands when the demand was made. As to widows, their age and number were simply scandalous. According to the 1891 census there were 14,000 widows under 5 years of age, and about 700,000 under fifteen. If real progress in religious and social matters was to be made in India, missionary work must be done among the women.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

M. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,

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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

A Suggestive Letter.

ANONYMOUS letters are seldom worthy of consideration. They are almost always cowardly and despicable. They have in them thrusts at character which the author or authoress dares not openly make. They who write such anonymous letters are assassins. Before one posts such a communication he had better weigh the consequences to himself, for, though the authorship may never be discovered, the consciousness of having committed such a meanness will be a shriveling up of the moral nature, from which there is no recovery. But there are circumstances when an anonymous letter is justifiable, and it relieves the feelings of the person who writes and is mightily suggestive to the one to whom it is directed. Belonging to this latter kind is the anonymous letter before me, and which partly reads as follows:

[illegible] that you preach, but I am certain you believe it all. To be [illegible] I must [illegible] true I do not believe it. I go to hear you preach because you preach the Bible as I was taught it in my youth by a father, who, like yourself, believed what, in the capacity of a preacher, he proclaimed. I have been for thirty-five years anxious to walk in the path my old mother trod, confident in her simple faith. I have lived to see my children's children, and the distance that lies between me and my real estate in the graveyard cannot be very great. At my age it would be worse than folly to argue simply to confound, or dispute merely for the love of wrangling. I feel my breath growing shorter, my steps more tottering, and I am lost in the wilderness. [After stating many difficulties in the ninth chapter of Romans, he says]: I pray, morning, noon, and night, because I am afraid not [illegible] that I may see clearly.

This letter excites all my sympathies, for I have myself been in that quagmire, [illegible] get into a morbid state of mind and may [illegible] A student of Dr. Witherspoon, at Princeton, came to him and said: "I am imaginary and you are imaginary, and [illegible] Dr. Witherspoon said: "Go down and hit your head against the college door, and if you [illegible] track you may find it next minute upside down or in splinters. I notice there are no slurs at religion in this letter, the first letter of the kind I ever saw. The first [illegible] But this letter is respectful and reverential. I congratulate the author of it on the fact that he has a pious parentage.

[illegible] our mother's apron strings to save us, it is a grand thing to have had a good father and mother. A profligate broke forth weeping and said: "Oh, that tear of my mother that fell on my hand one night when I lay in the trundle bed." A man never gets over having been prayed for. He is apt to come around right after a while. The author of my letter says he is the son of a minister. It is a wrongful impression that minister's children turn out worse than others. The medical scientist, Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* says that in the biography of 100 clergymen he finds they had 110 sons who were clergymen, and you know that to be a clergyman means at least to be piously inclined. The man of this letter must have his mind full of sacred reminiscences. The pictures on the wall of his father's parsonage were of "Christ's Last Supper," "Rebekah at the Well," the Egyptians making a terrible failure of crossing the Red sea. There was hardly a figure of the carpet or a board in the floor that had not been consecrated by the knee of prayer. The people who used to come and stay in that house were mostly Christians. The talk was full of good things, and cheerful good things, for there are no men in the world more fond of fun than ministers, nor any house that rings with more sportfulness than theirs. Get a half dozen ministers together if you want lively times. Religion in the parsonage where this man was brought up was a happy religion. Some day all those conversations and prayers and preachings and blessed memories will charge upon his soul, and capture it in five minutes for Christ. That old Christian father gone into glory will yet greet this unbelieving son. In this letter you ask me for counsel, and I give it. My prescription for the trouble of this man and all the thousands like him is: "Quit for awhile the study of the ninth chapter of Romans, and for six months read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Begin your reading and close your reading with prayer. When God put the book of Romans so far on toward the close of the Bible he indicated that we should read that book toward the last."

Our Coming Home.

WE so often change residence in this world, it is delightful to know that we are after awhile to have a permanent residence, and here is a picture of the house we are to live in. The picture is drawn by a master hand: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will you have to give for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it, how much cash down and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to make it a free gift. Not all of it? Yes, all of it. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. Heads of families are apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after a while they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving was a jubilation. On almost the first load the children were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place. [illegible] candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us move in, for in those [illegible] bors helped each other, sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead. We have sent many of our valuables ahead. We have sent many of our treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do. But after a while, it will be toward night and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home; and those who have gone ahead of us will see our approach and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they discovered in "the house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are, and how bright the furniture and the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with the new wine of the kingdom. And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going upstairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor!

Good Humor.

GOOD humor will sell the most goods, plead the best argument, effect the best cure, preach the best sermon, build the best wall, weave the best carpet. The poorest business firm in town is Growl, Spitfire & Brothers. They blow up their clerks, they insult their customers, they quarrel with the drayman, they kick the beggars. The children shy off as they pass the street, and the dogs, with wild yelp, clear the path as they come. Acrid, waspish, fretful, explosive, cranky—suddenly the money market will be astounded with the defalcation of Growl, Spitfire & Brothers. Merryman and Warmgrasp were poor boys when they came from the country. They brought all their possessions in a little pack. Each of them had two pairs of socks, two collars, one jackknife, a paper of pins, and a hunk of gingerbread which the mother gave them when she kissed them good-by and told them to be good boys and mind the boss. They smiled, and laughed, and bowed, and worked themselves up higher and higher in the estimation of their employers. They soon had a store of their own. Not by force of capital, but by having money drawer and counters and shelves all full of good temper, they rose in society until to-day they have one of the largest stores and most elegant show windows, and the finest carriages, and the prettiest wives in all the town.

Our Cities.

AFTER the death of Alexander the Great, among his tablets was found a plan for building cities in Asia and filling them with Europeans, and cities in Europe and filling them with Asiatics, so that by intermarriage all the known earth might be brought into affinity and kindness. So in all our cities may there be demonstrated this truth, that God had made of one blood all nations, and that they may be brought into a harmonious brotherhood by the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the dominant spirit of which is peace and good will to men. May these cities which have protected us in such pleasant homes be under perpetual blessing. As the cities go, the country goes. From these great active centres of power may there descend upon all the land the most Christian influences. What we have received of advantage from those who went before let us transfer to those who come after. Lord God of our fathers, make us worthy of our noble ancestry. Lord God of our children, bring forth from the cradles of the rising generation a race to do better than we when our hand and voice are still. Then let all the rivers of this land flowing into the Atlantic or Pacific sea be rivers of salvation and all the mountains Olivets of truth and Pisgahs of prospect, and the mist rising from the lakes will be the incense of holy praise, and it will be evident to all the earth that this is the nation whose God is the Lord.

BRIEF NOTES.

We regret to learn that some peop[le] Southern States have been victimized by p[ersons] pretending to be agents for this journa[l] **should be distinctly understood that we have no agents.** *We receive subscription[s] from any one who will send them, whether their [friends] those of other people, but we would caution our friends against entrusting their subscript[ions] to persons who are strangers to them.*

Bishop Blyth, of Jerusalem, says th[at] 1841 there were only 5,000 Jews in Palestin[e]; 1883, they numbered 23,000; now they [are] 70,000, nearly double the number that returned [from] the Babylonish captivity.

The Government statistics of New [South] Wales show that for some years past, the [re] has been a diminution in the drink bill of the [country], with a corresponding increase in savings-ba[nk] posits, while the convictions for drunkenness [have] decreased fifty-nine per cent.

As an Evidence of Temperance Progr[ess] England, it is stated that the Duke of Westm[inster] who had on his estates a few years ago fort[y] saloons, has closed thirty-seven of them a[nd] rented them to persons who will carry on [no] kinds of business in them.

The problem of the suffrage is being [solved] in Belgium in a novel way. Every man [of] twenty-five, if he is not a pauper, has one vo[te]; he is over thirty-five, married, a widower [with] father, and pays the yearly house tax, he h[as] votes. A university degree gives him a thir[d].

The circulation of the Bible in Egypt has increased rapidly. The statistice of the American Bible Society in the thirty years from 1865 to 1895 that during the first ten years of the period the numbers of Bibles sent to Egypt was 6,630; during the second ten, 45,846; and during the last [ten] 116,474.

Rev. Alberto J. Diaz, M.D., the Cuban evangelist, who was imprisoned by Gen. Weyler, has entered the service of the Baptist Publication Society, and is just starting on a tour in the [United States] car, "Good Tidings" through Texas and Mexico. His labors will be chiefly among Spanish-speaking people.

In a letter to the author of a book dealing with the relations between science and religion, thanking him for a copy of his work, Mr. Gladstone expresses gratitude to science for all it has done and is doing, but says that Christianity does not need it, and is as able now as it ever was to hold its own ground.

Evangelist Arthur Crane has just closed a very successful series of meetings at Norfolk, Va. The meetings were held in the Freeman Street Church of which Dr. M. B. Wharton is pastor. The church was crowded during his stay, and there were many remarkable conversions. Mr. Crane is now conducting services at Freehold, N. J.

A Recent Scientific Traveler in Palestine publishes as the result of his observations, that the Sea of Galilee which is 800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is fast becoming like the Dead Sea with dense water and salt formations on its shores. The traveler believes that the bottom of the sea is sinking and that greater changes in it are imminent.

A Significant Opposition to the Movement for extending the suffrage to women has appeared in England. It is led by the *Wine and Spirit Review*, a journal devoted to the interests of liquor dealers. It frankly states that its reason for opposing female suffrage is that nine women out of ten are opposed to the saloon. The struggle to keep women from the polls thus becomes on the part of the liquor dealers a war of self preservation.

Of the 11,021,530 square miles that the British Empire comprises, England now holds 2,194,880, according to the latest figures compiled by Mr. Ravenstein, of the Geographical Society. France has 3,744,000 square miles, including Algeria, Tunis, and a large part of the Sahara; Germany 884,810, the latest part acquired since 1884; Portugal, which at one time had almost a monopoly of Africa, now has only 826,730 square miles.

The young people's department of the Woman's National Indian Association is preparing to continue its custom of sending Christmas boxes to the Indian children. Last year over 8,000 such boxes were sent out, with the desired results. The department, through its Secretary, Miss Mary E. Ives, Box 1163, New Haven, Conn., urgently requests that all who have influence with the young people will interest themselves in this enterprise.

The votes of the Fall Conferences on the question of admitting women to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been so favorable to the proposal as those of last year. The recent vote shows 3,955 for and 1,587 against the proposition. The affirmative vote lacks a little being three-fourths. Compared with the vote of last year there has been an increase of 1 in the affirmative and of 573 in the negative.

Charles S. Studd, a well-known missionary who has labored during the past ten years in China, is now making a tour of American colleges to secure recruits for the foreign mission field. Mr. Studd is a graduate of Cambridge University, England, a leader in Christian work among the college men. He is a guest of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Studd was a famous athlete at college, and has become equally famous in the missionary work in China.

Recently tabulated religious statistics show that of the population of the U.S. 62,622,259, persons who are communicants or church members number 20,616,806. The proportion of communicants to population is largest in the cities than in country districts. The average in the cities is 328 to every 1,000. In the country it is 328 in the 1,000. Philadelphia has the largest number of church members; Brooklyn has the largest proportion of communicants to population.

The American Bible Society makes an urgent appeal for funds. Owing to the falling off in receipts, and especially of legacies, it has been compelled to refuse urgent requests for help from several Foreign Missionary Societies. Being an unsectarian society, it depends for support on the churches of all denominations, but of late the churches have been occupied with the needs of their own Mission Boards, and the income of the Bible Society has suffered. This Society is doing a most valuable work, that the disclosure of its need will be sufficient to bring a prompt response.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Armenian Rejoicings at Fresno.

ONE of the most interesting celebrations of this quadrennial year of pageants was the festival, a photograph of which appears on this page. At Fresno, California, refugees from Armenia, have been settling in small numbers for sixteen years past, until now there are over two hundred in that neighborhood. Assisted in the first instance by the munificence of an Armenian gentleman in this country, the early settlers sent for their relatives and friends as they were able to raise the means of transportation. They have uniformly prospered, the majority of them on farms, where they labor with their own hands, and contrive to make a profit even in the worst years when their neighbors who depend on hired labor, have lost money. Some of them have devoted themselves to trade and have built up successful businesses. One is a physician, another an artist, another a clergyman: all are doing well and there is not one who has become a public burden. They are popular, too. The American citizens admire the promptitude with which the Armenian arrival takes out his first papers and becomes a citizen as soon as the law allows. He learns the language with surprising rapidity and adjusts himself easily to his new surroundings. He does not seclude himself among his countrymen as the English, German and Swedish settlers are apt to do; but likes to associate with native Americans and takes an intelligent interest in American affairs. He takes a pride in his new nationality, and his love for the flag which symbolizes his freedom is intense. Perhaps it is not possible for us, accustomed all our lives to liberty, to realize the feelings of a man who never knows from one day to another when he may be imprisoned or killed, and his wife and children torn from his side—when such a man, standing on American ground, under the Stars and Stripes, breathes freely, knowing that the fiendish tyrant at Constantinople can molest him no more, he has good reason for a passionate love for the country which has sheltered him and protects him. He feels for his adopted country the reverent affection the Poles, Hungarians and Huguenots who found a refuge in England felt as they bared their heads and blessed "the white chalk line of sea-washed cliffs" where no despot's emissaries could follow them. We cannot wonder, therefore, that Armenian citizens surpass others, even those born on the soil in the enthusiasm of their patriotic celebrations. We may hope that all of them, too, may be in fact as well as in name followers of Him who said:

They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. (John 10: 28.)

ARMENIANS AT FRESNO, CAL., HOLDING PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION.

Rubies and Diamonds in Rivalry.

A jeweler reports in a trade journal the present situation as to the fashion for betrothal rings. It appears that the trade has observed a tendency among wealthy lovers to choose a betrothal ring having some other stones than diamonds. It has so long been the custom to give a diamond ring on these occasions, that a change seemed necessary. Of late, says the jeweler, the ruby has been the favorite stone. He does not believe, however, that the fashion will continue. The diamond has merits of its own which will drive the ruby out of the race. It is emblematic of purity, is noted for being indestructible, and is a famous talisman for preventing storms, all of which make it a desirable stone for the engagement ring. Besides which it is much easier to find a perfect diamond than a perfect ruby. Fine rubies without a flaw or blemish are so rare that if they weigh more than two carats they are from five to ten times as costly as diamonds of the same size. There are numbers of stones, such as garnets and ruby-spinels, which are sold as rubies, which are not rubies at all, but are so like that only an expert can tell the difference. Summing up the merits of the two stones, the jeweler believes that diamonds will continue to be in favor for the purpose, especially for people who cannot afford to pay the high price of a fine, genuine ruby. Perhaps there would be less business for the divorce courts if lovers gave less thought about the proper style of ring, and more to the search for that wisdom which God gives to all who lack and ask him for it.

Wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it (Proverbs 8: 11).

A Kick Worth Millions.

A remarkable story of the discovery of a famous mine is related by the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It states that the mine known as the "Noonday" in the Black Range, which is one of the richest in New Mexico, was originally discovered through an accident. One of the teamsters, who in 1887 carried freight from Lake Valley to the mining camps in New Mexico, was a hard-working man who found it difficult to eke out a decent living. In September of that year he had the offer of a load to be carried a distance of eighty miles, over the side of the Hogback, to a mining camp. As the road was narrow and of steep grade and the load heavy, several teamsters had refused it; but this man, being poor, was willing to accept. He succeeded in getting safely over sixty miles of the route and had reached a pass where the road was not more than three feet wider than his wagon, when one of the mules became obstinate. It kicked over the traces and would not budge an inch. The teamster whipped and coaxed in vain. In his effort to get the mule to work he received a kick from one of its hoofs which sent him clear over the edge of the precipice. Happily for him he did not fall on the jagged rocks at the foot, but was stopped by a tree growing on a ledge. He was unconscious for a time as the result of the shock, but when he opened his eyes he looked around wondering where he was. He soon realized what had happened and searched around for some stepping stones in the almost perpendicular wall of rock, by which he could climb back to his team. Then he saw to his amazement that the rock was rich beyond anything he had ever seen. He climbed back eventually and finished his journey. He did not do any more teamster's work, but sent to Denver for his brother, who was a miner, bidding him collect all the money he could and come to New Mexico. In a short time a gang of men were at work and both men are now worth large fortunes. Whatever the teamster may have thought when the mule kicked him, if he could think at all, it is safe to say that he does not now regard that kick as a misfortune since it led him to wealth. The time will come when the Christian will see his trials and afflictions in the same light if they have their intended effect in his spiritual enrichment.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory (II. Cor. 4:17)

An Abstainer's Fortune.

San Francisco journals report the transfer, by the order of the courts, of shares valued at half a million dollars to a young man who had submitted evidence of his being a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor. It appears that in 1891 the will of a recently deceased millionaire was offered for probate. It provided for the distribution among his children of all his property except half a million dollars. Each of his children received a share except one son, who was a notorious drunkard. The will gave him nothing, but directed that the half million dollars should be invested in certain shares, and that these should remain in the hands of trustees, who were instructed to transfer them to the dissipated son at any time within fifteen years, providing he could prove that during the five years immediately preceding his claiming them he could prove that he had been a total abstainer. The young man at once commenced his period of probation, and has succeeded in keeping sober for the stipulated time. On his satisfying the court of the fact, the order for the transfer of the shares was made. It may be hoped that he will continue sober now that he has acquired his fortune. He will thus get a double blessing. This is the Christian's experience. Not only does he enter upon an inheritance, but is fitted to enjoy it by a process which makes him a better man.

Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. (Col. 1:12.)

Preparing a Textile.

A scientific journal describes a new process which has been found successful in producing from Rhea fibre a substitute for linen. The bark of the Rhea plant which grows in India, China, and Japan it says, is cut in strips or ribbons, but these are useless for textile purposes, because of the dirt and resinous substances they contain. They are placed in baths of weak acid for a night, and are then passed through a mild alkaline bath, and finally boiled in a weak solution of caustic soda, to which zinc has been added. When dried, the fibres emerge as long, silky flosse, clean, white, and ready for the comb of the spinner. They take the most attractive dyes and can be worked into every variety of fabric, from the finest quality of velvets to cheap drills and delicate laces. The combined lightness and toughness of the fibre render it peculiarly suitable for tents and ship canvas, and three-fifths more cloth of equal strength can be produced from Rhea than from the same weight of linen—that is, one thousand yards of Rhea canvas weighs only as much as six hundred yards of linen, its durability and resisting power to strain being also much greater. The difficulty hitherto, appears to have been to find acids which would remove the dust and resin without injuring the fibre. The same difficulty is experienced in the purification of human character. God sometimes uses affliction for the purpose, and the subject of it needs to have much faith in him to be sure that the removal of the dross is the end to be attained.

Fear [illegible] with [illegible] for I am with thee . . . . I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure. (Isa. 46: 28.)

Tried to Make Gold.

In the course of a conversation on the futile efforts of the ancient alchemists, a new York chemist said recently that the public has no idea how many persons still cherish the hope of being able to transmute base metals into gold. He knew one instance in a man, a customer of his who died three years ago. The man earned his living by making diamond pointers for use in lithographic work, and being a skilful workman he easily secured an income larger than he needed for his modest wants. He never married, but led a lonely, secret life in lodging-houses. He believed that he had the clue to a chemical process which would make gold, and all his spare time was given to experiments in this pursuit. He was extremely secretive and was tormented by the fear that some one would discover the secret of his formulas. None of his experiments succeeded, but he believed himself perpetually on the eve of the discovery which would make him the richest man in the world. He continued to work on, undismayed by his repeated failures, and confident in his belief that success would come some day. The fruits of more than forty years of hard work and study were found in his desolate room after his death. They were a few nuggets of yellowish metal about the size of walnuts, of no value. There can be no doubt that the poor man wasted his life, as many did in olden times, in the same pursuit. Men are generally wiser now and seek the end of attaining wealth, by other methods. In the light of Christ's teaching, however, the method makes little difference. The man who gives his life to the pursuit of wealth by any method, wastes it.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. (Matt. 6: 19, 20).

A Bicyclist's Dilemma.

A lady who is an enthusiastic bicyclist had a disagreeable experience during a country excursion in Michigan. She and her escort were going over a country road when the lady's dress caught in the gearing of the wheel. Her companion went to her assistance. He proposed cutting it, but it was a new dress and the lady was reluctant to spoil it. The only way of getting the dress out was to take off a wheel; but unfortunately neither of them carried a wrench. The young man offered to return to the city to procure one if the young lady would wait. He was away a long time, and she waited with what patience she could until he came back, when he took the machine to pieces and released her. She saved her dress, but she will do well not to make that principle the invariable rule of life. There are entanglements in which it is wiser to suffer any loss, to secure a quick and certain escape.

If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter the Kingdom of God with one eye than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire. (Mark [illegible]).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Lapps and Their Homes.

Tromsoe, the Ancient Capital of Lapland, and its Inhabitants.

WHEN a traveler visits Tromsoe, the ancient capital of Lapland, he is distinctly within the Arctic circle. Surrounded by ragged mountains, snow-capped from base to summit, and with only here and there a green spot on the landscape, it is not an inviting place in the eyes of one who is accustomed to milder lafitudes. Still, Tromsoe is by no means an unattractive town, with its rows of red-tiled houses, built evidently with the prime object of keeping out the weather, its big, roomy barns and its clean, Dutch-like streets and lanes. Outside of the town is the Lapp quarter proper, which can be readily distinguished from the Norwegian. As a rule, the Lapp huts are dirty, squalid structures of stone or turf, built on a rude, wooden frame and thatched with dry grass or moss, to which soil clings so freely that the green grass springs above the heads of the family within. One of our photographs on this page furnishes a fair type of the average Lapp house.

A LAPP BOY

In manners, dress, and general surroundings, the Lapps must be classed as among the lowest of European populations. Huddling together in quarters and an atmosphere not unlike those of an Indian tepee, and living among their dogs and reindeer, which are practically considered members of the family, they seem to have no idea of a higher civilization or of hygienic conditions. They present the most vivid contrast imaginable to the spick-and-span neatness of the Dutch, or the general air of cleanliness that prevails among the Norwegian people. Most of the Lapps are either fishermen, herdsmen, or hunters. The ordinary dress of the men consists of a [illegible] which has changed by long use to a dingy yellowish shade; a leathern or skin belt, a [illegible] and a pair of long boots which are almost indescribable in shape and general character. [illegible] have probably a stronger physique than most of the European races, their simple, [illegible] of vast endurance. They are splendid sailors and fearless in danger. Although uncouth in appearance, with their out[illegible] are [illegible] tractable and docile, and violence among [illegible]

[illegible] on the 5th of June. At Bodo it is [illegible] at Tromsoe until the 22d; at North Caps until the 30th of July. It is visible as a full orb, at the Cape, over two and a half months. The traveler must seize the days accordingly. At Bodo the sun goes out of the sky on the 15th of December, and peeps up again on the 28th; at the North Cape it goes out on the 18th of November, and returns on the 24th. But these dates do not convey the idea of the long night, or the long day, as the sun does not wholly lose its light, or fully shine during these intervals. One result is a short summer and a long winter."

Lapland, like all the countries of the Northland, is a region of saga and romance. Many are the wonderful folk-tales and traditions rehearsed by the old Lapp hunters to their children and to curious visitors. Tales of ancient heroes, by field and flood; of vikings who won the guerdon of fame in the forgotten centuries, and whose names even have perished, although the memories of their deeds remain. It is a strange, weird land, with its snowy peaks, its fjords, maelstroms and islands, and its grim, silent people.

A Song in the Night.

It is related that a Christian minister, while traveling in the Northwest several years ago, one evening stopped at a way-side inn, there being no other place within many miles. During the night he felt strongly impressed to sing a certain hymn and he was not disobedient to the Spirit's voice, but poured out the pent-up longings of his heart for the salvation of those for whom Christ had died. The song ended, [illegible] retired to his house, and pursued his journey, little thinking what [illegible] had planted in that lonely spot. Many years after, he passed that [illegible] again and was greeted as a friend by those whom he had almost forgotten. He found that the lady of the house, and some of her family, had entered the path of [illegible] and were strong [illegible] the way that they told him there that that sacred song in the [illegible] had been the instrument of awakening them from their carnal slumbers, and arousing them to seek and serve the Lord.

A LAPP FAMILY AT HOME NEAR TROMSOE, LAPLAND.

Patience and Zeal in House-work.

A lady who has had her full share of the joys and sorrows of this life, relates the following little incident which may [illegible] who read it: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me by my father when I was a child. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry. 'What is the matter, Mary?' 'I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what goods does it do? To-morrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed over again.' 'Look, my child,' he said, 'do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, but it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts or love for God that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life."

Training the Child's Appetite.

A prominent American educator put this principle into practice in his own family, consisting of four boys and four girls, writes Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. He was a man of limited means, and he felt the necessity of training his children to eat such food as he deemed proper for them. If those children deemed a dish distasteful, they were privileged to wait until they were willing to eat it. There was no undue pressure brought to bear on them. They could simply eat it, or let it alone. If they went without it that meal, the same dish, or a similar one, was before them for the next meal; and so on until hunger gave them the zest to eat it with unfeigned heartiness. By this means those children learned to eat what they ought to eat: and when they had come to years of maturity they realized the value of this training, which had made them the rulers of their appetite, instead of being its slaves. It needs no single example to illustrate the opposite course from this one. On every side we see persons who are subject to the whims and caprices of their appetite, because their appetite was never trained to be subject to them. And in one of these two directions the upbringing of every child is tending to-day.

To Educate Moslem Girls.

For nearly eight centuries Moslem women have been kept as mere slaves, and their education, except in trivial matters, [illegible] neglected. There are indications that this condition of affairs is changing. The Mohammedan community of Calcutta is discussing the establishment of a [illegible] for Moslem girls in that city, and there are many schemes to advance their education throughout India. The native [illegible] Nawab Bahadur, of Moorshedabad, is soliciting to become a patroness of [illegible] and Prince Mohammed Bukash [illegible] of the moving spirits.

AT THE DOOR.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock:
But, lo! the toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand,
The sweetness of my baby's plea -
That timorous baby knocking, and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book;
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis, I, O Father! only I?"

A Little Child's Trust.

THE beautiful trust of childhood often affords the greatest encouragement to older Christians. A lady who lived with her husband on a West Indian plantation, had a daughter, a little child who became afflicted with a severe disease of the eyes. All the doctors said she must be taken to England, so that if necessary an operation might be performed; so the mother started for England. The doctors there found too much time had been lost and nothing could be done except to try and relieve the poor child's intense agony. They had all given her up, and told the mother she could only live a few days, and yet week after week passed and the child lingered. The doctors said it was wonderful case; a regular fight against death; no hope, terrible agony, and yet, though utterly exhausted, the child seemed unable to die. One night the mother watching beside her bed, heard a wailing sob. Tenderly leaning over her she said, "What is it, my precious one? Is the pain too terrible?" "Oh, mother," said the child, "I heard the doctors tell you I was going to die; what is it to die? I am afraid to die." With a heart bursting with grief, the mother took the child in her arms, and said, "My darling, dying is only going from mothers' arms into Jesus' arms." "Oh," said the child, "if that is all, I am not afraid to die." The mother laid her back in bed. All through the night she lay in quiet sleep, and when the daylight came, and the mother bent over her, she saw the little face lying calm and still, with a look of repose, on the pillow, and knew that her darling was indeed in "Jesus' arms."

Our Children's Songs.

The songs we sing go far toward molding character and forming taste. Children, says an authority in the *Musical Messenger*, are sometimes permitted to spend days and even weeks learning songs, of doubtful merit; and who will doubt that a song has in many instances gone very far toward shaping the entire life course. Let us sing of beauty, purity and goodness, and reflect in our lives the sentiment of the songs we sing. The opinion expressed by certain moralists that we should permit the children to have all sorts of games at home, and thereby gratify their curiosity and satisfy their inclination for gaming is bad policy, if tastes and habits are formed thereby, which is quite natural. We are making of them nothing short of expert gamblers and champions at games of chance. No home so humble that it may not send forth from its sacred precincts the pure-minded, clean-handed sons and daughters, who shall wield their influence on the side of godliness, purity and truth.

Indian Summer.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellowed richness on the clustered tree,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared cloud
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind a sweet and passionate wooer
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimson,
And silvery beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside weary. *Longfellow.*

Hope for Armenia.

The Sultan May Now Be Forced to Introduce Reforms—The Relief Work Progressing.

DURING the week the news from Constantinople has been of a more encouraging character than at any time within the last six months. Thoroughly alarmed by the new attitude of the European Powers, and especially by the evidences of an agreement between France and Russia to act together, the Sultan, through his Ambassador in Paris, is reported to have informed the French Government that he would immediately carry out reforms involving the following: Release of prisoners now in jail without charges; stoppage of persecution of peaceable Armenians; convocation of an Armenian assembly to elect a patriarch; dismissal of the Vali of Diarbekir and punishment of Mazhar Bey; orders to the Valis in Anatolia to preserve peace; assistance of the living sufferers in massacre districts, and the extension to the whole Empire of the reforms promised in 1895.

It is to be hoped that these reforms will eventually be carried out, although they can only be realized under compulsion, as the experience of Europe with respect to Ottoman pledges in the past abundantly proves. Should the pressure imposed be continued, some degree of relief for the long-suffering Armenians may actually result. But diplomatic processes are proverbially slow, and meanwhile the distress in the massacre districts continues. The sixth weekly remittance of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was last week forwarded through the American Board for distribution by its missionaries at the following places:

Harpoot	$500
Marsovan	250
Erzeroum	250

Work has now been obtained for a majority of the Armenians who arrived in New York lately, but a number of the immigrants are still at the Salvation Army farm in New Jersey, where those who are not sent to employers may have to pass the coming winter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent to the farm for the use of the immigrants during the cold weather another supply of blankets, from the surplus stock of the Bowery Mission. Many of the Armenian immigrants arriving here have absolutely nothing in the world except the clothes they wear, and they are ill-calculated to keep out the freezing blasts of our climate in winter. Any sound, warm clothing sent to the Bowery Mission, 105 Bowery, New York, for the use of the exiles, will be applied for that purpose.

The following contributions to the Relief Fund were received during the week:

[illegible]	$51,444.76
Julia A Godfrey	5 00
Ladies' Missionary Society, North Hope	11 25
W Smith	5 00
Sympathizer, Geetingsville	1 00
M L Emerson	1 00
[illegible], Ia	7 00
F Lunt	5 00
Mary J Pease	3 00
Friend, Romeo	25
Mrs Emma Tallman	1 00
Mrs Lucy A Peters	1 00
Miss Mary J Conant	1 00
Friend, Fairport	1 00
Mrs Sarah Henry	50
Mrs A Wilcox	50
Mrs J Elsworth	25
Mrs Rosa Fuller	25
Friend, Fairport	50
Mr M Gurnsey	50
Mr Thomas Graham	50
Ann Brindle	2 00
Mrs E F Stoddard	1 00
Mrs Amelia Barr	25 00
Friend, New York City	20 00
Friend, El Paso	10 00
Polly Miller	1 00
V R Tannehill	5 00
Junior Christian Endeavor, Whittlesy	1 00
Lover of the Lord, Tenn	1 00
Mrs E Elliott	1 00
Central Pres. Church S S	25 00
Mr and Mrs W H Garrett	2 00
Annie M McClure	5 00
Maggie Davisson	1 00
Lizzie Brock	1 00
Friend, Auburn	1 00
Mrs Madge Nesbitt	10 00
Mrs A R Rockhill	2 00
[illegible] Sheerman	25 00
G M VanCleve	1 00
J Z, Brooklyn	2 00
The People of Mt. Calm	16 55
Mrs Fred E Waterman	1 00
Henry G Meyer	1 00
J Clements	1 00
Washington	2 00
Friendship Junior League, Fallston	5 00
Total	$51,657.06

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Home-Life Made Beautiful.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NEVER before has such a magnificent home book been produced as **Margaret E. Sangster's "Home Life Made Beautiful."**

Tens of thousands of wives and mothers, with all their loved ones, will find their happiness largely increased, their lives brightened, their homes made sweeter, sunnier, lovelier, and happier because of this matchless work.

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Then, there is a host of **stories,** Household **Recipes,** chapters on **Amusements, Recreations** and **Games.** In short, this book is the home book of the day; the family book of the age, and one of the most blessed books of this generation. If you want to make a father or a mother, a daughter or a son exceedingly

OUR FIRST-BORN.
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happy, or if you want to be happy yourself, get this book, and you will be surprised to find how much it will do towards making home life sweeter, sunnier, brighter, and healthier.

This volume contains **Beautiful Pictures,** many in number and artistic in execution. In fact, from lid to lid this superior book is profusely illustrated. It contains **446 extra large pages,** is printed from **large type,** elegantly bound in silk-finished cloth, with emblematic side and back stamp in gilt and colors. It weighs **three pounds,** and measures, when open, **9 x 15** inches, and is sent, all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the best paper in the world, for one year—52 times—together for only **TWO DOLLARS.**

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A Rash Vow Broken.

How a Prayer Meeting Led to a Revival and a Quickened Church.

AN interesting story of a revival, which came to a church in Indiana, is told in a communication which Rev. F. B. Meyer sends to the London *Christian.* In response to Mr. Meyer's question as to the beginning of the revival, the minister of the church said:

"The church had been blessed with faithful preaching for half a century, and had been swept by half-a-dozen revivals in that time; but there were plenty of members over fifty-five years of age that had passed through them all, and were still out of Christ. I began preaching. The burden of all my sermons at that time was, that the Church was responsible for the world, and that if the world was not won for Jesus, it was because the Church was out of condition.

"Out of this preaching of mine came a secret prayer meeting, held in my vestry for eighteen months. Towards the end of that period I set myself with renewed earnestness to preach to professors. For three months I had no word for the unconverted, and some of them began to fear that they were past saving; but durall that time I was constantly urging the Church to consider its responsibilities, and to become a people prepared for the coming of the Lord. Finally we decided to set apart Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for special meetings, to humble ourselves before God and confess our sins.

"On the Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, when we were about to begin the meeting, all my officers rose up in a body, and came to the front, confessing that they had been unfaithful to their duties, and then fell on their knees entreating God to have mercy on them. There wasn't a dry eye in the house: grey-headed professors of religion were crying aloud for salvation, avowing that they had never truly experienced saving grace; members of the church were going to and fro across the room asking forgiveness of those against whom they had trespassed; and it seemed as though the very power of God had come down on the whole assembly. This had not been going on for long, before there was a noise at the door, and we found that a number of work-people were waiting for admission to the church. I unbarred the door and let them in, and they filled the place, crying aloud for salvation.

"We were blessed with some remarkable cases of conversion. There was one man who had been put out over some trivial matter, and had not been in the church for months: but at the invitation of a little girl of twelve he came to the Sunday evening service, and as I gave out the hymn, with the refrain, 'Will you go?' broke in with the words, 'Yes, I am going right now,' and immediately the whole congregation was turned into a Bochim, and on every side strong men were saying, 'We will go, too.' There was another case. A man had gone out of the church eighteen months before, declaring that he would never enter it again. His neighbors and children said that he never could be converted. The old minister, on the other hand, had faith to claim this hardened soul for Christ with undoubting assurance. He went to his home and said, 'John Pye, I want you to come to church this afternoon.' 'I have said I won't, and I won't,' was the wrathful reply, and he came toward the minister in a threatening manner to throw him out of the house, but his arm seemed suddenly paralyzed, and from that moment till the Sunday afternoon, three days and nights, he neither ate nor slept. He then sent for the minister and entreated him to pray for him. 'No,' was the reply, 'it is of no use to pray for you till you have retracted your rash vow and promised to come to church this evening.' At last he yielded. 'I'll come,' he cried. 'Will you pray for me now?' They knelt together and he found mercy.

"That evening, he stood up before all the congregation and said, 'No one can tell me there's no hell. I have been in it for eighteen months. You, minister, took my moral boots off eighteen months ago, and I've been in hell ever since: but, thank God, my chains are broken, and I'm free.' I had no need to preach a sermon that night. The conversion of this man became the talk of the neighborhood."

THE CHURCH'S CRYING NEED.

Evangelist Moody's Clarion Call for a General Revival of Sunday Evening Gospel Services Widely Heeded—Many Warm Endorsements of his Plan.

D. L. Moody.

ALREADY a number of letters have been received from pastors, church officials, and church members of many different denominations in response to the appeal of Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, for a widespread revival of Sunday Evening Gospel Services. All of these communications, without exception, are enthusiastically in favor of the plan outlined by the great evangelist for a much-needed "stirring of the dry bones" in the Christian churches throughout the nation.

Our readers will recall the earnestness with which Mr. Moody set forth the peril of the churches in neglecting the Sunday evening services. His language was, in substance, that righteousness and intelligence were needed to save the nation. "We need a revival of Gospel preaching—the plain, old-fashioned, unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ—in all our churches. The church that has no Sunday evening Gospel services, or what amounts to none, is dead! And every such service should be followed by an after-meeting for personal work." He explained that the Sunday evening service is and always has been, the best of all services for reaching the common people. "If you don't get them to church Sunday evening, you won't get them at all." He added that: "A service not based on the Gospel, and that does not preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, is of no value to meet the emergency," but he was convinced that if the Gospel alone were presented in a majority of our pulpits Sundays, we would not have any occasion for complaint of small audiences and lack of spiritual interest.

Below are a few of the numerous letters received in response to our invitation for a free expression of opinion on this most important topic. The language of the letters is strictly preserved, the names of the writers and the churches (all of which are in our possession) being withheld.

[illegible] Mass.—One of the trustees of the church here. Sunday evening services are held, of a miscellaneous character. Our membership has increased in the past year about [illegible] conversions. I heartily endorse the suggestions of Brother Moody. In every church in America should be held Gospel meetings every Sunday night. Not only this, but I believe that the church membership should meet every Sunday afternoon, as a Bible Class, and study to make themselves "approved unto God that needeth not to be ashamed," so that each will be qualified to do his or her part in assisting [illegible]

Baltimore, Md.—Our church holds Sunday evening services. I'm very glad that Mr. Moody made those suggestions, and if you take the matter in hand, you will accomplish a vast amount of good. The tendency of "pastors" is to cater to the public tastes upon the questions of the day, both political and social. They want to see their name in the paper; but what Christianity wants is a teacher like him who went about doing good. The plain, simple Gospel is what we want. Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever is what God's people want. Tell the ministers to drop all "isms," and for the love of our good Lord and upbuilding of Christian character, preach us the "old, [illegible]

Miller's Station, Crawford Co., Pa.—We have only one church in this place. It is very sel- [illegible] held in our church last winter, only one seeker for religion made a start then. He appears to be in earnest. He attends prayer meeting and Sabbath School quite regularly. I think it is [illegible]

Carbondale, Ind.—We have no Sunday eve- [illegible]

Ormond, Fla.—The church here has a C. E. [illegible] ings, as the exercises consist principally in singing [illegible] meetings lack interest and I do not think they will produce much fruit. I hope the movement proposed may be successful and blessed

Marion Junction, S.D.—I think every church should have Sunday evening services. We do not have any in our church. Our membership has not increased any in the past year, and I am grieved to say that there were no conversions made.

Greensboro, N. C.—Our church holds Gospel meetings every Sabbath night, plain, simple Gospel. Since Jan. 1st, 1896, 34 have been admitted by certificate and 17 by examination.

Thessalon, Ont., Can.—The church I belong to has no particular name. We have the regular preaching service after the Epworth League service on Sunday evening. The growth has been very small and I do not know of any conversions in the past year. We have been talking of turning our League meeting into an evangelistic service, some time. We expect to have a series of revival services carried out soon. Mr. Moody recommended an after-service on Sunday evenings, and I have been impressed with the fact that it was necessary for a long time. A good impression may be made on a congregation, but at the close of the service they will go home and forget, whereas if there was some way of reaching the unconverted by practical personal work, such as might be done in an after-meeting of this kind, it would be lasting. There are thousands of people who are yet unsaved, and who might have been serving God for years. I hope that the people not only in the United States, but in Canada also, will catch some of Mr. Moody's enthusiasm.

Blockville, N. Y.—I would say, in regard to Mr. Moody's suggestion, that our church has preaching only once in two weeks, in the afternoon. We have not had much increase for a few years past. We do need an evangelist.

Liberal, Kan.—Sunday evening services are held in our church, and we have Gospel services. We have had five or six additions during the past year, four by letter, one from the Sunday School, one from the Catholic Church. This is a village of about 250, with three Protestant denominations. We meet together every Thursday night to pray and plan for our future work outside the church to win souls for Christ. We earnestly desire your prayers. The only personal work in the church I have seen has been in this little place, and we have thought it kept the ones we wanted to reach especially from coming to church.

Eau Claire, Wis.—On every Sunday evening is held a real Gospel service, with a ten minute after-meeting for prayer, testimony and personal work. Our membership has had a gradual growth for the last two years, ending with the month of August, 1896, of 162 members. The conversions are estimated at 140. Our prayer is that the Master may abundantly bless you in your efforts in winning souls.

A large number of letters have been received. In every case where Gospel services are held on Sunday evenings, there has been a steady growth in membership, with more or less numerous conversions. Where no services are held Sunday evenings, the decay is evident from the reports. This rule is apparently without exception.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

(Suggested by the last written words of Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton University.)

FAREWELL, farewell, to hill and dale,
To mount, to purling brook and vale,
To lake and outflow, fields and river,
The soul's delight from God their giver;
To forest dear and shady dell,
Where fancy's fairy creatures dwell;
To sun and moon, to earth and sky,
And all the glittering hosts on high;
[illegible]
Adieu, my kindliest, long adieu.

But welcome what exceeds all these,
[illegible]
Fair heaven, with splendor limitless,
Where fail all fear and all distress!
Heaven, where the mighty angels dwell,
[illegible]
Heaven, with the spirits of the just,
Made perfect by prevailing trust!
Heaven, where our Lord will greatly bless,
[illegible]
To greet those who the cross lay down,
With glad acclaim and victor crown!
[illegible]
All hail the glories of the sky!

Lockport, N. Y. —M. P. B. C.

Montenegrin Royal Homes.

The Palace of Cetinje, Where Princess Helene, the Future Queen of Italy, Passed Her Girlhood.

IN view of her present and future prominence in the courts of Europe and before the world, it is specially interesting at this time to learn something of the early life and home surroundings of the beautiful Princess Helene, who in all probability will yet be the Queen of Italy. Although the Prince of Naples owned a collection of photographs of all the eligible princesses of Europe from whom to choose his bride, he remained obdurate in his refusal to marry until he met the Princess of Montenegro. It was at the Exhibition at Venice, that the obstinate young prince capitulated to the beauty and superior talents of the lovely Princess whose childhood home lies near the Adriatic Sea, surrounded by gloomy black mountains, capped with snow.

The third daughter of Nikita I, monarch of the smallest principality in Europe, the new-made bride of Prince Victor Emmanuel, is just twenty-three years of age. When only twelve years old she was sent to school in St. Petersburg, where she remained several years, becoming at the same time acquainted with the German and Russian languages. But most of the Princess life has been spent at the little Court of Montenegro, in the old Palace of the Princes of Montenegro at Cetinje, the small and feudal, like capital of the little hereditary European monarchy, which is only about the size of North Wales.

The life of the court and capital of

THE ROYAL PALACE AT CETINJE, MONTE NEGRO.

Montenegro is not only extreme in its simplicity, but even patriarchal. The majority of the people live in cottages built of stone, with interiors as bare and gloomy as the exterior surroundings of black soil and cold barren mountains. To western civilization, the primitive laws and customs which have always been identified with the home of the bride of the Crown Prince of Italy, seem in a way far removed and apart from the intellectual advanced and talented personality of the most beautiful woman in Europe to-day; whose childhood was passed where the real statute book of her country is national custom alone, and where justice is rendered even now in true primitive fashion.

In this "Black Mountain" monarchy to-day, the largest landed proprietor is the holder of sixty acres of land alone. Woods and pastures are common property of the clan, and freehold estates usually belong to the house or family instead of the individual. There are separate departments of justice, foreign affairs, war, finance, and education, but the latter is at a slow stage of progress. The very first Montenegrin newspaper did not appear until 1870, and the first book-shop in 1879. The printing presses at Cetinje issued the first books in the Slavonic language to be read by the people. The former president of the senate could neither read nor write, although he was acknowledged a poet whose verses and songs were a delight to this peculiar people.

Compared with the palatial homes of many European nobles and American statesmen, the house of a Senator of Montenegro presents a striking contrast. The [illegible] and built of stone, the square flat ceiling is supported by massive [illegible] rafters, rough and unadorned. [illegible] windows are cut in the stone walls, so high up they emit but little light. Guns and firearms, with the picture here and there of a prince or soldier, form the wall decorations. A few heavy, antique pieces of furniture, of mediæval fashion and make, constitute the only furnishing; the chief object being the great table at one end of the room, at which the Montenegrin statesman sits and schemes, and entertains his friends by discussing questions of interest to the country.

Ten Years' Waiting.

IN an address recently delivered, Rev. J. Macgowan, the devoted missionary at Amoy, China, who said he was a delegate from forty native Chinese churches with an aggregate membership of forty-odd hundred, thus described his early experiences in China:

"When I returned to China it was to commence new work in a new region. It was a very beautiful region. It was a great semi-circular plain, and around the plain there were high mountains, and oftentimes I have looked at the mountains and thought how beautiful they were. The plain, however, was a kind of Sleepy Hollow. Even the rivers that ran through this plain seemed to be sluggish, as if they had caught the temperament of the people. It seemed from the first as though it was going to be a very difficult place for a mission, and my inducement to start the mission there was that the county town was in the centre of the plain, and the magistrate of all the county lived there, and all the great lawsuits of the county had to be settled in that town. There the farmers brought their produce, and there came the wives of those farmers whenever they wanted to buy a new dress. So I rented a house there, turned it into a kind of chapel, and began to work. There was great excitement. The great religions of China do not indulge in public teaching. Confucianism is too respectable to teach to the common people, and Buddhism is too effete to do anything so heroic as to go out and preach their gospel to the people. Crowds came into this chapel of ours, and open-mouthed, listened to the wonderful utterances of the native preachers. The scholar also came, and he stood upon the threshold with that intense look which Christ had worked out during the two thousand years on his face, and he listened to what was being said. We began work and preached on for a year. At the end of the year we looked, but we had made no progress whatever. We remarked to ourselves: 'This is the result of the character of the people; this is Sleepy Hollow, and it will take a long time to wake up these people.' So we went on. At the end of another year we looked again at the faces of the congregations; but it did not seem as if one Christian idea had entered the head of any one of our hearers. The third year went with the same result, and the fourth year went and the fifth year came, and the old town seemed dustier than ever, and we seemed not to have touched one of the hearts of those great numbers of people who had listened to us for five years. The sixth year came on; no soul! The seventh year came; not one! Not a single man, woman, or child could we lay our fingers upon and say, Here there has been some good done!

The great hills that seemed to flash with light did not seem half so beautiful as years ago, and we began to talk again about giving up the place. As we talked we thought: "What! lose eight years' work! No!" But, my dear friends, that was not the point that touched us most; it was the honor of our Saviour! Was the Gospel to fail? No! We knelt down and we prayed, and when we got up our faces were set, and we looked at each other and said: "We will never give up! Never!" The ninth year came and went and no impression. The tenth year, as fancy these ten years of sorrow and ago to the workers—the tenth came, and then one fine morning the mountains seemed more beautiful than ever, and the city seemed lifted right away from the city, and the faces of the passers-by seemed more friendly and beautiful to us, and we found that the long winter of ten years had gone by and that blossom more beautiful, more sweet than ever graced an earthly tree, had made our chapel fragrant. For years we have had in the place a self-supporting church. It has a pastor of its own, and it collects its subscriptions every year, pays its own preacher, and carries on its church life as home churches do.

Good Out of Trouble.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning November 29. Psalm 27: 1-14.

PROBABLY there is no secret the knowledge of which would be of greater value to the human race than this of the way to get good out of trouble. Every one has opportunity of using it, for every one has trouble. Even those who might be comparatively free from it, make it for themselves. It is worthy of notice, too, that the suffering that people endure from self-made troubles is as genuine and as painful as that of people who could not avoid it if they would. Many a woman will weep as bitter tears over the loss of a lap-dog, as another woman sheds over the death of a child. Incidentally it may be remarked, as a matter of observation, that the people who are most industrious and successful in making trouble, seldom get to the end of their lives without having to bear some heavy troubles that are not self-made, and then they learn that they were foolish in putting from them the happiness that was once within their reach.

The question assumes that it is possible to get good out of trouble, and it is possible. The highest good that can come to any human being next to the salvation of his soul, is development of character. It is in that process that trouble renders service. There are many desirable characteristics which it produces and fosters. If it is wisely borne, it develops patience. The restiveness and fretfulness under suffering of one who has attained middle life without bearing much suffering, is a matter of common observation. A man who has had the blessing of good health, will be almost distracted by a slight toothache, or some trivial ailment that would not disturb the serenity of a chronic invalid. Trouble may also develop moral strength. There are often so many ways out of trouble which involve wrongdoing, that the conflict with temptation has to be fought and in that conflict the victor gains power. Trouble also strengthens faith, if it fulfils its mission. It is easy to trust God and praise and bless him when he sends prosperity; but when adversity comes, it is sometimes hard to believe in his tenderness and loving care. There is a struggle, but if at the end of it the man is able to say, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," his faith has withstood the shock and has driven its roots deeper. Lastly, among many other benefits that trouble develops, is the power to help and sympathize with others. A Christian who has passed through deep waters, often becomes like a ministering angel to the afflicted.

How to get this good out of trouble is a problem not always solved. It is not solved by the rebellious sufferer. The man who feels that God has dealt hardly with him, misses the good and his suffering is wasted. Nor is it solved by the heedless or the despairing. Good comes out of trouble to the man who recognizes it as discipline, and honestly tries to discover what elements of his character it may strengthen, and to cheerfully acquiesce in his lot. This is a higher attitude than stoicism, which simply submits. It is the active co-operation which we expect from an intelligent child whose interests we are seeking to promote. We expect him to trust even when he cannot understand and to believe that he is not afflicted out of mere caprice.

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

FLITTING AWAY.

"HE FLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW AND CONTINUETH NOT."—*Job. 14: 2.*

WILLIAM C. BRYANT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. As shad-ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come pass-ing swift-ly on,
3. Yet doth the Star of Beth-l'hem shed A lus-tre pure and sweet,
4. O Fa-ther, may that Ho-ly Star Grow ev-'ry year more bright,

So, in Thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a-tions pass.
The bright-est name that earth can boast, But glist-ens, and is gone.
And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes-si-ah's feet.
And shed its glo-rious beams a-far To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

Moderato. *m* *f*

Flit-ting a-way, flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like the shad-ows a-way,
Flitting like the shadows, One by one we pass a-way, a-way, a-way,

m *f* *rit.* *p*

Flit-ting a-way, flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like the shad-ows a-way.
Flitting like the shad-ows, One by one we pass a-way, a-way, a-way.

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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING.

PEACEFUL, lying in a dungeon:
Wretched, statue on a throne;
Lonely, though with thronging millions,
Only one; yet not alone;
Cheerful, on a bed of suffering;
Poor, though having gems of worth;
Sorrowing, while in heaven's own sunlight;
Rich, though having naught of earth.

Not alone, if our companion
Prove to be the risen Lord.
Never lonely; in the presence
Of the Spirit and the Word;
Do the watching "Cloud," who witness
All our onward progress here,
Wonder why we're ever dreary,
Why pressed down with doubts and fear?

Homer, N. Y. —CHARLES A. FORD.

THE PILGRIM.

A PILGRIM am I, on my way
To seek and find the Holy Land.
Scarce had I started, when there lay
And marched round me a fourfold band.
A smiling Joy, a weeping Woe,
A Hope, a Fear, did with me go;
And one may come, or one be gone;
But I am never more alone.

Thus, fellow-pilgrims, fare we on.
But in what mortals call my death,
My Fear is doomed to die anon;
When Woe shall leave me safe,—so saith
My sweet-voiced Hope,—and turn to bring
Some other soul; while Joy shall spring
With me through heaven's strait door, to be
Forever of my company!

—SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY.

Turkey in Prophecy.

The Great Assassin Bringing the Long Career of Turkish Crime to the Culmination When Judgment will be Executed.

(Continued from page 845.)

GRADUAL dismemberment, as we have seen, has been the lot of Turkey during this century. It was in 1792—a little more than a hundred years ago—that Turkey's reverses began in earnest, by the loss of the Crimea and the Kuban. During the next fifty years she lost Greece and all the region between the Dniester and the Pruth. Since then, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Bosnia and Herzegovina have thrown off the Turkish yoke, and Egypt has been practically wrested from her. Thus within little more than a hundred years the empire has shrunk to comparatively small proportions. Her revenues, too, have shrunk until she is little better than a bankrupt nation. Her national pride has been humiliated to such a degree that whatsoever nation she turns to for friendship, shows its friendly feeling by reproof and admonition, while her enemies flout her with impunity. The sultan has been scolded, threatened, lectured, and warned, with an arrogance never displayed toward any other modern monarch.

Turning from history to prophecy, we find them both in accord. The Seer of Patmos observed (Rev. 16: 12:) that the Euphrates—the symbol of the Ottoman Empire in prophecy—was being "dried up." The figure points not so much to conquest as to such a gradual wasting away as has occurred. The object, too, is significant. It is that the way of "the kings of the East shall be prepared." That the wasting of the Turkish power may pave the way for the return of the Jews to their own land is obvious. Within a few months the project has been definitely revived. The artist, Holman Hunt, who has been spending much of his time in Palestine, returned to England recently, bringing with him the positive assurance, derived from influential Turkish statesmen, that if a proposal to rent, or lease, the Holy Land, came from responsible Jewish capitalists, who were able to guarantee the payment of the rental, or tribute, it would be favorably considered. The Sultan finds so much difficulty in the collection of revenue that it would be a relief to him to make a bargain of that kind. Whether that or some similar project materializes, or whether the Jew will wait for the next stage of dismemberment in the hope of securing the country without the payment of tribute, does not appear, but it is certain that a Jewish acquisition of the Promised Land would be a solution of the Eastern Question that would find favor in the eyes of European statesmen. It would avoid the aggrandizement of either Russia or Austria, which is the dread of England and Germany, and it would have a sentimental advantage, which, even in this utilitarian age, has its influence. Besides this, the antipathy manifested toward the Jew in Russia and Germany has marvelously increased of late. Both countries are eager to eliminate the Jew, and therefore might be disposed to favor a wholesale deportation from their lands. We may be sure from prophecy that the kings of the East will return, and if, as is evident, the Turkish power has hitherto been the chief obstacle, that obstacle appears now to be crumbling away. The Ottoman Empire is falling to pieces by its own corruption.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

L. L., Kansas. Some friends have recently been debating the question of the origin of the familiar term "Uncle Sam." Will you enlighten us?

There are several accounts of the origin of the well-known title, each varying only slightly from the others. One account, typical of the rest, is this: Samuel Wilson, usually called "Uncle Sam," was a government inspector of beef and pork at Troy, N. Y., 85 years ago. A contractor purchased some provisions, and the barrels were marked "E. A," Anderson's initials, and "U. S.," for United States. The latter initials were not familiar to Wilson's workmen, who asked what they meant, and were answered "They mean 'Uncle Sam.'" A great deal of property afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in this manner. The odd idea spread, and before long the United States was popularly referred to as "Uncle Sam."

F. L. S., Mason City, Ia. For how much more than the subscription can both premiums be had?

Send us your full address and we will send you our combination offer.

Mrs. M. M. J., Springfield, Mo. Where can I obtain "The King's Highway," by Amelia Barr?

"The King's Highway" is the title of Amelia Barr's new story, the first chapters of which will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible]. It is a story that will charm all readers, and is written specially for this journal. The other book mentioned in your letter can be procured through any publishing house or bookseller.

Reader, Edmond, Okla. Ter. What is the difference between the regular Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians?

Mainly in the latter having abandoned [illegible] still hold their place in the creed of the Presbyterian Church, although not so prominently as they did when the Cumberland Presbyterians seceded. The Cumberland Church had its origin as a separate organization in a great revival which in 1800 swept through the southwestern district of Kentucky. More preachers were urgently needed, and the Presbytery of Transylvania licensed a number of laymen to preach. Five years later the synod, hearing complaints that some of these laymen thus licensed were not sound in Calvine, after ineffectual attempts to come to an agreement with the Presbytery, prohibited the new men preaching. Thereupon a new Presbytery was effected in which the candidates were not required to subscribe to the doctrines of "eternal reprobation, limited atonement and special grace." It was practically an attempt to steer a middle course between Calvinism and Arminianism. The church was regularly constituted in 1829, and has had a marvelous growth.

J. C. H., Pacific Junction, Ia. Is it right for one member of the family who believes in prayer to kneel and pray before all, or go in secret?

We are not commanded to pray openly, but [illegible] openly before men. See Matthew 6: 5, 6; Mark 12: 38-40; Luke 20: 46, 47; Matthew 23: 5-12; and other passages. Doing so may be of your own choosing, but your allegiance should be clearly [illegible] relatives, but all with whom you come in contact may know that you are a Christian.

D. S., [illegible] training schools, and what [illegible] necessary to enter? 2. [illegible] honestly earn the needed funds, [illegible] write to Rev. R. A. Torrey, [illegible]

Its recurrence is frequently mentioned by the

Talmudical writers, and in the Mishna; also by Rashi, Aben-Ezra, Maimonides, and most Jewish authorities; also in the *Book of Jubilees*, which dates prior to the Christian era, and which divides Biblical history into fifty jubilees of forty-nine years each, showing that knowledge of the actual observance of the jubilee must then have been pretty general. Diodorus Siculus, and a number of other later

[illegible] it is showing a Christian spirit in a mother, [illegible]

It is hardly conceivable that any mother, no matter what her religious belief, should exhibit such an unfeeling nature as to threaten [illegible] incredible.

need draw such a conclusion. Your evident

close to God. We would recommend you to do some work, Sunday School teaching, or mission work, specially for Christ. Try to win some souls for him. Pray earnestly for a new baptism of the Holy Spirit, and deny yourself some luxury that you may give something more to Christ's cause.

A. J. C., Albany, N. Y. Can a man be saved who does not attend church regularly, and is not a member of any church, yet considers himself a Christian?

We do not like to pronounce on the question whether any man can be saved. That matter is in the hands of God. There can, however, be no question as to the duty of any one claiming to be a Christian, connecting himself with a church and attending public worship. Christ required a public confession of faith in him. In our day, church membership is the form recognized for such confession.

Mrs. R. E. S., Dixon, Wis. What authority have we for believing that angels have wings?

The authority of the Bible. See Isaiah 6: 2-6; Ezekiel 1: 5-12; also, Zech. 5: 9; Revelation 14; 6; and other passages.

Mrs. Joseph Miett, Woonsocket, R. I. What authority has anyone to change the wording of a Bible passage? The verse (Job 19:26) was quoted in my hearing the other day quite differently from the way it reads in my Bible.

In the Revised Version the verse reads: "And after my skin hath been thus destroyed; yet from my flesh shall I see God." The authority to make changes was given by the Church of England to two companies of eminent scholars, who consulted with American scholars and compared the edition of the Bible in common use with the oldest copies then known. Where they found passages incorrectly translated they made new translations. The passage you refer to was one of these. There was a desire widely expressed that the English Bible should be an absolutely accurate rendering of the original, and the revisers strenuously endeavored to make it so.

THE VILLAGE OF CANA OF GALILEE, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

This photograph of the beautiful village, where Christ performed his first miracle, possesses a special interest. Cana is not far distant from Capernaum and lies on higher ground. The Syrian name by which it is now known is *Kefr Kenna*. It is a neat little village, on the sunny slope of a hill facing the southwest and surrounded by olive plantations and orchards. The remains of an old Greek church mark the traditional spot where the miracle is said to have been performed.

Inquirer, New Haven, Conn. How will a wicked man converted at the end of his life be placed [illegible] While have the same privileges as a man who has spent a lifetime in Christ's service?

Very little has been revealed to us about the conditions of life in heaven. It is therefore difficult to conceive of them. It is however reasonable to suppose that the Christian who has served his Lord for many years on earth would be better fitted to appreciate and enjoy the bliss of heaven than he who has lived in sin almost to the last. Christ's parable of the [illegible] (Matt. 25: 14-30), and Paul's remark [illegible] to differ from another star in glory" (1. Cor. 15: 41) imply that there will be differences. But as to places and dignities there, we know nothing.

W. D. F., Hilltown, Pa. 1. What is meant in the [illegible] and the latter a photograph? 2. Were the [illegible]

1. Graven image was any idolatrous or similar representation of any bird, beast or other creature, formed of either metal, stone or wood, with the tools of the "graver" or sculp[illegible] simply "anything in the likeness or semblance of" something else. Photography is a recent discovery. Portraiture was probably not implied, but simply an image having the general form or resemblance of something then extant, whether animate or inanimate. 2. Yes, they were poetry, but not versified in the modern sense. All ancient poetry was in the heroic or "blank verse" form.

Edward Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y. How old was Ahaziah when he began to reign? Was he twenty-two years old, as stated in II. Kings 8: 26; or was he forty-two, as stated in II. Chronicles 22: 2?

The statement in Kings is correct. That in Chronicles is clearly an error, as it would make the man older than his father. The letter the Hebrews used for twenty is so like the one they used for forty, that the merest speck on the paper might make the sign for twenty appear the sign for forty, and at some time a copyist mistook it, and his blunder has gone on down to the present time. There is so strong a prejudice against making a change in the text of the Bible, that it has been deemed unwise to correct even an obvious clerical error probably not in the original.

Miss. A. E. McP., Garbull, N. Y. What would you ask for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD 1897 Library in connection with the $2.00 offer?

Send us your full address and we will forward our combination offer.

L. E. B., Madison, Wis. How is it possible to reconcile belief in Christ's oneness with the Father with his being ignorant of anything known to the Father?

It is impossible to fully comprehend the mystery of the Trinity, but we can imagine that Christ in his loving compassion, voluntarily put from him certain attributes of the Godhead during the days of his flesh, in order that in all things he might be made like unto his brethren. As to his ignorance of a fact known to the Father, he explicitly stated that it was so (see Mark 13: 32). In what way or to what extent, if at all, the incarnation limited the divine attributes cannot be defined. Although Christ said (John 10: 30), "I and my Father are one," yet he said, too, "My Father is greater than I" (John 14: 28), and the fact of his praying to his Father indicated that in the days of his flesh there was a distinction between them that is incomprehensible to us. As we cannot explain the mysterious connection in our own being of the mind and the brain, we cannot understand the greater mystery of the Trinity.

"Believer in God's Revelation," Adrian, Mich. What authority have you for your statement that before the creation of Adam "there were in the world huge monsters of a kind now extinct?"

The authority of fact. The fossil remains of those monsters are in all the large museums. They were found in a stratum of rocks which were evidently formed by conditions of climate and temperature, in which human life could not have existed. Every student of geology is convinced that there must have been a time in the history of the earth when there were no men upon it, and the only living beings were fishes and animals of a low order of development.

S. S. Teacher, Jersey City, N. J. The statement in Matthew 12: 40: does not appear to have been borne out by the facts, as Christ seems not to have been in the tomb more than forty hours. How is it understood?

The passage has long perplexed Biblical students. The most probable explanation is that Christ adopted a mode of expression common among the Jews, and said that he should be in the grave three "evening-mornings," which the translators rendered three days and nights. The Jews also had a rule, of which there are several examples in other parts of the Bible, that any part of the *onah*, or period, counted as the whole. Thus the interval between the crucifixion and the burial on the Friday would be part of Friday, and would count as one "evening-morning;" from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday would count as the second; and from Saturday sunset to the resurrection on Sunday morning as the third. The disciples evidently regarded the Sunday as the third day, as you will see by the conversation on the way to Emmaus, when Cleopas said: "This is the third day since these things were done." (Luke 24: 21.)

Anthony Bower, Ia., The verses to which you refer were published some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. — J. H. M., Ont. Write to H. B. Main, care of Biglow & Main, Ninth street, New York. — Subscriber, Petersburg, Ind. Address him at Bible House, New York. — J. J. Hurley, Detroit, Mich. We cannot inform you. — Amanda Newton. Any music dealer can order one for you. — Mrs. Theo. B., Bethel, Conn. Yes, it can be used if sent to the Bowery Mission, 128 Bowery, New York. — Hattie C. Knight, China Me. Thanks for your interesting and helpful letter. — Edward B., Hamilton, Ont. You are still in time for the Bible premium. — B. B. M., Halifax, N. S. We know of none. Your best plan would be to advertise them. — Subscriber, Hematite, Mo. They will be sent for 50 [illegible] R. M. L., Oskaloosa, Kan. Decidedly not. Anyone in authority who would make such a selection would be greatly to blame. — Annaly, Shady Bower, Md. Write to the Secretary, Presbyterian Board, Fifth avenue, New York.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By Wm. E. S. Baker

CHAPTER XVI.

Riches certainly make themselves wings.

LONGER time had already been spent at the seaside resort than Mrs. Seymour had intended. She was now in her usual health, and though still tormented by anxiety respecting the investigations in England, and was sadly crippled by the payments she had made to the lawyers there, she was very much like her former self. She was now anxious to return to Brookdale and resume her quiet life, and, if possible, secure some suitable employment for Milton which would eke out her reduced income.

Before leaving for Europe Mr. Barclay had offered to execute any commissions for her that she might entrust him with, and Mrs. Seymour, believing him to be a man of undoubted probity and of high intelligence, had confided to him all her story and her hopes of establishing Milton's title to the great estate then in litigation. She also told him the position of the investigations as to Carrie Walter's relationship to her and the search that was being made for the nurse who had been in charge of Carrie and her own child when the latter was accidentally drowned. This information was of more importance to Mr. Barclay than Mrs. Seymour knew. If it really had been her sister's child who was drowned, then, as Mr. Barclay was not slow to perceive, Carrie Walter was Milton's aister, and his chief and, indeed, only rival in her affections was barred from the race.

The young man made careful notes of all the facts, and promised to use his utmost endeavors to fulfil any instructions Mrs. Seymour might send him during his stay abroad. He also privately resolved to investigate on his own account, in the hope of establishing the identity of Carrie as Mrs. Seymour's daughter. He sailed away full of hope and enthusiasm.

His departure seemed the signal for the dispersion of the party. Before the close of the week Mrs. Seymour and Milton were back at Brookdale, and Mr. Price and his daughter had returned to Brooklyn, taking Carrie Walter with them for a visit.

Mrs. Seymour at once began her search for a position for Milton, in which she was aided by her pastor, Dr. Hellings, and her good friend, Mr. Plummer. By their joint efforts Milton secured an appointment in an educational institute in New York, where he was engaged to teach the younger pupils, receiving compensation partly in money and partly in the privilege of attending the higher departments.

A short time after this a financial panic swept like a hurricane over the country, from the busy Atlantic cities to the Pacific slope, carrying down before it business houses that were supposed to have foundations as staunch as a rock. Business men had never known anything approaching to it. Money was so stringent, and the demand for it so great to pay notes and other debts with, that fabulous prices were paid for its use. Men who were worth hundreds of thousands in the morning went to their brown stone palaces in the evening penniless and friendless.

This was particularly the case at the Stock Board, where millions of dollars changed hands every day, where there was the wildest gambling, and the transactions were based, not upon actual sales of stock shares, but were purchases and sales on speculation—mere wagers that the particular stock named would be higher or lower on a given day. The difference between the price at which the stock was sold per share, and the actual selling price upon that given day, was the profit to one and loss to another. Hence the operation was not a legitimate business affair, like buying pork, iron or cotton, but was neither more nor less than gambling; especially when false reports and unlawful means were used to bull or bear—that is, elevate or depress the price of a certain stock to suit the purposes of the wary, and often unscrupulous manipulators.

Several of the young men at the college were boasting of their gains in these stock operations, and one of them, who had made over $1000 in a week, by the fluctuation of a certain stock, asked Milton if he would take a "flyer" on 100 shares of "Reading."

"I want to make some money badly, but I don't understand you, Dibble," replied Milton.

"You don't Mr. Innocent? Ahem! well then, all you have to do is to put up a 'margin' of $500, and sell 100 shares of Reading Railroad stock, deliverable in ten days, say at $45 a share. Now, if in the ten days, Reading shares sink to $40, as they must and will do (if money keeps on getting tighter and tighter every hour), you perceive that, as you sold at $45, and can now buy at $40, therefore you have gained $5 a share, or $500, clear as a whistle, less the trifling commissions, and go home, after lifting your margin, with nearly $1000 in your pocket."

"But, Dibble, I have not one hundred shares of Reading stock to sell," said Milton.

"Bah! man, that makes no difference whatever. Stock speculators seldom buy and sell real stock, don't you know that?"

"Look here, Dibble," continued Milton, gaining light, "suppose the price goes up five dollars a share, instead of down; what happens then?"

"Why, you goose, that's impossible; but if it should advance, your $500 margin would be lost, of course; but you must 'bear' the market like sixty during the ten days; talk against the stock, and depress the price all you possibly can."

"What, whether I know anything against the stock or not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Conscientiousness, you must work for yourself, not for others, and need not be punctilious about observing the 'Golden Rule.'"

"Well, Dibble, not having the margin, I must decline at present. I cannot, however, see that it is honest or right to buy and sell in this way. Perhaps I don't understand the matter, but certainly I cannot follow your advice"

That evening as Milton was going to his boarding-house, he saw an unusual crowd of men with anxious faces passing in and out of the hotels, and he entered one of them and read on a bulletin board that the panic was still raging furiously; several heavy failures having occurred upon that day, and among these was the extensive dry goods firm of "Price, Barclay & Co.," while other large houses were on the brink of bankruptcy!

Milton heard an excited business man telling an acquaintance about the failure. He said that but for the misconduct of a partner, the firm might have managed to ride through the storm, as Mr. Price had an excellent reputation and good credit, as had his partner and main dependence, Mr. Barclay, who was in Europe.

The Co. of the firm was a young man, formerly a salesman, who had been taken in because of his ability to sell goods, not because of his integrity and fitness for that position. His name was Gilchrist, and from the first his proper expenses were more than exceeded by the cost of drinking and other vices, which brought him, he averred, into connection with wealthy men, and gave him opportunities of extending the business of the firm. When he saw other men making large sums by lucky speculations, he had been tempted to "put some money ou a sure thing," that he might have funds for dissipation, and he had taken advantage of Mr. Price's absence for a day to secure a large sum from the bank, with which he had embarked in a colossal venture. It had failed, and the firm being unable to retrieve itself, had collapsed.

The heaviest sufferer by the failure was our friend Deacon Walter. The next few weeks were sad ones for him. As the days of suspense passed, the hope he entertained at first that Price, Barclay & Co., would pay a good dividend, declined. His loss would be heavy he found, and then he learned that it would be ruinous. His faithful friend Plummer, hearing of his

(Continued on next page)

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Running the Gauntlet.

trouble, went to see him. He found him at the office of his lawyer, trying to devise means to avoid threatened bankruptcy. Other debtors beside Price, Barclay & Co., had failed and the Deacon was heavily hurt. His proud spirit would not bend under the pressure, and he seemed determined to fight through all difficulties, or fall in the effort.

"You can't do it, Deacon," said the usually cheerful, but now sober voice of Mr. Plummer. "To attempt to pay all of your debts, while nobody pays you, will overwhelm you."

"But, Plummer, I owe the debts, that is certain, and common honesty compels me to pay them, and I will sacrifice anything and everything rather than fail to keep my promises."

"That is manly and honorable in you, Walter," said the lawyer, "but it is not justice, either to your creditors or to yourself: because no property can be sold now, except at a fearful loss, and for you to sacrifice it to meet present payments, leaving future ones unprovided for, is unjust. The property, if now sold at a reduced price, will not pay all of your debts; but by waiting till the panic blows over, business will revive, prices advance, and you can then pay everybody in full, and have left a nest egg for future operations. You should call your creditors together at once and make them an offer of forty or fifty cents on the dollar and get them to give you time on the balance."

This advice was acted upon, and the deacon soon called together all parties to whom he owed money, and told them frankly the exact condition of affairs. He first paid off his workmen and hands in full, and then asked and promptly received the extension asked for, shut down his mills until the storm blew over, and awaited the dawning of a more auspicious morning.

The deacon, without a wife to advise or a child to divert him, upon going to his room on that evening, with a heaving breast and heavy heart, looked into the mirror and found that his face was flushed and his eyes were unnaturally bright. The hair around his temples had turned gray, the result of his excitement and trouble for a month past; but of late, so absorbed had he been in money-making, that his devotions had been cold and formal. Instead of formally praying that night he cried unto God for direction and help, and rising from his knees, resolved to follow Christ more humbly and closely thereafter, and cultivate that faith that realizes that all things conduce to the eventual good of God's children.

Mr. Price had not the Deacon's comfort in his adversity. He had never paid any attention to religion, and in his dark days he was without the support that religion alone can give. He was an honest man and he had given up everything he had in the world to his creditors, and deeply regretted that it would go so far short of paying their claims.

His splendid mansion, furniture, and [illegible] which were bought for him at the sale by a compassionate friend, with which to start in a humbler sphere. They secured a small parlor and two chambers, in a re[illegible] the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]

In his prosperity, Mr. Price was a large shareholder in a Fire Insurance Company, and its President; now, when his shares and stocks had been sold to pay his debts, he gladly accepted a position of clerk in the same office, hoping that he could fulfil its duties, and with his salary, support his family. But it was soon evident that [illegible]

Beside this, a few of his grasping and [illegible] some with violent abuse. But the poor man had not wherewith to pay, and it was cruel so to persecute him.

Again, many persons came to the Inscriptions and donations to charitable and church enterprises. They knew of his failure, but they hoped he would continue to contribute to their funds, and it mortified and dispirited him, to be compelled to explain daily, his altered circumstances to the importunate solicitors.

Still worse than this, his son, little Harry, a boy of eight or nine years, while lifting something beyond his strength, injured his hip, and had been unable to walk since, without crutches, with every prospect of being permanently lame. He was a constant care and expense to the family when least able to bear it.

When the Brooklyn mansion was vacated by Mr. Price's family, the best of Nellie's clothing and her personal effects were packed in large boxes, and by permission of the landlord, were stored on the sixth floor of the store formerly occupied by Mr. Price. Now, when Nellie wanted to gain access to the boxes, in order to obtain a few dresses and shawls which she proposed selling, that she might pay the doctor for attending her invalid brother, and to procure little delicacies for him, she could not find her property, nor get any satisfactory information about it. Nobody, after a lapse of six months, seemed to know anything about the boxes, except one porter, who was positive that Mr. Gilchrist, the former partner of Mr. Price, who had brought ruin upon him, had removed them.

When this last supposed recourse failed them, the family were greatly distressed, as a change of residence to a cheaper location became necessary; besides, Nellie must seek employment, to help support the family. No wonder that Mrs. Price, a proud, prayerless woman, was loud in her complaints; but when she arraigned God as unjust, and the author of her sorrows, and daily reproached her husband, and said irritating things to Nellie, Mr. Price's heart seemed to break, and his spirits seemed to fail. Soon after he was stricken down with illness, and passed suddenly away from earth, leaving a bereaved family in great distress and abject poverty.

The insurance company gave Mr. Price a decent burial, and purchased some cheap furniture for the future home of his family. Alas! what a comment upon human greatness!

"There is no use, Nell; we're doomed, and if there be any God, he's preparing even now to curse us finally," exclaimed poor Mrs. Price one sultry September day, as on reviewing their position all hope seemed to be abandoned.

But Nellie's faith never faltered, and like bruising the flowers to obtain the perfume, the lower she seemed to sink in the eyes of the world, the brighter shone forth her faith in God, and the sweeter became her submission to these strange rulings of his providence.

(To be Concluded.)

New Christmas Music.

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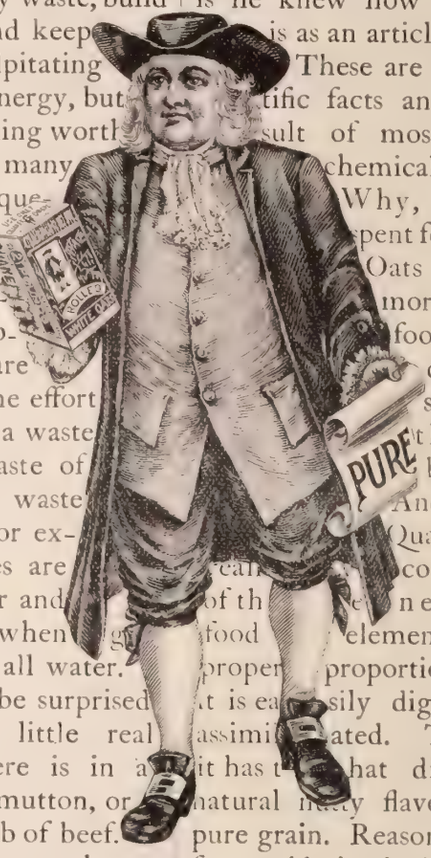
Food that Feeds



Of course all foods feed the body, supply waste, build up strength and keep the brain palpitating with nervous energy, but (and here is a thing worth considering) many things that masquerade as food are of the most trifling food value. Many popular things are hardly worth the effort of eating; just a waste of time, a waste of money and a waste of energy. For example: Potatoes are almost all water and starch, milk when [illegible] pure is nearly all water.

You would be surprised to know how little real food value there is in a pound of good mutton, or even in a fine rib of beef. Codfish is hardly worth carrying home, while an oyster would be inclined to blush if he knew how useless he is as an article of food. These are all scientific facts and the result of most careful chemical research. Why, a dime spent for Quaker Oats will buy more actual food than a dollar, if spent for the very best meat! And, besides, Quaker Oats contains all the necessary food elements in such proper proportions that it is easily digested and assimilated. Then, too, it has that distinctive natural nutty flavor of the pure grain. Reasons enough for considering it "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 1, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Sorrowful Mother," Valparaiso, Ind., begs for prayer for the conversion of her son, who is away from home and under evil influences.——"Praying Wife and Mother," Lew Hurley, for the conversion of her husband, who is far away from home and living a godless life; also that her only child may become a child of God.——T. C., Pesotum, Ill., for the conversion of a motherless girl who never had a religious training, and has been led into a sinful life by a heartless man. Her case is a very pitiable one, and as God has promised to hear prayer, the writer begs that prayer may be offered for her.——Sunday School Teacher, Memphis, Tenn., that two bright boys who gave promise of being God's servants, but have been drawn aside through worldly surroundings, may give themselves to Christ, and be kept from sin.——A. G. B., Solister, Cal., for the conversion of a young man who is under the power of sin, and feels himself unable to overcome a strong temptation.——"Anxious," Fredonia, N. Y., that an adopted daughter and her husband, for whose conversion many prayers are offered, may give their hearts to the Saviour.——Believer, Eau Claire, Wis., that her husband and step-child, who are infidels, may be led to see the error of their way and seek and find salvation through Christ.——"One of the Least," Williamsville, Mass., that a dear child, who has wandered far from God, may be brought back, and may be led to forsake sin and seek pardon through Christ.——"Anxious Sister," Ithaca, N. Y., for the conversion of two brothers, one of whom is sceptical and the other intemperate.——S., Red Bud, Ills., on behalf of her son, the child of many prayers, who has been led astray through the temptations that assail a young man who cannot get employment.——"Anxious Believer," Faucett, Mo., on behalf of four young men who are living in sin, that God may lead them to repentance; also that a brother who is addicted to strong drink may be delivered from his bondage and made a new creature in Christ.——"Aged Widow," Centre Sharpie, O., for the conversion of her son and those of his friends who are encouraging each other in evil ways.——"Reader," Greensburg, Ind., that a young man, the only son of Christian parents, who is sunk in sin and degradation, may turn from his evil ways and seek the Lord.——"Distressed Mother," Riner, Va., that her three sons who are breaking their mother's heart by their wicked ways and are at enmity with each other, may be led to Christ and be at peace with God and each other.——"One who is Acquainted with Grief" for the conversion of an ungodly husband who is addicted to drink, and for a son who is indifferent to his soul's salvation, that both may be saved by the power of the Holy Spirit.——"Mother," Fort Edward, N. Y., for the salvation of her son who is surrounded by fierce temptations.——"J. M. B.," Chatsworth, Can., that a dear brother may be led to give his heart to Christ and to return to the home he has deserted; also, that a dear friend afflicted with an inherited propensity for strong drink may be delivered and be kept through the power of Christ from all evil.——"Sister in Christ," Socorro, N. M., for the conversion of her husband and a dear brother, who might do much for the Master's cause if they were his servants.——"Constant Reader," Brooklyn, N. Y., that a dear boy who is homeless friendless and penniless through falling under the power of intoxicating drink may not despair but seek forgiveness from God and be restored.——"Mother," Salt Lake City, Utah, for the conversion of two sons and a daughter who are all indifferent to the welfare of their souls.——"M. J. C.," Brevard, N. C., that two dear sons may be saved by the power of Christ.——"Mother," Rocky Point, Cal., that her son who is away from home seeking employment may be kept from sin and made a child of God; also for the conversion of a daughter who is not concerned about her eternal welfare.——E. L., Chicago, Ill., on behalf of her husband and an unconverted brother, both of them of good moral chnracter, unconscious of the need of a Saviour, that they might be led to seek Christ.——Reader, Wheeling, W. Va., for the conversion of a member of a family who is under a delusion about his spiritual condition, and is neglecting the education of his family.——Reader, Buxton, Me., for the conversion of a beloved daughter.——M. E., Quincy, Ill., that three dear brothers may be saved.——Reader, Dover, N. J., that a bright young man who has been a patient in the Keeley Institute, but has gone back to the drink, may seek from Christ the power to resist temptation.——Reader, Saline Co., Mo., for the conversion of a wayward boy who is away from home and exposed to severe temptation; also that a brother and a sister-in-law may be brought to Christ and may have the grace to train their little ones for God.——Believer, Corry, that two children may be converted.

For the Restoration of Health. E. G. Pulaski, O., asks prayer for the recovery of her mother and brother who have been stricken with paralysis.——Believer, Princeton, Neb., for the recovery of a mother from a painful disease of the eyes.——Anxious Mother, Evansville, Ind., on behalf of an afflicted son and daughter, that both may be healed in body and mind.——Reader, Hammond, La., for the recovery of a beloved sister.——Invalid, Long Branch, N. J., that her husband may be restored to health. Subscriber, Fairland, Mich., for the recovery of a mother whose little children sorely need her care.——Friend, Washington, S. C., that a dear son-in-law, who has long been a sufferer, may be restored to health.——Widowed Mother, Tenn., for the recovery of her only child, whose malady is a puzzle to the physicians, that the dear Lord would raise her up.——Believer, Atlantic, Iowa, that a mother who has long been an invalid may regain her health and be able to attend to the bringing up of her young family.——Subscriber, Altoona, Pa., who has a young family dependent on him, asks that prayers may again be offered for his recovery, as they were some weeks ago.——L. L. Philadelphia, Pa., that God would restore to her and her mother the sense of hearing, which they sorely miss.——Believer, Hannibal, O., that a sister who is very sick may be healed by the Great Physician.——One Who Tries, Bridgeport, O., that a beloved one may recover from a most distressing affliction.——Friend, Wilsonville, Ont., for the recovery of one of God's children, who, after a Christian life of thirty years, has fallen a victim to melancholia, and fears that her soul will be lost; she is greatly distressed, and prayers are earnestly asked that her reason may not give way.

For Special Blessings. Troubled Husband asks prayer that his wife, who is separated from him because of a difference of opinion, may soon be reconciled and return.——"Praying Mother," Lancaster, Pa., that her husband, who is an earnest Christian, may receive the help he needs in his business, and that his financial difficulties may be relieved.——S. P. L., Norwich, N. Y., that strength may be given according to the need.——L. M., Hammondsport, N. Y., that such financial help may be given as will prevent the loss of a home and the eviction of an aged Christian mother.——"Pastor," Brownsville, Pa., that God would make him a blessing to his people, and that he may be faithful to his duty and have the help of God in his work.——"Believer," Kirwin, Kan., that God would send help so that he may be enabled to meet heavy obligations which are pressing heavily.——Reader, that God would grant the needed strength to overcome a besetting sin.——Reader, Maxwell, Ont., that God would bless the efforts of his people in Toronto who are trying to prevent the desecration of the Lord's day.——Sad-Hearted Faith, Georgia, that God would mercifully interpose on behalf of a man who is charged with crime and is liable to suffer because the only witnesses are interested in the suppression of the truth.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

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A young Scottish minister, called to the pulpit of an influential church, finds his congregation opposed to the marriage of the girl of his heart. It is in two parts, the second in the November Ladies' Home Journal, —illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

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WAITING, LOOKING, HOPING.

I am waiting for the morning
For the portals of the city,
Where none ever sigh or grieve,
Where the walls are built of jasper,
Where the streets are paved with gold,
Where the mansions glow with splendor
That to mortals is untold;
I am waiting, I am waiting,
In the darkness and the cold.

I am looking for the dawning
Of the day when, ever free,
I can leave behind my troubles,
And my Saviour's beauties see,
When I shall to sin and sorrow
In this valley bid adieu,
And mount home to endless glory
With the holy and the true;
I am looking, I am looking,
Others here are looking too.

I am hoping for the hour
When I shall from earth depart,
Hoping that my blessed Saviour
Then will cheer my fainting heart,
And that when the surging waters
In their fury 'round me roll,
He will point me home to heaven,
Bright and blissful Christian goal;
I am hoping, I am hoping, –
Jesus come and cheer my soul!

J. N. GORTNER.

Armenians at the Bowery Mission.

On Saturday night, November 1st, the [illegible] food and shelter to twenty-four Armenian exiles, who were *en route* to places of employment in distant states. They were attentive listeners at the Mission service. They understood very little of the language, yet they knew the speakers were talking of Jesus. Superintendent Wyburn stayed with them until midnight and became thoroughly acquainted with them. Nearly all could read a little English, and he presented each of [illegible] New Testament. They kept him busy listening while they read. One Armenian lad had a picture of the Saviour, and they gathered around him, and pointing upward, whispered the sacred name, Jesus. They gave the Mission leaders to understand that they loved him, for whom so many of their dear ones at home had already offered up their lives.

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[illegible] of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that [illegible] season, being unable to lie down [illegible] of CHRISTIAN [illegible] it when cured [illegible]

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When Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister he contributed to THE COMPANION, as did Mr. Blaine when Secretary of State. All the members of the present American Cabinet but three, have written for its columns. During the coming year the following features of national work will be described by members of the national government:

EARLY DAYS OF THE POST-OFFICE, HON. WM. L. WILSON, Postmaster-Gen'l.
BUILDING A WAR-SHIP, HON. HILARY A. HERBERT, Secretary Navy.
WHAT THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL DOES, HON. JUDSON HARMON.
THE LIFE OF A SENATOR, HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.
THE LIFE OF A CONGRESSMAN, HON. THOMAS B. REED.

For Ambitious Boys.

THE HABIT OF THRIFT, Andrew Carnegie.
BECOMING A DOCTOR, Dr. Austin Flint.
HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF, Jesse W. Weik.
FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION, Gifford Pinchot.
THE LARGEST SALARIES, Carroll D. Wright.

For Ambitious Girls.

TRAINING THE VOICE, Madame Lillian Nordica.
A GIRL WHO BECAME FAMOUS, Mrs. Burton Harrison.
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lindu Students Coming to Christ.

In a recent letter from Mr. Luther D. Vishard, Secretary of the Foreign Department of the International Y. M. C. A., e following remarkable presentation of issionary facts is made: The last three onths have been memorable ones for the udents of Inda. Six student conferences ve been held, beginning at Jaffna, Ceyn, followed by others at Bombay, Lahore, cknow, Calcutta and Madras. These nferences were attended by over 1,000 dian students and nearly 500 missionies and persons deeply interested in ristian work. A deep spiritual impresn prevailed at all the conferences. At st eighty-seven students professed conrsion, some of them coming direct from e ranks of heathenism. One hundred d thirty-seven students solemnly dedted their lives to Christian work in India, ereby turning their backs upon secular rsuits. Seven hundred and twenty-two 10 attended the conferences took the rning watch pledge, which means that ey would devote at least one half-hour ery day to prayer and Bible study. This traordinary interest reached a climax in adras in the formation of an Indian Stunts' Volunteer Movement for Home issions, with a strong executive comttee composed of Mr. Wh.te, our secrety in Calcutta, Mr. Edmunds, who has en a prominent leader in the British olunteer Movement, and Mr. Wilder. ey propose to have a similar series of nferences next cold season.

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The following nums have been contribed by the readers of this journal to the rious worthy causes mentioned below:

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v. ackd	$71 87
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tal	$115.75

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v. ackd	$247 90
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rie A Smith	2 50
tal	$255.40

r Mrs. Jamal's School for Syrian Girls.

v. ackd	$130 12
br. Charlottesville	5 00
tal	$135.12

r the Mayesville Institute.

v. ackd	$324 80
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Prev. ackd	$422 15
Widow C. Lamont.	50
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ee to all Readers.—New Cure for Kid neys and Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.

As stated in the last issue, the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The *New York World* publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for untimely death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to women. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only supporters, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction, they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

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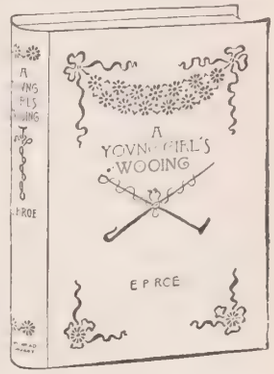

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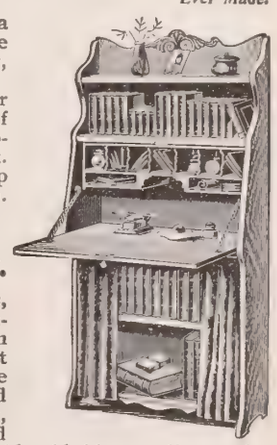

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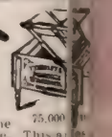

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.—NUMBER 48. Thanksgiving Issue.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1886. Price Five Cents.

REV. W. H. MILBURN, THE BLIND CHAPLAIN, OPENING THE U. S. SENATE WITH PRAYER. (See page 377.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Young Men Challenged to Nobility.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 6: 17: . . .

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man."

ONE morning, in Dothan, a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defence for him, in chariots made of fire, drawn by horses of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies in autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity, and your destiny!

A mighty defence for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough-hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country-seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farmhouse and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the old swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling-place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect, when your work is done, to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. (I do not.)

Now, I declare it, that young man is commissioned with God out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, [illegible] and prayer, will be to him a shield and a buckler. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to [illegible] or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unpresumptuous [illegible] which I have spoken, may be suspected of having no true home-feeling. Abraham, Joseph, Ruth, Esther, Daniel, and [illegible] and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures, and a harp. Have a pastoral [illegible]. Make [illegible] mirth stand back from the threshold. [illegible] prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and [illegible]

Another defence for a young man is industrious habits. Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A boy now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at a thousand dollars a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship, makes a copy-plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind; all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams a vision of the penitentiary; but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds cultivate the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox-teams to draw him logs, and with their hard hands to help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sickness should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony; if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success, except through toil, either of head or hand. At the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word, "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle, all through, and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting! Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin, and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The curse of this age is the geniuses: men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain and plodding and useful, rather than high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcases. Extraordinary capacity without work is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he [illegible] and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; a proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets!

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant and cleanly, and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. So it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after awhile, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession; but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time, but after awhile those things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison.

Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defences. Put your trust in God and do your best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When asked if he was frightened, he said: "No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

Respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new-fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's Day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come.

This is the statement of a man who has broken this Divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza, and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried, and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the Divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect to the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no permanent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body, and his soul. The way of the wicked he turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship to-day the step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the oncoming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

A noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it are an infallible defence. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's of Venice—men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life-plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste, I ask "Hallo, man whither away?" His response is, "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand or laying down the yard-stick, say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrongdoing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red-stripe the picture, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed and froth-tangled, and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and score into the frame the right name for it—the soul's suicide. If one entering upon sinful directions would only, in his mind or on paper, draw out in awful reality the dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say: "Am I a Dante, that by my own life I should write another 'Inferno?' But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but, in your mind or upon paper, sketch it in all its minutiæ. You cannot know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and veracity and faith stand in the heart of the sketch. On some still brook's bank make a lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost-stricken, nor ice-glazed, nor wind-stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that pillow of the dying storm. You need not print the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance, and say, "That is the road to heaven." Ah, me! On the sea of life, what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well-rigged, yet seem bound for no port! Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys, and are

their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor.

I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character, and faith in its attainment, will find himself encased from a thousand temptations. There are magnificent possibilities before each of you young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the field and the armor and the fortifications. Who is on the Lord's side? A captain in ancient times, to encourage his men against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are six thousand, you are three hundred. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With a million against you the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that two impostors, as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio, in various places, and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me, and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, Chief of Brooklyn Police, saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have those villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty, he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defence for a young man is the possession of religious principle. Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature, and laws, and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequalled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting-house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a cowardly and illiterate being. He cannot bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship, full-winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its millions of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior. It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart he does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition.

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the Cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are unsuspecting the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character: nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after awhile it may be rough, wild, and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two sign-boards: "This is the way to happiness." "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the fork of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning-point in the history of these two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy: he was lost. That other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

In the Land of the Incas.

Last Remnants of the Famous Race that once Ruled Central America—An Inca Church and Hamlet—A Paraguayan Idol.

TWO thousand miles or more to the westward of the Atlantic Coast of South America, clinging to the spur of the majestic Andes, are remarkable relics of the ancient and powerful Incas. These relics show the decay of art and originality in the human race in that part of the globe. At Colon, Peru, stands what is undoubtedly the only remaining "Temple of the Sun" on the continent—a monument to the noble people by whom it was built, and concerning whom there is only a legendary record. To this temple come at regular periods a few pure-blooded descendants of the Incas. These Indians still cling to the ancient relics and rituals of their forefathers. A regular yearly pilgrimage is made to the Temple, for the purpose of celebrating the festivals of their religion, as was done a thousand years or more ago, at "The Holy Inca City," Cuzco. Then they came from the farthest borders of their domain, but to-day, the little handful of "Children of the Sun" are within easy access of the only remaining Inca hamlet and its holy sanctuary. The Inca photographs on this page are of rare interest, showing a section of the Inca hamlet with a group of the villagers and the exterior of the Inca Temple. Before many years the last vestige of this once magnificent but now dying race, will have vanished from the earth.

DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS, PERU.

South America has been truthfully called the "Neglected Continent," the appellation having reference to its moral as well as its intellectual state. It has not by any means kept pace with the rest of the world. Yet some of its governments are much more progressive than others and this is especially true of Chili and Brazil. In a majority of South American countries the influence of the Roman religion, almost universally predominant there, has been distinctly adverse to education. A correspondent, Mr. King, who has lately traveled much in South America and has had excellent opportunities for observation, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows: "The Romanism of South America, compared with that of more enlightened countries of the present day, must, I think, be very like the old heathen worship as it might have existed in some remote mountain hamlet, where rude images would be worshipped with ruder rites by rustics who had half forgotten or never understood their original meaning. The nearest approach to this peculiar element, of all others seen on the Southern hemisphere, was among the Paraguayans, a people who have an air of languid gentleness and graceful figures, whose women are lustrous-eyed with thick tresses of jetty blackness, and a style of beauty that harmonizes with the brilliant flowers and sunny skies of their native land. Like the flowers, the loveliness of the Paraguayan women soon fades and, having little or no education or accomplishments to make them interesting, their charms are soon gone forever. These people are Nido-Spanish in blood and descended from tribes which inhabited the country before the conquest. They still retain the aboriginal tongue, *Guarani*, now a written language of about four hundred words, instead of adopting the language of their conquerors.

A FAVORITE PARAGUAYAN IDOL.

Their favorite idol is a poor wooden-looking figure seated on a half-moon, crowned with stars and dressed in tinsel and paltry finery, and she is worshipped and feted. Except in salutation the name of the Lord is never heard. It came into my mind one day to ask one of the worshippers, who made the world and all things else, and without hesitation came the answer, "*La Virgine Maria*." At a stated time and place, each year, a great feast is appointed and pilgrimages are made to it from great distances, considering the rough roads.

This *fiesta* is always the occasion of a great love-feast and jubilee, lasting several days. One of the photographs on this page shows the Virgin and Child, being the subject of the image worship mentioned. The figures are almost covered with gilt decoration and are calculated, by the display of tinsel and finery, to attract the widest attention and inspire awe in the minds of the ignorant country people.

Paraguayans are peaceful, simple people, fond of flowers and fetes. They belong to a warlike race, but the warrior element has long since disappeared, and they prefer peace to the excitements of battle and are fairly content with their lot. Although religious liberty now prevails in their country, their subservience to the priests is so recent that years must pass before the prevailing traditions and superstitions lose their hold upon the popular mind.

THE ONLY INCA TEMPLE NOW KNOWN TO EXIST.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

Solomon's Sin.

Sunday School Lesson for December 6. I. Kings 11: 4-13. Golden Text, I Cor. 10: 12.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"LET him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." (1. Cor. 10: 12.) No man of Old Testament times ever had a [illegible] than Solomon. God's own favor smiled upon him; peace and plenty were his portion. Endued by God, at his own request, with wisdom to a degree which was without precedent, favored by special manifestations of God, commanding a world-wide reputation for piety and for wisdom; every advantage possible was his which could tend to make him walk with God—and yet he failed! What a lesson it is to us that the richest gifts of God and the most favorable circumstances, cannot make human nature other than the fallen thing it is! What then becomes of all the

Vaunted Goodness

of human nature, of which so many writers speak, so many religious teachers boast? If a Solomon, who wrote such strong words to warn the young men of his time against impurity fell into this very sin, although he was wiser than all men, what becomes of human wisdom as a safeguard from sin? He warned his son against "the evil woman" . . . the flattery of the strange woman, and said: "Lust not after her beauty in thine heart; neither let her take thee with her eyelids." (Prov. 6: 24, 25), and yet "Solomon loved many strange women!" (1. Kings 11: 1). The king sinned with his eyes open; he could never say it was in ignorance, and that he had been betrayed into it unawares. Speaking of this sin in others, he says, "Can a man take fire into his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?" Yet of the strange women of the surrounding nations whom, contrary to the express command of God, he took to him, it is stated, "Solomon clave unto these in love." (1. Kings 11: 2).

Probably Solomon counted on his wisdom and ceased to be dependent upon God. Probably in the days of his glory he would think in his heart, "There is no danger for me to do what a man less wise could not do without danger." Thinking he stood [illegible] should fall. Sin has a strange, fascinating power. Our Lord Jesus expresses it in the words, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin" (John 8: 34). Just as the intoxicating drink takes possession of [illegible] weak.

[illegible] until a thousand years have elapsed. Just as Solomon was placed in circumstances [illegible] in the service of God, so will be the inhabitants of the world during the thousand years' reign of Christ. Yet, even in the millennium, unconverted human nature will be unable to stand as soon as temptation arises! All the influence of the external reign of righteousness will not change fallen human nature. Only a new birth, another nature, which is from above, and which is "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1: 13) can make fallen man righteous.

Solomon's heart was "not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father." (1. Kings 11: 4). David also sinned, sinned grievously; but the broken and contrite heart, which returned to the God from whom he had wandered, manifested in his psalms a constantly increasing acquaintance with, and appreciation of, his God, which does not appear in any of the writings of Solomon. There is profound wisdom in the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and they have their precious place in God's Word, but they do not bring us into the presence of our God, and open unto us the very heart of Jesus, as do the Psalms of David. Solomon speaks of the foolishness of sin, but David of the sinfulness of sin; Solomon sees the vanity of things, David the corruption of his own heart; Solomon's hopes in all that he could be and could have were blighted; all was vanity and vexation of spirit; David lost hope in himself but his hope was ever fresh in the Lord his God; God filled David's heart, therefore his heart was perfect with the Lord his God.

And so we have the pitiable picture of this wisest of men falling into superstitions of which any man of ordinary common sense could see the folly. He whose fame concerning the name of the Lord had attracted men of all nations to come to him as the great preacher of his time, "went after Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom or Moloch the abomination of the Ammonites!" It was but a little step from this first disobedience to God under the influence of the forbidden wives which he had taken, to go a step further, to the dishonor of his God, and to his own shame, the very Solomon who had built the beauteous temple, and had prayed, as the father of his people, that God would place his name there, went the length of building a high place, a rival temple for Chemosh the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech the abomination of the children of Ammon! "And likewise did he before all his strange wives, which [illegible] unto their gods." Once yielding to them at the cost [illegible] was on an inclined plane, and his end is left untold.

Fallen Solomon! Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory, was not ar[illegible] of these. (Matt. 6: 28, 29). "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of men as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away." (1. Pet. 1: 24). Solomon in his falling away [illegible]

"And the Lord was angry with Solomon, [illegible] unto him twice." When the Lord Jesus [illegible]

"He kept not that which the Lord commanded." Jehovah had purposed that he would establish his kingdom, if he, on his part, would walk in his ways as David walked, and keep his commandments. But now, the Lord, without appearing, to him, said unto him, "Forasmuch as this is done of thee . . . . I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant." And then he said in his forbearing mercy that it should not be in his days, but those of his son, and that one tribe should still be left for David's sake and Jerusalem. But Solomon had peace no more, God against him, enemies also were stirred up against him; Hadad, Rezon, Jeroboam disturbed his once peaceful reign, his glory and his power departed with his declining faithfulness to God; his popularity also, and the name of Solomon is now as much associated with his fall as with former glory. What a lesson on earthly glory! Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

A SAD picture is presented in the lesson. The courtly writer of Chronicles is silent about it, but the writer of Kings is too honest and too spiritual to pass over the shame and sin which eclipsed the glory of Solomon's reign. He says the King's heart was not perfect; his wives were able to turn it away from God. After the long and glowing description of Solomon's glory, he opens a stained page with the ominous, "But." The beginning of the trouble was in the heart. That is where declension always begins. Solomon had bitter, personal reason for giving the caution, "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." His first overt sign of declension was in a concession to his foreign wives. At first, he appears to have been very scrupulous in this matter. We learn from II. Chron. 8: 11 that he would not let the daughter of Pharaoh live in the City of David because it was holy and her presence would have been a profanation. But later, in the broad tolerance that a man whose heart is not wholly with his God is apt to show toward error, Solomon seems to have consented that his Tyrian wife should worship Ashtoreth, or Astarte, as she had been accustomed to do. A more prudent man, making such a concession, would have taken care that an innovation so offensive to his people, should be as private and unostentatious as possible. But having yielded so far, the lady would probably have little difficulty in cajoling her amorous husband to provide a temple of a splendor befitting his wealth [illegible] Accordingly the incense to Astarte ascended from the Mount of Olives, where it could be seen from the very doors of the Temple. This was peculiarly offensive, because the worship of Astarte often included licentious rites. She is believed to have represented the moon, or queen of heaven, and to have been the female divinity corresponding with Baal the sun-god. Jealousy in the [illegible] built. Solomon's Moabite wife would be [illegible] the same privilege as the Tyrian wife. So a shrine was raised where she could worship Chemosh. Then the Ammonite wife had to be satisfied, and an altar was set up to Moloch, the cruel god who was believed to require the sacrifice of children. How many more women there were worshipping heathen deities, under Solomon's auspices, we are not told, but these were [illegible] Solomon was in the harassed condition in which many a man has found himself since his time, in which he cannot [illegible] what he believes to be right without involving himself in a quarrel with a godless woman, whom he loves. The writer of Kings, according to his custom, shows that the evil was the result of disobedience to an explicit command of God. Solomon violated not only the injunction against marrying heathen women, but the prohibition against multiplying wives. It is probable that the extent of the violation in the latter case was not so great as stated in our edition of the Kings. It is little likely that Jerusalem afforded sufficient accommodation for seven hundred queens. The number is likely to be a copyist's error, and should be seventy instead of seven hundred. An expression in Solomon's Song (6: 8) confirms this view. That perfect poem shows there was at least one woman in Israel who was not dazzled by Solomon's splendor, but preferred a virtuous home with a humble husband to the tainted glory of a king's harem.

THE GODDESS ASHTORETH.

His heart was not perfect. A [illegible] preacher compares the heart to a [illegible] reservoir. "You have seen," he says, "[illegible] of those great reservoirs from which through innumerable pipes the water is carried to sprinkle the streets and supply thousands of houses for culinary and cleansing purposes. Well, the heart is the reservoir of the human body. Arteries and veins carry the blood to and from the heart and every part of the body is in connection with it. If the heart does not perform its functions, if it is diseased the whole body suffers, for its supply of nourishment is tainted. So the heart stands in the spiritual sense. Get the heart right and there is right thinking, a benevolent hand and a foot ready to run on a good business. But when the heart is wrong the eye is lustful the tongue lying and profane and the hand ready for evil work."

Thou hast not kept my covenant. God's promises of blessing to Solomon were contingent on his being faithful to him. It was an agreement that he should be prosperous and live to old age if he would serve the Lord. God reproached him with breaking the agreement and not living up to its conditions. A quaint preacher addressing miners drew a picture of two mines. He represented pay-day at one of the mines, and described the long line of men coming to the cashier's desk to receive their wages. Presently, some one came up whom the cashier did not know. "Where have you been working?" he asked. "We were working in the other pit," they answered. "Then that is the place to go for your money." "No," they said, "we like your pay best; we are tired and we want rest and we want peace and plenty. At the pit where we have been working they are treating us cruelly and we get no pay but blows and hard words. Won't you pay us?" But the cashier says, "No, you chose to work in the other pit and you must take the wages the pay; you cannot work for one employer and get your wages from another." "That was fair, my friends was it not?" the preacher asked. His hearers answered that it was. "Then," said he, "don't you serve the devil unless you want his wages. The wages of sin is death!"

Sacrificed unto their gods. It seems almost incredible that a man so wise as Solomon should have offered sacrifice to an inanimate image such as that depicted in the illustration on this page. Yet the old carvings show that this was the form in which Ashtoreth was worshipped. People who despise idolaters however, sometimes have their spirit. A lady, in conversation with the famous preacher, Mr. Romaine, said there was at least one of the commandments she had never broken, she had never worshipped idols. "Madam," said the preacher, "is there any amusement or habit of which you are very fond?" The lady admitted that she enjoyed a game of cards better than anything in life. "Suppose," said Mr. Romaine, "I were to convince you that card-playing was a sin offensive to God, would you give up card-playing so as not to displease him?" "I do not think I could give it up," was the reply. "No, even if it made God angry with you?" The lady thought a minute and said: "No, I am afraid there is no motive strong enough to make me abandon it." "Then," said the preacher, "cards are your idol and to them you must look for salvation. You are as much an idolater as a heathen who worships an image of wood or stone.

Our National Senate.

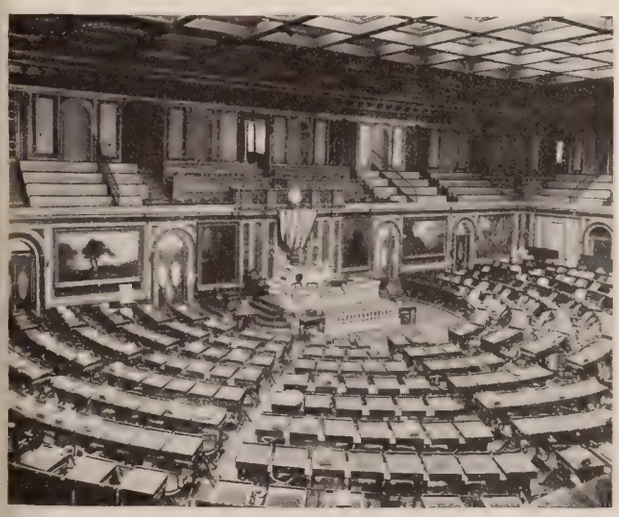
Reassembling of our Highest and Most Dignified Legislative Body—Rev. W. H. Milburn, the Eloquent Blind Chaplain—The House of Representatives.

AN annual event of national interest is the assembling of Congress, when

REV. W. H. MILBURN, CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.

the Senators and Representatives who have been chosen to make laws for the people of the Union, meet in their respective chambers for the first time at the beginning of a new session. Both chambers are in the Capitol, a magnificent building of colossal dimensions and noble design, which for grace and beauty in all its proportions, skill in the execution of every detail, exterior and interior, and advantage of position, is hardly surpassed by any public building on the globe. On the crest of an eminence that stands within a spacious park of 40 acres, all on gradually rising ground, its noble columns and commanding dome are visible at a distance of many miles, and viewed on any side, give the impression of majesty and grandeur. The park has been artificially laid out and has many attractions for visitors. There are in it several trees that were planted by Washington while President, and one of the number, to the north of the Capitol, is known as the "Washington Elm," and is both admired and revered.

The Capitol itself includes a central building facing east, and which is connected by corridors with two extensions or wings. It is 751 feet in length, and with its porticos and steps covers an area of about four acres. To adequately describe this noble structure, with all its statues of Carrara marble, its beautiful Rotunda, its busts, bronzes, emblematic designs, and its gallery of glorious paintings, would occupy whole pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The United States Senate and the House of Representatives are located in the extensions. Photographs of the interiors of both chambers, showing where the senators and representatives sit, appear



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

on this page. That of the Senate is in the northern extension, and is 112 feet long and 82 feet wide. The ceiling is decorated with glass panels, with paintings of a patriotic character. The Vice-President of the United States is the President of the Senate, and sits on a dais at the northern end of the chamber, with the Sergeant-at-arms on his right and a door-keeper on his left, desks of the clerks and Senate reporters being ranged in front, and the desks and chairs of the Senators being arranged in semi-circular rows around the chamber. The Senate possesses a dignity equal to that of any body of legislators in any country, and its powers and responsibilities are enormous. As a rule, only the worthiest and most representative men in a community ever reach the Senate.

Few men are better known throughout the length and breadth of America than "The Blind Man Eloquent," Rev. William Henry Milburn, D.D., the Chaplain of the Senate. He was born in Philadelphia, Penn., on the 26th of September, 1823. When he was five years of age his left eye was accidentally injured, and through unskilful medical treatment its sight was destroyed. Later in life he lost sight entirely. In 1844 he began his career as a Methodist preacher among the scattered settlements in the grasses and prairies of Illinois. When twenty-two years of age, Mr. Milburn was elected a Chaplain of Congress, and has filled that position many times. His portrait appears on this page, and in the colored illustration on the front page of this issue our artist has depicted with realistic accuracy the impressive scene during the prayer at the opening session of the United States Senate.

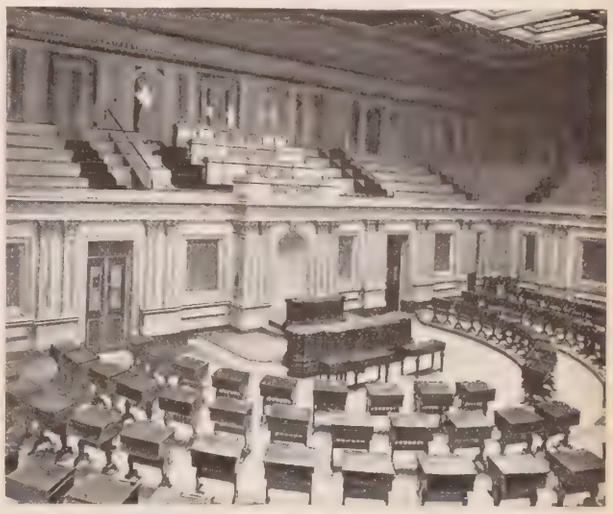
In the southern extension of the Capitol is the Hall of the House of Representatives, a legislative chamber of noble proportions. It is 139 feet in length and 93 feet wide, and its ceiling is in glass panels adorned with the coats-of-arms of the various States. To the south on a platform, stands the Speaker's chair, and in front of it is a marble table, near which on a small pedestal, lies the mace. Above the principal door is a large clock which has become famous, owing to the fact that the sergeant-at-arms seldom fails to turn back the hands in the closing hours of the final day of a session. The portraits, frescoes, bronzes, statues, and other works of art in the Committee rooms, halls, and staircases are of great merit and represent almost fabulous outlay. Not the least of the Capitol's sights is the dome, the somewhat tedious ascent to which is amply rewarded by a view which, in certain respects, could hardly be equalled.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

An Old-Time Thanksgiving.

Rev. Dr. Talmage tells of the Joys of the National Festival in Country Homes.

WE have not only the present surroundings to make us happy, but our minds are crowded with vivid reminiscences, writes Rev. Dr. Talmage. On a day like this the memory becomes a kaleidoscope. You give to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn and there they are, natural as life, around the country hearth on a cold winter night. Hear the hickory fire crackle, and see the shadows flit up and down the wall. Games that sometimes well-nigh upset the chairs — "Blind Man's Buff," "Who's got the Button," "The Popping Corn," "The Molasses Pudding," and the witch stories that made the neighbors' boys afraid to go home after dark. Hickory nuts on one dish, roseate apples on the other. The boisterous plays of "More Bags on the Mill," "Leap Frog," "Catcher," around and around the room until some one got hurt and a kiss was offered to make up the hurt, the kiss more resented than the hurt. High old times! Father and mother got up and went into the next room because they could not stand the racket. Then, instead of compunctions of conscience, a worse racket. But now the scene is fading out. The old fireplace is down, and the house is down with it. One of those boys went to sea and was never heard of. Another became squire in the neighboring village. Another went to college and became a minister. Another died the following summer, and they are all gone, and you had better turn the kaleidoscope quickly or you will get us all crying.



INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER.

Turn again—the neighborhood quilting. The mothers and wives came in the afternoon, all wrapped up from the cold, and their feet on a foot-stove. When they got warm and took out their needles and sat down it was a merry group and full of news. Once in a while a needle would slip and make a bad scratch upon the character of some absentee, but for the most part it was good, wholesome talk. And in the evening when the young people came and the old people were in one room and the young people in another, in the latter there was some lively stepping. It seemed to me a great fuss and a great gathering to get one quilt made. But the fact was that good neighborhood was quilted, warm sympathies were quilted, lifetime friendships were quilted, and connubial bliss was quilted. And they stayed late. And such plays as you had in that back room when you joined hands, and one of the loveliest stood in the ring! What a circumference to what a centre!

Another turn—the old meeting-house, solemn and sleepy, bumble-bees humming about the old clap-boards, horses under the shed stamping at the flies, choir in the gallery with a broken fiddle. Farmers in their sleeves aroused from their slumbers by the hymn: "My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?" Aged minister, good enough for translation. The old church from floor to ceiling full of old-fashioned religion, one ounce of which is worth twenty tons of humbug of modern evolution. Where's the old minister now? Where's the choir now? Where are the leaders who sat around the pulpit and listened till the sermon got to the seventeenthly?

Turn again the kaleidoscope of memory, and there is the old country school-house where the master pulled our ears till they have always since been a little out of proportion. The tin cup out of which fifty drank without any fastidiousness. The gad cut out of the woods by the boy who was to suffer it in his own chastisement. The modest house in the woods and the jealousies because a pair of black or blue eyes would have uncomplimentary preferences. The bullies of ten years old imposing on those of seven. The rising of mirthful feeling among the ribs, quaking the young diaphragm and rising till it twitched the corners of the mouth and suppression was no more possible, and though frowning schoolmaster sat on the valve it would come to explosion, shattering the whole school into splinters of fun, the one giggle setting off a whole magazine of cachinnation. There then was the corn-husking and the "raising" frolic, and here the snowballing carousal, and there the sleigh-riding party, and there the springtime blossoms and here the treat of the first ripe harvest apples. But the crown of these yearly festivities was Thanksgiving. Was anything ever half so joyous?

Infection in Oysters.

At a recent meeting of the British Association, two learned professors—Messrs. Boyce and Herdman—read papers on the subject of oysters and infection. A fact brought forward was that when oysters were laid down in pure water, a natural process of cleansing took place, and previous sewage or other contamination was thus entirely got rid of. It would appear that typhoid germs can live for fourteen days in sea-water of 35 deg. cent., while in cold sea-water they may live for twenty-one days; and when large quantities of the microbes are added to the water their presence may be demonstrated for a longer period than when small quantities are employed. The bacilli do not actually breed or multiply in the sea-water. Infection must arise from the actual microbes which enter the water, and not from their descendants or progeny. It is also certain that the typhoid microbe does not increase either in the body or in the tissues of the oyster. Where oysters are infected with typhoid germs, and placed in a stream of pure sea-water, the bacilli disappear in from one to seven days. Thus the oyster utilises its pure environment to get rid of its unwelcome and uninvited germ-guests.

Famine Stalks in India.

The Grim Spectre again Threatens to Decimate the Population of many Provinces—The Government's Measures for Succoring the Natives.

INDIA is once again overshadowed by famine in many of her provinces. Owing to the failure of rain, and the continual drought, the wheat and cotton

A NATIVE OF INDIA.

crops will be very short, especially in Northern India; the Southern and Western provinces will also be seriously affected. How great the deficiency may prove cannot as yet be ascertained, but the evidence in the shortage is of a serious character. While the Indian Empire, as a whole, produces sufficient food each year for its aggregate population, at certain points the food fails, and where the means of transportation between the provinces are inadequate, terrible suffering arises and multitudes of people starve and die. These constantly recurring famines have caused unusual anxiety and exertion to the English Government in India's behalf, the cost of the famine of 1874-76, costing England about $32,500,000, and that of 1877, nearly $50,000,000.

During the famine of 1876, there was the most frightful suffering throughout the whole country. Parents sold their children for a small supply of rice, barely sufficient to last the adults in the family three days. Thousands died in the streets [illegible] time, describing an incident of frequent occurrence, said he was present in a part of one of the cities where the native relieving officers were distributing rice. Men and women were sitting around patiently waiting, many with gaunt hunger written on their faces. But they got nothing, although the rice bags, full to bursting, were piled up in a corner. The native officials had lists of names, and only those who were on the list received relief. The turn of the patient watchers would come sometime—if they lived. A few questions by [illegible] and then, drawing his sword, he ripped the rice bags open one after another and scattered the precious food in the direction of the watchers. The native officials were horror stricken, and explained that "their names were not on the list, and now they [illegible] a dozen times than have them die here."

This famine seems to be very likely to threaten the country lying between Madras, Bangalore and Bellary, in the north. The people inhabiting this portion are largely agriculturists and cotton weavers, [illegible] the increase, and a few months ago, the rivers overflowed and washed out all the rice. There was practically no rain dur[illegible]

[illegible] *are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons,* [illegible]

work, and the people were provided with with one scanty meal a-day, and the only alternative left for the poor was to go into the jungles, and feed on the noxious weeds. Many people who had not even these weeds to eat, went to the lakes, and took wet clay and swallowed it. A great many died in that way. More than a hundred thousand perished during this famine. My brother-in-law said that he went and found all the servants who were in charge of the relief work looking well-fed, while the people who were supposed to have received relief looked thin and sickly. I hear that the ambassador at St. Petersburg is arranging to send wheat to Northern India through Thibet. A large part of the population lives on a great deal of rice; in Northern India they live on wheat. When deprived of rain, everything stops short. They do not eat meat; those who live on wheat could manage to get along on rice, and *vice versa*. I understand this famine is likely to spread over Northern and Central India, and that the government is already making preparations to start relief work in Rajputana, Punjab and Oudh."

Tennessee's First Sunday School.

The Pioneer Building still Standing—Over a Hundred Years Old.

THE oldest Sunday School in Tennessee and one of the very oldest in the West, is still in existence. It was established by Anthony Caldwell, in Jefferson Co., in 1810, but soon outgrew the capacity of the building in which it first met and for a time was held under the trees. The school was kept up almost constantly till the civil war. Afterward the Baptists adopted the school and in time built a church there. The home of this pioneer school is shown in the photograph on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Weather-worn and stained by time, the old building looks as though it might yet stand for many years.

Tennessee has other [illegible] Sunday Schools with interesting histories, and some of these are mentioned in a letter recently received from Isaac Emory, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, in which he writes as follows:

"New Bethel Presbyterian Church was organized in 1782. A lady named Jackson came here from New York, (she now lives in Brooklyn), and taught school and had one of the best Sunday Schools in the county. She was here in the seventies. The influence of this lady has led many of the young people into the Christian life and they have become the best workers and citizens we have. One hundred and thirteen schools are now in full operation in this county."

Our Own Missionary's Tour.

Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the southwest, has just returned to his headquarters at Kirksville, Mo., after completing a tour of his extensive district. [illegible] progress. The season has been a busy one with Sunday School work, Gospel addresses to out-of-the-way churches, and the distribution of religious literature. Funds are needed for the support of Mr. Sharp's work, and friends of the work are invited to send their contributions to [illegible] All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Anybody's Children.

POOR sad little ones, with the die of a fearful mintage on their faces—the mintage of misery and starvation—full of a wretched precocity; wise to do evil; swift to run on any errand of mischief; all their natural tact and brightness bound 'prentice to the devil, before they could say "yes" or "no" to the compact.

I saw hundreds of these miserable little ones enjoying a brief respite from their cares and sufferings at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home last August, and I shall never forget the sight. It was on a warm sunny day, and the wide-spreading Home under its shadowing trees, and the long, green lawns crowded with playing children, made a most interesting picture. The beautiful Hudson River was before them, and an immense tent sheltered a number of long tables, on which the evening meal was spread. As our party approached, the children came running to meet us with happy shouts of welcome; clinging to Mr. Klopsch with all the natural affection of boys and girls, who know, and love, their benefactor. Every slum of New York had its representative in some half-fed miserable little lad or lass; and the marvelous thing to me was the rapidity with which they had accustomed themselves to the pleasant comforts and restraints of decent living. Many had never before known the luxury of a bed, or of proper bed-clothing; yet they crept between the white sheeting with little exclamations of delight; and in some cases,

TENNESSEE'S OLDEST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

when they went back to the city, asked permission to take their bed back with them.

Three lessons are taught in this Home: To love God, to love their country, to be gentle and courteous to each other. In the pretty little chapel of the Home, they gathered with an orderly rapidity that showed, not only kind, pleasant discipline, but a remarkable teachableness. Their happy voices blended sweetly in song and prayer, and the short service was enjoyed because they were not mere listeners, but in all the simple exercises, took an active share. As they came out of the chapel the supper bell rang; and they ran joyfully towards the tent; the boys ranging themselves in a double file, between which the girls passed; the boys doffing their caps as they did so; a little lesson of [illegible] to say which will not be without good influence. Then up flew the Stars and Stripes! and the children saluting it, sat down, singing a verse of thanksgiving. Their supper was of good bread and butter, fresh milk, and fruit; and no one who is not familiar with the utter dirt and [illegible] which these little ones ordinarily snatch a mouthful of food, can form any idea of what a wonderful thing it must be to them, to sit at clean tables, and for a week or two eat like human creatures—plentifully, neatly, with laughter and [illegible]

During the last three years THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has entertained nearly six thousand of these waifs of humanity, and doubtless the lessons of piety, patriotism, [illegible] so happily taught, will never be forgotten. Many a boy and girl have at least received an ideal, which they will be ambitious to realize in their future life; and the more forcible characters may become centres of good, in their sinful and wretched surroundings. But this work so Christlike, needs great extension. It is but a little covert from the intolerable heat and misery of the city slums in summer. It ought not to be a summer rest, but a permanent Home. Moreover, there ought to be thousands of such homes for anybody's and nobody's children, all over the land. Every child whose parents are unwilling, or unworthy, to bring it properly up, is lawfully and naturally the child of the State; and it is the supreme interest of the State to accept this duty in its fullest sense. She ought to provide Homes, not Reformatories, for all who have no homes, from whatever cause. These Homes, should be many and small, for it is not the military, or monastic discipline, but the domestic, which educates the morals and affections. And these children should be taught to consider it a great honor, and not a shame, that they are the sons and daughters of the republic. If the republic did this duty, what an army of defenders it would be constantly raising up! What a bulwark against civil faction and foreign foes! What a reserve of steady noble citizens, to leaven every State into which they might be sent!

There is no need to speak of the expense of maintaining such a host of children. We maintain them now. They cost us in Reformatories and Prisons, far more than if they were brought up in Infant Homes and Industrial, Mechanical, and Agricultural Schools. Neither should we say, such a scheme would be morally ineffective. These wretched children are not born "sinners above all others," they are what circumstances and neglect have made them; they are capable of all, that circumstances and care have made us. Are good children among the wealthy of spontaneous growth? Do they not need line upon line, and precept upon precept; the care of parents and teachers, the restraining influences of religion, education, and society?

Such a charity as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home is a very thought of heaven, and many a poor, miserable child will die, and carry into the next life, not one happy memory, but many, of the lovely, wonderful days it spent there. But these neglected children cannot be much longer left to such charities, however noble. They should be adopted by the republic. If parents won't do their duty, they forfeit their rights, and these rights lapse to the State. When children have been ten or twelve years under the vilest influences, what can Reformatories and Prisons do? Infant Homes must eventually make Reformatories and Prisons unnecessary; and this as much for our sake as theirs. For the children of to-day are the to-morrow of society. It is they who are to become the fathers and mothers of the future.

Amelia E. Barr

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

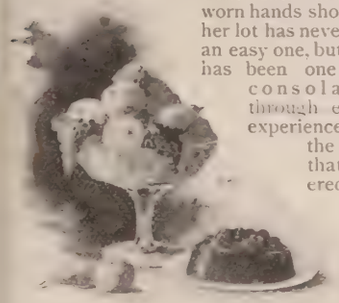
Previously acknowledged	$687 32
Mrs H M Gipson	2 00
A E Chiles	20
L Morley	1 50
—, Bird Island	5 00
Reader, Franklin	2 00
P L S, Waterville	5 00
S E K, So Dartmouth	1 00
Mrs A Deeds	50
E Shearman	25 00
Mrs C Billings	50
A Blair	5 00
Mrs E M, Allegan	1 00
R W Jones, Wheeler	1 00
Believer, Sinking Valley	1 00
Miss Saloma A Champe	1 00
Miss I M Cole	38
A R G Edwards	1 00
—, Berwick	1 00
Total	$741.30

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Thanksgiving.

OVER in Germany there is a woman whose life has been full of hard work, often work in the fields, through all her life. Her sweet, patient face and toil-worn hands show that her lot has never been an easy one, but there has been one great consolation through every experience, for the fairies that hovered over the cradle of Johanna Ambrosius dropped there a wonderful gift—the gift of the poet's eyes to see God's fair world with, and of the poet's tongue to tell what the eyes saw. Would you like to hear one of her verses?



ON THE THANKSGIVING TABLE

My native land I will not leave,
Whatever may be told:
Above all other countries it
Doth shine with purest gold.
Let Fortune smile in other realms,
In richer pomp of hue,
Nowhere save in my native land
Laughs sun from skies as blue.

That's the way you and I feel about our native land, or our dear home-land, isn't it, friends? For there is a witchery about this dear America of ours that makes the Scotchman, the German, the Irishman, the Scandinavian, the Italian, learn to love it so heartily, and hold it so dear that when they go back to the old home, and stay there awhile, they become home-sick for the new land, the glad land, the strong and brave land, God-given on this mighty continent.

I said to Norah, who had wearied till she could again have a sight of the cabin home near the soft green banks and limpid waters of Killarney, "Why did you not stay at home, Norah?" "Faith," she answered, "I was twice happy: happy to go back to it, and happy to lave it, and see America again. America's the place for me."

Now, from Norah and my kitchen to the first Thanksgiving-day on American soil, is perhaps a far cry. But Thanksgiving is so purely an American festival, that it is rather interesting to glance back and look at the state of affairs which existed when the grand old fathers of the nation set it apart, performing as they did so one of the sublimest acts in history. For the graveyards were thickly furrowed with the mounds under which not only delicate women and children, but strong men were buried in that first desperate struggle with the hard conditions of life in the New England, as they fondly called it, and the scanty harvest was but an earnest of what might yet be their overflowing abundance.

The first Thanksgiving-day in this great country was observed by church-going and solemn prayer and praise.

THOUGHTFUL OF THE COMING FEAST.

and by a family gathering. It set the pattern which ever since we have followed.

No other gala season of the year, not even Christmas, sets in motion so many forces, sees cars and boats so packed with children and grandchildren going back to the old home; sees old people so forgetting their age, and young people so honoring the old, and altogether witnesses such beautiful reunions as we find at Thanksgiving. Men immersed in business cares take time now to run up to the rocky farm in Massachusetts, or the prairie home in Wisconsin, or the wheatfield of Dakota, to be boys again beside their parents. "I'm growing to be quite an old gentleman," said my friend whose eighty-eight years are his crown of glory, "but I tell you when Thanksgiving comes I'm a boy again, for my children and their families all come back to keep the day with me. Sam from California, Paul from New York, Kitty from Chicago, Mary from Philadelphia, Abner from Boston: they're widely scattered, but they make a point of coming home at Thanksgiving and bringing a troop along. When the stage rattles up in the dusk of the day before Thanksgiving and the boys and girls and babies come piling out, it is a great day or me. And though mother is in heaven, we all feel, somehow, that she is very close to us when Thanksgiving Day gathers and packs the family under the old roof-tree."

There have been inroads into our Thanksgiving customs in some quarters, where the good old American fashion of family dinners, and of previous family church-going in the morning have fallen a little into abeyance.

But we must not allow this. As carefully as we guard any other of our splendid institutions, we must guard Thanksgiving under the flag.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

we must sing, joining in with "Old Hundred," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," in the same sweet, uplifting service.

I am not forgetting you, dear friend, to whose house and life a great sorrow has lately come. I sympathize with you from a full heart. I remember the summer day when the light for me was blurred with tears, because my best beloved was taken hence. I remember this home, and that one, where the darkness is deep because a noble son, a beautiful daughter, a fair child, has been snatched away by death. How can we lift the song when our hearts are broken? What room is there for joy when we are always looking at a vacant chair, and our whole being cries out for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still?" How can we be joyful when there is no joy?

Well, it is hard, but much of life is hard, anyway, and sometimes peace is better than joy. If we can acquiesce in God's dealings, and realize that all he does is done in love, we shall then, though in much sorrow, be able to bless his name, for our spirit will be that of his servant, who said, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and we cry with David, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

Then, too, there will steal upon our souls as we sit in the shadow, a sense of the unreality of this changeful life, and of the nearness of heaven and the unseen world, and in that hallowed hour we will be wafted higher, and an atmosphere of tranquility will enfold us. Thanksgiving, if we but try to absorb its spirit, will set us on a plane above this material life.

"What," whispers my little friend Molly, "are we to do, if we are disappointed in our plans, if we can't do anything we want to, if the barn burned down and we had no insurance, if the mortgage is foreclosed, if our debtors don't pay us, if we hear the scoop scrape against the bottom of the flour barrel and have no idea where the bread is coming from for the hungry boys, if the coal is out, if we're shivering in threadbare coats, if we're as poor as picked chickens?" It does require great faith to be thankful in the face of want and suffering, but some of God's dear children have learned how to triumph, and when they learn that victorious lesson the angels behold walking with them in the hottest furnace fire "One whose form is like unto the Son of God." Yes, we can always try, my friends, and you know, as I do, that trying is half the battle. I know what I am talking about, for

THE MARCH TO THE BIG DINING-ROOM.

Face to face with trouble
I have very often stood.
To find that pain has sweetness,
And to learn that God is good.

So, a blessed Thanksgiving feast to you, my dear friends and readers of the grand CHRISTIAN HERALD army of pilgrims, traveling step by step the road that leads us home. We clasp hands and take courage at this white milestone of Thanksgiving, 1896. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Dahomean Solomon.

It is related of Adarossa, a celebrated king of Dahomey, that he once wished to decide which of the two, the drunkard or the fool, was more stupid and helpless. He took two fair specimens, and after shutting them up in a grass hut, he ordered this to be set on fire. As soon as the fool felt the heat he made despe ate efforts to get out and thus saved himself. The drunkard, on the contrary, lay like a log and was burnt to death. Then the king said: "There is no doubt: the fool is better off than the drunkard. There is a glimmer of reason left in him. Therefore, if a fool does something wrong I

"BREAKING THE WISHBONE."

shall punish him, so as to deter him from doing it again. But the drunkard, who is dead drunk, has no knowledgs of what he does. Therefore, even if he should smite me, the king, in the face, I would not resent it. He is below a fool."

A Slave Auction at Fez.

Described by a Traveler who Personally Witnessed it.

NO more romantic or exciting experience in Africa has been had in recent years than that of Mr. G. Herbert Phillips, a traveler who spent some ten weeks in the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. Adapting himself to the Arab life, he bade adieu to civilization at Tangier, and with his caravan penetrated about 1,200 miles into the interior. He even penetrated into some of the little-known Sus country, and passed through the territory of the Beni Hasan tribe, one of the most dangerous in Morocco.

"I asked my host at Fez," said Mr. Phillips, "whether there was a slave market there, as I was curious, if such were the case, to visit it. He told me there was, and that he would inquire when there would be a sale. The result of the inquiry was that on the evening of Sunday, May 31st, I was conducted to what had the appearance of an old-fashioned market-place. There was an open square, and round was a kind of arcade, in which the people sat. The slaves, who were Soudanese negresses, brought up from the Soudan through the desert in caravans, were ranged in a recess in the corner. The slave dealers, healthy and substantial-looking men, led out each of the slaves in turn, and in Arabic shouted out the merits of each. These slave sales are invariably held in the evening, the idea being that if there are any imperfections in face or figure, they are less likely to be noticed in the twilight. Eight women and two girls were offered for sale, and before the actual bidding commenced the intending purchasers went up to the recess in which the slaves were waiting, and examined them closely.

"The first woman brought out was one apparently about twenty-two years of age, although she might have been less, as they age very quickly. She was dressed in a kind of calico covering with a girdle. There was bidding in the usual auction way, the dealers going round and shouting out the offers as they were made. The bidding was, of course, in Moorish money, and the first woman was bought for a sum equivalent in English to nearly $50. Then a young girl of perhaps ten years was sold, the price in her case being about $55.

"During all this I was standing under the arcade, but, being dressed in an ordinary English tourist suit, I kept behind the Moors who accompanied me, and, so far, had been unobserved. I was aware that the Moors object to any stranger being present at these sales, as they do not wish information about the traffic to get abroad. I had seen the two sold, and in the case of the girl, the scene was heart-rending, as she cried bitterly and was greatly distressed. I could stand it no longer, and walked out into the middle of the square, and the large attendance of Moors present then saw that a European was there. They gathered together in little groups, there was a hurried whispering amongst them, the unsold slaves were formally marched off, and the Moors dispersed, most of those present proceeding to the great mosque near by."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.
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Reasons for Thanksgiving.

Give a Thanksgiving day this year. Pull out all the glad stops, and while we pray and while we sing, let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Gather your families together. Let your children be arrayed in their brightest robes. In the morning let the temples of God ring with hosannahs, and in the night let your homes be filled with congratulation, laughter and song. Turn on all the lights, bracket, chandelier and candelabra. Throw another armful of firewood on the hearth and let the fire blaze out cheerily. When you and I are gone and our children go out and look at the place where we sleep, may they be enabled to say: "There rest the father and mother who knew how to make their children happy on Thanksgiving Day."

On such a time as this shall we not render thanksgiving to God? What a wonderful change! It was not a great while ago when governments forbade religious assemblages; now they invoke them. The father, the husband and the brother sit now at the end of the pew through custom—a custom established in the dark ages of persecution, when it was necessary for the male members of the family to sit at the head of the church pew, armed for defence of those who could not defend themselves. Now, on Thanksgiving Day we meet in churches at the call of secular authority.

This Thanksgiving morning finds this land above all others in a position to be grateful. The so-called bears in the grain market and all the other markets are such [illegible] pessimists, that the great masses of the people have no idea of what God is doing for this country. We had a bad Winter, it was said. Yes. We had a bad Spring, it was said. Yes. We had a bad Summer. Yes. But we had a good God, and, notwithstanding all the deluges, and all the [illegible] and all the insects, and all the political excitement [illegible] happily settled, the lap of the nation is filled with blessing. Shall we then render to-day a jeremiad, or a grand march? It [illegible] wet tossed by the wind, devoured by the

Brook the first: "Alas, me! struck of the rock, dashed of the mill-wheel."

Brook the second: "I sang the miller to sleep, ground the grist; oh! this gay somersault over the wheel!"

Horse the first: "Pull, pull, pull. This tugging in traces and holding back in the breeching, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles from my nostrils."

Horse the second gives a horse-laugh: "Useful life I have been permitted to live. See that corn! I helped break the sod and run out the furrows, and on a starlight night I filled the ravines and mountains with the voices of tinkling bells and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then to have the children throw in an extra quart at my whinnowing, and to have Jane pat me on the nose and say, 'Poor Charlie!' To bound along with arched neck and flaming eye and clattering hoof; what an exhilaration!"

Bird the first: "Weary of emigration; none to pay me for my song. Only here to be shot at."

Bird the second: "I have banqueted of a thousand wheat-fields; cup of lily to drink out of, aisle of forest to walk in, Mount Washington under foot and a continent at a glance."

Different ways of putting things.

I find cause of congratulation in the development of our national resources. Our wisest men in all departments of merchandise say that business is looking up, and that our greatest prosperities are yet to come. It is the inevitable law of nature, which is also the law of God, that the material resources of this country must in the future produce material wealth. You will hear the anvil ring with a sturdier blow. You will see the furnaces glow with a fiercer fire. You will see the wheel-box strike with a swifter dash. America has not yet been fully discovered. Various Americas have been found, but there are better ones perhaps to come. Columbus found only the shell of this country. Agassiz came along and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America. But there are other Americas yet to be found. Our resources have not all been tested. We have a land capable of supporting three thousand, six hundred millions of people.

We have only just begun to open the outside door of the great underground vault in which nature holds its treasures, the copper, the zinc, the coal, the iron, the gold, the silver. If you have ever crossed the mountains to California you have had some idea of it. The rail trains have only just begun to bring the harvests of the West down to our seaboard. The American fishermen have only just begun to cast their net on the right side of the ship. The dry-docks have just begun to set the keels and clamp the spars of trading ves-

what wealth, what civilization. Lift up thine eyes, oh nation, at the glorious prospect!

Between Sundays.

Many Christians do not appreciate it, indeed it is a great waste of time, unless there be some positive advantage to be gained. The French nation at one time tried to have a Sabbath only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sabbath every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week-day, in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sabbath to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sabbath, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and so runs up a pier midway, to help sustain the pressure. There are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a week, and but two hours of public religious service on Sabbath. What chance have two hours in a battle with one hundred and sixty-eight?

A week-night meeting allows church membership utterance. A minister cannot know how to preach unless in a conference meeting he finds the religious state of the people. He must feel the pulse before giving the medicine, otherwise he will not know whether it ought to be an anodyne or a stimulant. Every Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity. The plainest man has Omnipotence to defend him, Omniscience to watch him, Infinite Goodness to provide for him. The tamest religious experience has in it poems, tragedies, histories, Iliads. Ought not such an one have something to say? If you were ever in the army you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past carrying a dispatch. You wondered as he went what the news was. Was the army to advance, or was the enemy coming? So every Christian carries a dispatch from God to the world. You may have a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in one of your pockets; you forgot to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning or invitation to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it. A week-night meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it.

Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he goes to the praying-circle he must give up these things. The man who goes to the weekly service regularly through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle deep, will, in the Book of Judgment, find it set down to his everlasting credit.

Miss Frances E. Willard Thanks Our Readers.

En route to St. Louis, Nov. 9, 1896.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

It is in my heart to thank your generous subscribers for almost the first help that came to Lady Henry Somerset and me in our work for the Armenian refugees at Marseilles. That thousand dollars brought more solid comfort than any but the hungry and shelterless can comprehend. So far as I know, **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has given more money to help the Armenian sufferers than any paper in the world.** *This is a record worthy of the leadership and traditions that have made the paper the Gospel Cosmopolite of journalism—long may it wave!*

Lady Henry Somerset desires me to express her special thanks and appreciation to your readers. She is still hard at work for the cause, having established an office in London with expert helpers and great, capable speakers in the field. The need was never so great as now

I am proud of those American Homes that have received the Marseilles refugees, and more than ever convinced that ours is "God's Country."

Yours in the Master's cause,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BRIEF NOTES.

There are now Christian Endeavor Societies in Illinois connected with 33 denominations.

Dr. Barnardo this year Celebrates the Thirtieth anniversary of his work of rescuing waifs and strays in London.

The Salvation Army Self-Denial Week in Great Britain produced $115,000, or $27,000 in excess of that of last year.

The new Lord Mayor of London is a Jew. He is the fourth Jew elected to that office, his father having been the second.

The Seaman's Bethel, for which a request was recently made for papers, is at Boston, Mass. Religious papers are specially desired, and those which have illustrations are particularly acceptable.

The Rev. Dr. Pentecost began a Series of fourteen days' mission meetings at Cardiff on Nov. 9, in connection with the Presbyterian Church there. He begins a fortnight's mission in Liverpool on Monday, Nov. 30.

Professor Drummond, the Famous Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and other works, is still lying very ill in the South of England, wholly confined to bed and unable to write. The doctors are hopeful of an early improvement.

St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, is a beneficiary under the will of the late Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt. She bequeathed a quarter of a million dollars to the rector and wardens of the church, with instructions that the sum should be invested and the income applied to the uses of the church.

Evangelist Geo. L. Barker has been holding services at Mizpah Meeting House, Baltimore, Md. Rev. Joseph K. Snyder, the pastor, writes us that fully one hundred have already made profession of faith, as the result of God's blessing on these services, and more are expected to declare themselves for Christ.

Ambrose Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been secured for the convention of the Young People's Baptist Union of America for 1897. The work of preparing for the meetings will be begun as soon as the contract is signed. The present building will be renovated, and a canvas roof will be stretched across the large pavilion.

Dr. Beverly O. Kinnear is delivering lectures on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, every Thursday evening, in the Managers' Room of the Bible House, New York. The lectures begin at 8.15 P. M. Those who have read Dr. Kinnear's book on "Impending Judgments" will know how interesting these lectures are likely to be.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes says that in England, in spite of the wealth of the Episcopal Church, and the prestige it enjoys as the established church of the nation, the Nonconformists provide more church accommodation than the Church of England, and have in their Sunday Schools in the aggregate 400,000 more scholars.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is taking an active part in the Evangelistic movement in Philadelphia. The meeting at Seventh and Spring Garden Streets was crowded to hear the famous Evangelist, and many conversions are reported. Rev. George C. Needham, Dr. J. A. Wharton, and other evangelists are assisting in the work, which promises to attain great proportions.

One of the most unique services rendered by a Christian Endeavor Society is reported from Yarker, Ont. A young man died whose parents were so poor that they could not pay the cost of opening a grave. The Christian Endeavor Society took charge of the funeral, and in order te reduce expenses to a minimum they took spades in hand and dug the grave themselves.

Ainslie St. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, had a memorable service on Nov. 8, when Dr. R. S. Dawson, gave the right hand of fellowship to the sixty-two new members who have united with the church since the revival services conducted by Evangelist Grant C. Tullar. During those services 215 persons signed cards declaring their resolve in Christ's strength to lead consecrated lives. Many of these have already united with other churches.

The second annual Convention of the National Gospel Mission Union was held November 18-20, in Chicago. Four sessions were held daily in the First Congregational Church. Many eminent mission workers from all parts of the country were present, and related their experiences. The Helping Hand mission in South Halsted Street, which is under the auspices of the Gospel Mission Union, took charge of the management of the Convention.

Charles S. Studd, a well-known missionary, who has labored during the past ten years in China, is now making a tour of American colleges to get recruits for the foreign missionary field. Mr. Studd is a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and a leader in Christian work among the colleges there. He is a guest of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Studd was a famous athlete at college, and has been equally famous in the missionary work in China.

Nicola Eyoub Tams, the Syrian Evangelist, has been delivering a course of lectures in the Baptist Church in Twenty-third Street, New York. The new light Mr. Tams was able from his Oriental experience to throw on the Bible was greatly appreciated. Mr. Tams also lectured at the Methodist Metropolitan Temple, of which Dr. Cadman is pastor. Several friends, attired in the Oriental costumes Mr. Tams has in his possession, sat on the platform making clear the lecturer's description of Oriental life.

The News of the Loss of Steamship Day Spring, belonging to Dr. J. G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, is confirmed. She was wrecked to the north of New Caledonia. Eight of the crew, including the captain, were saved out of seventeen. No missionaries were on board at the time, but the cargo consisted of three months supplies for the various mission stations on the islands. All the mails were also lost. The insurance will not by any means cover the loss, but already a lady has forwarded $5,000 towards a new ship.

Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, New York, baptized eleven Hebrew converts on Nov. 8th at Mr. Warszawiak's Mission, 174 Grand street. Six of them were adults—four men and two women. Dr. Hall made a congratulatory address before administering the rite, in the course of which he took occasion to say that the true Christian had to-day only of respect and love for the Jew, and always deprecated his ostracism and persecution. Mr. Warszawiak and Mr. Lichtenstein addressed the meeting in German after Dr. Hall had spoken.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Siberian Exile Life.

FROM the testimony of Mr. R. L. Jefferson, who has travelled extensively in Siberia and relates his experience in *Black and White*, a new view is obtained of the Russian exile system. Mr. Jefferson went to Siberia with the common notions of the outrageous cruelties practised on the men and women who had incurred the displeasure of the Russian government; but he frankly confesses that these notions were not confirmed by his observation. It was at Moscow he saw for the first time a gang of exiles start for the bleak, inhospitable land. They were ordinary peasants who had been convicted of murder or robbery with violence. There is no country in the world where such men would go unpunished, and in some countries the majority of them would be hanged. They were clad in coarse, gray, woolen clothing, with shackles on their ankles and guarded by a dozen soldiers with fixed bayonets. Following them, at a short distance, was a motley crowd of women and children who had accepted the privilege of going to Siberia, so that their husbands and fathers might not be lonely in their exile. They were all put on board the car at the railroad depot to be conveyed to Nijni Novgorod, whence a steamer conveyed them to Perm. There they landed and climbed by a pass in the Ural Mountains to Tiumen. There another steamer would await them on which they would be conveyed to the city of Tomsk. This is the focus of the great Siberian highways which lead to all parts of the vast convict-land. The exiles are required to walk along one of these roads to the district to which they have been assigned. Mr. Jefferson saw some of these gloomy processions. A few soldiers went at the head; then came the convicts with fetters on their ankles, each man carrying a bag on his back containing food, and, suspended from his waist-belt a tea-kettle and other cooking utensils. The women and children followed, and at the rear of the procession were several wagons containing the bedding and articles of domestic use belonging to the convicts. Some of the children, tired with the march, were riding in the wagons and the guard was chatting affably with them. Mr. Jefferson did not get access to the mines, or the great convict prisons, but he saw much of the out-door life of the convicts and they appeared to be contented and prosperous. In some instances they were better off than they had been in Russia. Their food was secure and they could work for wages, under indulgent employers. In one of the houses where there was a large retinue of servants, the coachman is a murderer, and every employee is a criminal of some kind. They are at liberty to go where they please within certain limits, and to engage in any kind of work. Their punishment consists in their expatriation and their loss of all civil rights. They cannot appeal to the courts, nor will the police protect them. They are outlaws, but as a rule, they do not suffer from the fact. Many of them remain voluntarily in Siberia when their term of exile has expired. These facts, of course, apply to the criminals of a certain class, not to those who work in the mines nor to the political exiles, whose punishment is sometimes severe. Mr. Jefferson thinks that in the treatment of this class of criminals the Russian goverment is lenient as compared with other governments, inasmuch as it spares their lives and gives them a chance to amend their ways. If they avail themselves of it they are not molested, but if they break the laws in Siberia, their punishment is swift and condign. In this the government has divine example. The Psalmist declares that God deals so with offenders.

With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the perverse thou wilt show thyself forward. (Ps. 18: 26.)

A Missing Corner-Stone.

The rector and parishoners of a Protestant Episcopal Church in the northern district of New York City wants to find some aged man, who knows where the corner-stone of the church in which they have long worshipped, is located. The congregation is about to erect a new stone church on the site of the old edifice. In tearing down the old church they kept a close watch for the corner-stone, expecting to find in its cavity some interesting relics which would naturally be placed there when the church was built. But the stone has not been found. Whether it is lower down in the foundations than they have dug, or whether it has been overlooked and carted away with the other stones, no one knows. No one now in the neighborhood remembers the old church being built, but it is assumed that there was a corner-stone, and that the relics and records of the time would be put in it. The inquiries so far made have, however, failed to lead to its discovery. If it cannot be found soon, the erection of the new building will have to go on without it, but the rector and his people are reluctant to proceed without finding the stone. This is a matter, however, of only sentimental importance. A more serious matter, which is seen in too many places where new churches have sprung up in place of the old, is when the new church has left the essential Corner-stone out of its theology.

Jesus himself being the chief Corner-stone. (Eph. 2: 20.)

An Owner's Rights.

An interesting case is likely to come before the law-courts of New York. Residents in the neighborhood of Washington Heights have been accustomed to use a narrow lane connecting Boulevard Lafayette with the Washington Ridge Road, by which they could reach the Fort Washington Depot or the dock at Fort Washington Point. As wealthy business men settled in the vicinity, the road was more and more frequented. Some time ago a number of them were desirous of having it improved, and applied to the city about it, but they were informed that the road did not belong to the city. They therefore raised a subscription among themselves and had the work done. The road was then used more than ever. Last week, however, the drivers were disgusted at finding that a fence had been erected across the road and a notice affixed warning off trespassers on private property. It was necessary to travel a mile to the south or half-a-mile to the north to find a parallel road connecting the two main thoroughfares. It appears that one of the adjacent estates changed hands recently, and the new owner learned that the road was on his property. The public has had the use of it for several years, but he claims that he has the right of ownership and has exercised it in closing the road. The residents who recently improved it, propose to test the validity of his claim by an action at law. Even if he succeeds in proving that he has the right to close the road, he would be wise in leaving it open. The rights of property ought never to operate to the injury of others. The Christian doctrine applies to this as to many other matters in which it is too often ignored:

All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good. (1. Cor. 10: 24.)

A Laborer's Fortune.

A young man at Lockport, N. Y., who a few weeks ago was looking for any kind of work by which he could earn enough to provide him with food and clothing, is now on his way West to receive a fortune estimated at more than two million dollars. It appears that about 1840 an enterprising man went to Michigan and settled in Mackinac County, in the northern part of the State. He raised enough money to purchase a large tract of land, on which he built a log cabin. He worked hard and improved his land. He went into the cattle breeding business, which proved very profitable. During the war he made a large sum by the cattle he sold to the Government. But he added the larger part of his fortune through the discovery of a rich vein of copper on his land. This was worked with enormous profit. He had married soon after the close of the war and had one son. He determined to make a gentleman of him and give him a college education. He supplied him liberally with funds, and allowed him to choose his own way of getting a thorough education. The young man became dissipated and wasted his time and money. At last, he did something so disgraceful that his father, who had borne much from him, lost patience and disowned him. The young man appealed to him in vain. No more money was to be had. He had to earn his own living. He secured work on the canal, but recently that failed and for some weeks he had been looking for work. He was in great straits, when one day recently a letter was placed in his hands informing him of the sudden death of his father. There was no will, and the young man inherits his entire estate as next heir. It may be hoped that he has learned a lesson from his painful experience, since his father cast him off. Though he need no longer have the dread that his evil ways may offend his father, he may be sure that they will lead to his own ruin.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8: 36)

A Sheriff in Peril.

A sheriff in South Carolina had a narrow escape, on November 8th, of losing his life in the execution of his duty. He had in his custody a negro, charged with the cold-blooded murder of a white man in his district. There was great popular indignation against the prisoner, and threats of lynching were freely made. The sheriff, however, was determined that the man should be tried by process of law, and he ordered the jail to be well guarded. Early in the morning the sheriff received a written order from a magistrate, requiring him to hand the prisoner over to two deputies, to be brought to him for a preliminary examination. He gave the deputies an order for the prisoner, but warned them to take care that the lynchers did not get him. They said they had brought a guard who were strong enough to protect the prisoner. Soon after they started, the sheriff heard that the lynchers were in pursuit, and were sure to capture the murderer. He at once harnessed his horse and followed in a buggy. After a long ride he saw the party a long way off. The prisoner was being held in a buggy, and a number of men followed on horseback. He was unable to overtake them, so he took his horse out of the buggy and rode after them bareback. When he was near enough he shouted, but they paid no heed. The sheriff was indignant, and after a warning he drew a pistol and fired at the crowd. His horse was unaccustomed to fire-arms, and was frightened. It swerved and threw its rider into the road. By the time the sheriff had picked himself up and caught his horse, the party was out of sight. He followed by the road he thought they would take, but could not find them. Finally he determined to go to the magistrate and report that the lynchers had captured the prisoner. He arrived about nightfall, having been traveling all day. To his amazement he found the prisoner safe in jail. No attempt had been made to take him or lynch him. But the magistrate said that the guard who brought him in reported that they had been followed by a man riding horseback, who had fired a pistol at them. They supposed he was a leader of a party of lynchers, and they would have shot him if he had not given up the pursuit. Then the sheriff realized how narrow had been his escape from death. In his excitement, he had not recognized the magistrate's deputies who had charge of the prisoner, and hastily came to the conclusion that he had fallen into the hands of lynchers, who were carrying him to execute summary punishment upon him. His indignation was aroused, and regardless of the number of the party, he would have attempted to rescue the man if his horse had not thrown him. The guard, like the sheriff, were under a mistake, and it is well that there was no bloodshed. Each, in the desire to protect the prisoner, suspected the other of design to do him harm. A like mistake in politics and in religion causes people to be enemies who should be friends. Rival political parties often suspect each other of being unpatriotic, and rival denominations think each other false to Christ's cause. Men often need the reproof Christ gave to his disciples when they said:

We saw one casting out devils in thy name and we forbade him because he followeth not with us (Luke 9: 49).

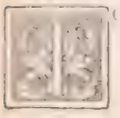
THE PRISON AT IRKUTSK.

SIBERIAN EXILES—A CHAINED GANG AT THE ROADSIDE PRISON.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

What Thanksgiving Means.

When Autumn's crimson torch expires



TO most of us, Thanksgiving is associated with a Puritan [illegible] landed well over two centuries ago at Plymouth Rock. It has now been two hundred and fifty years since the institution of the first American Thanksgiving, with its meagre supply of food distributed among the devoted Pilgrims. The day is now proclaimed to 65 000.000 of people throughout the Union. Eight hundred railroads now carry food from State to State, and town to town, for the great national Feast of America. Instead of the historic "five grains of corn," there are now fruits and vegetables from California and the South, bread from the great Northwest, and trains of food and produce from the Atlantic coast, the tropics, and the sea, to indicate the plenty of the land in which we live, and the general rejoicings characteristic of the day.

Since Lincoln appointed the last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, each President of the United States since then, has annually issued a proclamation for the universal festival. Religious services and general feasting go hand in hand in the observance of the Holiday of Thanks, the day being especially made much of in New England. It is a day of family reunions, fun, frolic, games and feasting. In New York and other large American cities, dinners are given to the inmates of the benevolent institutions, and by those charitable [illegible] among the poor and unfortunate. Thanksgiving-day grows in favor [illegible] year, and is duly and appropriately acknowledged in most of the Protestant churches and families every[illegible]

The social aspect is the same in New England now as when the prudent Puritan house-wife annually threw economy to the winds, and her thoughts, heart, and hands into the sweet mystery and concoction [illegible] prepared for the harvest feast. And a majority of our housewives show to-day the same wonderful activity in the making of golden and spicy pies, the baking of brown bread, snowy loaves of cake, and an infinite number of crisp, appetizing "cookies," so dear to the eye and the palate of the rustic small boy and the rosy-cheeked girl. It is in the country that one sees the social side of the festival at its best. The day is a continual feast, from the breakfast of tender-stewed chicken, and dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, red jellies, [illegible] fragrant roasting apples, the nuts and popcorn balls eagerly eaten and distributed after the curtains are drawn, and when the cheery blaze of the generous hickory logs [illegible] day glow and brightness. The singing of old-fashioned hymns and glees, the play[illegible] are indulged in with spirit and vivacity by members of the family and visitors of the neighborhood who always "drop in" to share the feast and frolic.

But the true spirit of the day is one of joy and praise, of prayer and gratitude. There is a pretty Thanksgiving legend which carries its own lesson. St. Peter [illegible] sent two angels to earth one [illegible] back the prayers and thanks[illegible] the people. The [illegible] Angel of Thanksgiving [illegible] petitions and filling a sack besides, while the Angel of Thanksgiving sorrowfully bore only three tiny contributions.

A big, plump turkey, would fit nicely into the hamper for some poor family's Thanksgiving this year. It should be a time of universal happiness.

When round the mother's knee
The little children cling,
When night and morn the household eaves
With merry voices ring,
[illegible]
Is missing from the throng,
[illegible] is stopped
[illegible]
Then up from thankful hearts
Should fervent praise arise,
To him who fills the happy home
With blessings from the skies.

* *

An Intelligent Cat.

Many stories are related concerning the remarkable intelligence of domestic animals. Quite recently a cat belonging to a family who live in a village on the banks of the Hudson, displayed a peculiarly intelligent trait of character. The son of the household is a bicyclist, and the cat—a beautiful black tabby,who has always been a favorite of his—got accustomed to accompanying him on his outings. Lately, whenever he would start, puss would leap lightly to his shoulder after he had mounted his wheel, and, perched safely on its vantage ground, would sit there during the ride, apparently with great enjoyment. No matter how fast the rider goes, the cat's equilibrium is maintained, and the more swiftly he flies the better tabby seems to like it. Whether on the street or flying along the country roads, the bicyclist is almost invariably accompanied by his little companion, which arches its back and purrs with delight as he puts on an extra spurt. There it sits, unconscious of danger, disdainful of dogs and contemptuous of all creeping things, upon which it looks down from its singular perch as it whizzes past. It is probably the only instance on record of a feline bicycle rider, and it seems to enjoy the sport quite as well as does its master.

* *

First American Boys in Japan.

The first American boys who ever visited Japan were set ashore with great cere[illegible] were in the uniform of United States mid[illegible] square envelope of scarlet cloth, contain[illegible] gold, each box enclosed in a larger box [illegible] ings all made of pure gold. Each of the gold boxes contained a letter to the em[illegible] lum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. To each letter the great seal of the United States was attached with cords of interwoven gold and silk, with pendent gold tassels. The names of the boys, unfortunately, have not been preserved.

* *

In Chrysanthemum Land.

In Japan, perhaps the most tempting of wonderlands, not even the hours of the afternoon are allowed to become prosaic. Four o'clock is redeemed from the commonplace as "the hour of the monkey," and the dead waste and middle of the night is rendered more wild, more ghostly still as "the hour of the bull when evil things have power." Dainty as are the dark-eyed maids, their names are daintier still: O Kiku San, O Kin San, O Shiro Kuro, Ei San, O Ayame, O Haru, O Yuki San—Miss Chrysanthemum, Miss Gold, Little Black-and-White, Miss Wealth, Miss Iris, Lady Spring and Lady Snow! The dishes they serve are all dainty as themselves, save the monstrous radish, the one thing in the land that is not in miniature. The close of the old year is the "Little Cold," March is the "Viewing of Cherry-blossoms," September is the "Feast of Chrysanthemums," and the end of all things, death, has a pathetic phrase, "Changing your world."

* *

Simple Playthings.

Playthings for our children need not necessarily be expensive. Katharine Beebe, a famous kindergartner, gives this by way of suggestion: A few cedar blocks, such as are used in paving streets, split up into sticks about eight inches long and half an inch thick, will furnish a new plaything. The bulk of this material, for the sticks should fill a good sized basket, pleases the child. With these children can, in a crude way, outline forms, and make pictures which express their thoughts. Here again streets and railroad tracks suggest themselves. The simple kind of mathematical forms, squares, oblongs, triangles, trapeziums, trapezoids, pentagons, hexagons, octagons and the like, give a pleasure to children which must be experienced to be realized. Simple houses of the old corn-cob style can be built, the zigzag Virginian rail-fence can be exactly reproduced, and many other forms outlined or copied. Among these are houses, bird-houses, churches, fences, ladders, doors, windows, furniture, clocks, stars, wheels, boats, cars, and almost any other desired objects. The thoughts filling the child's mind, whether they be of the coming holiday, the new baby or the [illegible] kitchen, can be expressed with this material, and a child will play in this quiet [illegible] time, making something for mamma to guess. "Oh, let us make the big Thanksgiving table at grandma's!" the child will say. If you add, "Can you make chairs for them all? Make the [illegible] grandpa goes! Now try the stove where they will cook the turkey! Make what you want for Christmas, and see if I can guess what you make," in all probability the child will be happily occupied for a long time. Try the blocks for your little ones and you will give them [illegible] pleasant hours.

AMSTERDAM MARKET-PLACE.

WIND-MILLS ON THE ZAANDAM, HOLLAND.

Housewives of Holland.

HOLLAND, probably more than mos[illegible] countries in Northern Europe, has preserved its old-time customs and traditions. The passing years bring but few changes to the quaint old cities and towns of the little kingdom. Churches, castles, market-places, canals—all the old land-marks remain just as they have stood for many decades. Even the windmills seem to flap their great arms with a motion that disdains the adventitious aid of modern mechanism, and the canal-boats are veritable arks of antiquity. Our photograph of the market-square in Amsterdam, though recently taken, might almost pass for a scene of the middle Dutch period, as to architecture, costumes and general surroundings. All the Rhine steamers land at the wharf in Dordrecht, near Amsterdam, the capital. The market-place there is a small open square beneath which flows the canal. It is really the floor of a stone bridge. The stalls there are loaded with fish, meat, garden produce and all the necessaries for replenishing the larders of the honest Dutch housewives. There are also the stalls of the dealer in old rusty swords, fragments of armor, and pieces of rare old copper and brass, and also book stalls on which are exposed ancient Dutch prints, books and engravings that are [illegible] of interest to the lovers of literary curios. The young women of Amsterdam and vicinity may be seen at the market in snow-white caps, screwed to the head with two gold spirals or ornaments, short skirts, blue yarn stockings, and white wooden shoes. A little Dutch doctor or civilian will wear a yellow nankeen waistcoat, red neck-tie, and a green coat. Tall hats of conical shape are worn by men in some of the provinces, while caps flat as flat cakes, be, are worn by others. Wooden shoes are common among the peasantry, and the dress of artisans and laborers in each province is different from that worn by the higher classes.

The open country of Holland is beautiful, tranquil and pastoral, dotted with green and flowery meadows, and crossed here and there by groups of graceful willows, silvery poplars, lindens and elders. The canals, and curious, cumbersome old wind-mills, constitute a prominent feature of the picturesque life and activity of Holland. A proprietor's wealth is usually measured by the number of his mills, and they are also hereditary property; a girl's dowry being calculated by the size and number of her father's wind-mills. The largest and most varied assortment of these unique structures are found near Zaandam, pictured in one of our photographs. Nearly every Dutch house is a [illegible] the port, where ratts and boats take the place of carts and carriages, and every other boat is a hou[illegible] Thousands of people have no other home than these, and when a couple marry in Holland, they buy a boat, install themselves aboard, and live by carrying goods to and from market. It is not an uncommon sight to see a house-boat floating tranquilly by, with a baby and cradle in full view, being rocked by the mother with her foot, while her hands are busied with knitting, or cooking utensils. Little peasant houses and villas all in rose color and blue, with varnished red roofs, terraces and tiny gardens, make a landscape as charming as unique.

* *

An Alaskan Princess.

Professor Dyche of the University of Kansas, has recently returned from a prolonged tour in Alaska, during which he had some singular experiences. He [illegible] three smoking mountains, encountered an earthquake, and found coal so soft that it could be cut with a knife. He had the pleasure of meeting Princess Tom, a native Yokutai noble lady, who is esteemed the richest woman in the territory of Alaska. She has $15,000 in $20 gold pieces. On her right arm she wears five bracelets each hammered out of a gold twenty, and on her left arm she wears six bracelets, each made from a ten-dollar gold piece. She has hundreds of blankets, sea otter skins, etc., and owns a schooner and two sloops. She is sixty five years old and has just obtained her fifth husband, a man twenty years old, for whom she paid five hundred blankets. The Thlingit women manage the households and hold the purse.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A correspondent in New York City sends us the following letter:

From the published reports of Mr. Moody's Cooper Union services, I gather that he proposes, as a proof of Christian faith, a full belief in the literal inspiration of the whole Bible the actual test being a belief in the miraculous story of Jonah and the whale. "If Jonah goes, Christ goes." are Mr. Moody's own words, as currently reported in the daily press.

I am a constant reader of your journal, and, I hope, a consistent Christian: but this proposition staggers me. Mr. Moody preaches Christianity. Upon what ground, logical, theological or otherwise, does he establish as a test of Christianity a belief in a miraculous event which is related in Hebrew literature of a period long ante-Christian, and which, despite the efforts of those who are constantly distorting Scripture to find "types" where none exist, has never yet been regarded by our ablest commentators as having any more than a figurative or allegorical meaning? I am afraid that to establish such a test would dismay many good Christian men and women. Paul declared that he knew only Jesus Christ and Him crucified (see 1 Cor. 2-2) and that to the Christian is creed enough. The Saviour Himself made belief in Himself, obedience to the law and brotherly love the cardinal points of Christian conduct. Mr. Moody is the first to make the startling discovery that "when Jonah goes, Christ goes." I say, God forbid. Let us hold fast to Jesus as our Rock. Everything else is non-essential.

A HUMBLE BELIEVER.

We publish this letter because many other readers may, like its writer, be staggered by the test Mr. Moody is said to have applied. But Mr. Moody is perfectly logical. In explaining away the story of Jonah and treating it as a myth people impugn the authority and infallibility of Christ himself. He said, (Matthew 12: 39, 40), "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonah; for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." It is inconceivable that Christ should have used a myth as the basis of so important a statement. He evidently believed it to be an historical fact, and we need no better standing ground than that on which Christ took his stand. When men begin to pick and choose what parts of the Bible they will accept or reject, they give up the only infallible court of appeal which has been the basis of Protestantism for more than three hundred years. The observation of Mr. Moody is one common to the whole church: the man who begins by doubting the miracle of Jonah is not long before he doubts the resurrection of Christ; and when he reaches that point, he is in the condition of having no effective Gospel to preach. Paul wrote: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain; ye are yet in your sins, and we are of all men most miserable."

M. A. B., Thomastown, O. How can I get the young people of a Sunday School class interested in the International Lessons?

It is extremely difficult just now, as the Committee who select the lessons have displayed a singular lack of judgment in their work. The best advice we can give is to try to extract from the subjects some lessons which they can apply to their everyday lives. Suggestions which will help you appear every week on the Sunday School page of this journal.

M. Bliss, Germantown, Pa. I hear some one say that the Chinese—and most other Orientals—do nearly everything the opposite way we do. To what extent is this true?

To a remarkable extent, as far as the Chinese are concerned. Here are a few of their eccentricities as noted by an observant critic: 1. They read and write from right to left and from foot of page to top. 2. The surname precedes the given name. 3. They shake their own hands instead of shaking their friends' hands. 4. White is mourning with them and dark colors are used on festive days. 5. They serve fruit and sweets first at dinner. 6. Their men are their only dressmakers. 7. Their compass points south instead of north.

L. E. C., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. What is understood by "the marks of the Lord Jesus" to which Paul refers in Galatians 6: 17?

They have a reference to the practice of branding slaves with their owners' initials. A slave by showing the brand proved to whom his service was due and that no one else had a claim upon him. The marks of the Lord Jesus Paul bore were the scars received in his service—the marks of the rod with which he was beaten and the wounds he received in fighting with wild beasts. He showed them as evidence that he belonged to the Lord Jesus.

G. E. F., Randolph, Vt. 1. How did the servants of Hiram transport the timber that was used in building the Temple, from Mount Lebanon to the seaport? 2. How were the stones transported from the quarry to Jerusalem?

1. In his letter to Solomon (see II. Chronicles 2: 16) King Hiram expressly states that the wood from Lebanon would be brought in floats by sea to Joppa, and that Solomon should provide bearers to carry it overland to Jerusalem. Verse 18 of the same chapter recites the appointment by Solomon of 70,000 men as "bearers of the burdens," and 80,000 to be "hewers in the mountain." 2. The royal quarries were near the city, and extended under it to a considerable distance in some directions. At certain places the cuttings made by the Phœnician workmen are said to have been identified. It is supposed that the Temple stones were taken from a point in the quarries opposite Jeremiah's Grotto and a little east of the Damascus Gate.

THE BAZAR DE DOERKLER-ALTI, CONSTANTINOPLE.

This famous Bazar is largely occupied by Persian merchants. In the street shown in the photograph, a number of Armenians were slain during the recent Constantinople massacre. Over 300 Armenians, fleeing from the infuriated Moslems, were here sheltered and protected by Persian residents, to whose generosity they owe their lives.

Alfred Anderson, St. Louis, Mo. Should a church choir or its leader select for Sunday service tunes that are heard everywhere, and which are associated with ideas the opposite of reverential, even though the words be unexceptional?

The introduction of secular music into religious services is a matter that calls for the utmost discretion and sound judgment. Nothing could be more out of place than to hear a congregation lending all the energies of its lungs to a hymn set to the tune of "Annie Laurie," "Robin Adair," or perhaps some melody already worn threadbare in the variety halls. Sentimental or sensuous music should not supersede the sacred and serious, in divine worship.

Jean Lyght, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.—If Solomon's Temple was built without the sound of hammer, axe, or any tool of iron being heard, how did they put the roof, partitions, floors, &c., together.

Josephus, in his *Antiquities* (Book VIII., chapters 2 & 3), casts some light on the Bible statement concerning the great stones used in the construction of the Temple. He wrote that the workmen "were enjoined . . . to fit and unite them together in the mountain and so bring them to the city." In the following chapter he further wrote, "The whole structure of the Temple was made with great skill. . . . There appeared to be no sign of any hammer or other instrument of architecture; but as if, without any use of them, the entire materials had naturally united themselves together, that the agreement of one part with another seemed rather to have been natural than to have arisen from the force of tools upon them." It is not uncommon for Oriental wood workers, cabinet makers, carpenters and the like, to work without nails, using closely-fitting wooden pegs instead, which are easily wedged in without the force that is needed to drive a nail.

F. L. Boynton, Kingfisher, O. T. I am trying to furnish Christian reading to fifteen of the county jails of Oklahoma Territory. Will not a few of your readers furnish their CHRISTIAN HERALDS weekly for this work after they have read them? I will furnish addresses of jails to which they may forward papers.

A. G., Canada, Kans. Do the prohibitions of 1. Timothy 2: 9 and 1. Peter 3: 4 apply to the curling or crimping of the hair? Should a Christian who has been reproached for those practices discontinue them?

There seems to be no need to discontinue them if you do not devote time to the purpose that should be given to important duties. Women in the Apostle's day who decked their hair with gold and jewels, were women to be avoided. Even of the others who were more moderate, the Apostle would rather that they should be known and admired for their graces of character than for the adornments of their persons. It is so still. A Christian woman will take care not to be slovenly or untidy in her person, but her chief concern will be to be holy and useful. The difference in the status of women now and that of the women of Apostolic times is so marked that in this and other matters there is not the need for the prohibitions that were necessary then.

Inquirer, Burlington, Vt. Do you think it possible that the prophecy (II. Peter 3: 10) of the earth being burned up and the elements melted, could ever be literally fulfilled? Could anything cause soil and rock to burn?

Read in the light of other prophecies the indications are for a fire which shall purify rather than destroy. It is, however, quite conceivable that destruction by fire should occur. Many astronomers have held the belief that the earth is gradually being drawn nearer to the sun and that in the process of ages it may fall into it. If such an event should ever occur, the whole world and all in it would be consumed as the Apostle describes.

W. W. W., Alhance, Va. 1. Were the cattle, sheep, etc., offered in sacrifice among the Jews all consumed upon the altar? If only certain parts were burned, what became of the other parts? 2. To whom did Dr. Talmage refer as a man older than Methuselah? 3. Was Merab the wife of Adriel as stated in I. Sam. 18: 19; or Michal as stated in II. Sam. 21: 8?

1. We have no special knowledge on the subject. It may be supposed that the law was obeyed. Very explicit instructions were given (see Leviticus 6: 18-26; 7: 8, 31; 8: 31). 2 Your question has been sent to Dr. Talmage. 3 Merab was the wife of Adriel. The statement that Michal brought up his children in II. Samuel 21: 8 may imply that her sister died young, and Michal was a foster mother to them, or her name may have been substituted for Merab's by a copyist's mistake.

E. J. S., Congerville, Ill. To whom and to what time does the prophet refer in Jeremiah 23: 6?

To Christ during his Millennial reign. The prediction has never yet been fulfilled and never will be until Christ reigns as King after his second coming.

S. J. B. Bancoft, Mich. Was Solomon in the priests' court when he offered sacrifices and blessed the people? If so, what right had he in there?

There is much that is mysterious about Solomon's proceedings. He had no right under the Levitical law to offer sacrifices, but it is stated that he did so, and one passage appears to imply that he went into the Holy of Holies. His having brazen oxen to support the laver was also a distinct violation of the commandment. There appears to have been a laxity of observance at that time, which is not accounted for either in the Bible or by Jewish writers.

W. W. Goodland, Kans. What is the meaning of Christ's injunction (Luke 16: 9) to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness?

The Revised Version has the rendering, "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness." Christ's teaching appears to imply that benevolent actions towards his people in this life are specially remembered in heaven. The beneficiaries remember the kindness they received and give a glad welcome to the man who befriended them, when he appears among them. Thus, even money, which was called the mammon of unrighteousness, may be so used as to affect our eternal happiness. The description of the judgment in Matt. 25: 31-46 conveys a similar lesson.

Inquirer, Salem, Oregon. 1. What has been the sin of those mentioned in Heb. 6: 6, whom it is impossible to renew to repentance? 2. Is backsliding the unpardonable sin? 3. Is not the promise that if we confess our sins, God will forgive us, contradicted by the warning that if we do not forgive others, God will not forgive us?

1. The falling away appears to be accompanied by some kind of ridicule of religion. The impossibility referred to is not punitive, but is a necessity of the case. The backslider is notoriously difficult to restore. He knows so much, and has experienced so much of religion, and it has yet failed to keep him from falling, that he cannot be induced to make another effort. It is impossible only so far as he makes it impossible by his attitude. 2. No; backsliding is not the unpardonable sin. Otherwise God would not promise to receive and forgive the backslider, as he does in so many places. If the backslider is sorry for his sin and goes back penitently, desiring to be forgiven, God will forgive him. Penitence is necessary. You would not forgive your child if he was not sorry for his fault. 3. The forgiveness of those who have injured us is a condition of our own forgiveness. The confession mentioned in the promise is not a mere lip confession, but a renunciation of sin, and the unforgiving man must renounce his unforgiving disposition with his other sins.

Constant Reader, Washington, D. C. No.—Mrs. L. Waddell, Chicago, Ill. Address him at The Arlington, Washington, D.C.—Mrs. R.C.R., Belan, N. M. 1. Write to Rev. R. A. Torrey, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill. 2. If you renew now, for the year after expiration, the premium will be sent at once.—Foster Norton. You can order a book of synonyms or Roget's Thesaurus through any bookseller.—Subscriber, Wheat, Tenn. You will have to consult some Encyclopedia. To answer your question would take more time and space than we can devote to it.—In Christ's Name, S. Pembroke, Mass. You can order them through the American Bible Society, New York. Send them to prisoners in jail or to patients in hospital, after first ascertaining whether they are not already supplied.—E. T., Overton, Tex. No.—I. W. J., Arcadia, Tex. Harper's Young People.—A. R. G. E., Galveston, Tex. Change of scene and surroundings and good sound medical advice.—P. A. N., Nicholasville, Ky. Write to State Department, Washington, D. C.—Kate L. H., Oakford, Ind. We cannot supply the information desired.—Mrs. Belle R. Wilton, New York. The full quota desired has now been received.—Subscriber, Dallas City, Ill. The "I" is given the same pronunciation that it receives in the alphabet.—V. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. You should endeavor to have the benefit of a regular course of training before attempting it.—John D., Regina, Can. We have no further information than already published.—Mrs. M. A. R. Vineland, N. J. Write to American News Co., N. Y.—Miss L. A. T., Meriden, Ct. We must ask you to send us the date of the publication.—Reader, Vaughnsville, O. Address her at Tarrytown, N. Y.—John W. A., Grand Tower, Ill. We have not the data at hand.—J. E. W., Oxford, Conn. All three can be sent at same time. Specify your wish in your letter as to how they are to be divided.—A. H. W., Zubon, Ia. Yes.—Nettie Myers O'Day. Her address is care of Bigelow & Main, Ninth Street, New York.—Subscriber, Ilwaco, Wash. Send full name and address, and we will send you our combination rates.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

OR

THE SHIELD OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

By W. L. S. Baker.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAPPILY, Mr. Barclay had completed his arrangements in the investigation in England as to Nellie Walter's parentage before the news reached him of the failure of his firm. The distractions incident to that calamity might have absorbed all the young man's attention had the news reached him earlier and it might have so crippled him financially, that he could not have expended the funds necessary to have the mystery of Nellie's identity fully solved. But already a commission had been sent to Australia to take the deposition of the Scotch nurse who was in attendance on the children when one of them was drowned. Mr. Barclay was now simply waiting to receive the report of the commission and had leisure to make his plans for the future when the news of the failure arrived. After a delay that seemed interminable the report came to hand and Mr. Barclay put it with the account of the situation in the matter of the lawsuit, in succinct shape and mailed it to Mrs. Seymour. A few days later he closed his own business and followed it to America in person.

When Mrs. Seymour received the package of papers, she turned at once to the report from Australia, which as she had divined, was decisive and cleared away every shadow of doubt on the subject. It was a full and complete confession by the nurse of the deception that had been practised.

The nurse confessed that when she found that one of the children had been drowned, in the bathing-room of the Heath mansion house, she seized the living child, as if belonging to her mistress, Mrs. Walter, and handed the dead baby to Mrs. Seymour's nurse. The Scotch girl soon discovered the living child to be Mrs. Seymour's, by the scar on its arm caused by the physician's device to prevent their being mistaken one for the other. The nurse communicated that fact to Mrs. Walter upon her return from the drive; but Mrs. Seymour who was absent, attending her sick husband, would probably never know the truth, and, having another child, her son Milton, she would not miss the baby with the same keenness as if she had none. Mrs. Walter silenced the voice of her conscience and caring nothing for the sorrow of the sister whom she disliked, took possession of the infant Carrie and bribed the nurse to abet her in the crime.

[illegible] of Mrs. Walter (which seemed like a punishment for her sin), and the removal of the nurse to Australia, placed the matter in a position almost beyond discovery, but for the persistent efforts of Mr. Barclay.

[illegible] tion between the Seymour and Walter families, although having no idea what it [illegible] for the astounding revelation which Mrs. Seymour at once communicated to her; but when Milton rushed into the room, [illegible]

[illegible] were still children, being soothed by a comforting mother. All of them were weeping; not at lost pleasures and hopes, but at newly-found springs of joy, which would henceforth exist between these three loving hearts forevermore!

But what of Deacon Walter? The poor, desolate, heart-stricken man was overcome by the scene when he was hurriedly summoned to the Seymour cottage to hear the strange news, which practically involved the loss to him of his only child. He was crushed by the intelligence more than he had been by the ruin of his business and loss of his property. He stood behind the widow, weeping bitter tears; his hands covered his face, and he groaned in spirit as he uttered his silent prayer for grace and strength equal to his day.

He was a great sufferer, truly, but had he searched his own heart he could plainly have seen in his present anguish, a punishment for his conduct towards Mrs. Seymour, during most of the preceding ten years. His thoughts had been always full of suspicion; he impugned her motives and judged her improperly on many occasions; and he was but reaping the harvest he had sown. He was now convinced of his error, and saw in Mrs. Seymour, just what his friend, Mr. Plummer, had frequently assured him she was—a sincere, earnest, Christian woman.

It was finally arranged that for the present, Carrie should remain with Mr. Walter, until it was decided what was best to be done.

A few days subsequent to this, Mr. Barclay arrived from England bringing encouraging reports about the prospects of recovering the property belonging to Milton, and urged Mrs. Seymour to go in person to England and prosecute the claim.

She consulted Deacons Walter and Plummer, and finally decided to start on her journey as soon as arrangements could be completed, escorted by the former gentleman, who had business in Scotland. Deacon Plummer advanced the money to pay his brother deacon's expenses, as the latter was too much reduced even to command the amount necessary, while Mrs. Seymour executed a second mortgage on her home, borrowing thereby the money for her expenses, and for use in England. In a few weeks, the arrangements being all completed, they sailed from New York, Carrie going with them.

From the dock where he had watched the steamer depart, with his mother and Carrie and Mr. Walter on board, Milton strolled through the New York streets feeling very desolate and lonely. As he passed a brilliantly-lighted store, he noticed a tall, graceful lady, clad in cheap mourning dress. Something familiar about her figure and step caused him to look at her closely, but she was heavily veiled, and he could not see her features. Fearing to accost a stranger, Milton allowed [illegible] she lived. He was convinced that this was Nellie Price, whose fate he had for weeks vainly striven to ascertain.

Milton was right. It was Nellie, changed, indeed, but Nellie herself. She disappeared in the hallway of a great ten- [illegible] in toil for the household; cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, to say nothing of the attention required by her brother. And then came ten hours of constant work in [illegible] O, man of wealth and pleasure; O, daughter of luxury and ease, you do not know.

This evening there was a crisis in the [illegible] Harry, and for nourishing food which Mrs. Price required. Nellie's poor four dollars a week was all they had, and every week some little treasure had to be sacrificed to cover expenses. On this evening, searching through her trunk for something she could pawn or sell, she had come upon a jewelry-case which had hitherto escaped her notice. It contained the costly set of coral presented to her by her mother on her birthday two years before. No doubt it cost over one hundred dollars, but she could not hope to sell it for more than twenty dollars; still, it had no hold upon her heart-strings, and finding it was like a providential interposition. She soon started out with the jewelry, and, after being questioned, scrutinized, even insulted, she pawned them for twenty-four dollars, and felt greatly relieved. With it all, on that very evening a song of prayer and praise went up from her humble home, in a sweet, confiding, trust voice.

For three successive days did Milton Seymour haunt the neighborhood of the tenement house, waiting to see Nellie come out again. But he was disappointed and dispirited at his want of success; a casual remark, however, made by a man on the first floor showed Milton that he had not been deceived in his recognition.

One day as he was watching the tenement house in the hope of again encountering Nellie, he saw Mr. Barclay approach, and remembering that his acquaintance with Nellie was longer than his own, he concluded that Mr. Barclay was there to see Nellie. Milton's jealousy was aroused but he gave his friend cordial greeting.

Whatever Mr. Barclay's object may have been, it was put aside in an evident wish to talk to Milton. "Several years ago," said Mr. Barclay with great seriousness when the first greeting had been exchanged, "it was my fortune or misfortune (whichever the ultimate result proves to be correct), to form the strongest affection for a beautiful young woman. The passion was not reciprocated, because of her attachment to another; but now matters have changed, and perhaps she is free; but unusual circumstances intervene ——"

"Tut! tut? Barclay," said Milton, interrupting him with some impatience in his tone and manner, "if you refer to Nellie Price, the first thing is to find——halloo! what's that?"

A loud scream was heard from the upper window of the house near which they were standing.

"Some drunken man scaring his wife, I suspect," said Mr. Barclay. "Do not mind him, but attend to me, for I am very much concerned. Seymour, have you heard from your mother, or sister Carrie, lately?" asked Mr. Barclay, with a peculiar tenderness in his voice and manner, as he took the cherished name upon his lips.

"Yes," answered Seymour, "they took your advice and went to England. Mother hoped you could arrange to return, too. Carrie seemed to be very sorry you could not be with them. Perhaps she will be won by some aristocratic English lover."

Barclay's heart was too full to make any reply; too happy was he to know that Carrie, if she did not formally "let him know," at least had him in her thoughts, perhaps in her heart. But the English lover,—Ah!

Mr. Barclay had no heart to hear more, and shaking hands with Seymour walked briskly away. Milton was glad of his going for he caught sight of the same tall, graceful, sombre-attired figure he had seen a few days before. Hurrying after it, he said in a low, earnest voice: "Sister Nellie, will you not remove your veil, and shake hands with your old friend and brother, Milton Seymour."

The veil was removed, as was her glove, and the gaslight streamed into the pale [illegible] Nellie Price [illegible] placed her hand into Milton's warm grasp, and said:

"It is I, brother Milton; you may hardly recognize me after the changes produced [illegible] ing. But I am not changed toward you. Remember I owe my life [illegible] effort."

She spoke warmly, but she had evident- [illegible] of the relationship between Milton and Carrie, and supposed that they were still engaged to be married. [illegible] her hope of earthly love would be buried forever. She dared not allow her heart's affections [illegible] become again bound up in Milton, and [illegible] service to serve him, she would not do anything which tended to distract his thoughts from Carrie.

Before the interview closed Milton had told her all and she had learned to her intense joy that there was no longer a barrier to their love. Now that it was proved that Milton was Carrie's brother, Nellie could admit without dishonor that she had loved him from the first and could hear with joy his protestations of undying affection. Milton accompanied Nellie to her home that they might tell Mrs. Price of their plighted troth and receive her blessing.

A new surprise awaited them in the humble tenement. During Nellie's absence Mrs. Price had received a visit from her husband's partner, Mr. Gilchrist, whose misconduct had brought about the failure and had led to Mr. Price's death. He had been converted in a mission and in the strength of Christ had resolved to lead a new life. He had hunted up Mrs. Price's address and came to tell her the news and to assure her that his first step in his better course would be to make restitution as far as money could make it for the wrong he had done. As a proof of his sincerity he brought five hundred dollars with him which he placed in the delighted lady's hands as an earnest of future payments.

Mrs. Price gleefully showed Nellie the bills and bade her give up her place in the book-bindery at once and get their treasures out of pawn. With Mr. Gilchrist's undoubted ability, now that his habits were reformed there was no doubt of his making money and of restoring them to some measure of comfort.

Milton was so happy in his engagement and so busy in his plans for the future that he completely forgot Mr. Barclay. That gentleman had been unable to rest while Carrie was on the other side of the Atlantic, in danger of becoming the prey of some English aristocratic suitor. He had taken the first steamer after his interview with Milton. The result was told in a letter Milton received from his sister Carrie. She wrote:

"A great joy fills my heart, and I must tell you of that, first of all, after my sorrows and heart-breakings! I am engaged to Mr. Barclay; and he is as happy as I am. The dear fellow tells me that he has loved me for years, but he was too honorable to make it known. But mamma is also rejoicing; for years of anxiety, labor, expenditure and prayer have just been rewarded by a decree of the court, restoring the immense Heath estate of our great uncle, Arthur Heath, to his only male heir. Yes, my dear brother, you have two immense estates. Papa Walter is not exempt from our happiness, having received from his brothers money enough to pay off all of his debts. It gladdens my heart to see how cordial he is with mamma. All his old suspicion and dislike is gone; he knows how good she is and likes her exceedingly. God is blessing us, brother; let us return thanks to him."

Carrie told all she knew, but there was something she did not know. Deacon Walter had not only overcome his dislike of the widow, but had realized that his hopes of future happiness lay in a union with her, and after many urgent appeals Mrs. Seymour had consented to become his wife. But for the absurd English law prohibiting the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister they would have been married at the same time and place as Mr. Barclay and Carry, who were united in a dingy London church one dull morning. Mr. Barclay had business arrangements which necessitated his remaining for several months, and he persuaded Carrie to cast in her lot with him. Deacon Walter and Mrs. Seymour came back to America soon after the ceremony. They clung to each other with a warmth of affection rare to people affianced in middle life. Perhaps it was their previous dislike drew them more closely together; or it may have been that both, losing their children, would now be alone in the world.

Milton and Nellie gave them a glad welcome and within a few weeks two weddings were celebrated at Brookdale which brought out the entire population of the town. Congratulations poured in on all hands, and it was difficult to tell whether the new Mrs. Seymour or the new Mrs. Walter was the more popular bride. Through many sorrows and trials they and their beloved husbands had passed into a haven of joy and peace.

THE END.

Strong Faith.

uggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 6. Mark 9: 14-29.

ALTHOUGH people have ceased to ascribe physical disease to the possession of demons, they have not ceased to need the power which delivered the demoniac. If the boy, described in ie passage associated with the topic, had ved in our day, he would not have been .ken to a religious teacher, but a physician, who would have eated him for epilepsy. But ie change of method could not ave improved on the result. he physician could not do ore for the boy than Christ d, if he could do as much. he boy is represented as be- g perfectly cured. There e many eminent Christian achers who contend that this ower cures diseases still, and any remarkable cures have en reported; but the ques- on which is of more vital ncern to us is whether this ower will not cure maladies ore prevalent, which the ysician cannot cure. It is eless to take to the physi- an, for cure, men who are ffering from violent and alignant tempers, men of arse and profane lips, or en under the power of their ssions and lusts. For the novation of these a higher wer is needed than the phy- ian has at command. There abundant evidence that this wer is in existence, and op- ates with invariable success. ere are scores of missions our land which could pro- ce specimen cases of sober n who were once drunkards, n of pure lives who were ce vicious, honest men who re once incorrigible thieves gamblers, and men of gen- , kindly disposition who re once brutal; and these n testify that the power ich transformed them is e power of Christ.

The manner of the cures is much a mystery to us as was to the Apostles. We ow only that the same condi- ns are indispensable. "If ou canst believe," is still e stipulation Christ makes. the man who lays hold on e power with his faith, the essing is sure. And the con- rse is still true, that there are ses in which Christ himself an do no mighty works be- use of their unbelief." Dimly d imperfectly we get mpses of the subjective ychological working of this sterious force. Physicians nfess that in difficult cases th is an important factor in eir problems. If the pa- nt has faith in the physi- n's skill, the prospects of a re are materially increased. hy it should be so, we do t know, but the fact is well- ablished. And in these pernatural cures there is no nner of doubt. Once get a n, who desires to be deliv- d from his sins, to believe that Christ n deliver him and will deliver him, and will be delivered. The thing has been ted and proved from the days of Augus- e to the present day.

Then there is another side to the sub- t. The disciples tried to cure the suf- er and failed. So the church often ls now. But the cause of the failure is t far to seek. If Christian people be- ved that Christ had the power to save ople from their sins; if in the pulpit re was less frivolity, less preaching on evelant subjects, less half-heartedness d hesitation, and a bold, unwavering, hesitating faith in Christ's power, we uld see miracles again. The power of ng faith has never reached its limits.

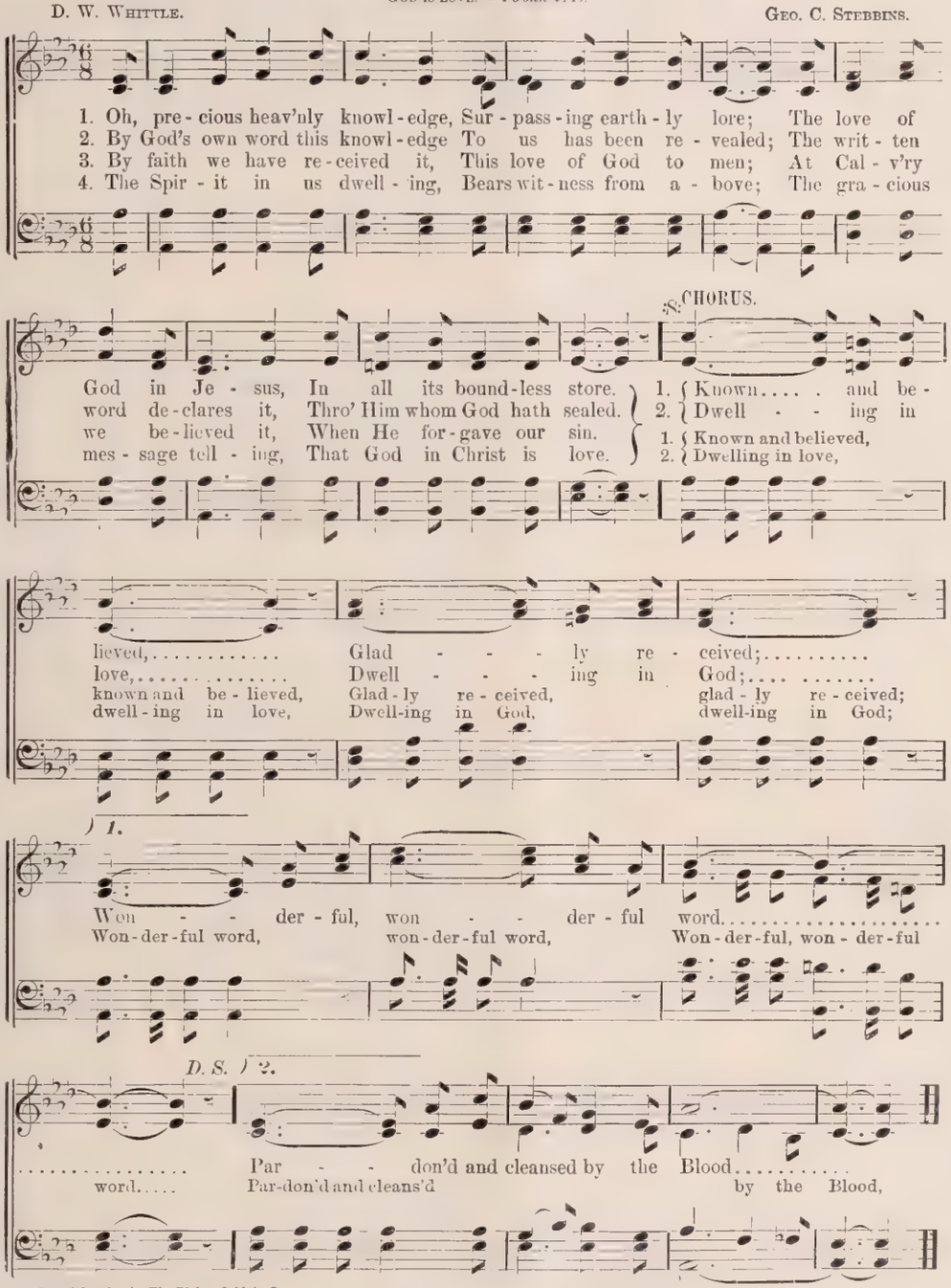
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

DWELLING IN LOVE.

"GOD IS LOVE."—*1 John 4: 16.*

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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THE NIGHTINGALE PSALM.

THIS precious Psalm, O, heart song, rare,
For Faith's dear children on life's ways,
Breathing the comfort of God's love,
Through lengthening years of earthly days.
Jehovah, Lord, my Shepherd is,
He leadeth me, still holds my hand,
In pastures green he makes me rest,
Beside still waters with him stand.

Aroma of the Sabbath breath,
Through this loved Psalm like odors comes,
From gardens fair of spices sweet,
Laden with choicest rich perfumes,
The lullaby of God's own love;
Cradled and turned by him in heaven,
With soothing charm for rest and cheer,
To earth's poor crying children given.

By the Good Shepherd guided still,
I forward go in untrodden way,
His road from wandering keeps me safe,
The Saviour still, my staff my stay,
Still struggling in earth's wilderness;
Entering death's shadowed valley lone,
List to the Shepherd's tender voice:
"Fear not, I'm ever with my own."

Goodness and Mercy—angels fair—
Through all my life shall follow me,
Until I reach the blessed end—
My eyes the King in beauty see,
And still in heaven mid music rapt,
The melody of seraph choir,
It will be sweet to sing this Psalm,
While David tunes immortal lyre.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Israel's Restoration.

The Lost Ten Tribes to be Gathered with the Jews in one Nation.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

HOLY Scripture contains many definite promises to the descendants of Jacob that, whether they be Judahites, or the sons of Ephraim, their dispersion shall end, and that at an assigned period. One prediction will suffice to show this fact (Deut. 30: 1-5): "For when they shall return unto Jehovah, their God, and shall obey thy voice according to all that I command thee—thou and thy children, with all thy heart and all thy soul"—then as a result of such national penitence God says, "I will have compassion on them, and will return and gather them from all the nations. If any of thee be driven unto the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence he will fetch thee." Yet, after all, this is but a specimen of the teaching of all the Hebrew prophets, from Isaiah to Malachi, as to the future national existence and the restoration of the Jews when "the time" or the reign of the Gentiles shall come to an end.

And more even than this: for during the Millennial Age they will—as in the days of David and Solomon—become one nation. For the Divine promise, by the pen of Ezekiel, has never been fulfilled (Ezek. 37: 15-22), "I will take the children of Israel from among the Gentiles whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land, and I will make them one nation upon the mountains of Israel: and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."

The distinction between the ten and the two tribes is forcibly expressed by Isaiah when he intimated that God (Isa. 11: 12), will "assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."

The same distinction between the houses of Judah and Ephraim will mark this personal interposition of the most High on their behalf. For, by the pen of Zechariah, God said (10: 6-8), "I will strengthen the house of Judah, and I will save the house of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them. And they of Ephraim shall be like a mighty man, and their heart shall rejoice as through wine—yea, their children shall see it."

But there is reason to believe that at first they will not arrive there en masse, but in units: and hence we read (Jer. 2: 14), "I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and will bring you to Zion," a phrase synonomous with Jerusalem. The ten tribes, however, will not thus return by relays which may be counted on the fingers, they will be restored not by units, but as a great nation. Hence it is Hosea, who was the prophet ly the ten tribes, says, as the amanuensis of the Holy Spirit (Hos. 2: 14-15), "I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak friendly to her: and I will give her her vineyards from thence [that is the desert], and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth."

At present there are but few signs of the approaching restoration of Judah, and much less of Ephraim, but of this we may be sure, that God having promised, will surely bring it to pass in his own time.

New York's Revival.

Moody and Sankey Crowding Cooper Union—Overflowing Audiences—Dr. A. C. Dixon's Appeal to the Churches.

DAY after day since Mr. Moody began to preach in New York crowds have assembled outside [illegible] in the morning, and again by half-past one in the afternoon, waiting for the doors to be opened. At every service the vast hall has been filled to overflowing by an eager, attentive audience. It is very significant that on week-days there should be so many men willing to leave their business morning and afternoon to attend a religious service. As Mr. Moody hoped, his hearers have been chiefly of the church-going class. As explained in this journal before the beginning of the services, Mr. Moody's aim is to arouse Christians to a closer walk with God and more spiritual activity. He believes that if the church were living up to its duties and privileges, the world would soon be converted. It is because the church is lukewarm that the world holds a low estimate of religion. He has therefore addressed his appeals to Christian men, urging them to stronger faith, a closer study of the Bible and more earnest prayer. The result has been a searching of heart and confession of shortcoming and a renewed consecration which have in them the promise of better things. Mr. Moody hopes that this movement will be the beginning of a revival not in New York alone, but throughout the country. In the hope of fulfilling this desire, Dr. A. C. Dixon sends through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following stirring message to the churches:

A Pastor's Appeal.

When Paul came to Ephesus, as related in Acts 19, he found "about twelve" believers who did not know anything about the [illegible] until they were endued with the power of the [illegible] was melted, and they were quickened into [illegible] Christians in a large church become full of the Holy Spirit, and they will soon impart their fervor to the rest of the membership.

The third step was to hold a protracted meeting every day for over two years in a purely secular building. After the dissension in the synagogue, Paul took those who were in sympathy with him to the lecture-room of Tyrannus. Who Tyrannus was we do not know; doubtless a popular teacher of rhetoric, [illegible] the centre of Ephesus. In this hall for two years Paul preached daily, until all Asia heard the word of God. Ephesus was the commerce [illegible]

ince. If we examine the methods of great revivals, we will see that they were begun and carried on in this apostolic fashion. The revival under Whitefield and Wesley began and was carried on after the same fashion.

The work now going on in New York was begun with this Scriptural method of city evangelization as a model. Many Christians have been praying for a revival in the churches of "Greater New York." The large hall of Cooper Union was secured for one week, and Mr. Moody preached with more than his old-time clearness, fervor and power. Thousands of people have come at the busy hours of 10 A. M. and 2.30 P. M., and on November 13th an overflow service was held in "The Church of the Strangers." A Committee of Pastors met and decided to continue another week, and it is expected that the meetings will go on for many weeks. The crowds that cannot get into Cooper Union will be gathered into adjacent churches, and already clusters of pastors in the city and surrounding [illegible] services every evening. Pray with us that the work may widen and deepen until this great metropolis shall be shaken by the power of God. And every village, town and city in the [illegible] Let the Christian people come together daily for prayer. If an evangelist, approved of God and man, can be found, send for him. Better still, let every pastor and church member become an evangelist, going out from the place of prayer to seek the lost. The need of our country is a great revival of evangelical religion. May all who read these lines pray and work to that end in his name.

If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

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Our Purpose.—The above rewards for mer effort are given free and without consideration the purpose of attracting attention to MODES, May Manton, the most popular up-to-date Fash Magazine in the world. Its 36 pages, replete w beautiful illustrations of the latest styles in ladi misses' and children's garments, make it a n necessity in every household; the Designs and Fa ion Hints, being by May Manton, render it inva ableas an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.

Our Conditions.—You must send with your of words 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a *Th Months' Trial Subscription* to MODES.

Our Extra Inducement.—Every person send 25 cents and a list of 15 words or more, will, in a tion to three months' subscription, receive by turn mail a pattern of the NEW BELL SKIRT, 6996 (illustrated above), in any size from 22 to inches waist measure. The regular retail price the pattern is 30 cents.

Our Aim.—The present monthly circulation MODES is 50,000. We aim to make it 500,000.

This contest will close January 15th next so names of successful spellers may be publishe the following issue of MODES, but SEND IN YO LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we re you to any Mercantile Agency. Address: MODES FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 231, 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YO

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THE SUCCESSFUL [illegible]

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Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies, but it must now be some twenty-five years since I was in the power of one of my students the [illegible] Before I left [illegible] He seemed at death's door [illegible] Since then I have [illegible] many instances the most happy [illegible] your medicine. I do not go by hearsay. I have used it [illegible] with my own eyes. I believe it [illegible] Consumption. I have [illegible] and seen others who speak of it [illegible] gratitude. Personally I find it [illegible] in the case of severe cough. Very reluctantly I [illegible] for publication, but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the [illegible] Trusting [illegible] your health I [illegible] Yours [illegible]

Spurgeon.

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The above letter from the late eminent [illegible] speaks for itself. [illegible] BALSAMIC ELIXIR, which is not a [illegible] but a true tonic and [illegible] It acts like a charm in [illegible] Coughs, Colds, [illegible] Consumption. [illegible] should be in every home.

Every person suffering [illegible]

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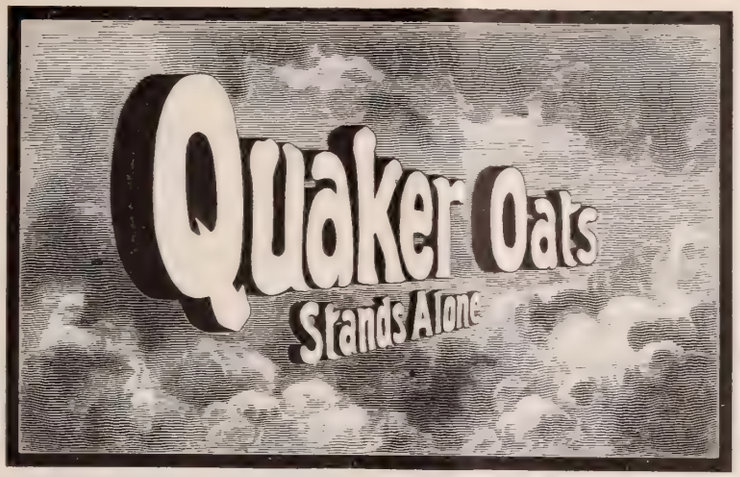

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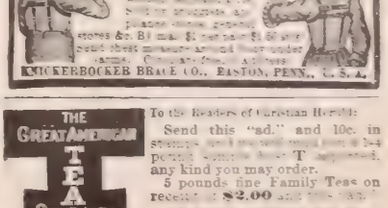

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[illegible]

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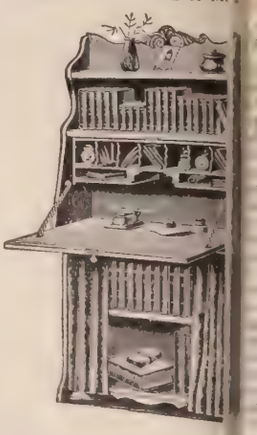

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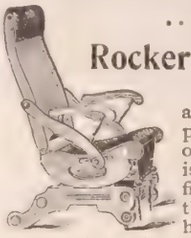

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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 1, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. "Distressed Wife." Springfield, Ill., that God would change the heart of her husband, who has deserted her, and convert him, wherever he may be, and bring him back to his home a new creature in Christ.——Devoted wife, Monie, Ill., for the conversion of her husband, who is leading a good moral life, but is intolerant of religion; also that a brother who is breaking the hearts of his godly parents, and is setting a bad example to his young children, may be led to repent of his sins and give his heart to God.——Anxious Mother, North East, Pa., that her only child might turn to the Lord and become dutiful and obedient.——Grieving Wife, Pemberton, Colo., for the conversion of her husband, and that grace may be given him to control his temper, and enable him to overcome his habit of profanity, which is detrimental to his children.——Subscriber, Washington Co., O., that God would look upon his unconverted sons and answer the many prayers offered on their behalf.——Young Believer, Bradford, Pa., that a very dear friend may be brought to feel his need of a Saviour, and find in Christ the one thing he lacks.——Anxious Wife, Bonham, Tex., that a beloved one whose feet have been traveling in forbidden paths may seek forgiveness through Christ, and may receive grace to trust in the Lord's strength, instead of his own.——Believer, Newark, N. J., that God in his mercy would save a beloved friend and keep her from the sin that will cause her irreparable shame.——Anxious Mother, Patriot, O., that one who in great sorrow has lost faith and hope may be brought to trust in Christ to the salvation of her soul.

For the Restoration of Health. Reader, Sioux Falls, S. D., for the recovery of a man who is very sick.——M. A. B., Lyme, N. H., for the recovery of one who has suffered long from nervous prostration.——G. A. M., Washington, D. C., for the recovery of a dear father, who has been ill several months.——Subscriber, Washington Co., O., that a wife who is critically ill may recover.——Believer, New Plymouth, O., that a wife may recover her health.——The following persons also ask for prayer that God would heal them of their sicknesses: Troubled One, Lakeland, Fla.; Brother, Leetonia, O.; J., Chicago, Ill.; Grieving Wife and Mother, Pemberton, Colo.; Constant Reader, Averitt, Va.; W., Forestville, Conn.; E. W., Fall River, Mass.; M. E. C., Minneapolis, Minn.; A. W., Cuyahoga Falls, O.; Christian, Hayesville, O.

Many other requests for prayer were received and were duly presented at the Converts' Prayer Meeting, as were those on November 8 and 15, but we have not space this week to publish them in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.—Free to All Readers.

All readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is to malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder Disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers

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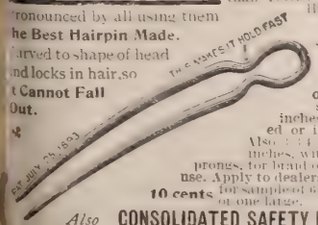

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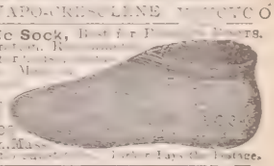
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Armenian Relief.

Progress of the Work—The Sultan's Promises—The Refugees in America.

ALMOST every cable despatch now received from Constantinople contains some statement intended to reassure the friends of Armenia. Little confidence is placed in Abdul Hamid's promises, however, either by the European Powers or their Ambassadors at the Turkish capital. The latest cablegrams show that while peace prevails, the situation is really critical, and the families of the diplomats and influential foreigners have left Constantinople, in anticipation of trouble in the near future. It is not believed, however, that the Moslem authorities will again attempt the enforcement of a policy of ruthless massacre, since it would be almost certain to be followed by European intervention.

Distress and suffering still exist in many parts of Armenia, and especially in the Harpoot district. Reports from other quarters seem to indicate a perceptible subsidence of the suffering. Since the opening of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Relief Fund, nearly **$48,000** have been distributed in relief measures at various points in the field, including Van and sixteen other stations in Armenia proper, the relief station for fugitive Armenians at Urumiah, Persia, the work among the exiles at Marseilles, France (concerning which Miss Frances Willard has written a characteristic letter to our readers, which we print on page 880), and the work among the exiles who have reached these shores and been sheltered in New York. During the week $1,000 has been appropriated from the Fund toward the feeding and sheltering at the Salvation Army's Farm at Ramseys, N. J., of the exiles who came on the *Obdam* and *California*.

The following additional sums have been contributed to the work:

	$51,657.06
[illegible]	1
Mrs C. E. Church	2 00
[illegible]	3
Junior C. E. Society, Middle Valley	3 00
M. I. Honell	75
—— Gordon	50
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Total	$51,787.01

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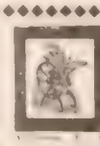

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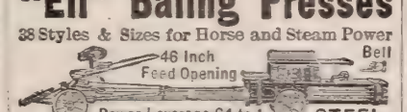

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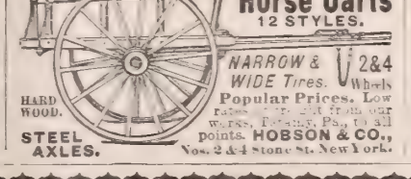

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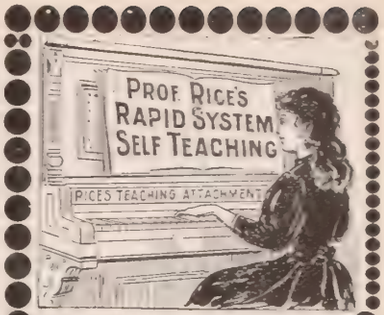

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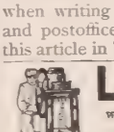

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

THE DYING CENTURY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 20:1. . . . .

"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

O alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy; but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbuncle, to the nineteenth century, now closing. It will take only four more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is The Dying Century. I discuss it at an hour when our National Legislature is assembling, some of the members now here present, and others will arrive by the midnight trains, and to-morrow morning, from the North, South, East, and West, all the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men, so that when to-morrow, at high noon, the gavels of Senate and House of Representatives shall lift and fall, the destinies of this nation, and through it the destinies of all nations struggling to be free, will be put on solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable Century, and address it in the words of my text, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

Eternity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock, that says "Tick" in one century, and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand Old Time, who has many children, and they are the centuries, and many grand-children, and they are the years. With the dying Nineteenth Century we shall this morning have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he has done, and then telling him some of the things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and passes out to join the eternities. We generally wait until people are dead before we say much in praise of them. Funeral eulogium is generally very pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones what we ought to have put in the warm ears of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living, and cudgel him into spinal meningitis, and wait until, in the rooms where I have been living the last year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries "Oh!" and is gone, and then [illegible] Doctor Sunderland, Chaplain of the American Senate, accompanying; stopping long enough to allow the dead Senator to lie in [illegible] not long before, damnatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then [illegible] boom of minute-guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with [illegible] What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral, to hear the panegyric of the [illegible] What a pity that one green leaf could not have been taken from each one of the [illegible] while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies one little girl, dressed in white, might not have [illegible] the born imbecile by skilful object-lesson lifted to tolerable intelligence. Thanks to this century for the improved condition of most nations. The reason that Napoleon made such a successful sweep across Europe at the beginning of the century was that most of the thrones of Europe were occupied either by imbeciles or profligates. But most of the thrones of Europe are to-day occupied by kings and queens competent. France a republic, Switzerland a republic, and about fifty free constitutions, I am told, in Europe. Twenty million serfs of Russia manumitted. On this Western continent I can call the roll of many republics,—Mexico, Guatemala, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Honduras, New Granada, Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Republic, Brazil. The once straggling village of Washington to which the United States Government moved, its entire baggage and equipment packed up in seven boxes which got lost in the woods near this place, now the architectural glory of the continent, and admiration of the world.

The money power, so much denounced and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities, and free libraries, and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press which, at the beginning of the century was an ink-roller, by hand moved over one sheet of paper at a time, has become the miraculous manufacturer of four or five, or six hundred thousand sheets for one daily newspaper's issue. Within your memory, O Dying Century! has been the genesis of nearly all the great institutions evangelistic. At London Tavern, March 7, 1802, British and Foreign Bible Society was born. In 1816 American Bible Society was born. In 1824 American Sunday School Union was born. In 1810 American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has put its saving hand on every nation of the round earth, was born at a haystack in Massachusetts. The National Temperance Society, the Women's Temperance Society, and all the other temperance movements born in this century. Africa, hidden to other centuries, by exploration in this century has been put at the feet of civilization, to be occupied by commerce and Christianity. The Chinese wall, once an impassable barrier, now is a useless pile of stone and brick. Our American nation at the opening of this century only a slice of land along the Atlantic coast, now the whole continent in posession of our schools and churches and missionary stations. Sermons and religious intelligence which in other times, if noticed at all by the newspaper press, were allowed only a paragraph of three or four lines, now find the columns of the secular press in all the cities, thrown wide open, and every week for twenty-six years without the omission of a single week, I have been permitted to preach one entire Gospel sermon through the newspaper press. I thank God for this great opportunity. Glorious Old Century! You shall not be entombed until we have, face to face, extolled you. You were rocked in a rough cradle, and the inheritance you received was for the most part poverty, and struggle, and hardship, and poorly covered graves of heroes and heroines of whom the world had not been worthy, and atheism, and military despotism, and the wreck of the French revolution. You inherited the influences that resulted in Aaron Burr's treason, and another war with England, and Battle of Lake Erie, and Indian savagery, and Lundy's Lane, and Dartmoor massacre, and dissension, bitter and wild beyond measurement, and African slavery, which was yet to cost a national hemorrhage of four awful years and a million precious lives. Yes, dear Old Century, you had an awful start, and you have done more than well, considering your parentage and your early environment. It is a wonder you did not turn out to be the vagabond century of all time. You had a bad mother and a bad grandmother. Some of the preceding centuries were not fit to live in,—their morals were so bad, their fashions were so outrageous, their ignorance was so dense, their inhumani so terrific. O Dying Nineteenth Centur before you go we take this opportunity telling you that you are the best and t mightiest of all the centuries of the Chr tian Era, except the first, which gave the Christ, and you rival that century the fact that you, more than all the oth centuries put together, are giving t Christ to all the world. One hundred a twelve thousand dollars at one meeting few days ago contributed for the worl evangelization. Look at what you ha done, O thou abused and depreciat Century! All the Pacific isles, barr and bolted against the Gospel when y began to reign, now all open, and some them more Christianized than Ameri No more, as once written over the chur doors in Cape Colony, "Dogs and H tentots not admitted." The late Mr. D win contributing twenty-five dollars to t Southern Missionary Society. Cannib ism driven off the face of the earth. T gates of all nations wide open for the G pel entrance when the church shall g up its intellectual dandyism, and quit fo ing with higher criticism, and plunge i the work, as at a life-saving station t crew pull out with the life-boat to take t sailors off a ship going to pieces in t Skerries. I thank you, old and dying Ce ury; all heaven thanks you, and surely the nations of the earth ought to tha you. I put before your eyes, soon to dim for the last sleep, the facts treme ous. I take your wrinkled old hand a shake it in congratulation. I bathe yo fevered brow, and freshen your parch lips from the fountains of eternal victo

But my text suggests that there are so things that this century ought to do fore he leaves us. "Thus saith the Lo Set thine house in order; for thou sh die, and not live." We ought not to t this century go before two or three thi are set in order. For one thing, this qu rel between labor and capital. The ni teenth century inherited it from the ei teenth century, but do not let this ni teenth century bequeath it to the twentie "What we want," says labor, "to set right is more strikes and more vigor work with torch and dynamite." "W we want," says capital, "is a tighter g on the working classes and compulsio take what wages we choose to pay, with reference to their needs." Both wrong sin. Both defiant. Until the Day of Ju ment no settlement of the quarrel, if leave it to British, Russian or Ameri politics. The religion of Jesus Christ ou to come in within the next few years take the hand of capital and employee say, "You have tried everything else, failed; now try the Gospel of Kindne No more oppression and no more stri The Gospel of Jesus Christ will swee this acerbity, or it will go on to the en time, and the fires that burn the world will crackle in the ears of wrathful p perity and indignant toil while their ha are still clutching at each other's thro Before this century sighs its last breat would that swarthy labor and easy lence would come up and let the Carpe of Nazareth join their hands in pledg everlasting kindness and peace. W men and women are dying they are ap divide among their children memento and one is given a watch, and anothe vase, and another a picture, and anothe robe. Let this veteran Century, befor dies, hand over to the human race, wit impressiveness that shall last forever, t old family keepsake, the golden keeps which nearly nineteen hundred years was handed down from the black roc the Mount of Beatitudes: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that should do to you, do ye even so to th for this is the law and the prophets."

Another thing that needs to be se order before the veteran Century quits is a more thorough and all-embracing for the world's gardenization. We h been trying to save the world from the and it cannot be done that way. It

got to be saved from the bottom. The Church ought to be only a West Point to drill soldiers for outside battle. What if a military academy should keep its students from age to age in the mess-room and the barracks? No, no! They are wanted at Montezuma, and Chapultepec, and South Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, and the church is no place for a Christian to stay very long. He is wanted at the front. He is needed in the desperate charge of taking the parapets. The last great battle for God is not to be fought on the campus of a college or the lawn of a church. It is to be fought at Missionary Ridge. What is the providential meaning? The greatest of all evangelists since Bible times recently suggested that the evening services in all the churches be turned into the most popular style of evangelistic meetings for outsiders. Surely that is an experiment worth making. If that does not succeed, then it does seem to me all the churches which cannot secure sufficient evening audiences, ought to shut up their buildings at night and go where the people are, and invite them to come to the Gospel banquet.

Let the Christian souls, bountifully fed in the morning, go forth in the afternoon and evening to feed the multitudes of outsiders starving for the bread of which if a man eat he shall never again hunger. Among those clear down the Gospel would make more rapid conquest than among those who know so much and have so much that God cannot teach or help them. In those lower depths splendid fellows in the rough, like the shoe-black, that a reporter saw near New York City Hall. He asked a boy to black his boots. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun when a large boy shoved him aside and began the work, and the reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: "Oh, that's all right. I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month; so us boys turn in and give 'im a lift." "Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im, for he ain't strong yet, you see." "How much percentage does he give you?" said the reporter. The boy replied, I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they git on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would." The reporter gave him a twenty-five-cent piece, and said, "You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim." "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." Did such big souls as that strew all the lower depths of the cities, and get them converted to God, this would be the last full century of the world's sin, and but little work of evangelization would be left for the next century. Before this century expires let there be a combined effort to save the great cities of America and Great Britain, and all Europe, and of all Christendom.

What an awful thing it would be for you, O Dying Century! to bequeath to the coming century, as yet innocent and uncarred with a single sin or burdened with a single sorrow, the blasphemy, the lawlessness, the atheism, the profligacy, and the woes of great cities still unevangelized. Nearly all the centuries closed with something tremendous. Why may not this century close in the salvation of America? I do not know whether our theological friends, who have studied the subject more than I have, are right or wrong when they say Christ will come in person to set up his kingdom in this world; but though we would be overwhelmed with our unworthiness, I would like to see Christ descend from heaven in one of the clouds of this morning, and planting his feet on this earth, which he came centuries ago to save, declare his reign of love, and mercy, and salvation on earth begun. And what more appropriate place—I say it reverentially—for such a divine landing than the capital of a continent never cursed by the tyrannies and superstitions of the old world?

What has this Dying Nineteenth Century to tell us before he goes? We all love to hear septuagenarians, octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians talk. We gather around the arm-chair and listen till it is far on into the night, and never weary of hearing their experiences. But Lord Lyndhurst, at 88 years of age, pouring into the ears of the House of Lords, in a four-hours' address, the experiences of a lifetime, and Apollonius, at 100 years of age, recounting his travels to thrilled listeners, and Charles Macklin, at 107 years of age, absorbing the attention of his hearers, and Ralph Farnham, of our country, at 107 years, telling the Prince of Wales the story of Bunker Hill, can create no such interest as this dying centenarian, if he will only speak.

Tell us, O Nineteenth Century! before you go, in a score of sentences, some of the things you have heard and seen. The veteran turns upon us and says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson riding in unattended from Monticello, only a few steps from where you stand, dismount from his horse and hitch the bridle to a post, and on yonder hill take the oath of the presidential office. I saw yonder Capitol ablaze with war's incendiarism. I saw the puff of the first steam engine in America. I heard the thunders of Waterloo, of Sebastopol, and Sedan, and Gettysburg. I was present at all the coronations of the kings and queens, and emperors and empresses now in the world's palaces. I have seen two billows roll across this continent and from ocean to ocean; a billow of revival joy in 1857, and a billow of blood in 1864. I have seen four generations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug. I have heard the wedding bells and the death knells of near a hundred years. I have clapped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies. I saw Macready and Edwin Forrest act, and Edward Payson pray. I heard the first chime of Longfellow's rhythms, and before anyone else saw them I read the first line of Bancroft's History, and the first verse of Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' and the first word of Victor Hugo's almost supernatural romance. I heard the music of all the Grand Marches and the lament of all the Requiems that for nigh ten decades made the cathedral windows shake.

"I have witnessed more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat, and roused all the halloos and roundelays and merriments you have ever heard, and unrolled all the glorious sunrises and all the pictured sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at.

"But before I go, take this admonition and benediction of a Dying Century. The longest life, like mine, must close: Opportunities gone never come back, as I could prove from nigh a hundred years of observation: The eternity that will soon take me will soon take you: The wicked live not out half their days, as I have seen in ten thousand instances: The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the Nineteenth Century, inherited from the first century of the Christian Era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns a hundred smaller wheels, which are the years; and each one of those years turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days; and each one of the three hundred and sixty-five days turns twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours; and each one of those twenty-four hours turns sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes; and those sixty minutes turn still smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion, and pushes us on and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter night between the year nineteen hundred, and the year nineteen hundred and one, open before me, the Dying Century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the Cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read: 'All that which pleases us is but for a moment.' Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But over the central door I read: 'That only is important which is eternal.' O Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!"

My hearers, as the Nineteenth Century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because of the fatal horseback ride that Washington took, out here at Mt. Vernon, through a December snowstorm, I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or spiritual arrival of the Great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen: "And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow: and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS IN THE ANCIENT FIELD OF BOAZ.

Ruth, the Moabitess.

(See Colored Illustration on page 1.)

In no literature in the world, outside of the pages of the Sacred Book itself, can a story be found at once so touching, so simple, and so beautiful, as that of Ruth the Moabitess. It is related that when our kindly philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, was in France, he heard that a number of the Parisian *literati* were wont to gather in a certain *salon* and ridicule the old Bible as an illiterate compilation. He heard enough to convince him that they were only imperfectly acquainted with the Book. One evening he attended a meeting, and during a pause in the discussion, he expressed a wish to have the opinion of those eminent critics on an Eastern tale he had fortunately discovered, and which was probably new to most of those present. Might he read it to them? They nodded assent, and Franklin asked a pleasant-voiced friend to do the reading. As she proceeded, they were enraptured, and their exclamations of admiration were loud and frequent. Many declared it an exquisite literary gem—a precious find—and some suggested that it be printed and given to the world. Franklin looked at them calmly. "Gentlemen," said he, a smile breaking out over his sturdy face, "what you have just heard is the story of Ruth, which is contained in that Bible that you so much love to abuse as an illiterate production."

But the whole Christian world knows the entrancing pastoral of Ruth, whose beautiful self-sacrifice, in leaving home and friends to share the meagre fortunes of Naomi, was so richly rewarded. In the color picture on the first page of this issue, the Moabitess is seen in the field of Boaz, whose wife she afterwards became, and through him the ancestress of David and Christ. On the death of her sons, Naomi had decided to return to her native land, and then the filial affection of Ruth found expression in her loving declaration: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people will be my people, and thy God my God."

Doubtless the story of her virtues and her tender devotion to her mother-in-law, as well as her preference for Israel as a home, were known in Bethlehem and had possibly reached the ears of Boaz. There was something very tender and noble in his act when he spoke to his young men in behalf of Ruth, who was gathering after his reapers in the barley-field. He was doubtless a large-hearted, generous man, who made his wealth a blessing to all around him. It is a part of the Jewish religion to practice "almsdeeds," and there were many minor benevolences designed for aiding the poor and unfortunate, one being that the corners of the field must not be wholly reaped, nor the gleanings of the harvest or the vineyard too closely gathered. It was in recognition of this sacred custom that Boaz commanded his young men to let Ruth glean; but his heart was touched with pity, also, for he directed that they permit her "to glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not."

That this tender and unusual regard for her welfare by the master of the field did not pass unnoticed by Ruth, can readily be understood.

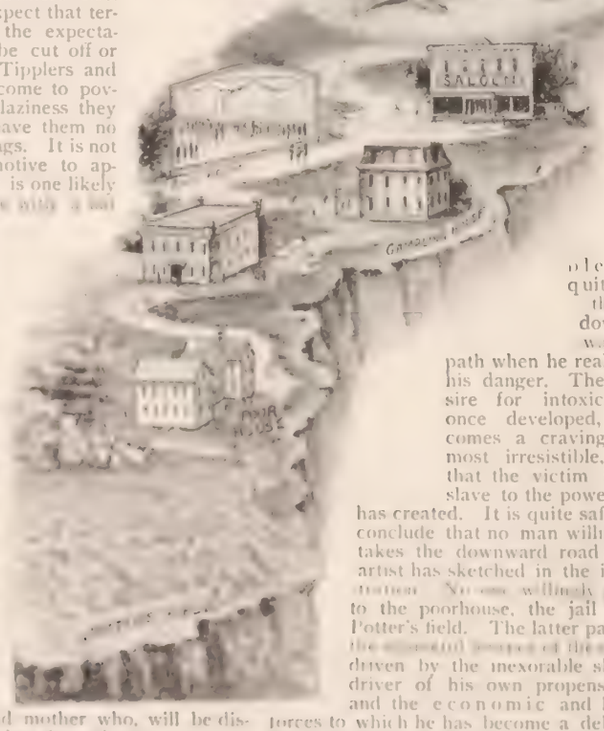
These acts of kindness were happy omens for the future of the Moabitess. In Oriental lands, the position of a widow is peculiarly insecure. The proper place for a woman, according to the Hebrew idea, is in her own home, with her husband, and such a home is called the *menuch* (or rest). This was what Naomi meant when she said to her widowed daughters-in-law: "The Lord grant that ye may find rest, each of you, in the house of her husband." Concerning the innocent stratagem employed by Ruth at Naomi's suggestion, to intimate to Boaz the claim she had upon him as the nearest kinsman of Mahlon, it was justified by long-established custom and privilege; but it is evident that Boaz's heart had already gone out to the gleaner, and that he entertained a tender regard for her apart from all questions of relationship. The story is a striking illustration of the divine blessing that attended virtue, piety, filial duty and pure affection in a comparatively rude age.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Cautions Against Intemperance

International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 13: Proverbs 23: 15-25. Golden Text, Proverbs 23: 21.

THERE is a tone of affectionate solicitude in the passage selected for the lesson which is very pathetic. All the paragraphs in the book of Proverbs addressed to "my son" have this note. In an Oriental household the authority of the father was absolute, and there were stern penalties for insubordination and undutifulness; but in these passages the father seems to lay aside his authority and power, preferring to plead and advise. We can imagine an old man, concerned for the welfare of his boy, thus showing him the two paths and pointing out to him the characteristics of each. He wants the lad to take the right path, and assures him that his sympathies are altogether with him. He will rejoice if the boy proves wise; it will gladden his inmost being to see him doing well. Therefore he gives him the benefit of his experience and observation. The boy may surely trust one who has this disinterested concern for his welfare. He warns the boy against envying sinners, which the young are apt to do, thinking that they are enjoying life and having a good time. "Surely there is an end," the old man says. They are traveling along a road that has an awful ending, and they cannot escape it, because the road leads thither and nowhere else. It is safe to expect that termination, for the expectation will not be cut off or diverted. Tipplers and gluttons will come to poverty, and the laziness they induce will leave them no clothing but rags. It is not the highest motive to appeal to, but it is one likely to be effective with a lad who can see around him object lessons of the fact. Then follows another appeal to filial affection. By getting [illegible] himself and his father and mother who, will be disgraced if he takes the evil way.

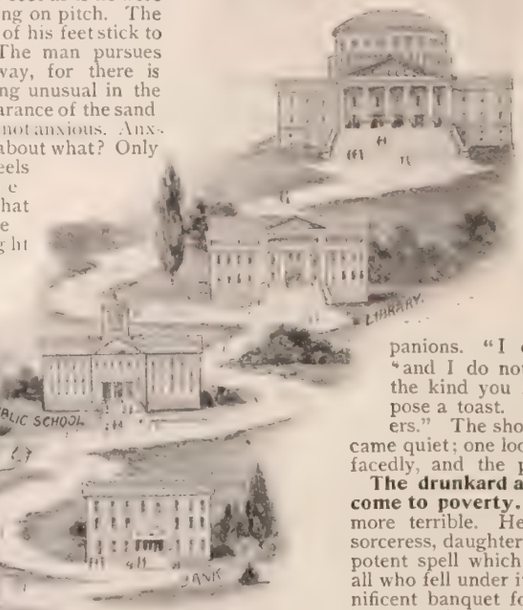


I cannot but think that if young people could see the end of a career of dissipation and could be convinced that the apparently [illegible] lead there, they would not [illegible] road. But the road [illegible] and [illegible] ful, so gratifying to the lower nature, and so much more desirable than the road of self-restraint and self-denial, that they are drawn toward it. It will be easy, they think, to stop or turn back, and so avoid the penalty. So thousands have thought, but human nature does not work that way. "A man is holden by the cords of his sin." Indulgence enfeebles the nature, so that the moral forces become weak, while the propensities become strong. Like a fly in the spider's cobweb, who is sure he can fly away from his crawling enemy, but finds that his wings are bound with a strand cast around them, so the self-indulgent youth is incapable of quitting the downward path when he realizes his danger. The desire for intoxicants once developed, becomes a craving almost irresistible, so that the victim is a slave to the power he has created. It is quite safe to conclude that no man willingly takes the downward road our artist has sketched in the illustration. Xerxes willingly goes to the poorhouse, the jail and Potter's field. The latter part is the [illegible] of the [illegible] driven by the inexorable slave driver of his own propensities and the economic and legal forces to which he has become a debtor. Therefore it is to those who stand at the parting of the ways, that cautions and appeals can be addressed with [illegible] success, and the warning given that the [illegible] only the bait that is set to lure the victim [illegible] the one road often seems as safe as the [illegible]

Surely there is an end. One of the most thrilling things in literature is Victor Hugo's description of death in a quicksand. A traveler walking along the beach at low tide feels tired. It is heavy walking. The sand seems to cling to his feet as if he were walking on pitch. The soles of his feet stick to it. The man pursues his way, for there is nothing unusual in the appearance of the sand. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels some how that the weight of his feet increase with every step he takes. Suddenly his feet sink in two or three inches. He must be on the wrong road. He stops to take his bearings. In that minute his feet have disappeared. The sand has covered them. He draws his feet out, and turns about to retrace his steps. At the next step he sinks in deeper. The sand is up to his ankles. With difficulty he draws out and turns to the left. He sinks up to his knees. Then he realizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in quicksand. He throws off his load, if he has one. He calls, waves his hat or handkerchief. The sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if there is no help, it is all over. He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, which seizes one erect, free, in full health, which draws one by the feet, dragging one at every moment a little deeper. He shouts, he howls, he implores. Soon he is waist deep in the sand. He raises his arms, clutches at the beach, presses it with his elbows trying to draw himself out, and only sinks the deeper. The sand reaches the neck. Only the face is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The earth is burying a man. That is death in the quicksand, and the man who starts on the downward path is dealt with as remorselessly.

Guide thine heart in the way. It is necessary to look well to the road that we travel because many go the wrong way unintentionally through sheer heedlessness. Peloubet mentions the following stations on the Black Valley Railroad: Most people get on at Sippington or Medicineville. They intend to remain in that vicinity, but the road being pleasant [illegible] go farther. The next stop is at Appleton, where the people are friendly to temperance but not to total abstinence, which they consider only fit for milksops and drunkards. Topersville is the last station before Drunkard's Curve. This latter place has quite a record of fatalities. It is estimated that six hundred thousand persons annually meet their death there. Quarrelton and Riotville are in the neighborhood, and many of the passengers are seen there. Beggarstown and Prisonton are near the end of the route which has its terminus at Demonland.

Despise not thy mother. Col. Higginson relates a story of a convivial supper during the war, which shows how far-reaching may be the influence of mothers. It was in the early part of the war before the disastrous effects of drinking parties had led to their suppression. The party was composed of young officers, most of whom were hard drinkers. Wine and liquor circulated freely, and as they sat late, the fun grew fast and furious. Some of the quieter men wanted to leave, but it was resolved that a man suggesting going away, should as a penalty, be required to sing a song, tell a good story, or suggest an inspiring toast. A young surgeon who was in the party was obliged to leave, and he was called upon to observe the resolution. As he rose, his fresh boyish face was in contrast to the flushed visages of his companions. "I cannot sing," he said, "and I do not know any stories of the kind you like, so I must propose a toast. I propose, Our Mothers." The shot told. The party became quiet; one looked at another shamefacedly, and the party soon broke up.



The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty. Homer's story is still more terrible. He describes Circe the sorceress, daughter of Perse, as having a potent spell which changed the nature of all who fell under it. She spread a magnificent banquet for Ulysses and his followers, and when the latter had partaken of it they were changed into swine. Wolves and lions were around her palace at Æœda who had once been men, but eating at her table had lost their manhood.

Be not among winebibbers. There is danger in association. Sophronius had a fair daughter named Eulalia, and she asked him one day for permission to visit the gay Lucinda. "I cannot allow it," said the Greek father. "Then you must think me exceedingly weak," said the girl indignantly. Sophronius picked up a dead coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter; but she hesitated to accept it. "Take it, my child, it will not burn you." Eulalia obeyed and the mirror whiteness of her hand was instantly gone. "That comes of handling coals," said the girl, looking with disgust at her blackened hand. "Yes," said Sophronius, solemnly, "for they soil the flesh, even when they do not burn." No one retains purity of heart who spends his time in the company of people who get intoxicated. He is defiled even if he does not sink to their level.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. A lawyer in Chicago relates that going home one night from his office he was accosted by a blear-eyed, face-blotched beggar clad in rags. Looking at him more closely, he asked his name. His suspicion was confirmed. It was an old college friend, the brightest man of his year. "Give me a dollar for old acquaintance sake," whined, Misery, piteously. "What has happened to you?" said his friend. "You have been in trouble. Why did you not let me know?" The tramp eyed him wistfully. "No trouble," he said, "but my own making. I succeeded well enough for some time, but I went into company and drank hard. Not at first, but I could soon drink as much as any of them. It became a habit. After carousing into the small hours, I was not fit for business next day. One good chance after another I let slip through my being unnerved, until my partners got rid of me, and I took to this." His friend looked at him pitifully. He said, "You can make a new start out here, and I will help you." "No," said the other, "I have lost energy and hope. Give me enough money to get a meal and a bed. That is all you can do for me." His friend pleaded with him, but to no purpose. He took him to a restaurant and fed him, and found him a decent lodging for the night. The next morning he went to see him, but during the night he had committed suicide. Slain by the liquor that had ruined thousands.

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY

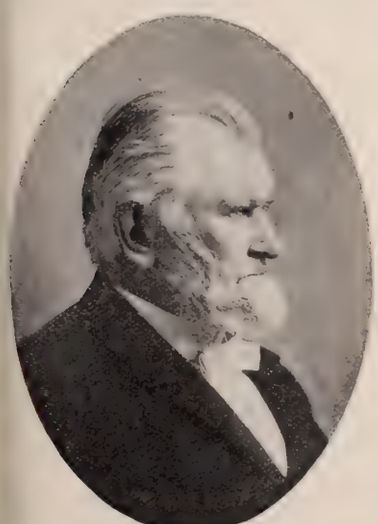
BY GENERAL JOHN EATON

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Genesis of the Movement—Absurd Claims and Blasphemous Doctrines—The Mormon Priesthood—Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

ANYONE who attempts to know fully the various religious movements, or to keep in mind the numerous religions in the United States, undertakes a difficult task. Observers under other forms of governments, in which church and state are united, and liberty of religious action is restricted, affirm that our separation of church and state, our great freedom in all matters of conscience, encourages the greatest divergence of religious views. Dictionaries of religion give more than fifty types or denominations in the United States. We are accustomed to boast of our government as the best under the sun, and it is not pleasant to know that under its protecting care the most absurd notions are set up as religions, and make their appeal under our constitution for the same rights and courtesies as are accorded to Christianity—false religions, which, if in control of our affairs, would soon undermine and destroy our free institutions. Can it be that we have a State in the Union substantially controlled by those whose leaders impose upon them ideas more heathenish than Christian? Utah is now a State, and Mormons constitute a large body of the people, and Mormonism requires every one of its adherents to render most implicit obedience to its priesthood. In nothing are the people more constantly drilled than in this obedience.

Mormons do not declare before the world that they believe in false gods, or that they are heathen. Their course is deceptive. They do not now call themselves Mormons. They claim to be the only saints on earth. They call themselves the Latter-Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ; all others are Gentiles. At last the world is to be redeemed through these Latter-Day Saints. Joseph Smith, their first leader, proclaimed thirteen articles of faith, intended to be so near to Christian beliefs as not to create alarm at first, but to appeal to the discontented element among the Christians. These Latter-Day Saints affirm their belief in our Bible, but they proceed at once to reject its teachings. We believe that



WILFORD WOODRUFF.
Mormon Seer, Prophet, and Revelator.

miraculous revelation for man's guidance closed with the Apostles of the Lord. They claim that their leaders receive revelations and have visions and dreams. They destroy the teachings of the Bible by accepting the "Book of Mormon," "Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price and Sayings of Joseph the Seer" as their guides in faith and doctrine. Indeed, for them there is little left of the Godhead, and little foundation on which to build the manhood of man or the womanhood of woman, as we shall see more in detail later.

A careful and impartial study of the teachings of Mormonism leads to the conclusion that it is organized to bring all of its affairs into the control of the priesthood, and the history of its movements confirms this view. Give this priesthood the power of receiving current revelations from the Almighty, which they claim, and the unquestioning obedience from their followers, which they demand, and what is there to hinder the execution of their decrees, however depraved? This was the condition in the period of supreme control of Mormonism in Utah when their leader could preach to his "avenging angels" the duty of their taking the life, for the purpose of saving the souls, of those who would not submit to his will. Then their leaders claimed to have revelations assuring them that the day would come when "they would hold the reins of the United States Government. After that they expected to control the continent." Then the will of their leaders was supreme in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, and polygamy was a religious duty, needful to the exaltation of man, and essential to the salvation of woman; yet, in the midst of this "animalism," they had the temerity to claim that nowhere else was the law of chastity for man and woman more universally enforced.

Great effort has been made to disseminate their pernicious doctrines outside of Utah, and the last census reports 1,396 Mormon communicants in California; 1,762 in Colorado; 1,058 in Nebraska; 1,540 in Michigan; 1,336 in Wyoming; 1,106 in Kansas; 5,303 in Iowa; 14,972 in Idaho; 6,500 in Arizona. In Utah, the total communicants in all churches is 128,115, and the number of Mormons there reached 118,125, leaving only 9,990 communicants of all other religions within its limits. It will be seen that in several of the States, in close political contests, they would hold the balance of power, and so control the action of State legislatures, and by determinating the selection of United States Senators, make sure of those in the United States Congress who would prevent any legislation Mormon leaders might not desire. Mormonism is still a menace to our free institutions. The plans of Mormon leaders are perfected and their orders issued in secret. All will see how much depends upon their leaders.

THE MORMON TITHING HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.

The two leaders under whom the Mormons rose to the height of their self-assertion were Joseph Smith their founder, and Brigham Young his successor. Both are greatly revered among the most abject Mormons. Smith was born in Sharon, Vt., Dec. 23d, 1805, and went with his father's family to Palmyra, N. Y., in 1815. He had the reputation of being an ignorant, idle youth, given to chicken-thieving. Both father and son were very superstitious and believed in witchcraft and divining. In digging a well for a neighbor Chase, a stone of peculiar form and appearance was found. This the son called his "peek-stone" and with it sought to find hidden treasures. He found people could be fooled; considerable digging was done under his direction but he never discovered any treasures. He led the Mormons from Kirkland, O., to Jackson County, Mo., and from there as "commander-in-chief of the armies of the Lord" to Nauvoo, Ill. Then there had been no marked indication of polygamy, which, together with the union of church and state in Utah, so attracted public attention as to leave other obnoxious features of Mormonism comparatively unnoticed. But without the manifestation of these two doctrines, so offensive to American ideas, the other beliefs and characteristics of Mormons were so obnoxious to surrounding communities in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois that the self-styled saints were not permitted to carry out their purposes without conflict. Smith was arrested and when escaping from the jail was killed by an infuriated mob. Brigham Young was able to assert his leadership in spite of all competitors, and rapidly gained complete ascendancy over his followers. He soon saw that the differences between the Mormons and their neighbors were too great for them to live in peace, and began plans to lead them to the valleys of Utah. At that time such were the boundaries between Mexico and the United States that he hoped to plant a colony in either Mexico far from its capital, or at any rate far from other communities, whether Mexican or American.

The exposures and sufferings of the migration were most severe, but every experience brought the people more and more under the control of their leader. When

MRS. ZINA D. H. YOUNG.
President, Woman's Mormon Relief Societies.

it was found that the location was territory of the United States, Brigham became defiant of governmental authority and attempted the organization of the State of Deseret, and to the day of his death only yielded as he was compelled to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

There were not lacking many evidences of bitter disloyalty among his followers. Every year illustrated his marked characteristics. To his devoted friends he was a saint. On the other hand, Judge Goodwin describes him as "the worst of men; intellectually he was not bright, but he was full of animal magnetism; and though his heart was that of a sheep, there was a great deal of wolf in his forehead; possessing a stubbornness which never yielded, and a plausible tongue. His avarice was measureless. He never looked on without coveting his neighbor's fair wife, good horse, or profitable investments." He was full of devices in the execution of his purposes. What a legacy of evil influences he has left behind! How are Americans uplifted by idealizing Washington! How are Latter-Day Saints to be degraded by the memories of Brigham Young! Some of his worst devices were declared to be divine revelations. Again and again his prophecies were unfulfilled and proved false, but his blind followers found for him some excuse. Manifestly there has been a change since his day. He promulgated his plans over his own name. The late manifesto of the presidency has not only the signature of the president, but has a long list of endorsers who are subordinate officers. But is there evidence that the spirit and doctrines of Mormonism have so changed that another Brigham Young could not work a similar evil among his people and for our country at large? We shall learn about it in the articles to follow.

JOHN EATON

A TYPICAL MORMON WITH HIS EIGHT WIVES AND FAMILY.
Husband sits in centre, wives on either side, children front and rear.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOOSE SCREW

IF the mere accumulation of money be a good thing, then Nicholas Lloyd had accomplished something on which he might congratulate himself. He was certainly a rich man. Without being either good, or wise, or great, he had overcome the world; that is, he had broken into its treasure-houses, and helped himself to gold and silver, to houses and lands, and to whatever represents that wealth, which so many men give their lives, and lose their souls, to obtain.

This struggle had left indelible marks on the man, both physically and spiritually; and he was mutilated body and soul, though he knew it not. Indeed, he was rather proud of his cold, unruffled mien; and of that hardness of heart and head, which no game of Wall Street could intoxicate. Thoroughly American, he had the genius of those great financial operations, which move the world; but he saw all love, all merit, all goodness, through the coldness of his own nature. He was without enthusiasm, he had schemes instead of passions, and those who knew him best, found it easy to believe, that he at least, was made out of the dust of the earth.

He stood one morning in June at an open window of his country house. The roses were blowing in the garden, the cows browsing in the wet meadows beyond; the keen salt air of the sea was in his nostrils, the sweet babbling of the linnet in his ears; but he was conscious of none of these things. His thoughts were of dingy dollars; and what heart he had, was full of an angry ache; for his domestic affairs had not prospered to his liking; and the only son, for whom he had planned so much, and so ambitiously, was a perpetual care and disappointment.

He had not seen him for months, and he had resolved to put him out of his mind; and yet, at the beginning of the day, when he needed every faculty fresh for his business, this unfortunate lad would intrude himself among his speculations. So he turned impatiently from the window, and rang the bell to hurry forward his cup of coffee. As he did so, his daughter Alice entered the room.

"I am afraid we are late this morning, father," she said. "Mother is not well; she will not come down; so I will give you your breakfast at once."

"Yes, you are eight minutes late. The time table is beyond a woman's comprehension. I want only a cup of coffee, Alice; my stomach has gone wrong, and refuses to be comforted. I was thinking of Stephen—have you heard of him lately?"

"[illegible] He came home last night."

"In [illegible]"

"We[illegible] and as happy as a bird."

"[illegible] without a cent, or a decent gar-[illegible]"

"I think it very likely."

"And I began my life in that condition [illegible] brought out of nothing. It is incredible! [illegible]

[illegible] And do clever, prosperous men, make them-[illegible]

[illegible]

they would be little missed. Hills, woods, and all the beauties of land and sea, would still remain. Why then should Stephen spend his life in making poor pictures of them? I think he will yet become a very wise and admirable man."

"He may—but it is very impossible."

"It is very impossible—but he may," and she smiled confidantly into the face of the impossibility.

Lloyd did not answer; the horses were stamping impatiently at the open door, and he, at least, comprehended the time table. With some hurry he went away; and Alice watched the carriage out of sight, and then returned to the breakfast table. Her face was thoughtful, her manner expectant; she was evidently waiting for some person, or event. The situation, however, did not ruffle her; she had the composure of a goddess; a charming young face; eyes with long lashes, and luminous as those of a child; and that kind, simple heart that never grows old.

It was this fresh, faithful heart, that inspired her; genius she did not possess. Little womanly traits made her still more attractive; she was proud of her college; she carried Horace in her pocket, and considered herself to be "strong-minded"; being quite unconscious that she was really the veriest sentimentalist. In clothing herself she had a natural gift; and though her costumes were never easily remembered, they always did credit to her dressmaker.

HE STOOD AT THE OPEN WINDOW

This morning, as she sat crumbling her bread to her sombre thoughts, no one would have noticed her gown particularly; it was simply all that was proper for the occasion; but few would have been indifferent to the general air of freshness that added charm and lustre to her loveliness. It might have come from her dress, but it seemed to be a part of herself. And yet, for a special and noble purpose, she had that morning taken great pains with her toilet, for her brother—whom she dearly loved—was to be influenced by it.

He came lounging into the room ten minutes after his father's departure; and he had probably been waiting for that event. Alice stood up as he entered; then she went to meet him, putting both her hands in his hands, and lifting her fair face to one tanned by every wind of heaven.

"Oh, Steve!" she cried softly; "how nice you do look! I have been waiting breakfast for you. Sit down, dear. It is so good to see you once more."

"I am glad you waited, Alice. I do not mind eating a fancified meal with you; but I did not feel able for father, so early in the day. A dispute at dinner may be borne; but disagreeable words in the morning give me an indigestion—yes, dear, I will, of course, take sweetbreads; [illegible]"

[illegible]

with wonderful eyes—eyes of heroic form; dark and lustrous, with full lids, and long lashes. No one would have denied his beauty; many would have called him handsome; and his chin fully redeemed his wilful face; for it was of fine mold, and quite unblunted by the animal passions of human nature. And Alice at least knew well what a true, loving heart he had; though it did not stir readily to other hearts; its glow and motion answering best to the mighty voices of Nature—to the winds, the cries and songs of wild creatures, and the murmur and roar of the ocean. Evidently Stephen Lloyd was a soul astray in the luxurious home of the wealthy financier; he ought to have been in a frontier hut, or on a sailing ship far away to the North, with every stitch of canvas set, and the green seas flying over her cross-trees.

Such as he was, however, Alice dearly loved him. He troubled his mother; he angered his father; and disappointed all the hopes that had been centred on him; but Alice loved him. She fought his home battle continually; she would not suffer him to be forgotten; and she did really prevent his falling many degrees lower than he had done. For she sent him money; and money is often salvation. The mammon of unrighteousness has a savor of life, as well as a savor of death.

It was the first topic of their conversation. "I was hard up, Alice, when I got that last hundred dollars," he said. "It made me grossly rich. It gave me a glorious Spring, my dear sister."

"Tell me about it. You were in Denver, I think?"

"Yes; I had just come from my winter quarters in Arizona. I was dead broke; and I wanted to get to New York in time for my summer plans."

"What are they?"

"I will go to sea for a few months—perhaps on one of the big 'liners.' I am a good man before the mast; or I can turn myself into a waiter, and serve tables."

"Oh, Steve! With your education, is there nothing better that you can do. You know father will——"

"Dear Alice, father's plans for me have been discussed to the last letter. I will not get money as he does. I will work for every dollar I put in my pocket—so much labor for so much money."

"Father works his brains; brain work is as real a thing as hand work."

"We need not discuss that question. My brains are not working brains; they won't keep accounts, they won't plot and scheme; they can't teach; they refuse to recognize any monetary symbol—the click of wires, and the roar and babble of Broadway and Wall Street, distracts them. The woods and the sea, and even the Arizonian desert, talk sensibly to me. I can work with my hands, I can stand at the wheel of a ship, I can guide a reaper, I can drive cattle, or do any sensible thing, that a man's brains order him to do, with his two hands. I can't sell things that have no existence. I can't work with intangible figments of thought. I want to see and handle my work. Such as I am, I am. I was made so."

"But even the work you see and handle does not always induce you to labor."

"Generally speaking, little girl, I do as much work as is necessary. Now and then I [illegible] into a tight place; or I feel a sense of hurry, and write to you for help; and bless [illegible] I always get it." He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her with a face radiant with affection; and Alice went to his side, and put her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"This time," he continued, "I was in a hurry. I could have come East with some horses, and got a free passage and a mouthful; but I suddenly got seasick; I mean, sick for the sea; and the thought of its great, free spaces haunted me day and night, and I heard the roar and murmur of the waves wherever I turned. I hear them now. I am going to-day to look for a summer berth, where I can be free of all they can give me."

"Steve, if you love the sea so much, why not go into the navy? A naval officer is very respectable."

"You dear little ignoramus. Have you been as far as Vassar without divining how much naval officers pay for their respectability? What study! What limitations! What obedience! What unceasing attention to details! Thank you, dear, for the compliment; but whatever could I do on a man-of-war? I, who am only a wayfarer, a bird of passage, who would perish if my wings were cut."

"Have some more coffee, Steve, and some rice cakes?"

"Yes, I will. I am going to tell you a strange thing, Alice. I have found some very old friends of father's; indeed, they are related to us—though not very intimately—the families intermarried a generation ago, and there has been a friendship extending backward, through many generations. But these are evil times for loving kindness in any form; everything wears it away."

"Where did you meet these people? Are they nice?"

"I met them in New York. I have bee[n] staying a week with them."

"How long since?"

"I left them yesterday—very sorry to do so—but——"

"You have been a week in New York! You never let me know! And you never came to see me! Oh, Steve, how could you?"

"I saw you at Nora Leffert's marriage. You looked as sweet and lovely as a rose. You were the loveliest girl there."

"How could you see me? Surely, you were not there?"

Steve laughed heartily at the question. "I was not there," he answered, "though Nora and I are old friends. I read about the marriage in the newspapers, and I was sure you would be present. I had a great longing to see you, so I strolled up Broadway as far as the church, and I had my reward. It isn't many fellows that can boast of a sister so good, and beautiful, and loving as you are, sweet Alice."

"Steve, I can return the compliment, very truly. It isn't many girls that can boast of a brother so handsome, and so good, and so loving, as you are. Don't contradict me; you are handsome, when you are well dressed; as you are this morning; you are good, as far as you understand what goodness means; and nobody knows better than I do how loving and true you are."

"Don't you think I understand what goodness means?"

"Mother says you do not. If you did, she is sure, you would think of others before yourself. You know her idea is, that until we bury self entirely, we are still subject to evil."

"Who can bury self entirely?" asked Steve, a little crossly. "I think mother expects too much. She measures people by too high a standard. When I saw you at the wedding, John McAslin was with me. He saw you, also."

"I suppose John McAslin is one of the family with whom you staid a week?" he asked.

"Yes. John is the eldest child, and the only son. There are two girls—beauties both of them—if I understand what beauty means; and a father and mother. Now I am going to surprise you. The mother ought to have been our mother. Father was engaged to her for four years. She was making her wedding clothes when she heard of his marriage."

"Oh, what a strange, dreadful thing!"

"It is a common tragedy enough. Mercifully, women forgive and forget, and learn to love again. If they did not, this world would be a broken-hearted kind of a place."

"How did you find all this out?"

"I heard them talking of Senstone Valley, and I said I had a schoolmate who came from there, a lad called Lloyd. And Mrs. McAslin's face instantly lighted, and she began to wonder if he was Nichola[s] Lloyd's son; and to speak of father, of hi[s] fine appearance, and his cleverness, and his marriage with the rich Marian Va[l]liante, and of his present great wealth an[d]

influence. And I understood the whole story of her love and desertion, though she never said a word about it. It was Flora McAslin, the eldest daughter, who told me that chapter of father's history, and it was Jessie McAslin that said she was right glad her mother did not marry such a selfish, bad man as Nicholas Lloyd; she thought her dear old papa, with his thousand dollars per annum, a great deal the finer gentleman."

"Perhaps Jessie McAslin does not know father well enough to make comparisons; and you have not told me yet how you became acquainted with this critical young lady."

"Don't judge until you know all the facts in the case, Alice; it would not be like you. Jessie McAslin is not critical, she has the kindest heart. I met her brother John in the train just outside of Chicago. We sat together, and we talked together until we reached New York. It was in the morning, and I was a little jaded and hungry, and John asked me, 'to what hotel I was going?' I told him, 'I never went to hotels.' He asked, 'if I was going home,' and I answered, 'I have no home.' Then he put his arm through mine and said, 'Go home with me.'"

"It is your own fault, if you have no home, Steve."

"Perhaps—and perhaps not. That isn't the question, now. I went home with John McAslin."

"In what part of New York is his home?" she asked.

"On the East Side, in some nice little flats near St. Mark's Place. I dare say you never heard of the locality. There was no one present when we entered but Mrs. McAslin. She adores her son, and she made me welcome as his friend. A good breakfast was soon ready for us, and then she sent us to bed. When I woke up I heard pleasant voices and the noise of cups and saucers. John had already risen. I made myself as respectable as possible—I had bought this suit in Chicago—and guided by the sound of the conversation, soon reached the little dining-room. Father and mother, brother and sisters, were eating dinner together, and they made a place for me. A few hearty words and a smile from Jessie—by whose side I found a chair—set me at ease, and I'll vow I never eat a better or a more cheerful meal. Is that enough of the McAslins?"

"No. I wish to hear all about them. How did you spend the evening? What can you say about the family?"

"I will answer your last question; the other is of little importance. The father is a clerk in an importing house; not clever, not ambitous, but fond of his home and family; one of those rare men who are cheerful at six o'clock in the morning, and who have a child's capacity for small, fleeting joys."

"And a little, insignificant-looking man, I suppose?"

"Yes—no—I can't say. I should recognize him if we met, but——"

"You cannot describe him. Then he is certainly a man of no force."

"I should not like to hazard that opinion, Alice. I think a blow in the right place would smite fire from him. The mother is a pleasant, domestic woman. She does not fret herself, or others: she has no fads, no vanity, no littleness of any kind. She has been a beauty. Flora is like her."

"Pray, then, what is Flora like?"

"She has a sweet, calm, innocent face. She is a dressmaker, and is going to marry one of Tiffany's working jewellers. They think it a good match. Flora will not come into any one's life now—but the working jeweller's—she is that kind of a girl. Jessie is different."

"I can see that Jessie is your favorite. How does she differ?"

"Every way. Jessie is small and witchy. She has bright, piercing eyes, and curly brown hair. There is no hesitancy in anything she says or does. Her voice is clear, and has the ring of sincerity. She is a hard-headed, soft-hearted mite, mistress of herself, and very lady-like. That is Jessie McAslin as I saw her. She is her brother's favorite, and she is mine. If I could ever think of a wife, Jessie would be my sweetest dream."

"Why not Jessie, then?"

"Impossible—utterly and finally impossible! I must not talk of her. I must not even think of her."

"Is the brother like Jessie?"

(To be Continued.)

THE GOSPEL ON GIBRALTAR'S ROCK.

A Soul-Winning Campaign among the Soldiers in the Famous Fortress—"The Home on the Hill"—Earnest Workers and many Converts.

STRONGER than Antwerp with its eight miles of massive ramparts, mightier in resistance than the great island stronghold of Malta, most terrible in fire and shot belching qualities, and altogether the strongest fortress on the planet, is Gibraltar. The rock is honey-combed with tunnels, galleries full of great guns and ammunition. Provisioned to last half a generation, it is not likely that an old military order which read "On account of the scarcity of flour, soldiers are not to have their hair powdered till further notice," will have to be repeated. Pulpit, political, and patriotic orators have used it to point a moral or adorn a tale. And when nations have plotted the overthrow of British authority, that Rock lying there like a huge Numidian lion with face toward the land and tail toward the sea, has seemed to get higher, and arising has sent out a note of warning that has caused the advisers of empires to throw one knee over the other, lie back in their chairs, and smooth the backs of their heads. A humorous writer has said that "at first sight Gibraltar looked like a handful of mud on a shingle." The batteries are most ingeniously masked. Neither is the religious work demonstrative, but much is being done for the more than 5,000 soldiers. A regiment does not remain long, hence the necessity of doing definite work for them. Then there are the 137,000 seamen who enter the roads each year. When a vessel casts anchor one or more men well supplied with religious literature will go aboard her and talk and pray with the crew, even to the going down into the hold, and reading and praying with the stokers—those coal begrimed men who sweat their lives away heaving fuel into the furnaces.

REV. WILLIAM E. GEIL.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' INSTITUTE, GIBRALTAR.

The Soldiers' Institute is on South Port Street, with its refreshment bar, selling a large mug or cup of cocoa, tea, or coffee for a penny (these with milk and sugar included) and solid foods at the same rate. Reading and game rooms are here provided for the soldiers. Here the Cameron Highlanders branch of the Christian Association meets every Wednesday, led by a soldier, and the books show twenty conversions this year. Superintendent Copeland has a soldiers' Bible Class at 3.30 P.M. each Sunday, followed by tea at 4.30. He visits the barracks, reads and prays with the men. Some of the regiments have prayer-rooms. Every barrack in India has a room set apart for prayer. He takes little bags full of lavender and distributes them. A soldier does the baking for the Institute, and the "busters" (cakes) are made so good that men once coming will enter again, thus giving frequent opportunity to tell them of the Christ. The Institute gives lantern lectures, entertainments, arranges picnics into Spain, and across to Morocco, striving thus to prove untrue the lines cut in a stone sentry box at Gibraltar:

God and the soldier all men adore
In times of trouble, and no more,
For when war is over
And all things righted,
God is neglected
And the soldier slighted.

"The Home on the Hill," as one building is kindly spoken of by the troops, is the most remarkably successful mission on the Rock. The word home has especial significance to one who has left home to serve the Queen. It was in July, 1876, that Mrs. Alice Todd Osborne, who opened the first mission of this kind in Glasgow, having been invited by the 79th Highlanders, then stationed at Gibraltar, to come out and be their guest, arrived. She said she found nothing but rock, sea, sky, and sin. One of the first men she met upon arrival was the "King of Delhi," so called because he fought with great bravery under the walls of that capital of the Mogul Empire. He was an infidel and said he did not care for prayers, for he had a thin pair of boots, and prayed for a thick pair, and asked why he did not get them. She answered, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

The house which is shown in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was purchased in 1887, and has been open every day since. There is a Bible Class at 6.30 and meetings at 8 P.M. every day; the room is packed to the doors. During my call Mrs. Osborne showed me a petition she had just received from Valde Locasa, near Madrid, Spain, signed by sixty-three persons praying for Protestant preaching according to the word of God. "Our work is undenominational," she said, "and we need another sister to come and help us. We covet the prayers of God's people everywhere." In showing me the rooms in the building, she said, "this is where the soldiers meet for worship, and this is the picture," pointing to one on the wall, "of the man who recently came in to sign the pledge. I said to him, 'If you have nothing but that little piece of paper, the devil will have you long before New Year's.' He was told of Jesus Christ, and just last night he prayed 'O Lord! if there is anything between thee and my soul, remove it.'" The converts of this mission, who number hundreds, have quit using tobacco. "It is for the glory of God," they say. "This is the portrait," she said, moving across the end of the room, "of three of Her Majesty's troopers. I met them one night when they were swearing. I stepped up to them and said, 'Do people swear in Heaven?' 'No ma'm, they do not.' 'Are you going to Heaven?' The men, much abashed, said, 'We hope so!' 'Well then, you must get ready, for they don't use such talk as that in Heaven.' They did get ready. This young man," directing my attention to a photo on a table, "was converted, and three months afterward was found dead at his post on the ramparts.

"THE HOME ON THE HILL" MISSION, GIBRALTAR.

"During the meeting the other night a thunderstorm came on. One dear old woman said to me at the close, 'I was so glad when I heard the thunder, I thought the Lord was coming, and what joy to find myself in the house of God.' That is really marvelous, as the Spanish women are very much frightened when there is thunder, and pray to the Virgin and all the saints. The grace of God has changed that dear woman and made her rejoice.

"I want to tell you a sweet little story of our work beyond the neutral ground," she said. (The neutral strip is about a mile wide, and stretches from sea to sea, between Gibraltar and the Spanish lines. British sentinels pace this side, Spanish soldiers that, and persons crossing must keep moving. The Spanish side is said to be honeycombed with mines connected by wires, so that an attacking army can be annihilated by pressing a button.) "Little Jose Garcia had been attending our school for a year and was beginning to read the New Testament well. He fell ill, and during the ten days of his sickness he often sang the hymn, 'From the night of the Sepulchre the Lord rose again, and the bands of death he shook off by his power.' When very ill he said, 'Mother, I am dying, but I would like you to go to the school, there you will see the Good Shepherd.' 'Child, what do you say?' 'I say there is a Shepherd who came to this world to look for a sheep that he lost, and it went very, very, far away, and when he found it he took it with him. We are the lost sheep.' He said no more. The Good Shepherd had taken the sheep."

One of the most enjoyable hours of my Eastward trip was spent at the "Home on the Hill." The Spirit of Christ seemed to endorse all Mrs. Osborne said and did. She is certainly a lady of great spiritual power, and God is wonderfully blessing the work.

Her last words to me were: "We want the prayers of Christian people for the work on the Rock." WILLIAM E. GEIL.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Look Back.

AS our million edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes out, let us remember we are in the last month of the year and make thankful retrospection. Eighteen hundred and ninety-six has been a year of magnificent Christian achievement. America is coming to the front as the greatest Christian nation on earth. It has upheld its material dignity in a way not to be mistaken, but still more nobly have its people—the millions of them, who are working and praying for the betterment of mankind—upheld the banner of the Cross. The Church, too, has a better spirit, and is animated by greater zeal for service. In all parts of our land there are signs of the people, who are called by the name of Christ, becoming more like Christ. Despite many drawbacks, they have kept up their quota of missionaries and teachers, so that to-day the foreign work in many lands is fully as efficient as it was a year ago. We have printed more Bibles this year than last, in a greater number of languages; we have reached larger and wider audiences at home; our cities, our rural districts, our frontiers all now hear the Gospel message proclaimed, and there is hardly a hamlet or settlement on the borders of our vast territory where, either through pulpit or home missionary, or through the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD alone, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not regularly and effectively preached. Members of our churches seem to be striving to walk in his footsteps and to cultivate more than ever before the love of men and concern for their welfare, which was Christ's prominent characteristic. Like him they are ready to feed the hungry, to sympathize with the sorrowing, to succor the oppressed. The day has gone by when the Church of Christ, acting in the spirit of Cain, asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The material comfort of our brethren

man who bears the Christian name. Nor has there been any decrease in concern for his spiritual welfare. The Christian people of America have reached out the hand of

and they have given to Continental govern-

for the persecuted Christians of Armenia? We are doing more for and pass the ne-

lected classes at home, too; we are giving a grander uplift to down-trodden fathers, mothers, and children than ever before. Every year shows that we are developing in the grace of helpfulness, and as our hearts open, our purses are not closed. To enumerate all the good that has been accomplished in this year now closing, would be to fill pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and this should be the best incitement to still greater and more consecrated activity in the year about to dawn.

Cultivate Sympathy.

LET us never restrain our sympathies or dam them back. Pity and compassion for the woes of the world clarify the human heart and take off the sharp edges of our disposition and make us grateful in the contrast. The unfortunate were born of the same eternal Father, rocked in the same cradle of the world, and at the same moment on the same morning to hear the same resurrectionary blast that wakes the dead. Cultivate your sympathies. The sixteen hundred millions of the race are all united by chords of kinship, and those chords after fastening us all together reach up to the heart of God, so that we are all bound together, all on earth one, God and the human family one. When a workman with a loaded hod on his shoulder slips from the ladder and falls to the basement, bend over him, lift him very tenderly; he is your brother. When in the midnight tempest the sailor slips from the ratlins and has his life dashed out on the deck, listen to that awful thud; it is your brother. When you hear a demented woman from the corridors of Bloomingdale Asylum, remember it is your sister. When her ruin is worse than that, and body, mind, and soul have been tossed off the declivities of a decent life and she hangs, with mangled fingers, over the boiling billows of hell, do not laugh, do not caricature, do not make heartless remarks; that is your sister. "Oh, no, no," you say: "that is impossible; you compromise my dignity by saying she is my sister." Yes, she is. You belong to the Lord's family and she belongs to it, and God is her Father, and he is your Father, and does not that make her your sister? God is not ashamed to acknowledge this, and you are not better than God. Yea, if you scoff at her you are worse than she, for God has a heaven all ready for her as soon as she repents, but for one who has no compassion for lost manhood or lost womanhood, from Bible lid to Bible lid there is no promise. Feeling as you now do, hard and uncommiserate, you will not come within 500,000 miles of heaven. May the blessing of those who are ready to perish come upon us. In this day of accidents we are not only to sympathize with the victims, but to do it wisely for our own safety. Let us not make ourselves ridiculous by wandering about, timid and nervous, expecting every minute that something will happen, but let us take every reasonable precaution. On a railroad trip I was very tired and I got on the locomotive with the engineer on the Illinois Central, and if there is anything that will wake a man up, that is it. The fireman and the engineer were very communicative, and I asked all about the machinery, and after awhile I said: "What is that bright, shining instrument?" That is a Westinghouse air brake." I said: "What is the use of it?" "Well," he said, "when I see an obstacle on the track, or I see that a bridge has fallen, or I see the headlight of a locomotive coming around the

as by an almost omnipotent reverse the train halts, the brakes falling on the wheels of all the cars all the way back." What a splendid arrangement. Then I thought, we are all on an express train. We are going many miles an hour, and

Shall we wildly crash into them and perish? No, there is an overmastering power willing to take charge of the long train of life's events, and with instantaneous spring holds us back from destruction. What we want is not only a power stop when it is safest to stop. A thousand times between now and when we reach our destination we will want an instantaneous and omnipotent brake.

Our Million Edition.

ONE milllon copies have been printed of this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, each copy consisting of twenty-eight pages. Nearly **4,000 reams** of **paper,** aggregating over **350,000 pounds,** were required for its production. The total expense involved exceeds **$40,000,** of which about **$4,000** was expended for postage.

The magnificent frontispiece was especially engraved for us, and printed in colors by the Photo Colortype Company, of Chicago, Ill. It is generally conceded to be a masterpiece of color typography. The colored premium insert is the workmanship of The Werner Company, of Akron, O., the largest printing establishment in the United States. The body of the paper was printed by D. Appleton & Company, the well-known publishers. The binding of this mammoth edition, a most stupendous undertaking, was done by The Knoepke Bindery, New York.

Although THE CHRISTIAN HERALD owns one of the most complete and extensive printing establishments and binderies in the United States, and all its machinery is of the most improved kind, and of the latest pattern, its facilities are limited to the production of 300,000 copies per week. As the regular weekly issue, with the colored frontispiece, severely taxes its capacity, we were compelled to seek extraordinary facilities elsewhere for the production of this phenominally large edition of **one million** copies.

The prayers of all the readers of this special edition are requested for the blessing of God upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its subscribers, its proprietor, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in its columns.

Higher Riches.

I HAVE been amused to hear people when they start in life say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says: "I want to get $20,000 and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied. Then I will say to my soul: 'Now just look at that block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Just look at those bonds and mortgages. Just look what lucrative investments you have. Now, my soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions, you will never be with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst.

If you are not content with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you fifty or a hundred thousand a year. It is not what we get, it is what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so, how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day

and dissatisfied, and overbearing, and foreboding, and cranky, and uncompromising; with a countenance on which wrath always lowers and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer evening you see a laboring man going home in his shirt-sleeves, with a pail on his arm and a pickaxe over his shoulder, his face bright with smiles and his heart with hope, and the night of his toil bright with flaming

It is an illustration of the fact that it is not outward condition that makes a man happy. **The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong.**

BRIEF NOTES.

In order to give a special opportunity to the readers of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we have decided to make the following offer: Dr. Talmage's great book, *From Manger to Throne*, which contains, besides a Life of our Saviour, a complete description of Dr. Talmage's trip to and through Palestine and Syria, including the famous Baptism of an American in the Jordan, and over 200 other beautiful illustrations, richly bound in silk-finish cloth, will be delivered in any part of the United States for 75 cents. All charges prepaid. Not more than one copy will be sent to any one family.

There are many churches, especially in small towns and villages, that would be glad of an opportunity to get a number of copies of "Gospel Hymns" at a greatly reduced price. For the benefit of such churches, we would state that we have on hand a number of copies of Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1 to 6 Consolidated, Music Edition, that have been injured almost imperceptibly in packing. Otherwise they are in perfect condition. Those who desire to obtain copies, will do well to write quickly to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as we are now closing out the entire lot.

There are now seventy-five Congregational Churches in the Territory of Oklahoma. Five years ago, there were but two in the entire Territory.

At a recent meeting of Temperance Veterans in London, forty-one were present who were over eighty years of age, and it was stated by the secretary that there were over two hundred octogenarians in the Society.

Evangelist J. H. Elliott has been holding a series of successful evangelistic meetings at Hamilton, Ont. On one Sunday during the services seventy young people from one Sunday School made profession of faith.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton has been holding evangelistic meetings at Phœnix, Arizona. A correspondent in that city writes that the people are contributing to start a Florence mission there to perpetuate his work.

The Reformed Dutch Church has undertaken a mission among the Bohemians in New York. The Rev. Mr. Molnar, a Bohemian, a recent graduate of McCormick Seminary, has been commissioned to conduct it.

A missionary in South Africa writes that out of thirty ships which in one year arrived at the port nearest his station, to trade with the natives, twenty-five brought rum and gunpowder to barter with the people for their native products.

The official year book of the Protestant Church in France gives the total number of Protestants in the country as 639,825. The total population at the recent census was 38,218,000. Of the Protestants 540,483 belong to the Reformed Church and 77,553 are Lutherans.

The New York Bible Society during the twelve months ended Sept. 30 distributed among the immigrants who arrived at the port of New York 60,550 Bibles and Bible portions in the respective languages of the immigrants. It also placed in the hands of foreign sailors 7,687 Bibles and Testaments.

The Bible or parts of the Bible available for Evangelistic use have now been published in 381 different languages or dialects. Fifty-two of these have been added during the past five years. It is believed that at the beginning of this century the Bible had not been translated into more than thirty-eight languages.

Pastors, Sunday Schools, Church Societies, and others who desire to hold meetings in behalf of Armenia, can obtain from the Armenian Relief Committee, 63 Bible House, New York, pamphlets and other publications on the Armenian question that will prove helpful to speakers, and which may be used to advantage for general circulation.

The number of stations in heathen lands occupied by Protestant missionaries, according to a calculation made by the *Missionary Herald*, now reaches 5,055 with 17,813 out-stations. Of these 993 stations and 4,911 out-stations are occupied by American missionaries. There are 37 missionary societies in this country, which have sent out in all 3,512 missionaries, of whom 2,043 were women.

A Commission on the Liquor Traffic appointed by the Canadian government sent queries to ministers of all denominations. To the question, "From your experience and observation as a clergyman do you consider the use of intoxicating liquors hurtful morally or socially?" 2,123 replied in the affirmative, and 272 in the negative.

Mr. G. B. Lane, a Presbyterian Sunday School missionary in Wisconsin, writing to a denominational journal, says: "I have in three months traveled 1,300 miles, visited twenty Sunday Schools and 250 families, delivered sixty addresses, given away 2,200 pages of tracts, 100 books, twenty Bibles and fifteen Testaments. This is a normal three months' work."

A careful collection of Church statistics shows that since the census of 1890 there has been a general gain in all denominations in this country in the number of churches, ministers and communicants. The gain in the number of churches is: Methodists of all branches, 7,319; Baptists, 1,678; Disciples, 1,522; Presbyterians, 874; Protestant Episcopal, 795; Congregationalists, 532.

Prof. Sayce states that while exploring in Asia Minor, searching for new cuneiform inscriptions, he hit on a definite memorial of Nimrod. He identifies him with Nazi Muruda, and finds that he was the contemporary in Babylon of the Assyrian King whose son restored Nineveh about fifty years before the Exodus. This curious discovery is regarded here as by far the most valuable confirmation of the Mosaic record yet afforded from this field of investigation.

It would be difficult indeed to find a prettier or more attractive and suitable souvenir of the Holy Land than a beautiful slab of Olive Wood from the Mount of Olives. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received from the East a number of these slabs, of genuine Olive Wood, cut on the sacred Mount, and finely polished in Jerusalem by Bethlehem wood-workers. They are both useful and ornamental, and are very highly prized. Each slab has on it in English and Hebrew characters, the inscription, "Jerusalem, City of Peace." We will send these slabs, all charges prepaid, to any address, at the nominal price of twenty-five cents each.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In the White House.

EVER is the historic edifice, whose picture appears on this page, so much an object of interest to our people as in the year when the vote of the nation has designated the citizen who shall occupy it for the ensuing four years. It becomes the Mecca of the office-seeker, the centre of the hopes of the people who have worked to secure the election of its occupant, and the abode of the man for whom all patriotic Christians, whatsoever their political affiliation, beseech the blessing of the King of kings, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Even those who have been his most inveterate opponents, cannot but hope and pray that the man whom the people have chosen to be the Executive of the nation, may be endowed with the wisdom he will need in his high office, and will be enabled so to conduct the affairs of this great nation, that it may maintain its exalted character among the peoples of the earth. Once more the people have spoken, and in March next, the doors of the White House will be opened to admit a new President. It is a humble residence for the chief of a nation of over sixty million persons. It stands in its own grounds, fronting on Pennsylvania avenue and Lafayette square. Surrounding it are the State, Treasury, War and Navy buildings, in which the business of the nation is conducted. It is of sandstone, painted white, has two stories and basement, and is of the Grecian order of architecture. A portico of Ionic columns, added in Jackson's administration, gives dignity to the otherwise severely plain edifice. The interior, like the exterior, is a model of stately simplicity. The great doors in the centre open upon a spacious corridor, which leads to an inner corridor opening on the East Room, the finest apartment of the mansion. Opening from this room are the suite of apartments known respectively as the Green, the Blue and the Red rooms, so called from the prevailing color of the furnishings. The state dining-room, opening on the inner corridor, completes the official quarters of the mansion. It appears to have received its name of the "White House" in the time of Madison, the fourth President, who so spoke of it in a letter which had a national interest. Since that time the name of the "White House" has been the key-note of the ambition of our most famous men, the concrete symbol of all the power and official dignity of the head of the nation. Remembering all that the White House symbolizes to our nation, the Christian patriot may well use concerning it the benediction of the Psalmist:

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. (Ps. 122: 7.)

THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Hint to Builders.

A common mistake on the part of builders is pointed out in the *Operative Builder*. It says that in the selection of a kind of stone for building purposes it is well to pay attention to other qualities beside hardness. It is not always the stone that offers the greatest resistance to crushing, that is the most durable. Stone which is porous in any degree will not wear so long, however hard it is, as a stone which has a close and firm texture, as the rain or the moisture of the atmosphere penetrates it, and when the frost comes, it reaches deeper into the stone and disintegration is apt to take place. For a similar reason a plain smooth surface to the stone is better than a rough one, as the protuberances, however small, afford a convenient resting place for moisture and dust, which often contains pungent acids. The most durable buildings are those built of stone of fine close texture with a smooth vertical face. The hint may be useful to other kinds of builders. The living stones which are being built into the temple of Christ should be impervious to worldly influences. He who endures best is he who, like his Master, does not fear when temptation approaches, because it can find nothing to take hold of in him.

The prince of this world cometh; but he hath nothing in me. (John 14:30.)

Unreliable Thermometers.

An incident of a country storekeeper's failure to appreciate the special purpose of his goods is related by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. He says that while staying in the country, he went to the village store to buy a thermometer. The storekeeper produced six for his customer's inspection. He noticed that no two of them agreed as to the temperature, and between the highest and the lowest there was a difference of ten degrees. He called the store-keeper's attention to the difference and said that he should not know from them whether he ought to light a fire in the room, or open the window. The storekeeper had no solution to offer, but suggested that his customer take them all over to his place and try them, and keep the one that suited him best. Probably Mr. Depew would have accepted the suggestion if he had wanted the thermometer for an ornament. As, however, he needed it to register the temperature with absolute accuracy, these varying instruments were of no use to him. The store-keeper's idea, however, is not an uncommon one in spiritual matters. People go in the greatest numbers to hear the preacher whose sermons suit them best, rather than to hear him who is concerned to preach absolute truth without fear or favor.

Who say to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things. (Isa. 30: 10.)

An Order for a Sarcophagus.

An aged farmer in Kentucky has given an order to a stonemason which astonished him. The old gentleman is very wealthy, but has not been remarkable for eccentricity. This order, however, did appear eccentric, for it was for a regular sarcophagus. He wanted it made of Kentucky limestone, a quarry of which was on his own estate. He was very precise as to the measurements, and had a drawing of the design for outside ornament. The order was taken, and is being executed. When complete the coffin will weigh fifteen hundred pounds. His reason for adopting this now novel mode of sepulture is that the country around his home is overrun with polecats, minks and groundhogs, and he believes that the only way to keep them from devouring his body is to have it enclosed in a stone coffin. It may be hoped that he has not neglected to secure the safety of his soul, which is of infinitely greater importance, and it, too, may become the prey of a voracious and implacable enemy.

Be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour (I. Peter 5: 8).

Funeral Services by Phonograph.

An undertaker in Brooklyn, N. Y., furnished a mechanical substitute for an absent clergyman at a funeral some time since. He had a phonograph and a series of cylinders containing a full burial service including, beside the prayers and passages of Scripture, some suitable hymns which had been sung into the receiver by a choir. It was decided to make use of this arrangement. The party assembled in the undertaker's parlor. The coffin was placed in front of the phonograph and over it projected the large trumpet of the instrument which was wreathed with flowers. The service went through without a hitch and every word was distinctly audible through the room. If a blind person had been present, he might have noticed nothing unusual in the service but have supposed that a clergyman and choir were conducting it. At first sight a service so mechanical appears heathenish, like the "Prayer-wheels" of Thibet, but when we consider how often the funeral service is conducted in Latin, which is usually unintelligible to the persons present, the phonograph does not seem so bad a substitute for the living voice. The people could at least understand the words and might derive spiritual benefit from them, which, as the Apostle says, is the main consideration:

Even things without life giving a voice, if they give not a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? (I. Cor. 14:7 R.V.)

The Chief Justice's Love Letter.

An amusing incident in connection with the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is reported in the *Washington Post*. It states that Mr. Fuller, having occasion to consult his physician, walked around to his residence. A man who has recently been engaged by the physician opened the door to him. He said that his employer was out, but had left word that he would soon return. He evidently had no idea that the visitor was the highest judicial authority in the United States, but he seemed to have confidence in him, for he invited him into the physician's library to wait until he returned. The Chief Justice accepted, and seated himself in his old friend's chair. He had barely done so when the serving man came in, and in an embarrassed way asked if the gentleman would do him a favor while he waited. He had a sweetheart, he said, and was very anxious to send her a letter, but unhappily he could not write. If the gentleman would write it for him he would feel deeply grateful. Without hesitation Mr. Fuller acquiesced, and, taking up a pen, wrote probably the most unique letter ever penned by his hand. It would be a treasure to the autograph collector, but its value to the girl who received it would consist in its being a message from her lover. If it told her what she wanted to know she would care very little by whom it was written. If Christians had the same feeling about their Heavenly Father's message there would be less acrimony in the disputes about the authorship of the books of the Bible.

For no prophecy ever came by the will of man: but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost. (II. Peter 1: 21 R. V.)

Personating an Apostle.

A crafty swindler has succeeded in defrauding a poor widow in Hungary. She lives at a small village named Bezdon, where every one knows his neighbor's business. Her husband had been an industrious, thrifty man, and he left her all his savings, amounting to about four hundred dollars. A few days after his death, the widow received a mysterious visitor. He came in the dead of night, as the bearer of a communication from her late husband. In fact, he said, he was the Apostle Peter, who had the keys of heaven. Her husband had presented himself there, but because of his sins had been refused admittance. Nothing less than the sacrifice of all his savings would purge him of his sin, and he trusted that his widow would consent to the sacrifice. The poor woman was too much agitated by the appearance of her visitor, who had a long beard, and wore a loose flowing robe, to exercise her ordinary good sense. She was also much distressed by the report of her dead husband's condition, and she finally handed to her visitor the four hundred dollars, which was all she had in the world. The impostor was clear of the town before the police were informed of the fraud. It is a pity that the woman was not better instructed, but her ignorance is not without parallel. She is not the only one who believes that the doors of heaven may be opened by a gift of money, in spite of the warning of the Apostle:

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. (I. Cor. 13: 3 R.V.)

Music in Niagara.

A famous organist who visited Niagara lately sends to a musical journal an analysis of its mighty roar. He declares that the sound of the great cataract is majestic harmony. Listening to it for the first time, he thought he detected a musical note. Anxious to put it to the proof, he went to Goat Island, where he could get its full diapason. Thence he went to Luna Island, and finally to the Island of the Three Sisters. At each place the predominant note was clearly recognizable. It was the chord of G of the thirty-two-foot pipe of the organ, only four octaves lower. He tested it theoretically and practically. He found that the seventh note, the interval of the tenth, was of a power and clearness entirely out of proportion to the harmonies, as usually heard in the organ. "Were the tone of Niagara a mere noise," he says, "this seventh note would be either weak, or confused, or absent altogether. The beat is just once per second." The way in which he determined the pitch, was to catch the harmonic notes above D and G, that were definite in pitch, and then, counting the number of vibrations of the lower two notes, find their distance below. He is quite certain that the musical tone of the Falls is clear, definite, and unapproachable in its majestic perfection, a complete series of notes all uniting in grand and noble unison. How many people have visited the Falls without hearing in their mighty roar any hint of music! But the trained ear perceives it, and is filled with admiration of its majesty. Perhaps if our ears were attuned to the heavenly harmonies, we might hear melody in other parts of the universe where now we think there is discord or silence, and so the Psalmist's suggestion may be a fact:

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the earth . . . let the floods clap their hands. (Ps. 98: 4.)

HOME TALKS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

I HAPPENED the other evening to be in company with a group of women whose ages varied from youth to several years beyond fourscore. One thing which struck me forcibly was, that the brightest, freshest and most interesting woman in the room was the lovely old grandmother. Her fine sweet face lighted up as she talked; it was full of the strength and courage of a soul which has met manifold trials, and overcome them, which has tasted the bitter cups of life, and accepted them, saying at each experience, "My Father, this is from thy hand, thy will, not mine, be done." She had a rare appreciation of fun, and her laugh was as quick and eager as that of a girl. As for her looks, I wish you could have seen how straight and tall she is, for all the world like a pine tree, and her brow had not many wrinkles, while every line written there was a line of beauty.

I spoke of this later to my niece, Jessamyn. "Oh!" said she, "there's no need to have wrinkles in these days. You rub cold cream or vaseline into your skin when you go to bed at night, and in the morning when you wash your face, you are very careful about the way you use your towel. You push it upward so as to keep the wrinkles from forming, and you gently obliterate the crow's-feet from around your eyes, and you are very particular about the corners of your mouth."

The young lady who gave me this bit of valuable information is on the borderland of twenty, with cheeks like a blush-rose, starry eyes, and the beauty that steals one's heart. She has no need to consider her towel and its methods, nor to worry herself about wrinkles, but I was greatly amused at her wisdom, and particularly entertained at the thought of my queenly old grandmother stopping in the evening of her days to have a hand-to-hand fight with her life-long friend, Father Time.

In the first place, this sweet elderly woman has always had to work pretty hard. She spent a good many years on a farm, and we all know what that means, especially when the farm is in a part of the country where help in the household is not to be had for love or money. Then, her people had not money to spare. Economy had to be practiced, and the wife and mother cheerfully set the example, and laid down the law for the rest. Also, and secondly, as the minister says in his sermon, she had the tender and imperative cares of maternity faster and longer than it is the present fashion to have them, for she bore and reared ten sons and daughters. I think there is no more charming sight in the wide world than one sees in her home now at Thanksgiving or Christmas, when the children and the children's children come back to the mother, seven sons and three daughters, bringing their beautiful families to [illegible] still to hold a crowd, yet not seem crowded.

No, the dear lady did not bother with cold cream, or towels rubbing upward instead of downward. She was too busy. But, on the other hand, she said her prayers at night, and meant every word of them, and then fell asleep as a tired child does, needing no lullaby. When she had worries she did not screw up her countenance [illegible] the chief mourner at a funeral; she told the Lord the story, and did her best, and the worries straightened themselves. In [illegible] [illegible] went to the dining room as old, in all crises, expected their Lord from the heavens for their aid. They even put [illegible] triumphant creed, and you may find it there [illegible] dren the blessed doctrine is still taught [illegible] old woman learned the secret of immortal [illegible] faltering confidence in the Almighty. In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] remember the years as the right hand of the Most High." So she has spent her fourscore years in the light of the Father's love, always looking for his leadings, and never fretting against his providence.

Is this a good deal of talk about an old lady? Well, whatever we are now, we are all going to be old ladies if our lives are spared, and the kind we shall be depends on the way we go about the making. A fussy, cross, contrary old lady can be the most disagreeable of companions. I could tell you stories, if I liked, about that sort, for I've met them now and then on the road, and I know how grumpy and queer they can be. Why, at this moment, I think of one who made it her chief business in life to interrupt the young people of her family in the evening between nine and ten, stepping in at the parlor door, with a reproving expression on her severe old face, and saying, "It's quite time, Ellen, that your friends excused you. The clock shows that you ought to be in bed." Which, I humbly submit, was most exasperating and quite unpardonable, though it had to be endured.

The best achievement for any of us, older or younger, is to learn tranquility. The period is full of perturbation. There is little rest in our hurrying, striving times. As we fly toward the end of the century the pace is tremendous and exhausting. But, my friends, let us possess our souls in such calmness as is possible to those who dwell in a fortified place. When you take into account that most of our frictions are about petty and pitiful things, that our fault-findings and quarrels at home

"Her Face Lighted up as She Talked."

leave only a hurt and wounded spot to slowly heal, and that never without a scar, that most of our tempests are like the famous one in a teapot, it is hardly worth our while to be worn out to so little end and profit.

We may better be amiable so that around about us there is always an atmosphere of sunshine. We may as well, day by day, exercise, as occasion affords opportunity, the homely virtue of patience. Let us cultivate repose of manner and quietness of mind. You and I can get through any amount of work if only we do not suffer ourselves to be agitated, and vexed, and hurried. There is no secret of beauty equal to a heart which stays ever in the bosom of infinite peace.

[illegible]

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Time of Terror.

A thrilling experience in Madagascar is reported by Missionary Peill. He writes: At one station of the Norwegian Mission [illegible] left their wives and children while they went four days' journey south to their annual conference, an attack was recently made by a large force of 1,500 rebels, led by a famous brigand called Ranitesimisaraka. Fortunately there were three Frenchmen at this station and thirty native militia. These defended the place for three days against overwhelming odds, being all gathered together in the Mission House. Imagine the agony of the situation, seventeen ladies, nine children, two aged missionaries shut up for three days and two nights, while this fighting was going forward, with the certainty of unimaginable atrocities if the enemy should succeed. The ammunition was nearly expended when help arrived; the rebels were beaten off with the loss to all of over 300 of their number, and the defenders were saved! Thank God for such a deliverance.

Stundist Sufferings.

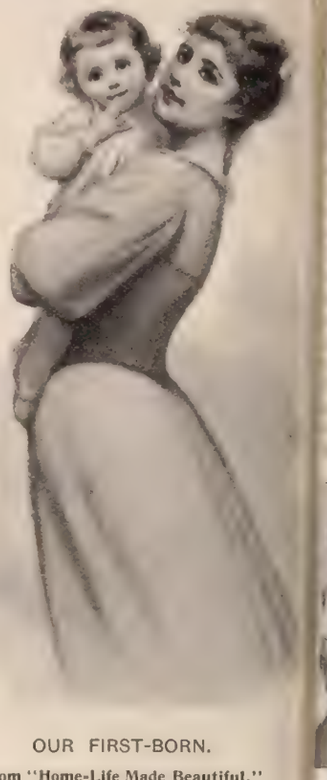
PEOPLE who are advocating the interference of Russia in Armenia and are hoping that the Armenians may find liberty and the right to worship God according to their conscience, appear to have forgotten how intolerant the Russian government has proved itself to be toward its own subjects who dissent from the Greek Church. Professor Godet has done a timely service by describing the persecution of the Stundists in an article in the *Missionary Review*, which shows how much these devoted people have had to bear, and how faithful they have been under cruel persecution. Some of the cases cited by Professor Godet are as follows:

"Ivan Solovev, of the province of Kiev, an intelligent young man full of ardor, was accused of having spread heretical doctrines, and received an order to quit the province in a fortnight. He was the father of five children, and had a flourishing farm, which he was obliged to sell at a ruinous price. He departed for the province of Kherson, but he had hardly settled there when he received another command to move. He borrowed money to buy grain; but usurers took all he possessed in payment. An old horse, which he still retained, was the only mode of conveyance for his whole family. After traveling about a month they reached the province of Bessarabia; but two children had died en route. He had just settled near Kischeneff when a new order arrived for him to depart. A third child had died in the mean time. The family once more pressed on toward Taurida, where they hoped to find friends who would help them. But the police informed him that he must once more take to the road, and they sent him to Caucasia, where he finally arrived, a broken-down, persecuted man, with a sick wife and but two remaining children.

Another case is that of a distinguished preacher of Kiev, Ivan Lisotski, who was [illegible] to leave his home, having been robbed of all that he had. Two of his children succumbed to the hardships of the journey. For ten years he was driven from [illegible] to province without abatement; nevertheless, from his exile beyond the Caucasus he encouraged his brethren in Russia by his letters. We might also cite the [illegible] instance of Golovschenko, pastor of the province of Ekaterinoslav, who was condemned to four years' imprisonment on [illegible] prevailing Stundist doctrines. At the expiration of his term the priest of his village opposed his return, and he was banished for life to Siberia, by order of the local government. In the mean time his [illegible] children, whom he passionately [illegible] [illegible] literally from starvation.

How to Make Home a Paradise.

FIRST of all, secure Margaret E. Sangster's magnificent Book, "Home-Life Made Beautiful." Next read it carefully—you will find it a treasure—and finally follow the simple suggestions it contains.



OUR FIRST-BORN.

From "Home-Life Made Beautiful."

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (See page 922.)

all plainly stated and easily carried ou and the transformation that will tak place in your home will be a source constant surprise and never-failing jo Mrs. Sangster writes so sweetly, so lo ingly, and so tenderly, yet, withal, s wisely and so well, that no one who rea this charming Book can help derivin immediate and lasting advantage. The is no authoress in this country mo popular, more beloved, and more spected than is Mrs. Sangster, the talente Editor of Harper's *Bazar*. In this ma nificent Volume, she discourses on topi of the utmost importance to every wi and mother, and wise are they who secu this prize.

Much of the bright sunshine and joy life are missed by those who do not kno where to look for them. They look ever where except in the right direction, and co sequently miss them; whereas if they on knew the secret of directing their gaze the proper quarter they would have trouble in finding what they so much wis Like the youth in the fable, who soug everywhere abroad for Happiness, an after a vain search, on returning to h own home, and resuming his simple task was surprised and delighted to find Happ ness at his side, radiant and smiling, the good people who read Mrs. Sangste book will speedily learn the secret of fin ing and keeping Happiness in their ow homes, however humble these may b They need not search the world over f that which is at their own doors and b neath their own roof-trees, if they on knew. This rare book shows how may find it.

From among the many subjects whi she handles with infinite skill in th volume, we can, in this limited spac mention but a very few, which will, howe er, indicate the scope and the practic utility of this matchless work: "Wh to Marry," "Domestic Friction," "T Family Check Book," "The Childre "Husbands and Wives as Partners Business," "Young People and Th Lovers," "Settling on a Professio "Famous Men in Their Home Live "The Wives of Great Men," "Backwa Children," "The Growing Girl," "How Start Your Sons in Business," and ma others equal in attractiveness.

The Christian Herald for 1897.

IN once more extending our annual greeting to our world-wide circle of friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cordially invites them to accompany it into fresh fields of literary and artistic enjoyment, and new avenues of Christian usefulness. As a band of brothers and sisters, they will be associated in a multitude of good works, will visit and explore new scenes in many lands, and will be brought into pleasant and profitable acquaintance with the grandest men and women of our day and generation.

MELIA E. BARR.

While all the standard features that have made THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a universal favorite will be retained, there are many new and delightful surprises in store for our readers during the coming year. Of course, **Dr. Talmage,** our Editor-in-Chief, will continue to consider, editorially, the leading events of the day, and his sermons, carefully revised by himself, will appear regularly as heretofore.

Pastor **Thomas Spurgeon,** who has succeeded his eminent father as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, and who preaches to the greatest audiences on the other side of the Atlantic, is now on our staff of regular contributors. Mr. Spurgeon has that wonderful pithy, humorous and cheerful good sense, and that marvelous power of condensing a sermon into an epigram, that made his much-lamented father's sermons such delightful reading.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON

Amelia E. Barr, America's greatest authoress, has written, exclusively for our columns, the most remarkable and fascinating Serial Story that has ever come from her gifted and prolific pen. It is entitled "The King's Highway," and is so charming and dramatic, that it cannot fail to afford exceptional pleasure to all our readers. Mrs. Barr will also contribute a series of unique articles, dealing with questions closely allied to our home and social lives.

Hon. Selah Merrill, for eight years United States Consul in Jerusalem, who has made life in Palestine the subject of closest observation and study, has engaged to write a series of articles on "The Modern Jew In His Ancestral Home." He will describe the street life of the Holy City, the amusements of its people, their festivals, their newly-founded colonies, and many other attractive and picturesque phases of their social life. The illustrations are absolutely unique, being from photographs taken by Dr. Merrill with his own camera. These wonderfully graphic articles afford a truer conception of Jewish home life than can be had from any other source.

GEN. JOHN EATON.

Margaret E. Sangster, widely and favorably known to all lovers of sweet poetry and helpful prose, and who charmingly combines the practical with the sympathetic, will conduct a series of "Home Talks With Mothers and Daughters," which will, undoubtedly, contribute to a happier, healthier and more beautiful home life wherever THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is read.

HON. SELAH MERRILL, LL.D.

Ira D. Sankey, whose name is a household word wherever good music is appreciated, and whose inspiring songs are sung in every land and in every tongue, will continue to supply each week some original or selected musical contribution specially adapted to the requirements of the Home Circle.

Another gratifying addition to our staff is the **Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage,** the gifted son of our beloved Editor, who has inherited, in no small measure, the genius of his illustrious father. A careful student, and a talented, pleasant and ready writer, his contributions will be read with a peculiar interest by the countless thousands who, for many years, have been accustomed to associate the family name with the highest type of pulpit eloquence.

Gen. John Eaton of Washington, D. C., contributes a series of articles on "Mormonism of the Present Day," that will be a revelation to our readers. Gen. Eaton, while U. S. Commissioner of Education in Utah for many years, had exceptional facilities for obtaining acurate information, and he lifts the mask from this sanctimonious iniquity, which is neither dead nor dying, and shows that its poison is permeating the social and political life of many States, that its propaganda is rich and powerful, and that its aim is treason and national debasement. These articles, splendidly illustrated, should be read by every one who values national purity, and the permanent well-being of our Republican institutions.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The whole world knows and loves **Fanny Crosby,** the blind hymn-writer, whose life has been one long, sweet song. This gifted Christian woman, now nearing the close of a beautiful life, but still hale and intellectually vigorous, will tell our readers how some of her famous hymns came to be written. Nearly every consecrated poem that has come from her lips and heart has an interesting history, and sometimes a romantic one, which will make delightful reading peculiarly acceptable to her numerous friends and admirers.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE.

Rev. Wm. E. Geil, the brilliant American author and Evangelist, traveler, just returned from the East, will write of his sojourn on the remarkable Island of Patmos, the Island of the Apocalypse; his interview at Jerusalem with the Seven Churches of Asia; his memorable interview at Jerusalem with Grand Rabbi Elyacher, the Head of Orthodox Judaism; his adventures among the Druses, now at war with the Turks, and many other notable incidents of his Travels. These letters, written specially for this journal, are superbly illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Geil's own camera, and representing many scenes never before published.

Dr. H. G. Yoseph, a talented native of the Orient, is now on her way, as a medical missionary, to that part of Asia which adjoins the Turkish, Russian and Persian borders, under the sacred shadow of Ararat, the mountain of the Deluge. There Dr. Yoseph will labor, under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, both as teacher and physician. In her ministrations she will doubtless aid many poor Armenian fugitives, who, by crossing the mountains, have escaped the fate of their massacred friends. Dr. Yoseph's letters, which she will write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be illustrated with photographs, and will be particularly interesting, as they will deal with a remote section of the world, little known to travelers or to Christian missionaries, and full of glorious Gospel opportunities.

DR. H. G. YOSEPH.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., the eminent and eloquent Methodist divine, will arouse the spirit of emulation by a series of wonderfully attractive anecdotal articles, on "Heroism of Character," in which interesting and instructive episodes in the lives of the distinguished and noble men and women of our own day will be related for the first time. Dr. Banks is a Master of anecdotal literature, and his contributions dealing with actual events in the experiences of living people, will charm and inspire all who read them. These "Living Stories" will find a warm welcome from all our readers, who cannot fail to feel the spell of this fascinating writer. His ardent sympathy with struggling humanity and his strenuous desire to help them has led him to study the lives of those who have achieved success in all walks of life and his mind is consequently stored with anecdotes, the brightest and best of which he will now recount for the delectation of our army of readers.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Besides those already mentioned, a host of other brilliant writers in all parts of the world will contribute to our pages. There is hardly a country on the round globe that has not added at least one personality to this phalanx of literary talent, thus giving infinite variety to every issue of the paper. Among the contributors are **Dr. Grace Kimball,** the Missionary Heroine of Van; **Hon. Sheldon Jackson,** the Alaska Missionary and Explorer; **Ex-U.S. Senator Henry W. Blair,** of New Hampshire; **Rev. C. H. Mead, Rev. Dr. R. S. McArthur, Rev. Dr. Hawthorne,** of Atlanta, Ga.; **Mrs. Baxter,** of London; **Heli Chatelain,** the African Liberator; **Rev. A. S. Gumbart,** of Boston, the writer of Delightful Sermons for the Young, and Missionary Correspondents in Central Africa, Arabia, Mesopotamia, China, India, Japan, Corea, Asia Minor, and the Islands of the Pacific.

REV. W. E. GEIL.

The **International Sunday School** Lessons, in which the topic of the week is interestingly discussed and beautifully illustrated; the **Mail-Bag,** through which all our readers may ask and receive advice and information on any topic; the **Bible and the Newspaper** (full of live illustrations for preachers and Sunday School Teachers), the **Family and Home Circle,** with its pleasant prattle and friendly counsel in behalf of the younger generation and the "old folks" as well; Advance Suggestions on the **Christian Endeavor Topic,** and the multitude of other features which in the past have endeared THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to its hundreds of thousands of readers will all be continued, including its magnificent front pages printed in many **bright and beautiful colors,** and a thousand and one superb artistic attractions besides those mentioned above.

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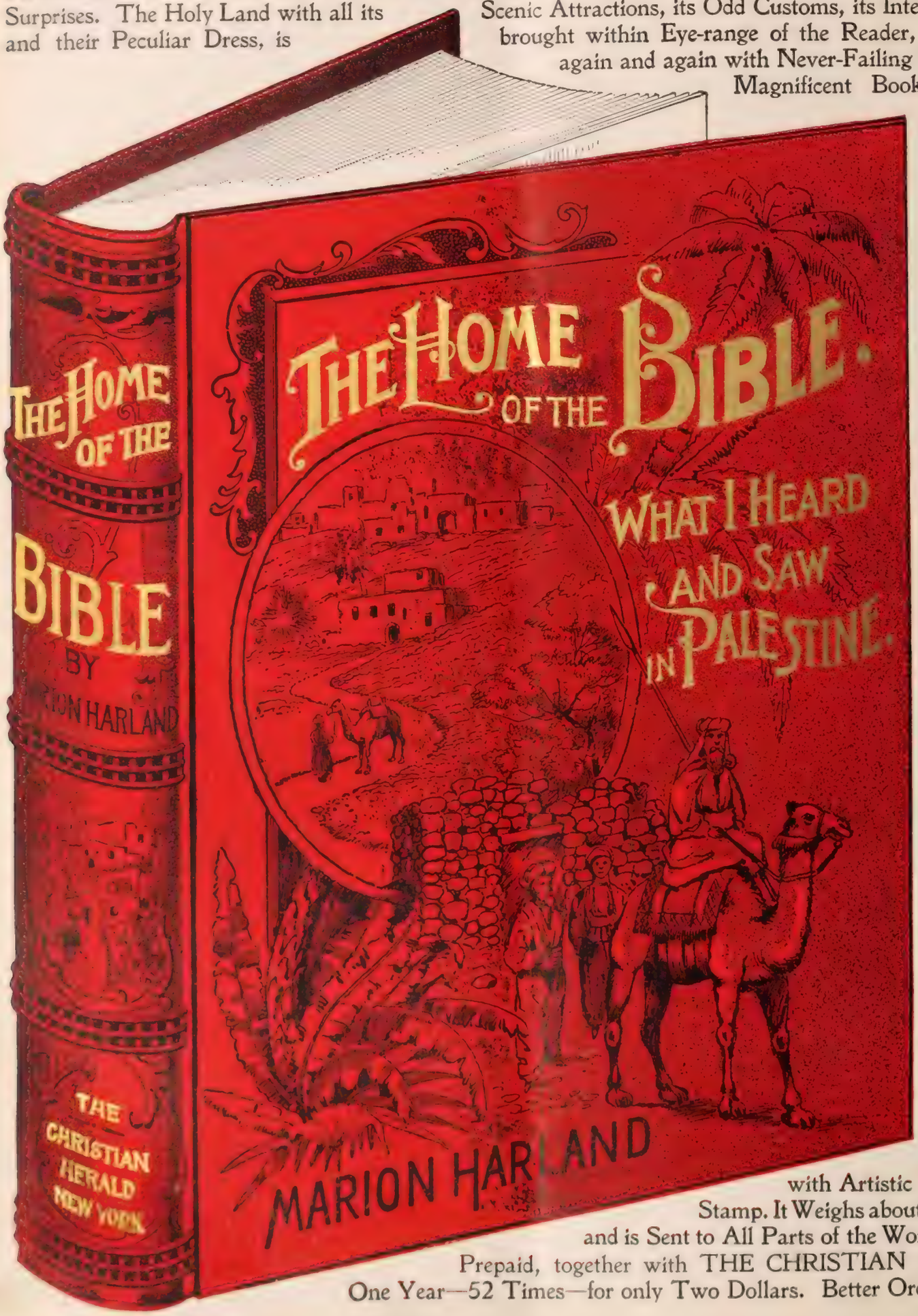

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Bread-making.
Brought upon Her Shoulder.
Camels Laden with Jaffa Oranges.
Camp at Sunset.
Cana of Galilee
Church of the Nativity.
Church of the Nativity, seen from below.
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Courtyard and Entrance, showing Tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon.
Convent seen from the Table Rock.
Coasts of Tyre and Sidon, between Jaffa and Beirut.
Company of Gypsies.
Courtyard of Jerusalem House.
Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.
Daughter and Daughter-in-law.
Dead Sea.
Dead Sea Fruit.
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In Silence as Sullen.
In the Field of Boaz.
In the Jewish Quarter.
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In the Threshing-floor
In which David Ruled over Judah.
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Jacob's Well, before the recent Excavations.
Ebal and Gerizim in the background.
Mrs. David Jamal's Industrial Class of Syrian Girls.
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Sand-dunes and Clumps of Scrub growth.
Scene in Beirut.
Sealed Fountain.
Street in Old Jaffa.
Shearing a Camel.
Sheik and Muleteers at Evening.
Shepherd and Wife.
Solitary Tomb.
Some of our Visitors at Mar-Saba.
Son of the Sheik.
So-called Stables of Solomon in Temple Area.
Stone of Elijah.
Study of Reuben. Gen. xxxvii 29-30.
Syrian Mother and Child.
Tabor Lifts a Gently Rounded Crest.
The Ancient Edifice.
The Camp.
The Entire Population of Capernaum.
The Green Hill far away.
"The Street that is called Straight."
Thither Bank of the Jordan.
(Alleged) Tomb of Christ in Church of Holy Sepulchre.
Tower of Antonia, Jerusalem.
Town of Nazareth as it appears to-day.
(So-called) Tomb of the Kings, without the Walls of Jerusalem.
Tomb of Rachel.
Tower of David.
Tower of Justinian, Mar-Saba.
Tree of Abraham, Hebron, Holy Land.
Tribal Poet.
View from my Window in Beirut.
Village of Abou-Goch on the Road from Jerusalem to Jaffa.
Wailing-Place and upper courses of Stones in Wall.
Wayside Beggars.
Well of the Three Kings.
We Pass Two More.
Woman waiting with Bowl of dough at City Oven.
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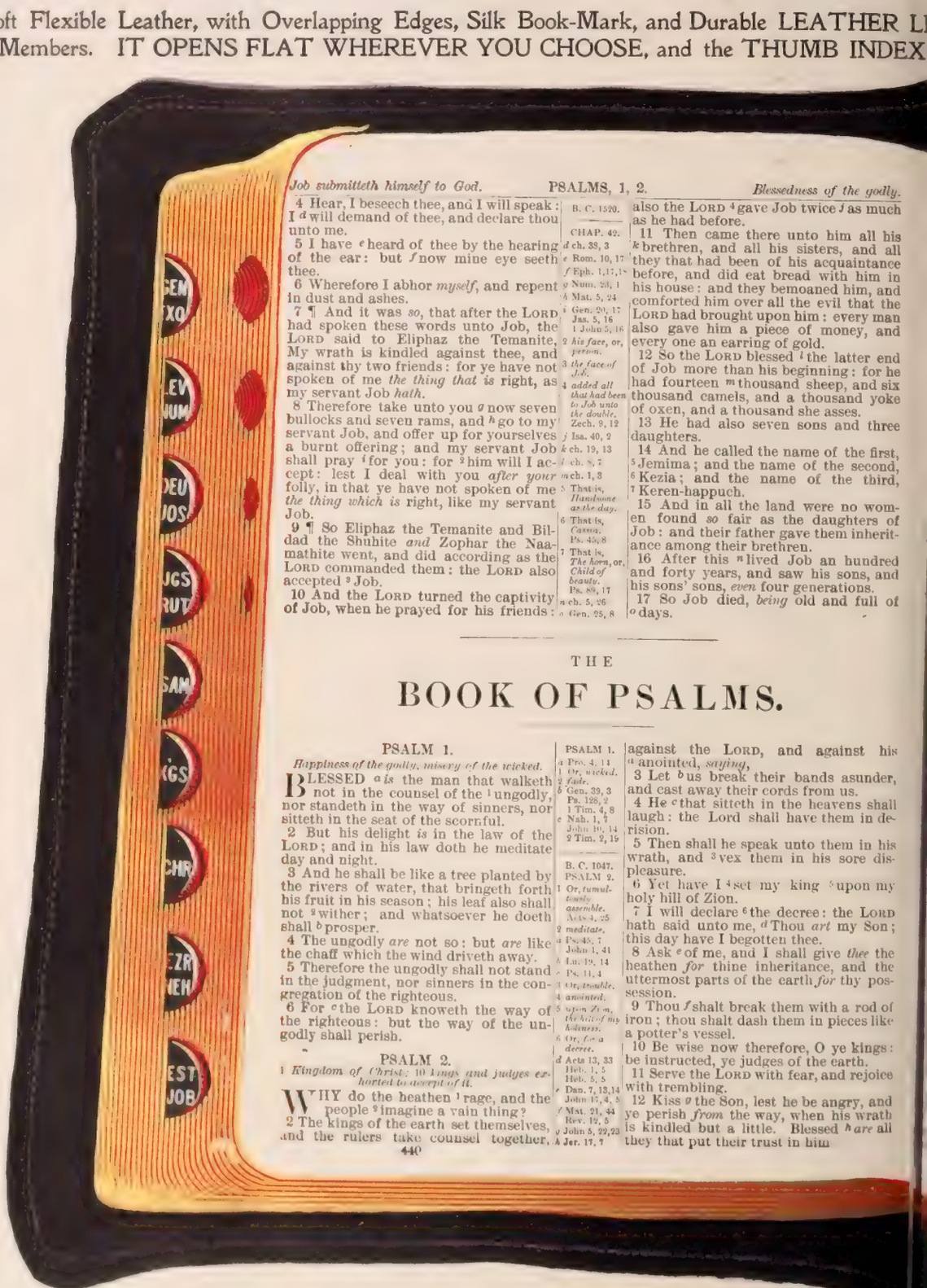

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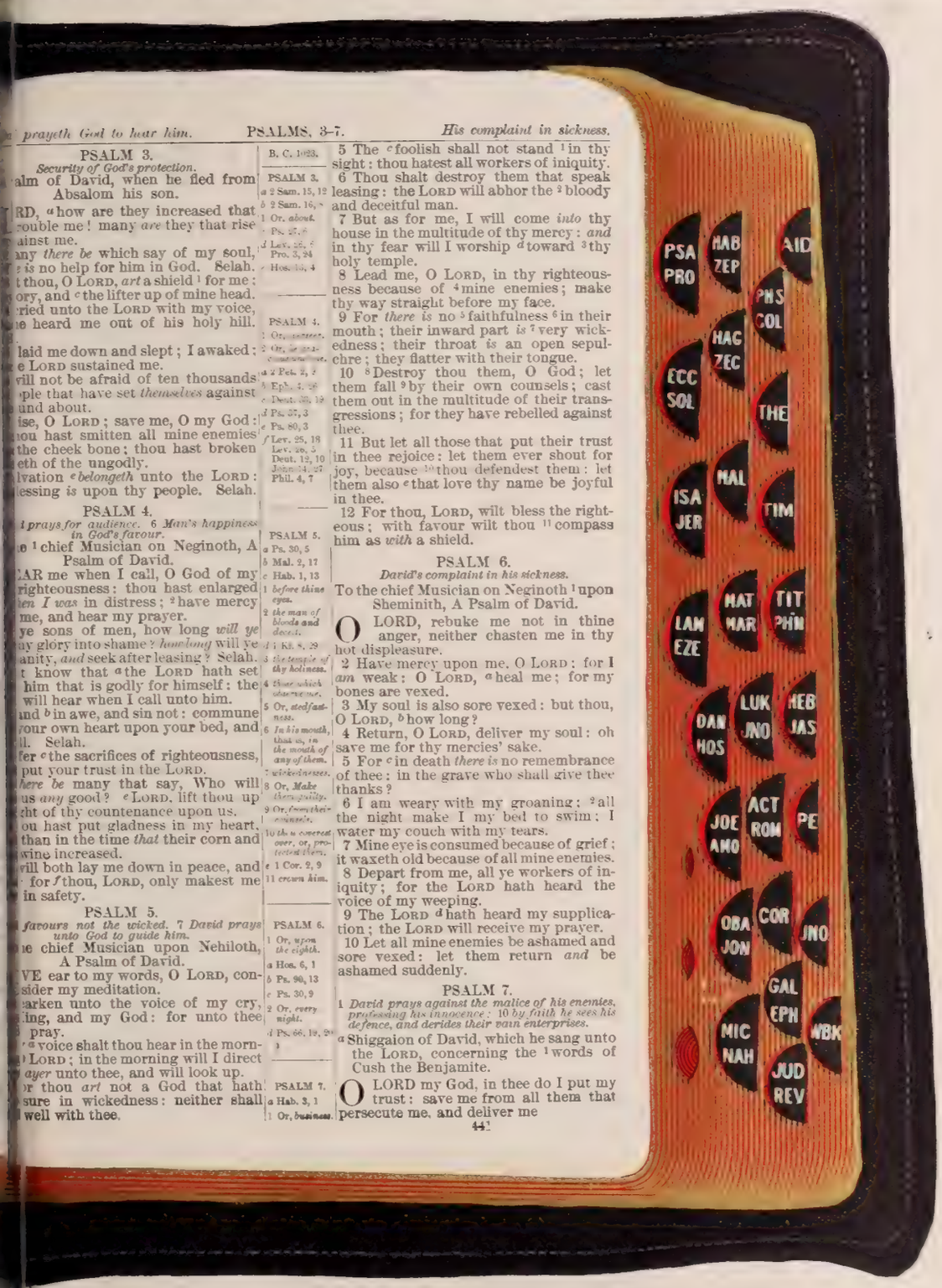

prayeth God to hear him. PSALMS, 3-7. His complaint in sickness.

PSALM 3.
Security of God's protection.
alm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.
RD, [a]how are they increased that rouble me! many *are* they that rise ainst me.
any *there be* which say of my soul, *is* no help for him in God. Selah.
t thou, O LORD, *art* a shield [1]for me; ory, and [c]the lifter up of mine head.
ried unto the LORD with my voice, e heard me out of his holy hill.
laid me down and slept; I awaked; e LORD sustained me.
will not be afraid of ten thousands ple that have set *themselves* against und about.
ise, O LORD; save me, O my God: ou hast smitten all mine enemies the cheek bone; thou hast broken eth of the ungodly.
lvation [c]*belongeth* unto the LORD: lessing *is* upon thy people. Selah.

PSALM 4.
1 prays for audience. 6 Man's happiness in God's favour.
o [1]chief Musician on Neginoth, A Psalm of David.
AR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged *hen I was* in distress; [2]have mercy me, and hear my prayer.
ye sons of men, how long *will ye* y glory into shame? *how long* will ye anity, *and* seek after leasing? Selah.
t know that [a]the LORD hath set him that is godly for himself: the will hear when I call unto him.
nd [b]in awe, and sin not: commune your own heart upon your bed, and ll. Selah.
fer [c]the sacrifices of righteousness, put your trust in the LORD.
here be many that say, Who will us *any* good? [c]LORD, lift thou up ht of thy countenance upon us.
ou hast put gladness in my heart, than in the time *that* their corn and wine increased.
will both lay me down in peace, and for [f]thou, LORD, only makest me in safety.

PSALM 5.
favours not the wicked. 7 David prays unto God to guide him.
e chief Musician upon Nehiloth, A Psalm of David.
VE ear to my words, O LORD, consider my meditation.
arken unto the voice of my cry, ing, and my God: for unto thee pray.
[a]voice shalt thou hear in the morn- LORD; in the morning will I direct *ayer* unto thee, and will look up.
r thou *art* not a God that hath sure in wickedness: neither shall well with thee.

B. C. 1023.

PSALM 3.
a 2 Sam. 15, 12
b 2 Sam. 16,
1 Or, *about.*
Ps. 27.
d Lev. 26,
Pro. 3, 24
Hos. 13, 4

PSALM 4.
1 Or, *overseer.*
2 Or, *be just.*
a 2 Pet. 2,
b Eph. 4,
Deut. 33,
d Ps. 37, 3
e Ps. 80, 3
f Lev. 25, 18
Lev. 26, 5
Deut. 12, 10
John 14, 27
Phil. 4, 7

PSALM 5.
a Ps. 30, 5
b Mal. 2, 17
c Hab. 1, 13
1 *before thine eyes.*
2 *the man of bloods and deceit.*
d 1 Kg. 8, 29
3 *the temple of thy holiness.*
4 *that which concerneth.*
5 Or, *stedfastness.*
6 *In his mouth,* that is, *in the mouth of any of them.*
7 *wickednesses.*
8 Or, *Make them guilty.*
9 Or, *from their counsels.*
10 *thou wilt cover over,* or, *protect them.*
e 1 Cor. 2, 9
11 *crown him.*

PSALM 6.
1 Or, *upon the eighth.*
a Hos. 6, 1
b Ps. 90, 13
c Ps. 30, 9
2 Or, *every night.*
d Ps. 66, 13,
3

PSALM 7.
a Hab. 3, 1
1 Or, *business.*

5 The [c]foolish shall not stand [1]in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor the [2]bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship [d]toward [3]thy holy temple.
8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4]mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.
9 For *there is* no [5]faithfulness [6]in their mouth; their inward part *is* [7]very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 [8]Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [9]by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [10]thou defendest them: let them also [e]that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11]compass him as *with* a shield.

PSALM 6.
David's complaint in his sickness.
To the chief Musician on Neginoth [1]upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David.
O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD: for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a]heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b]how long?
4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.
5 For [c]in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
6 I am weary with my groaning; [2]all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 The LORD [d]hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.
10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.
1 David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence: 10 by faith he sees his defence, and derides their vain enterprises.
[a]Shiggaion of David, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1]words of Cush the Benjamite.
O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me

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2. The Secret of a Happy Home.

By MARION HARLAND.

"The Secret of a Happy Home" is not yet generally in possession of the people. Many homes, in which all the conditions for happiness exist in generous measure, are yet unhappy, and the book which **Marion Harland** here sends forth into the world is calculated to transform many an abode of comparative misery into an Eden of felicity. Get this precious volume, and read it aloud in the family circle. It offers suggestions and hints which will help each member to contribute a proportionate share toward making home what it should be, a veritable haven of bliss.

3. Notable 19th Century Events.

By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, D.D.

The nineteenth century is the most remarkable of all that this old world has ever seen. Never [illegible] faster, never did [illegible] and inventories and inventions [illegible] of [illegible] events [illegible] during the past ninety-six years, but in **"Notable Events of the 19th Century," Dr. John Clark Ridpath,** whose name is a synonym for good authorship and erudition, has very cleverly selected and very ably handled those particular events in the political, military, naval, scientific, and religious world that have exerted the mightiest influences during the present century. A marvelous subject and a marvelous book.

4. How to Succeed.

By ORISON S. MARDEN, M.D.

Everybody in this world is eager to achieve success. Countless thousands who are plodding on day after day, making little or no progress, could turn their industry to mighty advantage did they but enjoy the benefit of proper and intelligent guidance. In his grandly inspiring book, **"How to Succeed," Dr. O. S. Marden,** the famous author of "Pushing to the Front," and "Architects of Fate," supplies just what is needed in that direction, and no one can read this excellent volume without deriving infinite advantage. We keep well within the limits of fact when we claim for this book that it is the best one of its kind ever published.

5. Holiday Stories for the Young.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Young people will read stories, and it is right that they should; but too much care cannot be exercised in making proper selection. A bad story has often blighted a life that might have been beautiful, and a good story has not infrequently given a tendency in the right direction that has told for time and eternity. In **"Holiday Stories for the Young," Margaret E. Sangster** has made a contribution to literature for young people which clearly demonstrates the fact that good stories can be made much more attractive than vile ones, and that purity does not necessarily go hand in hand with insipidity. This fascinating collection will speedily commend itself to our young friends, who will find in it a mine of delightful entertainment.

6. The Land we Live In.

By HENRY MANN.

"The Land We Live In." God bless it, and preserve it! No better land in all the world! How we love it! What a privilege to dwell in it! How interesting its history and the story of its growth and its marvelous development! Here is a volume that tells us all about it. It reads like a fairy-tale. Things we never knew, but which every American should know, are told in a manner so captivating that we read on until the eye tires and we are compelled to lay it aside for awhile, only to take it up again for another draught on its inexhaustible treasures. **Mr. Henry Mann,** who has contributed this grand volume to our Library, has, through it, done excellent service to his country.

7. Winter Evening Tales.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Amelia E. Barr's name is a household word wherever pure literature is treasured. Her volume of **"Winter Evening Tales"** is brimful of entrancement. From beginning to end, it captivates and charms. Mrs. Barr is an admirable writer of capital stories, and she is a master-hand at dressing them up in a simply irresistible and inimitable manner. The book-shelf this winter will afford few, if any, volumes that will be read with greater interest or more genuine satisfaction.

8. Recitations for the Social Circle

By JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

In **"Recitations for the Social Circle," James Clarence Harvey,** the well-known poet and author, has succeeded in presenting a collection of charming prose and poetry which agreeably combines all the elements of delightful entertainment. We here find hundreds of literary gems, humorous, pathetic, sober, witty, and patriotic; all pure, all elevating, with not a questionable word in the whole collection. Old and young will find amusement and entertainment in this handy little volume, which does infinite credit to its talented compiler.

9. The Fairy-Land of Science.

By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

We are very prone to go through the world with our eyes shut. Half the beauties are missed because we do not suspect their existence, and are too blind to see them. Read **"The Fairy-land of Science,"** and learn why we lost much that we might have enjoyed. Do not think it dry or tedious, for it reads like a romance, and once read, the eyes are opened and things now tame and uninteresting are suddenly and permanently invested with wonderful interest and attractiveness. One hour spent with this delightful volume will reveal a multitude of nearby wonders hitherto hidden from view.

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MANY of our friends will be delighted to learn that we are enabled to supply a limited number of the very excellent Library which we offered last year, and for which more than 25,000 belated orders were received after the original stock had been exhausted. The ten superior volumes which constituted Library No. 1 gave universal satisfaction, and the kind words of those who received them last year induced a

continuous and persistent demand. The present stock closes out Library No. 1, and when that is exhausted no more orders for our 1896 Library can be filled. Our readers, no doubt, understand that these ten books are entirely different from those offered on pages 910 and 911 of this issue. As it may be a difficult thing at this late date to recall the titles and authors of the books constituting our 1896 Library, we herewith submit the entire list for the last time, and we sincerely trust that this final call may be heeded by all intending purchasers in ample season to prevent disappointment:

1. **Around the Tea Table.** By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., LL.D.
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THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. LL.D.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Characteristics of the Jerusalem Jew — What Brought Him There — How He Keeps the Sabbath—Solemn Curse of an Undutiful Son—The Jewish Colonies.

IT is well known that some worthy topics plead in vain for public recognition; they do not arrest the attention of a busy world; but the Jewish question is of another kind, altogether, and interest in it is always vital and absorbing. It is at once very ancient and very modern; it pertains to all countries; it touches governments, literature, art, finance, and especially religion. No other member of the human family appeals to us as does the Jew. In Jerusalem, Berlin, London, and New York; in Africa, Central Asia, and Russia, he is named with feelings of disgust, he is made the butt of ridicule, he is gazed at as an inexplicable phenomenon, or he is almost worshipped by ardent admirers.

What a multitude of scholars and thinkers are devoting their earnest energies to a study of Jewish life in its manifold aspects! Our libraries are full of books showing the achievements of the Jewish race, trying to explain the mystery or the miracle of their continued existence, or endeavoring to persuade the whole world that before this people there is a golden future.

A POLISH JEWISH FAMILY.
(Going to Worship in Jerusalem.)

The phase of the Jewish question which it is proposed now to discuss is one of special interest confined to our own time and to a particular country, which is Palestine.

In several of its cities there are Jewish settlements, by far the largest of which is that at Jerusalem. Besides these there are in different parts of the country a few Jewish colonies—curious and interesting objects on the sacred landscape—of which we propose to speak at length in a subsequent article. These Jews are from more than a dozen different countries of Europe, from America, from Persia and Central Asia, from India, from Southern Arabia, and from Africa. They have not come like the armies of Joshua for the purpose of invasion and conquest. They are not a military people, they are not the wealthy of the earth, they are not learned nor strong. For the most part they are simple people, poorly clad, with very plain features, with no prepossessing physical characteristics, without education, wealth, or power. Indeed they seem like wanderers: they look as if they had suffered oppression and hardships of many kinds. Contrasted with Englishmen, Russians, Germans, or the French they seem to have little ambition and little life. Being from different countries they speak different languages. Their political ideas are those of the respective lands where they were born. Still they are without political power. They seem to have come from the obscure and humblest classes, a mass of humanity for which the great world has little use or place.

We may not be able to discern the real motives which have brought these thousands of Israel to the Holy Land, still no believer in Providence can say that they have come without aim or purpose. The hope that they would be benefitted in material things must be put down as one of the principal motives prompting these Jews to migrate to Palestine. Real friends of the Jews believe that on to this motive there may, in due time, be grafted a desire for betterment in spiritual things.

In studying the modern Jew in his ancestral home, it would not be fair to judge him by ancient standards. He represents no nation, is inspired by no living issues in the political, social, literary, or religious world.

Many dead centuries lie between him and his golden past. He is alone in the midst of ruins and graves. He is without power and his lot is a hard one, for to him are appointed, not wealth, position, honors, but hardships, struggles, ostracism, ignorance, and poverty. It may be possible that he has become hardened by ages of suffering so that this contrast does not affect him so keenly as it otherwise would. If this is true it is a mercy. Still it would be passing strange if a sense of his condition did not at times almost overwhelm him with depression and sadness.

CALVARY HILL—"THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD'S HOPE."

The modern Jew in his ancestral home maintains his reverence for the Sabbath. His dress and manner on that day indicate a marked change in the routine of his ordinary daily life. His store or shop is closed, and all work has ceased. There is a quiet about his home which is noticeable and imperative. The approach of the day is not unwelcome to him, nor is the day itself irksome. Friday afternoon is spent in preparation for it, so that labor is reduced to the smallest amount and confined strictly to what is absolutely necessary. The day is one of rest, literally "Sabbath" for man and beast. The members of his household indulge in some conversation, but there is almost no reading, for his house is practically destitute of books. Walking, riding, or visiting for pleasure is quite unknown. The morning synagogue service is attended regularly, but in starting, arriving, or on the way to or from the place of worship his conduct is quiet, unostentatious, and dignified.

SPANISH JEWS GOING TO SYNAGOGUE.

To attribute his manner of observing the Sabbath to an intense desire to honor God, and to obey his laws, would be to supply motives which it is certain, in many cases, do not exist; but whether prompted by a devout spirit, or whether it is largely due to education and habit, his veneration for the day is, to an observer, simply admirable. It is a public recognition of the fact that God has claims upon his creatures. What has been described will be thought, by some persons, too strict a method of observing the Sabbath, and they assert that the day should be a holiday and not regarded as holy time. Such a theory I cannot discuss, for I am picturing the modern Jew and his quiet, restful Sabbath in Jerusalem today. In the case of the New England fathers, something made them great and sturdy in their moral character, and there are people still living who are old-fashioned enough to assign as the reason their method of keeping the Sabbath, which certainly closely resembles the Jewish method. No one supposes, however, that observing the Sabbath according to strict, conscientious, perhaps austere rules, will alone produce the highest types of character.

The modern Jew in his ancestral home, maintains the style of family life for which, in all ages, his race has been peculiar. The father is the head of the household, and remains so till his death. The children are taught obedience, and, in general, there is no absence of filial consideration and deference. The wishes and pleasure of the parents are paramount to all other claims. The father instructs his children by conversation rather than by lessons, although it cannot be denied that sons receive by far a larger share of such paternal instruction than the daughters. Cases occur, it could hardly be otherwise, where the sons become wayward and bring reproach upon the family. In my official experience, I have known a father become so outraged at the conduct of his son as to pronounce upon him a curse and no amount of persuasion would induce him afterwards to withdraw his terrible words. We know from Bible history much about the ideal Jewish family life, and modern Jerusalem can furnish many examples which approach those delightful pictures of ancient times. Taking only those Jews who come within the limit of our present subject, it can be said that the fifth commandment is more fully carried out by them, both in its spirit and letter, than any of the others. No one conversant with all the facts would claim that this style of family life is perfect, still it is attractive from many points of view, and forms another hopeful factor in the problem of purifying and up-lifting this once honored race. This will be more fully developed in further letters.

SELAH MERRILL.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Dwellers in Old Granada.

The Present People of the Ancient Moorish Capital — Picturesque Suburbs.

IN the Spain of to-day there is comparatively little left of the pomp and splendor of that period during which the armies of old Castile by land and fleets by sea were among the strongest and most victorious of any of the great nations. Notwithstanding national pride, Spain is now very poor, and her people are feeling the burdens of a country which has exhausted much of its resources. Its working classes are agriculturists, laborers, miners, artisans, shepherds, and sailors, these constituting two-thirds of the population: merchants and tradesmen form about one-seventh, while another seventh includes officials, soldiers, nobility, and beggars. A very large proportion of the nobility is quite poor, including hidalgos; and, strange to say, beggars are nearly as numerous as hidalgos.

Our photographic illustrations on this page present two very interesting rural scenes in Granada, one of the oldest cities of Southern Spain. The city proper (that part of it which encloses the famed Alhambra) is surrounded by high and ruinous walls, whose strong towers are now in decay. One of the landmarks of the ancient capital is King Charles' Well (shown in the picture), and concerning it there is a somewhat romantic tradition, which the Spanish people relate to travelers. Here the Andalusian maids come with their old-fashioned earthenware pitchers to draw water and the horses drink at its trough in the heat of the day. These young Spanish peasant women, with their stuff gowns and loose white bodices, recall the women of Holland and the Netherlands, only they are far more slender than their fair-skinned and sunny-haired northern sisters. Another characteristic figure is the Granada milkman, who in that part of Alfonso's realm makes his rounds upon a mule with his milk-cans dangling in mat panniers at either side—certainly a substantial load for the poor beast to carry, if the cans are ever full.

Granada's streets are narrow, crooked, and uneven, and the houses, though substantial, are very gloomy and heavy in appearance. Some of the public squares are pleasant and quite spacious, and there are enough national attractions in the outskirts to make it well worth while for the artist or traveler to explore. There is a mediæval air about everything in Granada that brings back memories of Boabdil, of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the glories of the Alhambra [illegible] before it [illegible].

A MILK-SELLER IN OLD GRANADA.

KING CHARLES' WELL, GRANADA, SPAIN.

The Pretty Cottages of Holland.

Dutch architecture has a special charm [illegible] roads are cheery-red roofed, or surly thatched cottages with their slouched roofs pulled down over the eaves. In the doorways and yards the busy Dutch housewife [illegible] everything within reach, including the [illegible] they hang in rows on nails outside the door. Almost every little house has flowers in the window and in the garden, where that puts the high light in the coziest and most homelike picture in the world. Sleek black and white cows stand out in [illegible]

The men of Holland look odd in their caps and baggy trousers. The women wear kirtles, gathered into belts at the waist, with three-cornered ties at the neck, and caps. All wear wooden shoes. The young maidens are out in their Sunday clothes—colored and figured silk bodices of red, white sleeves, and the plain linen band over the forehead. One bride looks radiant in her yellow hair, banged to her eyebrows and curled above them, to give a strangeness never even conceived by a Dutch painter of the grotesque. Her cheeks are lilies and roses.

* * *

A Leaf Social.

One of the prettiest of home entertainments this fall—though yet but little known—is the Leaf Social. It is sometimes used as a means of raising money for a benevolent purpose. Leaves are cut from green cambric to resemble those of different forest trees and garden plants. One is given by the doorkeeper to each lady on entering the room, and its mate is put into a large box. When the company arrives the leaves in the box are shaken and sold to the gentlemen, who pay ten cents, each of whom draws a leaf from the box without being allowed to see it until he has it in his possession. This entitles him to refreshment (cake, coffee, lemonade, or ices) for himself and lady. He knows her by the leaf she wears pinned to her dress, which must resemble exactly that purchased by him, even to the color of the thread used in veining. Much amusement is found in the attempt to match the leaves, and the stiffness so noticeable at many sociables is entirely overcome. The table is decorated with leaves, and at each plate is a leaf cut from white paper, on which the one who sits at that place must write a rhyme or sentence containing the name of the leaf and sign his name to it. All who fail to write the rhyme are compelled to pay a small fine. A lady gathers up the leaves before the guests leave the table and reads the rhymes aloud without mentioning the names signed; then a vote is taken to decide upon the two best rhymes, and the authors of them each receive a beautiful house plant, or some such gift.

* * *

Maternal Love.

There is probably no stronger and more lasting passion in human nature than the love of a mother for her child. A striking illustration of the power of a mother's love was afforded recently. A woman was wheeling her child in a baby carriage when a fractious horse knocked the vehicle aside. The horse continued to plunge, but although she herself was much injured, the mother crawled on her hands and knees to her child to protect it. She had scarcely covered the infant with her [illegible] trampled on her. The brave mother had several ribs broken, and her right lung injured, while her face was cut and bruised. The child, which would certainly have been killed, escaped with only a shaking. Its life was undoubtedly saved though its mother's heroism inspired by love.

* * *

The Patter of Little Feet.

The old adage, that a girl is worth a thousand dollars and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger. We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe to their parents. Let some one write a disquisition on what parents owe to their children. What, though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet oil into the grave, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers they have strewn in our way?

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued — and "a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe!

* * *

What One Child Did.

This beautiful incident is vouched for by an old Sunday School superintendent. He had asked his pupils to bring, each of them, a new scholar to Sunday School. One went to his father and said: "Father, will you go to Sunday School with me?" "I can't read, my son," replied the father. "Our teacher will teach you," answered the boy, with feeling in his tones. "Well, I'll go," said the father. He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on, and that man had established 400 Sunday schools, into which 35,000 children were gathered. Thus we see what trying did. This boy's efforts were like a tiny rill, which soon swells into a brook, and at length becomes a river. His effort saved his father, who, being saved, led 35,000 children into Sunday School.

"WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?"

ONE asks, "Pray, where are the children?
The rosy-cheeked girls and boys,
With their simple ways and their old-time plays,
And their jubilant laughter and noise.

And Echo says, Where are the children?
The girls so gentle and shy,
The boys so manly and fearless;
Will nobody make reply?

O, the dear old-fashioned children,
Who made the dim woods ring,
Who trampled the daisied meadows,
Or soared in the breathless swing—

Who sauntered along at school-time,
Lovers in childhood's guise,—
The boy with his brown cheeks blushing,
The girl with her downcast eyes.

He carried her books and basket,
He helped her over the stream;
Often in years of manhood,
Did he think of that first, sweet dream.

Now there is plenty of mincing,
And frolic in small degree;
But the charming old-time children,
Alas! Shall we ever see?

—E. V. S.

* * *

Two Homes.

HERE are a man and wife; they agree in nothing, but they agree they will have a home, writes Rev. Dr. Talmage. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains are hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests when they come in bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the Queen, mount the throne. But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair.

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian love. And they knelt at the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said: "Happiness is with me!" And they sang songs of love, and walked on pavements of love, and lived together in mansions of love, and rejoiced forever in the truth that God is love.

Solomon's Life and Works.

ggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 13. I. Kings 3: 5-15.

IT is significant that of all the Bible characters, Solomon is the one about whose ultimate salvation there has been most discussion. That a man with everything in his favor, unlimited wealth, divinely-given wisdom, undisturbed peace, and autocratic power, should have so ed that to this day men doubt whether s soul was saved or not, is a lesson in itlf of no slight significance. The first d most conspicuous lesson from his life, erefore, is that the true good of life is t to be found in wealth, or power, or en in wisdom. With all these, a man ay make a miserable end. With all his lvantages Solomon was surpassed in his hievements by less favored men. Even s magnificence, in which he seemed to and incomparable, furnished our Lord th a derogatory comparison: Solomon all his glory was not arrayed so beautilly as the lily of the field. The ancient adition of his death is a most suggestive cture. The story goes that in his old e he went into the Temple, and robed and owned, stood between the pillars, leaning his staff, his long white hair and beard wing over his robe of Tyrian purple. here, as he faced the Holy of Holies, he ed. He remained standing, but the peoe saw that he was dead. None, hower, dare approach him, because of the eaded magic sign of the Pentacle, which s on his ring and on his staff. The iests went about their duties and the ople streamed to and fro, awed by that range spectacle of the dead old man aning on his staff. At last a little brown ouse ran out and gnawed at the leather the bottom of the staff. Flat on his ce in the dust fell the once mighty king, o had been the wonder and admiration his age, overturned by a mouse.

Solomon was a conspicuous example of defect in human nature of which all are ore or less conscious. Men need someing at God's hand beside knowledge. one knew what was right and what was rong better than Solomon. His proverbs ow that he had almost superhuman perption, yet he failed. The best creed d the most irreproachable orthodoxy e not sufficient to keep a man from sin. olomon craved knowledge and wisdom om God, and he received both, but he cked the moral force to govern his life cording to his belief. The man who d written so much against sinful love, pporting a shameful harem; the man o had offered that wonderful prayer, ilding altars to Moloch and Astarte, is spectacle full of warning to all who are sting in their knowledge or their wisdom their orthodoxy.

Solomon's career is an impressive warng against evil associations. There could no question that his marriage with araoh's daughter was a brilliant match om a worldly standpoint, yet it was the ginning of the wise king's decline. hat business had a Hebrew king with Egyptian wife? She led him astray to the fascinations of Egyptian polythen. When Christian people are anxious get into worldly society and are eager have their children make the acquaintce of ungodly, wealthy, and aristocratic ople, in order that they may rise in the cial scale, they are acting on the prinple that destroyed Solomon. There is advantage so desirable that it can comnsate a man for the risk of his soul.

The pitiful failure of the early hopes of olomon's character does not diminish. t rather increases the value of his writgs. None know so well the power of mptation, about which Solomon writes, he who has fallen before it. As one of s biographers says, "He who is bruised every limb is qualified to speak of the rength of his foe." He warns others by s own experience. He quaffed the cup pleasure and felt the disgust of satiety; exhausted all knowledge and found it weariness to the flesh; he amassed ches and knew not who would gather em. He sought a happiness that had bitterness in it, with all the facilities to s search that earth could give, and his olemn conviction at the close of his arch is that it is to be found only in fearg God and keeping his commandments.

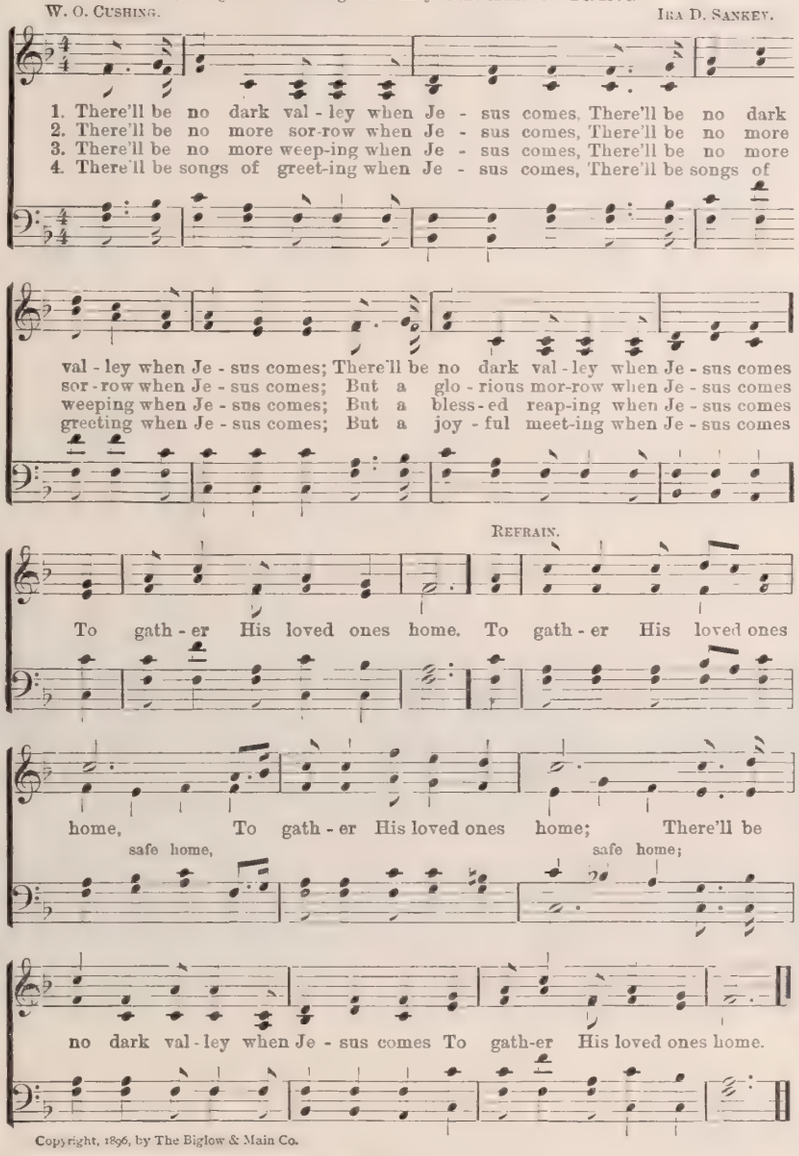
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

There'll be No Dark Valley.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow."—Ps. 23: 4.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.



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From the New Hymn Book SACRED SONGS No. 1. By per. The Biglow & Main Co., Publishers.

O, TO BE LIFTED.

O, TO be lifted, lifted,
Above this life of sin;
O, to be lifted, lifted,
Till the dear Christ takes me in;
Into the shining Heaven,
Up through the gates of gold,
Into the holy Presence,
With the martyr saints of old.

O, to be lifted, lifted,
Into the perfect rest,
O, to be lifted, lifted,
When the dear God thinks it best;
Out of the valley of sorrows,
Up to the mountains of calm;
O, to be lifted, lifted,
To the heavenly harp, and psalm.

O, to be lifted, lifted,
Beyond the stains of earth,
Into a glad, new being,
Into the heavenly birth.
Where all the faith and hoping
Will end in glorious sight;
O, to be lifted, lifted,
To the morning, out of the night.

Westfield, N.Y. —JEANETTE LA FLAMBOY.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID, "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of thee the boon I ask
Give me to do for thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard him whisper, "Wait."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won,—
And oh, the depth of my content!—
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet;
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

—HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with kind, paternal care,
Sustained my childish days;
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Will He Come Again?

Reasons for Expecting that Jesus will Come again to the World in Person to Reign and Restore all things to Pristine Purity.

BY PROF. J. B. INFREE.

ONE of the most remarkable facts about Christianity as it is preached in our churches is that the second coming of Christ is so seldom mentioned in the pulpit. The Christian may attend church regularly Sunday after Sunday and year after year without hearing a preacher give any intimation that he is expecting Christ to return to the world. The question is therefore worth an investigation whether there is any ground for expecting him. There are many reasons for such a hope, among which the following are weighty:

Christ promised to return. "I will come again and receive you unto myself," he said to his disciples. "So shall the coming of the Son of man be," were the words with which he concluded several of his parables. "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," was his warning to his followers as he foresaw a time like the present when the fact that he would come would be ignored. And, lest people of later times might think that it was some spiritual event, concerning only his contemporaries, he said: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." Throughout his ministry Jesus referred repeatedly to the time when he would come again and would have a very different reception from that accorded to him at his first coming. Any reader who will be at the trouble to read the Gospels and mark the passages in which Jesus referred to his coming again will be surprised to find how many there are. His words were not understood at the time, and to this day men ignore them, but it is very obvious that the expectation cheered the Lord in many a dark and gloomy hour.

Angels declared that he would come again. When the disciples stood on the hill over against Bethany and watched him ascend into the clouds, and wondered as they looked, two angels spoke to them. Their announcement was redundant and emphatic as if to preclude any possibility of doubt from the minds of the amazed men as to their meaning. "This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

The Apostles declared that he would come again. Peter, John, and Paul make the statement repeatedly, and in many forms, and with explicitness, which leaves no shadow of doubt that they fully and firmly believed that Jesus would return. Peter especially, foreseeing a time like the present, said that there would come in the last days scoffers, who would ask, "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," and cautions his readers against being thrown off their guard by a delay which would surely be temporary only.

The prophets predicted his return. Their descriptions of his glory and the extent of his dominion were not realized at his first coming. Their prophecies would be stultified if Christ did not return. It was as a King ruling the world in righteousness that they saw him when they wrote, and it was of him in that character that they had their ecstatic visions. Little do they say of his humiliation and suffering compared to their words about his exaltation.

What witnesses are these? Can there be any testimony equal to theirs? Can we doubt that he will come? Surely the belief in such a fact must have a momentous influence on the Christian's life. No expectation can compare with it. What a world this will be when the Being whom we love and worship reigns supreme over the whole earth, and all nations render allegiance to him. There will be an end of sorrow, and poverty, and injustice, and oppression, and war, and sin. Under his beneficent sway men will love each other, and even the lower creation will cease to destroy each other. Competition that now wears out the lives of men will cease, and every man seek his neighbor's good. It is for this we teach our children to pray in his words: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth." "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

R. S. Andrews, Dayton, O. By whom was the first [illegible]

By the children of Rechab. (See Jer. 35: 5-10.)

F. A. Tomlinson, Denver Colo. How do you reckon [illegible]

The natural day was from sunrise to sunset, the civil or official day from sunset to sun[illegible]. The first watch of the night was 6 to 9 P. M. Second, 9 to 12 P. M., third (cock crow), 9 to 3 A. M., fourth, 3 to 6 A. M. The third hour of the day was 9 A. M., the sixth, 12 M.

H. P. G., Cincinnati, O. Please give me the passages that are most direct against strong drink.

Isaiah 5: 11, 28: 8; Proverbs 20: 1; Matthew [illegible]; Romans 13: 13; 1. Cor. 5: 11 and 8: 13; Gal. 5: 21; 1. Thess. 5: 7; 1. Peter 4: 5; Eph. 5: 18; Prov. 23: 29, 35.

Theodore G., Bucyrus, O. I notice that you mention the presence of the mummy of the Pharaoh of the oppression in the museum of Bulak. Was he not drowned in the Red Sea?

The mummy in the museum is that of Rameses II., the great Pharaoh, who is believed by the great majority of Egyptologists to be the king for whom the Israelites built the treasure cities and who made them serve with rigor. He is styled the Pharaoh of the oppression. His death is recorded in Exod. 2: 23. If any Pharaoh perished in the Red Sea, it was probably the son, Menephthah, but it is more likely that he did not venture into the sea, but placed his army under the command of one of his generals when that passage was made, as he was an old man, and noted for his timidity. This opinion is confirmed by certain inscriptions still legible, which appear to have been made after the Exodus. His mummy, we believe, [illegible]

J. McCosker, Harrisburg, Pa. How did the Turks come to adopt the crescent as their national and re[illegible]

It has nothing to do with their religious creed. It was the ancient ensign of Byzantium, now Constantinople, and was found on the coins of that city hundreds of years B. C., and nearly one thousand years [illegible] dan power. When the Turks entered Constantinople, after its overthrow by Mohammed II., they found the badge of the crescent, and the Sultans adopted it as a good omen and as foreshadowing the increase of their power.

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. Do you think that children dying in infancy and unbaptized are lost, and if so, why?

We do not think they are lost in the sense of being consigned to perdition, if that is what you mean. Such treatment of them would be inconsistent with our ideas of divine character. There is one passage of Scripture that appears pertinent to the question. It occurs in Paul's argument as to the effects of and remedy for the Fall. He says (Rom. 5: 18), that as by "the offense of one, judgment came [illegible] demnation, so by the [illegible]e, the free gift came upon [illegible]n of life," *i. e.*, that whatever [illegible]iences resulted from the [illegible] by Christ's atonement, and [illegible] universal in its application [illegible] the infant, being incapable [illegible]h also incapable of faith), [illegible]

[illegible] Ky. Was there more than [illegible]

[illegible]ohe. The name was a title [illegible]tion, like King, Emperor, [illegible] common title of the kings [illegible]

[illegible] Y. If a lady and gentleman [illegible]

[illegible] to all concerned, and unsolemnized, irregular marriages usually result in leaving the wife at the mercy of one who should have begun the new relation by surrounding her with every honorable safeguard and protection. No such union as our correspondent describes can hope for the divine approval. Some courts have decided such marriages legal; others not.

Subscriber, Grand Rapids, Mich. What is meant in 1. Cor. 3: 13-15, by a man's work being destroyed while he is saved?

That a man who is a real believer in Christ may be saved, and yet miss the reward that is to be given for faithful service, if he has worked in a wrong spirit, or with wrong motives, or in an unscriptural manner.

J. R. B., Reading, Pa. If a Christian undertakes to give a tenth of his income to the Lord, can he legitimately reckon as part of the tenth, his pew-rent, the cost of religious books, expenses of going to religious meetings, etc.?

When the undertaking to give a tenth was settled by the Christian in question, he should have decided what he meant by giving it to the Lord. There is no law on the subject binding on Christians. A safe general principle which the individual conscience can apply to all such cases is that what is spent in personal gratification cannot be considered as given to the Lord. The motive has to be taken into account. If the man pays a certain sum as pew rent, he may do so to secure a comfortable or conspicuous pew, or he may do it to provide support for the pastor. The purchase of religious books, similarly, may be a matter of pride in their possession, or may be for equipment for religious work.

Martha S., Burlington, Ia. 1. Was Cairo the capital of Egypt in the days of Moses? 2. At what place did he lead his people through the Red Sea? 3. What is the width of the Sea at that [illegible]

1. No; the capital at that time was Thebes-Zoan, Tamas or San, as it is now called. It was thirty miles from Goshen, where the Israelites were located. The Israelites set out from the two "treasure cities," Pithom and Rameses. 2. They crossed at Migdol. 3. From shore to shore, estimated at about five miles. 4. The best Biblical scholars say that a body of troops could have passed in a few [illegible]

Abel C. Sherwood, New York City. I have a very [illegible] but who does not attend any church or Gospel [illegible] can be a Christian without attending or contributing to the good work of our Lord and [illegible]

[illegible] by such action (see Matt. 10: 32, Luke 12: 8). Except where the person lives remote from a place of worship, or is prevented by sickness or bodily disability from attending, there can be no justification for such neglect. We are distinctly told that we must not despise the means (Ezek. 22: 8; Heb. 10: 25). These are helps, not essentials, it is true; but in a great majority of cases they are helps of inestimable value to those who really desire to follow Christ.

F. Prankard, Chicago, Ill. How many Sunday School scholars are there in the United States?

The total enrollment in Protestant Sunday Schools last year was over 11,500,000, including teachers and adult scholars. There are nearly 3,000,000 Catholic pupils, making a grand total of over 14,000,000.

Subscriber, Lincoln, Neb. At what hour of the day did the crucifixion take place? There seems to be some divergence in the accounts of the Evangelists.

Mark says (15: 25) it was about the third hour, or, as we should say, nine o'clock. Again, the sixth hour is referred to by three of the Evangelists (Matt. 27: 45; Mark 15: 33; Luke 23: 44), when Jesus had apparently been three hours on the cross. In the next verses, in all three cases, the ninth hour is mentioned as the time of death, which would be three o'clock. The statement of John (19: 14) is believed to be due to a copyist's error, or to his using the Roman method of reckoning.

R. A. B. Curtis, Jr., Albany, N. Y. In Matthew 15: 19 the statement is made that out of the heart proceed evil thoughts; but physiologists say that we do not think with the heart, but with the brain. How can evil thoughts come from the heart?

The heart is spoken of as the seat of emotions, affections, etc. But no one in so speaking refers to the physical organ. Its position as the central organ of the physical system makes it a fit symbol for the higher forces of the spiritual nature. Thus we speak of a man as being kind-hearted, tender-hearted, hard-hearted, etc., referring to his disposition. The quickening or stopping of the heart-beats under strong emotion show how close is the connection between the soul and the heart.

Amos R. Crawford, Syracuse, N. Y. Who were the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel?

Their heads and progenitors were: Reuben, the first born; Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulon, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Asher, Naphtali, Joseph, and Benjamin. The tribe of Joseph was afterward subdivided into the two branches of Ephraim and Manasseh.

F. Williams, Kansas City, Mo. Cannot a person who loves Christ and is sincerely trying to live a righteous life be a good Christian without being baptized or being a member of a church?

No one who loves Christ would wish to try the experiment. He would wish to obey Christ's command to confess him before men. (See Matt. 10: 32, 33). The duty of a converted man to let it be known to the world that he is a Christian is imperative, and there is no way so appropriate as by baptism and church connection.

[illegible] Waterbury, Conn. 1. Is it possible that a man who cannot tell the time of his conversion has really been converted? 2. Is it a Christian's duty to confess and make a restitution for a sin committed in his boyhood?

1. Yes, there are many who having been [illegible] upon a Christian home and under [illegible] cannot tell the time of [illegible] conversion, yet are true Christians. The change in their case has been gradual and not so likely to impress the memory as that which occurs in the case of men who have led an openly wicked life and have been converte[illegible] 2. Lapse of time makes no difference. If re[illegible] titution can be made it should be don[illegible] Christ's observation respecting Zaccheus i[illegible] dicates his approval of that course. (Luke 19:

J. P., Buffalo, N. Y. Has any search been ma[illegible] for the Ark of the Covenant? When was it l[illegible] heard of? Is it likely that it will be found?

No reference is made to the ark after th[illegible] of II. Chron. 35:3, when Josiah ordered it to [illegible] restored to the Temple. It may have be[illegible] carried away by Nebuchadnezzar with t[illegible] other sacred articles when he plundered t[illegible] Temple. No reference being made to the a[illegible] by Ezra, Nehemiah, or Josephus subsequent[illegible] the captivity, it is believed that there was [illegible] ark in the second temple, and that the Holy [illegible] Holies was empty. The Jews, however, ha[illegible] a tradition that before Nebuchadnezzar pl[illegible] dered the Temple, the priests hid the ark, a[illegible] that its hiding-place will be revealed by t[illegible] Messiah at his coming. His knowledge of [illegible] will, they declare, be a proof to his claims. [illegible] specific search is being made for the ark, l[illegible] the Exploration Society would be little lik[illegible] to neglect a clue to its hiding-place if one cou[illegible] be furnished.

Mrs. Geo. B., Los Angeles, Cal. We have had discussion here regarding the true origin of t[illegible] American flag. Please give us the facts.

The American flag at Bunker Hill was [illegible] with the motto, "Come if you dare." Wa[illegible] ington's flag, known as the "Great Unio[illegible] bore the St. George and St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground in one corner, with a field [illegible] alternate red and white stripes. On June [illegible] 1777, Congress ordered that the flag of [illegible] thirteen States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, with a union of thirteen wh[illegible] stare in a blue field. The first flag was ma[illegible] by Miss Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, w[illegible] made the stars five-pointed instead of six-poi[illegible] ed as the Congress suggested. T[illegible] flag was adopted September 3, [illegible] the same year, as the national [illegible] sign, and was first used by Co[illegible] modore Paul Jones on his flagsh[illegible] the brig *Ranger*. Some conte[illegible] that it was first unfurled to [illegible] breeze at the battle of Saratoga.

V. Lawton, Leavenworth. How sho[illegible] Sunday be spent by those who p[illegible] fess to be Christian people?

They should observe the div[illegible] command to refrain from all lal[illegible] and secular things, and devote [illegible] day to the service of the Almigh[illegible] and to physical rest and recupe[illegible] tion. To spend the whole or e[illegible] part of the day in the reading [illegible] newspapers or secular literature[illegible] a violation of the spirit of the [illegible] junction. Attendance at the ho[illegible] of worship and a hearty com[illegible] ance with the religious ordinan[illegible] instituted by the Church, are am[illegible] the privileges that should never [illegible] neglected. These are among [illegible] "Means of Grace."

Miss M. A., Tarrytown, N. Y. Wh[illegible] and when was the first Ameri[illegible] camp meeting held?

In Kentucky, in 1700. T[illegible] preachers, John and William [illegible] gee, the former a Methodist, w[illegible] on a missionary tour in that St[illegible] in the Red River District. Th[illegible] services so crowded the church t[illegible] they had to be held out-of-door[illegible] the woods, and a great religious revival [illegible] lowed. They next held service in the wo[illegible] near Muddy river, and many families ca[illegible] from long distances in wagons and cam[illegible] there while the meetings lasted.

Alice F., Camden, N. J. How did the Apos[illegible] and Evangelists die?

As far as record and tradition show t[illegible] ended their lives as follows: Matthew, n[illegible] tyred by the sword in Ethiopia. Mark, s[illegible] by the foes of the Church in Alexandria, be[illegible] dragged through the street and abused so t[illegible] death ensued. Luke, martyred by hangin[illegible] Greece. Peter, crucified in Rome. James, [illegible] headed at Jerusalem. Philip, hanged. Phry[illegible] Bartholomew, flayed alive. Andrew, crucif[illegible] Thomas, slain with the sword in India. J[illegible] shot with arrows. Matthias, stoned and [illegible] headed. Barnabas, stoned to death by J[illegible] at Salonica. Paul, beheaded at Rome by N[illegible] According to the tradition, John was the o[illegible] one who escaped the martyr's fate. At [illegible] time he was put into a caldron of boiling wa[illegible] but he escaped with his life. Simon Zele[illegible] was crucified in Judea.

Emma B. I., Detroit, Mich. What proportion [illegible] the world has had the Gospel preached to i[illegible]

With the exception of the greater part [illegible] Thibet, parts of Central Asia, certain secti[illegible] of Central Africa, portions of Central So[illegible] America, and probably parts of North[illegible] Greenland and the Arctic regions beyond, [illegible] whole world has heard the Gospel messag[illegible]

Mrs. J. P. Brown, Davenport, Ia. What was [illegible] first prayer, and by whom was it made?

In all probability the first prayer utterec[illegible] human lips was coeval with the Fall, and [illegible] probably associated with the first offering [illegible] sacrifice. The earliest recorded instance [illegible] that mentioned in Gen. 4: 26, during the [illegible] time of the patriarch Enoch, "Then [illegible] began to call upon the name of the Lord."

SLAVES ON A SAN THOME, WEST AFRICAN, PLANTATION.

From a photograph procured for "The Christian Herald." These slaves have all been kidnapped in the interior and brought to the coast in chains. (See article on page 920).

The World's Worst Foe.

rong Drink the Bitterest Enemy of Christian Civilization—Senator Blair's Startling Arraignment of the Odious Traffic.

ND still the world staggers on under the drink curse, too drunken apparitly to comprehend what is the matter. The statistics of its damnation are so vast that like the mathematics of a stronomy they impress nobody. They tell us that it is more than twenty billions of miles to the nearest fixed star. Surely then the

HENRY W. BLAIR.

ars won't hurt us any as long as they ay there, and it is of no use to try to bicye over a route on which light has been avelling ten thousand years at the rate nearly two hundred thousand miles a cond and has not got here yet. Some ings are so big that they are of no conquence.

It has been proved scores of times that ur own country destroys $1,500,000,000—fteen hundred millions of dollars worth property in alcoholic beverages every ear, and a vastly greater productive ower in the poisoning of the physical stem, while the injury to mental and oral health, in fact the mental and moral eath, are incalculable, because nobody as yet been able to fix the cash value of soul.

But let us figure a little on the cash cost the poisonous beverages and other isons that artificial human appetite nsumes yearly. That cost is not easy compute, because the consumer is the an who applies the poisonous drug to s own person, and this is generally a reil process in which the cost is represnted by the purchase of the single rink or cigar.

The average wage of the Asiatic may irly be estimated at not more than oneghth that of the American. The great ass of the population of that immense ntinent live in China and India, four undred millions in the former, three hunred millions in the latter, and there are out one hundred millions besides. When we read of the wholesale devastaon which alcohol and opium are working India and China, no one will consider an exaggeration to say that the conmption of drugs to satisfy unnatural ppetite is not less than one-eighth that of ur own people, or more than five dollars r each inhabitant. That gives a total of ur thousand millions yearly. This would ake a total for Europe, Asia, and the nited States of fifteen thousand four undred millions cost of this form of estruction of property in a year.

Now, this is enough, and must satisfy e devil that he has us. Surely he will ot ask more of one poor accursed world. e is too tender-hearted for that. I have ever heard or read anything about him hich leads me to think that he is bad nough to require more than this of any f his subjects, either in or out of the ome country.

So let us throw in the consumption of frica, Oceanica, Canada, Mexico, Cenal and of all South America, with divers les of the sea, also the odd four hundred illions above named, leaving just fifteen housand millions of dollars. This is way below the real figures, but it is nough. Satan will be satisfied; so, too, pparently, are we. This is an average of n dollars apiece for each one of the fteen hundred millions of people in the orld, provided there are so many.

The total actual property, real and peronal, in the United States was $65,000,-00,000 in 1890, now little more, and ertainly not $75,000,000,000, six per cent. nterest upon which would be $4,500,000,000; Ve therefore destroy more than three mes that amount, or more than eighteen er cent. upon the value of all the propty in the country every year in compliance with the demands of unnatural ppetite. Great and permanent industries exist for the sole purpose of destroying the people. They do constantly destroy more than the war did annually while it lasted. It would be cheaper both in money and in life to suppress the rum traffic alone and substitute for it perpetual civil war on the same scale as that of the rebellion.

Education and religion combined do not cost one-third what is paid out in money to support the rum traffic. All taxation, both state and national, for schools and all other purposes, is far less than the $1,500,000,000 paid out for rum, and little more than one-third the grand total of $3,000,000,000, which we spend in this everlasting suicide.

I keep back the statistics of pauperism, idiocy, insanity, disease and crime, which are the direct result of the use of intoxicating drugs, because they are inconceivable in their dreadful immensity.

A year ago I delivered an address at Ocean Grove upon "The Future of the Temperance Reform." THE CHRISTIAN HERALD kindly published and circulated this address, which I gave to the cause, at cost. In that address I tried to map out a plan of action for man in his mortal conflict with alcohol and other poisons. I am glad to know that your labor has not been in vain and that the Christian Church, especially, is more and more arousing itself to the work of removing the chief obstacle in the pathway of mankind to a better state.

When Christianity becomes so interblended with the greatest evils on earth that they are the strongest where she is supreme, the human soul turns into an interrogation point.

There ought to be a Council of War.

Washington, D.C. HENRY W. BLAIR.

Prayers that were Answered.

Three Remarkable Instances Related by the Superintendent of the Bowery Mission.

I AM very much surprised at the great crowd of men who gather in the Bowery Mission every night. It is one of the sights of New York to see between three and four hundred men, singing the songs of Zion, and paying rapt attention to the Word of God. The testimonies of the converts are very instructive, and never a night passes without seeing some mother's boy coming home to Jesus, or some husband saved, to be soon afterward restored to wife and family.

J. H. WYBURN, Supt.

An incident occurred on the second night of my superintendency. A man, about sixty years of age, who had worked for a prominent publishing house for years, had become separated from his home and family because of his drinking habits. He came into the Mission, came forward when the invitation was given, and gave his heart to Jesus. In his testimony, he requested us to pray for his wife's forgiveness. In less than two weeks, to use his own words, he "ran right against his wife and daughter," and they, seeing the change, gladly gave him the kiss of forgiveness, and invited him to come home again.

One of the most remarkable things about the work in the Bowery Mission is the number of young men who come to the Mercy Seat seeking Jesus. Some of them are under twenty, and most of them are strangers in this great city, coming from all parts of the country. One bright-faced boy at Mrs. Bird's meeting one night cried bitterly when I spoke to him of his mother, who, he told me, was a good Christian woman, the Secretary of a Christian Alliance Society. He knew she was praying for him, and it made me happy when I heard him say, "I have given my heart to Jesus to-night." His mother's prayers were indeed answered.

Another remarkable answer to a mother's prayers occurred two weeks ago. A fine-looking man, about thirty years old, who had made a record for himself as a lawyer—a member of one of the best families in the land—came into the Mission at the close of the service. Mr. Mershon spoke to him, and he answered very quickly, saying he was going to buy poison and end his life that night. "Here is my card," he said. "Look in the papers to-morrow, and you will see I have kept my word." And he ran out, but came back an hour later, having been unsuccessful in his attempt to buy the poison. He promised he would not drink any more for twenty-four hours, and he kept his word. On the following night he gave his heart to the Saviour, and became "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. His sister, living in this city, received a letter from their mother that very day, saying she was almost discouraged and about to "give up praying for her lost boy." But God had heard the mother's cry, and delivered her son from the power of the evil one. The chorus of a song we sing here is singing in my heart now while I write this:

Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All his grace, so rich and free;
Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All his love and grace to me.

JOHN H. WYBURN,
New York City. *Supt. Bowery Mission.*

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An Agnostic's Daughter.

How an Invitation to Church from a Young Disciple Led to a Conversion.

AMONG the congregation at the Church of the Strangers in New York a few Sundays ago was a young lady apparently about eighteen years old, who paid close attention to the service. For some unknown cause which a preacher is often conscious of, but cannot explain, Dr. Asa Blackburn, the earnest young pastor of the church, felt that this one hearer among the hundreds before him, was waiting for some special message. On the following Sunday she was in the church again and listening with just as much avidity. Again Dr. Blackburn preached the plain, simple Gospel. He announced that he would be in his vestry on a certain day to meet any who might wish to converse with him about their souls!

One of the first visitors who came was the girl he had noticed in church. "Oh, sir," she said, "I do so want to be a Christian." Dr. Blackburn talked with her, and found that she had been reading the New Testament, and the Holy Spirit had applied the truth to her heart. But her father and brother were agnostics, and they were irritated by the girl's distress. They had done their utmost to oppose her. One day they found her on her knees and lifted her to her feet and assailed her with scorn and ridicule. They wanted her to go to the theatre, to go into society, anywhere to cheer her and "drive away superstitious ideas." But she would not yield. "I want to become a Christian, sir," she said, "and I want you to help me." No words sweeter than those ever fall on the true pastor's ear. Dr. Blackburn talked with her awhile, telling her how gladly Jesus received such seekers, and how pleased he was when souls for whom he died were anxious to have the eternal life he won for them. Then kneeling down with the seeker, he presented her case to the Lord and thanked him for the assurances he had given of receiving just such souls. Joy and peace were in her face when they rose. "Do you believe Christ is able to save you and keep you true to him?" the minister asked. "I do," said the girl solemnly. "Then he will," said the minister. When she was received into the church recently, she was one of the happiest of the converts and she said that her father and her brother had ceased to persecute her.

An interesting fact about her conversion came out in conversation with Dr. Blackburn subsequently. She said that her first visit to the church was due to the invitation of a poor girl whom she casually met. This chance acquaintance had herself only recently been converted, and her first timid effort to do something for Christ was to approach this young lady and tell her how happy she was and beg her to come to church. The invitation was accepted, with the result above narrated.

Armenia's Relief Work.

Up to the present time $51,000 has been contributed by [illegible] readers for Armenian relief. Seventeen distributing stations were opened in Armenia, viz.: At Van, Erzeroom, Erzinjian, Harpoot, Bitlis, Marsovan, Tocat, Aintab, Sivas, Arabkir, Oorfa, Malatia, Palu, Marash, Gurun, Hadjin, Cesarea, the missionaries of the American Board at these points acting as relief agents. A relief station was also established at Urumiah in Persia for aiding such refugees as had succeeded in escaping across the Kurd-infested mountains from Armenia. Not a dollar of the fund was lost in transit, thousands were saved from death by cold and hunger, and the enduring love and gratitude of the Armenian nation were won for Christian America. The sum of $1,000 per week is now being cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund to Armenia, through the American Board, for maintaining the relief work in the field. In addition $1,000 was cabled to Miss Frances E. Willard, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to Marseilles lately, to assist her in helping the swarm of refugees who had fled from the Turkish slayers and contrived to reach that port in safety. Much work remains to be done both in Armenia, this winter, where there is still great suffering, and among the exiles here, and all contributions for that purpose will be welcomed and duly acknowledged in these columns.

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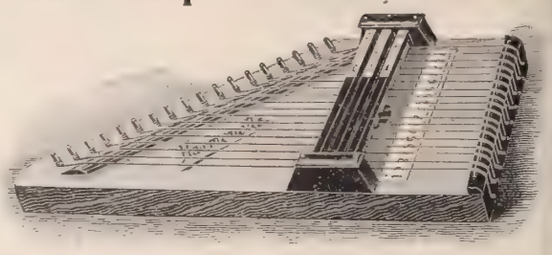

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A Young Pastor's Experiences.

By Rev. F. De Witt Talmage.

JUST three years ago, I entered the Gospel ministry. They have been three long years of sorrow and work; of struggle and joy. These three first years are the hardest a minister ever goes through; so, when the other day, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wrote to me, asking that I should relate some of my experiences as a young clergyman, I complied, believing I might be able to set forth some facts not generally known or understood regarding that most misrepresented profession in all the world—the Christian ministry.

REV. F. DE WITT TALMAGE

When I was fresh from the Theological Seminary, and had just been called to my church in Pittsburg, I remember distinctly the sensation I experienced when, as pastor, I presided over the first meeting of the United Boards of the Church. I was never so embarrassed in all my life. Among those officers there were a judge, a physician, and some of the leading merchants of the city; there were gray-haired men who felt more of Christ in the tip end of their little finger than I in my whole body. Yet, I commenced to preach, and week after week, what a mass of mistakes I made! And what a lot of mistakes every young man makes. Yet the more consecrated, and the nearer the members of my congregation had been living to Jesus Christ, the more gentle they were in their dealings with me.

A congregation, with all its separate individualities and its different ramifications, may be likened to a factory with its multitude of wheels, each apparently revolving independent of the others, but all joined by common bands and performing one common task. And as in a factory there are wheels within wheels, so in a church one is apt to find cliques within cliques. It takes all classes to make up a congregation; and some people who seem to be cold, and formal, and distant, would be found to be kind and warm-hearted Christian people, if the minister could only enter into their lives.

When I began to preach, in my first pastorate, there were a few officious folks who poured into my ears a small stream of gossip. "Now you will find," they murmured softly, "that we will all stand right by you, with the exception, possibly, of one or two men"; and then they wagged their heads knowingly and warned me against this person and that person. One man, they assured me, would not only not join the church himself but would even keep his own children out. This sort of solicitude is apt to lead a young preacher into a quagmire unless he is discreet as well as conscientious. To-day I can say that, without exception, those very men against whom I had been warned are among the dearest of my friends.

One of the first experiences a young pastor ordinarily has to encounter is the fixed and apparently ineradicable impression, which prevails largely in most congregations, that in order to be rich in "grace" the preacher must be poor in pocket. This kind of qualification is liable to operate as an effective barrier in other ways. When it is announced that some amiable Christian girl, of good family, is going to marry a minister or a missionary her well-to-do, fashionable relatives throw up their hands in horror and exclaim: "What! A minister; a poor minister? Going to be picked to death by criticism, and come up to old age with nothing but a lot of dried-up sermons and a wagon-load of half-starved babies? Oh, don't marry a minister!"

Although I have been brought up in a large city and surrounded by all that wealth and refinement could give, I have to-day no higher ambition for my two little daughters than, first, that they become good Christian women; and secondly, that perhaps in God's good providence they each may marry some godly, consecrated clergyman, even though they may have to live upon a very small salary and have hard work to make ends meet, way back in the country in some village parsonage.

Fortunately there has been a bright side to my chapter of experiences. Although the Gospel ministry may be widely misrepresented and depreciated, it is nevertheless true that there is a great, appreciative, warm-hearted, generous Christian public, who are kind to the minister. His youth and inexperience are not drawbacks in their eyes. With them, any earnest young man, who has been consecrated to the Lord's work, is deserving of cordial welcome and warm support. And he receives both in rich abundance. How different is his experience in this respect from that of many in secular professions. The young lawyer, just admitted to the Bar, must struggle long and arduously for patronage; the budding physician, with brand new diploma, finds it a difficult task to persuade men to become the subjects of his callow experiments. And so in other professions, whose disciples must plod along as best they can, waiting for recognition. But our young ministers are treated after a different fashion by our churches all over this land, and there is no lack of cordial welcome and recognition to him who comes before them with the living words of the Gospel bursting from his lips. The message from heart to heart, from soul to soul overleaps all the barriers imposed by conventional usage, and the young servant of the Master finds friends everywhere.

It has often occurred to me, in the course of these three years' experience in the pulpit, that the character of the congregation and their attitude toward the preacher must be decided very largely by the sort of pastor they have as their spiritual guide. Let me illustrate my idea: One day, as an old farmer sat in the front of his house, there drove up a traveler who said, "Stranger, I am going to settle in a new country, and as I journeyed along I heard that the town just over the hill was a fine place in which to live. What kind of people will my new next-door neighbors be?" "Well, friend," asked the old farmer, "what kind of neighbors did thee leave in the place from whence thee came?" "Oh," said the man, "they were the meanest, most contemptible, most thievish set; every robber of them was sticking his fingers in your pocket." "Well," said the old farmer, "friend, thee will find them so in the next place." The following day, along the same road, drove a fat, happy, cheerful, contented-looking man, and asked the old farmer the same question. "What kind of neighbors did I leave?" said the man. "Oh, they were the most sympathetic, the most charitable, the most kind. In the ten long years they never spoke to me even one cross word, but my daughter died, and, somehow, I couldn't live in the old home any longer, the place seemed so lonesome." "Well," said the old farmer, "friend, thee will find thy neighbors the same in the next town." Simply substitute pastor for traveler and church for town and the application is obvious. According as we treat the world, and employ our opportunities to advantage, so will the world appear to our eyes. With the faithful minister life seems always bright and congregations invariably kind, their aspect being the reflex of the joy in his own heart, that comes from helping others. Christian service alone brings true happiness.

In this review of my own brief experience in the Christian ministry, I would not only make mention of what Christ and Christians will do for us, but also the happiness which comes from our doing for others. One who leads a selfish life can never understand this, yet the law of spiritual development, as well as of every other development, is that the more we give out the more we take in. And the chief happiness of all, and that which yields returns that stretch out toward eternity, is in giving out in the largest measure, "without money and without price," the glorious Gospel for the salvation of the world.

Oh, young men, you who are going to follow Jesus as his under-shepherds, I congratulate you. You will never regret it.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit

The most marvelous scene ever witnessed in a church, when men and women almost lost themselves in hysterical excitement, and threw watches, rings and jewels on the platform and in the collection baskets. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher describes the great event in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal, while De Thulstrup shows the actual scene in a realistic picture.

One Dollar for One Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Wet Medicine *vs.* Dry Air.

Liquid remedies intended for use in the air passages should be avoided. The mucous membrane is too delicate for such treatment; besides, *air* is the only thing nature intended should enter the breathing organs. Did you ever get a drop of liquid in the windpipe? Nature instantly rebelled and threw it out. This proves that no liquids can enter the bronchial track, and that *vapors, sprays, douches* and *atomizers* are *positively dangerous.*

Common Colds *vs.* Hyomei.

In using Booth's Hyomei Pocket Inhaler you breathe air impregnated with the aromatic, healing principle of "Hyomei," and you break up a common cold *over night.* This is the famous Australian "Dry-Air" treatment of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. It **"CURES BY INHALATION."**

Port Ewen, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1896.
I find Hyomei a preventative of colds, to which I am exposed, and which are very stubborn. I have not had one since using Hyomei, which is an inexpressible relief, for they interfered sadly with my preaching.
(Rev.) B. C. LIPPINCOTT.

Will you please put Hyomei on sale in Los Angeles City? We cannot keep house without the remedy. A. J. COMPTON, M. D.

I cannot say enough in praise of Booth's Hyomei Pocket Inhaler. I never have a cold now and I always had one before I used it. I had lost my voice so that I could not sing at all; but now I sing as well as I ever did.
Miss M. C. LANFAI.

Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Home, Erie County, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1896.
Soon after I commenced to use the Inhaler and Hyomei, my voice regained its natural tone; soreness in my throat very soon disappeared, and my hearing was improved to a degree that with gladness I discarded ear drums, and was never so happy as when I could again hear the conversation of my friends without the aid of artificial appliances. L. E. STEWART, Sergt.-Major U. S. A.

Your Pocket Inhaler has shown itself a record breaker in breaking up and stopping colds this year. Rev. C. W. MACOART.

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause disease in the respiratory organs. The air, charged with **Hyomei,** is inhaled at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It is highly recommended by physcians, clergymen, public speakers, and thousands who have been helped and cured.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete by Mail, $1.00, to any part of the United States. For foreign countries, add $1.00 postage; outfit consists of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber, a bottle of **Hyomei,** a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** cures. Are you open to conviction? Extra bottles of Hyomei inhalant by mail, or at druggists, 50 cents. Hyomei Balm, for all skin diseases, by mail, 25 cents. Your druggist has Hyomei or can get it for you if you insist. Don't accept a substitute.

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XMAS DIALOGUES, Pieces to Speak and how to get up Fascinating Sunday School Entertainment—all 10c. J. & P. B. MYERS, St. John St., N. Y.

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To the Readers of Christian Herald:

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5 pounds fine Family Teas on receipt of $2.00 and this "ad"

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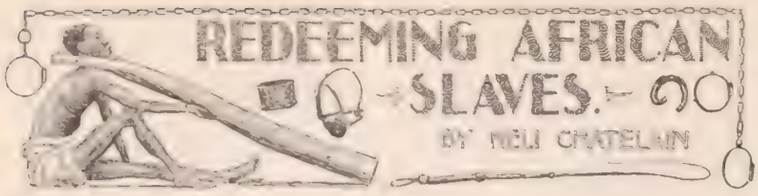

THIS new organization, the project of which was first presented to a limited public in the early part of the present year, is already a strong ground, and is fast taking rank among the most remarkable philanthropic and missionary agencies that this age of transition and improvement in methods has evolved.

Aiming at the final wiping out of slavery from its last and greatest strongholds in Darkest Africa, and proposing to gather the liberated victims of this most inhuman system into agricultural colonies where they shall be shielded from corrupting influences and educated into civilized communities of hard-working Christian farmers and citizens, this new departure cannot fail to enlist the sympathy of all those who believe in human rights and pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom over all the earth.

It is time that Christendom, as a whole, and Christian people, individually, should realize their responsibility in the terrible fact that among the 250,000,000 African wards of the great Christian powers there are still, according to the best authorities, some 50,000,000 slaves, and 500,000 lives are still annually sacrificed in this slave trade.

TIPPOO TIB AND HIS ARAB FRIEND.
Tib is the Owner of Ten Thousand Black Slaves.

When the writer, as the projector of the League, submitted his statement of facts and his plans of relief-work, as outlined in "The Open Sore of the World," to the criticisms of the prominent Americans best fitted to judge of their merits or demerits, not one found fault with the purposes, organization or plan of work. On the contrary, the presidents of scientific associations, colleges and seminaries, of religious and philanthropic organizations like the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the secretaries of leading missionary societies, [illegible] calling the attention of our people to the [illegible] healing; and in commending the pro[illegible] the constitution. It is not possible to mention here all the eminent philanthropists and Africanists to whose cordial co-operation as promoters, founders or directors, the League owes its existence. It will suffice to name: Hon. Chas. P. Daly, Paul Du Chaillu, C. C. Adams, of New York City; Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; Fred. R. Coudert, Wm. E. Dodge, Wm. Jay Schieffelin, Gen. A. L. Chetlain, Booker T. Washington, Miss Frances E. Willard, Bishop H. C. Potter, and the Rev. Drs. Josiah Strong, L. T. Chamberlain, Theo. L. Cuyler, David H. Greer, David J. Burrell, W. H. P. Faunce, Lyman Abbott, H. B. Frissell, W. P. Thirkield. Hon. Thos. L. James, former Postmaster-General and now President of the Lincoln Bank, New York, accepted the Treasurership, and Mr. Chatelain was appointed Secretary and Manager.

Soon after the organization, Mr. Chatelain sailed for Europe in order to represent the cause at the World's Conference of Evangelical Alliances in London; to ascertain how much aid the League may expect from the colonial powers in whose possessions it intends to labor, and to establish friendly relations with the kindred societies in the Old World. The heads of the African departments in the British, German and Congo State governments have assured Mr. Chatelain of their willingness to help the League by grants of land and in other ways. Portugal could not be visited, but a letter was sent to the government, and a favorable reply is expected.

As soon as this is received, the League may send Dr. E. E. Evans, a Christian physician, to the uplands of Bihe, in the Portuguese province of Angola, in order to learn the language and look out for a suitable site for the first colony. It is proposed to locate this somewhere near the headwaters of the Kassai, Kuango and Zambezi rivers, and to gradually extend the chain of free settlements across the continent. To fully equip one station will require a party of at least six persons, namely, a physician, a farmer, a mechanic, and a teacher; some of them married. It is hoped that by next spring, which is the favorable season for beginning work in that field, such a party will be able to go out under the leadership of Mr. Chatelain, who has twelve years of African experience behind him.

The address of the Philafrican Liberators' League is Room 511, United Charities Building, New York, where its officers will be pleased to hear from those who wish to become identified with the League, or who desire additional information. The Constitution and membership forms will be sent free to any address.

In this issue are two very interesting photographs recently taken. One gives the latest portrait of the famous slaver, Tippoo Tib and his lieutenant. Another (on page 916) shows a typical West African slave plantation. These speak more eloquently than words of the need of Africa's enfranchisement.

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just right
every time.

A Talking Machine for the Family at so low a price that it is brought within the purchasing power of everybody, is one of the latest achievements of scientific invention.

Berliner **Gram=o=phone**

Talks distinctly, sings every song with expression, plays the piano, cornet, banjo, and in fact every musical instrument with precision and pleasing effect. The plate called "The Morning on the Farm" gives a perfect reproduction of the lowing of cattle, crowing of the rooster, the call of the hawk, the neigh of the horses, the bleating of the sheep, and in fact every sound which is familiar to the farmyard. The records are endless in variety, including nearly every song you are acquainted with.

Accompanying illustration (above) shows the machine operated with hearing tubes for two people. Tubes for **two** people go with each machine. Extra hearing tubes, so that any number of people may hear, are furnished at 75 cents extra for each person. Two records are included with every machine. Extra records 60 cents each, $5.00 per dozen.

ALL FOR $10.00. The Outfit includes Talking Machine, Style 7 1-2, provided with revolving table covered with felt, fly-wheel so balanced as to turn evenly an arm which holds the sound-box, with reproducing diaphragm, rubber tubes as described above. Box of 100 needles. All nicely packed in a box and sent express prepaid to any point in the United States upon receipt of price.

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HUTCHINSON, KAN., Aug. 7, 1896.—*Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.* DEAR SIRS.—Your letter of recent date regarding souvenir spoons received. Have used my set a year and they are as good as new and very satisfactory. Will try and sell six sets for the berry dish. Respectfully yours, FANNY KANAGA.

ONLY 99¢ FOR ALL SIX FORMERLY SOLD FOR 9.00

These are the Original World's Fair Souvenir Teaspoons. The panic of 1893 and the failure of a syndicate of private dealers to dispose of them on the Fair Grounds threw them back on our hands and slowly but surely we are awakening the public to the fact that for artistic merit, matchless elegance and serviceable durability, as well as the Finest, Handsome and Famous World's Fair Souvenir full-size Teaspoons at 99 cents is the **GRANDEST BARGAIN OF THE TIMES.** You must see these spoons to appreciate them, you must personally handle and examine them to realize what a rare bargain they are. Send 99 cts. to-day for a set, if disappointed in no way will you regret it, for you will be delighted, and we will give back every cent you send us. Send 99 cts. by express or postoffice money order or registered letter (*personal checks not accepted*). Our references are First National Bank, Chicago, any Express Company or Bradstreet's Commercial Rating. If dissatisfied we refund your money if you are dissatisfied. Be sure to send for our 1896-97 Catalogue. Contains Seven Bargains mailed free. Address

Leonard Mfg. Co., Dept. H. H., 152-153 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

Out of a Spanish Prison.

THRILLING story of deliverance from death is told by Rev. Alberto Diaz, the devoted preacher, whose labors in his native Cuba have been the means of establishing Baptist churches in many parts of the island. It was not to be expected that in the general anarchy, so prominent a Protestant would escape the persecution of the Spanish authorities. Diaz, however, went quietly on with his work, giving no offense, but ministering to all who sought spiritual consolation at his hands. Many members of his churches were in the patriot army, fighting for the liberation of their country from the intolerable yoke of Spain. At last the blow fell. Gen. Weyler sent a troop to Diaz's house one night last summer and, arousing the minister from his sleep, carried him off to a dungeon in Morro Castle. For two weeks he was held close prisoner, and then he learned that he was to be summarily executed. There was no reason to hope for rescue. Diaz could see the preparations being made for his execution. The day before that set for the foul deed, the devoted preacher spent in prayer. He commended his soul to God and retired to rest, expecting that it would be his last night on earth. He was not distressed, and was soon sleeping peacefully. Shortly before midnight he was awakened by some one kissing his hand. It was a soldier, who loved his conversion to the preaching of Diaz, and was a member of his church. The strong man was weeping bitterly. He asked if he could do anything for his beloved pastor.

Diaz wrote a vigorous telegram to Secretary of State Olney, declaring his American citizenship and claiming the protection of the United States Government. "Get that telegram sent for me," he said, to the weeping soldier. The man succeeded in smuggling the paper on board an American ship. In some way Weyler heard of the telegram, and at once ordered an investigation. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the telegram had really been dispatched, he sent a telegram to Washington, "Diaz released," and that same day which was to have witnessed his cruel death, Diaz was set free and was on board an American steamer, with his family, on the way to the land of liberty. The God who sent his angel into the prison to deliver the Apostle Peter, must have sent that soldier to the Cuban dungeon, where his servant was confined awaiting execution, to save him from death.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that after three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, will make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD who are sufferers from Asthma and Hay-Fever. All they ask in return is that when cured themself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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Your drinking water should be—may be, if you use a **"Crystal Fountain"** Germ-proof **Filter.** The porous rock tube filter with a perfect automatic cleaner. Send for a book, free by mail, and learn all about it. Also Gravity Filters, in which we use the Crystal Fountain Rock Tube.

THE GEO. L. SQUIER MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y., U.S.A. Sectional view of Filter. Filter Dept. G

The Way You Feel depends upon whether you have had a cheering cup of **WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE** or not. It puts you at your best. Your grocer has it in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins. STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Phila.

Lamp-chimney sellers can't give you the shape for your lamp, without the Index. They have it; but some don't care. Let us send you one; free.

"Pearl top" and "pearl glass" are trade-mark names for tough glass and fine work.

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Send now for Advice and Terms before the field is secured by someone else.

Full information sent free; also outfit, samples, instructions and blanks. Work for the unemployed adjacent to their homes. **Do not delay.** Send us a postal card for particulars.

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Never mind if you have "tried everything" and failed. Never mind if you feel discouraged and hopeless. Never mind if your case has seemed incurable. **Try once more** and you will never regret it. We will tell you frankly if we can't help you.

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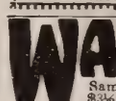

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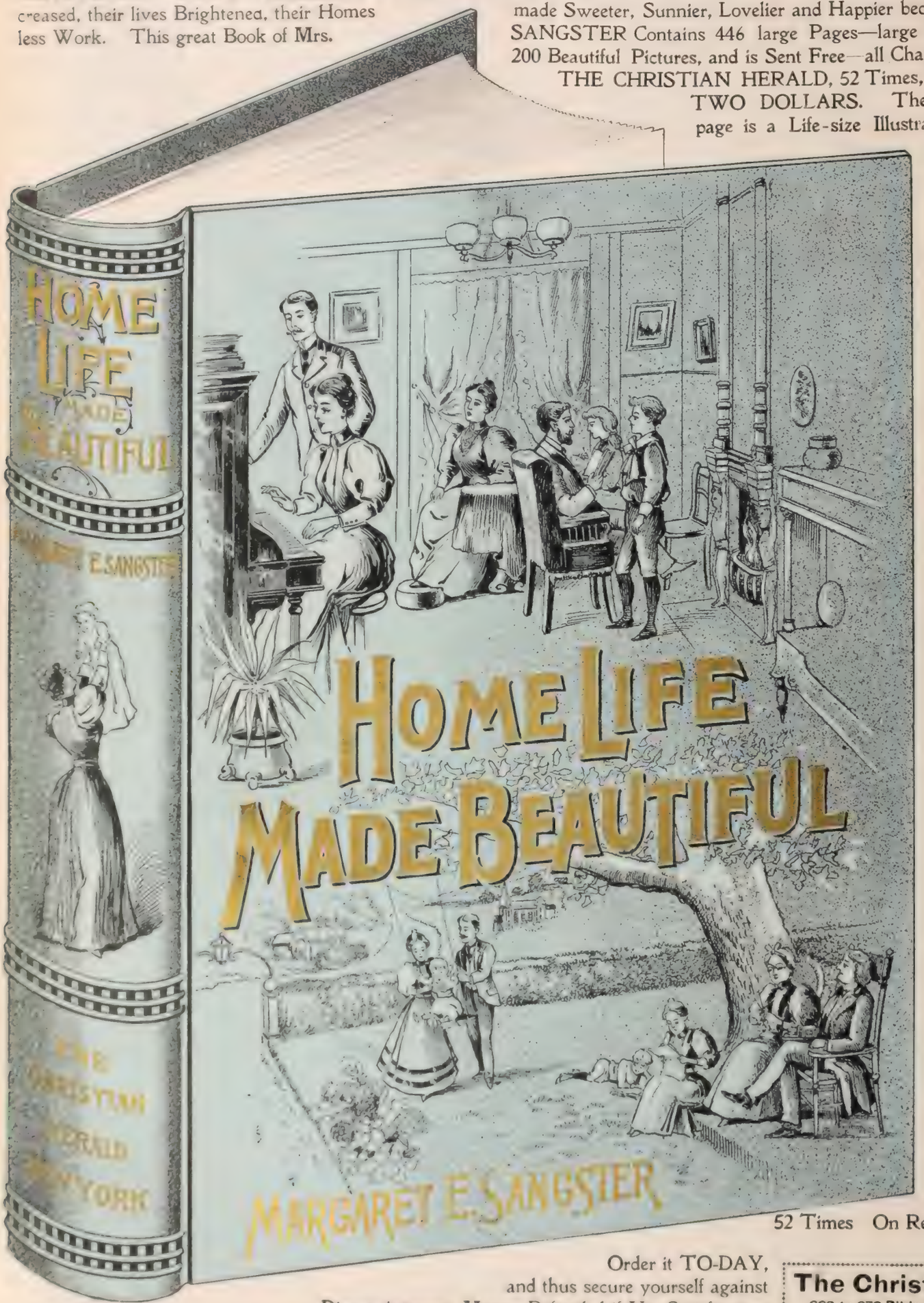

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.—NUMBER 50.

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1896. Price Five Cents.

THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER, IN JOPPA, PALESTINE. (See page 928.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Employments of Heaven.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. on the Text: Ezekiel 1: 1:

Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened.

EZEKIEL, with others, had been expatriated and, while in foreign slavery, was standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of heaven. Indeed, it is almost always so, that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain-top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some such vision now, and it be in the twelfth month, and in sixth day of the month?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

You have then only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly gross- [illegible] then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what [illegible] start for heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn [illegible] to church, but we would not want to stay [illegible] want to hear it all the time for fifty cen- [illegible] pounds, but it would be an affliction to [illegible] words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day or a Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends, who, on earth, found great joy in the fine arts, are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the Spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel, and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the grander studies and the brighter galleries are higher up, by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner and Holman Hunt, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Paul Veronese, if [illegible] whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are [illegible] Their strengthened faculty [illegible] Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirit has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and [illegible] something more limber, more wieldy, more skilful, more multipliant. Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the embroideries and the water-colors and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation."

I remark again, that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about hallelujahs and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratorios and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation" and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all heaven will be ready for the hallelujah. If heaven should ever get out of music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason and Bradbury would start up a hundred old magnificent chorals. What though the voice be gone in death, what though the ear be fallen, in dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or catch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul until the body after awhile comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear, then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years because the fingers that used to play on them are still. Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall: there he heard his oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there!" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony.

Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends, who in this world had very strong military spirit, are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christian, and, when they fight, they fight on the right side. Now, when these, our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered heaven, they entered the celestial army. The door of heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless. Angels of evil to be fought down and fought out. Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished. Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted. Beside that in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grogshops, so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side. I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God, open our eyes that we may see them; the military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb, and Gideon, and David, and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now having gone up on high are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles.

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and delight in mathematics. There was more poetry to them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics. So of our transferred and transported metaphysicians. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled *Erebus* pushing toward the North Pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded *Jeannette* from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more, amid African malarias, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them — geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden jars, or voltaic piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities — whole millenniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world. History of all worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury, and Saturn, and Orion, and the Pleiades — overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in

their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now: they have been out there to see for themselves.

What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out for ever. Since they died they have solved ten thousand questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the thin wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity: so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from one side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as older brothers will laugh at inexperienced brothers, as they see us with contracted brow experimenting and experimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries.

But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession — what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming-bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub, and seraph, and archangel, and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities, and infinity, and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. Those glorified souls coming down, not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning locomotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skilful doctors had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him—Abercrombie, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in where your next door neighbors are kings and queens? You yourselves kingly and queenly.

Oh! what a place to visit in! If eternity were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers, turned into paradise. Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round! What are our departed Christian friends doing in heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the Gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations. Most of those old ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven — as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the Gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in the uttermost parts of the earth. I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and undertaking.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. The tombstone not the terminus but the starting-post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts, just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre with its hemorrhage of head, and hand, and foot, and side; the Christ of the shattered mausoleum; Christ the Sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-man, the man-God. But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto him who washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God: to him be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

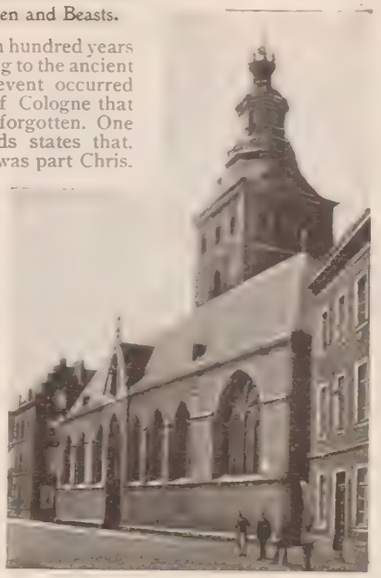
To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories that are yet to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

THE "TREASURE ROOM" OF URSULA'S CHURCH COLOGNE.

Cologne's Strange Legend

How the Story of the Slaughter of Ursula and her 11,000 Companions Arose—Walls Inlaid with Bones of Women and Beasts.

EARLY fifteen hundred years ago, according to the ancient legends, an event occurred in the city of Cologne that will never be forgotten. One of the legends states that, at that time, when Europe was part Christian, part pagan, the hand of Ursula, the daughter of Theonotus, a king of Britain, was asked in marriage by Holofernes, a heathen prince. The beautiful princess consented on condition that Holofernes become a Christian and allow her three years in which to make a pilgrimage before the marriage. This being agreed to, Ursula departed, accompanied by 11,000 maids. On returning they disembarked at Cologne, where they were attacked by the Hunnish legions of Attila, the heathen king. Attila's warriors put all to the sword. A variant of the same tradition declares that Maximus, a usurper in Gaul, had demanded of king Dionotus of Cornwall, the hand of his daughter, Ursula, for himself, and seventy thousand Cornish maidens as wives for his warriors, and that the fleet bearing the women was driven ashore, the survivors of the wreck being murdered by Picts and Huns. Still another version gives the number of the victims at eleven while a fourth states that only two women perished. Many authors have written concerning this venerable legend, and no two agree, save on one point, viz.: that whatever the extent of the calamity, the Huns were the culprits and Attila, the great chief who humbled Rome, was the principal aggressor.



ST. URSULA'S CHURCH, COLOGNE.

Although the legend, like many other similar stories of bygone ages, can in no sense be accepted as history, it has grown into a very substantial belief among the people of Cologne. St. Ursula's Church in that city is known as the "Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins." It is a very old edifice, and is said to have been built on the scene of the slaughter and in commemoration of that event. A somewhat ghastly reminder of the story is found in the choir and so-called "Treasure Chamber" of the church, parts of whose walls and ceilings are covered with bones. But faith in this demonstration is rudely shaken by the assertion, by a no less distinguished authority than Professor Owen, the famous naturalist, that many of the bones were not human remains but belonged to the lower animals.

A contributor sends us this latest version of the famous legend which, besides being the most interesting, is probably the version favored by the people of Cologne themselves. It was written after a visit to the church:

"Like sheep they huddled, a multitudinous flock covering that great, green field, reaching from Cologne's North Gate to the Rhine. Like wild beasts the barbarian Huns dashed in and beat them down, down. And night, dropping upon a crimson field, gathered up the souls of eleven thousand women and wrapped up their dead bodies in blackness.

"To-day I looked upon their dry bones. In the treasure chamber of the church which stands on the field of their martyrdom, a chamber walled around with cross-bones panelled in peculiar designs, where innumerable skulls grinned at me in ghastly rows, where skeleton limbs protruded from many an ancient and jeweled casket, I stood with bared head amid the grewsome relics.

"In the year 450 A. D., Ursula, of royal blood, a virgin and a Christian, was driven out of Britain by infidel Anglo-Saxons, who were stealing the country, murdering the men and distributing the women as slaves. With Ursula, thousands fled, mostly women; and straightway, because of her nobility of birth and her superior intelligence, because of her piety and virtue, Ursula was for all those refugees a model and by all acknowledged as their leader. And it came to pass that Ursula chose as her special companions all virgins whose fathers and brothers had perished in the Anglo-Saxon wars.

"To the continent fled the refugees, pushing on to the Rhine and finally reaching Cologne, then a Christian city enjoying peace . . . But not long was Ursula to enjoy peace. A fate more dreadful than that from which she had fled awaited her. This time the enemy was the pagan Huns. Down the Rhine they swooped, sacking towns, slaying the men and sparing the women for dishonor.

"Through the city swarmed the Huns And now were massacred the men of Cologne and the older women. And while the streets were brooks of blood, the younger women and maidens were carried to a field outside the North Gate, there to await distribution among the soldiers. All day and all night did the captive company increase till the dawn showed a huddling multitude covering all that great field reaching from Cologne's North Gate to the Rhine.

"Here were all the maidens from Britain, and all Cologne's maidens, and all the maidens from many a town on the Rhine, to the number of eleven thousand. They were there to submit to slavery and dishonor or die.

"In their midst was the royal Ursula, their leader, the personification of quiet resignation and constancy. The Huns surrounded the field and the apportionment of slaves began. But, inspired by the ardent encouragement and example of Ursula, her eleven thousand followers victoriously resisted the designs of the barbarians, despite savage threats. Then one by one were they slaughtered, struck down by arrows, clubs, and swords. And as nightly descended blackly, Ursula fell—fell, where the church of her name now stands, as her enduring monument."

GILSON WILLETS.

Such an event as that related in the Ursula legend, had it really happened, could hardly have failed to be recorded in history. It is supposed that the statement that eleven thousand perished arose through the error of some old-time translator, who confounded the name of *Undecimilla*, one of Ursula's attendants, with the number *undecem millia* (eleven thousand), and that the blunder so made has been perpetuated through many centuries.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Birth of Christ.

Sunday School Lesson for December 20. Matt. 2: 1-12. Golden Text, Luke 2: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Word was made flesh and [illegible] Tabernacle. No wonder heaven was moved; no wonder, when the single angel messenger had told his marvelous "Good tidings of great joy which should be to all people" in the ears of the watching shepherds, that "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased" (Luke 2: 13-14, R. V.).

The angels understood their God. The command had gone forth, as he brought the first begotten into the world. "And let all the angels of God worship him. The angels knew his origin, and from the opened heaven adored him whom man could see only as a feeble, helpless babe, in the arms of a humble mother, in the stable of Bethlehem. What contrasts marked his birth. While the Father called on all the angels to worship him, he said as he came into the world: "Lo I come to do thy will O God." (Heb. 10: 5, 7). He humbles himself, the Father glorifies him. The angels sang of good tidings of great joy, while Herod the king was troubled and all Jerusalem with him. Sages from a far country came to inquire where this "Desire of all nations" was born, while the very scribes of the Scriptures, which foretold his birth, were so indifferent that while they could indicate his whereabouts to others, they would not move one step in the same direction as the wise men to seek the new born Saviour! Did he know

The Miserable Welcome

which awaited him, and yet come? Did he know the utter degradation and ruin of our human nature, and yet take upon him the likeness of sinful flesh? He whom God has appointed Heir of all things, by whom he made the worlds, he who was the brightness of his glory and the express Image of his Person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, to be born into our human nature of a human [illegible] Who can compute the inconceivable greatness of such love? The view of the Lord upon his throne brought down the inspired Isaiah to the dust, but how much more shall the infinite Love of him whose word created, and whose word upholds all things, bring you and me to his feet, when he says to us, I am not ashamed to call you [illegible] In the incarnation of our holy Lord which we can only stand before with bowed, reverential hearts and unquestioning lips. How [illegible] It is so, for God hath said it. How could he who "fainteth not, neither is weary," yet in our human nature "being wearied with his journey," sit on the well? How could he, in whom was life, give up the ghost and die? Again we can only say, It is so, for it is written. But still more inexplicable is the question, How could he, the Holy One, who knew no sin, and in whose lips when on earth was found no guile, who so shrank from the approach of sin that for forty days and forty nights he [illegible] There is but one solution, and it defies all definition, for it "passeth knowledge."

And yet it is only the few who see anything in it beyond a certain doctrine which they are expected to assent to, a something quite outside of themselves except to give an occasion for the observance of Christmas day, and a theme for some of the appropriate hymns for that season! It is but a repetition in this day of the reception which Jesus met with when he first came into this world. Herod was reigning over Judea, when there came wise men from the east (their country is not named) to Jerusalem with the startling inquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." Unwelcome and unpopular question, and yet the wise men claimed to have a revelation. Students of the stars, they had read on the heavens the advent of him whom they sought, and no pretext of Herod's could construe their coming into a political object.

THE ANCIENT MARKET-PLACE IN BETHLEHEM. (From a Photograph.)

The shepherds had borne their testimony to Bethlehem, and the wise men, causing the convocations of chief priests and scribes, had been a testimony to Jerusalem, but neither Jerusalem nor Bethlehem sought after him who was God's greatest gift to man. If the wise men had not been sure of their communication from the upper world, they would have turned back with the conviction that since Jerusalem, the very centre of the worship of God, was so indifferent, they must themselves be deceived. But they had found confirmation in the written Word of God, and rested upon it, and so they went their way, and the star which shone no more upon them while they made their inquiries in Jerusalem, resumed its place as their guide, and "went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." Those who will be independent of earthly fellowship, will not be without divine guidance. The reappearance of the star [illegible] great joy." They could afford to be unpopular, misjudged, counted as fanatics, [illegible] unbroken. O, how we learn, more and more in this world, that our path, as we walk by faith, which makes God and [illegible] and more a solitary one; shut up to God. Solitude becomes ever a greater necessity that we may learn from him what is true and what is false in this world of sham and unreality. The sycophants of Herod's court would not have relished nor understood the worship of the wise men. The splendor, lavish display, and even the tyrannical power of Herod's court appealed to their senses; they could be somebody, could play a part in relation with this man of the world, but how utterly absurd would it have been in their eyes, to bow down in adoration before a helpless babe, and offer their rich gifts to him, when he lay simply in a manger, with everything to betoken poverty and simplicity around him!

The wise men saw with eyes opened by the Spirit of God. In the very poverty of the infant King they saw a glory and a dignity of self surrender to which the nature which he wore had been hitherto a stranger.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

ONE subject alone can appropriately occupy our attention at this season. Before the dawn of another Sunday, all Christendom will have celebrated the anniversary of our Lord's birth. Whether it really took place on the day on which we celebrate it, cannot now be proved, but the probabilities are in its favor. Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, who has made an exhaustive study of the chronology of our Lord's life, after a careful examination of all the data accessible, is inclined to accept it. He thinks that the only plausible ground for doubt—that of the improbability of shepherds being in the fields at night at that time of the year—is removed by the statements of Dr. Chaplin and others, who have kept records for a number of years of the temperature in Palestine in various months, and who say that, as a rule, December is a mild, dry month between the early and the latter rains, and that there is nothing improbable in the statement of shepherds being in the fields all night at that time. The celebration this year is notable, for if Christ was born in the year B. C. 5, as is generally believed, this is the nineteen hundredth anniversary of his birth. In the question of the year, as in the day of his birth, there is some uncertainty, but it cannot have been later than the year B. C. 5, as the king who ordered the slaughter of the infants died in April B. C. 4. Nor can it have occurred much earlier, as the census, which involved Mary's journey to Bethlehem, was ordered by Augustus in B. C. 8. The matter of years and days, however, is of infinitely less importance than the fact. The new era in chronology inaugurated by Christ's birth, is insignificant compared with the new era it inaugurated in religion and morals. Looking back over the past nineteen centuries, we can see how the forces which had their origin in Christ's life, have been permeating the world, growing in power and influence with each succeeding generation. We see how each generation, as it came to understand him better, has shown more kindness, more sympathy, more compassion, more helpfulness. The new commandment, "that ye love one another," which he added to the original ten, has been operating as a law and has manifested itself in charities, hospitals, and benevolences of all kinds. All that is noblest in human life to-day can be traced to him. Thus, when we celebrate his birth, we celebrate the most momentous event in the world's history. That he was God manifest in the flesh, it is easier to believe, than that he was only a humble Galilean Peasant. The story of his birth, as it is told in this Gospel of Matthew, is as simple as it is beautiful. It shows that even then in his squalid surroundings, he was hailed as a King. Wise men from the East, probably from Chaldea or Persia, came to tender their homage. Who they were and how many there were of them, we are not told, and the traditions in circulation about them are worthless. They must have been astrologers, as no others would have detected the presence of a new star, or a meteor, as the light probably was. Following the heavenly light they found the object of their search, and offered their gifts. Herod with his priests and scribes had more precise knowledge, but they had no desire to worship and though they sought him, they could not find him. So it has been ever since. When men seek him to offer reverence and worship they find him still, and are blessed.

When Jesus was born. This was the beginning of his earthly life. As we learn from the first chapter of the Gospel of John, he had been living long before he took human shape. An early missionary incident illustrates this fact: Deplorable accounts of the miseries of the slaves on the plantations of the West Indies reached the Moravians. Two of their number were deeply moved. The thought that men were living in awful misery, starved, beaten and overworked, with no hope of heaven to support and cheer them, distressed the hearts of these two Moravian Christians. They resolved to carry the Gospel to the people who were in so urgent need of it. They actually gave up their liberty and permitted themselves to be sold as slaves, in order that they might live among the slaves and tell them of Christ. The change in their lives from freedom and comfort to bondage and squalor, was such a change as Christ made when he left heaven to become a man.

We have seen his star. The early astronomers were astrologists and believed that remarkable or unusual appearances in the heavens portended some unusual events in the world. Our astronomers have calculated that about the time of Christ's birth the planets Jupiter and Saturn would be in conjunction. The spectacle would be a most brilliant one and would naturally excite the wonder of the astrologers. It occurs at intervals of about eight hundred years. In 1604 Kepler saw it. Five months later Kepler was astonished to see a new star of extraordinary splendor suddenly burst into view in the constellation of the Serpent. It shone with marvelous brilliance for about six months; then its white light turned to yellow: its lustre waned and at the end of two years it disappeared. By some it has been thought that this star at a former appearance may have been the one followed by the wise men; but the fact of its going before them and standing over Bethlehem negatives that theory. It must have been a meteor, miraculously produced and guided, but the Magi may have been led by the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn to follow the meteor.

When they saw the star they rejoiced. A preacher tells a significant dream that he had at the beginning of his Christian life. He thought he was in a deep pit, at the bottom of which was a quicksand in which he was sinking. Looking up, he saw a beautiful star. As he gazed on it he felt himself drawn toward it. As his feet were released from the quicksand he made an attempt to climb, but looking for foothold in the side of the pit, he sank back. Again he looked to the star and felt himself drawn upward. He tried to cling with his hands, but again he fell. The moment he took his gaze off the star he ceased to rise. He needed no repetition of the experience. The next time he felt himself rising, he kept his eyes fixed on the star, and was drawn quite out of the pit and set on firm ground. Those who keep their eyes fixed on Christ have the same experience.

AMONG THE "MOUNTAIN WHITES."

Record of a Journey Through the Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina Hills—"Roughing it" Among a Strange, Uncouth and only Half-civilized People.

BY E. P. BANCROFT, *N. Y. Secy. Am. S. S. Union.*

THE people known as the Mountain Whites inhabit the mountainous region of South-eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and the Western part of Virginia and North Carolina. They are nearly all natives of our own country. Some of them are the descendants of the early Scotch-Irish settlers in Virginia, and the Carolinas. They were gradually driven to these mountain fastnesses by the Slave Power which continually increased its acreage tilled by slave-labor, and practically forced these small settlers to leave their holdings in the valleys and ascend the mountains.

A CAROLINA OX TEAM WITH ROPE HARNESS.

They are to a considerable extent isolated from churches; at least those of a better class. There are "Hard Shell Baptist" churches scattered among them, but the ministry is for the most part poorly educated. Some of them cannot even read. They naturally do not encourage Bible-reading or Bible study. They do not approve of Sunday Schools. The mountaineers themselves unfortunately are also illiterate; but owing to a recent compulsory educational law in one or two of the States, the children now growing up will have better advantages.

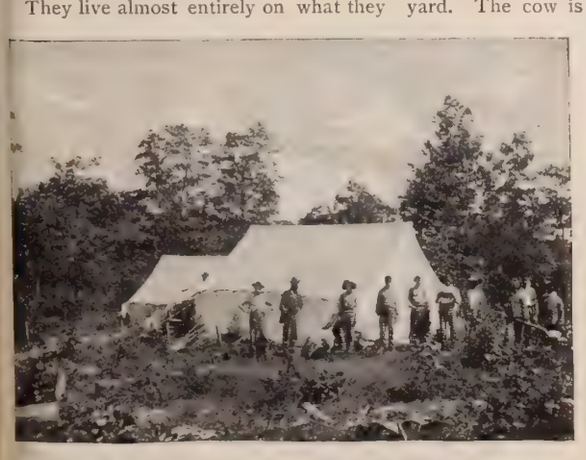
I have recently visited this section in company with three of the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union, who have been working among them, one for fifteen years, and the other two for thirty years. I found these mountaineers living chiefly in one-story cabins of two rooms, a kitchen and sleeping-room, in some cases destitute of windows, the only light being from the two doors, front and rear. Sometimes a small shed outside is used for cooking purposes. The floors are bare of carpets. The chimney is frequently made of flat pieces of wood, lath-shaped, and joined with plaster. It is usually run up out-side the cabin, like chimneys at the seashore. Owing to the inflammable material, they sometimes take fire. There are several beds in the one sleeping-room, according to the size of the family. They retire early, soon after 8 p.m., by the light of the single "tallow dip." They marry young, girls often at sixteen or sooner. Large families are the rule.

They live almost entirely on what they raise on the small farms, which are often on the sides of steep hills, hard to plough and cultivate. Those who live near the "creeks" and "forks" of the river go logging at the season when the streams are swollen. The timber previously hauled to the river bank is then fastened together in convenient shape and lengths to be handled, and is then poled down to the junction of the streams, or to some place where the railroad has reached out after it. The hardy mountaineer often stands all night long steering his flat craft, watching for the turns in the river, and keeping a sharp lookout for the rocks. On dark, rainy nights it is not an easy or pleasant task. I rode in the cars one day through a fine woodland country, where there were few inhabitants, to a place where there were several saw mills. Here the railroad abruptly terminated. It was evidently extended to this point to strike the lumber trade. The passenger traffic could not possibly pay the expenses.

In the dry season the creeks run low and the banks are used for roads. They are then easily forded, but prolonged rain will sometimes shut the traveler in for a time.

The roads among these people are hardly worthy of the name. They are scarcely more than bridle-paths. They are rough, full of stones, roots of trees, and rocks, and are often steep and winding. We broke one of our wagon tires going over these hills, even while walking to lighten the load. Ten hours were lost in this way, as they have only rude appliances for repairs. The natives seldom use wheeled vehicles of any kind. When they do, it is apt to be an ox team, with rough wagon and rope reins. They prefer riding the horse or mule, and carry produce in this way to the little country store for miles, in a large meal sack. Poultry is strung together and transported in the same manner. The entire family also rides, equestrian style, when going to the Sunday School at the little rude church perhaps miles away, or to the neighboring farm over the hill, sometimes two persons astride the same animal. They are fearless riders. The mule costs less than the horse, is tougher, more sure-footed, and does better at the plough on the steep hillsides, but he is occasionally a "kicker."

The gun, the dog, and "pigs in clover," are always in evidence around the door-yard. The cow is essential, but further away. The father or sons often "run" their own bullets, and it is well if they are used to bring down a squirrel "treed" by the dog, rather than shoot at a neighbor, the outcome of some recent feud or an old one awaiting settlement.



NORTH CAROLINA CONVICT ROAD-MAKERS.

On some farms they raise their own cotton and wool, spin the yarn and weave the cloth for domestic use. The spinning-wheel and the hand-loom are suggestive of early New England colonial life. This work is done in the winter months. Several times during my trip I saw women and girls on the way to the woods after the ginseng root not easily found, but valuable commercially.

There are farms where they dig their own coal, going only a little below the surface for their winter's supply. Wood is used for cooking purposes. They have very little money, depending chiefly on the farm for support. They make molasses from sorghum. Corn, grated or ground and freshly baked, furnishes the staple diet, with pork and sometimes chicken. The women impressed me as hard-working and faithful, with a marked tendency to wan, thin faces, and premature old age, the result of too early marrying and excessive toil in the household. They have little to relieve the monotony of routine life, hemmed in as they are from the great world outside. Inability to read, or very little at best, only shuts them in still more. The husband is called "my old man," regardless of age.

Three causes tend specially to their moral degradation: 1. Their isolation. They are far removed from such Gospel privileges as the church, with its educated and consecrated pastor, the Sunday School and weekly prayer-meeting, and the religious press; also the day school, except to a limited degree. They see but little of the secular press or current healthful literature, and at present it would be of use only here and there among those who can read.

2. Their comparative poverty, with their large, growing families huddled together in small quarters. This is not conducive to a life of good order and refinement. It is simply a "grubbing" for existence, without elevating and helpful influences. There are places where the mail comes only two or three times a week. In starting a Sunday School recently among them, we found that of the adults present only five men and one woman could read, in an attendance altogether of about sixty men, women and children. Several of the women sat in the room smoking during the service. They are a very hospitable people. They are glad to see anyone who aids them. They do not like to see curiosity visitors. They think they are misrepresented by them sometimes in the press.

THE RUDE CHURCH IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

3. The Whiskey Stills, both of the "Moonshine" and "Sunshine" order. I saw one of the latter by the roadside which had paid its revenue tax—a rude affair, but which doubtless accomplishes its nefarious purpose as well as the larger and more costly ones, in more civilized communities, where a greater intelligence furnishes less excuse for them. The Mountaineer, peaceful when sober, often becomes absolutely lawless under the influence of this poisonous drink. It is a great curse to the whole region.

We started a Sunday School on a certain Sabbath morning, and the same evening a man was shot in a fight within 200 feet of the place while under the influence of the product of the still. This shows that the Bible School was started *none too soon*, not only to reform the wayward, but also to teach the children and youth to avoid strong drink as ruinous both to body and soul.

The Gospel of Christ coming into these spiritually darkened homes never fails to illuminate and bless them. The Bible is the one book they need to guide them in present duty, give comfort in sorrow, and open to them the life hereafter. As a class of people they are very suggestive of the lost sheep, which is the theme of the famous hymn, "Ninety and Nine:"

"On the mountains, wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."

RIDING TO SERVICES.

The Sunday School missionary seeks them out in the name of Christ, "Although the road be rough and steep."

The American Sunday School Union from its start in Philadelphia 72 years ago to the present time has furnished every missionary it has sent out, not only with Bibles, but with lesson helps, good library books, Sunday School papers, etc. This literature is so well adapted to the mixed frontier settlements that the denominational missionaries not infrequently send to our men for a supply, finding that they cannot use their own to advantage. Such a request came while I was South. The missionary who received it said it had occurred several times. He sent the supply. When starting schools in these "Mountain Districts" as well as further South (and to some extent in the West) the spelling book is essential as part of the equipment. Our Society has always published this book. There are other books of a substantial character, some of them reference books essential to Bible study, which are given to schools under certain conditions, or furnished at nominal rates through special gifts from friends of the Union, which have materially reduced the cost of publication. The Union has had continued manifestations of Divine blessing during its long experience in Sunday School work. It has been generously sustained by the Christian public up to the late financial pressure, but funds are now needed to continue the missionaries in the field, not only all through the South, but in the great Northwest as well.

Wanderers Reclaimed.

Mr. D. Talmage Mershon, assistant superintendent at the Bowery Mission, relates the following interesting incidents of the work there: "I received a letter from a man whom I had helped and who had deserted his family at Princeton, N. J. He was bound for England. We kept him here in the mission till nearly two o'clock, and then got him to write home to his family, and confess his sin. Since that I have received a letter from him which I have before me, post-marked 'Princeton, N. J.,' and saying that he was at home and had been freely forgiven. Last night I was in our office till two o'clock with another man—an engineer—who came forward at our Gospel meeting two nights ago. Almost every night I am kept here till one or two o'clock, talking and trying to help the fallen. I might tell you of many, many instances where boys have been helped, and some, I feel confident, have been fully saved."

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY

BY GENERAL JOHN EATON

MORMON DOMINATION.

Polygamy and the Edmunds Law—False Pretences—Wholesale Interference in State Politics—A Cunning Plot Unmasked.

THE lack of information with regard to Mormonism is amazing. The men who founded it and who have passed

away, were born within this century. The story of their conflicts has largely passed out of the public mind. The records of the beginning and early progress of its doctrines are accessible only in a limited degree. Few of our intelligent people can give any correct outline of its history or doctrines. How many were shocked by my previous letter giving the number of Mormon communicants in different States! I might have added that the census reported Mormons in every State and Territory excepting Alaska, Delaware, District of Columbia, Louisiana, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Vermont; and we cannot say that these regions have not since been reached by their propaganda. True, the Edmunds Laws enforced by the United States courts produced great changes. Polygamy was punished and the separation of church and State enforced. The leaders that claimed to be infallible were shown to their deluded followers as violators of the law and full of conceits and errors. To keep up their dissimulation they issued a manifesto counseling obedience to the law of the land. Many to whom the tyranny of the situation had become oppressive rejoiced in the new-found freedom. A vigorous protesting press, the churches and schools of the missionaries declaring pure Gospel, the incoming of happy monogamous families, railroads, mining, and manifold business enterprises had all been doing effective work. Prosperity on all hands increased. The new order manifested its wisdom in revolutionizing public instruction. Congress was led by these favorable signs to authorize State-hood. Mormon voters divided between the two great political parties. The Mormon leaders declared they would not interfere with political action. A constitutional convention prepared a constitution with a clause prohibiting the union of church and State and another equally explicit forbidding plural marriages. The voters at the polls accepted it and elected State officers and [illegible] the Governor of the State of Utah in January last. The Legislature assembled, did its work and adjourned. It took no action carrying into effect the [illegible] State as far as it could all children born [illegible] anarchy and there were here and there in- [illegible] officers and members of the Mormon church. Before the election it was noised abroad that at a church meeting certain church officers had been rebuked for accepting nominations. So great was the effect of these rumors that the Democratic convention was called together, but the church leaders declared that they had not interfered with politics and the delegates returned to their homes without action. After the legislature adjourned Hon. E.B. Critchlow, a graduate of Princeton, an eminent lawyer, chairman of the Judiciary committee of the House of Representatives, charged in a short letter that a committee of the Mormon church had acted as advisers to the members of the Legislature on questions in which Mormons were especially interested, nothwithstanding the Governor is a Mormon and the majority of the Legislature are Mormons and some of them men of high standing in the church. This charge was indignantly denied. But Mr. Critchlow replied in an open letter of several columns, gave the names of the Mormons who acted as advisers of Legislators; designated certain of their acts and named witnesses by whom their acts could be proved; and no answer was made to him. The truth of his statements was too well known. The wily scheme was unmasked.

Early in the history of Christian missions in Utah, it was manifest that so complete was the perversion of the minds of adult Mormons that they must hope for fruits of labor chiefly among the young, and mission schools were widely established. Schools among the Mormons were in a deplorable condition. The mission schools, therefore, taught by well qualified teachers, familiar with the best methods, not only attracted pupils from families interested in the best training for the young, but compelled improvements in education among Mormons. Public instruction has been substantially revolutionized. It had been thought that ignorance among Mormons was necessary to the yielding of the implicit obedience required by their priests. But it has been discovered that education has a power to shape the mind and habits of the life to the notions of designing leaders. Indeed, young men have been so instructed and trained by the home and church in Utah, that they have finished their studies at West Point, Harvard, and Cornell, passed through all the conscious and unconscious influences of these institutions, and remained Mormons. So of those taught in the public schools, the power of the Mormon home and church, through their manifold associations [illegible] and other agreements, has been found sufficient to rear them in subservience to their leaders. A change, therefore, is manifest. Now, the church relies more upon educational processes, and less upon ignorance, to maintain its ascendancy. It must be remembered that in Utah, Mormons greatly outnumber all other religionists, and that Mormonism is not only quite respectable, but the leading fashion. Non-Mormons, impressed with the absurdities, follies and evils of Mormonism, have been slow to accept this view. It is one of the results in the history of thought difficult to receive, but Mormons have discovered it, and are acting upon it.

The Mormon Church has two general conferences each year, in April and October. At the late April conference a manifesto was issued indicating how difficult it is to throw off the old ideas of controlling political action, and indicating present policy. The manifesto declares:

"It shall always be observed in the church and by every leading official thereof that before accepting any position, political or otherwise, which would interfere with the proper and complete discharge of his ecclesiastical duties, and before accepting a nomination or entering into engagements to perform new duties, said official shall apply to proper authorities and learn from them whether he can, consistently with obligations already entered into with the church upon assuming his office take upon himself the added duties and labors and responsibilities of the new position. To maintain proper discipline and order in the church we deem this absolutely necessary."

As if mindful that the church should not interfere with political action, and further to delude, it adds, "This is not intended to interfere with personal rights or with the proper functions of the State;" thus with the strong clause in their State constitution against the union of church and State, inserted by their own votes they have found a way to continue their control of civil affairs. No church officer can run for a civil office without church approval. By interference too plain to need statement, every church officer accepting a nomination for a civil office must be understood as a church candidate and what can the obedient voters do but cast their ballots for them? Moreover, the church officer running for civil office without this approval is under the condemnation of the priest-hood and must be voted down by the faithful. Further, a Legislature of which a majority are Mormons cannot be trusted without a steering committee to guide it. Verily, as my further letters on this subject will show, those who opposed Statehood had substantial grounds for their fears.

JOHN EATON.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

MRS. EMMELINE WELLS.
(Editor, "Woman's Exponent.")

Simon's Home at Joppa.

The Historic House Where Peter Saw the Wonderful Vision.

OUTSIDE of Jerusalem itself, and its hallowed environs, there are few

THE FAMOUS "ENDOWMENT HOUSE."

places that have a greater claim upon the attention of those who love the Scriptures than the ancient seaport city of Joppa. Reached both by carriage road and railway from Jerusalem, Joppa after a long period of decline, now seems likely to regain some of its old-time commercial importance. There are necessarily many changes in the venerable town; for the coming of the railroad, the consequent influx of strangers, the opening of new hotels, and the development of new enterprises generally have resulted in the effacement of not a few of the old-time landmarks that had stood for many generations. Among those that yet remain, however, there is one of especial interest — the house which common tradition claims to have been the residence of "Simon the Tanner" of apostolic times, the hospitable entertainer of Peter the Apostle. Simon's house (which is shown in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue), is now an appanage of a neighboring mosque, and is in charge of Moslem care-takers. It is hardly probable that much of the original structure remains, and the present building is probably not more than five or six hundred years old at most; but the form of the domicile and its architectural peculiarities are declared to be identical with those of the house in which Peter lodged, when he was summoned from Lydda to Joppa by the news of the death of Dorcas. Within the gloomy court-yard of the house are several stone vats or cisterns, (such as were then used by tanners in Joppa) unquestionably of very great age, as the blackening and crumbling stone testifies. A worn stone stairway leads to the roof from which Peter, entranced, beheld the wondrous vision recorded in Acts 10: 11-16.

When the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was in Joppa, several years ago, he visited the house of Simon. From its roof one views the wide expanse of the Mediterranean, blue and smooth, toward the distant horizon, but white with foam and breakers as it dashes against the ruined jetty near the Jaffa landing. On either side, the quaint old town, the distant hills faintly outlined amid a bluish haze, the green-and-gold of the orange groves, gardens, and orchards, and the silver of the sunlit sea, make a beautiful and exhilarating panorama.

Simon's house, notwithstanding the fact that the tanner was a Christian convert, is held in great veneration by the Mohammedans. One room is set apart as a place for prayer, in memory, as the guide explains, of Jesus having once asked for a meal, whereupon the legend declares "a laden camel came from heaven." This peculiar story is regarded by most commentators as simply a Moslem version of the vision of Peter.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

THE LOOSE SCREW.

NO one is like Jessie," said Steve to his sister. "John has her pluck and fibre; and one feels that he is made of superfine blood and iron, and betters it with a noble spirit. But Jessie is fair, and John is dark. Jessie is small, and John is tall. Jessie is more piquant than beautiful; John is handsome as the morning and cheerful as light. I was once complaining of my fate. I said, 'I had been born under evil stars,' and John answered, 'No matter what stars we are born under, Steve, they all tell us to look up. For if we did not come into this world to better ourselves, we might as well have stayed where we were.' I tell you, Alice, those words went into my heart. I shall never complain of my stars again. John ought to be a preacher."

"What is he?" Alice asked.

"A student of law—a writer of essays—a newspaper scribbler—a man fighting the world with his pen, until his tongue is armed for the conflict. But when the law has furnished him with weapons, he will be a grand pleader. I would be willing to get into a net of circumstantial evidence, just to watch John pull it all to pieces."

"I think he must be the most interesting of this wonderful family. I should like to see John McAslin."

"I would not have you to run into such danger, Alice."

She laughed uneasily, being embarrassed by the boldness of her own desire. So she put an end to the conversation, by rising from the table. "Mother does not like you to smoke, Steve. She says smoking is the first vice, drinking the second. I did not say a word last night of your arrival," Alice continued, "for had she known you were in the house, it would have been impossible for her to have slept."

"Poor little mother! I wish she had a better son! Does she go out much now?"

"Less and less."

"I am sorry. I think she makes a mistake. One should not go through the world with closed eyes."

"But if angels lead you, what then? And mother finds it best to shut her eyes to so much."

"I know; I saw father in the park a few days ago. He was with a very gay party. I won't tell you who composed it. Money flies in such company; and father counts his money so carefully. It is a wonder to me!"

"And you are a wonder to him. And so it is—few of us understand those whom we ought most of all to know."

They were going hand in hand up the wide, polished stairway, and they spoke in very low tones. As Stephen drew near to his mother, a marked change came over him. The kindly bravado of his manner to Alice disappeared; and the white feather of personal shame was very evidently tinging his love and longing with a certain reluctance. He hesitated at the closed door; if Alice had not been at his side, he would have retreated. She watched him enter; then she turned backward, for she knew that these two souls needed no interpreter. Indeed, he was barely within the room, ere she heard the sweet, half-veiled tones of welcome—tones like a caress.

"Oh, Steve! Steve! Oh, my boy! My dear boy!"

CHAPTER II.

MATRIMONIAL PLANS.

What passed between the mother and son, remained secret. Steve came downstairs with humid eyes, and an air of gloom that was almost sullen. This air, however, was only the veil he assumed in order to hide his unusual mood; for his mother had a wonderful influence over him; though it was no more practical than her own piety. For Marian Lloyd was a mystic in the largest sense of the word. She dwelt with this Spirit of the Cloud; in a constant sense of a spiritual world, which surrounded and might at any moment claim her.

Really, her soul was naturally full of mystic flashes, native and sweet, and far beyond her own endeavor; and, therefore, as soon as she realized the falseness of earthly love, and the vanity of earthly desires, she had turned wholly to things in visible—to the Father of Spirits, with whom there is no variableness; to pleasures immortal, and beyond the touch of disappointment. And yet her intense realization of that great spiritual force—which any man or woman may lay hold of by faith, and make their own—came not by any intellectual process of theology; it was the power and fervor of the indwelling soul, burning within, and developing that sixth sense, by which we see "things invisible."

Still, a life is beautiful and fit, just in proportion as it fits its duties and environments. Marian Lloyd did not perceive that the finest materials for religious happiness and spiritual growth were at her fireside; among her family affections, and her home duties. She desired to obtain a condition "above the meanness of fear, and the selfishness of hope;" but she forgot that she was lawfully bound to those who might be powerfully influenced for good, by her fears and hopes; she forgot that the heart has two great powers—the power of prayer, and the power of loving; and that the more homely one, gives glory to the higher—makes for it wings; and teaches it those singing, shining, omnipotent words that reach the ear of the Ineffable One.

Something of this condition of affairs was divined by Steve; though he had far too large a reverence for his mother, to voice plainly his opinion. He went into the quiet garden, and paced up and down the graveled walks, and communed with his own heart in a way that was far from bringing him stillness, or peace. In fact, he was glad when he saw Alice coming towards him. Her white dress fell in soft folds to her feet; she had a white parasol over her uncovered head; and he said to himself—"she is straight, and white, and pure as a lily. No one but John is worthy of her."

"So you have had your talk with mother?" she inquired.

"Yes—a solemnly-sweet talk."

"She looks very frail. I wish she would go out more."

"If she would only go about the house more. If we could see her at table—if, indeed, she could only make up her mind to serve us, as well as pray for us. It might be better. I don't think mother understands the power of those indirect influences, that distil from a holy, loving life. They seem intangible, but they may be more than effort."

"I cannot bear to think of mother ruffling her calm soul with the frets of the house—father's tempers and unkindness—my little vanities and social annoyances—and the never-ceasing worry, and unreasonableness of the servants."

"I don't know about that, Alice. I remember reading of a man who received as a precious gift, a block of sandal wood. He was a fine carver, and he resolved to make out of it a lovely image of a saint. And he worked, and worked, until the block was all cut away: and his ideal as far from being realized as when he began. But one night a servant brought in a block of oak wood for the fire; and on this homely wood he began to try again; and as he did so, his dream grew in beauty, and his knife in skill; and he made from the common wood that grew at his door, an image lovely and wonderful; though he had cut the priceless, exotic sandal wood away in vain endeavor. The same is a parable, Alice, if you can read it. I am going away again in an hour or two."

"Will you not wait and see father?"

"For what good end? Father does not care to see me, unless I am ready to say, 'your will, sir, and not mine.' I am not ready to say that. I must have liberty."

"Is liberty, then, so great a good? Women have to do without it."

"Life and liberty are both gifts of God; liberty is the greatest of the two. The fetters of women are small, uneasy things; they chiefly affect the body; the fetters of business, arms, government, which bind men, rust into the soul. I am going to the sea for a few weeks."

"Are you still sick for the sea, then?"

"You can't tell how much so. Even here in the green peace of the trees, I hear the waves purring softly with little

"I AM GOING TO THE SEA," SAID STEVE.

treble sounds, against the sides of the ship. This turf seems firm to your little feet; but it is like the pulsing floor of the sea to me; and my heart leaps, and I could laugh outright, as I think of wave after wave, rolling in to me rapture."

"When will you go to sea?"

"Next Saturday."

"You may not get work by Saturday. Have you money? A desire like yours is a very sickness—I have some money left."

"I have a friend—a sailor. I can go to sea whenever I want to go."

"It is only Thursday. Where will you stay until Saturday?"

"With John McAslin."

"Then you will see Jessie, also?"

"Yes, I shall see her. Alice, I wish you could see her. She teaches music. Can't you take some lessons? You don't play as well as she does."

"Steve, why can't you learn to say pleasant, flattering things? I don't play as well as this Jessie McAslin. Is that the way to coax me? You dear old stupid, you?"

"Will you take some lessons, Alice?"

"I will think about it."

"Do. It will please me so much."

"Send me her professional card. I suppose she has one."

"Will you really, dear?"

"I will do any right, reasonable thing to please you, Steve. You know that."

She looked at him as she spoke, and to her he seemed very good and desirable. The rough, restless life he had led for nearly three years, had not left traces that repelled her. It was the hand of Nature that had tanned and marked him; but as yet, the vices of humanity had not signed themselves on his open face. Doubtless, he had met them in his strange experiences; perhaps he had entertained them as passing guests; but they had not become his familiars. She sent him away with kisses and good wishes; and she was not jealous of Jessie McAslin, though she knew he was longing to see her. Alice loved her brother unselfishly; she had already divined that Steve might be won by a large, noble nature that controlled his own, to lead a more useful life; and if Jessie could thus save and bless him, she was glad to hope in such a salvation.

After Steve's departure, she sat all afternoon making plans to bring about an acquaintance with this girl. She was sure that Steve already loved her; and she would not believe that there was any invincible reason for regarding the marriage as hopeless. Her own faith in her brother was perennial; she had the conviction that if Steve was surrounded by the proper circumstances, he would be a man after any good woman's heart. A home would be an anchor to the restless spirit, and its obligations would sweetly compel to industry, of some laudable kind.

As she sat in the summer sunshine, stitching gold and silver threads into a square of pink satin, she planned for Steve all kinds of domestic happiness. He must have a farm; he must have animals dependent on his care; he must be near the woods; and not far away from the sea. He must have a home not too fine for daily use, and yet fine enough to keep him bond to conventional decencies. He must have the right kind of a wife above all things; and she felt certain that Jessie was the right kind. Steve said "she was hard-headed and soft-hearted," and Alice considered this an excellent combination for her reckless, affectionate brother. Her want of fortune was also an advantage; money would have given her special rights and privileges, which would have irritated, and made Steve rebellious; it was a necessity that he should have a wife who would repose absolute confidence and reliance on his love and exertions. As for social equality, there could be no question on that matter. Steve laughed at all such distinctions. He declared that he had found gentlemen and ladies in all classes, and that the accident of birth, or education, or wealth, or station, had little to do with their existence.

With the unselfishness that was so large a part of her nature she began at once the work which she fondly hoped was to regenerate her brother. "I must give up my three months at Newport," she said with a sweet decision. "I must tell father, that I wish to stay at home to practice my music. The expense will be so much less, and I am sure there will be no objection."

Contrary to her expectation, there was a serious objection. That very day, Mr. Lloyd had began to plan for his daughter's future; a thing which had hitherto never troubled his speculations. He came home full of unusual hopes; and looked at Alice with a critical regard, that gradually became a settled approval. "I had no idea she was so beautiful," he said to himself as he dressed for dinner. Coming down-stairs he stepped slowly and with enforced dignity; holding his head up to his thoughts, which were of titles and coronets and courts.

Mrs. Lloyd had been an uncertain factor in Alice's plans; she was unable to say, how her mother would regard them; and she hoped to stengthen her own opinions with her father's approval, before it was necessary to explain her change of purpose.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

E. J. [illegible] C. H. SANDISON,
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Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
[illegible] New York City

Mercy for the Horse.

AS we pass down the street and see this God-given servant of the human race beaten, and banged, and over-driven, and variously maltreated, we wonder if people know what the horse is.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off his coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The Church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, [illegible] Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses." I should [illegible] bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the [illegible] to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

[illegible] horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and [illegible] his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely-formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from the description in the Bible, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse, Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger, Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely-honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

One Business.

MR. LOOMDRIVER had an excellent factory on the Merrimac and made beautiful carpets, but he concluded to put up another kind of factory for the making of shawls, and one day there was a nice little quarrel between the two factories, and the carpets ate up the shawls, and the shawls ate up the carpets, and having succeeded so well in swallowing each other, they turned around and gulped down Mr. Loomdriver. Blackstone Largepractice was the best lawyer in town. He could make the most plausible argument and had the largest retainers and was the lion at the bar; but he concluded to go into politics. He entered that paradise which men call a caucus. He was voted up and he was voted down. He came within ten votes of getting it. He got on the Chicago platform, but a plank broke and he slipped through. He got on the St. Louis, but it rocked like an earthquake, and a plank broke and he fell through. Then as a circus rider with one foot on each horse, whirls around the ring, he put one foot on the Chicago platform, and the other foot on the St. Louis platform, and slipped between. Our friend came back to his law office, and as he entered, covered with the mire, all the briefs from the pigeon holes rustled with gladness, and Kent's Commentaries and Livingston's Law Register broke forth in the exclamation: "Welcome home, Honorable Blackstone Largepractice. Jack of all trades is master of none!" Concentrate all your energies in one direction. Do not be afraid to be called a man of one great idea. Better have one great idea than five hundred little bits of ones.

Make Your Will.

ABOUT the most remarkable "Last Will and Testament" ever written was that of John Wesley in which he said, "I adjure my executors that I be carried to the grave by six poor men, and that I be buried in nothing but woolen, and for the [illegible] epitaph: 'Here lies the body of John Wesley, a brand plucked from the burning, who died of consumption, leaving after his funeral expenses [illegible] Make your will as great many people do not make their wills, because they are afraid they will die. Other people do not make their will because they cannot bear to give up their property and they are typified by a man who died near Albany. A little while before his death, he sent for an attorney to write his will. The attorney sat down and began with the usual formula. Then he said: "Now sir, what are you going to do with your property? How much have you?" "I have $30,000." "What are you going to do with it?" "Well now," said the man, "I have two children. There is John. He has been a bad boy. I won't give him a cent, not a cent." And he paused so long at that point that the attorney said: "Well, go on, go on; tell me what you are going to do with your property." "Well," said the man, "there is my daughter Jane. She has been a good girl. She ought to have something very nice. Let me see. Well—give her $5,000." The $5,000 was put down. "Well, what are you going to do with the rest of your property?" asked the attorney. "Well," he said, "the fact is, I got this together with a good deal of trouble and care; it is hard to give it up; I guess I'll keep the rest myself!" Make your will. Do not leave your worldly affairs in a big tangle. Some day, you will be taking down your will from the pigeon hole, or out of the safe, and it will remind you of the fact that soon your property will go out of your possession, and perhaps you will bethink yourself of the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" When Brigham Young made his will, he requested that there might be room left for him at his side, so that he could turn in his coffin. I suggest that you who are making the world your God, have a space left above your head and below your feet in the casket, and that you have the one space filled with government securities and this other with $100 bank notes. Will it not be a comfort to have them so near you? At any rate, it will make a wealthy banquet for the worms!

Calumniation.

THROUGH what an ordeal of calumny all political leaders must go. I was taught to believe that Andrew Jackson was a murderer because he shot certain deserters, and some of the older people may remember that pictures of soldiers in coffins were circulated as campaign documents against his re-election as President. Now all historians agree that he was a hero and a patriot and the best possible man for that hour. Henry Clay was derided as a libertine. Theodore Frelinghuysen was caricatured as a sour-faced Presbyterian. Abraham Lincoln was called a lantern-jawed peddler of filthy anecdotes. George Washington was denounced by military rivals in his day as being ambitious and untrustworthy. A man has to be dead about forty years before the world gives him his right place in history. Therefore, let all our public men be patient; they are in the company of a great multitude who were cursed when they were living and eulogized after they were dead.

Praise the Lord.

LET us acknowledge God; in all our cities let us acknowledge God, and while we praise human precaution, let us above all, recognize the divine mercy and that overshadowing wing which has protected these cities. While observing all sanitary regulations and careful that from our houses no garbage is thrown into the street, and all our rooms are kept well ventilated, and we adhere to a Christian diet, let us after all feel our dependence on God who gives health and who takes it away. I scout much that is said in magnification of longevity. Sixty, seventy, eighty years of earthly existence are disgusting if they make no mark of good on the world. If life is useless, the shorter the better. Death is, in such a case, only the abatement of a nuisance. Every breath the idler draws or breathes is an assault and battery on the whole of God's universe.

BRIEF NOTES.

In no previous year of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S history has there been such an enormous demand for our premiums, and never have our shipping arrangements been so complete and satisfactory. At the date of this writing, every premium order has been sent to its destination, and we are prepared to handle as many as **10,000** packages daily without delay. We have made specially large provision this year so that none of our Subscribers need be disappointed; yet, at the same time, we would consider it a favor to receive orders as early in the month as possible, so as to avoid the delay in transit incident to the heavy shipments of holiday goods which the Express Companies have to handle during the present month. This year, whenever requested to do so, we notify our Subscribers by wire, at our own expense, should our stock of the premium selected by them be exhausted before their order reaches us. Never have our premiums given better satisfaction, and every day brings us hundreds of letters, expressing the unmingled gratification of the recipients.

Major George A. Hilton has been holding services a Duluth and Minneapolis, Minn., since the close of the Chicago Convention.

Mr. George Muller's Orphanages at Bristol, England, are sole legatees of a lady who died recently at Carlisle leaving property worth $15,000.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has had a season of blessing at Salem, N. J. The congregations were very large and there have been a large number of conversions.

Evangelist Palser held services on Nov. 22 in Sing Sing prison. He is now taking part in the revival in Philadelphia on the invitation of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

Mrs. Joseph Cook announces that her husband is better, and that they will soon leave their country home at Ticonderoga for a winter's sojourn in a Boston sanitarium.

Evangelist E. J. Bulgen, has been holding very successful services at Constantine, Mich. All the churches have united heartily in the work, and there has been a great ingathering of souls.

Rev. S. V. Robinson is holding evangelistic services this week in Ravenswood Presbyterian Church, Long Island City. Mr. Robinson is now devoting himself entirely to evangelistic work and is having marked success.

The Methodist Church Extension Society reports a decline in receipts from the churches of $10,000 in the last four years. There was a falling off in the year just closed of $18,865 from the total receipts of the previous year.

An illustration of the rapidity with which the interior of Africa is opening to the world is the recent transmission of a telegram from Blantyre in the Shire district, Central Africa, to a missionary secretary in Edinburgh in about three hours.

Dr. A. T. Pierson holds services every Sunday this month at four and eight o'clock in the American Theatre, New York. Dr. Pierson will hold meetings also in Rev. A. B. Simpson's Gospel Tabernacle on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, through the month.

There were 1,395 Congregational Churches that received no accessions upon confession of faith during the last year for which statistics have been collected. There are 1,750 Presbyterian churches which did not report any additions upon confession of faith during the same period.

The Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States lately celebrated the sesquicentennial of the founding of this branch of the Reformed Church in this country. The addresses were by representative men, and covered the history and work of the Church during the 150 years.

Jerry McAuley's Water St. Mission celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary on Nov. 22d. Special services were held in the afternoon and evening. A tablet to the memory of "Mother" Sherwood was unveiled. The expenses of the Mission for the year were $5,087.34 and the debt had been reduced by $308. Mr. S. H. Hadley who has charge of the mission gave an encouraging report of the results of the Gospel services.

The death of Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D., is an event which will be widely mourned. He was the Nestor of the Congregational Church, the man who could be relied upon for wise counsel and for hard work in responsible offices. The quantity of gratuitous labor he gave to the Church was known only to a few, and it may be safely said that those who knew him most intimately loved him most. Dr. Quint was in his sixty-ninth year.

A Conference for Bible Study and the Deepening of the Spiritual Life was held at New Haven, Conn., Nov. 17-20. The Bible classes were conducted by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Rev. Leighton Williams, Rev. E. C. Sage and Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin. Missions were discussed by Rev. Messrs. H. C. Mabie, F. M. Ellis, A. C. Dixon, W. L. Phillips and H. L. Morehouse. An address was given by Dr. Josiah Strong on the Christianization of Money.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, the well-known Hindoo Christian lecturer, gave an illustrated lecture recently on India and Ceylon to a large audience at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church New York. Mr. Rutnam's special endeavor is to stimulate interest in foreign missionary work. A practical result of this lecture was that a lady in his audience, who has been for some years supporting a native Christian worker in India, but had decided to discontinue the support at the end of this year, was so much impressed with the value of this kind of work that she notified the Society that she would resume her payment for the purpose.

Superintendent Wyburn of the Bowery Mission acknowledges the receipt from Mr. D. Scott Stark, Plains, Luzerne Co., Pa., of a barrel of fruit for the Bowery Mission's Thanksgiving Dinner; also of apples and reading matter from Mrs. S. E. Perine, Allendale, N. J., one dozen jars of jelly from Mrs. B. F. Woodworth, Glastonbury, Conn., and a barrel of chickens apples, butter and baked provisions from Mr. H. Herrington, Camp Brook. Offerings for the Christmas dinner, including turkeys, cranberries, butter, celery, potatoes, hams beans and bad apples and oranges, would be gratefully received at the Mission, 105 Bowery. Superintendent Wyburn, and will promptly acknowledged.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Coaling a Steamer.

ONE of the most interesting spectacles at the docks in New York, where the great ocean steamboats are moored during their brief sojourns on this side the Atlantic, is the transfer of the coal from the barges to the hold of the steamers. On this page is a picture of the coaling of *La Touraine*, of the French line, which has just sailed from New York for Havre. During the time she is at her dock here, the coal is being poured into her hold continuously. She requires over eighteen hundred tons to feed her engines on the voyage to France. It is brought to her side in huge barges. A derrick operated by an engine lowers huge iron pails to the barges, which are promptly filled and hoisted by the derrick to the platform extending from *La Touraine's* hull, where men stand waiting to receive them and empty them through the chutes into the hold. Every day of the voyage, the ravenous engines which drive the floating palace over the waters, must have their meal of one hundred and eighty tons of coal. All that is left of this immense quantity of fuel, which would suffice to keep a block of buildings warm for months, is the track of ashes at the bottom of the sea between America and Europe. *La Touraine* is by no means the most extravagant consumer of her class. Some of her sisters of the Cunard and White Star lines use 300 tons of coals a day during their voyages and consequently have to take on board at least two thousand tons before they start on their journey. The ingenuity of naval engineers has long been directed to the discovery of some fuel that would be less cumbrous as well as less costly than coal. Hitherto, however, coal holds its supremacy and the highest achievement so far made, is through the triple and quadruple expansion engines, by which the consumption of coal has been reduced, while the speed has been increased. By the use of the compound engine, one and a half pounds of coal now produces one horse power, whereas with the old-fashioned engines, four pounds of coal were required for every horse power developed. By this means, vessels like the *City of Paris* and the *Majestic* attain a maximum speed per hour of over twenty-one knots, equivalent to twenty-five land miles. But this is a small economy, and it is a serious question how long our supply of coal will last, if it is used much longer at the present rate. The demand for speed in travel will increase rather than diminish and for this, increased power is indispensable. The problem of producing it at the smallest outlay is therefore one of the most urgent problems now exercising the ingenuity of inventors. Moral philosophers have grappled with a similar problem in human progress, but none have ever found a source of power which would make a man strong to overcome evil and make progress in spiritual development. It is now, as it was from the beginning, from God alone that such power comes.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. (Isa. 40 : 29.)

Silent Pianos.

A pianoforte manufacturer in Boston, Mass., describes a strange experience he has had in one district of the city. He received requests from citizens to examine their pianos which had become useless. The trouble in all cases was much alike. When the keys were struck, the hammers struck the strings several times in a helpless fashion, marring the music. He knew that such an effect must be due to some defect in the tapes which hold the hammers in place. He was puzzled by discovering in the first piano he attempted to set right, that the tapes had wholly disappeared. He could not understand what had become of them until he took the piano to pieces. Then he found that a family of mice had settled in the piano and had used the tapes to make their nest. A bunch of tapes chewed into pulp, as large as a cocoa-nut, was at the bottom of the instrument, forming a comfortable bed for a number of young mice. The same thing had happened to other pianos. In that district of the city, the mice have either simultaneously discovered this use for piano-tapes, or have in some way communicated the fact to each other. Evidently piano-owners there and elsewhere will do well to guard against the little pests, by preventing their getting access to the interior of their instruments. Similar vigilance is needed in the Church, and the family, and the individual life, to maintain usefulness. If evil thoughts and what are called little sins, once gain entrance and remain they soon reduce to

COALING A TRANS-ATLANTIC LINER AT HER NEW YORK DOCK.

silence the testimony that should be given for Jesus. The Christian's life is like the vineyard described in Solomon's Song liable to be spoiled by small enemies.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. (Song of Solomon 2 : 15.)

The Value of Love.

A jury in Georgia has been required to assess the money value of affection. It appears that some years ago, a wealthy planter died, leaving his estate to his widow, who was a lady of great beauty. She made the acquaintance of a man who urged her to marry him. She did not wish to marry so soon after her husband's death, but pledged herself to him if he would wait a certain time. Finding that he was in need of money, and that he was willing to wait for the marriage, if his need were supplied, the widow transferred a portion of her estate to him for a nominal sum, "in consideration of the love he bore her." She died, however, before the date set for the marriage, and her daughter applied to the courts to have the deed of transfer cancelled. The man could not claim that the money purported to have been paid, represented the value of the property, but he claimed that the widow placed a value on his love which was therefore to be regarded as collateral. The daughter's counsel accepted this view of the case, and asked the jury to show by their verdict how much such collateral was worth. They set aside the deed of transfer and gave the property to the widow's daughter, thereby indicating that they estimated the man's love as worthless. As it was clearly a mercenary attachment on his part, the decision was right, but it would not be just to regard love as worthless in every case. There are people to whom the love of others is their most precious possession, and with the Christian who has a clear appreciation of his privileges, the love of his Lord is so precious that he would sacrifice his all, and even life itself, rather than lose it.

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities nor powers . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God. (Rom. 8 : 38.)

Dynamite Instead of Bulbs.

A florist on Long Island has been the victim of a blunder which might have involved disastrous consequences to him and his neighbors. He ordered some rare bulbs recently from a commission agent of Cologne in Germany. About the time when he expected the bulbs to arrive, an express company delivered a case at his store which had just arrived by a German steamer. It bore the card of the commission agent, and the florist naturally supposed it contained the bulbs he had ordered. But on opening it, he took out two hundred and fifty small tin cases full of dynamite. There was enough of the explosive to blow up the whole town, and it seems little short of a miracle that it did not explode. The florist used an axe to force the lid off the case, and did it so carelessly that the edge of the axe had penetrated the inner zinc case in which the dynamite was packed. Had the axe penetrated a quarter of an inch farther, the whole case would have exploded, and widespread disaster must have resulted to many families. An inquiry will of course be made as to the cause of the mistake, but it is supposed that the Cologne agent had the package of dynamite and the package of bulbs in his store at the same time, and in dispatching them, transposed the address labels, with the result that the man who wanted the dynamite, received the bulbs, and the man who had ordered the bulbs received the dynamite. The mistake was inexcusable. People who deal in materials so destructive, ought to take sure precautions which would render such a blunder impossible. But heedlessness is far too common in all walks of life. The mischief that is done by people who do not intend to do harm is quite as great as the mischief that is intentional. The wise king uttered a caution that should never be forgotten, when he wrote:

As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor [illegible]

A Tombstone's Warning.

A remarkable monument has been erected in a cemetery at Atchison, Kan. The Kansas City *Times* describes it as a tall marble shaft, graceful as a church spire, and white as the driven snow. The sculptor has chiselled around it a gigantic snake, whose coils rise one above another from base to summit. The head of the snake is drawn back as if about to strike and its fangs protrude from its open mouth. The shaft rests on a polished granite base bearing below the inscription of the name of the man who is buried beneath it, the significant words: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The man whose grave is thus marked was prominent in politics and in society and a leader in all local enterprises, a man of brilliant talents and enormous wealth. No man in his State was more popular than he, none more welcome at public and private festivities. His advice was sought in political circles and his judgment in business matters was sound and unerring. A happy home circle and a host of friends should have made his life a singularly delightful one. But he began to drink to excess, at rare intervals and then more frequently. Gradually he became a confirmed drunkard and his constitution being frail he speedily succumbed. At his funeral there was a gathering more numerous and distinguished than had ever been seen in the city. Deputations wearing rich regalia were there from societies of which he had been a member, from his clubs and civic associations. He was buried with pomp and with expressions of general sorrow, but his widow who had been a sad witness of his fall could find no monument for him so appropriate as the beautiful shaft in the coils of a serpent. It is a warning not only to those who are liable to fall by the same enemy, but to those who like this man's friends contribute to the fall of others by ill-advised hospitality:

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken. (Hab. 2 : 15.)

A Canine Witness.

A dog's evidence decided a case in the Yorkville Police Court of New York a few days ago. A policeman brought two men into court who had been fighting on the street. It seems that one of the men was out for a walk and was leading his dog by a chain, when the other man saw him and claimed the dog. They disputed about its ownership until words became inadequate to express their feelings and they resorted to blows. In court each man told his story. The man who had possession of the animal told how he had purchased it of a respectable dealer and proved that he had kept it for a long time. The dealer could not remember among the many dogs sold how this particular dog came into his possession. The claimant of the animal declared that he had reared it from puppy-hood, and that it had been stolen from him. He admitted that there were many other dogs like his, but he was sure that this dog was his and that he could not be mistaken. Cross-examination on both sides failed to break down the evidence of either party and the case seemed to be in doubt. The Justice listened patiently until the argument closed and then ordered the dog who was in court to be set free. Its present owner and the claimant were on opposite sides of the court and the Justice told them both to call it. The dog hesitated a moment and then bounded to the feet of the man who claimed him, licked his hands and showed every sign of recognition that he could. The Justice promptly awarded the dog to him on the dog's own evidence. It would be well if it were always possible to decide by the same method whether a man belongs to Christ or the world. Sometimes people who bear Christ's name do not respond to his voice, but go to the world when it beckons them. The prophet said it was so in his time:

[illegible] ter's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. (Isa. 1 : 3.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. B. D. I now attend a Methodist Church and they want me to join the Epworth League. Should I be doing wrong to comply when it is my intention at a future time to join a Presbyterian Church and be a member of the Chris-

You would probably find the duties conflicting if you belonged to both at the same time. The one would be a preparation for the other if you transfer your allegiance afterwards. The same qualities which would make you a useful member of the Epworth League would fit you to fulfil the duties of a Christian Endeavorer. The objects of the two Societies and the methods are practically identical.

Jessie L., Kansas City, Mo. Who was the author of "Oh, the old trundle-bed?"

There are several "trundle-bed" poems, but the one you refer to is probably that written by James Whitcomb Riley, the first verse of w

O the old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long gracious rest in the bosom divine:
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night,
O a nest of delight from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!

A. S. Manton, Burlington, Ia. In a recent issue of your paper, reference is made to a thought-measuring machine. Is such a machine in actual existence, and if so, where?

An Italian physiologist, Prof. Mosso, is the inventor. The machine consists of a set of extremely sensitive balances which measure the quantity and velocity of the blood in the brain, and indicate the varying exertions called forth by different mental activities. Thus it only measures intensity of mental energy, but in no sense does it measure thought either as to its quality or intellectual force.

L. L., Smithtown Branch, N. Y. Do you not think it would be right to commence every pronoun standing for God with a capital letter?

It is reverential, but not customary. The usage is to capitalize the name and attributes of the Deity, but not the pronouns. Thus, "the Omniscient, the All-Seeing, the Merciful

For the benefit of several readers who have written us inquiring as to the comparative numerical strength of the leading religions of the world, we print the following: Protestant Christians, 200,000,000; Roman Catholic Christians, 195,000,000; Greek Catholic Christians, 105,000,000; total Christians, 500,000,000; Jews, 8,000,000; Mohammedans, 180,000,000; heathen, 812,000,000; total non-Christian, 1,000,000,000. The total population of the earth is estimated at 1,500,000,000, distributed as follows: [illegible] Asia, 834,000,000; Australia, 4,730,000; America, 133,670,000; total, 1,500,000,000.

Reader, Custer, O. Is there room in the mission field for one having a talent for music and desiring to use it?

Yes, if the talent is marked and the desire to work for Christ is genuine, there should be little difficulty in finding an opening. Write to Rev. Mr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago.

Old [illegible] on the naked [illegible] be limited to a [illegible] chil- more humane methods of correction should be substituted.

[illegible], Homeston, Ia. [illegible] known, has be[illegible]

2. Not at all; on the contrary, the book you have mentioned and others of the same class must distinguish, however, between good and bad, the substantial and the trivial. 2. Your pastor is right. 3. It is a noble instrument and rightly used is one of the grandest, ranking with the harp in power and beauty of expression. No other instrument can move the feelings of an audience as the violin can in the hands of a master.

Reader, Hollysville, Penn. 1. On what occasion, and when, did the first Thanksgiving-day originate? 2. Is Thanksgiving-day a legal holiday? 3. Do you consider it right to keep Thanksgiving-day as a "feast-day," as so many of our people indulge in nowadays?

1. The first celebration was in 1621, when the Pilgrim Fathers observed the day. 2. Yes. 3. Yes; it is a festival, not a fast; a day of praise and rejoicings for the blessings of the year.

H. E. J., Haverhill, Mass. Is it wrong for a white person and a colored person to marry?

The union of opposite races—or miscegenation in a majority of cases leads to bitter regrets. In certain communities it is forbidden by law. Society recognizes the inadvisability of such unions and has stamped them as improper and unbecoming. On all grounds it is inexpedient as it is a violation of well recognized social law and custom.

Reader. Can you direct me in collecting material, constructing and learning to deliver lectures, and as to books of illustrative anecdote required?

It is impracticable to give such directions in a few words; there are so many requisites. Elocutionary ability, thorough acquaintance with your subject, the use of proper apparatus (if illustrated lectures are intended), the selection of suitable topics and a certain degree of literary skill in the construction of your addresses are all indispensable.

Coodie, North Morning Sun, Ia. Will you give me some information about Blarney Castle?

It is a somewhat noted and romantic looking ancient building in the little village of Blarney, about five miles from Cork, Ireland. It is chiefly known on account of a stone on the walls of the castle, which is said to confer, upon all [illegible] kisses it, the gift of persuasive eloquence. Many visit it for the sake of saying they have "kissed the Blarney stone."

THE FAMOUS AZTEC "CALENDAR STONE."

What is probably the oldest calendar in actual existence at the present time, is shown in the photographic illustration on this page. It is known to the Mexicans as the famous Aztec *Kallenda* or Calendar Stone, and is preserved in the public museum, City of Mexico. On this large circular block of porphyry are represented, in elaborate engravings, the transit of the sun, the solstices, equinoxes, months, weeks, days, and hours. The Aztec cycle was fifty-two years, and at the close of each cycle a great festival was observed, the concluding hours of which were marked by the offering up of human sacrifices to the gods. The Aztecs divided the year into eighteen months of twenty days each, adding five complementary days to complete the number required—a method similar to that of the Egyptians. The month was divided into four weeks of five days each. Every year there was a fractional remainder of six hours, which was allowed to accumulate until by adding twelve and a-half days the civil and solar years were made to harmonize. Word paintings or hieroglyphics represented the various divisions of time, each cycle or period of fifty-two years being typified by a sheaf.

G. R., Elma, Mo. Did Solomon commit a sin when he married Pharaoh's daughter, and if so, why?

Such unions with "strange nations and idolaters," were repeatedly forbidden. Since the time of the Exodus there had been no intercourse between the two countries, and David had discouraged it. The result of Solomon's alliance proved that it was impolitic, to say the least.

[illegible] meaning in his reference to men and women [illegible]

[illegible] would be if we knew more of the condition of the Church at Corinth at that time. Evidently some errors were prevalent that Paul was striving to correct. The new wine was bursting the old bottles. The principles of Christ [illegible] held. But the only women who were emancipated at that time were women of bad character. There was a danger of scandal to the Church, if the women who joined it acted [illegible]

wicked women showed. Paul had, therefore, to impose restraints so that there might be no cause for reproach. But lest they should regard him as adopting the principles of their oppressors, he tells them that woman has her place in the new dispensation. Man has no monopoly of its blessings. The Lord has need of both. That appears to us to be the meaning, although we are aware that other inferences have been drawn from the passage.

L. Roberts, Brooklyn, N. Y. Please explain how Christ, who is declared to have been sinless, can be especially fitted, as he is said to be (see Heb. 4:15) to sympathize with sinners.

Because he felt the power of temptation. His human nature rendered him liable to sin and he was thus aware, as the writer of the epistle says, how hard a struggle men must have, who had not, as he had, the strength of the Divine nature to oppose the tempter.

X. Y. Z. If Mr. Moody and other evangelists are really interested in saving souls, and not in making money, why do they not go out into the by-ways and poor country places where people are too poor to pay them much? Did Jesus and his disciples wait until sent for by a committee before going to preach?

Do you think Mr. Moody would be doing better for the cause of Christ, if he stopped preaching to audiences of four or five thousand persons and spent his life walking through country lanes, talking to the twos and threes whom he might meet? There never was an evangelist who cared less for personal gain than he. Your innuendo is most cruel and unjust, and you should pray that God will forgive you for writing it. That he goes to great cities is true, and he does so because there he has greater opportunities for doing good. Thousands have heard the Gospel from his lips and have been converted, who would still be in spiritual darkness if he had spent his time in the by-ways, as you suggest. We venture to vouch for it that Mr. Moody has never been deterred from going to any village by the poverty of its people. The invitations of committees, to which you refer, are chiefly valuable because of the co-operation in Christian work and united effort to help in the saving of souls that an evangelist has reason to expect when he receives such an invitation.

Mrs. E. A. W., Philipsburg, Pa. Was the "one thing" to which Christ referred in speaking to Martha (Luke 10:42) the same "one thing" as he referred to (Luke 18:22) in speaking to the

No, the context shows how different they were. The one thing that was needful for Martha was to put [illegible] temporal matters and, like Mary, seek spiritual enlightenment. The one thing the ruler lacked was that supreme love for Christ and faith in him that he would give up everything for his sake. Martha's service was recognized. Christ knew that she was concerned about his temporal comfort. It showed her love, and so far was good, but Mary's course was better because Christ was happiest when his friends were seeking the spiritual blessings he came to impart. The ruler, on the other hand, lacked what was indispensable—the faith and love which Martha undoubtedly possessed.

J. A. L., Cornwall, N. Y., and B. S., Bay City, Mich. Can you give me name of some reliable publication that will guide me in my effort to put some fruit on the New York market, and into the hands of some honest dealer for sale on commission?

The Fruitman's Guide, published at Nos. 8, 10 and 12 Jay street, New York, will give you all the needed information. It is the accredited journal of the trade and thoroughly reliable.

J. W. S., Carlinville, Ill. 1. How is the chronology in the Bible to be reconciled with the records recently found in the East? 2. Why should the Christian be most miserable of all men if in this life only he has hope in Christ, as stated in 1. Cor. 15: 19? 3. In what sense are we to understand the fire and sparks in Isa. 50: 10, 11?

1. Before the discovery of the records the estimates in the margin of the Bible were challenged by Biblical scholars. The text of the Bible does not afford sufficient data for an accurate chronology and there is the same difficulty with the records. The length of the ancient year has always been a matter of dispute. Until we get more light on the subject the task of reconciling is hopelesss. 2. Paul's hope in Christ was the centre and essence of his life. He had lost so much and suffered so much for Christ's sake that he felt his life was thrown away if the grave ended all. 3. When a man was in doubt and darkness, the prophet advised him to seek light from God and rest in faith. Those who trusted in their own reason and in witchcraft and sorcery, would lie down in sorrow. There was no sure guidance in them. They were like a man who trusted in a fire of his own kindling and the sparks that shot from it instead of the sun and its light.

Reader, Oxbow, N. W. T., Canada. 1. Where could I get a map showing the travels of the Apostle Paul? 2. Did Abraham commit a sin in saying (Gen. 12: 12) to the Egyptians that Sarah was his sister? 3. Was John really the son of Mary, the mother of Christ, as Christ intimated (John 19: 26)?

1. There is a very good map of the travels in the International Teacher's Bible, which is issued as a premium with this journal. You can get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and the International Teacher's Bible by sending two dollars to this office. By sending three dollars you get the paper and the Bible, in superior binding and with a thumb index. 2. Yes, lying and deceit are sins in any one who commits them even though he be a patriarch. 3. No, the name of John's mother was Salome (compare Matt. 27: 56 with Mark 15: 40), Christ's words on the cross merely indicated his wish that John should be as a son to Mary and should care for her after her divine Son was dead.

E. M. Taylor, Tex. Do you think it is a sin to do any kind of sewing in the church as Aid Society to get the money for church purposes?

It is not an appropriate place for a sewing circle to meet for work. However, if the matter resolves itself to a question of necessity and there is absolutely no other available space, and the sewing has to be done, it might be done there. It is far better to hold such meetings in a school room or in the house of some church member or of the pastor.

Divorced, Aurora, Ill. In the mail bag you said that the Scriptures recognized only one or at most two legitimate causes for divorce. Is not a man justified in securing a divorce if his wife, by her violent temper, makes his home miserable?

We stated a fact and that fact cannot be disproved. Yours is a different question. It is impossible to pronounce on the case without knowing more of the circumstances. There may be on the husband's part what the courts call "contributory negligence." Perhaps the husband has not been free from blame. In some cases we have known, a little forbearance and tact and uniform kindness would have prevented the outbreak of temper which have made the home miserable. There is a tendency in some of our States to treat marriage as a light and trivial thing, and people rush heedlessly into matrimony trusting that if it does not prove satisfactory the Divorce courts will give relief. No country prospers where the sanctity and perpetuity of marriage are not respected.

E. E. V., Collinsville, Tex. We cannot inform you.——Mrs. Stewart, Station C, Baltimore, wishes the address of C. E. H., Baltimore.——Mrs. D. S. M., Charlottesville, Va. We know nothing about him.——Mrs. U. Keene, N. H. Write to Dr. Talmage at Washington, D. C.——Constant Reader, Greensburg, Pa. 1. We have not the information. 2. The investment is not quite in accord with Christian principles.——Reader, Pittsburg, Pa. Address requests for prayer to Bowery Mission, 18 Bowery, New York.——Western Subscriber, Round Timbers, S. C. 1. Yes, the baptism took place as published shortly after the event. 2. Easter is derived from Ostara, the name of a heathen deity, whose festival occurred at that time.——Reader, Atlantic City, N. J. It is the latest and best.——Constant Reader, Ishpeming, Mich. 1. Yes, he is eligible to the Presidency. 2. There has never been any other than a Protestant Chaplain at either place.——Ella J. S., Fairfield Centre, Pa. All questions sent are answered where an answer is possible and the questions are of a suitable character.——J. C. L., Luray, Kan. It is nonsensical.

Joys Born with Christ.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 20. Luke 2: 8-20.

TO the Christian, the supreme joy of Christ's birth is that he came to bring salvation, and that joy dwarfs all others into insignificance; but it is well that sometimes we should take account of other blessings which we enjoy from his life and teaching. To fully recount them would involve many volumes, but the brief mention of a few will suggest many others.

Christ's coming introduced a new view of social conditions. As a great preacher has expressed it, he made a new division of society by using a vertical instead of a horizontal line. In his view, society was not divided into upper and lower classes, but according to character. The sheep were on the right and the goats on the left. Wealth, station, culture, did not count in this estimate. He did not inquire whether a man had much or little knowledge or wealth, but whether he had faith and love. The poorest, the very slave, might have these, and the wealthy and cultured might have them, too. How much this meant to the poor and the oppressed, and those whose lives were bitter from any cause, has been realized by multitudes. As he said, the last might be first and the first last, when character became the test.

He made forgiveness of injuries a duty. So emphatic was he on this duty that he explicitly limited God's forgiveness, and made it contingent on human forgiveness. The man of an unforgiving spirit was not to expect mercy. To how many this rule of life has given peace and immunity, none can ever tell. The wrong-doer who repents, but cannot atone, might but for this have suffered indefinitely, and have never been free from vindictive pursuit.

He made charity and helpfulness duties. The Good Samaritan, who helped a man of a race who despised him, and would have no dealings with him, was his model, and to his follower he says, "Go thou and do likewise." In his discription of the last judgment, condemnation falls on those who had been negligent of this duty. I was hungry [in the person of my people] and ye gave me no bread, is his accusation. I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not. Beneficence from this time was no longer an act of merit, but compulsory as a duty. How many hospitals, charities, asylums and benevolent institutions have sprung from this legislation of Christ no one can number.

He insisted on the brotherhood of men. No socialistic teacher has been more emphatic in denouncing cruelty and oppression and injustice than he. His followers were not to seek their own honor or advantage at the expense of others. They were not to push themselves forward at feasts nor to seek titles or power over their fellows. "One is your Master and ye are brethren," was his injunction. The man who had two coats was to give to him who had none, and if his help was asked he was to do double the service that had been sought. We have not yet realized more than the beginning of the good that is yet to come from this principle, but in the time that is yet to come when his will shall be the law to the world we shall know it. Competition and the deadly struggle for supremacy will cease, and each will make it his business to promote his brother's good.

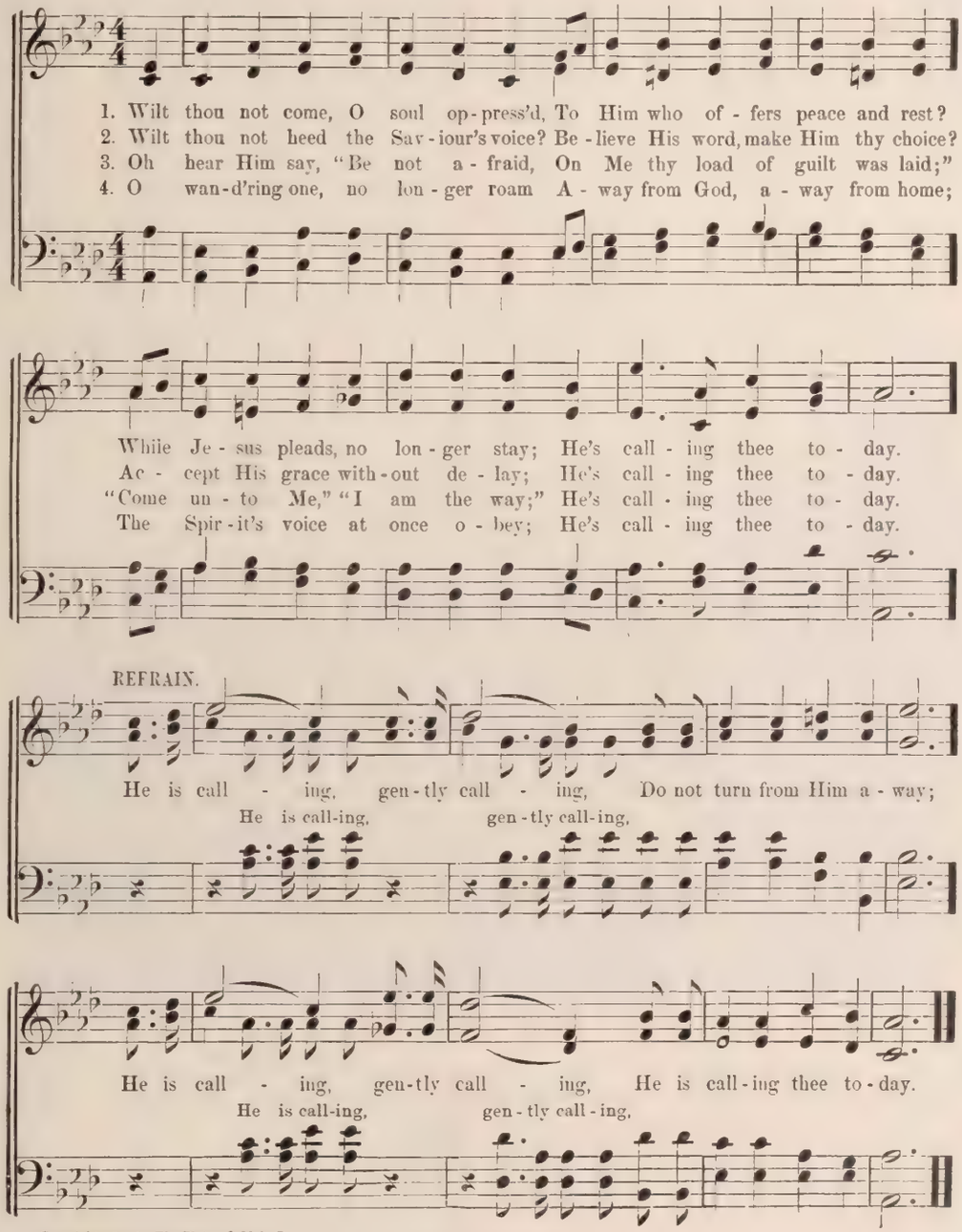
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

WILT THOU NOT COME?

"RISE, HE CALLETH THEE."—*Mark 10: 49.*

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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BY AND BY.

IN that bright and glorious country,
Where my Saviour reigns on high,
With the blood-washed throng in glory,
I am going by and by.

Where our tears shall cease their flowing,
And we never more shall cry,
Where the aching hearts shall vanish
I am going by and by.

In that land of life eternal,
Where we never, never die,
Where the sun shall shine forever,
I am going by and by.

With our loved ones gone before us,
With our Saviour ever nigh,
Where we never shall be parted,
I am going by and by.

There with Jesus dwell forever,
In the home beyond the sky;
Where we'll praise him without ceasing,
I am going by and by. —M. E. R.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me:
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good. M. R. SMITH.

Bishop Ryle's Creed.

The Great Evangelical Bishop's Conclusions on Unfulfilled Prophecy.

ONE of the most earnest and useful Bishops in the Protestant Episcopal Church is Bishop Ryle, whose tracts and larger works are known and read in all lands wherever the Gospel has been preached, and have been blessed to the conversion of many souls. In the course of one of his later works, he thus summarizes the conclusions he has drawn from his study of prophecy:

1. I believe that the world will never be completely converted to Christianity by any existing agency before the end comes. In spite of all that can be done by ministers, churches, schools, and missions, the wheat and the tares will grow together until the harvest. And when the end comes, it will find the earth in much the same state that it was when the flood came in the days of Noah (Matt. 13: 24 30; 24: 37 39).

2. I believe that the widespread unbelief, indifference, formalism, and wickedness which are to be seen throughout Christendom are only what we are taught to expect in God's Word. Troublous times, departures from the faith, evil men waxing worse and worse, love growing cold, are things distinctly predicted. So far from making me doubt the truth of Christianity, they help to confirm my faith. Melancholy and sorrowful as the sight is, if I did not see it I should not think the Bible was true. (Matt. 24: 12; 1. Tim. 4: 1; II. Tim. 3: 1, 13, 14.)

3. I believe that the grand purpose of the present dispensation is to gather out of the world an elect people, and not to convert all mankind. It does not surprise me at all to hear that the heathen are not all converted when missionaries preach, and that believers are a little flock in any congregation in my own land. It is precisely the state of things which I expect to find. .. This is a dispensation of election, and not of universal conversion. (Acts 14: 24; Matt. 24: 13).

4. I believe that the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is the great event which will wind up the present dispensation, and for which we ought daily to long and pray. "Thy kingdom come," "Come Lord Jesus," should be our daily prayer. We look backward, if we have faith, to Christ dying on the cross, we ought to look forward no less, if we have hope, to Christ coming again. (John 14: 3; II. Tim. 4: 8; II. Peter 3: 12.)

5. I believe that the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ will be a real, literal, personal, bodily coming; and that as he went away in the clouds of heaven with his body, before the eyes of men, so in like manner will he return. (Acts 1: 11.)

VI. I believe that after our Lord Jesus Christ comes again the earth shall be renewed and the curse removed; the devil shall be bound; the godly shall be rewarded, the wicked shall be punished; and that before he comes there will be neither resurrection, judgment, nor Millennium. (Acts 3: 21; Isa. 25: 6 9; 1. Thess. 4: 14-18; Rev. 20: 1, etc.)

VII. I believe that the Jews shall ultimately be gathered again as a separate nation, restored to their own land, and converted to the faith of Christ. (Jer. 30: 10, 11; 31: 10; Rom. 11: 25, 26.)

I am well aware that the views I have laid down appear to many persons very gloomy and discouraging. The only answer I make to that charge is this: Are they Scriptural?

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

A Land of Orchards.

Southern California and its Great Fruit Farms—Raisin Pickers at Work.

SOUTHERN California has been called "the American Paradise." Certain it is that one might search the world over without finding a climate or soil better adapted to fruit-raising or vine-growing, or more attractive in respect to general healthfulness. Every passing year sees an increase in the number of fruit-growers, and the orchards and vineyards steadily multiply. Abundant sunshine, the best exposure, and just enough rainfall to supply the needs of the earth give assurance of the best results. Our illustration on this page, from a photograph recently taken, shows an interesting phase of fruit-culture at Fresno, Cal., where Armenian colonists have already demonstrated their ability to succeed as fruit-growers. This is a raisin farm, and the group of men shown in the photograph, are engaged in drying the fruit, which, after being exposed in the sun for a sufficient time, will be pressed, boxed, and sent to market. All of the five counties of Southern California—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Bernardino, and San Diego—are famous for the cultivation of figs, raisins, prunes, vines, olives, oranges, lemons, nuts, and many other kinds of fruit, in almost all of which America can now successfully vie with France, Spain, and even Southern Italy and Sicily, as far as quality is concerned.

Many of the fruit farms of Southern California are model establishments. There are the great white-walled dwellings, the spacious barn and stables, the neatly set out orchards or vineries, and the acres on acres of small fruits, all as prettily kept and as carefully tended as could be imagined. There is no slovenliness, no land going to waste within the farm boundaries, and no lack of scientific methods to produce the best results. Level lands, which in other years may have been almost a wilderness, have been made literally "to blossom like the rose," by the use of artesian wells, wind-mills, and irrigation ditches. A singular fact about the soil in that section is that the rain or ditch water has hardly penetrated the soil more than a few inches when the grass, probably parched before, turns green, and tender shoots and flowers spring up everywhere almost magically. In farms and gardens that are well cared for, there are grass-fruits and flowers all the year round, crop after crop in rapid succession. Henry T. Finck, an observant and reliable writer, says:

ON A RAISIN FARM IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In that delightful climate—which seems to combine all the charm of Cannes, [illegible] without their dangers from infection and [illegible] of both spring and summer. There are many things that would seem amazing to [illegible] at "drive," or wholesale slaughter of these pests of the farmer, and cows eating oranges off the trees! This latter sight, we are assured by Mr. Finck, that he personally witnessed in Anaheim—a fact which may possibly suggest a new but hardly an economical idea to farmers and stock-raisers.

* * *

A Word About Resolutions.

To make a good resolution and to keep it, is generally a very difficult task. For the encouragement of those who find it especially hard, Robert J. Burdette sends this seasonable word of inspiration: "Make your resolutions strong as you can, honestly intending to keep every word of them, or when, as sometimes we are tempted to think, they just break themselves, make the same ones over again and make them stronger. By and by they'll become too strong to be broken. When a regiment in battle breaks under the withering fire of the enemy the colonel doesn't give up in despair and run away. No, he halts the scattered men, and re-forms under fire, and when he can do that it shows that he is not only a colonel, every inch of him, but that he is colonel of a fighting regiment. You are no coward. When your good resolutions break then it is time for you to show your nerve; correct your alignment under fire and move forward."

* * *

German Women in Public Affairs.

It is unquestionable that the majority of the German people seem to agree with Emperor William's sententious remark that woman's true province was the *kuche, kirche, kinde* (the kitchen, the church, and the children); but, notwithstanding, there are many sections of the empire where a wider field is accorded. Last year, for the first time in the history of Germany, a woman was permitted to address a public assembly of a religious or semi-religious character. It was at the convention of a representative body of earnest Christians from every section of the empire, clergy and lay, striving to solve the social problem in its widest aspects from the standpoint of the Word of God. The experiment has been repeated at the recent convention of this organization at Stuttgart, and what has hitherto been an experiment will now become a permanent feature of the programme—a most significant innovation. The leading lady speaker was the wife of a high official in Berlin, Privy Councillor Dr. Lippmann, whose address is said to have been a model of clearness and convincing common-sense.

* * *

Moslem Contempt for Women.

In Mohammedan society it is not considered polite to inquire after the health of the host's wife. Indeed, many Moslems would regard such an inquiry as an insult, and even while answering, would add, "May God elevate you," that is to say, "May he give you better taste in the selection of a subject for your conversation." To speak of a woman seriously or with consideration, is beneath Moslem dignity. This same phrase, "May God elevate you," he would use if you had mentioned a cow, a dog, or a pig.

* * *

Plucky Boys who Won Fame.

Grit and determination are excellent qualities for young folks to cultivate. By way of illustrating this, a pastor relates these two highly instructive incidents, drawn from his own experience, which should encourage young readers who are hampered at the outset of life's battle by the lack of means and opportunities, "I was at college with a young man preparing for the ministry," he writes, "a man of brain power, who could receive no help, and he was poor. I knew that he moved out of the college building into a little shanty outside the campus, and there, with a group of half a dozen other students, he lived on three dollars and a half per month. I always thought he ate so much corn bread and sorghum molasses that it made his hair red; but he persevered and graduated. He is to-day a missionary in China. I knew another young man at that same college who had no friends, no money, and who desired to be a Christian minister. He shouldered his axe, walked three miles across the Blue Ridge and into the college campus seeking his education. He chopped his way through college for five years, and graduated with honor, being unable to obtain assistance.

* * *

"Christ-Flowers."

Very pretty are these verses to the Chryanthemum or Christ-flower:

They are small and close-sheathed buds at first,
But bold and fair when their leaves are burst,
Crowned flowers, framed for the Baby born
In a [illegible] that [illegible] blessed morn.

Because they were given their sweet name
For the holiest Child that ever came
[illegible] when the day of his birth is here
They should have their part in the children's cheer.

SUCCESS.

OUR life is a blessing, or curse, as we make it,
In spite of surroundings, we rise if we will;
The power is given, if only we will take it,
The mountains to level—the valleys to fill.

Some stand at the bottom—no friends and no money. [rise
Their lot is a hard one, but upward they'll
If firm in their purpose. The milk and the honey
Will fall to their portion, as food from the skies.

Our blessings avail not, if purpose is lacking;
Success is not won by a wish or a dream!
Hard work and persistence—with these for a backing,
One never is helpless, to drift on the stream.

Then shrink not from labor; with willing hands take it.
No drone ever conquered the ills of this life.
Take labor with gladness; a stepping-stone make it—
Successes will sweeten the toil and the strife.

—J. M. MORSE.

* * *

The Bay-Window Garden.

FLOWERS in the garden are a delight; within the house they are a benediction. There are few things that lend a cheerier or more picturesque appearance to a room than a fragrant nook of delicate foliage and blossom. In many parts of our union, not longer than a quarter of a century ago, a bay window was a rarity, writes Edward B. Heaton, in the *Mayflower*. With the advent of flowers came windows to receive them. To-day there are but few residences built without windows of various designs for the reception of flowers, and house-plants bless nearly every home. It is pleasant, also, to hear our matrons and daughters talk of the flowers. Flora's nomenclature comes "trippingly on the tongue." Great words like Pelargonium and Chrysanthemum seem as native as yes and no. A little botanical knowledge adds to the interest one takes in plants. The bay window is almost a new creation. How curious the plants! Here the tropics, where nature is at her best, have contributed their choicest and rarest dainties. Palms, Oranges, feathery Ferns, marvelous Orchids, and a thousand bulbs and tubers thrust up their glorious chalices for show, filled with royal perfumes. This floral education reaches much farther. Every village, almost, has its Chrysanthemum social. The churches are adorned with the choicest blooms. On Easter especially there is a deluge of bloom. The very chandeliers are hidden in gorgeous festoons. The preacher is never better pleased than when a mother in Israel brings a bouquet or a plant and places it on the stand by the side of the sacred desk.

* * *

Childish Efforts in Art.

In the drawings of children (says Professor Mason of Philadelphia, a famous art teacher), the early work should be as free and spontaneous as early speech. Visit the kindergarten. If mechanical drill is the right foundation for thought expression through drawing, surely the earlier this foundation is established the better for the child. But what is the method of the intelligent kindergartner? Why, she tells her pupils to take a piece of charcoal, or wax crayon, or some medium that will make a soft, fluent line, and draw whatever they see or are thinking about. The first results are crude, to be sure; but the desire to express something is aroused, and the proper method is established of seeing—directing the attention, observing and attempt at picturing. What more does the artist do? What less should the child do? And yet with many it has become an established procedure that the little child should be drilled on lines, circles, oblongs, triangles, ellipses, etc., term in and term out, until he has mastered this alphabet of the line, when he can be trusted to draw from objects showing these shapes. Surely there is a better way of developing a child's taste for art.

NEW YORK'S GREAT REVIVAL.

Crowds Listening Daily to Mr. Moody's Presentation of the Gospel and Mr. Sankey's Thrilling Solos—Some of Mr. Moody's Illustrative Anecdotes.

IT has been many years since New York has witnessed a movement like that which has been aroused by Mr. Moody's services in Cooper Union and Carnegie Music Hall. Day after day, crowds

MR. IRA D. SANKEY AT THE ORGAN.

gather outside the famous building in the early morning, patiently waiting for the doors to be opened. Again at mid-day another crowd assembles, and when at two o'clock the great hall is thrown open, every seat is filled, and even the aisles are thronged. On Sunday afternoons Carnegie Music Hall, immense as it is, does not contain a third of the people. Dr. MacArthur's large church is crowded from the overflow, and on Nov. 29, after that and the Central Presbyterian Church had both been filled, a crowd sufficiently large to fill another great church went away, unable to gain access to either of the three buildings.

It is significant that there is nothing of a sensational character in the services to attract such an enormous number of people. They come to hear the plain Gospel, presented by a plain man making no pretensions to oratory, but telling the old story of the Cross in homely but most convincing fashion. Doubtless many are drawn by the hope of hearing Mr. Sankey's thrilling solos, but in these, too, the Gospel of Christ is the burden of the song, and the rapt faces and falling tears, which are seen in all parts of the Hall while Mr. Sankey is singing, are the response to the same message set to music, which Mr. Moody has presented in his sermon. A

"WE WANT TO ILLUMINATE CHRISTIANITY."

practical effect of Mr. Moody's preaching was given in a letter covering a $100 bill, received by Controller Fitch. The writer said it rightfully belonged to the city, and he had been moved to send it by hearing Mr. Moody preach.

Among the illustrative anecdotes which Mr. Moody has used in the course of his services were the following:

Preaching by Candlelight.

When I was a young man and preached out in the West—I was a commercial traveler then—I would go into a little town and hold a meeting in a log school-house, and some old gentleman would say: "This young brother from Chicago will speak here this evening at early candle-light," and the first person that came would bring an old dingy lantern and stick it up on a bench—and even an old lantern with a little oil and a wick, you know, gives out considerable light after all on a dark night—and the next person that came, an old woman perhaps, would bring a sperm candle, and then would come an old farmer with another candle, and they would stick them up on the battered desks and they would splutter away there, yet all the time giving a good deal of light. And, do you know, by the time the people got gathered there in that old schoolhouse we had plenty of light. Now, it can be just so here in New York. There are Christians enough here in New York to light up the whole city. Have you got your light lit? If you haven't, light it up right off. See to it that your lantern is lit. Get filled with the spirit of God, and then you can't help but shine.

A Lost Child.

One of the sweetest sentences ever uttered is that which tells us what Christ came to do in this world. "For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." Don't let any one say that God has never sought you. He has sought you more times than you have hairs on your heads. All heathen religion is a man working himself up to his God. The religion of Jesus Christ is God coming down to man. In one of our meetings there was a little child who had been separated from her mother as they both were entering the hall. The mother had the child's name called out from the platform, and the little lost one was asked to stand up. The mother became frenzied as there was no response. Later the child was found in the very front seat. When asked why she did not speak when the inquiry was made for the lost child, she replied, "because I was not lost." She knew where she was and she was quite content. You laugh at the story, but I want you to know that you are lost and it is not some one else that Christ is looking for, but you."

Light in the Lantern.

You hear a great deal about religion nowadays. Let me tell you that religion is one thing, and vital godliness and Holy Ghost power is another thing. Now [holding up an unlighted lantern] we will call this religion. What is this lantern good for if I have got to stay in this hall all night? What is the matter with it? Why, there is no light in it. If you ask one of these dead-alive Christians about religion, the moment you begin to talk to him he will fetch out his old lantern. But if there isn't any oil in it what good is the lantern. What we want is to illuminate Christianity. May God do it here to-day. The moment you talk with men about religion they will get behind their lanterns and say: "Oh yes, we've got religion." Oh yes, and that is all they have got. When you get filled with the spirit of God you will get lit up, illuminated. That is what it is called: "Ye are the light of the world," Christ says.

Innocent Prisoners.

I remember some years ago preaching in the Tombs here in New York. There was not a man to be seen. It was pretty hard work preaching to stone walls and barred doors but the warden told me that the prisoners could hear me, so I gave them the straight Gospel. When it was over I went around to some of the grated cells and I asked the men what they were there for. It was the saddest thing. The wrong that had been done. These men were all innocent, it appeared—according to their story. One man was in because he happened to be in a place where a robbery had been committed. The thief got away and the police took this innocent man. Another prisoner was equally unfortunate. He was so like a notorious criminal the police arrested him by mistake—clean case of mistaken identity. So it was in cell after cell. It was no use talking to them. They were unfortunate, nothing more. It was sinners I wanted to reach. It was sinners I wanted to tell about Jesus. At last I found one man who owned up. It was like water to a thirsty soul. I knelt down on the cell floor and prayed with him. At last there was a man who wanted the pardon and salvation I had to preach, and I got that man before I left.

An Offer Doubted.

People get false ideas of promises in the Bible. They think they are too good to be true or are impossible to be performed. Promises are conditional or unconditional. If you do your part in the conditional promises all promises are going to be performed. If I don't walk uprightly the promises do not apply to me. But if I do, you can blot out the sun or upheave the ocean easier than you can break God's promises. I knew a Sunday School teacher once, a very earnest, faithful man who tried hard to get this into the heads and hearts of a class of big boys. He wanted them to see that when God promises a thing he means to do it. After talking some time he thought a little self-sacrifice might help his exposition. He took out his watch and offered it to any

THE CROWD OUTSIDE COOPER UNION. *Photographed from The Christian Herald office.*

boy in the class. The boys looked at him in amazement. They thought he was joking or it was just a figure of speech. But one little chap walked right up to him and held out his hand. The teacher put the watch into it and the lad put it into his pocket and went off as proud as a prince. The other boys looked at each other more amazed than ever, and chagrined too. Every boy blamed himself because he did not have that watch. Why did that one boy get it? He believed the teacher was in earnest and he went and held out his hand. That is what you have to do. When you read a promise, go to God and hold out your hand.

A Gold Coin Not Wanted.

Some men in London were talking about popular incredulity. There was a dispute about it and one man made a bet that he would stand all morning on London Bridge where twenty thousand people would pass him and he would offer them a sovereign (worth five dollars) for a shilling, and that not one would take it. Well, his friend made the bet. Next morning the man stood on London Bridge, with a tray in his hand. He had a lot of worthless trinkets on the tray and among them the gold sovereign. He offered any article on his tray for a shilling, and all morning he stood there reiterating in a monotonous way, "A sovereign for a shilling! A sovereign for a shilling!" Some of the people thought him crazy; some thought him a fraud, but no one had the sense to pay his shilling and get a coin worth twenty in exchange.

"IT IS ONLY ONE TICK AT A TIME."

"Ye would not come to me that ye might have life," was Christ's reproach.

A Discouraged Pendulum.

There was a lady who used to attend our meetings in England. She used to come in her carriage and go away without waiting for the after-meeting. She sat right in front every day with a cold, hard, critical face. But after a time she became anxious. She wanted the joy and peace of the Gospel. She stayed to the after meeting and told me her difficulty. She was in society, and she did not think she could hold out after the meetings were over and we had come back to America. Well, I told her the story of the pendulum. You know it? You see, it was a pendulum waiting to be fixed on a new clock. It began to calculate how long it would be before the big wheels were worn out and its work was done. It would be expected to tick night and day, so many times a minute, sixty times that every hour, and twenty-four times that every day, and three hundred and sixty-five times that every year. Nobody knew how many times that. It was awful! Quite a row of figures enough to stagger you. Millions of ticks. "I can never do it," said the poor pendulum. But the clock-maker encouraged it. "You can do one tick at a time?" he said. "Oh, yes," the pendulum could do that. "Well," he said, "that is all that will be required of you." So the pendulum went to work steadily ticking, one tick at a time and it is ticking yet, quite cheerfully. The lady saw the point I wanted to make and she went away to think it over. She wrote me that it was all right. She had bought a clock that had a pendulum visible and as she saw it swing, she said to herself, "it is only a tick at a time: I can trust Christ for a day." When I was sailing for home a package was left at the hotel for me. It was a clock from that lady and it is now at Northfield ticking away a tick at a time. I met that lady about twelve years afterward and I asked her how it was with her. She answered, "The old clock is still ticking, Mr. Moody." I learned that she was not only happy herself but she was helping others. There were city missionaries and foreign missionaries at work, whose salaries that lady was paying. She had told the secret to so many of her friends who felt the same way that they took to calling her Lady Pendulum.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Capturing a Lawyer.

A FEW years since, when a pastor in Boston, Mass., I became very much interested in a young man who was just finishing his theological course in the Boston University. The young fellow was so enthusiastic, so optimistic, so bubbling over with faith in God and love for men, and so sure that God was strong-

er than the devil, that it was a delight to have fellowship with him.

When his theological course was completed, he went out to Cincinnati to begin his ministry in a plain little chapel in one of the suburbs of that city. There were few members in his little church, and all of them were poor. The outlook would have been very unpromising to many young college men, but to my young friend the difficulties in the way only inspired him to greater exertion. I shall never forget the first letter I had from him after he reached the field. It ran like this:

"I am on the ground at last, and am beginning to get the lay of the land. It seems good after being in school so long to feel that at last you are on the track and have a fair chance at the race. I imagine that I feel like a hound that has been chafing in his kennel for a long time and is at last turned loose, with the game in sight. The ministry never seemed so precious and splendid to me as now, and by the help of God I am determined to win victory for my Master. I have been looking over my field here and am strangely impressed that my success in getting a strong hold on this community depends on my capturing for the Lord the most prominent man there is in this part of the city. The most widely-known man here, and the man of most influence, is Judge ——, a distinguished lawyer of Cincinnati. Indeed, he is the most famous criminal lawyer in this part of the country. He has [illegible] evidence to show that he has a thought of becoming a Christian. Yet I feel that I must win him, and do it at once. You may think I am foolish about this, and I am astonished at myself; but after all, God is as willing to save him as he is to save anyone else, and I believe he is as willing to help me secure this man's conversion as he was to help Paul and Silas with the jailer at Philippi. Anyhow, I [illegible]

"Pray for me as you never did before; for this means everything to me. If God gives me this man in answer to my work and prayer at the very beginning of my ministry, I shall feel that everything is possible after that."

This letter impressed me deeply. The holy audacity of the young fellow almost took my breath away, and I awaited the future development with most prayerful interest.

About ten days later I received a second letter, in which ran these lines: "I could stand it no longer, and so have been to see Judge ——. I just opened my heart and told him all about it. I told him I could hardly sleep or eat on his account, but was praying for him all the time. Everything I intended to say went out of my head, and I just blundered on, trying to tell him how much he owed the Lord, and what a great chance there was for him to change the whole community by swinging about and giving his heart to Christ.

"He was the most astonished-looking man I ever saw. He looked at me at first like you have seen a great St. Bernard dog look at a young puppy that runs up to him on the street. Still he was not offended, but treated me kindly, and I believe God will give him to me yet."

This was getting to be interesting. What a battle royal it was for a human soul. On one side the most successful criminal lawyer of the Ohio River Valley—a middle-aged man hedged about by evil associations and chained by evil habits. On the other hand, this ruddy young David with his sling.

I did not hear from the battlefield again for three or four weeks, and was becoming anxious, when one morning I received a letter which brought me to my feet. It began: "'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Judge —— sent for me to come and pray with him last night. He was under deep conviction, and was mourning over his sins. He told me he had not had a moment's rest since the day I first came to see him and told him I was praying for him. I prayed over him and cried over him, and I believe he is happily converted to the Lord Jesus Christ. He will make a public confession in the church, and he and his wife will at once unite with it. What a glorious day that will be for this community. My joy is beyond words. I never can believe anything too hard for God again."

Judge —— became a power for good, and was influential on many a platform in giving his testimony for Christ. I am sure you will not be astonished, after this incident, to know that this heroic youth is one of the most successful evangelistic missionaries in China, where, in the populous Hing-hua district, the Rev. William N. Brewster has led literally hundreds of the natives to the foot of the Cross.

Countess Schimmelmann's Zeal.

Cheering reports of the excellent results accomplished by the Gospel labors of Countess Schimmelmann in the great North German cities, are received. Her work is already known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A recent letter says: "From out of vast audiences in socialistic halls, she has been the means of leading many a soul to Christ, the divine-human Brother. From mingling with the city poor has sprung another work to her hands, that of rescuing neglected street children. The Countess has a yacht with a number of poor boys on board in training for a more useful life than that of the streets. She does not ask help of men, but prays that God would send her, through them, the funds sufficient for this work.

"The Countess has this summer been holding evangelistic meetings in the neighborhood of Copenhagen. At Aalborg, two thousand assembled to hear her."

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By IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES McGRANAHAN, and GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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Armenian Aid.

SINCE Turkey's recent warning from the European Powers, no serious outbreaks have occurred in any part of the Sultan's dominions. Anatolia, the name by which the Porte designates Armenia, is quieting down, but there is still much suffering at many points, according to the reports received from missionaries. The principal scene of suffering is in and around Harpoot. During the week the seventh weekly remittance of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was forwarded through the A. B. C. F. M. for distribution by its missionaries in the field at the following points:

Harpoot	**$500**
Cesarea	**$250**
Oorfa	**$250**

This, together with previous remittances, makes the grand total of relief disbursements to date **$49,000.**

In acknowledging the receipt of $1,000 from the Fund for feeding and sheltering the Armenian exiles at the Salvation Army Farm at Ramseys, N. J., Commander Booth Tucker writes as follows:

NEW YORK, Nov. 15th, 1896.

My dear Dr. Klopsch:

I need hardly say how deeply we appreciate the generous and prompt manner in which you have co-operated with us in regard to the Refugees. You did a great deal more than merely help them. Personally, the Consul and I cannot too warmly thank you for your wise counsels, for your cheerful sacrifice of time and effort at a busy season, and for the effort you threw both into the Carnegie meeting and into the landing of the refugees.

Very sincerely yours,
F. AND E. BOOTH-TUCKER.

Rev. W. W. Peet, treasurer of American Missions in Turkey writes from Constantinople as follows:

We are just now getting very large subscriptions from Germany. It has taken a good while to get Germany informed as to the situation, but the Christian people there are now thoroughly aroused. Two committees in Germany have undertaken to supply a part of the money required for Arabkir.

It is learned that Minister Terrill has obtained the consent of the Turkish government to the emigration of this country of a party of women and children, the families of Armenians who have already come to the United States and become naturalized citizens. Among other fugitives who arrived in New York last week, is Rev. Mr. Livonian, a native Armenian pastor of Bitlis, who narrowly escaped massacre. A private letter from Constantinople says:

Mrs. Abdalian, wife of Dr. N. Abdalian, is on her way with four fatherless children, to New York. During the troubles at Gurun, near Sivas, Dr. Abdalian was murdered, his house pillaged and burned. He was an ordained preacher, and a medical doctor, graduated and ordained at Hartford, Ct., being also a naturalized citizen of the U. S. A.

Secretary Olney of the State Department at Washington has been notified of the murder of this American subject in the Sultan's dominions.

In a letter addressed from the members of the W. C. T. U., for the establishment of a Refuge for Escaped Armenians, Mrs. Willard writes:

"We must hold ourselves in readness to help the refugees who are constantly escaping from the dominion of the Turk. But we must not let this work cause us to cease sending help to the shelterless and starving who remain in that hapless country. We must give money to establish industrial homes and orphanages for the women and children, but it must be apparent to all that if we can help to find homes and work for the starving refugees, we have at the same time helped to set the Armenian people on their feet, and to put a new hope in their hearts for the future. Thousands are penniless today in Bulgaria, Alexandria, Marseilles and all along the border of that accursed Turkish Empire, which only the rapacity of the great Powers suffers to blot the map of a world that is brightening into peace and brotherhood. It is the purpose to establish a home for refugees at some strategic point, possibly in Bulgaria, which shall belong to the World's W. C. T. U., and shall testify to the loyalty and tenderness of our society toward those who most needed our help at a time when the heart of the world was stirred by their unutterable misery.

"Already we have commissioned Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant to go to Bulgaria and report the situation. It is quite likely that Lady Henry Somerset and her son will soon follow for the purpose of establishing the refuge, which will be but one of a line of refuges of which Lady Henry Somerset writes: "We must arrange all along the coasts in Russia, Armenia and in Bulgaria, touching as near Turkish territory as possible, refuges to which the flying Armenians can go, where they will find a sort of St. Bernard's (without the dogs) and where they can be warmed, clothed and sheltered, and then sent on to some of the larger colonies that are being established by the Duke of Westminster's Committee. Everything is shaping itself now, and it looks as if we all get organization at last throughout England. The letter is signed by Frances E. Willard, Isabel Somerset, Agnes Slack, Anna Gordon, and Mary Sanderson, Gen'l Officers World's W.C.T.U.

The following contributions to our Armenian Fund have been received:

Rev. ack'd $51,782.91 Girls Cottage No 4, Miss Morse..... 1 00 Orphans Home, O 1 33

Amos B Morse	5 00	Chas Wolf	5 00
R G Holmes	12 00	Wm Foote	2 00
Mrs Jackson Lynes	1 00	Y P S C E, Weston's Mills	9 00
Mrs A B Hudson	1 00	Subr. Edgewood	2 00
Henry Stutenroot	5 00	—, Lindsay, Ont	
Mrs H B Vaughan	5 00	Can	2 00
Mrs S F Hanger	5 00	Friend, Leoti	2 00
N L E, N Y	1 00	Widow's Mite, Bath	1 00
Mother, S D	50	Mrs A Petersen	2 00
—, Pittsburg	2 00	O T	2 00
W S Spear	1 00	W C T U, Mt Oreb	1 00
Mrs Edwin Worrell	50	W C T U, Williamsburg	3 00
Miss Kate Hoguet	50	Mrs J W Hill	1 00
M R Rowse	1 00	T H and M M Hill	1 00
E W Sullivan	10 00	Mrs Boyd	25 00
E K, Mt Vernon	1 00	Mrs Harriet S Parr	1 00
G M M, Brookline	1 00	Children's Mission Band Friend's Ch	1 14
Mrs A D Sexton	1 00	S A Bunting	1 52
Mrs A Hobart	5 00	Mr J Keyser	2 00
Wm Boshart	25 00	Mrs B F Buckmaster	2 00
Mrs A F M, Chicago	1 00	Adelaide M Travers	2 00
E J Rendall	5 00	Friend, N Y City	10 00
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Wm Lyle	2 50	Mrs C J Herrick	1 00
James Lyle	5 00	Geo F Fox	1 00
Friend, Carrabelle	1 00	C E Brayton	5 00
Minnie A Emery	1 00	J A Walter	5 00
Margaret Emery	2 00	Goss F Brown	2 72
Robert Emery	2 00	First Presby Ch, Salisbury	27 92
C A Hagaman	2 00	Friend, Havelock	1 50
Jennie Allen	1 00	Chas Miller	5 00
M E Gibson	50	Mrs M J Banks	5 00
Rev J C Hitchcock	3 00	Mrs E A Wilkins	6 00
Mrs W T Marsh	1 00	Edmund Fink	1 00
Mrs A F M, Chicago	1 00	Mrs A B Hayes	25 00
Mrs R Boyce	1 00	I H N, Ashland	2 00
Penn's Manor C E S	2 00	Mrs Thompson Ball	1 00
Mrs C C Stedman	50	Sympathy, Toronto	2 00
Fred M Walker	1 00	Mrs S J Dixon	1 00
Lizzie Hickman	1 00	Friend, Asbury Park	15 00
Wm Morgan	2 00	L H, Buffalo	1 00
E D Murray	3 00	Friend, Fowlerville	1 00
G W B, Hodgdon	3 00	One of His little ones, Winfield	5 00
Miss H D Rushton	1 00	L A B, Niagara	1 00
S A A, Tustin	5 00	Mrs S F Armstrong	1 00
Theo Stephens	1 00	L M Laws	1 00
In memory of E S Sawyer	3 00	Mrs I H Hinkley	2 00
Primary Class, Brooks Grove	1 00	**Total**	**$52,126.24**
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All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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A handsome book written at **Fordhook Farm**. It tells all about the best seeds that grow. Hundreds of illustrations, new vegetables and rare flowers painted from nature. Send a **postal card TO-DAY** for this

The Leading American Seed Catalogue.

10 cts. will buy the complete new book.

SWEET PEAS—UP-TO-DATE.

Fully illustrated. It gives all the latest information on how to grow sweet peas successfully and have an abundance of bloom, with complete descriptions and all needed information on **SWEET PEAS—up-to-date.**

It has just been written for us by the Rev. W. T. Hutchins, the well-known authority.

25c. buys seven **Superb Sweet Peas for 1897**, including Eckford's new **Crown Jewel** and **Little Dorrit**, which alone cost $1.25 each in England last year. This is the best collection we have ever offered. Nowhere else can such grand Novelties in Sweet Peas be had for so little money. **Write to-day.**

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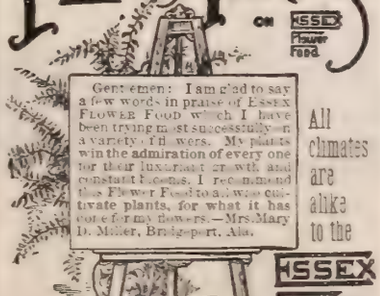
PLANTS THRIVE ON ESSEX Flower Food



All climates are alike to the

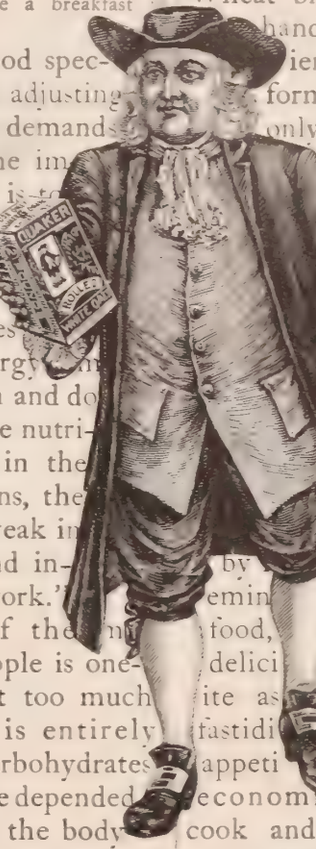
Ask your dealer for the **ten cent** package that feeds **10 plants 1 year**—taking to get it, but to exterminate with another kind, send eight 2-cent stamps to the

Russia Cement Co. GLOUCESTER, MASS.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. Law College, Lima, O.

Can't You Eat Breakfast?

Count that day lost whose lately risen sun
Views in thy place a breakfast unbegun.



A leading food specialist says: "In adjusting the diet to the demands of the body, the important matter is to provide enough protein for the building and repair of the tissues and enough energy to keep it warm and do its work. If the nutriments are not in the right proportions, the body will be weak in its structure and inefficient in its work."

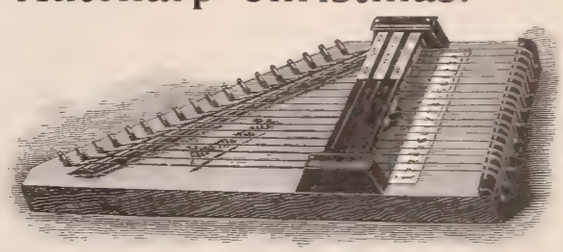
The diet of the majority of people is one-sided. We eat too much meat, which is entirely lacking in carbohydrates, which have to be depended upon to supply the body with heat and power. Meat, too, contains none of the necessary mineral substances. Wheat bread, on the other hand, contains insufficient protein or tissue forming material and only a trace of fat and mineral substance. Quaker Oats is rich in *all* the desired elements, which are so properly proportioned that the whole body is energized and built up by it. It is pre-eminently a health food, easily digested, delicious, and so exquisite as to tempt the most fastidious and rebellious appetite. It is, withal, economical and easy to cook and has that natural nutty flavor. If you can't eat breakfast try Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

SOLD ONLY IN 2 LB. PACKAGES.

An Autoharp Christmas.

$1.50



The music of Christmas is delightfully enhanced by this, the sweetest of all stringed instruments. The Autoharp, style Harmonette (illustrated above), has 3 chord bars and 18 strings. It is so very simple that a child may operate it with pleasing effect. The instrument is well made, nicely finished in natural color, furnished in a neat box with book of instructions, six pieces of music, tuning key and pick.

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SEND **$2.00** and for a short time only we will send you the following:

1 Autoharp	$1.50
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Delivery charges prepaid	.50
Total	$2.25

ALL FOR $2.00.

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See also our advertisement in Christian Herald, issue of Oct. 28th and Nov. 18th.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN FOR Ball Bearing Weather Strip. Positive novelty. Sure seller. Samples [illegible] Used by U. S. Government. Large [illegible] sent by mail, 35 cents. Give size of window. Circulars free. [illegible] MARCH WEATHER STRIP CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS [illegible] King Harness Co., No. 42 Church St., Owego, N. Y.

"Thoughtless folks have the hardest work, but quick witted people use

SAPOLIO

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 22, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Praying Sister, Lyons, N. Y., asks prayer for the conversion of an aged brother.——"Anxious Mother," Malden, Mass., that her son, who has a hard heart and a bad temper and a stubborn will, may receive a new heart from the Lord and become a child of God.——A. T., Chatham, N. J., that a brother-in-law and two cousins may give themselves to the Lord and devote their lives to his service.——Reader, Campbell, Va., for the conversion of father and mother and that they may have the spirit of Christ.——Anxious Mother, Long Beach, Calif., for the conversion of two sons, one of whom once made a profession of Christ, but has wandered into sin; also, that the other may have grace to overcome a passionate temper——Reader, Jersey City, N. J., that a husband and father, once a church member, but now a wanderer from God, may be brought back, and made truly a child of God.——Sister in Christ, Hastings, Pa., for the conversion of a son and his wife and family, and a brother and sister and their families, all very dear and often prayed for, but all strangers to Christ.——Anxious Mother, St. Albans, Vt., for the conversion of a son for whom many prayers have been offered, who is being led astray by evil companions.——Believer, Millville, Pa., for the conversion of children who have not yet given their hearts to Christ; also that a neighbor, the father of a family, but the slave of drink, may be saved from his sins and become a follower of the Lord.——Anxious Mother, New Brunswick, N. J., for the conversion of her son, who has become addicted to strong drink, and that God would give him strength to overcome his propensity.——Anxious Mother, Julian, Pa., that her two sons might give their hearts to God, before they go out into the temptations of the world.——Anxious One, Ottawa, Ont., for the conversion of a father and three children who are far from God; also for some near and dear friends who do not know the Lord.

For the Restoration of Health. "Believer," Brunswick, N. J., that God would give full restoration of health to one who has long been a sufferer.——J. A. S., Richmond, Va., that God would heal her, or give the sweet peace and assurance that will support her in her way through the dark valley of the shadow of death.——E. A. M., Gilliam, Mo., that her sick husband may be raised up and be able to resume his work.——C. O., Natchez, Miss., that father and mother, who are both sick, may be fully restored.——H. E. B., Continental, O., that a dear friend who has been stricken with paralysis, may be restored to health.——S. L. C., that a sick woman, who is suffering from a sprained hip, may receive healing and strength from the dear Lord.——"Believer," Christine, N. Dak., for the recovery of a dear friend who is prostrated with lung trouble.——"Anxious M[illegible] Livermore, Ky., that her husband's hearing may be restored.——J. H. S., Iola, [illegible] for the recovery of a dear sister who has [illegible] a great sufferer for many months past; [illegible] that a dear friend, who has no hope of re[illegible]y, might be healed by the Great Physi[illegible]——"Believer," Marietta, O., that a dear [illegible], who is sorely needed by her little children, may be raised from a bed of sickness and fully restored to health; also that a Christian girl, the only child of her parents, might be cured of a distressing malady.——"One who Trusts" for the restoration to health of [illegible] many are dependent for bread.——"Reader," Mankato, Kans., for the recovery of an invalid sister.——A. H. C., Olin, Ia., a poor, helpless cripple who begs that prayer may be of[illegible] Ashland, Oreg., for the restoration to health and strength of a brother who has been stricken with paralysis.——"Praying Sister," Lyonsdale, N. Y., that she may be cured of a distressing sickness which causes excruciating [illegible]

For Spiritual Blessings. [illegible], with three young children to [illegible] thwart the [illegible]

No lamp is a good one without its particular chimney.

The Index tells what Number to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl glass."

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are the largest manufacturers of *Stereopticons, Magic Lanterns and Views* in the world. Agencies in Chicago, Boston, Chattanooga, Kansas City and Minneapolis.

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Special Lanterns and Slides for all purposes sold and [illegible]. Send for free literature.

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NO Moss-Growing. Cleaning. **NO Cracking. Crumbling.**

[illegible] Write for [illegible] and full [illegible] Cost nothing to [illegible]

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Where no part of time [illegible]
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SIMPLICITY— so it can be easily adjusted, and won't get out of order.

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◆ ◆ ◆ Read This ◆ ◆ ◆

"**Demorest's Magazine** is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published and combines the attractions of several English magazines." *London Times.*

"We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater stress the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to overpraise unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound in simple fairness to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous shilling's worth."—*London Budget.*

The *London Herald* says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in **Demorest's.**"

Absolutely FREE to You

Upon receipt of a remittance of **$2 00** from you for one year's subscription to **Demorest's Magazine,** we will send you FREE, **this Beautiful Silver Sugar-Shell** as a premium, **and, in addition,** you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburgh's exquisite oil painting, "**Our Bench Show,**" representing a "yard" of playful puppies, shown above. The picture is 10 x 30 inches and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art. You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine.

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Cut here and return coupon properly filled out.

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Has the Horse Had His Day?

In almost every leading city in Europe, horseless carriages are slowly but surely gaining recognition. This is especially

A LONDON ELECTRICAL CAB.

the case in Paris and London. In the recent Lord Mayor's annual parade in the English capital, an old-fashioned, gilt "Lord Mayor's coach," drawn by six prancing steeds, was followed by a modern vehicle, propelled by a motor. Electrical cabs (like that shown in our illustration) are likely to become plentiful in London, and the London Electrical Cab Company, with large capital, is about to place a large number in public service. It is claimed that the new style of vehicle can be run at much less cost than the old (about $1.30), and that the risk of accident is reduced one-half.

Children's Home.

The following sums have been received for our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn:

Previously acknowledged	$4,931.61
J. A. Walter	2 50
Fred R. Shaw	1 00
First M. E. S. S. Greenpoint	5 00
Wm. Boshart	15 00
Eunice Hutchison	10
Joe Hutchison	5
Total	$4,955.26

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—*Persian & Cabistan*, half pieces and large Rugs,

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Turkish and Persian Carpets. (sizes 9 x 12 feet,)

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Home Parties

And Church Sociable Ideas

Are made a constant feature in The Ladies' Home Journal. Experienced home and church entertainers originate and furnish them. A page of "Home Parties" is in the November issue; in the December number there will be two pages. Succeeding pages in other issues, all new ideas.

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They look and fit better than any other kind.
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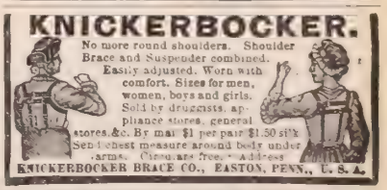

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"The Beggars' Church" of Agra.

A NUMBER of years ago, Dr. Colin S. Valentine, an Englishman, settled in Agra, India, as Superintendent of a Training Institute there. So many of the very poorest class came to the service every Sunday morning to hear the Gospel and receive alms, that after a time an hour was set apart for them, and was called "the Beggars' Hour." Between seven and eight years ago they were formed into a church, the number in attendance varying, being sometimes as high as four hundred, though the average each Sabbath is about one hundred and sixty. It is a motley gathering of men, women, and children, embracing the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, and the leprous. One woman, who had never been able to walk, having, it is believed, been born a cripple, is in the habit of coming every Sabbath morning from Secundra, four miles off, the entire distance being completed on her hands and knees!

The lepers especially present a very miserable and in some cases even a sickening appearance. Many of these beggars have no regular place to live in. During the hot season they lie about the corners of the streets, on the ground, and during the rainy and cold season under any shelter they can get. The gnawing of hunger is with them a daily and painful experience. No one could desire a more attentive audience. They are well instructed, and are addressed by the native students in rotation, Dr. Valentine taking part in the exercises.

Cost of Public Schools.

The Teacher, in an interesting article on our public school system, furnishes some instructive statistics. The number of pupils in the public schools of our four largest cities last year were as follows: New York, 227,932; Chicago, 185,858; Philadelphia, 125,180; Boston, 74,328. School expenditures for these cities in the order named were respectively: $5,635,353, $6,466,995, $3,461,183, $2,290,967. The cost per child was: New York, $24.71; Chicago, $34.88; Philadelphia, $27.65; Boston, $30.82. New York had 196 school days in the year, Chicago 187, while Boston and Philadelphia each had 200.

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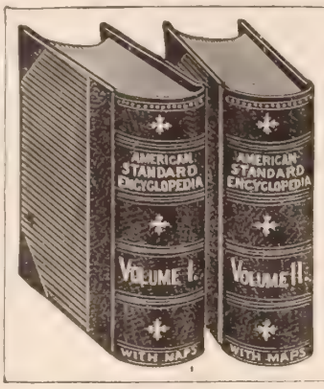

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A Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ without a Teacher.

Intended for those who have not time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by CHARLES E. PRATT, the noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight. It is well as dance music, marches, etc. This chart is unable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

To introduce PRATT'S CHART in every home, we will send **free** with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM OF Songs," containing **184 Songs, with words and music,** including the great hits, **"I Won't Be a Nun,"** and **"The Mountain Maid's Invitation."** Also old and new favorites, and war songs.

The price of the chart alone is $1, but until further notice we will send PRATT'S CHART, and the GIANT ALBUM OF SONGS, postpaid for **25 cents.** Address **HOME PUBLISHING HOUSE, 26 Reade St., New York.**

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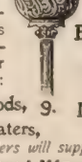

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This beautiful booklet contains a Lily of the Field and eleven other rare and beautiful flowers that thrive in Spring were growing in the Christ Land, just such flowers as Jesus himself looked upon and used to illustrate his teaching. Price 50 cents.

Address, Rev. H. B. GREEN, Lowell, Mass.

Soldiers of the Lord.

A New Organization on Military Lines for Evangelistic Work.

HAPPILY there is no patent or copyright in Christian service. The supreme aim of the follower of Christ is to win souls for his Master. If he has discovered a method by which unsaved men and women may be reached and drawn into the Gospel fold, he is glad to have it adopted by other workers, and rejoices if they are helped by it in their labors. The Salvation Army and the American Volunteers will therefore have a cordial welcome for a new organization of their own type which has recently come into the field. It has been organized in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church and is called the United States Church Army. Like the Salvation Army, its mission is to reach outsiders who never attend church, and on whom existing church agencies exert no influence. It takes up the mission of the King, who directed his servants to go on the streets and lanes of the city and urge all whom they saw to come to the feast. How large a number of persons there are who are never found within the walls of the house of God and who never hear the Gospel message from the pulpit, every Christian worker knows. To these the officers and soldiers of the Church Army will go, bearing the invitation of Christ, delivering it wherever it may find them, whether in the street, the saloon, the gambling-house, or the resorts of vice. It has already been tentatively at work in various districts of the country for a year past, and has been so successful that the Parochial Mission Committee of the Church has formally accepted charge of the movement; and has appointed a commission of four clergymen who will have absolute control of its management. The members of the commission are Rev. E. A. Bradley, D. D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York; Rev. E. Walpole Warren, of St. James', New York; Rev. W. D. Bodine, D. D., of Philadelphia, and Rev. J. Newton Perkins, of the Church of the Reconciliation, New York, General Secretary. The officers of the Army Staff are Col. H. H. Hadley, Major Samuel F. Jones, Superintendent St. Stephen's Rescue Mission of Boston; Major Sarah Wray, the song evangelist, aide-de-camp, and as chief adjutant, Major James K. Bakewell, Superintendent of the Brotherhood Rescue Mission, Pittsburg, Pa.

As in the Salvation Army, the organization is of military type and nomenclature. Officers of the staff will wear a uniform of black frock coat with gold braid and shoulder-straps denoting rank of wearers; a brown slouch hat, and a blue cloth vest of severe cut, ornamented with monogram of the Army. A thin stripe of gold will decorate the trousers. A blue gown, with shoulder straps similar to that of the men, and an alpine hat, forms the not unpleasing costume in which the women will appear.

Each post is to be connected with some church, and any rector desiring army operations in his parish can secure the organization of a post by applying to headquarters, 423 Lexington avenue, New York. Each post is expected to be entirely self-supporting, and to contribute one-tenth of its gross receipts to the cost of the work at headquarters, where a training institution for the education of recruits in Army methods will be maintained. No attempt is to be made to establish a new church or chapel in any field, but the converts of the Army will be placed under the charge of the rector of the church to which the post is attached. Martial music, street-preaching, personal influence and appeal will be the main features of the Army's methods, and care will be taken that there shall be nothing grotesque or undignified in services, dress, or procedure.

It is intended to send a captain and first heutenant to any Protestant Episcopal Church, whose rector applies to Army headquarters for the organization of a post in connection with his church. These two officers will receive a salary. The post will then be made up of volunteers under their command. It will then labor to bring outsiders into the church. In this it differs from the Salvation Army, whose converts often remain with the Army in preference to making a church-connection.

(Take notice to-day. This ad. will not appear again.)

$150 IN GOLD | **FREE! FREE! TO WOMEN.**

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in INDUSTRIOUS? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Any thing that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: In, into, i dustrious, no, not, nut, nuts, dust, dusts, us, sit, sits, etc. Use these words in your list. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay $20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INDUSTRIOUS; $12.00 for the second largest; $10.00 for the third; $8.00 for the fourth, $5.00 for the ten next largest, and $2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price $1 per year. It is necessary for you to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three-months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a large 200-page book, "Dorris' Fortune," by Florence Warden, a love story of intense interest. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Jan. 20. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in the February issue, published in January. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, Dept. 113, New York City.

CANCER

Its Scientific Treatment and Cure.

Drs. McLeish & Weber, of Cincinnati, O., have made the treatment of Cancer and Tumors a specialty for many years, using no knife or other severe measures. As an evidence of their success they cite the names of a few well known persons who have been cured by them.

Mr. T. E. C. Brinly, Louisville, Ky., President of the Brinly, Miles & Hardy Co., manufacturers of the famous "Brinly Plows," was cured ten years ago cancer of the mouth. Had been operated upon three times before going to them.

Prof. H. McDiarmid, formerly editor Christian Standard, Cincinnati, now Prest. Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va., was cured four years ago of cancer of the face. Before their treatment was applied, the diseased part had been cut out twice, each time recurring in about six months.

Judge R. J. Bowman, of Alexandria, La., was cured of cancer of the right cheek and forehead three years ago. A line addressed to Drs. McLeish & Weber, 419 John St., Cincinnati, O., will secure a 48-page treatise free.

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The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
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The HOUSEWIFE will, in 1897, continue its successful mission of teaching "Young housekeepers who do not know enough," and "Older ones who do not know too much," the best ways of doing every thing that is right and proper for them to do in the upbuilding of the home, which is practically the upbuilding of the Nation.

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ORIGINAL STORIES,
OCCASIONAL SERIALS,
POEMS WORTH KEEPING,
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HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK,
HYGIENIC ADVICE,
FRESH FASHIONS,
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BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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In order to more thoroughly introduce THE HOUSEWIFE, we will send it on trial **from now until January, 1898**, together with an attractive book, for only **SIXTY CENTS.** These books are all by famous authors and are handsomely bound in attractive cloth covers, stamped in silver or ink, and some contain nearly 400 pages, 16mo. The list of books is as follows:

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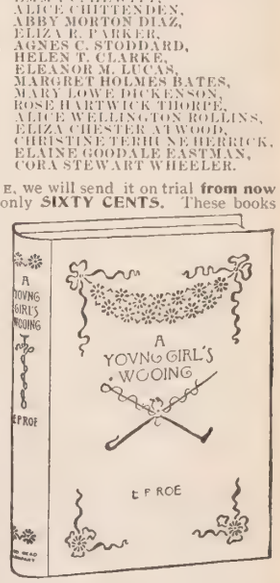
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By IAN MACLAREN.



Until quite recently these books have been obtainable only in higher-priced editions. Any **one** book and a subscription as specified above for only **Sixty Cents**, or any **two** books with the subscription for **One Dollar.** Remit by P. O. Order, or Express Money Order; stamps taken if either cannot be procured. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address

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24 and 26 Reade St. (P. O. Box, 1198), NEW YORK.

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Reclining Easy Chair or Desk

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. From factory to family.

CASE CONTAINS . . .

700 Bars Sweet Home Soap. **10 Bars White Woolen Soap.**
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Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
If changes in contents desired, write.

The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
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You get the Premium gratis. Both **$10.**

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT $10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in Christian Herald, Nov. 18th and 25th.

From the *Christian Work, New York.*—The Larkin Co. never disappoint. They create wonder with the great value they give for so little money. A customer once is a customer always with them.

The *New York Observer* says:—We unhesitatingly recommend the Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. This concern makes large promises and fulfills them in a large way. No one need hesitate to send money to them. Extraordinary value will be received.

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Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. **Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**

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The makers of the Alfred Dolge Cushion Sole Shoes desire a dependable person, man or woman, in every good sized community, as a selling representative, on commission. These shoes are so peculiar in material and method of manufacture as to make the sale of them a very simple and easy matter. Address with references, Daniel Green & Co., 119 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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Sent postpaid **20 cents** each.

CHAS. S. BERRY,
129 Lincoln Place, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Philafrican League's Progress.

THIS new organization is rapidly approaching the stage when its Samaritan work for the relief of African slaves can be safely inaugurated in the heart of the Dark Continent. At an important meeting held lately in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, the organization of the League was completed and a definite programme of work decided on. After listening to an interesting report by Mr. Chatelain, and to brief remarks by the chairman, Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., on the plan of work and the present state of the League, the meeting proceeded to the election of additional directors and to the approval of various suggestions submitted by the chairman. Among the new Directors, most of whom had already signified their willingness to serve, are President Daniel C. Gilman of John Hopkins University, Mrs. Frederick Douglass, Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, Hon. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, Hon. Thos. B. Bryan of Chicago, Booker T. Washington of Alabama, Dr. C. E. Welsh, U. S. Senator John T. Morgan, and General A. L. Chetlain. At the meeting of the Board of Directors which followed, the Executive Committee of seven, provided by the constitution, was finally appointed; as were also several Vice-Presidents, Honorary Secretaries, members of the International Council and Corresponding Members. The Executive Committee is composed of Revs. Drs. Josiah Strong, L. T. Chamberlain, W. W. Atterbury, J. H. Edwards, Dr. Louis Klopsch, Wm. Jay Schieffelin and Arthur D. Chambers. This committee was instructed to organize all business arrangements; to appoint workers for Africa; to negotiate with the Colonial governments; to co-operate with the European Liberators' Leagues; to incorporate the League; to fill vacancies and to attend to all other matters requiring prompt action. After all the appointments were made, decisive steps were taken toward raising the $10,000 needed for Free Settlement No. 1. It would certainly be a very easy task for the Christian cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago to provide each $10,000 for the founding, within a year, of four cities of refuge and strongholds of Christianity on the high and healthy tableland between Angola and Lake Nyassa.

The first local League was organized two weeks ago at Atlanta, Ga., after a speech by Prof. J. W. E. Bowen and a forcible presentation of the claims of African slaves on our practical sympathy, by President W. P. Thirkield of Gammon Theological Seminary.

Persons desiring to become members of the League or to obtain further information should apply to Mr. Heli Chatelain, 511 United Charities Building, N. Y.

The Famine in India.

A generous rain in several of the drought-smitten districts of India, is reported by cable. This will help matters [illegible] the Telegu districts (generally called the "Ceded districts," on account of their having been ceded to the British by the [illegible] of Hyderabad), lying between [illegible] and the Nizam's dominions. [illegible] and London Missionary Society are the [illegible] of importance in the districts; [illegible] the Ceded districts.

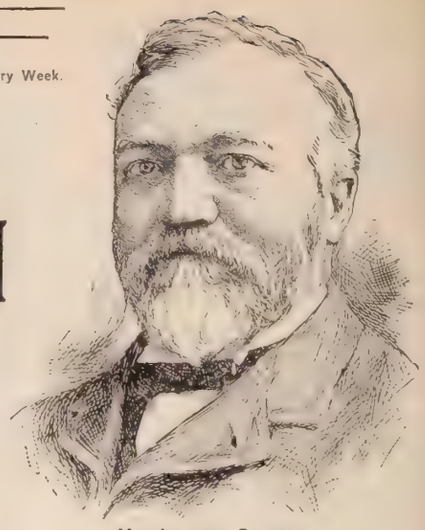
Do You Suffer from Asthma?

Established 1827 Comes Every Week.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Companion of the Whole Family.

The Prospectus of The Companion for 1897 offers many brilliant features which will give the paper great practical and educational value.



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Besides a delightful supply of fascinating Stories, Adventures, Serial Stories, Humorous Travel and Sketches, Anecdotes, etc., each Volume of THE COMPANION furnishes an unusual number of Articles of exceptional value written by men and women at the very forefront of their professions. Below are named a few of the Articles already engaged for 1897.

THE HABIT OF THRIFT.	Andrew Carnegie.
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HOW TO TRAIN THE VOICE.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
NURSING AS A CAREER.	Dr. William L. Love.
CLEANING THE METROPOLIS.	Col. George E. Waring, Jr.
THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.	Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.
THE REAL MIDSHIPMAN.	W. Clark Russell.
THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.	Lady Jeune.
NEW CURES FOR OLD DISEASES.	Dr. Cyrus Edson.
SCHOOL LIFE IN FRANCE.	Max O'Rell.
BIG AND LITTLE WORLDS.	Sir Robert S. Ball.
AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS.	Alvan F. Sanborn.
HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF.	Jesse W. Weik.
HOW I BECAME AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.	Adm'l A. H. Markham, R.N.
MY EXPERIENCES WITH INDIANS.	Hon. Carl Schurz.

In addition to the twenty-five staff writers THE COMPANION Contributors number fully two hundred of the most famous men and women of both continents, including the most popular writers of fiction and some of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, travellers and musicians. More than Forty of the most popular Artists of the day will prepare illustrations in keeping with the excellence of the Articles contributed.

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than $1.00.

700 Large Pages in Each Volume — 52 Weeks for $1.75 — Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

12-Color Calendar FREE.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and $1.75 will receive:
FREE — The Youth's Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1897;
FREE — Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers;
FREE — The Companion's 4-page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. The most costly gift of its kind The Companion has ever offered;
And The Companion Fifty-two Weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1898.

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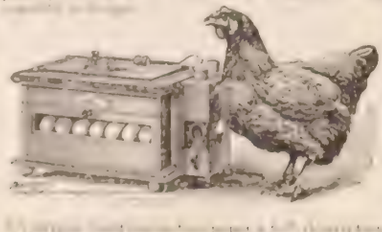
See Special Offers.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

THE WOODEN HEN.

[illegible] poultry raising to be done on a small scale. Its



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The poultry business pays when conducted under the rules laid down in our NEW POULTRY BOOK & CATALOGUE FOR 1897. Handsomely printed in colors, giving cuts and description of the leading breeds of fowls. Plans for poultry houses, tested remedies and price of poultry and eggs. Worth many dollars. Sent for 3c. stamps or silver postpaid. THE J. W. MILLER CO. Box 179. FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

THE PROFIT to be derived from the poultry business & many things of value to poultry men, together with a full description of the MONITOR INCUBATOR is contained in 5c. catalog. Send 5c. stamps. A. F. WILLIAMS, 13 Race st. BRISTOL, Conn.

HATCH CHICKENS with a machine that will hatch every egg that can be hatched. The New Saumenig Hatcher. Send 2 stamps for catalogue No. 85. INVINCIBLE HATCHER CO., Springfield, O.

LOTS OF EGGS when hens are fed green cut bone, cut by the Improved '96 MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTER the standard of the world. 12 sizes $5 and up. C. O. D. or On Trial. Cat'lg free if you name this paper. F. W. MANN CO., Milford, Mass.

LIFE PRODUCERS THE SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS. LIFE PRESERVERS THE SUCCESSFUL BROODERS. All about them in our catalogue. Sent for 6 cents.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 71, DES MOINES, IA.

LAST WORDS.

CALL me not back, with loving words and tender;
Thou lov'st me well, but Jesus loves me more.
Bid me farewell, and let me now surrender
My life, my all, to Him whom I adore.

Alas, how soon, must earthly ties be broken!
We part, e'er dies the sunlight in the west.
Oh, may I hear, those blessed words once spoken,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

The glorious light, that shineth from His presence,
Reflected down, has found a home in thee.
To cheer and comfort, by thy love intense,
This poor weak heart, that soon shall cease to be.

The chords of love are hard to break asunder.
We part with tears, to meet in realms of light,
Where we shall see, with love, and joy, and wonder,
Our blessed Lord, and all his angels bright.

O joy divine! O rapture past expressing!
How poor our sorrows then shall seem—how small;
We live, surrounded by divinest blessing,
And Christ himself shall be our All in All.
—M. A. B.

An Accomplished Empress.

FOR those who believe that it is difficult for a woman, having many social demands upon her time, to accomplish anything of value in life, this account of the social, intellectual and philanthropic activity of ex-Empress Frederick will be found interesting: In conversation it is difficult to broach any subject, no matter what it is, that she has not mastered.

Her close acquaintance with medi aeval renaissance and modern schools of painting, and with all forms and works of art and industry, is unsurpassed even by those men who have devoted their lives to these studies. The writer has, on one and the same evening, heard the Ex-Empress her converse on Venetian art with Ludvic Passini, proving herself his equal in knowledge of Venice, past and present; talking with a distinguished physician, who was astounded by the theoretical knowledge which she displayed of the throat and breathing organs, declaring that if she had but practical experience she would have been the finest throat doctor in the world; and discussing literature with a celebrated Englishman of letters, chiding him upon his admitted inability to cap a passage which she quoted. Her skill with the brush is far beyond that of a mere amateur, while her sculptures surpass anything of the kind usually attempted by a woman, no matter how skilled in the art.

The subject which naturally stimulates her most artistic effort is a portrait of her fondly-loved husband. On one occasion she had given a commission to a very celebrated German sculptor for a colossal statue of the Emperor Frederick. One day she called at his studio while he was at work on the clay model of the bust. She pointed out to him some features in which he had not caught the likeness. When verbal explanations did not adequately convey her meaning she asked permission to model herself, set to work, and in half an hour, with a touch here and there modeled the features to such a degree that the sculptor was astounded by the striking likeness. The model has since been put into marble, and is universally considered to be the best portrait extant of Emperor Frederick.

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten year's standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

Sufferers from
Gout and Rheumatism
find quick relief by taking
TARTARLITHINE
an effervescent uric acid solvent. It rapidly reduces pain and inflammation and eliminates the uric acid. Tartarlithine is pleasant to take, and does not affect the action of the heart.
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Price $1.00 per bottle. See that the label on the bottle reads "Tartarlithine." Pamphlet sent free. If your druggist does not keep it send to
McKesson & Robbins,
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BUY DIRECT From Manufacturers. Save Agents Large Profits. On receipt of $18.50 we will ship this New High Arm, High Grade *"ARLINGTON"* SEWING MACHINE anywhere, and **prepay all freight charges** to any railway station east of Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not as represented after 30 days test trial. Style No. 15
We will ship C. O. D. with privilege of 20 days trial on receipt of $5.00. Oak or walnut. Light-running, noiseless, adapted for light or heavy work, self-threading shuttle, self-setting needle **automatic** bobbin winder, and complete set of best attachments *free*. **10 YEARS WRITTEN WARRANTY.** If you prefer 30 days' trial before paying, send for large illustrated **CATALOGUE, with Testimonials,** explaining fully how we ship sewing machines anywhere, to anyone, at lowest manufacturers' prices without asking one cent in advance. We are headquarters and have all makes and kinds in stock from cheapest to the best. Over 52 different styles. High Arm "Arlington King" machines $14.00 and $16.50 **guaranteed** better than machines sold by others at $19.00 to $23.00.
We also sell new Singer machines (made by us) at $13.00, $10.50 and..... **$8.00**
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This special offer is made to **introduce our machines and make new customers. Write today. Address (in full.)**
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This ring we warrant sterling silver **925-1000 fine.** It is our famous **LEAP YEAR RING,** with the figures **1896** beautifully engraved on it. It is a rare and costly solid silver ring and **only sold for TEN CENTS** in order to introduce our New Great Illustrated Catalogue of Jewelry, etc. Send a piece of paper size of ring wanted. Postage stamps taken.
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By our Special Arrangement, an exceptional opportunity is offered **every Reader of The Christian Herald** to present their friends or relatives with a fine high-grade, free-hand, **life-size** (16 x 20) **Crayon Portrait** (bust) placed in an **elegant burnished, carved gilt frame** (size 30 x 32), complete like illustration, at the special price of $5.50. This offer is made for the benefit of **all** Christian Herald Readers, and we trust you will not let the opportunity pass. Knowing of the great pleasure derived from having one or more of these Portraits, we desire to impress the importance of this announcement upon your minds. The regular price of these Portraits and frames is $12.00. Call the attention of your friends to this, that they, also, may take advantage of this opportunity.

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Cut out the **Coupon** printed below, send it to **The Favorite Portrait Studio,** 17 Union Square, New York, with a photograph, clear tin-type, or daguerreotype of the person whose portrait you desire, and a deposit of One Dollar. Within 10 days, we send you by express your Crayon Portrait, handsomely framed as above described, with **privilege of examination.** If satisfactory, pay balance due of $4.50 and express charges. If not satisfactory, we cheerfully give you **YOUR MONEY BACK.** In order to have this for Christmas, you must send your order **at once,** so as to give us ample time to give your Portrait our best finish. If you so desire, we will ship the Portraits so that they will arrive any special time you may mention. We guarantee a perfect likeness and insure satisfaction in every particular. Your **Photograph returned** with finished portrait. Send coupon and deposit to **The Favorite Portrait Studio,** (Near Tiffany's) **17 Union Square, New York.**
Cut out and fill in your name and address and mail. NEW YORK, Dec. 9th, 1896.
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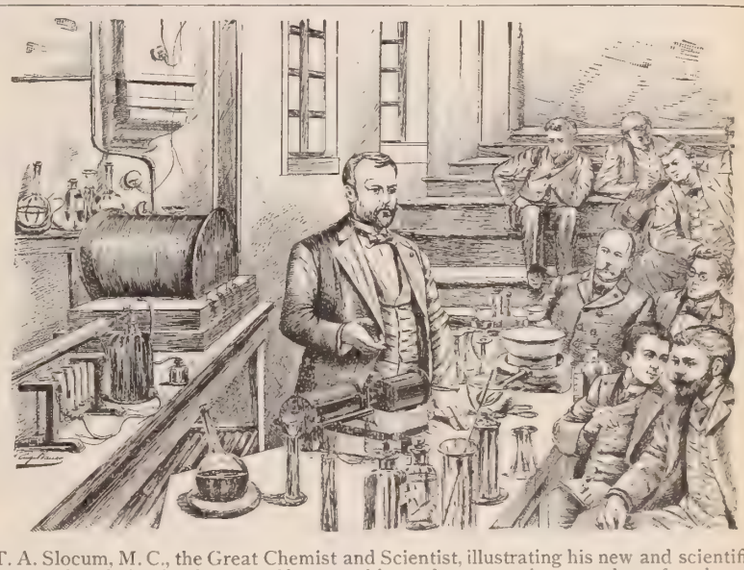
This offer has never been equalled—Do not let it pass, but order at once.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I have discovered a reliable CURE FOR CONSUMPTION and all Bronchial, Throat, Lung, and Heart Diseases, Catarrhal Affections, General Weakness, Loss of Flesh and all conditions of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been PERMANENTLY CURED. Lung Troubles lead to Consumption, and Consumption uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death.

So proof-positive am I of its POWER TO CURE, based upon actual experience, that to make its merits known to sufferers, I will send direct from my Laboratory, FREE, to any person afflicted, THREE BOTTLES of my Newly Discovered Remedies, upon receipt of request for same, accompanied by Express and Postoffice address.

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When writing the Doctor please mention reading his letter in "Christian Herald."

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OPIUM and WHISKEY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars FREE. **B. M. Woolley, M. D., Box 487, Atlanta, Ga.**

GOING HOME.

( )
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fulness divine.
Up from the strife and the battle
(Oft with the shameful defeat),
Up to the palm and the laurel.
Oh, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer,
[illegible]
Finding the end of our fear.
Seeing the face of the Master
Yearned for in "distance and dream,"
Oh, for that rapture and gladness!
Oh, for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Saviour to bless.

Why should we fear at the dying
That is but springing to life,
Why should we shrink from the struggle,
Pale at the swift-closing strife,
Since it is only beyond us,
Scarcely a step, and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!

There we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes.
There we shall waken like children
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in thy presence—
Only thyself lead the way.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fulness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence
Into the deep-swelling song;
Out of the exile and bondage
Into the home-gathered throng.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER,
In *On the Road Home.*

Carrier Pigeons as Medical Couriers.

JAMES PAYNE, the well-known English author, writes respecting the employment of carrier-pigeons as messengers for medical assistance: "A landed proprietor tells me, 'I think your doctor must have borrowed the idea from me, since I began using pigeons (Antwerps) for this purpose as early as 1874. The idea of their finding their way by 'instinct,' as is popularly supposed, is all nonsense: they go by sight, and on a mis'y day, or if started too late in the afternoon, they either lost their way or refused to go. The birds were kept at the village where the doctor lived, and where all messages had to be sent, and they were sent in turn in hampers up to me at my lodge, where they were kept in a large cage till they were wanted to go a message. At the arriving place their only way of entering was through a door of wire, which they could push open, and which rang a bell to let the man in charge know that a message had arrived. Inside this door, when a message was expected, the man hung a small cage, so the pigeon, instead of finding himself in his roomy home, got in what corresponds to the letter-box inside an ordinary front door, and actually delivered himself both as letter and postman. I [illegible] best wrapped up like the mottoes in Christmas crackers, and tied under and to the middle tail feather; if tied to the leg they hampered him, as he [illegible] flying well while flying, and was apt to pick them off. Under the wing in an envelope, though that is the [illegible] they would, of course, prevent the pigeon flying at all."

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and a valued visitor in nearly 200,000 American homes will, during 1897, present a better list of attractive features of standard literature than any similar publication in the English language offers. We propose to round out the year with a **full half million** (500,000) subscribers and are prepared to obtain this stupendous circulation **wholly on the merits of what we give**, regardless of expense. Arrangements have already been perfected whereby **The Columbian** is honored to announce to head the list of contributors during 1897 the following world-renowned writers, of whose names any publisher might well be proud:—

Hezekiah Butterworth, traveller, poet and literateur, the world famed author of Zig Zag journeys and for 24 years an editor of Youth's Companion.
Madame Francis Higgins-Glenerne, "The Female Dante," called by European authorities, the greatest living female poet.
Bishop Hale Leighton,
Philip Broughton, M. D.
Bishop McGregor, (Scotland)
The Duchess D'Arno.
M. Gonchon (France)

"Oliver Optic," William T. Adams, universally recognized as the greatest author of books for boys the world has ever known
Edward Burn Seaton, D.D., LL.D.
Prof. Thomas A. Harbeson, Germany.
Sylvester Morton Laird,
Capt. Henry A. McVicker,
M. Pierre Challot, (France)
Theodore Mansfield, B. A.
Langdon Ferris, Jr.
Ronald R. McLeod.

Following is a List of some of the Fiction now Preparing:

A Marvelous Manifestation, by EDW. BURN SEATON, D.D., LL.D.
In Old St. Marks, A strange story of the Supernatural, by BISHOP HALE LEIGHTON.
Thoroughbred, or a Woman of Dash, by THEODORE MANSFIELD.
With the Host of Israel, or a Daughter of Old Egypt, by MADAME FRANCIS HIGGINS-GLENERNE.
Paquita, a Story of Spanish Love, by PHILIP BROUGHTON, M. D.
A Bride from the Tombs of Thebes, a startling story of escape from Arabs, by CAPT. HENRY A. MCVICKER, Etc., Etc.,
A Man of The World, by the DUCHESS D'ARNO.
A Psychological Phenomenon, the weirdest story ever told, by SYLVESTER MORTON LAIRD, M. D.
When Crime Comes Home, by AMOS P. LANGDON.
The Speech at the Banquet, a hideous tale of body snatching, by PHILIP BROUGHTON, M.D.
Love or Lucre, by THEODORE MANSFIELD.
The Boom of the Great Northwestern, an exciting tale of life in the gold mining regions of the great northwest, by MADAME FRANCIS HIGGINS-GLENERNE, Etc., Etc.

OUR GREAT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

Knowing full well the love of the average American for music, we have for some time been searching for an appropriate premium for general distribution during the coming months. This we have found in

Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ, a complete **Self Instructor,** enabling any one to play the piano or organ at sight and to play without difficulty, brilliant accompaniments to any song ever written. It is as valuable to the advanced musician as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. The nearest approach to a ready-made knowledge of music yet attained by science, a short cut to harmony, and is to music what the multiplication table is to arithmetic, *a quick method of learning to play the piano or organ without a teacher.* It is the practical result of years of study by Chas. E. Pratt, the noted American composer and musician. Endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere. Publishers' price $1. each.

To introduce **The Columbian,** America's great literary and family monthly, into new homes, we make the following liberal offer:—

A Year's Subscription to the Columbian, Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ, The Giant Album of Songs, Containing 184 Songs with Words and Music.

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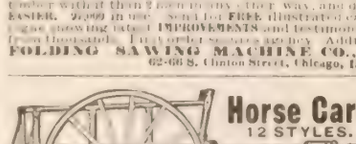

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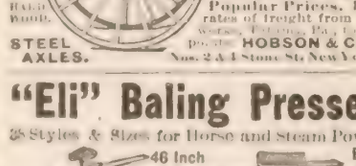

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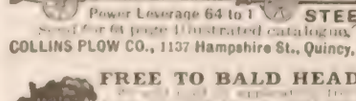

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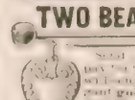

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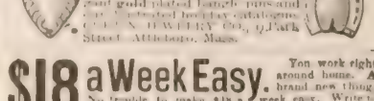

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1890. Price Five Cents.

THE SEWING ROOM OF THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL HOME, FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK. See page 561.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Royalty in Disguise.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text 1. Kings 14: 6: . . . .

"Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"

IN the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child, a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's axe gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the Queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son: she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken-hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken-hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in, the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave, the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth, and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

I present you the thrilling story of the text. [illegible] involves others, trying to make them its dupes, its allies, and its scapegoats. Jeroboam proposed to hoodwink the Lord's prophet. How did he do it? Did he go [illegible]? No. He sent his wife to do it. Hers the peril of exposure, hers the fatigue of the way, hers the execution of the plot. His, nothing. [illegible] of the world it is found out that those who planned the arson, the murder, the theft, the fraud, go free, while those who were decoyed and cheated and hoodwinked into the conspiracy, clank the chain and mount the gallows. Aaron Burr, with heart filled with impurity and ambition, plots for the overthrow of the United States Government and gets off with a few threats and a little censure, while Blennerhassett, the learned Blennerhassett, the sweet-tempered Blennerhassett, is decoyed by him from the orchards, and the laboratories, and the gardens, and the home on the bank of the Ohio River, and his fortunes are scattered, and he is thrown into prison, and his family, brought up in luxury, is turned out to die. Abominable Aaron Burr has it comparatively easy; sweet-tempered Blennerhasset has it hard. Benedict Arnold proposed to sell out the forts of the United States; to surrender the Revolutionary Army and to destroy the United States Government. He gets off with his pockets full of pounds sterling, while Major Andre, the brave and the brilliant, is decoyed into the conspiracy, and suffers on the gibbet on the banks of the Hudson; so that even the tablature—the marble tablature that commemorated that event has been blasted by midnight desperadoes. Benedict Arnold has it easy; Major Andre has it hard. I have noticed that nine tenths of those who suffer for crimes are merely the satellites of some great villains. Ignominious fraud is a juggler which by sleight-of-hand and legerdemain makes the gold that it stole appear in somebody else's pocket. Jeroboam plots the lie, contrives the imposition, and gets his wife to execute it. Stand off from all imposition and chicanery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in wickedness, anybody's scapegoat.

The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the vail, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incrusted with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzza, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggle of Christian service, God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You [illegible] destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread-tray, on the [illegible] heart, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house, but to the [illegible] God like a queen. The neighbors of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has burnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever. Glory vailed. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

When you think of a queen you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Mary Queen of Scots. When you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him down the path of life arm-in-arm—sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Oh, she was the queen—she was the queen! You cannot think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of his palace and he saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and he saw some lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then he heard their lamentation, and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people, and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for him to start. The lords of the land came to see him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights he has been sleeping with the hostlers and the camel-drivers, for no one knew there was a King in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them; for without any doctor's gown, he knew more law than the doctors. He fished with the fishermen. He smote with his own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of Gennesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which he could pour his tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally his divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when he freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when he turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as when he throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part he was in disguise. No one saw the King's jewels in his sandal. No one saw the royal robe in his plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that he who said "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of his own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of his hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on age after age, were, as compared with his lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in mid-heaven was only the shadow of his throne. No one knew that his crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty *en masque*. Grandeurs of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how people put on masks, and how the Lord tears them off. It was a terrible moment in the history of this woman of Tirzah when the prophet accosted her, practically saying: "I know who you are; you cannot cheat me; you cannot impose upon me; why feignest thou thyself to be another?" She had a right to ask for the restoration of her son: she had no right to practice that falsehood. It is never right to do wrong. Sometimes you may be able to conceal an affair; it is not necessary to tell everything. There is a natural pressure to the lips which seems to indicate that silence sometimes is right; but, for double dealing, for moral shuffling, for counterfeit, and for sham, God has nothing but anathema and exposure. He will tear off the lie. He will rip up the empiricism. He will scatter the ambuscade. There are people who are just ready to be duped. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. They believe in ghosts; they saw one themselves once. They heard something strange in an uninhabited house. Going along the road one night, something approached them in white and crossed the road. They would think it very disastrous to count the number of carriages at a funeral. They heard in a neighbor's house something that portended death in the family. They say it is a sure sign of evil if a bat fly into the room on a summer night, or they see the moon over the left shoulder. They would not for the world undertake any enterprise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if they look over the calendar of the world they will see that Friday has been the most fortunate day in all the history of the world.

As near as I can tell, looking over the calendar of the world's history, more grand, bright, beautiful things have happened on Friday than any other day of the week. They would not begin anything on Friday. They would not for the world go back to the house for anything after they had once started. Such people are ready to be duped. Ignorance comes along, perhaps in the disguise of medical science, and carries them captive; for there are always some men who have found some strange and mysterious weed in some strange place, and plucked it in the moonshine, and then they cover the board fences with the advertisements of "elixir," and "panaceas," and "Indian mixtures," and "ineffable cataplasms," and "unfailing disinfectants," and "lightning salves," and "instantaneous ointments," enough to stun and scarify and poultice and kill half the race. They are all ready to be wrought upon by such impositions. Ah! my friends, do not be among such dupes. Do not act the part of such persons as I have been describing. Stand back from all chicanery, from all imposition. They who practice such imposition shall be exposed in the day of God's indignation. They may rear great fortunes, but their dapple grays will be arrested on the road some day, as was the ass by the angel of God with drawn sword. The light of the last day will shine through all such subterfuges, and with a voice louder than that which accosted this imposition of the text: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another?"—with a voice louder than that, God will thunder down into midnight darkness and doom and death all two-faced men, and all charlatans, and all knaves, and all jockeys,

and all swindlers. Behold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off!

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city, the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event flung out in the ages is the connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, he catches our sorrows, and to the orphan he will be a Father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment.

Wayfarers' Christmas Dinner.

At the Thanksgiving dinner given at the Bowery Mission a year ago, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird gave a written verse of Scripture to every one present, at the same time making a promise to give a dinner to those who would keep them, and repeat from memory the verse a year from that date. A number of these verses were handed in at the recent Thanksgiving dinner, when fifteen sat down to eat the promised meal in the Mission room. Superintendent Mershon intends to keep the doors of the Mission open on Christmas, all day, and to feed any hungry men who apply. Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wishing to help cheer these wayfarers may do so by sending whatever they can to the Mission, at 105 Bowery. Gifts of turkeys, chickens, hams, beef, butter, potatoes, apples, &c., should be sent by express, charges prepaid.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Soul-Winning in Little Italy.

One Woman Missionary's Experience among the Italian Tenements — A Deserving Christian Work in New York.

IT is not generally known that more than one twentieth of the dwellers in New York City to-day are Italians and that this number is constantly on the increase, adding what is rapidly becoming an exceedingly important element in the social and political life of the great metropolis. These sons of toil have come to our shores, weary of oppressions in their own land, and though nominally Roman Catholics, with a dislike of kings and of priestcraft, and a willing ear for any one who will offer them better social conditions. Therefore it is a vital question for serious minds whether they shall be met, on the threshold of this country, with the overtures of the anarchist or with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Anarchy has its agents everywhere. The street corner is its kindergarten and the saloon its high school; while the Church has provided simply five or six struggling missions for the 100,000 Italians, with a membership of little more than 1,000 in all, the obtaining of Sunday School teachers and workers being almost an impossibility. The pastors and missionaries themselves are Italians who, for the most part, have come here to look after their countrymen.

LISTENERS AT A GOSPEL TALK.

The only American entirely devoted to this special field is Miss Anna C. Ruddy, who, as was noticed in these pages a few months ago, has charge of the Little Italy Christian Mission which for the present is holding its services in the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church. She has studied their language and for seven years has gone in and out among them as one of themselves. As a result of her work she has seen mission churches and institutions spring up and prosper, and the Gospel has been preached to thousands in the street meetings alone. That many of these foreigners would accept Christ if they were only spoken to, is apparent from the testimony of an old man who spoke in an Italian mission one evening. He said:

"Last summer, I was walking down a country road one Sunday, lonely and miserable, and passing by a church, I heard the voice of singing, so I ventured in. I understood nothing that was said, but the people were so kind; they took me by the hand and talked to me. I only understood one thing, and that was the word 'Jesus.' Then somebody gave me an Italian Testiment. I studied it, and I went again and again to that church, and at last I learned to know Jesus Christ, and now he fills my soul with joy. But it is late! So late! I am over seventy years of age and I never knew it till now."

Miss Ruddy has great faith that thousands of these people are to be saved, especially from the ranks of the children. It is this confidence that has made it possible for her to go on, in the face of many obstacles, receiving no salary, for weeks and months at a time living on very little food, preaching the Gospel on the streets in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, with no companions but the converted Italians. These Italian women, with their stolid faces, are wonderfully faithful. Seldom does one of them ever swell the ranks of the fallen in the streets of New York. Miss Ruddy has taught them in their homes and has found in them ready listeners to the Gospel message.

She visited a sick child every day for weeks, and at last left it safe in the beautiful children's ward of the New York Hospital. She returned to the wretched home to tell the parents about the little one. Neighbors and friends gathered to listen, and to see the lady who had been so kind to one of their number. After a whispered consultation with her husband, the mother said:

"Signorina, my husband, wants to give you some money for what you have done for our little Felice."

Miss Ruddy thanked her, saying, "Oh, no; I did not come to you for money. I am only too glad to have helped you in your trouble."

"Well, then, if you did not do it for money, please tell us why you did it? Everybody has been talking about you and wondering why you have been coming to us."

Glad that at last the opportunity had come, the missionary began to tell them the story of Jesus. They listened with breathless attention, the room being now crowded. As she told them of his wonderful love and pity, she saw that the women were sobbing. One said, "Oh, this is the Jesus I have seen in my dreams; not the one the priests have told us about." Another said, "Signorina, won't you teach us to know this Jesus as you know him, and to love him as you love him?"

A few devoted young people have gathered around Miss Ruddy and have volunteered to share the burden of the work. It was decided to form a Circle for the furtherance of the work among the poor Italian population, and this was done accordingly, the headquarters of the work being at No. 1751 Madison avenue, New York, where inquiries may be addressed. The work is entirely one of faith, and the missionary has full confidence that the

AN AUDIENCE IN "LITTLE ITALY."

Lord will put it into the hearts of his people to sustain it in the future, as he has done in the past.

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

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All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Golden Opportunity.

NO matter whether you live in town or country, you must have books to read. If you have a family, the young folks must be entertained; and to make them proof against allurements and social frivolities outside of the home, there is nothing like an interesting book.

Not one, but ten splendid volumes of the very best literature, is what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers in its Premium Library for 1897. For many months, ten different authors, including some of the most famous of our time, have been busily engaged in writing these books, and it is not too much to claim that between the covers of the ten elegant volumes comprising the Library, there will be found a feast of pure and wholesome enjoyment for every reader. A more attractive, enchanting and fascinating collection, combining so much of pleasurable entertainment, helpful information and real, intrinsic value, has probably never before been gotten together in the same case. They are all highly artistic. As to the binding, it is rich, olive green vellum cloth, with red and gilt titles; the type is comfortably large and clear, and the case itself forms quite a unique ornament for the parlor table or the bookshelf. It is just the kind of a set of volumes book-lovers would be apt to fall in love with, and to make almost any sacrifice to possess. In this admirable Premium Library, *entirely different from last year's production*, there is sufficient variety to satisfy every taste, from the stalwart son or the sprightly daughter to the old grandmother with her gold-bowed spectacles, who still retains her love for a good book.

The Wedding Ring, by Rev. Dr. Talmage, gives both wise and witty counsel to those who intend to marry, as well as to those who have already entered the matrimonial state. It is a volume that will be heartily enjoyed by either sex, and will provoke more smiles and instil more quaint, yet sound philosophy, than any score of books on the same subject. **The Fairy-Land of Science,** by Arabella B. Buckley, is the very romance of Nature and its wonders. In its pages one can learn much of the marvels that surround us, and which are part of our common lives. This author is a wise and pleasant tutor for those happy readers who join her train. **Recitations for the Social Circle,** will afford material for many hours of pleasant enjoyment, where young folks or old gather by the winter firelight. Mr. Harvey has made the very best selections, and it would be a strange company indeed that could not find capital entertainment in this book. In **How to Succeed,** Mr. Marden has struck a stirring keynote that will ring through the brain of young manhood and womanhood, and spur the reader on to that industry and energy which assure triumph in life. This book is a bugle-blast which, once heard, will continue to sound, and influence the whole after-career. Mrs. Sangster, in **Holiday Stories for the Young,** leads us like a fairy godmother into bewitching paths and through wonderful adventures, bringing us out all right at last—as fairy godmothers invariably do. **The Land We Live In,** is the patriot book of the generation, telling us all about our dear native land, from the time of the first planting of the seed of liberty, until the tree attained its present marvelous growth, overspreading a great Sisterhood of States. If you want to know what an honor and privilege it is to be an American, native or adopted, just read this book. In **The Secret of a Happy Life,** Marion Harland discloses the best conditions for domestic happiness. Thousands of homes that haven't the secret will be made pleasanter by this precious volume. Amelia E. Barr's book of **Winter Evening Tales,** is a wonderful weaving of the strangest and most delightful romances in real life—humor, pathos, tragedy, and mystery, all blended together by the magic skill of a great writer. In **Many Thoughts of Many Minds,** Dr. Klopsch has given us a volume that contains the ripest and wisest utterances of poets, philosophers and leaders of human thought in all ages on a wide variety of topics. In **Notable Nineteenth Century Events,** John Clark Ridpath selects the very essence of the century in science, art, literature, politics, war, industry and religion—events that make history and exercise a distinct influence on the destinies of the race. Nothing could be finer than the author's vivid descriptions of Waterloo, Sedan, Antietam, Gettysburg, and other great battles.

We have thus briefly outlined THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library, but it is impossible to do justice within so brief a space to the many merits and attractions. All are new, and every volume has been specially written for the benefit of our readers. This Library of ten volumes, each in artistic binding, and the whole in a substantial and handsome case, is sent together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year for the subscription price of **Three Dollars.** We are forwarding many hundreds of sets daily to our subscribers who, almost without exception, write us expressing their surprise and delight at receiving such an unexpected premium. To repeat their expressions here would seem extravagant; but we are highly gratified to know that the 1897 Premium Library is meeting with the magnificent welcome it deserves. All subscriptions for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with 1897 Premium Library, should be addressed to No. 92 Bible House, New York.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Quarterly Review.

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 27. Golden Text, Eccles. 12: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THIS is the end of the matter: all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man (the word "duty" is not in the original). For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing whether it be good or whether it be evil."

The Whole of Man

according to these words of the Preacher, was lived out by one man only: the Lord Jesus Christ. An entire man, made in the [illegible] the express image of his Person, must of necessity fear God and keep his commandments without deviation. True manhood is to do the will of God always, and this the Lord Jesus alone perfectly accomplished. His delight was to do the will of his Father, his law was within his heart (Ps. 40: 8); he did always those things which pleased him (John 8: 29); he fulfilled "all righteousness" (Matt. 3: 15), and therefore became "the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth." Solomon understood the true end of man; the wisdom of God in his writings, and yet, glorious as was his beginning, the latter part of his life was a sad, ignominious failure. In reviewing his life shall we not seek to discover the cause of this?

Solomon began well, chosen of God, from the very time of his birth, to be David's successor, and to build the temple of the Lord, he came to the throne amid the acclamations of his people, who almost unanimously set aside the claims of Adonijah, and received with joy the decision of their aged king David, to appoint Solomon regent at once, and to be his successor on the throne of Israel. Young as he was, Solomon had great advantages in the example and in the prayers of his father, and in the counsel of the prophet Nathan, and also probably of his mother, Bathsheba, who, we may believe, was partner with David in the broken and contrite heart for their mutual sin, which finds utterance in [illegible]

In Solomon's choice of blessing, when God so graciously placed his Almighty resources at his command, and he chose above all personal desires "a hearing [illegible] fitted to rule God's "so great a people." Solomon made a beginning of his reign which could hardly have been equalled, perhaps never surpassed by any other monarch. Heavenly and earthly wisdom [illegible] It was no small thing in his day for repre- [illegible] marvelously gifted. In those early days of his kingdom the king in all his ways acknowledged God, and found that in everything he did direct his paths. (Prov. 3: 6). And thus he became a channel of wisdom and blessing from above, the streams of [illegible] wealth can neither make a man good nor happy; and the greatest advantages which any man may have leave him as dependant on God for real goodness as though he had none of them.

It is a solemn question, often asked, but never answered, whether Solomon's declension was final, or whether he found a way of return. God has drawn a solemn veil over his last days. If, however, the words of Ecclesiastes are the last words of Solomon, it is evident that he had come to a true balance. The dangerous experiment he had made in proving his heart with mirth and the enjoyment of pleasure (Eccl 2: 1-10), on the one hand, and also the melancholy, almost despair, which had overtaken him on the other hand, had yielded to a conviction that man's true good was his urgent duty "to fear God and to keep his commandments."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

TYPICAL of the ten lessons of the past weeks, is Watts's famous symbolical picture of the Bridge of Life, of which an engraving appears on this page. On the left is the new-born infant being placed by the angel in his mother's arms. Under his mother's guidance he is mounting the steps, then he is receiving instruction. Courtship and marriage bring him to the middle of the bridge, where he receives the good things of life and is crowned. Farther on he is seen pursuing money and fame, and as he descends, the burden of the world is on his shoulders, and he steps falteringly down to the end, where Death awaits him to bear him away in his boat.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE."

FROM THE FAMOUS SYMBOLICAL PICTURE, BY G. F. WATTS, R. A.

to himself just what God had prohibited, houses, gold and silver and wives. (Deut. 17: 16, 17.)

In the first half of his reign Solomon was fully occupied with the building of the Temple and of his own house: the first, seven years: the latter, thirteen. He was at the zenith of his glory when the Temple was dedicated. How far the thirteen years building of his own house was the carrying out of God's thoughts we do not learn, but the inference we draw is that self-seeking crept in, little by little, at this period of his life and ultimately led to his terrible downfall. Self-seeking developes into self-consciousness, which easily leads on to self-indulgence. Every step in self is departure from God.

The whole purpose of the book of Ecclesiastes, which is about Solomon, is, "What profit hath man?" What good is a man's life to himself? What a declension in the great Preacher from the moment when, recognizing himself as "a little child," he had prayed for an understanding heart, not for his own profit, but for the service of God and for the good of his people! No wonder, with such an inquiry in his mind, he comes to the conclusion that "all is vanity!" Here is a man loaded with all the good of this present life, and moreover, really knowing God, and having known special intercourse with God, full of the most profound wisdom, and yet concluding that the life of man is one long disappointment! The Apostle Paul starts from quite a different point of view when he exhorts us by the mercies of God to present our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God," which is our reasonable service. No shadow of disappointment for a Christ-like Christian, for "all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8: 28.) No weary looking forward to losing everything that we have labored for because we know not who may come after us. On the contrary, "Our light affliction, which is but [illegible] exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are [illegible] for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal." (II. Cor. 4: 17). Solomon "hated life" (Eccl. 2: 17): with Paul to live was Christ and to die was gain." (Phil. 1: 21). It was the self life which tarnished the lustre of Solomon's glory and wisdom. [illegible]

Solomon's career, which we have been studying in detail, was such a journey, full of hope at the start, magnificent in its prime, and gloomy and sad in its close.

The Hebrew people have always looked back to Solomon's reign as the golden period of their national history. That it was a period of national glory, is obvious. The historians revel in descriptions of the magnificence and luxury of the time. They descant on the number of Solomon's horses and chariots, his retinue, and the fleets bringing him gold and ivory, and the thousands of men toiling to bring cedar and stones for his palaces. His drinking cups were of fine gold, they tell us, and they add regretfully, as an evidence of the wealth of the times, that Solomon made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; "it was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon." The magnificence speedily passed away. Within five years of Solomon's death, his son was having brass shields made to take the place of the gold shields, and the King of Egypt had stripped Temple and palaces of their most precious ornaments. But even while the splendor continued, there was a dark background to the glory. The common people were groaning under the burdens which the king's luxury entailed. How heavy these burdens were, we learn from the humble address presented by the deputation from the tribes who waited on his son and successor. They said: "Thy father made our yoke grievous: now, therefore, [illegible] somewhat the grievous servitude of thy father and his heavy yoke that he put upon us." Evidently the people had suffered and denied themselves, that the king, of whom they were proud, might have money to squander on his luxurious tastes and on his foreign women. There was no need to regret the closing of the period. It was a time of moral decadence. All this extravagance and luxury was an offence. This was not Israel's mission among the nations. It was not for this that God had brought them out of Egypt and set them apart. This was not the golden time of Israel's history. The splendid services she rendered to humanity were not rendered in this brief period of her glory. They were rendered in the wilderness, when Moses laid the foundations of law, in the exile when her poets wept by the rivers of Babylon, and in the time of harass and poverty and weakness after the return. Israel had a higher calling, a grander mission, than the building of palaces, and the accumulation of gold and ivory. She was to be the spiritual teacher of the world; but she must suffer expatriation, oppression, and bitter persecution before she could give us Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah. It is to the days of her sorrow, and not to the days of her material glory, that we owe her contributions to the world's store of the wisdom that is more precious than gold.

Why hath the Lord done thus? (1. Kings 9: 8.) God's promises to Solomon were conditional on his being obedient and faithful. That they were not fulfilled to his posterity and his people, was due to his own failure. He was drawn aside, and precisely, too, by the temptation of which he had been warned. Peloubet gives a significant fable in illustration. During an eclipse of the moon, the moon said to the sun: "Why, O my dearest friend, do you not shine on me as usual?" The sun replied: "Do I not? I am sure I am shining as I always do. Why do you not enjoy my light as usual?" "Oh, I see," said the moon, "the world has got between us." That is the trouble with the backslider. The world, with its joys and pleasures has come between God and the soul.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord (Prov. 3: 11). Sometimes adversity is necessary to break the heart, and when God sees that it is he sends it. Freeman tells the following parable: The four Seasons decided to try to break a huge boulder which lay on a plain. Spring coaxed the stone with gentle breezes, and made flowers spring up around it, but the stone was obdurate. Summer came and caused the beams of the sun to pour upon it. The stone warmed under the rays, but its heart was hard as ever. Autumn came and stripped away the flowers, and blustered, and threatened the stone, but it took no notice. Finally winter came. It sent a cold rain which saturated the stone. Then it sent a hard frost, and behold, the stone was rent in pieces.

Went not fully after the Lord (1. Kings 11: 6). God will not accept that kind of half-hearted service. Solomon building temples for Ashtoreth and Molech was a spectacle to make angels weep. From him, as from every one who offers worship, God expects undivided allegiance. There is an ancient legend that in the early days of Christian popularity, the Roman Senate, desiring to conciliate the Christians, spontaneously passed a decree authorizing them to place a statue of Christ in the Pantheon. This was deemed a great concession. It was supposed that the Christians would have felt honored by permission to place the statue with the gods in the national temple. It was impossible to make the senators understand how shocking to the Christian principle the proposal was. We realize it, but even we do not give to Christ the exclusive allegiance that is his due.

The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver (Prov. 3: 14). Mr. Moody tells a fable of a crane on the bank of a river. The crane was busy catching snails, when a beautiful swan came down the river. The swan urged the crane to go with him to heaven, where there was a beautiful river and all the joys of life. "What do you eat there?" the crane asked. The swan described angels' food. "Are there any snails there?" was the next question. The swan thought not; he had never seen any. "Then," said the crane, "you may go to heaven without me. I'm after snails."

RESCUED FROM SIN AND SHAME.

The Christ-like Work of the New York Rescue Band—Hundreds of Fallen Men and Women Lifted Up and Saved from Ruin.

AMID the many philanthropies of the great metropolis, there is probably none that is doing a more precious and blessed work at the present time than "The New York Rescue Band." As an undenominational and independent organization, the Band has for its platform, this simple declaration of principles and purpose:

> *"We aim to rescue fallen men and women from lives of sin and shame, and to lead them to Jesus Christ, who alone can save and keep from sin."*

They strive to accomplish these results. *First*:—By seeking out erring girls, whether in saloons, opium dens, or on the street, or wherever they may be found, and taking them to a home for women, where, if they are willing to abandon a sinful career, they may be helped to reform and return to a life of virture. *Second*:—By establishing Missions, where the Gospel is preached to the lost, and also shelters and homes where those girls who forsake sin may be received and built up physically and spiritually, and fitted to go out into the world and earn an honest living.

The foundation work of this organization is the personal visitation of erring girls wherever found and in whatever condition. The Band does not wait for them to come to a room in which the Gospel is preached, but goes out after them and preaches the Gospel to them wherever they are met, offering them an opportunity for a better life. These faithful workers go into the vilest places in the city. In this way thousands of erring girls have at least an opportunity to forsake evil lives, who otherwise would not themselves seek out the chance to do better. The only way to reach these wanderers is to go after them.

The workers have the recognition and protection of the police authorities which is important, as they are liable to be taken in a raid, or arrested on the street, unless thus protected. They are identified by means of a specially designed and appropriate badge. The names and addresses of girls, met on the street and otherwise, are given to a missionary employed by the organization, who visits them later at their rooms and follows them up. Cards, having the addresses of the home and a statement of the willingness of the organization to help them, are handed to the girls on the streets or elsewhere. The missionary also visits the prisons and hospitals. When a girl has been sent to prison, a memorandum is made of the time her sentence expires, and she is visited by the missionary and met at the time of her release from prison, and taken to the Industrial Home or other homes.

In May, 1893, the Rescue Band opened a mission in the Chinese quarter of New York City, where meetings have been held nightly, commencing about 10 o'clock, and lasting sometimes until 1.00 a. m. The seating capacity of the mission hall is about 300, and it is frequently filled to overflowing. Thus there are over 100,000 attendances during the year, largely of outcast men and women, who otherwise would not hear the Gospel. Those attending this mission are of the lower class, and many conversions have taken place. The expenses of this department are about $2,500 per year. No salaries are paid at this place excepting to the janitor. In the mission room is also being carried on a work among the children of this neighborhood which will, undoubtedly, yield good results. At the present time, over 160 children are enrolled.

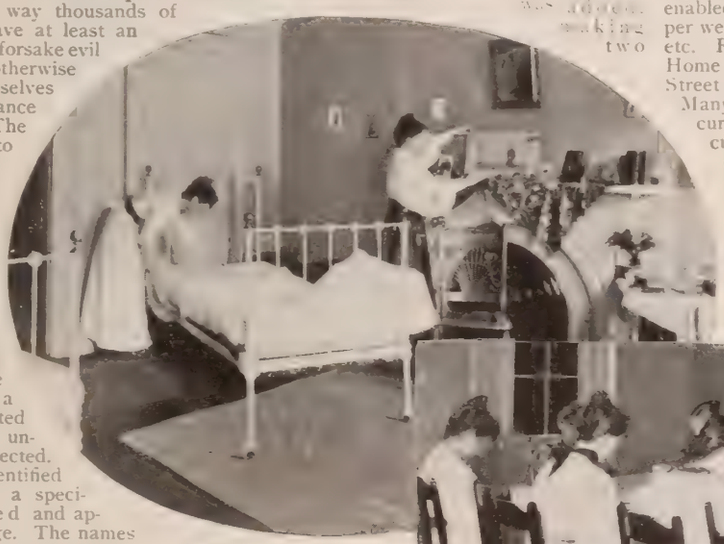
In this locality, the extreme boundaries of which are less than a stone's throw apart, there are at present living about 200 white girls, the majority of whom are under 25 years of age. Many of these girls are regularly visited in their rooms by the Band's workers, and thus, even if they do not come into the mission, they have the Gospel presented to them.

The latest prominent development of this rescue work is a unique effort to reach the "medium" and "better" classes of erring girls. The officers of the Rescue Band consider it absolutely necessary to carry on a distinct line of effort for the different classes of erring girls. Experience has shown that fallen girls, who have had good education and refined training are not largely reached at present. Probably a large percentage of the girls received by the various Rescue Homes of the city have come from the lower social levels, and whose surroundings have been illiterate and unrefined. Very few of those who come from the higher ranks of society enter such homes willingly, whatever the reason. A distinct work on special lines would seem to be the way to reach these classes.

In August, 1895, the Girls' Industrial Home was opened at No. 210 East Fourteenth street, and later 208 East [illegible] taking two five-story buildings, with a capacity for over fifty girls. Many girls of the middle and better class, having been reared in comfortable circumstances, have not had, before their downfall, training in any particular line of work. These girls naturally prefer not to do housework, and an effort is now being made at this Home to train them in a trade suitable to their tastes. Dress-making, millinery, hair-dressing, dress-cutting, plain sewing, embroidery, stenography, and typewriting are among the branches which it has been designed to teach. Each girl coming to the Home decides upon some occupation which she wishes to study, and she is thus trained until competent to take a position. A lady physician attends to the physical condition of these girls. The main object of the Home, of course, is the salvation of these girls, and meetings are held, and earnest personal effort made toward the accomplishment of this object. During the last year, 164 young women have been sheltered in this Home from one year to one day. The drunkard, the victim of the drug habit, the vicious, have all been welcome. No distinction is made on account of nationality or creed.

About $6,000 has been expended in fitting up the two buildings, and less than $6,000 a year additional has been spent for supporting the work in all its branches. Owing to the income received from outside work done by the girls in the Home, and the fact that there are no servants excepting a cook, the managers have been enabled to do this at a net cost of $1.67 per week for each girl for food, clothing, etc. For 1897 the work of the Industrial Home will cost $6,000, and the Doyer Street Mission about $2,500.

A NOOK IN THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.



IN THE DINING-ROOM—RESCUED GIRLS ASKING GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Many interesting incidents have occurred during the course of the Rescue Band's history. Recently a girl of seventeen was met on the street by one of the workers. It was found she had been living a life of sin but a few months. She was willing to abandon it and to enter the Industrial Home. She accepted Christ as her Saviour, and after corresponding with her father, who desired her to come back, she left New York the day before Thanksgiving for her father's home.

While leading the religious service one Sunday, in one of the city jails, one of the workers found a young woman of about twenty, refined, quiet, and evidently laboring under a terrible sorrow. She was quite unwilling at first to speak to anyone whom she believed to be a missionary. She was drawn into conversation, however, and stated that a man who wished to get rid of her had sent her to prison. The case was looked up and the worker was on hand the next day to see that justice was done. The girl, after some hesitation, told her entire story, from the time she left her mother's home, and asked the worker to pray for her. Next day the complainant did not appear against her, having learned that she was properly protected. This girl has since gone to her home and become a good woman. An interesting letter, showing gratitude, has been received from her.

These incidents might be multiplied. It is touching and interesting to hear from the lips of the erring girls, the sad stories of their downfall. Girls in their unfortunate position will not attend a church and few of them would go to a mission. Some voluntarily apply to the various homes of the city for admission, but the majority are uncared for, and must be sought out individually. The rescue work is largely done at night, and, of course, means a sacrifice not only of the worker's ordinary engagements and physical preferences, but also of sleep and rest.

Here is a band of nearly a hundred consecrated men and women who have signified their willingness to work, unpaid among the outcast. Few of them are able to give much money, and the organization, while ready to do the work, looks to the generous public for financial support. They aim to have two hundred honorary members or friends who will give each $50 per year—less than $1 per week, the Rescue Band undertaking to raise the balance among themselves.

"We are frequently asked," said one of the leaders in the Rescue Band, "what results we see from our labors. From the standpoint of cold figures, the results might be deemed discouraging. While many people may feel that the reclamation of erring women is almost impossible, the experience of Rescue Workers has shown that this is not the case. Certain of the workers connected with this band have during the past fifteen years in their own personal work, helped under God eighty-three girls who have abandoned this life. Out of these eighty-three, about twenty-one girls fell back into the old life: twenty have died or dropped out of sight, while 42 are still living a correct life."

While spiritual results cannot be measured materially, the following facts gleaned from the forthcoming annual [illegible] the trustees will be found instructive:

Doyer Street.—Attendance, 12 months, 110,— persons; [illegible] girls removed to home, 115; visits to erring girls, over 3,000; inquiries for

Hope Mission School.—An average attend[illegible]

Fourteenth Street.—164 girls fed, lodged, clothed and instructed; 12,000 aggregate attendance in our two private chapel daily services; classes formed in six industrial pursuits, and many girls returned to their homes.

General Rescue Work.—Over 4,000 cards given in various places to erring women; regular visits to jails, etc.; many unpaid workers nightly working.

The work of the Rescue Band is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and as New York is the great centre where the erring ones come, from all over the country, the Band receives contributions from all sources. All communications concerning the work and all inquiries by intending patrons, should be addressed to H. A Gould, Treasurer, 208 E. 14th St., N.Y.

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL, D.D., LL.D.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

Their Condition and Prospects — The Jews of Yemen — Beautiful Persian Jewesses — The Box Colony and its Denizens — Jewish Types in Jerusalem.

WE will go next about one-half mile northwest of the city, half way to Schneller's Orphanage for Syrian boys, a well-known landmark in that region, and look at another settlement of Yemen Jews. So far as the style of buildings and the situation are concerned, this is the most attractive Jewish colony about Jerusalem. The houses are all shown in the

A HOUSE IN THE "BOX COLONY."

illustration, and can be readily counted. They accommodate probably three hundred, or, by putting a family in each room, five hundred souls. It will be seen at a glance that the printed statement of certain enthusiasts, namely, that "this settlement contains five thousand or at least three thousand souls," is very incorrect. Some of these houses are two stories in height, and they are all provided with tile roofs, which is a modern innovation in Palestinian house architecture. The old stone roofs are no doubt greatly superior to these as a protection from the extreme summer heat. It should be said that these houses were not built by the occupants themselves.

About the year 1882 these Jews from Yemen, in Southern Arabia began to arrive in Jerusalem, and as a class they were extremely poor. Charity from the London Jews' Society and from other sources literally clothed their nakedness and prevented them from starving. They numbered a few hundred only, and their chief Rabbi informed me that their motive in leaving their ancient home was to better their condition. They had heard that homes and land would be provided for them if they should

PERSIAN JEWISH DWELLINGS IN THE "BOX COLONY."

port was extensively circulated throughout Europe and America

one of their prominent Rabbis was named "God," and this was all the foundation there was for the strange report just men-

other parts of the world, and on this account they deserve special attention. They are very small in stature, with very thin,

with which we are familiar in America or

face.

as the Yemen settlement just described

this being south of it. It is known as

derived its peculiar name in the following manner: During the summer of 1891-'92, a considerable number of Jews arrived from Persia, being led to this movement by reports that the land was ready for them when they should reach the Holy City. These people, too, were entirely distinct in appearance from the Yemen Jews and quite as distinct from all European Jews. The nose, eyes and hair were unlike the Polish type, the features were regular, their faces and eyes full, and both men and women were large and finely formed. It was commonly remarked by the residents at Jerusalem, "We have never seen Jewish women so large and well formed as these from Persia." These people were desperately poor and had to be provided for. The government began to be alarmed at this influx of helpless men and women and ordered them to leave the country. Under the circumstances it was a cruel order, and all classes of citizens shared in the feeling that it was unjust. Strong efforts were made to have it rescinded, but these were of no avail. A large number of wretched human beings crowded like cattle into a shed and thence driven to Jaffa. A few however managed to remain, and for these shelter was provided. Walls were built of stone and mud. On these sticks or pieces of scantling were placed, which were covered with pieces of tin instead of boards. All the kerosene imported into that country is carried in oblong tin cans holding five gallons each. As there were plenty of these at command they were cut up and tacked on to the string pieces of wood to protect these poor people from the sun and rain. During the winter they suffered terribly from the cold and wet and from scarcity of food. Many were sick, some died, but those who survived till the next summer obtained work so that they could make their wretched hovels more comfortable, and do far better as to food.

It is asked: "Why did not they, or charitable people for them, get cheap boards to cover their shanties with?" All lumber in that country is brought from Europe to Jaffa, and at that time was brought from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a distance of of forty miles, on camels, and the natural result was that the price of a single board was beyond the means of any poor person. The illustration shows how the houses were built, these particular houses having stood for two years. To have only

and a cold heavy rain or a storm of sleet, would seem to our comfort loving friends in America a very poor protection especially when there was little or no fire, and when clothing or food were scant. It is gratify-

confined chiefly to the first winter. This

ately poor.

In the neighborhood of a large city like Jerusalem, it is easy to see how a settlement of Jews whether large or very small, called by them in every case a "colony," can be established, and in time the settlers manage to make some sort of a living. Besides those described there are a few small ones of a familiar character, places of residence for Jews who are trying, by trade or handicraft, to earn their daily bread. All this, however, is not what is generally thought of when the colonization of Palestine is mentioned. It is the agricultural settlements upon which the eyes of the world are fixed, and it is with regard to the success or failure of these that the friends of the Jews are anxious. Americans do not need to be told what it means to settle a new country, for the process has been going on before their eyes for generations. I find that many persons, with no real appreciation of the difficulties in the way, simply transfer these ideas with which they are so familiar, to the settlement of Palestine by the Jews. But it appears that the processes in the two cases are absolutely unlike. We should suppose that the common idea of earning a living by tilling the soil would actuate the settlers in the one country as well as in the other: but it is not so. In the case of the settler in America, he has a certain amount of capital in hand. He has skill, he becomes practically the owner of the soil at once, his taxes are not burdensome, his government is favorable to all his plans, the climate is for the most part congenial, his market may, in some cases, be remote, but it is sure, and, in due time, he becomes prosperous and independent.

YOUNG JEWISH TYPES IN JERUSALEM.

JEWISH COLONY NORTHWEST OF JERUSALEM.

In case of the Jewish settler in Palestine, he has, instead of capital, poverty, generally great poverty. He must live under a government that is unfriendly to him, and which interposes obstacles at every step. He cannot become the owner of the land, but must till that of another. He is undertaking work for which he has had no training, which he inherited no adaptation from his fathers, for which he has neither desire nor taste. The new climate to which he is exposed is trying, and may cost him both health and life. Finally, what he raises he must guard night and day to prevent its being stolen, and when he takes it to market he receives for it but a pittance inadequate to repay the cost of production.

I can scarcely think of another project where theory looks so beautiful on the one hand, and where the work required to make it a success is so great on the other. If the settler in the new portions in America experiences hardships, the settler in Palestine experiences ten-fold greater hardships, and with prospects for ultimate success proportionately diminished. There are, in all, twenty of these agricultual colonies in different parts of the country, with a total population, counting men, women and children, of three thousand souls. Two-thirds of the colonies are under the care of Rothschild, of Paris. He owns the land and employes the colonists to till his soil, paying them so much a month for their services. Houses are provided, synagogues, schools, teachers, medical attendance and medicine are furnished without charge to the settler. With my American ideas, I do not consider the experiment a fair one when colonists have to be hired at a pretty fair salary to what they are doing. I believe that when a colonist is not directly affected by the success or failure of his efforts, his interest and diligence are affected accordingly. Some of the colonies are beginning to raise wine. That already produced has been pronounced "from fair to excellent," but when it costs from one to two dollars a bottle to produce it, and it sells in Jerusalem at eight cents a bottle, there is no prospect before a colony of self-support. I have often asked myself and my Jewish friends this question: If the support now received from Rothschild and other sources also, were cut off what would become of these colonies?

All these colonies were started with the idea of benefitting the Jew materially. Very few well-to-do Jews have thus far been found to favor this movement, that is by entering into it personally themselves. My experience with the Jews (as I shall relate it in future letters), convinces me that the material side of their nature does not need further development, but that morally and spiritually they do need the uplifting help of Christian sympathy and love. SELAH MERRILL.

Edison's Wondrous Energy.

Edison, the famous inventor, frequently works for thirty or even sixty hours at a time without sleep. In an interview, published in *The Phonoscope*, he says: "Some days I don't sleep; other days I sleep nearly all the time. Sometimes I go seventy hours without sleep. Very often I go forty-eight and fifty and not infrequently sixty and seventy. My meals are brought to me. I can sleep anywhere at any time, at a minutes notice. If I had trouble sleeping, I could not get along in my business. I very often take a few minutes' sleep for a bit of refreshment."

YEMEN JEWISH HOUSES, NEAR BIR EYAT.

NEARLY FOUR CENTURIES OLD.

The Quaint and Venerable "Burgher Wees-Huis" of Amsterdam and its Orphan Inmates —How Good Dame Claesdochter's Kindness to a few Orphans was Multiplied a Thousand-Fold and gave Rise to a Splendid National Charity.

A GATE OF THE WEES-HUIS.

LIKE all other large centres in Europe, the old city of Amsterdam is gradually losing many of its distinctively local characteristics and assuming the aspect of a nineteenth century metropolis. Ancient buildings of the quaint architecture of mediæval Holland are year by year being replaced by more modern structures, streets are being repaved and widened and what is perhaps regretable, from a purely artistic point of view, the poorer classes and even the visiting peasants are discarding their peculiar costumes for the commonplace attire of latter-day civilization.

It was for this reason possibly that the attention of the writer, while on a visit this summer to the Dutch capital, was particularly called to the appearance of the boys and girls of the "Burgher Wees Huis," or Citizen's Orphanage, whom one encounters on the public thoroughfares at certain times of the day. Their mediæval costume, partly of bright red, affords a dash of color to the comparatively sombre surroundings and brings to mind the figures in the queer paintings of early Dutch life one has seen at the various picture galleries of the larger towns. For these orphan boys, it must be understood, are dressed in the costume generally worn by the burghers of Amsterdam three hundred years ago; the left section of the coat and hat, scarlet, the right section a deep black, these being the city colors. The girls wear the same colors in the same fashion, excepting that their headdress consists of a white cambric cap of decidedly ancient pattern and that they wear a shoulder-piece of the same material folded in pleats back and front.

"The Citizens' Orphanage would well repay a visit," said a Dutch friend to me "We are very proud of it, even though Amsterdam is full of charitable institutions. This particular one has grown up with the city and its history is closely identified with the story of our progress and development. Do not imagine that these children are waifs in the common sense of the word. Admittance to the orphanage is hedged about with the various restrictions and conditions which remove it from the category of ordinary charitable institutions, although of course it is primarily philanthropic in its aims and results."

The Citizens' Orphanage of Amsterdam is situated in the heart of the city, three minutes walk from the royal palace on the Dam. I approached it by its ancient entrance on the Calver Straat, an archway of solid masonry crowned by a quaint bas-relief representing a group of citizens postured around a flying dove, the arms of the institution. This doorway was constructed in 1521 and bears a quotation from Vondel, Holland's national poet.

I was not destined to pass beneath the arch, however, for after repeated knockings, an attendant appeared and directed me to the entrance on the St. Lucien steeg, around the corner, another most picturesque gateway dating from 1634. Once inside, one might imagine one's self at a country seat a hundred miles away from the metropolis. To the right a spacious garden overshadowed by an enormous chestnut tree and hedged in by four sides of an imposing structure that would compare favorably with some of the palaces I had already visited in the Netherlands: on the left another elaborate gateway, leading, as I afterwards learned, to the boys' department. It was nearly noon and the garden was alive with rosy-cheeked girls of different ages wearing the picturesque orphanage costume. Contentment and indeed happiness were depicted on every face. The younger ones were engaged with a skipping rope or playing with the large white cat of the house, the elder girls occupied the circular seat beneath the great tree, knitting, sewing and exchanging confidences.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLASSES.

THE YOUNG CHILDREN'S SCHOOL-ROOM AT THE WEES-HUIS

SKIPPING-ROPE PLAY.

The Burger Wees-Huis of Amsterdam was founded in 1520 by a rich and charitable woman of the name of Haesje Claesdochter. She began by devoting one of her buildings to the care and shelter of seven or eight young orphans, children of deceased Amsterdam "burgers" or citizens. The number of her proteges increased very rapidly, so that the municipal authorities were soon obliged to take charge of the establishment and on March 31st, 1523 a rescript was issued regulating the admission of children and appointing a Regent to govern them. A few years later the government of the asylum was placed in charge of a board of six male and four female regents. Supported by voluntary contributions, by special taxation and otherwise, the asylum continued to thrive, and in 1573 it moved into its present quarters. In 1632, the establishment received the further addition of an adjoining building devoted to the care of old people, which now constitutes the boys' department. Besides this valuable real estate, the asylum also acquired, in course of time, a great deal of landed property in the north of Holland, the rentals from which are one of its principle sources of revenue at the present day. Primarily eligible for admission to the orphangae are the children of citizens who are registered upon its books. The admission fee in this case is less than sixty cents in American money. Children of non-registered citizens, otherwise eligible, are required to pay a sum equivalent to $10. The Regents reserve the right of transferring Catholic orphans to other establishments. They are also empowered to send to their rural establishments children whose conduct is calculated to exert an evil influence over the rest. The child enters the orphanage with the distinct understanding that it shall remain until the age of twenty, nevertheless no inmate incapacitated by ill health or weakness of intellect has ever been turned adrift on the world. For such the asylum remains a home for the balance of their lives and there is even one case on record of an "orphan girl" dying beneath its roof at the age of one hundred!

From the foregoing it is easy to understand why the "Burger Weesen," as these children are called, are not classed by the citizens in the ordinary run of orphans and foundlings. Nor can it be forgotten that from this very asylum have gone forth men who bore the names of Jurriaan Pool, painter: Anthony Rombouts, Latin scholar: Gerrit Rombouts, engraver: Jan Wichers, composer: Gerrit Hendrik Wemeijer, terror of Barbary pirates: Meyndert Nantzing, hero of Antwerp: and lastly, that beau ideal of the Dutch naval man, Jan Carel Van Speyk!

IN THE GIRLS' DINING-ROOM.

The dinner-hour is an interesting moment at the "Weesen Huis," as I had cause to witness. At the sound of the bell, boys and girls leave their play-grounds and betake themselves to their respective dining-halls under the charge of their care takers. These latter are called "vader" and "moeder," and it is no exaggeration to say that that in more ways than one do these good people deserve the appellation. After a short grace, the children are seated and the meal begins. After dinner, another half hour in the playground and then the elder boys betake themselves to their various duties in town —where they are apprenticed at some branch of trade or industry, the larger girls return to their household duties within the confines of the orphanage, and the younger children resume their studies at the orphanage school. The junior class comprises both sexes. The youngest child, at the time of my visit, was below the age of seven.

Sunday morning the children visit one of the city churches in a body. In the afternoon they are allowed to see relatives or friends on the outside. Two weeks' vacation is given them in summer, which includes permission to leave town. May is the month of final leave takings and the ceremonies on such occasions are, from all accounts, both solemn and impressive. A great deal of good advice is tendered the parting ones, and, what is also useful, they are presented with a complete outfit of the value of forty dollars, with which to start in the world. If after fifteen months' absence a former "Burger wees" can present a certificate of good conduct from his or her employer, a further payment of twenty-five guilders ensues.

To conclude this outline of one of Holland's best known and in many respects most typical eleemosynary institutions, I cannot do better than quote the following extract from its last annual report, to wit:

"It is interesting to know that an investigation of the statistics of the asylum covering a period of twenty years, discloses the fact that after deducting twenty-three per cent. of whose final disposition no reliable data has been obtained, and forty per cent. who have died, eighty-five per cent. of the inmates have obtained success in their various vocations, eleven per cent. have done passably well, while four per cent. have gone entirely to the bad. The responsibilities with which we have burdened ourselves have sometimes led to disappointments; but in the main, we have every reason to thank the Most High for having blessed our efforts and the children confined to our care."

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Letters
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

The Whale Again.

ANEW the old question is being vigorously asked, "Was Jonah swallowed by a whale?" Last week at the revival meetings in New York the question was revived. There never were so many Nantucket fishermen after one whale as there have been Rationalists flinging harpoons at this Mediterranean sea-monster; and from that one whale they have got enough oil to light ten thousand souls to perdition. A sceptic tells you that Jonah would have been killed in the process of the swallowing and that he could not, anyhow, have lived three days in such close quarters, but would have been smothered by poor ventilation. Now, the good Christians immediately go to work, and try to explain the whole thing by natural laws, so as to please the Rationalists, and say that the whale is an air-breathing fish; that every little while it comes to the surface; and that the whale that swallowed Jonah did the same thing, and thus got a supply for itself and the prophet. Why not rather say that God can do anything—and he could take Jonah through the whale's throat, although the throat would not have been half large enough ordinarily to let him pass, and could have kept him alive in the whale five years without any air, if he had chosen to. Who made this whale? God. Who [illegible] anything he pleased with either of them.

Dolorous Prophecy.

BECAUSE as a result of the elections the millenium has not arrived within six weeks, many are disappointed, and I have heard some distressing things about the coming winter. A cheerful doctor will help an invalid sooner than [illegible] stop telling us how bad things are going [illegible] scarlet fever, and whooping cough, and [illegible] encouraging to say, keep your mouth shut. If we are sick with the measles, we do not [illegible] scarlet fever, and whooping cough, and [illegible] for the last five winters have been cold and hungry, will this winter have better supply than previously.

We have before us lists of failures; will some one send us the much longer list of the Gothams who have not suspended or come anywhere near it? We have before us an estimate of the people out of employment in New York, Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia; will some one send us a list of the larger number of persons occupied as employees in the stores, and shops, and factories of the land? We have before us accounts of those who are in great destitution; will some one send us a list of all the people who this morning had their breakfast? Things are bad enough; let us not make them worse by inflammable harangue concerning them. One hen can in four weeks, if she have a fair chance, hatch out fourteen eggs; and a gloomy mind squat on its own misfortunes may brood out fourteen other melancholies. Let us change our tune a little. We have been singing "Naomi" and "Hamburgh" for sometime, and therefore, just for a change, we strike our tuning fork on the edge of our editorial desk and call for "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah."

Controversy.

THERE are people who, by letters to us and in private conversation, demonstrate that they study the Bible for controversial purposes. They are enormous Presbyterians, or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed, instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and canister, so many field-pieces with which to rake the field of dispute, for they want the victory though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rend with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to to get the championship than I have for these theological pugilists, who make our theological magazines ring with their war-cry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and [illegible]"

Monuments.

IMMEDIATELY after the departure of our public men the question arises about building them a monument. The hardest money to raise is for such cenotaphal commemoration. However eminent a man's services may have been, [illegible] ally comes as hard as drawing teeth. The [illegible] in the shape of a free library, or an art gallery, or an orphan asylum, or a church or a school, a thousand dollars would pour in where now it is hard to get a hundred. What sculptured marble in the cemetery can so well keep fresh the memory of W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, as the Eloise Home for Aged Women and the [illegible] Astor Library? Though a marble pile should be reared in every graveyard in Christendom to the honor of George Peabody it would not do so much to keep him in loving remembrance as the Peabody institutes and the Peabody academies and the Peabody museums and the Peabody colleges built by his bequests in all parts of this land and Great Britain. Those are the very best kind of monuments which educate the ignorant and reform the recreant and cure the sick and house the homeless and save the lost.

Your Health.

DO not because you may have a luxuriant home, and furnaces which all the winter through keep your entire house in a tropical summer, forget the fact that fresh air and outdoor exercise are important for yourself and your children. If some of you Christian people would go to bed earlier and make less assault and battery against your digestive organs at 12 o'clock at night, you would have less headache, fewer attacks of religious depression and more strength for the rugged battle for God, in which there is great demand for a generation of giants.

Do something that will make your name a synonym for something useful. Clarkson means emancipation; Whitefield, Christian eloquence; Washington, republican government; Napoleon, ambition; Herod, cruelty; Marshal Ney, intrepidity in battle; and all down the ages Victor Emmanuel will mean Italian unity. On a smaller or larger scale every man and woman stands for some one thing—gentleness, or courage, or faith, or revenge, or indolence, or beastliness, or moral death. It matters not what obituarian may write about you, or tombstone cutter may chisel on your monument, you are deciding now what your name shall mean in the world and in the church as long as you are remembered.

Mr. Moody's Appeal to the Churches.

BEFORE closing his services in Cooper Union, New York, on Dec. 11, after a series of the most remarkable evangelistic meetings on record, Mr. D. L. Moody issued the following trumpet-call to the churches of America:

Never during the past century has the Church of Christ had such an opportunity for the spread of the Gospel as now presents itself. Never has the world manifested a greater interest in religious teaching. All substitutes for Christianity have proved a failure and the nation is seeking once more for the old paths, the good old way. Let the church arise and make ready for the work.

First, let us have a revival of righteousness among ourselves and then open wide our churches to those whom we have so long neglected. There were 3,000 churches in two denominations alone last year that reported no accessions on profession of faith. Is it the will of God that millions upon millions of dollars are expended upon these places of worship, to be used but once or twice a week, while our neighbors are needing his message?

Is it not time that the church should arise? If we refuse to work in his service be assured he will turn from the regular channels and find servants who will do his bidding in spreading the Gospel to every living soul.

During the remaining days of this year let us all wait upon our Master for a special preparation for the coming winter, and [illegible] the New Year opens, why should not every Christian church in America begin the season with a thirty days' service of Gospel meetings. Why not set aside all other diversions, and church work itself, during January, in a united work for the spread of the Gospel?

The world needs it sorely, and was never more ready to receive it, and it is the privilege of the church to proclaim it. If every church will but answer to this appeal [illegible] open doors and hearty response, [illegible] pastor will exert himself to spend [illegible] be spent in the Master's service at this special season; if every officer will give his sympathy and co-operation to the work, the church will have cause to remember January, 1897, both in time and through eternity. D. L. MOODY.

BRIEF NOTES.

Inquiries respecting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library have been received from many subscribers, who ask if the Library issued this year, is the same as that issued last year. It is an altogether new and an entirely different set of books, and does not include a single volume of last year's Library.

The money given to the support of Foreign Missions by the Christians of Great Britain, last year, aggregated $6,938,325. Rather more than two-fifths of this sum was given to the societies connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Rev. H. L. Mackenzie, M.A., now at his home in England on furlough from China, where he has labored as a missionary for nearly forty years, has been nominated as Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England.

The London correspondent of the New York "Sun" cables that journal that Queen Victoria has joined the ranks of total abstainers. She has been accustomed all her life, says the correspondent, to the moderate use of wine and spirits, but has now discontinued them entirely.

Dr. Joseph Cook is reported to be making progress toward convalescence. He and his wife have been spending some weeks at Newton Centre, Mass. Dr. Cook's mental activity has not diminished in his illness. That he has read over a hundred books since last July is an evidence of that fact.

The Convention of the National Gospel Mission Union at Chicago, was a success in every way. Maj. George A. Hilton writes us that it was a blessed three days' of spiritual uplift, and the after meetings in which many were saved, were continued after the Convention closed. An interesting report of the sessions is crowded out of our columns this week.

A Mission Hall for work among the Jews of the French capital has been opened by Evangelist L. C. Mamlock. He delivers daily addresses and has engaged a Bible woman to labor among the Jewesses of the city. Although the Jewish population of Paris is said to number fifty thousand, no regularly systematized effort to give them the Gospel had been made before this.

Major Whittle and Mr. Stebbins are now holding meetings in Edinburgh. The Free Assembly Hall was crowded from the beginning, and it is expected that the meetings will continue until the end of the month. They will probably be held after this week in churches in various parts of the city. The evangelists have received a very hearty welcome in Scotland.

The Canadian Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board have just heard from Formosa that much damage has been done to their mission property there by the Japanese soldiers, who occupy the churches, insult the missionaries and disturb the congregations needlessly; and from Japan come reports that the outlook for the Board's mission work there is not as bright as it was before the war.

Rev. George C. Needham has been urged by several friends to make arrangements for a Conference on the Lord's Coming, similar to those he organized in former years in Chicago and Brooklyn. Mr. Needham will ascertain if there is a general desire for such a Conference, and if so, will arrange to hold one in Philadelphia, or some other large city. Persons desiring to express an opinion on the subject, may address Mr. Needham at Narberth, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, the eminent physician, whose services to the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors have been most valuable, is dead. He was an acknowledged authority on health and disease, and especially on the effects of various kinds of food on the human system. The emphatic condemnation of alcohol, which he was never tired of reiterating, has led many persons to become abstainers and has furnished temperance advocates with arguments of the highest hygienic authority.

It is proposed to make the Missionary Hospital at Pyeng Yang, Corea, a memorial to the late Dr. W. J. Hall, the devoted missionary-physician who sacrificed his life in his work among the wounded on the battle fields of the recent war. Dr. Hall began raising funds for the hospital before he died, and contributed largely himself out of his small resources. Mrs. Hall, who was chief of the Woman's Hospital at Seoul, has also raised some money for the purpose. Pyeng Yang is one of the outposts of Christian missions, and a hospital there would do much for the advancement of Christianity in a dark region. Funds sent to Mrs. Dr. Hall, Liberty, N. Y., will be gratefully received and forwarded.

Rev. George W. Sharp, the Sunday School missionary who has been supported for several years past by the readers of this journal, recently preached in a substantial church edifice which has been erected to accommodate a congregation that has been gathered through a Sunday School he organized some years ago. As there was then no convenient building in the neighborhood the school was organized in a grove, and in the winter it was sheltered in a small dwelling-house. But a church has developed out of it, and a church building has been erected. Mr. Sharp has seen many such developments in the course of his work. We would be glad to receive contributions towards the support of this earnest and successful missionary before the close of the year.

Marion Harland, as traveler and author, has been so closely associated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for several years that the announcement of a new series of lectures, "to be delivered by her in drawing-rooms and halls during the season," will interest our readers. It is safe to say that no other woman lecturer of the day has achieved such success as she, yet in a thoroughly womanly way. Eastern, Western and Southern papers are unanimous on this point. The hosts of acquaintances she has made by her writings become personal friends after meeting her face to face. Her list of lectures for this season comprises: "Jerusalem and Bethlehem," "Our Syrian Sisters," "Olivet and Calvary," "Charlotte Bronte at Home," "Will the Coming Woman Come?" "Growing Old as a Fine Art," "The Pen-Sisterhood of America," "Gossip: Its Causes, Consequences and Cure." Also a series of "Lap-stories, to be told to audiences of very little folk." Special terms are made to schools, religious and charitable organizations. Marion Harland's address is 101 West 55th street, New York City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Royal Arbitrator.

A WELL DESERVED tribute is paid by our Government and that of England, in the agreement they have reached on the Venezuelan difficulty, to the character of Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, whose portrait appears on this page. They have invited him either to be President of the Tribunal which is to decide the questions in dispute, or to select the President. There are to be five members of this Court of Arbitration. The Supreme Court of the United States will designate two; and the English High Court of Justice, two. National sympathies may, and probably will, lead to a tie vote, so far as these four members are concerned, so it was important that the fifth member should be not only a man of sound judgment, but one absolutely disinterested. Such a man the two governments have found in King Oscar, who, whether he sits himself, or is represented by some judge of his selection, cannot be suspected of having any interests of his own to serve by the decisions he may render. It may safely be affirmed that no better choice could have been made. King Oscar is a man of marked ability and high character. He is sixty-seven years old, and has reigned twenty-four years. He is a grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, one of the first Napoleon's officers, who in the general European upheaval of the Napoleonic period, was invited to occupy the throne of Sweden and Norway. The experiment of intrusting the destinies of the united kingdom to the guidance of a French general, who could not even speak the language of the people whom he undertook to rule, was extremely hazardous, but Bernadotte proved to be a wise and patriotic ruler. During his reign he maintained the honor and dignity of the country in exceptionally difficult circumstances. His son, Oscar I., who succeeded him, was even more popular than his father. The interest he took in the welfare of his people and the reforms he initiated, endeared him to both nations. His wife, a grand-daughter of the unhappy Josephine, the first wife of the Emperor Napoleon, was almost idolized by the people. Their children, of whom the present king was the third, were trained by her with singular devotion. All of them proved worthy of the care bestowed upon them. Oscar, especially, who, in his boyhood, was not expected to come to the throne, was an ardent student. He is an accomplished linguist, a musician of great skill, and a statesman of the first order. He is the author of several learned works, as well as of volumes of poetry and fiction. His kindness, benevolence and sympathy with the unfortunate among his people, have won for him a sincere and affectionate loyalty. He possesses, too, in a high degree, the sagacity which is required for the performance of the duties he is now invited to undertake, as President of the Tribunal on the Venezuelan question. It will be noticed that Venezuela is not directly represented on the Tribunal and that fact may prejudice her against the arrangement; but it is hoped that she will be satisfied that her interests will be sufficiently protected by the two members who will represent the United States. The arrangement is a distinct triumph of American diplomacy, and is creditable to all parties. We may hope that the decision of the Tribunal will be so equitable that other nations will be encouraged to resort to arbitration instead of to war, and so the world may have a foretaste of that time of which the prophet wrote:

He shall judge between the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples: . . nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. 2:4).

Lost Her Propeller.

Shipping reports from Halifax, N. S., announce the arrival there in tow of the steamer *Cotchele*, which sailed from New York for Hull, England, on November 5th. It appears that five days after leaving port the *Cotchele* was caught in the heavy storm. She was heavily laden, and had great difficulty in keeping her course. After battling bravely with wind and waves for two days, a serious disaster befell the devoted ship. The main shaft broke and her propeller fell to the bottom of the sea. The ship was entirely at the mercy of the waves, and the crew for some time gave themselves up for lost. The captain, however, eventually inspired them with hope sufficiently to make an effort to save the ship. For five days and nights they were kept busy in holding the ship's head to the wind and sea. If there had been the slightest relaxation of vigilance the ship must have foundered. She drifted as helplessly as a log on the surface of the sea. On the morning of the sixth day the crew were gladdened by the sight of the smoke of a steamer. It was the *Holbein* on her voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool. She saw the disabled steamer and went to her help. After consultation of the two captains, it was decided to try to reach Halifax, as the *Cotchele* had drifted so far out of her course that that was then the nearest port. A tow-line was attached and the *Holbein* towed the helpless vessel slowly day after day. Three times the stupendous weight of the crippled steamer broke the tow-line, but eventually she was brought safely into port. It was a narrow escape. A steamer without a propeller is a most helpless thing. Not only can it not proceed on its voyage, but is liable to drift and founder. In this it is like the Christian life. The man who is making no progress in the things of God is apt to drift backwards, and eventually to suffer wreck.

Wherefore let us cease to speak of the first principles of Christ and [illegible] unto perfection, [illegible] (Heb. 6:1-3 R. V.).

A Miser-Philanthropist.

The death is announced in the New Orleans papers of a remarkable man. He was at first supposed to be very poor, then a man of great wealth, and finally a modest philanthropist. He had occupied one room in a boarding-house for many years. His landlady noticing his small economies and the care he took to avoid spending a cent unnecessarily, believed him to be a poor man, and she showed him many little kindnesses under the impression that he found it difficult to pay his way. Recently the man became infirm, although not in extreme old age. He was confined to the house and fell sick. The landlady urged him to consult a physician, but he refused. Finally, in spite of his refusal, she sent for a doctor and undertook to pay his fee herself if her lodger proved unable to do so. It was, however, too late to save him. The old man died and was buried. It was then found that he was comparatively wealthy. Title deeds were found in his room to over thirty houses, and there were shares and bills aggregating in all over a hundred thousand dollars. The papers, in describing the case, referred to the dead man as a miser; but it has since been found that the tenants of his houses were poor worthy people, most of them widows, whom he allowed to live in them rent free, and whom he was accustomed to assist with frequent generous gifts. Twice the people, who knew the man, formed a wrong estimate of him, not knowing all the facts. Such an incident should make us cautious in our estimates of others, and should teach us to follow the Apostle's advice:

Therefore judge nothing before the time until the Lord come . . . who will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall each man have his [illegible] (I. Cor. 4:5).

OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
ARBITRATOR OF THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE.

Lost in the Fire.

A sad death occurred recently in Boston, Mass. An old house in which about a dozen persons were peacefully sleeping, was found to be on fire soon after midnight. The first alarm came from an elderly lady who was awakened by the barking of her dog, who broke into her room and leaped on the bed. She rose and hurriedly seized a cloak and wrapping herself in it, ran through the house alarming the other tenants on her way and reached the street in safety. All the inmates effected their escape, though two of them who were forced to jump from the second story windows, had been hurt by the shock. After the flames had burnt themselves out, the firemen explored the building and to their surprise found among the ruins the body of the woman who had aroused the other inmates and thus saved their lives. The body of the dog who had awakened her was lying by her side. She had evidently returned to the burning house to save some treasure, and had been caught by the fire or been overcome by the smoke. Doubtless the poor woman thought she would have time to get her treasure and return; otherwise, she would not have ventured back after once escaping. Many souls have been lost in a similar way. They have thought they might safely venture to enjoy some amusement or some worldly association just once more before following Christ wholly, and they have become entangled and returned to the world.

For if after they have escaped . . . through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the last state is become worse with them than the first. (II. Peter 2:20, R.V.)

How the Prisoners Knew.

A curious discovery was made recently by the warden of a county prison of the way the male and female prisoners learned of each other's detention within the same walls. Great care had been taken by the officials to prevent communication. The women were in one wing of the prison and the men in another and, excepting on Sundays when all went into the prison chapel for divine worship, they never approached each other; yet in some way, every woman knew when her husband, or son, or brother, was in the prison. How they learned it was a mystery the officials could not solve for a long time. It was evident that they made the discovery in the chapel, but as a high board partition separated the male from the female prisoners, it seemed impossible that they could see each other. After puzzling for months over the mystery, a clue was at last obtained. It was noticed by a shrewd detective, whose services were called in, that the eyes of all the prisoners were fastened on a large cross over the pulpit. This was kept so bright that it served the purpose of a mirror. In its clear surface the prisoners saw the reflection of every woman as she entered and took her place, and the women saw the reflection of each male prisoner as he went out. The brass cross has now been removed, and the blank wall tells no secrets. We suppose the principles of seclusion adopted for discipline in the prison rendered its removal necessary, though it is difficult to understand in what way it could be detrimental for some woman to know that her husband or brother was in the prison, or for some man to know that his wife or sister was near him. It is a good thing that no one can remove the Cross of Christ from the preaching of the world. Many a poor sinner looking to it has learned how near to him He came who gave his life for his salvation.

Looking unto Jesus . . . who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame. (Heb. 12:2.)

Niagara's Power in Buffalo.

After utilizing the power of Niagara Falls in the immediate neighborhood, to give light and motive force, the Company holding the concession has extended its operations to Buffalo, a distance of twenty-two miles. For a year and a half past, all branches of mechanical industry in and around the village of Niagara Falls have been run by the electricity generated by the river. The experiment was subsequently made of conveying the power to Tonawanda, which is ten miles distant. It was confidently predicted that the experiment would fail, but in spite of these prognostications, it proved completely successful. The undertaking of extending it to Buffalo was much more formidable, but that, too, has been achieved. In a large section of the city the surface cars are now dependent on Niagara Falls for their motive power. The mode of generating the power is very simple. The current is tapped about three quarters of a mile above the Falls by a canal about two hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep, which runs inland at right angles to the river for little more than quarter of a mile. The water falls through shafts 136 feet deep upon great turbine wheels and is conducted back to the river by a race. The wheels are connected with a dynamo of five thousand horse power and the current is sent on by the most powerful transformers in the world. At the Buffalo end, three transformers of five hundred horse power each, receive and handle the current. The company expect to extend their operations to other cities, as the power that can be generated by the Falls is practically inexhaustible. The only problem to be solved is how to convey it to the place where it is needed. It is so with spiritual force. The power that the Christian needs for his own life and for his Master's work is not in himself, but is derived from an inexhaustible Source and is limited only by the channel of his faith through which he receives it. Christ's assurance has never yet been fully tested:

He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. (John 14:12.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

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[illegible] these Libraries have been sold in a *single day*, and the demand as yet shows no abatement. As last year, over twenty-five thousand orders came in after our stock was exhausted, causing some delay, we have made such early and specially liberal provision this year that *every order*, without a single exception, may be filled the *very day* it is received. Many Sunday School Teachers, who wish to [illegible] on Christmas day, are [illegible] of these ten books makes a very attractive and acceptable gift, thus thousands of hearts will be made [illegible] through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library.

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Order to-day if you have not already done so. Remember, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premiums are always better than advertised. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be sent to one address, and the Premium to another without extra expense.

Mrs. ——, Cleghorn, Ia. [illegible] that day and then be han[illegible]. Should flavoring extracts be used [illegible] of the month?

[illegible] and handling of mail [illegible] letters were for comp[illegible] preferably.

was initiated into the Hebrew nation. Moses had, we imagine, postponed it at his wife's request. Her conduct seems to imply blame of

J. B., Port Leyden, N. J. 1. What is the difference in being pure or perfect? 2. Has any one but Jesus ever reached that point—perfection?

1. Purity is a question of degree, whereas perfection is complete excellence in all things. One might be pure yet not perfect; but one could not be perfect without being pure. 2. None.

One of hundreds of similar appreciative letters from subscribers who have received our beautiful premium book, "The Home of the Bible," is this:

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., Nov. 28, 1896.

Thank you for "The Home of the Bible" received in good order a few days ago. It is a delightful volume to me in every way, especially so as a souvenir of [illegible] visit with my brothers to the Holy Land. On opening the book the very first picture that met my eye was the genial and kindly countenance of "mine host," Mr. Gelat, of the New Hotel, Jerusalem. He is certainly, as Marion [illegible] ers." We three brothers (Robert Sherrard, Esq., of Steubenville, O.; Rev. John H. Sherrard, of Thorntown, Ind.; and Rev. Thomas J. Sherrard, [illegible] Palestine in March, 1895, and as I turn over the the pages I am reminded at every point of some familiar scene. I regard this work as one of *the very* [illegible] *my notice*, so that I shall gladly commend it.

THOMAS J. SHERRARD,

[illegible] was turned is standing unto this day, and also [illegible] looked for the pillar but did not see it, among [illegible] ploring party, visited the site of ancient [illegible] a round pillar forty feet high of solid salt, [illegible] salt hills which the cap of limestone in this particular case had protected. This singular object is called by the Arabs *Bint Sheikh Lot* or "Lot's daughter," and is the groundwork of an Arab legend. Several modern commentators hold that the true interpretation of the passage (in Gen. 19: 26), is that Lot's wife looking back, perished and her body was quickly covered by an incrustation of salt or saline bitumen.

Amid the multitude of editorial correspondence, it is pleasant to light upon such letters as the following, which are simply examples of many hundreds, more or less appreciative, coming to us daily:

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

It would be hard to say how delighted we are with the exquisite frontispiece of the million edition. You are not likely to be surpassed or even equalled by any competitor in this line, either religious or secular. In reading matter, you, for the price, outstrip any other magazine. How you can do it is to us inexplicable. I wonder that it has not occurred to you to print the color pictures, such as your masterpiece, Ruth, on a separate or detachable sheet, so that it might be preserved uninjured, without injury to the paper itself. What a home picture gallery we might bring together, how many walls of sick rooms might be brightened by them!

J. C. SCHEYK.

CAPE MAY CITY, N. J., Dec. 4, 1896.

Please move up my figures for another year. God is certainly helping you in preparing such a wonderful paper. I read many sermons, and hear others preached, but none of them help and cheer my soul like those of Mr. Talmage. I once heard a man speak slightingly of those sermons, and for years I would not read them, but one day I glanced over one and was so helped and delighted that I read them all. I feel that that man robbed me in [illegible] in the way we did. There is one other thing I want to thank you for. I take many other papers, magazines and reviews, and often find the most unkind and untrue cuts at the Baptists, but you in hundreds of cases have spoken so truthfully and kindly that I want to thank you.

CYRUS D. PEKETIE,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

U. S. S. MIANTONOMOH. U. S. S. NEWARK. U. S. S. NEW YORK.

THREE OF OUR WARSHIPS THAT MAY GO TO CUBAN WATERS.

Although there is no special reason to apprehend hostilities with Spain, or any other nation, our Navy is being prepared for any emergency that may arise. The North Atlantic Squadron, which last winter had its rendezvous near Fort Monroe, is now in effective shape for quick sailing orders, either to Cuban waters or elsewhere. Our photographs show some of the types of war ships that compose the Squadron. The *New York* (Capt. W. S. Schley), is an armored cruiser of the first-class, carrying 18 guns, and is the flagship of the Squadron; the *Miantonomoh* is a modern monitor of the battleship grade, and cannot be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] afloat. The other vessels of the Squadron are the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] guns), *Indiana* (4 guns), *Indiana* (4 guns), *Indiana* (4 guns), and *Vixen* (4 guns). The South Atlantic Squadron can also be put in effective condition with equal rapidity, and indeed is already prepared. The *Newark* (18 guns), is the flagship, and the *Castine* (8 guns), and *Vantic* (4 guns), are attached to the Squadron. These vessels could make an effective naval demonstration in West Indian waters, if such a step should become necessary.

W. B., Priceville, Ont., Can. Would you consider it right for a Christian to enter into a wood-building competition for prizes?

Certainly. It is a test of ingenuity and intellectual skill that is not only proper, but entertaining and helpful. Win such prizes by all means if you can.

S. S. Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. What is the Higher Criticism? 2. Is it true, as I am told, that the Higher Critics deny the inspiration of the Bible?

1. Practically and roughly stated, the Higher Criticism is an attempt by an analysis of the books of the Bible and a close examination of the style and language used in them, to determine the approximate date of their [illegible] and how they were written, whether they were original compositions or a compilation of older books. 2. There are many [illegible] of inspiration. One of them is that every [illegible] of the Bible was dictated by the Holy Spirit and the writers were merely amanuenses and at times did not themselves know the meaning of what they wrote. The Apostle Peter's words (1. Peter 1: 11), are quoted in proof of this theory: Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, etc. A second theory is that the revelation came to the writers and they were left to their own mode of expressing it, but were preserved from misrepresenting it. A third theory is that the revelation of God to man was progressive; that the earlier writers had incomplete views of God and imperfect ideas of morality and religion; that the conception of God in the Pentateuch is not so true as in the Psalms, nor in the Psalms as in the later prophets, nor in the later prophets as in the New Testament. This third theory is the one held by the Higher Critics. They do not deny the inspiration of the Bible, but they do deny that the inspiration and authority of the early writers were equal to those of the later writers.

E. R., Turnbull. Was Mark the cousin of Barnabas as stated in the International Bible, or his nephew as stated in the Oxford Bible?

There is the same difference between the Authorized and the Revised Versions. The former speaks of him (Col. 4:10) as sister's son to Barnabas, and the latter in the same passage as the cousin of Barnabas. In all cases of variation we prefer the Revised Version and therefore think the International Bible right in calling him his cousin.

Miss L. H. B. H., Bartow. Where can I find in the Bible that "our days are numbered?" I have searched for it but cannot find it.

See Psalm 90, verse 12.

E. E. P., New York. Is there any difference in principle in killing birds to use their feathers and in killing seals, beavers, etc., to use their fur?

Fur may be, and undoubtedly is, a practical necessity in many countries, for securing warmth; but this can hardly be asserted of feathers. There are countries in which the use of fur is simply a gratification of vanity, but feathers, always and everywhere, are worn for no other purpose. Thus there are conditions in which the one may be justifiable and right, while the other is invariably wrong.

Rev. G. W., San Diego. 1. Where did the name of Abyssinia come from? 2. Why is Ethiopia so called?

1. Abyssinia is derived from the ancient name of "Habesh," which the Arabs gave to the country. It has reference to the river *Hawash*, which flows through that territory. 2. Ethiopia is derived from either the Coptic word *ethos* (a boundary), or an ancient Sahidic word *esos*, which the Greeks interpreted as meaning "to burn," the Ethiopians being of a very dark, sunburned complexion.

D. W. D., Plana, Brown Co., S. Dak. How many souls came out of Egypt through the Red Sea and went into Canaan?

Of all the mighty host that came out of Egypt only two—Caleb and Joshua—lived to reach Canaan. The others died in the wilderness, and their children possessed the Promised Land.

Reader. Has the occupation by Great Britain of South American, African, and other territories been to the advantage or disadvantage of the inhabitants of such countries?

To advantage, assuredly. Britain has given the Gospel and civilization to more heathen and savage lands than any other nation under the sun. It is true that British occupation has not been an unmixed evil; but no *perfect* nation has yet been discovered, nor will be, until the millennium.

Subscriber, Louisville, Kan. 1. I have a boy five years old that I can neither coax or hire to say his prayer, although he knows it by heart, and sings it to a nice little tune. I do not like to compel him to say it lest he learn to despise rather than love to pray. Must I wait until he is older and can more fully understand, or what shall I do? 2. Where must I write to find out about becoming a King's Daughter?

1. Do not be impatient with him. Kneel beside him and yourself repeat the childish prayer for him, even though he say nothing. Pray for him also that he may become obedient and good. Use these means and live and moral evasion, but do not employ force. He will doubtless learn more from your example than he could from any argument or compulsion. 2. Write to *The Silver Cross*, New York City.

W. T. W., Walling, Ala. 1. Is the Fund of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD used for the Armenians or for any missionary work? 2. Who pays the fare of the Armenians into this country where they get homes? 3. Where in the Bible do we find a record of Paul's death, also that of the other Apostles?

1. For the Armenians alone. Nearly $50,000 has already been distributed in relief work in the field. 2. Usually the person engaging them, the amount to be deducted from their wages. 3. They are found not in the Bible, but in the "Lives of the Apostles," compiled from documents written by the early Christian fathers.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

MATRIMONIAL PLANS.

FOR once Alice Lloyd was not sorry to see her mother's place at the dinner-table vacant. She felt that it would be easier to draw her father into conversation, that he would be more amenable to reason and less disposed to contradict and oppose whatever others desired; and this reflection made her sigh, for she understood that these moods were generally assumed for the very purpose of annoying the woman whom he had vowed to love and cherish.

This evening he came into the dining-parlor with a singularly subdued excitement. He condescended to praise the weather, he told Alice that she was looking very well, he was willing to allow that the soup was excellent and the wine properly cooled, and in short, for once he brought to his own table the urbanity and satisfaction that he usually reserved for strangers and mere acquaintances. But the rare mood rather frightened Alice; she did not like to disturb it: if she made him angry, he would be sure to reproachfully point out the fact that whenever he tried to be good-natured at home he was imposed upon. She involuntarily became silent and thoughtful and was quite ignorant that her father was observing with approbation the beauty of her downcast face and the still grace of her reflective, pensive mood.

Finally the servants left the room, and Alice felt that she might now change the conversation proper before them, to one more private and personal. Mr. Lloyd had the same thought and was more prompt to realize it. Before Alice could form her request, he had asked, "Is Stephen in the house yet?"

The question, put without interest, and without anger, grieved her. She involuntarily felt this absence of anger to be a wrong. It argued a want of feeling which would be far harder to influence than the most bitter resentment. She answered coldly.

"He has gone away again."

"He did not care to see me, I suppose. I don't wonder. But I am astonished, he had such a proper sense of shame."

"He would have liked to see you, father, but he thought you did not care to see him. He is going to sea on Saturday."

"He is a mental and physical tramp. I suppose your mother has been crying and praying over him all the day." He drank a glass of wine hastily, and then turned to Alice, who had risen from the table, and asked, "When do you go to Newport?"

"I do not want to go this summer, father. I wish — if you have no objections—to take some lessons, and perfect myself in music."

"What new fad is this?"

"It is not a new fad. I have often told you I would like to be proficient in some one thing."

"I want you to go to Newport. I have a particular reason for it, and I may as well tell you now, as again. To-day, I have been able to oblige, in a very essential way, a young English nobleman. He is going to Newport. Can you not see that this circumstance may contribute considably to your *eclat* there? I intend to bring him out here on Saturday, and introduce him to you. The rest is in your own hands."

"I will not pretend that I do not understand you, father, but——"

"That is right! That is right! I knew you were a sensible girl. If your brother had only a thimble-full of your intelligence he might, at least, learn how to spend the money I make for him. The fact is, Alice, this young nobleman is of the best blood in England; you have, or will have, lots of solid American gold. He can take you to courts, give you a title, rank, prestige, and what not! You can give him the means to keep up the splendor of his natural position. I own that I should like to be father-in-law to an earl, and I am willing to pay for it."

During this speech, Alice had been thinking rapidly, and she concluded that it was not yet the time for opposition. She felt strong in her ability to temporise, until she had carried out her plans for Steve — afterwards — afterwards — well, afterwards was perhaps a long way off: she need not, at any rate, go to meet "afterwards." So when her father ceased speaking, she asked gravely, but yet with a show of interest:

"What is your opinion of this nobleman, father?"

"He is gentlemanly-looking. I hear people say that he is handsome. I am no judge of Apollos."

"And yet you are yourself a very handsome man, father."

"Am I, little girl? Well, at least, I have a very handsome daughter." He was much pleased with the genuine compliment, and also with the bright smile that answered his reply to it. For once they were ready to begin a dispute in a thoroughly good-natured mood: and Alice opened it by saying:

"You would not wish me to marry a man who did not love me, or for whom I had neither love nor respect?"

"Have I said such a thing?" Then he added scornfully, "Love is supposed, in all marriages."

"At Newport a girl has great disadvantages. All the beauties of the Continent are gathered there. It takes a fortune to dress yourself. The simplicity style will not pass now. It is dowdy. No matter how much a man is in love, he cannot offend the conventionalities: he cannot 'devote' himself. There are more engagements broken off in Newport than there are made. And this young Earl will be the idol of the season. Plenty of girls quite as pretty and as rich as I am, will offer him sacrifices that Alice Lloyd could not think of. If you really wish me to marry this noble Englishman, father, you must let me have a fairer field than Newport for his conquest," said Alice, smiling.

"Where then?"

"This house is beautiful. The surroundings are romantic. Everything here, is my ally. I have no contingents to bother me. This is the kind of home, a man desires after the buzz, and babble, and hollowness of Newport: he will come here, and find that out."

"You may be right. I will bring him here on Saturday. Women understand the tactics of matrimony better than men. You have no other lover, Alice? You are not in love, with any other man?"

"I am not in love with any man. I have no lover. I never had one. You forget that I am just out of college."

"College! That has nothing to do with it. Love rather affects a gown and cap now. He is become a B.A.," and he laughed good-humoredly at his own idea.

"Perhaps he has, father;" said Alice. "At any rate, if you do not object, I would like to become a Doctor of Music. I only need a good teacher, to do so."

"Very well; but mind this. I will have no foreign, long-haired woman's darling, coming to teach you. Get a sensible, commonplace American; who wears a neck-tie, and gets his hair cut."

"I thought of a young lady who has been highly recommended to me: a Miss Jessie McAslin."

Alice had determined to name the McAslins very carefully: and then, without intent or consideration, the word slipped off her tongue. She watched its effect breathlessly. For a moment, it appeared to awaken no memory: then swift as light, it penetrated the dust and forgetfulness of years: and the man's face paled, and the glass in his hand trembled, and he said, as if to himself—

"McAslin! McAslin! Where have I heard the name? Jessie! Jessie! Jessie McAslin!"

"I dare say you have seen the name very often, without consciously putting it into your memory;" answered Alice. "Miss McAslin has a brother, a clever young man, who writes for the reviews and newspapers.

"Now I remember: very sensible articles they are; just my views on the gold standard."

"Then you have no objection to my employing Miss McAslin?"

"No. If you are right about Newport, she may help to profitably pass the summer. I wish it was over for my part."

The conversation was dropped without any answer to this remark. Alice did not think it wise to ask for reasons, which would give opportunity for saying disagreeable things; she handed her father his newspaper, and went into the next room, and played softly a pretty Nocturne. The music did not offend him, as it too often did: he let the sweet dreamy notes sink into his consciousness: and memory set herself to them. He was twenty-two again. The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love, were his own: and pretty Jessie Allison was walking hand in hand with him, through the sweet clover of the home-meadow. He had hopes then: sweet innocent hopes: now, he had only their memories.

"THIS YOUNG EARL WILL BE THE IDOL OF THE SEASON," SAID ALICE.

Anon he began to wonder about the McAslins. Jessie had married a man of that name: could these young people be her children? He felt an unusual interest in this question. Why should he care? He told himself that he did not care: and yet faces and voices long forgotten, came back to his inward eye and ear; and he grew nervous at last under the unusual companionship. As the shadows deepened, he rose up and called for lights and the evening papers: and in their astonishing records of struggling, sinning, game-playing humanity, found an habitual and congenial atmosphere. He was at once his own man in it; and the wraith of his youth—with its dreams and hopes—passed away from him.

In the morning early, Alice wrote to Jessie McAslin. She wished her to receive the note before Steve went to sea: for she judged it likely he would hear about it: and so understand that his sister was disposed to sympathize with his wishes and friendships. It was of course a formal little note: and yet somehow, notes do carry the spirit in which they are written. Unthoughtful of this occult influence, Jessie was yet sensitive to it. "What a nice note!" she said to herself as she read it. It found her also in an hour favorable for consideration. She was sitting alone with Steve, when the sharp whistle of the postman, penetrated the room. Mrs. McAslin was busy about her household affairs, and her husband sat reading and talking beside her. Flora and her lover had gone for a walk. John had been invited to some Trade's Hall, to discuss with its members questions relating to their position. Steve, who was generally delighted to go with John to such meetings, had this night declined to do so.

He had placed himself in comfortable pose at one open window of the parlor. Jessie sat at the other. She had a book and pencil in her hand, and appeared to be making notes, or entries; really she was speculating about Steve: and the book and pencil, were only a pretense. She was weary of it when the postman's whistle blew a fresh interest into the room. Steve insisted on going down-stairs for what had been left, and Jessie made no objections. He brought up two letters, one for John, and one for Jessie. She took it with a little curiosity; its appearance was unfamiliar. In a moment or two, she was possessed of its contents, and she rose up in an excited manner, and went to her father and mother. Steve sat down again in his seat by the window. He knew the letter was from Alice, and he expected to hear it discussed. He was quite prepared when she returned to the room with her mother; both of them in a glow of pride and pleasure.

"Steve," cried Mrs. McAslin, "what do you think? Jessie has a note from Miss Lloyd — Nicholas Lloyd's daughter—asking Jessie to give her music lessons. Do you remember our conversation about the Lloyds? You said you knew the son at school?"

"I did."

"What kind of a boy was he?"

"In some ways he wasn't a bad boy. He couldn't learn anything useful, or up-to-date."

"That does not matter, mother," interrupted Jessie. The boy might be very stupid and disagreeable, and the girl clever and delightful. The thing that puzzles me is, who told Miss Lloyd about my playing and teaching? I know no one who visits in her set."

"Sets run over and into each other in New York, and inquiries are made from all kinds of people," answered Steve. "I suppose you will give her lessons, Jessie?"

"I will go and see her to-morrow. She has sent me a marked time table, and if I let her know what train I will take, she says 'the carriage will meet me.' I will telegraph her to-night. I wonder which will be the most convenient train?"

"Ten-thirty," said Steve, promptly.

"How do you know?"

"I have acquaintances up the river. I always take that train. It is an express. Shall I go and telegraph for you?"

"I wish you would, Steve."

He went at once to obey her wish, and Jessie discussed the affair and laid out her best walking-suit, and retouched her black hat for the expedition. In this way she wearied her enthusiasm a little, and Steve found her on his return sitting in the parlor, silent and depressed. "Steve was going away." Her heart iterated this complaint, and refused to be consoled by any mere financial good fortune, for Steve had become a large part of Jessie's thoughts and imaginations. He constantly surprised and puzzled her. John said he was a fine, classical scholar, and he did not appear to be in need of money. His good breeding was evident, and when he attempted to use slang or popular language, he could not do so as one born to its peculiarities.

(To be continued.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME ·CIRCLE·

A MOTHER'S SORROW.

BECAUSE of one dear infant head
[illegible]
To me all little heads
A halo wear,
And for one saintly face I know
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide earnest eyes
[illegible]
Which looked with yearning gaze
My sad soul through,
All eyes now fill my own with tears
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
Which once did call
[illegible]
[illegible]
Upon my ear in vain appeal
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own
Long, long ago,
[illegible]
This world of woe,
To clasp each baby hand stretched out
in fear of foe.
The lowest cannot plead in vain,
I loved him so.

Indian Mothers and Babies.

How the Little Ute and Shoshone Pappooses are Cared for by their Mothers.

DOMESTIC life among the more civilized American Indian tribes, while it has possibly lost much of its old-time picturesqueness, is still a very attractive theme for the artist and photographer. Our illustrations on this page show how the Indian mothers carry their babies, or pappooses, around with them, while going about their daily household tasks. A lady reader of this journal at Loveland, Colo., has sent us a most interesting letter which [illegible] the Utes. She writes:

The Colorado Southern Utes are a tribe in the Southern part of Colorado and Northern New Mexico, and number about one thousand. They are really divided into three tribes or families, the Weeminuches, Moaches, and Capotas, and are superior men and women physically, two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five pounds being the usual weight of a full-grown Ute. Indians, as a general thing, are healthy, and one seldom sees a lame, halt or blind person among them. The weak children die early and only the fittest to stand their mode of live survive to reach manhood and [illegible]

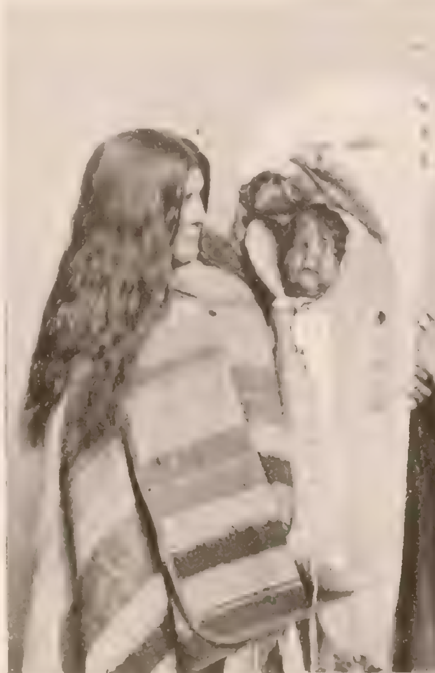
Ignacio, the chief of the Utes, is a fine speci- [illegible] norant. He has no use for "book learnin" or education in any way. He says, "Heap learnin' make Indian heap lie, just like white man." These Indians are not self-supporting. Although they have plenty of good, tillable land and many cattle and horses, they are lazy and indolent. The squaws do all the work. If [illegible] the man rides it and the woman walks along behind. On monthly "ration day" the old lady sees to getting the family allowance of flour, meat, meal, sugar, baking powder and soap (the last named, I am sorry to say, they have but little use for). I once visited one of [illegible] of furniture. The woman grinned and motioned me to sit down on the dirt floor while she bustled around preparing the meal. As she washed her hands before mixing her biscuit, I thought I might want to stay and dine there; but when she took the same water to [illegible]

[illegible]

that the boy might have "a safe ride to the happy hunting grounds."

Some one once said that "the only good Indians were dead ones." Now, these Utes do not seem to want to die for the express purpose of becoming good, but they do think that there is only one place in the great future and all Indians go there. They have their modes of worship with dance and music (if such they may be called), but no amount of trouble—if they know of such a thing—has ever caused one of them to commit suicide.

The only remedy for Indian ignorance and superstition is to be found in education and the Gospel. Thanks to the efforts of our zealous missionaries and devoted teachers, the children of all the Indian tribes are now being educated and taught to know the Saviour. So rapid is the Gospel progress that ere many years pass away, there will not be a single unevangelized tribe of red men within our borders.



A UTE MOTHER AND PAPPOOSE.

A SHOSHONE SQUAW AND CHILD.

A Strange Wedding.

Probably in no place in the world is the marriage ceremony attended with such a curious custom as that among the Ne- [illegible] Islands. When two islanders are to be wedded, the whole tribe is assembled, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing near to each other. The elders then bend the branches until the [illegible] meet. When the heads have thus come into contact the marriage is legally accomplished, and great [illegible]

A Wonderful "Grandfather's Clock."

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild is the owner of an ancient "grandfather's clock." [illegible] The quarters are chimed with a different bell, and (a rare thing with these clocks) it has [illegible]

Baby Songs.

[illegible] to-day are full of the personification of buds, bees and butterflies. Poetry, with music and gesture, appeals to the childhood of the individual as to the childhood of the race, long before prose. So song to babe and child have an influence that nothing else can exert, writes Anna Williams in the *Home Queen*. To crowd their little heads with too many other things before the poetic and imaginative have had full play, is to deny them a portion of their lawful inheritance.

A Plea for the Step-mother.

Why is it that, almost by unanimous consent, the social and domestic as well as the literary world, looks down upon the step mother? She is a misunderstood individual, misrepresented, and her best purposes too often distorted by prejudiced tongues and pens, who prefer to criticise harshly instead of doing generous justice. A writer, in the course of a plea for the better treatment of step mothers in general, relates this experience: "I found every tradition against me," said a step-mother. "All the books represent the step mother as scheming and unkind; outsiders invariably pity the children when their father marries again; and relatives are always ready to criticise the slightest attempt at discipline or guidance. The children love me now; but the first year was the most trying ordeal through which I ever passed." And her step-daughter, who was present, said, "Yes, indeed, we were on the defensive for six months, because our nurse told us that step-mothers were cruel whenever they got the chance, and sometimes turned children out of the house. It took us a long time to realize that we could love and trust our new friend just as we did other people. I remember perfectly how astonished and ashamed I was when I first understood how mistaken we had been, and what love and patience we had been fighting against!"

Doubtless much of misery and ill-feeling would be spared if instead of prejudging the step-mother we took her for what she really is, and valued her accordingly.

Grant's Early Boyhood.

In his comprehensive story of the early life of Gen. Grant, Hamlin Garland, in [illegible] gives these entertaining details: The life which the boy [illegible] tal. The village (Georgetown), was almost [illegible] a mere cluster of cabins. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. [illegible] at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The women spun and wove and dyed their own garments. The men wore jeans and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a mark of great extravagance or gentility. Doctors and judges and clergymen were sometimes seen apparelled in the magnificence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days and Sundays. Ripley, down on the Ohio river ten miles away, was the principal market. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown,

AN INDIAN CABIN IN COLORADO.

was reached by stage over hill or through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon his boy mind were impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvelous.

A Wedding by Wholesale.

SINCE the institution of the marriage ceremony, there probably never was a wedding on such an extensive scale as that which took place at Susa, in the days of Alexander the Great. A writer in *Self-Culture* gives this interesting description of that event:

When Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; one hundred of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Medean families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women,—20,202 persons to be married at once! They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tapesties, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were one hundred gorgeous chambers for the hundred noble bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude. A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places. And now don't imagine that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I now thee wed." The ceremony was very simple: the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife; and all the other bridegrooms followed his example. Such was Alexander's wedding.

Saying Kind Words.

Some time ago, a party of young people in New York organized a "Kind Word Society," the object being to aid young working girls who had lost their position, to find employment, and incidentally to speak a kind word to cheer them along. Several thousand girls have been assisted by the society, which is still carrying on its good work. Its experience furnishes an excellent example for others who may be in a position to do similar good work. Much may be done by a little group of earnest people, who, not expecting great deeds, are resolved to embrace every opportunity of performing such humble, kindly service as lies within their power.

Truths Learned by Experience.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning December 27. Psalm 90: 1-17.

IN inviting members of the Christian Endeavor Society to draw the veil from before their sacred inner life, it may be presumed that the Committee does not desire to make the meeting a confessional, but to encourage the members to help each other, by imparting light which they have gained by study or experience. Such mutual help it is possible to give, and it may be of the utmost value. It must have been a barren year for any Christian if he is unable to respond to the invitation by naming, "one spiritual truth that I have learned this year." It may not be a new truth, but if he has tested an old truth by experience and learned its value in his life, it is as valuable to him as if it had been newly and specially coined for his use in God's mint. If he has suffered a bereavement the lesson may be, the comfort which He gives who is the Resurrection and the Life—a lesson so old that his people have learned it by the graves of nineteen centuries; yet has to be learned anew by the individual believer in our day as it was learned by the first disciples. Or it may it may be, that circumstances almost as bitter as death, have separated two loving hearts and each has had to learn that "there is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." Or there has been sickness, and in that fertile land many lessons may have taken root and sprung up to blossom and fruitage which were dead theories at the beginning of the year. These may be lessons of patience, of faith, of the value of human sympathy and kindly helpfulness, or of sweet peace enjoyed in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Or there may have been a change in social conditions. Riches do certainly make to themselves wings and fly away. Some may have had to learn by painful experience, how hard poverty is to bear, and how God comforts and supports his children in adversity. If any have learned what it costs to resist temptation and to do right, when there is financial stringency and the opportunity to make the money bitterly needed, by unrighteous methods, has been rejected, that soul should be able to tell of the peace of conscience which is better than riches. Or it may be with some, that the year has been uneventful, but even with these the weary drudgery of life, the carking daily cares, the infinitesimal annoyances of daily toil, or the dull round of social duties have tried and depressed the child of God, and he has found in the fount of living waters some word that gave new strength to his fainting heart. In the endless variety of human experience, there is no lot unforeseen by our Heavenly Father, no sorrow without its alleviation, no burden but can be borne through the spiritual strength that is given to every seeker. The prophet's advice is still the most sound and practical that can be given to any one in trouble, whatsoever the trouble may be: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." Those who resist the temptation to fret and repine, and to complain of God's treatment of them, who are cheerful and confident in his unchanging love, soon learn that: "He will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

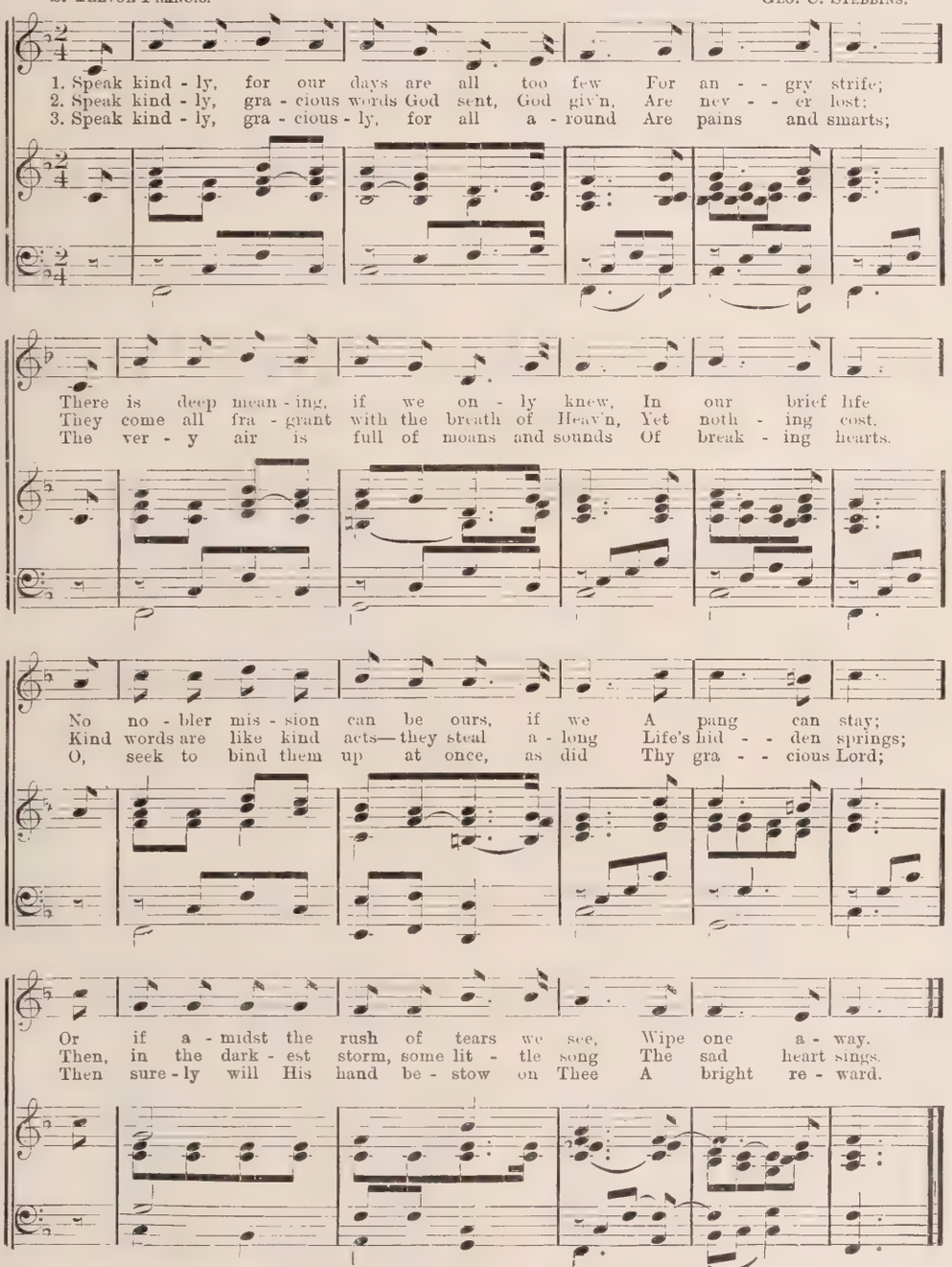
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

SPEAK KINDLY.

"BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER."—*Rom. 12: 10.*

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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MYSTERIES OF GRACE.

I DO not know exactly how
The work of grace was wrought
Within my heart; I only know
His Holy spirit taught
Me to believe in God's dear son;
I did, and so the work is done.

I do not understand at all
How He can ever need
Such worthless ones as I to do
His work, but then I read
The foolish shall confound the wise
If in his hand the vessel lies.

I cannot tell the moment when
My Saviour will appear,
And so I must be ready now;
To-day he may be here.
For all around us tells so plain
That soon He will be back again.

—M. A. BUSSELL.

A PRAYER.

O HOLY Spirit, lead me through the dark,
For many foes are in the wilderness
Through which I press my way to holiness.
O, precious Spirit, lead my soul aright
Until I leave the dangers of the night,
And mount toward heaven like the morning lark.

Guide me, sweet Spirit, in the unknown way,
For many are the winding paths which cross
And lead astray the pilgrim to his loss.
O, gracious Spirit guide me in the gloom
Until I reach my sweet celestial home;
O, keep me in the heavenly King's highway.

Yes, guide me, Holy Spirit, through the night,
For many snares the enemy has laid,
And pitfalls deep, so that I halt dismayed;
But Thou, O, Guide divine, canst safely lead
My anxious soul to its eternal need;
Guide me, sweet Holy Spirit, to the light.

Noank, Conn. W. C. MORTON.

The New Temple.

A New Temple to be Built in Jerusalem in the Latter Days by Restored Judah.

BY REV. E. J. HYTCHE.

NO one can read the unfulfilled prophecies, whether uttered by Moses or Paul, without inferring that a time will yet come when not a mere remnant, but the whole family of Abraham shall be restored to their God-given inheritance, and when there, shall be converted. An important question, nay the very crux of the question is thereby suggested—will they be converted as a nation, or by human agency, or by such a direct Divine interposition as has marked their whole history? An answer to this question is of the greatest importance, not only because it leads to an inquiry as to their revealed future, but because on it hinges the inference as to what we are to expect as the outcome of the present agencies for their evangelization.

From the whole tenor of Scripture we are led to the conclusion that not only will the Jews be converted as a nation, but that they will be converted in two divisions, namely, first the two tribes, and then the ten tribes, or Israel proper—in correspondence with their distinct expatriations—and that on different periods after the Second Advent.

We learn from Zechariah 12: 12-13, that at some future period, the three tribes, Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, who remained united when the Ephraimitic Kingdom was formed, up to the time of Titus, will return to the Holy Land in an unconverted state. Either just immediately before their return, or when there, by a treaty with Antichrist (Isa. 28: 14, and Dan. 9: 27), they will be placed under the protectorate of the lawless one. This covenant, for some unexplained reason, will be made for only seven years, and thus has an element of uncertainty as to its after continuance when that period has expired.

But notwithstanding the limited duration of this covenant with Antichrist, the Jews will rebuild their temple, possibly not on its former site, but on Mount Zion (Ps. 87). That their former temple will be rebuilt on their restoration to the Holy Land we might infer, had we no Scripture authority for asserting it, from the fact that in their liturgy the Jews in all lands pray daily, "Build thou the temple in our days, speedily." But for such re-edification of the ancient temple we have something more than well warranted inference, for in Ezekiel 40: 43, its dimensions and ritual are specified in the minutest detail. This last great temple is also referred to in Isa. 66; Zech. 6: 13; Mal. 3: 1; II. Thess. 2: 4, and Rev. 11: 1-2. So that Ezekiel's temple is no mere mystical allegory, as most Biblical commentators assert, for the writers of both the Old and New Testament, pre-report it as a literal building—for literal worship and sacrifice.

Though the covenanted protectorate of Antichrist was for seven years, yet for some unexplained reason—but most probably as preparatory to his claim for Divine worship—he will break his covenant with the Jewish rulers when only a moiety of that period has expired. In this infraction of his own covenant he will apparently be aided by some apostate Jews, since we read that (Dan. 11: 30) "he will have intelligence with those who forsake the holy covenant." Then he becomes the bitter enemy of the people who have trusted him.

PREACHING TO PRISONERS.

ONE of the most effective efforts of Mr. Moody, the well-known evangelist, has been to give the Gospel to the prisoners in the jails and penitentiaries. Pastors in different localities have taken up the work in good earnest, and are meeting with excellent spiritual results. S. F. Grady, a minister of the Gospel, formerly of Canada, but now pastor of Messiah's Church, Trenton, N. J., has for over a year held regular preaching services weekly in the Mercer County Jail, and has occasionally had the privilege of assisting in services at the State Prison. His methods are very simple, but the meetings are not without interest, as the prisoners listen with the closest attention to the plain statements of Scripture truth. Mr. Grady tries to make the men understand that while he cannot help them in the least so far as the law is concerned, they may be greatly helped if they will accept the gracious invitations of the Gospel. He also tries to impress upon their minds the fact that it matters but little, comparatively speaking, where they spend the next few months, or even years, but the question of where they are to spend eternity is of infinite importance. Rev. J. P. Farrar, of Lynn, Mass., accompanied him to the jail one day lately, and preached a short sermon, and also had an opportunity to witness Mr. Grady's manner of working. "At the close of the services," Mr. Farrar writes us, "nearly all manifested their desire for salvation. Since Mr. Grady began the work, several have professed faith, and many have signified their intention to live a new life."

REV. S. F. GRADY.

The evangelist would be glad to present such prisoners as give evidence of spiritual interest, with a Bible, Testament, or some appropriate book, which would be helpful to them, but thus far he has not been able to do much in this direction. His services are given to the prisoners without remuneration.

Russia's Two Great Thinkers.

Throughout all classes in Russia, the teachings of Tolstoi have weight, and by his recent works very many have been awakened to a sense of duties and responsibilities. However widely the views of most of those who read these lines may differ from Tolstoi, few will fail to be thankful for his vigorous, earnest summons to take Christ at his word, and to follow Him only. "One of the most pleasant incidents of my stay in Russia," writes Mr. J. E. B. Meakin, "was a couple of days spent at his simple country home, in contact with his mind and character. But Tolstoi has suffered from coming in touch with bigotry, narrowness and bigots. Another of Russia's great thinkers, Vladimir Solovief, a man whom the University found too Christian a student to retain him, still a member of the Russian Church, impressed me almost as much. He did not hesitate to attribute his country's troubles to its treatment of its Jewish citizens, the victims of the same party [illegible] how fully his views are shared in other countries, and of the place the chosen people hold with us. With the exception, however, of the restricted area allotted to its Jewish subjects by the government, I can find no great cause of complaint at present, and there is every reason to hope that the days of their persecution are over."

An Asthma Cure at Last.

[illegible]

Behold the Fair Star!

BEHOLD the fair stat that is shining
With radiance lent from above!
O'er Bethlehem hills it is inclining
To lead us to Infinite love.

Our eyes shall behold the Redeemer
Whom angels rejoice to adore—
The Lord of the earth and of heaven,
So worthy of praise evermore.

Our glad hearts rejoice in salvation
Our souls to thanksgiving shall stir
To Jesus we bring adoration,
Our gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Let the mountains break forth into singing
The rivers and rocks lift their voice—
Let the ocean, its sweet incense bringing,
Cry loudly "Rejoice! O, rejoice!"

Sing together, O, stars of the morning!
Let the banner of God be unfurled
Let us crown him forever and ever
Our Saviour, the king of the world!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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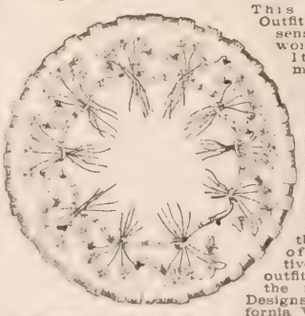

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Mother Stewart's First Glass.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Thompson of Hillsboro, Ohio, is known as the mother of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the famous Mother Stewart, of Springfield, in the same State, who was known in the days of her prime as "The Wendell Phillips in Petticoats," was the immediate cause of the term, "Temperance Crusade," which clung to the early

"MOTHER STEWART."

stages of the movement of the women for "God and Home and Native Land."

There was one saloon in Springfield just opposite the leading churches, and from the house where Mother Stewart was living, she could see the throng of men coming, in defiance of law. The preacher could stand in his pulpit and see the people passing into the saloon during his sermon, and yet none of the men took hold of the matter to get evidence against the saloon-keeper and make him obey the law. The incident that stirred Mother Stewart up to act for herself, was the sight of a man carrying a sweet-looking little baby in his arms with him into the saloon on Sunday morning to get his dram.

"If I had a disguise I would go in there;" and she asked her landlady if she could furnish her one. She thought a moment and said, "Yes, I can;" and brought her a large waterproof circular that enveloped her to her feet. She took off her glasses, put back her hair and donned the outfit. She appeared then as a very respectable old Irish woman. As she passed out, she turned to the lady and her daughter and said, "Oh, now pray for me as you never prayed before in your lives!"

Mother Stewart says she was not thinking of danger, but felt buoyed as if she was treading on the air. She passed the third door before reaching the saloon where the drinking was going on. There were young men standing at the counter drinking, and some older men sitting about the place. She desired to make two cases at the same time against the saloon-keeper, one for selling distilled liquors by the glass to be drank on the premises, under the State law, and the other for selling on Sunday, under the city ordinance. But she was afraid to ask for whiskey or brandy, lest she might be suspected as a spy. She asked the bar-tender if she could have something to drink. He asked what she wanted. At a venture she asked if he had any sherry wine. He set a bottle and two small glasses on the counter, one having a little water in it. She did not understand what the water meant; still, she picked up the bottle and started to pour out the wine, but as her hand trembled, and as she wanted to implicate the saloon-keeper as much as possible, she requested him to pour it out for her, remarking that she felt rather badly. So he poured it out for her and she asked the price, and he said a dime, which she laid down and picking up the glass, walked out.

On the Tuesday evening following that Sunday morning Mother Stewart spoke in the church opposite the saloon, to an audience that packed it to the doors and taking her glass of wine she exhibited it to the audience and told the story, "How I bought my first glass of liquor."

That was the beginning of the Temperance Crusade in the city of Springfield, which reached large proportions and did a great amount of good. It was the editor of the *Journal* of Dayton, O., who named the new movement. He wrote:

"One woman in Springfield is disturbing the whole city—not an unusual thing for a woman to do, however, as they have in times past changed the course of whole empires. The lady to whom we refer is Mrs. Stewart, who is on a Temperance Crusade against liquor-selling. She is determined to banish the trade from Springfield, and has got herself reinforced by a battalion of resolute women, who are making it hot for the saloon-keepers."

And so it was that out of the heroism of one motherly woman, the famous phrase, "The Temperance Crusade," was born.

False Economy

is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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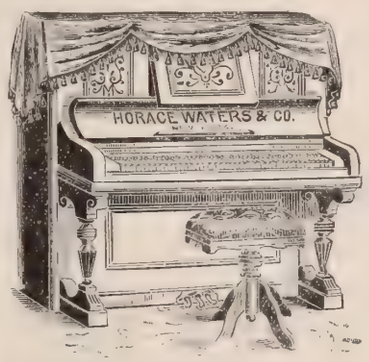

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The New Armenian Patriarch.

AN event of religious moment in the East was the recent election of Bishop Maghakhia Ormanian, of Constantinople, to the Patriarchate of the

Armenian Church. The election was sanctioned by the Sultan's irade, and gives the greatest satisfaction to Armenians everywhere, as Bishop Ormanian is greatly beloved by his people. The new Patriarch was formally installed at the Armenian cathedral at Koum-Kapou, on Dec. 2. Mgr. Ormanian is 55 years of age, a native of Constantinople, and a convert from Roman Catholicism.

Armenian Aid.

Among the contributions for the Armenian Fund received during the week was a gift of $19.57 from the Senior Class of Marion (Ia.) High School. The contributions from all sources were as follows:

	$52,146.24
Mrs Lou Ella Ames	1 00
Union meeting of C E S & Y M C A, Yarmouth,	10 00
Joseph H Pedro	1 00
E N Christenson	5 00
C E Soc of Shining Mission,	
Harrisburg	50 00
Gilroy	7 29
Dover	1 00
	1 00
Herman	2 00
Island	2 00
	2 00
	3 91
	2 00
	1 50
	1 00
	70
	1 00
Lewis	1 00

Miss Henry	1 00
Miss Gilim	9 75
Jas D Lytle	2 00
S S, Owens Mill	4 50
Eli Sawyer	1 00
A L, Jonesville	5 00
Jennie Nelson	1 00
Mrs C W Proctor,	1 00
Summerberry Y P S C E	3 25
U S S, Bedford	4 10
Crenshaw Y P S C E	4 00
Miss Minnie Walter	0 00
F R Walter	1 00
—, Home, Pa	1 00
C A Heegaard	10 00
Mary Smith	1 00
	1 00
H S Cox	2 50
For Christ's Sake, Lamerton	50
For Christ's Sake, Lamerton	50
F S, Chazy	1 00
	40
Friends, Chanute	
Mrs C J O'Hanlon	
Mrs J J Barton,	
E W, East Avon	1 00
Globe Baptist S S	6 50
C E Soc, First Baptist Ch, Rome	4 47
Little Paul, York	25
Mrs M W Knight	3 00
Union meeting Y P S C E & Epworth League, Colo	3 43
Mrs C F Fiege	1 00
Mrs Alice M Tucker	1 00
Collected by Y P S C E Friendship	1 21
Miss T Herrman	10
—, Millburn, N J	1 00
C T S, Conn	1 00
Mrs I H Wood	3 00
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Forestriver W C T U	1 35
D Smith Brooks	50
Mrs K McCarthy	2 00
Miss H W Potter	1 00
John W Hughes	
Christian Valley Y P S C E	1 25
Mabel C Durr	
C E Soc, Sunbury	
Y P S C E, Shippingport	1 35
Junior Y P S C E,	
Y P Soc, German Emanuel Ch	35 00
Cumberland Presby Ch	11 00
Mrs C E Church & daughter	1 00
Thos H Somerville	5 00
C R M, Lewisburg	10 00
Mosk E Soc	5 00
L F H, N Y City	5 00
Y P S C E, Long Ch, Sherman Mills	2 50
Cong Ch, Verdon	5 50
W C Stiles	
Mary E Hathaway	1 00
Mrs J C Kimball	
Zion Luth, Hopkins	
Mrs M M Geissler	3 00
M A W, Dexter	2 00
Ebenezer Pres Ch, Ill	10 40
Howland Disciple Auxiliary of C W B M	5 00
Ainsworth U P Ch	10 00
O F R, Leon	5 00
Chas W Rendall	5 00
I O Brightbill	5 00
Jane Hope	10 00
Mrs M J Costello	50
R S Low	2 00
Miss Bertha Hicks	2 50
Believer, E Lynn	9 10
S N Pilchard	3 00
Total	**$52,590.13**

The eighth weekly instalment of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was last week forwarded through the American Board for distribution in the field at the following points:

Harpoot	$500.
Arabkir	500.

This, with previous remittances, makes a total of $50,000 disbursed for relief work up to date. A movement is now on foot looking to the permanent aid of the 40,000 orphans whose parents were victims of the recent massacres.

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Sacred Songs No. 1. By IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES McGRANAHAN, and GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Will be ready for use by Mr. D. L. Moody, at the Series of meetings to be held at Cooper Union, New York, November 9th.

SACRED SONGS, NO. 1, of same size and style as Gospel Hymns No. 6, but cheaper than any of the previous issues. In boards 30 cents by mail; $25 per 100 by express.

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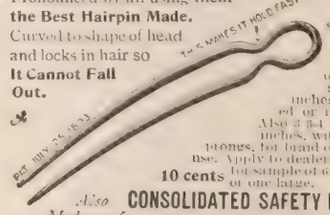

size, 2 3-4 inches, polished or in black. Also 3 3-4 and 4 1-2 inches, with heavy prongs, for braid or bonnet use. Apply to dealers or send 10 cents for sample of 6 medium or one large.

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Ian Maclaren

in

The Sunday School Times

To one of the issues of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES in the coming year, Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) will contribute an article entitled "Paul's Devotion to his Lord and Master." This is one of an exceptionally attractive series of "side-light" articles on the International Sunday-school lessons for 1897. The series will include the best work of such eminent and helpful writers as Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin; Professor Ramsay, of the University of Aberdeen; I. Zangwill, the noted Jewish author; and Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

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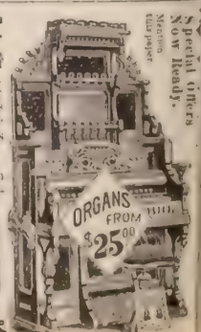

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ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOME CONFIDENCES.

YOU may think it is strange advice I am giving you to-day, mothers wise and daughters dear, but it is advice which comes so straight from my heart, that I must speak, even if you don't agree with me. By the way, I don't expect you always to agree with me. There are generally several points of view, and if mine does not seem to you the best one, it will be very good in you to write and tell me so. I will be glad to hear yours.

Mothers and daughters ought always to be intimate friends. They ought to be on confidential terms. If I've heard it once, I've heard it half a hundred times or more, that a girl should have no secrets from her mother. And I believe it thoroughly, and feel sure that the mother who has so kept the love and faith of her daughter that the daughter goes to her with every question, every experience, every puzzle and problem, is a fortunate mother, and her daughter a girl to be envied.

The fact is, unhappily, that a great many women do not understand one another in the least, and you cannot be friends in the truest sense with a person whom you do not understand. The relationship of mother and daughter affords a good deal of opportunity for knowing and criticising, each for herself, the weaknesses and faults of the other, but it does not invariably result in the fine, sweet, beautiful affection which is like music without a jarring note, and which makes one think of heaven begun below.

Now, my friends, for my bit of counsel. Let one another alone in non-essentials. The way in which people interfere in one's own home with perfectly unimportant matters which do not concern them, is to say the least fearfully exasperating. Why, I know a dear lady fifty years old, who for years has been wanting to try her hair in a different style from the one she usually wears it in. She fancies it would look well in a high roll combed up from her face. But do you suppose she'll ever have the satisfaction of seeing herself with the coiffure she admires? No, mesdames. Her daughters do not approve of a change, and "mother" does not dare to show independence in the matter, small as it is, for Lucy and Martha and Matilda would make a fuss and call her ridiculous. There is a great deal of petty tyranny practiced in home life, and daughters are not the only ones who are responsible for it. Mothers are transgressors, too, and they sometimes forget that they used to be young, and fail to enter into the fun and spirit of things with their girls, and generally throw a wet blanket over the pleasure of planning and doing, and going here and there.

Girls often feel restless and dissatisfied and they are hardly aware what they really wish for, knowing only that as the bird desires to try its wings, they long for change and a new sphere of action. The longing is not in itself wrong, for there may be a divine discontent with the actual and a gladness in the mere effort to realize one's aspirations. When I was a girl, I think girls were more contented with quiet home life than they now are, for the times were, at least till the war came, less strenuous and less exciting, and life was simpler.

The queer thing is though, that even men, in those days which seem so far off, and are so dear in memory, girls often sought other confidantes than their mothers. Some mothers are too chary of showing their love. If they only could wish on their half-grown girls, and their daughters just flowered into fair womanhood, the kisses and sweet words, and the tenderness they show their babies, the girls would not shrink from telling them things and thoughts, fearing lack of sympathy, and saying, "Oh, mother doesn't understand!" But the mothers fell out of the habit of petting, as the girls grew up from baby days and baby ways, and now there is an invisible separating wall between their souls, a barrier hard to break.

The subtle antagonisms of race come in! A girl is her mother's daughter, but her mind, her tricks of manner and speech, her trend of thought, all descend to her from her father's people, and it won't be till she has a daughter of her own, that the mother-type will reappear in the family. A mother is sometimes younger in feeling, more full of poetry and sentiment, and much more romantic than her daughter. Sometimes they eat at the same table and sleep under the same roof, and are miles and leagues apart. Soul-life is a strange and solitary thing for some of us.

I have heard of mothers who never once said anything caressing to daughters, after the latter were old enough to be impressed by demonstration or its reverse, "I'm glad I had scarlet fever and nearly died," said a young woman. "I never knew until that night when they thought I wouldn't live till morning, that my mother cared for me even a little bit."

Now, do you say, I'm contradicting myself, when, in one talk, I advise letting each other alone, and in the same breath, speak of expressing true love in sweet and generous ways? I don't blame you if you think I'm all mixed up, but I'm not.

You must let each other alone, in matters where interference and nagging and fault-finding are killing frosts on home love. And you must not let each other alone where gentleness and kindness and self-sacrifice and daily consideration are going to make you happier and life more worth living.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Good merchants find out that it pays to sell Macbeth lamp-chimneys because they make friends.

But look out for the one that is made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

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Reduced Prices on Dresses and Cloaks

We wish to close out our entire line of Winter suitings and cloakings during the next few weeks, and in order to do so we have made decided reductions. In addition to this, we have made up a Bargain List of sample garments, and are offering them at half price—some even lower—as we wish to close them out without delay.

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up, were $8 and $10.
Stylish Dresses, $6, formerly $10 to $18.
Bicycle Suits, $5, former price, $8 to $12.
Skirts, $3.75, really worth $6 to $8.
Capes, $3, reduced from $6.
Jackets, $3, former price $6.

We have also reduced prices on some of our Suitings, and are offering several lines of suitings at **65 cents** per yard, former price 80 cents to $1.15.

Write to day for our Winter Catalogue and samples of materials. We will mail it to you, together with our Bargain List of reduced prices. Write now, as these garments will undoubtedly be closed out very rapidly.

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is the supreme authority over one third of all the post-offices in the world. In

The Youth's Companion

For 1897 he will tell how the seventy American post-offices of Washington's time have increased to seventy thousand. The history of our postal service is full of entertaining incidents and inspiring facts, and both will be found in the Postmaster-General's article on

Early Days of the Post-Office.

Two other members of the President's Cabinet will contribute to THE COMPANION during 1897. Hon. Judson Harmon will describe "What the Attorney-General Does," and Hon. H. A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy, will write on "Building a War-Ship."

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than One Dollar.

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12-Color Calendar FREE.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and $1.75 will receive:
FREE The Youth's Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1897;
FREE Christmas, New Year's and Easter Double Numbers;
FREE Our Artistic 4-Page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. The most costly gift of its kind The Companion has ever offered;
And The Companion 52 Weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1898

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Consumption

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now a strong, healthy man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as you due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Its Cure, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 300 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be the case*, to be had post free by return etc., or the book will be sent free with every first order for **$1.00** bottle of **Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.**

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of the **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Chest affections.

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To the Readers of Christian Herald

Send this "ad" and 10c in stamps and we will mail you a 1-4 pound sample (not T) imported, any kind you may order.

A pound (one Family Tea) on receipt of **$2.00** and this ad.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
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BENBOLT or any piece of our 40c **Music** for **5c** with Catalogue of 500 pieces. Instrumental and vocal. Popular Songs and Dances. For Piano and Organ. State what you want. Largest Music Value Co., Sheet Music Pub. Co. 129 W. 44th St., N. Y. City.

THE INVALID'S HOPE.

STRENGTH to endure I ask,
...
Must still my hopes defy.
...
Upon the rudder be,
My little bark shall safely sail
O'er calm or stormy sea.

I know that some day soon
This life and I must part.
I do not ask the meaning now,
But for a patient heart;
For in that land beyond
Across life's troubled sea,
I well do know my Father's love
Will make it plain to me.

So, if thou wilt but give
Me grace, that I may bear
Each moment's pain as it may come,
I shall have naught to fear.
I do not need to know
What path before me lies,
The help that suits my present needs,
...

But oh, I would not live
One moment without Thee;
Without the guidance of Thy hand
Life seems a trackless sea,
...
And bravely onward move
Because my bark is launched upon
The ocean of thy love.

L. A. M.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

For Bethesda Home for Fallen Women.

Springfield 4 00
Clara C Walker.... 2 00
Phebe E Minor 1 00
I. G. Columbia.. 5 00
Thank offering 1 00
Friend, Vineland.. 1 00
Total $147.72

For the Door of Hope.

Christian, St Louis 1 00
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Coffee Stands.

Total $21.70

T A Walter ....
J M Parmley 12 00
Total $150.50

Prev. ack 5 00
Total $29.00

Total $110.12

Mrs H D Condict.. 1 00
Henry Lefort 1 00
Clara C Dushane... 1 00
Total $278.10

Foreign Missions.

Friend, St Anne... 1 00
H H Peters 4 50
Christian, St Louis 3 00
Total $253.05

For the Maysville Institute.

J E Bristol 2 00
Christian Endeavor Society, East
S E C, Springfield. 2 00
A D Whitney 2 00
Rachel R Coan 1 00
Total $360.80

... and S. S. Missionary.

Mrs Sarah A Lutz. 1 00
Christian, St Louis 1 00
Jane Hope 5 00
Mrs Remsen
California friend... 2 00
Total $519.95

Five Points Home of Industry.

Total $10.71

Five Points Mission.

Jerry McAuley Mission.

C. E. Brayton 2 00
Total $17.50

For Blind Mary.

Rushmore 2 00
Total $18.50

In the Master's Name.

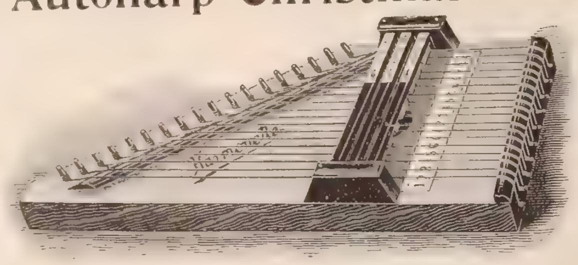
American Bible Society.

Jane Hope $5 00
Total $6.00

Work among Lumbermen.

Clara S Craven 10 00
Total $160.31

An Autoharp Christmas.



$1.50

The music of Christmas is delightfully enhanced by this, the sweetest of all stringed instruments. The Autoharp, style Harmonette (illustrated above), has 3 chord bars and 18 strings. It is so very simple that a child may operate it with pleasing effect. The instrument is well made, nicely finished in natural color, furnished in a neat box with book of instructions, six pieces of music, tuning key and pick.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

SEND **$2.00** and [for a short time only] we will send you the following:

1 Autoharp (style Harmonette), $1.50
1 extra book of music, ... .25
Delivery charges prepaid, .. .50
Total, ... $2.25 ALL FOR $2.00.

Autoharps range in price from $1.50 to $150.00. For sale by all MUSIC DEALERS. Catalogue (beautifully illustrated) sent free.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON, Dept. D, Dolge Building, New York.

See also our advertisement in Christian Herald, issue of Oct. 28th and Dec. 9th.

The Symptoms of

Gout and Rheumatism

are caused by uric acid poisoning,

and a reliable remedy must be capable of removing the poisonous substance.

TARTARLITHINE

does this. It reduces the pain and inflammation and rapidly eliminates the uric acid. TARTARLITHINE is pleasant to take, and does not affect the action of the heart.

It will not Disturb the Digestion.

Price $1.00 per bottle. See that the label reads "Tartarlithine." If your druggist does not keep it a bottle will be mailed on receipt of price by

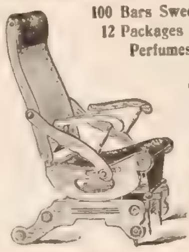
McKesson & Robbins,
Manufacturing Chemists,
95 Fulton Street, New York.

Take a Combination Case of the

LARKIN SOAPS

and a "Chautauqua" Antique Oak Reclining Easy Chair or Desk

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. From factory to family.



CASE CONTAINS . . .

100 Bars Sweet Home Soap. 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
12 Packages Boraxine. 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.
Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
If changes in contents desired, write.

The Soaps at retail would cost $10.00
Either Premium is worth . $10.00
Both if at retail . . . $20.00
You get the Premium gratis. Both $10.

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT $10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in Christian Herald, Nov. 18th and 25th.

From the Christian Herald, New York.—The Larkin Co. never disappoint. They create wonder with the great value they give for so little money. A customer once is a customer always with them. ... We unhesitatingly recommend the Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. ... makes large promises and fulfills them in a large way. No one need hesitate to send money to them. Extraordinary value will be received.

Peter Moller,

who in 1853 revolutionized the whole system of Cod Liver Oil manufacture by the introduction of the "steam process," has now introduced a new method which is as superior to the steam process as that was to the old and crude methods. By the new process the Oil is kept free from impurities and does not come into contact with the atmosphere at any time during the manufacture. Moller's

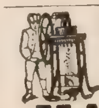
Cod Liver Oil

is not sold in bulk, but is bottled when manufactured. The Oil is free from disagreeable taste or odor and causes no eructation.

In flat oval bottles only, dated. See that our name appears on bottle as agents. Explanatory pamphlets mailed free.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

LOTS OF EGGS



when hens are fed green cut bone, cut by the Improved '96

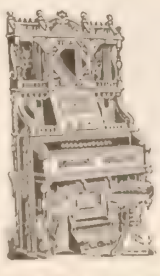
MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTER

the standard of the world. 12 sizes $5 and up. C. O. D. or On Trial. Cat'l'g *free* if you name this paper.

F. W. MANN CO., Milford, Mass.

$25.00 and up.

ORGAN



INCORPORATED FOR 50 YEARS

We have the largest manufactory in the world from which we sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices, thus saving the profits of the dealer and the commissions of the agents. ... in your own house. Shipped on 30 days' trial.

FREE

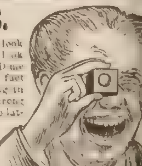
Sold on instalments. Easy payment. Send ... to obtain the greatest ... ever offered. Write ... and we will ... Piano ...

PIANO

$160.00 and up.

ADDRESS
BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO
P. O. Box 741
Washington, N. J.

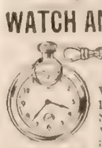
LAUGHING CAMERA. 10c.



The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons, your thin friends ... Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest mirth maker on the market, creates fun by the ... Catalogue of 1000 novelties and ... 12 for ...

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., Dept. No. 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. MY! OH MY!!

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO. Box E Concord Junction, Mass.

Seat or Saddle? Don't dodge—face this bicycle saddle question—learn the facts. Our book "SADDLE SENSE" free to any address. Garford Mfg. Co. Elyria, O.

ALL THE YEAR

... Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers to begin the constitutional treatment ... not only relief but a Cure that Stays. Hundreds ... letter from one of them:

... N. Y., Sept. 14th, 1896. ... BENJ. D. EVERETT.

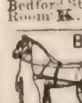
ASTHMA SUFFERERS

... Hay Fever sufferers make ... now. ... if you ask for ...

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

Parker's Arctic Sock, Best for Rubber Boots. Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for house, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c. with size to J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford St., Boston, Mass. Room K. Take no substitute. Parker Pays the Postage.

BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS



Send your address with 2c stamp for Illustrated Catalog giving full description of Single and Double Custom Hand Made Oak Leather Harness. Sold direct to consumer, at wholesale prices. King Harness Co., No. 42 Church St., Owego, N. Y.

600 SECOND HAND BICYCLES

All makes GOOD AS NEW, $5 to $15. New High Grade '96 models, guaranteed, $17 to $25. *Must be closed out.* Agents wanted. Write for particulars at once.

The D. T. Mead Cycle Co., Chicago.

"Use the means and heaven will give you the Blessing." Never neglect a useful article like

SAPOLIO

CRAZY WORK 800 SILK REMNANTS, enough ... Quilt ... yds. 50c ... floss & patterns, 10c, postpaid. Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry ...

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Nov. 22, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

Anxious Mother, Baltimore, Md., that her son might be delivered from his bondage to the intoxicating cup and become a child of God.——Mother, Azusa, Cal., for the salvation of her son and his deliverance from the vice of drunkenness.——Friend, Washington, D.C., that her husband may be brought to Christ, and be relieved of the burdens that now distract his mind.——S., Falbrook, Ont., for the salvation of an intimate friend, and his deliverance from the tobacco habit.——K. A. J., Hagerstown, Md., for the conversion of a beloved father, who is an infidel; and that a beloved sister who is not saved may seek the Lord.—— Sorrowing Wife, Va., that her husband, who once professed Christ, may be truly converted and delivered from his besetting sin. ——B. A. H., Newton, Mass., for the conversion of a son for whom his Christian mother has been praying for forty years; also that his wife may give her heart to God.—— Reader, Trenton, for the conversion of a very dear friend, and that he may speedily return to the friends who love him and are waiting to welcome him.——Sister in Christ, Grundy, Iowa, that a young man who is about to marry a Christian girl might be converted and help her in her Christian life.——Sister, New York, for the conversion of her husband, who is much discouraged through financial reverses; also that two brothers who are addicted to drink might be delivered and made sons of God.——E. M., Beloit, Wis., for the conversion of a brother and sister.—— Broken-Hearted Sister, Ont., that a brother who has fallen under the power of drink may be saved in answer to the prayers of his dear old Christian father and four sisters, who beg the prayers of Christian readers for the same blessing.——M., Willow Hill, Ill., for the conversion of one who is very much beloved, but is not conscious of his need of a Saviour; also that a dear brother might give himself to the Lord.—— Friend, Altoona, Pa., that God would open the eyes of a sinful woman to the wickedness of her present life, that she may be brought to repentance and may return to her husband and child and give the remainder of her life to making atonement for the sorrow and shame she has caused.——Hopeful Sister, Pa., that a brother-in-law may be converted and see the need to quit a pernicious business.——Praying Wife, Altoona, Pa., for the conversion of her husband, and that his disposition toward members of the family may become more kindly.——Widow, Spokane, Wash., for the conversion of her three sons, for which she has long been praying.—— R. A., Northville, Mich., for the conversion of father, mother, brother and grandfather; also that one who is in great distress, fearing that he unpardonable sin has been committed, may receive light and the assurance of forgiveness.——M. P., Whitten, Iowa., that a dear husband and son who are not saved may give their hearts to Christ in answer to the prayers of many years.——L. M. S., Lincoln. Ill., for the conversion of an only son who is away from home.——O., Paynesville, Mo., that two sons-in-law may give their hearts to God and devote their lives to the service of Christ.——H. R., Chicago, Ill., that a dear brother now in the far Northwest among unfavorable surroundings may be led to Christ and kept from sin.——Anxious Mother, Pittsburgh, Pa., that her only son, who it is feared, is on the downward road, may be stopped, and led to seek Christ for salvation. ——Subscriber, Oakland, Ill., for the conversion of two sons and a daughter-in-law, all of whom are living without hope and without God in the world.——O. B., Mobile, Ala., that two young men give their hearts to the Lord and become true Christians.——Anxious Wife and Mother, Little Valley, N. Y., for the conversion of husband, daughter, son, and daughter-in-law, and that the latter may be enabled to train their children for Christ.——Sorrowing Sister, Mankato, Kans., for the conversion of her husband——F. A. M., Vincent Stone, Va., for the conversion of two sons who once believed themselves to be Christians, but who have never really given their hearts to the Saviour.—— Subscriber, New York City, that a whole family of three sons and four daughters might be weaned from the world and with their children serve the Lord with all purpose of heart.——Sister in Christ, Anderson, Oreg., for the conversion of a brother who is far away from home and is living a life of sin; also that his father who is growing old, but is not prepared to die, may turn to the Lord and find mercy even at the the eleventh hour.——Anxious Mother, Livermore, Ky., that her son, for whom many prayers have been offered, and who is now in the city exposed to temptation may be delivered from evil and if it is consistent with God's will, may yet live to preach the Gospel, also that a brother who was once numbered among the Lord's people, but has now returned to the world might be restored to God's favor.—— "Unhappy One," Continental, O., for the conversion of one who has been a church-member for many years, but has never really known the Lord. —— Reader, Greensburg, Pa., for the conversion of fathers, brothers and sisters; also that seven young men who have been turned from the way of life by the inconsistencies of professing Christians may return to the Lord.——C. O., Natchez, Miss., that God in his mercy would touch the hearts of an uncle, three brothers and a friend, who are all living without God, and bring them to see their need of a Saviour and that they all might be saved.——Subscriber, Conway, Mo., that a father grown old in sin may seek pardon and salvation through Christ in his old age and may be saved before it is too late; also that a man who believes in Christ, but does not attend church and is grieving the Holy Spirit, may see the error of his way and turn to the Lord.——Believer in Kansas, that her husband and sons may be saved and become workers in the Lord's vineyard.——M., that her husband and father may be delivered from their bondage to strong drink and may go to Christ for salvation.——Constant Reader, Sacramento, Calif., for the conversion of three brothers and their families, and that they may all be delivered from the power of sin.——"Anxious Mother." Unionville, Conn., for the conversion of her daughter and that she may be delivered from an infatuation that will be ruinous to her spiritual interests. ——"Broken Hearted," Olive Hill, Ky., that a young man who has strayed from God, and has become addicted to an insidious drug may be delivered and may find in Christ salvation for soul and body.

Many other requests for prayer were received and were duly presented at the Converts' Prayer Meeting, as were those on Nov. 29 and Dec. 6, but we have not space this week to publish them in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Chemists

find Cleveland's baking powder pure.

Doctors

pronounce it wholesome.

Cooks

know it does the work just right every time.

Housewives

say that cake and breads raised with Cleveland's baking powder are fine, dainty and delicious.

Genuine
"1847"
Rogers Bros.

spoons, forks, knives, etc., will outwear two or three sets of ordinary quality. But be sure you get the original "1847" goods. The added mark "XII" means extra heavy plate where most needed.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., MERIDEN, CONN., 208 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Largest silver plate manufacturers in the world.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* will invariably give relief.

The fact that rheumatism is caused by a morbid condition of the blood, explains the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this disease. It has cured others of rheumatism, and it will cure you.

BURPEE SEEDS GROW

We will mail FREE, to any address,

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

A handsome book written at **Fordhook Farm.** It tells all about the best seeds that grow. Hundreds of illustrations; new vegetables and rare flowers painted from nature. Send a **postal card TO-DAY** for this

The Leading American Seed Catalogue.

10 cts. will buy the complete new book.

SWEET PEAS—UP-TO-DATE.

Fully illustrated, it gives all the latest information on how to grow successfully and have an abundance of bloom, with complete descriptions and all needed information on **SWEET PEAS—up-to-date.**

It has just been written for us by the Rev. W. T. Hutchins, the well-known authority.

25c. buys seven **Superb Sweet Peas for 1897,** including Eckford's new **Crown Jewel** and **Little Dorrit** which alone cost $1.25 each in England last year. This is the best collection we have ever offered. Nowhere else can such grand Novelties in Sweet Peas be had for so little money. **Write to-day.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia.

$2.60 COSTS NOTHING TO SEE AND EXAMINE THIS BEAUTIFUL REGULAR $5 WINTER CAPE. Cut this ad out and send to us, state number inches around body at bust and we will send the cape to your nearest express office by express C.O.D. subject to examination, you can examine it and if found perfectly satisfactory and **A Wonder for the Money** pay the express agent **Our Special Offer Price $2.60** and express charges.

Very Latest Style Double Cape made from extra quality heavy imported English all wool Black Beaver cloth, upper cape and collar beautifully edged with **genuine electric seal fur,** rolling storm collar, very full sweep. **DON'T BUY A CAPE, JACKET OR FURS** until you have seen our beautiful cloak catalogue and samples of cloth, **mailed free for the asking.** All the latest styles at lowest wholesale prices. Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Incorporated,
CHEAPEST SUPPLY HOUSE ON EARTH.
82 to 96 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ills., U. S. A.

It's so Good, you're always eager for another cup when you have once tasted it.

Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

Your grocer has it in one-pound and half-pound tins.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Stark Fruit Book

contains new and *copyright* **colored plates** of *over* **100 rare fruits,** etc.—write for particulars. Ask for list of Stark Trees—**$3** per **100** and up. STARK BRO'S, Stark, Mo.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT
STARK TRADE MARK

SOLD!

UNDER A **POSITIVE GUARANTEE**

75,000 in use.

to wash as clean as can be done on the **washboard** and with much more ease. This applies to **Terriff's Perfect Washing Machine** which will be sent on trial at wholesale price if not satisfactory money refunded. **Agents Wanted.** For exclusive territory, terms and prices write PORTLAND MFG. CO., Box 62 Portland, Mich.

SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) **RADIATOR.** With its 120 Cross Tubes, ONE stove or furnace does the work of TWO. Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

TO INTRODUCE OUR RADIATOR, the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, and secures an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR COMPANY,
15 Furnace St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A GOLD DOLLAR

is about the actual worth of our new book on Incubation and Poultry. Contains a full and complete description of the **Reliable Incubator** & the Brooder of same name, together with cuts and instructions for build'g poultry houses and much of interest and great value to the poultryman. Sent on rec'pt of 10c.

RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO.-QUINCY-ILLS

FREE!

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements:

SHELBY, N. C.—For 20 years I had Catarrh, was very deaf 18 years. Dr. Moore cured me and fully restored my hearing in 1892, and it is still perfect. Mrs. J. Bastick.

For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve, and now I can hear common conversation across a room; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored. Edwin Coleman, Box 585, Wichita, Kas.

Medicines For 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

A coarse, rough skin can quickly and easily be made soft and white with HEISKELL'S Soap 25c. a cake at druggists or by mail.

HEISKELL'S Pills by their action on the liver, stomach and bowels make the eyes bright, breath sweet, and skin healthy. 25 cents. At druggists or by mail.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 531 Commerce St., Philada.

TWO BEAUTIFUL PINS FREE

Send six cents, stamps, to help pay for this advertisement and we will send you **prepaid** these elegant **gold** plated Bangle pins and our illustrated holiday catalogue. CURTIN JEWELRY CO., 19 Park Street, Attleboro, Mass.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGE FREE.

We will send a **50c.** package of Gold and Chromo Christmas Cards, very nice and pretty, and the largest and best story paper in the world **3** months absolutely free if you send **10c.** to pay postage. This offer is made only to introduce our paper in new homes. **Order quick.**

SOCIAL VISITOR CO., Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

WONDER BUTTON-HOLE LAMP.

Cutest thing out. Wear it in your button-hole. Your watch just seen in dark. Burns four hours. Makes a bright light seem big. Boys go wild over it. By mail, **20** cents. Big Catalog Free.

BATES LAMP CO., Box 1540, Boston, Mass.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,

Altenheim Medical Dispensary,
Dept. N. A., Box 774, Cincinnati, O.

I Print My Own Cards, circulars, with $5 Press and save money. Make money printing for others. Our $18 Press prints a newspaper. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for catalogue, presses, and supplies, to the factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Connecticut

LADY AGENT writes: "I am making $10 to $12 a day selling **Backintosh Dress Skirts.** New style Dress Shields and other new goods." Send for proof and catalog best sellers FREE. Big profits. LADIES SUPPLY CO., 3115 FOREST AVE., CHICAGO.

Sept. 25th, 1896.
Am pleased very much with Souvenir Spoons. Have shown them to friends, who are also delighted. Expect to get you an order in a few days. Jennie M. Burns.
White Cloud, Kans.

SETTLE IT NOW!

Settle that vexed **Christmas Gift Question** this minute, and settle it better and obtain for yourself and give to another more genuine satisfaction for 99 cts. than if you invested a hundred dollars in the usual way of "hunting 'round." These famous World's Fair Souvenir Teaspoons are becoming more valuable as the World's Fair becomes a recollection, and you cannot find a more useful, a more acceptable, nor such a wonderfully artistic present at the matchless Bargain Price of 99 cents for a set of six full size Teaspoons. The set is put up in a handsomely-lined box and sent prepaid by mail. Think of six triple-plated silver full size Teaspoons with Gold-Plated and engraved bowls for only 99 cts.! No one can afford to miss such a magnificent Christmas or Holiday opportunity. Send to-day for a set.

Every visitor to the Fair knows that the price of these spoons on the Fair grounds was $1.50 apiece, or $9.00 for a set of six, or $18.00 for the entire collection of twelve different spoons, and here we sell you a set of six for only 99 cents.

JUST THINK OF IT! The spoons are divided into two different sets, as follows: SET No. 4 comprises these six buildings—Manufacturers, Horticultural, Woman's, Fisheries, Machinery Hall, Transportation. SET No. 5 comprises these six—Administration, Art, Agriculture, Electrical, Mining, Government. You can have either set you like, but under no circumstances will less than a set of six be sold, nor will they be divided in any other manner than above. Bear in mind that these are not cheap, washed-over spoons, but genuine triple-plate silver on white metal, stamped, LEONARD MFG. CO., A1—a guarantee of reliability. They are FULL SIZE for table use, and the entire bowl outside and inside is gold-plated, and shows a beautifully engraved and embossed building of the Fair. The set of six is put up in a handsomely-lined box and is sent by mail PREPAID on receipt of 99 cents. Remember, **WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY** if this wonderful bargain does not come up to your expectations, or if you believe they have been misrepresented in any manner, we will refund your money on demand.

ONLY 99¢

• FOR ALL SIX •

FORMERLY SOLD FOR $9.00

THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS EXACT SIZE AND PATTERN OF TEASPOONS.

THESE ARE THE ORIGINAL WORLDS FAIR SOUVENIR TEASPOONS.

(The people were astonished that such a magnificent present could be given away. Upon the receipt of the immense stock of the spoons, threw them back on our hands, and slowly recovering themselves, realized the opportunity of a lifetime. Considering elegance, and serviceable durability, a set of six of these handsome and famous)

Send 99 cents to-day for a set of six of these genuine World's Fair Souvenir Teaspoons, full size, put up in a handsomely-lined box and sent PREPAID by Mail. Never before has a house of A 1 standing, doing a straight-forward business and giving exactly what they advertise, ever been able to offer such a solid, substantial bargain. You will pay $1.50 for six ordinary plain, plated spoons—here you get a beautiful pattern, with gold-plated bowls, at only 99 cents for six. A hundred dollars invested in something else for a birthday, wedding, or Christmas gift wouldn't give half the genuine delight and satisfaction.

Address, Our [illegible] Bank, Chicago, any Express Company, or Bradstreet's reports. Send money by express or post office money order, or registered letter. We do not accept personal checks. State whether you prefer Set No. 4 or Set No. 5. Be sure [illegible] long time, mailed free.

LEONARD MFG. CO., Dept. H. H., 152-153 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

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NUMBER 52.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1896. Price Five Cents.

FAMOUS EVANGELISTS OF TO-DAY

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Practical Religion.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, James 2: 20: . . . . . "Faith without works is dead."

THE Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestanism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works, he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down from the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts.

What practical religion has to do in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a [illegible] And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark [illegible] it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and [illegible] separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, annd found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "Oh, Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightingly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skilful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the city market, veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drugstore because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school-teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull-head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed; and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

Yea, this practical religion willl have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no: but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes, and ears, and souls of men, and to become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and businesses of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Washington just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into every-day life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a

hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue businesss. Scores of men, just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac, and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship-chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scots Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won?

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front dooryard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in the factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

Eminent Evangelists whose Labors in Many Cities Have Aided Pastors in their Work and Won Multitudes of Souls for Christ.

AT the close of the five weeks of earnest, faithful labor which Mr. D. L. Moody has devoted to New York, the Christian community is better able than ever to appreciate the value of this kind of service. Ministers and laymen alike have derived benefit from Mr. Moody's visit.

"I came to arouse the churches," Mr. Moody said at his closing service in Cooper Union, "and you will notice that I have kept to that line. If you are not going to be more zealous and active, and live more in conformity with the image of Christ, then the work of the past five weeks will be like a morning cloud, and like the early dew. If you have received any good, show it—show it in your lives." Mr. Moody could not have devoted himself to a more useful work. Its success will strengthen the hands of the ministers of the city and give them consecrated helpers in their future work. In this way the labors of an evangelist become supplementary to those of the regular pastorate, and give an impetus to the churches which is felt long after the special services have terminated. During the past quarter of a century the church has more and more learned the usefulness of this aid to its work, and God has raised up large numbers of devoted men specially qualified for its performance. On our first page are portraits of a few of these, whose labors have been the means of bringing a multitude of souls in many cities into the kingdom of God.

MR. D. L. MOODY GIVING HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

The portrait of Mr. Moody in the centre of the group was painted expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by an artist who has succeeded in getting a remarkably faithful likeness of the famous Evangelist. It is impossible to obtain a photograph of Mr. Moody, as he has an invincible repugnance to sitting for his portrait, and has for years resisted the entreaties of his most intimate friends to allow a photograph to be taken.

Rev. Edward Payson Hammond is the veteran of the group. Mr. Hammond has been thirty-six years in the evangelistic field. It was during a visit to Scotland in the year 1860 that his mission in life was first made plain to him. Six years before that time while a student at Andover, and subsequently at Union Theological Seminary, New York, he had been an active and zealous worker and a popular preacher, but it was at Edinburgh and other Scottish cities that the numbers of children who were led under his preaching to dedicate their lives to Christ, showed to Mr. Hammond his future work. In England, and in Canada, and throughout his own land he has since labored with wonderful results. Many Christians, and especially the ministers, were doubtful about the propriety of receiving into church-membership children so young as some who, under Mr. Hammond's preaching, made confession of faith; but it has been a source of joy to the evangelist to find, in re-visiting towns after an interval of ten or fifteen years, the child-converts of his earlier visit grown to manhood and womanhood, and not only still standing fast in the faith, but zealous workers in the pulpit, the Sunday-school or the church. Mr. Hammond is still active, although now sixty-five years of age, and still retains his love for the work among the children.

Rev. George C. Needham, though a much younger man than the famous "Children's Evangelist," has almost as long a record of service. In 1866 he was actively engaged in evangelistic work, and was considering the propriety of taking a college course as a preparation for the regular ministry. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, whose advice he sought, counseled against the plan and urged him, like the apostle Paul, to straightway preach Christ, waiting no other preparation than the unction of the Spirit, which had been given to him. He was a mere boy at the time, but he took the advice, and throughout Great Britain and America he soon became known to all the churches, as a powerful and eloquent preacher. Of late years Mr. Needham has been best remembered by his Bible Readings and his expositions of the Word. He is a most diligent Bible student and has a profound conviction of the efficacy of "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

Dr. L. W. Munhall, the next in order in the group of portraits, is well known in all our States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Some remarkable revivals have been witnessed in many cities under his labors. After a series of services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage said of him: "He is a magnetic speaker of great power. When he opens his Gospel batteries, loaded with exegesis, argument, illustration and anecdote, the hearer must either surrender or retreat into hopeless obduracy." More than six hundred persons joined Dr. Talmage's church at the close of that series of services. Dr. Munhall has a military record as well as that of a soldier of Christ. He was one of the first volunteers in the War, and he served to its close, rising to the rank of adjutant. He took part in no less than twenty-five battles, and had some marvelous escapes from death. Some of his most striking illustrations are drawn from his experiences in the camp and on the field.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, one of the younger members of the group, has been blessed with some of the most extensive revivals of the last decade. He is the son of an eminent New Jersey minister, and is still under forty years of age. He began his training for the ministry in his sixteenth year, and was the pastor of a church before he was twenty-one. His success in his own church and the frequent requests for help in revivals, from other ministers, led him to devote himself exclusively to evangelistic work. In Philadelphia, Boston, Indianapolis, St. Paul and other cities where a large number of churches united in the services he conducted, there have been large ingatherings of souls.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, so long and affectionately denominated "the Boy Preacher," can no longer lay claim to the title on the ground of juvenility. His record of service proves him rather a veteran in Christ's army; but he retains his love of service and the characteristics which distinguished his early labors. For more than twenty years Mr. Harrison has preached the Gospel with energy and an apostolic fervor which have moved great congregations and have stirred the hearts of thousands and led them to seek Christ. Services which he was invited to hold for a period of two weeks, have often continued for twenty weeks, no Christian man daring or desiring to check the mighty force which was carrying multitudes of souls into the fold of the church. From the time of the great revival in Baltimore in 1876, to the present, Mr. Harrison has labored energetically in the evangelistic field, and both in churches and camp-meetings has been richly blessed.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, who like Mr. Harrison, has served in the ranks of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is one of those earnest preachers whose call to service was the behest of a Power greater than human ordination. It came to him when he was engaged in business, and when all circumstances appeared to be against his obeying. But the Lord had need of him and the path was opened. In his services at Ocean Grove, N. J., and in many large cities in different parts of the country, Mr. Yatman has had opportunities of addressing enormous audiences, and large numbers have been led by him to identify themselves with the Lord's people. He has recently visited Australia on an evangelistic tour, and prior to that journey, he went to England to study the Forward Movement as a preparation for a prolonged work in New York.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman is one of the few evangelists who have succeeded in uniting the pastoral relation with their wider labors. Dr. Chapman appears to combine in a rare degree the talents required for both fields of labor. As pastor of the great Bethany church of Philadelphia, and as leader of revivals in distant cities, in which large numbers of churches have united, he has seemed to be equally at home and to be able to turn readily from one sphere of work to the other.

Rev. R. G. Pearson is best known in our Southern States, where he has labored with wonderful success for ten years past. When, during the Evangelistic movement connected with the World's Fair, Mr. Moody was looking for helpers to preach the Gospel to the crowds of pilgrims to Chicago, he sent an urgent invitation to Mr. Pearson, whose footsteps, he said, he had traced everywhere through the South in churches, Y. M. C. A. halls and other permanent works of usefulness. Since his successful services in Chicago, Mr. Pearson has labored in various cities in the East and West, but has continued to give his chief attention to the South where multitudes in churches of all denominations ascribe their conversion to God's blessing on his preaching.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Christ's Ascension.

Sunday School Lesson for January 3d, 1897. Acts I. 1: 14. Golden Text, Luke 24: 51. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE purpose of our Lord's life on earth was accomplished. He had been able to say to his Father, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do" (John 17: 4), and now he who had "been made for a little while lower than the angels . . . because of the suffering of death [is] crowned with glory and honor, that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man" (Heb. 2: 9, R. V.), He had now made a way. He had himself become

The Way

for every man's salvation from hell, from sin and from self. He had purchased and secured the right and power to impart his own life and nature to all who would deny their own life and nature. His work of redemption was done.

But now the time was come when he must visibly depart, and his human body, which had passed through death without seeing corruption, must be taken up to heaven; the unanswerable proof to his own disciples of all which he had done for them, suffered for them, taught them and promised them; and the proof which should some day convince an unbelieving world that it was the Prince of Glory whom they had crucified. Once during the days of his ministry, when he had spoken of the wondrous truth of how he would impart his very life and nature, his very flesh and blood to them that believed, and they said, "This is a hard saying: who can hear it?" he had answered them, "Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6: 61, 62.) As though to say, It is no more impossible to communicate my nature to you than it is for me to take your nature back with me into heaven.

The cross and the resurrection had prepared his disciples for this ascension into heaven, and yet it was only to the woman who had understood and had entered into the purpose of his death, to whom he could communicate the wondrous message which she should carry to the disciples: "I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God" (John 20: 17, R. V.). He had "opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke 24: 45), and had breathed upon them that they might receive the Holy Spirit. He had "given commandment through the Holy Ghost unto the apostles whom he had chosen: to whom he also showed himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing unto them by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God." Moreover, before his crucifixion he had told them very plainly, "I came out from the Father, and came into the [illegible]

The events which had so recently taken [illegible] band of disciples that they were like ships in a storm, which had broken from their [illegible] Lord's. His frequent appearance alive [illegible] faith in, and loyalty to him. And now, "being assembled together with them, he [illegible]

The Promise of the Father.

which, said he, ye heard from me: for John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (Acts 1. 4, 5) Later on, they understood his meaning, when he had said: "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you;" but if I go, I will send him unto you. (John 16: 7).

Our beloved Lord, in his human life on earth, was limited as we are: he could not be in more than one place at a time. But he had accomplished a wondrous work, the union of God and man in one entire human life, and had proved the possibility of God dwelling in man, and making him one with God. He had died, as a seed dies which is buried in the earth, that a harvest of men indwelt by God, might arise out of his death; blood-bought men, saved and cleansed by his blood, but indwelt by the Holy Spirit, who came to take his place, and to dwell not only with us but in us, and to impart to us the spirit and nature of our most blessed and holy Lord. This is why he so insisted on their waiting for the Spirit, "the promise of the Father."

The Apostles were all Jews. Many points of Scripture in the Old Testament

"THE MOUNT CALLED OLIVET."

—the only Bible they had to study—had been explained by their Lord; but, as Jews, they could not understand how the Messiah could ascend into heaven without accomplishing the promises of the restoration of the kingdom to Israel with which the Scriptures abound. The Lord by no means says they are wrong in their expectations, but the question is one of "times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power" (or R. V., "set within his own authority"). Paul almost repeated these words when writing to the Thessalonians of the coming of the Lord to take away "them that are alive and remain." He says, "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night (1. Thes. 5. 1, 2): the most unexpected thing. The day of the Lord includes both the coming of the Lord for them that wait for him, and also the setting up of his kingdom [illegible]

"But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." [illegible] people, a "people for his name;" then Israel, blest as a nation; then "the residue [illegible] earth." Already in the history of the dis- [illegible] happen. The kingdom was first to be in their own hearts, and then work from within outward. The power, until he should come again, would be the invisible power of God the Holy Ghost, making them like Jesus, and empowering them to do the work which he did, and yet greater works (John 15: 12). He must before all else have a people on whom he could count as his Father had counted on him. A people who should represent him as he had represented the Father, being his express image. This was the kingdom he sought, and the outward kingdom must wait until the triumph of the Lord in his hidden kingdom was complete, and he could manifest in glory with himself at his coming a people completely conformed to him through whom and with whom he could, later on, accomplish his reign on earth, and bless all nations. And the disciples began to understand now the mystery of the kingdom of God and the secret of Christ's reign.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

DURING the whole of next year, the International Lessons are concerned with the labors of the Apostles, in preaching the Gospel and founding churches. As most of the Lessons are taken from the Acts of the Apostles, a few remarks on the book, as a whole, may be useful. It has been ascribed to Silas, to Timothy and to others, but there can be little doubt that Luke was really the author. Its resemblance, both in language and style, to the Gospel that bears his name, confirms the testimony of early Christian writers that it was written by him. Very little is known about him. That he was a physician we know from Paul's incidental mention. (Col. 4: 14.) That he was a man of education we know, from the purity of his language. He was probably not a Jew, as Paul does not include him among the Jews he mentions, and he was evidently not among the early followers of the Lord, as in the preface of his Gospel he explicitly states that the facts of his history are derived at second-hand. But he was a careful and painstaking historian and is most anxious to give in all his narratives the accessories and background of his pictures, thus enabling us to get a clearer view of an event than we get from the other evangelists. In the Acts we can see, by his change from the third to the first person, when he is writing as an eye-witness. He was evidently with Paul for lengthy periods, and probably was in close contact with him when he wrote both his works. The materials for his Gospel were probably collected in Jerusalem from the Apostles, but the care with which he keeps prominent the incidents which brought Christ into connection with Gentiles, seem to indicate Paul's influence. The date of his writing was not likely to have been later than the year 63, and may have been the year 58. The last two verses of the Acts read like the writing of a man who had brought his history down to the [illegible] of his writing, and evidently he did not know at that time what was the issue of Paul's imprisonment and trial. He dedicates or addresses the Acts, as he did his Gospel, to Theophilus. We do not know who this man was, and it is possible, though not probable, that there was no such person. The name means a Lover or Friend of God, and it may have been that Luke intimates that both works are for the benefit of any person who may come under that designation. The question is not important, as Theophilus, if there was such a man, placed both treatises at the service of the whole church. In the Acts, Luke does not attempt to write a history of the Apostolic days. There are in the Epistles references to important events which Luke does not mention. His purpose appears to have been to show, by specimen facts, the operation in the labors of the Apostles, of that Gospel which, in his earlier work he had described as preached by the Lord himself. He repeats, as an appropriate introduction, the narrative of the ascension, with which he had closed his Gospel. That introduction is the subject of the Lesson. Luke doubtless did not witness it, but probably heard it described by Peter or some other Apostle who was present. It was the fitting close of the resurrection-life. Christ had vanished repeatedly after his resurrection from the view of his disciples, but on this occasion they evidently understood that their intercourse with him was closed, and they would see him no more until he returned in glory. But Luke's whole story represents him as living and being cognizant of everything that occurred, and as operating through the Spirit in the church. The Apostles were sadly conscious of his absence, but they had a clear and strong realization of being under his eye and of acting by his power and under his direction. Even at the ascension, however, they had not learned the lesson Christ had labored to instil into their minds during the whole of his ministry. They asked him if he was about to restore the kingdom to Israel; showing how they clung to the grossly material view of his mission, and even to the last, had no conception of the infinitely grander idea of the world-wide spiritual kingdom which he died to establish. Not until the descent of the Spirit was their understanding opened to this truth, and it was not grasped fully even then. If they could have had their way, Christianity would have been a Jewish sect.

It is not for you to know . . . but ye shall receive power. Christ knew what would be the chief need of the disciples whom he was about to leave. They were concerned about honors and dignities in his kingdom; he wanted them to work for him. People have needed a similar admonition since then. The story is told that in the fifth century there was a class of monks called solitaries, who claimed to be too spiritual to do the secular work expected of the monks. They would not teach in the schools nor attend to the duties of the monastery. One day a solitary arrived at a monastery, and seeing all the monks busy, addressed them from his superior standpoint: "Labor not for the meat that perisheth." The Abbot replied: "Very good, brother, our Lord's own words. Will you retire to a cell to meditate?" The solitary accepted the proffered hospitality. After some hours he grew hungry. He heard the signal for the mid-day meal, but no one was sent to summon him. He heard the signal for the evening meal, and wondered that he was not invited. The next morning when there was still no invitation to the table, he became ravenous and went in search of food. But the brothers who had been at work had eaten the small supply and the larder was empty. The solitary complained, but the Abbot pointed out to him that the monks whom he had reproved were at least entitled to the meat for which they had worked, and that following the Apostolic example, they had united work with worship, it being the rule of the monastery that if any man would not work, neither should he eat.

Jesus began both to do and teach. His life here was only the beginning of the work that he will carry on to the end. It has often been interrupted, because men would neither learn nor co-operate with him. The Cathedral of Cologne is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in the world. The original plans were drawn in 1250 and work commenced. It proceeded irregularly and was suspended when there was war, or other disturbing causes. Not until 1830 were the original plans again hunted up, and an earnest effort made to complete the structure according to the design. In 1863, more than six hundred years after the plans were drawn, the cathedral was finished with the exception of the towers.

QUAINT SOUTHERN HOMES.

The Historic Country of Kiawah and its Deserted and Decaying Colonial Mansions — A Picturesque Section of the Sunny South.

DURING the latter part of the seventeenth century, when our fathers were too busy making history to be able to record it accurately, names and boundaries shifted strangely, like the phantasmagoria of a dream. The spacious and deep rivers of South Carolina, in whose embrace the city of Charleston lies to-day, were then the Kiawah and the Etiwan, and the region through which they flowed was known as the Country of Kiawah. Later, these rivers were re-named the Ashley and the Cooper, in honor of the Earl of Shaftsbury.

In this same "Country of Kiawah," there stretches to-day a region unknown to the tourist, but rich in natural beauty and in legendary and historic lore. Here are the homes of some of the most remarkable men of the Revolution, and here occurred some of the most stirring events of that momentous period. Here, too, a century before the Revolution, Palatine, Cacique, and Landgrave held sway over wide-spreading signiories and baronies of virgin forest and fertile swamp.

Visit this region when the smoke of the burning stubble blurs the blue of the winter skies; when spring has faintly touched the flat, brown fields with emerald; in the hush of brooding summer, or the bustle of the busy harvest days, and you will find it, in all its natural features, a land of peace and plenty. Nature is prodigal of her gifts. Every tree that falls is covered speedily with little creeping ferns and gay green things, which veil the process of decay. Every old homestead wears a wealth of verdure which crowns its last sad days with grace. Every pine barren gleams with scarlet Catesby lilies; with the myriad-tinged golden and silver "antique lamps" of the orchis; with the rosy whiteness of the azalea, or the orange rays of the coreopsis. Spring scents every solitude with incomparable odors of yellow jessamine and magnolia. Every ditch has its blue iris and every swamp its pond-lily; and still, when summer nights brood sweetly over the land, there fly through the darkling glades winged things "who carry their lanthorns in their tails in dark nights, shining like sparks of fire, enlightening it with their golden spangles," just as they did when Thomas Ashe, gentleman, in the seventeenth century, made a record of the wonders that he saw in Carolina.

Here you may still hunt hare, fox, deer, squirrels, raccoons, 'possums, wild turkeys, ducks, and partridges. Its rivers still abound in excellent fish. But the old Colonial homesteads time has not used so gently. Their days are numbered. Each year leaves one more empty and desolate, or levels another to the ground.

Just where the Eastern and Western branches of the Cooper River diverge abruptly from the main stream, there stands an old plantation known as "Coming T," or "Comingtee," settled by John Coming in 1669, and still owned by the direct descendants of his nephew and heir, Elias Ball. It was here that he lived with "that woman of eminent piety—Affra, his wife," who, on her death, endowed the Church of St. Philip, in Charleston, with the property which constitutes the Glebe lands of St. Philip's and St. Michael's to-day. It was this brave old mariner, John Coming who, having lost his ship off Charlestown bar, raised and decked his long boat, crossed the Atlantic in her and sailed up the Thames safely to London, as an answer to those who had hinted that his vessel had been lost through lack of skill or courage.

At Coming T, one may linger beside the quaint old well and horse-trough, and hold instructive converse with old negro "mammies," of a type fast passing away. Or one may seek solitude on the "Big Reserve" about which, perhaps, the strangest of all the strange stories is told. This is a lovely lake, well stocked with trout and perch and bream, as well as with alligators and "cooters." With its irregular shores all overhanging with water-oaks, willows and cypress, running off into little creeks and bayous and inlets, with unexpected charming nooks, where trailing vines of wild grapes and scarlet-trumpeted bignonia, and grey festoons of pendant moss make long lines of cool shadow across the sunlit waters. It is so wild, so tangled, so free, so silent and so remote, that no suggestion of any artificial origin lingers with it. Here one may lie at the bottom of a "dug-out" of a pleasant April evening, and dream of Italy or Japan!

THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY HOMESTEAD AT "COMING T."

THE QUAINT OLD WELL AND HORSE-TROUGH.

A TYPICAL SOUTHERN "MAMMY."

A WORKER ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

"THE CHAPEL OF EASE" AT STRAWBERRY.

The Coming T house is full of anecdotes of Elias Ball, John Coming's nephew and heir—called variously by his descendants, "The First Elias," "Elias Red-Cap," or simply, "Old Red-Cap," and his portrait hangs on the wall of the dining-room. One crosses the river to Middeburgh—named from the Dutch town of that name—to see the large silver tankard and the "Soop Spoon," which he left in his will to his son, John Coming Ball. The "Soop Spoon" is quaintly fashioned, with a finely-seasoned handle of black ebony. In the will, which still exists, it is described as "my Soop Spoon, bought at Vandue, and then supposed to have been silver."

Another of these old Colonial homes is Limerick, the home of the second Elias with the mysterious and gigantic footprint upon the ceiling of an upper room. At Limerick there are books and relics, Colonial money, and weapons, many of which would amaze an antiquarian.

Still another is Mepkin, which was the home of the famous Henry Laurens—"Tower." Laurens, as he was always called by his neighbors after his imprisonment in the Tower of London. A flat stone in the woods marks the spot where, by his own wish, his dead body was burned in a pile of fat pine knots soaked in turpentine. This was probably the first cremation in America. There is Childbury Town, which once boasted a Free School, Town Common, Church, and Club-house. It was founded by James Child, who fled to Carolina to escape the cruelties of Judge Jeffreys. It was here that little Catharine Chicken was tied to a tombstone as a punishment, by a wicked schoolmaster and "left alone all night to face the goblins and the beasts of prey." Nothing of all this now remains but two tall chimneys and "Strawberry Chapel." Besides these, there is "Silk Hope," where Sir Nathaniel Johnson retired from cares of state to plant mulberry trees and introduce silk culture; "Mulberry Castle," built in 1714, Hyde Park and Richmond, Windsor and Kensington—all old-world places, enriched by many associations. "Marion, the Swamp Fox," has left a memory in every woodland nook, and stories of Revolutionary battles come with more recent flavor from the lips of the people of Cooper River, than do memories of our Civil War from those who live elsewhere.

The curiosities and charms of the country of Kiawah do not lie in its past alone. The people who dwell in that region to-day, shorn of all that would seem to the dwellers in great cities to make life valuable, poor in purse, and dropping behind in the worldly race, are unique in their unworldliness, their refinement and their hospitality. Perhaps never before have there been exactly such people in the world, and when these pass away, this type will pass also with the singular conditions which produce it.

It is interesting to note that when Coming T was presented by the ancestors of most of these people, *Hudibras* was a recent creation, the contemporaneous political mockery of which was in full flavor; the city of London had not long since passed through the Great Plague and the Great Fire; Christopher Wren was just planning St. Paul's; Pepys was immortalizing his own periwigs and the patches on his wife's face; Milton and Sir Peter Lely were still alive, and Dryden—the centre of the wits of the day at Will's Coffee House—had lately become Poet Laureate of England.

Recalling all these things, a faint fragrance of the Puritan Age, as well as of the turbulent, triumphant Restoration Days, seems to cling to the, high, dim rooms, and to the deep-hearted woodlands without.

JENNIE HASKELL ROSE.

The Lesson of the Phonograph.

A few days ago, writes Mr. Gilmour, a missionary, I spoke into a phonograph, and it was wonderful how my breath made an impression on the wax cylinder, and enabled the machine to read off what had been spoken into the instrument, and confront me with my own words, and very tone of voice; and it made me think how God has said that our own words shall condemn us—out of our own mouths shall we be condemned.

Some people no doubt laugh to scorn such an idea, but the very breath which we use marks in the books of God's remembrance the words, aye, the thoughts by which we shall be judged and condemned, except the blood of Christ Jesus be drawn over the page, and obliterate the writing, even as the hand drawn over the waxen cylinder of the phonograph obliterates all the impressions therein, and the record is lost. It is awful for a sinner to realize that he has to account for the evil done in the flesh by thought, word, and deed, and the very fear of facing such a record should drive him to Christ for pardon and obliteration of the records he has made in the past.

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In Holiday Time.

HERE we are again with Christmas just before us—the most joyous season of all the year. I woke up the other night somewhere between midnight and two o'clock in the morning and could not again fall asleep. The city is unlike the country in one respect: we never have in town at night that absolute stillness and sense of repose which reigns in the wide fields and quiet roads of the country-side. Intermittently at least all night long there is the rumble of railway trains on the elevated, or the clangor of cable and trolley cars, and often there are people passing by so that one hears the tramp of feet, or now and then a snatch of song, or perhaps the murmur of voices engaged in leave-taking when parties of people have come home from some late evening affair of pleasure or business.

But even in a bustling city, there is a little space of time after midnight which is comparatively still, and when one may rise, look from her window, and see the solemn march of the stars in the deep distant blue of the skies and fancy herself for a little while alone with God. As I did this, looking up at the floor of heaven all studded with silver points of light, there came to my mind suddenly, as if some one had spoken them, these words: "He was born in a stable and laid in a manger." And then there passed in vision before my mind the scene of that wonderful night when our Lord was born, when the shepherds watching their flocks were suddenly startled by the sound of the heavenly music, when the wise men following the star sought the place where Mary and the young Child were: when they brought to him—these wise men and these shepherds—gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

I wish that we could hear that song of the angels:

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.

But our ears are too dull, our eyes too dim, to see and hear the angels. We are so taken up with the machinery of living that life is almost gone before we begin to enjoy it. Sometimes it seems as if nobody except the little children have time in this world to be happy; there is so much care, there are so many anxieties, there is so much work to be done, that we cannot be glad of heart and light of step as the little ones are.

One of the sweetest things about Christmas is that it gathers the whole world again about the cradle of the Child, the little Child who was born in a stable and laid in a manger. No child in our homes has ever had birth so lowly as that of Our Lord. He was the highest of all, but he came to be the servant of all, and so he holds out his blessed arms in love to every one of us, and the one who is the most like a child has the most of Christ in his or her heart.

These thoughts come to us all, not only in the night, but in the day-time, at this season of the year. The woods are full of spicy evergreens and shining holly, which have been growing for Christmas festivals, the shops in town are bewilderingly beau-

[illegible] description, and most of us have been thinking and planning for a good while how

[illegible] remember at the holiday time. I never am

[illegible] dignified and stately as usual, but loaded with bundles of all sizes, their pockets bulging, their arms full, and their very faces lighted up as if they were Santa Claus in person. As for women and children, why they are just bubbling over with excitement and joy.

The question is always coming up among conscientious people what they should do with regard to Santa Claus, the dear old saint. A mother writes to me, "Ought I to deceive my little boy by telling him there is a Santa Claus, when his father and I are the ones who send him the gifts, and there is really no Santa Claus, there are no reindeer, there is no jolly personage tiptoeing down the chimney? Shall I tell my boy an untruth?"

My feeling about this dear puzzled mother, is that is really not an untruth. There may not be a literal Santa Claus, but the spirit of Santa Claus is abroad, and it does no harm to tell our little children that when they go to sleep on Christmas eve the jolly old St. Nicholas is busy about the world. He really is busy; I believe in him fully myself, just as fully as I did when I was a child—and you must remember that it does no harm to cultivate the imagination. Imagination is a divine thing; people who do not have it cannot have so much faith as others do. It gives wings to the soul, and even as children grow older if they learn that the literal Santa Claus is not to be found, yet they learn by degrees that there is a subtle and real truth behind the imagery which makes them better and shows them that there is love abroad in the world. No child will ever be taught falsehood by the beautiful myth of Santa Claus. For the myth of St. Nicholas has its birth in the love the Christ-child brings us every year and every day.

Dear friends, of whom I think as I sit and write to-day, scattered all over this wide land, I wish I could take each of you by the hand and looking into your face wish you, as truly as I do in this column, a Merry, Merry Christmas.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Roses of Texas.

A Texas reader of this journal sends the following attractive description of the [illegible] lives. It will doubtless interest many other readers:

[illegible] I noticed some time ago an article in THE [illegible] never know what a real rose looked like until [illegible] Northwest are so inferior. They bloom in the [illegible] year. The climate is tempered the entire year by the Gulf of Mexico, our summers delightful, and our winters like May and September in the North. We have our own Mediterranean. The fringe of fine country on the sloping shores of the Gulf is easily reached, sheltered on the north by a great forest. We are spared from the penetrating "Northers" that sweep down in many parts of the South. Those who come, linger, and come again and again. Indeed, I often wonder why our wealthy people spend their thousands in foreign lands, hunting a warm nesting-place, when they could come here and bask in the Texas sunshine, 'mid magnificent flora, and hunt and fish to their heart's content. No better hunting-ground can be found. Deer, wild turkey, and all the smaller game in abundance within a few miles from town. While going twenty-five miles to the "Thicket," you can enjoy the rare sport of bagging bear, and at the same time enjoy the best of health.

I look at the vast acres of rich, cheap land (filling up, but still plenty of room), and think how easy it would be for all to make for themselves a beautiful home and a good living here on a few acres well cultivated to fruit, nuts, strawberries, and general farming. Strawberries set out in December will bear abundantly the following March. Fig trees bear at one year old, the most delicious fruit, and two crops a year; peaches at two years, pears at five. All vegetation has a correspondingly rapid growth. It is a place where poor people can make happy homes at small expense, free from the discomforts of a cold climate, and where they receive a royal welcome. Thousands of acres in a body can be had to colonize Armenians or others, where they can have free schools and churches as they like. A good many Northern people have located here in the past few years, and more are coming, with the building of railroads, to our Gulf ports, and the diverting of the export traffic on account of the shorter haul from the great grain and produce centres of the Northwest. MRS. W. A. WARD.

NATIVE GIRLS AT THE PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, PICO, AZORES.

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

[illegible] acknowledged	$817 80
A [illegible]	1 00
[illegible] Flowers	6 50
Clara C Dushane	2 00
L A M, Morris	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
S H Conover	2 00
M S A [illegible]	1 00
A [illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs Eunice Cooley	5 00
[illegible]	50
Total	$848 80

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

An Ocean Paradise.

Charms of Life in the Azores — Tropical Scenery and Delightful Surroundings.

COMPARATIVELY little is known by the busy world about the Azores or Western Islands, lying in mid-Atlantic about 800 miles off the Portuguese coast. There is no more delightful or salubrious climate to be found among the different island groups in either Atlantic or Pacific. Americans who sojourn on these islands in the course of travel, find them a semi-tropical paradise.

FISHERMEN OF SAN MIGUEL, AZORES.

Our photographs on this page present interesting phases of life on two of the Azores group. Pico, one of the largest of the islands has a volcano which is quite an interesting sight. The rugged sides of the mountain, covered with slag, broken rock and cinders, and the steep ascent where the stones slip from beneath your feet and go crashing down the mountain side, afford quite an adventurous trip, with just enough danger to make it exciting. The large cone of the volcano is encircled by a number of smaller ones. At times a thin blue streak of smoke can be seen issuing from it. Pico is a great summer resort for the wealthier people of the islands. The country girls are noted for their beauty and for the luxuriance of their dark-brown hair, which they wear brushed back and tied in a knot behind. Some are dressed in blue, others in vivid shades of different colors. When the village girls go to the fountain with water-jars poised on their heads they are extremely graceful! They drop bunches of ferns into the wells to keep it fresh and cool, and to prevent splashing.

Terceira, Corvo, San Jorge, Graziosa, Flores, Fayal, and San Miguel are other islands of the Azores group, the last-named the largest of all. Ponta Delgada, the capital of San Miguel, is a very attractive town. Surrounded by hills, the town itself is spread along the coast and has very good harbor. Fountains of clear, sparkling water are set in stone walls in the streets and were at some former time painted in bright colors, now nearly worn off. There is very little social life in San Miguel, the rich having few social duties to claim their evenings, and the poor being too wretched to afford any lights. A military band discourses music in the public square of an afternoon, and this, with the frequent religious processions and the gatherings that assemble to listen to a tale told by some public entertainer, seems to afford all the social diversion the Azoreans desire. Market days are Friday and Sunday. In the market are booths of all descriptions, with a fountain in the centre. There is always a tempting display of semi-tropical fruit at the Ponta Delgada market and the bare-footed peasants and well-dressed people, including visitors, crowd the square on such occasions. A red-letter day is the day when the mail arrives. People come flocking in from the country round about and lounge near the post-office until the fading day warns them homeward, chatting together in their soft, liquid language which still retains the Spanish impress that dates from the time when Spain was the greatest colonizing power on the globe.

Everywhere in the Azores, the scenery is beautiful and the climate is a perpetual delight to all who go there.

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY

BY GENERAL JOHN EATON

MORMON IMPIETY.

Their Teachings Filled with Blamphemies—Examples of False Teaching from the Mormon Catechism—Mormon Wealth and Power.

SOMETHING of the official touch of the Mormon church is seen if we consider the number of its officers. It makes the utmost use of the fondness of promotion in the human breast. There may not be, as charged, an officer for every member, but the number of officers is well-nigh past finding out. A recent inquiry results in the statement that there are 50,000 officers. In 1884 there were, according to official statistics, 5,022 deacons 1,786 teachers, 1,611 priests; elders, 12,191; "seventies," 4,747: high priests, 413; patriarchs, 68; apostles, 12; and a first presidency of three. Each rank has specific duties, and is organized into quorums. Should Brigham Young's famous dictum, "I have a perfect right to dictate in every thing, from the setting up of a stocking, to the ribbons on a woman's bonnet," ever become possible of realization under a future president, what an army would his church militant find in this corps of officers! No one can state with exactness the wealth of the Mormon church: it claims its tenth. Under the union of church and State, when the declaration of John Taylor was generally accepted among them, to the effect that the priesthood is the only legitimate rule on earth, and all nations will have to submit to it, the tithes were rigorously collected. Recently it is reported that the collections have fallen off. But the buildings erected by the church, to say nothing of the immigration fund, are significant. There is a hall or church for every congregation, and several temples for the performance of their secret rites and ceremonies, their sealing or marriage, their washing, anointing and laying on of hands. But their most important buildings are in Salt Lake City. Here are their church headquarters, their great tithing house printing establishment, and central offices for all departments of work, such as missions and Sabbath Schools: their unique Tabernacle and their great Temple altogether occupying a square of the city. The tabernacle is a large, low meeting-place with a roof shaped like the side of an egg-shell, the convexed side turned up. It is said to have the largest seating capacity of any auditorium in the country. Its large organ and its acoustic properties are much praised. The temple nearby is of gray granite and covers 21,250 square feet; its walls are nine feet thick at the bottom and six at the top; it is reported to have cost $6,000,000. Here is the seat of the Mormon power; hence, goes out the orders to the faithful in all lands. The missionaries do not at first preach such Mormon doctrines as their polytheism. Dr. D. J. McMillan, Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, has published a pamphlet entitled, "Mormon Articles of Faith Explained." All his statements are verified by quotations from approved Mormon authorities. It would be well if a copy were in the hands of every American citizen. Here is clearly shown their belief in the gift of tongues, prophesy, revelations, healing, and so forth. Dr. McMillan aptly calls attention to the fact that in spite of their gift of tongues they had to learn like other people, the languages they attempted to use, whether French, German or Indian. He cites specifically the unfulfilled prophecies of Kimball, Pratt, and Brigham Young and quotes Brigham Young as once saying that "if one in ten of his prophecies were fulfilled he thought he was succeeding pretty well as a prophet." There is abundant evidence of the irreverence, profanity and deceit of their earlier prophets. Once set up such a class of men over their fellows and let it become a fixed belief among their followers that they are the vice-gerents of the Almighty on the earth, and speak and act the Divine will, and what may not be expected in the way of doctrine and action? What do they care for the God-head or manhood that is not subservient to their purposes? Why should they enquire what is right or what ought to be? Or what is for the welfare of others? Their unholy selfishness may be expected to direct. Out of this condition comes the absurdities that impress any student of their teachings or affairs. Take this from a sermon by the prophet, Brigham Young, in the Tabernacle, April 9, 1852: "When our father, Adam, came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is Michael, the Archangel, the Ancient of Days, about whom holy men have written and spoken. He is our father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do." Again, he declares, "I tell you that God was the Father of Jesus Christ just as I am the father of my son." Apostle Kimball declared July 11th, 1852: "Jesus was the son of God and Hiram Smith was a patriarch and a son of God, and I bear witness of it unto all men." Oct. 6th, 1854, Apostle Hide said, "If at the Marriage of Cana, of Galilee, Jesus was the Bridegroom and took unto him Mary, Martha and the other Mary, whom Jesus loved, it shocked not our nerves. If there was not attachment and familiarity between our Saviour and these women, highly improper only in the relation of husband and wife, then we have no sense of propriety." The Apostle Hyde continues:

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE, SALT LAKE CITY.

> We say it was Jesus Christ who was married, whereby he could see his seed before he was crucified. I shall say here that before the Saviour died he looked upon his own natural children as we looked upon ours. When Mary came to the sepulchre she saw two angels and they said unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord or husband."

On Sunday, September 15, 1857, Apostle H. C. Kimball said:

> Well, let me tell you the Holy Ghost is a man; he is one of the sons of our father and our God, and he is that man that stood next to Jesus Christ, just as I stand by Brigham Young. You think our Father and our God is not a lively, sociable and cheerful man; he is one of the most lively men that ever lived.

Dr. McMillan was one of the first Presbyterian missionaries when the danger to those proclaiming pure Gospel was so great that for his protection he was compelled to preach with his revolver lying beside him on his pulpit. He had ample occasion to know from personal observation, the character of Mormon leaders, and asks:

> If this is not blasphemy, what can be? Is it too much to say that Mormonism is a species of idolatry—man worship? Can you believe that the pure and holy God whom your parents worshiped and taught you to worship, will recognize the ordinances administered by such men? Or that the "laying on of their hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost" will be honored by that pure, that holy person of the Godhead?

Mormons show very thorough appreciation of the power of education to mould childhood. No time is lost. They have not only Sabbath School organizations, but also literature, books and papers. In earlier days when the common schools were taught in the same buildings, they used much the same literature, and were instructed by the same persons as the Church schools, they were not satisfied with five days public instruction and one day of Sunday School instruction, but the youngest children were called together

JOHN TAYLOR, THIRD MORMON PRESIDENT.

Saturdays. Under the care of the most skilful matron that could be found they were occupied and diverted not by well devised kindergarten methods but by all the devices the matron in charge could invent, plays, dances, making dolls, and other articles which might be possible—all exercises pervaded with the spirit of Mormonism, and the lodging in their minds of such phrases and precepts as to familiarize them in their most tender years with its forms, practices, and doctrines—all impressed upon their young imaginations and religious aspirations. At eight they are baptized and admitted to church membership. Young men are deacons before they are eighteen. Take specimens of their catechism under "Revelations of God to Man:"

1. Question. Has God given many revelations to man?

Answer. Yes, a great number.

2. Q. Where have we any account of his doing so?

A. In the Bible, the Book of Mormons, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and other publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Under "Plurality of gods."

1. Q. Are there more gods than one?

A. Yes, many.

And here is the passage that they teach the child and pervert for proof. "There be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many)."

Under "Person, Character, and Attributes of God:"

1. Q. What kind of a being is God?

A. He is in the form of a man.

2. Q. How do you learn this?

A. The Scriptures declare that man was made in the image of God.

6. Q. Has God a body, then?

A. Yes, like unto a man's body in figure.

Under "Relation of men to God:"

1. Q. What relation do men sustain to God?

A. All men are the children of God.

2. Q. Did the spirits of all men exist then before they took bodies on the earth?

A. Yes, they existed in thespirit world.

And so the catechism goes on leading the young mind to receive the statements of their "Seers," the same as the revelations made to Moses and Isaiah, filling young minds with the absurdities upon which rest the doctrines of Mormonism that take away free agency and bind the followers in blindness to the leader, destroying the Scriptural doctrines of the Godhead and the foundations upon which rest the security of manhood and womanhood. This subject will be further developed in future letters. JOHN EATON.

EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY.

STATUE OF THE ANGEL MORONI ON TOP OF THE TEMPLE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GRAVE.

WELL-KNOWN SCENES IN AND AROUND THE MORMON "CITY OF THE SAINTS," SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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A Peace Anthem.

THE Christmas song angelic announced, the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in that Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily, and Corsica, and Sardinia, and Macedonia, and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war-eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ, in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations.

There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in this country, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

The Way to Keep Fresh.

IN many of our churches, sinners hear the same exhortations that they have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the ... hortation as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful ... found out that he composed it on a fast ... has been using it ever since.

There are laymen who do not like to ... who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting—that is, fifty-two times in the year, with ... they made any spiritual advancement, they would have new wants to express, and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church-cleaning, by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out of sight.

If we would keep fresh, let us make occasional excursions into other circles than our own. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get into a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change, put the minister on the hay-rack, and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the Patent Office report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints." Better than this, as a diversion, is it to have some department of Natural History or Art to which you may turn; a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to some picture gallery.

If you do nothing more than simply play on one string of the bass-viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

The Cradle of a God.

WHEN princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. The older people can remember the time of rejoicing in England when the Prince of Wales was born. You can all remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host.

All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine-knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race.

Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection.

Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of you would never have come to your positions of usefulness had you not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's sceptre, and Peter from the fishing-net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the fact that lowly starting may be precursor of grandeurs and glories yet to be.

People Who Have Good Impulses.

THERE is a raw material in humanity often very raw—called Impulse or Enthusiasm; and some people are very proud of possessing this spasmodic excellence. They talk glibly of their "good impulses," their "noble impulses," their "generous impulses," but the fact is, that the majority of impulses, are neither good nor noble; while they are, of all guides in human affairs, the most questionable. For Impulses do not come from settled principles, but rather from a loose habit of mind—a mind just drifting along, and ready to accept any new suggestion as an "impulse," an "inspiration," a "command." We believe far too readily the cant about emotions, and erratic genius, and suffer ourselves to be imposed upon by fussy, impulsive people; for if we are at all allied with such, it is impossible to escape imposition; since we have to be patient enough for two, and so bear an undue burden of civility and good manners.

It may be said that such a discipline is not to be despised, and could be made a lesson of spiritual grace. But if we are not sick, why should we take medicine? Lessons God sets us, he helps us to learn, but there are no promises for those who impose penances upon themselves. And it is a penance to associate with impulsive, fussy persons; for no matter how good their impulses are, they are simply nowhere—as far as noble, enduring work is concerned—beside well-considered plans, carried out by cool, consistent people, who know what can be done and do it; just as much next year as this year; just as well in one place as in another.

Ministers of the Gospel know this fact perhaps better than any other mortals. They are constantly finding out how uncertain a quantity Good Impulses are to depend upon. For they have not the habit of materializing into good actions; they are evanescent pretenders to righteousness; they tell more flattering tales than ever Hope told. All too soon the practical, calm minister discovers that Impulse and Enthusiasm are but rudimentary virtues, and seldom available for any real, good work. The men of service either in spiritual or temporal work, are men that nothing hurries or flurries; who are never in haste, and never too late. They are not men of Impulse, but of Consideration. Whether they are going to deliver a sermon, or keep a momentous appointment, to get a high office, or a sum of money, or merely to catch an express train, they are perfectly cool, and always in time. Of course, impulsive people keep appointments and catch trains, but O, what a fuss they make about it!

Unfortunately calm, grand natures are not of indigenous growth, and we do not do all we might to cultivate them. If we took more time to think, we should be less impulsive; more reasonable, less shallow. If we made less haste, we should make more speed. "Slow and sure win the race," is a proverb embodying a great truth. Fussy, impulsive people never get at the bottom of things—never give an impartial judgment—never are masters of any difficult situation—for the power of deliberation—of staving off personal likes and dislikes—of waiting—of knowing when to wait and when to move—are powers invariably linked with a cool head and a clear, calm will. But none of these grand qualities come at the call of Impulse. Even good impulses are of no practical value until they crystalize into good deeds. Without this result the impulse or the intention to do great things may be a serious spiritual danger; the soul may satisfy itself with its impulses and designs, and rest upon them; forgetting what place of ineffectual regret is paved with good intentions.

In a certain sense, it is true that the power of taking things in a cool, practical way is often an affair of the pulse, and so many beats, more or less, per minute, make a person fussy or serene. But it is only true in measure. Forethought and preparation—realizing what is likely to happen—and what is best to be done—are great helps to keeping cool and calm. The will also can work miracles. I believe in the will because I believe that the human will is God's grace. Those who say "I can not" are those who think "I will not." Besides which there are heavenly powers that wait to help our infirmities. Paul did not ... to pray for the removal of his physical ... and the "sufficient grace" that was promised him, will be just as freely given to us. Indeed, I may rest the question here, for this is our great consolation—one cannot say too much of the Divine help. It will keep all in perfect peace that trust in it.

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES.

The Lutheran Church in the United States and Canada has 5926 ministers and 1,430,325 communicants. The contributions for benevolent purposes this year will be nearly a million dollars.

Evangelist Thomas Harrison has arranged to begin a series of services at Camden, N. J., next week. The services are to be held in Broadway M. E. Church, of which Rev. James R. Mace is pastor.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, whose Labors at Northfield were greatly blessed and whose books have made him known to the Christian public of America has arranged to hold a series of services in New York during the month of February.

Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, is quoted as indignantly protesting against the defect in English ecclesiastical law which permits a clergyman to remain in charge of a parish when he can, but will not, perform the duties of his office.

Evangelist Grant C. Tullar is holding meetings in Brooklyn, E. D. About eight churches are uniting in the movement, which it is hoped will be the beginning of a widespread revival. Mr. Tullar has just closed a series of successful services at Rutherford, N. J.

As the House of Representatives has passed the bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the National Capitol in Washington, D. C., and the bill now goes to the Senate, it is suggested that every friend of Temperance see to it that the two Senators from his State receive, as speedily as possible, a memorial, signed by influential men, asking him to vote for the bill. It will be a most beneficent reform and a great triumph for Temperance if intoxicating liquor is excluded by law from the capitol.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding services in the Kensington District of Philadelphia. A novel feature was a torchlight procession of Christian Endeavorers, workers and converts from the churches participating in the movement. Hymns were sung during the march, and at the close two churches were crowded by the paraders, and Dr. Munhall had to address an immense throng outside of those for whom there was no room. It is stated by the *Press* that fully two thousand persons joined in the march.

The revival services in Philadelphia are making excellent progress. The thorough organization and the systematic districting of the city are bearing fruit. Recent reports show that the ministers are all actively working in their respective districts, and are aided by Dr. W. L. Munhall, Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn, Rev. Geo. C. Needham, and other evangelists, who speak at one or more meetings each evening. Besides these, there are Bible readings at three o'clock, noonday prayer-meetings for business men, and on Monday a central rally meeting for workers.

Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, last week held a National Holiness Congress, from Dec. 12th to Dec. 16th. The subjects for Monday's and Tuesday's meetings were "Christ's Christianity—Its Purity;" and "Christ's Christianity—Its Fruits." All the leading Salvation Army officers of the Eastern States were present, also Commissioner Higgins, one of the International Commissioners of the Army, who is at present visiting America, and Major Deva Sundrum and Ensign Gunasekra, native converts of the Army from Southern India and Ceylon.

A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

FEW books published in recent years have attained such amazing and instantaneous popularity as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library, the gems of which are *The Wedding Ring*, by Dr. Talmage, and *The Secret of a Happy Home*, by Marion Harland. While thousands of appreciative letters reach us from recipients of the Library, expressing unbounded satisfaction with all the volumes, almost every writer makes special mention of the two named above. They are, above all others, books for the Home. *The Wedding Ring* is a rich, domestic jewel, and the more it is read the better it is liked, since, in the author's inimitable way, it touches every phase of matrimonial life, from the halcyon days of courtship down through the joys and trials of marriage, housekeeping and maternity, to the time when our children's children fill and gladden the old homestead.

In the reign of domestic virtue and affection, Dr. Talmage as a writer is unequalled, and his chapters on "The Old Folks' Visit," "Woman Enthroned," and "Home Sweet Home," touch many hearts, while those on "Matrimonial Discords," "Hotels vs. Homes," and "Costume and Morals," cause the smiles to shine through the tears.

The Secret of a Happy Home may be aptly called a companion work, since it is a delightful supplement to Dr. Talmage's book, and a talisman that will bring much joy to its possessor. Marion Harland talks familiarly with husbands and wives, not as a gossip, but an adviser and familiar friend, in a most entertaining fashion and on such subjects as "The Family Purse," "Four feet upon a Fender," "The Rule of Two," "A Word for the Stepmother," &c. These two charming books, with eight other volumes, artistically bound in rich olive green vellum cloth with red-and-gilt titles, compose our Premium Library which is sent (enclosed in a handsome case) with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year for $3. No better selection for a home or gift purposes could be found than this beautiful Library, which is entirely different from the Library issued last year. It will be sent to any address the subscriber may designate. Send all subscriptions to No. 92 Bible House, New York City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Venezuela Notified.

FORMAL notification has been carried to the President and Congress of Venezuela that our Government has succeeded in making honorable terms with England for a setlement of the dispute between the two countries. It remains now for Venezuela, if she is satisfied with the basis accepted by the United States, to negotiate a treaty with England on the lines agreed upon. Rumors are current that the political party opposed to President Crespo will try to prevent the settlement. Its leaders urge that Venezuela will be at an unfair disadvantage in the court of arbitration, inasmuch as two of the five judges will be appointed by England, while none of them will be appointed by Venezuela. The President and his party, however, quite understand that the sympathies of the two United States members of the court will be with Venezuela, and being disinterested, will be able to protect Venezuelan interests even more effectually than citizens of Venezuela could do. It is suggested, however, that if the dissatisfaction of a considerable number of the Venezuelan Congress is evinced, with such persistence as to seriously imperil the treaty, the United States Supreme Court might name two Venezuelans as its representatives in the Court of Arbitration, instead of two of its own judges. This suggestion, however, is not favored by our Government, except as a last resort to save the treaty from failure. It is a curious fact that while Venezuelan patriots are complaining that their country has been unfairly treated in the negotiation, European journals, especially those of Germany, are taunting England with cowardice in consenting to the terms of the treaty. They say that if Germany had beeu in a similar dispute with a South or Central American State, she would not have suffered the United States to meddle with it, and that our Government must not suppose that her right to interfere in a quarrel, in which the United States are not directly concerned, would be recognized by a nation which respected itself, and was prepared to fight. These utterances, however, will not affect the fact. It would have been little short of a crime to have precipitated a war when there was a possibilty of settling the dispute peaceably. Every one recognizes this fact when the dispute is a private one. When the owners of two adjoining estates cannot agree about the proper place to erect the dividing fence, they do not, if they are civilized people, arm themselves and settle it by fighting, but carry the dispute into court and have the case argued and settled on its merits. This is precisely what England and Venezuela have been persuaded by our Government to do. England can afford to bear the taunts of European nations, while her course in this matter is in accord with the principles of Him who said:

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God. (Matt. 5:9.)

Faithful till Death.

A singular bequest was contained in the will of a citizen of German birth, who was well known to the newspaper profession in St. Louis, Mo. The will had been intrusted to a friend, and an injunction written on the outer envelope, directed that it be opened immediately after the death of the testator and before the funeral. The reason for the injunction was apparent when the will was read. One of its clauses provided for an autopsy being made, and directed that his heart should be removed and enclosed in a metal casket, which should be sent to his wife in Germany. It appears that when a young man in the German army he fell in love with a very beautiful lady and married her. Some time afterward circumstances occurred which necessitated his leaving the country. He came to America but was unable to induce his wife to leave her family. Years afterward, when he had settled in St. Louis and was doing well, he again urged her to come, but she refused. When the old man was near death, he had the will drawn, in which he said that his heart had been his wife's all through the years, and as it was still hers, he wished her to have it. His heart was sent to his wife as he directed, but she will probably place no more value on it than she did on the love of which it is the symbol. The man had evidently given the love of his life to one who could not appreciate it, since she would not sacrifice her predilections for her own country for his sake. She had failed under the test which Christ applies to his followers:

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. (Matt. 10:37.)

INDIAN NATIVES OF VENEZUELA.

A PLANTATION NEAR CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.

A Narcotic Spring

An official connected with the State Government of California, calls attention in a Departmental report to the existence of a dangerous spring in Plumas county. The spring is on the side of a mountain, and is known to the miners as the "Chloroform Spring." The water does not differ in color from pure water, but is slightly brackish to the taste. It is in its effects that its peculiarity consists. Persons who have drunk a small cupful feel in about half an hour as if they had taken a heavy narcotic. A large quantity renders the drinker insensible and he does not recover consciousness for several hours. The Indians denominate the spring "Heap Sleep Water," and they say many a man has died from drinking it. Their statement is corroborated by the fact that the official before-mentioned, counted the carcases of five deer lying within a few yards of the spring when he visited the spot recently. He tested the soil around it but could not discover any cause for the death-dealing effects of the water. He urges that it should be analyzed and a warning displayed above it to warn strangers who might drink of it and be poisoned. The official does not recommend the erection of a fence or any obstruction to prevent people getting at the water. He appears to think it would be sufficient to place a warning setting forth the consequences of drinking it. He is doubtless right, though we know that multitudes pay us no heed either to the warnings against intoxicating drink, or to the assurance Christ gave about that water which he would give to all who sought it:

The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John 4:14.)

Little Immigrants Tested.

An interesting exercise was witnessed in the Baron Hirsch schools in New York last week. There are over five hundred Russian children in these schools, many of whom have not been a year in the country. The general agent of the schools said that the children were unable to speak English when they came to the school, but had become conversant enough now with the language to enter the sixth and seventh grades in the public schools. "These little Russians are born linguists," he continued. "We are endeavoring to instil into their minds ideas of patriotism and a love of this their new fatherland, and the enthusiasm we meet with is surprising." Then turning to the children he said: "You are no longer Russians, but good Americans. Let's see whether you can give three good, loyal cheers. Five hundred heads were raised in the air as the folds of a large American flag were unfurled, and five hundred voices gave hearty response. The children evidently understood that it was not merely a piece of bunting they were greeting, but that they were pledging their loyalty to the principles the flag represents. When men enlist under the banner of Christ, they, too, are tested, but not so much by their ability to cheer as by their obedience to the apostolic injunction:

Let every man that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. (II. Timothy 2:19.)

A Natural Enemy.

A long journey in intense pain was taken by a man who arrived at Portland, Ore., a few days ago. He was a miner and a prospector, who came all the way from Bernes' Bay, Alaska, to receive hospital treatment for erysipelas and blood poisoning. He was almost blind, one eye being entirely closed by his swollen cheek and eyelid, and his face was drawn into deep corrugations and was badly inflamed. His story, as he gave it to the hospital doctors, was most pitiable. Three months ago he struck a vein of rich quartz on his Alaskan claim. He followed it and worked late in the day until the sun set, and the evening closed in. Tired and hungry, he was eager to get back to camp, and decided to make a short cut across the mountain, taking an old trail he had observed. At the end of the trail he entered the timber and had gone a few rods, when, pushing his way through a dense growth of ferns, he plunged head foremost into an old whipsaw pit. During the ten years of its abandonment, there had grown up in the old pit that horror of Alaskan miners, the creeping thorn, *Panax horridus*, commonly known as "the devil's club." The stinging thorns pierced his face, neck and hands as he struggled to an upright position and climbed out of the pit. He suffered torture on his way to the cabin. On his arrival, his partners cut out over twenty of the barb-shaped thorns from his flesh, and a doctor, who was hunted up next day, cut out fifteen more. But some must have remained in the flesh, for he grew worse from day to day and at last had traveled to Portland for treatment. The doctors doubt if they will be able to save his life, as the poison from the thorns has thoroughly permeated his system. Many a man whose spiritual condition is similarly hopeless after falling into sin, has come to the Great Physician and has found the promise true:

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. (Heb. 7:25.)

A Novel Tower Clock.

The new Grace Chapel in East Fourteenth street, New York, has a novel clock, whose faces in the tower are seventy feet above the works. Ordinarily, such a clock would be run by a system of weights, and would require to be wound up at regular intervals. But this clock has no weights, and does not require to be wound up. Grace Chapel has an electrical plant for its lights, for running its elevator, and other purposes, and this plant keeps the clock going. Power is applied by the electric current to the axle of the main wheel to which the weights would ordinarily be attached, and this is all that is done either by the weights in a large clock, or the main-spring of a smaller one. There is a pendulum and escapement, as in other clocks. Provision is made, however, for an accidental failure of the dynamo, by a series of storage batteries which collect and hold sufficient electricity to run the clock for two weeks after the dynamo ceased working. The striking of the hours and quarters is also done by electricity. A cylinder on which are projecting teeth revolves slowly in an upright position. When one of the teeth presses a lever fixed near it, the lever is depressed and makes what electricians call a contact. The electric power then runs to the tongue of the bell, and the striking is done. Consideration is shown for sleeping neighbors by omitting the teeth from a portion of the cylinder. The effect of this is to keep the clock from striking in the night. At nine o'clock in the evening the clock automatically plays a short tune, strikes the hour, and does not strike again till six in the morning, though the clock goes all night as in the day. The novel feature about the clock is the automatic action of all its operations. So long as the electricity is supplied to it, it will go on indefinitely, doing all its work without winding or being touched by the human hand. It is much to be wished that all Christians were like it in this. The power of the Spirit never ceases, but too often it is resisted, spiritual work ceases and the Holy Spirit is grieved.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption. (Eph. 4:30.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. H. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. Is the Apostles' Creed in the Bible? If not by whom was it composed?

It is not in the Bible, word for word, but is an early summary of the Christian faith, on which all Christian Churches agree. It is stated by many of the early Christian writers that the creed was composed by the Apostles themselves at Jerusalem soon after the ascension of Christ. Rufinus (A.D. 400), writes: "Being about to depart from Jerusalem, they, (the Apostles), first settled a rule for their future preaching lest they should expound different doctrines . . . They composed this rule, each one contributing his sentence, and left it as a rule to all believers." This version is affirmed by Augustine, who even gives in detail, the individual contributions made by each apostle.

M. J. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Are dancing, playing pool, shuffle-board and cards harmless? 2. Should one professing to be a Christian and who is a Christian Endeavor worker, give them up? 3. Kindly tell me what are the duties of a Social Committee in a Christian Endeavor Society?

1. No; they may not be sinful in themselves but they bring you into undesirable associations, make dangerous acquaintances, stir up evil passions and lead to sinful and dissipated habits. The ball-room and the card-room have ruined countless numbers of men and women. All four should be rigidly avoided by the Christian as impediments to spiritual growth. 2. Certainly, and unhesitatingly. 3. To arrange for the holding of suitable entertainments, receptions, etc., and to promote in every way acquaintance and Christian good fellowship among the members of the Society and the congregation generally.

A. M. C., Martinsdale, Mont. 1. The statement is made Ex. 4:24 that the Lord sought to kill Moses. As the Lord could kill him if he wished I should be glad to know what the passage means. 2. How can the least in the kingdom of heaven be greater than John the Baptist as stated in Luke 7:28?

1. The passage is obscure, but we infer that Moses was stricken down with sudden illness and was in danger of death. He and his wife appear to have thought that it was a judgment on them for deferring in the case of one of their sons the rite by which the boy was initiated into the Hebrew nation. Moses had, we imagine, postponed it at his wife's request. Her conduct seems to imply blame of him for yielding to her wish. 2. The coming of Christ was so great a revelation that the humblest Christian had [illegible] greatest saint of the Old Testa[illegible] we might say now that a schoolboy of our time knows more of astronomy than Galileo.

Subscriber, Burgess, Miss. [illegible] ambiguous, we would [illegible] chairman under the fol[illegible]

[illegible] to the Cross. I [illegible] ill amend[illegible] with it, but adopting or r[illegible]

[illegible] (the ancient n[illegible] year), accepted Christianity at a very early period, probably in the first century, A. D. As ed a very important place in the Christian Church. There were then several hundred monasteries there, and the place was a centre of Syrian ecclesiastical learning. The Syriac documents to which you refer were discovered eight years ago in the library of the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, by Prof. J. R. Harris, and were afterward published with an English translation. They were regarded by the occupants of the monastery as worthless rubbish, and some similar documents had even been used for lighting fires. The principal document found was the *Apology* (or Defence) *of Aristides*, which deals with the condition of Christianity in the second century and not improbably includes a reference to Edessa. For details, see Dr. Harris' book.

Mrs. Geo. S., Willow Hill, Pa. Who was David's mother?

Her name is nowhere mentioned in Scripture. This has been repeatedly stated in THE MAIL-BAG.

Mr. S. K., Rutnam, 101 Hodge Hall, Princeton, N. J. (a Hindu Christian preacher and lecturer), writes as follows:

A very effective means of reaching the educated young people of India, is by distributing among them good Christian literature. Lately I have received letters from Hindu students, asking me to send them books vindicating the truth of Christianity. Will you kindly permit me to bring the matter to the attention of your readers? Some of [illegible] to the Cross. I [illegible]

Subscriber, Laurel Hill, Tenn. Some time ago [illegible] by an Evangelist and a number of Christians. I earnestly sought conversion myself, but I have not been conscious of any such decisive and miraculous change as I have heard others describe. I am happy in associating with Christ[illegible] feel a love for all men especially [illegible] at it does not seem to me that I [illegible] n again.

The Holy Spirit does not operate on all in the same way. Perhaps if you had led a very wicked life and had, after a severe struggle, [illegible] companions and worldly associations, and went to Christ for salvation, you would have you speak of. You must remember that you are not saved because of any change in you, tion through Christ. If you believe his promise and trust Christ for salvation that is all God requires of you at the beginning. It will soon be seen by the way you live whether yours is a true and saving faith. If it is, you will seek earnestly to become like Christ and to do his will in all things. You will strive continually to avoid sin and to live the life he wished his followers to live. You will seek the Holy Spirit's power in your heart, and will pray for enlightement. Above all we would counsel you to do some service for Christ's sake—something that you would not do if it were not that you wish to please him. Make some effort to bring souls fo Christ and to make some Christian brother's burden lighter. In short, think less of your own salvation and more of Christ and the salvation of your fellow-men. Do not worry about the miraculous change. There are many true Christians who do not remember experiencing it.

F. E. M., El Paso, Tex. In THE MAIL-BAG of your issue of Nov. 25, you say in reply to M. Bliss, Germantown, Pa., of the Chinese, "their compass points south, instead of north." This has been disputed in this office, because THE WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA says of the compass, "with a little variation, the needle points nearly to the geographical north." Please explain why the Chinese compass points south. Also what is the state of a compass directly on the equator?

The statement that the needle of the Chinese compass points south is correct. Chinese history relates that in the reign of Hoang-ti, 4530 years ago, a chart was invented by a native scientist (some assert by Hoang-ti himself), for indicating the south. The Chinese Encyclopedia, *Pei-wen-yun-fou*, states that in the third and fourth centuries A. D., "ships were directed south by the needle." The Chinese name of the compass is *ting-nan-ching*, which means "needle pointing south." Their compass is made on a principle quite different from ours. Davis, Thompson, and other writers confirm this, but none explain quite clearly the principle upon which the Chinese needle is poised so that it is attracted southward; but it is evident that if they chose to call the positive end of the needle the south, and the negative the north, their needle would still operate practically as ours does, the sole difference being in the naming of the points. All compass needles point north and south. A compass, at the equator, would show no material difference.

Reader, Castle, N. Y. "What they are doing in Heaven." The most recent sermon of Dr. Talmage and one of the most characteristic), has a peculiarity that would delight the commentator, who proved by two passages that there are no women in heaven, viz.: "There was silence in heaven for half an hour," and "I beheld a wonder in heaven, a woman!" By the same token, Dr. Talmage told [illegible] and by the [illegible] [illegible] at the world. Even the hero [illegible] but the saints and mar[illegible] and yet the Doctor would be quick to admit that we have good rea[illegible] The fact is that our good Presbyterian ministers of the old school have a notion that somehow it would be indelicate to mention women very much, especially in connection with any high dignity in this life or that which is to come. The habits of thought of ministers in future will be different, men and women will be educated in college and theology, side by side, and in those reasonable days, there will be a better understanding of the Gospel of him "of whom the *whole family* in heaven and earth is named."——

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S outspoken championship of the Armenians, and its condemnation of Turkish massacres, has given offence to the Sultan's government, who have excluded it from the mails in that despotic country. This letter is a fair example of others received from subscribers in the Ottoman empire:

TURKEY, October 22, 1896.

Editor "CHRISTIAN HERALD":

For two years I have been a subscriber to your paper, the subscription being paid by Marsovan friends; but I am obliged to explain to my sorrow that for months past not a single copy of your paper has reached me. What happened to them I do not know. I desire to have the paper for its religious news, and I hope it may come.

To print the name of the writer would only be to direct the attention of the Turkish officials to him, and possibly give him trouble; therefore we omit it.

W. M., McKeesport, Pa. Where can I get the history of Judas Maccabeus?

In the Books of the Maccabees, contained in the Apocrypha, you will find a partial record, and also in the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian. See also Cotton's work on the subject, published in London in 1832.

J. P., Reading, Pa. 1. Where can I write to learn particulars regarding the college farm recently referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? 2. What is the nature and duration of the training there?

1. Write to Secretary W. T. Mills, St. Anne, Ill. 2. It is an agricultural community of students and teachers, who produce all that is needed for comfortable existence. They have houses, schools and farms. Everything is conducted according to fixed regulations, and it is intended to be a permanent settlement.

H. E. R., St. Albans, Vt. To what does the Apostle allude in his question about the baptism for the dead in 1. Cor. 15:29?

The passage has occasioned much research and controversy. Among the many suggested explanations, two deserve consideration. One is that there was a superstitious and heretical practice in vogue in the Corinthian church, by which a living person was baptized, in the hope that it would benefit a dead friend or relative, who had not been baptized. It is suggested that Paul, who was arguing about the resurrection, referred to the heretical practice as evidence that even those who practised it believed in the resurrection, otherwise how would it benefit them if the dead rise not? A second suggestion, is one suggested by Dr Tregelles, the eminent Greek scholar. He thinks the passage should read: "Else what shall they do who are baptized? If it is for the dead if the dead rise not at all." That is, Christ and the prophets who testified of him are simply dead men if there were no resurrection.

H. R., Lima, N. Y. What is the duty of a Christian wife whose husband has ceased to attend church and spends his Sundays in work and pleasure? Is she bound to continue living with a man who tramples on her most sacred feelings?

We do not know that you are bound to continue living with him unless your conscience bids you. Perhaps a gentle, patient prayerful life on your part might bring him back to his faith. It would be a most desirable thing and you probably have a better opportunity than any one else of achieving it. This may be the cross Christ expects you to take up and bear for his sake.

W. W., Chicago, Ill. You can secure a set of CHRISTIAN HERALD Library No. 1 and the paper for one year for $3.——Sub'r. There is nothing to prevent it, provided he is regularly nominated and elected.——Mrs. F. B. Dayville. See any biographical encyclopedia for the information you ask. —— Mrs. H. H., Alexandria, O. Yes, we can furnish binders for fifty cents each.——C. A. C., Orillia, Can. We cannot give the desired information. —Thos. S. H. Oshawa, Can. The addresses delivered at the World's Congress of Religionss were published in book form and can be obtained from the Parliament Pub. Co., Chicago. ——S. B., Inneskip, Can. No photograph of Mr. Moody is obtainable.—— Reader, Washington, D. C. Next leap year is 1900. —— Reader, Tuzene, Pa. Coptic.——A. K., N. C. The poem is familiar to most of our readers, we presume. —— Miss H. O. West, Fort Ann, N. Y. Send your letter to the Bowery Mission, No. 10 Bowery, New York.——Edward S., Froeligh, Pa. Any good almanac will supply the information you want.——Cora P., Westfield, N. Y. What you saw was doubtless the *aurora borealis*.——C. S. H. Athens, Ga. Doubtless because it was impossible to harmonize the interests of different sections without such an arrangement. ——Christine, West Philadelphia. Send your full name and address and we will send you our combination list.——P. J. No data at hand to answer.——Carl F. Berg, Stamford, Neb. Question answered recently.

MOUNT RAINIER, FROM THE NESQUALLY RIVER, WASHINGTON.

This is one of the greatest of the "American Alps." Like Mounts Shasta and Hood, Rainier is visible for a great distance, its peak of perennial snow being a feature in the landscape for fully fifty miles. Although officially known at Seattle and by the government surveys in Washington as Mount Rainier, it is still called Mount Tacoma by the people of Tacoma and the surrounding country. From the latter locality can be seen also Mount Adams, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Jefferson—a group of giants, their heads crowned with eternal ice that shines dazzlingly in the sun. Rainier, with its 14,444 feet of altitude, stands without a rival in the Cascade range, Shasta being 14,440 feet.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Outdoor Sports in Winter.

The Pleasures of Skating, Coasting, and Tobogganing, and also some of the Perils.

THE season is again with us when the young folks have the keenest amusement of all the year. Soon they will have coasting, sleighing, skating, curling and tobogganing, while the smaller juveniles will build the time-honored, queer-looking snow man and snow-ball him out of recognition. One of the most popular winter sports with the boys, especially in the country, is coasting. Who can imagine anything more delightful than flying down a well-packed hill-side, on a long bob-sled with a merry party! But the boys don't monopolize this sport: in the evenings the hills are usually crowded with grown-ups, all shouting and screeching and enjoying themselves just as much as the youngsters.

Skating, of late years, has become very popular in America, and as soon as the ice forms, the fine lakes in the parks are turned into large skating rinks, which are crowded in the daytime by children and those who are fortunate enough to be able to give a few hours of daylight to the health-giving sport. In the evenings, clerks, business men, rich and poor, crowd the lakes until they are a mass of gracefully gliding humanity. The essentials for pleasant skating are experience, a pair of good skates, sound clear ice, and good friends to keep you company.

Just when skating was first known, is a mystery. It is claimed by the Scandinavians that it has been used as a means of locomotion for sixteen hundred years. Snow-shoes originated with the Finns, and were simply flat boards, strapped to the feet to enable the wearer to walk over the snow. They were called "Skrid Funnai" (sliding Finns). About 200 A.D., when iron came into general use, runners of that metal were put on these shoes, to make them slide along more easily. It is quite probable, therefore, that the iron skate originated about that time. English writings, dating back as far as the twelfth century, tell us about the youth of that day with long-pointed sticks and having bones tied to their feet, and with these pushing themselves over the ice with great rapidity.

Russia, Germany, Holland, Canada, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland are all great skating countries, with fine rivers and lakes where the sport is enjoyed. In Holland almost everybody skates, the women while shopping, or to market, the children to school; in fact, skates are almost as common as shoes in Holland in winter. Some of the finest skaters in Europe are Hollanders, and for speed and gracefulness they are unexcelled. Fancy skating, however, can hardly be done with the ordinary Dutch skate, the runners being too long and heavy, and built for speed more than for cutting figures and curves on the polished ice.

The four great European rivers for skaters are the Thames, the Seine, the Neva, and the Maas. On the Maas, near Rotterdam, is the famous skating resort, Slikkeveer, where the Hollanders hold their great winter carnivals and games, skating races, and ice-yacht races.

There has been much friendly rivalry as to which nation produces the finest skaters, speed, grace, and endurance all considered. Russia, Canada, Norway, and the United States have led at different times in these contests. Among the French Canadians, there are unquestionably some of the finest skaters in the world. They glide along on their frozen rivers and lakes, and travel long distances on the shining steel. Their skates are not quite so dainty as ours, however. The American and English skates are much lighter than that used in Canada, Holland, or Russia, and are made more for pleasure than real service.

Many eccentricities might be noted in connection with this king of winter outdoor pastimes. Danish skaters frequently have large sails, sometimes seven or eight feet across, strapped to their shoulders to catch the wind, which propels them at a dizzy pace along the smooth ice. These sails an expert skater can manœuvre like those of a yacht. In Finland, skaters amuse themselves by chasing large fish from one end of a lake to the other, the pursuer on skates and the fish clearly visible through the transparent ice. By-and-by the game becomes exhausted, the skater breaks the ice and secures his fish with a spear. Troops have been repeatedly drilled on the ice in Holland, Norway, and Sweden, and a market on the ice is not a novelty. In Northern China, great sport is had on the ice in carnival time, and many unique ice-coaches, or decorated sleds, may be seen on those festal days on the frozen ponds or lakes that are frequented by nobility.

FINDING HEALTH AND PLEASURE ON THE "RINGING STEEL."

* * *

A Girl's Clever Rejoinder to a Prince.

A clever little American girl was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at a breakfast with some other Americans in London. During breakfast the prince rallied her countrymen good-humoredly on the liberty taken by Americans in "clipping the king's English," robbing words of letters in pronunciation. After they had risen from table he found the shy little girl in a corner, and asked her kindly, "What in London has most impressed you? "Sinpul, your highness," was the timid reply. "Sinpul?" said the puzzled prince. "Oh, yes! There is nothing in the town as wonderful to me." "I am afraid," he said, with a slight expression of annoyance, "that you know my London better than I. Sinpul? Is it a theatre—a cafe—what is it?" "A church, your highness. We Americans would call it St. Paul; but as you call St. John, Sinjun, this, it seems, must be Sinpul." The prince laughed heartily, and declared himself fairly worsted.

* * *

A Pretty Holiday Game.

"The Magic Cave" is a new game for the holidays and a very pretty one. A corner of a room is used, or if a hall, it may be easy to arrange the structure there: a screen will materially assist, or two screens are even better. A writer in *The Home Magazine* gives this suggestion: Any dried grasses and palms are handy to pile up on one side, on the other crystallized wadding made to look like stalactites by pulling it into points, gumming and sifting over glass powder, will give the effect of a cave. If cotton wool, or wadding of any description be used, the very greatest care should be taken that no light of any sort is allowed to be near it. At the door of the cave a fairy should stand with a wand in her hand, and after making some mystic movements with it, she may silently enter the cave, bring out the present and hand it to the person for whom it is intended, then, with her wand beckon to another.

* * *

The Duty of Young Men.

In an address delivered to the students at the recent Sesqui-Centennial celebration at Princeton, N. J., President Cleveland said among other things: "A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to proclaim his interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to his laws as makes manifest the path of national perpetuity and prosperity. I would have those sent out by our universities and colleges not only the counselors of their fellow countrymen, but the tribunes of the people—fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare."

* * *

Cherub Faces.

Few prettier things have been written than this little bit of description by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of a German painting he once saw in a foreign gallery. The picture is called "Cloudland." At first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvass in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." If you come close to the picture you see only an innumerable company of angels and cherubim. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy.

CHEERINESS.

LET us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right,
Sing your heart a song of cheer,
Give your eyes the light.

Luck is with the bold of heart,
God with those that smile;
We but need to do our part
Yet a little while.

Fortune, but to hide her frown
When she sees your eye
Dimmed with tears and dropping down,
Lightly passes by.

Meet her look with ne'er a fear,
Soon her eyes will light.
Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right.

* * *

Nature and the Children.

IT matters little what joys or toys or recreations we select for our children, after all those that most commend themselves to the wee folks, are such as approach most nearly to the usual avocations of grown-up men and women. This point is emphasized by Miss Katharine Beebe, a famous kindergartner, who writes:

Most mothers will bear me out in the statement that the playthings which the baby seems to prefer are such as the clothes-basket, the coal-bucket, the wash-boiler, and the ice-cream freezer; that is, when he can get these treasures; for usually they are taken away and the little tin horse or red ball substituted in the mistaken idea that these small objects are better suited to his little hands. People think that small toys are what he really wants, that he is mistaken when he thinks he wants the baby-carriage or the foot-tub; but he is not mistaken, he wants these big things, and mothers will do well if as far as possible they will allow their little folks to play with them. If sometimes instead of visiting a toy-shop to buy something to amuse two-year-old they will instead go through the basement of some large department store and buy a bushel-basket or a clothes-line instead of a rubber cat they will be working on the true line of development instead of against it. I remember watching a baby boy one summer whose choicest plaything was one cylindrical cedar block left in front of the house when the street was paved. With great apparent difficulty, but equal enjoyment, he carried it back and forth, from one place to another, for all sorts of reasons. He sat on it only to rest for further exertions. His wise mother did not object to his playing with it, neither did she insist on carrying it for him. She let nature teach her as well as her little son and both were stronger and wiser for it.

Real tools with a little help while the children are learning to use them, should be a part of every home outfit. Instead of the cheap and useless tool-chests sold as toys, the real tools purchased as a child grows up to their uses will be found to yield the best results. Real gardening and real work of all sorts is play to children when they are rightly lead into it.

Miss Beebe pronounces the attic the ideal playground for winter or stormy days. It may be turned into any sort of place in make-believe, — a garden, a workshop, a gymnasium, or a schoolroom,— according as the child fancies. But of course there is nothing like out-door play, when weather permits. Even the most expensive toys will be neglected by the youngsters when they wish to have a romp with nature, who is herself a fine playfellow at all times, and in her boisterous moods as well as when she is hushed and quiet. She sends summer showers to be enjoyed in bathing suits! She gives ice-ponds, snowdrifts, and heaps of leaves to roll in as well as sunshine and flowers and the whole beautiful "Out of Doors!"

* * *

A Congress of Mothers.

Truly these are times in which womanhood is coming to the front in all lines of useful and educative work. An important event to women everywhere will be the approaching Congress of Mothers, to be held in Washington, Feb. 16, 1897. Among the leading ladies who are actively interested are Mrs. Adlai Stephenson, Mrs. William L. Wilson, Miss Morton, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. H. W. Fuller, Mrs. A. A. Birney, Mrs. T. W. Birney, Mrs. Kincaid, Mrs. Jennet Richards, and a host of others. It is proposed to have a federation of the women's clubs now scattered throughout the country, in order to secure an interchange of views on the value of child education.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

STEVE, Jessie reflected, had the carriage of a gentleman, and that air of distinction only attained by a childhood passed among refined people and surroundings. Yet he was going to sea as a steward's assistant. He would have to obey orders, write out menus, make lists of stores, and do work which she could not fancy a man of fine instincts and habits being willing to do. He even hoped to exchange this work at Liverpool for that of a man before the mast: and he spoke of such employments as if they were natural and native to him. What was he? Or rather, who was he? Even to John, he said nothing of his antecedents: or if he had done so, John was as reticent as Steve could possibly desire.

These circumstances of mystery made a favorable atmosphere for the growth of love: and before Jessie was aware of the fact, she was more interested in Steve than she would have admitted, even to her own consciousness. She realized one thing, however—that she had a heartache about his going away. In less than two weeks he had made himself a part of her happiness: already she felt the loneliness of the house without him. How good-hearted he was! How ready to help! How self-contained! How gentlemanly in the best sense of the word! How handsome! She hesitated at this declaration of her heart. She was not prepared to say Steve was handsome, but he was certainly clever; and in some directions, John thought him well educated; and John's opinion was final with Jessie.

As she was considering this list of his excellencies, Steve returned. He had sent the telegram, and Jessie was now under an obligation to take the ten-thirty train for Lloyd's Station. "I am so sorry," she said, "for I intended to see you sail in the morning, and now I cannot do so. I am half inclined to send another telegram. I am so sorry, Steve!"

"Jessie, those words are very pleasant to me. Did you really intend to go down to the steamer?" His eyes, glowing with tender fire, sought hers; and he took her hands within his clasp. She saw the love words on his lips; another moment of such feeling, and he must have made them audible. Alas! he did not venture on that moment. With a great sigh he turned away, letting her hands fall from his with a hopelessness which Jessie could not but feel and understand. The silence following was embarrassing and Steve made no effort to break it. Jessie was wounded by the advance and retreat: and her pride taught her to affect ignorance and indifference. "John likes you so much," she said, "that I am sorry that you are going away. Do you know where John is speaking to-night? I wish I could hear him."

"Nothing can be easier. It is a lovely night, and the hall is but twelve blocks away. Put on your hat and we will go there."

There was something in Steve's voice she liked to obey. They went out together and loitered down Second avenue. The broad way was yet busy; men and women touched them on either hand and the children singing to their games on the sidewalks gave an air of happiness and holiday to the scene. The park invited them to its green shadows and they strolled to a bench and sat down. Jessie was nervously anxious to talk—silence revealed too much—and she could think of no subject but the sea.

"It is strange you love it so much; were you born near it?" she asked.

"I was born on Twenty-third street. But my mother's family were sailors. It is in the blood. I love the sea, as I love my mother, and my native land. I hear it calling me to-night, as plainly as if it had a human voice. I must feel, as Euripides felt, when his incomparable invocation to the sea, was written."

"I should like to hear it," she said, softly; and the words that had been singing in Steve's heart, came instantly in rhythmic ebb and flow from his lips:

Would God I were now by the Sea!
By the winding, wet-worn caves,
By the ragged rents of the rocks;
And that there as a bird I might be,
White-winged, with the sea-skimming flocks,
Where the spray and the breeze blow free,
O'er the ceaseless mirth of the waves,
And dishevel their loose grey locks,
I would spread my wings to the moist, salt air.
And my white, wide wings should carry me
Lifted up, out over the Sea.
Carry—I heed not where;
Somewhither, far away;
Where the breast of the breeze is sprinkled with spray;
Where the restless deep is maddened with glee,
Over the waves wild ecstacy;
Through the wild, blown foam!

As he spoke the divine longing and rapture of those who are "bond to the deep" touched her. She forgot the avenue. She forgot the stress of human hopes and fears that filled her heart. The sense of the sea was in her soul — its wild and solemn grandeur; its mysterious beauty; for one moment she felt through Steve; for that moment, she understood him.

CHAPTER III.

JESSIE'S AFFAIRS.

She found it far more difficult to understand him an hour later. They were then in the half-filled, half-lit Trades Hall. John's speech was over, and a swarthy, untidy man was on the little platform, haranguing the restless men and women. John leaned on the back of a chair, as if waiting for reply; he saw Jesse and Steve enter, and motioned them to the vacant chairs beside him. The speaker was urging on a strike, with passionate invectives, and much clap-trap oratory.

"You need not believe anything he says," whispered Steve to Jessie; "the making of noise is his business."

"The worker is constantly more and more imposed upon" screamed the orator. "If it were not for the Trades Unions, he would be a serf!"

"That is nonsense," said John.

"It is the truth, sir."

"I say again, that is nonsense. The last twenty years, wages have been largely increased; hours of labor have been shortened. The working man has gained more political power, more social sympathy, more comfortable homes. In every way he has been favored. Has he improved these advantages? Is he better at home? Is he friendlier wilh his employers? Is he wiser in managing his own affairs? I leave you to answer these questions."

"Whatever good has come to him, has come through Trades Unions," insisted the speaker.

"I deny that," answered John. "I assert that the Unions often forbid men to do as well as they can, or to work as hard as they wish. I say, they often exercise an oppression, that few would endure at the hands of the legal government. I say, they thrust the souls out of work, who have no concern in their quarrels, nor any share in their funds. I say, they rob the industrious man of his labor and the able man of his skill. I accuse them of intimidation, and of creating privileged bodies of workmen. No amount of affected sympathy with the working man, will get rid of facts like these."

"Who gives him sympathy?" was the retort. "Not the rich, sleek sinners, whom God and the devil leave alone, to succeed and prosper—such men as A. and B. and C, and D, and Nicholas Lloyd; are they not the incarnation of selfishness and covetousness?"

Then Steve leaped to his feet, and finally went forward to the platform. "I will not defend A, and B, and C, and D, and Nicholas Lloyd!" he cried; "let their works and their charities defend them: what I want to say is this—the working-man is as selfish and as covetous as the rich man."

His words fell full, clearly rounded, and with an invincible air of authority, as he stood with flashing eyes waiting for a reply. For a minute there was an intense silence, followed by an audible murmur. Then the chairman of the meeting rose and said:—

"The gentleman owes the assembly an apology. He will please to make it."

"He owes them a statement of his position," answered Steve; "and he will make it in a few words: When a poor man, within half a dollar of starvation, marries, he is selfish. When he spends his wage on beer, and leaves his wife and children hungry, he is selfish. When a poor man hoards his dollars in an old stocking, he is covetous as the rich man hoarding his dollars in a bank. The mechanic who does bad work instead of good work—the man who does not give a day's work for a day's wage—the hands who dawdle about the factories, and take continual holidays, knowing that their families must suffer for them—the thriftless, lounging idlers, who are everybodys' enemies as well as their own, because their example is a poison, and their vice a crime against the feeble, whom it helps to corrupt—all these are as selfish and covetous as the rich usurer, or the rich debauchee. Say what you will of the selfishness and covetousness of the rich, the poor are just as bad. Any man is a selfish, covetous scoundrel, who sits down at the feast of life, and tries to slink away without paying his reckoning. I am a poor man, and I know that in this respect I am both selfish and covetous."

FROM THAT MOMENT JESSIE UNDERSTOOD HIM.

The last sentences of this speech were flung into the assembly, with all the passion necessary to make them heard, above the tumult of dissatisfaction they caused. Cries of "Silence!" "Turn him out!" Who is the scab?" "Give him a lesson!" grew more and more insistent; and finally a big, swaggering fellow left his seat, and walked straight up to Steve. Jessie could have shrieked aloud; she entreated her brother to interfere.

"Let him alone," answered John. "He had no right to say such words here unless he was prepared to defend them;" yet John rose and intently watched the proceedings.

The new character in them stood squarely in front of Steve, and said: "Our Chairman has already told you to make an apology, sir. You had better do it at once."

"What if I decline?" asked Steve.

"I shall then make you do so."

"How will you make me?"

"Take off your coat, and I will show you—how."

In a moment two coats were flung to the end of the platform; in the next, Steve had forced his antagonist into a chair; where he held him with the grip of a clamp of iron. There was a swift and tumultuous interference, cries of "police," shrieks of women—and John went rapidly forward to the help of his friend. Jessie clasped her hands distractedly, and urged him to "hurry;" but there was no need to help Steve in his dilemma. Every man present understood the meaning of that swift blow and movement, which had nonplussed, and made powerless the recipient of it. Watchful as a bird, and not to be surprised, Steve went for his coat and put it on with the greatest deliberation. His look and attitude were unmistakable: and there was not only a subsidence of opposition, but also a kind of breathless admiration for the swift, indisputable reply he had given his challenger. No one even answered him, when he walked to the front of the platform, and scornfully thanked the Union, for "the farce of asking men to a free argument; and then giving them such a sample of fair play."

Calm as he appeared, he was really much excited; for he passed John and saw him not, and he would also have passed Jessie if she had not grasped his hand and called his name. Then he stopped. All his soul was in his face, as he looked into Jessie's eyes. And surely he saw some answering gleam in hers, for he drew her arm within his own and clasped it tight, and so passed out of the hall. No one stopped him; the nobler inner man was in command and men and women felt his influence, and fell back to the right and the left as Steve went forward. He was followed by no word of disapproval; rather they gave him an involuntary respect and admiration.

"You see what men are," he said to John, as he was joined by his friend. "They can understand animal force; they want to knock "Truth down."

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

You taught me that quotation, Steve," said John, "and so I have the right to give it back to you."

All were much excited by the events of the evening, and they sat until long after midnight discussing them. Then when the family retired, Steve bid all but John "good-bye." He said he should be away before they were up in the morning; though perhaps he was influenced by a more personal motive. At that hour every one was at their best and kindest, and his farewell would have its deepest significance.

"I am sorry to leave you;" he said, giving his hands to Mr. and Mrs. McAslin. "I owe you for much happiness and hospitality."

"You have paid handsomely for your room and board, Steve Morrison," said Mr. McAslin, "and you will be very welcome in my house whenever you desire to come to it." Mrs. McAslin gave him a motherly kiss, Flora a kind "good-bye;" then he turned to Jessie.

"God bless you, Jessie," he said. She answered softly, "God bless you Steve! You will come back to us?"

"If I live, I will come back." Then they looked straight into each other's eyes, and a certain subtle something passed between them, and both knew that their hearts had longed for a warmer and sweeter farewell.

It was Steve, however, who played the woman's part in this love affair; his was the romance, the ideality, and the sweet unselfishness of the passion. Jessie was a girl of her era; and the necessity of money making was her prime instinct. She was in love as a man is in love. Her business had to be fully attended to; her love was for her hours of relaxation and pleasure. But Steve's business was to love.

(To be Continued.)

What Prayer Can Do.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning January 3. I. Kings 8: 22-40.

PRAYER has a subjective as well as an objective side to it. No man can be in the habit of communion with the Highest without being the better for it. Apart from the answers to his prayers, apart from the graces and blessings that God gives to people who seek them at his hands, there are blessings resulting from the very act of prayer. As we see a rough, uncouth or depraved man softened and humanized by association with a pure, noble mother or wife, so entering into God's presence tranquillizes the heart and elevates the character. This, of course, does not apply to formal, unthinking prayers, but to the devotions of a man who has formed a true conception of God's character and knows that in entering his presence, he is coming into contact with ineffable holiness and righteousess. In that presence there must be a consciousness of impurity and of personal unworthiness, which comes nowhere else. There is also with self-abasement resulting from contrast, an unconscious purification of character. A man carrying into God's presence harsh, unbrotherly feelings of another, or an unholy passion, or a base design, feels the incongruity of his own spiritual condition with the atmosphere of heaven, and of necessity is delivered for the time, if not permanently, of the evil. His own idea of God has a tendency to arouse purer resolves, a desire to attain a higher state, nearer, if only by a slight step, to the holiness of the Being unto whose presence he has come.

There is, however, much more that prayer can do for the Christian than this mere subjective influence. He derives from communion with God positive blessings. The divine life implanted by Christ within him thrives and grows in God's presence. Tossed and buffeted and tempted in the world, he approaches God and renews his strength. Associating with men of sordid minds, men who measure everything by the dollar standard, he is likely to lose his esteem for the glory of self-sacrifice and all the nobler elements of human life. But as he pours out his heart before God, as into the ears of a sympathetic father, there comes to him from the heavenly heights the bracing air which "tones up" his soul and reinvigorates his spiritual nature. God knows the need of his child, and from the Source of light and life there flows out to the poor weak nature the special blessing it requires. To the young come the strength and energy to resist temptation. To the unhappy and the harassed, there come the tranquillizing, cheering assurances of divine protection and support. To the repentant prodigal, the welcome and the affection of the loving parent who has been yearning over his wandering child. To the perplexed, the guiding light like the pillar of fire. To the bereaved, God gives the hope of reunion where there will be no more parting. To the persecuted, the fortitude which can bear suffering and death itself rather than disloyalty. And to the dying, the rod and the staff with which the lonely traveler is supported in his passage through the valley of the shadow. All these joys and consolations come to the Christian through prayer and, over and above all these, God gives blessings innumerable for which petition is made to him by his needy children.

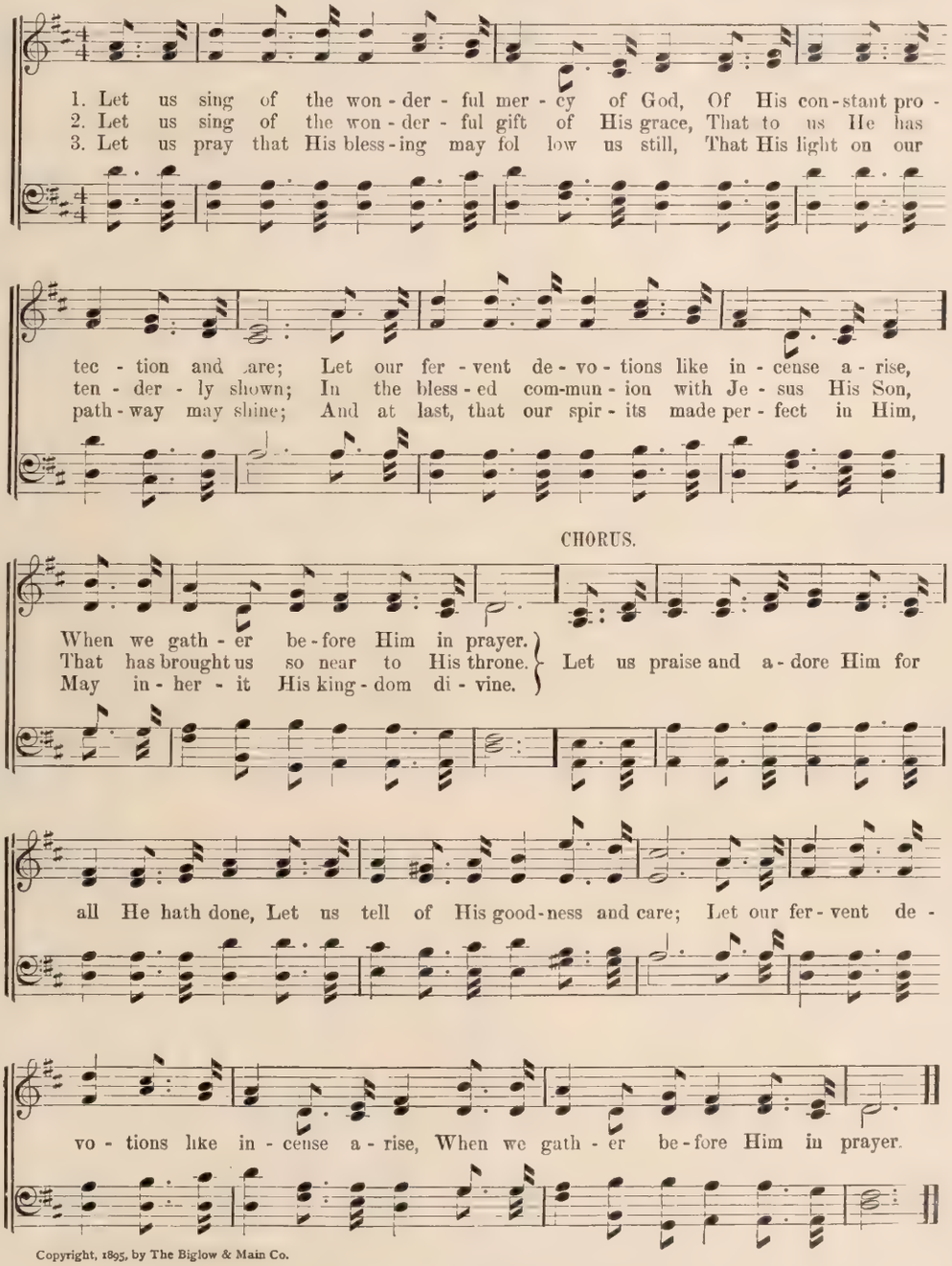
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

LET US PRAISE AND ADORE.

"O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."—*Psa. 98: 1.*

LYMAN G. CUYLER. IRA D. SANKEY.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
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ALONE WITH GOD.

INTO my closet fleeing, as the dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er thy love
Alone with thee!

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord! I adore thee, feasting on thy Word
Alone with thee!

Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray
Alone with thee!

O happy life! Life hid with Christ in God!
So making me,
At home and by the wayside and abroad,
Alone with thee!

—ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

THE BEST GIFT.

THE fire was bright. The night was drear,
We sat and praised the parting year.

One guest gave thanks for added wealth.
And one for quick return to health.

The aged father told, with joy,
The coming of his absent boy.

"A gladsome year!" the brother cried,
And smiled upon his rosy bride.

"Ah, yes!" the sister said, and pressed
Her infant closer to her breast.

"It was a glorious year, in truth,
I gained my 'sheepskin'!" cried the youth.

The patient mother gently sighed,
And breathed the name of one who died.

Then softly said, "To her was given
The year's best gift, for she has Heaven."

The Millennium.

The Persons who will Reign with Christ, for Christ and those who will be his Subjects.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.*

NEARLY six thousand years of the earth's history have rolled away under the rule of "the prince of this world." Another thousand years is at hand, in which "a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall minister judgment." (Isa. 32: 1). "In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." (Psalm 72: 7.)

We have only to read the chapter and Psalm, from which we have quoted, to understand the inconceivable blessedness of that reign of Christ for a thousand years, to which we are looking forward, after his elect are gathered to him, and the time of the tribulation is at an end.

Jesus will not reign alone; his chosen, his Bride will be with him. It is the queen who takes her rightful place by the side of her royal Spouse and whom he associates with him in the government of his kingdom. "To him that overcometh, to him will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne." (Rev. 3: 21). The four "living creatures," seen of the apostle John in heaven, were "in the midst of the throne," as well as "round about the throne," with the four and twenty elders. But the "elders" also had crowns, and both "living creatures" and "elders" are redeemed by the blood of Christ, and are made kings and priests and both reign on the earth." (Rev. 4: 4-11).

It is often contended that all believers will make part of the Bride, and that all will reign. Let us search out what saith the Scripture, that we may take account whether there are, or are not, conditions attached to this high and peerless vocation. Seven times in Rev. 2, 3, there are special promises to "him that overcometh," not to an overcoming church, but to the individual member of the church of Christ who shall overcome. Three of these are promises of reigning: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. 2: 10). "He that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron" (Rev. 2: 26, 27); and then the verse already quoted (Rev. 3: 21).

But what of those who do not overcome? Shall they, can they, be trusted to reign who have not passed their examination during the school-time on earth?

There are some who shall reign with Christ and some who shall reign for Christ. It is one thing to reign as a queen-consort in a kingdom, and quite another to be vice roy or governor of a province. "Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities" (Luke 19: 17), cannot mean the same as to sit with Christ upon his throne (Rev. 3: 21).

There is necessarily much of mystery in this glorious subject of reigning with Christ, but sufficient light is given to us to perceive that the complete and all-absorbing choice of Christ here on earth holds an inseparable relation to our eternal destiny, and relation to him through the ages of eternity. "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him."

* From her excellent little work, entitled *The Lord's Coming*, giving in succinct form the reasons for expecting the Second Advent in the near future, and showing the passages of Scripture referring to it. 104 pages; price 15 cents. For sale at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-103 Bible House, New York.

Praying for Money.*

CAN it be right directly to ask God to prosper our efforts—which in some cases may amount to a request for ten thousand pounds? Or is it better to confine ourselves simply to laying the matter before him, in the simple confidence of loyal children who wish to tell him everything, knowing that he will bless us in this way or in that (without our direct asking), as he may see it to be for our good? The question is complicated by many considerations; and every man must have liberty of conscience about it. The writer's own conviction, however, is clear, that while in spiritual things we should both ask and trust, for there we can have no doubt about the good of what we ask for, in temporal things (beyond actual necessities), after having poured out our heart before God, we should trust and not ask.

For temporal things, up to a certain point, we are indeed both permitted and commanded to pray. "Give us this day our daily bread" (Matt. 6:1) is a petition of our Saviour's own dictating, and, though one man's daily bread may mean something very different from another man's, and it is not safe to trust every one with the definition of what the necessaries of life may be, there is nevertheless a distinction both reasonable and intelligible, between the prayer that asks God according to his promise to supply our necessities, and the prayer that asks of him to pour vast wealth into our lap. Our modern society is in such a state of mutual interdependence and entanglement, that often for me to gain, my neighbor must lose; and so the event that enriches me, impoverishes him. Then, though it may be good for one man suddenly to step into a position of affluence, it may be ruinous for another man; and God, loving the two men equally, will, just because of that love, in one case bestow, in the other deny.

Material prosperity, so far from being the highest good, is in itself neither good nor evil; but it will turn to good or evil, according to the character with which it is brought in contact, and the spirit in which it is met and used. Surely a thoughtful parent would pause and muse, before out of a choice of blessings at his disposal for some beloved child he decided on the gift of great riches. May we not reverently suppose that thoughts of this kind pass through the heart of our heavenly Father as he looks round on us; and is not there wisdom in the self-control that refuses to press him for a gift, which may be health, and may be poison?

For nothing tries a man more than the sudden loss or gain of money. The loss of it, while it goads some men to an amazing and almost noble effort to recover it, will so sour and paralyze others, that henceforth they cease to be capable of further struggle with the world. The gain of it is good for some, is perhaps worse for more. Men who, while enjoying a modest competency, have been simple, kind, and charitable, have found in a great accession of wealth an instant occasion for a sordid and wretched meanness. A sudden rush of selfishness will sometimes flood the heart that thinks itself permanently raised over the necessities of friend-

ripens the harvest; and to need man's sympathy is a great help to giving it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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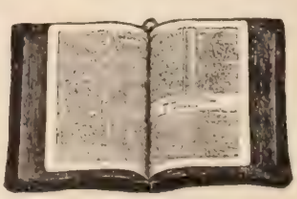

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Brighter Days for Armenia.

England, France and Russia said to have United in a Plan to Curb Abdul Hamid.

MORE important than any dispatch received from Constantinople in many months is the news cabled last week that, after long negotiation, an understanding had finally been reached by France, Russia and England with regard to Turkey. In the London *Times* and other leading journals, it is semi-officially announced that the three powers named have agreed upon a policy toward the Porte, which will have the effect of pacifying the Turkish empire and preventing further massacres of Armenians or other subjects of Ottoman rule. Stated briefly, the arrangement reached is as follows: The Governments of Russia, England and France, through their Ambassadors at Constantinople, will control the affairs of the Turkish empire, the Sultan remaining a ruler in name alone, and shorn of his power; reforms will be put in operation, the fleets of the three powers being held in readiness to enforce them, should any opposition be offered by the Porte; the Dardanelles forts and those along the Bosphorus are to be dismantled and the passage of the Bosphorus is to be free to all vessels. The reported understanding practically concedes to Russia command of the situation giving to that power what it has long desired—an open marine highway to the Mediterranean. Whatever the cost, it will be good news to friends of peace and civilization everywhere that the brutal Moslem despotism is at last likely to be shorn of its power and Abdul Hamid placed under the firm restraint of an alliance of the three great nations who, if they continue to act in good faith toward each other, are fully equal to the task they have undertaken. Further confirmation of the news will be anxiously awaited.

Writing from Van to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. G. C. Raynolds, an American missionary, tells a touching story of the helpless Armenian orphans. He says:

A great number of women and children are left without their natural protectors and providers, and largely without property or homes, save as friends give temporary cover. These helpless orphans appeal most strongly to one's sympathies. It has taken some time to prepare the clothing for fifty of these poor, half-naked children, but now they are neatly though plainly and economically clad, and it was a real pleasure yesterday to see them file into chapel in their clean and comfortable clothes, as it is a satisfaction to watch them at their studies, or at their meals, or on the playground. They have all been received as boarding pupils in our schools, that their mental and spiritual natures may not be neglected while their physical wants are being supplied. We hope that these poor boys and girls, some of whom are already finding a warm place in our hearts, will continue to receive food and raiment for their bodies. We have but touched the fringe of the suffering that exists in the city even, while the cry of the villagers has not yet been permitted to reach us, save in isolated cases.

During the week the ninth weekly remittance of **$1,000** from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund was forwarded through the American Board to be distributed in relief work by its missionaries at the following points:

Diarbekir	**$250.**
Harpoot	**250.**
Cesarea (for orphan children)	**500.**

This, with previous remittances, makes the total disbursements for relief work to date, **$51,000.** Contributions to the Fund during the week were as follows:

Prev. ack'd,	$52,811.13	A Friend, Boston	2 00
Mrs M T Beachum	50	A Friend, Boston	30 00
Mrs W T P Sinclair	1 00	Caducris Y P S C E, Man	5 00
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Mrs Arch Thayer	5 00	Friends, Jonesville	3 00
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Y P S C E German Reformed Ch, Carrothers	10 00	A friend, Brooklyn	1 00
Thanksgiving Service, Mahaffey M. E Church	2 37	Lillie Gladys	06
Mrs J I McCallum	1 00	Friends, Churdan	1 10
J H Hendley	5 00	Mrs S G. Fairfield	2 00
L M S, Cincinnati	1 00	A M Brown	2 00
Julia M Smith	2 00	W J Schnurman	50
Mrs Chas S Hedges	5 00	Nellie Nelson	1 00
Geo Klink	3 70	W O Hedges	5 00
Mrs Geo Klink	1 00	Miss Eliza Carleton	50
Mrs M T Norris	1 00	J T, New Smyrna	2 00
Mrs Anna B Norris	1 00	I H N, Moore's Mill	20 00
Mrs B T Wilie	1 00	M E S S, Halsey Valley	1 00
Mast. Willie Klink	25	Jas G Robinson	2 00
Mr Chas Hecock	50	Miss M C Bechtel	3 00
Miss Madgie Klink	5	Oliver Drown	3 00
Miss Grace Klink	10	Pleasant Prairie Epworth League	2 00
Mrs W E Mack	3 00	Friend, Noroton	1 00
Mrs M A Stafford	2 00	Little Jennie G	20
Y P S C E, Pipestone	3 50	Little John R	15
C A Hagaman	3 00	Mamma	65
Mrs C Corbett	1 00	Union Thanksgiving Service, St Johnsville	5 00
Mrs D C Carpenter	50	Union Service of M E and Luth. Congs, Pearl City	5 00
C A Hagaman	2 00	F E Nettleton	4 00
Alex Morton	50	Laurin Snow	3 00
Mr and Mrs G T Webb	2 00	O K Gaskill	1 00
J T, Paterson	2 00	Mrs Julia R Gaskill	50
A Friend, Norwichtown	50	Mrs Jessie Kinsman	1 00
Nicholas Haight	2 00	Mrs L M Parlet	25
B W Davis	1 00	Mrs R M Francis	25
H H Mott	3 00	Mrs S Barkley	25
E J Moore	1 00	Mrs Alice Caldwell	50
One of the King's Daughters, Trenton	1 00	Mrs F W Linsley	1 00
Mrs Ed Roberts	3 00	**Total**	**$53,195.58**
New Prospect Y P S C E, Pine Bush	2 50		
R W Jones	1 00		
H W Meier	1 00		
First Seventh Day Bapt Ch, Alfred	36 16		
Associate Presb'y Cong, Big Cove	5 75		
East Unity S S, Eau Claire	8 22		

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Sheldon Jackson's Night on the Deep.

ONE of the most heroic personalities of modern times, and one who would fit in well in any group of heroic spirits in any age of the world, is the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., who in a higher sense than any ecclesiastical power could designate, is the Bishop of all Alaska. Dr. Jackson has indeed been a father to the forgotten and neglected tribes of that

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

far away Arctic wonder-land. He has not only traveled thousands of miles and endured loneliness and hardship to carry the Gospel to the natives in their heathenism, but he has been ever ready to thrust his persistent and invincible personality between these poor, ignorant creatures and the cruel and rapacious human sharks who would prey upon them. He has also been indefatigable in his self-denying efforts to introduce the reindeer into their impoverished land and secure them from extinction by starvation.

Dr. Jackson's whole career in Alaska is one heroic story, but here is a simple account of one little missionary trip in a canoe which for motive, exposure and danger, might well be put alongside of Paul's trip when he was shipwrecked on his way to Rome.

At three o'clock in the morning they were roused and were soon underway without any breakfast. This did not matter much, however, as their entire stock of provisions consisted of a limited quantity of ship-biscuit and smoked salmon. Biscuit and salmon for breakfast, salmon and biscuit for dinner, and straight salmon for a change for supper in the evening. The Indians upon the trip only averaged one meal in twenty-four hours.

One morning, passing the mouth of a shallow mountain stream, the canoe was anchored to a big rock. The Indians [illegible] with poles and paddles clubbed to death some thirty salmon, averaging twenty-five pounds each in weight. These were thrown into the canoe and taken along.

At noon they put ashore for their first [illegible] the shelter of a great rock. The fish, cleaned and hung upon sticks, were soon broiling before the fire. After dinner all hands took a nap upon the beach. At [illegible] could find no suitable [illegible]

paddled on until two o'clock next morning, having made a day's work of twenty-three hours. Finding a sheltered bay they then ran ashore. As it was raining hard they spread their blankets as best they could, under sheltering rocks or projecting roots of the great pines.

After a few hours of uncomfortable sleep they were again under way. Toward evening they passed Cape Fox, and boldly launched out to cross the arm of the sea, and once out they found the sea becoming so rough that it was as dangerous to turn back as to go forward. The night was dark, the waves rolling high, and the storm beating upon them. One Indian stood upon the prow of the canoe all night watching the waves and giving orders. Every man was at his place, and the stroke of the paddles kept time with the measured song of the leader, causing the canoe to mount each wave with two strokes; then, with a click, each paddle would, at the same instant, strike the side of the canoe and remain motionless, gathering strength for the next wave. As the billows struck the canoe it quivered from stem to stern.

In the morning they landed at an old deserted Indian village whose forest of totem poles told of the heathenish rites and superstitions from which he was trying to save this wretched people. These horrid monuments of the past, with their grinning faces, spoke to him only too plainly of the savage butcheries, horrible cannibal feasts, inhuman torture of witches, fiendish carousals around the burning dead.

The Indians were so exhausted by the labors of the past night that they were compelled to go ashore and get some rest. On shore they tried to start a fire, but the driving rain soon extinguished it. Taking his regulation meal of salmon and hard tack, Dr. Jackson spread his blankets under a big log and tried to sleep. The beating storm soon saturated the blankets, and he awoke to find the water running down his back. Rising, he paced up and down the beach until the Indians were ready to move on. After a rest of two hours, seeing no signs of a lull in the storm, they re-embarked on their journey.

Such journeys this heroic man was willing to take that he might carry the Gospel to his brethren whom he had never seen before, and who had no more claim on him than they have upon us. And yet how hard it is for us sometimes to pluck up courage to go around on the other side of the block, and climb three flights of stairs, to carry a message of hope and salvation, to some one of our own color and tongue, who has become disheartened, and lost their way, and are perishing for just the word of good cheer we can speak. Thinking of Jackson's dark night in the canoe, it ought not seem so hard to take up that postponed duty and go on our errand for the Master this very day.

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Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Indiana, will send free by mail to all who send him their address a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment, with printed instructions and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, la grippe and blood poison.

BOSTON [illegible] ing school [illegible] on. Rich Stammerers' INSTITUTE and Trai 41 Tremont St., B and poor welcome.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 6, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Praying Mother, Stoneham, Mass., asks prayer for the conversion of her son, and his associates in work. They are surrounded with strong temptations and do not realize that the grace of God is needed to keep them from falling into ruinous vices.——King's Daughter, Elkhorn, Mont., that her husband and a friend may both give their hearts to Christ and be led to serve him faithfully. Both are indifferent to the welfare of their souls.——"Invalid Mother," Swamp Mills, N. Y., that three sons who have passed through many trials and have had much to draw them away from Christ, may yet be led by the Holy Spirit to seek the Lord; also that three daughters who have made profession of faith, may devote their lives to the Lord's service and be kept from all evil.——Subscriber, Cambridge, N. Y., for the conversion of a dear friend and his wife. The husband once professed himself a follower of Christ but was led away by evil companions and fell into gross sin. He has now reformed but feels that he cannot call himself a Christian. His wife is indifferent. Please pray that both may be born again and have grace to train their children for God.——"Mother," Longsdorf, Pa., desires prayer for the conversion of a wayward son, who was at one time a successful business man, but has been brought to wreck and ruin by his uncontrollable propensity to drink.——C. V. F. A., St. Louis, Mo., for the conversion of a whole family, consisting of father, mother, one son, and six daughters, who are all without hope and without God in the world.——"Widowed Mother," St. Clairsville, O., that four daughters and a son might consecrate their lives to God, and that more grace may be given to her to do her duty in the family and the Church, and that she may have assurance of her own salvation.——"Constant Reader," Ethel Landing, Pa., for the conversion of a dear brother, who was once an active church-member, but fell away under the burden of a distressing family trial and has become the slave of liquor; also that another brother, a sister, and a sister-in-law all unconcerned about their souls, may be saved.——Subscriber, Quackenkill, N. Y., for the conversion of a beloved father, and for special guidance in undertaking work for Christ.——C. C., Elgin, Neb., that her husband may turn to the Lord with all his heart and may help in training his children for Christ.——"Heart-broken Mother," Hackettstown, N. J., that God in his infinite mercy would touch the hearts of her son and daughter. The son scoffs at religion and the daughter has lost her character, but neither is beyond the reach of God's mercy. "Do pray for them."——Anxious Mother, Lowell Kan., that her son, who is far away from home amid many temptations, may be led to Christ and become a good man.——Reader, Grundy Centre, Ia., for the conversion of a son for whom many prayers have been offered.——Reader, Springfield, Ill., for the conversion of a husband, son, and daughter. The husband is falling under the power of drink and is causing great anxiety. Earnest prayers are desired that Christ will save him from sin.——O. B., Mobile, Ala., for the conversion of two young men.——Reader, Ulster Park, N. Y., for the conversion of a son.——S. S., Stockton, Cal., for the conversion of an entire family.——Widowed Mother, Quana, Tex., that her three sons, who are exposed to many temptations, may give themselves to the Saviour and become children of God.

For the Restoration of Health. Mother, Philadelphia, Pa., asks prayer for the recovery of her dear infant, who has been ill for several months.——J. L. W., Anita, Pa., for recovery from sickness, and that a dear friend who has suffered for years may be healed.——H. S., Farmingdale, N. J., that a sick women may be healed in body and mind and be kept from all evil.——Reader, Dayton, O., that relief may be given from severe pain, and that a nephew now in a hospital may speedily recover.——"Unhappy Mother," Byron, Ga., for the restoration of her daughter's reason.——Believer, Tunkhannock, Pa., for recovery from a nervous disease.——J. H. F., Wildis, Ky., that if God will his beloved wife may be restored to health.——F. S. T., Chillicothe, Mo., for the recovery of a sufferer from spinal disease.——Reader, Cleghorn, Ia., for the recovery of an afflicted sister, or if God will that peace and an abundant entrance may await her in his presence.——Believer, Hancock, Mass., on behalf of a man threatened with total blindness.——S. W., Springfield, Ill., for the healing of a painful and disfiguring malady.——S. L., Leona, Pa., for the recovery of a sufferer in body and mind.——Believing Mother, Richmond, Ind., for the restoration to health of body and mind of a daughter now in an asylum.——Reader, Chenango, N. Y., that a dear sister threatened with blindness may recover her sight, that she may continue to work for the support of her helpless children.——Reader, Wabash, Ind., that a distressing sickness of many years standing may be cured.

For Special Blessings. Believer, New York City, who is in distress, fearing that certain symptoms indicate the approach of a terrible disease, asks prayer that God would in great mercy avert the calamity and give grace to live worthily and consistently.——Believer in Ohio, that God would bless a business undertaking, so that he may be delivered from impending calamity.——Two Young Men, Jamaica, W. I., who are about to enter college, that God would bless them and make them useful men.——M. F. D., Buford, Ga., for grace to overcome a besetting sin.——O. B., Mobile, Ala., that a bereaved family might receive money justly owing them from an Insurance Company.——"One who Believes," Montclair, N. J., that God would bless an endeavor to obtain employment, so that the family circle may no longer be broken.——Reader, Paola, Kan., that God would answer the prayers that a home may be obtained.——A. V. J., Palmyra, Mo., that God would give the needed strength to bear an impending bereavement.——"In His Name," McZenia, O., who confesses backsliding, that God would in mercy forgive his penitent child and restore the joy of salvation.——Believer, Winton, Ia., that strength and wisdom may be given her to earn a living for her children.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

From the Pricking of a Finger.

Edison, the inventor, tells a remarkably interesting story of his accidental discovery of the principle of the phonograph. He says: "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point, and send the point over the same surface afterwards, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Hallo! hallo!' into the mouth-piece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'hallo! hallo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph, which has been a source of so much interest in the world, is the result of the pricking of a finger."

Pennsylvania Railroad to Issue Clerical Orders.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for 1897 it will issue clerical orders to regularly ordained clergymen in charge of churches located on or near its lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. To secure these orders clergymen should make appliction to the nearest ticket agent as soon as possible.

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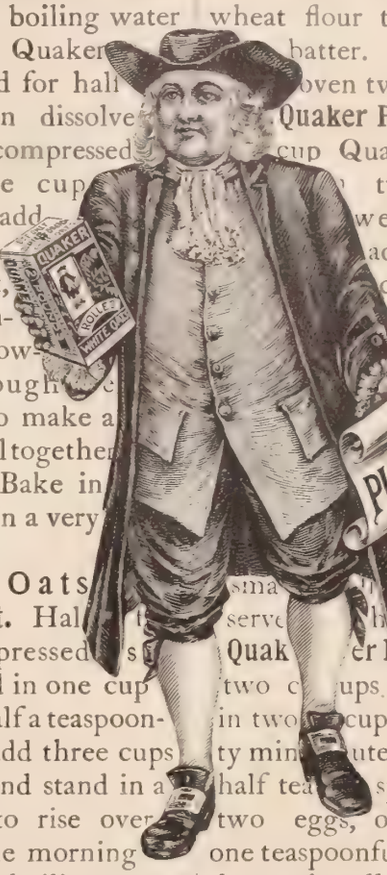

Quaker Breakfast Cake. Pour one cup boiling water over one cup Quaker Oats, let stand for half an hour, then dissolve half a cake compressed yeast in one cup warm water, add half a teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and enough wheat flour to make a batter. Mix all together over night. Bake in the morning in a very quick oven.

Quaker Oats Raised Biscuit. Half fill a cake compressed yeast dissolved in one cup tepid water, half a teaspoonful salt, then add three cups wheat flour, and stand in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning pour one cup boiling water on one cup Quaker Oats, let stand half an hour, add wheat flour to make a soft batter. Bake in hot oven twenty minutes.

Quaker Pone. Put one cup Quaker Oats into two-quart pan well buttered; add two pints cold water, one teaspoonful salt; bake slowly for two hours. Keep a steady but not too hot fire. Cut in squares and serve hot.

Quaker Fritters. Soak two cups Quaker Oats in two cups milk, twenty minutes; add one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder; mix all together and drop into boiling fat.

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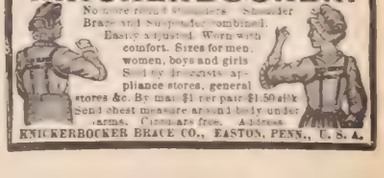
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A Cuban Patriot's Death.

SINCE the beginning of the present war in Cuba, no leader of the Cuban armies has won such renown as General Antonio Maceo, whose brilliant victories in the field, against seemingly overwhelming numbers, have won the admiration of his countrymen. Martinez Campos, ex-Captain-General of Cuba, recognized in Maceo the greatest leader the Cuban patriots have ever had, and though Maceo was his foe in the field, he credited the Cuban with many admirable qualities. Since Gen. Weyler assumed command of Spain's armies in Cuba, his troops have experienced a succession of reverses, principally at Maceo's hands. Maceo's generalship, it was admitted, had made Weyler's campaign in the mountainous region of Pinar del Rio, a failure. Last week, Cuban circles were startled by the announcement of Maceo's death. Later dispatches from Havana state that the Cuban general was the victim of a vile plot, and was assassinated with his entire staff at a point near Mariel, in Havana province.

The plot for the assassination, it is claimed by the Cubans, was arranged within the Captain-General's palace at Havana. A price had been set upon Maceo's head by Weyler, and in order to effect his capture or destruction, treachery was resorted to. It is asserted in the dispatches, that Dr. Zertucha, Maceo's physician, was approached and agreed to aid the conspirators. A message was sent to Maceo by Gen. Ahumada, next to Weyler in command, inviting the Cuban leader to a conference. After some hesitation, and being persuaded by Zertucha that the proposition was made in good faith, Maceo agreed to a meeting and with his staff of thirty-four officers, set out to meet Ahumada. An ambush of six hundred Spanish troops under Major Cirujeda, surrounded the party at a convenient point and demanded their surrender, which was refused. Instantly a volley was fired into the ranks of the little band of officers and Maceo, and his entire staff, were soon riddled with bullets, Dr. Zertucha alone escaping death. The traitor surrendered to a Spanish soldier, who acting under orders took him to the Spanish colonel in command of the detachment. It is further stated that Zertucha received fifty thousand dollars as the price of this treachery, which deprived the Cuban armies of their ablest leader. Maceo's body has not been found, and is believed to have been hidden in the woods.

Rius Ravera, a young and able officer who has already won several brilliant engagements in the field, is mentioned as Maceo's probable successor as Commander of the Cuban armies. Maceo's death has greatly disheartened the Cuban troops, and Spanish officials in Havana believe that the event will greatly hasten the end of the war. The story of treachery has caused deep and general indignation among the Cuban sympathizers in the United States, who are now more than ever determined to aid Cuba in freeing herself from Spanish rule.

The Bowery Mission Christmas.

On Christmas day a dinner will be given to unemployed men and boys at the Bowery Mission. Superintendent Wyburn and his assistant, Mr. Mershon, expect to be kept busy all day attending to the hungry men who will partake of the Christmas cheer, and who for a few hours at least will forget their wretched, miserable condition, and join in celebrating the birthday of the Saviour of mankind. They invite the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to co-operate with prayers, and also with contributions of food, including turkeys, hams, beef, vegetables, fruit, &c. Those who cannot send these, may be able to help otherwise. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird will have a Christmas tree for the children, giving them toys and clothing. Any gifts for the tree or the dinner should be sent to John H. Wyburn, Supt., 105 Bowery, New York.

HEALING FOR ME.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. (Ps. 103: 3.)
With his stripes we are healed. (Isa. 53: 5.)
And he healed all that were sick; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. 8: 17.)
And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him. (Jas. 5: 15.)

LORD, when thou wast with us the sick were made whole,
Sufferers on thee all their burdens could roll—
Healing they found for their body and soul—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

Blessing was asked and the blessing received
The deaf, and the lame, and the blind were relieved.
Still may thy promise be fully believed—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

When the sick sought thee with pain on their brow,
Full of compassion and mercy wast thou
"Thou art the same" thou art pitiful now
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

When thou, dear "Lamb without blemish," wast shorn,
Surely my sins and my sickness were borne;
"Bruised" for my sorrows—O, why should I mourn?
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day

Only a part of thy promise we use;
Pardon we take—but thy healing refuse.
Health for my body and soul let me choose—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

"Eye hath not seen"—nor hath ear ever heard
All that is meant in thy wonderful Word—
Let me to deeper faith ever be stirred—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

Thou art unchanging—forever the same—
Salvation for body and soul I will claim—
All do I ask in thy merciful name—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

"Speak the word only"—let love be revealed—
Speak the word only—and sorrow shall yield—
Speak the word only—and I "shall be healed"—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

Lord—by the sorrows that Calvary saw,
I am made "free from the curse of the law"—
Near to thy heart of compassion I draw—
Heal me, dear Saviour, to-day.

Lord—there is healing—and healing for me—
Blessing for body and soul I may see—
Lord, thou hast freed me—and I will be free—
Yes—I have healing to-day.

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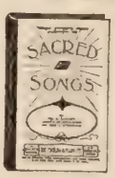

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A Hymn That "Sung Itself."

Probably no musical experience of Mr. Sankey, the famous singing evangelist, ever impressed itself more firmly on his memory than this: On leaving Glasgow, Scotland, for Edinburgh he bought at the railway depot a penny religious newspaper, and by-and-by noted some verses at the bottom of one of the pages. He was greatly struck by them, but had no time to set them to music, and simply cut them out and pasted them in his scrap-book. Dr. Bonar had delivered at one of the meetings an impressive address on "The Good Shepherd," and when he ended, Mr. Moody beckoned to Mr. Sankey to sing. At first Mr. Sankey could think of nothing but the Twenty-third psalm, but that he had sung so often; his second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper, but how could that be done when he had no tune for them? Then another thought came, and that was to sing the verses anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it, and when he finished the hymn the meeting was all "broken up." Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment "Ninety and Nine" was a favorite.

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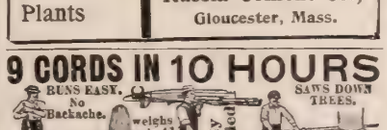

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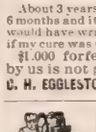

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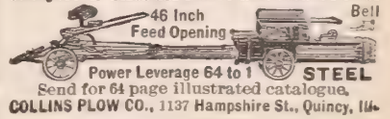

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 19.

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NUMBER 53.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1896. Price Five Cents.

WAITING FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE BOWERY MISSION, NEW YORK. (See Page 993.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A Cavalry Charge.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, II. Kings 18: 23: . . .

"I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

UP by the waterworks, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though General Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says, "You have not two thousand men who can manage horses. Produce two thousand cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of two thousand cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem two thousand men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skilful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text, "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave, Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition, armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they cannot tell, to work in a way that they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north, [illegible] expect us at twelve o'clock at noon, we will come upon them at twelve o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so [illegible] as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such [illegible] tribution and religious journalism. Now [illegible] all religious intelligence and print most [illegible] offered to all engaged in the world's evan- [illegible] ness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing, was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking-glasses, and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, he shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the Gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the Gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the Soldiers' Home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandyas led twenty thousand mounted troops in Bactriana. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ, Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about four hundred and fifty years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of [illegible] in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks reinforced the Russian snow storms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly [illegible] the one wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old war horse, Copenhagen, turned out in best pasture, and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of [illegible] hair. Not one drop of my blood can tingle as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley: he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

I think it is the cavalry of the Christian hosts, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurred-on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the Evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to support them, to cheer them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you like, some of them you do not like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are not enough learned, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud. Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do that which we, the pastors, can never do. I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of righteousness and drilling the Christian soldiery, and by marshalling anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh, with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop, the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling, the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract, if they only gain the victory. Moody, and Chapman, and Mills, and Jones, and Harrison, and Munhall, and Major Cole, and Crittenden, and a hundred others are now making the cavalry charge, and they are this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital. Hear the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly one hundred and sixty-six thousand church congregations, with nearly twenty-one million communicants and seating capacity in church for more than forty-three million people; in other words, room in the churches for three-fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian. In other words, we will have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years and our country is redeemed. Who can not, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? As so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God, most of you have to bring only one soul to God and the Gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you cannot bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian, and deserve yourself to be shut out of heaven. The religious pessimists of this country are all the time depicting the obstacles as so great and our forces as so small, that we half of the time feel that we are attempting an impossibility. Take out of your prayers and preaching some of your stuffing of groans and put in something of acclamation and triumph, and the United States will be gospelized, and if the United States be gospelized America will be gospelized, and America gospelized, we will take Asia from the Pacific beach and Europe from the Atlantic beach, and not far from now the lost star we live on will take its place among the constellations that never fell. Let the more than twenty-one million communicants, as they lift the sacramental cup to their lips, take oath that they will not rest until the other forty million are saved. The opportunities are all saddled and bridled. Where are the men and women to guide them? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them." What two men can do for good or evil is impressed upon me by the fact that two Scotchmen, going to California, each took something that would remind him of his native country. The one took a thistle the national emblem of Scotland. The other took a hive of bees. Years went by and the work of the two Scotchmen is widely seen. The curse of the Pacific slope is the thistle, and the blessing of the Pacific slope is the honey found everywhere in woods and fields. In your life are you responsible for honey or thistles, and if one man can do so much good, and another so much evil, how much could be done for the ransom of this country by twenty-one million people all consecrated?

Get out of the way with your dolorous foreboding, and change your Dirges for what we have not done for the Grand March of what we may do and will do. The woman at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the Last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French Emperor, "What can I do for you?" And the despairing ex-monarch replied, "Nothing but draw down the blind so that I cannot be stared at." In this Gospel campaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name I say, Pull up the blinds, and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self-abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell who, as Lord Bishop Cowie of New Zealand, once Chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted: "Yes, Sir Colin; we will do it." And they did!

Temporary defeats ought not to dishearten. What is Bunker Hill monument? Monument of defeat. But from that bloody mount American Independence started for its grandest achievement, and all the defeats of the cause of God are incipient victory.

> Thy saints in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer, though they die.
> They see the triumph from afar
> And seize it with their eye.

And now, standing as I do, in this National Capital, let me say that what we want in the Senate and House of Representatives and the Supreme Court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two Congressional prayer-meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent Senators and Representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic — the one Congressional prayer-meeting in 1857, and the other in 1866. The record is in the hand-writing of the philanthropist, William E. Dodge, then a member of Congress. There are now more Christian men in the National Legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next President, shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in Congressional circles will establish the Capitoline prayer-meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the rataplan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement,—acceleration, momentum, — and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth

month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste and they wear out their nerves, and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation, and snail-like movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates, "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee: neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

The century leads on its troop of a hundred years, and the year leads on its troop of three hundred and sixty-five days, and the day leads on its troop of twenty-four hours, and the hour leads on its troop of sixty minutes, and all are dashing out of sight. Perhaps there are two years in which we are most interested,—our first and our last. Held up in our mother's arms, we watched the flight of the first. With wondering eyes we all watch the coming of the last. The name of that advancing year we can not call. It may be in the nineties of this century, it may be in the tens or twenties or thirties of the next century, but it is coming at full gallop. With what mood will we meet it? In jocosity, as did Thomas Hood, in his last moment saying, "I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to learn a lively Hood." Or in fear, as did Thomas Paine, saying in his last moment, "Oh, how I dread this mysterious leap in the dark." Or in boastfulness, as did Vespasian, saying in his last moment, "Ah! Methinks I am becoming a god." Or in frivolity, as did Demonax, the infidel philosopher, saying in his last moment, "You may go home: the show is over." Or conscience-stricken, as did Charles IX. of France, saying in his last moment, "Nurse! Nurse! What murder! What blood!" Or shall we meet it in gladness of Christian hope, like that of Julius Charles Hare, who said in his last moment, "Upwards! Upwards!" Or like that of Richard Baxter, in his last moment saying, "Almost well." Or like that of Martin of Tours, saying in his last moment, "I go to Abraham's bosom." Or like that of polished Addison, who said in his last moment, "See with what ease a Christian can die." Or like that of George Whitefield, who felt that he had said all that he could of Christ, declaring in his last moment, "I shall die silent." Or like that of Mrs. Schimmelpennich, who said in her last moment, "Do you not hear the voices? And the children's are the loudest." Or like that of Dragonnatti, saying in his last moment, "Stand aside! I see my father and my mother coming to kiss me." Or as did the dying girl who, having a few evenings before sat on a bench in a London mission, was seen to have tears of contrition rolling down her cheek, and who, departing from the room, had put in her hand by a Christian woman, a Bible, with the passage marked, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Though having promised to be at the next meeting, she did not come. The Christian woman who gave her the Bible was visiting the hospital, and the nurse said to her, "I wish you had been here a little while ago. We had a young woman who had been run over by a wagon. Poor thing! She was fearfully crushed, and died almost at once. She had a Bible in her hand, with your name in it, and she said when she was brought in, 'Thank God! I found Christ as my Saviour last night. The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" Oh, my friends, if all right for the next world, the years can not gallop past too rapidly. If it were possible for the centuries to take the speed of the years, and the years the speed of the days, and the days the speed of the hours, they could do us no harm. The shorter our life, the longer our heaven. The sooner we get out of the perils of this life, if our work be done, the better. No man is safe till he is dead. Better men than we have been wrecked, and at all ages. Lord and Lady Napier were on horseback on a road in India. Lord Napier suddenly said to Lady Napier, "Ride on and fetch assistance, and do not ask me why." She sped on and was soon out of sight. The fact was a tiger's eyes glared on them from the thicket, and he did not dare to tell her, lest, affrighted, she fall in the danger and perhaps lose her life. From all sides of us, on this road of life, there are perils glaring on us, from tigers of tempation, and tigers of accident, and tigers of death, and the sooner we get out of the perils of this life the better. Let 1897 take the place of 1896, and 1898 the place of 1897, and our souls will be landed where there shall be "nothing to hurt of destroy in all God's holy mount." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Oh! will it not be grand when from the windows and doors of the "House of Many Mansions" we look out and see passing along the golden boulevards of heaven the white horse cavalry that St. John describes in Revelation? John Wesley said he thought horses had souls, but take the story in Revelation as figurative or literal, you must admit that none but cavalry horses are mentioned as being in heaven. John 19: 14, "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses." You see they are mounted troops. Their Leader is in deep crimson attire. His vesture, we are told, is "dipped in blood," not blood of human slaughter, as many other conquerors have their attire, but his own blood, blood of crucifixion agony, the blood by which he redeemed you and me. That deep red of garment is in vivid contrast with the snowy white charger on which our Lord is seated. And no saved sinner can gaze on that red and that white without remembering that though his sins were once red like crimson, they have become whiter than snow. Oh, those celestial cavalcades whom our Conqueror in scarlet shall lead on through the streets of heaven! Wide streets, hundreds of mounted troops abreast, long streets, thousands in sight followed by coming thousands through the long day of heaven which hath no setting sun. Mind you, only the cavalry are in that shining procession, those who did work outside the forts, those who dared all things for God, those who had in them the spirit of holy dash. We who did easy work may look at that procession but will not be a part of it. There they pass! the equestrians, and equestriennes of heaven, regiments of evangelists, of tract distributors, of street preachers, of salvation armies, of once half-starved home missionaries on the frontiers, of those who did inconspicuous service for Christ, and never had their name in the newspapers but once and that in the notice of their own obsequies, a notice not accompanied by the request "Send no flowers" for there was no danger that there would be a profusion of flowers. As from the windows and doors of the "House of many Mansions" we look on the passing spectacle some of us will wish that on earth we had had less salary and more hardship, less comfort and more exposure, less caution and more courage, less shelter and more storm, less smooth sailing and more cyclone, and that we had dared all at the front instead of taking good care of ourselves in the rear. Forward mounted troops! Favorites of heaven! Cavalrymen and cavalrywomen of the Lord God Almighty. No chargers of heaven too white, or too arched of neck, or too prancing of gait for those seated on them. If Job's war horse while the battle was going on said "Ha! Ha!" shall not these chargers now that the day is won, utter a more jubilant "Ha! Ha!" Forward under arches of triumph, by fountains rainbowed of eternal joy, and amid gardens abloom with unfading efflorescence, and along palaces where, after they have dismounted, these souls shall reign forever and ever, they march, they brandish their weapons with which they gained bloodless victory, and they rise in stirrups of gold to greet all the rest of heaven gazing upon them from the amethystine balconies. A glorious heaven it will be for all of us who anywhere, and anyhow served the Lord, but an especial heaven, a mounted heaven, a processional heaven for those who have done outside work, exposed work, and belonged to the Lord's cavalry. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

Then let the creaking door of the closing year go shut. When that closes better doors will open. The world's brightest and happiest years are yet to come. Toward them we speed on in swiftest stirrup. Cavalry charge at Inkermann was not so rapid. At last the equestrians equal the chargers! At last the riders are as many as the horses!

ELECTRIC RAILROAD WITH SUBMARINE RAILS AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

A Unique Railroad.

How Passengers are Conveyed by Elevated Railroad Over Tracks Laid Under Water.

ON this page is a picture of a railroad-car which is probably the only one of its kind in the world. It is used on a line laid between the two English towns of Brighton and Rottingdean. The distance is only four miles, but as the tracks are under water for the greater part of every day, and at high tide are submerged to a depth of from fourteen to eighteen feet, this four mile trip is quite a novel experience. The car is something like the saloon of a trans-Atlantic steamer. It rests on four stout cylindrical pillars of hollow steel, twenty-four feet high, which are firmly bolted together. Each of these rests on a stout truck, technically called a "bogie," which is constructed on the same principle as the trucks of our railroad cars, except that each has an arrangement of teeth to prevent the bogies being washed by the waves from the tracks. As it would be impossible to run this curious car by a locomotive, the constructors have had recourse to electricity for their motive power. Along the side of the track is a line of high pillars with a curved top, from which is suspended a trolley-line connected with a power-station at each end of the line. On the car are two motors of thirty horse-power each, which collect the electricity from the trolley line and convey it to the wheels in the bogie through the hollow pillars on which the car rests. The tracks which have a gauge of thirty-two and a half inches are secured to the solid rock by strong clamps. A distance of eighteen feet separates the up from the down track. The first public journey of this strange car was made the occasion of a municipal festivity. The mayors of the two towns, with the constructors and directors of the line, traveled from Brighton to Rottingdean and back in a little over an hour and afterward celebrated the event by a public dinner and congratulatory speeches. The beach was lined throughout the course with a dense crowd of people, who took the utmost interest in the novel trip and vociferously cheered the car and its occupants as it passed and returned. The experiment was a complete success and its principle will probably be extended to other places where an arm of the sea or a broad river separates two towns.

The Peruvian Mission.

A band of young men from Harley College, England, in the face of the greatest difficulties and discouragements have established a successful Gospel Mission in Peru. The band now numbers six persons. They are: A. Robert Stark and wife, John L. Jarett and wife, F. G. Peters, H. M. Blackhouse. The young men entered Cuzco on the evening of the 4th of July, 1895. They were strangers there, and knew no one. The mountain walls around them were the tombs of a vanished empire Here for centuries the sun had blazed in the face of a Sun of gold, and his reflecting beams fell on priests and ecstatic worshipers. Here the fruits of the Inca cornfields were offered to the sun. Here gorgeously-robed processions had gone out to meet the sun at his rising through a period of history as dramatic and poetic as any in oriental tradition and song. Here dwelt the successors of the "divine beings" who it was believed had come down from the sun. The Harley missionaries were at first kindly received, and their early efforts to establish themselves seemed hopeful but ere long their presence was made the occasion of great public excitement, and their persecutions began. They were expelled from Cuzco and returned to the coast, but the prefect in ordering them away violated the national constitution and the consular treaty, in regard to the rights of English people in the country, and they have been permitted to return and begin one of the most important missions in the world.

This mission has before it, if it shall grow and be able to use it, a stupendous system of roads. Next to the Roman roads, among the marvelous achievements of human skill must be ranked the road of the Incas over the high plateaus on the Andes. This road is shadowed by the loftiest mountains. It may yet become a great Gospel highway.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Holy Spirit Given.

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 10th. Acts 2: 1-13. Golden Text, Acts 2: 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE last directions of our Lord to his disciples before his ascension were that they should tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high. (Luke 24: 49). The world and the flesh cannot be still; self is always in a fever to do something. But before God the Holy Ghost could come into the disciples to dwell, they must learn the great lesson to be nothing, and to do nothing of themselves; they must sit still. The disciples, numbering "about a hundred and twenty" (Acts 1: 15), "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication," waiting "for the promise of the Father." (Acts 1: 4). It is the only attitude in which we can be filled with the Spirit. The Spirit of God could come upon Samson, Gideon or Jephthath, and empower them, in a special way, for certain ends; but it is quite another thing for God the Holy Ghost to fill a man with God's very life, as Jesus Christ as a man, was filled with God. God cannot mix his life with ours—the life of the Spirit of God is death to the flesh: to its energy, to its "goodliness" (Isa. 40: 6); to its wisdom (1.Cor. 1: 19). It was after the disciples had been proved

An Utter Failure

in themselves that the Holy Spirit could fill them with God. They had failed to understand the words of Jesus, they had been so absorbed in the miserable question which among them should be greatest, that they were afraid to ask Jesus for an explanation, and, shorn of their former power to preach, to heal, and to cast out devils, they finished at last by totally abandoning their Lord at the most critical moment. This was was all which their own devotion and energy could amount to; and it was these fallible, broken, humbled men who were waiting, at the call of Christ, "for the promise of the Father," and it was these men whom God was waiting to make "partakers of the Divine Nature." (II. Pet. 1: 4).

"They were all with one accord in one place," the equality of one common failure had settled for them the question of who should be the greatest; the only question left now was, which among them was the least, and which was "less than the least?" and this distinction Paul claimed for himself. (Eph. 3: 8). In these empty vessels God could find a home. The time of the coming of the Holy Ghost was not announced; he came suddenly, and yet not until all was fully prepared. It was at Pentecost, the time of the offering of the first fruits, and the Lord was to have a foretaste of that, seeing of the travail of his soul, by which, one day, he should be satisfied. He, like a corn of wheat, had fallen into the ground and died; now he [illegible] 53: 10), in some little measure.

[illegible] heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the [illegible] powers, should, without any possible means of concerting together, all speak the same thing. It was exactly what had been foretold in Joel 2: 28 31. It was God again coming nigh to man: it was the last great [illegible] destruction. She had rejected the overtures of God the Father by the prophets; she had cast out and crucified God the Son. Now the followers of her rejected [illegible] Spirit, and were speaking with Divine

that he was gone into heaven. And these now were filled with the same power of the

The Indwelling God

which had been the power of his own life in human flesh: what should come out of such a phenomenon? Here were men reduced by their own experience of failure to nothing in their own eyes, yet taken possession of by God, the Holy Ghost as his habitations, his mouthpieces. God the Father had sent many messages to man by his prophets, and in the pillar of cloud and of fire, his presence had been manifest with his people of old; God the Son had become man and dwelt among us: but now God the Holy Ghost was come to dwell, not in one human life only, but in all who will yield themselves fully up to God in Christ Jesus. The true type of discipleship was established, and if every believer had in every deed been after this type, who knows whether the Lord might not have come long ago, and the Jews might have been restored, the world evangelized, and Christ have been already reigning in millennial power and glory?

The Jewish remnant who were true to God, the little company which looked for redemption in Jerusalem, had representatives of many nationalities. There were, dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven. Hearing of the marvellous thing which had happened, and how these followers of the crucified Nazarene were preaching in so many different languages, these devout men came together with many curious but indifferent people, such as are to be found everywhere, and hearing their own divers languages spoken in the strong Galilean accent of the fishermen disciples, they enquired, "What meaneth this?" One subject occupied all the speakers—"the wonderful works of God." The devout were amazed, while the ungodly mockers, judging others by themselves, said, "These men are full of new wine."

But the mantle of the Lord Jesus had fallen upon the disciples, and he who had been wont to answer his adversaries by the Scriptures, now by the Spirit spoke in Scripture language through Peter, and Peter experienced his Master's promise: "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." (Matt. 10: 19, 20.) Addressing the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judea, he repudiated the reproach that these men, whose theme (very unlike a drunkard's) was "the wonderful works of God"—were intoxicated by the authoritative statement: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit and they shall prophesy."

An unprecedented thing was occurring. Men and women, old and young, the majority of whom were quite illiterate, spoke in languages they had never learned. And again, it was more than a coincidence that these simple people, thus suddenly endowed with [illegible] powers, should, without any possible means of concerting together, all speak the same thing. It was exactly what had been foretold in Joel 2: 28 31. It was God again coming nigh to man: it was the last great [illegible] destruction. She had rejected the overtures of God the Father by the prophets; she had cast out and crucified God the Son. Now the followers of her rejected [illegible] Spirit, and were speaking with Divine power; would Jerusalem, would Judea, would Israel at last hear, and receive him to whom the Spirit testified? Or would she fill up the measure of her iniquity by resisting to the last the Holy Ghost?

A great and important question arises. Is it necessary, in order to receive the Holy Ghost, that there should be an outward manifestation like the rushing, mighty wind, and the tongues of fire? There are so many who talk flippantly of being filled with the Holy Spirit, without themselves manifesting the fruits of the Spirit, there are also so many who are dissatisfied except some physical manifestation of prostration, trance, convulsive movements, etc., takes place in them as a proof that they receive the Holy Spirit, that we need to be very careful in seeking truth on this point.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE beginning of a great movement is always interesting. As we look abroad

UPPER ROOM IN A JEWISH HOUSE.

to-day at the Christian Church with all its mighty forces and its busy activities, its many institutions, and its great army of of missionaries, preachers and workers, and then turn to that upper room in Jerusalem whose four walls held all who believed in Christ, the contrast is deeply significant. Men and women, a hundred and twenty, all told, bereft of their leader, and without wealth, how were they to propagate the Christian faith? They had their Lord's commission to go into all nations, teaching them to observe all the things he had commanded, but how could they obey? A more feeble force to move the world could not be conceived. In comparison with the work to be achieved, the power was contemptible. Yet the world has been moved. How has it been done? We have to look into that upper room to find the secret. It was the ordinary guest-room of a Jewish house, the highest story dedicated to festivals and family gatherings. It was probably the room sacred to the twelve as the scene of the last meal they had eaten with their Lord, and it had doubtless been filled every day since his Ascension with the little company, whom he had directed to wait for the mysterious event, which he had referred to as an impartation of power. Ten days appear to have gone by and the company still waited. Jerusalem was filling up again, as it had filled at Passover, with Jews and descendants of the ten tribes who lived in foreign lands, but came up to the metropolis of their race, in obedience to the law, to keep the festival of Pentecost. It would be a time of family reunion and public ceremonial. To the foreign Jews, as to the residents of the city, this gathering of the friends of the executed Nazarene, had they known of it, must have seemed pitiable in its weakness and fanaticism. But on the day of the feast the power came. It is a strange thrilling story. Rationalists [illegible] to eliminate the supernatural from it, but the effort fails. Only by such marvelous visitation can the history of the triumphs of the Cross be accounted for. [illegible] must receive divine power. [illegible] story is told with the simple matter-[illegible] one describing an actual event. A strange, mysterious sound is heard, like the rushing wind. Then a glorious presence, as of fire, fills the room and, breaking into separate flames, rests in lambent brilliance on every head. Christ in talking with Nicodemus, had compared the spirit to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and John the Baptist had said that Christ would baptize with fire. Both symbols were here. Then followed the marvelous results. These plain, simple people became inspired. The spirit gave them utterance. They declared the wonderful works of God. What public demonstration there was, we do not know, but in some way the people of the city heard of it and came together to hear and wonder. Their marvel increased as they listened, for not only were these dull, ignorant Galileans eloquent, but they were speaking in many languages, so that all these visitors from foreign lands could understand the Gospel message. The miracle is a mystery, but it is obvious that for such work as they had to do, no other gift would have been comparable with this. This was precisely the power needed to enable them to execute their commission. We do not understand it, but we see the adaptability of the means to the end, that characterizes all God's procedure. Human power, human learning, human eloquence would have failed; God gave the power from heaven. This explains their achievements; without this miracle their achievements are incomprehensible.

Speak with other tongues. This was evidently a miraculous gift. These men were going through foreign lands to preach the Gospel, and they went, as we know, yet ignorant and untaught as they were, seem to have experienced no difficulty in preaching. Our missionaries have to toil through long months before they can make themselves understood by the people to whom they are sent. But in one way the miracle is worked still. Not many weeks ago a man rose in a mission in New York and said: "Many of you can remember me in my old days. You know that I could not speak without swearing. My ordinary talk was garnished with horrible oaths. Badly as I wanted money, you might have put a twenty-dollar bill before me and have told me that it was mine if I would speak for two minutes without blasphemy, and I could not have done it even to make twenty dollars. Now, when I was converted I asked the Lord to take all that from me, and he did. From that day to this I have never uttered an oath. The Lord seemed to give me a new tongue. Bless his name!"

Cloven tongues like as of fire. The original language appears to indicate that the phenomenon was a light on each head like a tongue or jet of flame. The word "cloven" does not mean a divided tongue, but a tongue separated from the appearance of fire in the room. It was a sign of the power of teaching and preaching that was conferred upon them. Many a man who has been dull before the Spirit filled him, has been able to preach powerfully afterward. "You see those cords and wires," said a preacher, pointing to the electrical apparatus in the roof of his church. "What are they? Just cords and wires, dead and cold. But wait a few days till they are connected with a dynamo. You will see an illumination then. It is like that with your souls. Get them connected with Christ by the Spirit, and your light will illuminate the world."

We do hear them speak in our tongues. The people not only heard but understood. The great Archbishop Tillotson regarded as the highest compliment ever paid him, a remark he overheard one working-man make to another as they came away from a service at which he had been preaching. "So that is the great Archbishop," said one. "Yes that is the man and he is reckoned the finest preacher living," was the reply. "Well," said the first, "I don't deny I was disappointed. He talked just like one of us. I expected something grand, but anybody could understand him."

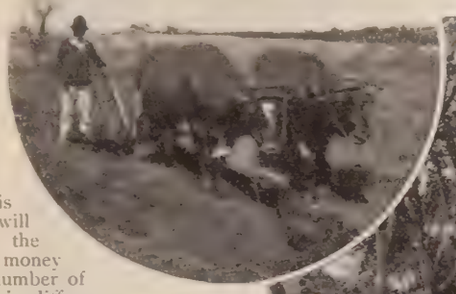
They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. "It is," says a great preacher, "with the spiritual world as with the natural. The Holy Spirit falls like the dew, but not all receive it. On a dewy morning some substances are wet while others remain dry. Some souls are moved by the Spirit while others are unconscious of it. It is like the wind. We cannot make the wind blow, but we can go where there is likely to be wind. A man who wants to feel the fresh air blow upon him, goes out to sea or climbs the hills. A man who wants to receive the Spirit must be much on the celestial heights of prayer."

AMERICAN HEARTS WITH CUBA.

Our Nation's Warm Sympathy With Her Gallant Struggle for Freedom—Congress May Recognize Cuban Independence.

SINCE the death of Maceo, the brilliant Cuban patriot-soldier, which was announced in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, the war in Cuba, instead of having received a finishing blow, as the Spaniards evidently hoped, has been renewed with increased energy and determination. Stunned for the moment by the fate of their trusted general and his staff, who, according to the telegraphed reports, were assassinated by a Spanish ambuscade, while riding to a conference to which they had been invited under a truce by Gen. Ahumada—the insurgent armies quickly rallied from the disaster, and are now again opposing a resolute front to the troops of Spain. Indignation over the treachery that resulted in Maceo's death is not confined to Cuba: it has spread all over this land of liberty and fair-play, and many hundreds of Americans have offered their services in the war for the liberation of the "Ever-Faithful Isle." It is probable that many Americans will ultimately find their way into the Cuban ranks. Offers of arms and money have been freely made and a number of mass meetings have been held in different parts of the country, at which resolutions have been passed denouncing Spanish methods of warfare and urging American intervention. This sympathetic enthusiasm is not by any means confined to the Eastern States. Meetings have been held at Cleveland, O., Kansas City, Mo., Columbus, O., Dubois, Pa., Chicago, Ill., Jersey City, N. J., and other places, in which enthusiastic speeches were made in behalf of Cuban freedom and urging intervention. Offers of volunteer troops have been wired from a score of cities and towns, including St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., Chillicothe, O., Indianapolis, Ind., Hornellsville, N. Y., Port Huron, Mich., Zanesville, O., Union, Ill., Decatur, Mich., Minneapolis, Minn., Tacoma, and a number of others. At some places, the excited populace have hanged and burned General Weyler in effigy, to express their condemnation of the brutal methods by which the Spanish commander has conducted the campaign. This feeling continues to increase. An event which has increased the popular excitement in both countries is the passage by our Senate Committee on Foreign Relations of a resolution recognizing the independence of the Cuban Republic. It has given rise to a grave question of Executive prerogative. Mr. Olney, Secretary of State, has publicly stated that even if the resolution should pass both Houses, it would be inoperative should the President's approval be withheld: that the right of recognition in such cases belongs solely to the Executive, and can be exercised either with or without the consent of Congress. This is accepted as a sufficient intimation that the resolution, even should it pass, will not be approved, and that the President believes the time has not yet arrived for American intervention. Leading Senators, including Messrs. Chandler and Frye, Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, and others oppose this view, but the contention between the State Department and the Senate committee, while it may not go further, will probably have the effect of delaying action for a sufficient length of time to enable the calmer judgment of both houses of Congress to deal with this difficult question. Cable dispatches represent Spain as incensed by the Committee's action and the newspapers of Madrid and Havana are talking abusively and suggest reprisals.

CUBAN SYMPATHIZERS' MEETING AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.



A CUBAN FARMER.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL WEYLER'S RESIDENCE IN HAVANA.

General Weyler's campaign has caused much dissatisfaction in Spain, and the press of Madrid has lately urged the wisdom of his recall and the appointment of General Marin in his place. An attempt has been made, in Spanish official circles, to deny that Maceo and his staff were entrapped and killed, while under truce, and high officials have declared that he fell in open fight. His death is still shrouded in mystery, and although a search has been made for his body it has not yet been found. Some prominent Cubans in Havana profess to believe that Maceo is still alive, although the leaders of the Cuban Junta have declared their belief in his death. Dr. Zertucha, whose treachery is said to have betrayed the patriot, has made contradictory statements, which give the impression, both in Cuba and America, that the real facts have not yet come to light. Since the betrayal, several encounters have occurred between Pinar del Rio and Matanzas, but the details have been suppressed by the government, which is endeavoring to create the impression that the insurgents are demoralized, although this is denied by the Cuban leaders. Meanwhile, thousands in Cuba—Spanish as well as native—have been brought to the verge of ruin by Weyler's military policy. By his orders, land within the boundaries of certain districts has been forbidden to be planted, and no crops have been raised for many months. Hundreds of rich plantations have been laid waste, many of them the property of American citizens. Trade is paralyzed, steamers and ships in Havana and other ports are idle, stores and factories are closed, and debts are accumulating. Owing to the unparalleled dearth of grain and food-stuffs, starvation and famine threaten a large part of the island. In some places, the scant supply of bread is already held at famine prices. Unless the military strain is relaxed and the land allowed to be used, great suffering is unavoidable.

Cuba, "the gem of the Antilles," is the largest and richest island of the West Indian group. It has an area of 43,222 square miles. Discovered by Columbus, it was afterwards taken possession of by the Spanish Crown. It is claimed that there does not now remain a single trace of its original inhabitants, and that the name of the island is the only existing reminder of a period prior to the Spanish conquest. It is a most beautiful country, possessing a delightful variety of scenery, and a climate that is accounted by many as one of the most perfect in the world. With less than 2,000,000 population, including Spaniards, negroes, Chinese, Europeans, and Americans, and with several handsome cities, many evidences of wealth, culture and refinement, and manifold natural advantages, Cuba's progress has been retarded by many causes, chief among which was the curse of human slavery, which was abolished by statute in 1886. Another, is the social exclusiveness of the aristocratic upper classes, whose pride and arrogance toward all other classes have opened a constantly-widening chasm. Laboring under such advantages, the Cuban people as a whole have made slow progress in education and religion.

THE MORO FORTRESS AT HAVANA HARBOR.

Our illustrations on this page are of special interest at the present time. The portrait of Maceo, the patriot-commander, is pronounced by those who knew him to be a faithful likeness. Castillo del Moro, the fortress at the western entrance to Havana harbor, has played a prominent part in all the wars for Cuba's independence. It is the strongest fortress on the island, and commands the bay and offing. It is a garrison stronghold, a military prison, and a place of execution, and within its frowning walls many dark and cruel tragedies have been enacted. Side by side with the palatial residence of the Captain-General one photograph shows a rural scene which marks sharply the contrast between the misruled and tax-burdened Cuban peasant and the Governor whose name has become the synonym of brutality and outrage. Still another picture shows a scene in front of Cooper Union, New York, where a body of enthusiastic volunteers—Americans and Cubans—are marching into the hall to attend the great mass meeting in behalf of Cuba, which was held there on Monday evening, December 21. This was the greatest of all the public gatherings yet held and the speeches were of a character to show the temper of the American people, whose hearts are with down-trodden Cuba in her struggle for emancipation from Spain's cruel yoke. At the Cooper Union meeting, speakers of national fame, including several members of Congress, lifted up their voices for "Free Cuba." In the metropolitan churches and in many pulpits throughout the country as well, Gen. Weyler's brutal war on non-combatants and defenceless women, his disregard of military usages and his brutal butcheries of Cuban prisoners arrested merely as "suspects," have been strongly denounced by pastors of almost every Christian denomination. At the present moment there is no other topic so universally and absorbingly discussed by the entire American people, and the action of our government is anxiously awaited by all classes.

GEN. ANTONIO MACEO.

Intemperance and Crime.

The Massachusetts Bureau of statistics of Labor has recently issued a report upon its investigation of the relations of intemperance to crime, pauperism, and insanity, which contains much interesting material for reflection. The investigation of pauperism covered 3,230 cases, 2,633 males and 597 females. As 352 of these were of children under 15 years of age, they should be excluded from the consideration. It was found that 1,966 of the remaining 2,428 males and 140 of the 450 females were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, showing that there is very little pauperism among men who abstain from drink. In considering intemperance as a cause of crime, 26,672 cases were investigated,—23,581 of males and 3,091 of females: 15,543 males and 2,032 females were committed for drunkenness, and 608 males and 49 females for drunkenness in connection with other crimes. In other words, 18,232 of the 26,672 commitments—nearly 69 per cent.—were for intemperance. There were 7,430 commitments of men and 1,010 of women for other offenses. It was found that 3,367 of these men and 273 of the women were intoxicated when their crimes were committed.

MR. MOODY WARNS SOCIETY.

The Evangelist Declares that Christ Would not be Welcome if He Came—The Service at Sing Sing Prison Work at Northfield.

A STARTLING statement was made by Mr. Moody at his service in Carnegie Music Hall on December 20. Probably every one present expected some reference to the festival of the coming week, when all Christendom celebrates the birth of Christ. They must, however, have been unprepared for the practical turn the great Evangelist gave to the subject by asking who would be disposed to give the Son of God a glad welcome if he were to come now to reign. Would the governments of the nations give him official welcome? Would New York be glad to see him? Would the politicians, or the financiers, or the leaders of society be glad to know that he was coming? Mr. Moody came nearer home when he asked whether the churches would vote for his coming and lay aside pride and show, and receive their Lord in the spirit in which he should be met. The preacher did not conceal his own sorrowful conviction that in spite of the superficial reverence and devotion professed for Christ, he would have but a cold welcome, and it would be said again, as it was said when he came nineteen hundred years ago: "He came unto his own and his own received him not."

ROUND TOP, NORTHFIELD, THE SCENE OF FAMOUS CONVENTIONS.

One of the most attentive audiences that Mr. Moody has preached to during his campaign in New York, was that gathered in the prison at Sing Sing, on December 16. Work in the prison was suspended at noon, and at two o'clock the convicts, about a thousand in number marched in lock step into the chapel. Mr. Moody had sent a quantity of hymn books in beforehand, and the prison choir had practised some of the hymns, so that when the hymn, "Saved by Grace," was announced, it went with vigor. One of the convicts, too, sang a solo. With the tact which always distinguishes Mr. Moody, he chose as his subject not the heinousness of sin, nor the hardness of the way of the transgressor, but the power of Christ to make men partakers of the divine nature. He dwelt on the fact that punishment does not make men better and that the real hope there is for any man in this world and the next, whether he is a sinner of great or less degree, is in getting the divine nature which Christ came to impart. Mr. Moody related several instances of conversion which occurred during his work in the Baltimore Penitentiary, and many faces were wet with unusual tears as he told the story of Valentine Burke, who had been saved after twenty years of prison experience. At the close of his sermon Mr. Moody asked his audience if there were not some who wanted to have the [illegible] and about seventy hands were held up. Then Mr. Sankey sang "Ninety-and-Nine" in his inimitable manner, and the convicts filed back into their cells, singing as they marched.

MR. MOODY ADDRESSING THE CAMPERS AT NORTHFIELD.

MR. MOODY SPEAKING AT AN EVENING MEETING AT ROUND TOP

Mr. Moody has promised to send a thousand copies of his new book to Sing Sing, all the convicts having, at his invitation, expressed a wish to have it, and doubtless many earnest prayers will go up for God's blessing on the reading of it. Mr. Moody is taking a special interest in the prisons at this time, and has a plan, which only waits for the necessary funds, to put copies of the Bible and religious books in every prison in the land. This is only one of the many enterprises this man of consecrated Christian energy has initiated for the evangelization of all classes of the people. His colportage society for the circulation of religious literature in the rural districts, in its cheapest and most attractive form is another far-reaching and beneficent work. But none of these in Mr. Moody's opinion has the promise of so wide an influence as the work to which he has given his best energies for so many years at Northfield and Mount Hermon. There young men and women and girls and boys are being trained to go out as workers for Christ, and every year great conventions are held where Christian ministers and laborers in all departments come to get fresh inspiration and renewed physical and spiritual energy for new effort.

MR. MOODY'S SERVICE IN SING SING PRISON.

Few people who have not visited Northfield know the extent of the work that is being done there. Here and at Mount Hermon, about fifty buildings have been erected, and a thousand acres of land occupied in the various departments of this Christian training movement. The Northfield seminary for girls has had a career of seventeen years, and only two years less is the record of the Mount Hermon school for boys. These with their dormitories, and the great Auditorium, Marquand Hall, the Library, the Recitation Halls, and the Mount Hermon Seminary for Young Men are among the most prominent of the buildings in the cluster. To many people, however, there are scenes outdoors in and around Northfield more hallowed than any of its beautiful buildings. The summer schools and conventions which hold many of their meetings in the open air have made that Massachusetts region a very Bethel to servants of Christ in many lands.

At these summer gatherings, as in all Mr. Moody's work, the Bible is the main study. It has been his delight to get to Northfield men of deep spiritual insight who have devoted their efforts to getting light and guidance out of its pages, rather than those who subject it to literary criticism. Such men as the late Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, Dr. Marcus Rainsford, Dr. Andrew Bonar, Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, Rev. George C. Needham, Major Whittle, Dr. A. T. Pierson, and Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn have come there to give their brethren the fruits of their life-long study. There parts of the day have been spent in Bible study, parts in conference on the best methods of practical work, and parts in roaming through the lovely country around Northfield drinking in the pure air and getting bodily recuperation. In these conferences many a young man has consecrated his life to work for Christ either in the home or foreign field, and has gone back to commence a career of service filled with the Spirit which has been poured out during those summer days. Mr. Moody usually presides at the meetings, but he leaves the speaking for the greater part to his invited guests, only taking care that the talk does not become desultory, but is directed to some practical end. The musical part of the exercises is never neglected. Mr. Sankey delights to visit Northfield, where, as Mr. Moody quaintly expresses it, he sang one building into existence. He is always a welcome guest and adds a charm that is thoroughly appreciated to the sessions of the Conventions. Mr. McGranahan, Mr. and Mrs. Towner and other famous Gospel singers find their way there, too, and make the woods echo with their melodious strains. They are assisted by the Mount Hermon choir, a double quartette, the members of which were trained in the Mount Hermon school. Mr. Moody has always placed the highest value on the aid of Gospel song. Probably there is no hill except those trodden by our Lord himself, that calls up sacred memories in so many Christian hearts as the famous Round Top, of which a picture appears on this page. There the convention has waited time and again like the disciples on the day of Pentecost for the enduement of power and, like them, those who waited have gone forth to preach the Gospel in many lands and in many tongues. Mr. Moody is one of those men who can say with the emphasis of a full heart, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," and in many a solemn hour those hills and glades have been the scene of earnest pleading for the power, when he and the leaders of the Lord's host from this and other lands have met together under the shade of those trees. The Conventions commenced in 1880 and have been continued, with an interval while Mr. Moody was in England, down to the present time. They are of many kinds, and for many different kinds of workers, but the purpose of all is the same—to give new life and energy to the worker and to deepen and strengthen that sacred, mysterious connection of which Christ said: "He that abideth in me and I in him the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Fading Embers.

ANOTHER year almost gone. We are living in the last days of 1896. A few more experiences, a few more hours only, and we will be writing 1897 at the top of our page, and reminding everybody that the century is very near its end. Already in our colleges, the lads and the girls have entered the class of 1900. When you think of that it makes you feel quite solemn, for the step from one century to another seems like a great undertaking. To leave the old nineteenth which has served us so well, and presto! find ourselves in the twentieth, why there's a magical swiftness about it hard to understand, and hard to describe. Then to think how the twentieth century people will talk about and write about us, as if they knew everything, and we had known nothing; it would be hard to bear, if we did not expect to live along into at least a few of the bright new years to be labelled 1900.

But the twentieth century isn't here yet, and won't be for three more years. So we may sit down comfortably beside the fire, and over our cakes and apples, discuss the time that has fled since last we kept watch-night together.

For one thing, there's Polly's engagement. It is rather a shock to a mother when her daughter is old enough to be married, and, as for little Polly, why she has grown up so fast, that when Ned came to ask her parents for their consent to the betrothal, it seemed perfectly absurd. Papa said so with emphasis.

"Polly! What's the young man thinking about? She's only a school-girl."

"I'm nineteen, father," said Polly, with dignity.

"And I was but eighteen when you and I were married Jonathan," added Polly's mother.

So consent was given, and you have had an engaged couple in the house for the last three months. I hope it isn't to be a long engagement, this of Polly's and Ned's. Nothing takes the bloom away from life like a long period of courtship, stretching over slowly-dragging years. After young people have become so well acquainted with one another, that they are ready to pledge themselves for a life's partnership, they should be encouraged to marry without too much delay. Small means should not be considered a barrier. Let them have faith and love and a resolution to live strictly within their means, however limited they may be, and they will find that where "there's bread for one, there's bread for two."

Polly's engagement has of course, made this a notable year in the family annals, but it is not the only eventful thing we chronicle as we sit by the fire.

(Take one of mother's crisp crullers, and eat as you talk. No. It won't keep you awake. Quite the contrary. If people only knew it, something to eat before going to bed would often insure them pleasant and sound sleep. Going to bed hungry is one of the worst things I know about. The brain will rest better if the stomach is not clamorous on account of a vacuum.)

It was last summer that Jerome had typhoid fever, was it not? Well, that was a hard time, a time of anxious days, and constant watching. The doctor making three visits a day; a nurse in the house, and the neighbors all so interested and kind. We never really thought that Jerome would pull through, but he did, and now seems very well and strong again, and our hearts are full of gratitude to God. So many vacant chairs in this wide land, but none in our house. On the last night of the year, we uplift our joyful hymn, thank God, and take courage.

"Reviewing a year is rather humiliating work," says Aunt Katherine, the dear saint, laying down her shining knitting needles, and folding her hands in her lap. "One is so sure that one might have made more progress, done more for everybody, not lost one's temper so often, been more unselfish. When I look back I feel greatly ashamed that I have not been a truer and better Christian. I'm one of the disciples whose following is afar off."

"Now, Aunty," cries sweet young Priscilla, "You are every single day a shining example to me. I could not be so good as you if I tried all the while. I cannot see what makes you humble."

"Of course, dear," said mother, "it is your Aunt's piety which makes her take so lowly a view of herself. We must always look to our pattern, our dear Lord Jesus, and if we do this we shall have no need to be comparing ourselves with any earthly friend. The prayer of every heart should be that we may be daily changed into Christ's image, made ever more like him in spirit and life. So we shall recommend him to the world."

It is a custom in our family for us all to be very candid and outspoken, and we say what we mean. Nobody takes offense, because there is the art of speaking the truth in love, and our dear mother practises it, and preaches the accomplishment to her household.

Nor do we leave religion out of our common talk. When we have something to say of God and heaven and Christ's help on the road, we simply say it, and pass on to other things, religion being part of our real every-day life and thought.

The clock is striking twelve. Ring out the old! Ring in the new! Put out the lights! Lock the doors! Cover up the fire! The King is dead. The world hates to cry, "Long live the King!"

Good-bye old year. Good-bye.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A BLACKSMITH SHOP WHERE A SUNDAY SCHOOL WAS STARTED.

His Bible on the Anvil.

A Missionary Who Started a Sunday School in a Blacksmith Shop in the Mountains—Our Sunday School Missionary's Work.

FROM time to time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published letters received from the Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, and also from missionaries of the American Sunday School Union in the Southern States and the far West, giving highly interesting accounts of the founding of schools in out-of-the-way places, and frequently under the most peculiar circumstances. One of the most novel experiences thus far related is contained in a letter from Mr. W. H. Gill, a missionary of the A. S. S. U in Arizona, which says:

"I met a young man who lives in the neighborhood of a little blacksmith shop on the roadside. He said to me, 'our folks wish me to ask you to come over there as soon as you can and show um to carry on a Sanday School—they never had one wuth talkin' bout.' An appointment was made, and the following Sunday found me at the wayside blacksmith shop. Here I found about forty lively-looking young people, all destitute of books, except two girls who came from the C—— R—— district, bringing each a hymn-book. In one corner of the shop, an old rusty anvil and a broken hammer lay on a block, and these utensils served a good purpose. 'Can any of you boys and girls tell me what it takes to organize a blacksmith shop?' I asked, with book on the anvil. Three hands went up.—one boy said: 'Some bellowses to blow the fire.' Another said: 'A pair o' tongs an' some hoss shoe nails, a tub o' water an' a grine-stone.' 'All very well so far,' said I. 'And now there is something it must have in order to run the business. Who'll tell me right quick?' Here a little girl got in the first answer. 'I kin tell ye,' she said, 'Somebody to hit the hot iron. I said, 'Now let us see if we can start up a Sunday School on this same plan. How many of you will do some 'blowing' for the school, and get up a good hot interest in it?' A dozen hands went up. Then some agreed to act as 'tongs,' 'chain-links,' 'bands,' and 'bolts,' and other useful parts, and when we got the subject well heated the question was asked, 'who'll be the man to stand at the Sunday School anvil, as Superintendent and 'strike while the iron is hot?' very appropriately, indeed, the choice fell on a good workman, who knows well how to 'make the sparks fly.' And quite smilingly did he accept the appointment and the hearty hand-shaking of your missionary.

"One Sunday lately a new Chapel was opened for Sunday School and preaching service, near the old house in which I started a small Union School, years ago, in the vicinity of Reedy Patch Gap. The roll-call has run up from 36 to 79, and the Superintendent says he is 'still making a clean sweep' of the neighborhood, as the population increases. 'My last recruits,' said he, 'were from a poor family in Terry's Gap settlement—four little fellows came three miles down the valley, riding in primitive style, on a wood-sled drawn by a small ox. We had a full house last Sunday. Two weeks ago, in the neighborhood of Byers Mountain, I met a boy toting a sack of corn, on his way to a grist mill. "Put your sack right here in my buggy," said I, "and get in and ride with me a piece. Tell me some more about yourself, what you have been doing. Climbing up by my side, the boy readily replied: 'I ain't been a fishin' lately — dey is mighty nigh done bitin'. I don't go down to the creek Sundays like I uster do, but I seed some colored boys a slippin' 'round 'mong the bushes close to the foot-log, one day as I was comin' home from Sunday School, an' I got 'um to 'gree dey'd quit it. I showed 'um my picter card an' a paper. Nex' Sunday them same boys come to our house, after dinner, an' fotch a whole gang o' children wid 'um. I told 'um all I could 'bout the pictures an' things in them cards you gim me, and a'ter awhile Uncle Nesby, he come, too, an' he said he could get a place to meet in right close by where he lives, on tother side the creek—so now dey has singin' and prayin an sich jes like we do.' Since that ride, I have made a special trip to see 'Uncle Nesby' and his little school. To look into their faces made so glad by getting some help from Am. S. S. Union, wao ample reward for the visit."

During the year now closing, Rev. G. W. Sharp, our own Sunday School missionary, has been instrumental in planting many new Sunday Schools and not a few churches in his extensive missionary territory, and by these means, giving Gospel privileges to localities where they were badly needed. Many readers of this journal have co-operated in supporting his work in the past, and great blessing has resulted in many districts from his labors. Continued co-operation is invited, and all who are interested in thus spreading the Gospel in neglected parts of our own land will be gladly welcomed. There is probably no class of evangelistic labor which is more deserving or more greatly needed in remote sections where, till the faithful missionary comes and performs his task, there is neither meeting-house nor Sunday School. Contributions in support of the work can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 92 Bible House, New York, and all will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Christmas at the Bowery Mission.

A Bounteous Dinner and a Christmas Tree Gladden Many Hearts.

GREAT crowds of men and lads assembled in front of the Bowery Mission early on the evening of Christmas Day. Never since the grand old Mission was opened sixteen years ago, has it been the scene of such a gathering. It was the second annual Christmas Dinner that has been celebrated at the Mission, since it passed under the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Along the walls of the hall hung festoons of evergreen with illuminated Scripture texts between: pretty decorations brightened the aisles, while the platform was half hidden by a Christmas tree which was dazzling with tinsel ornaments of silver and gold. Big willow baskets on either side of the hall were filled with good-sized cardboard boxes, each box containing an excellent lunch. Superintendent Wyburn and his associates in charge of the Mission, had made ample preparation for entertaining as many of the deserving poor as could be comfortably crowded into the hall, and in this effort they had been ably supplemented by Mrs. Bird, "the Mother of the Bowery Mission." Seen from out-of-doors, the Mission looked so bright and attractive that it was not surprising that it should have drawn together the large crowd so faithfully depicted by our artist in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue. But it was not alone the material blessings that brought these wanderers to the doors of the Mission. It had been a friend to them in the past, a Gospel lighthouse, whose beams had guided them through many perils and dangers, and there many had first heard the name of Jesus and accepted him as their Saviour:

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O, Saviour of mankind!

Shortly after six o'clock the doors were opened and the guests entered the Mission Hall. A brief Gospel service was held, Dr. Klopsch reading the lesson. He selected a portion of the second chapter of St. Luke, containing the story of the Saviour's birth, and at the close of the reading spoke earnestly of the joy and peace that would come to those hearts that accepted Jesus at this sacred Christmas-time and resolved, with divine help, to serve him faithfully hereafter. Mrs. Sadie Bell, of St. Bartholomew's Church, sang a solo, after which a convert of the Mission, Mr. J. D. Broome, a lawyer, speaking in the name of a band of converts, presented to Mrs. Bird a handsomely bound Art Bible, suitably inscribed. Mrs. Bird feelingly thanked the converts in a few eloquent words. Then followed more music, and a number of striking testimonies, after which came the event of the day—the Christmas dinner. And what a dinner it was! We wish our readers could have caught a glimpse of the four hundred expectant faces of the men and lads who sat down at the bounteous table.

There were at least a dozen different nationalities represented in that motley assemblage. Some of them were mere wanderers,—homeless, unemployed and still far from God: others—and not a few—were men who had taken hold of Christ and whose lives were being daily made brighter. They were of all ages, from the lad of eighteen or twenty, possibly once the idol of some quiet country home, to the aged graybeard. Some were ragged and all more or less poorly clad: but each and all were aglow with the spirit of Christmas. Never was a dinner more thoroughly enjoyed.

On the following morning the Christmas tree, under the kindly hands of Mrs. Bird and her helpers, was soon bending under a load of such good things as only Christmas trees can bear. There were toys for the little folks and useful articles for their elders, who came to Mrs. Bird's Woman's Meeting on Saturday afternoon. All were delighted and went away with hearts full of grateful memories of Christmas that will serve to brighten the coming year.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

[illegible] SANDSON
Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Where Shall We Go?

THE winter is here. A large number of foreign artists are entertaining in various ways our people. These foreign artists, together with our native talent, make it certain that our American cities will suffer from no lack of amusement. Be careful in making your selection, for your style of amusement decides your style of thought and style of character. Tell me where a man spends his evenings, and I will tell you his character. In cities we get better or worse very rapidly. The down grade is steeper than in country life, and one winter will do wonders of elevation or degradation. Those are bad amusements which leave you next day headachy and disgusted with the ordinary work of life and yawning in the discharge of duties when you ought to be wide awake. Never consent to hear or see anything that will not in some way make you a better man or a better woman. The places of amusement which only existed during the lazy months of warm weather have turned on all their lights and wakened all the orchestras and thrown out their intensest fascination. Consent not to see or hear anything iniquitous, however well done. Amid the recreations and hilarities now bursting upon the cities, in the fear of God, choose ye! There will be improving lecture, and pure concert, and enchanting galleries of art to suit every worthy taste and arouse every good emotion and educate every faculty. Take care of your winters, and for the most part the other seasons will take care of themselves. But the most of us will find our chief entertainment in Christian service. The greatest joy on earth is that of doing good. The men and women who run about trying to find a good time, do not have so good a time as those who, thinking little of their own happiness, are trying to augment the welfare of others. I promise you that this winter will be the most exhilarating season of all your life if you will give all the time not positively occupied in daily business to encouraging others, helping others, blessing others, rescuing others. Suppose in these winter months you could find some man on the wrong track and put him on the right track. Suppose you could take some soul, dispairful and determined no longer to struggle against sin, and arouse in the [illegible] should by unusual earnestness in prayer and faithfulness in all Christian duty, bring down upon the church some great awakening. That glorious fact would bring more recuperation to body, mind, and soul than all entertainment that ever dramatized before footlight or encored prima donna in her most bewitching opera. I say nothing against worldly amusements. I only commend a joy brighter, and grander, and more exuberant, and more lasting. Old age is the test. Put a man who has spent all his extra time amid worldly associates, drinking their wines and keeping their unreasonable hours, and applauding in their exciting carousals, beside a man who has found his joy in God and Christian associations. Which of the twain has the healthier cheek, the steadier hand, the best morals, the happier sundown? The verdict will be unanimous. But the difficulty is that you will hardly find an old disciple of worldly amusement with whom to make comparison. Such men do not live out half their days, while longevity is promised to those who obey God and avoid evil. "With long life will I satisfy thee and show thee my salvation."

Storm Signals.

MORE and more important are becoming the storm signals along our coast: but how strange it is that many venture everything, when God and earth and man and heaven have hung out the storm signals. How many young men would have escaped fatal venture if they had only taken the warning given. They think they have so staunch a craft they can stand any stress of weather, and they go down in the first cyclone. Young man! Better watch the storm signals and not venture out where so many have perished. You wonder so many young men are ruined. The wonder is so many escape. When I see a young man in our city, with stalwartness of frame, indicating that he has fought the temptations of city life and conquered, I can hardly keep from crying, "Bravo!" though he be a stranger. Under the sudden squalls tens of thousands of them have met shipwreck. Blessed, the Young Men's Christian Associations which go forth to greet them! Blessed, the churches which give them hearty welcome! Blessed, the Christian young men who, saved themselves, go forth to save others! Do you know the struggles that young men in our cities go through, whether in high life or in low life? One day a fast young man of Wall street dropped a memorandum in which he was keeping an account of his expenses. He was a young man in high life. This was the diary for one day:

September 3:	
Breakfast at Delmonico's	$0.[illegible]
Omnibus to Wall street	.10
Sundries to facilitate business affairs	3.00
Bet, and lost, a hat	10.00
[illegible]	.[illegible]
Luncheon at Delmonico's	2.00
Refreshments in the afternoon	2.00
Omnibus going uptown	.10
Dinner and wines at the Hoffman House	9.00
Carriage for self and lady	10.00
Ice cream for the lady	1.00
Having brought lady home, went to Pierce's and lost	22.00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Left Morrissey's and took another car-	[illegible]
	.[illegible]

Total expenses for September 3 .... $115.75

On a large scale and in high life, that memorandum illustrates what is being done in our great cities, and on a small scale, in the lives of humbler persons who have not the same means. Hereby we lift the storm signal.

Mercy for Brutes.

SOLOMON was the founder of the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, when he said in his Proverbs: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." In other words, a man that abuses his horse, or starves his cow, or beats his dog, or maltreats his cat is no Christian. The God who heard the young ravens when they cried will hear every cry of brutal distress. When the grasshoppers and the locusts assail our [illegible] pression of God's vengeance against the wrongs done by men against the unintelligent creation, and that every gore of horn and every stroke of hoof are of similar meaning. Struck so often, is it a wonder that they strike back? I think we might take a suggestion of leniency toward all beasts, since they had prior possession of this world and man came in afterward. Fish and fowl were created on the fifth day. The cattle were created in the forenoon of the sixth day. Man was not created until in the afternoon of the sixth day. Certainly the brute creation, first in creation of our world, ought to receive some regard from a race coming in afterward. In what light does this put the horrors of vivisection or the mauling of living animals for the purpose of improving our knowledge of human physiology? In all parts of the earth, in the name of science, is this crime going on to-day. You have no more right to lacerate a living dog to find out what is best for a sick man than you have to lacerate a living man for the benefit of a sick dog.

A Mixed Religion.

WE hear a great deal in our time about adulteration of food, but there is something worse, and that is adulteration of religion. The bread of Life has been evilly touched, and the pure milk of the Word diluted. Free grace is the divine provision of the human family on their repentance and faith. In our time we mix it up.—a little grace of the Lord, with a decoction of humanitarianism added, and a few grains of spiritualism and a little sprinkling of worldly philosophy, and a decided coloring of art, making it orange or saffron, or vermillion or ultramarine, and then we take the tongs of the altar and stir it up and stir it down, and mix and mix it, till much of the religion of this day is deceptive death instead of life. Spiritual adulteration is one of the curses of our time. There will never be any improvement in the old Gospel. Everything added weakens its original power. What the world needs is Bible pathology, and Bible therapeutics, and Bible pharmacy, in order to cure its disorders, and not the world's quackery. What it wants, to feed its spiritual hunger, is not the cake of human contention, which may please the taste while it gives no brawn or strength, but the strong meat of the Word and the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Away with the adulteration from your groceries and drug-stores, and away with the spiritual adulteration from your churches and theological seminaries.

Pardon Free.

JUST after Queen Victoria had been crowned—she being only nineteen or twenty years of age—Wellington handed her a death warrant for her signature. It was to take the life of a soldier in the army. She said to Wellington: "Can there nothing good be said of this man?" He said: "No; he is a bad soldier, and deserves to die." She took up the death warrant, and it trembled in her hand, as she again asked: "Does any one know anything good of this man?" Wellington said: "I have heard that there are some people who speak well of him." "Thanks," said the queen; "a thousand thanks for that. Here is his pardon;" and she handed across the table the soldier's pardon.

Christ is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before him. The question is asked: "Is there any good about this man?" The law says: "None." Justice says: "None." Our own conscience says: "None." Nevertheless, Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh! the height and depth, the length and breadth of his mercy.

We are receiving numerous letters in regard to the articles on Mormonism. These articles are prepared with the sole purpose of bringing out the truth, and all the letters that are received with regard to them will be referred to General Eaton for his attention when his articles close.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Amanda Smith has been holding extraordinary meetings in Baltimore, Md. The Mizpah Methodist Church has been crowded to hear the venerable preacher, and she has had marvelous times of blessing among her people.

The new Lord Mayor of London, who is a Jew, is an enthusiastic temperance man. He has frequently entertained London Bands of Hope at his beautiful park in Hertfordshire, and has in other ways manifested his interest in the Temperance movement.

A letter from a missionary in Madagascar reports that by order of the French governor all the slaves in the island have been set free. He says that the order came quite as a surprise. On some of the plantations the slaves are remaining voluntarily, but on others not one is left.

Mr. Wm. Quarrier has received from a friend $5,000 toward the completion of the Consumptive Homes at Bridge of Weir. Mr. Quarrier has written to Sir Philip Currie, at Constantinople, offering to take a hundred Armenians into his Orphan Homes.

The Church of the Disciples has taken a new departure in Christian Endeavor work. It has arranged a Christian Endeavor reading course. A handbook for Bible readers is in course of preparation, together with a handbook on missions, and another on the Disciples.

Persons having copies of this journal or any other Christian literature for which they have no other use, may send them to Miss Jane Bailey, Sweetwater, Monroe County, Tenn. She is a missionary of the Friends' church, and has found in her work many homes entirely destitute of the Bible and all other religious reading.

A series of Sunday afternoon Temperance meetings are being held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Audiences of three thousand persons have gathered to hear them. Among the speakers have been Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mr. George W. Bain, Mr. John G. Wooley, and other noted Temperance workers.

The Indian Witness states that there has been a decided improvement in the morals of the European troops in India of late years. Total abstinence has spread to a very encouraging degree, and the Soldiers' Christian Association has many local and regimental organizations, showing that the effort for spiritual influence is having good effect.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions reports receipts for the month of November of $58,867, a falling off of $12,010 on the receipts for November, 1895. The returns from the churches show a gain of $2,646, and from the Young People's Societies of $440; miscellaneous sources, $1,179. The Women's Boards, Sabbath Schools, and legacies show a decrease, the last of $10,757.

Any reader of this journal who can provide employment (either in his own home or business or with some friend), for a very worthy, intelligent, and capable Armenian, can be placed in communication with him on sending his name and address to "Refugee," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, Bible House, New York. He speaks a little English and is warmly recommended.

Evangelist William E. Geil has been conducting meetings in Hamilton, N. Y., for over two weeks. Rev. C. E. Savage writes us that Mr. Geil has met with unusual success. "It is a rare occurrence in that conservative town to see stores and saloons closed for one week. The interest spread through all the surrounding country. Some three hundred started in the Christian life. Mr. Geil has shown himself to be a man of power."

Evangelist John McNeill has been holding special special services with wonderful success at Bradford, England. His many friends in this country will be glad to learn that he is well and strong. The death of Evangelist John Mac Neil, in Australia, caused many to fear that it was the London Evangelist who was dead. The deceased Christian worker was a valued and successful worker in all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

Conferences for Bible study have been held recently in many towns with the best results. Attacks on the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible have aroused public interest which brings large audiences to hear what the ministers have to say in defence. At Lockport, N. Y., the ministers of the town had the assistance at their conference of Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Toronto, and other able Biblical scholars.

The membership of the Christian Endeavor Societies of all denominations in the City of New York aggregates 6,777, according to the recent report of the local union. The largest number are in the Presbyterian churches. The Baptists have the next largest number of members. Then follow in the order named: The Reformed Church, Congregationalists, Methodist, United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian and Church of the Disciples.

The new West Side Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York is trying a new experiment in its rooms. It has opened a restaurant in the building and has appointed a Committee of Management which will have charge of the enterprise. The waiters are to be students who will serve in relays for a short period each day, thus leaving them time to pursue their studies while increasing their slender incomes.

Rev. George C. Needham has received many letters inquiring about the projected Prophetic Conference mentioned in this column recently. The interest manifested has led Mr. Needham to plan three conferences, to be held in Philadelphia, New York and some other city not yet decided upon. The date will depend largely on the raising of a fund for the hire of halls and other expenses. Persons interested in this important subject should write, enclosing a contribution, to Rev. George C. Needham, Narberth, Philadelphia, Penn.

A Ten Days's Convention called at the request of a large number of clergymen and Christian laymen, to celebrate the nineteen hundredth anniversary of our Lord's birth, is being held in New York this week. The sessions are held in the Gospel Tabernacle and the American Theatre and the Carnegie Music Hall, commencing December 24, and ending January 3. The call was signed by Dr. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia; Dr. James H. Brooks, of St. Louis; Rev. Stephen Merritt and Dr. A. B. Simpson, of New York, and many other eminent men.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ISLAM'S FESTIVALS.

THE frightful tragedy in Armenia which has appalled all Christendom, has called attention anew to the religion of Mohammed, under which the horrors have been perpetrated. Nothing about the massacres was more clearly established than the fact that the Armenians were murdered, not on account of their race, or conduct, but because they were Christians. Any Armenian could secure safety for his person and property by becoming a Mohammedan. The question is often asked what kind of a religion that must be which impels its professor to commit such outrages. Its fierce intolerance is the feature that has hitherto been most prominent to the world, for it enjoins on its followers perpetual war on unbelievers. The alternative of the Koran or the sword is to be offered to the world, and when in the discretion of a Mohammedan ruler there is a suspension of hostilities, it is to be in the nature of a temporary truce, and not of a peace. Thus the more devoted to his faith a Mohammedan ruler is, the more disposed is he to put to death all who will not acknowledge the authority of Mohammed. The Sultan of Turkey, who is the chief potentate of the faith, knows his own weakness too well to declare war against the Christian nations around him, but that any of his own subjects should be Christians was intolerable. While, therefore he has been guilty of horrible barbarities perpetrated in his name, he has been most punctilious in observing the rites and ceremonies of his religion. These are more numerous and onerous in Mohammedanism than in any other faith. Five times a day the Mohammedan must purify himself by washing, and prostrate himself in prayer. Every Friday he must present himself at the Mosque. During the whole of the sacred month of Ramadan every year, he must fast, not partaking of food or drink in any day until after sunset. He must observe the Bairam festival, which is celebrated all over Islam on the same day of the year. The feast of Alms following the fast of Ramadan as another sacred season is never to be neglected. Other feasts and fasts are observed peculiar to Turkey and Egypt which are not observed in India, and among these is the Festival of the Birth of the Prophet, which is celebrated on the twelfth day of the third month of the Mohammedan year. A special place outside a city is chosen for this festival, to which the faithful led by the local Iman, go in procession. There a sermon is preached and prayers are made, and at the close the people return to their homes and a sacrifice, proportionate to his wealth, is offered by the head of the family. Besides all these observances, the Mohammedan must, at lease once in his life, make the great pilgrimage to the holy places of Mecca, otherwise "he might as well die a Jew or a Christian." By all these and many other observances the Mohammedan hopes to win his way to Paradise, rejecting the salvation which Christ offers to all who believe on him.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. (Rom. 4:5.)

ANNUAL CELEBRATION AT CAIRO, EGYPT, OF THE BIRTHDAY OF MOHAMMED.

The Penalty of Travel.

A physician of Hindoo birth, who has come to this country for study, and to deliver lectures, makes a strange revelation of the penalties he incurs by crossing the sea. He says that his journey involves the loss of his caste. When he returns to India he will not be received by his family and his old friends, who will refuse to associate with him. He has assurances that his old patients will call him in professionally, as before, but he cannot break bread or sleep in the house of a former associate. Any one who might receive him socially would suffer with him the same penalty of exclusion. This ostracism is much dreaded by the high caste people. A gentleman who had promised to come with him to America, yielded at the last moment to the entreaties of his friends and remained behind. The physician does not appear to dread the penalty. He said that he should be quite as happy among his new surroundings as with his former high caste connections, as he would be welcome among those who had already lost caste by travel and in other ways, and he had more in common with them than with those who had maintained their caste. He will have congenial assocates who are drawn all the closer together by the common ban upon them. So it is with many men who have found when they have been converted and have given up their dissolute companions they are not left friendless, but enjoy the companionship of men whose spirit is in harmony with theirs. Like Moses they make a wise choice in

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. (Heb. 11:25.)

A Silent Mighty Force.

A significant natural curiosity is described in an Oregon journal. It states that a farmer whose land lies near Pleasant Home, had brought into the city a section of the root of a tree from which a potato protruded. He discovered it while digging potatoes on his farm. The potato vine seems to have crept into the root, and the new potato then started down in the depths. It flourished in its strange surroundings and developed into a large and well-formed potato. The room in the root was too small for its expansion, and so the spud exerted not less than a ton pressure on the root until the side was split open. The root is about three inches in diameter and six inches in length. About an inch of the spud protrudes from one end. It is quite a curiosity, and all who have seen it are amazed at the power which must have been exerted by the potato before it could have rent open that strong tough root. It is so with the principles of Christ's religion when they once find a lodgment in the heart. They may be silent and unnoticed, but they have the power of life.

As if a man should cast seed into the ground and should sleep and rise night and day and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. (Mark 4:26, 27.)

An Impregnable Tomb.

One of the most remarkable graves in this country has just been finished. It is in a cemetery at Norwich, Conn., and its construction has been planned and supervised by the lady who intends her body shall occupy it after her death. The sides of the grave are of the finest pressed and cemented bricks, and thick and massive as the foundation walls of a castle or fort. They rest on a single titanic slab of polished granite that weighs considerably more than a ton, while a similar stone, beautifully finished and weighing 2,700 pounds, forms the lid. The ground about and above the grave has been laid out and turfed evenly and with precision, so that there is no external token revealing its existence or location. The lady has expressed herself as entirely satisfied with the vault, believing implicitly now that when her body shall be laid between its two mighty monoliths, it will be forever secure from invasion by the dreaded grave-robber. When the time has come, however, for the commitment of her body to the cemetery tomb, a derrick must be used to remove and replace the ponderous lid. We may hope that as she has given thought to the time when she must die, and has taken measures to prevent her body falling into the hands of ghouls, she has not neglected to provide for the safety of her soul. It would be a more terrible thing for her to have that part of her being fall into the hands of an enemy than if her body were stolen. She may be at peace as to that, too, if she has followed the example of the Apostle who said:

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. (II. Timothy 1:12.)

The Sleep of Seeds.

Professor De Candolle, of Geneva, has recently brought together many interesting facts about the latent life of seeds, and their ability to withstand very low temperatures. After recalling instances in which seeds have sprouted after lying apparently dead for hundreds of years,—in one case fifteen hundred years,—he gives the results of experiments on subjecting seeds to a freezing cold. Corn, oats, fennel and some flower-seeds were exposed during a hundred and eighteen days to a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. Afterward when placed in suitable surroundings, nearly all of the fennel, oat and corn seeds, and many of the others, germinated. He concludes that the protoplasm, or the principle of life, in a resting seed, is in a state of inaction not comparable to that of a smoldering fire, but rather like that of a chemical mixture which is capable of forming a combination whenever the required conditions of temperature and illumination are present. It is so with the spiritual life of men. Contact with Christ gives the impetus and illumination under which multitudes of dead souls have come to life and borne fruit for the glory of God. The sorrow of it is that so many men who might be thus brought to life act as did the people to whom Christ said:

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. (John 5:40.)

A White Slave's Escape.

A recent trial of physical endurance elicited a reminiscence from a hospital surgeon in Texas, which shows what a man can endure when life and liberty are at stake. The surgeon said that some three years ago he had under his care the finest case of physical development he ever saw. It was that of a Swede who had been entrapped in New York into entering the service of a firm representing a Central American house. He expected to be employed as a clerk or timekeeper, but when he arrived he was sent to work on a banana plantation. He was required to work in the hot sun from early morning until night, and there was no compensation but food and lodging. Both were bad, the former being deficient in quantity as well as unwholesome. He became sick with malarial fever, but his employers had no mercy on him. He was driven to his work every morning and compelled to keep at it all day, although he swooned several times from weakness and pain. He perceived that there was no prospect of any alleviation, and that nothing but death awaited him as the end of all his labor, if he remained; and he determined to make his escape. He waited only for strength for the terrible journey. The hope seemed to help his recovery and just after Christmas he succeeded in slipping away unobserved. He left his surplus clothes and all his belongings behind him, and set out to walk. He had great difficulty in procuring food on his way, and at times could cover but a few miles in the day; but he persevered and finally reached San Antonio six months after setting out. He was completely worn out, and was sent to the hospital for medical treatment. It is much to be wished that men who are in the service of Satan, and who know that the end of their way is death, would show a similar determination to escape, even if, like this man, they have to sacrifice all their possessions and endure hardship.

That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who are taken captive by him at his will. (II. Timothy 2:26.)

Incorporation Refused.

A number of Hungarian citizens of New York met with a rebuff in the Supreme Court last week. They wanted incorporation for a club they had organized "to bring into closer contact and union the Hungarian immigrants settled in this part of the country." Justice Pryor, after examining the petition, refused it. He said in the course of his judgment: "I am most positively against anything which will in any way prevent foreigners from becoming Americans in every sense of the word; which has for its object the segregation of foreigners from Americans and the fostering or cherishing of Old World ideas. When a man leaves his native country his duties to that country cease, and he owes them all to this country. His love for his native land becomes merely a sentiment, but his duty must be with this country. The Apostle Paul had to remind his Jewish converts of a similar fact, and to this day men need often to be reminded of the duties of Christian brotherhood and their relationship to Christ:

[illegible] of the saints, and of the household of God. (Eph. 2:19.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Housewife's Loom.

Primitive and Slow, but once a Valuable Adjunct in many Pioneer Homes.

ALTHOUGH Cotton is no longer king, as it was throughout a large part of the United States less than a generation ago, it is still a native product of sufficient importance to absorb the energies and attention of a very considerable portion of our population. It has played a prominent part in the development and progress of the country, and the cotton-grower, from the owner of the big plantation run on the most approved scientific principles, down to the humble farmer or squatter who plants an acre or two to cotton, is a benefactor in greater or less degree.

Our photograph on this page is one that will interest many who are familiar with the extensive and costly modern machinery that is now generally used in cotton manufacture. Less than a generation ago it was the rule in many farmers' homes—particularly in the South—for nearly all the clothing worn by the family to be homespun. In those days, the good wife and her daughters would card the wool or the cotton, spin it, dye it if desired, and weave it into cloth for domestic uses. The table and bed-linen, the simple hangings and draperies, the toweling and aprons, and in poorer households even the clothes, all except the best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress, were of homespun. In some parts of the Union, remote from the railroads and at an inconvenient distance from dressmakers and "fashion emporiums" the same condition of affairs exists even now. Mother and daughters all work industriously carding, spinning, and weaving the cotton. This usually occupies part of the winter. It it is made into strong, sensible cloth which will do good service while it lasts. Homespun is by no means to be despised, whether worn by men or women. Some of our greatest men have worn it. Lincoln, his biographers state, wore homespun as a lad, and even after he became president, he always had a kind word for anyone who dressed in it, as he once did.

Cotton is still the great staple of Alabama, where our scene is located. On many small farms, the people cultivate just enough cotton for their own use. It is usually planted in March, and by the middle of June the field is one mass of beautiful blossoms which soon disappear. Then comes the picking in August, when the field is covered with pods through which the cotton bursts like soft, fluffy snow, all over the field. All hands are [illegible] picking, after which [illegible] in order that [illegible] easily separated [illegible] cotton. The [illegible] a full [illegible] of cotton a day. All this work is done by [illegible] by these people, although machines [illegible] been made to do it much more quickly and [illegible].

Among [illegible] the [illegible] in demand are the American Sea Island and Uplands varieties, and these are unequalled by the products of any other part of the globe. Sea Island cotton is grown in the soft, maritime climate of the low-lands lying off the coast of Georgia, and it is a product of great beauty, strong, and of unusual length. Cotton is also grown in Mexico, Ceylon, Arabia, Siam, China, Italy, the Sandwich Islands, and South America; probably the oldest cotton producing country being India, where the plant has been known from time immemorial.

One of the wonders of the latest cotton manufacturing machines, is a thread a thousand miles long, which is so delicate and fine that it weighs only a pound. To estimate its fineness would be well-nigh impossible. The "jenny" spins eight threads at a time, a striking contrast to the old-fashioned spinning-wheel of the house-wife with its slow, deliberate motion, and its single thread.

A PRIMITIVE COTTON FACTORY IN ALABAMA—WEAVING HOMESPUN FOR THE FAMILY.

* * *

Puritan Plainness in Dress.

Every age, we imagine, has its recurrent periods of vanity, when portions of the population seem to be seized with a mania for fine clothes. In his interesting work on the Puritans, Rev. Dr. Byington furnishes a sharply-drawn picture of society in the seventeenth century. While the dress of most people in the colonial period was plain, partly because of limited resources and partly through a desire to discourage extravagance, still the typical Puritan had the appearance of a man of distinction. The chronicler of Agawam complained of five or six extravagant women in the colony [illegible] "what excess the [illegible] is in this week," and who strive to "be in it in all haste, whatever it be." Of such he wrote: "A woman who lives but to ape the newest court fashions, I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, an epitome of nothing." At times the courts enacted laws to [illegible] and the buying or making of apparel decked with satin, gold or lace was forbidden: also embroidered caps, gold and silver girdles, "great sleeves," and slashed apparel. Among the first clothing products of the new colonies were "linen fustian" and woolen cloth and the imports included such substantial wear as cordovan, deerskin, sealskin and mooseskin (for the colder months), and other warm coverings, showing that after all the prudent Puritans regarded comfort and economy as more desirable than the fripperies of fashion. What would they have thought had they seen the balloon sleeves and indescribable hats of our days?

* * *

Housekeeping a Profession.

Dean Talbot, of the Chicago University, (herself a woman), has some excellent advice to young women completing school life. "Nearly every one," says the dean, "has an inclination toward some particular work, with plans formulated by the time she is ready to leave school. Every young woman should set about something that is certain, not necessarily a profession. It may be she is needed at home. In that case her duties are clearly there. To my mind women are much behind what they could be and ought to be in their own special field. Housekeeping is considered drudgery when in reality it is one of the most complicated and difficult professions. It often involves intricate problems in economics. The proper preparation of food is a chemical problem, the principle of which few women understand in the least. They have no conception of the value of different foods or the way in which they may be utilized to the best advantage. The recent discoveries along that line have been made by men when they should have been made by women long ago.

* * *

Ideal Parenthood.

One of the best interpreters of God in this world, says a thankful writer, is ideal parenthood. What a motive to be perfect in this relation in the family! He who loves knows God; for God is love. He who loves not, knows not God. How different this from the definitions given in the catechisms! Out of our own lives, made sweeter and purer by the indwelling of God through faith, we come to the increasingly beautiful conception of him. "How much more!" Let the meaning of this phrase be present in every thought and act of parental culture of the children, and God will be more clearly seen, or care for the children will be more tender and wise, and the children will soon learn that all its culture is vocal with heaven's own reality.

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

THE infant lies in blessed ease
Upon his mother's breast;
No storm, no dark, the baby sees
Invade his heaven of rest.
He nothing knows of change or death;
Her face his holy skies:
The air he breathes his mother's breath;
His stars, his mother's eyes.

The Father's arms fold like a nest
His children round about;
His face looks down, a heaven of rest,
Where comes no dark, no doubt.
Its mists are clouds of stars that move
In sweet concurrent strife;
Its winds the goings of his love;
Its dew the dew of life.

We for our children seek thy heart,
For them the Father's eyes:
Lord, when their hopes in us depart,
Let hopes in thee arise.
When childhood's visions them forsake,
To women grown and men,
Thou to thy heart their hearts will take,
And bid them dream again.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

* * *

"Bird Day."

SOMETIME ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD referred to the project of establishing a national "Bird Day" in the schools. It is announced, in *Our Animal Friends*, that a hopeful beginning has already been made. The originator of the plan is C. A. Babcock, superintendent of schools, Oil City, Pa. Under his auspices "Bird Day" was first observed in the schools of that city in 1895. The exercises consisted of original compositions by the pupils, containing the results of their observations of birds: of talks, comparing observations, giving localities of bird haunts, and general exchange of bird lore; recitations from eminent prose writers on birds, and from the poets; finally, many schools closed their exercises by a trip to the woods to listen to the concert of the feathered tribes. Superintendent Babcock says:

> We begin the study of birds in January and continue till June, studying those that stay all winter, and trying to keep account of the newcomers as they arrive. We devote two periods, of twenty minutes each, per week to this study. "Bird Day" is a summary or focusing of the work of the year. . . . Our children, generally speaking, know most of our bird residents and love them, and feel like protecting them. There has been a complete change in the relations existing between the small boy and the birds. We should think there would be, and that the small boy would be almost as great a gainer as the birds.

A similar movement was inaugurated during the spring of this year by Prof. C. H. Morrill, superintendent of schools, at Fort Madison, Ia. He set apart May 29, 1896, as "Bird Day," in the schools under his charge. The children brought their pet birds, decorated the rooms with flowers and green branches, ornamented the boards with drawings of birds, birds' nests and flowers, and the buildings rang with bird music all day. There is good reason to hope that "Bird Day" will soon become a "national day" in the public schools of every State.

* * *

"Try" and "Can't."

There is a big difference in the two words. "Can't do it" sticks in the mud, but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try and turned the flowers into honey. The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of a beech tree. The snowdrop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plow, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend. No sum too hard for a boy or girl to master if they will say Try. No task too hard to perform if they will only Try.

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

Their Condition and Prospects—The Yemen Jews in the Holy City—Pitiful Poverty, and Even Beggary among the Jerusalem Jews.

I DO not think an American who has never resided in Jerusalem can realize the poverty of its inhabitants. Between that condition in life where only the plainest comforts are enjoyed, and absolute beggary, there is a vast region where human beings simply exist. They do not beg, and and on the other hand they do not have sufficient food and clothing for their bodily wants. Their persons are emaciated, their houses are squalid hovels, and their general condition is altogether wretched. This describes a large percentage of the Jewish population of Jerusalem. A prominent Jew said to me once, "many of these people do not know from one day to another where they are going to get their next morsel of bread." Such a condition may be imagined where it exists for a few days, or for a short period only, but where it is prolonged for years, the anxiety, the misery of it passes comprehension. The living of this class is scanty and uncertain. How they subsist is simply a wonder. They avoid starvation, but they are always hungry—they are engaged in a constant struggle for existence. There is frequently a heroism about this battle for life which appeals to us in a most forcible manner.

A JEWISH PORTER.

I have thought that the reader would be interested in a few pictures of the struggling Israelites who have so little of this world's goods. I must not make the impression, however, that the Jews are the only class thus suffering, which is not true; others suffer in a similar way, probably not to such a degree, but it is to the Jews that our attention is at present directed.

We will begin with the porter, who represents quite a large class of laborers. He is a man who is ready to carry anywhere any sort of burden. It is a very hard method of earning a living; but he cannot stop to think of that, he is anxious only for something to do. Considerable physical strength is required, and many take up this kind of employment who are not really able, their backs are weak and their limbs are not strong enough for it, but

AN UMBRELLA MENDER AND HIS WIFE.

their case is desperate and they must work. They dress in the roughest manner, their garments are coarse, patched, quilted, and always ragged, and on their shoulders and backs they have a kind of padded saddle. A heavy girdle is worn about the waist, and over one shoulder, when they are not at work, is a coil of rope. The head is covered with some thick material as a protection, for the strain of the ropes when the back is loaded bears very hard upon the forehead around which they pass. At certain times, for example when a camel train arrives with goods, or at the Mohammedan New Year, when people move, the porter is sure of getting something to do; for most of the year, however, work is slack, and he must depend upon such jobs as he can pick up, and his living is consequently precarious. The natives invariably "beat down" a workman, no matter what he has done or under what circumstances, and if the porter in half a day gets one job for which he ought to receive four cents, the person whom he is serving inevitably and in many cases roughly tries to make him take two cents for it, or certainly three cents instead of four. If he earns ten cents in half a day he is making the best wages that he can expect, although that sum will probably represent his entire earnings a day for many days together.

JEWESSES AT A WELL.

None of these porters lift much with their hands, as is the common way with us; but burdens are placed on some elevation by two or three men, the porter stoops and lets the object fall gently upon his back, the ropes bind it around his forehead, and he starts for his destination. My readers who are unaccustomed to such sights would exclaim, "the man cannot possibly carry that burden." His limbs tremble, the cords of his neck show that he is straining himself to the utmost, the perspiration runs from his face, he goes very slow, for a misstep or a slight unbalancing of the load would cause him to be crushed under it. This description applies to heavy burdens which weigh four hundred or six hundred pounds, say a load equal to two barrels of flour or a piano; a load like a single barrel of flour would be managed by one of these porters with little, often with no assistance in loading and unloading it. In case of very heavy burdens, fellow porters accompany the bearer of it to steady the load, to remove it every few minutes so that the man can rest, or perhaps one will carry it a short distance and then another take it. Jerusalem is not a large place, and burdens have to be carried a few yards only, or a distance anywhere from a quarter to half a mile at most.

These cases where more than one porter has to assist may be called extreme cases, still a majority of the burdens he has to carry are heavy ones, so that the work is always exhausting. Both heart and lungs are affected by the necessary straining and over-exertion. Sometimes the man is bruised and lamed, but if he has any work he cannot stop to rest. Those dependent upon him, his wife and children, must have food, and at best he can supply only what is coarse in quality and scanty in amount. If his health holds out, his work, as the years go on, does not increase, and there is a limit to his earnings which is terribly disheartening. Were he not surrounded by fatalists, by people who look with indifference upon everything, the influence of whose sentiments he shares to a degree, his condition and prospects would drive him to madness or suicide. A family living in the way that his must live, is the natural prey of disease, and sickness frequently comes to add to their misery.

The picture which I am now giving is from actual life, for scores of such cases have come under my own observation. My friends at home ask at once how a person can live and support a family who earns but fifteen or twenty cents a day?

YEMEN JEWESSES GATHERING FUEL.

After facing this problem for ten years in the land where the condition that I have described is true of thousands such of families, I must frankly confess that I can neither answer the question nor fully explain it. Still I know that in some way they continue to subsist, but the way is one of great hardship. What will Americans who receive from one dollar and a half to three dollars a day for their work, say to this? The poor Jew in Jerusalem works as hard as he can. He dreads idleness. He does not want to beg. He lives on the very edge of starvation. He struggles with all his might against it, and his struggle is heroic.

Out of a list of upwards of fifty different occupations in which the Jews in the city of Jerusalem engage, there are a number that are about on a level with that of the porter, certainly not any more remunerative. Such are glaziers, peddlers, cobblers, rag-pickers, umbrella menders, water-carriers, coffee-grinders, tin-men, or more properly, "tinkers," dealers in old iron, and old furniture. There is a class of occupations where the pay is better and the chance for earning a living much more promising than in those just mentioned, but in the nature of things there is in Jesight-seeing on Saturday when the strict Jew must rest. There is still another class where a fair living could be earned were not each of these trades overcrowded: for example, money-changers, dealers in eggs and fowls, auctioneers, butchers, turners, tailors, small grocers, dealers in cloth, charcoal dealers, and liquor sellers. As to rusalem only a very limited number of laborers required in each of these departments; such are milkmen, dragomans, dyers, weavers, book-binders, muleteers, barbers, watch-makers, &c., &c. The business of dragoman is not, in a sense, open to Jews, for the reason that most travelers are Christians, and they travel and do the last occupation, most of the small liquor selling is in the hands of the Jews.

It is simply a natural law that where a man earns next to nothing he can pay next to nothing for what he buys, consequently all goods brought into the city are obtained in Europe to suit the Jerusalem market.

A JEWISH PORTER CARRYING BOARDS.

Hence, goods bought at auction bankrupt stocks, shop-worn goods, those damaged by fire or water, any sort of goods that can be sold far below the ordinary priceare in great demand. A family may desire better goods, but they cannot afford to pay for them. They must buy the cheapest commodities or go without. A stranger from our country would be amazed at the family and household articles offered for sale in a common Jerusalem shop. The curse of poverty affects everything, clothing, food, furniture, houses, utensils, personal cleanliness, sanitary matters, medicines, all the comforts of life, and it is this state of things which it is so difficult to make well-to-do foreigners realize. Moreover, there being far more laborers and handicraftsmen in the city than the needs of the place require, all work has to be done at the lowest possible price. In order to get something to do, Jews are willing, or rather they are obliged to labor at a lower wage than their Christian or Mohammedan neighbors receive. This does not seem right, but I am stating what I know to be a fact. Consequently, their expenses of living, rent, fuel, food, clothing, they are obliged to reduce accordingly or to beg. The Jew, however, is not a natural beggar. Still, in Jerusalem the condition of many Jews is so desperate that they are obliged to resort to this unnatural method of obtaining bread. Friday is the special day for these poor people, and they go about by dozens asking for a pittance from those who pity them.

JEWESSES OF JERUSALEM IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

I have often said, and I must repeat the remark, although enthusiasts are disturbed by it, namely, that Jerusalem is no proper place for the development of Jewish character. The very opposite of this is true: for this purpose it is the worst place in the world. The question is a far wider one than whether the poor Jew earns just enough to keep his body and soul together. Such a struggle as he is engaged in affects his character. Poverty which pinches the body, where there is no possible chance for betterment, pinches also the mind and dwarfs the spiritual nature. It pushes a man down towards the clods beneath his feet. Families living under such conditions cannot rise of themselves: they cannot lift others up: they are dead weights: a community is not helped by their presence.

Besides the fact that many Jews in Jerusalem are struggling heroically against want and beggary, another fact is prominent, namely, the problem before those who desire to elevate the Jew in body, mind, or estate, is gigantic, and only Divine wisdom can guide Christian philanthropists aright in their great and good work.

SELAH MERRILL.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

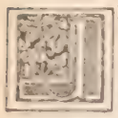
A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III. Continued

JESSIE'S AFFAIRS.



JESSIE had never been in love; she had always been sufficient for herself—for her needs of every kind. It was true that there was in her heart a tenderer feeling for Steve than she had ever before known: and his last, eager, loving look had perforce drawn from her an answering one; but she quickly took herself to task for her weakness. "He is the best man I ever knew," she thought, as she carefully put up her hair in its crimping pins, "but I do not intend to lose myself on unknown ground. He was grand to-night when he faced that crowd of whimpering, complaining men and told them the truth for once in their lives. And the swift, satisfactory way in which he pinned that bully down, was splendid! I was frightened a little, but I would like to be frightened very often in that kind of a way. Heigho! I wish he was rich: or, if I was rich it would do as well—perhaps better. But poverty and matrimony; no, no! there is something else for a girl than that combination these days."

This train of thought reminded her of Miss Lloyd, and she began to deliberate about her "terms." She was afraid to ask too much, and still more afraid to ask too little. Finally, she concluded to call at Pond's as she went to the train and find out what was the maximum price for out-of-town lessons. Steve went to sleep thinking of her beauty, her kindness, and her cleverness; Jessie went to sleep thinking of the role she had to fill the next day, and laying her plans for securing all her rights and every tittle of her self-respect.

In the morning she was silent, pre-occupied, and full of importance; the rest of the family said, "she was cross." Not quite that; but she had drawn to her centre all her forces, and therefore this morning she had no alms of good humor and good-will to scatter. Even her mother's natural curiosity annoyed her. Why should she want news of her old lover, of his wife and house and children? Alas! twenty years does not understand that the memories of age are as full of sentiment and sweetness as the hopes of youth.

Her mind on the journey was solely occupied with counseling her conduct in the strange and unexpected position in which she found herself. "Destiny loves surprises," she thought, "but I shall try and be ready for any phase of this event. I will not be offended by ceremony nor be made effusive by kindness. I will have no friendship with my pupil, and I will permit no unwise familiarity. If the son, whom Steve knew, is at home, I will not encourage any acquaintance with him—Poor Steve! I wonder if he has reached the open sea yet." She thought it very improbable that Miss Lloyd knew anything of her father's first love, or that if she had heard the story, she would care to mention it to the daughter of the woman he had treated so badly. But if circumstances brought this history into conversation, then Jessie made up her mind to treat the subject as mythical, as never of any importance, and [illegible] of the same kind she made as the train sped swiftly to Lloyd's Station, and then when she met Alice face to face, she suffered them all to slip from her mind.

[illegible] done. She had calculated very fairly her own strength, but she made no allowance for the influence Alice might exert over her. And the influence of Alice, though not very apparent, was permeating and [illegible] their meeting she felt so certain was the really [illegible] could not resist. Jessie [illegible] herself for an entirely business interview; the social footing on which she was received took her by surprise, and she fell without resistance [illegible] fected kindness. The lofty rooms with their revelations in artistic furnishing, the ceramic treasures, the pictures, the books, the noiseless service, the beautiful garden—to all these influences Jessie was far more sensitive than she believed herself.

Still she adhered to her "terms." They were given her without inquiry or dissent, and then teacher and pupil went together to the music-room. There Jessie honestly earned her money, for she was not only conscientious, but she also entered into the very spirit of her work. The piano delighted her. Never before, had she felt such finely strong notes, under her fingers: and she said with great feeling:

"Oh, Miss Lloyd! can you imagine what it is to play on an instrument that understands you? My piano is not to be compared with this: but yet it is acquainted with me; we are friends; it comprehends my confidences and my moods, and we laugh and cry together."

"I have not yet made a friend of my instrument," replied Alice. "I do not do it justice. It responds to your fingers in a way that amazes me. And yet often at twilight, I hear strange, sweet voices in the strings. Where do they come from? Have you ever thought of that?"

"Do you think simple wire outstretched makes them? Oh, no! Listen to this!" said Jessie, and in a kind of inspiration, she brought forth in low, soft tones the Mermaid's Song from "Oberon." Its passion of longing sadness—its delicious pain and exquisite abandonment thrilled both girls. Under Jessie's long, small hands, the keys responded as if they were living, loving things, and her lifted face reflected every word of the song, for her heart was singing it. Alice, with sweet, proud eyes, watched the sensitive evoker of such melody, and thought of Steve, with something like elation.

It was at this moment both were suddenly aware of some strange intruding influence. Jessie became silent; and the piano seemed to fall an octave in tone. Alice turned slightly, and saw her father and a stranger standing between the portieres. As they came forward, the music ceased altogether, and Jessie stood up. [illegible] the song; her eyes glowed, her lips were slightly parted, she was the incarnation of its sweet, sad melody. Mr. Lloyd introduced Lord Medway to Miss Jessie heard her own name, and she was compelled to lift her eyes and acknowledge the courtesy. Afterward, every moment was an embarrassment. She was entreated to play the song again, and she consented; but there was something wanting, which she had given to Alice. Mr. Lloyd stood by her side, observing her with great interest, though he said little. Lord Medway was enthusiastic in his compliments. Jessie acknowledged their praises with a smile, and took her departure. She was trembling with excitement, and glad when she found herself in the crowded solitude of the railway car.

In this confessional, she grew rapidly angry with Jessie McAslin. "To think!" she mentally ejaculated. "To think that I should have fallen so absolutely and absurdly under that girl's influence! And what is more humiliating, under the influence of chairs, and tables, and pictures, and china cups! It makes me sick! And then that 'lord' business! Why did they introduce me? I don't want to know any 'Lords.' And why, oh, why, did I sing that song again?"

She tormented herself all the way home; and was glad to find no one present but Flora. Flora was busy with her sewing, and she asked Jessie no questions, and the girl pleading fatigue, went to her room to rest. Fortunately she soon fell asleep. When she awakened, the sun was nearing the western horizon, and she heard her father's voice and John's laugh answering it. She rose rapidly to her feet; and her first thought was a healthy, physical desire for her dinner. Sleep had calmed and refreshed her and she was now ready to do herself justice.

MR. LLOYD AND LORD MEDWAY ENTERED THE ROOM.

"After all," she reflected, "I behaved creditably. Things went better than I expected. I looked my best, I sang well, and I was neither uncourteous nor presuming. I think I may say, with that egotistical old Rousseau, 'I do not know a better person than myself.'"

This little bit of conceit amused her: she bathed her face and smoothed her hair to the smile it evoked, and then joined the family. Every one had a welcome for her and John drew her fondly into the empty chair set next his own. "I kept it for you, Jessie," he said. "Flora declares you came home too tired to talk."

"Flora did not ask me to talk. She had a new paper pattern on her mind, so I saved my news for more appreciative listeners."

"Did you get your pupil?" asked her father.

"Yes——at my own terms, also."

"Is she nice? Is she pleasant tempered?"

"I don't think, mother, that the word 'nice' suits her. A nice woman, is one who always behaves like other women. I think Miss Lloyd would judge for herself, under all circumstances. She is, however, beautiful, and I think, she has a sweet and gracious disposition."

"What did she wear?"

"A gown of Indian mull, and real Valenciennes. I was coveteous of it, John."

"Did you see Mrs. Lloyd?"

Yes, mother. I saw her for half an hour. She is tall and walks very softly. Her face is thin and worn, but her eyes are remarkable; they are so dark and lambent, and I noticed them constantly dilating—not to what was said—but to her own thoughts. Mr. Lloyd came in just before I left, and Lord Medway was with him."

Then there followed a conversation largely composed of ejaculations and descriptions. It wearied Jessie; but she knew how much her father and mother loved to see this other life, through her eyes. So she told them all about the house and the garden; the furniture, the equipage, and the order of the lunch; and as far as her casual knowledge permitted, she gave them her impressions of Mr. Lloyd, and his guest, Lord Medway. But she was glad when they were satisfied: and she could go away with John, and express herself after her own desire. And she was not as hopeful as might have been expected.

"John," she said, "I think I have began too well. When people are so pleasant at first, the pleasantness does not last."

"Sometimes it does. All will likely depend on your pupil."

"Women get on pretty well—if men don't interfere. Generally speaking, we agree to believe in each other, until they do. I fear the man in this case."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Medway. He gave me a glance, he had no right to give; for I think, he is Miss Lloyd's lover.

"What kind of a glance?"

"One of inquisitive admiration. It was, as if he had said 'I wonder who you are? I admire you very much!'"

"I don't see how a flash of the eyes could say all that, Jessie?"

"When the time comes for you to say 'all that' you will understand, how in a moment, your eyes can say it.'

"But why should they? Have I not a tongue?"

"Your tongue will be too slow. Tongues need to be taught. Eyes talk naturally."

"Has Steve been giving you any such glances?"

"One or two."

"Have you returned them?"

"Perhaps."

"Then keep whatever promise they have made. To raise a hope or confidence, and then deceive it, Jessie, I think nothing can be meaner or more treacherous?"

"I wish I knew something about him. I wish I felt sure in my own mind."

"If ever you have a doubt, about any way, or any work, turn back, or give it up; doubt is error."

"Why doesn't he explain himself? Why not say plainly who he is, and where he comes from."

"That is his affair——as yet. When are you going to the Lloyd's again?'

"Next Wednesday. As I have told you, I know not how long it will last. I do not trust such fair beginnings. However, from every harvest, I have always got my ear of corn."

"Don't be so mercenary, little woman. And I do wish you would trust humanity more. If you lose faith in men and women, you will soon lose faith in God, and yourself. All men are not liars. All friendship is not feigning."

"I saw one class of men and women in the hall last night. I saw another class at Lloyd Park to-day; how am I to judge them, John?"

"Do not judge them. I believe in them. There is a love of goodness in men and women which you may always appeal to, and never in vain. Ship-wrecks, epidemics, fires, disasters of any kind, bring to the front, without fail, some heroic, compassionate spirit."

"As for being mercenary, John, we have to be mercenary. What is life without money? And it is a constant fight to get your share of it."

"Certainly Jessie, you don't want money simply for your own luxury or pleasure, or for the sake of hoarding it?"

"Certainly, I do not."

"Then are you able and willing to be one of God's stewards and dispense wealth properly for him. Understand it is no light work. There will be an audit to meet which you must daily and hourly prepare for. No one's wealth is accidental."

(To be Continued.)

Spiritual Power.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning January 10. Philippians 4 : 4-13.

OBSERVATION and experience alike prove the need of human nature of a spiritual power outside itself. The spiritual part of man needs reinforcement to enable it to maintain its supremacy over the animal nature. Unhappily, the need is often still farther back. It needs power to enable it to gain supremacy. Left to itself, human nature is like a neglected garden. It is over run with the weeds of sensuality and self-indulgence. The animal nature asserts itself, demands gratification and grows so imperative that the man, by continually yielding, sinks into a condition, but little better than the brutes. Mental culture will raise him one step by making him think, but he cannot attain to his true position in God's world until his spiritual nature is awakened and acquires the power to control his life. When the spirit is enthroned and governs both mind and body, and not until then, is the true order established in the human system. To reach that condition power is needed. Education alone is not sufficient. Every one who has been brought into contact with the victims of vice has seen how utterly education fails as a redeeming or preserving power. Young men who come from our institutions of learning fully equipped with knowledge of the sciences and arts, fall before temptation and sink into ruin. They may, too, have a perfect knowledge of the right and true course, and yet may fall. Nothing is more common than to find a man who knows what it is right to do, yet doing the very opposite. At the close of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, Paul gives a vivid description of such an experience. The man not only knows the right, but earnestly desires to do it, yet does it not, but does the evil that he hates. Human nature is deplorably weak on its spiritual side, while its enemies, the powers which would degrade it and drag it down into the mire, are mighty. Its urgent and most indispensable need for its development is spiritual power.

It is this power that Christianity offers to all who will seek it. Christ pictured it under many images, each full of significance. He told the woman of Samaria that he had water to give which would spring up to everlasting life. He told the people that if they ate of the bread that he would give, they would live for ever. And to his disciples he gave a deeper thought when he told them that if they were to abide in him as the branch abides in the vine, they should bear much fruit. By these and many other figures, representing the same fact, he taught the great lesson of his mission to the world. He came to impart the divine life to men. To as many as believed him he gave power to become sons of God. His followers failed to grasp his meaning. They wanted to make him a king like Solomon. But he had a higher mission. Out of humanity with its dreary anarchy, its strange mixture of good and evil, its capacities for divine elevation and its propensities to devilish degradation, he wanted to develop the god-like. His own nature was a pattern of what ours may become. In its glorious purity, its sweet compassion, its overflowing love, its inexhaustible patience it was an ideal such as the world had never seen. It is this nature, by some strange mysterious power, he can give.

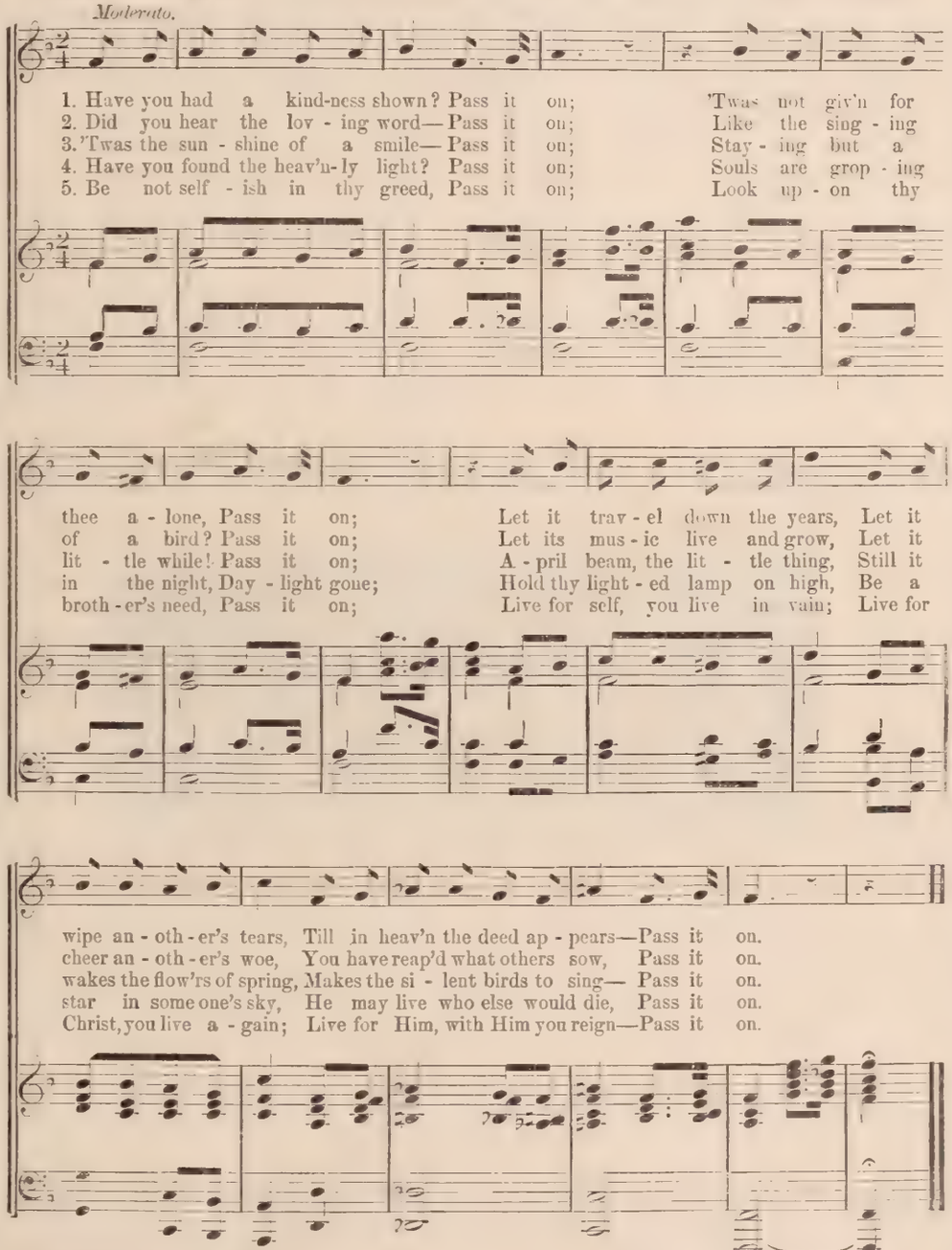
OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

PASS IT ON.

HENRY BURTON, M. A. "BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER"—*Rom. 12:10.* GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.



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From GOSPEL CHOIR NO. 2.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

The Lord's Cup-bearer.

THE Christmas joy on the sweet day
Of the dear, loving Lord,
Is poured from out his gracious heart
Like an o'erflowing flood.

And all unto this fount may come,
All drink of it who will;
If no one fills the cup for you,
Go dip for others still.

The lowliest soul on earth may be
Most blest on Christmas Day,
By seeking out another soul
To cheer along the way.

The Lord's cup-bearer one may be
From morning until night,
Waiting upon him all the day,
Serve in the Master's sight.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Waiting On God.

I HAVE no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine:
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gladly waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its ends can never miss.
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

Apocalyptic Figures.

Persons, Kingdoms and Political Forces described by Expressive Images in Prophecy.

BY REV. W. R. FREEMANTLE.

PROPHECY resembles the Parables in the fact that its teachings are imparted through the medium of figures which must be studied carefully if we are to understand them. Now in Revelation seventeen there is exhibited to us the picture of a Woman clothed in purple and scarlet, at the climax of her power and false glory, drunken with the blood of the saints and martyrs and riding upon a scarlet-colored beast, without any apparent forebodings of coming misfortune.

She is called Babylon the Great, the mother of the abominations of the earth, and is described as being seated on the seven hills. It is my conviction that this Woman or Ecclesiastical power is the Church of Rome. At the same time, it is quite evident that the Wild-beast upon which the Woman is seated as a rider, must be a power altogether distinct from the Church of Rome.

This Wild-beast is a different system altogether, and partakes of a civil or political character, being in fact the Roman Empire and the governments and nations which constitute its Ten Kingdoms. The Woman or Church of Rome is to be destroyed, not by the personal appearing of Christ, but by the Ten Horns of the Wild-beast on which she rides, that is Ten Kings who are to hate and desolate and destroy her; to confiscate her ill-gotten gains and immense wealth, and to put an end to her existence, as an ostensibly Christian Church.

But after her desolation, there still remains surviving the Wild-beast that overthrew her, the False Prophet—an infidel ecclesiastical system that will rise in her place. Then will be the time when the infidel democratic powers denoted by the Wild-beast and its Ten Horns will exercise mighty dominion over the world, and there will be the Great Tribulation, especially throughout Christendom. The combination of infidel powers shall for a season wage a fierce warfare with the people of Christ, and gain vast influence and power.

I believe it is somewhere about the time of this great confusion then taking place that we shall have the appearing of our Lord and the ingathering of his saints. The Church of the firstborn will then be caught up to meet the Lord in the air as predicted in 1. Thess. 4: 16, 17; afterwards, at a considerably later period there will be the conversion of all the Jews that are then remaning upon the earth. There will first be a partial restoration of some of them in an unconverted state and from political motives, and after these shall have passed through "the time of Jacob's trouble," there will be the fuller restoration and conversion of all Israel including the ten Tribes, at the period of Christ's descent upon the earth.

As regards the two Jerusalems, there is an earthly one, and there is a heavenly one. The glory of the heavenly Jerusalem will shine upon the earthly one, and will heighten and increase its beauties. We have the destruction of Antichrist and the false prophet at the battle of Armageddon in Rev. 19, and the binding of Satan in the succeeding chapter. Now the devil has never yet been bound and deprived of his power, as here described. He is still exercising mighty influence; but then at last his power will come to an end.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber, Harlem, N. Y. My CHRISTIAN HERALD for this week has not yet come to hand. I presume you have unceremoniously cut me off. Do you think it just right to treat a subscriber of twelve years' standing in that way?

No subscriber is ever "unceremoniously" cut off from our list. We invariably send, a month previous to the renewal date, an expiry notice, politely informing each subscriber of the approaching expiration of his subscription, and respectfully inviting a continuance. This notice is sent in a separate envelope, and is accompanied by a prospectus, a premium announcement, a subscription blank, and an addressed return envelope. In addition, every copy served to a subscriber bears a tab with his name and address and the exact date when, unless renewed, the subscription will cease. When these various reminders fail to enlist the attention of the subscriber, we feel justified in concluding that he does not wish the paper continued, and it is then, and not till then, that his name is taken off the list.

* * *

The law permits a publisher to continue the service of the paper until a written order discontinuing it is sent, and even then the subscriber cannot stop it until every copy received has been paid for, and many publications avail themselves of this extraordinary privilege, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has consistently refused to place its friends under involuntary tribute by sending the paper after their subscription has expired, thus compelling them to pay for what they have not ordered.

We believe that as a rule, our subscribers would much rather that we govern ourselves strictly in accordance with their written orders, then exercise discretionary powers at their expense.

* * *

Many subscribers who order THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to relatives or friends, have expressed the greatest satisfaction with this system. They feel perfectly safe that when the term paid for has expired, the paper will be stopped, and hence they do not incur the risk of having eventually a bill presented for several years of service never contemplated at the time of placing the original order.

* * *

Now, as regards the discriminating in favor of old subscribers, however well intentioned or kindly disposed we may be, the size of our subscription list renders such favors absolutely impracticable. If the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were to undertake to familiarize himself with 500 different names daily, he could not in a single year cover his list of nearly 200,000 subscribers, a list so large that it precludes the possibility of detailed information in regard to individual subscribers. A business of such gigantic proportions cannot be handled otherwise than according to certain well-defined, thoroughly understood and systematically enforced rules, ensuring uniform attention and fair treatment to one and all, without prejudice or favor. Any other course must result in hopeless chaos.

* * *

No subscriber has ever yet appealed in vain to have a reasonable extension of time for the [illegible] service has been continued without interruption, but to generally extend this favor without so much as a postal card requesting it, would involve us in the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars annually, and eventually land [illegible]

* * *

Let every [illegible] heed to the admonition con[illegible]piry notice, and [illegible]on, and we can [illegible] have the slightest cause to com[illegible] which is the reward [illegible] study, and best [illegible] satisfaction to the greates[illegible] without any snares or [illegible]

W. H. [illegible] N. J. I was particularly [illegible] Heaven." It made me curi[illegible]kmen of this class find to [illegible] there will be at least as [illegible]

It would be profitless to speculate in de[illegible] which find only limited expression and development here, will there find ample scope for expansion, and that these may, to some extent, indicate the character of the employment. And if, within the immensity of heaven, there are such soul-satisfying avenues of opportunity as will suit every spiritual need, some of these opportunities will be be suited to the capacity of the humblest and simplest, as well as to the greatest among Christ's followers. Whatever service may be allotted to the redeemed, it will doubtless be such as is best suited to individual spiritual capacity, and such as will afford the highest pleasure in its performance.

Dr. C. F. Muller, Vintard, Cal. Our Epworth League has decided to educate a girl in Mrs. Jamal's mission school at Jerusalem. If I remember correctly, it was stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that fifteen dollars a year would support a girl at her, (Mrs. Jamal's) school. Would you please give us the necessary information as to the manner of sending the money?

Your recollection is correct; it costs about fifteen dollars yearly per head, to educate the Syrian girls in Mrs. Jamal's school. All contributions can be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Subscriber, Kansas, Ky. I know a young couple, engaged, who idolize each other, but circumstances forbid their public marriage for an indefinite time. Can there be anything amiss in their being secretly married and so living until they can make it public?

Clandestine marriages are to be condemned on many grounds. The woman jeopardizes her whole life's happiness and reputation and the man has no right to ask her to run such a risk. If he loves her he will be exceedingly careful of her good name. Social usage regards secret marriages with great disfavor, and the parties to such an act in most cases bitterly regret it. It is natural that relatives should regard it as an unpardonable slight upon themselves, if nothing worse. Marriage is a sacred compact and should be entered into before the whole world and not made a matter of subterfuge and secrecy.

Mrs. [illegible] Spartanburg, S. C. Would you [illegible] of Mr. B. [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD?

The average circulation for 1895 was 177,206 weekly. For 1896 the average will probably exceed 185,000 weekly.

[illegible] Canada. Mr. [illegible] Arrowsmith. [illegible] asked myself many times, "How can I help [illegible]

We cannot encourage any of our readers to [illegible] tions to the Armenian Relief Work. It is impossible to dispose of them here, except at a great sacrifice.

[illegible] Transubstantiation?

Transubstantiation, but in a treatise or dis[illegible] of these years after he had burned the Papal bull and thus severed his relations with Rome forever), he gave his own doctrine of the true presence of the body and blood of Christ without a change in the material elements. His words were "true bread and wine remain."

Constantinople, Nov. 30, 1896.—*Dear Dr. Klopsch:* I am an Armenian Protestant pastor in Constantinople. You have heard the horrible story of the massacre and pillage here. The most dreadful of it has been at Hasskeny, in the Golden Horn, where I labor as a pastor. All my property, house furniture, bedding, clothing, table services, etc., were pillaged, and what the plunderers could not take with them they damaged and broke in pieces. My loss is about $3,000. We are living with a friend. I have been a regular subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for sixteen years.

We do not give the writer's name for obvious reasons, and to save him from molestation by the Turkish authorities. His letter is an example of others of the same sort we are receiving from Turkey, showing how the Protestant pastors there are suffering from Moslem persecution.

TOKYO, Japan, Nov. 23.—I hasten to acknowledge with sincerest thanks the receipt of your remittance of $10, the amount so kindly and generously subscribed in aid of my "Ginsja Venture"—the distributing of God's Holy Word among the young business men in this great thoroughfare in Tokyo—by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. May God's richest blessings be poured upon the givers and the gifts and may his name be abundantly glorified. J. W. WADMAN.

L. K., Hunter's Creek, Mich. Will you tell me where I can find in the Bible these words: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die?"

See Isa. 22:13; 1. Cor. 15:32.

Mrs. E. V. H., Sturgis, Mich. I read in Acts 1 and latter part of chapter that after Judas by transgression fell, they prayed to God to choose one to fill the vacancy, and gave forth their lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias." In what way was this lot decided?

The usual method was to place names or numbers in a vessel and then draw them, and this was probably the form adopted in the election of Matthias. Another method, was to take inscribed tablets of boxwood, place them in an urn or box, shake and then draw one out, and still another was to throw dice.

THE MAXIMILIAN MONUMENT ON "THE HILL OF THE BELLS," AT QUERETARO.

Though little town of only 25,000 or 30,000 population, Queretaro has played an important part in American history. It was captured by the Spaniards in 1536 and, a century later, was known as a thriving Spanish city. In 1848, it was the seat of a Congress by which peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified. In 1867, it was the scene of the Maximilian tragedy. Unable to hold Queretaro against the republican troops under Escobedo, Emperor Maximilian was made prisoner and shot in the Cerro de las Campanas to the north of the town. The exact spot where the execution took place is shown in our photograph. Miramon and Mejias, were shot with the Emperor, and the three stone pillars of the monument stand for the trio of victims. There is no inscription on the monument, which was erected by the families of Miramon and Mejias. Mme. Miramon is still living, and the unfortunate Empress Carlotta is also believed to be alive, but insane, in some retreat abroad. Queretaro is a beautiful little city, and produces the finest opals in the world, but it is seldom mentioned save as the scene of the doom of the unfortunate Maximilian.

L. B. F., Rahway, N. J. Who wrote the lines:

"Westward the Star of Empire takes it way?"

They are a quotation from Bishop Berkeley's Poem on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America. The prophecy has been wondrously fulfilled, if we consider the progress this nation has made (since the verse was written) in science, commerce, art, agriculture, and education generally.

J. L. S., Spartanburg, S. C. 1. When was the "Moabite Stone" found, and where was it found, and what were the inscriptions thereon? 2. Is there any Biblical record of Solomon's death? If not, does tradition give any account of his death?

1. It was found at Diban, in Moab, in 1868. On it is inscribed in Phœnician characters a dedication to Chemosh (the chief god of that nation), by Mesha, King of Moab, who reigned about the time of Ahab. A photograph of it appears in the International Teacher's Bible which is given as a Premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $3. 2. Yes; see II Chron. [illegible] See also Josephus' *Antiquities*, Book 8, chap. 7, for the story of his death and burial.

H. C. J., Fort Worth, Tex. Can a Christian man [illegible] to train their children for [illegible] to love them go to matinees [illegible] under the direction of operatic man[illegible]

No, nor to any other amusement that will operate as an obstacle to spiritual growth. It is true that there are doubtless pure and elevating operas, but the majority furnish the same morbid and questionable excitement that is produced by the average play in a theatre. Besides, in another sense, the opera is a place for show and vanity. Christians will do well to forego it altogether.

W. J. A., Sigma, Va. Do you know of any book published on love, courtship and marriage?

Yes, the best publication on this subject is *The Wedding Ring*, by Dr. Talmage, which is one of the set of ten books in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library. You can secure the whole set, in a nice case, together with the paper for one year, by sending $3 to this office.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 2, 1896, is extraordinarily splendid, and you deserve great credit for the improvements you make.

J. H. GUNDERSDORF.

Repentance, ——. I have had wicked thoughts about the Holy Spirit. I have prayed to God to take them from me, but I have no peace. Have I sinned beyond hope? Are we responsible for thoughts that we cannot control?

We are responsible if we harbor and cherish such thoughts, but not for their intrusion. If you continue in prayer and if you resolutely turn your mind away from the thoughts when they enter you will soon be rid of them. Settle in your mind on some subject which is full of interest to you, and begin to think of that the moment such thoughts enter your mind. As to the past, do not distress yourself. God forgives the truly penitent.

D. L. D. How was Christ made perfect as stated in Hebrews 5:9? I have always believed he was born perfect.

In his incarnation he was placed in new and trying circumstances. He must have gained by the experience. He acquired, for one thing, by his suffering a power to sympathize with the tried and the harrassed and the tempted, which could not be possessed by one who had never been in the flesh. You may be sympathetic, but we doubt whether you, or any one else who has always been free, could know exactly how a slave might feel, as you would if ever you had been a slave yourself. We are told that Job was a perfect man (Job. 1:8), but after his suffering the perfect man has gained much and had learned some lessons he did not know before.

Reader, Nova, O. 1. What influence has the soul on the body or the body on the soul? 2. If membership in some church is essential to salvation, how could the thief on the cross have been saved?

1. We are not sure that we quite understand your question. The body may degrade the soul, as when the appetite for intoxicating liquor is indulged, and in many other ways. The soul may refine and elevate the body by its communion with God, and its aspirations after Christlikeness. 2. The thief had no opportunity of joining a church because he died on the day of his conversion. A man may be saved without joining a church, but if he neglects to do so when he has the opportunity, he disobeys Christ's command to confess him before men, and Christ will be ashamed of him.

C. M. F., San Diego, Cal. As the Israelites saw the bodies of the Egyptians dead upon the seashore (Ex. 14:30), is it not possible that some Egyptians may have come to the place afterwards, and finding Pharaoh's body have taken it back and embalmed it? In that way his mummy might be found even if he had been drowned.

His mummy has never been found so far as we are aware. The Pharaoh whose mummy was found was that of Rameses II, who is generally identified with the Pharaoh of the Oppression, whose death is recorded in Exodus 2:23. If his son Meneptah was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, as is probable, he lived some years afterward as is seen by the monuments. He had a son who died in some mysterious way, and whose death he lamented. It is supposed that this son died on the Passover night. Meneptah was just the kind of a man to stay on dry land and send his army into danger.

Earnest Worker. Write to Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., for instruction about home missionary work.——W. R. A., Cannon, Del. 1. President Washington in 1789. 2. Yes, quite generally but not officially as a nation.——Miss Mamie Wheery, Chester, Ill., can use old copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to advantage in mission work among the 800 prisoners in the county jail there.—— Mrs. P. S. Pryden, Chicago, Ill. The reasons were fully discussed by the Council which rejected those books. Some were considered spurious, others doubtful and all uninspired.——Miss L. A. T., Meriden, Ct. You are probably right. We have no means of knowing.——Reader, Stoughton, Wis. 1. The document is undoubtedly spurious and is so regarded by the ablest scholars. 2. We can supply "Gospel Hymns No. 1 to 6" in quantities of not less than five copies at $1 each.——S. D. F., Port Arthur, Ontario, Can. 1. Usually subscribers. 2. They are questions of secondary importance. 3. They must be suitable to our columns.——Mrs. R. W., Elyria, O. They are orthodox Eastern Church.——E. T., New Athens, O. We cannot inform you.——O. H. B., Barleyville, Kan. So far as it is a work of necessity, it is right, but the work should be minimized. An opportunity to make a change should not be neglected.——Subscriber, Mount Carmel, Pa. Write to Scribners, publishers, New York.——Inquirer, Toronto. 1. Founded largely on personal experience. 2. We know of none.——Mrs. A. A., Galveston, Tex. Dead.——S. H., Read City, Mich. Write to Rev. C. H. Mead, American Temperance Union, Reade street, N. Y., for data.——M. C., Ann Arbor, Mich. 1. No. 2. Distributed among churches. 3. In Washington.——Reader, Wilson, Kan. Atlantis was a great continent, which, according to tradition, sunk in a single night with all its population.

SERMONS WORTH READING

HELPFUL DISCOURSES for the PEOPLE

Angelic Service.

A Sermon Preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Church, by his Son and Successor, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. Text, Matt. 4: 11, "*Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold angels came and ministered unto him.*"

I DOUBT not that the angels, bright, blest spirits that they are, have always been glad to serve the sons of men. They have shouted for joy in creation's days, and they have ever found a cause of gladness, in attending, at God's command, to the wants and wishes of mankind. I am sure there was a smile upon the angel's face when he awakened the prophet Elijah, and bade him satisfy his hunger and strengthen his frame with the repast miraculously provided; and I cannot doubt that that seraph was delighted to perform his God-given commission when in a dream he warned Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, of certain who sought the young child's life. If you will be at the trouble to turn up the instances in the Old Testament and in the New, where angels are said to have come with messages and

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Revelations from the Glory-land,

you will find that there is not in a solitary instance so much as a trace of unwillingness on their part, but, on the contrary, rather, evident proof that with glowing feet and gladsome hearts they ran to man's relief. But I cannot help believing that there was a special zest when they were sent to minister to Jesus. To the heirs of salvation they hurried happily with helping hands, but to him who was heir of all things they surely came with fleeter wings and brighter features than in any other case. They were glad to render service for him, as they announced to Mary that he should presently be born, or when at his incarnation they turned the midnight into glorious daytime, and sang the sweetest song that the listening earth has ever caught. Gladder still they must have been to roll the stone away and give him opportunity for resurrection. Perhaps their joy culminated when they received him on high, as he ascended, leading captivity captive.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his native,
Clapped their triumphant wings and cried
"The glorious work is done."

How joyously did they bid him welcome to the portals of the Paradise which he had left that he might bring earth back to God! I am not sure, however, but that they found their highest pleasure in ministering to Jesus in

The Hour of His Exigency

and need. Their joy, of course, was chastened; but who is there amongst us that has suffered but will admit that some of the joys that bloom amid our sorrows are, indeed, the sweetest of them all? There is in such case a sort of background that sets them forth and makes them shine more brilliantly and scintillate more sparklingly, and I fancy I am not far out when I conclude that the angels were never happier, even in their ministrations to Jesus, than when they found him fainting after his combat with the devil, and helped him up or wiped the perspiration away maybe, or brought from heaven some dainty from the Father's table that he might refresh himself therewith. Then did the desert grow glad. It blossomed as a rose, both to the angels and to the angels' Lord; for they were privileged to make him feel at ease once more, to assuage his anguish, and to aid him in his faintness. There is only one amongst the angels that I envy more than these of whom our text is speaking to us, and that is the one, a solitary one as the record leads us to suppose, who came direct from heaven to the Garden of Olives, who was content to leave the lustre of the glory-land for the shades of Gethsemane. "There appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Oh, happy, happy, happy angel, to be charged with a commission at once so sad and yet so glad, to take thy Master in thine arms, and strengthen him in the midst of his awful struggle. Are we not privileged this morning to have for our theme the ministration of angels with respect to Jesus himself?

I want you, first, to rejoice with me that Jesus, even in his mortal life, was thus attended. We have often found it glad employ to think of Jesus in the land of light, worshipped and waited upon by the noblest and brightest of God's intelligences, and there has been no little pain as we saw him quitting all, turning his back upon all the pleasures and gladnesses of heaven, and on all the honor and glory that circled like a glistening sea around his throne. We may find some little consolation in the fact that he did not leave them all behind. Some were the

Outriders of the King

when he journeyed to the far-off parts of his Father's dominion. Some hovered in the air, I doubt not, through all his earthly pilgrimage. Ever and anon some glimpses of his glory flashed through his person, and some proofs of his princely lineage appeared, as a part of his retinue was made manifest. Here in the wilderness the angels run to his relief.

They do not appear to have come to his help until the threefold battle had been fought. This was not because of any unwillingness on their part to aid him, you may be sure; it was not cowardice that kept them at a distance. It would not do for them to venture into the lists lest there should seem to be at last a division of the honors of the day. He must thus early tread the wine-press alone, and of the people, ay, even of those that peopled heaven, there must be none with him. I cannot think, however, but that they surrounded him meanwhile. Will your imagination allow you to depict them? Can you see just a trace of anxiety upon their brows occasionally, just when the devil is hurling himself upon his enemy? There was no cause for fear. Perhaps I do the angels an injustice to suppose that they had any sort of trembling or of dismay. Perhaps I shall better speak their mind if I tell you that all the while there sat upon their features a look of ineffable scorn that one who had been hurled headlong from the battlements of heaven should venture to attack the Christ of God.

And then I see their faces light with joy supernal as Jesus, drawing again and again the same old trusty blade, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, gives the devil yet another thrust which he can by no means parry; and I can well believe that they clapped their triumphant wings when, as our text records, the devil left him. Then did a look of triumph light their eyes. They had witnessed a military tournament the like of which even heaven had never beheld before, and now they take their conquering Chief in their arms and bear him up, and speak, as only angels can, sweet words of heavenly cheer.

This leads me to inquire, what do you suppose these angels did for Jesus? He for a little while was made lower than the angels, for he became a man, and must needs condescend to accept service from them. They are privileged to render first aid, not to the wounded, for Jesus had no scratch nor scar from all the devil's fiery shafts, but first aid to one who, having fasted long and struggled bravely, was now wearied and exhausted by reason of the fray. I am not at all sure but that they brought food for the body, and Christ did eat angels' food. Certainly they had comforts for his mind. Perchance they wiped the perspiration from his brow. It may be that they upheld him when he was like to faint. In a word, they did for him just what he needed, whatever that may have been. I expect they gave him, when he was able to receive them, their own congratulations; and who shall say but that from the Father's lips they brought some kindly message, for he had watched his Son while he was receiving this baptism of fire, the first, if not the fiercest, of the long list of his temptations. Oh,

What a Change it Was

for Jesus! "The devil leaveth him," and well may the evangelist say "Behold!"—there is room for several notes of exclamation here—"Behold! angels came and ministered unto him." See, on the other hand, the retreating foe, his dragon wings spread wide that he may hurry back to the abyss from whence he came. See on the other hand, the air all bright and resonant with fluttering, glittering angels' wings. The struggle is over for a season. Hell has given place to heaven. The wilderness now blossoms like a rose, and shining ones with their celestial solicitude are caring for the Son of man, the Son of God, who suffered so keenly and fought so bravely. I love to think of the delicious thrill that must have gone through the heart of Jesus as, heaving a sigh of relief, he found that, desperate as was the battle, it was o'er at last. His Father had not forgotten him, he had sent him help from the sanctuary, he had strengthened him out of Zion, and now he has time to take his breath and gather strength again before the fiend can have at him once more. Blessed Saviour, I do rejoice to think that thus on earth thou wast celestially attended!

May we not cherish the hope that we also may be similarly cared for. Christ has fought our battles, I know, but we have battles of our own to fight. Our war with devils is not confined to a solitary action. We must fight until we win—nay, we must fight until we die; and I comfort myself with the thought—I may be wrong, but I hope I am not mistaken—that angels are helpful

Agencies on My Behalf.

The experience of others leads me to hope this. I cannot forget that Hagar in her distress cried unto the Lord, and an angel spake words of comfort to her out of heaven. I have not forgotten that Lot had his wrists seized by rescuing angels who led him out of Sodom. I have read of Gideon, of Joshua, of Mary, and of Joseph, of Peter, and Paul, and Philip, and of others to whom bright spirits came in the hour of need with messages divine. I have not forgotten that it is said of Israel that the angel of his presence saved them. Perhaps that has reference to the fiery cloudy pillar which, as some suppose, spread itself like cherub wings about the camp of God's chosen people.

Well, we are not without our angel, the angel of his presence that still saves us; and to those whose eyes were opened as were those of the young man in Dothan, in answer to the prophet's prayer, the hills all round grow white with many an angel tent, for "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." I really believe I have the Scriptures to encourage this hope. There is the text that I have just quoted, and there is another that the devil misquoted, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Oh, if the eyes of our faith were opened we should have no cause to doubt that the air is all pierced with angel messengers flitting hither, flying thither, hastening everywhere, ministering to them that shall be the heirs of salvation.

What Do the Angels Do For Us?

They do not take us out of the world and so save us from the evil; but I think they do for us what they did for Jesus—they watch us in the battle, they help us when the battle is ended lest we faint by reason of the stress and strain. I am not sure but what they help us in the midst of the conflict sometimes, as that one did who succored Jesus in Gethsemane. I will not say for certain that the angels repel demons for us, and counteract spiritual plots, and ward off ills—I cannot say for certain, though I sometimes dream they do. I am content, however, to stick to the scriptures; they bear us up in their arms, they are our guardians, the nurses of our childhood, and if they do not feed us with earthly provender, they do bring spiritual food for our hearts, I doubt not. Thus they strengthen us. Blessed be the name of the Lord that he has not forgotten us any more than he did his first-begotten Son in this matter.

But, remember that we are not to presume upon angels' ministries. It is in all God's ways—in all our ways if they are God's—that the angels bear us up and care for us. The devil left that out when he quoted that scripture to Jesus. He forgot, perhaps intentionally, to say, "In all thy ways." Brother, venture not where God has not sent thee, trusting angel ministries, for angels only go with thee when thou goest whither God commands thee. Expect not that providence will shelter thee, nor that grace will succor thee if thou of thine own free will and wicked waywardness wanderest into paths unholy. Thank God, you may hope for helpful influences from the ever blessed Spirit, from the word of God, from ministers of the gospel who are the angels of the churches, and, for aught I know, from those bright intelligences themselves, if you walk upright in the way of the Lord.

Briefly, in closing, I want that you and I shall resolve to imitate the bright examples of the angels. Jesus is

Still Get-at-able

here in the person of the poor and of the needy, especially them that are of the household of faith. You still can help the tried, the tempted, the perplexed. You can be an angel of light to Jesus, even as Saul of Tarsus was an evil angel, persecuting the Christ while he persecuted the church. Here is work both for men and women. The charity that blesses Christ to-day can drop from the fingers of the sisters as certainly as from the hands of the men. Let us all be up and doing in this matter. But we cannot do angels' work unless we have the angels' secret. 'Twas love that brought them to the wilderness, 'twas love to Jesus that took the other one into gloomy, dark Gethsemane. It is very little use your trying to minister to the poor and needy unless you do it out of love to Jesus. Many a bundle of blessing has been turned into a bundle of curses because it was tied up with the red tape of officialism. Bind up your blessing with silken cords of love to Christ and to your fellow-men. Then you will do the angels' work in angels' fashion.

Gentle Ministrations.

Moreover, you must cultivate their disposition. How gentle are the angels! Hear them talking to the women who came weeping to the sepulchre. "Fear not." says one. "Whom seekest thou?" says another. "Why weepest thou?" says a third. There is something about their very demeanor that shows that though they be angels they are touched with a feeling of the infirmities of those poor sufferers. Try to be gentle, too, as you minister to the wants and woes of men. Oh, to be as wise as the angels! He charges even them with folly. Would to God we could be half as wise as they, for many of our gifts are spoiled by want of wisdom in the giving. How pure they are! Oh, that we could offer our charities every day with the self-same pure devotion and unsullied love that they know who have never sinned!

We shall do well, also, to adopt their methods in ministering. How swift they are! They are as winds that nothing can obstruct. How strong they are! They are as flames of fire that nothing can resist. They excel in strength, and are willing to do for the humblest of God's people the lowliest of service. Oh, that we may catch the angelic and seraphic spirit, and give our gifts as they have given their service to Jesus and to his people, and through the rest of our lives just minister to Christ—for he is here in the person of his saints—as the angels did in the bleak wilderness and in dark Gethsemane. The Lord incline you to devise liberal things and render cheerful service for the help of the poor and the needy!

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

THE Evangelical Alliance for the United States suggests the following topics for the Week of Prayer, January 3d-10th, 1897. The sub-topics are given by way of suggestion, so that each pastor can select his own. Pastors' notes will be sent free to any pastor asking for them.

[illegible] "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him."—Lam. 3: 25.

Monday, January 4. Humiliation and Thanksgiving. Confession: Of personal, social and national sins.—Psalm 25: 1-18; Joel 2: 12-14. Thanksgiving: For the blessings of the year.—Psalm 107: 1-9: Psalm 145. 1-9; Eph. 1: 3-7.

Tuesday, January 5th. The Church Universal. Praise: For the reality of Christian unity, and for its increasing recognition.—1 Cor. 12:12-27. Prayer: For the Holy Spirit; for a pure Gospel; for the fellowship of believers; for the fulfilment of the Church's mission.—Acts 2: 1-18; 1 John 1: 3-7; Matt. 13: 31-33.

Wednesday, January 6th. Nations and their rulers. Praise: For the general prevalence of peace; for the happy issue of the Venezuelan dispute; for the progress of arbitration.—Matt. 5: 9. Prayer: For all in authority: for courts of justice and legislatures, that righteousness may prevail in them; for the complete triumph of the principle of arbitration; for temperance and all other needed reforms: for the brotherhood of men, that all sectionalism, class prejudices and race antipathies may cease.—Rom. 13: 1-7; Prov. 23: 29-35; Isa. 2: 4; Acts 17: 26; Psa. 133.

Thursday, January 7. Foreign Missions. Praise: For the progress of the year; for the assurance that the will of God will yet be done in earth as it is in heaven.—Rev. 11: 15. Prayer: For a revival of the missionary spirit; for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in the interdenominational meetings the ensuing week in the interest of Foreign Missions; for the relief of missionary treasuries; for missionaries, especially those exposed to peculiar perils; for Armenians, Stundists and all who are persecuted for Christ's sake; for the conversion of the world.—Matt. 28: 18-20; Matt. 5: 10-12; Isa. 35.

Friday, January 8th. Home Missions. Praise: For increasing apprehension of the social mission of the Church; for the growth of municipal reform.—Isa. 65: 17-25. Prayer: For missionary societies burdened with debt: for home and city missionaries; for increased co-operation; for neglected populations, both city and rural, and for a divine urgency that shall impel to effort in their behalf.—Luke 24: 46, 47; Luke 10: 1, [illegible]

Saturday, January 9th. Families and Schools. Praise: For families united in Christ and for the increasing number of Christian youth. Prayer: For parents, children, and servants; for a more general observance of family worship; for all schools, colleges, seminaries and universities; for Sunday Schools and for religious societies for young men and women.—Col. [illegible]

Sunday, January 10th. Sermons. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." [illegible]

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting in the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 13, in accordance with the requests of many [illegible]

[illegible] of Relatives and Friends. [illegible] Brooklyn, [illegible] for the [illegible] is empty.—J. R. M., Charlotte Harbor, Fla., [illegible] and strength to resist temptation.—K. M., Watervliet, N. Y., for more strength and courage, Vt., for help in financial difficulties, and for grace to live a consistent useful life.—Believer, Blanchard, Iowa, for God's help and support in an impending trial.—W. R., Bingtines, and that the way be opened to an honest [illegible] mercy would forgive his sins and give him assurance that they are blotted out.—H. M. W., Kansas City, Mo., who is sorely disturbed because his wife is suing him at law, begs for prayer that God would open her eyes to her mistake, and cause her to discontinue her suit.—Anxious, Bethlehem, Pa., to be delivered out of a sore trouble.—Two Sorrowful Wives, who once led dissolute lives, but are now struggling to live down the past and serve Christ faithfully, beg for prayer that the strength they need may be granted, and that they may be saved from reproach and humiliation.—Old Reader, Lockport, N.Y., who fears that she has grieved the Holy Spirit, and is in consequence in great distress, asks prayer that she may be restored to God's favor, and may again enjoy the peace she once had.—B. V. V., Ada, O., for financial aid in an emergency, that he may be enabled to meet his obligations honestly and punctually and may not lose his property.

[illegible] of Converts. [illegible] and born again of the Spirit.—Reader, Walkerton, Ont., for the conversion of a man whose misconduct has brought suffering on his family for several years past, and that he may have strength to lead a consistent Christian life and be able to earn an honest livelihood.—Sorrowing one, Rapid City, S. D., for the conversion of two sons and a daughter and that their mother might receive the help of the Holy Spirit in her troubled life, and may be enabled to live honestly and pay her way.—Mother, Clio, Mich., that her two sons may be converted to God.—Anxious Mother in Pennsylvania, that husband, son, and daughter might all consecrate their lives to Christ and his service—Reader, Easton, O., for the conversion of one who is near and dear to her and that in his great mercy God would touch the heart of one who is a slave of liquor and is tempting others to sin, and change his nature; also that her sons may give themselves to Christ.—N. T., Welford, Kansas, that her husband who once knew the Lord, but has gone astray, may be restored to God's favor and that her three children may turn to the Lord and serve him.—Believer, Ont., for the conversion of father and uncle who are utterly indifferent to Spiritual things—J. B. T., Cambridgeport, Mass., for the conversion of an adopted son who has gone astray, but is not beyond the reach of the Spirit.—Believer, New York City, that God would show a dear son his need of a Saviour and convince him that a good moral character is not sufficient for salvation.—Reader, Renovo, Pa., for the conversion of her husband and that he may have grace to lead an open, truthful life; also that she may herself be delivered from a censorious, Pharisaical spirit.—Reader, Concord, N. H., that a dear relative may give his heart to God and may lead his family in the right way.—Sister in Christ, Moreland, O., for the conversion of her husband who has been the subject of many prayers.—A. A. T., Rockland, Ill., that God would bring a whole family into his fold, brothers, sister and children, so that at last, not one may be missing from the circle in heaven.—Harassed Father, New York City, that his son, who has been for years a source of sorrow and shame, might be brought by the power of the Spirit to abandon his dissipated ways and follow Christ.—E. C. Scotland, S. D., earnestly entreats all Christian friends to offer an urgent prayer for the conversion of her children.—A. H., Troy, Pa., that the Holy Spirit might bring her husband back to the Lord and renew his heart; also that a dear son might be kept from evil and made a child of God.—Believer, Sturgis, Mich., for the conversion of an only son.—Mother, Chapell, Neb., that God would change the hearts of an unconverted son and daughter-in-law and make them both members of his kingdom.—Mission Worker, Highlands, Colorado, for the conversion of a young man who is away from home and will not return, and of a motherless girl who has been led astray and is leading a dissolute life. Both cases are pitiable in the extreme, as under happier circumstances they might have both been happy, useful Christians.

For the Restoration of Health. Shut-in, Bat Cave, N. C., asks for the prayers of God's people that an only daughter may be saved from dying of consumption.—Distressed, Brooklyn, N. Y., that in his infinite mercy God would heal him and save him from falling a victim to a dreaded malady.—Believer, Windsor, O., that a son may be cured of a distressing affliction which is a hindrance and a humiliation to him.—Reader, Darien, N. Y., for the recovery of a sick brother who is sick of the palsy.—One who Believes, Chenoe, Ill., that a sick mother may be restored, and that strength be given her to bear an approaching ordeal which it is hoped will lead to her recovery.—J. W., Monmouth, N. J., that God would mercifully look upon herself and her sister in their affliction, and restore to them their hearing.—H. R. M., Zanesville, Ind., that God would recover her daughter who is dangerously ill.—Anxious Mother, Portland, N. Y., for the recovery of her daughter who has been an invalid for years and seems to be getting worse.—J. W., Truro, N. S., that a young lady who is a great sufferer, may be restored to health and usefulness.—W. L. K., whose father, mother, and sister are all sick, begs prayers for their speedy recovery.—D.W.H., Olinda, Ont., that a young physician, whose usefulness has been a blessing, may be healed of a dangerous disease, and that God would give skill and wisdom to the physicians to whom he has gone for treatment.

For Special Blessings. Sister in Christ, Larrabe, Maine, that God would send [illegible]

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

The Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

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All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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And the tides are sweeping by;
When the lightning and the thunder
Shake and rend the blackened sky.

REFRAIN:

Does your anchor hold, my brother;
Is it fast upon the rock?
If your faith lays hold on Jesus
You can stand the tempest's shock.

When the waves of strong temptation,
And the tides of habit sweep
Fiercely when your soul is anchored
Out on life's unstable deep.

Does your anchor hold, etc.

When destructive gales of anguish,
And the floods of bitter tears:
Breaking heart or pain of body
Raises doubtings dark and fears.

Does your anchor hold, etc.

When some Pharisee deceives you,
Or betrays or puts to shame;
When you are defamed by some one
Falsely wearing Christ's fair name.

Does your anchor hold, etc.

When, in want, a subtle envy
Seeks a place within your breast;
When the strong ebb-tide of failure
Fills your soul with deep unrest.

Does your anchor hold, etc.

[illegible] W. C. MARTIN.

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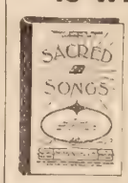

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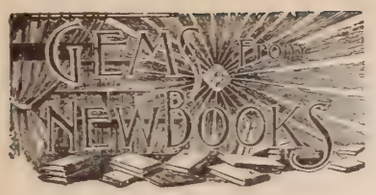

Mixed Choirs.*

THE only satisfactory choirs are the mixed choirs of men and women. Upon them has devolved the cultivation of artistic choral music in our public concert-rooms. As we know such choirs now they are of comparatively recent origin, and it is a singular commentary upon the way in which musical history is written, that the fact should have so long been overlooked that the credit of organizing the first belongs to the United States. A little reflection will show this fact, which seems somewhat startling at first blush, to be entirely natural. Large singing societies are of necessity made up of amateurs, and the want of professional musicians in America compelled the people to enlist amateurs at a time when in Europe choral activity rested on the church, and institute choristers, who were practically professionals.

As the hitherto accepted record stands, the first amateur singing society was the Singakademie of Berlin, which Carl Freidrich Fash, accompanist to the royal flautist, Frederick the Great, called into existence in 1791.

When the Bremen Singakademie was organized there were already choirs in the United States as far west as Cincinnati. In that city they were merely church choirs at first, but within a few years they had combined into a large body and were giving concerts at which some of the choruses of Handel and Haydn were sung. That their performances, as well as those of the New England societies, were cruder than those of their European rivals may well be believed, but with this I have nothing to do. I am simply seeking to establish the priority of the United States in amateur choral culture. The number of American cities in which oratorios are performed annually is now about fifty.

In size mixed choirs ordinarily range from forty voices to five hundred. It were well if it were understood by choristers as well as the public that numbers merely are not a sign of merit in a singing society. So the concert-room be not too large, a choir of sixty well-trained voices is large enough to perform almost everything in choral literature with good effect, and the majority of the best compositions will sound better under such circumstances than in large rooms with large choirs. The use of large choirs has had the effect of developing the skillfulness of amateur singers in an astonishing degree, but there is, nevertheless, a point where weightiness of tone becomes an obstacle to finished execution.

Falling and Stumbling.†

THERE is a world-wide difference between the falling of a sinner and the stumbling of a saint. The sinner habitually walks in the way of evil; the saint has deliberately chosen the way of good. When the sinner falls, he falls in the evil way that he is pursuing; that is to say, his uniform course is sinful, but his fall involves an outbreaking sin. Lust has been in his heart, but it breaks out in open impurity; latent hate has been there, but it betrays him into the sin of violence; secret avarice now becomes open overreaching or dishonesty. The sin is in accordance with the habitual life he has been leading. On the other hand, when the child of God who has chosen the good way and walked in it thus far, stumbles into sin, this is not in accordance with his ordinary walk; and when he is recovered by the grace of God, he pursues the same path in the same direction, as before his error. The difference between these two is finely expressed in the Bible. James says, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one bring him back." A brother is supposed to be walking in the way of the truth, and to make a temporary deviation from that way; and some one is to call his attention to the evil-doing, and bring him back into the right way. Again, the apostle Paul says in his letter to the Galatians, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one." Some old habit comes up, as it were, from behind, and when he is incautious and unheeding, trips him up, so that he falls. "Now you," says Paul, 'which are spiritual, go and help him up, on his feet, and set him on his way again, with the help of your sympathy and prayers."

* From *How to Listen to Music*, by H. E. Krehbiel, pp. 361. Cloth binding. Illustrated. Price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons., N. Y., publishers.

† From *The Northfield Year-Book for each New Day*. Selected and arranged by Delavan L. Pierson, and illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. This is a beautiful little volume of extracts from many of the leading speakers who have delivered addresses at Northfield. Pp. 380, artistic binding, illuminated covers, illustrated; price, $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

What I Know About Books and How to Use Them: By Dr. George C. Lorimer, with an introduction by Wm. M. Lawrence, D. D., pp. 110. Published by James H. Earle, 178 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Caldwell's Son: By Julia McNair Wright, author of "The Captain's Bargain," and other stories, pp. 366. Price $1.25. Published by The National Temperance Society, 58 Reade St., New York.

Will Hilton's Will: or, Father Against Son; by J. C. Cawdrick. An excellent book for Sunday School libraries. Pp. 81; cloth; price, 50 cents. The National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade St., New York.

Life-Time Hymns: a collection of old and new hymns of the Christian Church, for use in churches, Sunday Schools, prayer meetings and social gatherings; edited by H. R. Palmer, C. C. McCabe and M. R. Brouse. Pp. 289; cloth binding; R. R. McCabe & Co., 166 South Clinton St., Chicago, publishers.

John, a Tale of King Messiah: by Katherine Pearson Woods. A social view of Christianity in the First Century; pp. 346; cloth binding; price $1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Friends for Good, by Mary E. Bradley. The interesting story of two girls who made a living for themselves in New York City. Full cloth binding, attractive side and back stamps, and illustrated; pp. 367; price $1.25. American Sunday School Union, New York and Philadelphia, publishers.

The Prize Cup, by J. T. Trowbridge; the wonderful story of the adventures of a silver trophy: a book the boys will enjoy. Illustrated, 234 pages; cloth binding; price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Gentle Jesus, a Life of Christ for Little Folks, by Helen E. Jackson. Illustrated. A delightful book for the juveniles, pp. 223. Cloth binding. Price $1.25. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

We Ten, or the Story of the Roses, by Barbara Yechton, with illustrations by Minna Brown, pp. 383. Cloth binding. Price $1.50. Dodd Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Our Children's Home.

The following sums have been received for our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn:

Previously acknowledged	$5,003.26
Mrs Dr Hall	1 00
Sympathy, Suffolk Co.	1 50
Maria E Vinton	3 00
Miss Jennie E White	4 00
J T, New Smyrna	3 00
Mrs S P. Hazelton	3 00
One striving to please Christ, N Y City	1 00
Miss Addie Odom	3 00
The Boys' Band Loyal Workers, Mo.	75
H M, Brooklyn	1 00
Mrs W B Kershner	50
Country Girls, Neb	30
Total	$5,025.31

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Free to all Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

As stated in the last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The *New York World* publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

Pennsylvania Railroad to Issue Clerical Orders.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for 1897 it will issue clerical orders to regularly ordained clergymen in charge of churches located on or near its lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. To secure these orders clergymen should make appliction to the nearest ticket agent as soon as possible.

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Aid for Armenia.

[illegible] Armenians are arriving in the United States at the present time. A number went to Canada from Marseilles recently, and it is learned that arrangements are in [illegible] refugees to the Dominion, where they will have an opportunity to engage in agricultural labor. In the towns and villages of Armenia, the suffering among the poor continues to be widespread, although noble efforts are being made to relieve those localities where the worst distress prevails. It is announced in letters from missionaries in the field that there are at the present time over fifty thousand Armenian orphans, whose parents were victims of the late massacres or died of hunger and privation afterward. Missionaries at Oorfa, Cesarea, Diarbekir, Van, Harpoot, and other cities are feeding and sheltering as many of these orphan children as possible.

The sum of $1,000 was forwarded from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund during the week, to be applied toward the support of the orphan children by the American Board missionaries at the fol[illegible]:

Van	$250.
Cesarea	250.
Oorfa	250.
Harpoot	250.

This is the tenth weekly remittance of $1,000 for distribution in the field, and, together with previous disbursements, makes a total of $52,000 distributed in relief work by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund in Armenia to date. The contributions to the Fund during the week were as follows:

[illegible] $53,105.58
C E Soc, Strath[illegible]
[illegible] Lawrenceville 3 50
Rev Robert Beer [illegible]
One striving to place [illegible] 1 00
Miss E C Osborn [illegible]
Bettey Johnson 2 00
[illegible] Mem Ch, Pa 4 00
Mrs P S R Barger 1 00
John Weisgerber 2 00
Two little brothers [illegible]
I N H, Summer Cove 50
Moravion Y P S C E Hope 11 35
A friend, Dunt[illegible] 5 00
Mrs Jas St Clair 1 00
[illegible] sion, Minn 3 33
A L Rice 1 00
I W Rice 50
Mrs Tip Lyons 25
Mrs Dr Todd [illegible]
Mildred Caldwell 15
Mrs Anna Harrison 50
Batesell & Shaler 1 00
Union Y P S C E [illegible]
W. C. T. U., Me[illegible]shoppen [illegible]
Mr. and Mrs. L. H. [illegible]
[illegible] Church [illegible]
Jacob Weirich [illegible]
Mrs. P. L. Cobb 50
I. H. N., Belle Prairie 5 00
Mrs. Eliza Norman 2 00
Presbyt'r'n Church, [illegible]
Eliza Dean 1 00
E. G. Smith 2 00
Donald McTaggart 5 00
Mrs. S. W. Saylis 2 00
Miss Helen Hawley 1 00
Mrs. John Relph 3 00
J. H. Platman 3 25
[illegible] Harrington 10 00
A Friend, Wisc'ns'n 5 00
Try and Trust Circle of K. D., Mich. 10 00
——, Holbrook, Pa. 1 00
Miss Jennie Ricket 1 00
E H McDonald 1 00
John Anderson 50
James Millar 50
C. E. Society, Hamilton 5 00
Alice McCauley 1 00
Esta Bryant 1 05
S A Spooner 1 00
Mrs L Jamison 50
Mrs I E Spooner 50
Mrs J M Ireland 25
Eric Johnson 25
Mrs Dora Wills 25
Mrs Olson 50
Mrs M E Bryant 50
Mrs G Pitts 50
Mrs R B Noyes 50
Mrs P B Jamison 50
C A Barrett [illegible]
Mrs H Crenshaw [illegible]
Mrs R Bonney [illegible]
Mr McLaughlin [illegible]
Mrs L S Hagerman [illegible]
Mrs A Pugsley [illegible]
Mrs C W Taylor [illegible]
Mrs Alfred Johnson 25
Mrs H M Selsby 25
Mrs C Bebee 25
Mrs [illegible] 25
Mrs [illegible] 25
Mrs Wm Davis 10
Mrs C Stowel 10
Mrs [illegible] 1
Mrs Laura Noyes 10
Mrs Wm Wills 1[illegible]
Mrs O Noyes 10
Mrs J Crewdson 05
Mrs Johnson 05
[illegible] G H H, Pitts[illegible] 1 00
D M Snow 4 50
Mary J Dodge 1 00
[illegible] 3 00
Mrs Lucy Daily 1 00
M W H 3 00
A F Randall 1 00
C A Jones 5 00
A A S, A-Tex 10 00
John Keller 2 00
Agnes Woodward 2 00
Mrs Gertrude Fuller 3 00
Mrs L S Wing 5 00
Robert Allan 2 00
Mother & Son, Elmira 35
F C Wilcox 5 00
Maggie Hanna [illegible]
Laura Jones [illegible]
Hattie E Hall 5 00
John S [illegible] 5 00
A King's Daughter, Primrose 3 00
Cong'l Church, Belford 2 10
Presby S S, McAlisterville 2 50
C E Societies, Marietta 15 50
A friend, Eaton 1 00
H M, Brooklyn 1 00
Mrs W W Williams 5 00
Mary F White 1 00
Mrs A E Heslor 5 00
Mrs H P Hamm 1 00
A friend, San Lorenzo 2 00
Mrs H F Gehrkens 1 00
Mrs Wm Reinhard 2 00
An aged widow, Royalston 1 00
Margaret D MacAulay 2 00
Emanuel Winter 2 50
Mrs Fanny Kerr 1 50
Mrs Miner 1 00
Adelaide Lewis 1 00
Evan E Davis 34 35
Cash, Cal 35 00
R L Proctor 5 00
A poor, but willing worker 05
Junior C E Society, Ft Payne 78
——, Ft Payne 10 82
C E Society, Ely 20 00
Y P S C E, Center Sidney 6 30
Jeffersonville M P C E Society 25 00
Band of Hope, Edgewood 3 65
M A Batten 1 00
M W F, Ivy Depot 1 00
Austinburgh Thanksgiving Service 1 [illegible]
Junior C E Society, Harrisburg 2 00
Mrs S A Kemmerer 25 00
Elizabeth Hunter 2 00
Ljeta, Bayonne 1 00
Friend, [illegible] 5
[illegible], Asbury Park 1 00
Miss Laura J. Allen 1 00
C Arthur Burgin 1 00
Mrs Eliza A Bell 1 00
Mrs S Broost 1 00
S Lovell 1 00
Mrs Susanna Wood 1 00
Rev J C Long & wife 1 00
Miss K Bennett 3 50
Mary Lewellin 1 00
Bryan Pres Ch 7 50
W C T U, Tunkhannock 22 38
One who is interested, Hamilton 2 00
Reformed Church Ladies' Guild 2 00
Y P S C E, Shanesville 2 80
Thos Morton 5 00
H H N Inst for Blind, Salem 5 00
E J Mayo 2 00
Ida M Hunt 1 00
I H N 1 00
No matter who, E Shelburne 2 00
Mrs P K Drown 10
C A Hagaman 3 00
Friend, Putney 5 00
Mr Gust Caquelin 5 00
Isabella Kerr 1 00
S S, Lakeport 4 31
Lake Ch C E, Madison 1 10
Ref Cong, Landisburg 4 20
Ref S S, Landisburg 7 00
Y P S C E, Landisburg 5 35
Y P S C E, Buffalo 3 20
M E Ch South, Ansonville 1 43
M C Moore 1 00
Mrs J H Scott 1 00
John L & Mary F Bamford 2 00
No Manchester Union 5 00
Mrs L M Cooley 50
W, Kansas 2 50
Mrs A M Weekley 2 00
Miss M M Weekley 1 00
Mrs Lottie Cook 3 00
F C Baur 1 00
Presbyterian Ch, Noroton 6 00
A lover of the Lord Indianapolis 1 00
In memory of E S Sawyer 2 00
Mrs J D Wyckoff 1 00
D R Leech 1 00
Paul Erhardt 1 50
M B, Indianola 50
Friends, So Turner 2 00
F K Cottrell 1 00
Cong Church, Deer Lodge 3 50
Woman's Miss Society Presby Ch, Somerset 1 50
Mrs N Moon 1 00
Junior C E Soc, Saline Ref Ch, O 5 00
Congregation, Canal Fulton 1 07
In His Name, Fairlee 2 00
Mrs Isabel Rodger 2 00
Rebecca H Shaw 1 00
Mrs H Reed 1 00
Jacksonville Prayer Meeting 6 00
C E Soc, Folsom 2 50
Mrs C B Personeus 2 00
Mrs E W Keach 10 00
John W Bradbury 10 00
M A Headrick 1 00
I F Hewitt 5 00
John Lenzinger 10 00
Mrs Decamp 1 00
A friend, Troy 1 00
Total $53,886.88

[illegible]

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Up to Heaven on Wings of Song

ARY A. LIVERMORE is one of the few of those splendid personalities who accomplished service of national interest and importance a generation ago, but have gone on with ever-increasing enthusiasm and freshness of spirit into the new world of to-day. Mrs. Livermore threw her sublime energy, immense store of practical wisdom, and boundless tenderness of heart into caring for the sick and wounded soldiers during the dark days of the War of the Rebellion. In her thrilling book, "My Story of the War," there is perhaps gathered more heart-stirring incidents than in any other volume which has grown out of that historic period.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Here is one which reveals some of the characteristics of this great-hearted, heroic woman:

She was one day nearing the completion of her tour of a hospital ward, when she paused beside the cot of a poor fellow on whose face the unmistakable look of death was settling.

"You are suffering a great deal," she said.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" he gasped; "I am, I am! but not in body. I can bear that. I don't mind pain—I can bear anything—but I can't die! I can't die!"

"Why, are you afraid to die?" she inquired. "Tell me, my poor boy."

"I ain't fit to die. I have lived an awful life, and I'm afraid to die. I shall go to hell."

She drew a camp-stool to his bedside and, sitting down, put her hands on his shoulders, and spoke in commanding tones, as to an excited child: "Stop screaming. Be quiet. If you must die, die like a man, and not like a coward. Be still, and listen to me." And she proceeded to combat his fear of death, and his sense of guilt with assurances of God's willingness to pardon. She told him of Christ's mission on earth, and assured him that however great had been his sins they would be forgiven of God, since he was penitent and sought forgiveness. She bade him repeat after her the words of a prayer, which he did with tearful earnestness. She backed up her assurances by quotations from the Bible and illustrations from the life of Christ: but she felt she was making little impression on the dying man.

At last the poor fellow exclaimed: "Can't you get a minister? I used to belong to the church, but I fell away. Oh, send for a minister!"

Mrs. Livermore was determined that nothing should be left undone that might bring comfort and salvation to the poor fellow, and on inquiry found that the hospital steward was also a minister, and soon had him at the man's bedside. To him the wounded soldier listened eagerly. After the steward had talked with him a little and prayed with him, Mrs. Livermore inquired, "Can't you sing?"

Immediately, in a rich, full, clear tenor, whose melody floated through the ward, and charmed every groan and wail into silence, the steward sang hymn after hymn, all of them familiar:

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger.

All of these hymns were so well-known the dying soldier, that she saw he followed the singer, verse after verse. The music affected him as she had hoped. The burden rolled from the poor boy's heart, and in feble, tender tones he said, "It's all right with me, chaplain! I will trust in Christ! God will forgive me! I can die now!"

"Sing on chaplain!" Mrs. Livermore suggested, as he seemed about to pause to make reply. "God is sending peace and light into the troubled soul of this poor boy, through these divine hymns, and your heavenly voice. Sing on, don't stop!"

He continued to sing, but now chose a different style of hymn and tune, and burst forth into a most rapturous strain:

Come, sing to me of heaven,
For I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there.

In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

She looked down the ward, and saw that the wan faces of the men, contracted with pain, were brightening. She looked at the dying man beside her and saw, underneath the deepening pallor of death, an almost radiant gleam.

Then the chaplain was summoned away by a call from his office. It was getting late in the afternoon, for she had tarried a couple hours at this bedside, when her friends came from other wards of the hospital to say that it was time to return.

"Don't go; stay!" whispered the fast sinking man. The words of the master rushed to her memory, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," and she promised to remain with him to the end. The end came sooner than anyone thought. Before the sun went down, with courageous heart and rapturous face, he had put out to sea for the immortal shore.

FATHER, GUIDE ME.

FATHER, guide me, 'mid the shadows
That have thickly gathered 'round,
And are hiding stars and sunlight,
Creeping slowly o'er the ground,—
Guide me, for I'm sure without thee
I shall stumble, lose my way,
Never see the break of morning
Or the dawn of perfect day.

Father, keep me when the billows
Of bereavement toss my bark,
And my soul is almost stranded
On the rocks amid the dark—
Keep me, for thy strength in weakness
Is made perfect, and I know
Thou canst help me when the billows
O'er me in their fury flow.

Father, shield me when the arrows
Of temptation 'round me fly,
When the evil powers haunt me,
And no earthly help is nigh,
Shield me, for without thy power
I shall fall to rise no more,
And shall miss the joy of ever
Walking on the golden shore.

Father, help me when the hour
Comes for me to bid farewell
To my dear ones in this valley,—
Go across the stream to dwell.
Help me, for I'm sure the Tempter
With his allies will be there.
And thy grace will help me conquer,
Help me triumph o'er despair.

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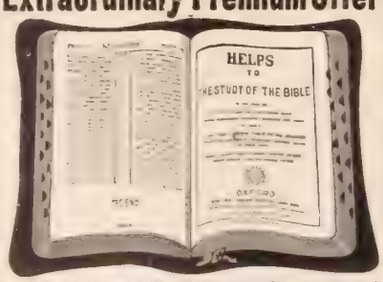

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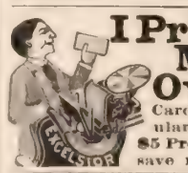

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